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ANGLING, SHOOTING, THE KENNEL, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY,
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AND THE

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IN OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1896.

VOL. XLVII.—No. 1. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page x.

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NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING

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SNAP SHOTS.

The Michigan license system for deer hunting applies to both residents and non-residents. The fee for residents is 50 cents and for non-residents $25. One purpose of the law, as we understand it, was to discourage non-residents from invading the State for deer. The statistics sent to us by State Game and Fish Warden Osborn seem to show that the law had this effect, for while 15,877 deer hunting licenses were issued to residents, only twenty-three were given to non-residents. This is an astonishing showing, when we consider the loud and long-continued complaints that the deer of the State were being exterminated by non-residents. If the figures given show the actual number of those who went deer hunting or thought that they might want to go deer hunting, the supply of venison was destroyed, if destroyed at all, by citizens of the State. The number of resident licenses in itself is surprising in the revelation it gives of the extent of the interest in deer shooting in Michigan. We are accustomed to complaints of the decrease of the game supply, but that which is really remarkable in Michigan and in all our covers is that with such a numerous army ever in pursuit of the game there should be any of it left. Each license authorizes the holder to kill five deer in a season. If every one of the 15,900 licensed hunters of 1895 had got their full quota of venison, the deer killed in one year would have been 79,500. But perhaps some of them did not get their full five deer. Mr. Osborn tells us that although the Michigan statute is inconsistent and incomplete in certain portions it has worked very well, and it will probably be made more effective by changes in the next Legislature. The license system has taken such a hold in Michigan that the law doubtless will be amended so that all kinds of hunting and shooting will be included in it.

We print in our game columns this week the first instalment of our third annual report of game parks in this country. As there pointed out, the facts given are of special interest because they show the success of rearing game in confinement. Every year is giving its quota of experience in this field, and game preserves are rapidly passing beyond the stages of experiment. The game park is now a recognized institution of this country, and it is one which we believe will fill a larger place in the sportsman's economy of the future.

Minnesota was prompted by the terrible Hinckley forest fire experience to adopt a system of forest fire protection. The work is assigned to the State auditor as forest commissioner, and its practical conduct is in the hands of a chief fire warden, by whom local wardens have been appointed to the number of 1,000 or more. A systematic study has been undertaken of the causes of forest and prairie fires and the best means of preventing them. Very strict fire laws have been adopted, one provision of which relates to the kindling of fires and the use of other than incombustible wads for firearms:

SEC. 10. Any person who shall kindle a fire on or dangerously near to forest or prairie land and leave it unquenched, or shall be a party thereto, and every person who shall use other than incombustible wads for firearms, or who shall carry a naked torch, firebrand or other exposed light in or dangerously near to forest land, causing risk of accidental fire shall be punished by a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars ($100) or imprisonment in the county jail not exceeding three (3) months.

From September, when the season opens on feathered game, through the autumn months the fields and woods are frequented by thousands of sportsmen and campers, and the presence of each one of these individuals is a menace to prairie and woodland. Under these conditions the Fire Warden points out that extreme care should control every gunner and camper. The stump of a cigar cast upon the dry ground may start a fire destructive of property and life; the embers of an abandoned camp-fire may be fanned into a holocaust. Some of the local wardens urge as preventive measures that in dry seasons hunters should be prevented from going into the woods. This would not be practicable; but it is not unreasonable to ask that every hunter should appreciate the danger of forest fires started by carelessness, and that he shall exercise the utmost precaution to prevent the kindling of the flame.

In reading the fugitive literature of the day we see frequent examples of how language is made, how gradually one word may come to be substituted for another, which originally had an entirely different meaning. One of the most common examples of this in the literature of sport is the way in which the proper name Winchester has come to be almost synonymous with rifle. Sometimes the misuse of terms leads one into ridiculous blunders. It frequently results in absurdities. The New York *Sun* is now running a series of articles by Cy Warman which profess to tell of the adventures of one Nat Creede, after whom the town of Creede in the Cripple Creek mining district was named. These stories are founded on real events, but the hero of them was not Creede, although he had a real existence, being known at that time as Billy Harvey, and being a good scout, though rather too lazy for any use. In one of the most recent of these stories is given an account of a certain fight in which two white men and five Pawnee scouts were surrounded by Sioux, and the writer in telling of the shooting of the surrounded party speaks of the "Winchesters bark ing." Now at that time the Winchester rifle had hardly begun to be manufactured, and there were no Winchesters on the plains. The individuals who participated in th s fight were in Government service and were armed with cavalry carbines, which, of course, were single-loaders. Another example of this sort was seen during the Centennial of Washington's inauguration in this city, when the firm of R. J. Dunlap & Co. had on exhibition, before their store in Fifth avenue, a large and very handsome picture, which represented the landing of Columbus. One of Columbus's soldiers, who stood prominently in the foreground of the picture, was armed with a Winchester rifle and wore a belt of cartridges. If newspaper writers continue to grow careless and to write such twisted history, we may expect before long to read of the way in which Lewis and Clark and their men fought the grizzly bears with their Winchesters while they were crossing the continent, in the very first years of this century.

We are gladdened to note in a late issue of the Fort Meyers *Press* that a party of excursionists cruising in May among the keys of the Gulf Coast of Florida found on Panther Key the FOREST AND STREAM'S ancient friend Juan Gomez, hale and hearty, and but for certain rheumatic twinges still holding to the buoyant faith that life is worth the living, even when one has attained the ripe old age of 118 years. Gomez has more than once figured in these columns in the records of parties who have cruised in those sunlit waters and among those favored Florida isles. As a boy in France he saw Napoleon on dress parade; came to Charleston, S. C., when he and the century were both young together; lived in St. Augustine when the Spanish flag waved over the old Fort San Marco; and now when the '90s are almost done is continuing his even-tempered and uneventful existence on Panther Key, gaining year by year an accession of new fame for his wonderful longevity. A few years ago, when we had occasion to allude to the old man, we claimed for him a place in the very front rank of the aged; but there came several competitors who claimed a more venerable antiquity than his own. That was years ago. Now it is time to call the roll once more. How many persons are there in all North America who can count more winters and summers than this Juan Gomez, of Panther Key on the Gulf Coast? One of the most pathetic things we ever printed was a description of the wife of Gomez as she stood one day on the shore of the lonely key and watched the receding sail of a party of ladies and gentlemen who had come into her life for a few brief hours to break up the monotony of the island solitude.

The Duke of Portland has a shooting preserve of 80,000 acres or 125 square miles. It is reserved exclusively for his own gun and for such friends as he may invite to share his sport. We would like to see more than one such game park in this country, not owned by a single individual, nor by an association, but by the State. The provision of a game preserve on a large scale is not an enterprise to be left to individual control; it should be undertaken by the people for their own benefit. There is not a State in the Union where large areas of wild lands might not be set apart, to be stocked and protected. The expense would be inconsiderable; the benefit, present and future, would be incalculable. Maine should be one of the first to move in this direction. What has become of the project of making a State game park of Katahdin? The protective system of Maine is inadequate to put a stop to big game killing out of season; the summer butchery goes steadily on. But it might be profitable to protect with efficiency and complete success a limited area set apart and warded by a special force of wardens. This would prove a haven of refuge, and from it the supply would overflow into other parts of the State.

The newspapers often give us examples of the meanest man in the world, and the last one hails from Montana. There are two of them in the persons of two poachers, who by this time have been tried for and we hope convicted of killing game in the strip of the National Park lying north of the Yellowstone River. These men were employed in the Park last autumn as Government scouts, and so, of course, were at liberty to come and go within the reservation and to learn all that they could about the haunts and the habits of the game there. Having secured this information while in the Government pay, they proceeded, as soon as they were discharged, to poach in the Park and to slaughter the game. It is to be hoped that they have been convicted and that they may be sentenced to a term of imprisonment as well as to pay a fine. Leniency is wasted on men of this sort. It is useless to try to appeal to their better feelings. This is a where the extreme penalty should be applied, and these unworthy scouts be shut up where for the time they can do no harm.

The address of the FOREST AND STREAM is No. 346 Broadway; but when one seeks that number he is likely to be confused by finding there the under surface remains of a demolished building. We are in the New York Life Building, which is now in course of construction. When completed it will front on Broadway and extend through to Elm street. The entrance for the present is on Leonard street. Our friends who come to town are invited to call and to look out from the FOREST AND STREAM'S windows upon the landscape of brick and mortar and tin and tile.

The salmon are in such supply this season in the Canadian rivers that we hear of club members returning home long before their anticipations, because they have already taken their quota of fish permitted by the club rules. Moreover, those fishermen who were publishing libels on the salmon's game qualities are making haste to enroll themselves again among those who trumpet the praises of the king of game fishes.

It is foolish and silly to stock the Hudson with salmon and then to neglect the provision of fishways for giving the fish access to their spawning grounds. Who is responsible for the delinquency in this?

The Sportsman Tourist.

LABRADOR SKETCHES.

The Trappers' End.

"WHERE did you pass last winter?" old Pierre asked me as we sat smoking around the fire.

"At Vachon River," I replied.

"Then you have not heard that my cousins Gonzague and Frederic both died in the woods?"

"No, I have not heard it. How did they die?"

"Well," said Pierre, "last winter Philippe, Gonzague, Fred and I were trapping together. We started about the middle of September to go to Lake Kou-Kou-Mesh or Touradi (the *touradi* is the fork-tailed trout), situated a little this side of Moose Factory. We had to go 350 miles in canoes or hauling our toboggans. That is why we started so early. About the middle of October we were camped at the head of a lake and had set our traps. Snow had already fallen and we found plenty of marten tracks.

"Everything went well, and at the end of November we had thirty."

"All of a sudden Gonzague was seized with a violent fever, with pains in all his limbs. We did everything we could for him, but it was of no use. He would not lie down because he was afraid he would never get up again. On the fifth day, overcome by weakness and pain, he lay down, but it was only to die. On the morning of the sixth day he breathed his last, but before doing so he said:

"'You will take me back to my wife and children.'

"We French-Canadian and Catholic trappers do not mind dying in the woods, but we don't like to be left there sleeping our last sleep; we wish our bodies to lie in the graveyard, near the church which the priest has blessed. Therefore the fulfillment of Gonzague's request was a sacred duty for us. We decided to return, and after lashing his body to one of our toboggans we sorrowfully retraced our steps toward the sea. Frederic, however, would not come with us, and in spite of our remonstrances he decided to remain there.

"'If we all go,' he said, 'our trapping is all lost, and there are women and children at home who want food.'

"We left him with regret, for something told us we would not see him again alive. Ah, sir, it is a difficult task to haul a corpse in winter on a toboggan, and we did not get home till the end of January. In a few days we started off again for Lake Touradi, as we were anxious to see Fred. We walked and walked, taking but little rest, and at last we reached our camp. We were only a few paces from the little clump of trees in which we had built it; soon we were right on it. We could see nothing but snow—no smoke, no snowshoe tracks, nothing but the end of the stovepipe sticking out, and nothing coming out of it. Philippe and I looked at each other; pale we apprehension, we hardly dared take another step. At last we plucked up our courage, removed the snow from the door, opened it and rushed in.

"Fred was dead. He was kneeling, his rosary in his hand, near his extinguished fire.

"Poor Fred! After a short prayer we carried him outside. He was frozen as hard as a rock, and the fire we had to make to keep ourselves from perishing of cold would have thawed the body; so we took it outside. Neither of us had any heart left for trapping; so on the following day we started on our journey, taking him back as we had taken Gonzague. Ah, sir! what a sad sight it was to see the body in its kneeling attitude lashed to the toboggan. He looked as if he were praying all the time. We reached home half dead with fatigue and sorrow.

"When the spring came I went to sea; I hated the sight of the woods. But you know how it is, you can't tear yourself away from the life, and are bound to go back to it. Here we are at it again, and so it will always be."

While Pierre was filling his pipe I began to think. I thought of poor Fred dying alone and dragged home on a toboggan; I thought of my wife and children, and felt a cold shiver through my frame. I was about to renounce the life I loved so much; but I was soon sorry for my weakness. What matters it, I thought, whether I perish in the waters of the gulf or in the woods—it is all in God's hands.

H. DE PUYJALON.

OUR HIRED MAN.

"I WAS workin' on a farm in Exton, down East, when I j'ined in a bear hunt. There wasn't supposed to be any bears in them parts, and when one day in summer a parcel o' boys and gals come skurryin' in from Blueberry Swamp sayin' they had seen 'a bear! a bear! a big bear!' it made consider'ble excitement, I tell ye.

"We was all busy, it bein' hayin' time, and seein' as none o' us was hunters and Blueberry Swamp was over two mile from the village, some was fer lettin' the bear stay right where he was. So nothin' was done about it for some days, but the wimmen was oneasy and the gals and boys couldn't go arter the berries, which was plenty, and on Sunday the minister he took fer a tex': 'Bear ye one another's burdens;' so a number o' us made up our minds ter drop work till the bear was got out o' the way.

"There was Silas Parker, Joe Lee, Abe Peters, Charley Tasker and me that made up the committy o' action, as some o' the wimmen folks called it, and we planned ter start out Tuesday mornin' 'arly. Silas Parker was capt'in and we agreed he should giv' all orders. We was ter meet at Abe Peters's house, he livin' nighest Blueberry Swamp, at 4 o'clock in the mornin' all ready for a day o' huntin'.

"I didn't have no gun, so I set off and borreyed one o' Nathan Gibbs. It was an old pattern Springfield muskit. 'Ye see,' says he ter me, 'she was made to carry a heavy charge. Jest put in a handful o' powder with plenty o' waddin', and then a handful o' shot, and she'll surprize ye. I've got the bay'net somewheres about here if ye want that.'

"I bought a pound o' powder, three pounds o' buckshot and a box o' caps, and was all ready.

"Charley Tasker he lived nighest ter our place, and him and me was out in the road waitin' when Silas and Joe come along, and we started for Abe's.

"Abe he was a sound sleeper and awful hard to wake up mornin's, he said, and he had fixed it ter tie a line ter his arm and have the end hangin' out o' the winder. Ye know there's most always some sort o' jokin' goin' on among a lot o' young fellers, and Charley Tasker told us ter watch him when he came ter the house and see some fun. 'Ye jest let me pull the rope,' says he, 'and I'll yank Abe clear out o' bed.' So he goes under the winder and gives a pull and down comes a bucketful o' water over him, and then we see Abe a-lookin' out o' another winder all dressed and ready.

"Charley he was kind o' huffy, as I've noticed most jokers is when the laugh gits on them, but he was a good-natured feller and soon got over it and off we started for the swamp.

"'We'll all have the credit o' this thing ekally, boys,' says Silas, 'so we'll move in a line and surround the bear and no man fires till he gits the word.'

"At the edge o' the swamp we formed in line about 10ft. apart and keerfully moved forrard. In about a quarter o' an hour we come ter where the berry bushes was thick and knowed it was nigh where the bear was seen, fer there was four baskits, a dipper, three tin pails and a straw hat that the children had abandoned in their race fer life. Pushin' on, we come ter some risin' ground formin' a knoll, and on top o' the knoll at the foot o' a big tree we see the bear a-layin' down.

"'Stiddy, boys, wait fer the word,' says Silas, and we closed in on the bear. He was a big un, as the children had said, and soon's he see us he riz up and stood on his hind paws. 'Ready! aim!' says Silas, and we all drawed bead on the critter. And then we was all took by surprise, for the bear was a-dancin' with his arms a-danglin' before him and a solem' look on his face. 'Muzzles up!' bawls Silas, 'don't fire. No man mean enough ter shoot a tame bear hails from Exton!'

"He went up ter the bear and giv' him a hunk o' bread and some meat, which the critter took j'yfully. Arter we'd fed him the most o' the rashuns we'd brung, we rigged up a muzzle with a strap and led him along with us contented and good-natured as a big dog.

"In about a week the facts o' the case come out. A furriner who was what they call a bear leader had wandered inter Ashbury sick with pneumony, which had made him light-headed, and they took him in at the almshouse and keered fer him. He'd left the bear on the road and the animil had made fer the swamp, where he could find berries and things ter eat. Soon's the chap got well enough he looked up his bear."

A SERMON OF THE WOODS.

TEXT: "And he left his business for a brief period, to gain health and inspiration by a close communion with nature."—(*Chap. 12, "Duties."*)

THAT there is need for occasional relaxation from the stern duties and demands of business there is no question. That a companionship with nature offers the most substantial benefits, and recuperates the mind and body more rapidly than any other form of recreation, business men are fast finding out.

At this season of the year the Maine woods receive with open arms many a tired mortal, give him a two weeks' round of more than pastoral pleasures, and return him to his desk a new man, with rested body and senses all alert.

Perhaps it will interest the readers of FOREST AND STREAM if I spin a little yarn incidental to my last year's trip to Piscataquis county in quest of an appetite, repose and—fish.

Starting from Boston at 7 P. M., arriving in Bangor in the early morning following, and after breakfasting with mine host Woodbury, taking the train for Greenville at the foot of Moosehead, I arrived at Monson Junction, connected at that point with the narrow gauge for Monson, and was met by Dick, who had driven over from his home in Eliotsville to meet me. Our mountain pony and the conventional buckboard took me as far as the home of the Mediator, otherwise known as Dr. Brown, a sort of recluse having his lonely dwelling on the mountain side and at a point where the trail begins. This trail is now quite a beaten path, and leads directly to Long Pond and to Brown's Pond by an intersecting pathway. My destination was Long Pond, where friends of mine had gone the week before, and were making their headquarters at the twin camps on the thoroughfare. Inquiring of the Doctor if he had heard from the party, I was informed that my friends had just come out of the woods by his house on their way to Indian Pond, and, expecting me, had left word for me to either await their return or push along alone to camp, as I preferred. Deciding that I would like to establish myself in camp as soon as possible, I struck the trail, expecting to find a canoe there with which I might shorten the journey and avoid tramping over an obscure spotted line to the camps, which were on the second pond.

Blithely I tripped along with about 25lbs. of dunnage strapped to my back, my rod case and haversack depending from my shoulders. How beautiful the woods looked, how fragrant the odor from the evergreens and how quiet and restful everything seemed.

I wasn't thinking of my load just then, you know, for my journey was only begun. It was too early to appreciate that a six-mile tramp up hill all the way would magnify my load to a ton ere I had reached my destination. So I went on and on, and, with my muscles soft from disuse, it occurred to me quite soon that I had better sit down awhile and hit the pipe. Unslinging my pack, I sprawled on the ground with a feeling of complete freedom from all earthly cares, filled the old briarwood, and, after applying the match, looked around me. I looked just about one second, when I espied an object that filled me with terror. Surely it was a bear—I felt it was a bear. It was apparently climbing up over a log, or resting thereon in such a position as to command the pathway and possibly use me for sinister purposes. What in the world to do I knew not. I had a revolver with me which represented my whole arsenal, but, making the best of the situation, decided to hold it in readiness and sell my life as dearly as possible if it came to open war. I forgot to puff my pipe and it went out. I waited, and the bear did too.

I did not know whether to be ashamed or frightened, or both.

I have been in the woods and over this trail many times, but I had never seen a bear before "close on," and, never having posted myself on a bear's peculiarities, did not know whether he would attack me without provocation or not. Time sped on. Did I say "sped?" It did not "sped," it "sodjered." Remember, all this is occurring in one short afternoon (by the clock), but I swear I am not exaggerating when I say that I waited four weeks that solitary afternoon until—I heard a crackling in the underbrush, and discovered Henry, our mentor, guide and *chef*, bowling along to overtake me. It seems that he had gone back to Brown's for something the party had need for, and, finding I had started along alone, decided it would be better if I had company, knowing that there was no canoe at the lower pond and that the roundabout trail from that point to the camp was a very blind one.

I did not exactly rush into Henry's arms—that would have been undignified and ridiculous—but I believe I lost no time in mentioning the pertinent fact that a big black bear was just around the corner, and that he had better unsling his trusty Winchester. "What!" says Henry, "did you take that old stump for a bear? I must chop up that old tenderfoot killer, it has scared too many good men, and is likely to ruin my business." Didn't Henry put it nicely?

Of course I did the honorable thing.

A. T. BOND.

A RIDING TOUR IN SOUTHERN SPAIN.

"You cannot carry out your intentions of riding from Gibraltar to Malaga by Ronda, because the Internationalists are established in force in the Sierra, and none of the horse-hirers of the Rock will trust his animals in the clutches of these men and brethren."—*Saturday Review.*

A BRIGHT vista of days long ago!

Four young subs of a marching regiment, with a more abundant stock of life and energy than of that experience which is said to teach, sat in the mess room of the South Barracks, Gibraltar, sipping coffee after an unusually good dinner (a saddle of mutton having been received by the P. & O. mail steamer, and it took the place of the usual goat cutlet). English papers had also been received, and the above paragraph caught the eye of one of the party, ever ready for anything with a spice of adventure in it.

On hearing of the difficulty above referred to each sub at once resolved to take the trip in question. We could not, however, all secure the necessary leave of absence; we therefore drew lots to decide who should make application for leave to our good commanding officer. It thus came about that it fell to the lot of the writer of these notes, with one of the subs aforesaid, the best and most genial of companions, to take this trip, and if possible to extend it to Granada.

A word before proceeding further about "Gib.," the hotbed of British soldiers, the point of concentration of the British navy, the home of the sportsman, the "jumping-off place" of the globe trotter.

The Rock is as well known as is the Tower of London. The two Pillars of Hercules—Gibraltar and Centa—are as familiar to tourists as is Temple Bar to the man born within sound of Bow Bells.

No one who has climbed the Rock can forget the scene. One sees the Mediterranean on one hand, the Atlantic on the other, Africa before, Europe behind. The eye ranges over a boundless extent of mountain, land and sea; you stand on the confines of civilization and barbarism; a narrow strip divides the two physically, morally, a vast gulf lies between them. There are many sights of interest about Gibraltar: the galleries, the seaward batteries, the immense caves by which apes are said to come and go between Spain and Africa; the Alameda, or park, where every conceivable nationality is represented; the library, etc.

It is, however, of "Gib." as a "jumping-off place" for the globe-trotter that I now propose to speak. Our proposed route lay through Andalusia, whose ancient history is full of interest. The story of the Moors in Spain alone fills many a page. For nearly eight centuries under her Mohammedan rulers, Spain set to all Europe a shining example of a civilized and enlightened State. In 1492 the last bulwark of the Moors gave way before the crusade of Ferdinand and Isabella, and with Granada fell all Spain's greatness.

Moorish castles and towers remain in good state of preservation in all the principal towns, notably at Cadiz, Seville, Cordova, Granada and Malaga. To see these places was our first resolve. The only means of locomotion in those days, before railroads, and without carriage roads, was that valuable animal, "shank's mare," or on horseback. The former I had, on a previous occasion, resorted to; the latter was, as shown, dangerous in the extreme. However, we two rash youths, having secured horses, started one bright summer morning at gun-fire to "do" southern Spain.

How delightful this feeling of freedom, as we rode along over the neutral ground and along the well-known path to St. Roque! No longer are we shut up within the strictly kept limits of the fortress; now we are free men; we expand our chests and drink in the clear air of heaven, as if we were lords of all we survey. We wound our way considerably to the right of the cork woods, our happy hunting grounds with Calpe hounds, and in a few hours, having passed over mountains, where we saw herds of cattle in great numbers, and shepherds with the sling—peculiar to this part of Spain—we entered a smaller cork wood. Here we found several parties of muleteers packing their loads in a very smuggler-like manner.

These muleteers gave us no friendly greeting, and they expressed surprise at finding us without an armed escort.

Toward evening our route lay through extensive valleys, with orange groves in abundance, and nightingales singing their sweetest songs. After this we ascended a high hill, on which Gaucin is situated. Here we put up for the night at the Posada de la Paz.

Having assisted in the capture and death of the fowl on which we afterward dined, we were led by a small boy to the governor, to whom the boy introduced us, and from whom we received a permit to see the Moorish castle, a splendid sample of that style of architecture. The view from the castle is very fine: on the Ronda side high mountains, rising mountain above mountain; on the Gib. side apparently a vast plain, fertilized by the rich streams which irrigate it—Gib. in the distance; and beyond "Ape's Hill," in Africa, barely perceptible. The convent and chapel are worth seeing.

At night we had the usual "Spanish fight" with innumerable active and energetic "hoppers." In the morning the usual, not less real, contest about the excessive charges for board and lodging of ourselves and horses. Having handed the señora a reasonable amount, half the sum charged, señoras and señoritas charged us in a different manner, and as the sling is used by men for cattle, so we found that without the sling women and children made accurate practice in stone throwing at us; we left amid a volley of stones.

Our ride to Ronda was interesting in the extreme; every one we met seemed astonished at seeing us without guides and cavalry escort, as there were many *malo gente* in this part of the country—the headquarters of Andalusian smugglers. At various intervals we passed through small Moorish towns, which hang, as it were, on the sides of naked rocks. The Moors sought, in these almost inaccessible mountains, retreats where they might be secure from attacks of the Christians. They have since become the haunts of robbers and smugglers.

The first view of Ronda is rather disappointing, an irregular town standing on high ground, encompassed with a double inclosure of rocks. We passed over the old bridge of St. Miguel, built over a deep chasm in the rock on which the town stands. It is, however, only from below the bridge near the mills that the picturesquenes of the scene becomes unrivaled. The arch which joins the Tayo hangs some 600ft. above. The river, heard, but not seen, in the cold shadows of the rocky prison, now escapes, dashing joyously into light and liberty, the waters boil in the bright, burning sun, and flow in a gentle stream through the most beautiful valley of orange groves. There is but one Ronda in the world—the cascade when full is splendid.

The Alameda is picturesquely situated. The Plaza del Toros and Dominican caverns are well worth seeing, and there is a peculiar old stairway, cut in solid rock, the "Casa del Rey Moro," by which we descended to the river below from the Alameda above; an old man with a lighted candle led us, saying at each step, "*Poquito poco*"—"step by step." The climate of Ronda is considered the best in southern Spain, owing to the refreshing breezes from the surrounding mountains; hence the proverb "*En Ronda los hombres a ochenta*"—"men live to be eighty." Women too have fresh and ruddy complexions.

We could spare but one day at Ronda, and soon were *en route* to Malaga via Casarabonela, over wild mountain paths. It is said that "those who ride these mountain routes must indeed rough it; attend carefully to the provender, for, however satisfactory the banquet of Alpine scenery, there is more food for the painter than for the body."

Casarabonela, five leagues from Ronda, is in a lovely valley at the end of a long chain of mountains. Here, for the first time, we found orange groves and vineyards in a high state of cultivation, and the ride through these was most enjoyable. Here we put up at the only *venta* in the place.

Besides the usual nightly unsuccessful hunt after the domestic hoppers, we had, when about to start next morning, an equally interesting hunt; for our horses, which we had carefully attended to on the previous evening, were now conspicuous by their absence.

Bleeding freely seems to be quite the thing of the country. The barber's sign is connected with the bleeding process. He, instead of asking whether you wish to be shaved or have your hair cut, first asks you how many ounces of blood you wish taken. Aware of this, imagine our disgust on finding that evil-disposed persons had taken our horses and bled them "within an inch of their lives," in order that they might bleed us freely—make us "pay our footing" at the *venta*. There was no redress; we had to lead our horses for many miles over the mountain roads; they were too weak to carry us.

We had another mishap on this day, owing, I suppose, to necessary Sunday traveling; torrents of rain came on and we spent not a "bad quarter of an hour," but twelve bad hours, plodding along the worst road, with the knowledge that on arrival at Malaga we had not in our saddle bags a change of clothing in which to appear in that fashionable city. On arrival we put up at the Fonda de l'Alameda, and on getting out of our wet and dirty clothes had to get into bed. Now, however, came the dilemma: we had had no food since early dawn, dinner could not be sent to our bedrooms, we must go to the *table d'hôte*. How to do this we failed to perceive until a friendly waiter came to the rescue; he lent us a couple of suits of his livery, and it was a sight to behold the way Mrs. Grundy "turned up her nose" in disgust as two liveried servants (?) sat down at table beside her daughters. Happily we soon met a friend, who introduced us as two "British officers from 'Gib.'" She was thus prevented from having a "fit," and she could, if she wished, learn the lesson that "it's not the coat that makes the man." Oh, the luxury of that hotel, after the discomfort of the *venta* and *fonda* of the country, with their inhabitants, men, women, children, and —. Our horses, too, were here refreshed after the bleeding process and the rough riding. Malaga is the chief port of Granada, the position is admirable. The convent, La Trinidad, and the noble Moorish Castle, built in 1279, are all worth seeing (the Alameda is, of course, the fashionable resort). There is a splendid specimen of a Moorish horseshoe gateway.

Time and space fail in which adequately to describe Granada, the capital of the province, with its unique Alhambra, its ever-flowing fountains, its "Gate of Judgment," its watch-tower and silver-tongued bell. There are numerous Moorish buildings, all under the shadow of the snowy Alpujanas, with the Sierra of Alhama in the distance; all this and much more than this is a scene for painters to sketch and for poets to describe. There is but one Granada and but one Alhambra on earth. Fain would we linger in these parts, but we must turn our backs to poetry and the picturesque and return to the prosaic routine of duty in the fortress of Gibraltar. There is nothing to notice in the return journey to Malaga, except that at that place we found ourselves in a not infrequent position of the "gay and festive" sub, viz.: short of funds. It was a question to us which was better, the chance of imprisonment for debt at Malaga, or of imprisonment without debt at our next stopping station, Marbella, which had the bad name of being infested with robbers. Happily a fellow countryman appeared on the scene at Malaga in the person of the British Consul, Mr. Marks, and lent us five sovereigns. Never before or since has the "needful" been more needed. We saddled and sallied forth with full purse and light hearts, *en route* to "Gib.," via Marbella and Estaphona, the shore road—about eighteen leagues. How we enjoyed this day's riding slowly along the sea coast, with its charming scenery, every valley with its orange groves, then in full blossom, the vine-clad hills beside us, sloping down to the Mediterranean Sea. The sun was sinking fast as we entered the village of Marbella aforesaid.

Suddenly six or seven men, armed with stilettos (long knives), rushed upon us, unhorsed us and led us, weary and sad and worn, into a temporary prison, in order to extract blood money from our kinsfolk after prolonged imprisonment. (This has more than once since been accomplished with British officers.)

From practical experience I can say that prison life has not all the charms of the modern hotel.

Our only course, however, was to "rest and be thankful" in this dismal, dirty hole.

If our next of kin could but see us in this place, how freely would he bleed to secure our freedom.

Success comes at last, if we but wait for it. The day and hour arrived when our sentinels were off their guard—some through drink, others through sleep—and during a dark night "on saddles and off" was effected without word of command.

The clicking of knives and the volley of oaths caused us the more to hasten our retreat.

Once more we breathed freely, and in two days after this mishap we made our entry into Gibraltar, without the expenditure of blood. MICMAC.

FREDERICTON, New Brunswick.

ON NEWFOUNDLAND MARSHES.

BY THE KID.

I HAD always kept in touch with the sportsmen of the country through the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM, and dreamed of the day when I would not be "chained to business." Early in the spring of '94 I was awakened from my dream by a letter from my brother, Dr. S. T. Davis, of Lancaster, Pa., author of "Caribou Shooting in Newfoundland," inviting me to accompany him on a hunting expedition in the White Hills of Newfoundland of six weeks' duration. What! I leave business for six weeks! I guess not. "Yes, you can," said my wife, to whom I had been reading the letter. "You have been faithful to business for ten years, and a good vacation would add many years to your life. The Doctor is an old campaigner, and you will be in good hands." I always believed my wife was in league with my elder brother. However, that settled it.

On the 29th day of September, 1894, I met at the Astor House, New York, my brother and that veteran prince of sportsmen, A. C. Kepler, of Lancaster, Pa. Six hours later we sailed out of the harbor on the steamship Portia, of the Red Cross line, Capt. Ash, who was ice pilot on the Bear during the expedition which rescued Greely and his companions.

After a stormy passage of one week we reached St. Johns, N. F., forty-eight hours late. Five days' delay was caused here waiting for the Costal steamer going north. Two weeks in all from the time we left New York, one lovely Indian summer morning found us steaming in and out the coves around the rocky islands into the harbor at Pilley's Island, where we met our guide. Rich. Lebuff. Kind-hearted, jovial Capt. Taylor, of the Virginia Lake, asked us to remain on board and take dinner with him while the steamer was unloading. Dinner over, we transferred our baggage to the steam launch Nipkin, placed at our disposal through the kindness of Mr. Herbert, of Pilley's Island. At 3 P. M. we started on our twenty-five miles' sail up Hall's Bay, at the head of which stood the cabin of our guide. Hall's Bay reminds one of an American river. It is narrow and high mountains rise on all sides. The trees had put on the golden garb of autumn. The entire panorama was bathed in the resplendent glory of the setting sun. Far away to the southeast our guide pointed to the White Hill range and remarked reverently, "There you will find plenty caribou, please God." Two-thirds of the way up darkness overtook us and we were glad to retire to the cozy cabin and listen to the hunting yarns of our guide until great herds of deer paraded before me, and I wondered if I would get the 'buck ague" and miss everything I fired at, and tried to imagine what a wild Newfoundland caribou would look like. Such were my thoughts, though I wisely kept them to myself.

That night we spread our blankets on the floor of our guide's cabin, expecting to start about 5 A. M. for our camp, twenty-five miles further on, but at 4 A. M. a terrific rainstorm set in, which did not abate until sunset. Next morning we awoke at 3 A. M. and by 5 were ready for our march. Each carried his gun, 25lbs. of personal baggage and a few rounds of ammunition. By our side stood our five faithful men, each with 75lbs. of duffle on his back.

Old man Goodyear, sixty-eight years old, was our cook. Many delicious caribou steaks did he set before us and he was still able to pack his 75lbs. Martin Williams, blue-eyed and blond-whiskered, a skillful man, whose hands prepared all our specimens, but who could not boil a kettle of water without burning it, so he says. James Sanders, short and stocky, always faithful to his duty. Indian Jim, twenty-three years old, 6ft. 2in. in height. Woodcraft has no tricks that he did not know. Sly as a fox, agile as a panther and strong as an ox; always hopeful that we would "find big stag by un by, sir." Last of all, Richard Lebuff, a French-Canadian, hunter and trapper, who knew all the haunts of caribou and never failed to show you deer, but you must do the rest. As none of our men carried guns, twenty-five miles over barrens, rocks and swamps was no small matter for a tenderfoot, and at 12 M., when we "boiled the kettle," I was ready to call it a day. But I did not come to Newfoundland to kick, so I held on. The last three miles over marsh, into which you sank to the ankle, I believed I wished I was at home then, and my courage had not reached a point that I could believe I would be able to kill a caribou. After a supper of hard tack, tea and bacon my spirits revived somewhat, but I soon sought my bed of pine boughs.

The next day it was raining, and though we saw nineteen deer we got no shots. At daybreak Indian Jim came running, crying "Deer on the marsh." And there was a rush to get out, and Kepler and the Doctor each soon had a doe in camp. I reserved my fire just to see how the old hands did it; besides I did not care to have them around when I killed deer.

Lebuff and I started down the marsh to watch a crossing half a mile from camp. He climbed a tree and scanned the country with a field glass. All at once he began to slide down that tree as though it had been greased, exclaiming, "There is a big stag down on the marsh coming this way." We ran down the marsh half a mile to meet him. If any one thinks running in a Newfoundland marsh is fun let him try it—every step to the ankle in muck and often to the knee. At this point we had to get down on all fours in the wet marsh and crawl to a clump of bushes, where we could see that he was coming directly toward us, but still a mile away, coming slowly, cropping grass as he came, shaking his great horns in the air; truly a monarch and a sight calculated to give a young hunter the "buck ague."

This interval enabled me to get my wind, which was very much out of repair after running nearly a mile.

The guide cautioned me to be calm. "Don't shoot until I tell you." But his warning was not needed, for I can truly say I was never more calm and determined in my life. If I kill that stag my reputation will be made; if I missed it was no disgrace, being the first deer I ever tried to shoot. When he came within a hundred yards I arose on one knee and took a careful aim. "Wait," said the guide, "until he turns his head, then shoot for the shoulder, aiming well in front." When within 60yds. he paused on the brink of a little brook, took a mouthful of moss, shook his antlers, sniffed the air and turned his head to the left to go down the brook. That was the fatal movement; I pulled the trigger and the bullet crashed through his shoulder, passed through his heart, dropping him on his side like a flash. Lebuff, my faithful guide, jumped to his feet, grasping me by the hand, exclaimed, "He's down, he's down. Ain't that bully? An old hunter could not do it better." As we ran toward the fallen deer I slipped another cartridge in my gun, and asked Lebuff if I should give him another. "No," he answered, "he will never get up again." Sure enough he never did. There lay the great gray stag I had come so many miles to slay.

I felt doubly repaid for my long journey. Then, I must confess, I did feel a little bit like "buck ague" as I thought of the pride I would experience in after years when head and antlers would grace the walls of my home. I then could look at them with a thrill of satisfaction and think that I, who had been nick-named the kid of the party and cautioned about "buck ague," should be the first to bring down the antlered monarch of the White Hills. I don't think I would have called Queen Victoria my aunt just then, and though I afterward killed larger deer with finer horns, this incident will ever remain a green spot as the memories of the pleasant days spent in the wilderness filt by.

I want to say something about female caribou horns. We saw during our three weeks' stay in the White Hills 954 deer by actual count, and had many opportunities to observe that peculiar trait. We found that horns are the exceptions and not the rule. I one day fell in with twenty-one deer—two stags (one an old warrior, and a young fellow) and nineteen does, three of which had horns. I killed the old stag and one beautiful, almost snow-white, barren doe, whose head and antlers look down from the wall while I write.

One day while lying in ambush with Indian Jim a barren doe passed within 20ft. of us. She had but one horn, which grew perpendicular from her forehead, and was the exact shape of an old-fashioned wooden spoon. We both noticed it and talked about it, and I had just raised my gun to kill her when a magnificent stag, with a loud snort, broke from cover within 50yds. and stood gazing at the doe. For all I know that doe is still roaming over the dreary swamps and barrens of Newfoundland; but the stag was added to my trophies of the hunt.

J. W. DAVIS.

BURLINGTON, New Jersey.

Natural History.

HOW I SAVED SOME CHERRIES.

I HAVE twelve cherry trees of different varieties that ripen at different times, and I have also a variety of cherry-eating birds. The birds took the early fruit before it was ripe. In the trees next about to ripen I put strings, pieces of cloth and strips of tin hanging on the flexible branches. The birds sat on these limbs and ate cherries, while the tins jingled under them, and at last stripped the trees. The next trees in succession I covered with large sheets of cheese cloth, but the next day I found three or four birds under the cloth and several on the outside eating the cherries that rested against it. This was last year, and but few cherries were saved.

Having more leisure this summer I started earlier, and leaving all but two trees for the birds, directed all my efforts to protect these. First I put a dinner bell in one of the trees, with a string attached running to the rear of the house, from which it was rung at short intervals during the day. This was effective for a short time only. I then took a sheet of zinc about 4ft. square and hung it in the tree. Resting against it was a long piece of iron, which, when pulled by a string attached to it, fell back against the zinc, making a loud report. This too soon lost its terror for the birds.

Then put a stuffed hawk, well exposed, between the two trees I was trying to save. The kingbirds fought this dummy for a day or so, but it made little impression on the other birds. As a last resort, I bought some large cannon firecrackers, exploding them two or three times a day under the trees. This, with the boom of the zinc between the firecrackers, had the desired effect of keeping the birds away without injury to them.

In this way I saved about two bushels of cherries from the two trees, while the birds got at least four from the other trees. It may be easier to buy cherries, but then never did cherry pies taste as did those made from the cherries the birds didn't get. But I would rather do without cherries than lose the birds and their songs.

E. R. W.

The Copperhead.

THE description of the copperhead given by Coahoma in reply to Forked Deer's inquiry is all right as far as it goes. Forked Deer can make no mistake when he meets this nasty little snake. A rattlesnake will get out of man's way (except in the month of August) if he is given an opportunity, but a copperhead will fight every time. When he is approached he pugnaciously coils up and the horseshoe-shaped spot on his head takes on a metalic coppery color, and he is mad all over, probably at the fact that any one has dared to disturb him. At this time he emits an odor not unlike freshly-cut cucumbers. I do not know if any of these snakes are found in California, but if Forked Deer ever comes East he may satisfy his curiosity by simply trusting to his sight and smell. Any trout fisherman of the New England or Middle States can assure Forked Deer that the copperhead does exist. ANGLER.

THE JACK RABBITS.

AN interesting paper by Dr. T. S. Palmer, on The Jack Rabbits of the United States, has recently been issued by the Department of Agriculture as Bulletin No. 8 of the Division of Ornithology and Mammalogy. The paper will have an especial interest for those whose homes are between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean.

The paper is written with particular reference to the injury done by jack rabbits to the farmers' crops, and with this purpose it gives a general account of the distribution and habits of the various species found in the United States, shows the methods which have been used to exterminate the animals and to protect crops from their depredations, and brings together facts and



THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

figures concerning the economic uses of rabbits in general for the purpose of indicating how our native species may be more generally utilized.

The jack rabbits, as is well known, inhabit the great plains and deserts of the Western United States and are large hares. Their distribution is quite general from Mexico into the British Possessions. They are quick to take advantage of the cultivation of the ground and the growing of green crops, which has followed the settlement of the West and the methods of irrigation practiced by the farmers, and their depredations in many places are important. Before the plains were cultivated, these hares no doubt subsisted largely on buffalo and grama grass, and in the more arid region of the great basin they are known to feed on certain species of greasewood and cactus. Wherever found, jack rabbits usually seem in good condition, except that from time to time, like many other hares, they are destroyed by epidemic disease, which may periodically almost exterminate them over a large region.

Dr. Palmer states that jack rabbits may be seen abroad at almost any hour of the day, but our experience is that as a rule they move about but little in the daytime, and when seen it is usually because they are frightened. On the other hand, just before sundown in the evening rabbits may often be seen in great numbers coming down from the hills toward favorite feeding places, such as wet meadows along the little streams. During the day they are likely to sit still and doze under the shadow of bushes, or even in the shade cast by a telegraph pole.

In many sections where the jack rabbit was formerly rather scarce the species has increased enormously as soon as the land was settled. This increase may be regarded as having two causes: (1) The destruction of their natural enemies, and (2) the greatly increased food supply. Some idea of the extent of the injury which they do to crops can be formed when it is said that the damage caused by jack rabbits to the crops in Tulare county, California, during a single year has been estimated at $600 000, and that one county in Idaho has actually expended more than $30,000 in bounty on these pests.

Dr. Palmer gives five species of these rabbits, which he divides into two groups, one including the prairie hare or white-tail rabbit (*Lepus campestris*), and the other group containing the black-tail jack rabbits (*Lepus californicus, melanotis, alleni, texianus*). All these are described and some account is given of their habits. A short chapter is devoted to the abundance and rapid increase of the species, and another to injury of crops and means of protection.

In the chapter on Methods of Destruction, inoculation is referred to; but so little seems to be known about this that it does not promise any important results until further experiments have been tried. Poison also seems to be of little value where the animals are numerous, and bounties, of course, are quite hopeless. The fostering of the natural enemies of this rabbit might seem to promise more than any of the methods under consideration, were it not that the rabbit is so large an animal that many of its enemies will be regarded as likely to do harm to the farmer's poultry and small stock. Shooting by wholesale and driving seem to be the only methods which have as yet accomplished much toward the destruction of these animals.

The statement is given that in 155 drives, made in California, 370,195 rabbits were killed, an average of 2,400 in each drive. The largest number given as killed in any one year in California is a little over 65,000 rabbits in twelve drives, but it is said that 20,000 have been killed in a single drive. In the year 1895 the number fell to 11,000 rabbits killed in twelve drives. Dr. Palmer is of the opinion that the settling up of the country, the value of the rabbits as food, of their skins as articles of trade, and the practice of coursing them, will have a tendency to keep down the increase of these animals to the point where they will not be unduly destructive.

He concludes, among other things, that the best means of protecting crops from the attacks of rabbits, and in fact the only method which can be relied upon, is the use of rabbit-proof fences, and that commercial utilization is the most promising and least expensive method of keeping these pests in check in localities where they are unusually abundant; but that returns from this source will only partially offset the losses sustained on account of injury to crops.

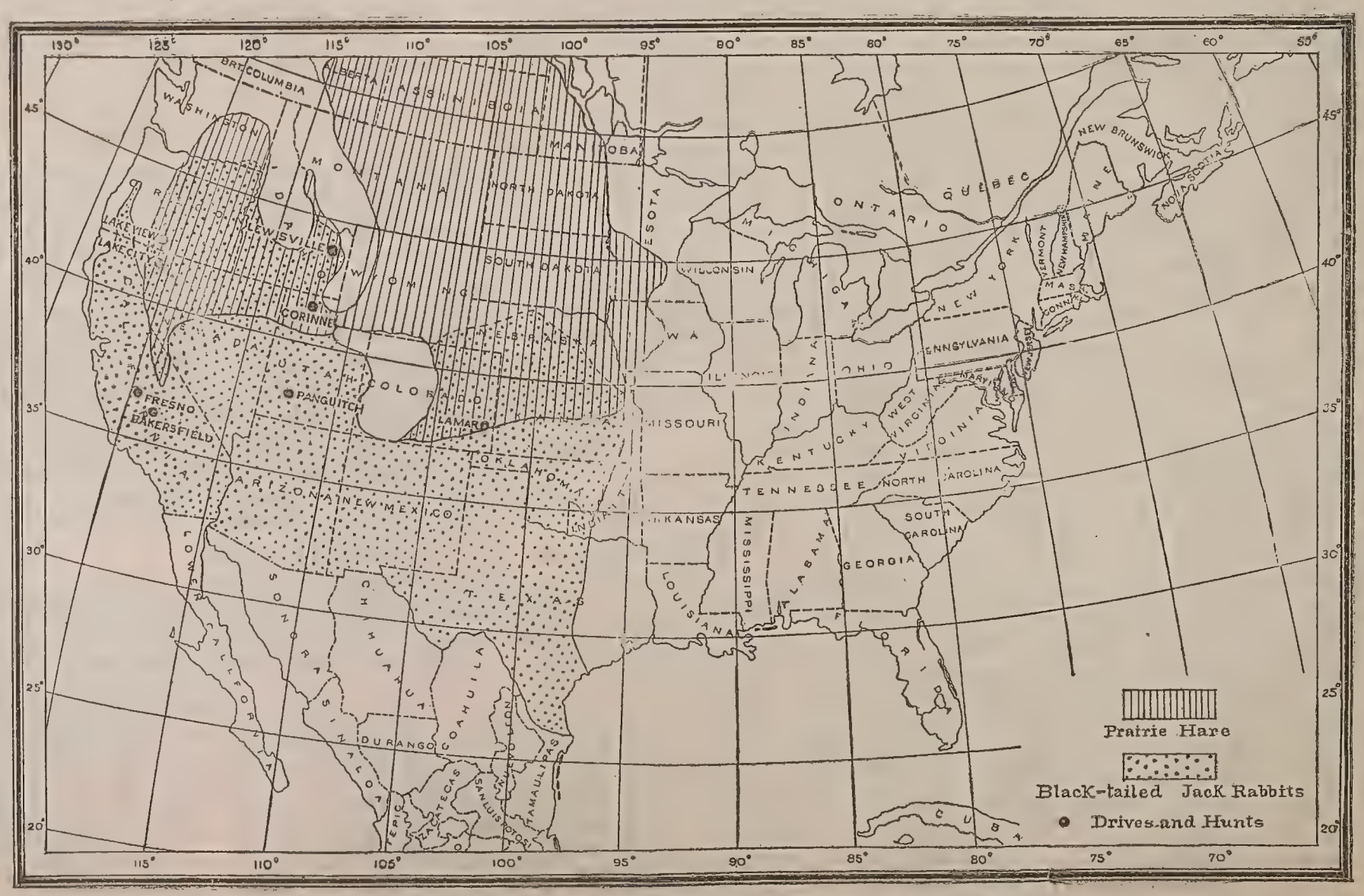
We present with this cuts taken from Dr. Palmer's paper on the jack rabbit, which we owe to the kindness of the Biological Survey of the Agricultural Department. The first is especially interesting as showing the method of constructing the corrals and the way of driving.

COLOR OF THE SCARLET TANAGER.

DURING the months of April and May, 1896, my son collected and preserved fifteen specimens of the scarlet tanager (*Piranga erythromelas*) in Montgomery county, Maryland, immediately beyond the northeastern boundary of the District of Columbia. Of these birds thirteen are males and two are females; and the first one, a male, was shot on April 17, all of the others being taken upon different dates during the following month.

Now the off-hand, routine method of describing the plumage of the male of this species is well exemplified by Coues in his "Key," where he says: "♂ adult: crimson or scarlet; wings and tail black; bill and feet dark horn color. * * * Adult males often show abnormal coloring, the body being yellow, orange, or flame color; or red patches appearing on the wing coverts; ♂ said to change back to plumage of ♀ at each fall molt (?)" (p. 318, 2d ed.) In this description there is not a word said about the outer tail feathers being tipped with white in many specimens, a fact observed long ago by Wilson, who speaks of it in his work, where he also calls attention to "the interior edges of the wing feathers [being] nearly white." Wilson observed, too, that "it is also probable that the old males regularly change their color and have a summer and winter dress; but this further observations must determine." Darwin, quoting Audubon, says: "In the United States some few of the males of the scarlet tanager (*Tanagra rubra*) have 'a beautiful transverse band of glowing red on the smaller wing coverts,' but this variation seems to be somewhat rare, so that its preservation through sexual selection would follow only under unusually favorable circumstances" ("The Descent of Man," ed, 1882, p. 424).

Of all the scarlet tanagers collected by the present writer, perhaps a hundred males or more, I recollect but one specimen wherein the red on the wing was represented by a "transverse band" of the smaller wing coverts, though a few scattered scarlet feathers in that locality were not uncommon. Sometimes this was to be seen only upon one side, occasionally it was only a single feather; or other variations might be presented. In the thirteen specimens now before me (males) there are but two of them that show a few scattered scarlet feathers among the smaller wing coverts, and these are irregularly placed. The most unusual feature here, however, is that in one of these birds these features are not entirely scarlet, but are so only upon one side of the rhachis, the other side being entirely black; in other words, each of the small feathers in question is scarlet and black, and not entirely of the former color. In further examining these specimens, I meet with a color phase not elsewhere noticed by me before, nor do I find it anywhere described in the books. Two individuals show it, both very nearly full plumaged, breeding males. In the one where it is the least apparent it simply consists in a tingeing of the ends of the scarlet feathers in the interscapular region of the middle of the dorsum with black. This peculiar shading in the second individual is quite pronounced upon the capital and nuchal regions, while in the interscapular area of the dorsum one or two of the feathers are actually black, scarlet edged with black, or black and scarlet, giving this particular specimen in reality a black and scarlet back. As the two colors are very distinct in some instances upon one and the same feather, this remarkable variation not only becomes interesting as such, but it has an added interest, due to the fact that at the present writing the molt of birds is attracting not a little attention of naturalists both here and abroad. That this peculiar color phase is not as frequent as some would suppose is easily proven by examining series of male scarlet tanagers in large collections. This the writer has done. Through the courtesy of Mr. C. W. Richmond, of



MAP SHOWING DISTRIBUTION OF PRAIRIE HARES AND JACK RABBITS.

the ornithological department of the U. S. National Museum, I was enabled to examine thirty-nine adult male scarlet tanagers, representing the museum's study series. Among all these there is not a specimen that has distinctly black feathers upon its dorsum. With a similar purpose in view, Mr. William Palmer, of the same institution, permitted me to examine fifteen adult males of this species in his own private collection. Of these again none exhibited the plumage in question, although one individual (shot May 10, 1883) exhibited a marked general tingeing with black over the scarlet, like one of the specimens in my son's collection, only more decided. Of the sixty-seven examples examined, then, only one presented the plumage phase described above, where there is a black tingeing of the scarlet feathers, and none where there was black feathers in the interscapular region of the dorsum.

Unfortunately we have ornithologists among us who contend that these noteworthy variations are unworthy of note, whereas the careful recording of this very class of variations in the plumage of birds often leads, when sufficient material has been collected, to the most important generalizations. DR. R. W. SHUFELDT.

MAY 31, 1896.

A Mother Woodcock on the Nest.

MR. ANDREW NEALEY, of Franklin, Mass., sends us a photograph made by him of a sitting woodcock in the early part of May. The local paper says of the picture: "Probably one of the most unique pictures ever taken was that secured by photographer Andrew Nealey, of Franklin, last week. A couple of sportsmen, Charles Healey, of Lynn, and Frank Shiner, of Franklin, discovered a woodcock's nest, the bird setting on four eggs. The idea occurred to them that a photograph would be a



NESTING WOODCOCK.
Photo by Andrew Nealey.

fine thing, and accordingly the artist took his camera to the pasture where the maternal bird was exercising her functions as a home-made incubator. Notwithstanding there was no posing, the artist got an excellent picture of his subject, and he and his friends take no little pleasure in showing it. They are naturally proud of it, and well they may be, as it is doubtless the only one of the kind on record, and the bird enjoys the distinction of being the pioneer in this respect."

We gave in our issue of June 13 two photographs taken by Mr. G. Hills, of Hudson, N. Y., of a ruffed grouse nest, and two or three years ago we published a photograph sent by Mr. Hills of a nesting woodcock. Mr. Nealey's bird is hardly a pioneer, but this should not detract in the least from the artist's very great satisfaction in securing such a picture.

The Bobolink in West Virginia.

CENTRAL CITY, W. Va.—Anything but unpleasant memories were awakened a few weeks since as that cheery little black and white songster, the bobolink, flew before me over the meadow in West Virginia, joyfully warbling, as if he had come to stay. I saw him twice, but think he has left us. Doubtless he was a stray waif, as I saw neither companion nor mate. I have been in Cabell county, W. Va., eighteen years, and have seen the bobolink but twice. The first time, about ten years ago, I saw a pretty large flock of them on the ground and in the trees migrating northward. They did not sing, but merely twittered as they do in their migration south in the fall. I felt that I would like to have a West Virginian hear the notes of the one I heard sing here, as the people born on this soil seem to have no idea of this bird or the unique character of its song. I regard no bird as the superior of the bobolink to cheer the plowman in his weary toil. It seems a pity to me that as a "rice" bird he should be so ruthlessly slain. N. D. E.

Food for Young Quail.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In feeding his young quail (if he should be fortunate enough to get any), if Mr. Furguson will mix with the hard-boiled egg about an equal proportion of cracker crumbs he will find it a good food for the chicks. A mixture of boiled potato is also good. Insect food of some kind, however, is almost indispensable, and here is a suggestion that may be of service to him and to others. The common house fly will furnish the desired article about as readily and conveniently as anything within ordinary reach, and they are eaten with avidity by the young birds. My plan was to use one or two of the common cone-shaped fly traps made of wire netting, and when these were nearly filled and it was desired to get out the inmates, to submerge it for a few minutes in water, or hold it very briefly over a gas jet. The chicks are very quick to appreciate this kind of addition to their bill of fare, and in a few days mine would crowd eagerly into my hand in their anxiety to get their individual share. A few angle worms now and then, chopped fine, will be relished.

It would seem that the difficulty with which Mr. Furguson is likely to have the most serious trouble is that of having his quail nest dry out, so that the eggs will not have sufficient moisture to insure the escape of the chicks at the proper time. If this should occur, when the shell breaks the integument lying next to it will simply cling like a rubber garment to the young bird, and it will die before it is able to extricate itself. If the sod under the nest could be kept reasonably moist the four or five days before hatching that mishap would in all probability be avoided. With my first quail nest I was in the habit of turning the lawn hose over it every day or two, and though the hatching was delayed some three days in consequence (the nest being kept so cool) every egg brought out its chick. JAY BEEBE.

Birch Bark Stationery.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Boston *Herald* in its issue of June 16 has the following: "W. S. Howard, of Burlington, Vt., received from his daughter Saturday a letter written on birch bark from Rainbow Lake in the Adirondacks. The bark is about the thickness of heavy brown wrapping paper, and it looks as if it had gone through a process of manufacture, but such is not the case. The bark was peeled off and dried, after which Miss Gertrude wrote almost 500 words with a lead pencil and sent it to her father, folding the two pieces like a sheet of commercial note paper. The saying that 'novelty is the great parent of pleasure' seems true in this case, as the parent has been afforded much pleasure by the novelty of an ingenious daughter."

The *Herald* must have deemed this a noteworthy matter, yet there is no especial "novelty" about it.

In June, 1894, while on the fishing trip I wrote you of several weeks ago, our party, walking from Haines Landing to Rangeley, cut a lot of birch bark, and returning to camp we "manufactured" sheets for the letters and envelopes for the carrying of the letters, and sent over a dozen such through the mails. I have now in my possession the letter and envelope, the latter stamped and postmarked, which I sent my wife at that time. I have no doubt the same thing had been done many times before we dreamed of doing it. NOVICE.

Another Buck without Horns.

AU SABLE, Mich., June 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your last issue you have an article from J. B. McW. about killing a buck without horns. He wants to know if any of the FOREST AND STREAM hunters ever killed one. I shot a buck without horns, weight 160lbs., in November of 1879, in Alcona county, Mich. I have killed over 200 deer, and this was the only buck I ever saw without horns. F. H. K.

Game Bag and Gun.

IN JACKSON'S HOLE.

In Four Parts—Part Four.

THE morning of the 25th found us all ready to start at daylight. We had no drones in our party. Bob Cooke, Frank and Will started on a hunt together, and Ed, Sam and I went back to the cañon to get my horns and the meat and hides from all three elk. My set of horns were in a terrible place, but old Ed said he would stick to me if it took all fall until we got them out. We carried plenty of rope and an axe. Our plan was to pack the meat and horns down to the lake on our backs and then make a raft and ferry across the lake. In this way we saved chopping a path for our horses for about four or five miles around the edge of the lake.

We rode until we reached the mouth of the cañon, taking a couple of pack horses with us. Here we dismounted, and after tethering our horses securely made our way around the edge of the lake on foot and finally reached the carcass of my elk. My horns and meat that had been hung up were all right. The wild animals had been at work on the part of the carcass that was on the ground. I saw a marten sitting in the fork of a tree just over the elk and shot his head off. It was a beautiful little animal about the size of a rabbit, and its fur was as soft and glassy as satin. We had a rough time getting the large hams and side of ribs and head and horns down the mountain cañon to the edge of the lake. We slipped and stumbled and swung ourselves down step by step, and if it had not been for old Ed's almost supernatural strength and endurance we would hardly have succeeded. Did you ever try to lug or carry a head of elk horns that were about 5ft. wide and weighed over 100lbs. down a rocky mountain cañon? If you have not you cannot appreciate what I am writing. Sam and I were both in favor of leaving all the meat and taking nothing out but the horns, but old Ed was so anxious to get a good supply of meat to carry home that we agreed to help get the meat out for his benefit. We finally succeeded after five or six hours of extraordinary labor in landing the head of horns, both hams and a side of ribs from my elk on the lake shore.

We sat down upon a rock to eat our lunch and rest. Sam was looking up the beach and scanning the beautiful scene, when he suddenly exclaimed, "Look yonker!" Both Ed and I looked in the direction pointed by Sam and saw a large cinnamon bear walking up the beach, smelling the sand as he progressed. He was coming toward us, but was out of range, being probably 500 or 600yds. from us. He was close enough, however, for us to see that he was a big one, and we began to hope that we were going to have a bear fight to mix with the excitement of elk hunting. We got behind a rock and waited to see what old bruin would do. The bear came on toward us for about 100yds. and then sat up on his haunches as straight as a poodle dog. He seemed to be meditating what course to pursue. Ed said he smelled blood and was endeavoring to locate it. The smelling faculties of a bear are exceedingly acute. Ed tells us that they will take an air line to a carcass one mile distant as soon as it becomes tainted. Well, we waited for some minutes very impatiently and bruin did not move; so I proposed to Ed that he and I step around and try to get a shot at him. We started and made a wide circuit, so as to get on the other side of the bear and drive him to Sam. When we came out of the woods about 100yds. from where the bear had been sitting he was gone. When we got back to Sam he told us that the bear sat still for several minutes after we started, then got down and slipped into the brush. He evidently got a whiff of us, and knew it was time he was going. We never saw him any more.

We now applied ourselves to building a raft and in an hour launched a good raft 12×6ft. made of dry fir logs. Sam left us, and going to the carcasses of his two elk managed to get some of the meat and the skin of the cow to his horse. So when we arrived on the other shore of the lake with our raft and cargo Sam was waiting for us with the horses. We took the trail to camp, arriving about dark. The other boys were all in. Will McKamy had killed a black-tail deer and brought it in whole. We now had more meat than we knew what to do with, so old Ed began to dry and salt down in earnest.

On the morning of the 26th we all started at daylight excepting Ed; he remained in camp to allow Will Johnson to go hunting. On that day Ed rendered out his big pile of elk fat and made it into cakes, also made several more smoking racks and put on about 1,000lbs. of elk meat to dry. He was making hay while the sun was shining, and we were only too glad for him to have the meat. Sam and I went back to the carcasses of his two elk, but found that the meat had slipped out of the tree in some way and the bears and wolves had torn it to a thousand pieces. So all we saved out of Sam's two elk was one ham that he had secured the day before. I killed a black-tail doe during the day and we carried it in whole. Frank Gardenhire also brought in an antelope.

The 27th we all remained in camp. Sam and Bob rode over to Snake River, about three miles from our camp, and fished until noon; they came home loaded down with as fine a string as I ever saw. Several of the trout weighed 5 and 6lbs. each. Will Johnson went out on the plain and brought home an antelope.

The morning of the 29th we were in the saddle at daylight. We packed all our goods in the wagon and then drove it to a dense thicket two miles away and hid it in the bushes. We hung up all of our hides and horns so the animals would not get them. We were going on a short hunt up the Gros Ventre River and then were going to start homeward. Crossing Snake River, we turned in a northeasterly course toward the mouth of the Gros Ventre. In crossing the open plains to the east of Jackson's Lake we met another hunting party. They were two gentlemen from Chicago guided by a Mormon. They had not enjoyed themselves much, only having killed a few antelope and a deer or two. They had not killed a single elk and were in the heart of the elk country. I suppose the guide either did not know how to find elk for them or was too lazy to hunt. We passed on and did not see them again.

We got into the Gros Ventre Valley in the afternoon, and after following this stream up for ten or twelve miles camped for the night. We were all delighted with the country and anticipated a great time. The country was wild and rugged and covered with dense fir trees, but not too rough to ride. Next morning we continued our course up the river and traveled until about noon, when we unexpectedly came upon a deserted Indian camp Old Ed was almost beside himself with rage. We counted the deserted brush huts or tepees and found there were forty of them; that meant at least 200 Indians. We also knew from the piles of bones and feet of elk and deer that the country had been hunted out. There was no use in going any further, as we would only be hunting in the rear of a tribe of Indians, so we wheeled our horses and retraced our steps. Next day about night we camped on the bank of Snake River near our old camping ground. We had not killed anything excepting two antelope as we crossed the plains. We were all sore over it, as the Gros Ventre River is noted for its fine elk hunting, and Ed said it was by far the best he knew of in the whole West. The Indians also knew it was a good place, and had got there ahead of us. Old Ed abused the Indian agent for allowing them to leave their reservation, but there was no use of crying over spilled milk. I really think we were a trifle selfish, as we had already had magnificent sport and had no cause to grumble.

On Oct. 3 we started for home. We toiled over the mountains for the next two days, and on the evening of Oct. 5 pulled up in front of Ed Trafton's house. The next morning we were early on the trail to Rexburg. Ed was to accompany us to the railroad station and see us off. We had our last day's shooting this day, and we bagged many a prairie chicken as we drove that forty miles from Haden to Rexburg. We arrived at Rexburg that night, and next day sold all of the horses and surplus stock. Bob Cooke bought the four wagon horses and the wagons and tents, as he lived in Boise City, Idaho. I got $11 for Bruno, my riding horse, and he cost me $30. I had used him hard for over a month, so I think I did pretty well. Next day we reached Market Lake, the station on the railroad. This was the saddest day of all. Here we had to separate. We packed our elk horns and hides and saddles and such things as we wanted to take home, and shipped them. Bob Cooke, Sam Wester and Will Johnson continued their way across the plains to Boise City. Ed Trafton returned home with over $100 in his pocket and plenty of clothing and incidentals, so he was happy, and declared us all to be jolly good fellows. I venture to say there is not a man in that party who would not be glad to see old Ed again, and I know Ed would be glad to see any one of the party. So we separated, each one going his own way.

There never were eight more congenial men on a hunt together than our party. We hunted and enjoyed ourselves, had magnificent sport and shared all the hardships as well as the pleasures. The truth is, we were all genuine sportsmen and there was not a sorehead among us. The cost of the trip was about $200 each. We killed over twenty elk, two moose, one bear, twenty-five or thirty deer and no telling how many antelope, besides hundreds of prairie chickens and a good many ducks and geese. Every word of this recital or diary kept by myself is true, as can be attested by any member of the party. It is not overdrawn; in fact, there were numerous small side hunts for chickens and small game, and many fine catches of trout, not recorded at all. A. B. WINGFIELD.

Indian Territory Parched Covers.

LOCO, I. T., June 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We are having a continual drought. We have had only one rain sufficient to swell the ravines since Jan. 29; that fell on May 12, bringing a terrific hail with it. Hailstones fell here 7in. in circumference. This destroyed all the young birds and many old ones. I say young, for I reckon the first broods were hatched out, as I heard the males calling Bob White as early as March 22; this is a sure sign of mating. Notwithstanding these and other calamities the birds have made it through and there seem to be more old and young than ever before. Crops will be a failure, and many will take up the gun to shoot for market who otherwise would be in more legitimate business. L. D. W.

AMERICAN GAME PARKS.

The "Forest and Stream's" Third Annual Report on Game in Preserves.

Part One.—Fenced Parks.

IN the issue of Feb. 17, 1894, FOREST AND STREAM published an article which we believe to have been the first general survey ever attempted of game in American parks. This was followed in May, 1895, by similar articles, and to-day we print the first instalment of our third annual report on game in preserves.

The object of these reports, primarily, is to furnish data regarding the breeding of wild animals in confinement and under strange conditions, and to demonstrate what species are best suited for stocking certain localities.

Experiment has shown that elk and the common deer, and to a certain extent buffalo, will thrive and multiply in confinement in almost any part of the United States. On the other hand, it seems equally certain that caribou cannot be kept in parks even where the locality approaches the latitude of their native range, and that antelope do not thrive east of the Mississippi.

The statistics are less convincing regarding the adaptability of a changed environment of moose, beaver, black-tail deer, mountain sheep, etc., but it seems likely that the two former animals furnish fit material for stocking where the locality is not too far South.

Charles F. Dietrich,

who has an estate of 1,600 acres at Millbrook, Dutchess county, N. Y., has a deer park that furnishes an interesting example of the possibilities of supporting a number of animals on a limited area, as he has over fifty deer, all in flourishing condition, in an inclosure of less than forty acres. These deer are grained all the year round and fed in much the same way as domestic animals. Most of the herd are white-tails, raised from animals procured from widely separated localities, such as Virginia, Wisconsin and Indiana, and Mr. Dietrich attributes their healthiness in measure to this fact of mixing different strains. He bought his first deer for the park four years ago, and this year he counts on an increase of about twenty.

Besides the American deer Mr. Dietrich has a number of German roe, which he imported a year or two since. The roe bred in confinement, but unfortunately the young all died. This year, however, he hopes to have better success. The original number imported was six, but one or more of the adult deer died also. Mr. Dietrich has also English pheasants, German partridges, and a number of coveys of native quail as well as ruffed grouse. Last year he tried for the first time the experiment of stocking with prairie chickens. In June he purchased twenty-four adult birds, which were released on his estate. He is unable yet to express an opinion as to their desirability for Eastern stocking, but knows that they have survived in their new environment, as he sees them from time to time about the place.

Mr. Dietrich's park is inclosed with woven wire fencing 8ft. high, made in two sections, the lower of which is heavier and stronger than the other. He has put out a number of German hares recently, and to keep the young of these within the park he has added an additional section of fine mesh netting around the lower edge of the original fencing.

John M. Forbes.

Mr. John M. Forbes, who owns Naushon Island, in Buzzard's Bay, is a sportsman who has always taken an interest in game preservation. Though little attention has been paid to stocking, there are a number of deer and a few quail on the island at present.

C. W. Chapin.

Mr. Chapin's game preserve at Lebanon Lake, near Pond Eddy, Sullivan county, N. Y., was first fenced previous to 1893. In November, 1895, an additional tract was inclosed. The two parks are surrounded by barbed wire fencing 8ft. high, about ten miles being used for each park.

At present Mr. Chapin is said to have in the two preserves 125 elk, 100 deer, and a considerable number of Belgian hares, native hares, jack rabbits and squirrels, as well as wild turkeys and wild geese with their wings clipped.

Cross Island Preserve.

Cross Island, at the entrance of Machias Bay, on the coast of Maine, is well stocked with deer, which have been protected from indiscriminate hunting by special legislation since 1857. It is estimated that there are at present 600 of these animals on the island.

The island is three and one-half miles long by two and one-half miles wide, and is heavily wooded.

Litchfield Park.

In August, 1893, Mr. Edward H. Litchfield purchased a tract of 9,000 acres of wild forest land near Tupper Lake in the Adirondacks, with the intention of creating, to quote his own words, "a private preserve similar to those in Scotland and the Tyrol."

The following September he had the park inclosed with a fence, of which the following description was furnished to FOREST AND STREAM.

"It was built under contract by the Page Woven Wire Fence Company, of Adrian, Mich., and is proving eminently satisfactory for a game preserve fence.

"It is of galvanized coiled elastic steel wire, with twenty horizontal strands tied together by vertical strands every 12in. The spaces between the horizontal wires are 3in. wide for the first foot, beginning at the bottom of the fence, and gradually widen toward the top.

"It has no barbs and is strung from tree to tree, being fastened by staples. Posts are used only in the absence of trees.

"All irregularities in the soil underneath are filled with green logs, stones or other suitable material.

"The fence is about 8ft. high and is over eighteen miles in length. It is absolutely dog and deer tight. No dog can get through unless he digs a passage underneath.

"The Page people put on two large gangs of men and drove the work with great rapidity, closing it out a month ahead of the contract time.

"The fence runs through the roughest Adirondack country, through swamps and over mountains. At one place it crosses the bay of a lake, a distance of 150yds.; at another it runs over the crest of a mountain nearly 1,000ft. above the level of the surrounding country.

"The wire is, as it were, corrugated before using, and its elasticity is so great that if a tree falls upon the fence, when the tree is cut away the fence springs back into place and only requires re-stapling.

"The area inclosed is about two and a quarter miles wide by six and one-half long, amounting to between 8,000 and 9,000 acres."

Early in 1894, Mr. Litchfield had had an inclosure half a mile square fenced, and to this was brought a small band of elk. The original purchase consisted of four bulls and seven cows, which were wintered at Rome, N. Y. Three of the bulls, however, died, owing no doubt to injuries received at the time of their capture or to rough handling in transport, reducing the herd to eight animals. Since then he has purchased nineteen more elk, so that at present the herd numbers twenty-seven. Of these seventeen have the freedom of the entire tract, while the others are kept in the small park.

As yet no elk have been born in captivity, but judging from the latest reports there are good prospects of calves this year. The elk thrive in their new environment, and all have wintered well and seem to be in good condition. Of those that died, one bull fell off a rock and broke his back, and two others died from tumors shortly after their arrival. Climatic conditions are not responsible for any deaths.

Besides the elk, Mr. Litchfield has recently turned loose in the park five black-tail deer, and there are also a great many native deer within the inclosure. Mr. Gustave Snyder, a civil engineer by profession, who has supervision of the park at present, estimates the number of these deer at fifty. The head gamekeeper, on the other hand, puts the number at 200. No doubt the true figures lie between these two extremes.

In the small park there are fifty jack rabbits from Kansas, and English pheasants are being raised with success. Mr. Litchfield has also put out a lot of fox squirrels, and is planning to stock with capercailzie and wild turkeys when he can procure the specimens. Though he has advertised for wild turkeys, he has failed as yet to get any satisfactory offers.

Though Mr. Litchfield does not care for them among the fauna of his park, some of the larger carnivorous animals occasionally stray his way. Last year a deer was killed on the west line of the park by an animal supposed to be a panther.

Mr. Litchfield has had the stream running from Heaven Lake to Lake Madeline cleaned of fallen treetops and brush that obstructed the passage of trout. This stream has a drop of 250ft. in its course of about a mile and is an ideal trout stream. The character of the fishing in the lakes may be judged from the fact that trout up to and including 1½lbs. in weight are returned to the water.

A very interesting exhibit in connection with the park is a beautifully colored topographical map, laid out on a scale of 500ft. to the inch, and with 20ft. contours. This map is nearly 7ft. in length, and not only shows the natural features of the land, but also the location of the various kinds of timber found on the tract. The necessary surveys occupied the time of a corps of engineers from July 1 to Nov. 1.

The elevations of the five lakes in the park were determined by actual levels run from Tupper Lake, and the elevations along outside boundaries and cross lines by vertical arc observations referred to the above base, while interior contours were fixed by aneroid observations reduced to the same base.

These "cross lines" are 4ft. wide blazed lines running at right angles through the park, and dividing the entire area into sections measuring about a mile square. By reference to these cross lines the exact location of any point of interest may be determined on the map, and vice versa. The 18½-mile fence runs 15 or 20ft. inside the boundary of the park, and is not a line fence according to the strict definition.

Mr. Litchfield proposes to cut a good road through to the head of Tupper Lake, to connect with the road running to Horseshoe Pond station on the Adirondack & St. Lawrence R. R. The existing road to Tupper Lake is very poor. The new road will be laid out by skilled engineers, and in grade and construction will be the best.

Mr. Litchfield is a sportsman of ripe experience. He has hunted all over the United States, and is familiar with all kinds of game in their native wilds.

He first hunted in the Adirondacks in 1866, at a time when moose still were to be found in the wilder portions. Some, in fact, were reported that year at the headwaters of Bog River. In 1869, in company with Asa Puffer, an old moose hunter, he saw old moose workings on the north shore of Big Moose Lake. These signs, however, according to the best estimate that could be found, were then about three years old.

Puffer had an interesting theory to explain the sudden disappearance of the moose from the Adirondacks. During the last year or two of their occurrence he said he had found a number of moose that looked as if they had died from disease. At any rate, he could find no wounds on them. After the moose had gone and only the memory of them remained, he recalled this fact and argued that an epidemic had carried them off.

In February, 1871, while hunting on Little Moose, north of the Fulton Chain, Mr. Litchfield was followed by a pack of four or six wolves, who ran in his snowshoe track till he met them, having taken his back track for camp.

Furlough Lodge.

At his summer place in the Catskills, Mr. George J. Gould has a game preserve of 600 acres. This is inclosed with wire fencing, and is well stocked with ring-neck and Mongolian pheasants and various kinds of hares, as well as large game. The greater part of the park is woodland. Mr. John E. Haynes, superintendent, writes:

"Mr. Gould has at the present time fifty elk from one to ten years old, and about twenty calves. He also has fifteen common red deer and five black-tail deer. He is also the owner of a fine trout lake covering about 20 acres of land, and one mile of trout stream where he can go and catch 15 or 20lbs. of trout in two or three hours any time he wishes."

Mr. Gould has had remarkably good luck with his elk, as a reference to the table will show, but for some reason his deer have not done well.

Ne-ha-sa-ne Park.

Dr. W. Seward Webb has 9,000 acres of his Adirondack lands inclosed as a game park. He has made a specialty of stocking with moose and elk, and has successfully demonstrated that both will thrive in confinement, and that elk are adapted to the Adirondacks.

According to the average estimate of five gamekeepers, there are at present in his preserve sixteen moose, thirty-five elk, and 275 deer. Under date of May 27 Dr. Webb writes:

"Replying to your letter of April 30, I would say that I have only added four moose to the game in my park during the past year, but I have orders out in Canada for additional moose, which I expect to receive from time to time. All of my game are in good condition, and I have not lost a single moose. I lost a few elk at first, but since they have become acclimated they have done finely, and both the elk and moose have bred. This year all the females seem to be in calf."

Theodore A. Havemeyer.

Mr. Havemeyer's preserve at Mountain Side Farm, Mahwah, N. J., is inclosed with a fence of barbed wire 8ft. high. His superintendent, Mr. John Mayer, furnishes the following particulars:

"There are about 250 acres inclosed in our deer park, part thickly wooded and part open grazing glades. Spring water in abundance. We think there are about seventy deer in it this year, and many rabbits, Belgian hares, quail, woodcock, partridges and English pheasants. Keeping this park as the sanctum, and allowing no shooting in it, brings birds to it from other sections of this county where no preserves exist."

Tranquility Park.

Mr. Rutherfurd Stuyvesant's game preserve at Allamuchy, N. J., includes an area of about 4 000 acres, fenced with a close board fence 9ft. high, and one barb wire 11in. above the boards. The park includes wooded hills and swamps and a number of old abandoned farms. Mr. C. W. Puffer, superintendent in charge, furnishes the following particulars:

"The deer have done well and are increasing fast. It would be impossible to give a correct estimate, but I should think there were nearly 200. Three years ago we started with twenty elk, fifteen cows and five bulls, and now we have forty. We killed one last fall and have lost two this winter, that would be an increase of twenty-three. I think it would be impossible to raise elk in the Adirondacks without providing hay for them in winter, as they are an animal that migrate. I hope that I will be found wrong in this remark, as I would like to see the Adirondacks stocked with that royal game.

"The beaver are doing well and increasing fast, but there is no way of telling how many there are. They can be seen at sundown or after. They have two houses and several dams built on the streams.

"The buffalo died last month, and we count the crossing almost a failure, although we have two fine half-breeds.

"We stocked the pond with 5,000 German brown trout, but as we have since found pickerel in the streams we are afraid the trout will prove a failure.

"The ruffed grouse are quite plentiful, and there are a few English pheasants, but they stay in the park only in summer and go to lower ground in winter. Mr. Stuyvesant's bird department is on Tranquility Farm, managed by an expert by the name of Duncan Dunn, who has always made the bird department a success."

C. C. Worthington.

Mr. C. C. Worthington has a preserve near the Delaware Water Gap, said to contain 3,500 acres. It is inclosed with a wire fence 8ft. in height. It is reported that there are upward of 600 deer in this park.

Anticosti Island.

It is reported that Henri Menier, the millionaire chocolate manufacturer and well-known French yachtsman, who now owns Anticosti Island, has fenced off one-third of the island, which he will use as a great game preserve. The princely scale of Mr. Menier's enterprise may be judged when one considers that Anticosti is considerably larger than Long Island and that the tract which will be turned into a hunting park measures forty miles in length, with a maximum breadth of about thirty-five miles.

Mr. Menier's agent is at present advertising in FOREST AND STREAM for elk, and it is stated that he contemplates the purchase of buffalo and moose. He has already sent to the island five caribou and nineteen deer. The result of this stocking with exotic game will be watched with interest, for aside from bears no large wild animals have hitherto been found on the island.

In Volume I., No. 2, of FOREST AND STREAM "A Naval Officer" gives the following account of the animal life of Anticosti:

"It is worthy of remark," he writes, "that in many parts of the country there appears to be something in the pasturage which has an injurious effect upon certain forms of animal life. Rabbits and hares, without which scarcely an island of any size in the Gulf (of St. Lawrence) is found, are never seen, and though often introduced have quickly disappeared. Rats which have escaped from wrecks speedily become extinct, and it is strange that, though the interior of the island abounds in lakes and ponds, the sources of numerous streams, the beaver, mink and muskrat (the latter animal being so common elsewhere) are wholly unknown. The pleasant chirping of the graceful little chipmunk here never greets the ear, and there are but four fur-bearing animals known to the trappers—the black or brown bear, the otter, marten and fox, of which latter there are several varieties."

These four fur-bearing animals, however, are found in great numbers. The streams are full of salmon and sea trout, and multitudes of ducks and geese resort to the island in season.

Mr. N. Le Vasseur gives the following additional information:

"The intention of the new proprietor of Anticosti Island is to make a park in a corner of the island. The island is 147 miles long by thirty-five and thirty-nine wide. Wild animals that already exist on the island are bears, black and silver foxes, martens, otters, and I think hares are also to be found there. I have already sent over there thirty red deer, and will send moose, caribou and beaver. I have also here a fine specimen of female elk, and I want a bull elk now. If prices for elk delivered at

Quebec are not too high and quite acceptable, we might probably make a special elk park. For the moment anyway I want only one bull elk.

"As to the domestic animals, none will be admitted there but those of choice and pure breed, and genealogical registers will be opened for each species.

"Mr. Menier will devote much attention to the sea and inland fisheries; codfish, herring and lobsters are plentiful; rivers and lakes are swarming with salmon and trout; salmon are of a fair size; trout, fine. He will also indulge in agricultural pursuits. The island is well timbered, though the general size of the trees is not over the average. Lobsters are abundant all around the island, and canneries will be built in many places. I think there are already two lobster canneries in operation.

"Farm buildings, stores and private residences are in course of construction, from twenty to thirty in all, for a primary installation. Electricity will be used for light and power.

"A saw mill is being built. At Mawzeralle River on the north side of the island there is a fall of 200ft. high which will furnish a first-class water power.

"A wharf 400ft. long has been built at English Bay, and a little tramway 1,500ft. long has been laid upon the wharf for the carrying of merchandise of every description to the stores. Tramways (Decauville system) will be constructed wherever needed on the island."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MINNESOTA INDIANS AND GAME.

[From the Report of the Chief Fire Warden of Minnesota.]

THERE are upward of 7,000 Chippewa Indians living on as many as ten different reservations, widely scattered in the forest regions of northern Minnesota, a large portion of whom are almost constantly engaged in hunting and fishing, and who are just as much in the habit of building camp-fires as white hunters. There is reason to believe, however, that they are more careful in regard to fire than may generally be supposed. The Rev. J. A. Gilfillan, a missionary to the Chippewa Indians, and for many years acquainted with them, in reply to a letter addressed to him by this office, communicates the interesting fact that the Indians are more careful than white men to put out their camp-fires. He also states that the Indians respect the law, and when they come to know what is law generally obey it. In his letter he furnishes some interesting facts as to what occurs in the forest wilds, and which tend to show how productive of game our Minnesota game forests may become under a regulated system. Mr. Gilfillan says:

The region I will speak of is that in which our missions are situated, some 250 or 300 miles in circuit, beginning from White Earth; thence east to Leech Lake, 100 miles; thence north 30 miles to Raven's Point, Winnibigoshish Lake; thence west 20 miles to the head of Cass Lake; thence northwest 45 miles to Red Lake agency; thence southwest 100 miles to White Earth.

Of large animals inhabiting this region the most plentiful are: First, deer; second, bears; third, moose; fourth, reindeer or caribou. Of the smaller fur-bearing animals I do not speak. Within this circumference of 300 miles, lying altogether in the pine country, the above animals are slaughtered at all seasons of the year wherever and whenever found, and not only within that circle, but everywhere north of it as far as the British line.

First, as to the number of moose killed annually in the above region by the Indians, that is hard to estimate, but a few years ago there were killed, swimming in the water, pursued in canoes, in one bay on the north shore of the south lobe of Red Lake, opposite the Red Lake agency, at a place called by the white people the Narrows, and by the Indians Wabashing, the large number of eighty-seven moose. The animals had taken to the water to get away from the flies, and so were at the mercy of the Indians.

Moose are also constantly killed around Cass Lake, Lake Itasca, Winnibigoshish and Leech lakes, and a great many in the Big Fork River country. To give a rough guess at the number of moose annually killed by the Indians in the above region, excluding the Big Fork country, I would say:

By Red Lake Indians	200
By Cass Lake Indians	25
By Leech Lake Indians	20
By Winnibigoshish and Bowstring Indians	70
By White Earth Reservation Indians	20
By Sandy Lake and White Oak Point Indians	20
Total killed annually	355

Turning now to deer. There were marketed at Park Rapids about two winters ago, during the hunting season (November), 600 deer, the greater part by far of which were killed by Indians. They kill, of course, at all seasons and at all times. I would say, therefore, that the amount of deer killed by Indians in the above described range of our missions is as follows:

Deer killed around Leech Lake and wherever the Leech Lake Indians hunt	1,200
Deer killed by Cass Lake Indians and wherever they hunt	300
Deer killed by Winnibigoshish Indians	300
Deer killed by Red Lake Indians	1,000
Deer killed by White Earth Indians	1,700
Deer killed by Sandy Lake and White Oak Point Indians (est.)	200
Total annually killed by Indians	4,700

Nearly always when I go to Cass Lake—which is usually monthly—I find some of the Indians absent hunting deer by torchlight in summer. The Indians everywhere do that constantly. They put a lamp in the bow of the canoe, one man to paddle and one to shoot, and steal up upon them.

At Cass Lake they hunt so on white men's land continually; going up the Mississippi River from Cass Lake, outside of their reservation, hunting with torches nearly every night in summer and killing large quantities of deer, which come down to the water to drink or to get rid of flies. They do so also on every lake.

About eighteen years ago the Red Lake Indians killed very few deer, but the English working up north on the Canadian Pacific Railroad seem to have scared them down that way, or else it was by the white settlers in Minnesota to the south. At any rate the fact is certain that the number of deer killed has been far more numerous there of late years.

As to the number of bears killed, I would be almost afraid to hazard a conjecture, but would put it at 300 annually in the whole Indian country.

As to the reindeer or caribou, a few are killed around Cass Lake. I do not know of any other locality in our missions where reindeer are killed.

In estimating the number of deer killed by White Earth Indians, we know pretty nearly the number of men hunting, we can estimate the average that each man kills, and so arrive at the result. Many of the White Earth Indian hunters kill thirty deer each in a season. I think there will neither be deer, moose nor reindeer in all this region in a few years.

The Indians go out hunting deer with the first snow, usually early in November, and they stay out till about Jan. 1, when the severe weather drives them home. They also hunt at all times in summer with lamps or torches, as above mentioned.

White men also bring hounds and hunt in the uninhabited country, outside of the reservations.

The Indians use metallic cartridges; they hunt sometimes alone, sometimes with another; they always make fires to cook, etc.; they understand better than white men the necessity of care, and are more careful to put out fires, knowing, from having been brought up in the woods, how fires will run.

While the general good conduct of the Indians ought to be cheerfully recognized, it is undeniable that there are some thoughtless and bad men among them, who in times past have caused very destructive forest fires, in revenge for wrongs they had suffered, or thought they had suffered, from white men or from the Government. Also, whether well founded or not, it is the belief of many white citizens in the neighborhood of Indian reservations that the practice of allowing the Indians to sell such of their standing timber as has been injured by fire has proved a temptation for them to set fires. The forest preservation act of Minnesota has no binding effect upon Indians in the limits of Indian reservations, but off of their reservations the Indians are subject to it the same as other people. It is believed that when they come to understand its purpose, it will have a beneficial influence upon them as well off as on their reservations.

Another Armless Shooter.

HUNTINGTON, W. Va., June 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The writer, a regular reader of the FOREST AND STREAM, is acquainted with Rev. Mr. Vann, a resident of Edenton, N. C., and a native of the United States, who lost both his arms in a cotton mill when but a child.

Mr. Vann is not only an able minister of the Baptist church, and holds—or has held—a position as professor in the Lake Forest University of North Carolina, but is a keen and ardent sportsman. Whether he can fish or not we are not advised, but he does use with good success a double-barrel shotgun, having wires running from the trigger, ending with a leather pull, to be worked by his mouth.

He can load and unload and fire his gun with rapidity and skill, and while we never had the pleasure of hunting with him we have been assured by good sportsmen who have spent days in the field with him that it will keep a man with two good arms hustling to bag more partridges than Mr. Vann.

We do not believe that Mr. Vann could put bait on his hook with his teeth. As to whether he fishes we are not advised. He has a good excuse for not sawing wood, and if we were in his place we would make use of that excuse; but when it comes to shooting he is one of the boys and right in it. We write this letter not specially for publication, but in order that you may look up this man Vann, as a statement of what he has accomplished under adverse circumstances would prove an excellent example for patience and perseverance, without which there can be no real sportsmanship. T. R. SHEPHERD.

[Mr. Vann's shooting has already been described in the FOREST AND STREAM.]

Sea and River Fishing.

KENNEBAGO AND THAT SORT OF THING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just returned from a few days' trouting excursion to Kennebago Lake. Although my trip was delightful in every way, it would have been much more so had I been better posted in regard to the manners and customs prevailing in that vicinity, and it seems to me, therefore, that I owe it as a duty to give to the thousands of appreciative readers of FOREST AND STREAM a few points which may be of benefit to them.

One can leave New York at midnight and reach the village of Rangeley, Me., the following afternoon at about 6 o'clock, where, in the interest of comfort, one must stay all night. The hotel at Rangeley is new, fresh, sweet, clean and delightful in every way, the outlook over the lake being exceptionally fine. It will be necessary to engage guides at Rangeley to go to Kennebago Lake, as they do not stay at any of the camps. The ride on a springless buckboard to Kennebago baffles all description. The road could not possibly be worse if efforts had been made to make it so. It is filled with stones, rocks, boulders, holes, and the better way, and the one practiced by a large proportion of the people, is to walk. But after one arrives at the hotel at Kennebago the discomfort of the ten-mile ride is soon forgotten. The hotel stands at the head of the lake, which is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. It is in the heart of the primeval forest; the woods have never been lumbered and have never been burned. The laws of Maine are exceedingly strict in regard to the setting of fires and placards are posted about in different places giving extracts from the State laws. A man cannot set a fire on his own premises without becoming liable to damages up to $1,000 for any injury resulting to his neighbor, and no person is allowed to set a fire except on his own land.

The fishing in Kennebago and in the ponds and streams in that vicinity is excellent, and one can take with flies all the trout he desires for his own use from the time the ice leaves in the spring until it forms in the fall. The fish run from ¼lb. to ⅓ and ½lb. in weight; occasionally, however, much larger ones are taken, often 1lb. to 3lbs. This is particularly the case at the upper end of the lake, about six miles from the hotel and in Little Kennebago Lake. The water of the lakes is cold spring water and there are a large number of mountain brooks emptying into them. A steam yacht runs two or three times a day from the hotel on Kennebago Lake to the different camps, and if one tires of fishing it is a very pleasant way of spending a few hours to take the trip. At the upper end of the lake it is a daily occurrence to see from one to half a dozen deer; and beaver and other animals are very plenty. The game laws of Maine seem to be, at least in that vicinity, greatly honored, and the talk of guides and visitors is very different from that met with in the Adirondacks, where poaching is more or less in order. No hounding or jacking is allowed.

The scenery all through this portion of Maine is very beautiful. There are many magnificent mountains, some of them 4,000 or 5,000ft. high, and being entirely covered with timber the play of the clouds upon them is very pleasing. There are a number of camps at the foot of the lake and on Little Kennebago, and Seven Ponds, ten miles still further into the wilderness. These are supplied by freshly cooked provisions from the hotel, or one can utilize the services of his guide as cook. Loon Lake is about four and a half miles from Rangeley on the road to Kennebago Lake and there is here excellent fishing. There is a fine camp, well kept, well furnished, and in the immediate vicinity are two or three large ponds which, with the lake itself, afford most excellent sport. The fishing at the Rangeley chain of lakes is now over for the season, but I was told—as I have many times seen in your columns—that it has been unusually good during the past spring. I saw records at the hotel of a considerable number of salmon having been taken ranging from 6 to 10½lbs. H. S. CHANDLER.

NEW YORK, June 25.

A HYBRID TROUT.

IT is generally believed that fish of the salmon family do not hybridize in a state of nature, because there are no evidences of crossing between distinct species. Fishcultural operations, however, have produced numerous crosses among trout and salmon, and some of them have been described and illustrated in these columns. Among them are hybrids between lake trout and brook trout, golden trout of New England and brook trout, European saibling and brown trout.

A very handsome hybrid has just come into my hands from Mr. Jas. Annin, Jr., superintendent of New York hatcheries. It was captured in Caledonia Creek, and Mr. Annin has seen two more from the same stream. He suggested that it may be a cross between the brook trout and the brown trout, and this opinion is shared by the writer. In form and coloration it has many points of resemblance to the brook trout, but its rather large scales and singular network of colors, differing from those of both parents, establish unmistakably its hybrid character.

The fish is about 9in. long, with the shape and proportions of the brook trout. The colors themselves should be seen in order to appreciate the striking beauty of the subject. The upper part of the body is brown mingled with purple; the lower part pink. The sides have a network of rather wide lemon yellow lines. The ventral, anal and caudal fins are pink, the ventral and anal having a milk-white anterior margin. In the anal fin this white stripe is bounded behind by a dark line, as in the brook trout. The breast fin is pale vermilion.

The dorsal fin has numerous small, dark blotches, and the membrane connecting its rays is pale lemon. The adipose fin is rather long and slender, amber colored, with two obscure dusky blotches, one of which is very indistinct. The eye is silvery white and shows yellowish reflections. Mr. Annin has properly called it "a very beautiful fish;" it would be difficult to find a handsomer trout or one more shapely.

In describing a hybrid between the golden trout and brook trout in FOREST AND STREAM, Nov. 20, 1890, the writer stated as one result of his observations that all essential characters are derived from the female when crosses are made between two species of the same genus; also, that when a large-scaled species is crossed with a small-scaled form, the result will be a large-scaled fish, whichever way the cross be made. The form of the body, shape of the tail, size of the scales and structure of the teeth are among the essential characters.

A single glance at this fish will reveal its relationship to the brook trout, which is a small-scaled species. The large scales demonstrate that a large-scaled trout entered into the parentage of the hybrid. Furthermore, the peculiar network on the sides is perfectly characteristic of the crossing of two genera—the brook trout form and the brown trout, or one of that genus. The brown trout and the brook trout have the same spawning season and it is on record that these trout have been artificially crossed at the Caledonia station.

While the proof of the origin of this hybrid is wanting, there is little reason to doubt that it came about through the artificial fertilization of the eggs of one species by milt obtained from a fish of a different genus. Brook trout eggs and brown trout milt may have been used or *vice versa;* the result in either case will be a large-scaled trout with so-called zebra markings. But if we may be governed by the shape of the body and fins and the structure of the teeth, the female parent was a brook trout.

Numerous experiments in hybridizing fish were formerly made at the Caledonia station, and some singular crosses were produced. More extended experiments have been carried on in Norway and other European countries. As a result of many observations it is claimed that hybrids between trout belonging to different genera are always sterile. The hybrid here described should be sterile.

It would be desirable to produce such crosses artificially because the result is a beautiful fish of rapid growth and excellent qualities; having no occasion to reproduce, its whole time and energy can be devoted to putting on flesh. Such a picture of symmetry and vigor would not be brought to the landing net without a pitched battle.

TARLETON H. BEAN.

NEW YORK, June 13.

Colored Party—What yo fishin' fo', boss?
Fisherman (carelessly)—Oh, just for recreation.
Colored Party—Well, yo' won't kotch none. Dere's nuffin in dat creek 'ceptin' mud eels an' suckers.—*Puck.*

The New York Fish, Game and Forest Commission has appointed James Green, of Caldwell, special custodian of the islands of Lake George for the season, the new appointee succeeding F. W. Allen, of Bolton.

ANGLING NOTES.

Nature's Flies and Man's Fancy.

WATERS may yet be found where the trout will rise to a piece of red flannel tied to a hook as readily as to a well-made artificial fly, but they are remote and it takes time and money to fish them, and a dozen trout caught under such circumstances do not afford the pleasure that is given to the angler when he has outgeneraled a wary old trout in a well-fished stream that has refused fly after fly because it does not look like the real thing, or has not been presented so artistically as to deceive his royal spangles. Anyone who labors under the impression that trout cannot distinguish between a good and a bad imitation of a natural fly fools his face. There are times when trout will seemingly take any fly offered, and again they are so dainty and capricious that just the right fly, and that properly dressed, must be offered if it is accepted. Some years ago I told in this journal of a day's fishing when the trout would not deign to notice any fly I offered them but the green drake, refusing even the gray drake on the same cast, and a variety of other flies I presented to them to test their vision.

Mr. Edward Marston, father of Mr. R. B. Marston, editor of the London *Fishing Gazette*, who writes so charmingly under the press name of the Amateur Angler, has something to say on this subject which is of interest to all who use the artificial fly:

"With reference to the May fly, it has been maintained by a distinguished connoisseur in all matters pertaining to angling, that neither trout nor grayling care a fico for the mere color of your 'imitation'—and he suggested for a change that a May fly dyed pink or deep red might prove a brilliant attraction for the gay old stagers in our deep pools.

"Accordingly I put this theory to a practical test. I put on my collar (in Yankeeland this would be leader) a May fly of a brilliant red color. I tried it for an hour or more—placing it as seductively as possible over many a rising fish—and I am bound to say that my experience does justify me in recommending for general use this singular departure from the more modest color with which nature usually paints her May flies.

"You who are accustomed to watch the action of fish in a stream have of course noticed that dart-like and diagonal disturbance of the water which a big trout makes when you startle him from the bank on which you may be walking.

"Well! no sooner had my red fly come over this rising fish than similar dart-like streaks could be seen in every direction. This fiery demon of a fly was a conspicuous object on the water for many yards around. Not only would my particular trout bolt like a shot, but every other fish in his immediate neighborhood would make similar tracks.

"This, you will please to understand, was a scientific experiment, and from it I am led to believe that both the trout and grayling, and possibly many another kind of fish, can not only distinguish flies by their natural colors, but that of all the seven prismatic colors red is that which scares them like the very deuce.

"Green drake and yellow drake and gray drake they take most kindly to; but I am well assured, from practical experience, that pink or red drake they cannot and will not stand."

It must be explained that Mr. Marston was conducting his experiment with his red drake on an English river during a rise of the May fly, and while the natural flies in their modest dress were rising on the river none of them were red except the one on Mr. Marston's cast, and as they had never seen the like they would have none of it.

If Mr. Marston will send me his red drake I'll warrant that I will kill good trout with it next September in the wilds of Canada, but not in a stream where the fish have been to school.

Up or Down Stream?

Split Shot asks, "Which method will insure the most and best trout—to fish up a trout brook or to fish it down?"

This is a question on which there is a difference of opinion among the best of anglers, and the result would depend much upon the individual and the conditions existing in the stream to be fished. In this country probably 75 per cent. or more of the fishermen fish down stream in wet fly-fishing. In England, in the slow moving rivers, the dry fly angler has to fish up stream, or at least cast his fly that it may fall above a rising fish, and is then carried over the fish by the current; and perhaps the majority of all anglers, wet fly or dry fly, fish up stream. In this country the character of our swift running streams makes it necessary to fish down stream, as in casting up stream the current would drive the fly back on the angler, and cause slack line perhaps at the moment of a strike. A rapid running stream can be fished up, but it is more difficult than to fish down, and so the latter is practiced.

In a stream the trout lie with their heads toward the current, and the up-stream fisher contends that they can more easily see the angler as he comes down, and this is where the skill of the individual comes in. The up-stream fisher also contends that in wading a stream the down-stream fisher dislodges debris to alarm fish below him, which the up-stream fisher does not do.

The down-stream fisher can as a rule better survey the water ahead of him than the one who fishes up; but there can be no hard and fast rule which will apply rigidly to either method at all times, to decide the question of Split Shot positively one way or the other.

Here is the opinion of so good an English authority as the late Mr. J. T. Burgess, who writes of wet fly-fishing, for dry fly-fishing was not practiced at the time he wrote:

"A learned discussion commenced as to whether a stream ought to be fished 'up' or 'down.' Since that time a great deal of ink and paper have been wasted on the subject, but it is not yet decided authoritatively either way. Excellent authorities can be brought forward to prove that each plan is the correct thing. My experience goes to show that, while it is more difficult to fish up stream and harder work, it is more scientific, and is likely to bring a greater weight of fish to the creel. Fish which generally lie wi h their heads up stream are less likely to see the angler when he is going up than when he is going down, and they can be struck easier, and in their subsequent struggles they are less likely to disturb the unfished water than when fishing down stream, as a trout generally rushes downward when he feels the hook. To fish down stream is easier, is more common, and fair sport may be obtained. Perhaps, after all, it is best to avoid dogmatically adhering to either of these ideas. Fish upward whenever you can, even at a little inconvenience; but come down on the opposite bank when the fish are likely to be hungry."

I have quoted Mr. Burgess because he was an up-stream fisher and tried to present both sides without prejudice; but his language shows that both methods were applicable to wide English rivers—by wide I mean wider than our mountain streams. Personally I prefer to fish down stream, and do so as a rule, because the most of our streams are built for that style of fishing, and I prefer to fish for the head of a trout instead of its tail. If a stream is open, with no logs, no overhanging banks and "holes," with the entrance up stream, then it can be fished up stream by casting above the fish; but it is no use fishing the tail end of a "hole" expecting a trout to "strike with its tail," as it has been claimed that they do on occasions, and if the trout is obliged to turn around and head down stream to take the fly the angler may be just as much in sight as though he were fishing down stream.

Salmon.

Mr. Archibald Mitchell writes me from the Restigouche: "Have had good fishing, and killed thirty-six salmon weighing 802½lbs. Average 22lbs. Only four under 20lbs., and the largest weighed 30lbs. I got twenty-eight last week, killing eight on Friday and seven on Saturday. This is as good fishing as any man ought to have. The conditions have been very favorable on most of the waters I have fished this year."

A salmon of 15lbs. was killed at the mouth of Saranac River in Lake Champlain, so I was told by a friend who a year or two ago informed me of the killing of several salmon at about the same place. This is the result of planting the streams in that vicinity with a few salmon fry by the State. It would probably be many years before any of the rivers in this State could be converted into salmon streams to afford such a score as Mr. Mitchell made in Canada with one rod in one week, but we have rivers that could be made into salmon streams if the State would provide means for the salmon to reach the headwaters after the fry or young fish planted had gone to sea and wished to return for the purpose of reproduction. The apathy of our anglers and lawmakers on the subject is surprising to me, and I should not be surprised to see the Delaware converted into a salmon stream before the people of this State awake to the importance of the work, simply because the people of Pennsylvania seem to know a good thing when they see it at short range.

Long-Distance Fly-Casting.

For many years the record long-distance cast with a salmon rod was held in this country by Mr. H. W. Hawes, who made a cast of 138ft. in 1888, using a rod 18ft. long.

Last year at a tournament in England Mr. John J. Hardy acquired the championship of the world with a cast of 140ft. 3in., using a rod of 18ft. His competitor, Mr. John Enright, the Irish champion, was a good second; and a few days after the tournament he made an exhibition cast of 143ft. with a rod 19ft. long. I have published in this column Mr. Enright's letter to me explaining his defeat at the tournament of 1895. At the recent ninth international fly-casting tournament, held at Wimbledon Lake, Wimbledon Park, London, in May, it was expected that the two great rivals for championship honors would meet on water, as at the previous tournament the casting had been on grass. Mr. Hardy was absent from the contest through illness and because of his physician's advice, and Mr. Enright was practically alone in the championship class. With a rod 20ft. long he made a cast of 147ft. and won the gold medal. Two of his competitors made casts of 117 and 99ft. respectively.

Mr. Enright is the maker of the Castle Connell rods bearing his name, and in another class at the same tournament, open to tackle makers, salmon casting with rods of 20ft., he made three casts of 124, 127 and 125½ft.

In the championship class, salmon casting, rods of 16ft., Mr. Enright's winning cast was 125ft. and his competitors made casts of 103, 92 and 87ft.

In the championship class, single-handed rods, 11ft. long, Mr. Enright won with a cast of 86ft. 6in., and his six competitors made casts of 78, 76, 72, 60, 56 and 55ft. respectively.

Except in the salmon class with 20ft. rods the English casting was much below our record casts, and, except one year, I do not find a salmon rod of 20ft. used in any of our tournaments. With a trout rod weighing 5oz. Reuben Leonard made a cast of 95ft., and with a rod 11ft. 3in. long he made a cast of 102½ft.

Criticisms on the Casting.

After the tournament at Wimbledon there was criticism offered because the casting was done from a platform elevated about 12in. above the water, and Mr. Enright made an exhibition cast on the Thames from a punt, so he was standing 2in. below the water level, casting 151ft. 3in. I suppose his rod was the same as used at the tournament—20ft. long.

Now, if Mr. Hawes or Mr. Leonard will show us what they can do in the way of exhibition casting with a rod of 20ft. they will have plenty of witnesses, and judging from their record work with shorter rods the odds would be a standard gold dollar to a ginger cooky that Mr. Enright would have to send his sign, "Champion of the World," across the ocean to be put up over a door in Central Valley, N. Y.

Mr. John J. Hardy is very frank upon the subject of long-distance casting, as I have had occasion to show on previous occasions. Mr. Hardy is also a rod maker—one of the best in England—and a practical man withal. He sends me, since the tournament I have been writing about, a copy of a letter which he wrote for the London angling papers.

Explaining by implication why the ordinary angler is such a poor second to the rod maker in casting contests, he says: "The angler who thinks he will have a 'shy in' at a tournament is not going to pay for an expensive rod to be used perhaps only once in a tournament, and then put away for good or used only as a specialty rod. As a matter of fact, few rods are built for tournament purposes except by rod makers, and hence the reason ordinary anglers are so far behind in making records, their usual rods being quite unfitted to lift record length lines.

"What these tournaments have to do with fishing is quite another matter, and there are other points from which to view such a successful gathering as that at Wimbledon on the 9th, besides the mere question, Is that a barge pole or a fishing rod a certain man may be using, or is this angling or athletics?" I think it was about a year ago that I quoted Mr. Hardy in regard to the construction of rods for tournament casting, that they were specially made for the purpose and were comparatively useless for ordinary fishing.

In the letter just received he refers to lines for long-distance casting in these words: "I may mention that lines generally used for casting are either short, heavy, parallel or double taper ones of dressed silk, spliced to a fine backing line. When this heavy silk is shot forward, it draws with it some yards of the fine undressed line, and this is called 'shooting.' In comparing casting records it is important to bear in mind whether the cast was made by shooting or not." Last year when Mr. Hardy won the championship he was photographed, and one photograph shows the line coiled in the hand, or hanging from it, ready for the shooting process. Mr. Samuels, author of "With Fly, Rod, and Camera," photographed the casters at Central Park at one of the national rod and reel tournaments, and in the book the picture of Mr. Lawrence shows the line held ready to be shot forward. Several of the original photographs, which I have, show very plainly the line ready to be shot. Mr. Hardy concludes his letter thus: "I regret if my plain speaking should offend any one, but I think it best to call 'a spade a spade' and let those interested know the facts as they exist."

Single-Handed Casting.

In the amateur class at Wimbledon, single-handed rods 10ft. long, Mr. Edgar S. Shrubsole won with a cast of 90ft., beating Mr. Enright's cast of 86ft. 6in. with an 11ft. rod. Consequently in English records an amateur is placed above the winner in the "all-comers" class.

To go back to the tools employed by some long-distance casters, my friend Mr. Marston, commenting in his paper on the recent tournament, says: "In American tournaments no restrictions as regards rods is imposed, except as regards the length, and I hold if we in this country want to beat the American records we must adopt their method and use rods which have been specially made for casting. As was very clearly pointed out both in our columns and in the *Field*, the ordinary fly-fisher who does not go to tournaments and only reads that 90ft. have been cast with a 10ft., and 147ft. with a rod of 20ft., is quite mistaken if he supposes that these are performances with ordinary fishing rods."

I wish to say to Brother Marston that it will not be necessary for any English fly-caster to come across the sea to get wrinkles in long-distance casting, judging from what Mr. Hardy tells us, for I can assure him that I never heard of using a heavy dressed line backed by a fine undressed line to increase the distance cast by shooting, nor did I ever hear of putting lead in the butt of a reel until I was informed by Mr. Hardy and Mr. Marston of these two aids to success in long-distance casting, and I have served as a judge at our national rod and reel tournaments. It is true that our casters use a heavy line and shoot it for all there is in it, but the light line behind the heavy one is new to me.

Weights of American Rods.

The English records do not give the weight of rods used, but the American records do. When Mr. Leonard made his cast of 102ft. 6in. his rod weighed 10¾oz. and was 11ft. 3in. long, not 11ft. 7in., as the *Gazette* has it taken from an American annual. Mr. Leonard's cast of 95ft., light rod contest, was made with a rod weighing 5¼oz. and 10ft. long. Mr. Hawes made a switch cast of 102ft. with a rod 11ft. long weighing 10oz., and he won the switch casting contest another year with a cast of 94ft. with a rod 11ft. 4in. long, weighing 8½oz.

In 1889 there were five entries for the "light rod contest." Mr. Leonard won with 90ft. Mr. T. B. Mills, Mr. James L. Breese, Mr. Cooper Hewitt and Mr. R. B. Lawrence cast 86, 86, 85½ and 85ft. respectively. Each used a rod of 5oz. in weight and 10ft. long, except Mr. Leonard's rod was 9ft. 9in. The same year, in a contest limited to rods of 11ft. 6in., Mr. Leonard won with a cast of 97ft. 6in., and his rod was 10ft. 11in. long and weighed 9¾oz. Mr. James L. Breese and Mr. T. B. Mills tied for third place with 90ft. (Mr. Hewitt being second with 96ft.), and in casting off the tie Mr. Mills cast 100ft. and Mr. Breese 96ft. Mr. Mills's rod was 11ft. long and 10¾oz. in weight. Mr. Breese's rod was 10ft. 11in. and 10½oz. in weight.

I ordered a rod from England last year, and as I wished it made especially light Mr. Hardy said it would have to be specially made. When the rod came (it was a split-bamboo) it weighed about 10oz., so I imagine the ordinary fishing rods in England are quite a bit heavier than ours.

The salmon rod with which Mr. Hawes made his record cast (for this country) of 138ft. was 18ft. long and 37oz. in weight. I have a Scotch salmon rod 18ft. long (greenheart, made by P. D. Maelach, of Perth) that weighs 48oz.

Some of the rods used in casting on this side may have been made specially for tournament purposes, but I know personally that a number of these were the ordinary fishing rods of their owners. If the *Gazette* will give the weights of winning rods on the other side and compare them with those I have given we can find which side uses the most timber, and then perhaps we can find out how much of the long-distance casting is due to the action and "hang" of the respective rods in this country and England, and how much due to weight of timber in the rods.

Error in Printing Records.

The *Gazette* has a table of "Best Recorded Performances," and in the heavy bait-casting, as we call it (heavy spinning bait in England), the world's record is awarded to Mr. J. T. Emery, with a cast of 71yds. 1ft. (214ft.) from the reel. Mr. W. H. Wood, of New York, is in the same list with a cast of 86yds. 2ft. 1in. (260ft. 1in.), "Thames style." Mr. Wood cast from the reel, not Thames style, and his cast was 250ft., and to be correct the asterisk indicating "world's record" should be placed before Mr. Wood's name instead of Mr. Emery's.

Other Critics.

While I have been writing the *Fishing Gazette* for June 13 came in, and I am more and more convinced

that my friend Marston is mistaken in his desire to send away from home to acquire new methods that may win in long-distance fly-casting, for they seem to have some over there to dispose of.

One correspondent in his paper says: "I am much delighted to find * * * that there is a decidedly growing feeling that we have had enough showman casting with 'faked' rods at angling tournaments. Even the patient * * * has at last exhibited symptoms of tuning, and deep and widespread indeed would be his gratification if he could but hope that in further contests he should see real fishing rods only used by all competitors."

Another correspondent commends Mr. Hardy's able letter, from which I have already quoted, which "lets in a flood of light" on the manner of record casting, and adds: "I think, sir, the whole thing as it stands is a burlesque, and the sooner the casting conditions are altered the better. If extra heavy lines must be used, and thrown out with great force to drag so much of their line after them, might one not as well try which man could do best at throwing a line with a chopstick, as used on the Yarmouth sands, and call it fly-fishing?"

After all is said, I think in a contest between Messrs. Enright and Hardy and Hawes and Leonard under similar conditions, no matter what they are, the spectators would get a race for their money. A. N. CHENEY.

FLY-FISHING

On the North Shore of Lake Superior.

[*Continued from page 497.*]

These indications were favorable for a glorious outing, and as a south wind was filling the air with fragrance and the lake with lovely ripples, we felt confident that our lures would not sail and drop and dance without attracting some golden fins.

After breakfast Ned busied himself in making an addition to his stretcher fly, a red-ibis, by completely surrounding it with some intensely red worsted yarn. He said, in explanation of his crafty work (?), that his red-ibis had tempted all the trout he had yet caught, and that a little more ruby attached to it would, he thought, doubly increase its attractiveness. "Shape with me," he continued, "is nothing, and though this looks like a miniature dusting brush, I'll risk my reputation that it will prove a first-class deceit."

"The trout will assuredly come tumbling after it," I remarked as I examined it, with a lurking smile stealing forth.

"Save your satire till the trial is made."

"Beg pardon, my language savors not of it."

"No, but that old cynical smile of yours did."

"Better a smile than a frown."

"Even so, but smile honestly, not significantly."

Ned really had the analysis of that smile down to a fine point, and thinking discretion the better part of valor, I withdrew from the contest, expecting to even up on the failure of his "dusting brush," if it so resulted, and I was almost positive it would. The boys now announced that the boat was all ready, and so gathering up our tackle we tramped down an inclined road that was painfully rocky and soon reached the stanch old Mackinac, and then on boarding her crossed over to the main shore opposite, a distance of about 200yds.

The work of enticing commenced at once, and so full of hope were we that morning, and so trouty looked the rocky bottom, that we expected at every cast to see some tigerish trout break water around one or the other of our lures, mine being a Montreal and a Parmachenee-belle, while Ned's consisted of his grand creation, the "dusting brush," and a silver-doctor. After reaching a point which turns at a right angle and runs to the Aguawa, Ned had a tumultuous response at his red idol of red yarn which so completely encompassed it.

"Ah, ah," says he, when he heard the tinkling melody of his silver reel, "what do you think of my red duster now?"

"What I always did, a frightful fraud."

"Indeed, but it tempts the trout."

"That was simply accidental, and I'll bet the trout is a slovenly piece of painted patchwork."

"Oh, he is a fright, is he; wait a bit and I'll show you a *facsimile* of the handsomest trout that swims or lurks in rocky crest or cranny."

Wait I did, and when Ned after a gallant fight had his trophy boated he showed up with the sun gleaming on his ruby side, as matchless a piece of work in red and gold as ever swam with spangled bride in crescent pool or stemmed a rippling current o'er golden beds of sand.

"What do you think of my beauty now?"

"I think he is a zany to be taken in by your abortion of a fly."

"Oh, you are dodging the question. His points of beauty, what of them?"

"I don't think he would ever receive the golden apple in a prize show."

"Hello, there," said Ned, as another infuriated trout lashed the water around his gob of red, and then started off with it in his gory jaws as if he had a deep attachment for it, "don't the sunset scarlet take 'em in? This is accident No. 2, I presume."

I was deaf to his piquant chattering and could see nothing but my sailing flies and their down dropping in the water.

"I say," he continued, by way of further aggravation, "ain't he a lovely cherub? See that leap and now the desperate dash!"

"Say, Ned, pull in that fish and don't gabble so much. You'll frighten away everything that swims."

And thus the good-natured chaffing went on until finally I struck a goodly trout and had a most exciting battle with him.

He was over 2lbs. and had an affinity for the Parmachenee-belle, the most attractive fly on the lake.

We fished awhile longer and then proceeded along the ragged shore, where the slopes, the serpentine ledges and the bosses of projecting rock interlarded with scanty soil display all the colors of the rainbow, and in the distance may be likened to a painter's palette. The bolder tints show up in maroon, purple and chocolate, with broad bands of white and gray that give toneful variety to the bold beauty of these rocky and incongruous formations.

Finally reaching a big range of moss-covered rocks that ran in small parapets and which admitted of fishing therefrom, we here went ashore and sought convenient positions for casting. Ned selected a projecting point near where we landed, while I tramped to the very lowest extremity of the declivitous mass.

Ned was fortunate enough to hang a 4lb. beauty to his streaming and bloody-red yarns, and was therefore much delighted at their success. More than ever was he in love with his carmined creation, and I finally began to believe that he had at last succeeded in making a first-class killer. My flies were not doing much in the way of coaxing, and I therefore concluded to take a look at them. My Parmachenee-belle was in poor condition, being frayed to rags, but Montreal had nobly stood the thrashing it had received. My belle I discarded, and on looking over my book selected a scarlet-ibis. This was approximating Ned's famous pet, for it was scarlet red, and that was the color that he so dearly caressed and of which he had so generously ladened his red-ibis, believing that if a little is the thing more would be better, hence his woolen attachment in the shape of stringy streamers of blood-red dye.

Having made the change, I stepped forward in position and soon had the carmined fly making lurid streaks through the balmy air as it sought the waters. The cast gave me a fierce rise and a 2-pounder, and then I began to think somewhat as Ned did, "Any color so it is red."

We caught no more here, but on taking the boat we moved further down the shore. Reaching some jagged rocks that were piled in the water in the most eccentric confusion, where the shadows on the hillsides made the green of the forest seem like large masses of *chenille*, we awoke a couple of trout that came racing after our flies like famished tigers. Ned caught one on his red flambeau and the other came to my scarlet-ibis. Both fought like Trojan warriors, and both paid the forfeit of their insatiable greed to the patient anglers of the upper element. It was whiz and whip, deliver and recover, for at least a half an hour around these disintegrated and gritty crumblings of the adamantine shore, but no prince of the frescoed tribe arose to the glowing lures. We advance till we see the fluttering tents at the mouth of the Aguawa, and then we strike another débris of fallen walls which had made numberless homes for the rose-colored and peach-flushed Adonis of the mountain stream. Here we gave ourselves completely up to the pleasures of the gentle art till time no longer ran like the few sands in a delicate hour glass held by a fragile human hand. Enthusiasm, heightened by the fascinating pictures around, carried us completely away. We thrashed the waters right and left, and rise after rise broke the surface where our flies fell with snowflake gentleness. I lost two magnificent trout after having them ready for the net, and Ned not only lost the same number, but missed many a response through undue haste.

"Oh my, a little slower," advised the tanny Kenosh, and then when one of my heavy weights escaped he cried out in deep distress, "Why don't you save the fish?"

Patience, patience, my sun-browned boatman, here comes one, and a gallant fighter too; now he leaps, again he dashes and then he seeks some watery lair. Defeated in this, he starts out with but one purpose, and that to escape the wiles his unseen adversary has woven about him. The little slender wand bends like a weeping willow when he strives to tear out the cruel hook, and then again it so constantly pulls and guides him that he is expending his vigor to no purpose. Ah! he will sever the tireless thread upon a saber-edged rock, but he is again baffled, and now he hears the call of the executioner and is slowly and surely being drawn to his sad fate. His last forlorn hope is in the lovely Naiads and Nereids who he thought were yester morn sporting here in the silver ripples; but now, alas, they are doubtless out among the snowy breakers combing their silken tresses and singing their entrancing songs to their proud sovereign Oceanus. With a last look at the golden fretted sky, he is imprisoned in a network of threads and consigned to another element, where he sleeps his life away, with the waters chanting his dirge and the wild shore flowers yielding incense to the blazing sun.

"That all right, now catch other one that made big splash."

"Is that him?" says Ned, who had just hung another to his fiery fly.

"Must be. Is he big?"

"Nothing less than a 3-pounder."

"Good, good, they now come."

This was the last trout taken here.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NEW JERSEY COAST.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., June 26.—The past week has brought joy supreme to the heart of the surf fishermen all along our coast. Striped bass are very much in evidence and are being taken at all the favorite points; particularly is this true of the inlets. Our piers are not favorite places of resort to the angler of experience this year, owing to the formation of sand flats in their immediate vicinity, caused by the erection of the jetties on the ocean front. Still there are numerous sloughs all along from which good fish are being taken every day. It is extremely doubtful if there were ever more bass taken thus early in the season. As if more particularly to emphasize the never-ending vagaries of fish life, the exact reverse of favorable tidal conditions are in order. Heretofore the flood tide has been considered as the proper time for bass fishing, whereas now from half ebb to dead low water give the best results, fully 80 per cent. of the fish being taken at that time.

The best versed among us are all at sea regarding the matter.

"Happy the man who, studying nature's laws,
Thro' known effects can trace the secret cause."

Kingfish are with us in abundance and good catches are being made. They are now in their best possible condition, heavy with spawn, and their colorings are beautiful in the extreme. With all anglers they are a prime favorite, being glorious game, and one of the finest of table fish when properly prepared. They are now entering the rivers and bays, and the angler would better prepare himself for their advent. They are always to be met with in the deepest water, and confine themselves apparently to the channels when feeding. They bite equally well day or night, and usually are best taken on a rising tide. The novice will find there is much to learn to successfully cope with the kingfish, as his quick nervous strike requires continual alertness on the part of the angler.

Weakfish are running pretty freely in inland tidal waters; some good catches are being made in the Shrewsbury River, while at Barnegat fishing is good and the outlook for the future is most promising.

Bluefish are being taken along the southern portion of the coast at all points where pound-nets are not used, as that system entirely precludes the possibility of taking them in their immediate vicinity. There is perhaps no fish shier of nets than the bluefish, besides the nets continually gather in all the bait fish, leaving the adjacent water entirely stripped of fish life. Notwithstanding the many obstacles in the way the angler has good promise that the season will be one of delight as regards surf and river fishing. LEONARD HULIT.

SALMON AND THE SINGLE TAX.

RESTIGOUCHE SALMON CLUB, Matapedia, Quebec.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A big canoe with an athletic half-breed Indian at each end and a money-bags with a rod sitting in the middle. Out into the quick water above a great pool, in a river much like the Delaware. The pole grates softly on the stony bottom; the Indian mutters some gutturals; down goes a heavy anchoring weight and the fisherman, standing up with his 14ft. of greenhear or split-bamboo, begins to cast. The little fly trails below the wake of the boat; a long brown back comes suddenly and quietly to the top of the ripple. One moment—do no strike him like a trout—the reel whirs, down sits the fisher with the butt of his rod on his stomach, already the anchor is up and the guide paddles toward shore, watching intently to follow the great harmless fish in hi useless struggle. He dashes off, taking out the line so that the reel shrieks—he jumps; lower the rod tip, else he will get a purchase and smash everything. Now he tiring, reel up slowly, quicker, now quick! quick! he i coming this way. Hold up the rod and make him work against the strain and the current. At last the line is short—the salmon's belly rolls like a birch log in the dead water. Draw him in gently, gently, till the Indian get a long, sharp gaff hook under him; he strikes—he 25½lbs. of fish meat which cost you $250.

Such is salmon fishing right at a railroad station, and where even a tyro may kill salmon at not less than $5 per pound, and get exercise, health and amusement into the bargain.

I am only a guest here—not a member, because that modest luxury costs $6,500 down and an annual club due of about $500; then there are other reasons besides.

Most members stop three weeks each season, at a total cost of about $1,000 per year apiece.

An illustration of single-tax principles is to be found here. The fishing lease of one river (the Cascapedia) was sold a few years ago for $100 per annum. A few of the Restigouche Club members have just taken a new lease of it from the Government for $6,000 a year. Our enlightened republic would have sold the land for a song and would not have the sense even to tax it afterward.

Private possession with public ownership works well under this aristocratic Government, as it secures the preservation of salmon from destruction on the spawning beds.

On the other hand, a large river is "owned" by the proprietor of the land about it. He is a Boston gentleman, and has shrewdly bought up the netting privileges at the mouth of his river—and discontinued the fisheries.

The result is that his fly-fishing has improved, and the food supply and the demand for labor correspondingly diminished.

That is the way to make "lower classes."

BOLTON HALL.

Cayuga Lake Fishing.

ITHACA, N. Y.—No very alluring stories have reached me of bass fishing in Cayuga Lake. A few weeks at most should disclose some first-class sport at various bass grounds along the lake. The popular points for the sport may be checked off as Ludlowville, twelve miles north of this city, on the east side; Union Springs, Sheldrake, and for some distance both north and south of this latter place.

Cayuga Lake, embraced by a lovely country, offers very many delightful attractions to the devoted angler who respects the stories which the winds and the waters and a varying landscape have to unfold. Leaving Ithaca by boat or railway train, as he may elect, the traveler is confronted on either shore of the lake by fascinating bits of landscape. On the east rise rugged walls of rock packed by a dense growth of low-growing timber. The west shore, fringed by woodland, reaches out into a land of charming country houses.

A dozen miles northward and the wooded slopes disappear from the west shore, and splendid farms abut the water's edge. Steep, precipitous walls continue to crowd the east shore for a distance of fifteen or more miles. At the very edge of the water twists and writhes and fairly doubles upon itself the tracks of the Auburn Branch of the Lehigh Valley R. R. Gradually the stern and rocky aspect of the east shore disappears, and the gently sloping shores roll back into a rich and beautiful farming country.

Alternating stretches of scenery surprise and enthrall the observer from Ithaca at the head to Cayuga village at the foot of the lake. A trip up the lake in the early evening, including an unobscured sunset, will reveal to the angler a picture that will glow in his mind for many moons to come.

In addition to the bass fishing, perch, pickerel and muscallonge are to be taken in plenty.

At the Ithaca end of the lake, along the east shore, some excellent bass fishing was enjoyed last season. There seems to be no reason why the present season should not prove equally entertaining. M. CHILL.

The Moosilauke League.

PIKE STATION, N. H., June 20.—I send you under separate cover a copy of the constitution and by-laws of the Moosilauke Union Fish and Game League, concerning the organization of which I wrote you nearly two years ago. This league, I am glad to say, is prospering beyond the expectation of its founders. We have a membership of nearly 150, and have placed over 200,000 young trout in our local streams and ponds this season. We have closed for three years over fifty small trout brooks which serve as feeders for the larger streams of northern New Hampshire, and by the appointment of special detectives in different sections are keeping the law very thoroughly enforced, thereby insuring fine trout fishing throughout Grafton county in the near future. E. B. P.

NOTES OF BOSTON FISHERMEN.

BOSTON, June 29.—Mr. George Linder and Mr. Charles H. Maynard have returned from a successful fly-fishing trip to Moosehead. That lake has behaved rather badly for them, so far as wind and weather are concerned. For days they were wind-bound and could not fly-fish at all, but when fair weather did come, as it condescended to do once in a while, the fishing was all that could be asked. One of the party took a 4lb. and a 3½lb. trout on the same cast, and this was considered victory enough for one trip. They also actually rose lakers to the fly and secured them. Mr. Linder has his best flies tied in Europe.

Mr. Frank Raybold started for the Adirondacks Friday evening. He will go first to Chazy, where he will fish the trout brooks. Then he will go to Plattsburg and the Upper Saranac.

E. Frank Lewis is as fond of the rod and rifle, and more particularly the woods, as any man in the world. Only three or four years ago he made his first trip to Maine. He is just back from his spring fishing trip. The party was made up of Mr. Lewis, Mr. Russell Bowditch Beals, Miss Fanny B. Lewis and Miss Rice. They went to Lincoln on the Bangor & Aroostook Railway; thence to Lee and by buckboard to townships Three and Four. They lived in tents during all of their three weeks' trip, and yet without danger to the health of the young ladies, neither over strong. They caught trout in abundance, fishing Dobsis Lake the most of the time.

Mr. D. H. Blanchard has gone to his salmon river, the Northeast Branch of the Sainte Marguerite. Col. C. T. Keeler goes with him, and will remain for ten or twelve days, after which Mr. Richard O. Harding, of Appleton & Basset, has a standing invitation, and hopes that he shall be able to accept it. But so far the tackle trade has been so active that he could not get away.

L. O. Crane inherits a strong love for rod and rifle from his father. "He will go fishing and stay all day without a bite." Heretofore his outings have generally been at the Adirondacks and Lake George, where he has secured big trophies, but he is now planning a trip to Maine and will start for Bemis this week, and may also visit Kennebago and other points. There is danger that he will never go to the Adirondacks again; such is usually the fate of sportsmen of that region who visit Maine under favorable circumstances.

Mr. Oliver Ames is just back from the Restigouche. He reports excellent salmon fishing. Letters from the same preserve also mention the best fishing for years. Ex-Gov. Russell, with B. F. Dutton, has just returned from the Little Pabos. He reports lots of salmon and the biggest for years. He always has a good story of his fishing trips. This time he hooked a big one when casting for the shore. The big fellow took down stream for all he was worth. There was nothing for the Governor but to follow as fast as possible, down over stones and rapids, through pools and swift water. At last the fish was conquered, and the Governor was wet to the skin. The guide came up to gaff the salmon. The Governor cautioned him to be careful which he gaffed; he was as wet as the fish and had been in the water about as much. He also indulged in casting one day with an 8oz. trout rod and a small fly. A salmon that must have weighed 20lbs. struck and was hooked. Now came the trouble. The fish could not be held with so light a rig. The Governer called to three or four guides that were near. Two were stationed below the pool and two above. The fish would attempt to make a run out of the pool when the men would beat the water with oars and sticks and drive him back. At last he came to the gaff, but just as the guide was about to strike he rolled over and the small hook was out of his mouth. Those who think that Gov. Russell has been aspiring for the presidential nomination will here find that he has been doing something of an entirely different order. But presidents almost all fish.

C. H. Olmstead, who is fishing the St. John at Gaspé, P. Q., in company with C. G. Sias and Geo. Talbot, writes most glowing accounts of the sport there. They have been taking salmon of 24lbs., 17lbs. and great numbers of 14 and 15lbs.

Mr. W. J. Clemson, with three other rods, has been trout-fishing in the Trihon Tract, between Lake St. John and Quebec. A letter to Richard O. Harding mentions most remarkable fishing in that country, which is but little known to sportsmen. They have taken one 8¾lbs. square-tail trout, one 7lbs., two 6lbs., two 4½lbs., one 4lbs., eight 3lbs., a great many of 2lbs., and more than 200 of ½ and ¾lbs. The party is greatly pleased with the country. They were fishing for the above from June 5th to the 18th. Fly-fishing is the rule with them, and the trout rise with remarkable activity and force. It is suggested that this region is yet to become great for the trout and salmon fishermen. SPECIAL.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Talcott have just returned from a two weeks' trip to Belgrade Mills. They have had a charming time and enjoyed the fishing very much, getting a great number of bass, all with the fly. While casting at the mouth of a small stream Mr. Talcott hooked and landed a brook trout weighing 2 1-16lbs. He has always felt satisfied that there are larger trout in these ponds, and has had his belief proven both by his own experience and that of Messrs. Rickett and Curtis, the first of whom landed two at one cast, one of 4¼ and another of 2lbs., while the latter captured a beauty of 4⅛lbs. Some ill-advised persons put pickerel in the ponds some years ago, and these piratical fellows have nearly cleaned the trout out. Now the bass are having their time at the pickerel, and the trout will get another opportunity to thrive. A great number of trout streams empty into the ponds, and as they are all protected by a law closing them for quite a long time the trout ought to do well.

The Haverhill anglers have been having a good time with the bass up at Lake Wentworth in New Hampshire. Charles J. Halpen and City Treasurer John A. Glines landed over 100 in one day, all taken with the fly. Mr. Halpen mentions his cast, which was gaudy enough, being a scarlet-ibis, Parmachenee-belle and Col. Fuller. Other Haverhill men who were at the lake at the same time were Horace G. West, Seth C. Bassett, Enoch H. Howes and ex-Alderman Frank E. Watson. They all did well and think Lake Wentworth about the right place to go bass fishing.

The average man who goes fishing in Maine returns to his home satisfied with his luck and the locality he has visited, but I had the pleasure of listening to a Boston man (a day or two since) who thinks he has found and visited one of the best places that lies out of doors. A. F. Clark, having occasion to go to Caribou, Me., on business, was induced to make a trip to Square Lake to try the fishing. This beautiful sheet of water is nearly fifteen miles long and four or five miles wide, and as for the fishing, well, according to Mr. Clark, it is just right. His first catch of trout included six, which tipped the scale at 21¼lbs., and they were beauties too. Another feature which should always go with good fishing is picturesque scenery, and this abounds in plenty around Square Lake. There are several other lakes connected with this body of water, namely: Eagle, Cross and Mud lakes, all of which are deep in the green woods, and said to be well filled with trout.

I think the region must be all that Mr. Clark claims, since I have the evidence of another Boston man who has been up in that country—in fact, only just returned. T. H. Rollinson, of the Oliver Ditson Co., accompanied by Mrs. Rollinson, spent two weeks in the neighborhood of Big Fish Lake, and judging from his vivid description of the trip he surely reached there and captured some of the big fish for which the lake is named. He went first to Ashland, and then by team to Portage Lake, ten miles north of there. From this point the journey continued in canvas canoes—which he states are both strong and broad of beam—and was paddled by the guides five miles up the lake to Fish River, which is practically dead water for a distance of four miles. Above this the canoes were poled for two and one-half miles, and about three hours more of paddling brought him to the lake. The camps are managed by Peterson, McNally & McKay, all noted guides of the region. Good fishing can be had on the trip up the river, and in the Thoroughfare, just before reaching the lake. The trout run from 2 to 2½lbs., and are very game. In the lake they reach 4 and 5lbs. Mr. Rollinson remarks that a 5lb. trout in these waters is as long as a Rangeley 8-pounder, and fights according to his length. The lake is five miles long, with an average of one mile in width. It is surrounded by high ridges covered with green timber, and the scenery is magnificent on all sides. The camps—while not up to those of the Rangeley and Dead River regions—are rapidly improving, and he thinks the whole locality will soon be acknowledged as a sportsman's paradise.

U. S. Senator Redfield Proctor, of Vermont, passed through Boston on Wednesday en route to the salmon rivers of the provinces. He goes first to the northwest Miramichi, then to the Nepissiquet, and winds his trip up on the Tobique waters, being a member of the Tobique Salmon Club.

F. A. Larkin, of New York city, has just completed his annual fishing trip to Lake Winnebago in Wisconsin. It is nearly all bass fishing up there, and the party of Milwaukee men with whom he has gone for many successive years had the best luck of their experience on this trip. A large steam launch was their traveling conveyance, and tents were taken for camping out. Three hundred and sixty-four bass, all over 2lbs., were captured before they stopped counting. They are all expert bait casters, and it is a lucky bass who escapes capture if his presence is suspected anywhere neat the boats of this party.

HACKLE.

On a Stocked Stream.

I HAD just got my rod together, and was hooking on a worm, when the owner of the brook, a sturdy and somewhat ill-looking farmer, appeared on the bank beside me. I offered a short salutation, and received one in return considerably shorter than my own.

"Any trout in this brook?" I asked.

"Chock full on 'um."

"You allow fishing here, of course?"

"Yaas, ef the pay is all right."

"How much?"

"Five dollars a trip, now she's stocked."

"Oh, she's stocked, is she? Well, I'll give you $5: in advance, too."

He pocketed the money, and I swashed down the brook, a basketful of half-pounders swimming before my dazzled vision. In the first three miles the only bite I had was from my coat pocket. I spent an hour casting in "The Pool," another one through "The Cut" and finished out the afternoon skirmishing around the shores of "The Pond." Then night came on, and I was glad. If ever I have an evil deed to perform, anything like murdering an able-bodied farmer, I prefer to do it after dark. On my way to the station I stopped at the house of the farmer and inquired for him.

"Pa's gone tur the village," said the boy; "he got some money turday, so he's gone over tur git some groceries."

"Your father told me the brook was stocked," I said fiercely.

"So 'tis."

"I don't believe there's a trout in it over one inch long."

"I don't nuther," said the boy; "pa didn't stock it tell las' summer."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Men I have Fished with.

THE announcement under this title in the last FOREST AND STREAM brought two valuable contributions to the biographies of Reuben Wood and George Dawson. As these are among the first they are very acceptable. If friends will respond to the appeal for items in the lives of men mentioned last week as promptly as they have done in the two instances named it will be a great help. Who knows about the old bachelor, semi-hermit, hunter and trapper, Port Tyler, of Greenbush, N. Y., his early history and the date of his death? I have a store of anecdotes of him, but lack the points named. He comes into the series early, and so the items are needed soon. Next week the series will begin with the late Reuben Wood, of Syracuse, N. Y., who passed his youth in Greenbush. Items in manuscript or newspaper clippings may be sent to me at No. 63 Linden street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FRED MATHER.

The Kingfishers in 1896.

THE Kingfisher party, which will number a full dozen this season, contemplate going to Burt Lake for their piscatorial outing. The lake is about twenty miles beyond Petosky, and was formerly noted fishing waters. Old Hickory said that was the location he had mapped out, as it promised a greater variety in fishing than other localities they have had under contemplation. Brook trout and grayling are in many of the streams that pour into it, and then again they are not far away from telegraph and mail facilities. Some one or two of the party are quite eager for the capture of muscallonge, and desire to influence the party for the waters where the gameful fish so proudly rove and grow to such magnificent proportions. Go where they will, they will have an avalanche of sport, even if they occasionally have to start a searching party for a "lost man" or two. ALEX. STARBUCK.

American Fisheries Society.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the last annual meeting of the American Fisheries Society it was resolved to restore to the published transactions of the Society the list of deceased members which it was formerly the custom to publish therein, and which, perhaps by an oversight, has been omitted for a few years last past.

I will thank the members of the Society if they will consult the printed transactions and inform me of the decease of any active, honorary or corresponding member enrolled in any year since the creation of the Society, as I find that the last printed list of deceased members is imperfect to my own knowledge and must be so to the knowledge of other members.

A. N. CHENEY, Recording Sec'y.

"Uncle Lisha's Shop."

FOUNTAIN POINT, Mich.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Would it be fair to ask Mr. Rowland E. Robinson to tell us what the women of Danvis were doing while Uncle Lisha and associates were in camp?

Tell him there is a heart-broken widow here getting more real comfort out of "Uncle Lisha's Shop" now than from all other human agencies.

Nature is God's great restorer, with time and duty. These books are vivid gleams of nature bound by a master hand into beams of everlasting light. They belong with the gems of the English tongue. J. B. DAVIS.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Rhode Island State Fair Association's fourth annual show, Providence, R. I.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Toronto Exhibition Association's eighth annual show, Toronto, Can. C. A. Stone, Sec'y of bench show.

Sept. 14 to 17.—Montreal Kennel Association's bench show, Montreal. G. Lanigan, Sec'y.

Sept. 22 to 24.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual dog show, Milwaukee Louis Steffen, Sec'y.

Oct. 6 to 8.—Danbury Agricultural Society's show, Danbury, Conn. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y.

Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.

Sept. 7.—Kennedy, Minn.—Continental Field Trial Club's chicken trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Oct. 9.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual meet. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.

Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—Natioonal Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.

Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.

Nov. 2.—Bicknell, Ind.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.

Nov. 10.—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.

Nov. 10.—Leamington, Ont.—Peninsular Field Trial Club, Leamington, Ont.

Nov. 10.—Central Beagle Club's trials. L. O. Seidel, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.

Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y.

DOG AND PICTURE.

PHILADELPHIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read with much interest in FOREST AND STREAM of June 27 the reply with which Rev. Charles Josiah Adams honored my communication, published in your issue of June 13. I feel some constraint in joining issue on the subject of mental science with an authority so acknowledged and so eminent as is Mr. Adams. I feel it the more so as I am not certain that I know very much about the matter any way, though I have read a great deal about it and have given it much thought. Many of the authorities which I have consulted manifested unintentionally the like uncertainty. Nevertheless, as my imperfect knowledge and my doubts may be shared by others, my attempts at a reply may confer a general benefit by inducing Rev. Mr. Adams to dispel them and all others of like nature entertained by any one else.

At the very outset it is obvious that the discussion is necessarily restricted and hampered for sundry reasons, so that we are required to assent to much that is assumed as if it were a matter of fact. It would be useless to discuss the objective and subjective world as it applies to the mentality of man, and then assume it as data in proving the mentality of the dog; first, because analogy, however true and convincing it may be, is never a demonstration, though it may be of use in establishing an inference. Again when the analogies are isolated and new to our experience they may be simple matters of coincidence and not truly analogous in a manner necessary to establish the soundness of argument.

To begin fairly, Rev. Mr. Adams and myself agree on the dog having the powers of cognition. I believe that the dog has the ability to reason, though in simple forms as compared to the ability of man to reason. Our divergence of views is at a point where the views of all psychologists diverge—that is, when they attempt to define the inner workings of the mind, the subjective phases of it, the pure mentality; that is to say, in considering the workings of the mind within a man's own head and the minds of other men working inside of their heads. If we observe a man in deep thought, with no exterior action, we cannot tell with any accuracy what his thoughts are or indeed whether he is thinking at all. But in all that exteriorly designates the workings of the mind mankind is fairly well agreed. In such mental phenomena as are readily observable there is a uniformity in their action and

purpose. We observe that certain expressions and actions have certain meanings. But when the psychologist turns inwardly to the study of his own mind (introspection)—for it is the only mind he can study after he has passed a certain stage in the phases of mind—his conclusions are according to his own powers of reasoning, be they good or bad.

Thus, from the ancient philosophers down through the Scotch and English schools of metaphysicians, there were indeed very few who agreed one with another on anything pertaining to the science of mind. If the world's psychologists could not formulate a science of mind applicable to man, how can any science of mind be formulated for an entirely different animal, whose subjectivity, or the inner workings of whose mind, cannot be known even by analogy, as looking into our own mind we do not know that the mind of the dog is in any way related to it. If we ask our fellow man if his mind works so and so, he will tell us that it does or that it does not, and thus we can verify our proposition. But we can ask no question of the dog. We judge his mentality by the visible phenomena (the emotions which he displays, and as being analogous to our own.

I will review more minutely Rev. Mr. Adams's arguments, first repeating that I agree with him perfectly in holding that the dog has powers of cognition, but qualifying it by not necessarily admitting that that term includes the higher complex mental processes of reflection such as are conceded to man. So much has not yet been proven. To illustrate this point, let us take the simple matter of eating. The dog is hungry. He eats to satiety to appease his appetite, yet he does not know why he eats and he never seems to care why he does so. His bodily cravings are the impelling cause. He can cognize what is food and what is not, but he never reflects on why he eats or what are the effects of eating, or what are the consequences of not eating. He seems to have a limited knowledge that certain causes will produce limited results, but his reasoning is always simple and direct. It never takes any mediate forms. He never makes any abstract reasonings. A thing actually exists or it does not. If the dog cannot understand certain things he drops the whole matter. He goes on in his own little world of simple cognitions. He has not even an axiom to guide his intellect. And here let me say that I believe that the rules of logic have done more to set in the background the dog's just claim to possessing powers of reason than all other causes combined. The artificial formula of reason, the syllogism, that absurdity of logic, is not essential to good reasoning and absolutely falls short of meeting the simplest requirements of it. Yet because a dog's reasoning may not have been according to the rules, it does not follow that his reasoning is not good reasoning any more than that the reasoning of the savage is not good reasoning.

In his first letter on May 30 the Rev. Mr. Adams says:

> It has always been a mooted question in comparative psychology whether a lower animal has the power to perceive a portrait. Mark the word which I use—portrait. That a lower animal can perceive a reflection there is no doubt. Upon this recognized fact the advertiser played in the picture which, a good many years ago, appeared on the box-lid of a certain shoe-blacking, which picture represented an interesting terrier barking at his reflection in a highly polished, great pair of top boots, which polish could not have been attained by the most accomplished boots had not the blacking within been discovered and compounded.
>
> To a dog lover there is nothing much more amusing than a frouzy cur's violently barking at his own reflection in a mirror. He evidently thinks the reflection a dog. He tries to get at it. He fails. He tries again with somewhat of uncertainty. A question has arisen in his mind. He draws back. He fears. There is something uncanny in the situation. What has every appearance of being a dog is not a dog. With his tail between his legs and maybe a yelp, he slinks away, glancing furtively back over his shoulder. Now take the frouzy cur, wash him, pet him, allow him to see his reflection time and again, and he will come to know it to be a reflection as well as you do.

Concerning the closing sentence, will Rev. Mr. Adams kindly cite an instance as a precedent to sustain that statement.

That a dog can perceive a reflection there is no doubt, but he does not recognize it as a reflection. He cognizes it as a reality. All his acts indicate that he considers it a real entity. This Mr. Adams appreciates when he says in the above quotation: "He evidently thinks the reflection a dog."

The data do not justify the conclusion that a dog can recognize a portrait. Mr. Adams here arrives at a definite conclusion by inference. It is really a verbal conclusion. The matter still stands as a proposition, capable of maintaining a dozen other inferences quite as truly as it does the inference given it by Mr. Adams. After a dog finds that his efforts are vain, no matter what he may be engaged in, he soon desists. In the matter of his own reflection, which to him appears to be a different dog, he finds that it is something which he cannot solve, so he drops the whole matter. Man will gaze with interest on a reflection, knowing it to be such, and admire its fidelity to the original. The dog refers it to nothing. To him it is in itself the original. The dog will refuse to gaze on his own reflection so soon as he is convinced that the reflection is not a real dog. He doesn't recognize it as a reflection. He doesn't understand it, so he gives up the matter entirely.

The other example, that of a fox terrier, as the dog in Æsop, jumping into a stream after the reflection of a bone, shows that the dog did not consider for a moment that the reflection was other than a genuine bone. To him it was a bone in reality. If he were to see another bone reflected he might not plunge after it, not because he recognized that it was the reflection of a bone, but because that he had been deceived and his prior attempt resulted in failure. It was not necessary for him to know in what way he was deceived or the manner in which it was done. The fact alone that he was deceived would be sufficient to impel him to desist from further effort.

Picking up pieces of tin on which were the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., according to the number called out, was not necessarily a cognition of the figures as figures, but from the unlikeness of one tin from the others made distinguishable by the different shapes of the figures. It was precisely in the same manner that the dog would recognize a shoe from a hat by the difference in shape. The figures as a means of notation never entered the dog's mind. In such cases as trick dogs pick a block out of a row of blocks, each bearing a certain number, to the observer the dog seems to pick out the block with the designated number by intelligent perception, when in reality he picks out the correct block by secret signal from his master. I once watched a trainer in a public exhibition make his dog do this trick, and although I was satisfied that the dog was working to signal, I could not detect the signal. Later, from a friend who knew the owner of the dog, I learned that the signal was given with the trainer's big toe. Moving it upward raised the upper of the shoe, thus making a perceptible motion, and this raised at the right moment gave the dog the signal to take up the one at which his nose was nearest. But granting, in the case cited, that the dog did pick up the correct tin simply from a recognition of its difference from the others, the act required no mediate course of reasoning, such as would be required in the recognition of a portrait. Such an act was an act of direct mental cognition, and required no power of mental representation. It was precisely the same power to recognize differences that a dog trotting on a level displays when he comes to a doorstep, changes his gait in ascending it and nimbly jumps up two or three steps at a time.

Again, in recognizing colors as Mr. Adams mentions, the colors served to show differences plainly perceivable to the eye. They had no reference to anything else as colors. It again was a direct cognition. The dog did not think of green being the same color as the grass or as the leaves of the trees. It is doubtful that he thought of them as colors at all. The difference served to make an unlikeness only. There is nothing to show aside from mere verbal conclusion that he recognized the different colors or that it was at all necessary to the successful accomplishment of the feat which he performed. It was a matter entirely of unlikeness and not of color. It was the same as the dog would recognize differences of smell by their unlikeness, or differences of sound by their differences impressed on the sense of hearing. Again, a dog might recognize an object by its color, since the color made an unlikeness, though as a matter of fact the dog trusts almost entirely to his sense of smell in determining what an object is. Let his own master return after a short or long absence and the dog rarely concedes his identity at once. If he does not dare to approach direct he will take a circle till he gets the wind, then when the sense of smell vouches for the person's identity he immediately abandons all suspicion and comes to his master with full confidence.

A dog might be deceived by a painting of a beefsteak as he was by his own reflection in the glass, but in either instance it was to the dog a mental reality. Failing to find it a reality, he abandoned it entirely as something which he did not understand. Being absolutely without knowledge of such a thing as painting, or that there was such a thing as a likeness, he could only in his simple way give up the matter, as he had no knowledge of causes or that they even existed.

Now, when the matter of recognizing a likeness is introduced, the instances cited as preparatory to the introduction of the dog's recognition of a portrait have no relevancy to it. All that have gone before are simple cognitions. The dog looking at his own reflection might discern that it was a reflection of himself, although the proof that he does so is regrettably insufficient. If he recognize the portrait of his master, it, instead of a matter of simple cognition, as in recognizing his own portrait, becomes a matter of complex reasoning. In other words, Mr. Adams cites matters of simple reasoning to prove powers of complex reasoning. The data advanced hardly warrant his conclusion. And in this connection let us examine his data a little more fully.

His friend's letter, on which he bases his conclusion, contains the following:

> My wife does crayon work. Last week she had on her board two portraits, each a striking likeness of its subject—the one of myself, the other of a friend unknown to Tiger. When Mrs. Creveling had about finished her work, and after my portrait had been placed in a frame and stood on an easel—the other being very near it—Tiger was admitted to the room. (You will please remember that some precaution must be taken before admitting him to a studio, as his tail is not conducive to the good order of such a place.) Immediately upon seeing his master in crayon he walked over to the easel and endeavored to kiss the face. It was covered by glass. A second attempt was made to show his recognition of and love for his master. He could only touch the glass. This trial was enough to convince him that any further attempts to kiss the object of his love would be in vain; so he lay down in front of the easel, his eyes riveted on the covered face thereon, and over his face passed an expression of combined disappointment and love that was truly pathetic. He would fain have kissed my cheek to tell me of his love. After a few moments of mental anxiety he rose, came over to where I was sitting, got on my lap (he weighs 105lbs.), kissed the living face, expressed his love, and fully showed his great delight that his master still existed in tangible form. The subject of the pencil, it is quite useless to tell you, was as much pleased as Tiger.

Let us now consider the actions of a man examining the portrait of a friend, or as the mental scientist would say, observe the mental phenomena which he exhibits. His face may take on a pensive look. He does not reach out to shake hands with it, or slap it on its shoulder, or talk to it. He knows it is only a representation. It is only a semblance—not a reality.

Now observe the actions of Tiger. They did not indicate that he knew the portrait was a representation of his master. He manifested all the emotion of gazing on a reality. "He walked up to the easel and attempted to kiss the face," says the writer of the letter. He made another attempt to kiss the face, but was again balked by the glass which was in front of the picture. Then "he lay down in front of the easel, his eyes riveted on the covered face thereon, and over his face passed an expression of combined disappointment and love that was truly pathetic." All these signs indicated that he considered the picture a reality. He attempted to kiss it. He was repulsed. He lay down before it and gazed on it as if it were his master really before him. He showed all the emotions coming from a genuine belief in the actual presence of his master. When he turned to his living master his expression of emotion was identical with that exhibited to the portrait. Nothing indicated that he knew or suspected that he was looking at a reflection—a portrait. The dog's actions were real, they were such as he displayed to his master's person, and the valid conclusion is that he thought that it was really his master which he beheld.

At the risk of appearing captious, I desire to say that the analogy between Tiger and Shakespeare seems a bit forced, since the Rev. Mr. Adams explains that Shakespeare was only more highly endowed with faculties which were not uncommon to his fellows. But Tiger, so far as the evidence goes, stood alone in his powers of intellect. If a man possesses powers which were never known to be possessed before by man, it is considered out of the domain of the genius and in that of the miraculous. But Tiger not being essentially different from other dogs, and the data being imperfect, and the inferences not being so convincing, and it not being shown that there are not many opportunities for many other inferences from the same data, ones contradictory to his perception of a portrait, is it not possible that all things which he can cognize are realities to him, and that Mr. Adams's inference is merely verbal? Take the similar traits exhibited by all dogs, note their relations to each other, and the legitimate conclusion is that they have no complex powers of reasoning in a purely subjective manner; that is abstract reasoning.

I believe with Mr. Adams that the dog has powers of reason; our divergence of belief is on the degree of it; and while my argument has been in a positive manner against Mr. Adams's data, I simply have endeavored to show that his proposition is not proven, and not that it is impossible. The data up to the present time do not sustain his proposition, nor warrant his conclusion. The matter to gain a belief with the world should be free from any *petitio principii*.

A. Posteriori.

E. F. T. Club's Derby Entries.

Herewith is the list of entries for the club's Derby, 49 in all: 29 setters and 20 pointers. Last year the entries for Derby numbered 40. Two years ago 35. The pointer men are waking up. Twenty pointer entries is the largest entry since 1888.

POINTERS.

John S. Wise's Robin, l. and w. dog (Strideaway—Beulah III.), March 8.

John S. Wise's Damon, l. and w. dog (Strideaway—Beulah III.), March 8.

H. S. Smith's Ripple, l. and w. bitch (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot), May 24.

T. W. O'Byrne's Moerlin, b. and w. dog (Rip Rap—Belle of Ossian), March 4.

Furlough Lodge Kennels' Ridgeview Tammany, l. and w. dog (Lad of Kent—Ridgeview Tricks), May 24.

Furlough Lodge Kennels' Furlough Tricks, l. and w. bitch (Jarre—Furlough Cling), Jan. 25.

Furlough Lodge Kennels' Pat, l. and w. dog (Ightfield Upton—Ightfield Blythe), May 8.

Jas. S. Crane's Firefly, l. and w. bitch (Rip Rap—Clipaway II.), May 5.

Del Monte Kennels' Tick's Kid, b. and w. dog (Tick Boy—Lula K.), April.

Del Monte Kennels' Toney Works, l. and w. dog (Tick Boy—Lula K.), April.

Dr. C. I. Shoop's Aloysia, l. and w. bitch (Rip Rap—Dolly D.), May 12.

W. I. Love's La Dolle, l. and w. bitch (Love's Kent—Fritz Fay), May 12.

T. W. O'Byrne's Red Skin, l. and w. dog (Love's Kent—Fritz Fay), May 12.

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' Sahib, l. and w. dog (Delhi—Selah), April 13.

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' Rupee, l. and w. bitch (Delhi—Selah), April 13.

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' Deccau, b., w. and t. dog (Rip Rap—Dolly D.), May 12.

Hempstead Farm Kennels' Hempstead Druid, dog.

W. B. Townsend's La Rosa Elgin, b., w. and t. bitch (Kent Elgin—Julia Paine), Feb. 3.

F. R. Hitchcock's Tory Maxim, l. and w. dog (King of Kent—Queen's Grace), April.

F. R. Hitchcock's Tory Maid, l. and w. bitch (King of Kent—Queen's Grace), April.

SETTERS.

Robert Dudley's Ney, b., w. and t. dog (Roi d'Or—Tory Lit), April 15.

Robert Dudley's Lawnes, b., w. and t. dog (Roi d'Or—Tory Lit), April 15.

H. B. Ledbetter's Walter Gladstone, b., w. and t. dog (Gladstone Boy—Nat's Queen), March 6.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, Merry Maiden, b., w. and t. bitch (Eugene T.—Maiden Mine), March 26.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, Lulu L., b., w. and t. bitch (Eugene T.—Beryl), Feb. 20.

P. Lorrillard, Jr.'s, Olivette, b., w. and t. bitch (Eugene T.—Beryl), Feb. 20.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, Count Gloster, b., w. and t. dog (Eugene T.—Gloster's Girl), March 3.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, Maid's Lad, b., w. and t. dog (Eugene T.—Maiden Mine), March 26.

F. R. Hitchcock's Tory Rustic, b., w. and t. dog (Count Gladstone—Rhoda Rod), February.

John White's (agt.) Alma, bitch (Roi d'Or—Tory Lit), April 15.

Dr. Geo. Eubank's Rodstone, b., w. and t. dog (Cinch—Rod's Florence), Jan. 7.

A. C. Peterson's Minnie P., o. and w. bitch (Antonio—Nellie Bly), Jan. 25.

Avent & Thayer's Orester, b., w. and t. dog (Orlando—Dollie Wilson), April 29.

Avent & Thayer's Orinda, b., w. and t. bitch (Orlando—Dollie Wilson), April 29.

Avent & Thayer's Paladin, b., w. and t. dog (Count Gladstone—Hester Peyne), April 26.

Avent & Thayer's Peconic, b., w. and t. dog (Count Gladstone—Hester Peyne), April 26.

S. O. Cundy's Rod's Queen, b., w. and t. bitch (Rodfield—Opal), Feb. 1.

Geo. E. Gray's (agt.) Rod's Pell, b., w. and t. bitch (Rodfield—Opal), Feb. 1.

W. R. Holliday's Billy T., b. and w. dog (Revenue—Daisy B.), July 20.

H. K. Devereux's Grannon, b., w. and t. dog (Antonio—Nellie Hope), June 14.

H. K. Devereux's May Hope, l. and w. bitch (Anton—Nellie Hope), June 14.

Hobart Ames's Guenn, b., w. and t. bitch (Blue Rid Mark—Lou R.), April.

Hobart Ames's Christena, b., w. and t. bitch (Blue Ridge Mark—Lou R.), April.

J. J. Odom's Count Odom, o. and w. dog (Count Gladstone—Nellie Avent), January.

S. P. Jones's Hurstbourne Zip, b., w. and t. dog (Tony Boy—Dimple II.), May 20.

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' Pin Money, b., w. and t. bitch (Count Gladstone—Daisy Croft), May 18.

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' Shadow, l. and w. bitch (Count Gladstone—Daisy Croft), May 18.

Ernest Johnson's Queen of Morocco, b., w. and t. bitch (Spot B.—Miss Monk), Jan. 5.

Furlough Lodge Kennels' Miss Busy, b. and w. bitch (Bold Rock—Furlough Belle), Feb. 26.

Simon C. Bradley, Sec'y.

U. S. F. T. CLUB'S DERBY ENTRIES.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

GEORGE EUBANK'S b., w. and t. dog Rodstone (Cinch—Rod's Flounce).

F. R. Hitchcock's b., w. and t. dog Tory Rustic (Count Gladstone IV.—Rhoda Rod).

George Gould's b., w. and t. bitch Miss Busy (Bold Rock—Furlough Belle).

Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' b. b. bitch Pin Money (Count Gladstone IV.—Daisy Croft) and lem. and w. bitch Shadow, same breeding.

H. B. Ledbetter's b., w. and t. dog Walter Gladstone (Gladstone's Boy—Nat's Queen).

H. Ames's b., w. and t. bitch Queen (Blue Ridge Mark—Lou R) and b., w. and t. bitch Christina, same breeding.

Fox & Blyth's b., w. and t. dog Potomac (Antonio—Countess Rush) and b., w. and t. dog Carolina, same breeding.

J. J. Odom's o. and w. dog Count Odom (Count Gladstone IV.—Topsy Avent).

A. C. Peterson's o. and w. bitch Minnie P. (Antonio—Nellie Bly).

J. White's (agt.) b., w. and t. bitch Alma (Roi d'Or—Tory Let).

S. L. James's b., w. and t. dog Tartar (Count Gladstone IV.—Rod's Sylph).

P. M. Essig's b., w. and t. bitch Saragossa Belle (Gleam's Pink—Maud E.).

J. P. Greene's b., w. and t. dog Robert Emmet (Sam Gross—Bess R) and b., w. and t. dog Sarsfield (Rodfield—Opal).

E. C. Johnson's b., w. and t. bitch Queen of Morocco (Spot B.—Miss Monk).

S. P. Jones's b., w. and t. dog Hurstbourne Zip (Tony Boy—Dimple).

R. D. Winthrop's b., w. and t. dog Ney (Roi d'Or—Tory Let) and b., w. and t. dog Lamas, same breeding.

S. O. Cundy's b., w. and t. bitch Rod's Queen (Rodfield—Opal).

W. R. Holliday's b., w. and t. dog Billy T. (Revenue—Daisy Bondhu).

H. K. Devereux's b., w. and t. dog Grannan (Antonio—Nellie Hope) and lem. and w. bitch May Hope, same breeding.

Avent & Thayer's b., w. and t. dog Arc (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Phryne) and b., w. and t. dog Angle, same breeding, and b., w. and t. dog Abacus (Orlando—Dolly Wilson) and b., w. and t. bitch Node, same breeding.

George E. Gray's (agent) b., w. and t. bitch Rod's Pell (Rodfield—Opal).

Theodore Goodman's b., w. and t. dog Albert Lang (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady) and b., w. and t. dog Dave Earl, same breeding.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. bitch Merry Maiden (Eugene T.—Maiden Mine) and b., w. and t. bitch Luta L. (Eugene T.—Beryl), and b., w. and t. bitch Olivette, same breeding, and b., w. and t. dog Count Gloster (Eugene T.—Gloster's Girl), and b., w. and t. dog Maid's Lad (Eugene T.—Maiden Mine).

POINTERS.

Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' l. and w. dog Sahib (Delhi—Selah) and l. and w. bitch Rupee, same breeding, and b. and w. dog Deccan (Rip Rap—Dolly D.).

F. R. Hitchcock's l. and w. bitch Tory Maid (King of Kent—Queen Grace).

G. Eubank's b. and w. dog Ripstone (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot).

George Gould's l. and w. dog Ridgeview Tammany (Lad of Kent—Ridgeview Tricks), and l. and w. bitch Furlough Tricks (Jone—Furlough Cliney), and l. and w. dog Furlough Pat (Ightfield Upton—Ightfield Blithe), and lem. and w. bitch Furlough Peach (Verdon Prince—Peach).

F. W. O'Byrne's b. and w. dog Moerlein (Rip Rap—Belle of Ossian) and lem. and w. dog Redskin (Love's Kent—Fritz's Fan).

W. I. Love's lem. and w. bitch La Dolle (Love's Kent—Fritz's Fan).

George E. Gray's (agent) b. and w. dog Rip Rap, Jr. (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot).

J. S. Crane's l. and w. bitch Firefly (Rip Rap—Clipaway II.

W. B. Townsend's b. and w. bitch La Rosa Elgin, (Kent Elgin—Julia Paine).

Del Monte Kennels' b. and w. dog Tick's Kid (Tick Boy—Lulu K.) and l. and w. dog Tony Works, same breeding.

C. I. Shoop's lem. and w. bitch Aloysia (Rip Rap—Dolly D.) and b. and w. bitch Dympna (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot).

G. A. Castleman's l. and w. bitch Maida (Rex—Nell).

Hempstead Farm's l. and w. dog Hempstead Druid (Sandford Druid—Hempstead Jilt).

H. S. Smith's l. and w. bitch Ripple (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot).

H. K. Milner's l. and w. bitch Almeda (Rip Rap, Jr.—Prairie Belle).

H. H. Maybury's l. and w. bitch Alabama Girl (Von Arrow—Lady Mull).

T. T. Ashford's l. and w. bitch Elgene (Kent Elgin—Julia Paine).

The Pacific Fox Terrier Club.

WE are much obliged to the secretary of the Pacific Fox Terrier Club, Mr. H. H. Carlton, for his kindness in sending us the proceedings of his meeting, held June 12, and we trust that his friendly attentions will thus continue into the far future. We will ever rejoice at the club's prosperity, and have only good wishes for it. The present report, however, has some special features upon which we desire to make some remarks, and trust that the club will receive them in the same calm spirit in which they are offered.

We note that the main parts of the club's proceedings are really a disputation with a contemporary, and are directed to that end; and it seems to us that the matter would be a more homogeneous whole if kept together. We believe in the just liberality of permitting our contemporaries to harvest their own territory in their own way.

In this particular instance there is much to approve in the criticism upon the Pacific Fox Terrier Club, not perhaps as an organized club, but as it refers to many of its members. They should not wince so promptly at a single criticism when they so liberally pour out their criticism on others. Their action is in distinct contrast to the dignified silence with which Mr. Mortimer has treated the abusive utterances which have been bestowed on him since he judged at San Francisco at the invitation of the club. East of the Rocky Mountains Mr. Mortimer has suffered no diminution in the confidence and esteem of the dog fanciers, and we feel sure that when sober second thought holds sway, or time shall have better matured the knowledge and judgment of the disgruntled fanciers of the Pacific coast, their esteem and confidence in him will return. His fame and ability as a judge did not begin yesterday, and the confidence and esteem of those who know him many years are not to be dissipated by those whose judgments are based on their disappointments.

Wrangling, bickerings, jealousies, reciprocal attempts to wreck reputations among fanciers do not appeal favorably to the outside world, nor can such be very pleasant goodfellowship for the sportsmen and fanciers who are directly engaged in the puerile warfare. The world is large enough for everyone, and if everyone could but learn that it is so it would save many needless alarms and much groundless warfare. The reputation of a dog is of some value, as is also the reputation of a man, and if the fanciers can do no better they should give the man at least the same consideration they give the dog.

The Little Wunk.

THE little stranger arrived in this city yesterday and already his arrival has created considerable excitement, as he is probably the first of his kind ever seen by any one in Janesville. He is one of the famous wunk dogs and is very valuable, as there are only a very few in this country. He was imported from the interior of China, where they are grown for food, being known as the Chinese edible dogs. They are fed on rice, and this one with two others was brought over on the steamship Victoria by Capt. James Panton, who has made a specialty of obtaining these dogs. One of them was for Collector of Customs Henry Drum; another for Jay Sedgwick, who was the owner of the first wunk ever brought to this country, which created such a sensation in New York city; and the third was for Mrs. McCabe. This one was the only one out of the three that survived the effects of the trip.

He is a striking little fellow in appearance, being very small and very short, and covered with long brown hair which sticks out straight like thick wool all over his body and makes him look very plump. His mouth and tongue are jet black and his ears stick straight up. In fact, his head bears no resemblance whatever to a dog's, but looks almost exactly like a bear's. His tail is short and lies flat on his back. When he first came he was decidedly stupid acting, but after his dainty supper of rice and jelly he began to brighten up and soon began to show that he is very bold spirited and as full of mischief as any ordinary dog. Mr. MacLean's older and larger dogs were at first inclined to look at the new arrival with suspicion, and the great English mastiff looked as though he were about to make one mouthful of the little mite, but their master soon talked them into a spirit of toleration and ere long the wunk will doubtless be heartily received into the canine clan.—*Janesville (Wis.) Recorder.*

Pacific Fox Terrier Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1896.—The regular meeting of the Pacific Fox Terrier Club was held at 405 Powell street, President D'Evelyn in the chair. The secretary was instructed to have a circular letter printed setting forth the many advantages of the club, and to mail same to the fox terrier breeders of the coast.

Carried that the meeting nights be changed from Tuesday to the second Friday in each month.

The chair notified the members that he would appoint a demonstrator for each evening, who would be expected to conduct point judging and discussion of the standard.

Mr. Debenham was appointed demonstrator for the next meeting.

The following paragraph in regard to this club, taken from the *American Field*, was considered:

"The fox terrier men on the Pacific coast are all a-boil again. They always are when a San Francisco show has just passed into history. Unquestionably the gentlemen know a lot more than some of the best judges of a fox terrier in this country, but for all that we are foolhardy enough to venture the opinion that the outcry against the decisions of Messrs. Raper, Mortimer and Davidson is very fair proof that those decisions were in the main correct. Having satisfied themselves that the three judges named do not know the first thing about the points of a fox terrier, why do not the members of the Pacific Fox Terrier Club have a judge made to order? But before doing so perhaps they might as well put Mr. Geo. Bell and Mr. T. S. Bellin through the mill, if they can catch them."

The secretary was instructed to write the following letter to the kennel editor of the *Field* and spread same in full upon the minutes:

"Sir: At the regular meeting of the P. F. T. Club the paragraph in your issue of 30th ult. was brought before the members.

"I am instructed to inform you that the chages you make against this club are untrue, and we are surrprised that a journal of your pretensions would make such statements simply to oblige a reporter who we judge hesitates to make them over his own name."

After some further talk on terrier matters the club adjourned. H. H. CARLTON, Sec'y.

New Jersey Kennel League.

THE annual meeting of this club was held at Newark recently. The secretary said that the failure of the club to secure a suitable building in which to give another show left him without anything to report on, and as he had been subject to an attack, he wished to sever all connections that may bring him in contact with those concerned, and would decline all nominations. In spite of this and further protest, he was unanimously elected as secretary, but only agreed to serve until his successor was appointed.

The president reported that a further attempt made by him to secure a place for a show at Orange had been fruitless.

The treasurer reported that he had secured terms for the Industrial Hall, where the former event was given, the hall being in a satisfactory condition.

Miles A. Hanchett, of Orange, was elected president; Walter Browe, first vice-president; Dr. E. Guenther, second vice-president; August Hahn, third vice-president; Frank Linck, treasurer; Edwin H. Morris, secretary; Christian Feigenspan, chairman of the executive; with W. J. Whelan, John Brett, Carl Brandt, Dr. W. F. Thum, Otto H. Heintz, Chris. Kirschler Alfred Broote and Alfred Thomas as his colleagues.

New members were elected and a special meeting was ordered to make arrangements for a show.

EDWIN H. MORRIS, Sec'y.

M. K. and P. S. Association.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., June 27.—The Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association will hold a show under A. K. C. rules Sept. 22–25, at State fair grounds, Milwaukee. The premium list is in the printer's hands and I shall mail you a copy shortly.

Mr. W. W. Welch has resigned as secretary and the undersigned chosen in his place.

LOUIS STEFFEN, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

"Reminds me of a story of a brother of mine out in Ioway," said the man on the step. "Had a fine setter dog—best hunter in the State. My brother couldn't shoot, so he wanted to sell him. But he couldn't, 'cause the dog had a twist in his tail like a pig. Cyclone caught that dog out in the buckwheat patch one day and just nacherally ironed out that tail like a broomstick. He sold the dog for $80 the next week."—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association is now arranging for its second annual field trials, to be run on its preserve grounds, Greene county, Pa., beginning Oct. 28. The Derby entry is $5 to nominate and $5 additional to start. Entries close Aug. 1. Ten per cent. is deducted from entrance money, the remainder divided into 50, 30 and 20 per cent.—first, second and third respectively. Judges, W. S. Bell and S. C. Bradley. Address S. B. Cummings, Secretary, 113 Wood street, Pittsburg, Pa.

One day last week policeman John H. Dwyer was arraigned before Justice Wentworth, charged by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals with killing a Skye terrier owned by Miss Mary J. McDowell, 837 Sixth avenue, New York. Miss McDowell was taking a walk on Fifth avenue, and being weary sat down to rest on a stone in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral. Beauty, the Skye, which was killed, was a year old, and Topsy, the Irish setter, was three. They played on the turf in front of the Cathedral. Policeman Dwyer coming along gruffly ordered Miss McDowell to remove her dogs off the turf. Beauty, the puppy, a midget of a dog about a foot long and a few inches high, ran toward the policeman barking. The latter killed him with one blow of his club. In passing on the matter in the Yorkville Court, Magistrate Wentworth is alleged to have said that "I do not believe the policeman intended to kill the dog. It is a case for a civil action. However, I will withhold my decision for a few days. I do not think that the machinery of this court should be blocked by the consideration of a terrier dog case. If it had been my case I would have tolerated the dog's action for a few minutes and would then have hoisted him on the toe of my boot clean over the Cathedral spire." Truly an undignified utterance for a judge, one who is to impartially enforce the laws and be an example of obedience to them.

We are indebted to Mr. W. E. Warner for a photograph of the famous pointer bitch Lady Gay Spanker, owned by the Furlough Kennels, of which Mr. Warner is the efficient manager. The portrait hardly does full credit to Lady Gay Spanker, but for that matter such a circumstance is not uncommon.

If Mr. W. W. Titus will kindly inform us of his address, we will forward him some letters sent to him in care of this office.

Premium lists of the R. I. S. F. Ass'n are now ready for distribution. Address Mr. E. M. Oldham, Supt., care of Spratts Patent, 245 East 56th street, New York.

In our advertising columns C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass., offers Gordon setters. John J. Barber, Toledo, O., offers St. Bernards. Supt. Cronin, New York, offers setter and spaniels. Arthur L. Bailey, Plymouth, Mass., offers pointers. R. I. Holbrook, Townshend, Vt., offers setter dog. Horace Smith, Monroe, N. C., will train setters.

KENNEL NOTES.

BRED.

Seaforth Kennels' (East Orange, N. J.)

Jersey Belle (37,770), St. Bernard bitch, Feb. 6, to Sir Hugh (34,716).

Lady Anna (20,331), St. Bernard bitch, April 19, to champion Melrose King (21,885)

Mr. H. H. Snedeker's Queen Lilian, St. Bernard bitch, April 26, to Seaforth Kennels' (East Orange, N. J.) Sir Hugh (34,716).

Mr. W. H. Wylie's Lady Violet II (40,885), St. Bearnard bitch, May 17, to Seaforth Kennels' (East Orange, N. J.) champion Melrose King (21,885).

Mr. C. W. Snow's Snow's Bess (34,457), St. Bernard bitch, May 22, to Seaforth Kennels' (East Orange, N. J.) champion Melrose King (21,885).

WHELPS.

Mr. C. G. Hopton's La Belle Charlotte (39,162), St. Bernard bitch, whelped, March 15, five dogs, by Seaforth Kennels' (East Orange, N. J.) champion Melrose King (21,885).

Mr. C. Farquhar's Rose F. (33,848), St. Bernard bitch, whelped, March 28, nine (two dogs), by Seaforth Kennels' (East Orange, N. J.) champion Melrose King (21,885).

Seaforth Kennels' (East Orange, N. J.)

Jersey Belle (37,770), St. Bernard bitch, whelped, April 9, ten (six dogs), by Sir Hugh (34,716).

Lady Anna (20,331), St. Bernard bitch, whelped, June 21, nine (six dogs), by champion Melrose King (21,885).

Mr. H. F. Foote's

Champion Meersbrook Maiden, black and tan terrier bitch, whelped, June 8, six (one dog), by champion Bromfield Sultan.

Whittle, smooth fox terrier bitch, whelped, June 22, three (one dog), by Marden.

Brittle Buzz, wire fox terrier bitch, whelped, June 21, six (three dogs), by Mister Great Snap.

SALES.

Seaforth Kennels (East Orange, N. J.) have sold

——, rough-coated St. Bernard puppy, to Mr. E. H. Dodd.

Seaforth Lady Bess (40,928), St. Bernard bitch, to Mr. John Irving Romer.

Seaforth Rex (41,030), St. Bernard dog, to Mr. W. H. Addoms.

Seaforth King (41,029), St. Bernard dog, to Mr. Thos. D. Smith.

Wheeling.

ONE WAY OF LEARNING TO RIDE.

MUCH has been said and written of the difficulties of learning to ride a bicycle, and from some standpoints the difficulties have been greatly exaggerated. For a man of athletic tendencies, who has a clear head and plenty of nerve, it is only a matter of an hour or two to learn the rudiments of riding, provided he sets about it in the right way.

The difficult thing, of course, to acquire is the art of balancing—pedaling and steering come naturally once this is learned. The reason that balancing is hard to acquire is because one must be in motion while learning. If, as the Irishman said, you could learn to ride standing still, all the difficulty would disappear. Realizing this fact, all the learner's efforts should be concentrated on the one point of balancing.

If he intends to learn without assistance, let him select some smooth piece of road or street, where he will not be interfered with, which has just sufficient slant in one direction to make his wheel run ahead of its own accord. Preferably he has borrowed an old wheel to learn on, for the spokes are sure to suffer even if the machine meets with no worse accident.

When the beginner has his bicycle at the top of the incline, let him straddle the rear wheel and leaning forward grasp the handle bars, and then, putting one foot on the step, push off down the incline with a series of hops. Of course the hill is not supposed to be steep enough to give the wheel any dangerous momentum. The grade should be just sufficient to keep the wheel moving, no more.

As soon as the rider feels the bicycle well under way, he should draw himself up on the step and stand there, crouching forward, but not for an instant thinking of getting into the seat. That will come in good season, but for the present it is safer to keep as near the ground as possible.

At the first attempt the learner may go 10 or 15yds. before the wheel "yaws," as yachtsmen say, so violently as to throw him off. He does not loose his feet, however, and if he keeps tight hold of the bicycle no evil consequences follow and he is ready to repeat the attempt.

The longer the learner tries the more his confidence increases, and he soon finds that the bicycle is perfectly willing to stand up while carrying him provided he humors it judiciously. He finds that instead of trying to bring it into the proper course by jerking the handle bar with all his strength in one direction, it is wiser to let the front wheel do about as it wants to, and to steer by swaying his body a trifle to one side or the other.

In the course of half an hour or so, if he is quick to catch on to its eccentricities, he will be able to let the bicycle coast a block or two without upsetting or leaving the road, and then his victory is assured. Nevertheless he should have his confidence well keyed up when he attempts mounting to the seat and catching the pedals. His victory is finally complete when he can ride to the foot of the hill upon which he has previously been coasting, turn around, and ride back up the grade to the starting point. Then he is in the position of the swimmer who has just acquired the art of keeping himself afloat. He has much still to learn in the way of endurance and skill, but he has mastered the rudiments of the thing, and accomplished the step at which so many halt.

There is nothing inherently difficult in learning to ride a bicycle. Children, who have no preconceived ideas as to how it should be done and no exaggerated ideas as to its difficulties, frequently learn to ride almost as soon as they get on a bicycle. But to learn easily confidence and fearlessness are absolutely necessary.

SPORTSMEN CYCLISTS.

LAST winter *Judge* printed a cartoon showing a number of sportsmen in pursuit of big game riding over the snow on bicycles equipped with tires a foot or more in width. An old hunter stands by watching the twentieth century crusters with frigid disgust, for the picture explains why he has lost his job of teaching them the use of snowshoes.

While we are not in a position to affirm that bicycles will ever become popular as a substitute for snowshoes in the pursuit of game, we have abundant evidence to show that they are fast becoming an important part of the sportsman's equipment.

Anglers find it profitable to ride to and from fishing waters on their wheels, which are more easily cared for than the old horse, and less susceptible to black flies when left out in the woods. Bird shooters reach the best covers quickly by the new method, and when they want to save the dog they train him to occupy a baby carrier and ride too. In New England where they shoot foxes the champion hunters head off their game not on the backs of thundering iron-shod horses, but on the silent steed that is shod with rubber.

We could multiply such instances by the score, but what is the use of arguing in support of a patent fact? Every sportsman can supply similar instances from his own experience.

Last summer, while going through a good deer country, some one cried out, "Look at the deer!" For an instant the illusion was perfect, but a moment later the vision resolved itself into a white shirted cyclist flying along a road that was none the best past the runway where not so long ago seven deer were killed in a single day

Mountains and sandy roads do not keep the sportsmen cyclists back. We find them on old tote roads far back in the big woods of the North declaring that the riding is better than on many of the rutty and travel-worn highways of civilization. And we find them skirting the cotton fields of the South raising more coveys than they ever dreamed of before.

The fact of the matter seems to be that the wheel is a pretty good thing after all, and that its possibilities have not by any means as yet been exhausted. A wheelman is a firm believer in the merits of his mount, and if he happens to be a sportsman too he will manage to go about anywhere that anybody else can go, and cover the ground several times as fast. And where he does strike a good piece of wheeling it is a pleasure to see him "let it out," so swiftly he flies and with so little effort.

TOWPATHS AS CYCLE PATHS.

SUPERINTENDENT of Public Works George W. Aldrich has issued orders to the superintendents of repairs of all the canals in New York State to do what they can to place the banks in condition for wheeling purposes without interfering with their regular duties. This order is designed not only for the benefit of the wheelmen, but also for the regular patrons of the canals, who will likewise profit by a smoother roadway for their hauling teams.

In making the extensive improvements authorized by the $9,000,000 bill recently passed by the Legislature, Mr. Aldrich believes that the wheelmen should be taken into consideration. The towpaths in many parts of the State offer the only level riding to be had, and in some cases the only feasible route for bicycle riders through the most picturesque sections.

By a little additional care in construction the towpaths can be made extremely good cycle paths, and they have an advantage over all other roads in their perfect grade.

Heretofore wheelmen using the towpaths have been looked upon as trespassers. The superintendent's order to his subordinates puts things in a different light, for it gives them rights along with the mules and the boatmen.

The mules and the boatmen, however, will not give up their monopoly without a struggle, and the immediate effect of Mr. Aldrich's order seems likely to be an increased hostility to the wheelmen.

There are 622 miles of towpaths in New York State.

New Worlds to Conquer.

EVERYTHING is coming the way of the bicycle. Within the last few months the railroads pretty generally have come to regard it as baggage. The city car lines and elevated roads are beginning to make provision for its carriage. And now the circus people acknowledge its influence. News comes that the Barnum & Bailey show has introduced a perfect system for checking bicycles on the show grounds. It looks very much as if transportation not only by horseflesh, but also by trolley and rail, in all but the largest cities will suffer as a result of the introduction of the improved method of human locomotion afforded by the bicycle.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

S indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Union of L. I. Sound;
M indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Ass'n of Massachusetts.

JULY.

Atlantic Y. C. cruise—
- 3. Rendezvous, Larchmont.
- 5. Sail to Black Rock.
- 6. 1st run, to Morris Cove.
- 7. 2d run, to New London.
- 8. 3d run, race to Shelter Island.
- 9. Shelter Island, rowing races, etc.
- 10. 4th run, to Morris Cove.
- 11. 5th run, to Oyster Bay.
- 12. Disband at 10 A. M.

4. Larchmont, An., Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
4. Cor. San Francisco, San Francisco Bay.
4. Roy. St. Lawrence, 25 and 20ft., Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
4. Plymouth, outside race, Plymouth Harbor.
4 Pavonia, special, Atlantic Highlands, New York Bay.
M 4. Boston City, open, Boston, Boston Harbor.
4. Fox Lake, club, Fox Lake, Ill.
4. Beverly, 2d open sweeps, Buzzard's Bay.
4. Toledo, open, Toledo, Lake Erie.
4. Milwaukee, club, Milwaukee, Lake Michigan.
M 4. Plymouth, Duxbury and Kingston, union race, Plymouth Harbor.
4. Rochester, review and sail, Lake Ontario.
6. Winthrop, evening race, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
6. Cor. Atlantic City, ocean race, Atlantic City.
S 6. American, An., Milton Point, L. I. Sound.
9. Rochester, ladies' day, Lake Ontario.
11. Beverly, 2d cham., Buzzard's Bay.
S 11. Riverside, An., Riverside, L. I. Sound.
11. Hempstead, ladies' day.
11. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
11. Winthrop, club, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
12. Winthrop, sail, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
13-17. Seawanhaka-Cor. international races, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
18, 20, 22-25. Larchmont race week, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
M 18. Quincy, open Quincy, Boston Harbor.
18. Cor. San Francisco, 1st cham., San Francisco Bay.
18. Squantum, ladies' day, Squantum, Mass.
18. Chicago, dinghy race, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
18. Rochester, club, Lake Ontario.
20. Cor. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.
20. Winthrop, evening race, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
20. Eastern, knockabout class, Marblehead.
21. Fox Lake, club, Fox Lake, Ill.
23. Beverly, 3d open sweeps, West Falmouth.
S 25. Sea Cliff, An., Sea Cliff, L. I Sound.
M 25. Hull, open, Hull, Boston Harbor.
25. Plymouth, inside race, Plymouth Harbor.
25. Winthrop, ladies' day, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
25. Squantum, moonlight sail, Squantum, Mass.
25. Chicago, club regatta, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
28. Ogdensburgh, 15ft. cup, Ogdensburgh, St. Lawrence River.
M 29-31 Quincy, summer cruise, Quincy, Hull Bay.
30. Rochester, club, Lake Ontario.

Tacoma and Satanic.

NEXT week promises some interesting racing in the Satanic-Tacoma matches of July 6, July 8 and if necessary July 10. The boats are matched for best two in three races for $150 a side, and the money has been put up and the courses, judges, etc., agreed upon.

The first race will be sailed over the South Boston Y. C.'s second class course, from judges' boat off Marine Park Buoy to Cow Pasture Buoy, to Buoy 7 off Fort Independence, to S. B. Y. C. barrel off Long Island Wharf, to S. B. Y. C. barrel off Moon Head, to Buoy 7, to finish; 9 miles. The second race will be sailed over the Massachusetts Y. C.'s triangular course from Winthrop Bar Buoy, around a mark at Nahant and the Graves Whistling Buoy; 10 miles. The course for the third race will be decided by lot. Y. R. A. rules will govern.

Both boats have a fine record as prize winners, and both are types of the racer, pure and simple, in which light construction plays an important part. Tacoma is the beamier boat of the two and carries the larger sail plan. Her chances are believed to be best in a breeze, though Satanic is not to be counted out in that sort of work and is certainly a flyer in light weather. The chances seem to be about even between the boats and betting on the result is likely to go on favoritism more than definite data. It is hard to pick the winner.

The race is a friendly one, and the main object is to settle the question of the better boat. Both sides have entered into the match with the best of feeling, but just the same there will be no throwing away of points. Tacoma is backed by J. T. Bache, of Harbinger, and will be sailed by Capt. Joe Turner. Capt. Daly backs his own boat, and will probably sail her himself, with Mel Wood for one of his crew.

Satanic was built in the spring of 1895 by Sheldon from a design by Mel Wood, of the Fore River Works, designer of Gleaner, and was presumably an improvement on the latter's model. She is 31ft. over all, 20ft. 6in. waterline, 8ft. beam and 10in. draft. She is very lightly built and carries a 500lbs. weighted centerboard. Her sail area is a little over 600sq. ft. Her red hull has made her unmistakable among the boats of the racing fleet.

Tacoma was built last year at Calais, Me., by Henry A. Davidson, and is of light construction, though not of quite so fine finish as her Boston-built competitor. She is 29ft. over all, 19ft. 6in. waterline, 10ft. beam and 9in. draft. She has a metal centerboard 6ft. long and weighing 625lbs. Her main boom is 23ft. long and her bowsprit 10ft. outboard. She carries about 900sq. ft. of sail.

The racers will be started at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and the time limit will be four hours. Additional interest is given them by the offer of a cup or piece of plate to the winner by Frank P. Norton.
—*Boston Globe.*

Morrisania Y. C. First Annual Regatta.

THE new Morrisania Y. C. sailed its first race on June 21, the courses being from off the club house, around the Gangway Buoy and Stepping Stones. The wind was strong from S.W. and several yachts came to grief. H. C. Miner lost her mast and others met with minor mishaps. The times were:

SLOOPS—SPECIAL CLASS AA, 30FT. AND OVER.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Reliance	10 48 00	Did not finish.		
Leontine	10 48 30	. . . .	5 26 00	5 19 00

CLASS A—SLOOPS, 20 TO 25FT.

Nettie B	11 00 00	3 24 00	4 24 00	4 24 00
Dawn	11 02 00	Did not finish.		
Lelia	10 59 00	Did not finish.		
Olive L	10 58 00	3 43 00	4 45 00	4 37 00

CLASS B—CABIN, JIB AND MAINSAIL, 20 TO 25FT.

Iola	11 00 20	Did not finish.		
Fakir	10 58 00	Did not finish.		
Emma	11 01 00	Did not finish.		

CLASS C—JIB AND MAINSAIL, OPEN, 20 TO 25FT.

Zetes	11 07 00	3 16 00	3 16 00	3 16 00
Maybe	. . . .	Did not finish.		

CLASS D—CABIN CATS, 20 TO 25FT.

Pride	11 10 30	2 36 30	3 26 00	3 24 00
Alice S	11 10 00	2 39 00	3 29 00	3 26 00
Frank	11 12 00	2 28 00	3 16 00	3 16 00

CLASS E—OPEN CATS, 20 TO 25FT.

Bum	. . . .	Did not finish.		
Ethel C	. . . .	Did not finish.		
W. H. Gill	11 18 00	2 06 00	2 54 00	2 54 00

CLASS F—OPEN CATS, 17 TO 20FT.

Bismarck	11 30 00	Did not finish.		
Arrow	11 21 30	Did not finish.		
H. C. Miner	11 23 00	Did not finish, dismasted.		
Willie B	11 23 30	2 41 00	3 18 00	3 17 30
Twinkle	11 25 00	3 39 00	4 17 00	4 13 30

CLASS G—OPEN CATS, 14 TO 17FT.

Cricket	11 29 00	Did not finish.		
Success	11 29 00	Did not finish.		
Tramp	. . . .	Did not start.		
Little Dean	11 30 00	3 08 00	3 38 00	3 37 00
Aurora	11 28 30	Did not finish.		
Dolphin	11 29 00	Did not finish		
Bye-Bye	11 29 30	3 29 00	3 59 00	. . . .
Anna L	11 30 00	Did not finish.		
Josie	11 29 30	3 20 30	3 50 00	. . . .

The winners are: Leontine, Nettie B., Zetes, Pride, W. H. Gill, Willie B. and Little Dean. Nettie B won the Commodore's prize for best elapsed time. Frank fouled Pride and was disqualified.

Columbia Y. C.

MICHIGAN CITY RACE—LAKE MICHIGAN.

Saturday, June 20.

THE annual regatta of the Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, from that port to Michigan City, established as a club event in 1893, was this year thrown open to all clubs of the Lake Michigan Y. A.—a wise and liberal policy on the part of the club. The race was sailed on June 20, starting from the Van Buren street gap, the wind being then light from the west. During the race of thirty-six miles it shifted to all points of the compass, at one time falling to a flat calm and again bringing a heavy squall. The chief interest in the case centered in the two new fin-keels, Siren and Vanenna, the latter just completed in time for the race. The prizes were in all classes for elapsed time, the Peck cup to be won in two consecutive races; in the schooner class the Steffens cup, won last year by Mistral, with club prizes of barometers, yacht guns, etc., in each class. The squally weather took the topmasts out of Siren, Druid and Vanenna, and the jib boom out of Toxteth, while Genevieve parted her throat halyards. In trying to squeeze by the mark at the line to save tacking in a very close finish with Hawthorne, Mistral fouled the mark and was disqualified. The times were:

SCHOONERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hawthorne	1 03 08	6 16 44	5 13 36	5 13 36
Mistral	1 04 55	6 19 35	5 14 40	5 13 34
Toxteth	1 04 40	6 33 15	5 20 35	5 22 45
Merlin	1 05 00	7 37 56	6 27 50	6 07 20

FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.

Druid	1 14 36	6 39 30	5 24 34	5 24 34

SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.

Vanenna	1 12 00	6 07 40	4 55 40	. . . .
Siren	1 14 30	6 33 10	5 18 40	. . . .
Charlotte R	1 13 52	7 09 41	5 55 49	. . . .
Sadie	1 14 41	7 15 55	6 01 14	. . . .
Jeanettie	1 17 40	. . . .	. . . .	. . . .

THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.

Valiant	1 13 00	7 08 43	5 55 43	. . . .
Hattie B	1 14 14	7 30 20	6 16 06	6 09 58
Peri	1 15 00	7 45 31	6 30 31	6 18 01
Allie T	1 12 52	. . . .	. . . .	. . . .
Pinta	1 12 09	7 58 00	6 45 51	6 31 06
Genevieve	1 15 21	7 47 18	6 31 57	6 16 42
Trix	1 13 07	7 44 30	6 31 23	6 14 48
America	1 14 14	. . . .	. . . .	. . . .

FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS.

Wizard	1 13 27	. . . .	. . . .	. . . .
Vixen	1 12 25	7 40 00	6 27 35	6 23 48

Hawthorne wins, Mistral being disqualified; Vanenna wins the principal prize. The other winners were: Druid, Valiant and Wizard.

Niagara's Water Tanks.

THE gallant Admiral Montague writes as follows to the *Field:*

"There must be others besides myself who have read with amazement the report that the Y. R. A. thought it necessary to send representatives post haste to board the Niagara to learn something as to her water tanks. They even did not wait to see the owner of Niagara, but surveyed the vessel in his absence. This reads very serious. We now hear these tanks were only intended to support the crew, but that the officials deputed to go on board thought it necessary to order the said tanks to have a certain pipe disconnected, that could be used to run water from one tank to another. I do not think this a satisfactory ending to arrive at. Either the tanks should not be where they are placed, as tending to cast suspicion as to their being used for peculiar purposes, or else the pipe should be left for the purpose it is supposed to meet, namely, to run a stream of fresh water from one tank to the other as they are filled. Severing some metal connection is of no use; any piping other than metal would have the desired effect. It seems to be "straining at a gnat in order to swallow a camel," and I think it would have been far better to have left the connection as it was, and accepted the word of honor, than to order the severing of a metal connection which could be reinstated by any other mode to answer the purpose equally well. The Americans seem to build fast boats; the Defender was a fast boat, the Niagara is another. Why don't our designers take the hint and place our water tanks in the bilges; and as regards Defender, whether she carried water tanks in excess of what the requirements of the crew demanded or not, she had the peculiar gift (which none of our boats have) of being able to practice optical delusion on thirty-two pairs of eyes with a vengeance. Perhaps American crews suffer more from thirst than English crews, and tanks have to be carried in extra proportions. Empty tanks must be a deal of useless weight. I do not think, if I built a 20-rater to race in English waters, I should care to carry empty copper tanks, especially when I find my crew landing feather pillows, nail and tooth brushes, etc., the morning of a race. The proverbial jar of beer and a couple of breakers would have to do for my 20-rater when racing, and if I were owner of Niagara to-morrow out would come my copper tanks, and in would go two or three cloths to my topsail."

Half-Raters to the Rescue.

THE fact must not be overlooked that there is to be an international yacht race this summer, and still more important is a due appreciation of the energy and patriotism of the thirty gentlemen who have built boats to maintain the ½-rater championship of the world.

True, these odd little ships are as gnats to the eagle when compared with Defender and Valkyrie III., but an immense amount of sport and good seamanship can be shown with these midgets, and the spirit which animates their owners is as truly American as that of the famous V. I. M. trio which built Defender.

As the New York Y. C. has undertaken to defend the America's Cup—and the way it has done so is the world's admiration—so the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. is pledged to guard the tiny craft trophy won from the Canadians last year.

Judging from the trial races now in progress off Oyster Bay and the marvelous speed and skill shown by competitors, this new international prize is apt to stick at home as hard and fast as the America's Cup.—*New York Herald.*

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

INTERNATIONAL CUP—TRIAL RACES.

June 22-23-24-26.

SUMMER racing on the Sound is by no means the most thrilling and exciting form of sport; on the contrary, it is likely to try the patience of all concerned in it: sailors, committee and spectators. The past week has been about as bad as was in any way possible in June, calm and more or less cold and rainy. Not once in the week have the yachts been seen in a hard breeze and sea, and only once in a fresh breeze, the test of the series of four trial races being purely a light-weather one. The task of the committee has been by no means an easy one, to pick the best defender from a fleet of nearly thirty competitors, but they have made a wise choice and one that gives general satisfaction to all who are familiar with the boats and those concerned with them. In judging the merits of the yachts it must be borne in mind that few if any save those which have been racing since May 30 were in racing form or at all known to their owners. Most of them were hurried at the last moment, and the fleet as a whole may be summed up as in many ways a crude and experimental one. No doubt the class racing will continue through the season, to the material improvement of some of the boats. While allowance must be made for her as well as the others, El Heirie is in as good shape now as any, and her crew is in a position to work her up much further within the next three weeks.

At a comparatively early period in the racing, which began last Monday, it became easy to run through the list of starters and pick those which had no chance whatever of being selected, those which promised more or less, but were evidently capable of improvement, and those practically available for the defense of the cup. As the racing progressed this latter division narrowed down to three boats, Riverside first, El Heirie a close second, and Ideal third, but decidedly inferior to the other two. This inferiority was most apparent in the one point where Ethelwynn was at her best compared with last year's fleet, to windward, and the reasons for it were easily discernible. It is not likely that with her moderate form Ideal, or in fact Ethelwynn or Two Step, all nearly alike, can be made as fast in a broad reach as the majority of the class in which features verging closely on the "freak" order are employed to give a very long list line in reaching; but all of these boats are fast down wind, and the experience of Ethelwynn shows that they may be made to go to windward with anything in the class.

The general features and form of these boats, with the peculiar "Scarecrow" rig, has been fully described by us in the past. The two leading boats were of distinctly opposite types; Riverside is a fin-keel of 5ft. 6in. beam, moderate proportions and good form, entirely free from all freak features. She is of the general type of Wee Winn, Trust Me and Scarecrow; in reality an improved Trilby. She was designed by Chas. Olmstead, designer of Govilan, Eidolon and Vorant II., as well as Trilby, and was built for a syndicate of Riverside Y. C. members by some of Mumm's old workmen at Bay Ridge, under Mr. Olmstead's personal supervision. The hull is very light, the planking a "shiplap" single skin of cedar, with a deck of thin pine covered with varnished muslin. There are no bulkheads, and the oblong cockpit is just large enough for two men, Mr. Olmstead steering her, with a professional for "crew." In very bad weather a flat hatch may be screwed down on gaskets inside the coaming, making a complete flush deck. The fin is narrow and deep, of $^{7}/_{32}$in. Tobin bronze, with about 250lbs. of lead, or 325lbs. in all. The rig is a boom and a gaff mainsail of Union silk with a criss-cross jib. The hull is painted white with a dark bottom, and a broad gold band above the bootleg. The spars are hollow.

El Heirie was designed by her owner, C. H. Crane, of New York, a graduate of Harvard, and now employed at Cramp's shipyard, in Philadelphia. With him is associated his brother, D. M. Crane, a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The two have raced a good deal in small craft about Boston when at college, and now have the 15-footer Elsa, designed by C. H. Crane, in the length class at Boston. The design of El Heirie was begun last fall and completed by degrees, the boat being launched about two weeks since. The *motif* of the design was taken from Question, being suggested by the reports of the speed of that craft, but this crude idea has been refined and elaborated. The yacht has a flat floor about 24in. wide, turning up athwartships to a round, hard bilge, while fore and aft it carries a fair sweep from the stern to the transom. The bow is a regular shovel nose, the flat floor running well forward. The fore overhang is longer than the after, much like the Dyer boats, Grilse and Owana. There is practically no sheer and quite a crown to the deck, the name El Heirie (camel) being hardly justified, however. The comparison to Ethelwynn, as made by us last week, was based only on the first view of the yacht as under sail at Larchmont; when out of water a very different form appears. The cockpit is long and narrow, and the floor is high enough to drain into the well, but there is no forward bulkhead, only an after one. The centerboard is of the knife pattern, ¼in. thick, of Tobin bronze, similar to that of Ethelwynn; but it is so pivoted that when raised it projects 6in. below the keel. The rudder is nearly square, of the Herreshoff spade type, and hung abaft the waterline. The planking is double skin, the outer mahogany, with crude turpentine between the two. The deck is of white pine. The mast is solid, with a hollow gaff and boom. The rig is a boom and gaff mainsail, with a low-cut jib with boom laced to the foot. The mainsail is of light cotton.

Ideal is practically the same as Ethelwynn, with 2in. more beam and sparred for a larger rig of 250sq. ft. Owing to the lack of stretch in her new sails they measured, as it proved, but 208sq. ft. They are of cotton, and with those of the other two were made by Wilson & Griffin.

It is more than likely that some of the more heavily rigged of the boats were favored in the light airs by more sail than their length would allow, but as they did not win they were not measured.

The story of the first race was given last week, but the table was not complete. The following gives the work in detail and makes complete the whole record of the series.

FIRST TRIAL RACE.

Monday, June 22.

	1st Mark.	2d Mark.	End.	1st Mark.	2d Mark.	Finish.	Elaps'd
Ideal	1 04 38	1 31 03	2 12 02	2 50 42	3 30 36	4 05 00	3 35 00
Riverside	1 04 58	1 29 55	2 11 05	2 49 14	3 31 22	4 07 06	3 37 06
El Heirie	1 05 18	1 29 35	2 12 48	2 51 52	3 37 10	4 11 21	3 41 21
Two Step	1 04 45	1 31 21	2 16 28	2 54 05	3 41 30	4 22 19	3 52 19
Hope	1 06 50	1 30 35	2 20 40	3 05 50	.. .. ..	4 25 41	3 55 41
Trilby	1 06 57	1 31 47	2 14 30	2 54 45	.. .. ..	4 29 48	3 59 48
Paprika	1 06 30	1 34 32	2 17 30	3 01 52	.. .. ..	4 30 12	4 00 12
Vesper	1 06 45	1 34 14	2 22 03	3 04 20	.. .. ..	4 30 43	4 00 43
Gnome	1 04 35	1 29 52	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	4 34 43	4 04 43
Kittie V	1 05 54	1 31 15	.. .. ..	3 05 50	.. .. ..	4 36 32	4 06 32
Die Hexe	1 05 24	1 32 10	2 18 33	3 01 17	.. .. ..	4 37 36	4 07 26
Yola	.. ..	1 39 55	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	4 38 03	4 08 03
Columbia	1 05 45	1 36 00	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	4 38 14	4 08 14
In It	1 06 14	1 39 47	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	4 38 41	4 08 41
Saghaya	1 07 54	1 35 07	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	4 40 23	4 10 23
Cyclone	1 05 50	1 33 33	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	4 40 50	4 10 50
Willada	1 07 47	1 35 16	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	4 43 13	4 13 13
Tornado	.. ..	1 36 02	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	4 46 50	4 16 00
Nit	.. ..	1 40 45	Withdrew.				
Nike	1 07 30	1 38 28	Withdrew.				
Defender II.	1 07 20	1 32 56	2 20 40	3 05 47	Withdrew.		
Terrapin	1 07 54	1 36 19	Withdrew.				
Question	1 07 54	1 39 38	Withdrew.				
Isabel	1 07 18	1 37 51	Withdrew.				
Maudeen	1 09 30	1 38 39	Withdrew.				
Glance	1 06 40	1 33 25	Withdrew.				

Manontasquot withdrew.

SECOND DAY.

Tuesday, June 23.

Tuesday morning broke with a strong N.E. breeze on the Sound and a sea as well; from the roof of the club house the whitecaps were visible, and the hearts of many were gladdened at the sight. Not only the various "one-design" boats, but many others as well, after Monday, claimed to be "hard-weather" boats, and prayed for wind in proportion to their assumed degree of hardness. During the morning, however, the wind fell and went to the westward, the Sound smoothed out all its wrinkles, and the prospect of a rattling race disappeared. It is greatly to the credit of the owners of these small craft that after the discouragement met by many on Monday all but five were at the line a little after noon. Some were doubtless enticed into another trial by the prospect of a breeze, but 22 boats started after it was evident that the race would be almost a drifting match.

The tide was running strong ebb, and in order to keep their places until the signal was given the racing boats tied up in a long string to Center Island Buoy, some remaining in tow of their launches. Astern of the club steamer Dunderberg, the committee boat, was another long string of naphtha launches.

At 1 o'clock there was a light S.W. wind blowing, and at 1:20 the committee gave the preliminary signal and set the course flags N.N.E., 3 miles to leeward and return, to be sailed twice. There was no wind for maneuvering, and the ebb tide was rushing over the line, so most of the yachts took a safe course by getting as far to windward as possible, risking a late start rather than to be carried over the line with little chance of working back. Ideal, again sailed by Duryea and Zerega, took the lee end of the line near the bow of the Dunderberg and with but 30 seconds to go was in a good position to shoot across with way on and drop her spinaker. Just before the gun, at 1:40, the wind dropped and left her; she drifted down on the wrong side of the steamer and was soon helpless in the tideway, unable to stem it. Terrapin had followed her closely and was similarly caught. Maudeen brought up squarely across the bows of the steamer, but escaped without injury; another boat drifted down on the steamer, and Trilby was all tangled up with the Center Island Buoy at the other end of the line. The best start, just after the gun, was made by Two Step near the steamer, Riverside going over promptly near the other end of the line. Hope and Columbia also made good starts, with several others indistinguishable in the pack. More than half the fleet was scattered at a distance above the line, making late starts, Vesper being one of this division. Ideal and Terrapin could not have sailed up to the line, with no wind and the foul tide, but took a tow from the press launch and crossed the line at 1:46:15, their time being taken by the committee. Die Hexe, to leeward of the buoy, was also ordered to start where she was, short of the line, but in reply held up a tiller broken at the rudderhead, and started to reach home across the tide. A naphtha launch hailed her, passed her a monkey wrench and left her with a friendly intimation that she might sail to a warmer climate. She started after the distant fleet and very pluckily sailed the race out, using the wrench as a tiller.

The fleet was not so closely bunched as on the first day, and there was less crowding and blanketing, though all had spinakers out. From the start Two Step ran away from the pack, and with no wind save what had passed them was soon clear ahead. The starters were: Two Step, Riverside, Hope, Columbia, Paprika, Question, Kittie, Trilby, El Heirie, Yola, Ideal, Terrapin, Die Hexe, Maudeen, Isabelle, In It, Vesper, Cyclone, Tornado, Gnome, Saghaya and Willada.

They were doing little better than the speed of the tide, less than three miles per hour. At the end of a mile Two Step was over a quarter of a mile ahead of the fleet, the next boats being In It and Riverside. Vesper came through the fleet, and with Kittie, Yola and Gnome ran up even with this pair. Ideal, after her bad start, was picking up the stragglers, passing Maudeen, Question, Willada, Isabelle, Hope and Paprika. Two Step jibed her boom to port about ten minutes before reaching the mark, which she turned at 2:51:10. Just as she did so a nice little breeze came in and she hardened sheets for a beat home. Kittie gained on the fleet toward the end of the run, and with her nose down in the water and a big sail plan all in the mainsail she was sliding down hill very fast. The times were:

		Elapsed.
Two Step	2 51 10	1 11 10
Kittie	2 54 06	1 14 06
Gnome	2 54 25	1 14 25
Riverside	2 54 50	1 14 50
Saghaya	2 55 10	1 15 10
El Heirie	2 55 55	1 15 55
Vesper	2 55 24	1 15 24
Columbia	2 55 41	1 15 41
Yola	2 55 41	1 15 41
In It	2 55 44	1 15 54
Ideal	2 56 07	1 16 07 / 1 09 52
Tornado	2 56 25	1 16 25
Hope	2 56 28	1 16 28
Cyclone	2 56 58	1 16 58
Trilby	2 57 00	1 17 00
Paprika	2 57 04	1 17 04
Isabelle	2 57 34	1 17 34
Willada	2 58 56	1 18 56
Question	2 59 23	1 19 23
Maudeen	3 00 15	1 20 15
Terrapin	3 02 12	1 22 12 / 1 15 57
Die Hexe	3 04 27	1 24 27

Ideal had worked up to the middle of the fleet in spite of her heavy handicap, and her actual time is even better than that of Two Step by over a minute. There was some very even running, as the elapsed times show.

The wind was still very light and the ebb tide running strong in places, with the flood forcing itself between. Nearly all the yachts stood inshore at once after luffing around the mark on starboard tack. Two, Vesper and Trilby, went fluke hunting for a breeze that was just visible under the Greenwich shore, but with a broad stretch of ebb tide to cross.

Two Step did neither one thing nor the other. She stood on starboard tack for a time after rounding, then went about and stood offshore, but never as far as the middle of the Sound; she thus kept in the strength of the ebb tide and out of the shore breezes. Riverside very soon took the lead, Kittie following off to leeward, while Gnome slid off like a crab until she was to leeward of half the fleet. She carried to-day the original Herreshoff canoe mainsail, but did no better than with the boom and gaff sail used on Monday. The work over this leg was fluky in the extreme, what little wind there was came in spots and patches from different quarters, and the ebb and flood tides split the water into contending currents and eddies. One boat after another was favored by luck from time to time. Riverside steered a good course and sailed very fast, and both Kittie and El Heirie following her did very well. Two Step, by her poor course, threw away all of her long lead and made the poorest time but one on this leg. Ideal was still at a distance from the leaders and under different conditions, but she was not doing good work on the wind. Vesper was well sailed to windward by Mr. Butler, and she found the breeze she was looking for under the north shore, Trilby also sharing her luck. Saghaya did quite good work on the wind.

Riverside stood on up the harbor nearly to the lighthouse and then came for the mark on port tack. El Heirie and Kittie were astern of her, Yola, Ideal, Paprika and Hope, with others astern, were under the shore of Lloyd's Neck, and Two Step was just off shore and now well astern. Vesper came across the Sound on a long starboard reach and fell in second to Riverside as they neared the Center Island Buoy at the end of the round. Trilby followed her and fell into fourth place. The first round was timed:

		Elapsed.
Riverside	4 50 36	1 55 46
Vesper	4 57 51	2 02 27
El Heirie	4 58 26	2 02 31
Trilby	4 59 38	2 02 33
Kittie	5 01 48	2 07 42
Saghaya	5 03 07	2 07 57
Hope	5 04 06	2 07 38
Paprika	5 04 46	2 07 42
Ideal	5 05 07	2 09 00
Yola	5 09 24	2 13 43
Two Step	5 09 28	2 18 18
Columbia	5 12 25	2 16 44
In It	5 14 20	2 18 26
Terrapin	5 14 55	2 12 43
Die Hexe	5 15 20	2 10 53

Riverside had done excellent work to windward in a light air, and the other fin-keel, her older sister Trilby, was one of the three boats that shared the second place together.

Riverside set her spinaker to port on rounding, but soon took it in, ran out her spinaker boom as a bowsprit and set her balloon jib on it, a trick worked last year in the trial races and tacitly recognized then by the committee as permissible.

Vesper did not set a spinaker, but all the others did. The end of the leg was timed:

		Elapsed.
Riverside	5 44 16	0 53 40
El Heirie	5 50 16	0 51 50
Vesper	5 53 55	0 55 04
Kittie	5 54 15	0 52 27
Trilby	5 56 12	0 56 34
Ideal	6 05 17	1 00 10
Saghaya	6 06 29	1 03 22
Yola	6 06 55	0 57 31
Paprika	6 07 00	1 02 14
Hope	6 08 14	1 04 08
Two Step	6 08 45	1 00 43
Columbia	6 15 40	1 03 15
Die Hexe	6 17 00	1 01 40

The only incident of the run was the excellent showing of El Heirie off the wind. She outran everything, even Riverside. Riverside, however, had a lead of an even 6 minutes when she started for the beat home, the breeze being moderate and with a promise of freshening as the day declined. Far from this, it dropped again when the leaders had turned the lee mark. The tide was now on the flood and most of the boats worked the middle course, well out in the Sound. The wind was in patches and from all points. Riverside was hung up for a time in a calm spot, and when two-thirds of the leg had been covered El Heirie was well out in the Sound on starboard tack heading for the finish, with both Riverside and Kittie to the leeward and broken off by a different wind, until it seemed that El Heirie must finish first. Another shift soon upset all these calculations, and left Riverside in first place.

Riverside finished first after a tedious beat of an hour and a half for three miles with the tide. Vesper came for the line on starboard tack and El Heirie on port, the latter thus being enabled to cross first through having right of way. Kittie and Trilby made a close finish well to the front. Two Step, Yola and one or two more had stood into the harbor and picked up a good start, which brought them up on the leaders and made Two Step's time for the leg considerably better than any others. The final times were:

		Elapsed.
Riverside	7 08 08	1 23 52
Vesper	7 09 57	1 17 02
El Heirie	7 10 06	1 19 50
Kittie	7 12 05	1 17 50
Trilby	7 12 41	1 16 29
Two Step	7 18 28	1 09 43
Yola	7 19 19	1 12 24
Saghaya	7 20 50	1 14 21
Hope	7 23 08	1 14 54
Paprika	7 24 48	1 17 48

Die Hexe, steered with a 6in. monkey wrench, finished, but was not timed. Gnome, Ideal, Question, Willada and a number of others withdrew, and the committee did not wait to time any after Paprika.

As a test the race was but a waste of time; all that it showed was that the bulb-fin Riverside is very fast in light weather, both on and off the wind, and that El Heirie and Vesper are both fast. Kittie had conditions nearly to her liking, smooth water and light winds for her big cat rig, and she made a very good showing both to windward and free. In It went into the harbor and her crew tied a knot in a bit of line and tacked it ahead of her name on the upper transom.

The race was a trying one, both in the uncertainties and flukes of the weather and the severe exertion of some eight hours in a small boat, or worse yet, on the flat deck of such craft as Trilby, Question and Willada. Many went out with little or no store of food and water, and suffered thereby, and all complained of the tedious and anxious work so greatly prolonged.

THIRD RACE.

Wednesday, June 24.

Wednesday morning brought a change of weather, "a southerly wind and a cloudy sky" at sunrise, with a sprinkle of rain about 11 A. M. that had increased to a fine steady downpour by noon, wetting the crews before the start. The course was the triangular, sailed the usual way, to the eastward first, making the third leg dead to windward if the wind held. The day was much more like what the scow boats had been wishing for, a fresh breeze and slightly troubled water, though with nothing that could be called a sea. The wind proved variable, both in force and direction, piping up at times and sometimes falling very light in spots, while it swung around toward the South and back, its direction at the start being S.S.W. With all its variations, it was true enough to give a perfectly fair test of the boats, and there was no fluking on the part of any of the leaders. Before the race the competitors were requested by the committee to keep as close together as practicable on the windward work, in order that the inequalities of tide and wind might be eliminated as far as possible.

In spite of the discouraging results of the preceding days, no less than 16 yachts out of the original 27 started. Kittie left for home on Tuesday evening, having had her chance in light weather; Maudeen went out in tow of her tender, a sloop yacht, on Wednesday morning; Norota started across for Stamford under staysail set as a trysail and a large jibtopsail, with Gnome in tow; the two Nyack boats had already left in tow of a launch; Memory started for the long run to Newport with Nit in tow; Two Step did not appear at all.

The committee and all but two of the starters were at the line by noon. A long wait was made for the two laggards up the harbor, and it was 12:35 before the starting whistle was blown. It was a start to leeward, with a strong ebb tide over the line, as on the previous day. While working about the line some of the yachts had decks well awash under the strong puffs, but, as it chanced, just before the gun the wind fell much lighter. Ideal worked close along the line from the buoy toward the committee boat during the last two minutes, but shaved two close and drifted on the line before gunfire, being over too soon. Riverside made a fine start, and Hope, Trilby, El Heirie and Paprika were among the leaders. They started with spinakers to starboard, but soon shifted to balloon jibs. Ideal and Riverside led the fleet for a time, but the boats closest inshore caught a stronger breeze, and Yola, Paprika, Hope and some others came to the front about on a line with Riverside further out in the Sound. As the wind shifted at intervals some of the boats set spinakers again and made them draw, while others did better with balloon jibs; in some cases the spinaker boom was run out as a bowsprit and the balloon jib set on it, a practice that calls for some action, though not specifically prohibited by the present rules. They jibed at the mark as follows:

		Elapsed.
Riverside	1 01 02	0 26 02
El Heirie	1 01 52	0 26 52
Trilby	1 02 03	0 27 03
Die Hexe	1 02 04	0 27 04
Vesper	1 02 15	0 27 15
Paprika	1 02 30	0 27 30
Cyclone	1 02 48	0 27 48
Yola	1 02 48	0 27 48
Ideal	1 02 58	0 27 58
In It	1 02 58	0 27 58
Willada	1 03 00	0 28 00
Saghaya	1 04 28	0 29 28
Question	1 04 35	0 29 35
Tornado	1 04 40	0 29 40
Terrapin	1 05 16	0 30 16
Hope	1 02 35	0 27 35

Once trimmed for a broad reach El Heirie made short work of Riverside, passing her at once and setting a fine pace for the second mark. There was some very pretty luffing and fighting among the various groups, and positions changed materially. Trilby and Die Hexe, the latter steered with a ramshackle jury tiller hastily made in the morning, were fighting for third place, Ideal caught Trilby, and fought hard to get by, but failed; Willada, well out to windward, picked up very much and Vesper dropped astern. The times at the mark were:

		Elapsed.
El Heirie	1 22 39	0 20 47
Riverside	1 23 27	0 22 25
Die Hexe	1 25 03	0 22 59
Trilby	1 25 58	0 23 55
Ideal	1 26 14	0 23 16
Paprika	1 26 21	0 23 51
Willada	1 26 27	0 23 27
Yola	1 26 39	0 23 51
Hope	1 26 50	0 24 46
Vesper	1 27 09	0 24 54
Cyclone	1 27 37	0 24 49
It It	1 29 39	0 26 41
Saghaya	1 29 44	0 25 16
Tornado	1 32 00	0 27 20
Terrapin	1 32 48	0 27 32
Question	1 33 19	0 28 44

El Heirie made a poor turn, going wide of the mark with sheets off and failing to lay her course for a long time after rounding. Riverside made a very neat turn and hardened sheets at once, her criss-cross Wilson jib, the same as that carried by Ethelwynn last year, doing good work. Trilby dropped her balloon jib over the side and towed it for a while, to her manifest detriment. For some time, both holding the port tack, Riverside gained on El Heirie and was decidedly ahead. Trilby was doing excellent work in third place, but Die Hexe was falling to leeward. Ideal had passed the mark barely ahead of Paprika, the latter made a short board inshore and stood on again on starboard tack, the pair were apart for a time, but when they came together Paprika easily crossed Ideal's bows. Hope worked out until she had a clear wind and forged ahead very fast, she and Ideal falling in together. They had it hammer and tongs for a short time, Ideal to leeward running ahead and then dropping astern, leaving Hope to chase her yellow sister, Paprika. When half over the leg Paprika was in third place, El Heirie a good distance ahead of Riverside, with Paprika dangerously close on the latter's weather quarter and Hope to windward of Trilby. At 1:55 Paprika tacked for the Lloyd's Neck shore, and Riverside and El Heirie immediately came about to windward of her, each having stood on the one long port tack from the last mark. El Heirie had a long lead now, and the interest was transferred to the fight between Riverside and Paprika, with the odds, in the strong breeze then blowing, in favor of the latter. They all stood on for some 15 minutes until well inshore, Paprika finally passing her rival. The end of the first round was timed:

		Elapsed.
El Heirie	2 21 43	0 59 04
Paprika	2 23 21	0 57 00
Riverside	2 23 52	1 00 25
Hope	2 25 23	0 58 33
Trilby	2 28 22	1 02 24
Ideal	2 33 00	1 06 46
Vesper	2 35 00	1 07 51

With the beginning of the second round the wind dropped perceptibly and hauled more to the south, making a reach across to the first mark, in fact a reach all around the triangle, to the great advantage of El Heirie. While she increased her lead, Riverside repassed Paprika and took second place. Ideal had done very poorly on the windward work, for some reason not apparent, and withdrew at the end of the round. Vesper was still further astern, but Mr. Butler has long been noted in canoeing for always finishing a race, whatever the conditions, and though he had little to gain by a hopeless stern chase in the rain, he very pluckily held on. All of the later boats withdrew either at or before the end of the round. The first mark was timed:

		Elapsed.
El Heirie	2 43 50	0 22 07
Riverside	2 48 17	0 24 25
Paprika	2 49 40	0 26 19
Hope	2 50 50	0 25 27
Trilby	2 54 22	0 26 00
Vesper	.. ..	.. ..

As Paprika rounded and her boom jibed Mr. Hoyt went forward to take in the balloon jib, but slipped and went into the drink; he was hardly in before he was out again, helped by a timely pull from the helmsman, and at work forward without waiting to shake himself. El Heirie trimmed sheets for a reach across, but the others astern set spinakers and carried them well over this leg, the wind being light. The times at the second mark were:

		Elapsed.
El Heirie	3 14 10	0 30 20
Riverside	3 16 55	0 28 38
Paprika	3 20 07	0 30 27
Hope	3 21 02	0 30 12
Trilby	3 25 53	0 31 31
Vesper	.. ..	.. ..

The last leg turned out but a close reach and El Heirie pulled out a long lead, the finish being timed:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed, Last Leg.	Elapsed, Whole Course.
El Heirie	12 35 00	3 49 23	0 35 13	3 14 23
Riverside	12 35 00	3 53 13	0 36 18	3 18 13
Paprika	12 35 00	3 56 56	0 36 49	3 21 56
Hope	12 35 00	3 57 30	0 36 28	3 22 30
Trilby	12 35 00	4 03 00	0 37 37	3 28 00
Vesper	12 35 00	4 12 57	.. .. ..	3 37 57
Die Hexe	12 35 00	Withdrew.		
Ideal	12 35 00	Withdrew.		
Willada	12 35 00	Withdrew.		
Yola	12 35 00	Withdrew.		
Cyclone	12 35 00	Withdrew.		
In It	12 35 00	Withdrew.		
Saghaya	12 35 00	Withdrew.		
Tornado	12 35 00	Withdrew.		
Terrapin	12 35 00	Withdrew.		
Question	12 35 00	Withdrew.		

Though the selection was narrowed down to but three or four boats, the committee was still at sea as to a final decision. Ideal had won fairly on the first day and had shown up very fast under spinaker, but she had made a most disappointing performance under conditions that her sister ship Ethelwynn had found most favorable, to windward in a strong breeze; Riverside had done remarkably good work in the three races in lighter weather, especially showing excellent all-round performance, while El Heirie, evidently a fast boat in light weather and on all courses, was remarkable in stronger winds and especially in reaching. Under the circumstances the committee, after a meeting, decided to call a special trial race on Friday to which the three winners, Ideal, Riverside and El Heirie, should be eligible, together with Vesper and Paprika; added to which was the open race of the class in the annual regatta of Saturday.

FOURTH RACE.

Friday, June 26.

Thursday turned out cold and rainy, and Friday morning was but little better, with a S.W. wind and threatening clouds. However, they broke as the day advanced, and welcome signs of the sun were visible about noon. The five yachts selected for the final trial were all ready at the line just after noon, the course was given, 2 miles to leeward, N.E., and the club launch ran out with the float and ball. The preparatory signal was given at 12:30 and the start at 12:35, Paprika, Riverside and El Heirie going over abreast almost together, with Vesper and Ideal just astern. The wind was dead aft, and while three of the boats set spinakers to port, two, Vesper and Riverside, tried them to starboard, both jibing very soon after passing the line. The wind was very light and they merely traveled with the ebb tide, soon falling to a dead drift. Twenty minutes after the start they were strung out in line, perhaps 75yds. apart, the order being: Paprika first, El Heirie, Ideal, Riverside and Vesper. It was ding dong to the lee mark, with catspaws and drifting; spinakers were taken in and reset. Vesper steered a more southerly course of her own; the others were very closely bunched, with Paprika now astern. The order at the mark was:

		Elapsed.
Riverside	1 21 46	0 46 46
El Heirie	1 22 11	0 47 11
Vesper	1 22 27	0 47 27
Ideal	1 22 35	0 47 35
Paprika	1 23 24	0 48 24

They jibed and started in on the starboard tack. Vesper had fallen into third place just ahead of Ideal as they rounded, and the latter made a short leg on port tack to clear her wind and then stood after the three leaders. She soon passed Vesper and began to overhaul the other two, doing excellent work on the wind, but after about 10 minutes the block of her jib gave out, the wooden shell splitting and the sheave flying off, letting up the luff of the jib. There was no chance to make repairs while on the wind, and she sailed the leg out with jib all slack. The fight for first place was a sight to see, the two leaders, Riverside and El Heirie, being very closely matched under the existing conditions of a moderate breeze and smooth water to windward. El Heirie tried to reach off through Riverside's lee, but stuck under her beam and failed to get by. When Riverside tacked at 1:58, followed by El Heirie, she was about 300yds. ahead, while Ideal was about the same distance from El Heirie when the latter crossed her bows. Vesper and Paprika were far astern. All worked well under Lloyd's Neck and then started across the tide for the line. Riverside fetched the mark on her last long tack and went off gaily with spinaker to port. When El Heirie came up she had to make a short leg to round. The times were:

		Elapsed.
Riverside	2 18 51	0 57 05
El Heirie	2 22 03	0 59 52
Ideal	2 32 25	1 09 50
Paprika	2 43 35	1 20 10
Vesper	2 44 25	1 21 00

In the beat of two miles in a light and variable wind Riverside had gained 2m. 47s. on El Heirie, and 12m. 45s. on Ideal. El Heirie was slow with her light sails, setting balloon jib first and then the spinaker. The run down wind was made with a steadier breeze than before, but still with no weight to it. The times were:

		Elapsed.
Riverside	2 49 11	0 30 20
El Heirie	2 53 26	0 31 23
Ideal	3 00 31	0 28 06
Vesper	3 13 25	0 29 00
Paprika	3 13 50	0 30 15

Ideal beat the leaders by two to three minutes, while Vesper showed up almost as well down wind. El Heirie now luffed well out beyond Riverside's wake as they stood inshore, the wind heading both. There was a nice little sailing breeze blowing, enough to give a lively motion to the boats and to carry them to windward against the tide, but it was by no means enough for any of them. On the run Ideal's crew had lashed a new tack block and the jib was tacked down, with a marked improvement, though she was hopelessly astern. They all stood well inshore and then across the mouth of the harbor, being timed at the end of the second round:

		Elapsed.
Riverside	3 45 20	0 56 09
El Heirie	3 48 55	0 55 29
Ideal	4 00 45	1 00 14
Paprika	Not timed.	
Vesper	Not timed.	

This time El Heirie had beaten Riverside by 40s., while Ideal, though still third, had lost but 4m. to Riverside instead of nearly 13 on the previous beat. They ran down with spinakers to starboard, the wind being more to the south, and were timed at the lee mark:

		Elapsed.
Riverside	4 12 55	0 27 35
El Heirie	4 15 16	0 26 31
Ideal	4 26 19	0 25 34
Paprika	4 41 39	.. .. ..
Vesper	4 48 22	.. .. ..

Ideal had beaten Riverside by 2m and El Heirie by 1m. on the run. The elapsed times of Paprika and Vesper could not be calculated.

The leaders headed in for Lloyd's Neck again on starboard tack with a little more breeze from west of south and settled down for a hard battle. The dozen or so of yachtsmen on the Dunderberg, including the committee, soon lost all sense of size and cost and were watching the fight with as deep an interest as though the two were of 90ft. waterline and cost $1,000 per foot. So close were they to the steamer that every detail, almost the handling of the helm, was visible to the eye without a glass. El Heirie slowly but steadily overhauled Riverside, holding well a-weather of her, and after a time planted herself on the other's quarter. Finding that there was nothing to be gained there she soon dropped to the lee quarter and started to ramp off through the other's lee. Both were well in to the beach by this time, but could have stood on further without touching. El Heirie drew clear ahead of Riverside's lee bow and the latter tacked at 4:34, El Heirie immediately coming about on her weather and thus winning the race. They stood for the mark with a freshening breeze and were timed:

		Elapsed.	Elapsed, whole course.
El Heirie	5 04 18	0 49 02	4 29 18
Riverside	5 10 19	0 57 24	4 35 19
Ideal	5 17 06	0 50 47	4 42 06
Paprika	Not timed.		
Vesper	Not timed.		

Paprika and Vesper were obstinately fighting for fourth place, but they were far astern, and as the newspaper men were anxious to get to the train the committee did not wait to time them, so they withdrew. On the last windward leg Ideal showed up much better, her elapsed time being within 2m. of El Heirie and much better than Riverside. The race was by no means a satisfactory test; the best that can be said of it is that the conditions were normal—such wind and water as is too often found in the Sound in summer. The only drifting was on the first run; after that the boats at all times had enough breeze to keep good way on against the tide, and at times were even rail-to. The difference between El Heirie and Riverside on the last leg is hard to understand, as the conditions were not materially changed from those on the preceding rounds.

The decision of the committee was reserved until Saturday night, when it announced El Heirie as the defender and Mr. Olmstead, helmsman of Riverside, as the winner of the helmsman's prize, a spirit compass presented by Mr. T. C. Zerega, for the best work in the starts.

The races were sailed entirely in light to moderate weather and smooth water, at no time was a yacht reefed, and even the tenderest of the fleet were able to carry full sail without difficulty. While the same weather is likely to prevail in the cup races two weeks from now, there may be quite different conditions, as in the final Ethelwynn-Spruce races of last year. There is no doubt, however, that in heavy weather El Heirie will acquit herself well. She has shown every evidence of good hard-weather performance, such as her relationship to the Question type would lead one to expect; at the same time she is far and away ahead of the other boats of the scow family in light weather. Apart from the performance of Paprika in a flat drift, and that is coupled with a very large sail plan, none of these boats—Question, Hope, Paprika or Willada—have done well in the light weather that most Sound races are sailed in. In the fresh breeze of Wednesday both Paprika and Hope did well, especially the former; but even then there was not enough wind for her.

The class has sailed six races within the week, practically, as the Larchmont race of June 20 served as a preliminary to the actual trial races, the whole series ending with the Seawanhaka annual race on June 27. Out of the fleet of twenty-seven competitors the possible winners have narrowed down to three, El Heirie, Riverside and Ideal. All of these are new and untried and capable of much further improvement before their true places can be determined with sufficient accuracy to furnish a basis of argument as to the merits of the three distinct types, the refined scow, the moderate bulb-fin and the moderate centerboard type. While we are hardly in a position to discuss the question without some prejudice, we believe that the representative of the latter type, Ideal, has been at a more serious disadvantage in the present races than either of the others, and that the boat herself is capable of a much better showing, especially to windward. Owing to late completion, she was compelled to go into the races with a rough bottom and poor paint, and with much less sail than she was intended to carry. Riverside has not been measured, but we understand that she has rather more length than the other two and a small sail plan. El Heirie and Ideal went under the measurer's tape together after the last race in very poor trim for measuring, having been in the rain for some hours, and with hulls and sails thoroughly soaked after a week's immersion in exceptionally damp weather for June. The result was:

	L.W.L.	Sail.	Racing Length.	Additional sail allowed.
El Heirie	14.29ft.	240.00sq. ft.	14.93ft.	7sq. ft.
Ideal	14.68ft.	208.60sq. ft.	14.46ft.	20sq. ft.

By good luck, as it is largely a matter of the stretch of sails, El Heirie was safely inside the limit of the class and no more; while Ideal, with sails of the same material and from the same loft, sewed on the same machines, was under-canvased to the extent of 20ft., a serious matter in a drifting match or a mere drain of air, as in most of the races. Further than this, the waterline can readily be brought down by several inches, allowing 30 to 40 more feet if the boat will carry it. The only moral of this is the vital importance of early preparation and thorough tooling up of such small craft so as to bring them fully up to the measurement under a well balanced sail plan. It may be said of the entire fleet, with very few exceptions, that the yachts were hastily finished and far from their best racing form.

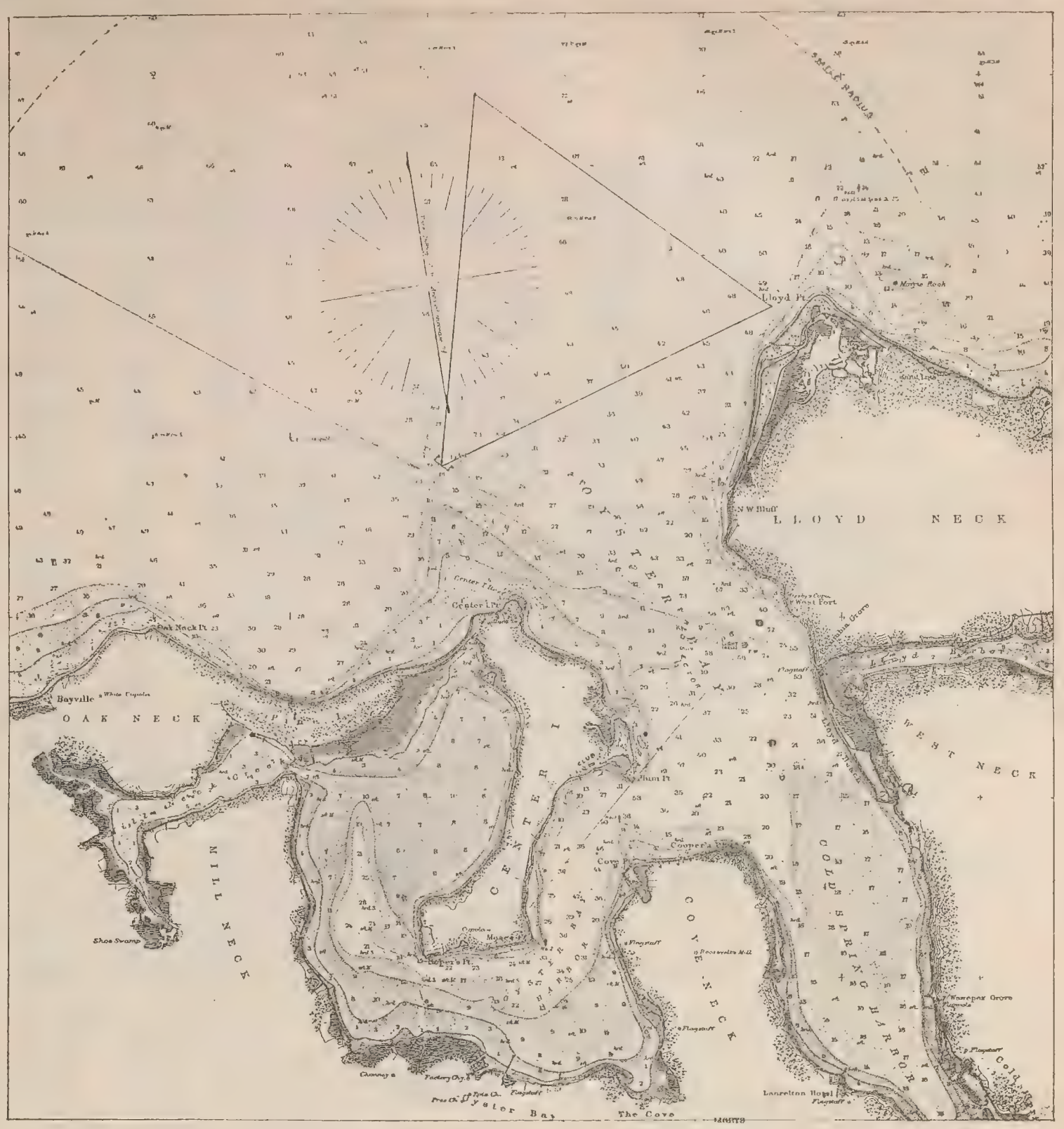


CHART OF COURSE FOR SEAWANHAKA TRIAL AND CUP RACES, OFF OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, June 27.

THE twenty-sixth annual regatta of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was sailed on June 27 over the club courses on Long Island Sound. The regatta was open to yachts of all the regular and special classes, and was sailed under the rules of the Y. R. U. The following prizes were offered:

Class prizes: A prize in silver for the winning yacht in each class, excepting to the winner of the vice-commodore's cup. In any class in which there are more than three starters a second prize will be awarded.

The cup presented by Vice-Commodore Cruger (value $250) for the schooner making the best corrected time over the course.

The "Leland Corinthian Challenge Cup," open for competition to members of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. only, for the winner in the 30ft. special class of sloops. The winner of this cup in the annual Corinthian race and in each subsequent contest to receive a prize recording the names of the competitors.

Individual prizes to the Corinthian members of crews on winning yachts, whenever all or all except one of the crew are amateurs.

Single entries which do not elect to go into the next larger class may all be included in a mixed class race, prizes for which will be awarded as for the regular classes.

The courses were: (1) For schooners and class 1, 80, 70, 60, 50 and 43ft. classes of cutters and sloops: The Sound triangular course—From the starting line N.W. by N. 5 miles to and around a mark about 1 mile S. by W. from Greenwich Point, keeping it on the starboard hand; thence E. ½ N. 5 miles to and around a mark about 1¾ miles off Long Neck Point, keeping it on the starboard hand; thence S.S.W. 5 miles to and around the stakeboat, keeping it on the starboard hand; course to be sailed over twice, 30 nautical miles.

(2) For 36 and 30ft. classes and 34 and 30ft. special classes: The Shippan triangular course—From the starting line due north 5 miles to and around Cow's Buoy, keeping it on the starboard hand; thence E. ½ S. 2 miles to and around a mark about 1¾ miles off Long Neck Point, keeping it on the starboard hand; thence S.S.W. 5 miles to and around the stakeboat, keeping it on the starboard hand; course to be sailed over twice, 24 nautical miles.

(3) For 25ft. class and 21ft. special class, once over Sound triangular course.

(4) For 20 and 15ft. classes, once over Shippan triangular course.

On Friday afternoon and during the night a large number of yachts, both sail and steam, made their way into the harbor and anchored off the club house. Saturday morning was calm enough, with a light S.W. wind. The fleet made its way easily to the starting line off the mouth of the harbor, the racing craft being:

	Length.	Start.
SCHOONERS—95FT. CLASS		
Colonia, C. A. Postley	93.32	.. .. ..
Emerald, J. R. Maxwell	90.47	.. .. ..
Amorita, W. G. Brokaw	74.82	.. .. ..
SCHOONERS—85FT. CLASS		
Iroquois, H. C. Rouse	Not meas.	.. .. ..
Elsemarie, J. B. King	Not meas.	.. .. ..
SPECIAL CLASS.		
Mirth II., J. W. Beekman	.. ..	.. .. ..
Eidolon, C. E. Diefenthaler	.. ..	.. .. ..
Wasp, H. L. Lippitt	.. ..	.. .. ..
Norota, F. M. Hoyt	.. ..	.. .. ..
Drusilla, Col. A. C. Tyler	.. ..	.. .. ..
Uvira, E. N. Lockwood	.. ..	.. .. ..
CUTTERS—43FT. CLASS.		
Eidolon, C. E. Diefenthaler	.. ..	Not timed.
Norota, F. M. Hoyt	.. ..	Not timle.
Drusilla, Col. A. C. Tyler	.. ..	12 40 00
Mirth II., J. W. Beekman	.. ..	12 40 00
34FT. SPECIAL CLASS.		
Dragoon, F. M. Freeman	34.00	.. .. ..
Vorant II., G. G. Tyson	34.00	.. .. ..
Acushla, Hanan Bros	34.00	.. .. ..
30FT. SPECIAL CLASS.		
Wawa, James Stillman	30.00	.. .. ..
Esperanza, A. S. Van Wickle	30.00	.. .. ..
Musine, Jos. M. MacDonough	30.00	.. .. ..
Caroline, Pembroke Jones	30.00	.. .. ..
Mai, O. H. Jennings	30.00	.. .. ..
Hero, Ralph N. Ellis	30.00	.. .. ..
Asahi, Bayard Thayer	30.00	.. .. ..
Vaquero III., Herman Duryea	30.00	.. .. ..
CUTTERS AND SLOOPS, 30FT. CLASS.		
Feydeh, E. D. Cowman	29.50	.. .. ..
Twilight	27.70	.. .. ..

SLOOPS, 25FT. CLASS.

Dodo, E. M. Townsend, Jr.	25.85	.. .. ..	
Secret, R. C. Townsend.		.. .. ..	
Nameless, R. C. Wetmore	24.92	.. .. ..	
Vaquero II., W. B. Duncan, Jr.		.. .. ..	
Bogie, C. J. Stevens	20.00	.. .. ..	

SPECIAL 21FT. CLASS.

Houri, E. B. Hart, Jr	21.00	.. .. ..	
Vaquero I., W. G. Brokaw	21.00	.. .. ..	
Celia, C. A. Gould	21.00	.. .. ..	

15FT. CLASS.

Vesper, Paul Butler	15.00	12 45 00	
El Heirie, C. H. Crane	15.00	12 45 00	
Microbe, H. D. Seeley	15.00	12 45 00	
Ideal, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr	15.00	12 45 00	
Paprika, C. S. Hoyt	15.00	12 45 00	
Hope, Arthur Iselin	15.00	12 45 00	
Riverside, Riverside Syndicate	15.00	12 45 00	

CABIN CATS—30FT. CLASS.

Onaway, S. C. Perie	26.48	12 45 00	
Oconee, C. T. Pierce	26.00	12 45 00	
Molly Bawn, F. M. Brown	28.00	12 45 00	
Volsung, DeF. Johnson		12 45 00	

CABIN CATS—25FT. CLASS.

Mary II., W. E. Elsworth	24.10	12 45 00	
Jonquil, F. M. Warner	22.00	12 45 00	
Ethel, F. S. Bergen	21.40	12 45 00	
Weasel, F. E. Ferris	24.85	12 45 00	
Presto, F. M. Randall	22.60	12 45 00	
Drift, C. T. Pierce	23.60	12 45 00	
Grace	21.40	12 45 00	

CABIN CATS—20FT. CLASS.

Orienta, A. D. Bell	16.05	12 45 00	
Alice, G. G. Frey	19.85	12 45 00	

Wasp and Uvira, having no competitors, were placed in a special class with the 43-footers for an extra prize, the regular prizes being also given in the 43ft. class. Iroquois and Elsemarie went in without allowance, on even time. Bogie, having no competitor, was obliged to go up into the 25ft. class. Nearly all the yachts have raced before and are well known. Secret is a new craft designed by her owners, Messrs. Townsend, and sailing her first race with a suit of sails borrowed from the old sloop Blonde, her own not being ready. Bogie is the new bulb-fin 30-footer, designed by W. P. Stephens, with the same rig as Ideal and Ethelwynn. Vaquero II. is the Herreshoff 21½-rater so successfully raced in the Solent last year by H. B. Duryea.

The start was made in three divisions: a time start at 12:35 for all schooners and cutters of 36ft. and over; a one-gun start at 12:40 for the 34, 30 and 21ft. special and 25ft. classes, and a one-gun start at 12:45 for all other classes.

There was but a light S.W. wind to work in, but the fleet of 53 yachts went away promptly without fouling, the big ones being timed:

Wasp	12 35 33	Mirth II.	12 38 55
Elsemarie	12 36 31	Drusilla	12 39 06
Uvira	12 37 13	Amorita	12 39 06
Eidolon	12 37 27	Colonia	12 39 14
Iroquois	12 38 00	Emerald (handicapped)	12 40 00
Norota	12 38 34	Indolent	12 40 00

The yachts sailing the Sound course had a close reach to the Greenwich Point mark, Wasp and Elsemarie, both with a good start, leading the way and gaining on the fleet. The mark was timed:

Wasp	1 20 25	Colonia	1 33 30
Elsemarie	1 25 00	Iroquois	1 34 29
Eidolon	1 25 53	Amorita	1 36 44
Uvira	1 27 50	Emerald	1 39 47
Norota	1 28 35	Drusilla	1 43 09

The yachts which sailed the Shippan course turned the mark at the Cow's Buoy as follows after reaching across the Sound under balloon jibs:

Hera		Ideal	2 02 53
Acushla		Paprika	2 06 33
Dragoon		Microbe	2 09 46
El Heirie	1 58 36	Vesper	2 10 36
Riverside	2 01 04		

The fleet set spinakers to one side or the other and drifted with most exasperating slowness in a calm. Microbe gave up and took a tow from a launch for Larchmont. The entire fleet rounded the last mark, the times as far as taken being:

Elsemarie		Musme	2 40 10
Hera	2 29 15	Acushla	2 32 31
Vaquero III.	2 36 20	Dragoon	2 35 20
Asahi	2 36 44	Vorant II.	2 37 25
Wawa	2 37 54	Feydeh	2 40 45
Mai	2 38 30	Twilight	2 47 25
Carolina	2 38 45	Wasp	3 05 50
Esperanza	2 39 31	Uvira	3 25 20

Bogie led her classmates and also the 21-footers over two legs of the course. Riverside and El Heirie were close together at the mark. Elsemarie had spun out a very long lead not only on her classmate, but on Colonia, Amorita and Emerald.

The last leg was to windward in a flat calm, with a flood tide in the Sound. Elsemarie worked out far to the northwest and did well by it. Colonia managed to outsail Emerald in the very light air and got well to windward of her.

The 30-footers separated in all directions. Riverside led El Heirie and they had a hot fight well out in the Sound for several hours. Vesper picked up Ideal on the wind, but soon dropped astern. Ideal profited by the experience of the week, and made one long starboard tack for the Long Island shore, fetching under the east end of Lloyd's Neck about 5 P. M. By this time Riverside and El Heirie had lost all the wind out in the Sound and were drifting. Vesper had cast off-shore for luck, but failed to find it, and Paprika and Hope were astern of the fleet.

At 5:24:17 Elsemarie managed to reach the line, where the signal to finish was set, followed by Colonia and Wasp, with Dragoon and Vaquero III. later. About this time El Heirie and Riverside, close together, lowered jibs and took a line from El Heirie's launch; kindly going a long way out of their course to pick up Ideal. By the time they reached her and proffered a line she had caught the first puffs of the long-looked-for shore breeze, and setting a balloon jib was almost able to keep up with the launch Astern of her were Bogie, Vaquero II., Celia and a lot more, all catching the breeze off the mouth of Huntington Bay. It was a long way to the line, but now the flood was making fast and helped them in. Paprika very pluckily hung out for second prize.

The times of those which finished were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS—95FT. CLASS.				
Colonia	12 39 14	6 05 45	5 26 31	5 26 31
Amorita	12 39 06	7 21 05	6 41 59	. .. ..
SCHOONERS—85FT. CLASS.				
Elsemarie	12 36 31	6 00 48	5 24 17	5 24 17
Iroquois	12 38 00	8 05 54	7 27 54	. .. ..
CUTTERS—60FT. CLASS.				
Wasp	12 35 53	6 16 20	5 40 27	5 40 27
Uvira	12 37 13	7 12 14	6 35 01	. .. ..
CUTTERS—43FT. CLASS.				
Norota	12 38 34	7 04 55	6 26 21	. .. ..
Drusilla	. .. ..	7 50 08	. .. ..	. .. ..
34FT CLASS—START 12:40.				
Dragoon	. .. ..	6 30 34	5 50 34	. .. ..
Vorant II.	. .. ..	7 15 15	6 35 15	. .. ..
30FT CLASS—START 12:40.				
Vaquero III.	. .. ..	6 33 20	5 53 20	. .. ..
Hera	. .. ..	6 36 20	5 56 20	. .. ..
Esperanza	. .. ..	6 39 10	5 59 10	. .. ..
Mai	. .. ..	6 40 55	6 00 55	. .. ..
Carolina	. .. ..	7 15 20	6 35 20	. .. ..
Musme	. .. ..	7 20 26	6 40 36	. .. ..
30FT. CLASS—START 12:40				
Twilight	. .. ..	7 07 30	6 27 30	. .. ..
25FT. CLASS—START 12:40.				
Bogie	. .. ..	7 55 57	7 15 57	. .. ..
Vaquero II.	. .. ..	8 15 10	7 35 10	. .. ..
Nameless	. .. ..	8 17 30	7 37 30	. .. ..
21FT. SPECIAL CLASS—START 12:40.				
Houri	. .. ..	7 39 46	6 59 46	. .. ..
Vaquero I.	. .. ..	7 46 21	7 06 21	. .. ..
15FT. CLASS START 12:45.				
Ideal	. .. ..	7 51 51	7 06 51	. .. ..
Paprika	. .. ..	8 03 07	7 18 07	. .. ..
Hope	. .. ..	8 13 10	7 28 10	. .. ..
CABIN CATS, 30FT CLASS—START 14:45.				
Volsung	. .. ..	7 08 55	6 23 55	. .. ..
Onaway	. .. ..	7 19 18	6 34 18	. .. ..
Oconee	. .. ..	7 23 15	6 38 15	. .. ..
Molly Bawn	. .. ..	7 45 49	7 00 49	. .. ..
CABIN CATS, 25FT. CLASS—START 12:45.				
Mary II.	. .. ..	7 43 26	6 58 26	. .. ..
Weasel	. .. ..	8 06 18	7 21 18	. .. ..
Drift	. .. ..	8 08 43	7 23 43	. .. ..
Ethel	. .. ..	8 23 23	7 38 23	. .. ..
CABIN CATS, 20FT. CLASS—START 12:45.				
Alice	. .. ..	8 26 18	7 41 18	. .. ..

Elsemarie wins the Cruger cup, and Vaquero III. the Leland challenge cup. The class prizes go to Colonia 1st; Wasp 1st; Norota 1st, and also 2d in the special class; Drusilla 2d; Dragon 1st; Vaquero III. 1st, Hera 2d; Twilight 1st; Bogie 1st; Houri 1st; Ideal 1st, Paprika 2d; Volsung 1st, Onaway 2d; Mary II. 1st, Weasel 2d; Alice 1st.

The race committee—Messrs. Cromwell, Sherman, Wetmore, Kerr and Dresser—were on the club steamer Dunderberg. The only notable feature of the race was the fast work of Elsemarie under such adverse conditions.

Winthrop Y. C. Open Race.

GREAT HEAD—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, June 27.

THE open race of the Winthrop Y. C. on June 27 fared badly on account of the light S.E. breeze, only 40 yachts starting out of 100 entries, but a race was made in all classes. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Harbinger, W. F. Bache	28.04	2 10 15	1 44 24
Emma C., P. A. Coupal	29.05	2 11 25	1 46 27
Ida J., F. E. Beckman	28.11	2 14 48	1 49 27
Arbutus, J. F. Small	29.11	2 23 30	1 58 56
Beatrice, John Cavanagh	25.06	2 41 40	2 13 17
SECOND CLASS.			
Gleaner, F. O. Wellington	23.00	1 42 40	1 15 10
Tacoma, S. N. Small	22.00	1 44 80	1 15 59
Romance, L. D. Sears	24.04	1 43 23	1 17 08
Satanic, Wm. Daly, Jr.	22.07	1 48 30	1 20 35
Clara, Walter Burgess	24.10	1 46 32	1 20 44
Alma, C. A. Henry	23.09	1 50 20	1 23 33
Swirl, H. M. Faxon	21.07	1 54 12	1 25 14
Raccoon, C. D. Lanning	21.06	1 59 20	1 30 17
Privateer, A. E. Schaaf	23.07	1 57 27	1 30 30
Erycina, E. A. Cook	24.03	1 57 17	1 31 11
Rex, J. B. Farrell	24.00	1 59 20	1 32 46
THIRD CLASS.			
Rooster, Adams Bros.	19.08	1 38 06	1 10 52
Harriet, L. T. Harrington	20.07	1 49 10	1 22 52
Arab, W. F. Scott	18.01	1 54 20	1 25 20
Wawanda, Benner et al	19.11	1 52 40	1 25 42
Evadne, N. W. Pitts	18.11	1 55 07	1 27 04
Eclipse, C. H. Myrick	20.01	2 58 08	1 38 20
FOURTH CLASS			
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	17.06	1 54 28	1 24 45
Fantasy, Wm. Allerton	15.09	2 00 27	1 28 25
Sphinx, Arthur Keith	17.11	1 58 09	1 28 48
Circe, F. B. Pigeon	16.05	2 00 10	1 29 04
Jonah, N. B. Stone	16.05	2 13 04	1 41 58
FIFTH CLASS			
Katydid, C. B. Pear	14.00	1 27 41	1 02 54
Elsa, H. M. Crane	14.08	1 28 40	1 04 39
Velma, Theo. Hallett	14.09	1 32 33	1 08 37
Princess, Gay and Ware	14.06	1 33 03	1 08 51
Unknown, A. Martin		1 39 12	1 15 27
15FT. CLASS.			
Anita, S. N. Small	15.00	1 40 40	. .. ..
——, J. J. Moebs	15.00	1 43 47	. .. ..
Meston, L. S. Meston	15.00	1 44 10	. .. ..
Wee Two, H. N. Ridgeway	15.00	1 58 02	. .. ..
Chick, C. E. Leighton	15.00	1 58 10	. .. ..
Black Cat, L. T. Harrington	15.00	1 58 40	. .. ..

The judges were: Com. G. E. Leighton, chairman, ex-Com. J. S. Cushing, ex-Com. A. W. Torrey, ex-Com. H. E. Turner, ex-Com. G. C. Abbott, Fleet Capt. A. T. Bliss, Capt. H. P. Morrissey, F. P. Norton, Com. C. F. Morrill, S. B. Y. C.; Com. Hartford Davenport, D. Y. C.; Com. Elmer E. Gray, J. Y. C.; Com. C. F. Pettingill, Q. Y. C.; Com. N. P. Morton, P. Y. C.; Com. Wm. Fessenden, O. C. Y. C.; H. C. Morse, G. L. Cade, secretaries.

The first race of the Winthrop Y. C. "one-design" class was sailed on June 20, as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
No. 4, E. E. Randall	7 08 00	7 40 25	0 32 35
No. 11, A. Ridgeway	7 08 00	7 41 00	0 33 00
No. 10, Luther Harrington	7 08 00	7 41 35	0 33 35
No. 5, Com. Leighton	7 08 00	7 42 10	0 34 10

The Evasion of Waterline Measurement.

THE following letter calls attention to a matter that has been more or less under discussion for several seasons, and has this year demanded more notice than ever before through the increasing number and the monstrous proportions of what yachtsmen term "freaks."

NEW YORK, June 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish to call your attention to a rule of measurement which you will find in the book of rules of the Long Island Yacht Racing Union, on page 5, Rule II., as follows:

"A form, resulting from the cutting away of the fair line of the stem, sternpost or the ridge of the counter, for the apparent purpose of shortening the load waterline, shall be measured between fair lines."

This rule can be applied to a number of "freak" boats to the advantage of racing yachtsmen who do not care to build "freaks," and who are now compelled to give time allowance to larger boats, which by reason of their peculiar build and the non-enforcement of the above rule are enabled to cheat the rule of measurement.

In the FOREST AND STREAM of June 13 is given a description of two ½-raters, which no doubt will exceed the 15ft. sailing length of this class if measured according to the above rule. WM. E. ELSWORTH.

We are heartily in sympathy with the spirit of the rule as quoted, and would like to see it enforced fairly but firmly by every yacht club in the country; at the same time we can see certain difficulties in applying it. There is one case, the one originally contemplated, as nearly as we can ascertain, in the framing of the rule years ago, in which its application is an easy matter, that such as came up some three years ago in Detroit, in which the City of the Straits (the yacht of that numerous name, and not the City of Detroit) sought to secure a fictitious measurement by sawing notches out of the stem and counter just about the waterline. The evasion and intent were so palpable that the decision should have been a matter of course; but the question was referred to the New York Y. C., and the opinion of its measurer, to whom it was finally submitted, was that the measurement must be taken between points on the fair line of the stem and counter, such as would be made by placing a batten against them.

The evil, as it is coming into existence to-day, is of a somewhat different nature, the old keel contour, made up of nearly straight lines and long, bold curves, either concave or convex, has given place to all sorts of freak jogs and angles, some for one purpose and some for another. In some cases it might be possible to apply the rule without question, as in the case mentioned, but in the majority the curves, though short and abrupt, still keep within the technical definition of a "fair line." In the first case, of the square jog cut in the stem, it would be manifestly impossible to bend a batten, however thin, into the opening; but in such craft as the Knot In It, to which our correspondent alludes, a batten might be bent from the heel of the sternpost to the stemhead. True, it would need to be very thin at one point, but still we may at least assume for the sake of argument, even if such is not the actual fact, that the keel contour is a "fair line," in that it can be thus described by a batten. The intent is obvious, but in the majority of cases it would be difficult to disqualify a yacht as the rule is now worded.

While we are strongly against such evasions, and approve decidedly of legislation against them should it prove necessary, we are by no means convinced that such tricks are of any benefit. With a measurement properly taken, that is, with crew and all proper weights aboard, there is a very small margin for any cheating of the waterline measurement; the main trouble comes in under the present system of measuring without all weights aboard. Anyone who watched Knot In It bobbing around the course in the races of last week, apparently making a painful effort to get herself down into the water where she should be, but would not go, must have recognized that if her proportions of about 10ft. waterline and 380ft. of sail were possible in the class, a far better boat could be designed by abandoning the futile attempt to get the upper part of the hull into the water when sailing The boat was seriously handicapped by the weight and the great windage of deck and topsides that she could never immerse unless when laid flat by a squall, and so far on her side that speed would be impossible As the facts were, she really sailed on a short, round and hard lee line, instead of the long easy one which she was supposed to have.

Kittie IIIII is another example. It is not yet known that either boat will measure into the class. To appearances the latter will not; but even if they do, their record in two days of light weather shows them to be hopelessly out of it with boats of moderate form and honest length measurement. Dragoon is another example. Without questioning her speed, any one who watches her under all ordinary conditions and sees her split the water from time to time with the sharp under ridge of her stem will realize that this disturbance can in no way contribute to her speed. Amorita is perhaps the fastest of the whole of this branch of the freak family, and there are many who agree with us that she might have been quite as fast with a stem that was not painful to look at.

It is true that this feature is being carried to an extreme in some of the new catboats, and apparently to advantage, to judge from their performances; but we have little fear that with the waterline fairly measured, as in England, with crew and racing weights aboard, there can be any material gain over the yacht of honest design.

Looking Backward.

IN its characteristic fashion the Boston *Herald* of June 20 has a fling at the 15ft. class, to which it misapplies the English name, as follows:

The ½-raters are not a go hereabouts (Boston), which is an indication of the sense and intelligence of our yachting men. At best they are a half-worked-out type, neither safe nor comfortable, nor do they in any way represent any ideas upon which the least beneficial information can be gained. The ½-rater is a dangerous craft, though with air-tight cans they are made to float. The pity is that even yachtsmen have been found to put money into them, when at a little more expense an out-and-out racing class might have been built from which data could be had. The ½-rater class will not be a permanent fixture on this side, for American yachtsmen do not believe in standing still.

It is sad to think how many misguided yachtsmen, or perhaps they are not real yachtsmen after all, have taken pleasure in designing, sailing and watching these boats during the spring without knowing how thoroughly bad the class is—in the opinion of the Boston *Herald*. As far as the remark about the class in Boston is concerned, it is simply arrant nonsense, as there are just about as many 15-footers in Boston as there are snakes in Ireland. The so-called "Boston boat" of the Seawanhaka trials was built by Lawley & Son, and they made a good job of her too, but she was designed by her owner, a resident of New York. Besides her, and she was afloat in Boston waters for only a few days, there is one other racing 15 footer, designed by S. N. Small, of whose merits we are not informed. There are about Boston, at Cohasset and Winthrop, a couple of dozen "one-design" 15 footers, designed and built with a low cost as the first consideration, and in no sense to be classed with such craft as those built for the real class racing, such as Ethelwnn, Trilby, Riverside, Ideal, Two Step, El Heirie, etc. Some of these boats, we know, are not of the proper design for their intended use, and none of them can be expected to make a good showing in open water beside the old class of racing yachts of 15ft. l.w.l. and unlimited sail.

The comments on the danger of the 15-footer read very funnily when we recall that this severe critic is at the same time pleading for the restoration of one of the worst types of small craft yet devised in this country, the unlimited 21-footer of 1891, boats of shoal draft, great beam, match-box construction and big rig. A man who will go outside of Half-Way Rock in such a craft in a fog, with nothing aboard but a jug of lemonade and a ton of pig lead piled on the floor, should hardly worry over the danger of racing a boat like Ethelwynn or El Heirie about the harbors of the Sound.

If the "Boston *Herald* man" had thought it worth while to attend the recent races, he might not only have learned just what a modern 15-footer is, but he could have seen clever handling that would have won his admiration, some sharp racing of a big fleet that throws into the shade the haphazard meeting of boats by couples in the large classes, and he could have filled several large note books with interesting and valuable "data" on models, sails, rig, construction and other vital points. Perhaps, too, he might have been able to explain the unlooked-for success of the bulb-fin in this class, the failure of the brute boats, the scows and the freaks and many other points not yet entirely clear. American yachtsmen do not believe in standing still, the American 15ft. class and its great advance in a single season over the English ½-rating class show that, as well as the immense amount of skill and energy displayed by the younger yachtsmen in producing and racing a fleet of 27 yachts of the same measurement.

Eastern Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, June 27.

THE first of the races of the Eastern Y. C., for the knockabout class, was sailed on June 27 off Marblehead in a light S.E. wind, the new Herreshoff boat, Cock Robin, being an easy winner. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.
Cock Robin, C. S. Eaton	21.00	2 54 06
La Chica, C. V. Souther	21.00	2 59 35
Tautog, W. O. Gay	21.00	3 07 45
Mala, Everett Paine	21.00	3 25 55
Mayona, C. O. Stearns	21.00	3 30 45
Jacktar, T. E. Jacobs	.. ..	Withdrew.
Aruna, J. H. and F. D. Lambert	.. ..	Withdrew.
Dorothy, Frank Brewster	.. ..	Withdrew.
Water Lily, H. M. Sears	.. ..	Withdrew.
Bonito, J. O. Stacey	.. ..	Withdrew.
Sally, D. C. Percival, Jr.	.. ..	Withdrew.

The steamer Nantucket followed the race with the members of the club aboard. The regatta committee included Messrs. P. T. Jackson, H. H. Buck and A. N. Rantoul. The club house and grounds were illuminated in the evening, and many guests were present to enjoy the dancing.

The Week's Races.

THE present week is a busy one about New York. On Monday the Stamford Y. C. gives a race for 30-footers, 21-footers and 15-footers, with the annual regatta of the Pavonia Y. C.; on Tuesday are the special races of the Indian Harbor Y. C. at Greenwich; on Wednesday the Corinthian fleet of New Rochelle will hold its special races for 30-footers and 15-footers; on Thursday are the special races of the Horseshoe Harbor Y. C., of Larchmont; on Friday the annual regatta of the New Rochelle Y. C., and on Saturday the annual regatta of the Larchmont Y. C.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Jessica, cutter, is under charter to W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.

Kathleen, cutter, has been sold by Tams & Lemoine to H. C. Hopkins.

Constellation, schr., has been chartered by Bayard Thayer to G. W. Weld.

Bedouin, cutter, has been sold through Tams & Lemoine by Samuel Mather to J. Murray Mitchell.

WASHINGTON, June 21.—When President Cleveland arrives at Gray Gables for his summer vacation he will find his vapor launch newly painted and renamed Three Sisters. Last year, when the President and Mrs. Cleveland bought this launch, they christened it Two Sisters, and this name was inscribed on the stern, but another daughter claims attention now, and this led to the change in the name of the boat, this suggestion having been made by Mrs. Cleveland before starting for Buzzard's Bay.—*Chicago Daily Tribune.*

The new steam yacht Kanawha, designed and built by Charles L. Seabury & Co., Nyack, for John P. Duncan, N. Y. Y. C., made her official trial trip on June 23. The guaranteed speed in contract was 16 miles per hour for three consecutive hours over a measured course, and without the least trouble she attained a speed of 17 miles per hour for the time mentioned, everything working to perfection. The engine is a Seabury design, triple expansion, and the boiler of Seabury's latest improved type. The principal dimensions of Kanawha are: 140ft. over all, 115ft. waterline, 17ft. beam, 7ft. draft. Capt. William A. Miller is in charge.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, Wm. R. Huntington, Rome, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., Thos. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. M. Dater, 307 Adelphi street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Central Division, Geo. J. Keyes, 193 Front street, Rochester, N. Y.
Eastern Division, R. H. Hammond, Worcester, Mass.
Northern Division, Douglas H. McDougal, Toronto, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.
Annual meet, Aug. 14-28, Grindstone Island, St. Lawrence River.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

FIXTURES.

JULY.

1-8. Atlantic Division Meet, Lake Hopatcong, N. J.

Red Dragon C. C.

ON Saturday, June 13, an invitation race for mosquito boats and half-raters was scheduled by the Red Dragon C. C. for boats of the Riverton and Philadelphia yacht clubs and the Canoe Club. The half-rater race was called off because of lack of entries, only two of the Red Dragon half-raters being ready, and none of those of the other clubs. The mosquito boat race was more successful, four boats starting: Elsie, C. M. Biddle; Onawa, Norman Ellison; Ivie, C. C. Reinhard, and Michella, H. W. Mitchell.

The course was from a buoy off the Red Dragon station, at Wissinoming, to and around the Plum Point Spar Buoy, sailed over twice, making 12 miles. The course was nearly a dead beat from the club house buoy to the Plum Point Buoy, and Elsie finished first in 2h. 31m. 5s.; Ivie second, 2h. 32m. 25s. Regatta committee: W. J. Scott, John M. Hamilton, H. E. Bachmann, Omar Shallcross and E. W. Crittenden.

The thirteenth annual spring regatta belied its unlucky number, being very successful, with plenty of good racing. The events resulted as follows:

1. Maneuvering and upset sailing, won by A. S. Fenimore, canoe Smuggler.

2. Single paddling, double blades, decked sailing canoes: First, E. W. Crittenden; second, F. L. Wise; third, H. E. Bachman; fourth, F. M. Crittenden. This was won by a length, half a length between first and second.

3. Tandem paddling, double blades, decked sailing canoes: This race had but two entries. F. L. Wise and H. M. Rogers finished first, E. W. and F. M. Crittenden second. Won by about half a length.

4. Tandem paddling, single blades, open canoes: This race was the best of the day, being in doubt to the very finish. R. G. Fleischmann and H. E. Bachmann finished first by a good spurt, but were disqualified for passing outside the buoy marking the end of the finish line instead of inside. E. W. and F. M. Crittenden got square with Wise and Rogers for the previous beating by winning out for second, but were awarded first because of the disqualification of the other crew.

5. Hand paddling failed of entries, and was called off.

6. Upset paddling: Frank Crittenden won after upsetting twice, once at the signal and once afterward when he didn't intend it. F. L. Wise second.

7. Tub race: This race, because of the scarcity of tubs and the number of entries, was run, or paddled in heats. First heat: H. M. Rogers finished. E. W. Crittenden and Wise stopped on the way to inspect the bottoms of their tubs after they had capsized. Second heat: Bachmann finished and Fenimore and Lloyd Titus capsized. Final heat: Rogers won, Bachmann second. This race illustrates the beauty of having an accommodating regatta committee. The course was about 40yds. out from the float and return. Hamilton, owner of the mighty half-rater Imp, acted as the buoy and referee seated in a small canoe, Wasp XXXIII, about the size of a pumpkin seed, and incidentally did the life-saving act when Titus concluded to take a dive head first into the mud to see what had become of his tub. The tide was running out at this time and there was only about 3ft. of water at the float. Titus didn't find his tub, but when he came up he was a sight.

The last event was the time-honored tournament, and Titus, with Fenimore as paddler, helped somebody else get dirty by punching Crittenden out of his canoe twice in succession, upsetting the canoe each time.

Refreshments were served after the races, and later as many as cared to brave the heat danced waltzes and two-steps *ad lib.* till the time for the last train.

The prominent guests were Horatio Page, of New York; Vice-Com. Hand, of the A. C. A.; Jimmie, he of the curly locks like a slice of burnished gold, the genial smile and the coochee-coochee dance, and W. C. Lawrence, of the Park Island C. A., Algonquin C. C., etc., etc.

The first of a series of three Club Record races was held on Saturday, June 27, for two classes: canoe yawls and half-raters. The course was from off the club house, at Wissinoming, to and around a buoy three miles up the river. The starters were as follows:

Half-raters: Feather, F. W. Noyes; Dragon, W. J. Scott; E-Cho, A. S. Fenimore and J. E. Murray; Imp, Jno. M. Hamilton.

Canoe yawls: Nixie, H. E. Bachmann; Tadpole, R. G. Fleischmann; Olie, E. W. Crittenden.

The start was at 3:46:22 P. M., with a very light wind from the west, making the start a broad reach. Tadpole was first over the line, with Feather and Imp close behind. The wind shortly hauled to the southwest, enabling spinakers to be set to port. Dragon rounded the mark first, followed by E-Cho and Tadpole. On the beat back Dragon still did the best work and crossed the line first at 5:34:00 P. M., Imp second at 5:41:28; Feather third, at 5:42:08. Nixie finished first of the yawls at 5:43:17; Olie second, at 5:47:55. Tadpole withdrew.

SUMMARY—HALF-RATERS.

	Elapsed.
Dragon, first, 5 points	1 47 38
Imp, second, 3 points	1 55 06
Feather, third, 1 point	1 55 26

CANOE YAWLS.

Nixie, first, 5 points	1 56 55
Olie, second, 3 points	2 01 33

Of the above boats Dragon is a Stephens "scarecrow" with Linton Hope board, and Imp was designed and built by Clapham. Nixie was designed and built by her owner. M. D. WILT.

Atlantic Division Meet.

To the Members of the Atlantic Division:

The meager responses to the previous circular sent out by your committee will not warrant the engagement of a canal boat for the transportation of canoes and duffle from New York and vicinity, nor the scheme of a general mess for the use of members at the camp at Lake Hopatcong, July 1 to 8.

It is hoped that a sufficient number will signify their intention of being present at the camp with canoes and duffle to warrant the use of a lighter to make the rounds of the clubs near New York, and transfer the canoes and duffle to a baggage car at Hoboken; from there the car will go to Hopatcong, stopping at Newark for the equipage of members along the Passaic River. The cost of the lighter for one day—June 30—will be in the neighborhood of $30, and it will depend upon the responses received whether your committee will engage the boat or not. The charge for the car will be nominal if eighteen full-fare tickets at $1.30 each are taken from Hoboken to Hopatcong. The cost of transportation from the railroad at Hopatcong to the camp will be slight. The cost for return transportation will be about the same.

Camp will open on the afternoon of July 1. Members are urgently requested to be present, if not for the whole time, at least for Saturday and Sunday, July 4 and 5. It is proposed to hold the annual meeting of the Atlantic Division at the camp on the evening of July 4.

The following programme has been prepared by the regatta committee, subject to change in order of events:

1. Sailing race, 3 miles, limited to 80ft. rig and to canoes having 40in. cockpit; canvas, etc., cockpits barred.
2. Paddling race, ½ mile, open canoes, single blade.
3. Elliott Sailing Trophy race, 9 miles, 130ft. rig or under.
4. Paddling race, ½ mile, for lap-streak decked canoes.
5. Combined race, 3 miles; alternately ½ mile sailing and ½ mile paddling.
6. Hurry-scurry race.
7. Sailing race, 6 miles, 100ft. rig, handicap sealed.
8. Paddling-tandem race, open canoes, ½ mile, double blade.
9. Paddling race, ½ mile, decked canoes, double blades.
10. Sailing race, 6 miles, 130ft. limit to rig.

As previously advised, arrangements will be made for storage and sleeping tents for members arriving without duffle, but it is hoped that enough members will be present with canoes and their own equipage to make the regatta a success and to give a good appearance to the camp.

If twenty favorable responses are received by the undersigned prior to Monday, June 29, the lighter and car will be engaged, and notice of time when lighter will call for canoes and duffle and when the car will leave Hoboken (stopping *en route* at Newark) will be sent to each member so advising. JAMES K. HAND, Vice-Com.

NEW YORK, June 22.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
Arthur F. Whitman	Boston	——

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Ely Buell	Rochester, N. Y.	——
Hiram C Hoyt	Rochester, N. Y.	——
Thomas Brown, Jr.	Scottsville, N. Y.	——
Alger A. Conger	Gouverneur, N. Y.	——

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Robert R. Bryant	Lake Hopatcong	Lake Hopatcong.

Steam Yachts and Marine Machinery.
COMPLETE machinery "outfits" for boat builders, made by Marine Iron Works, Chicago. Light draft work a specialty. Catalogue free.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

MEMBERS of the Presque Isle (Pa.) Rifle Club had a 200yd. practice shoot June 20, some excellent scores being made, the honors being carried off by Shafer with a score of 80 out of a possible 100. The score is from the American standard target, 7-ring black, and in detail is as follows:

Shafer	9	9	8	4	8	10	8	7	8	9—80
	5	8	3	8	10	7	10	7	5	9—71
	7	8	5	10	6	5	6	6	8	7—68
Stidham	10	9	6	5	7	10	5	5	5	10—72
	7	6	7	7	10	6	7	6	10	7—72
	9	8	10	7	4	5	7	7	7	6—70
Germann	7	9	5	9	7	7	9	7	8	7—75
	9	8	5	10	4	9	6	7	6	10—74
	7	6	10	7	8	7	8	4	5	9—71
Treiber	9	9	6	7	9	7	8	7	6	4—74
	4	9	6	7	9	6	5	6	8	10—70
	6	7	5	9	6	6	8	6	9	8—70
Bacon	4	9	10	10	7	4	6	8	10	6—74
	8	8	5	9	5	7	8	4	8	7—69
	5	6	5	8	10	3	7	6	6	9—63
Batton	9	5	4	8	7	7	4	5	5	6—60
	6	7	6	5	5	4	9	9	3	6—60
	7	3	8	1	8	6	7	6	10	3—59
Rahn	7	2	6	3	9	6	10	6	6	6—61
	4	3	6	10	6	9	7	6	6	3—60
	5	6	5	5	8	4	4	3	6	10—55
Wheeler	8	8	6	5	6	7	8	4	5	6—63
	7	9	5	6	3	5	3	4	7	7—56
	5	2	5	5	6	5	6	7	8	6—57
W Leyer	6	4	6	6	6	6	5	6	10	7—62
	6	6	10	4	6	7	5	8	6	8—66
	4	5	9	4	8	9	8	5	6	7—65
J F Seyer	4	8	6	4	6	8	6	3	6	4—55
	8	5	9	4	10	7	6	8	10	3—73
	5	5	9	6	5	9	5	8	8	9—69
Ormsby	4	2	4	10	6	2	8	7	3	6—52
	5	5	3	3	9	6	4	2	6	2—45
	3	9	3	4	4	3	3	5	2	4—40
Noyes	7	2	4	4	8	6	6	7	2	4—50
	3	7	6	1	6	2	2	3	4	2—36

A cup has been donated to the club to be known as the Keystone Championship cup, to be shot for on the Fourth of July. The club will hold an all-day shoot on that day at their range at Berkencamp's farm.

June 27.—Below are the scores of to-day's regular practice shoot. The weather was hardly favorable for good scores, the wind being very changeable:

Germann	6	8	8	4	10	9	7	10	8	4—74
	5	8	5	6	8	10	9	6	8	7—72
	5	9	6	7	8	10	8	5	8	5—71
Stidham	9	9	7	10	6	9	5	5	9	6—75
	5	7	7	7	10	9	8	6	6	6—71
	10	6	8	9	8	6	5	6	4	7—69
W J Leyer	9	4	4	10	8	10	8	7	6	6—72
	6	5	5	8	6	8	9	7	7	10—71
	4	4	10	7	9	8	7	4	5	7—65
Shafer	6	10	8	9	7	6	8	7	4	6—71
	6	7	8	8	8	6	6	7	5	6—67
	8	5	5	7	7	6	5	8	9	7—67
Wheeler	6	5	6	9	6	8	10	7	8	8—72
	4	5	4	7	19	8	9	7	6	8—66
	9	5	6	10	5	5	5	5	5	7—62
Bacon	7	4	8	7	7	9	5	6	8	5—66
	4	9	6	8	3	5	7	10	5	7—64
	3	5	7	4	7	7	10	9	4	7—63
Treiber	5	9	7	8	6	6	5	7	6	9—68
	6	6	9	6	5	4	7	7	7	9—66
	4	7	8	7	3	9	10	7	3	7—65
Strangway	5	8	9	10	7	6	5	4	9	7—71
	4	6	5	5	8	6	6	9	8	9—66
	2	7	5	6	6	8	8	5	10	4—60
Patton	3	8	7	9	7	7	5	4	8	8—66
	8	6	6	8	8	4	6	6	5	7—64
	9	5	1	5	10	5	1	8	6	7—55
Hunter	10	5	7	6	5	6	5	8	6	2—60
	6	3	9	10	7	6	10	5	7	6—69
	5	6	4	5	6	2	9	6	8	7—59
J F Leyer	8	6	5	10	6	7	5	6	3	4—60
	5	9	6	9	4	4	6	6	3	4—56
	2	4	7	6	10	7	4	8	5	3—56
Shenk	2	7	5	2	2	7	3	6	6	6—46
	6	4	10	1	3	2	3	3	4	1—37

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The weather conditions at Shell Mound were not the best at yesterday's shoot.

The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club's members turned out in goodly numbers, several attending from Mount Eden. On the rifle range a number of fine scores were made, particularly in the 3-shot Unfred diamond medal match. Burfeind's best score (Columbia target) was 2, 4, 2—8. He was tied by McLaughlin with 5, 1, 3—8. On the military medal match (Columbia target, Creedmoor count) F. O. Young carried off the honors with 45 out of 50. Young was also high on the 10-shot record medal match on 51. The rifle scores were as follows:

Target rifle, Unfred medal, 3 shots: D. W. McLaughlin 8, H. H. Burfeind 8, F. O. Young 13, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 14.

Military rifle, Glindermann medal, 10 shots: F. O. Young 45, J. P. Bean 40, J. Meyer 38.

Rifle record, 10 shots: F. E. Mason 84, F. O. Young 51.

Champion class, for members only: D. W. McLaughlin 56, F. O. Young 69, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 70, A. H. Burfeind 82, P. Bohr 117.

First class: O. A. Bremer 77, A. B. Dorrell 85, H. R. Crane 86, F. E. Mason 91, F. Baumgartner 99.

Second class: J. E. Gorman 96, F. Dennis 119, A. H. Hesse 144, W. F. Unfred 185.

One of the most enthusiastic .22cal. rifle shots is E. Jacobson, and he became so proficient with the little rifle at 50yds. that he was anxious for a match. Smith Carr preferred. He wanted to meet the latter because Carr is in the front ranks in this style of shooting. The two met on the range yesterday, and in a short time they arranged a small purse on a 50-shot contest. There was great interest manifested in the event. For a time it looked as though Carr was going to win, but Jacobson on his last string succeeded in hitting the inch center five out of ten times and pulled out 12 points ahead, as seen by the annexed score:

E Jacobson	6223222323—27	S Carr	2221321143—21
	3162242222—26		3542242534—34
	4333121235—27		2552322121—25
	1333432123—26		1261542212—26
	1141141223—20—126		3635121542—32—138

The markers on the 50yd. pistol range were kept busy all day, for besides the regular record contests there were a number of new members at practice. Even in their brief experience the new additions to the club give promise of becoming fine shots who will worry the older men. The pistol records were as follows:

Champion class, 10 shots: E. Gorman 42, C. M. Daiss 60, F. O. Young 64.

First class, 10 shots: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 54, F. Baumgartner 62, M. J. White 67, F. Dennis 79, A. B. Dorrell 81, D. W. McLaughlin 105.

Second Class, 10 shots: E. Jacobson 55, F. E. Mason 65, Dr. Robertson 106, O. A. Bremer 113, A. H. Hess 141, W. Unfred 169.

Pistol, Blanding medal, open to all competitors, 3 shots: C. M. Daiss 8, 12, J. E. Gorman 10, 11, F. O. Young 16, 18, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 14, 16.

The Columbia target gives the most perfect satisfaction for all-round target work. This club has experts in all styles of shooting—target rifle, military rifle, .22cal. rifle, pistol and revolver, and the ½in. rings answer every requirement. ROEEL.

Rifle Club Constitutions.

WE would be obliged if secretaries of rifle clubs would favor us with copies of constitutions and shooting rules, that we may send them to other clubs seeking such information.

Baltimore Claims no Dates.

ELLICOTT CITY, Md., June 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was authorized in May last to claim the second week in October, 1896, for a tournament in Baltimore. Since then certain contingencies have arisen that make it impossible to carry out the programme as at that time made and provided, and I hereby withdraw any claim to the second week in October, and from any personal connection with a tournament in Baltimore at that time. SAMUEL J. FORT, M.D.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

July 4.—SPRINGFIELD, N. J.—Annual tournament of the Union Gun Club; live birds and targets. E. D. Miller, Sec'y.

July 4.—PLEASANT HILL, Mo.—All-day shoot of the Pleasant Hill Gun Club.

July 4.—GREGORY'S POINT, Conn.—All-day shoot of the Naromake Gun Club. Targets. W. E. L. Capron, Sec'y.

July 4.—CHARLESTON, S. C.—Third annual tournament of the Palmetto Gun Club. Targets.

July 4.—NEW HAVEN, Conn.—All-day shoot of the New Haven Gun Club. Targets. W. H. Hazel, Sec'y.

July 16.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—All day shoot of the Elizabeth Gun Club, commencing 9:30 A. M. Sixth tournament of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League at 2 P. M.

July 21-22.—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—Sixth annual meeting and tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association; $165 added money. All purses divided on equitable system. John J. Sumpter, Jr., Sec'y, Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.

July 22-23.—PORTLAND, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

July 29-30.—WORCESTER, Mass.—Tournament of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club. Targets. For programmes address A. W. Walls, Worcester, Mass.

July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

Aug. 4-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company. E. S. Rice, Mgr.

Aug. 11-14.—DETROIT, Mich.—Jack Parker's sixth annual international tournament. Fuller details later.

Aug. 26-27.—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Sept.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—B. F. Smith's tournament at Audubon Park. Live birds and targets.

Sept. 2-4.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Tournament at Audubon Park. Targets and live birds. B. F. Smith, Manager.

Sept. 7.—MARION, N. J.—Sixth annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. J. A. Creveling, Sec'y.

Sept. 8-11.—HARRISBURG, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association.

Sept. 15-16.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Third annual tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Company; $750 added money.

Oct. 6-8.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Autumn tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Two days, targets; one day, pigeons and sparrows. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

1897.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK CITY.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Paul North, under date of June 23, writes as follows: "One of the shooters attending our tournament last week left the fore end of his gun on the grounds. If you will kindly mention it in your paper we will be pleased to forward it to the owner."

A gun club has been organized in Danvers, Mass., with a good membership. The officers are: President, John W. Babbitt; Vice-President, Dr. E. H. Niles; Captain, E. H. Langdon; Secretary and Treasurer, E. A. Bedell; Executive committee, the president, vice-president, captain, Frank Brown and D. S. Brown.

On Saturday, June 20, the day after the close of the Chamberlin tournament, a little match for a valuable consideration was shot on the grounds where the tournament had been held. The principals were R. E. Sheldon and Jack Winston. The conditions, 100 targets, expert rule, one-man up. Both men scored 83 out of 100, Winston losing his last target. The tie was shot off at 25 targets, Winston winning by 22 to 19.

Mr. C. O. Gardner, secretary of the newly-organized Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J., writes as follows: "The Bergen County Gun Club has been organized and incorporated with the following list of charter officers and members: Thos. Bell, President; H. D. Warner, Vice-President, C. O. Gardner, Secretary; E. A. Jackson, Treasurer; Geo. Griffiths, Captain. The club has begun under very favorable auspices and has already leased grounds and commenced to erect shooting houses, platforms, traps, etc., and will hold its initial shoot on July 4, 1896. There will be a large merchandise shoot besides other interesting events, and the fraternity are cordially invited to be present, with the assurance that the Bergen County Gun Club will give them a cordial greeting."

The season at the Hollywood (N. J.) traps was opened on Saturday last, June 27. The main event was the "Overture prize," 15 live birds, $15 entrance, handicap rise. The winner was A. L. Ivins, who killed 14 out of 15 from the 30yds. mark. Bland Ballard (30) and Phil Daly, Jr. (28) tied for second money with 13 kills. The other entries were: Fred Hoey (30) 9 out of 12, Charles Hebbard (29) 11 out of 14, F. S. Roebling (29) 11 out of 13, W. S. Edey (30) 9 out of 12, H. B. Moore (27) 7 out of 12, J. J. O'Donohue, Jr. (25) 5 out of 12.

Preparations for the big Du Pont tournament in Chicago next month are progressing rapidly. Mr. E. S. Rice, the Du Pont Co.'s Western agent, will soon have his programmes ready for distribution.

The New Haven (Conn.) Gun Club will hold an all-day shoot on July 4 at its new grounds, Cedar Hill, near the Schuetzen Park. The programme of events is a popular one, with a little added money to give it a spice.

The letter from our Baltimore correspondent, Bell Muzzle, is calculated to break ground in a question that must sooner or later be faced by the trap-shooters of this country. While we do not by any means indorse all the opinions expressed by our correspondent, there is yet a good deal to be said in behalf of some of his propositions.

EDWARD BANKS.

Pawtuxet's Club Shoot.

PAWTUXET, R. I., June 20.—The Pawtuxet Gun Club has accepted the challenge of the Rhode Island Shooting Association, and a series of shoots will take place, commencing July 9, on the grounds of the last named club. The conditions are 5-men teams, 25 birds per man, four contests, two on grounds of each club, the team scoring the most breaks out of the four shoots (500 birds) to win.

We should like to hear from any philanthropic firms or individuals who desire to contribute anything from a fine hammerless to a can of powder, as either individual or team prizes, and we can assure them that they will be thankfully accepted.

To-day's was the sixth medal shoot of the season:

Class A.

S D Greene, Jr	1111111111100111111011111—22
W H Sheldon	1111101101111111110011111—21
W H Waterman	1111110010011111111111100—20
S F Wilson	1111110010011111111010111—19
Dr Hammond	0101111111001101111111110—19
* F Fisk	1101001100111101111111010—17
W Crandall	0011001001101101010110101—13

Class B.

E C Whitaker	1011101101111111111011111—21
W Mooney	1111111110111111010011100—19
* F Sherman	1191111101110111110011001—18
W O King	0010110000101001110010001—10
H H Horton	0000110000110001001100110— 9

Class C.

H Badminton	1100101011011100010101111—16
J Armstrong	0101111010001101111100100—14
F C Graves	1010110101100111100001011—14
L W Bliss	0111010000001111110100110—13
C Thunell	1011001011000111001010011—13
A Hawkins	1100011010101001101010000—11
F Arnold	1110100111001001001000001—11
W Hawkins	1000011010000110011100100—10
R Rhodes	0000001100100001110011001— 9
H W Bain	0000010000

*Not members. W. H. SHELDON, Sec'y.

The Pittsburg Tournament.

THE circuit of 1896 may be said to have closed on June 25, the last day of the tournament held at Pittsburg, Pa., under the auspices of the Pittsburg Gun Club. Following so closely upon the heels of the successful tournament at Cleveland, O., it was only to be expected that several of the shooters taking part in that tournament would make the 130-mile trip to Pittsburg and take in the Smoky City's shoot with $500 added money. And as a matter of fact the delegation that came on from Cleveland was a large one: Rolla Heikes, C. W. Raymond, H. E. Norton, Chas. Tippy, Ralph Trimble, Jack Winston, Redwing, Edwards, Charlie Grimm, Neaf Apgar, Frank Parmelee, G. W. Sergeant, Charlie Budd, Chauncey Powers, E. D. Fulford, Will K. Park, Seth Clover, A. P. Pope, A. W. du Bray, Dick Swiveller and Jack Fanning. J. A. Flick was present on the second day, being able to spare but one day from his business.

THE GROUNDS.

The grounds were very conveniently located, being actually only six minutes' ride by trolley car from the door of the Anderson Hotel, the headquarters for shooters. In point of accessibility these grounds were superior to any on the circuit, that is, speaking from our own personal knowledge. There are many shooting grounds, however, that are more picturesquely situated.

On the wet day of this shoot the aspect of affairs was not inviting. The atmosphere was charged with moisture and smoke, the sun failing to make any impression on it. The rain too came down in quantities sufficient to stop the shooting several times. That was on the second day of the tournament. On the other two days, and also during the practice work of Monday, the sun shone down with a fervor that was more than noticeable; at the same time the brilliant sunshine caused the targets to show up very clearly against the background of smoky haze. Taking it altogether (when it was not raining) the light for target shooting was very good.

The arrangements were excellent, there being plenty of tents to shelter shooters from either the sun's rays or the rain. One tent was the property of the Herron Hill Gun Club, of Pittsburg, and all visitors were welcome. Another was the commissary tent, presided over by the genial Snowball, who dealt out meals and teetotal liquids at extremely moderate rates. A third tent was occupied by the entertainment committee of the Pittsburg Gun Club, and in it the club kept open house. As some of the boys put it, the tent was "open to all, nobody barred." A streamer on the side of this tent bore the following legend: "Pittsburg Gun Club: Sandy McPherson, Chairman; Committee: C. M. Hostetter, J. S. McIntosh and J. H. Shaffer."

A fourth tent was devoted exclusively to the housing of the visitors' guns, shells, etc. This tent was placed in charge of a trustworthy watchman during the day, his services being needed owing to the rabble of small boys, etc., who enjoyed the free show of trap-shooting. We must not be understood to include under the head of "rabble" the large crowd of spectators who daily watched the work of the visiting cracks and the locals with the most extraordinary show of interest. The way this crowd followed the "Heikes squad" and the "Indian squad" from one set of traps to another was decidedly refreshing, and showed a degree of interest in trap-shooting we have seldom, if ever, seen equaled. Elmer E. Shaner, who of course ran this shoot, had made all necessary preparations for the handling of this crowd, a strong railing that ran the whole length of the three sets of traps, together with the services of two of Pittsburg's "finest," being all that was needed to keep the crowd in its place.

A favorite lounging place for the shooters was under the large fly of a fifth tent, the cool breeze that swept under it being exceedingly grateful after one had fired 35 shots with hardly a chance to rest.

The cashier's office was made rather too small for convenience, but that was due to a mistake on the part of the carpenters who had the job on hand. Still, Fred Davison, the cashier, although short-handed, got through his work very satisfactorily. Shortly after the close of the last event on the third day everybody's money was forthcoming; all the shooters had to do was to step up and draw down what was coming to them. It is only proper to state here that the assistance rendered the cashier's department by the "lightning calculator" from Charlotte, N. C., John W. Todd, were fully and gratefully appreciated by the management. The work, too, of Will K. Park, who volunteered to act as press agent, putting the scores in a shape readily understood by the daily newspaper men, deserved and received the hearty thanks of the Pittsburg Gun Club.

THREE SETS OF TRAPS WERE USED.

Three sets of bluerock traps, with Paul North's latest electric pull attachment, were used, bluerock targets, of course, being thrown. The regular programme events were decided on Nos. 1 and 2 sets, No. 3 set being devoted to the running off of the extra events. These extra events were: On the first day the 100-target handicap race, $5 entrance, targets extra at 3 cents, a silver cup, donated by the E. C. Powder Company, going to the winner; on the second and third days, four events of 15 targets each, expert rule, one man up, were scheduled to be decided on this set; Rolla Heikes, as told below, coming out on top in these events on both days. The 100-target race was won by John H. Shaffer, who thus won the E. C. silver cup.

THE MANAGEMENT.

Everything connected with running this tournament was under the direct supervision of Elmer E. Shaner. In connection with Mr. Shaner's management it should be stated that this tournament was in no sense of the word an "Interstate tournament," it was the annual tournament of the Pittsburg Gun Club. The error made by several papers in announcing this shoot as given under the auspices of the Interstate Association was doubtless due to Mr. Shaner's connection with that association as its manager.

The entertainment committee has been mentioned above. Its duties were well performed, the various members of that body doing their level best to make all the visitors feel at home. Old Hoss (C. M. Hostetter), of course, was in his element, making many new friendships and renewing old ones. The referees were an unusually capable trio: Bill McCrickart looking after No. 2 set of traps, while Second Vice-President Harry B. Mohler, of the Herron Hill Gun Club, and Secretary Lautenslager, of the same organization, rendered the decisions at Nos. 3 and 1 sets of traps respectively.

In regard to the work of the referees, Elmer Shaner had something to say prior to the firing of the first shot on the morning of June 23. Asking the attention of the shooters for a few minutes, Mr. Shaner addressed them in words to the following effect: "Gentlemen, we have secured the services of three competent referees, who will decide all questions of 'dead' and 'lost.' Although they are not infallible, we know they are honest and we believe they are capable. At this tournament we want it well understood that 'the referee's decision is final.'" At the close of this brief address there were "cheers for Elmer."

The cashier's office has been referred to above, so nothing more need be said on that point. The scorers, both blackboard and manifold men, were as good as we have ever had the pleasure of watching, mistakes being very few and far between. It may seem an easy thing to score correctly, but to any one who thinks so we would say, "Try it for a single squad." John Wright, better known perhaps as Blinks, looked after the blackboards and put up the names of the shooters in each squad in a most artistic manner. Brother Bill McCrickart, besides acting as referee at No. 2 set of traps, was major domo and controlled the trapper boys.

Coming, as it did, at the close of a succession of large tournaments which commenced early in April, it was not to be expected that the Pittsburg Gun Club's tournament would be a record breaker. It was, however, a most successful and enjoyable gathering of shooters, and was the best shoot ever given under the auspices of one of the most progressive clubs in western Pennsylvania.

GENERAL AVERAGES.

The programme of regular events called for 175 targets, unknown angles, each day. This made a total of 525 for those who shot through the entire list of events. Owing chiefly to this large number and to the extra events on No. 3 set of traps, only 17 men shot through the programme. Fanning had the misfortune to have his gun break down on the first day, shutting him out of two events and spoiling his otherwise good work; his totals on the last two days of the shoot show what he is capable of. Bridgers, who shot up well during the tournament, missed the 10th event on the first day. No average money was offered by the club, but the top-notchers shot out for place. Heikes landed in first place by the narrow margin of 2 targets over Parmelee, Fulford coming third, with Apgar and Grimm tied for fourth place. Below are the general averages:

	Broke.	Av.		Broke.	Av.
Heikes	493	93.9	Anthony	449	85.5
Parmelee	491	93.5	Sergeant	444	84.5
Fulford	487	92.7	Trimble	435	83
Apgar	481	91.6	Todd	426	81.1
Grimm	481	91.6	W S King	421	80.1
Powers	477	90.8	McVey	415	79
Redwing	469	89.5	U M C	415	79
Budd	464	88.3	Tippy	396	75.4
Hood	455	86.6			

PRELIMINARY WORK.

As usual there was some preliminary practice work on the day prior to the commencement of the shoot. At 2 P. M. on Monday, June 22, according to promise, Elmer Shaner had everything ready for the boys to try their hands at bluerocks. There is a double purpose in this practice work: it gives shooters a chance to get accustomed to the light and background, and also enables the management to break in their trappers, scorers, referees, etc. Seven events, 15 targets each, unknown angles, $1.50 entrance, were shot during the afternoon. The scores made are given in the following table:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Winston	6	14	14	14	14	..	..	Pope	12	11	11	12	12	12	..
Sergeant	13	13	15	14	15	15	12	Trimble	13	13	12	11	13	14	..
Parmelee	14	15	14	15	13	15	15	W S King	12	12	12	..	..	..	..
McPherson	6	9	10	13	11	..	..	Divine	13	9	14	13	11	..	..
Shaffer	13	13	11	12	13	14	12	Grimm	15	14	14	13	13	12	13
Jim Crow	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	A H King	..	9	10	..	..	..	..
Fulford	12	15	14	13	13	14	13	Martin	..	4	..	..	..	..	..
Edwards	12	14	11	13	13	9	12	Jones	..	11	..	..	..	..	..
Baldwin	7	10	13	5	..	..	..	Du Bray	..	12	10	12	10	9	..
Apgar	15	15	14	14	15	14	15	Whiting	..	..	..	11	10	9	..
Budd	13	14	13	11	11	14	13	Powers	..	..	..	11	..	..	..
Fanning	12	14	12	12	12	11	14	Bessemer	..	..	..	13	..	..	..
Clover	12	13	15	13	13	9	..	Parker	..	..	..	10	..	..	..
Foote	14	15	11	12	14	..	..								

FIRST DAY, JUNE 23.

The weather was extremely warm to-day, and it seemed as if the grounds at Exposition Park were about as hot a place as one could find anywhere. The programme was a long one; it called for five events of 15 targets and five events of 20 targets each, in addition to the annual 100-target handicap race, a total of 275 targets. The length of the programme, and the comparatively late hour at which the shoot commenced, naturally made it well past sundown before the last target was thrown.

The main feature of the day was the 100-target handicap race, which resulted in a popular win for a local man, John H. Shaffer, who had an allowance of only 6 extra targets to shoot at. Out of his 106 shot at he scored 98, running his last series of 25 targets straight. Winston gave Shaffer quite a race, scoring 91 out of his 100, and then breaking his 6 extra targets. In third place were Apgar (106) and A. H. King (110), both of whom broke 95. In fourth place came Grimm and Parmelee, each breaking 94 out of 102 shot at. Rolla Heikes, who was one of the two scratch men, landed fifth, with 93 breaks; Bridgers (110) and Born (110) tieing with him for fifth money. Fulford, the other scratch man, only broke 88 out of his 100. The scores made were as below:

THE HANDICAP EVENT.

	1st 25.	2d 25.	3d 25.	4th 25.	Handicap.	Total.
J H Shaffer (106)	21	23	23	25	6	98
J Winston (106)	24	22	21	24	6	97
Neaf Apgar (106)	24	21	22	23	6	95
A H King (110)	20	22	22	22	9	95
C M Grimm (102)	21	24	23	24	2	94
F S Parmelee (102)	22	25	22	23	2	94
R O Heikes (100)	23	25	22	23	..	92
H C Bridgers (110)	19	24	20	21	9	93
Born (110)	20	22	23	20	8	93
H L Foote (106)	22	23	22	20	5	92
G W Sergeant (106)	19	22	20	25	6	92
Redwing (104)	21	22	24	20	3	90
F S Edwards (106)	20	22	23	20	5	90
W Hood (108)	21	23	22	19	5	90
Col Anthony (110)	21	21	21	18	9	90
E D Fulford (100)	22	21	24	21	..	88
T A Divine (110)	20	21	20	20	7	88
W S King (110)	21	20	15	23	8	87
J W Todd (110)	21	24	18	17	7	87
A P Pope (111)	19	19	19	21	9	87
C M Powers (104)	18	20	20	24	3	85
A H Donnelly (110)	17	18	20	23	7	85
C W Budd (102)	20	21	20	21	1	83
McVey (111)	17	21	20	17	8	83
A Tippy (110)	18	16	19	20	9	82
J O'H Denny (113)	18	21	19	14	6	78
F Howard (110)	14	17	20	19	5	75
Moyer (114)	11	14	17	13	5	60
McClaren (115)	13	12	14	13	6	58
Farmer	15	18	22	20	*	75
Skilman	20	16	21	16	*	73
U M C	18	21	17	17	*	73
Collins	16	18	19	15	*	68
McPherson	20	16	11	18	*	65
J Howard	17	21	20	w		
Hartman	18	20	17	w		
Rickey	19	16	20	w		
Colteryahn	18	15	16	w		
Harbison	13	12	21	w		
Allen	14	17	10	w		

* Did not shoot out their handicaps.

By his victory in the above event Shaffer became the owner of the really handsome silver cup presented by the American E. C. Powder Co. At one time it was thought that Winston had tied Shaffer, but an inspection of the scores showed that Shaffer won the cup and first money by the narrow margin given above.

REGULAR EVENTS.

In the regular events some good shooting was done. Heikes led with 94.8, Apgar being close behind him with 94.3. Grimm and Parmelee followed with 93.7 and 92.5 respectively. Below is a table of the

SCORES OF JUNE 23.

Events:	1		2		3		4		5		6		7		8		9	10		
Targets:	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*									Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Heikes	13	20	15	19	15	20	15	18	12	19									175	166	94.8
Apgar	14	18	15	16	15	20	15	19	15	18									175	165	94.3
Grimm	12	20	14	18	14	20	14	19	14	19									175	164	93.7
Parmelee	12	19	15	19	15	18	13	19	15	17									175	162	92.5
Foote	13	19	14	20	14	18	15	18	11	17									175	159	90.8
Fulford	15	18	14	17	13	17	13	19	14	19									175	159	90.8
Raymond	15	19	14	18	13	18	14	18	13	17									175	159	90.8
Powers	14	15	14	19	14	16	14	19	15	17									175	157	89.7
Redwing	15	18	13	18	13	18	15	16	14	17									175	157	89.7
Divine	14	19	13	18	12	19	12	14	12	20									175	153	87.4
Hood	13	16	15	17	15	17	14	15	11	20									175	153	87.4
Budd	12	19	12	19	12	19	15	14	14	16									175	152	86.8
Sergeant	13	16	13	17	9	20	13	19	14	18									175	152	86.8
Anthony	13	16	14	17	12	16	12	18	11	20									175	149	85.2
Weakland	15	16	13	13	14	19	12	14	13	17									175	146	83.4
Skilman	12	18	14	16	12	15	13	..	..	..									120	100	83.3
Trimble	13	16	10	18	13	17	9	17	14	18									175	145	82.9
Born	12	17	13	19	..	15	11	..	..	..									105	87	82.8
Shaffer	10	19	12	16	13	16	..	..	..	..									105	86	81.9
W S King	13	17	10	18	12	16	12	15	13	16									175	142	81.1
Todd	11	18	13	19	13	16	12	18	11	11									175	142	81.1
Edwards	13	18	14	18	11	12	11	..	..	..									120	97	80.8
Farmer	12	15	14	14	13	14	14	15	13	17									175	141	80.5
Snyder	..	..	..	..	..	17	14	15	12	15	11								105	84	80
Bridgers	13	15	15	19	14	19	12	18	15	..									155	140	80
U M C	12	17	14	16	12	17	13	13	11	13									175	138	78.6
Clover	12	19	12	16	9	18	10	12	13	16									175	137	78.2
Lovett	12	17	..	..	10	18	12	18	9	13									140	109	77.8
Norton	11	13	14	17	11	15	13	13	12	17									175	136	77.7
Tippy	10	12	13	18	12	14	14	11	14	18									175	136	77.7
Winston	14	17	14	18	12	17	14	17	13	..									155	136	77.7
Harbison	..	..	12	13	5	17	14	9	12	..									120	92	76.6
Fanning	13	15	12	11	..	14	..	20	9	17									145	111	76.5
Pope	12	16	..	17	..	15	10	15	8	..									125	93	74.4
Bayne	12	14	12	17	13	12	11	15	11	13									175	130	74.2
McVey	13	18	13	14	9	13	10	12	9	18									175	129	73.7
Eyler	10	..	12	..	11	..	..	..	..	..									45	33	73.3
Bessemer	9	12	13	16	9	17	12	13	8	17									175	126	72
Denny	11	16	12	18	9	18	7	17	8	10									175	126	72
Old Hoss	12	17	10	16	11	17	9	11	11	12									175	126	72
Hartman	11	13	11	16	..	11	13	..	..	..									105	75	71.4
Marlowe	11	16	10	18	10	..	7	..	10	..									115	82	71.3
A H King	12	16	11	14	12	14	10	11	10	..									155	110	70.9
Hallowell	11	13	10	14	11	16	8	15	9	16									175	123	70.2
Du Bray	12	16	10	..	12	..	6	..	..	..									80	56	70
J Howard	9	17	11	17	9	10	..	..	..	..									105	73	69.5
Rickey	10	14	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..									55	37	67.2
Anderson	9	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..									30	20	66.6
Nimrod	9	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..									30	20	66.6
Cochrane	11	16	11	11	8	..	9	..	..	..									100	66	66
Donnelly	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	16	..	..									35	23	65.7
C J M	..	12	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..									35	23	65.7
Webb	..	..	..	..	..	14	8	..	..	..									35	22	62.8
Fritz	9	14	12	11	7	..	..	..	..	..									85	53	62.3
McPherson	10	11	11	15	8	17	8	12	4	13									175	109	62.2
Collins	10	14	17	12	12	13	10	12	7	11									175	108	61.7
McCoy	6	14	10	10	7	..	..	..	..	..									85	47	55.2
Lowrey	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..									35	16	45.7
Bow	..	..	..	..	..	11	4	..	..	..									35	15	42.8

The following shot in only one event: No. 1: S. P. Life 11; No. 2: Colteryahn 15; No. 5: Scott 10, J. Mack 9, Matthews 10, Cundall 7; No. 6: Gray 14; No. 7: Ewing 10, Breckville 2; No. 9: Wall 9.

SECOND DAY, JUNE 24.

A heavy rain that came down at intervals made shooting anything but a pleasure. The grounds were soaked, while the tan bark which was spread at the score became saturated with moisture, every step taken by a shooter making it worse for those who followed. The sky was of course overcast, while one or other of the surrounding machine shops belched forth volumes of dense black smoke and added to the general obscurity of the surroundings. Scores were good, however, and the boys kept on shooting in spite of the wet. Below, in order of merit, are the

SCORES OF JUNE 24.

Events:	1		2		3		4		5		6		7		8		9	10		
Targets:	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*									Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Heikes	14	19	15	20	15	18	13	19	13	18									175	164	93.7
Parmelee	13	18	15	18	12	20	14	20	15	18									175	163	93.1
Apgar	14	18	14	20	13	18	14	19	13	19									175	162	92.5
Fulford	15	18	15	19	14	20	11	19	13	18									175	162	92.5
Powers	14	19	15	18	11	19	14	18	15	17									175	160	91.4
Grimm	15	18	15	19	12	19	14	17	12	17									175	158	90.2
Hood	12	19	14	19	14	19	14	17	14	16									175	158	90.2
Fanning	12	19	14	19	10	17	13	18	14	20									175	156	89.1
Raymond	14	20	13	17	13	18	14	18	12	17									175	156	89.1
Anthony	13	18	13	17	13	16	12	19	13	19									175	153	87.4
Budd	15	18	15	18	14	20	11	17	10	15									175	153	87.4
Redwing	12	17	15	17	12	17	12	17	14	20									175	153	87.4
Bridgers	12	20	12	17	13	17	12	19	13	14									175	149	85.2
Edwards	13	15	11	16	13	20	13	18	10	19									175	148	84.5
Shaffer	15	20	14	18	11	17	12	15	13	15									175	148	84.5
Winston	10	19	13	17	..	..	..	..	..	..									70	59	84.2
Flick	14	19	12	16	11	18	14	15	12	16									175	147	84
Trimble	11	19	14	18	13	18	12	17	11	14									175	147	84
19	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..									30	25	83.3
Seeds	11	18	..	..	12	..	13	..	..	..									65	54	83
Cochrane	..	17	11	..	13	..	11	..	13	..									80	65	81.2
Harbison	..	..	..	..	13	17	9	18	12	..									85	69	81.1
G W Sergeant	14	17	15	17	13	12	12	17	13	10									175	140	80
Divine	12	17	11	18	13	17	12	..	..	..									125	100	80
McVey	10	17	12	15	13	19	11	15	13	14									175	139	79.4
Sherrard	12	14	15	17	9	16	13	..	13	14									155	123	79.3
Whiting	13	17	12	14	..	17	12	14	12	..									140	111	79.2
Weakland	12	15	11	18	11	..	..	..	..	..									85	67	78.8
Norton	8	14	13	17	11	17	15	14	13	16									175	138	78.6
U M C	10	19	12	15	10	18	12	17	10	15									175	138	78.6
Foote	15	16	13	17	14	12	11	..	..	..									125	98	78.4
W S King	13	20	14	16	11	14	8	13	12	14									175	135	77.1
A H King	11	17	14	16	8	17	10	13	9	19									175	134	76.5
Todd	12	19	9	17	11	18	12	15	10	11									175	134	76.5
Snyder	12	17	9	13	9	18	10	16	14	14									175	132	75.4
Clover	..	..	..	..	10	15	15	16	12	10									105	78	74.8
Hallowell	10	18	12	18	8	13	12	15	10	12									175	128	73.1
Tippy	11	16	15	14	8	9	14	18	9	13									175	127	72.5
Oliver	..	..	12	..	13	..	9	13	..	..									65	47	72.3
Old Hoss	11	13	11	15	12	15	11	13	9	..									155	110	70.9
Donnelly	9	16	..	15	5	13	11	18	14	10									160	111	69.3
Bessemer	11	17	9	16	13	12	12	8	10	12									175	120	68.5
Allen	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	12	..								30	20	66.6
McPherson	..	12	11	..	11	..	9	..	..	..									65	43	66.1
Swiveller	7	12	9	..	12	..	8	..	13	..									95	61	64.2
Black Cloud	10	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..									30	19	63.3
Duffy	8	19	11	..	..	..	13	..	..	..									65	38	58.4
Bayne	10	12	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	..									70	40	57.1
A M Sergeant	..	..	8	12	..	..	..	..	..	..									35	20	57.1
Collins	7	15	8	10	5	..	..	..	..	..									85	45	52.9

Johnson scored 10 in No. 3; Du Bray 8 in No. 5. Pope shot only in two of the expert events.

SHOOTING UNDER EXPERT RULES.

The programme provided for four events to be shot on the extra (No. 3) set of traps; each event was at 15 targets, expert rule, one man up, five traps down, $1.50 entrance. The Pittsburg Gun Club gave a solid silver berry spoon to the man making the highest average in these events. Heikes won the spoon, beating Grimm by one target. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Fulford	13	12	13	10	Parmelee	14	9	14	10
Winston	11	14	14	13	Sergeant	14	12	10	..
Fanning	11	12	12	..	Apgar	11	11	13	13
W S King	12	12	13	13	Powers	13	9	10	13
Shaffer	12	12	13	13	Heikes	14	14	13	14
A H King	12	10	13	..	Raymond	13	..	..	..
Anthony	10	11	11	13	Trimble	13	14	12	12
Bridgers	12	9	..	7	Hallowell	8	..	..	..
Hood	10	10	11	12	Weakland	11	10	..	..
Divine	6	..	..	..	Duffy	10	..	..	..
Foote	13	10	10	..	Bayne	5	..	..	..
Todd	13	13	12	14	Snyder	9	..	..	..
Redwing	13	13	12	14	19	4	..	..	..
Flick	10	12	9	10	Seeds	..	10	..	..
Collins	4	..	..	..	Cochrane	8	..	..	..
McVey	14	13	9	7	Clover	..	..	..	9
Grimm	13	13	14	14	Pope	..	..	12	11
Budd	13	13	14	12					

THIRD DAY, JUNE 25.

The morning broke with but poor prospects for a fine day, and everybody was prepared for another wet one. About 10:30, however, the sun broke through the clouds (both rain and smoke) that hung over the city of Pittsburg and before long the heat became very oppressive. With a better light, scores of course ruled higher. Fulford and Parmelee tied for first place, Rolla Heikes being a close second. Of the twenty-three shooters who shot through the programme eight made averages better than 90 per cent. Below are the

SCORES OF JUNE 25.

Events:	1		2		3		4		5		6		7		8		9	10		
Targets:	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*									Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Fulford	13	19	15	19	14	19	15	19	14	19									175	166	94.8
Parmelee	14	18	15	19	14	18	15	20	14	19									175	166	94.8
Heikes	13	20	13

After the programme on this day had been shot out the crowd waited to see the match reported to have been made between E. D Fulford and Jack Winston. The conditions of this match were stated to be: 100 targets per man, expert rule, one man up, $100 a side. This match, however, did not come off. Instead of it Winston shot a race at 100 targets with A. P. Pope, of Olean, N. Y., for $10 a side. Winston won, but only after a close race, scoring 76 to 73. Score follows:

Winston .....1111010001111011111011110001111111111111110110111110—38
0111011111111010001111110110111011111011111101111011—38—76
Pope.....0111111011010001111011011100011111000010111111011—33
1111110111100111010111101111011111101111011111011—40—73

A couple of three-cornered matches for a small consideration were also shot at the No. 3 set of traps. The conditions were: 15 singles, expert rule, one man up, and 5 pairs. The results of these matches are given below:

First match:

F S Edwards	111111111110100	10 10 11 01 11—19
Capt Money	111011100111010	10 11 10 10 10—16
Col Anthony	110110001101101	00 10 10 11 10—14

Second match, same conditions:

F S Edwards	111110111111101	10 11 10 11 01—20
Capt Money	011101110111000	11 11 11 11 11—19
Col Anthony	110110111111011	11 00 11 10 00—17

In a match at 5 pairs Capt. Money and Colonel Anthony tied on 7, Edwards scoring 6.

NOTES.

The Indian Squad made a great record at this shoot. Each of the six men composing the squad shot at 525 targets in the thirty programme events, making a total of 3,150 targets shot at; of this number they broke 2,838, making a squad average of 90.09 for the three days. The individual scores were: "Roundmouth Chief" (Parmelee), 491; "Southpaw, the Papoose" (Apgar), and "Moonface, the Squawman" (Grimm), 481 each; "Blackfoot Charlie" (Powers), 477; "Dago Chief" (Budd), 464, and "Man-Afraid-o'-Water" (Sergeant), 444.

Tom Divine, of Memphis; H. L. Foote, of Rolling Fork, Miss.; Col. Anthony and John W. Todd, of Charlotte, N. C.; and H. C. Bridgers, of Tarboro, N. C., formed the major part of a Southern squad that was often heard from.

In Brother Bill McCrickart and Blinks, Elmer Shaner had two men who never shirked when it required a little effort to keep things moving.

The Pittsburg daily papers gave plenty of space to reports of the shoot and, without exception, handled the matter in a style that few lay papers possess.

J. A. H. Dressel, of Hartley & Graham, and U. M. C. Thomas looked after the interests of the Union Metallic Cartridge Company. Thomas shot through the programme, but Mr. Dressel did not reach Pittsburg until the morning of the last day.

Capt. A. W. Money, of the American E. C. Powder Company, put in an appearance on the last day. The captain had plenty to say about shooting in England, having only just returned from a business trip to London.

The squad record for one event was carried off by the Indians. In No. 3 on the second day the squad broke 89 out of 90, Apgar being the only one to lose a target. All but one of the squad used E. C. powder.

J. J. Hallowell, of Tucson, Ariz., attended the shoot on the first two days. We believe that Arizona Jack, as the boys called him, has returned to Tucson. During his six or seven weeks' absence from that city he has made many friends who will gladly welcome him again next year.

Dick Swiveller and Fanning were the Gold Dust representatives at this shoot, while H. P. Collins and Ralph Trimble looked after the interests of Du Pont's Smokeless and Hazard's Blue Ribbon respectively.

H. E. Norton, of Ironton, O., was not shooting in his true form; he can give a much better account of himself than that which he rendered last week.

Seth Clover of course was in his element all the time and never lacked for an appreciative audience. When Divine was asked what brought him so far from home he replied: "I came up here because I wanted to meet an Eastern gentleman." Seth Clover, who was standing by, overheard the remark, expanded his chest and struck himself with his fist, remarking: "He must mean me."

The King brothers, W. S. and A. H., and Jim Denny stuck to it right through from start to finish. Live birds are their forte, but they pluckily kept pegging away at the bluerocks.

McVey, of Indianapolis, Ind., was not shooting as well as usual. The peculiar light, particularly when the weather was gloomy, seemed to bother him a good deal.

Bill Clark, late of Altoona, Pa., but now of Pittsburg, showed up on the last day of the shoot, but without a gun. Bill has given up targets and sticks to live birds.

To Sandy McPherson, chairman of the entertainment committee, belongs much of the credit for the success of the shoot. Sandy's hospitality was unbounded, and the boys appreciated his efforts at assuming the rôle of host.

Rolla Heikes is apparently back in his old form. He shot as well as ever, and had a snap and a go about him that was markedly absent at the earlier tournaments this year.

"Two Old Cronies" is the title that might have been applied to Lieut. A. W. du Bray and Old Hoss. If there's anything Old Hoss loves, it's a gun; and if there's any gun he loves more than another, it's a Parker gun. Hence the bond of union.

John Shaffer's win of the E. C. cup in the 100-target handicap race was a popular and a meritorious one. His handicap of 6 extra targets was by no means large; he won the cup by good and consistent work with the gun in each 25.

Jack Winston, of Cleveland, O., who was shooting and talking Austin powder, did his best to get some matches on while in Pittsburg. He did shoot a small one with A. P. Pope (reported elsewhere), and we understand that he was to shoot Bill Clark a match at 100 sparrows per man, $100 a side, on Saturday last, June 27. As we have heard nothing about it, we suppose it fell through, like the Winston-Fulford match.

EDWARD BANKS.

Shooting at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 27.—Mr. Eugene du Pont, of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Wilmington, Del., is in Chicago to-day, *en route* to California on business of the company, and of course visits with Mr. E. S. Rice, general agent of the company here.

The Du Pont shoot, Aug. 4-6, promises to be a great affair. The experiment of a mixed shoot will not be tried, so I am advised, and the shooting will be at live birds exclusively. This should make the tournament one of the foremost at live birds of the entire season. The terms will be liberal enough to suit the most fastidious, and the amounts added should be enticing to all the good ones of the country.

There will be a large number of State teams of five men each, each team to enter at $10 per man, and for each team thus entering the management will add an amount equal to the entry to the purse. It is expected there will be over a dozen teams from Illinois alone. No better place for such a shoot could be chosen than Chicago, and even in August the birds will fly a little. We should see a fine gathering of the cracks.

Audubon Gun Club, of Chicago, has held its annual meeting and finds itself in a state of robust health in every way. This is one of the oldest and most conservative of the shooting clubs of Chicago. The membership is full and Col. C. E. Felton is president.

Mr. E. Bingham, of the Du Pont Company, went to Aurora this week to a shoot and found a large bar in front of the experts. Nevertheless he went in under the unknown traps and angles rules and broke all but 7 out of 185 targets shot at, in consequence whereof he is feeling well to-day.

THE COOK COUNTY LEAGUE TROPHY.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 27.—The capital prize of the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League, the W. P. Mussey trophy, has just been received from the silversmiths, and is now on exhibition at Mr. Mussey's hall, 106 Madison street, the home of the historic safe in which the wealth of Chicago shootingdom is deposited. The trophy is a magnificent silver cup more than 2ft. in height, handsomely adorned with relief work in designs suitable to a shooting trophy, such as crossed guns, etc. One face of the cup has an inlaid gold plate upon which is engraved a field shooting scene in very well executed fashion. All the engraving and chasing on the trophy is artistically done, and the piece is probably the handsomest offered in this city for a competition. The winning team will be fortunate, and will have occasion to thank Mr. Mussey for his generosity.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Marietta Gun Club.

MARIETTA, Ga., June 25.—Below are the scores made at the weekly club shoot of the Marietta Gun Club, which took place this afternoon. Conditions: 25 targets, unknown angles.

Black.....1100111100011010011010111—15
Maury.....0100000101100101111011100—12
E J Setz.....1001111100001010010011010—12
Reynolds.....0011100011100101110001001—12
Setz.....0101000101000001101111011—11
Hilliard.....0110100000011100000111011—11
Gramling.....1010010011101001000110000—10
Bond.....1000000000010110001101000— 7
Austin.....0100000000001010001001000— 5

W. J. BLACK, Sec'y.

Missouri State Amateur Tournament.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., June 25.—The sixth annual tournament of the Missouri State Amateur Association was not quite as successful as the previous ones given by this organization. The attendance was very slim, and very few shot through the entire programme. The local club added $290 to the purses, but very unwisely added it in lumps, in place of distributing it along in the different events; it added a large amount in some of them, and nothing to the majority. This makes a very unsatisfactory programme, and one that rarely ever holds the crowd.

The tournament was held in the ball park. One set of target traps and one set of live-bird traps were in position, but the grounds were not large enough for the purpose, and Nos. 3 and 4 traps of the target set were in the live-bird boundary, and birds going in this direction worried the shooter not a little. This could have been overcome had the target traps been placed further back. Everything was left until the last minute, as the club intended to hold the tournament on the bank of the Missouri River, but the river rose to such an extent as to inundate the grounds; the club therefore had no choice. This, to a certain extent, accounts for the very poor accommodations to be had at this shoot. No hotter place could have been selected, yet there was nothing to protect the shooter from the sun while at the score, and scarcely a place to retire to when not shooting. The grounds are inclosed by a very high fence that shut off any breeze that might be stirring.

Bluerock targets and traps were used. The background was one of the most trying. Just beyond the fence in front of the traps was a high hill covered with vegetation, while along the fence were a number of trees. For this reason the targets were thrown rather high; yet throw them as high as they might, it would be impossible to get a sky background. Another thing that was sadly lacking was an efficient corps of assistants to run the shoot. The whole thing seemed to depend on one man, Mr. F. P. Dallmeyer, the secretary of the club, who acted in the capacity of manager, cashier, squad hustler, and at the same time shot along with the boys. None of the other members seemed to understand anything about conducting a shoot. Naturally things dragged considerably and caused no little dissatisfaction. There was an abundant supply of pigeons on hand, but these events had few entries. Mr. Fred Tresher, of St. Louis, furnished the birds and looked after the handling of them. They were of the quality usually seen at this season of the year—rather an uneven lot.

THOSE WHO WERE PRESENT.

Kansas City had the largest delegation; from there came Lee Porter (Ross), George Schrader (Germany), Chris S. Gottlieb, J. J. Cornett (L. C. Smith), Lill Scott, Ed Savenney and Dr. J. P. Jackson. From St. Louis came W. E. Field (Sam Hill), Dr. E. N. Kessler, J. Heil and Herbert Taylor, representing the Du Pont Powder Co. Moberly had Dr. C. B. Clapp and A. S. Head present. J. C. McClure, J. W. Letts and C. and J. Linsbery were on hand from Sedalia. Then there were G. W. Hayden and Thos. Hurd, Paris; J. L. Wilmot, Lexington; L. Staiger, New Franklin; W. W. Reavis, Pisgah; W. N. Bates (Haweater), Palmyra. M. F. McDonald and H. M. Davis, of Richmond, shooting under the names of Green and Menefee; J. L. Head, Peru, Ind.; R. G. Dunn, Roodhouse, Ill.

All target events were known traps and angles. In these events G. W. Haydon, the oldest shooter taking part, made the best average. He shot at 405, broke 370, averaging 91.1 per cent.

FIRST DAY, JUNE 23.

A murky atmosphere and a glaring sun that beat down with tropical fierceness was what the weather man dealt out to the shooters to-day. The programme consisted of six target events and two live-bird events. The sum of $10 was added to the purse in event 3 and $15 in event 6. A gold jewel case was the prize for the best average in both live-bird events. Wilmot and Gottlieb tied on 20 straight. Gottlieb, however, proved the best man in the shoot-off and captured the case. L. C. Smith (J. J. Cornett) easily outshot everybody in the target events, making an average of 93.5. In addition to the names given in the table below, Roberts, R. Dallmeyer, C. Miller and J. Linsbery also shot in the target events.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*15*	*25*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*10*	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
L C Smith	9	13	19	14	15	23	14	15	15	8	155	145	93.5
Haydon	..	..	..	..	14	21	15	14	14	8	95	86	90.5
Reavis	9	14	16	..	14	21	..	..	..	..	85	74	87
Gottlieb	8	13	16	13	14	22	14	11	14	8	155	133	85.8
Green	7	13	18	12	14	22	12	14	13	7	155	132	85.1
Wilmot	7	12	17	14	14	21	..	14	14	6	140	119	85
Ross	9	12	16	13	13	..	12	..	..	..	90	75	83.3
Haweater	8	13	15	11	13	21	12	13	12	..	145	119	82
Doehla	7	..	11	14	13	..	..	12	..	..	70	57	81.4
Henderson	8	14	17	9	13	20	13	14	..	4	140	112	80
Menefee	9	10	14	12	12	21	11	12	13	9	155	123	79.3
J L Head	6	14	16	12	11	20	10	..	..	..	115	89	77.3
A S Head	..	..	..	..	..	13	20	9	12	..	70	54	77.1
Clapp	..	..	..	..	..	12	17	12	15	11	6	95	73	76.8
Taylor	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	..	..	30	23	76.6
Scott	..	..	..	..	12	13	19	11	14	7	..	100	76	76
C Linabery	5	11	17	12	11	20	11	..	..	..	..	115	87	75.6
Kessler	..	..	..	..	..	11	20	10	11	..	..	70	52	74.2
McClure	6	10	16	12	9	21	..	..	..	..	..	100	74	74
F P Dallmeyer	9	13	14	12	13	15	9	10	..	..	..	130	95	73
Germany	6	11	16	9	11	..	..	..	..	11	..	90	64	71.1
Waldecker	3	9	13	11	11	20	12	..	..	..	..	115	79	68.6
Hurd	..	..	..	..	..	10	19	11	..	..	4	65	44	67.6
Hunter	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	12	12	8	75	48	64
Heil	..	..	..	..	..	11	17	..	..	..	4	50	32	64
Staiger	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	9	12	8	75	46	61.3
Hill	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	..	..	..	..	40	24	60

LIVE-BIRD EVENTS.

No. 1, 10 birds, $6.50: Wilmot 10, Gottlieb 10, Ross 10, Germany 9, Hill 8, Dallmeyer 8, Doehla 8, Wagner 7.

No. 2, 10 birds, $7.50: Wilmot 10, Gottlieb 10, Dallmeyer 10, Scott 10, Ross 9, Heil 9, Germany 8, Staiger 8, Doehla 8, Hill 7, Miller 5.

SECOND DAY, JUNE 24.

Although the sun shone just as brightly and as fiercely as yesterday, there was a good breeze blowing that managed to get in over the high board fence surrounding the park every now and then, and succeeded in tempering the heat. At a meeting of the Association, held last night, it was decided to cut off the last day of the shoot and finish the programme to-day and to-morrow. There were 10 target events and 2 live-bird events shot to-day. There was $35 added in 3 target events and $25 in the live bird sweep. One of the target events was a 2-men team race, 25 targets per man, for the L. C. Smith cup. This was won by Wilmot and Haweater (W. N. Bates) with a score of 46. The other event of the day was the contest for the amateur live-bird championship medal, which was held by Wilmot. He succeeded in retaining it, although he had to kill 30 straight before he disposed of Germany (Geo. Schrader) and Gottlieb, who had tied with him. Wilmot also made the best average in the target events. Altogether he was very much in evidence during the day. Heil, Roberts, J. Linsbery, Hill, Wagner, R. Dallmeyer, C. Miller and Hurd also took part in one target event.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9			
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*25*	*10*	*15*	*20*	*15*	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Wilmot	9	15	20	14	23	10	14	16	12	145	133	91.7
Haydon	9	15	18	14	21	9	14	19	13	145	132	91
Gottlieb	8	15	17	13	25	7	15	18	12	145	130	89.6
Greene	8	13	15	14	22	10	14	19	14	145	129	88.9
Clapp	9	14	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	40	88.8
Smith	9	13	19	13	22	8	15	15	14	145	128	88.2
Haweater	10	14	18	12	21	8	12	18	14	145	127	87.5
Menefee	9	14	19	11	21	9	12	17	14	145	126	86.8
Reavis	9	13	15	13	..	10	..	18	..	90	78	86.6
Ross	8	14	15	13	22	9	..	..	..	95	81	85.2
C Linabery	10	15	17	13	20	8	14	13	..	130	110	84.6
Waldecker	10	15	15	11	..	8	13	18	..	95	80	84.2
F P Dallmeyer	9	12	..	13	..	8	..	..	..	50	42	84
J L Head	8	14	16	12	..	10	10	..	..	85	70	82.3
Stifler	..	..	..	13	9	8	..	17	..	70	57	81.4
Dunn	8	10	16	13	21	9	..	..	..	95	77	81
McClure	7	12	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	36	80
Kessler	8	13	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	34	76.6
A S Head	10	12	10	12	18	8	12	16	13	145	111	76.5
Germany	6	12	..	10	23	6	..	..	..	85	57	76
McLaughlin	7	12	17	12	20	7	..	..	8	110	83	75.4
Hunter	6	10	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	33	73.3
Doehla	..	..	13	9	18	..	..	..	12	75	52	69.3
Taylor	..	8	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	24	68.5
Henderson	7	8	9	12	21	5	..	..	..	95	62	65.2
Fleischer	..	..	..	12	..	7	7	..	..	40	26	65
Jackson	5	9	11	13	19	8	9	..	7	125	81	64.8

LIVE-BIRD EVENTS.

Ten birds, $7.50, $25 added: Gottlieb 10, Germany 10, Clapp 10, Hill 9, Ross 9, Doehla 9, Wilmot 8, Heil 8, Dunn 8, McLaughlin 8, Dallmeyer 8, Wagner 7, Henderson 5, A. S. Head 5, Waldecker 4, Taylor 3.

The detailed scores in the L. C. Smith cup contest for 2-men teams are as follows:

Wilmot.....1111111111111011111111111—24
Haweater.....1110111111111111111011110—22—46

Haydon.....1111111111111111001111111—23
C Linabery.....1111010111111111111111110—22—45

Ross.....1011101111111110111111111—22
Germany.....1111101110111111111111101—22—44

Gottlieb.....1111111110101111111111111—23
L C Smith.....0111111111001111111110111—21—44

Menefee.....1011111111011011111101111—21
Green.....1011011111111110110111111—21—42

Hunter.....0111111111011010111111011—20
McLaughlin.....0101000101111101110010100—13—33

Below are the scores in the live-bird contest for the Missouri State Amateur Championship medal):

Wilmot	2211111212—10	Dunn	1•12121101— 8
Germany	1211121122—10	Doehla	1111211000— 7
Gottleib	1111122122—10	Hill	022010•102— 5
F P Dallmeyer	1120111112— 9	McLaughlin	2011002100— 5
Ross	2122101120— 8	Henderson	001012010•— 4

Shoot-off: Wilmot 20, Germany 17, Gottlieb 14.

THIRD DAY, JUNE 25.

The last day of the shoot was a scorcher. Old Sol evidently knew that this would be his last chance at the boys, and seemed determined to send them home well tanned. This may be termed added money day, as there was no less than $205 added to the purses, but regardless of this inducement the attendance had dwindled down to a mere handful. Few indeed shot through the entire programme to-day. The principal event of the day, a live-bird sweep at 15 birds, with $75 added, had only 11 entries. Haydon led all the target shooters with an average of 91.1.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7			
Targets:	*25*	*15*	*25*	*10*	*15*	*25*	*25*	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Haydon	23	14	23	10	14	21	24	140	129	92.1
Stifler	23	14	..	9	..	..	..	50	46	92
Haweater	21	14	21	9	14	25	21	140	125	89.4
Green	22	13	23	9	13	23	21	140	124	88.5
Smith	20	15	..	9	..	..	..	50	44	88
Menefee	23	14	23	9	15	19	20	140	123	87.8
Ross	22	12	21	10	..	..	..	75	65	86.6
Gottlieb	22	15	21	..	11	20	22	130	111	85
Waldecker	21	13	..	8	..	21	22	100	85	85
Wilmot	21	13	25	..	11	20	20	130	110	84.6
Doehla	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	25	21	84
Germany	19	14	19	..	..	..	..	65	52	80
A S Head	22	10	..	8	..	..	..	50	40	80
Taylor	19	..	..	9	..	..	..	35	28	80
Hurd	..	10	..	10	..	..	..	25	20	80
Fleischer	19	11	..	7	..	..	..	50	37	74
Henderson	21	8	..	..	..	17	..	65	46	71.5
F P Dallmeyer	18	12	19	..	..	14	..	90	63	70
Dunn	18	10	..	..	..	..	..	40	28	70
R Dallmeyer	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	25	17	68
Jackish	14	10	..	..	..	..	..	40	24	60

The scores in the 15 live-bird event were as follows:

Wilmot	111122211211121—15	Germany	112111110122102—13
Green	122211111112221—15	Gottlieb	112122022222100—12
Haydon	111111111012122—14	Dallmeyer	010211212210120—11
Menefee	111221121122202—14	Haweater	011221222201•102—11
Ross	121121212212140•— 13	Hill	2011102220111•1—11
Doehla	110121211201211—13		

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Association was held Tuesday night, June 23. Paris, Mo., was selected as the place where the next annual tournament should be held. Dr. C. B. Clapp, of Moberly, was elected President; A. P. Drescher, Palmyra, Vice-President; Judge Thomas H. Hurd, Paris, Secretary and Treasurer. The following clubs were admitted to membership: Pastime, of Kansas City; Palmyra, New Franklin, and Sedalia clubs.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Handicaps and Highest Possibles.

BUFFALO, N. Y., June 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reference to your comments on handicap of experts in the New York State shoot, I would refer you to your report of the shoot for positive proof that the handicap was not too severe. Every expert at the shoot made money, with the possible exception of Fulford, and had he shot in all the events he would surely have been ahead. He shot in 5 out of the 6 State events and drew out about $60. He had only to shoot in the other event to be certain of fourth average, which was $20 cash (the entire amount of entrance to the 6 State events). He would also have come out all right on daily and general averages had he shot in all open events. As for the statement that McMurchy shot a 92 per cent. gait on the second day and never got a place, I would also refer you to your report as evidence of your mistake. He got a place in State event No. 5 and also a place in daily average, which two must have nearly made him even on the day. Glover was placed in 4, McMurchy in 2 out of the six 25-bird State events. Fulford secured a place in 2 out of 5 of them. As shown above, this was enough to give handsome profits to all of them. The handicap in the 50-bird events was rather severe, but Glover managed to get a place, and McMurchy carelessly lost his in the *Times* event, after he seemed to be almost certain of first place.

You must also take into consideration the fact that the weather conditions made "the shooting as hard as any you ever saw." Had it been easier, experts would have had no trouble in getting placed almost every time. A reference to the scores at Memphis and Cincinnati will show this to be a fact. You will find days in these tournaments when some of the experts would not have been shut out a single time by the rule of "experts eligible to first and second places only."

Experts cannot expect to go to tournaments in the future as they have in the past and have everything their own way. A handicap, such as that at Buffalo, gives them a chance to make a little money, and they will have to be satisfied with that, or they will find themselves shooting alone in the near future.

BUFFALO.

Our correspondent, Buffalo, seems to have misunderstood the position we took in regard to the handicap on experts at the New York State shoot. We said that "the Audubon Gun Club * * * imposed a stiff handicap upon 'known experts.'" We went on to say that we thought "the result was satisfactory to the majority," and nowhere did we suggest that it was too severe in the 20-target events. Our correspondent, however, agrees with us that "the handicap in the 50-bird events was rather severe."

In quoting McMurchy's shooting through the day and never getting placed, we referred to the open events on the third day, in which he broke 154 targets out of 170 without getting a place. He made one score of 47 out of 50, five scores of 18 and one of 17. In the 50-target event Graham broke 49 and Glover 48. His score of 24 out of 25 in State event No. 5 netted him one-fifth of 20 per cent. of the net purse; as we figure it this would be somewhere between $9 and $10, our scores showing 69 entries at $3, price of targets included, $75 added. It cost $18 to enter in the open events and $9 in the State events on that day. Against that $37 McMurchy drew out the above $9 or $10 and the fourth daily average. He broke altogether 226 targets out of 250, including the Lefever medal contest.

Summing up the situation briefly, we thank our correspondent for his criticisms, which after all are directly in line with our own arguments. If experts want their less skillful brethren to attend tournaments and shoot along they will have to submit to some sort of a handicap that will place them as nearly as possible on the same footing. The most successful tournament held this season was the Hazard shoot at Cincinnati, where experts shot at unknown angles, amateurs at known traps and angles.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., June 23.—The regular weekly shoot of the Lynchburg Gun Club was held to-day. Events Nos. 1 to 5 were at known traps, unknown angles. No. 6 was at unknown traps and angles:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Nelson	101110001111110—10	10111111111111111110—18
Terry	000001111011111— 9	01101111111111111011—17
Scott	001111101000101— 8	01111111011111100101—15
Moorman	110111001010111—10	11010101111001111101—14
Durphy	010110101000000— 5	00101101011111101010—12
Stearns	001111111011011—11	10111111011110001111—15
Miller	111100101001011— 9	11101111010000111011—13

	No. 3.	No. 4.
Nelson	110111101111011—12	11111111010101110110111111—20
Terry	011101011111111—12	11110011101111111111111111—22
Scott	011010111111110 -11	11111111101100101001011111—18
Moorman	111111111101110—13	11000010010101101111111111—16
Durphy	010101110101101— 9	00000001111000011000111101—10
Stearns	111111111111001—13	10101010111110111011111110—18
Miller	010101111111000— 9	11011111101111111111110110—21

	No. 5.	No. 6.
Nelson	011111111110111110101001010—18	10011000101010101110101010—12
Terry	11111111111111011111101111—23	11000011111011010101100010—14
Scott	01010100011010111111111111—17	10100001000100100011100000— 8
Moorman	10111000011111110010111111—17	10110000100110110011000011—12
Durphy	10001101110000011010111101—13	00100000101101001010001111—11
Stearns	11101011101100000101011111—16	.....
Miller	10111010011011011000011111—15	.....

F. M. D.

Amateur and Professional.

BALTIMORE, Md., June 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The gentlemen who are interested in trap-shooting frequently have brought to their attention the rights of the amateur and the rights of the professional, the rights intrinsically in themselves and as they relate to each other.

Notwithstanding the general interest in the matter, its importance in competition at the traps, the frequent occasion for reference to what is the equity of the competition as it refers to the amateur and the professional, and therefore the constant need of having the two terms accurately defined, it is doubtful if any trap-shooter to-day can acceptably define what constitutes a professional.

So loose has been the ruling on this matter that all attempts at definition partake more of the nature of a defense of professionalism and a justification of it rather than a fair attempt to differentiate the two interests by fair definition. As a matter of fact, the conditions as they exist in the trap world at the present time afford very imperfect and very fragmentary data on which to found any argument and any conclusion. Amateur shooters, professional shooters, expert shooters and all other kinds of shooters have shot so long on nearly even terms that the distinction, so far as it has any practical bearing on the competition, has been lost. There have been experimental attempts to establish equity, varying greatly one from the other and giving satisfaction or dissatisfaction accordingly as they were a gain or a loss to one party or the other, and withal leaving the real question of professionalism untouched. To bring out a needed discussion on this subject, with a view to determinate results, I will herewith lay down some propositions on what matters I consider constitute an amateur and what a professional, and which I believe that I can maintain.

Of course, when what constitutes a professional is decided, all the shooters other than professionals necessarily must be amateurs, hence it is only necessary to define the professional.

I maintain that:

First, any man who shoots where gate money is charged is a professional.

Second, any man who shoots in an open public stake which requires an entry fee over and above the expense of the stake and which will yield to the winners a material profit in the way of monetary return, is a professional.

Third, any man who shoots as a regular business, whether in the employ of a gun, powder, or shell or ammunition manufacturer, or as a personal business venture of his own, is a professional.

Fourth, any man who shoots a match for money in public is a professional.

Each proposition contains its own specification, so that anyone who holds a different opinion has the specifications to argue upon, and these I stand ready to maintain against all comers. BELL MUZZLE.

Hill City Gun Club.

FOREST CITY, Ia., June 23.—The initial shoot of the Hill City Gun Club came off to-day and was a complete success. The club has a membership of about 30 and only two or three of the members have ever taken part in a tournament; therefore they deserve great credit for the manner in which the different events of the programme were run off. There was not a jar or dispute of any kind to mar the enjoyment of the most fastidious lover of harmony. A finer lot of men never got together for a shoot; as a consequence everybody thoroughly enjoyed himself, and went away well pleased with the day's sport. The Hill City Gun Club, although young, has a good, strong, active membership, a fine club house and shooting grounds, with a bright future ahead. The following is a list of the winners in the regular events and their scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	*10*	*12*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*12*	*10*	*15*	Targets:	*10*	*12*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*12*	*10*	*15*
Howard	9	..	14	10	9	11	..	11	Emery	..	12	13	10	8	10	7	..
Mortenson	9	..	..	9	9	..	10	11	Gilson	..	11	14	8	10	10	..	..
Mahoney	8	..	..	7	8	9	8	12	Hartman	..	10	11	10	10	9	8	15
Clemenson	7	10	..	7	..	..	..	..	Schnautz	..	..	..	13	10	8	8	7
Green	7	9	..	..	..	..	9	..	Cole	..	..	..	12	9	8	12	..
Selbig	7	9	12	..	7	10	7	13	Lewis	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..
Chamberl'n	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	Thompson	..	..	..	..	8	9	..	..
Morgan	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	Fay	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..
Lackore	6	..	..	..	8	..	..	..									

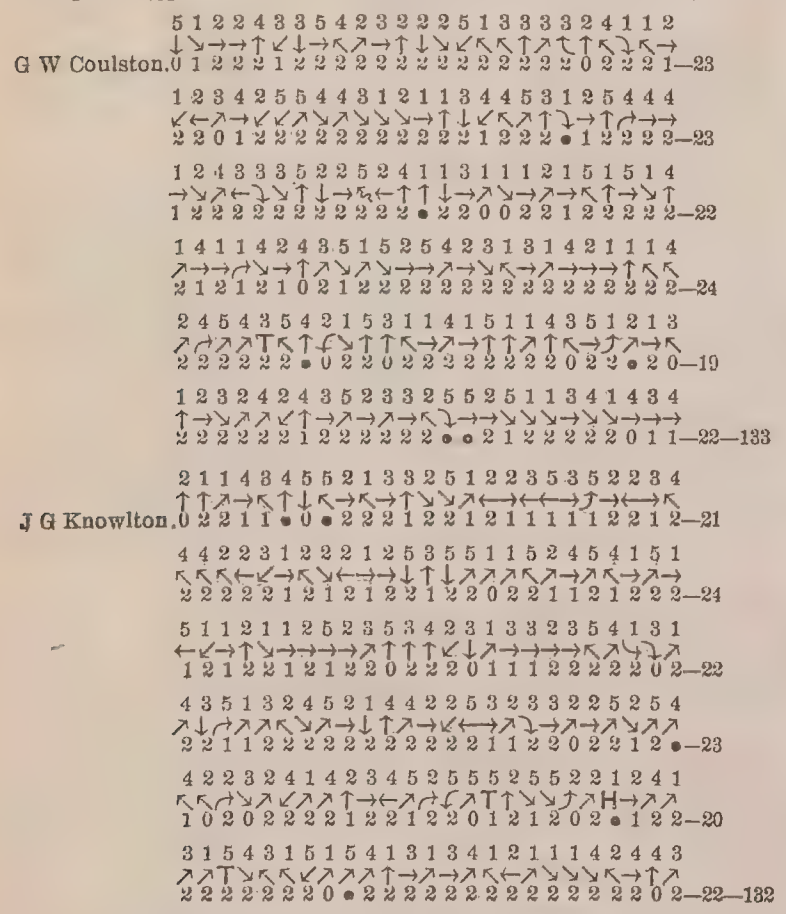
No. 9 was at 20 targets, known angles. The winners were: Gilson 19, Mortenson, Howard and Schnautz 18, Hartman and Cole 17, Thompson 16. DR. W. H. STEELE, Manager.

In New Jersey.

COULSTON DEFEATS KNOWLTON.

THE third match between G. W. Coulston, of the New Utrecht Gun Club, and Dr. J. G Knowlton took place at Elkwood Park, N. J., on Friday, June 26. Knowlton had won the first match, the second being taken by Coulston, so honors were easy when the third match started. Both previous races had been at 100 live birds per man, but the third was at 150 live birds per man and for a stake of $250 a side. The day was cloudy and none too favorable for the birds, which were an average good lot for the time of year. Knowlton started badly, losing 4 out of his first 8, Coulston losing only his 1st bird out of the same number. Notwithstanding this unfortunate start, Knowlton caught his man in the 67th round. They entered upon the last 25 birds with Coulston 1 in the lead, the score standing 111 to 110. Losses in the 133d and 134th rounds put Knowlton 3 behind. Then Coulston lost his 139th and 140th, both dead out of bounds, thus making his lead only 1 bird, with 10 more to shoot at. When Coulston lost his 148th and Knowlton killed, the score was a tie. Coulston scored his 149th, but Knowlton let a driver from No. 4 trap get away, losing the match by 1 bird, as both killed their birds in the last (150th) round. The high runs were: Coulston, 24, 19, 17, 16, 14 and 13; Knowlton, 32, 20, 19, 14, 10 and 10. The score in detail was as follows:

Trap score type—Copyright 1896 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.



AMATEUR TRAP-SHOOTERS' LEAGUE OF NEW JERSEY.

June 27.—Very quietly, so far as newspaper notoriety is concerned, has the Amateur Trap-Shooters' League of New Jersey come into being. It was organized as recently as June 6, and is the outcome of some dissatisfaction with the affairs of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League The clubs composing the new League are the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford; the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City; the Passaic City Gun Club, of Passaic; the Oritani Field Club, of Hackensack, and the Bergen County Gun Club, also of Hackensack. The officers of the League are: President, C. F. Lenone; Vice-President, G. H. Piercy; Secretary-Treasurer, Thos. Bell; Captain, W. H. Huok. The board of directors is at present composed of the above gentlemen, but its number will be added to shortly by the election of one member from every club not represented on the board.

The League intends to hold shoots once a month, a team race and sweepstakes for nominal entrance fees to be the features of these monthly gatherings. Teams are to consist of six men a side, all members of the same club, 30 targets per man, 15 known angles and 15 unknown angles. These races are handicap affairs, an allowance of extra targets per man being allowed to the members of teams representing the weaker clubs. These handicap allowances are to be considered afresh every three months. At present the handicaps stand thus: Boiling Springs, scratch; Passaic City and Endeavor, 2 extra targets per man; Bergen County, 3 extra targets per man; Oritani Field Club, 4 extra targets per man. The allowances are shot off at unknown angles.

The first shoot of the new organization took place to-day on the grounds of the Endeavor Gun Club, at Marion, N. J.; the home team winning rather easily, leading its nearest competitor, the Bergen County Gun Club, by 6 targets. The percentages of the teams were: Endeavor 82 8, Bergen county 77.2, Passaic City 74 4, Boiling Springs 76 6, and Oritani 52 9. The attendance of shooters was very satisfactory to the promoters of the new League.

We understand that the captain of the Bergen County Rod and Gun Club lodged a protest against certain shooters taking part in the team race on the ground that they came under the head of professionals. The constitution of the League provides that no professionals shall be permitted to shoot on any of the teams; hence the Bergen County captain very wisely lodged the protest in order that the board of directors may define exactly what constitutes a professional, as it understands the term. (We refer them to a letter from a Baltimore correspondent touching upon this very point, which appears in our trap columns this week and which affords much food for thought, as well as a capital chance for a good argument.)

The scores in to-day's League race were as below:

Endeavor Gun Club.

F S Edwards (2)	111110111011111111111111111011	—29
C von Lengerke (2)	111011111111110111111111101111	—29
E Collins (2)	111110111111111100110111011111	—27
Dr Fletcher (2)	010011111101111111110101011111	—25
G H Piercy (2)	110110111010001111111111011111	—25
C W McPeek (2)	110110111001101111100011111111	—24—159

Bergen County Gun Club.

Conklin (3)	111111010101111111111111011111111	—29
Chaffee (3)	110111111111111011101101111101	—28
T H Bell (3)	111111101111101110111111110110010	—26
C W Dudley (3)	111111111110110110110011111010011	—25
Goesser (3)	111111011111111011111010001101	—25
Williams (3)	111011111110000111111010000010010	—20—153

Passaic City Gun Club.

Weiss (2)	110111111111111100111010111111101	—26
Palmer (2)	111111111011101110100111111011011	—25
Bowes (2)	101001001111110111111111111111010	—24
Baron (2)	101111101011111101110011111101100	—23
Lenone (3)	101111111011111011010000101111	—23
Jelleme (2)	111111110111010010101100111101101	—22—143

Boiling Springs Gun Club.

Greiff (0)	111101111111111111111101111111	—28
Paul (0)	111111111111111111111111101111110	—27
Lancom (0)	111110111111110101111110111111	—26
Huck (0)	001111001110101011111111111101	—22
James (0)	011101111011110011101110011010	—20
Krebs (0)	100010111001010101110101000101	—15—138

Oritana Field Club.

Hulberton (4)	101011110111111111111100001111111111	—27
G Ricardo (4)	101110111111111001100111000101101	—23
W Ricardo (4)	001101001101011110101101010111101	—20
Stagg (4)	000101110011001111010011000000101	—15
Hall (4)	000000000011100000110101101011110	—13
Herbert (4)	010000001000001100110010110100	—10—108

Several sweeps with nominal entrance fees and with targets thrown at unknown angles were shot during the afternoon. The scores made run as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*25*	Targets:	*10*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*25*
G Piercy	6	9	11	8	11	8	19	Collins	..	..	..	..	..	13	8	20
A R Strader	2	3	10	3	..	5	14	W Ricardo	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..
McPeek	8	..	10	4	..	..	..	Weiss	..	..	..	..	..	12	9	..
VonLengerke	6	7	13	10	13	10	18	Palmer	..	..	..	..	..	13	8	..
Mulvaney	4	5	10	4	9	..	..	Bowes	..	..	..	..	..	11	4	..
L Piercy	..	6	11	8	..	9	20	Jelleme	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..
Bell	..	..	12	10	7	..	..	W Ricardo	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..
Hulberton	..	..	11	7	12	..	..	Fayette	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..
Myer	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	Baron	..	..	..	..	..	11	8	18
Edwards	..	..	12	9	13	6	19	Huck	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..
Lenone	..	..	10	7	8	6	11	Krebs	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..
Greiff	..	..	12	10	13	8	21	Herbert	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..
Chappee	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	Lefferts	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..
Stagg	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	C W Dudley	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..
Gilbert	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	James	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..
Eley	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	Warner	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..
Horton	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	Duff	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	18
Conklin	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	Seeley	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	17
Fessenden	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	Fletcher	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	18
Thorne	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	Goesser	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..
Paul	..	..	..	9	..	..	..									

EDWARD BANKS.

Omaha Gun Club.

OMAHA, Neb, June 20.—The regular club shoot of the Omaha Gun Club was held this afternoon. Scores:

Smead	111111111111111111011111111—24
Hughes	111111111110111111011111111—23
Johannes	111100111111111111111111111—23
Carmichael	111111111111111111011011—23
Montmorency	111111111111111111010111111—23
Whitener	100111111111111111111110101—23
Blake	111101111010111101111111111—21
Loomis	111111011111001111010111111—20
Randlett	011011011111111111111110100—19
Peters	100011110111111111111110101—19
Read	111010100111111111111001110—18
Kenyon	111100111101111000010111111—17
Bates	110101011100110111110110111—17
McFarlane	100011110110010111001111111—16
Dickey	101010100001011100111010111—13
Coleman	100011010010101100110000000—10

After the club shoot, teams representing the home club and the Council Bluffs Gun Club shot a race, 10 men to a team, 25 targets par man. The Omaha men won by 10 breaks. Scores:

Omaha Gun Club.

Montmorency	111111111101111111011111111—23
Johannes	111111111010111111111111111—23
Carmichael	111111111111011111111110011—22
Loomis	101111011110111111111111111—22
Whitener	111111111011011011111110110—21
Hughes	111101111111111101110101110—20
Blake	011111111011111011011011101—20
Dickey	011011101110111101110111111—19
Read	111010100111111111111001110—18
Smead	111100111011111010101111101—18—206

Council Bluffs Gun Club.

West	111111011101111111111111110—22
Beno	110111101110111111111101111—21
Randlett	111111110101101111111111111—21
Bierscheim	101111000101111111111111111—20
Anderson	111110101111110101111111110—20
Mather	101111001011111111111101111—20
Beno	111101101001111111011101111—19
Pyper	111111111111110010111110100—19
Oliver	111001111111010101011111111—18
Kingsbury	100111001101001100111111111—16—196

Fulton Gun Club of Atlanta.

ATLANTA, Ga., June 25.—Below are the scores made in to-day's shoot of the Fulton Gun Club of this city. Conditions were 25 targets, unknown angles:

Rawson	011010100101101100110111111—15
Hall	101111100111101111010110111—19
Bourne	010100010111001000000001000— 8
Nash	000100001000111010011110 0—10
Everett	101100011001110110110101 1—15
Stone	010010010100000101100010 0— 8
Durand	000000010000000000000011 00— 3
Hutchison	000010000000000000100000— 2
Hook	101101101011000010001110 1—13
Hollis	010100111010101011001110 10—14
Day	111011101111111000101011 1—18
Brittan	001001110111111101101111 1—18
Bizzell	111100111010111111010011 1—18
Crabb	110011110111011111100111 1—19
Waldo	111110101001110000001101 1—14
Cole	000100011110000001001110 0— 9

The Worcester (Mass.) Sportsmen's Club will hold a two-days' shoot July 29-30. The management has gotten out a capital programme. Mr. A. W. Walls, of Worcester, will be pleased to send a programme to any one who desires same and who will send him his address.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., June 24.—The third last shoot in the Boston Gun Club prize series took place this afternoon at Wellington in pleasant and mild weather. The grounds on the previous Wednesday, June 17, a local holiday, were used by the West Bedford Shooting Club, the B. G. C. skipping one week. As the series nears its close the interest increases, and after a fortnight's cessation the old crowd appeared to do their best. Gordon was high gun on the prize match, breaking 21 out of the 25. Spencer shot well in later events, scoring 54 out of 60.

Some ladies graced the occasion, adding to the enjoyment; one, who had driven out with her father, confiding to Miskay that she had for some time desired to handle the shotgun, but her mother hardly coincided. Now she was going to the country for vacation and her father promised on the grounds to aid her in learning. Scores below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Cashmore	8	4	6	6	3	10	8	2	7	6	8	5	5	4
Gordon	7	7	5	10	10	12	9	6	7	5	7	9	9	8
Banks	4	7	1	6	6	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sheffield	8	5	..	8	7	12	5	2	9	7	9	6	8	..
Miskay	9	6	3	8	8	13	7	6	7	6	7	9	..	..
Wild	8	..	4	..	6	9	4	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Horace	..	..	..	5	..	6	8	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Spencer	..	..	..	9	5	12	8	7	9	9	8	10	9	9
Avery	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Williams	..	..	..	..	4	8	7	..	8	..	..	..	6	..
King	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	7	..

Events 1, 4, 6, 9 and 11 were known traps and angles; Nos. 2, 5, 7, 12 and 14, unknown angles; Nos. 3 and 8, pairs; Nos. 10 and 13, reverse angles.

Merchandise match, 25 targets, 15 known and 10 unknown angles.

Distance handicap:

Gordon (18yds.)	110111110101111—12	1111111101—9—21
Miskay (18)	111010111111111—13	0111101011—7—20
Spencer (17)	111111101100111—12	1011111101—8—20
Cashmore (15)	011010101110111—10	1111001111—8—18
Sheffield (15)	111100111111101—12	0010011110—5—17
Williams (15)	100101101011010— 8	1101011110—7—15
Horace (15)	001111000000101— 6	1101110111—8—14
Wild (14)	111110001110010— 9	1100000011—4—13
Banks (15)	010100100010011— 6	0111001111—7—13

Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

BURLINGTON, Vt., June 17.—A few members of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club held a shoot here to-day. Mr. Shepard, a member of the Montpelier (Vt.) Gun Club, took part in the 4th event. No. 3 was at 10 pairs. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 3.
E C Lefever	01101011101111110110110—17	10 11 10 00 11 11 11 10 10—14
Blue Rival	01110110001111011011111101—17	11 10 11 10 10 11 10 11 11 11—16
W S Phelps	10010101001001110001011 00—11	00 00 00 01 01 10 01 10 01 01— 7
D Du Pont	10001011110100101000000—10	10 11 10 10 11 10 10 10 10 10—12
F Howes	10001100110001000101001 1—11	.. ..
Blue Ribbon	01111111001101010111101 11—18	11 10 10 00 01 01 10 11 10 00—10

	No. 2.	No. 4.
Blue Ribbon	10110101000111111100011 10—15	01011111010001110000011 01—13
F Howes	01100110000101000010001 10— 9	00001111010000011010110—10
D Du Pont	11001110111110001100100 11—15	00111000100110001000001 10— 9
W S Phelps	00011100110010000100011 10—10	00001001000010001101010 01— 8
Blue Rival	01101100111000010110100 01—12	00001101101011010101111 11—15
E C Lefever	11111000000011100111010 110—14	00110110011011101010111 01—16
Shepard		10100010100100011010001 00— 9

J. S. DENNING, Sec'y.

West Lebanon Gun Club.

WEST LEBANON, N. H., June 25.—The West Lebanon Gun Club has been recently organized, with the following officers: Pres., W. Batchelder; sec'y and treas., Maj. Briere; capt., T. Mack. Below are the scores made by members of the club at their regular weekly shoot held to-day. We had two members from Lebanon, N. H., who were very much pleased with our grounds:

Dr Allen	0100010101101010001110000—10
Hall	0000011111111101011011000—14
Briere	0011010100110110111100100—13
Bailey	0101110101100111100111110—16
* Dr Hoffman	1000000000000000110010000— 4
* Sweet	0001101001100000011000001— 8
Batchelder	0111101001001100110100111—14
Johnson	01011001010001 — 6
Mack	00100100101001110 — 7

* Visitors. MAJ. BRIERE, Sec'y.

Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

MISSOULA, Mont., June 23.—It is hardly worth the while it requires to chronicle the doings of the Missoula shooters these days, there being so few that are shooting. Four only appeared again to-day to contest for the medals. J. P. Menard was the lucky A Class man, making 19 for the fourth consecutive week. Graham being all alone in the B Class, it has not yet been decided whether his score of 9 entitles him to the silver medal or to the booby prize.

A Class.

W P Brayton	1100010101011011010—11
J M Evans	1111111010111111110—17
J P Menard	1111111111111111110—19

B Class.

W Graham	0111010100100100101 0— 9

WILL CAVE, Sec'y.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

H. L. L., Concord, N. H.—I have been told that the .38-55 Winchester really contains 49grs. of powder. Will you please inform me if this is so, and also how many grains of smokeless and its equivalent in black powder are contained in the above-named cartridge? Ans. The .38-55 cartridge as loaded by the Winchester Company contains 48grs. of black powder; the smokeless powder charge weighs 19grs.

M. C. P., Omaha, Neb.—My dog, some four years old, seems to lose power of locomotion occasionally. He will lie down, and in trying to walk toward any object runs sideways and finally falls down. Froths at the mouth and eventually lies on his back, with eyes becoming glassy and body rigid. I have dosed him during the attacks with milk and charcoal mixed, and it seems to bring him through Would like to be advised of the cause of the attack as well as a preventive. Ans. Treat for worms. Give 10grs. of bromide of potash three times a day. With the meals give a salt spoonful of powdered wood charcoal. Keep very quiet for the present.

J. T. N., Far Rockaway, L. I.—This morning I caught a tree frog, and I hope that the following description will enable you to identify him: From 1½ to 2in. long, marked with two or three varying shades of gray, which are separated from each other by narrow black lines; the inner side of the hindlegs is bright orange-yellow. When handled he emits a large quantity of fluid. Ans. Your description is too vague to enable us to do more than guess at the species. Very likely it may be the common tree frog (*Hyla versicolor*). Were the ends of the toes dilated so as to form distinct round disks? Were the fingers webbed?

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE Fall River Line will operate double service for the summer, commencing June 29, when the great steamboats Priscilla, Puritan, Plymouth and Pilgrim will be in commission together The leaving time from New York will be 5:30 and 6:30 P. M. Boats leaving at the former hour will run direct to Fall River, the latter touching at Newport en route. On Sundays there will be but one steamer at 5:30 P.M. from New York.

The advertising matter issued by the Fall River Line is always interesting. A folder containing full time table and list of summer literature will be mailed for 2-cent stamp inclosed to P. O. Box 452, New York city.—*Adv.*

THE finest chicken shooting in the world is found in the States of Iowa and Minnesota, and the crop for 1896 promises to be the largest for years. Along the line of the Chicago Great Western Railway (Maple Leaf route) birds are particularly plentiful. Write to F. H. Lord, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, for points on some of the choice spots and how to reach them.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1896.

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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page x.

FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE
346 Broadway
NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING
Present Entrance on Leonard Street

Readers accustomed to buying the FOREST AND STREAM *at news stands, and who are going out of town, may have the paper mailed from this office for any length of time at the rate of forty cents per month.*

SMALL YACHT RACING.

Now that the racing season is well under way, it is evident that the absence of the ninety-footers is by no means equivalent to a total cessation of yacht racing, but that on the other hand the sport as a whole is very well off without the sensational and disappointing experiences of 1893 and '95. That there is no lack of keen racing is shown by the many reports published by us each week; and even these by no means represent the extent of yacht racing throughout the country. The great number of yachts, each representing from two to ten yachtsmen on the average, which take part in the numerous races, give most satisfactory evidence of a widespread and wholesome interest in yachting. The many races sailed about New York this spring have brought out large fleets, from thirty to sixty yachts at a time, and the same is true about Boston. The present is not a "cup race" or a syndicate year, but it is none the less a prosperous year for yachting in all its branches. The result of the season's racing will be to strengthen the classes of smaller yachts best suited to the amateur yachtsman of moderate means, to the amateur designer and builder, and to the younger class of Corinthian sailors in general.

The attention of all yachtsmen last season was centered on the few and very disappointing races between Vigilant, Defender and Valkyrie III.—duels of the most unsatisfactory nature save in a very few instances. This year the yachtsmen about New York are treated to real racing in the every-day work of the special thirty-foot class, with its large fleet of evenly matched yachts, and the close racing among the still more numerous fifteen-footers. About Boston there is a keen and lively interest in the many small classes, and the new yachts of the past year or so show a marked advance on the older ones. On the Lakes, from Ontario to Michigan, yachtsmen are unusually active, spurred on by the promised international races between the Chicago and Canadian champions. On the St. Lawrence River, from the Thousand Islands down to Montreal, the fifteen-foot class is coming into high favor. Throughout the West, on the many small fresh-water lakes, racing is flourishing, with many new yachts, the work of the more noted professional designers, coming into competition with that of local men.

The influence of last year's racing was to narrow the sport to two designers and a small number of millionaires in rival syndicates. The tendency this year is to bring yacht racing of the highest quality within the reach of all who have suitable water at hand, and to encourage a healthful and beneficial competition among owners, designers and builders.

BILL BOARD BLOODHOUNDS.

ON July 1 there died in Hartford, Conn., one of America's most noted writers, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Her great fame rests chiefly on one work, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the theme of which, the evils of slavery, was so interwoven with the sectional strife of the day of abolition and anti-abolition, and the consequent evolution of political reforms which profoundly affected the destinies of the whole country, that it gained an extraordinary circulation by reason of association with those events. Intrinsically a work of fiction, it was nevertheless largely accepted as being a realistic portrayal of slave life. The passing away of nearly half a century has done but little to correct its exaggerations, and of these none are greater than the parts where dogs form the interesting action of the story. These creatures were described as being most ferocious and unrelenting in their pursuit of the runaway slave when once upon his track, and were credited with perpetrating horrors of deaths and mutilations well calculated to inspire hatred of all who practiced or incited such barbarities.

The book was dramatized, and old Uncle Tom's Cabin shows wandering through the land gave extravagant and sensational exhibitions of the ferocity of the bloodhound. The plot rested on blood spattered about; poor negroes torn apart in their gentle, defenseless strife for freedom; large, savage-looking dogs, with pricked ears and ferocious aspect. The so-called bloodhounds were mongrel Great Danes or other large dogs having the requisite aspect of ferocity, and the flaring sensational posters with which the towns of the United States were placarded, showing the demon dogs tearing the down-trodden negro to pieces, conveyed a false idea of the treatment of the slave and cast a stigma on the bloodhound which still exists at this day. The general ignorance which prevailed in respect both to the breeds of dogs and to the state of slavery aided greatly in establishing the exaggerations as facts. Slavery as an institution had no just defense, but the canine monsters of the Uncle Tom's Cabin shows were no part of it.

As a matter of fact, the bloodhound is an entirely different dog from the ferocious curs of Uncle Tom's Cabin drama, and the bloodhound of the story of Uncle Tom's Cabin did not exist at all outside of imagination. The dogs used for slave chasers were the common foxhounds. They served the purpose of following and finding the runaway slave, which was all that the pursuer desired, as he was thus enabled to capture the fugitive. As a negro was worth from $1,200 to $2,000, it is clearly absurd to assume that an owner would desire to have dogs which would mutilate or kill his property. The dogs would follow and bay the slave, when the owner coming up would recapture him. It is doubtful if there was a genuine bloodhound in the whole South in slavery days, yet for many years to come the big, fierce-eyed and ferocious-looking brutes of fiction will be accepted as the kind of dog which harassed the slave and tore him to pieces, or checked his efforts for freedom.

HORNLESS BUCKS.

THE recent record in FOREST AND STREAM of the killing of two hornless male Virginia deer suggests the inquiry whether in other species of American deer the males are sometimes without horns. We do not know that anything has been written on this point, yet the question is one worth looking into.

In a note appended to the record of the hornless male deer, which we printed some weeks ago, it was remarked that the male of the European red deer was sometimes found without horns. This condition no doubt occurs more frequently than is realized, and these hornless stags are perhaps not so uncommon in the Scottish forests as is generally believed. The shooter who is looking over a herd of deer usually strives to select the finest head of horns, and pays little attention to the females and the younger males. It is not strange, therefore, that these hornless males are not noticed. Their presence in the forests is well known to close observers. It is said that these hornless males are good fighters, and that—fighting altogether by striking with the forefeet—they are often able to drive off their rivals which seem to be much better armed.

On the frontal bones of these "hummels" there are usually found two slight excrescences of bone covered with skin and hair, which occupy the position of the stumps which support the horns in the normal stag, but present no appearance of ever having borne horns. In some parts of Germany these hornless males occur, and there they bear the names *büffel, plattköpfe,* hermits and perhaps others. In these forests they are usually killed wherever met with and so are now seldom seen.

Although in the Highlands of Scotland such animals are reported to be as large, strong and well nourished as others of their kind, yet in Germany the lack of horns is attributed to insufficient food and to close inbreeding. It may be questioned whether this is the true cause. The German records of such deer go back as far as the early part of the present century. In these forests there are also single-horned stags, known to the foresters as "murderers." The European roe, which is normally horned, is also sometimes found hornless.

The two recently recorded specimens of hornless male deer seem to have been Virginia deer, but it would be extremely interesting to learn whether hornless males of other species have been met with by any of our readers. It may be assumed that, if they occur, hornless stags are very rare, and the chances of their being seen and recognized would be very slight.

It is well known to geologists that the deer of the lower Miocene were all without horns, and that in the upper Miocene deer are found with simple spike horns or at most with a single prong. In the Pliocene, however, the antlers of deer become more complex. Hornless skulls of the Irish elk have several times been found. It may be that the occurrence of these hornless stags is an example of reversion to an ancestral type.

Has any one of our readers ever seen a hornless male moose, elk, caribou or deer killed during the season when these animals usually bear horns? If so, we should be glad to learn of it with all possible detail of time, place and circumstance. The subject is a new one and observations are needed.

SNAP SHOTS.

The *Asian*, published in Calcutta, declares that there is such a close connection between wild ducks and photography that "every silver print made has a tendency to diminish the supply of wildfowl." Albumen, it explains, is an indispensable adjunct to photography, and as the eggs of poultry possess special value in all countries, "the eggs of wildfowl are laid under contribution in countless numbers, and the diminishing supply of these birds on some parts of our coast, especially in the Scottish Hebrides, must, in some measure, be due to the considerable demand for albumen." This is interesting because it shows the wide distribution of the wild duck albumen myth. From Alaska to the Scottish Hebrides and from Canada to India the duck egg story has been given currency and credence. It would be instructive to get at the actual origin of the fiction. Men have devoted their lives to the study of comparative folklore, and nothing in their investigations is more surprising than the wide dissemination of some of the most simple and familiar tales. Very many of these folk fables have been traced originally to India. If photography was among the lost arts, it may be conjectured that in their day and generation the sportsmen of 1896 B. C. viewed with becoming alarm the conversion of duck eggs into albumen.

One of the most interesting of the game park enterprises we have described is that conducted by M. Henri Menier, the millionaire chocolate manufacturer of France, who is engaged in an endeavor to convert Anticosti Island into a great game preserve. He proposes to stock the island with red deer, moose, caribou, elk and beaver. Our correspondent Mark West suggests that while the scheme is a very beautiful one it may prove impracticable because of the terrible pests of flies which make Anticosti uninhabitable for these larger animals. The Canadian Government and private individuals have tried to stock the country with game, but they have failed because all excepting fur-bearing animals are killed by the flies. "One tough resident told me," says Dr. Morris, "that he had kept a cow on Anticosti through one year, but the cruelty of it made him sick." The flies will also prove a serious pest to the settlers in their endeavor to cultivate the barren soil of Anticosti. What with the hosts of black flies, gnats and mosquitoes we apprehend that the devoted French colonists and the imported game are destined to have a hard time of it on this island in the north.

James H. Dudley, who died at his home in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on Tuesday of last week, at the age of seventy-nine, was one of the great FOREST AND STREAM family, as he himself was wont to say. His contributions to the entertainment of others through our columns extended over almost the entire term of publication from 1873 to the present. Mr. Dudley's was a singularly sweet and winning disposition. In all our acquaintance with him only once did we ever hear him speak harshly of another, and even then it was under great provocation, for the man had stolen from him a ducking point by bringing a steam yacht to anchor in front of the blind where he knew Mr. Dudley was ensconced. Mr. Dudley was among the first visitors to the Adirondacks, away back in the days when the Northern Wilderness was a wilderness indeed. He was accustomed to ascribe to these outings the vigor and good health of old age, and he never wearied of preaching the doctrine of outdoor recreation.

The Sportsman Tourist.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

OLD JOE, the guide, with steady stroke,
Rows out beyond the fringe of reeds,
Across the channel green and deep,
Between the reef and pick'rel weeds.

The dimpled waters gleam and flash
With brightest gold and darkest green,
Catching the light of evening clouds
In tender rose and silver sheen.

The birds are singing in the pines,
Far off I hear the calling loon;
With easy hand the rod I hold,
And feel the throbbing of the spoon.

A sudden strike, a savage tug,
And out there leaps with mighty lunge,
All green and white, with fins of gold,
The king of fish—a muskallonge.

Then comes the test of rod and line,
And all the angler's craft and skill,
As back and forth, with sweep and swirl,
The desperate captive has his will.

Now rushing off with sudden speed,
He makes the good reel scream with glee,
Or fiercely shakes his mighty jaws
In vain to get the tackle free.

At last he wearies of the fight,
And slowly turns his flashing sides,
While, guided by the short'ning line,
Beside the boat he meekly glides.

The gaff is near his milk-white throat,
A moment more and he is ours;
When down he goes beneath the boat—
"The line has parted, by the powers!"

* * * *

The sun has set, the sky is gray,
The evening wind blows sad and raw;
I only know that I have lost
The biggest fish I ever saw.

HENRY J. SAWE.

LABRADOR SKETCHES.

IV.—Dead Man's Bay.

[Translated by Crawford Lindsay for the FOREST AND STREAM from the manuscript of Count H. de Puyjalon.]

IF ever you come to Labrador and sail along its coast, do not on any account go into Dead Man's Bay on a Friday night. It is a very long, very narrow and very somber bay, surrounded on all sides by high, dark, beetling cliffs of surprising aspect.

The sun's rays barely penetrate into it and the shades of night are darker and more impenetrable there than anywhere else.

The most extraordinary feature of this rather small bay is the great depth of water. Bottom cannot be found with sixty fathoms of line at the foot of the rocks. These liquid masses of limited area and prodigious depth, nearly always of the very darkest hue, always give me a feeling of undefinable fear and curiosity. They inspire me with uncanny ideas when necessity compels me to pass over them; I cannot help looking behind to see whether there is not some gigantic saurian—some last living remnant of days gone by—swimming in my wake, and I experience quite a relief when I get again into the sea and observe once more its bright and ever-changing waves.

It is in this bay that the ghost of a poor devil of a fisherman, drowned there many years ago, roams about on Friday nights. He was returning from his station with a companion, both considerably intoxicated. When they reached the bay the fisherman stumbled and fell overboard.

"Throw me a rope!" he cried to his mate, but as the latter was about to do so the unfortunate man suddenly disappeared, although he had shown no sign of exhaustion, and had not uttered a single cry of distress. Nothing was ever seen of him. Completely sobered by fright, the companion made his way home and told the sad news to the disconsolate widow and sorrowing friends.

From the time of this tragic ending, all who venture to cross the bay on a Friday night hear the drowning man's cry: "Throw me a rope!" and some even affirm that they have seen his shadow floating erect under water.

It was in 18— I was obliged to return because my man Thomas found that we had got much too far away from the Rivière aux Canards, where I had taken him, and one night we came to the entrance of Dead Man's Bay. Not knowing that it was haunted, we pulled in and shortly before dark had put up our tent on a rock near the shore on which we had hauled up our boat.

After a hearty supper of cold salmon we lay down to sleep without the slightest anxiety. The boat, tent and provisions were all safe above the reach of the highest tides, and there seemed to be nothing likely to disturb our slumber, well earned by a long pull against the wind. I was sleeping soundly, as I always do, when I was suddenly awakened by a terrible yell and my man threw himself on me, saying: "*Mon Dieu!* What is it, sir? Save me! save me!"

I pushed him away angrily and called out: "What have you seen, you infernal idiot?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Neither do I, stupid."

I was angry, but the poor fellow looked so pale and flurried that I could not help laughing at him.

"Don't insult me, sir," he said, "I don't know what I saw, but what I did see——"

"Well, what was it?"

"It was a man. A man all in white walking under water——"

"You saw him? Through the sail cloth of the tent?"

"I suppose so, sir."

"Nonsense, you ate too much cold salmon and have had the nightmare, that is all."

"Perhaps so, sir, but it is strange all the same," and he shook his head.

I glared my contempt at him, and settling in my blankets I fell asleep and was not disturbed again.

The sun was already high above the horizon when I woke up the next morning. Thomas, reassured no doubt by the sunlight, was out of the tent. I went out also and saw him some distance away contemplating an object which I could not distinguish. He beckoned to me to join him, and I climbed over to where he was with the aid of plants growing in the crevices of the rocks.

On a rather wide ledge and resting against the mossy side of the cliff was an abandoned fishing boat. Such a boat weighs at least half a ton. Who could have conceived the idea of carrying a craft of that weight and build to that spot, 25ft. above the highest tides, and what could have been the object?

After reflecting some time I gave up trying to solve the problem, and we prepared to start. An hour afterward we had quitted the bay where poor Thomas had been so frightened.

At noon we landed on an islet covered with gulls. The richly tinted rocks had attracted my curiosity, and while we were eating our lunch Thomas said: "I saw it, sir! I saw it! I thought it was a white porpoise, but I soon made out its eyes. Oh, what eyes!"

"But you were asleep?"

"Perhaps so; but I saw it all the same."

"You dream't that you did?"

Thomas respectfully shrugged his shoulders and did not say another word. At sunset we landed near a fishing station where we were to pass the night, and as usual the fishermen came to visit us in our tent and asked the usual questions as to whence we had come and where we were going:

"You have come from Dead Man's Bay. Did you pass the night there?"

"Certainly," I replied.

"And you heard nothing; you saw nothing?"

"No."

"And yet yesterday was Friday?"

"Yes. But what boat is that on a ledge so high above the water mark on the shore of the bay?"

"That is Johnny's boat."

"Johnny's boat," I exclaimed. Seeing that I was quite mystified and could make nothing of it, the fisherman explained the matter to me. In the first place he told me the story I have related above as to the origin of the name of the bay and then he related the following story:

About three years before, Johnny, who used to indulge in an occasional spree, was sailing home in his boat from some place down the coast. He was very drunk, but the weather was fine, the sea was calm, and he sang at the top of his voice, for he was always jovial in his cups.

When he reached Dead Man's Bay he suddenly heard a voice call out, "Throw me a rope, Johnny." He paid no heed. The voice repeated the request, but he sang on. At the third supplication Johnny got impatient, sprang up with a curse, and seizing the slack of the halyards he threw it out, saying, "Catch hold, you drunken lubber, since you have been singing out so long for it."

At the same moment his boat was caught up and carried to the rocky ledge where we had seen the wreck, and Johnny, although sobered by the fright, had all the trouble in the world to recover his senses and make his way to his home, which he reached two days after.

I listened very quietly to this yarn, and when it was finished I raised my eyes, which met those of my man Thomas. They so eloquently expressed terror, triumph and contempt all mingled together that I could not help laughing, to the great disgust of the man who had spun the yarn.

"You don't believe it, sir?" he said.

"Oh, yes," I hastened to answer. "I am laughing at Thomas. He took your dead man for a white porpoise. Isn't he stupid?"

Thomas was indignant.

"Well, sir," he said, "I am not very clever, but I am not a gentleman. What I see, I see."

After that, what could I say? I held my tongue.

H. DE PUYJALON.

BEES.

SHASTA MOUNTAINS, Cal.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I feel considerably stuck up. That phrase is not to be taken as slang, and I am sure I have seen too much of the world to feel as though I was anybody in particular. I have merely been "cuttin' a bee tree" and getting some wild honey and some of the things that go with it.

I have noted from time to time what you and your contributors have been giving us about bee hunting—the last article I remember being in your number of Feb. 1, and signed by Hermit. I would like to have his full name, also his photograph, so when I meet him I will be sure that I have got him. I am a hermit myself, but I never monkeyed with a bee tree until to-day, and I followed some of Hermit's directions.

Hermit writes a very graphic and pleasing epistle. No doubt he told all he knew about bees, and something more—but there is a quantity of wisdom and knowledge that is evasive. I am quite positive just at present that Hermit let some of it get away. He may know something about some bees, but if he will call around in this vicinity and chop down a bees' nest he will get some points.

You see it was this way. I've been hankerin' after honey. I wanted to get some myself, and besides I wanted a few bees to help fix up my ranch with. FOREST AND STREAM talked about bees and honey, and when they commenced coming to my garden this spring I commenced to pike around after 'em. I fixed up some bait and got 'em to coming to it all right and then I watched them.

I got several courses. In fact, as near as I could tell, every one of them had a course of his own. Once in a while one of them would go up the creek, so I went up the creek. After chasing them for two or three days I had coursed them about 300yds. Then they began to go wild. Most of them would fill up on my bait, make two or three false motions, then zigzag around a few times, shoot up toward the sky, and neither I nor my dog could tell where in thunder they made for. Finally I left my bait out and there came a big rain and destroyed it, then I quit for awhile. I was not completely discouraged, but I thought I was losing my interest in bees.

One day a man came by my shack. I don't see a man very often in this vicinity, so I had a talk with him. After a chat he said:

"Wal, how is it ye never cut that bee tree up thar?"

"Well," I replied diplomatically, "it's most too far, and in a kind of a bad place to get at."

"Fur," said he; "why, it ain't more'n a quarter, and right alongside of the creek and the road. Couldn't be in a better place.

"Oh, you mean that dead white oak near the crossing?"

"Naw, I mean the big black oak, with the top broke, near where some feller has been makin' cedar posts."

"Oh," said I, in a sneaking kind of a tone, "I've calculated to cut that tree, but I thought I had better wait and give the bees a chance to get some honey." I added conscientiously, to myself, "besides, I'll be blasted if I knew that tree had bees in it."

"Wal," said the man, "I'd cut it now and save the bees; they'd have time to fix up for winter. They're workin' strong now."

Then my visitor commenced telling bee yarns. As soon as he left I went up to see the tree. Sure enough, they were there, "b'ilin' out of it by handfuls," about 30ft. from the ground. The tree was just out of my road up the creek, and I had passed it about 1,100 times. Then this man, passing it for the first time, had seen the bees at once. Such is life.

It was a large tree, about 2ft. in diameter, and I thought it was sound at the base. It looked like a big contract for me to cut it down alone and I waited two or three weeks for some one to come along who would like to take a hand. Finally a party of surveyors came along. I asked them if they would like some honey. Oh, yes, they would. Then I told them about how by cutting the tree we could get some. Well, they rather guessed they didn't have time—besides, they didn't understand cutting bee trees nohow.

I then worked three days and made two first-class bee gums, with two compartments and numbers of frames, air-holes, etc. I still look with pride on what I consider a neat job.

When I had finished the gums I couldn't wait any longer. I wanted honey bad—having been entirely out of it for several years—and besides I wanted to see those bees in my new hives, working for me on the ranch.

I got all the things together that I expected to need, took my axe and a bee gum and went up to see the bees. I reached their front yard about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. I could see from the ground that they were open to business. It was one of the warmest days we have had this year, and I think bees are lively on warm days.

I figured on the tree and thought I could chop it down in an hour and a half, and I wanted to monkey with the bees about sundown. I thought it would be pleasanter in the cool of the evening. The tree was in the shade of some tall pines, and I went to work. I chopped out a good sized chip and listened. I didn't hear anything buzz or whiz, so I kept on. The bees acted very civilly—they were so high up in the world they simply ignored people on the ground. But they didn't know I was going to take 'em down a little. The tree was hollow to the ground, and when I had blocked out one side I saw I had time enough.

I rested awhile. I sort of like to rest while chopping, which is a good deal like labor. I never labor without resting whenever I have a good, square chance. But the mosquitoes were so bad I thought I might as well chop, and before I expected it I cut through into the hollow so far that the tree began to crack, then it squeaked, tottered and fell with a crash—an hour ahead of time. There was a granite boulder 30ft. from the tree. The bees seemed to be doing business in the honey line about 30ft. up. I calculated to drop them on the boulder, which would open up their works in all probability without further use of the axe. The tree fell on the boulder and burst like a pumpkin. The entire domicile of the bees was opened up to the public, which was, at this place, two dogs and myself. I sneaked up a few feet to see how things looked before I put on my prepared armor, which I had near by.

I didn't get a very good view. I came away too soon. The air all at once seemed to be one solid whiz, and was so full of bees that my dogs gathered a lot of them without trying, and went off as though they wanted to get away from there. One of the dogs was a small, short-haired dog, and very black. When he left I could see he was full of little yellow spots that looked like spangles. They were bees, and they clung to him as though they had never had a dog before. The dog acted as though he had never had bees behind before.

I secured my armor and prepared for action. I had only a small piece of mosquito bar which I fastened to my straw hat, letting it festoon my face. I drew on a hickory overshirt (wearing it like a bushwhacker, outside of my pants), then I tied a string around my ankles, one around my waist and a handkerchief around my neck; finally I drew over my hands two pairs of cotton socks for gauntlets, and I was ready.

I approached the bees gradually. I got in among them and they couldn't do a thing to me. But didn't they try it though! I never was the center of so much attention in my life, and I had no notion till then how much racket a few million bees can make. I peered into their works in the tree, now spread wide open. I never saw such a combination of honeycomb and mad bees.

I then got my hive, buckets and pans, and went to work. Just about this time the sun came out from behind a tree and shone as though it had concentrated all its rays to focus on my operations. The bees got madder and crazier. One of the dogs had come back as near as he dared, and as luck would have it he flushed a skunk so close by that the animal pervaded all the atmosphere that was not full of bees. I got entangled in grapevines and thought I could hear a rattlesnake, but the bees made such a whiz I could only guess at it. I grabbed all the honeycomb I could see through my veil, put it in the buckets and had everything full and more left. My gauntlets became loose and a few bees got into them, my veil leaked and let in a few, then a small contingent got into my hair!

Now did those bees behave like those Hermit tells about? Had the "little warriors of a moment ago" found they were to be robbed, and quit in despair to fill up on honey? Not a bit of it.

My hat felt as if full of red-hot barbed wire, and my hands as though they were full of red hot fish hooks. If anyone had come along then he could have seen it was my busy day, and he would have gone right away about his business somewhere else.

As soon as I could get out of the grapevines, rocks and the brush, I made for the creek and away from where I seemed to be as fast as I imagined a man with only two legs to work with could progress.

Talk about things with strings on! All the things I had tied on to keep the bees out were now keeping them in! Some of the bees I took with me wanted to get out, but they couldn't, so they stayed with me—stuck right to me. When I did get out of my extra duds, every bee was simply stupefied with victory and sated with revenge. I sat down to recover my senses and incidentally to pick the stingers out of myself that the bees seemed to have had no further use for. My dog seemed to have thought I was insane, and he even risked the bees to get around somewhere where I could fall over him in my mad career. Now he condoled with me, and I asked him if he had ever made one of such a pair of fools before in his life. He looked skeptical and was non-committal; but between his experience with the bees and his traffic with the skunk he seemed to feel humiliation too.

I left for home with half a barrel of honeycomb, 2 or 3lbs. of honey, a swelled head, a smarting anatomy, lots of experience and a fond hope to get a chance at Hermit and the bee editor of FOREST AND STREAM some day.

The foregoing account is merely the record of the first day's operations with bee tree No. 1. I never quit an enterprise that I undertake so long as I think the rest is easy, and that I have had the worst of it. I went back to those bees. I spent the next two days with them, and dreamed of them the intervening nights. There are about eight gallons of them, and at this writing I have them on my premises. I brought them down in two loads, corked up in a keg and a box. Whether I have one, two or three swarms I don't yet know. I poured them out and drove them into my new gums with a switch. I divided them as near as I could.

To-day they all seemed to be having a time of it themselves to get straightened out and reorganized. They get out on the piazza to their new homes and march from one hive to the other They stand on their heads, kick at the sky and buzz and countermarch. I don't know what their plans are, but I do know they haven't quit fighting back. They have not yet missed a reasonable chance to sting me. It is said that when they sting they die; if this is true and they keep at me, they will all commit suicide. There are only a few million of 'em left. Before I cut my next bee tree I will wait until I can wear an ordinary shaped hat Meantime I will think up some on the subject. RANSACKER.

P. S.—I suppose there are apiarians who think they know all about bees, and have written books. To the novice I offer my advice free, viz: don't try to read up on bees. You would never get it all. Either cut a bee tree and hive a swarm or two, or be content with patent honey made out of sorghum and nitro-glycerine. R.

Natural History.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN OSTRICH.

BY ADOLPH ERICH BOECKING, PH. D.

[A number of questions recently asked by readers of FOREST AND STREAM lead us to publish an abstract of a paper read by Dr. Adolph Erich Boecking before the Scientific Society, of San Antonio, Texas, which contains a great deal of very interesting material about this species. Dr. Boecking states in this paper that it is rewritten and translated into English from his original field notes, which formed the basis of his monograph on these birds published some years ago in *Wiegmann's Archiv*, a German publication devoted to zoölogy.]

The American ostrich is the largest bird of the New World, and is the sole survivor here of a group of birds which were very abundant in post tertiary times. Some of these still survive, as the ostrich, the emu, the apteryx and others; but others, like the giant moas of Australasia, have become extinct.

The South American ostrich, of which there are two species, is found distributed over the vast plains that extend from the southern tributaries of the Amazon southward as far as Patagonia. Of these two forms the smaller is the more southern, while the entire pampa proper of the Argentina, the larger southeastern half of Brazil, the eastern portion of Paraguay and the whole of the Banda Oriental of Uruguay is the range of the larger and more northern bird. This species is peculiarly a bird of the plains, and avoids alike the forest and abrupt hills or high mountains. He prefers the thickets of the high prairie and the little islands of underbrush which are found here and there over these great prairies.

This ostrich is a bird of the warm temperate zone, and diminishes in numbers as the equator is approached. Throughout all his range the species is found in moderate numbers, being the most abundant where food is plenty. During the breeding season the male lives with from three to seven hens, occupying a range of his own and defending it against any intruder. During the remainder of the year old and young keep together in loose herds of fifty or more individuals, which may be broken up and scattered by any accident such as a night surprise, a storm or even an intervening rise of ground, while they are feeding, and the stragglers join with the first feeding herd that they may encounter. Notwithstanding this fact, they appear to be attached to a particular range, and a crippled specimen, known by his wing, which had healed imperfectly, was found always within a few miles of a certain point by my men, and I often saw it myself.

The most striking characteristic of the ostrich, and one which has passed into a proverb, is his never-failing appetite. They seem to be eating all the time. In spring the food consists largely of fresh green clover and the insects of the prairie, but his mainstay and daily bread consists of grasses and unripe flower buds, together with such berries and insects as it can pick up. They do not appear to feed upon the dry and ripe seed of many grasses, nor do they touch grain at any time. They very rarely drink.

It is in spring, which of course in the southern hemisphere begins in the mouth of October, that the ostrich is seen at his best. It is then that his plumage is brightest, his deportment stateliest, and it is then that he utters at short intervals the sonorous gutteral cry which gives him his popular name Ñandú. This is a call to his mate, but it is also a challenge, an invitation, a warning, and an encouragement all in one. "This call never missed its effect upon myself when camped out, with nothing to keep me company for perhaps a hundred miles except my horses and dogs, I heard its long-drawn ring vibrate through the starry night. It was the reassuring manifestation of life and peace at the same time amid the overwhelming solitude and stillness. As long as this sound reverberates you are safe from every surprise. You will hear it even in your sleep, and only when it ceases then you wake up with a start. The horses interrupt their cropping and listen, and the dogs take in the wind to ascertain what it can be. Of all watchful pampa creatures the ostrich is the most vigilant."

Like all the other higher animals of the country they inhabit, wild or tame, the ostrich enjoys a siesta at noon during the summer; but to make up for this lost time it feeds for three or four hours during the night. In winter the birds rise and go to sleep with the sun.

The first eggs laid by a family of ostriches are dropped here and there on the prairie early in December, but after a while the male bird scratches out a shallow hollow on some dry place, often choosing a wallow dug out by the rolling cattle, and here the eggs are laid, the number being from seven to twenty-three. Other eggs are laid outside the nest, for what purpose is not known. It has been stated that these were for the newly hatched birds to feed on, but this is not the fact, for these young birds from their second day on feed upon grass blades and insects. Incubation is performed by the male, who turns the eggs over every day. He sits on them all through the night and in the morning until the dew has left the grass, when he leaves them for a time to feed. This absence is sometimes more or less prolonged, and on one occasion I observed a male feeding for four hours before returning to the nest, and all of the eggs hatched. When the work of incubation begins the bird is timid and likely to steal away at the merest suspicion of danger, but later on he sits much more close and often springs up only when nearly approached. For a little while he will make as if he were about to attack his disturber, but thinking better of it, makes off, feigning to be injured and trying to induce pursuit. The nests are sometimes attacked by foxes, opossums, lizards and snakes, but the old bird is said to defend the nest against these creatures if they approach when he is near.

The young are usually hatched about the beginning of January after six weeks' incubation. At two weeks old they stand about 1½ft. high and are very pretty in their striped livery of yellow and brown. When a few days out of the shell they cannot be overtaken by a man on foot, but earlier they are often caught; yet there is always danger of killing instead of catching them, since when nearly overtaken they are likely suddenly to crouch flat on the ground and may easily be stepped on. When in this position they are recognized only with difficulty, so closely do they resemble the ground on which they lie. For the first few weeks these young birds follow their father about alone, but gradually they are joined by the females, which have hitherto apparently taken no interest in the young family. In fall, that is in April and May, the downy coat of the young has been changed for one of feathers, which, however, are not of the same gray color as the plumage of the adult female. At this season the families leave the thickets and move out into the open prairie to avoid the attacks of the larger cats, like the jaguar and the puma, which prey upon them. On the whole, however, the ostrich has few enemies except man. Sometimes they may be run down by wolves or captured by one of the big cats, or now and then young ones may serve as a meal for eagle, fox or boa. The pampa fires no doubt destroy more ostriches than all other causes put together.

The damage done by the ostrich is confined to the little clover that it eats, or the rare occasions when it interferes with some cultivated crop. On the other hand the bird destroys great numbers of noxious insects, and vast quantities of injurious plants while they are green. It is a useful rather than a noxious bird.

The Sea Serpent.

STATE OF WASHINGTON, June 20.—The sea serpent has at last been caught. The West is ahead as usual. Maybe it is not the sea serpent, only a sea serpent. If not a sea serpent, then a what-do-you-call-it? The East sees sea serpents time and again, and there are the sensational stereotyped accounts in the papers which no one believes, but the great West sees sea serpents and goes one better, catches them.

Some fishermen while plying their trade on Hood's Canal a few days since caught one of these elusive and long-sought monstrosities, which is now on exhibition in Seattle with all the full steam flourish of a sure enough side show, and a painting on the canvas fearfully and wonderfully made of a sinuous monster from whose low-browed, broken-nosed Bowery tough head there issues a forked tongue that spits lightning to the four corners of the earth.

I did not see the thing, but my informant who did describes it as being between 6 and 7ft. long, about as large as your arm near the shoulder, sleeve and all, of a brownish color, mottled, with smooth skin, dorsal fin whole length of back, but no other, tail rather blunt, and with a head which was a "cross between that of a snake and a bulldog," if such a thing can be imagined, with teeth, tusks and all, like a cat's. It had no whiskers, or if it had ever been possessed of those appendages they had been shaved off. Gills it had. Now if this isn't a sea serpent we'll try again. I think we can fetch it if necessary.

It was reported that it was to be sent to Prof. Alexander, of the Fish Commission steamer Albatross, which is at Seattle, for inspection and identification if possible, but I know not whether it was done.

As I have somewhere remarked in my works, there are other things beside rain in Washington. O. O. S.

The Copperhead.

I SHOULD like to say for the benefit of Forked Deer that I had a pretty intimate acquaintance with this "myth" some twenty years ago on my father's farm. The editorial note states that the snake in question is found from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. He was the commonest dangerous reptile known in the section above referred to, the Ozark region of Southwest Missouri, some twenty miles north of Springfield. He was usually to be found about old fences, piles of logs, stumps, etc., and was in a state of chronic belligerancy. This circumstance and the added one that he strikes without warning made him more dreaded than the rattlesnake. I have killed a great many of these handsome, villainous fellows, and only once remember seeing one try to retreat.

They are marked a good deal like the rattlesnake, but of brighter colors. It is a common notion that they are the female rattlesnake. AZTEC.

Game Bag and Gun.

AMERICAN GAME PARKS.

The "Forest and Stream's" Third Annual Report on Game in Preserves.

Part One.—Fenced Parks.—Continued.

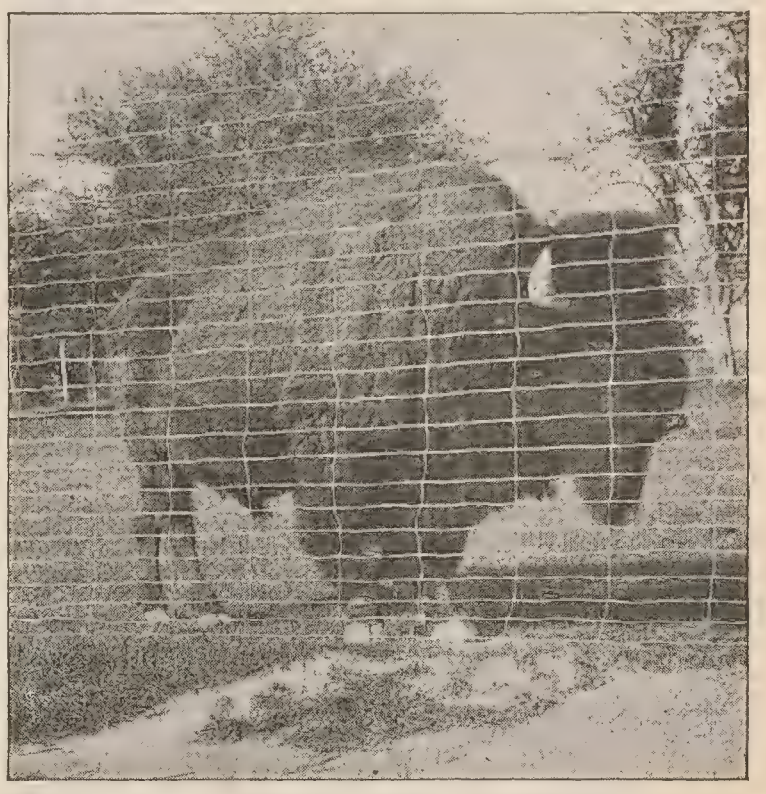
The Page Fence Company.

The Page Woven Wire Fence Company has a game park at Adrian, Mich., in which are included at present eight buffalo, seventeen elk and nineteen deer. There is also a black bear and a number of foxes, coons, badgers and coyotes. The coyotes do well in confinement and are prolific breeders.

Among the deer are a number of black-tails. The common deer are from stock captured in the Adirondacks, Michigan and other widely separated sections. On a recent Saturday, Sunday and Monday three sets of twin deer were born.

The elk were purchased three years ago, and have bred regularly since the first year. They are handled as easily as domestic cattle. A large bull met his death recently by a stroke of lightning.

The buffalo at present are kept in what is known as the "breeding inclosure," which contains an area of about five acres. There are four cows and two bulls; one of the latter is nine years old, and an unusually fine



THE "BUFFALO RANGE" TO DAY.

specimen. As he stands naturally he is said to hold his head 4½ft. above the ground.

The Page Company recently lost a large bull purchased from the herd of Mr. J. H. Bass, of Fort Wayne, Ind., from injuries received at the time of the transfer. The bull was very wild and resisted capture desperately, breaking repeatedly through temporary inclosures into which he had been driven. After three days' maneuvering he was finally subdued, bound head and feet and dragged into a cage that had been prepared for his reception, but the struggle had been too much, and he died a few days after his arrival at Adrian.

The price paid for this buffalo is stated as $600.

Under date of June 23 W. A. Hoisington writes:

"Our people recently purchased two more buffalo—a bull and a cow—near Keokuk, Ia. They arrived in good condition one week ago and have already made friends with the Ft. Wayne and Chicago buffalo purchased earlier in the season. The bull is four years old and the cow three years, and they are equal to the best specimens that we have. Our people have just accepted a proposition of a Wisconsin man to sell a herd of sixteen deer and our gamekeeper will start for them to-morrow."

The Bear Swamp Game Preserve.

The Bear Swamp Game Park, located in Sussex county, N. J., contains about 1,000 acres, principally woodland. About 100 acres near the center of the park is known as the Bear Swamp (from which the park derives its name), is an admirable protection for game, being thickly wooded with hemlock, pine, laurel, etc. This track was purchased by Dr. E. S. Dalrymple in 1894, with a view to forming a private game preserve.

The park has recently been fenced with the Page woven wire deer park fence, 7½ft. high. The park will soon be leased for a term of years to an association of sportsmen, the membership of which will be limited to twenty-five.

The preserve has been but partly stocked; a few deer, Canada and Belgian hares were released this spring. The native game consists of partridges, quail and rabbits; the former are quite numerous.

As soon as the association is fully organized and in working order it is proposed to stock the preserve with deer, English pheasants and such other game as is thought suitable. The park is watered by a stream and tributaries which empty in Lake Owassa, a lake lying along the western side of the park.

Maple Point, a grove adjoining the park and fronting on the lake, has been improved during the past two or three years, cottages built, roads laid out, etc. A site has been selected here for a club house, which will no doubt be erected in the near future. There are several lakes in this vicinity. Culvers and Owassa have been stocked with black bass several years, and more recently with landlocked salmon and wall-eyed pike. The bass fishing has been excellent during the past three or four years.

The St. Louis Park and Agricultural Company.

The St. Louis Park and Agricultural Company, of St. Louis, Mo., have a game preserve near Springfield, Mo. The elk purchased from the Caton estate were recently sent there, and eleven arrived in good condition.

The St. Louis Park and Agricultural Company is a regularly organized and incorporated company under the laws of Missouri. Our property is located in Taney county, one of the southern counties of this State. It is on White River, twelve miles from Forsyth, the county seat, about five miles from the Arkansas line, sixty miles southeast of Springfield, Mo., and forty miles from Chadwick, the nearest railroad station. We have about 5,000 acres of fine, rolling, well timbered, watered and fertile land, most of which is inclosed with a close barbed-wire fence 13ft. high. We have also a club house, boat house and other necessary buildings for the care and protection of stock and game. At present we have the property divided into two parts, and both well stocked with elk, native deer, red deer, fallow deer and Angora goats. Will add in the fall some black-tail deer. We have about seventy-five pure breed Mongolian pheasants which we probably will turn loose in the park in the near future. We also have other game in abundance, such as quail and wild turkeys. The park is well adapted to the raising of game, the climate being mild and temperate, and grass and foliage abundant the year round, so that stock usually winter well without other feed than that secured in the park. Ours is a park or game preserve for private use only. The parties interested (six in number) are mostly officers of the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co., and the main office of the company is at St. Louis. We expect to continue adding game and improving the property, and at some future day to have a preserve or property that will be a credit to the State and a pleasant resort for those interested in it. White River also furnishes good sport for the angler; so taking it altogether, we are well located, and the prospects good for sport for years to come.

ST. LOUIS PARK AND AGRICULTURAL CO.
J. P. LITTON, Sec'y and Treas.

Judge Caton's Game Park.

The late Judge John Dean Caton was probably the first man in this country to bring together in one park the different species of American game. While deer parks were common before his time, especially in Virginia and the South, his was the first park of which we have knowledge where general stocking was attempted. Writing in 1881 he says:

"For many years I have kept in domestication the American antelope and all of the American deer of which I treat (in 'Antelope and Deer of America'), except the moose and the two species of caribou or American reindeer."

His park at Ottawa, Ill., was inclosed by a picket fence 8ft. high. It was of small area as compared with some of the modern game parks, and probably never contained more than 100 animals at any one time. Previous to his death Judge Caton sold a number of his elk, which were shipped to Europe. In April of the present year the remaining elk, numbering eighteen, were sold to the owner of a park near Springfield, Missouri. They were very wild, and in the effort to capture them four were killed and four made their escape from the park. The latter were recaptured at various times. The last to be taken was run down with hounds and gave its captors, Messrs. Prettyman and McDermott, of Ottawa, a very exciting chase, in which one hound was killed and another maimed for life.

Under date of June 22 Mr. Prettyman informs us that he understands that eleven of the elk are alive in the preserve of the St. Louis Park and Agricultural Company, at Springfield, Mo.

At Judge Caton's park there are still left thirteen common deer.

Stave Island in Lake Champlain.

I HAVE an island (Stave) of eighty-six acres, eleven miles down the lake from Burlington. It is fenced with Page woven wire fence, 88in. high. I have pheasants, quail and rabbits, but no deer as yet. I expect to put a few deer on the island this summer, provided I can get them near by. Your Mr. Banks touched up Stave Island in writing on Vermont Fish and Game League banquet held here the latter part of November, '95. You may find something of interest in FOREST AND STREAM of that date.

F. H. WELLS.

Biltmore Estate.

Mr. Vanderbilt has not yet given the matter of fish and game upon his estate at Biltmore much consideration. He will doubtless do so, however, in the near future. * * *

CHARLES MCNAMEE.

John E. Searles.

Mr. John E. Searles has the nucleus of a game preserve on his estate at Great Hill, Mass., on Buzzard's Bay. He has just purchased six elk, and will no doubt add other animals in the near future.

Petit Manan Preserve.

The Petit Manan peninsula on the coast of Maine is now owned by a land company, which has a game park of 720 acres surrounded by five miles of wire fencing. In this park are a number of deer as well as hares and other small game.

J. H. Bass.

Mr. John H. Bass, who lives near Fort Wayne, Ind., has five buffalo in an inclosure surrounded by a fence of mortised boards 8ft. high.

Dr. Edward L. Partridge.

Dr. Edward L. Partridge, of New York, has a paddock containing half a dozen deer at his place on the Storm King, in the highlands of the Hudson River.

D. F. Carlin.

At Leslie, S. Dak., D. F. Carlin has a herd of twenty buffalo. He began in 1889 with nine buffalo.

Other Preserves.

Among the fenced parks may be mentioned Tuxedo Park and Sterling Park, both in Orange county, N. Y. The former has an area of about 4,000 acres and is stocked with deer. The latter has never, we believe, been stocked with large game. Pierre Lorillard's park at Jobstown, N. J., is at present in a run down condition.

NATIONAL PARK POACHERS.

As intimated in last week's FOREST AND STREAM, two poachers, Tom Newcomb and June Buzzel, recently arrested for killing elk in the Yellowstone National Park, were tried before Commissioner Meldrum at the Mammoth Hot Springs during the week ending June 27. These men were employed as scouts last autumn by Capt. Anderson, the Superintendent of the National Park. In the pursuit of their duties they naturally learned much about the haunts of the game in the Park, and after their discharge made use of this knowledge to slaughter. Happily, they were captured, and the result of their trial was the imposition of a fine of $50, which each defendant paid. In the opinion of many persons it is time now to begin the imprisonment of rascals who poach on the Government preserves. It is very well to begin with a fine, but this does not put an end to the business of poaching as imprisonment would.

W. F. Wittich, the Butte (Mont.) taxidermist, who, it is alleged, has long been responsible for a great deal of the poaching done in the National Park, was subpœnaed last fall to give testimony at the trial held at the Mammoth Hot Springs of J. S. Courtney, on the charge of having killed buffalo in the National Park.

On the advice of an attorney Wittich disregarded the subpœna, and recently his alleged contempt of court in failing to respond was brought to the attention of the Wyoming Federal Grand Jury, and an indictment was returned against Wittich. A bench warrant was accordingly issued direct to Marshal McDermott, who went to Butte recently and caused the arrest of Wittich. The prisoner was taken before United States Commissioner McMurphy, of Butte, and remanded without bail to appear before Judge Knowles, of Helena. The prisoner was taken to Helena, and on June 26 Judge Knowles granted the required order and turned Wittich over to the custody of the Marshal, to be taken by him to Cheyenne, to appear before Judge Riner for contempt of court. The prisoner was taken to Billings, and thence by the Burlington R. R. to Cheyenne. On the way the prisoner was treated more like a guest than like a prisoner, and had every facility offered him for escape if he wished to.

If Wittich should be found guilty he may be fined from $100 to $500, or be imprisoned for not more than five years, or both, in the discretion of the court.

HOOTERS.

PORTLAND, Ore., June 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One of the most interesting and pleasing sounds which greets the ear of the angler in early spring, as he threads his way along the streams in quest of trout, is the soft, sonorous and far-reaching whoo, whoo, whoo of the male grouse. No woodland note is more inspiring, and he is no true son of Nimrod who can refrain from a glance into the thick branches of the giant fir from which this sylvan music comes. And as perchance the author of this hollow, deep-toned love song may lie at length along some overhanging branch, not far away, it is very often our privilege to stand and watch his ardent wooing. At this season and under these conditions the big blue hooter of this region is oblivious to all else except the lady of his choice, who sits upon her nest at no great distance from the tree, and will continue to hoot until shot at repeatedly.

In this manner thousands of these noble game birds are destroyed, the functions of breeding are interfered with, and the species is thus rapidly exterminated. No single factor has wrought more havoc among the grouse of our covers than the almost universal practice of shooting hooters. Few in this region can escape the just imputation of guilt in this direction, though it is the farmer's boy who is the arch offender. With his infernal .22 he is out in the early spring listening for the mating song of our best game bird, and following up its sound, with the knowledge that no amount of sound will disturb the author of that note, he examines the treetops until the bird is located and shoots him without compunction. A true sportsman, having the interests of game preservation in view, would as soon think of killing a mother grouse over her covey of young.

An unfeeling brute in human form, who has haunted our forests for five years, hunting all the time, in season and out, slaughtering deer with little helpless fawns, trapping quail, hounding deer out of season, and doing more to decimate our country of its native game than all the decent hunters in the country would in ten years, was last week captured in the very act of shooting a hen grouse upon her nest. His arrest immediately followed, and it is to the credit of the good sense and courage of the court that he received the extreme penalty of the law. Our Mr. McNaughton contributed very much to the success of this righteous prosecution, and swore out a second complaint against the offender for illegal deer killing. Judge McMurray gave him $100 fine and sixty days in the county jail upon each count. Every true sportsman in this county applauds the judgment. I have dwelt at some length upon this case, as it forms the initial conviction of any consequence in Pierce county.

Hitherto our excellent game laws have been openly violated, and owing to the impossibility of obtaining a conviction in this county our most efficient and energetic game warden, Mr. Ed. Flannigan, resigned his office in disgust. We congratulate Justice McMurray upon his sensible decision, and sincerely trust that this may mark the dawn of a new era in game protection.

I was out in the park region of the Cascades several days of last week, and as I traveled through a region which only ten years ago was the best deer country in the Northwest, and noted the almost total absence of this beautiful animal, I fell to asking the old ranchers questions. There was only one story from all of them—variously told, regretfully by nearly all, boastfully by some, but the same by all: "'Twas the hounds that did it; they drove them out."

Summer and winter, spring and fall, always and forever were the tireless and hungry hounds baying through the glens and along the corridors of these temples of the sylvan gods; giving no respite to the timid quarry, sparing neither innocent youth nor feeble age, nor respecting the sacred state of motherhood. Need we wonder that a spot which for centuries had furnished deer meat as the sole food supply of thousands of Siwashes, without visible diminution, has become a silent and uninhabited tract under these murderous conditions?

Let us be men together, and, standing manfully together, let us fight this worst foe to the native game, the hound, now, before it is too late, and our deer is a thing of the past. Still-hunting will not visibly affect the deer supply in this country in the next fifty years; the hounds will utterly exterminate it in the next ten.

J. A. BEEBE, M.D.

GROUSE NEAR BOSTON.

BOSTON, June 28.—We are encouraged, Gypsey Belle and I, for we have seen good signs. This forenoon we took a short run out into the country, I on my bike and Zip at wheel. She is as fat as butter this summer, so we took it easy and at the end of a half hour's run left the wheel in a barn and struck into the sprouts. Here we met, by appointment, friends and relatives: two of the boys from the office with a pair of Zip's puppies. We hunted up a stream some distance and finally got up an old partridge. The pups were astonished, as neither had ever seen the woods before, much less a bird. After exhausting all the wet cover on that side of the ridge we cut across country to a pond to give the dogs a swim, and when they had been washed and rinsed we crossed the ridge to lower ground and turned homeward. We had scarcely entered the birches when Zip struck a scent and before she got it figured out up jumped a young partridge from some blueberry bushes right at our feet and went screaming over the knoll. I suppose he was screaming, that's about as close as I can describe the noise he made. He was evidently a badly scared bird. Soon after this Zip came to a point in an opening just in front of me, and while I was calling up the pups the birds began to get up on all sides of me. The woods seemed literally to be alive with them and Zip never moved a step until I had counted nine little fellows and the old bird. We started a few of them a second time just to interest the puppies and then left them, not wishing to frighten them too badly. Now that is a good big bunch, not only in numbers, but in size. They were a little larger than full-grown quail and made a good strong flight when they got up.

I suppose if those pups had been in the sales list of some prominent kennel I should have to tell how they hunted on their own hook, stood their birds like veterans, etc., etc.; but as neither of them could be bought for love or money, I may tell the simple truth, which is that they showed more interest in chasing each other through the sprouts and in trying to induce their mother to leave her hunting and join them than they did in hunting. But they had a good time, the biggest kind of a good time, and took hold just enough to show that it was in them.

A brood of ten large, strong birds before July 1 would seem to indicate a good breeding season, and if they have done equally well in other places there should be some sport next fall. Another Sunday, if there ever comes another when it does not rain, I shall take the camera along and pay this interesting family another visit and try for a snap shot at a "point." Boston has a few charms other than baked beans and east wind, for this brood of birds is scarcely beyond the paved streets.

C. HARRY MORSE.

Calibers.

NOTHING delights me more than to have an old question like this thrashed over in FOREST AND STREAM. I have myself settled down upon the .45-70 as the most satisfactory cartridge for deer shooting. It is quite possible that the penetration of this cartridge is insufficient for quartering shots at moose or grizzly bears. I have no means of trying that. I had a .45-90 rifle for a while, but it proved to be inaccurate. I found its recoil rather unpleasant also; twenty grains less of powder make quite a difference. A rifle of 7½lbs. weight, if properly stocked (and I wouldn't have anything but a shotgun butt), can be fired with 70grs. of powder without serious discomfort. The Marlin people now offer to make a light weight rifle in their '95 model for a very slight advance in price. The Winchester Company charges entirely too much extra for their light '86 model, but it is a most satisfactory weapon.

I give it as my opinion that the common idea that the recoil of these light weight guns throws up the muzzle enough to make them inaccurate has no foundation in fact. One accustomed to the 40 or 48grs. of powder of the .44 and .38 cals. may find the shock unpleasant and flinch; but if he doesn't he can put the big bullet about where he "p'ints."

I may remark in conclusion that last season I shot three deer in about the same spot, just behind the shoulder, through the big arteries and lungs, and every one of them ran some distance—one over a 100yds.—in spite of the .45cal. bullets. These were Gould bullets, which I prefer; but tempered 1 to 16 they do not mushroom much in a deer. I am going to try the Weed bullet. By the way, Gould's "Modern American Rifles" is an interesting treatise.

AZTEC.

Maryland Beach Birds.

STOCKTON, Worcester County, Md.—Our next shooting here will be the summer flight of beach birds down the coast. The first generally make their appearance about the last week in July. From that time on until September the flights are usually constant and sure. The dry weather and heavy northeast gales (without rain) ruined our spring yellow-shank shooting. We generally average from 50 to 100 a day while the flight lasts, from a week to ten days. This year we did not average five.

O. D. F.

Exercises of ye Fierlock.

A CURIOUS relic of the manual of arms in bygone days came under the eyes of the writer a short time ago. It was the manuscript "Exercises of ye Fierlock," of Col. Stafford, the grandfather of Mr. Christopher R. Stafford three removed of this city. Col. Stafford has commissions among his papers which are still preserved. "Exercises of ye Fierlock" is written on a long strip of paper in a neat and at present quite legible hand. There are fifty-two movements recorded upon the list, with the numbers opposite. The movements may be illustrated from the following quotations:

"Joyne your right hand to your fierlock, poise your fierlock, cock your fierlock; present; fier; half-cock your fierlock; handle your carteridg; open your carteridg; prime; shut your prime; cast about to charge; charge with carteridg; draw forth your ramrods; put them in ye barrils; recover your ramrods; return your ramrods; then shoulder, rest, order, ground, take up, rest, club, rest, secure and shoulder your fierlocks; rest on your arms; draw your bayonets; fix your bayonets; rest your bayonets; charge; push your bayonets; rest your bayonets on ye left arm; shoulder your fierlocks; present your arms, to ye right four times; right about; to ye left as you ware; left four times; left about; right as you ware; quit your arms, face to ye right about, march, then halt."—*Providence Journal.*

Sea and River Fishing.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

I.—Reuben Wood.

THIS noted sportsman, who for nearly half a century made his home in Syracuse, N. Y., was well known throughout the State, and it was my good fortune to have him as an instructor in the art of angling in earliest boyhood. We were born in the then small village of Greenbush (opposite Albany), he in December, 1822, and I eleven years later.

Almost every man who has passed the half-century milestone on life's journey loves to imitate Lot's wife and look over his shoulder, and usually the retrospect is pleasant because we do not remember clearly; we conjure up the roses in the pathway and the small thorns are indistinct in the distance; a faint humming of the bees whose honey we stole brings no remembrance of the penalty paid for it; the wound of the sting is cured by the honey—in memory, at least. Poor indeed is the man of fifty who has no wealth of retrospect and who thinks the punishment of Lot's wife was fitted to the crime! It was cruelly unjust, and in compensation at this late day she should be sainted perhaps with the name and title of Saint Salina. Here I pause to ask if there is really any such thing as an occult cerebration which caused my pen to turn to thoughts of Lot's wife while writing an apology for looking back at the boyhood of a citizen of Syracuse, N. Y., the great salt-producing city of the State?

There are men who never could have been boys—engaged in boyish sports and had a boy's thoughts. Everyone has known such men. Men who must have been at least fifty years old when they were born—if that event ever happened to them—and have no sort of sympathy for a boy nor his ways; crusty old curmudgeons who never burned their fingers with a firecracker or played hookey from school to go a-fishing. They may be very endurable in a business way, but are of no possible use as fishing companions. I speak by the card, for I've been in the woods with them.

Reuben Wood was a boy, and was one to me as long as he lived. We were boys together, he being a big boy when I was but a little one; he was at our house a great deal, and is among the earliest of memories. He was "Reub" all through life to all his familiars, and they were many.

It was a summer day, and I was some some six or eight summers old when Reub came down the street with some fish that he had caught in a stream then the northern boundary of the village, but now in it and fishless. After much solicitation he agreed to let me in the party next day, Bruin and me. Now, Bruin was a big Newfoundland dog belonging to my father which Reub had taught to pick me up whenever he said, "Bruin, go fetch Fred," no matter what screams, kicks and protests his burden made, and this was one of Reub's jokes which I did not appreciate. We started, Bruin and I in high glee. Reub cut some poles, rigged the lines, floats and hooks and put on the worms, and he soon had a perch, a monster it seemed then, and does yet, while the sunfish that tried to run away with my float and which Reub helped to land probably weighed more than the grocer's scales could tell; it must have been as big as 100 modern ones, and Reub said "it was as big as a piece of chalk." Such was the first experience in angling, as clear in memory as if only a week ago.

A little pond turtle stuck his head up near the float, looked at it and at us, and paddled to the bottom in the funniest way. Reub called it a "skillypot," but he had funny names for everything. Then I caught a perch, actually bigger than the sunfish, and a new world seemed to open, but the spines of the fish cut my hand and the world was not so bright. Five fish came to my lot in all, but Reub had about twenty, some perch, sunfish, two bullheads and an eel. He said that I let the fish eat the worms off. I saw a turtle climb on a log while Reub was up the bank after worms and I went out on the log to get it, but the turtle slid into the water and so did I. A scream brought Reub, who whistled for Bruin and ordered him to "Fetch Fred," and he did. O, the dripping of clothes and the splashing of shoes as we went home, and the tearful tale of a turtle who wouldn't wait to be caught! This last seemed the greatest cause of grief and afforded Reub and other boys a text for teasing, which they worked to an annoying extent, and it was long before he would take me fishing again, saying, "No, you'll go diving for turtles." This occurred about 1840 and Reub referred to it the last time I saw him, in 1883.

At this time Greenbush was a very quaint little village on the upper Hudson, whose connection with the outside world was by the Albany stage to Boston and by ferry to Albany. No railroad entered it, and in fact the only one at that time in the whole State of New York ran from Albany to Schenectady, and hauled its cars to the top of the hill by a stationary engine before hooking on the light locomotive. The place was favorable for the development of character, unhampered by the conventionalities which come from contact with outside people, and Reuben grew to manhood there and retained a quaint simplicity all his life, a rugged, honest nature, whom it was refreshing to know and a lovable man to meet. If, as a boy, he ever indulged in forays on the fruit and melon patches of the farmers the fact is unknown to me. That I did is certain, but the disparity of years forbade comradeship in such nocturnal pleasures. He was large, strong and heavy of movement, with a deep chest voice, even when a boy, that was remarkable. His brother Ira, nearer my age, resembled him in this and other particulars, and in both there was an air of honesty and truthfulness, not so frequent in boys, which was fully borne out in their characters as men.

In later years I had a joke on Reub which was originally on me as a boy, but later knowledge reversed it. With some other boys one day I had been fishing away up the hill in the pond of the locally famous "red mill" and had seen a pair of wood ducks alight upon a tree. We somehow knew that they were wild ducks, but had no idea that the term included more than one kind, for at that day we only knew one sort of tame ducks. To see a duck light on a tree was strange, and I told Reub of it and he spread the incredible story, for he knew nothing of wood ducks, and the laugh was on me. "Seen any ducks lightin' on trees lately?" was a common and annoying salutation, and years later the question was turned on Reub. I fished with him many times as a boy, never after he left Greenbush for Syracuse, in 1852; but we met occasionally after 1876 when thrown together at fairs and fly-casting tournaments, and he seemed to be the same boy that somehow had gray hair.

The picture of him gives an excellent idea of his manly face, but the cigar I do not recognize. This is not remarkable, because he used from a dozen to twenty each day, and there are people who might not recognize his picture without a cigar of some kind. The badge upon his corduroy coat is a certificate that he is a member of the Onondaga Fishing Club, of Syracuse, which was always represented at the State Sportsmen's tournaments. Take a good look at him! That kind, honest face would be a passport anywhere. To me he was always the same lovable boy to whom I looked up as guide, philosopher and friend on my first fishing trip away back in the forties. I think I am a better man for knowing Reub Wood when he was a big boy and I a child. From him I learned that the world was round, "rounder than a marble," he said, and I saw that the sky was the upper half and that



REUBEN WOOD.

we were inside the world; if he knew better he never explained the matter.

Reuben's humor was manifested in the use of strange words which he probably manufactured, as I never heard them from any other person. A bad knot in a fish line was a "wrinkle-hawk," an excellent thing was "just exebogenus," a big fish was "an old codwalloper" and a long stemmed pipe was "a flugemocker." What a blank page is a boy's memory that such things written on it remain indelible for over half a century when more important ones have faded! The name of Reub Wood conjures up these trifling things, which if heard ten years ago would have been forgotten. But he had such a strong individuality that a person who only met him for ten minutes would be impressed by it and know him in after years; what wonder that he should carve his personality on the mind of a child? Impressions of other men and boys in that small village are also quite distinct and, as is usual in such places, there is more profanity and obscenity heard by a boy than in cities, for the tough boy in small places excels in such things, and it seems to me that he was worse then than now. But the worst that I ever heard Reub say was "gosh hang it," under the provocation of having to cut a fish hook out of his thumb. His mind was as pure as his life, and that is more than can be said of many who live straight enough, but have to resist temptation frequently. A man is not so much to be judged by his actions as by his thoughts, if you only knew them, and Reub's thoughts were his spoken words.

In Greenbush he was employed in the bakery of Jonas Whiting, where he learned the mysteries of bread and cakes, and when he went to Syracuse he blossomed out as a caterer for balls and parties, and then established a business in fishing tackle, now carried on under the name of "Reuben Wood's Sons." His old cash book is still extant, and was not only what its name implied, but was day book, journal and ledger all in one, with a margin for a weather record which contained such items as "Gone hunting," "Went after ducks," "Gone a-fishing," etc. This is indefinite, and one wonders what the result may have been until we strike the entry: "Wood returned from Piseco with 250lbs. of trout." At this date no man knows whether they were brook or lakers, *fontinalis* or *namaycush*. In that early day, in the fifties, Onondaga Lake abounded in pickerel and eels, and Reub and his companions often made a night of it, taking them with torch and spear, as was the custom of the time, and the catch went to their friends and the poor. When this mode of fishing became unpopular and unlawful, in later years, Reuben was one of the foremost in suppressing all kinds of fishing that the law forbade, but at the time of which we speak there was no law on the subject, nor public sentiment against spearing. He followed the custom of the day, merely drawing the line at fishing on Sunday.

A chum of Reub's was Mr. Charles Wells, of Wells, Fargo Co.'s Express, and they went shooting and fishing when the spirit moved. Mr. Wells had not only all the railroad transportation necessary, but could have trains stopped anywhere in the woods if necessary, night or day, by flag or fire signal. This brings a sigh not of envy, but merely a wish that such conditions existed today and I was "in it," as the saying goes. One day in the fall of 1857 a report came to Mr. Wells that there were "rafts of ducks" on Cayuga Lake, one of those numerous large lakes of western New York lying some thirty miles west of Syracuse, and a famous one for ducks; he told Reub just in time for him to gather his muzzleloader and ammunition and get the next train going to Cayuga, at the foot of the lake via the "old road" of the New York Central R. R., a road then so slow that it took the best part of a day to get there. Wells had his camping outfit and they camped for the night. As Reub told me the story years afterward, daylight found him in an old dugout, the only semblance of a boat at hand, while Wells had a good place on the shore. The ducks were flying down the lake and Wells had killed several, and was signaling him to come and pick them up, when a great flock of bluebills came up the stream and turned directly over Reub's head. As he let both barrels go the dugout somehow let him go into ice-cold water, but he hung on to his gun and got ashore chilled to the bone, and took the first train for Syracuse, where he traded his gun and equipments for a Knight's Templar badge and other things, and from that day foreswore the gun and devoted his energies to wielding the rod.

About this time Mr. Wells learned to fish with the fly and taught Reuben the art, to which he became devoted. It was long after this that I met Reuben, the occasion being the tournaments of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, where he was a frequent competitor in the fly-casting tournaments, but never would allow himself or his brother Ira to win first prize because of a chivalric idea that another competitor—to whom he always deferred—should not be beaten. Either of them could outcast the other man, whose hoggish nature never allowed him to acknowledge the knightly courtesy—if he had the capacity to appreciate sacrifice. Not until the State Association held its tournament at Brighton Beach, Coney Island, in June, 1881, did Reuben Ward ever have a chance to cast unhampered by his sentiment. Here he had a new competitor with a great local reputation, who had never cast in a State tournament before. This was in the two-handed salmon rod contest, and Reuben won the first prize, valued at $50; with a cast of 110ft. His brother Ira came second, with 101ft. Harry Prichard cast 91ft., and F. P. Dennison 94ft. All but Prichard were members of the Onondaga Fishing Club, of Syracuse, and cast with the same rod—a split-bamboo, won by Reuben in the tournament at Buffalo in 1878; length, 17ft. 1in. As there was an allowance of 5ft. for every foot of rod in length, Mr. Prichard was allowed 9ft. 10in. because his greenheart rod (made by himself) was 1ft. 10in. shorter than the one used by the others; hence his amended record of 91ft. had an allowance of 9ft. 10in., making it 100ft. 10in., giving him third prize over Dennison.

In 1883 Prof. Spencer F. Baird appointed Reuben to take charge of the angling department of the American display at the International Fisheries Exposition in London, an appointment of which he was justly proud, as he wrote me in a farewell letter, and on June 11 he took part in the English fly-casting tournament at the Welch Harp, where he won first in salmon casting with an 18ft. split-bamboo rod, scoring 108ft.; Mr. Mallock casting 105ft. with an 18ft. greenheart rod. In the single-handed trout contest he won first with 82⅓ft. over four competitors. In a contest with two-handed trout rods, a thing unknown in America, Mr. Mallock won first with 105ft., and Mr. Wood took second prize with 102ft. 9in. His many trophies in the tournaments in Central Park, New York city, are familiar to readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

He died at his home in Syracuse on Feb. 16, 1884, in his sixty-second year. Mr. R. B. Marston, editor of the English *Fishing Gazette*, said of him: "I know many an angler in this country will feel sad at hearing genial, jolly, lovable 'Uncle Reub' has gone to his long rest. During his stay in this country he never failed to make friends of all who came in contact with him. I shall never forget the enthusiasm and almost boy-like glee with which he enjoyed a fishing trip with me to the Kennet, at Hungerford. He would stand for hours on the old bridge watching the trout and marveling at their cuteness. The system of dry-fly fishing pleased and astonished him greatly, and he told me he meant to try it on some wary old American trout he was acquainted with. Then he would show us some of his long casting with a split-cane rod. If we in this country, who only knew him so short a time, feel his loss so keenly, what must those home friends of his feel—his family and that wide circle of acquaintances who were proud to call him friend?"

His death was very sudden. He fell dead while entering his dining room, and his family doctor said that the heart had become diseased from excessive smoking. In addition to his love of the rod he was for many years an active member of the Syracuse Citizens' Corps, and later of the Sumner Corps, two well-known military organizations. He was also a member of the Baptist Church, and his name was a synonym for all that was honest and manly. The last time I met him he referred to our first fishing experience by saying, "Fred, are you catching many turtles now?" And the answer was, "No, Reub, it keeps me busy watching wood ducks light on the trees."

FRED MATHER.

New Jersey Weakfishing.

WARETOWN, N. J., June 26.—Mr. John Westcott and two friends, stopping at the Bay View House, caught fifty-seven weakfish to-day. Mr. B. Brooks and two friends took ninety-one. All were in good condition and of nice size.

July 6.—Nine different parties were out from the Bay View House for two days past and all made good catches of weakfish, from thirty to over one hundred to a boat.

J. H. BIRDSALL.

FLY-FISHING

On the North Shore of Lake Superior.

[*Continued from page 9.*]

AND again we skirt along the dismantled walls until we come to a defaced headland, where tons upon tons of flinty rock have been torn from its disfigured face and hurled into the waters below, where a sapphire gleam was then playing along the sinuous shore of dethroned deformity.

Here must be the home of some of the scarlet and spotted race that rove through these channeled fissures and under the shelving ledges.

The thrashing commences, and every crevice and slip and gap were showered with our dropping flies until patience was almost exhausted, and then a daintily dotted pet of less than a pound broke water and learned the lesson of disenchantment by paying the forfeit of his life. He was a victim of Ned's dusting brush, as he called his red-headed, red-sided and red-footed fly, the terror of the lake.

"Oh, yes," says Ned after the hook was disengaged, they all come for it; even the babies cry for it."

I smiled at the venerable angler's unbounded joy over his new-made novelty and its success, but prudently remained silent, wondering all the time what an artistic fly builder would think of such an outre combination he had brought forth, bringing the trout so readily to the surface. The fair authoress of "Favorite Flies," who had doubtless been years in preparing and formulating that admirable work, would doubtless think Ned's close acquaintance with an oriental bowstring consistently advisable. Ned when he built that gorgeous red gob had doubtless been wading knee deep in Shakespearean lore, and when unearthing that passage in Hamlet which relates that

> "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than are dreamt of in our philosophy,"

set about at once under the mystic language and evolved from his inner and ingenious consciousness the great, gory killer, the dusting brush.

We think an apology due the fair authoress for making mention of her remarkable book in connection with Ned's red riddle, that should have disappeared with the lost arts of the ancients.

To return to the pleasant pastime, will remark that we thoroughly fished along this grand rocky scenery, where the crystal splinters fly from the sunbeam's chisel, and not another of the Claude-tinted family disturbed the surface of the silver sea. As Ned had outranked me in the angle with that red-headed devil, he was anxious to start for camp, and that without a halt. Making no demur, we hasten along in full sympathy with the great hills of endless rock that here mark and sing the song of eternity. They do not babble, or sob, or moan, or roar, like the discontented, melancholy sea. The powers of air bring all their batteries against them, lightnings blast and rive them, torrents plow them to the bone, sunshine scorches them, frosts gnaw away their substance and tumble it down into the valleys, and they utter no cry. "After thunder and hail and whirlwind, their peaks look out from above and take the sunshine with no bravado, as though it is their mission to suffer and be strong. Dumb patience in trouble, persistent fortitude against obstacles, the triumphant power of a character rooted in truth over the hardships of life and the wrath of the world—such a lesson, and the tone of spirit that can exhibit it, they try to infuse into the soul that lives in their society. By this effluence, even though the recipient is unconscious of the cause, they stimulate and soothe a flagging will or fainting heart, as the airs they purify search and reanimate an unstrung frame."

> "Ah, Nature, wrap thy dreamy shade
> About the life that thou hast made,
> And let me slumber long!
> Thine echoes softly, sweetly roll
> Through hidden chambers of the soul,
> And teach the poet song."

We arrived at camp about 1 o'clock, and then the boys hustled around and soon had dinner for us, with some beautifully browned trout as the dish *de resistance*. We did no fishing in the afternoon, whiling the hours away in reading and cards, and tramping around the little island, taking in fresh visions and new beauties at almost every step. We found the same general characteristics here as on the other islands in the lake. Huge masses of broken stone and rough boulders cover the lower levels, while trees and rushes run riot almost everywhere. The shore rim of the island is ragged and craggy, and tells the story of storm and ice that is fast eating up and disorganizing the flinty masses.

The softness of the air, the puff of coolness that steals in from the lake as the evening draws on, the lengthening of the mountain shadows, the reddening and flashing light, the seeming increase of all-absorbing silence, the feeling as if nature were making ready for the end of the day, give to the receptive mind and heart impressions of the unutterable things of life which lie on the soul as the clouds rest in the air, changing their appearance and never losing their continuity. What nameless things pass through the mind when nature thus unfolds her treasures to the sensitive soul! There are moments in our confidences with her when simply to live and allow the pulses of high feeling to flow through one is to be great, and they always come to us in such hours as these, when she interlaces us with the holiest and best.

Being possessed with great desire to cast a fly around the buttressed walls that inclosed us, I procured my rod and then commenced the arduous tramp and the steady cast. I used the same flies I had in the morning, being satisfied they would prove as effective as Ned's great red-headed masterpiece. Some parts of the shore afforded fine opportunity for luring, while others were so declivitous and tortuous that it was really dangerous to attempt their passage. I however got over the best part of it without a slip or tumble; but what a miserable *fiasco* the venture proved. Not a trout could I interest, though I changed my flies several times. They were evidently not here. Last year I caught but one here, and I presume he must have been "the last of the Mohicans."

When I returned to camp and reported my dismal failure to Ned, he said if I had taken his red-headed terror the trout would have come miles for it. It was, he said, like a fairy's magic wand. I coaxed hard to have him try its potent powers in the waters I had so earnestly whipped, but he concluded it best to not hazard it where he thought the scarcity of quarry might make a failure possible.

After supper, when the air was fragrant with pine and balsam, the stars just discernible, and the insects on wing humming a significant serenade, we again gathered around a comfortable camp-fire, with the mantle of night soon enveloping us. Ned, who was in grand humor, owing in part to the success of his red-headed terror during the day, gave us a repertoire of song that came like a copious river over the mazes of enchanted ground.

Kenosh's Ditty.

On his concluding with the soulful melody of "Allan O'Dare," he turned to Kenosh, who was whiffing away at a corncob pipe, and asked if he couldn't favor us with some old Canadian boat song, with which the half-breeds are so familiar. He stopped his puffing at this request, and then, after scratching his head and looking up to the glowing heavens, where the dipper was in diamond brilliancy, slowly opened his mouth, from which gleamed his white teeth, and then moved his silent tongue by giving a welcome affirmative.

"I sing 'em in French though," he added.

"Sanskrit, if you wish," says Ned.

"No good singer, like you."

"Thanks, Kenosh."

"You no understand the French."

"Not a word."

"Hope you like em anyhow."

"I am sure we all will."

Here he laid his pipe aside, and on clearing his throat commenced the *chanson*, and one which I am positive I had heard our boatmen sing on the famed Nipigon. He rendered it, as do all the half-breeds, in a low, mournful voice; but he seemed to put his whole soul in it, and I presume thought he was entrancing his auditors. So confident was I of having heard it that I got from him after he had finished the chorus line, which was, "*La violette dandine, la violette donde.*" On looking over a book styled "The Shoe and Canoe," while writing this letter, I accidentally stumbled over it. The author of the work said it was taken from the lips of the singer, and is evidently ancient Norman in the Canadian *patois*.

I may be intruding on space in giving the translation of the ballad, but I am sure all anglers who have employed the half-breeds of this shore in their outings will read it with some interest and may possibly recognize it. It thus pleasantly runs:

> "With heart as wild
> As joyous child
> Lived Rhoda of the mountain.
> Her only wish
> To seek the fish
> In the waters of the fountain.
> Oh, the violet, white and blue!
>
> "The stream is deep,
> The banks are steep.
> Down in the flood fell she,
> When there rode by
> Right gallantly
> Three barons of high degree.
> Oh, the violet, white and blue!
>
> "'Oh, tell us, fair maid,'
> They each one said,
> 'Your reward to the venturing knight
> Who shall save your life
> From the waters' strife
> By his arm's unflinching might?'
> Oh, the violet, white and blue!
>
> "'Oh! haste to my side,'
> The maiden replied,
> 'Nor ask of a recompense now.
> When safe on land
> Again I stand
> For such matters is time enow.'
> Oh, the violet, white and blue!
>
> "But when all free
> Upon the lea
> She found herself once more,
> She would not stay,
> But sped away
> Till she reached her cottage door.
> Oh, the violet, white and blue!
>
> "Her casemate by,
> The maiden shy
> Began so sweet to sing,
> Her lute and voice
> Did e'en rejoice
> The early flowers of spring.
>
> "But the barons proud
> Then spoke aloud:
> 'This is not the boon we desire.
> Your heart and love,
> My pretty dove,
> Is the free gift we require.'
> Oh, the violet, white and blue!
>
> "'My heart, so true,
> Is not for you,
> Nor for any of high degree.
> I have pledged my truth
> To an honest youth,
> With a beard so comely to see.'
> Oh, the violet, white and blue!"

We were about retiring after the musical festival, when Kenosh inquired of Ned if he intended to give his remarkable adventure of bagging three bears without a single shot. Ned said he had forgotten all about it, but as he had promised to relate this exciting occurrence, he would do so, and then the half-breed tossed a stick or two more of spruce upon the fire, and thereby sent up a golden shower of sparks that fell dangerously near our tents.

Ned's Bear Story.

"Well," said Ned, throwing himself back in his camp chair and tossing away his nearly consumed *El Principe*, "I was at one time in the sixties stopping at a farmhouse contiguous to a little town called Baldwin, on the line of the Père Marquette Railroad, with all the paraphernalia requisite for taking fin, fur or feather. When I was not catching grayling, with which the streams near by abounded, I was roaming the woods in search of birds, deer or bear. One morning I concluded I would endeavor to bring in bruin's scalp, and so I prepared accordingly. The weather was a little cool, and I thought a little nip of the extract of golden grain would not come amiss, and had therefore early in the morning sent the serving boy, who was a stripling of some fifteen years, down to the little hamlet near by to secure me a pint bottle of the elixir. The boy made good time and was back before I had finished breakfast; and when I was ready to start, which I did in great haste, he informed me the bottle was on the table in the front room. I snatched it up quickly as I passed through the room, and, as it was not much larger than an ordinary flask, I put it in the back pocket of my hunting coat, where it would doubless be out of all danger from breakage.

"It struck me after I had commenced the tramp in the dense and shadowless forest that it would have been much better if I had taken my flask, as the bottle showed a disposition of juggling in that capacious pocket, and again, if I got after a bear on the double-quick, or he got after me, the glassware stood a good chance of breakage, or at least of receiving some emphatic language not in vogue in polite society. I threaded the pathless forest for some three miles, when feeling slightly wearied I concluded I would sit me down on the trunk of a prostrate tree and ascertain whether the contents of that perplexing bottle, which was constantly vaulting from one side to the other of that wonderful pocket, which would hold many a brace of fowl, was good for the inner man. Finding a convenient log, I was about to luxuriate in ease, when to my surprise a big black bear rose up with a fierce growl from the opposite side of the timber. At once I sprang back, and taking a steady aim at the discontented bear pulled the trigger; but the gun was not responsive. By this time the bear, who appeared not only in a savage mood, but fighting mad, came jumping over that log with his eyes all aflame and his heart full of desperate valor. I was then satisfied he had a cub or two near by, and that the best I could do was to speedily retreat. On I swiftly went, with the ferocious bear at my heels, who I was confident was fast overhauling me. Spying a tree in front of me which I knew—you might say by intuition—that no bear could climb, I dropped my gun and clinching the tree shinned up it with the alacrity of an acrobat. After having secured a safe position I turned around and saw old *Ursa major* looking up at me in the most rageful and disappointed manner. He tried hard at times to scale the tree, but it was a problem he could not solve. There was too little tree and too much hug, and as a consequence the quotient could not be obtained. In his violent anger he tore up the ground, bit at the tree and growled with a roar that could be heard far away. He kept this up for quite a while and then, much to my amazement, a couple of more bears came trotting to the scene. They all, after a consultation, joined together in endeavoring to get a human steak or two out of my anatomy, but it was a total failure. The entire trinity were constantly around the tree, very industriously clawing and biting it, but to no purpose. If they had only formed a pyramid such as we see in a circus, they could have had a circus out of me, but they lacked in gymnastic knowledge and would therefore lack in the feast that was so near and yet so far away. I finally lost all fear of them for the nonce, and enjoyed their restless antics in a high degree. I concluded while in this mood to take a little of the corn extract from that tumbling bottle of mine, so I yanked it out from its playground after cornering it in the starboard side of its receptacle. Out came the cork, and with a smile and smacking lips I closed around the mouth of that bottle, and at the first gulp I found my mouth in a sea of nasty oil, which I spit out instantaneously. As the drops touched mother earth the bears sniffed around them and then commenced licking up the oily substance.

"The 'boys' in sampling a good quality of old bourbon in good fellowship joyfully exclaim, 'It's oil, you bet,' and then rub their diaphragms with a satisfied smile rippling o'er their beaming faces. I could in my present dilemma with a verity say, 'It's oil, you bet,' but the diaphragm movement would be omitted, most emphatically so. I evidently had the greasy substance, but who in the devil was fortunate enough to possess the abstracted whisky. I was satisfied it was old Tom Buford, one of the jolliest anglers that ever cast a fly or hung a trout. He had arrived at the farmhouse the day before with piscatorial intent, and when I bade him a cheery good morning at the breakfast table, as I started on the hunt, I surmised that he developed a significant smile. Ah! Tom, you old rogue, you are the prince of good fellows and king of practical jokers, and you no doubt found my whisky O. K. and assuredly cracked your sides laughing when you thought it about time for me to take an initial nip and emphatically exclaim, 'I'll be blanked if it ain't genuine oil and another of old Tom's tricks.'

"As I saw the bears so fondly lapping up the rejected oil, a happy idea came to me, and as it fully developed in all its lurid magnificence I laughed over it so heartily that I came near falling out of the tree and giving the bears an opportunity for a first-class meal. The plot, although ingenious, was very simple. I would adroitly coax the bears to the tree, saturate them with the oil, and then by dropping a few lighted matches among them, of which I had plenty, would make a bonfire of my shaggy sentinels and thus escape. Again I had to cachinnate and again I came near tumbling out of my perch. I got everything all ready for roasting those greedy bears, and uncorking my bottle, I dropped a little of the oil on the inclined trunk near the bottom of the tree, and then on their scenting it all of them went for it as if it were the most delicious wild honey. This was my golden opportunity, so holding my bottle directly in line for them, I poured the whole contents of it over those three bears, and then quickly lighting a dozen or more of the matches, threw them in a bunch among the bears, who were still at the oil, and instantaneously there were roaring flames of fire, and like lurid comets they started off at a desperate speed through the forest and brake, howling in the most agonized manner. Then I hugely enjoyed the spectacle of the racing and blazing bears. But what is that smoke and flame that spreads out like the opening of a vast fan just ahead of me? As it moves along it gathers in speed and magnitude, and then for the first time I saw what a terrible thing is a forest fire. It was the involuntary work of the burning bears. For months there had not been a drop of rain in this section of the country, and the woods in consequence were like a tinder box. How I did regret that ingenious joke of mine, which, while it saved my life,

would cause dire disaster to the surrounding regions. Oh! but it was an immense conflagration, and everything before those gigantic walls of fire was being consumed as if it were saturated with benzine. On, on they went swifter than the speed of a race horse, sending up their dense clouds of smoke and flames that had reached most appalling dimensions. Trees were wrapped in seething flare as if their branches were of tissue paper, while wide spaces were spanned by waves of fire that jumped hundreds of feet. What a roar and crackling there was, and what a terrible devastation ensued. I watched the towering flames for near an hour from my elevated position, and never did regret anything so much as this sad calamity. What horrors would reach my ears, what loss of life ensue, what distress prevail over that burnt and barren district. I dreaded to hear the report and slowly traced my way back home, with my head bowed in sorrow and a tempest of sadness in my heart, so keen and so painful that it almost snapped its vital chords."

"Why you no burn up?" inquired the amazed Kenosh.

"I was on the windward side of the fire."

"Oh, that it."

"When I reached home, which took me a long time, I was so prostrated with the great disaster I had wrought that I really dreaded to hear the report. Time and again would I sit down and rest myself quite a while until it was almost dark, when I at last reached the farmhouse. When the dreadful story was told me of the great loss it nearly paralyzed me. I heard that several hamlets and villages and a dozen sawmills went up in the flames, while farm after farm was completely blotted out. The loss in the aggregate was over $2,000,000, and if I had been an Astor I would have been only too glad to have paid every dollar of it, for I felt that I was the principal cause of it all, though in an accidental manner."

"What became of the bears?" again inquired the interested Kenosh.

"The bears were found by a small creek roasted to a turn and were fed to the 5,000 destitute sufferers by the fire."

Here Ned arose, as if the recital of that famous fire had renewed the agony he once suffered and started for the tent with bowed head, as if sleep would prove his only solace.

I soon followed him, and after we were in bed could hear the father and son talking over the "tale of the three burnt bears."

"You believe that?" says Kenosh to his son Jo.

"It's hard to swallow."

"How he feed 5,000 people with three bears?"

"I don't think they go around."

"Bear eat oil like honey?"

"Maybe."

"Two-million-dollar loss?"

"If woods burn up, yes."

"Pour your oil on 'em and then fire 'em?"

"Yes, if he had it to pour."

"You think he told true story?"

"Some part maybe, and then he stretch some."

"He stretch all the time. What Bible man that lie so?"

"It was Analias or Analyses."

"Well, he beat him."

And then both joined in hearty laughter, and there they sat by the dying embers talking and turning over Ned's bear story till the moon came up and silvered forest and lake, mountain and cliff.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CANADIAN FISHING SEASON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Gen. Hay, of England, has returned here from a lengthy fishing trip in the Canadian home of the ouananiche. He has enjoyed good sport in La Grande Décharge, where he has spent about a month. Part of his catch, after having been preserved, has been expressed by him to their royal highnesses the Princess of Wales and the Princess Louise. There has been a rather unusual amount of fishing in the Discharge this spring, both in the hotel preserves and also in the Griffith pools, but the general run of fish has not as yet been as large as in former years. The water is still, however, somewhat high, and the best of the fishing is yet to be had in the vicinity of Isle Maligne and thereabouts. I would strongly urge upon intending visitors to the Discharge after this date the advisability of running further down the stream than usual if they would desire large fish. Some very good specimens have been taken out by Mr. Creighton, of Ottawa, and Mr. Mathews, of Rochester, in their preserved waters near the foot of Alma Island. The ouananiche are now also to be had in the rivers flowing from the north into Lake St. John. A few parties have already had good sport at the Fifth Falls of the Mistassini, and the Messrs. McCormick, of Florida, have gone on an exploring trip far up the river. The month of July should be a most desirable time to make the trip up the Peribonca River to Lac Tschotagama. Among the most successful anglers for ouananiche this season have been Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Wilson, of Quebec, many of whose friends have received trophies of their angling skill from Lake St. John. Dr. Louis Webb, of New York, has also proved a good killer. Several Springfield anglers report good sport with the ouananiche and heavy catches of trout upon their preserve on the Amabalish limits. I have seen some more 6 and 6½lbs. trout from Lake Edward lately, but none that will at all compare for weight with fish yielded by Lake Batiscan on the Triton tract. Messrs. Dean, of New York, and Clemson, of Taunton, Mass., had some phenomenal fishing there the week before last, two *fontinalis* of their catch weighing respectively 8¾ and 7½lbs., according to the solemn assurance of their guides. Winter fishing in this lake has frequently yielded 8lbs. fish.

Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard, D. S. O., who made the Peribonca trip as far as Tschotagama in 1892, and fished the Nipigon and Cowichan the same year, and who is well known to the readers of modern angling literature by his frequent contributions to the columns of the London *Field*, his article on ouananiche in *Blackwood's Magazine* and his exceedingly picturesque introduction to "The Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment," is on his way out from England for some more angling in Canadian waters. I hope to accompany him on further expeditions against trout and ouananiche. In terminating his introduction to the work already referred to, Col. Haggard says: "I have fished with many companions in Scotland, in Norway, in Ireland, in Spain, in England, in India, in Asia Minor, in Turkey, in Egypt, in Canada, in British Columbia, and various other, now forgotten, parts of the world; but for all fishing countries, all companions and all kinds of fishing, give me some real good days in the district of Lake St. John, above Quebec; give me —— for my companion and let the fish be the ouananiche."

From the salmon rivers come reports that the fishing this season is the best experienced for many years past. On the Restigouche fish have been large and free risers. Friends now on the Marguerite write that they are also having good sport, and that the salmon are more plentiful than usual.

Mr. Frank Ross and party on their first day's fishing on the Magdalen River on Monday killed fourteen salmon, one of which weighed 39lbs., and found fish very plentiful. Mr. George Gould and Mr. Julian D. Davis, of New York city, passed through here on Sunday in Mr. Gould's private car for the Metapedia, where the party will fish for some days.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, July 3.

ANGLING NOTES.

Habits of Salmon.

"Do I sleep? Do I dream?
Do I wonder and doubt?
Are things what they seem?
Or is visions about?"

AFTER reading a syndicate letter upon the subject of salmon fishing I am somewhat in the condition of Truthful James, or the distinguished statesman who did not know "where he was at." Why? Because in the letter I have read it is stated that "the salmon has many peculiarities. It is, properly speaking, a salt-water fish, the sea being its home for about ten months of the year." My mental machinery said "that is not so," and when I found that the letter was written by some one I know I concluded it was a mistake that the types were responsible for and not the author. A little further on I read this: "The time for salmon to leave the sea is about June 1, but in spawning rivers far from the sea the time may be two or three weeks later. They ordinarily leave the rivers during August, thus limiting the fishing season to six or eight weeks." That begins to look as though the author were not a safe guide to the natural history of the Atlantic salmon, but it corroborates the ten months in salt water, and perhaps he is writing about a new breed of salmon that have no occasion, or time, to spawn. The deeper I get into the story the more I am confused. It is generally believed, and this belief has been universal for a few hundred years, that salmon remain in a river until they spawn, surely until October, and certainly some salmon have been known to enter a river from the sea as early as February; so that really some few salmon remain in fresh water eight or nine months. Why salmon in "rivers far from the sea" should be later in starting because of the location of these rivers is not entirely clear. I have heard of an early run of fish and a late run of fish in the same river, without regard to the rivers being far from the sea or adjacent to it. Although they are a salt-water fish, "salmon are never caught in the sea, and nothing is known of them from the time they leave fresh water after spawning [it seems that they do spawn after all, so they must spawn between June and August] until they return the following year."

It is a mistake to say salmon are never caught in the sea, for they have been caught in mackerel nets off Provincetown and also off the coast of Maine, to say nothing of their recorded capture in the sea off the European coast. In fact, there is quite a bit of evidence to show that they do not go far from the mouth of the river in which they are born. Dr. Edward Hamilton, who is considered a very good authority upon the subject of the natural history of the salmon, says: "It has been a matter of controversy as to how far the salmon go into the sea. The general opinion is that they remain always near the coast, and do not inhabit the deep sea. A doubt has arisen lately as to whether the great salmon found in the early spring in Loch Tay ever go to the sea proper at all; whether they do not merely go to the estuary of the river and there find sufficient food to renovate their strength and return in the early spring to the loch in the finest condition. That they can invigorate themselves quickly in brackish water is proved by the salmon in the Gulf of Bothnia, where, owing to the enormous quantity of fresh water which is poured into it and the narrow outlet into the sea, the water is very brackish, yet the salmon thrive wonderfully in it; still these fish can go if they wish into the North Sea."

I quote Dr. Hamilton because he is a modern writer upon the habits of the salmon.

Our friend of the syndicate letter continues thus: "It is a conceded fact that they (salmon) do not eat while in fresh water."

Is it? Brother Hallock is far from conceding it and has produced evidence to show that they eat quite a variety of food, one of which I will mention later. But let us see what Dr. Hamilton has to say on this subject: "The question has often been asked, 'Why is it that as no food is ever found in the stomach of a salmon in fresh water he rises at the fly?' The salmon takes the fly because he thinks it something to eat. Because nothing is found in his stomach is no argument that he does not feed as other fish; he may have a very quick digestion or he may eject the food when alarmed; this I have myself seen done by sea trout." I simply quote this to show that it is not a conceded fact that salmon "do not eat while in fresh water."

The letter goes on to say: "It is a strange fact that there are a few (salmon) that do not return to the sea, but remain in the rivers during the entire year. No explanation of this has ever been given. Such fish are called kelts." It is astonishing to read that no explanation has ever been given for a kelt's remaining in fresh water. They remain because they are so weak and spent they can do nothing else. But how is this for an explanation, from Pennell? "The adult fish are called 'spent' or unclean fish or 'kelts,' and at this time are quite unfit for food, and their capture is prohibited by law. * * * For some time after spawning, however, they are in a very weak and exhausted state, and have not energy for immediately descending the river. Accordingly they usually drop down from the spawning grounds to the first quiet deep, there remaining until their strength is recruited." Hallock says: "After the gravid fish have spawned they stay in the river all winter, and if there are lakes at their headquarters which are well stocked with food they soon recuperate and put on flesh; but if not, they play havoc with the salmon peel (young salmon) which they find in the main river, and are often picked up by the June angler while working their way down to salt water, still pitifully lean and emaciated, but ravenous to extremity. They are called 'kelts' then, and more disgusting objects can hardly be imagined."

It seems that the presence of kelts in a river has been explained, and that they do eat in fresh water, and eat their own young. One more extract from this rather remarkable letter, and I am through: "The fly is the only sportsmanlike way of catching." If the lamented Billy Florence were alive he would object most strenuously to that word, for while he *caught* trout, he insisted that all successful salmon fishermen *killed* their fish.

They are so taken in American and Canadian waters, except in the Fraser and Columbia rivers, where the spoon is the only successful lure. In the rivers of Great Britain and Norway it is different. In many of these the fly will not be taken, and success is attained only by the use of a small spinner, which is cast and drawn in the same manner as a fly.

Now that I have written the quotation, it strikes me that it would be better to leave comments to the English, Scotch and Irish fishermen, as in my mild way I may not do the subject justice according to their ideas.

I know that a friend in New York city, who fished a Norwegian river for several seasons, will be surprised as well as the anglers over the water. In what I have written I do not mean to be hypercritical, but I do feel that such misinformation should not be sent out broadcast in a syndicate letter unless it is printed in the humorous column.

What I have said has been said briefly, although columns might be written on the subject, as I believe that a protest of some sort should be filed whenever misleading information is given out, through carelessness or otherwise, concerning the habits of our fishes. There is yet much to be learned about them, and authorities differ in regard to some features of their habits, but there seems to be no necessity for attempting to controvert what is admittedly true, and upon which all have heretofore agreed. The habits of a species of fish in one body of water cannot be set down as true always of that species in all waters, and governing conditions must be taken into account should a difference exist, but when such a fundamental truth as the spawning season of salmon is questioned, even by implication, it should not be passed over unnoticed.

How a Pond was Stocked.

There is a pond in the southeastern part of the Adirondacks that was never known to contain trout of any kind within the memory of men living near it. There were bullheads and minnows in it, but nothing more. Ponds and lakes in the vicinity were natural trout waters, but this particular pond was known to be barren of trout until about two years ago, when a man living near the pond who was with a party of men hunting deer on its shores baited a hook which he carried in his pocket and cast it into the pond to catch some bullheads. The hook was taken, greatly to his surprise, by a large fish much more active than any bullhead he had ever caught, and it proved to be a trout. He returned to the pond a little later and an examination disclosed the fact that there were some big trout spawning in the inlet. Last year the discoverer of the trout invited two friends, acquaintances of mine, to visit the pond for trout fishing, and their success was remarkable, as they caught trout up to 4½lbs. in weight, and their entire catch averaged so large as to cause those who saw it to think it made up of selected trout from a private preserve. They visited the pond again this year and had success equal to that of last year, and in the meantime it had been found how the pond happened to contain the fish. It seems that some years ago a lot of fish fry from one of the State hatcheries were being conveyed on sleds to a lake beyond the pond in question. One of the cans of fish was not in the best condition and it was thought that they would not live to reach their destination, and when the pond was reached the fish were turned into it and the matter was forgotten, as it was supposed that the water was scarcely suitable for trout, and even if it was the trout fry would not thrive.

It has now been fished two seasons, and trout up to 5¾lbs. have been taken from it. This year the original discoverer of the trout had another surprise when he hooked in the pond a lake trout (*namaycush*). The pond is not large and the water in it is not over 25 ft. deep, and as this is the only lake trout known to have been in the pond, I imagine it may have gotten in with the brook trout fry at the hatching by accident. Early in the spring I heard two men talking about this pond and its fishing as they sat next me in a railrord car on the D. & H. R. R. I was interested in what they said about the fishing, but I could not locate the pond, or they were careful not to mention it by name. Later, when I learned the particulars of the pond being stocked, I knew the pond the men were talking about.

Finish Fight with Foul-Hooked Tarpon.

In FOREST AND STREAM of June 20 I recorded a promise from an old friend in Texas to tell me about the results of a tarpon fishing trip which he was anticipating.

My friend, Mr. Wm. D. Cleveland, of Houston, Texas, writes me this morning, and I am glad to note that he has not lost his sand, as I began to fear, and that he has finally hooked and killed a tarpon under rather peculiar circumstances. But I will let him tell his own story. He writes under date of June 24 from Houston: "When I wrote you not long ago, I said hurriedly that I had been tarpon fishing and was going again that afternoon and would advise you of the results later on.

"Morgan's Point is a piece of land extending into the water between San Jacinto and Galveston bays, distant twenty-five miles from here. The Government some years ago cut a channel about a mile and a half long across this point, 200ft. wide and 30ft. deep. About May 15 several parties reported that tarpon had made their appearance in this channel on the side next to Galveston Bay, as they had done for the last five years, and I concluded that I would like to know how it felt to have a big tarpon on my line, with a stout rod and a good reel. I made one leader of brass wire, one of lace leather, and bought such hooks as I thought were the right size

nd kind, took my Cheney rod and went out about June 1 in search of tarpon. I attached a float about 2ft. above the hook, put on a mullet and commenced to fish. In this way I fished probably five days at different times, from early morning until late at night, and while I had a great many strikes from large tarpon, in each instance they either broke my leader, my hook or my line. In one or two instances I bent the point of the hook in endeavoring to jerk it into the fish. There were hundreds of tarpon there of all sizes, from 40 to 150lbs., as I estimated them, jumping around, sometimes within 10 or 15ft. of the boat. Concluding that my tackle was not sufficiently strong to land such fish, even if I succeeded in hooking them, I wrote to Rockport for a complete outfit—rod, lines, leaders and hooks. They arrived on Wednesday last, the reel having on it 200yds. of line, and that afternoon at 6 o'clock I took the train for Morgan's Point. I had telephoned ahead for a boatman, boat and bait (mullet), and to have all ready at 5 o'clock the next morning. I arrived at Morgan's Point at 7:15, and had time to make all my arrangements for an early start. At 5 o'clock in the morning we had a cup of coffee and a couple of eggs (good ones; they did not break the yolk when they were opened), and within ten minutes we were fishing for tarpon. We had to go only about 300 or 400yds. at the far end of the bulkhead, where the bay has a fair sweep into the channel, and around which bulkhead the mullet come from deep into shallow water. I had perhaps seven strikes before I fastened to a fish, but when I did it was a good-sized one, weighing probably 150lbs. Each time a fish would strike he would jump out of the water 8 or 10ft. clear and shake the hook out of his mouth. When I hooked the big fellow it was about 8:30, and the tide was running out. Contrary to the usual actions of these fish when hooked—which is to run against the tide—he turned out through the canal and took to sea, jumping at least 10ft. clear of the water every 50ft. until he had jumped seven times. His plunge and his gait were equal to those of a wild broncho, and he traveled at the rate of about a mile a minute. With all the efforts of the oarsman and with all the weight I dared to put upon the tackle, it was almost impossible for me to prevent him from taking my 200yds. of line, and at one time he had out at least 500ft.

"After going about a mile he concluded he was wrong about the tide, and, circling through the bay a little, went back into the channel, going past where he was first hooked and down through the canal by the town. I presume there were 150 people in the town, and I gave a great yell that they might come and see me take him in through the canal. In less than five minutes I think every inhabitant of the place, black and white, old and young, was on the bulkhead watching the sport. Three-quarters of an hour had probably passed since he was hooked, when, after reaching this end of the canal and getting into San Jacinto Bay, he turned in the direction of the sunken boats or logs, and when I attempted to turn him went around a sunken log, which gave me some trouble.

"At last, however, I extricated the line and then had him in fair play again for perhaps half an hour. At the expiration of that time he turned back up the canal until he reached the spot where he first went around the sunken log, and there repeated the same maneuver, going around the log and turning immediately back behind me, though I was not aware of his shrewdness at the moment. It seemed impossible for me to extricate the line this time and after a great deal of pressure it evidently wore. The fish jumped out of the water, breaking the line.

"I had him in play probably an hour and a half, and I had him well hooked and partially under control.

"Ten o'clock had arrived, at which time I had breakfast, and at 11 o'clock I was out again at the same place fishing for tarpon. I had four strikes, losing each fish, when the tide changed and was running in and the wind was blowing quite hard, making an unusually rough sea.

"The boat had taken water to some extent, and not having many mullet in the well I had the boatman tie up to a hulkhead in order to bail out, and also to relieve the well or pool of the water.

"As I had made my arrangements to return to Houston at 2 o'clock, I told the boatman that if he would give me one more fresh mullet I would bait the hook, and when that was taken we would go in. He gave me the mullet, put his oars in the locks, and was ready to start when I threw my bait overboard. It had not gotten 3ft. from the boat before there was a mighty splash. Water was thrown all over me, and my mullet was taken by a tarpon. I was scarcely prepared for him, but at the same time I prevented his getting too much line, and the reel sang the prettiest kind of song, until he had gone about 50ft., that I ever heard. At this distance he jumped at least 10ft. out of the water, and finding I had him safe I gave him no more slack whatever. He turned immediately out the channel to sea against the tide, and continued his rapid gait, jumping clear of the water every hundred feet or so until he had jumped nine times. He kept up the pace until he had gone three miles to sea and into very deep water.

"I had no control of him whatever, and he had taken on several occasions during this outward sea movement nearly all my line, at least 550ft. After this distance he turned to the left and went at least two miles until he got into 5 or 6ft. of water. Then he turned back across the channel and went on the opposite side of it probably a mile and a half. After two hours and a half he went back into water 3½ to 4ft. deep, and I had some hopes of getting him into water where I could gaff him, but without warning he turned to sea again and did not stop until he had gone a mile and a half. This fish took us around over the bay for five and a half hours and a distance of not less than twelve or thirteen miles. I found I had no control over him and knew I had him foul in some way, because no pressure that I dared bring to bear seemed to turn his head, and when I got him broadside toward me and endeavored to hold him I would draw him broadside to me and not head foremost, which told me I had him hooked somewhere in the side.

"After I had worn out both Capt. Frank Marsh, my boatman and myself, and we had on several occasions almost decided to cut the line and let the fish go, we began to have a little control over him, and worked him toward shallow water, and at 6:15 I got him into water about 3½ft. deep, and the captain got into the water himself and worked up to the fish and gaffed him, as he had a gaff with a handle about 6ft. long. After he got the gaff into the tarpon he drew him toward the boat and I killed him with an oar.

"This was the greatest battle of my life with a fish, and during the entire time I did not give him an inch of slack line and did not have a chance to take a drink of water or light a cigar. The tarpon was hooked in the side back of the gills. I imagine he jumped over the mullet and jerked the hook into his side. This was why I had no control over the fish and made the fight last so long.

"During the struggle the waves were rolling pretty high, and I had to sit in the stern of the boat all the time with the bow toward the fish, and the captain pulling the oars under my directions.

"If the sea had been smooth I could have taken the bow, and it would have been comparatively easy for the boatman, but the high sea made it impossible for me to do this. The boat took water so often until it was nearly half full, and having seen people in the town with glasses looking at us, I concluded that by waving my hat they would understand and come to my relief and bring another boat, which was done, and we changed boats about an hour and a half I landed the tarpon, otherwise we would have abandoned him on account of the boat taking so much water. The tarpon weighed 105½lbs. and measured 6ft. 1in. in length. I will go down again tonight and report results. I would give anything in the world if you were here to join me in a trip of this kind.

"There is nothing on the face of the earth in the fish line that gives such sport, and I will never be able to fish for smaller fish again."

I am afraid that my friend does not give the tarpon time enough to swallow the mullet bait before he strikes, but the Texas method is so different from that practiced in Florida that comment at this distance is unwise perhaps. Certainly to land a foul-hooked tarpon gives one a heap of fishing. A. N. CHENEY.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Season of the Sand Fly.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 26.—This week has been signalized all over the middle West by the appearance in vast numbers of the sand fly, May fly, cisco fly, shad fly, caddis fly, or whatever other local name may be given to the creature, which I presume is somewhat the same in all instances, and a member of the family of *ephemeridæ* or soft-winged flies which come up out of the water, though they are popularly supposed to come out of the woods. Chicago and it suburbs this week have received a visitation from the "sand flies," as they are called here. The insects have fairly clogged up the electric lights during the night time, and in the morning the streets have been covered with them.

Yesterday morning I picked up one of these sand flies as it lay in its customary listless way upon the sidewalk, apparently careless whether school kept or not. It was not like the caddis fly of the Wisconsin lakes, whose habits I have had occasion to study from the angling standpoint. The caddis of those regions is larger and of lighter hue, and the wing is a trifle wider in proportion. This sand fly was of darkish color, body and all, and his wings were somber, though delicately veined. I could not call him so pretty and edible looking an insect as the pale green caddis of the Wisconsin waters, but none the less I took him to the tackle dealers and tried to find his artificial counterpart, or rather that of my caddis fly of larger type. To my surprise I could find no caddis fly in Chicago tackle stores, and indeed the only ones I ever saw here were sent me from a stranger. These flies were nicely tied, with the pointed, gray-mottled, upright single wing, and the long, upturned soft tail with the soft, hair-like "feelers" indicative of this delicate and graceful fly. Having tried these flies alongside a clumsier imitation, I had in past years learned the nice discrimination possessed by the black bass in such matters, even after dark, and I wanted just that sort of a fly and no other, because I am going up to the annual "Camp Forest and Stream" next week, and want to carry out the traditions by taking a few bass on the caddis of evenings. But I could not get my fly nor one approximately like it, and the best I could do was to get some imported May flies with upright but double wings and a body sticking straight out in a most awkward fashion, which I fear will be spurned by my fastidious fish. These May flies, however, I have trimmed down into something like the proper shape by free use of scissors, and I hope, if the night be very dark, to be able to persuade my bass that they are the correct thing.

I am surprised that I hear of no one in Chicago who takes advantage of the caddis season to enjoy the evening or night fly-fishing for bass, which is then absolutely the best of the season, and I am surprised also that our tackle stores do not carry this useful fly among their weird and variegated outfits of feathers. As to what luck my May flies have, we shall see later. We may be a trifle late for the caddis this year, for the season is early, but it shall go hard if we do not find out what makes the circles in the water over the sand beach just after sundown on a certain lake I wot of.

Last week I was out in Iowa, and I met several gentlemen who were just back from Spirit and Okoboji lakes, the two most famous fishing waters. They all said that the sport was very poor. "The shad fly was all over everything and the fish were not biting at all," said one angler to me. Now, the truth is that no doubt if he had understood the situation he could have had the nicest sort of fun right where the fish "were not biting at all." The bass do not care for heavy feed when the caddis is rising, and often will only play at biting a frog or minnow then, running with it and not swallowing it so eagerly as they will when they mean business. The boats come in without any fish, and everybody is discouraged. By sundown everybody goes to the hotel and sits around and kicks—yet at just about that time the bass are coming in over the sandy reaches where the caddis is rising in the cool of the evening, and there the main meal of the day is going on. The frog and the minnow and the crawfish are everyday fare for bass, but when the caddis comes it is the season of peaches and cream, and great is the joy thereof. I imagine my friend from Spirit Lake has overlooked a good thing. I have rarely enjoyed any of our lake angling for bass more than that we had on some evenings with the fly rods on our little lake, when it was so dark one could not see where his fly struck the water, yet every once in a while would hear the splash and feel the tug of a hooked fish. To be sure, the largest bass were not taken in this way, and we got a great many rock bass and croppies, but once in a while we struck a heavy bass, and often lost them in the rushes and weeds. I have seen dozens and perhaps hundreds of fish feeding furiously this way after dusk, on a water where everybody swore there was no fishing, and J. B. H. and I used to enjoy the wonder of the populace over our constant strings of bass. Yet still the dealers do not know the caddis fly in the trade. If they can do no better, they might by diligence be able to get a sand fly or two here in Chicago for a model this week.

The Muscallonge Season.

We are able now to give some information about the muscallonge season in Wisconsin this year, as several parties are back from their trips this week. On the whole the season must be called very unsatisfactory, if the opinion of the majority of anglers interviewed be taken as index. I have seen few 'lunge of any size at the offices of the railroads running into the Wisconsin fishing country. A box of fish stood in front of the Wisconsin Central office here the other day, but there were only a few 'lunge in it and none over 6lbs. There was a nice lot of wall-eyed pike in that box, of a curiously dark, coppery color, showing them to come from some far northern water, stained by the tamarack roots. This same road displayed a great pickerel, caught comparatively near the city, at Brown's Lake, Wis., the fish looking big enough to go 20lbs. in its jar of alcohol, though it was modestly marked 12½lbs.

A large party is just back from Big Sand Lake, Wis., where they put in a couple of weeks or more trying for 'lunge. This party was composed of Messrs. B Dicks, W. P. Mussey, L. M. Hamline, J. M. Sanborn, Stephen Sutherland, R. R. Street, C. D. Gammon, H. D. Nicholls, Alex. White, Al. Humberstone, J. Hansell, Dow Lewis and Mr. Hudson, of the Great Northern Hotel of this city. Big Sand Lake is northeast of Eagle River, Wis., and is the head of the Little Deerskin River. It is a great 'lunge water at times, and did not utterly disappoint these anglers this time, for they killed a number of fish, though none was very large. They had some weighing 22½, 18½, 16, 13½, 9, 7 and 6lbs. Almost all the party had the fun of taking his 'lunge, and the trip was a very good one in point of pleasure. Deer are reported very abundant in that region, and are being hunted by a good many residents and non-residents in the height of the close season. In the opinion of the above gentlemen, who base their belief on the statements of guides who have rowed on different waters this season, the muscallonge season is not up to the average this year.

These gentlemen bring down a curious and exciting story of a great muscallonge killed this spring on Little St. Germaine Lake, not far from where they were fishing, by one of their guides, Art. Matthews, who was at the time rowing banker McKenzie, of Eagle River. When I say "killed" I mean this more literally than is usual in the angler's sense of the term. This fish was literally killed, and, shades of George Washington! it was killed with a hatchet. Matthews saw the fish swimming on the surface (it was probably in the spawning season, when muscallonge are often speared thus on the surface), and either it was sick or injured in their opinion, for it allowed them to come up close enough to deal it a heavy blow over the head with a club. It then sunk and was supposed to be little hurt by the blow. On the next day the same fish, easily distinguished by its great size, was seen near the same place, and this time the men got up to it again and struck it across the head with a hatchet, splitting the skull across. Again the fish sunk, to the chagrin of the pursuers, and it was thought to be lost forever. Two days later it was found floating, quite dead. This fish measured 6in. across the skull from eye to eye and was 57in. long. Matthews thought it would weigh nearly 60 or 65lbs. It is the largest 'lunge reported from those waters at any time, so far as I can learn. The manner of its capture was singular enough to make it a historic character on the Eagle range.

Messrs. W. H. Haskell and Frank Gray have returned from a trip to Boulder Lake, above Trout Lake, on the Manitowish chain, and report very good success. They got one fish of 32lbs. and a second of 28lbs., with several smaller. I have not at this writing any word from Turtle waters, and do not hear from the Plum Lake or Big St. Germaine waters, where there should be some fishing this summer.

A Muscallonge Pocket.

But I have not told my biggest bit of muscallonge news, and indeed I hardly know how to tell it, for the news comes to me under the injunction of secrecy, and sometimes a newspaper man cannot tell all he learns in this way. In short, I have undoubtedly run across something which I did not believe existed to-day—a muscallonge pocket, a new 'lunge water which has been fished by only a very few. As to the exact whereabouts of this water I dare say no more than that it is between Ashland and Duluth, and beyond the range of waters which have generally been supposed to include all the 'lunge fishing; but I am at liberty to give the names of the men who have fished it. The gentleman who gave me the information is Capt. George C. Kober, and he says the friends who were with him make up what they call the Hummer Fishing Club, the other members being Messrs. C. E. Lewis and Henry Hoch, of Minneapolis, and Edward Sumner, of Chicago. This last trip was their second to this water, and theirs was by all means the largest catch of the season, nor is it likely that it will be equaled on any other water. It represents, in short, something of the old fishing which was common ten years ago in all the 'lunge waters where now the fishing is about gone. These anglers took thirty-four muscallonge of an average weight of 20lbs., and they took last fall fifty muscallonge averaging 26½lbs. They took last fall on one trip of a few days 1,200lbs. of wall eyed pike, and on that same trip killed 100 black bass averaging 4lbs. in weight. This summer they caught in two days 225 black bass, all running very large. Knowing what I do of the character of the fishing in these Wisconsin waters when they are first opened up, I do not doubt the above figures in the least. Under the circumstances I can make no comment on them except that which they convey of themselves as mere figures. Capt. Kober tells me that the fish were shipped to charitable institutions in Chicago. Would he be offended if I suggested that the usual custom nowadays is to restore to the water any muscallonge not needed in the camp or as special trophies? Would this not be as well as shipping

them, even to the poor? But he says that their fishing was done under the inspection of the Fish Commission, who gave permission for the fish to leave the State for the purpose indicated.

I confess to unmitigated surprise at learning that any such virgin water was left even in the Wisconsin wilderness, but this will give an idea of what it once was. I trust that our friends will keep this water equally good for many years to come, and continue to enjoy a royal sport in every way. And if they will oblige us by putting back the muscallonge they do not want to eat or have mounted or to send to friends, we will not grumble if they never tell where their new lake is.

A Kentucky Pike.

Away last winter a stranger came into the FOREST AND STREAM office here in Chicago and introduced himself as Mr. Dupuy, of Ironton, Ohio, saying that he bore a message and package from his brother James Dupuy, of that city. The package proved to be the head of a monster pike, and accompanying it were the light rod and reel on which it was taken. Mr. Dupuy and his brother were at all that pains to let FOREST AND STREAM know of their exploit, which was in many ways a notable and curious one. At that time I wrote mention of this fish and told of the details of its capture, but oddly enough the copy was lost and never appeared. I did not feel sure of this until I wrote Mr. Dupuy this past week and asked him about it, and now have his letter telling of his disappointment at not seeing his big pike in print, for which, under the circumstances, one could not blame him, though he will remember that good things are often abstracted from the mails or go otherwise astray, especially in a newspaper office, where it is impossible to do all the things that are intended to be done. This is an instance of what is technically called "grief" in the perfesh, and we will see what can be done to show innocence and a desire to make amends. I have a very clear recollection of the big pike's head and of the circumstances of its capture, but I do not at this moment recall the exact weight, though I feel sure it was over 20lbs. The fish was taken by Mr. Dupuy and his brother, and their companion or oarsman, in a deep creek which runs into the Ohio from the Kentucky side, called Tygart Creek. There is a deep reach in that stream, and the anglers had noticed a few of these big pike there at an earlier time. They went after this old fellow with malice aforethought, and were ready for a big fish, though they did not expect quite so large an one as this one proved. It was in November last, and at that time the pike seemed to have a habit of lying near the surface among the leaves. This fellow was thus lying close inshore, and struck the big minnow Mr. Dupuy offered him. There was a red-hot fight, and no gaff hook, pistol or club in the boat. The Kentucky friend of the anglers at length reached his arms under the pike and lifted him in that way, together with a lot of leaves and stuff which had gathered on the line. The pike was killed on light bass tackle.

I recall that this pike head was spotted with dark, regular, exactly round black spots on the jaws and gill covers. If there were any scales on the lower half of the cheek plates they must have been very faint. I recall distinctly that the shape of the snout and head was short, direct, and not dished out like that of the pike ordinarily speaking. It was almost identical with the lines of the muscallonge head. Mr. Dupuy said that the entire body had these regular black spots all over it, and not the oblong white spots of the pickerel. He said the spots were a trifle larger than the end of a lead pencil. They had faded a little under the action of the arsenical preparation used in preserving the head, but as I saw the head they were plainly visible. I have never seen a pickerel marked in that way, nor a Great Northern pike, nor indeed do I recall a muscallonge marked in just the same way, though this seemed to me more like a muscallonge than a Great Northern pike. The fish always remained a mystery to me, and I hoped further information concerning it from those who are more familiar with the big pike family in that neighborhood. I am told that the muscallonge is native to the Ohio water—or once was—and perhaps this old fellow was a 'lunge after all. I feel sure the readers of FOREST AND STREAM will be obliged to Mr. Dupuy if he will again state the weight of the fish, and give any further facts concerning it, correcting any mistakes my memory may cause. I should personally like to know just what that big Tygart Creek pike was.

A Thousand Trout.

Mr. J. M. Clark, of the Wilkinson Co., this city, tells me he and his party caught 1,000 trout in the Little Manistee, Michigan South Peninsula, on their two days' trip, Decoration Day. They took no grayling. The largest trout ran about 1½lbs.

Sad Epidemic.

Mr. A. Friese, of the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, Milwaukee, Wis., tells me that a sad epidemic has set in at the Mahnawauk C. C., which embraced some of the most energetic young sportsmen of that city, and nearly the entire club is now in a condition of matrimony. Nevertheless a number of the club will go to Mullet Lake camp of the Western Canoe Association, July 11, near Petoskey, Michigan South Peninsula, where the combined attractions of sailing and fishing are too much to be resisted. Trout and bass are both accessible from that point.

Among the Railroads.

The Chicago & Northwestern Railway has out a new and neat little tabulated list of good fishing points, how to get to them, what the expense and what the accommodations there, etc., etc., the whole better than the average railroad fishing gazette. It is alphabetical and covers the entire West, from Chicago to the Selkirks.

The Wisconsin Central road has put on its baggage cars a series of stalls for the safe and speedy handling of the hundreds of bicycles which go up each day to its summer country with tourists. Platforms are built over the wheel stalls and the trunks are put up there, so the wheels are safe. The wheel has come to stay in about every rank of life apparently, and this recognition is appreciated by many who like to go fishing and bicycling at the same time.

The Finest Fishing Library.

The finest angling library in the West, and probably in the entire world, is said to be that of Mr. Robert Clarke, of Cincinnati, who has 1,500 books on angling; among hese are sixty-five different Waltons. The second best library on angling topics is that contained in the Newberry library, of Chicago, which is especially rich in sportsmen's literature.

Dog's Best Friend.

On June 26 the lake steamer Milwaukee picked up a large Newfoundland dog which was discovered swimming by itself about ten miles from shore in Lake Michigan. When asked what it was doing out there the dog made no intelligible reply, but it would appear that this was a case where man was the dog's best friend.

The Sea Serpent.

A sea serpent 100ft. long was seen this week in Storr's Lake, near Milton, Wis. This will account for the disappearance of the serpent from its usual haunts near New York. Westward the path of empire, etc.

Vagaries of Muscallonge.

It is not all of fishing to fish. The best of it is catching something. A great many Chicago anglers spend a pretty penny going up into the muscallonge country and often come back after weeks of patient effort without even a muscallonge feather to prove their diligence. On the other hand, a plain citizen, with yellow whiskers and a straw hat, may jump right in where angels fear to tread and do business from the start. Last week a man and his wife who live in the little pine woods village of Eagle River, Wis., strolled out to the old and much fished water, Catfish Lake, to see if they could get a mess of fish for supper. In two hours they came back with three muscallonge, one weighing 43lbs., one 18lbs. and one 10lbs. A great many Chicago 'lunge fishers shed tears on hearing of this. But Fortune continues to turn her wheel according to her own notions.

The Bicycle in the Pine Woods.

The village of Eagle River, up in the muscallonge country, is nearly or quite on the edge of the world, and is in the middle of a wilderness of sand and pine. Yet a returned Chicago angler says that the only reading matter he saw on his trip was the posted notices of the town trustees of Eagle River, warning bicyclists not to ride on the sidewalks—an injunction almost equivalent to ordering them off the earth.

Another Hidden Lake.

Messrs. Stephen Sutherland and W. B. Wrenn are two ardent muscallonge anglers, and they have portaged often into many far waters in the past up in Wisconsin. Of late it has been thought about impossible to find any new water, but these two gentlemen claim that late last fall they did make a trip into an unknown part of the wilderness, whose whereabouts they refuse to disclose, and had a day of fishing such as one reads about in the old records, but not in the modern stories of the sport. They caught thirty muscallonge that weighed 600lbs. Their trip was hurried, and they describe the country as awful to get into, but they are planning a return this fall.

Bass Left to Rot.

Up in the pine woods of Wisconsin is a fine little bass lake called John's Lake. Perhaps one would better say that it once was a fine little lake. Not long ago a party of true sportsmen, seeking for the glory of a record, went in there and in one day caught 800lbs. of black bass, which they piled up and left to rot on the banks of the lake, after the fashion of certain of the early record-making muscallonge fishers who have sought to gain glory by telling of their takes in the early days ten years or more ago. To-day the guides say that John's Lake is not a fine bass water any more. But consider the exquisite sportsman's skill it must have required to take bass on that water when the anglers above referred to went in there—the delicacy of judgment, the rare art of angling, the absolute gentlemanly sport it must have been, to take 800lbs. of bass in one day—so many they had to be piled up and left to rot! Was not that a record? Unfortunately I can not learn the names of these men or I would gladly give them for publication. They deserve the immortality of shame.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

NEW ENGLAND FISHERMEN.

BOSTON, July 6.—Mr. C. H. Andrews has lately returned from a bass and pickerel fishing trip. He went with his doctor, being a good deal "under the weather." He did not derive the benefit expected from his spring trout fishing trip. The weather was cold and rough. But this time he has been out and "browned up," with a good deal of improvement, at which his friends are greatly pleased.

The landlocked salmon record at Rangeley Lake, already referred to, is a remarkable one. The first twenty-one salmon taken by guests of the Rangeley Lake House, and almost within sight of the house, actually weighed 135lbs. 2oz., an average of 6lbs. 7oz. to the fish. Fifteen of the same fish weighed 112lbs. 14oz., an average of 7lbs. 8oz. The catch of the above fish began May 9 and ended June 4. A great many large salmon have also been taken since.

Another sporting club of Maine gentlemen and a few Boston members has lately been formed. A number of the gentlemen have the honorable attached to their names, and the club might well be styled The Honorables. Camps are being established at West Sabois. The membership is as follows: Judge W. P. Whitehouse, Hon. Herbert M. Heath and Gen. W. S. Choate, Augusta, Me.; Hon. L. T. Carlton, Fish and Game Commissioner, Winthrop; A. M. Spear, County Attorney, Geo. W. Heselton, Dr. W. P. Giddings, Gardiner; Hon. W. T. Haines, Waterville; G. G. McCausland and Wm. G. Wood, of Boston. The old camp, purchased by the party with the lot, is to be used for the guides, and new and handsome camps erected for the party and guests. Fishing is excellent, and for a hunting region it is one of the best in the State.

The Maine Fish and Game Commissioners have reports from nearly all the best game sections, and these reports are most cheering for the hunters. Deer are believed to be more abundant than a year ago, while moose are believed to have stood up against the severe hunting given them last year fairly well. They have been seen in various parts of the State, in about the same numbers as a year ago. As for the caribou, they are a more uncertain quantity. The Commissioners believe that they are so far migratory in their habits as to be very hard to locate. Many have been seen since the departure of the snow of winter, especially in the upper Aroostook region. This is also the section where they were the most abundant last year. Moose have actually come down into the hay fields in several sections, if we are to believe the reports. As for partridges, the quantity is uncertain. They have been seen by fishermen and others in about the usual numbers, but it is too early to be certain about the broods.

Walter M. Brackett, the salmon painter, is at his salmon preserve, on the Northeast Branch of the Sainte Marguerite, just below the preserve of Mr. D. H. Blanchard. He will be absent several weeks.

Mr. C. P. Stevens is at home again from his spring fishing trip. His great success with landlocked salmon at Rangeley has already been mentioned in the FOREST AND STREAM.

Mr. Rodney P. Woodman has gone on his summer fly-fishing trip to Parlin Pond and the ponds above. Some good reports are due from him.

SPECIAL.

TROUT OF SQUATTICK LAKE, QUEBEC.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just returned from a trip from here across Lake Temisconata, through the two Touladi lakes, to the Fork; then up the Squattick branch, through Squattick Lakes Nos. 1 and 2 into Lake No. 3, where I camped on the east shore, at the mouth of a lovely stream running into the lake. At this spot, while my guide, Tom Frazer (one of the most intelligent, energetic and trustworthy men I ever had), was cooking my evening meal, I took some lovely and very gamy trout out of the brook, or rather out of the lake just where the tail of the brook disappears.

But what I sat down to write about is this: The next morning after camping at this spot, Friday last, the 26th inst., I paddled up the lake to within about 300yds. of the mouth of the Squattick River, which forms the discharge of Lake No. 4, seven miles further south. Here I had some of the best fly-fishing that in an experience of forty years I have ever enjoyed. I took a great many fish, and between 9 and 11 A. M., in heavy rain, I landed seven trout that weighed 26½lbs., the smallest being 3¼ and the largest 4¾lbs. I was fishing with two flies—a Parmachenee-belle (tail fly) and a brown hackle, tied as a fluttering fly by Abbey & Imrie, of Vesey street. On this last I took all of these seven large trout, and not with a morsel of worm, or a bit of fish skin, or anything else on the hook: but on the bare fly, taken from the surface with that swirling upward rush which brings an angler's heart into his mouth, so to speak.

For years I have come every season to these waters, and the fishing is simply splendid, and seems to get better year by year. The lakes I have named are very little fished, for they lie in a remote region, where there is no settlement or any sign of man. Yet they are comparatively easy to reach; for one embarks at the door of the house, Satre's Inn, here, and, with the exception of one portage of 300yds., need never leave the canoe again. The scenery, especially going up the Touladi River, is of the loveliest. There is fly-fishing all the way, except while in the deeper water of the lakes, and there I took grand trout with my bass rod, trolling with a tiny spoon about the size of the nail of one's forefinger. The only drawback to one's pleasure is the flies; they are pretty bad.

GEO. W. DUMBELL.

NOTRE DAME DU LAC, Quebec, June 30.

THE "SOCK-EYES" OF THE FRASER.

THE particular salmon with whom we propose to travel are known as sock-eyes to the vulgar, to the learned as *Onchorhynchus nerka*. They are grown-up salmon, recently wed, and bent upon spending their honeymoon upon the headwaters of the Fraser River. Between the time when they were born among the golden gravels of the Upper Fraser—probably about four years ago—and to-day no one knows anything about them. They went down the Gulf of Georgia, we believe, and out into the North Pacific, and were lost to us in the great deeps. Neither do we know how they find their way back to the breeding grounds; we don't know whether the currents guide them, or mere blind instinct; we only know that once in four years they come in enormous numbers, that the second year the numbers are less, and that they go on decreasing until the bumper year comes round again. Almost everything connected with the salmon is a mystery. His birthplace we know, of his life we know scarcely anything, and those who know him best disagree most about his death. Some of us have seen the great shoals swarming up the Northern rivers, have seen the Fraser fairly wriggling with fish, have seen them lying two and two at intervals of a few feet in the gravelly streams of Alaska, or dead in hundreds on the mud flats at the head of the streams, where bears and bald-headed eagles gorge on their carcasses, or floating upright down the streams, red with corruption, and breaking to pieces as they float; but we have never seen them recovering, never seen them making their way down stream, cured of their summer folly. What is more, the fish of the sock-eye sort are all of an even size. Every run is made up of thousands or millions of fish averaging 7lbs. If they go back to the sea and return in one, two or ten years' time to the breeding grounds, they must return as they went, neither larger nor smaller, but just 7lbs. fish. This is not the case with the big spring salmon, who varies from 12lbs. to 50lbs.

In July the first of the great shoal come round Cape Flattery, on Vancouver Island, and news is sent post haste to the fishers on the Fraser that the Indians at Becher Bay are busy with the salmon. The Indians at Becher Bay are the outposts of the hostile army. Like other outposts, they are few in number, and the fish they take are scarcely missed from the shoal. Perhaps I ought to have said that even before the fish-eating Indians commenced their onslaught at Becher Bay the seals had been at work, but these ravenous foes hang upon the flanks of the army of fish from the ocean to the river's mouth. I have seen them, in the gray of the morning, swimming up on the flood, many miles from the mouth of the Stickine River in Alaska, and the fish only know from what depths of ocean they followed them thither. From Becher Bay onward the troubles of the sock-eye increase. His course is a well-known one, and his enemies lie in wait on every mile of it. Round every kelp bed there are spoons spinning, but these the sock-eye passes by untempted. The

spring salmon, his big cousin, is fooled by these, but the sock-eye will not look at them. Though exceedingly swift travelers, the sock-eyes have no idea of going straight. Perhaps it is because they find their way by groping along the shore; perhaps it is only that they love to play in the shallow bays along the coast. However this is, they keep close inshore, and at Boundary Bay, just before they reach the yellow tidal waters of the Fraser, they pay for their folly. Here the waters are shallow, though well out from the bay there are splendid deep waters where the road would be safe, as it is broad; but the fish do not consider this. Instead, they forge along inshore until they reach the outward curve of the bay. Here the shore seems to change a little; a fine fringe of what may be called seaweed runs along it, and here and there in this fringe a post occurs. By-and-by a spur of this same seaweed appears on their left. Doubtless it is but a portion of the bank on their right which has drifted seaward, and there is still a wide stretch of open water on either side, so they pass on until the road gradually narrows and there is a wall of this fine mesh on either side of the shoal, with but one narrow open way in front. Then perhaps the shoal hesitates. They have come far, and become involved in this weed bed. Some dash at it on either side, but though it gives to their rush they cannot break through. They swim round, but the impervious weed is on all sides of them. Just then there is a heavy plunge in their midst, and a sea hawk rises with one of their fellows writhing in its claws.

The fish are swimming near the surface now, and if they look up they will see upon every pole which rises from the wall of mesh either a hawk, an eagle, or a great gull, ready to pounce upon them. They dive and try to swim under the weed. They cannot. The water is shallow and the weed rises from the very bottom. Meanwhile hawks and eagles are busy, a panic ensues, a few fish dart through the narrow way. It is more open beyond, and after all it leads in the right direction. The general impulse is to go forward; no one wants to turn back and, like sheep, they follow their leaders through the gates of death. For after this it is all over with the salmon. Before long the wide pool narrows again. Again a straight way lays beyond them, and before long they are crowding and jostling each other in a pound 50ft.×30ft., where they stay hopelessly confused, and dashing wildly from side to side until a steamer comes along with a scow in tow. On the scow is a crane. Chains from the crane are hitched on to the net which is below the pound, and some thousands of strong free fish, who had an hour ago the whole sea to swim in, are drawn up to the surface and ladled out in scoop nets, knocked on the head, thrown on the scow and carried off to the American canneries at Point Roberts, where they go through a sausage machine and become "canned salmon."—*Temple Bar.*

THE INTERSTATE PROTECTION OF FOOD FISHES.

BY DR. BUSHROD W. JAMES, PHILADELPHIA FISH PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

SOME years ago the subject of the United States Government exercising a certain fish-protecting control, or at least supervision over the rivers which run through two or more States, and which are frequented by shad, herring, salmon, trout, bass and other species of food fishes, was presented before this American Fisheries or Fish Protective Society by the late United States Fish Commissioner Marshall McDonald, and it was ably defended by some members of this Society, the U. S. Fish Commission, I think, generally supporting it; but the majority of opinions outside seemed at that time to be unfavorable to the measure.

The proposition was made for the purpose of securing protection to the fish along the coast, and also when they are in the act of passing across the State lines in order to enter their spawning grounds in the upper rivers and their tributaries. Each part of the discussion was clearly in favor either of United States or of State supremacy, but decisions have been made (by the Supreme Court of the United States) that the measure would be unconstitutional, so that each State maintains its exclusive right over its fishing streams—except in a few instances, such as the States of Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey, where these States have entered into an interstate protective agreement, which still remains imperfect, however, till Delaware joins in the compact. This agreement specially relates to the shad, which, running up on our Eastern coast and into their habitat rivers and streams, attain the perfection of flavor and superiority of quality in the waters of the Delaware River. For many miles the four States herein mentioned have exclusive rights to this desirable fish, and it having been proven that non-protection would finally result in extermination, the wisdom of interstate legislation was acknowledged and joint protection laws adopted. Delaware doubtless holds the law under protracted consideration because of the vast numbers of fish that have annually fallen into her nets, but when she becomes satisfied that the proposed legislation will actually produce better effects for the fisheries of her own domain as well as that of her sister States she will, I have no doubt, accept the proposed legislation without further demur.

It stands to reason that if a coöperative law guards the fish during the spawning season the number will increase in surprising ratio. Another thing to be considered is the unpalatableness of fishes that are hurrying into shallow waters in order to deposit their ova. The flesh is soft and somewhat flavorless, and of late years particularly the roe alone of spawning shad is regarded as valuable. In some of our markets the body of this fish can be purchased for a small sum in comparison to the price paid for the crisp, bright flesh of the male, while the roes bring fancy prices, according to the wealth of the purchasers.

I must confess to an idea that a single debate is not sufficient in such a matter, but that we should urge it from time to time, until all the individual States thus interested arrive at some suitable interstate legislation that will produce lasting benefit to all concerned.

We would refer in this connection to the acknowledged benefit accruing from the fish hatcheries that have deposited several varieties of young fish in the upper streams of many of our important rivers. If artificially hatched fry produce such commendable results, is it not easy to understand how protection of the breeding fishes and their young must necessarily amount to still greater good because of the very much larger number that would be produced through the natural course of fish spawning, increased production meaning increased revenue?

We must consider that it is the bounden duty of the States to provide in every possible, honorable manner for the increase of every industry within the limits of their jurisdiction, and that the supplying of food fish is, and always has been, a very prominent industry, in our coast and lake bordering States particularly. We have had it demonstrated to our perfect conviction that indiscriminate fishing with the numerous devices of modern invention has very nearly ruined the food fishing interests in certain waters, and that whole towns and bays have been nearly impoverished by the lack of supply for home consumption as well as for trade.

We have also had very satisfactory demonstration of the astonishing benefit already derived by the protective system recently adopted by several States, especially in reference to the Delaware River. Therefore we cannot but express the firm conviction that the governments of the respective States should act in such a manner as to make mutual State laws to suit the various localities, not taking the laws of Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey as the text, but let the legislation for each part of the country be consistent with the requisites of each. New York and Pennsylvania may well be satisfied with the outcome of their legislation thus far, and the example of each might well serve as a beacon for all other States. But year after year passes and border waters still remain unguarded to a very great extent.

Maryland is now making efforts through her State Fish Protective Association and her Commissioners to join with Pennsylvania in protecting the Susquehanna and its tributary branches. They have already succeeded in exterminating all authorized means for fishing in this great river which runs through Maryland territory, where the objectionable pounds and weirs once almost depopulated the upper waters of this valuable fish, the shad, just as it was aiming to reach the breeding places along the upper branches of the Susquehanna.

The Potomac is yet but partially guarded. Maryland has passed a law which applies to the Potomac and its tributary rivers, forbidding fishing from April 15 to June 1, but it has thus far only received the co-öperation of Virginia, and the law cannot be properly enforced until West Virginia laws concur in the project. Thus two interstate laws are held somewhat inoperative, each because of the non-concurrence of one single State for each in a compact which would in reality receive equal advantage if they would but study the matter with unbiased consideration. Delaware evidently holds back because she has the opportunity of access to the large schools of fish as they turn with unwavering instinct toward the calm, pure, shallow waters of the Upper Delaware River and its communicating streams in southern New York and northern Pennsylvania. But can the State of Delaware claim the same commercial value for the fish as she takes them, and the same fish as taken in the upper stream under the protective laws of the three adjoining States? I think prices will and must speak, and this very season we have some proof. Before the legalized season in Pennsylvania it was possible to buy large roe shad for from 25 to 35 cents, while the males sold for much less. Some of the fish were quite satisfactory, but most were soft, devoid of their usual rich flavor and objectionable, though undoubtedly fresh. Then came a week or two when right fresh shad could not be had in any quantity, and then came the "real fine Delaware shad," no larger than the former, but possessing the true, rich flavor peculiar to the perfect up-river fish, with its firm, white flesh, and these were entirely unattainable in the market at retail under 45 or 50 cents for the smaller, while the choice specimens ran up to a higher price. Now, if the more Southern States were content to legislate with the Northern, and permit the spawning fish to ascend the streams unmolested on certain days of each week, the shad season would not begin so early in the year, but the catch would be more valuable in the end. We think it would be wise to teach those who are interested in the fisheries that when a roe shad is large and flabby and the eggs quite large and distinct from one another, the flesh thereof is really quite unfit for good food, and that in selfishly taking the roe the increase of the number of fishes by spawning for the next season is lessened by many thousands, for each large roe fish that is caught and eaten diminishes the spawn supply accordingly where indiscriminate fishing is permitted. Another thing that is to be taught is that all roe fishes that ascend with the schools in the running season do not deposit eggs, and therefore it does not preclude the possibility of obtaining the desirable dainty fish to wait until the spawning fishes have gone to their haunts. When these questions are fully understood, Delaware and West Virginia, as well as all the other States, will doubtless see the plausibility, in fact, the necessity for this interstate legislation.

But while States in juxtaposition may be prevailed upon to pass joint laws, it cannot be looked upon as a certainty that they will always maintain them when it is found that the interest of one State come into apparent opposition to those of its neighbors which border on the same waters. Hence is seen the proof of the positive requirement of good conjoint laws. They must not be too restrictive upon one territory nor be too lenient with another, and yet they must be of such a nature as to be the means of adding many hundreds of thousands of dollars of increased revenues to each State interested to the already present value of the food fish industry.

Another view to take of this very important subject is the probability that when the people of these States are more enlightened upon the subject and take the matter into practical consideration each State will be willing to coöperate, knowing that self-interest alone cannot make the best laws for all. This subject must naturally arouse some doubt in the minds of legislators of neighboring States when each State is allowed to legislate only in its own way upon that which is truly a mutual affair.

The dissatisfaction that will surely exhibit itself in making interstate laws will at first soon melt away before the proofs of the success of such agreements.

The increased number and value of the food fishes which have been hatched in the different authorized fish hatcheries through the country, and the fry from which have been deposited in rivers in many parts of different States, show the value of the plan too plainly to ever allow it to fall into disuse; but when the spawning fish are so protected that they also will produce more largely, the industry will once more become peculiarly lucrative, not only to individuals, but to States and the country.

Wealth always begets wealth if properly directed, and our State governments are not so rich as to be indifferent to augmenting their revenues. Therefore let us still keep it before the eyes of the proper authorities that State legislation positively requires conjoint laws to improve the present situation.

RHODE ISLAND FISHING.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 6.—There is good fishing off Pawtuxet just now, where they are catching squeteague in large numbers with a light rod, and excellent sport it is too. Every Rhode Islander knows what a squeteague is and what delicious eating it is, but not everybody knows how to catch one. To land the majority of those that bite is a work of art, for their mouths are very tender and they easily break away. The expectant angler sorrowfully exclaims, "By George, he weighed 8lbs. if he weighed 1oz." A good story is told about a well-known Providence piscator and how he lost a 20 pounder the same way. He was fishing alone from one boat and two friends were in another some distance away. Presently the hero of the yarn began hauling in at a great rate, and just as he was about to land his squeteague the "snout" of the line broke and away went Mr. Fish.

"That's too bad!" yelled the angler to his friends, "that's the biggest fish I ever had on a line. He must have weighed 20lbs."

"How do you know?" called back his friends.

"I guess I've caught fish enough to know," was the reply.

All went well until about an hour later, when one of the fishermen in the other boat caught a little 4lb. squeteague with the selfsame "snout" in its mouth that the other man had lost.

However, catches of from six to twenty pretty good-sized squeteague are being daily made at Pawtuxet.

John O. and George A. Lewis, of Wickford, have captured in their trap in the West Passage of Narragansett Bay a rare species of fish for these waters, that is known to ichthyologists as the *Trichiurus lepturus*, but to ordinary individuals as the cutlass fish or silver eel, whose home is mainly in the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, although it has been known to come as far north as Woods Holl, Mass., and one was captured off Wellfleet in 1845. This, however, is the second one found in the West Passage, the first ever seen there having been caught about five years ago. The present specimen is an unusually fine one, measuring 3ft. in length, the average being about 20in., and its width is between 6 and 7in., with a scaleless covering that resembles in color polished silver. This together with its length helps give it the effect of a scabbard constructed of that metal, and an allied species found in European waters is designated as the "scabbard fish." The Messrs. Lewis shipped the fish to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington.

A gray eagle which measured 6ft 6in. from tip to tip was shot by Walter Greene at his farm on Barber's Heights near Hazard's quarry, Wickford, about ten days ago.

A turtle with the initials E. D. and date 1818 plainly engraved thereon was found in Davisville a few days ago. It was marked by Ezra Davis seventy-eight years ago. There is said to be another turtle similarly marked in that vicinity.

Farmers in the northern part of the town of Stonington report gray foxes very plentiful in that section, and that they are doing great damage to the flocks of turkeys.

W. H. M.

ON THE GRAND CASCAPEDIA.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., June 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Salmon killing of the most extraordinary kind has very recently been indulged in on the Grand Cascapedia River, just north of New Richmond, Bay of Chaleurs, in the Province of Quebec. Two thorough Providence sportsmen, Messrs. Edmund W. Davis and Benjamin J. Bliven, the latter being prominent as a Pawtucket manufacturer, were the lucky men. Mr. Davis is no novice in a canoe or around a salmon pool He has been a most enthusiastic and successful salmon fisherman for years, and is the owner of fishing rights adjoining the middle grounds in the Grand Cascapedia.

About four weeks ago Mr. and Mrs. Davis left Providence for Woodman, their country place near the fishing preserves, Mrs. Davis being as ardent in the pastime as her husband. As the guest for the month of June, Mr. Bliven enjoyed the princely hospitality of Woodman's hosts. The weather was superb and fishing conditions were never better. The inexorable rules governing visitors, the use of rods and the number of fish killed each season, prevented Mr. Bliven from trying his favorite flies in the preserves, but his admiration of the skill and success of his host in the day's fishing on the 15th will never be lessened by his own prohibition.

In the first day's fishing Mr. Davis killed thirteen salmon, and in the next half day seven salmon, including the largest and finest in the lot, tipping the scales at 41lbs., was killed. The handsome fish began the day's sport in the middle ground and made the fourteenth to the record on the little diary-book leaf. It was fully an hour, though, before this salmon was placed safely in the canoe. The gamy fighter had given Mr. Davis and his attendant with the gaff hook an enforced sail of nearly two miles and left some weary forearms on his captors, but plu kily Mr. Davis resumed his fishing. There was some singular similarity of the fishing on the two different days. For instance, the largest fish killed were the first of the fishing on each day; and the smallest, weighing 16lbs. each, were the last of the two days' record.

Each member of the middle grounds club is entitled to kill forty salmon during the season on the preserve, and the extraordinary feat performed by Mr. Davis in the day and a half leaves him only as many fish again to kill during the fishing period. This is the record of the 15th of June and the succeeding half day: Whole day, June 15, 1896—35, 34, 32, 30, 28, 26, 25, 24, 24, 24, 24, 23 and 16lbs.; half day, June 16—41, 33, 33, 32, 29, 22 and 16lbs.; total weight, 551lbs.

The preserve, though a close corporation, so to speak, i fast getting a world-wide reputation, and already th Grand Cascapedia River is attracting wealthy sportsme from Scotland, England and Europe. Among the te

members of the middle ground club are Robert Dun, Wm. K. Vanderbilt, Attorney Cadwallader and Dr. Mitchell, of New York, and Mr. Barnes, of Boston.

These gentlemen own riparian rights along the river front and control many miles of the water, having bought out the trap and seine fishermen who in years past have killed off the fish in great quantities for the market. Only three members can fish at the same time in the preserves. There are eight guides, plenty of canoes and lots of other necessary paraphernalia. The Grand Cascapedia is eighty to ninety miles in length, and no fishing is tolerated above certain grounds in the river, this regulation being necessary to protect the spawning.

During ten days, covering the period of Mr. Davis's record, Mr. Bliven tried his luck along the river outside the middle grounds. He visited some splendid pools, and Mrs. Davis marked up to his piscatorial skill 318lbs. of salmon, the fish weighing as follows: 24, 39, 27, 25, 29, 22, 24, 28, 14, 26, 14, 17, 27lbs.

TROUT REARING.

PLYMOUTH, Mass., July 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Referring to an article on the growth of trout fry, by Mr. Cheney, in FOREST AND STREAM of June 27, wherein he cites the remarkable size of Long Island trout, it would certainly seem that they must carry off the palms for extraordinary and rapid growth. At all the trout hatcheries we have ever visited in Massachusetts nowhere have we seen trout fry even approaching those spoken of by Mr. Cheney, and the superiority of our own fry at the Nook hatchery at Plymouth led me to send specimens to various State commissioners and fishculturists, many of whom have replied, complimenting us upon their size. Nevertheless we certainly have been outdone at the Long Island hatcheries, and it would be interesting to know something of the conditions, manner of feeding, etc., that bring about such much desired results. The specimens sent from our hatchery were taken from rearing boxes, where the fish were very much crowded, but were doing remarkably well, the death rate not being more than twenty fish per week per hundred thousand for the past three months. From one trough 1×20ft. were counted 25,000 splendid fry in June.

From the start and as long as it could be obtained haddock spawn was fed to the fry, and a better, more cleanly and nutritive food in my opinion would be hard to find. It is reasonable to suppose that had the fish been given more space a better average size could have been obtained, and I for one should be pleased to learn from the columns of FOREST AND STREAM something of the range and treatment given the brook trout fry at the Cold Spring Harbor station on Long Island.

Such information could not but be of value to all interested in fishculture, and let us hope that soon we may learn something in regard to the matter either from foreman C. H. Walters or from the interesting pen of Mr. Cheney.

C. C. WOOD
(Supt. Plymouth Rock Trout Co.).

A LAKE WINNIPISAUKEE BASS.

WHEN I took my annual vacation in August last I fully intended making a trip into northern New Hampshire to fish in the various streams and ponds for trout and black bass. I mean by that, I expected to spend at least two weeks in the woods. But I find that as I grow older the "little folks" have a claim on my time; I must "camp out" with them. Long trips with the "older boys" must be sacrificed. I had several days' fair fishing near the "old home" and all enjoyed the outings very much.

One cloudy day we took the steamer at Weir's and went across Lake Winnipisaukee to Long Island, where Drs. F. E. and J. A. Greene have summer residences. I carried my rod with hopes of catching a few bass. Before reaching the island the rain began to fall as if it meant to continue for the day at least. As we neared the land we saw both doctors and several others fishing from the wharf. Soon they spied us on the boat and sang out; "We are having fun right here, doctor." On reaching shore I noticed that they had caught fifteen or twenty bass, but they were small. They told me that the fish were biting quite well and to prepare to take a hand.

It did not take me long to comply, and with a lively helgramite for bait I cast out. In less than a minute I felt a pull at my line, and as I struck the fish leaped out of water, and we all saw that it was a big fellow.

"Heavens, that's a whale!" ejaculated Dr. F. E.

"How in thunder did you get hold of him so soon?" said Dr. J. A.

But I had no time to explain how I had hooked him. I was too busy. All the other fishermen ceased their sport to watch the fight. Each offered suggestions, of course. One says, "Let him have the line." Another, "Pull him in or you will lose him." Dr. J. A. said, "That's your fish, jerk his head off if you want to."

Meantime the bass and I were having a lively time. Once he came straight for the wharf and I felt sure that he would escape under it among the piles; but he changed his mind, suddenly turning round and putting out as though he did not intend to stop until he had reached the opposite shore. A steady pressure on him checked his flight, and I had him turned again. Three times did he leap clear of the water in his efforts to rid himself of the hook, but it was too secure.

At last I had him "winded" and near the wharf, when it was discovered that there was no landing net about! Dr. F. E. had one at his house, 300yds. away. There was nothing to do but hold that fish until some one could bring it; and when it came we found that the handle was too short to reach to the water.

By that time the bass had got his "second wind" and was fighting for liberty. Dr. J. A. suggested that I swing him off to a shallow place to the end of the wharf, and he would wade in and secure him. This was done, and after twenty minutes of great excitement and anxiety we succeeded in landing him. He certainly was a beauty, weighing just 5¼lbs.

I received congratulations on all sides.

"It was skillfully done;" "You certainly did it well;" "I fully expected you would lose him when he started for the wharf;" "Gee whiz! but didn't he fight!"

We caught several more, but not nearly so large. I was called the mascot of the party, having landed the largest bass that had been taken off the island that season.

A. J. M.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

Texas Tarpon.

TAYLOR, Tex., June 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just returned from a two weeks' fishing trip at Ropesville, Tex., and thinking a few figures showing the results might be of interest to some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, I give below a detailed list of my catch while there. The dimensions given in the following were ascertained by careful measurement. The catches were made with rod and reel, using the 36-strand Thomas J. Conroy silver king line:

June 5—One tarpon, 3ft. long.
June 6—One tarpon, 3ft. 6in.
June 7—Heavy wind, no fishing.
June 8—One tarpon, 5ft. 1in.
June 9—Many strikes, failed to land anything.
June 10—Three tarpon. One of 5ft. 10in., one of 4ft. 10½in., one of 4ft. 8in.; one large jackfish weighing 25lbs.
June 11—Two tarpon. One of 5ft. 11in., one of 5ft. 9in.; one jackfish, 23lbs., and eight large speckled trout.
June 12—Thirteen speckled trout in one hour.
June 13—Eight speckled trout in one hour; one shark, 5ft. 11in.
June 14—One tarpon, 4ft. 8in.; one tarpon, 4ft. 7in.; one tarpon, 5ft. 8in.; one tarpon, 6ft. 8in.; one shark, 4ft. 6in.; one jackfish, 20lbs.

The 6ft. 8in. tarpon had a girth measurement of 3ft. 3in., weighed 195lbs., and was landed in one hour with a broken rod.

June 15—One tarpon, 6ft. 3in.; one tarpon. 5ft. 2in.; one kingfish, 4ft 1in.; two jackfish, 21 and 23lbs.; two sharks, 4ft. 1in., 5ft. 3in.
June 16—Did not fish any.
June 17—One tarpon, 5ft. 3in.; one tarpon, 5ft. 4in.; one tarpon, 4ft. 2in.
June 18—One tarpon, 5ft. 2in.; one jewfish, 427lbs.; one shark, 5ft. 11in.
June 19—One jackfish, 20lbs.; one jackfish, 40lbs.

The following named gentlemen from Taylor also spent one week tarpon fishing at this place and were quite successful, as the following records will show:

C. H. Booth, six tarpon, 5½ft. average; one jewfish, 365lbs.; one kingfish, 4ft. long.
Lawrence Woodward, eight tarpon, 5ft. average.
J. W. Womack, seven tarpon, 5½ft. average.
N. F. Smith, five tarpon, 5½ft. average.
G. E. King, one tarpon, 5ft. 8in. average.
M. R. Kennedy, three tarpon, 5½ft. average.
Col. W. Keliher, four tarpon, 5¼ft. average; one jewfish, 380lbs.

Besides the above these gentlemen landed numerous jackfish, sharks, etc. The Ropesville accommodations are fairly good, and the sport will delight the heart of any true angler.

BRYAN HEARD.

Tim, Jim and Jack.

EUSTIS, Me., Camp Jack.—After spending two weeks at Tim Pond, Mr. Charles Bell and wife, of England, formerly of New York, returned to Camp Jack on June 17; Mr. J. L. Faunce, of Boston, arrived the same day; and during the next four days Messrs. Bell and Faunce landed twelve trout, largest 2¾lbs., smallest 1½lbs., in Little Jim Pond. During their visit of nine days Mr. Bell and wife, with George Douglas as guide, saw over fifty deer, some feeding, some swimming, others splashing water to drive away the flies. In all Mr. Bell's sporting Little Jim Pond "takes the cake" for deer. Mr. Bell and wife left Eustis June 26 for New York for a short visit, thence to England.

Mr. Barrows landed a fine trout in Little Jim, weight 3 1/16lbs., and saw ten deer at once in the pond.

OTIS WITHAM.

Barnegat Bay.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., July 6.—I have spent the last two days on famous Barnegat Bay and find the reports from the various fishing points not exaggerated. Fishing one tide at night in the manner I have previously described in FOREST AND STREAM, John F. Seger and myself took sixty-two tide runners, in weight 2½ to 4½lbs. It appears to be almost useless to attempt to take the large fish during the day. This applies particularly to the upper portions of the bay from the pier northward. We found the water very clear and not in the best condition for fishing, still any one who knows the nature of the fish will have no difficulty in procuring good sport if the instructions I have given are followed out.

LEONARD HULIT.

Tarpon in New Jersey Waters.

BRIDGETON, N. J., July 6.—A tarpon 3½ft. long was taken in the pound net at Stone Harbor Thursday last. About the same time another tarpon was taken in the net at Atlantic City. An experienced tarpon fisherman who saw it estimated its weight at 100lbs.

On Wednesday last two boys, who were fishing for weakfish at the mouth of Back Creek, Delaware Bay, took seventeen drum, the largest weighing 60lbs. They lost four lines. The next day the same boys, at the same place, caught eight drum, the largest weighing 90lbs.

N.

Up and Down Stream for Trout.

NEW YORK, July 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I thank you for the exhaustive reply to my question in regard to the relative merits of up or down stream fishing for trout. Unfortunately, though, it leaves it still an open question, and I fear I shall not get the box of cigars which I think I have won.

I was brought up in the wilds of western Massachusetts, and I can safely say that any man or boy there who would fish up a stream for trout would be considered a candidate for an idiot asylum.

SPLIT SHOT.

Maryland Weakfish.

STOCKTON, Md., June 27.—Trout (weakfish) are biting freely now in the bay. They are in much finer condition than those taken outside, though not quite so large, running from 1 to 4lbs. The catch is from ten to sixty or more to the man of a morning.

O. D. FOULKS.

Bass at Asbury Park.

ON Tuesday evening of last week Mr. W. H. Moynan landed a 24lbs. bass at Asbury Park, N. J. This was the largest caught in several seasons; last summer's record fish weighed 21lbs.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Rhode Island State Fair Association's fourth annual show, Providence, R. I.
Sept. 7 to 11.—Toronto Exhibition Association's eighth annual show, Toronto, Can. C. A. Stone, Sec'y of bench show.
Sept. 14 to 17.—Montreal Kennel Association's bench show, Montreal. G. Lanigan, Sec'y
Sept. 22 to 24.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual dog show, Milwaukee Louis Steffen, Sec'y.
Oct. 6 to 8.—Danbury Agricultural Society's show, Danbury, Conn. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y.
Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.
Sept. 7.—Kennedy, Minn.—Coutinental Field Trial Club's chicken trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Oct. 9.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual meet. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.
Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—Natioonal Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.
Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.
Nov. 2—Bicknell, Ind.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.
Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.
Nov. 10—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee
Nov. 10.—Leamington, Ont.—Peninsular Field Trial Club, Leamington, Ont.
Nov. 10.—Central Beagle Club's trials. L. O. Seidel, Sec'y.
Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y.

The Snaring of Foxes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

To those not of a sporting disposition it seems strange that any person can work, toil and travel for miles in order to secure a few shots at wild birds, and spend hours to the music of the hounds in pursuit of a fox, but the class of people who cannot realize the pleasure of sport will never be acquainted with all that makes this world fit to live in.

Here in Prince Edward Island we can perhaps have a day's sport with as much advantage as any place in Canada. We have plenty of foxes, mostly red, but there is quite a percentage of black ones. When the hounds start one a person is always anxious to see whether he is black or red.

I started one bright, calm morning last winter, before sunrise, with my good friend Mr. Oulton—as true and good a sportsman as ever flashed his eye along the barrel of a gun—and crossing Nail Pond to a bunch of woods of about fifty acres, we let the dogs loose. They were not gone ten minutes when we were greeted by the well-known howl, and knew they had found a fresh track. The air was clear and the entrancing sound of those dogs could be heard many miles as they emerged from the woods out on the ice. After following the trail about half a mile along the beach they soon came to where reynard had prepared to spend the day among the clumps of ice. As we were following along we noticed the fox going across the pond like a red streak. His proximity was also discovered by Bob and Fan. The chase is one not to be forgotten. Away they flew through swamps and over fields to the westward, and we soon came to the conclusion that the fox did not belong to our locality, and that we were in for a long walk.

After following the almost straight course for about five or six miles to Skinner's Pond settlement, we met the dogs. We learned afterward that they had been further on about five miles and chased the fox back to where we met them. We knew at once that they had lost the track, and could not account for it till a man told us that he had seen the fox take along the road, and before the dogs came up several horses had passed over the track. The dogs seemed to take in the situation and began to search for the track. They must have scented over forty acres of ground when Bob suddenly gave tongue.

In a short while we got a sight of the fox starting from a few low bushes. He seemed to have made up his mind to have the chase ended, as he came almost straight in Mr. Oulton's direction and passed him about 60yds., when the report of his No. 8 finished that chase.

We then repaired to a friend's dwelling, and after partaking of some refreshments started for another track, it being then about 9 o'clock A. M. The dogs soon gave tongue again, and after a tight run of about three hours we found that the fox had taken to his den. The dogs' back track soon brought us to the spot. A large pine stump with a hole underneath told us plainly he was there. How to get him out was the puzzle, as the ground was frozen hard, and to dig him out would be a day's work. My friend conceived the idea to trap him. We stopped the hole, went to a house and procured a steel trap and a nice cod line. We set a snare in the hole and the trap outside, knowing that he had to starve or come out of that hole. Well, that fox actually stayed in for three days before he made the venture, and then of course he could not avoid the snare. The pole must have hoisted him just clear of the ground. In his struggles he got one of his hindlegs in the steel trap. Poor reynard! he must have died hard, caught by both ends.

CHAS. DALTON.

[Snaring foxes is not a sport, and we give space to our correspondent's article to the end that he and others given to similar practices may the more emphatically note that fact.]

"Is Death the End?"

FOUNTAIN POINT, Mich., June 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read "Is Death the End?" by E. K. Whitehead, in the issue of May 23. That question has come to many under like circumstances. This much may be said: Till able to say when, or where, or how life begins, it is at least modest not to assert when, where, and how it ends. The burden of proof is with those who aver that death marks the end.

J. B. DAVIS.

WAITING AND WATCHING.

THEY say that the name of the station is changed, and that the dog is dead, but I remember, and I think I shall remember always.

In a sharp V of a valley between two tall, unheeding mountains, stood a little brown station, all alone. It looked like a knot in the end of the brown rag of road that hung over the low ridge beyond it. "Hope" was the name in the middle of the weathered signboard, with "Winnepeg, — miles," at the nearer end, and "Vancouver, — miles," at the farther.

There was small token of life about the building so far as even we in the observation car could see, so when the conductor came back from the office with his orders we wondered why the train did not go on. But pretty soon a tall old man with a red flag under his arm came from up the track ahead to the station platform. Some of us had alighted, and to us he volunteered, while he rolled his flag closer:

"Rock on the tack."

"Is it very large?" asked some one.

"Nope, they'll git it off purty soon; like 'nough in 'bout ten minutes."

That accent was unmistakably from the "States," and I came nearer where I could hear all he said. He sat down on a pile of boxes and in reply to some remark said meditatively:

"Nop, trains don' hev much 'casion to stop here long nowadays. Used to be a purty decent mine up yonner," jerking his head toward the little road; "then they war some doin's here"

"Mine abandoned?"

"Eaup," he was going on, when another idea struck him; he looked around uneasily.

"They hain't none o' you seen Rolly, hev you?"

"Who's Rolly?"

"W'y, Rolly, he's the dorg"; his eyes grew anxious; "he's a great institution 'round these parts, Rolly is."

He rose and went quickly to the door of the station, opened it, and put his head inside. We heard the click of the telegraph instrument.

"Say, Bennie, where's Roll?" he called. His voice was different from that in which he spoke to the men outside. The answer was inaudible.

"Humph! Curious, ain't it? When did he go?" Again the inaudible reply.

"Well, he must 'a' heard the whistle."

He came back to the travelers, but with his eyes on the brown road over the ridge,

"Didn't it pan out?" asked one.

"Huh? Oh, the mine! I dunno. I guess 'twould ef ——" but the old idea was too strong—his eyes sought the slope again.

"Now, where in time is that dorg? He hain't use' to missin' trains."

"What was the matter at the mine?"

"Oh, there was ghosts came there, 'n' that scart everybody, 'n' now they won't no one go nigh but Rolly, and he's interested. Wish't he'd come anyhow."

"Well, what is it about Rolly, my friend, is he your dog?" asked a big, quiet man standng near with his wife.

"Nope. That is, he is and he ain't—one way he's mine and two he ain't—one way he's mine, cause I feed 'im and hanker after 'im if he ain't 'round. One way he ain't mine, he's Bennie's, 'cause everything I've got that Bennie hankers after is his'n, an' he thinks a heap o' Rolly. Bennie's the telegraph here.

"'Nother way he ain't mine nor Bennie's neither. He hisself thinks he b'longs to a man 't hain't been 'round here quite a spell—the last contractor at the 'Hope.' He left in a leetle hurry one night, bein' found with some mine pay-money mixed into his own inside pocket by mistake, 'n' he forgot the dorg."

One traveler, acquainted with Western euphemisms, asked: "Did they hang or shoot him?"

The old fellow grinned. "Shot 'im; sent the remnants East in a box. We hain't lookin' for 'im back, but Rolly is. Yes, sir, he's on hand every train, an' between times he goes up to the mine to see ef his man has slipped by unbeknownst an' gone up there."

Just then the conductor, passing, said: "Nearly ready; all aboard."

We started reluctantly for the car, all of us with our eyes on the brown road now. The old man walked with us.

"Can't think what on 'arth keeps 'im. He'll cry all day ef he misses this train."

We were all on board now. The conductor stood, watch in hand, his eyes too on the road.

"There he is!" some one shouted.

"He knowed he was late an' took the short cut," exclaimed the old man.

Our eyes left the road, and at the other end of the platform met a small, smooth-coated, black-and-white mongrel, all dusty and panting, crouched with quivering flanks by the steps of the last car, a Pullman.

The dog's eyes were on the porter. The porter looked to the conductor for a sign, the conductor looked at his watch and his orders and nodded. Then the porter lifted the eager little brute into the car vestibule.

We in the observation car all waited with eyes on the door of the nearest Pullman; all but the quiet man who had retired into the front corner of the car behind his newspaper.

"Blest if I want to see the beast disappointed," he said to his wife.

"Does he go through the whole train?" I asked of the old man.

"Yes, miss, all but the col'nist car and the em'grant; he knows that hain't the kind."

Just then the Pullman door opened and the porter came through, followed by the dog, stepping high and nervously. There were a great many in the car and the dog was bewildered. The porter picked him up and put him on one of the seats, a double row of which ran back to back down the center of the car. The dog put his paws on the back of the seat and looked all around, ears up, nostrils moving, flanks quivering, tail straight out and slowly waving.

Suddenly he gave a sharp yelp and bounded over the center seats down the aisle like a young tornado and stopped with both paws on the quiet man's knees, yelping, dancing, tearing the newspaper down upon himself.

The man took the paper away and the dog leaped toward his face with a squeal. But the squeal broke half way, and the dog fell back on all fours, still as a stone. The quiet man looked at him kindly and put out a hand to pat him. The dog came closer, his eyes always on the man's face, and softly put his paws on the knees again. The man said:

"Well, Rolly!"

The dog's head went on one side a moment; the name was all right, but the voice—the voice—

He got down and backed off, his tail between his legs, his ears wavering; he gave one low, questioning whine, then slowly answered the porter's call.

At the top of car-steps he paused and came back. With head on a side and paw raised he looked again, and then with a sharp sort of bark turned back and went down.

A moment afterward the conductor's watch snapped; he waved his hand and the train drew out, up the broad cañon of the Chanting Bow. But our eyes were all turned back to the platform, where the dog stood, poised, head on a side, and foot lifted, looking after us.

The quiet man didn't draw back till we rounded a curve; then he found a cinder in his eye.

"Nice scenery," he said.—*M. C. P. in the Evening Post.*

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE POINTER.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In order to ascertain the true status of the pointer as a field dog, it is necessary to compare his qualities with those of the English setter, as that breed has justly stood highest for a number of years in public opinion as such.

A few clubs and numerous private individuals have spent much money in importing the best pointer blood they could get hold of, and no doubt some first-class stud dogs have been from time to time introduced into the country, but I expect that English bereders have very seldom let a thoroughly good bitch leave home, and that that is one of the chief reasons why improvement in the breed has been so slow.

I have looked over the records in Major Taylor's book, and note that scarcely a year has passed without some pointer coming to the front in the open stakes. Special stakes are of little value in proving that the winners were first-class. They might only have been the best out of a collection of duffers, for all that any one can tell to the contrary who did not witness the performance.

We know that the proportion of pointers bred for field trials has hitherto been very small as compared with that of setters, also that some men are prejudiced against them, as probably the specimens they have met with have been deficient in quality.

I admit that the average pointer, though good in other respects, is wanting in energy and range, though intelligent and easily educated; but the average setter is no less faulty. He is too nervous, sensitive and timid, and consequently very hard to train thoroughly.

A young dog of either breed is high class if he has plenty of courage, energy and range; if he naturally hunts in the right style, is intelligent, good tempered (not too sensitive or sulky), and has a good nose. Having bred one of this stamp, it is only a question of training as to how he turns out.

But to return to the subject: No doubt others must know of as hard luck as any that has come under my own observation. I know of four first-class young pointers whose untimely end must have done much to retard progress in breeding, viz.: Tapster, Zig-Zag, Kent Elgin and Manitoba Shot

Another serious cause of delay in the production of first-raters is in the attempt many breeders are making to combine field and bench qualities in the same individuals. A stud dog with a fine bench show record, supplemented by a win of a fractional part of a third prize at a field trial, seems to satisfy the uninitiated that if they purchase his puppies or stud services they will be sure to secure some fine field dogs; but unless a stud dog is uncommonly strong in all respects he very rarely sires anything equal to himself, except in cases where the bitches are extraordinarily good. Hops and Vera Bang were two of the best I ever saw, and the former produced four (Rip Rap, Tapster, Zig-Zag and Maid of Kent), and the latter one (Kent Elgin), splendid specimens of field dogs by King of Kent. Probably the dams of Strideaway, Tick Boy and any other high class ones that he sired were extra good too; but King of Kent has some rare qualities of his own, and has, I believe, done better as a stud dog than any of the other importations. If there had been no good stud dogs in the country before the advent of Bang Bang, King of Kent, Duke of Hessen and Mainspring, one would think that there ought to be plenty of pointers equal to the best setters by this time, but I doubt if this is the case.

We have two champions in Rip Rap and Jingo, with several others, such as Delhi, Tick Boy, Strideaway, Lad of Rush, Tippo, that seem good enough to follow them in due time—but there ought to be more.

Of course we know of younger ones coming on of both sexes, and there certainly is more good material to breed from than there ever was before; so perhaps pointer men are not doing so very badly after all. But they certainly would do better if they would study more carefully the peculiarities of each individual before breeding from them. Simply to breed two good ones together indiscriminately is chance work, and what has probably brought setters to their present degenerate state. Injudicious nicking is very liable to cause virtues to be exaggerated into faults.

In summing up the future prospects of these two great breeds of shooting dogs, I think the pointers have decidedly the advantage; there are more good ones than there ever was before, whereas good setters are getting scarcer every year. Experience is teaching sportsmen that pointers are more apt to make satisfactory shooting dogs than setters are.

Pointers will work in any ground that setters will, stand heat much better, and can put up with as much cold and rough weather as any ordinary man cares to be out in.

C. E. MCMURDO.

Pointer Club of America.

A SPECIAL meeting of the board of governors of the Pointer Club of America was held at the office of Mr. James L. Anthony, 66 Broadway, New York city. Present, Messrs. Anthony, Odell, Lewis, Jarvis and Webster.

It was resolved to donate two special prizes of $10 to the best pointer dog and bitch respectively owned and exhibited by members of the Pointer Club, to be competed for at the coming bench show of the Rhode Island State Fair Association at Providence; George Jarvis, judge.

The proposed field trials of the club were then fully discussed, and after careful consideration it was resolved that

Whereas, The time intervening between this date and December, at which time it has been proposed to hold the first annual field trials of the Pointer Club, is so short, and

Whereas, The committee has been unable to agree upon rules that it believes would be satisfactory to all competitors, as well as to the club, and

Whereas, The committee has been unable to ascertain at this date that the grounds where it was proposed to hold the trials can be had upon satisfactory terms, it is

Resolved, That the trials be postponed until December, 1897.

Resolved further, That the committee be hereby authorized and directed to prepare the necessary rules and make the necessary arrangements between now and the annual dinner, to be held by the members of this club during the New York show, and that it report such rules and arrangements as it may recommend to a full meeting of the Pointer Club to be held at such time for their action and approval. After the consideration of some other unfinished business the board adjourned.

FREDERIC S. WEBSTER, Sec'y.

Collie Club Stakes.

THE following stakes have been opened and will close on the dates announced in connection with each stake. Entries for the Sweepstakes and Lottery Stakes should give name, pedigree and date of birth of each entry, and for the Futurity Stakes the name and pedigree of the dam, together with name of dog bred to and date of breeding:

Annual Collie Sweepstakes, to close on Aug. 1, 1896: For collies born in the United States or Canada, between June 30, 1895, and July 1, 1896, entrance $2, payable on Aug. 1, and an additional $3 to fill on Dec. 1; $50 will be added to the stakes; the winner to receive 50 per cent. of the stakes, 25 per cent. to go to the second, 15 per cent. to the third, and 10 per cent. to the fourth. To be decided at New York, February, 1897.

The Lottery Stakes, to close on Nov. 1, 1896: For puppies whelped between March 1 and Aug. 15, 1896. Entrance $2, and additional $3 to be paid on or before Jan. 1, 1897. To be decided at the Mascoutah Kennel Club show, Chicago, 1897.

The Futurity Stakes: Entries of dams to be made prior to whelping, at $2 each. Stakes to open on May 1 and remain open until Oct. 31, 1896. All produce of each dam so entered shall be eligible for competition, provided entry is made individually of the puppies before they have exceeded the age of three months. A fee of $1 to be paid for each puppy so entered, and on July 1, 1897, an additional $2 to be paid to entitle the entry to compete for the stake, which will be decided at a fall show of 1897. The division of the above stakes to be 50 per cent., 30 per cent. and 20 per cent.

Entries of bitches which have already whelped will be received up to July 10, 1896.

All entries to be made with

JAMES WATSON, Sec'y,
No. 203 Broadway, New York City.

Disqualification of Club Members.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., July 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been on the Pacific coast since April 14. On my return I hear that I have been disqualified by the A. K. Club. I feel that I have been hit a foul blow below the belt, and tried and convicted without a hearing. The world is not moving when Judge Lynch can flourish in this State. I feel that I have been hit, but I can't find out what hit me, who hit me, or where they hit me. It seems that the Bull Terrier Club sassed the anti-croppers, so they have hung up the Bull Terrier Club officers until they eat humble pie, but I was not at the meeting, and did not have anything to do with the resolutions. I could not make the other fellows apologize even if I tried.

I can't understand why I am disqualified because the other fellows are stubborn. I always supposed a man could only be fired for something he did or left undone himself, not for what others did, and that before being shot he had a right to have a trial. But firstly I want to know what I have been doing; when, why and where I have done anything to be disqualified for.

J. OTIS FELLOWS.

Queens County Agricultural Society.

HEMPSTEAD, L. I., July 6.—The Queens County Agricultural Society, which has become a member of the American Kennel Club, has decided to add a dog show to the numerous attractions of its annual fair, to be held at Mineola, Long Island, N. Y., Sept. 22 to 25, of the present year.

Premium lists will be ready for distribution at an early date, and if the show meets with any success it may be looked for as an annual fixture.

The fair grounds at Mineola are within easy distance of New York and Brooklyn, from which points there is an excellent train service. The fair is unusually well attended, and exhibitors of dogs will be spared any feeling of *ennui*, as there will be a variety of attractions: bicycle races, trotting and running races; horse, cattle, sheep, swine and poultry shows, etc., etc. The dog show will be under the management of Jas. Mortimer, Hempstead, L. I., to whom all correspondence should be addressed. The first show of dogs held in the United States is said to have been at Mineola, October, 1874.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

In our advertising columns this week A. L. Goodwin, Clearfield, Pa., offers foxhounds for sale. E. A. Carrier Westchester, Conn., offers setters. Loki, Cincinnati' offers pointer and setter, both broken. H. S. Reynolds' Poughkeepsie, N. Y., offers cockers. Muckross Kennels' Springfield, Vt., offer setters, beagles and Boston terriers.

A ripple of merriment went the tour of schipperke circles when the fact transpired that Mrs. Stennard Robinson, who is putting her foot down on docking, and is determined to crush out the practice, had assisted Her Royal Highness to choose a schipperke pup that had had its tail cut off.—*Stock-Keeper* (*England*).

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address. Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

BRED.

Dr. H. M. Quimby's Nick of Kent, English setter bitch, May 27, to Kent III.

Mr. W. H. Worth's
Hilda, Gordon setter bitch, May 17, to Pilot of Lorain.
Lawn Nola, Gordon setter bitch, June 9, to Pilot of Lorain.

WHELPS.

Mr. W. H. Worth's Lawn Fayaway, Gordon setter bitch, whelped, June 23, eight (seven dogs), by Pilot of Lorain.

SALES.

Mr. W. H. Worth has sold
Rustic, Gordon setter dog, to Mr. J. B. Blossom.
Fantine, Gordon setter bitch, to Mr. Chas. Sanger.
Ripple, Gordon setter dog, to Mr. J. B. Blossom.

Wheeling.

FRENCH CYCLING PHRASES.

IN French a "scorcher" is *un brûle pavé*, which signifies that our Gallic brethren go us one better in the matter of cycling nomenclature, for their riders actually burn, while ours only scorch in their flight. Curiously enough, however, we have an equivalent for this phrase in the cowboy country, where a man or animal "burns the earth" when he goes unusually fast.

The French term for scorcher is taken from a little book called "Handy English-French Phrases Appropriate to Bicycling," which contains such gems as "*Où puis-je trouver un atelier où l'ou répare les bicyclettes?*" (Where can I find a bicycle repair shop?), and "*Combien me prendrez-vous pour me conduire, moi et mon bicycle, à la gare de ——?*" (What will you charge to take me and my bicycle to the railroad station at ——?).

The book is intended for Americans touring in France, but it would no doubt prove equally serviceable to Frenchmen touring in this country, for bicycle language is new and not lacking in intricacy on both sides of the Atlantic.

Along with the phrases and proper terms for various parts of a bicycle the book gives such information as the following, contained in sections 45 and 46:

"Am I right in understanding that there is no duty on wheels brought into France by a member of an American bicycling club as his private property for use in touring, and to be taken back out of the country before long?"

"Yes, but you must make a declaration at the Custom House."

Section 88 and what follows deals with the all-important topic of roads:

"How do you find the French roads for bicycling?"

"They are generally very good, but not as uniformly smooth as many of the new American roads."

"You surprise me. I understood the roads in France, as on the Continent generally, were famous among bicyclers, while correspondingly the American roads are reputed to be poor or bad?"

"Yes, that is the popular theory, but it is not correct. The French national roads are, of course, good, but the surface is not uniform and there are many flints or other hard stones used, which cause a series of annoying bumps to a bicycle.

"The French roads are about the same in effect as the worst parts of the roads in Central Park, in New York. In the United States there are now built, or in course of construction, a great number of very fine new roads, mostly Telford pattern."

"Well, at least in cities like Paris, one has the famous asphalt pavement."

"Yes, but the city of New York has now more and better asphalt pavements than Paris; the city of Buffalo, in the State of New York, has more asphalt streets than Paris and all the capital cities of the Continent put together."

Section 94 puts the question, "How do you find the American machines compared with those of France?"

Which is answered, "I think the American machines are generally lighter and more serviceable than the French, also better."

"What about using American pneumatic tires on French roads?" is another question.

The answer is, "American tires are apt to be readily cut up by the flints in French roads. They can, and generally should be, guarded or reinforced by having a wide rubber band or adhesive tape glued on the outer edge of the tire, that is to say, on the periphery of the wheel."

"Is that device effective?"

"Yes, it has been found in practice to work satisfactorily. The rubber band thus applied takes and relieves against many cuts which might otherwise injure the rubber tube of the tire. Some tourists, however, prefer to have the heavier English or French tires put on their wheels in place of the American ones. It is well for American tourists to take with them a full supply of puncture-repairing material, with extra links of chain and spokes appropriate to their wheels."

GEAR.

EVERY bicycle rider understands what is meant by the term "gear," but few can give a good off-hand definition of it or one that will present a clear idea without a great deal of circumlocution. By gear is meant that application of chain and sprocket wheels by which the speed of the rear or driving wheel is increased so as to make it equivalent to a wheel of a larger diameter.

In the old "ordinarys" the front wheel, which was the driving wheel, turned once for each complete revolution of the pedals. When the safety was introduced the size of the driving wheel was reduced so that its diameter was less than half that of the old high wheel. To secure a reasonable degree of speed it was necessary to make this smaller wheel turn faster, and accordingly toothed cogwheels were placed on the hub of the rear wheel and on the shaft of the pedal cranks, and connected with a chain. The diameter of the front cogwheel or sprocket was greater than that of the rear sprocket, and it had an increased number of teeth; so that when the first sprocket turns once at each complete revolution of the pedals, the rear sprocket and driving wheel, to which it is attached, turn from two to three times, depending on the ratio of the sprockets.

All standard driving wheels measure 28in. in diameter. The gear is determined by the ratio of the rear sprocket to the front spocket as compared with the diameter of the driving wheel.

Any one can figure it out in his head by dividing the number of teeth on the front sprocket by the number on the rear and multiplying the result by 28.

For instance, with 16 teeth on the large sprocket and 8 on the small, dividing the former number by the latter gives 2, which being multiplied by 28 gives the gear of the bicycle as 56.

In the gears most commonly in use at the present time there are either 7 or 8 teeth in the rear sprocket. The following table gives the combinations that are most frequently met with. The first column is for the number of teeth on the rear sprocket, the second the number on the front sprocket, and the last gives the gear:

8	16	56	7	16	64
8	17	59½	7	17	68
8	18	63	7	18	72
8	19	66½	7	19	76
8	20	70	7	20	80

A comparatively low gear is best for a hilly country, as it is easier with such a gear both to climb grades and to hold back when going down hill. In fact it is dangerous for the ordinary rider to use a high gear in such a country. Gears ranging from 63 to 70 would seem to be best adapted for such riding.

As to the number of teeth on the rear sprocket best adapted for hill-climbing, there is a diversity of opinion, but it would seem that the supporters of the 8-tooth rear sprocket have the best of the argument.

The higher gears are only adapted for good roads and a comparatively level country, or else for very powerful riders. Aside from racing men they find their principal supporters among the scorchers who affect ram's horn handle bars and toe clips and other abominations.

High gears necessitate going up a hill at a good rate, and their use on country roads is very fatiguing to riders unless physically in the best condition.

French Fashions.

IN France the ruling fashion at present seems to favor extremes in cycling costumes, and nothing excites comment unless particularly daring on the part of the women, or incongruous on the part of the men. Bloomers or knickerbockers are in great vogue among the women, and a costume frequently seen includes short stockings, such as children wear in summer, and bare knees. On the other hand the men are sometimes seen riding in full dress, including silk hat, and in a recently reported case yellow kid gloves and a monocle.

The other day in Paris a man was drawn from his bicycle by his long coat-tails becoming entangled in the wheels of a passing vehicle. He escaped with his life, but there is no telling what might not have happened if the coat-tails had been stronger.

A Hint for Horse Owners.

A TRAINED ape has lately been giving exhibitions of bicycle riding on the Pacific Coast, and he is said to thoroughly enjoy a spin on his wheel.

Here in the East we have an elephant who sports his ponderous weight on a three-wheeled affair resembling a cross between a boy's velocipede and a tricycle.

Wheels in one form or another are fast displacing the horse, and if this useful animal is to compete with bicycles and trolley cars his well wishers should put him on wheels too, and devise some means for using to better advantage his great muscular powers.

A Practical Charity.

MRS. FAWCETT has made a suggestion, which, if acted upon, should make the factory girls of London bless the day when cycling became a fashionable craze. In her opinion, cycling would be for the hard-working young female toilers of the East End not only an amusement, but an invaluable means of obtaining the fresh air and exercise of which they are continually in such need. The girls would like the cycle, but machines are expensive, and beyond their means. Therefore Mrs. Fawcett, at a Mansion House meeting, urged the ladies, when they purchased new "mounts," should bestow their old ones upon girls' clubs, or other agencies which exist for the benefit of factory girls.—*London Queen.*

Insurance Against Theft.

WE would suggest as an effective method for insuring bicycles from theft that the number be stamped on some conspicuous part of the frame in figures large enough to be read at a distance of 10 or 15ft. If such a plan were generally adopted the number could not easily be effaced or concealed, and riders would enjoy a protection that is unknown in these days of detachable name plates.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

S indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Union of L. I. Sound.
M indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Ass'n of Massachusetts.

JULY.

11. Beverly, 2d cham., Buzzard's Bay.
S 11. Riverside, An., Riverside, L. I. Sound.
11. Hempstead, ladies' day.
11. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
11. Winthrop, club, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
12. Winthrop, sail, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
13–17. Seawanhaka-Cor. international races, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
18, 20, 22–25. Larchmont race week, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
M 18. Quincy, open Quincy, Boston Harbor.
18. Cor. San Francisco, 1st cham., San Francisco Bay.
18. Squantum, ladies' day, Squantum, Mass.
18. Chicago, dinghy race, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
18. Rochester, club, Lake Ontario.
20. Cor. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.
20. Winthrop, evening race, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
20. Eastern, knockabout class, Marblehead.
21. Fox Lake, club, Fox Lake, Ill.
23. Beverly, 3d open sweeps, West Falmouth.
S 25. Sea Cliff, An., Sea Cliff, L. I Sound.
M 25. Hull, open, Hull, Boston Harbor.
25. Plymouth, inside race, Plymouth Harbor.
25. Winthrop, ladies' day, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
25. Squantum, moonlight sail, Squantum, Mass.
25. Chicago, club regatta, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
28. Ogdensburgh, 15ft. cup, Ogdensburgh, St. Lawrence River.
M 29–31 Quincy, summer cruise, Quincy, Hull Bay.
30. Rochester, club, Lake Ontario.

AUGUST.

1. Beverly, 3d cham., Buzzard's Bay.
S 1. Indian Harbor, An., Greenwich, L. I. Sound.
1. Roy. St. Lawrence, cruise, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
1. Waterside, special.
1. Squantum, cham, Squantum, Mass.
M 1. Savin Hill, open, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
1. Chicago, dinghy race, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
New York Y. C. cruise—
3. Rendezvous, Glen Cove.
3–6. Interlake Y. R. A. regattas, Put-in-Bay, Lake Erie.
4. Fox Lake, club, Fox Lake, Ill.
4. Winthrop, evening race, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
S 5. Huntington, An., Huntington, L. I. Sound.
5. Plymouth, ladies' day, Plymouth Harbor.
6. Winthrop, evening race, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
8. Fox Lake, club, Fox Lake, Ill.
S 8. Hempstead Harbor, An, Glen Cove, L. I. Sound.
8. Beverly, open, Marblehead.
S 8. New Rochelle, special, New Rochelle, L. I. Sound.
8. Winthrop, race to Marblehead, cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
8. Rochester, club, Lake Ontario.
8. Roy. St. Lawrence, cruise, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
8–9. Interlake Y. R. A. cruise, Put-in Bay to Cleveland, Lake Erie.
M 10–11. Manchester, open, Manchester, Mass.
12–14. Corinthian, summer series, Marblehead.
15. Corinthian, club, Marblehead.
S 15. Corinthian fleet, An., New Rochelle, L. I. Sound.
15–20. Erie, open regattas, Erie, Lake Erie.
15. Squantum, Burkhardt cup, Squantum, Mass.
S 15. American, special, Milton Point, L. I. Sound.
15 Roy. St. Lawrence, cruise, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
S 15. Stamford, Hoyt cups, Stamford, L. I. Sound.
15. Cor. Atlantic City, ocean race, catboats, Atlantic City.
15. Chicago, race and run, Menominee, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
15. Eastern, Vineyard Haven to Marblehead.
17–22. Hempstead, An. cruise.
M 17–18. American, open, Newburyport.
18. Cor. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.
18. Roy. St. Lawrence, Hamilton trophy, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
18. Winthrop, evening race, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
18. Eastern, 30ft. regular and special knockabout, Marblehead.
19. Eastern, 30ft. regular and special, Marblehead.
M 20 American, open, Portsmouth, N. H.
21. Kennebuckport, open, Kennebuckport, Me.
M 21–22. Wellfleet, open, Wellfleet.
22. Beverly, 4th cham, Buzzard's Bay.
M 22. Revere, open, Revere, Lynn Bay.
22. Roy. St. Lawrence, Hamilton trophy, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
S 22. Horseshoe Harbor, An., Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
S 22. Riverside, special, Riverside, L. I. Sound.
22. Hull, open, Hull, Boston Harbor.
24–26. International races, Toledo, Lake Erie.
M 25. Duxbury, Plymouth Harbor.
M 26. Plymouth, inside race, Plymouth Harbor.
M 27. Kingston, open, Plymouth Harbor.
27. Rochester, club, Lake Ontario.
29. Winthrop, club, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
29. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
M 29. Cape Cod, open, Provincetown.
S 29. Huguenot, open, New Rochelle, L. I. Sound.
S 29. Huntington, open, Huntington, L. I. Sound.
S 29. Seawanhaka, special, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.

SEPTEMBER.

3 Cor. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.
S 5. Stamford, An, Stamford, L. I, Sound.
5. Larchmont, special, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
M 5. South Boston, open, City Point, Boston Harbor.
5. Beverly, 4th open sweeps, Buzzard's Bay.
6. Winthrop, sail, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
7. New York Y. R. A., An., New York Bay.
7. Beverly, open, Buzzard's Bay.
7. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
M 7. Lynn, open, Lynn, Boston Harbor.
M 7. Old Colony, open, Nahant.
S 7. Norwalk, open, Norwalk, L. I. Sound.
7. Hempstead, open.
7. Toledo, open, Toledo, Lake Erie.
10–13. Cleveland, open regattas, Cleveland, Lake Erie.
12. Beverly, 5th cham., Buzzard's Bay.
12. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
S 12. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, L. I. Sound.
12. Larchmont, special, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
S 12. Sea Cliff, special, Sea Cliff, L. I. Sound.
12. Squantum, Burkhardt cup, Squantum, Mass.
12. Chicago, open, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
16. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.
18. Hempstead, closing day.
19. Eastern, knockabout class, Marblehead.
S 19. American, fall regatta, Milton Point, L. I. Sound.
26. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
S 26. Riverside, special, Riverside, L. I. Sound.
26. Squantum, Burkhardt cup, Squantum, Mass.

OCTOBER.

3. Cor. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.

SHOULD the occasion arise next year for a series of trial races in the 15ft. class, such as has just been held at Oyster Bay by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., they may be made still more interesting and useful by the addition of special prizes. This year and last no prizes were offered for the trial races; but a first, second and third prize for each race, or a prize for the winner by points in the series, might be of advantage and would be no more than is due to the contestants. It is hardly likely that the offering of such prizes would render the races any less valuable as a test, though they have been allowed under the special circumstances to assume a rather informal character and not strictly regulated by the rules. Certain additional prizes might also be offered, as for instance one for the best amateur design taking part in the races, one for the best amateur-built boat, one for the best rigged craft, and one for the "one-design" boat belonging to a *bona fide* one-design class of limited cost which shall make the best showing in the races. It would be too much to expect the race committee to attend to all the extra work involved, but a special committee of three experts might be selected to watch the races and inspect and judge the boats, apart from the main work of selecting a defender. The class is one specially suited for the aspiring amateur, and it may well be utilized to encourage good amateur work alike with the stick, the drafting pen and the saw.

THE successful defender of the Seawanhaka Corinthian international cup last year, as well as one of the leading contestants in the late trial races, was marked by a peculiar and distinctive rig that could in no way be mistaken for the ordinary boom and gaff rig carried on nearly all the other boats of late years and this. In spite of this well-known fact the old pictures of Ethelwynn have been pressed into service by some enterprising journals and passed off as veritable portraits of different new boats. One group of pictures, purporting to represent truthfully the five boats selected for the final trial, showed no less than three with the Scarecrow rig, one of which might really have been Ideal, the other two being radically different from the boats whose names they bore. Another and larger picture, printed with a detailed description of El Heirie, showed the sail plan of Ethelwynn, different in every particular. A little knowledge is a very dangerous thing in the business of faking technical subjects.

The Ogdensburgh Cup.

THE interest in the 15ft. class is certain to continue through the season and will by no means terminate with the races for the Seawanhaka cup next week. There are many good boats in the class, and all are improving with constant racing. The special open race of the Ogdensburgh Y. C. on July 28 promises to be well attended in spite of the distance, as several New York owners have already promised to send up their boats, and entries are also promised from Montreal and other points. The cup is the most valuable one offered this season, costing $300, to be the personal property of the owner of the winning boat. Special rates on 15-footers from New York to Ogdensburgh have been made by the New York Central R. R.



CHART OF LONG ISLAND SOUND YACHTING COURSES.

The 15ft. Class of 1896.

THE new 15ft. class of 1896, as represented by the starters in the recent trial races of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. to select a defender for its international challenge cup, is not only the largest in point of numbers ever known in this country, but is one of the most unique and interesting. It is impossible to estimate closely the true number of boats built for it this year in all parts of the country, but the 27 entries for the trial races represent probably not over 20 per cent. of the total. Many of these small craft are of a class distinct from the racers, designed and built for general use, cruising, sailing and for racing in local classes, the main consideration in most of them being cost, with a limit of $175 up to $350, the former for such "one design" boats as those of the Tappan Zee Y. C., the Winthrop Y. C. and the New York C. C.; the latter for boats of superior design and construction, such as the smaller size of Scarecrow and La Gloria, built by the Spalding-St. Lawrence Boat Co. from a standard and not a special design, but in which a low cost is not the first desideratum. Outside of these are many boats built from special designs and nominally at least of racing build and fitting.

There are two plain facts about this class which are not fully recognized by the generality of yachtsmen and writers: that the class is purely English in its origin and as purely American in its present composition. It had its beginning last year in the construction of Ethelwynn, Trilby, Olita, Indienne and Question to meet the English yacht Spruce IIII. The latter was designed under the then existing rating rule of the British Y. R. A. to a rating of 0.5, and raced in England during the early part of the season in the half-rating class. Under the terms of the agreement between the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. and the Minima Y. C., the races in this country were to be sailed under the S. C. Y. C. rule, with a limit of 15ft. racing length in place of 0.5 rating. This agreement was to the advantage of Spruce IIII., as it enabled her to increase her sail plan for the lighter conditions of Long Island Sound as compared with the Solent. It was also advantageous in that it encouraged a rather larger hull than would have been possible here under the Y. R. A. rule, as to keep within the measurement of 0.5 and yet have sail enough it would have been necessary to reduce the waterline to under 14ft. This agreement as to the use of the Seawanhaka measurement and class resulted in the production of a shorter and more powerful yacht than the true half-rater. Prior to last season there were in this country no regular racing 15-footers (though there were a few cruising boats of about that measurement), and only two half-raters. One of these was the handsome little fin-keel designed and built by A. E. Payne for the steam yacht Sagamore; the other, Trust Me, was built by the Herreshoffs, not for racing, but merely as a handy craft for afternoon sailing on the Hudson, the moulds of the half-rater Wee Winn, designed in 1892 for the Solent class, being used.

At the present time the half rating class is extinct in Great Britain, not only nominally, but actually. When the rating rule was abolished last fall to make way for what is called the "linear rating," the classes were so rearranged as to produce a larger boat, both in length and sail area. From the measurements published of the new boats of the 18ft. linear rating class they will measure 16 to 17ft. by the Seawanhaka rule, and at the same time they would in all probability require a larger sail plan for American waters, thus far outclassing the present 15ft. fleet. The same is true of the new 24ft. linear rating class, as compared with the corresponding American class of 20ft. racing length. This reversal is rather to be regretted, as it must operate to a certain extent against such international racing as that inaugurated by the challenge of Spruce IIII. If, as we hope, the cup may again be successfully defended this year, a challenge from Mr. Linton Hope may be looked for in 1897; but it will be necessary for him to build a special boat for the purpose, and he cannot test her fully in the home racing, as she will inevitably be too small for even racing in the 18ft. class. It is a matter for regret that when the Y. R. A. rule was amended last year the work could not have been done in some connection with the American clubs, in order that the rules of the two countries might be brought closer together rather than being moved further apart.

The American 15-footer of this year stands between the old half-rater and the new 18-footer, but is distinctly different from both, and there is no valid reason for the Anglomaniacal affection of misnaming it a "half-rater."

There was material for at least a week's study in the fleet anchored in Seawanhaka Harbor on the morning of June 22; in fact so great a variety of features in design, construction, rig and fittings has never been brought together in the history of yachting. The small class on the Clyde and the Solent is more or less stereotyped in design, rig and construction; and the best built-up of American classes, the 40-footers, was much smaller in numbers and more uniform in detail than this fleet of midgets. In the hurry of the racing but little opportunity was afforded to study the various boats closely and to ascertain their correct dimensions, but still very much could be gleaned by the careful observer. The dimensions were difficult to obtain in many cases; but few of the boats had been measured, so that both sail area and waterline were unknown even to their owners. In nearly all the nominal dimensions were about 14ft. 6in. l.w.l., with 240sq. ft. of sail. The two notable exceptions were Kittie IIII. and Knot In It, whose nominal waterlines were about 10ft., with sail areas of nearly 400sq. ft. Just what the true figures are will not be known until the boats are measured for some future race.

It is by no means an easy matter to sort out and classify such a mixed fleet; but we shall venture to do it on an original basis, as follows: Bulb fin type, centerboard type, scow type, one-design classes, freaks, Manowtasquok. This classification may be objected to as not strictly scientific, but any one who thinks that he can improve on it under the circumstances is quite at liberty to rearrange the names. The yachts themselves we shall group as follows:

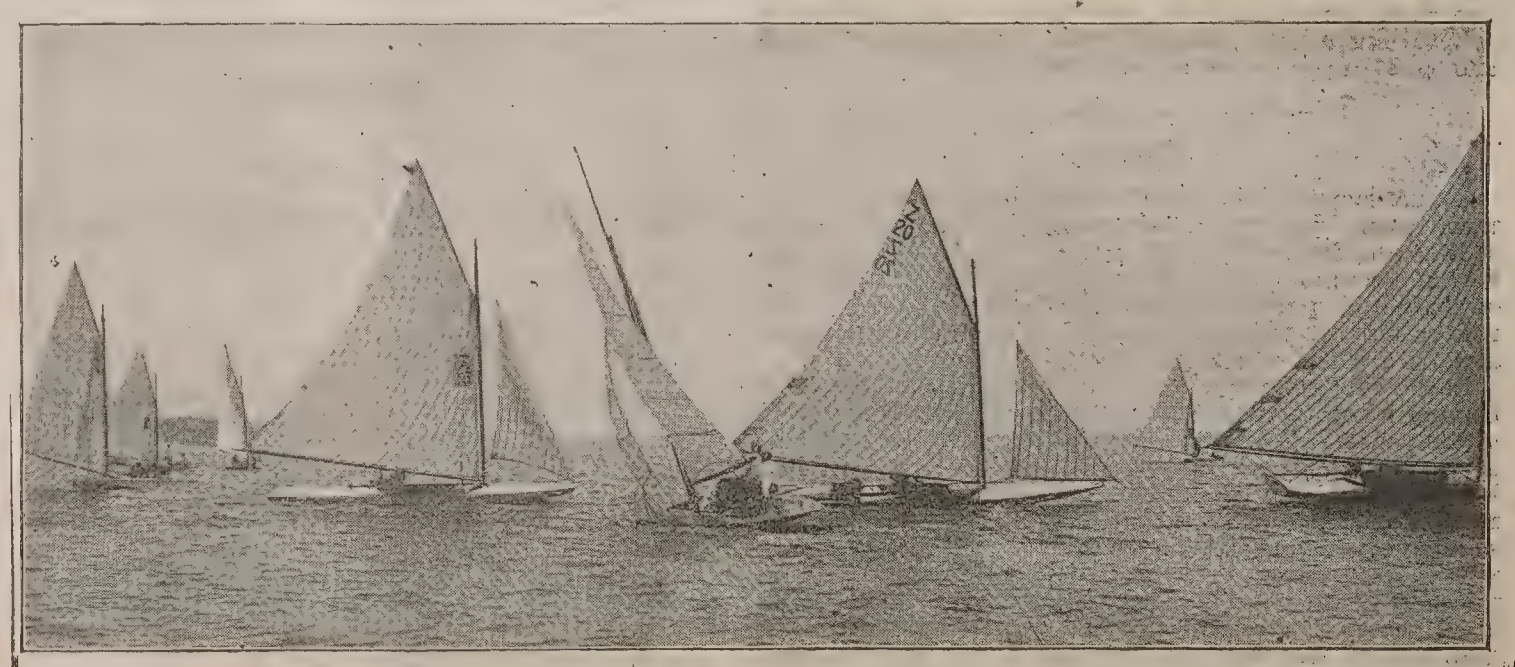
Bulb-fin type: Riverside, Trilby, Saghaya, Microbe.
Centerboard type: Ideal, Two Step, Die Hexe, Maudeen, Yola, Ulmec, Terrapin, Vesper, Nit.
Scow type: El Heirie, Paprika, Question, Hope, Willada, Columbia.
One-design yachts: Florence, Nike, Isabel, Tornado, Cyclone.
Freaks: Kittie IIII., Knot In It.
Manowtasquok: Manatasquok.

BULB-FIN TYPE.

Taking first the bulb-fins, Riverside, the new Olmstead boat, was described last week. Mr. Olmstead's fin-keel of last year, Trilby, has been much improved this season, and under the handling of Mr. F. B. Jones has made a very good showing in the fleet. The new boat is to all appearances an improved Trilby of moderate proportions, with no extreme or freak features and like Trilby a very shapely boat to the eye. Mr. Olmstead has declined to accept the popular verdict, with which we have fully concurred, that the bulb-fin had no chance of success in this small class, and has done much to prove the correctness of the other view. He certainly deserves great credit for the attempt to test this question thoroughly, and for the manner in which it has been carried out; the yacht was constructed under his personal supervision and he steered her in all the races. In fitting she has no bulkheads, but is all open below; the well is oblong, with square corners and straight sides, and is just large enough for the two men. In bad weather it can be completely covered by a watertight hatch leaving the men to sit on deck inside or outside of the coaming. The rig is a simple boom and gaff mainsail and a Wilson jib without a club. The gear is very simple. The mainsail is of Union silk. Trilby has already been described, a fin-keel of normal type with boom and gaff rig. Saghaya was designed and built by Seabury & Co. at Nyack, and is a well-shaped boat, with no freak or extreme features. She is of double skin construction, with bright topsides of pine or cedar and a green bottom. The two skins are united by a great many fastenings which show when under way, as in the old Herald canoes. This method does hold the two skins thoroughly, but is not pleasing to the eye. The boat had a boom and gaff rig and a very long open well from the mast aft, a bad feature in a sea. Microbe was not eligible for the trial races and did not start, but as she is one of the class and sails in the regular Sound races she may properly be mentioned here. She is one of the handsomest boats in the class, having that finish peculiar to English boats, seen here twenty-five years ago in the first canoes imported from the Thames. She is now brand new, having been in the water only a couple of weeks, and looks better than she will after a thorough baking by a July sun, but as she stands she is well worth looking at. She was designed and built by Sibbick, of Cowes, for Herbert B. Seeley, of the Larchmont Y. C., and apparently is of the last year's type of half-rater, with a very small sail plan and a lug mainsail, so miscalled, as the British lug sail of the past few years is nothing more nor less than a modified sliding Gunter sail. The yard is vertical, up and down the mast, the result being a sail very similar in appearance to the Scarecrow rig of Ethelwynn, Ideal and Bogie, but with greater weight aloft and less effectiveness and convenience of handling. The fin rakes aft and the bulb overhangs, as in Wave and May, the Sibbick one-raters. The planking and decking are of Spanish cedar in single thickness and apparently ribband carvel construction. The wire tye of the yard leads down through the deck to a tackle fast to the keel at the heel of the mast. The spars are of bamboo.

CENTERBOARD TYPE.

The winning yacht of last year was absent from these races, but was represented by two younger sisters, one being an exact duplicate and the other practically the same with an increase of 2in. in the beam. Two Step, the handsome boat exhibited by the Spalding-St. Lawrence Boat Co. at the Sportsmen's Exhibition, was built from the same moulds as Ethelwynn, and rigged in the same manner with a little more sail. She has been under sail longer than any others of the new boats, but has not been tried with the others, having sailed entirely alone except in three races. Not being satisfied with the leg o'mutton



Hope. Trilby. Kittie. Paprika. Vesper. El Heirie. Willada. In It,

AT THE FIRST MARK — FIRST RACE.

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sail, the owner has changed the entire rig, giving her a boom and gaff mainsail and a jib cut low on the foot and laced to a club. Under a sail plan unsuited to the hull the boat has shown exceptional speed down wind in light weather, and finished fourth on the first day, though a long way astern of the leaders. In the second race she outran the fleet, but threw away all of her advantage by bucking the ebb tide out in the Sound and missing the slack water and light land breeze. She was well handled in the starts and at the turns, and evidently might have made a high place on the list with a good rig. She was not seen after the second day. Ideal has already been fully described both directly and through Ethelwynn. She carried the peculiar Stevens sail plan, the Scarecrow rig, with wire halyards and all its special fittings. Owing to late completion she went into the races with a rough bottom and in a poor state of preparation; no opportunity could be had to measure her and readjust her sail to the waterline, and as a consequence she sailed with 20ft. less than allowed, measuring but 14.46 instead of 15ft. Her helmsman, Mr. Duryea, never saw her until a short time before the start on Monday, and under the circumstances he did all that was possible with her. On the first day he took her over the line ahead of the fleet, but on the



RIVERSIDE.
Designed by Chas. Olmstead. Copyright, 1896, by J. S. Johnston, N. Y.

two other days he calculated too finely and was caught by the tide and the falling of the wind, once being over before the gun and once being swept on the wrong side of the bows of the committee boat just before the gun. All of these three boats have strong watertight bulkheads at each end of the cockpit and comparatively large open wells, 6ft. long and 3ft. wide, leaving 18 to 19in. of side deck. This arrangement, so widely different from Question and other boats in which the crews are compelled to squat or lie flat on deck, has much to commend it in Sound racing, the races being nearly all in light to moderate weather. The safety of the boat from all final danger is secured by the watertight bulkheads, and the large well gives every opportunity to work quietly and quickly in handling light sails, a very important consideration in sailing two and three rounds of short courses. The crew have space to move about, to change their positions and to eat in comfort, if they have been thoughtful enough to carry grub and water, something that not a few have neglected. These races mean sometimes seven to eight hours aboard the boat, and a man's physical comfort, as affected by a large cockpit and low floor compared with a small cockpit or a perfectly flush deck, may be a material factor in winning, apart from other considerations.

Die Hexe is somewhat after the type of Ethelwynn, but over 8in. wider and with no freeboard and a very strong sheer, giving her a most peculiar appearance. She was designed and built by Mr. Wyckoff, of Clinton, Conn., who sailed as crew, his brother steering. The rig was similar to that of Ethelwynn, the leg-o'-mutton mainsail, with slide on mast, but with long battens in the mainsail. The boat



EL HEIRIE,
Defender of Seawanhaka C. Y. C. Cup, 1896.
Designed by C. H. Crane. Copyright, 1896, by J. S. Johnston, N. Y.

had a smooth bottom, coated with a preparation made by her builder, but was hastily built and with no attempt at a fine finish.

The only Herreshoff boat in the race was Mr. F. M. Hoyt's Gnome, to the eye an improved Olita, with a long fore overhang and a very short after overhang, the tuck of the broad square transom being immersed. She was painted white, with bright oak plank sheer and pine deck. Her original rig was a Gunter sail with battens, the ordinary canoe sail, but in the first race she tried a boom and gaff mainsail. While Olita was all open, with a very large cockpit and practically no compartments, Gnome had a self-bailing cockpit above the waterline and emptying into the trunk. She was fast off the wind, but when sheets were blocked down she slid to leeward like Olita.

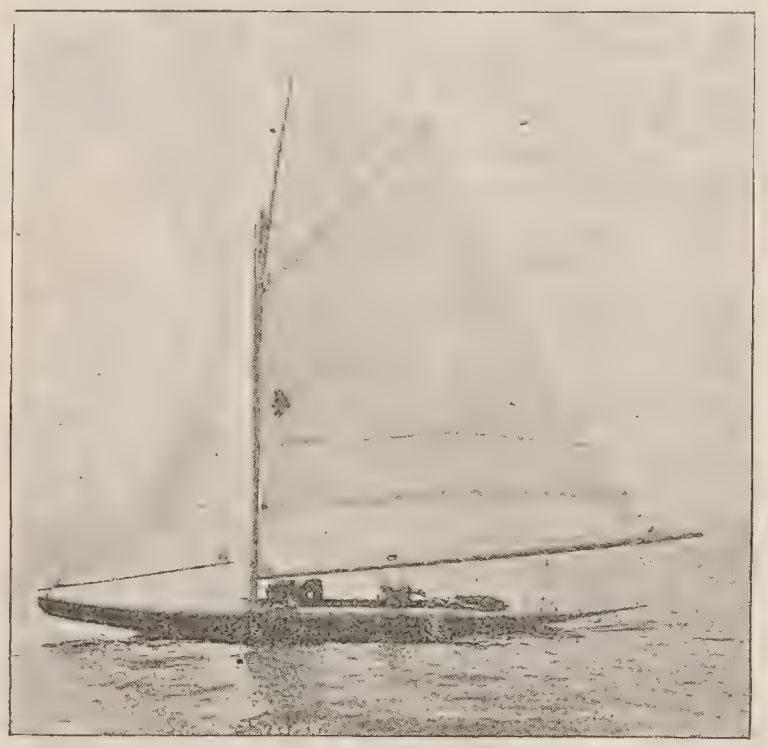
One of the most interesting of the fleet was the Butler boat Vesper, designed by Butler Ames and sailed by his uncle, Paul Butler, with Mr. Ames as crew. The fitting and rig was of the same sort that has so long won the admiration of canoeists on Mr. Butler's numerous craft. The boat was of the Sorceress type, about 6ft. 5in. wide, with a midship section that was a flat segment of a circle, with no bilge, the keel contour being a similar circular segment. The deck line aft was very different from Sorceress, being carried out to a transom somewhat similar to Ethelwynn's, the overhang being quite as long or longer. The fore overhang ended in a stem with a quick turn upward. The sheer was moderate, with a low freeboard. The whole form of the hull was suggestive of a big teaspoon, and all the lines, both fore and aft and thwartships, were fair and easy sweeps. The boat relied on her beam alone for power, there being nothing that could be called a bilge. The workmanship was quite up to the usual standard of Stevens, the Lowell canoe builder, a single skin of ¼in.

mahogany in full length planks, with the ribband carvel construction of the Butler canoes. Owing to the new varnish the bottom was very far off the form in which the Butler canoes are raced (the work of care, elbow grease, pumice stone and vaseline); but it was by far the best bottom on any boat in the races. The well was long and shoal, above the trunk, which was also very long and fitted with a centerboard made of two sheets of brass riveted at the edges and filled with lead, its dimensions being 5ft. long, 18in. wide and ⅛in. thick, and its weight 125lbs. It was fitted with an arm of 2½×½in. steel and 2ft. long, fitted at the upper end and at right angles to one long side, by which it could be moved fore and aft in the long trunk or shifted into almost any position. The rudder was of the spade type, almost a square, and fitted to ship from the deck in an open trunk. The mast was stepped in two bronze brackets secured to the fore bulkhead across the fore end of the well, its heel being just over the centerboard slot. The spars were all of spirally wound veneer, five layers being used for the mast. They were of large diameter, but beautiful sticks, strong, stiff and light. The rig was made up of a "Butler" mainsail, in shape much like a boom and gaff sail, but with a sprit batten in place of a gaff to support the peak. The material was a real silk, specially woven in a Lowell mill for the purpose. The sails were not cut out until the Friday night preceding the races, and were hurried together in the quickest manner possible. The cloths ran with the boom from luff to leach. The jib had a club on its foot. They set very poorly indeed, and no doubt the boat suffered much in consequence. She was shipped to South Norwalk and launched for the first time on the day before the first race, being hastily rigged and sailed across to Oyster Bay. She sailed all the five races of the week, but much of the time of both her crew when ashore was given to work that should have been done weeks before. The model, and in fact the whole experiment, is an interesting one, and we hope that the boat will be worked up and raced later on.

Ulmec, already described, was chiefly notable for the ambitious name of Defender II., bestowed on her by her recent purchaser, and for her very brief career, she withdrawing early in the first race.

The Clapham boat, Yola, is a new craft and by no means as good looking as the previous 15-footer Imp. The model is very far from handsome, its most striking point being a peculiar downward turn of the counter toward the transom. She is a rather wide boat, of shoal body and apparently with a large sail plan. The rig was an awkward one, a boom and gaff mainsail with a revolving jib, the club of the jib forward of the stemhead and having a stay from the masthead attached to its out end. The centerboard was of a type affected by several boats of the class, and which might profitably be dealt with by timely legislation before it has gone too far. The board is a long, narrow plate of metal, not pivoted, but sliding up and down in the trunk, being shiftable fore and aft. When raised, as in running, it stands so high that the boom must be lifted over it in jibing. On one occasion when working about the harbor we saw this done on Yola, the crew lifting the fore end of the boom well up the mast as it swung over. Such a dangerous expedient as this, and it was probably worse in some other boats than in this instance, cannot be prohibited too soon. Most of the evils of modern canoeing are traceable to the failure of the American Canoe Association to take timely action in the case of devices of this extreme nature.

Nit was designed by her owner, W. N. Murray, of Jamestown, R. I., and built under his direction. She was a very trim-looking craft, but



VESPER.
Designed by Butler Ames. Copyright, 1896, by J. S. Johnston, N. Y.

with a small rig and showed no speed in the races. Maudeen was a lapstrake craft of the pram order, so far as her bow was concerned; she had two centerboards, a small one forward of the mast, after the fashion of Spruce last year. Terrapin, designed by her owner, an amateur, was a well-shaped craft, but not fast enough for the company she found, being intended only for cruising and general sailing.

SCOW TYPE.

The wonderful stories told last year of Question, recounting her phenomenal speed obtained at a total cost of $35, and compared with $1,000 for a Herreshoff 15-footer, have produced less results than might have been looked for from their wide circulation, and outside of Question and her blood relations but one of the scow type was present. This one, however, was not only interesting in her design and the personality of her designer, but proved to be *the* boat, the choice of the committee after a week's deliberation. In form and finish she is so far superior to the other boats of the type as hardly to be classed with them, but she has the distinctive features of a large boat on a short measured waterline, a small beam when heeled to an effective angle, a long and easy list line, and a weather bilge in the air to act as ballast to windward. The general idea of the design was taken from the descriptions of Question, but Mr. Crane has worked out the details in a way of his own, producing a well formed and well balanced boat; evidently of high power, but still fast in light winds.

Closely in line with El Heirie as an advance on the crude model of Question is Paprika, designed and built by L. D. Huntington, of New Rochelle, who last year designed and built the original Question. Paprika has the same flat floor and rounded bilge as El Heirie, but the form is less fair and symmetrical. With a large sail plan, which she carried very ably in a blow, she is fast in extremely light airs, and in a strong breeze at once goes to the front; but in the ordinary weather of the Sound races she cannot hold the ordinary type of fin-keel or centerboard on any point of sailing. The same is true of her older sister, Hope, to all appearances a duplicate of Question, but more carefully designed and built, and of another of the same model, Willada. Hope has proved quite fast in a breeze, but in light weather none of these boats, including the original Question, did anything remarkable; in fact their reputation in the whole series of races rests solely on the manner in which Paprika went to windward in a moderately fresh breeze on Tuesday, with Hope following, but at quite a respectable distance. All were rigged alike, with boom and gaff mainsails. Question still clung to her small jib of last year, set tack up.

It must be said for these four boats that they had special advantages in the way of skilled handling and local knowledge. In order to give every chance to Paprika, Com. Rouse very kindly gave up the idea of starting Olita after he had done everything possible to make her fit for the trial races, leaving L. B. Huntington, Jr., to steer Paprika, with her owner, C. Sherman Hoyt, as crew. In the absence at college of Mr. Iselin, owner of Hope, she was steered by Philip Howard, who we believe was with L. B. Huntington, Jr., on Question last year in the trial races, L. D. Huntington being crew. The other two boats were also well handled.

Paprika had a rather large cockpit, Hope and Willada had small cockpits and Question none at all, all the work being done from the deck. The only wonder is that the boats were so well sailed considering the discomfort, fatigue and exposure when lying flat on a narrow convex surface of hot canvas or perhaps wet and slippery. Two of the boats, Hope and Question, met with a curious experience on the day preceding, the first being caught in a squall inside Oyster Bay and capsizing, the latter losing her board. Mr. Huntington went over to New Rochelle and brought back the old board in time for the race, the one lost being of the sliding variety. Both Hope and Paprika were fitted with these vertical sliding centerboards, the latter of aluminum.

Columbia is not really of the scow type, but more of the skiff or skipjack model, with straight sides and pointed bow. She was most patriotically painted in red, white and blue, showing on one side a white deck, red top to her centerboard and blue side, the colors being reversed on the other. She showed nothing notable in the way of speed.

ONE-DESIGN CLASSES.

Of the one-design boats, three were from the Tappan Zee Y. C., designed by C. E. Davis and built by Samuel Avers, and two were from the New York C. C., designed and built by Henry Rigby, of Canarsie. The Nyack boats were much wider and more powerful, but by no means as shapely as the Canarsie craft; the latter made a very good appearance both at anchor and under way, the skipjack sides being carried out into long ends of very good proportions. The Nyack boats not only have more beam, but carry it aft, being very broad across the counter and correspondingly heavy in appearance.

FREAKS.

The two freak boats, Kittie IIIII. and Knot In It, have already been described, together with their performances in the races.

MANONTASQUOK.

This yacht certainly deserves a class by herself; we do not know



PAPRIKA.
Designed and built by L. D. Huntington. Copyright, 1896, by J. S. Johnston, N. Y.

where to class her among the others, and the owners might object if we did. She certainly deserves a description, as she is unlike anything ever seen or likely to be seen again in the class. She is an oblong box with straight, vertical sides, a straight sheer, the deck corresponding to the top of the box; and the two ends beveled upward. She is rather neatly rigged with boom and gaff mainsail. Her centerboard is about the size and shape of a New York theater billboard, and extends high in air when the boat is at anchor. Her owner had engaged the services of a well-known Corinthian to act as crew, but the gentleman did not appear at Oyster Bay on the morning of the race—in fact, his friends are still unaware of his whereabouts. The owner in the first race boldly started out single-handed and sailed probably a mile of the first leg before withdrawing.

Taking the fleet as a whole, while it was marked by much merit and originality as well as care and skill in designing, the most striking point was the lack of trial and preparation, from which some of the best boats, such as Vesper, suffered in common with the less elaborate and costly attempts. In one way there was no good reason for this, as a full year's notice was given of the trial and cup races, and the varied fortunes of Ethelwynn last fall in her contests with Spruce were heralded far and wide; so that the class had become a national rather than a purely local affair. Should the racing continue next year in the same line, of another defense of the cup in the 15ft. class, there will be quite a number of this year's boats still available: the chances of added speed being much greater through the complete



IDEAL.
Designed by W. P. Stephens. From a photo by J. S. Johnston, N. Y.

working up of existing boats than through the outbuilding of them by new ones. Thus far there is nothing to show just what progress has been made in a year, but we are of the opinion that the winner of last year, if put in the best possible condition, would easily be among the first three of the present fleet.

Seawanhaka International Cup.

MESSRS. G. H. DUGGAN and F. P. Shearwood, the representatives of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal, arrived in New York on July 5 and will spend the week at Oyster Bay in preparation for the international races beginning on July 13. They bring with them the 15-footer Glencairn, designed by Mr. Duggan and owned by James Ross, of Montreal, commodore of the club and also a member of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. This yacht was selected as the best available after many trials of the new fleet built this year for the selection of a challenger; Sothis, owned by Messrs. Duggan and Shearwood, though fast in average weather, having too little freeboard and too large a cockpit for a strong breeze and short sea. These defects were remedied in the new boat, which is 23ft. over all, 6ft. 3in. beam, 5½in. draft and with a waterline of but 12ft. 6in., giving her nearly 300sq. ft. of sail. The Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. has gone into the matter of design in this class very thoroughly this year, building a number of boats and racing them all through the spring. Starting with the general idea of Ethelwynn as a basis, the club has found a decided advantage in speed by adopting something of the scow type, with flat bottom and round bilge, with the resulting power in proportion to measured waterline, and at the same time a very short waterline has been taken, as in Glencairn.

Indian Harbor Y. C. Special Races.

GREENWICH—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Tuesday, June 30.

THE Indian Harbor Y. C., of Greenwich, Conn., sailed a special race on June 30 for the 34ft., 30ft., 21ft., 15ft. and cat classes, the starters being:

SPECIAL 30FT. CLASS.

	Length.
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	....
Musme, J. M. Macdonough	....
Hera, R. N. Ellis	....
Mai, O. G. Jennings	....
Asahi, Bayard Thayer	....
Esperanza, A. S. Van Wickle	....
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	....

SPECIAL 34FT R. L. CLASS.

Dragoon, F. M. Freeman	34.00
Acushla, Wilmer Hanan	34.00
Vorant II, G. G. Tyson	34.00

SPECIAL 15FT. R. L. CLASS.

Gnome, F. M. Hoyt	15.00
Paprika, C. S. Hoyt	15.00
Glance, F. L. Downing	15.00
Microbe, H. B. Seeley	15.00
Trilby, G. G. Tyson	15.00

SPECIAL 21FT. CLASS.

Celia, W. S. Gould	....
Vaquero, W. G. Brokaw	....
Maysie, Wm. Osborn, Jr	....

CABIN CATBOATS—30FT. R. L. AND UNDER.

Dorothy, George Hill	28.30
Volsung, J. De Forest	....
Oconee, C. T. Pierce	26.00
Weasel, T. E. Ferris	24.85
Mary II., Wm. E. Elsworth	24.10
Presto, F. M. Randall	22.60

OPEN CATBOATS, SHIFTABLE BALLAST.

Fugitive, G. E Schabbehar	27.00
Punch, Clark Bros	23.90
Brant, J. C. Varian	20.00
Bubble, A. M. Bradley	20.89
Presto, J. D. Ayres	15.00

Dorothy is the Crosby cat Step Lively, just purchased and renamed by George Hill, of the Atlantic Y. C. The courses were: For the larger classes, from off Captain's Island around Matinnicock Buoy, Center Island Buoy and home, 15 miles For the open cats and the 15-footers, around a triangle of 3-mile sides on the Sound. Some delay was caused by the grounding of the committee tug, Henry Hoehn, and it was 12:10 when the start for the 34 and 30ft. classes was given, Hera being over with the gun, followed by Asahi. The cats and 21-footers were started at 12:15, being timed:

Vaquero III.	12 15 19	Brant	12 17 10
Presto	12 15 26	Fugitive	12 18 00
Celia	12 15 42	Weasel	12 18 33
Dorothy	12 15 58	Bubble	12 18 47
Volsung	12 16 08	Punch	12 19 11
Oconee	12 16 37	Presto	12 19 47
Maysie	12 16 47	Mary	12 20 00

Glance led the 15 footers across at 12:20. The wind was light from the S. to S.W., making a beat to the Matinnicock Buoy, finally falling very light for a time. The turn was timed:

Vaquero III.	1 47 50	Dragoon	1 59 22
Esperanza	1 48 50	Vorant II.	2 02 10
Carolina	1 51 59	Celia	2 10 00
Acushla	1 54 36	Vaquero	2 11 42
Asahi	1 54 38	Volsung	2 12 18
Hera	1 55 40	Oconee	2 16 40
Musme	1 56 00	Mary II.	Not timed
Mai	1 56 03	Dorothy	Not timed

The second leg was begun with spinakers to starboard. Soon they were shifted to port and the yachts were left drifting for a time. It was after 3 o'clock when the breeze came again, sending main booms over and spinakers as well, and carrying the boats to the second mark, the Center Island Buoy, where they were timed:

Acushla	3 31 08	Hera	3 37 37
Dragoon	3 32 07	Mai	3 37 53
Asahi	3 33 31	Carolina	3 39 37
Esperanza	3 33 41	Musme	3 41 21
Vaquero III.	3 34 22	Vorant	3 40 00

There was wind enough for a reach across to the finish, the final times being:

SPECIAL 30FT. CLASS—START 12:10.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Asahi	.. .. ..	4 31 33	4 21 33
Esperanza	.. .. ..	4 32 19	4 22 19
Vaquero III.	.. .. ..	4 32 31	4 22 31
Hera	.. .. ..	4 35 32	4 25 32
Mai	.. .. ..	4 35 52	4 25 52
Musme	.. .. ..	4 26 07	4 26 07
Carolina	.. .. ..	4 37 07	4 27 07

SPECIAL 34FT. CLASS—START 12:10.

Acushla	.. .. ..	4 25 40	4 15 40
Dragoon	.. .. ..	4 28 52	4 18 52
Vorant II.	.. .. ..	4 41 00	4 31 00

SPECIAL 21FT. CLASS.

Celia	12 15 42	4 58 41	4 42 59
Vaquero I.	12 15 19	5 06 31	4 51 12
Maysie	12 16 47	Did not finish.	

SPECIAL 15FT. CLASS—START 12:20.

Paprika	.. .. ..	2 52 45	2 32 45
Trilby	.. .. ..	3 00 50	2 40 50
Gnome	.. .. ..	3 02 40	2 42 40
Microbe	.. .. ..	3 10 40	2 50 40
Glance	.. .. ..	3 12 10	2 52 10

CABIN CATBOATS—30FT.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Volsung	12 16 08	4 54 08	4 38 00	.. .. ..
Presto	12 19 47	5 05 16	4 45 29	3 39 15
Mary II.	12 20 00	5 06 12	4 46 12	3 43 34
Weasel	12 18 33	5 08 13	4 49 40	3 48 35
Oconee	12 16 37	5 06 30	4 49 53	3 51 20
Dorothy	12 15 58	5 03 42	4 47 44	3 53 35

OPEN CATBOATS, SHIFTABLE BALLAST.

Punch	12 19 11	2 20 40	2 01 29	1 23 37
Bubble	12 18 47	2 28 20	2 09 33	1 27 06
Brant	12 17 10	2 49 00	2 31 50	1 47 48
Presto	12 15 26	Did not finish.		
Fugitive	12 18 00	Went wrong course.		

Asahi wins a handsome prize offered by Com. C. T. Wills, while Esperanza wins second prize, given by the club. Acushla wins the cup given by J. Kennedy Tod, and Dragoon takes second prize. Celia wins the cup given by Rear-Com. G. G. Tyson. Paprika wins a cup given by E. C. Benedict, and Trilby takes second prize. Volsung wins the cup given by Vice-Com. W. B Higgins, subject to measurement, in which case Presto takes second prize. Punch takes the cup offered by P. M. Stewart, and Bubble wins second prize. The race was managed by George E. Gartland, D. M. Merritt and C. E. McManus.

Rochester Y. C. First Club Race.

CHARLOTTE—LAKE ONTARIO.

Saturday, June 27.

THE first club race of the Rochester Y. C. was sailed on June 27, the starters being:

First class: Weno, yawl, Capt. Herriman; Nox, cutter, Capt. Wm. Miller; Iris, cutter, Capt. Christie; Facile, cat, Capt. Wm. Wood.

Second class: Nixie, sloop, Capt. Smith; Zanita, cat, Capt. McDuff; Althea, sloop, Capt. Hamilton; Nydia, cutter, Capt. Robbins; Jean, cat, Capt. Walls.

Third class: Chic, yawl, Capt. Teal; Priscilla, sloop, Capt. Delano; Viola, sloop, Capt. Waters; Zenobia, cat, Capt. Edington; Zuella, sloop, Capt. Macy.

After a close race Nox was beaten by Iris, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Finish.
Iris	3 13 30
Nox	3 15 00
Facile	3 12 12
Weno	3 18 00

SECOND CLASS.

	Elapsed.
Nydia	0 45 30
Nixie	0 48 12
Zanita	0 50 00

THIRD CLASS.

Priscilla	0 47 24
Chic	Not timed.
Zenobia	Not timed.
Violet	Not timed.

Nox has never before been beaten in a club race. She is a handsome little craft designed by Will Fife, Jr., in 1892, and built by her owners, the Miller Bros., amateurs, who have sailed her with great success in all the Lake Ontario ports. She is a deep cutter, but with steel centerboard; 36ft. over all, 24ft. l.w.l., 8ft. beam, 5ft. 6in. draft. Iris was designed in 1894 by W. P. Stephens and built last year by the Spalding-St. Lawrence Boat Co. She is a cruising cutter, 32ft. over all, 21ft. l.w.l., 7ft. 6in. beam and 5ft. 4in. draft, with iron keel.

New Rochelle Y. C. Annual Regatta.

NEW ROCHELLE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Friday, July 3.

THE New Rochelle Y. C. fared well on July 3, on the occasion of its annual regatta, in having a fine, bright day, with warm sunshine and a breeze that kept the boats moving at a good speed all over the course. In comparison with the light weather that has spoiled so many races this year, the breeze, though light, was most satisfactory, all the yachts being able to make a race. The fleet of starters, sixty in all, was as follows:

CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—51FT. CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed	Corrected.
Banshee, Henry Doscher	43.50	4 18 29	.. .. ..
Uvira, E. M. Lockwood	47.13	3 29 49	3 29 49

CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—43FT. CLASS.

Norota, F. M. Hoyt	41.64	3 33 25	3 33 25
Eidolon, C. E. Diefenthaler	....	3 58 44	.. .. ..

CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—36FT. CLASS.

Barbara, Guy Standing	....	Did not finish.	
White Wing, Louis Kolter	35.75	4 14 16	4 14 16
Olga, C. P. Buchanan	34.40	4 16 24	.. .. ..

OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL—30FT. CLASS.

Delphine, Wm. Christie	27.07	2 44 28	.. .. ..
Zetes, J. A. Kipp	24.40	3 09 11	.. .. ..

OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL—20FT CLASS.

Hyale, W. F. S. Hart	17.60	3 45 15	3 45 15

CABIN CATBOATS, 30FT. CLASS.

Oconee, C. T. Pierce	....	3 01 13	.. .. ..
Onaway, S. C. Pirie	26.48	3 01 34	.. .. ..
Molly Bawn, F. M. Brown	....	2 57 07	.. .. ..
Volsung, H. L. De Forest	28.33	2 41 22	2 41 22

OPEN CATBOATS, 30FT. CLASS, SHIFTABLE BALLAST.

Fugitive, G. E. Schabbehar	....	2 47 07	.. .. ..
Edna, J. Dickson	....	3 01 08	.. .. ..

CABIN CATBOATS, 25FT. CLASS

Ethel, F. J. Bergen	21.40	3 11 28	.. .. ..
Weasel, T. E. Ferris	24.85	3 03 49	3 03 49
Presto, F. M. Randall	22.40	3 04 10	2 57 42
Addie, W. L. Diaz	20.00	3 43 46	3 36 14
Mary II., W. E. Ellsworth	24.83	3 08 30	3 08 30
Melita, O. H. Chellborg	22.25	3 34 06	3 27 05
Grace, J. F. Lambden	21.42	3 36 56	.. .. ..

OPEN CATBOATS, 25FT. CLASS, FIXED BALLAST.

Edwina, J. N. Gould	21.44	3 23 37	3 23 37
Ida K., C. W. Volz	19.92	3 37 04	3 32 32

CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—43FT. CLASS, SPECIAL.

Sasqua, Henry Andrus	39.67	3 38 36	.. .. ..
Eurybia, C. E. Pryer	40.02	4 04 40	4 04 40

MIXED CLASS.

Twilight, Eugene Lamden	29.00	4 33 57	.. .. ..
Aura, W. H. Simonson	....	4 33 24	.. .. ..
Jane S., Francis Valk	29.25	Did not finish.	

OPEN CATBOATS—25FT. CLASS, SHIFTABLE BALLAST.

Punch, M. H. Clark	22.25	3 07 46	.. .. ..
Emma S., B. Saxton	23.25	3 12 00	3 12 00

OPEN CATBOATS—20FT. CLASS, FIXED BALLAST.

Buffoon, C. L. Weygan	18.50	3 46 21	3 41 16
Dorothy, John E Sanborn	....	Disabled.	
Ontlawa, H. Lambden	19.92	3 21 34	3 21 34

OPEN CATBOATS—20FT. CLASS, SHIFTABLE BALLAST.

Starling, E. Delevante	19.92	3 13 32	3 13 32
Terrapin, H. L. Curry	19.86	Did not finish.	
Ione, C. Bird	19.92	Did not finish.	
Wayward, W. H. Switzer	18.42	3 37 12	3 31 44

SPECIAL—30FT. CLASS—START 12:20.

	Start.	Finish.
Departure, C. Barnum Seeley	.. .. ..	Withdrew.
Hera, Ralph N Ellis	.. .. ..	4 00 05
Mai, O. G. Jennings	.. .. ..	3 57 20
Asahi, B. Thayer	.. .. ..	3 52 44
Esperanza, A. Van Wickle	.. .. ..	3 58 35
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	.. .. ..	3 57 55
Musme, J. MacDonough	.. .. ..	3 59 17

SPECIAL—21FT. CLASS.

Celia, W. F. Gould	12 17 51	3 12 12	
Houri, E. B. Hart, Jr.	12 15 52	3 08 46	

15FT. CLASS—START 12:25.

Question, L. D. Huntington	.. .. ..	3 15 45	
Hope, Arthur Iselin	.. .. ..	3 02 26	
Ideal, H. B. Havemeyer	.. .. ..	3 02 09	
Microbe, H. B. Seeley	.. .. ..	3 09 22	
Die Hexe, S. C. Blaisdell	.. .. ..	3 14 16	

SPECIAL—34FT. CLASS.

Acushla, A. G. Hanan	12 11 35	3 52 08	

The yachts were started in four divisions: I., all over 30ft. racing length except special 30ft. class; II., all of 30ft. and under, except 15ft. class; III., 30ft. special class; IIII., 15ft. class. Divisions I. and III. sailed three rounds of the triangle marked by the Gangway Buoy and Old Hen Buoy, 22 miles; Division II. sailed four rounds, and Division IIII. sailed three rounds of the triangle between the starting line, Hen and Chickens Buoy and Middle Ground Buoy on Execution Reef, 17 and 12¾ miles. The start was made off the mouth of Echo Bay at 12:10 for the first division, with five-minute intervals for the others. There was some sharp work at the line when the 30-footers went over in a close bunch. Microbe, sailed by A. Bryan Alley, led the 15-footers, closely followed by Ideal.

The fleet soon split up in a way that made it difficult to follow, the larger boats starting with a beat to the Gangway Buoy, while the smaller started in the opposite direction for a free reach to the Hen and Chickens Buoy. In the 15ft. class Ideal at once took the lead, with Hope second, Microbe falling astern until she and Die Hexe were in company. Ideal gained on Hope on the windward work of the second leg, but Hope held her on the free reach across to the end of the round and on the short reach to Hen and Chickens. On the second windward leg Ideal gained a little, while Die Hexe and Microbe were having a hard battle for third place, Question being last boat. Ideal held her lead of Hope until near the end of the windward leg of the third round, when, having broken tacks, the latter came up and almost caught her at the Middle Ground Buoy. The short leg in was most exciting, Hope making a hard stern chase and finishing but 17s. after Ideal. The full times were:

CUTTERS—51FT. CLASS.

	Start.	Finish	Elapsed.
Banshee	12 10 40	4 19 07	4 18 29
Uvira	12 12 13	3 42 02	3 29 49

CUTTERS—43FT CLASS.

Norota	12 11 32	3 44 57	3 33 25
Sasqua	12 12 29	4 11 13	3 58 44
Eidolon	12 10 48	3 49 24	3 38 36
Eurybia	12 11 06	4 15 46	4 04 40

CUTTERS—36FT. CLASS.

Barbara	12 12 03	Did not finish.	
White Wing	12 12 47	4 27 03	4 14 16
Olga	12 14 01	4 30 25	4 16 24

SLOOPS AND YAWLS—30FT. CLASS.

Twilight	12 12 15	4 46 12	4 43 57
Jane S.	12 15 00	Did not finish.	
Aura	12 14 26	4 47 50	4 33 24

OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL—30FT. CLASS.

Delphine	12 17 11	3 01 39	2 44 28
Zetes	12 19 25	3 28 36	3 09 11

OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL—20FT. CLASS

Hyale	12 16 10	4 01 25	3 45 15

CABIN CATBOATS—30FT. CLASS.

Oconee	12 17 46	3 18 57	3 01 13
Onaway	12 17 33	3 18 59	3 01 26
Molly Bawn	12 19 34	3 16 41	3 57 07
Volsung	12 16 29	2 57 51	2 41 22

OPEN CATBOATS, 20FT. CLASS (SHIFTABLE BALLAST)

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Fugitive	2 47 07	.. .. ..
Edna	3 01 08	.. .. ..

CABIN CATBOATS—20FT. CLASS.

Ethel	3 11 28	.. .. ..
Weasel	3 03 49	3 03 49
Presto	3 04 10	2 57 42
Addie	3 43 46	3 36 14
Mary II.	3 08 30	3 08 30
Melita	3 34 06	3 27 05
Grace	3 36 56	.. .. ..

OPEN CATBOATS—25FT. CLASS.

Edwina	3 23 37	3 23 37	
Ida K.	3 37 04	3 32 22	

OPEN CATBOATS—25FT. CLASS—SHIFTABLE BALLAST.

Punch	3 07 44	3 12 46
Emma S.	3 12 00	3 12 00

OPEN CATBOATS—20FT. CLASS—FIXED BALLAST.

Buffoon	3 46 31	3 41 16
Dorothy	Disabled.	
Ondawa	3 21 34	3 21 34

OPEN CATBOATS—20FT. CLASS—SHIFTABLE BALLAST.

Starling	3 31 32	3 13 32
Terrapin	Did not finish.	
Ione	Did not finish.	
Wayward	3 37 12	3 31 44

SPECIAL 30FT CLASS—START, 12:20.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hera	4 00 00	3 45 00
Mai	3 57 20	3 37 20
Asahi	3 52 44	3 32 44
Esperanza	3 58 35	3 38 35
Vaquero III	3 57 55	3 37 55
Musme	3 59 17	3 39 17
Departure	Did not finish.	

SPECIAL 21FT. CLASS.

	Start.		
Celia	12 17 51	3 12 12	2 54 21
Houri	12 15 52	3 08 46	2 52 54

15FT. CLASS—START, 12:25.

Question		3 15 45	2 50 45
Hope		3 02 26	2 37 26
Ideal		3 02 09	2 44 22
Die Hexe		3 14 16	2 49 06
Microbe		3 09 22	3 16 25

SPECIAL 34FT. CLASS.

	Start.		
Acushla	12 11 35	3 52 08	3 40 33

The steamer Aurora carried a large party of members and ladies over the course, and by easy steaming around inside the triangle a perfect view of the whole race was afforded to the spectators. The regatta committee included Messrs. C. P. Tower, chairman; W. N. Bavier, P. A. Meyrowitz, J. R. Thomas, A. P. Weston, sec'y.

Horseshoe Harbor Y. C.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Thursday, July 2.

THE Horseshoe Harbor Y. C. sailed a special open race for several classes on July 2 and were in great luck in the matter of wind, having a strong and true S.W. wind all the afternoon. The course was a triangle from off the club house, Larchmont, around the Execution and Whortleberry Island buoys, 5 miles, sailed three times by the larger and twice by the smaller yachts. The wind was light at the start, but at once freshened up and made a fine race. The starting signals for the three divisions were given at 1:50, 1:55 and 2 P. M. The fleet had a beat to the first mark and a free reach to the second, where the yachts were timed:

Asahi	2 20 30	Punch	2 37 00
Vaquero III.	2 20 30	Hope	2 38 50
Departure	2 26 30	Paprika	2 39 15
Volsung	2 23 20	Ideal	2 40 00
Houri	2 31 15	Microbe	2 42 35
Vaquero	2 31 25	Kittie IIIII	2 43 25
Fugitive	2 35 00		

They jibed and set spinakers to port for the run to the line, the first round being finished:

Asahi	2 37 05	Fugitive	2 52 15
Vaquero III.	2 37 35	Edna	2 55 50
Departure	2 43 15	Punch	2 56 30
Volsung	2 41 05	Hope	2 58 30
Gavilan	2 44 20	Ione	2 59 40
Adele	2 44 50	Paprika	2 59 35
Mollie Bawn	2 44 05	Ideal	3 00 30
Vaquero	2 49 20	Kittie IIIII	3 03 10
Houri	2 49 30	Microbe	3 04 30
Presto	2 47 30	Caprice	3 17 40
Caper	2 52 25	Susan D.	3 30 35
Ethel	2 52 40		

After the windward work of the second round the times were:

Asahi	2 57 25	Vaquero	3 15 45
Vaquero III	2 58 45	Fugitive	3 18 20
Volsung	3 06 00	Punch	3 22 50
Departure	3 08 02	Hope	3 28 20
Gavilan	3 09 15	Paprika	3 30 50
Adele	3 11 15	Ideal	3 30 55
Houri	3 14 45		

The leaders were timed at Execution:

Asahi	3 05 35	Gavilan	3 19 20
Vaquero	3 07 10	Adele	3 20 05
Volsung	3 15 05	Houri	3 25 30
Departure	3 18 20		

Ideal found the breeze too much for her and lost some time in jibing. After the run in the boats were timed at the line:

Asahi	3 24 20	Punch	3 51 20
Vaquero III.	3 25 35	Caper	3 52 35
Volsung	3 34 30	Vaquero	3 44 10
Departure	3 40 10	Houri	3 44 30
Adele	3 40 55	Hope	3 57 05
Molly Bawn	3 41 05	Paprika	3 58 30
Gavilan	3 41 20	Ione	3 59 45
Fugitive	3 45 30	Ideal	4 00 40
Presto	3 45 20	Kittie IIIII	4 08 40
Ethel	3 50 25	Microbe	4 11 50
Edna	3 50 40		

This finished the race for a part of the fleet, the larger ones starting for a third round, which was finished:

Asahi	4 10 00	Presto	4 40 40
Vaquero III.	4 12 50	Ethel	4 46 35
Volsung	4 37 50	Caprice	4 47 20
Adele	4 38 50	Caper	4 49 05
Gavilan	4 39 00		

The full times were:

30-FOOTERS—START 1:50.

	Finish.
Asahi, Bayard Thayer	4 10 00
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	4 12 50
Departure, C. B. Seeley	Withdrew.
Hera, Ralph N. Ellis	Withdrew.

15-FOOTERS—START 1:55.

Hope, Arthur Iselin	3 57 05
Paprika, C. S. Hoyt	3 58 30
Ideal, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	4 00 40
Kittie IIIII., Hazen Morse	4 08 45
Microbe, H. B. Seeley	4 11 50

21-FOOTERS—START 1:55.

Houri, E. B. Hart, Jr.	3 44 10
Vaquero, W. G. Brokaw	3 44 30

34FT. SPECIAL CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gavilan, E. H. Bailey	29.00	2 49 00	2 42 54
Adele, J. B. Smith	34.00	2 48 50	2 48 50

CABIN CATS—30FT. CLASS.

Volsung, J. & H. L. De Forest	2 47 50	2 47 50
Molly Bawn, F. M. Brown	Disabled.	

CABIN CATS—25FT. CLASS.

Ethel, E. J. Bergen	21.00	2 56 35	2 56 35
Caper, E. G. Unitt	23.97	2 59 05	2 59 05
Presto, F. M. Randall	22.40	2 50 40	2 50 40
Grace, J. F. Lambden	21.43	Did not finish.	

OPEN CATS—20FT. CLASS.

Ione, C. M. Bird		1 59 45	1 59 45

OPEN CATS—25FT CLASS.

Fugitive, G. E Schabbehar	27.00	1 45 30	1 45 30
Punch, M. H. Clark	22.25	1 51 20	1 44 20
Edna, George Dixon	24.06	1 50 40	1 47 22

MIXED CLASS.

Susan D., K. Whiting	14.50	Did not finish.	
Caprice, F. F. Proctor	14.10	2 47 20	2 47 20

The winners are: Asahi, Hope, Paprika (2d), Houri, Gavilan, Volsung, Presto, Ione, Punch, Caprice. Hera met with some mishap and withdrew, while Molly Bawn was disabled by the parting of her throat halyard.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

May, steam yacht, E. D. Morgan, Jr., has been laid up at Port Jefferson all winter, and recently came to New York to coal up. She sailed on July 3 for Newport, where she will fit out. When off Fort Schuyler, Throgg's Neck, in a dense fog about 4 A. M., she took the ground in hard sand and stuck fast as the tide fell in spite of all efforts to get off without outside aid. The Chapman Wrecking Co. sent tugs on the evening tide and hauled her off, apparently without damage. She is now painted a dark red from the plankshear down, only the bulwarks being black.

Charles Day Rose, owner of Satanita, has ordered a new cutter of the largest class of J. G. Fay & Son, to be designed by Mr. Soper, superintendent of the firm.

The Roberts Safety Water Tube Boiler Co. has been steadily improving its plant for some years and now has it in a condition where work of the highest quality can be turned out in very short time. The concern has just filled an order for a boiler of 150 horse-power from the Erie Basin Dry Docks for the yacht Sultana. The contract time was two weeks, the yacht being required by July 4, but the boiler, of the best workmanship, was turned out in eight working days from the receipt of the order.

Pavonia Y. C. Annual Regatta.

JERSEY CITY—NEW YORK BAY.

Monday, June 29.

The Pavonia Y. C., of Jersey City, sailed its annual regatta on June 29 over the regular club courses on New York Bay. There was a moderate westerly breeze during the race, which was sailed in good time. The day was fair and bright, and the members who followed the race on the steamer Laura N. Starin enjoyed a pleasant day. The times were:

CLASS A—SCHOONERS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Azalea, Com. D. W. Cohn	63.04	Did not finish.	
CLASS E—CABIN SLOOPS AND CUTTERS, 32 TO 38FT.			
Forsyth, Alex. F. Roe	34.00	2 43 06	2 42 06
Princess, Fred Thomas	34.08	3 37 46	3 37 46
CLASS G—CABIN SLOOPS AND CUTTERS UNDER 27FT.			
Nomad, W. R Growtage	23.11	3 09 46	3 05 46
Cygnet, M. E. Moore	25.10⅛	3 09 23	3 09 23
CLASS 3—OPEN SLOOPS UNDER 23FT			
Elcas, T. G Roach	22.09	1 33 50	1 33 50
Mosquito, F. H. Heglar	19.11	1 41 14	1 37 24
CLASS 4—CABIN CATBOATS OVER 23FT.			
Mary II., Wm. Elsworth	24.00	2 44 55	2 40 27
Vespa, John A. Dennis	26.01	2 47 50	2 47 50
Mary B., John W. Bolen	25.00	3 00 53	2 58 20
Lizzie V., W. P. Vreeland	20.05	Did not finish.	
CLASS 5—CABIN CATBOATS UNDER 23FT.			
Presto, F. M. Randall	21.08	2 42 01	2 40 06
Annie J., G. W. James	22.06	3 06 20	3 06 20
Bessie, John Ward	22.04	Did not finish.	
CLASS 6—OPEN CATBOATS 20 TO 2[illegible]FT.			
Tempest, W. H. Houghwout	22.10	1 29 08	1 29 08
Eureka, Wm. Dunham	21.09	1 31 28	1 30 04
Marie II., John Kretzmer	22.02	1 37 51	1 37 00
CLASS 7—OPEN CATBOATS 18 TO 20FT.			
Mavourneen, P. H. McGlehan	18.01	1 34 08	1 31 14
Minnie H., J. J. Housmann	19.10	1 33 06	1 33 00
Baby, Frank Taylor	19.11	1 34 37	1 34 37
Minnie		Did not finish.	
CLASS 8—OPEN CATBOATS 18FT. AND UNDER.			
Chic, Jack Wilson	16.10	1 37 16	1 37 16
Millie, C. A Passmore	17.03	Did not finish.	
Adele Rae, Charles Rae	16.08	Did not finish.	
Maggie P., C. H. L'Esperlen	16.03	Did not finish.	

The winners were: Forsyth, Nomad, Elcas, Mary II., Presto, Tempest, Mavourneen, Chic. Mavourneen wins, subject to measurement.

Beverly Y. C.

THE 233d race, first championship, was sailed off the club house June 27.

The early morning was a flat calm, so that several boats were unable to get to the line in time.

At the start there was a trifling N.E. air, fading out to a calm, but succeeded by a light southwesterly air which took the boats over the line.

The old Surprise, rebuilt, won in second class, while in third class Colymbus surprised every one by winning handily.

In fourth class Grilse, as usual, won in the jib and mainsail division, while in the cat division Mr. Burgess' new Elsa proved very fast, winning by 10 minutes.

Hebe and Vif made a very pretty race in the fifth class, Hebe leading on first round, but Vif taking the lead on the second.

Judges—W. Lloyd Jeffries, S. G. King.

SECOND CLASS CATS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Surprise, J. M. Codman, B. Y. C.	24.03	3 02 22	2 48 01
Mist, G. H. Lyman, B. Y. C.	25.01	3 05 07	2 51 34
Bernice, J. G. Young, Jr., B. Y. C.	25.08	3 15 14	2 52 39
Anonyma, Fred L. Dabney, B. Y. C.	24.09	Withdrew.	
THIRD CLASS CATS.			
Colymbus, A. Winsor, B. Y. C.	21.06	2 23 49	2 10 54
Melro, D. L. Whittemore, B. Y. C.	20.03	2 27 11	2 12 53
Doris, John Parkinson, B. Y. C.	21.01	2 36 37	2 23 15
Sippican, W. H. Davis, B. Y. C.		Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS CATS			
Elsa, Hollis Burgess, B. Y. C.	19.00	2 27 52	2 12 03
Howard, H. O. Miller, B. Y. C.	18.00	2 39 14	2 22 06
Cinch, H. Parker, B. Y. C.	18.01	2 40 50	2 23 49
FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS			
Grilse, W. E. C. Eustis, B. Y. C.	19.01	2 23 42	2 08 00
Aovist, George G. Amory, B. Y. C.	19.00	2 37 45	2 11 56
Silence, J. Crane, Jr., B. Y. C.		2 29 12	
Ghuzz, Lawrence Brooks, B. Y. C.	18.09	2 29 30	2 13 22
Fin, Howard Stockton, B. Y. C.	17.09	2 31 38	2 14 10
FIFTH CLASS CATS.			
Vif, A. Winsor, Jr., B. Y. C.	14.04	2 22 03	2 06 19
Hebe, John Parkinson, Jr., B. Y. C.	14.08	2 22 38	2 07 42
Imp, George B. Dabney, B. Y. C.	14.05	2 33 06	2 18 28

Surprise, Colymbus, Elsa, Grilse and Vif take first prizes and legs for pennants; Mist, Melro and Aovist take seconds.

Silence has not been measured.

Stamford Y. C. Special Class.

STAMFORD—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Monday, June 29.

THE Stamford Y. C. sailed successfully a special race for the 30ft., 21ft. and 15ft. classes on Monday. Two triangles were laid out, one of 3 mile sides, sailed twice by the 30ft. class, making 18 miles, and one of 2-mile sides, sailed twice by the 21ft. and once by the 15-footers; 12 and 6 miles respectively. The first leg of each course was S.W., or to windward in a good breeze. The 30-footers started at 11:35, going over in a bunch. The 21-footers went away at 11:40, with Celia in the lead. The 15-footers started at 11:45, Paprika being first. Gnome was handicapped 11m., but started in for a stern-chase. Asahi was first of the 30-footers, but on the second leg, with spinakers set, the breeze fell, and let the rear boats up on the leaders. The first round was timed:

Celia	1 21 00	Vaquero III.	1 21 00
Vaquero	1 21 10	Musme	1 21 10
Asahi	1 19 31	Esperanza	1 21 33
Wawa	1 19 51	Carolina	1 21 38
Mai	1 19 51	Hera	1 22 26

The 21-footers had a close finish, Celia ahead, but she was disqualified for luffing Vaquero. The times were:

30-FOOTERS—START 11:35.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Asahi	2 50 14	3 15 14
Vaquero III.	2 51 43	3 16 43
Esperanza	2 52 14	3 17 14
Wawa	2 53 12	3 18 12
Mai	2 53 38	3 18 38
Musme	2 54 28	3 19 28
Hera	2 55 00	3 20 00
Caroline	2 55 15	3 20 15
21-FOOTERS—START 11:40.		
Vaquero	2 22 56	2 42 56
Celia	2 22 49	2 42 49
15-FOOTERS—START 11:45.		
Paprika	1 13 5	1 28 05
Saghaya	1 16 05	1 31 05
Microbe	1 21 52	1 36 52

The race was managed by the regatta committee, E. E Bruggerhof, J. R. Whiting, Jr., and Stewart W. Smith.

Corinthian Fleet.

NEW ROCHELLE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Wednesday, July 1.

THE Corinthian Fleet, of New Rochelle, sailed a special race for the 30ft. and 15ft. classes on July 1, open to all yachts in the classes enrolled in any organized yacht club. The course for the 30-footers was from off the club station, Echo Bay, around Matinnicock buoy, thence around the Gangway buoy and home, seventeen miles. The 15-footers sailed twice over the triangle from the starting line past Execution striped buoy, then past the Hen and Chickens buoys and the Premium Point buoy, turning at the latter after the first round and sailing the second round in the reverse direction. There was a moderate S.W. wind. The start was made from the gun, the 30-footers at 12:50, the 15-footers at 12:55. Vaquero III. led over the line, followed by Hera, Asahi, Esperanza and Departure. The first leg was a reach with booms to port, after turning the buoy they had a beat to the second mark, at which the order was: Asahi, Esperanza, Hera, Vaquero and Departure. The finish was made under spinakers, Esperanza running Asahi very hard. Paprika led the fleet in the 15ft. class and won easily. The times were:

30-FOOTERS.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.
Asahi, B. Thayer	30.00	12 50 00	3 30 02
Esperanza, A. S. Van Wickle	30.00	12 50 00	3 30 25
Hera, R. N. Ellis	30.00	12 50 00	3 32 47
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	30.00	12 50 00	2 46 24
Departure, C. B. Seeley	30.00	12 50 00	3 40 37
15 FOOTERS.			
Saghaya, H. C. Smith	12 55 00		3 34 49
Paprika, C. S. Hoyt	12 55 00		3 17 25
Kittie IIIII, H. Morse	12 55 00		3 44 30
Hope, H. Iselin	12 55 00		Disabled.
Question, L. D. Huntington	12 55 00		3 24 09
Microbe, H. B. Seeley	12 55 00		3 30 20
Willada, W. G. Newman	12 55 00		3 22 17

Hope broke the jaws of her gaff and withdrew. Asahi and Paprika won first prizes, Esperanza and Willada second. The race was under the management of the regatta committee, Messrs. W. W. Hollingsworth, R. F. Clark, W. R. Corwine and E. T. Birdsall.

The Payne Bill.

DETROIT, June 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have noticed in your paper for the past few weeks arguments in favor of granting American registry to yachts built abroad, especially to steam yachts. You state that American-built yachts are years behind the times, and that to your eye they are not as pleasing as English-designed vessels. I fear that you judge our home-built yachts by a British standard. However, there are Americans who can see beauty in the American model and in the appearance of our home-built yachts. Perhaps it may be well to examine the reason why the English yachts differ so much from the products of our own shipyards. An Englishman usually builds his yacht so that he may take a cruise to the Mediterranean, which is an outside passage requiring some days and a very stanch vessel. An American builds his yacht to cruise along our coast, where the harbors and sounds are numerous, so that a light draft and speedy craft is much more serviceable than a lumbering, seagoing, deep draft, square-rigged vessel, which requires a very large crew and is expensive to run and keep up. Every time a yacht owner wishes to go to Newport or up the Sound he does not want to get on board of an ocean steamship; he wants a swift, comfortable, economical yacht, and I believe that is what our American shipyards endeavor to turn out. The American yacht owner who goes abroad in his craft is a rarity; he prefers journeying on a trans-Atlantic greyhound, and where one has the nerve to sail in his own craft he is heralded from one end of the land to the other.

In appearance, the American steam yacht, I admit, does not as a general rule fill the eye of a true salt as well as the British craft, but for our waters I believe the American yacht is superior. But few seagoing craft have been built in this country; however, those that have been constructed have proved their worth, several having traveled over many seas—around the world in some instances.

I fail to see why it is just and right to grant American registry to foreign-built yachts when the same privilege is denied foreign-built cargo vessels. It seems to me that the Government is legislating in favor of the millionaire's pocket and granting benefits to foreign labor in foreign countries when it grants to the rich privileges denied to the struggling ship owners. I am an American who believes that it is unfair to permit our moneyed men to spend abroad vast sums for yachts when that money could be spent in our own country and among our own laborers. Let the yacht be designed abroad and built here, or better yet, import good designers and encourage their trade on this side of the water by the Payne bill. If you remember, the first ships in the new navy were designed abroad and built in American shipyards, and the later vessels designed in America were great improvements on the imported designs, placing our ships superior to those of all nations, and yet we did not have them built abroad.

You are on the wrong tack, Mr. Stephens; you should use your influence to encourage better work on American designing tables instead of on foreign ones. There is at the present day near your city an academy for instruction in designing and building vessels of all kinds, from the largest to the smallest craft (Webb's Academy, Fordham Heights). Your motto should be "American-built ships for Americans."

P.S.—Will you kindly publish this letter as a fair thing to the other side? RICHARD P. JOY.

Our correspondent might have omitted the postscript; in opening this discussion some weeks since we determined to pursue our usual policy of giving a fair opportunity to both sides. We are familiar with Mr. Joy's strong views as to a certain end, the revival of American shipping, and in this he has our hearty sympathy, but we do not share the equally strong views which he holds as to the best means. We fear that he has not followed carefully the entire discussion, or he would understand better our position, taken long years ago, in the interests of the American designer, and he would not bring up against us a point we ourselves made a short time since, that the new vessels of the United States Navy, built virtually in competition with British designs, had surpassed the latter.

After intimating that it is our judgment and not the American steam yacht that is at fault, Mr. Joy a little later on admits the inferiority to the British yacht which we claimed.

The difference in type between the British seagoing steam yacht and the American coasting yacht has already been discussed by us and does not enter into the question; to make it plainer to our correspondent we will state again that we are fighting the system of designing, to call it by a name to which it is not entitled, by which steam yachts are produced by the firms which are back of the Payne bill. Assuming that a contract is signed for a yacht of a certain type, seagoing or coasting, as the case may be; the builder ignores the designer entirely and starts on a mode of procedure that is nothing short of a disgrace to the name of American shipbuilding. The drafting room is searched for all the plans of steam yachts, regardless of quality or age, and this collection is put into the hands of an under draftsman, a German or Scandinavian, to be hashed up into a new design. Meanwhile the foreman of the pattern shop is set to work to hunt out old patterns, from which engines of a kind can be put together at the least possible expense. What wonder is it that the result of such work is a nondescript failure, devoid of style and shipshape appearance, faulty in dimensions, elements and model, and with out-of-date engines that fail to make the required speed. This is no fancy picture, but the plain truth. Our correspondent alludes to the yachts which have proved their worth in foreign voyages. Does he refer to Wadena, cut apart and lengthened in order to make her fairly safe; to Atalanta, treated in the same manner; to Columbia, whose owner has made one short trip at sea in her, returning by land; or only to the one yacht, Eleanor; which has made a record for a really creditable performance in sea service? Where is the swift, comfortable, economical yacht which carries her owner from New York to Newport? Is it Nourmahal, Electra, Alicia, Anita, Thespia or the others mentioned?

We are looking at this question solely from a yachting standpoint, and without reference to the general issue of free ships; and considering that a yacht is a means of spending money and not of making it; that the maintenance of a national system of yachting and a large pleasure fleet is of vital importance to a nation with such a sea coast as ours, and that yachtsmen ask nothing in the way of aid or subsidy from the Government, we believe that they should be allowed a certain freedom in return.

Leaving aside all theory and looking at the facts of history, we believe that the best interests of American yachting, both in steam and sail, will be advanced by a continuance of that policy under which such a marvelous advance has been made in the sailing fleet, and which has done so much for the American designer, builder and workman.

The assumption that the Payne bill is in the interest of either the designer or the workman is contradicted by the every-day facts. Given his monopoly of the business by the exclusion of all foreign-built craft, will the builder be any more willing to acknowledge his own incapability and to pay for the skill of the designer than when he was to a certain extent in awe of foreign competition? Will he, assured of this monopoly, raise the wages of his hands above the lowest point at which he can employ smuggled foreign labor?

It is through the influence of the FOREST AND STREAM, more perhaps than through any other single factor, that American yachtsmen have been brought to a tardy recognition of the very different functions of the trained designer and the practical builder; and that the yachts of to-day are designed by such experts as the late Mr. Burgess, A. Cary Smith and Herreshoff, the builders in the meanwhile finding more work than in the old days, when they aspired to combine the two distinct occupations. We hope to continue the same work until the yachtsman who desires a steam yacht will go as a matter of course to the designer instead of sending his captain to a builder. We would like to push it further until even the commercial man, slow as he is to learn where his best interests lie, awakened to the appreciation of the fact that if he would reduce his coal bills, increase his carrying capacity by getting rid of ballast by the hundred tons stowed in the end of a vessel to trim her, and convert what is too often a very small margin between profit and loss into a balance on the right side, he must look to the expert designer and not to the mere builder. We should like to see the art of naval design in America placed where it was fifty years ago, ahead of the world; when this is indeed the case there will be no need of Frye or Payne bills to insure "American ships for Americans."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Inclosed you will find a clipping from the platform of the Republican party:

"We favor restoring the early American policy of discriminating duties for the upbuilding of our merchant marine and the protection of our shipping interests in the foreign carrying trade, so that American ships, the product of American labor employed in American shipyards, sailing under the Stars and Stripes, and manned, officered and owned by Americans, may regain the carrying of our foreign commerce."

I should like to call attention to what is evidently a misprint. In the fourth line "the product of American labor employed in American shipyards" should read "the product of foreign labor employed in American shipyards." WM. B. COLLIER, JR.

We fear that our correspondent is inclined to treat lightly and flippantly that sacred fiction that, in the shipping industry at least, only American labor is protected by such laws as the proposed Payne bill. Plain as it is to all thinking people, the truth should not be spoken aloud, that this great nation that once led the world in the designing, building and running of ships relies to-day on Great Britain first and the northern nations of Europe next for the majority of not only the muscle but the brains of its entire shipping business. There was indeed a time when the American ship was the product of American labor, both in the office, the mould loft and the shipyard, but thirty years or more of that policy which animates the Payne bill has extinguished both the skill and the ambition of the American builder, and he is content to quietly open the side gate of his yard to foreign labor of all classes, from the designer and draftsman down to the humblest "boat yarder" who handles a shifting spanner or a spud wrench.

The Evasion of Waterline.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the name of the designers of Kittie IIIII. and In It, I most strongly object to the charge of unfair intentions made in the article published in the FOREST AND STREAM of July 4, entitled "The Evasion of Waterline Measurement." As I was concerned in the building of one of these boats, I challenge the statement that there was any violation of any rule covering the measurement of the 15ft. class.

The builders of these boats are certainly guilty of an offense, one which in all ages has subjected a man to the vilification and ridicule of his contemporaries, an offense for which the greatest and noblest of mankind has suffered, an offense that entitles its committer to no consideration in the court of the present and that can look only to posterity for a rational hearing and a just finding. This offense is that of originality. Had the builders of these "freaks" been content in suppliance to follow the path of imitation, had they refrained from striking out broadly and boldly in a new direction, they would have failed, as many others failed, unnoticed; for both curiosity and malice abhor the commonplace. But let it be said of them that they failed not because they imitated, but because they originated.

But aside from that, these men accepted the invitation of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. and built their boats in good faith at their own expense, and the loss entailed by the failure is theirs to shoulder. They asked nothing but the opportunity to sail their boats in the races, and this the club granted, knowing that while the boats were extremes, they did not violate the text of the rule. If the party most concerned, the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., failed to object to the presence of these freaks, what business is it of the outsider to do so? Yet their presence seems to have a nettleish effect upon certain people. They have wrought themselves into a white fury over what they are pleased to consider an evasion of Rule II. of the L. I. Y. R. U.

No one knows better than I do how difficult it is to deal justly with such a question as that involved in the form of these freaks, but let us remember that if men confined their efforts to imitating older models, and had never made bold and unprecedented advances, the splendid speed machines of the present day would not be in existence. It has been by a series of such daring innovations that the American designer has taken his present position at the forefront of the craft; to this spirit of originality we owe our successes, and if in the future we are to continue our victories, it will be by a display of that courage which dares to court failure by an appeal to extremes.

THOS. FLEMING DAY.

The question of the intent and wording of Rule II. is entirely too broad a one to be narrowed down to a discussion of the ethics involved in the designing of two particular yachts for a certain contest. Even admitting all that Mr. Day claims for the owners and designers of these two boats, and that they were within the letter of the rule, there still remains the question where the line is to be drawn, as it must be evident that a point can be reached which does unfairly evade the rule. If the rule is to be so construed as to make it a dead letter, then it were better out of the book; if it is to be construed in accordance with what many believe to be its intent, then the question must be taken up of what is a fair line. Our correspondent makes an excellent plea for originality and enterprise in designing, the truth of which in the abstract we fully recognize. At the same time there is probably no other sport in which the crank inventor flourishes as in yachting. It will not do to accept every new invention under the broad cloak of originality, but one must use his best judgment and draw the line somewhere between the practicable and the impracticable. So far as our individual judgment goes, after some consideration of the theories embodied in the two yachts mentioned, we are decidedly of the opinion that the experiment is one that can do very little to advance the general knowledge of yacht designing; and that the unquestioned skill of the designers of the boats might have been employed to far better advantage in some less extreme line of experiment.

The Cleveland Centennial Regatta.

THE Cleveland Y. C. will hold a series of open races on the occasion of the centennial celebration of the city of Cleveland next month, the programme being as follows. Every effort will be made by the club to secure a large attendance of yachts and to offer a hearty welcome to all yachtsmen.

Monday, Aug. 10: Reception of yachts and guests by reception committee. Registering of yachts. Review of yachts at 2 P. M., under command of Commodore Worthington. Meeting of captains and sailing masters at Cleveland Y. C. house at 8 P. M.

Tuesday, Aug. 11: Races for 25ft. and 35ft. classes and for open boats under 20ft. C. L. Meeting of captains and sailing masters at club house, 8 P. M.

Wednesday, Aug. 12: Races for 30ft. and 40ft. classes. Meeting of captains and sailing masters at club house, 8 P. M.

Thursday, Aug. 13: Races for 46ft., 55 ft. and for yachts above 55ft. At 8 P. M. refreshments will be served at club house to visiting yachtsmen and members, concluding with distribution of prizes.

Prizes.—First class, yachts over 55ft. c. l.—First prize, $275 and marine glass, value $25; second prize, $175 and rug, value $25. Com. Geo. W. Gardner also presents a solid silver cup, valued at $200, to be given to winner of first prize in this race, and which, when won three consecutive years by the same yacht in races sailed at Cleveland, is to become the property of that yacht, the cup to be held by the winning yacht each year, and a bond for same to be given the Cleveland Yacht Club, and the cup to be returned to C. Y. C. before the date of the next race.

Fifty-five-foot class (55ft. and over 46ft. c. l.)—First prize, $200 and silver punch bowl and ladle, value $50; second prize, $100 and yachting suit, value $25.

Forty-six-foot class (46ft. and over 40ft. c. l.)—First prize, $125 and silver champagne bottle holder, value $20; second prize, $100 and mackintosh, value $25; third prize, $75 and chair, value $20.

Forty-foot class (40ft. and over 35ft. c. l.)—First prize, $100 and rug, value $25; second prize, $75 and buckhorn library ornament, value $25; third prize, $60 and barometer, value $15; fourth prize, $40 and copy of "Lorna Doone," value $5.

Thirty-five-foot class (35ft. and over 30ft. c. l.)—First prize, $100 and high grade bicycle, value $100; second prize, $70 and tankard, value $20; third prize, $50 and tablecloth and napkins, value $10; fourth prize, $30 and two pairs yachting shoes, value $6

Thirty-foot class (30ft. and over 25ft. c. l.)—First prize, $100 and yachting suit, value $25; second prize, $70 and barometer, value $20; third prize, $50 and stein, value $15; fourth prize, $30 and 100 cigars, value $7.50.

Twenty-five-foot class (25ft. and under, c. l.)—First prize, $75 and marine glass, value $25; second prize, $50 and suit of yachting clothes, value $15; third prize, $30 and loving cup, value $15; fourth prize, $20 and pair of yachting shoes, value $5.

Open class (open boats, 20ft. and under, c. l.)—First prize, $30 and 100 cigars, value $7.50; second prize, $20 and pair yachting shoes, value $3.

Entries.—Entries are restricted to club yachts in cities where there is a yacht club, but unattached yachts may enter from cities where there is no yacht club. In any case, entries are restricted to *bona fide* pleasure yachts.

Postponed Races.—In case of a postponed race the race will be sailed the next day.

Rules and Regulations.—These races will be sailed under the rules and regulations of the Cleveland Y. C., and pamphlets giving the rules, etc., can be had from the regatta committee, at the club house, on application.

Entry of Yachts.—All yachts must enter and receive sailing number from the race committee, at the club house, before 2 o'clock of the day preceding the race for their class, and must give a certificate of measurement from the secretary of their club, or be measured by the C. Y. C. measurer. The race committee reserves the right to measure any winning yacht after the race.

Course.—The course will be an equilateral triangle seven miles on each side for all classes above 30ft., and a triangle of five miles on each side for all classes of 30ft. and under.

The first leg will run N.E. from start, which will be from between two stake buoys set in front of club house. Second leg W. by N. ¼ N. Third leg S. by E. ¼ E.

The buoys marking larger triangle will have red flags flying, and buoys marking smaller triangle yellow flags.

Starts.—Tuesday, Aug. 11.—The preliminary gun will be fired at 9

A. M.; at 9:15 starting gun for 35ft. class; at 9:20 starting gun for 25ft. class; at 9:25 starting gun for open boats under 20ft. c.l.

Wednesday, Aug. 12.—The preliminary gun will be fired at 9 A. M.; at 9:15 starting gun for 40ft. class, and at 9:20 starting gun for 30ft. class.

Thursday, Aug. 13.—The preliminary gun will be fired at 9 A. M.; at 9:15 starting gun for yachts above 55ft. c.l.; at 9:20 starting gun for 55ft. class, and 9:25 starting gun for 46ft. class. The handicap gun will be fired five minutes after the starting gun, and when more than one class starts the handicap gun for first class starting will be the starting gun for next class.

Time.—All announcements and starts are based on central standard time.

Rendezvous and Anchorage.—The rendezvous for anchorage will be inside the west breakwater, where there is good holding ground and protection. The west end of west breakwater is best holding ground.

Ferry.—A ferry will run continually between the west pier and club house.

Bulletin Board.—All other announcements will be posted on bulletin board at club house.

The following is the programme for events on Lake Erie in August: Aug. 3. regatta at Port Dover, Ontario; Aug. 6, regatta at Erie, Pa.; Aug. 10-14, regatta at Cleveland, O.; Aug. 17-20. interlake regatta at Put-in-Bay, O.; Aug. 24, international regatta at Toledo, O.

Race committee: Phil P. Wright, chairman; G. H. Gardner, W. R. Huntington, E. A. Overbeke, J. N. Richardson, John Barth.

Executive committee, P. W. Rice, chairman.
Refreshment committee, R. S. Aikenhead, chairman.
Entertainment committee, E. E. Beeman, chairman.
Reception committee, W. R. Huntington, chairman.
Finance committee, E. W. Radder, chairman.
Fleet Captain, W. R. Huntington.
Centennial regatta committee: Com. Geo. H. Worthington, chairman; Geo. W. Gardner, E. E. Beeman, P. W. Rice, E. W. Radder, John Barth, E. A. Overbeke, J. N. Richardson, B. D. Munhall, W. R. Huntington, Thos. Robinson, R. S. Aikenhead, W. P. Francis, G. W. Luetkemeyer, G. H. Gardner, Phil P. Wright.

Larchmont Y. C. Annual Regatta.

THE Larchmont Y. C. this year prepared for the largest regatta that it has ever held, and but for one unfortunate fact the expectations of the committee would no doubt have been fulfilled. There was present in and about the harbor a very large fleet, of which no less than ninety-five had entered for the regatta, all classes from the big schooners down to the 15ft. being represented. After a clear warm day on Friday, a strong breeze sprung up from the eastward about midnight, raising a sea off the harbor that tumbled the largest yachts about with little ceremony, and drove down a pall of dense fog in the morning. The club steamer and committee boat were on hand with hundreds of ladies, racing men, committee men and general spectators, but the fog hung dense and obstinate over the whole of the Sound. Such yachts as came in reported the weather as worse outside than about the harbor. After waiting until long after noon, the regatta committee posted notice that the regatta was postponed until July 18, the open race already scheduled for that date being abandoned. The wisdom of this decision was generally concurred in, though every one was disappointed. It would have been in no small degree dangerous to have started so large a fleet, and composed of yachts of all sizes, over short overlapping courses in such weather.

Defender and Valkyrie.

DEFENDER still lies idle in New Rochelle Harbor, a boom of logs having been placed around her to protect her from attack by hostile rowboats. On July 4 Capt. Dixon sailed from Southampton for New York with a crew, it is stated, to fit out Valkyrie and take her back to British waters.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
Richard L. Riker	Newark. N. J.	Passaic Boat Club
De Witt C. Pell	Newark, N. J.	Passaic Boat Club

Steam Yachts and Marine Machinery.
COMPLETE machinery "outfits" for boat builders, made by Marine Iron Works, Chicago. Light draft work a specialty. Catalogue free.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The Power of the Modern Small Bore.

THOUGH small bore smokeless powder rifles of various models especially adapted to the use of sportsmen have now been on the market for some time, the question as to their value as game killers seems no nearer solution than ever. Some hunters who have tried them condemn the small bores as utterly worthless, while others of equal or greater experience cannot say enough in their praise.

Nor is this diversity of opinion to be wondered at when we see how the military men themselves, the originators of the weapon, differ in their judgment, and how they cite results in support of both sides of the argument that are just as certain of verification as they are difficult of reconciliation.

On the one hand proof is given of the skulls of men and bears being shattered as though by some powerful explosive within by the passage of small bore bullets, while on the other hand unanswerable facts are brought forward to show that men and animals have been shot through and through without suffering any great inconvenience.

It is safe to assume in both cases, however, that some important factor has been overlooked.

As Lieut. Whistler pointed out long ago, the shattering effect of the bullet all depends on the range, for while at short distances the effect is often terrific, at long ranges it is comparatively trifling. And now comes Dr. Enrique Pedraza, a Spanish military surgeon who has had experience in the Cuban war, with further testimony to this effect. The doctor in an article to the *Revista de Ciencias Medicas*, of Havana, which has been reprinted in the *Lancet*, says that his preconceived ideas on the subject were that the small bore nickel-coated bullets ought to produce a "clean and minute wound with little hemorrhage, easy to close on the field and therefore likely to heal rapidly in the hospital, more especially as the bones would be bored through rather than shattered, and as there would be little chance of foreign matter being introduced into the wound by the projectile itself." His expectations were not realized by the first cases of primary wounds from Mauser projectiles which he saw at Manzanillo, and he was greatly surprised and disappointed.

"With longer experience, however, he learned that the benign results he had expected to see do occur, but only when the enemy is 150yds. or more distant. When the patient is shot at from 10 to 70yds. the destruction of the tissues is very great, and it is this that has given rise to the suspicion that explosive bullets were being used, especially as the orifices of entrance and outlet are sometimes so small that they can scarcely be seen. The explanation suggested is that the shock which the enormous velocity of the projectile produces on entering the soft parts causes them to behave as a fluid or semi-fluid does when inclosed in a box and 'shot through,' the hydraulic pressure bursting the sides, or, if an opening be left, driving a column of the fluid through it. * * * In striking contrast to such wounds are those produced at 150yds. or more by the Mauser rifle. Here the entrance and outlet are very small, and there is but little evidence of internal destruction, even bones being tunneled through without fracture, and as aseptic treatment is possible from the first, a rapid recovery may usually be anticipated. Thus, in one case where the projectile entered the abdomen in the eighth intercostal space on the right side, passing through the stomach and coming out three fingers' breadth on the left of the sternum, though the ninth rib was fractured and the patient suffered from vomiting, hamatemesis and fever, he very soon improved and recovered completely. In another case the projectile entered the left frontal eminence, passing out by the right parotid region. The patient suffered from concussion of the brain, ecchymosis of both the right eyelids, with some difficulty of vision of that eye, but recovered in twenty-six days."

But why does the projectile of the small bore tear at short ranges and not at long ranges? Chiefly, no doubt, because of its tremendous rotary motion in connection with its great velocity, which imparts to it an erratic motion.

Beyond 150yds. it has settled down to a regular flight, and its effects may then be classed as similar to those produced by the ball from a black powder rifle of equal caliber, such as the .32-20, at shorter distances.

Leaving aside for the moment the question of caliber, the modern mall bore differs from the black powder rifle chiefly by reason of the greater velocity imparted to its projectiles and their more rapid rotary motion. While the .45-70 U. S. Government rifle is credited with a muzzle velocity of 1,270ft. per second, the small bores reach nearly double this figure, ranging from 2,000ft. per second upward, and while the black powder gun as made at the Springfield armory has one turn of the rifling for 22in. length of barrel, the twist in the case of the smokeless powder small bore sometimes approximates as high as one turn in 6in.

With a pent up energy behind it double that given the older projectile, and a spiral path to travel that turns nearly four times where the other turned once, it is no wonder that the steel-clad bullet leaves the modern rifle with unprecedented viciousness.

Reduced to a nutshell the case seems to be thus: at short ranges the modern small bore smokeless powder rifles have a power for tearing and shattering far in excess of what our preconceived ideas based on experience with other rifles would lead us to believe; while at longer ranges the projectile pierces without much shock and the effect then corresponds to that produced by any small bullet.

The use of half-manteled bullets increases the shock at long ranges, but when mushroomed to their greatest extent these bullets hardly equal the diameter of the calibers commonly used for large game, while their weight is considerably less.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., June 28.—To-day was an off day for most of the boys, judging from the scores made. A stiff fishtail wind proved a serious handicap. Below are the scores made:

Conditions: 200yds., strictly off-hand, standard target, 7-ring black:

Gindele.																				
7	6	10	10	6	10	10	7	10	8—84		10	10	10	6	9	9	6	8	7	8—83
5	10	7	9	8	8	9	9	8	9—82		10	8	9	7	8	8	8	8	8	8—82
Lux.																				
5	6	6	10	10	8	8	10	7	4—74		4	4	10	3	7	6	8	9	8	9—68
6	8	6	8	4	4	7	6	10	9—68		6	5	8	10	8	5	6	7	3	8—66
Roberts.																				
10	6	8	7	9	4	10	6	9	9—78		10	8	5	4	3	8	9	8	8	7—70
4	8	4	8	5	8	8	7	4	8—64		6	8	4	6	5	4	5	6	8	5—57
Weinheimer.																				
6	8	10	8	7	7	5	7	5	8—71		6	8	7	6	9	8	6	9	6	3—68
5	9	9	7	7	8	5	6	7	5—68		5	10	4	4	10	10	3	7	8	6—67
Topf.																				
9	4	7	10	4	9	9	5	5	7—67		8	9	6	4	8	10	3	8	8	7—71
4	7	9	7	8	4	5	10	7	5—66		5	5	10	8	4	4	6	6	6	7—61
Payne.																				
6	7	9	10	5	4	5	7	9	8—70		8	8	9	5	9	4	6	7	9	5—70
8	5	8	5	8	5	6	6	8	7—66		4	5	4	5	9	8	7	7	6	10—65
Trounstine.																				
7	7	4	10	7	7	8	5	10	10—75		5	10	7	4	7	3	10	8	10	6—70
7	8	2	7	8	9	8	10	6	9—72		8	5	4	6	5	6	5	8	7	9—63
Speth.																				
8	7	10	8	8	7	7	6	9	10—80		8	8	9	9	8	10	7	8	10	7—84
5	10	7	7	10	8	8	6	9	8—78		10	9	9	6	5	9	5	5	8	7—73
Brumback.																				
5	10	9	6	7	7	9	7	10	9—79		4	9	4	5	3	4	4	7	7	5—52
7	9	7	5	7	4	1	9	10	9—68		9	5	7	6	6	6	7	3	6	0—64
Randall.																				
9	7	7	7	7	6	7	7	9	9—75		6	4	5	10	8	6	9	10	10	8—76
6	8	10	7	8	6	5	9	5	7—71		7	7	6	10	5	5	10	6	8	7—71
Drube.																				
6	9	7	5	7	10	10	5	6	10—73		5	6	5	7	7	7	10	9	9	8—69
7	8	6	4	9	5	8	6	7	9—69		7	6	7	10	9	9	5	4	7	4—68
***Hake.**																				
4	4	4	6	3	6	8	3	6	6—50		6	6	4	8	1	5	5	7	8	6—56
4	9	3	5	6	6	6	5	7	3—54											
Strickmeier.																				
5	4	5	5	3	8	9	9	8	4—69		4	4	4	7	7	6	7	9	6	7—59
6	5	2	6	8	5	7	6	4	6—55		6	8	4	8	5	7	2	7	4	3—54
Hasenzahl																				
8	6	9	8	6	7	8	10	9	6—77		6	6	9	8	9	8	10	6	8	10—80
6	9	9	9	8	8	8	6	7	6—76		9	5	8	7	9	5	7	10	7	6—73

* Military.

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

THE Presque Isle Rifle Club champion cup shoot was held at their range Saturday, July 4. The severe rain storm interfered with the making of any large scores. The cup was won by Mr. Germann with a total of 223 out of the possible 300. Conditions: 200yds, Standard American target, 7 ring black, off hand. The following is the official score:

J G Germann	9	7	8	8	5	9	7	6	10	8—77
	9	10	10	8	6	7	8	6	4	7—75
	8	6	6	3	9	9	6	8	6	10—71
J Stidham	6	6	8	7	9	10	9	7	5	8—75
	7	6	8	7	7	6	10	6	10	6—73
	7	5	10	6	7	5	10	10	7	5—72
W F Treiber	9	8	10	6	7	5	7	6	8	6—72
	4	6	9	9	10	7	7	5	9	4—70
W J Leyer	6	8	10	6	6	10	8	7	8	6—76
	10	2	10	6	6	5	8	6	6	9—68
	4	10	6	7	6	5	8	9	5	3 63
J R Brown	5	6	5	10	8	8	7	7	8	7—71
	5	10	5	7	9	5	6	6	8	7—68
	6	4	9	4	5	10	10	8	6	5—67
Dr Strangways	8	7	7	4	0	6	7	10	10	9—68
	8	7	7	9	7	9	6	6	5	4—68
	6	5	5	10	5	5	4	10	10	7—67
J Bacon	9	8	8	7	8	4	6	9	4	7—70
	9	6	6	9	10	7	5	6	6	5—68
	9	6	7	9	5	5	5	7	7	3—63
W B Patton	10	10	5	5	5	10	5	3	8	6—67
	10	6	6	5	10	8	5	5	6	1—62
	6	2	10	7	4	6	5	7	10	2—59
J F Leyer	6	5	5	6	4	6	9	9	7	9—66
	5	4	4	7	8	6	4	8	9	9—64
	4	7	2	5	10	5	7	9	6	6—62
Dr Wheeler	6	5	9	5	7	6	8	6	7	9—68
	4	8	8	4	7	10	4	8	4	4—62
	3	6	5	8	6	6	6	6	6	8—60
Dr W R Hunter	6	7	8	6	7	9	6	5	10	3—68
	5	6	4	6	6	5	7	5	6	9—59
	6	7	4	5	7	7	7	3	3	6—55
G C Rahn	9	9	8	8	4	7	3	9	3	5—61
	7	6	4	5	6	7	9	9	5	1—59
	4	3	1	9	6	7	4	7	9	6—58

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

July 16.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—All day shoot of the Elizabeth Gun Club, commencing 9:30 A. M. Sixth tournament of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League at 2 P. M.

July 21-22.—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—Sixth annual meeting and tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association; $165 added money. All purses divided on equitable system. John J. Sumpter, Jr., Sec'y, Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.

July 22-23.—PORTLAND, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

July 29-30.—WORCESTER, Mass.—Tournament of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club. Targets. For programmes address A. W. Walls, Worcester, Mass.

July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

Aug. 4-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company. E. S. Rice, Mgr.

Aug. 5.—SANDUSKY, Ohio.—Annual tournament of the Sandusky Gun Club; $100 added money and $100 in merchandise prizes.

Aug. 11-14.—DETROIT, Mich.—Jack Parker's sixth annual international tournament. Fuller details later.

Aug. 26-27.—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Sept.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—B. F. Smith's tournament at Audubon Park. Live birds and targets.

Sept. 2-4.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Tournament at Audubon Park. Targets and live birds. B. F. Smith, Manager.

Sept. 7.—MARION, N. J.—Sixth annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. J. A. Creveling, Sec'y.

Sept. 8-11.—HARRISBURG, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association.

Sept. 15-16.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Third annual tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Company; $750 added money.

Oct. 6-8.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Autumn tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Two days, targets; one day, pigeons and sparrows. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

1897.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK CITY.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

The Syracuse "Herald's" Tournament.

THE Syracuse *Herald's* shooting tournament was held in Syracuse June 29-July 4, on the State fair grounds. The scores which follow show the character of the work accomplished:

FIRST DAY, JUNE 29.

Thirty-two shooters took part in the 16 events scheduled for to-day. A wind that blew strongly militated against good scores, still the boys rolled up some big totals at times. Fulford made the excellent score of 24 out of 25 in event No. 7, the conditions being 15 singles, expert rules and 5 pairs; Fulford lost his 11th bird in the singles.

As stated elsewhere, four sets of traps were used, four events being decided at each set. Nos. 1-4 in the table given below were at known angles and were shot at No. 1 set of traps; Nos. 5-8 were shot on No. 2 set and were all decided under the expert rule. Nos 9-12 were shot on No. 3 set of traps and were at unknown angles; No. 13-16 were shot on No. 4 set of traps and were also unknown angles:

Events:	*1*	*2*	*3*	*4*	*5*	*6*	*7*	*8*	*9*	*10*	*11*	*12*	*13*	*14*	*15*	*16*
Targets:	10	15	20	10	15	20	25	15	10	15	20	10	10	15	20	10
R Hunter	7	14	18	9	10	..	16	..	9	13	13	9	8	15	..	9
J Winston	8	13	19	10	11	19	19	13	9	12	..	..	8	13	..	..
Arno	9	12	13	..	11	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	7	..	..	..
J Herrman	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	5	..	..	..
Glover	8	..	17	7	13	15	20	12	10	11	19	9	7	14	19	9
McMurchy	9	14	16	8	9	19	20	12	10	13	17	9	10	12	18	10
Goodrich	7	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lefever	5	12	..	7	..	..	..	..	9	7	..	..	..	10	..	..
Holloway	4	11	13	8	14	..	..	11	4	14	15	..	4	..	..	..
C Wagner	8	12	16	8	13	18	18	13	8	14	16	9	10	14	17	5
F D Kelsey	6	13	17	8	12	17	19	12	10	15	15	7	5	15	18	10
Partiss	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
G Mann	7	12	16	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	8	..	..	..
Van Patten	4	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
E D Fulford	8	12	18	9	13	17	24	13	9	14	16	9	10	14	19	9
C Tuttle	9	13	16	10	..	14	21	13	8	12	18	9	8	12	18	7
J Carr	..	14	17	6	12	..	..	15	6	12	15	5	7	13	16	..
Wheeler	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Frantz	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	6	..	9	..	..	..	..	8
Fanning	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	12	..	15	19	8	..	..	17	7
Courtney	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	10	..	14	18	10	..	14	18	..
Clark	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	5	..	..	..
Watts	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Brown	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	8	..	..	..	..
A M S	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	10	11	..	..
Larned	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	15	5	..	..	..	..
Swiveller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	5	..	..	..	..
Morris	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Boyd	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	6	..	..	..	..
Hebbard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fleck	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	4

SECOND DAY, JUNE 30.

Good scores were the rule to-day, although there was quite a breeze blowing. In No. 4, 10 targets, unknown angles, the "Fulford squad" did some good work, breaking 56 out of 60, Kelsey dropping the 4 targets by the squad, all the rest going straight. Fulford again broke 24 out of 25 in No. 7, this time losing the first target of his last pair; the conditions were: 15 targets, expert rule, and 5 pairs. The programme to-day was the same as on June 29. Scores:

Events:	*1*	*2*	*3*	*4*	*5*	*6*	*7*	*8*	*9*	*10*	*11*	*12*	*13*	*14*	*15*	*16*
Targets:	10	15	20	10	15	20	25	15	10	15	20	10	10	15	20	10
Ingersol	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Arno	7	13	19	..	15	..	..	..	6	14	15	..	10	..	..	..
Swiveller	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
G H M	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
R B H	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W E H	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hookway	7	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	..	..	9	..	..	..
Herrman	9	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	11	..	..	6	..	..	..
G Mann	7	12	..	..	..	13	..	10	6	11	..	..	8	11	..	9
Wagner	9	15	19	9	14	17	21	15	9	13	17	9	10	12	18	9
Wayte	5	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	2	6	..	5	4	..	..	7
R Hunter	6	..	..	8	..	15	..	..	6	11	15	..	7	14	..	..
E D Fulford	10	13	20	10	12	18	24	13	8	12	19	9	10	13	20	8
McMurchy	10	14	16	10	15	16	22	14	9	9	19	10	8	15	20	9
Fanning	8	14	18	10	12	18	19	12	8	13	19	9	6	14	18	9
Glover	8	15	20	10	14	18	20	12	8	14	..	10	9	15	19	10
Kelsey	10	14	15	6	14	18	17	12	9	11	17	8	10	15	18	10
Winston	10	15	16	10	13	16	17	13	6	13	19	9	10	14	20	10
Haddock	..	11	15	..	..	16	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	12	16	..
A M S	..	14	17	..	..	17	..	..	..	10	16	..	..	12	17	..
Burnette	..	11	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	7
Borst	..	11	14	6	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	7	7	8	..	8
Wilson	..	14	..	..	..	16	..	..	8	13	..	..	7	11	..	6
Duiguid	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	..	..	11	..	..
Holloway	..	..	14	8	..	..	18	12	..	..	16	..	..	12	15	..
Mosher	..	..	18	8	..	..	..	..	..	12	14	..	..	11	..	9
Morris	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dan	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Crane	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	8	..	..	..	6
Courtney	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	20	11	..	..	17	9	..	..	19	8
Wheeler	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	7	..	11	..	..
W P R	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	13	..	..	18	..	..	..	..	..
Lane	..	..	..	9	..	..	21	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..

SCORES OF JULY 1.

Events:	**1**	**2**	**3**	**4**	**5**	**6**	**7**	**8**	**9**	**10**	**11**
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*20*	*10*	*15*	*25*
Fulford	9	14	17	10	12	18	10	20	10	13	24
Kelsey	10	15	20	9	13	16	9	19	9	15	22
Whitney	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Glover	10	15	19	8	15	17	10	17	9	11	25
Wagner	7	14	18	10	13	20	10	19	..	14	23
Arno	10	15	..	..	9	..	10	18	..	..	23
Fanning	9	..	..	..	..	16	..	19	..	..	20
Hunter	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Van Patten	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Herman	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Forsyth	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20
Dalley	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Murray	9	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
McMurchy	10	..	..	..	14	..	8	..	..	..	..
Hebbard	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18
R Hunter	10	..	..	..	13	..	9	..	..	13	24
Parkiss	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Maple	..	6	15	..	..	6	5	..	..	..	11
Kendall	..	12	15	9	..	..	8	16	..	14	15
Mosher	..	11	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	18
Lefever	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	22
Holloway	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	18
Hookway	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	21
Hobbie	..	13	..	..	..	..	7	19	..	13	23
Larned	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18
Mann	..	13	..	..	..	..	9	17	..	..	23
Baker	..	12	..	..	..	..	10	19	..	13	24
Courtney	..	..	15	16	..	..	..	18	..	14	21
Winston	..	..	19	..	14	18	..	19	..	..	23
Richmond	..	..	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Brown	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

Trap-Shooting in Chicago.

CALUMET HEIGHTS GUN CLUB.

June 27.—In the trophy contest of the Calumet Heights Gun Club held to-day Patterson won in Class A, Marshall in Class B and Chamberlain in Class C. The attendance was small owing to the near approach of July. Weather conditions to-day were clear atmosphere with a north wind blowing. Regular programme arranged for the Fourth of July. Scores to-day were:

Trophy contest:

Class A.

Patterson.....1111111011111011111111011—22
Booth.....1111011111001000110010111—16
Hall.....0010101001001111101111100—14

Class B.

Marshall.....0111110111110111111011111—21
Greeley.....1101101110000111110111111—18
Norcum.....0111111111110011011001010—17

Class C.

Chamberlain.....0011110111011000111000111—15
Harlan.....0100001011100011100010000— 9

Sweeps were shot as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	10	10	10	20	Targets:	15	10	10	10	20
Harlan	5	3	5	5	9	Patterson	14	7	4	7	16
Chamberlain	7	6	7	4	4	McCracken	1	..	..	..	..
Norcum	9	3	7	5	13	Greeley	..	..	7	7	8
Marshall	11	7	9	7	11	Knowles	..	..	..	3	6
Booth	11	10	7	4	15	Carlisle	..	..	..	8	6
J Hall	9	3	9	5	..	Turtle	..	..	..	..	17

Nos. 1 and 2 were at unknown angles; No 3 was "snipe" shooting; No. 4, "snipe" shooting at 5 pairs; No. 5 also "snipe" shooting at 10 singles and 5 pairs.

EUREKA GUN CLUB.

June 27.—The Eureka Gun Club held its regular shoot this afternoon at Auburn Park. The trophy contest and the E. C. cup shoot were the main events on the programme. The conditions of the trophy contest were 25 targets, unknown angles. Steck was the winner in Class A, Glover in Class B, and Dr. Morton in Class C. Scores:

Class A.

Steck.....1111011111101111111111101—22
Stannard.....1011001111111111011011111—20
Adams.....0111111100110111111011011—19
Goodrich.....1011111101110111101111001—19
Patterson.....1001111011010110101010000—14
Dr Carson.....0001011000010101101011010—11

Class B

Glover.....1111101111111111101111111—23
Buck.....1111101011011111111101110—20
Spregne.....0011101101000011110010011—13

Class C.

Dr Morton.....1001011001100111100111101—15
Whitman.....1110100110001010111100111—15
Carson.....1011010110001110100111001—14
Jones.....1001100111100101100100011—13
Morgan.....0000000000001101000000010— 4

Two events of 25 targets each, unknown angles, were also decided:

Stannard	1111111111111111111111111—25	1111111101011011111111011—20
Adams	1111111111111010111110101—21	1111111101111111111011100—21
Patterson	0011010111101110111111111—19	1011001111110011101001010—15
C W Carson	0010011101000011110101110—14	0101010111000010000010001—10
R B Carson	0001011000001110001001010— 9	1000000000011011110001011— 9
Spregne	1000010110111000110011110—13	1011101010001000001110111—13
Morgan	0001010100010010110001100— 9	1111010100101110000100101—13
Goodrich	0101001011111111110011111—18	0100111100111011111111101—18
Jones	1010100000000011000110010— 8	1000100000111010001000101— 9
Bisbee	0000100100001110001000000— 6	1100001010100000000001010— 7
Buck		1001111111111001111111011—20
Steck		0111111111101110110111111—21

The E. C. challenge cup contest was a handicap affair. Shooters are divided into classes A, B and C. Class A stands at 20yds., Class B at 18yds., and Class C at 16yds. A strong wind quartering from the right behind the targets made their flight low and the shooting hard. Deering won the cup, which he holds subject to challenge. Scores:

Class A.

Adams.....1010111110011000001111010110000
10 10 10 01 11 10 10 11 10 10—28
Steck.....1110011001101110111110001101 11
10 00 01 10 10 10 10 10 00 10—28
Patterson.....0111011011111011000001101010
00 11 00 00 00 10 10 11 10 10—26
Stannard.....1100101011110111010000011101 0
00 10 10 00 11 11 00 01 00 00—24

Class B.

Deering.....0001111110011101111111011001001
11 00 11 11 01 01 11 11 00 10—32
Buck.....1001101101001000100111010110 01
11 11 10 10 11 11 00 11 10 10—24
Glover.....1001011100100010000011011001 00
01 11 00 10 10 10 11 11 10 01—24
Goodrich.....1000111101101000101011000010 10
10 10 10 01 01 10 10 00 10—23
Whitman.....1010001100111110001000101110 10
Withdrew. —15
Spregne.....0000100110010000010001010101 10
Withdrew. —10

Class C.

Morton.....1011011111110000111100010100 10
01 10 00 00 01 10 11 10 10 00—25
Morgan.....1000001000110111100000010000 11
00 00 11 11 10 10 01 00 00 00—18
W A Jones.....1010000000000000000011000001 10
01 10 10 10 10 10 10 00 11 10—16
R B Carson.....0001000111000000010000000 10000
00 00 00 10 00 00 00 01 00 00— 8

The Rose System Explained.

It is a remarkable thing that the unjust system of dividing purses in trap-shooting sweepstakes at present generally observed should have been permitted to exist even for a short period of time. The idea that a man could get a larger share of the purse by losing a bird or target than by killing or breaking the same is absurd, not to say unjust. It sapped the very principles of a just competition; that is to say, one in which the competition was to determine the superiority of the contestants, and the rewards which were to go to those who were truly the best. It had the fatal failing that honest competitive work and greater skill often resulted in direct loss. The system became the father of the dropper and the pooler, two gentlemen who have done much to keep shooters away from the traps and to harass those who participated.

That the faults in this system were fully understood a long time ago is proved by the promulgation and trial of several other systems, such as the Pumphrey, the McMurchy, "Jack Rabbit," etc. Each of these systems had its merits, and we look upon the "Jack Rabbit" system as barred only owing to the amount of work it entails upon the cashier's department. It was not until the Rose system was brought to our notice that we felt at all satisfied that the right theory and practice had been hit upon.

Some eighteen months ago a New England correspondent sent us a system of dividing purses in trap-shooting sweepstakes that seemed to fill the bill exactly. It absolutely did away with all cause for dropping for place—the more a man broke, the more cash he received—paying a man according to his deserts. The system also did away with the injustice and anomalies of class shooting which were inseparably a part of the old system, making it impossible for one man to receive less for a higher score than another received for a lower score.

The system pleased us so well that we described it at length in these columns, calling it the "straight-out" system, a name which still sticks to it in certain localities. Within two weeks of the publication of that description we received from Mr. A. R. Rose, of Salida, Col., a letter in which he informed us that the system we mentioned had been devised by himself many months prior to that date, adding that he had copyrighted some score blanks on which appeared a full explanation of his system and its workings. He inclosed us some blanks which showed that he had gone very fully and carefully into the matter. Our hat was off at once to Mr. Rose, and we gladly accorded him the honor of discovery of a system which we believed, and still do believe, would do much to increase the popularity of trap-shooting were it generally adopted.

As with all new ideas it has had to make its way against considerable opposition, chiefly, it must be said, through ignorance of its equitable methods rather than through a correct apprehension of its actual workings. But it is making its way to the front rapidly enough to satisfy us that our first conception of its merits was correct.

The indorsement of the system by the Interstate Association at its annual meeting last winter was a great step toward a more general recognition of its merits. It was tried at the Interstate's tournament at Charleston, S. C., and the Palmetto Gun Club now advocates the use of no other system. It will be used on both days of the Portland (Me.) tournament, July 22-23. At Binghamton, N. Y., it is the only system used at either club shoots or tournaments, and we are informed that all purses in the New York State shoot of 1897 at Auburn will be divided under this system. It has also been used this year at the State shoots in Montana and Iowa, as well as at various other shoots East and West within the past few months. Where it was used at one shoot last year we think it is safe to say that it was used at five this year.

While attending the large tournaments of the circuit of 1896 we found ample proof that the system was attracting a great deal of attention. Never a day passed that we were not asked to show and explain the workings of the system. The opinion we heard expressed regarding it satisfied us that we had made converts of many. The only ones who held their peace or who were very guarded in their statements were the crackerjacks, and for cause. They realized that if the system was generally adopted all chances of "a big pot alone" would be gone, and that they could no longer make "big killings." We can assure them, however, that a shooter who shoots consistently well during a tournament is more certain of filling his pocketbook under the Rose system than under the older method of dividing purses. But above all, it is fair to all shooters alike.

In order that readers of FOREST AND STREAM may become perfectly familiar with the workings of the Rose system, and thus be enabled to figure out the results in events under both systems, and compare the results so respectively arrived at, we have decided to give the explanation of the Rose system given by the Interstate Association in its programmes. This explanation runs as follows:

(1) Decide upon the number of moneys into which the purse is to be divided, and then find the ratio into which it will be divided from the following table:

If into
2 moneys—at the ratio of 5 to 3.
3 moneys—at the ratio of 5 and 3 to 2.
4 moneys—at the ratio of 5, 3 and 2 to 1.
5 moneys—at the ratio of 8, 5, 3 and 2 to 1.
6 moneys—at the ratio of 13, 8, 5, 3 and 2 to 1.

(2) For the sake of example in working out this system, let us take a 15-target event, $1.50 entrance, 4 moneys, 24 entries, $10 added to the purse, targets at 3 cents each. This will give us a net purse of $35.20, targets taking $10 80 out of the total purse. Suppose when the event has been shot there are three straight scores: one 14, four 13s and one 12. Under the old percentage system of 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. class shooting, it is manifest that the single 14 would have the best of the four men with straight scores, while the man with 12 would also be better off financially than either of the four men who broke one more target than he did. Under the Rose system this temptation to drop for place is done away with. Proof of this is given below:

The ratio points are 5, 3 and 2 to 1. Therefore,
No of ties for 1st money 3×5=15
No. of ties for 2d money 1×3= 3
No of ties for 3d money 4×2= 8
No. of ties for 4th money 1×1= 1

27)$35.20($1.30 per ratio point.
27
82
81
10 cents over.

Therefore,
each man with 15 receives $1.30×5=$6.50
each man with 14 receives 1.30×3= 3.90
each man with 13 receives 1.30×2= 2.60
each man with 12 receives 1.30×1= 1.30

Under the system usually adopted at tournaments, the three men in for first money would have received $4.69 each; the man with 14 alone taking second money, $10.56; the four men in for third money would have drawn down $1 76 each, but the shooter who had the luck to drop one more target would have received fourth money, $3 52, or just double their share.

It may seem from the above that the system is a complicated one, and would involve a great deal of work in the cashier's department. To disabuse one of this idea, we give an example of an event, the third event on the second day of the Iowa State tournament, working out the example by a system learned from the cashier at the Binghamton, N. Y., tournament. It will be noticed that he rules each page off into five columns; in the first he enters the names of the shooters; in the second he places their respective scores. He then ascertains the place obtained by each man and puts in the third column the number of points due to him. At the bottom of this column he figures up the total number of points, dividing the net purse by that sum. In the fourth column he places the amount due each man, checking it off as soon as the amount is paid, or the cash equivalent placed in the pay envelope. The fifth column is utilized for figuring the net purse and for finding the value of each point.

Event No. 3. 15 targets. Entrance $1 50. Added money ——. No. of entries, 27. Price of targets, 2 cents. No. of moneys, 4.

	Score.	Points.	Amount due.
Grimm	15	5	3.35
Hoffman	11		
Gilbert	12	1	.67
Schricker	15	5	3.35
Raisch	13	2	1.34
Wehrend	14	3	2.01
Minard	12	1	.67
Avery	10		
Webster	12	1	.67
Budd	15	5	3.35
Trotter	13	2	1.34
Miller	10		
Harbaugh	9		
Couger	9		
Tucker	14	3	2.01
VBoltenstern	11		
Jones	11		
Northrup	11		
Bosworth	10		
MBoltenst'rn	12	1	.67
Henry	12	1	.67
Cook	15	5	3.35
Agard	13	2	1.34
Foley	15	5	3.35
HBoltenst'rn	12	1	.67
Lewis	15	5	3.35
Samuelson	10		
		48	
Add amount over			.24
			$32.40

27 entries at $1.50.....=$40.50
Deduct for targets at 2cts. each= 8 10
Net purse.....=$32.40

48*)32.40(67 cents per point.
288
360
336
24 cents over.

* Divide net purse by sum of the points.

Under the older system each man who broke 15 would have received $2.16; each 14 would have drawn down $4.86, while the 13s would have received exactly the same amount as the straights—$2.16; each 12 would have been paid 54 cents. Where is there any equity in such a division?

Another case may be quoted to show the peculiar injustice of dividing purses under the old system: In one event shot at the expert traps at the Pittsburg, Pa., Gun Club's tournament, June 23-25, there were six men tied for second money, four men tied for third money and two tied for fourth money. Under the percentage system of 40, 30, 20 and 10, each of the above twelve received precisely the same amount of cash, although six had broken 14 targets, four had broken 13 and two had broken 12.

In our issue of June 27 Mr. Hough writes as follows: "Reforms do not seem to come suddenly, however, and they are rarely to be attributed to the efforts of a few or of a faction. They seem to come about gradually, and to represent the sum of the best opinion on both sides of the questions involved. What was once universal in trap-shooting may be uncommon to-day, and what is usual to-day may be unheard of in the future. For instance, I asked Charlie Budd what he thought of the Rose system of dividing purses. His immediate reply was that 'it would not do; the shooters would not have it.' Mr. Grimm more carefully replied he 'had not carefully gone into the system, and did not know what to say of it.' It is very possible that both of these shooters three or four years from now will be shooting cheerfully under that system, and perhaps nearly forgetful of the old class shooting days, with its obvious unfairness and temptations."

It is a matter of special interest to point out that Charlie Grimm was one of the 15s in the example we have worked out above, and who was so obviously benefited by the Rose system; on looking over his scores of the whole shoot we fail to find any case, save one, where he could have been benefited by the old percentage system. The exception is in event No. 6 on the third day, when he broke 20 straight and took first money, there being 10 other competitors. Charlie Budd was also one of the 15s in the example quoted. It must be remembered that Mr. Hough's interview with the two noted shots mentioned above took place *prior* to the Davenport, Ia., tournament, from which our example is taken. It would be interesting to learn from both Budd and Grimm what they think of the Rose system *now*, and what objections, if any, they may have to that system of dividing purses.

Tournament at Aurora, Ill.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 27.—The tournament held here this week was well attended, especially on the second day. All seemed pleased with the working of the traps and the targets. Some very good scores were made, notably that of Eddie Bingham, of the Du Pont Powder Co. Eddie started in to win everything in sight, and how well he succeeded can be understood by his breaking 161 out of a possible 170, shooting at pairs, unknown angles, reverse pulls, and three traps unknown angles and traps. Mr. Hickey, of Galesburg, the gentleman who shoots sitting on a high stool, was about equal to Eddie, while Zigler, of Hinkley, only lost 14 out of 180. The race track here having a sky background to the north affords one of the best shooting grounds in the State. Being near Chicago and accessible from all points by rail, the management announce another tournament for the last of October.

There was hot competition in the merchandise shoot, 20 prizes donated by the merchants of Aurora. Following are the scores of the shoot:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	15	20	10	10	10	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	10
Bingham	10	10	15	19	9	9	9	10	14	9	12	10	..	..	..
Castle	8	10	15	17	5	5	9	9	14	8	12	7	..	..	..
Brunemeyer	8	9	11	15	7	8	7	..	..	8	9	7	14	5	9
Clapsaddle	9	9	13	17	6	..	8	8	13	8	12	6	11	5	3
Zigler	10	9	15	17	5	6	10	9	14	9	13	8	14	5	10
Davis	8	9	11	..	9	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cribbs	..	9	14	18	9	..	10	8	13	9	12	..	..	..	..
Elwell	..	7	11	17	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	5	..
Argraves	..	10	13	19	9	8	10	8	14	9	11	6	..	..	..
Kolanczik	..	6	10	15	7	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lewis	..	7	14	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lang	.	8	14	..	7	..	7	8	10	9	11	..	..	..	..
Stark	..	..	..	18	6	..	5	9	13	5	11	7	..	5	4
Hickey	..	..	..	..	10	8	9	8	13	5	13	10	15	7	..
Avery	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	4	8	..	..	..
Thornton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	7	7	..	7	8	1
Arnold	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	5	..	..	..
Hawley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	6	10	4
Corcoran	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	6
Tanner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5

Nos. 5, 8 and 11 were at unknown angles; No. 6 at 5 pairs; No. 14 at reverse order.

FOX RIVER.

Dedham Sportsman's Club.

BOSTON, Mass., June 27.—The Dedham, Mass., Sportsman's Club held its weekly shoot to-day. The attendance was satisfactory, while the scores were exceptionally good. Mr. Cole made four clean scores, Mr. Gordon having three straights to his credit. Mr. Cole won the gold badge with 19 out of 20. The club holds an all-day shoot July 4, and also sends a team of eight men to Hopedale on the same day to shoot a race with a team representing the Hopedale Gun Club. Scores of to-day's events were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Greener	4	8	7	8	5	4	8	8	9	6	8	10
Brown	8	6	5	7	7	5	5	7	7	..	..	..
Gordon	10	8	5	8	8	6	10	9	10	..	..	..
Cole	10	8	9	9	9	7	10	9	10	9	10	7
Avery	6	7	2	8	8	6	9	9	7	4	8	5
Morse	9	7	5	7	6	2	8	6	8	2	..	..
Hollis	6	6	8	5	2	2	5	..	..	7	7	6
Gokey	5	5	6	3	4	4	5	3	7	6	..	..
Jordan	4	1	4	2	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rice	..	..	..	..	3	0	5	..	..	3	..	..
McIntosh	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	10	9

Nos. 1, 4, 8, 9 and 11 were at known angles; Nos. 2, 10 and 12 at unknown angles; Nos. 3 and 5 reverse order; No. 6, 5 pairs, and No. 7, Hurlingham. All were 10-target events.

ROBERT SMITH.

Limited Gun Club of Indianapolis.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., June 24.—The Limited Gun Club shot to-day for a gold badge offered by the Indianapolis Brewing Company. Conditions: 50 targets, unknown angles. The winner holds the badge and title of club champion for one year. Scores: Tutewiler 43, Townsend 42, Parry 42, Robinson 41, Grube 40, Deschler 40, Rich 40, Hearsey 40, Lilly 39, Sielken 39, Moore 39, Kimberlin 39, Morris 38, Cooper 37, Comstock 37, Griffith 35, Wildhack 33, Buch 32, Socwell 32, Craft 31, Hay 27.

In the shooting which followed Cooper and Robinson each broke 48 out of 50.

ROYAL ROBINSON, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Another shooting club has been added to the already large number in the State of New Jersey. The Arlington Shooting Association is the name of the new organization, and the opening shoot was held at its grounds on Schuyler avenue, Arlington, N. J., July 4. The organization took place on June 26, and the following officers were elected to serve one year: M. Herrington, President; Fletcher Walters, Vice-President; Herbert Frapwell, Secretary and Treasurer; John Chasmar, Captain.

The Interstate Association will hold a tournament on the grounds of the Portland Gun Club, Portland, Me., July 22 and 23. There will be ten events each day, and the targets will be thrown at 2 cents each. Purses will be divided by the Rose system, four moneys. Information relative to the tournament will be cheerfully furnished by S. B. Adams, Secretary Portland Gun Club, Box 413, Portland, Me.

The sixth annual convention and trap-shooting tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association will be held at Hot Springs, Ark., July 21 and 22. American Association rules will govern all events, and purses will be divided on the Equitable plan. Ten events will be shot each day.

At Elkwood Park, at 1 P. M. on July 10, the preliminary handicap will take place. Handicap 25 to 31yds., 50yds. boundary. Fifteen live pigeons each, $15 entrance, birds extra. For the convenience of those who contemplate shooting in the Hollywood Futurity, July 11, an inside boundary same as at Hollywood has been laid out, which will not interfere with the contestants in the preliminary handicap. There will be birds enough for sweeps before and after the main event.

The Endeavor Gun Club will hold its regular monthly shoot on the club grounds at Marion, N. J., on July 11, commencing at 2 o'clock P. M. The regular monthly meeting will be held on Friday evening, July 10, at 8 P. M., 642 Newark avenue, Jersey City. It is desired that all members will attend, as there is important club business to transact.

The Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield, N. J., will hold its regular club shoot on July 8, beginning at 2 P. M., at the club grounds, on South avenue, near Fanwood Station.

The Question of One Cent Targets.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 28.—Mr. Paul North, of the Cleveland Target Co., writes the following interesting communication upon the question of cheaper targets at tournaments. Speaking from a long practical experience in tournament management, his opinions will be worth consideration upon the latest thing in shooting matters:

"The article in the June 27 issue of the FOREST AND STREAM is quite an interesting one to the writer in many ways, and the interview with Chas. Budd brings up a matter that is interesting to all trap-shooters, as well as to clubs intending to give tournaments.

"At all the large tournaments that have been given for the past two or three years where 3 cents each has been charged for targets from $1,000 to $2,000 have been added to the purses as an attraction for the shooters to attend the tournament, and it goes without saying that a club that would attempt to give a tournament and not add any money to the purses and at the same time charge 3 cents each for targets would find that they would have a very slim attendance.

"A tournament where 40,000 targets are used at 3 cents each and $1,000 added to the purses is no better for the shooters than one where the same number of targets are thrown at 1 cent each and $200 added to the purses, but still the $1,000 tournament would draw nearly twice the number of shooters as the $200 one.

"Charlie figures on throwing 16,000 targets a day, and from his estimate on expenses I see that he intends to use three sets of traps, but he does not benefit by his experience in attending tournaments as much as he should.

"Most tournaments are made expensive for the clubs giving them on account of their using too many sets of traps, and in that way running up their expenses to a high figure.

"Taking the Hazard tournament as an example—as it was the largest shoot of the year—and you will find that on the first day they had an average of over 100 shooters in every event and that they threw 18,000 targets (a record for three sets of traps), and did not quite finish the programme. The second day the attendance had fallen so that 14,000 targets finished the programme, including the unfinished part of the day before. The third day 11,000 targets were enough to finish the programme, and there was plenty of daylight left to have thrown many more.

"This makes 43,000 targets thrown in three days, where $2,000 in cash was added to attract the largest number of shooters gathered together during the last few years.

"Now how does Charlie expect to throw 48,000 targets in three days and attract shooters to attend his tournament in numbers sufficient to consume that many targets. Certainly throwing targets for 1 cent each and adding $200 will not do it, as at the Hazard tournament targets were practically thrown for nothing and $700 added in addition.

"The great mistake most clubs make in running tournaments is in having too many sets of traps, and increasing their expenses on that account.

"My experience has been that with one set of traps from 6,000 to 8,000 targets can be thrown a day, with two sets from 10,000 to 13,000, and with three sets from 14,000 to 18,000, according as to how well the shoot is run and how well the squad hustlers perform their work.

"With the attendance at the Hazard tournament 40,000 targets could have been thrown in the three days from two sets of traps, and consequently the other set of traps was run for three days at an expense for trappers, pullers, etc., of about $45 to throw the 3,000 extra targets.

"At our tournament just finished we threw 30,000 targets in the three days, and could easily have thrown 10,000 more, as all shooting was over long before sunset each day.

"We used two magautraps and the expense for trappers for three days was $18.88, or just about what it would have been for one day had we used two sets of the ordinary traps.

"Using two traps, a gun club can easily give a tournament, charging but 1 cent each for targets, and with the members of the club giving their services for refereeing and office work, come out a little ahead.

"However, until the shooters have been educated up to it they will prefer to pay 3 cents each for targets and have $500 to $1,000 added to the purses.

"At most of the smaller tournaments where there is no added money the usual charge for targets is 2 cents each, but at the present price of targets and the appliances for throwing them 1 cent is a reasonable charge, and 1½ cents should be the most that should be charged.

"We will throw all targets at our next shoot free of charge the same as this year, and when the shooters have figured the matter out they will see that it is equal to $1,500 added money.

"We hope to see Charlie Budd try his tournament, and if he can make the shooters see the matter in the right light he will have a good many shooters present, but not enough to consume 48,000 targets in three days."

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., July 1.—A sultry, stifling day in the city, but Boston Gun Club visitors Wednesday last were favored at Wellington with sufficient breeze to render it comfortable shooting. The afternoon's sport was varied, and in the prize match some good scoring was done. The final contest takes place next Wednesday, and as but 2 birds separate first and second—Miskay 105 and Gordon 103—the winner of prize, a rifle, remains in doubt:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*5*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*
Nichols	8	6	9	6	7	6	4	9	..	..	..	..	..
Gordon	6	9	13	9	7	8	5	9	5	8	5	9	10
Banks	5	5	8	2	4	5	5	6	..	..	..	..	..
Brown	5	8	13	4	6	8	4	8	4	7	4	5	..
Eddy	7	4	5	8	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Miskay	9	8	13	7	9	10	8	8	3	8	..	..	..
Spencer	9	..	13	8	..	..	9	8	1	6	6	10	7
Williams	..	7	15	7	..	..	..	..	3	..	5	..	..
Sewall	..	..	7	7	..	..	7	..	..	..	8	7	5

Events 1, 3, 5, 8 and 13 were known angles; Nos. 2, 4, 6 and 12 unknown angles; Nos. 7 and 11 pairs; No. 9 unknown traps; No. 10 reverse angles.

Prize match, 25 targets, 15 known and 10 unknown angles, distance handicap:

Gordon (18yds.)	1111111111110110—13
Williams (15)	1111111111111111—15
Spencer (17)	1110111101111111—13
Miskay (18)	1111101111111011—13
Brown (15)	1111111100111111—13
Nichols (16)	0101111000101111— 9
Sewall (16)	0110000011100101— 7
Eddy (15)	0100100000011110— 5
Banks (15)	1100101001110011— 8
Gordon (18yds.)	1111011111110110—13 1110111111—9—22
Williams (15)	1111111111111111—15 0011111110—7—22
Spencer (17)	1110111101111111—13 1111110101—8—21
Miskay (18)	1111101111111011—13 1001111011—7—20
Brown (15)	1111111100111111—13 0011000011—4—17
Nichols (16)	0101111000101111— 9 0101110101—6—15
Sewall (16)	0110000011100101— 7 1110110110—7—14
Eddy (15)	0100100000011110— 5 1011111110—8—13
Banks (15)	1100101001110011— 8 0001010000—2—10

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., July 5.—Score made by the members of the Haverhill Gun Club at first practice shoot since organization.

The shoot was held on the grounds of the club, at Hoyt's Grove, this city, and it would be difficult to find grounds better adapted to the purpose anywhere. Shooting commenced at 2 o'clock on the afternoon of July 4, and some 1,500 targets in all were thrown.

About one-half the members participated, together with three or four visitors.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	*25*	*25*	*20*	*15*	*10*	*10*
Short	17	16	9	10	6	8
Leighton	18	16	14	8	4	5
Brooks	8	7	8	6	4	6
Verburt	9	9	..	..	..	..
Blake	1	0	..	..	..	..
Putnam	8	10	6	7	5	..
Miller	9	4	2	5	2	..
Holden	8	12	11	6	..	..
Welch	13	14	13	..	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	*25*	*25*	*20*	*15*	*10*	*10*
Ingham	5	4	8	6	3	2
Tenney	7	5	..	..	..	..
Crapean	10	9	4	4	..	..
Lambert	..	9	8	7	2	4
Hilliard	..	11	15	..	..	..
Merritt	..	13	7	6	5	..
Webster	..	6	6	6	6	6
Sherman	..	6	11	5	..	..

Event 5 was at 5 pairs doubles, and the other events were about equally divided between known and unknown angles. Most of our members are "green hands" at the trap, which will account for the low scores; for the grounds, traps and background are as near perfection as is possible. GEO. F. STEVENS, Sec'y.

Coney Island Rod and Gun Club.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 1.—The regular club shoot of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club was held at Dexter Park, L. I., to-day. Before the club shoot Dr. W. A. Littlefield and Wm. Lair shot a match at 25 live birds, for $10 a side:

Dr. Littlefield (30)	0021121202112021222122022—20
William Lair (30)	1120100121201222012122200—18

Club shoot, 7 live birds:

Henry Knebel, Jr. (30)	1111111—7	J B Voorhies (28)	1201222—6
Dr. Van Zile (30)	2222222—7	William Hughes (28)	1011112—6
Dr. Littlefield (30)	1221111—7	J E Lake (29)	2001112—5
John Schliemann (28)	1112122—7	F W Pfaender (30)	0210101—4
William Lair (30)	2012112—6	Hugh McLaughlin (28)	0000200—1

Shoot off for badge, miss-and-out: H. Knebel 5, Dr. Littlefield 4, Dr. Van Zile 2, J. Schliemann 0.

Michigan Trap-Shooters' League.

HOLLAND, Mich., June 26.—The tournament of the Michigan Trap-Shooters' League, which closed here to-day, was held under the auspices of the Holland Gun Club. The scores made on both days were as below:

FIRST DAY, JUNE 25.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*25*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*25*
Bush	9	10	18	8	21	13	17	8	11	11	19
Schelling	10	11	17	..	..	14	20	8	13	11	22
Holcomb	5	9	15	7	17	8	11	5	5	9	10
Karsten	9	10	16	6	21	..	15	9	13	11	22
De Roo	3	10	19	6	19	12	15	6	7	9	20
Thomas	6	9	.	..	18	15	15	8	..	..	23
Van Eyck	8	15	18	..	16	..	12	10	..	11	17
Shrigley	8	..	..	..	..	15	..	7	10	12	19
Mokma	4	11	..	5	16	..	..	..	..	..	..
C Harmon	5	11	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	17
Ferguson	10	12	..	7	21	..	14	6	..	9	20
H Harmon	5	11	..	5	17	..	15	8	11	..	18
J Smith	..	..	16	8	..	11	14	8	10	..	14
Walton	..	..	14	7	20	13	17	7	14	11	24
P Smits	..	..	..	5	16	9	..	..	..	8	17
Holley	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	6	..	5	16
Arleth	..	..	..	7	12	14	14	6	..	11	18
Baumgartel	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16
Yates	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16
Dulyea	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18
Breyman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
McClellan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14
Kamps	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	22
D Blom	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14
Klooster	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
De Kruyf	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17
Baert	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10
Ch Blom	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13

SECOND DAY, JUNE 26.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	*15*	*10*	*20*	*15*	*15*	*25*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*15*	*25*
Bush	14	9	17	8	13	16	12	18	8	9	22
Walton	13	9	16	11	10	22	11	14	9	14	19
Schelling	13	8	18	12	12	22	13	17	5	12	21
Van Eyck	8	7	13	10	..	..	9	13	..	..	24
De Roo	11	6	16	4	10	17	7	10	..	13	20
Karsten	13	9	13	12	10	23	9	14	6	12	18
Thomas	12	8	..	..	12	23	..	..	..	..	21
Shrigley	..	7	15	11	..	14	10	..	6	11	17
Holcomb	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Baumgartel	5	..	..	5	10	..	..	..	3	8	14
Dulyea	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ferguson	..	8	..	..	12	3w	..	..	7	..	19
McKey	..	4	..	..	4	10	..	..	..	..	..
Falcon	..	8	15	14	10	14	10	18	6	11	18
Arleth	..	7	..	..	12	20	..	..	7	10	19
Yates	..	5	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	16
P Smits	..	9	..	..	12	18	..	13	7	..	14
Kraus	..	..	..	..	..	20	..	..	..	..	21
Skinner	..	..	..	..	..	19	7	10	6	..	18
Mokma	..	..	..	..	..	17	8	12	8	12	22
Post	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	5	..	14
H Harmon	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	..	..	..	22
C Harmon	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18
A Finch	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18
Baert	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14
Fisher	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11
Peterson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2
Doesburg	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4
De Kruyf	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14

Huntingdon Gun Club.

HUNTINGDON, Pa., June 27.—The Huntingdon Gun Club held an all-day shoot to-day. The weather was cool and cloudy during the greater part of the day, making it pleasant for the shooters. The attendance was light and the shooting only fair, but in point of sport and sociability the affair was a decided success.

All events were at known traps and angles, with the exception of the following: Nos. 13, 18 and 19, unknown angles; No. 14, walking match; Nos. 15 and 20, 5 pairs.

Events:	*1*	*2*	*3*	*4*	*5*	*6*	*7*	*8*	*9*	*10*	*11*	*12*	*13*	*14*	*15*	*16*	*17*	*18*	*19*	*20*
Targets:	10	10	15	15	20	10	15	20	10	15	20	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	10
Kotty	6	6	9	10	14	9	10	16	7	14	14	8	3	5	5	10	8	6	..	7
Sands	6	8	10	12	18	7	11	11	7	12	17	10	4	8	6	11	8	7	4	4
Booky	10	6	12	11	14	8	12	19	7	12	14	9	7	5	8	12	7	6	7	7
De Forest	8	7	11	14	15	8	11	19	19	13	16	8	8	8	8	15	8	..	..	..
Fleming	9	9	9	9	17	8	10	6	9	9	15	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Houck	6	6	13	10	15	7	12	16	10	11	15	9	5	6	7	12	9	9	8	8
J Greenberg	8	6	3	7	7	7	8	..	6	11	17	5	8	6	6	13	9	..	5	..
Stewart	4	7	10	4	11	6	12	..	6	..	..	6	2	2	..	..	..	..	..	..
Killetts	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	17	9	7	8	3	11	8	9	6	..
Fay	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	14	15	4	4	5	..	..	7	..	..	..
Straw	..	..	.	..	..	..	..	..	8	13	17	10	6	6	7	11	9	10	7	..
Leister	..	..	..	9	..	5	..	..	..	..	13	6	..	6	..	11	8	..	..	..
Johnston	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kline	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..
Mobus	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
McCahan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	5	..	4	..	..	7	..	..	..
Williams	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	6	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Crites	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	8	..	4	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
G Greenberg	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	7	10	2	..	6	..	8	5	..	..	..

The best percentages were: De Forest 82.6, Straw 80, Houck and Booky 76.2, Killetts 73.7, Sands 71, Kotty and Fleming 68.5, Fay 66, J. Greenberg 61.3, Williams 60.3, Leister 58, Stewart 52. B.

On Long Island.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

June 27.—The regular target shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club at the Dyker Meadow grounds, Bay Ridge, was poorly attended. Below are the scores:

	Club shoot.	Hegeman prize.
P Adams (A)	1111101110111011001101111 —19	101111111111111 —14
Dr Pool (B)	1110001111100011011111111 —19	.....
Dr. O'Brien (C)	1101110111111111111111111 —21	11110110010111110—12
Cowp'thwaite (C)	0011111111101111101101110 —20	00000010101011001— 6

Sweeps were shot as follows:

No. 1, 10 targets, known angles: Adams 9, O'Brien 8, Cowperthwaite 7.

No. 2, same: Adams 10, O'Brien 8, Cowperthwaite 6.

No. 3, 10 targets, unknown angles: Adams 10, O'Brien 8, Cowperthwaite 5.

No. 4, 10 targets, reversed order: Adams 7, O'Brien 6, Cowperthwaite 5.

No. 5, same: Adams 6, O'Brien and Cowperthwaite 5.

No. 6, 5 pairs: Adams 7, O'Brien 6.

In New Jersey.

BRUNSWICK GUN CLUB.

June 27.—The Brunswick Gun Club, of New Brunswick, held its regular monthly shoot to-day, the scores in the club shoot being as below:

Club shoot, 25 targets, unknown angles:

H B Smith	1001100111011011101011100—15
R McDowell	1100001101011001000100000— 9
W E Sperling	0110111111111111010110111—20
R M Pettit	1011011111111111011110110—20
C Oakley	1111111111111101111111011—23
H H Stevens	1011111101111110111111111—22
R C Nicholas	0010011100000000110001110— 9
A L Mundy	1111111111011110111011111—22
M Allen	1111010100110111011011001—16
G W Strong	0101000100011010100001101—10
F Weigel	0110000011100111011010000—11
G A Vickman	1001011000100010000110001— 9
J A Blish	0111111101101101110101111—19

H. H. STEVENS, Sec'y.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., June 30.—The regular weekly shoot of the Lynchburg Gun Club was held to-day. Events Nos. 1 to 5 were at unknown angles, A. S. A. rules; No. 6 was expert rules, and No. 7 was at 10 targets, reversed order:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	*15*	*25*	*20*	*15*	*25*	*10*	*10*	Targets:	*15*	*25*	*20*	*15*	*25*	*10*	*10*
Terry	11	19	14	12	19	6	7	Jenkins	11	18	14	9	11	6	4
Nelson	9	16	13	12	19	5	..	Durphy	9	18	8	5	19	6	..
Scott	8	18	16	15	20	8	7	Miller	11	21	14	9	18	6	6
Moorman	11	21	12	10	18	..	..	Hamner	..	18	..	..	..	..	..
Stearns	10	17	11	11	12	6	7							F.	M. D.

Goldfield's Tournament.

GOLDFIELD, Ia., June 26.—The two days' shoot of the Goldfield Rod and Gun Club closed to-day. Fred Gilbert and Harry Wilson, State champion, shot closely throughout the shoot. Scores:

No. 1, 10 singles: Limeberger 10, Wilson 9, Geo. Agood 9, Wood 9, Fox 8, H. Agard 8, Gilbert 7, J. G. Smith 7.

No. 2, 15 singles: Fox 15, Wilson 13, Wood 13, Shoen 14, Limeberger 12, Smith 11, Guy Agood 11, Agood 10, Gilbert 10.

No. 3, 20 singles: Wilson 19, Limeberger 18, Wood 18, G. Agood 19, Geo. Agood 17, Gilbert 16, Smith 16, Fox 16, Shoen 12.

No. 4, 15 singles: Gilbert 15, Fox 14, Shoen 13, Wood 12, Limeberger 12, George Agard 12, J. G. Smith 11, Fox 11.

No. 5, 9 singles and 3 pairs: Fox 13, Limeberger 12, Gilbert 11, Wood 11, Wilson 11, George Agard 11, Guy Agard 10, Smith 8.

No. 6, 15 singles: Beisel 15, Smith 15, Wood 12, Limeberger 12, Guy Agard 12, Fox 12, Wilson 12, George Agard 12, Gilbert 11, Smith 9.

No. 7, 5 pairs: Guy Agard 9, Wilson 8, Gilbert 8, Limeberger 8, George Agard 6, Fox 5.

No. 8, 20 singles: Agard 18, Wood 17, Gilbert 17, Fox 16, Smith 16, Beisel 16, Limeberger 13, Guy Agard 13, Wilson 11.

No. 9, 15 singles: Wood 14, Gilbert 14, Limeberger 12, Wilson 13, Shoen 11, Fox 10, Beisel 10, Geo. Agard 8, Guy Agard 9, Martheson 7, McTyce 7.

No. 10, 10 live birds: Gilbert 9, Geo. Agard 9, Wilson 9, Limeberger 8, Shoen 8, Guy Agard 7, Fox 6.

No. 11, 20 singles: Gilbert 20, Wilson 19, Wood 19, Limeberger 19, Beisel 17, Guy Agard 17, Geo. Agard 14.

No. 12, 15 singles: Wood 15, Gilbert 14, Geo. Agard 14, Wood 14, Guy Agard 13, Shoen 12, Limeberger 12, Smith 12, Fox 13, McIntyre 10, Dorr 10, Hewett 10.

Omaha Gun Club.

OMAHA, Neb., June 27.—Herewith find score of the Omaha Gun Club's regular weekly shoot:

Carmichael	111111111011111111111111—24
Brucker No. 1	111111111110111111110111—23
Whitener	111111111011110111111111—23
Marsh	111111110111111111110011—22
Raymond	111111110111011111111011—22
Young	111011111101111111101010—20
Hughes	101111001111101101111111—20
Brucker No. 2	111010111101111011111101—20
Smead	110111011110101111101111—20
Blake	100011011111101111111111—20
Johannes	110111110110101111011011—19
Edwards	101110100011011101101011—16
Salisbury	100111010111000101001101l—14
Loomis	010011110111000100101101O—13
Bates	110000000110001011111011—13

W. D. KENYON, Sec'y.

Limited Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind, July 1.—The Limited Gun Club began shooting for class badges July 1 instead of July 8, as had been announced.

The change probably had the effect of reducing the attendance. However, 22 shooters participated.

Conditions: 25 empire targets, classes A and B unknown angles, class C known angles.

The day was bright and hot and the shooting difficult:

Class A: Britton 25, Tripp 24, Moore 22, Tutewiler 20, Robinson 20, Parry 20, Comstock 19, Cooper 19, Beck 18, Wildhack 16, Townsend 15.

Class B: Kimberlin 20, Mott 20, Hearsey 18, Sielkin 18, Griffith 17, Socwell 16, Morris 15, Deschled 15, Lilly 13.

Ties on 20 at 10 targets: Kimberlin 8, 10; Marrott 8, 8.

Class C: Kershner 23, Craft 20. ROYAL ROBINSON, Sec'y.

Marietta Gun Club.

MARIETTA, Ga., July 2.—The regular weekly shoot of the Marietta Gun Club was held to-day, known traps and unknown angles:

Gramling	111111011101000100011111—17
Meinert	101011001111110010101l101—16
Reynolds	100111000111111001110101—16
Black	110111011111000110000011l—15
Austin	011101001111011001010100l—14
Stephens	111111100111011000100000l—14
Setze	110100100011101101010000—12
Thornton	100111100000000001010010ll—10
Love	010000101011000001000l000— 8

W. J. BLACK, Sec'y.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

A Trip to Japan.

THE Canadian Pacific Railway Company issues under the title of "A Woman's Pleasant Venture" a neat little brochure descriptive of an inexpensive trip to Japan taken by a lady who traveled alone. With regard to the cost of such a trip the writer says:

"For instance, I found that a three months' trip to Japan, all traveling expenses included, did not cost me as much as a trip of the same duration in Europe usually does. The largest expense is the initial one of the 'round-trip ticket.' Once arrived in Japan, you find everything very cheap, and as the country has a depreciated currency, you get a large premium on your English or American money.

"Train travel in Japan, first-class, does not cost more than third-class travel in England, and the trains are very comfortable.

"You can hire a 'rickshaw,' with a coolie to draw it, for 37 cents a day. Your hotel bills run from $1.50 to $3.50 a day, while special terms can be made for a stay of a week or longer. The hotels are generally run in foreign style, and are usually very much better than those one finds in most places in the Southern States. The large ones at Yokohama and Tokio are quite equal to the first-class European hotels.

"If you intend staying any length of time in Japan, you can hire a little house and some bright, willing native servants and live for almost nothing.

"I can think of no more delightful rest for a person tired out by the work and worry of our busy Western life."

The pamphlet will be sent on application to Mr. E. V. Skinner, E. P. A. Canadian Pacific R'y, New York.—*Adv.*

New Winchester Catalogue.

CATALOGUE No. 57, which has been issued by the Winchester Company, contains 130 pages of matter interesting to riflemen and shotgun shooters Several pages are devoted to a description of new specialties in the line of shotgun ammunition, wads, shells, etc., and several new nitro primers are listed for the first time.

The new model of 1895 repeater is fully described, and a table is published showing the standard lengths and sizes of barrels furnished with single shot rifles of various calibers. The extras in single shot rifles now include palm rests, Schuetzen butt plates, etc., and the component parts of double set trigger are listed for most models. In all there are fourteen pages of new matter.—*Adv.*

Save Your Wheel.

A DROP of oil at the right time and in the right place means long life and good working condition to a bicycle. Don't condemn a wheel when the trouble may have been caused by your neglect to oil it properly.

Oil frequently and use but little oil at a time. The best oiler for this purpose is the "Perfect" Pocket Oiler. This oiler regulates the supply of oil to the exact amount needed. It does not leak and will save you the annoyance of finding that all the oil has escaped from your can when you especially need a drop for your wheel. The "Perfect" Oiler only costs 25 cents, and is well worth the slight difference in price over the cheaper cans.—*Adv.*

Gold Dust Smokeless.

"GOLD DUST," the handsome powder that Mr. W. L. Colville is introducing to Eastern shooters, is, strangely enough, very popular in a number of States whose predilection is unmistakably for silver. In the West it has made a very enviable record, which it will no doubt duplicate in the East. "Gold Dust" is said to contain no nitro glycerine and no gun cotton. As there is a broad margin in loads without dangerous pressures, it should be a very safe powder to use.—*Adv.*

THE finest chicken shooting in the world is found in the States of Iowa and Minnesota, and the crop for 1896 promises to be the largest for years. Along the line of the Chicago Great Western Railway (Maple Leaf route) birds are particularly plentiful. Write to F. H. Lord, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, for points on some of the choice spots and how to reach them.—*Adv.*

MESSRS. W. W. HART & Co. have received from Washington a diploma and medal for their taxidermy display at the World's Fair in Chicago.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page x.

Readers accustomed to buying the FOREST AND STREAM *at news stands, and who are going out of town to points where they cannot purchase from newsdealers, may have the paper mailed from this office for any length of time at the rate of forty cents per month.*

BIRD DAY.

THE idea of setting apart one day in the year for the planting of trees by the children of the public schools of the United States was first suggested nearly twenty-five years ago by the Hon. J. Sterling Morton, now Secretary of Agriculture. Since its establishment, the observance of Arbor Day has become very general in many parts of the Union and is still increasing. On the first Arbor Day more than a million of trees were planted, and it would be hard to calculate the full usefulness of this day. Not only has the supply of trees about our towns and villages been by this means increased, but a very general interest has been aroused in the subject of trees and their uses, a sentiment cultivated for them and for the study of plants. A strong impression has no doubt been made on many young minds, which is exerting and will continue to exert an influence for good in the country at large.

Now comes the suggestion that a bird day should be established, a day devoted altogether to birds, in which the children shall tell what they know about birds, and give the result of their study and observation of them throughout the year. The idea of bird day seems to have originated with Prof. C. A. Babcock, Superintendent of Schools in Oil City, Pa., who wrote to the Department of Agriculture in the year 1894, urging the establishment of such a day, and stating that a certain date in May would be observed as Bird Day in Oil City. The Secretary of Agriculture replied very cordially, approving the suggestion, and the day was observed in the Oil City schools with much enthusiasm. It was observed again there in 1895 and in 1896. This year an independent movement was started in Iowa by the Superintendent of Schools at Fort Madison with great success, and the matter has been taken up in Nebraska.

In his letter to Mr. Babcock, Secretary Morton very truly says: "It is a melancholy fact that among the enemies of our birds two of the most destructive and relentless are our women and our boys. The love of feather ornamentation so heartlessly persisted in by thousands of women, and the mania for collecting eggs and killing birds so deeply rooted in our boys, are legacies of barbarism inherited from our savage ancestry. The number of beautiful and useful birds annually slaughtered for bonnet trimmings runs up into the hundreds of thousands, and threatens, if it has not already accomplished, the extermination of some of our rarer species. The insidious egg-hunting and pea-shooting proclivities of the small boy are hardly less widespread and destructive. It matters little which of the two agencies is the more fatal, since neither is productive of any good. One looks to the gratification of a shallow vanity, the other to the gratification of a cruel instinct and an expenditure of boyish energy that might be profitably diverted in other channels. The evil is one against which legislation can be only palliative and of local efficiency. Public sentiment, on the other hand, if properly fostered in the schools, would gain force with the growth and development of our boys and girls, and would become a hundredfold more potent than any law enacted by the State or Congress. I believe such a sentiment can be developed, so strong and so universal that a respectable woman will be ashamed to be seen with the wing of a wild bird on her bonnet, and an honest boy will be ashamed to own that he ever robbed a nest or wantonly took the life of a bird.

"Birds are of inestimable value to mankind. Without their unremitting services our gardens and fields would be laid waste by insect pests. But we owe them a greater debt even than this, for the study of birds tends to develop some of the best attributes and impulses of our natures. Among them we find examples of generosity, unselfish devotion, of the love of mother for offspring, and other estimable qualities. Their industry, patience and ingenuity excite our admiration; their songs inspire us with love of music and poetry; their beautiful plumages and graceful manners appeal to our æsthetic sense; their long migrations to distant lands stimulate our imaginations and tempt us to inquire into the causes of these periodic movements, and finally, the endless modifications of form and habits by which they are enabled to live under most diverse conditions of food and climate—on land and at sea—invite the student of nature into inexhaustible fields of pleasurable research."

Many causes contribute toward the constant diminution of our birds of all sorts. Chief among these are the clearing away of the forests, the draining of the swamps, the increasing slaughter of game birds, the demand for feathers to supply the millinery trade, and the breaking up of nests by egg-collecting boys. There has been abundant legislation looking to the protection of both game and small birds, but as such laws are not upheld by the public sentiment of the community they are not effective. The establishment of a day to diffuse knowledge about our birds and to awaken general interest in them cannot fail to be useful. It is easy to arouse in a child an interest in and love for almost any branch of natural history, and nothing appeals so strongly to children as birds. When once they are made to understand something about our feathered friends they will go to almost any lengths to protect them.

There are abundant means for appealing in the right way to young minds on this subject, but the details of the observance of such a day must of course be left to school instructors. It is unnecessary and perhaps it is not desirable to go so far as to take up the study of ornithology in the schools. What is necessary is to awaken an interest in bird life, and when this is once done the rest is easy.

Economic ornithology has been defined as "the study of birds from the standpoint of dollars and cents." Many estimates have been made as to the value of birds to the farmer, and while such calculations are and must be only general, it is unquestioned that the birds of our country add each year uncounted millions to its wealth. In fact, it is certain that but for the birds agriculture in the United States would come to a standstill. The ignorance which prevails on this subject is as astonishing as it is universal. It is but a few years since the State of Pennsylvania expended many thousands of dollars in bounties for the destruction of birds which are now known to be actually of very great benefit to the farmer, who was thus taxed for a purpose which actually decreased the product of his fields. The excellent work done by the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture, and by some of the experiment stations of State Boards of Agriculture, is going far to dissipate the general ignorance on this subject. Much remains to be done, however, and whatever work is undertaken can be enormously advanced by interesting the rising generation in this subject. Teachers can exert a powerful influence for good by giving this subject some attention and thought, and there are perhaps few ways in which more practical good can be accomplished than by establishing in our schools a day devoted to the birds.

SNAP SHOTS.

In a note describing the doings at a fishing resort in the Eastern States, recently received by FOREST AND STREAM, proud mention is made of one catch which deserves a word or two of comment. It is apparently hoped that if publicity is given to this catch anglers will be attracted to the locality, and the note names an individual who, in two half days' fishing, captured 600 speckled trout. All men who handle the trout rod are eager to get good fishing, and in order to obtain it are willing to do a great deal of work and to suffer more or less of hardship, and as a rule the harder the work and the greater the discomfort the more highly the catch is valued. We opine, however, that the capture of these 600 trout will not attract to the resort in question very many of the better class of anglers. It is possible to pay too high a price even for good fishing, and the danger of being obliged to associate with an individual guilty of such wanton fish slaughter, or with persons who countenance such slaughter as this, would be such a high price. Any one who for sport would destroy such a quantity of fish must be so entirely careless of the rights and feelings of other people that he should be carefully avoided. We can imagine such a man to be greedy, pushing, selfish and assertive; one whom all decent and self-respecting anglers would wish to shun.

The use of birch bark as stationery is as old as the hills, and yet is something always as novel as pleasing to the newly initiated. The mention of birch bark writing paper by a correspondent recalls an incident in the life of Rev. Dr. Samuel H. Coxe, of Utica, as told by his friend Gen. R. U. Sherman. It was of an occasion when birch bark slips took the place of hymn books. Dr. Coxe and Gen. Sherman were members of the old Walton Club; and one Sunday nearly forty years ago, back in the '50s, when the members of the club were gathered at the historic camp site on the Fourth Lake of the Fulton Chain, Dr. Coxe was asked to conduct religious services. There were in the party George Dawson, Ned Buntline, Gen. Sherman and some forty others, among them a goodly number of singers. Mr. Dawson wrote from memory several appropriate hymns on slips of birch bark, and led the choir in a solemn melody that would have honored a grand cathedral. "Without taking any set text," Gen. Sherman afterward related, "the Doctor opened with the declaration that 'when I go into the woods I leave my white neck cloth behind.' What followed showed that white neck cloths were not necessary to provide eloquence, deep religious sentiment nor profound thought. His address was a convincing effort to show how intimate was the connection between nature and revelation, and that

'The groves were God's first temples.'

Most of the persons who were present to hear this impressive address have gone to their long homes, and the few survivors are 'in the sere and yellow leaf'; but none ever forgot the reverent sentiment inspired by this offhand but masterly effort." Dawson, Buntline, Coxe, Sherman, perhaps all who were in the Walton camp on that Sabbath morning have passed from earth.

We cheerfully give room to the letter which Gov. Richards, of Wyoming, sends us concerning the course of the authorities of his State in relation to the Bannock Indian troubles of last year. Gov. Richards tells us that from the beginning it had been the purpose of the Wyoming authorities to determine by legal process the merits of the question involved as to the hunting rights of the Indians. We have never questioned the righteous intention or the strict legality of what has been done by the higher authorities of the State; our criticisms have been upon the local officers, who, if they meant well, appear at least to have made a terribly bad bungle of the execution of those intentions; and what we have said about the killing of the Indians has been based upon the official report made to the War Department by its own agents. We are quite ready to assent to the proposition of Gov. Richards that the killing of the Indians on the specific occasion described by him may not be, except figuratively, designated as an infliction of the death penalty for a misdemeanor. It will occur to most folks that in any section of this country outside of the immediate vicinity of Jackson's Hole twenty-seven constables and deputies would probably be able to conduct safely nine individuals under guard, without shooting their guns off in the confusion and killing and wounding their prisoners. The FOREST AND STREAM has always contended for just such an adjudication of this Indian hunting question as has now been reached; we took pains to procure and publish an advance copy of the full text of the decision of the Supreme Court, and we now renew the expression of satisfaction then given that the decision was in favor of the State authorities and that thus one tremendous agency of game destruction has been removed.

We conclude this week our third annual review of the game parks of this country. In number and size these preserves are assuming increased importance every year, and are becoming more and more an appreciable factor in our game supply and shooting resources. In addition to the parks stocked with large game there are numerous preserves devoted to individual and club purposes, for the shooting of indigenous game. While the multiplication of such preserves abridges in some degree the common opportunities of sportsmen at large, they are likely to have a considerable and healthy influence on game protection, for they will serve as so many object lessons of what may be accomplished in keeping up the supply under wise limitations.

The committee appointed by the New York Legislature to inquire into the advisability of the State purchasing additional lands in the Adirondacks, to solidify the holdings in the State Park and for the better protection of the Hudson watersheds, went into the North Woods last Monday to gather material for its report next winter. The Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission will ask for the issue of $1,000,000 of bonds to purchase lands that have been offered for sale to it at the price of $1.50 per acre.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A CABIN IN THE OLYMPICS.

AWAY up over the hills, miles away, by a trail through dense fir and cedar forests, or here and there skirting a lovely little lake, away toward the foothills above which the towering, jagged, snow-covered peaks of the Olympics look down on the blue waters of beautiful Puget Sound, in a little clearing just in the edge of a big patch of cedar timber, where the ground is rich, black and deep, and where the giant trunks stand so thickly as to shut out the sun, is a little cabin. It is built of cedar logs halved, flat side in, with roof of "shakes" of the same material (which splits almost as straight as it could be sawed), and floor of solid cedar planks, smooth and tight, split, of course. The whole building is neat and comfortable beyond the imaginings of urban dwellers, and evinces patient, skillful labor with axe and cross-cut saw. This is the home of the owner, James, not James something or anything, but just Thomas James, who for five years has been holding down a homestead claim here away back in the wilderness, and who, unaided, put up this log cabin 20ft. square, with its heavy logs and long, heavy, peeled saplings for rafters, running from gable to gable. Here during the winters he hunts and traps alone, while in summer he usually gets a job in some of the numerous logging camps alongshore, which are rapidly sending, in huge rafts, this magnificent timber to mill. Every few days during the winter he comes down to the waterside for a mess of ducks and to look after his traps along the creek, and here I made his acquaintance, and we having a love of the woods and pursuit of the denizens thereof in common, he invited me up to his cabin, and I, wishing to see his claim and also to gain a better knowledge of the country, gladly accepted, starting one fine afternoon last winter when the heavens had ceased weeping awhile, and reaching his cabin along toward evening, finding him whiling away the long hours with his violin.

The trail for considerable of the way was new to me, and there being no wet snow on the ground I enjoyed the trip immensely as with Marlin on shoulder I kept my eyes busy in search of game, but nothing larger than grouse caught their attention. Here and there openings in the forest afforded delightful glimpses of crowned peaks that looked so near and yet so far, and once I came out of the gloom upon a little gem of a lake that mirrored its wall of motionless firs, and upon whose quiet bosom three or four butterballs were preening their feathers. Upon the shore of this lake some would-be homesteader had built his log cabin with more or less enthusiasm and visions of profit, but after a sojourn sufficiently extended to allow the magnitude and hopelessness of the labor of making an impression on that heart-breaking forest to trickle through his mentality, he had folded his blankets like an Indian and silently stole away. He had sense. But there was the cabin, doorless and floorless; and empty painkiller and cough balsam bottles telling of coughs, colds and rheumatism; and other empty bottles from which the *pro tempore* hermit had essayed to draw spiritual consolation when he wrestled with the powers of darkness during the long, lonesome winter evenings. In the center of the floor was a pile of ashes and overhead was a hood to corral the smoke, from whence it shot through a shoot into the open air, among the trees, heavenward, anywhere from that gloomy place. There was a wrecked bunk in one corner with browse scattered around; scraps of paper lay rotting, and all was, as Mantalini would say, "demnition moist and unpleasant." And so looking and musing on man's mistakes, I put one foot before the other along the trail, and after a while sat in James's comfortable and cheerful cabin and rested, and felt pretty good and hungry watching him prepare his back supper of coffee, spuds, venison and good bread and butter, after due consideration and appreciation of which I felt better still.

And then we didn't fill pipes with the fragrant weed and watch the curling smoke go sailing skyward, because neither of us smoke, but we swapped hunting experiences until bedtime, and then, while the fire murmured drowsily in the little old cookstove, we retired to sleep the sleep of the innocent on what? Browse? Home-made slats? Bless your soul, no! But a nice yielding woven wire mattress that was just taut enough and not too taut, making a soft place for every bone and muscle and fixing the tired body up in great shape for the morrow's tramp. And when the morrow came, it being about the time for running one line of traps, we started out, skirting a cedar swamp for a way, then past an abandoned homestead where delusion was again apparent, on through the dark forest, crossing a noisy stream high up on a 100ft. log that spanned the stream and bed, and that swayed with us suggestively, up a hill, across a plateau, around the base of a young mountain, and then descending into a deep gorge kept alongside a beautiful stream where hide the lovely trout and where were hidden traps for the wary mink and otter; but none rewarded our search this day. The line ended at the upper end of a pretty lake, and when we reached the lake I left James to finish the line while I looked for some grouse along the hillside. I saw but one, and before James returned I had decapitated that and was ready to accompany him homeward by another route, for trail there was none.

On the way he pointed to a big hemlock tree and said: "I was over here one day a year ago, and when I got along here my attention was accidentally drawn to something dark colored in that tree that didn't look exactly as though t belonged there. I was quite a way back yonder when I spied it, and cautiously reconnoitering I found it was a black bear quietly snoozing up yonder on some convenient limbs. I couldn't get the shot I wanted from where I was and moved round a way to a better position, losing sight for a few minutes of the bear, and when I got to where I thought I could see him all right, lo and behold he wasn't there at all. He had seen or winded me and slipped down, and though I caught a glimpse of his movement in the thick bushes I never saw him again."

"That was aggravating," said I, "to have a bear up a tree in nice position to be shot and have him get away like that."

"Yes," he replied, "but there's many a slip 'twixt the gun and the bear. They are mighty smart, and though there are many in the country it's only once in a while you get a shot, and even then they are apt to get away, though badly hit, for there are no bear dogs around."

I asked him how many he had killed the year previous and I think he said eight or ten, little and big, half of them cubs. As we walked along he said: "I was out deer hunting one day two or three miles from the cabin on a light snow that had fallen the night previous, but I had found no deer during the forenoon and I had given up and was pointing for home, when I heard a singular noise off a little distance in the woods and stopped to listen. It sounded somewhat like a leaning tree rubbing against another, a sort of complaining, whining sound trees will make sometimes, you know; but there was no wind at all. Directly I heard the sound again, and locating it as well as I could I went as noiselessly as possible toward it, and after going some distance was brought to a standstill very suddenly; for there, not more than 30ft. away, at the foot of a cedar whose branches almost swept the ground, stood a full-grown cougar facing me, with her body almost concealed by the limbs and her tail waving slowly back and forth. I was considerably surprised for a minute, but I knew that I'd got to shoot pretty quick and mighty straight too; so I took a long breath, drew the sights down fine between her eyes and pulled. The old .45 was true to her instincts and the cat dropped like a log, and when she'd about done kicking I walked up to her and found a hole as square between the eyes as you ever saw.

"'That's pretty neatly done,' I said to myself, and not a particle of buck fever about it. So I pulled the beast out a little, stood my gun up against a fir tree about 15ft. away, took off my coat—which was pretty heavy—and hung it over the gun, for it was snowing a little though the morning was warmish, and proceeded to skin the cat. I'd got well along with the job when I straightened up a bit to rest my back—I was on my knees—and found myself looking square into the face of another cougar that stood just the other side of a smallish log some eight or ten steps away, and almost in a line with my gun. Here was a nice fix. A good healthy cougar staring at you, and your gun half way to the beast. I wanted that gun the worst way, but there was only one way to get it. Wishing wouldn't get it. I had to crawl for it. So I started, on my hands and knees, with my eyes on the cat, and my heart, well, I don't exactly know where it was. What I should have done had the animal leaped I don't know. I just trusted to luck and kept crawling toward the cat and that gun, that seemed so far away and the cat so near. But luck was with me. The beast never moved. It had probably never seen such a performance before and was just paralyzed. I reached the gun, took the coat off, and in less time than it takes to tell it I had a fine bead just where I wanted it, and the cat fell just as the other did, with a hole in the same place. I was disturbed no more and took home two very pretty hides, the second smaller than the first and evidently a yearling or maybe a two-year-old."

"Now that's something like," said I. "That's the way I want to shoot my cougars. Well, not just that way. I don't care about bearding a cougar in his face just like that, but I want to hit him just where you did, because if you don't hit him fine you're liable to get mussed up some, eh?"

"Right you are," quoth James. "The head's the only sure place to hit 'em."

"I'm with you every time," said I, "whether it's with a rifle or a handspike, aim for the head," and so we plodded along homeward, admiring the beauties of nature while we took an occasional header into the brush or slipped on a concealed stick on a side hill and plowed the earth for a space.

Along in the afternoon we raised the latch of the James villa, and after a hospitable lunch I bade my host and entertainer good-bye and somewhere in the gloaming I pulled up at the other terminus pretty much tired, after having wounded a grouse badly and lost him in the thick brush.

Some time in March James was down in the valley one day and told me he had killed a bear and cub not long before, having found them under a big rock in their winter nest not many minutes' walk from his cabin, and that if I would come up pretty soon we would get a mess of trout and he would show me how he got the bear. That was enough to tempt me, of course, so among the first days in April I went up again early one morning, catching him at rather a late breakfast; but, as he had only himself to wait on and nothing else to do, that wasn't so very reprehensible.

First we went out to the scene of the bear killing, a half mile perhaps from the cabin. Here, in the thick forest, on comparatively level ground which extended for probably a mile or two in every direction, lay a huge rock with not a stone visible anywhere else, and the conclusion was natural that it had ridden there on a glacier some days previous. I say rock, but it was now two, though originally having been one, for when the glacier let go of it it split into two almost equal parts which fell apart at the top to a distance of 10ft., but at the bottom only from 1 to 2ft., having a cleft through which one could almost see from one side or end of the rock to the other, the break not being perfectly straight, and being through the longest diameter of the big stone. The size of it was 40×20ft. by about 20ft. high, as near as I could estimate the height, and it was covered with moss, with here and there a low brush. When it split and fell apart, naturally the bottom raised from the earth at the center, leaving a space or cavity some 2 or 3ft. high at the crack, lessening thence each way to point of contact of sides of rock with the earth. In this cavity the bear had made her nest, being able to enter it from only one end, and now, standing at this end, we will let Mr. James tell the story:

"I had known of the existence of this rock, of course, for several years and had seen what a nice place it would be for a bear to den up in, and had come by this way one or two years, but had found no bear. Along in the latter part of February I was up one day at the lake looking at some traps I had there, and it being convenient to come by this way home, I thought I'd look in here and see if any bear had found this nice spot this season. As soon as I came near I saw bear sign sure enough. D'ye see where she had clawed off moss from the rock? And see where she had broken off sal-lal bushes around here to make a nest with? And there is a bunch of stuff she had raked together that she forgot to take in; had enough before she got to that, I s'pose. I said to myself, 'There's business here now, certain, and it may turn out mighty interestin' before we get through; for I'm going to stir up the animals before I leave.' So I lay down here and tried to make out where the brute was, but couldn't see anything, for it was dark in there off to one side the split; so I got up and went round to the other side the rift, where I could walk in, which I couldn't from here, for you see the split is nearly closed here. After I had tiptoed along in to nearly the center of the rock I heard a cub squeal, and then I didn't wait any longer there, but backed out in a hurry, for it would be a ticklish place to get caught in a crack in a wall by a mad bear. You see, the cavity underneath don't extend clear through, and when I heard the cub I hadn't quite reached the cavity, so the bear hadn't seen my legs, or, fortunately, heard me. Well, when I got back here again, finding everything quiet, I determined to crawl in and see how the land lay. You see those rocks just inside the opening here, bedded in the ground and projecting from it nearly 1ft.? Well, I had to crawl over them, of course, and there isn't any too much room between them and the rock above, and if a bear made a charge on me and I had to crawfish over them rocks it would be mighty awkward work, and might get me into a heap of trouble; but I couldn't get in any other way, so I concluded to chance it far enough to see what there was in there, anyway." [And right there I thought of the story of Israel Putnam and the wolf den in ante-Revolution times. Remember? But James hadn't any comrades to fasten a rope to his heels and pull him out after he had shot.] "So I straightened out on my belly and, pushing my gun ahead, slowly and quietly pulled myself along until I was a full length inside the rocks you see there. Then I waited until my eyes could penetrate the dim light, and little by little a black mass showed up curled up and motionless in a nest of sticks, bushes and moss to the right of the rift and where the cavity was deeper than elsewhere. There was my game, but where to shoot I didn't know, for I couldn't make out head or tail. I was only about 15ft. from the bear, and if I could have told where to shoot one shot would probably have done the business. I was in a cramped position and couldn't get my gun to my shoulder with any ease, but I managed to get it pointed at what I judged was the vitals of the brute and so that I could work the lever for a second shot, and then I put two shots into that mass without any waste of time, I tell you, and the way I put full speed astern on James was a sight, I believe. It's a wonder I didn't leave part of my clothes in there. But I got out all right, pumped another shell into the gun and faced the music for further revelations, expecting as like as not that the bear would charge out unless mortally hurt. But she didn't come and made no movement that I could hear.

"Waiting a few minutes for the smoke to clear away, I carefully crawled in again little by little, looking carefully every foot until I was able to see the bear sitting up licking her wounded legs, for there's where I had hit her, curiously enough, and paying no attention to me whatever. I suppose that being awakened so suddenly and painfully from sound sleep she was dazed and so careless of anything save her hurts. I got a bead on her head this time, and pulling quickly crawfished as before, but there was no movement inside, and waiting a spell I cut a long pole, and crawling in once more prodded the carcass a few times, and finding it dead I came out, and going around to the other side walked in through the cleft until opposite the nest, when I stooped down and luckily found the bear within reach. So I pulled her to the cleft, which was here a little wider than elsewhere, and after much labor got her out and pulled her backward clear of the rock and then went back and found the cub, which could have been but a few days old, as it was only about 15in. long, with eyes not yet open, but curiously enough having its skull broken, whether by accident or design of the dam is a puzzle. The bear was small-sized and was hit in three legs by the first two bullets, which I found flattened against the bones. The last shot struck just back of the eye, passing through the head. The hide was in fine condition, black and glossy. Now, if you like, you might crawl in there. You'll get a better idea of how it happened."

And I did. And as I lay there on my stomach in that contracted passage, going through the performance "in my minds's eye, Horatio," I found myself questioning whether if I had found that bear I'd have tackled it alone or rather had gone off and got somebody to be present at the obsequies, in case there had been obsequies—my obsequies, you understand. And I became of the opinion while I lay there that James had in his make-up quite a stock of what is called "sand." Some folks might call it by another name; it don't matter.

Then I crawled out of the hole, went round to the other side of the crack, walked in there, stooped down and looked in, took a general survey of rock and surroundings; then we went back to the cabin, from whence we went to the creek, a mile or two away, and brought back a bountiful catch of lovely trout running from 10 to 13in., and in the pleasant afternoon I followed the devious trail homeward, while the sun dropped below the hoary peaks of the Olympics and shadows deepened in the east.

O. O. S.

STATE OF WASHINGTON, June, '96.

MAN, PANTHER AND PINE KNOT.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., July 2.—Some twenty years ago a woodsman named Almon Young was living on his farm near Barker's Creek, a station about twenty miles south of this village, on the C. & W. M. Ry.

Like most of our settlers, he devoted a portion of his time during the early spring months to the manufacture of that delicious product known as maple sugar, and at the time of which I write his "sugar bush" had, as they say in New Hampshire, been "tapped out," the sap spiles driven, the troughs set (they had not in those days arrived at the dignity of tin buckets), and everything was in the full tide of successful operation.

Sugar at that time was more costly than now, and as a farmer's work is less pressing during the early spring than at any other season, a good deal of it was made and for the most part traded off at the nearest country store for such supplies as the family most required.

Nowadays comparatively little sugar is made, the manufacture of syrup being found more remunerative.

Well, as I was saying, Mr. Young went down one morning early to his sugar camp, and before he reached it became aware that all was not precisely as it should have been. As he expressed it during a subsequent conversation, "things looked kinder upsot." A further complication was manifest in the presence of a large wolf.

Now the sugar makers, among other primitive methods

in use at that time, were accustomed to control the ebullition of the heated sap by dropping into the same a piece of fat pork, and certain fragmentary portions of this substance, which had been placed for convenience or safety upon some of the logs of the camp, had been dragged down by the unwelcome visitor and diverted from their legitimate purpose and destination. The snow was deep, game was scarce, and under the circumstances no self-respecting wolf could be expected to pass by without sampling it, a more or less attractive chunk of fresh "hog meat." At any rate, this particular wolf had decided upon his course—that is, the first course of his breakfast—and when the farmer had hove in sight had disposed of this item on the bill of fare, and was seeking more of the same sort.

Like other hunters, Young had but little fear of these animals, and although unarmed, he advanced with a shout, expecting, of course, that the wolf would turn tail and flee. He didn't; on the contrary he displayed a most formidable looking set of teeth, and deciding that if raw farmer was not the second item of the *menu* it ought to be made so at once, he sprang forward with a savage growl. To say that Mr. Young was surprised wouldn't express his feelings—he was a good deal more than that; but promptitude in such a situation is more than half the battle, and the woodsman held his ground, took in the newly added features of the situation, and at once decided that something had to be done or he might be late home to dinner.

As I said, he was unarmed and the wolf was between him and his axe, which was sticking in a log near the camp, but the beast growled some more and kept coming. Young afterward remarked that "It seemed as though the critter was three hours on the way, but he guessed arter all it wa'n't much more'n three seconts."

The ancient Scots had a proverb: "Willing hand never lacked weapon." (I wonder if O. O. S. remembered it when he reached for that handspike and knocked the stuffing out of the panther out on the Pilchuck.)

That, by the bye, was the best panther story I ever read, but it somehow reminded me of the performance of the play entitled "The Fatal Cow-House, or the Murdered Milkmaid," as reported by the author of "Little Pedlington." You will recollect that the hero and the heavy villian at last met in the fatal cow-house, where they providentially found two shields and two broadswords, and as Cy Larkin might have said, "Jest naterally fit it out."

But this may be regarded as a digression, and you needn't print it unless you choose. In fact, I only put it in in order that O. O. S might realize how these panther stories affect a fellow.

Every one who has read "Woodcraft," or has camped much in our Northern forests, knows that hemlock knots make a mighty good fire (Miss Fannie Hardy says she likes poplar and I suppose she knows whereof she speaks, but I have lived in a poplar wood, and I prefer any one of some twenty different sorts of timber for my fire).

Besides raw pork, Mr. Young had thoughtfully provided a fair-sized woodpile, upon the top of which lay a series of huge knots, which he had collected where had lain the trunk of an enormous hemlock tree, the softer portions of which, long since rotted away, had left the great resinous knots exposed to view and easily drawn from their resting places in the decaying wood.

Readers familiar with the works of the historian Barbour, or with those of Sir Walter Scott, may remember that just before the battle of Bannockburn the Bruce terminated an existing difference of opinion between himself and Sir Henry de Bohun by bestowing upon the helmet of that gentleman a slight taste of his battle axe. Young may not have been familiar with the above incident, and had he been his axe was out of reach, but he sprang for the woodpile and grasped the largest knot at hand; but just in time, for as he swung it aloft the animal, with a furious snarl, leaped right at his throat.

But the stern training of the backwoodsman had brought foot and hand and eye in perfect unison. Like a flash he moved aside and on the wolf

"the whiles he passed,
Fell that stern dint, the first—the last,"

and the fierce brute with a muffled growl rolled lifeless on the snow.

The catastrophe was so sudden and satisfactory that the most of us would have felt disposed, in Mr. Young's place, to have spent a little time in rejoicing and self-congratulation; Young merely remarked to himself, "Well, ef they's any more o' them critters that's pork-hungry, I guess we'll manage to give 'em a bellyfull, somehow."

His family, however, attached more importance to the incident, and that old hemlock knot is now, since the death of the old woodsman, treasured among their most cherished possessions. KELPIE.

YELLOWSTONE TROUT AND GAME.

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS, Wyo., July 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If the spirit of Izaak Walton is roaming over the earth looking for happy fishing grounds—grounds that go near to make up a sportsman's paradise—it must keep very near to the mountain streams of the Yellowstone National Park in the summer months. There are other places where more fishermen congregate, and of which good fish stories are told, but in the Yellowstone Park men who never handled a reel, and have been afraid to admit that they loved to go fishing, have suddenly made the discovery that they can beat the expert fishermen of the East in casting a fly so that it will bring the fish to the hook.

Secretary Hoke Smith.

Hon. Hoke Smith was out here in '94, and when asked if he did not want to go trout fishing, he replied, "I want to bad enough, but I am no expert; I won't be able to land any fish! It takes an expert!" Mr. Huntley, general manager of the Transportation Co., finally induced Mr. Smith to accompany him on a fishing expedition to Willow Creek, and the result is that Mr. Smith is now an avowed disciple of Izaak Walton. They were at Willow Creek exactly one hour and forty minutes and returned with 138 trout, principally of the rainbow variety. Mr. Smith caught fifty-two of the 138, which was exceedingly good for one who had never fished for trout before.

Secretary of War Lamont.

Last year Hon. Daniel Lamont visited the Yellowstone Park with a party of friends. When asked if he fished, he said, just as Mr. Hoke Smith did, "Why, it requires an expert to catch trout." Mr. Lamont was in the Park just a week and he caught enough fish to feed the Democrats still out in the cold the remaining term of the present administration. He says that now he is a fisherman, and not afraid to acknowledge it when he goes back to Washington.

Judge Lamoreaux on Segregation.

Judge S. W. Lamoreaux, Commissioner of the United States Land Office, of Washington, D. C., who was in Yellowstone Park recently on a tour of inspection, said: "I spent a week in the Park, which, being under our department, I was anxious to visit. As a result of my visit there I shall have something to say on the question of cutting off the northeast corner of the Park, when I get back to Washington. That question has been before Congress for a long time. There was a bill before Congress at the recent session with that object in view. The idea is to enable a railroad to build through what is now a part of the reservation.

"The members of the Montana delegation were anxious for me to visit the locality, and assured me that I would be able to find no objection to the proposed change of boundary. Well, I rode into the northeast corner on horseback—it was too rough for a vehicle—and I discovered that the Montana delegation did not know what it was talking about. None of its members had ever visited that section of the country.

"The proposition is to move the boundary line from the top of the mountain to the base of the mountain. I discovered that the side of the mountain is covered with forest, and shelters all the kinds of game that are to be found in the Park. The elk and antelope seek these mountain slopes in hot weather, and in winter work down into the beautiful valley below. If we fixed the stream at the base of the mountain as the dividing line we would drive all this game out of the Park, and I have accordingly determined to report adversely on the proposition.

"No railroad company has ever been organized to build the proposed line along the mountain side, but I understand that 100 men of wealth stand ready to jump in and bid for the concession should the boundary of the Park be modified in the manner proposed. Such a railroad might be a money-making enterprise, but I do not think the game in the Yellowstone Park should be sacrificed for the benefit of a railroad corporation."

Judge Lamoreaux and party put in several days fishing. The judge and a friend went out for two hours on a Sunday and they brought in eighty-three fish, weighing 118lbs. The judge immediately called Mr. Jay Haynes, the Park photographer, to have himself and his string of fish photographed for the benefit of his friends in Washington, who would be sure to laugh at his fish story without the indisputable proof from the camera to confirm it.

Buffalo, Wild and Tame.

For several years before the passage of the severe Federal law which provides a penalty of two years' imprisonment and $1,000 fine or both, hunters made their way into the Park and inflicted serious injury upon the herd of buffalo there, and now it is doubtful if over 120 of them remain in the whole Park. In 1890 it was supposed by Uncle Sam's guardians that there were 300 in the herd. A good buffalo head is reported to be worth $500 and the hide $150, so the temptation to slip into the great reservation and break the law has been great. The Park is sixty-two by sixty miles square, and is guarded by a small force of soldiers, who cannot cover the whole territory.

The Government has made an effort to preserve the buffalo and other wild game, and placed a good man, Capt. George Anderson, in charge, but with the few soldiers under him he has been unable to catch every hunter who has slipped in. It is a big territory, covered by mountains, great cañons, rivers and forests; nevertheless Capt. Anderson has brought a number of men to book and captured and saved some fine specimens.

Col. Waters, of the Lake Steamboat Co., has, it is reported, purchased quite a good-sized herd of buffalo at Montreal, Canada, and will place them on Dot Island, a piece of land containing about 150 acres, four miles from the north shore, in Yellowstone Lake. Among the buffalo recently purchased is a bull buffalo weighing 2,200lbs. Mr. Waters has secured a permit from the Government which allows him to have all sorts of game native to the Park, including elk, deer, mountain sheep, bears, antelope and smaller game. F. J. L.

Natural History.

COLOR OF THE SCARLET TANAGER.

DR. R. W. SHUFELDT'S interesting paper on the scarlet tanager published in a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM has called forth a letter to him from one of our subscribers, Mr. August Koch, of Williamsport, Pa., from which we are permitted to print some extracts. That the color of the scarlet tanager is subject to great variation is well known, and it is of interest that such variations should be noted. Mr. Koch says:

"I have read your very interesting article on the color of the scarlet tanager just published in FOREST AND STREAM. My collection contains some specimens of tanagers, descriptions of which may be of some interest to you, and I have therefore thought that I would send you some notes on specimens which are normal except for the points mentioned. All except one of these specimens was taken during the month of May.

"No. 1. Full dress, scarlet, except that two of the smallest wing coverts on each wing are red. Back of neck and central part of back have a strong sooty—almost melanistic—appearance. Upper tail coverts, green and sulphur yellow mixed with red.

"No. 2. Three of the smallest wing coverts on each wing are red, forming conspicuous bands over the wings.

"No. 3. A bright yellow spot on each wing, the spots consisting of a group of yellow dashes on smallest wing coverts, some of them being in the center of some of the black feathers. A fine male, otherwise in normal plumage.

"No. 4. The color is an admixture of bright orange and scarlet, a beautiful effect being produced by the two colors.

"No. 5. The fourth tail feather on the right side is perfectly white, except for a bright rosy tint at the termination of the feather. The specimen is otherwise normal.

"No. 6. A confirmed albino, the ground color of which is a creamy whitish with some admixture of very light sulphur and pink. The pink and sulphur become stronger toward center of abdomen, forming a stripe on the latter.

"No. 7. A male in the dress of a female, except for a large black spot on each wing, including all of the small wing coverts, and similar to the red part of the redwing blackbird. This last specimen was taken Aug. 24, and another in the very same dress was taken, I think, the 1st of September, and presented to Dr. B. H. Warren. I am rather disposed to think that the black spots change to green later in the season, after migration. The sex of both these birds were determined by dissection.

"While collecting in the vicinity of Apalachicola, Fla., last spring, I noticed a scarlet tanager in full dress March 26, 1896. I am rather sorry that I did not shoot the bird to observe the amount of green among the red plumage at that season while in the South."

THE SOUTH AMERICAN OSTRICH.

BY ADOLF ERICH BOECKING, PH. D.

(Concluded.)

THE flesh of the nandú is regularly eaten by the Indian, the Gaucho and the hunter. It is coarse, somewhat resembling horse meat in color as well as in taste, but is not inferior to the average beef. No doubt domestication and a modified diet would improve it, but the white people eat only the young birds or the wing and liver of the full grown. My deerhounds and setters refused to eat it raw, even when hungry, but they would gnaw it when cooked. The setters never noticed the track of the bird. During the season when the ostrich is in its best condition, it is very fat, and this fat, when fresh, is excellent to cook with, but it cannot long be preserved. The natives use it for tanning, for which purpose it is excellent. From the skin of the neck, stripped off unsplit, some Indians make stockings for their children and purses. From the skin of the abdomen with the tail plumes still attached, we are told that showy head dresses used to be made for the chiefs of the Abipone Indians. Stout snares are made by young people out of the long shafts of the wing feathers, and with these attached to the end of a bamboo pole they catch the tinamous. Bridles and ornaments for horses are sometimes platted from these same tail shafts by the men. The long wing and tail plumes are exported for use on women's hats and bring from $10 to $25 per pound.

Instead of being a stupid bird, this ostrich is one of the wisest and most wary. About the dwellings of white settlers, who have neither the time nor the inclination to disturb him, he becomes so tame that he unconcernedly mingles with the poultry and milch cows as if he too were domesticated. He is always fearful of men on horseback, but is not at all disturbed by the approach of people on foot unless they are followed by dogs. These he greatly fears. On the plains he often associates with the deer or the guanaco, and an alarm of any kind will send them rushing away together.

A bitter enemy of the ostrich is the little spur-winged lapwing of the pampa, which attacks the great bird whenever it ventures near its home. They hover over him with loud cries, darting at his neck and head, and ultimately driving him off, while they remain behind to mount high in the air and exult over their victory.

The Indians and the Guachos kill the ostrich for his flesh and for sport, using the bolas, the Indians prefering the *bola brava*, which has only two balls joined by a 6ft. cord of raw hide, while the Guachos commonly use the *bola mansa*, which has three balls on shorter cords. Of course the pursuit is always on horseback, and at least two men take part in it. They approach the bird under cover as nearly as possible, but as soon as the troop becomes restless put spurs to their horses and follow. They always endeavor to cut off one individual from the herd and follow it. While the ordinary step of the ostrich covers only from 20 to 24in., when it is trotting it lifts its wings and covers 3½ft. with each stride; but when more closely pressed and running hard, its head and neck are stretched forward, each step is 5ft. long, and its legs move so quickly that they can hardly be seen. If too closely pressed it dodges, turning at an angle of 25 or 30° from its previous course. When the pursuer is within reach he throws the bolas, which, after revolving a few times, strike the bird and it falls, usually killed by its own momentum. Should the first thrower miss, the second will not; but if the bird should succeed in reaching heavy, wet ground or underbrush, where the bolas cannot be used, it escapes.

When pursued in this manner, the ostrich prefers to run against or across the wind, and if there are bushes in sight, or swamps or shallow lagoons, it makes for them at once. It jumps gullies and creeks a dozen feet wide, and while in the air may be seen to flap its useless wings just as its remote ancestors used to. I have never seen the ostrich swim, as has been reported; nor have I ever, after repeated trials, been able to drive a bird into the water.

The ostrich is often coursed with a mongrel breed of hounds employed by the natives. Thoroughbred greyhounds cannot be used to advantage in the tall, rank grass, for they run too close to the ground to keep the game in view. Besides this they are constantly in danger of getting lost in the grass. In coursing, care must be taken that at least one of the hounds in the leash is accustomed to the sport, for the ostrich has a habit of kicking backward when gripped, and the inexperienced dog is likely to be hurt and perhaps cowed, unless there is an old dog present to back him up and show him how to seize. My coursing was done with a brace of kangaroo hounds, but they never seemed so fond of this sport as of following four-footed game.

In stalking the ostrich with a rifle it is to be remembered that they can carry a good deal of lead, if shot in the front part of the body. A shot which enters the entrails will at once disable a bird.

In more remote parts of the pampa, where people are seldom seen, the ostrich is still afraid of a rider, but does not seem to recognize a person on foot as especially dangerous. There they can be decoyed to within shot of the hunter, if he will wave his handkerchief or his hat on the end of a ramrod. The birds will slowly, cautiously and with many pauses move up quite close to the hunter, unless he should betray himself by some incautious movement, or the wind should change so as to notify the birds

of his presence. The report of the gun does not seem to alarm them, unless there be among the herd some individual that has previously been shot, and if one of them is knocked down by the ball the others in the herd will caper about it in frantic gambols. The wounded bird keeps with its companions as long as it can, but when too weak to follow, turns aside to die.

If caught young, the ostrich becomes wonderfully tame, and these semi-domesticated birds may be seen everywhere in their native country. When thus kept as a pet, it is unnecessary to confine it, for its attachment to the locality is so strong that it is certain to return even if it should have been absent for days. One afternoon Gaspard the cook came riding up to the house clad only in his shirt, and holding tied up in his trousers four little ostrich pullets a day or two old, which he had picked up during a ride. The little birds were put in a room by themselves, but called continuously for their father, and ran against the walls so often that their heads became quite sore and so that I was almost determined to restore them to liberty. As night drew on they became more quiet and at length huddled together in a corner, and the next morning, when, holding an old dry ostrich skin before me, I entered the apartment and strewed some minced meat on the floor, they at once began to eat and were won over to civilization. Afterward they would follow me like dogs, paying no attention to scores of their wild relations which were in full sight. Their principal diet was grass, but they were very fond of anything which came from the cook. They preferred fresh beef or mutton to anything else, and after they had grown up and discovered the situation of the meat house it was necessary to protect the windows with wire nettings to keep them out. With the dogs and with the poultry they lived in entire harmony.

There is no question but that these birds would breed in captivity, and in fact they have so bred in Berlin, in Regents Park (London), and at Frankfort on the Main. There is no doubt that they would do well in Texas and it may be hoped that some time this experiment may be tried.

THE SCREECH OWL IN CAPTIVITY.

ONE hot evening in June while sitting under a tree I was surprised to hear above me a noise sounding like the click of a revolver. Looking up, I saw the originator of this sound—the small but useful screech owl.

The tree next to the one under which I was sitting was full of old woodpeckers' holes, and in one of these I suspected this owl had her nest, so I waited to see into which one she would go. I did not have long to wait, because as soon as she made the noise she was answered by the young ones, who were waiting for the fat mouse which she held in her foot.

She hopped from the tree where I first saw her into one of the smallest holes on the under side of the tree. When she left, after feeding her young, I climbed the tree, and in the hole I found four young owls whose plumage was white, barred with light gray. They were fully feathered and almost able to fly. I took two, which proved to be a pair.

In a short time they became very tame and would take meat from my fingers and would nibble my hand if I put it into the cage empty. When about four months old, one of them began to show rufous feathers, while the other one was gray, finely mottled with brown, and in a few weeks the upper parts of the first became a light rufous streaked with dark brown, with a line of white on each side extending above the wing. All the under parts became white except the breast, which was now barred with light brown, while the other one was dark gray on the head and back, and on the breast was everywhere barred with fine black lines, excepting a stripe of white in the center of the breast. Up to this time I had not named them, and now I decided to call them Red and Gray.

When hungry or thirsty they have a cry which is started very low, rising gradually and then sinking down low again, sounding like *twoo whoo hu-hu-ah*, and made in a very harsh tone, sounding like a moan. After doing this several times they will finish with a cry of *whoo-whoo-whoo-ah*, which begins very low and gradually becomes higher and which I think is a cry of question. They have another cry which they make when their curiosity is aroused and which sounds like *whoot* or *huet*. While doing this they raise their ear tufts about an inch.

If a cat or any other enemy comes near either of them, it puts its wing before itself as a guard, puffs up its feathers, clicks its bill several times, and hissing a warning *cre-e-e*, it advances toward its enemy.

Usually the cat, or whatever it may be, is so frightened by the appearance of the little owl that it suddenly remembers it is not good for its health to stay in that neighborhood and runs away.

When I put a mouse into their cage, the owl which is the nearer to it will have it before it can go 3in., and then the other one goes all around the cage and looks into every corner, perhaps imagining that it can scare up another mouse. As it does not succeed, it then hides in some dark corner of the cage, and then giving a sudden rush it will look all over the cage again. I suppose it thinks that if it hides the mouse will come out and then it can catch it by giving a rush.

When meat is placed in their cage they jump on it as if they intended to break the bottom out of the cage, but sometimes they will jump down onto the floor, and walking up to the meat select a piece, and if it is too big to swallow whole they will tear it into small pieces, shutting their eyes whenever they take a bite.

They are now over a year old and have obtained their adult plumage. Red is 9¾in. in length, and her upper parts are rufous, lightly streaked with black, and her under parts are white and her breast is a very light rufous, streaked with brown and black; while Gray is gray on the back, lightly streaked with black, with under parts white, excepting her breast, which is light gray streaked finely with black. Both have yellow eyes and ear tufts about an inch long, and have toes just barely feathered.

About April 15 the screech owls begin to nest in a hollow in some tree, often where a woodpecker lived last year, near a house. They lay from four to six white eggs, measuring about 1.52×1.25, and by June 15 the young have begun to fly.

This owl is nocturnal in its habits, and hides during the day, but as soon as night falls it comes out to try to catch something. If in your rambles through the woods you should ever happen to meet one in the daytime, do not kill it. If there is a farmhouse anywhere near its nest it is sure to go there about every night and to begin its mournful moaning. I remember when a boy I paid a visit to a cousin who lived in the country, and was just enjoying a pleasant sleep when I was awakened by one of these owls, and in my fright I thought it was about five times as large as it was. After looking all over the room it quietly left, much to my relief.

This little owl is harmless, but because it flies around in the night and makes a moaning noise, it is killed by nearly every farmer and small boy whenever it is seen or whenever they can get near it. I was sitting one evening during summer near an open window when one of these little owls came and sat on the sash of the window, and uttering a low, bubbling sound, which seemed to me to be more pleasing than the loud song of any of our warblers, it flew away. W. DOYLE.

The Rosebreasted Grosbeak's Food.

AUGUSTA, Me., July 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A remarkable bird has been seen here of late, and according to accounts should be called the farmer's best friend. It has been approached within a few feet and was seen to coolly pick potato bugs off the vines, and after apparently shelling them, as birds do seeds, swallowed them. It made quite a meal of them before flying. This bird was about as large as a robin; its head was black, shaped somewhat like a parrot's, with a parrot's beak; the body was a sort of drab color, with a beautiful red shield on throat and breast; the wings were black, having on each wing two prominent white feathers, making a very beautiful bird.

Will some one name it?

[Undoubtedly the rosebreasted grosbeak (*Habia ludoviciana*), which has long been known to destroy this pest. The attention of readers of FOREST AND STREAM was first called to this habit of the grosbeaks in a note from Mrs. Violet S. Williams, of Coralville, Iowa, printed in 1879. The habit had already been observed by Prof. Bessey, of the Iowa Agricultural College, and his observations were confirmed by those of Mr. F. E. L. Beale.]

Game Bag and Gun.

GOOSE SHOOTING AT SILVER LAKE.

LET me tell you of a goose hunt that Charles and I had in November.

The wind is northeast and it looks like snow. As this is the best time for the sport, we load our traps and after an hour's drive come to the lake. Putting the horse in the barn, we walked to the stand or rather house. It is a little house among the bushes and forms one end of the stand or hide, which is about 100ft. long. As we open the door we are met by Add, Oliver, George, Hub, and last, but not least, William, who is the champion shot of the crowd. We see at a glance that the signs are right. They all say, "You're just in time. Flight is on. We have got twenty since daybreak."

Our courage was way up and we kept sharp watch until dark, but saw nothing. While waiting for supper I will tell you about the place. On the west side of Silver Lake is a point called Widgeon Point. This is the best place on the shore, as the geese in their flight cross here and are decoyed with live decoys placed on the beach and with loose ones used as flyers. The club has 200 live decoys, and it is a common sight to see sixty of them in the air at a time. The work of training this flock devolves on Hub and George, and they are first-class at the art. The whole thing is owned by a club of five members. Thomas Arnold is the principal owner, and a right good fellow he is. The rest are good, clean sportsmen and gunners you would be pleased to know.

The stand is about 4ft. high, made of boards and covered with bushes to resemble the woods along shore. It is fitted with electric bells to give warning to those in the house when a flock is seen. It is placed about 30ft. back from the water, the shore in front raised and covered with white sand.

On this beach are tied the "pinners" or line decoys, and these are the watch dogs of the business. Some of the pinners are very valuable, as for instance Old Scituate, One Wing, Young Bill and Johnam. They have about seventy in the beach all the time. Some are birds with part of a wing gone, and old One Wing, as his name implies, has only one wing; the other was shot away in years past when he with others was making his journey over this country. He is now mated to a goose, and is doing all he can every fall to entice his brothers and sisters perhaps into the same trap that caught him. The back of the stand is lined with pens for extra geese to go on the lines when their turn comes.

The flyers are in pens on the hill. When a flock is seen a good pull on a line opens a door, and out comes a flock of eight, ten or fifty geese, as George may think necessary for the work in hand.

But what is that Oliver is saying—"Come, get down to supper. There will be geese in the morning and we want to get into bed as soon as possible." I would like to tell you about Oliver, but am making my story too long. Those that have eaten his ox-tail soup and have listened to his lemonade story will never forget him.

While we were at supper the door was opened by Tom and Millard. Millard is sometimes called Old Sleuth, and he looks it with his gun weighing 20lbs. When he shoots both barrels you hear it in the next county. He is the sole shooter of that gun. Hub tried it once, and you can see his form in the side of a goose pen now. He thinks both barrels went off at once. Thomas was wreathed in smiles when he heard that the boys had got twenty that day. After his supper he told us about the "law" and "'thority" as a certain person understood it, and then we turned in, but not to sleep. Tom did it all. He worked his mill until about 4 o'clock, when I heard Oliver in the large room, and right here I give up all hopes of ever correcting him.

The fire was out; it was snowing outside and there was no kindling in the house. There was a blue smoke in the room and Oliver was doing his best to free his mind, but all of a sudden "Whir-r-r!" goes the bell. We rush out and find that George has nine geese inside the blocks. They come up to the decoys; two go one side, the rest come up in front. Tom says, "You take these in front, I will take care of the two on the side." At the words "Get on to them" from George, we rise up over the stand. "Ready! Fire!" is the word. The guns break, and seven white bodies float on the water. Looking up we see Tom doing a war dance. "Got one with each barrel, and did not shoot until after you fired." "Glory enough." We got nine at this shot.

While we were eating our breakfast a large flock lit in the lake, but were wary and would not come on.

The bell rang every other thing, but we did not get another shot till about 2 o'clock, then five were seen. George let the south flyers go; away they went, sixteen of them. The five wild ones joined them and came up over the beach. It was a sight to make your blood run hot. Twenty-one in the air and seventy on the beach and all in full cry. Old Scituate was up on his toes and calling his goslings for all he was worth, while the rest in the pens joined in the music out of excitement. Talk about music. We had it there. The five lit near enough to shoot, and when they got so we could pick out the decoys we fired and killed four. One flew over the stand. I fired, and as my gun broke I heard the guns go off like crackers on the Fourth of July. He came down all right and "was a bird."

Our next was about an hour later, a flock of twelve lit and then another of thirteen. They did not come on until dark and then came so we could not shoot. We waited and soon they swam into the lake and we thought we had lost them. It was so dark we could hardly see when Tom said he could see them.

"We must shoot now," said he. We got up. Tom gave the word to fire. I heard a roar and looked to see Millard beside me laughing. "Did you hear my gun?" I guess I did. I can hear it yet. We picked up thirteen from this shot, and while the boys went into the house to load the guns Charles and I picked up our traps, said good bye and went home. The score was twenty-seven geese, and thus ended the best time I ever had at a gunning stand. F. E. W.

Game Photographs.

FOREST AND STREAM prints from a photograph a wood scene that should bring a faraway look into the beaver trapper's eyes the moment he sees it. There are fallen logs, in a tangle of brush trees denuded of leaves mostly, and down a slight incline, surrounded by the brush, is a pool. Ripples of water are waggling the shadows of the trees, which were caused by a beaver that had just dived, alarmed by the approach of E. Hofer, who took the photograph.



WIDGEON POINT—WIDE AWAKE.

No picture is so suggestive to a sportsman as one which shows where game has been. Sportsmen's papers print photographs of the tracks of deer, bears and other game, and these are more suggestive than a view of the game itself. A fox's track, leading away across the snow-covered fields, or the ripple where a fish has slapped the water's surface, is full of life to a sportsman. There is a chance with such evidence before him of exercising his craft and skill.

It is related of an amateur photographer of field scenes that one day he tried to catch a running gray squirrel with his little camera. When the negative was developed he found that he had a picture of the animal's tail alone, but because of the very incompleteness of the scene he values that picture above any six in his collection.—*Atlantic Highlands Press.*

Florida Quail and Turkeys.

GULF HAMMOCK HOUSE, Levy County, Fla., July 8.—Owing to the drought of April and May, quail and turkeys hatched out in great style and are strong and healthy. We never had such a showing for sport. C. B. W.

AMERICAN GAME PARKS.

The "Forest and Stream's" Third Annual Report on Game in Preserves.

Part One.—Fenced Parks.—Concluded.

The present report deals with game in fenced parks or in localities where from natural conditions there is no fluctuation of the supply that cannot readily be accounted for, and where the number of animals can be determined with a reasonable degree of accuracy.

While it is not always possible to make an exact estimate of the game in fenced parks, the correct figures can generally be pretty closely approximated. The winter is probably the best time for taking such a census. When the snow is on the ground an expert can form a very correct estimate from the tracks, even if the animals are not seen. Elk, on account of their habit of banding up, are among the animals most easily counted.

The following table is of interest by showing the increase of the various species of game animals from year to year. The figures were furnished by the owners or their representatives, and the increase, unless stated to the contrary, is in most part due to births:

BLUE MOUNTAIN PARK, AUSTIN CORBIN ESTATE, 26,000 ACRES, 1889.

	1891.	1892.	1894.	1895.	1896.
Buffalo	25	32	40	55	75
Elk	60	150	400	750	1000
Deer	70	130	400	700	1000
Wild Boar	18	..	250	500	1200
Moose	12	..	60	100	150
Caribou	6	7	1	..	..
Antelope	6	30	1	..	..
Beaver	..	..	..	2	..

MANHATTAN BEACH, L. I.

Elk	..	25[2]	..	..	..

BABYLON, L. I.

Elk	..	22	25[2]	..	..
Deer	..	18	30[2]	..	..

FURLOUGH LODGE, GEORGE J. GOULD, 500 ACRES, 1889.

	1889-1894.	1894.	1895.	1893.
Elk	51[3]	35	50	70
Virginia deer and black-tail deer	23[4]	11[5]	15	20[6]

TRANQUILITY PARK, RUTHERFURD STUYVESANT, 4,000 ACRES, 1890.

	1890-1894.	1894	1895	1896.
Elk	20[7]	20	8	40
Virginia deer	30	80	..	200
Black-tail deer	4	9	..	..
Buffalo	1	1	..	2[10]
Beaver	7	4[11]	..	12

NE-HA-SA-NE PARK, DR. W. SEWARD WEBB 9,000 ACRES, 1893.

	1893-1894.	1894.	1895	1896.
Elk	37[13]	37	67	35[14]
Virginia deer	..	..	..	275
Moose	..	..	2	16
Black-tail deer	..	..	2	..
Antelope	..	..	2	..

LITCHFIELD PARK, EDWARD H. LITCHFIELD, 9,000 ACRES, 1893.

	1893-1894	1894.	1895.	1896.
Elk	11	8	8	27
Black-tail deer	..	..	..	5
Virginia deer	..	..	..	125

[1] Dead.
[2] Elk and deer transferred from Long Island to Blue Mountain Park.
[3] Forty-four elk were acquired by purchase, seven births, deaths no doubt due in large part to injuries received at time of capture or in transport.
[4] Fourteen Virginia deer and four black-tails were acquired by purchase; five deer were born, species not stated.
[5] Species not stated.
[6] Fifteen Virginia deer and five black-tails.
[7] These elk were purchased in the spring of 1893. There were five bulls and fifteen cows, 1 to 2 years old.
[8] No report in 1895.
[9] All died in good condition.
[10] Bull buffalo dead. Two half-breeds from cross with Galloway cows.
[11] Two escaped and one died previous to this report.
[12] Large increase reported.
[13] November, 1893, acquired by purchase ten 2-year-olds and twelve 3-year-olds. January, 1894, fifteen yearlings.
[14] See letter from Supt. Halleck.

NE-HA-SA-NE PARK, Lake Lila, N. Y., June 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As nearly as we can find out, the antelope and black-tail deer died a year ago last winter, when nearly half the game through the Adirondacks died, and this was the trouble with our elk. Our game wintered finely last winter and the elk are showing up some nice calves this spring. F. G. HALLECK.

Blue Mountain Park.

CAN the large game of America be preserved? has been very thoroughly answered in the affirmative by the (we were going to say) experiments of Austin Corbin in the Blue Mountain Forest, New Hampshire, but the experimental stage was passed three years ago and the enormous increase, by breeding in all the herds, proves that it would not take many years to restock all the public lands of which the boomers have not got hold; and with strict laws properly enforced our forests would again resound with the sounds which gladden a sportsman's heart.

At the Blue Mountain Park a whole mountain and two large valleys have been inclosed by strong fencing. Fifteen keepers are constantly on the watch, their cottages being connected by telephone with the superintendent's residence and the central station, so that if help is needed it can be obtained at once. Reports are made every morning to the superintendent of all animals seen the previous day and any occurrence calling for attention.

It is only seven years ago that the first few animals were turned loose, yet to-day there are over three thousand.

Within the forest there are as near as can be figured sixty buffalo and fifteen calves. The increase has been in the same ratio as domestic cattle. Of moose there are 150, the original stock having trebled in four years. The elk number nearly 1,000; the increase has been in the same proportion as the moose. There are 1,000 deer, including the Columbian black-tail, the mule deer, the English, red Hungarian and Virginia white-tail. The English deer are the most fruitful and the hardiest. There does not seem to be any cross breeding, so far as can be noticed the different strains seeming to herd by themselves, though an occasional deer may be seen with both the moose and elk.

Fourteen wild boar were loose in the forest, five males and nine females, in the spring of 1884. There are not less than 1,200 within the fence to-day; of this number fifteen have met their death at the hands of hunters. The average weight was 250lbs. dressed, but some have been seen who would tip the scale at fully 400lbs. It takes a big bullet, .44cal. at least, to penetrate their shaggy hides, and unless a vital spot is reached even that will not stop them. The bristles are so strong and thick around the breast and shoulders that even a large bullet will not penetrate.

Hunting the boar is a difficult task. It takes several men and nearly a dozen dogs. Of the latter you can never tell how many you will bring back, for the boar when cornered is a fighter and more than a match for three dogs; in fact he could whip the whole dozen single-handed.

The *modus operandi* is: You mount your men on mustangs or polo ponies that are easily handled, then you loose your dogs, boarhounds and setters, which latter are little fellows in comparison to the hounds; but they have keen noses, and make up in intelligence what they lack in weight. Well, if you have good luck this result follows: the dogs strike the scent—the little fellows first always—there is a great deal of sniffing and whimpering, then suddenly one big dog lifts his head and utters a most musical howl, and the whole pack join the chorus and start with heads down and tails up; but no boar in sight. This continues for an hour or perhaps two, for it seems as if the pig would never stop; but he does when you least expect it. He does not stop because he is tired, but to get a chance at the dogs who have been annoying him. He usually selects a big tree trunk to back up against. The dogs form in front of him and bark at him, then one more courageous than the next dashes in, but if the pack does not back him up he is sure to get hurt. The hunters by this time have overtaken the dogs and unsling their rifles, getting ready for a shot. This is the critical moment; the boar and dogs are moving all the time, and if the aim is not true there is a probability that one of the dogs will be laid low instead of the boar. The best dog in the kennel was lost in this way in 1894.

The first shot seldom kills, and three or four are necessary to finish him. Being dead, the pig is loaded on one of the horses, taken to the central station, dressed and hung up. After a few days the cutting up and distributing is done, and several people are made glad with a feast of roast wild boar, "a dish fit for the gods."

Considerable attention must be given to the dogs, so that they will not stray, a few dogs having been lost in that way, and there is a well-defined idea that the said dogs fell victims to some herd of pigs, as they never returned to the kennels.

The dog kennels are well filled, there being about seventy-five in all. They comprise Great Danes, French boarhounds, English and American foxhounds, boar setters, beagle hounds, fox terriers, etc.

Of the Himalayan wild goats it is impossible to say how many there are, as the only time they have been seen was early in the morning and then at such a distance up the mountain that it was impossible to count them. The same may be said of the Rocky Mountain sheep.

The Flemish rabbits have nearly all fallen a prey to the native foxes, who will not be eradicated no matter how many are shot each winter. The American Brer Rabbit, however, is too cute for Mr. Fox and consequently thrives. The two breeds do not affiliate.

There are a large number of trout in the streams and black bass and pickerel in the lakes, while among the uninvited guests in the preserve are lots of coons, porcupines, etc. There is also a colony of pine martens that helps deplete the stock of small game.

The accidental death of Mr. Austin Corbin on June 4 will not cause any alteration in the plans set out for the care of Blue Mountain Forest, as Mr. Austin Corbin, Jr., will give it the same care and attention that his father did; in fact the scheme to found this grand preserve was conceived by the younger Mr. Corbin, who has always taken the greatest interest in all the arrangements and who is thoroughly versed in the habits of all the animals.

The writer suggested to Mr. Austin Corbin, Jr., that this was a grand chance for the National Government to purchase the whole property and the animals, but Mr. Corbin said very emphatically: "The property or animals are not for sale to the Government or anyone else. My father took great pleasure in the possession of the Blue Mountain Forest and its inhabitants, and I shall not change any of his plans." T. H. RYAN.

In an article in the *Journal of Education* on the elk of Blue Mountain Park, Mr. C. I. Rice says:

"They are perfectly harmless, as a rule, except in the fall, when the bucks in a greater or less degree lose their fear of man. After the middle of August each year printed notices, giving warning of the pugnacious disposition of these animals, are given to all visitors as they enter the park.

"Personally I have never seen the least disposition on the part of an elk to do anything but run away; there are, however, occasional individuals of this species that for some reason or other become depraved and attack everything. I know of only one such having been at Blue Mountain, and an account of the close of his career will illustrate the toughness of this animal and his indifference to ordinary chastisement, as well as its unreasoning disposition to attack anything that comes in its way after its temper is soured.

"A number of men engaged in repairing roads, seeing this old buck approaching, succeeded in getting their horses into a barn and closing the doors. Not to be deterred from carrying out his purpose of attacking something, the elk retired across the road, and, lowering his head, as if charging upon one of his own kind, came against the building like a whirlwind, and with such momentum as to push the points of his antlers through the boards. Finding, after two or three attempts, that he could not break in, he started around the barn to reconnoiter. This gave the men a chance to make a dash for the house across the road, the door of which stood open, and, as they found when they got in, could not be closed. After making a circuit of the barn the elk saw where the men were and tried to make an entrance through the open door. In this he was foiled by the size of his antlers, but he showed his determination by elevating his muzzle, thereby laying his antlers back on his shoulders and pushing his head as far in as possible. One of the men, thinking to drive him away, found an old ash scythe-snath, and standing on one side of the door, belabored the animal with full strength on the nose, but with so little effect that he hardly winced. An hour or two of this captivity grew monotonous, and it was decided to try more heroic measures; some one in the party had a .44cal. revolver, and, aiming not to kill, put five balls into the old belligerent before he began to move off. A few days later Superintendent Stockwell was in the park and ended the matter with a rifle ball just as the elk was about to charge on him."

Part Two—Unfenced Preserves.

Cutting Preserve.

Cutting Preserve includes the northeast quarter of Riversdale in Township No. 12, St. Lawrence county, N. Y. It has been well cared for during the past year and only six deer have been killed on the entire preserve.

I find it very difficult to keep people from going in and killing deer in June and July, when the weather is warm, and a trespasser can camp anywhere and the deer come down to the water to get rid of the deer flies.

I am not posted as to the law relative to the fine, but it seems to me that if one-half or three-quarters of the fine could be paid to the informant it would then become so dangerous for a man to kill a deer out of season that very few would be killed at that time; but as it is now, a man living on the outskirts of the Adirondacks will go into the woods out of season and get a deer and go home and divide up with his neighbors; but if his neighbors could get a large part of the fine they would be more inclined to report the unlawful killing of deer.

In order to prevent the illegal killing of deer I have been obliged to keep a man constantly on the watch, and in spite of that we have from one to two deer killed out of season every year. After the open season commences it is then not so easy for a man to camp anywhere that night may overtake him, and deer are not coming to the water the way they are in hot weather, and we have no trouble in keeping trespassers away, but during the close season it is very difficult both in the early summer and during the winter, for during the winter men from lumber camps often go out hunting for deer to supply their camps.

On account of the protection that we have given to the deer and having allowed so few to be killed, we know the quantities have increased on the preserve a great deal during the past year. On the east side of my preserve the deer have been very nearly exterminated on account of the hounding having been allowed and the woods being full of hounds after deer during the whole season, and they are not satisfied with the season, but put their dogs out late in the fall.

I think that there should be more deputy game wardens for the months of June and July than there are at present employed, for the deer during that time are getting very little protection outside of the preserves.

As to the fishing, the brook trout are now much more numerous and larger than they have been, for we have taken only enough fish for camp use, none being taken to be carried away and no more being taken than are actually wanted in the camp.

We have during the past year put quite a quantity of yearling salmon trout into the lake which borders on my preserve (Lake Ozonia), also a quantity of lake trout fry are to be put in this season.

The beaver on my preserve appear to be doing well and have not been molested.

The partridges seemed to be more abundant last season than in the previous years.

I have done nothing toward introducing any exotic game species. FRANK A. CUTTING.

Morehouse Lake Club.

With an experience of forty-five years of from two to six weeks in the Adirondacks each year (spring and fall) I see that brook trout in public waters are becoming very scarce, while in private waters they are in most cases increasing. As to deer, it is my opinion that there was a continual increase in the number of them from the time the last wolves and panthers were destroyed, which was about fifteen years since, until the winter of 1894–5, when from some unknown cause a great many died. But just so sure as hounding is stopped deer will be entirely wiped out. Hounding keeps them wild and not so easily approached by the still-hunter. W. W. MOSHER.

Adirondack Timber and Mineral Company's Park.

It is less than one year since I obtained possession of 30,000 acres of the best game country in the Adirondacks and converted it into a private park in accordance with the game laws relating thereto. It is safe to say that fully 500 more deer are in the park than there were a year ago. This marvelous increase is accounted for by the fact that no deer were allowed to be killed in the water or that was being run by dogs anywhere during the last hounding season. Hounding was practiced on all lands surrounding the park. Deer were driven into the waters in the park, where they got away from the dogs and remained in the park. My gamekeepers saw them every day in the lakes that were driven there from outside the park. Seven deer passed through one small lake in one day and the dogs not allowed to pursue any further. A year ago last winter I don't think that over fifty deer wintered within three miles of my house. But judging from the report of competent judges who traveled over the ground last March, hunting dogs that were killing deer on the deep snow, I should say that fully 500 deer wintered within three miles of my house. The dogs made sad havoc among the deer and always will on the borders of woods so long as dogs are allowed to be used, no matter how short the season, as these dogs will be kept. I think fully 200 deer were killed. One large black dog killed eight deer in one day. This we know, for we followed the dog and found eight carcasses, and two were driven into an open place in the ice and drowned. There were thirty days in which this dog could kill deer just as easily as on that day. I had from two to five men on the ground for two weeks of the last deep snow trying to clean out the dogs. We killed one, but the one that killed the eight deer in one day we did not get until about ten days ago. I offered a reward for the dog dead or alive, and he was finally shot on the Beaver River Club grounds at Stillwater. Grouse were unusually plenty last fall, and as this spring is favorable for their increase I anticipate an abundance next open season. Of course there has been no time for increase of trout, but I hope by proper protection to make better trout fishing. I inclose rules adopted in regard to fishing. CHAS. FENTON.

"The following rules and regulations in regard to fish-

ing in the waters of the No. 4 park and private park of the Adirondack Timber and Mineral Company must be observed by every person having the right or permit to fish in the above-mentioned parks, viz.:

"From the commencement of the open season for catching trout to July 1, no more than 8lbs. of trout must be caught by one person during any one day.

"From July 1 to the close of the season only 4lbs. of trout must be caught by one person in one day.

"Three trout may be caught in one day, even if their combined weight exceeds 4lbs.

"As the trout in Sunday Brook are mostly below the legal size, this brook will be kept for stocking purposes. No person will be allowed to catch trout from Sunday Brook at any time.

"No trout taken from the waters of above-mentioned parks shall be sold on any account."

CHARLES FENTON, Lessee and Manager.

The Adirondack League Club.

THE Adirondack League Club has 105,000 acres of land in Hamilton and Herkimer counties, New York, a large portion of which has been preserved from indiscriminate hunting since the incorporation of the club in 1890.

To quote from the year book:

"When the club acquired control this tract had been open to the public, but its fish, deer, bears, partridges and other game were less depleted than in other regions, because of its comparative inaccessibility. Prompt action was taken for the betterment of the fishing by restocking all its waters with such varieties of trout as were found to be best adapted to the varying conditions of food and water. Up to 1895 many hundred thousand trout fry were hatched and carefully put out in the small inlet streams of the lakes and rivers. It was determined to follow the modern methods of more rapid and successful stocking by feeding and rearing a large proportion of the fry until they were capable of more effectively taking care of themselves. In the winter of 1894–5, 25,000 two-year-old trout from 5 to 9in. long were successfully distributed. In the spring of 1895, 250,000 trout fry were distributed. During the past winter 17,430 one and two-year-old trout were distributed. There are now (April, 1896) in the troughs, rearing boxes and pools at Combs Brook hatchery 530,000 fry, of which 200,000 are salmon trout and 330,000 are brook trout. These are being fed and will be gradually distributed only as needed to make room for the growth of those left in confinement. The club's great hatchery at Combs Brook is equipped for large and successful hatchery operations, and the members are assured that their utmost skill and persistence with the rod cannot deplete the lakes and streams.

The club has not been inattentive to the important subject of adding to the supply of natural food for trout, such as the fresh-water shrimp and frost fish. Nearly a quarter of a million frost fish have been hatched for distribution this spring.

The deer herd on the preserve has increased during the club's possession, due to natural increase and to reasonable restrictions on killing by club members, and also largely due to their fierce, indiscriminate pursuit on adjacent unprotected lands. It is literally true that this preserve is a harbor of refuge for deer driven off from public grounds.

The result of this legislation (limiting of jacking and hounding) will certainly be to largely increase the number of our own herd. The club has for several years forbidden jacking, so that the limitation is no deprivation to our members, while it will be of great advantage to have it in force elsewhere. While the club's officers took little part in securing the limitation of hounding, knowing the addiction of some of our members to that fascinating sport, yet it is believed that the two weeks' limitation, if it becomes a law, will soon restore all the delights of still-hunting, and make that sport as productive in results as the more destructive methods which are now limited.

The eighty miles of boundary line of the League tract is thoroughly and legally posted, for the most part with enameled tin signs. The club's compliance with the terms of the law making poaching on private preserves a misdemeanor has just been tested and confirmed by the conviction of two gentlemen who doubted, trespassed and attained conviction, fine and repentance. Our troubles with poachers have never been more than an annoyance, and we are in a position to entirely stop it this season.

West Canada Lake Preserve.

The 5,000 acres in this preserve are located in the northeast corner of Township 8, Hamilton Co., N. Y., and contains the West Canada Lakes, Brook Trout Lake, and two small lakes known as Twin Lakes. These lakes have the highest altitude of any lakes in the mountains, and are noted for their wild beauty, secluded situation and remarkable abundance of fish and game. The West Canada Lakes have an elevation of 2,348ft. above tide water, and are the fountain head of the West Canada Creek, the principal tributary of the Mohawk.

This property is situated on one of the divides in the wilderness, and within a radius of four miles are other lakes, and in the opposite direction the Cedar, Miami and Jessup rivers flow to the Hudson, and the Moose and Black rivers to the St. Lawrence. J. I. WENDELL.

Upper Saranac Association.

It is the impression of the officers of the Upper Saranac Association that game in our region has not at all decreased in the past ten or fifteen years, nor has fishing deteriorated in any of the back ponds. In the Saranac Lakes themselves, the introduction of pickerel, supposed to have been malicious, has interfered with the breeding of speckled trout, though the lake trout have held their own pretty well, a fair number of large fish having been taken last year.

We have had no experience with the introduction of breeding of extinct game species. SAM'L B. WARD.

Liberty Club.

MERIDEN, Conn.—I have been looking up the game birds and find that the English pheasants are increasing fairly well. Warden Stiles says that three or four pheasants' nests have been found in the woods this spring. The ring-necked pheasants are the only ones that have been liberated so far, but the club are thinking of trying some Mongolian birds. Quail wintered well. They made good use of the sheds put out for them to roost in. Partridges hold their own, and will continue to be plenty if we can keep the boys from snaring them.

I think the farmers are as much to blame for the scarcity of game as anybody. I have heard of two pheasants' nests that were found and the eggs taken, and if that business continues the pheasant will have a hard row to hoe. I have a hen sitting on some pheasant eggs that I intend to liberate around Meriden if I have any luck with them. T. A. JAMES.

The Forest Lake Association.

The Forest Lake Association was incorporated in July, 1882. The association owns 3,000 acres of forest land in Pike county, Pa., between the Delaware and Lackawaxen Rivers, and the tract is stocked with deer and partridges. The club house is situated on an eminence 1,500ft. above tidewater. There are three lakes on the property, which afford good fishing for bass, pickerel, perch, etc.

Vilas Preserve.

"During the five years that the Vilas Preserve has been preserved and in charge of keepers, there has been a steady increase of deer. During the season of 1895 deer were so numerous that they were constantly seen by parties traveling through the woods. Until the hounding season, they were unusually tame, and were frequently seen in our camp, a settlement of five buildings. Hounding is not permitted on the tract.

"Our own experience does not justify any increased restriction in hunting deer in the Adirondacks. In many sections the laws are indifferently enforced against residents. To make the restrictions severer punishes the law-abiding man, and tends to awaken opposition to the law. The laws of '92 and '95 were sufficient to cause steady increase in the deer and yet give a fair hunting season. If any localities have suffered, it has been through the violation of existing laws." E. A. CARPENTER.

THE BANNOCKS AND THE WYOMING AUTHORITIES.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., July 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of May 30, 1896, in an editorial under the heading of "Indian Hunting Rights," you do a great injustice to the people of Wyoming. It is there asserted that in connection with the arrest of certain Indians for unlawfully killing game the officers made the most of the opportunity and shot down some of the unresisting and defenseless savages, and that after having thus taken the law into their own hands and inflicted the penalty of capital punishment for misdemeanors which the law punishes only by fine and imprisonment, the Wyoming authorities took the case into court to determine the actual rights of the Bannocks as secured to them by the conditions of their treaty with the Government. I believe that in justice to the people of Wyoming you will accord me space for a brief correction of the above statement.

The authorities of Wyoming attempted in the first instance to have the hunting rights of the Bannocks determined by legal procedure, and in fact never proceeded against them in any other way. Upon the 7th day of June, 1895, William Manning, a constable at Marysvale, in the basin known as Jackson's Hole, arrested an Indian who had in his possession 50 elk hides and about 50lbs. of meat. He was fined $15 and costs, the costs being afterward waived. On the 24th day of June, Constable Manning, with two deputies, attempted to arrest five Indians for the wanton destruction of game. These Indians drew their guns on the posse and refused to submit to arrest, although they understood English and had heard the warrants read. They said they would kill anyone who attempted to arrest them. After being joined by twenty-five other Indian hunters, they jeered at and ridiculed the officers, and twitted them with their inability to arrest them. This party had over 500 elk hides and not enough meat to last them two days. Constable Manning returned to the settlement, organized a posse of thirty-seven deputies and on July 4 arrested ten Indian hunters with their squaws. They had over ninety elk hides and not over 100lbs. of meat. The Indians were fined $75 each and on being unable to pay it were started under guard for the county seat, but on the way there they all escaped from their guards. On July 7 Constable Manning with a posse of twenty-seven deputies, armed with proper warrants, arrested nine Indians, having in their possession about 200 elk, moose and antelope hides and very little meat. In this party were several well-educated Indians who talked and understood English perfectly. The warrants were read and fully explained to them. Judging from the fact that one lot of prisoners had recently escaped from their armed guard, and from certain suspicious actions of his prisoners, Mr. Manning alternated each Indian on the march with a guard, which of itself was an evidence to the Indians that the officer was determined to take them to the settlement for trial. At a point where the trail passed through a heavy growth of young pines each Indian, at a given signal, wheeled his horse and dashed into the thicket. In the confusion a few shots were fired and one Indian was killed and one wounded, the rest escaping. If the officers had desired to make the most of the opportunity they could have killed them all, being twenty-seven to nine, and all men accustomed to rapid and accurate firing. They were as well aware before the occurrence as they were convinced by evidence afterward that the killing of an Indian under any circumstances would endanger their lives and those of their families and neighbors, as well as call down upon them the censure and ill-will of the Indian Department, the Indian Rights Association, and a press ignorant of the facts.

The consequences of the killing of this one Indian are too well known to need further comment. It was the only casualty of the Jackson's Hole trouble. He did not suffer capital punishment for a misdemeanor punishable by fine and imprisonment, but was killed by an officer in attempting to escape after a proper and legal arrest, and such occurrences are so common in every portion of any settled and civilized and Christianized country as to excite no comment whatever.

At the first term of the District Court after the killing of this Indian I called the attention of the judge of the district to it and requested him to investigate the same, and if it appeared to have been unlawful to take the proper steps to have the offending officers punished. He did so, but found nothing to warrant action by the grand jury. When the United States District Court convened a grand jury was summoned by the United States Marshal and the fact of the killing of this Indian was laid before them by the United States Attorney for Wyoming; witnesses being brought here from Jackson's Hole, from Washington, and also Indian witnesses from the Bannock Agency in Idaho. The grand jury found no grounds for an indictment of the officers.

The proposition for an agreed case to test the law as to the hunting rights of the Indians came from the Interior Department at Washington, a special agent coming to Wyoming to arrange the matter with me. We claimed that they had no right to hunt in this State except in conformity with our game laws. This view we attempted to enforce by legal procedure, beginning in our lowest court before a justice of the peace. The proceedings have been declared regular and according to law by our State courts and the United States Grand Jury; and the Supreme Court of the United States has now decided that the State authorities were right in the position which they assumed in the matter, and that the Indians were and are amenable to our State laws.

WM. A. RICHARDS, Governor of Wyoming.

Sea and River Fishing.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

II.—Billy Bishop.

"IF these hills should come together where would I be?" asked Billy when he found himself alone in Quackendary Hollow, where he had been sent to cut cordwood. This was his excuse for returning from a lonesome spot which his superstitious mind peopled with all kinds of creatures which might even draw the hills together and crush him, as they had done on many occasions, he said, in Holland, where his grandparents came from. The scarcity of hills in that country may not have been known to Billy, but that was a matter of no importance to him.

The hollow lay half a mile above the village of Greenbush and was then well timbered and uninhabited. Twenty years later it had quite a settlement and was often called "Nigger Hollow." But Billy Bishop was fonder of the society of man than of those weird inhabitants who worked evil in the dark forests by day or in open fields by night. On the hill above the railroad was a field which formed part of the farm of Mr. Frederick Aiken, and a dilapidated barn in it was prominent in the sky-line from the river road above the first creek. This was the "spook-house lot" and the "spook-house barn," the house which gave the name having burned before my recollection. Billy told me that spooks danced in the barn on certain nights and that in the shape of stumps of trees a dozen of them had chased him down the hill one night, but before daylight they changed into bats and flew back. This was certified to by John Pulver and Jakey Van Hoesen, chums of Billy and rivals in doing odd jobs about Isaac Fryer's tavern when thirsty and time was plenty. The weight of evidence was convincing. These things happened in 1841, the date being fixed by the death of President Harrison and the fact that Billy said: "Ef I'd 'a' knowed he was a-goin' to die so soon I'd never 'a' woted fur him."

At this time Billy may have been forty years old, may have been sixty, it was all the same thing to me; he was old. All men over thirty were old, and ten to thirty years more made no difference.

"Ef you got a lantern I want to borry it to-night to get some worms outen yer garden," said Billy, and it was a revelation to me to see him pick up a quart of big "night walkers" in a short time.

"What are you going to do with the big worms, Billy?"

"Bobbin' fer eels; don't yer want to go, to-morrer night?"

"Yes, if mother will let me; come around till I ask her."

"Well," said mother, "he may go with you, Mr. Bishop, if you will take care that he doesn't fall overboard and you don't keep him out too late at night."

"All right, ma'am, we can't stay late, because I'm only goin' here in the crik beginnin' about sundown, and eels don't bite at a bob much a'ter ten o'clock, nur fur that matter much a'ter nine. I'll take keer of him all right an' mebbe I'll have some eels to skin fur yer bre'kfas', ma'am."

The worms had been put in a keg with plenty of earth and set in a cool place. I was home from school early in the afternoon, for the mystery of bobbing for eels was to be unfolded to me by a master of the art. Billy was on hand an hour before sundown, and getting a few yards of stout linen thread and a knitting needle from my mother we started for the woodshed to arrange something, but just what it was to be was a mystery. First Billy cut off about 6ft. of thread and fastened it to the middle of the knitting needle by a knot and two half-hitches, two young eyes watching every move. Next he threaded a big worm straight through from one end to the other, ran it the whole length of the thread and fastened it so that it would not slip off. This was repeated until the thread was full and was 6ft. of living worms; then he wound the string around the fingers of his left hand until the upper end was reached, when he cut off the knitting needle, took the coil from his hand and laid it on a piece of fish line, which he doubled over and tied hard and fast, cutting through to the threads and leaving a number of worm-covered loops at each side, and the "bob" was made. The fact that it was a dirty job did not disturb Billy nor me; in fact, we boys made many of them afterward, and neither dirt nor the possible suffering of the worms were ever given a thought, and at this ripe age it seems to be no worse than the ordinary baiting of a hook with "our mutual friend," as a late writer in the English *Fishing Gazette* called that humble beast which we have termed a "barnyard hackle" and scientists have dignified with the title of *Lumbricus terrestris* to signify his ownership or occupancy of the soil. It simply seemed a trifle worse because the labor of impalement and the consequent dirt all came at once. These things are a matter of taste and temperament, nothing more.

With the boat at anchor in the little creek, just below Hiram Drum's slaughter house, which was about as far up as a boat could go at ordinary times, Billy told me how to proceed.

"In swifter water we'd had to use sinkers to get the bobs straight down," said he; "but we won't need 'em here. You see, you want to let your bob down till it touches the bottom and then raise it a couple of inches, for eels they swim near the bottom and hit the bob just right."

"But you didn't put any hooks in my bob, Billy; how can I catch 'em when they bite?"

His back was to me and he was looking upward. He smacked his lips, put something in his pocket, and said: "I have to take a little sasferiller fer my lungs, the doctor told me. O, no! we don't want no hooks; the eels just gets their teeth tangled in the threads and comes up, if you bring 'em easy, then when they are just up to the surface of the water lift 'em quick and gentle inter the boat an' they drop off theirselves; but if you jerk 'em they're gone, er ef you hit the side of the boat with 'em they're gone. Drop yer bob over easy, so," and he lowered his bob into the water without a splash. Soon I felt a jig, jig, very sharp, and said to Billy, "I've got a bite." "Pull up," said he, "never let 'em more'n touch it," and he landed an eel in the boat. I tried it, but Billy said I was too quick, for the eel left. He took several before I boated one, for what with jerking the line and slapping them against the side of the boat they dropped back into the water, if they even got fairly started on the way up.

It came easy after once getting the hang of the thing, and it soon came natural to haul up slowly to the surface and then swing them into the boat. Good fun this is in shallow water, when no better fishing offers, and many a night have I rowed from Albany down the Hudson to Van Wie's Point—some six miles below Albany, more or less—with a friend or two and spent a pleasant evening, in later years, fishing behind the dyke and just above Van Wie's light, and then rowed back to the city about midnight with a bushel of eels, weighing from nothing up to two pounds or more, for the larger eels are not so easily captured in this way, their weight tearing them loose in the air.

The night was clear and starlight, bats circled about picking up insects here and there. Billy told me that they could be caught if I threw up my cap and said, "Bat, bat, come into my hat and I'll give you a pound of cheese." There was no room in the boat to do this, but I tried it afterward and did not get any bats. A large bird flew just over our heads with slow and noiseless flaps and Billy said something in Dutch. "What was that?" I asked. "They're bad, them things that fly at night a-making no noise, an' I doan' like 'em," and he took a little medicine for his lungs. The moon, a few days past the full, came up slowly just south of the spook-house barn and Billy said if a bat flew across its face I must say:

"Hookum skookum,
Rollicum kookum,
Holliche Bolliche,
Baniche spookum,"

"Ef you don't," said he, "you'll go blind on the side next the moon." No bat crossed the moon that night to my knowledge, nor do I ever remember seeing one cross it, but the charm has been remembered and held in reserve should such a thing happen, for no man cares to lose an eye when it can be so easily avoided by simply following the directions of a man so skilled in spook lore as Billy Bishop.

This night we had fair success, and when Billy put me ashore he saw me safely home only a few doors below, and said that he would send us up a lot of dressed eels for breakfast, and he did. During the fishing Billy faithfully followed the directions of Dr. Getty and took his medicine frequently, as I could testify, but he did not seem to be as disgusted with it as I was when the same doctor prescribed his great tablespoonful doses for me. I mentioned this fact to mother, and she said that Mr. Bishop was older and more accustomed to medicine, and knew the importance of following the doctor's orders better than I. No doubt mother was right, but I can't help thinking that what Dr. Getty gave Billy must have tasted better to him than what he gave me, but I was young.

Several times afterward Billy Bishop took me with him when he went eeling. Mr. John Ruyter, the tanner, said it was because Billy was afraid to go alone, but it is possible that a luncheon which mother left on the table for us on our return may have had its influence. Father said that Billy was not good company for a boy, and besides that, "it would be better for Fred to stay at home and read or study instead of being out bobbing for eels; his mind runs too much on such foolishness;" but mother argued that a boy must have some fun and could not study all the time, and Billy Bishop was a kind-hearted man who had never done anything wrong, and the result was that we had eels for breakfast many times.

Billy occasionally played the fiddle for dances, not for the balls and parties of the more fashionable sort, but just dances, where the musician did not become wealthy all at once. I was too young to know much of this, but once he told me in a low voice, while putting on a fresh bob when the water was warm and the old one was spoiled, that he had played for a dance a few nights before, and the big boys had been "pizen mean. They asked me out for 'freshments an' I laid down my fiddle an' bow, an' when I come back they'd sawed that bow 'cross a candle an' it was that greasy that it sp'iled the strings, an' I was done fur the night. Who done it I do'no, but there was Bill Fairchild, John Stranahan, Pole Sherwood an' a lot on 'em there, an' they made out like they was awful sorry."

Poor Bill Fairchild in after years died of burns received while rescuing the books from the burning freight house of the B. & A. R. R., for which he was a bookkeeper; the others have gone to rest with old Billy, and no more will they grease his bow nor pour water in his fiddle when he goes out for "'freshments," but I was told that Billy learned to take his fiddle and bow with him when called from labor. The humor of these things did not strike Billy in the least. This was evident when he asked me: "Now, what fun was ther' in that? They hed to pay me fur the evenin' and it stopped the dancin'. I tell ye there was folks there that was mad, but bless ye, they couldn't find out who done it. No one done it. It done itself! They tried to make me believe it was spooks, but spooks don't come to dances where folks is; they catches you all alone, in the dark."

Some years later, probably about 1845, when a large country store was kept in the brick building on the corner of Columbia street and Broadway, and in great letters announced "I. Fly, Headquarters," there was a large shad seine being knit in the hotel of Isaac Fryer, just above. About a dozen men had an interest in it and they knit away every evening, Billy Bishop and Jakey Van Hoesen being busy filling the needles with twine. I somehow used to drop in there and knit a little early in the evening, but the men stayed late. No one went down Broadway except Billy, and Mr. Fly would have a man or two in waiting to scare him. Sometimes a few stones rolled after him would be enough to start him on a run, at others "spooks" would spring at him from the churchyard, and although the victim may have been well fortified with Fryer's whisky his starting for home required the courage of a Tam O'Shanter, which he did not possess. He would go up street with friends and around the back way until his tormenters found it out, and in despair Billy told the story of his persecutions, when he was furnished with an escort and saw no more spooks.

Once he confided to me a great secret: "If the eels don't bite good," said he, "just go to a stable and look over the horses' legs. You'll find a scab on the inside of every leg, and when this is big and comes off easy just take it and put it in your bob and the eels 'll come for miles to get at it; it smells powerful strong an' they can smell it for miles."

"Why don't we use it in our bobs?"

"We don't need it, they bite well enough as it is, we don't want all the eels in the river; what could we do with so many?"

That was sufficient, and if the thing was ever tried I do not know. Perhaps the idea originated in Billy's brain or was told to him by some joker, yet it is possible that the very powerful odor of that gland would either attract or repel the fish in a decided manner. Let some eel bobber try it and report to FOREST AND STREAM; my time for bobbing passed years ago, but if opportunity offers I will try it tentatively in the interest of knowledge.

Once the shad seiners of the village had arranged to make some hauls at the lower end of the island which lies opposite Albany, and Billy had brought up his little boat the night before and left it at the ferry where "Old Josey," the ferryman, kept his skiff for late night service after the steamboat had finished the day and the horse-boat had carried the early night passengers. The fact became known to "Pop" Huyler, the blacksmith; Charley Bradbury, the livery man, and Steve Miles, the carpenter. After some deliberation and discussion of the case they decided that a short piece of board, fastened edgewise to the under side of the keel and at an angle of about forty-five degrees to its length, would be about the best thing that could be done at the time. Bradbury furnished the board and Miles affixed it, and the boat was replaced in the water with the improved combination centerboard and rudder. The big scow came up the river bearing the great seine on a platform over its stern and four stalwart oarsmen made her stem the current past the ferry. A crowd had assembled when Billy appeared with a pair of oars on his shoulder, and casting loose the painter shoved off his boat, put the oars in position and began to row. The boat seemed bewitched, for it kept going round in a circle, no matter how the oarsman tried to keep it straight, and Billy, pale as a ghost, dropped his oars and was evidently praying in Dutch. The boat drifted near the dock below, when Pop Huyler kindly called to the old man to throw him the rope; he did so, and Billy was safe, but weak and faint.

"Must ha' been spooks in the boat last night, Billy," said Pop.

"Yes," he replied, "I 'spect so; might ha' know'd there'd be bad luck, fur a hen crowed yestidy an' the fust man I see this mornin' was cross-eyed."

"Sure," said Charley Bradbury, "that's enough to bring bad luck; but Billy, come up to Brockway's tavern and take something and say that Dutch prayer once more and that'll fix 'em all right."

While Billy was repeating the exorcising words Miles got help and pulled the boat on the dock and ripped off the board, launched the boat, and then after much persuasion Billy tried it again, and behold, the spell of the witches, spooks and other evil-doers was broken, and Billy, with great good humor, joined the party just in time to help haul on the line as the seine boat reached the shore, fully convinced that while spooks might temporarily annoy him, he could triumph over them in the end. Old Vose, who played the clarionette in the band on top of Fly's "headquarters," heard of it and got Billy to repeat the verse which could so undo the work of witches; and as neither Billy nor he could write, Bill Fairchild volunteered to act as amenuensis, and what he wrote no man knows, for when Vose asked his landlady to read it for him she became angry and burned the paper. No doubt but her method was a good one, for no one ever heard that Billy's boat was ever bewitched again.

Good old Billy! He died after I left the place, and is remembered by very few. Spooks can no longer chase him at night, grease his fiddle-bow, nor obstruct his boat. The hills have at last come together above him, but he is safe.

FRED MATHER.

The Upper Dam of the Rangeleys.

ANDOVER, Me., July 10.—The record of the big pool below the upper dam was broken yesterday when, it is estimated by conservative anglers, over 100lbs. of trout were taken from it. The oldest angler never saw its parallel. I arrived at the pool at about 3 P. M.; found Mr. Stewart and Kit Clarke from New York, Mr. Parish from Philadelphia, and Mr. Dougherty from Willimantic, Conn. Most trout under 1½lbs. were returned to the pool. Mr. Dougherty alone took sixty-six fish during the day, but he kept only eleven.

J. W. B.

Abigone.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read the accounts of other men's good catches in your paper, so I will tell of mine.

On July 4, fishing in the Delaware at Egypt Mills, Pike county, Pa., at Swartwood's farm, I caught a black bass weighing 5½lbs., and measuring 21in. Is not that a pretty big one for a river fish?

ROBT. EVANS.

REPORT YOUR LUCK
With Rod or Gun
TO FOREST AND STREAM,
New York City.

ANGLING NOTES.

From the Restigouche.

THERE are letters and letters, as I long ago found out to my pleasure and cost. As a rule, letters to me mean a lot of work, pleasant work to be sure; but when the unanswered letters pile up on my desk until I can scarcely see over them I wish that some of them had gone astray in the mails before they reached me, as there are only twenty-four hours in a day in this century, and nature and the medical men insist that a man should devote a few hours of the twenty-four to sleep and not all of them to writing.

Then there are other letters which cause one to forget all the annoyances that flesh is heir to, and bless the man who invented postal facilities and express organizations. I have just received one of the last-mentioned letters.

I have no doubt that when Mrs. Barbauld wrote "Man is the nobler growth our realms supply," she was thinking of a fisherman. Perhaps of a fisherman having the best of sport with the grandest of fish, who remembers his friends "chained to their desks," and shares his sport with them so far as he can. The letter is from Mr. Archibald Mitchell, of Norwich, Conn., and is dated on the Restigouche River, June 29, and reads in part as follows:

"I drove down river to Campbellton last Saturday, which is twenty miles from here, and paid a visit to Mr. Mowat. I was much pleased to find him in better condition than I expected. No complications of a serious nature appear to have set in, and the chances of his final recovery seem to be good. He was quite cheerful and appeared to take as much interest in fishing as ever. He was able to talk a good deal, and I spent a very pleasant hour with him.

"I am going to start for home to-night via St. John and Boston. Have had fine fishing and this has been an unusually good season. There had been a long spell of dry weather up to about the last of May. We had two 6in. rises of water in June and the fish coming in good numbers at the same time gave us excellent sport. This morning I killed my fifty-sixth salmon on a No. 6 dusty-miller. I will send you the fish by to-night's express and hope you will receive it in good condition. I inclose in this letter the identical fly on which it was taken. It may seem small to you, but on some of the pools No. 8 is being used with good success. An angler on the river killed four fish at Deeside last Saturday on a No. 6 dusty-miller. It seems delicate work, but the salmon usually take the fly pretty well down, and when both hooks (the fly Mr. Mitchell sends to me is a double-hook fly) are buried in their throat they seldom break away. My son arrived here last Wednesday, and in addition to the fifty-six salmon which I had killed he has taken eight, which makes sixty-four to one rod, for we both fished in one canoe, using the same rod. This is better fishing than I expected to get and I may not live long enough to strike it so rich again."

The fish when it arrived was as fresh as though just out of the river, and was a clean, bright salmon of 27lbs. in weight. Three days from the time it was killed on the Restigouche I dined on a portion of it in northern New York, and as I lighted a cigar after dinner I had a certain feeling which made me think I could say to my friend most thankfully: "Your fish rod and your gaff staff have comforted me, and my hope and wish is that you may duplicate your score next year."

A personal letter received from Col. Archibald Rogers, of Gov. Morton's staff, dated in camp at head of Restigouche River, concludes: "I wish you were here to enjoy this fishing. I have just killed three salmon of 28, 25 and 23lbs."

In Albany I heard that three rods had killed about 200 fish on another part of the Restigouche.

From the Cascapedia.

Mr. Robert C. Lowry, writing me of his fishing on the Grand Cascapedia, says: "We arrived May 30, and that afternoon I killed a 40-pounder, of which I immediately wrote an account in FOREST AND STREAM. My friend, Mr. Mershon, was with me and together, up to June 22, we killed thirty-two fish. His average was 30½lbs. and mine 27⅜lbs.; in fact never before have we known the salmon to average so large in size. He killed three fish weighing 40, 41 and 43lbs., and quite a number 30 to 38lbs. fish, and I did almost as well. As there are two runs of salmon still due in the river, we have no doubt but what there will be pretty good fishing there through most of July and possibly even in August; for the first year I fished the Grand Cascapedia I killed eight salmon between Aug. 3 and 8. There is no trouble about getting plenty of trout from 3 to 6lbs. weight and occasionally heavier."

From England.

Recently I quoted from the letters of Mr. John J. Hardy in the London *Fishing Gazette* and from one he sent me about the fly-casting tournaments, particularly about the salmon casting records. Last year I quoted from a letter of Mr. Hardy's directly after he had won the championship, and I also quoted from a letter written to me by Mr. Enright, of Castle Connel, the Irish champion, who, unopposed, won the championship this year. Mr. Hardy was the first long distance fly-caster and rod maker to denounce the style of rods used at the tournaments in England, and in fact the only one to my knowledge to this date. When he said that the rods were specially made for the purpose, and were unfitted for ordinary angling, and the lines were what English anglers have since called "faked" lines, he was fresh from victory in an international contest, and must have written from a sense of conviction that the contests were a sham so far as ordinary angling tools were concerned. Had he remained silent it is quite possible that the angling world would have remained in ignorance concerning the special tools made for what an English writer has called "showmen casting with faked rods." It was in the flush of victory that Mr. Hardy demanded a change in methods and tools to conform to those ordinarily used in angling by the average angler, and for this he should have full credit; and he was competent to speak on the subject, for he had just won the championship of the world with the longest cast made with a salmon rod.

He writes me this morning that he is agitating a reform in casting tournaments through the London angling papers, and says, "You can help us if you will to put things on a satisfactory basis. As records at angling tournaments are made with rods an ordinary man could not use,

anglers over here deride (and rightly too) them as useless and misleading. The platform also at Wimbledon was an unfortunate mistake as upsetting all comparisons with previous records. I would be glad, first of all, if you would tell me how American records are made, whether from a platform raised above or level with the water. In the second place, whether you have any standard of 'weight for length.' I notice in the *Fishing Gazette* a report of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club's contest in which a rule is laid down: 'Rods not to exceed 8½oz. or 11ft.'

"Any information you can give me to help to guide us at this end, where this casting with trick rods, etc., has I think come to an end, I will be very glad to have."

The records of the National Rod and Reel Association were made from a platform raised above the level of the water 10 or 12in., I should say. Perhaps Mr. Henry P. Wells or M. Gonzalo Poey can furnish the exact figures. At Central Park, where the tournaments were held, it was necessary to have a raised platform; for a strong wind on Harlem Mere would get up enough sea to wet the platform, raised as it was. If Mr. Hardy has access to Mr. Samuels's book, "With Fly-Rod and Camera," he can see illustrations of the platform and the casters in the very act, from instantaneous photographs.

The rules provided that "No single-handed fly-rod shall exceed 11ft. 6in., and it shall be used with a single hand." There was no provision as to weight, but all rods were weighed by the judges and formed part of the record. There was no allowance of distance made for difference in length of rod, but in "light rod contests" an allowance of 1½oz was made in favor of rods with a solid reel seat.

In what was known as the B. F. Nichols contest in 1882 all contestants were to use the same rod, which was 10ft. long and weighed 6½oz Mr. Hawes won that year with a cast of 71ft.

In minnow casting for black bass (spinning in England) the rods were limited to 10ft. in length. In heavy bass casting the rods were limited to 9ft. in length. Single gut leaders were required in all fly-casting contests, and the stretcher fly in trout casting, and the single fly in salmon casting "must remain on." Each contestant was allowed a given time, at first it was fifteen minutes and finally ten minutes, in which to cast, and if any accident occurred, except a broken rod, no allowance in time was made for repairs. One year Reuben Leonard made much the largest cast in the salmon casting class of any of his competitors, but I noticed that his fly was gone and so informed him, and as he had not time to put on a new fly and again get his line out, his best cast with a fly on his leader was less than that of Mr. Hewitt, who won first place.

As to the fly-casting rules of Western clubs I presume Mr. Hough can enlighten us, as I have none at hand adopted in recent years. I had read what Mr. Hardy refers to as a condition of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club's contest, but it refers to the "Distance and Accuracy" Class.

A Peculiar Condition.

There is another clause in the Chicago club's manifesto which I cannot understand, and I have assumed that it was an error. It reads: "An extra gold medal will be awarded to the member beating the world's record of 102½ft., *any weight or length of rod.*" The italics are mine, and the conditions, if they are as I have quoted them, absurd in the extreme. Reuben Leonard made the "world's record of 102½ft." with a single-handed fly-rod limited in length to 11ft. 6in., and a "rod of any length" lets in a 20ft. salmon rod as a starter against a single-handed fly-rod.

I have already given in a previous issue of FOREST AND STREAM information about the weight of the rods used in American fly-casting tournaments, and will send Mr. Hardy a copy of national rules. In all the fly-casting conducted on this side there never was a suspicion of "faked" or "trick" rods or lines. As I have stated, rods may have been specially made in some instances with more powerful action than the ordinary angling rod, but in two instances that I now recall I have used winning rods and found them little if any different from rods of my own that I use for fishing and that were made for fishing alone.

Weight for Length.

The greenheart rods made by Forrest & Son, of Scotland, are weight for length as follows: 10ft., 9½oz.; 11ft., 11½oz.; 12ft., 14oz.; 13ft., 17oz.; 14ft., 22oz.; 15ft., 26oz.; 16ft., 32oz.; 17ft., 38oz.; 18ft., 45oz. These I take to be approximate figures for ordinary rods; they are, however, sufficient to show that the average of English rods are heavier than ours. Mr. Henry P. Wells, who has figured the weight of rod woods, gives the following as the weight of a cubic foot: Six-strip split-bamboo, 61.96; greenheart (light colored), 60.26, and greenheart (dark colored), 68.18, the figures being pounds and hundredths of a pound.

Mr. Wells once gave me some greenheart for a rod that was exceptionally light in weight, quite a bit lighter proportionately than the figures given in the table for light-colored greenheart, and it made one of the best wood rods I ever used.

Deer's Fat for Lines.

A writer, reviewing the English tournament, says: "Two points worthy of notice were the vast superiority of double-tapered lines over level lines, and the value of the use of deer fat or mutton fat. Both these points should be borne in mind by all fly-fishers. Modern dry-fly men who do not use double-tapered lines should do so, and once one realizes how deer's fat assists the fly-fisher it will always be used. It not only preserves the fine end of the line, but it also enables the angler to pick his line off the water with greater ease and accuracy, and after all there is as much in this latter as there is in driving a fly forward." I warmly indorse all that is said in favor of rubbing the casting line with deer's fat or with mutton tallow, for that matter, for though the latter may not sound so sportsmanlike, it is quite as good for the purpose as deer's fat.

Some half dozen years ago I wrote an item about the use of deer's fat on casting lines, and John Danforth, of Camp Caribou, Maine, having sent me about 2lbs. of deer tallow, I offered to divide it among those who first applied for it. The demands for it were so great that I got a second supply and distributed it in tin boxes holding about 2oz. each.

The fat is rubbed over so much of the line as is ordinarily used in fishing, and then it is well distributed by drawing the line through your fingers. The best enameled lines are improved by this treatment as well as undressed lines. The fat must be renewed occasionally, but the angler will know without telling when the fat is gone from the line.

A. N. CHENEY.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Camp "Forest and Stream."

CAMP FOREST AND STREAM, Wisconsin, July 3.—When J. B. H. and myself each year start out to pitch the tabernacles of Camp FOREST AND STREAM, we always take the 1:25 P. M. train over the Wisconsin Central road. We could take other trains, over that or other roads, but we always take that one, because we have gotten into the habit of it, and because it takes us to the prettiest place out of doors. But there is another and a subtler reason for this preference. This 1:25 train lands us at Mukwonago, Wisconsin, at about 4:30 in the evening. It takes about an hour for neighbor Dillenbeck to change his little mules to another wagon suitable for carrying our menage. Then it takes three-quarters of an hour to buy two loaves of bread, and a quart of kerosene and a setting of eggs, all of which things we need about our camp. Yet another hour is consumed in the drive out to our lake. By the time we have shaken hands with everybody at Mr. Schwartz's, and gotten a bundle of hay, and have driven still further on into the wilderness lying about Lulu Lake, the sun is just 8in. above the top of the hill on Mr. Mullins's farm across the lake. Therefore, each year we find ourselves, upon our approach to our chosen camping ground, in the exciting position of woodsmen overtaken by night in a wild and unknown country and forced to hasten in making camp. This novel situation we have found so pleasing that we have always taken the 1:25 train.

But this year we played the drama too realistically. Heretofore we have been contented to pretend ourselves threatened by rain, and have hurried up the tents and spread out the bedding and pulled the nails out of the grocery box with military promptitude and precision. It never occurred to us that it might rain, really and truly, if we kept on making believe so strongly. This year it was cloudy when we viewed our 8in. sun from the top of the tall bluff which looks on Lulu Lake, and before we had our plunder out of the wagon it was plain to see a storm was threatening. It was dark by the time we had up the sleeping tent and had kindled the annual fire upon the hearthstone of Camp FOREST AND STREAM. The dozens of things which one takes on a trip and doesn't need were lying around on the grass in the way, not having yet found that order and system which are usually the product of the second day in camp. We had no time to cook more than a few slices of bacon and to boil a hasty pot of coffee before bang! came the wind and rain together. Our lantern blew over and took fire, making a lurid centerpiece in a darkness pierced otherwise only by the streaks of lightning. Our tent fly flapped ominously and the dishes jingled in a fine tattoo. Fearing an explosion in the interior of the lantern (which was a high-priced concern with a wooden handle and a fluted roof, and no good on earth), I kicked it down the hill. This left the world to darkness and to us. We piled our supper dishes and everything else into the middle of the sleeping tent, and finished our first meal in the middle of a vast confusion lighted up by the rays of a 5-cent tin torch—which I had forgotten to throw away—and which proved to be the best camp light we had ever had. It blew and blew, and we ate and ate, and let it blow; and then we kicked a space clear among the boxes and minnow pails, and lay calmly down to sleep, and let it rain and rain. On the morning following the sky, new washed, was fresh and clear and smiling as at the joke it had played upon us. We finished the building of the city in calmness and deliberation.

The second of the tents was erected, the one which serves as shelter for the tin cans, the rubber boots, the fishing rods, and such other duffle as does not feel well under one's bed. The banner bearing the fore-front of FOREST AND STREAM was stretched tightly upon the tree trunk which stands between the two tents, and over this were placed the two silken flags of the country—the prettiest that ever floated over land or sea. Our table—thanks to the wild and unsettled character of the region—we found standing unhurt as we had left it the year before, built against the trunk of the big oak tree. At the foot of this we arranged the articles of daily use, the same mostly dependent from nails driven into the tree. The hempen water pail—the only one of the kind I ever saw and the best thing one ever put into a camp kit—was set at a point 5 degrees to the left of the northwest leg of the table; the frying pans followed at intervals of like space; the two small camp axes came next, then the camp kettle, then the soap and towels, then the dish-rag, then the coffee pot, then the 5-cent tin torch. This brought one around the tree to the starting place near the northwest leg of the table, above which, and consequently below the tin torch, sat the pan containing the blue plates, and the speckled granite plates, and the four cups, and the six knives and forks. Be it understood, we often have visitors at Camp FOREST AND STREAM. After we had established these things, we cleaned out and walled up afresh our spring of icy sweet water. Then we cast abroad over the hills and found us a pond where frogs of excellent quality were assembled in convention, to our great joy. After that we made us a tidy pile of firewood of twigs and sticks, and concluded the labors of the day by planting a wild rose tree, in full bloom, at the foot of the FOREST AND STREAM banner, the same being the nearest thing to a green bay tree we could find to offer in appropriate tribute. Then it was evening of our second day in camp before we had time to think of the slipping by of the hours. We voted that we had never had a prettier camp, and added that the lake had never seemed more lovely. J. B H. was sure that the makers and controllers of FOREST AND STREAM belonged also for the time here in Camp FOREST AND STREAM, in the fairest place we had been able to find for it in many States.

But it being evening of our second day, and we being discontent to eat bacon alone or to devour at once all of the eggs, we bethought us of the fishes that swim in our lake. It was the season of the caddis fly, and we knew very well from our experience in earlier years what that meant. We had some quasi caddis flies in our fly-books, and soon were trying a tiny fly-rod along a bar, just at the dusk of evening. In a few minutes we had four fat and excellent rock bass, two for supper and two for breakfast, and with these four we were content.

I have earlier spoken of the extreme conservatism displayed by J. B. H. on matters pertaining to the equipment of the camp, mentioning the fact that last year he was reluctant to admit the new-fangled contrivance of an aluminum frying pan to the charmed circle of his fireside. This year we had three aluminum frying pans, nesting together nicely, all with their handles sawed and arranged for one capable of being packed in less space. One of these pans we used for frying fish, one for eggs and a third we kept for any sudden or extreme emergency, as of company in camp. And each and all of them we this year put in action upon another new camp device, a "stove" over which J. B. H. shook his head with the gravest of skepticism when the subject was broached to him.

I have previously mentioned this "stove" as being made of a Damascus gun barrel, but being then uncertain of its merits was reticent about further description. I should like to claim the honor of the discovery of this stove, but no one on the FOREST AND STREAM staff is allowed to prevaricate openly where he is sure to be found out, so candor compels me to state that I got the idea from another paper (*Shooting and Fishing*), which published it as the invention of a Maine man (I think a Mr. White). The stove as there outlined consisted of a piece of gas pipe driven into the ground, the top plugged and then bored to admit the ends of the swinging rings in which the pans and kettle rested, just as they rest in the holes in the top of a cook stove. The coffee pot rested on a bent wire similarly suspended at the top of the upright pipe. The idea of this affair seemed to me to be practical, and I went to Mr. M. E. Moran, of the gun department of Montgomery Ward & Co., and laid the matter before him, and between us we improved upon the original, as I think. Mr. Moran took a Damascus gun barrel and sawed it off about 15in. from the breech. In the smaller end of this he fixed a spike made of an old rifle barrel, and the larger end he plugged with an iron rod, into which he drilled four holes the size of the wire of the rings. He had the top of the plug set a little lower than the end of the tube, so the holes would not be mashed by hammering the upright barrel down into the ground. The course of the wire rings in the Maine stove was straight out from the top of the upright, there being a loose plate set on below them to keep them from getting too hot. Mr. Moran made his stove a little different. The plate was made circular, about 4in. in diameter, and was bored so that it fitted tightly about 4in. below the top of the upright, where it was pinned firmly in place. The wire of the ring went into the hole in the plug in the top of the upright, then bent down sharply until it came to the edge of the fixed plate; then it made an angle at right angles to the upright, and bent out in the circle which supported the pan. The angle or shoulder of the wire was thus protected and supported by the circular plate, the vessel thus having a much firmer support, while at the same time the whole ring could be swung around freely, over or from the fire, its foot or shoulder being stiffly held up in place. The iron hook supporting the coffee pot was treated in exactly the same manner, making boiling coffee, warm coffee or cooler coffee possible by simply turning the hook about its pivot. It may easily be seen that with this device there was to be no spilled coffee, no tipping over of frying pans, no hot faces, burned fingers or ill feelings of any sort. Moreover the whole outfit was very light, small and compact, taking up no room at all compared to the smallest of camp box stoves. It seemed to me a good thing, and I thanked the inventor, but to J. B. H. it seemed different. He shook his head and said two little logs had always made a stove good enough for him and his fathers before him. Remembering his ultimate delight in the aluminum frying pans, I urged him just to try this new stove; so we drove down the Damascus upright deep into the ground in the center of our fireplace, so that only about 8in. of it stood above the ground, and so that the rings of the top of the stove were only about 4in. clear above the ground. The affair stood firm and rigid, and even the eye of skepticism could see how steady the pans would be, how small the fire beneath them need be. J. B. H. stood and looked at the Damascus stove a moment ere ever he scratched a match beneath it. "Well, I'll be blamed!" said he. Evidently the occupation of his two little side logs was gone. I notice that he still uses these little side logs on each side of the fire, but he explains that he does this only to confine the heat to the bottom of the pans. In effect the logs are the side of his stove; the revolving rings are the top. Since using this camp rig we have been happy. Our tiny fire does not make cooking unpleasant. We do not get hot and we do not spill things. We get a meal in about one-half the time it formerly required to do so, and we cook it much better. Moreover, we find that we can put a broiler across one of the rings and broil handsomely over the coals. Our coffee boils in a few moments and is always "just right," and when we get one article cooked it does not get cold, waiting for another to get done. We simply set the plate of bacon and eggs on the broiler on one of the rings and swing it to the edge of the fire, where it keeps warm while the fish are frying in the center of the stage. Cook? Well, I should say we could cook. And J. B. H. enjoys the vest-pocket Damascus stove and the handleless aluminum frying pans as much as anybody now.

As to the fishing on our little lake, which is only about a mile by three-quarters of a mile in size, we can not say very much, for this year we have found the fishing so disgustingly easy that we have not exploited it very thoroughly. I do not think the black bass are so very abundant, but we have been too lazy to find out about it, and indeed have not tried for them at all. Camp FOREST AND STREAM is an odd mixture of conservatism and radicalism. We hold fast to the old ways, but are always experimenting with new ways. This year we took a notion to try fly-fishing, and on the very first morning we went out we caught twenty rock bass and one black bass on the May fly, and for almost the first time in my life I saw rock bass, in plain sight, in the middle of the day, deliberately rise and swallow down an artificial fly. On another time, in the evening, we went out and caught five fine rock bass in as many minutes, the best time for the fly being just after sunset. The family of Mr. Schwartz, our neighbor, have been beneficiaries of our fishing. Our table needs but half a dozen fish a day, and the rest we take to our neighbors, always confining our catch to two dozen fish a day, of which we throw back the small ones, retaining only the fattest and sauciest for

our use. Usually our day's fishing is over by 10 o'clock in the morning. We "fix things" the rest of the day.

Without doubt the main discovery of our camp this year has been that of the "croppy bar." We have found a place in the lake where a submerged conical bar runs up out of the deep blue water to within 10 to 15ft. of the surface. Here we have taken the largest and finest croppies I ever personally saw, some weighing over 1½lbs., and a few nearly 2lbs. Fishing here with small minnows, we have on three mornings taken seventy-two fine croppies, stopping at twenty-four each day. I think we could easily take 100 a day if we liked. We keep about a dozen a day, and have about concluded that we must leave that croppy bar alone after this, as the fish are too eager and importunate to suit us. We have found these deep-water croppies the best eating fish in the lake, and this is why we have stopped trying for black bass with frog, or for rock bass with the fly. I don't know what we are going to do unless the fishing gets harder.

Last night we had a grand dinner, J. B. H. and I. We had soup, very fine, and for a wonder done so that we could eat it as the first course and not the fifth. We had fish, fried, and a great roast of croppy—a big one, baked carefully during an anxious fifty minutes in the Buzzacott oven, to the accompaniment of a dressing compounded after much deliberation. I had never eaten a more delicate or a better cooked bit of fish. We had bacon and eggs of course, and we had Maryland beaten biscuit and cold butter from our spring cold storage. Also we had frogs' legs, big ones, off from certain vast bullfrogs whose home we had discovered, and some fine apricots of California, and coffee as good as any ever brewed. Really, it would be almost wicked to have any better time than we had last night.

In regard to the frog legs, there occurred almost the only adventure which has come into our tranquil life in camp. We were just on the point of pushing out from shore in our boat one morning when we discovered, or rather uncovered, a big bullfrog which had gone to sleep under the boat after a night of song and dissipation. Him we assailed with eagerness, holding close gaze upon his fat hindlegs. The frog saw that his only refuge was under the boat, and we endeavored to land a knock-out blow before he got under cover. Meantime we did not notice that the boat was drifting under the projecting limb of a tree. I heard a loud "Look out!" from the other end of the boat, and turned to see J. B. H. just disappearing in the lake over the side of the boat, pushed out of the boat by the limb of the tree. Rescue was an easy matter, and the first thing he wanted was to know where the frog had gone to. Having found and slain that quarry, he went to camp and changed his clothes, taking no hurt nor alarm, in spite of his seventy-five years of age. We enjoyed that frog's hindlegs very much.

One invention of our camp this year we have found a good one, and that is our coffee bags. We have in the past been much bothered by certain ants, daddy-long-legs, crickets and the like, which would find their way into the tightest canisters we could get. This year we put up our sugar, coffee and salt in small rubber bags, and we find these water-proof and ant-proof, besides having the merit of taking up no room when not in use. A tin vessel is the hardest sort of thing to pack for transportation. Bags and sacks are better vessels. Our hempen water bucket is a gem. The fluted lantern which we so highly prized before we had tried it has for years been a first-class nuisance, taking up nearly as much room as a horse and buggy. I am pleased to say that it will trouble us no more. Last night it began to cut up its antics again, going all ablaze in its inner chambers and nearly setting the tent afire. This time I kicked it so far down the hill that it went into a dozen pieces, and these can be had by anyone inquiring at this hill. Next year we shall take up the question of a camp lantern, and I think we may take a small bicycle lamp, which will not demand much room.

It would seem that the fame of FOREST AND STREAM, the newspaper, has gone abroad in the land, and that the Camp FOREST AND STREAM has attained at least a local significance. The other day J. B. H. and I were returning from one of our voyages of exploration among the odd hills and hollows of this glacial country when, as we neared the shore of our lake, we spied a boat with three fishermen in it something like a quarter of a mile away. We walked along the beach, apparently observed by the occupants of the boat, for, as we turned toward our path up the bluff to our camp, we heard a hail across the water in an unknown voice: "Hurrah for FOREST AND STREAM!" This we answered in the dark, as it were. Later the boat came ashore and one of the party introduced himself as Mr. Bridgman. "I am a distant relative of yours, I think," he said, "and have been for some years. I am one of the big FOREST AND STREAM family." Was not that a pleasant little happening? Indeed, all things in this camp are pleasant. I am glad to add that our new found friend caught a 3½lbs. bass that evening—a beauty, and the largest we have seen this week—thereby beating the veteran J. B. H. that day on the bass question.

We had started out with one frog to get a bass for supper, and in a lilypad cove we got our strike, but the bass broke away in the lily stems. I had to criticise J. B. H. for letting our supper get away in that fashion, but the fly-rod soon got us enough rock bass, that courteous and obliging little fish being ever present and apparently anxious to be eaten.

There are some big pike in our little lake, not many of them, but a few large ones, 20 to 30lbs, such as are taken one or two every year or so. We have never tried for these, and as they have gone into the deep water at this season we may not get any. One of these fish weighing 45lbs. was washed ashore dead in the ice this spring at Troy Lake, a few miles from us. Several bass fishermen in our lake, and some good ones, have had their lines broken by heavy strikes of some mysterious monster, and one gentleman last year played a 20lb. fish and had it up to the boat, when it broke away at last. Some day we shall get mixed up with one of these fish, perhaps.

We know of some trout not a dozen miles away, and we have a whole lake full of small-mouth bass waiting for us, and a certain creek full of big large-mouth bass, and a lot of other attractions to which we shall have to hurry to get around. Some of these things we hope to see duly attended to before we leave.

It is no fun writing copy on a tackle box on your knee, while J. B. H. is fixing up to go out after a croppy or so for supper. What if a croppy should pull him in? As between copy and croppy, who can doubt where duty lies?

E. HOUGH.

FLY-FISHING

On the North Shore of Lake Superior.

[*Continued from page 27.*]

WHEN we all arose the next morning the indications for fair weather were of an adverse character. The clouds were trooping along the upper element with their shapes and aspects momentarily changing—now watery gray and again white as snowdrifts against a dark blue sky. The trees and bushes were bending and rustling, and the tossing waves rose high on tiptoe to kiss the northern breezes, which bade fair to increase as the morning wore away.

Ned proposed a trip after breakfast to an outlying island which we had never fished. There might be trout galore poising around its bold shores of dismantled rock, but Kenosh said he never heard of a trout being captured there.

"Well, we will try it anyhow," said Ned, and that suppressed all talk about the absent trout.

Kenosh was not pleased at the way his declaration was received, but being a sapient half-breed tightly closed his mouth, as did Iago when he declared, "he never would speak word."

The breakfast over, the table cleared and rods ready for action, we all solemnly trudged down to the boat and then hastily embarked for the island of no name and no trout. The north front of the ragged and rifted island, which had stood for untold years against the most terrific storms from the cold regions of the north, ran up from the lake with a wavering surface in curves of weird sculptured fantasies from the fingers of nature.

We started in with great zeal on reaching the desired waters, sending our feathered messengers over the most seductive chasms, but no silver and scarlet beauty of the wild, waving waters and lonely isle left his lurking place to peep over the surface at lures of lavender or livid, pink or purple, sky dyed or scarlet deep. Even the "dusting brush" was disdained as well as the lively Parmacheneebelle. Nowhere could we get a rise, nowhere see a poising or fleeting trout. On completing the circuit of the shoreland, the triumph of the wily half-breed was assured and he was so tickled over it that he turned to Ned as we were leaving the island and exclaimed in exulting tone:

"What I tell you, no fish here?"

"What is here then?" inquired Ned.

"Maybe bear," this with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"Oh," spoke up Jo, "may be three bear," and then another smile illumed the boat.

"Say, Ned," I here put in, "maybe burning bears," and then three of us made merry sunshine radiate.

"I never killed a bear and then shinned up a tree to escape from it," retorted Ned.

This rejoinder threw the parental half breed into such a state of gravity that we all laughed at him so hearty that his face turned to a lobster red. He then considerately retreated from the field of humor, saying, "I quit. I fool, you wise; you burn 'em, I shoot 'em."

This was received with another round of merriment and then the bear stories were shelved and we pursued our course to our old fishing grounds on the main shore.

On reaching the lofty and retiring walls so varied in form and sculpture, and so delicately fringed with ferns and flowering plants and stunted spruces, we started in for the *S. fontinalis* with the enthusiasm of an angling crusader.

It was some time before I coaxed one of the brook beauties to make the acquaintance of my winsome Parmachenee-belle—the leading fly. He, however, became so affectionate that he caressed and kissed her till he found himself struggling in the net. No more being aroused to the surface after patient and earnest efforts, we glide slowly along to some shattered cliffs which a stray sunbeam that had escaped from a somber cloud was gilding and burnishing, and there convinced a jeweled beauty that he knew naught of the wiles of the angler. He scorned my belle of the yellow plumes and lovingly embraced the romantic Esmerelda, but it mattered not which he favored, they were both as deceitful as the daughter of the sun, the entrancing Circe. He was not an ounce under 3lbs., and a poem in glittering scales and mottled dyes.

Again we advance, and on reaching some tattered ridges where stood dark masses of innumerable pines and spruces, we again wage a determined war against the rose-colored and orange-painted dandies, and the result was two matchless robed darlings in a very short time.

Noon approaching, and the half-breeds exhibiting sly indications of hunger, we turn around, headed for the distant camp. Ned's royal red "dusting brush" was not the terror it had previously been, but before we reached camp it had managed to pick up three fine trout, while my ladies, in all their pride of ravishing colors, were treated with infinite contempt. Ned being in the stern and the boat speeding along, he simply kept his lures dancing on the water, or rather trailing, or to be more specific, trolling, and thereby captured the trinity. Having now an over supply of trout for the larder, we discontinued the sport.

After we had dined quite royally we started on an exploring trip in search of a wandering stream called Clear Creek. We closely hugged the shore, fearful of missing it, and after going five or six miles were unable to locate it. We, however, did find a tinkling brook about a mile this side of Sand River, but not the one that answered the description given us. A magnificent pool was said to be at its mouth, where at sunset the trout were constantly leaping and frolicking till the shadows darkened its translucent water. It was located

"In a weird and mysterious spot
A ravine hallow'd for fairy grot,
Where mossy boulders and branches that lean
O'er the dark abyss are kept ever green;
For the gushing spout of a waterfall,
That leaps o'er the sloping granite wall,
With its refreshing foam and its spray
Keeps herbage and foliage forever gay."

It was like looking for the lost Atlantis to find this creek, and after reaching Sand River we hopelessly turned about and commenced the return. Ned said the shore we were passing looked so exceedingly trouty that he would endeavor to entice some of the fleckered family. I was satisfied in watching his strenuous efforts, and after he had hopefully delivered his flies for over a mile of the notched and jagged shore he was at last rewarded with a pound trout and then he withdrew from the angle.

Here we again came to the little silver brook, and thinking probably that it might develop some large and lovely pools further up its source, sent the tawny Kenosh to carefully investigate it. He vigorously started off along its wandering course, breasting his way through the thickets, and clambering over fallen timber, with an occasional tramp in the water. There was not much poetry in such a tiresome walk, though there evidently was in the music of the little tinkling stream, as it wandered through beds of pebbles and golden sand and grassy banks, by forests of spruce and hemlock and balsam.

These little mountain rivulets play the same tune over and over again, and though

"Men may come and men may go,
But they go on forever."

Kenosh put in an appearance after a long wait, and showed evidence by his tattered garments and flushed face, which was raining beads of perspiration, that he had faithfully performed his mission. He said, without any grand flourish or needless verbiage, that it was no good and didn't believe there was a trout in the serpentine creek. Not a pool did he find nor channel of icy water that looked anything like a hiding place for a ruby-tinted babe or a more matured and handsome member of the family *fontinalis*.

We were now fully five miles from camp, with the scenery of the clouds in the west indicative of an approaching storm. All the gold and silver-edged fleeces were fast disappearing in the east, and the gray and leaden clouds succeeding them were rapidly changing into dark storm rifts that presaged rain. The breeze had not yet caught us, though the half-breeds, who were pulling with all their might and main, momentarily expected to be battling with head winds and tossing seas. We soon reached a receding curve in the shore where towering mountains insured against the approaching gale. "A looming bastion fringed with fire" now burst forth low down in the horizon, and then the detonating thunder rolled on high and awed the earth. Deep went the oar blades and higher rolled the snowy crest at the bow. Every minute of time was measured at its full value, and as we looked back to a place which was clear an instant ago there was a cloud on it, hanging by the precipices as a hawk passes over his prey. The sudden rush of waters came in a brief time and just after we had reached harbor and ran for the shelter of our tents. The wind that came howling after the burdened clouds in black had consigned their treasures in pale columns along the lake and ruffled its surface into a wild sea, that tossed in snowy foam and battled against the ragged rocks until the entire coast line was one vast fountain of rising spray.

After the storm had passed away the warm violet skies appeared and smiled serenely, while the red light of the descending sun played upon the dismembered fragments and gave to cliff and column, wall and pinnacle, mountain and valley, a soft glow that radiated like blinking stars at close of sunset.

The passing day we supposed would here close our pursuit of the iridescent beauties, for we had planned to leave in the morning for Jackson's Cove, just ten miles distant, and formerly one of the best trouting places on the lake. As we talked the matter over Ned was fearful that the party of Detroit anglers, of which we have made mention elsewhere, were in advance of us and had doubtless cleaned out the place of the finny population we sought.

What was our disappointment on awakening the next morning to realize that a heavy southeast wind was blowing and the probabilities were that we would have to remain here another day. We, however, made the most of it and did our casting in the channel that was protected by outlying islands. Though a poor day for luring we managed to coax eight of the symmetrical beauties of the trout family to our lures, and slew them without remorse of conscience. Ned's red-headed devil did more execution than my shapely and deftly made flies, of which I used during the day the following: Henshall, silver-doctor, professor, Montreal, jungle-cock, black-spider, brown-hackle, scarlet-ibis and Parmachenee-belle. Ned would only change his dropper, holding the fiery-flamed "dusting brush" to the fore, of which I subjoin a *facsimile*.



THE "DUSTING BRUSH."

We, however, advise all professional fly makers to avoid duplicating the fly, as I am positive he has a caveat for it by this time.

It blew hard all day, and when we retired at night there were no indications of it letting up. The next morning it was not so bad, though not favorable for our departure, and so we remained another day.

About an hour after breakfast there was a decided and favorable change in the elements, a bright sun, serene sky and zephyr breezes prevailing. This tempted us to start the flies sailing, and on taking the boat went to the mainland and fished along the shore quite a distance, and happily found the trout inclined to rise to our lures. We caught enough in an hour and then discontinued the sport. These trophies gave us a very generous if not over abundant larder.

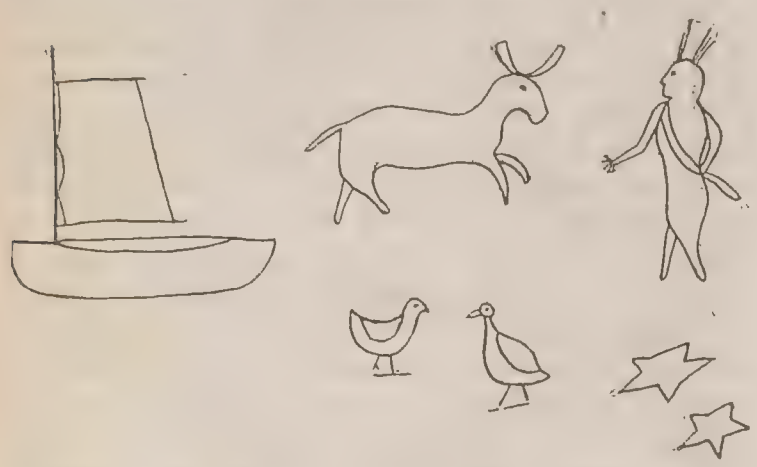
During the middle of the afternoon the trotting fever took complete possession of us again, and we therefore started out to make havoc once more in the ranks of the

delicately tinted and delightfully spotted *fontinalis*, and drink in the loveliness of the scenery and bathe in the golden glow that crimsoned the whispering forest and brightened the tinkling ripples.

Passing one of the islands where the Indians have chiseled some rude figures on its sea front in their peculiar lines, I concluded to make a copy of them as samples of their artistic skill. These are about as attractive to them as would be the finest and most graceful figures from the brush of a Raphael or a Tintoret.

We caught two trout apiece as per agreement, and then laid our rods aside, as we dreaded any wicked waste of the golden fins.

What a pure delight it was to gently glide over the undulating ripples in such golden weather. What beautiful sky and landscapes greet the vision everywhere. Beyond we see the aspiring pinnacles and green waves of forest lands, where the sea runs out to the belted horizon, and



INDIAN ROCK PICTURES.

where the blueness of the water met the blueness of the skies, radiant with all the marvels of its countless hues. The gentle south wind, with healing on its wings, and the perfume of tropic flowers softly stirred the murmuring water, filling the air with the ceaseless melody of its voices. The luster of a declining sun beamed upon it; the white foam curled and broke on the gray, curving rocks and crimson wooded inlets of the shore; innumerable birds with snow white plumage floated or flew above its surface, thus reviving memory and giving us fresh appreciation of the passage from Bayard Taylor's "Hymn to the Air:"

"What is the scenery of earth to thine?
Here all is fixed in everlasting shapes,
But where the realms of gorgeous cloudland shine
There stretch afar thy sun illumined capes,
Embaying reaches of the amber seas
Of sunset, on whose tranquil bosom lie
The happy islands of the upper sky,
The halcyon shores of thine Atlantides."

Islands, bays and inlets, headlands, cliffs and slopes, and anon some wandering brook with its tuneful melody from the mountain range, came in pleasing review. Wherever we drifted, for we hardly went faster, the tranquil beauty of the lake, the impressive grandeur of shoreland and the frescoed beauty of the skies charmed us so completely that we gave ourselves entirely up to the sweetness of unmeasured life.

Having reveled hours in this delightful mood, we at last break the charm and send the little craft speeding o'er the rufiled surface on the return to camp.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TROLLING FOR A STEELHEAD.

THE preacher was expected at our house a few days since and there was no meat around except on foot, and I didn't want to kill that, for my yellow-legged pullets were all laying and this year's chicks weren't big enough unless I sacrificed two, and I didn't think I could stand that, so fish would have to take the place of flesh if I could make it. There are no woodchucks in this country.

Just after daybreak is pretty early at this time of year in this section, but I was out and moving about that time and on as pretty a morning as could be made to order. The air was moving also, gently, rippling the water just about enough for good trolling. There was the most delightful concert going on by the cock robins in a hundred trees you ever listened to, and old cock-a-doodle-do, from his perch in the hen-house, was showing what he could do in the way of noise.

I had been catching salmon trout from time to time with rod and light spinner, but this morning I took a trolling line and light spoon to vary the entertainment a little, and in a little time I had the boat afloat and 100ft. of line trailing astern in water eenamost as clear as the air around me and through which the pebbly or weedy bottom showed deceptively.

Down along shore I pulled for a few hundred yards in 8 or 10ft. of water without a strike; then I swung out and around back again in deeper water up past the landing 200yds. in much deeper water, and was thinking that this wasn't the salmon trout's morning, when the line straightened out as taut as a bowstring, and I could almost hear it twang, for it was pretty nearly all out of water as the fish rose to the surface. I was considerably surprised, for no larger fish than a 2-pounder had come to hand since last winter, but here was something huckleberries above any such persimmons, and realizing that I had business cut out, I rapidly took the oars and locks inboard and began to haul in on the line. Don't it feel good, though, to feel a lively log on the other end of a line stretched to almost its utmost! At first I didn't know whether the boat went or the fish came, but I got in line slowly until in the wonderfully clear water I caught the silvery gleam of a whopper of a salmon, and then I felt pretty well, thank you. When he had been drawn as close to the boat as he thought was safe, he refused for quite a while to make any closer acquaintance, but bored for the bottom or took wide sweeps, taking line as he pleased or as I thought judicious; for, as I said, the spoon was light, and I wanted that fish, for the preacher was comin'.

Back and forth, time and again, from bow to stern of the little 10ft. boat I went to free the line as the gamy fellow swept under the boat, and time and again as I had him almost up to the boat and thought he was played out would he make a terrific rush and the line cut my fingers again. I had no gaff nor anything to knock him on the head with, so I had to play him completely out that I might lift him in out of the wet by the gills; and when finally I had done this after a good deal of pretty fine work, and he lay in the boat gasping after a thump on the head with an oar handle, I thought he was about as beautiful 31½in. of spotted-backed, silvery-sided steelhead as ever feel into anybody's hands; and when I took him to the house, ere yet the coffee pot steamed upon the fire, and saw him run the scale pointer down to the 12lb. notch, I remarked:

"Now let the preacher come." O. O. S.

STATE OF WASHINGTON, June, 1896.

BOSTON FISHERMEN.

BOSTON, July 13.—The Bemet and Train party is at home after a very good fishing trip to Mooselucmaguntic Lake. Fly-fishing has been good in the vicinity of the Birches. The Williams party had good fly-fishing there from the 10th to the 21st of June, taking one 4lb. trout and one 3½lbs. on the fly. The Parmachenee-belle seemed to be the favorite.

The Wilson party, of Lewiston, had excellent fishing off Ship Island, in Molechunkamunk Lake, late in June. This is an island that only shows at low water, though before the flowage—21ft. at high water—it was out of the water altogether. The trout evidently gather there to feed. The Wilson party took one trout of 4½lbs. and a great many of from ¾ to 1lb. The fly-fishing a part of the time, especially at the edge of the evening, was excellent.

Mr. John G. Wright has an excellent report from the Commodore Club at Moose Lake, in Maine. A landlocked salmon was taken there last week some 14in. in length. It was taken trolling with a red fly or Stanley spinner, near the middle of the lake. The taking of such a fish would be nothing remarkable in many another lake, but Moose Lake has been stocked with salmon only a few years, never with any sort of force till three or four years ago, and the above salmon is the first result of this stocking ever taken. It was an event for the members of the club present and the news was wired to the absent ones. The fish was handsomely dressed and cooked, with a blue ribbon tied in the gills, labeled that it had cost the club $6,000. But all the same the club members are greatly pleased to make sure that their efforts are being rewarded. There were never any salmon in the lake till put there, and the surprise is that the one taken had grown so large in so short a time. At the present time the club has at its hatcheries, at the lower part of Tuttle Brook, 30,000 landlocked salmon and 50,000 trout, all hatched this year and doing finely. The little fellows will be turned out of the pools this fall, but are likely to be retained between two dams in the brook till they are larger grown. Along the brook salmon are quite plenty, evidently one, two and three years old. These fish do not yet seem quite ready to go down into the lake, and the club has never felt certain that there were any in the lake till the catching of the one above mentioned. Moose lake is well stocked with landlocked smelt, the natural food of the landlocked salmon, and the Commodore Club, made up of some of the first business and professional men of Boston and Maine, expects soon to own the finest salmon-fishing preserve in Maine. The Castle Harmony Club is also located on the other side of the lake, and is doing good work at restocking. This club is also made up of Boston and Maine representative men.

Mr. James H. Jones, of Faneuil Hall Market, has gone to Buckfield, Me., on his vacation and summer fishing trip. He will try the brooks in that section, and with his father make a trip to the trout brooks in Byron, camping out for a couple of days. His father fished those brooks as a boy, and will take great pleasure in trying them again.

Mr. Geo. H. Cutting, of Andover, Me., writes us that a great many deer are being seen at the present time, even more than a year ago. He has been guiding at the Rangeleys for some weeks, and thinks that the deer are unusually plenty. The warm weather and the flies drive them out into the fields and pastures, as well as down into the lakes and ponds. "Partridges," he remarks, "I have never seen so plenty, and if nothing happens to them there should be excellent shooting this fall."

Messrs. M. Allen and W. A. Crocker are back from a black bass fishing trip to Long Lake, Bridgton, Me. They report excellent luck, with about all the bass they wanted. A bass weighing 2½lbs. was received from them as a trophy by their friends at the store of the Carpenter, Morton Co. on Thursday. About all who return from the Maine bass waters declare that fishing has never been better.

Late reports from the Northeast Branch of the St. Marguerite say that Walter M. Brackett is having "the greatest luck on record." In his first seven days' fishing he had taken twenty-nine salmon. Messrs. C. G. Sias, C. H. Olmsted and Geo. Talbot have the greatest of praise for the salmon fishing at the St. John, at Gaspé, P. Q., from which river they have lately returned. They made a record of fifty-eight salmon. Mr. Richard O. Harding has been handsomely remembered by Mr. Olmsted. A fine salmon came in the other day.

The Maine Newspaper Press Association is to visit the Rangeleys for its annual excursion this year. But little fishing will be done, however, the party stopping for a night at the Birches, at the Mountain View, and at Anglers' Retreat. The recent fire at Bemis, on the line of the new Rumford Falls & Rangeley Lakes R'y, was not as disastrous as at first reported. The log station at Bemis was not burned, nor Capt. Fred's camps. The fire was confined to about 400 acres of woodland, and was got under control only by almost superhuman efforts by everybody. Sportsmen should exercise the greatest caution about kindling fires. The only safe place is on a sandy or rocky shore next the water, with a pail or bucket handy; and even then the fire should be of the smallest proportions, and thoroughly extinguished before being left.

SPECIAL.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

A TROUT ENEMY.

LEBANON, N. H., July 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose a very crude sketch of a fish taken from a hole in a partly dried up brook in this town. The party who caught it brought it to me for identification, and although fish warden of the town I was unable to give it a name, unless it might belong to the eel family and be what is called in local parlance a "chub eel." Its color was yellowish, with spots like those on a frog, with apparently no scales, eyes bulged out and well up on top of head, two large fanlike fins (one each side). The front upright fin on back was slightly pink on upper edge. The head on the fish gave the idea of a bullhead. Can you tell me through next FOREST AND STREAM what it was?

C. M. HOFFMAN.

[There is scarcely a doubt that the sketch represents the miller's thumb, blob, muffle-jaw or bullhead of the Middle and Northern States. This belongs to the family of sculpins and is known to be one of the worst enemies of trout



THE MILLER'S THUMB.

and salmon. Wherever fish of the salmon family are found this little pest in one or more of its various forms may be seen carrying on its work of destroying eggs and fry. Its small size allows it to burrow down into the piles of gravel and stones forming the salmon nest, and very few eggs escape its keen vision and rapacious jaws.

It has been shown by experiments in Washington that a small miller's thumb will devour twenty trout fry in about a minute. When it is remembered that the small enemy of the salmon family is one of the commonest of the fresh-water fishes and occurs in all salmon and trout waters as far as heard from, the limit of its capacity for mischief will be readily appreciated.

We learn from Mr. A. R. Fuller that there are at least two kinds of miller's thumbs in Meacham Lake, N. Y., where they spawn in June. He says their eggs are attached to the under surface of stones in cone-shaped masses, and the newly-hatched embryo sculpins are about ¼in. long.

For additional information on this subject see FOREST AND STREAM of July 21, 1892. Two of the Western forms are illustrated in Bulletin U. S. Fish Commission for 1894, facing page 202. The fish which we think is represented in the sketch above mentioned is shown in figure 74, plate 35, of Dr. Bean's book on "The Fishes of Pennsylvania;" also in "De Kay's Zoölogy of New York, Fishes," plate 5, figure 14.]

Round Mountain Lake.

EUSTIS, Me., July 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The camps at Round Mountain Lake are lively just now, the fishing of the finest.

The party of gentlemen from New York who are here for the fifth year are enjoying the lake fishing. Arriving on Wednesday eve just before tea time, tried their luck at once and in less than an hour hooked over sixty, saving some fine ones weighing ¾lb. and 1lb. each, while some tipped the scales even heavier. They were much pleased with their success and pronounce the lake and its surroundings the finest in Maine.

On Friday the party went to Blanchard Pond, on this same preserve, and were rewarded by catching some big ones with the fly-rods, proving the rule that Dr. Eastman insists is the right one: "Flies are the only things to fish with."

Mr. Harding took the largest fish, weighing 2½lbs.

The Pitman party is still here and having great sport. Even the fact of getting frightened by a bear while unarmed and alone does not dampen their ardor in the least.

Mr. J. N. George, of Boston & Maine R. R., is here for a few days, and has made arrangements for a trip here with his family for September and part of October.

The old camp-fire has been started, and that means for all summer, "No go out." Guide Moody has begun to relate his experiences and any who come do well to rival them.

Parties are coming in now, although the weather is cool here. Round Mountain Lake is being favored with many of its old patrons and a good share of the new ones. X.

Princes Bay Weakfish.

PRINCES BAY, N. Y., July 13.—In the past few days large catches of weakfish have been made here in the bay with hook and line. Saturday, the 11th, three boats brought in ninety six fair-sized fish; that is doing remarkably well for this place, as the menhaden fishermen are netting them by the bushel. Sunday morning, the 12th, A. F. Mack, of this place, caught thirty-six weakfish with a piece of salt pork and a small piece of red flannel attached.

A. L. H.

Barnegat Bay.

NEWARK, N. J.—We caught in Barnegat Bay on July 11, in three hours' fishing, twenty-five striped bass weighing 3, 4 to 5lbs. each, trolling with spoon and white worms. Capt. Edward Parker, of the Lafayette House, Forked River, N. J., is a reliable man to go out with There are any number of weakfish caught.

A. F. MEISSELBACH & BRO.

Forest and Stream's
Fishing Postals.

"DROP US A LINE" ON A POSTAL CARD.

Fishing News, Place to Catch Fish, Fish Caught, Fishing Incidents.

Game and Fish Protection.

NEW JERSEY PROTECTIVE WORK.

From the Monthly Report of the State Fish and Game Protector for June.

THE work of netting the Passaic for the purpose of removing the carp has been begun, but it is making rather slow progress on account of the novelty of the undertaking. It was found that the river's bed was obstructed by numerous logs and sharp rocks, rendering the use of sweep seines very difficult or utterly impossible. Pound nets are now in operation and promise better results. There is little doubt when the approach of the cold weather causes the carp to move about more than they do in warm weather that their numbers will be materially diminished. Whether the stock of carp can be so reduced as to tend to their extermination by the fish to be introduced from Lake Erie is a question which the future will decide. The experiment is an inexpensive one, and the direct and positive benefit which we know will result will be the introduction of valuable food and game fish from the great lakes.

The menhaden fishing has just begun, and so far as I have been able to learn up to the present date there have been no violations of the law, no vessels appearing along the New Jersey coast which have not been duly licensed by the Commission. Fishing for menhaden began later than usual this season for several reasons. In the first place, the menhaden people had a great deal of stock on hand which commanded very low prices, and consequently there was little incentive to them to begin operations, especially if, in addition to their usual expenses, they were compelled to pay a license fee. Another reason why there was less anxiety to begin operations was because there is less demand for the product of the so-called "fish factories." A substitute for the oil expressed from menhaden has been found in a product of petroleum, which, while it answers the purposes of fish oil in a great many respects, commands a great deal lower price in the markets. From present indications, fishing for menhaden has seen its best day and is beginning to decline. The whale fishery gave way to the fishing for menhaden, and the latter promises in a few years to become so reduced in volume as not to give rise to continued fears of injury to the fish supply. There is little doubt that the annual catch of menhaden along the New Jersey coast will be less this year than it has been for a long time, and the people of this State will have the satisfaction of knowing that such persons as still continue the pursuit of these fish contribute a revenue for the defraying of expenses of keeping up the supply of other kinds of fish.

The most important litigation determined during the month was the appeal case of a number of Italians in the county of Atlantic. These men had for a considerable period paid attention to no law whatever, claiming that they had a right to do as they saw fit on their own premises or on property owned by friends where they had been given the privilege of gunning. A number of prosecutions instituted last fall were bitterly fought by the accused and when judgment was rendered against them in the lower courts appeals followed. I am glad to be able to report that the Court of Common Pleas of Atlantic county has sustained every conviction had.

The record of prosecutions for the month is the following:

By Warden Brown—David Williams, killing song birds; fined $20 and costs.
By Warden Hendershott—Israel Struble, Martin M. Bunn and Emmet Struble, having bass unlawfully in possession; fined $40 and costs.
By Warden Shinn—Samuel Reed, destroying birds' nests; thirty days in jail.
By Warden Hendershott—Floyd D. Aber, birdnesting; sentence suspended on payment of costs.
By Warden Hendershott—Elvin Hill and Harry G. Hill, having bass unlawfully in possession; fined $20 and costs.
By Warden Huston—Edward Pidcock, fishing for shad on Sundays; fined $100 and costs.
By Fish and Game Protector Shriner—Paulo Harrie, having oriole in possession; fined $20 and costs.
By Warden Brown—Edward Simon, having bass unlawfully in possession; acquitted.
By Warden Hill—W C. Fortner, using gill net; case undisposed of.
By Warden Ricardo—Sebastian Bena, netting fish: fined $20 and costs.

CHARLES A. SHRINER, Fish and Game Protector.

PATERSON, N. J., July 1.

Fisheulture.

NEW METHOD OF POND CULTURE.*

BY DR. JOUSSET DE BELLESME.

[Translated by Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, by permission of the author, and read at the twenty-fifth annual meeting of the American Fisheries Society.]

[At the solicitation of Count de Briey, President of the Central Society for the Protection of Fresh-water Fisheries of Belgium, M. de Bruyn, Minister of Agriculture, requested Dr. Jousset de Bellesme, Director of Fishculture of Paris, to deliver a lecture on pond culture at the Exposition of Fisheries and Fishculture at Antwerp in 1894. That lecture was published in the journal of the Belgian Society mentioned in January, February and March, 1895.

Dr. Jousset de Bellesme had previously published a brief account of his new method of pond culture in *Comptes Rendus Acad Sc.*, Paris, Nov. 26, 1894. A paper upon the same subject was published in a French newspaper, *Le Gaulois*, by A. de Marcillac, in March, 1895, criticising the method proposed by Dr. Jousset de Bellesme; and in *Revue des Sciences Naturelles Appliquées*, Paris, No. 17, December, 1895, M. Jules de Guerne takes exception to the statements made by the Director in terms unnecessarily severe; indeed, in such a manner as to arouse suspicion of an unworthy motive.

There is no question as to the value of the experiments herein described, and however much American fishculturists may differ from some of the distinguished author's opinions, they cannot fail to find in the article many useful hints for their guidance. We have to thank him for the information that the quinnat salmon will reproduce without going to sea, when three years old and weighing 13 to 15lbs, and that they can be successfully and profitably reared in ponds. For convenience the following table of equivalents of the weights and measures used in this article is given:

1,000 grams=1 kilogram=2^1_5lbs. avoirdupois.
1 centimeter=10 millimeters=$^2_5$in.
1 hectare=2.471 acres. T. H. B.]

In Belgium, as well as in France, ponds have not taken the rank to which they are entitled in increasing the food supply and supporting industries, because, instead of constantly improving their system of culture, the breeders of fish have remained hypnotized by obsolete methods, and have found nothing better than the indefinite perpetuation of the carp, which has been practiced from the thirteenth century.

It is desirable to abandon this plan and in this progressive age to give up ancient errors. After I have shown the result of the extended researches which I have made upon this interesting subject, I hope all your doubts will be removed and you will be convinced, as I am myself, that pond culture is susceptible of taking its place in the first rank of fishcultural industries.

At present it is rare that a pond suitably located yields 60 francs per hectare of surface, and again, how often they do not give more than a revenue of 30 or 40 francs per hectare every two or three years. It will be admitted that with such meager returns this industry will be greatly neglected.

I hope to demonstrate to you that if this had been differently managed the culture of the pond might be made to yield 700, 800 or even 1,000 francs per hectare.

I will divide my subject into two parts:

First—I will give a rapid survey of the present state of pond culture.

Second—I will have the honor to show you the new method which I have evolved from experiments continued about ten years at the Aquarium of the Trocadéro in the rearing and reproduction of the *Salmonidæ*.

I have often asked myself why the monks especially selected the carp among the numerous fishes which inhabit our fresh waters. Of course we can offer nothing but conjecture upon this point. My belief is that the carp in the fourteenth century was not exactly the fish which we know to-day, and that it was distinguished then from other species by qualities which it no longer possesses.

I fear that what I am going to say will excite contradiction, and I will be sorry if any one attributes to me bad intentions with regard to a fish which gives pleasure to the angler and is sought after by many people; but the love of truth leads me to state that from the culinary point of view and as a food the carp is far from occupying the first place among the fresh-water fishes which are offered in our markets. It ranks in the quality of its flesh below the salmon, trout, eel and frequently even the perch, gudgeon and barb. If any one disbelieves this statement it can be sustained by a glance at the list of prices of fish in our markets. It will be seen that while a kilogram of salmon costs 10 francs, of trout 8 francs, of eel 7 francs and of gudgeon 5 francs, a kilogram of carp costs about 3 francs. These are the average prices of the Paris market. Three francs a kilogram! Who hopes to establish that at this price the carp is an advantageous food? Leaving out the always disputed question of taste, the food value of the fish must be considered.

Buy a carp of 1 kilogram, cook it, it will not weigh more than	991.80 grams
Remove the skin and weigh it, it is	96.90 grams
Take out the viscera, which weigh	379.76 grams
Carefully remove the skeleton	201.78 grams
There remains of flesh only	312.36 grams

Thus from this fish, for which we have paid 3 francs, we obtain only 312 grams of flesh; that is for the flesh almost at the rate of 10 francs per kilogram.

If we take a salmon or a trout of 1 kilogram see what we obtain:

After cooking it weighs	965.70 grams
Skin	49.90 grams
Vicera	199.80 grams
Skeleton	122.10 grams
Flesh	593.80 grams

It is unnecessary to emphasize further the inferiority of the carp.

How then comes it that in spite of this inferiority, which has doubtless been remarked and commented upon by many other persons than myself, the carp still continues to be the only fish cultivated in ponds? There are several reasons for this; the carp really possesses several valuable qualities from the point of view of the fish breeder. Of all our fresh-water fishes its growth is the most rapid. At four years it weighs two kilograms and frequently arrives at this weight earlier.

It is extremely hardy and is not injured by freezing, nor by impurities in the water. Its culture is attended with uniform results; finally the carp requires less care than other fishes. Its food is vegetable and one may really say that this fish raises itself; this indeed is the principal cause of its success; many proprietors are satisfied with small results upon the condition that they do not cost any trouble.

I said at the commencement that this method is to be abandoned. Every medal has its r verse. We may say that the hardiness of the carp has been the origin of its degeneration as a species. The fishculturist grows careless about the selection of the breeding fish, and very often before having his attention called to it the carp have spawned in the pond quite promiscuously. Nevertheless he sells the young for restocking at the same price as if they had been of a good race; also through this negligence the pond deteriorates, as in Sologne, where the carp has greatly degenerated and has acquired a factitious quality of reproducing too early. The Sologne people have remarked upon this without comprehending its significance. They say in this connection that the carp is precocious.

As a result, it frequently happens that the alevins placed in a pond to grow begin to breed before they have reached a marketable size, and they have no commercial value. This characteristic has been acquired by living many generations in ponds which are too warm and has become fixed by heredity. High temperature stimulates the reproductive functions, and the animal becomes incapable of growing large.

Is it advisable to cultivate such a mediocre fish? Here are some figures which will answer this question, and without burdening you with a long and detailed enumeration, I will furnish the two extreme terms of this series.

First, the minimum.

In 1892, in Sologne, the proprietors of ponds had difficulty to sell carp at 70 centimes a kilogram. After deducting 4 per cent. and the expenses of fishing, which would give about 52 centimes a kilogram, and as a hectare produced an average of not more than 80 kilograms, this is a yield of about 45 francs a hectare, but it should be noted in this regard that the ponds are not fished oftener than once in two or three years. Certainly this is small, and indeed some ponds return 60, 70 and even 80 francs per hectare.

The most highly esteemed carp establishments are those of Dubisch, in Silesia, which have frequently been mentioned of late years and have given the best results. A hectare has yielded according to official reports as high as 132 francs, a result which has never been exceeded; but this method involves much care and labor. This is a very excellent result, but how insignificant compared with a yield of 700 francs per hectare, which I have mentioned in the beginning. Truth compels me to say that it is not with the carp that this climax is reached, but with another fish.

I have thought from the beginning that it would be possible to replace the carp by another of our fresh-water fish, such as the eel or trout, the prices of which are much higher.

For the culture of the eel special conditions are essential, and the habits of the fish are such as to make its culture in ponds uncertain and undesirable.

On account of its high price the trout has already been made the subject of many experiments, but of all those I have seen undertaken I have not observed a single one which has been a success from a commercial point of view. The reason can be easily stated.

First, the ordinary pond rarely contains water of a temperature during the summer sufficiently low to suit the trout or even to keep it alive, for this fish will not endure a temperature above 18° centigrade; besides, the calm and stagnant water of the pond is not calculated to please it.

It is a fish of rapid streams, of waters incessantly moving and aerated, of the rapid cascades, which it ascends joyfully even when they boil like a cauldron; finally, it is a carnivorous fish, a great feeder, and when at liberty in a watercourse it has the habit of migrating if a sufficient supply of food is not present and establishing itself elsewhere. In a pond the trout is a prisoner and it must submit to the conditions imposed upon it, and these do not agree with its independent spirit. When the small fish available for it are exhausted, and they are rapidly exhausted, the young come to a standstill and the fish are reduced to insect food, scarcely sustaining themselves, and do not grow any more.

Add to this the fact that the breeders who have made these attempts and who have favorable conditions for the fish have made a mistake by attempting to cultivate the trout by methods which they apply to the carp. This is a fundamental error; a carnivorous animal will never accommodate itself to the mode of life or conditions which are suitable for herbivorous ones. For all these reasons the rearing of the trout in ponds, though often attempted, has not become current among fishculturists. Still, I am convinced that under favorable conditions this rearing will be possible, but it will be necessary to follow a totally different method.

I have in my experiments here been greatly aided by the importation of *Salmonidæ*, which have furnished the means necessary to solve this problem by having placed in my hands a fish of superior delicacy of flesh and combining all the qualities desirable for pond culture.

In 1879 the Aquarium of the Trocadéro received, through the courtesy of the U. S. Fish Commission and at the request of the National Society of Acclimatization, the eggs of three species of salmon successfully cultivated in America.

I devoted myself ardently to the rearing of these fish with the object of introducing and acclimatizing them in the waters of France. I have rested my hopes upon two of them, for I have not been mislead as to the difficulties inherent in this experiment. But the way being prepared, I have not lost sight of pond culture, and as I gradually learned more of the habits and characteristics of these new species I have not been slow to remark that one of them combines the qualities which make it suitable for simple and economic culture, and that by modifying the methods one may secure a new pond fish, the cultivation of which will be infinitely more remunerative than that of the carp.

Without entering more into details I will give the names of the three species of fish.

First: California salmon.

Its technical name is *Salmo quinnat*, and it is called the California salmon because it is very abundant in the rivers of California. Its form is elongate, its sides silvery white, the back greenish gray or bluish and spotted with numerous brown spots, the head is large, mouth wide, caudal fin deeply forked and pointed at the extremities. It has no red spots on the sides like the trout. Its size is large, individuals weighing 20 kilograms having been taken. Its flesh is extremely delicate, of a yellowish, apricot color, sometimes deeply pink. It spawns in October.

Second: The rainbow trout, *Salmo irideus*.

This is also from California. In general form it resembles the common trout (*Salmo fario*). Its sides are yellowish white, the back brown marked with elongated spots descending very low on the body, the caudal fin is truncate, but the fish is especially distinguished by a beautiful rose band which extends along the sides from the opercle to the caudal fin. The opercle itself is strongly tinged with pink. The rainbow trout does not reach the proportions of the California salmon, it does not exceed 50 to 60 centimeters (20 to 24in.); its flesh is sometimes white with a tinge of yellow, sometimes pink, according to surroundings, less delicate than that of the California salmon. It spawns in April.

Third: The brook trout or *Salmo fontinalis*.

Its form resembles that of the trout; it is a very pretty fish. Its fins are margined with white, which, with its dark sides, spotted with white, give it a striking resemblance to the *ombre-chevalier*. Like the rainbow trout, it does not reach a great size.

These three kinds of fish have been made the subject of many experiments in the Trocadéro Aquarium. I have studied their habits and characteristics, in order to appreciate their qualities and their advantages, and have endeavored to learn thoroughly their reproduction and rearing.

The qualities which radically distinguish these species from our native *Salmonidæ* are important.

First, their growth is more rapid. It is possible in ten months to bring them to a weight of 300 grams. At three years they may measure 28 to 32in. and weigh from 13 to 15lbs. They do not offer any difficulties on account of purity of the water and accept surroundings to which our trout would not submit. They endure high temperature; they will live in roily water of a temperature of 25° centigrade, while the trout succumbs at 18°. Finally these salmon, in spite of their name of salmon, are not obliged to go to sea to prepare for their reproduction.

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* *Nouvelle Méthode de Culture des Étangs.* Par le Docteur Jousset de Bellesme, *Pêche et Pisciculture*, Brussels. Nos. 1, 2, 3, Jan.–Mar., 1895; pp. 2–11, 28–40, 50–54.

They can live and reproduce in fresh water. So, although zoölogically they are salmon, from the culinary standpoint they are trout.

It is true that in California *Salmo quinnat* descends the Sacramento, but this journey is not obligatory. In the tanks of the Trocadéro the *quinnat* reproduces wonderfully, and after five generations its spawning is to-day as ample as at the beginning.

In studying their qualities I have observed among these three species certain differences which caused me to become attached especially to the California salmon. Its flesh is very superior in quality, as has been remarked by certain authors, to that of the rainbow trout, and this is an important thing to be taken into consideration in its acclimatization. In order to make the comparison it is necessary to eat fish of the same age, raised under the same conditions and at liberty.

It will be seen then that the rainbow trout is far from having the same delicacy as the California salmon. Its flesh is a little hard and dry, resembling that of the whitefish, while the *quinnat* has fine, tender and creamy flesh like the Scotch trout or very young salmon.

The California salmon has another advantage over its two congeners: its reproductive period is very advanced. It spawns in the second half of October, while the brook trout spawns in December and the rainbow not until April. This peculiarity is of the highest importance; it is that upon which is based my preference for the California salmon in the method of culture which we are to explain.

In the enumeration of these qualities there has been less question about the brook trout than the other two species. This is because the fish has not the same adaptibility to artificial culture; it is more capricious in its habits; it is oftener subject to inexplicable mortality, and on these accounts I have relegated it to the third place, at least for the present. In that which follows I will confine myself to the California salmon.

In the first place, we must ask ourselves the question whether the California salmon is susceptible of culture in ponds. On this subject I have made numerous experiments which have furnished precise and conclusive results, and which prove that it lives very well in ponds, thriving in them remarkably well.

Without fatiguing you with all these experiments I will cite two which were undertaken in a small and a large pond.

Dr. Léon Lefort, vice-president of the Society of Acclimatization of Paris, has raised California salmon and rainbow trout in a pond of a hectare and a half in Sologne. The alevins were furnished by the Trocadéro Aquarium. They were about 8 centimeters long when they were placed in this pond of comparatively high temperature. After two years' sojourn in the pond the fish reached an average size of 24in.

With the assistance of the Fishery Society of Langres (Haute-Marne), I made a rearing experiment in the pond of Leiz, situated near that town. This is a body of water covering 200 hectares, and has no streams flowing into it. We were therefore assured that no predaceous fish would destroy the alevins which we placed there. Under these conditions, before the third year the California salmon reached a weight of 6 to 7 kilograms and a length of 31in., and some of them reproduced.

It is therefore shown by our experiments that the American *Salmonidæ* live very well in a pond and grow rapidly. Let us inquire before leaving this subject how it is possible to rear these fishes as regularly as carp are raised. In taking carp culture as a type we do not expect the same results, and it is partly by having misunderstood this principle that the attempts made with trout have been unsuccessful.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

DOG AND PICTURE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A Posteriori concludes his article in the July 4 issue of FOREST AND STREAM as follows:

"I believe with Mr. Adams that the dog has powers of reason; our divergence of belief is on the degree of it; and while my argument has been in a positive manner against Mr. Adams's data, I simply have endeavored to show that his proposition is not proven, and not that it is impossible. The data up to the present time do not sustain his proposition, nor warrant his conclusion. The matter to gain a belief with the world should be free from any *petitio principii*."

I am not aware of having ever begged the question. Like the man in the good book, "to beg I am ashamed." Before making this charge, A Posteriori should have been sure of what the question was. I have never claimed that a dog or any other lower animal can recognize, or has ever recognized, a portrait. I may have intimated that I see no reason why a dog cannot recognize a portrait. I am perfectly willing to go further and say that, reasoning *a priori*, I believe that the power to recognize a portrait is possessed by intelligences beneath the intelligence of man—which is a very different thing from saying that I know it.

A Posteriori—though it is very evident that he knows the difference between the meanings of the words—confounds cognition and recognition. He has not done this in a spirit of unfairness, but in carelessness, or for the lack of a better word to express the cognition of a portrait as a portrait of a certain person—a possible secondary meaning.

That I may get the thought that I had in mind in my first letter to FOREST AND STREAM to the reader fully, allow me to raise and answer the question, What is cognition? There are two other words which express the same idea, know and perceive, as I have used the word cognition in this discussion.

Knowing, perceiving, cognizing, is a distinct act of the mind. It is not sensation. I pause for a moment for an illustration. Just outside the window by which I write there is a honeysuckle in full bloom. I hear the low, steady buzz of a hummingbird, with that occasional creak of satisfaction which the hummingbird gives when it has struck a particularly rich deposit of sweetness. The humming and the creaking have no doubt been going on for some time. The waves of air put in motion by the wings and the throat of the hummingbird have been striking upon the tympanum of my ear; but I have been engaged, my attention has been taken by the work in hand, and I have not been aware of the waves so striking. Now I am aware of them, now I perceive them, now, my *memory continuum* being awakened by this perceived event in my *sensory continuum*, I cognize the waves and the little energetic bundle of color which causes them.

In using the large words—and one must use large words once in a while, or be accused of *petitio principii*—I have involved the definition of a recognition. When I cognize a thing which I have cognized before, and remember that I have cognized it before, then I have recognized it. When a portrait of a friend is so good that I cognize him in it, then I have in a legitimate use, I take it, of the word recognized my friend's portrait. Any dictionary will give the derivation of the word portrait. It is from the Latin words *pro*, forth, and *trahere*, to draw. He is the most successful portrait painter who draws forth the most of the individuality of his subject and reproduces it on the canvas. Were there an infinitely perfect portrait painter, he would so absolutely reproduce the original that everybody would be so fully deceived that in looking at the canvas he would think that he stood in the presence of that original—as Tiger probably did when he looked upon the crayon portrait of his master. One so deceived might step up and try to slap the portrait on the shoulder, as he would the friend, were the friend one who would enjoy such a procedure, as every friend does not.

In saying "Let us now consider the actions of a man examining the portrait of a friend, or, as the mental scientist would say, observe the mental phenomena which he exhibits. His face may take on a pensive look. He does not reach out to shake hands with it, or slap it on its shoulder, or talk to it. He knows it is only a representation. It is only a semblance—not a reality," he evidences that he has overlooked the necessity of my drawing distinctly the line of definition between a reflection and a likeness, and between a likeness and a portrait. I did not say that Tiger would have cognized a reflection or a likeness of his master. What I did say was that Tiger cognized a portrait of his master. That I still say; and in so doing he solved the problem in psychology which I had in mind when I said it. After saying this I need not spend much time upon A Posteriori's remark: "Now, when the matter of recognizing a likeness is introduced, the instances cited as preparatory to the introduction of the dog's recognition of a portrait have no relevancy to it."

It seems to me that they are quite relevant. A portrait without a likeness would be quite as impossible as an embodied spirit without a body. The likeness is that through which the portrait manifests itself, as the body is that through which the spirit, or the individuality, manifests itself.

To the cognition of a portrait four things are necessary: 1, the faculty of form; 2, the faculty of color; 3, reason; and 4, what may be called the spiritual sense, by which spirit, or the individuality within the personality, is cognized—the two first being necessary to the cognition of reflections. I think that hardly anyone questions that the lower animal has the faculty of form. As I have frequently instanced, my dog Phlip knew the difference between the shape of my beretta, which I wore only on Sundays, and the hat which I wore on the street, as well as I or anybody else did. He would look at my head. When he saw that I had the beretta on, he would go off, curl up on his rug, and show disappointment that he could not go with me; but make no movement in the direction of going. But when I put on my street hat he would take it for granted that he could go, and fall in at my heels; or, if he had not been out for a walk for some time, frisk off in front of me, or circle about me. It is quite evident that the little beggar—gone over to the majority by the assassin's hand a year ago last Trinity Monday—could not have known the difference in the shapes of my head gear had he not had the faculty of form. Sir John Lubbock had a dog so trained that he would bring a piece of cardboard on which was printed the name of the thing that he wanted. The dog had learned to read these words, as you and I learn to read words, by the forms. As to the cognition of colors, A Posteriori says: "Again, in recognizing colors as Mr. Adams mentions, the colors served to show differences plainly perceivable to the eye." In other words, he thinks that the lower animal has not an abstract idea of color. Sir John Lubbock, to refer to him again, has proven—and remember that he is not a psychologist, but a scientist purely in the region of objective—that the sense of color of certain insects stops at one pole of the spectrum, where man's stops, but at the other pole does not stop where man's stops. Where it does stop, man of course does not and cannot know. That the lower animal has the abstract notion of color, as it has other abstract notions, I think very probable. A lady writes me from Indiana that one of her dogs has a distinct preference for a certain color. He shows preference for it in ribbons and in flowers. As to reason, as already quoted, A Posteriori says: "I believe with Mr. Adams that the dog has powers of reason; our divergence is on the degree of it." I do not know that I have ever said to what degree I believe that a dog can reason. In another place A Posteriori says: "He (the dog) seems to have a limited knowledge that certain causes will produce limited results, but his reasoning is always simple and direct. It never takes any mediate forms. He never makes any abstract reasonings. A thing actually exists or it does not. If the dog cannot understand certain things he drops the whole matter. He goes on in his own little world of simple cognitions. He has not even an axiom to guide his intelligence. And here let me say that I believe that the rules of logic have done more to set in the background the dog's just claim to possessing powers of reason than all other causes combined."

Here I take direct issue. Man has sung the sweet song of his essential superiority to the lower animal—sung it to himself too long. The dog's "reasoning never takes any mediate forms." Does it not? My dog finds that some one has taken the coat upon which he loves to sleep out of his chair and hung it on the arm of another chair. What does he do? He goes to the coat, then comes to me and scratches my knee, then goes to the chair where he would have the coat, then wags his tail in request, the while he looks at me, his eyes full of appeal. That dog as clearly used me to a purpose as mechanic ever used lever or screw. I read in the last number of *Our Animal Friends* about how the elephant, cruelly kept in an inclosure where no sheds have been erected and no trees grow, takes hay and deliberately places it on his back to break the power of the sun's rays—preferring new hay to old, and damp to dry, as I remember the account. But we have to do with the dog just now. A gentleman called upon another gentleman. They started on a walk to a depot together. The other gentleman's dog followed. The master told him to go back. He would not do so. The master cruelly beat him—so cruelly that the stranger took his part. As soon as the dog found that he had a friend he went over to him, and then made such an attack upon the master that that friend had to interfere. I do not say that the dog can reason as complexly as man, any more than I would say the Indian can reason as complexly as the Anglo-Saxon, or the average Anglo-Saxon as Bacon. But I do say that it is not true that to the dog "A thing actually exists or it does not." Curiosity is as surely an endowment of the lower animal as it is of man. The attempt has been made to show that there is radical difference between man and the lower animal in that man has what may be called the power of infinite persistency. But that power man has not—even in religion. Did not even The Christ cry out on the cross: "My God, my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" The lower animal's curiosity does not lead it as far as man's leads him, but curiosity leads lower animals. The lower animal may not use as many means to ends as man uses, but it uses means to ends. The confusion, nay the paralysis of psychology is dogma. And there is no dogma so paralyzing as the negative dogma. There is no danger that the lower animal will crowd man out of Wall street, nor from the pulpit, nor bar, nor editorial desk. There is no danger that the lower animal will take man's place in eternity. Then why not be fair to him? Why count him out? Why not count him in? I say in my first letter something about a dog's coming to know that a reflection of himself in a glass is of himself. A Posteriori calls upon me to give an instance to substantiate this statement. A gentleman told me the other day about his cat going around the mirror to find the cat which was a reflection of herself. He said that after that the cat seemed to know that the reflection in that mirror was of herself. I once had a dog who as surely knew the reflection in a mirror in the door of a wardrobe in my study was of himself as I did. How do I know? How would I have known that a child came to know that the reflection which it first took to be another child was a reflection of itself? By its looks and actions, of course! In the same way did I come to know that the dog knew that the reflection was not another dog, but a reflection of himself. Everything outside one's own experiences in psychology is an inference. I may misread the actions and looks of the child or the man, as I may those of the dog; and the adult may not tell me the truth. We may be more certain that Tiger cognized the portrait than we would be that a friend of the artist cognized it. For dogs and children, before a certain age, are not flatterers, and adults may not be, but are almost compelled to be by the laws of courtesy.

That the dog has intuition or what I have called the spiritual sense, by which he reads the changing moods of the individual master through the personal master, A Posteriori has already admitted. So I would claim that there is nothing unreasonable in the *a priori* conclusion which I reached, that a dog may be able to cognize a portrait in or through a likeness. That, and only that, is what I claimed that Tiger did, when his master took him into the room to see the finished portrait on the easel. I have not claimed that Tiger recognized the portrait in the secondary sense in which I used the word at the opening of this paper. But I would not be surprised at all to be told that he had done so. Remember that he went into the room with his master, that his master was in the room when he cognized the portrait, and that when his master spoke to him he left the portrait and went to and fondled his master.

Many other points in A Posteriori's interesting letter I would like to touch upon, but they do not belong to this discussion, which should have been confined to the discus-

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Kingston Kennel Club's fourth show, Kingston, Ont., Canada. C. H. Corbett, Supt.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Rhode Island State Fair Association's fourth annual show, Providence, R. I.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Toronto Exhibition Association's eighth annual show, Toronto, Can. C. A. Stone, Sec'y of bench show.

Sept. 14 to 17.—Montreal Kennel Association's bench show, Montreal. G. Lanigan, Sec'y.

Sept. 22 to 24.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual dog show, Milwaukee Louis Steffen, Sec'y.

Oct. 6 to 8.—Danbury Agricultural Society's show, Danbury, Conn. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y.

Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.

Sept. 7.—Kennedy, Minn.—Coutinental Field Trial Club's chicken trials, P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Oct. 9.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual meet. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.

Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—Natioonal Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.

Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.

Nov. 2.—Bicknell, Ind.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.

Nov. 10.—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.

Nov. 10.—Leamington, Ont.—Peninsular Field Trial Club, Leamington, Ont.

Nov. 10.—Central Beagle Club's trials. L. O. Seidel, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.

Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y.

Never Touched Him.

JULY 8.—How unfortunate it is that in matters pertaining to the A. K. C. men will rush into print and make statements without first obtaining facts from the A. K. C. office. As an instance, Mr. J. Otis Fellows attacks the A. K. C. for disqualifying him. My records do not show any such thing. A. P. VREDENBURGH, Sec'y.

Since the above was put in type, Mr. Fellows informs us that he has been notified by the secretary of the A. K. C. that he is not disqualified, and he adds by way of conclusion, "So, to the boys who wished to know how I felt I will say, very well, thank you; I am not dead yet."

sion of the point at issue—whether a dog can cognize a portrait. That all men can not do so is quite certain, as all men have not the spiritual sense by which the individual is cognized through the personality. A Posteriori draws a picture of a man standing before a painting, posing, trying to make up his mind whether it is a portrait. I have seen some great humbugs do that.

A Posteriori says that one or two things that I have said in my letters are "only verbal." My reply would be that he who does not know how to use words may know how to think, but he does not know how to convey his ideas; and I doubt if his thinking is as clear as it might be. And I must insist that there was no essential difference between Shakespeare and the average man. The difference in Shakespeare's favor was in the strength of faculty and in the relative proportions and delicacy of arrangement of faculties. And I insist just as strongly that there is no essential difference between the average man and the lower animal; the difference in the average man's favor, in its manifoldness, being the same as Shakespeare's.

As to A Posteriori's very courteous attack upon my first letter and reply to his reply to that letter, I submit that he has not shown that my "proposition is not proven." He simply—as one is so apt to do—misapprehended the proposition, which was that the dog can—that one dog has—cognized a portrait, not *re*-cognize a portrait, though, as I said at the opening of this letter, I believe that a dog has the power to recognize a portrait. I do not lay this down as a proposition. I simply express it as a belief, my reasons for holding which belief I have partially mentioned already in this letter, which is certainly long enough.

CHARLES JOSIAH ADAMS.

29 LAFAYETTE PLACE, New York.

PHILADELPHIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am indebted to Mr. W. Wade, Oakmont, Pa., for a matter of important information conveyed in a personal letter to me and bearing on the dog's powers of cognition. I trust that he will accept this as an acknowledgment of the receipt of the information and my obligation to him for it. He writes:

"One matter allied to the point you discussed with Mr. Adams has been overlooked: A dog recognizes a clay or china figure of a dog (such as are often kept in photographers' shops) and circles around it, but when he touches it with his nose jumps away with evident fear and mystification, keeping very clear of that image as long as he remains in the room with it. I suppose the puzzled condition the dog is in before he noses the image comes from seeing a dog that he does not smell."

This is really an important circumstance, though I am inclined to interpret it as an exhibition of reasoning powers, an association of ideas. The dog has come to associate certain odors with every kind of organic life, and finding what apparently is an odorless animal, one against all his former experiences, tends to startle him. The dog trusts more to the sense of smell than to the sense of sight. When considered for a moment, it is not surprising that he does so. I for one do not believe that the sense of smell is more highly developed in the dog than it is in man. The physical difficulty which the dog labors under in being close to the ground would tend to the use of his nose on all occasions possible. The dog's eyes are but a few inches from the ground, and the closer the eyes are to the ground the more circumscribed is the area of vision. Let a man get down on all fours and he will at once have a practical demonstration of this fact. Again, by constantly using his nose to discern such objects as he cannot see, the act would become habitual, and he would use his nose to supplement his eyesight.

A POSTERIORI.

Handlers and Owners.

OWING to a combination of circumstances which existed when the Handlers' Club was formed, and which could not be properly adjusted to coördinate with the policy of the club in the short time intervening between its organization and the holding of this season's field trials, it may find itself in an embarrassing position if it does not exercise good sense in the management of its affairs. All the purposes of the club are most commendable and tend both to the benefit of the handlers and the benefit of field trials. The possible complication may come from the following rulings:

Rule No. 6 prohibits any member of the Handlers' Club from becoming a member of a field trial club, "and," it continues, "all members of this organization pledge themselves not to enter or handle a dog at any trial held by a field trial club of which a competing handler is a member."

That is all very well so long as a handler owns his own entries, or has so arranged his contracts as to be qualified according to that ruling. But many handlers had made contracts before the club was organized, and therefore the contracts were in existence before the rule was made known to the public or even before the rule existed.

In Art. II. of the constitution the purposes of the club are set forth, and of these the following is one: "To enforce the conscientious performance and full completion of contracts between owners and members, if connected with dogs," etc.

Again, in the by-laws, under Rule 3, is the following mandatory requirement: "Every member shall fully and conscientiously perform contracts connected with dogs."

As it would be a violation of contracts with the owners of dogs if the handlers were to refuse to run their dogs in the trials of a club having members who were also competitors, it is plain that there is a conflict between the rules and the situation. Owners did not have sufficient notice of the working of the Handlers' Club's rules, and as the contracts were not qualified according to such rules, the handlers are in honor bound to abide by their contracts. The other matter of a professional competitor being a club member can rest in abeyance till the club members can act without any embarrassment in the matter of contracts, if they ever intend to take any club action in the matter.

"What," asked the commander, anxiously, "is that brisk firing off to the left?"

"We are not yet definitely informed," replied the aide-de-camp, "whether it is a general engagement or a policeman shooting at a mad dog."

With the fate of nations in the balance the uncertainty was awful.—*Detroit Tribune.*

HYDROPHOBIA AS A SIMULATED DISEASE.

THE following letter has been issued by the American Anti-Vivisection Society, of Philadelphia:

We have observed with regret numerous sensational stories concerning alleged mad dogs and the terrible results to human beings bitten by them, which are published from time to time in the newspapers. Such accounts frighten people into various nervous disorders and cause brutal treatment of animals suspected of madness; and yet there is upon record a great mass of testimony from physicians asserting the extreme rarity of hydrophobia even in the dog, while many medical men of wide experience are of the opinion that if it develops in human beings at all it is only on extremely rare occasions; that the condition of hysterical excitement in man described by newspapers as "hydrophobia" is merely a series of symptoms, due usually to a dread of the disease, such dread being caused by realistic newspaper and other reports acting upon the imaginations of persons scratched or bitten by animals suspected of rabies.

The late Dr. Hiram Corson, whose practice extended over a period of seventy years, during which time he searched diligently for the disease in man or animal, wrote under date of Jan. 18, 1896, "I have never had a real case of hydrophobia."

Dr. Traill Green, a physician like Dr. Corson, accurate in observation, careful in statement, and whose practice also extends over a long period, writes under date of Jan. 28, 1896, "I have never had a case of hydrophobia, nor have I ever seen a case" in the practice of other physicians.

Dr. Matthew Woods, who has been in quest of the disease for twenty years, and who during two summers personally visited every case reported in Philadelphia, asserts that he never saw hydrophobia either in man or animal, and although six years ago, at the conclusion of a paper on the subject read before a large audience, he offered $100 to any person bringing him such a patient, yet so far no one has claimed the reward. Dr. Woods furthermore adds that although he has questioned many physicians on the subject he has not yet found one who has ever seen hydrophobia either in man or animal.

At the Philadelphia Dog Pound, where, on an average, over six thousand vagrant dogs are taken up annually, and where the catchers and keepers are frequently bitten while handling them, not one case of hydrophobia has occurred during its entire history of twenty-five years, in which time about 150,000 dogs were handled.

The well-known specialist, Dr. Edward C. Spitzka, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence and of the Anatomy and Physiology of the Nervous System in the New York Post-Graduate School of Medicine, and President of the New York Neurological Society, writes: "Much of the observation of suspicious dogs is made through optics disturbed by fear, and by persons incompetent to interpret what they see. Notwithstanding every effort," he continues, "made by the writer to secure the observation of rabies in man or dog, not a single opportunity has offered itself during the last eight years" (the period of his observation).

The record of the London Hospital a few years ago showed 2,668 persons bitten by angry dogs. None of them developed hydrophobia. St. George's Hospital, London, records 4,000 patients bitten by dogs supposed to have been mad. No case of hydrophobia.

In the record of all the diseases which have occurred at the Pennsylvania Hospital in 140 years only two cases which were supposed to be hydrophobia have occurred. One of these, however, the only one submitted to bacteriological test, did not confirm the diagnosis "hydrophobia," and the municipal authorities refused to accept the death as one from that disease.

Finally, Dr. Charles W. Dulles, lecturer on the History of Medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, who has had the honor of being repeatedly appointed by the medical societies of the State to investigate rabies, and has read various papers on the subject before the American Medical Association, the College of Physicians of Philadelphia, the Philadelphia County Medical Society, the Medical Society of Pennsylvania, the Medico-Legal Society of New York, and has corresponded on the subject with most of the distinguished medical men of Europe, a physician familiar both with the literature of rabies, the history of Pasteur and the institutions called by his name, and who in addition has performed the almost incredible task of investigating, either personally or by correspondence with the physician or others in attendance, every case reported in the newspapers of the United States for the past sixteen years, shows that hydrophobia is extremely rare, so much so that he inclines to the view that "there is no such specific malady," having "after sixteen years of investigation failed to find a single case on record that can be conclusively proved to have resulted from the bite of a dog or any other cause."

In view, therefore, of the importance to the community of the above statements, may we not appeal to the press for their widest publication, and for the future suppression in its columns of such alarming and misleading reports as we have above indicated? Their prominence and the air of reality they give to what are but erroneous interpretations of phenomena having an entirely different meaning cause much suffering, especially to nervous persons, and also much cruelty to man's faithful companion, the confiding dog.

"I fully concur in the opinions expressed in the above letter. During an experience of forty-four years as a physician I have not seen a case of hydrophobia, and I am of the opinion that if newspapers could be prevailed upon to talk less about it the number of so-called attacks of the disease would be greatly diminished, as they are mainly forms of hysteria more due to the fear of hydrophobia than to the absorption of animal virus."

THEOPHILUS PARVIN, M.D., LL.D.,
Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children, Jefferson Medical College; President of the National Academy of Medicine; Member of the Philadelphia County Medical Society and of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Philadelphia.

"I entirely coincide with the views expressed in the above communication. During a period of more than thirty years as one of the surgeons of the Pennsylvania Hospital but two cases, so far as I know, have been brought there for the treatment of hydrophobia. One was under the care of the late Dr. John F. Meigs, with whom I saw the patient; death occurred shortly after admission The other case was in October last—a lad of four years of age who had been bitten a month previously; he died a few hours after admission, but the negative results of the bacteriological examination of the secretions, it appears, did not warrant the Board of Health's acceptance of the hospital certificate of death from hydrophobia."

THOMAS G. MORTON, M.D.,
Fellow of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia; President of the Philadelphia Academy of Surgery; Senior Surgeon to Pennsylvania Hospital, Philadelphia.

"I have seen many patients suffering from what was called hydrophobia, both in my own practice and in consultation with other physicians, yet all were examples of diseases of entirely different character with symptoms resembling those supposed to be symptoms of hydrophobia. I do not feel justified in saying that hydrophobia does not exist, but I have never seen a so-called case that could not be explained on some other view than that of the introduction of a specific morbid virus. Although I have taken special pains to find a clear case of hydrophobia in the human subject, I have not yet succeeded."

CHARLES K. MILLS, M.D.,
Professor of Mental Diseases and of Medical Jurisprudence, University of Pennsylvania; Neurologist to the Philadelphia Hospital; Professor of Nervous Diseases, Woman's Medical College, Philadelphia.

"I believe the publication of the above letter will be a benefit to the community already unnecessarily alarmed over the supposed danger of dog bite. I am of the opinion that the bite of a dog is no more dangerous than the scratch of a pin or the puncture of an infectious nail, but because of exaggerated printed and oral accounts the picture of hydrophobia is so stamped upon the public mind that the thought of it, after being bitten by a dog, throws imaginative people into such panics of nervous excitement that they unconsciously reproduce its supposed symptoms.

"Although I have practiced surgery in private and in many of the hospitals of Philadelphia for the past twenty years, I have never seen a case of hydrophobia either in man or dog, nor do I know of any other physician or surgeon who has.

"The late Samuel D. Gross, M.D., D.C.L., the venerable Professor of Surgery in the Jefferson Medical College, with whom I was associated for many years, and whose large practice included every known medical and surgical disorder, never saw a case of hydrophobia."

JOSEPH W. HEARN, M.D,
Fellow of the Philadelphia College of Physicians and Surgeons and of the Philadelphia Academy of Surgeons; Professor of Clinical Surgery, Jefferson Medical College.

"The above letter to the press on the subject of hydrophobia meets with my approval, as I believe that if there is such a disease it is exceedingly rare. I have never seen a case, and I believe that the publication of exaggerated reports of what are sometimes called hydrophobia cause much unnecessary suffering both to human beings and dogs."

SOLOMON SOLIS-COHEN, M.D.,
Professor of Clinical Medicine and Therapeutics in the Philadelphia Polyclinic and College for Graduation in Medicine; Clinical Lecturer on Medicine at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia.

"I am glad of the opportunity to express my concurrence in the plan and need of the above letter. During an experience of twenty-five years in the active practice of medicine I have not seen a case of real rabies in man or animal, but I know that people who may have been bitten by dogs are sometimes frightened into hysterical conditions in which they involuntarily reproduce all the supposed symptoms of hydrophobia. Besides, there are many other disorders, as for example angina and cynanche of the fauces, to mention but two, connected with the respiratory apparatus, where the symptoms are similar to those supposed to be symptoms of hydrophobia, such as difficulty and often impossibility of swallowing water, a feeling of horror at the mere idea of having to swallow, convulsive movements, delirium, slavering at the mouth, etc. In such cases the popular picture of hydrophobia seems to be complete, and it is not at all strange that they are sometimes mistaken for the volatile disorder. The publication of the above letter is calculated to do much good, inasmuch as its lucid presentation of contemporary opinion is such as to properly convince the timid that there is no more danger from a dog bite than from any other wound."

THOMAS J. MAYS, M.D.,
Fellow of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Philadelphia; Member of the American Medical Association; Professor of Diseases of the Chest in the Philadelphia Polyclinic; Visiting Physician to the Rush Hospital for Consumptives, Philadelphia.

"Is Death the End?"

Editor Forest and Stream:

Without any reference whatever to an answer to the question at the head of this note, I desire to set Mr. J. B. Davis right on one point in which he treats this question in FOREST AND STREAM of July 11. He says: "The burden of proof is with those who aver that death marks the end." Mr. Davis here ignores the universal ruling that it devolves on the affirmative to prove its proposition. Otherwise arguments would soon become meaningless and unending. One man might lay down the proposition that the moon was made of green cheese; another man might take the negative side, but the first man might declare that it devolved on the negative to prove that it was not so, and if he could not so prove the proposition stood as proven. As I said before, I have no intention of discussing the question; I desire to point out the fallacious reasoning.

A POSTERIORI.

Under recent date Mr. G. A. Buckstaff, Oshkosh, Wis., writes us as follows: "I have sold to Otto E. Baehr, St. Louis, Mo., my beagle Royal Dick. He is a field trial champion of the 13in. class. He has won one first and one second in the open class for 13in. dogs at the Chicago shows in 1895 and '96. If properly handled he will be heard from on the bench in the next few years. Some of his young stock will be in the field trials this fall.

The Improvement of Field Trials.

MANY men who have the welfare of field trials at heart are giving much thought to the improvement and prosperity of them. There is no doubt that the sport should be made less expensive. That it is too costly, considering the return given in the way of sport, it is easy to demonstrate. The expenses of running a dog in a field trial, on the one hand, may be anywhere from $100 to $200 above the cost of training the dog for private shooting, and in return the owner has the pleasure of attending the trials for a week or less and seeing his dog run two or three hours or less.

Subjoined herewith is an extract of a letter written us by Mr. Thomas Johnson, Winnipeg, Mani., a gentleman who has given the subject much thought, who has had great experience, and who is actuated by the most generous sporting impulses. His words should be seriously considered by the field trial world. He says:

"Any action I may take in the future will only be as to how field trials can be made popular. I have been thinking of one plan, and if only to demonstrate its practicability I may endeavor next year to get the members of the Northwestern Field Trials Club to try the plan. Dog men know—and especially handlers—how some of their entries prove disappointing, and for obvious reasons they are unable to start them. Then again, there are numbers of amateur sportsmen who would, I think, make entries if they were assured of an opportunity of having a starter. My proposition is, charge whatever sum seems most popular for a nomination, and then at a stated time the nominator to declare his nomination say a week, or, to be more liberal, the evening of the draw. Any person to make one or more nominations. Kennel owners could then run the dogs that were in form, and the amateur could borrow or buy a representative if his own should go 'off.' The individual who has a world beater at home, but which he overlooked entering, would have an opportunity of running his phenomenen under a friend's nomination. I could go on *ad lib.* showing the merits of this plan, but a bare outline of the idea—which is somewhat similar to the Waterloo cup—will suffice at present.

"I think, however, it would be a big incentive to all interested, if only that every nominator would have a representative in the race. I may be all wrong, but if no other club tries this plan the Northwestern—which is only dormant, but will resuscitate when necessity requires—will make an effort once more to 'popularize field trials.'"

We would be pleased to receive from our readers any valid argument against Mr. Johnson's plan. We know of none, and believe that there is none.

Kingston Kennel Club.

KINGSTON, Ont., July 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please find inclosed the dates claimed by our kennel club. I may add that we had a very enthusiastic meeting of the club last evening, when it was decided to once more try and give our friends not only a show, but a show for their money. We trust our old American friends that have shown here before, and always expressed themselves delighted not only with the treatment they received, but also the show, will again send in plenty of entries. As our show precedes Toronto by a few days, it will not only be a pleasant lay off for the boys, but also the dogs as well. I have only to add that Mr. C. H. Corbett, who so successfully managed our past shows, is at the helm.

H. C. BATES, Cor. Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

A German sportsman once said to a well-known Scotch baronet: "Talking about dogs with keen scent, I have one in Germany that will compare favorably with any you have in England." "Very remarkable dog, I suppose," yawned the listener. "I should say so. The day after I left home he broke his chain and, although I had been away for hours, he tracked me and found me merely by scent. What do you think of that?" "I think you ought to take a bath," replied the Caledonian, turning calmly away.

The American Dachshund Club has issued a neat brochure which contains a list of the club's members, the constitution, by laws, a list of the club prizes and the dachshund standard adopted March 12, 1896. Address Mr. Arthur Froembling, Secretary, 715 Farwell avenue, Rogers Park, Chicago, Ill.

Leavitt—"There is a woman who treats her husband like a dog."

Bob—"Abuses him?"

Leavitt—"Oh, no. Pets and fondles him."—*New York World.*

The Derby of the Pacific Coast Field Trials Club closed on July 1 with thirty-two entries: eighteen English setters, twelve pointers and two Irish setters.

It is rumored that Mr. J. Otis Fellows will judge at Kingston.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

TRUING A WHEEL.

THE bicycle is a delicate piece of machinery, and requires constant care and tuning up, lacking which it will sooner or later run hard or develop some dangerous weakness. This applies to the best bicycles, for there is not a wheel made that will stand rough usage and lack of care for any length of time, while a poor bicycle will break down with the best of care and is dear at any price.

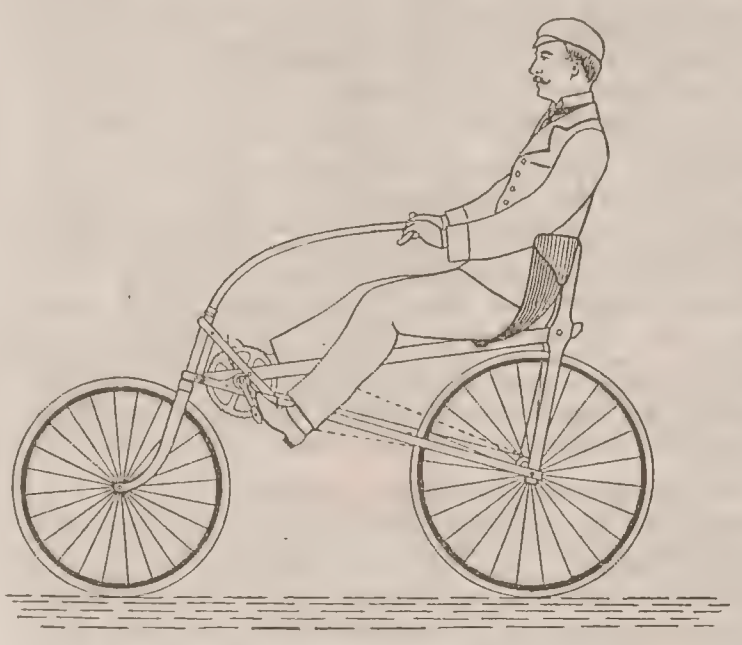
One of the common disorders to which a bicycle is liable, and which the average rider is apt to overlook, is the getting out of true of one of the wheels. This can easily be detected by revolving the wheel and at the same time resting some object on the fork in such a position that it will just touch the rim at the nearest point. As the wheel revolves the rim should touch this object at every point. If it does not it is out of true and needs attention.

Frequently the trouble comes from loose spokes, in which case the rider is generally made acquainted with the fact by hearing a clicking sound from the wheel. This difficulty may easily be corrected by tightening the spokes, care being taken to keep the wheel in true while doing so, and not simply tightening the spokes that seem to be at fault. The bottom bracket should be rested on something that will keep the wheel clear of the floor, and it is a good plan to hold a piece of chalk on the fork so that it will mark the rim in the parts out of true as the wheel revolves. Then with a wrench at the nipple the spokes are set up at the points where the chalk marks show.

When the spokes at all these marked places have been tightened, the chalk should be rubbed off and the operation repeated till the rim as it revolves touches the chalk at all points equally. It is better not to tighten the spokes too much the first time, but to correct all inequalities gradually. Sometimes it is impossible to get the rim perfectly true owing to defects in construction or other causes, and it is always best in stubborn cases to consult a good repairer. It is also well to remember that a poor adjustment may be responsible when the wheel appears to be out of true, and one should first be sure it is perfectly centered before attempting any repairs.

A New Swiss Bicycle.

I TRANSMIT herewith the drawing of a bicycle which has been invented in Geneva, and which is to be exhibited at the Swiss National Exposition. It is claimed for this machine that the position which the rider occupies upon it is not only infinitely easier, but that by means of the support for the back his forces are far more effectively utilized and with considerable less fatigue.



"LA BICYCLETTE NORMALE."

His position, as shown by the drawing, is held to be the normal position of a man in a sitting position, and the bicycle is therefore called "La Bicyclette Normale." The inventor says in his prospectus:

The principle of the machine is the utilization of the considerable amount of force, very little known, which is afforded by a point of support. Without this point of support, the only force a man has is his own weight. On the other hand, if the back be well supported, he has in each leg a force more than treble his own weight, and which is, in fact, equal to the weight he is capable of carrying combined with that of his own body. The construction of the "Normal Bicycle" is intended to make use of this considerable amount of wasted force. The point of support is the back of the seat, by means of which the cyclist's body is thrown back and his legs lifted up, owing to the position of the pedals. The body is thus placed in a "normal" posture (hence the name of the machine)—he is upright or leaning slightly backwards. The "Normal Bicycle" presents the advantages of greater safety, perfect comfort, healthy position, a greater power over the machine, greater speed both uphill and on level ground, and less fatigue.

It is also claimed for this bicycle that being much lower than the ordinary so-called "safety" bicycle, it is much easier to mount.

It has been tried in the streets here and made a favorable impression. The ease with which it ascended hills was particularly noticeable.—*Consul Benjamin H. Ridgely in Consular Report.*

Cycling in Hot Weather.

A TEN knot breeze is a pretty good breeze, and this is what the cyclist has at his command on a hot day. While other people are content to lie still and swelter, the cyclist creates his own atmosphere and starts the breeze blowing more than any palm leaf fan, or even the buzzing electric fan that tries to rival nature between brick walls.

On hot days the cyclist should take it easy climbing hills, and should not refuse opportunities to rest under the forest trees or to hold converse with the farmer's daughter over the garden gate. His breeze is best created on a long down grade, where he can put his feet on the coasters and let the wheel fly at its own sweet will through leafy lanes and past cool hollows, where the brooks run or where the wayside spring starts bubbling from its barrel.

Always, however, let the cyclist remember that his end is enjoyment and not work, and that even the bicycle rider is not exempt from sunstroke if he overdoes the thing. These are the days when the scorcher scorches actually as well as figuratively.

Learning to Ride.

IT is a good plan for the beginner, who is learning to ride without assistance, to lower his seat and raise the handle bars. The handle bars should be set three or four inches higher than the seat and securely clamped, for it is an awkward thing to have them turn when riding, and a sure cause for a header; and the seat should be put down as low as the frame will permit, unless the rider happens to be a tall man provided with a low frame wheel, in which case he can set it at the lowest point that does not uncomfortably crook his legs. The advantage of this style of adjustment is that the rider can easily reach the ground in case of an upset, and that he is not n danger of losing his feet when he does go over.

WHY THE BICYCLE HAS THE RIGHT TO EXIST.

THERE are a great many good people in this world who still argue that bicycling is simply a craze—a passing fad as it were, on a par with roller skating—and they say that at some near period in the future there will be a tremendous collapse, the bubble will be pricked, bicycle manufacturing will become a lost art, and bicycle riders will wake to their senses or take to some new form of amusement. It is worth noting that people who take this side of the argument are generally non-riders. When a man of this class learns to ride his preconceived opinion frequently needs revision.

Said such a man: "I always thought bicycling was a craze before a friend of mine persuaded—I was going to say bulldozed—me into getting a wheel. Now I am surprised that I ever held such an opinion, and I am using my influence to get my friends to ride. Bicycling is no more a craze than riding in a railroad train on the one hand, or taking measures to build up one's health on the other.

"When I get on my wheel now I wonder how anybody can be content with the antiquated method of going from one place to another afforded by walking. The people who say bicycling is a craze are of the same class as those who clung to the stage coach long after its days of usefulness had passed and who had nothing but censure for travel by steam. These people do not appreciate the fact that the same muscular effort they use in walking a block carries the bicycle rider three or four, and that he travels the longer distance in the same time it takes them to go the single block. So much for its utility.

"On the side of its healthfulness, one of the chief advantages of the bicycle is the easy means of exercise it affords in a city, or, for that matter, anywhere where people are busy and have their hours of recreation limited. When I come home at night wearied by the exactions of business I get on my wheel and half an hour's ride is sufficient to make a new man of me. The exhilarating effects are beyond description. The cup that cheers but does not intoxicate is at last realized. Bicycle riding has the same effect as champagne, but without its reaction."

This man voices two strong arguments in favor of the bicycle. It has the right to exist because of its utility and because of the healthfulness of the exercise within reasonable limits. The bicycle is too great a health promoter and too great a time saver to be shelved, at least until something vastly better is discovered.

Exercise on the Bike.

JONES, who lives on West Ninety-fourth street, has donned his bicycle costume and mounted his wheel for a little spin up the Boulevard. Smith, who lives on West Ninety-sixth street, has donned his bicycle suit and mounted his wheel for a spin down the Boulevard. They do this for exercise, and this is about what happens every day. Starting at the same time and riding at equal speed, it may easily be calculated that they will meet at Ninety-fifth street.

Jones (as he stops)—Why, hello, Smith!

Smith (as he does likewise)—Hello, Jones!

Jones—Nice day.

Smith—Yes, it's a beautiful day for this kind of work.

Jones—Great! Why, I couldn't live without my daily spin on my wheel.

Smith—Neither could I. Why, it has made a new man of me. By the way, I see you have a new wheel.

Jones—Yes, traded off the America that I bought day before yesterday for this Stumbler. One of the bolts on this machine is nickel-plated and it wasn't on the other. Makes a great improvement, I think.

Smith—Yes, and then you kept the other one as long as you ought. I never keep mine more than two days

Jones—Nor I. But in these days you could readily get a new and improved one every twenty-four hours—there are so many new inventions for wheels.

Smith—Yes, that's so. Why, I don't spend more than an hour at business a day. All my time taken up looking for the latest thing in wheels. It's great for the health.

Jones—I should say so. In fact, I have been contemplating giving up business altogether, and just spending my time looking for new wheels. A fellow ought to, if he wants to keep up with the crowd. I see you have another since yesterday?

Smith—Oh, yes; this is the third I have bought since then. Got an improvement every time. If I keep on for a few years I'll have the best wheel that's made. What are you geared?

Jones—Three hundred and sixty-six—it's leap year, you know. What's yours?

Smith—Oh, 4-11-44; but I think I'll try a new combination the next time I go out.

They converse for an hour or more about sprockets, oil cans, mud guards, pants guards, lanterns, cork handles, double and single tires, weights, bolts, bars and cranks, to say nothing of many other things, after which they mount their respective wheels and go home. They have ridden about two blocks apiece.—*Tom Hall in Munsey's.*

An Incident.

THE other day on the Boulevard in New York a trim-looking cyclist in bloomers coming in from a side street cut across the bows of a cyclist in knickerbockers. Mr. Knickerbockers rang his bell a trifle petulantly, but instead of getting out of the way the girl leaned forward over her handle bars and struck a gait that carried her down the smooth street like the bullet from a rifle. The man in the case interpreted her action as a challenge, and heedless of cops of all varieties he leaned forward too, and scorched for all he was worth.

But though for a short distance he strained every nerve, the girl managed to keep in the lead, and after the first spurt he fell back, realizing that she was more than his match.

Though she never looked around Miss Bloomers was evidently aware of her victory, for without slacking her speed appreciably she suddenly threw her body back, letting go the handle bars at the same moment, and began arranging her hair with all the freedom and grace of a lady before the mirror in her boudoir. And as she sped out of sight down the long straight vista, poor K., who never could learn to ride hands off, regarded her with a feeling of admiration that was akin to awe.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Yachting.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. International Cup

SECOND CONTEST.

Oyster Bay, July 13, 14, 15.

WITH the present week begins the second series of international races established last year by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. for the $500 cup bearing its name. As every one now knows, the challenger last year was the English ½-rater Spruce IIII., owned by J. Arthur Brand, representing the Minima Y. C.; while the successful defender was the 15-footer Ethelwynn, of the Indian Harbor Y. C., representing the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. This year the nationality of the challenger is different; the yacht Glencairn being designed by the challenger, G. H. Duggan, of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal, and being in all respects a representative Canadian craft. She is the result of diligent and intelligent labor throughout the past winter and spring on the part of a number of Canadian yachtsmen, of whom Mr. Duggan is the leader. After the challenge was tendered last fall work was soon begun, designs were made, the questions of construction of hull and fittings, of possible builders and sailmakers, thoroughly canvassed, and every preparation made for the construction of a trial fleet. In all of this the Montreal yachtsmen were at a serious disadvantage, there being few builders capable of turning out the quality of work required, no sailmakers, and no fittings to be obtained short of the States. The task of turning out first-class racing craft of the new type was very much more difficult than in the United States a year earlier, because, while on this side such models of build and rigging as Scarecrow were available, on the other side the only small yachts were of comparatively rough and crude build and rigging, affording no basis for experiment. In spite of these disadvantages a large and very creditable fleet of 15-footers has been launched on the St. Lawrence, and this in good season for very thorough trial races.

From visiting yachtsmen from the St. Lawrence we learn the following particulars of the boats engaged in the trial races on Lake St. Louis: All the recognized types were represented, from fin-keel through slim centerboarders and more powerful ones to the full-blooded scow. The latter was represented by Gyascutis, a flat-sided boat with dished bottom and greatly crowned deck, about 23ft. over all, 6ft. beam for her entire length, 12ft. loadline, and some 300ft. of sail area. While showing considerable ability in reaching, she was decidedly inferior in windward work, and in running off the wind displays a marked catamaran-like tendency to pitch pole or upset endwise. The boat in finish and outfit was probably the poorest of the fleet, and it is an open question how far the rounding off of the overhangs forward and aft and a more perfect outfit would have improved her.

The fin-keel had only one representative—a neat little craft which did some good sailing, but was never seriously in it. Sais probably represented the Ethelwynn type more literally than any of the others. She arrived late on the field, with an amateur outfit of sails and rigging, and kept on persistently, being handicapped or put *hors de combat* by a series of untoward accidents; so that while she showed evidence of considerable speed at times, especially off the wind, on which point she appeared to be quite equal to the leaders, she was never in the racing proper.

Bantam is a boat of the Sorceress type, by far the largest of any on the waterline and of extremely light displacement and low freeboard. As might have been expected, she showed up extremely well in reaching, but as she exceeded the limit of the class on her first measurement and had to reduce her sail spread to come within it, she was somewhat handicapped for want of canvas.

Missie is a flat-floored, fairly hardbilged boat of somewhat heavy construction, with a short mast and gaff rig of very moderate dimensions. On two occasions in a stiff breeze she carried full sail while the others were reefed, and like Question performed wonderfully, coming in several minutes ahead of the second boat, and at one time it looked as if she was to win the series. A moderate craft with a good deal of freeboard and deadrise, comparatively short overhangs and reasonable sail plan of the batswing type, performed fairly, but was more of a cruising than a racing type.

The remainder of the fleet were designed by Mr. Duggan for various members of the club, and, as far as an outsider can judge, would appear to be experiments as to the value of power, presenting under the same general ideas but little different waterline lengths, and, as a corollary, different sail plans. It would appear that the experiments have been satisfactory to Mr. Duggan at any rate, for the latest production of all is that selected as the representative of the club, and it is believed that the latest is also the most powerful of the series. The impression seems to have got abroad, judging from the tone of the daily press, that Glencairn is a light-weather boat pure and simple. Perhaps this impression is partly due to the fact that her home waters are limited in extent and depth. Lake St. Louis, however, while small, is swept by very stiff gales at times; and while there is no room for a really heavy sea, the latter is often short, high and choppy, owing to shoals, currents and eddies, and during the trial series of races there has been a fair proportion of hard weather, and the boats have been fully tried under all conditions. It has been already said that Glencairn's prototype, Sothis, was beaten in a hard blow by a boat specially adapted to these conditions, but there is no need to infer that the Canadian challenger is not a fast all-round boat.

The representatives of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., Messrs. G. H. Duggan and F. P. Shearwood, arrived at New York on July 5, their yacht reaching Morris Dock by freight next day and being at once transferred to Oyster Bay by a tug. The challenging yacht, Glencairn by name, is actually the flagship of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., being owned by Com. James Ross. When elected to the commodoreship last winter, Mr. Ross, who had last season had under charter the steel schooner Alcæa, had arranged to build a steel schooner on the Clyde, but this plan was given up. Being abroad at present on business, he has no large yacht, but left it to Mr. Duggan to provide a boat for him in the 15ft. class. Mr. Duggan's own boat, Sothis, was not entirely satisfactory, and after trying her an improved design was made and a new boat was built, the work being done by H. F. Hodson, of Toronto, who sent his men to Montreal. The building was done by them at Mr. Duggan's place, the Dominion Bridge Co.'s works, at Lachine. Glencairn, named after a ship built many years ago by Mr. Ross's father, is but 12ft. 9in. on the waterline as officially measured, her designed waterline being 3in. shorter. She is 6ft. 3in. beam at deck, with a full, round sweep to the side, ending in an oval transom. The lines are rounded in very quickly at the bow. She has a wide floor, perfectly flat, a strong bilge and quite a flare to the side. While unquestionably involving the scow principle to a marked extent, all relationship to the square box form is carefully concealed, and her deck and sides are as round as in any ordinary yacht of the class. With this short waterline she carries a sail plan of 292sq. ft., a mainsail of the sliding Gunter type, leg-o'-mutton in shape, but set with a vertical guard instead of a single pole mast. The jib is rigged with a club on the foot. The material of the sails is a heavy muslin. The boat carries a bowsprit about 2ft. long, the balloon jib being set at the outer end, while the working jib is tacked down further inboard. The hull is a single skin, ship-lapped, and in the short time she has been in use the seams have swelled somewhat, making a rather rough bottom. The spars, rudder and fittings are all lighter than in most of the American 15-footers.

During the week the two yachts and their crews were at the club house, busy with trial and preparation. El Heirie received and bent a new suit of Union silk sails, a trifle smaller than her old ones. At the request of the race committee Mr. Olmstead brought over Riverside in case of any mishap to El Heirie.

FIRST DAY—FIRST RACE.

Monday, July 13.

Monday morning found a clear sky and bright sun, with a bright haze on the horizon, but none of the fog that had vexed the Sound for over a week. The wind was almost due west and quite light, but still a sailing breeze. The two yachts and the club steamer left the harbor shortly before noon and were at the buoy by 12 M. Some delay was occasioned by the refusal of two fishing sloops anchored on the line to shift their berths, but finally the owners succumbed to the persuasion of the committee and permitted the launch to tow them away. The launch then ran to the westward preparatory to turning and crossing the line with the speed necessary to the proper working of the patent log, but the log line was fouled, and some time was lost in clearing it. The preliminary signal was given at 12:20, which meant a preparatory at 12:35, but it was 12:40 before the launch crossed the line to log off the three miles to leeward, E. by N. A wait of ten minutes was made to give the launch a safe start, and then at 12:50 the preparatory whistle was blown.

El Heirie was to the northward or near the outer edge of the line, the Center Island Buoy, while Glencairn was near the inshore end, marked by a catboat with the club flag. The two kept well apart, with no attempts at jockeying. El Heirie set her spinaker to port and had it broken out, heading for the line just before the signal, at 12:55. At 12:55:21 Glencairn crossed the line and ran up her balloon jib, at once opening up a lead, her spinaker being set at once. El Heirie, perhaps a dozen yards further to the north, crossed at 12:55:25, with her spinaker already drawing. Glencairn at once drew away and opened out a lead of 100yds. Spinaker booms were eased well forward. The run was made at a slow pace, Glencairn opening out the distance. Her crew were well to leeward and the boat listed down. On El Heirie the helmsman lay aft on the lee deck, the crew to leeward amidships. At 1:30 the balloon jib came in on Glencairn, followed by the spinaker, and then she jibed around the buoy, followed a minute later by El Heirie. The times of the first leg were:

	Elapsed.	Gain.
Glencairn	1 31 04	0 36 04	0 57 00
El Heirie	1 32 01	0 37 01	

Glencairn was a little slow with her main sheet as she rounded to, and El Heirie came on the wind with jib sheet slack. Both trimmed down for the 3-mile beat with a freshening breeze. At first El Heirie appeared to be weathering out on Glencairn's wake, but as they neared Lloyd's Neck it was evident that Glencairn had increased her advantage and was doing quite as well as the other in the fresher breeze. At 1:46:30 Glencairn went on port tack well in by the shore, and just two minutes later El Heirie followed, this representing very nearly the difference.

Glencairn held her tack for only four minutes, and then stood inshore again. She worked the beach in short boards, El Heirie doing the same. Glencairn however was pulling out a lead with every tack, and soon opened a wide stretch of water.

After passing the dock near the sand factory Glencairn held a long starboard tack to the middle of the harbor mouth, going about at 2:18:30 in order to keep El Heirie well under her lee, but soon making another leg inshore. When she tacked again, under the bluffs at Center Island, she was able to lay her course for the mark, passing it at 2:42.

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	First Round. Elapsed.	Gain.
Glencairn	2 42 50	1 11 46	0 05 58	1 47 50	0 06 55
El Heirie	2 49 45	1 17 44		1 54 45	

While one boat or the other was favored by the wind when close under the shore, most of the windward work was under fair and equal conditions.

Glencairn was rather slow with her spinaker, but there was no need for haste. When El Heirie rounded her spinaker went out very quickly. The run was made with a light breeze and a very strong ebb tide. The times showed a further gain for Glencairn:

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Glencairn	3 18 54	0 36 04	0 02 11	0 09 06
El Heirie	3 28 00	0 38 15		

It is an odd coincidence that Glencairn's time down wind is the same on both rounds.

Glencairn carried balloon jib and spinaker well up to the mark, her crew consequently having to take them in at the last moment and to snug down after she came on the wind, when he should have been busy with his sheets. Before she was trimmed down and on her course the tide had swept her to leeward. El Heirie took in her sails sooner, and though she barely had her spinaker in when her boom went over, her sheets were soon hardened down and she hardly lost an inch as she luffed close around the buoy.

As a matter of course, Glencairn held the starboard tack in for the shore, though the strong ebb tide swept her to leeward. When El Heirie rounded, nine minutes later, she took chances on a fluke. The sky had been overcast for some time, with a threat of a squall from the west or northwest. Only a minute after rounding El Heirie went on port tack to stem the tide out in the Sound. At 3:35 Glencairn, close under the shore, but further to the eastward than on the first leg, went on port tack and started to work up the shore, as before.

About 3:50 a few drops of rain fell and thunder sounded in the distance, the wind increasing. The skipper and crew of Glencairn slid around outside the boat in their effort to hold her up, and she drove along into the squall. At one time Mr. Duggan was on his feet on the deck, crouching down and steering with a jointed extension on his tiller. At 4:08 she lowered her jib and turned in a reef in the mainsail. After this change, the reefed sail not sitting well, she partly raised her board and began to do better work to windward. El Heirie, far out on the Sound, parted her jib tack and was compelled to reef in order to steer.

The squall amounted to nothing, a few drops of rain, a little stage thunder and a stiff breeze for a few minutes. At 4:17 Glencairn shook out her reef and three minutes later she set her jib. It was easy work now to the finish, the line being covered at 4:44:29. The wind now fell and left El Heirie to buck the ebb out in the Sound, the final times being:

	Last Leg: Finish.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Entire Race: Elapsed.	Gain.
Glencairn	4 44 29	1 25 35	0 38 05	3 49 29	0 47 11
El Heirie	5 31 40	2 03 40	. .. ..	4 36 40	. .. ..

This bad beating of El Heirie must be laid largely to the drop of the wind after the squall, but the showing of the first wind, a gain of 7min. for Glencairn, is perfectly fair, and it may safely be said that she beat El Heirie over the whole course by 15 to 18min., certainly enough to satisfy anyone. After her performance under various conditions in this first race, there seems no good reason why Glencairn should not carry home the cup.

When the racers started Mr. Clapham was at the line with the 15-footer Yola, cruising to leeward of it and setting spinaker as though racing for a record. He chased the racers at a distance for the first round and then withdrew. During the squall Com. Benedict, who was following the race in the Oneida, dropped his alco-vapor launch and started out, himself at the wheel, running near to Glencairn to give aid in case of a capsize.

The performance of Glencairn under the varying conditions of light and strong winds proves her a very fast boat in the usual light weather of the Sound and at the same time a very able craft in a breeze when handled as she is by Messrs. Duggan and Shearwood. That she may carry off the cup is not only possible, but probable.

Naphtha Launches for the Police Department.

THE harbor service of the New York Police Department will be greatly improved by the addition of four serviceable naphtha launches, which will be used instead of the rowboats heretofore employed. Before selecting these launches the department carefully investigated a number of different motors, among them being the Daimler, the Alco, the Globe, the Hirsch and others, and finally decided upon the launches and motors as manufactured by the Gas Engine and Power Co., at Morris Heights on the Harlem, as the best possible results as to speed, safety, economy, durability, cleanliness and comfort were produced.

The launches ordered by the department will be 30ft. long, 6ft. 6in., beam and about 2ft. 6in. draft. The frames will be of selected seasoned white oak, hackmatack stem, sternpost dove-tailed into keel and the counter dove-tailed into the sternpost and thoroughly fastened; planking of selected cedar, copper fastened. A standing roof top of wood will be fitted with glass windows arranged forward, which can be lowered in fine weather and raised in wet weather for protection to the men. Cushions, steering wheel, lamps, boat hooks, anchors, etc., will be furnished; in fact, the launches will be complete in every particular, and built strongly and substantially, and thoroughly adapted for the hard service which they will be subjected to by the harbor police. These launches will be completed and ready for the department's service by the latter part of July.

Larchmont Y. C. Race Week.

IN place of a cruise of the usual unsatisfactory sort common to all clubs but the New York, the Larchmont Y. C. has this year decided, on a change of programme, and will hold what it proposes to call its race week, beginning next Saturday. The race originally set for that day was an open one for all classes, but owing to the disappointment of July 4 the annual regatta will be sailed on July 18, the original race being abandoned. The programme for the week is as follows:

Saturday, July 18.—Open regatta for all classes, second race of series for 34ft. rating class, second race of series for 30ft. special class, special race for schooners in cruising trim.

Monday, July 20.—Special race for schooners in racing trim in one class, special race for schooners in cruising trim in one class, third race of series for 34ft. rating class, third race of series for 30ft special class, special race for 21ft. class, race for ½-raters.

Tuesday, July 21.—Four-oared gig race for Hen and Chickens colors, presented by Com. Gillig; two-oared gig race for Dauntless colors, presented by Mr. H. B. Seeley; dinghy race for Execution colors, presented by Mr. H. B. Seeley; race for naphtha launches exceeding 21ft. l.w.l., race for naphtha launches 21ft. l.w.l. and under, race for the Eastward and Westward challenge cup, tub races, and water sports.

Wednesday, July 22.—Open regatta for all classes, fourth race of series for 34ft. rating class, fourth race of series for 30ft. special class.

Thursday, July 23.—Race for class 5 yachts with cabin trunks, fifth race of series for 34ft. rating class, fifth race of series for 30ft. special class, race for cabin cats sailed in one class, race for special 21ft. class, race for ½-raters.

Friday, July 24.—Schooner race all in one class, race for class 5 yachts with flush decks, race for class 6, sixth race of series for 34ft. rating class, sixth race of series for 30ft. special class, race for special 21ft. class, race for ½-raters.

Saturday, July 25.—Open regatta for all classes, seventh race of series for 34ft. rating class, seventh race of series for 30ft. special class.

The regatta committee has issued the following announcement:

"The seventeenth annual regatta, scheduled to be sailed on July 4, was postponed on account of fog, and will be sailed on Saturday July 18.

"Yachts entered for the annual regatta are requested to retain their numbers and instructions for use on July 18."

The regatta committee also make the announcement that during the "Larchmont Race Week," commencing on the 18th inst. with the regatta above noticed and ending on Saturday, the 25th inst., the ocean-going tug Edward Luckenbach will be used as the judges' steamer. She will leave the club landing every day except Sunday, the 19th inst., and Tuesday, the 21st inst., at 10:30 A. M., and will carry a limited number of members and guests. Tickets can be procured upon application at the office of the regatta committee, in the club house. Those proposing to enter will do well to note that the Larchmont Y. C. is now rigidly enforcing the rule compelling entries within a stated time before the race day. Only yachts originally entered for the annual regatta will be eligible to start on Saturday.

Yachts on the Pacific Coast.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the issue of June 27 of your paper there is a letter from W. B. C., of Vallejo, who starts off by generally abusing the shipbuilders on the Pacific coast. As to the truth concerning them I am unable to dispute, but the fast warships that have lately been built here speak well for some one's brains in designing. As fast lines mean big bonuses, the man who can originate them will always be in demand, whether English, Irish, American or Greek. If an American shows that he can design a fast craft he may be sure of holding an enviable position.

But it is not concerning these that I wish to speak, but about the yachts of our bay. W. B. C. mentions that "as for designing yachts, a Herreshoff would starve to death on the Pacific coast if he made yacht designing his specialty. The yachts out here are twenty and more years behind the times; the only yachtsmen with enterprise to pay for a design being George and Thomas Davidson, who built the cutter Folly from designs by the late Edward Burgess, and who were rewarded by seeing her beat everything in sight, even yachts in the larger classes. Yachtsmen on San Francisco Bay are perfectly contented with anything that the builder will whittle out for them, and as for paying for a design such a thing is not even dreamed of."

Ah! this is news indeed. W. B. C must have been spending some very useful days of his life high up in the Sierras, *a la* Rip Van Winkle. True, a Herreshoff would starve to death on this coast. But the benefit that yachting derives from the class of craft created by such men is not lasting.

It is true we are not blessed by that Eastern ornament, better known as the moneyed man, who goes into yachting because it is the correct thing, and who buys yachts as he would race horses, so that he may stand by and see them sail.

No, we will plead primitiveness in that we handle, sail and take care of our own yachts and have not as yet arrived at that state of perfection when we employ a whole flock of hirelings to do what is most enjoyable about the sport.

Yes, George and Thomas Davidson did get a set of line from Edward Burgess, and from which they did build the cutter yacht Folly, and she did pass the yachts in her class and larger ones, and in fact the whole fleet. But then the fleet was at anchor or going the other way. To say that Folly is a failure would be drawing it mild, for in none of the records of the years she has been in existence can it be shown that she was even fast compared with the slowest boat, and was indeed well named Folly. This was not the fault of Mr. Burgess, but his lack of knowledge concerning local waters.

As to the yachtsmen being satisfied with what the local builders turn out for them, it only speaks well for the builders, for their work must be pleasing to those who purchase, by the number of new orders.

As for our yachts being twenty years behind the times, this is where W. B. C. has been sleeping. Pray, in what age of the history of yachting would such craft as the Nixie, El Sueno, Speedwell, Harpoon, Thelma, Emma, Truant, Æolus, Mignon, Catherine and others be mentioned? Methinks they come near being boats of the present day.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 30. R. R. L'HOMMEDIEU.

Beverly Y. C. Second Sweepstakes.

WENAUMET—BUZZARD'S BAY.

Saturday, July 4.

THE 234th race of the Beverly Y. C., second Open Sweepstakes, was sailed off the club house on July 4.

The weather was the most trying the club ever met in Buzzard's Bay, and for the first time out of about 160 races one class, the second, failed to make the race in time.

It was almost a flat calm, the faint airs coming N.E., N. and S.E., and very fluky.

Many boats who wished to race were unable to reach the line; in the second class sloops, Falcon was ready on hand and Little Peter was present, but had left her big jib behind and would not start.

Colymbus, in the third class, showed she is fast in light weather, and the old Cayure did well; third prize is doubtful till Alison and Sippican are measured.

In the fourth class the old Daisy won and Elsa took second; and in fourth the famous Grilse saved the race by only 23 seconds from Sally, built this spring by Herreshoff for Mr. W. S. Burgess, a son of the late Edward Burgess.

Hebe got even with Imp and Grilse in the little class. In fourth class Mr. Brewer gets third if his boat measures in the class.

Courses: 8 miles for second class, 7¾ for third and fourth classes, 5¼ for fifth class. Wind: N.E., N. and S.E.; faint airs.

SECOND CLASS CATS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Surprise, B. Y. C., J. M. Codman	24.01	3 02 28	. .. ..
Mist, B. Y. C., G. H. Lyman	25.01	3 09 27	. .. ..
Anonyma, B. Y. C., L. S. Dabney	24.09	3 21 09	. .. ..
Bernice, B. Y. C., J. G. Young, Jr.	25.03	Did not return.	

Race not made within time limit, and will be resailed on next sweepstakes.

THIRD CLASS CATS.

Colymbus, B. Y. C., Alfred Winsor	21.06	2 55 10	2 42 39
Cayuse, B. Y. C., F. W. Sargent	20.01	3 00 32	2 46 20
Sippican, B. Y. C., W. H. Davis	Not meas.	3 01 35	. .. ..
Alison, Onset, N. Huckins, Jr.	Not meas.	3 04 59	. .. ..
Melro, B. Y. C., D. L. Whittemore	20.04	3 07 04	2 53 19
Nobska, New Bedford, Baylies & Hand.	Not meas.	3 12 44	. .. ..
Doris, B. Y. C., J. Parkinson	21.01	Did not return.	

FOURTH CLASS CATS.

Daisy, B. Y. C., H. Stockton	18.03	3 13 38	2 57 21
Elsa, B. Y. C., H. O. F. Burgess	19.00	3 19 04	3 03 55
Not named, B. Y. C., Chas. Brewer		3 20 13	3 06 28
Cinch, B. Y. C., H. Parker		Not timed.	
Dawdle, B. Y. C., R. S. Hardy		Not timed.	

FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS.

Grilse, B. Y. C., W. E. C. Eustis	19.00	3 02 32	2 57 13
Sally, B. Y. C., W. Starling Burgess	19.00	3 02 55	2 57 36
Silence, B. Y. C., J. Crane, Jr.	19.00	3 27 19	3 12 00
Heiress, B. Y. C., Geo. G. Amory	19.00	Not timed.	
Ghuzz, B. Y. C., Lawrence Brooks	18.09	Not timed.	

FIFTH CLASS CATS.

Hebe, B. Y. C., J. Parkinson, Jr.	15.00	2 39 21	2 29 35
Imp, B. Y. C., Geo. B. Dabney	14.05	2 47 47	2 31 09
Vif, B. Y. C., A. Winsor, Jr.	14.04	2 54 15	2 38 31

Winners: Class 3, cats: first, Colymbus; second, Cayuse; class 4, cats: first, Daisy; second, Elsa; class 4, sloops: first, Grilse; second, Sally; third, Silence; class 5, cats: first, Hebe.

Judges: F. Elliott Cabot, A. H. Hardy, S. G. King.

New York Y. C. Cruise.

THE orders of Com. E. M. Brown are as follows:

"FLAGSHIP SYLVIA.

"GENERAL ORDERS, No. 2.

"Monday, Aug. 3.—The squadron will rendezvous at Glen Cove, L. I., in the morning, leaving that day for Huntington Harbor. At 11 A. M. there will be a meeting of captains on board the flagship.

"On the same day a race will be sailed for cups offered by the Commodore, finishing off Huntington Bay.

"Tuesday, Aug. 4.—Huntington Bay to New London.

"Wednesday, Aug. 5.—New London to Newport.

"Thursday, Aug. 6.—The squadron will remain at anchor.

"Friday, Aug. 7.—Race off Newport for the Goelet cups.

"Saturday, Aug. 8.—Newport to Vineyard Haven.

"Sunday, Aug. 9.—The squadron will remain at anchor.

"Monday, Aug. 10.—Vineyard Haven to Newport.

"Tuesday, Aug. 11.—Off Newport, special cups, to be announced later.

"Should the squadron be prevented from making New London on Tuesday, Aug. 4, it will anchor at Morris Cove for that night, in which case Newport will not be reached until Thursday.

"During the cruise there will be the usual races for the Owl and Gamecock colors, and a race for naphtha launches.

"The regatta committee will furnish details for the runs from port to port, and for all other racing events.

"Should any changes in these events be advisable they can be determined upon at any meeting of the captains.

"Captains are requested to provide themselves with the Coston night signal, N. Y. Y. C., and also to send a list of the names of their guests on board the flagship.

"By order of the Commodore.

"JULY 13, 1896. CHESTER GRISWOLD, Fleet Captain."

Boston Regattas—July 1, 2, 3, 4.

THE yachtsmen of the many local clubs about Boston enjoyed a series of four races on the first four days of July, and three of them in good racing weather, reefs being turned in on the first three days. The racing, which was under the rules of the Massachusetts Y. R. A., brought out a fine fleet of small craft, from 30 down to 15ft.

SOUTH BOSTON Y. C., WEDNESDAY, JULY 1.

The South Boston Y. C., of City Point, opened the racing season with an open regatta, sailed in a strong and puffy S.W. wind. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Ida J., F. E. Beckman	28.11	1 38 48	1 10 38
Harbinger, W. F. Bache	28.04	1 40 05	1 11 22
Emma C., P. A. Coupal	29.05	1 43 38	1 15 54
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	25.06	1 49 32	1 18 00
SECOND CLASS.			
Tacoma, S. N. Small	22.00	1 46 32	1 10 53
Gleaner, F. O. Wellington	23.00	1 51 12	1 16 49
Privateer, A. E. Schaaf	23.01	1 51 03	1 17 22
Clara, Walter Burgess	24.10	1 50 20	1 18 05
Swirl, H. M. Faxon	21.07	1 57 10	1 20 58
Alma, C. A. Heney	23.09	1 58 04	1 24 35
Rex, J. B. Farrell	24.00	1 57 50	1 24 38
Moondyne, Shaw Bros	24.08	2 00 00	1 27 34
Myrtle, A. W. Chesterton	21.06	2 05 05	1 28 46
THIRD CLASS.			
Opechee, W. P. Barker	19.09	1 59 20	1 20 33
Arab, W. F. Scott	18.01	2 05 40	1 24 14
Emerell, H. W. Low	18.10	2 12 30	1 32 18
Wawanda, Benner *et al*	19.11	Disabled.	
Mamie, A. E. Justice	18.08	Withdrew.	
KNOCKABOUTS.			
Cock Robin, C. S. Eaton	21.00	1 25 35	. .. ..
Jack Tar, T. E. Jacobs	21.00	1 27 52	. .. ..
Torpedo, J. J. Souther	21.00	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS			
Fantasy, W. Allerton	15.09	1 40 40	1 08 38
Sphinx, A. Keith	17.11	1 38 40	1 09 28
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	17.06	1 40 45	1 11 02
Circe, F. L. Pigeon	16.05	1 42 28	1 11 22
Nachita, Geo. E. Hills	16.09	1 44 46	1 14 06
Jonah, N. B. Stone	16.05	1 50 28	1 19 22
FIFTH CLASS			
Katydid, C. B. Pear	14.00	1 02 00	0 37 13
Penguin, J. E. Robinson	14.06	1 08 03	0 43 51
Transit, A. Nute	13.03	1 10 38	0 44 55
Icurez, James Perry	14.05	1 13 28	0 49 10
15-FOOTERS.			
Anita, S. N. Small	15.00	0 56 40	. .. ..
X-Ray, A. H. McIntyre	15.00	1 06 27	. .. ..
Crab, H. W. Whitmarsh	15.00	1 07 56	. .. ..
Swallow, J. J. Moebs	15.00	Withdrew.	

The yachts were reefed on the windward work, but the wind fell a little toward the latter part of the race. Katydid protested Elsa for fouling before the start, Wawanda broke her steering gear and also capsized.

MUSQUITO FLEET, THURSDAY, JULY 2.

The second day's racing was managed by the South Boston Musquito Fleet, though most of the yachts were too large for the category of musquitoes. The same S.W. wind blew even fresher and reefs were turned in all around. The times, after a spirited race, were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Emma C., P. A. Coupal	29.05	1 45 36	1 15 06
Ida J., F. E Beckman	29.04	1 47 17	1 16 42
Harbinger, W. F. Bache	28.04	1 48 19	1 16 44
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	25.06	1 59 19	1 24 32
SECOND CLASS.			
Gleaner, F. O. Wellington	23.00	1 48 45	1 10 56
Tacoma, S. N. Small	22.00	1 51 22	1 12 09
Swirl, H. M. Faxon	21.07	1 58 30	1 18 41
Privateer, A. E. Schaaf	23.07	1 56 17	1 19 14
Clara, W. Burgess	24.10	1 55 28	1 19 59
Rex, J B. Farrell	24.00	1 56 33	1 20 02
Lottie R., E. H. Rich	23.11	2 08 18	1 32 56
Moondyne, Shaw Brothers	24.08	2 08 38	1 32 57
Wahneta, Smith & Cobb	21.10	2 15 51	1 36 24
FOURTH CLASS.			
Arab, W. F. Scott	18.01	2 10 35	1 25 00
Opechee, W. P. Barker	19.09	2 08 51	1 26 11
KNOCKABOUTS.			
Cock Robin, C. S. Eaton	21.00	1 43 52	. .. ..
Tack Tar, T. E. Jacobs	21.00	1 44 19	. .. ..
Torpedo, J. J. Souther	21.00	1 45 21	. .. ..
Spinster, L. M. Clark	21.00	1 50 08	. .. ..
La Chica, C. V. Souther	21.00	1 51 42	. .. ..
FOURTH CLASS			
Anita, S. N. Small	15.11	1 56 56	1 20 28
Fantasy, W. Allerton	15.09	1 57 43	1 21 07
Nachita, G. E. Hills	16.09	1 59 50	1 24 48
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	17.06	2 00 18	1 26 21
Sphinx, A. Keith	17.11	2 00 51	1 27 29
Jonah, N. B. Stone	16.05	2 17 32	1 42 00
FIFTH CLASS.			
Katydid, C. B. Pear	14.00	1 04 39	0 39 52
Elsa, H. M. Crane	14.08	1 05 54	0 41 53
Princess, Gay & Ware	14.06	1 08 00	0 43 48
Transit, A. Nute	13.03	1 13 38	0 47 55
Icurez, J. Perry	14.05	1 13 53	0 49 35
Albatross, G. Carson	14.11	1 15 10	0 51 25
Velma, Dr. Hallett	14.09	1 24 45	1 00 49

Privateer was protested on measurement. Katydid and Elsa protest each other. Anita, the only ½-rater in Boston waters, sailing under the rule which measures the length 3in. above the waterline, easily disposed of the larger and more powerful boats of the fourth class.

COLUMBIA Y. C., FRIDAY, JULY 3.

THE Columbia Y. C., a new organization, sailed its first open regatta on Friday. The westerly wind had shifted to N.E., blowing hard, but before the start at 3 P. M. the breeze had fallen. Though the start was made under single reefs, they were soon shaken out, whole sail being easily carried in the light air that prevailed over most of the course. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Ida J., F. E. Beckman	29.04	2 00 28	1 32 40
Harbinger, W. F. Bache	28.04	2 03 04	1 34 21
Emma C., P. A. Coupal	29.05	2 08 03	1 40 36
Beatrice, John Cavanagh	25.06	Withdrew.	
SECOND CLASS.			
Gleaner, F. O. Wellington	23.00	2 08 25	1 34 02
Clara, W. Burgess	24.10	2 09 21	1 37 06
Rex, J. B Farrell	24.00	2 10 29	1 37 17
Tacoma, S N Small	22.00	2 13 10	1 37 31
Swirl, H M. Faxon	21.07	2 15 30	1 39 18
Lottie R, E. H. Rich	23.11	2 29 20	1 56 03
Moondyne, Shaw Bros	24.08	2 33 37	2 01 11
Privateer, A. E Schaaf	23.07	Disabled.	
Pansy, J. F. Johnson	23.04	Withdrew.	
THIRD CLASS.			
Arab, W. F. Scott	18.01	2 19 45	1 38 19
Evadne, H. M. Pitt	18.11	2 24 29	1 44 25
Kayoshk, F. B. Rice	20.11	2 22 20	1 45 14
KNOCKABOUTS			
Cock Robin, C S Eaton	21.00	1 48 33	1 48 33
La Chica, C. V. Souther	21.00	1 51 05	1 51 05
Tautog, W. O. Gay	21.00	Withdrew.	
Torpedo, J. J. Souther	21.00	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS.			
Fantasy, W. Allerton	15.09	1 55 05	1 23 03
Sphinx, A Keith	17.06	1 53 59	1 24 16
Circe, F. L Pigeon	16.05	1 57 11	1 26 05
Jonah, N. B Stone	16.05	2 11 36	1 40 30
Anita, S. N. Small	15.10	Withdrew.	
FIFTH CLASS.			
Elsa, H. M Crane	14.08	1 04 01	0 40 00
Katydid, C. B. Pear	14.00	1 12 40	0 47 53
Princess, Gay & Ware	14.06	1 12 47	0 48 35
Unknown, A. A. Martin	14.[illegible]	1 14 00	0 50 15
Icurez, J. Perry	14.05	1 16 50	0 52 32
Velma, Dr. Hallett	14.09	1 16 41	0 52 45

Clara is protested by both Rex and Fantasy.

BOSTON CITY REGATTA, SATURDAY, JULY 4.

The big event of the week, the Boston City regatta, for prizes given by the city, was a disappointment, owing to the light air and fog. The wind was still from the east, but so light that the yachts did not finish within the time limit. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Ida J., F. E. Beckman	28.11	2 48 18	2 14 30
Emma C., P. A Coupal	29.05	2 49 58	2 16 41
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	25.06	2 55 09	2 17 19
Arbutus, J. F. Small	29.11	3 06 47	2 34 01
Madonna, E. I. Young	27.06	3 12 28	2 37 04
Rival, M. J. Nickerson	25.06	3 31 02	2 53 12
Harbinger, W. F. Bache	28.04	Withdrew.	
SECOND CLASS.			
Swirl, H. M. Faxon	21.07	2 11 25	1 35 13
Gleaner, F. O Wellington	23.00	2 12 53	1 38 30
Romance, L. Sears	24.04	2 14 12	1 41 23
Satanic, Wm. Daly, Jr	22.07	2 17 10	1 42 16
Clara, Walter Burgess	24.10	2 50 48	1 43 33
Raccoon, C. D. Lanning	21.06	2 29 47	1 53 38
Harolde, A. T. Bliss	24.07	2 35 36	2 03 04
Gave Adsum, J. Jardine	23.10	2 51 46	2 18 23
Thrush, A. G. McVey	22.00	2 53 09	2 17 30
Lottie R.	Withdrew.		
Privateer	Withdrew.		
Rex	Withdrew.		
Moondyne	Withdrew.		
Tacoma	Withdrew.		
THIRD CLASS.			
Rooster, Adams Bros	19.08	1 33 43	1 03 40
Opechee, W. P. Barker	19.09	1 48 48	1 17 26
Evadne, N. W. Pitts	18.11	1 52 55	1 20 52
Arab, W. F. Scott	18.01	1 54 55	1 21 46
Wawanda, Benner, *et al*	19.11	1 53 37	1 22 47
Harriet, L. T. Harrington	20.07	1 55 41	1 24 38
Emerell, W. H. Low	18.10	2 11 38	1 39 28
Topsey, C. M. Peterson	18.04	2 14 48	1 41 59
KNOCKABOUTS.			
La Chica, C. V. Souther	21.00	1 55 31	. .. ..
Spinster, L. M. Clark	21.00	2 01 18	. .. ..
Jack Tar, T. E Jacobs	21.00	2 02 18	. .. ..
Torpedo, J. J. Souther	21.00	2 04 48	. .. ..
Tautog, W. O. Gay	21.00	2 05 41	. .. ..
FOURTH CLASS.			
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	17.06	1 45 28	1 11 31
Sphinx, A. Keith	17.11	1 45 26	1 12 04
Fantasy, W. Allerton	15.09	1 51 15	1 14 39
Circe, F. L. Pigeon	16.05	1 56 48	1 21 16
Sunbeam, H. B. Faxon	16.05	1 57 22	1 21 50
Tina, C. McLoughlin	15.06	2 00 28	1 23 27
Scud, G. D. Silsbe	17.11	2 01 06	1 27 47
Sparrow, J. J. Marks	15.07	2 05 38	1 28 46
Careme, C. Ringles	17.05	2 03 38	1 29 34
Jonah, N. B. Stone	16.05	2 07 26	1 31 54
FIFTH CLASS.			
Katydid, C. B. Pear	14.00	1 40 30	1 10 45
Elsa, H. M. Crane	14.08	1 40 32	1 11 43
Princess, Gay & Ware	14.06	1 46 02	1 16 59
Penguin, J. E. Robinson	14.06	1 47 50	1 18 47
Velma, Dr. Hallett	14.09	1 47 41	1 18 58
Transit, Nute *et al*	13.03	1 51 25	1 20 34

The fourth class yacht Elsa, which has been first of second in these races, is owned by the Messrs. Crane, of New York.

American Y. C. Annual Regatta.

MILTON POINT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Monday, July 6.

THE annual sailing regatta of the American Steam Yacht Club was sailed on July 6 over a course from off Milton Point, around a mark off Parsonage Point, a second mark in Hempstead Harbor, and a third off Larchmont, thence home, 10¾ miles. The day was cloudy and rainy, with a fresh easterly breeze and sea. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS.			
Elsemarie, J. B. King	74.32	2 01 40	2 01 40
CUTTERS—43FT CLASS.			
Norota, F. M. Hoyt	41.64	2 10 41	2 10 41
SLOOPS—25FT. CLASS.			
Quantuck, J. L. Delafield	25.00	2 20 00	2 20 00
Gannet, C. Guyon	22.00	3 18 34	3 15 34
CABIN CATBOATS, 30FT. CLASS.			
Oconee, C. T. Pierce	26.33	2 23 12	2 23 12
Molly Bawn, F. M. Brown	28.00	Did not finish.	
CABIN CATBOATS, 25FT CLASS			
Presto, F. M. Randall	22.06	2 21 59	2 21 59
Weasel, T. L. Ferris	24.85	Did not finish.	
OPEN CATBOATS, 30FT. CLASS.			
Fugitive, G. E Schabbehar	27.00	2 19 05	2 19 05
OPEN CATBOATS—25FT. CLASS, FIXED BALLAST.			
Edwina, J. N. Gould	21.44	2 41 18	2 41 18
Dorothy, H P. Whitney	19.06	3 02 05	3 00 00
OPEN CATBOATS—25FT. CLASS (SHIFTING BALLAST).			
——Clark Bros.	.. ..	2 30 58	.. .. ..
Zelica, H. A. Sherman	.. ..	2 39 25	.. .. ..
OPEN CATBOATS—20FT CLASS.			
Brant, J. C. Varian	20.00	2 59 06	2 59 06
Caprice	14.10	Did not finish.	
34FT. SPECIAL CLASS.			
Dragoon, F. M Freeman	34.00	2 09 14	2 09 14
30FT. SPECIAL CLASS.			
Raccoon,	30.00	1 52 25	1 52 25
Esperanza, A. S. Van Winkle	30.00	1 54 10	1 54 10
Vaquero III., H. B Duryea	30.00	1 55 25	1 55 25
Hera, R. N. Ellis	30.00	1 55 40	1 55 40
Wawa, J. Stillman	30.00	1 55 50	1 55 50
Musme, J. McDonough	30.00	Did not finish.	
21FT. SPECIAL CLASS.			
Celia, Wm. Gould	20.00	2 11 37	2 11 37
Vaquero, W. G. Brokaw	20.00	2 12 22	2 12 22
15FT. CLASS.			
Hope, A. Iselin	.. ..	2 45 30	2 45 30
Monsoon, J. R. Maxwell	.. ..	Did not finish.	

Raccoon and Monsoon are new boats, the former the last of the 30-footers built by the Herreshoff Co., the latter a very handsome bulb-fin designed by Wintringham and built by the Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Co. At the start Monsoon was delayed for some minutes, and her only competitor, Hope, very chivalrously waited for her to start. The $6,000 gold challenge cup established by the club a dozen years ago as an international prize for steam yachts, and never raced for, will probably be offered anew as a special cup for schooners, a race being scheduled for Sept. 18. Another sailing regatta will also be held on Aug. 15. The magnificent new American steam yacht Anita, the flagship of the club, carried a large party of guests over the course. The regatta committee included Messrs. J. Howard Wainwright, chairman; Thomas Dimond, H. de Barclay Parsons and Stuyvesant Wainwright.

Some confusion exists as to the proper classing of Messrs. Clark's unnamed catboat, sailing with shifting ballast, and Zelica protests her.

Bayswater Y. C. Annual Regatta.

FAR ROCKAWAY.

Saturday, July 4.

THE eighth annual regatta of the Bayswater Y. C. was sailed on July 4 in a S.E. breeze, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SLOOPS.				
Truant	2 46 10	5 38 10	2 52 00	2 40 25
Harvey M.	2 46 00	5 25 25	2 39 25	2 39 25
FIRST CLASS CATS.				
Madeline	2 52 20	Did not finish.		
Bertha B.	2 51 50	5 32 40	2 40 40	2 39 00
Emily	2 52 10	5 36 00	2 43 50	2 42 00
Lillie S	2 51 10	5 28 35	2 37 25	2 37 25
SECOND CLASS CATS.				
Meta	2 59 10	4 28 30	1 29 20	1 28 52
Aurisa	2 58 55	4 24 00	1 25 05	1 24 50
Frankie B.	2 58 40	4 39 00	1 40 20	1 38 37
Mattie	2 57 45	4 22 30	1 24 45	1 24 45
SHARPIES.				
Cornelia	3 01 00	Did not finish.		
Little Deer	3 02 10	5 04 00	2 01 50	2 00 57
May	3 00 40	4 47 00	1 46 20	1 46 20

Sodus Point Y. C.

Saturday, July 4.

THE regatta of the Sodus Point Y. C. was partly spoiled by calm and rain on July 4, only three yachts of the half dozen which started making a finish. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.
Nox	1 15 28	Withdrew.
Caprice	1 15 40	Withdrew.
Henrietta	1 15 52	3 34 00
Omega	1 16 26	Withdrew.
Wissahickon	1 16 45	3 49 30
Thelma	1 17 03	3 55 20

Henrietta is a new boat, built at Sodus from designs by H. C. Wintringham.

Riverside Y. C. Annual Regatta.

RIVERSIDE, CONN.—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, July 11.

THE Riverside Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on Saturday under most favorable conditions, a bright, warm summer day with a strong N.W. wind; so strong, in fact, as to test the rigging of more than one yacht. The courses were the regular club triangles on the Sound, from off the end of Little Captain's Island. While there were forty-three starters, they were divided among thirteen classes, making very few starters in a class. A very good start was made at 12:40. Ideal broke her rudder head just at the line and her helmsman, W. I. Zerega, went into the drink, quickly scrambling out. He got out a spinaker boom as a jury rudder and managed to sail clear of the line and the other yachts starting. Argonaut withdrew after a short time and Raccoon lost her peak halyard block and also withdrew. After crossing the finish line in advance of her competitors Paprika capsized, but was righted by her crew on the centerboard. Question also went over, but was righted. Hope had a weak mast, but her skipper managed to nurse her through the race. Norota and Eidolon sailed a very close race. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SLOOPS—51FT. CLASS.				
Whitby	12 41 16	Not timed.		
CUTTERS—43FT. CLASS.				
Eidolon	12 42 25	3 52 17	3 09 52	3 09 52
Norota	12 41 15	3 51 22	3 10 07	3 09 22
CUTTERS—30FT. CLASS.				
Ninita	12 45 49	3 25 21	2 39 32	2 39 32
CUTTERS—34FT. CLASS.				
Vorant II.	12 42 57	Did not finish.		
SLOOPS—30FT. SPECIAL.				
Carolina	12 50 00	4 01 00	3 11 00	. . ..
Musme	12 50 00	4 02 40	3 12 40	. .. ..
Argonaut	12 50 00	Did not finish.		
Raccoon	Disabled.			
SLOOPS—21FT. SPECIAL.				
Houri	12 46 30	3 22 20	2 35 50	. .. ..
Celia	12 45 40	Did not finish.		
Maysie	12 46 13	Did not finish.		
15FT. CLASS.				
Ideal	12 55 00	Disabled.		
Glance	12 55 00	3 37 05	2 42 05	.. .. ..
Trilby	12 55 00	3 16 51	2 21 51	. .. ..
Willada	12 55 00	3 34 10	2 39 10	. .. ..
Hope	12 55 00	3 20 47	2 25 47	. .. ..
Paprika	12 55 00	3 09 46	2 14 46	. .. ..
Question	12 55 00	3 16 35	2 21 35	. .. ..
CABIN CATS—30-FT. CLASS.				
Oconee	12 48 41	3 20 44	2 32 03	2 28 54
Onaway	12 48 14	3 23 13	2 34 59	2 32 34
Molly Bawn	12 47 07	3 23 30	2 36 23	2 36 23
CABIN CATS—25 FT. CLASS.				
Weasel	12 48 28	Did not finish.		
Presto	12 46 01	3 25 06	2 39 05	2 39 05
Ethel	12 45 30	3 29 01	2 43 31	2 39 28
Nixie	12 45 20	3 42 35	2 57 15	. .. ..
Grace	12 45 58	2 56 59	3 11 01	3 06 58
OPEN CATS—SHIFTABLE BALLAST.				
Niamuck	12 47 50	3 13 05	2 25 15	. .. ..
Elsie	12 47 35	3 35 59	2 48 24	. .. ..
Bubble	12 46 56	3 41 33	2 54 37	. .. ..
OPEN CATS—FIXED BALLAST.				
Sirene	12 49 26	3 28 17	2 38 51	. .. ..
Brant	12 46 59	3 42 15	2 55 16	. .. ..
JIB AND MAINSAIL.				
E. J. Sloat	12 45 21	3 26 55	2 41 34	. .. ..
R. I.	12 47 41	3 37 31	2 49 50	. .. ..

Atlantic Y. C. Annual Cruise.

THE principal yachting event of last week was the annual cruise of the Atlantic Y. C.—an expedition which met with less success than it deserved. Special preparations had been made by the officers and officials of the club for a cruise that would be more than usually pleasant to the yacht owners, but unfortunately the latter class did not lend the assistance which might reasonably be expected; and the labor of the regatta committee and many others was expended to small advantage. Com. Gould, in his steam yacht Atalanta, took charge of the fleet in person, aided by Fleet Capt. Watson. The regatta committee had secured the steam yacht Talisman for its use in starting and timing the races of the various runs, for which good prizes were offered. The fleet met at the appointed rendezvous, Larchmont, on the evening of July 3, the flagship being present, though delayed by the loss of her wheel, which dropped off the day before, a new one being shipped at the Erie Basin Drydock at the last moment. The members were most hospitably entertained by the Larchmont Y. C., and made as comfortable as the miserable foggy weather would admit. The Fourth was spent at anchor, few yachts being under way. The 5th being Sunday the fleet lay at anchor until afternoon, when it got under way for an informal sail to Black Rock, anchoring for the night. Monday morning was still foggy, with a fresh easterly breeze, and the start was delayed until the weather had improved a little at 10:30, when the yachts were sent away for Morris Cove by way of the buoy, No. 9, off Oldfield Point. With plenty of wind the run was made in good time, the result being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS—CLASS 2.				
Sachem	11 07 03	2 34 21	3 27 18	3 25 05
Colonia	11 06 10	1 58 44	2 52 34	2 52 34
SCHOONERS—CLASS 4.				
Cavalier	11 07 49	3 01 44	3 53 55	3 53 55
Amorita	11 05 22	2 15 11	3 09 49	2 57 24
SCHOONERS—CLASS 5.				
Priscilla	11 08 43	4 00 41	4 51 58	4 51 58
CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—CLASS 3.				
Muron	10 37 37	2 22 54	3 45 17	3 45 17
CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—CLASS 4.				
Eclipse	10 40 00	2 52 37	4 12 37	3 58 17
Gaviota	10 40 00	4 09 28	5 29 28	5 29 28
Uvira	10 38 06	2 44 27	4 06 21	3 40 52
CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—CLASS 5—CABIN TRUNKS				
Choctaw	10 37 10	3 39 52	5 02 42	4 35 56
Penguin	10 38 43	2 44 10	4 05 27	4 05 27
CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—CLASS 6				
Hydriad	10 40 00	3 53 04	5 13 04	5 13 04
Sultan	10 37 35	3 45 12	5 07 37	4 16 49
Tigress	10 40 00	Did not finish.		
Acushla	10 39 09	2 55 38	4 16 29	3 24 09

The class winners are: Colonia, Amorita, Uvira, Penguin and Acushla.

The corrected times are figured to include all schooners racing for the Banks cup, and all others racing for the Hanan cup.

Colonia wins one leg for the Banks cup and Acushla one for the Hanan plate.

Tuesday morning was clear and calm, but when the race was started in a light S.W. breeze the rain began to fall. The day's run was to New London, the course being covered with the light breeze, but the race ending in a fog and calm off Bartlett's Reef. The committee yacht Talisman broke down and the only times at the finish were those taken by Rear-Com. Hanan from his steam yacht Embla, as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS—CLASS 2.				
Colonia	10 36 54	2 19 28	3 42 34	3 42 34
Sachem	10 39 24	2 48 40	4 09 21	4 06 32
SCHOONERS—CLASS 4.				
Amorita	10 35 57	2 31 50	3 55 53	
Cavalier	10 37 23	3 12 50	4 35 27	4 35 27
SCHOONERS—CLASS 5.				
Viator	10 38 35	2 55 30	4 16 55	4 16 55
Priscilla	10 39 55	Not timed.		
CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—CLASS 4.				
Gaviota	10 10 00	3 14 00	5 04 00	5 04 00
CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—CLASS 5, FLUSH DECK.				
Uvira	10 06 42	2 54 20	4 47 43	4 32 34
CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—CLASS 5, CABIN TRUNKS.				
Penguin	10 08 23	3 02 35	4 54 12	4 43 29
Choctaw	10 08 33	3 16 50	5 08 17	4 51 28
SLOOPS—CLASS 7.				
Acushla	10 07 12	3 24 45	5 17 33	4 26 25
CAT-RIGGED—CLASS 1.				
Dorothy	10 10 00	Not timed.		

The class winners are Colonia, Amorita, Viator and Penguin.

The winners of the second leg for the Banks and Hanan cups are Colonia and Acushla.

In the evening the following statement was given out by the regatta committee:

ON BOARD STEAMER TALISMAN, NEW LONDON, July 7, 1896.—In the squadron of July 6 the sloop Uvira was improperly placed in class 4 and the sloop Acushla was improperly placed in class 6. The Uvira should have been classified in the flush deck division of class 5, and the Acushla should have been classified in class 7, because this class was fitted by the entry of the Wabasso.

As no notice was given to any of the parties in interest, it is mani-

festly an injustice to place these two sloops in classes above their own. For these reasons the regatta committee award the prize for the run in class 4 to the Eclipse, and in class 6 to the Sultan.

This division does not affect the standing of any competitors for the Hanan cup. REGATTA COMMITTEE.

The yacht referred to is not a sloop, but the cutter Uvira. The time credited to Amorita is incorrect, and Colonia wins a second leg for the Banks cup.

On Wednesday a special race was sailed off New London, to count as a squadron race, the course being from Sarah's Ledge Buoy around Bartlett's Reef Lightship, Cornfield Lightship and back to the start, 27 miles. The day was clear with a light and variable breeze, the times for a very unsatisfactory race being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS—CLASS 4.				
Colonia	11 06 47	8 25 00	9 18 13	9 18 13
Amorita	11 08 58	9 14 15	10 05 17	9 53 31
CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—CLASS 5.				
Penguin	10 38 03	7 40 51	9 02 48	9 02 48
Uvira	10 37 34	Did not finish.		
Choctaw	10 38 47	6 12 37	7 33 50	7 29 33
SLOOPS—CLASS 7.				
Acushla	10 37 28	7 26 41	8 49 13	8 20 44
CATS—CLASS 1.				
Dorothy	10 35 18	Did not finish.		

Colonia thus wins the third leg for the Banks cup, which she will hold permanently. The cup was offered by David Banks, then commodore of the Atlantic Y. C., in 1893, as a prize for a special race of the four cup defenders of that year, but was never raced for. It has now gone to one of the four, but under a different rig. Choctaw won a leg for the Hanan cup.

Thursday morning was rainy, followed by fog. The start for Greenport was made at 10:38. By agreement Eclipse and Gaviota sailed with lower canvas only, the latter having no topmast. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS—CLASS 2.				
Colonia	11 06 07	1 32 32	2 26 25	.. .. ..
SCHOONERS—CLASS 4.				
Amorita	11 06 57	Did not finish		
Cavalier	11 07 57	3 04 45	3 56 48	.. .. ..
SCHOONERS—CLASS 5.				
Viator	11 07 41	2 50 06	3 42 05	.. .. ..
Glendoveer	11 09 14	3 27 49	4 18 35	.. .. ..
SLOOPS—CLASS 4.				
Eclipse	10 36 56	3 15 35	4 38 39	.. .. ..
Gaviota	10 37 46	3 06 05	4 28 19	.. .. ..
CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—CLASS 5.				
Penguin	10 37 58	1 44 09	3 06 11	3 02 09
Uvira	10 38 41	1 34 57	2 56 16	2 50 33
Choctaw	10 36 45	1 43 11	3 06 26	3 00 06
CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—CLASS 6.				
Sultan	10 38 49	2 08 21	3 29 32	3 11 03
Tigress	10 38 12	1 51 57	3 13 45	3 02 07
Hydriad	10 38 56	3 11 19	4 32 53	.. .. ..
SLOOPS—CLASS 7.				
Wabasso	10 38 49	4 27 37	5 49 28	.. .. ..
Acushla	10 38 56	1 40 56	3 02 00	2 42 40

Acushla wins the Hanan prize. The winners of the class prizes are: Cavalier, Viator Gaviota, Uvira, Tigress and Acushla. In addition Gaviota wins a private match with Eclipse.

On Friday the fleet lay at anchor in Greenport Harbor and the rowing races were held, and on Saturday morning the fleet disbanded.

Knickerbocker Y. C. Ladies' Day Race.

COLLEGE POINT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, July 11.

THE Knickerbocker Y. C. sailed its second ladies' day race on Saturday over a triangle between the club station, Baretto's Point and Clausen's Point, sailed twice, the start being made late in the afternoon, by which time the fresh westerly wind had fallen to a light breeze. The times were:

	Start.	Finish	Elapsed.
SLOOPS—70FT CLASS			
Arrow	4 10 00	Did not finish.	
SLOOPS—36FT. CLASS.			
Tempus	4 10 00	5 32 40	1 22 40
Edith	4 10 00	5 36 05	1 26 05
Yolande	4 10 00	Did not finish.	
SLOOPS—25FT. CLASS.			
Herbert R.	4 15 00	5 52 15	1 37 15
OPEN SLOOPS.			
Flora	4 10 00	5 41 10	1 31 10
CABIN CATS—31FT. CLASS.			
Dolphin	4 15 00	5 43 05	1 28 05
CABIN CATS—25FT. CLASS.			
Melita	4 15 00	5 40 15	1 25 15
Nan	4 15 00	5 43 35	1 28 35
Harrietta	4 15 00	Did not finish.	
Waltz	4 15 00	6 04 55	1 49 55
Unorna	4 15 00	Did not finish.	
OPEN CATS—25FT CLASS.			
Violet	4 15 00	5 44 15	1 29 15
Gladys	4 15 00	Did not finish.	

Each yacht carried two or more ladies.

Jamaica Bay Y. C. Annual Regatta.

JAMAICA BAY.

Saturday, July 4.

THE annual regatta of the Jamaica Bay Y. C. was sailed on July 4 in a fresh S.E. breeze, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.
CLASS B.		
Cecilia	2 44 30	4 43 25
Cute	2 44 30	4 42 37
CLASS C.		
Mildred M.	2 46 45	4 55 50
Julia B.	2 46 45	Withdrew.
CLASS D.		
Josie P.	2 50 20	4 56 53
Loyal	2 50 20	4 57 48
Alta	2 50 20	Withdrew.
Lochinvar	2 50 20	Withdrew.
CLASS E.		
Chico	2 50 30	5 06 16
Naiad	2 50 30	Capsized.
Trilby	2 50 30	Withdrew.
Vitesse	2 50 30	Disabled.

The winners were: Class B, Cute; class C, Mildred M.; class D Loyal; class E, Chico.

Lochinvar, sailed single-handed, capsized.

The Steam Yacht Pathfinder.

THE launch of the new steel steam yacht Pathfinder at Racine, Wis., on July 7, is described as follows by the Chicago *Herald:* The steel yacht Pathfinder, built for F. W. Morgan, of Chicago, was launched this afternoon in the presence of 5,000 people, and a calamity was narrowly averted.

There was considerable delay in launching. When the magnificent boat was started on the ways Helen Reynolds, the little daughter of Walter Reynolds, manager of the boat company, cracked a bottle of champagne on the bow of the boat. There were nearly forty persons on board, including Captain Dempstead, of Detroit, who is to command the boat; George Warrington, Frank Tripp and Commodore Berriman, of Chicago; Judge F. M. Fish and Captain Gillen, of Racine. Mr. Morgan and his wife and party of friends stood upon the docks. Whistles were tooted, cannon fired from the yachts Vencedor and Vanenna, and a cheer went up from thousands of throats; but the noise suddenly ceased, for the yacht, as it slid down the ways, suddenly went over on the port side and the forty persons on the deck were thrown down against the rail. The thousands of spectators expected, as did those on board, that the boat was going to turn over, but it came back on an even keel all right.

The difficulty was occasioned by the ways on the port side giving way, the stern of the yacht striking the bottom and sticking in the mud, and a line being hauled tight too soon. The bow struck a post coming out of the shop, tearing it away and tearing 30ft. off the rail of the yacht and jamming in the steel above decks for a considerable distance. Even the builders and owners of the yacht admit that it was a narrow escape from a bad accident.

The boat will be fitted out and taken to Chicago within ten days. She is constructed of steel. The measurements are given at 145ft. over all, 15ft. 3in. beam, 12ft. depth, 6ft. draft; displacement, 105 tons. The main engines are four triple expansions, 14in., 19¼in. and two 20¼in., with 16in. stroke. The boilers will develop 1,000 horse-power, and the speed of the boat is calculated to exceed twenty miles per hour. There will be electric lights and telephone service, and there are watertight bulkheads, making the craft safe in case of collision. The interior of the boat is finished in butternut and mahogany. The cost is given at $75,000 complete.

Manchester Y. C.

MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA.

Monday, July 6.

THE first race of the season was held by the Manchester Y. C. on July 6, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Elvia, M. Bartlett	24.00	1 40 48	1 14 14
Oura, W. Burgess	23.07	1 43 54	1 17 37
Owrice, Winston & Craigie	24.09	1 48 43	1 18 30
SECOND CLASS.			
Kaoroli, R. C. Robbins	20.10	1 38 29	1 09 23
Magpie, A. W. Stevens	19.05	1 41 28	1 10 02
Egeria, R. T. Tucker	20.04	1 41 23	1 10 03
THIRD CLASS			
Carina, R. Boardman	17.06	1 41 35	1 16 09
Snipe, Boardman Bros.	16.09	1 46 25	1 20 08
KNOCKABOUT CLASS.			
Sally, J. C. Percival	21.00	1 42 53	.. .. ..
Nabob, S. P. Bremer	21.00	1 45 09	.. .. ..

The Ogdensburgh Y. C. Cup.

THE crack prize of the season for the 15-footers is the handsome cup offered by the Ogdensburgh Y. C., of Ogdensburgh, N. Y., for its special race on July 28, open to all yachts of the 15ft. class. The cup, which has cost $300, is about 10in. high, of solid silver, and made by Messrs. Bell & Co., of Ogdensburgh. On one side it has a representa-



THE OGDENSBURGH CUP.

tion of Ethelwynn in the races of last season. The course will be on the St. Lawrence River, between Ogdensburgh and Prescott, in open water and of course with no tides, the winds being fair and true as a rule. We have already published the arrangements for transportation of boats, which can be shipped at a very low figure. A number of entries are promised from Montreal and the States. The Ogdensburgh Y. C. is making preparations to give a hearty welcome to all visitors and to aid them in every way in caring for their boats.

The Burning of the Thelma.

THE large new twin screw naphtha yacht recently built by the Gas Engine and Power Company for J. A. Mollenhauer, of Bayshore, L. I., was burned on July 7, the disaster being described as follows by the New York *Sun:*

Thelma had come from Bayshore, where Mr. and Mrs. Mollenhauer's summer home is, by way of Sandy Hook and Hell Gate on Monday, and had put in at Whitestone on Monday evening. Getting under way early Tuesday morning, she had rounded Matinnecock Point about 8 o'clock, when she was seen by Capt. J. C. Diefenbach, of the steamer Northport, which had left Northport at 6:30 o'clock in the morning for New York.

The Northport had passed Fox Island and was within about a mile of Thelma when Capt. Diefenbach saw a sudden puff of black smoke come from the yacht, and, in the sultry air, hang over her for several moments. He thought at first that the yacht was burning soft coal, but when the smudge cleared away he saw that the yacht was afire, the flames apparently plying from end to end of her, as though they had a good start. He made for her at once, but before he reached her Thelma was alongside the steam canaler Grit, bound eastward, light, to get a cargo of gravel. Thelma headed for the Grit as soon the fire broke out.

The Northport bore down on the Grit and the shipwreckd ones got aboard the steamer, while the Grit's hands made a line fast to the yacht's bows preparatory to towing her away. The line was a long one, as it was feared the naphtha tank might explode, and nobody wanted to remain longer than necessary near the burning boat. The Northport, on her run to the wreck, had got her fire hose in readiness for use, but Capt Diefenbach feared to stay near the fire, as he thought it would be jeopardizing the Northport and her cargo. As Mr. Mollenhauer also wanted to get away, the Northport resumed her voyage, first taking in tow Thelma's two boats. Mr. Mollenhauer told the Grit's captain to beach the yacht wherever it was convenient for him to do so. He towed her into Lloyd's Neck, beaching her in the canal there.

As the boats drew apart, Capt. Diefenbach said, there were several slight explosions or puffs of smoke and flame aboard Thelma. She was afire throughout. As her hull was of wood, he thought that she would be a total wreck.

Mr. Mollenhauer said Thelma was valued at about $15,000 and was partly insured Furnishings and silverware and personal belongings would raise the figures of the loss. Just what the personal property amounted to the captain did not ask, but Mr. Mollenhauer told him that he had lost all his jewelry, as it was below when the fire began and he had no opportunity to go after it. It happened that Mrs. Mollenhauer had her jewels in a small satchel beside her, which she saved. Mr. Mollenhauer told Capt. Diefenbach that he had not seen the use of sporting jewelry on deck, so he was minus what he had taken aboard with him.

The yacht's sailing master, Capt. Hendricksen, saved his dunnage. He was the only one who went below after anything. The steward lost everything he had, and Mr. Mollenhauer told him he would make the loss good. The total savings from the yacht were the personal effects of the captain, the contents of Mrs. Mollenhauer's reticule and the yacht's two small boats.

Mr. and Mrs. Mollenhauer were landed at Hunter's Point in time to take the 11 o'clock train for Bayshore. Thelma's crew and her boats were put off at Wallabout, and the Northport came down to her wharf at Peck slip.

Some of the explosions that occurred on Thelma after the Northport started for the city were of cartridges in the yacht's pilot house. There were thirteen of them. Mr. Mollenhauer had been on a Fourth of July cruise before he started for Newport, with Cord Meyer and several other of his friends among the South Shore summer colony. He had put in at Fire Island and Bayshore with them on Monday, and had then started with Mrs. Mollenhauer for Newport.

Captain Diefenbach said Mr. Mollenhauer told him that the Thelma's engineer had taken out one of the injectors to clean it, and that the explosion and fire followed. Apparently the naphtha blew all over the boat, he told the captain, and flames sprang up all around. Just how it happened he could not tell.

In confirmation of the above report, Mr. Mollenhauer has sent the following letter to the makers of the yacht:

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 8.—Gas Engine and Power Company, Morris Heights, N. Y.: Gentlemen—As a matter of justice to you, being the builders of my twin screw naphtha yacht Thelma, which was burned last Tuesday, I wish to state that the yacht or its machinery was in no way to blame for the accident. It was entirely owing to the carelessness on the part of the engineer in charge removing the injector valve from the engine while the other engine was running, the escaped naphtha thereby igniting. My confidence in the safety of your naphtha boats is such that I shall place an order with you at an early date for another boat. Regretting this unfortunate affair, believe me, Yours very truly, (Signed)

J. ADOLPH MOLLENHAUER.

Erie Regatta.

A REGATTA will be held at Port Dover on the finest sailing grounds on Lake Erie, Aug. 3. Following this is the Erie regatta, which will be held Aug. 6 and 7, instead of later in the month, as previously stated. Our programmes and entry blanks will soon be sent to all the secretaries of yacht clubs, and a large attendance of yachts is most earnestly desired. ERIE Y. C.

Canoeing.

Back to Grindstone.

IN a very short time it will be in order to get out tent and duffle and pack for the fourth camp at Grindstone, the seventeenth annual meet of the American Canoe Association. The camp will open on Aug. 14, —though members may come at an earlier date—and will formally close on Aug. 28. The racing will begin on Aug. 24, the programme being as follows:

Event No. 1. Paddling and sailing combined, ½ mile alternately; total, 3 miles; time limit, 1½ hours. Start to be made paddling.

Event No. 2. Paddling, ½ mile straightaway.

Event No. 3. Sailing, 4½ miles; time limit, 2 hours.

Note.—Events Nos. 1, 2 and 3 are record races under Rule 5 of sailing regulations.

Event No. 4. Trophy paddling, 1 mile straightaway.

Event No. 5. Unlimited sailing, three classes, 6 miles; time limit, 2½ hours. Starters in trophy sailing race to be selected from this race according to elapsed time.

Event No. 6. Trophy sailing, 9 miles; time limit, 3½ hours. See Rule 5.

Event No. 7. Dolphin sailing trophy, 7½ miles; time limit, 3 hours. The canoe winning first place in event No. 5 will not be allowed to compete in this event.

Event No. 8. Hotel Champlain cup, 4½ miles.

Event No. 9. Orilla cup, 7½ miles. Limited to members of Northern Division.

Event No. 10. Jabberwock trophy, 3 miles. Limited to members of the Central Division.

Note.—Events Nos. 9 and 10 are to be sailed providing a Northern and Central meet is not held. Events Nos. 7 and 8 may be contested for at the same time, in the discretion of the regatta committee.

Event No. 11. Club sailing, three classes, 4½ miles; time limit, 2 hours. First three members of any club to count. A club to be represented must enter at least three men. All men entered must have become members of the club they represent before the first day of the 1896 meet.

Event No. 12. Limited sailing, 3 miles; time limit, 1½ hours. Sail area limited to 100sq. ft. and sliding seat prohibited.

Event No. 13. Novice sailing, 3 miles; time limit, 1½ hours. Open only to members who have not sailed a canoe prior to Sept. 1, 1895.

Event No. 14. Unclassified sailing, 4½ miles; time limit, 2 hours. (The regatta committee reserve the right to handicap in this race.)

Event No. 15. Paddling; open canoes not under 50lbs. weight, ½ mile straightaway; single blades.

Event No. 16. Tandem paddling, ½ mile straightaway; decked canoe, double blade.

Event No. 17. Tandem club paddling, ½ mile straightaway; open canoes, single blade.

Event No. 18. Club four paddling; ½ mile straightaway. (Canoes not to be less than 28in. wide and 16ft. long.)

Event No. 19. Hurry-scurry; swim, paddle, run.

Event No. 20. War canoes, 1 mile; canoes not to be over 25ft. long, nor contain more than nine persons.

Event No. 21. War canoes, 1 mile; canoes not to be over 35ft. long, nor contain to exceed sixteen persons.

Event No. 22. Ladies' paddling, open canoes; ⅛ mile.

Event No 23. Ladies' tandem, open canoes; single blade, ¼ mile.

Event No. 24. Mixed tandem, open canoes; single blade, ¼ mile.

Event No. 25. Novice paddling, open canoes, ½ mile; open to men who have never paddled a race outside of their own club races.

Event No. 26. Open four; tug of war.

Event No. 27. Tail-end race; open canoes, single blade, paddler to kneel in bow and paddle with the wind, bow first, 200yds.

Event No. 28. Hurry-scurry, obstacle or tournament.

Note.—The committee reserve the right to call any, except the more important and older A. C. A. races, at any time during the meet when in their judgment the conditions are right.

Note.—The right is also reserved by the committee of following the system of handicapping that was used at the last meet.

All events in which less than two starters present themselves at the line will be canceled.

The usual arrangements as to mess, tent floors, etc., will be made, the catering being in the hands of Mr. McElveney, who was in charge last year. Grindstone Island and the St. Lawrence are just as young and beautiful as of old, and though the same perhaps cannot be said of all of us who were there in 1884-5-6, it is to be hoped that a great many old A. C. A. men will take this opportunity to renew old friendships beside Eel Bay.

The W. C. A. Meet.

THE annual meet of the Western C. A. began on July 11 and will continue until July 25. The camp this year is on Dodge's Point, Mullet Lake, near Cheboygan, Mich. The energetic secretary-treasurer of the W. C. A. has issued a very tasteful yearbook, containing interesting histories of different clubs represented in the Association.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
Willis E. Stacy	Newton	Waubewawa.
H. D. Stowe	Boston	——

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Elliot H. Holbrook	Yonkers, N. Y.	Yonkers C. C.
Arthur D. Shaw	Philadelphia, Pa.	Lake Hopatcong C. C.
Herbert Pearsall	Westfield, N. J.	——
Frank L. Newell	Passaic, N. J.	Pequannock C. C.
J. Day Knap	256 W. 73d st., New York.	——

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Calumet Heights Gun Club.

AT the club shoot on July 4 some of the members and guests engaged in rifle shooting in addition to the sport at the traps. Event No. 1 was for .22cal. rifles only, and was at a reduced target, possible 50 at 100yds.

The first event was class B and was won by Miss H. Gillespie with a score of 37.

The second event was class A, American standard target, 200yds., off-hand, and caliber rifle. It was won by Mr. C. W. Spalding. Following are the scores:

No. 1.			
Miss H Gillespie	4343444344—37	Mrs Chamberlain	5444333300—29
Booth	2000000000— 2	Mrs Gillespie	5322000000—12
Mrs G Marshall	4433333332—31	Miss Ervin	4433332220—26
Mrs Whitman	4322220000—15	Miss Harlan	4443333332—32
Miss Adams	2220440000—17	Mrs Davis	3333220000—16
No. 2.			
L L Davis	0060080000—14	A C Patterson	6044565000—30
Mr Spalding	0608746847—50	Dr Harlan	0550000605—21
J D Hobbs	4652866065—48		

Rifle Notes.

THE commission appointed by Gov. Morton for the selection of a rifle for the use of the military and naval forces of the State of New York approved of the Savage rifle. The commission was appointed under a law passed by the Legislature last year. There were twelve competitors. On approval of the report by the Governor, the Adjutant-General is authorized to contract for not more than 150,000 rifles of the kind selected by the commission at a price not to exceed $20 per rifle.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

July 15-16.—TALLAPOOSA, Ala.—Georgia-Alabama Interstate tournament; sweepstakes. C. H Edridge, Sec'y.

July 21-22.—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—Sixth annual meeting and tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association; $165 added money. All purses divided on equitable system. John J. Sumpter, Jr., Sec'y, Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.

July 22-23.—PORTLAND, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

July 23-24.—LEAVENWORTH, Kan.—Third annual tournament Leavenworth Gun Club, 12 15-target events each day, known angles, entrance $1.50. Money divided according to the Rose system. For amateurs only; black powder barred.

July 25.—BOILING SPRINGS GROUNDS, N. J.—Amateur Trap-Shooters' League second contest.

July 29-30.—WORCESTER, Mass.—Tournament of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club. Targets. For programmes address A. W. Walls, Worcester, Mass.

July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

Aug. 4-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company E. S. Rice, Mgr.

Aug. 4, 5.—AUBURN, N. Y.—The Auburn Gun Club will hold a blue-rock tournament, using the "Maugatrap" for the first time in New York State; programs will be out in a few days. Mr. Paul North will have entire charge of the shoot.

Aug. 5.—SANDUSKY, Ohio.—Annual tournament of the Sandusky Gun Club; $100 added money and $100 in merchandise prizes.

Aug. 11.—ALBANY, N. Y.—Tournament of the West End Gun Club. Bluerock traps and targets. Horace B Derby, Sec'y.

Aug. 11-14.—DETROIT, Mich.—Jack Parker's sixth annual international tournament. Fuller details later.

Aug 12-13.—DULUTH, Minn.—Central Gun Club, fourth annual tournament; excellent programme.

Aug. 26-27.—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Sept.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—B. F. Smith's tournament at Audubon Park. Live birds and targets.

Sept. 2-4.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Tournament at Audubon Park. Targets and live birds. B. F. Smith, Manager.

Sept. 7.—MARION, N. J.—Sixth annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. J. A. Creveling, Sec'y

Sept. 8-11.—HARRISBURG, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association.

Sept. 15-16.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Third annual tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Company; $750 added money.

Oct 6-8.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Autumn tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Two days, targets; one day, pigeons and sparrows. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

1897.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK CITY.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

At the annual meeting of the Dedham, Mass., Sportsmen's Club, the following list of officers was elected: President, Robert Smith; Secretary, H. P. Cole, Jr.; Treasurer, Amasa Alden. Executive committee: Robert Smith, W. J. Leverett and C. P. Blinn.

The Fort Dodge, Ia., Rod and Gun Club was organized on June 27. The officers are: President, J. F. Drake; Vice-President, Harry Carter; Secretary-Treasurer, C. H. Minton.

The programme for the tournament of the Worcester, Mass., Sportsmen's Club, to be held at Worcester on July 29 30, is as follows: July 29: one 15-target event, $1.00, unknown angles; four 20-target events, known angles, $2; three 20-target events, unknown angles, $2; one 20-target event, reversed order, $1.40. July 30: four 15-target events, known angles, $2; five 15-target and two 20-target events, unknown angles, the entrance to each event being $2. On each day also there will be a 25-target event, known angles, these two events making a 50-target race, $5 entrance.

George Work has done some remarkable shooting during the International Week at the London Gun Club's grounds. Elsewhere will be found a notice clipped from the London *Field* of July 4, which gives some idea of what he did.

Phil Daly, Jr., won the Hollywood Futurity on Saturday last with a clean score of 25 straight from the 27yds. mark.

R. H. Hall, secretary of the River Rouge Gun Club, of Detroit, Mich., writes us that Neaf Apgar, of Plainfield, N. J., and Thomas Graham, of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., were both elected members of the club at its meeting held on June 22.

The Charlotte, N. C., Gun Club will hold a two-days' shoot July 28-29, and will add $100 a day to the purses. This means that the boys are invited to attend one of those tournaments for which the Charlotte Gun Club is so justly famed. Col. Anthony and John W. Todd (*inter alia*) will see to it that all visitors have a pleasant time.

The Tallapoosa Gun Club announces a Georgia-Alabama Interstate tournament to be held at Tallapoosa, Ga., July 15 and 16. There will be five target and three live-bird events each day. A meeting will be held at club headquarters on the evening of the 15th, for the purpose of organizing an interstate shooting association. It is desired that three delegates from each club in Georgia and Alabama, bearing credentials signed by the president, be present and participate.

There will be a grand sweepstake tournament on the grounds of the Worcester Sportsman's Club, at Worcester, Mass., Wednesday and Thursday, July 29-30, under the direction of A. W. Walls. Take Greendale electrics and stop off at Huntington avenue. The grounds will be open for shooting on Tuesday afternoon, July 28. All ties divided. Four moneys in all but the 50-bird event, which will be divided 30, 20 15, 15, 10, 10 per cent. All New York and Boston trains stop at Worcester.

Forester Gun Club.

THE Forester Gun Club, Newark, N J., held its regular holiday shoot at empire targets on July 4 on its Peddie street grounds. There was a fair attendance of members and several visitors. An occasional shower stopped the sport a few times. Seventeen events in all were shot. Some good scores were made.

Events Nos. 1, 4, 7, 9, 12, 15 and 17 were known angles; Nos. 5, 10 and 14 were reversed angles; Nos. 2, 3, 6, 8, 11, 13 and 16 were expert rules, unknown traps and angles. All events at 10 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Jewell	9	9	9	..	10	9	5	6	8	7	..	6	..	9	..	6	..
Sinnock	7	9	7	9	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C Smith	8	5	7	9	8	7	..	..	8	7	3	6	..	..	..	..	..
D Fleming	8	8	8	7	3	8	6	4	7	7	7	5	7	6	6	6	..
Winans	6	8	9	8	8	8	5	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Cummins	..	..	8	8	8	9	..	..	..	..	7	5	3	9	..	..	..
Hayes	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	9	..	4	8	7	7	6	7	..
Wambold	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	8	10	10	9	10	9	..	8	8
Tarlton	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	5	6	..	5	..	6	..	6	10	..
Backus	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	5	4	6	5	6
H Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	2	..	..	..	..	..
Thomas	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	7	8	8	8	8
Day	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..

H. E. WINANS, Sec'y.

Noris Defeats Hampton at Sparrows.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., July 9.—An interesting match at 50 sparrows, for $50 a side, was shot on the grounds of the Limited Gun Club to-day between Ed Noris, of Crawfordsville, and O H. Hampton, of Williamsburg. Noris shot well throughout the match and won by 5 birds. Scores:

Noris.....1121101121111121211111010—22
1111112111221111212211201—24—46
Hampton.....2111201 1221211022111112—23
1101111100212110101102011—18—41

The Sherbrooke Shoot.

DOMINION DAY at Sherbrooke, P. Q., was a perfect day for trap-shooting, and the seventy odd shooters who met on the grounds of the Sherbrooke Gun Club enjoyed a fine day's shooting.

This was the first open shoot given by a new club of only eight months' experience at the traps, and as most of the visiting shooters were also beginners high scores were not to be expected. Good sportsmen they all were, who knew how to miss with good grace, and the proverbial kicker was not present—not a sign of him.

Shooting began at 8:30 A. M. with thirty-four guns in the first event, and continued, with the exception of about twenty minutes for lunch, until 7:30 P. M., when one extra was shot. Nothing but darkness closed the shoot.

Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	15	15	15	5	10	15	10	20	10	10
J B Goodhue	5	13	9	9	5	..	10	6	12	..	5
J Stewart	8	10	10	9	2	..	10	7	10	..	9
E C Eaton	9	11	10	11	7	..	12	8	14	..	7
R B Hutcheson	8	7	12	6	4	4	12	3	..	9	4
T M Craig	5	10	7	8	4	..	8	9	12	..	8
J F Morkill	6	12	8	9	6	..	5	4	12	..	2
J Morgan	3	..	2	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
W L Cameron	8	13	6	10	9	..	9	8	13	..	6
C M Boright	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..
F H Sevigny	7	12	11	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Major Baker	4	0	..	4	2	..	..	..	..	..	..
O C Selby	7	9	..	6	1	..	..	4	..	..	..
J G Walton	6	10	7	8	7	..	11	7	17	..	6
J O Duncan	2	..	3	..	0	..	3	..	..	3	..
J H Cameron	3	3	4	7	3	5	..	..	..	4	..
H H Wootton	7	14	12	11	5	..	13	6	16	..	..
A W Westover	7	12	7	12	3	..	11	8	14	..	5
H Hibbard	9	10	11	11	4	..	9	4	12	..	..
E W Matthews	4	8	9	13	3	..	10	6	11	..	6
R F Shaw	4	8	7	7	0	..	8	7	..	..	..
F H Paige	6	4	..	..	3	..	5	..	7	..	..
F E Melloon	4	..	..	..	..	..	5	7	..	..	..
J E Macfarlane	4	6	8	9	3	..	6	5	..	5	..
R Curley	2	..	..	..	5	..	5	..	10	..	..
W Hovey	3	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..
W R Safford	6	6	6	6	4	5	4	8	6	2	..
G E Cote	3	11	7	10	5	..	8	4	..	..	5
J Raymond	4	..	..	..	..	..	7	5	..	..	..
J D Clark	1	6	6	3	3	..	.	6	7	6	..
T J Norris	4	..	..	..	..	..	6	5	..	..	..
C D White	6	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..
E B Greeley	7	5	8	6	2	5	6	..	9	2	..
C C Bailey	5	7	7	6	2	2	9	4	..	5	..
G E Clark	3	9	4	9	4	..	5	7	10	..	..
C H Foss	..	9	10	5	1	..	..	4	..	2	..
Kirkpatrick	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
R Smith	..	..	..	1	2	..	..	..	..	..	..
N G Bray	..	..	..	..	5	..	6	..	11	7	..
N N Walley	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	7	6	..
R Milford	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..

Both the class and all-in-it systems were used, and, as usual, opinions are divided. No one questions the perfect fairness of the latter, but some thought the high gun in a $2 all in-it should get more than $1.25. A mixed programme would be sure to please the greatest number.

The electric system of signaling broken and lost targets was not a perfect success Had it been under the constant control of one man it would probably have been an improvement over the ordinary calling, but when new judges and umpires were chosen for each match a man had hardly time to get used to the buttons. The calling system was resorted to during the greater part of the day.

The traps and trappers worked well, and the bluerocks were good breakers.

The merchandise match was well patronized, having 130 entries.

The cashier's office, under the management of J. W. McNichol, was as near right as could be desired.

A team match, to be the first of a series of challenge events, was won by Montreal, Sherbrooke, Sutton and Sutton Jot, following in order named

In the evening a large representative meeting of trap-shooters was held at the office of Jas. F. Markill, Pres. S. G. C., for the purpose of organizing a Provincial League to control a series of challenge events. E. C Eaton, of Montreal, was appointed chairman, and C. H Foss, Sherbrooke, Sec'y pro tem. Only routine business was accomplished, the meeting adjourning to give a committee time to formulate rules and conditions. The first to accept challenge will be the Montreal Gun Club, probably at an early date, but necessarily within six months, in order to keep the affair alive, the trophy becoming the property of the club holding it without a challenge for that time.

C. H. Foss, Sec'y.

Calumet Heights Gun Club.

THE following scores were made on July 4. Event No. 1 was known traps, unknown angles, 10 targets, handicap, 3 moneys; A Class, scratch; B. 11 targets; C, 12 targets Event No. 2 was the handicap for silver cup. Handicap, A Class at scratch; B Class, 45 birds and add 5 dead; C Class, 40 birds and add 10 dead. R. A Turtle won cup. No 3 was at 15 targets, known traps and unknown angles, handicap, 25 cents entrance, 3 moneys, ties divided. No. 4 was the club medal contest, 25 birds No. 5 was unknown traps and angles, 10 targets, 3 moneys No. 6 was a handicap—as in No. 1—unknown traps and angles, 25 targets, 50 cents entrance, merchandise prize. A Class, 25 targets; B Class, 27, and C Class, 30 to shoot at. Event No 7 was a handicap, unknown traps and angles, 15 targets, 3 moneys. No. 8 was a snipe shoot, 10 singles, 5 pairs, 25 cents entrance, 3 moneys.

In event No 2 Norcom, Houston, Marshall, Whitman and Metcalf had 5 added to what they broke, Harlan and Morgan had 10 added, as per classification already mentioned. There were 80 in attendance, and 3,000 targets were thrown.

Events:	1	2	3	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	50	15	10	25	15	20
Whitman (B)	9	39	4	5	11	7	..
Booth (A)	6	43	12	5	21	9	15
Knowles (A)	7	..	..	..	13	..	..
Chamberlain (C)	2	..	9	3	..	..	..
Harlan (C)	7	30	10	10	11	..	..
Houston (B)	7	29	10	4	8	..	..
Norcom (B)	8	35	..	7	13	3	10
Metcalfe (B)	7	37	10	5	16	9	10
Young (B)	10	40	11	4	12	9	8
Patterson (A)	7	39	11	3	8	..	..
Marshall (B)	7	38	7	10	16	8	12
Turtle	..	41	..	..	..	..	13
Morgan	..	24	7	..	..	7	..
Hodson	..	..	10	..	..	..	..
Davis	..	..	8	..	..	..	..
Black	..	..	..	12	14	11	..

The No. 4 event was the medal contest, 25 birds. Following is the score:

Booth.....0111010111111111111111110 -21
Paterson.....1111111101011011011101111—20
Turtle.....0111011111011111111110100—19
Young.....0110110101111011110 1111101—19
Knowles.....1111011111111111110110111—22
Wescott.....1110110101110110111111011—19
Houston.....0001101110001111101100000—12
Whitman.....0110001011010111010111110—15
Norcom.....1100111111111101101110100—18
Metcalf.....1111111010110111110101011—19
Marshall.....0001101111101010110111101—17
Harlan.....1110101111110110001010010—15
Chamberlain.....1010000010010110000000110 — 8
Morgan.....1100000101100100001110010—10
Dr. Davis.....1100010011000000000000000— 6
Black.....1110000111100001110010101—13
Mrs. Carson.....1101011110011111001010111—18

Limited Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., July 8.—The second contest for the Limited Gun Club's class badges was held to-day. A stiff breeze, blowing directly in the shooters' faces, was annoying. Conditions, 25 Empire targets, unknown angles.

Class A—Parry 23, Britton 22, Robinson 22, Tripp 21, Comstock 18, Wildhack 18, Cooper 17.

Class B—Griffith 22, Sielken 22, Holliday 19, Kershner 17, Kimberlin 17, Socwell 15, Lilly 14, Hearsey 13. Tie on 22—Griffith 8, Sielken 5.

Class C—Craft 20.

100 targets, unknown angles—Parry 89, Robinson 88

ROYAL ROBINSON, Sec'y.

Gilbert Defeats Deiter.

MILWAUKEE, July 8.—Fred Gilbert and George Deiter shot a match for the Du Pont trophy, 100 birds each, Gilbert winning by a score of 96 to 88.

Lynchburg and Richmond.

LYNCHBURG, Va., July 8.—On July 4 the Lynchburg Gun Club participated in an all-day shoot with the Richmond West End Gun Club, a report of which I inclose you as taken from the official score book:

The members of the Lynchburg club had a most delightful time, and succeeded in carrying off a large number of the prizes.

Mr. Lightfoot Wormley entertained the club at his superb home on Franklin street with the old-fashioned Virginia hospitality that carried some of the older members back to the good old days of yore.

A feast of the choicest delicacies—including a squirrel Brunswick stew, frogs' legs, etc.—was served on the grounds at 2 P. M. Every conceivable comfort for the Lynchburg club had been provided for by the Richmond shooters, who, in the estimation of the visiting club, are not only royal good fellows, but foes at the trap well worthy of the steel of any visiting club, as the scores below indicate

The team shoot between Richmond and Lynchburg—each club putting up five of its best shots, and each club to shoot at 100 targets, each man therefore having 20 targets from known traps and unknown angles. Scores:

Richmond: Hammond 14, Hewitt 16, Boyd 19, Hallman 16, Wilkes 17; total 82.

Lynchburg: T. F. Nelson 19, R. S. Terry 15, C. W. Scott 16, W. W. Dornin 19, W L. Moorman 13; total 82

This made a tie between the teams, which was shot off at 50 targets, each man shooting at 10 targets, with the following scores:

Richmond: Hammond 6, Hewitt 7, Boyd 7, Hallman 8, Wilkes 8; total 36.

Lynchburg: Nelson 8, Terry 6, Scott 8, Dornin 7, Moorman 9; total 38.

Lynchburg thus won the contest by 2 birds.

The following Lynchburg gentlemen shot in every event during the day, each shooting at 135 targets: T. F. Nelson broke 103, R. S. Terry 91, C. W. Scott 108, W. W. Dornin 104, W. L. Moorman 106.

Following are scores of several gentlemen who did not shoot in every event:

T. F. Stearnes shot at 60, broke 40; Mr. Sommerson shot at 105, broke 80; Dr. Wayman shot at 105, broke 87; W. Tell Mitchell shot at 105, broke 73. In the contest for three medals given by the Field Sports Association, Dr. Wayman won the first, Mr. R. S. Terry the second, and Mr. C. W. Scott the third. This contest was decided by shooting for them in one of the regular events of 25 targets.

In the above report there is mentioned only Richmond's best shots, though many others participated in the shoot and came in very close to the leaders.

Messrs. Dornin, Moorman and Scott also won the first merchandise prizes in several events. In fact, the Lynchburg Gun Club carried off two-thirds of all the prizes.

George Work at the London Gun Club.

IN referring to Mr. George Work's grand showing at the London Gun Club's traps during the International Week which closed on June 27, the London *Field* says as follows:

"Several big performances were accomplished, the most notable being credited to the American wing shot, Mr. George Work, who, in addition to winning the Members' Challenge Cup (for which there were over fifty entries), also shared second and third prizes in the Gun Club International Challenge Cup with his countryman, F. R. Webster, of San Francisco, and incidentally killed 40 out of a possible 43 birds."

In commenting on the shoot for the International Challenge Cup, for which there were sixty-seven entries, and which is referred to in the paragraph above, the *Field* says:

"A tie for the three prizes was then announced, viz., Mr. Anderson, who won the second event on the programme at Hurlingham on Monday; Mr. Work, of the Carteret Club, U. S. A., and Mr. F. R Webster, of the San Francisco Club. Bird for bird was scored until the twenty-second round, when the winner of the Members' Challenge Cup, Mr. Work (whose total score for the day up to this point showed 40 kills out of 41 birds shot at) experienced hard luck. His bird from No. 2 trap, hit with both barrels, struggled on and endeavored to reach the summit of the wall. Amid much excitement it fell inside, only, unfortunately, to raise a false hope, for, as the dog approached it rose again and wriggled out of bounds. Mr. Anderson scored with a capital first-barrel shot. Mr. Webster then faced the traps, and his chance of success was extinguished, for an awkward low flyer from the center trap completely beat him Mr. Anderson was then declared the winner of the cup and £180, and his victory was very popular among both members and visitors. The total score showed 276 kills to 66 misses."

In summarizing the performances of the two Americans the same paper says:

"Mr. Work—Won first prize, £135, and gun, value £60, in 30yds. sweepstakes (50 competitors), at Hurlingham Club on Wednesday; won prize, £175, in Members' Challenge Cup, 30yds. rise (7 competitors), at Gun Club, Saturday; divided second and third prizes, £120, in Gun Club International Cup Handicap, 30½yds. rise (67 competitors), at Gun Club, Saturday.

"Mr. Webster—Divided second and third prizes, £120, in Gun Club International Cup Handicap, 28½ds. rise (67 competitors), at Gun Club, Saturday."

Eureka Gun Club.

THE Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, held a shoot on its grounds, at Seventy-ninth street and Vincennes avenue, July 4, resulting in the following scores. Nos 1, 2 and 3 were at known traps, unknown angles. No. 4 was at fifteen singles, five pairs. No. 6 was jack rabbit, fifteen singles, five doubles No 5 was for the club trophy:

Events:	1	2	3	4	6
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25
Morgan	6	..	..	..	4
H Morgan	4	9	5	7	..
Isbell	18	17	12	..	..
Sprague	16	11	18	10	..
J L Jones	14	13	14	8	..
W J Arnold	..	9	..	..	..
Wert	..	12	12	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	6
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25
W A Jones	..	15	10	13	6
Steck	..	21	21	18	13
Buck	..	15	19	13	16
E Boyl	..	15	12	..	..
Deering	..	..	19	19	8
Patterson	..	..	17	9	9
Arnold	..	..	9	..	..

Event No. 5, trophy shoot, 25 targets:

Class A.

Steck.....1111111011111101011111111—22
Deering.....1000111111101111110011111—19

Class B.

Buck.....1111110001011011011010100—15
J L Jones.....0010111000110111001110101—13

Class C.

W A Jones.....0110111101000100000000000— 7
Spreyne.....1101111000110001101111111—16
H B Morgan.....0111000000101000000000000— 5

Visitors.

Isbell.....0110000101100010101000010— 9
Pattison.....1010100100011111101111110—16
Harvey Morgan.....1100010000100000000110101— 7

Omaha Gun Club.

OMAHA, Neb., July 4.—Herewith find scores of the Omaha Gun Club's regular weekly shoot, also scores of a live-bird match by teams chosen by Raymond and Parmelee.

At 25 targets the scores were:

McFarlane.....0011101111111111111111110—21
Edwards.....0001000111011111100011111—15
Blake.....1101011111100111111111111—21
Johannes.....1111111011111111011111111—23
Raymond.....0110000011110110110111111—16
Parmelee.....1101111111111111111111111—24
Whitener.....1111111111111101111110010—21
Bates.....1110100000100101011000101—11
Carmichael.....1111110111111010011011111—20
Brucker.....1110111111111011111111111—23
Read.....1111101101111001100110111 —18
Coleman.....0111000010001001100100000— 8
Salisbury.....1001011111111001100101011—16

Team match:

Raymond Team.		Parmelee Team.	
Raymond	11212—5	Parmelee	11121—5
Beresheim	11121—5	Smead	21121—5
West	21220—4	Johannes	12121—5
Hoffman	20111—4	Kingsbury	10200—2
Blake	11222—5	Plumber	12021—4
Randlett	10200—2	Hardin	11211—5
Curtis	12122—5—30	Beno	21100—3—29

W. D. KENYON, Sec'y.

147 After a Few Scalps.

WE have received the following communication from the shooter who prefers to conceal his identity under the convict-like title of 147.

"The undersigned expects to be in Chicago during the Du Pont shoot, and will shoot any amateur in the world the following match: 100 empires or blue rocks and 100 live pigeons for $100; unknown traps and one man up; A. S. A. rules to govern. (Consider J. A. R. Elliott, Fred Gilbert, C. W. Budd and Arno amateurs.)

(Signed) "147.

Smith vs. Edwards.

BUFFALO, N. Y., July 1.—At Audubon Park to-day J. Edwards and B. F. Smith shot a series of 50-target matches for the price of the targets and a small sum. The shooting was at unknown angles, A. S. A. rules:

J Edwards .....1111011111101101110111111—21
1111111111111101011101111—22—43
B F Smith.....0110111101111011111111101—20
1111111111110101111100111—21—41
J Edwards .....1101111101111011010111011—19
1111110111111111001110111—21—40
B F Smith.....1110011111101111111101111—21
1111111111111110110111110—22—43
J Edwards .....1111111111001110111101111—21
0111111110111011110111011—20—41
B F Smith.....0111011011101111101111111—20
1110111111111110111111110—22—42
J Edwards .....1111101111101100101111011—19
1111001110111101001011011—17—36
B F Smith.....1111111011111111111111111—24
1111011111111111111111111—24—48

Edwards.....10 10 10 01 10 11 10 10 10 11 10 10 10—15
B F Smith.....11 01 11 11 10 11 11 11 11 10 11 01 11—22

As an outgrowth of this match the two rivals shot a match on July 4 at live birds. The event brought out quite a crowd, and more would have been here had it not been for the threatening weather. The match was called at 10:30 A. M., and shortly after it commenced to rain. A greater part of the match was shot in the rain, but we had a good dry place for the birds (in the target trap house), so that the contestants and their attendants were the only ones to suffer. The rain stopped all other sports, but it can't down trap-shooters. At about the 90th bird it poured so that the birds could hardly be seen, and was as dark as it could well be at noon. The 76th round brought forth a little dispute; Edwards shot a bird on the ground and the referee called "no bird" as soon as he shot first barrel; then he gave it the other barrel to make sure, but the bird got up and flew out of bounds. Then Smith claimed a lost bird, as Edwards had shot the bird without calling "no bird," and his only argument was that the referee had called "no bird," and could not change his decision. Smith shot the match out under protest, and won by 1 bird without protest. Was Smith right? The dice did not give Edwards No. 3 trap once in the first 25. The long runs were: Edwards 31, 26, 10, 9, 7; Smith 31, 25, 23, 10.

Trap score type—Copyright 1896 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

5 1 4 2 2 1 2 4 2 5 4 5 2 5 4 2 5 1 2 1 2 2 1 4 4
J Edwards.....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25

4 2 3 5 2 3 3 2 3 1 3 2 2 3 1 2 4 2 1 1 3 4 1 1 1
2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—23

3 2 3 2 5 3 3 3 3 1 3 3 2 3 3 1 1 2 1 3 3 4 4 5 3
0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2—23

1 5 4 5 1 1 2 4 5 5 2 1 4 4 1 2 5 4 2 2 1 3 4 2 5
1 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 • 2 2 0 2 2 2 • 2 1 2 0 0—20—91

4 2 1 3 5 2 4 5 2 2 3 5 3 3 5 5 1 4 3 2 5 2 4 2 5
B F Smith.....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

2 4 5 3 3 2 3 4 5 5 1 4 1 3 1 3 4 5 1 2 2 2 5 2 3
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

2 4 1 4 4 2 5 1 4 1 2 5 5 2 5 2 1 3 5 5 4 5 4 5 2
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

4 5 3 1 3 1 2 4 4 3 4 5 1 4 1 2 3 4 4 4 1 4 5 1 3
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 0 2 0 0 2—20—92

We shall have on July 15 an open sweep at 100 targets per man, $5 each, four moneys. We expect from fifteen to twenty entries, as there are almost half that number now. Dash and Nellie, my two pointers, did the retrieving and worked fine. B. T. L.

Wheeling and St. Mary's Tie.

WHEELING, W. Va., July 6.—I inclose score of team race on July 4 at St. Mary's, W. Va., between the gun club of that place and the Wheeling Gun Club, 10 men on a side, 25 blue rocks per man.

As will be seen, the result was a tie, and proves that the St. Mary's boys are possessed of both skill and nerve, as they came near stopping the long line of unbroken team victories that has been the pride of the Wheeling Gun Club for six years past. In justification of the Wheeling Club it may be said that they had only 7 men on the ground and added Messrs. McNaught, Duffy and Wallace, visiting shooters, simply to fill in the 10 men. The tie will be shot off at Sistersville some time next month. The hospitality of the St. Mary's boys and their wives was highly appreciated by all present.

Wheeling Club.

Wright.....0111101011111111111111101—21
Goll.....0110111111101110111101111—20
Myers.....1010111101111111111111111—22
Penn.....1111111111111111111110111—24
McNaught.....1111000111111000100011111—16
Garden.....1110000111101111011000101—15
Cowen.....0100001100110111100111100—13
McCullough.....0101011000101001010000100—10
Duffy.....1000010101110001100111111—14
Wallace.....0111100001111101111000010—14—169

St. Mary's Club.

E W Mallory.....1001110111001111011011111—18
Cole.....0111101111110111011011111—20
R C Hobbs.....0101111011111001100110101—16
S T Mallory.....1101100111011110011100100—15
Jim Hile.....0010101010111111111100101—16
T E Mallory.....0111101101011101111111110—19
Verger.....1110111001011100110011100—14
D A McGiees.....1110000010101110101111110—15
Rummerger.....1011101011111111101000101—17
Hobbs.....1101111101111111011100011—19—169

JNO. B. GARDEN, Ass't Sec'y, Wheeling Gun Club.

English Sparrows for Trap-Shooting.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since the humane societies have so successfully discouraged shooting pigeons at the trap in a great many localities, it has practically put a stop to shooting live birds (except by a favored few) in those localities. In Chicago the usual way of proceeding is to have local ordinances in various townships passed making it a misdemeanor, attaching a penalty for each offense. Some time since it occurred to me that a satisfactory substitute for pigeons, and at a very material decrease in expense, would be found in our national pest, the English sparrow. He is undoubtedly a fine bird at the trap, flying promptly and swiftly, requiring quick and accurate shooting. Few men can make over 80 per cent., which proves he is a hard bird to hit. In the local villages in various parts of this city the authorities are perfectly willing to amend the law so sparrows can be trapped by sportsmen, and in the shooting of them see a splendid means of reducing their numbers to a certain extent, because it is a known fact that shooting them has the effect of making the remaining ones shy, and frequently moving to other localities. I wish to inform the many readers and sportsmen of your valuable paper that if they have never attended a real "sparrow shoot" they have missed a great deal of exciting sport at the trap, and suggest they try it. BERT HAMPTON.

Washington Park Gun Club.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., July 8.—The regular monthly shoot of the Washington Park Club was held to-day. The club changed its shooting date from the second to the first Wednesday of the month.

William Snow	221222022122211—14	N Jarrett	111111012021222—13
W W Hermann	112111101011210—12	L Scott	111211120211112—14
W F Bruns	012211122010002—10	Fred Lamb	111100211201221—12
T A Fernkas	121111222100212—13	*J R Miles	2211101221122211—14
J B Parsons	201210220222001—10	*W J Kellyite	001221122112211—13
W Moore	121121221121121—15	*J C Higdon	100021211011121—11
Dave Elliott	111120111111121—14	*J Frost	2212210122121110—13
C C Smith	210201122211222—13		

* Guests.

DAVE ELLIOTT, Sec'y.

New Jersey Amateur League.

RUTHERFORD, N. J., July 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The second contest of the New Jersey Amateur Trap-Shooters' League will take place on the Boiling Springs grounds, Saturday, July 25.

WM. H. HUCK.

The Elwood Tournament.

ELWOOD, Ind., July 3.—The weather was anything but pleasant. Thermometer above 90° and the air like a wet sponge, with no breeze. Although the grounds are well shaded there was much suffering from the heat. Even the targets seemed to partake of the general oppressiveness and flew rather lazily. The attendance was small owing to there being so many other attractions at neighboring towns and the shooting clubs of half a dozen nearby towns holding social shoots at their own grounds. Usually about fifty shooters will assemble at the call of the Elwood Gun Club, but to-day there were less than twenty. Those that did attend were a congenial lot of gentlemen and the sport was greatly enjoyed. It was a handicap shoot, winners of first or second money in any event except Nos. 3 and 5 had to shoot at unknown angles in next event, and winners of first in any two events shot at unknown angles in all subsequent events.

The programme called for ten events. All known angles except event No. 3 were straightaway, and No. 5 was unknown traps, one man up. On the first day the average score of the straightaway events was 91.4 and the unknown trap events by same men 75.7; difference, 15.7. The second day's averages in same events were 79.1 for straightaway and 61.2 for unknown traps; difference 7.9, all the events being shot by nearly the same men. It would seem from this that the law of averages and per cents didn't govern this instance very much. A good deal of study and "figgerin'" on shooting scores has convinced the writer that there is a good deal of what is commonly called luck in shooting for purses, especially in class shooting. That's the way it theorizes, but being only an 80 per cent. man himself, experience has shown him that the good luck generally hovers right over 90 per cent. and better; but here are the first day's scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*10*	*10*	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Jennings	8	12	14	19	9	15	18	13	9	8	140	125	89.2
Partington	9	13	13	18	10	12	20	13	6	8	140	122	87
Geo Snyder	8	14	14	18	5	12	19	11	8	10	140	119	85
Chamness	9	14	14	16	6	10	19	13	9	9	140	119	85
Head	6	13	13	14	8	15	18	14	6	9	140	116	83
Webster	9	13	..	15	8	..	..	12	..	8	80	65	81.2
See	8	10	13	16	9	13	14	14	5	8	140	110	78.5
Gaddis	7	11	15	15	6	..	..	..	..	..	70	54	78.5
Farlow	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	7	8	35	27	77
Phillips	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	5	7	35	26	71.4
Cartwright	..	..	12	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	30	22	73.3
Ford	5	7	..	..	7	10	..	12	..	..	65	41	63
Vandolson	1	10	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	35	18	51.2

THE SECOND DAY.

The weather was hotter and muggier than yesterday, if such a thing was possible, and in the afternoon it was so hot that the targets got very tough, the traps went on a strike and either broke the targets that were not too tough or failed to throw them far enough to be shot at. However, the men all kept in fairly good humor and shot at every target that popped into sight. Barring the weather and a couple of 10-gauge black powder guns, it was a very pleasant day after all. Programme the same as yesterday.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*10*	*10*	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Partington	7	12	14	18	9	11	15	13	8	9	140	116	82.1
Jennings	9	13	12	18	6	11	16	12	7	6	140	110	78.5
Webster	10	12	13	14	6	15	..	9	8	7	120	94	78.3
Bush	..	..	10	17	6	13	17	13	9	5	115	90	78.2
Chamness	10	13	9	13	6	11	14	12	8	10	140	104	75.7
Geo Snyder	7	11	14	16	10	11	12	9	6	7	140	103	73.5
Krebs	8	..	12	12	..	..	..	..	8	6	65	46	70.7
Cartwright	..	..	12	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	30	21	70
Call	8	8	13	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	41	68.3
Cook	..	..	12	16	4	10	16	7	5	9	115	79	68.6
Luse	6	10	11	12	2	..	16	..	7	7	110	71	64.5
Hobbs	5	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	24	60
Seely	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	6	60

SNAP SHOTS.

Chamness and his 10-gauge were prominent features. He used black powder and loaded for bear. When he called "pull," the boys all stood on tiptoe.

George Snyder managed the tournament and shot in every event. George is a good one.

The club has beautiful grounds. Club house and shooters' score are shaded by large maples and the traps are set in the edge of a meadow, giving a clear sky background.

The man who makes bother by not cocking his gun did not attend to-day.

A number of merchandise prizes were distributed as prizes for various averages. None of any very great value, but all were substantial and useful. Among the odd ones was a 10lb. whitefish in the center of a big block of crystal ice. A number of the club are glass blowers. They donated a number of paper weights (for the writing shooters) that were highly prized by all who got them. Such fairy creations are not often seen. O. H. HAMPTON.

Branchville vs. Andover.

BRANCHVILLE, N. J., July 4.—A nine-men team race was shot here to-day between the Branchville Gun Club and the Andover Gun Club, which resulted in a victory for the Branchville team, after some good scores had been made. Some sweepstake events were also shot:

Branchville Gun Club.

Compton.....1111011111111011111111111—23
D Ayers.....0101011111011110111111111—20
A Ayers.....1110101101011111111001111—19
Space.....1101110011110011101111111—19
Hunt.....0111111110100110111111011—19
Roe.....1011101110100101101111111—18
Steffen.....1110111101001011101110011—17
E Cahrs.....1111110111111100001100010—16
H Cahrs.....1110101011110100101000011—14—165

Andover Gun Club.

Wilson.....1111110111111111110111111—23
Howell.....1110111101001111111111111—21
Van Winkle.....1111011101100111111101111—20
Hoffman.....1110110101011010111111101—18
Valentine.....0111101110111010100111111—18
Harden.....0101111101101010010111111—17
McPeek.....0000110110111101111010011—15
Cooper.....1011110110000000011110111—14
Backsler.....1010101111100001001001101—13—159

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	*5*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*5*	*5*	*5*
C Hoffman	4	7	8	8	6	8	..	..	..
W Howell	4	8	10	10	8	7	..	..	..
J Harden	3	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
W Valentine	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
A Cooper	1	..	..	..	5	6	..	..	..
A Ayers	4	..	9	7	8	8	4	2	5
J Backsler	4	..	..	9	6	6	..	..	..
R Hunt	5	6	6	9	6	5	2	4	..
McPeek	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Z Wilson	5	10	..	7	..	10	..	..	..
E J Cahrs	5	6	8	6	7	7	2	3	4
A Van Winkle	4	..	..	8	8	9	..	..	..
D Ayers	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
G Space	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Compton	3	..	..	..	9	8	..	..	..
H R Cahrs	3	..	9	8	10	8	..	5	2
H D Roe	3	9	9	10	9	8	2	4	5
H Steffen	..	6	..	7	7	..	5	2	4
C Kays	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	3	..
M Crane	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	2	4
H Rutan	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	4
H Ayers	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	3	4
O Morris	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..
G Steffen	..	..	..	..	..	8	2	..	3
R Swartout	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..

Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

BURLINGTON, Vt., July 11.—The regular shoot of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club was held to-day. Among the shooters present were three from the Cambridge Gun Club. Scores:

Event No. 1, 25 targets, rapid fire: L. O. Harding 13, Blue Ribbon 12, Ellsworth 13, Hatch 11, Kittle 16, D. du Pont 12, E. C. Lefever 16.

No. 2, 25 targets, unknown angles: Blue Ribbon 7, D. du Pont 10, Ellsworth 11, Little 8, Hatch 9, E. C. Lefever 11, L. O. Harding 10.

No. 3, 25 targets, rapid fire: D. du Pont 10, Ellsworth 13, Kittle 6, E. C. Lefever 15, J. G. Parker 14, Blue Ribbon 11, W. L. Stone 7, L. O. Harding 11.

No. 4, 13 pairs: D. du Pont 17, Blue Ribbon 12, E. C. Lefever 13, J. G. Parker 19, L. O. Harding 13, W. L. Stone 14, Kittle 7.

No. 5, 25 targets, known angles: D. du Pont 15, Blue Ribbon 16, E. C. Lefever 18, J. G. Parker 9, W. L. Stone 10.

No. 6, 10 targets, known angles: J. G. Parker 4, Blue Ribbon 5, E. C. Lefever 9, Blue Rival 4, W. L. Stone 7, D. du Pont 7.

J. S. DEMING, Sec'y.

Meadville Gun Club.

MEADVILLE, Pa., July 4.—The gun club tournament, which was what is called an all-day shoot, was attended by twenty-seven shooters and a fair number of spectators, sixteen of whom were from Cleveland, Warren, Youngstown and other places at a distance. Many of the members of the club were engaged in the celebration events in the city proper and could not attend the tournament. The visitors were well entertained and were highly pleased with what many of them said was the best conducted shoot on the finest grounds they had ever seen, and expressed their intention to come again at the first opportunity. Six of the number, from Cleveland, said they would be here in force at the August contest of the league. The visitors were entertained by Paul North's new blue rock trap called the magautrap, which will throw targets as fast as they can be called for, without limit. It is the second time this kind of a trap has ever been set up at a tournament. Mr. North is a skillful manipulator of the machine and gave the shooters many pointers in his explanations.

The tournament consisted of 11 events, the 6th in the tabular statement being the citizens' merchandise prize shoot. These were won as follows: 1st by Grant, of Cleveland; 2d by H. A. Johnson, Meadville; 3d by J. C. Belton, Greenville; 4th by Dr. E. T. Lashells, Meadville; 5th by R. A. Hayes, Meadville; 6th by Holt, of Cleveland; 7th by S. B. Clark, Meadville; 8th by B. Graff, Pittsburg. Five of the eight were won by members of the Meadville Gun Club.

The following is the score in tabulated form:

	10	*15*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*15*
Ewalt	9	12	8	13	9	11	7	11	13	15
Rummell	4	11	9	12	7	10	10	14	10	..
Cleve	10	11	7	14	7	9	7	11	13	12
Elliott	7	9	9	11	9	13	9	12	15	12
Holt	7	11	10	9	9	8	7	12	7	9
Grant	8	14	8	13	9	13	10	14	14	12
Naylor	9	13	5	13	8	12	9	12	12	11
Nye	6	10	6	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
A Johnson	7	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lashells	5	..	..	..	5	10	9	10	9	..
H A Johnson	6	5	8	10	8	12	6	12	..	..
North	7	9	7	12	8	12	7	11	9	11
Harvey	..	13	9	11	7	11	6	14	9	6
Mallory	..	8	3	7	..	..	..	12	..	..
Decker	..	..	5	..	4	12	..	..	..	..
Belton	..	..	7	..	4	11	7	..	..	..
Cam	..	..	7	6	8	9	6	12	..	..
Russell	..	..	4	9	..	9	..	9	..	..
Hayes	..	..	7	..	..	9	6	..	..	..
J W Graff	..	..	..	..	12	5	12	8	13	..
B Graff	..	..	..	..	7	3	6	5	..	..
Prenatt	..	..	..	..	11	8	..	..	..	..
Gundaker	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	4	..	..
Reisinger	..	..	..	..	..	6	12	..	..	..
Hotchkiss	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	3	..	..
Clark	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	9	..
Stein	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..

The following event was shot at 5 pairs of doubles: Ewalt 8, Cleve 7, Elliott 8, Holt 5, Grant 8, Lashells 2, Clarke 4, J. W. Graff 5, Rummel 7, Gundaker 2, B. Graff 1, Stein 4, North 4.

Rhode Island vs. Pawtuxet.

CLAY PIGEON SHOOT TEAM CONTEST.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 9.—The first of the series of the team shoots between the Rhode Island Trap-Shooting Association and the Pawtuxet Gun Club took place to-day on the former club's grounds. It resulted in a victory for the Rhode Island club, although not a decisive one in measure, as the result and victory will be determined by the whole number of birds broken in the entire four shoots, which are to take place alternately on each grounds. The shooting as a whole was not up to expectations, due probably to the fact of their being too anxious and nervous. The Pawtuxet men started in very poorly, but wound up with excellent work, and the Rhode Island boys did just the reverse, as will be seen from the following score. The next shoot of the clubs will take place at Pawtuxet July 18, when it is expected the boys will be in better trim. Here are the scores, 25 targets, 5 unknown angles:

Rhode Island Trap-Shooting Association.

Charles Adams .....1111110111111101111110011—21
P H Randell.....1110111111111011110110010—19
S F Wilson.....1111111011111101111110101—21
E Whitaker.....1101111111011011111010111—20
Wm Plaisted.....1110111111111111110000101—19—100

Pawtuxet Gun Club.

W H Sheldon.....1100101111111111101111111—21
S D Green.....1111111111100111101111111—21
Geo Crandell.....1101101011101011010111101—17
Wm Crandell.....1000100001101101111111111—16
Wm Mooney.....0110111100100101111111111—18— 93

J. F. RUSSELL.

Georgia-Alabama Interstate.

TALLAPOOSA, Ga., July 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A Georgia-Alabama Interstate shooting tournament will be held under the auspices of the Tallapoosa Gun Club, at Tallapoosa, Ga., on Wednesday and Thursday, July 15 and 16.

It is proposed to have sweepstakes and team trials, using both inanimate targets and live pigeons. With inanimate targets there will be single and double races of 10, 15, 20 and 25 birds, and with live pigeons 5, 10 and 15 bird races, double and single.

Entries for target shooting will range from $1 to $2.50, and for live bird shooting from $2 to $10. Purses 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

Five per cent. will be withheld each day from each purse for average moneys, to be divided into 50, 30 and 20 per cent., to be paid to the three shooters participating in every shoot during that day showing the highest average scores.

A consolidation purse will be offered as the last event on Thursday for shooters participating in three or more events during the tournament without winning a prize.

Special railway rates have been secured for ten or more fares for club men from any one point, and special hotel rates will be in force at the club headquarters at the Tallapoosa Hotel.

Every provision has been made for the comfort and enjoyment of visitors. The programme of events, entries and details of the tournament can be obtained by addressing C. H. ELDRIDGE, Sec'y.

Boiling Springs Gun Club.

RUTHERFORD, N. J., July 4.—Club handicap at 50 targets:

G Piercy.....1111101111111111111111101001111111111111111—45
Strader.....0011010111001111111010111010000111011000010010101—28
Krebs.....1001111110111111101011111010111111111111110011101—40
Huck.....0111111101010111110011111111101011111110111111110—40
Money.....1111111001111111111111111111111111111111111111110—47
Capt Money.....1111111111111101111111111111010011111101111101—44
Morfey.....1111010011110101111110111101111111101011101111011—39
Marvin.....0101101110110111011111111001010110110101110011110—48
Handicap.....0011111011111010110 —14
Laucom.....0111111111111111111111111111111101011111111111111101
Handicap.....10111 —50
James.....1110110001100001110111000111010110011001010111010001
Handicap.....11101011 —33
De Wolfe.....0110011110110111011111111111011100111111111111110
Handicap.....11111111 —48
Coe.....0001000111110111111010000101011111111111100010100101
Handicap.....010101001000110 —35
Collins.....1101111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—49
Broshart.....0000000110111111000111000011011100111000111010101 0
Handicap.....111101110011101 —36
Richmond.....1101110111111110101111010110011110101111111101010 1—36
Lenone.....0111111111011101111111110100111111011111011010111—40
Abbott.....1000110010001111010110001000110011011101001010011 1—25
Dudley.....0111011110011111011111111011111111111111111011101—44
Fessenden.....1101111011111111101101111111111111111101111111111—45
Jones.....0101001101101111111101001111101110011111000000111 1—32
Paul.....1110101111111010111000111111100101110111101111111—38
Peck.....0100111000000101100101111000100100000111110000101 0—28
Handicap.....010010001011011 — 7

Climax Gun Club.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., July 8.—The handicap shoot of the Climax Gun Club was shot to-day. Schortemeier, the scratch man, and Singer, with a handicap of 9, tied for first place with 23 breaks each. The weather was showery. Scores:

Schortemeier (0).....1111111111101111111011111 —23
Singer (9).....0010011001001101011111111110111111—23
Darby (5).....1110111111000011101111011001 —22
Greer (2).....1110111010111011111101111 —22
Manning (1).....1111111011111101110101111 —22
Keller (1).....1101111111111011111010111011 —22
Brantingham (1).....1110101111111010111111011 —21
Goodwin (8).....1111010100011110100101110010000110 —18
Fayette (5).....0111001101101011010011000100 11 —16

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, July 8.—The Boston Gun Club ended its summer prize series of ten shoots, five best scores constituting prize total, Wednesday afternoon, July 8. Next week opens the shore bird season, which will, for the time being, prove more enticing to the average sportsman than smashing inanimates. September and October are the field shots' own months; so for some time only desultory practice will take place at the Boston Gun Club, a large majority of the usual participants being scattered for vacation purposes. The series just concluded argues well for the actual sport of trap-shooting apart from monetary considerations, the attendance averaging higher than at many clubs where sweep moneys are the attraction. Not a dime, nickel or quarter has played a part in the four last B. G. C. prize series, aggregating forty-four successful shoots, and the best evidence that such have been enjoyed is the fact that we go again and again. While some new faces appear each week, the majority come under the heading of regular attendants. One of these is Mr. Gordon, the winner of series just concluded, and a splendid shot both in the field and at the trap. He was warmly congratulated at the finish. Miskay was a close second, losing first by not improving a 20. First and second were practically even on the wing shoots; Miskay's five best counting 105 with 20 for low score, and Gordon's five top scores counting 103 with 18 for low score. Gordon in making 22 to-day moved up 4, Miskay not changing his total. The previous series was similarly contested, Miskay winning gold medal, with Gordon second, their handicaps suffering an additional yard (a penalty quite likely to be repeated). Following are the winning scores:

Prizes.		Selected.	Rejected.
1	Gordon	22 22 22 21 20—107	18 15 14 14
2	Miskay	24 21 20 20 20—105	19 17 17 16 15
3	Spencer	22 21 20 18 17— 98	16 12 10 10
4	Nichols	21 20 19 19 18— 97	16 15 11
5	Williams	22 20 19 17 15— 93	14 10
6	Brown	20 18 18 17 17— 90	16 12 8 8
7	Sheffield	19 19 18 17 17— 90	13
8	Horace	19 18 18 17 14— 86	13 12 9
9	Sears	19 18 17 16 14— 84	None
10	Pond	17 17 14 13 12— 73	None

Mr. Brown takes sixth position and prize, having attended more shoots than Mr. Sheffield.

Events of final shoot:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	10	15	15	10	10	10
Gordon	6	6	9	5	14	8	11	12	7	9	9
Cashmore	5	6	7	6	12	4	13	8	..	..	..
Adams	5	7	7	4	11	5	..	13	..	..	..
Banks	6	6	3	6	4	2	..	..	..	..	..
Benton	1	2	2	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Miskay	6	7	8	5	9	6	..	12	6	6	..
Williams	..	6	..	..	9	8	..	..	4	7	..
Horace	..	..	3	3	11	8	..	11	..	..	5
Nichols	..	..	..	..	11	9	6	9	..	..	..
Spencer	..	..	..	..	13	9	11	12	4	7	9
Allison	..	..	..	..	12	8	9	11	3	10	7
Sewall	..	..	..	..	8	9	..	10	5	7	7

Events 1, 5, 7 and 11 were known angles; No. 7 use of both barrels; Nos. 2, 6 and 8 unknown angles; Nos. 4 and 9 pairs.

Final contest in prize series: 25 targets, 15 known and 10 unknown angles. Distance handicap.

Gordon (18yds.)	111111111101111—14	1111001111—8—22
Spencer (17)	111111110111011—13	0111111111—9—22
Allison (19)	111110111111100—12	0111111011—8—20
Nichols (16)	101101111011110—11	1111110111—9—20
Horace (15)	011101111011110—11	1111111100—8—19
Sewall (16)	110001101001110— 8	1111011111—9—17
Williams (15)	000001111111011— 9	1111110101—8—17
Adams (16)	111111001111101—11	1001001101—5—16
Cashmore (15)	111111101001111—12	1010010001—4—16
Miskay (18)	111001111010100— 9	1001111100—6—15
Banks (15)	001000000100101— 4	1000001000—2— 6

Pawtuxet Medal Shoot.

PAWTUXET, R. I.—The Pawtuxet Gun Club held its seventh medal contest June 27, and the eighth, July 4. Here are the scores of June 27' A. S. A. rules:

Class A.

W H Sheldon.....1111111111111111111111111—25
S D Green, Jr.....1110111110011100111101011—18
W H Waterman.....1011011011011110111101011—18
Frank Cory.....1101111011101111111011110—20

Class B.

H H Horton.....1111010111110011110111111—20
W Mooney.....0011110101111011001111101011—17
D B Dennis.....1001111000101000101000100—10
H Badmington.....1011101101111111111100111—20

Class C.

F Arnold.....1001111111001110101111111—19
J Armstrong.....1001101001111111011101111—18
W Hawkins.....1011100101100100111010010—13
J Cann.....1011011000001001011011110—13
F Graves.....1001011111101001100010100—13
W F Goss.....1101000011000101001111011—13
H W Bain.....1101010000110110000011110—12
B White.....1010010110100011100001110—12
A L Andrews.....0000001001101010011000001— 8

Sheldon first medal for the fifth time; Horton second for the first time, and Badmington third for the third time. Then on July 4 Sheldon won first again for the sixth time; Mooney second for fifth time and Badmington second for first time, with Hawkins third for second time, as here shown:

Class A.

W H Sheldon.....0111111111111111111011110—22
S D Greene, Jr.....1110111101111111101010—20
P L Voelker.....1111101100110100111111110—18
F Cory.....1111100101010111011110111—18
W H Waterman.....1011110110101010111111001—17

Class B.

H Badmington.....0010111011010010101111101—14
W Mooney.....1011100101011101100001110—14
H H Horton.....1001011000100000100001110—12
D B Dennis.....1010001010101111001010100—12
J Horton.....1110000111100000001101101—10

Class C.

A B Hawkins.....0011010111111110111011111—19
F Arnold.....1111111111111000110100011—18
Geo Cann.....1011111001111010100111001—16
H W Bain.....1001101010110100101011100—13
J Armstrong.....1011000100001101001101110—11
C Thunell.....0000010011000101100101000— 8
J Cann.....0001110101011000000010001— 8
C E Kenyon.....0101001101100000100000011— 9

Orangeville, Maryland.

ORANGEVILLE, Md., July 4.—King's Smokeless Gun Club match at 10 targets, A. S. A. rules, 50 cents entry:

Dr H Smith	1011111111— 9	Lutz	1010191010— 5
Williams	0111101111— 8	Oler	1011110111— 8
Dr E Smith	1011011101— 7	Butts	1011011010— 6
Dr Frey	1011111111— 9	A T Hartner	1101111110— 8
Mann	1011011111— 8	Catiz	1011101111— 8
Kuningham	1011011101— 7	J A Hartner	1111111111—10

Second event, 10 targets, 50 cents entrance:

Dr Frey	1111011111—9	Catiz	1011101111—8
Mann	1011111111—9	Williams	1101111111—9
Kuningham	1101101110—7	Dr H Smith	1111111011—9
J A Hartner	0111111111—9	Dr Ed Smith	1011101111—8
Oler	1011101101—7	Butts	1000111001—5
A T Hartner	1111011011—8	Lutz	1110110000—5

Fifteen targets:

Dr H Smith	111111111111111—15	Catiz	1101110111011111—12
Williams	1101111111011111—13	Dr Frey	1110111111111111—14
Lutz	1101101100110010— 9	Mrs J A Hartner	1100111111011011—11
Kuningham	1101101100110110—10	Dr Ed Smith	1111101101111110—12
J A Hartner	111111111111111—15	Oler	1001110111001110—10
Mann	1101101111111111—13	Caler	1011111001111101—11

Fourth event, 10 targets, 50 cents entrance:

Lutz	1101100110— 6	Oler	1100011001— 5
Williams	1110110111— 8	Kuningham	1011101101— 7
J A Hartner	1111111111—10	Dr Frey	1111111111—10
Mann	0111011111— 8	Mrs J A Hartner	1011101110— 7
Catiz	1111111001— 8	Dr E Smith	1100111111— 8
Caler	1000111101— 6	Dr H Smith	1111111110— 9

Illinois Association.

CHICAGO, July 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Following is the list of directors and law committee of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association as appointed by Pres. C. E. Felton for year 1896-7:

Directors: W. P. Mussey, W. F. White, R. B. Organ, J. F. Rehm, Wm. Harbaugh.

Law Committee: R. J. Mott, S. M. Booth, F. A. Johnson.

F. R. BISSELL, Sec'y.

East Side vs. Forester.

NEWARK, N. J., July 11.—The Forester Gun Club held its regular monthly shoot at inanimate targets on its Peddie street grounds to-day. The principal event of the day was a team shoot at 25 targets per man, known angles, with the East Side Gun Club, of Newark. This was the second of a series of shoots with this club, and although the Foresters put up a good score, they were beaten again. As this is only the second match the Foresters have ever shot, they feel encouraged to think that they kept as close as they did to the scores of the older club. Scores:

East Side Gun Club.

Koegel	1111110111111011111111111—23
Koehler	1110111111111111111111011—23
Perment	1111101111110111111111111—23
Hassinger	1111111011101010111111101—20
Fisher	1101011111101110101111011—19
Hilfers	1100110110010101011111011—16—124

Forester Gun Club.

Sinnock	1111111111111111111011111—24
Dr Cummins	1001111111111111011110101—20
Jewell	1101110111110111111110111—20
Hayes	0111101101111011111101011—19
Wambold	1110101111111110111000111—19
Winans	1010011110101110100011110—15—117

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Hayes	4	5	9	6	6	..	3	5	..	..	..
Dr Cummins	9	9	10	7	6	..	8	7	8	..	..
Sinnock	8	6	9	9	9	8	6	10	9	9	8
Jewell	6	9	5	..	8	..	6	8	..	..	..
Fisher	6	3	..	7	8	..	6	..	..	..	..
Winans	9	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wambold	..	7	8	7	8	7	8	10	..	7	2
D Fleming	..	4	6	7	6	3	9	5	..	..	..
J H Cummings	..	6	6	7	4	..	8	8	9	..	..
Hilfers	..	8	6	9	..	..	8	7	5	6	..
Barr	..	..	2	3	5	4	4	4	..	9	1
Koehler	..	..	9	..	..	..	7	7	8	4	..
War Smith	..	..	10	9	9	5	9	6	..	..	..
Koegel	..	..	..	8	5	5	7	9	..	..	..
Henry	..	..	..	6	4	..	6	..	..	..	..
Perment	..	..	..	..	10	8	7	7	..	4	3
Hassinger	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	7	6	9	5
Henning	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	4	..	..
Young	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	8	..	..	..
Reinhardt	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	..	4	..

Events Nos. 1 to 9 were at 10 singles; No. 10 was at 5 pairs; No. 11, walk match, 5 singles.

H. E WINANS, Sec'y.

Binghamton Gun Club.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., July 4.—No. 1, 25 targets:

Kendall	1011011101100011110111111—18
Boss	1111101111011000110011101—17
Brown	1111111111111111111110111—24

No. 2, same:

Kendall	1101010101011100101010101—14
Boss	1111010111101111010110111—20
Brown	1101111111111111010111111—22
Stone	1111111101111011111001110—20
Harding	0011100111010101011101100—14

No. 3, same:

Kendall	0111100001110011100111111—16
Boss	0111111111110011111111010—20
Brown	1111111111011111110111111—23
Stone	0101111111111911111111111—22
Harding	0100111111111011110111101—17

No. 4, same:

Kendall	0111000110111011010110001—15
Boss	1111111111110111111111011—23
Brown	1011011111111111111111111—22
Stone	1111111100111111111101111—22
Millard	1100011010000100011010111—14

No. 5, same:

Kendall	1101111111000111011011110—18
Boss	1110111111111111111111111—24
Brown	1111111111111110111110110—22
Stone	1111011111010011010111101—18
Millard	1011000100100110100110101—13

July 11.—A high wind interfered with the shooters to-day, and high scores were hard to get. To-day's was a practice shoot at 25 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Kendall	18	20	15	15	16	19	Bromley	..	..	17	18	18	..
Brown	23	22	21	21	..	..	Wilson	..	15	14	..	..	..
Stone	..	18	20	14	14	13	Harding	..	..	..	16	16	..
Millard	..	..	16	11	8	15					H. W. B.		

Fulton Gun Club.

ATLANTA, Ga., July 10.—The regular shoot of the Fulton Gun Club was held to-day. The conditions were 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles:

Morrison	1111011100111111111111111—22
Alston	1111111100101011111111111—21
Elliott	1111111110111011010111111—21
Everett	1011111111110101111011111—21
Bizzell	1111111111100011111111100—20
Crabb	1101111101011011011111111—20
Hammond	1111011101010111011011111—19
Byrd	1110111111110111101100101—19
Hall	0101101100111111111110101—18
Richards	1111111111011100101010010—17
Day	1110101011111101000111101—17
Hollis	0010111110111010101001011—15
Ryan	0111011010011000101010001—12
Hook	1001011000011011001100001—11
McCune	1110111001100000110001010—11
Stone	0110100001000110101000100— 9
Mitchell	0101011101000001000010100— 9
Bourne	1001101001001100000000000— 7
Frazier	0000100010100100010010001— 7
Brittan	0000101000100000000001000— 4
Durand	1011000001000090000000000— 4

The Hollywood Futurity.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., July 11.—The Hollywood Futurity, the main event of the season at the grounds of the Hollywood Gun Club at West End, was decided to-day. Phil Daly, Jr., who shot from the 27yds. mark, won the first prize of $425 and a gold cup by scoring his 25 birds straight. The scores were:

P Daly, Jr (27)	2222222222222222222222222—25
G Cubberley (28)	1021212222212211212212211—24
J H Davis (30)	2122102211122221222221222—24
Capt Money (28)	2222222220212112210202212—22
B Ballard (30)	1222200212222020220 —15
A L Ivins (30)	2020211121210122022 —15
J P Knapp (31)	2222222222220222200 —15
L Finletter (30)	0202222202220222222 —16
C F Lenone (26)	0122122200202222 —15
S J Held (27)	0202022022220 — 8
Morris (25)	2202212221100002211211 20 —18
G S McAlpin (30)	02220020220• — 6
Fred Hoey (31)	2202222220220222200 —14
Roebling (28)	2101201220202100• —10
Moore (25)	0022200020002220220211222—15
E H Godschalk (28)	222202211002200 — 9
C M Chapin (12)	20012000 — 3

New Utrecht Gun Club.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 11.—The regular target shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club was held on the club's target grounds on Dyker Meadow to-day. Event No. 1 was the club shoot, No. 2 was the Hegeman prize shoot, both known traps and angles; other five events were at known traps and unknown angles. The tie for the Class A badge in event No. 1 was won in the shoot-off by Adams, Class B badge by C. Fergueson, Jr., and the Class C badge by Dr. O'Brien. Tie in No. 2 was won by Adams in the shoot-off. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	15	15	15	10	10	10	Targets:	25	15	15	15	10	10	10

Class A.

P Adams	19	14	14	14	7	9	8	M VanBrunt	12	7	8	10	2	5	..
D C Bennett	19	12	..	..	9	8	..	D Deacon	11	5	10	5	..	..	5

Class B.

Dr Shepherd	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	Furgueson, Jr	17	12	11	11	..	..	..
Dr Pool	11	..	..	..	..	..	..								

Class C.

Dr O'Brien	14	14	9	14	..	8	..	C Furgueson	11	3	4	3	..	..	..
Dr Parr	10	5	..	..	1	..	..								

Bergen County Gun Club.

HACKENSACK, N. J., July 4.—The Bergen County Gun Club held its first shoot here to-day. This is a new organization, but has sixty-two names on its list. Monthly shoots will be held on the second Saturday of each month; a shoot will also be held on the fourth Wednesday of each month. Mr. Noel Money has presented the club with a silver cup, to be shot for by members under conditions yet to be arranged. In the match between Griffiths and Bell the 30 targets of the merchandise event counted as the first 30 birds in the match. Bell has challenged Griffiths to another match under the same conditions as to-day's. Scores:

No. 1:

Chaffie	1111111111—10	Warner	1010101011— 6
F Post	0110101011— 6	Jackson	1010101111— 7
Capt Money	1111111111—10	Smith	0000010111— 4
N E Money	1111111001— 8	Fleischman	1000110001— 4
Geo Griffiths	0111101011— 7	Bell	0111111110— 8
Lefferts	1011011110— 7	R B Johnson	0100011111— 6

No. 2.

Chaffie	1111111101—9	Fleischman	1101111001—7
Post	0111111111—9	Warner	1101001111—7
Capt Money	1111000010—5	Smith	1111011110—8
N E Money	1110111111—9	Johnson	1100111001—6
Geo Griffiths	1101111111—9	Lefferts	1111000011—6
Bell	1011101011—7		

No. 3.

Capt Money	1111001000— 5	Dunlop	0100011110— 5
N E Money	1111111111—10	Mabie	0100000010— 2
Lefferts	0001101000— 3	Warner	0111101111— 8
Bell	1111011111— 9	Smith	1110010010— 5
Chaffie	1111101110— 8	Fleischman	0001100111— 5
Post	0011011011— 6	Griffiths	0110010110— 5

No. 4, merchandise prizes, 50 cents entry:

Raymond	1111001010110111111110000001101—18
Bell	1111110101111011011111111111111—26
Jackson	0111100000011110100000000000000— 9
Dunlap	0011100111011111011010111001111—20
N E Money	1101111111111111111111111111111—28
Griffiths	1011011101110111111101111111111—25
Capt Money	1111001111111110111111111001111—25
Johnson	0110010111010101111111101111111—22
Post	1011011110000101010111111111001—19
Fleischman	0101010110010011011110011111110—18
Lefferts	0010001110100100100011000000010—10
Van Thun	1010101000110100111111111000001—16
Dudley	0110111011111111111111101111110—25

Shoot-off for third place: Capt. Money 10, Griffiths 8, Dudley 7.

No. 5, match race, 50 targets, scores in merchandise event to count as first 30 in this event:

Griffiths	1111111111111111110111—19+25—44
Bell	1110101100101101111—14+26—40

No 6:

N E Money	1110111110111111110111—17	Fessenden	0110101111011010111110—13
Cap Money	1111111111111111111111—20	Jones	1110100101111111111011—15
Morphy	1111101011011011001111—15	Griffiths	1111111111111011011—18
Dudley	1111011111111111111111—19	Bell	1011011111100111111111—16

Arlington Gun Club.

ARLINGTON, N. J., July 7.—Inclosed you will please find a programme and the scores made at our first shooting match held July 4. As you will see by the scores (other than President Herrington's), they are not large; but what we lacked in poor shooting we made up in enthusiasm, and we only had good spring water to imbibe. We expect to get a good club together by the fall and will do some good shooting. Scores:

Loudon	0100000000000000000000000— 1
T Lawrence	0001001000001100000000001— 5
Crosby	0000000000101000000000000— 2
Crawford	0001000010001100010010111— 9
Frapwell	0010101000100111110010000—10
W Lawrence	0000101110010010010001100— 9
Stratton	0000000000001001000011000— 4
De Mouth	0110010010000100101111001—11
Herrington	1111111111110111111000111—21

Matches at 10 targets:

No. 1.

Crawford	0 0 1 1 0 0 0 1 1 0—4	De Mouth	0 0 1 0 0 1 1 0 0 1—4
Stratton	0 1 0 1 0 0 1 0 1 1—5	Frapwell	0 0 1 0 0 1 0 1 1 0—4

No. 2.

Harrington	1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1—8	Lawrence	0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 1 1—4
Crawford	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0—1	Crosbie	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0—1

No. 3.

De Mouth	0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—1	Lowden	0 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 0—2
Frapwell	0 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—3	Thomas	0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1—2

No. 4.

Crawford	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0	T Lawrence	0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—1
Lowden	1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—2	W Lawr'nce	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 1 0—2

No. 5.

Harrington	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10	Thomas	0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 1 0—2
Stratton	1 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—3	De Mouth	1 1 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 1—6

H. FRAPWELL, Sec'y-Treas.

West Lebanon Gun Club.

WEST LEBANON, N. H., July 9.—The West Lebanon Gun Club held its regular weekly shoot here to-day. Three men shot a string of 50 with very poor result. Pigeons were hard to break. Quite a number were picked up with three or four shots through them. Scores:

Bailey	1101011101000000000110001011111010111101100010011—26
Briere	0111000011000001100000011111011010111001011011—25
Renehan	0100010100000101111110000100111001011000001001011 0—21
Johnson	0100010010000000100100100 — 6
Dr Allen	0010010000001000110000000 — 5
Hall	0010000100010100000001000 — 5
Mack	0010000001000000010000001 — 4
Swett	0000100001 — 1
Dana	0010000000 — 1

NAP. BRIERE, Sec'y.

Fulford Gun Club.

HUMMELSTOWN, Pa., July 4.—The Fulford Gun Club celebrated its fifth annual shoot to-day; among the visiting shooters was W. S. Canon, of Newark, N. J., who is so well known among the shooting fraternity that further explanation is unnecessary, and was also the guest of J. J. Bolton and family. The match resulted in a friendly shoot between Canon and George and David, the sons of Mr. Bolton, with the following result:

Canon	1101212121120121212112110—22
George	1111111111021121210101112—22—44
David Z.	0100111111112111211011121—21
Mr Bolton	1111211111111111212112212—25—46

Dedham Sportsmen's Club.

BOSTON, July 7.—The regular weekly shoot of the Dedham Sportsmen's Club took place Saturday, July 4. There were but very few members in attendance, owing to the fact that the club sent ten of their members to the shoot of the Hopedale Gun Club, which accounted for the very small attendance at their own grounds. The badge match was won by Mr. Gordon, on a score of 15 out of 20.

ROBERT SMITH.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. R., Washington, D. C.—Bang Bang's pedigree is: By Price's Bang (Bang—Vesta) out of Princess Kate (Ponto—Sappho).

C. E. W., PROVIDENCE, R. I.—I wrote you May 25 relative to "Dick Noble's" eyes and you kindly sent me a prescription which has been applied faithfully. As we can see no difference in any way, I thought I would inform you so. He is such a beautiful fellow it seems a great pity to have him in such a condition. I presume he goes by scent entirely. The blue film which covers his eyes is about the same as before we applied the drops. Ans. Continue the drops and bathing. After bathing the eye morning and evening put a quarter of a grain of calomel in each eye and rub the eye-lids gently over the eye for two minutes (massage).

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Light-Weight Marlin.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., July 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We desire to thank your correspondent Aztec for his kindly mention of us in his article, but we would say that his statement is a little incorrect. We do not make any advance in price for a light-weight rifle in our Mod. '95 as to bring our rifle down to 8lbs.; all we have to do is to make it 24in. or 26in. half magazine, the same as the other company, and then, as we make no extra charge for rubber butt plates, which is the only other change, you see the rifle still lists at the regulation price, although it is down to what has heretofore been called the extra light-weight.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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VOL. XLVII.—No. 4. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page x.

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SNAP SHOTS.

A correspondent who writes of the opportunities of southeastern Texas says, "The feat of two or three persons going out and killing all the way from 200 to 600 ducks in two or three days is not at all uncommon.' The statistics are somewhat vague, but indicate that the man who goes to Texas for ducks must "hie" with rapidity if he is to get there before these 200 to 600 ducks a day fellows shall have cleaned out the supply.

Rarely if ever have we chronicled a more pathetic instance of the somber side of forest and stream incident than that which is told this week of the death of ex-Gov. William E. Russell in the salmon fishing lodge of Little Pabos in the Canadian wilderness. This is the tragedy of field sports. It might be thought perhaps that the homely ways of camp life on a fishing river were too trivial for account when we come to the final summing up of the character of one who has stood in the light of national prominence; and yet the initiated well know that in the searching conditions of the camp is found a touchstone which proves the real man and reveals him as he is. No slight tribute then is that which Mr. Russell's angling companions bring to his memory when they bear testimony that in the Canadian wilderness, in the lodge on the Little Pabos, he was the same winning personality, considerate companion and high-thinking man known to his fellows and honored in public life.

Mr. Avis, who writes of the delights of a dwelling in the country for the sportsman, may not lure many converts into giving up their town life; but his paper is interesting as a new contribution to the discussion which has been going on for thousands of years. The charms of the country compared with those of the town make up a part of the literature which has come down to us from Greece and Rome; and the writers of those ancient times discoursed for all the world as do those of to-day on the delights of rural life. For all that may be said, however, in behalf of the country, human society is steadily trending toward the town and mankind is gathering into cities; each successive census demonstrates this fact.

The European starling has gained such a foothold in this country that it may reasonably be regarded as one of the birds which ultimately must be reckoned with as affecting agriculture. The place of the starling as a friend or an enemy of the farmer has been the subject of protracted discussion in Great Britain; and very recently an exhaustive series of investigations has been conducted in the county of Fife, Scotland, to determine the food habits of wood pigeons, rooks and starlings. The inquiry extended through one year, a certain number of birds being killed each month and their crops and gizzards examined. The results, it is stated in the report, of the Transactions of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, showed conclusively that "the wood pigeon is an enemy of the farmer," and that "the rook has almost no claim to agricultural regard." On the other hand, the starling was shown to be a useful ally of the farmer. Three-fourths of its food is insect, and of the insects consumed those which are injurious to agriculture preponderate. "There can be little hesitation regarding the starling," concludes the report. "He is a bird rather to be fostered than destroyed; he is a benefactor rather than a foe to the farmer. Of the pigeon, it may be said that he is an unmitigated scoundrel; of the rook, that he is a cunning rogue; but of the starling we can say with truth that he is our natural friend, by habit and by instinct."

In his angling sketch to-day Mr. Mather exhorts fathers who shoot only legitimate game not to give their sons guns until the boys shall be old enough to discriminate between game shooting and reckless slaughter. The implication is that boys do wanton killing, while the grown-up gunners confine themselves to game. But this is true only in part. There are two distinct classes of gunners: one is of those who shoot game and game alone, and it is in number a very respectable proportion of the great army of shooters; the other class is of those who having a gun in hand kill everything within range. A somewhat extended observation induces a belief that the indiscriminate gunners outnumber those who shoot only at recognized game. The youth or the age of the individual is not always a factor, for of the spirit of wanton destructiveness maturity brings no abatement; with respect to shooting some men never reach the age of discretion, nor would they attain to it though they outlived the Seven Sleepers. They begin wrong, and go wrong all their lives. Their ways are ways of wantonness. They are side-hunts embodied in individual guise. And there is no excuse nor palliation of their offending. Though they call themselves sportsmen, the manly sportsman's spirit is not in them.

THE LESSONS OF THE FIFTEEN-FOOT CLASS.

THE fact is generally recognized among thinking yachtsmen that the vast sums of money expended in modern racing bring back very small returns in the form of useful knowledge; on the other hand, the return is usually in inverse ratio to the size and cost of the boats. The building of new yachts for a class involves two issues: that of mere sport and that of a scientific experiment of the highest order. Opinions may differ as to which of the two is of the greater value, but many will agree with us in the belief that every contest of an international nature should teach some technical lessons.

In this respect the two great contests of 1893 and 1895 were singularly useless; they gave few positive or valuable results, and can be set down only as expensive but incomplete experiments. Accepting the popular verdict that Vigilant was really much faster than Valkyrie II., and Defender than Valkyrie III., who yet knows how either Valkyrie would stand with Britannia if raced in the same form, how one would compare with the other, how much closer to Defender Valkyrie III. could be brought by continued racing, or how much of Defender's speed is due to model and how much to a lighter construction than Vigilant?

Compared with all recent contests in the larger classes, the race of the pigmies stands forth as marked by all that appeals solely to the sportsman, a hard fought battle between the pick of two fleets, victor and vanquished coming out with equal glory; and to the student of yachting the whole contest of the two years is still more deeply interesting. Accepting the fifteen-footers as pure racing machines, and from their very small size and peculiar conditions having little bearing on the advancement of the science of naval architecture, or the production of cruising yachts or ninety-foot racing machines, at the same time it is most gratifying to note the thorough tests of types, models and rigs, and the development of new principles in design. Of the value of these principles in designing at large in all classes it is too soon yet to speak, but there can be no question that the fifteen-foot class in the first year of its existence has come nearer to an exact experiment than any class, large or small, of the past five years. Our earnest hope is that this same general and thorough test of a number of boats may by degrees be come possible in much larger classes.

THE RISE OF THE GAME PRESERVE SYSTEM.

WE Americans are just waking up to the fact that it is possible to exterminate our other game animals as the buffalo has been exterminated, and the extensive growth of game parks which the last decade has seen is one result of this awakening. Experience has demonstrated that even in the wildest portions of the West there is no hope for the big game except by the enactment of the strictest game laws, and to-day a reflex wave has set in, and many of the older sections, on account of their more effective system of protection, furnish better hunting and boast of more game than do the less accessible regions, which till recently were the best game sections of the country.

Never again will sportsmen hunt on free lands, as they did in the days when they could travel for weeks at a time without meeting other hunting parties. To-day hunters everywhere jostle and elbow each other, and there are no regions where the game is free from pursuit; no areas which, on account of their distance from settlement or their inaccessibility, furnish a natural haven for the remnant.

This condition of affairs is perhaps not due so much to the circumscription of the wild areas as to the increase in the number of hunters, and the better facilities afforded them for reaching the game countries. There are still vast areas in the United States which will never be permanently cleared or cultivated or occupied by the forces of civilization. The value of these wild lands in many cases has not increased in recent years, and, stripped of their merchantable timber, they can be bought very cheaply. They are as perfectly adapted for game propagation as ever, and all that is needed to make them good hunting grounds is to restrict the hunting to a point where it will not be in excess of the natural increase. Under such conditions the growth of the preserve system is inevitable, for rich sportsmen take this means of assuring themselves the success they can no longer count upon where the land is free.

More than a year ago we pointed out that the private preserves in the Adirondack section of New York occupied a greater area than the State of Rhode Island. The preserve system in this State is constantly growing, and is being imitated in almost every State in the Union. So much for cause and effect.

Those who have followed our third annual report upon American game parks will have noticed that the game preserves naturally classify themselves into those that are fenced and those that are not. As a general rule, the fenced preserves are found in neighborhoods where the game has been exterminated, and the other class in localities where the causes which lead to extermination have made themselves apparent. The fenced preserves are notable for their experiments in stocking with exotic game, and as a rule their breeding animals are secured from outside sources. Such parks are really only in their infancy, for very little attention has been paid to economic conditions, and few if any have passed the experimental stage.

The unfenced preserves are naturally more numerous, and in most cases occupy a greater extent of territory. In many cases these preserves have conferred a direct benefit upon sportsmen in general, for they have fostered the game supply and protected it from indiscriminate hunting on certain tracts, greatly to the benefit of the supply in the adjoining territory.

As an example, hundreds of sportsmen of the class that cannot afford to go long distances for their game will enjoy deer hunting this fall on Long Island, forty-five miles from New York city, solely as a result of the protection afforded the deer by the preserves of the South Side Sportsmen's Club and others. These deer would have all been killed off years ago were it not for the asylum provided by the preserved lands where hunting has either been limited or prohibited altogether; but as it is, there is a promise of hunting for a long time to come here on the door sill of a community of 3,000,000 people. Similarly the Adirondack preserves have fostered the supply, despite the extremely destructive methods of hunting in force.

If Congress would take the hint afforded by these private preserves and set aside as perpetual asylums for the game, on the plan adopted in the case of the Yellowstone National Park, those wild areas already named as forest reservations, or if the individual States which are in possession of suitable lands would designate a part for this purpose, we venture to say that a long step would be taken in the direction of solving the question of the game supply.

The Sportsman Tourist.

LABRADOR SKETCHES.

V.—A Whale In a Lake—an Indian Fish Story.

[Written for FOREST AND STREAM by Count H. de Puyjalon, and translated by Crawford Lindsay.]

FAR away in Labrador there flows a river called the *Rivière des Rochers*, or Rocky River. Many tributaries nearly as large as itself fall into it, bringing the waters of very large and very deep lakes, stocked with the finest fish.

One of these lakes, which in consequence of its length is called the Thirty-mile Lake, has for thousands of years contained a whale left there by the deluge. I have not seen it, but the Montagnais Indian Saint-Onze and his family have seen it. Why would there not be fresh-water whales? There are fresh-water seals in Lake Baikal near the Caspian sea.

I was camped on the Mossy Portage above the first falls of the *Rivière des Rochers*. I had arrived late at night, and to save the trouble of hunting for a camping place I pitched my tent close to the bark wigwam of my old friend Dominique Saint-Onze, of the Montagnais tribe, who was going up the river to winter on the great lakes of that region. I awoke early on the following morning and while I was smoking a cigarette Saint-Onze appeared and asked me for a pipe of tobacco. I handed him a plug. He cut some with his axe and in a fit of abstraction, no doubt, put the remainder in his pocket, filled and lit his pipe and then began to question me.

"You come from Thirty-mile Lake?"

"No," I replied, "I did not go beyond the first two lakes; the water was too high for fishing, so I came back."

"But you must have got some trout?"

"Yes, a few, but such beauties, from 20 to 25in. long, in fine condition, nearly all of a size, as red as blood and delicious to eat."

"Any chance of trapping?"

"Not bad. There are some mink and I saw a pekan on the river. I prevented my man from shooting it because I knew we were on your hunting grounds and your sons, Pierre and Napis, would not have been pleased if we had killed it."

The Indian smiled, smoked his pipe in silence for a while and then said: "So you did not go to Thirty-mile Lake. You did wrong, for if you had gone there you would perhaps have seen the great fish that my father once saw and that I have since seen myself."

"A big fish? What? A ouananiche, or a touladi?"

"No, much bigger than that, much bigger than your big boat. A fish that spouts water through its nose, black on the back and white under the belly. My father said it was a whale surprised in the lake when the waters of the deluge suddenly fell, and I believe it."

"Hold on, my friend," I said; "are you quite sure you saw it? Were there not a good many empty whisky bottles in the bottom of your bark canoe?"

"I was not drunk," indignantly replied Dominique. "The old Indian, in spite of his years, can see better than any two white hunters, and what he saw he saw well."

I hope I will not greatly surprise you when I say that Dominique is the greatest liar of his tribe, which nevertheless contains some very remarkable ones. His imagination sometimes carried him rapidly beyond the bounds of truth. However, on this occasion he seemed so thoroughly in earnest that I thought his story, improbable as it was, might contain some truth; so I urged him to go on, apologizing for my incredulity at the beginning.

"Well, you know Thirty-mile Lake, and you know that we have given it that name on account of its length and that it is very deep. I have often failed to get bottom with fifty fathoms of line. You know how narrow it is in some places, especially in front of the three ravines which run from the mountain right down to the shore.

"You know that it is stocked with enormous trout, gigantic touladi and ouananiche as big as salmon, with whitefish, and with cod so like the sea cod that the fishermen cannot tell the difference, and with many other kinds of fish, while bears, marten, otter and pekan roam in the woods around it.

"You saw many things on its shores, you picked up many stones and plants that are unknown to me, but you cannot have seen what I saw or learned what I have learned; for you have only been there two or three times, while I have hunted and trapped there for forty-four years."

"That is true, I don't know the lake as well as you do."

"Well, about seven or eight years ago I was camped with my family at the entrance of the third ravine, on the northeast side. Jean Baptiste, from Mingan, was camped with his family quite close to me. One Friday night, after my sons and myself had spent the day getting birch bark to make canoes with, we went to spend the evening in Jean Baptiste's camp. While we were chatting away we heard for the first time—it was then 10 o'clock—a great noise on the lake, like that caused by the splash of an immense rock falling into the water. We paid no attention, thinking it must be that. But a few minutes afterward the noise was repeated, only it was closer, and was preceded by that sound of suppressed roaring caused by the breathing of a whale when it comes to the surface.

"We rushed out. The moon was full, and it was almost as bright as day. We could see nothing but some long waves which furrowed the lake. Several minutes elapsed, then all of a sudden we saw a column of vapor arise a short distance from us. We heard the loud breathing of the animal and distinctly saw an enormous black body which, after slowly emerging, disappeared as slowly under the water.

"We stared at each other. 'A whale,' cried Jean Baptiste. 'A whale,' I repeated. 'A whale,' re-echoed the women and children, for all had rushed out after us and had witnessed the spectacle.

"I don't know how long we waited outside; the moon had already passed to the other side of the north star when I went into my wigwam, but I could not sleep and impatiently waited for the dawn, for I hoped once more to see the animal of which my father had formerly spoken to me, and which had so unexpectedly brought itself to my recollection."

"And you saw it again?"

"No, I never saw it again, but it is still in the lake. I have often heard it at night. If you pass the winter there you observe that throughout the season in front of the ravines the ice is always open, broken and scattered. The whale does that when it comes up to breathe. You will hear it roar, distinctly notice the noise made by the water, which it pushes back and sometimes strikes with its tail, probably to keep it from freezing again."

"Look here, Dominique, it is always difficult to see at night. Perhaps you were mistaken and took the trunk of a tree shaken by the storm for a whale."

"I tell you my eyes are as good as any two white men's. I did not make a mistake. Ask Jean Baptiste."

"Very well, my old friend, don't get angry, I won't ask Jean Baptiste; I would rather take your word; I would rather, in fact, you had seen the whale. So take some more tobacco and let us say good-bye, for I must have my breakfast and be off."

H. DE PUYJALON.

REMINISCENCES OF CAMP HALIFAX.

NEXT to the reality of a hunting trip for enjoyment is the gathering together of the participants for reminiscences of the trip. The stories told of "How I shot that buck" and "How we played poker to determine who should wash the dishes" bring one almost into the hunting grounds again. We can still see that yellow flash as the startled deer fled through the woods, visible only now and then through the shifting foliage; we can still hear the camp-fire crackling, and see the fellows lounging about, smoking and commenting on the result of the day's hunt.

What gladsome days those were! And then the night, when we crept into our bunk of hemlock boughs, weary enough to sleep sweetly on a bed that would be unendurable except in the woods! Prowling porcupines would occasionally break the monotony of the quiet night. Even once, I recall, we were aroused by the crashing of underbrush near by, and on lighting a torch we were surprised by the whistle of a buck. Alas! at that time the season for hunting deer was not at hand, so we sadly crawled back to our rest, reflecting on what might have been.

My little tale, however, seems to be running away with me, and I would best begin where I originally intended. Last year a friend and myself entered the Adirondacks a few days before the law would permit the killing of deer, with the intention of fishing for trout. Leaving the Adirondacks & St. Lawrence Railroad at Beaver River, we immediately took what of our duffle we could conveniently (or otherwise) carry, and struck out for what we are pleased to call "Camp Halifax." This is a deserted lumbermen's camp, located a half mile south of the Ne-ha-sa-ne Park line, and one which we had appropriated as our headquarters during the fall of each of the two previous years. The name we apply is appropriate in that the camp seemed an intolerable distance from the railroad station; distance in so far as time to travel it is concerned, in reality I believe it was not more than one and one-half miles. How we two youths, fresh from school, did groan and grumble under our loads. And our discreet judgment was prominently manifest when we came to the ford of an adjunct of Beaver River. The water rolled over the loosely constructed bridge in such force that the logs plunged and danced beneath our feet at every step; our, to our minds useless, rubber wading boots were far away, stored in the closets at home. So we poor mortals tugged at our loads and grinned and endured. The next day one of the natives jokingly informed us that it had rained every day previously for three weeks.

Arrived at the camp, scarce was the relief we experienced. The atmosphere was damp and warm, and such informal denizens of the forest as mosquitoes and punkies held high revel. Bloodthirsty and desperate, they pounced upon every available spot of our defenseless carcasses. But at last the sky cleared, the stars shone out, the pests diminished, and we unrolled our blankets and lay down to rest.

The morrow found us hungry and cheerful and ready for our duties. Again and again must we hie ourselves to the station to lade ourselves anew and trudge to camp with more duffle. The large part of the second day's abode was spent in cleaning and preparing Camp Halifax for our needs. Toward evening my helpmeet in the misery and pleasure of the trip—we all know him as Brod—bethought himself of hooks and lines and sundry other fishing appurtenances, and set out for the nearby creek to tempt the wary inhabitants thereof. Our feast that night was fit for a king. All heaven looked down on us and rejoiced, for we were happy. Happy? Yes, with but one drawback. Every day gave us views and every night visions of deer. Our fingers itched to press the triggers and our palms ached to grip the stocks of our true and tried rifles, for we had not yet acquired that spirit of ecstacy which fills us with delight to see those majestic creatures of nature rove at will through the glades, unharmed by the hand of man. We were but human.

One of the prettiest sights we witnessed was of a buck and doe feeding on the hillside not far from our camp. We were concealed at a distance not exceeding 40yds. from the deer, and watched them fully ten minutes. Either from their becoming aware of our presence or from being inspired by some sudden desire to seek other feeding grounds, they at last turned into a bog trail and soon passed from view. The buck was handsome, bearing a neat head of four-pronged antlers.

As war is the chief element of history to the boy, so to us youthful, would-be sportsmen the annals of the killing of the deer is the most exciting part of the account of a hunting trip. Therefore I pass by the details of our camp life to relate the wherefore and outcome of the grand climax. One cold morning, when the mists yet obscured the lowlands, Brod and I took our rifles in hand and mounted by different routes the mountain south of the camp. I had proceeded about two miles, and entering marshy ground was creeping stealthily along, noting the numerous deer signs, when something moving in the shadow of the foliage 100yds. ahead drew my attention. I was soon assured that it was the hip and leg of a deer. My rifle was fairly steady as I glanced through the Lyman sights and pressed the trigger. The heavy crashing of the brush at the crack of the gun told me that the .45-70 bullet had struck the deer, yet I dropped to my knees to peer beneath the smoke and waited. For perhaps fifteen minutes I remained there, silently watching, meanwhile hearing the report of Brod's Winchester. Then, as I considered I had sufficiently obeyed old hunters' directions in waiting after I had shot, I sought the deer I had fired at. The ground and leaves were fairly sprinkled with blood, so that I was readily enabled to trail the wounded deer. When I had traveled only about 150yds. the deer leaped into view only a few rods in advance. This time there was no steady aim. Almost instantly my gun came to my shoulder, and at its crack the deer dropped in his tracks, rolling his eyes in agony. Never again do I care to see a deer die. There is much more poetry in watching the living deer than the dying one. My victim proved to be a young three-prong buck. The first ball had broken his hip, passing out just back of the ribs, a few inches to the right of the backbone. The second ball broke his spine and passed out at the breast, both fortunate shots.

While I was dressing my trophy—a very interesting procedure—Brod came up and announced that his shot too had been successful. He had brought down a buck that very much resembled mine in size and color marking. It differed, however, in having four prongs instead of three. The porting of those deer to camp and the "jerking" of the venison was no easy task, though our stomachs fared well during the latter process.

The sterner duties of living at last demanded our attention, and we were compelled to leave the now well-beloved spot, this wilderness of lofty pines and drooping cedars and wide-spreading birches, assured by our brief experiences that

> "To him who in the love of nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
> A various language."

THEO. F. BROOKINS.

SOME CAMPING DEVICES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As the season of camping is now on, I thought some of my experiments might interest your readers.

First, as to tent, a 7×7 wall suits me. The poles are sawn in two and joined by removable tin tubes, the ridge pole by hinges. I roll the tent and poles into a small bundle with shawl strap and check as baggage.

Second, as to cooking. I took a discarded biscuit can, covered it with wood, punched a hole in the bottom to give entrance to a lamp chimney and above the hole made a small deflector. This bakes meats, potatoes, etc., boils vegetables and fruits. I put dinner in the oven and leave camp for the morning and come back to a well-cooked roast. On a cold, rainy night it gives a cheerful warmth and light. Oven, cooking utensils, etc., go into a light chest, which goes as baggage. Atkinson's "Science of Nutrition" is a book that will help users of this oven. For broiling put your fire on platform 3ft. high of sod or rocks, using two light fire bricks for dogs.

Washing dishes is the camper's bugbear. Have enough dishes so you need to wash but once a day and let each man look after his own. Wash with tepid water with a little kerosene stirred in. Use paper, not rags, and bury all refuse at once.

As to provisions, buy the best. I send to the best purveyor and have him send ahead by freight the best in the market. Jams are good for camp. The best living costs about $3 a week and you can digest and enjoy it in the woods.

As to bed, my plan is a folding wire cot hinged in the middle, with mattress in two pieces, the whole with bedding to be put in canvas case and go as baggage. A tick for straw or leaves answers well. With proper management, tent, chest, bed and grip will come within baggage limits, and you will save money and bother. If you are handy with tools and take bedding from home the whole outfit can be had for $10. For camping ground, along the Great Lakes from Frankfort, Mich., up are many fine spots practically free of mosquitoes at all seasons, and entirely so ofter the middle of July.

H. M. STANLEY.

MY FOURTH OF JULY.

"GOING a-fishing the Fourth, or what? Say, where are you going?"

"Well, I will tell you. I expect to leave on the 4:20 P. M. train on the 3d, take my young setter with me, and after a good night's sleep and breakfast at the farmhouse take a stroll in the woods."

I had it all fixed in my mind just what I would do, but I didn't do it. You ask why not. Well, the cash didn't balance. I might say it didn't materialize; call it anything you choose, but I didn't get away on the afternoon of the 3d, and didn't leave the office until 7 P. M., and when I did I wished figures, books, cash, cash balances and blunders further.

I turned in quite early that night, thinking the dear boys would not begin with their big guns, little guns, big crackers and little crackers until after 12 o'clock, and that I might get some sleep in the early part of the night. But no, no. As soon as it was dark the boys living next door got out their little cannon, and such a noise. And then they have a family of bull pups in the woodshed, and the noise of the guns and crackers woke them up and they had the liveliest Fourth of July time I ever heard. But the dear boys were having a good time, as were the pups, and I was a boy once myself (for the first cannon I ever had I stole the old single-barreled gun that belonged to my grandfather, and sawed off the end with father's buck saw); so I just turned over and said, "Well, I was a boy once myself (that was a long time ago), let the dear boys have a good time; they can be boys but once." I didn't get much sleep.

I took the 7 o'clock train, and at 8:30 was at the old home in the country where the sportsmen are always welcome. The rain of the night before made everything look fresh and bright, and how I did enjoy it. About 11 o'clock my eye struck a fishing rod hanging up on a beam in the kitchen, and I said, "I will just go for trout; no flies with me and nothing but worms for bait; but I'll try it." I struck out for the brook just across the meadow, where I thought I would try under the old mill dam first; and just as I got by the brook up went an old partridge. I dropped the rod, for trout are not in it with me when a partridge gets up, and walked cautiously down the brook, hoping I might get sight of another; but I did not.

About that time it appeared to me that about every bush and daisy in the field was filled with birds having a Fourth of July jubilee. Leading them all was *bob-o-link*,

bob-o-link, bob o-link; spinktum, spanktum, spink; chee, chee, chee. Then the crow blackbird and the catbird, they joined in the Fourth of July hurrah. I came very near forgetting about going a-fishing, but picked up my rod, dropped in a hole, and when the worms struck the water a small trout jumped for it and missed. I think it was my fault. The fish were jumping on all sides and wanted flies; couldn't get down to taking common angle worms. I caught eight trout in half a mile fishing, the smallest 8in. long and the longest 10. I lost the largest one, of course, and would have caught at least twenty more if I had only had flies to fish with—"that's right."

But with all these disappointments I had a glorious time; I didn't once think of cash, or cash differences, of the ratio of 16 to 1, of McKinley, nor of any other man. With me the pleasures of an outing with rod or gun do not depend on the number of fish in the creel or birds brought to bag, but upon the pleasures of tramping across the fields, through the woods or along the streams, and seeing in all of these evidences of the Creator's wisdom and goodness to us. H.

HUDSON, N. Y.

Natural History.

STARLINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY EDWIN IRVINE HAINES.

[Read before the Linnæan Society of New York at the American Museum of Natural History.]

I.—The Starling Family.

THE starling family *Sturnidæ*, nearly allied to our own blackbird family *Icteridæ*, is found throughout the greater portion of the Eastern Hemisphere. The different continents have birds of this family characteristic of themselves, many of which, on account of their secluded habits, are little known. A starling peculiar to New Zealand is the huiabird (*Heteralocha acutirostris*); a strange property of the huia is that the male has a long straight beak and the female a curved one. A beautiful starling found very plentifully in western Asia (but unfortunately nowhere else) is the rose-colored pastor (*Pastor roseus*), which frequents only sandy deserts and arid plains, and consequently is little known. The starlings found in Africa are very similar to our grackles or crow blackbirds; the most important species of these is the oxpecker or buffalo bird, which follows cattle around for insects as our own cowbird does. A bird found in Sardinia, the species nearest to the common starling, is the Sardinian starling (*Sturnus unicolor*), and there are many others too numerous to mention.

II.—The Starling Abroad (*Sturnus vulgaris*).

This Old World species is found in Russia, Siberia, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Turkey, Italy, Madeira, the Canary and Azore Islands, India, Asia, the Himalaya Mountains, China, Japan, Africa (even as far south as the Cape of Good Hope), and all the countries bordering on the Mediterranean Sea. In England it is abundant everywhere, from the Orkney and Shetland Islands to Cornwall, and it is even common in the City of London, also in parts of Scotland, and is very abundant in Ireland and Germany. In some of these places it is resident, in others migratory. In the more northern portions of Europe the starlings begin to flock and migrate in thousands and thousands toward the latter end of June, and move slowly southward in huge flocks. In the evenings they collect in reed beds on the shores of rivers and lakes, and there spend the night. The noise these flocks make can be heard for miles, and the rushing of their wings is said to resemble the muttering of a distant thunderstorm. In England, in the winter time, they wander over the country in search of food, but about the middle of February may be heard on the trees, or near the spots where they intend to nest. They begin to build their nests about the middle of April in church steeples, holes in walls and old ruins, or more often in bird houses erected for their use. It is said that every orchard in the neighborhood of towns or cities in Europe has at least two or three starling boxes in it. The Germans are very fond of the birds, and in Saxony not only is it considered a sin to kill one, but a very heavy punishment is inflicted upon the person who does so. As the starling is quick and cunning, the people of Germany often capture the young birds and bring them up, and easily teach them to speak words and sentences. One poor starling is said to have cried when anybody approached his cage, "I can't get out! I can't get out!"

The birds are very gregarious among themselves, but do not often mingle with other birds. They are, however, very peaceful, but they will not let other birds impose on them; and woe to the English sparrow that attempts to bully them or take possession of their home while they are absent.

The starling raises many broods during the summer, though at the same time as the nesting season numerous flocks move about the country and never pay any attention to the birds that are breeding, nor do the nesting birds ever seem to notice them. Possibly some birds do not nest at all. During the fall the young birds change their plumage from a drab to a sooty black, which takes a greenish tinge by Christmas. The older birds also change their plumage from the beautiful bronze and gold to a glossy black; but in the spring "the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest," and their coat again changes back to the iridescent bronze and green, and is covered with little white spots. It is from these spots or stars that the starling gets his name. Starling means in German "a little star."

III.—The Starling at Home.

The starling has been introduced into this country on several occasions, but only the last importation was successful. The birds were released in Central Park under the direction of Mr. Eugene Schieflin, of this city, but they soon left the park and went to various places in the upper part of the city. A pair nested at One Hundred and Twenty-second street and Lenox avenue, and another at One Hundredth street and Riverside drive. A flock of fifty birds were seen at Kingsbridge in the fall of 1893–94, and another flock were seen at Flatbush, L. I., on April 16, 1895.

There is in the northern part of New York city a small, wild piece of land composed of fields and woods (in whose dark recess the "Bob White" of the quail may be often heard or the solemn drum of the partridge) which runs along the Sound for about two miles and is about a mile in breadth, called Pelham Bay Park. Here eight of these starlings settled, as if they knew they would not be disturbed. The woods and fields outside of the park offer just as good ground as the park affords, but they seemed to think it would be dangerous to venture there.

I first came across these birds on Feb. 20, 1895, in the upper part of the park, near Pelham Manor. It was during the cold snap that year, and the snow lay deep upon the ground. There were from thirty to forty birds in the flock. I saw them again and again that winter, and had abundant opportunity to watch them as they scoured over the snow-clad fields for food. They do this in a very businesslike manner; descending in a cloud in one end of a field, they swoop along the ground for a short distance, and suddenly alight as one bird, as you may often have seen a flock of yellow-legs do on the seashore. Then they scatter, and run or walk along the ground, busily looking for food. If they have had good luck they will suddenly fly into the highest tree handy, where they will all join in one grand chorus, as if of thanksgiving. After a few minutes spent in this way the whole flock suddenly cease to sing, and whirl off to the next field with a thunderous rush of wings, where, if everything is safe, they go through the same programme again. They station a sentinel, however, while they are feeding or singing, and if he sees anything suspicious he utters a loud *crake, crake!* when the whole flock (if singing) suddenly cease, and if the danger threatens they fly up into the air, whirl once or twice—with as much grace as pigeons—then fly away out of sight. I have often flushed the starlings, in order to watch their beautiful maneuvers, which are done as neatly as if by a single bird. Their flight is straight, strong, vigorous and rapid, and is performed with regular timed beating of the wings.

The starlings are noted throughout the world as whistlers, and can mock as skillfully as a mockingbird. They



EUROPEAN STARLING. SARDINIAN STARLING.

can imitate to perfection bird cries from the hoarse croak of the heron to the mellow whistle of the meadowlark, also snipe of different varieties and red-winged blackbirds, and they often whistle like a boy. The weather does not affect their whistling in the least, and they will whistle as merrily on the coldest day in winter as a on fine day in spring.

In the winter and early spring they stay in the upper part of the park, but as April advances they retire to the neighborhood of a boathouse owned by a Mr. Castrop, where they begin to build their nests in a big hollow oak tree in front of the house. The nests are rudely built of straw, leaves, feathers and twigs. They lay four to six blue eggs, the incubation of which lasts sixteen days. Mr. Castrop has told me that he has often seen the tree loaded with starlings about 4 o'clock in the morning, and they make such a noise with their whistling and chattering that sleep is impossible for the inmates of the house. There are at present about eighteen nests in this tree, but I think that they also nest somewhere else in the neighborhood. They often come there in the evenings in numbers and probably roost there. Mr. Castrop has seen a flock of them numbering 200, and thinks that some go away in winter. I believe there are about ten different flocks of birds in the park, for I have seen two distinct ones on the same day and in places widely separated. Taking a rough estimate, I should think there are about 2,000 birds in the park. They raise two broods, one in May, the other in July, and are very careful of their young.

IV.—The Starlings' Usefulness to Mankind and their Probable Future.

The starling is a great insect eater, and is probably one of the best of helpers to the agriculturist; he is also fond of fruit, but this may be forgiven him when we think how many harmful bugs he destroys. The young of the starling are fed entirely on insects, generally of the hard shell varieties, and they consume large quantities of the so-called June bug. This suggests that the chances are that if they could be successfully colonized where the locusts abound it would not be very long before these insects would be greatly reduced in numbers or completely destroyed. I also think that the birds could almost clean out the potato and striped squash bugs and generally lessen many other insect pests that are so common in many of the States.

Of the starling's future we are doubtful, but of the rapid increase of birds and their tendency to multiply we may have the best of hopes. We should be careful in the scientific world of to-day how we introduce our new species; naturalists had a severe lesson in this in the introduction of rabbits into Australia and English sparrows into America; but with the starling we have nothing to fear. Favorites as they are in Europe, of quick and sprightly ways, pleasing vocal powers, handsome in aparance and of endearing social ways, what a contrast are they to the English sparrow, and if the time ever comes when the starling is as abundant in America as some of our own native species, let us hope he will prove a better companion than that wretched little specimen, sparrow the tramp.

Sterne's Starling.

It was Lawrence Sterne's starling which could not get out. The bird is one of the famous birds in literature. The story is told as one of the incidents in the "Sentimental Journey." Sterne was in Paris; it was the year 1760 something, and a passport was one of the requirements of an Englishman traveling in France. This Sterne was without, and his predicament suggested the Bastile, whereupon he soliloquized:

And as for the Bastile—the terror is in the word. Make the most of it you can, said I to myself; the Bastile is but another name for a tower, and a tower is but another word for a house you can't get out of. Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year. But with 9 livres a day, and a pen and ink and paper and patience, albeit a man can't get out, he may do very well within—at least for a month or six weeks, at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and wiser man than he went in.

I had some occasion (I forgot what) to step into the courtyard as I settled this account, and I remember I walked downstairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning.

I was interrupted in the heyday of this soliloquy with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained "it could not get out." I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman nor child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the passage I heard the same words repeated twice over, and looking up I saw it was a starling in a little cage. "I can't get out—I can't get out," said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird; and to every person who came through the passage it ran fluttering to the side toward which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity. "I can't get out," said the starling. "God help thee," said I; "but I'll let thee out, cost what it will." So I turned about the cage to get at the door; it was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire that there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces. I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and, thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient. "I fear, poor creature," said I, "I cannot set thee at liberty." "No," said the starling, "I can't get out, I can't get out," said the starling.

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life where the dissipated spirits to which my reason had been a bubble were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile, and I heavily walked upstairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

* * * * * * *

I got into my remise the hour I proposed. La Fleur got up behind, and I bid the coachman make the best of his way to Versailles.

As there was nothing in this road, or rather nothing which I look for in traveling, I cannot fill up the blank better than with a history of this selfsame bird, which became the subject of the last chapter.

While the Honorable Mr. —— was waiting for a wind at Dover, it had been caught upon the cliffs, before it could well fly, by an English lad who was his groom, who, not caring to destroy it, had taken it in his breast into the packet, and, by course of feeding it and taking it once under his protection, in a day or two grew fond of it, and got it safe along with him to Paris.

At Paris the lad had laid out a livre in a little cage for the starling; and as he had little to do better the five months his master stayed there, he taught it in his mother's tongue the four simple words (and no more) to which I owned myself so much its debtor.

Upon his master's going on for Italy the lad had given it to the master of the hotel. But this little song for liberty being in an unknown language at Paris, the bird had little or no store set by him; so La Fleur bought him and his cage for me for a bottle of Burgundy.

In my return from Italy, I brought him with me to the country in whose language he had learned his notes; and telling the story of him to Lord A., Lord A. begged the bird of me; in a week Lord A. gave him to Lord B.; Lord B. made a present of him to Lord C., and Lord C.'s gentleman sold him to Lord D.'s for a shilling; Lord D. gave him to Lord E., and so on, half around the alphabet. From that rank he passed into the lower house, and passed the hands of as many commoners. But as all these wanted to get in, and my bird wanted to get out, he had almost as little store set by him in London as in Paris.

It is impossible but many of my readers must have heard of him; and if by mere chance have ever seen him, I beg leave to inform them that that bird was my bird, or some vile copy set up to represent him.

I have nothing further to add upon him, but that from that time to this I have borne this poor starling as a crest to my arms. And let the herald's officers twist his neck about if they dare.

Bobolink in Assiniboia.

ESTEVAN ASSA, Canada.—In compliance with the request of a correspondent in a recent issue of your excellent paper permit me to contribute a line or two relative of our feathered songsters, the bobolink. These birds—the Western variety, I presume—appear to be more plentiful in this vicinity the present season than at any time during the four seasons immediately preceding. As many as half a dozen together have frequently been seen flitting about on the prairie and at a date subsequent to which one would have supposed their maternal duties had commenced. The vicinity of clumps of dwarfish but fragrant flowering shrubs, known locally as wolf willow, appears to be their favorite haunt. Here, perched on a swaying twig and oftentimes far out on the open prairie in the midst of almost primeval solitude, the chance passer-by is greeted with their melodious song. W. M.

MAN AND NATURE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My good and worthy brother, Ransacker, is much perturbed in his mind. Verily, the shaft which Coahoma sent forth on a mission of mercy hath smitten brother Ransacker in a spot where his tender conscience was but thinly armored, and he squirmeth, even as the humble reptile which he so much revileth from his vantage ground of superior intellect, and power for good or evil. Behold, hath he not rent his garment and cast dust upon his head? What shall I say therefore? Is it a small matter that a man array himself against his brother and go up against him in wrath and bitterness of words?

Nay, but a soft answer turneth away wrath, and I will even come bearing gifts and an olive branch in mine hand; for how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.

And yet, without these friendly clashing of ideas we would all of us be the poorer; for flint to flint emits the spark, and new ideas are born of intellectual impacts. And thus have I profited by my friend's complainings of my ill usage of him. It is true that man must shape the destinies of all earthly creatures, including his own. But does not that suggest a weighty responsibility, and the necessity for much circumspection in wielding such power over helpless or dependent fellow mortals?

Truly "we grope," as Ransacker wisely says, we are very much in the dark as regards our moral duty in the premises. And yet there are certain general guides which we may seek out and follow; and our discernment of these guides and proper application of them mark our progress in the grand procession to higher planes of mundane development, which we have been treading for countless ages in nature's wonderful drama—an endless procession in an endless drama, at the head of which man, by his superior development, enjoys the high distinction of being placed by nature.

Now what guide shall we follow in wielding such despotic power over the manifold forms of living and sentient beings which we find in such lavish profusion around us—fellow travelers in a voyage, the import of which we may well believe they have no comprehension—a mystery of which we ourselves can form but nebulous conceptions? We now know that we and they all belong to the same great family, all are children of the same prolific mother—good Dame Nature. We know that we were once as they are in mental limitations, and have gradually outstripped them in the march, by what means it boots not here to inquire.

We also know that the natural propensity of the mere animal is to slay, to destroy. We know that the nearer man dates back to the mere animal; the more prone he is to obey this natural instinct, born of "the struggle for life," to slay and destroy. We know that selfishness is the natural attribute of the brute, and the unnatural attribute of the brutish man, the more brutish the more selfish, and whatever shadowings of the divine have been evolved in man's higher nature are accurately measured by the degree of unselfishness implanted therein, a quality which marks our nearer attainment to that ultimate goal toward which man's destiny must lead.

But it may be accepted as axiomatic truth, that man's progress shall not be hindered by too great refinement of our sense of justice toward the lower order of animal existences. We might even go so far as to presume that the very purpose of these existences has reference only to the fulfillment of man's superior destiny; a position, however, which some philosophers disallow, and their view seems strengthened by the consideration that there are so many forms of life between whom and man is no discernible relationship except in conflict of interests. Such a presumption would seem to be the result of a circumscribed conception of nature's great schemes.

We may very properly, however, upon logical grounds, by analogy of reasoning upon nature's fundamental law of the "survival of the fittest," assume the right, or obligation, if you will, to remove from our path whatever obstacles may tend to hinder the grand march of nature's highest creature in this small globe of ours toward the ultimate goal of our development.

But while we are safe in going thus far, let us not use this power wantonly, but with extreme circumspection. It is safest to slay only when we know we are justified in killing an enemy. When we go beyond our own personal or racial interests, by what authority shall we assume to be the arbiters between nature's children? Have we the knowledge to justify ourselves in assuming this high province?

I opine to the contrary.

We know that rabbits were introduced into Australia by man's contrivance, thereby disturbing nature's equilibrium, and with dire results to man's interests. The same observation will apply to the introduction of the English sparrow into America, as well as to the introduction of certain apparently insignificant insects into the vinelands of California.

Verily, brethren, it behooveth us to be cautious and modest in asserting our superiority in nature's domain—even for purely selfish considerations—without invoking more exalted motives, lest peradventure our thoughtless temerity shall be our own undoing.

Now, friend Ransacker may be tempted to say, in the language of "Pinafore,"

> "Though I am by no means clever,
> I could talk like that forever."

And doubtless he could, or even a great deal better. But then, brother Ransacker, perhaps everybody cannot talk as you and I can, and mayhap these observations shall awaken reflections in the minds of some who would not otherwise have given a thought to the subject. There are so many people who would be so good if they were not so thoughtless!

But every moral dissertation should end with a moral, which in the present case I will try to define in condensed form, as follows: (1) Do not inflict needless suffering on any creature. (Apropos, you who are given to driving high-headed horses, release the check rein when your horse is standing. The neglect of this simple demand upon your consideration for the comfort of your beast is a crying evil, and shortens the period of your horse's usefulness.) (2) Do not kill any creature unless you feel well assured that man's higher interests demand such sacrifice of a life which you can easily destroy, but which the wisest man can never restore. COAHOMA.

MISSISSIPPI.

The Weasels of North America.

UNDER the title "North American Fauna" the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture has for several years been sending out a number of interesting scientific papers. The last of these, No. 11, was published on June 30, 1896, and has recently reached us. It is a Synopsis of the Weasels of North America, by Dr. C Hart Merriam, Chief of the Division, and includes the one ferret and all of the weasels yet discovered in North America north of Panama. No less than twenty-two species and subspecies of true weasels are here recognized, eleven of which are now described for the first time. The ferret is the well-known black-footed ferret, originally described by Audubon and Bacheman, then lost for a time, and afterward rediscovered. Its habitat is the plains of the West from western North Dakota and northern Montana south to Texas. It is about the size of the mink. All our other weasels are included by Dr. Merriam under the subgenus *Ictis*. They are widely distributed and are a useful group of mammals, for they prey to a very considerable extent on field mice and other small rodents which do great injury to the farmers' crops. Of course in addition to this they kill some useful birds, and in the neighborhood of houses they sometimes destroy poultry, but on the whole it is probable that the good which they do far outweighs the bad.

Besides numerous cuts of skulls found with the text, there are five full-page plates of skulls and jaws of different species of weasels, and in addition there is a frontispiece giving in heliotype illustration heads of the bridled weasel and black-footed ferret.

Some Montana Birds.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On Oct. 2, 1895, while riding through the northern portion of the Little Rocky Mountains in Montana, near the southern border line of the Fort Belknap Indian Reservation, and only two or three miles from the St. Paul Mission, I saw on Peoples Creek two specimens of the dipper (*Cinclus americanus*).

I cannot recall that I ever recognized this species further east than this point in northern Montana, though a good many years ago I reported it from the Black Hills of Wyoming, and it occurs in the Powder River region in Montana as well.

In the autumn of 1890, in the St. Mary's Lake region, while ascending Cataract Creek, the principal branch of the Swift Current River, a tributary of the St. Mary's River from the northeast, I saw a young specimen of the varied thrush (*Turdus nævius*). It was snowing at the time, and the bird was so little shy that it permitted me to ride almost directly under it, so that it was not more than 3 or 4yds. from me when I stopped and looked at it for a considerable space of time. There is no question as to the identification, although, not having a shotgun with me, I did not attempt to secure the bird. During this same trip I frequently saw small flocks of the western form of the Hudsonian titmouse (*Parus hudsonicus columbianus*), which were extremely common among the pine forests of the region. GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

The Copperhead.

EAGLE ROCK, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The copperhead of Missouri, as described by Aztec in FOREST AND STREAM of July 11, must be a different snake from that of the Allegheny Valley. While the general marking of the snake resembles that of the rattler, the colors are much darker, being a dirty brown marked with spots of a lighter shade of the same color; no yellow color as in the rattler. The triangular-shaped head is a distinctive characteristic of this snake.

They, as well as the rattlesnakes, are quite numerous in this section. One was killed by the section men on the railroad near here last week. A man was bitten in the arm a few years ago near here while cutting weeds along the railroad track. His life was saved by the application of the flesh of freshly killed chickens and the use of whisky as a stimulant, but his arm was badly crippled and broke out in running sores a year after he was bitten. They are found near the stream where it is both wet and rocky, and also on the islands in the river, under slabs and logs on which they can crawl out to sun themselves. They are never found upon the ridges where the rattlers are generally met with. They are more feared than the rattler, principally because they give no warning of their presence, but strike on sight. They are not nearly so quick in their actions as the rattler. MC.

A Lynx Family.

LOWELL, Me., July 13.—Since I was at the Sportsmen's Exposition in New York I have been under cover most of the time, with two months in the hospital, and am under the doctor's hands now. I am improving slowly, and hope to be at my camp by the open season for game.

The prospect of big game never has been better for years. I sent my grandson, N. C. Fogg and M. Stubbs up to my camps some three weeks ago, to make some improvements; they have returned and report moose signs plenty. They saw two feeding between sunset and dark in the water within easy range from the camp door. Wm. Staples, an old trapper, who is stopping at my camp to watch the dams that are full of water, caught three bears. My grandson set a trap and caught a large bear. When he and Mr. Staples came out last week they came down the stream in a canoe to the main road, and on their way, while passing through some wide dead water, they saw a Canada lynx with one young one crossing in front of them. The men paddled up to them and the lynx showed fight. They had nothing to capture them with but bare hands, and let them go ashore. As soon as they landed the little one scrambled up a tree. They saw two more small ones on the opposite side, and the old one was calling to them. The men paddled over to where they were, and the little fellows went up a tree like a squirrel. J. DARLING.

Tornadoes and Cyclones.

THESE phenomena are entirely dissimilar in their manifestations. The terms are now generally used erroneously by the press.

The tornado is a sudden outburst of wind in an otherwise quiet, sultry atmosphere; it is ushered in by a loud, indescribable roar, similar to a continuous roll of thunder; its path is very narrow—seldom more than 500ft. wide at greatest destruction; it moves generally from southwest to northeast, and rarely extends more than twenty miles; it very often rises in the air, to descend again at a point a few miles ahead; it is always accompanied by thunderstorms, with often a bright glow in the cloud; this cloud has usually a funnel shape, which appears to be whirling, though some observers have described its appearance like that of a huge ball rolling forward. A tornado may be considered as the result of an exteme development of conditions which otherwise produce thunderstorms.

A cyclone, on the other hand, is a very broad storm, oftentimes 1,000 miles in diameter, and sometimes can be followed half around the world; the winds circulate about it from right to left, or the way one turns clock hands backward (in the Southern Hemisphere this motion is reversed). The air pressure always falls as one approaches the center, where, at sea, there is a portentous calm, with clear sky visible at times. The cyclone winds often rise to hurricane force, but are not to be compared with the extreme violence of the tornado, before which the most solid structures are razed.

The French term *trombe* or *tourbillon* describes almost exactly the tornado, which term was first applied to severe squalls, with funnel-shaped clouds, experienced on the west coast of Africa, and which to this day inspire the utmost fear in the minds of the natives.

WILLIS L. MOORE, Chief of Weather Bureau.

A Playful Deer.

DR. H. J. FREDERICK saw a pretty sight early one morning a short time ago. He was on his way to Chelsea in his carriage, when he saw ahead a full-grown deer. The deer saw him and ran on ahead a way, then turned and looked back at the doctor. As the latter approached, he jumped a fence and kept on part way up a hill, again stopping, evidently filled with animal curiosity. Again he ran and then for the last time he stopped, his head just showing against the blue sky amid a field of daisies over the brow of the hill. He finally ran as deer usually do, and disappeared into a ravine, where he was lost to sight in the dense verdure.—*Kennebec Journal, Augusta, Me., July 15.*

A Bull Caribou without Antlers.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Seeing in your columns accounts of buck deer minus antlers I am emboldened to mention that a well-grown caribou without antlers was shot by me some ten or twelve years ago in Aroostook county, Me. The bull was well developed and normal except as above mentioned.

The time of killing was in October. The skin on the skull was fully haired and not the least indentation of the bony process which supports antlers was discoverable. I have not before dared to put the fact in print, but the accounts of the hornless bucks lets me in. PINE TREE.

[This note is extremely interesting. Will our correspondent give us a little more detail of the occurrence, What was the animal's age by teeth? Was it alone or with companions? If in company, of what sex were the others? What was the condition of the animal? Did it appear to have taken part in the rut?]

Hornless Bucks.

LOWELL, Me.—I read in FOREST AND STREAM about the hornless buck. Some ten years ago I killed in November an old buck that had no horns, but there were rough nubs that were just through the hair. I also saw another buck, killed at Pistol Lake, which we judged to be four or five years old and which had straight horns 1ft. long and large at the head. JONATHAN DARLING.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE HUNTING RIFLE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My letter in defense of Tiam, printed in your paper of Feb. 8, set a number of your correspondents to pitching into me; not because of my defense of Tiam—for no one seems to have found fault with that, nor indeed to have mentioned it, I believe, except Dick of Connecticut, who acknowledged that I was right in supposing that when he wrote his criticism of Tiam he had never hunted moose—but because I said I thought if people would learn to hunt and to shoot they would not need the large bored, heavily charged guns when lighter ones would do the work, giving as an example my own experience of some years with a .44-40 Winchester. My idea is that good work is due more to the skill of the workman than to the quality of his tools, that a poor workman cannot do good work no matter what kind of tools he has, and that the man is a much more important factor in hunting than the gun. A majority of those who wrote about my views as to heavy guns disagreed with me, or rather said or thought that they disagreed with me. I put it this way because some of them misunderstood what I said and my position. A minority, composed of hunters some of whom could count their deer, etc., by the hundred, agreed with me that large calibers and heavy charges are not necessary for the kind of hunting I was writing about—moose hunting. I think a man should use a gun suited to the conditions surrounding his hunting and under which it is to be done, the kind of game he expects to kill, and his own ability and qualifications as a hunter and shot. The great bulk of our moose hunting is done in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and northern Maine. Very few moose are killed in these localities at over 200yds., probably a large majority at less than 100yds., so that the kind of gun needed differs from that required for open country long range shooting, such as may be had west of the Mississippi. I am not an advocate of small bores; I shoot a .44cal. gun, which is only a hundredth of an inch smaller than the army Springfield, and large enough for any game found in the localities above named.

A rifle is heavy or light according to its powder and lead, not the weight of material in stock and barrel. A .44 40 I call a light gun, a .45 90 or .50-110 a heavy one. When I wrote that "It would not occur to me to carry a .50-110 or even a .45-90 for hunting. I might use such a gun at a 500 or 600yds. target match," I was on the general subject of light and heavy guns, and what I wrote meant that it would not occur to me to carry guns of such large caliber as .50, for instance, or shooting 90 or

110grs. of powder, while I might use such calibers or charges on a rifle range. I did not refer to any particular make of gun, nor did I say what weight ball I would use if going on a rifle range; long range rifle shooting was not under discussion. Range shooting at a target and hunting shooting at game are two very different things, done in different ways, and calling for different qualifications in the shooter. I confess that I have had a great deal of amusement from some of the letters, that of Hersey, of Santa Fé, for instance, who says: "Many hunters, if they make a chance shot with a gun and kill some large game at fairly long range, believe that they can always do it with that gun, and that no other gun could possibly equal it." Then he suggests shooting a sick horse or cow to see what a gun will do.

Burkhard, of Los Angeles, says I am "either a wonderful rifle shot or had a long run of good luck." Why he says this I do not know, for I mentioned no difficult shots, but only two or three which showed that the .44cal. gun would kill moose at the distance for shooting at which Tiam had been blamed. The most amusing are the letters from H. W. Brannock and others, including particularly one by H. B. S. in your paper of April 18—who give me a lot of advice and information about trajectories, perforation and scientific shooting.

Nearly all the writers of these letters make the mistake of assuming that I advocated some particular kind of rifle and a small bore for hunting moose. An examination of my letter will show that I said I had "hunted for years with a '73 model .44-40 Winchester with a 20in. round barrel," and had "killed a good many moose with it," and that I mentioned a few shots made with that gun, ending with this paragraph: "My advice to would-be moose killers is, learn to hunt and learn to shoot; you will soon see that you do not need a heavy gun nor pack load of ammunition. Enjoy the hunting, of which the killing is a small part."

I have never said, nor written, that a .44-40 or any other gun was the best for moose. There is no best gun for any kind of game except in the opinion of the man who uses it, and then it is the one he can use best. A hunter can kill a moose with almost any kind of gun. Old John Cheney, in the Adirondacks, showed me his moose gun in 1858: a piece of rifle barrel 18in. long with a pistol stock. He killed a good many moose with that, shooting a round ball, and thought it just the thing. It was light, easily carried and handy.

After reading what is to me, and those who know me, perhaps the most amusing letter of all, that of Frank H. Risteen in your issue of May 9, I repeat with emphasis the quotation from my January letter: "Learn to hunt and learn to shoot; you will soon see that you do not need a heavy gun nor pack load of ammunition."

I opine, from what Messrs. H. B. S. and Risteen say, that they are not good hunting shots, while perhaps good shots at a mark. H. B. S. seems to think the killing a moose running, at 200yds, so strange a thing as to require scientific explanation and suggests the old woman's way of doing it with closed eyes; while Risteen, who apparently has never tried that sort of shot, intimated that a gale of wind perhaps helped matters. I mentioned the shot only to show that at 220yds. the gun had put a ball clear through a full-grown bull moose; the running was simply part of the description of the incident, which I did not suppose would call for comment. A moose is an animal easier to still-hunt than a deer and certainly much easier to hit running at 200yds. than a Virginia deer is, doing the same thing, at 150yds. Mr. Risteen speaks of one of his friends as a great dispenser of lead and mentions his putting four shots from a .45 85 at 50yds. range in a caribou, which "still stood up and disputed the right of way." Not many years ago I went after caribou, one cold, windy, cloudy day in the last week of October, carrying a common Springfield cavalry carbine. I killed first a very large stag, running, at 250yds. Not being used to the gun, I gave too much law the first shot and struck the brow prong of his left antler; the next shot doubled him up dead. An hour after I killed two standing at 167yds., and later, after letting a number go unshot at, I killed a very fine stag in the open, which "disputed the right of way," but instead of taking four shots, dropped at one as though struck by lightning.

H. B. S. thinks a man to hunt moose should be able to puncture his cap with commendable regularity at 200yds., and Mr. Risteen also lugs in the rifle range and seems to think that "the man who has learned by careful and conscientious practice on the range how to handle a rifle" will make the best hunting shot. I admit that, as he says, such a man "will discount the Indian" shooting at a mark at least, because Indians, as a rule, are poor shots, but he will not discount any sort of a hunting shot shooting at game.

Good range shots are apt to be very indifferent shots on game. I have seen plenty of them tried. The two sorts of shooting are, as I have said, done in different ways and calling for different qualifications in the shooter. No game animal that I have hunted ever posed for me to go through the performances mentioned by Mr. Risteen in your paper of May 9 as those ordinarily to be gone through by the would-be moose killer in getting off a shot. The range shooter fires at a known distance, he can watch the flags and wind clock for the force and direction of the wind, ought to be posted on the effect of light and temperature, and tries to fire all his shots when the conditions are the same. It is all a matter of cold-blooded calculation: the conditions being favorable, wind gauge and sights properly adjusted, the shot ought to be "a bull well in at 6 o'clock," or the like. In hunting shooting there is no time for a series of observations to be collected and digested into a programme of action.

If the man with the gun has, as I suggested, learned to hunt and to shoot, he does not say the distance is 225yds., and stop to adjust an elevating sight, for he will not have one on his gun; nor will he mutter, the wind is a fifteen-mile one at 3 o'clock; the light is so and so; I must assume this or that position; and I must be sure to squeeze my trigger, not pull it; he will simply clap his gun to his shoulder and drop his game in the little opening across which he has noted it must run, before the range shooter has his sight half adjusted. A piano player does not stop to measure distances or to say I am an inch and a half further from the instrument than I was yesterday, I must recalculate the distance to the keys; he looks at the notes, and his trained hands strike keys and chords with unerring certainty. So with the hunting shot, brain, eye and hand have been trained by long practice; he knows just what he can do and what his gun can do, so that when the gun comes to his face it comes there right for whatever the conditions are, without conscious effort on his part—the proper estimate of distance, character of sight, allowance for wind, speed of animal, light, character of ground, etc., have all been made in a flash, and like as not, after he has fired, he cannot tell precisely how much of his front sight he saw or perhaps other details of how he shot. A quick lens and plate will catch an animal on the run, while a Carbutt B, about sensitometer No. 16, will take several seconds exposure and the game run perhaps 100yds. in that time. A good hunting shot soon picks up range shooting, but it takes longer for the range shooter to become a good hunting shot. If H. B. S. were to ask me to shoot a match with my friend Dr. Wilson, of Savannah, Ga., who in the recent matches there made 148 out of 150 at 200yds., off hand, with a three-groove Springfield army gun, I would refuse, because I cannot make that sort of score, but I would not hesitate a moment to shoot against him at game. It is true, I have shot on a range for eight or nine years. In our D. C. National Guard every officer and man is required to fire two scores of five shots each in the gallery, and the same on the range, at each of the four distances, 200, 300, 500 and 600yds., a possible total of 400. I have qualified as sharpshooter with a score of 384, well above the necessary 80 per cent., but that did not help my hunting shooting. I learned the latter years before I ever went on a rifle range. My hunting shooting I found of great service in picking up skirmish running on the range, because there one has to act promptly and quickly to get in a half dozen or more shots in a halt of thirty seconds with a single shot Springfield. Mr. Risteen wants "a weapon that will get there with approximate adjacency." I want a gun to shoot where I hold it. The gun to depend on me, not I on the gun. The "approximate adjacency" means simply what I referred to in my January letter, a gun so large that a ball from it striking anywhere in the vicinity of the game will deal death and destruction, so making up for the lack of learning to hunt and shoot.

H. B. S wants a scientific explanation of the method of killing game running. When I was a youngster at the University of Pennsylvania we were required to construct curves from their equations. A friend and I used to work out our demonstration as we sauntered homeward across the campus, pocket our notebooks, and spend the afternoon trying to solve the mysteries of $y^2=2$ px, incidence and reflection, as applied to a cricket ball. No theoretical demonstration on paper will enable a batsman to keep up his wicket against a good bowler, and if I were to show H. B. S, in a way I thought conclusive, that—M, representing a moose; D, its distance; S, the speed at which it moved; H, a hunter; W, a Winchester; V, the velocity of a ball from the W; $y^2=2$ px, the equation of the parabola described by the ball, etc.—P would necessarily be the point at which he should sight in order to "puncture" the moose in a vital spot, it would not enable him to kill a moose running. It is true, that is not a difficult thing for a fair hunting shot to do; but, like killing a bird on the wing, one must know how.

Risteen thinks I should be impounded because I can kill a moose with a .44-40 Winchester.

I went on my first moose hunt in the winter of 1860–61 on snowshoes. I killed my last moose two years ago, not hunting last year. The moose that have got away from me have been those at which I did not shoot. When I have wanted one and shot at it, I have killed it. I do not infer from Mr. Risteen's letter that his record is of that kind, as he seems, with others, to be still hankering after some sort of weapon that will not let game get away.

It may do no harm to my well-meaning advisers to say that I have been hunting with a rifle, more or less, for some thirty-eight or forty years, for thirty-five of which I have used breechloaders, and have handled, hunted with and tried all sorts of makes, shapes, actions, calibers, charges, lengths, stocks, sights, etc., from the old Halls and Perrys of ante-bellum days down to the latest improved Winchesters, Marlins and the like. I profess to know something about hunting, and can track game as well as I can shoot it. I am not wedded to any particular make of gun. I shoot a Winchester because it is convenient and has never failed me, and use a short barrel because, having only my left arm and the hand of that crippled, I can handle it better than a long one. The .44-40 cartridge has so far done all I wanted, so I have not used a heavier one as my standard. I have killed game with all sorts of guns. On one hunt years ago I shot two Maynards, one .50cal.; shot a bear one day with a .66 model Winchester, and two days after another with a Ballard. I have killed a panther with an old muzzleloader when nothing else was to be had, and deer, etc., with all sorts of guns. Several years ago I thought of using the .45-60 Winchester, but let it go. It would be a much more useful gun than the .45-90, which is overcharged with powder and good only for close range. When I reflect that since September, 1864, I have to do my shooting, hunting or otherwise, with only a crippled left hand, earning a reputation from West Virginia to far northern Canada for never letting game I wanted get away from me, it seems strange to find a lot of two-handed people clamoring for a gun that will do dear knows what, instead of using their superabundance of hands and arms. I sum the whole thing in a nutshell: A man who can shoot can kill a moose with almost any kind of gun, therefore learn to shoot and you need only to use whatever gun happens to be about.

As there is no moose hunting now until Sept. 1, I remark that I have fished for many years with a little 6oz. greenheart and bamboo trout rod with a red cedar handle, and have caught quantities of trout with it as well as bass, and big ones too. Now if any of the rifle caliber correspondents are fishermen, I suppose it will be in order for them to write to you to say that I should be impounded for using such a weapon; that a trout can be killed quicker and with more certainty by yanking it out with a catfish hook, cord and "pole," and dashing its brains out against a tree.

CECIL CLAY.

REPORT YOUR LUCK

With Rod or Gun

To FOREST AND STREAM,

New York City.

30CAL. MILITARY AND SPORTING RIFLES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"IT is a mistake to suppose that these knitting-needle guns will not shoot straight."

This unqualified statement coming from a man who seems to be somewhat of a rifleman is a surprise to me, and it is also opposed to the experience and observation of other riflemen with whom I am acquainted. The writer has handled and knows the best results obtainable from almost every smokeless powder military rifle used by the different nations and he has yet to see the first gun of this class that can be depended upon to do reliable work at practical game ranges—100 to 250yds. Some of these rifles shoot remarkably well at long ranges, but not one that I know of will do the true and steady work required of a hunting rifle of even the second or third class.

The reason is evident: A quick twist and high velocity gives the long bullet an unsteady initial flight and it does not settle down to sober business until after it has traveled 300 or 400yds. It illustrates in an exaggerated degree the characteristic of the old-time long-range rifle—a vain ambition of the base of the bullet to get ahead of its point. Against military rifles for military uses I have nothing to say; in time they may prove perfectly satisfactory, even for sharpshooting. It is against the misuse of them that I wish to enter an emphatic protest, and also against the questionable action of the manufacturers in pushing upon the sporting fraternity this gun, but slightly modified and disguised under the name of the "latest improved 30cal. smokeless powder hunting rifle."

Too much nonsense is indulged in over these new rifles—both by the manufacturers with their Munchausen tales of the accurate and terrible execution done by these guns in far away lands, and by our inexperienced sportsmen who lose their heads completely over the flat trajectory and 60in. penetration of the steel-jacketed bullet. I have talked with a number of the latter, and they were utterly incapable of realizing that these two features in this arm are of but little practical value for hunting purposes, and that there was really nothing for them to work up any enthusiasm over. This smokeless .30cal. craze reminds one of the "explosive" bullet mania of about twenty years ago. It took many sportsmen several years to learn that the expansive bullet was actually the better killer of the two. For the benefit of the N. B. gentleman I will cite a few extracts from the record of the tests made by Gov. Morton's special commissioners appointed to select for the use of the National Guard the best smokeless powder military rifle made in this country. The tests were concluded but a few weeks ago, and as the ability of the commissioners and the marksmanship of the experts cannot be questioned, the results of the tests ought to be quite interesting to those sportsmen who are contemplating the purchase of the new rhinoceros gun. In order to make a comparison of these military guns with our black powder sporting rifles, I must first classify the latter in the order of their accuracy:

A first-class rifle, .32 40-165, will shoot nearly all of its shots into a 6in. circle at 200yds.

A second class, .45-75 350, will require an 8in. ring to inclose them.

A third class, .38 90-250, needs a 12in. bullseye to hold them.

While a fourth-class rifle, .50-110-300, will not throw its bullets into anything smaller than a 20in. circle at that distance.

What will the .30cal. smokeless powder military rifles do? If we are to credit all that we hear or see in print about these rifles they will simply do wonders; but the truth is, too much vermilion is used in painting the reports of the remarkable accuracy and killing power of these guns. For example, the gentleman in N. B. informs us that "In England last year a battalion team of eight men, shooting at Queen's ranges (200, 500 and 600yds.), averaged 96 points. Another tells us that these rifles will shoot a long series of shots into a 7in. ring at 500yds. Still another claims that they will shoot 5 consecutive shots into a 3in. circle at 200yds. In reply to the statement that 96 points were made by the Englishmen with the Lee-Metford arm, I must first ask the gentleman who gives us such lucid information to be sufficiently definite to name the number of rounds fired by the marksmen while making this score. If it was the 70-round match, the score should be buried, not published, as 96 points out of a possible 280 deserves no better fate. But if the man means that the marksmen made 96 per cent.—oh, shades of Æsculapius and Hippocrates! take him under the sheltering care of your remedial wings at once, and quietly remind the gentleman who wears "rock maple pants" that the best official score made in the English army with this or any other smokeless powder rifle is 208 out of a possible 280—70 rounds, individual firing, bullseye counting 4.

As for any of these guns shooting a string of 5 or 10 shots into a 7in. circle at 500yds., or into a 3in. ring at 200yds., I must place myself on record as a doubting Thomas. I have never seen it done, and as near as I can learn no such score has ever been attempted, much less accomplished. A 3ft. circle at 200yds. strains the capacity of many of these rifles, as you will note by referring to the commissioners' record. Take, for example, the first gun tested. The inventor, an excellent shot, fired from rest two strings of 15 shots each at the regulation 8×10in. ellipse at 200yds. The expert marksman of many medals then took the gun and fired the same number of shots at the same distance. Between them they scored 5 bullseyes; 20 shots struck outside of the 24×30in. ellipse—part of this number missing even the 40×50in. circle—while several of the bullets failed to find the 4×6ft. target. The second rifle was first shot by the manufacturer's expert, then by the commissioner's marksman. The combined score counted 8 bullseyes out of 30 shots, 13 bullets striking outside of the 24×30in. circle and in the 40×50in. ellipse, with two shots off target.

The third gun's accuracy was tested by the private and the official experts, who together scored 4 bullseyes out of 27 shots, 11 bullets striking the 40×50in. ellipse, with 2 off target.

The fourth gun, made by the best rifle makers in this or any other country, was brought out to show the commissioners what it could do, and it did the most regular work of any of the six rifles tested. The two experts fired 60 shots in strings of 15 and scored 16 bullseyes, with 9 shots in the 40×50in. circle and 3 on the outer target—none off the target!

Only once out of the many 15 strings at 200yds. did the

experts succeed in placing 10 consecutive shots into the 24×30in. ellipse. Sights and conditions were sufficiently fine and favorable to call for much better shooting at 100 and 200yds. This claim is strengthened by the fact that when the distances were increased the shooting improved—the best by far was done during the contest at 800yds.—which goes to show that the construction of the rifle and the proportions of the ammunition can be held accountable for the crazy short-range work. It is a long-range gun that is unreliable at short distances. When the experts were cut down to the 100yd. range even the 24×30in. target was missed, and 10 consecutive shots were not placed in the 8×10in. bullseye! This kind of shooting might do on the battlefield, where it made no difference which man was hit, but not so for game shooting, where it often happens that your only target is a small patch of black, brown, gray or white hair that your humane heart tells you must be hit fair or not at all.

From the above record, which is a fair sample of the accuracy of smokeless powder rifles in general, we can arrive at but one conclusion: that is, the smokeless powder rifles do not compare in accuracy with the lowest class black powder sporting rifles at their ranges; and in order to classify these new guns we must use a larger circle, and that is impracticable, as the fourth class rifles strain reliability a trifle too much already. Should these military arms in time develop an accuracy sufficient to admit of their being used on large game, their want of power would still place them at a great disadvantage. The readers of the FOREST AND STREAM have already had their attention called to the fact that when the soft nose bullet is substituted for the regular steel-jacketed projectile it loses over 80 per cent. of its penetration and is of but little service for anything larger than small deer at broadside shots; and when we come to consider the "improved (?) smokeless powder sporting rifles" this defect is increased to an alarming extent, as these hunting humbugs have but a trifle over one-half the penetration of the military guns, or less than one-quarter of the power of the .45-75, and should be thrown entirely out of consideration when a rifle is wanted for moose or big bears. As my friend Brannock knows the killing power of bullets I was not surprised to see him brace himself to keep from falling in a faint when a certain barbarian rifle maker told us that in India his gun repeatedly killed with a single shot the biggest elephants found, and that it was a common trick among sportsmen to bag two rhinoceros with a single bullet, shooting them while standing end to end, the bullet going through both animals and killing them like a stroke of lightning. H. B. S.

NORWICH, Conn.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Forestry Commission.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 16.—Three members of the U. S. Forestry Commission were in Chicago this week on their way West to inspect the new forest reserves in northwest Montana and the forests of the Puget Sound and Oregon regions. The members present here were Prof. W. H. Brewer, of Yola Univ.; Prof. C. H. Sargent, of Harvard, and Gen. H. L. Abbott, U.S.A. There are seven members of the commission, and two more will join the above mentioned later on, only five being on this tour. It is their duty to investigate matters at each national reserve and report any needed legislation for the betterment of the forests and streams thereon.

Uniformed Game Wardens.

Mr. Michael H. Cahill, of Madison, Wis., deserves thanks for an idea entitled to be called new. In a letter just at hand he calls attention to the need of better protection for the big game of the pine woods country, where, he says, the local warden system is useless because no resident dares proceed against another. Mr. Cahill thinks the wardens for the deer country should all be non-residents, appointed from the southern part of the State. He adds:

"All these wardens should be mounted on good horses and armed with a .38cal. revolver and with a .38cal. carbine carrying a sword bayonet. The pistol cartridge should be shorter and carry less powder and lead than that of the carbine. The uniform should be of gray cloth, because that is best and most serviceable, and a badge made out of nickel should be worn with the uniform. Horses are cheap now, and the mounts would not cost the State so much as formerly."

I do not deny that a warden made up as Mr. Cahill suggests would be a very imposing personage, perhaps more so than any game warden of our country has yet been, but I fear Mr. Cahill has not been much in the Wisconsin deer country, or he would realize the difficulty of getting a horse—even if ridden by a man with a badge—more than 10ft. into some of the swamp windfalls where the pack trails go. Mr. Cahill thinks that game protection should be a national matter, and says:

"There should be a plank in the platform of all the political parties pledging them to the protection of the wild game in all our States and Territories. The People's party meets in convention at St. Louis July 22, and the Democrats are in convention now at Chicago. Will you try to get a good plank put in the platform of these parties?"

Unfortunately I was away fishing at the time of the Democratic convention, and I will be away fishing again at the time of the Populist convention, so a great many national affairs will have to go unadjusted for awhile yet; but I will have the planks put in four years from now—unless I should be out fishing again. But I think there ought to be a drum corps go with the brigade of mounted wardens.

Alaska Aztecs.

An item in the daily press states that horses were unknown in the new gold country of Alaska until the present season, when a mining party took some in at the expense of great effort. The natives of the Indian villages were wild with fright at seeing these new creatures, and it is said that even the dogs took howling to the woods in terror at the apparition. It would seem there is some new country left, after all. What will the Alaskan Aztecs say when they see the bicycle?

A Handsome Steal.

Funny things sometimes happen in the newspaper business. Yesterday a reporter came into this office from the Chicago *Tribune*. He bore a clipping from a Chicago evening paper purporting to tell of certain good catches of fish in different parts of the country, especially in Wisconsin. The reporter was instructed to learn whether I could give any information concerning those large catches and the addresses of the anglers named. I looked at the clipping of "news" items, and at once recognized the matter as my own, taken direct from the "Chicago and the West" of the current week of FOREST AND STREAM. Further on came very full news of the salmon, trout and other fishing in Maine and other Eastern States. This I recognized at once as also taken direct from the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. It was a very handsome steal, with no credit of course, and all handled with a lovely air of journalistic confidence only marred in respect of a place or two where the news editor had fallen down in his attempts to be briefer and wiser than the men who paid for the news. So I was able to give the *Tribune* man very good directions about the facts which its less conscientious contemporary had swiped bodily from FOREST AND STREAM. Don't believe everything you see in the papers, unless it's in FOREST AND STREAM.

In Chicago.

Mr. C. E. Willard, of the Colt's Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co., is in Chicago this week, looking well and doing well. Mr. Willard was instrumental in the recent sale of about 4,000 revolvers to the New York police force, of a new, small caliber model. They will probably try it on a dog, and they do say there are several of the "finest" who can hit a dog these days.

Mr. Harry A. Loughran, of the Iroquois Gun and Rifle Club, of Pittsburg, Pa., is in the city for a time and called on FOREST AND STREAM here, as I hope every sportsman of the country will when he is in chicago. That is what the office is for.

Mr. Eugene H. Lahee, late of Alton, Ill., a sportsman and rifle shot of skill, has engaged in business in Chicago, being now treasurer of the Indiana Steel Casting Co., of 1121 Monadnock Block. I trust we shall now hear more of those once famous rifle competitions in which Mr. Lahee, his friend Mr. H. R. Wills, of Alton; the Chief with-two-Stomachs, of New York, and the writer used formerly to engage. I still have the pewter championship cup I won after many struggles, and I were a poor sort of champion if I did not put up my trophies for a few last final contests before retiring from the field. Will anny of these gentlemen step upon my coat?

Death.

Very shocking were the fatalities this week in the family of Mr. M. R. Bortree, of this city, the president of the National Association and well known in protective matters. Within twenty-four hours two of the brothers, Edward L., aged fifty-four, and Franklin S., aged fifty-seven, were taken away by sudden death. The former died on Saturday of cerebral hemorrhage, and the latter the next day of apoplexy. Both were well-known and respected business men. Mr. M. R. Bortree and Mr. H. W. Bortree remain of the family of four brothers, and are entitled to the sympathy of friends at such a serious and so sudden a loss.

Very Ill.

Mr. Chas. Kern, a prominent sportsman of Chicago, often president of the Audubon Gun Club, and ex-president of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, lies seriously ill at this writing. His many friends hope his ultimate recovery. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

DOES HOUNDING MAKE DEER SHY?

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. W. W. Mosher, in your paper of July 18, says that "just so sure as hounding is stopped deer will be wiped out. Hounding keeps them wild, and not so easily approached by the still-hunter."

Is this so? I have always understood, from what the woodsmen in the northern part of Herkimer county said, that hounding made no difference in the still-hunters' prospects, but if still-hunters hunt the ground over for a few days the deer get so wild that nothing but the hardest kind of work would bring the hunter in sight and range of his game. Van Dyke, in his "Still-Hunter," I believe, says that only a still-hunter will make deer wild as regards still-hunters.

I have still-hunted in the Moose River region of the Adirondacks the day after the hounding season closed, when the deer had been kept on the jump for weeks, and found them far easier to approach than at the beginning of the hounding season. The trouble with hounding is not that it makes the deer hard to kill, but that it renders them easy victims to anybody.

When a deer is running at full speed, with a bellowing brute of a dog after it, it cannot exercise its faculties; it has no time to think, and so it rushes to the deadly foe on the water's edge, where it would not have gone under any circumstances.

When the still-hunter puts his wits against the deer's he does so at a time when the deer is in a quiet, calculating mood; but the one who kills deer before a dog requires about as many wits to kill a deer as an old cow does to eat grass. RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

NEW YORK.

HOW TO HOLD A REVOLVER ON GAME.

DENVER, Col.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Among the mountain and plainsmen there seems to be one word of advice to the tenderfoot trying his first six-shooter: "Let her lie loose in your hand." My .45 Colt's, double-action, 3¾in. barrel, jumps halfway to my shoulder, but the tin can has a hole in it all the same. The gun is held as loosely in the hand as possible, and the arm partly bent and as flexible as possible, yet the gun jumps as much as it wants to. No man I have ever seen can hold either the .45 Colt's or the .44 S. & W. to place when it recoils. If the barrel is short enough the bullet is safely out of the barrel before it jumps, on the same principle as a cannon is fired. What our target friends say about the trigger pull is just as true in practical use as at the target.

If you are hungry and want that jack rabbit for supper to help out the bacon, try this way: Sit down (with due regard to cactus), with your knees drawn up, heels together, if comfortable, put an elbow on each knee, hold your six-shooter loosely in both hands, with the ball of your left forefinger resting on the nail of your right forefinger, and blaze away. If you grip your gun good and hard you will probably have bacon straight two times before dinner (beg pardon—luncheon) next day. If you "let her kick" you may have rabbit.

As to shooting from horseback when on the gallop, there is only one way: "Throw your bullet" just as you would a stone—on the same principle as our shotgun friends sometimes shoot—snap shooting. A good shot can gallop along a wire fence and put a bullet into every post for six shots. There is no chance to aim through the sights whatever. Do not look at your six-shooter; look at what you want to hit. Nothing but practice, practice, practice, will give you this art; and on acquiring it, it is as easily lost as it is hard to gain. It takes about as much practice to do this well as it does to play a violin well. It is not for target use at all, remember, and is not as accurate as sighting when standing still; but for a snap shot across a table, from a running horse, or in a tossing boat, where an ordinary sighting shot would be useless, this way of "throwing the bullet" will give you "a fighting chance" to hit your object. SIX-SHOOTER.

Migration of Quail.

MARYLAND shotgun sportsmen anticipate sport near home next fall. For three years disappointment has marked the efforts of sportsmen who have tried to find quail. Harsh winters and the drowning rains of spring have been credited with being the cause of the scarcity of birds.

The absence of birds near home caused gunners to go to distant points, and many who went to Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina found game equally scarce there.

This scarcity has produced some good results, which are now beginning to show. Stock birds were bought in the far South and turned loose in Maryland, where they have increased and multiplied. The fact of young broods of quail being found several weeks earlier than usual in this State aroused careful attention on part of the sportsmen who are ornithologists, and they have decided that the early hatchings were due to the fact that the parent birds were natives of the South, which hatched early under the influence of the warm weather of last spring.

Mr. Joseph Newkirk, an old and experienced gunner, decided to test the question as to migratory habits of the quail. Two years ago he turned loose 200 birds at Grace's Quarters, Baltimore county. Quail have four toes, and he cut off the back toe of each one liberated. He advertised the fact, and shortly afterward found that one of the old birds had been killed ten miles north of the point at which it was turned out.

The questions which present themselves to persons who are interested in restocking and preserving quail are many, and the scarcity of the gamest of birds should now bring the matter to notice more forcibly than it ever has been. Instinct would naturally cause the birds to migrate to the South when a severe winter comes.

Though it was equally as cold in Maryland as it was in Virginia during the last four winters, the percentage of birds found in the autumn to the number usually found was greater in upper Maryland than in the lower counties of the State and in Virginia and in the Carolinas.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Maine Big Game.

DEAD RIVER, Me.—Thinking that perhaps a few items of the prospects of big game for the coming season would be of interest to some of the FOREST AND STREAM readers, I send the following:

Moose are getting to be very plenty; several large bulls have been seen, besides numerous cows and calves.

Deer are numerous; to see four or six at a time is nothing new this season. A drove of eleven deer were seen at two different times recently.

Partridges, ducks, foxes, rabbits and squirrels are without doubt more plenty than ever recorded.

The trout fishing in our lakes, ponds and streams is very good. Guides J. G. and H. E. Harlow were at Otter Pond last week with a party of four gentlemen, and in three and one-half hours' fishing they got 446 trout; average weight better than ¼lb.

More large game was taken in this section last season than in the rest of the Dead River region.

Do not think that we are away back in some almost inaccessible place, for we have a railroad with two trains per day from Boston within six miles of this great game region.

If any brother sportsmen are interested in this new region or have any intentions of coming back here into Maine, we will gladly and cheerfully send them any information they want of the numerous camps and hotels in this section. J. G. AND H. E. HARLOW.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Old Juan Gomez.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a recent issue allusion is made to my old friend Juan Gomez, of Panther, Ky., whom I first brought to the notice of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM some fifteen years ago. Old John Gomez, as he is known on the west coast of Florida, is still a hale, hearty and patriarchal old boy, though nearly 120 years of age. He is currently reputed to have been a buccaneer in his early days. I once questioned him concerning this rumor, when he replied:

"Yes, when I was a young-a man I was a littla wild-a. I s'pose-a w'at you call a pirat'; but when I got-a married my wife-a she no like-a dat pirat' biz, so I reform-a."

"You reformed and quit such a nefarious business, then?"

"Oh, yes; my wife-a no like-a dat, so I reform-a and go into a respect-a biz!"

"What business was that?"

"I refit-a my schooner and go in de slave-a trade!"

J. A. HENSHALL.

TAMPA, July 9.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Sea and River Fishing.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

III.—John Atwood.

LOOKED at from later years John was not a bad boy, neither was he a good boy, but just one of those ne'er-do-wells that could not be kept in school nor out of the woods. He was long of leg and could tell where most of the bird's nests were within a circle of two miles with the schoolhouse as a center. His acquirements at school dwarfed beside his knowledge of the best "fishin' holes," and some parents I knew did not look upon John as a desirable companion for a younger boy. He was some three years my senior and his knowledge of the country roads, and of the birds, beasts and fishes made him easily a leader of boys who had a taste for such things.

It was long after Reuben Wood had shown me how to fish that I sat on the railroad dock fishing with a pole and float, for the Albany & Boston Railroad had invaded the village, coming down between the present site of the Episcopal Church and the district school to where the lower bridge to Albany now spans the Hudson, and it made a good fishing place for boys. John Atwood came there that Saturday morning and sneered at my tackle. "Yes," said he, "that's the way Reub Wood fishes, but there ain't no fun in it, for you h'ist 'em out too quick with a pole; throw that away and take off yer float, rig yer sinker below the hooks, and when you get a fish haul 'em in hand over hand and feel 'em wiggle all the way in, that's sport!" John's advice was followed and approved, the heavy sinker with two or three hooks pendant above it was swung around two or three times and away it went with a plunk, and a new style of fishing was acquired, much to Reuben's disgust, but the majority of boys about Greenbush seemed to prefer this mode. The fish that we took in the Hudson then were white and yellow perch, bullheads, shiners, eels, spawn-eaters (which were small minnows) and an occasional sucker; but John knew of the mud creek and the dead creek, a couple of miles down the river, where the fish were larger and more plenty.

One Friday morning while on the way to school John was met. Two boys were with him, and they were on the way to the mud creek with all equipments. It was in the spring of the year, and John said:

"Come along and have some good fishin'; I wouldn't go to school when the fish are biting as they are now. We are going to stay till Sunday night, and have three days' fishin' and birds' nestin'. Come along; you're a fool if you don't."

"Where will you sleep?"

"In Rivenburg's barn in the hay; it's good and warm, and we got lots o' grub an' lines."

Here was temptation in very strong shape, but the consequences loomed up. His mother was a widow, mine was not. I could square it with mother, but— After some debate the books were left at the schoolhouse, a hasty note written to mother, saying that I would be home Sunday night, and we went.

Such fun! John cooked fish over coals of fire, we covered ourselves in the hay at night, and the crickets sang weird songs, the bats flapped about, the frogs sung and the owls hooted. Surely this beat Robinson Crusoe all hollow, for he was all alone for a while. This was life of an ideal kind. Sunday night, when a reckoning might be made, seemed too far off for consideration. The present life was perfect!

We made explorations across the bottom lands and up the wooded hills, saw wild pigeons, and John wished for a gun; chipmunks, squirrels, birds of kinds new to most of us, but which John could name, and a rabbit! Here was big game indeed, and when John oracularly said, "School is a fool to this place," there was no dissenting voice, and all regretted when the time came to depart. We had more fish than we could carry and only took the freshest and best, and toiled wearily homeward, one in the party at least dreading the arrival. What mother said over the torn clothes and spoiled shoes we will not repeat, but when father invited me to a conference in the woodshed she said: "Joseph, I have punished him severely, and he has promised never to go off again without permission, and he should not be punished twice for the same offense." A look of disappointment crossed father's face; he evidently missed something that he had mentally promised himself and me, but as I told John Atwood next day: "Mother spanked hard with her slipper, but it was nothing to what she saved me from," and John agreed that it happened just right. "But," said he, "we are going there next Friday for three days more of it; will you go?"

"No, I can't; I must go to school."

"Ask yer mother; she'll let you."

"Not now; father would object; wait a little later and I'll join you there on some Saturday." And I did.

As near as memory serves, I was about eleven years old when John proposed that I join him and another boy in the purchase of a gun, which could be bought for $1.50. It was an old flintlock musket that had been altered to percussion, and we bought it. A grand hunt was arranged and off we went. By drawing lots it was decided that I was the first to carry the gun until game was shot at and then it was to be passed to the next. No knight who, after watching his armor alone all night, girded it on for the first time to engage in tournament or battle, was prouder than I at shouldering the musket after John had loaded it; nor did Natty Bumpo ever scan the distance for sign of mingo keener than my eyes penetrated each bush and thicket for game. At last I saw it! We were in a road between two rail fences and the game was in plain sight a few feet beyond a fence. Slowly I crept up after John had cocked the gun until the fence offered a rest and the game appeared unconscious of my presence, a tribute to my cautious approach. Surely I was destined to be a mighty hunter! Be still, my heart, your beating may destroy my aim! The game was fully 10ft. from the muzzle and deliberation was necessary. A long sighting of the gun and the trigger was pulled. "Hurrah! I killed him! I killed him!" and jumping the fence I picked up what had been a beautiful little summer yellowbird which had been picking the seed from a thistle top, wholly unconscious of danger, but now a stringy mass of flesh, bone and feathers. Reviewing this feat in more mature life it looks this way: If some kind-hearted man had then appeared and taken that gun and broken it on the fence and then whaled me with the ramrod, he might have taught me that the life of that little bird was as valuable to him, and perhaps to the world, as my own, and it had been killed to serve no useful purpose. Oh! ye unthinking fathers who use guns for what we call legitimate sport, do not give your boy a gun. A boy is a savage. I was one, an unthinking savage who would take life without other reason than the pleasure of taking it. Remember this: You can carry a gun all day without shooting it, if no opportunity offers; you have no desire to kill anything except what you consider game; but a boy is bloodthirsty, and his desire to kill is at once intensified when the means are at hand. As a boy I did my share of killing every living thing I saw, whether of use to me or not, and most boys will do the same. Once I wrote: "Don't give a boy a gun until he is ninety years old, and then fit him out and tell him to shoot at every swallow, bat or chipmunk that he may meet." Bless me, how I have preached over that little yellowbird!

John could build bird cages, and in the spring we would wade through the wet grass of the meadows to trap bobolinks, which we sold. He was most successful in rearing robins, thrushes and other young birds taken from the nest, while most boys lost theirs. Later we used to shoot wild pigeons in the spring and fall flights, and with our old musket would bring back from a dozen to a hundred birds in a day, with an occasional snipe, squirrel or rabbit. In winter we set spring poles and box traps for rabbits, and within four years from our first fishing scrape we knew the whole country within a radius of ten miles from Greenbush on the east side of the river. My father was a stern, strict business man, at that time part owner in, and Albany agent of, the Eckford line of towboats, having three steamboats and many barges plying to New York, for then the canal boats came no further than Albany. Thirty years later, when John Atwood was dead, father told me that he once put John in charge of one of his barges; but he would not attend to business, and he had to discharge him and then give him a subordinate place. "Confound him," said father, "he has no sense of responsibility; he is sober and capable, but would just as soon be a deck hand as to be captain." He had John's measure to the fraction of an inch. John worked because he was forced to do it; if by diligently applying himself for a year he could attain a competency, he would have said, "I would rather go a-fishin'."

I have said that John was a long-legged boy. He was also a very quiet fellow—never in any boyish fights or troubles. These qualities commended him to Mr. Charles Crouch, a harness maker and superintendent of the Methodist Sunday school, and John was in demand for the May anniversary to carry the center pole of the banner, while two shorter boys steadied the corners with cord and tassel. "Jine the Sunday-school," said John to me; I'll get you to hold a corner of the banner, and we will get the first whack at the refreshments when we stop in Albany." I "jined," and at the first meeting there was a pathetic appeal for funds for missionaries, and I chipped in the only sixpence I had, and which John and I had figured to spend in this way: six fish-hooks at Coshy Lansing's, 2 cents; ten knots of blue fish line at Tom Simmond's, 2 cents; lead at Pop Huyler's blacksmith shop, 2 cents. "And you went and threw that to the heathen," said John. "Who are the heathen?" he asked. "What do you care about the heathen that you give 'em your last cent? I thought you had some sense! Now we've got to make a raise to get some fishin' tackle in the mornin' just because you are a blamed fool! I only go to Sunday-school just before anniversary so as to get in on the refreshments; they don't get no sixpence out of me. Why, them heathen is all right; they're satisfied to be heathen an' I'm willin'." I had done wrong and felt abashed in the presence of a superior mind, and to-day I regret the donation of that coin, for John's closing argument is good.

The "nut orchard" lay just out of the village and consisted of something like a hundred trees of shell-bark hickory, straight of stem and tall. It belonged to Glen Van Rensselaer, a man of middle age then, who watched it as well as he could in the nut season, but we boys always had a sentinel out when foraging, and his shabby old silk hat in the distance was a signal to gather the plunder and leave, in order to avoid confiscation of the results of our labor. There had not been frost enough to drop the nuts and several of us who were strong and active climbed the trees and shook the limbs while smaller boys gathered the nuts. A sentinel had just called: "Here comes Glen!" when there was a scream and a thud, and a poor little Irish boy, whose name is forgotten, was lying on his back. We were crying around him when Mr. Van Rensselaer arrived on a run to catch us. The boy's head was bleeding and his brain protruding, but he breathed. We gave him water and a passing hand-car on the railroad took him down to John Morris's rope walk, where his people lived. He died next day. Most of the boys were shy of the nut orchard that fall. The place is now filled with cottages, but the name is retained. The "Indian orchard" is also gone, and not an apple tree is left to hold the nest of a flying squirrel or a woodpecker.

West of the nut orchard some acres of pasture were plentifully sprinkled with hawthorn bushes, which, by the way, were called "thorn-apple bushes," and among these were many of the big paper nests of the bald-faced hornet. What fun it was, with John as the leader, to advance in line, a cedar bush in the left elbow and as many stones as the forearm would hold against the body and a big stone in the right hand. "Fire!" cried John, and the stones flew in rapid succession, and when all were gone the enemy was upon us. Then how we retreated, swinging the bushes about our heads, and how an occasional yell would announce the wounded! Fun? It was the very height of fun, with its spice of danger, without which some one has said there is no sport. Those who know the bald-faced hornet know that he is as swift as a hummingbird and carries a poniard that for penetration and venom discounts a bumblebee or any other stinger with wings, and this reminds me: John Atwood and I had been away beyond Bath after berries, when we passed a house that stood only a few feet from the road. In front, just inside the picket fence, stood a tall pear tree, well loaded. "Them's nice pears," said John, disdaining all grammatical rules, "le's have some." A study of the situation showed that I could easily mount the tree, shake it, and drop about 10ft. into the road, and, if the people in the house were aroused, John would be off with what pears he could get outside the fence. I shook. Hard, burning things struck my face and I saw the nest of a colony of bald-faced hornets within a foot of my head. Something dropped, it was I, and I dropped running. Oh, the agony of eleven stings on head, face and neck, and the swollen face of a boy whom his mother did not know an hour later! Days in bed and a doctor seem a trifle now. The pears were not good and John Atwood did not get a sting. To-day, in 1896, it seems as if it was my mission to volunteer if there were hard knocks to be got, while some other fellow got the pears, but this is a most common case, and we see that same sort of fellow every day and in the economy of nature; he is a necessity to the fellow who gets the pears without the stings.

John taught me how to snare the brook suckers with a noose of copper wire on the end of a pole. Brass wire was too stiff, he said, and horsehair was not stiff enough. We would get above the fish and drift the open loop so as to inclose him, and when it was about his middle a smart jerk landed him on the bank. If the current took the snare one side and the fish was not disturbed we would try it over.

"There's trout in a little crick down back of Kinderhook landing," said John one day so far in the past that it may have been half a century ago, or when I was from thirteen to fifteen years old. The name was strange and aroused no more enthusiasm than that of perch, bullhead or other fish, and John explained that they were "nice fish, handsome and good eatin'." Would I go? We could get a ride on a hand-car on the B & A. R. R., then known as the "Western R. R.," and would have only a mile to tramp. We went, and my first trout on a worm is a most distinct memory. The "crick" was a small brook that in places one could jump across and was fringed with alders and alderberries. Here John went back to the system taught me by Reub Wood, for he said that in such small "cricks" you must use a pole, but it must be short. We took home about forty trout and to my great astonishment my father was interested in them and became enthusiastic over some trout fishing in his boyhood. At last we had tastes in common!

Once we walked down the track of the Boston Railroad to Kinderhook Lake to fish for pickerel through the ice, after planning the campaign for weeks, and we carried knapsacks filled with camping goods of more or less utility. We got a fish and took a rabbit and three grouse from the snares of some poacher and had a good time, all of which was written up for FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 3, 1889, as a "Christmas Reminiscence." The great wonder to me then and now was where John learned all the mysteries which he unfolded to me. He never told this and perhaps his air of mystery helped to magnify his knowledge. He did not consort with Port Tyler, the local Natty Bumpo, who lived by rod, gun and traps, for Port was a solitary man, and later, when I was taken as an occasional companion by Port, he once said: "John Atwood can't stick to one thing nor one place long enough to do anything at hunting, he runs all over, and, durn him, he spoiled some good pa'tridge ground for me once." This remark was a little foggy, but the impression was that John had interfered with some fences and snares that Porter had set; but it was only an impression, for no more was said. Perhaps the snares that we took the grouse from were Port's! Port's remark fitted John in other respects than hunting. A job in John Ruyter's tannery, grinding bark, in Ring's "white mill," or in Herrick's distillery feeding cattle, was not kept long. My father's estimate of him was a just one, but of the boys that I knew in youth few have a warmer spot in memory than John Atwood.

Among the boys of Greenbush was one named Philip Spencer, who came from Hudson, and at one time was a schoolmate of my oldest brother, Harleigh. His father was the Secretary of War in President Tyler's cabinet in 1841. Young Spencer had a copy of "The Pirates' Own Book," and left it with one of the village boys with the remark, "Keep this until you hear that I am a pirate," and through his father he was appointed midshipman in the Navy in November, 1841. He planned a mutiny on the U. S. brig Somers, was discovered and with two others was tried by summary court martial and hanged at the yardarm on Dec. 1, 1842. This book passed around among the boys of the village for years until John Atwood loaned it to me. It had pictures of heroic pirates, with belts well stuffed with pistols, boarding merchantmen and putting the crew to the sword or making them walk the plank, and it had in it Spencer's autograph and newspaper slips of his execution. My mother found it in my trunk, and after making me tell where I got it, took it to Mrs. Atwood with the request that no more books of that character be loaned to her son. John said: "It was a fool book anyway, and there was no fun in sinking ships and killing people," and here again we can agree with John.

An old darky who had been a cook for my father in his young days, when he was a sloop captain on the Hudson, had small-pox, and father fitted up a room for him in the barn, and John Atwood volunteered to attend him, and stayed by him until he was out of danger. As I have said, John may not have been a good boy, but he was not a bad one. Idle, shiftless and lazy? Yes, if you will, but that is a combination to get much out of life, in a way. John may have been "shiftless," but legs that followed him on a day's tramp would deny the charge of laziness. It would be fairer to say that he could only apply himself to things which interested him. That is my latter day summing up of his character. Men who think that the accumulation of money by continuous industry is the main thing in life have always decried those who did not follow their precepts and examples, but there are other standards of life than those of old Ben Franklin, who thought that a boy or man should work like Gehenna and never spend a cent. John Atwood followed the bent of his inclination and was happy when he did not have to work at uncongenial labor, yet who could be more energetic at removing a stone heap and digging out a rabbit? But as he approached manhood the necessity of labor that was more remunerative gradually pressed upon him, and the day came when John had to leave the birds and the fish in their haunts and take a place as fireman on a railroad locomotive. The engine which startled the wood duck from the lilypads had to be fed with great pieces of wood, and the puffing monster drowned the song of the bobolink and the whistle of the quail. John never could have loved such a noisy, obnoxious thing. One winter day about forty years ago his engine stood at a side track at Poughkeepsie, the boiler burst and the mangled body of John Atwood was thrown far out upon the ice of the

river. As I read the account of it in a distant territory the thought came, who will say to the boys, "A flock of geese went north yesterday and the fish ought to bite good now," or "The bluebirds are building in our pear tree and it's time to go in a-swimmin'." Who indeed?

The geese have gone north many times since, and the bluebirds nested in their old homes until the aged tree broke and left the stump, which I saw last year when on a pilgrimage to the place, but the poor torn and shapeless thing that was taken from the ice no longer notes the seasons by the coming of the birds or by their nesting.

FRED MATHER.

SALMON POOLS OF THE GRAND CASCAPEDIA.

SAGINAW, Mich., July 14.—All the anglers seem to be telling their fish stories, and I have read with a good deal of pleasure their various tales as to big fish and numbers of them. Now I will have my say, and will take a few leaves from my pocket memorandum book of this year's outing.

First, we left Saginaw June 1, and arrived at our cottage on the Grand Cascapedia Wednesday, June 3. My friend Robert C. Lowry had preceded me three days and reported plenty of fish, he having taken the 40-pounder that he told the readers of FOREST AND STREAM about a week or so ago.

We were most of the day getting our cottage in order, for it had not been occupied since '94, as I was unable to get away from business last year, but my wife and the two youngsters, respectively three and six years old, were delighted to do the settling, while I got out the rods, oiled the lines and reels and put the leaders to soak. In the afternoon I went into the boat a little while with my friend Mr. Lowry and had the satisfaction of seeing him kill a 20lb. fish. My wife concluded she would not begin her fishing until the following Monday, so with Peter and Wm. Barter in the boat Thursday morning, June 4, I started out, bound to do or die. I tried the Lowry Pool, where the 40lb. fellow was taken a few days before, also the Icehouse Pool, with no success. Peter then said that a new pool seemed to have formed on the back of a piece of land I bought some years ago, where the Northwest Branch puts in, and I concluded to try it. I had not made half a dozen casts before an enormous fish took it with a tremendous rush, and the fun commenced. Never have I seen a better fighting fish. Once when he jumped 5 or 6ft. out of the water an exclamation was brought forth from everyone in the boat: "A 40-pounder, certainly." This branch of the river was new to us, and as the water was high it proved dangerous, for many roots and trees were encountered in dangerous parts. The fish was now running down stream at a tremendous rate, and we were doing what we could to keep pace with him and to lead him out of the snags and pitfalls. Three separate times did he pass under the boat, and three separate times did I pass the rod around one end or the other without mishap. It was tiresome work, and though I had a good leader and put plenty of butt to him—for I usually kill my salmon quickly—it must have been forty minutes before we had him safely in the boat, and he proved to be a prize indeed—43lbs., good and strong. As my oldest boy was with me, we immediately christened the new pool the Little Billy, and said it was the youngster that gave us luck.

Of course there are always two where there is one, and if you get the second one you always think there is a third; and we were soon back, and dropping the fly in the same place soon was fast to a 26lb. fish, as bright as silver could make it. It was a vicious fight, the salmon jumping a number of times, and once made as high a jump as I ever saw a fish make. He cleared the water at least 8ft., but in less than twenty minutes we had it in the boat; and then trying for the third, raised one three times, but somehow or other did not hook it.

This completed the day, and an excellent start it was. The next day I was rather unlucky. I saved two good fish, but lost three more, one by breaking the tip of my rod rather carelessly; the next one the hook came out of his mouth, and the third one I forgot myself and struck too hard, snapping the leader.

June 9 it rained hard all day and we did nothing, and the next day we only fished a little while, as the water was dirty, though Lowry killed a 30lb. bright fish and also was fast to three kelts. As Peter had hurt his hand with the gaff the day before, I had him go to New Richmond to see the doctor about it, and took the two boys in the boat with me—Ellis and David. Neither one of them had ever gaffed a fish, and I gave my wife the pools that were allotted to me for the day and went on a voyage of exploration further down the river, where we had some untried water, with the expectation, however, of finding the river still too high to fish it successfully. The water was high, but I directed the boys where to hold the boat, and gradually creeping down over the ledge of the bar, cast into a deep, swirling pool that certainly looked good. All of a sudden there was a splash and a commotion and a fish darted after the fly, but missed it. Waiting about a minute, I put it back, and he came again with the same result. I concluded that the jig was up, but made one more effort with a faint heart. There was no rise, and as I was taking it out of the water to make another cast Mr. Fish broke water at the same instant and I was doubly disgusted, for I had taken it clean away from him. I was dead certain he would not come again, but sometimes the unexpected happens. I sat down, lit a cigar and waited about five minutes by the watch, and then carefully placed the silver doctor in the right spot; this time Mr. Salmon was not going to be fooled, for he nailed it instantly, and he was a Jim Dandy. How he did rush and tumble, jump, jig and do everything but sulk! For the water was heavy and we would not let him do that. Every time he attempted to rest I instructed my inexperienced boatmen to get the boat below him so that we could haul him down stream, and it was done with good success. I had to kill this fish thoroughly before I dared trust one of the boys to use the gaff; consequently it took nearly three-quarters of an hour and we went down stream a good ways, but at last David struck, and struck well, but the fish weighed more than any of us had calculated, and he nearly threw the gaffer out of the boat. He hung on well and finally tugged him in, and then in his excitement jumped astride of the fish and struck him with his fist. We had a good laugh at the boy, who went home that night fully a head taller, and a bigger man than a delegate to the Populists' Convention. It was a beautiful fish, and weighed 41lbs. It was not so long, but extraordinarily deep and thick. An excellent photograph of it is hanging in my office now.

The banner day was June 15, the day that Mr. Davis killed his thirteen fish. The water was just the right color, the river was full of salmon, and every one of them seemed to try to get the fly quicker than the other one. I took three in the Ice House pool by lunch time, then sent to the house for my wife to come down and try her hand at it. She did, and took three more, while I, dropping below, lost one and put another in the boat. Mr. Lowry that day got four, making eleven fish that we saved.

I cannot help mentioning an incident of the day, viz., the killing by me of the first salmon I ever killed with a trout rod, one of 25lbs. The fish were rising so well I concluded to try it with an 8oz rod that Devine made for me two years ago, 10ft. 6in. long, with lots of backbone. I had, however, my regular trout reel, with about 60yds. of trout line on it, a salmon leader and a moderate-sized dusty-miller. The fish missed the fly the first time he came up, but was well hooked the second time, and made as lively and pretty a fight as one ever saw; he jumped three or four times, and seemed to fight quicker than with the salmon rod. It was exciting, and the little rod stood it beautifully, so that when the fish was in the boat, after about fifteen minutes' work, the rod was as straight as when it was first taken from the case.

After doing this so well I frequently cast with the trout rod, as it was easier than handling the heavy salmon rod, and the result was that I killed four salmon with it all with the same fly. One of the fish weighed 37lbs., and I was just thirty-one minutes bringing him to gaff.

At the end of two weeks Mr. Lowry left for home. We figured up our record, and he had taken twelve fish, average weight 27½lbs.; my wife had taken seven fish, average weight 24½lbs.; I had been lucky with big fellows, and had taken thirteen, averaging 30¾lbs., and it strikes me this is pretty nearly top notch for weight, and I would like to hear who has beaten it.

In the order they were killed, the weights were as follows. If only the last two had been left out how the average would have been helped up: 43, 26, 23, 26, 33, 41, 28, 42, 25, 35, 37, 18 and 21lbs.

Up to this time Mrs. Mershon had been very fortunate, having boated every fish that had taken her fly.

The next week was devoted mostly to taking the big sea trout that were coming in in large numbers. Mrs. M. had the misfortune to hook and lose a very large salmon. She was well below it when it dashed up stream and around a tree that was all roots and branches; and after the line was well wound around it jumped to show its disdain for fishing tackle. My wife's largest trout was 4¾lbs., mine was 4½lbs., but it was not unusual for either one of us to get from fifteen to twenty trout in our day's fishing. The smallest one was 1½lbs. and most of them over 2½lbs.

There was not a fly or mosquito to bother us. We did not even put the screens in the windows at our house. Salmon were to be seen every day and everywhere, and on June 26, in one of the lower pools, we counted twelve salmon. They seemed to be coming in all the time, and were the best fighters I have seen in years. This was the report from nearly everyone we met.

All too soon the time came for going home. The boys must have their Fourth of July firecrackers, so on the morning of June 29 we bade good-bye to the Grand Cascapedia and its beautiful hills, and left the grand old river still shimmering in the morning light, a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

W. B. MERSHON.

IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Our party, consisting of J. D. Brooks, J. J. Redner and Wm. M. Brownell, of New York, went trout fishing in the Adirondacks the last week of May. Our route was via D. & H. R. R. to Port Henry, on Lake Champlain, thence by stage to Mineville, a distance of about eight miles, where we were fortunate in securing for guide John J. Howe. A drive of thirty-two miles over a fairly good mountain road brought us to the Boreas River, where we secured good accommodations at reasonable rates with a family by the name of Liberty.

Our first fishing was in Sand Pond, where we fished two days, catching 161 trout. The largest, weighing 2½lbs., was caught by Mr. Brownell, and was weighed at the pond by Mr. Brooks; it was then dressed by the guide and taken to the house, where he was again weighed and tipped the scales at 2¼lbs. This trout was caught on a Chub-tail, which seems to be the favorite bait in this particular pond. Mr. Brooks said he had lost one about twice as big as he was drifting along the south shore and humming:

> The hungry and keen to the top are leaping,
> The lazy and fat in the depths are sleeping.
> Fishing is fine when the pool is muddy,
> Broiling is rich when the coals are ruddy.

The honor of losing the largest fish, however, was disputed by Mr. Brownell, who claimed to have lost one over twice as large. This was a surprise to Brooks and the guide, because they had not seen Mr. Brownell visit the bait basket for more than an hour.

Our next fishing was in Dergen Brook, a small stream near Sand Pond; the fish were small and scarce and an hour's fishing was enough for us in that stream.

We fished next day in the Boreas River, where we caught twenty-three beauties, the smallest weighing ½lb.

We then started for Underwood, about twenty miles north by the way of dead waters. Underwood is a little hamlet of but one house and a barn. The house is known as New Pond Inn, and is run as a summer resort by one Mark Sherman, the "King of the Loggers," who knows very little about fishing, but can tell a pretty good bear story.

We stayed at New Pond Inn two days, the first of which we fished in Moss Pond, a small but very deep pond. We had very poor success, not getting a single strike, although the guide told us it was a great pond to fish in a little later in the season.

The next day we tried the Boquet River, which tumbles down the mountain about one mile from the inn. The river is alive with trout, but they are very small. In fact we caught but one large enough to take away. I think it would be greatly to the advantage of the gamekeeper of that district to visit the stream.

We next turned our attention to the Barton Pond stream, near Mineville, from which Mr. Turnbull, ex-paymaster of the mines, said some fine fish had been taken.

We had fished probably a quarter of a mile down the stream when Mr. Brooks, who had just cast a brown dume fly into a deep, dark eddy that came boiling and foaming from under an old half submerged hemlock log, saw a splash in the water and felt a sudden tug at his line that nearly yanked his rod from his hand. He yelled to Mr. Brownell, who was casting near by, "I've got a hoss." Well, he had a "hoss." It lashed the water into a foam in vain efforts to free itself from the hook, until in one of its mad rushes it jumped from the stream and landed high and dry on the bank near Mr. Brooks, who quickly pounced upon it and shouted triumphantly, "That's the way to land heavy fish." It was a speckled trout; Mr. Brownell weighed it with his pocket scales and declared the weight 4lbs. The fish was dressed by the guide and taken to the house, where it was weighed by Mr. Turnbull, and tipped the scales at 3¾lbs.

This ended our fishing trip, and we returned to the city on the sleeper that night with over 50lbs. of speckled beauties. We must acknowledge Mr. Brooks the hero for catching the biggest fish, although we all consider that Mr. Brownell lost the biggest one also, and Mr. Redner, well—he thinks he caught them all. But we have not heard the guide's story yet.

ANGLER.

ANGLING IN CANADA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The ouananiche season is at its height just now and will continue so for the next month or so in the northern tributaries of Lake St. John. This is particularly true of the Mistassini, where a number of distinguished anglers have been whipping the water from the Fifth Falls down to the First. The two Messrs. McCormick, of Florida, are still fishing above the Fifth Falls some distance. At these falls are now camped the Rev. Dr. Joseph Gamble, of Plattsburg, N. Y., and E. J. Meyers, barrister, of New York city. These gentlemen, as the writer can testify, are the most hospitable of hosts, and nothing is too much for them to do for favored callers at their very complete and prettily situated camps. Both too are old-time campers upon the island that divides the falls and attractive writers upon their favorite fish. Mr. Myers has just returned from a successful salmon fishing trip to the coast of Labrador, where he was accompanied by Mrs. Myers. Though so far only a few days encamped at the Fifth Falls, he has already enjoyed excellent sport. In his fishing Mr. Myers is indefatigable, and 3:30 o'clock in the morning seldom finds him in bed in his camping out season.

Other parties who have recently fished the Fifth Falls are Col. Chevalier Kitchener, of Bermuda, and son, and Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard, D. S. O., the novelist and author of the new Egyptian book "Under Crescent and Star," as well as the writer of the charming introduction to the recently published book "The Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment." Before visiting the Fifth Falls the Colonel fished with good success the Grande Décharge, and has now left with a friend for the headwaters of the Little Peribonca, intending to explore the trout and ouananiche waters of the rivers and lakes Epipham, Des Aigles, etc. The Colonel travels and angles, not only for pleasure, but also in search of incident and setting for his novels and other sketches, and his present trip to Canada is solely for the purpose of visiting the country of the ouananiche.

The Grande Décharge has yielded its full quota of good spring fish this season, but the best return to the angler at present is yielded by the tributaries of the lake.

Among those who have had good success to date in the Discharge may be mentioned Dr. Mundé, of New York, one of the earliest visitors to the land of the ouananiche; Dr. Yates, of Montreal, and Dr. Brush, of New York, the Senator from the Fourth District of New York.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, July 13.

HELL GATE CAMP.

BOSTON, July 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* May I trespass upon your space once more to the extent of a brief outline of our '96 outing? Our party consisted of six and we left Boston on the evening of June 26, via Portland boat, our objective point being Hell Gate Camp, Dead Diamond River, northern New Hampshire. We had a good night's rest upon the boat, breakfasted in Portland, and at 8:40 took train via Grand Trunk for Berlin Mills, where we arrived at 11:50. Through previous arrangement Walter Akers, of Errol, met us at Berlin and soon after dinner the entire party was seated behind a sturdy pair of blacks and we went merrily bowling alongside the crooked Androscoggin to Errol and the Umbagog House, where we arrived at 6:30. We took supper there, which gave Walter a chance to change horses, and at 7:30 we were again headed for Fred Flint's, Wilson's Mills, Me. We drove into Flint's yard at 9:45, having made the run from Berlin, of forty-five miles or thereabouts, in about seven hours, and which on the whole proved the most comfortable trip I ever made to that region.

The next morning being Sunday we all snoozed it out, and it was past 9 o'clock when we breakfasted and nearly 10 when, in light marching order, we started on the eight-mile tramp to Hell Gate Camp. The morning was bright and pleasant, the trail good, the woods delightful and six business-ridden individuals never enjoyed tramping more. The hospitable arms of the "dear old camp" seemed outstretched to greet and welcome us, and in the music of the falls and in every balsam-laden breath Old Injun seemed to live again. Dear old Amasa: the place you loved so well and for which you worked so hard shall always be hallowed ground to me. This year the camp is owned and handled by only two, Fred Flint and Win York, who bought out the interests of the other three. Win York is at the camp all the time; and assisted as he is by an A1 cook, the comfort of every guest is assured.

Contrary to expectations, we found the water in the river quite low and large trout rising indifferently, though plenty of them were to be seen in the pools; of trout running from ¼ to ½lb. there were plenty, and they were to be had at all times for the anglihg. Deer signs were abundant and moose tracks frequent, which augurs well for the shooting season.

Thursday, July 2, five of us left Hell Gate Camp to visit Deer Park Lodge, the Narrows, Richardson Lake, o

which one member of our party—Mr. Ambrose—is part owner. I looked to this part of our trip with keenest interest, for up to that time I had never visited the Rangeley region. Thursday night we went from Errol by team over Errol Hill to Lakeside, on Umbagog, so as to get the early steamer across the lake to Sunday Cove, and thus save a day.

That ride from Errol over the mountain and in a very dark night will be remembered by every member of the party for years. But we got there all right, and landlord Chandler, after he was routed up, provided us with good, nice beds. The remainder of the night we slept the sleep of the jolted. We made the middle dam house a few minutes before noon, and at 1:30 steamed across Richardson Lake toward the Narrows and our friend's camp, which was to be our home for the next few days.

Everything was new to me, and as vision after vision of beauty unfolded itself I became entranced and said to myself, "You old muttonhead, how is it that you have kept out of this, God's country, so long?" and echo still keeps repeating, "Why?"

Our friend's camp is beautifully situated. Standing fully 50ft. above the water, it commands views of the entire length of the Narrows, and as it is nearly midway between the Upper and Middle Dams all points are easily accessible. It is paradise without a serpent.

We took a trip to B Pond, with Steve Morse for guide. He told us the trout would not rise freely to the fly, as it was not the season; but we could probably get enough to eat, which was all we cared about. During our stay at the pond we visited many times the island on which is built the Oxford Club house and we often gazed through the windows at the well-appointed interior, and Steve told us of the jolly times and the great catches due there every spring, and he spoke particularly of one member of the club, Gov. Russell. How inexpressibly sad the thought. He has made his last cast, the silken line has parted, the reel is silent forever.

On the afternoon of July 8 my old eyes rested upon that grandest of all trout pools, the Upper Dam Pool. There is poetry and rhyme in every wave and twisting eddy of its foam-crested, limpid waters, and there are trout too—monarchs, battle-scarred and deep-hued, which have resisted the lures of generations of anglers. And—to their shame be it written—there are men who go there and finding themselves unable to capture those fish with the fly, resort to every means known to the poacher's art—with gobs of worms, with live and phantom minnows, with fins, with spoons and spinning bait, until, no matter which way he turns, the harassed fish is confronted with some devilish scheme for his destruction. In the name and interest of every angler who believes in fly-fishing pure and simple, I register my protest against it. Let that pool become the one sacred reservation of the fly-fishermen. It will pay in many ways. It will increase the revenue of the pool, and, greatest and best of all, it will pay in the increased satisfaction a man feels in knowing he has captured his fish by the cleanest and most skillful art known to the angler. Mr. Chadwick, upon you this matter rests. You can stretch over that pool the angler's "bow of promise," and in the end all men will thank you for it.

J. W. B.

ANGLING NOTES.

Red May Fly.

IN a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM I mentioned Mr. Edward Marston's experiments with an artificial May fly of regular form, but dyed a bright red. It seems that Mr. R B. Marston sent some of the red May flies to Mr. Andrew Lang, who writes of experience with them in *Longman's Magazine* for July. He says: "Trout do not take bloody Marys. This statement may seem enigmatical and needs explaining. Sir Herbert Maxwell has an heretical opinion that trout do not distinguish color. Therefore Mr. R. B. Marston has sent me some scarlet May flies which, on the Itchen, he finds that trout refuse. * * * Accompanied by another philosopher I carefully dropped the bloody Mary or scarlet May fly into a small brook, where trout were taking the natural insect. The flies floated, cocked up and quite dry, over plenty of feeding trout, which rise eagerly at a well-directed and properly colored artificial green Drake, but not a fish would move at a bloody Mary. They liked her no more than John Knox liked his namesake. Moreover, trout will not take the gray Drake when the green alone is on the water." (This is exactly my experience, previously mentioned I think in the note making reference to Mr. Marston's experiment.) "This seems to settle the question; but that salmon make minute distinctions of color, as between a Popham and a Childers, I do not believe. Salmon do not rise in that way (as trout do); they sally up from the deep to a fly which is only a glittering vibratory object." This seems to me to be the best possible test of trout being able to distinguish color; for when the May flies are rising they rise from the water in clouds, and when one fly out of thousands is refused in the general rush because it is off color, although of the same form and general appearance, it must cause those who advocate form as against color to do some deep thinking to explain why it is so. The fact that there are times and places where trout will rise apparently at any fly offered does not convince me that they cannot distinguish color. In dry fly-fishing the imitation floats on the surface of the water as lifelike as the natural fly, and the trout have every opportunity to examine it, and perhaps it is not so strange that under such circumstances trout distinguish the green from the gray Drake, and reject the latter; but in my own experience, when the trout refused the gray Drake and eagerly accepted the green Drake, I was using the wet fly, yet they never made an error; and to the human eye, when the two Drakes are wet, and draggled and moving through the water, they would look very much alike.

May Fly and Caddis.

In Mr. Hough's notes last week he speaks of the "sand fly, May fly, cisco fly, shad fly, caddis fly or whatever local name may be given to the creature." Later he refers to the fly repeatedly as the caddis fly, but when he describes it he describes the May fly. The May fly and the caddis are quite unlike. I believe there are some fifteen or more species of the May fly, and I think Prof. Lintner, the State entomologist, told me there were more than twenty species of caddis flies. The May fly is he Drake, be it green, gray, brown, iron-blue, amber, lack or yellow, and has the upright wings, slender ringed body bending upward and terminating in sometimes two and sometimes three slender stylets which gives them the name of "cocktails," but May fly, day fly or Drake are the more common names. The caddis fly, in England belonging to the class of Duns, has four hairy wings and lacks the stylets and upturned body of the Drake. This is the little beggar that makes a house of bark, stones, etc., in the larval state and is called a caddis case. The wings of the caddis fly when at rest are folded lengthwise of the body and not cocked up like the May fly.

A few days ago my brother told me that during a rise of May flies in the evening at Elmira they were obliged to shut the doors of the street cars when crossing the bridge over the Chemung River, and pedestrians had to turn up their coat collars and pull down their hats, and even then their garments were coated with the flies. When the flies are rising like that is the time to secure them for transplanting into waters where the trout are bottom feeders and it is desired to make them look up for their food, about where an angler would cast his artificial fly. There is little, if anything, done in this country to educate trout to take their food from the surface of the water, but the system of surface feeding is practiced abroad. Mr. Halford, the well-known angler and author, feeds his yearling trout floating food in the rearing ponds before they are turned into the river to shift for themselves. He says: "If anything could make artificially bred and artificially raised trout surface feeders, it should be such treatment as this, and unless the whole education theory is fallacious should produce a new generation of more freely rising fish than even the naturally bred denizens of the river. The major portion of the food of the indigenous fish is undoubtedly in the form of shrimp, snails, caddis and other larvæ, which are invariably found among the weeds in mid-water or at the bottom." If a water is to be stocked with the May fly the flies should be procured from both an early and a late rising river, for they adhere to their seasons when transplanted, and the planted water affords a May fly season nearly twice as long as either of the original waters from which the stock is obtained. Of course in transplanting May flies they furnish fish food in the form of flies for only a brief season at best, but they furnish food in the larval state the balance of the years, so they are most desirable trout food and they can be transplanted so easily that I wonder it is not done more than it is.

Fifty Mascalonge in One Day.

A gentleman was telling me about his fishing experience when I met him on his railroad car yesterday, and as he has fished quite extensively he had much of interest to tell me, but one thing he told me was not pleasant to hear. He said that an acquaintance of his was fishing in one of the remote Canadian lakes last year (and by the way he was the son of one of the Dominion officials), a lake well stocked with mascalonge, and as the fish were feeding ravenously the fisherman caught and killed fifty odd mascalonge in one day. "He had to go ashore and unload his boat before he could continue his fishing, for the mascalonge weighed from 10 to over 30lbs. each." The funny thing about it was the conclusion of the story, for my friend said: "I suppose they have better laws in Canada than we have or he could not have made such a score."

Here is a man who caught say 750lbs. of mascalonge, in a lake far from any place where they could be utilized as food—and there might have been half a ton of the fish for all I know—and because of this inexcusable slaughter or butchery another man thinks such a score is owing to better laws than we have in New York. To me it would appear to have been owing to a lack of law restricting a man within the bounds of decency when the opportunity offers to kill a lot of fish. The desire to make a score has much to answer for in the grand round-up when an accounting must be made for fish and game exterminated. The "pot fisher" or the "abominable netter" is a saint with harp and halo compared with some alleged sportsmen turned loose in the backwoods to make a score to boast about.

Good Boiled Eggs.

In Mr. Cleveland's description of his fight with a foul-hooked tarpon (FOREST AND STREAM, July 11) he mentions that he had a couple of good boiled eggs for his early breakfast, the yolks of which did not break when opened. I neglected to say that a diagram went with that joke, but I was so interested in the pen picture of the struggle with the fish that I forgot all about the explanation of the joke.

Three of us were spending the summer at Schroon Lake. Mr. Cleveland was one, I was another, and the late Maj. B. A. Botts. of Houston, was the third. We fished rather persistently, as that was what we were there for, and for black bass fishing we would get up at dawn, get a cup of coffee and a couple of eggs, go out on the water and return to take breakfast with our families. The major was standard time (although Cleveland thought he was), and was the first one up, and would then send Lewis, his servant, to my cottage to call me and to Cleveland's cottage to call him. Poor Lewis! if all the language hurled at him between dark and daylight had been more material he would not have survived the summer. Cleveland had an insane idea that an egg was not fresh unless the yolk would drop into a glass unbroken, and I have heard him lecture on the subject from Canada to West Virginia at a score or more of fishing resorts. Cleveland could not shave himself, and he would not let Lewis shave him oftener than once a year, as he said that was as often as his face would stand the operation, and therefore was dependent upon a barber that he engaged to come from Schroon village on stated occasions. The major and I knew that we could start the day in lively fashion by coming to the early coffee with clean-shaven faces, and we did it frequently. One morning Lewis called me as usual, and called the second time to say that breakfast was waiting. When I entered the dining-room I got the first chapter of the morning lecture before I reached my chair, and to my surprise I found a couple of eggs opened in a glass at my place. Cleveland said: "As you are late, as usual, I have opened your eggs for you, simply to save time." In a few moments the waiter brought two eggs and put them before Mr. Cleveland, who opened them, pushed the glass containing them toward me with the remark that "Here are two more eggs for you like those you are eating," and then he read the riot act to the waiter. If the hotel had any fresh eggs he wanted them, and at once, but he did not want any more heirlooms in the shape of eggs. The situation dawned on me then. He had opened the first egg for himself, but as the yolks broke in the glass he had passed them to my plate. He admitted it all, and I told him I liked that kind of egg and took the second glass. The third couple of eggs were brought to him, and as he opened them he exclaimed:

"Now, these are fresh eggs!"

"Let me see what you call fresh eggs,"

He pushed his egg glass toward me and I lifted it, looked at the eggs, tilted my nose upward and said, "I am glad to know what you call fresh eggs, but your judgment is not worth a copper cent."

That look of disgust on my face settled the matter, and he would not eat his fresh eggs and I did, although six eggs were about four more than I wanted. From that day to this he has heard more or less about the fruit of the hen, and frequently writes me of his test for fresh eggs.

Trout Fry.

In the mention that I made of trout fry sent to me by Commissioner Thompson (FOREST AND STREAM, June 27) it would appear that the specimens sent to me had been fed on the flesh of minnows peeled from the bones by steam process. Mr. Thompson tells me that the trout fry sent to me never had been fed artificially. At his club the trout are admitted to a spawning race, where they spawn naturally on the gravel, and the parent fish are then driven back into the pond below and the eggs are hatched very nearly as in a wild stream. This is because the club desires to hatch and rear each year only a certain limited number of trout. The fry after hatching are confined in a rearing box, where the tide contributes rich sea food to the young fish, and it is this treatment which causes them to grow to exceed any trout fry or fingerlings that I have ever seen. The yearlings and two-year-olds from the same club would easily pass for much older fish.

Big Trout and Little Trout.

The movement to forbid, by law, trout fishing through the ice, in New York State, originated at Lake George and applied at first only to lake trout. The lake trout season opened, I think, April 1, and usually at that date there was ice on the lake, and the fishermen caught little trout from ¼lb. to 2lbs. in weight through the ice and sold them in large numbers. These little fish came from restocking the lake, and were caught only through the ice. When the ice was gone and trolling commenced, large fish were taken with rarely a small one. The season was changed by law to open on Lake George May 1, and has so remained ever since, and after a time the law was made to apply to fishing through the ice in any waters of the State.

The stocking of Lake George has continued through the efforts of Gen. Robert Lenox Banks, and 500,000 fry are planted annually. Formerly buoy-fishing was a favorite method of fishing for lake trout, but little was heard of it after trolling came in vogue.

Buoy-fishing is now resorted to by many of the summer cottagers and, strange as it may seem, only small trout are taken. One gentleman, who has four buoys near his cottage, told me recently that he had never caught a trout at a buoy that weighed over 2lbs., and that they were generally 1lb. to 1½lbs. fish. The men who troll either at the surface or at the bottom rarely get these small trout.

In one day, July 4, one fisherman caught two trout of 5½lbs. each, and then went to the buoys and caught seven, all under 1½lbs.

A. N. CHENEY.

OUR 1896 OUTING AT STAR LAKE.

CHICAGO, July 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Not being quite "chained to business," though pretty near it, my wife and I have just completed a most enjoyable three weeks' outing at Star Lake, Vilas county, Wis., over 400 miles from here, and most comfortably reached via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway in about twelve hours. There are no roads out of Star Lake, except from the south, only trails, and hence one is in the old, old forest land, barring the cleared space right at that place necessary for the operation of the extensive saw mills of Messrs. William Salsich & Co., located there.

There was much to contribute to one's enjoyment there besides the excellent fishing to be found in Plum, Ballard and Partridge lakes, reached by making short and easy portages from Star. Plum gives an abundance of black bass, both small and large mouth, plenty of pike, wall-eyes, and an occasional muskellunge, likewise the rest of the waters named. In one day in Ballard we took fully fifty black bass, large and small mouths, returning about twenty, because of under size, to their homes. Except a fish was fatally injured, we kept none less than 14in. in length. The same day Mrs. W. took a 12lb. muskellunge on a No. 19 Natchaug line and a 3 0 Pennell-Limerick hook on double silk gut, bringing the fish to landing net handsomely. The general practice up there is to treat a muskellunge when hooked and within reach of the boat as though in the act of burglarizing the craft, for he is speedily shot through the head. The question arises, is there anything sportsmanlike about such a procedure?

Hotel Waldheim, located immediately on the banks of Star Lake, in a thicket of heavy pines where one gets the pine flavors in the air all the time, besides other sweet woody scents, is well conducted and the table is good, suited to the other surroundings. We had a real good time there and record the few facts relating thereto as above that others may do so too, who like such things and can.

AMMONOOSUC.

British Columbia Trout.

THE *Daily Colonist*, of Victoria, B. C., for June 11 chronicled: "Mr. J. A. L. Waddell, C. E., of Kansas City, chief engineer of the Omaha Bridge and Terminal Railway Co., Omaha, in company with E B. McKay, of the Lands & Works office, has been on a fishing expedition to Cowichan Lake. He states that he had the finest trout fishing there he ever enjoyed. On Sunday, Monday and Tuesday he succeeded in landing 150lbs. of fish, many of them weighing 3lbs. and over."

Mr. Waddell writes us: "I caught in three days 154lbs. of trout, the largest weighing 4lbs., and a good many between 3 and 4lbs. The average weight was, as nearly as may be, 1½lbs. for the whole catch. I did not think that I was doing such extraordinary fishing, but after I got through I was told that I had broken the three days' record for the lake.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Camp "Forest and Stream."

CAMP FOREST AND STREAM, July 10.—Under the inexorable law of change, all things must have their origin and ending, and so it is with the annual sojourning of Camp FOREST AND STREAM. It is our aim, however, always to so regulate our actions as to appear as much as possible independent of the law of fate, setting ourselves as it were outside its action even while we admit its existence as a law. Compulsions are for slaves, not for campers. We evade all idea of compulsion about closing our camp by the way in which we buy our bacon. Any camp must come to a close when the bacon runs out. Last year we had about four yards of bacon, and it took us almost too long to use it up in the natural course of events. This year we bought a little over three yards, and accordingly our camp will come to its close, naturally, decently and independently, about to-morrow or day after; for we are now well down toward the further end of our last piece of prime breakfast. The bags holding the coffee and sugar are also now capable of being tied rather close down toward the bottom, and the canned soups and fruits are getting low, and we are upon our last jar of butter, so it may be seen that the camp is coming to a peaceful, rational and natural end. This fact we accept calmly. There would be mutiny at the thought of any other kind of end to a camp so dear to our hearts. We could not, as men and gentlemen, go home with bacon in our box. I doubt not, if through some error or by design of some evil-minded person we should find ourselves in camp with 40lbs. of bacon instead of less than 20lbs., we should be obliged to stay there more than a month, such is our devotion to principle.

There are men who have worked so long and so much that they cannot enjoy a vacation, and there are other men who never take a vacation except in a halfway fashion, with one eye upon the telegraph office. All these go home with their vacations half baked and underdone. In Camp FOREST AND STREAM we always do everything there is to be done. Every plan we make is carried out. No experiment and no enterprise of pleasure is left unproved. All our side trips are made, all our fish are caught, all our voyagings are completed, so that when the law of bacon tells us to go home we go as happily as we came, knowing that, though the world is full of pleasures for another year, we have found what pleasures are calendared for this. Thus in regard to those trout which I mentioned last week. We went, we saw the trout and we conquered them, eleven of them, and of a most beautiful sort, such as fit admirably in an aluminum frying pan. We could have taken more, but thought that enough to ask of our little stream. On that same day, which we devoted to driving about over some new country, which we deemed it our duty to explore, we found a vast frog pond, filled with great bullfrogs of generous development as to the hindlegs. Here we had fine sport with a .22 rifle, and got us a dozen and a half of frog legs in a little while. There are those who do not eat frog legs, but there are also those who do not believe in churches or the law. All normal human beings love frog legs. If for breakfast they may have, as we did, both fried trout and fried frog legs, they may be content. Fortune will never harm children upon whom she has once smiled so pointedly.

We have found the bass fishing rather poor this year in our lake and the waters near by, owing to the advanced condition of the season, which is a month earlier this year than last. The bass have probably gone into deeper water and are not feeding much. J. B. H. takes all this philosophically, and says that bait-casting tires his wrist anyhow, and that he would as lieve fish for something demanding less labor. This he can afford to say, for never before in his life has he caught so many fish in two weeks as he has this year. The fly-fishing for rock bass has been so easy and abundant that we have stopped doing it. Our great *piece de resistance* has been our newly-discovered croppy bar, a little conical reef about 50ft. across, which runs up out of 100ft. of water in the middle of the lake. Here we have had our main sport of the trip, and have caught the finest croppies I ever saw, most of them averaging over a pound and some nearly reaching 2lbs. These fish, taken from the deep cold water, are very much better for the table than any black bass ever is, and we have enjoyed eating them as well as catching them. Yesterday we made our last fishing trip, this being for the purpose of making up certain little baskets of fish which each year we send down to the city to our friends. We fished for only a couple of hours, and caught as handsome a string of fish as I ever saw. We had a few for our neighbor Mr. Schwartz, who has been so kind to us in many ways, and moreover have in our cold storage spring all that our modest table demands for the rest of our stay. J. B. H. says we have fished enough now, and that he does not want to go to any more new lakes. So we have taken our rods apart, and are now simply living and being happy in camp, waiting for the law of bacon to take us home.

This little bar out in the middle of our clear, deep lake is a secret known only to a few. It was accidentally discovered by Billy Tuohy (the same courteous and obliging sporting landlord who runs the popular Eagle Lake Hotel, a few miles below us, on Eagle Lake). Billy has always done everything in the world he could for us up in this country, on account of J. B. H., for whom all men have regard. He told us about this bar, but we did not find it last year. This year we put out a buoy upon it so that when we wanted a mess of croppies we could go and get them, and stand a chance meantime of picking up an eminently respectable bass or pickerel out of the numbers which use that spot as a sort of club lounging place, the fish elsewhere in the lake being fished down to an inferior size. Yesterday, just before we started out to do our fishing there, we noticed a boat in that part of the lake, containing some young men from a camp near by, and when we rowed out we discovered that these persons had taken away our buoy, probably for the sake of the fish line which made its anchor rope. Little did those young men know that that floating board marked the best fishing in all the lake, and that in cutting it loose they despoiled themselves! J. B. H. and I rowed about for over four hours, but the wind was high and we could not hold our bearings, and we could not find our bar! Here was a pretty kettle of fish uncaught, and we felt considerable chagrin. At length I got out of the boat and walked the intervening miles down to Billy's hotel. Billy couldn't come to show us the bar, but made me a chart, and by means of this, after over an hour of further search, we hit upon the little round shallow place, and our dependent anchor caught and held. It was then 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and by 6 o'clock we had our string, after wasting eight hours of time in locating our bar. In the middle of our sport, while the rods were all bending and the landing net was busy, our young men who had cut loose our buoy came by at a little distance, concluding a doleful day of unsuccessful trolling. It is quite probable that a great light fell upon them then, and that they realized the import of the floating bit of wood they had stolen. After we had ceased our fishing and were pulling home we saw this boat go out again, this time hunting for a buoy. Alas! for their hopes. This time we were the aggressors, and we took our buoy home with us in our own boat. And they were the very young men to whom we had charitably given a mess of fish that very morning. They are very welcome to our buoy. The lake and the bar are there, but I defy them to find the bar, search how they please, unless they come to Billy or to us and make proper application. I am much pleased that these folk are hoist with their own petard. Indeed, if this bar were generally known as a fishing place the result would be a butchery of the fish, which now are evidently very little fished for there. Had we cared to do so, I believe J. B. H. and I could have taken 200lbs. of fish there in a day, should they bite as furiously as they did yesterday. A great many would be quite willing to take that many if they could in a day, and as many more in the next, and so on until they were gone. I counsel Billy to be discreet.

Billy Tuohy thinks the bass fishing will be slack for a while during the hot weather, but believes the waters here have as many bass as ever. Reports from Phantom Lake and the Mukwonago mill pond say fishing was good there last week, and we have invitation to fish a private lake which we know to hold large bass, but we have not gone over in that direction yet this year, and will probably let that remain among the things we are to do next year.

We never had a prettier camp than we have this year, nor do I believe that a prettier was ever pitched. Our little tents are on top of a high hill overlooking the lake, but back of us is a rim of still higher hills, shutting out the world. All around us is a beautiful broken farming and grazing country. The harvest is now in progress, but from our spot, the quietest and most restful one in the world, I think, we cannot see a farm or hear a sound suggestive of civilization. All around us is forest, and the lake is fringed with trees around its circle, and we see nothing but the trees and the lake, and the skies—two skies, one above and one in the lake. We have not yet found any better country, and were it not thus perfect we should not have called this Camp FOREST AND STREAM, and would not have come here for the sixth annual camp.

Meantime, a hundred miles or so above us, there are many parties out in the pine woods country who are having a great deal more of what they call sport. Sometimes a single rod will kill a barrelful of fish in a day. I ask J. B. H. if he would rather go up there and have some of that heavier fishing, but he says he does not think it would be so much fun as we have here. The fishing is more capricious and difficult here, but that only serves to make it interesting when one is out on this sort of a vacation. We could not use more fish than we got here, and indeed dare not go out fishing very often. The scenery is varied and quietly beautiful, the springs of water numerous and cold, and the climate singularly healthy. The nights are cool enough for blankets, and the days are never very warm. The whole region was made for outdoor purposes, and it is no wonder that it yearly comes more and more into vogue as the great resting place for the city of Chicago as well as for many parts of the Southern States, which annually send up many visitors. The wild creatures hold their own remarkably well in Waukesha and Walworth counties. There are bass and pickerel and trout if you know where to find them, and in season there are a few squirrels, and a few rabbits, and a few ruffed grouse, and a few prairie chickens, and a good many jacksnipe, and a few ducks, and a great many bullfrogs. Also there are rock bass for all, and croppies—for those who know the bar!

From all this let it not be supposed that this little paradise will suit all. Indeed, the other day down at Billy Tuohy's hotel I overheard a gentleman (to whom I was later introduced) remarking that "that FOREST AND STREAM man had picked out a mighty poor fishing lake to camp on"—he not knowing that the FOREST AND STREAM man was there present. At least, it may be seen that Camp FOREST AND STREAM has come to be regarded as one of the established institutions of the country. When J. B. H. and I tramp off over the hills now, four or five miles from home, as we often do, for bass, or chubs, or frogs, or just for instance, we meet a great many city people from summer resort hotels who look over our heads, and a great many country people who know us and speak to us pleasantly, in spite of our slightly disreputable look. The residents here are for the most part mildly tolerant of city people, but I fancy they have been more than tolerant of J. B. H. and me, and we have many acquaintances scattered around over a circle six or eight miles about Camp FOREST AND STREAM whom we call our friends. Where, then, should we go another year, when the time has come to pitch again the two small tents and to stretch between them the banner with the name of FOREST AND STREAM? We might go to the Rockies and fare worse. In my boyhood I have often sought to pot ducks which I have seen swimming in the water, and have observed, after firing away both my barrels, many larger and nearer and fatter ducks spring out from under the bank at my feet. Vaulting ambition doth often o'erleap itself, but never in Camp FOREST AND STREAM. There all things come to pass as desired. Each day slips happily by, bearing its own completed pleasures, small and not momentous though they be. The term begins with pleasure and ends with content. The first slice of bacon is cut with zest, and the last one with serenity and satisfaction. Thus, though we near the end, we do not murmur. Who hath found more than this?

E. HOUGH.

Montana Game and Fish.

IN coming into town from camp to-day, I ran on to four fine elk, ten miles south of town. Game is plentiful, both small and large. Fishing in Bennett Creek, Line Creek, Clark's Fork and Rosebud Lake is superb.

WABASH.

COUNTRY VS. TOWN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was greatly interested in the editorial in FOREST AND STREAM on June 13 and the comments on a day's trout fishing trip taken by myself in Connecticut. Especially was I interested in your suggestions of the benefits and pleasures that could be enjoyed by thousands of home anglers but for the exceeding barrenness of the streams.

There is no doubt that this barrenness is largely due to the indifference of those who own or control the land through which the streams flow. Few are the farmers who manifest any interest in the pleasures of trout fishing. The trout fishing season is the farmer's busy time, when plowing, planting, hoeing and other important work have to be attended to. Besides, constant contact and intercourse with nature and the free outdoors has to a great degree deadened the taste in him for such pleasures.

It is impossible for him to enjoy as does one from the town the glories of a beautiful sunrise or sunset. He is like the stage driver who was accosted by a fellow driver with "Hey, Bill, what in highgo ails you? Look as if ye hed bin to a funeral."

"Oh," answered Bill, with deepening disgust, "ye'd orter heerd the 'ohs!' and 'ahs!' of them blamed dudes over one of them thar common red and yaller sunsets. It was enough to make a hoss sick."

Being unacquainted with those other extremes that cause such blessings to stand out in their full worth and beauty (of the stuffy office or the greasy confinement of the factory, with its noise and unwholesome air, he knows nothing), his sense of appreciation is naturally dulled to the beauty of his surroundings. For recreation he is attracted to the artificial glitter of the city. Then, again, should he go fishing he is apt to fish for results in weight. He figures that 10lbs. of suckers, bullheads or eels will go further in his large family than 3 or 4lbs. of trout. He fishes for results rather than pastime; a set line, net, club or spear is more to his liking than the slower, more artistic process of taking them with rod and reel.

By far the greater majority of real anglers live in the cities. In many instances their boyhood days have been spent on farms. When they seek recreation they eagerly return to such sights and sounds as they knew in their younger days, and to fish the streams in an artistic manner with rod and reel.

Now it would seem that these are the persons who should individually co-operate to make effective the fish and game laws and personally see to it that many of these barren streams are reclaimed.

Throughout Connecticut and other New England States are to be found a large number of idle, deserted farms many of them in close proximity to large towns and cities. In most cases streams flow through these farms; at one time it was not unusual to take large strings of trout, now, however, there is scarcely a trout to be found, they have literally been fished to death.

Now, knowing that trout flourished there at one time, also that in most of them the conditions for trout are as good to-day as ever, I am sure that, under my plan, many of these streams could be reclaimed and the supply of game improved at the same time.

My plan is this: The idle farms can be leased or bought for a song. Whenever there is one in close proximity to a city, let some sportsman secure it by lease or purchase and live upon it. There would be no need to engage in the farming business; in fact, it would be better not to do so; only hire the brush cut and hay put into the barn.

After having secured a place, then, with the assistance of sportsmen friends, see to it that the stream running through the land is restocked; see to it that no partridge snares are tolerated in the neighborhood; have an eye upon the welfare of any young birds that may be about and give the dogs an occasional run in the woods.

I think I hear some one say, "What an impracticable, foolish idea. Why, what would become of my business or employment in the city if I should move into the country?" Undoubtedly it would be impossible for many to do anything of the kind; but then, on the other hand, there are many who could live in such a manner, and their business in the city need not be neglected one minute.

With the exception of last winter, which was spent in the city, my family and myself have spent the past five years in this manner, and we derive great enjoyment and plenty of health from this way of living. Even as I write a quail is calling within a biscuit's toss of me, and there is a half-grown family of his kind not far off. From the tree under which I am sitting I have but to glance to the southeast over ten miles of verdured hills and plains; then on, over harbor and Sound, the eye sweeps for another twenty-five miles to where the sandy cliffs and shores of Long Island, like a long, low cloud, meet the horizon, just thirty-five miles in a straight line. Think you such privileges would be bartered for a confined city existence after once being indulged in? Yet there are many lovers of rod and gun who could live in this manner and at the same time materially assist in solving the great problem of fish and game protection.

While I am seven miles from the great gun factory in which I gain my livelihood, still I lose but very little time and drive the fourteen miles to and from the city nearly every week day winter and summer, and enjoy it.

The stocking of a stream on a place leased or bought, the attention paid to any stray snares that might be about and the looking to the welfare of young birds would require but little time, and need not interfere with a person's business at all. It would simply be spending the spare moments in brain resting and nerve strengthening recreation. Then there is the perfect transmutation from the close office, or noise of whirring machinery, to pleasant rural sounds and scenes each day. But think of the glorious springtime, with its scented breath and wealth of blossoms, and the well-stocked trout brook flowing near. Then again there would be the cool, quiet summer nights with the cricket chorus to induce delicious sleep. Then the glorious fall, with its wealth of red, purple and golden fruit, and the days and half days afield with dog and gun. Winter, too, is not without its charms, for at that time of the year fox-hunting is in order; besides the music of the tinkling bells can be enjoyed while being whirled swiftly to and from the city in the sleigh. Of course there would be drawbacks, but taken all in all the pleasures to be derived from such an existence far outweigh all the drawbacks, and the assistance to fish and game propagation would prove a real public benefit.

Mr. Charles Stevenson, a Government inspector of am

munition, told me the other day of a string of five trout taken by him from the Woodbridge stream six years ago that weighed over 7lbs. Mr. E. M. Warner, of Hamden, also told me of a string of seven taken by him from a stream near New Canaan about seven years ago that weighed nearly 10lbs. The largest fish weighed over 2lbs. Should fifty streams in Connecticut be given such attention as set forth in this article, it would not be many years before there would be home fishing in abundance, and other strings would be taken as good as Mr. Stevenson's, Mr. Warner's, or my own. I know of two streams in this neighborhood that in the future will receive just such attention if I live. WILLIAM H. AVIS.

HAMDEN COUNTY, Conn.

BOSTON ANGLERS.

BOSTON, July 20.—Mr. Edwin C. Stevens has been spending his vacation at Lake Dunmore, Salisbury, Vt. He writes that the fishing is excellent. He captured 75lbs. of pickerel and bass in two weeks, not a pound of which was wasted, the camps and Lake Dunmore House taking all the fishermen had to spare. In one half day's fishing Mr. Stevens caught eight pickerel, averaging 4½lbs. each, and two fine bass. He writes of the location as a "most lovely spot," the fishing as above, and the boating all that could be asked. The Lake Dunmore House and the cottages have a good many guests, but they are mostly from New York and Brooklyn. His wonder is that not more Boston sportsmen go there. Mr. Stevens and his friends were camped on the shore of the lake about a mile from the hotel.

Mr. C. S. Robertson, with his cousin and camping and fishing companion, John S. Vial, has lately returned from a most successful fishing trip to Big Fish Lake, in the further Aroostook region. Their route was first to Ashland, the end of that branch of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad; thence they went by team, over an excellent road, ten miles to Portage Lake; thence by canoe eighteen miles to Big Fish Lake. This canoe part of the trip was novel and interesting to both fishermen. Game was plenty, which they did not trouble, having no guns in the party. Occasional fishing was obtained in the rapids. Arrived at Big Fish Lake, the fly-fishing began in great earnest. Mr. Robertson has fished many waters in Maine, but he is willing to pronounce Big Fish Lake among the best. They caught brook trout up to 4lbs., and a great abundance of smaller fish, very many of which they returned to the water. As for a game country, it is a wonderful one. Mr. Robertson gives an account of a big moose that came out and wallowed in the shallows nearly every day, in plain view of them. As for deer, they were seen almost every day. In one afternoon the record was nine deer and one big bull moose. Let it be remembered that neither Mr. Robertson nor Mr. Vial has any interest in booming Big Fish Lake as a hunting and fishing resort. Mr. Robertson, in fact, never shoots; considers it cruel and dangerous sport. They simply give an account of the game and fish they saw. Partridges were also very abundant. Their guides expressed themselves as surprised at the number of birds seen.

Death of ex-Governor Wm. E. Russell.

The saddest death of all the year to the New England sportsman must now be chronicled in the FOREST AND STREAM. Ex-Gov. Wm. E Russell died at Little Pabos, St. Adelaide, P. Q., on Thursday morning, July 16. He was at B. F. Dutton's beautiful camp, on that gentleman's salmon river. He was accompanied by his brother, Col. H. E. Russell, and Francis Peabody. They were intending to spend the rest of July at that river. The Governor retired apparently as well as usual, but was found dead in the morning by his brother. The position of the body showed that death was painless. Worn out by his labors at the Chicago convention and much grieved by the action of his party there, he came back to Boston, and after a day at his office and a night with his family at Magnolia he went to seek rest in the woods. As an angler Gov. Russell was well known and greatly beloved. He made a number of trips to the Rangeleys even while Governor, the guest of the Messrs. Bayard and John Thayer, at the beautiful Birch Lodge, head of Richardson Lake. Later they built the camp at B. Pond, a camp of which Gov. Russell was exceedingly fond. Within a year or two the Governor has taken up salmon fishing, and grasped it only as a true angler can. He had spent a couple of weeks at Mr. Dutton's camps before the Chicago convention, an account of which has already been given in FOREST AND STREAM.

Genial and kindly, with nothing of snobbish aristocracy, Governor Russell took to angling naturally. He always had some anecdote or good joke, and it was all the better to him if he was involved himself, even to the extent of making fun for others. In camp he was generally known as "Billy." At one time, and the very year he was serving his first term as Governor of Massachusetts, he was fishing in Molechunkamunk, the guest of the Thayers. A couple of ladies—guests at a camp below—were trolling at the same time, and frequently passed the Governor. Their guide was also named Billy. Unaware that there was any other Billy within a hundred miles, the ladies called upon their guide to bait their hooks just as the Governor's boat passed them. Unconsciously the Governor doffed his hat when his name was called upon, and was ready to be of any possible service in baiting the hooks in question. Explanations followed, at which the ladies wished they might sink through to bottom of the boat to hide their mortification. But the Governor enjoyed the joke hugely, and in the evening he was instrumental in starting a paper on which several hundred dollars were subscribed, for the good of a charitable society of which one of the ladies was treasurer.

On Monday last he visited the tackle store of Messrs. Appleton & Bassett for the purpose of instructing his brother and Col. Peabody as to what to buy for the salmon trip. There he purchased a beautiful case of flies and ordered them sent to Mr. B. F. Dutton, owner of the camps they were to visit. He was extremely anxious that his brother and Col. Peabody should each take a salmon. Arrived at camp on Wednesday night, he was greatly delighted at the coming of a shower, about 9 o'clock in the evening; the rain would cause the salmon to rise freely the next day. They would "have salmon for dinner," but his noble nature had made him declare that he would not put his rod together till his brother and the Colonel had both taken a salmon.

He went to Chicago with no political ambitions. A call from the Hon. William C. Whitney was in his hand at the very time he was planning the fishing trip with his brother Harry and Col. Peabody. It was his duty to answer the summons and go to Chicago, but the fishing trip was near his heart. Once the ordeal at Chicago was over, he flew back to Boston by a fast train, having already telephoned his brother and Col. Peabody to be ready. Two weeks of seclusion in one of the most inaccessible and one of the most beautiful spots in America was what he most desired.

The end came silently—evidently without a struggle—and on the very spot, doubtless, he would have selected had the choice been vouchsafed to him. Anglers will miss his gentle presence. Even the simple country folk in the province he passed through on his fishing trip previously had learned to love him. They turned out in sorrow as the steamer and the carriages bearing his remains passed. Flags were at half mast on the little churches and Government stations.

Word has been received from Mr. D. H. Blanchard, at his salmon river—the Northeast Branch of the St. Marguerite—and his success is remarkable. Mr. Keeler has returned. He had excellent sport. Up to nearly a week ago there had been taken by Mr. Blanchard seventeen salmon, one of 33lbs. Six of the number weighed over 30lbs. each. The average of the seventeen fish was 24lbs.; none less than 20lbs. Mr. Richard O. Harding expects to start for that river next Thursday, and everybody hopes that the good fishing will hold out till he gets his share.

SPECIAL.

Mr. Russell as Angler.

B. F. Dutton, interviewed by Boston *Journal*.

YOU know that he was down fishing with me in June. There were four of us, the ex-Governor and his wife and Mrs. Dutton. And never have I enjoyed a week's outing as I did that week. The river was very low and the fishing was not extra good, but we had a splendid time. And only the other day, when he left for camp, he promised to telegraph me if there had been any rain to raise the river, and I said I would pack my grip and start at once. Therefore you can understand the shock that I felt this morning when I opened that telegram. I fully expected to hear that the river was high and the prospect for sport fine; instead I read the news of the death of one of my best and dearest friends.

He was such a genuine sportsman! Of all the men I ever fished with I know of none that are his superiors and but one his equal—my boy Harry. He never complained, no matter how hard his luck, no matter what misfortune came to him. Why, the last time I fished with him, I remember one day when he hooked a large salmon that soon made for the rapids. Without waiting to get into his boat, the ex-Governor ran down the rocks into the water. Twice and three times did he fall his length into the water, but he never gave up. He was bound to get that salmon, and he did. And we all had hard work for the next hour hunting for his watch.

Toledo as an Angling Point.

THE waters of the vicinity of Toledo once abounded with all kinds of game fish. They were more abundant here than elsewhere on the American continent. After a careful examination of these waters, including the Maumee River, Maumee Bay, Ten-Mile Creek and the marshes adjacent to the bay, an expert of the fisheries department of the National Government at Washington pronounces the opinion that they are the most superior in the world for the abundant propagation of all manner of food and game fishes.

Toledo may be made one of the most attractive angling resorts in the country, and thanks to the efforts of Commodore Gunckel and other writers, the fame of the waters of this vicinity for that kind of sport is beginning to extend all over the country. A writer in FOREST AND STREAM, who has fished in all the accessible waters of the continent, after a week of variated angling on the Maumee rapids, in Ten-Mile Creek and Maumee Bay, says that for all-round sport; that for the exciting pleasure of always catching something and not knowing just what you are going to catch; for being constantly employed in taking a string of a dozen kinds of fish; for the ever changing scenery of land and water, of green islands, of forest-clad mainlands, of marshes like floating gardens, in which are blooming the most beautiful flowers ever seen; of pure air that gives life and health and the appetite of a horse, the angling waters of the vicinity of Toledo lead the world.

Favored by the ice, which prevented the fishermen from getting in their nets early in the spring, and by the currents of surface water flowing down the streams, as much as the enforcement of the laws in Michigan, the fish of Lake Erie have again come back to their old summer haunts at this end of the lake. They are more numerous in the waters and the catches of the angler larger than they have been before for the past eighteen years. With a reasonable enforcement of the laws that already exist and better ones in the future; with the destructive gill nets driven from Maumee Bay, as they are now and will be in the future; with all inland streams kept clear of nets, the waters of the vicinity of Toledo will become famous angling resorts, drawing to this city thousands of people who spend their money freely.—*Toledo Press.*

"Forest and Stream" Fishing Postals.

Drop us a line about the trout or bass, and where to take them.

DENVER, Colo.—I was up on the Gunnison River a few days ago and had some very good trout fishing. Sport is unusually good in Colorado this year owing to the low water. H. M. J.

FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE
346 Broadway
NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING
Present Entrance on Leonard Street

A STAR ISLAND YARN.

STAR ISLAND, Mich., July 17.—I never see any notes in your paper of the catches of small-mouthed black bass made in the neighborhood. This particular sport seems neglected in that respect. Here are a couple: Mr. W. R. Post, of Detroit, caught 216 in one week, his catch one day being sixty-four, with a total weight of 202½lbs. Mr. C. S. Cross and wife, of Emporia, N. D., caught in ten days 196 black bass and 282 pickerel and pike.

I inclose a brand new and original fish story which was never in print before last Sunday's Detroit *Tribune* (July 12), to whom I gave it. I think it could be used by you.

JAMES SLOCUM.

Mr. Slocum's Brand New and Original Story.

It was a party of ten or twelve on the broad veranda of the Star Island House last Friday evening that heard the following fish story—a party of old habitues of the Flats, a crowd that assemble at this resort about the same time each year, and after the day's sports are over smoke and chat and tell stories. It was the turn of the young man in the light suit, and he crossed one leg over the other and started:

"Izaak Walton was a good fisherman and he was also a philosopher," said the young man thoughtfully, "but his abstruse philosophy isn't to be compared to Will Post's natural philosophy, and the latter is also a very good fisherman. It happened like this: Two weeks ago, while angling for bass near the lighthouse, a 50lb. muscalonge appropriated the top joint of Will's new steel rod, together with about 40yds. of line, and as the rod had been presented to him only a few days previous, he consequently felt rather bad over his loss. Well, here's the strange part of the story. Last Saturday he was fishing near Sni Borro rather early in the morning when he saw a big 'longe pass by his boat in the clear water, and he at once recognized his former finny acquaintance.

"Now, as you all know, Sni Borro is about five miles from the lighthouse, and if you have studied the habits of the muscalonge you will know as Post knew, that when hooked he will always endeavor to escape by going up against the stream. Post, making a rapid mental calculation, arrived at a satisfactory explanation of the changed geographical position of that fish, and also concluded that the missing part of his steel rod was attached to the line and in the immediate vicinity.

"Promptly repairing here, he borrowed half a dozen of the cells used for working the electric bells and the spark coil from an electric cigar lighter. Then he went over to the aquarium and secured a good, large and active pike. The coil he fastened firmly to the pike, after making it water-tight (the coil, not the pike), and then supplying himself with about 40yds. of good insulated wire he returned to the spot where he last saw his fish. After another calculation, rapid and mental as before, he easily located his 'longe, and connecting the coil and the batteries with the wire he threw the pike in the water and turned on the current, thus converting the coil into a powerful traveling electro-magnet, operating in a 15yds. radius.

"Pretty soon there was a continual pull on the wire, and after Post had payed out nearly all of it, the pulling ceased and a smile of satisfaction developed itself on Post's face. The result justified the means, for when he hauled the pike back to the boat there was the missing part of his rod held firmly against the attracting pole of the electro-magnet. It didn't take long to capture the big 'longe and bring him back to the hotel, where he formed part of the menu last Sunday."

THE UNCERTAINTIES OF SURF FISHING

ASBURY PARK, N. J., July 14.—Perhaps nowhere is the uncertainty of angling more powerfully illustrated than in surf fishing. One week the waters fairly teem with fish life, the next will be apparently entirely devoid of everything except the ubiquitous skate and the exasperating spider crab.

The week just closed has been one of extreme discouragement to the fraternity. The extraordinary run of bass that was with us two weeks ago has apparently gone on a vacation, but those who are familiar with their habits know that it only needs a good easterly blow to send them to the front again. Kingfish too are not nearly so plentiful as in the past, but a little stirring up of the surf will speedily produce them in abundance. Even the plaice or fluke, usually so abundant in all the cuts along the beach, are exceedingly scarce, but their absence is easily accounted for. The rapidly increasing number of pound nets along the coast throw out daily many tons of small fish suited to the appetites of the plaice, and as a consequence they stay where food is most abundant and easily secured. While the plaice is in no sense a game fish, and is—and I presume ever will be—classed among the "old boot" variety of fishes, still if taken in a good tideway, with tackle such as is used in taking weakfish and kingfish, it affords really good sport, and I have spent many pleasant hours effecting his capture when other fish were not to be had.

It is really astonishing to those not on the inside how many anglers are dividing their time between salt and fresh water fishing; even those who are the most pronounced salt water adherents can be seen daily on some of our lakes enjoying the quiet and glorious sport of taking the white perch, which is particularly abundant in Deal Lake, and runs of large size, 1¼ and 1½lb. specimens being not uncommon. When one considers the advantages to be had in lake fishing, there is small cause for wonder at the change. There is perhaps no more beautiful body of water in our State than this same Deal Lake; it embraces several hundreds of acres, and extends in an unbroken sheet nearly a mile straightaway from the ocean, where it divides in three arms, whose borders are covered by a heavy growth of timber. It is here the angler can have the restful quiet which dignifies the sport, with boat quietly at anchor beneath the outspreading arms of some patriarch of the forest, whose dense mantle precludes the possibility of sunlight reaching the water. Here goodly strings of white perch and pickerel can be lured from their watery homes. What though occasionally strings be not large or individual weights great, full recompense is had in the sweet, bracing restfulness of the contemplative man's recreation. LEONARD HULIT.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

The Kingfishers will Wind their Reels.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am much beholden to Br'er Starbuck for his kindly mention of ye Kingfishers in issue of July 4, but he is a little off on the location of our summer camp for this year. We are not going to camp on Burt Lake. We have taken a new departure.

The boys have "prevailed over me," and we leave on July 31 over the C., H. & D., Monon and Chicago & Northwestern railways for Presque Isle Lake, in Vilas county, Wisconsin, going via Power's Junction, as recommended by Brother McCrea in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 2, 1895.

The lake is eighteen or twenty miles southwest of Gogebic Lake, and lies, with a dozen or more other lakes near about, a few miles from the State line dividing the Upper Peninsula of Michigan and Wisconsin.

The lake is said to afford splendid bass fishing, but the chief reason for making the camp there is to give "poor Charley" (Furr) an opportunity to "hive a maskinonje"—the ambition of his (angling) life—in Pappoose Lake, which can be reached by a couple of short portages.

There will be a dozen or more in the party, including Adirondack Murray, who "got lost in the middle of the road" last year; Dr. A. E. Elliott, of Lodi, Ohio, a new recruit of last year and an angler and sportsman after our own hearts; Dick Morris, George Payne and a couple more bluegrassers of the right sort, with another one or two to hear from; the big 4 (old Sam, poor Charley, Col. Culbertson and old Hickory, yer humble sarvent), and last, but not least important, old Mack, the black prince of camp cooks; and if we don't pull a heap o' comfort and sport out of that camp, it will be because ye Kingfishers have "forgot their ways;" and if ye editor of FOREST AND STREAM, Bre'r Hough—may his shadder never grow less nor his pencil wear out—or any other brother of the rod has a doubt about it, let him follow up our trail to Marenisco, get John McLaughlin to "buckboard" him out and drop him in the shadow of Old Glory to share our blankets for a few days, and we'll make it warm for him.

The latest from Bre'r Starbuck is that he is on his way to his favorite waters, the north shore of Lake Superior, and here's a hopin' that he'll get his "satisfy" of luring crimson princelings, scarlet-*headed* and red-*hooded* trout and other varieties of the *fontinalis* that are seemingly indigenous only to those waters, albeit I never before heard of a red-*headed* trout. They must be a new species not classified by naturalists. I'm a trifle loose in my Latin, but how would *fontinalis topknoti, rubri, Starbuck-eye* do? or words to that effect, which being interpreted liberally stands for Starbuck's red-*headed* trout.

KINGFISHER.

Their Pictures in the Papers.

THE Boston *Globe* gave a portrait last week of a Maine boy who had distinguished himself as a rising young angler. The story of his exploit runs:

"John Merrill, the Cobbosseecontee fisherman and guide, is the proudest man in Kennebec county, Maine, just now, because his son and heir, aged three, has caught two strapping great bass, and has won the distinction of being the high-line fisherman of his age in Maine, so far as it is possible to determine. If there is any other child of three years who has landed two 3lb. black bass, one within half an hour of the other, John Merrill has yet to hear of him."

In the mail which brought this to the FOREST AND STREAM came a copy of the San Francisco *Chronicle* with with a portrait of Miss Maud Pryor, who has seen but ten summers and is declared to be "entitled to the palm as champion fisher maiden of California, for she caught seventy large trout in Donner Lake in one day recently. The little girl is the daughter of W. A. Pryor, of Shasta. She left home in May to visit friends in San Francisco, and after a few weeks' stay went to Truckee, where she is at present. Miss Maud is very fond of fishing and other outdoor sports."

Dr. Webb and the Quebec Fish and Game Club.

FISH AND GAME PROTECTION CLUB, Province of Quebec, Montreal, July 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It has been brought to my notice that articles have been published in some American papers claiming that Dr. Webb, the president of the St. Lawrence & Adirondack Railroad, has been arrested and fined by the wardens of this club for alleged infraction of the fishery laws of the Province. As Dr. Webb is *de facto* a resident of this Province and pays taxes as such, I need hardly point out how void of foundation such statements must be, and as they may be productive of mischievous results if allowed to remain uncontradicted, I shall feel much obliged if you will be kind enough to publish this in the next issue of your valuable journal. J. S. LEO, Hon. Sec'y.

Game and Fish Protection.

MINNESOTA ASSOCIATION.

ST. PAUL, Minn., July 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first annual meeting of the Minnesota Game and Fish Protective Association will be held at the Windsor Hotel, in St. Paul, on Thursday, July 30. A pleasure programme for visiting members has been arranged, and the St. Paul Rod and Gun Club will on Friday, the 31st, give an all-day trap tournament as a compliment to our Association. Several hundred dollars in merchandise prizes will be shot for. A banquet will also be given on one of the evenings named.

While in all probability most of the old officers will be re-elected, the meeting will be of much interest to Minnesota sportsmen in general, for after an existence of a year it has been practically demonstrated that an organization of such a character can do much toward shaping the sentiment of the masses in the interests of game and fish protection.

While in reality this Association has made no startling demonstrations of activity during the year just closed, we have conducted a dignified and worthy campaign and have made friends and recruits in all quarters; yet our attitude has been such as to warn violators that we are in the field for business, and in this connection the State Game and Fish Commission has given us full credit for our work and influence as an auxiliary body. Though we have reason to be satisfied that we started this volunteer movement, we have learned several weaknesses to be guarded against, and have some changes to make in our constitution that will make it thoroughly possible to assimilate with the various local protective bodies and gun clubs throughout the State, extend our line of usefulness and make our work effective in all quarters. Our constitutional provisions for admitting these local bodies to membership have not been satisfactory to the major number of clubs. But with the changes we propose making this result will be accomplished, and this being a legislative year, we will, with united action, be able to voice any alterations in the fish and game laws that may be thought desirable before our legislative tribunal. Our present laws on these subjects are for the most part admirable and have stood the tests of the highest courts, and it is doubtful if more than a few minor alterations will be brought forward. WM. L. TUCKER, Sec'y.

Fishculture.

NEW METHOD OF POND CULTURE.*

BY DR. JOUSSET DE BELLESME.

[Translated by Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, by permission of the author, and read at the twenty-fifth annual meeting of the American Fisheries Society.]

[*Concluded from page 52.*]

FISHCULTURE should be a methodical process, producing returns with certainty and regularity. Carp culture has for its object the bringing of this fish to a size advantageous for market purposes, but the carp is not marketable until it reaches a minimum weight of 1 kilogram, and it finds a better sale when it reaches a weight of 2, 3 or 4 kilograms. If we wish to keep them long enough in a pond to attain this weight and the best perfection possible, we must arrange the ponds in such a way as to secure this as rapidly as possible.

The case is by no means the same either with trout or California salmon. These fish are marketable when they have attained the weight of 200 grams, and it is to be observed that they bring a better return at this weight than those weighing 2, 3, 4 or more kilograms. As a matter of fact in the Paris market the large trout bring 8 francs, while the small ones of 200 grams are sold at 10 francs a kilogram.

But a carp weighing 200 grams is not edible. It is precisely this difference between the California salmon and the carp which serves as a basis for organizing the new method of culture which I have the honor to explain. We seek merely to obtain small *Salmonidæ*, and this permits us to secure an annual return, a thing which the carp rarely furnishes.

Doubtless this difference in the method of culture will incommode not a little the fishculturist who is in the habit of raising carp. But pond culture of the California salmon, as I shall explain it, is very simple.

As in all intensive culture this requires care, frequently greater care than with the carp; but we shall see that it yields nearly ten times as much as carp culture.

We will now for greater clearness inquire successively into the different conditions which may present themselves in pond culture.

Suppose in the first place a property contains many ponds, some with warm water, others with cold water, a condition of frequent occurrence, how shall these ponds be arranged for use in the culture of *Salmonidæ*?

The principal prerequisite for a pond culturist should be to insure abundant nourishment for the fish. In the culture of the carp, which is herbivorous, the ponds must be well supplied with certain species of aquatic plants. I have insisted so strongly upon this point in my recommendations for the last ten years that many proprietors of ponds begin to recognize its value.

At present we seek to raise carnivorous fishes, and all our efforts should lead primarily toward securing an abundant supply of animal food. Certain specialists have believed that they could solve this problem by an unlimited supply of crustaceans; this is the system of Lugrin. I have demonstrated in experiments made at the Trocadéro Aquarium that feeding by Daphnia is simply a dangerous illusion. These little animals possess very small value as food, and fish which are subjected to this regimen do not grow. But it is important to the fishculturist that his products grow as quickly as possible, and to accomplish this we must not forsake food materials of rich quality, like meat, blood, etc.

We employ the two series of ponds, of warm water and cold water, for different purposes. The warm ponds, in which fish reproduce and grow rapidly because plants grow in them, are used to raise herbivorous fish of rapid growth, like the carp, tench and roach.

In this new method of culture the carp and its rearing does not entirely disappear. It is simply relegated to the second place and cultivated, not for the purpose of obtaining fish of marketable size, but for the fry, which are intended for feeding the *Salmonidæ*. Carp, roach and tench, hardy fishes of which the multiplication is unlimited and the growth rapid, will be grown in warm ponds, but produced in such a manner as to remain small, and in order to obtain this result we allow the breeding ponds to be overstocked with eggs, a thing which was avoided carefully under the old methods, but which on the contrary we wish to attain because we desire nothing but to produce fry smaller than the carnivorous fish which are to feed upon them.

Besides, the American *Salmonidæ*, and particularly the California salmon, develop much more rapidly and much earlier than the fry of the *Cyprinidæ*. In August the young carp measure scarcely 4 centimeters, and at the same time the California salmon are 10 centimeters long, at least if they have been properly raised. Thus the new method of culture is based upon the abundant production of minnows with a view to their transformation into flesh of the *Salmonidæ*, and in the two series of ponds we conduct two methods of rearing, each of which is equally important. It is clear that each type of pond will be differently managed. The warm ponds should have the banks sloping, should be shallow and well exposed to the sun. The bottom should be furnished with an abundance of plants of suitable height.

The choice of these plants should not be left to chance, but made with judgment according to the different species of fish which are to inhabit the ponds. As these aquatic plants are not well known to fishculturists, I will mention those which are useful for ponds intended for the cultivation of carp, tench and roach. * * *

At the end of February or the beginning of March the breeding fish are placed in the pond according to custom, but in double the usual number, in order to insure a surplus production of fry, the securing of a very great quantity of eggs here being the sole object of the operation.

Spawning will take place at the end of May and the pond will contain a considerable number of alevins which will be 3 or 4 centimeters long in August. It will be easy to catch them with fine seines and to transport them quickly to the cold ponds devoted to the rearing of *Salmonidæ*.

The fishculturist must proportion the number of young of the *Cyprinidæ* which he will need to the number of *Salmonidæ* which he desires to feed, and experience will quickly teach him this proportion, which will of course vary with the surrounding conditions, and the additional nourishment, more or less, which can be obtained from the worms and insect larvæ in the pond; besides, if there should be a surplus of food for the *Salmonidæ* he can easily sell it to other fishculturists.

As a general rule the young carp and tench will be eaten up before they have reached the length of 8 centimeters. No advantage is to be derived from allowing them to grow larger. Every year the fishculturist will then secure a new production of fry. There is nothing in this which is either complicated or calculated to embarrass the fish breeder.

Let us proceed now to the arrangement of the cold ponds (I repeat that by cold ponds I mean ponds in which the water is not more than 16° centigrade). Nevertheless, since we have to do here with California salmon, we may consider as cold ponds those in which the temperature rises to 24° centigrade during the heat of summer; that is to say, a truly cold pond of the ordinary kind for *Salmonidæ* is not a necessity in this method of culture, which has succeeded marvelously in regions provided almost entirely with warm ponds, as at Sologne.

Since a locality always contains some ponds which are cooler than others, I recommend to the fishculturist to give the cooler ones the preference in rearing the California salmon. There are a number of reasons for this which I will not enter into here.

It will be well to arrange beside these ponds one or two moderately large elongate basins, in which the water can be circulated. These basins are intended for the rearing of the salmon alevins, and in this way time may be saved, because the young increase much more rapidly in them than if they were at liberty in a pond. The rearing basins, dug in the soil, should have a depth of at least half a meter to 1½ meters, and the banks should be sloping. A width of 1½ meters will be very practicable. They need not be fully stocked with aquatic plants; a few clumps may be placed in them, which can be arranged in pots buried in the gravelly bottom. The plants which should have the preference are the large-leafed potamogetons and the nenuphars. At first they will serve to oxygenate the water, and later to furnish shade for the young.

The breeder may have recourse either to eggs or to alevins; the latter are always high-priced and difficult to transport. It is therefore much more practical to procure the eggs, and, from another point of view, it almost always happens that alevins which are purchased have been injured and have not been properly fed. It is well to know that in this case the inevitable result will be an arrest of development. They will not become large, no matter how favorable the conditions in which they are placed.

Preference should be given to eggs, which involves a slight complication, it is true, because it will be necessary to hatch them; but nothing is easier, and we have to-day hatching apparatus so simple and practical that hatching is merely a pleasure.

The price of fertilized eggs of California salmon is about 18 to 20 francs a thousand.

After hatching, the fry are transported to the rearing basin, and at the end of about fifteen days, without waiting for the complete absorption of the yolk sack—I insist especially upon this point—the feeding should be commenced. The food should be suspended daily in the water by means of a zinc vessel placed about 20 centimeters from the bottom. The general principles of rearing fry should be followed rigorously. In feeding them one should not seek for variations or for imaginary improvements. It should be our aim to grow the alevins rapidly, and give them the richest and most easily assimilated food.

For more than ten years I have employed for this purpose the spleen of beef, calf or horse, the price of which is low and its preparation very simple, because it is given raw and its nutritive properties are very great. This substance has been employed for food of the youngest salmon at the Aquarium of the Trocadéro almost exclusively since 1883, and many fishculturists have followed our example. Blood is an excellent and cheap food. It should be slightly cooked in hot water. One may ignore all other forms of nourishment, particularly Daphnia and the prepared foods which are so extensively advertised.

What number of alevins can be reared per hectare? Experience has shown me that if the conditions are favorable one may raise without danger in a hectare of water, with an average depth of 1½ meters, 200 kilograms of *Salmonidæ* at least. If then the fishculturist follows my advice by raising California salmon to the weight of 200 grams he will place 1,000 alevins in a hectare. If he desires to raise fish of a larger size he must use fewer per hectare. Here are in this respect the approximate numbers:

1,000	salmon	of	200	grams	per hectare.
500	"	"	400	"	"
200	"	"	1	kilogram	"
125	"	"	1½	"	"

These numbers are the results of numerous experiments which I have made upon this point, and I have taken pains to give the minimum, which may often be surpassed under favorable conditions.

At what time should we place the alevins in the pond and in what time may we expect them to reach marketable size?

The spawning of the California salmon takes place very early, and on account of this precocity it is chosen as the

* *Nouvelle Méthode de Culture des Étangs.* Par le Docteur Jousset de Bellesme, *Pêche et Pisciculture*, Brussels. Nos. 1, 2, 3, Jan.-Mar., 1895, pp. 2-11, 28-40, 50-54.

basis for pond culture. With it we are able to complete the culture in one year, a very great advantage, which one cannot realize either with the common trout or the rainbow trout, because the former grows very slowly and the latter does not spawn until April. The eggs of the California salmon, deposited at the end of October, hatch in the middle of December. If they are placed at this time in the rearing basin and properly fed they will measure on an average 12 centimeters by the middle of July, and will then be very suitable for liberating in the pond.

If the temperature of the year has been very high and the spawning of the carp takes place early, we may doubtless place the salmon in the pond earlier.

By all means the young salmon should be placed in the pond not later than in August. At this time a great many of the *Cyprinidæ* will be sufficiently developed to answer for their food. The fishculturist then proceeds to seine the alevins with a fine net, and to place the salmon in the pond which has been well furnished with its food.

The breeder from this moment should exercise a continual supervision over the pond, and assure himself that there is constantly an excess of small fish, for it is essential, in order that the salmon may grow rapidly, that they should find a superabundance of nourishment. Besides, one should be careful not to place too many in the pond at a time and thus cause difficulty.

These young *Cyprinidæ* do not find favorable conditions for their existence in the salmon pond, and will become sickly and furnish indifferent food for the young salmon.

Beginning from the commencement of August, in what time may we hope that the salmon will attain the weight of 200 grams? Herein the superiority of the California salmon over other fishes is demonstrated. I do not know any other of which the growth is so rapid when placed under favorable conditions. It does not require more than six months for a young salmon of 12 centimeters, placed in a pond at the end of July, to acquire the weight of ½lb. One may obtain even better results by placing these fish under certain conditions, but this is about the average with current methods. We may therefore, at the end of January, market our salmon.

It will be seen that pond culture by the method which I have indicated can be made to give a very gratifying annual return.

If the breeder desires to obtain larger salmon, instead of catching them at the end of January he should continue the rearing in the same manner, and at the end of the second year he will obtain salmon measuring 45 to 50 centimeters. I need not add that if one cultivates fish of greater weight than 200 grams the number per hectare ought to be reduced in proportion to their size. Upon this subject I refer to a table which I have given above.

As far as my experience permits me to judge, the breeder should limit himself to the average weight of 200 kilograms per hectare under ordinary conditions. I have reference to a hectare of standing water, for if the pond is traversed by a sufficiently rapid current, such as would be furnished by abundant springs, it is evident that this proportion may be increased. I therefore give the amount of 200 kilograms as a good average, rather low, but it may serve as a rule in the majority of cases. If one exceeds this amount very much, he will experience disastrous results, which should be avoided at all cost.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Kingston Kennel Club's fourth show, Kingston, Ont., Canada. C. H. Corbett, Supt.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Rhode Island State Fair Association's fourth annual show, Providence, R. I.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Toronto Exhibition Association's eighth annual show, Toronto, Can. C. A. Stone, Sec'y of bench show.

Sept 14 to 17.—Montreal Kennel Association's bench show, Montreal. G. Lanigan, Sec'y

Sept. 22 to 24.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual dog show, Milwaukee Louis Steffen, Sec'y.

Oct. 6 to 8.—Danbury Agricultural Society's show, Danbury, Conn. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y.

Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.

Sept 7.—Kennedy, Minn.—Continental Field Trial Club's chicken trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Oct. 9.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual meet. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.

Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.

Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.

Nov. 2.—Bicknell, Ind.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.

Nov. 10.—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.

Nov. 10.—Leamington, Ont.—Peninsular Field Trial Club, Leamington, Ont.

Nov. 10.—Central Beagle Club's trials L. O. Seidel, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials, W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.

Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y.

The Bicycle Dog.

As new wants arise with the changes of civilization, enterprising individuals forthwith set their ingenuity at work to devise a means of a supply. By the same token, when there is space to be filled in the news department of the daily press, the bright young men in charge of the news industry see that the supply is equal to the demand.

It was necessary for the complete rounding out of the bicycle habit that there should be a bicycle dog, otherwise the bicycle would be a dogless world, and therefore cheerless. The following has started on its long distance travel through the columns of the daily press. It has that nice precision of language and broad grasp of fact which are ample data for the formation of a standard. Here it is:

"At last a bicycle dog has been developed. It is a well-known fact that any dog of the ordinary breeds will be left behind by the confirmed bicyclist or killed by exhaustion. But an English breeder has discovered that by interbreeding specimens of two particular sorts of dog he can obtain a creature of strong constitution, able to trave fast and to stay almost any distance. For nearly three years he has been experimenting, and during that time some of his creations have been very strong beasts."

It would have added much to the value of "his creation" had he bred the dogs so that large gills were developed, to the end that the dog could readily dispose of a peck of dust each hour without swallowing it; also the dog's legs should be so adjusted as to be about 90 gear. To breed scorching dogs in three years by interbreeding two "particular sorts" is indeed a great stride in breeding. By crossing the produce of two other particular sorts on these, a breed of "strong beasts" should be produced which would be able to follow the limited train from New York to Chicago.

A "long and low" dog would best answer the purpose for many reasons; first, if he should stand in the way, there would be but little obstruction in running over him crosswise, and no eccentric cyclist could run over the narrow body lengthwise, let him try ever so hard. Again, a long and low dog could penetrate the atmosphere and dust with little exertion, and if his nose be sharp, it adds so much the more to his power of penetration. A long dog furthermore harmonizes better with the wheel in the matter of symmetry, though whatever his form it is necessary at all times that he be a "strong beast." On this problem of the bicycle dog, which can reel off a century in a few hours, we know of no better authority than "Uncle Dick" for the promoters of the bicycle dog to turn to in their hour of need, and the longer and lower the dog is, the more ground he will cover, and there is no reason why he should not be "yaller."

The Development of the Pointer.

NEW YORK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. C. E. McMurdo's letter on the pointer in a recent issue of the FOREST AND STREAM contains a statement of facts which should make the heart of every pointer admirer rejoice. From obscurity in the public competitions at the start, and from a grade of competition when the pointer did run that excited only ridicule, the pointer has forced his way through the competition to a level with the setter, if it be not even higher. Considering the number of the pointers—they were always inferior and consequently at a disadvantage—their record is for that reason better than that of the setters. They were always conceding odds to their long-haired opponents. Even in the days long ago when the pointers and setters ran separately, when it came to running off the absolute, the pointers were oftenest the victors.

Now that the setters are degenerating, there is little doubt but what the pointer will be the favorite dog of the American sportsman in the near future, and the setter will be relegated to the rear as the inferior dog for work. From what I can gather of the present condition of the English setters, they are not a type at all. We read of Laveracks and Llewellins, and I have great doubts whether at the present day there is a genuine one of either strain in the United States. Even if there were such, the breeding has deviated from the lines of the original Laveracks and Llewellins to such a degree that they now are widely different from the old stock which was first imported, and this for the worst, too, for I think that the dogs shown at the bench shows now are much inferior to those of ten or fifteen years ago. All this, I believe, is the result of inbreeding, and hence bad breeding.

A. D. M.

Providence Bench Show.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In explanation of Rule 6, p. 99, in our premium list for 1896, covering the receiving of exhibits in our bench show, we would say that the object of the regulation was to enable us to have every department of our fair in full operation at the opening of the gates, Monday, Sept. 7, at 8 A. M. This being Labor Day, with an expected large attendance, it now seems that in some cases the strict enforcement of this regulation would be a hardship to the dogs and it has met with some objection by the owners. We have decided to waive the rule in special cases, more particularly in regard to exhibitors coming from a distance. We will therefore, where circumstances will warrant, receive dogs on Monday morning at the convenience of the owners, but we desire to call special attention to the fact that the judging will commence promptly at 10 A. M. on that day, and dogs not in position at that time will be disqualified. Exhibitors will therefore see the necessity of acting promptly in this regard and make their shipments in proper time.

W. W. DEXTER, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The new edition of "Modern Dogs," recently from the press, is devoted to the different breeds of terriers, and is up to date in all particulars. Mr. Rawdon B. Lee, the author, has made a decided improvement on what already seemed a perfect work. Every breed of terrier is given minute attention, and there is a broadness of treatment and a thorough knowledge of the subject which at once win the confidence and interest of the reader. Excellent illustrations by the well-known artist, Arthur Wardle, add materially to the value of the work. In all there are 458 pages of matter presented in a manner both instructive and entertaining.

Mr. F. E. Rogers, Hiawatha, Kans., under date of July 1 writes us as follows: "There was stolen in Kansas City, Mo., an Italian greyhound dog, fawn color; weight, about 7 to 9lbs.; four white feet; white tip on tail; star in face; diamond-shaped white spot on back of neck; name, Diamond." Any information will be thankfully received by Mr. Rogers.

In our advertising columns the Continental Field Trials Club announces two stakes, its All-Aged and Northwestern. The former has a purse of $350, divided into four parts, $125, $100, $75 and $50. Forfeit $10, $10 additional to start. The forfeit of the Northwestern Stake is $5 and $5 additional to start. Mr. W. S Bell, who is an experienced, competent and popular judge, will officiate in that capacity. Besides the pleasure of participating in the field trials, there is an unequaled opportunity for an outing for all those who love to shoot or fish. In this connection it may not be amiss to mention that the open season on chickens in Minnesota is from Sept. 1 to Nov. 1. Quail and ruffed grouse, Sept. 1 to Dec. 1. The killing of moose, elk or caribou, or having in possession, is forbidden before Jan. 1, 1898. Deer may be killed between Nov. 1 and 20. It is illegal to catch trout between Sept. 1 and the following May 1, nor any other food fish between the first day of March and the first day of May following, except that whitefish, lake trout, lake herring, sturgeon, pickerel, and any variety of pike, except wall-eyed pike, may be taken in international waters at any time. Each person is limited to twenty-five birds and fifty fish in one day.

The Collie Club offers for competition at Toronto one club medal for the best collie owned by a member of the club and one club medal for the best collie owned by a Canadian member. If two additional members are secured from Canada before the Toronto show opens, an additional silver medal will be given, competition for which will be restricted to Canadian members Applications with $5 for annual dues should be sent to James Watson, 203 Broadway, New York.

We acknowledge the receipt of a copy of the running rules of the Dixie Red Fox Club, a most interesting brochure, which can be obtained of Mr. J. H. Wallace, Jr., Secretary and Treasurer, Huntsville, Ala. The club has a strong membership, numbering upwards of eighty. The next meet will be at Rowland, near Athens, Ala., commencing on Dec. 14.

We are indebted to Mr. W. B. Converse, Montreal, for a photograph of his imported fox terrier Bellevue Tackler, together with a list of his winnings. Mr. Converse will show him in the Canadian circuit.

Under date of July 20 a telegram to us from the honorable secretary of the Manitoba Field Trials Club, Mr. John Wootton, contains the information that the closing of the Derby entries has been extended to Aug. 1, owing to delay in issuing the customs circular.

Mr. Chas. H. Mason, of New York city, at the close of the bench show season will have been a very active factor in the judging, both in the United States and Canada. He has accepted an invitation to judge at Kingston, Ont., that show commencing on Sept. 1. It is possible that Mr. Kirk may judge sporting spaniels at Kingston. Mr. Mason will also judge at Montreal.

The premium list of the Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association can now be obtained of the secretary, Mr. Louis Steffen, Milwaukee, Wis. The prizes are liberal, being $15 in challenge classes, $15, $10 and $5 in open classes, and $5 and $3 in puppy classes of the more popular breeds. The other prizes range from $10 in challenge classes; $10, $5 and $3 in open classes, and $5 and $3 in puppies. Other open classes have $10 and $5. Entry fee $3. The special prize list will be published later. John D. Olcott, superintendent. Major J. M. Taylor will judge all classes.

The "late entry nuisance" is disturbing the English bench show interests seriously. The Irish Kennel Association announced a hard and fast condition that late entries would not be accepted. As a consequence, the show was abandoned for lack of entries.

The members of the Ladies' Kennel Association, of which so much was expected for the betterment of canine interests and general elevation of the canine world, are rapidly drifting into what has the appearance of a battle royal squabble, which shows that in life's mission they are the equal of man in many things heretofore denied them.

The fact that a dog is now considered in most States as being property seems to be learned slowly. Too often vindictiveness and malice are considered good enough law by the individual. From an exchange we learn that a Detroit man who shot his neighbor's dog for tearing up his garden has been worsted in the courts by the decision of the judge, the latter deciding that such action is not warranted unless the offense becomes chronic. We do not believe that a repetition of the offense would justify the killing of the dog. If so, why could not the same line of reasoning justify the killing of a horse which repeatedly broke into a garden?

Says the Boonville *Herald:* Dog poisoners will do well to read and profit by the following lines: "A person who unjustifiably administers any poisonous or noxious drug or substance with intent that the same shall be taken by any animal, be it the property of himself or another, is guilty of a misdemeanor. The penalty of such a conviction is a fine of not more than $500, or not more than one year's imprisonment in the penitentiary, or both, in the discretion of the court."

The New England Kennel Club open their new club house and boarding kennels at Braintree on Saturday, July 25. Lunch will be served at 1 o'clock and the afternoon sports will commence at 2 o'clock. A special car will be attached to the 11:30 train from the Old Colony depot, Boston, for the convenience of members and their guests. We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of an invitation from the club, and regret that we are unable to be present at an event so important and enjoyable. Our good wishes go forth for the club's greater success.

Under date of July 17 Mr. G. M. Rundle, secretary of the Danbury Agricultural Society, writes us that the annual bench show will be held in the building for dogs, 60×100ft. in dimensions. Spratts will bench and feed. Mr. E. M. Oldham will superintend. There will be an increased list of prizes and specials.

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

SQUIRREL SHOOTING WITH A BICYCLE.

I HAVE never seen much in the sporting press relative to New York city as a game center, yet at times there is pretty good woodcock and shore bird shooting within the limits of the Greater New York, and very occasionally quail and partridges are found within range of the nightly electrical illumination.

Rabbits and squirrels, however, are the game that manages to hold their own best against the encroachments of civilization within a radius of twenty-five miles of City Hall, and within this distance on Long Island, Staten Island and Jersey, as well as Westchester county, N. Y., there are enough to make a pretty fair census report, provided the census taker is a man of experience and not over-exacting in his expectations. For instance, within this distance from City Hall, the enumerator with a shotgun should be satisfied if he records from one to three or four of either variety for a day's work, and he will not go to Mulberry street either to make this record.

Now, the point at which I am aiming is this—twenty-five miles from City Hall is easily within the powers of a bicycle rider living in New York city, and if that man likes shooting, whether he goes by the name of "sportsman" or not, he can get it by the aid of his wheel on off days or half holidays, reserving his longer vacations for more distant shooting trips.

Gray squirrels are my favorite game about New York, and they can be found almost anywhere where there is large timber. On Long Island or in Westchester county, however, they are not found as near the city as on Staten Island or along the Palisades. There are grays on the Palisades where the first large timber begins, but they are very few and far between till one gets above Fort Lee. Above that point, however, they are found in every piece of woodland where there are hollow trees to protect them. Grays so close to the city rarely nest, for they have learned by experience that hollow trees are better protection against the shots of dagos and hoodlums who swarm through the woods on holidays. And here let me give a bit of advice, which is not to go shooting within 100 miles of New York on a public holiday, unless you go very early and return by breakfast time.

Even hollow trees do not always protect the grays, for after a light fall of snow I once saw a party of hoodlums capture a number of squirrels just above Fort Lee by the aid of telegraph linemen's climbers. When they had located a den tree, one of the party was sent up with an axe to chop the squirrel out, while the rest, including some dogs, waited on the ground to give the unlucky squirrel a warm reception.

One can take an early morning boat across the ferry at West One Hundred and Thirty-first street, and within an hour, by the aid of his wheel, be on fair squirrel ground, where if he knows his business he can bag two or three grays before breakfast.

Over on Staten Island there are also some pretty fair squirrel woods. Last Election Day I killed four before 8 o'clock in the morning on Tode Hill, which is in the center of the island, possibly fifteen miles from City Hall in an air line.

To reach this point the bicyclist can leave South Ferry at 3:40 A. M. He will arrive at St. George half an hour later, where he transfers to the Rapid Transit R. R., taking the train which stands at the right as he leaves the ferry house. His bicycle is carried free of charge on both boat and train, and the entire cost of the trip is but 10 cents. At the fourth or fifth station he can leave the train and strike south for the center of the island. The fourth station is West New Brighton, and if one gets off at this point he can follow the street car tracks almost to his destination. After leaving the station he should first go a couple of hundred yards parallel with the railroad, and in the same direction taken by the train, till he comes to the first street leading off to the left. After this, where there is a branch in the street car line he should always take the right hand turn.

The wheeling is all up hill, but the roads are macadam and kept in very good condition. Between two and three miles from the station, at say a little after 5 in the morning and pitch dark still in November, our early riser will pass a large isolated building on the right, which is Eckstein's Brewery. Half a mile beyond he will come to a road to the left climbing the last hill on the island, from the top of which, on a clear day, a magnificent view of ocean, bay and kills may be had.

He should follow this road to a point where at the last rise a path strikes off to the right up a steep bank. He will have to dismount here and push his wheel along the path, as it is not ridable before daylight.

A quarter of a mile from the road he strikes the first big timber. Here the squirrel hunter may leave his wheel, taking good care to hide it thoroughly, or he can take it along with him through the woods if he feels safer to have it by him.

And now, having directed my friend to the hunting grounds, I will give a short description of my Election Day hunt in these same woods. A little to your left as you enter the woods, and 100yds. or so from the boundary fence, is a very large hickory that leans toward the east at an angle of 20 or 30° out of the perpendicular.

This tree springs from the foot of a bluff, so that its top branches are not a great distance from the sportsman as he approaches on the higher ground; and as the tree is a prolific bearer of very sweet nuts, it is a great resort for the grays.

This was my objective point as I entered the woods in the first faint dawn that November morning, and I soon found a good point of vantage commanding the tree where I could wait for the early squirrel.

Aside from my wheel my sole companion was my .22 repeater, fitted with Lyman sights front and rear.

The morning was very still and a trifle misty—just the kind of a day to hunt—and my heart was filled with pleasurable expectation. Before long, however, these were rudely dashed, for, looking over my shoulder to ascertain the cause of some distant noise, I discovered two other hunters approaching.

Without seeing me these men came within twenty paces of the spot where I sat, and there one took up his position to wait till sunrise, while the other moved on and was soon lost to sight.

My neighbor was not a good squirrel hunter, for he lacked patience and fidgeted a great deal. Several times he changed his position a little, but at length he spied me, and after that he kept more quiet.

Though the usual accompaniments of sunrise were not in evidence that morning—owing to the mist—it gradually grew lighter, and presently, far off through the trees, I saw a leafy bough suddenly bend downward under the weight of a squirrel.

I kept my eyes riveted on the tree, which was a small hickory gorgeous with its golden autumn coloring, and a second later I saw a splash of gray moving rapidly down the trunk of a nearer basswood.

I made up my mind that the nimble rodent was coming my way, and I looked out of the corner of my eye to see if the other fellow had caught on. But he was busily engaged with a late mosquito, and I did not wonder that his companion had preferred to hunt alone.

The squirrel came rapidly along its aërial pathway and soon reached a tall, spindly maple, which had no branches worth mentioning short of the top. Here it stopped, having no doubt seen some motion of my neighbor, and as there was no good cover for the squirrel in the immediate neighborhood, I resolved to open the campaign on the offensive. Accordingly I arose and walked over to the tree where I had marked him down, keeping my eyes peeled for a sudden break and the little rifle in position for a snap shot.

But Mr. Gray diagnosed the case wrongly and imagined he hadn't been seen, for instead of attempting to get away, he flattened his body against the opposite side of the tree and tried to hide. I walked very softly directly up to the butt of the tree, and once there caught hold with my left hand and swung my body around till I could look up on the side where the squirrel was hiding. Meanwhile I had raised the rifle to my shoulder and held it with my right hand aimed in a general way toward the top of the tree.

Scarcely 30ft. above me hung the squirrel, head down, and looking for all the world like other knots and protuberances on the tree, and whether from surprise or because he did not think he had been seen, he did not move. Slowly I steadied the rifle, for it was a difficult shot, and when it spat out its leaden missile the squirrel did not immediately fall. Instead it jumped into a neighboring tree and hung for a minute from a branch, evidently badly wounded. It was but the work of a second to step aside and take a second shot, and the squirrel was stone dead when its body struck the ground.

I picked up the bushy-tailed fellow, and noting that the first shot had struck too far back, dropped him in my pocket.

Then having secured my bicycle, I moved further south along a line fence till I came to a nest tree where the claw marks on the trunk were very recent. Here I was out of sight and hearing of my late neighbor, and as it was hardly yet light I was content to rest a while.

J. B. BURNHAM.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW BICYCLES ARE SOLD.

THE following statement of the part that advertising plays in the sale of bicycles, taken from the columns of *Profitable Advertising*, is worthy of consideration as being the opinion of a man who handles the advertising of one of the best advertised and most widely sold bicycles of the day:

"More money has been spent in this country during the past twelve months in advertising bicycles than any other article of manufacture, and yet out of the several hundred bicycle makers there are less than a score who could properly be classed as 'general advertisers.' Further, notwithstanding the overwhelming demand for bicycles, both this season and last, the 'general advertisers' have done and are doing the bulk of the business, and with one or two exceptions they have not found it necessary to resort to the cutting of prices. This is only natural, for people will not pay $100 for the indifferent product of some unknown manufacturer.

"The hundreds who rush into the bicycle business this season without any experience, and the non-advertisers among the older manufacturers, are the ones who are now disposing of their bicycles at any price they can get regardless of list, and the writer will stake his reputation as a prophet that these same manufacturers will have 'bicycles to burn' before the season is over.

"The above statements are not mere words, but in the main are solid facts. The natural deduction for the unfortunate manufacturer, if he wishes to avoid a repetition of this deplorable state of affairs, is to advertise. By this is not meant the desultory spending of a few hundred dollars during the season, but the laying aside of an appropriation for advertising that is consistent with his standing and condition. Most important of all is the selection of the man who will buy the space and attend to his advertising. An experienced and capable advertising manager will produce better results than will an inferior one with double the appropriation at his disposal. In this instance, as in many others, the best and highest priced talent is the cheapest in the end.

"The competition next year among the bicycle manufacturers will be most keen, as the demand is even now practically supplied, and before the present season is over there will be a surfeit of bicycles stored away for next season's trade. Under these circumstances there must of necessity be more advertising that ever, which will also have to be better and more carefully looked after. Next year a demand will have to be created and many a bicycle manufacturer will find it not so easy sailing as heretofore. Bicycle advertising is only in its infancy, and the coming season will see more of it, and as necessity is the mother of invention, it will naturally be much better."

The World's "Hundred."

ONE hundred miles being a sort of standard distance, cyclists are usually interested in how the records stand. The following are the best authenticated safety, path, paced records, as prepared by Chairman Gideon:

English amateur, 3.54.29⅘, A. E. Walters, at Catford, Sept. 7, 1895.

American amateur, 4.37.56⅘, A. G. Harding, St. Louis, Oct. 24, 1894.

American, Class B, 4.22.15, R. P. Searle, Nov. 13, 1895.

TIRE EXPEDIENTS AND COMMON SENSE.

THE most vulnerable part of a good bicycle is the tire. In a well set up bicycle there is very little danger that the frame will break or come apart, or that the wheels or bearings or cranks or pedals will suddenly play out, and the rider is very rarely put to the inconvenience of walking home except for the single cause of an injured tire. A pneumatic tire at best is a delicate thing, and we Americans have gone to the extreme of making them very light, though it must be acknowledged that weight for weight ours are the toughest in the world.

Owing to the adventurous tendencies of bicycle riders as a class it frequently happens that tires give way in the most out-of-the-way places, and consequently a knowledge of the art of tire repairing is of the utmost importance. Directions are given with all repair outfits, and by studying these the average cyclist can make a pretty good job of the commoner class of punctures; but frequently for one reason or another, either for lack of time or because the cut is not to be treated in the ordinary way, he is at a loss for a remedy, and his wheel instead of being a help is only a hindrance to his movements. It is under such circumstances that quick wits and common sense come into play. There is a way to stand an egg on its end, and a way to accomplish a good many other apparent impossibilities, and the particular exigency of the case will frequently suggest a remedy. Tire tape is perhaps one of the most useful articles in the repair kit of the cyclist, and its use will stop most leaks more expeditiously and certainly in untrained hands than plugs and cement. Lacking this, the old expedient of a bit of chewing gum over the seat of the injury, held in place by a tightly wound cincture made from a pocket handkerchief or necktie, frequently works equally well.

Sometimes one runs over thorns that the hedge trimmer has thrown into the middle of the road by way of tidying up the strip alongside, and in this case it frequently does to break off the thorns in the wound even though they penetrate the inner wall of the tire, as they fit so tightly as not to permit an escape of the imprisoned air. Possibly the man who first thought of this expedient was acquainted with the story of the swordfish which first pierced the ship and then left its blade to caulk the leak.

At other times the tire is so badly damaged that it is a waste of time to try to make it hold air; but even this difficulty has been overcome by fertile minds. We all remember the joke where the cyclist gets himself out of a predicament by replacing his burst tire with a string of sausage, but the principle that governed him was not so ridiculous as the means he adopted.

A piece of rope of large size has been used effectively in place of a tire, care being taken to bring the ends closely together and bind them securely to the rim, and similarly the outer sheath of a double tube tire has been filled with bran, and the rider, as a reward for his ingenuity, gone home on his wheel instead of his feet.

In cycling, as at other times, it is best to think before acting. Most people have the capacity for doing the right thing provided they take the time to reason it out. A certain course is likely to give the man who adopts it plenty to worry about afterward when some simple expedient might have saved him all.

Many riders, for instance, have ruined the easy running qualities of their bicycles by riding home with a broken ball in the bearings to grind the cones and create havoc generally, whereas, having ascertained the cause of the trouble, the simplest of reasoning would have dictated the removal of the broken parts, for even if the rider was not aware of the fact that the full number of balls is not essential to the fine running of the wheel, common sense would tell him that the wheel could not possibly run worse, and that the broken parts were certainly of no advantage.

COULDN'T MOUNT.

THE other day an absent-minded man walked down the middle of a street in a large city pushing a bicycle ahead of him and gazing abstractedly at the cobblestones. A friend spied him from the sidewalk, and after some difficulty succeeded in attracting his attention.

"Hello, Jones," he said, "why aren't you riding your wheel?"

"Can't get on the blame thing," replied the absent-minded man. "I took it to the repair shop, and the man there put on the step on the right side, which is the wrong side, and though I've tried it half a dozen times I can't mount from the side where it is, and I can't make a pedal mount or a mount from the curbstone."

The man on the sidewalk looked at his friend quizzically and then said:

"Give me your wrench."

The other obeyed in a hang dog way, for the point was beginning to dawn upon him.

The man with his wits about him stooped over and in a jiffy he had removed the nut and step and put them on again in their proper places.

"Now," he said, "you can get on your wheel and ride home; but I would advise you in future either to learn some new mounts or else get a new set of brains," and the absent-minded man took his medicine meekly.

"WHEN a wabbler meets a scorcher," says the *Wheel*, "the safest course for him to pursue is to head for the approaching flyer with a grim determination to collide with him. Such is the perversity of all bicycles, when mounted by novices, that only those things the rider attempts to avoid are ridden into, and those he seeks to reach are always avoided. By remembering this in the moment of danger the wabbler will emerge triumphant from the ordeal."

Forest and Stream's
Fishing Postals.

"DROP US A LINE" ON A POSTAL CARD.

Fishing News, Place to Catch Fish, Fish Caught, Fishing Incidents.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

S indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Union of L. I. Sound.
M indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Ass'n of Massachusetts.

JULY.

S 25. Sea Cliff, An., Sea Cliff, L. I. Sound.
M 25. Hull, open, Hull, Boston Harbor.
25. Plymouth, inside race, Plymouth Harbor.
25. Winthrop, ladies' day, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
25. Squantum, moonlight sail, Squantum, Mass.
25. Chicago, club regatta, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
28. Ogdensburgh, 15ft. cup, Ogdensburgh, St. Lawrence River.
M 29-31 Quincy, summer cruise, Quincy, Hull Bay.
30. Rochester, club, Lake Ontario.

AUGUST.

1. Beverly, 3d cham., Buzzard's Bay.
S 1. Indian Harbor, An., Greenwich, L. I. Sound.
1. Roy. St. Lawrence, cruise, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
1. Waterside, special.
1. Squantum, cham, Squantum, Mass.
M 1. Savin Hill, open, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
1. Chicago, dinghy race, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
New York Y. C. cruise—
3. Rendezvous, Glen Cove.
3-6. Interlake Y. R. A. regattas, Put-in-Bay, Lake Erie.
4. Fox Lake, club, Fox Lake, Ill.
4. Winthrop, evening race, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
S 5. Huntington, An., Huntington, L. I. Sound.
5. Plymouth, ladies' day, Plymouth Harbor.
6. Winthrop, evening race, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
8. Fox Lake, club, Fox Lake, Ill.
S 8. Hempstead Harbor, An., Glen Cove, L. I, Sound.
8. Beverly, open, Marblehead.
S 8. New Rochelle, special, New Rochelle, L. I Sound.
8. Winthrop, race to Marblehead, cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
8. Rochester, club, Lake Ontario.
8. Roy. St. Lawrence, cruise, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
8-9. Interlake Y. R. A. cruise, Put-in Bay to Cleveland, Lake Erie.
M 10-11. Manchester, open, Manchester, Mass.
12-14. Corinthian, summer series, Marblehead.
15. Corinthian, club, Marblehead.
S 15. Corinthian fleet, An., New Rochelle, L. I. Sound.
15-20. Erie, open regattas, Erie, Lake Erie.
15. Squantum, Burkhardt cup, Squantum, Mass.
S 15. American, special, Milton Point, L. I. Sound.
15 Roy. St. Lawrence, cruise, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
S 15. Stamford, Hoyt cups, Stamford, L I. Sound.
15. Cor. Atlantic City, ocean race, catboats, Atlantic City.
15. Chicago, race and run, Menominee, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
15. Eastern, Vineyard Haven to Marblehead.
17-22. Hempstead, An. cruise.
M 17-18. American, open, Newburyport.

THE criticism has been very generally made, both this year and last, that such yachts as Ethelwynn, Ideal and Two Step would be much faster if rigged with the ancient and conventional gaff to fan them out to windward in some unexplained way than with the leg-o'-mutton sail devoid of a peak. Last year, however, Ethelwynn was speedy enough to defeat six of her class under boom and gaff rig; and this year Glencairn has scored a decisive victory under the leg-o'-mutton rig. As the picture shows, her rig is identical in principle with the "Scarecrow" rig, differing only in mechanical details. When under full sail the single pole mast of the "Scarecrow" rig is in every way better; when reefed the shorter mast and separate yard are advantageous in lowering the weight and lessening the windage. As far as the argument between the gaff sail and the leg-o'-mutton is concerned, the weight of evidence is now on the side of the latter.

Guesswork Criticism.

As a racing class, the 15-footers are probably quite able to take care of themselves; they have furnished good sport in international racing for two years; they have increased in numbers to an exceptionally large fleet; they have attracted the interest of the yachting public, and have enlisted in their service many skillful designers and sailors, both amateur and professional. While they need no defender or apologist—especially at this time, when they represent with the new thirties the two live racing classes of the year—we are nevertheless not inclined to let pass unchallenged the malicious and untruthful attacks upon them from a certain quarter.

For some unknown cause the class from its first establishment awakened the enmity of the expert known to fame as the "Boston *Herald* Man," and he has persistently attacked it throughout the present season. Even were the class so bad and so useless as to call for condemnation in the interests of yachting, it is hardly probable that it would be entirely devoid of good, and that nothing could be learned by a technical study of the individual boats and a comparison of their qualities and performances; far from being extreme, expensive or in any way detrimental to the advancement of yachting, the class is in many respects an excellent one, and beyond this again its history up to to-day is replete with instructive data that no progressive yachtsman can afford to ignore. The character and animus of this attack upon it is shown by the wholesale and indiscriminate condemnation of it and the yachtsmen connected with it, as well as by the absence of all attempts to understand and explain the important lessons of the races. We quote the following extracts from various articles by the same writer in both the Boston and New York *Heralds:*

"So far as science of yacht naval architecture goes, the result of races between any boats built under guesswork rules amounts to nothing. The difference in the dimensions and the area of the sails shows this, and the result of the guesswork of those getting up the craft indicates that the Glencairn people had hit it the better.

"The boats were built under a guesswork rule—that is, a specified rating was named, and, in order to get this, you may cut off sail if you wanted waterline length, and add sail if you took off waterline length The result shows that, under the guess rule, the Canadian boat has 60ft. more sail area to make up for her shorter length, and it is history repeating itself, for the Boston 21-footers, with their larger sail spreads, could beat the Herreshoff 25-footers Wenonah and El Chico, with their longer waterline lengths and smaller sail plans. Many will claim, and with justice, that there is considerable guesswork in yacht naval architecture. There is, but not to so great an extent as the boats which raced yesterday. On limited waterline lengths, the same as the Defender, the designer is not fenced in in his driving, and there is no limit on sail area. Consequently, he does not cut down the sail area to gain on the waterline. It is quite evident that the Glencairn's designer thought more sail and less length would be better than the dimensions of El Heirie, both on length on waterline and canvas area."

"Perhaps now that the promoters of this 'inland pond' type of yacht have lost the international yacht race, they will be willing to come back again to sensible, comfortable boats, where 'hit and go' does not have so much to do with the result as that of the guesswork designed boats which raced to-day. They are hardly the boats grown-up men should sail an international race in."

"The above table shows clearly the guesswork business indulged in by the different designers. The In It, with 10ft. on the waterline, has 360sq. ft. of sail, while the Answer, with 16ft. waterline, has 194sq. ft. Here are a dozen and more boats built under a rule which is restrictive, and they show that the boats with the lesser waterline length have a greater sail area than those with longer waterlines. It is come and go on the guess business.

"The designer of the Ethelwynn does not relish the work of showing up these boats, which offer no information whatever so far as giving any ideas about actual racing. He does not like the great 21-footers, built wholly for racing on the widest differences in type ever constructed in this country, a class which furnished more information for Cup defending purposes than any class yet built on either side. If the wide-beamed 21-footer had a ton of pig lead below and a jug of lemonade in a race off Marblehead, the Ethelwynn offered no such comfort, for she capsized, was deserted by her owner in a race, and such a thing as the comforts of a jug of lemonade were not to be thought of. Besides, the owner of the big, wide 21-footer has the comfort of taking his family out for a sail How about Ethelwynn in this regard?

"The Herreshoff boats Gnome and Olita were built for the class, but the racing list shows that the Olita did not start. The Gnome started in three races, finished ninth in the first and was 27 minutes astern of the Ideal on a wild fluke. She was not placed in the second and third races, although she started; neither was she selected to start in the supplementary race. What better evidence could there be that chance and opportunity have a great deal to do with results in yacht racing? Here is the case of Mr. C. H. Crane, with one boat for his chance, beating Stephens and Herreshoff, each with two chances, and this in a match where Mr. Stephens had the Ethelwynn to work on and Mr. Herreshoff twenty-five years' experience. The *Rudder* truly says: 'There is not one boat in the lot in which a man of sense would venture to take out his best girl for a sail.'

"The result of the races will prove nothing—it is hit or miss, as between the respective designers, and yachtsmen will not be at all benefited by the races; indeed, they are not greatly interested. It is an Anglo-American fad, this class of boats, and when any writer says they 'go like torpedo boats' he is telling 'banshee' stories."

In order to understand the true nature of the above attack, it must be remembered that the author of it is not a mere general reporter sent off for a day to try his hand at a yacht race, but an expert, a man to whom the inner working of the minds of such designers as Herreshoff and Watson is as plain as the palm of his own hand, who can detect a difference of a hundredth part of a foot in the location of the centers of two such yachts as Defender and Valkyrie, and who, by his own admission, can look down on the deck of two 15-footers and discern that one has a half inch more draft than the other. He comes from Boston to see for the first time the objects that he has been deriding for a year; he looks on with contempt while many ignorant and deluded yachtsmen watch with keen interest the series of races, and turns homeward in disgust because "thousands of dollars have been put into the 15-footers and knockabouts, yet no intelligent yachtsman can claim that they help in knowledge for future Cup defenders. No man knows, nor can he know, what the best elements of a 90-footer are."

The talk about guesswork in this class is not only absurd and untrue, but is an insult to the dozen or more designers who have worked out so carefully and conscientiously the problem of the fastest 15-footer. They at least have understood what the Boston *Herald* man professes to be ignorant of—that a yacht of half a ton displacement, sailed by two men, the ratio of crew to displacement being about 33 per cent., can necessarily have little connection with a yacht of 150 tons displacement and sailed by fifty, or a ratio of say 3 per cent.; and also that no man to-day would build a yacht for international racing in any class and at the same time try to make a safe family cruiser of her. Apropos of the guesswork in this class, it is interesting to note that the four gentlemen associated with the winning boats of the trial and cup races—El Heirie and Glencairn—are all engineers by profession, men educated in technical schools and engaged in exact scientific pursuits other than yacht designing. In the case of El Heirie, her designer was impressed by a chance suggestion thrown out in the course of last season's races; he took up the idea, studied and elaborated it, and produced a craft whose originality and excellence has attracted the well-deserved attention of experts.

In the case of Glencairn her designer and his associate worked in another direction, starting with the winner of last year's races as a basis. A number of yachts were designed, built and tried under conditions far more severe than those prevailing about the Sound, one change after another was made, both in dimensions and model, and as a result the championship in yachting has been won by a foreign nation for the first time. The winning yacht herself cannot be disposed of by mere platitudes about guesswork, best girls and Anglo-American fads; but she is likely to cause some very serious thinking among those who are desirous of regaining the cup.

As for last year's champion, she was no more the result of guesswork than of elaborate calculations involving the higher mathematics; far from these two wild extremes of designing, she was the result of a careful comparison of results in many small craft, none exactly like her, for the same class and purpose, as none such then existed. The qualities and performances of various small bulb-fins were carefully weighed, and much attention was given to the 16×30 racing canoe, with its large sail area and sliding seat, as in a measure connected with the problem of the 15ft. class.

The designer of Ethelwynn does not relish the task of ascertaining, if possible, and of explaining to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM why, in this class at least, El Heirie possesses certain elements of advantage over anything of the general type of Ethelwynn, Sorceress or Riverside; nor of unlearning and learning others; but at the same time he does not propose to shirk the responsibilities of his editorial position by venting his disappointment in mere abuse.

As to the safe family side of the question, here is an extract from the Boston *Herald* concerning one of the type to which its yachting editor is so devoted as to see no good in any other:

"The Eureka carried a big racing jib, which was torn badly. Just after starting she was struck by a heavy puff, took in barrels of water and, after quite a hard struggle, regained her feet."

The statement that Ethelwynn capsized and was deserted by her owner is simply a bald untruth with no foundation of fact; that her owner was frightened for no reason at all, and abandoned a race that he might have easily won, proved no more against the seaworthiness of the yacht than did Lord Dunraven's withdrawal on the last day against Valkyrie's speed.

Perhaps the most extraordinary part of this attack upon what is in one sense a New York class, though it is now really a national one, is the action of the New York *Herald*, a paper presumably devoted to the interests of yachting and of New York. This journal has on its staff an old and experienced writer, who has for years conducted its yachting department. On this occasion it set aside its own man and imported from Boston this expert to report the Seawanhaka races; his chief qualifications being a violent dislike of the 15ft. class, of the Seawanhaka rule, and a strong jealousy of New York.

Yacht Racing on the Miramichi River.

THE Miramichi Y. C.'s annual race for the championship pennant presented to the club by Vice-Com. Stewart was sailed between Murdoch's Point and Oak Point, four miles and return, on July 1, in a howling nor'wester. It was a run to Napan buoy, a reach from there to Oak Point, a reach back to Napan buoy, and a dead beat to the finish. Maude, Learig and Oriana were the entries. The two latter were rapid, while the more powerful Maude had only one reef turned in. Learig led to Oak Point, closely pursued by Maude, when Com. Miller captured the lead by making a shorter turn. Oriana was close astern, and in the windward work on the homestretch she split tacks with the leaders, crossed their bows soon after, and kept the weather gauge to the finish, winning the race by 1½m. She has been classed as a light wind boat and her owner, Vice-Com J. L. Stewart, was warmly congratulated on having won in a two-reef breeze.

Quincy Y. C. Open Regatta.

QUINCY—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 18.

THE Quincy Y. C. had but a light easterly wind for its open race, the times being:

	Length.	Finish.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Emma C., P. A. Coupal	29.05	2 15 41	1 42 24
Ida J., F. E. Beckman	29.04	2 16 42	1 42 48
Harbinger, W. F. Bache	28.04	2 23 15	1 48 47
Heroine, C A. J. Smith	29.00	2 26 15	1 52 32
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	25.06	2 29 15	1 51 25
Mudjekeelwis, Davis *et al.*		Withdrew.	
SECOND CLASS			
Swirl, H. M. Faxon	21.07	2 20 35	1 37 19
Satanic, Wm. Daly, Jr	22.07	2 23 38	1 41 45
Gleaner, F. O Wellington	23.00	2 23 16	1 42 00
Tacoma, S. N. Small	22.00	2 30 00	1 47 13
Romance, L. Sears	24.04	2 29 03	1 49 40
Eulalie, R. G. Hunt	22.03	2 32 25	1 50 13
Privateer, A. E. Schaaf	22.01	Withdrew.	
Raccoon, C. D. Lanning	21.06	Withdrew.	
THIRD CLASS.			
Rooster, Adams Bros	19.08	2 30 28	1 43 47
Arab, W. F. Scott	18.01	2 36 50	1 47 07
Wawanda, Benner *et al.*	19.11	2 37 50	1 51 36
Kayoshk, F. B. Rice	20.11	2 39 38	1 55 07
Opechee, W. P. Barker	19.09	2 44 39	1 58 07
Enigma, G. F. Maybury	18.05	2 57 20	2 08 16
KNOCKABOUTS.			
La Chica, C. V. Souther	21.00	2 49 23	.. .. ..
Hobo, T. W. King	21.00	2 55 53	.. .. ..
Spinster, L. M. Clark	21.00	2 59 04	.. .. ..
Nike, C. A. Cooley	21.00	3 01 53	.. .. ..
Torpedo, J. J. Souther	21.00	3 05 57	.. .. ..
Tautog, W. O. Gay	21.00	3 09 10	.. .. ..
Jacktar, T. E. Jacobs	21.00	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS.			
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	17.06	1 20 25	0 50 42
Sphinx, A. Keith	17.11	1 22 31	0 53 19
Sunbeam, H. B. Faxon	16.05	1 24 31	0 53 25
Fantasy, W. Allerton	15.09	1 25 58	0 53 56
Primrose, W. B. Burrill	17.04	1 25 37	0 55 42
Wachita, G. F. Hills	16.09	1 30 25	0 59 45
Swan, Louis Cate	17.06	1 35 40	1 05 57
Myrtle, L. A. Haley	16.00	1 38 16	1 06 35

The judges were: Com Chas. F. Pettengill, James S. Whiting, John W. Sanborn, William P. Barker, George E. Pfaffman, George E. Saville, Eben W. Shepard and Harrison A. Keith.

Larchmont Race Week.

THE present season witnesses a new event in New York local racing the attempt to establish a week of regular racing every year under the auspices of the Larchmont Y. C. The full programme for the week is as follows:

Saturday, July 18.—Seventeenth annual regatta, open for all classes. First race of series for 34ft. rating class. First race of series for 30ft. special class. Special race for schooners in cruising trim. Evening, musical frolic.

Sunday, July 19.—Evening, sacred concert.

Monday, July 20.—Special race for schooners in racing trim in one class. Special race for schooners in cruising trim in one class. Second race of series for 34ft. rating class. Second race of series for 30ft. special class. Special race for 21ft. class. Race for ½-raters. Evening, local talent.

Tuesday, July 21.—Four-oared gig race for "Hen and Chickens colors," presented by Com. Gillig. Two-oared gig race for "Dauntless colors," presented by Mr. H. B. Seeley. Dinghy race for "Execution colors," presented by Mr. H. B. Seeley. Race for naphtha launches exceeding 21ft. load waterline. Race for naphtha launches 21ft. load waterline and under. Race for the "Eastward and Westward challenge cup." Tub races and water sports. Afternoon, ladies' reception and band concert. Evening, ball and illumination of club house and ground.

Wednesday, July 22.—Open regatta for all classes. Third race of series for 34ft. rating class. Third race of series for 30ft. special class. Evening, musical symposium.

Thursday, July 23.—Race for Class 5 yachts with cabin trunks. Fourth race of series for 34ft. rating class. Fourth race of series for 30ft. special class. Race for cabin cats all in one class. Race for special 21ft. class. Race for ½-raters. Evening: amateur minstrels.

Friday, July 24.—Schooner race, all in one class. Race for Class 5 yachts with flush decks. Race for Class 6 Fifth race of series for 34ft. rating class. Fifth race of series of 30ft. special class. Race for special 21ft. class. Race for ½-raters. Evening: legerdemain, magic and other tricks.

Saturday, July 25.—Open regatta for all classes. Sixth race of series for 34ft. rating class. Sixth race of series for 30ft. special class. Evening: music and a pyrotechnic display.

Saturday's race was that postponed from July 4 on account of the fog, the open regatta originally set for July 18 being abandoned. This time the weather was more favorable, there was a clear sky and a light N.E. breeze. After the start a calm set in, but in time it gave way to a moderate S.W. wind, with which the course was sailed out in good time. Special handicaps were made between Ramona and Atlantic, and Liris and Uvira, the other classes sailing under the club rules. The usual triangular courses were sailed, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS—CLASS A (HANDICAP).				
Ramona	11 36 04	2 50 14	3 14 10	3 14 10
Atlantic	11 38 00	Did not finish.		
CLASS B.				
Emerald	11 37 22	5 00 57	5 23 35	5 21 48
Colonia	11 36 27	4 56 30	5 20 03	5 20 03
CLASS D.				
Amorita	11 38 00	5 07 26	5 29 26	5 29 26
SLOOPS AND CUTTERS—CLASS 5 (FLUSH DECK) HANDICAP.				
Uvira	11 45 14	4 43 40	4 58 26	4 58 26
Liris	11 44 14	4 50 15	5 06 01	4 58 01
CLASS 6.				
Norota	11 45 50	4 46 05	5 00 15	4 41 29
Carmita	11 44 26	4 42 30	4 58 04	4 58 04
CLASS 7.				
Infanta	11 45 01	4 52 36	5 07 05	5 02 34
Coya	11 46 00	5 01 37	5 15 37	5 10 29
Cymbra	11 45 31	4 52 36	5 07 05	5 07 05
CLASS 8—SPECIAL 34FT. CLASS.				
Dragoon	11 43 20	4 51 25	5 08 05	5 08 05
Acushla	11 43 27	4 51 50	5 08 23	5 08 23
SPECIAL CLASS FOR YAWLS.				
Audax	11 44 22	4 53 51	5 14 29	5 14 29
SPECIAL CLASS—30-FOOTERS.				
Musme	12 01 00	4 51 24	4 50 24	4 50 24
Mai	12 01 00	4 50 15	4 49 15	4 49 15
Carolina	12 01 00	4 52 33	4 51 33	4 51 33
Argonaut	12 01 00	4 55 37	4 54 37	4 54 37
Raccoon	12 01 00	4 52 35	4 51 25	4 51 25
CLASS 10.				
Quantuck	11 53 47	3 52 31	3 58 44	3 58 44
Hyale	11 51 46	3 11 39	3 17 52	3 04 42
CATBOATS—CLASS 11.				
Volsung	11 51 54	2 43 00	2 51 06	.. .. ..
Oconee	11 53 04	Did not finish.		
Dosoris	11 52 34	2 56 51	3 04 17	.. .. ..
CLASS 12.				
Weasel	11 54 01	3 55 27	4 01 26	4 01 26
Presto	11 51 26	3 19 17	3 27 51	3 25 20
Ethel	11 52 54	3 51 22	3 53 28	3 52 23
CLASS 13.				
Edna	11 54 42	3 35 55	3 44 13	3 44 13
Edwina	11 53 10	Did not finish.		
Zelica	11 56 00	3 52 50	3 56 50	3 50 50
CLASS 14.				
Starling	11 53 50	3 55 11	4 01 21	4 01 21
Chippie	11 52 01	Did not finish.		
Whiz	11 54 11	Did not finish.		
CLASS 15				
E. Z. Sloat	11 52 44	2 51 19	2 58 35	2 58 35
CLASS 16—21-FOOTERS.				
Celia	11 51 36	2 35 05	2 42 29	2 42 29
Vaquero	11 53 17	2 52 42	2 59 25	2 59 25
Houri	11 51 49	2 42 31	2 50 42	2 50 42
CLASS 17—15-FOOTERS.				
Trilby	12 06 20	Did not finish.		
Paprika	12 06 20	3 55 46	3 49 46	3 49 46
Ideal	12 06 00	4 02 23	2 56 23	2 56 23

Plymouth Y. C.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.

Saturday, July 18.

THE Plymouth Y. C sailed its second regatta on July 18 in a light east wind, the times being:

	Length.	Finished.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS CATS.			
Cleopatra, Melbourne McDowell	21.07	1 13 53	0 52 10
Nancy Hanks, P. W. Maglathlin	21.00	1 18 03	0 55 52
Ishtar, A. M. Beals	22.04	1 19 23	0 58 15
Future, W. T. Whitman	21.11	1 22 29	1 01 02
SECOND CLASS CATS.			
Glide, G. W. Shiverick	16.01	1 22 09	0 55 06
Amie, M. S. Weston, Jr	17.02	1 30 45	1 04 56
Honest John, J. C. Dawes	17.02	1 32 55	1 07 06
Nemo, F. Carl	18.05	1 39 38	1 15 06
THIRD CLASS—SPRITSAILS.			
Yankee, A. E. Walker	16.10	1 26 20	1 00 09
Major D., C. H. Drew	16.01	1 27 46	1 00 43
No Name, E. A. Ransom	16.02	1 28 38	1 01 41
Natalie, H. M. Jones	17.02	1 28 12	1 02 23
Gypsy Girl, T. W. Steele	16.09	1 34 42	1 08 25
Ideal, C. F. Bradford	15.05	1 35 18	1 08 44
E. B. Weston, I. Symmes	17.03	1 35 14	1 09 30
Fair Play, G. D. Bartlett	15.03	1 39 25	1 11 21
FOURTH CLASS—GAFFSAILS.			
Aphrodite, A. G Fay	17.06	1 28 39	1 03 11
Vigilant, A. M Watson	17.04	1 30 30	1 01 52
Thelma, C F Holmes	16.02	1 34 48	1 07 51
Dolphin, N Morton	16.06	1 36 12	1 09 38
Nereid, C. Clapp	17.00	1 39 27	1 13 27
Tom Jeff, S. Richard	17.08	1 41 00	1 15 38
Myra, S. B Cheney	18.00	1 41 27	1 16 30
Trouble, T. S Diman	17.08	1 43 59	1 18 42

New Jersey Athletic Club.

ELLSWORTH CUP.

THE second race of the New Jersey Athletic Club for the Ellsworth cup was sailed on July 18, the winner being a 15-footer built by W. F. Brown, of Bayonne, for his brother, Samuel Brown. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Iroquois	3 05 00	4 17 36	1 12 36	1 44 05
Drift	3 05 00	4 21 28	1 16 28	1 42 47
Doctor	3 05 00	4 23 40	1 18 40	1 43 00
Brownie	3 05 00	4 24 05	1 19 05	1 39 25
Tische	3 05 00	4 24 13	1 19 13	1 46 52
Chips	3 05 00	4 24 23	1 19 23	1 40 42
Yankee Boy	3 05 00	4 19 42	1 14 42	1 44 21
Volage	3 05 00	4 26 34	1 21 54	.. .. ..

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. International Cup.

SECOND CONTEST.

Oyster Bay, July 13, 14, 15, 1896.

THE international contest which occupied the first three days of last week at Oyster Bay was a remarkable one in many ways; in the first place, the American defender was for the first time in the history of international yacht and canoe racing defeated by the foreign challenger, and this in three straight races, the defending yacht being practically outsailed from the start. Beside this, the contestants represented in both quantity and quality extremes never before seen in international yacht racing. So far as mere size and cost are concerned, the competitors were most insignificant, the smallest class by far that has ever taken part; the total cost of both would not buy a boom for Defender or Valkyrie III. In actual quality, however, they represented a distinct advance on their larger fellows. It cannot be said of Glencairn, as it was said of Genesta, Galatea and the last Valkyrie, that they were not the fastest of their class, and that other yachts were better entitled to be classed as the representatives of their nation in a foreign challenge. Both defender and challenger in the present case were admittedly the best of two large fleets specially constructed for the cup racing, and each was good enough to stand forth as the representative of a great nation. Another important point is that this year the professional has given place to the amateur, the two yachts representing in both design and handling the highest class of Corinthian skill; each being sailed by her designer, an amateur, and manned by other amateurs who have also done their part toward the construction and working up of the boats. It is particularly interesting to know that each of the four men is an engineer by profession.

Another point that is most gratifying after the protests and pamphlets that followed the races of Valkyrie III. and Spruce IIII. last year is the general good feeling that attended the whole competition. Before the races it was informally agreed among the two crews that protest flags should be left ashore, and that every effort should be made to avoid a necessity for them on the part of either. This agreement was fully lived up to by both. While the millennium is hardly yet at hand in yachting, and we doubt whether the time has yet come when even the fairest and most generous of competitors can abandon entirely the red flag, especially in international contests, when excitement runs unusally high, we hope that this race marks a new era in international yachting, in which the wholesale protestant and the disappointed pamphleteer will give place once more to such generous losers as the late Sir Richard Sutton and Lieut. Henn.

As regards the nature of the racing, it was most conclusive, a perfectly fair test being made in both very light and moderately strong winds, covering quite completely the average range of racing conditions.

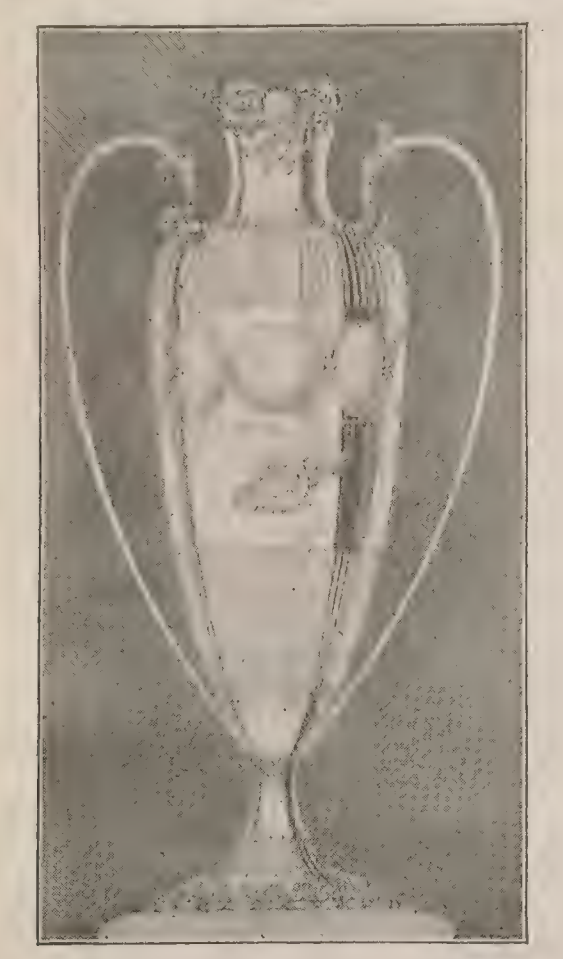
It may be said that the result of the three races was as gratifying to all interested parties as it could possibly be. While the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. has lost the possession of its cup after but one season, it still has the satisfaction of having introduced a new and useful class in American yachting; of having stimulated a new interest among the younger element of Corinthian sailors and designers that must bear good fruit in time; of having carried out two series of contests in a manner that was not only fair, but most generous to the challengers, and of having shown a most commendable spirit in instantly tendering a return challenge.

That the result is most gratifying to the challenging club and its two representatives is a matter of course—this would be the case even under different circumstances; but they have additional cause for self-congratulation in that their yacht represents not the mere money of the club, paid out for the brains of some noted designer and builder, but a purely home production, the result of skill, labor and perseverance on the part of many individual members.

That their defeat was a serious disappointment to the crew of the defending yacht goes without saying; but they have this to console them, that their skill and pluck and their demeanor throughout the races has won them the respect of the club which they so ably represented, of the competitors whom they labored so hard to defeat, both in the trial and final races, and of all who have watched the races as spectators.

If there is any one cause for regret over the result, it is in its technical moral, that extreme power pays in this class, a conclusion reluctantly reached by the designer of Glencairn, and that will be quite as reluctantly accepted by many designers and yachtsmen. Whether this is indeed the true and only moral of the victory of Glencairn, and if so, just what deductions are to be drawn from it, is entirely too broad a question to be discussed off hand.

The trophy, which was on exhibition at the club house during the



SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C. INTERNATIONAL CUP FOR SMALL YACHTS.

races, is a handsome urn of solid silver 30in. high, made by Dominick & Haff, Union square, New York.

First Day—First Race.

Monday, July 13.

LEEWARD AND WINDWARD COURSE.

The story of the first race was told in detail last week; for the sake of the complete record we merely recapitulate the result:

FIRST ROUND—LEEWARD LEG.

		Elapsed.	Gain.
Glencairn	1 31 04	0 36 04	0 57 00
El Heirie	1 32 01	0 37 01	

WINDWARD LEG.

				First Round.	
	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Glencairn	2 42 50	1 11 46	0 05 58	1 47 50	0 06 55
El Heirie	2 49 45	1 17 44		1 54 45	

SECOND ROUND—LEEWARD LEG.

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Glencairn	3 18 54	0 26 04	0 02 11	0 09 06
El Heirie	3 28 00	0 38 15		

WINDWARD LEG.

		Last Leg.		Entire Race.	
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Glencairn	4 44 29	1 25 35	0 38 05	3 49 29	0 47 11
El Heirie	5 31 40	2 03 40		4 36 40	

Second Day—Second Race.

Tuesday, July 14.

TRIANGULAR COURSE.

Several light showers fell on Monday evening, and one came up



GLENCAIRN. DESIGNED BY G. H. DUGGAN.

From a photo, copyright, 1896, by J. S. Johnston, N. Y.

about 8 A. M. Tuesday, but the sun soon dispersed the clouds and gave promise of a very hot day in spite of a light N.W. breeze. The two yachts lay afloat all night, but were brought up to the float about 9 o'clock and put in readiness for the race. They started out a little after 11 o'clock in tow of naphtha launches. Hope and Riverside also started out, the latter with a new cotton mainsail and jib. Since the trial races her hull has received some extra plank fastenings and has been smoothed down and repainted, and her fin of $^{7}/_{32}$in. Tobin bronze has been stiffened by plates of $^{1}/_{8}$in. bronze, one on each side, and riveted through.

The fleet did not reach the mark until noon, and the preparatory was given at 12:33, with the start at 12:40. The two kept well apart in working between the guns. El Heirie, with balloon jib in stops, broke it out and set her spinaker well above the line, but Glencairn, leading over the line by 7s. and crossing promptly after the gun at 12:35, set her balloon jib flying and at once drew ahead. She set her spinaker about 8m. after the start and carried it for a time, but finished the leg under balloon jib only. El Heirie, after trying her spinaker well forward, finally capsized it over to leeward and used it in addition to the balloon jib as a balloon jibtopsail. Glencairn gained very fast, though the wind was light. The times at the first mark were:

FIRST MARK.

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Glencairn	1 07 51	0 32 51	5 09 00
El Heirie	1 13 00	0 38 00	

After sheeting down at the mark and standing for a short distance on port tack, Glencairn found the wind ahead and went about and stood to the westward for a short distance, then tacked for the second mark. El Heirie, after rounding, was able to hold the port tack for the whole leg and fetched easily, while Glencairn came for the mark with eased sheets. The times were:

SECOND MARK.

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Glencairn	1 36 12	0 28 21	
El Heirie	1 38 48	0 25 48	2 33 00

This decided gain of El Heirie was largely due to the short tack made by Glencairn on the start of the leg. With a light, streaky air they stood across slowly. Both made a short hitch or two to the westward to pick up a breeze, but fetched the line easily.

	Third Leg.			First Round.	
	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Glencairn	2 19 48	0 43 36		1 44 48	2 28 00
El Heirie	2 22 16	0 43 28	0 08 00	1 47 16	

Coming for the mark on starboard tack, Glencairn bore away, eased sheets with boom to port and set spinaker to starboard; El Heirie, however, jibed at the mark and set spinaker to port. This was the proper thing to do, and Glencairn soon jibed mainsail and spinaker. Both set balloon jibs and headed for the first mark with a very light air astern. El Heirie appeared to gain on Glencairn, but, as the times show, it was more apparent than real. Glencairn took in kites as she neared the mark and jibed when some little distance away; El Heirie jibed just before rounding. The times were:

FIRST MARK.

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Glencairn	2 54 23	2 19 48	
El Heirie	2 56 40	2 22 16	0 00 11

The second leg was a close reach in a moderately strong breeze, the best of the day. The two were very even, with a small gain for the leader.

SECOND MARK.

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Glencairn	3 15 30	0 21 07	0 00 13
El Heirie	3 18 00	0 21 20	

Glencairn stood on for a minute and a half before coming on starboard tack, but El Heirie went about at the mark.

There was now a moderate breeze, the boats driving along in a lively manner, the sun lighting up the white sails of Glencairn and the yellow ones of El Heirie. The leader continued to gain and also managed to fetch the line on the one long leg across by the aid of her short hitch out at the mark. El Heirie was in hard luck, not only being obliged to tack for the line in the strong tide, but failing to weather the buoy and having to make a second tack to cross. The times were:

	Last Leg.			Entire Course.	
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Glencairn	3 53 16	0 37 46	0 03 52	3 18 16	0 06 22
El Heirie	3 59 38	0 41 38		3 24 38	

Third Day—Third Race.

Wednesday, July 15.

After the race the two yachts were carried up on the beach in front of the boat house and carefully placed on trestles. The plan of turning on the bilge, adopted by Ethelwynn last year, was not followed by either. At midnight on Tuesday a merry S.W. wind was rattling the halyards on the big pole in front of the club house, and it was still blowing at sunrise, though with diminished force. Later on, however, it freshened up, and after the two yachts were put in order and launched Glencairn turned in a reef and went out to try its force in Oyster Bay. El Heirie bent her cotton mainsail instead of the silk one and took a turn about off the club float, after which she ran in and hauled down her first reef. The change of weather was warmly welcomed by the friends of the American boat, as it was generally felt that her only chance lay in a breeze so strong that Glencairn must either reef or lug sail, while the smaller sail plan and increased length of El Heirie were pushing her ahead.

At noon, when the Dunderberg reached the Center Island buoy, the sky was overcast, with a haze on the horizon and a fresh breeze blowing from W. by S., with a little sea. The launch was sent away at 12:15 to lay off a course E. by N. 3 miles, to leeward, and at 12:20 the preliminary signal was given. The two yachts were working about the line under single reefs and whole jibs. The preparatory was given at 12:30, with the start at 12:35. The two kept far apart working for the line, Glencairn being the nearer. El Heirie ran away some little distance and set her spinaker to port in stops, while Glencairn kept close to the line. With the gun she filled away and crossed 15s. late, but El Heirie, her crew busy with spinaker, was half a minute astern of her. Glencairn started with boom to port, and when over the line Mr. Shearwood at once got the spinaker on her. Both boats set balloon jibs as soon as possible. On board of Glencairn Messrs. Duggan and Shearwood sat on deck with feet in the cockpit and bodies upright. On El Heirie Mr. C. M. Crane, at the stick, laid out flat on his chest on the starboard quarter, while his brother sat up on the weather deck with his back against the spinaker boom. El Heirie gained slowly but steadily from the start, and at 12:50 passed by Glencairn, to windward of the latter.

Glencairn at once jibed her boom to starboard and spinaker to port, but in some way the sheet of the balloon jib went adrift, and the sail flapped for a minute or two before it was sheeted home. Meanwhile El Heirie had run some 50yds. ahead, but when Glencairn settled down to work after the jibe she began to lessen the distance and was dangerously close when both passed to the north of the bell buoy. As they neared the mark and began to shift sails El Heirie ran away a little, carrying spinaker a few minutes longer. She was the better handled at the turn, sails being shifted and sheets trimmed very handily. The times were:

FIRST MARK.

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.
El Heirie	1 06 10	0 31 10	0 00 12
Glencairn	1 06 22	0 31 22	

The real gain of El Heirie on the 3-mile run is greater by the difference at the start, 30s., or 42s. in all.

So far as it went, this was very encouraging. The American yacht was ahead for the first time in three days, and many looked to see her stay there. While conceding, as they could not well help doing, the speed of the Canadian yacht when she could carry to advantage her large sail plan, nearly 25 per cent. in excess of that of El Heirie, the friends of the latter looked for a point, in some considerable strength of wind, where she could still carry her 240ft. without heeling beyond an effective angle, and this by no means a small one, her true length as well as the marked increase of length at this angle giving her a long, easy list line. When this point was reached it was also expected that Glencairn, if carrying full sail, would be so overcanvased as to lose in speed and be in danger of capsizing; or, if reefed, would lack the power to force her hard, short list line at a high speed.

The windward work began with the sky cloudy and overcast, and a lively breeze sweeping over the water, the tide still running to windward. As soon as sheets were well aft and made fast, the crews began to slide around outside the yachts as they heeled, El Heirie taking a harder angle than Glencairn. The latter started a dozen yards or so in El Heirie's wake, the two pointing high. Slowly but steadily Glencairn crept up to the other's weather quarter; she hung there obstinately for a few moments, the two lying over and only a couple of yards apart, then she started, inch by inch, to overlap El Heirie. The sight was a fine one, the two yachts perfectly matched, each jammed on the wind with all the breeze she wanted, the helmsman lying out to windward with hand on tiller, the crews sliding out around the bottoms in the effort to keep the two from capsizing. Barring the vast difference in size, which one forgot in the intense interest of the battle, the sight was reminiscent of the few moments shortly before the end of the last race for the America's Cup in 1885, when Genesta ran up on Puritan's weather quarter only to drop back and lose the race. This time the result was different, the challenger was soon on the defender's weather beam, then she passed to the weather bow and soon was clear ahead, having her rival completely at her mercy. All this happened with the first six minutes on the wind; at 1:13 El Heirie came about, on port tack, Glencairn at once following. They were so close to the bell buoy that Glencairn barely squeezed to windward, while El Heirie passed to leeward.

As they went on Glencairn drew rapidly ahead and soon had a safe lead. The wind still held and she had much more than she wanted, but she was making very good weather of the seas, even better than El Heirie. After four minutes Glencairn tacked in for the beach, El Heirie at once following, but Glencairn immediately swung back to port tack. She held this but a minute and then once more headed inshore. Something parted about El Heirie's main sheet and it was slack for a minute. The sky had been gradually clearing and the wind falling a little, and at 1:27 El Heirie shook out her reef, showing the whole mainsail. Glencairn held her reef, but set her working jib in place of the No. 2. At 1:33 Glencairn also shook out her reef and essayed her full mainsail, the wind being lighter. At the same time she had more sail than she wanted, and her helmsman jilled her along with the utmost care, with both sails lifting. With it all she was going fast and easily and steadily leaving El Heirie.

They now stood along, well out from the Lloyd's Neck beach, Glencairn tacking whenever necessary to keep her rival between her and the mark, and gaining all the time. The turn was timed:

	Second Leg.			Entire Round.		
	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Glencairn	2 04 59	0 58 57	0 06 35	2 29 59	0 06 23	0 06 23
El Heirie	2 11 22	1 05 12		2 36 22		

The run was made with a strong ebb tide and a lighter breeze, the sky being now clear and bright, the sun shining and quite a large fleet of yachts, mostly sloops and catboats, attending the racers. They ran down with booms to starboard and spinakers to port, but as on the first run both fetched to the north of the mark and had to run down on it. Glencairn jibed easily before she reached the mark, but El Heirie carried her spinaker well up to it. The times were:

SECOND MARK.

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Glencairn	2 38 52	0 33 53	
El Heirie	2 42 52	0 31 32	0 02 21

El Heirie made a part of her gain by bringing up with her a better breeze that sent them off at a good gait to windward, but this time

with an ebb tide to buck. While on the previous tack Glencairn had weathered the bell buoy, she now fetched far to the eastward of it, and held her course in to the shore well down on Lloyd's Neck. There were some hard spots in the breeze, and she had her mainsail shaking much of the time, while both boats rolled their sides out. It was 2:51 when Glencairn went on port tack close inshore. She began to work the beach in short tacks, and went along well enough for some few minutes, then she stopped as though she had struck a wall and El Heirie began to overhaul her. However pleasing this prospect was, it meant nothing and was highly deceptive. Glencairn had struck the ebb tide and was barely breasting it, while the other was still in the slack; when her turn came she also stopped.

They worked the beach for nearly half an hour in short tacks, many of them not more than a minute each. When off the sand dock Glencairn was through with her troubles and stood up the harbor on a longer leg El Heirie was a little bothered by a tug and canalboat off the dock, but went clear of them. The flagship Iroquois was knocking about the course with Com. Rouse and a party aboard to see the race, and when Glencairn was through the worst of the tide and speeding rapidly for the finish Mr. Kerr, of the committee, left the Dunderberg in a launch and boarded the flagship, returning to the steamer just prior to Glencairn's finish. She made several tacks in the harbor mouth in order to keep El Heirie well outside of her, and finally crossed the line after quite a long leg on port tack, with El Heirie a long distance astern in her wake. When the latter came up she just failed to weather the lee end of the line, the Center Island Buoy, and had to tack twice to cross. The finish was timed:

SECOND ROUND.

	Mark.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Entire Course. Elapsed.	Gain.
Glencairn	3 46 51	1 07 59	0 1 48	3 01 51	0 5 50
El Heirie	3 52 41	1 09 07		3 07 41	

The salute that greeted the victor was as hearty as though the American boat had led over the line; guns, whistles and loud cheers joined in celebrating the loss of the cup to such gallant adversaries. The greeting of El Heirie was no less hearty. Hardly was she over the line before the following was handed by the race committee to Mr. J. C. Almon, secretary of the Royal St Lawrence Y. C., who was a guest of the club on the committee steamer:

The Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., Montreal, Quebec:

GENTLEMEN—The Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. hereby challenges for a match to be sailed during the yachting season of 1897 for the international challenge cup for small yachts, with a yacht to be named later, under the 25ft. racing class, the contest to be governed by S. C. Y. C. rules. H. C. ROUSE, Com.

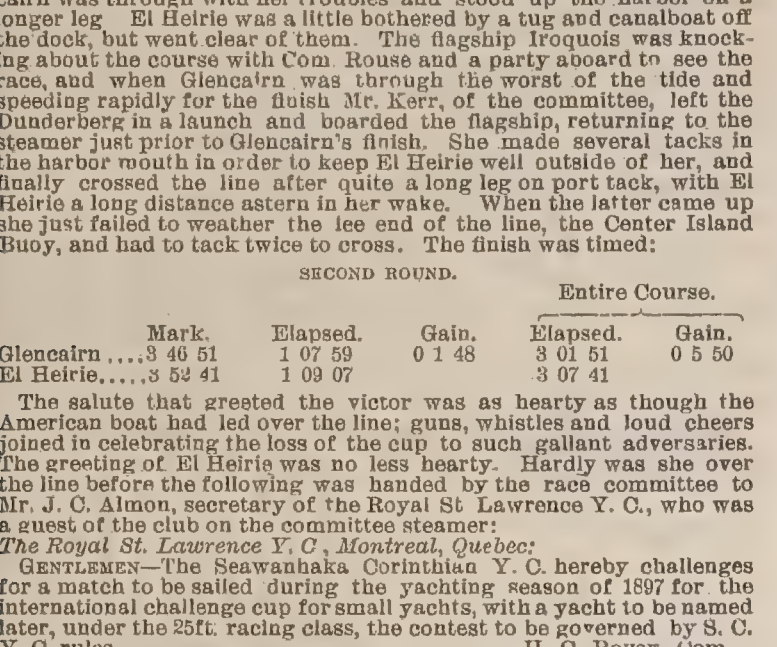
It is understood that the nomination in the challenge of the 25ft. class is made only to cover all possible classes, and that the final selection of the class of the challenger will be arranged by mutual agreement between the clubs

On Saturday night a reception to the challengers was held at the club house. Mr. and Mrs. Duggan returned to Montreal on Monday.

The accompanying sketch represents roughly the outline of Glencairn.

The following description was written by our old correspondent, D. A. Poe (Retaw), whose able comments on canoeing were familiar to our readers some eight years since:

Glencairn is the last of nine boats designed this year by Mr. Duggan, seven of which boats were built. Of these seven three were built by H. F. Hodgson, of Toronto, in his shops; three were built by workmen



under Mr. Duggan's supervision at Lachine; and Glencairn, the last built, was constructed by Mr. Hodgson's foreman, Mr. Herbert Hall, at the Dominion Bridge Works, at Lachine. Glencairn is a thoroughly Canadian boat. The raw material used for the centerboard and fittings were the only things about her which were imported. The hull is made of Canadian white pine, with a few planks of white cedar to turn the bilge. Her deck is made of British Columbian cedar. Every nail in her is of Canadian make. Her wire cordage was made by the Dominion Wire works at Lachine; her standing rigging and her cordage manilla are of Canadian manufacture. Her sails were made by Mr. Thomas Sonne, of Montreal. Her fittings were made in the establishment of the Linotype Co. on Bleury street, and her castings were made by Messrs. Rubenstein Bros., of Montreal. Her fittings are all aluminum and phosphor bronze. The Canadian Paint Co. covered her bottom with their new graphite ship bottom composition, and also attended to her painting and varnishing. So, although it is said that the American boat is the most expensive boat, there is not a better boat built—as far as the essentials and good workmanship and finish are concerned—than Glencairn. Her bottom surface is a beautiful specimen of its kind, the graphite paint giving a very smooth, frictionless surface; the planking is absolutely true; and it is hardly necessary to say that the design was absolutely fair, and her lines true throughout.

The tremendous advantage Glencairn had over El Heirie is, however, not to be found in any detail of her construction, but in the basic principles on which her design is based. In yachting it is the rule under which yachts are measured for time allowance and classification which determines the type, and this rule is absolutely necessary, as is the law governing the relations of one man to another. The Seawanhaka rule provides for the measurement of yachts by taxing the two principal elements that make for speed, the length on the load waterline and the sail area. Now, in England, in order to check the growth of disturbing excrescences in the larger classes, limiting the general uselessness, a new rule has been adopted, taxing several other elements.

Leaving aside this rather dangerous experiment, the simple Seawanhaka rule is the most scientific and most satisfactory method of dealing with this vexed question which has ever been made use of. Under this rule, what is taken in sail area must be given in waterline length. The problem which, therefore, faced Mr. Duggan when he began his 15ft. rating designs was the selection of the elements which make for the greatest speed under the rule. He had, fortunately, an opportunity to design seven boats, and he was therefore able to experiment largely, taking almost every proportion of waterline, from 14ft. 4in. to the Glencairn's 12ft. 9in. It is evident, however, that during the progress of the design of these seven boats there was a great development of one main idea in Mr. Duggan's mind. Sothis, the boat which he designed for himself, was in every essential particular a new departure in naval architecture. As the experts in New York have failed to realize just how great Mr. Duggan's advance on the normal type is, and ascribe to guesswork what was actually the result of long-continued and absolutely scientific calculation, it would be unfair to make public exactly what the governing principle of both Sothis and Glencairn is. But it may be safely said that no boat of the normal type, with the waterline length of Glencairn, and her sail area, would be successful.

One of Mr. Duggan's boats, the second of his designs, with about the same waterline length and sail area as his successful boat, cannot be driven at a high speed, and boats of a greater waterline, greater length and smaller sail have been more successful. The success of Glencairn is to be ascribed to the essential elements of her design, and this essential element is as much Mr. Duggan's invention as the essential element in the design of Dora was that of Watson, or that of Gloriana was the invention of Herreshoff.

Had Mr. Poe been present at Oyster Bay and heard some of the comments freely made he would not have fallen into the error he has made in crediting to yachtsmen in general the splenetic utterances of one prejudiced writer. Neither would he have failed to recognize the presence in El Heirie of the same principle as that underlying Glencairn's design, though associated with different dimensions. We note one important omission in the above account. Mr. Poe neglects to state that the many metal fittings of Glencairn, blocks, leaders, etc., were designed and made by him for Mr. Duggan and others of the club at the Linotype works, of which he is the manager. A part of the success of Glencairn must fairly be ascribed to the excellence of all these small mechanical details.

Canada in International Yachting.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., July 17.—We Canadians are very much pleased with the success of our 15-footer Glencairn in capturing the international trophy, and none the less so since we scarcely dared to do more than hope for Mr. Duggan's success in his plucky venture. The feeling current among yachtsmen in and about this old center of the sport is thus expressed by the *Intelligencer* in its issue of to-day, under the heading, "Canada First:"

"Canada has succeeded where the mother country failed. A yacht of 15ft. corrected length, designed by Mr. George H. Duggan, of Montreal, a Canadian; built by a Canadian builder from Canadian wood and iron; fitted with Canadian-made sails, and sailed by a Canadian crew of two amateur yachtsmen, namely, her designer and Mr. F. P. Shearwood, of Montreal, has been taken across the line to Oyster Bay, near New York, and has there won, in a series of three races, the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.'s international challenge cup for '15-footers,' which the English craft Spruce IV., sailed by an English crew, failed last year to win from a probably slower boat than that which defended it this year.

"The achievement of Mr. Duggan was a very notable one—so much so as, although we are averse to boasting and puffery, to reflect the highest credit upon Mr. Duggan as a designer of small yachts, taking into consideration all the facts. Arrayed against him—a mere amateur—were several of the most famous professional designers of the United States, including the Herreshoffs and a host of others, professional and amateur.

"In all twenty-seven yachts of various types—some of them as finely finished and as highly polished as a piano; with double skins to make them strong, stiff and light, and with an entire disregard of expense—were offered for the club's selection from among them of a defender. After several trial races, El Heirie, designed by C. H. Crane, a Boston amateur, made the most satisfactory showing. Against her the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal, pitted the Glencairn of Mr. Duggan's design. A slightly faster boat in light weather, namely, the Sothis, also of Mr. Duggan's design, was left at home. The challenger's selection proved, however, fully equal to the task set for her, and beat our clever neighbors' best on every point of sailing and in all kinds of weather. Mr. Duggan may now sing, with all Canadians joining in the chorus:

> But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
> And all that thou hast done for me."

While such is the feeling among yachtsmen, I am sorry to note that a vainglorious idea has found expression among those who either are absolutely ignorant concerning the sport or, worse yet, have that little knowledge which is dangerous with regard to it. That idea is voiced as follows in a Montreal newspaper:

"A general impression has gained ground that Canada will have a challenger for the America Cup next year as the result of the late international ½-rater races. It is rumored that Mr. James Ross, the Commodore, will build her, and naturally the rumor has created a great deal of interest, and there are a great many people who believe it. Some gentlemen who know Mr. Ross well say that he stated, before leaving for England, that if the Glencairn won he would seriously think of building a cup challenger. The inference naturally is that Mr. Duggan will design the boat."

Had those who make such a proposal the slightest knowledge of the differences between the problems which present themselves in the designing of a 15-footer and 90-footer, it is certain that they would restrain their exuberance, in which it is quite certain that Mr. Duggan will not concur.

The yacht Canada, which is to compete with Vencedor for the international trophy at Toledo, O., did not do as well at first as was expected against her older sister Zelma, but after an overhauling she last Saturday did all that could reasonably be expected of her, in giving Zelma a decisive beating.

Meantime I have but to say that the Canadian yacht is in charge of our ablest yachtsmen, at the head of whom is Mr. Æmilius Jarvis, of Toronto, who combines theory with practice in an eminent degree, and is excelled by few as a helmsman. It does not look like an easy victory for either yacht, but Canada has the best trial horse in Zelma, a thorough seasoned craft of proved speed and ability in all weathers and worked by a crew who know her to perfection and handle her accordingly. PORT TACK.

Beverly Y. C. Second Championship.

WING'S NECK—BUZZARD'S BAY.

Saturday, July 11.

THE 235th race, second championship, was sailed off the club house July 11 in an old-fashioned three-reef southwester.

Little Peter in second class sloops was on hand, but had no competitor; Surprise broke her mast; Colymbus broke her boom and the little John '99, a fifth class boat about to sail with fourth class, capsized just after the preliminary gun.

May King probably wins in second class, but is not measured and may be out of class. Prizes are held in abeyance.

Melro wins easily in third class and takes a second leg for the pennant. Sippican gets second if she measures into the class.

Heiress sailed very well, as did Sally. Grilse for the first time was last; the new rule restricting crews to three is very rough on her, the new boats being built for it and some 20 per cent. broader. Grilse ran the fleet, but could not carry sail to windward.

Dawdle sailed a superb race, and with a breeze Imp was in her element.

Club station, Wing's Neck; water, rough; courses, 11¼ for second class, 8½ for third, 5½ for fourth and fifth; weather, clear; sea, heavy; wind, strong three-reef southwester.

SECOND CLASS CATS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
May King, D. L. Whittemore	...	2 14 22	. .. ..
Anonyma, F. L Dabney	24.9	2 16 55	2 03 18
Mist, Geo. H. Lyman	25.1	2 20 22	2 07 05
Bernice, T. G. Young, Jr	25.8	Withdrew.	
THIRD CLASS CATS.			
Melro, D. L. Whittemore	20.3	1 51 05	1 35 53
Sippican, W. H. Davis	...	1 57 42	. .. ..
Doris, John Parkinson	24.1	2 00 50	1 46 38
Cayuse, F. W. Sargent	20.1	2 03 38	1 48 14
Puzzle, Wm. Amory II	20.1	. .. ..	. .. ..
FOURTH CLASS JIB AND MAINSAIL.			
Heiress, Geo. G. Amory	19.0	1 14 32	1 03 40
Sally, W. Starling Burgess	19.0	1 15 45	1 04 53
Fin, Howard Stockton	17.9	1 17 10	1 05 09
Ghuzz, Lawrence Brooks	18.9	1 21 42	1 10 36
Grilse, W. E. C. Eustis	19.0	1 23 00	1 12 18
Silence, J. Crave, Jr	19.0	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CATS			
Dawdle, R. S. Hardy	17.6	1 17 04	1 04 49
Elsa, Hollis Burgess	19.0	1 17 36	1 06 34
Cinch, H. Parker	18.1	1 19 10	1 07 28
FIFTH CATS.			
Imp, Geo. B. Dabney	14.5	1 22 00	1 06 22
Vif, A. Winsor, Jr	14.4	1 23 45	1 08 01
Hebe, J. Parkinson, Jr	15.0	1 23 49	1 08 53

Winners: Class two cats, first, probably May King and Anonyma; the former is not measured. Class three cats, first, Melro; second, probably Sippican. Class four jib and mainsail, first, Heiress; second, Sally. Class four cats, first, Dawdle. Class five cats, first, Imp.

Melro, Heiress, Dawdle and Imp, and either May King or Anonyma take legs for pennants.

Judge: W. Lloyd Jeffries.

Gravesend Bay Y. C.

BENSONHURST—GRAVESEND BAY.

Saturday, July 18.

THE Gravesend Bay Y. C. sailed a very successful open regatta on July 18, the wind being from the south and moderate. The times were:

CLASS A—OPEN BOATS, 21ET AND UNDER.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Martha M., R. Moore	19.01	1 45 49	1 44 48
Maggie P., C. Lissenden	16.03	1 50 02	1 45 12
Ulmer Park, J. W. Weber	19.06	1 52 50	1 52 50
Paul & Stella, James Riley	16.08	2 13 17	2 03 57
Lizzie, S. O'Brien	19.01	Did not finish.	
CLASS E—CABIN BOATS OVER 24FT.			
Lizzie V., W. P. Vreeland	31.00	1 51 03	1 51 03
Mary II., W. E Elsworth	24.10	2 03 17	1 56 41
Molly Bawn, E M. Brown	28.00	2 02 00	1 59 06
Louise, R. H. Sherwood	28.04	2 00 02	1 59 29
Acorn, C. W. Morgan	24.10	2 15 38	2 09 12
Vespa, John Denning	26.01	2 25 32	2 20 50
30FT CLASS—OVER 25FT. TO 30FT.			
E. J. B., E. J. Bates	29.00	2 56 47	2 56 47
35FT CLASS—OVER 30FT. TO 36FT.			
Forsythe II., Alex. F. Roe	35.06	2 48 00	2 48 00
Gael, Sunerson & B't	30.01	3 06 43	3 00 07
Alexis, J. Constant	35.04	3 05 07	3 04 57
Porda, A. Erdman	....	3 05 20	. .. ..
15FT. CLASS.			
Terrapin, W. S Peters	15.00	2 03 12	. .. ..
Cygnus, C. M. Solheim	15.00	2 09 14	. .. ..

Fox Lake Y. C.

FOX LAKE, ILL.

Saturday, July 11.

THE Fox Lake Y. C. sailed two races on July 11, the first, in the morning, a postponed race from July 4; the second, in the afternoon, the regular race as scheduled for the day. The wind was light from N.W. The times in the first race were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Satan	10 59 49	12 27 46	1 27 51	1 27 51
Hornet	10 56 55	12 43 34	1 46 39	1 44 51
Sleepy Tom	10 58 29	12 31 48	1 33 19	1 23 31
Joker	10 56 14	12 33 05	1 36 51	1 32 18
Marcella	10 58 40	12 46 15	1 47 35	1 40 41
Canvasback	10 59 01	12 43 59	1 54 58	1 54 58
Annie	10 58 11	12 36 28	1 38 17	1 31 18
Clematis	11 00 03	Withdrew.		

Question broke rudder and did not start.

Sleepy Tom was first, Satan second, and Annie third.

The afternoon race resulted:

FIRST CLASS.

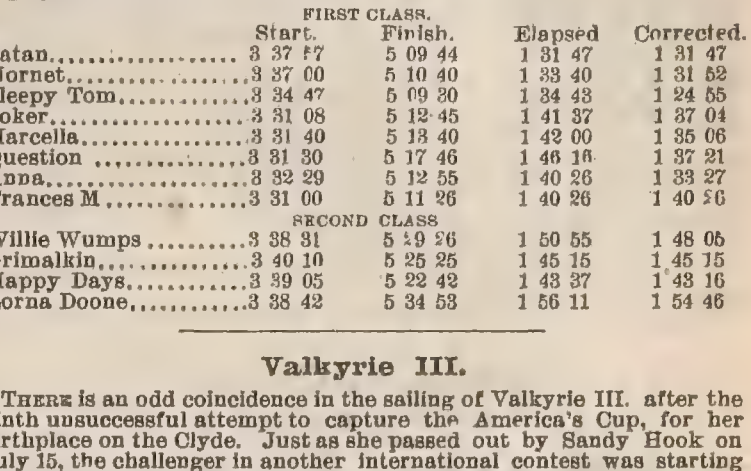
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed	Corrected.
Satan	3 37 47	5 09 44	1 31 47	1 31 47
Hornet	3 37 00	5 10 40	1 33 40	1 31 52
Sleepy Tom	3 34 47	5 09 30	1 34 43	1 24 55
Joker	3 31 08	5 12 45	1 41 37	1 37 04
Marcella	3 31 40	5 13 40	1 42 00	1 35 06
Question	3 31 30	5 17 46	1 46 16	1 37 21
Anna	3 32 29	5 12 55	1 40 26	1 33 27
Frances M	3 31 00	5 11 26	1 40 26	1 40 26
SECOND CLASS				
Willie Wumps	3 38 31	5 29 26	1 50 55	1 48 06
Grimalkin	3 40 10	5 25 25	1 45 15	1 45 15
Happy Days	3 39 05	5 22 42	1 43 37	1 43 16
Lorna Doone	3 38 42	5 34 53	1 56 11	1 54 46

Valkyrie III.

THERE is an odd coincidence in the sailing of Valkyrie III. after the ninth unsuccessful attempt to capture the America's Cup, for her birthplace on the Clyde. Just as she passed out by Sandy Hook on July 15, the challenger in another international contest was starting over the line in what proved to be her third successful race, giving her the trophy. Valkyrie's new skipper, Capt. Dixon, who is merely in her for the ocean passage, arrived in New York on July 11 with his crew on the steamer St. Louis. After some delay in securing the admission of the crew by the authorities, they reached the yacht at the Erie Basin Drydocks. She was very soon put in sea trim and stores shipped, the latter being taken down from the White Star Line pier, where they have laid all winter. At 8:30 on Wednesday morning she was taken in tow by a couple of tugs and towed down the bay, passing Sandy Hook at 12:30. She is yawl rigged for the passage. While Lord Dunraven's intentions are not known, it is not probable that she will be raced; the attempt to sell her here has been unsuccessful, and as she would have to recross at one time or another, she has probably been sent for now in order to avoid possible bad weather in the fall.

Right of Way on a Lee Shore.

BOSTON, July 9.—To settle a dispute will you kindly give your opinion as to which boat has the right of way in the following case? Two boats, A and B, are both close hauled on the starboard tack, heading for an island. A is about two lengths ahead of B, but to leeward, so far to leeward that her skipper thinks he cannot cross B's bow by tacking. Both boats continue on until they approach very close to



the shore ahead. If they continued long both boats would ground. A called to B to come about. B refused to do so, and told A to keep off and jibe around. A acknowledges that he was not on a lee shore, and that he could have cleared the obstruction by keeping off, but claims he had a right to force B to tack. B claims that A did not have the right of way, and bases his claim on the following rule of the road: "When a yacht is in danger of running aground or of touching a pier, rock or other obstruction, and cannot go clear by altering her course without fouling another yacht, then the latter shall, on being hailed by the former, at once give her room," etc. Now, A allows that he could have cleared the obstruction by keeping off, but claims that keeping off is not changing the course, and that he had a right, by the rule quoted, to force B to tack. B claims that keeping off is changing the course, and as A admits that he could have kept off, he (A) had no right to force B to tack. Will you kindly state which boat, in your opinion, is correct? Inclosed is a diagram showing the positions of the boats, etc. J. J. SOUTHER.

[We are unable to understand from our correspondent's description just what sort of an "island" is involved. Certainly if it was of any considerable size A should not be compelled to go far out of his course to round it. We cannot attempt to give a final decision without a fuller knowledge of all the circumstances; but as far as we can see, A was entitled to room to clear the obstruction. As we understand the intent of the rule, a yacht is not compelled to bear away or jibe, taking a new course opposed to her true course to the next mark. The alteration of course referred to is, in our opinion, that which she would naturally make to clear.]

Hempstead Y. C. Ladies' Day.

HEMPSTEAD—GREAT SOUTH BAY.

Saturday, July 11.

THE Hempstead Bay Y. C. sailed its annual ladies' day regatta on July 11 in a strong breeze, the yachts carrying two reefs. The times were:

	Start	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Algea, Dr. J. A. Hutcheson	2 02 52	3 37 25	1 34 33	1 33 54
Fleetwing, G. Lowden	2 03 45	3 56 35	1 52 50	1 41 50
Mayita, Com. Rotino	2 02 53	3 49 50	1 46 57	1 46 57
CATBOATS				
Beulah, E. T. Southard	2 00 25	3 42 24	1 41 59	1 38 01
Sibyl, Com. Rotino	2 01 50	3 42 35	1 40 45	1 38 02
Zephyr, Dr. J. A. Hutcheson	2 02 52	3 49 00	1 46 08	1 38 05
Cricket, Rev. E H. Ketcham	2 01 45	3 41 10	1 39 25	1 39 25
Eunice, W. P. Miller	2 03 50	3 59 55	1 56 05	1 40 44
Dolphin, I. N. Carman	2 01 25	3 43 25	1 42 10	1 40 45
Brooklyn, T. Martin	2 01 20	3 42 30	1 41 10	1 41 06
Grace, Com. Rotino	2 05 16	3 57 15	1 51 59	1 41 43
New York, T. Martin	2 12 55	3 55 50	1 52 55	1 44 05
Mystery, J. Snedeker	2 02 56	Did not finish		
Caribel, H. R. Smith	2 02 54	Did not finish.		

Hull Y. C. Club Race.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 11.

THE Hull Y. C. club race of July 11 was sailed in a strong breeze from N.W., the boats carrying two and three reefs. The times were:

THIRD CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gleaner, F. O. Wellington	24.03	1 31 50	1 02 13
Privateer, A. E. Schaaf	....	1 33 21	. .. ..
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	30.11	1 38 37	1 14 48
JIB AND MAINSAIL.			
Soubrette, H. W. Friend	....	1 25 25	. .. ..
KNOCKABOUTS			
Tautog, W. O. Gay	21.00	1 18 03	1 18 03
Torpedo, J. J. Souther	21.00	1 19 02	1 19 02
La Chica, C. V. Souther	21.00	1 22 07	1 22 07
Nike, C. A. Cooley	21.00	1 33 25	1 33 25
FIFTH CLASS.			
Rooster, C. F. Adams, 2d	19.09	1 27 55	1 00 46
Swirl, H. M. Faxon	20.11	1 29 47	1 03 49
Opechee, W. P. Barker	22.02	1 28 52	1 04 04
Sphinx, Arthur Keith	19.03	1 32 27	1 04 46
Kayoshk, F. B. Rice	22.02	1 31 02	1 06 14

The judges were W. E. Sherriffs, F. H. Jeffries, W. A. Cary and L. W. Smith.

Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, July 18.

THE Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, sailed its ninety-ninth race, the first championship of the year, on July 18, in a light east wind, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SECOND CLASS.				
Exit, A. H. Higginson	2 35 00	5 21 37	2 46 37	2 41 21
Susie, J. F. Cole	2 35 00	5 23 16	2 48 16	2 47 43
Eugenia, L. S. Palmer	2 35 00	5 35 25	3 00 24	2 55 36
Marena, D. H. Follett, Jr.	Withdrew.			
FOURTH CLASS.				
Egeria, R. F. Tucker	2 40 00	5 10 00	2 30 00	2 29 40
Magpie, A. W. Stevens	2 40 00	5 12 00	2 32 00	2 30 48
Koorali, R. C. Robins	2 40 00	5 12 15	2 32 15	2 32 15
CLASS A.				
Rowena, W. A Rothwell	2 45 00	5 30 10	2 45 10	2 45 10
Anagua, W. C Loring	2 45 00	5 36 38	2 51 38	2 51 38
Metric, J. L. Paine	2 45 00	5 52 45	3 07 45	3 04 45
Mistral	2 45 00	Withdrew.		
CLASS B.				
Edith, F. M. Wood	2 55 00	5 52 00	2 57 00	2 57 00
Comus, R. O. Hodges	2 55 00	6 14 43	3 19 43	3 19 43
Mosca, F. E. Peabody	2 55 00	Withdrew.		
CLASS C—KNOCKABOUTS.				
Sally, D. C. Percival	2 50 00	5 36 24	2 46 24	2 46 24
Dorothy, Frank Brewster	2 50 00	5 39 19	2 49 19	2 47 19
Maid, Everett Paine	2 50 00	5 50 28	3 00 28	2 55 18
Ruth, R. M. Wiggin	Withdrew.			
Comet, A. Lawrence	Withdrew.			

The winners were Exit, Egeria, Rowena, Sally, Edith, Susie, Magpie Anagua, Dorothy, Comet.

The judges were G. W. Mansfield, H. D. Benson and A. G. Wood.

Lincoln Park Y. C.

CHICAGO—LAKE MICHIGAN.

Saturday, July 11.

THE Lincoln Park Y. C. sailed an open race on July 11 in a light and variable wind. The chief event of the day was the meeting of the two new bulb-fins Vencedor and Siren, the former being the representative of the club in the coming races with the Royal Canadian Y. C. The race was by no means conclusive, owing to the paltry winds. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
CLASS A.			
Siren	2 41 45	6 11 10	3 29 25
Vencedor	2 38 52	6 10 12	3 31 20
CLASS B.			
Valiant	2 40 35	6 26 29	3 45 53
Sadie	2 42 00	6 27 45	3 45 45
CLASS D.			
Trix	2 41 00	6 11 30	3 30 30
Marion	2 42 00	Not timed.	
Arrow	2 42 00	6 00 50	3 18 50
Bowery	2 42 00	6 26 10	3 44 10
SCHOONERS.			
Toxteth	2 42 00	6 37 15	3 45 15
Hawthorne	2 42 00	Not timed.	

The prizes are: Class A Sloops—First, cannon; second, pennant. Class B Sloops—Marine glass. Class D Sloops—First, barometer; second, ensign. Schooners—First, cannon; second, log.

The judges were G. M. Pynchon, Edward Varian and Edward Wood. The timekeeper was Joseph Ruff, and M. W. Berriam represented the regatta committee.

Duxbury Y. C.

DUXBURY, MASS.

Saturday, July 11.

THE second club race of the Duxbury Y. C. was sailed on July 11 in a strong N.W. wind, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SECOND CLASS CATS.			
Cleopatra, M. McDowell	21.06	2 14 54	1 31 28
Nancy Hanks, P. W. Maglathlan	21.00	2 19 50	1 35 27
Arawak, C. D. Baker		2 20 59	. .. ..
Future, W. T. Whitman	21.11	2 24 12	1 41 18
FOURTH CLASS CATS.			
Amie, M. S. Weston, Jr	17.02	1 13 21	0 48 32
Honest John, J. C. Dawes	17.04	1 17 26	0 32 48
Nemo, Carr	18.04	Withdrew.	
SPRIT SAILS.			
E. B. Weston, I. Symmes	17.03	1 14 37	0 48 53
No Name, C. A. Ransom	16.02	1 16 41	0 49 44
Yankee, A. E Walker	16.11	1 15 54	0 49 49
Natalie, H. M. Jones	17.02	1 15 44	0 49 55
Ideal, C. F. Bradford	16.10	1 17 59	0 51 48
GAFF FORESAILS			
Dolphin, N. Morton	16.06	1 18 24	0 51 50
Vigilant, A. M. Watson	17.04	1 17 43	0 52 05
Nerid, C. C. Clapp	17.00	1 20 20	0 54 20
Aphrodite, A. G. Fay	17.03	1 20 22	0 54 38
Myra, S. B. Cheney	18.00	1 20 51	0 55 54
Tom Jeff, S. S. Richards	17.07	1 21 50	0 56 28

Winthrop Y. C. Club Race.

GREAT HEAD—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 11.

THE Winthrop Y. C. sailed a club race on July 11 in a reefing N.W. breeze, several boats being disabled. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SECOND CLASS.		
Erycina	1 31 47	1 07 19
Myrtle	1 43 35	1 16 21
Alma	1 45 32	1 20 26
Eloise	2 02 10	1 36 00
Harolde	Withdrew.	
Eureka	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS		
Unknown	1 35 45	1 12 00
Scat	Withdrew.	
Della	Withdrew.	

Manchester Y. C.

THE second race of the Manchester Y. C. was sailed on July 12 in a fresh breeze with smooth water, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SECOND CLASS.			
Clara, Walter Burgess	23.07	1 28 15	1 01 58
Elmira, Walter Bartlett	24.00	1 31 26	1 06 32
THIRD CLASS			
Koorali, R. C. Robbins	20.10	1 37 08	1 08 02
Egeria, R. T. Tucker	19.11	1 42 58	1 12 08
Magpie, A. W. Stevens	19.05	1 46 52	1 15 26
KNOCKABOUTS.			
Sally, D. C. Percival	21.00	1 36 13	. .. ..
Comet, J. S. Lawrence	21.00	1 39 28	. .. ..
Nabob, S. P. Bremer	21.00	1 39 42	. .. ..
FOURTH CLASS.			
Snipe, Boardman Bros	16.01	2 05 06	. .. ..
Exit, A. H. Higginson	Withdrew.		

Judges—W. A. Tucker, E. P. Stanley and A. H. Higginson.

Cohasset Y. C. Club Race.

COHASSET, MASS.

Saturday, July 18.

THE Cohasset Y. C. sailed a race for club boats on July 18 in a light S.E. air, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SECOND CLASS.		
In It, R. B. Williams	2 07 12	1 46 41
Zig Zag, Gammons & Wheelwright	2 14 45	1 55 45
Heron, Eliot Stoddard	2 13 11	. .. ..
15FT. CLASS—START 3:45.		
Mermaid, W. R. Sears	5 50 12	
Hoodoo, Gammons & Wheelwright	5 53 10	
Blink, F. H. Pratt	5 59 16	
Swallow, John Robinson	6 00 00	
Hornet, C. H Cousens	6 00 52	
Sea Gull, Fred Higgins	6 04 24	
Scrooper, James Bean	6 04 42	
Jap, Brown & Pegram	6 08 25	

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Unquowa, steam yacht, has been sold by John H. Hall to W. R. Hearst, Vice-Com. American Y. C., former owner of Vamoose.

Quisetta, schooner, designed by Gardner & Cox and built by Thos. Marvel for H. W. Harris, was launched at Newburgh on July 13. She is of steel, 96ft. over all, 67ft. l.w.l., 18ft. beam and 10ft. 9in. draft, though a centerboard boat. She is of handsome model, of the semi-fin type.

Varuna, steam yacht, designed by G. L. Watson for Eugene Higgins, was launched at Inglis's yard, Glasgow, on July 14.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, Wm. R. Huntington, Rome, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., Thos. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. M. Dater, 307 Adelphi street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Central Division, Geo. J. Keyes, 193 Front street, Rochester, N. Y.
Eastern Division, R. H. Hammond, Worcester, Mass.
Northern Division, Douglas H. McDougal, Toronto, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.
Annual meet, Aug. 14-28, Grindstone Island, St. Lawrence River.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

Red Dragon Canoe Club.

ON Saturday, July 11, the Red Dragons held an invitation race for 15-footers of the Atlantic City Mosquito and Cricket fleets.

The following boats started over the regular club course to Plum Point Buoy and return, sailed twice; total distance, 12 miles: Isabella, A. C. C. F., Judge Jos. Thompson, sailed by Geo. Gaskell; Truant, A. C. C. F., Warren Somers; Feather, R. D. C. C., F. W. Noyes; Imp, R. D. C. C., J. M. Hamilton; Dragon, R. D. C. C., W. J. Scott; E-Cho, A. S. Fenimore and J. E. Murray; Tadpole, R. D. C. C., R. G. Fleischmann. The Red Dragon boats counted their places for the club record cup, and of the canoe yawls only Olie, E. W. Crittenden, started and sailed over the course once for the record points.

All were sent off to a very even start at 3:37 P. M., with Feather, E-Cho and Isabella first over. With a strong breeze from the southwest almost all immediately broke out spinakers; Feather's seeming to do the best work, as she drew away right from the start. Isabella and Truant soon took the lead and were first at the upper mark. Isabella continued to widen the gap, and finished the first round about 15 minutes ahead of the next boat. E-Cho fouled the club house buoy as she rounded the first time and was out of it. Dragon also gave up at the end of the first round. On the second round Tadpole and Feather closed up considerably on Truant, but none could get anywhere near Isabella and she continued to widen her lead. They finished in the following order:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Isabella	3 37 00	5 55 30	2 17 30
Truant	3 37 00	6 15 45	2 37 45
Tadpole	3 37 00	6 18 30	2 40 30
Feather	3 37 00	6 26 36	2 48 36
Imp	3 37 00	6 28 45	2 50 45
E-Cho	Fouled buoy.		
Dragon	Withdrew end of first round.		

Isabella wins the special cup, with Truant second

Tadpole counts 5 points for club record cup, Feather 3 points, Imp 1 point.

Tadpole has in the last two weeks been changed from a canoe yawl to a single stick rig, and her speed is much improved. She is especially good before the wind. Dragon, which was originally a bulb-fin Scarecrow, seems, without any ballast and with only a Linton Hope board, to be very tender in anything but a light wind.

Isabella and Truant are pronounced scows of about 25ft. over all length on a waterline of 13ft. 6in., and with sail area in proportion. They both carry mosquito boat mainsails with sprit and club, but set on a yard at the top. The sails set very flat and are corresponding good to windward.

Next Saturday the Riverton Yacht Club gives a race for 15-footers of the Atlantic City fleets, Red Dragon Canoe Club and Riverton, Torresdale and Corinthian Yacht Clubs.

M. D. WILT.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club*
Albert F. Hyde	Worcester	Tatasset.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

J. C. Mowbray	New York	New York.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Middlesex Rifle Club.

LOWELL, Mass., July 14.—Will you kindly advise me if there is a National Rifle Association, and if so where we can reach them? I ask this for the reason that we are an independent club, and if there is a national organization of riflemen we would like to join it if we can.

Inclosed I hand you a score shot on our range last Saturday, the 11th inst., in a friendly match between our club and a team from Co. C, 6th Regiment, M. V. M.; 200yds., off-hand, Creedmoor target:

Co. C.		Middlesex.	
Pvt Burns	5545554554—47	Burbeck	4444445554—43
Pvt Rodger	4445545455—45	Fisher	4544444455—43
Sergt Colby	5544544455—45	Sherman	5544535534—43
Corp Gannan	4554445454—44	Randall	3544455444—42
Pvt Ahlberg	5454444554—44	Shaw	4444944444—41
Pvt Haynes	4444434843—37	Hartford	5444444444—41
Pvt Worthing	4544355434—41	White	4445452454—41
Pvt Hahn	4044444445—37	Dickey	3444454454—41
Pvt Crosby	4335244444—37	Blair	4444444444—40
Lieut Swift	4323345444—36—413	Lewis	4442443534—37—412

W. H. WHEELER, Sec'y.

[There is no national association.]

The New York Militia Arm.

IN selecting the Savage rifle for the arm of the New York National Guard the Commission appointed by Gov. Morton made a departure from previously recognized military standards and chose a lever gun in preference to the bolt actions so universally in use by the armies of the civilized world.

Of course the Savage won on its general merits, but in giving one reason for its selection the Commissioners make the following explanation, which strikes us as being very reasonable and very much to the point:

"Only a very small minority of American sportsmen use a bolt-action gun for sporting purposes, while an overwhelming majority favor the lever system. There can be no question as to the general soundness of the view that for American soldiers to use in time of war a military rifle as nearly as possible like the one used by civilians in time of peace, if equally effective, will adapt itself far more satisfactorily in actual war service to the manipulation by men who, from youth up, have been familiar with the action of the military gun placed in their hands."

We congratulate the Board on its decision in favor of an American gun and an American system, and we hasten to assure it that it has acted wisely, and will have no cause to regret its action, in having thus acceded to the judgment of our hunters and sportsmen.

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

THE following scores were made on the club's range on the Berkenkemp farm in a strong west wind, which interfered with good shooting:

J Stidham	9	4	5	5	5	9	8	8	8	10—71
	4	10	7	7	9	7	5	8	7	7—71
	9	7	6	9	7	6	6	6	6	8—70
C Van Etten	4	6	9	8	4	9	7	9	7	5—68
	6	5	6	7	6	6	6	10	9	6—67
	9	8	6	5	6	8	8	4	7	8—69
J Bacon	9	9	9	7	8	3	5	6	6	4—66
	6	8	8	6	7	6	4	6	9	6—66
	6	7	5	5	6	10	9	5	5	8—66
J F Leyer	6	9	7	8	5	5	9	5	4	7—65
	7	6	3	7	4	9	8	6	8	7—65
	10	6	5	7	3	6	8	8	7	3—63
C Curry	9	3	5	7	7	5	9	4	10	7—66
	3	7	9	7	7	8	6	6	3	10—66
	5	1	4	7	10	6	7	7	6	10—63
Dr Strangways	2	6	9	10	8	9	4	5	6	7—66
	5	5	9	8	5	6	5	8	4	8—63
	3	5	6	7	7	5	6	6	9	6—60
Dr Wheeler	9	8	8	6	9	7	8	7	5	5—72
	2	8	5	6	9	9	8	3	5	7—62
	5	9	3	3	4	5	4	5	8	8—54
G C Rahn	7	7	2	3	9	5	9	3	8	8—61
	4	8	5	4	5	9	5	5	5	9—59
	10	7	2	7	4	3	4	9	9	4—59
W J Leyer	9	4	7	6	4	7	8	4	5	6—60
	6	7	4	3	8	6	4	5	9	6—58
	4	9	7	6	4	6	2	5	7	6—56
E S Noyes	6	5	6	6	8	9	5	10	3	2—60
	3	5	5	7	5	2	3	7	8	8—53
	6	6	3	4	6	4	2	5	4	6—46

July 18—At the regular practice shoot the following scores were made, 200yds., off-hand, 7-ring black:

W F Treiber	7	10	6	7	10	7	10	6	8	9—80
	7	6	7	7	6	9	10	8	3	10—73
	10	4	4	7	10	9	8	6	7	7—72
J G Germann	9	7	7	5	5	7	9	6	8	9—75
	9	7	6	7	10	7	8	8	6	5—73
	6	9	7	6	5	7	8	8	6	5—70
G C Rahn	8	10	8	7	5	10	4	6	5	7—70
	8	6	7	10	7	6	10	5	2	6—67
	10	5	7	8	2	5	5	10	4	8—64
John Stidham	7	7	6	5	5	9	10	9	5	6—69
	6	6	4	6	7	6	7	6	7	10—67
	5	8	6	8	7	6	7	4	10	7—66
G E Shafer	9	8	5	2	8	7	7	7	6	6—71
	3	10	7	8	7	7	6	7	5	5—65
	7	6	3	9	8	3	6	7	8	7—64
C Van Etten	6	6	9	10	5	10	8	4	10	6—74
	7	5	6	8	10	6	5	6	4	5—62
	6	7	5	8	4	10	4	3	9	4—59
W B Patton	6	6	5	8	8	4	6	4	6	6—59
	5	5	3	4	8	6	7	8	5	6—57
	7	6	3	6	5	5	4	6	5	6—53
W J Snyder	6	4	8	4	6	5	9	7	8	5—62
	7	6	8	8	5	3	3	5	5	2—52
	6	7	7	7	4	5	1	6	5	4—52
E S Noyes	4	10	2	8	7	5	7	7	5	3—54
	7	3	8	9	2	4	4	7	6	3—53
	4	6	3	9	3	3	7	4	8	4—50
T Nagor (visitor)	3	8	5	5	8	5	6	2	2	8—52
	3	2	7	5	8	2	4	2	2	10—45
	2	2	5	4	2	3	2	5	6	5—36

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., July 12.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the Standard target, 7-ring black. The weather being extremely warm, to-day's shoot was conspicuous for its low scores.

Scores:

Gindele.

8 6 8 10 10 8 10 8 9 10—87
7 10 10 10 10 8 8 8 7 6—84

8 10 7 10 10 8 5 9 10 7—85
7 7 10 7 6 7 8 10 9 10—81

Weinheimer.

6 9 10 7 5 9 10 6 7 6—75
5 8 7 6 3 8 9 5 8 10—69

6 6 6 6 7 7 9 7 8 9—70
7 5 6 4 7 8 4 8 10 8—67

Payne.

7 9 9 8 9 6 8 7 10 8—81
8 6 10 6 6 9 9 9 10 5—78

7 9 7 9 6 6 10 10 7 8—79
8 8 10 7 8 5 8 8 7 9—78

Trounstine.

5 6 7 5 7 6 6 9 6 7—64
6 6 7 5 5 6 6 8 7 7—63

7 9 7 4 8 6 10 6 3 4—64
3 6 6 9 6 6 4 5 7 6—62

Nestler.

9 8 10 8 8 7 10 10 6 5—81
9 8 8 7 7 8 7 9 6 8—77

9 6 8 8 8 9 7 7 9 9—80
9 10 8 5 6 8 5 10 6 9—76

Topf.

2 8 7 7 8 10 9 4 4 6—65
6 8 4 7 8 6 9 6 5 4—63

4 9 3 8 4 6 8 6 8 8—64
6 4 6 6 9 1 8 6 10 7—63

Lux.

4 8 8 8 6 10 5 6 5 8—68
8 10 6 9 5 6 4 8 5 5—66

8 6 4 10 8 8 4 7 8 4—67
7 5 4 6 6 5 9 7 8 5—62

*Gibson.

9 7 6 5 8 8 10 7 9 10—79
3 4 4 9 8 5 7 6 10 5—61

7 10 9 7 6 8 8 7 6 9—77
3 6 8 3 4 5 4 4 6 6—49

Drube.

10 8 6 4 7 9 9 7 9 8—77
8 7 6 8 5 6 6 5 7 5—65

3 3 7 7 10 9 7 9 5 8—69
5 8 3 5 7 5 9 7 8 6—63

* Rest.

Shell Mound Range.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A very favorable day greeted the marksmen at Shell Mound Range yesterday.

The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club shot as usual on the "Columbia" target and some good work was done. Probably the most interesting contest was the one between Messrs. McLaughlin, Rodgers, Young and Utschig in the 10-shot record match. Utschig made a 1in. center on his last shot, thus gaining the highest score. Columbia Club's scores for the day were:

Pistol, champion class, ten shots: A. H. Pape 3, 4, 7, 4, 2, 2, 4, 2, 5, 10—43; F. O. Young 49, C. M. Daiss 50, J. E. Gorman 47.

First class, ten shots: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 3, 7, 3, 2, 9, 5, 4, 8, 7, 7—51; F. Baumgartner 53, A. B. Dorrell 68, D. W. McLaughlin 78, F. Poulter 96

Second class, ten shots: F. E. Mason 3, 12, 6, 7, 4, 4, 12, 9, 2, 3—62; E. Jacobson 92, O M. Barley 97, O. A. Bremer 109, F. H Bushnell 116.

Pistol, Blanding medal, open to all comers, three shots: A. H. Pape 8, C. M. Daiss 9, J. E. Gorman 9, T. O. Young 12.

.22cal. rifle, 50yds., medal, 5-shot scores—E. Jacobson, 10, 10, 13; Ed Hovey, 11, 12, 12; Mrs. L. J. Crane, 21, 24; P. Bohr, 24; Mrs. M. J. White, 32.

Rifle, target rifle, Unfred diamond medal, 3 shots—F. O. Young 8, W. Glindemann 9, Dr. Rodgers 16.

Military rifle, Glindemann medal, 10 shots—F. Poulter 45.

Best shot, rifle record, 10 shots—J Utschig 47, Dr. Rodgers 50, McLaughlin 52, Young 56, F. E. Mason 69.

Champion class, 10 shots—W Glindemann, 11, 6, 3, 6, 3, 4, 10, 6, 3, 3—55; Dr. L. R. Rodgers 64, F. O. Young 72, D. W. McLaughlin 72, A. H. Pape 100.

First class, 10 shots—F. Baumgartner, 9, 4, 5, 11, 10, 5, 8, 7, 12, 9—80; H. R Crane 83, A. Gehret 83, A. B. Dorrell 85, J. E. Klein 91, F. E. Mason 96, O. A. Bremer 114, G. Schultz 132.

Second class, 10 shots—E. Jacobson 12, 14, 8, 12, 9, 7, 8, 7, 10, 19—106; J. E. Gorman 117, G. Barley 120, F. H Bushnell 130, L Pingle 148.

The regular monthly shoot of the San Francisco Schuetzen Verein resulted in two of the members becoming the permanent owners of two beautiful medals. W. Glindemann for the fourth time carried off the championship trophy, and three top scores gave the first class medal to D. B. Faktor. Following are the scores, 20 shots, German ring target:

Champion class, W. Glindemann—21, 23, 20, 21, 22, 24, 22, 23, 22, 24, 24, 18, 23, 23, 22, 22, 20, 19, 22, 25. Total, 440 rings. First class, D. B. Faktor—16, 21, 22, 18, 23, 23, 24, 24, 23, 20, 23, 21, 23, 22, 22, 17, 24, 23, 24, 22. Total, 435. Second class not filled.

Third class, John Gefken—20, 23, 22, 22, 24, 20, 22, 22, 17, 19, 13, 15, 22, 19, 20, 12, 23, 23, 22, 20. Total, 399.

Fourth class, C. F. Rust—21, 14, 13, 23, 18, 3, 5, 18, 19, 18, 23, 20, 22, 21, 23, 14, 17, 21, 22, 24. Total, 359.

Best first shot, F. P. Schuster, 25; best last shot, W. Glindemann, 25.

The German Schuetzen Club is now giving a second prize to each class and the annexed are the scores and winners, 20 shots, German ring target:

Champion class, first prize, A. Mocker—19, 23, 21, 18, 23, 13, 22, 17, 20, 20, 24, 23, 21, 23, 21, 23, 21, 25, 22, 24—423 rings.

Second prize, D. B. Faktor—22, 23, 20, 21, 23, 21, 19, 25, 16, 23, 22, 20, 21, 20, 19, 20, 20, 20, 20, 21—416 rings.

First class, first prize, G. Alpers—22, 17, 24, 23, 13, 25, 18, 22, 22, 19, 14, 21, 19, 20, 12, 18, 22, 20, 24—393.

Second prize, J. E. Klein—17, 18, 20, 20, 10, 17, 13, 19, 17, 18, 22, 19, 22, 18, 17, 23, 20, 13, 24, 24—371.

Second class not filled.

Third class, first prize, H. Hellberg—22, 11, 12, 15, 21, 23, 22, 19, 25, 19, 20, 23, 24, 16, 18, 23, 21, 17, 15, 24—390.

Second prize, F. Bushnell—21, 20, 13, 17, 16, 15, 19, 13, 17, 21, 23, 11, 23, 23, 17, 19, 23, 19, 21, 22—373.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

July 25.—BOILING SPRINGS GROUNDS, N. J.—Amateur Trap-Shooters' League second contest.

July 29-30.—WORCESTER, Mass.—Tournament of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club. Targets. For programmes address A. W. Walls, Worcester, Mass.

July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

Aug. 4-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company. E. S. Rice, Mgr.

Aug. 4, 5.—AUBURN, N. Y.—The Auburn Gun Club will hold a bluerock tournament, using the "Maugatrap" for the first time in New York State; programs will be out in a few days. Mr. Paul North will have entire charge of the shoot.

Aug. 5.—SANDUSKY, Ohio.—Annual tournament of the Sandusky Gun Club; $100 added money and $100 in merchandise prizes.

Aug. 5-6.—GREENVILLE, Texas.—North Texas Gun Club League. Two days. Targets. Will L. Sargent, Sec'y.

Aug. 11.—ALBANY, N. Y.—Tournament of the West End Gun Club. Bluerock traps and targets. Horace B. Derby, Sec'y.

Aug. 11-14.—DETROIT, Mich.—Jack Parker's sixth annual international tournament. Fuller details later.

Aug 12-13.—DULUTH, Minn.—Central Gun Club, fourth annual tournament; excellent programme.

Aug. 26-27.—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Aug. 31-Sept. 2.—ST. PAUL, Minn.—Annual tournament of the St. Paul Gun Club, at State Fair Grounds. B. F. Schurmeier, Sec'y.

Sept.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—B. F. Smith's tournament at Audubon Park. Live birds and targets.

Sept. 2-4.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Tournament at Audubon Park. Targets and live birds. B. F. Smith, Manager.

Sept. 7.—MARION, N. J.—Sixth annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. J. A. Creveling, Sec'y.

Sept. 15-16.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Third annual tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Company; $750 added money.

Sept. 29.-Oct. 2.—HARRISBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association. First three days, targets; fourth day, live birds.

Oct. 6-8.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Autumn tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Two days, targets; one day, pigeons and sparrows. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds added money announced later

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The August monthly shoot of the North Texas Gun Club League will be held on the 5th and 6th of that month at Greenville, Texas. There will be nine events on the first day and eight on the second, the number of targets running from 10 up to 15 blue rocks. The ninth event of the first day, which is at 10 blue rocks, is a consolation shoot open to those only who have not won a prize during the day. The last event of the second day is the same. The most important contest of the meeting is the fifth event, on August 6, for the League Shoot by teams of five men, 20 blue rocks to the man. Clubs can enter one or more teams. The prizes for all these events are chiefly merchandise contributed by local firms. All communications should be addressed to Mr. Will L. Sargeant, Secretary, Greenville, Texas. Clubs not now members of the league can become so by sending $5 to the secretary.

The Caledonian Club, of Philadelphia, has issued a neatly arranged programme of its tournament, in connection with its thirty-eighth annual field sports, to be held at "The Grove," Washington Park, on the Delaware, on Saturday, Aug. 1. The shoot consists of seven events, including a team race for the championship of the Philadelphia district. The conditions of this event are: 25 targets per man, six men to a team, open to all properly organized gun clubs in Philadelphia, Montgomery, Delaware, Camden and Gloucester counties; targets thrown free, no entrance fee, A. S. A. rules. All teams intending to compete in the event must notify A. B. Cartledge, Secretary, Florists' Gun Club, 1514 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, before Aug. 1. The prize is a handsome silver cup donated by the Caledonian Club.

We have received from the secretary of the Harrisburg, Pa., Shooting Association the following communication in regard to the annual convention and tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association: "The programme committee of the Harrisburg Shooting Association has recommended an abrupt change in the programme for the annual tournament which it was at first thought advisable to present to the shooters of the State. The change of dates for holding the State shoot which appears in the column of Fixtures in FOREST AND STREAM has been found necessary. The committee trusts that the change will prove acceptable to the members of the State association."

B. Leroy, of Campello, Mass., and Jay Snell, of Worcester, are booked to shoot a 100-bird match on July 28, at the Worcester Sportsmen's Club's grounds. Leroy's shooting ability is well known, but Snell's reputation is largely local; still his friends are counting on a close race, and some of them will be surprised if he does not finish in the lead.

The Binghamton, N. Y., Gun Club will hold an invitation tournament early in September. The shoot will probably last two or three days (two days targets, one day live birds) and all purses will be divided on the Rose system. The club proposes to invite those whom it wishes to take part in the sport with the special idea of making the shoot a social affair.

The postponed club shoot and ladies' day of the New York German Gun Club was set down for July 22 at Dexter Park.

See the notice of the Minnesota Association's day of trap-shooting, page 72, to be given by the St. Paul Rod and Gun Club, July 31.

Pawtuxets at the Traps.

PAWTUXET, R. I., July 11.—The regular club shoot of the Pawtuxet Gun Club was held to-day. Sheldon won in Class A for the seventh and Gardner for the first time; Money, Class B, sixth time; Hawkins, Class C, third time. Scores:

Class A.

W H Sheldon	1111111111110110111111111—23
Dr C Gardner	1111111101110111111111111—23
S D Greene, Jr	1111010911101100111111011—18
P L Voelker	1011001111001110101111110—17
W F Crandall	0111111110011101110010010—16
Dr F Gleason	1110101110010101100111010—15

Class B.

Wm Mooney	1101011000111111111111111—20
A L Stockard	1010011001011111010110100—14
W O King	1110000100110001101000111—12
H Badmington	0000010100001001011111100—10

Class C

A B Hawkins	0111110011111100101110111—18
F Arnold	1110011111110010010011101—16
F Graves	0111111101001010110010—15
A L Andrews	1110010100011110101110100—14
H W Bain	0000001000110100100011010— 8
W F Goss	0100111010010001100000000— 8
J Cann	0110010000100001001010000— 7

Practice shoot, 25 targets: Sheldon 25, Graves 20, Badmington 20, Greene 20, Mooney 17, Plaisted 17, Bain 17. W. H. SHELDON, Sec'y.

Endeavor Gun Club's Practice.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., July 11.—A few members of the Endeavor Gun Club assembled at the club's grounds to-day and passed an enjoyable afternoon in practice shooting. Geo. Piercy and Collins shot a 50-bird match, which Piercy won in slashing style. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	25	25	25	15	10	10	10	10
Von Lengerke	21	18	19	13	8	8	6	9
L Piercy	15	..	16	8	6	6	4	7
Mulrany	18	10	13	8	6	6	5	5

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	25	25	25	15	10	10	10	10
Harringt'n	17	15	16	..	8	8	6	6
G Piercy	21	20	19	11	7	9	9	8
Collins	..	23	14	..	..	..	..	..

Match, 50 targets, $15 a side:

Geo Piercy	1110111111101111111111101111111011101110111011100—41
Collins	0111111111000110111001110101100011110111001000011—31

J. A. CREVELING, Sec'y.

Binghamton Gun Club.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., July 18.—Strings of 25 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Kendall	20	18	18	19	21	22
Brown	23	22	21	20	24	21
S Millard	..	11	9	13	15	..
C Millard	..	13	15	15	15	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Stone	18	21	19	21	20	24
Hobbie	..	22	20	21	23	23
Bromley	..	..	..	22	19	22
Armstrong	..	..	..	21	19	12

North Texas Gun Club League.

GREENVILLE, Tex., July 13.—In June last at Farmersville several gun clubs met to have a friendly shoot for merchandise prizes and to organize the shooters of north Texas. Seven clubs were in attendance, and an elegant shoot was enjoyed, as well as the hospitality of the members and their good ladies of the Farmersville Gun Club, who had provided every comfort man could desire.

After the shooting contest was over, Mr. K. M. Moore called the shooters to order and stated the object of the meeting. It was decided to organize the shooters of north Texas. The following officers were then elected for one year: K. M. Moore, President, Farmersville, Tex.; J. W. Russell, Vice-President, Bonham, Tex.; Will E. Sargent, Secretary, Greenville, Tex.; John A. Pierce, Treasurer, Honey Grove, Tex.

The organization was christened the North Texas Gun Club League. The Association is formed for the promotion of friendly intercourse and generous emulation among sportsmen, to aid in securing proper legislation for the protection of wild birds, fish and animals throughout the State of Texas during the season in which it is improper to pursue them, and for the rigorous enforcement of such laws. The initiation fee is $5 for clubs and $2 for an individual. The boundary line agreed upon as north Texas includes all territory north of the Texas & Pacific Railway from Texarkana to Longview; thence on and north of the International & Great Northern Railway to Palestine; thence on and north of the Cotton Belt from Tyler to Hillsboro; thence on a parallel with Hillsboro out west to the Rio Grande.

The constitution and by-laws provide for monthly and annual shoots. The Dallas Club, through Will Allen and F. M. Faurote, offered as inducement to secure the July shoot $500 in merchandise and cash prizes, besides a $40 gold medal to the team of 5 men, which was accepted, and July 3 and 4 were the days set for the shoot, at which time over 200 shooters assembled at the grounds near the fair ground, where the Dallas Club, through Messrs. Allen and Glenn, had made every preparation for the entertainment of their guests. A large tent with chairs was provided with ice water, refreshments and lunch.

Too much cannot be said in praise of Will Allen, the Dallas Club and the citizens of that city for the manner in which they entertained and so smoothly conducted the shoot. Professional shooters were barred. Mr. Wallace Miller, of Austin, was present, but was barred as being an expert. He is one of the finest shots in the Union, and gave an exhibition of some clever shooting with a Winchester repeating shotgun. Six bluerocks were thrown into the air at one time and he broke all before they reached the ground, hitting each one with a separate load.

The following was the programme for the first day and the scores made:

No. 1, 10 targets: M. F. Hope 8, Sargeant 9, Henry 6, Adams 6, Smith 6, Neathery 2, Chatham 5, George 3, Horn 8, T. Hope 4, Windham 6, Jones 9, Williams 8, Mann 4, Kerr 8, Nalop 3, J. B. Russell 7, J. W. Russell 9, Cook 8, Critcher 7, Bickly 7, Honnington 7, Monden 5, Feanu 7, Mayronne 8, Maledon 7, Honless 8, Faurate 8, Houself 8, Beckhom 10, Holl 8, Merideth 8, Mehster 9, Norman 8, Rickett 5, Moore 8.



THE "E. C." CHALLENGE CUP.

No. 2, 15 bluerocks, entrance $1, 4 moneys: Coulisk 13, Mann 9, Adams 13, T. Hope 7, Feanu 11, Windham 13, Hann 11, Norman 14, M. F. Hope 12, Warden 7, Bickley 6, Mayronne 11. Faurate 15, Cook 11, Hamilton 13, Nalle 10, Robinson 8, Williams 9, J. B. Russell 14, J. W. Russell 12, George 12, Chatham 12, Kerr 8, Wynn 11, Beckham 12, Nalop 4, Houself 13, Maledon 13, Jones 11.

No. 3, 10 bluerocks: Butler 8, Shanks 7, Kerr 9, Sargent 7, Beckham 8. Norman 9, Wynn 8, Mann 9, Mayronne 10, Maledon 8, Midham 10, Horn 7, Jones 9, J. B. Russell 7, J. W. Russell 8, Merideth 8, Cook 9, T. Hope 4, Adams 7, Doran 2, Simms 5, Rickett 8 Allcot 9, Hamilton 7, Horless 7. Holer 7, Coulisk 10, Smith 6, Bickley 6, Moone 9, Feanu 8, Webster 5, Bridges 5, Critcher 5, Nalop 2, Frank 10, M. F. Hope 9.

No. 4, 10 bluerocks, 75 cents entry, 4 moneys: Mayronne 8, M. F. Hope 8, Adams 7, Faurate 9, Bickley 5, Coulisk 10, J. B. Russell 8. J. W. Russell 7, Beckham 9, Feanu 8, Norman 9, Wynn 7, Moone 8, Chatham 8, George 7, Maledon 8, Shanks 6, E. J. Russell 5, Hamilton 8, Sargeant 7, T. Hope 9, Cook 9, Mann 10. Windham 9, Hann 8, Robinson 6, Nalle 8, Worden 9, Simms 3. Pickett 7, Merideth 6, Kerr 9, Hoer 7, Webster 9, Houself 9, Williams 6.

No. 5, 10 bluerocks: Butler 7, Chatham 8, Mayronne 8, Shanks 6, Horn 8, Beckham 9, Mann 8, Rickett 9, Simms 3, Smith 6, Doran 2, Hanlis 4. Stewart 7, E. J. Russell 4, Allcott 8. Cook 5, Conlisk 10, Windam 8, Bickley 5, T. Hope 4, Kerr 8. Warden 9, Feanu 9, Norman 9, M. F. Hope 10, Webster 9, Adams 6. Hale 7, J. B. Russell 8, J. W. Russell 9, Faurate 8, Underwood 6, Robnett 5, Wynn Buck 9, Critcher 5, Nalop 5, Scherer 10, Pierce 7, Ryan 6, Houssels 7, Malodon 7, Mathis 9, Moone 9, Sargent 8, George 7, Neathery 2, Allen 9.

No. 6, 7 live birds, $5 entrance, 3 moneys: Mayronne 5, J. M. Adams 5, F. Faurote 5, J. B. Coulisk 6, Geo. Feanu 4, Buck Mynn 6, M. F. Hope 2, M. R. Bickley 5, E. A. Worden 6, K. M. Moore 6, Mehster 5, Beckham 3, W. C. Kerr 5, W. F. Norman 6, Nalle 6, Nalop 4, Will Allen 4, Hale 4, C. J. Scherrer 2, Underwood 5, J. B. Russell 5, J. W. Russell 5. J. A. Pierce 5, J. R. Jones 5, Windom 3, Mathis 6.

No. 7, 10 blue rocks, Robnett 6, Mayronne 8, Ryan 8, Worden 8, Maledon 6, Harlis 9, W. P. George 7, J. W. Chatham 9, Allcott 5, Bickley 5, Underwood 9, Stewart 8, Windom 7, Scherrer 9, M. F. Hope 10, Webster 6, Mann 7, Mathis 5, Hughes 6, Jones 7, Shanks 4, Butler 6, R. F. Crawford 2, Will L. Sargent 10, J. Horn 7, J. B. Russell 8, J. W. Russell 9, Critcher 8, W. C. Kerr 7, Pickett 10, Simms 3, House 6, K. M. Moore 8, Max 6, Feanu 8, Roberts 7, Tom Hope 5, Norman 9, Williams 9, Pierce 4, Robinson 8.

No. 8, 20 blue rocks, entrance $1 50, four moneys: Mayronne 19, W. F. Norman 17, K. M. Moore 18, M. F. Hope 17, J. Horn 14, Woden 12, Scherer 15, Tom Hope 9, Ryan 18, Frank 14, Robnett 14, J. B. Coulisk 16, G. M Cook 14, J. B. Russell 17, J. W. Russell 19, Windom 15, Rickett 14, Will Allen 14, W. C. Kerr 17, Mann 4, Underwood 13.

No. 9, 10 bluerocks: Hope 9, Mayronne 8, J. R. Jones 7, Bickley 7, George 7, Thomas 4, Mann 9, J. T. Hale 9, Marden 7, Mathis 9, Johnson 8, Allcott 6, Windom 10, Maledon 8, Stewart 8, Smith 7. Cook 9, Robnett 7, Hanlis 6, T. Hope 4, Shanks 9, F. Faurote 8, Scherer 8, Ryan 7, Hance 7, Pierce 7, Underwood 8, Moore 8, Webster 6, J. W. Russell 9, J. B. Russell 9.

Second Day.

No. 1, 10 bluerocks: J. Hance 9, Norman 10, Windom 7, Smith 5, Jones 9, Chatham 6, Cook 9, George 8, Scherer 10, Hansens 8, Tom Hope 5, M. F. Hope 8, Hall 7, Boone 4, Kerr 8, Sargent 4, J. B. Russell 5, Bradford 9, Arledge 9, Mathis 9, Pierce 5, Maledon 7, Blocker 4, McDowell 8, Tanny 7, Johnson 5, Mayronne 9, Mann 8, Mathis 2, Underwood 7, Poland 5, Williams 6, Beckley 8, Stewart 10, Hanless 9, Teutsch 4, Robnett 7, Frank 8, Shouds 4, Saunders 10, J. W. Russell 8, Moore 10, Ryan 7, Beckham 9, Maden 7, Coulisk 10, Benge 5, Critcher 9.

No. 2, 15 bluerocks, entrance $1, four moneys: Chatham 10, Maledon 9, Mayronne 13, Scherer 12, Ryan 13, Worden 12, Mathews 14, Tom Hope 6, Hansels 7, Cook 12, Nelms 10, Arlege 14, Pierce 10, McDowell 11, George 13, Will Allen 12, Wynn 11, George Fern 12, Windom 11, Hance 9, Pickett 9, Mann 12, Norman 11, M. H. Hagand 8, J. B. Russell 13, Saunders 15, Bradford 14, J. W. Russell 11, Underwood 10, Coulisk 14, Faurate 14, Benge 9, Kerr 15, M. F. Hope 10.

No. 3, 10 bluerocks: E. J. Russell 5, Teutche 7, Boone 7, Chatham 7, Scherer 9. Poland 8. Allcott 7, Blocker 5, Mann 8, Meredith 8, Steinert 9, Cook 7, Robnett 7, T. Hope 7, Jones 6, Johnson 6, Ryan 9, B. H. Bassett 5, J. B. Russell 9, Bradford 10, Anledge 8, J. G. Mathews 10, Mynn 9, Bickly 9, G. Feanu 8, Benge 9, Moone 9, Shanks 3, Maledon 9, Worden 6, Smith 8, Simms 8, Sargent 3, Mayronne 9, Webster 7, Pickett 4, M. F. Hope 7, Hale 7, W. H. Mingo 5, Roberts 7, Faurate 9, Mathews 8, Pierce 8, Hauers 5, Oats 6, E. A. Mingo 6, Beckham 8, H. Terry 8, J. C. Saunders 10, J. W. Russell 10, Underwood 6, Norman 8, Mindom 10, Geo. Collins 5, W. Mathews 8, Nelms 7, McDowell 9, George 5, Kerr 8, Corlisk 6.

No. 4, club contest, $40 entry, gold medal, donated by Allen & Glenn, to club making highest score. Teams of five men, 20 birds to man:

Waxahachie.		McKinny.	
Mayrone	15	J G Mathews	13
Teutche	17	McDowell	17
Meredith	9	Oats	13
Pickett	10	Benge	6
Meledon	14—65	Simms	9—58
Banham.		**Honey Grove.**	
J B Russell	17	Sherer	15
Sanders	17	Ryan	15
Bradford	18	Pierce	13
J W Russell	15	Underwood	14
Arledge	15—82	Robnett	14—71
Farmersville.		**Dallas.**	
Moore	17	Faurate	18
M F Hope	15	Hynes	13
Windom	18	Warden	15
Horne	8	Allen	16
Hale	14—72	G Mathews	17—78
		Greenville.	
J Mann	14	J R Jones	15
W F Norman	20	W C Kerr	20—86
S A Beckham	17		

No. 5, 10 live birds, entrance $7 50, four moneys: Marden 4, Pierce 5, Wynn 3, Poland 5, Mingo 4, Webster 8, Will Pickett 8, Underwood 3, Cook 4, Bradford 4, W. R. Bickley 5, Hansels 4. Nelms 5; Stewart 3, Teng 5, Allcott 6, Mayronne 9, M. F. Hope 7, Feanu 8, Norman 7, G. Mathews 8, Faurate 3, Hale 4, J. G. Mathews 5. J. B. Russell 6, Bassett 3, Coulisk 7, Kerr 7, J. W. Russell 8, Will Allen 9, Gaston 6, Moore 9.

No. 6, 10 bluerocks: Underwood 9, Saunders 8, J. W. Russell 9, Mann 9, Boone 8, Roberts 6, Maledon 7, Johnson 8, J. B Russell 9. Bradford 8, Arledge 10. Teutsch 9, Pickett 7, Holf 4, Benge 6, Haggard 4, Sumers 4, McDowell 5, E. J. Russell 5, Munzesheimer 6, Norman 9, Critcher 7, G. Mathews 9, Nigro 3, Harles 8, Marden 6, Robnett 5, Sargent 6, Miller 4, Beckham 7, Stewart 9. Mayronne 9, Moore 8, M F. Hope 9, Trenathan 5, Horn 7, Chatham 9, Allcott 4. J. G. Mathews 6, Oates 8, Scherer 9, Butler 7, Ryan 9, Malone 5, McKinney 5, Pierce 8, Smith 9. Nelms 10. Jones 5, Hynes 4, Kerr 9, Bassett 5, Frank 8, Beckley 6, Wolf 5, Girard 6, George 7, Hall 6.

No. 7, consolation shoot, 10 bluerocks, any one having won a prize not eligible, all to receive prizes: Ryan 9, Munzesheimer 7, Miller 7, Allen 8, Horn 7, H. Smith 7, Trenathan 4. Mingo 7, Allcott 8, Pierce 7, E. J. Russell 6, Hansels 7, Haggard 1, Wolf 2, Johnson 9, Harles 7, Malone 6, G. Mathews 7, W. G. Smith 5, Oates 10.

The next shoot will be held at Greenville, at which time it is expected we will have some 250 or 300 shooters on hand.

WILL L. SARGENT, Sec'y.

John Parker's Shoot.

THE tournament to be held at Detroit, Mich., under the management of John Parker, Aug. 11 to 14, presents an attractive programme, and if carried through as proposed will be an interesting shoot.

There are eight events on the first three days and seven on the last, and the entrance fees range from $1.50 to $3, except on the last day. In order to complete the programme for each day, the shooting will begin at 8:30 A. M. In the first four and eight events of the first two days $5 is added, and this is done also in the first and fourth events of the third day.

The fifth event on Tuesday, Aug. 11. is a team shoot for the 2-men team championship of the United States and Canada. The entrance fee is $3; the first prize, two gold watches; the second, $20, and the third, 500 loaded shells. Ten dollars cash to all those who shoot below 80 per cent. on Aug. 11 in all programme events, handicap allowance included. This is true also of Aug. 12 and 13. On the second day the chief event is the fifth, at 50 blue rocks, with an entrance fee of $1 50. It is for the Gillman & Barnes gold medal, value $150, for the individual expert championship of the United States and Canada. The rise is 21yds., and both barrels may be used. The first prize is the medal, emblematic of the championship; the second, a Winchester repeating shotgun; the third, $10, and the fourth, $5. The fifth event for the third day is for scratch men at 50 blue rocks, and is for the E. C. Powder Co.'s handicap championship cup, emblematic of handicap championship of United States and Canada. The second prize is one of Mullen's safety copper duck boats; the third, a Marlin safety take down rifle; the fourth, a Devine fishing rod; the fifth, an expert blue rock trap. The fifth event of the fourth day of the shoot, Aug. 15, is a 3-men State team championship of the United States for the Hiawatha diamond badges. The shooting will be at 100 blue rocks per man, and the entrance fee $9 per team. The first prize is the three diamond badges; the second, $50 cash; the third, $20, and the fourth, $10. The last event of this day is a consolation race for those shooting below 80 per cent.; $10 to the highest score. This will be shot at 25 blue rocks, 75 cents entry.

The Rose system of dividing purses will be used, dividing them into five moneys in the following parts: 8, 5, 3, 2, 1. All shooters whose general average is below 85 per cent. will be allowed 1 extra bird in 20 and 2 in 25. It is said that the railroads will furnish reduced rates to Detroit. John Parker will no doubt be glad to answer any questions that may be asked him.

Dedham Gun Club.

BOSTON, July 16.—The Dedham Sportsmen's Club had their weekly shoot July 11, and had a very good attendance. The day was excellent, and there were some very good scores made. Clean scores were made as follows: Two by B. Smith, two by Wood, one by Gordon, three by Parsons.

The badge match was shot on events 7 and 8, Parsons winning with a score of 18 out of 20.

The Hingham Gun Club, Hingham, Mass., will visit the Dedham Sportsmen's Club grounds Saturday, July 18, and will shoot an eight-man team race. The club will also hold an all-day tournament, first annual handicap, Saturday, Aug. 8, and a large attendance is expected, the handicap to be 100 birds thrown at unknown angles, conditions of handicap to be as follows: Limit of handicap 20 birds, handicap committee to fix a highest possible, said highest possible to be a certain percentage below 100—say 93-94—unless a scratch man shall break more than 93-94, in such cases that scratch man's score to be the highest possible. All moneys divided in 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Below find scores for July 11, Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7, 8 and 10, regular; Nos. 2, 4, 6, 11 and 12, unknown; No 9, reverse:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
B Smith	10	7	9	8	7	9	7	7	9	10	8	..
Blinn	9	7	5	8	7	8	7	6	7	8	7	..
Leverett	6	6	5	7	8	7	8	7	8	9	2	6
Greener	7	7	8	7	9	7	7	5	7	8	8	..
Worthing	7	8	8	7	8	6	9	7	8	7	9	..
Wood	9	10	8	8	6	6	8	5	4	8	10	..
Cole	9	7	6	8	9	8	8	9	9	7	8	8
Gordon	8	10	7	8	9	9	4	6	6	7	5	..
Parsons	9	9	10	8	9	10	10	8	9	7	8	..
Grant	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	3	3	5	7	2	7
Perry	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	0	0	1	..	..	3
Gray	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	7	7

Mr. Heikes Challenges Mr. Gilbert for the E. C. Cup.

OAKLAND, N. J., July 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have received the inclosed letter and check for $50 from Mr. Heikes challenging Mr. Gilbert for the E. C. cup and the championship of the world at inanimate targets. We would state that this championship is absolutely open and free from restriction, and that the contestants may use any powder or guns they may see fit.

THE AMERICAN E. C. POWDER CO., LTD.
NOEL E. MONEY, Sec'y.

DAYTON, O., July 14.—American E. C. Powder Co., Ltd., Oakland, N. J.—Gentlemen: In accordance with terms under which the E. C. championship cup was given, I hereby challenge Mr. Gilbert, the holder, and inclose my check for $50, $25 of which is for a forfeit. Yours faithfully, ROLLA O. HEIKES.

Marietta Gun Club.

MARIETTA, Ga., July 9.—The regular shoot of the Marietta Gun Club, held to-day, resulted as follows: Stephens 11, Reynolds 11, Mosher 8, Black 20, Setz 21, Meinert 16, Muray 19, Love 17, Legg 15, Austin 8.

W. J. BLACK, Sec'y.

Endeavor Defeats Dunellen.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., July 18.—To-day was shot the first of a series of three team shoots between the Dunellen Gun Club and the Endeavor Gun Club, and the Endeavors won by the small margin of 4 birds. After the team race the members and friends of both clubs indulged in sweepstake shooting until dark. The day was a very pleasant one and there were forty shooters on the grounds. The Endeavors draw large crowds of shooters whenever there is a contest on their grounds. The Dunellens were delighted with their first visit to our grounds, and pronounced them the finest they ever shot on. The scores:

Endeavor Gun Club.

Collins	1011111111101110111011111—21
Von Lengerke	1110111111111110101101111—21
Ingram	1011111101111100111011111—20
McPeek	1001110111100111111011111—19
G Piercy	1110111111010000110111111—18
L Piercy	1111010101111111110011010—18
Fletcher	1011011101101011111001110—17
Greiff	0110111110001110011011101—16
Heritage	1010010110110011111010110—15
Thomas	1010000111011010111001101—14—179

Dunellen Gun Club.

Apgar	1110111111111111111111111—24
Crammer	1110010111111111111101111—21
Linzey	1011111111111111111101110—21
Runyan	1101010111101111111011111—20
Smith	0110111111111111001101101—19
Barron	0111101101111100111001011—17
Zust	1100111011110110101101011—17
Gray	1101101101101010100111101—16
Giles	1010110100100000101010110—11
Warden	0101101011000000100000011— 9—175

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	10	10	10	Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	10	10	10
Collins	9	13	9	14	8	8	9	9	Apgar	..	10	10	14	9	9	9	9
Linzey	9	10	10	14	8	8	5	7	Barron	..	12	9	11	8	7	5	9
A Strader	7	..	..	11	7	8	7	..	Fletcher	..	..	..	8	8	6	..	7
Thomas	6	9	6	11	7	..	..	..	Heritage	..	..	..	8	8	6	7	7
L Piercy	9	..	9	11	..	..	7	6	Duff	..	..	..	5	12	9	7	7
Mulvaney	5	8	6	11	6	..	..	..	Ingram	..	..	..	9	..	6	7	5
Crammer	8	..	7	12	..	..	..	..	McPeek	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..
Zust	5	8	4	12	7	7	4	8	Runyan	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..
G Piercy	8	12	7	12	9	8	7	8	Warden	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..
Baker	7	10	6	9	7	6	..	..	Giles	..	..	..	6	..	8	..	6
Greiff	..	11	8	..	..	..	..	..	R Strader	..	..	..	7	11	7	7	6
Von Lengerke	..	11	10	..	..	..	..	..	Smith	..	..	..	7	7	8	9	7
Wells	..	12	5	11	7	6	5	8	Gray	..	..	..	10	..	..	9	6

J. A. CREVELING, Sec'y.

Sparrows at Hazelwood.

PITTSBURG, Pa., July 18.—I notice in your issue of July 18 Bert Hampton's letter on English sparrows for trap-shooting. Our club has been using sparrows for several months past, holding weekly shoots, and we consider them far ahead of pigeons. We have yet to get hold of the man who can kill 100 straight under the conditions we shoot them: 25yds. rise, 5 unknown traps, traps placed 4yds. apart, boundary 50yds from shooter. It requires very quick work to get them. Sparrows are entirely different from pigeons in starting from the trap. Like a rat, they are always hunting for a hole to get out, and the moment the trap is pulled they are gone.

Shooting sparrows from the trap requires a very hard, close-shooting gun; No. 11 shot in right barrel and No. 10 in left, and it is surprising what hard hitting it requires to get them down inside the boundary line. Comparatively sparrows are much harder to kill than pigeons.

And now a word of thanks to you for the honest, fearless paper you are giving the American sportsmen. You deserve special credit for the clean, moral tone of your paper. For fifteen years the FOREST AND STREAM has been a regular visitor to me, and to day I look upon those fifteen years' files as a library of sportsmen's literature not equaled by anything else that I know of. Success to the FOREST AND STREAM.

I inclose scores made by the Hazelwood Gun Club, all at sparrows:

July 8.—No. 1:

Crossland	1111111111111111011211011111011111111111121110111—46
Burchfield	0111110111111111111111111011111111121011110211111—45
Ross	2000011112122112111022111111201112110021121022112—41
Murdoch	0112221200110202201022112122100211021120010201221O—34

No. 2:

Crossland	111111111111111—15
Shirley	111221211101211—14

Schmidt	200221011011110—10
Weischerer	021110001111101—10

July 11.—No. 1:

Crossland	1111121111111121111—20
Ross	2112121211111211112—20
Burchfield	1211112101111201111—18

Munson	1221021002110221212 2—16
Murdoch	1212002021210210221 1—15
Randolph	1200211020110120211 1—14

No. 2:

Crossland	0121111111121111111011111111112111111011111112110—46
Burchfield	1111211211101012011011011111111111011111111—43
Ross	1021211012100121112111121112230121001211211101211—42
Murdoch	1120102111210012110111210220012120222001121012210—37

July 16:	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Crossland	1121011111—9	1222121221111111—15	1111102111—9
Shirley	1212111201—9	1220210211102111—12	1211020011—7
Munson	0020121222—7	1201211210120111—12	.....
Brown	2002200202—5	.....	.....
Ross	.....	1211110211121111—14	0122110211—8
Hughes	.....	2012112201110211—12	.....
Mack	.....	.....	1201111011—8

J. N. CROSSLAND, Sec'y.

Eureka Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 11.—The regular club shoot of the Eureka Gun Club was held here to-day. The Class A medal was closely contested, but was finally won by Harry Carson with 23 breaks. Ferguson won in Class B with 21, and Gilbert broke straight and won the Class C badge in a walk. The scores:

Trophy shoot:

Class A.

H Carson	1011111111101111111111111—23
Bingham	1111111111111011011111111—22
Stannard	1111010110111111111111111—22
Steck	1111111111111011111111010—22
Adams	1110111110111101100111101—19
Dr Carson	1011111011011000110011111—17
Deering	1101110111110001111100110—17
Goodrich	0110110101011110110001110—15

Class B.

Ferguson	1111111111111001110101111—21
Buck	1110101111101101111111001—19
Jones	0010010011111011011111010—15
De Wolf	1010010000010011111011111—14

Class C.

Gilbert	1111111111111111111111111—25
Morton	1011010110011100001111111—16
Patterson	1101101101011110011011100—16
Walters	0110101010110111101111000—15
Hinkey	0011100101100011011110011—14
Rice	1110100100111101000110001—13
Dr Hinkins	1000010110110000101110l0—12
Morgan	1110001000110010101101100—12
Mrs Carson	0100011001101000011101010—11
R B Carson	1010000101000000011010000— 7

Sweepstake event No. 1, 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles: Stannard 22, H. F. Carson 21, Deering 17, T. H. Morgan 11, Steck 20, Adams 20, Mrs. Carson 10, R. Carson, Sr., 4, Bisbee 5, Gilbert 21, Bingham 22, Rice 14, Goodrich 16, De Wolf 10, Buck 16, H. Carson 20, Adams 21, Bingham 18, Dr. Hinkins 11, Dr. Morton 18, J. L. Jones 19, Walters 15.

No. 2, same: Stannard 23, H. Carson 18, Adams 22, Steck 20, Morgan 9, Deering 20, Buck 23, Bingham 24, De Wolf 20, Gilbert 23, Rice 16, Goodrich 16, Carson, Sr., 12, Mrs. Carson 7, Dr. Hinkins 9, Dr. Morton 16, Jones 18, Bisbee 7.

No. 3, 15 singles and 5 pairs, known angles, unknown traps: Stannard 14, H. Carson 16, Adams 17, Steck 17, Morgan 9, Deering 12, Buck 8, Bingham 21, Gilbert 17, Goodrich 18, Jones 11, Pattison 12.

Lake Placid, Adirondacks.

LAKE PLACID, N. Y., July 15.—A meeting of sportsmen was held at the Stevens House on Friday, July 10, and a gun club was organized for the better enforcement of the game laws and for mutual enjoyment of guests visiting the Adirondacks. Geo. A. Stevens was elected President, A. H. Kallies Secretary and Treasurer. The club grounds are within three minutes' walk of the big Stevens House; a fine set of bluerock traps and bluerocks are on the grounds. All sportsmen are invited to participate. Shoots will be held on Tuesdays and Fridays of each week. Shells can be had on the grounds.

A. H. KALLIES, Sec'y.

Bergen County Gun Club.

HACKENSACK, N. J., July 11.—This was a very hot day, nevertheless fifteen members of the Bergen County Gun Club turned out for some practice shooting. The conditions under which the handsome silver cup, donated by Mr. Noel Money, will be shot for have not yet been arranged, but will be announced later. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	Targets:	10	15	10	10	10	10	10
Stagg	5	7	..	5	..	..	..	Post	..	..	6	..	..	8	9
Conklin	8	13	..	..	..	..	..	Wells	..	..	5	4	..	..	5
Bell	7	14	10	9	9	10	8	Warner	..	..	5	..	9	7	7
Johnson	..	11	..	..	..	9	5	Dudley	..	..	..	5	..	..	..
Jackson	..	6	..	5	..	..	..	Mehne	..	..	..	..	5	5	..
Banta	..	..	7	..	6	7	8	Linson	..	..	..	..	6	..	7
Fessenden	..	..	7	9	8	9	..	Van Kuren	..	..	..	..	..	7	..

Club shoot, 25 targets, unknown angles:

Banta	1101111111111100111110111—21
Conklin	1011111011111011111110111—21
Chaffle	1110011101111011111101111—20
Johnson	1111101011001111111011111—20
Fessenden	1100111001111011110111101—18
Warner	0011101011110111011110111—18
Bell	0000001111011111011111111—17
Post	1000110111011111101100111—17
Van Kuren	1111011000001011110011000—13
Linson	0000010100011101001011111—12
Mehne	0010010110001111100011100—12
Ryan	1010110101001001100000111—12
Wells	0011001101001000010111111—12
Jackson	1000001000010010101011111—11
Stagg	0010110100010001100011001—10

July 15.—Scores made to-day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	20	15	15	15	25	10	Targets:	20	15	15	15	25	10
Schortemeier	18	11	14	15	19	9	Bell	15	13	14	12	19	7
Fessenden	15	8	10	14	19	9	Wagner	1	..	..	..	..	..
Holberton	15	10	10	10	22	9	Warner	..	..	..	8	14	7

Shooting at Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 15.—I send you herewith scores made at Watson's Park during the past week:

July 11.—Practice:

Jay Bird	2110221121201111121120121201111•1212211211•1121111 2222•01212 —52

July 13.—Match, 50 live birds:

Lansing	0212121021211211012221221210111221010221002101111 20—40
Jay Bird	1121122111121•2110122202201 11•2201022001101121121 12—40

July 14.—South Chicago Gun Club:

Sibley	1202120202212020101220201111211211112211 —32

Match, 30 empire targets: Willard 27, Sibley 26.

Practice, live birds:

Willard	2101111222101110110212101101101111102121 —32
Emory	2001212001 — 6
Knickerbocker	00002 — 1
Lansing	2020210211022222111101010221022212 —27
Hubbard	2222102010111002211O1 —18
Dr Frank	2121121122020 —11
Joe	0121110222211 —10
Rupel	120100220102111 —10
Jay Bird	22•20•01111111111112102010121111110l —28

July 15.—Practice:

Wilcox	2201210221022210010021211202211110 —25
Mussey	0101200020O0 — 4
Emory	001210101 — 5
Hamlin	201022000 — 4
Lansing	0220102102121110121102121120021210O —25
Bissell	20201 — 3
Bingham	1100100111 — 6
Amberg	112 — 3

July 15.—The following is the score made here to-day by the Audubon Gun Club:

Morris	0120020010111l0— 8	W P Mussey	02200 — 2
L M Hamline	2222110212000 — 9	J H Amberg	1220121220002l0—10
F A Place	01122020 — 5	F R Bissell	00101100 — 3
C S Wilcox	0022111200121l—11	Frothingham	1222210212112211 —14
C E Felton	2221122101201l1—13		

Targets:	50	50	25	25	25	25	25	25	Targets:	50	50	25	25	25	25	25	25
Place	36	32	16	14	9	15	14	17	Amberg	..	33	17	..	..	..	..	..
Mussey	38	45	20	20	23	21	19	19	Bingham	..	..	..	20	20	22	23	24	21
Bissell	30	39	15	12	21	18	15	23									

JNO. WATSON.

Omaha Gun Club.

OMAHA, Neb., July 11.—In the regular weekly shoot of the Omaha Gun Club, held to-day, Frank Parmelee finished ahead with 25 straight kills. He also tied with three other men in the live-bird handicap. The shooting to-day, especially in the live-bird event, was very good. Scores:

Club shoot, 25 targets:

Parmelee	1111111111111111111111111—25
Loomis	1111111101111111111111111—24
Raymond	1111111101111111111101111—23
Read	1101111111111111111111011—23
Kenyon	1101111111101111101110111—21
Johannes	1111010011101111111111111—21
Smead	0111111111111001110001111—19
Whitmer	1000011011101111111111111—19
Randlett	0111010010111111111111111—19
Blake	1101111101101010011101111—18
Peters	1111001111110110101001010—17
Learned	1011010111001011000101111—15
Bates	1011010111001110000110111—15
Young	1100110110100010011010010—12

Live-bird handicap, $10 entrance, 3 moneys:

Parmelee (32)	0101121211212121111111211—23
Smead (29)	0120121122112212121122212—23
Loomis (29)	1211111121021111111222101—23
Peters (28)	1122022122101212112121221—23
Read (28)	1110201221111211212212110—22
Raymond (28)	2111112110121101211120011—21
Blake (28)	2011021112201112102112220—20
Shepherd (27)	1111121100202010111101111—19

W. D. KENYON, Sec'y.

Marietta Gun Club.

MARIETTA, Ga., July 16.—Known traps, unknown angles, A. S. A. rules:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11			
Targets:	5	10	10	5	5	15	10	10	5	10	5	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
J W Setze	4	7	..	4	..	13	8	7	..	6	4	70	53	75.7
Black	5	7	..	3	..	10	10	6	..	6	4	70	51	72.8
Meinert	3	9	..	4	..	8	8	7	..	8	3	70	50	71.4
Maury	4	6	..	3	..	9	6	5	..	9	2	70	44	62.8
Austin	4	6	..	3	..	9	5	3	..	5	2	70	37	52.8
Stephens	3	4	..	3	..	10	4	3	..	5	..	65	32	49.2
Love	3	5	..	3	..	6	5	2	..	5	2	70	29	41.4
E J Setze, Jr.	2	1	4	2	3	6	4	9	2	..	..	75	33	44
Masher	..	4	5	4	..	9	7	4	..	4	3	75	40	53.3
Reynolds	..	7	..	4	..	8	5	3	..	..	..	50	27	54
Gramling	..	..	5	3	3	9	10	2	..	5	1	70	38	54.2
E J Setze	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	4	80
Bostwick	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	3	30
J A Davis	..	..	2	1	1	..	..	..	4	..	..	25	8	32
Sauges	..	..	..	2	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	5	50
Anderson	..	..	..	..	3	..	6	..	4	..	..	20	13	65
Fox	..	..	0	0	1	..	..	..	0	..	..	25	1	04
Davis, Jr.	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	5	5	100
Warlick	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	.	5	2	40
Sanders	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	10	4	40

W. J. BLACK, Sec'y.

The Rose System.

GALT, Canada.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was much pleased with your explanation of the Rose system, as given in your issue of July 11. This division of sweeps I shall at once try to introduce in our club, and make it one of the rules of the ground governing all shoots that take place thereon. Any one can, if he will, see at a glance the merits of this system and the utter unfairness to honest shooters of the prevalent method of class shooting.

Dropping for place is in my opinion but a short remove from downright theft, and this has here reached such a pitch that I know one instance of these good shots combining beforehand to divide profits and arguing that any of the three should drop for place whenever such a procedure would increase the profits of this trio of pot-hunters.

Any sportsman who is worthy of the name makes the money part of his venture a secondary consideration, but at the same time he will justly feel that he should have some chance of a dividend instead of contributing to fill the greedy maw of a combination. ALONG.

Georgia-Alabama Inter-state Tournament.

TALLAPOOSA, Ga., July 16.—The first tournament of the Georgia-Alabama Interstate Shooting Association was held on Wednesday and Thursday, July 15 and 16, at Tallapoosa, Georgia, under the auspices of the newly organized Tallapoosa Gun Club, which was instrumental in bringing off the tournament. The grounds were conveniently arranged, and the comfort of the visiting shooters was looked after by the reception committee: President A. I. Head, Hon. G. R. Hutchens, N. C. Matthews, W. J. Redington and Sec'y C. H. Eldridge. The fact that there were no hitches and that everybody had a good time was due to the committee of arrangements, consisting of Capt. R. T. Clayton, U. G Brock, C. N. Williams, T. M. Kimball, J. H. Rinard, George Grunik and M J. Head. The weather was disappointing by reason of two severe showers each day.

Those participating from other cities were: A. W. du Bray, New York; L. J. Alston, W. C. Rawson, Clarence Everett, B. W. Bizzell, A. L. Day, F. G. Byrd and E Crabb, Atlanta; H. B. Troutman and F. C. Etheridge, Macon; T. L. Robinson, Talbot Foard, J. J. Willett, Archibald Henderson, George E. Eagle and J. B. Goodwin, Anniston. Of the Tallapoosa Club the shooters were: R. T. Clayton, T. H. Clayton, C. N. Williams, G. R. Hutchens, W. J. Redington, J. H. Rinard and W. C. Barton.

The events included from 10 to 25 targets, known and unknown, 10 and 15 pairs targets, club team contest of 20 targets, 5 single and 5 pairs live pigeons, and a consolation race, the events being arranged to cover two days. In the team shoot Anniston won out over Atlanta by a score of 90 to 84. The Atlanta team immediately challenged Anniston for a go at the next tournament. The highest average in regular programme events scored either day was that of Etheridge, of Macon, 90⅔ per cent. on the second day. The total averages for participants in all regular programme events both days were: Etheridge, Macon, 88 per cent.; R. T. Clayton, Tallapoosa, 87 per cent.; Troutman, Macon, 79 per cent.; Everett, Atlanta, 71 per cent. In the live-bird events the first day Crabb scored 5 straight on single birds and Du Bray 10 straight on pairs. Targets thrown numbered 3,500 and 350 pigeons released.

The Anniston Club has bid for the next tournament, to be held at Oxford Lake near Anniston some time in August, on which occasion the supremacy of the Anniston team over the Atlantas will be tested.

C. H. ELDRIDGE, Sec'y.

Marlin Gun Club.

MARLIN, Tex., July 9.—The Marlin Gun Club shot a few practice events to-day. The shooting was at 10 targets, known traps and angles. The scores:

No. 1: W. T. Lenoir 8, Wat Hunnicutt 8, R. Louis 4, H. Stammbach 7, W. W. Turner 9, E. K. Herring 8.

No. 2: W. T. Lenoir 6, Wat Hunnicutt 10, H. Stammbach 8, R. Louis 10, E K. Herring 8, W. W. Turner 8.

July 16.—Some of the members of the Marlin Gun Club got together this evening and had a shoot as follows:

No 1, 10 targets, known traps and angles:

L P Robertson	1010111000— 5	E K Herring	1101110111— 8
H Stammbach	0111001110— 6	L C Smith	0100001011— 4
W W Turner	1111101111— 9		

No. 2, same as No. 1:

L P Robertson	1100000011— 4	E K Herring	1111111111—10
H Stammbach	1011111111— 9	L C Smith	0110011111— 7
W W Turner	1111101011— 8		

No. 3, 5 targets, known traps and angles:

L P Robertson	11111—5	E K Herring	11101—4
H Stammbach	10111—4	L C Smith	01011—3
W W Turner	10111—4		

THE NEWSMAN.

Heikes Challenges Gilbert.

ONE of the most interesting pieces of news that appears in our trap columns this week is contained in the letter in which Rolla Heikes, of Dayton, O., challenges Fred. Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., for the E. C. cup, which is emblematic of the world's championship at targets.

This cup was won by Gilbert at the E. C. tournament at Guttenburg race track during the first week of May, after a close and most exciting contest. Since that time he has been rightly termed the champion target shot of the world, and his work at the different tournaments on the circuit showed that he had not won the honor and title through any fluke. For two full months he has held the cup and title without a challenge, but now Heikes puts in his claim to both, and the result will be a decidedly interesting match.

The conditions, as we remember them, are: 50 targets, unknown angles; 50 targets, expert rules, one man up, the five traps down, and 25 pairs; any powder and any gun, 10-gauges of course being barred, the shooter making the highest aggregate for the 150 targets becoming the holder of the cup and championship. The policy of the E. C. Powder Co. in presenting this cup without any restrictions as to the use of any powder did so with the sole desire of seeing a *bona fide* champion at targets, realizing that, as claimed by FOREST AND STREAM, if we were to have a champion of the world at targets, there must be no restrictions as to powders, etc.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., July 14.—Regular weekly shoot held to-day. Fourth event was for the Silverthorn badge. Won by Mr. Terry:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	20	15	25	25	Targets:	15	20	15	25	25
Nelson	10	11	10	16	16	Cleland	11	11	7	13	10
Terry	10	15	13	22	18	McFarlan	10	18	..	..	..
Scott	11	14	11	21	21	Miller	12	14	11	14	17
Moorman	7	13	6	17	16				F. M. D.		

San Antonio Tournament.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., July 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Kindly announce the second grand midwinter tournament for January, 1897. We have not yet settled on the amount of added money, but we will try to make it more than the last. The dates will be somewhere in the middle of the month. The management will be the "big three," J. M. George, Albert Steves, O. C. Guessaz. Prospects for game this winter are better than ever before. O. C. GUESSAZ.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

They Consult "Forest and Stream."

RAILWAY LEATHER WORKS, Rochdale, England, July 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Dear Sir—The writer is inquiring for a collapsible canvas boat made somewhere in America, but the name of which, given to him abroad some years ago, he is unable to perfectly recollect. He thinks the name was Battle Creek or something like it, and the editor of the *Field* suggests that we might inquire from you. We are unable to inclose stamped envelope and can only apologize for giving you this trouble, but perhaps if you happen to recognize the maker of what we are inquiring for you would be kind enough to forward this letter to him and ask him to forward particulars direct.

Again apologizing for the liberty we are taking, we are, dear sir,

Yours faithfully, O. & W. ORMEROD.

FOREST AND STREAM receives many such letters as that given above, not only from individuals, but from the trade as well.

No other journal carries such a varied and at the same time complete line of sporting goods advertising, and this fact is recognized at home and abroad. When a journal is thus consulted as a directory, its value to the advertiser is naturally increased, for it puts him in communication not only with those who see his advertisement, but also in many cases with those who do not see it. It is something after all to be with the band wagon.

A Summer Experience.

NOW IS the time when the ocean trip over Long Island Sound, between New York and Newport or Fall River via the Fall River Line boats, is a positive boon—a summer experience devoutly to be wished for. To pass the early morning or evening hours upon the upper decks of one of the great steamboats of this line, the Priscilla, Puritan, Plymouth or Pilgrim, at this season of the year, is to reverse all conditions of discomfort or annoyances attendant upon summer in this latitude, and to obtain in their places the fullest enjoyment of nature's most beneficent provision. And then the restful sleep that precedes or follows these delightful experiences—where else, or under what other circumstances, can this sweet restorer be so thoroughly insured and secured? All the influences of cooling breezes, quiet surroundings, glorious outlooks over natural scenery attractive beyond the telling, and creature comforts in bountiful provision, are on the side of the complete satisfaction and gratifications of the traveler, who will sleep the sleep of the just, no matter what may be the summer conditions on land.—*Adv.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. A. M., Eagle Point, Ill.—There is not an Iowa law forbidding killing prairie chickens for two years.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1896.

VOL. XLVII.—No. 5. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page x.

Forest and Stream Water Colors

We have prepared as premiums a series of four artistic and beautiful reproductions of original water colors, painted expressly for the FOREST AND STREAM. The subjects are outdoor scenes:

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The plates are for frames 14 x 19 in. They are done in twelve colors, and are rich in effect. They are furnished to old or new subscribers on the following terms:

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Price of the pictures alone, $1.50 each; $5 for the set.

Remit by express money order or postal money order. Make orders payable to

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., New York.

Readers accustomed to buying the FOREST AND STREAM *at news stands, and who are going out of town to points where they cannot purchase from newsdealers, may have the paper mailed from this office for any length of time at the rate of forty cents per month.*

CITIES AND VAGRANT DOGS.

DOGS and cats experience the unfortunate vicissitudes of city life to a pitiful degree. The permanent vagrant class constantly receives accessions to its numbers from the semi-vagrant and from the better class of dogs, or those accustomed to good homes, which from misfortune have become homeless and masterless. Man, if homeless from any cause, has powers of prompt readjustment; the dog, once he loses his home and master, perforce drifts into vagrancy and outlawry, for in law the vagrant dog is an outlaw, and, except that he be claimed, is doomed to destruction under certain legal restrictions as to the manner in which he shall be destroyed.

At the best, the dog's claim to a home is precarious, as it depends on the caprice, affection or tolerance of his master. Not infrequently his master's financial resources may directly result in the loss of home to the dog, for in the life of laboring men, whose earnings of to-day buy the food and pay the rent of to-morrow, a very slight break in financial returns may seriously disrupt the home life; and the wage-earners are by far the most numerous class of people and owners of countless thousands of dogs, mostly curs of low degree. Thus it comes that in the great cities, where there are so many dogs and cats associated all their lives with poverty, many trivial circumstances will detach them from all claims to home and owner, and launch them into vagrancy.

There is an incessant overflow of such vagrant animal life in the great cities, ever silently coming to the surface, and imperatively requiring constant and organized effort to keep it in check both by the destruction of vagrant dogs and the placing of such restrictions on ownership as shall largely check the source of the vagrant supply and discourage the perpetuation of worthless curs. The necessity of destroying so much animal life on the score of public policy, from a sentimental point may be a deplorable feature of civilization, but the health, peace and well being of the public being of paramount importance and consideration, no argument is necessary to justify the measures founded on necessity.

The destruction of dogs and cats being a necessity, it should be as painlessly and decently done as the best available means at hand will permit. Nothing can be said to justify the infliction of unnecessary suffering on the poor animals; first, because such suffering would be an act of inhumanity in itself; and second, because inhumanity tends to debase the minds of a certain part of the community and disturbs profoundly the larger and sympathetic part of it. Any spectacular method or such as suggests intense suffering should never be adopted.

Baltimore is now seriously considering, though not entirely of her own volition, the adoption of the more improved method of disposing of vagrant dogs—that is, by the use of gas, as practiced in New York, Philadelphia, etc. The old system of drowning a lot of dogs at once in an iron cage, still adhered to in Baltimore, is actively opposed by the Maryland Society for the Prevention of Cruely to Animals. The Society's Secretary, Mr. John R. Duval, has recently proposed taking legal action against the keeper of the dog pound, Mr. Philip Kimmel, on the charge of cruelty to animals. This would in effect be an arraignment of the methods in use by the city and a test of their legality. As there is no doubt that fright and suffering are inflicted by immersion in water, and that neither is inflicted by the use of gas, the Maryland Society should win its case easily. It should have the support and approval of all who are for the progress of greater humanity.

The Maryland Society is endeavoring to widen its mission on the lines of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of New York; that is, to have charge of the licensing of dogs and the capturing of stray and vagrant dogs and cats, and the destruction in the most humane manner of such as are worthless or unclaimed. For the greater progress of the humanities, their success is heartily to be desired if they will be as efficient as their admirable fellow Society in New York.

SNAP SHOTS.

Many years ago there was printed in the FOREST AND STREAM a story of a Danish fisherman who had tamed a herring and made a pet of it, the fish following its master about on dry land like a dog, until one unlucky day it fell from a bridge into the water and was drowned. The story was extensively copied, and soon thereafter it began to appear in our exchanges as localized in various places in America. Now it was told of a Maine guide, with a trout in place of a herring; again of a Michigan farmer, with a whitefish in place of the trout, and again of a Missouri man and a sucker; and so it has traveled over the land with a vitality as remarkable as that of the original herring. It is still passing along. The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* gave a new version the other day in a letter from Marietta, dated July 20, 1896. This report comes from one Henry Wilson, from up near the head of Middle Island Creek, in West Virginia, where Squire Spencer some months ago caught a large catfish, which he incarcerated in a water hole in the back yard; then by abstracting some of the water from time to time he reduced the supply until in the end the catfish learned to worry along with nothing but air. The creature did very well until on one occasion it attempted to cross a creek on a log, fell into the water, and having forgotten how to swim was drowned. Herring, trout, whitefish, sucker, catfish, they always drown, but the story never dies. There is always found for it a new fish tamer and a new fish. It is one of those tales which, if told impersonally in a crowd, always evokes from some one of the hearers the indorsement of "Yes, I knew the man."

Sportsmen of the United States, hardly less than those of Canada, are to be congratulated upon the action of the Legislature of Quebec in setting aside for a forest, fish and game preserve the magnificent domain of the Laurentides National Park. It is a territory generous in extent and offering rare attractions to the hunter and the fisherman, while the conditions prescribed for enjoyment of its privileges are by no means burdensome. In the great Laurentides reservation Quebec has made permanent provision of an abundant game and fish supply; it is to the Province what the Adirondack Park is to New York, and to the Dominion what the Yellowstone is to the United States.

While we in North America are thus making provision by the establishment of parks for the preservation of our game animals, similar projects are engaging attention in other parts of the world, notably in countries where game has in the past been so abundant that the stories now told of its dimunition are received with incredulity. Even in Southern Africa, where the first British hunters found such a game supply that their true accounts of it were not accepted as possible, the provision of a game park is now proposed as the only expedient for saving the remainder of the herds. A correspondent of the London *Times* makes a plea for the African elephant, which is declared to be in peril of extermination; and the way in which it is proposed that this shall be done is to constitute a portion of Somaliland a game preserve in which the elephant shall find safe refuge from pursuit. The necessity of a more rigid conservation of the game supply of the world is now recognized in the most remote quarters. With our own buffalo extinct, we may well be humbled by noting the greater wisdom of far-off Ceylon whose stock of buffalo is preserved by rigid laws. The game may be taken only by special permission of the Government, and no one person is licensed to take more than two buffalo. Under these restrictions the supply promises to be maintained indefinitely.

Experience teaches the sportsman to keep to himself knowledge of a favored fishing stream or shooting ground, and yet one of the most pronounced satisfactions of field sports is to share with another one's own opportunities. He was made of the true material who said to the FOREST AND STREAM the other day, "I'd like to know of some fellow who loves shooting, and who has only two or three days or a week to get away, and cannot afford to buy a dog or to go far. I'd spend the time seeing to it that he should have just the best chance in the world, if he could shoot a bird when it was within range." Such a wish as that is an index of character; when you happen on a man whose ambition is to help some less favored individual to a day's shooting you may safely trust him with your all. Even one's conduct in the field is a searching test of character, for a man is true to his nature in small things as well as in large.

Men waste precious hours talking politics and then complain that they have no time to go fishing. The talk amounts to nothing after all, but the fishing might be worth while. The outlook is for political talk from now until November, steady, incessant and strident. To escape it one must take to the woods. It is always understood, or should be, that politics are barred in camp. We question whether even the Kingfishers could get through without disruption if they permitted political discussion around the camp-fire. If a man in camp will persist in talking politics, there are only two courses open to the rest of the company, either to put him out or to go home and leave him.

Has not the time come for prohibiting altogether the taking of the Florida manatees? There are extremely few of those interesting creatures left; and while killing them is forbidden, they may be captured for supply to showmen as curiosities. We should think that seaside resorts like Asbury Park might better do without manatees in tanks than that the species should be exterminated, as it will be if the showmen hunters continue to enjoy their present license. Here is one harmless wild creature which should be permitted to survive the extinction which is overtaking everything that can be shot at in Florida, even to the alligator.

It is a curious manifestation under existing conditions, but there are some fishermen who affect to look on angling as they usually do on poker playing for high stakes, something to keep mum about. And so we encounter business and professional men who have been off fishing, but are mortally afraid lest the public shall find them out in it. They reason perhaps that to associates and clients who do not know the charm of angling their fishing trips may be accounted as lapses of virtue, unworthy and unbusinesslike, and calculated to hurt them in their standing.

Our observation is that there is more of this feeling in New York than in Boston, and perhaps more than in Chicago. Certainly we hear less of the fishing experiences of New York business men than of those of Boston, and this is altogether because of greater reticence on the part of the New York anglers. Is it perhaps true that New Yorkers are mistaken in their apprehension that it is prudent to cover up their angling proclivities? Would they be any the less esteemed were they to publish on the exchanges and in business circles their fishing luck? We believe that the time has long gone by when anything of discredit was likely to be attached to a business man who went fishing. For twenty years and more this journal has been preaching the gospel of rational outdoor recreation and woods life, and during that period there has been a decided change in the popular feeling toward angling. If it be true, as has been suggested, that fishing vacations are more favorably regarded in Boston than in some other cities, that fact must be accepted as one of the manifestations of Boston culture,

The Sportsman Tourist.

ON THE SAN GABRIEL.

It was an imposing cavalcade, I am told, that rattled through the quiet streets of Azusa, Cal., soon after the arrival of the train from Pasadena, early in the morning of May 5, bound for a two weeks' trip to the West Fork of the San Gabriel River.

Five men had racked their brains for a month in order that no article of necessity, comfort or luxury might be overlooked, and the result of the combined memoranda made loads for eleven burros, which were started ahead in charge of a driver loaded with eleven kinds of oaths for each burro for every half mile of the eighteen miles between Azusa and the upper cabin of the Pasadena Bait Club.

Following this outfit came Judge Rose mounted upon a young horse never before in a mountain cañon, that made a point of stumbling over every boulder in the trail and making tremendous plunges when he struck those under water at the frequent fords *en route*.

From the back of a large rock-scarred roan L. C. Torrance watched the gyrations of the Judge with an equanimity only obtained after years of buffeting at the head of Pasadena's electric light system.

H. L. Storey, the youngest man of the party (although we accidentally discovered later, when speaking of the discovery of America, or perhaps it was some other event of long ago in which he had participated, that his age was sixty-five), followed upon a snow-white charger which did not make a false step upon the trip.

But don't for a moment think because I mention A. H. Conger, cashier of the First National, at the tail end of the expedition, that he occupied that position permanently or more than in body, for his masterly mind ever came to the front with suggestions that swept away difficulties which hung over us like a cloud, leaving us standing under a clear sky. It was he who nerved the Judge to re-establish the prestige of our camp: a camp that prided itself upon the belief that no wandering philistine could lay over us in any line.

If a party passed our way and felt inclined to sing during the festivities that followed such occasions, we immediately called upon our home talent and gave them a soul-lifter.

If they thought for a moment that a respectable-sized fish had ever become attached to their lines, and dared mention it in our presence, we immediately showed evidence of one that could swallow their fish, fish line and sinker.

If they advanced some particular method of camp cookery, we simply looked benignly upon our specialist in that line, who immediately proceeded to paralyze the embryonic *chef;* all this until we had begun to think our camp well nigh invincible. This particular evening of which I write, however, was one of gloom. Great oak logs in the mammoth fireplace sent out a genial warmth and cheerful glow, but it had no effect upon our spirits, for at sundown our camp had been invaded by one who excelled in a line far beyond the tried powers of any member of our party. Perhaps you have never heard a genuine burro-train driver confidentially discourse upon the events of the day. He had led a string of five saddled horses and ridden a sixth over the rocky trail eighteen miles, forded the stream fifty-four times, and after making nose bags of the gunny sacks, which contained rolled barley rations sufficient to last each animal for the trip, he was seated at the table outside, crowding down the food and relating the incidents of the trip to our camp-keeper; at least a word of such incidents sandwiched between numerous oaths. Our attention was called to it at a point in the narrative wherein a couple of the steeds had turned on the trail, necessitating a run over the boulders for several miles before being overtaken. Such a string of oaths came flying through the chinks of the cabin that the logs seemed to fairly smoke (although we afterward discovered that it came from the fireplace). For half an hour we sat in silence; a feeling of dejection coming over us, which gradually gave place to one of indignation. Should we sit passively by our own fireside and endure this complete overthrow of our supremacy? We looked from one to another, and finally with one accord all eyes rested upon the Judge. Here the masterly mind of our retiring friend came into play. There was no hesitation, no "we ought to do this" or "we ought to do that," but a direct "Judge, go out and give that fellow a whirl." A moment's hesitation gave us all a chance to repeat, "Yes, give him a twister," and that man was already squelched. The Judge disappeared through the door and entered the circle of light from the table. No guilty wretch ever fixed a more helpless gaze upon a judge at the bar than did our veteran burro driver after the first outburst of five minutes, followed by three other distinct utterances of equal length which exhausted all the Judge's knowledge of Scriptural quotations, ending up with the query, "What are you swearing about?" Then he retired with dignity within the cabin, where the seat of honor awaited him. Five minutes later we heard coming through the chinks of the cabin the simple, forcible "Gee!" as the driver came back to earth and resumed his meal. That ended swearing about camp, and our party resumed their cheerful feeling of supremacy. No, Conger was no tail-ender; that position rather fell to the writer. Being detained by unexpected illness in the family, and compelled to follow alone three days later—perhaps not alone, for one is rarely alone in these cañons, especially if he has a burro to direct and admire. This ill-shaped and ill-smelling animal, from the most abused and despised creature about the settlements, gradually rises in one's estimation until you feel like sharing your rations with him after a day's hard work. Then other things come up which interest as they develop, for I remember I rode half a day before it occurred to me that the freshly fallen boulders and fragments of rocks along both sides of the cañon must have been started by some recent earthquake which had not been felt in the valley beyond the mountains. Then another pleasant occupation was noting the different varieties of birds recognized, which in this case was sixty-seven. Then after following a trail whenever there was one to follow, and keeping along in the general direction when there was not, fording the stream until just as you record the fifty-fourth time a ringing shout is heard ahead, and four hearty handshakes greet you at the top of the bank, and one forgets his sore and stiff joints in the welcome of tried friends.

The second day we had two callers from below, one sporting a fish pole and the other a shotgun. The latter fired twice at a fox in the brush not 30ft. back of the cabin and missed both times. Then excitement reigned in camp, and before dark we were boys again eager to try conclusions with the wariest of animals; but how about traps? Of course eleven burro loads of outfit included two traps, which we carefully concealed under leaves, hanging fragments of fish to the bush directly over the pan. Hardly had we gathered about the evening fire when a snarl and rattle of chain brought us all out of doors with a rush, where we soon found ourselves wound up in the brush. One of us hunted up a candle which wouldn't shed light, and right here Conger came to the rescue again with a brand new dishpan, which held behind the candle not only sheltered it from the wind, but sent a flash of light ahead like a small locomotive headlight. We quickly formed in line and soon worked our way to where the shining eyes located the fox. While dispatching this one another snarl and rattle from the hillside beyond indicated another catch, which proved to be fox number two, which soon joined its mate, hanging to the limb of a tree. The two traps were reset, and about 10 o'clock when every one was asleep we were awakened by a snarl. The candle was quickly lighted, the dishpan procured, and five bare-footed men in all stages of dress, or rather undress, felt their way through the brush to victim number three; and what a flashing of limbs and scattering when the chain was suddenly drawn forward toward the light by the wag of the party. Skins obtained under such circumstances will always be valuable souvenirs.

After midnight the fourth and last fox met with on the trip sprang one of the traps, but we were all too drowsy to venture out after our experience with the last one, and when the Judge appeared before him at the first streak of dawn he loosened his toes from the trap by a powerful spring and escaped.

In order to get good fishing one must travel at least a day's journey into the mountains from any of the southern California towns, and the Pasadena Bait Club, with its twenty-five members (all of whom are not active), have located their upper cabin as far up as the journey can be comfortably made in one day. From this point the fishing is always good, and a catch of 125 trout per rod during the morning's fishing can be easily made; but it is rarely done, except, for instance, when our mail was brought in at the end of a week. That day we all fished steadily, and sent out by our courier about 100 each to our friends at home. Then a week later we spent the last day fishing, taking out as many more with us on horseback.

Mr. Torrance showed up on that day with the largest, some 16in. long, which he avers was caught like a sucker by tying a stone to the line and sinking the hook to the bottom of the deep pool. However, the sucker simile went no further, for the fish when hooked acted like any other trout, only decidedly more so. It was agreed that the unkind hint that he fell asleep and allowed his line to sink should not be made a matter of record, so I won't mention it.

During the stay the camp easily consumed forty fish per day, requiring but little fishing by those so disposed each morning and evening. It will be readily seen that the total catch amounted to over 1,500, not one of which was wasted. I give these statistics freely, in spite of the fact that the securing of that number by a Northern party of fishermen recently brought out some unfavorable comments, and if such an one bobs up after perusing this article I have reserved for his especial benefit statistics showing how many pounds of fish are required per day to keep the brain of half a ton of enthusiastic humanity in normal condition; for the supremacy of the camp must be maintained even on this question.

Frank S. Daggett.

Pasadena, Cal.

LABRADOR SKETCHES.

VI.—A Caribou Hunt.

[Written for Forest and Stream by Count H. de Puyjalon, and translated by Crawford Lindsay.]

I was provided with a tent, stove and cooking apparatus, likewise a *traine* or toboggan and a strong dog rejoicing in the dissipated name of Brandy. I then looked for a guide and companion, for to go out hunting alone is most imprudent, as an accident, which would not entail serious consequences where one is near the settlements, might result in death when one is alone and helpless in the bush.

I was fortunate enough to secure the services of a half-breed hunter named Paul, who owned a dog which, unlike mine, bore the temperance name of Coffee; a muzzle-loading gun, No. 10 caliber, of wonderful length and weight, concerning which he told the most astonishing yarns.

The night before our departure there had been a heavy fall of snow and our progress was slow, as we had to beat a road for our dogs and frequently help them in hauling the sleighs which bore our tent, provisions and camp equipage.

We walked in Indian file, the better to harden the snow and make the work easier for our four-footed companions. Late in the afternoon we reached a hunter's log camp on the bank of a river, where we found two whites and three Indians who had been fishing in the lakes in the vicinity. We hung our moccasins on a spruce branch, stuck our guns and snowshoes in the nearest snowdrift and entered the hut, which was so full of tobacco smoke and so crowded that we had hard work to find room for our dogs and ourselves.

We smoked in self-defense, and while inquiring as to our chances for hunting we boiled our tea and fried some slices of pork, which we ate with a good appetite. We then picked out a soft plank, and with our dogs for pillows soon dropped asleep.

The following morning we set out an hour before daylight, at about 6 o'clock, and the weather being cold and bright, we walked briskly on the frozen surface of the river. The sun made its appearance over the tops of the trees as we got on the discharge of a lake, and at noon, a few miles from the first falls we had seen, we struck the fresh tracks of three caribou; they were going in a westerly direction and could not be very far off. We thought of following them, but were compelled to give up the idea. We had the wind in our backs and it would have been impossible to get close enough to them, so we resumed our journey, grumbling at our luck.

A little further on we came across more tracks, not so fresh as the others, but much more numerous. Caribou seemed to be plentiful about there, so we decided to camp on the spot, as the animals seemed to be migrating toward some large barrens, called *déserts* or *jardins* by the French-Canadians and half-breeds, and which we knew to be some distance away.

After having cleared out the snow down to the ground, with our snowshoes as shovels, holding the lower end in the right hand and the thong in the left, we set up our tent in a clump of spruce and sapins or balsam fir, which sheltered us from the cold winds, and in which we were safe from falling trees, a danger ever to be avoided in the woods.

We spread a thick layer of sapin boughs on the frozen ground, and while Paul was putting up the stove and arranging our things in the tent I went down to the river, cut some holes in the ice and soon returned with a pail of delicious water and seventeen splendid trout. I also set up about a dozen snares for hares.

Paul was delighted to see the trout, which he soon had in the pan with some slices of pork, and we made an excellent meal.

The sun set as we finished our dinner and it was time to turn in. We filled our stove with pieces of half-dried birch, lit our pipes and stretched ourselves on our bed of fir boughs with our feet to the fire, enjoying a feeling of blissful rest.

The reader is of course aware that on an expedition such as that which I am describing one does not burden himself with many candles, so that, as a rule, his active life begins with the day and ends at dark. If one returns late he must be satisfied with the light from the stove or with a torch of birch bark, and a candle is lighted only when a valuable skin has to be put on a stretcher.

When we awoke next day the sky was overcast and the weather much milder. This meant snow, perhaps rain. This was a bad prospect for us and prevented our moving away. We therefore resolved to take advantage of this to catch more trout, set new snares, kill some partridges if possible and lay in a sufficient stock of fuel to last us while there.

I undertook the first part of the programme, leaving Paul to cut the wood and pile it near the tent, and went to the snares I had set the previous evening, where I found three hares. The Labrador hare is the same as that found elsewhere in Canada, the *Lepus americanus* or *hudsonicus*, brown in summer, white in winter. In some years it is found in great numbers, at other times it disappears entirely without any apparent reason. Finally, the hunters here say that it can change its sex. This of course is absurd, but it is nevertheless a fact that at certain seasons you catch only males and at other seasons only females.

Leaving my lines and snares, I went into the woods to look for partridges. After walking about three-quarters of an hour I flushed a covey of spruce partridges on the shore of a small lake and treed them not very far off. I had left my gun behind me for fear of frightening the caribou, so I determined to noose them. I cut a long pole of white birch, fastened a piece of wire with a slip-knot at the end of it, and carefully approaching the partridges, which were looking at me with curiosity, I slipped the noose over the neck of the lowest one. I then took the nearest and so on until I got seven out of the eleven on the tree, the others being too high for me to reach them without alarming them. These stupid birds are shot in the same manner; the report of the gun does not alarm them, but they are frightened by anything falling from above.

I got some more trout on my way back, so that, adding the trout, hares and partridges to the pork and butter we had brought with us, we had a supply of excellent provisions for several days, and were at liberty to look after the caribou.

Just as we finished cleaning our guns the snow began to fall in heavy flakes, and we knew we were in for a three days' storm. We were not mistaken, and for two days and three nights we did nothing but turn out to remove the weight of snow from the tent and to get water. After the storm there was a light thaw, and then it froze hard, which was just what we wanted. We began to get ready at 3 in the morning, and two hours before day we were on our way, followed by our dogs, which ran easily on the crust, over which we skimmed with our snowshoes.

We went in a westerly direction, and, as we expected, we soon came upon a *ravage* of caribou; that is, a place of several acres in extent where these animals had pawed the snow, crossed and recrossed each other, browsing on the lower twigs of the birch trees and on the spruce and older sapins.

The gang or herd must have consisted of at least thirty individuals, among which were several fawns. They evidently had quitted the spot quite recently, and by circling around it we found fresh tracks where they had left it.

We followed, keeping our dogs behind us and taking advantage of the wind. An hour's march brought us to the edge of a small and narrow lake, in the middle of which were our caribou, about twenty-seven in all, some lying in the snow, while the young fawns played about. They were 200yds. away, just the range for my Marlin, but a great deal too far for my companion's heavy, slug-loaded gun. This was too bad. I had brought my rifle, relying upon my man for shots at close range. With my rifle I could not expect to hit more than one, while with his he could hit three or four. It was impossible to get closer without being discovered. I therefore fired and hit one, which, although mortally wounded, ran away with the others, while we started in pursuit. Near the wood we came upon the one I had shot, we gralloched it, stuck a small fir tree near it to mark the spot, and continued on, the hard crust giving us an advantage over the caribou. About 3 in the afternoon we saw seven in a glade and got two, a large buck and a doe. It was then getting late and we had to give up the pursuit, as we had to gralloch the dead animals to reduce their weight, which we could not have done had they become frozen, and to make arrangements for camping before it got quite dark. We shoveled out the snow with our snowshows, piling it up to windward, made a lean-to with poles covered with fir and spruce boughs, strewed a thick layer of the same for a floor, and crawled under shelter.

Although we kept up the fire, we could not sleep for the cold. We smoked, dozed, chatted, drank lots of tea,

and took an occasional sip of whisky; then at daybreak we ate a bite, harnessed the dogs and ourselves to the caribou and hauled them with great difficulty to the tent, which we reached two hours after sunset.

As the weather continued fine and we were in good trim, we decided to remain. I am never so happy as when in the solitude of the forest, and then I had no home attractions. We accordingly buried our caribou under the snow and set out in different directions to look for tracks of other herds, as the one we had fired at must have fled to a great distance. I walked all morning without being able to find anything besides hare and partridge tracks, when I came to the edge of a small lake. There was nothing on its surface except a small track, which I took to be that of a lynx; so I went on to the stream which fed the lake, looking for open water to wash down my homely meal of bread and frozen pork. In a few minutes I reached the foot of a small cascade, where I got some water and began my lunch. While I was so engaged I heard a noise, caused by the fall of a large lump of snow, which started from the top of the falls and rolled down near my feet. One of the edges of the lump showed the marks of a caribou's foot, while the excitement displayed by my dog Brandy indicated the presence of something. I checked him, got my rifle ready and carefully crawled up the slope. When I reached the top I saw a large buck with magnificent antlers browsing and unconscious of danger. Brandy gave a growl, the caribou turned suddenly, giving me a splendid opportunity, and I got in a shot behind the shoulder which laid him low. Of course, my taking the body to the tent alone was out of the question, so I gralloched him, to the great delight of Brandy, who feasted to his heart's content. Then I covered up the carcass with snow and made my way back to the camp, as this caribou seemed to be a bachelor and without any following.

It was almost dark when I reached the camp and Paul had not returned, so I lit the stove and set my kettle to boil, while in a tin plate I put some slices of caribou tongue on a layer of onions and butter, making a delicious dish, and lay down awaiting the arrival of my companion. I waited patiently for several hours, and had fallen into a deep sleep when I awoke on hearing him coming with his dog. I jumped up and asked him what made him so late. "Don't ask me," he replied, "I think I have walked a hundred miles. I have seen plenty of caribou tracks, but they are far away and not very fresh; the animals seem to expect a heavy storm and are moving away. There are plenty of hares and partridges. I have a dozen at the door. For goodness sake, give me a cup of tea and something to eat."

While he was eating I told him of my luck, and we decided to return to the same spot on the morrow to get the buck I had killed and try our luck again. We did so, following my snowshoe tracks, which showed clearly; I had also taken the precaution to blaze my path through the woods.

We looked around carefully, but could find no fresh tracks, so we set to work to bring our quarry home. We harnessed the dogs in tandem fashion to the antlers and then fastened our own pack straps to them, and in this way we made good time over the crust.

Two days afterward we struck our tent and moved a day's march from the spot. When we had settled down we started off, found a *ravage*, and in a short time came upon two caribou standing on a slight eminence which sloped down to the river. I climbed up the slope to stalk them in that direction, while Paul went toward the river, which was covered with an accumulation of snow and ice 10ft. deep. When we got within range the caribou were facing in my direction, while exposing their flanks to Paul. I made a sign to him to fire and saw him raise his gun to his shoulder and press the trigger. The report was so loud that it made me jump on my snowshoes. I ran in, found one animal dead and the other badly wounded. I put an end to its sufferings and then looked toward the river. Paul had disappeared; I could only see his dog Coffee stretching his head over a considerable excavation and howling piteously. I ran to the river, and lying down near the dog I saw at the bottom of a deep hole, in which the water of the torrent rushed past, my man hanging on to his long gun, which, luckily for him, had fallen across the excavation and was retained in position by two pieces of ice jutting out from the sides. His head and shoulders alone were above water, while his legs and body were carried under the ice by the current. There was not a moment to lose. Calling out to him to hold on, I tied our pack straps together, and descending very carefully into the hole I tied the straps under his arms. Then I climbed up and hauled with all my might, but in vain.

"Help yourself!" I yelled. "You are heavier than two caribou."

"I can't, sir; my clothes are frozen and stuck underneath the ice. You will have hard work to get me out of here."

"Don't be afraid," I replied, "I have a good hold of you. Here is my axe. Cut away the ice and free yourself."

While doing so I harnessed the dogs to the rope, and when he was free we hauled away and pulled him out of the hole.

He did not look like a man, but like an icicle. His clothes were frozen solid and we had to drag him to the bank to thaw him out by means of a huge fire, which I started at once.

After he had taken a good drink of whisky and had thawed a little he began swearing at the ice, but I told him it was due to his own stupidity.

"You heard the reports of the trees cracking last night with the frost, and you might have known that ice does the same and cracks from one bank to the other. You might also have known that the heavy detonation of your gun would break the ice under you, and you should have waited till you were ashore. If I had not been with you it would have been all up with you. You would have turned into an icicle, and in the spring you would have gone over the falls.

"Ah, sir, one gets so excited at the sight of game that one does not always stop to reflect."

This was the last of our adventures worth relating on this trip. We hunted for some time longer with varying success, and I returned to the settlements well pleased with my outing.

H. DE PUYJALON.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the est by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.*

THE FROGS OF WINDHAM.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following recountal of the great historical battle of the bullfrogs is taken from the histories of Windham, Windham county, Conn. Miss Larned's history does not agree as to the destruction being the result of the great fight, as there were no marks of violence on the frogs, but this is not necessarily a proof of the absence of violence, as death could have resulted from strangulation. If it had been a plague among the frogs, it is strange that there never was one before nor since, and it is stranger still that all the mortality took place in one night. This is the story as told in Larned's "History of Windham County, Conn."

This memorable incident occurred in June, 1754. Though war was not formally declared, hostilities had begun. A Virginia regiment, led by Col. George Washington, was already in the field laboring to repel the French from possessions claimed by the Ohio Company. Delegates from many of the Colonies were in session at Albany, endeavoring to concert a scheme of common defense.

The public mind was disturbed and apprehensive. Windham's prominence in the recently formed Susquehanna Company gave her especial cause for anxiety. This attempt to rescue from the Indians a large tract of land bordering on the disputed territory might have aroused suspicion and hostility, and exposed them to the vengeance of the enemy. The feverish enthusiasm with which they had hailed that attractive scheme gave place to doubts and misgivings, and premonitory croakings were heard on every side. Thus troubled and perturbed, the residents of Windham Green were aroused from their slumbers one sultry summer night by sounds wholly unlike anything ever before heard or reported—even by the oldest inhabitant. Mr. White's negro man, returning from some nocturnal rendezvous, was the first to hear these sounds and give the alarm to his master and the neighbors. Rushing out from their beds, they listened with horror and amazement. A din, a roar, an indescribable hubbub and tumult seemed to fill the heavens and shake the earth beneath their feet.

The night was still, cloudy and intensely dark. Sky, village and surrounding country were shrouded in thickest blackness, and thus the terrified listeners were thrown wholly upon conjecture and imagination. Some feared that the day of judgment was at hand and that these unearthly sounds were but the prelude to the Trump of Doom. Others seized upon the more natural, but scarcely less appalling, explanation that an army of French and Indians were marching upon the devoted village. Distinct articulations, detected amid the general Babel, made this conjecture more probable, and ere long the name of Windham's most honored citizen, most prominently connected with the Susquehanna Purchase, was clearly eliminated. "We'll have Colonel Dyer! we'll have Colonel Dyer!" was vociferated in deep guttural tones.

"Elderkin too! Elderkin too!" responded a shrill tenor.

Yes, both these noble young men were demanded by the insatiate savages. The words "tete, tete," next detected, inspired some hope. It was possible that even then a treaty might be effected. Thus in fear, terror and conjecture passed the night, the astounding clamor continuing till the breaking of day. That any terrified Windhite was so demented as to sally out with gun and pitchfork to meet an army of famished frogs *en route* for the Willimantic is extremely doubtful.

The morning brought a solution of the mystery from the families near the mill pond. Windham's own amphibious population had broken her peace and made all the disturbance. The family of Mr. Follet, who owned the mill privilege and lived adjacent, were awakened by a most extraordinary clamor among the frogs. They filled the air with cries of distress, described by the hearers as continuous and thunderlike, making their beds shake under them.

Those who went to the pond found the frogs in great apparent agitation and commotion, but from the extreme darkness of the night could see nothing of what was passing. In the morning many dead frogs were found about the pond, yet without any visible wounds or marks of violence. There was no evidence that they had been engaged in battle.

Some mysterious malarial malady, some deadly epizootic, had probably broken out among them and caused the outcries and havoc. The report of their attempted migration in search of water is positively denied by trustworthy witnesses. There had been no drought, and the pond was abundantly supplied with water, being fed by a never-failing stream. The mortification of the Windham people upon this unexpected and humiliating revelation is quite beyond the power of description—

"Some were pleased and some were mad,
Some turned it off with laughter,
And some would never hear a word
About the thing thereafter;
Some vowed that if the devil himself
Should come, they would not flee him,
And if a frog they ever met,
Pretended not to see him."

Even without the aid of newspapers and pictorial illustrations, the account of it was borne to every part of the land. It was sung in song and ballad; it was related in histories; it served as a standing joke in all circles and seasons. Few incidents occurring in America have been so widely circulated. Let a son of Windham penetrate to the uttermost parts of the earth, he would find that the story of the frog fright had preceded him.

The Windham bullfrogs have achieved a world-wide reputation, and with Rome's goose, Putnam's wolf and a few other favored animals, will ever hold a place in popular memory and favor.

"The direst fray in all that war,
To shake King George's crown,
Was when the bullfrogs marched at night
Against old Windham town."

A few years since, while traveling in the Northwest, I met a party of English tourists at the falls of St. Anthony. Among them was our honored historian, George Bancroft. After a pleasant introduction he exclaimed, "From Windham, Connecticut! A bullfrog!" "Yes," I said, "I acknowledge the frog! Here is one perched on one of our bank notes. It is the Windham coat-of-arms;" and the note was handed around with much merriment.

The simplest and probably most truthful account is this: A mile away to the east of the town was a marshy pond, the home of thousands of batrachians: large greenbackers and mottled little peepers, such as often make night hideous. A drought had reduced their pond to a narrow rill, and for this the poor thirsty creatures had fought and died like Greeks at the pass of Thermopylæ. Tradition says thousands of the dead frogs were found the next morning on the sides of the rill, and terror-stricken Windhamites turned their prayers to praises for so gracious a deliverance.

Of all the exaggerated accounts of the above, the most marvelous and untruthful is that of the Rev. Samuel Peters in his "General History of Connecticut." He stated: "One night in July the frogs of an artificial pond three miles square and five miles from Windham, finding the water dried up, left in a body and marched or hopped for the Willimantic River. Taking the road through the town, which they entered at midnight, bullfrogs leading, pipers following without number, they filled a road 40yds. wide for four miles in length, and were several hours in passing through the place."

I think he could tell a fish story nearly as well as Mr. Hough.

P.

THE LAURENTIDES NATIONAL PARK.

QUEBEC, Canada, July 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you description of our Canadian public reservation, the Laurentides National Park. As an old sportsman I should think that many of your readers would be glad to know that they can get fishing and shooting here at such reasonable rates (and without imposition, it being under Government supervision), without having to belong to a club. Several gentlemen from the United States are members of the club to which I belong, Les Laurentides, and of various others; but it may not suit every one to belong to a club, especially if he gets an outing only at long intervals, and does not care to incur the expense of membership in a club.

CRAWFORD LINDSAY.

The description sent by Mr. Lindsay is embodied in the act of establishment: "*Whereas*, it is in the public interest that a forest reservation and national park be established in this Province so as to preserve its forests, fish and game, to maintain an even water supply, and to encourage the study and culture of forest trees; therefore, Her Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Legislature of Quebec, enacts as follows:

"The territory lying near and inclosing the headwaters of the rivers Montmorenci, Jacques Cartier, Ste. Anne de la Pérade, Batiscan, Metabetchouan, Upikauba, Upica, Chicoutimi, Boisvert, à Mars, Ha! Ha!, Murray and Ste. Anne's, described as follows: All that part of the vacant Crown Lands of the Province of Quebec situate in the counties of Montmorenci, Quebec and Charlevoix."

"Doubtless a large number of the sportsmen from abroad who annually visit Quebec, as well as Canadians, will avail themselves of the privilege of fishing and shooting in the park, which the reader will observe is permitted on the unleased portions, the basin of the River Jacques Cartier being especially reserved for this purpose together with the northeastern part of the park. As regards river fishing, there is no finer brook trout stream than the Jacques Cartier, the fish running up to 5lbs. in weight on the main river and tributaries, such as the Sautoriski. Respecting lake fishing, we may say that Lake Jacques Cartier is fully equal, if not superior, to any other sheet of water in the Province, brook trout considerably over 5lbs. in weight taking the fly readily. As regards deer hunting (caribou), the famous hunting ground known as Les Jardins is altogether within the park boundaries, and here the deer stalker can pursue his favorite pastime with certainty of success. For those who prefer smaller game, the southern part of the park offers exceptional facilities for first-class ruffed grouse (partridge) shooting in the hardwood groves of Tewkesbury township.

"It being out of the question to enter into details as regards the many and various rivers, lakes, etc., and general sport obtainable in the park, the most salient features are merely touched upon. Intending tourists, sportsmen and fishermen can obtain particulars on application to the Department of Crown Lands at any time."

We quote from Mr. G. M. Fairchild, Jr.'s, "Rod and Canoe, Rifle and Snowshoe in Quebec's Adirondacks," this spirited description of the park and its attractions:

"And through its midst there ran a crystal flood
With many a murmuring song and elfin shout,
In whose clear pools the crimson spotted trout
Would turn his tawny side to sun and sky,
Or sparkling upward catch the summer fly."

The Laurentides National Park in the Province of Quebec is the largest forest and game preserve in the world. By the act of the Provincial Legislature creating it, some 2,500 square miles of the public domain was set aside for this purpose, and proper laws for its government were adopted. A committee of the executive council recommended that the general management of the park should be vested in the Hon. Commissioner of Crown Lands and the Superintendent and such other officers as the Hon. Commissioner may appoint to carry out the intention of the legislative act.

The park is the result of the direct and unceasing efforts of the present Minister of Crown Lands, the Hon. E. J. Flynn. His name is now forever linked with one of the wisest and most beneficent measures ever passed by a legislative body. It means the preservation of the great forests on the water sheds of some of the most important rivers in the Province. The bearing of this upon the future water supply to these rivers, and upon the rainfall, is now too well understood to require further explanation. The protection to fish and game, which is incidental to the main object, is of sufficient importance, however, to receive the careful attention that it deserves, and to futurity is conserved a vast breeding ground for the fish that now swarm its waters, the game that haunts its forests.

The southerly boundary of the park reaches down to within twenty-five miles of the city of Quebec at some points; that to the north is the Chicoutimi Grande Ligne; to the west the River Batiscan and the Lake St. John R.

R., to which I have before alluded; to the east the River Saguenay and the St. Urbain Road.

The more important rivers taking their source within the park, and flowing through it, are the Jacques Cartier, St. Anne, Tourilli, Metabetchouan, Upikauba, Boisvert, Mars, Murray, Montmorenci, and their tributaries, also some of the larger tributaries of the Batiscan.

The great divide, from which flow waters to the four cardinal points of the compass, is literally peppered with lakes, big and little. In one expedition to this country, on snowshoes many years ago, in eleven days' journeying we were never off a lake more than twenty minutes. This will give the reader some idea of the immense number which dot the surface of this plateau. Great Lake Jacques Cartier, the source of the river which bears its name, has a shore line of some twenty-five miles, and is justly celebrated for the abundance and size of its trout. I shall have occasion further on to say more of this lake, as well as of Snow Lake, the head of the Montmorenci River, another famous sheet of water. To the west a few miles from Lake Jacques Cartier is Lake Noah.

Lakes des Roches, Vert, Long, à Noël, à la Coupe Fraser, à Regis, à l'Epaule, all discharge into the Jacques Cartier River, and are easily accessible by the colonization road.

Why attempt to further name the lakes in this section, it would only confuse the reader, and the subject is far too vast for the scope of a chapter. I would refer those who seek for more detailed information in this direction to a little pamphlet recently published in Quebec under the auspices of the Department of Crown Lands, entitled "Our Rivers and Lakes." The southwest, west, northwest and north edges of the park have been leased to angling clubs, and this is a wise measure for the greater protection of the fish and game within the park limits. These organizations are all directly interested in the increase of fish and game, and jealous guardians of their own leaseholds. It has drawn a cordon of keen watchfulness around the park, and poaching or killing game out of season is rendered almost impossible without instant detection.

The whole of the unleased territory within the park, some 1,500 or 1,600 square miles, is to be thrown open to the American and Canadian angler-sportsman upon conditions that every true lover of sport will be only too ready to subscribe to. At present only one section is readily accessible, but as this is to be the highway into the greater domain, and as it embraces some of the best fishing waters and caribou country, I shall describe it more fully, with suggestions to intending visitors.

The last house on the Jacques Cartier River is Bayard's, a famous little resort for those of the angling fraternity who have been initiated into the comfort and good fare provided by mine hostess, Madame Bayard, and the exceptionally fine fishing in the river hard by. Both are destined to become more widely known in the near future. The Bayards are already adding a wing to their house to provide more ample accommodations. It is twenty-seven miles from Quebec over a fairly good road, and may be reached in a four and a half hours' drive.

Mr. George Colvin, the guardian of that section of the park known as the Jacques Cartier Basin, resides here, and under his superintendence parties going into the park can be supplied with guides, canoes and tents. I know the guides on this upper section of the river, and they are all capital river men and thoroughly familiar with the country, trails and lakes.

The Jacques Cartier is canoeable to the Grand Portage, after which it becomes too turbulent, broken by falls and heavy rapids. To this point, however, there are numbers of famous pools from which trout of 7lbs. and over are not infrequently taken. At the mouth of the Sautoriski River, and for some distance up that stream, trout are particularly abundant and of good size, and this statement applies as well to the River à l'Epaule, both tributaries of the Jacques Cartier. The scenery is magnificently wild, the mountains broken into every conceivable form, a great chaotic upheaval, through which the river winds its noisy, fretful course. With Bayard's as headquarters, trips may be made either up or down the river, with as much or as little camping as the angler cares for.

To him who seeks the wilderness "far from the madding crowd," and prefers the shelter of his little tent or bark lean-to, with the bush and the waters as his foraging ground, a trip to Grand Lake Jacques Cartier will afford a variety of experiences and adventure, and the record breaking big brook trout may be lured by his fly and fall a victim to his skill. Monstrous fish lurk in these waters. A 9-pounder has already been placed in the scales, but better than this may be expected.

The long disused colonization road from Quebec to Lake St. John passes close to Lake Jacques Cartier, which is distant about thirty miles from Bayard's. An effort will be made to have this road reopened for the passage of buckboards this season, and canoes and boats placed permanently upon the lake, besides a substantial log camp at the discharge.

The Department of Crown Lands charges a small fee to sportsmen fishing or hunting within the park limits, and a permit must be taken out either in person at the Department in Quebec, or by letter to Mr. W. C. J. Hall, the superintendent, Parliament House, Quebec, who will supply all necessary information and secure guides and canoes if wanted.

This schedule is in force of charges for visitors to the park: For angling, $1 per day; hunting, $1 per day; angling and hunting, $1.50 per day. A nominal charge of $1 per diem will be made to parties for the use of canoes and camp equipment.

Tourists merely desirous of making a visit to the park (and not intending to fish or hunt) may, at the discretion of the Commissioner, be granted a permit for that purpose without charge; if camp equipment be used the usual charge for same will, of course, be made.

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Natural History.

SOME TENNESSEE MAMMALS.

In Part I. of the Proceedings of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, which covers the months of January, February and March, 1896, Mr. Samuel N. Rhoads has an interesting paper on the Mammals of Tennessee. The material on which this list is based was collected during the months of May and June, 1895, and the present paper is the third of "Contributions to the Zoölogy of Tennessee," by the same author. Mr. Rhoads's list comprehends all the species known to belong to the Tennessee fauna, including not only the wild mammals which are found in the State at present, but also those which have been exterminated since the advent of the white man.

Mr. Rhoads calls attention to the infrequency of references to the mammals of Tennessee in scientific literature and adds that in popular literature the hunting stories of David Crockett form the most voluminous "source of early information on this topic, and these have been supplemented in later times by occasional papers and notes published in Forest and Stream."

Mr. Rhoads expresses especial thanks for and appreciation of the close observation and generous assistance of Mr. B. C. Miles, of Brownsville, Tenn., whose assistance in ornithological matters he has acknowledged in an earlier paper.

The opossum (*Didelphis marsupialis virginiana*) is common all over the State below the elevation of 2,000ft. Some of the negroes believe that there are two species here, one with black, the other with white feet, and the author suggests a possible tendency in the opossums of southwestern Tennessee toward the Texas form.

As shown by Dr. Allen in his "Monograph of the American Bisons," the buffalo (*Bison bison*) was once abundant in Tennessee, but it is believed that this species was for the most part confined to the Cumberland Valley and its tributaries, in middle Tennessee. The point of their greatest abundance was probably in the Blue Grass region near Nashville, and about the salt and sulphur springs in Davidson county. Buffalo River, and towns called Buffalo in the southern portion of the State, would seem to point to the former existence of the species in that locality, and there are other geographical names in Putnam, Washington and Cocke counties. There are many historical accounts which go to show that the central basin of Tennessee and the Blue Grass region of Kentucky were a sort of neutral hunting ground or debatable land, to which the hostile tribes of Chickasaws, Natchez, Creeks, Cherokees and Shawnees resorted at certain seasons to hunt the buffalo and, if they met, to fight one another. In the forests and canebrakes which covered much of this land the buffalo had a home where food was abundant and they were infrequently disturbed. Nor were buffalo the only or perhaps even the most numerous game found here, since an account of a hunting excursion by twenty men in 1780 says that they killed "105 bears, 75 buffalo and more than 80 deer." Mr. Rhoads is told that the last buffalo in Fentress county was killed by an old resident, now dead, named John Young, but the date of the capture is not known.

The Virginia deer (*Dorcelaphus virginianus*) is still found in Tennessee, but in surprisingly small numbers. Mr. Rhoads believes this to be due to the large number of negroes and poor whites who spend their lives in hunting instead of working. Mr. Miles, who made careful inquiry in Heywood county, says: "As far as I can gather there are about twenty now alive—one buck was killed in February and a doe in August." Efforts are being made to protect, and so to restore, this species; and recently the Tennessee Legislature passed a law forbidding the killing of deer in certain counties in the State for a period of five years.

At the beginning of the present century the elk (*Cervus canadensis*) was probably found at times in every county in the State. It was abundant in the mountains, it frequented the licks near the present site of Nashville, and was more or less abundant in the glades and canebrakes of the Mississippi bottom. Mr. Miles, who made careful inquiry about the elk in this section of the State, wrote to Mr. Rhoads, saying: "The last elk killed in west Tennessee that I can learn of was at Reelfoot Lake in 1849. The late David Merriwether, of Madison county, Tenn., killed it. In 1865 I heard that an elk was killed in Obion county." Putnam's history of middle Tennessee speaks of a park on the famous Belle Meade Farm, south of Nashville, where Gen. Wm. G. Harding had "200 deer, twenty buffalo and half a dozen elk in captivity." This reference is to a period anterior to 1859. It is not known whether any of these animals are still kept there.

Mr. Rhoads's notes on the swamp hare (*Lepus aquaticus*) will prove so interesting to Northern readers that we quote them entire:

"On the borders of Reelfoot Lake, in the closest proximity to the water, I found this large hare. It preferred hiding among the half-submerged vegetation and piles of driftwood, and when it broke cover would run with bold high leaps from log to log for so great a distance that it was difficult to find it again.

"The following, relating to its habits in the vicinity of Brownsville, is from the pen of Mr. Miles: 'Though resembling the cottontail closely in color and in diet, as well as in movements, there the similarity of the swamp rabbit, as we term him, ends. Never seen on the hills and seldom in the open, he is at home in canebrakes and deep woods, far from the homes of man. The more desolate the situation the more certain he is to be found, ever wide awake and ready to test his speed and cunning with that of any enemy; and he has no friends. In the overflow (spring freshets) I have seen him for hours seated on a floating log, as much at home as a raccoon, and when disturbed take the water for a 300yds. swim as readily as any land animal that I know. When hotly pursued he always takes the water, and once there I have never seen him caught. Twice only, while hunting at night, have I seen him take a hollow tree, seeming generally not to resort to such a refuge in the day. The young are born with eyes closed and without hair, and fewer in number than the cottontail. I have only seen one nest, that in an old root. The swamp rabbit has fully held his own in numbers in my day, though nothing more, and I see about one specimen a day when hunting in our deepest bottoms. The largest specimen I ever weighed was 13lbs., and would say 13in. at the shoulders. Negroes think him good eating, and, if properly prepared, I agree with them.'

"In another letter Mr. Miles refers to this hare as follows: 'As to the aquatic habits of the swamp rabbit, they are very pronounced, and he will take to water as readily as the raccoon. I have seen him when not pursued swim a slough 30yds. wide and shake himself when on the other side, hopping off as though it was all right. * * * I saw one swim several hundred yards down and across current when pursued by my pointer, and the dog did not gain on him, but was the most exhausted of the two when he gave up the chase. The rabbit makes the 'dog lick' when in the water, the rump rising and falling as in the swimming horse.'"

The contrast in the condition of the young of the swamp hare with those of the cottontail rabbit at birth is interesting, the young of the last-named species being born with their eyes open and fully haired, according to Mr. Miles.

At Reelfoot Lake Mr. Rhoads visited a beaver house situated in a cypress swamp west of Sanburg. It was not then tenanted, but there were signs of fresh beaver work near at hand. There are a few beaver (*Castor fiber canadensis*) left in this neighborhood, and a resident of Sanburg contracted with Mr. Rhoads to furnish the gardens of the Zoölogical Society of Philadelphia with some young during the coming winter. Mr. Miles is quoted as saying that the beaver is more numerous now than forty years ago, because less hunted. Within nine miles of Brownsville he knows a house which is inhabited now and has been for twenty-five years. Beaver were formerly abundant all over the State.

Squirrels of several species are abundant in Tennessee, as is also the raccoon. The otter is a rare but constant inhabitant of all the larger streams. The fisher is probably long ago exterminated.

The black bear is now very scarce even in the wildest parts of the State, though formerly so abundant. In many sections they have all been killed off. Mr. Miles writes: "A bear was killed in the west border of Haywood county in 1865—the last one, I think—though in Lauderdale county one is occasionally killed now.

But the gray fox and the red fox are abundant in the State.

In middle Tennessee the wolf seems to be extinct, but a few may exist in the southern Alleghany Mountains. About the year 1883 one was seen near Cloudland Hotel, and in 1887 Dr. Merriam found the wolf still existing in the Smoky Mountains.

Mr. Rhoads says: "Their status in the lowlands of west Tennessee may be gathered from the following quotations from letters sent me by Mr. Miles, the first of which was the result of a publication as to the specific identity of black and gray wolves made in Forest and Stream for Aug. 31, 1895. 'Since the article for Forest and Stream was written Major Shaw, an old hunter of this county, tells me that many years since he captured a litter of seven wolf whelps, three of which were gray and four black. * * * Our present wolf is larger and very much fiercer than those of my childhood, at least those specimens were which came under my observation. I suppose our present big gray wolf has always been here and some favorable circumstance must have developed his numbers.' In a more recent note Mr. Miles announces the killing of two wolves by poison about Dec. 10, 1895, within seven miles of Brownsville by a man who had killed hogs and heard the wolves howling near, when he put out poison with the above result.'"

The wild cat (*Lynx rufus*) is abundant in all the wilder parts of the country, and Mr. Rhoads, with a query, includes the Canada lynx in his list, on the authority of Prof. E. D. Cope, but especially states that he has found no evidence of the existence there of this species.

The panther (*Felis concolor*) seems to have been exterminated in all parts of the State except in the impassable brakes of the bottoms of Lauderdale county, where Mr. Miles feels confident that a few still exist.

Range of the Blackfooted Ferret.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In Dr. Merriam's interesting Synopsis of the Weasels of North America the geographical range of the blackfooted ferret (*Putorius nigripes*) is given as "Great plains, from western North Dakota and northern Montana to Texas; not known west of eastern base of Rocky Mountains."

As the blackfooted ferret is usually regarded as rather a rare animal, and, owing to its nocturnal and secretive habits, is seldom viewed by the non-scientific observer, I venture a word or two on what I have seen of its range. I have found it as far north as Milk River in Montana, quite close to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, and have a specimen given me by an Indian from that region. The man who secured it did not appear to be familiar with it, and from the fact that he called it a spotted mink I concluded either that the animal was rare there or else that it was seldom seen by the Indians. Further south, on the great plains, the animal is well known by the Pawnee Indians, who give it the name of "ground dog." They recognize its secretive habits, and in one of their mythical stories, in which the animals talk and generally act like human beings, the ground dog is made to speak of itself as "staying hid all the time." The Pawnees have some quite curious beliefs with regard to this species, many of which I have noted in my book "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk Tales" (p. 113), as well as in my later book, "The Story of the Indian" (p. 175).

I do not clearly know what Dr. Merriam means by the statement that the blackfooted ferret is not found west of the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains. I do not know of its ever being found on waters flowing into the Pacific, but it is not uncommon in some parts of the great central plateau, for example in the Shirley Basin on streams forming the head of Muddy Creek, which is the tributary of the Medicine Bow River from the north. The Shirley Basin is about thirty miles east of north of the town of Carbon on the Union Pacific Railroad in Wyoming, and is about 7,500ft. above the sea level.

At least one family of blackfooted ferrets had their home one year in some deserted sheep sheds near a ranch in this basin, and on more than one occasion they were routed out from their hiding place by men who were pulling down the walls of the shed, and two or three of them were killed, and were afterward seen by me. The man who destroyed them spoke of them as ferocious little creatures, ready to turn and fight if too closely pursued, and as not especially swift of foot.

George Bird Grinnell.

The Copperhead.

OAKLAND, Cal., July 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The results of my inquiries through the FOREST AND STREAM in regard to the habits, habitat and appearance of the copperhead demonstrated the profound sagacity of the move. The snake editor came promptly to my aid with a more minute and lucid description of the reptile than I had obtained from any other source. Then Coahoma, whose special field I am aware I was exploiting and from whom I hoped to hear, followed a close second with a lot of interesting information. Antler a little later added his mite, and lastly our old friend Aztec gives us some very important personal experience, which in some particulars is more satisfactory than anything I have yet received.

That the first two and the last describe the serpent whose identity I sought to establish, there is, I think, but little doubt; but for this reason and from my own experience I am inclined to think that Antler is barking up the wrong tree and has mistaken some other, probably harmless snake, for the deadly copperhead.

I was born in New England and spent the first twenty years of my life before the war in Rhode Island and Massachusetts. I have caught trout and all or nearly all the other fresh-water fish indigenous to that section, and believe I am familiar with most of its reptile productions, but I never saw any copperheads there.

I know that many people are apt to consider every snake with which they are not perfectly familiar as venomous and I have even heard the common garter snake called a copperhead because of its yellow stripes. If there is any venomous snake in New England except the rattlesnake, which I believe is not quite extinct there, it will be news to me to learn it. We used to think that the horribly ugly flat-headed adder was as deadly as the rattlesnake, but like the horned toad its appearance was what created the impression, as all authorities now declare both to be perfectly harmless.

The FOREST AND STREAM describes the copperhead as an upland snake with a bright, copper-colored head. Antler's article speaks of its having a "horseshoe-shaped spot on its head which takes on a metallic coppery color" when he is mad, an entirely new feature, and leads us to infer that he lives in or about the trout streams.

That the copperhead "does exist" I can no longer doubt, but I am not yet prepared to believe that it is found in New England, or to any extent west of the Mississippi, and it fortunately must be very rare in all but a few localities, or there would not be so many who, although born and reared in the States where it is said to exist, still know so little about it save from hearsay.

FORKED DEER.

[The copperhead is rare in Connecticut, but becomes more abundant further South.]

Game Bag and Gun.

HOW SPORTSMEN ORIGINATED?

Editor Forest and Stream:

It has occurred to me that, notwithstanding the pride which we feel in our sportsmanship of to-day, we are not the sportsmen that our ancestors were in the early days of our Republic. It is true that we claim we are better, and that we truly believe we are so is also true; but I greatly fear that if one were called upon to give the evidence in support of that belief, he would encounter no little difficulty in producing any worthy of credence. We are disposed to magnify the men of our own day because they are of our day. Men whom we know seem better than men who are far away, as do the affairs of our own people seem more important than the affairs of a distant people.

The sportsman of the early American days had no effeminacy, nor was there any lamentable inefficiency in his efforts. He plunged into the forests with that calm assurance which came from a knowledge of woodcraft, and a heedlessness of consequences which came from a spirit inured to dangers. Travel he ever so far, he was never lost. He could return on a true course at any time by his knowledge of the lore of the woods, for he could tell the points of the compass by the moss on the trees and rocks, the direction that the grass pointed and occasionally by the moon and stars. He felt neither pain nor hardship. Were he chased by Indians, he ran on and on, day after day and night after night, without any nervous perturbation or timorous apprehension of danger that might befall him were he captured. He quaffed a draught out of the crystal springs and rivulets, tarrying for a moment only as he ran onward in his tireless flight. A week or more, night and day, he ran on till the Indians were left far in the rear and safety was reached. Were he hungry, he killed a deer with one shot from his unerring rifle and gave the steak an added relish from his own cooking of it, if he bothered cooking it all. In chasing the Indian he was relentless and sagacious. A few pieces of bark served for an ample shelter, and a few branches or old leaves served for a couch. One suit of clothing served for a lifetime, and history fails to chronicle his discovery of any laundries.

Observe the modern sportsman. He carries with him to his week's or month's camping ground nearly a duplicate of everything which he has in his every-day life. A cot which would do well enough to sleep in the year round at home, blankets of the warmest make, rugs to keep his feet off the ground, camp chairs designed for the greatest enjoyment of indolence, and a cooking outfit on which anything can be cooked which can be duplicated by the greatest *chef* in Paris in his exclusive kitchen. He has a tent which is as large and comfortable as a house, and the commissary would be a revelation to an epicure. But the camper himself—a dream of beauty in a creation of the tailor's art—is the crowning glory of the many glories of the venture into the wilderness from two to ten miles from town. Compare this specimen of woodsman and woodsmanship with the hardy man who, with rifle on his shoulder, plunged into the trackless wilderness where dwelt the tiger, the wild bear, the wolf, and the dreadful Indian. He was ever restless, and if he found another man of his kind within a thousand miles of him, forthwith he denounced the place as being too thickly settled, and he sped on to the true wilderness; that is, where there was no white man other than himself. Even when his home surroundings became too familiar to him—that is, the wilderness for a few thousand miles about—the spirit of unrest and the spell of the forest impelled him to seek diversion and adventure a few thousand miles further; and when he felt the need of a real vacation he just started out and never came back at all. There were true woodsmen in those days. Alas! either the days are different or the men have changed more than the passage of the years doth warrant. Our poor attempts at woodsmanship, when set up side by side with the sterling stuff of our daddies, would in a way resemble a comparison between an Indian war canoe and a modern battle ship. And this brings me to think that perhaps if we have lost in some things we have gained in others, though of course that does not in the least affect the question as it is herein raised.

DICK OF CONNECTICUT.

A WEEK AT COBB'S ISLAND.

TWO WEEKS ago I was showing the series of beautiful and interesting "Shooting Pictures" by A. B. Frost to a friend of mine. When we came to the "Bay Snipe Shooting" Dave had a "point"; his eyes bulged out; he seemed to be living in the past or having a gunner's dream. He was; but a slap on his back awoke him. "Jay," he said, "that reminds me of Cobb's Island; that was my blind on Curlew Bar fifteen years ago." He told me of his trip there and how often he had wanted to go back. We were not inoculated against the shooting fever, and besides, "it was a long time between hunts" for both of us. In a few minutes our plans were made to spend a week at Cobb's Island.

We met in Philadelphia, and at 11 P. M. got aboard the Cape Charles sleeper. After cautioning "Old Virginia" to get us up at 5, as we were going to get off at Cobb's Station, we turned in. It was raining hard when we found ourselves and our *impedimenta* in the midst of a sweet potato patch; but after the train had pulled out we saw on the other side of the track a cube 10ft. on a side labeled "Cobb's Station." We were just about enough awake to have sense to "come in out of the rain" and hold a consultation to find out where we were "at."

When Davy had been there before he had come around the cape, but now an oyster shell ballasted railroad (quite a curiosity to us, accustomed to the Pennsylvania) puts you off at Cobb's. In a few minutes a young jehu appeared with a carryall and informed us that if we were the young gentlemen who were going over to the island we were to go to "ma's" for breakfast and the launch would come over for us at 11. You may be very sure that after our two-mile drive in the rain we were glad to see "ma," but gladder to see the breakfast Auntie prepared for us. After breakfast we walked down to the shore to look around and see what the prospects were. We were delighted to see quite a number of curlew and graybacks out on the mud bars. Finally the naphtha launch appeared, and we were soon winding our way in and out of "creeks," as they call them there, but in reality channels between the mud bars, as it was ebb tide. In about an hour we were approaching this little island, ten miles out at sea, containing only fifty-four acres, one acre more in number than the handful of men with whom Sir Francis Drake "picked the lock of the new world."

We were welcomed at Cobb's and soon found ourselves quartered in the Baltimore House, our bodily wants to be attended to by Preston, a genuine Virginia darky than whom there could be none better. We were a little crestfallen when we asked Arthur, our guide, what the prospects for shooting were. He said: "You are just between seasons; May and August are the best months for birds." But we were not easily discouraged and made up our minds that we would keep everlastingly at it and get all there was out of it.

It is always cool there, with only ocean breezes and, better still, no mosquitoes. You shoot on either the rising or falling tide, not between tides, and it depends on the tide what time you have to get up in the morning to shoot. Between Cobb's and the mainland is Broadwater Bay, nine miles wide and fifty miles long, which at high tide is a beautiful sheet of water, while at low tide thousands of acres of mud and marshy flats, bars, creeks and channels are exposed.

Our first morning's shoot was to be at Cove Creek and Preston had us up and our breakfast ready at 4. It was nearing low tide when we sailed away in our 20ft. English-rigged boat. An hour's sail brought us near our blind, to which we waded with our guns and shells. Our guide, after anchoring his boat, set out the decoys, snipe and curlew, thirty-six in all, some in a little pond in front of the blind and others on the shore in the mud. He then took up his place back of us and we were ready for the first incomer. The blind is about 6ft. in diameter, made by sticking branches of trees in the mud and covering them with dried grass. While waiting for the birds to come in we ask our guide innumerable questions. We find out that he is not married, that he made the decoys in winter, that he had never been off the island except for two years' schooling on the mainland, that the shooting is not so good as it used to be, that the island is gradually being washed away, and while we were talking the selfsame tide had been rising and must have covered some bar where the snipe had been roosting, driving them off to seek higher ground and their breakfast, for our guide said: "Mark—front; get down." When Arthur said "Mark" there was never a doubt in our minds but that the birds were coming in; it was like seeing a dog point. He began to whistle and soon we saw two birds flying low, turn and come toward our decoys. They came in, circled above the false lights, and would have lit among them, but Dave said: "You take the one on your side and I'll take the other." Dave got his bird with the first barrel, while I went "bang! bang!" and saw my bird just get out of range for Dave's second shot. Thus it was the birds came in and for an hour we had plenty of chances and picked up twenty-three graybacks. We could have had half a dozen shots at willet, but they were protected by law until Aug. 1. Hungry and tired, we returned to the island perfectly satisfied with our first shoot.

Thirty yards from our house was the ocean and a great surprise was in store for me, who had only bathed on the Long Island and Jersey coasts, to find absolutely no undertow and yet a magnificent surf. You can go out as far as you please on either the rising or falling tide and yet encounter no undertow. It was the grandest bathing we ever had, and daily, sometimes twice, we enjoyed the Atlantic main.

Our next shoot was on a falling tide on Curlew Bar. In addition to our sailboat we took along an 8ft. shooting boat. Anchoring the sailboat, we paddled about a quarter of a mile and ran the boat into the blind. When the water got down to about a foot from the bar we put out the decoys and waited and watched the receding waters. In half an hour one bare spot appeared in front of us and in ten more minutes probably an acre of ground was bare. The birds flew thick and fast and, as around our blind was their only feeding ground at present, we had some very nice shooting. It was over only too soon—a few minutes more and there were miles of mud bars exposed teeming with small crabs, food for the snipe. After a few shots at an occasional bird flying past us on the way to some feeding place our guide pulled our little boat, now high and dry on the mud bar, into a small creek and then a paddle back to our large boat. Eleven curlew was our bag, more than enough to satisfy two city chaps who had traveled 600 miles to get them. Curlew are nice birds to shoot at; I say "at" because you don't always get them. While they do not decoy so well as graybacks, they are much larger and make a better target.

In one week we shot five tides, never getting over two dozen birds at one shoot and never an empty bag. Fishing is very good there, but the way they do it does not offer the sport or attraction to one whose good fortune it has been to have spent a month on the Nipigon River—the finest trout stream in the world. A hook, a line, a bait, a bite, a fish, a surfeit; they don't fish with rods and reel and never play the fish, and yet they call it sport.

November and December are the best months for shooting ducks and geese at Cobb's. The guides leave their blinds stay in the water and mud from season to season, as they say and believe that the birds get accustomed to seeing them there and are not so shy as they would be if the blinds were set up new each season.

The guides are courteous, good-natured fellows, their services expert, their compensation moderate. In shooting without a guide one would be very apt to find one's self high and dry on a mud bank with the pleasant prospect of waiting twelve hours for the tide to float him off. In fact, you must know how, or you can't do it. Shooting without a guide reminds me of the story of a man who shot over a dog for the first time. He was a Westerner and a great hunter, but he had never used a dog, and had only a faint sort of an idea that in some way a dog was of some assistance to a hunter. The dog was sent to him from the East, and the next day he took the pointer out quail shooting. That night he came home without a bird, and so disgusted was he that he gave him away to a friend of his, telling him that he was the worst dog he ever saw. His friend asked him what was the matter with the dog, and he replied: "He has fits. He was trotting along ahead of me all right when he got his first fit and stopped right in his tracks. He stuck his tail straight out behind as stiff as a poker, drew up one foot and stretched his neck out till his eyes nearly popped out of his head. There he stood like a stone dog, and I couldn't make him move. I whistled at him and called him, and then I walked around in front of him to see if he had gone mad. Just then a whole flock of quail flew up under my feet. If that dog hadn't got that fit right there I'd have got about half a dozen birds out of that flock. If you want him, you take him; I wouldn't have such a cur to hunt with."

Our week passed altogether too quickly, but we promised ourselves to go back soon again to this "sportsmen's paradise."

JAY EIGHTY-SIX.

PITTSBURG, July, 1896.

CARIBOU AND CALIBERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The article in your issue of July 4 by Mr. J. W. Davis, "On Newfoundland Marshes," brought up pleasant memories; for I spent three weeks last season at the same camp with L. Buffe and Martin Williams, and hunted over the same marshes and hills. And it was the kindness and courtesy of Dr. S. T. Davis that enabled me to make arrangements for the trip.

On our way in from West Pond and just at the edge of the Barrens we met a party of Micmacs coming out. Old Harriet, she of the long gun, reported "Plenty deer—thousands." The next morning, Oct. 19, I secured a good stag and a barren doe out of a herd of sixteen at Hannah's Lookout. This doe's head is here by me at present writing. The antlers are the finest of all I have seen, having seventeen points. In my three weeks' stay in camp I counted 120 caribou. Perhaps half a dozen of these were so far off that we could not make out the head clearly. All the others, both male and female, except fawns, had horns. Fawns were very scarce.

It was a disappointment not to see the large heads of caribou, such as were seen by Mr. Davis and his party the year before, but we were too late. Martin Williams was in on Wolf Hill and Grandfather's Lookout about two weeks before I reached camp. Deer were plentiful enough then. From Oct. 19 to 23, inclusive, we counted sixty, but after that fewer were seen, and when we broke camp, Nov. 9, they were about gone. While waiting at Pilley's Island for the steamer, John Paul came down from the White Hills and said there were no deer at all. The so-called migration through that country seems to have been about two weeks earlier in '95 than it was in '94.

Let me say here to A. H. that I have watched the caliber controversy with much interest, and that his conclusions are about correct. Only it doesn't need a herculean hunter to handle a .45, because the gun need not weigh over 7¾lbs. I used a Winchester extra light .45-70, and found it an admirable gun. Any other make of same weight would no doubt shoot as well. As my tramping weight is about 130lbs., heavy ordnance is avoided as much as possible. In getting a light .45 you do not necessarily dispense with accuracy. While testing this gun on the range at German ring target, 200yds., thirty-nine shots in all were fired one afternoon, and it placed all but four of them in the black. The shooting was from a rest, of course. Lyman hunting sights; charge, 75grs. Hazard F. G. powder, and the Gould 330 hollow point bullet and 350gr. solid bullet, about an equal number of each. That afternoon there was one run of eight shots scoring each 21 or better. The charges mentioned are what I used on caribou, but the Gould bullets were soon given up on account of their lack of penetration. They did not mushroom, but the sides broke off and you would find nothing except the butt piece. The first stag shot was hit in the shoulder with one, but he did not go down. After receiving the next shot, a solid 350gr., he ran some distance

before going down. The Gould 330 passed through shoulder, ribs, a little point of the lung, and stopped against the windpipe. The piece left in is in the form of a crescent and weighs about 104grs. The other bullet broke the bone below the shoulder blade, passed through ribs, heart case, ribs on the left side, and lodged under the skin. This butt has only 174 of the original 350grs. left. From the battered up condition of these bullets one would think that the projectiles had all the propelling power behind them they could stand. The .45-70 seems preferable to the .45-90. There was a Lee-Metford sporting rifle, using the English service cartridge, owned by a gentleman who camped near us. I fired a shot from it through the shoulder of a caribou doe that had been dressed out. It was hard to find the holes in the skin, but where it entered and left the chest cavity it smashed the ribs about as much as a .45 would. Most of the guns used, however, are sealing guns or old muskets loaded with slugs. I am now flirting with a .50-100-450, and if it can be persuaded to shoot straight enough shall use it on caribou or other equally large game the next opportunity. It is of same pattern as the .45-70 and weighs less than 8lbs.

STEWART.

AN INCIDENT OF OLD BALDY.

IN Dr. J. A. Beebe's communication from Portland, Ore., in the issue of July 11, is a sorrowful story regarding the destruction of deer in a certain section of the Cascade range of mountains, which recalled to mind an incident connected with one of my own trips into the mountains northeast of Spokane, Wash., in days long gone.

Deer were then fairly plentiful on the foothills of Old Baldy, some twenty miles from the bustling little village of Spokane, but it was already growing apparent that we were to have trouble with hounds, and much indignation was expressed among the still-hunters concerning certain parties who had introduced a number of the slab-sided, howling brutes to assist the two-legged brutes in their butchery of the graceful creatures which they seemed powerless to kill by legitimate still-hunting.

We were a jolly party of four—rifle cranks, enthusiasts and devoted lovers of the great primeval woods—housed for a time in the little circular tepee which in the years agone was long famous in the mountains, and which has overshadowed cheerier camp-fires and more square fun to the given surface than has any similar amount of canvas ever stitched together; and as just the right depth of snow lay on the ground, all were jubilant.

A single shadow drifted across our trail. Away to the north, on the hills which rose beyond the creek on which we were camped, was heard on several occasions the baying of hounds; and threatenings dire began to be heard around the camp-fire.

All my own prejudices in the matter were aroused, and I recollect dooming to sudden death the first hound that came in sight. However, the days passed and they troubled us not.

The sport was grand, and the day at length arrived when we began dragging into camp our slaughtered game, preparatory to an early start for home on the morrow.

We had finished an excellent dinner, in the preparation of which the hunter, detailed as cook, had fairly broken the record, and as I rose up from the bountiful repast, at peace with all the world and void of malice toward any of God's creatures, just as I turned to the fire for an ember with which to light my pipe, my eye fell upon a large black hound bitch, starved to emaciation—the very picture of famine on its last legs—crouching and turning, in a deprecatory, sidewise fashion, as she slowly advanced toward our camp-fire.

Here at last stood one of the culprits against which we had for days breathed out only threatenings and slaughter. Now for the vengeance long promised to this disturber of our peace! A single thing had not been reckoned on in our previous calculations—the appealing look with which the famished brute first met my astonished gaze.

"What did I do?"

My dear sir, what would any member of the great FOREST AND STREAM family have done other than just as did I, when, turning to the dinner table, I took a large kettle which, thanks to the generous preparations of the cook, was still half full of bouillon, well thickened with bits of venison, potatoes and crusts of bread, and set out the whole bountiful repast for the pitiable skeleton instanter?

"Ain't you afraid you will kill her giving her all that mess at once?" asked one of the hunters.

"She shall have one square meal if she dies for it," I replied.

The plentiful ration quickly disappeared, and licking her sunken chops she looked round in search of more worlds to conquer.

We really dared not give her more, and a few minutes later, in the bustle of preparation for another trip after our game still left in the woods, she disappeared. I took my pony and started up a long hill to the eastward of camp, on the crest of which I had cached in a thicket as fine a doe as had been secured in the hunt. I had not hung her up, for there was no convenient sapling, and as she was so completely hidden by the bushes, I had chanced leaving her on the ground.

Nearing the top of the hill, I was hailed by one of the boys, who had left camp a few minutes before me, and who, gaining the summit of the hill 100yds. south of me, called out, asking if I didn't have a deer hidden near by.

"Certainly," I replied, "why?"

"That black hound has just run away from those bushes in front of you and gone over the hill," he answered.

I hurried on, my wrath rising. There lay my deer—that is, some of it. I am morally certain that that hound had not preceded me twenty minutes. Nearly every bit of one whole ham (save the bone) was gone completely.

I stood and stared stupidly. Slowly my scattered wits returned, and I stepped forward to see if some other brute had not assisted in the wreck. Only her tracks and my own showed a print on the otherwise unbroken surface of white. Neither bird nor beast had shared the guilt of this gastronomic prodigy.

In a somewhat varied hunting career, a few things have been encountered which have proved fairly paralyzing. When on the old buffalo range I saw where those ungainly-looking creatures had clambered up the almost perpendicular walls of deep ravines, I concluded there were probably some few facts which I had not yet acquired. And now, as I stood over the mangled carcass of my beautiful doe, I tried to figure out where in all her varied anatomy this dropsical bass drum of a hound had stowed away something less than 87lbs. of good, nutritious food in one short half hour. Another fact dawned at length upon my mental horizon: that here at length stood a hunter with his "dander riz!" And didn't the boys enjoy their smile at my expense?

Fourteen years have vanished since that day, but nothing at all resembling a black hound bitch has ever again appeared.

And now, when once again the subject of deer-dogging is reviewed by the good doctor near the shore of the far Pacific, I rise to make my confession to the sportsmen of America, that among my other mental possessions I have for fourteen years carried a very deep-seated article of the kind which my old friend, Jim Ralph, used to style a "prejudy!" A single soothing reflection mitigates its pang: the fancy, which at times rises almost to conviction, that the utterly unconscionable gorge of venison must have, in the very nature of things, long since proved a Nemesis.

ORIN BELKNAP.

THE HUNTING RIFLE.

A Rifle to Fit the Ability to Use It.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Cecil Clay's opinion, as an expert shot and hunter, cannot help but influence a good many tenderfeet who intend to hunt big game this fall to get a rifle that would be efficient in the hands of a man like Clay, but which in the hands of an excitable tenderfoot will maim a good deal of game which will escape, but which would have died quickly had the rifle been of a caliber according to the user's skill.

Now, Mr. Clay is a man who can shoot a deer or moose with no more buck fever than I would have shooting a woodchuck; but how many of the tenderfeet will coolly draw down on a moose at even 40yds. and plunk it in the heart? If the tenderfoot hits it at all, where will the bullet land? Say it hits in the paunch or in the hips. Will Mr. Clay say that his .44-40-200 rifle will be as deadly as a .45-90-300 or .45 70-405 under such circumstances?

I never saw a moose nor a caribou in the woods, but I have killed deer with .32, .38 and .45cal. rifles. I started in with the .32, but when I found that expert guides, men who killed many deer, advocated a .38-40, I used one of those for a while. I have followed a number of deer that had been wounded with .38-40 and .44-40 rifles, but I never had to follow one hurt by a .45-90 a hundred yards, and that only when the .45 bullet hit the deer through the paunch.

As for Mr. Clay's .44-40, when used on Virginia deer it is a sad weapon save in the hands of a Cecil Clay. A well-known woodsman, Will Light, whom a number of New Yorkers know to be a fine shot, having seen him up in the Adirondacks at the Bisby lakes, used a .44-40 for years. He killed lots of deer with it, but he tells about emptying the magazine full of bullets into the shoulders of a big deer and then the deer got up on the bank and went back in the woods some distance before it died.

Fred Jones and Will Miller, of Northwood, followed a big buck five miles, then didn't get it, one fall that I went into the woods with them. They had knocked the buck to its knees with their .38 and .44-cal. rifles, and both admitted that if either had had my .45-90 the big buck's horns would have gone over a mantelpiece.

It is all right for Mr. Clay to talk about practice and knowing how to shoot a head of game in those parts where the bullet will cause the quickest death, and about "Mr. Risteen and others hankering after a weapon that will not let game get away," but there are a whole lot of tenderfeet—as compared with Mr. Clay—who, when they hit their game, want something besides bloody leaves to show for it.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

NEW YORK.

A New Club Ground in Illinois.

JERSEYVILLE, Ill., July 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A party of gentlemen, comprising G. R. Smith, Al Tack, Hugh Snell, Robert and James Kirkpatrick and James Wedding, have leased a tract of land along the Illinois River in Rosedale township, Jersey county, comprising about 800 acres and including several small lakes and the slashes locally known as the Glades.

This territory comprises some of the most noted mallard country in this vicinity, and the intention is to fence the ground and plant rice, etc., in the lakes to entice the fowl to remain as long as possible.

At present, owing to the wet spring, there is so much water on the ground that the mosquitoes and bullfrogs have complete control. The lakes, of which there are several, generally afford good bass and croppie fishing if one can stand the mosquitoes and the mud, regular Illinois River mud. I have an idea that this mud would afford an opportunity for the culture of clams, and think I shall call the attention of the gentlemen to the clam correspondence of Messrs. Hough, Cheney, etc.

Quail wintered well with us and indications point to a good supply for this fall, although many coveys will be late hatched. This will give the fellows who like to shoot half-grown birds a chance, as our excellent (?) game law makes the season begin Oct. 1.

L. S. HAUSELL.

About Summer Woodcock Shooters.

UPPER MONTCLAIR, N. J., July 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have always been a summer woodcock shooter. I have always thought, and still do think, that the birds are all well grown by July 1, and that if the New Jersey boys didn't get them in July some fool legislative act would put off the fall shooting till after the fall flight.

This past season I have been able to get out a good deal more than usual, and have observed the people who shoot and what they shoot a good deal more than ever before; and I am of the opinion that the Jersey woodcock law should not open before Oct. 1, and this is the reason: Everybody who shoots is not a gentleman. Now a gentleman may be a man with $100,000 or 10 cents; but the real man, the real sportsman, when he goes out in July kills woodcock and nothing else. But there are a lot of men who shoot in July who kill everything that gets up; and I know of several broods of young partridges that would have made good shooting in the fall that have been killed as summer woodcock. Of course this is all wrong, but unless you stop all July shooting or have the game inspectors examine the bags of such sportsmen as they may find in the woods, how are we to tell? With friends I put out three dozen quail in our vicinity. I have heard them calling all through the summer, but I presume that a great many of them will be killed, cooked and eaten as summer woodcock.

I say stop summer shooting. Make the law on everything in these States, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut and Rhode Island, to Oct. 1, and I am sure fewer small birds will be killed, less damage done and we who obey the laws and shoot as we live—decently and in order—will find more game when we come to get a day or so in the fall.

Another thing we want is a 20-gauge repeater for small game and light work. The game is so scarce in or around the big cities and in the East that it's a good deal of work and a great deal of nonsense to carry a 7lb. 12-gauge around. Let the Winchester Co. get out a 4½lb. 20-gauge at the same price as their 12-gauge, lots of them, 26in. barrels, shotgun stock, and see if they don't sell.

COCKER.

Woodcock near Washington.

THE bird is as peculiar in his habits as an ortolan almost. He is as nomadic as a gypsy. A swamp or a marshy place in the wooded thicket may show from a dozen to twenty woodcock one day, when the next would not discover a single bird if the cover was cut down and raked over. Some sportsmen believe that woodcock travel in a circle, visiting the same places over and over again at intervals during the season, but there are numerous localities in the vicinity of Washington where they may be found with reasonable certainty during all the summer and autumn. One of the best grounds for woodcock is Whistle Wing Cove, on the Potomac River, below Marshall Hall. The property is owned by Mr. J. E. Jones, and is posted, but many good shots are given the shooting privileges over it, and always with excellent results. Maj. L. L. Blake is one of the most devoted sportsmen when woodcock are in question, and has made some excellent bags at Whistle Wing Cove.

On the Virginia side of the river, nearly opposite Whistle Wing Cove, and below Gunston Hall, is Pohick Creek, and a short ways up this stream woodcock can be found in plentiful numbers. Down on the Patuxent River in Maryland, and in the Magnolia swamps of Prince George's county, the birds can usually be found in numbers to assure good shots plentiful remuneration for the trouble they may take in getting there. Last week Mr. John Sydney Webb and a friend bagged twelve fine birds in one afternoon down on the Patuxent. Those who desire to hunt nearer at home can feel nearly certain of finding woodcock along Paint Branch, on the main line of the B. & O. Road. It is a good idea to leave the train at Branchville and hunt the stream up to Beltsville, a distance of about five miles. Out on the eastern branch, below Bladensburg, there are a number of places where springheads abound under thick undergrowth, and the sport has been successfully prosecuted there.

Up the Potomac one can always be certain of finding plenty of woodcock in the vicinity of old George Pennefield's place. It is a somewhat difficult place to get to, and the shooting there is difficult also, but woodcock hunters are not supposed to allow obstacles to deter them, and in the vicinity of Pennefield's, in the slashes that skirt the canal, woodcock are continually found in plentiful numbers.—*Washington Star, July 25.*

Hounds and the Deer Supply.

BOSTON, Mass., July 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I noticed Mr. W. W. Mosher's article in your July 18 number, in which he makes a statement to which I must take exceptions. He says, "But just so sure as hounding is stopped deer will be entirely wiped out. Hounding keeps them wild and not so easily approached by the still-hunter."

Either Mr. Mosher has given the subject very little attention or he has made up his mind that he is right and will not change his opinion.

Hounding certainly tends to exterminate deer wherever it is allowed, and if it was not for the protection that deer are getting on private preserves in the Adirondacks they would be practically exterminated before this time. I know that on my own property before I protected it (although it is situated in St. Lawrence county, where there is no hounding allowed) parties went in with their dogs and stayed there all summer and killed deer constantly, and the deer were practically exterminated from the property, but now they are becoming very plenty indeed. My man saw eighteen deer in the space of three days.

In the State of Maine no hounding is allowed in any part of the State at any time of the year, and since hounding has been done away with, notwithstanding the fact that more hunters are going to Maine every year, the deer are increasing right along and there are more deer now than there have been in years past. If doing away with hounding exterminates deer, why are they not exterminated in Maine instead of increasing?

Would a man who was trying to raise cattle and sheep put dogs in his pastures to worry and kill them? A man would be looked upon as crazy who did such a thing.

I believe that deer should be protected and no hounding allowed at any time of the year. They will not get so tame that anybody can kill them who likes. When the deer flies have ceased to worry the deer and the weather has become cool and the law is off, no matter how tame they may be, they are perfectly able to take care of themselves, and it takes a good, smart still-hunter to hunt a deer to its death.

I hope to see the time when we will go one step further and not even allow hounding for fifteen days, but prohibit hounding in all parts of New York State at all times.

FRANK A. CUTTING.

Maine Moose and Deer.

KIBBY (VIA EUSTIS), Me., July 24.—This morning I started from Kibby Camp at 8 o'clock to look after my boat at Hurricane Pond, four miles away. When I got to the pond I counted four large moose and twenty deer. Three of the moose were bulls with nice sets of horns. Going and returning I saw four large flocks of birds.

OTIS R. WITHAM.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Sea and River Fishing.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

IV.—Porter Tyler.

At first Old Port Tyler was a far-off and almost mythical person. He appeared vaguely in the stories of older boys who had really seen him, always in connection with fish and game. Garry Van O'Linda had seen him cross the ferry to Albany with a lot of rabbits and partridges, and Charley Melius saw him with a great load of wild pigeons, but to me he was a mysterious person who lived by fishing, shooting and trapping. A man rowed a light boat around Dow's Point and John Atwood said, "That's Old Port, he's been down the dead crick after snipe," and here was the real live man at last, but his mysterious and poetical life seemed as far off as ever. A most ideal life to me, and he was at once enthroned among my collection of idols, which then included Davy Crockett, Daniel Boone, Baron Trenck, Natty Bumpo and Charles XII., of Sweden. These men I had not seen, but Port Tyler had passed Dow's Point before my eyes, and his boat may have contained untold numbers of snipe and countless fish.

Gradually it was learned that he was a bachelor and lived alone near the red mill, "Mechanic street" they call it now; then it was "up by Fred Aiken's woods," and they said that he had huts and caves all over the country and lived in them when he pleased. These stories, and the fact that a lunatic named Asher Cone had a hut back of Harrongate Spring and chased the boys with a club when he saw them, added mystery and perhaps a bit of awe to the personality of Old Port. In my own case this was true, and at the age of twelve I never even hoped for personal acquaintance with a man whom I placed higher than the rulers of kingdoms, for he was my ideal of the highest form of manhood. I may as well say right here that this was my ideal fifteen years later, and was lived up to as closely as possible; personal freedom from dictation by others, a love of nature, and above all a sense of perfect independence caused me to cast civilization aside, and—whisper it—after six years return, not a prodigal, but like him with a flag of truce, which the small boy terms "a letter in the post office." If this is an unpardonable digression charge it to Old Port; he caused it.

The pigeons were flying well one October day and I had about twenty. They were in scattered flocks seeking mast and my neck was stiff from looking upward for them. Often a dozen would start from a tree where none were seen and a wing shot was not possible, if I had been capable of it. Resting on a log and watching the open for a flight to come, and, like Irving's skipper who guided his craft up the Hudson, "thinking of nothing in the past, the present or the future," I suddenly became aware that a man stood beside me. The leaves were damp from a two days' rain, a high-hole was drumming away on an old stub near by and a couple of bluejays were scolding about something, perhaps about men, and being intent on watching for pigeons to come my way the whole combination favored a silent approach that a falling shadow was the first intimation of. The stranger said:

"There's a big flock feedin' on beechnuts over there in Teller's woods an' they may come this way; there's somebody just south of 'em 'cause the crows all left there a hollerin'."

He was a small man, rather thin, but wiry, clothing not noticeable except a little faded, a keen gray eye and a light double gun were the first impressions made by the speaker. For young men it might be well to say that all guns in those days were muzzleloaders and that the use of single-barreled guns was so common that the exception was a matter of remark, therefore the fact that he carried a "double-barreled gun" was duly noted. I told him that I had been through Teller's woods an hour before, but only found a few pigeons there and got but three of them.

"The big flock was down to the crick for water then," said he, "and I saw 'em rise and go into the woods, about three or four hundred of 'em in the flock, and they haven't left yet. You can stay here and get a few shots if they come this way, as they will be likely to if that man over south of 'em gets among 'em. I'll work off to the east'ard and get beyond 'em if that man don't start 'em first," and he moved off and was soon lost in the underbrush. He was a man I had never seen before, and the incident was only called to mind when, out after rabbits in the winter, on Crehan's farm above the mill pond, in jumping a little stream I landed near a man who was skinning a mink. It was the stranger of the pigeon hunt, and instinctively came the knowledge that this was the mysterious woodsman of whom so much had been heard. To my surprise he knew who I was, and said: "O, yes, I've often seen you down the crick and in the woods, and when I saw the gun you carried I knew it belonged to your brother Harleigh, for he told me that you had it most ev'ry day when you were out of school."

This was the first mink I had ever seen, and I watched the skinning, which went very well until the tail was reached, and this could not be skinned far because the skin was so tight. We talked until he had finished, set his steel trap, and gathered his skins and went on with the hides of two minks and six muskrats, a very good morning's work. Truly he was not now "mysterious," he was no longer a half mythical person, but a real live man, and to me a most interesting one, whom I hoped to know much better.

In the spring, perhaps of 1848 or '49, just after the ice had left the river and the creeks, a party of us boys went down the island creek, as we called it, Popskinny, or Popsquinea, as it appears on maps, to fish. It was merely an arm of the river which crooked out and in again, making an island some four or five miles long, beginning a couple of miles below Greenbush. The water was cold yet, but the hardy yellow perch were astir and the creek was full of them. A railroad has filled the creek in where it crosses and the water is shallow to-day and but few fish go in it now. There had been a few perch and bullheads taken when Old Port came rowing a light scow down the creek. Some one said that he had gill nets for herring set further down and this was a way of taking fish that I wanted to see, so when he stopped to ask "what luck" I got permission to get in his boat and go with him. Two nets, each about 100ft. long and 4ft. deep, were stretched across the creek and had been there all night. I helped aise them and it was such fun! To-day it would not be fun; we take such different views of a thing at different times of life. He took perhaps a bushel of perch, half as many suckers and some 200 "herrin'," as the alewife is called up the Hudson. "The perch an' herrin' ain't worth much," said he, "about 10 cents a string of a dozen or fifteen, accordin' to size, but the herrin' fetches $2 per 100 as early as this; when they begin to catch them in the river they drop to half that price, and by May 1 they are so plenty and cheap that I don't bother with 'em. At this time, you see, the people want to eat them fresh and they're fine, but later they are spawning and are only fit for saltin' down." This was the financial part of Port's herring fishing. I went in his boat with him to the nets many times, even as late as 1868, when he was a man of fifty-eight and I of thirty-five, for he asked me to his house and I became intimate with him from that first trip to the nets.

"It's a cur'us thing," he said on one of these trips, "to know how the herrin' get past these gill nets that reach from shore to shore and from top to bottom, but they do; last night I set my two about 100yds. above two of Cutty Carson's, and when I got through settin' them there was Lou Crandell settin' his above mine; but I'll get about as many herrin' as they will, yet I can't see how the fish get past the first net. They don't jump 'em, for I have watched all night to see if they jump the cork-line. As far as that is concerned, I'd just as soon have my nets in the middle as anywhere else." This is a puzzle, a greater one even than how the shad got up the Hudson past drifting gill nets and staked ones, to be caught by the seiners of the upper river; but these do not reach from bank to bank and from surface to bottom, as the nets in the Popsquinea did.

He it was who first attracted my attention to the breeding habits of fish. We were trolling minnows for pike down this creek, the water had fallen and left strings of perch eggs hanging to the bushes above water. "Porter," said I, for the days were getting long and permitted the occasional use of his proper name, "there must be millions of perch eggs left to die that way every year; I should suppose instinct would teach the fish not to spawn high up during a freshet."

"Well, a yellow perch is a dull kind of a fish, and don't know as much as a herrin'. When a flood comes and covers all these bottom lands the herrin' go all over them, but the minute the water begins to fall they scoot for the creek and seem to find the ditches leading to it, and they don't spawn on the flats, but among drift stuff; their eggs are separate, and stick fast to what they touch. These strings of perch eggs are not fast to the limbs, but are just hung over 'em with both ends down. I have put lots of 'em back in the water. Maybe it's of no use, for there's plenty of 'em and they ain't o' much account. It's cur'us, though, to watch 'em spawn. I've seen 'em spawn in my nets when I've been watching at night with a lantern. When they are first laid they come out small and there's nothin' in 'em until the he one goes over 'em, and then they swell up as big a mass as the fish that laid 'em."

When we came to his net he showed me perch nearly ripe, and stripped a ripe male. I took perch eggs that day—in 1867—and hatched them in the State Geological rooms on State street, Albany, by permission of Dr. Hall, the curator, and through my intimacy with this observant field naturalist I became a fishculturist and made it a life work.

There was a gap of some nine years in my intercourse with Porter, as I spent the years 1854–60 in the West and parts of 1862–65 in the army, but the old man gave me a warm welcome, "For," said he, "I liked you because you took so much interest in all the live things, even if they were no-account things." I never saw him after 1868. He died at his home, which he owned, in 1882, aged seventy-two years. Some of the Albany shooting men thought him an old poacher because he sold much of his game and they said that he snared partridges (ruffed grouse) and it may be that he did, I can't say, but to me he was a kind friend and instructor of my boyhood in things of interest, if not of usefulness. He was one of those real outdoor observers and the kind of naturalist with whom the modes of feeding and habits of birds, beasts and fishes take the first place, while of their structure he knew little more than an outside view of fur, fin and feather gave him, yet his knowledge of many things was far beyond what a scientific education could have given him. Not that I wish to underrate such an education, or to speak slightingly of it, for it is of very great value, but it is a fact that with most of our biologists structure and comparative anatomy are the beginning and end of their knowledge of animal life, and a day spent with Port Tyler would have opened up a new chapter to them. Such a day might also have been of use to that class of sportsmen who are mere butchers and measure the pleasures of an outing by the amount of slaughter they have done, and whose only knowledge of nature is where certain kinds of game could be found at certain seasons.

A man who when out shooting would stop, lean his gun against a tree and spend half an hour watching a little chipmunk dig his hole, has higher tastes than a mere game butcher, and Port Tyler did that one day when I ran across him in the Indian Orchard. "It's cur'us how he does it," he remarked, "and because you don't find the dirt piled up about the hole they say he begins to dig at the bottom; your brother Harleigh told me that, but I think he was joking." This last by way of apology, for his sense of humor was not keen, and he did not always realize the fact that some people would trifle with such questions, and that innocent and unsuspecting nature invited just such remarks as the above. "That little cuss is cute," he said, "he leaves a clean hole between two roots, with no sign that he has been diggin', but Harleigh is wrong; he begins at the top and carries the dirt away in his cheeks and drops it when he gets far enough, so that it will not attract attention. Maybe when he gets down he can pack it one side into some hollow and save labor. He ran off when you came, and there he is on that fence there by Cassin's house, jerkin' his tail, because he is mad at you for coming here to stop his work." He knew that the little ground squirrel was a "chipmunk" and stored its food under the protecting roots of trees, and by observation had learned how it dug a hole without leaving outside evidence of it, even though he knew nothing of its anatomy.

Port's great fur harvest sometimes came in midwinter, but always in early spring, by a "January thaw," and surely in April. The ice never melts in the Hudson about Albany, but is broken up by floods when the snow melts in the upper country or in the Mohawk Valley, and often goes out in great fields, nearly 2ft. thick, which crown on top of each other and break by the overhanging weight. Grounding on shallows just above Castleton, which bar in the river the Dutch knew as the "Overslaugh," the water is dammed and floods the lower parts of Albany so that boats can often float up Broadway as far as State street, and all the flats and bottom lands on both sides of the river are several feet under water, often for weeks or until the ice dam breaks. The muskrats of that region have been so accustomed to this state of things that they rarely build houses, as in other parts of the country, although I have seen an occasional house there; but houses being of no use in such events, the instinct to build has been nearly lost. When the freshet comes the musquash is drowned out of the holes in the bank and seeks the piles of flotsam to hide among. Every gun in Greenbush and on the hills below is brought out and everything in the shape of a boat that can be had is put into commission for the slaughter, and the roar of successive guns reminds a veteran of a skirmish line. Many men are shooting for profit, Old Port among them, but a larger number are out for fun and pile the rodents in their boat to give to some one who will want them. In the early 50s there would be found a number who were shooting for fun and saving the animals for Porter. Among these were Col. David A. Teller, James Miller, Reuben and Ira Wood, Harleigh Mather, Godfrey Rhodes, Bill Fairchild, myself and about a dozen others. The result was that Port had to hire help to skin the animals, while he would stretch the hides.

At this late day, with a memory hardly worth a hill of beans, it is not safe to make an estimate of the slaughter of muskrats during a freshet on the eastern shore of the Hudson River, between Dow's Point, which is less than two miles below Albany, and Castleton, which is nearly ten miles from the city. I had to go to school, sure, for my father well knew that only an iron hand could keep me there, and he had it; but two days in the week I claimed for rest and recreation. The latter I had, while the former was not needed. With this explanation, I will say that it was poor shooting when I did not pick up thirty muskrats in a day during a freshet, and men have killed as high as 200 in a day. Perhaps with about fifty gunners there was an average of thirty musquash each, which would count up to over 10,000 in a week! It seems too big a figure for eight miles on one side of a river, but the flats, or bottoms, were from a half to three-quarters of a mile wide, rich with alluvial deposit from each overflow and rank with vegatation along the river, the island creek and the ditches which drained the bottoms into the creek; also our sociable little mammal is largely a vegetable feeder. With donations from his friends in addition to his own gun Port Tyler one year marketed over 2,000 muskrat skins, a few obtained by winter trapping, but mainly shot during the freshets. Just what these were worth at that time is forgotten; all were not "prime" because of the shot holes, but they brought enough to keep this man of simple tastes until the fall season, even if the spring run of "herring" were not considered, and in addition to the winter's fur there was always a few mink and other skins, for he was not above taking in a prowling cat, as he said: "A common cat skin is not worth much, but when I've killed her the skin might as well be saved, and I kill 'em on principle, for they kill nesting partridges, rabbits and every young song bird they can get hold of."

Port once said to me that a game dealer, hotel keeper, or some other man, wanted him to shoot reedbirds in the fall. "Now, what do you suppose he called reedbirds?" he asked, "they're bobolinks in their fall gray coat—and that's goin' too far. I've shot blackbirds and snowbirds for market, and while I was a-shootin' 'em I thought it was small business compared to shootin' quail, pa'tridge an' rabbits; but when it comes to shootin' bobolinks, which makes the medders ring with song in the spring, I'll be durned ef I'll do it! You've offen seen a he bobolink fly toward his mate an' then set his wings all a-tremble as he told her that she was the best she bobolink he ever see—and the music! I've offen sot and listened to him when I ought to be goin' on to my herrin' nets in the spring. Of course the bobolink gets gray in the fall, an' he looks just like a she one, but that's his natur', an' I ain't a-goin' to shoot him for market. I'd rather hear him sing, an' besides he's too small to eat." I have always held this opinion, that it is a sin to kill this songster for the morsel of meat it has, and have consistently refused to touch "reedbirds" when they have been served at dinners. The bird is nearly extinct in the meadows which it once enlivened, and during a life of thirteen years on Long Island I have not seen a bobolink. Guns, guns, guns! I sometimes think it would be well if gunpowder had never been made. The true game birds hold their own in many places fairly well—only men of intelligence can find them—but in the older settled regions the redheaded woodpecker has gone and the brown thrasher and bobolink have almost disappeared. The reason is a combination of gun and boy.

Game that Port didn't sell he cooked for small parties at his house. He was a good cook, and when it was known that he had a few ruffed grouse on hand a supper party would be organized at once, and he would furnish everything but the liquors. He was a very temperate man and seldom used either wines or stronger stuff, and said that he did not care to sell it even if he had license to do so, but the jolly old cocks who were fond of his game suppers did not allow themselves to suffer on this account. I attended only one of these affairs, as I was rather young for that sort of thing, but I had been out after grouse and had three, which I gave to Porter, whom I met when near home. The cause of this generosity was because I did not dare to take them home, having surreptitiously borrowed a fine double gun from my father which I was forbidden to take or handle, but as he never used it he often loaned it to me without his knowledge. Under these conditions Porter got the birds and I was invited to the feast. General Martin Miller, of the State militia, presided; in times when Greenbush was at peace with all foreign countries he kept a grocery store and was commonly known as Mat. Miller; Tobias Teller, Bill Fairchild, Godfrey Rhodes, Port and I; fourteen of us in all, six men and eight grouse. After the last bone had been polished Bill Fairchild was thoughtful, and as he was sucking away on the backbone of a grouse, trying to extract the very last of the bitter that is so dear to the lover of all kinds of grouse, he asked:

"Porter, did you ever eat a muskrat?"

"Yes, I've eat 'em many times, an' they're right good too, if you know how to dress an' cook 'em, an' I'll tell you what else is good, but you may not believe it; that's young quawks; the old ones are fisby, but the young ones are not, though they are fed on fish, an' I'll get you up a——'

"But about the muskrat, Porter; I've eaten him, and I don't want any more."

"Wa'n't it good?"

"I'll tell you," said Bill; "you know old Dandaraw, the Canuck Frenchman who keeps the little drunkery just north of the B. & A. passenger houses, of course you do. Well, after the spring freshet I dropped into Dandaraw's, and we were talking about shooting muskrats. Dandaraw said: 'You shoot-a da mus'rat, hey, Bill?' 'Oh, yes,' said I, 'sometimes just for fun, and I give 'em to Port Tyler, and he skins 'em for market.'

"'You doan' eat-a da mus'rat, hey, Bill?'

"'No, I don't eat 'em; they smell a little too musky for me.'

"'Oh, Bill, you mus' eat-a heem; you doan' know how good-a he ees.'

"I asked him how he cooked 'em, just for curiosity, for I had no idea that the things were eatable, and I only wanted to hear him chirp. He said:

"'First you skeen da mus'rat an' clean him fine; den you bile him a leetle; den you fry him an' you eat him, an' [smack] o-o-o!'

"Well," said Bill, "I skeen-a da mus'rat an' I clean him fine; den I bile him a leetle; den I fry him an' I eat him. I could do the whole trick except the [smack] an' the o-o-o. I could eat a muskrat on a pinch, but for choice would prefer one of these partridges that Port serves up so good."

Port thought that he could serve up some nice fat young muskrats, so they would fill Dandaraw's description, and even Bill Fairchild would smack his lips loudly and say "O-o-o," and it was agreed to try it a few weeks later, but I missed the feast.

Tyler was the only man I ever knew who could successfully hunt woodcock without a dog. He seemed to know just where to look for them and how to find them, and said that he did not want to be bothered with a dog. An English gunner and dog fancier lived in that lower end of Albany called Bethlehem, perhaps the same district now known as Kenwood. They called him Ken King, his front name being Kenneth, and I bought a bitch puppy from him, the mother being a pointer of famous stock and the father the then celebrated setter Dash, owned by Mr. James Bleecker, the crack setter of the time. By the way, this Nell of mine never showed the slightest trace of setter blood, and she went to Michigan afterward, and was the mother of many good pointers with never a sign of setter blood.

This was in 1853, and my people having moved to Albany there was no place for Nell, and Port agreed to take care of her. I wanted him to work her on snipe and woodcock, but he said: "A dog is all right for men who can't find birds without one, but they are little use to me; I like to find 'em myself; and on the old grounds that I've hunted for years I know the best feedin' spots in every marsh or cornfield, and if the birds are there they'll not be far from these spots." This is a strange statement, but the fact that this man lived up to it and shot both snipe and woodcock for market without a dog can be attested by men now living in Albany and Greenbush. Surely a most strange and interesting character was Old Port Tyler.

FRED MATHER.

FLY-FISHING

On the North Shore of Lake Superior.

[*Continued from page 50.*]

THE next morning we broke camp about 6 o'clock and sailed away to Jackson's Cove, which place we reached in less than three hours.

As we anticipated, we found that a large party of anglers had but recently left here. Kenosh said that the fresh balsam beds which were here and on the mainland opposite showed at least a party of twelve. A table 12ft. long, and very permanently made of sound boards, was left behind, while strewn around were divers odds and ends that attach to an angler's paraphernalia.

"Here," says Ned, picking up a tabulated card, "is the number of fish they have taken, and here again is their ice box where they kept their trout."

"Nonsense. That card simply gives the score of Pedro games and there are others lying around; there again are some small pieces of boards upon which their tally was also kept daily, indicative of a famine in paper."

"But what of the box, it certainly smells fishy?"

"That doubtless, as you say, was their storehouse for the trout."

"I don't believe they left a trout behind."

"I'll soon ascertain." And in a short time I had my rod ready, and, on going to the outside of the granite mass where we had always caught some fine trout, I cast and cast until my arm wearied, and then returned to Ned with a dejected air and a dismal report. He then insisted upon my going down to a point some distance below the camp and there try. I did so, but not a break in the water took place, and again disappointed I returned with report number two. This was demoralizing to the entire camp, but the shore above and below was still left for trial, and if they failed to develop the quarry it would simply be evidence that the early birds had gathered in all the spoils.

While the boys were putting up the tents Kenosh found a lady's garter, and a fine one too, and holding it aloft for our eager scrutiny, smilingly said:

"Women here too."

"Then," said Ned, "two parties have been here.

"How so?"

"No ladies went with the Detroit party and here is the card I've just found of H. V. Whittaker."

"Yes, but two of the Grand Rapids party had their wives with them."

"That accounts for it, and that makes fully twenty trout fishermen that have invaded and impoverished these trouting grounds."

"Nothing left for us."

"Nothing?"

"You wait," says Kenosh, "we git some, bet you."

We caught at the hopeful straw the half-breed held out and concluded to first give the place a thorough trial before losing all heart. We were anxious to learn whether the advance anglers here had bagged all the trout, and just as soon as the camp was in order we started for the bay immediately below the camp. Being determined to thoroughly investigate, we commenced delivering our flies as soon as we were about 100yds. beyond the camp. The lake was evidently higher this year than last, and the shore line in consequence in fine condition, there being just the proper depth of water for fishing.

I had selected a red-ibis for my stretcher and a professor for my dropper, while Ned clung to his "dusting brush" as leader and a spider for dropper. These selections by Ned were not in accord with high art or in consonance with what Charles Dudley Warner has said, for he declares: "The trout fly is a 'conventionalized' creation, as we say of ornamentation." The theory is that fly-fishing being a high art, the fly must not be a tame imitation of nature, but an artistic suggestion of it.

I reminded Ned of this when I saw him break the surface with his outre flies, but he declared there was no originality among high art anglers, for they would sooner have a delicately and handsomely made fly than anything else. "If one of these professionals were seen using a fly like that red-headed terror of mine he would undoubtedly imagine a blackballing by the select coterie of the brotherhood. I am an innovator—originator, you might say—for I don't believe any trout was ever attracted by the beauty of any fly.

"I have given you evidence after evidence of it, and though I may have occasionally failed, I more frequently succeed. This new fancy of mine is a perfect decoy, as you see. Ah, there!" and then the delighted angler was in a paroxysm of joy on striking and finding a gamy trout battling with him. Ned had a glorious fight on hand, and when his reel was not singing his rod was bending, and when the trout was pausing for breath the little windlass was drawing him to his fate. Once he broke water, and then his loveliness shone out in the bright sun, with every spot flashing, every hue gleaming and every curving line a picture of grace and beauty. As Ned brought him to net he remarked:

"That's one the anglers left."

"And here," I cried, "is another," as I sent the cruel hook into the tough jaw of the beautiful fish that had endeavored to cultivate friendship with the professor. It was a fair battle in a fair field, and won simply on its merits by the upper foeman with the willowy wand and the tempting deceit. He was a 2½-pounder, and as rich in rosy tints as if from the fount of beauty.

This was the last trout we could deceive here, and then it was on to the big rock where we had slain many a royal beauty of the tinted dots. We reach it in a few minutes, mount its smooth and rounded top and flog its waters from end to end, and not a response is received.

"They have got the last trout here," says Ned, and so I thought. It is again aboard and on to other shores. A ragged crag with its watery base one vast field of broken stone shows up, and then like cobwebs our flies drop and dance around and about the seductive lairs, but no tenant of the deep springs forth for the counterfeited morsel. We at last tire of delivering the feathers, and as the brilliant sunshine falls o'er us and the placid air fans us we steal along like midnight plunderers looking for the spangled booty. Once more we strike a bulwark of savage aspect that is riven and defaced, hacked and shattered, where a fanciful network of sunbeams crosses its distorted front as if to hide the sad havoc the elements had created.

Here we are again on the cruel war path reaching out for the finny spoils, and the earnest work we did should have met merited reward, but not a nurseling or matured one of the scarlet and silver draped and dotted family made recognition of either our fiery or fanciful flies.

"What the matter with trout?" says Kenosh in a despairing tone.

"The recent visitation of twenty anglers," says Ned.

"A stern reality of the early bird theory," I remarked.

"Exactly."

Such failure in such magnificent and tempting waters was quite disappointing, but we had two trout the late piscators had failed in securing, and the wonder was that we had them after such a thorough and constant thrashing that had evidently taken place here.

"We git 'em yet," said the half-breed consolingly, but nevertheless we had deep misgivings about it, and concluding to seek other parts of the coast line ordered the boat on the return. We continued beating the balmy air and lightly disturbing the water with our dropping lures till we reached the crumbling spurs and low battlements at the old point where we had captured our first two, and where again fortune smiled on us by adding two more to the sum total. This put us all in good humor, for it presaged much pleasure in store for us.

It was for camp and dinner and then more trouting late in the afternoon. The morning was an ideal one, and just to the fancy of a poetic dreamer. The sky was ravishingly charming in a roseate glow and warm and fair as the roses of an early May. The ripples rose and fell with the rhythmic modulation of silver bells, while the gentle breeze stirred the foliage into a grand whispering gallery. The white pinions of a solitary gull coursing along the shore shone out like glittering silver, and in strong contrast to the idling butterfly warming his velvet wings in the bright rays of a meridian sun that so lovingly added beauty to a few stray violets struggling for life in a pinched crevice. Mr. French, the English poet and theologian, tells us of the ample dower of nature when he declares:

"Morn has been—and lo! how soon
Has arrived the middle noon,
And the broad sun's rays do rest
On some naked mountain's breast,
Where alone relieves the eye
Massive shadows as they lie
In the hollows motionless;
Still our boat doth onward press,
Now a peaceful current wide
Bears it on an ample tide;
Now the hills retire, and then
Their broad fronts advance again
Till the rocks have closed us round,
And would seem our course to bound;
But anon a path appears
And our vessel onward steers,
Darting rapidly between
Narrow walls of a ravine."

The shade of the camp we found very agreeable, for the morn had been quite warm, though the waters gave up their coolness, which in a measure tempered the scorching rays of the sun. We therefore determined to do our angling after supper, when the deep shadows were on the water and the trout looking for their evening meal. The idle hours in the meantime we could spend in some diversion or some exploration where we could find the gold and red and purple of the rare wild flowers that spring from slender crevice or run riot among the wild grasses and delicate ferns. The golden notes of some woodland warbler may perchance fall upon our ears, or the antics of the little ground squirrels delight the eye. There is much here to interest a lover of nature, but of all the "sweet things there is none so sweet as fresh air; one great flower it is, drawn round about, over, and inclosing you, like Aphrodite's arms, as if the dome of the sky were a bell-flower drooping down over us, and the magical essence of it filling all the room of the earth."

The noon so full of agreeable diversions soon passed, and then on supper being served we at once paid our attentions to the trout family, going over the same course we had fished in the morning, and by the same walls of granite, boulders, and rain-scooped, tempest-worn crags and pinnacles. As we glided along over the haunts of the spangled beauties, not a murmur came from the spell-bound trees. The vast boughs hung motionless in the silent air. Sometimes the upper branches stirred, but while the shadow-haunted plumes ruffled as with a passing breath it was a slow, solemn, soundless rhythm.

"Two quiet for the angle," says Ned.

"The deep shade and cooling air removes that objection," I replied.

"I hope so."

"It does, and here is proof of it," for just then some purloining beauty made off with my fresh Parmacheneebelle which I had attached as my stretcher before leaving camp. You all know how the trout battles, what vaulting, dashing and subtlety he brings to his aid to escape captivity. This one showed the same tactics, gave the same delight, and with his sad fate the same reward to the patient angler. He was fully above the 2lb. notch on the scale and of course gleaming in the matchless colors of a dying sunset. Nothing more coming to our lures, we hasten along and ere we had gone a few rods another came at Ned's fiery "dusting brush" like a barnyard hawk pouncing on a young chicken. He was a terrible fighter, and for a few minutes gave the venerable angler a world of trouble in answering his demands for a little more line. Reel and line sang and hummed quite lively and the rod looked several times as if it would snap in twain as butt and tip were showing a desire to kiss each other. The originator of the scarlet flambeau held him with a master hand, and when he at last saw him duly boated drew a long breath and exclaimed:

"That trout came within an ace of getting the best of it."

"It was that red-headed devil of yours that made him caper so lively."

"How so?"

"He thought it one of old Lucifer's imps."

"Even so. He is first a tempter and then a destroyer, and that's why he is a dead terror."

"Abandon hope all ye that toy with me, should be the imprint on that fiery and feathery dead fall of yours."

"It's a killer every time."

"Also a monstrosity."

"Also an originality."

"A shameful tribute to the profession."

"An unparalleled deceit."

And thus the badinage continued. I would deny it, he would praise it, and, like the contest between two disciples of Buckstone, neither would retreat an inch in support of his case. The practical illustration of that famous fly was chiefly in favor of its originator, but it was so directly antagonistic to all known rules governing fly making that I began to lose faith in the artistic beauties as they come from a master in the art. It is common sense to think that with such wonderful vision as a trout possesses he would rather take a small fly than a large one, but Ned even set that theory aside and used a No. 1 and 2 sprout, and with such bushment of feathers and wool as to make the appellation "dusting brush" the correct one.

His faith in Sir Izaak, I regret to state, is greatly disturbed, because that accomplished master of the gentle pastime says: "Doubt not but that angling is an art—an art worth learning," and his "jury of twelve flies" can be tested "to betray and condemn all the trout." Ned should read "Favorite Flies," by Mary Orvis Marbury, and he will then see a very large panel of expert anglers who in the aggregate give their experience with fully 300 favorite flies, while he affirms that a half dozen at most, and of his own make, are all he desires for an outing. While I do not acquiesce in his vagaries, I must honestly confess that he always secured an equal share of the trout when angling with me in either Lake Superior or the famed Nipigon. His ingenious fancies in the feathery art have been a source of great pleasure to me, but, I will also add, of much profit to him.

As we have followed this subject for the present far enough, we will revert once more to its practical part and cast our flies for the loveliest fish that swims. We had fished the pointed headland that leads to the bay till the radiant family evinced by their non-responses that they were not just then receiving company. Ned suggested a trial of the big rock below and to it we went. He took one end and I the other, and never were waters so completely showered and danced and skittered with flies as those which encompassed the gigantic rock of a hundred yards or more.

As the day was fast sinking and scrolls of pearly clouds were drawing themselves around the mountain crests and being wafted into the distant air, we concluded to start for camp with our two trout without further delay. The return trip was one of positive delight, the pictures of fading tints, the embodiment of lustrous light and most tender of shade, being really indescribable.

"See where the falling day
In silence steals away,
Behind the western hills withdrawn,
Her fires are quenched, her beauty fled,
While blushes all her face o'erspread,
As conscious she had ill fulfilled
The promise of the dawn."

Reaching the point where we had caught our trophies we made a brief halt, and it was an earnest test between

us who should coax and hang the first trout. Ned's flies went whizzing around quite lively, while mine were kissing the shady surface with the same intent. Alas, alas, that infernal bandit of red-headed and red-bodied notoriety received the first response, which came with a thunderbolt splash that slightly disturbed my equanimity. Ned sent the curved poniard into the lovely pilferer with a vengeance and after that played him like a master of the art, and then boated him, with his heart in a tumult of delight.

"Another knock down for the 'dusting brush,' the brush of deep dyed red, the brush that tempts and then devours," cried out Ned when he had taken in the loveliness of his victims.

"Say, boys, pull ahead for home. We want no more trout," I solemnly replied.

Ned triumphantly looked at me, and on seeing my somewhat disappointed air like a generous foe abstained from any reference to the success of his red-headed devil or the excess of his spoils. I was a little in the sulks, just a little, but determined if that flaming monstrosity of his excelled in our next outing it would necessitate some very fine and hard work on his part. I carried the silken banners of the artistic fly-makers, and would survive or perish in their behalf.

As we pushed along to our quarters, a delightful freshness, redolent with spruce and balsam, was in the air; the cool waters purled like a gentle streamlet, kind, quiet, soothing, but melancholy, while above a few faint stars looked from the unfathomed blue. Even

"The sunbeams dropped
Their gold, and passing in porch and niche,
Softened to shadows, silvery, pale and dim,
As if the very day paused and grew eve."

Reaching camp, we felt the need of a fire, and soon the half-breeds had the white smoke and golden sparks curving upward. There is nothing so pleasing as to gather around a camp-fire and while away the hours. In sweet mood we fight our battles o'er again and renew the pleasures of the past strife; stories of adventure are related, songs are sung, jokes are cracked and plans for the morrow consummated. Our half-breeds always added to such entertainments, and many an Indian story with its superstitious tendency has Kenosh related. That evening he was unusually talkative and interesting, for he was really, notwithstanding his pigeon-toed English, an excellent and impressive narrator. After he had told a very absurd and fabulous story of the creation of the Indian, he turned to us for our share of the programme. Ned's bear story was still ringing in his ears and he insisted that he was a "big story man." He tried to draw Ned into another recital, but his *el principe* was not half smoked yet and so he would not yarn just then.

"Well, you tell something then," he said, turning to me.

"You don't want any more bear stories," I replied.

"No, no, no burnt bears; they too much for me," he answered.

"I could tell a story of a man that killed a bear and then took to a tree to get away from it," put in Ned.

This created quite a laugh at Kenosh's expense, and one in which he did not join. It was a *quid pro quo* for Ned and completely silenced the dusky hero in the affair, who concluded that he was no match for the pale-faced angler of the snowy locks.

"Well," says I, turning to Kenosh, to relieve him as much from the embarrassment he was thrown into by Ned's piercing arrow as aught else, "I will tell you a story on one condition."

"What be it?"

"That you ask me no questions about it after I am through."

"All right, go ahead."

After the boys fixed the fire and had taken seats on the ground, with their backs against the flinty wall and their eyes and ears opened wide, I started the story in the old formula by stating that:

"Once upon a time a cunning fox came to a meadow where a flock of fine fat geese were feeding, and he said with a grin, 'I am come just as if I had been invited; you sit together so charmingly, I can eat you one after the other!' The geese cackled for terror, and sprang on their feet, and began to groan and beg pitifully for their lives; but the fox would hear nothing and said, 'There is no mercy—you must die!' At length one of them took heart and said, 'If we poor geese must at once give our young lives, show us yet one single grace, and permit us to say our prayers, that we may not die in our sins. Afterward we will all stand in a row, and you can pick out the fattest as you want us.' 'Well,' said the fox, 'that is a just and pious request. Pray away; I will wait for you.'

"So the first one began a long prayer and it would not cease; the second also commenced before his time and cried 'Ga, ga, ga!' the third and fourth soon followed, and in a few minutes they were all cackling together their prayers.

"When they have done praying this tale shall be continued, but meanwhile, I suppose, they are praying still."

"When will they stop praying?" inquired Kenosh, with a queer look on his face.

"You were to ask me no questions after I had concluded the story."

"Oh, I see, you fool me. White man too much for half-breed."

Ned at this finale having smoked sufficiently tossed away his unfinished cigar and, leaning back, laughed heartily at Kenosh being so cleverly tricked. The half-breed felt much embarrassed over the *contre coup*, and sat for quite a while holding his head with one hand, as if endeavoring to solve the riddle of "The Geese and the Fox." At last, having partly returned to his normal condition, he turned to me and said,

"You tell me when they done praying what the fox did?"

"Kenosh, you must keep the compact; ask me no questions."

"Me —— fool, that all."

Ned and I had to roar at his confusion, with his son Jo adding to the merry shouts.

The wily half-breed now threw up the sponge and never again reverted to the subject, but he kept in a deep study the remainder of the evening, doubtless trying to evolve some scheme wherein he could even up matters with the pale-face joker.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN NORTHERN WISCONSIN.

CHICAGO, July 17.—Five weeks ago a friend and myself left hot and dusty Chicago for a month's fishing trip among the lakes of northern Wisconsin.

Taking the 5 P. M. train on Chicago & Northwestern R. R. for State Line, Wis., at which place we arrived at 5.30 A. M. next day. After a good country breakfast, prepared by a comely woman of evident Irish descent named Sullivan, we started on our twelve miles ride through the woods to our destination, Bent's Resort, Lake Mamie, Vilas county, Wis.

The conveyance was a good strong buckboard, made expressly to stand the daily trip over this rough road. It was a typical backwoods wagon, as were the horses, harness and driver, the latter being a character. He wore a broad-rimmed gray felt hat, on which braid and gold embroidery were prominent. Around the hat, serving as a band, was a strip of black cloth on which were embroidered the words "Camp Assiniboine." The balance of his make-up was in conformity with his hat. Our first impression of the rig was that it was entirely too cumbersome, heavy and unwieldy, but before we had gone very far we changed our opinion. We sat in the middle seat and found the "board" rode very easily. This driver knew his business, as by talking to his team, saying, "Back, Colonel," "Steady, Nellie," "Easy there, beauties," he avoided the ruts, stumps and rough places exceedingly well.

About five miles from State Line our trials and tribulations commenced. Mosquitoes made their appearance, and in the language of my friend "they didn't do a thing to us." They were not your city mosquitoes, but big, cadaverous, hungry, hump-backed fellows with bills half an inch long. They were aggressive and no respecters of person.

When we arrived at Camp Assiniboine we were sad sights. The first lake we came to was the Saw Mill Lake, which contains no fish now; the next was Black Oak, named for the many black oak trees growing on its shores—a beautiful sheet of clear water with fine beaches.

In the early spring and during the fall landlocked salmon and pike are plentiful in this lake. We next came to Mirror Lake, very small, which contains nothing but carp, the fry having been put in by a half-witted homesteader who formerly lived on its shore.

Here we were halfway to our destination, and our ride was then through the virgin forest. After being out from State Line three hours we first got our glimpse of Lake Mamie and the camp. In five minutes we were at our journey's end, where we received a hearty welcome from the boys. After a thorough clean up, a good refreshing drink, we sat down to a black bass dinner, excellently cooked by Mrs. Chas. Bent. We had our appetites with us and did full justice to the meal.

We took a day's rest to get our bearings and ascertain about the different lakes.

It is an indisputable fact that with the aid of a guide one can fish for thirty days and fish in a different lake each day, and not be away from Camp Assiniboine over night.

We concluded to go to Wild Cat Lake, twelve miles distant, as it was getting late in the season to catch muskalonge.

We were informed it was a hard journey to go there on account of the portages, and that as we were the first to go there this summer we might encounter difficulties in getting through the connecting streams between lakes, but as we were determined to go preparations were made, such as packing provisions, tent, cooking utensils, blankets, etc.

Two guides were assigned us, and very good fellows they proved to be. One was an Irishman named Wallace, full of Irish wit, song and volubility of speech; the other "Dele" was the younger, of rather quiet disposition and manner.

Everything was made ready and at 9 o'clock we dipped oars and were off for Wild Cat Lake. Many of other fishermen who were at the camp made light of our going, saying that I never could stand the portages, as I was too slightly built, but at all events they gave us a hearty cheer and we were off.

Leaving the camp, we crossed lakes Mamie, Crooked, West Bay, through the thoroughfare to Big Lake, crossing which we came to the portage to Palmer Lake, a distance of 1¼ miles, carrying our large boat, provisions, etc. Reaching the shore of Palmer, we again embarked, crossed this lake until we came to the west branch of the Otonagon River, which stream we traversed for two miles until we reached Tenderfoot Lake.

This stream is very picturesque, being very winding, overhung with pine, cedar and birch trees, and covered with the most beautiful and large pond lilies we had ever seen. We could see the ruins of many beaver dams, saw several deer, porcupines, mink, cranes, hawks and eagles.

We reached an island in Tenderfoot at 3 o'clock, where we camped over night. My friend and I took a small boat and we here first wet our lines, the result of which we caught thirty-two small-mouthed black bass in one and a half hours, the smallest of which was not under 2lbs., and ranging to 4lbs. We had a good fish fry for supper that night; the other fish we set free, not wishing to be wasteful.

The next morning we again started on our journey at 5:30 o'clock, dividing the party and taking smaller boats. After crossing Tenderfoot Lake we made a portage into Sanborn Lake, crossing which we then went through Sanborn Creek into Morton Lake, thence across to Morton Creek, through which we went to McCullough Lake. After crossing this lake we made a short portage into Knight Lake, which we crossed, and then commenced on the long portage of two and one-half miles to Wild Cat.

It was quite a severe task, as we made steep ascents, sharp declines, and through marshes; but we went on, and reached the shore of Wild Cat at 11 A. M., being four and one-half hours *en route*. We were all tired and hungry. Dinner was then cooked, after which we felt much refreshed.

We then embarked for the point where we were to pitch camp, and in thirty minutes were on the spot. All hands fell to, and before we had realized it camp was in order, even to making our beds of pine and balsam boughs.

At 4 o'clock we got into our boats and started for the muskalonge grounds. My friend caught the first one, 10lbs. in weight. I was almost envious, but before I could say a word I had one on my hook, and the way he started to swim was something new to me. He made a jump out of water that was a sight and an experience I never had before, this being my first muskalonge fishing. After a good hard fight he was brought to the boat's side; the guide hitting him over the head with a club, he was stunned enough for us to bring in the boat, which was promptly done; we finally killed him by cutting his vertebræ. I now had landed my first "musky" and felt quite proud over the feat.

Wild Cat is the nearest lake to Camp Assiniboine that contains "muskies," its waters flowing into the Mississippi River, the others into Lake Superior.

We remained here for five days, and as far as known were the first fishermen on Wild Cat this spring or summer.

We had a fearful storm one afternoon while here, the wind was high, rain heavy and much thunder and lightning.

We built a large camp-fire, sat around it and tried to make ourselves cheerful by telling yarns and singing songs, but to no purpose. It was too gloomy, so we all went to bed at 6 o'clock.

Deer were very plenty on the shores of this lake. The writer and his guide saw thirteen different ones in one day.

One night we had quite a concert which prevented us from sleeping much, as between the concert of the frogs, owl hooting, loons hallooing, and the howling of wolves sleep was quite impossible.

We had exceedingly good luck during our stay, having caught sixteen muskalonge and ninety-seven bass, the smallest of the latter weighing 2½lbs.; anything smaller we did not count.

Provisions gave out. As we had all the fishing we desired in Wild Cat, we decided to return to Camp Assiniboine.

Starting at 5:30 A. M., we reached our cabin at 4 P. M., after stopping an hour in Tenderfoot to cook dinner. We arrived in good cheer, well sunburned and joyful of our trip.

After a day's rest we again started to fish in the other lakes we had not yet fished in, viz., Crooked, West Bay, Big, Morley, Leo, Lindsay, Poor, Fish Hawk, Thousand Island, Bass, Palmer, McCullough, Knight, Morton and Tenderfoot.

We spent two or three days on some of the larger lakes, such as Big, Morton, Palmer and Tenderfoot, where we caught our largest bass. At times the bass bit so rapidly that after two hours' fishing the novelty wore off, and we seemed to be fishing for market.

After selecting what fish we wanted for our own consumption and remembering our Chicago friends, we released the balance to be again caught by some good angler. It can be safely said we caught 700 fish during our stay.

After having been at the camp "No see um, big feel um" made their appearance. The above quotation is what the Indians call the little black flies that bite so hard. The fishing and deer hunting should be good this fall, as then muskalonge, landlocked salmon and rainbow salmon will resume their biting, and deer should be very plenty, judging from the number we saw every day.

There are trout streams in the neighborhood, but we did not try them, though we met parties who did make good catches.

Not far from Lake Mamie are the Indian reservations of the Pottowatamies and Chippewas. We met several of the families encamped on the different lakes.

The Indian men "shine" for deer at night, a practice which should be stopped, as they do not discriminate between buck and doe, and many fawns are left in the woods to die.

Eagles are not an infrequent sight, as almost every day we would see one or more soaring in the air. We saw several eagles' nests in the limbs of tall pine trees.

During the last half of our stay Horace Bent guided us, from whom we learned much concerning the surrounding country. He entertained us with his fund of experience with different fishermen he has met during the past five years. Charlie Bent is the boniface and a good one he is.

Our stay was of five weeks' duration, and it was with great reluctance we started homeward. We hope to visit this camp again in September next, as we are infatuated with the place.

Plenty of fresh air, pure spring waters, good food, accommodating guides, plenty of fish, obliging hosts, we could ask for nothing more. When we returned to our hotel, the Chicago Beach, the manager jestingly refused us admission, saying we were so brown and hair so long that we were Indians. We had a good time, came home refreshed and strong.

WILLIAM K. MCCLINTOCK.

The Nipigon.

NIPIGON, July 20.—The following sportsmen, J. L. Smith, of Minneapolis; Hon. Chas. B. Elliott, Minneapolis; Edward Hazen, of Duluth; Judge Morrison, of St. Paul, and Mr. Clark, of St. Paul, have just returned from a two weeks' trout fishing trip up the Nipigon River. They report trout very plentiful, and they caught some very fine specimens. Mr. Clark caught one 6½lbs., the largest caught. Mr. Smith caught one 5½lbs., and several 4 and 5lbs. each. They had very fine weather and altogetner a very enjoyable time.

A party of four lady anglers from Cleveland, O., are at Camp Alexander, on the Nipigon, trout fishing and enjoying themselves.

Mr. John A. Lea, of Independence, and Mr. W. B. Stewart and M. C. Pelkington, of Scotland, have gone up the Nipigon for a three weeks' trout fishing trip.

July 22.—A Mr. Green, of Amsterdam, N. Y., caught a speckled trout that weighed 8lbs., in the Nipigon River, on July 21. This is the largest trout caught this season.

JOHN E. NEWSOME.

Rudyard Kipling's Salmon.

WHEN I went down the late Gov. Russell was on the train and we were together a day and a half. I found him one of the most entertaining companions I have met in a long while. If he had stayed on the river instead of going to the Chicago convention, who knows but what he may have been alive to-day?

Returning home I had the pleasure of traveling a greater part of two days with Rudyard Kipling, who had been down around Gaspe, and was chock full of enthusiasm and joy because he had taken a 15lb. salmon, the first and only one, I believe.

M.

FISHING IN NEW ENGLAND.

Boston, July 27.—Codfishing is a source of pleasure to many of the tired merchants and professional men of Boston. They go a-fishing off several points along the south shore, as well as in Buzzard's Bay, where some good hauls of bluefish have lately been made. Several points off Nahant are noted for giving good sport with codfish. Tuesday Mr. J. Hallett, of the *Industrial Record;* John Corbet, the celebrated football halfback; Francis Snow and one or two others went codfishing off the Nahant Ledges. They took in a few hours forty codfish, weighing from 7 to 10lbs. They are much delighted with the sport, and will go again in a day or two.

Wm. F. Gregory, with his wife and boys, is off on a fishing trip that promises to be a good one. They went first to Kineo, Moosehead Lake. From that point they started with the view of canoeing and carrying through to the waters of the St. John, and down this river to the Provinces. They will fish and camp by the way. The party is quite a large one, including also Mr. S. A. Phillips and Walter Balthray. Nine guides also make up the equipment. Mr. Gregory is one of the principals of a leading boot and shoe manufacturing concern and Mr. C. W. Shaw the other. Both have lately become much interested in fishing. Mr. Shaw is an enthusiastic member of the Duck Lake Club, at the Schoodics.

L. M. Crane, with his two sons, L. O. and J. F. Crane, is off for Round Mountain Lake. The two sons are accompanied by their wives. All are earnest fly-fishermen. The trip has long been planned, but put off for unavoidable circumstances till late in the season. A letter, however, from Mrs. Charles L. Bly last week, mentions excellent fly-fishing, and hence the Crane party is more hopeful. If trout are to be had, there is patience and skill enough in the party to take them.

G. N. Smalley and his son, Harry Smalley, are enjoying a fly-fishing trip at Big Island Pond. Late reports from them mention excellent fishing. They went in by way of Canada.

The Maine Editors and Publishers' Association has completed its tour of the Rangeley Lakes. Quartered at the Birches and Bemis, they were also entertained at the Rangeley Lake House and Mountain View House. J. Parker Whitney entertained the gentlemen and their ladies at his beautiful spot on the Upper Richardson. G. S. Rowell, editor of the Portland *Advertiser*, went a-fishing on Thursday, and became the lion of the party by landing a 5½lb. trout. Doubtless that region will now receive the desired boom through the Maine newspapers, a boom that makes the real sportsman tired, and causes him to seek woods and waters more remote.

Mr. James H. Jones has returned from his fishing trip on the brooks in Oxford county, Me. He went without great expectations, since it is midsummer, and generally the streams are low. From Buckfield, accompanied by his father, he fished some of the brooks in Buckfield, in Sumner and in Woodstock. He caught strings of trout that surprised the natives, who are generally too lazy to go a-fishing after the first "go off" in the spring. He caught trout up to ¾lb. in weight, and fine strings, out of the very brooks the natives told him it was no use to fish He visited Little Concord Pond, in Woodstock, and found that Portland parties had a camp there, and that they have taken some big hauls of trout in the spring. From a brook in that section he took an elegant creel of trout. Deer are in that section, frequenting Big Concord Pond, Little Concord and Shag ponds. Five were killed there last fall. Mr. Jones, Sr., had a good sight at one deer. Both gentlemen were surprised at the beauty of the scenery of that section. Streaked Mountain hangs over Shag Pond, 2,000ft. above the sea, and 600 to 800ft. above the pond. Little Concord Pond is a jewel among the mountains that it takes a hunter to find. The distance is nearly twenty miles from a railroad, and a mile or two from an old country road that has been but little used for many years. But the curious fact is that such an animal as a deer was almost unknown in that section thirty years ago. Now they are really plenty. Special.

SUNDRY TOLEDO GOSSIP.

Toledo, O. July 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream;* It was scarcely a month ago that I made up my mind that Forest and Stream ought to have a bicycle department, and while I was considering whether or not it was my duty to write the editor to that effect, behold! the department blossomed out as it were spontaneously. The relation of the bicycle to the fisherman is perhaps as intimate and direct as in any other line of independent sport. For the past year or two some of our local fishermen have been riding their wheels along the bass rivers adjacent to Toledo, and we have discovered that as a dress for wading our bass streams the sweater, knickerbockers and long stockings make a costume admirably adapted to use with either rubber boots or full-length mackintoshes. Toledo fishermen are notably enterprising and up to date, and they are not only quick to adopt the good ideas of others, but have plenty good ideas of their own. For example, I encountered one of them the other day who had just built a new minnow seine, in the bottom of which, instead of the usual lead weights, he had run a chain. It needs no diagram to explain to the average fisherman that a seine so weighted will adapt itself to every irregularity of the bottom, and thus prevent the escape of the small fry.

And speaking of the bicycle and the fisherman, here was a little trip I took the other day, which illustrates what combinations of cross-country journeying are rendered possible with the aid of the wheel. The route in question was covered by the morning train from Toledo to Dundee, twenty miles, the wheel from Dundee along the banks of the River Raisin to Munroe, twenty-five miles (the same section of that stream that I ran by canoe two months before), thence by coasting steamer along Lake Erie twenty miles more to Toledo. Total of the three sides of the triangle, sixty-five miles; time, twelve hours, with plenty of leisure for a good country dinner in the middle of the day, and for numerous visits and gossip with the fishermen and farmers along the banks. Then too I carried my rod in my hand, my reel and my wallet in my pocket and a pair of waders strapped to the handle bar. I didn't fish, but that was simply because I didn't want to fish. It was pleasanter to lie in the shade and watch the operations of the man with a 20ft. bamboo, and to listen to his explanations of why the fish bit and why they didn't, as well as to hear about some of the fishing they used to have in the river ten or fifteen years ago. (Alas! that some of us should have been born a trifle late to enjoy it.)

Has any one ever said to Forest and Stream that it was Toledo fishermen who discovered this spring that the proper way to take tarpon is to troll for them instead of casting a mullet out into the water and letting it lie there for five or six hours—more or less? That they were eminently successful in this new departure their score shows and the sport was greatly heightened. Possibly there may be others who have used the same method, but so far as I am aware there is no record of it. Perhaps I may be able to send you some notes of their experience later. Jay Beebe.

Long Island Fishing.

Mr. Wm. Brownell, of New York, who has fished in almost every State in the Union as well as along the coast, went to Amityville, L. I., July 15, accompanied by Mr. Linaker, and securing a catboat went fishing for flounders. The fish were biting well and the two were busy for little more than half an hour, when Mr. Brownell, who was fishing with an 8oz. steel rod, felt a sudden tug at his 200ft. of oiled silk line as it began to run out, making the reel fairly sing.

"That's no flounder. It must be a weakfish. She goes like a harpooned whale," said Mr. Brownell, who has spent many years whaling in the North seas. Nearly 150ft. of line had run out, and knowing that he could not stop the fish with such light tackle, the fisherman called to his companion, "Pull up the anchor and follow the direction of my line; I will land this fish even if it be a shark." The boat was put under motion just as the last yard of line was paying out.

The fish sounded and came to a halt, but quick work on the reel did not let it rest an instant. Away it shot seaward, again making the reel hum, the boat following just fast enough to prevent a sudden parting of the line, which was kept taut, the fisherman never for an instant allowing it to slacken, but keeping the fish constantly on the move. Again the fish sounded and again ran; and it kept this up for one hour and twenty-three minutes, when it came to the surface helpless. Mr. Brownell, who had handled it so skillfully, now helped it into the boat. The fish proved to be a striped bass and weighed 24½lbs.

After the excitement caused by the bass had subsided Mr. Brownell tried trolling for bluefish and caught seven beauties, the smallest of which weighed 7lbs. When he came home on the evening train he had the pleasure of showing his friends a barrel well filled with a choice lot of fish. Angler.

New Hampshire Ouananiche.

Boston, July 23.—I have been much interested in the discussions as to the origin of the salmon, and repeat what I have stated before, that I believe the "waunanish" to be the original or aboriginal type. That perhaps in the glacial period, perhaps earlier or later, they were driven out of the fresh-water lakes, where they began life, and crowded down into salt water, and liked it so well that they have spent their winters there ever since, returning to their fresh-water homes to spawn and reproduce their species under familiar and natural conditions. But that some of them do remain in fresh water the first winter after spawning I know, for I have seen the kelts taken in the canals on the Merrimac, which they could only have entered from the upper ends, on their way down to the ocean, in the spring.

If the biennial theory of spawning, now generally accepted, is correct, this gives them a full year in salt water to recuperate for another spawning.

I am also very much delighted to see in your reports from the New Hampshire waters of the steady growth of these fish, the "waunanish," in those lakes, and to consider it as an actual "inspiration," which induced my old colleague, A. H. Powers, and myself to make the first plant of them in Squam and Sunapee lakes in 1877. I shall never forget the eight-mile trip through the woods over a tote road with a buckboard, which my son Sam and I took with two cans of fry, into the Connecticut lakes in 1880. New Hampshire has been well repaid for the expenditures which intelligent Legislatures have authorized for restocking her waters, and I am happy to say that I believe every year shows more and more respect for the fish and game laws, and fewer instances of their willful violation, though they still occur, I hope mainly from ignorance, from small boys and "city sportsmen." Von W.

Barnegat Bay and the Jersey Coast.

Asbury Park, N. J., July 24.—Surf fishing continues much the same as in my last week's letter, with but little of interest to anglers at any point, the only catch of importance being a 27½lbs. bass by Wm. Skirm, of Trenton, taken Saturday evening. Few people realize what the capture of such a fish means, in point of nerve and skill. While it is readily conceded that the heavy weights are not as swift of fin as those ranging from 5 to 15lbs., still their bulldog propensity for a fight is so pronounced that only the experienced can successfully cope with them. One false move, the fouling of line on guides or tip, and the fish with a respectable portion of the tackle is lost, and the angler has only reflection for his consolation.

In a recent issue of Forest and Stream I took occasion to say to the net men "Don't," in relation to their fishing in Barnegat Bay. I know the feeling of the people in that vicinity, to say nothing of the determination of the Fish Commissioners to enforce the law. The consequence is two of the bold spirits are now languishing in the local jail in default of fines imposed. Not within ten years has that body of water been as prolific of fish life as at present. Everywhere as far as vision can reach may be seen the ripple of innumerable schools of menhaden, and to their presence can be attributed the glorious fishing now to be had. Already the bluefish are inside the inlet following their favorite prey, and while it may not be generally known, still it is a fact that the large weakfish—known as tide runners—feed greedily on the menhaden.

On Tuesday evening, in company with Judge Wm. B. Guild, his son Theodore, and John F. Seger, I paid my respects to old Barnegat, and such glorious sport few have experienced, and I think safe to say none have excelled. We took 142 fine tide runners, all magnificent fish, and it occurred to us that they put on their best fighting garb for our especial benefit.

I have taken black bass from stream and lake, and have caught trout under all conditions; the striped bass and bluefish are familiar captives for the past eighteen years, still never have I had more gloriously game fish to contend with, weight considered, than those of which I am now writing. To the angler who is skeptical I would say, come with me any night when the conditions are right and follow out the instructions I have previously given in relation to line equipment. To me the glory of night fishing is superb. The voice of day vocation is hushed; there is nothing but the gentle rippling of the waters to disturb the quiet grandeur of the bay, save the occasional dash of a shark or porpoise in pursuit of his prey. Far away to the eastward shines Barnegat Light with all that its name implies, to the mariner and the local salts as well. The paying out of line to the tide on the swell of expectancy, to be followed by the strike and glorious rush of the yellow-finned beauty, which, unconscious of the nature of his bondage, puts forth all the powers of his nature for liberty—all these are delights whose enjoyment is alone to be appreciated by the enthusiastic.

If anyone finds a hook, leader, float and about 25ft. of line attached to a weakfish of uncertain size heading toward Barnegat Inlet, the same may be returned to William B. Guild, Avon, N. J., and the finder will receive a generous reward, as the party above mentioned is in a quandary as to how it happened so quick.

Leonard Hulit.

Fatal Accident at a Fishing Tournament.

Port Huron, Mich., July 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual fishing tournament of the Port Huron Anglers' Protective Association was engaged in Wednesday afternoon at Stag Island, and was brought to a sudden termination by a distressing accident, in which one of the members, William M. Cline, lost his life.

Mr. Cline started out to fish in a boat in company with J. J. Cronan, Dr. W. S. Henderson and James Boardman. The boat was a small one and the four occupants overloaded it, but this fact was not noticed at the time. The party rowed to the Canadian shore and anchored out in the stream nearly opposite the Haynes cottage on Stag Island. The anchor rope was fastened to a seat near the center of the boat instead of at the bow, as is customary, and the boat swung broadside to the current. Fishing had been in progress but a short time when the trouble began. The boat made a sudden pitch toward the down stream side, probably caused by the swells of some passing steamer, and Mr. Cline threw himself to the opposite side to which the anchor line was fastened. This threw the edge of the boat under the water and in an instant the current carried the boat over, and the action of the anchor was to pull it beneath the surface. Mr. Cronan says that when he reached the surface of the water the boat could not be seen, and he struck out for the shore, which was about 200 or 250ft. away. Mr. Cline started to follow, but after swimming 20 or 30ft. evidently felt that he was unable to go so far and turned back to the boat, which by this time had come to the top of the water again. When within about 15ft. of the boat he was seen to throw up his hands, and as he cried, "Hurry up," went down and was seen no more. Dr. Henderson and Mr. Boardman clung to the boat and were rescued; Boardman, however, losing his hold and going down twice before being saved. Fred Wargowski and Peter Hill, Jr., who were in a boat a short distance below, quickly appreciated the situation and were the first to arrive. They pulled Boardman into their boat just as he was going down for the third time, and towed Dr. Henderson into shallow water. They did not realize that one of the party had been lost till Mr. Cronan came running along the beach and asked what had become of Cline. James Boardman was quickly resuscitated after reaching shore and dry clothes were supplied to the party from the cottages at the island. Dr. Henderson was the only one of the party who could not swim at all. James Boardman could swim some, but the excitement unnerved him and he became entirely helpless.

A Bass Story.

Cambridge, Mass.—I haven't been fishing as yet this summer, but have been doing the next best thing—reading Forest and Stream. And reading Forest and Stream is apt to make a fellow want to tell something of his own experiences. If ever there was a black bass crank he stands in my shoes, and anything relating to that wary and stubborn finny is hailed with delight by the same. Here is a black bass story which is true, I know, for it came from the lips of James Bradbury, one of the salt of the earth (or perhaps "salt of the water" would be better), who is my fishing companion every summer on Rodger's Lake, Conn. Mr. Bradbury never tells whoppers, though he catches lots of them. One day while fishing for shiners for bass bait in shoal water, and using a stick no larger than a horsewhip to which was attached a black linen thread and a tiny hook, Mr. Bradbury saw an immense fish move under the boat and swallow the bit of worm. At first he was too much surprised to do anything but stare; then he actually pulled into that boat hand over hand a 6½lbs. black bass, which made little or no resistance. If anyone has beaten this I would like to record it.

In appearance and disposition Mr. Bradbury resembles Fred Mather's Reuben Wood, only Mr. Bradbury still clings to the old-fashioned fishing gear, and often refers to my split-bamboo as a "first-rate pole for catchin' shiners." By the way, I hope Mr. Mather will continue those enjoyable sketches. Joe Cone.

Montezuma Black Bass.

Montezuma, N. Y., July 20.—I send you photograph of a catch of fifty-eight black bass (largest 5½lbs.) and two pickerel, made here one day last week by Messrs A. P. Milne and A. T. Sansbury. The guide was Phinney Helmer, who knows all there is to know about the Montezuma marshes. S.

Lake Wentworth (N. H.) Bass.

Haverhill, Mass., July 24.—I was up on Lake Wentworth (railroad station, Mill Village, N. H.) a short time ago with three brother anglers after black bass. We took, in seven hours' fishing, over 100 fish from ½lb. to 2½lbs. Accommodations are good and guides know their business. Only four hours from Boston, Boston & Maine Railroad C. J. Halpen.



BOYS TOGETHER.

Killaloe Salmon.

Mr. Robert W. Browne, of the American News Co., this city, suggests that American salmon anglers who are going abroad may profitably avail themselves of the excellent fishing at Killaloe, Ireland, where the Shannon yields some large fish. Mr. Browne himself was present at the record capture of a 46½lb. salmon on Oct. 3, 1894. It took an hour to land this fish. In April of this year a 40lb. salmon was taken. The fishing is in preserved waters, and a fee is required. Mr. Browne will give information on request.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Kingston Kennel Club's bench show. H. C. Bates Cor. Sec'y, Kingston, Ont.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Rhode Island State Fair Association's fourth annual show, Providence, R. I.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Toronto Exhibition Association's eighth annual show, Toronto, Can. C. A. Stone, Sec'y of bench show.

Sept. 14 to 17.—Montreal Kennel Association's bench show, Montreal. G. Lanigan, Sec'y.

Sept. 22 to 24.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual dog show, Milwaukee. Louis Steffen, Sec'y.

Sept. 22 to 25.—Queens County Agricultural Society's bench show Mineola, L. I. J. Mortimer, Manager, Hempstead, L. I.

Oct. 6 to 8.—Danbury Agricultural Society's show, Danbury, Conn. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y.

Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou, Man.

Sept. 7.—Kennedy, Minn.—Continental Field Trial Club's chicken trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Oct. 9.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual meet. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.

Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—Natioonal Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.

Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.

Nov. 2.—Bicknell, Ind.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.

Nov. 10—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.

Nov. 10.—Leamington, Ont.—Peninsular Field Trial Club, Leamington, Ont.

Nov. 10.—Central Beagle Club's trials. L. O. Seidel, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—National Fox Hunting Association's third annual trials, Bardstown, Ky. F. J. Hagan, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.

Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y, Huntsville, Ala.

CAN A DOG REASON?

Maple Corner, Wellington, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Well, really, I must have my say. Of course, dogs reason. What other conclusion can be drawn! We start out to drive. Sancho expects to go as a matter of course. We say in our usual conversational voice: "Sancho would better stay at home to-day. It is hot and he will run too much." The little dog, apparently asleep on the lounge, gets up, goes out quietly and hides in the shrubbery; this not once, but many times. When nothing is said, he stays around and starts when we do.

We drive the two miles to the station for the mail nearly every morning—the mail stage not coming to our hilltop until afternoon. Often on our return we drive a little way up a crossroad to the cemetery. When Sancho gets to the turn he sits down and waits to see if we are going to make the diversion or are coming directly home. This not once, but dozens of times. There is another cemetery on this drive; there he never stops.

One day some one gave us a life-size picture of a famous actor. Having often heard that a dog would not notice a picture, I pinned it up in the bay window. Sancho was in another room. Presently the door was opened and he came in, noticed the picture immediately, mistook it for a man looking in at the window, went almost frantic barking at it—and he was a dog who never wasted a bark—rushed for the door, and when let out ran around the house to the bay window, looked up and saw the paper, and came back and went under the Glenwood range, a very much mortified dog indeed. We could not fool him that way again; we tried it repeatedly.

One day I threw a paper bag in the open wood fire in the old-fashioned chimney. It burned until the paper turned white, inflated, and the draught took it up the throat of the chimney. Sancho happened to notice it and began to prance and bark as if at a bird in a tree, and he would not be quieted. He was put out of the room, but came back and looked at the picture over the mantle and barked again. His master held him up and let him look and smell behind the picture; but he would not give it up, and behaved so badly that I got more paper bags and burned them in the same way. At the first one he barked a little, soon he ceased to be interested, and I could never fool him again in that way.

One day in New York I bought on Twenty-third street one of those absurd little white woolly dogs that when inflated will walk a yard or so. I had a little Astrachan cloth black penwiper dog, very cute, and I put them on the table side by side and called Sancho to look at them. He sat up in a chair, and I never saw him so interested. He would turn up his head one way and then the other, and try to get at the little toy; but his master held him, telling him what a pretty little dog it was, while he cried and whined as if trying to talk. At length he released himself and, springing upon the table, caught the little thing in his mouth. But one taste of cotton wool was enough—his interest in mechanical dogs ceased from that moment.

Some of the neighborhood dogs he liked and some he did not. Often when he was asleep we would say, "There comes George Knight's dog," and up Sancho would jump and fly from window to window, and beg to go out to meet his friend; but if we said, "There is the Lyons dog," he would look out with no show of excitement and never asking to go out.

At one time we had an invalid niece with us, and her pony Lightfoot was afraid of dogs, so a shepherd dog that always runs out at teams had to be kept chained, and it was amusing to see Sancho's exultation over this dog's discomfiture.

Sancho often for months went with me to call on a sick friend. After awhile she was taken to the hospital. When Sancho went next time he looked for her all about the house, then went to her room and, putting his forepaws on the bedstead, stretched himself up to see if her white face was among the pillows.

I thank Mr. Adams for his defense of our canine friends, and am glad that there is a Forest and Stream to give us his interesting articles. Annie A. Preston.

Continental Field Trials Club.

Indianapolis, Ind., July 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the request of many owners and handlers of dogs, the Continental Field Trials Club has decided to transfer its fall trials from Bicknell, Ind., to some point in the South where suitable grounds can be had. It is the intention of the club to hold the trials as near to West Point, Miss., as possible, so as to accommodate the patrons of the West Point trials. The date of the trials has not yet been determined, but will probably be about Feb. 1. There will be two stakes run, a Derby and an All-Age Stake. The breeds in each will be run together. The purse in each stake will be $500, divided $200 to first, $150 to second, $100 to third and $50 to fourth, with $10 forfeit and $10 to start. The Derby will be reopened and the entries will close Sept. 1. The entries to the All-Age Stake will close Oct. 1.

I am instructed to say to those who made entries in the Bicknell Derby that their entries can stand and be transferred to the Southern meeting without their having to pay the second forfeit, as the second forfeit is done away with under this new arrangement, only the starting fee of $10 will be further required. To those who prefer they can withdraw their forfeits now and have their dogs declared out of the stake. Mr. Royal Robinson and Mr. W. S. Bell will judge both stakes. Entry blanks will be ready as soon as the location has been determined.

CHICKEN DERBY ENTRIES.

Jas. S. Crane's Firefly, liv. and w. pointer bitch (Rip-Rap—Clipaway II.).

A. C. Peterson's Minnie P., o. and w. English setter bitch (Antonio—Hunter's Nellie Bly).

Dr. L. C. Bacon's Mollie Pitcher, b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Antonio—Florence Gladstone).

Dr. C. I. Shoop's Aloysia, lem. and w. pointer bitch (Rip-Rap—Dolly D.).

Ernest C. Johnson's Queen of Morocco, b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Spot B.—Miss Monk).

W. R. Holliday's Billy T., b. and w. English setter dog (Revenue—Daisy Bondhu).

Del Monte Kennels' Tick's Kid, b. and w. pointer dog (Tick Boy—Lulu K.).

Del Monte Kennels' Tony Works, liv. and w. pointer dog (Tick Boy—Lulu K.).

John Wootton's Bill Bondhu, b. and w. English setter dog (Dick Bondhu—Maud).

John Wootton's Rosa Bondhu, b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Dick Bondhu—Maud).

Col. Jas. D. Poston's Florence Gladstone II., b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Antonio—Florence Gladstone).

Thos. H. Terry's Hempstead Druid, —— pointer dog (— — —).

D. E. Rose's (Agt.) Guenn, b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Blue Ridge Marse—Lou R.).

D. E. Rose's (Agt.) Christina, b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Blue Ridge Marse—Lou R.).

D. E. Rose's (Agt.) Count Odean, o. and w. English setter dog (Count Gladstone—Topsy Avent).

L. W. O'Byrone's Moerlein, b. and w. pointer dog (Rip-Rap—Bell of Ossian).

L. W. O'Byrone's Red Skin, liv. and w. pointer dog (Louis Kent—Fleety's Fay).

Geo. E. Gray's (Agt.) Rod's Pell, b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Rodfield—Opel).

P. T. Madison, Sec'y-Treas.

How, Who, Which, Why, What?

Hornellsville, July 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I'm a little like the man who didn't know who he was, after getting over typhoid fever, and went around asking people "Who am I?" and when they told him he was John Smith, he wanted to know, "But who's John Smith?" You see, the boys chaffed me for being disqualified, and when I wanted to know how, when and why, they pointed out that on May 14 the Advisory Committee ordered the Bull Terrier Club to apologize to Dr. Foote and Mr. Schellhass, giving the club fifteen days to eat crow, or it would be disqualified with "its officers," and on May 21 the A. K. C. backed the Advisory Committee up and that the Bull Terrier Club hadn't put crow on the plate yet.

Now I am an officer, as I am one of the executive committee, and the executive committee passed the sassy resolutions; so it looked as clear as a hole through a ladder that I was bounced, and as I hadn't any more to do with passing that resolution than Mr. Chauncey Depew, I couldn't see what I was disqualified for. Then Mr. Vredenburgh, as secretary of the A. K. C., writes me and publishes in the papers that I am not disqualified, and of course that settles it that I am all right yet. Then he hauls me over the coals for making such an "unfounded statement." But, as the executive committee did the sassing, I can't see why they are not "the officers," and as they order the president, vice-president and secretary what to do, it strikes me that they are mighty much "officers," and I don't see that the boys were "unfounded" when they chaffed me.

The long and short of it is, "Who are officers," and who is disqualified? "Who is John Smith?" My old friend Watson writes me that the members of the Bull Terrier Club can be disqualified if they don't get together and eat crow for what "the officers" did. Well, being disqualified don't suit me worth a cent, but when I was a kid I was taught, "Let every fellow skin his own skunks," and I don't propose to skin any but my own. I have killed no skunks lately, as I dislike to skin them.

J. Otis Fellows.

Mr. G. Muss-Arnolt has accepted an invitation to judge dachshunde and Great Danes at Montreal. It is probable that Mr. Arnolt and Mr. Mason will do all the judging at that show.

ESQUIMAUX DOGS AT THE ZOÖLOGICAL GARDENS.

The deposit of eight typical specimens of Esquimaux sledge dogs in the Zoölogical Gardens, where they will remain until September, affords a valuable opportunity of studying the form and to some extent the habits of this most useful variety. To naturalists the Esquimaux dog is exceedingly interesting, inasmuch as it throws great light upon the origin of the domestic animal—breeding freely and being habitually crossed with the wolf in order to obtain greater strength and endurance. I have much pleasure in calling attention to the very correct drawing of specimens of these animals by the well-known canine artist Mr. Wardle. The specimens in the gardens have been employed in sleigh drawing, and several of them are valuable as being experienced and well-trained animals that can be trusted as the leaders of the teams, and are most obedient to the voice of the occupants of the sleighs.

The origin of these dogs has been carefully considered by that extremely practical naturalist, Mr. Bartlett, the superintendent of the gardens. In a contribution to the proceedings of the Zoölogical Society in 1890, he wrote as follows:

There can be no doubt that the Esquimaux dogs are reclaimed or domesticated wolves. All wolves, if taken young and reared by man, are tame, playful, and exhibit a fondness for those who feed and attend to them. The same may be said of all the species of jackals.

I have found no difficulty in crossing wolves and jackals with domestic dogs, when suitably matched. It is a well-known fact that the Esquimaux frequently allows his dogs to breed with wolves, in order to keep up the strength, the power of endurance and the courage of the race.

Domestic dogs exhibit many of the habits of wolves and jackals, such as the scratching up of earth with the front feet, and the pushing back of it with the hind feet, in order to cover up the droppings.

The whining, growling and howling of wolves, jackals and dogs are so much alike as to be undistinguishable; but the barking of dogs is undoubtedly an acquired habit, and doubtless due to domestication. Wolves and jackals in a wild state never bark, nor do Esquimaux dogs or dingos, but if kept associated with barking dogs, these and other wild dogs in many instances acquire the habit of barking.

A well-known instance of this occurred under my notice. A wild Antarctic wolf, after a few months, hearing the barking of dogs in the immediate neighborhood, began to bark, and succeeded admirably. The same thing has happened to my knowledge in the case of pure-bred Esquimaux dogs and dingos.

The utility of the Esquimaux dog in the frozen regions of the North is well known. Without its aid, locomotion and life itself would be impracticable in these snow-covered regions. Its power and capability of endurance are most remarkable. In proportion to its size, there is no animal that has so great a power of draught as the dog, nor has any other the capability of such violent and long continued exertion. The dog is of all animals that which draws most willingly. Those who have witnessed its employment in Belgium and other parts of the continent must be fully aware of the readiness with which it throws itself into the collar, and pulls with a force which is marvelous for so small an animal. In this country, however, its use for this purpose has been for many years forbidden by an act of Parliament, which was passed at the instigation of maudlin sentimentalists, who thought that because the dog is a domesticated animal it should not be employed in the way in which it was of great service to man. Much ridiculous nonsense was said and written respecting its being unfitted as a beast of draught, and that its feet were incapable of enduring the strain put upon them and the friction of the roads—a statement which is disproved by an examination of the Belgian dogs, and which, if true, would be a reflection upon the design of its structure. The prohibition of the utilization of the dog as a draught animal, because in some instances it had been overtasked by brutal owners, is as absurd as the prohibition of the use of donkeys and horses would be because in some cases there are masters who overtask and ill use them. Into the power and endurance of the dog as a sledge drawer it is unnecessary to enter, as it is familiar to all readers of works on Arctic travel and exploration.

The dogs now in the Gardens are the first installment of those that are designed for use in the proposed Antarctic exploring expedition which is to start in September next. This expedition, according to a statement of Mr. Bowick, the chairman of the executive committee, will consist of a whaling vessel of about 300 tons, to be accompanied by a small steamer of about 70 tons. The party is expected to leave in September, and, after calling at Melbourne, to proceed direct to Cape Adair, Victoria Land, which under favorable circumstances should be reached in about fourteen days. There the specialists will be landed with their instruments and outfit for one year. Provisions for a considerably longer period will, however, be taken ashore.—*W. B. Tegetmeier in London Field.*

THE TYPE OF ENGLISH SETTERS.

Pittsburg.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am an admirer of the English setter, concerning both as he is of interest on the bench and useful in the field, though I am somewhat the more partial to him as a working dog. This is not strange at all when it is considered that my greatest pleasure is shooting over the dog afield. Of course the matter of type is a secondary affair in the consideration of a field dog, though by that I do not mean that it is not an important consideration. I wish it understood that the critical scrutiny from the bench show standpoint is not in evidence. Though chiefly admiring the setter for his real usefulness afield, I have my own ideas of type, as nearly every sportsman has. To be frank on this matter, I think that there is very little real type in the English setter of to-day. It is the rarest thing in the setter classes at shows to see two dogs which are at all near a standard. They all differ from each other and from the standard. Judges are censured by the disappointed exhibitor and the virtue of the standard is invoked by the latter to show that he is correct, and it would seem that each disappointed exhibitor had in mind that the standard exactly fitted his own dog, and only in part could any others find any of it which would fit them.

In bringing such a miscellaneous assortment of setters before a judge, the most that could be expected of him in reason would be to award the prizes accordingly as the dogs more or less came up to the requirements of the standard. It would be manifestly unjust to censure the judge for placing a dog first which did not meet the requirements of the standard when there were no dogs in the class which could meet such requirements.

I am firmly convinced that the past few years have done more for the degeneration of the breed of English

setters than all the preceding years have improved them. How exceedingly unjust it is then to find fault with the judge for the absence of type in his awards when there is no uniformity of type for him to pass upon. This state of affairs is brought about by the breeders themselves, not by the judges.

Contrast the light, weedy specimens of the English setter to-day, which may be seen about Pittsburg and in the South at the trials, with the well-developed dogs of ten or twenty years ago, and then contrast the dogs of to-day one with another. It will be found that they differ greatly from the dogs of the years gone by and from each other as they are supposed to represent the breed to-day.

Note the manner in which the pointers have steadily overtaken the setters in the competition in the trials, and to-day are admittedly the superior of the long-haired rival which so proudly and so boastfully held the supremacy a few years ago. Far be it from me to insinuate that the ascendency of the pointer is due to the decline of the setter. The pointer has greatly improved and deserves much praise for it and for the persistent pluck which accomplished so much in the face of such discouragements as were his in the struggle for victory; but I do claim that the ascendency of the pointer is in a measure due to the degeneration of the setter. It made a speedier and an easier task for him that his rival degenerated as he improved himself. The bench show and the field trials alike are a witness to the decline of the English setter.

Each interest is inclined to blame the other. The advocates of the bench show claim that the field trials have harmed the type of the breed, and the field men reply that the bench shows have developed a type worthless in the field for shooting purposes. And for the unfortunate results it seems to me each in his own field is to blame, the field men for the field dogs and the showmen for the show dogs. There are no two types, no distinct field type and bench type. If a lot of dogs were turned loose together, no one could tell which was the field and which the workers, for some handsome dogs are good field dogs, and *vice versa* some homely ones are excellent in the field, and some of both sorts are worthless, yet few are near the standard.

FIELD TRIALER.

The Toronto Show.

THE following specials have been offered by the American Dachshund Club, to be competed for at the Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association's Dog Show, beginning Sept. 7.

1. The Venlo Challenge Cup, value $100, for best dog or bitch in the show, the property of a member, to be won three times, a diploma also being given with each win.

2. The Klein Breeders' Trophy, value $50, for the best dog or bitch puppy, bred, owned and exhibited by a club member, to be won by three different dogs bred by same exhibitor, diploma given with each win.

Also $5, club special, for best black and tan dog, same for bitch. $5, Arthur Froembling special, for best red dog, same for bitch. $5, by a friend of the breed, for best brace (dog and bitch) black and tan, open to all. $5, by a friend of the breed, for best brace (dog and bitch), reds, open to all. $10, to the owner of the best sire, represented by two or more of his get out of two or more bitches, open to all. Silver medal, to the best American bred dog or bitch.

The secretary is holding the prize list back on account of the number of special prizes that are rapidly coming in. All those desirous of donating specials please to notify the secretary at once, so that they may appear in the prize list. The judges so far appointed are Messrs. James Mortimer, of New York city, and J. F. Kirk, of Toronto.

C. A. STONE, Sec'y.

Queens County Agricultural Society.

HEMPSTEAD, L. I.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following gentlemen have been invited to judge at the above forthcoming show:

Dr. Richard H. Derby, mastiffs; Mr. W. H. Joeckel, St. Bernards; Mr. Charles D. Bernheimer, Great Danes and poodles; Mr. H. W. Huntington, greyhounds, deerhounds and Russian wolfhounds; Mr. A. C. Pickhardt, pointers; Dr. H. Clay Glover, English, Irish and Gordon setters; Mr. A. Belmont Purdy, foxhounds; Mr. A. Clinton Wilmerding, field, cocker, Clumber and Irish water spaniels; Mr. A. D. Lewis, collies; Mr. George B. Post, Jr., beagles; Mr. C. G. Hopton, bull dogs; Mr. Perry Tiffany, bull terriers; Mr. C. F. Leland, Boston terriers; Mr. German Hopkins, fox terriers; Mr. Lawrence Timpson, Basset hounds, dachshunde, Irish, Scottish, Skye and Dandie Dinmont terriers; Mr. R. F. Mayhew, bloodhounds, Newfoundlands, old English sheep dogs, Bedlington terriers, black and tan, white English and Yorkshire terriers, pugs, Italian greyhounds, schipperkes, King Charles, Blenheim, Ruby, Prince Charles and Japanese spaniels and miscellaneous.

JAMES MORTIMER, Sec'y and Supt.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

We have received a copy of the following circular from Mr. John Wootton, the Hon. Secretary-Treasurer of the Manitoba Field Trials Club, which in itself shows the activity of the club and its earnest endeavor to remove all obstructions to American patrons and make competition in Canada as easily obtained as if it were in the United States. Much praise is due the club for its work in behalf of American patrons, and they should manifest their appreciation of it by a liberal entry. The circular is as follows: "The Manitoba Field Trials Club have made arrangements with the customs authorities so that all American dogs entered in either the Derby or All-Age stakes will be admitted free of duty and without a bond or deposit of any kind at either Gretna or Winnipeg. But in order to obtain the benefit of this arrangement handlers or owners must make their entries with the secretary in time for him to communicate with the club's customs brokers at these ports of entry. Mr. M. Long is the club's broker at Gretna and Mr. S. T. Hanscombe at Winnipeg. In consequence of the delay in perfecting these arrangements the club have found it expedient to extend the time for receiving entries for their Derby till Aug. 1, at which date the entries for both stakes will positively close."

A Minneapolis exchange is very sanguine that a successful bench show could be held in that city, and indeed there is no valid reason why such a show should not be held; but its standard of successful shows is entirely too high. At Milwaukee it estimates there will be 1,500 blue-blooded dogs. A circuit meet of the coursing associations, to follow the bench shows, it predicts would bring to Minneapolis 500 greyhounds. Here is indirectly the old, old question, whether the greatest pleasure is in the anticipation or the reality.

There seems to be much misapprehension concerning the status of a suspended club and its members in their relations with the A. K. C. The suspended club is deprived of A. K. C. privileges. The individual standing of the members is not affected in the least, except in such case as they were officers. Of course, the Bull Terrier Club of America's suspension is the matter under consideration. The suspension clause concerning this matter is as follows: "Ordered, that the Bull Terrier Club of America be and is hereby granted fifteen days in which to comply with the resolution of this committee, adopted at its meeting April 1, 1896, in default of which said club and its officers, nolding office on Jan. 13, 1896, shall be suspended." The officers of the club not in the official capacity but as individuals are suspended, and the club as an organization is deprived of A. K. C. privileges.

Science Siftings this week contains an account of interesting—albeit cruel—experiments with regard to the brains of dogs, the result being to show that where dogs are trained to do things which require mental effort or the exercise of a special sense, such as the color sense or the sense of number, extraordinary development of certain portions of their brain ensues. This suggests the conclusion that training through many generations would enable the brains of dogs to approximate in some spheres of mental activity to those of men.—*British Fancier.*

Mr. H. B. Donovan, Secretary-Treasurer of the Canadian Kennel Club, announces that a nomination and executive meeting of the club will be held at Queen's Hotel, Toronto, on Friday, Aug. 7, at 8 P. M. The business to come before the meeting is to receive nominations for officers for the ensuing year, incorporation, reception of new members and other business.

On July 26 Thomas Atwater Jerome died at New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y., of acute gastritis. He was conspicuous in canine interests in the beginning of bench shows and field trials. For many years he held a position in the Custom House of New York, which ill health forced him to resign about four years ago. He was born in 1810.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

SQUIRREL SHOOTING WITH A BICYCLE.

[*Concluded from page 74.*]

FOR half an hour I listened to the sounds of the woods, the faint rustling of the leaves that every now and then suggested the scamper of a squirrel, the notes of the migrating robins in the treetops or the strident cawing of suspicious crows.

From time to time I could hear shots that betokened others were afield already, and I knew that my time for hunting was short, for soon the woods would be full of a medley assembly from city and country, and the game that wasn't killed would all be in hiding. So as I saw nothing I began to grow a trifle nervous, and consider the advisability of moving on.

A gun fired a short distance ahead deterred me, and presently my patience was rewarded, for I sighted squirrel number two coming through the trees in my direction. This squirrel, however, was of a capricious temper, and descended to the ground at frequent intervals, while at other times he made side excursions to various small hickories that as far as I could see contained no nuts. He was barely out of range during these maneuvers, and his conduct was highly exasperating considering the rapid approach of daylight and the consequent termination of my hunt.

After thirty minutes or so of such meaningless action, the squirrel at last appeared on the trunk of a fallen tree 50yds. away, and I risked a shot with the result of scoring a miss. I ran to the spot as fast as I could, knowing my action would rattle the squirrel and prevent him finding a good hiding place, and when I got to the log I stopped and sat down.

I scanned the neighboring trees without moving more than I could help, and presently detected a movement in the top of a large oak that grew on higher ground to my left. A little later the squirrel ran out on a dead branch and began cussing at the mortal who had given his nerves such a shock a moment before. This was my opportunity. So taking a very careful sight at the white chest which showed plainly over the small branch upon which the squirrel perched, I fired. The shot struck fair, but instead of falling the squirrel caught the branch by one hindfoot and hung, his body gently swaying backward and forward. I sat and watched him for several minutes, thinking he would fall, but though he showed no signs of life he still hung there supported by the involuntary grasp of his scimiter claws. Finally I dislodged him by another shot, and then I moved on to a corner where intersecting fences met.

I had seen squirrels before in this neighborhood, and an old and shattered chestnut of enormous proportions bore evidence of being a den tree by thousands of claw marks on its heavy trunk. The rail fence which ran past it, too, was literally covered with these hieroglyphics which are so full of meaning to the hunter of small game.

At this spot I did not have long to wait, for presently, right over toward the sun, I saw a gray approaching. He was a long distance off and looked very small as he ran along a branch outlined against the sky or down a tree trunk, but later he proved to be a particularly large squirrel. While watching this squirrel I suddenly spied a second following exactly the same path the first was taking. The route through the treetops was no doubt a well-known runway, for the second squirrel duplicated each crook and turn made by the first even to the minutest detail, though he was, as a rule, several trees behind. As the squirrels approached they passed a region where the trees, which were large oaks, grew very sparsely, and here it was interesting to watch their knowledge of the route.

At many points it seemed impossible that they could advance further without descending to the ground, but every time they conquered the difficulty without hesitation. Sometimes they would enter an apparently isolated tree, run up the trunk or down, as the case might be, and then almost doubling back on their track pass into some neighboring tree by the only available branch.

When the first squirrel was almost within range he executed a very peculiar maneuver, which, strangely enough, was exactly duplicated by the second. A large oak had one of its main branches near the top shattered either by lightning or the wind, and when this tree was reached both squirrels in succession ran out this branch to its very end and seemed to sink their bodies in some cavity. They remained here for some moments and then retraced their course to leave the tree, showing that this had been a detour with a purpose. What it meant I have no idea.

By the time the second squirrel had left the seared limb the first was in the act of crossing into the big chestnut near which I stood. For an instant both squirrels were lost to sight, and taking advantage of the opportunity offered I raised my rifle and held it ready to fire. A moment later the first gray came in sight, but I waited a little longer to give the second a chance to catch up.

The first squirrel ran up the side of the chestnut till he came near the top, and then fearing he would go into a hole and be lost I made a slight movement that caught his eye and gave me the chance for a shot. A better mark could not be desired than he made as he paused, outlined against the sky, and when I fired he came down, turning convulsive somersaults as he fell.

The same instant squirrel number two, who had meanwhile gained the chestnut, jumped around to my side of the tree to see what the trouble was, and I dropped him with the second shot immediately beside his partner. They fell so close to each other in fact that a handkerchief would have touched each as they lay.

This was destined to be my last game for the day, for as I moved on I began meeting parties of boys and men armed with shotguns every little distance, and soon the woods were full of hunters. These hunters made a practice of shooting every nest they came too, but they picked up very few squirrels in this way, and in fact it was only very occasionally that they could boast of any game at all.

It went against the grain to see the nests fired into, for undoubtedly squirrels were killed or wounded in some of them that could not be disloged, and it was a waste of breeding stock for another year. It was also a matter of some danger to be in the woods in company with so many reckless shooters, so I pushed my bicycle ahead rapidly, aiming for the Richmond road, a mile south of the point where I had left it in the morning. Once as I passed through a corner of the woods where there were less hunters than elsewhere I saw a gray on the ground 200yds. ahead, but he had treed or holed before I got there and I left him in peace.

After I reached the road it was all smooth sailing. The grade is down hill and one can coast most of the distance from the woods to the railroad. Though it was a holiday, large gangs of Italian laborers were at work on the street railway line, rushing it toward completion, and as I passed these the squirrels hanging from my handle bars were the cynosure of all eyes. Several times some swarthy workman rushed out in my path and asked to examine the game, and as I humored them knots of gesticulating, jabbering Dagos would cluster around and stroke and examine the squirrels. The instinct of the chase seems to be strong in these Italians, but I have never had the pleasure of seeing one that knew how to shoot, though one runs across them frequently in the woods about New York armed with all kinds of antiquated weapons.

I reached the Rapid Transit R. R. by 9 o'clock and was back in New York at 10, having enjoyed the pleasures of hunting and cycling combined. To my mind cycling is made doubly attractive if it has some object. It has never been any satisfaction to me to pedal off the miles without regard to circumstances or surroundings. If I can add a little exploration for signs of small game during the summer and a little hunting during the open season the pleasure is more than doubled. With the aid of the bicycle one can visit out-of-the-way nooks that are not easily accessible either by rail or on foot, and the weight of a small caliber repeater strapped to the wheel detracts in no way from its running qualities.

J. B. BURNHAM.

A New Record.

AN hour and twenty minutes for a distance of ten miles does not look like much of a record for a bicycle rider, yet when it is known that this was accomplished riding backward the time for the performance seems very creditable. A Frenchman named Paupart is the hero of this so-called record. The fact that he rode from Paris to Versailles over a crowded course and at the risk of constant collision with passing vehicles does add to one's appreciation of the quality of this crab-like rider's brains.

Swift Justice.

A YOUNG cyclist rushing along the Grosse Frankfurter Strasse at racing pace knocked down an old lady who was crossing the road. Without troubling himself about the result of the collision, he sprang on his machine and was rushing off, when, in his hurry, he himself came into violent contact with a beer wagon, one of the wheels of which passed over his right leg, breaking it above the ankle.—*Berliner Tageblatt.*

Egg Races.

IN Paris they have adapted the idea of potato races to bicycling by placing five eggs at different points in the course and requiring the bicycle riders to break them with their front wheels. Egg races are said to be highly amusing, for it is not as easy as it looks to break the eggs and finish in good time.

Night Effects.

ON the other side of the Atlantic they have a pretty custom of carrying paper lanterns at the handle bars of their bicycles instead of the conventional light. If one happens to be caught out late without his lamp all he has to do is to go to some convenient shop and buy a Chinese lantern, which costs but a few cents. Once in a while in New York one sees parties of cyclists so equipped, but here the idea seems mostly to be confined to the feminine element, which is quick to appreciate the attractive effect. Looking up the Boulevard these summer nights at the gliding lights of the hundreds of firefly bicyclists, the occasional parti-colored lights of the paper lanterns furnish pleasing contrasts in what *Life* has termed "The charge of the Light Brigade."

For the Chain.

BICYCLISTS who have not yet found a chain prescription that suits them might try the following, always bearing in mind the fact that gasoline is a bad thing to have in the neighborhood of a light. Clean the chain in kerosene to cut stiff grease; then cleanse with gasoline. Next immerse in a pan containing a mixture of hot vaseline and graphite, the graphite being added till the combination is nearly black. Work the chain around till the mixture enters all the joints, and when cold wipe the chain clean of all surplus grease. This treatment is said to last a long time, and it undoubtedly has good points; but the plan of mixing lubricants designed to act on the surface of the chain with those intended to penetrate the joints is of doubtful utility.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

S indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Union of L. I. Sound.
M indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Ass'n of Massachusetts.

AUGUST.

1. Beverly, 3d cham., Buzzard's Bay.
S 1. Indian Harbor, An., Greenwich, L. I. Sound.
1. Roy. St. Lawrence, cruise, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
1. Waterside, special.
1. Squantum, cham , Squantum, Mass.
M 1. Savin Hill, open, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
1. Chicago, dinghy race, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
New York Y. C. cruise—
3. Rendezvous, Glen Cove.
3-6. Interlake Y. R. A. regattas, Put-in-Bay, Lake Erie.
4. Fox Lake, club, Fox Lake, Ill.
4. Winthrop, evening race, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
S 5. Huntington, An., Huntington, L. I. Sound.
5. Plymouth, ladies' day, Plymouth Harbor.
6. Winthrop, evening race, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
8. Fox Lake, club, Fox Lake, Ill.
S 8. Hempstead Harbor, An , Glen Cove, L. I, Sound.
8. Beverly, open, Marblehead.
S 8. New Rochelle, special, New Rochelle, L. I. Sound.
8. Winthrop, race to Marblehead, cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
8. Rochester, club, Lake Ontario.
8. Roy. St. Lawrence, cruise, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
8-9. Interlake Y. R. A. cruise, Put-in Bay to Cleveland, Lake Erie.
M 10-11. Manchester, open, Manchester, Mass.
12-14. Corinthian, summer series, Marblehead.
15. Corinthian, club, Marblehead.
S 15. Corinthian fleet, An., New Rochelle, L. I. Sound.
15-20. Erie, open regattas, Erie, Lake Erie.
15. Squantum, Burkhardt cup, Squantum, Mass.
S 15. American, special, Milton Point, L. I. Sound.
15. Roy. St. Lawrence, cruise, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
S 15. Stamford, Hoyt cups, Stamford, L. I. Sound.
15. Cor. Atlantic City, ocean race, catboats, Atlantic City.
15. Chicago, race and run, Menominee, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
5. Eastern, Vineyard Haven to Marblehead.
7-22. Hempstead, An. cruise.
M 17-18. American, open, Newburyport.
18. Cor. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.
18. Roy. St. Lawrence, Hamilton trophy, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
18. Winthrop, evening race, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
18. Eastern, 30ft. regular and special knockabout, Marblehead.
19. Eastern, 30ft. regular and special, Marblehead.
M 20. American, open, Portsmouth, N. H.
21. Kennebuckport, open, Kennebuckport, Me.]
M 21-22. Wellfleet, open, Wellfleet.
22 Beverly, 4th cham , Buzzard's Bay.
M 22. Revere, open, Revere, Lynn Bay.
22. Roy. St. Lawrence, Hamilton trophy, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
S 22. Horseshoe Harbor, An., Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
S 22. Riverside, special, Riverside, L I. Sound.
22. Hull, open, Hull, Boston Harbor.
24-26. International races, Toledo, Lake Erie.
M 25. Duxbury, Plymouth Harbor.
M 26. Plymouth, inside race, Plymouth Harbor.
M 27. Kingston, open, Plymouth Harbor.
27. Rochester, club, Lake Ontario.
29. Winthrop, club, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
29. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
M 29. Cape Cod, open, Provincetown.
S 29. Huguenot, open, New Rochelle, L. I. Sound.
S 29. Huntington, open, Huntington, L. I. Sound.
S 29. Seawanhaka, special, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.

SEPTEMBER.

3. Cor. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.
S 5. Stamford, An , Stamford, L. I. Sound.
5. Larchmont, special, Larchmont, L I. Sound.
M 5. South Boston, open, City Point, Boston Harbor.
5. Beverly, 4th open sweeps, Buzzard's Bay.
6. Winthrop, sail, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
7. New York Y. R. A., An , New York Bay.
7. Beverly, open, Buzzard's Bay.
7. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
M 7. Lynn, open, Lynn, Boston Harbor.
M 7. Old Colony, open, Nahant.
S 7. Norwalk, open, Norwalk, L. I. Sound.
7. Hempstead, open.
7. Toledo, open, Toledo, Lake Erie.
10-13. Cleveland, open regattas, Cleveland, Lake Erie.
12. Beverly, 5th cham., Buzzard's Bay.
12. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
S 12. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, L. I. Sound.
12. Larchmont, special, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
S 12. Sea Cliff, special, Sea Cliff, L. I. Sound.
12. Squantum, Burkhardt cup, Squantum, Mass.
12. Chicago, open, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
16. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.
18. Hempstead, closing day.
19. Eastern, knockabout class, Marblehead.
S 19. American, fall regatta, Milton Point, L. I. Sound.
26. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
S 26. Riverside, special, Riverside, L. I. Sound.
26. Squantum, Burkhardt cup, Squantum, Mass.

OCTOBER.

3. Cor. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.

Canarsie Y. C. Special Race.

THE Canarsie Y. C. sailed a special race on July 19 for cups presented by Com. C. O. Herx and Vice-Com. F. V. McGeehan, the course being a 10-mile triangle. The wind was fresh from the south. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Siren	2 52 01	4 52 47	2 00 46	1 59 35
So So	2 52 46	4 47 51	1 55 05	1 53 30
Caddie	2 52 46	4 53 02	2 00 16	2 00 09
Lochinvar	2 53 00	4 54 02	2 01 02	1 56 32
Peach	2 53 05	Did not finish.		
Anna	2 54 03	Did not finish.		
Meteor	2 54 29	4 50 26	1 55 57	1 54 02

The 30ft. Class at Newport.

AFTER the regular Sound regattas of the early part of July, the 30ft. fleet divided, a number of them going to Newport, where their owners reside. To keep the sport going in the class, Messrs. Duryea, Ellis and several others arranged a series of sweepstake races, to be sailed off Newport, the first of which took place on July 14. The starters were Asahi, sailed by Capt. Nat Watson; Hera, sailed by Mr. C. Burd; Vaquero III., sailed by Mr. Duryea, and Esperanza, sailed by Capt. Aubrey Crocker. The course was from off Brenton's Cove around Dyer's Island Buoy and return, keeping to the westward of Rose Island, 18 miles. There was a fresh S.W. wind and a sea in Narragansett Bay when the race was started at 2:35. Hera led on the reach to Rose Island, then they squared away and set spinakers for the lee mark, where the times were:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Asahi	3 30 15	1 00 15
Esperanza	3 30 26	1 00 26
Vaquero	3 30 34	1 00 34
Hera	3 30 50	1 00 50

On the beat home Hera lost her mast, the stick breaking just below the head; she was towed home by a steam yacht. Asahi sailed out in the channel, where the breeze was stronger than inshore, though the water was rougher, and easily distanced the others which held to the shore. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Asahi	2 30 00	4 44 30	2 14 30
Esperanza	2 30 00	4 47 15	2 17 15
Vaquero	2 30 00	Did not finish.	
Hera	2 30 00	Did not finish.	

Only three boats started on July 15, Hera not having a new mast. Mr. Bayard Thayer, owner of Asahi, sailed her, the other two being handled as on the previous day. The wind was still from the S.W., with rough water, the course being direct to Dyer's Island and return, 16 miles. Vaquero was first over the line, with a reef in her mainsail. After a start at 2:35, the turn was timed:

Vaquero.....3 19 00 Esperanza.....3 19 04
Asahi.....3 19 03

In beating home Mr. Duryea steered the best course and won very cleverly, the final times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero III	2 33 00	4 30 36	1 57 36
Esperanza	2 33 00	4 33 23	2 00 45
Asahi	2 33 00	4 33 45	2 00 23

In the third race, on July 17, a new course was chosen, down the Bay from Brenton's Cove and around the Brig Ledge Buoy, off Wickford, 17 miles. There was a moderate S.E. breeze. Asahi won, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Asahi	2 35 00	5 11 55	2 36 55
Esperanza	2 35 00	5 13 10	2 38 10
Vaquero III	2 35 00	5 16 30	2 41 30

On July 18 the Dyer's Island course was sailed again, a S.E. wind of moderate force making a run up and beat back. Hera was in trim again and made up the quartette. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Esperanza	2 25 00	4 59 18	2 34 18
Vaquero III	2 25 00	5 04 25	2 39 25
Hera	2 25 00	5 04 47	2 39 47
Asahi	2 25 00	5 00 07	2 41 07

The fifth race was sailed on July 22 under different conditions, a light S.W. wind and rain. A triangular course, from off Brenton's Cove around a mark off Jamestown and the Bishop's Rock Buoy, two rounds, making 14 miles The start was made at 3:15, Asahi leading over the line and around the course, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Asahi	5 48 15	2 33 15
Esperanza	5 49 50	2 34 50
Vaquero III	5 50 45	2 35 45
Hera	5 51 40	2 36 40

On July 24 a race was sailed over the Jamestown and Bishop's Rock Buoy triangle, starting in a very light wind that increased to a fresh breeze during the race, the day being rainy. Hera got a good lead early in the race, and finally won, though Asahi was a close second. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hera	2 35 00	5 21 55	2 46 55
Asahi	2 35 00	5 22 05	2 47 05
Esperanza	2 35 00	5 22 45	2 47 45
Vaquero	2 35 00	5 24 48	2 49 48

Another race was sailed next day over the 18-mile course around Brig Ledge Buoy, the wind being very light and favorable. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Asahi	7 04 09	4 29 09
Vaquero	7 12 20	4 37 20
Hera	7 12 30	4 37 30
Wawa	7 16 30	4 41 30

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.—Roosevelt Cup.

OYSTER BAY, L. I.

Saturday, July 18.

THE Seawanhaka C. Y. C sailed a club race for the Alfred Roosevelt Memorial cup on July 18, open to yachts under 50ft. racing length. The day was fair, with a light breeze; the course was on Cold Spring and Oyster Bay harbors, starting and finishing off the club house. The times were:

	Length.	Allowance.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nameless	24.09	16 23	3 20 43	5 41 58	2 21 58	2 05 35
Bogie	19.00	26 50	3 20 57	5 42 11	2 22 11	1 55 21
El Heirie	14.93	37 31	3 20 15	5 41 15	2 21 15	1 43 44
Dodo	25.00	16 15	3 21 02	5 43 51	2 23 51	2 07 36
Meteor	24.00	17 44	3 20 30	5 48 13	2 28 31	2 10 29
Mirth	41.70	Allows.	3 21 35	6 00 22	2 40 22	2 40 22
Indolent	37.00	3 26	3 21 21	5 27 29	2 17 29	2 14 03

El Heirie won very easily, defeating all but Indolent on elapsed time and with a big allowance to spare. A race for the club cats was also sailed, resulting as follows:

Start 3:30.	Finish.
L. L. Brewer	5 31 57
C. A. Sherman	5 30 24
D. Burnham	5 33 47
Jacob Smith	5 30 53

LADIES' RACE.

The Seawanhaka C. Y. C. sailed a ladies' race on July 25, the conditions being: Each boat must be steered by a lady of the family of a member of the club or a lady, his guest. Crews shall be limited to three in number and must be ladies of the families of members or ladies, their guests. A "life guard," in the form of a man, who must be a competent sailor, shall be carried on board each boat. He shall refrain from assisting by word or act in the management of the boat during the race, except in case of danger. Should he find it necessary to thus interfere, his boat shall be disqualified and must immediately withdraw from the race. A signed declaration that this condition has been strictly complied with will be required from the life guard on the winning boat. A life guard may warn his crew if in danger of physical injury and may inform the skipper as to right of way when approaching another boat.

One catboat was manned by Mrs. D. Leroy Dresser, with C. A. Sherman as life guard; the other by Miss Bisland, the former being the winner. The prize, offered by Com. Rouse, was a silk belt with gold clasp bearing the club burgee in enamel.

Ogdensburgh Y. C. Regatta.

THE first regatta of the Ogdensburgh Y. C. on July 28 has attracted the sailing men of the St. Lawrence, and a very large attendance of spectators is promised. The principal event will be the race of the 15-footers for the handsome trophy already described. The course will be a 4-mile triangle on the river off Ogdensburgh, sailed three times. The first event, to start at 11 A. M., will be the open race for the Bell challenge cup, open only to yachts enrolled in the Ogdensburgh Y. C., the cup to be won three times by a yacht in order to be held permanently. It has been won twice by the catboat Gether. Some of the 15-footers will probably start in this race, receiving time from the larger catboats and sloops.

The 15-footers will start at 2 P. M., the entries being:

Club.	Skipper.	Crew.
Sothis, Royal St. Lawrence	G. H. Duggan	.....
Missie, Royal St. Lawrence	Mr. Kitson	V. Pelletier.
Anita, Royal St. Lawrence	S. Davidson	H. G. Eadie.
Mischief, Royal St. Lawrence	W. A. C. Hamilton	Arthur Hamilton.
Peggy, Ogdensburgh	W. I. Zerega	C. A. Hayden.
Gold Bug	G. Dorwin	J. Leair.
Vesper, Vesper	Paul Butler	Butler Ames.

Sothis is the younger sister of Glencairn, the models being practically identical. She has the Scarecrow rig, of large area.

Missie, Mischief and Anita are also of the Montreal fleet, the latter with a gaffsail. The three with the leg-o'-mutton sails have a very light jackstay, a single strip of steel. All have large steel centerboards. Peggy is an exact duplicate of the original Ethelwynn in model and rig. Gold Bug was built surreptitiously by one of the workmen who was employed on Ethelwynn when she was built at the Clayton shops last year, and who availed himself of the opportunity to make a copy of the design. She is rigged with a gaffsail. Vesper is in the same trim as in the Seawanhaka trial races, but has a new sail, boom and gaff by Wilson & Silsby, and a new centerboard, a single plate of steel. With a good breeze a close and exciting race is probable. After the 15ft. race four crews from Brockville will compete in four-oared shells. In the evening a reception will be tendered to the visitors by the Century Club, of Ogdensburgh.

The City of the Straits Trophy.

THE silver ship offered in 1887 by Detroit yachtsmen as a permanent trophy for any yacht winning it three times, and won by the City of the Straits, has just been redonated as a permanent challenge trophy under the following conditions:

Whereas, The City of the Straits Yacht Racing Association on the 20th day of May, 1892, made and executed a certain deed of trust of the Mabley & Co. silver ship—a trophy won by said association—to the undersigned as trustees, to be preserved as a perpetual challenge cup to be competed for by sailing yachts under certain rules, conditions and regulations;

Whereas, It has been found impossible to comply in all respects with the literal terms of said deed and secure the competition desired and intended by the grantor; now,

Therefore, We, the trustees named in said deed of trust, in order to carry out the intent of the grantors in said deed and by virtue of the power granted us therein, do make the following terms and conditions under which said trophy shall be sailed for, to wit:

1. This ship shall be designated and offered as a challenge prize to be awarded under the conditions herein following to the yacht club represented by the winner of the international race to be sailed at the head of Lake Erie on Aug. 24, 25 and 26, between the yachts Canada, of Hamilton, Ont., and Vencedor, of Chicago.

2. This ship shall always remain as a perpetual international challenge trophy for friendly competition between organized yacht clubs on the chain of lakes.

3. The winner of this silver ship in the races above mentioned shall give a bond for its safekeeping and delivery under the conditions following to the trustees herein named, and shall hold the same subject to the conditions following:

4. Any organized yacht club on said chain of lakes, either in the United States or Canada, shall always be entitled to the right of sailing a match for this silver ship with a yacht or vessel propelled by sails only against any yacht or vessel belonging to or enrolled in the club holding the ship.

5. Any club challenging for this silver ship shall give three months' notice in writing to the club holding the same, naming the dates for the proposed races, but no race shall be sailed on any of the days intervening between Nov. 1 and May 30. Accompanying the three months' notice of challenge there must be sent the name of the owner and a certificate of name, rig and the following dimensions of the challenging vessel, viz.: Length on the load waterline; beam at load waterline; extreme beam, and draft of water.

6. All challenge races for this silver ship shall be sailed in the open lake, as follows: The first race, 10 nautical miles to windward and return; the second race, an equilateral triangle of 21 nautical miles, the first side of which shall be a dead to windawrd; the third race, if necessary, shall be 10 nautical miles to windward and return. One week day shall intervene between the conclusion of the first and the start of the next race. These courses shall be practicable in all parts for vessels of 12ft. draft of water, and shall be selected by the club defending the silver ship. These races shall be sailed subject to the rules and sailing regulations of the New York Y. C. as far as the same do not conflict with the provisions of this deed of gift.

7. The challenged club shall not be required to name its representative vessel until the time agreed upon for the start, but the vessel, when named, must compete in all races, and each of such races must be completed within five hours or no race.

8. Should the club holding the silver ship be for any cause dissolved, the custody of said ship shall at once revert to the trustees herein named, as successors or assigns.

9. It is distinctly understood that said ship is to be the property of the club, subject to the provisions of this deed, and not the property of the owner or owners of the vessel winning the match.

10. When a challenge from the club fulfilling all the conditions required by this instrument has been received, no other challenge shall be considered until the pending event has been decided.

(Signed) ALEXANDER I. MCLEOD,
C. D. JOSLIN,
BRUCE GOODFELLOW.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

A special meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on July 16, at which the following amendment to the racing rules was finally adopted: Amend rule 1, section 3, as follows: Class IV.—Not over 60 and over 51ft. racing length. Class V.—Not over 51 and over 43ft. racing length. Class VI.—Not over 43 and over 36ft. racing length. Class VII.—Not over 36ft. racing length. This classification is in accord with that of the other leading New York clubs in and out of the Yacht Racing Union, and is a decided improvement upon the old one of the New York Y. C., both in evening up the limits of the classes and in including the smaller yachts. The following members were elected: Leroy Taylor, Jr., William H. Hampton, George G. Tyson, Lieut. M. A. Anderson, U. S. N.; Paymaster Charles Webster Littlefield, U. S. N.; Lieut. William Veazie Pratt, U. S. N.; George R. Thorne, Francis Peabody Magoun, Augustus C. Tyler, Capt. R. D. Evans, U. S. N.; Ensign H. K. Hines, U. S. N.; G. K. Clarke, Jr., Nathaniel L. Francis, Dr. George L. Peabody, John E. Wayland, George W. Merrihew, J. Langeloth, Thomas McCaleb, Lieut. Henry P. Huse, U. S. N.; J. Joseph Albright, George P. Andrews, Robert H. McCurdy, Frederick Berg, Jr., J. Murray Mitchell, Past Assistant Engineer Martin Bevington, U. S. N.; Edward F. Cole, Charles Raoul Duval, Harry L. Kennedy and James M. Hoghart.

Something novel in the way of a steam launch is now on the ways at Ayers' shops, Nyack, designed by C. D. Mosher for F. P. Magoun, of New York. She is 40ft. over all, with a beam of under 5ft. and intended to carry 200 H. P., a single screw, quadruple expansion engine. The frames are of aluminum angles ¾×¾×⅛in., spaced 6in; the keelsons, stringers and other members are of aluminum, and the planking is double, the outer skin of ¼in. mahogany. There are six bulkheads of aluminum. In model she is unlike the Feiseen and Nada type, with a deep U section and round bilge more like a rowing gig, but the stern is a modification of the hourglass pattern. A speed of thirty miles is looked for. Messrs Mosher and Magoun have been at work for a long time experimenting with models, perfect working models of hull and engines to a scale of 1½in. having been constructed and run in the baths of the Produce Exchange, New York.

An interesting novelty among our exchanges is the special fiftieth anniversary number of the *Scientific American*, a publication in every way worthy of the event it is designed to commemorate, the half century anniversary of this great technical journal. The marvelous progress of invention during this period is ably described in a series of special articles on such subjects as the Trans-Atlantic Steamship, Railroads and Bridges, Physics and Chemistry, Progress of Printing, Iron and Steel, Phonograph, Telephone, Naval and Coast Defense, the Sewing Machine, Electric Engineering, the Locomotive, Photography, Telegraph, Telescopes, the Bicycle. A special feature of the number is the $250 prize essay on "The Progress of Inventions During the Past Fifty Years." Apart from any transient interest, the number is well worthy of preservation as a comprehensive and reliable record of progress in the arts and sciences.

On Tuesday, Aug. 4, a regatta will be held at Port Dover, Ontario, on the north shore of Lake Erie, preceded by a rendezvous and reception on Monday, with a dance in the evening for the visiting yachtsmen. The regatta will be open to yachts in three classes, 40ft. and over, 30 to 40ft., and under 30ft., and will be sailed under the rules of the Interlake Y. A. Particulars may be obtained of J. E. Itter, Port Dover, Ontario.

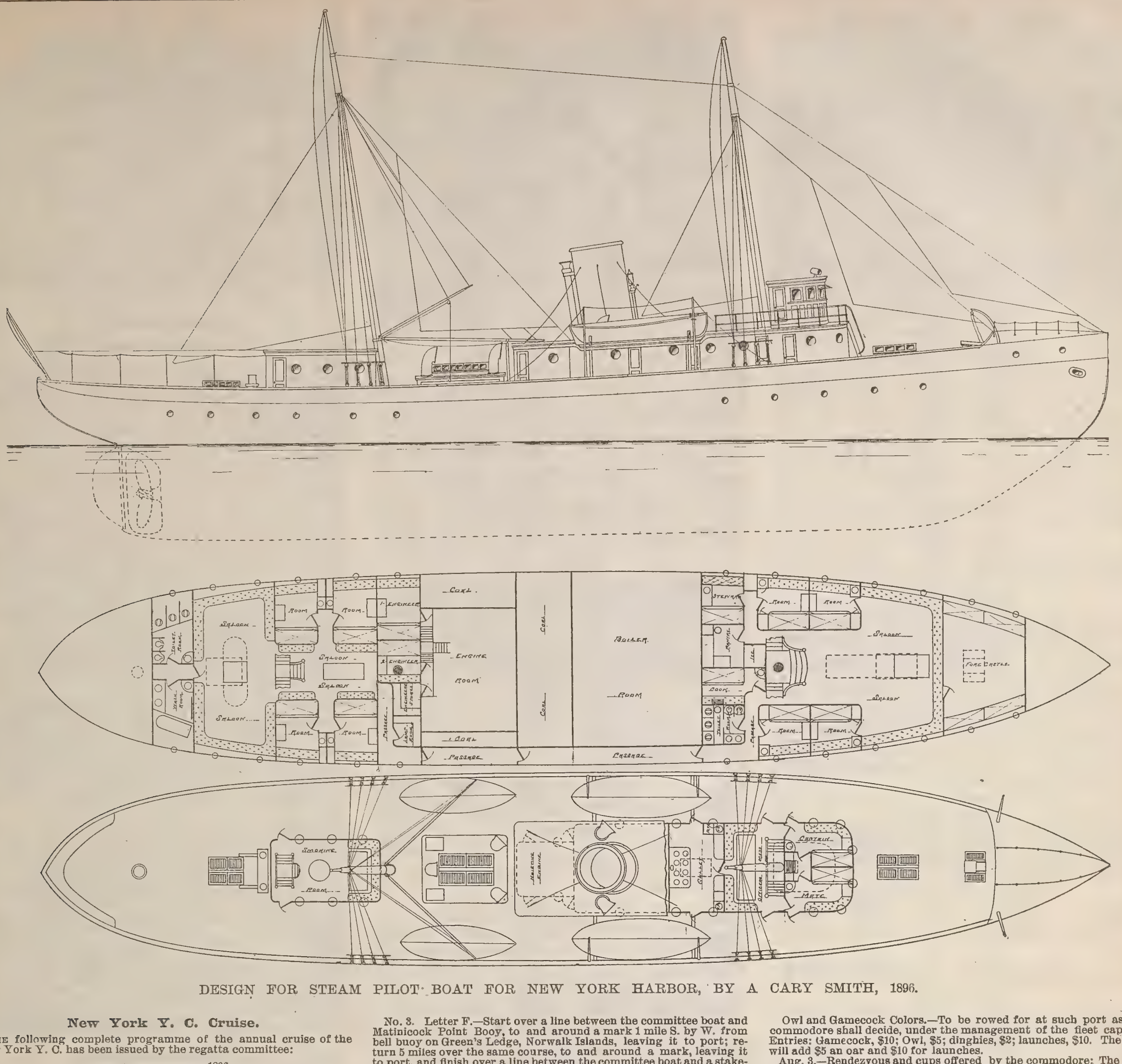
The 1896 edition of "Kiley's Yachtsman's Guide and Nautical Calendar," compiled and published by M. J. Kiley, Boston, still holds its place as one of the most convenient and useful aids to the yachtsman. The information in the form of charts and sailing directions has been revised to date, new illustrations have been added, and everything possible has been done to improve it; the price remaining at the same low figure.

The annual regatta of the Riverside Y. C. will be sailed on Aug. 1 over the club course off Riverside, Conn. Prizes will be offered in all regular and special classes of the Y. R. U., whose rules will govern. Entries must be made in writing to George E. Gartland, 11 Wall street, New York.

A handsome cup has been offered by Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont for a series of races for the 15ft. class off Newport this month, her son, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., owning one of the yachts, the handsome bulb-fin built by the Herreshoffs last year.

On July 23 the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal, gave a warm reception at its Dorval quarters to Messrs. Duggan and Shearwood, a very large number of members and guests being present.

Alborak, the Paine 40-footer of 1891, has been put in commission and will be used by John G. Paine this season. Gen. Paine still owns Jubilee, but has no yacht in commission.



DESIGN FOR STEAM PILOT BOAT FOR NEW YORK HARBOR, BY A CARY SMITH, 1896.

New York Y. C. Cruise.

The following complete programme of the annual cruise of the New York Y. C. has been issued by the regatta committee:

THE AUGUST CRUISE, 1896.

Rendezvous, Glen Cove, L. I., Aug. 3.—In conformity with General Orders No. 2, the regatta committee announce the following details with regard to the racing events and other incidents of the cruise:

General Directions.—By invitation of the Commodore, the committee will make the cruise on the Sylvia. Yachts entered for any racing event will display their private signals and numbers as directed in Rule IX., section 3. They will show no other colors. Club rules will govern all events unless otherwise directed. The course will be signaled before the preparatory signal is made. Should a signal gun miss fire, a prolonged blast of the whistle will be given. At the finish of each race the Sylvia will display a large club signal at the fore and show a red ball by day, and after dark she will show four white lights, hung vertically, and will burn club signals at ten minute intervals. Yacht numbers, extra copies of this circular and detailed sailing directions for the Goelet cups can be obtained at the club house and on the Sylvia.

Cruising Trim.—Anchors on the bow and at least one cable bent; cruising complement of boats carried (launches optional); cruising deck, cabin and galley fittings and fixtures in place; topsails extending above the truck and beyond the end of the gaff barred. Water can be taken into the tanks up to 8 A. M.

N. B.—The tug Edward Luckenback, which has been chartered as a general utility boat, will accompany the squadron. When she takes the Sylvia's place at the finish of a race she will be distinguished by the same signals as those directed for the Sylvia. Members wishing to proceed on her from port to port will notify the superintendent of the club, who will be on board. On Aug. 3 she will leave N. Y. Y. C. station No. 2 for Glen Cove at 9 A. M.

Glen Cove, Aug. 3.—The Commodore offers a cup for schooners and a cup for single-masted vessels and yawls. This event will be open to yachts belonging to the club, in cruising trim; and it will not be restricted to yachts intending to make the cruise. Special prizes—The Commodore also offers a cup for 30-footers owned by members of the club, two or more to start, and a cup for second, if four or more start.

The start will be off Glen Cove at such time in the afternoon as the meeting on the flagship shall decide. The finish will be off Huntington Harbor.

STARTING SIGNALS.

No. 1. Preparatory.—A gun will be fired and the blue peter hoisted.

No. 2. Start for 30-footers (one-gun start.)—Ten minutes later a second gun will be fired and the blue peter lowered.

No. 3. Start for single-masted vessels and yawls.—Five minutes later a third gun will be fired and a red ball hoisted.

No. 4 Start for schooners (handicap time for single-masted vessels, etc.).—Five minutes later a fourth gun will be fired and a second red ball hoisted.

No. 5. Handicap time for schooners.—Five minutes later a fifth gun will be fired and both balls will drop.

COURSES.

No. 1. Letter C.—Start over a line between the committee boat and Matinicock Point Buoy, to and around a mark 10 miles E.N.E. from the point of starting, leaving it to port; thence 5 miles west to and around a mark, leaving it to port, and finish over a line between the committee boat and a stakeboat 1 mile west from Eaton's Point light, 21 miles.

No. 2. Letter D.—Start over a line between the committee boat and Matinicock Point Buoy, to and around a mark 1 mile north of Lloyd's Point Buoy, leaving it to port; to and around a mark 1¾ miles E. by S. from Great Captain's Island light, leaving it to port, and finish over a line between the committee boat and a stakeboat 1 mile west from Eaton's Point light, 21 miles.

No. 3. Letter F.—Start over a line between the committee boat and Matinicock Point Booy, to and around a mark 1 mile S. by W. from bell buoy on Green's Ledge, Norwalk Islands, leaving it to port; return 5 miles over the same course, to and around a mark, leaving it to port, and finish over a line between the committee boat and a stakeboat 1 mile west from Eaton's Point light, 21 miles.

N. B.—The marks will be floats displaying red flag with white stripe. The stakeboat will display a large club signal.

Newport, Aug. 7.—For schooners, a $1,000 cup. For single-masted vessels and yawls, a $500 cup; offered by Capt. Ogden Goelet, N. Y. Y. C., and open to yachts belonging to the club that have not hauled out to clean since the commencement of the cruise. Capt. Goelet reserves the privilege of inviting foreign yachts that may be in American waters to enter the race.

Course.—The course will be triangular, 10 miles to a leg, from Brenton's Reef Lightship.

Start.—Half-past ten A. M., off Brenton's Reef Lightship. Entries, which must be in writing, will be received at the club house, New York, up to 10 P. M., Aug. 2, and on board the Sylvia up to 8 A. M., Aug. 7.

There will be the customary runs from port to port in cruising trim.

Entries.—Crossing the line will be regarded as an entry, unless otherwise directed.

Prizes.—In each class (including mixed class, Rule II.) there will be a prize for first if two or more start, and a prize for second if four or more start.

Special Prizes.—The vice-commodore offers a cup for the schooner winning the greatest number of runs, all schooners sailing as one class. The rear-commodore offers a cup for single-masted vessels and yawls upon similar terms. The fleet captain will offer a cup for 30-footers owned by members of the club, to be sailed for at Newport during the cruise.

STARTING SIGNALS.

No. 1. Preparatory.—A gun will be fired and the blue peter hoisted.

No. 2. Start for single-masted vessels and yawls.—Ten minutes later a second gun will be fired, the blue peter lowered and a red ball hoisted.

No. 3. Start for schooners (handicap time for single-masted vessels, etc.)—Five minutes later a third gun will be fired and a second red ball hoisted.

No. 4. Handicap time for schooners.—Five minutes later a fifth gun will be fired and both balls will drop.

COURSES.

After the commodore has ordered the squadron under way, the committee will establish the start lines, which, like the finish lines, will be between the committee boat and the points indicated below.

Huntington Bay to New London.—From Eaton's Point Buoy to New London Light, leaving Cornfield Shoal L. S., and Bartlett's Reef L. S. to port; 64 miles.

Huntington Bay to Morris Cove.—From Eaton's Point Buoy to a mark displaying red flag with white stripe, one mile south from Luddington Rock; 28 miles.

Morris Cove to New London.—From a mark displaying red flag with white stripe, off breakwater, to New London Light, leaving Bartlett's Reef Lightship on port hand; 40 miles.

New London to Newport.—From Sarah's Ledge Buoy to Castle Hill Light, leaving Race Rock on port hand; 40 miles.

Newport to Vineyard Haven.—From Brenton's Reef Lightship to West Chop Buoy (red No. 2), leaving Vineyard Sound Lightship on port hand; 37 miles.

Vineyard Haven to New Bedford.—From West Chop Buoy to Clark's Point, through Quick's Holl; 21 miles.

New Bedford to Newport.—From Clark's Point Light to Brenton's Reef Lightship, leaving Hen and Chickens Lightship on starboard hand; 27 miles.

Vineyard Haven to Newport.—From West Chop Buoy to Brenton's Reef Lightship, leaving Vineyard Sound Lightship on starboard hand; 37 miles.

Owl and Gamecock Colors.—To be rowed for at such port as the commodore shall decide, under the management of the fleet captain. Entries: Gamecock, $10; Owl, $5; dinghies, $2; launches, $10. The club will add $5 an oar and $10 for launches.

Aug. 3.—Rendezvous and cups offered by the commodore: The Sam Sloan (Starin Transportation Lines) will leave N. Y. Y. C., Station No. 2 (foot of East Twenty-sixth street) at 10 A. M., and will make a landing at Glen Cove. She will touch at Glen Cove returning, and will reach Station No. 2 at about 7 P. M. Tickets (which can be obtained from the superintendent at the club house, and which will include lunch, exclusive of wines, etc.) for members and their friends, $2 each. Ladies tickets, $1.

Newport, Aug. 7.—The Goelet cups. The ocean going tug, E. L. Luckenback, will leave the foot of Long Wharf (Old Colony Dock) at 9:45 A. M. Members can obtain tickets, $2 each, including lunch, but exclusive of wines, etc., and also extra tickets at the same price from the superintendent at the New York club house, on or before Aug. 2; or from Captain F. P. Sands, N. Y. Y. C., Station No. 6, Newport, on or before the morning of the race.

S. Nicholson Kane,
Archibald Rogers,
Gouverneur Kortright,
Regatta Committee.

Steam in the Pilot Service.

The present year has witnessed a radical change in the pilot service of New York in the abandonment of the fleet of sailing vessels so long used and so famous, in favor of a smaller number of steam vessels. As conducted from the earliest days, in sailing vessels of fifty to eighty tons, the fleet has of late years included over twenty pilot boats owned by New York pilots and about ten by New Jersey pilots. Some dozen years back an attempt was made to substitute steam for sail, the large, sea-going tug Hercules being used by a party of pilots; but it met with violent opposition and was soon abandoned. This year, however, the experiment has been made by common consent, the entire fleet of over twenty schooners has been offered for sale, and a tug chartered to take their place. This temporary vessel will shortly be replaced by a new steam pilot boat specially designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith, the designer of Lasca, Iroquois, Ariel and the Sound steamers Peck and Lowell. The accompanying plans show the proposed vessel, the contracts for which have not yet been awarded. The dimensions are: over all 155ft., l.w.l. 141ft., beam 28ft., draft 14ft. She will be built of steel and fitted with powerful engines. The design is specially planned for the hard service off the coast in all weathers, to make a fast and eminently seaworthy vessel.

The Halifax River Y. C.

The Halifax River Y.C., of Daytona, east coast of Florida, was organized in the winter of 1896, and has a club house now building on the beautiful Halifax, Daytona. The club started with forty members. The club consists mostly of Northerners who spend the winter by the Halifax, escaping the rigor of the Northern winter climate. V. Vuillaume, the commodore, is one of the old Jersey City Y. C. members who has been located for some fifteen years on the Halifax in the orange culture.

The following yachts are enrolled in the club: Sultana, 18ft., Carl Knapp, Port Orange; Tritan, 17ft., C. Ruell, Chicago; Omia, 18ft., J. H. Dimon, Brooklyn; Ah-Ah, 18ft., C. Merrill, Maine; Wautag, 19ft., M. Edsell, Brooklyn; Belle, 18ft., Jerome Maley, Daytona; Long Nose, 22ft., W. Brom, Port Orange; Arrow, 16ft., W. Readsley, Connecticut; Winkle, 16, Robert Maley, Daytona; Weasel, 16ft., R. Stan, Wisconsin; Unknown, 18ft., Charles Frossard, Port Orange; Spray, 20ft., John F. Mumm, Brooklyn.

The club has sailed two races, February and March, course 5 miles to windward and return, each won by Sultana.

Larchmont Race Week, 1896.

As told last week, the first annual race week of the Larchmont Y. C. opened on July 18 with the postponed annual regatta of July 4, continuing as follows:

SECOND DAY.

Monday, July 20.

The programme for Monday included a special race for schooners in racing trim, in one class; a special race for schooners in cruising trim, one class; the third series race for 34ft. and 30ft. special classes; a special race for the 21ft. class, and a race for the 15ft. class. Of the schooners, Colonia, Emerald and Amorita sailed in the racing division, and Ramona, Atlantic and Elsemarie as cruisers. There was a fresh S.W. breeze, with a little rain at times, the conditions making a lively and exciting race. The usual club triangles were sailed, the start being made at 11:30. The first round was timed:

Colonia	1 08 55	Carolina	1 32 53
Emerald	1 12 46	Raccoon	1 32 59
Amorita	1 20 08	Mai	1 33 10
Acushla	1 26 35	Departure	1 33 24
Dragoon	1 26 47	Musme	1 36 20
Ramona	1 28 33	Argonaut	1 36 38
Elsemarie	1 31 05	Atlantic	1 38 46

The 21-footers and 15-footers were not timed. In the 30ft. class both Mai and Carolina were disabled while holding leading places and compelled to withdraw. Departure sailed with a reefed mainsail and scored her first victory in the class, coming in first. The full times were:

SCHOONERS—IN RACING TRIM.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Colonia	11 35 32	2 38 31	3 02 59	3 02 59
Emerald	11 26 23	2 46 04	3 09 41	3 07 58
Amorita	11 36 33	2 57 53	3 21 20	3 08 16

SCHOONERS—IN CRUISING TRIM.

Elsemarie	11 37 25	3 15 34	3 38 09	3 38 09
Ramona	11 38 00	3 10 58	3 32 58	3 32 58
Atlantic	11 38 00	3 29 12	3 51 12	3 39 56

SPECIAL 34FT. CLASS.

Dragoon	11 44 52	3 06 33	3 21 41	. . .
Acushla	11 45 49	3 06 05	3 20 16	. . .

SPECIAL 30FT. CLASS—START 11:51.

Musme	. . .	3 13 27	3 22 27	. . .
Departure	. . .	3 12 42	3 21 42	. . .
Argonaut	. . .	3 21 13	3 30 13	. . .
Raccoon	. . .	3 12 52	3 21 52	. . .
Mai	. . .	Disabled.		
Carolina	. . .	Not timed.		

15FT. CLASS—START 11:56.

Paprika	. . .	1 57 41	2 01 41	. . .
Hope	. . .	2 15 57	2 19 57	. . .
Yola	. . .	Not timed.		

21FT. CLASS.

Houri	11 44 53	1 40 08	1 55 15	. . .
Celia	11 44 12	1 41 01	1 56 48	. . .
Vaquero	11 45 15	1 42 58	1 57 43	. . .

THIRD DAY.

Tuesday, July 21.

The programme for Tuesday was a varied one, giving the racing men a day of rest and more or less boisterous amusement about the harbor; it included a four-oared gig race for the Hen and Chickens Colors, presented by Com. Gillig; pair-oared gig race, for Dauntless Colors, presented by H. B. Seeley; dinghy race, for Execution Colors, presented by H. B. Seeley; race for naphtha launches exceeding 21ft. l.w.l.; race for naphtha launches 21ft. l.w.l and under; race for the Eastward and Westward challenge cup; tub races and water sports, and an illumination and ball in the evening.

Fortunately the day was pleasant, as many ladies were among the spectators. The first race, for naphtha launches, was won by Republic in one class and Sachem in the other. The Hen and Chickens Colors were won by Ramona's gig. Crusader's pair-oared gig won the Dauntless Colors and Amorita's dinghy won the Execution Colors. The rest of the day was devoted to general water sports, swimming races, water baseball, etc., and in the evening the club house and grounds were illuminated and a ball was given.

FOURTH DAY.

Wednesday, July 22.

Wednesday was a day of calms and drifting, with rain and mist in the morning. Emerald did not start, so that the schooner class was reduced to Colonia and Amorita, an ill-matched pair in size. The programme included open races for all classes and fourth series races for the 34ft. and 30ft. classes. The racing throughout was fluky and inconclusive. The times were:

SCHOONERS—SPECIAL—CLASS A.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Viator	12 08 00	3 30 04	3 22 04	3 22 04
Sachem	12 08 00	5 11 22	5 03 22	4 58 22
Ramona	12 08 00	6 15 33	6 07 33	6 07 33

Once around the course, 10¾ nautical miles. Viator wins by 1h. 36m. 18s.

SCHOONERS—CLASS B.

Colonia	12 06 07	6 45 10	6 39 03	6 39 03
Amorita	12 06 11	6 49 30	6 43 19	6 33 57

Twice around the course, 21½ nautical miles.

CUTTERS—CLASS 4.

Wasp	12 13 52	7 07 46	6 53 54	6 53 54
Carmita	12 13 46	Did not finish.		

Twice around the course, 21½ nautical miles.

CUTTERS—CLASS 5.

Uvira	12 16 00	Did not finish.
Choctaw	12 16 00	Did not finish.

CUTTERS—CLASS 6.

Norota	12 16 00	Did not finish.

CUTTERS—CLASS 7.

Infanta	12 16 00	5 01 45	4 45 45	4 41 21
Cymbra	12 14 15	3 54 14	3 39 59	3 39 59

Twice around the course, 21½ nautical miles.

34FT. CLASS.

Dragoon	12 16 00	Did not finish.
Acushla	12 15 58	Did not finish.

SPECIAL CLASS—30-FOOTERS START 12:31

Musme	. . .	4 17 07	3 46 07	. . .
Departure	. . .	4 24 45	3 53 45	. . .
Mai	. . .	4 30 52	3 59 52	. . .
Carolina	. . .	4 22 29	3 51 29	. . .
Argonaut	. . .	4 16 47	3 45 44	. . .
Raccoon	. . .	4 44 06	4 13 06	. . .

Once around the course, 10¾ nautical miles.

SLOOPS—CLASS 9.

Ninita	12 24 46	Did not finish.		
Goblin	12 23 16	4 39 18	4 16 02	4 15 32
Quantuck	12 25 25	4 34 54	4 09 29	4 06 56

Twice around the course, 11 nautical miles.

SLOOPS—CLASS 10.

Hyale	12 22 00	Did not finish.
Dolly	12 21 51	Did not finish.

CATS—CLASS 11.

Dorosis	12 23 53	3 22 49	2 58 56	2 58 56
Volsung	12 22 16	3 36 04	3 13 48	3 13 11
Lizzie V	12 23 00	Did not finish.		

Twice around, 11 miles.

CATS—CLASS 12.

Presto	12 21 10	3 49 10	3 28 00	3 28 00
St. Elmo II.	12 21 10	Did not finish.		

Twice around, 11 miles.

CATS—CLASS 13.

Edna	12 24 39	4 09 08	3 44 29	3 44 29

Twice around, 11 miles

21-FOOTERS.

Celia	12 21 36	Withdrew.		
Houri	12 22 40	3 33 58	3 11 18	. . .
Vaquero	12 21 35	3 31 56	3 10 21	. . .
Maysie	12 26 00	Did not finish.		

Twice around, 11 miles.

15FT. CLASS.

Hope	12 36 00	5 21 59	4 45 59	. . .
Gnome	12 36 00	Did not finish.		
Paprika	12 36 00	5 07 06	4 31 06	. . .
Ideal	12 36 00	5 07 20	4 31 20	. . .
Yola	12 36 00	5 22 04	4 46 04	. . .
Monsoon	12 36 00	Did not finish.		

Twice around, 11 miles.

The Wintringham 30-footer Argonaut won her first race.

FIFTH DAY.

Thursday, July 23.

Wednesday night brought a change of weather, the rain and dampness disappeared before a fresh N.W. breeze, making fine racing weather. None of the larger boats came to the line, however, for one of the best days of the season. The course for the larger yachts was the Parsonage Point and Red Springs triangle, sailed twice, 21½ miles. The start was made at 11:35, all but the 51-footers being reefed, many carrying two tucks. Apart from the regular classes, Uvira and Choctaw sailed a private match. The first incident of the day was the knocking down of Acushla before the start, her cockpit filling, the accident delaying her some three minutes. The first leg was a free reach, the second a reach and the third to windward. Disasters were many: Presto broke her tiller, Raccoon sprung the jaws of her gaff and tore a small hole in the sail, which later on, when on the wind, split in two; Mai parted her thwart halyards; Acushla split her jib and Yola capsized. The first round was timed:

Volsung	12 49 08	Choctaw	1 26 22
Lizzie V	12 53 04	Dragoon	1 36 56
Oconee	12 53 39	Acushla	1 40 47
Ethel	1 00 20	Musme	1 48 24
Loyalty	1 00 42	Mai	1 49 57
Dosoris	1 02 01	Carolina	1 50 55
Uvira	1 21 16	Raccoon	1 57 40
Awa	1 24 34	Departure	1 57 56
Paprika	1 25 13		

The final times were:

CUTTERS—CABIN TRUNKS—CLASS 5.

	Start	Finish	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Choctaw	11 36 44	3 18 48	3 42 04	3 41 27
Awa	11 35 59	3 13 09	3 37 10	3 37 10

Course, 21½ miles.

34FT. CLASS—CLASS 8.

Dragoon	11 35 52	3 27 57	3 52 01	. . .
Acushla	11 38 00	3 33 21	3 55 21	. . .

Course, 21½ miles.

CABIN CATS—CLASSES 11 AND 12.

Volsung	11 44 54	1 57 27	2 12 33	2 11 56
Lizzie V	11 46 00	2 09 32	2 23 32	2 23 32
Ethel	11 45 11	2 20 06	2 34 55	2 23 24
Oconee	11 46 00	2 11 12	2 25 12	2 21 41
Loyalty	11 44 55	2 17 40	2 32 45	2 32 45
Dosoris	11 46 00	Did not finish.		
Presto	11 44 43	Disabled.		

Course, 10½ miles.

30FT. CLASS—START 11:51.

Musme	. . .	3 39 20	3 48 20	. . .
Departure	. . .	3 55 13	4 04 13	. . .
Mai	. . .	3 54 11	4 03 11	. . .
Carolina	. . .	3 41 12	3 50 12	. . .

Course, 21½ miles.

21FT. CLASS.

Celia	11 46 00	2 16 02	2 30 02	. . .
Houri	11 44 19	1 59 36	2 15 17	. . .

Course, 10½ miles.

15FT. CLASS—START 11:56.

Paprika	. . .	2 44 20	2 48 20	. . .
Trilby	. . .	2 54 46	2 58 46	. . .

Course, 10½ miles.

CUTTERS—POSTPONED RACE OF WEDNESDAY.

Uvira	11 37 08	3 07 20	3 30 12	3 30 12
Choctaw	11 36 44	3 18 48	3 42 04	3 36 04

Course, 21½ miles.

SIXTH DAY.

Friday, July 24.

The schooners were ready again on Friday morning, though there was but a light easterly breeze. This, however, increased during the progress of the race until the finish was made in a strong breeze and nasty sea. The new schooner Quisetta, whose début in these races had been looked for with much interest, only reached Larchmont, in tow of a tug, on Friday morning, being about three months late in completion. The start was made at 12:05 for the schooners, Emerald being a couple of minutes late. The first leg was to windward, to the markboat out in the Sound, with a freshening breeze. The end of the first round was timed:

Norota	1 59 21	Dragoon	2 02 56
Colonia	2 00 13	Amorita	2 04 23
Acushla	2 00 50	Raccoon	2 05 24
Mai	2 02 00	Departure	2 06 44
Musme	2 02 05	Carolina	2 07 10
Emerald	2 02 53		

The second round was sailed in a strong breeze from N.E. and a nasty sea. The times were:

SCHOONERS—ALL IN ONE CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Colonia	12 07 57	3 25 48	3 17 51	3 17 51
Emerald	12 08 00	3 31 06	3 23 06	3 21 23
Amorita	12 08 00	3 37 30	3 29 30	3 16 26

Course, 30 miles.

CUTTERS—CLASS 6.

Norota	12 14 03	3 20 15	3 06 12	3 06 12

Course, 22 miles.

SLOOPS—CLASS 8.

Dragoon	12 15 46	3 29 32	3 13 46	. . .
Acushla	12 15 59	3 26 42	3 10 43	. . .

Course, 22 miles.

30FT. CLASS—START 12:21.

Musme		3 28 06	3 07 06	. . .
Departure		3 35 26	3 14 36	. . .
Mai		3 25 53	3 04 53	. . .
Carolina		3 37 58	3 16 58	. . .
Argonaut		Not timed.		
Raccoon		3 34 30	3 13 30	. . .

Course, 22 miles.

21FT. CLASS.

Celia	12 13 54	2 13 45	1 59 51	. . .
Houri	12 13 33	2 14 52	2 01 19	. . .
Vaquero	12 13 40	2 14 10	2 00 30	. . .

Course, 22 miles.

15FT. CLASS—START, 12:26.

Hope	2 41 29	2 15 29	. . .
Paprika	2 32 20	2 06 20	. . .
Ideal	Not timed.		
Trilby	2 40 58	2 14 58	. . .
Yola	Not timed.		

Course, 11 miles.

SEVENTH DAY.

Saturday, July 25.

The last day of the race week was by far the best in the matter o weather, the wind being strong from N.W., making a rattling race The only drawback was the absence of yachts, the fleet, though a comparatively large one, being broken up into pairs and trios, only one out of fifteen classes having more than three starters. Ramona and Elsemarie were put together, with a handicap of 5m. in favor of the latter. Wasp allowed Norota an arbitrary handicap of 20m. Uvira allowed Liris 8m. The new schooner Quisetta was under way, but did not start. The only new boat was the 20-footer Eos, designed by Chas. Olmstead for P. F. Dodge and sailed by F. B. Jones, winning easily in her class. The start was made at 11:35, Colonia going over promptly, while Emerald was handicapped. The schooners carried working topsails, but the smaller craft had one and two reefs in. All but the 15-footers sailed the Parsonage Point and Red Springs triangle. The yachts traveled at a high speed through the first two rounds, but the wind fell on the last round. Amorita had no competitor and gave up, while Norota also withdrew, having no chance beside Wasp. The times were:

SCHOONERS—SPECIAL—CLASS A.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ramona	11 58 27	5 10 45	5 12 18	5 57 18
Elsemarie	11 59 01	4 57 23	4 58 22	4 58 22

Course, 3²¼ miles.

SCHOONERS—CLASS B.

Colonia	11 35 25	3 38 41	4 03 16	4 03 16
Emerald	11 38 00	3 57 59	4 19 59	4 18 09

Course, 32¼ miles.

SCHOONERS—CLASS D.

Amorita	11 36 26	Withdrew.

Course, 32¼ miles.

CUTTERS—CLASS 4.

Wasp	11 43 39	2 45 49	3 02 10	3 02 10
Norota	11 44 44	Withdrew.		

Course, 21½ miles.

CUTTERS—CLASS 5—FLUSH DECKS.

Uvira	11 44 58	3 15 40	3 30 42	3 30 42
Liris	11 46 00	3 32 38	3 46 38	3 38 38

Course, 21½ miles.

CUTTERS—CLASS 7.

Infanta	11 44 31	3 37 53	5 53 22	3 48 58
Cymbra	11 44 06	3 47 06	4 03 00	4 03 00

Course, 21½ miles.

34FT. CLASS.

Dragoon	11 45 35	3 37 17	3 51 42	. . .
Acushla	11 45 22	3 42 08	3 56 46	. . .

Course, 21½ miles.

30FT. CLASS—START 12:01.

Musme		3 49 50	3 48 50	. . .
Departure		3 55 05	3 54 05	. . .
Mai		3 46 14	3 45 14	. . .
Carolina		3 52 03	3 51 03	. . .
Raccoon		. . .	. . .	. . .

Course, 21½ miles.

SLOOPS—CLASS 9.

Ninita	11 51 51	2 18 11	2 26 20	2 26 20
Quantuck	11 53 12	Did not finish.		
Goblin	11 52 15	2 19 59	2 27 44	2 27 12

Course, 10½ miles.

SLOOPS—CLASS 10.

Eos	11 52 14	2 41 31	2 49 17	. . .
Hyale	11 52 03	3 17 31	3 25 28	. . .
Dolly	11 55 13	3 34 20	3 39 07	. . .

Course, 10½ miles.

CATS—CLASS 11.

Volsung	11 52 00	2 00 28	2 08 28	2 06 35
Molly Bawn	11 53 15	Did not finish.		
Loyalty	11 52 38	2 40 58	2 48 20	2 48 20

Course, 10½ miles.

CATS.

Weasel	11 52 20	2 29 43	2 37 23	2 37 23
Presto	11 52 12	2 28 43	2 36 31	2 34 00

Course, 10½ miles.

CATS—CLASS 13

Edna	11 52 27	2 39 06	2 46 39	2 46 39

21FT. CLASS.

Celia	11 51 27	2 08 27	2 17 00	. . .
Vaquero	11 52 24	2 21 14	2 23 50	. . .

Course, 10½ miles.

15FT. CLASS—START, 12:06

Paprika	12 06 00	2 53 38	2 47 38	. . .
Microbe	12 06 00	2 57 27	2 51 27	. . .

Course, 10½ miles.

The week ended with a grand display of fireworks in the evening, accompanied by music by the Seventh Regiment band. The success of the experiment insures its continuance in future years.

The Yacht Racing Union.

The Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound comes in for some complimentary remarks from the *Yachtsman*, as follows:

The Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound bids fair to teach its British prototype some useful lessons. To begin with, the Y. R. U. of L. I. S. has a much more impressive name than the Yacht Racing Association of the Cumbraes and the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland. But, as we all know, there is nothing in a name and so we must let this point pass.

One of the lessons already taught by the New York organization to British yachtsmen is, that to be thoroughly useful such an association must be formed of club representatives exclusively, and that only such clubs as seek to benefit by the rules of the organization should be entitled to send representatives. In the case of the Y. R. U. of L. I. S., each club sends a representative for every hundred or fraction of hundred of its members, and there is a restriction that no bloated club may send more than five representatives to the union—all of whom (so far as may be practicable) are to be chosen from the race or regatta committee of each club. The powers of the union are merely advisory, and no club is bound by its action unless it likes. This sounds modest, but modesty is often seen in great men and great organizations, though, indeed, our Y. R. A. is a conspicuous example of a body whose influence is not to be altogether attributed to this quality. The Y. R. U. has a council of seven (selected from club representatives, with the proviso that no club shall have more than one of its representatives on the council) who manage the affairs of the union. But here come some weak points, borrowed from our Y. R. A.: There is only one general meeting of the union each year, and the council of seven have the power to fill any vacancies occurring in its ranks between these annual gatherings.

The foregoing will suffice to show that the infant organization of Long Island Sound has been launched with the sole purpose of promoting yacht racing—just as our Y. R. A. was originally instituted—and that the grotesque nature of the British Association's constitution has been to a great extent avoided. It would be well for the American Union to take fuller warning from our British Association's faults, and for our own Y. R. A. to consider the constitution of the Y. R. U. We have contended for many years that any central yacht racing committee, to be authoritative, must of necessity be composed of club representatives alone, and that instead of giving its council such great powers as seem to be thought right, a little more use might be made of the penny post, with a view to ascertaining the views of each constituent club on vital questions. This we suggest now only for the benefit of the American Union—our own Y. R. A. is, we fear, beyond redemption. It will go struggling on and on in its own simple way, always oblivious of its professed object, and ever content to allow its council to remain a brilliant example of a mutual admiration society.

In the matter of a long and complicated title, the Y. R. U. is quite as badly handicapped as all similar organizations; no one has yet succeeded in coining a short and sufficiently definite name. We hope that in time the Y. R. U. of Long Island Sound will give place to a similar but much larger national body that, being the only one in America, will need no superfluous initials to distinguish it from others. We agree with all that the *Yachtsman* says in praise of the young association, it has been most ably managed thus far, and many of the weak points of the British Y. R. A. have been avoided. At the same time it is only fair to say that it has not yet been put to the test of time, as has the other. The task of properly balancing the opposing forces in such a body, so as to preserve a certain amount of power and authority in the hands of a governing body that is not too large for efficient work, and at the same time to keep this body in close touch with the wishes of the association at large, is a most difficult one. In the case of the British Y. R. A. the governing body is at once weak and strong, it possesses and exercises certain autocratic powers and at the same time has not the power to enforce its decrees in the face of objection from any club. There are still many hard problems ahead of the Y. R. U., but with a continuance of the same good sense and moderation that has thus far marked its work, no serious trouble is to be feared from them.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, Wm. R. Huntington, Rome, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., Thos. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. M. Dater, 307 Adelphi street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Central Division, Geo. J. Keyes, 193 Front street, Rochester, N. Y.
Eastern Division, R. H. Hammond, Worcester, Mass.
Northern Division, Douglas H. McDougal, Toronto, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.
Annual meet, Aug. 14-28, Grindstone Island, St. Lawrence River.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

New York C. C.

In its present location the New York C. C. offers to the owners of small craft such facilities as they have long needed about New York, and which they can obtain through no yacht club. The club's station at Bensonhurst fronts on Gravesend Bay and is close to the waters of the Upper and Lower Bays and the Shrewsbury, the sailing and cruising ground of many New York yachtsmen. The club has now a large house with every facility for the comfort of its members, among whom are owners not only of canoes, but of all types of small craft and yachts. The dues are far less than those of the regular yacht clubs. The following notice has recently been sent out:

To the Members of the New York C. C.:

Arrangements have been completed providing comfortable lodgings at the club house for members who wish to remain over night or for a few days. The regular rooms have all been taken for the season, but there may be a few vacancies during August, when some of the regular lodgers are away on vacations. Cot or bed, over night, 50 cents. Dinner, 50 cents; breakfast, 35 cents; lunch, 35 cents.

A locker room in the club house has been fitted up, opening off the bathroom, for the convenience of those members who ride wheels and do not live in the house. There are twenty lockers in all. Price, $1 for the season. Send application to chairman of house committee, Mr. I. A. Brownell.

The locker room in the boat house on the pier has been put in order and lockers built, and as there is a great demand for the limited number thus far constructed, an early application will be necessary to secure one. Price, $2 for the season. Send application to Capt. H. H. Smythe.

A fresh-water shower bath is now being constructed in the boat house, and it will be ready in a few days. The small boat house on shore is now available to members as a repair and storage shop and varnishing room.

The W. C. A. Meet.

[*Special to Forest and Stream.*]

W. C. A. Camp, Dodge's Point, Mullet Lake, Mich., July 21.—The W C. A. has here the best place for a canoe meet it ever had and will probably never find a better anywhere in the United States, but it is a shame that a location so ideal and hospitality so princely as that tendered by the Dodge's Point Club of Cheboygan are enjoyed by less than a dozen men out of the entire Association. Not an officer of the Association is here except the chairman of the regatta committee, and if the W. C. A. were utterly dead there could not be a worse fact apparent. The names of those present are O. A. Woodruff and W. H. Crawford, Ruckawa C. C., and W. H. Kemper, of Dayton, O.; N. B. Cook, Kenwood C C., Chicago; W. H. Yardley, St. Paul, Minn.; T. S Gates, Columbus, O.; S. B. Mettler, Harry Chafin and W. W. Todd, Whoo-Whoo C. C., Jackson, Mich.; C. H. Gould and W. C. Noack, Detroit C. C.; Geo L. Alexander, Grayling, Mich. Of course with so meager a representation the meet is not really a meet at all, and not even a quorum can be obtained for the election of officers. This is simply deplorable, for the members never in their history had so perfect a chance for a delightful time. Even the confirmed Ballastites call this point superior to anything they have ever seen. Wind and water are fine for sailing and swimming, the scenery is lovely and the arrangements the best ever known. The local gentlemen and their families are pleasant and hospitable to a degree and not one element is lacking for a successful meet except attendance.

The regatta is, of course, hardly entitled to the name. The Longworth cup race will not be sailed, for there is not a Class C canoe in camp—here on the finest cruising grounds the association ever saw.

The Class B race, for the Gardner cup, was won by W. W. Todd, of Detroit, in two straight heats, untimed; T. S. Gates, second. Five entries.

The Class A races, for the W. C. A. trophy, had five entries in the first heat. The wind was hard and squally. Canoe Wood broke her steering gear and was over four times in spite of all her veteran skipper, O. A. Woodruff, could do. The heat was won by that old sailor and Association standby, N. B. Cook, of Chicago, in canoe Carrier Pigeon, which he has decked in with washboards until he has near a bath-tub cockpit. He has also on a bulb keel and 100lbs. of ballast. In this heat Mr. Todd, of Detroit, was second.

The second heat of the trophy race was a pretty affair between Carrier Pigeon and Wood, the only entries. Wood was never passed from the first buoy and was admirably handled; the entire race sailed without a tack on any leg, and the buoys shaved by near jibes time after time. The wind was light and steady. The boats kept well together, Wood ahead, however, by some distance at the finish.

Paddling, for the Minnehaha cup (a new and handsome trophy offered by Minnehaha Club, of Detroit), called out but two entries: Noack, of Detroit, and Yardley, of St. Paul, the former winning by one-third the course.

Paddling, class 1, was also won by Noack; Yardley second.

Paddling, class 2, was won by Yardley; S. B. Mettler, of Jackson, Mich., second. No other races have been run. No cruising has yet been done. Residents have offered many invitations, and those present are delighted with Mullet Lake as a place for a meet, and simply pity those who did not come.

W. C. A. Camp, Dodge's Point, Mullet Lake, Wis., July 22.—No more lovely summer country lies out of doors than that of the upper portion of the Michigan south peninsula, and no part of that favored section surpasses in point of general attractions the beautiful body of water which bears the unpoetic name of Mullet Lake. The grounds committee of the W. C. A., who visited this region last September, were well content as soon as they found this spot, and their decision would receive the indorsement of the entire membership of the W. C. A were it here. The Madison and Oshkosh and Milwaukee men, if any of them were present, would admit that their local attractions could claim small degree in comparison with those of this northern country. Even the most devout admirers of Ballast Island stick their flags to Mullet Lake. Mr. Woodruff, who still ruffles up at word of disparagement of Ballast or reference to the diary of the Ballast Island Summer Girl, frankly says that he does not think Mullet can be surpassed in the entire country as a site for a canoe meet. The water is very bright and pleasant, and free from the stagnant quality of inland lakes, such as those of Madison or Winnebago, and yet it has been found quite warm enough for comfortable swimming, which is not the case at the Snow Islands, above here, where it was once thought the camp might be located. The winds have proven steady, yet not violent, and a racing or a cruising breeze has marked almost every day. The weather has been ideal, the nights cool and the days temperate. There are no mosquitoes at all at this season, even on the trout creeks of the region, and indeed there can hardly be anything unpleasant urged against the locality, which has so many things to recommend it. A canoe meet here can be really a meeting of canoeists and not a summer resort party. There is something to see and something to do and somewhere to go. The flavor of the forest and the waters is about it all, and the small craft do not seem purposeless and merely accessory, but essential and primary. Not that this country is rude or that it is inaccessible. The tenderest canoeist can reach Cheboygan, 6 miles away, by palatial steamer or by palace car, and thence ship by steamer, carriage or bicycle direct to Dodge's Point, the superb and commanding site of of the W. C. A. camp. From Chicago or Milwaukee boat can be taken for Mackinaw City, or if one cares to vary his journey he can land at Traverse City and thus work north to this point, passing a dozen summer places of great degree of popularity. He can come via the Grand Rapids & Indiana line to Petoskey or take the same line a little further to Oden-Oden. The latter is perhaps the best way to go in to Mullet Lake, though not the most direct. It takes one over half a day of steamer travel (by small boats built for the route) over the lovely and circuitous route known as the Inland Route, from Oden-Oden through Crooked Lake, Crooked River, Burt Lake, Indian River and Mullet Lake. The first boat stops for dinner at Topinabe, at the upper end of Mullet Lake, and the concluding eight miles to Dodge's Point is made by the second little steamer, which runs down over the Cheboygan end of the line. Thus one may navigate delightfully fifty miles of the waters which cut off the upper cap of the Michigan south peninsula. He will be all the time in the great pine wilderness. He will be at the shores of such trout and grayling streams as the Maple, the Pigeon, the Sturgeon, the Carp, and even at the camp will have a trout stream (Nigger Creek) within five miles of him, where the trout average over 10in. and go up to 2lbs., as the writer hereof knows. In all this country the irredeemable wildness of the northern pine wilderness preserves it from the civilized hand of man. It is left for the canoeist and the angler and the traveler. This is the place to go, and not to a land of hotels, peanut stands and beer gardens. Mullet Lake is not the only place in the region for a canoe camp. There may be sites almost equally good near Traverse City, and it would seem desirable that one or two more sites should be tried. By that time it can be determined whether canoeing is really going to be anything in the West. If it is, it can surely be best developed by going into a canoeing country in canoeing fashion. If it is not, then the lovers of Ballast should have their wishes received with absolute respect, for they would indeed be almost the majority and the minority also, after the fashion of that ancient mariner who was the cook and the captain bold and the crew of the captain's gig. But even did those regulars, the old guard of the W. C. A., who have really held it together, have offered to them another year the choice between Ballast, Winnebago, Madison, Mullet Lake, and one or two other points of this region, it is no certain thing that they would ever again vote for Ballast, for the latter spot has no one point of superiority to this point, except a small one in regard to accessibility. From Cleveland, Dayton or Chicago it can be reached in a little less time, though at very much less expense. All those points, and also Detroit, Milwaukee, Madison, Davenport and St. Paul, can without trouble get into this region and for all but two or three of those cities the country is much more central and accessible than Ballast. After seeing several meets of the W. C. A. I would not think it best to go again to Madison or Oshkosh; but I think the Western boys should be willing to go as far east as this and the Ballast boys be willing to go as far north. It is asking too much of Wisconsin or Illinois or Minnesota men to go to Ballast, which has almost nothing of further interest to offer, and whose sole claim is that of accessibility, and of accessibility for only a few. Forest and Stream has fought the Ballast idea and begs to take upon itself some credit for the fact of a Northern meet. In this it has acted upon the notion that the sport was to grow. If it is to stand still Forest and Stream has no further word to say against Ballast. The members of the W. C. A. will be the ones to decide the policy and the belief of the association. Perhaps their course will largely determine the future of the W. C. A. Viewed from the standpoint of the present meet, the future is not bright; yet this may be no criterion at all, for the country is passing through an era of unprecedentedly depressed business feeling, and other sports are just now springing up. Those of the W. C. A. who stayed away from the twelfth annual meet perhaps did so for business reasons largely. Perhaps they will come out another year. There seems no definite reason that the end of the world has come for canoeing in the West, and indeed it is the amateur sports of the rod, the gun, the paddle, which find their source and support in the deepest and most constant impulses of human nature, and which are therefore most likely to survive, even at the expense of others more mushroom and expansive. If the sport does flourish in the West, it will be the firm belief of Forest and Stream that this journal has pointed to its representative body a way better than the old way. Of all the meets of the W. C. A. which Forest and Stream has reported it is prouder of this Mullet Lake meet than of any or all the others, small and meager though it be. It is a step in the right direction. There is a song of a gentleman who never cared to wander from his own fireside, but history does not state that he was a canoeist. Forest and Stream has a warm affection for the W. C. A., and all Forest and Stream has cared to do is to show that there is more than one place on this wide earth. Mullet Lake is not the only place, either. There is a volume of wisdom in the slang expression, "There are others." Just at present, in the enjoyment of the many pleasant features of this place, it seems difficult to realize this. Next year let us hope that all the boys may meet at some such place as this, and if it be Mullet Lake again there will be no cause for tears.

The Dodge's Point Club, of Cheboygan, under whose auspices the meet is held here, is a country club of forty-four members, owning one of the handsomest bits of property in the State. They have only recently purchased their property, upon which they erected a handsome three-story club house last August, the latter known as the Waldemere. Here the W. C. A. men have been privileged to take their meals, and have sat at the best table they have known in at least six years or probably at all. The site of the club house is fine, crowning a gentle eminence running out into the long sheet of water called Mullet Lake. There is a grand open esplanade which might serve as parade ground for a four-company post of cavalry, all this hedged and backed by a lovely native forest. Prime bits and views offer at every hand. A railroad station and post office and telegraph office are within ¼ mile, and there is a telephone to Cheboygan, which is distant only six miles, over a good and pleasant road. So the wildness is well tempered for any shorn lambs who fear the tooth of the actual wilderness. The circular driveway of the club house is well lined with large house tents, where many of the club members live at times for several weeks, and one member, Mr. C. E. Mould, has erected a woods cottage of handsome design and equipment. The Whoo-Whoo Club, of Jackson, Mich., also own property and have up a large house tent. These temporary homes all front upon an incomparable beach, and lie among thick virgin forest. In front of the club house is a grand lawn, fronted by a large boat house and fine dock. A canoe dock, 96ft. long, adds the only thing needed to make this an ideal place for the W. C. A. meet. But good as it all is naturally, the half is not told until one mentions the generous hospitality and warm-hearted courtesy of the club members, of which enough can really not be said. They have done everything possible to make the visit of the W. C. A. a pleasant one, and not the least of the privileges of the meet will be rated the new acquaintances and friendships formed. It was a great disappointment to the members of the Dodge's Point Club, as well as to the W. C. A., that so few were present at the meet. There was talk here of an attendance of 100 to 150, and that a scant dozen of men should represent the total seems too bad. The club put up the new boat house in preparation for this meet, and when the canoeists stepped from the dock the first thing to meet their eyes was the banner bearing the legend "Welcome, W. C. A." And the W. C. A. was made welcome and royally entertained. The ladies of the club have left no effort unmade by way of hospitality, and the gentlemen have been equally careful and kind. The canoe camp made such return for this as is possible in the unique canoe methods. There were camp-fires, well attended and enjoyable, fireworks, music, sailing and paddling parties, Welsh rabbit parties, etc., the festivities sometimes prolonged into the small hours. Mr. E. O. Penny, manager of the Waldemere, and Mrs. Jos. McKie, stewardess, added more than a little to the comfort of the boys. In such entertainment as the W. C. A. could offer the big tent of that standard and reliable club, the Ruckawa C. C., of Dayton, O., was foremost, indeed the only one. Messrs. Crawford and Woodruff, of the Ruckawa, represented camp life as it should be done by a dozen clubs at this meet, and the Association should thank them for sustaining its credit so thoroughly. When the W. C. A. meet comes to be held without the Ruckawa Club and the presence of W. H. Crawford and O. A. Woodruff it will be time for it to adjourn *sine die*. Mr. Yardley, solus, made a good aid.

Mrs. Crawford was present a few days, coming down from the Crawford cottage at the Snow Islands. Many young ladies from Cheboygan and other points visited friends at the club house or cottages and incidentally learned of the fascinations of a canoe camp, adding much to the fascinations of the same in the manly hearts of the sailor men there present. Those who did not come will never know what they missed. The gentlemen from St. Paul, Detroit and other points are practically certain to wish to return to a place where every prospect pleases, and only man is unbeautiful.

The W. C. A. trophy tables at the Waldemere made a pretty display, including the three old-time cups, the Gardner, Trophy and Longworth cups, and the new and handsome cup offered by the Minnehaha Club, of Detroit, for paddling competition. There was a fine barometer offered for race No. 1 by Chase S. Osborn, State game warden, and for the other races a choice assortment of kodaks, pennants, fishing rods, compasses, knives, belts, golf hose, mugs, flasks, etc., etc., among which one must not forget the quaint sampler design offered by Mrs. Turrill, mother of John Turrill, who for once in his life overlooked a good thing and stayed away.

CONCLUSION OF THE RACES.

It will be noted that the present meet of the W. C. A. can hardly be called an official one, and it will have been observed that the races were not timed; therefore it would be bootless to go into much description of them. Three races remain to be mentioned after those already reported. The hurry-scurry was won by Noack, of Detroit Boat Club; Yardley, of St. Paul, second. The third heat of the trophy was sailed very late in the evening of Monday with a light breeze. The racing programme as usual lagged and was tardy in getting off, but it was really undesirable to sail a race so nearly in the dark that the winning boat could barely be distinguished as she crossed the line. Two only entered for this, Carrier Pigeon and Wood. Mr. Cook had relieved the former of some ballast, and though the wind was light, he got a puff that laid him over at the third buoy, though he righted and came in all right. Mr. Woodruff sailed as usual a brainy race, and wasted no time or space at the buoys. Mr. Woodruff won by a big lead, Mr. Cook not giving him so hard a bout as before. Mr. Woodruff having thus taken the last two heats won the trophy. The second prize was a handsome kodak. The passenger race had work to fill, though there were only four entries, Carrier Pigeon, Wood, Psyche and Isabel. These having at length taken in crews, got away under almost a dead calm late Tuesday morning. This was to the liking of Carrier Pigeon, N. B. Cook skipper, who won with ease. Woodruff was a good second, and Isabel, Grandpa Gates skipper, an exceedingly bad third, for which he won the "Ruckawa cup," a vast tin loving cup, larger than a wash boiler, and decorated with the legend, "The Ruckawa Cup, July, 1896." Psyche, Todd skipper, withdrew on the first leg, seeing no sailing ahead in so faint a breeze. Race untimed. The consolation race, sailing and paddling, had two entries, T. S. Gates and W. H. Yardley, the former winning handsomely. This closed the regatta.

Mr. Alexander, attorney for the Michigan Central R. R., extended an invitation to the angling members of the W. C. A. to fish on the preserve of the Fontinalis Club, near Vanderbilt, in the Sturgeon River, of which a few members availed themselves for Wednesday. One of the best angling countries of the West lies immediately about Mullet Lake. As has been earlier stated, the attractions for cruising are not surpassed by any region of the West. Perhaps enough has been added by way of local description to certify all canoeing readers that Mullet Lake this year had every requisite for a gloriously successful canoe meet, except the canoeists. Wherever the meet may fall for next year, it is earnestly to be hoped that the faithful ones of this year will again be on hand, and that their ranks will be filled, as they should always be, with numbers from Wisconsin, Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and Ohio. No more gentlemanly sport exists, and none more attractive to spectators. No pastime is better or more restful or more healthful than that of a week in camp. The experience of this year, while it may seem to indicate disaster in the ranks of the W. C. A., may very well be the forerunner of a better day, for the added knowledge of localities may lead to a reconciliation of the different beliefs in regard to the proper spot for holding the annual meets.

It was a matter of regret that Mr. Stearns, the able secretary who got out the best year book the Association ever printed, was detained away by the recent death of his brother. Com. Pennewell was also absent. No quorum being possible for election of officers, the present officers will hold over.

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Canoeing in England.

There is no disguising the fact that the outlook for canoeing in this country is most discouraging; while there are many canoe clubs in fairly prosperous financial condition, with good club houses and large fleets of canoes, there is no life or activity in either cruising or racing. Not only have no new canoes been built this year, but there have thus far been no races, and the division meets have failed to bring out even a fair attendance in spite of earnest efforts on the part of its officers. We hope, from what we hear, that the Grindstone meet will show a marked revival of interest, though it should be but temporary; and that the discouraging state of affairs reported at the W. C. A. meet may not be duplicated. The condition of the sport in England is discussed as follows in the *Field* of July 18; the cable has already reported briefly that Mr. Howard has won the challenge cup:

The canoe sailing races of the year, which have taken place this week at Burnham-on-Crouch, in Essex, may usefully be compared with the racing in years gone by, so that we may form a fairly practical view as to whether the sport is being run on the best lines. Unfortunately, at the time these notes go into type only two days' racing out of five has been accomplished, and the most important event, the £50 challenge cup race, sailed on the 17th, of course, cannot be reported in the *Field* until next Saturday, the 25th.

We say above the "races of the year," because in these races, as competitors, we find representative men picked from the leading clubs round the coast. Of course, there are some well-known sailors who, in recent days and for many years, have shown in the front rank of canoe sailing, and who are not competing this year at Burnham; but it is morally certain that, should the cup be won by a challenging club, the old blood of the Royal C. C. would be at once stirred up, and the best men again put themselves forward to retrieve the cup next season.

To take the cup at the present time, though it can only be accomplished by a first-rate man and boat, is by no means the same thing as holding the cup when the club and clubs have been roused by an actual win away from the old senior club. The common cry of "wolf" has been so repeated in the last few years, with no real appearance of the fabulous animal, that members in early spring, hearing vague rumors that "Stars and Stripes" will come and take the cup, treat the matter on the basis that "we have had two seasons of that and no race," and so they let things drift or they do not put themselves to expense and inconvenience to take up what has been, and may be, a fool's errand, owing to the foreign challenger at the last moment crying off from competition. This, we say, is all changed when a foreigner or another English club holds *pro tem.* the challenge cup; then it must be won back.

This time there is no international competition, the American canoeman, Mr. Howard, being merely representative of an English club, the British Canoe Association. It would, from a racing point of view, have been more satisfactory had some American club backed Mr. Howard's challenge; but no matter now, the title "International" is sure to be clapped on to the race by those across the water, even if it does not rise to "Championship of the World."

Turning now to Burnham-on-Crouch and the doings of canoemen there, the water is all that any one could wish as a racing place, but the conveniences for "tuning up," for fitting, rigging and hauling out, are a long way from even fairly comfortable; the getting there is long and stupid, the forty-one miles take close on two hours by train and the trains are few. Owing to the tidal nature of the place, those canoes which do not take the shore near about high water have to be moored away out in the stream among the yachts, consequently there is none of the old-time inspection of each other's gear and novelties, none of that concentration of men, canoes and ideas as there used to be on the club raft at Hendon Lake, or even at Bourne End on the Thames. Burnham as at present fitted is a splendid place for small yachts, or even for canoe-yawls, but by no means is it perfection for canoes, except just as to the sailing course.

Among some of the competing craft there is much room for improvement as to condition of both rig, fitting and state of hull. One would have reasonably expected that, for a week's important racing, including the challenge cup, each canoe would be spick and span with new gear and new sails, and the latest finish in varnish, etc. We were sorry, however, to see mildewed old sails all out of shape on one, tanned sails on another; rotten played out rope running gear, and a want of varnish or paint. Well, it is not the way racing yachts are kept, nor is it the way racing canoes used to be kept, and it is decidedly the way to have mishaps during a race; but no commiseration should be extended to slovenly-fitted craft for such mishaps.

Of canoe model there is really nothing novel. The American canoe Yankee is simply a racing machine, 16ft.×30in., of shallow V section, the lightest possible displacement. She is balanced entirely and only by her man hiking out on a long sliding plank seat, but for which he could not sail her. She differs from others to some extent in her rig, which is of main and mizzen form, the mizzen, however, being nearly as large in area as the mainsail. She reaches along extremely fast, but is comparatively poor at windward work. However, by the time this is published we shall know just how much she is better or worse than the English canoes. The Pruces is practically a Sharpie model, or, more correctly speaking, just about on the lines of the old-fashioned duck-punts for sailing on to fowl with a big gun in winter time. She is rigged with bafter main and mizzen; she also is 16ft.×30in., and fitted with a light centerplate and a long, sliding plank seat. The Dragon is a more shapely form, but yet quite the machine type; she was designed by Mr. Linton Hope two years ago for Mr. de Quincey, and now owned by and is being sailed in the very able hands of Mr. Lawson. She carries her allowance of sail all in one balance lug, and she has a bulb-ballasted centerplate and a very small "bucket well," and a long sliding seat. Serpent is of semi-Sharpie type, but is fitted with a heavy bulb-ballasted centerplate, and is of the narrow or 30in. racing class. In the canoe-yawl class there are two of racing breed, semi-Sharpies, shallow things, nice enough to sail for an hour or so in a race, but not comfortable enough nor roomy enough for long cruising or much rough-water work. They are the Rogue and Meryl. Slaney is a bold and somewhat tubby hulled canoe-yawl, fitted with bulb-fin and sloop rig, a craft which should be able to stand a considerable dusting, and would travel fast in a strong breeze if put to it nicely.

Of new boats, the Vanessa and Solitaire are built to the new cruising canoe definition, and as they are but turning up at this time, it were better to see further performances before judging their merits.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

New Jersey State Rifle Association.

The sixth annual meeting of the New Jersey State Rifle Association will be held at Sea Girt, N. J., Aug. 31 to Sept. 5. The matches will be:

No. 1. Members' match, 7 shots at 200yds.
No. 2. The Kuser match, 7 shots at 500yds.
No. 3. All-comers' military match. 7 shots at 200 and 300yds.
No. 4. The Schuetzen match, 7 shots at 200yds. on standard American target.
No. 5. Hayes medal match, 7 shots at 500 and 600yds.
No. 6. The Perrine memorial match, 7 shots at 200 and 300yds.
No. 7. The Gen. E. P. Meany match, 10 shots at 500 and 600yds.
No. 8. Department of Rifle Practice match, open only to inspectors of rifle practice of U. S. Army and National Guard, 25 shots at 500 and 600yds.
No. 9. New Jersey Rifle Association trophy match, 7 shots at 500 and 600yds.
No. 10. President's match for the military championship of the United States of America; divided into two stages; first stage, 10 shots at 200 and 300yds.; second stage, 10 shots at 500 and 600yds.
No. 11. Trenton Interstate Fair match, 7 shots at 200 and 300yds.
No. 12. The Sumner match, 10 shots at 200 and 300yds.
No. 13. The carbine team match, open to teams of five from any regiment, squadron, or troop of cavalry of the U. S. Army and National Guard; 7 shots at 200 and 500yds.
No. 14. Company team match, open to teams of five from any company of the National Guard of any State or the U. S. Army; 10 shots at 200 and 500yds.
No. 15. Military revolver match, scores 6 shots each, one minute time limit.
No. 16. Revolver match, 5 shots at 30yds. on American standard target (reduced).
No. 17. Pool matches, to be shot in groups of ten, all distances, 10 shots.
No. 18. Prizes for individual skirmish.
No. 19. Prizes for the best aggregate score; prizes: First, to the competitor making highest total; second, to the competitor making second highest total; third, to the competitor making third highest total.
No. 20. Regimental team match (interstate), open to teams of six from the regimental battalion and separate company organizations of the National Guard and Naval Reserve and the U. S Army or Navy; 10 shots at 200 and 500yds., and two skirmish runs of 20 shots each.
No. 21. New Jersey National Guard match, open to teams of six from each regiment of National Guard or Naval Reserves of New Jersey. Condious the same as in No. 20.
No. 22. The Columbia trophy match, open to teams of six from the National Guard of New Jersey; 7 shots at 200, 300 and 500yds, and two skirmish runs of 20 shots each.

Bullseye targets will be open all the time during the meeting; 50 per cent. of the receipts will be divided among the holders of bullseye targets.

MATCHES OF THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

No. 1. Wimbledon cup match, open to everybody; 30 shots at 1,000yds.; prize, the Wimbledon cup, value $500.
No. 2. Hilton trophy match, open to teams of 12 from U. S. Army and National Guard organizations, and any other country; prizes, the Hilton trophy, valued at $3,000, and a medal to each member of team.
No. 3. Interstate military match, open to teams of 12 from U. S. Army and National Guard organizations; prizes, bronze "Soldier of Marathon," value $350, and a medal to each member of the winner's team.

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

July 25.—Regular practice shoot. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, standard American target, 7-ring, black. Scores:

J G Germann	10	8	7	8	7	9	7	10	9	7—82
	7	8	7	6	7	9	10	8	7	6—75
	5	7	7	7	10	8	6	8	6	9—72
W F Treiber	7	9	7	8	6	6	8	7	8	10—76
	5	9	8	8	8	6	8	9	7	6—75
	4	7	10	5	7	9	8	6	8	9—73
J Stidham	7	10	7	5	10	7	5	6	8	8—73
	10	8	4	7	8	5	4	10	7	9—72
	5	8	6	5	7	5	9	5	8	8—66
Geo Shafer	6	9	10	7	8	7	9	5	5	9—75
	8	7	6	6	9	6	5	7	5	4—63
	8	3	6	7	7	10	5	5	6	5—62
Chas Van Etten	6	10	5	6	9	5	7	7	7	9—72
	9	5	7	4	8	7	4	10	6	3—62
	6	8	7	8	7	3	4	6	5	8—62
G E Rahn	10	7	5	8	7	6	8	3	3	9—66
	6	5	7	5	4	4	8	7	10	9—65
	6	6	6	6	6	8	7	7	8	7—65
Dr Wheeler	7	5	7	6	7	9	9	9	4	7—70
	8	6	5	7	7	4	5	6	9	10—67
	8	4	9	5	9	6	5	3	3	8—60
W B Patton	4	7	7	6	5	9	4	5	9	9—65
	8	7	5	7	4	5	6	4	9	9—65
	5	10	4	4	4	7	7	5	9	6—61
Chas Curry	5	5	10	9	6	9	8	5	5	8—70
	6	7	4	8	6	8	7	9	4	8—62
	3	3	6	6	7	6	4	5	10	9—59
Chas Froess	4	6	7	5	10	8	6	5	7	8—66
	6	4	4	5	5	8	10	8	6	7—63
	10	6	6	8	4	4	4	3	6	7—58

America Ahead at Bisley.

Mr. Walter Winans has again carried off the honors at the Bisley revolver competitions, using for the military series a .45cal. Smith & Wesson, with his patent military front sight, and U. M. C. smokeless powder ammunition; and for the "Any," or target revolver series, a .44cal. Russian model Smith & Wesson, with U. M. C. gallery ammunition. He won first in the military series: sliding target, disappearing target, rapid firing, and advancing target matches, and second in the limited entry and the 50yd. target matches. In the "Any" series he won first on sliding target, on disappearing target, in rapid firing, on 50yd. target, advancing, and the military and "Any" revolver aggregates; with second in the "Any" limited entry.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Aug. 4-6.—Chicago, Ill.—Tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company. E. S. Rice, Mgr.

Aug. 4, 5.—Auburn, N. Y.—The Auburn Gun Club will hold a blue-rock tournament, using the "Maugatrap" for the first time in New York State; programs will be out in a few days. Mr. Paul North will have entire charge of the shoot.

Aug. 5.—Sandusky, Ohio.—Annual tournament of the Sandusky Gun Club; $100 added money and $100 in merchandise prizes.

Aug. 5-6.—Greenville, Texas.—North Texas Gun Club League. Two days. Targets. Will L. Sargent, Sec'y.

Aug. 11.—Albany, N. Y.—Tournament of the West End Gun Club. Bluerock traps and targets. Horace B. Derby, Sec'y.

Aug. 11-14.—Detroit, Mich.—Jack Parker's sixth annual international tournament. Fuller details later.

Aug 12-13.—Duluth, Minn.—Central Gun Club, fourth annual tournament; excellent programme.

Aug. 26-27.—Burlington, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Aug. 26-27.—Kalamazoo, Mich.—Tournament of the Celery City Gun Club, in connection with Michigan Trap-Shooters' League.

Aug. 31-Sept. 2.—St. Paul, Minn.—Annual tournament of the St. Paul Gun Club, at State Fair Grounds. B. F. Schurmeier, Sec'y.

Sept. 2-4.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Tournament at Audubon Park. Targets and live birds. B. F. Smith, Manager.

Sept. 7.—Marion, N. J.—Sixth annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. J. A. Creveling, Sec'y.

Sept. 8-10.—Galt, Ont.—First annual tournament of the Ontario Rod and Gun Club; $800 to $1,000 added money.

Sept. 10.—West Lebanon, N. H.—All-day shoot of the West Lebanon Gun Club.

Sept. 15-16.—Kansas City, Mo.—Third annual tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Company; $750 added money.

Sept. 29.-Oct. 2.—Harrisburg, Pa.—Tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association. First three days, targets; fourth day, live birds.

Oct. 6-8.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Autumn tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Two days, targets; one day, pigeons and sparrows. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-9.—Newburgh, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds added money announced later.

1897.

March 23-25.—New York City.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

June (third week).—Cleveland, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The Thomaston Gun Club was organized last week with the following officers: President, Chas. W. Sherwood; Vice-President, W. R. Taylor, Jr.; Secretary and Treasurer, Chas. B. Onderdonk; Field Captain, R C. Warren. The club will hold shoots every other Saturday afternoon on the grounds at Thomaston, L. I., commencing Aug. 1. Any person wishing to receive notice of open sweepstake days will send their names to the secretary.

The second annual tournament of the Monroe Gun Club will be held at Monroe, La., Aug. 19, 20, 21 and 22 The two first days' shooting will be at inanimate targets, ten events each day, 20 birds to an event; $15 will be added per event by the club. The two last days will be given up to the shooting of 1,000 live pigeons; entrance per 10-bird match $7.50, all surplus to be added. A. S. A. rules to govern, except black powder and 10-gauge guns will be barred. Open to the world; no handicaps, five moneys. For further information, address the secretary, Harry Wm. Stevenson.

Next week should witness the gathering together of a large crowd of live-bird shooters at Watson's Park, Chicago, Ill. The tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company, under the management of Mr. E. S. Rice, Messrs. Du Pont de Nemours's Western agent, will be the attraction. The contest for the Du Pont Smokeless Powder handicap trophy, now held by Fred Gilbert, is the main event, with a team contest a close second. Live birds only will be used during the tournament.

On Aug. 4-5 the Auburn, N. Y., Gun Club will hold a target tournament with Paul North and his magautrap as the special features. As there has been no target-shooting in New York State to amount to much since the State shoot at Buffalo the first week in June, with the sole exception of the Syracuse shoot, the Auburn Gun Club should have a good shoot. All who attend will have a thoroughly pleasant time; Messrs. George Corning, Jr., Charlie Tuttle, Carr, Brigden, etc., will certainly see to that part of the programme being satisfactorily carried out.

Jack Parker has, as usual, gotten out an interesting programme for his shoot at Detroit, Aug. 11-14. A special point of interest is the fact that all purses will be divided on the Rose system. There will be five moneys with ratio points of 8, 5, 3, 2 and 1.

Phil Daly, Jr., will no doubt see to it that there will be plenty of shooting this fall at Elkwood Park. Leander Campbell and his blackbirds will be heard of at that popular shooting resort many times before the winter's frosts and snow drive the blackbirds from their roosts n the reed beds of New Jersey. Mr. Daly won the main event at the Hollywood grounds on Saturday last, July 25, by scoring his 15 live birds without a skip.

The New Jersey Amateur Trap-Shooters' League held its second shoot on the grounds of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, Rutherford, N. J., on July 25. All five clubs forming this new organization were represented by teams, the winners in the team race being the Bergen County Gun Club, who beat the Endeavors, of Jersey City, by the narrow margin of 2 breaks.

The next tournament of the Interstate Association will be held at Burlington, Vt., on Aug. 26-27. The tournament will be held under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club of that city. There are several good gun clubs in Vermont, and these clubs can boast of many excellent shots. The gun clubs of Montreal and others located along the border can also be looked upon as likely to furnish some competitors at this tournament. Those who attend will be able to take away with them a pointer or two on running tournaments. The Interstate Association's mission is to instruct, and during its career, both this season and in past years, it has done much to boom trap-shooting in all parts of this country.

The Rose system is making new friends every day. A simple explanation of its workings, like that which we gave in our issue of July 11 and which we repeat in this issue, does much to help on the work of familiarizing shooters with its capabilities. The Rose system is a good thing and should be pushed along.

The boys have had lots to say during the past week in regard to the coming championship race between Heikes and Gilbert for the World's Championship cup, presented by the American E. C. Powder Co., emblematic of the championship of the world at inanimate targets. As some of the boys say, "There's going to be a tight race between the Bald Eagle of the Ohio Valley and The Houlihan of Spirit Lake!"

B. F. Smith, of Audubon Park, Buffalo, N. Y., announces a three-days' tournament at live birds and targets for Sept. 2-4. "Buffalo" Smith has good grounds at his command; they are easily reached by electric cars from the center of the city. With the support of the shooters of Buffalo city—and Smith certainly can reckon on that—the September shoot at Audubon Park ought to be a very pleasant affair.

We have received the following telegram from E. S. Rice, representative of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Co., and manager of their tournament, to be held at Chicago, Aug. 4, 5 and 6: "Please announce to shooting public the refusal of Eastern and Southern associations to reduce rates to our tournament. Western and Southwestern roads promptly granted round trip for one and a third fare."

On the New Utrecht's Grounds.

Brooklyn, N. Y., July 18.—Capt. A. W. Money and A. A. Hegeman shot a match at 30 singles and 10 pairs to-day on the grounds of the New Utrecht Gun Club, on Dyker Meadow. The match was for the New Utrecht challenge plate, which Capt. Money won on Dec. 7, 1895, and has since held, defeating in turn Dr. Littlefield, Deacon and Hegeman. After the match a number of 10-target sweeps were shot. Scores:

Capt Money	11110111110111111011000101111111—23	
		11 00 10 11 11 11 10 01 10 10—13—36
A A Hegeman	00111110011100111100111101111110—20	
		01 00 11 10 00 10 11 00 10 11—10—30

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
D Deacon	8	8	7	8	..	..	..	8	8	9	8
Capt Money	8	9	9	8	7	8	9	8	7	8	9
B Adams	8	8	8	9	3	9	10	10	9	8	4
A A Hegeman	3	6	3	7	4	7	..	3	5	4	6

July 25.—The regular weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club was held on Dyker Meadow to-day. In the club shoot Hegeman won the Class A medal with 21 kills, while Pool and O'Brien won Class B and Class C medals respectively, because they had nobody to shoot against. Adams and O'Brien shot a 15-target match which O'Brien won, 14 to 12. The sweeps were all at 10 targets; Nos. 1 and 2, known angles; No. 3, expert rules; No 4, 5 pairs; and No 6, reversed angles. Scores:

Club shoot, 25 targets, known angles:

A A Hegeman (A)	0111110111111110101111111—21
P Adams (A)	1110111011001111101011111—19
D C Bennett (A)	1100111111101111101110011—19
Dr. O'Brien (C)	0011101111111111010001111—18
G E Pool (B)	0011111011111101001011111—18
M Van Brunt (A)	0001101111101010100011000—12

Hegeman badge shoot, 15 targets, known angles:

Adams	111111111101111—14	O'Brien	111001111101101—11
Bennett	111111101011101—12	Van Brunt	1010110011111111—11
Hegeman	110101111110111—12	Pool	110010001010111— 9

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Adams	9	9	9	3	9	Pool	6	9	7	6	..
Hegeman	8	6	6	3	4	Adams	8	7	7	2	5
Bennett	8	9	6	8	8	O'Brien	..	..	7	2	6
Van Brunt	7	4	5	5	6						

The Rose System.

It is with great pleasure that we note Jack Parker's intention of giving the Rose system of dividing purses a trial at his annual tournament in Detroit, Mich., Aug. 11-14. These annual affairs at Detroit are always very popular, chiefly on account of the personal friendship entertained by trap-shooters in general for the manager and promoter of the tournaments. The attendance at the Detroit gatherings is always satisfactory, so that there at least is an excellent chance for what may be termed a public trial of the system we think so highly of.

During the past year and a half we have repeatedly called attention to the many excellent features of this system, and it appears as if the trap-shooting public was at length beginning to awaken to the benefits likely to accrue to its favorite sport by a general adoption of this system. The fact that the system absolutely prevents the dropping for place and the pooling of issues incident to the old system is in itself a great thing. Its best feature, however, is that it is an equitable system, paying a man strictly according to his deserts.

In a comparatively recent issue of a certain sportsmen's paper, a correspondent, writing on the subject of handicapping the expert, closes his remarks with the following: "Use the Rose system instead of class shooting * * *." The above shows that even as yet some enthusiasts who are in favor of the Rose system do not thoroughly grasp what the system really is. The Rose system was devised specially to preserve *class shooting*, and to do away with the injustices that are necessarily a part of the division of the purses when the old system is in use.

In our issue of July 11 we gave a very full explanation of the workings of this system, and also gave an example showing how very simple it is when one comes down to practical work in a cashier's office at a tournament. With the idea of thoroughly familiarizing shooters with the system, we again give the explanation of it that appears in the programmes issued by the Interstate Association, together with the example quoted above:

(1) Decide upon the number of moneys into which the purse is to be divided, and then find the ratio into which it will be divided from the following table:

If into
2 moneys—at the ratio of 5 to 3.
3 moneys—at the ratio of 5 and 3 to 2.
4 moneys—at the ratio of 5, 3 and 2 to 1.
5 moneys—at the ratio of 8, 5, 3 and 2 to 1.
6 moneys—at the ratio of 13, 8, 5, 3 and 2 to 1.

(2) For the sake of example in working out this system, let us take a 15-target event, $1.50 entrance, 4 moneys, 24 entries, $10 added to the purses, targets at 3 cents each. This will give us a net purse of $35.20, targets taking $10.80 out of the total purse. Suppose when the event has been shot there are three straight scores: one 14, four 13s and one 12. Under the old percentage system of 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. class shooting, it is manifest that the single 14 would have the best of the four men with straight scores, while the man with 12 would also be better off financially than either of the four men who broke one more target than he did. Under the Rose system this temptation to drop for place is done away with. Proof of this is given below:

The ratio points are 5, 3 and 2 to 1. Therefore,

No. of ties for 1st money 3×5=15
No. of ties for 2d money 1×3= 3
No. of ties for 3d money 4×2= 8
No. of ties for 4th money 1×1= 1

27)$35.20($1.30
27 per ratio point.

82
81

10 cents over.

Therefore,

each man with 15 receives $1.30×5=$6.50
each man with 14 receives 1.30×3= 3.90
each man with 13 receives 1.30×2= 2.60
each man with 12 receives 1.30×1= 1.30

Under the system usually adopted at tournaments, the three men in for first money would have received $4.69 each; the man with 14 alone taking second money, $10.56; the four men in for third money would have drawn down $1.76 each, but the shooter who had the luck to drop one more target would have received fourth money, $3. 52, or just double their share.

It may seem from the above that the system is a complicated one, and would involve a great deal of work in the cashier's department. To disabuse one of this idea, we give an example of an event, the third event on the second day of the Iowa State tournament, working out the example by a system learned from the cashier at the Binghamton, N. Y., tournament. It will be noticed that he rules each page off into five columns; in the first he enters the names of the shooters: in the second he places their respective scores. He then ascertains the place obtained by each man and puts in the third column the number of points due to him. At the bottom of this column he figures up the total number of points, dividing the net purse by that sum. In the fourth column he places the amount due each man, checks it off as soon as the amount is paid, or the cash equivalent placed in the pay envelope. The fifth column is used for figuring the net purse and for finding the value of each point.

Event No. 3. 15 targets. Entrance $1.50. Added money ——. No. of entries, 27. Price of targets, 2 cents. No. of moneys, 4.

	Score.	Points.	Amount due.
Grimm	15	5	3.35
Hoffman	11		
Gilbert	12	1	.67
Schricker	15	5	3.35
Raisch	13	2	1.34
Wehrend	14	3	2.01
Minard	12	1	.67
Avery	10		
Webster	12	1	.67
Budd	15	5	3.35
Trotter	13	2	1.34
Miller	10		
Harbaugh	9		
Couger	9		
Tucker	14	3	2.01
VBoltenstern	11		
Jones	11		
Northrup	11		
Bosworth	10		
MBoltenst'rn	12	1	.67
Henry	12	1	.67
Cook	15	5	3.35
Agard	13	2	1.34
Foley	15	5	3.35
HBoltenst'rn	12	1	.67
Lewis	15	5	3.35
Samuelson	10		
		48	
Add amount over			.24
			$32.40

entries at $1.50 ..... =$40.5
Deduct for targets at 2cts. each = 8.1
Net purse ..... =$32.4

48* per point.

3
33
24 c over.

* Divide net purse by sum of the points.

Under the older system each man who broke 15 would have received $2.16; each 14 would have drawn down $4.86, while the 13s would have received exactly the same amount as the straights—$2.16; each 12 would have been paid 54 cents.

It is a simple matter for anybody to take a copy of Forest and Stream and work out any number of similar examples. It looks to us as if the duties of a cashier's office were lightened rather than rendered more arduous by the introduction of the Rose system.

Cincinnati.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I cannot recall the time when I have read anything else with so much interest as your editorial explanation of the Rose system, and I am sure I never read anything of more profit concerning the equity of trap-shooting. All combinations of winnings, after the ratios are once determined, adjust themselves with such admirable, mathematical nicety and justness that the only strange feature of the whole matter is that it was not adopted sooner.

Forest and Stream is deserving of great credit for advocating this system and so forcibly presenting its merits. It is fair to the amateur and expert alike, all those who are expert enough to enter into consideration in arranging the winnings and honors of the competition. If a shooter has no skill he is entitled to no consideration in the awards.

The entire absence of any uniformity in the working of the older system, and the constantly recurring circumstance of a shooter winning more money by breaking less or killing less birds than some other competitor, should have condemned that system long ago. It had nothing to commend it and much to condemn it. Owing to the uncertainty of its working and its entire inefficiency in evoking even and honest competition, it was unworthy the name of a system. Nothing is a system which has not settled procedure in it which will in an orderly manner end in certain desired results. The older system (let us call it that for the want of a better term) so constantly miscarried and offered such numberless opportunities for a man to reap greater reward by shooting, not to do his utmost, but to govern his score by the opportunities which the defects of the system presented, that it is not strange that "dropping for place" became almost a recognized feature of trap-shooting. It was a natural product of the system. Shooters have been blamed for taking advantage of the system, when the system honestly followed was an insult to their intelligence and a defeat of skill, for the better a man shot so that he was in the best class, the less he received, and it was not an infrequent happening that the expert did not receive enough to pay for his ammunition. Yet in the face of the fact that a faulty system was forced on the public, one which rarely ever produced fair results, it was a difficult matter to induce the trial of other systems, so firmly do habit and tradition enslave the masses. Considering the constant unfairness of the old system and the premium it offered on "dropping for place," it is a most extraordinary feature of the trap-shooting world that so many kept on shooting straight under a system which so palpably worked an injustice to them. In the many arguments against the "dropper" and denunciations of him, I never noted any denunciation of a dishonest system, for if it was dishonest for the "dropper" to shoot for the place which resulted in the most profit and not shoot at his best, it was equally dishonest to force a shooter to compete under a system which beat him out of his just rewards. The competition professed to be founded on a principle of skill, and the skillful shooter found in the result that his skill was quite likely to accomplish his defeat. The older system militated against skill. Not infrequently did the men in second place win more than the men in first, and not infrequently did the third men win more than either, as has been most clearly shown in your admirable article, to which I referred in the beginning of this letter.

Thus, with a system (the Rose system) which works with absolute mathematical precision, with its incentive to every man to shoot at his best with the full knowledge that he will be rewarded according to his skill, and with the incidental elimination of all the abuses and odium which were inseparable under the old system, there should not be any hesitation in deciding between the two systems. With the adoption of the Rose system, aside from its justness, there would be detached so much of stigma of the old system that the trap world would be purified and start on a future whose great prosperity and good fellowship no one can forecast.

Push It.

Walsrode Gun Club.

Guilford, N. Y., July 20.—Inclosed find a sample of the clay-smashing work at practice of the Walsrode Gun Club, of Guilford, N. Y.:

Chase	10001111111110111111—16	G Hyatt	10010010011101111011—12
Tiffany	00111111111011001111—15	Kinney	11101100001011011110—12
Godshall	11111011110100111010—14	J Hyatt	00000001000111000110— 6
Darling	01101010111100111011—13		

Wads.

The Interstate at Portland.

PORTLAND, Me., July 23.—The trip to Portland, Me., to attend the fifth tournament of the Interstate Association, given July 22 and 23, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club, was one of the most delightful I ever made. We went by water from New York via the Maine Steamship Co.'s steamer Cottage City. At Pier 38, East River, the starting point, I met Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, and Noel E. Money, of the American E. C. Powder Co., *en route* to Portland by the same line. The boat was crowded, and though we had hired four berths two days before, we found we were unable to secure them. However, Elmer's persuasive tongue and the almighty dollar combined got us one of the steward's staterooms, and so we were able to pity the poor beggars who passed the nights on the floor and chairs of the saloon. We had such a jolly, cool trip, the sea air made us all very hungry and very sleepy. I don't believe old U. M. C. Thomas would have ever waked up at all if he had been with us. It did us all good, and Noel Money, who had come on purpose to get rid of malaria, said he had not felt so well for months.

We left our dock just above Brooklyn Bridge at 5 P. M., and steamed up against the tide, which was running like a mill race, past the Navy Yard and Blackwell's Island, through Hell Gate, sitting on deck until we came to Fort Schuyler and darkness began to close in. And then to bed with three blankets, and a sleepiness nothing could disturb.

Next day was deliciously cool, with hardly a ripple on the water—though an ocean roll or two made Elmer Shaner rather green about the gills.

The only place we stopped at was Cottage City, Mass., and after a most delightful trip we passed Portland Head, and steaming up the magnificent harbor, which is one of the finest in the world, arrived at our dock exactly on time—6 P. M. Mr. Darton, Mr. Adams and some other members of the gun club met us, and after supper took us driving behind a pair of good horses, and showed us Deering Park and the fine old city of Portland.

Everyone you meet here talks of game, shooting, fishing and camping out, so that you soon realize what a game State you are in, and soon we have invitations to shoot moose, for the fall to hunt foxes, or to go after woodcock and grouse, that are in any quantities according to all accounts; while every other man presses you to come with him for a week after bass, trout or landlocked salmon. On Tuesday Elmer had the traps and everything all ready, and practice shooting was carried on all the afternoon. The grounds were in first-rate condition and everything promised well for a first-class tournament.

First Day, July 22.

Wednesday morning, the first day of the tournament, was gloriously fine, and the opening event had 40 entries. Event No. 2 showed 42 entries. The Rose system of dividing purses was in force at this tournament, and was voted by every one to be a great success. True, there were no big winners, but the number of shooters who participated in the division of the purses and left the tournament satisfied with their winnings and that they had had a fair show for their "white alley" has seldom been equaled at any tournament. Justus von Lengerke, Noel Money, Louis Schortemeier (Schorty) and many others were loud in their praise of this system. I firmly believe it is only a matter of time until the Rose system will be generally adopted at all tournaments.

The rule allowing any one to shoot for targets only was received with favor, although not many availed themselves of it.

Everything ran smoothly, as they always do, with Elmer E. Shaner at the helm (we have become nautical), and every one agreed it was one of the best shoots they had ever attended.

The trade was represented by S. A. Tucker and O. R. Dickey, of Parker Bros.; U. M. C. Thomas, of Union Metallic Cartridge Co.; Justus von Lengerke, of Von Lengerke & Detmold; Noel E. Money, of the American E. C. Powder Co.; H. P. Collins, of Hazard Powder Co., and W. L. Collville and J. Fanning, of Gold Dust Powder Co.

The local shooters turned out in force and there was a good delegation from Massachusetts. In the evening the club entertained the visitors and took them to Riverton and Deering Parks and over to the islands in the bay.

The first day, Noel E. Money, using E. C. powder and smokeless shells; Schorty, E. C. powder and smokeless shells, and Fanning, Gold Dust powder and Acme shells, tied for first average with 90 per cent. The second day, O. R. Dickey, E. C. powder and Rapid shells, won first average with 90.9 per cent. High average for both days was won by Dickey, with 89 5 per cent. Second high average for both days was won by Money with 88 per cent., and third high average by Von Lengerke with 87 7 per cent. Scores:

Scores of First Day, July 22.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Eager	12	10	19	13	13	19	12	15	14	15	170	142	83.5
Allison	12	14	18	12	11	20	14	13	14	16	170	144	84.7
Leroy	10	14	18	12	14	20	14	17	10	16	170	145	85.2
Schorty	14	12	18	13	15	18	15	16	12	20	170	153	90
Thorndyke	11	10	15	9	9	13	10	11	12	11	170	111	65.2
Herbert	13	14	19	13	13	17	13	17	13	18	170	150	88.2
C Randall	13	15	18	11	14	12	12	18	13	17	170	143	84.1
Jordan	13	11	19	7	12	10	13	19	13	14	170	141	82.9
Adams	15	15	17	14	12	14	13	15	12	17	170	144	84.7
Archer	13	12	17	14	11	17	15	19	14	18	170	150	88.2
Darton	14	10	15	13	13	16	14	17	13	14	170	139	81.7
Thompson	11	15	17	13	14	12	9	14	10	15	170	140	82.3
Tucker	12	14	19	14	15	15	13	18	15	..	150	135	90
Collins	5	10	13	6	11	11	6	15	12	13	170	132	77.6
Von Lengerke	12	14	17	13	13	16	15	19	13	16	170	148	87
Money	13	15	16	15	13	18	14	20	13	16	170	153	90
U M C	12	10	15	12	11	13	12	16	14	17	170	132	77.6
Rounds	11	7	18	..	..	..	11	17	14	9	120	87	72.5
Cain	13	6	14	..	..	..	..	..	7	10	85	50	58.8
Whittin	10	12	18	9	12	15	14	15	11	16	170	142	83.5
Walls	15	9	13	11	6	8	11	..	..	..	115	173	63.4
Henderson	11	14	13	13	15	16	13	16	13	19	170	143	84.1
Taylor	7	10	11	10	7	10	11	13	..	..	135	79	58.5
Gray	8	10	11	8	10	14	..	..	..	..	100	61	61
Wilkes	13	13	12	13	11	14	12	18	12	..	150	118	78.6
Sawyer	13	12	..	11	12	..	12	..	10	..	90	70	77.7
Edwards	13	13	16	11	15	16	14	17	13	..	150	128	82.6
Howe	12	13	15	10	13	9	12	13	11	15	170	133	78.2
Verrill	9	5	11	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	70	42	60
Hunnewell	12	14	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	70	60	85.7
Stront	10	11	..	..	10	..	8	..	..	..	60	39	65
Goude	10	10	..	..	7	..	10	..	..	..	60	37	61.6
Cobb	10	13	16	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	70	55	78.5
Joslyn	9	5	11	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	70	39	55.5
Berry	12	10	18	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	70	54	77.1
Dickey	15	12	18	8	15	18	13	18	15	18	170	150	88.2
Puck	13	14	16	10	10	19	10	15	11	12	170	123	72.3
Fanning	13	15	18	13	14	18	15	17	15	15	170	153	90
Swiveller	11	12	18	13	11	15	13	16	11	14	170	134	78.8
Giddins	..	8	15	7	12	..	..	..	..	..	65	42	64.6
Dow	..	8	13	..	7	12	11	15	..	9	125	75	60
Bales	..	12	..	10	..	..	..	..	11	..	45	33	73.3
Smith	..	..	10	10	13	14	12	..	..	..	85	59	69.4
Beane	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	40	23	57.5
Chisholm	..	..	..	10	13	10	11	14	..	..	85	58	68.2

George shot in events Nos. 1 and 8, making 11 out of 15 and 13 out of 20 respectively. Stevens shot in No. 9, 15 targets, and broke 5; and Peterson shot at 20 targets in event No. 3 and broke 14.

Scores of Second Day, July 23.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Dickey	14	15	13	13	18	13	14	20	14	16	165	150	90.3
Puck	12	14	14	13	14	16	13	12	17	11	165	121	73.3
Money	14	14	13	14	16	13	12	17	11	18	165	142	86
Von Lengerke	15	15	14	13	20	11	11	17	15	15	165	146	88.4
Tucker	14	14	13	11	17	10	12	16	14	..	145	120	82.7
Schorty	13	13	14	13	18	12	10	16	12	12	165	133	80.6
Eager	14	12	13	11	12	11	14	12	14	15	165	128	77.5
Herbert	12	13	11	11	15	7	10	..	..	..	100	79	79
Allison	14	13	13	11	15	10	13	15	11	12	165	127	76.9
Henderson	13	12	14	12	12	10	10	14	11	17	165	125	75.7
Walls	10	12	9	9	12	11	11	14	13	11	165	112	67.8
Howe	11	11	12	9	12	13	9	16	10	16	165	118	71.5
U M C	11	11	11	11	16	11	10	15	12	14	165	122	73.9
Whittin	12	13	11	12	16	9	13	17	8	18	165	129	78.1
Fanning	14	12	14	9	17	11	9	12	15	17	165	130	78.7
Swiveller	6	11	12	12	18	13	11	16	12	13	165	124	75.1
Sawyer	7	13	11	11	..	11	10	..	11	..	105	74	70.4
Randall	12	14	14	14	16	6	14	14	9	13	165	126	76.3
Jordan	9	13	9	12	18	9	12	17	12	11	165	124	75.1
Thorndyke	14	13	12	10	16	10	11	19	11	14	165	130	78.7
Arthur	13	12	14	12	17	12	12	18	12	16	165	138	83.6
Darton	14	13	10	13	15	9	11	17	11	17	165	130	78.7
Thompson	11	13	12	11	15	6	10	13	11	13	165	115	69.6
Rounds	15	11	8	8	16	11	9	13	9	15	165	115	69.6
Edwards	12	12	11	13	..	..	..	14	9	..	95	71	74.7
Cain	6	9	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	45	24	53.3
Gray	10	8	10	11	13	9	..	12	..	..	115	73	63.2
Leroy	11	14	9	12	18	10	12	18	13	18	165	135	81.8
George	..	7	10	11	..	6	..	..	..	..	60	34	56.6
Taylor	..	..	9	9	..	..	..	..	6	12	65	36	55.3
Langley	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	9	14	13	15	105	74	70.4
Adams	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	11	18	..	..		50	38	76
Carson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	10	11	70	42	60
Wilkes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	17	12	15	70	56	80
Collins	7	7	7	7	11	7	9	10	5	10			165	80	48.4

The following men shot in two events only: Fisher broke 6 in No. 9 and 15 in No. 10, Trunday 13 in No. 3 and 7 in No. 6, Merrill 8 in No. 9 and 16 in No. 10.

Following are the scores of the men who shot in one event only: Chisholm 8 in No. 9, Hall 3 in No. 1, Jones 8 in No. 5, Peterson 9 in No. 10.

NOTES.

Ask Noel Money how he can shoot wooden targets.

Elmer Shaner had his hands full with "the awkward squad."

Portland is a great place for drug stores, cold nights, sportsmen and good fellows.

Justus von Lengerke talked ruffed grouse and Noel Money fox hunting the whole time; it made V. L.'s mouth water to hear that most anywhere within half an hour's ride of the city you could flush 50 to 100 grouse in a day. GOTHAM.

Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association.

HOT SPRINGS, Ark., July 23.—The sixth annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association, although the attendance was rather light, was in every sense a decided success. The Association really derived more benefit from this meeting than some of its predecessors, which can alone be attributed to the manner of dividing the purses. The system used was the equitable one, and this gave universal satisfaction and was conducive of much good; for when the tournament was over few were out of pocket, and, of course, there were no big winners, yet those who shot well won enough to pay expenses and a few dollars over.

In a number of events everybody got in for a place and each received more than their entrance money. This, of course, is only possible where the added money exceeds the cost of the birds, which it did in every event here, there being $10 added to all of them but the trophy contests. As stated above, the equitable system is an excellent one to use where money is added; but when nothing is added and the birds are charged for, it would be very unsatisfactory, as no matter how well one shot, it would be a difficult matter to keep even, to say nothing of the cost of shells, hotel bill and traveling expenses. Nor do I think it would prove practical at large tournaments.

The tournament was held at Whittington Park, a convenient place and easy of access, though with a very trying background—a nice, big mountain covered with trees. The ground inside the park, which is of white clay, also added to the difficulties of the shooter. The glare of the sun on this had the same dazzling effect on the eyes as though it shone on snow. This handicap, and the fact that all of the shooters were somewhat rusty from lack of practice, accounts for the very low averages made.

Trap-shooting in this State has reached its very lowest ebb, and it is safe to assert that the effect of this tournament will be very rejuvenating to the sport. At Pine Bluff trap-shooting has been in a dormant state for three years, but recently it has taken on new life and is now flourishing again. The weekly shoots of this club are always well attended; therefore the association acted very discreetly when it chose Pine Bluff as the place for holding the next annual tournament.

Right here I wish to assure the shooters of the country that we will be doing business again next year, and that, too, on a somewhat larger scale.

There were present, aside from the local shooters: John M. Pemberton, farmer Dave T. Alexander and W. R. Duley, Little Rock; J. T. Lloyd, W. A. Leach and J. B. Spears, Pine Bluff; Wallace Miller, Austin, Texas, and Herbert Taylor, St. Louis, Mo., representing the Du Pont Powder Co.

First Day, July 21.

The first day was an extremely sultry one, and the bright glare of the sun was also very trying on the shooter. The principal event of the day was the individual championship contest. This was won by G. W. Hughes on the fine score of 47 out of 50 He and Lloyd also tied on the high average with a percentage of 85 2. The others follow in the order of merit. There was $90 added to the purses, $10 to all but the championship event:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Targets:	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*50*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*20*	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Lloyd	15	16	9	16	41	14	17	15	19	17	210	179	85.2
Hughes	14	16	14	15	47	11	16	13	18	15	210	179	85.2
Taylor	..	16	15	18	..	9	16	13	14	18	145	119	82
Sumpter	11	17	13	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	70	57	81.4
W R Miller	12	17	11	16	..	13	16	12	17	15	160	129	80.6
Alexander	..	17	9	17	43	13	13	14	11	16	195	153	78.4
Rix	13	14	11	..	39	7	14	11	14	..	170	133	78.2
Little	..	..	10	16	42	..	11	13	20	12	160	124	77.5
Pemberton	13	14	12	12	40	14	14	12	14	16	210	161	76.6
Spears	11	12	12	13	..	11	15	14	15	17	160	120	75
Williams	..	..	13	..	39	12	12	10	14	14	155	115	74.1
Wood	10	14	13	14	32	11	19	12	14	14	210	153	72.8
Woodcock	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	12	10	55	40	72.7
Duley	9	14	10	18	33	10	17	10	13	16	210	150	71.6
Collings	..	..	..	..	31	10	14	12	16	17	140	100	71.4
Leach	11	15	9	14	30	10	11	10	14	16	210	140	66.6
Smith	..	..	8	..	..	..	14	11	12	..	75	45	60
Frazier	..	..	..	..	30	..	..	9	..	..	65	39	60

Championship contest, 50 targets, unknown angles:

Hughes	11011111111111111111101011	23
	11111101111111111111111111	24—47
Alexander	11011111101110110110011111	20
	11111011011111111111111111	23—43
Little	11111111000101111111110011	18
	11111111111111111111101111	24—42
Lloyd	11111101110001011111111110	19
	11111111110011111111101111	22—41
Pemberton	10111101111111101101111110	20
	10111011011111111111110101	20—40
Rix	00111101110011110111111101	18
	11111111100111101011111111	21—39
Williams	11001110111011110111110111	19
	01111110111111101111011101	20—39
Duley	11110011111100101110000011	16
	11111110000011111100101111	17—33
Wood	11111000110111111110111011	19
	10110111000010001011001111	13—32
Collings	11011000011101001111100111	15
	10111000100111111011011110	16—31
Leach	10111111101111011001100001	16
	11000110011100011011100111	14—30
Frazier	10001011111100111110110111	16
	01000101110001100111101111	14—30

Second Day, July 22.

The scores on the second day were not much of an improvement over those of the previous day. The weather was again very hot, though a heavy shower about noon cooled the atmosphere some. The team race for the Keeley cup created some little interest, and this was won by the local club on a very ordinary score. J. T. Lloyd led in the sweepstake events with an average of 90.3. There was $10 added to each of these events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7			
Targets:	*20*	*20*	*20*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*25*	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Lloyd	15	18	19	15	13	19	23	135	122	90.3
Hughes	14	14	19	15	14	17	21	135	114	84.4
Taylor	16	16	11	13	12	19	22	135	109	80.7
W R Miller	16	16	13	11	14	15	22	135	107	79.2
Spears	17	16	17	11	13	13	..	110	87	79
Wood	16	15	18	10	11	13	21	135	104	77
Williams	..	..	..	10	11	..	21	55	42	76.3
Pemberton	18	15	16	10	11	15	18	135	103	76.2
Rix	..	..	..	9	13	13	22	75	57	76
Alexander	16	14	18	8	12	16	16	135	100	74
Duley	14	18	12	12	11	14	17	135	98	72.6
Smith	16	14	..	9	..	16	16	100	71	71
Little	..	..	14	13	10	15	16	95	68	70.5

Team shoot, Keeley cup, 15 targets, unknown angles:

Hot Springs No. 1.		Little Rock.	
Hughes	111110110111111—13	Duley	111101110101000— 9
Williams	111111001011110—12	Pemberton	101111111101111—13
Wood	011111010101110—10—35	Alexander	011111100111101—11—33
Hot Springs No. 2.			
Rix	110011011111110—11	Smith	100100001000111— 6—28
Collings	111110111001101—11		

NOTES.

J. T. Lloyd shot in something like his old-time form, especially on the last day, when he reached 90 per cent., he being the only shooter to accomplish this feat.

G. W. Hughes, "Old Man Hughes," as he is familiarly called, in addition to winning the championship, also captured the $5 for the longest run, 35 straight was the extent of it.

John J. Sumpter, Jr. (the only Arkansas traveler), was unfortunately taken very ill on the morning of the first day of the shoot, and this accounts for his taking part in only a few of the opening events. His genial countenance was decidedly missed. John is a good jovial fellow and his presence always adds much zest to a shoot.

W. R. Duley was shooting two kinds of cornshellers, a Winchester and a Burgess, neither, however, seemed to be the proper thing. Lack of practice, Duley, like a number of others, is what your indifferent showing can be attributed to.

Herbert Taylor, the Du Pont's representative, as usual, made a host of friends for his company and himself. His shooting too has improved wonderfully. When I first met him at the Atchison shoot he was making about 60 per cent., while here his average was a trifle over 80 per cent.

At the annual meeting of the association, Pine Bluff was chosen as the place for holding the next annual meeting and tournament, and the following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year: J. T. Lloyd, Pine Bluff, President; John M. Pemberton, Little Rock, Vice-President; Paul R. Litzke, Little Rock, Secretary, and C. N. Rix, Hot Springs, Treasurer. PAUL R. LITZKE.

Shooting at Wopsononock.

ALTOONA, Pa., July 25.—The second all-day shoot of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club for this season was held at Wopsononock to-day. The meeting did not have as large an attendance of shooting men as the club had looked for, but as the day was fine and the large crowd of ladies and gentlemen who visit this beautiful resort on every Saturday during the summer months gathered at the shooting grounds and watched the boys "break 'em" throughout the entire programme, the occasion was rendered most pleasant. Eleven events were decided, and, had it not been for a shabby trick played on the club management by the dealer who furnishes the shells to the shooters, at least half a dozen more events would have been pulled off. At 4 o'clock everybody was out of shells, necessitating a close of the sport at the time in the day when the conditions are the most favorable for target shooting on these grounds.

This condition of affairs, however, will not occur again, as the club intends in the near future to handle its own shells, and thus avoid a recurrence of the predicament in which they were placed to-day.

The greatest interest was taken in the medal contest, a 25-bird affair, for the club's gold and silver medals and a small entrance fee from each contestant. Booky and Clover tied for the gold medal in this race with 24 breaks out of 25, and in the shoot off at 10 birds in the next event they each scored 10 straight, making a total of 34 out of 35 shot at, when on account of the scarcity of shells they agreed to decide it at the next club shoot in August. Houck, a member of the Huntingdon Gun Club, and also a member of the Altoona Club, won the silver medal with a score of 20 out of 25. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*10*	*20*	*25*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*
Sands	7	7	7	13	7	16	19	9	5	3	8
Kotty	7	5	14	12	6	14	17	7	..	..	..
Booky	8	8	13	13	7	15	24	10	7	7	8
Houck	8	4	8	10	5	13	20	8	7	9	5
Killetts	8	8	11	9	6	12	14	6	6	5	7
Forney	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	18	8	..	..
Clover	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	24	10	8	6
Kollesker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..
Bell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..
Patterson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	..
House	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..

W. S. B.

Dedham Defeats Hingham.

BOSTON, Mass., July 18.—The Dedham Sportsmen's Club held its regular weekly shoot to-day. There were 22 shooters present. The feature of the afternoon was a team race between the Dedham Gun Club and the Hingham Gun Club. Hingham was represented by Henderson, Allison, Howe, Waldo and Lincoln, while Smith, Cole, Gordon, Rapid and Herbert held up Dedham's end. The conditions were 20 targets per man, 10 at known and 10 at unknown angles. Dedham won, 83 to 76. The Dedham Gun Club will hold its first annual handicap tournament on Saturday, Aug. 8. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
B Smith	9	9	8	6	10	8	7	8	..	..
Blinn	4	8	6	4	9	10	8	7	7	6
Cole	9	8	8	8	9	9	10	9	10	7
Liverett	7	6	7	6	6	7	9	5	9	9
Gordon	9	8	7	6	8	9	10	..	..	..
Greener	6	8	6	8	7	9	7	6	6	7
McQuillan	4	5	6	6	7	8	5	7	7	9
Henderson	7	10	8	7	7	10	9	10	10	9
Rapid	8	8	7	9	9	9	7	9	..	..
Woodruff	6	10	6	6	7	9	5	10	9	7
Howard	8	3	8	9	6	6	6	8	5	7
Herbert	7	8	8	7	6	6	8	..	..	..
Martin	9	8	9	6	7	9	10	8	10	8
Colburn	8	6	4	6	7	5	5	7	5	7
Hollis	4	5	5	6	5	7	3	6	6	5
Allison	..	..	..	8	10	9	8	6	9	10
Howe	..	..	..	10	9	8	8	7	8	5
Waldo	..	..	..	7	6	2	7	9	4	7
Lincoln	..	..	..	5	10	9	6	7	7	4
Miskay	..	..	..	..	8	8	8	9	8	9
Adams	..	..	..	..	10	6	4	6	4	..
McIntosh	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..

ROBT. SMITH.

Gilbert Accepts Heikes's Challenge.

OAKLAND, N. J., July 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose herewith copy of Mr. Fred Gilbert's acceptance of Mr. Heikes's challenge for the American E. C. cup and championship of the world at inanimate targets. Yours truly, THE AMERICAN E. C. POWDER CO., LTD.
(Albert W. Money).

CHICAGO, Ill., July 24.—*Noel E. Money, Secretary the American E. C. Powder Co., Ltd:* DEAR SIR—Your valued favor of the 15th inst, addressed to me at Spirit Lake is forwarded to me at this city, arriving in this morning's mail.

I note deposit of check in your hands in the sum of $50 by Mr. Rolla O. Heikes, of Dayton, O., together with challenge to me for the E. C. cup and the championship of the world at inanimate targets.

I am under obligation to you for copy of conditions governing holder of cup, and I am especially obliged to you for placing with these conditions no restriction upon me as to make of powder contestants shall use.

I cheerfully accept the challenge of Mr. Heikes, and will name Thursday, Aug. 20, 2 o'clock P. M., Watson's Park, Burnside, Ill., as grounds. Very respectfully yours, FRED GILBERT.

Jacksonville Gun Club.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., July 24.—In all probability Jacksonville will soon be able to boast of an "up-to-date" gun club, and from the material now in sight there will be nothing in the State, or in sister States either, that can touch it. Some years ago Jacksonville had a club and some crack shots were developed, but after a while the interest waned and it was allowed to die out. Since then many improvements have been made in trap-shooting paraphernalia, which greatly add to the enjoyment, and it is the intention to organize a first-class club and to purchase all the modern improvements, which, in themselves, are sufficient to excite an interest in the hearts of all lovers of the gun.

One of our leading sportsmen, who is deeply interested in this new club, has generously offered to donate a handsome solid gold medal for the members to compete for. If the local sportsmen will but show the proper spirit in coming forward without being coaxed, it will cost the individual member but very little.

It is requested that all those interested either call on or drop a card to Dr. W. T. S. Vincent, 317 Main street, and they will be notified of place of first meeting and time set for election of officers and organization.

Brunswick Gun Club.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., July 25.—Inclosed are the scores made this afternoon at the club's regular monthly shoot:

Stevens	11100011111111111111110111	21
Hoagland	11011111111110011101101111	20
Iredell	11101101110101101111110101	18
McDowell	11010111011101011101100111	17
Nicholas	11110001100111101111111001	17
Allen	10100000111110011111111100	15
Smith	10000100111101000011110111	13
Howell	10010100011011000001100111	12
Randall	00011000001111111101000011	12
Reynolds	10111010101101011010000000	12
Blish	00010101001010101001010010	10

HENRY H. STEVENS, Sec'y.

Cook County Trap-Shooters' League.

Oak Park, Ill.—The fourth contest of the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League was held on the grounds of the Cicero Gun Club. A light rain fell throughout the entire day and made it very disagreeable for the shooters; however, quite a number participated in the events, which were as follows:

Set traps No. 1, five traps, targets, sweepstakes, targets extra.

No. 1, 10 targets, known traps and angles, 50 cents entry, three moneys: S. Palmer 5, McDonald 2, Lowrey 4, Grubbs 7, Church 8, Adams 7, Von Platen 4, Williams 2.

No. 2, 15 targets, known traps, unknown angles, 75 cents entry, two moneys: McDonald 4, Lowrey 5, Williams 8, Von Platen 1, S. Palmer 7, Barnard 4.

No. 3, 10 targets, unknown traps and angles, entry 50 cents, three moneys: S. Palmer 3, Church 8, Barnard 2, Williams 2, A. Cheesman 6, Lowrey 7.

No. 4, same: Williams 7, Stannard 8, Liddy 7, Church 7, Adams 8, Grubbs 6.

No. 5, same: Stannard 7, Adams 9, Bingham 10, Gilbert 9, Hicks 8, Steck 10, Barto 9, W. D. Stannard 3, Head 7, Church 8, Shaw 6, Wright 7, Glover 6, S. Goodrich 8, Smith 10, Ruble 8, Webster 7, S. Palmer 7, Einfeldt 6, Wilcox 6, Grubbs 7, Liddy 6, W. Palmer 3.

No. 6, 15 targets, known traps, unknown angles, 75 cents entry, three moneys: Hicks 10, Adams 11, Stannard 12, Wright 9, Bingham 13, Barto 10, Gilbert 10, Church 14, Shaw 13, Murphy 4, Head 7, Johnson 5, Ruble 13, Goodrich 9, Glover 10, Smith 8, Wilcox 11, Steck 13, Grubbs 8, W. D. Stannard 11, Kuss 19, Cop 9, Patterson 9, Irwin 8.

No. 7, 20 targets, known traps, unknown angles, $1 entry, four moneys: Bingham 18, Ruble 12, Steck 12, Shaw 17, Wright 16, Hicks 18, Adams 17, Barto 14, Webber 11, Liddy 13, Church 13, Grubbs 12, Patterson 14, Kuss 14, Fehrman 16, Johnson 10, Murphy 5, Gilbert 16, Bowers 12, Goodrich 13, Glover 16, Wilcox 14, Stannard 17, W. Palmer 12, Spreyne 9, Lampheir 16, Carter 15, Wescott 14, Piltz 10, Dr. Carson 12.

No. 8, 15 targets, same, 75 cents entry, three moneys: H. F. Carson 9, Johnson 5, S. Palmer 8, Buck 8, Eich 12, Hart 8, Adams 8, Rexford 8, Antoine 8, Kuss 9.

No. 9, same: Einfeldt 9, Metcalf 3, Murphy 4, Liddy 10, R. B. Carson 0, Black 8, Petrie 5, Booth 8, Cooper 8, Cop 9, Good 2, Jones 7, Leech 8, Stiger 8, Dr. Carson 5, Levi 7, Von Platen 8, Wescott 7, Rexford 9.

No. 10, same: Young 13, Head 9, H. Carson 8, Webber 7, W. Palmer 8, Russell 5, Dr. Carson 8, Spreyne 8, Petrie 10, Johnson 7, Ruble 14, Fehrman 10, Adams 7, Kuss 13, Booth 10, Stiger 8, Von Lengerke 12, Matthews 3, Bingham 5, A. W. Adams 15, S. Palmer 6, Von Platen 6, Antoine 11.

No. 11, same: Young 9, Stiger 8, Murphy 9, Russell 8, Kettlestrings 11, Dr. Carson 10, Buck 9, Smith 5, A. W. Adams 11, Stiger 7, Sherman 2, Metcalf 9, Cooper 8, H. Carson 7, Adams 7, Fehrman 6, Goodrich 5, Dr. Wescott 11, York 3, Rexford 5, H. Carson 10, Booth 11, Wright 13, Bowers 5.

No. 12, same: Young 7, Booth 11, Murphy 9, W. D. Stannard 6, Rexford 10, Cooper 12, Russell 5, Stannard 11, Kuss 13, Goldsmith 5, Adams 10, Antoine 10.

No. 13, same: Wright 9, Steck 9, Goodrich 7, Booth 9, Murphy 5, Cooper 12, Ruble 12, Hicks 13, Young 12, Cop 11, Russell 8, Kettlestrings 11.

Set traps No. 2, five traps, targets for practice and the League contest. The following are scores of the League:

CLASS A.

Eureka Gun Club.

Adams	1111111111111111111011101—22
Steck	1111110111011011111111111—22
F P Stannard	0111111111101101111101111—20
Bingham	1001010101111011111100111—17
Wright	1110110101100111010110011—16
Patterson	0101101111111011000010100—14—111

Garfield Gun Club.

Hicks	1111101111011101001011001—17
Palmer	1001100011101110101011101—15
Cop	0101000010111011010000111—13
Piltz	1100101101001011110100010—13
J J Smith	1011001100010100110110101—13
Von Lengerke	1101010101111100001000101—13— 84

CLASS B.

Garden City Gun Club.

Ruble	1111110111111111101111011—22
Redford	1101111010011101011111—19
Amberg	0111011011110101110110111—18
Antoine	1111010010111111011011110—18
Bissell	0101111011111111110110100—18
Wilcox	1110100010100100110101110—13—108

Eureka Gun Club No. 2.

Glover	1011111111111111111111101—23
W D Stannard	1001011111111111101011111—20
Dr Carson	1111110011100100111111111—19
H Carson	1101110100110110110101111—17
Buck	1101011000101110010101111—15
Goodrich	1110110001001110010001011—13—107

Garfield Gun Club No. 2.

Kuss	1111111101101111010011111—20
Liddy	1011011011111111100111111—19
Richards	1110110110100111001111111—18
Fehrman	1010011111111100011111100—17
Bowers	0010110101011110110100111—15
Shaw	1010101100111110010110010—14—103

Cicero Gun Club.

Kettlestrings	1111100111111110111111111—22
Cooper	1001111011001000111111101—16
Fox	0010011000111110111101111—16
Goelter	0100111111101010111011100—16
A Cheesman	1001011110110010001101101—14
Lowrey	1000100110010001101100000— 9— 93

Douglas Gun Club.

Eich	0111111111011011001111111—20
Church	1111110111111101100011001—17
Barto	1110110001110010011110111—16
Carter	1110010101010101001001100—12
Hart	0101111100100001001100001—11
Johnson	1010011000010010010000010— 8— 84

Calumet Heights Gun Club.

Lamphere	1111111111101111111110111—23
Westcott	1111101101101010011011101—17
Young	1011110111001011000110111—16
Booth	1000101111100111100110010—14
Knowles	0000000111010011100101111—12

Withdrew.

CLASS C.

Cicero Gun Club No. 2.

Webber	0100111111101011011011100—16
Talbot	0001110110011011011010010—13
Von Platen	0001111110101010100010011—12
W Cheesman	1000111011010110000000110—11
Einfeldt	0001110000101110100101101—11
Barnard	1001010010001000000010100— 7— 71

Calumet Heights Gun Club No. 2.

Greely	1101010110010100001011111—14
Black	0001100011010010101001111—12
Metcalf	1001000010101100001001111—11
Harlan	0001110010011000000110110— 9
Marshall	0010000000110111101100000— 9

Withdrew.

Garfield Gun Club No. 3.

Steiger	1010010011101100010010100—11
Russell	0000011110100001001000011—10
S Palmer	0010000000001011110010110— 9

Withdrew.

Garden City Gun Club No. 2.

Levi	1110000109101110101101000—12
Goldsmith	1101010000011100011010010—11

Withdrew.

The shoot off between the low men in each club for the keg of Du Pont powder resulted as follows:

Goodrich (Eureka)	11010	01010	01110
Piltz (Garfield)	01000		
Cop (Garfield)	10000		
Levi (Garden City)	00000		
Barnard (Cicero)	01101	11000	00110
Webber (Cicero)	01001		

On set No. 3, 5 traps, English sparrows were shot. Fred Gilbert, the Du Pont powder champion, here shot at his first sparrow, killing 33 out of 35.

Following are the sparrow events:

Event 1, 5 sparrows, 5 unknown traps, set 3yds. apart and 25yds. from the score, with a 25yd. boundary, $1.50 entry, 3 moneys: S. Palmer 3, Lowrey 5, Steck 3, Ruble 4, Williams 2, Barnard 1, Von Platen 1.

No. 2, 10 sparrows, $2 entry, 3 moneys: Parker 8, Goldsmith 7, Palmer 8, Rexford 4, Levi 2, Steiger 3.

No. 3, same: Palmer 7, Webster 6, Staples 9, Gilbert 10, Mathews 8, Kuss 8, Parker 6, Von Lengerke 9, Einfeldt 6, Bingham 10.

No. 4, 5 sparrows, $1.50 entry, 3 moneys: Gilbert 4, Bingham 5, Palmer 2, Shaw 3.

No. 5, same: Wescott 0, Liddy 5, Gilbert 5, Staples 3, Webster 5, Goodrich 4, Adams 3.

No. 6, same: Russell 2, Gilbert 5, Webster 3, Bingham 4, Palmer 4.

No. 7, same: Palmer 5, Webster 5, Einfeldt 3, Staples 5.

No. 8, same: Smith 1, Palmer 1, Einfeldt 3, Bissell 2, Webster 5.

No. 9, 10 sparrows, $2 entry, 3 moneys: Einfeldt 8, Stannard 5, Gilbert 8, Palmer 6, Webster 8, Hicks 5.

No. 10, same: Webster 10, Palmer 7, Steck 9, Goodrich 7, Wilcox 7, Hicks 9, Barto 7, Wright 10, Glover 2, Lowrey 8, Ruble 8.

As usual, the last shot was fired by starlight, and Tom Hicks was about the last one on the grounds.

Gordo.

Pennsylvania and Ohio Border League.

Greenville, Pa., July 18.—The fourth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun Club League was held at Greenville to-day, and was a decided success. Paul North's magautrap was used, and few if any birds were broken by this trap. The league shoot was shot from the five traps as heretofore, as it would have been unfair to have changed traps at this stage of the tournament. Scores:

Greenville (Pa.) Gun Club.

Naylor	1111101111111111111111111—24
Dr Miller	1111011111111001111111101—21
Belton	1111101111110110101110110—19
Keck	1111110011111000111111010—18
Grauel	0111000100011011000101111—13—95

Warren (O.) Gun Club.

Sheldon	0111111111111101111111111—23
Ewalt	1101110101111011011111111—20
Scoonover	1111111101101111110110011—20
James	1101011111011101101011011—18
Nooney	1011000000111111111001000—13—94

Youngstown (O.) Gun Club.

Fry	0110110111101111111011111—20
Chapman	1111111111010011111100101—19
Whitesides	1011111111010111101110100—18
Andrews	1100111111011010101011110—17
Weakland	1001111010000111101110111—17—91

New Castle (Pa.) Gun Club.

Hill	1111101011011011101110111—19
Wilson	1111110101111110001010111—18
Hart	1011110101011111110101001—17
Shanor	1110100011001011111111011—17
Matthews	1000111101101001111010011—15—86

Meadville (Pa) Gun Club.

Adams	1011011110111111011111110—20
Ergot	1111111110011011001110010—17
Harvey	1111111111111111000000001—17
Reisinger	1110011111100111000101010—15
Johnson	0010000001000100111111111—12—81

J. M. Reed, Sec'y.

Audubon Gun Club.

Chicago, July 18.—The events were as follows: No. 1, 25 singles, unknown angles; No. 2, 15 singles, unknown angles; No. 3, 15 singles, reverse pulls; No. 4, miss-and-out, Forrester's birthday event; No. 5, 15 singles, gun below elbow; No. 6, 15 singles, unknown angles.

This was the weekly shoot of the Audubon Gun Club, the first event being the club badge shoot, B. F. Smith winning A class badge, Tom Tidler B class and A. Coombs C class. No. 4 event was a special miss-and-out handicap, in which C. S. Burkhardt won first prize, an elegant meerschaum pipe; Norris won second, meerschaum cigar holder; Phillips third, silver matchbox; J. J. Reed fourth, cigar stand; McArthur fifth, pocket lamp. The prizes were all donated by Capt. Alex. Forrester, it being his fiftieth birthday, and in his honor the event was named:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
B F Smith	24	..	..	15	..	..	Wm Hines, Jr	14	9	9	13	6	..
J J Reid	17	10	7	18	9	..	U E Storey	14	7	7	13	..	8
Forrester	24	13	12	..	..	..	Reynolds	14	..	..	11	12	..
C S Burkhardt	23	14	10	45	15	12	Freize	21	10	..	..	..	..
Peach	20	..	10	..	..	..	Williams	14	9	4	10	9	..
J Edwards	20	13	10	11	11	10	Dr Sauer	17	9	6	13	19	..
McArthur	17	10	10	19	7	7	Howard	12	8	9	..	10	11
L W Bennett	19	12	11	9	14	..	Norris	24	12	11	43	14	..
Tom Tidler	20	11	12	15	12	..	Rossiter	..	8	9	..	..	..
A Coombs	11	..	3	..	..	..	Edmonds	..	11	8	..	..	..
Bird	14	9	5	9	10	..	S Howards	..	8	10	..	..	..
Kelsey	23	12	13	13	14	..	Beard	..	..	9	..	..	..
Phillips	15	9	6	19	..	..	Warren	..	..	9	..	..	..
J Peters	22	13	6	5	9	8							

Willmar Gun Club's Tournament.

Willmar, Minn., July 17.—The annual tournament, for amateurs only, of the Willmar Gun Club was held to-day, and proved a success. The purse of $40, to be divided equally among the six high guns, was won by Hill, Johnson, Wilson, Ahlstrom, Tallman and Peterson. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	15	25	10	20	15	25	Targets:	20	15	25	10	20	15	25
E S Hill	14	12	17	9	16	15	18	M Liedholm	7	7	..	5	..	7	..
L Johnson	15	12	17	6	15	14	16	H A Hanson	8	9	10	8	..	9	10
E Wilson	12	12	16	9	13	15	16	Wm See	10	6	..	..	..	..	..
A Ahlstrom	11	9	16	8	14	12	11	O Paulson	12	5	10	4	8	5	..
D N Tallman	9	12	15	7	12	9	20	S Osmundson	10	7	..	..	..	8	10
F F Peterson	12	14	12	5	16	10	14	G Byland	5	..	..	2	5	..	..
P E Hanson	11	9	14	8	13	12	14	C Orram	5	7	10	3	11	8	13
C C Selvig	13	12	15	6	13	8	11	M J O'Brien	8	3	9	1	4	5	4
B F Miller	13	8	14	6	9	12	11	M Ellofson	7	5	..	3	10	..	..
N P Nelson	12	11	16	5	12	7	14	H Croswell	6	7	9	3	9	5	11
C G Nelson	11	5	9	5	10	8	8	C A Olson	8	7	..	..	9	11	9
C Berkner	9	11	13	5	9	13	11	J H Foster	11	9	..	..	..	..	..
P J Boland	6	8	15	3	13	9	10	R Nelson	5	4	11	..	10	6	9
R B Otterness	10	6	15	5	12	8	13	P Bonde	..	..	..	..	..	9	6
F W Minton	13	7	8	4	11	9	12	C A Rice	..	..	..	..	..	9	5
J C Freese	12	9	14	4	14	11	10								

D. N. Tallman, Sec'y.

Pawtuxet Gun Club.

Pawtuxet, R. I., July 18.—The tenth weekly shoot of the Pawtuxet Gun Club was held to-day. The shooting was at 25 targets, known angles, A. S. A. rules. Scores:

Class A.

W Crandall	1011011111111111011111010—20
W H Sheldon	1111111110110111101011110—20
S F Wilson	1111011011111110111100101—18
W Mooney	0111111101011011111011100—18
S D Greene, Jr	1110011100111101111001100—16
*G T Naylor	0101110110110100110100110—14
*C H Brown	1110011101101010010010110—14
*C M Adams	0110000000110100001010010— 9

Class B.

A B Hawkins	1111111110100111111111111—22
E C Whitaker	1011111010111111111110010—19
H Badmington	1101011001011101110010111—16
W O King	1110011100110001010010001—12

Class C.

F Graves	1111110100011101101111101—18
R Rhodes	0110011110101010111010101—15
C Thunell	1101011111111101011001000—14
J Armstrong	1111001001010100000111100—12
G Cann	1110000101011011001110000—12
F Arnold	1011101101010100000010000—10
A Andrews	1000000000001100011110100— 8

* Not members.

W. H. Sheldon, Sec'y.

Good Work at Omaha.

Omaha, Neb., July 18.—The Omaha Gun Club's regular weekly shoot was held to-day. Over 83 per cent. of the targets thrown in this event were scored "dead," and we would like to hear of some other club beating it. Scores:

Parmelee	1111111111111111111111011—24
Johannes	1110111111111111111111011—23
Whitener	1111111111101101111110111—22
Carmichael	1111101101011111111111111—22
Marsh	1011111111111111111011101—22
Brucker No 1	1101111011111111111111110—22
Dickey	1111111110111111111110110—22
Loomis	0111101111101111111111111—22
Brucker No 2	1111111101011110111111111—22
E Kalb	1111101111111111101011111—22
Smead	1111101111101100111111111—21
Hughes	1111111010110111101111111—21
Bates	0111111110111111110111010—20
Read	0011111111010110101011111—19
Raymond	1101011111110001111101011—18
Peters	1101001101111101111111001—18
Randlett	1011110101100110111101111—18
McFarlane	0010011010101011101111111—16

W. D. Kenyon, Sec'y.

Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Burlington, Vt., July 15.—The regular shoot of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club was held here to-day. At a meeting of the club, held this evening, it was decided to use the Rose system of dividing purses at our tournament, to be held Aug. 26 and 27. Scores made to-day:

No. 1, 25 targets:

Blue Rival	1110110101111111010110110—18
Blue Ribon	1111011111111101011111111—21
W L Stone	0011010011110111011010100—14
D du Pont	1111100111010101001000100—13

No. 2, same:

Blue Rival	1111101010101111111011111—20
Blue Ribon	1111011111101011111101111—21
W L Stone	1000000111110110000101111—13
D du Pont	0110000111101001111111111—17
E C Lefever	1110111111100011011110000—16

No. 3, same:

E C Lefever	1001110111101011111010110—17
Blue Ribon	1101010111110111011101101—18
D du Pont	0000011110010010110100100—10
W L Stone	1001100000100101001010010— 9
Blue Rival	0100111111100100101100111—15

No. 4, 15 pairs:

E C Lefever	00 11 10 10 10 01 11 11 11 10 10 10 10 10 11—19
D du Pont	11 11 00 10 00 10 10 11 10 10 10 11 00 10 01—16
W L Stone	10 00 11 00 01 01 10 10 01 11 10 10 01 10 10—15
Blue Rival	11 10 11 10 00 10 11 10 11 11 00 11 11 11 11—22

J. S. Denning, Sec'y.

At the Hollywood Traps.

Long Branch, N. J., July 25.—Phil Daly, Jr., won the Takanassee Cup to-day at the Hollywood grounds. The field was a small one, only eight entries being obtained. Among the number were A. L. Ivins, Bland Ballard, Leonard Finletter, E. H. Godschalk, etc. The conditions were: 15 live birds, $15 entrance, handicap rise. Daly, who shot from the 28yds. mark, killed all his birds. Ballard and Ivins, both of whom were at 30yds., and Godschalk (28yds.) tied for second place with 13 kills each. The scores were:

P Daly, Jr. (28)	222222212212221—15
Ballard (30)	223•22•22222222—13
Ivins (30)	222021•12222221—13
Godschalk (28)	2222120•1221221—13
Hooper (28)	02120•022122211—11
Branch (26)	1•2221021212100—11
Finletter (29)	02022•222222020—10
Wilson (27)	01•000 w

Proposed Syracuse Stock Company.

There is a well developed sentiment in Syracuse, and in fact elsewhere in central New York, in favor of the organization of an association to take up the work begun by the *Herald* when it fathered the recent shooting tournament held at the State Fair grounds. Local sportsmen are fully convinced that Syracuse can be made a sporting center, and that such an organization can be made self-sustaining if not profitable. Offers to take stock have been freely made to the late management, and in order that the matter may take form it is proposed that the gentlemen willing to take part in such a project write their views and state what stock they are willing to take, based on shares of $50 each, par value, the company to be stocked at $5,000 or $10,000, to be decided later on. Immediate action is necessary, as it is important that a date shall be claimed for the next meeting well in advance. Letters should be addressed to Arthur Jenkins, Chairman, *Herald* office, Syracuse. A preliminary meeting will be called shortly after Aug. 1.—*Syracuse Evening Herald.*

Pawtuxet Gun Club Wins.

Pawtuxet, R. I., July 18.—The second of a series of four matches between the Pawtuxet Gun Club and the Rhode Island Trap-Shooters' Association was shot here to-day, and resulted in a victory for Pawtuxet by the narrow margin of one bird. Each team has now won a match, but Rhode Island still leads by 6 targets, as the number of targets broken in the entire series, 500 targets, decides the winners. The scores:

Pawtuxet Gun Club.		R. I. Trap-Shooters' Association.	
Sheldon	22	Wilson	21
G J Crandall	20	Randall	20
Greene	16	Whitaker	17
W J Crandall	14	Plaisted	15
Mooney	13—85	Adams	11—84

W. H. Sheldon, Sec'y.

West Lebanon Gun Club.

West Lebanon, N. H., July 23.—The West Lebanon Gun Club held its regular weekly shoot here to-day. The following are the scores:

Bailey	1100111101111101100111011 18
Briere	0010000001110000010110001— 8
Batchelder	1110111010110111110000101—16
Dana	0000000000000000011000100— 3
Dr Allen	0000110000001111000000000— 6
King	0010110100100011001011000—10
Johnson	0010001000000111010001001— 8

Nap Briere, Sec'y.

Marietta Gun Club.

Marietta, Ga., July 23.—The Marietta Gun Club held its regular weekly shoot here to-day. Conditions: Known traps, unknown angles, A. S. A. rules. Scores:

Black	1111111111101111100101111—21
Meinet	1101111111101011011110111100—19
Setze	0010010111111111011111111011—18
Maury	0101111111011010011010111—17
Love	0001101101100110011110100—13
Reynolds	1111000100000111111001001—13
Mosher	1000000001011010111100111—12
Stephens	0000000011101100111110000—10

W. J. Black, Sec'y.

The Audubon Tournament.

Buffalo, N. Y., July 20.—Our arrangements for the shoot have been changed a little as to date; it will be from Sept. 2 to 5 inclusive—two days targets and two days live birds. The targets will be thrown from the celebrated magautraps. We have at present about $1,000 pledged in added money and guns, etc. Our programme has been divided into two classes—open events and amateur events—the latter open only to 75 per cent. and under shooters. The last day we will have a grand handicap at live birds, namely, the Audubon Park Handicap, for which we will give a very valuable trophy and a large guarantee.

B. F. Smith, Manager.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

Lynchburg, Va., July 21.—The regular weekly shoot of the Lynchburg Gun Club was held to-day and the following scores were made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	20	15	25	15	10	Targets:	15	20	15	25	15	10
Nelson	13	13	9	18	10	7	Moorman	14	17	10	18	12	8
Terry	11	17	12	23	11	8	Stearns	12	17	12	20	14	8
Scott	10	15	10	19	9	7	Miller	13	17	10	11	11	9
Dornin	9	15	13	21	12	8						F. M. D.	

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

A New Line of Pullman Drawing Room Sleeping Cars.

The popular Southern Railway, Piedmont Air Line, has recently equipped its Washington and South-Western Vestibuled Limited between New York and New Orleans with Pullman's latest double drawing room, smoking room and ten-section sleeping cars. These cars were built by the Pullman Company especially for this line, and are known as the "Empire" style. They are most elegantly finished in every respect, and have all of the most modern conveniences that are necessary to give the traveling public safety, comfort, etc. The Southern Limited leaves New York daily at 4:30 P. M.—*Adv.*

Spark Deflectors in Coaches.

The Southern Railway, Piedmont Air Line, always looks after the comfort of its patrons. They have recently placed spark deflectors for use in their thoroughfare coaches; the use of the device will add materially to the comfort of its coach passengers.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1896.

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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page x.

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BIRDS AND FARMERS.

THE advocates of protection for our small birds present two sets of reasons for preventing their killing: the one sentimental, and the other economic.

The sentimental reasons are the ones most often urged; they are also of a kind to appeal with especial force to those whose responsibility for the destruction of the birds is greatest. The women and girls, for whose adornment birds' plumage is chiefly used, think little and know less about the services which birds perform for agriculture, and indeed it may be doubted whether the sight of a bunch of feathers or a stuffed bird's skin suggests to them any thought of the life that those feathers once represented. But when the wearers are reminded that there was such a life; that it was cheery and beautiful, and that it was cut short merely that their apparel might be adorned, they are quick to recognize that bird destruction involves a wrong, and are ready to do their part toward ending it by refusing to wear plumage.

The small boy, who pursues little birds from the standpoint of the hunter in quest of his game, feels only the ardor of pursuit. His whole mind is concentrated on that and the hunter's selfishness, the desire of possession, fills his heart. Ignorance and thoughtlessness destroy the birds.

Every one knows in a general way that birds render most valuable service to the farmer, but although these services have long been recognized in the laws standing on the statute books of the various States, it is only within a few years that any systematic investigations have been undertaken to determine just what these services are, to measure them with some approach to accuracy, to weigh in the case of each species the good and the evil done, and so to strike a balance, in favor of the bird or against it. The inquiries carried on by the Agricultural Department on a large scale and those made by various local experiment stations and by individual observers have given results which are very striking and which can no longer be ignored. Some of these results Miss Merriam gives in her paper prepared for FOREST AND STREAM, the first instalment of which appears in this week's issue. It deserves careful study, not only by every farmer, but also by every one who is at all interested in birds or in agriculture in any form. At a time like this, when reports of the ravages of army worms, elm beetles and other noxious insects are constantly heard, a paper such as this has a deep interest for a very large class. Miss Merriam's articles, besides being written in graceful, simple and popular style, give in small compass the results of many papers which have appeared in different reports, not all of them easily accessible, and these reports are often so technical as to be quite beyond the grasp of the general reader. A wide circulation of Miss Merriam's paper would do much to arouse an intelligent appreciation among agriculturists of the vast good done by many species of birds, and would vastly benefit the country.

It is a difficult matter for any one to balance the good things that he reads and believes about any animal against the bad things that he actually sees. The man who witnesses the theft of his cherries by robin or catbird, or the killing of a quail by a marsh hawk, feels that here he has ocular proof of harm done by the birds, while as to the insects or the field mice destroyed, and the crops saved, he has only the testimony of some unknown and distant witness. It is only natural that the observer should trust the evidence of his senses, and yet his eyes tell him only a small part of the truth, and that small part a misleading one. It is human to generalize from our own limited experience, and yet we all know that nothing is more likely to lead to error.

It is certain that without the services of these feathered laborers, whose work is unseen, though it lasts from daylight till dark through every day in the year, agriculture in this country would come to an immediate standstill, and if in the brief season of fruit each one of these workers levies on the farmer the tribute of a few berries, the price is surely a small one to pay for the great good done. Superficial persons imagine that the birds are here only during the summer, but this is a great mistake. It is true that in warm weather, when insect life is most abundant, birds are also most abundant. They wage an effective and unceasing war against the adult insects and their larvæ, and check their active depredations; but in winter the birds carry on a campaign which is hardly less important in its results. It is then that the chickadee, the nuthatch, the brown creeper, the kinglets and the woodpeckers are hard at work all through the short days, searching the crevices and crannies in the bark of the tree trunks and branches, looking among the undergrowth, hunting along the fences for the bunches of eggs, the buried larvæ and the pupa of the insects, which if undisturbed would, when warm weather comes, hatch out millions of creeping, crawling and flying things that would devastate garden and orchard and every crop of the field. It is through this silent, unceasing work by the birds—some in summer and others in winter—that the insect hosts are held in check. The downy woodpecker which we see swinging with undulating flight across the snow-clad fields renders service not less important than the fat robin which flies with a beak full of cankerworms to his clamorous young in the apple tree close to the house.

CONCERNING THE MAN WITH THE WHISTLE.

OF the many idiosyncrasies exhibited by individuals in camp life, petty, constant and irritating, few are so objectionable as habitual whistling. Whistling is the self-absorbing occupation of the man away from home who is not actually in touch with his pleasure, the man without a true purpose of good fellowship in that he is a chronic disturber of the peace and comfort of his companions; the whistler of the early morning hours, who blunders about in industrious nothingness while his companions are yet resting; he of the late night hours, whistling after his companions have taken to their blankets and are endeavoring to sleep. He sits him down to breakfast still whistling and eats hurriedly, as if a pleasure were broken in upon, and were capable of being resumed only by unbecoming haste to finish the task in hand. The meal ended, out breaks again the irritating succession of discords in all their imperfection of faulty time, bad tune and wearisome repetition. Does one of his companions address him, he slackens his lips, ejaculates a hasty yes or no, instantly cocks his lips again, taking breath at the same time, and hurriedly resumes his musical fireworks. He does not hesitate at the effrontery of whistling while his companions are talking to him, and the end of his answer is blended in the resumption of the outpour of discord. In the boat while fishing, in the field and forest, where silence and success are inseparable, the whistler is both an irritant and harmful to sport.

Not infrequently the chronic whistler's repertoire consists of one or two tunes imperfectly learned and repeated with incessant persistence, so that at such rare times as he is silent the refrain, strident and recurrent, reverberates on in the ears of the hearers; thus silence is only a meaningless name. A faulty memory may supplement the tortures inflicted by a bad ear, so that if the whistler follow the tune fairly well part way, he may be at a total oss for the correct finish of it; whereupon the listener is treated to the torment of hearing him feel his way to a discordant and inappropriate finish, or to an earnest impromptu finish which would be ridiculous were it not such a wearisome nuisance.

There are now and then men of true musical taste and attainments, men of perception and tactfulness as to time place and company, who seek to entertain, not themselves but their companions. It is not of such that we write. They are distinct from the whistling camp nuisance, and cannot be confounded with him. The chronic whistler indulges his habit to please himself. Moreover, at the best, a very little whistling, be the same good, bad or indifferent, goes a long way toward supplying the demand in camp.

The whistling habit is peculiarly annoying in camp, the victims are so helplessly defenseless. If the host be the sufferer, he cannot rebuke his guest; and on the other hand, the guest must endure in silence if his host be the offender. Friendly companions are loth to appear churlish in respect to what to others may seem to be but innocent diversion. But the small troubles are often the most vexatious. They are the more so when they must be suffered in silence. That they are gratuitous adds to their sting. The hum of the mosquito in its nocturnal search for blood will disturb sleep and provoke ill-temper, but the sufferer can resent the infliction. The squalling of cats in the back yard invites a shower of missiles. And yet these kinds of annoyances are transient and mild as compared to the ill-selected, out-of-tune, disjointed, fragmentary and maddening efforts of the incompetent whistler who inflicts his discords on his friends.

It may be suggested that his friends should be indulgent and forbearing because they are friends. On the contrary, being friends entitles them to friendly consideration. Friends should receive the same deference in camp that they receive in town. Friendship should not be the plea for inflicting annoyance on one's companions. Whatever the man may be in town, he is an ill-conditioned fellow who will make himself a petty nuisance in camp.

Have you ever been in camp with the fellow who whistles?

YELLOWSTONE PARK BUFFALO

THE wholesale killing of buffalo in and about the Yellowstone Park which took place up to the passage of the law of May, 1894, was very discouraging to all who are interested in the survival of this species. Those who take the most gloomy view of the condition of the National Park buffalo have declared that in their belief there are not ten living animals in the Park. Others, however, think that it is not quite so bad as that, but that there should be forty or fifty left, scattered in little bunches over the reservation. We are gratified to learn that during a trip made through a portion of the Park last July by James Morrison, the civilian scout employed there, he saw fifteen buffalo, of which nine were cows.

At about the same time signs of as many more were seen in two places quite remote from those visited by Morrison, and there seems good reason for believing that at least thirty head of buffalo are still to be found in the Park. No doubt there are others—though they may be very few—in remote corners, and we can feel sure that Capt. Anderson and the force under his command will do everything in their power to preserve these few survivors from destruction. The number of buffalo left alive, however, is so small that even under the most favorable circumstances the increase of the herd must be deplorably slow. It is earnestly to be hoped that the Legislature of Idaho at its next session will pass and enforce a law forbidding under heavy penalties the killing, pursuit or having in possession any buffalo.

Such a law would certainly commend itself to the most intelligent sentiment of Idaho, and we cannot doubt that those who guide political affairs in that State will lend their assistance to carry through such an amendment to the statutes.

During his trip through the Park Morrison saw a bull moose and much other game.

The Sportsman Tourist.

SPORT IN INDIA.

Perhaps Forest and Stream would like to hear something of sport as we have it in India. It is no doubt the greatest sporting country in the world, both because it contains a greater variety of game than any other country, and because the game is more easily got at than in any other country. This is because camping is so well understood and the native servants can keep you comfortable wherever you go, and British law and order, giving absolute security to person and property, rule throughout this great country, so that the traveler, wherever he may pitch his camp, is perfectly secure against molestation. And let me say here a word about the nature of our British rule over India. I have sometimes talked with American gentlemen who seemed to suppose that there was something harsh or cruel in our grasp of that country. Even in such a high class and usually well informed magazine as the *Arena* I remember to have read some nonsense about "India writhing under the iron heel of English despotism." The truth is, that British Government in India constitutes the greatest blessing that has ever been conferred on a large section of the human race.

The population of India, now numbering nearly three hundred millions, is composed of a great variety of tribes and sects—some of them warlike, others very peaceful. Before the British took possession there was nothing worth calling a government. Various native princes and chiefs ruled in the oppressive Oriental style over different sections of the country and perpetually fought with each other. The warlike tribes raided and plundered the weaker races. The roads, such as they were, were infested with thugs and bandits, and travelers had to get together in companies and go well armed. The very cultivator at his plow could hardly consider himself safe unless he had a sword handy. Added to all this turmoil and insecurity, terrible famines prevailed from time to time over large sections of the country, when hundreds of thousands would perish; while cholera and other pestilences were rife.

And now under British rule the whole population enjoys absolute peace and security. Justice is everywhere administered with impartial hand, and the humblest peasant can go to the nearest magistrate and obtain a patient hearing and redress if any man has wronged him. Good metaled roads and railways cross the country in all directions, and by their means not only has a great trade been developed, but the horrors of famine have ceased. When the crops fail in one section the railways easily supply the deficiency by bringing in supplies from other parts of the country. The vast irrigation canals which we have built also render immense tracts entirely safe against any failure of crops and give the cultivator a double or treble out-turn over what he ever had formerly. And by sanitary improvements, such as proper drainage and water supply systems for the great crowded cities, the ravages of pestilence have been greatly diminished, and we already look to the day when the dreaded cholera shall be finally stamped out.

The population fully appreciate all these benefits and there is no discontent under the British rule; at least the only discontented people are the few lawless characters here and there who would prefer a state of licentiousness and disorder, and perhaps a few descendants of the ancient chiefs and nobles who think they have an inherent right to rule and oppress the people. But they have little to grumble at, because whenever we have been compelled in the interest of peace and justice to dethrone some native prince we have always given him and all his family an immense pension and allowed them to live in luxury in their own way wherever they could do no more harm.

The general content of the vast masses of the people with our government was especially seen during the great mutiny of 1857—a mutiny which was stirred up by some of the discontented princes above said, who contrived by secret agents to arouse a rebellion among the native troops, who at that time far outnumbered the British soldiers in the country.

But the population in general raised not a hand to aid the mutineers; on the contrary, where isolated parties of British with their women and children were wandering about, seeking to make their way to some point of safety, the farmers and country people always succored them, and were heartily glad when we suppressed that mutiny and resumed our beneficent rule.

I know that some people, though aware that the British do a vast lot of good wherever they take hold, as in India, suppose that in return for our firm and just rule, law, order and justice, etc., we extract in some way very substantial monetary advantages. But it is not the case that England derives one cent of revenue from India or any other of her possessions. There is no such thing as "exacting of tribute," and never has been. It is only in the extension of trade and business that she benefits, and therein both sides benefit equally. The taxation of the Indian population is very light; a revenue of about £70,000,000 sterling is raised from a population of near 300,000,000. This comes to about $1 a head per annum, and it is all spent in the administration of the country.

We want to get to the shooting and fishing, but I hope Forest and Stream will pardon the above little dissertation. It is a very bad thing for any American to suppose that England rules with a tyrant rod over the supposed "downtrodden millions" of India or any other land. Americans who hold such a mistaken notion are too apt to think that they ought, in the cause of "freedom," to oppose England; and such opinions tend to embitter any of the little difficulties that sometimes spring up between the two great peoples. England is the mother of freedom. In India she has given freedom to that vast population; and it is safe to say that at this day all over India life and property are more secure, justice more certainly and speedily overtakes the wrongdoer, and crime is far away scarcer than in the great but still far from fully organized or well governed United States.

So Americans who go to India for some of its wild sports will also have an opportunity of seeing the practical working of a wonderful system of government; and, as I have said, any one can camp about anywhere in absolute security. It is a good thing to know that to start with anyway.

For the benefit of the reader who has not got an atlas handy I will mention that the great triangular peninsula which constitutes India is some 2,000 miles across at its broad end and some 2,500 miles long from its southern point away up north to the Himalaya Mountains. This great tract of mountain country which incloses India on the north is not a single range, but rather a belt of mountains, range behind range, the highest peaks being in some places a hundred miles back from the foothills.

Some of the best Indian shooting is among the Himalayas, "hill shooting," we call it, and I may as well begin by giving some account of this and then we can work southward.

The climate of these lofty mountain ranges being of course very different from that of any other part of India, the wild animals found therein are also mostly peculiar to the mountains. The following list will give some idea of the variety of Himalayan game:

Two kinds of bears, the brown and the black.

The snow leopard.

The cashmere stag, a splendid animal, standing twelve or thirteen hands high and bearing horns of twelve or more points and running up to 3ft. 6in. long.

The markhoor is a magnificent wild goat standing eleven and a half hands high; very massive horns, spirally twisted, reaching 4ft. in length.

The ibex, another fine wild goat, some 3ft. high and with horns 4ft. long.

There are some two or three other species of wild goats and also the chamois, but none have horns exceeding about a foot in length.

The wild sheep resembles the American Rocky Mountain sheep, and has curved horns reaching to 2ft. in length and 1ft. in circumference at the base.

Among feathered game the pheasants are very prominent. Seven different species are found, all having the most gorgeous plumage. There are also two or three species of the partridge tribe.

In the lower ranges squirrels, monkeys, hares, etc., are plentiful, but disappear as one reaches the higher altitudes, though the small Himalayan hare is found up to 11,000ft.

The sportsman who proposes a shooting trip in the Himalayas will make his outfitting point one of the numerous hill stations which are distributed all along the line of these mountains at heights of 6,000 to 8,000ft., and the right time for starting will be about the beginning of April, so that he will have the summer before him and can reach considerable altitudes or traverse the higher passes without getting into the snow.

At this time the plains of India are beginning to get uncomfortably warm, and all who are able to do so are escaping from the heat and ascending to spend the summer, more or less, in these cool and elevated stations.

The traveler will here find plenty of excellent stores, where he can buy whatever he needs for his expedition. He will hire a couple of experienced guides (shikaris), who in turn will seek out and engage a cook and one or two servants and a sufficient number of porters to carry the camp. Since human portage is the only means of conveyance, and it is difficult to get and keep a large number of men (let alone the expense), weights have to be kept down. The outfit will consist of one light tent, a light camp bed and about half a dozen leather-covered wicker baskets, each forming one man's load when filled with cooking utensils, some canned provisions, ammunition, spare clothes, etc. Generally speaking, some eight to twelve loads of 40lbs. each will suffice.

The valleys throughout the mountain country are inhabited, so that provisions can be obtained from point to point as one penetrates in. One may have two or three days' rough marching over steep paths and passes, followed by a descent into a cultivated and inhabited valley. The sportsman will usually pitch his camp in a valley or at no very great height up the mountain, and thence ascend to the higher slopes in search of the game.

When he strikes a good place and decides to stop there for some time, he takes the opportunity to send back two or three men to his outfitting point for fresh supplies of provisions, and to get his mails. These active, hardy hill men will cover forty miles a day when sent on an errand, and thus the traveler, though far in the interior of the mountains, can always keep in touch with his starting point. He also takes these occasions to send back for safekeeping any horns and skins that he has bagged and which become a great encumbrance if he tries to carry them around.

The rifle for hill shooting should be not smaller than .45 caliber, many prefer .50, and the trajectory should be flat. British sportsmen in India have hitherto almost exclusively used the double-barreled express rifle, a weapon of immense power, accuracy and flatness of trajectory, and possessing very decisive striking power with its expanding bullet of .45 or .50 caliber. They have so far considered the Winchester and other American rifles as being deficient in power and flatness, the charge of powder being much smaller than in our express rifles. But the Winchester express .45 or .50—the latter for choice with 450gr. bullet—ought to answer very well for Himalayan shooting.

Let us now descend from the Himalayas. We find ourselves in a belt of forest country extending along the foot of the outermost range to a width of some twenty or forty miles. In these sub-Himalayan forests are to be found nearly all the species of large game which India produces, with some few exceptions, which are only found further south. Here we have the wild elephant (which, however, the Government does not permit to be shot), two species of rhinoceros, the wild hog, the wild buffalo, the black bear (different from and smaller than the Himalayan bear), the celebrated Indian tiger and the leopard. Among the deer tribe we have the fine sambur stag, standing thirteen to fourteen hands at the shoulder, and with horns of three points each running up to 3½ft. in length.

The swamp deer stands eleven to eleven and a half hands high, and has antlers of twelve or more points 3ft. long. The spotted deer stands some 3ft. high and has very fine three-tined horns up to 3ft. long. This beautiful deer runs in large herds among the parklike forests along river sides below the Himalayas. Then in smaller sizes there are the hog deer, the four-horned antelope and the barking deer.

The wild peacock is very common and prominent in these forests, especially in the summer, when his train has reached its full length. Here also is the jungle fowl, the original of our domestic poultry, exactly resembling a neat little bantam cock. The black partridge is found in suitable spots among the forest, also hares.

The large rivers which descend from the Himalayas contain the celebrated mahseer, which affords sport fully equal to salmon fishing; while the smaller streams contain trout.

These sub-Himalayan forests are very damp and malarious during a great part of the year, but they become dry and healthy in April and May and those are the months in which to camp there. The long grass has then died down or been burnt over and one can get about with ease; at this time these forests are a veritable sportsman's paradise.

Tiger shooting cannot here be attempted unless you can secure the use of some elephants, which is difficult. The tiger makes his lair among the high reeds and grass in some dense swamp, where he cannot be got at except on elephant back. The same applies to the rhinoceros and wild buffalo. But there is plenty of other sport without these. In fact, many of the best sportsmen do not care about shooting from elephants; there is much in it that is tedious and annoying and there is more satisfaction in doing what one can on foot. With your tent pitched on the banks of some great river where it issues from the hills you have the finest of fishing at your tent door, while around you the forest is full of the various kinds of deer, etc., above mentioned. It is hot in the middle of the day, too hot to be abroad with any comfort, and besides the deer at that time have laid up in thick covert. The great drawback to tiger hunting off elephants is that it must be done in the heat of the day, and to be jolted about under an Indian May sun all day among vast swamps of grass and reeds with only a very problematical chance of seeing a tiger is not good enough.

The sportsman who confines to himself to stalking and fishing has a better time of it. His procedure is as follows: Getting up at daybreak, he takes a light early breakfast and sallies forth. Comes in at 10 or 11 o'clock when it begins to get hot, takes a highly enjoyable bath and complete change of underclothes, and then, with a magnificent appetite, attacks a substantial breakfast; then he rests and keeps cool during the heat of the day (the tent being carefully located for shade), and at 4 P. M. again goes out for an afternoon stroll with rifle or rod, takes a light dinner at dusk, and early to bed.

Often have I in the morning landed two or three fine mahseer or taken a nice basket of trout, and in my afternoon's stroll bagged a beautiful spotted stag, or the rarer and more stately sambur stag, or mayhap one of the smaller deer or a wild boar.

A camp such as this, under good circumstances, forms an episode never to be forgotten in a sportsman's experiences.

Major G. M. Bellasis,
Bengal Staff Corps (retired).

[To be concluded.]

MAGIC AND BULLETS.

"The Grab at the Bullets" trick performed by Mr. Hermann re-echoes the motto of the wise rabbi, Ben Akiba, "nothing new under the sun." This parallel happened some years ago, 1892, in the following fashion:

In that year the desire to hunt, but not to kill, the inextinguishable love of that enjoyable mode of living, landed me again among the mountains and the lakes of the wilderness of Maine. The camp I placed on a point on Lobster Lake, from which I had a magnificent view of that picturesque sheet of water which served Mt. Spencer, like Narcissus, as a mirror. On clear days even Mt. Ktaaden looks over Mt. Spencer's shoulders to see his own image reflected. There I waited for the opening of the hunting season, also for the Indian, a renowned moose caller, whom I had engaged through the kindness of my friend Mr. Atwood, the game warden, in whose service he was until the last of September. Mr. Atwood also camped on that lake during the latter part of September, and proved to be a congenial companion. Meeting him cruising on the lake, he showed me a little brook which he had found accidentally while looking for a spring. The alder bushes had grown so close at the entrance that we had to pull our canoes along by the overhanging branches. A few rods up from the mouth of this brook he showed me fresh signs of a big moose bull. This place the bull had chosen for his feeding ground, as Mr. Atwood was satisfied by daily investigation. With sparkling eyes he told me, "I will bag this moose on the first night in October." Unfortunately he was called away on duty before that time. "But duty before pleasure," he said, and cheerfully handed that moose, so to speak, over to me. He also promised to send the Indian back in time. The last of September came and with it the Indian, who, after a good dinner, made himself at home and proceeded to make a birch bark horn for the next evening's moose call.

As nothing broke the quietness on the lake during the afternoon and evening, I felt sure my game would give us a good show the next night, and with this hope we retired. But next morning, long before sunrise, I heard two rifle reports coming from the direction where my moose's feeding ground lay. I stepped out of the tent and noticed the Indian poking his head out of his, saying: "Well, they got him."

"Who are they?" I asked in surprise.

"Two Indians who came yesterday to go up to the head of the lake to their camp.

"How do you know of that?"

"I met them on the carry at Luce's, on my way to you."

This gave me a great deal to think about, though I did not care to let him know what I thought. I made up my mind to get even with him; but how I did not know at the time. The opportunity offered itself sooner than I expected.

Shortly the two Indians paddled up the lake with part of the moose in their canoe. While watching them the Indian never said a word about it; neither did I. This was conclusive as to my suspicions. Turning to me, he said: "This will be a nice evening for calling. By the way, won't you let me take your gun along? I did not bring my rifle with me. A moose is rather a dangerous animal, and it would be better if both were armed."

I always made it a point when I engaged a guide to tell him that I would do the shooting if any shooting was to be done, and so save him lugging the rifle across the carries instead of something else. To his question I answered that buckshot would not penetrate the skin of the moose.

"Certainly not, but you can make a bullet that will fit your gun?"

After a moment's thought I consented to make a bullet, but before proceeding I interrogated him if he knew how

it had to be done, because I had my mind made up to make this a charge to fit the occasion. To my satisfaction I found out that he did not know anything about that kind of a shell.

I melted partridge shot in a tin cover and poured the lead into a small pipe whose bottom I rounded with clay, then clipped and filed it until the ball gauged. The watching Indian missed seeing me pour out over half of the powder from the shell, and to make up the deficiency I laid paper pellets between. Then I handed him that shell and told him to drop the bullet in, which he did. Then I put one wad only on top of the bullet and pressed the rim of the paper shell down with my fingers.

Taking the shell, he answered to my question, "This is all right. Our fathers had no better charges than this, and they got all the moose they wanted." But I thought, "If you can do so with that shell you are welcome to the moose you can get with it."

The night came beautiful and calm, and at 10 we left camp to call our moose. Paddling quietly along, I watched one of the most beautiful exhibitions of the Aurora Borealis I ever witnessed. While the canoe rested with the bow on the bank, I listened between the calls of the Indian to hear the electric crackling so many people imagine they can hear during the display of Northern light. They ought to go up to those lakes, where perfect silence reigns; there is such a silence that they can hear their own hearts beat, but none of that electric crackling.

After a couple of hours' calling we returned to camp without having heard a single answer, with the exception of the noise coming from humming porcupines, or musk-rats and jumping fish. We repeated calling on favorable nights during the three weeks, without receiving a single answer. Then the time came when I had to break camp and leave this glorious spot. We packed and took along in our canoes all we could carry, but had to leave a load behind us.

Early the next morning the Indian, taking my gun, left Luce's place to get the rest of the traps. In the afternoon, with a few partridges, I came to a clearing near the carry. At the same time the Indian reached the landing, showing great excitement by shouting at me, of which I only could understand at that distance, "Moose—stream—lost—no good."

After reaching him he told me that near the inlet of Lobster Lake, while paddling quietly around a bend, he had seen a big moose bull come down the bank and step into the stream to swim across. The Indian had kept quiet until the moose had reached the middle of the stream, which is at that place about three or four rods wide. The moose must have noticed him, for he began to accelerate his movements; but with a few paddle strokes the Indian got near him, dropped his paddle, and picking up the gun, covered the moose with it, waiting to drop him on the bank instead of in the stream. The moose had hardly got his forelegs planted on the bank when the Indian blazed away at him, but he said to me, "The bullet simply rolled out of the barrel and dropped between the canoe and the moose, while the moose, climbing the bank, slowly trotted behind the bushes, from where I could hear him shaking the water off."

We paddled together down the river to the spot, and sure enough it must have been a big fellow that had made such imprints in the clay.

Now this stupid moose did not know that the bullet fired at him was of the same nature as Mr. Hermann's "United States army regulation ammunition." Neither did he know that the man who had fired at him was not an expert rifleman of the National Guard. Otherwise he would have understood the situation and "grabbed at the bullet." But was I not glad that this Indian could not drop that moose?

If I had a chance I would devote my entire time to loading all the shells in this fashion to prevent the slaughter of big and small game that I have witnessed from January, 1895, to March, 1896, up in the woods of Maine.

AUG. D. TURNER.

LABRADOR SKETCHES.

VII.—An Anticosti Bear.

[Written for FOREST AND STREAM by Count H. de Puyjalon, and translated by Crawford Lindsay.]

AT the end of August we went to the island of Anticosti and set up our tent on the bank of a little stream, well sheltered from the wind. The day after our arrival I went out alone with my fowling piece to shoot something for the pot.

After walking on the beach for about an hour my attention was attracted by a cloud of gulls soaring above the fore shore. The tide was low and the birds were flying above a spot which was dry at the time. Therefore it could not be a shoal of lansing or caplin, and I soon observed at a distance of about three miles a large black mass which I knew must be a stranded whale or grampus.

I started off toward it, walking without any precaution. When I had got within thirty paces of it I halted quite stupefied. A bear had just come round from the other side of the whale's head and appeared in sight. As soon as it perceived me it swung around at once and trotted off toward the wood. When I recovered from my surprise he was 60yds. away, and as I had only my fowling piece loaded with shot it was useless to fire at him.

Disgusted with myself, I continued on my way to the whale's carcass, and had just got around its head when I again halted, quite petrified with surprise. A second bear, a huge one, was there, a few feet from me, tearing at the flesh of the whale. When it smelt me it suddenly lifted its head, opened its jaws, showing a formidably array of teeth, and after looking at me for some seconds without either of us moving, it seemed all at once to make up its mind to attack me. I did not hesitate, but raising my gun I fired both barrels at its chest. It was so close that the shot did not scatter, but made a hole into which I could have put my fist. The animal fell heavily and died.

The tide was rising, and I had barely time to flay it and to get away with the skin, which was very fine and weighed 20lbs. I tried very hard to get some more shots, but the bears were too wary to allow of my getting near them. Thomas, however, got three in dead-falls which he put up, and on Sept. 6 we started to come home.

H. DE PUYJALON.

WOLVES IN THE NIGHT.

ASHLAND, Wis., July 21.—It was pitch dark save only where the faint glow of the camp-fire—burned to the embers—penetrated the gloom for a few feet and seemed to intensify the wall of utter blackness which hedged it round. The balsam limbs extending their feathery extremities into the small circle of light seemed supported by invisible means as they swayed and vibrated in the quivering heat that rose from the hot firebrands. A rising wind swept the summits of the lofty pines, sounding sweet and soft and far as a child's lullaby. Our teams of mules and Canadian horses stood perfectly silent a rod away, where they had been secured for the night.

We were dozing, Ernest and I, soothed by the almost insensible harmonious vibrations. Ernest was curled up like a hibernating deer (and indeed that is the name the Indians gave him, or "Moqua" in their language), his head pillowed on his immense driving boots; and he seemed to be about to fall into a sound sleep, when suddenly he sat bolt upright, stared wildly at the fire, and before I had time to inquire the cause of his sudden move had leaped to the pile of wood we had prepared for the morning, and commenced heaping it with feverish haste on the nearly extinguished fire.

"What's the matter, Ernest? I say, have you the nightmare or are you crazy? It isn't time to build morning fire yet."

"I know dat," he replied, in his French-Canadian jargon, "same tam me hear wolf in de swamp; come up here pretty quick."

"Heard a wolf in the swamp?" I repeat, incredulously. "Get out. I've been awake the whole evening and everything has been still as death."

"Same tam Ah'll heard it wolf," he persisted, and in no way relaxed his efforts until the light wood was piled high and the under billets had burst into flame; then without losing a moment he sprang to the horses and began unfastening the halter straps, calling to me meanwhile to get "dem mule close up de fire." His earnestness had the effect on me he desired, and in a few moments we had the animals tethered to an overhanging limb between our fire and the wagon, which we had pulled just outside the road for the night.

"Naow, keep still you hear yourself," Ernest said as he sat down and began pulling on his boots. "Dey come leetle more near next tam howl."

We waited in silence a few moments, when sure enough away in the swamp to the east came the long, low wail, rising and falling in cadence almost imperceptible to the ear, so faint, yet suggesting something so fierce and sinister that if once heard it can never be forgotten.

"Do you think they will be ugly?" I say to Ernest.

"No, teenk not. Bes' be ready, teenk only come look, dance leetle, make beeg howl, run off."

"Let 'em come then. You get the axe and stand where you can best guard the outside; mule and I will do the same for the outside horse."

"No. No need do that. Just keep still, not move where wolf come up, that best way."

"But what about the horses? won't they try to break away?"

"No, you see they get near the fire, keep still too."

"Well, get the axe anyway; there they go."

Again, and this time we could hear the yip! yip! yip! which preceded the chorus sounding much nearer, and the horses and mules sure enough at the sound of it crowded nearer the fire, straining slightly at their fastenings, but making no violent demonstrations whatever.

I involuntarily reached for my Winchester and held it across my knees. Ernest hurriedly piled fresh wood high on the fire and with a final warning word to keep still sat like a statue. Again the yip, yip, yip and chorus and then continuous howling, increasing in volume as they drew nearer; then the concert opened in earnest, and in a few moments we were saluted from all sides. I gripped my gun tightly, but made no move. Billy, the outside horse, had backed up against a ground pine in his efforts to get near the fire, and now with pandemonium sounding on all sides stood without making a sound. I saw the little pine tremble like a leaf. Suddenly all was still. Down the road, after a moment of silence, there sounded a single howl, and with a yip, yip, the whole band seemed off in that direction.

The clouds which had caused such Egyptian darkness gradually rolled away. The stars became visible through the interlacing branches. The night wind seemed to slumber. The snapping fire intensified the stillness. The horses and mules sank one by one to repose. I looked across the again dying fire at Ernest. His rude pillow was again adjusted, the camp spread pulled up to his chin, and as I looked the silence was broken by a good old-fashioned snore. The grip on my gun relaxed. Almost unconsciously I straighten out on the blanket and pull part of it over me. Unconscious of danger, we sleep the sleep of the just.

The sun shines. The frost on the pine tops glistens as though they had been dusted over with diamonds. Billy whickers for his oats, as Ernest after much stamping gets his feet into his stiffened boots and starts for the wagon, saying, as he stops to pat the shaggy head, "He laugh and feel good because wolf no get him last night."

I went out in the road and saw plenty of wolf tracks. I paced from the fire to the tracks; it was fifteen paces.

G. W. M.

The Big Bass of the Perkiomen.

THE large black bass, the monarch of the Perkiomen, which for over two years was on exhibition in a large glass tank in one of the windows of Hoff & Bro.'s hardware store, reports the Reading (Pa.) *Times* of July 22, was found dead in the tank yesterday morning standing perpendicular with its head on the bottom. It is supposed the bad flavor of the city water killed it, but a physician, who is also well versed in fishculture, says it died of fatty degeneration of the heart from over-feeding. The fish was taken from the tank to the scales, and weighed 6¾lbs. and measured 23¾in. It was caught by Augustus W. Hoff in the Perkiomen Creek near Greater Ford, a few days after the opening of the bass season in 1894, and was brought here alive after great difficulty. The fish had several narrow escapes during its captivity, owing to low water, but was unable to cope with the present supply. His place is filled by another whopper caught by Mr. Hoff also in the Perkiomen below Schwenksville. It measures 21in. and weighs 4¾lbs.

Natural History.

HOW BIRDS AFFECT THE FARM AND GARDEN.

BY FLORENCE A. MERRIAM.

IT is said that two hundred millions of dollars, that should go to the farmer, the gardener and the fruit grower in the United States, are lost every year by the ravages of insects—that is to say, one-tenth of our agricultural products is actually destroyed by them. The ravages of the gypsy moth in three counties in Massachusetts for several years annually cost the State $100,000. Now, as rain is the natural check to drought, so birds are the natural check to insects, for what are pests to the farmer are necessities of life to the bird. It is calculated that an average insectivorous bird destroys 2,400 insects in a year; and when it is remembered that there are over 100,000 kinds of insects in the United States, the majority of which are injurious, and that in some cases a single individual in a year may become the progenitor of several billion descendants, it is seen how much good birds do ordinarily by simple prevention.

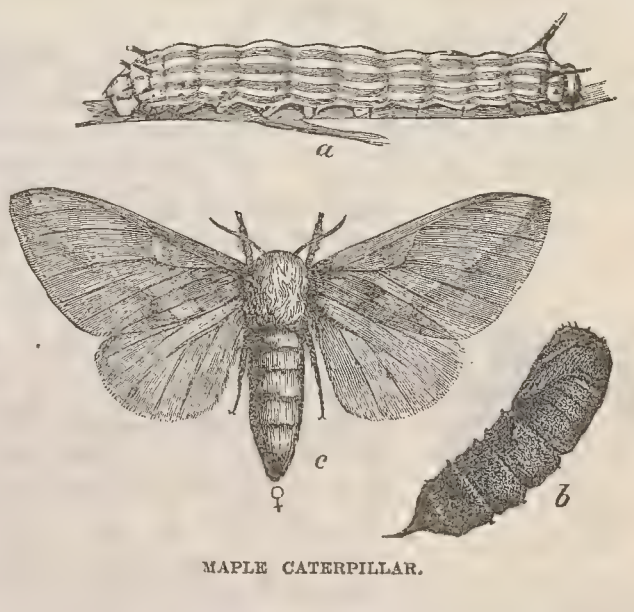
The good they do in cases of insect plagues, like that of the grasshopper scourge in Nebraska and Kansas, is still more marked. Then, as self-constituted militia, they fly to the scene of action and make away with the rioters. An interesting case of this kind was seen in an old orchard in Illinois. The cankerworm had so taken possession that the orchard looked almost as if overrun with fire. Forty different kinds of birds assembled in the place to feed upon the worms. One hundred and forty-one of the birds were shot and the contents of their stomachs examined; more than one-third of their food was found to have been cankerworms—the feathered army was simply wiping out the horde of worms. A similar case occurred in Massachusetts, and after the visit of the birds a good crop of apples was raised in the orchard which had been devastated.

It is well known that of the various groups of birds the majority live upon insects. Among the insect eaters are the flycatchers, warblers, woodpeckers, nuthatches, orioles, goatsuckers, hummingbirds, tanagers, waxwings, gnatcatchers, kinglets, vireos, thrushes, wrens, titmice, cuckoos, swallows, shrikes, thrashers, creepers and bluebirds.

It is not generally known, however, that the so called seed eaters feed their young largely upon insects, and eat a great many themselves; nor is it realized how much good they do by eating weed seed. Prof. F. E. L. Beal has calculated that the little tree sparrow in Iowa alone destroys 1,720,000lbs. of noxious weed seeds every year. Moreover, in summer seed eaters eat blueberries, huckleberries, strawberries and raspberries, and distribute their seeds unharmed over thousands of acres which would not otherwise support such growth.

These facts show how important it is that the birds should be protected and encouraged, except in the exceedingly few cases where for a few weeks they eat some one cultivated crop to such excess that the loss is not compensated by the good they do in destroying pests the rest of the year. The Department of Agriculture, realizing the losses that might result from the ignorant sacrifice of useful birds, constituted the Division of Economic Ornithology a court of appeal where accusations against the birds could be received and investigated.

The method used by the division is the final one—the examination of stomach contents to prove the actual food of the birds. A collection of 26,000 stomachs has been made by the co-operation of hunters and collectors who have shot the birds for other purposes, and a reference collection of 800 kinds of seeds and 500 beetles and many other insects has been brought together for comparison



MAPLE CATERPILLAR.

in determining the character of food remains found. Already about forty different kinds of birds have been examined and reported upon. The examinations have been made chiefly by Prof. Walter B. Barrows, Prof. Otto Lugger, Mr. E. A. Schwarz, Dr. A. K. Fisher, Prof. F. E. L. Beal and Mr. Sylvester D. Judd, with the assistance of the late Prof. C. V. Riley and Mr. L. O. Howard, now chief entomologist of the Department of Agriculture. The reports already printed or about to be issued by the Division of Ornithology are the reports of the ornithologist for the years 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891, 1892 (with notes on the Food Habits of the Cedar Bird and Horned Lark), 1893 (with notes on the Food of the Kingbird), 1894 (with articles on the Crow Blackbirds and their Food, and Hawks and Owls from the Standpoint of the Farmer); Bulletin No. 1, The English Sparrow, by Walter B. Barrows; Bulletin No. 3, Hawks and Owls, by Dr. A. K. Fisher; Bulletin No. 6, The Common Crow of the United States, by Walter B. Barrows and E. A. Schwarz (1895); Bulletin No. 7, Preliminary Report on the Food of Woodpeckers, by F. E. L. Beal (1895); Four Common Birds of the Farm and Garden, by Sylvester D. Judd; The Meadowlark and Baltimore Oriole, by F. E. L. Beal; The Food Habits of the Kingbird, by Walter B. Barrows; The Cedar Bird, by F. E. L. Beal.

After the examination of about forty birds, the only one actually sentenced to death is the English sparrow. Of all the accused hawks only three have been found

guilty of the charges made against them—the goshawk, Cooper's and the sharp-shinned—while the rest are numbered among the best friends of the fruit grower and farmer. Of the woodpeckers, the sapsucker and redhead may be beneficial or injurious, according to circumstances, but the rest of the family are highly beneficial. To most of the remaining birds tried the evidence is decidedly creditable. The crow, crow blackbird and cedar bird are acquitted as doing more good than harm; and it is proved that agriculturists owe especial protection and friendship to the phœbe, kingbird, catbird, swallow, brown thrasher, rose-breasted grosbeak, house wren, vireos, cuckoo, oriole, shore lark, loggerhead shrike and meadowlark.

Catbird.

The catbird is persecuted because it eats fruit; but, although stomach examinations show that it does eat considerable in some parts of the country, one-third of its food consists of insects which annually destroy a large part of the farmer's profits. As Mr. Judd, in speaking of the catbird, says: "By killing the birds their services as insect destroyers would be lost, so the problem is to keep both the birds and the fruit." The study of this matter has led to one of the most important discoveries made in the investigations of the Division of Ornithology. It has been demonstrated that some birds—the catbird among the number—actually prefer wild fruits to the cultivated, and that most of the complaints of depredations come



CATBIRD.

from parts of the country where there is little wild fruit, so that by planting berry-bearing bushes and trees it may be possible to prevent losses to cultivated fruits and at the same time to attract the birds and so secure their much-needed help in destroying insect pests.

The catbird is an excellent example of this. Experiments show that he prefers the red mulberry to cherries and strawberriers, and stomach examinations show that he eats twice as much wild fruit as cultivated, while one-third of his food is made up of insects. A slight idea of the good he does in destroying pests may be had from the fact that thirty grasshoppers were found in each of five stomachs. Reports show that he does much more harm in the central United States, where wild fruits are scarce, than near the coast, where they are abundant. Mr. Judd suggests that the crops of cherries and strawberries can be protected by planting the "prolific Russian mulberry, which, if planted in hen yards and pig runs, will afford excellent food for the hens and pigs besides attracting the birds away from more valuable fruit."

The verdict in the case of the catbird is, that he is already one of the farmer's best assistants, and that by a little effort the small amount of harm he does might be counteracted so that he would do unalloyed good in the farm and garden.

Kingbird.

The kingbird has been so long accused of destroying honey bees that careful examinations have been made of 218 stomachs. Insects formed about 90 per cent. of the whole food, but only fourteen of the 218 stomachs contained any trace of honey bees. Furthermore, nearly all the bees found were drones. On the other hand, the kingbird had destroyed a number of the worker bees' worst enemy, the robber fly, which has been known to kill 140 honey bees in a day; so this bird's reputation stands well cleared. More than this, the good done by this industrious flycatcher does not end with the death of the robber fly. Nearly 60 per cent. of his food consists of insects well known to be injurious. Among them are the gadfly, so terrifying to horses and cattle; the cloverleaf weevil, the destructive rosechafer, ants and grasshoppers.



ROBBER FLY.

Of the little fruit the kingbird eats only three or four kinds are cultivated, and if he were to harm one kind of fruit it would be easy to plant something that he would eat instead, as he feeds on wild red and black cherries, choke cherries, elderberries, mulberries, wild grapes, spice bush, sassafras, cornel, red and ground cedar, buckthorn, magnolia and pokeberry.

The conclusion reached from the examination of the 218 stomachs is that the kingbird is one of the best helps the farmer has in the destruction of harmful insects. One correspondent exclaims fervently, "I honor and esteem this bird for the millions of ruinous vermin he rids us of!"

Swallows.

The swallows are probably the greatest flycatchers in the eastern United States, but in addition to this they destroy great numbers of flying ants, aquatic leaf-eating beetles and weevils.

Barn Swallow.

Mr. Judd says, "The barn swallow is the most noted destroyer of flies, especially those kinds which torment tock."

Eave Swallow.

This useful bird builds under the eaves of our barns and eats enormous quantities of winged ants and also mosquitoes, injurious wheat midges, spotted squash beetles, and beetles that work under the bark of trees.

Chickadee.

In an article on "Birds as Protectors of Orchards," Mr. E. H. Forbush, of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, says of the chickadee: "There is no bird that can compare with it in destroying the female cankerworm moths and their eggs." He calculated that one chickadee in one day would destroy 5,550 eggs, and in the twenty-five days in which the cankerworm moths run or crawl up the trees 138,750 eggs. Mr. Forbush attracted chickadees to one orchard by feeding them in winter, and he says that in the following summer "it was noticed that while trees in neighboring orchards were seriously infested with cankerworms and to a less degree with tent caterpillars, those in the orchard which had been frequented by the chickadees during the winter and spring were not seriously infested, and that comparatively few of the worms and caterpillars were to be found there." His conclusion is that birds that eat eggs of insects are of the greatest value to the farmer, as they feed almost entirely on injurious insects and their eggs, and are present all winter, when other birds are absent.

Cedar Bird.

The cedar bird is also known as the cherry bird, but cultivated cherries have been found in only nine out of 152 stomachs examined, which, as Prof. Beal says, "hardly justifies the reputation which the bird has gained as a destroyer of cherries." He adds that this supposed cherry habit "to the careless and unobservant would condemn the bird to destruction, but the closer observer looks further." Investigation shows that more than half of the whole food of the cedar bird consists of wild fruit which has no value, and that one-eighth of its food consists of insects, among which are some of the worst pests of the country. Furthermore, since the nestlings are fed largely on insects, the greatest number of insects are eaten when fruit is most abundant. The cedar bird eats caterpillars, spiders and grasshoppers, but does most marked good in destroying the elm leaf beetle that strips our village and city trees of leaves. Mrs. Mary Treat writes of one town in which the elms had been ruined for several years before the cedar birds came, and which were afterward comparatively free from beetles. From one calculation it is shown that thirty cedar birds would destroy 9,000 worms during the month when the cut-worm caterpillar is exposed.

To prevent the cedar bird from eating cultivated fruit it would be well to plant some of the common bushes upon whose berries it feeds, such as blackberry, wild cherry, choke cherry, sour gum, flowering dogwood, rough-leaved dogwood, chokeberry, red cedar, June berry, hackberry, black haw, black elder, huckleberry, frost grape, barberry, mistletoe, or pokeberry.

Crow.

The charges against the crow are (1) that it pulls sprouting corn; (2) that it injures corn in the milk; (3) that it destroys cultivated fruit, and (4) that it feeds on the eggs and young of poultry and wild birds.

Nine hundred stomachs have been examined, but while it has been found that the crow does eat the forbidden food, it has also been seen that the quantity he eats is so small that it is more than counterbalanced by the good he does in destroying injurious insects and harmful animals. Only 3 per cent. of the total food of the crow is sprouting corn and corn in the milk; the rest that he is credited with is mostly waste grain picked up here and there mainly in winter, and so of no economic value. The injury the crow does to cultivated fruits is trivial. Moreover, the eggs and young of poultry and wild birds which he eats constitute only 1 per cent. of his food for the year. The



HOUSE WREN.

prejudice against him is based on an exaggeration of the harm he does, for in each instance it is proved to be insignificant.

Some intelligent farmers who realize the money value of the services of the crows either feed them old corn during the time when the growing corn is in the milk or else tar the corn before planting, in both cases protecting themselves from the injury the bird may do, and at the same time insuring his help in destroying the pests that will surely menace the maturing crop. Tarring must be done carefully to be successful. The best methods are given in the Crow Bulletin (No. 6), pp. 89–91.

But while protecting ourselves from the possible sins of the crow we must credit him with the good he does; 26 per cent. of his entire food consists of insects, the majority of which are grasshoppers, May beetles, cut worms and other injurious kinds. Another of the most important items of the crow's food is mice, and when rabbits and other harmful rodents are added to the list it becomes obvious that the good the bird does exceeds the bad, and that he is deserving the patient encouragement of the farmer. When we consider the work he does as a scavenger, our debt to him becomes still more apparent.

It has been well said that we do not shoot our cows and horses, although they eat our grain throughout the year; and it seems strange indeed that we should be unwilling to feed the birds during a few weeks when they spend the rest of the summer as unpaid day laborers in our farms and gardens, freeing us from pests which threaten to destroy all our profits.

Bluejay.

Like the crow, the bluejay is accused of pulling corn and eating young birds and eggs; 280 stomachs have been examined. In these remains of birds' eggs were found in only three, and of birds in two; 17 per cent. of the food of the year was found to be corn, but on the other hand 22 per cent. was made up of insects, such as grasshoppers and caterpillars, which shows that the jay does more good than harm.

In the matter of grain, the jay seems to take corn when nothing better offers, but evidently prefers mast, the large seeds of trees and shrubs, such as acorns, chestnuts, beechnuts and hazelnuts. This preference is shown by the fact that in the two months when the most corn is to be had—October and November—the bluejay stomachs show only 1 per cent. of corn against 64 per cent. of mast. Moreover, when corn is actually thrown out to the jay, as it often is on beds of chaff by New England farmers in winter, the moment the bare spots appear so that he can pick up his favorite food from the ground he deserts the corn.

The conclusion is that the bluejay has been unduly censured in the matter of eating young birds and eggs, and that, as he does not eat corn when he can obtain mast,



BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

he does less harm in eating corn than good in destroying insects.

House Wren.

The house wren is exclusively insectivorous and therefore highly beneficial. Half of its food is grasshoppers and beetles; it also destroys ants, caterpillars, crickets and spiders.

Cuckoo.

The cuckoo eats so many caterpillars that the walls of its stomach are filled with hairs, making them look like pieces of a felt hat. One cuckoo was found with forty-three caterpillars in its stomach.

Black-Billed Cuckoo.

In sixteen stomachs examined there were 328 caterpillars, fifteen grasshoppers, spiders, etc. The caterpillars were most of them hairy ones, many of them of a kind that lives in colonies and feeds on the leaves of apple and other trees.

Yellow-Billed Cuckoo.

In twenty-one stomachs there were 355 caterpillars, twenty-three grasshoppers, saw flies, potato bugs, locusts, etc. One stomach contained twelve tent caterpillars, and another had 217 fall web worms.

Oriole.

Green corn has been found in one of 113 stomachs and peas in two; but one man who reports that the bird eats grapes adds that it is worth its weight in gold as an insect destroyer. Mr. Lawrence Bruner, in his "Notes on Nebraska Birds," well says: "If we take pains to water our birds during the dry season, they will be much less apt to seek this supply from the juices of fruits that are so temptingly near at hand. Place little pans of water in the orchard and vineyard where the birds can visit them without fear of being seized by the house cat or knocked over by a missile from the alert 'small boy,' and I am sure that the injury to fruit to a great extent at least will cease." Speaking of the Baltimore oriole he adds: "As insect destroyers, both this bird and the orchard oriole have had an undisputed reputation for many years; and the kind of insects destroyed by both are of such a class as count in their favor."

Prof. Beal says: "The oriole is a most potent factor in the destruction of caterpillars, eating so many that if no other insects were taken it would still be classed as a useful bird. It does not, however, restrict its diet to caterpillars, but eats great numbers of injurious beetles and also many bugs and grasshoppers, including beetles that feed on locust and apple trees, and the wire worm, one of the most destructive insects with which the farmer has to contend. In fact the oriole is one of the most useful birds that we have."

Horned Lark; Shore Lark.

It has been complained that the lark eats newly planted wheat and oats, but the examination of fifty-nine stomachs shows that it does not do any appreciable damage to grain crops, and on the other hand it does great good by eating weed seed. As Professor Beal says, "Any bird which eats freely the seeds of such pests as pigweed, bitterweed, amaranth and sorrel should be given the most perfect protection unless it is clearly shown to have bad habits which offset the benefit thus conferred."

Butcherbird.

The butcherbird comes South into the United States in winter, and does good by destroying grasshoppers, mice and English sparrows.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SPADE-FOOT TOAD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The story of the frogs of Wyndham, in your last issue, reminds me that no one has suggested that some few spade-feet, if that's the proper plural, might have helped in making that great alarm. Few people know this singular animal, which can raise more din than almost any other animal. It is quite rare. It is solitary and lives underground, good reasons for not being well known. About April 18 or 20 last, a few days before I moved from Long Island, there was a great row one evening up the road. A neighbor stopped to ask if we had heard it, and thought that a great fight must be going on among some people living there; perhaps tramps were murdering them!

On opening the door a babel of yells, shrieks and howls greeted us. Imagine a dozen steam calliopes each playing a different tune, while hundreds of Salvation Army bands were trying to silence them, and thousands of bagpipers were screeching to be heard, and you have a notion of the sounds that came down the hill. Two more neighbors from across the harbor came to learn what the difficulty was, and one of them, who is hard of hearing and lived nearly a mile away, said that the noise woke him up. "They're killing somebody," said the deaf man. "What can it be?" asked another. I knew, had heard it years ago, but never before on Long Island.

"Gentlemen," said I, "that music comes from a few spade-foot toads, known to the scientific duffers as *Scaphiopus holbrooki*, and there are probably six or eight of them there, and they are singing their love song in the pond above."

"Six or eight million, you mean, don't you?" asked one; "no such racket as that could be made by toads anyway."

"What did you say his name was?" asked the deaf man.

"Get a lantern and let's go up and see what the row is," said another.

We went, but when the lantern came near them all was still. The light was put out, and soon a shriek rent the air that made the deaf man stand back.

"That's no toad," he said.

"More like the devil," remarked his friend, and then we got it at close range. We could see nothing, and soon left them. Next day I went there and caught two, and was satisfied that I was right. I had not heard them in over forty years, and then only once, but did not know what they were at the time.

This animal is hardly as large as the largest common toad. It is of a brown color, with a yellowish band on each side. It has a horny spade-like attachment to its heel, and is solitary and burrowing, except when it seeks the water for breeding. The question arises: If this noisy animal lived in the hills about me for thirteen years, why did I not hear it before when it was breeding? No doubt the scientists of the Brooklyn Institute, some of whom are now at the laboratory at Cold Spring Harbor, could find the tadpoles of this toad in that pond, as it is close by and supplies the hatchery with some water.

After this description it seems possible that the Wyndham frogs might have employed a band of spade-foots to sing the wedding march in "Lohengrin," if it was at the time of year when that music would be appropriate.

FRED MATHER.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The Copperhead in New England.

BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reference to the copperhead snake in New England, the inclosed clippings, taken from this week's Sharon, Mass., *Advocate*, may throw some light on the subject. Blue Hill, Milton, has been noted for years as one of the places in Massachusetts for rattlesnakes.

ALBERT E. CRAFTS.

The *Advocate* records: "People who travel leafy woodland ways in this blithe summer time see strange things when they don't have their guns. Some of these things bite and some of them don't, but those discovered in the Blue Hill reservation of late decidedly do, if you give them a chance. Superintendent Hind has at his office near Houghton's Pond a croquet box with a glass top in which dwell three ugly customers, two rattlesnakes and a copperhead. With them is a 5ft. blacksnake, which keeps pretty quiet, and a poor little hop toad. The hop toad doesn't say much either. He seems to feel that he's got into the wrong bed. Blacksnakes and hop toads are well-known inhabitants of the reservation, even the rattlesnakes we have learned to put up with, but the copperhead is a new feature. He is about 2½ft. long, slender in build, with a slim neck and arrow-shaped head. The color is that of old copper, mottled light and dark, and the whole snake looks like a very poor thing to introduce into a Sunday-school picnic. He is an agile little chap and slips about in the box in a happy, careless way that gives the hop toad nervous prostration. He was captured by Supt. Hind himself in the part of the park over toward Quincy, and may be one of those which St. Faxon is busy driving out of Quincy boots. There are people who say that the copperhead is strictly a Southern snake and is not to be found in this section of the country, and that this is merely a harmless snake that looks something like one. When the reporter sees these unbelievers hold the copperhead on their knees and tickle his tail without getting a bicycle face on them he is prepared to believe their story; otherwise he takes the copperhead at his face value and doesn't require him certified."

"The copperhead, hardly heard from since the days of the war, seems again to be prevalent. Some years ago a Ponkapoag man declared that he had seen one and was promptly laughed at, people asking him if it came out of his boot. One has lately been captured in the park, however, and we quote the following from the Milton *News:* 'While mowing in the field the other day Peter McIntyre cut in pieces with his machine a large copperhead snake.'"

Wild Pigeons Bred in Captivity.

IN the last number of the *Auk* Mr. Ruthven Deane contributes an interesting note on some wild pigeons in captivity which are in the possession of Mr. David Whittaker, of Milwaukee, Wis. There are fifteen of these birds, six males and nine females, and the first pair of this flock was obtained by Mr. Whittaker in 1888. The pigeons breed with some regularity, laying only a single egg. The slow increase of the flock has been due to the destruction of the nest and eggs, at times by the female, oftener by others of the flock, and to the killing of young birds after they leave the nests by the old males. The period of incubation is fourteen days. Mr. Deane gives a number of interesting bits of information about the habits of these birds in captivity.

There are a number of records of the breeding of the passenger pigeon in captivity, and, if we recollect aright, Mr. Frank J. Thompson, now of Buffalo, N. Y., who formerly was in charge of the Zoölogical Gardens at Philadelphia and at Cincinnati, was quite successful in rearing these birds, and it is our impression that we published something on this point. In 1887 a note appeared in FOREST AND STREAM which told of the rearing of these birds in confinement by Mr. Ben Frost, a successful pigeon trapper residing in Michigan, not very far from Toledo, O. It would seem, therefore, that the rearing of the passenger pigeon in captivity presents no very great difficulties, and it is greatly to be desired that more extended efforts should be made looking to the breeding of these birds on a larger scale. Similar experiments might advantageously be made with the band-tail pigeon of the Northwest coast.

Game Bag and Gun.

MOOSE AND SOME NEW CAMPS.

AT various times during the past eighteen months I have received a good many letters from sportsmen in different parts of the country asking for information about good grounds for moose-hunting and also reliable guides. To one and all I wrote, describing grounds I knew and guides with whom I am personally acquainted. Many of my correspondents had never hunted moose, some had, but with no success. I have always endeavored to impress upon parties asking for information that there was a great deal of uncertainty connected with moose-hunting even on the best grounds. In calling time the weather may be unfavorable and remain so during the greater part if not the whole of the time you can spend in the woods, also in the still-hunting season a slight thaw or rain will often spoil what would otherwise prove first-rate snow.

Some four or five years ago I considered some parts of Nova Scotia fully as good if not the best moose region I knew of; since I have had reason to change. A friend, who is a resident of the Province, and who is a keen and successful sportsman, and who, although a comparatively young man, had killed twenty-two moose, and who rarely failed to get one or two bulls on every trip, wrote me some time since that his last two trips were failures and that in the future he should try New Brunswick. It was not on account of the scarcity of moose on his former hunting grounds, but for the reason of there being so many hunting parties that whenever he tried calling he would hear others doing the same. While I feel quite sure there are a good many moose now in Nova Scotia, I think it very uncertain about getting shots in calling season for the above reason. My last trip to the Province was to the region around the headwaters of Shelburne River in Shelburne county. I found moose and signs of moose scarcer there that season than I ever did in other parts of that country. Yet Mr. H. W. Hamlyn in a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM speaks of the number he found there last season, and I also know that Mr. Hamlyn was successful in the same place for two seasons in succession previous to the year I was there. Again Mr. John Bower, who is game warden in Shelburne, writes me that moose have been plenty the last season, and at the time of writing (some two weeks before the closing of the season) he knew of eighty-two being killed in that part of Nova Scotia.

In my letters to parties who have asked about guides I have given the names of several whom I considered among the best. A. J. Spearen, whose address is Maro, Aroostook county, Maine, and C. R. Peavey, of Oxbow, are two of the number. Spearen is building some camps in a part of Aroostook which he says is good moose ground, and which has not been hunted. I take it he means but little hunted, as I think it would be rather difficult to find a section of Maine which had never been hunted, although I have heard of sportsmen who imagined they had found certain tracts which were unknown to others and of whose location they are very careful never to speak. The new camps of Spearen will be ready before the next season opens. They will be fitted with blankets, canoes and provisions. So much per day will be charged, which includes sportsman's board, guide and board, and use of canoe. The charges are not as high as I have paid in similar camps in western Maine. I shall not give the location of the camps or the route to them. They cannot be reached in a few hours from the railroad, as they are quite a distance back in the wilderness. They can be reached by canoe before the lakes and streams freeze. Spearen will furnish any information required by parties wishing to go there. Last November he took in two sportsmen. On the first trip they had but two days of still-hunting owing to noisy snow; killed a bull moose and two deer in the two days. The second trip was late in the month, and they found some 2ft. of snow with a sharp crust. One day it rained, and, starting out, they got very close to an unusually large bull moose, and the sportsman missed three shots at him. A cow and a two-year-old were seen at the same time.

Now as to Peavey. C. R. Peavey is well known all over Maine as a very successful guide, whether in calling or still-hunting. He writes me that there were nine bull moose killed in his region during the past season, and he was present at the killing of seven of them. He was with a party who killed four bulls, joining them after they had killed one and helping to get the other three in six days' hunting. From Oct. 1 to Jan. 1 he saw thirty-seven moose. Saw three with large heads get away after sportsmen had had good shots. Thirteen caribou were killed around his camps. He also killed one bear and wounded and lost six more. Peavey has just sent me a number of photographs of views at and around his camps. There is one of a moose in the water and one of some caribou on a bog, but the pictures are too small to be reproduced.

Should any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM propose to go on a hunting or fishing trip with either of the guides I have named, I have one request to make. Do not make an engagement with them unless you are sure to keep it. It is very discouraging to a guide to have a party engage him in advance for perhaps the best part of a season, and when the time draws near to suddenly give up the trip or perhaps go somewhere else. Of course there are times when owing to something unforeseen a sportsman cannot keep an engagement with a guide, and from no fault of his own, but I have known of instances where a guide got left in this manner, and when apparently there was no good and sufficient reason for it.

In writing as I have about these two guides I have no pecuniary interest in any sense. I should feel quite confident of shooting a bull moose should I go hunting with either of them, and perhaps what I have said may be of interest to parties wishing to kill their first moose during the season of '96.

C. M. STARK.

THE ALLING GAME PRESERVE.

TACOMA, Wash., July 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The writer has read with delight the graphic descriptions of the "Game Preserves of America," as they have appeared in your valued paper, and has noted with approval the extensive efforts which are evidently being made to save our native game from total extinction.

The spirit which prompts these efforts cannot be too highly commended. We have some of it here, though truth compels me to state that as a rule there is a reprehensible carelessness among sportsmen about the observance of the plain rules of game protection.

This tendency to wink at violations of the game laws, and to take a shot at a "hooter" or a flock of young ducks in August, is gradually giving way to a healthier moral tone, and convictions for illegal killing will be as easy here in another decade as they are, or should be, in more advanced society. One of the most potent agencies for the furtherance of this proper and refined spirit is the constant teachings of FOREST AND STREAM, and I am sure that I have witnessed a change of heart in an inveterate "poacher" by giving him my old copies of FOREST AND STREAM, and accompanying him in reading and interpreting the meaning of the words "game protection."

One of our citizens deserves especial mention in this connection, and the earnest and persevering efforts made by Mr. Frank Alling, both to foster the native game and to introduce exotic species, are deserving of the unstinted praise of every true citizen of this State. Fox Island, about six miles long and two miles wide, lies parallel to the mainland and about five miles off shore, a little to the southwest of this city. It is an island gem, well watered and timbered, and abundantly provided with all that profusion of natural bird food which characterizes this whole region. There are a few ranches upon this island owned by farmers who are eager to see its game preserved, and who lend Mr. Alling much valuable assistance in his efforts.

Mr. Alling is rapidly stocking this island with native and imported game, entirely at private expense.

He has liberated large numbers of ring-neck, golden, silver and Reeves pheasants, mountain and valley quail, and quail brought from the north of India. Deer are rapidly multiplying under his protection, and all the birds he has liberated are doing nicely, and are now leading about large coveys of young.

In his efforts at game protection Mr. Alling has the hearty approval and practical assistance of Governor J. H. McGraw, and that also of the local rod and gun club. And he needs all the aid he can secure, for there is a small gang of utterly depraved pot-hunters, one of whom is now in jail for illegal killing, who hang upon the borders of this island and constantly await an opportunity to destroy these beautiful birds. And worse than this, there is somebody even more lost to a sense of right, whose desire to put "Chinese pheasant" upon the bill of fare places a premium upon these illegal and disgraceful practices. It will not be the fault of his excellency, the Governor, nor the neglect of the gun club to prosecute, if these deadly enemies of the game interests of the whole State are not severely punished whenever they are caught.

It should be the earnest, self-imposed duty of every citizen to second the philanthropic efforts being made by Mr. Alling in this direction, and the miserable, selfish nomads, who lurk in the shadows of the "forest primeval" only to desecrate its sacred precincts by deeds unworthy of men, should be given short shift and a long term.

J. A. BEEBE, M. D.

More about Eggs and Albumen.

SCRANTON, Pa., July 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Apropos of the duck egg fake story I inclose a clipping from the mission publication of the Presbyterian Church, which explains where some of the eggs which furnish albumen for the arts really do come from.

J. H. FISHER.

The story as told by Rev. W. J. Nelson, of Tripoli, is of a Syrian egg gatherer: "A vacant room next to our church in Minyara has been made a store. One evening I saw a man come up with two donkeys, each carrying two boxes tied across his back. The owner asked some one to help him, and they very carefully lifted the boxes to the ground. Then came the owner of the store, and seating himself on an empty box removed the grass and straw from the top of one of the boxes and it proved to be full of eggs. Then began the counting and storing of all the sound eggs in other boxes ready for the city. In the four boxes there were 2,161 good eggs, besides about a dozen broken ones The price of these eggs is thirty-two cents a hundred—less than four cents a dozen. The owner of the donkeys told me that he had been away three or four days collecting the eggs, and often he travels as much as fifty miles from home, going to each village and trading for eggs, in exchange for which he gives soap. But these eggs are not to be eaten. They are sent on camels or donkeys to Tripoli, a camel load being 3,440 eggs. There they go into an egg factory. The shells are broken, the white put in large tin trays and set on shelves to dry. The yolks are put into large casks with salt. These casks are then shipped away across the Mediterranean to France, where the yolks are used in preparing dressing for leather. When the white is dry it is packed up and sent away to Europe, where it is used in photography. So the chickens of Syria are useful to the people of Europe."

THE OLD HUNTER'S RIFLE.

Now rest, old friend, the chase is done;
No more this eye, now dimmed with age,
Shall glance along thy burnished steel;
No more shall hill and valley reel,
And echo back thy furious rage;
So rest in peace, thy work is done.
How oft I've rammed the bullet down
Thy ribbed throat, and primed the charge!
Together we have spent our day,
Alas! a day now passed away.
Together now we near the verge
Of final rest, our labor's crown.
The chase at last is done,
Our course is fully run.

THEO. F. BROOKINS.

ONTARIO GAME PARKS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was much pleased with the report on American game parks which appeared in your issue of July 18 last, not only because it furnishes the evidence of success in the way of preserving and increasing the large game of the continent, but also because it teaches many lessons as to the foreign animals which may be introdueed into this country with success.

The report of the Blue Mountain Park is a wonderful story of the increase of the different animals when protected and given a fair chance against their many enemies. The enterprise of the late Mr. Austin Corbin cannot be too highly commended on account of the many lessons it teaches, for no doubt his example will be followed to a greater or less extent by governments and private individuals with wonderful advantage to the country.

Under the impression that some of your readers might be interested in a short account of what we are doing in the Province of Ontario, Canada, in the same line, I am induced to send you a short report of the Algonquin National Park and the Rondeau Provincial Park, which the Government has set aside, as the act says, "as public parks and forest reservations, fish and game preserves, health resorts and pleasure grounds, for the benefit, advantage and enjoyment of the people of the Province, subject to the provisions of this act, and of the regulations hereinafter mentioned."

The great object is for the propagation and preservation of the original animals belonging to the Province which, as in other parts of the continent, are fast becoming things of the past. In the northern portion of Ontario we have now probably the best natural hunting grounds for large game on the continent, if not in the world, but each year such numbers of deer are killed by the destructive methods of hunting hitherto allowed that it was felt that something had to be done to prevent the great waste and perhaps total annihilation in the near future of our game animals and birds.

To this end the Government, by act of the Legislature, set apart in 1893 an area comprising the townships of Peck, Hunter, Devine, Biggar, Wilkes, Canisbay, McLaughlin, Bishop, Osler, Pentland, Sproule, Bower, Freswick, Lister, Preston. Dickson, Auglin, Deacon, and portions of McCraney, Butt, Paxton, Ballantyne and Boyd, containing 993,489 acres of land and 115 894 acres of water, in all 1,109,383 acres, equal to 1,733 square miles. The park is thus approximately forty-four miles in length from north to south and forty miles in width from east to west, and is to be known by the name of the Algonquin National Park. It lies between 45° 20′ north latitude and 78° and 79° 8′ west longitude.

In this territory, which is in the Nipissing District, there is a varied character of country, consisting of lakes, rivers, swamps, marshes, hills and valleys, the latter all densely wooded with pine, birch, maple, hemlock, cedar and tamarack, and at present a great resort for moose and deer. All the animals, birds and fish of this section are here in their primitive abundance, such as moose, deer, bears, beaver, wolves, mink, marten, fisher, otter, muskrat. Ruffed grouse are exceedingly plentiful, and Canada grouse or spruce partridge are also found there. The waters, which comprise rivers and lakes, are well stocked with gray or lake trout, salmon, and brook trout, and it is intended that, although this fine game preserve is unfenced, it will be thoroughly guarded by an efficient force of game wardens, who will prevent any disturbance of the existing state of things by hunters and others. It is also intended by the Government to allow the Game Commission of the Province to introduce as an experiment a number of capercailzie, black grouse and ring-necked English pheasants, which it is thought should succeed there. In the waters, too, desirable forms of fish will be tried, and wild rice is being sown largely to encourage the ducks and other aquatic birds. Everything is to be kept in its primitive condition as nearly as possible, except that the streams will be cleared of all obstructions and trails will be made on land, so as to facilitate the journeys of the wardens and tourists from one point to another. A telephone system may in the near future be established for the convenience of the superintendent and his staff of protectors. The only possible drawback to the introduction of foreign game birds will possibly be the length and severity of the winters, for the snow often reaches 4ft. in depth and the thermometer ranges as low sometimes as 30° or 40° below zero. The commission is nevertheless sanguine that the birds named will live and thrive, as all the other conditions are perfect; and if the experiment is successful it will be of incalculable benefit to the country; for, while the park will be a harbor of refuge for hunted animals and birds, which they will soon appreciate, the overflow of game to the surrounding country will be great and will undoubtedly postpone almost indefinitely the time when it will become extinct, more particularly now that the amendments to the Game Act prohibit the taking of deer in the water.

Section 7 of the act of establishment of the park provides that carrying or using firearms or explosives within the said park, except as provided by the regulations for the government and maintenance of the park, hunting with or without firearms or explosives, or trapping or spearing within the limits of said park, is prohibited under a penalty for each offense not exceeding $100, except under special license for the killing of wolves, bears, wolverines, wildcats, foxes or hawks, to be issued by the Commissioner of Crown Lands upon the recommendation of the Superintendent. Fishing is also prohibited under a penalty not exceeding $100 for each offense,

The Rondeau Park is smaller, and is situated on the north shore of Lade Erie. It is the peninsula known as Pointe aux Pins, contains about 5,000 acres, and is well wooded and very suitable for stocking with such birds as wild turkeys, Mongolian pheasants, prairie chickens, quail, etc., and of these a start has been made with one or two hundred, under the care of the Superintendent, Mr. Isaac Gardiner, Morpeth, Ont. The Pointe has long been a favorite resort for summer camping parties, being admirably situated for summer residence in a cool and healthful locality.

DR. G. A. MACCALLUM,
Ontario Game and Fish Commissioner.

DUNNVILLE, Ont., July 28.

MINNESOTA ASSOCIATION.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first annual meeting of the Minnesota State Game and Fish Protective Association was held at the Windsor Hotel yesterday afternoon. The Association was formed one year ago, for the purpose of assisting the State game warden in the protection of the game abounding in Minnesota's forests and streams, and has at present an active membership of 200, including representatives from every county in the State. Its members are all devotees of the rod and gun, but they do not believe in the indiscriminate slaughter of game out of season in mere wantonness, and the efficiency of their Association may be judged from the following extract from the report of the State Game and Fish Commissioners for 1895:

In all its efforts the board has been ably assisted by the citizens, who are beginning to realize that it is to their advantage to have the game and fish preserved. No other agencies have done so much for the protection of game and fish as the different clubs throughout the State, which have been formed for this purpose. Perhaps none other has done so much as the State Voluntary Game and Fish Protective Association. These gentlemen have spent their money and time, with no hope of reward except to see that our game and fish were protected. The executive agent of the Commission feels personally under a deep obligation to each of the officers of this club, and the Commission as a whole take this opportunity of thanking the members and officers of the State Voluntary Game and Fish Commission for the splendid assistance rendered them. Perhaps most of the work fell on W. L. Tucker, the secretary of that Association; but the others have all worked faithfully, and reported everything that came under their notice to the executive agent. It would make this report too long to go into detail and mention all the members and officers' names; it is enough to know that they have worked faithfully and in harmony with the Commission, and had only one object in view, and that the preservation of our game and fish.

The chief subject before the meeting was a proposed amendment to the constitution providing for the admission of clubs through the State whose coöperation, it was considered, would be of vast good in furthering the objects of the Association. Heretofore there has only been provision for individual membership, and the members of clubs in the different country towns did not seem to desire an affiliation with the State organization, as their objects were the same, and a union would only increase their individual assessments. This objection was, however, done away with by the adoption of an amendment to the constitution of the State organization, which now provides for the issuance of membership certificates to clubs of more than ten members upon the payment of an annual assessment of $5; clubs admitted under the amendment will be regular members of the Association and enjoy all of the privileges heretofore extended to individual members, with the exception of having but one vote in the meetings. It is hoped by the new plan to gain an additional membership to the State Association of nearly 400.

By a unanimous vote it was decided to enlarge the executive committee from nine to fourteen members. The five additional committeemen will be appointed from St. Paul and Minneapolis, in order that, in case of the need of a special or hurried meeting, a quorum may be more readily gotten together.

With one exception the officers were all re-elected. C. S. Benson has become a member of the State Game and Fish Commission, and his place as first vice-president was filled by the selection of L. Theilman, of St. Cloud. The officers of the Association for the ensuing year, therefore, are the following: President, Uri L. Lamprey, St. Paul; First Vice-President, L Theilman, St. Cloud; Second Vice-President, F. F. Davis, Minneapolis; Third Vice-President, E. S. Palmer, Duluth; Secretary, William L. Tucker, St. Paul; Treasurer, William L. Wolford, Minneapolis; Attorney, H. P. Goodenow, St. Paul.

On motion President Lamprey was instructed to select the five additional members of the executive committee. Three will be chosen from Minneapolis and two from St. Paul.

The report of Secretary Tucker was brief, but encouraging. He cited the excellent and practically unrequited work of the volunteer wardens of the Association, and said that poachers were becoming afraid to violate the law because they did not know at what moment they might be under the watchful eye of one of the members of the Association. This, Mr. Tucker explained, was one of the benefits derived from keeping the names of members a secret. They could thus work in the dark, and were better prepared to catch poachers. With the change in the constitution, which will be taken advantage of by about seventeen rod and gun clubs in the State, Mr. Tucker said the membership of the Association would be greatly increased, and he predicted that next season it would be in a position to make its name and influence a wholesome check to evildoers.

President Lamprey commended the Association on its good work in his address, and he also spoke a good word for the State Game and Fish Commission, and said that great credit was due Executive Agent Fullerton for the promptness with which he follows up cases presented by the Association, securing convictions and promptly suppressing violations of the law. W. L. TUCKER.

[A description of the Tucker cup and report of the tournament are given in our trap columns.]

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at th est by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

A Roedeer Hunt in Germany.

From a private letter.

GLAUCHAU, Oct. 21, 1895.—*My Dear Elmer:* I have only time to give you a few lines of the hunting trip—when I made the double on deer.

Arrived here 2 A. M. and found my faithful friend Carl Gunther at the station. Went to bed at 2:30. Was called at 8 and donned a hunting suit furnished by the same friend, and after breakfast drove into the country about three miles. Nine gunners—fancy such a crowd. This was not all. We had ten sturdy farmers with sticks and they were the drivers. In brief: the gunners surround a patch of timber, about 75 to 100yds. apart, and the drivers go in and try to frighten the deer and hares, which we were after. They invariably run out straight and cross a field to the next timber, and in this way they are hunted. It is seldom a hare gets away from these Germans. It is seldom that deer are killed here, as they are so scarce, but we brought in three deer and eight hares as the result of four hours' hunting.

I had a 16-bore hammer gun loaded with No. 3 shot. Fancy my disgust to be armed with such a weapon. Well, after missing five good shots on hares, I became disgusted with the gun, and said I would throw it away. One man had killed a deer. I was envious and mad; said I wouldn't fire my gun if I saw game. Well, we had surrounded the last little strip of timber, and within sight of a country tavern, where we were to dine. The drivers began their noise, and behold, 20yds. in front of me not one, but two deer jumped out and started tandem fashion across the field, running as only deer can run. I think I had been asleep all the morning, but this sight opened my eyes. My gun spoke twice and two deer lay dead, 10ft. apart, and both died without a struggle.

I was surrounded by hunters and drivers, and congratulations from all. In fact, they wanted me to drink a barrel of beer at the inn, but two glasses satisfied my thirst. I am the talk of Glauchau, and they point to me and say, "The American who made a *doubletta* on *reh*" (double on deer). To shoot a deer here is not strange, but to make a double on deer is extraordinary, and to have the opportunity, even once in one's life, is more than extraordinary. JOE.

Have Sportsmen Degenerated?

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wrote you a letter which you were kind enough to publish in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 1, but which owing to a mistake in the heading switched the whole thing off at a foreign tangent. I put for a heading, "Have Sportsmen Degenerated?" and it comes out "How Sportsmen Originated." My penmanship has often been the subject of much sarcasm, the crow tracks and inked caterpillar comparisons doing noble service in that respect. But I feel a just pride in being able to write an article of such merit that it will fit any heading as nicely as a glove to the hand. My purpose was to show that we had no genuine sportsmen of the present day, but only flimsy imitations, and not to show their origin; for the dudish specimens we meet on their way to a day's outing for the purpose of playing hunter or fisher could not have an origin in the class of Davy Crockett, Daniel Boone, Kit Carson and others. DICK OF CONNECTICUT.

[Our correspondent must of course have formed his notion of the old-time sportsmen (if the men cited were sportsmen) from his reading; and he appears to have drawn his notion of the sportsmen of to-day from hearsay.]

A Birch Bark Woods Note.

MR. WM. W. BLIVEN sends us a birch bark letter inclosed in a birch bark envelope, sent to him from Rainbow in the Adirondacks, and telling of the deer there. "Almost any evening," writes James M. Wardner, "one may see four or five deer by paddling up the stream. One evening I went up the stream with a gentleman who wished to see a deer; we saw nine and heard many more on the way back, when it was too dark to see. During one forenoon six deer were seen just across from the house."

New York Protectors.

FISH AND GAME PROTECTORS AND FORESTERS.

J. WARREN POND, Chief Protector, Albany.
William Wolf, Clerk to Chief.
John E Leavit, Assistant Chief, Johnstown.
M. C. Worts, Assistant Chief, Oswego.
Sebastian Hesbach, Oyster Protector, Ozone Park.
Edgar Hicks, Oyster Protector, West New Brighton.
John Ferguson, Assistant Oyster Protector, Patchogue.
J. L. Ackley, Penn Yan, Yates county.
F. S Beede, Keene Valley, Essex county.
George Carver, Lyons, Wayne county.
S. T. Clock, Bay Shore, Suffolk county.
T. H. Donnelly, Perry, Wyoming county.
L S. Emmons, Oneonta, Otsego county.
Ira Elmendorf, Brodhead, Ulster county.
Eugene Hathaway, Harrisville, Lewis county.
Spencer Hawn, Cicero, Onondaga county.
James Holmes, Apalachia, Tioga county.
Carlos Hutchins, Indian Lake, Hamilton county.
Willett Kidd, Newburgh, Orange county.
A. B. Klock, Herkimer, Herkimer county.
J. D. Lawrence, Bloomville, Delaware county.
J. H. Lamphere, Weedsport, Cayuga county.
J. W. Littlejohn, Loon Lake, Franklin county.
E. J. Lobdell, Northville, Fulton county.
B. H. McCallum, Oswegatchie, St. Lawrence county.
Joseph Northup, Alexandria Bay, Jefferson county.
J. H. O'Brien, Plattsburg, Clinton county.
O. S. Potter, Sandy Creek, Oswego county.
F. M. Potter, Chautauqua, Chautauqua county.
S. M. Prouty, Whitehall, Washington county.
D. N. Pomeroy, Lockport, Niagara county.
W. L. Reed, Canandaigua, Ontario county.
R. M. Rush, Camden, Oneida county.
Bernard Salisbury, Ellicottville, Cattaragus county.
Nicholas Shaul, Middle Grove, Saratoga county.
George B. Smith, Horseheads, Chemung county.
Alvin Winslow, Stony Creek, Warren county.
E. I. Brooks, Brookmere, Monroe county.
E. A. Hazen, Protector for the Thousand Islands, Hammond, St. Lawrence county.
James Green, Caldwell, Warren county, Custodian of Lake George Islands.

REPORT YOUR LUCK
With Rod or Gun
To FOREST AND STREAM,
New York City.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

How the Lop-Eared Hound was Fooled.

Up among the green hills of Vermont two country ball nines were contending for supremacy one hot afternoon in an old pasture. Among the assembled spectators was a sad-faced lop-eared "houn' dog" which had previously been investigating the contents of a woodchuck hole. He had worked his passage in until no dog was visible, but a steady stream of dirt shooting out like the blast from the blow pipe of a sawmill proclaimed that the investigation was still on. Becoming tired of this, the hound was sitting down watching the home team getting "done up," when suddenly, without warning, he shot across the field with a trajectory as flat as a .32-40 and with nearly the same velocity. The cause was soon apparent. Several little girls were coming up through a hollow and one was just tall enough for her brown hat to show through the fringe of grass on the rising ground in front. When the hound came near enough for the supposed woodchuck to merge into a hat with a girl under it he stopped an instant with a look of horrified surprise. A yell arose from the assembled farmers who had seen the incident, and this so mortified the hound that he made straight for home and was invisible for several days. Bah-ko-ne gad.

Coon Skin Currency.

Time was when coon skins allus had their vally in trade at the store an' 'most any shoemaker shop in Bullskin township. Prob'ly old Onc Lisha also knowed their usefulness for makin' whang luther, which is the best kind for strings and mendin' gears. You bet they was a kind of circulatin' medium nobody couldn't corner, mainly because speckilaters had to ketch the coons first, which animals don't circulate in Wall street, N. Y. Since the crime of makin' better money, coon hides is demoneytized an' coons is gettin' a heap harder to ketch, which is natural.

Wampum was a fashionable kind of circulatin' money the Indians had plenty of, and it has been demoneytized too. Wampum is a little long kind of shells, about as scarce as hen's teeth, which they look a good bit like. Scratchin' gravel on the ridge huntin' wampum has gone out of fashion entirely, but most likely both wampum an' coons would be easier to get if they was recognized as money again. Maybe there are some other things besides wampum an' coon hides that would do for new kinds of money and would be easier to get, especially in bad huntin' weather an' in summer, when the fur is no good. We've long been wantin' more money on the ridge, and we jine in demandin' free coinage of everything suitable, specially coon skins and other precious hides. Then life will be wuth livin' again in Bullskin township, Fiatt county, Pennsylvany. Yours truly,

Deacon.

Sea and River Fishing.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

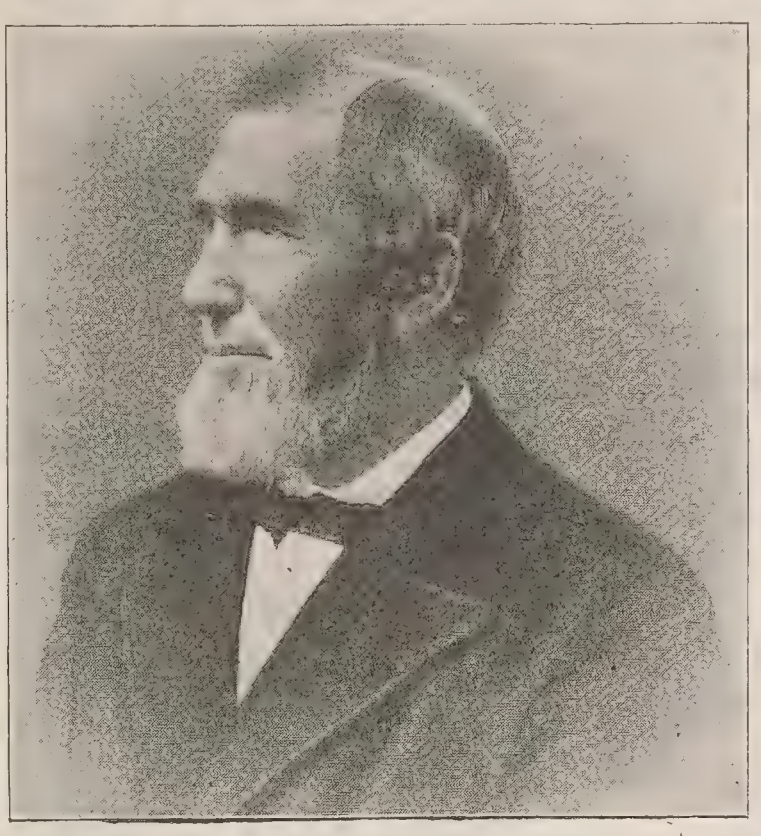
V.—George Dawson.

VI.—Maj. George S. Dawson.

In writing the third article of this series it was recorded that at one time John Atwood and I went trouting in a small stream back of Kinderhook Landing, on the river, a place some eighteen miles below Greenbush. This trip led to my first fishing trip with George Dawson, who was a man twenty years my senior, and it came to pass in this way. About 1850 my people moved across the river into Albany, and I was a student in the "Classical Institute" of Prof. Charles H. Anthony, on Eagle street. Among the scholars was George S. Dawson, eldest son of George Dawson, who at that time was assistant editor of the Albany *Evening Journal*. Young George heard of that trip and told his father about the catch of trout in that stream, and it led to an interview. Mr. Dawson wanted to go, and we would take an early train for Kinderhook station, on the B. & A. R. R., and if the distance was too far to the brook he would hire a horse to take the three near the stream, for George S. would go. This seemed a reckless bit of extravagance to a boy whose whole expenditures for fishing had been a few pennies for hooks and lines and of leg muscle to get to the fishing places.

The only thing that serves to fix the time of year is the memory that pond lilies were in bloom; the cat-tails were just pushing up their curious blooms, and had not burst to scatter their seeds, and the black-cap raspberries were ripe. It must have been early in July, for the swallows were skimming the meadows, and had not begun to congregate on the telegraph wires. These things are recalled by Mr. Dawson's wish to take home the pond lilies, our picking berries near the railroad station, and young Dawson's doubt of my statement that swallows could gather on wires charged with electricity. What a thing is a man's memory, and by how slight a cord is it tied to the past! The exact year is forgotten, but it was before 1854, probably three years before. Mr. Dawson carried a short hand-made rod of some kind of wood, with ring guides, the first thing of the kind I had seen, and that gave me the impression that he must be a very superior angler, especially as he said that his father had brought expensive rods for trout fishing from Scotland, but they had been lost. This was a revelation! "Expensive rods"—he called them "rods"—and the idea of paying money for such things when we could cut an alder pole and thought it expensive to buy fish hooks and lines, but, like the Irishman's owl which he had bought for a parrot, I said nothing, "but kept up a devil of a thinking." If money had been more plentiful in boyish pockets it is doubtful if its expenditure would have been in the direction of "fish poles," which could be cut anywhere and thrown away after use. This was a bit of dilettanteism in angling that hardly seemed consistent with our primitive ideas of using only those things which nature furnished, always excepting hooks and lines. His hooks were also a revelation. We used only Limericks of large size, and boys usually prefer big hooks because they look so strong, and they fear that a big fish may break a small hook. Mr. Dawson's hooks were small and the wire was slim, but they were long in the shank, something like the hook now known as the "New York trout," if not the same, and the most wonderful thing about them was that they were neatly put on gut snells, another new thing. He rigged my line with one of the smallest hooks and discarded the sinker, which before seemed to be an indispensable part of a fishing outfit, and he showed us how to fish down stream and how we must keep a good distance apart. We fished with worms, and the slim, long-shanked hooks were perfect, because they did not break a small worm, and allowed the use of a generous bait on the long wire. How I treasured a dozen of these hooks which he gave me, and how some boys looked at them with envy, and others sneered at them, saying, "A big fish would bite 'em in two," are things well remembered.

The stream was small, in places one could jump across it; then it would widen out, sometimes in deep holes and at others in shallow riffles, through meadows most of the way and often fringed with alders, which troubled the angler to use his rod. In the latter case trout would be hauled in as on a hand line. There was no landing net in the party. At this time the existence of such an implement was unknown to us boys; we hauled in a fish, unhooked it, and either strung it on a twig and carried the string or let the fish hang in the water to keep alive. This day the latter mode was not practicable. The trout in this stream did not run very large, perhaps from 4 to 6oz.; but the new kind of hooks, the absence of a sinker and the consequent ability of the fish to fight, made it the grandest event in all my fishing and one ever to be



GEORGE DAWSON.

remembered. The day was perfect: a light breeze, the sun not too bright, and the fish taking the bait freely. Crawling through the brush or skipping the places where it was too thick to get a short rod and line in the water, we worked slowly down stream. I had let my hook drift under a log in a hole on the other side of the stream when a trout struck it hard. We had not arrived at that point in fine angling when reels were used, and the strike caught me with my tip lowered, and there was a struggle which soon ended in the line being fast to some immovable thing and a strong pull parted it, and for the first time the biggest got away. This has happened to others.

Surely it is hard to tell, at this late day, whether grief over the loss of a big fish overtopped the grief of losing one of those marvelous hooks, but that grief in solid chunks was abundant in a little clump of swamp willows is certain. The gut snell was frayed and had parted in the middle as if chafed over something rough; and after bending on a new hook I came upon young George near a little foot bridge, on which most of his clothing lay in a wet state.

"What's the matter, George?"

"Fell in. How many you got?"

"Nine, nice ones; but I just lost an old whopper and one of those hooks your father gave me. How many have you got, and how did you fall in?"

"I only caught three; the fish get scared as soon as they see you and scoot away. I was after one that started down stream, and stepped on a slippery stone and just plunked in, that's all."

After pointing out to him that trout must not be chased in order to make them take the hook, he was reminded of what his father had told him about not letting the fish see him, but in his anxiety to get a worm under a trout's nose all rules had been forgotten. The morning's work had brought on a first-class appetite on my schoolmate as well as on me, and Mr. Dawson had the material to alleviate and cure that gnawing sensation if he could be found. Leaving all my traps and fish at the foot bridge, I started down stream to find Mr. Dawson. Soon he hove in sight, coming up stream, and he had a string of about twenty fine trout. "It's getting near midday and the fish are not biting well, so we might as well rest and eat a bite," said he, "and then by the time we are through and walk back to the station the freight train will be along and we will go back in the caboose, as the agent said, for if we wait here for more fishing we will not get home to-night, as the fish will not be on the feed again before an hour or two of sundown."

Capt. George S. Dawson, Second New York Artillery, stationed in the defenses of Washington, near Alexandria, in 1863, came to visit me when my regiment occupied the forts from Tennallytown on the Harper's Ferry road to Fort De Russy, near the Seventh street road, and we had a grand review of the schoolboy days and of the only fishing trip that we ever had together. Said he: "That day will ever be remembered, for in my case it filled the proverbial measure of fisherman's luck, and that lunch! Did you ever strike anything so fine?" His regiment, in June, 1864, was in the Second Brigade, First Division, Second Corps, Army of the Potomac; while mine was in the Fourth Brigade of the same division and corps. While we lay in the trenches at Cold Harbor I sent him a note asking if he was catching many trout now, and he answered, in effect, that his regiment caught something else in the charge on June 3, and to the best of his knowledge the Seventh Artillery had some of the same brimstone. The official records show that the Second lost 215 officers and men killed, wounded and missing in that terrible assault on the impregnable works at Cold Harbor, mainly in the charge on the morning of June 3, 1864. My message had the desired effect, it showed that my schoolmate had lived through the storm and was still on duty. Twelve days later our brigades were halted near each other preparatory to forming for the battle which took place next day, and he sought me out. In the few minutes' chat he ran over several incidents of school days and referred to good old Prof. Anthony and our trouting. That day's fishing was firmly fixed in his mind. I never fished with him again and do not know that he ever went fishing after that time. In later years, while fishing with his father, we often talked of the Major, and he was a favorite subject with the elder George, but no reference to his fishing, except on that one occasion, was ever made.

A bugle call broke our conference, and with a hurried grip of the hand Capt. Dawson said: "I think we will intrench here and besiege Petersburg, and then we can visit often. Good-bye."

There was a siege of Petersburg after the assault on the enemy's works on June 16, but Capt. Dawson took no part in it. A rifle shot just above the left knee, which he thought only a flesh wound and which the surgeon termed "a thirty days' scratch"—meaning a furlough for that length of time—took him off the field; and twenty-four hours later, while on his way to the Second Corps hospital at City Point, he was strong enough to hold in his lap the head of a poor fellow whose leg had been amputated. Whether the wound was more serious than was at first supposed, or because of the jolting in the ambulance, his leg was amputated shortly after reaching the hospital, and he was sent by steamer to Washington, where he remained four months before he was allowed to be taken home. Shortly after reaching Washington his commission as major was received. "That's good," said he; "when my leg gets a little better I'll be mustered in as major, and then I can join my regiment as a mounted officer; for a fellow with one leg is of no use in the line, and I want to see this war fought to the end." Poor fellow! he died on Dec. 6, nearly four months after receiving his wound, aged twenty-six and a half years. The post mortem showed that the bone was injured above the amputation, and in army parlance he is still "awaiting muster." As a schoolboy he was very bright and studious, and although several years my junior he helped me out in my studies and "exams." many times. After leaving school he entered the service of Weed, Parsons & Co., publishers, and was a member of the Tenth Regiment, N. Y. Militia, before the war. Early in the war he offered his services as a private, but was rejected because of a defect in one eye from an accident in childhood, but he was bound to go in some capacity, and after the Second Artillery left Albany there was a vacant first lieutenantcy, and he got the appointment and joined the command at Staten Island, before it left the State, and was afterward made captain. No less a poet than Alfred B. Street wrote quite a long poem on "George Seward Dawson, Major Second New York Artillery, died from wounds received before Petersburg, June 16, 1864." After his death the Governor of the State forwarded to the bereaved father a brevet commission for his son (in memoriam) of lieutenant-colonel, "for gallant and meritorious conduct before Petersburg, Va." His regimental comrades bore witness to his soldierly qualities in a set of resolutions sent to his father, and Post No. 63, Department of New York, Grand Army of the Republic, of Albany, is named "George S. Dawson," after the young soldier whose life of promised usefulness was, like so many others, brought to a sudden end, but cannot be considered wasted.

George Dawson, while a trenchant political writer, was also fond of depicting life in the woods and on the streams. With pleasure I renewed my acquaintance with him in later years, when peace reigned in the land, and by invitation accompanied him to the Adirondacks when both were familiar with the use of the fly in luring the trout. He was born in Falkirk, Scotland, in 1813, and came with his parents to America five years later. He had no early schooling, but learned the printer's trade before he was thirteen, and educated himself. Then he went to Rochester and worked for Thurlow Weed, editor of an anti-Masonic paper, and in 1836 Dawson became editor of the Rochester *Democrat*. Weed was afterward editor of the Albany *Evening Journal*, and in 1846 Dawson joined him as assistant editor. Weed retired in the stirring days of 1862 and Mr. Dawson took his place as editor and proprietor of the *Journal*, then as now one of the leading papers of the State of New York, and it soon became known that the pen of the new man was a most vigorous one. His love of nature was a most prominent trait, and fishing was his favorite means of enjoying this love. Once while on the way to the Adirondacks with him I remarked: "The woods to me is a place to loaf." If I had read Whitman then I would have added, "and invite my soul," but only added, "A couple of hours' fishing morning and evening is all I want; if the fish bite good it is well; if not, the trying for them suffices."

"My boy," he replied, "that is just exactly my own notion, and I have a dislike for the companionship of the bustling, busy angler who fishes as long as he can see to do it, morn, noon and dewy eve, in the hope of getting the last trout in the water. Such a man makes a labor of fishing; I go to the woods for rest and other attractions, purer, higher and more ennobling than the mere act of taking fish."

He put these same words down in a notebook, and while in camp wrote an account of the trip to the *Journal* and used them in its columns in June, 1873, now before me.

Once in writing of "how really garrulous are the silent men of meditative mood," and relating how, when in the woods, their faces would be illuminated by the passing thoughts while they were really communing with distant

friends, and their silence was only seeming, and musing in an abstracted way was a rare and pleasant gift, he said: "It is not so with the chronically absent-minded, who may be heavy-browed, but are vinegar-visaged and constitutionally morbid, and would no sooner think of angling than of robbing the exchequer of the realm. An editor's life is neither the best nor the worst in which to cultivate this rare gift. There are those in the profession who can so concentrate their thoughts that the pertinacious pleadings of a score of office-seekers cannot tangle the thread of their meditations. And sometimes even the least abstracted among us have to throw off sentences amid such persistent din that bedlam itself would blush at the clatter. What little of the art came to me by nature and compulsory practice has been strengthened by the opportunities for silent meditation afforded by the habit of angling." Thus spoke the weary political editor, and we read between the lines his disgust with the horde of office-seekers, who under the ante civil-service laws rendered miserable the life of every man who had "influoence" in the smallest degree; but the deduction which he draws, that the practice of angling conduces to deliberate thought, is one that should commend its practice to parents as the best of all sports for their sons. The murdering instincts of a boy are often satisfied with the death of a low form of animal life which cannot suffer as much pain as mammals or birds, under any circumstances, because their nervous organizations are lower. Shakespeare was greatly in error when he wrote, in effect, that "the smallest worm when trodden under foot feels pangs as great as when a giant dies." (Memory.) Suffering is entirely a matter of nerves. A worm which can be cut in two and go on living and perhaps grow into two worms cannot suffer much. Pull a lobster's claw from its body and a new one grows. Pull a limb from a mouse and the animal dies.

Under date of July 3, 1878, Mr. Dawson wrote me: "No pastime is so attractive to me as angling; and when not at it I greatly like to talk and write about it, ethically, not scientifically, for I have never been able to master an *ology* of any kind," and then he goes on to ask about the details of grayling fishing. Some time before this I called on him and enlarged on the pleasures of a trip to the Au Sable River, Michigan, with Mr. Daniel H. Fitzhugh, of Bay City, and of the capture of the gentle grayling. He listened awhile and then asked:

"How large do grayling grow?"

"Those we took were fish that would weigh from ¾ to 1½lbs., but some have been taken that would weigh as much as 2lbs."

"My boy," he seemed to be fond of addressing me in this way, perhaps because of the fact of the great disparity of years when we first fished together back of Kinderhook Landing, or because his son, George S., was my schoolmate, "you talk enthusiastically about this new fish, which never exceeds 2lbs. in weight; did you ever take a salmon?"

"No, but—"

"Well, I have, and the grayling may be a good little fish for those who have never hooked bigger game, but it seems rather small to one who has taken a salmon."

This was a setback from an enthusiastic angler, and after pulling myself together I ventured to suggest that his angling literature, as far as I had read it, rather placed the weight and number of fish in the background, and that, as the originator of the saying that "it is not all of fishing to fish," I had thought that the newly discovered grayling might interest him. He saw the point at once, became interested in the fish and went to Michigan to take them, an account of which can be found in his "Angling Talks," published by FOREST AND STREAM in 1883—a most interesting little work, full of flavor of the woods and waters.

Mr. Dawson died Feb. 17, 1883, after a few days' illness, aged seventy years. His life had been such an active one, and as a political leader he was so prominent, that his death produced a profound sensation. The Albany *Argus*, politically opposed to Mr. Dawson, said of him: "To journalism this man bore no undistinguished relation. He was a ready, wise, dangerous writer. He was a Greek to be feared when he came bearing presents. * * * He was very able in stating a case for a party; he was even abler in stating a case against a party. He was ablest in giving a man either a fatal defense or a fatal attack. His genius ran to combat; battle was his element. Routine tired him. Peace gave him a sense of *ennui*."

About five months before his death he retired from his editorial labors, although his well-knit frame and compact form showed no more sign of weariness than did his mind. The *Argus* said: "Pneumonia wrestled the life out of this Scot, they say. Doubtless it did. 'Twas pneumonia of which he died. But how came his constitution to take it? Through cold? Why, he had summered for years in water knee-high, or waist-high, putting up jobs on fish. Why, he had repeatedly slept on the floor of lumber cabins o' winter nights, his feet to a fire and his head under an open window, in the Michigan woods. He had the conquering will that defied wet and blasts. Did his prolonged labors undermine his constitution? Emphatically no! He was ever strongest in harness. When he went to press every day he went to bed every night to sleep the easy-breathing, refreshing sleep of a boy. Knocking off work unsettled this man's strength. Labor was a tonic to him. He would have lived through sheer love of labor had he remained a scalp taker, every day, armed with his keen pen and keener thought. None can be blamed. He quitted work because he said he wanted to quit it. He thought that lessening the tension would enable him to play in the youth of old age. And he loved to play. But work was his best play. Then he played with thunder."

Only once did Mr. Dawson hold public office. He was postmaster of Albany from 1861 to 1867, at a time when his pen was most actively engaged in the patriotic work of upholding the integrity of the Union. But he did not stop at writing editorials and equipping his eldest son for the army. He publicly announced that he would pay to the families of any six printers who would volunteer $4 per week during the time they remained in the United States service, and he did it. One of the six, Charles Van Allen, of Bethlehem, Albany county, went out with my regiment in August, 1862, and died in Andersonville prison Sept. 18, 1864. His wife received the pay for nearly a year after he died, or for the full term of his enlistment, some $624, all to one family.

George Dawson was a member of the Baptist Church, a Sunday-school teacher and lay preacher. A noble man and a most charming one to be in camp with. Entirely without ostentation, his acts of charity were known to but few, and if within his power his pencil would be drawn through most of these lines, written by one who is proud to have known him, and to have called him friend.

FRED MATHER.

THE FISH IN THE SWIM AND AFTER.

What he does and why he does it.

THE one particular fisherman is Rex L. I don't think there is any need for me to give you his name in full, is there now? And he it is who taught me all that I know about fish and fishing, at least about the scientific part of it. I adore science if the teacher only makes it interesting, but how many professors are there who have that happy faculty? I only know that if Rex, dear old fellow, had been the science professor in our school I should have known a great deal more than I do about many things.

I knew Rex ever so many years ago, when I was quite a little girl. I think I always knew him; but the longest ago that I remember clearly is one summer when I was ten years old and we were all in camp in the Adirondacks, and Rex had a camp near us and took me out in his boat fishing with him. I dearly loved the excitement of fighting with the fish, especially when it was a big fish, that rushed first to all points of the compass, then jumped into the air and dived down again, "flirting between zenith and nadir," as Rex says, which are really not points of the compass at all, although I don't see why they shouldn't be. But all the same, I used to be very sorry for the fish, and thought it very cruel, and Rex used to say that the fish didn't mind it at all and enjoyed the sport just as much as he did, at least as long as they were in the swim.

Well, the other day Rex came to challenge me to a game of lawn tennis. It was a beautiful day and I was glad of anything for distraction, so I assented gladly, and we went to the park and had a lovely game, or rather several games, until I was not exactly tired, but just in the right frame of mind for sitting down with Rex under the trees and enjoying a delightful chat; and Rex's talk is always so instructive and interesting.

I don't know how it happened. I dare say Rex could explain it to me if I were to ask him; but all at once I felt as if it were the old Adirondack times over again and Rex and I was sitting in the boat fishing, so I asked him if he were still as fond of fishing as he used to be.

At the mention of the word fishing a soft light came into his eyes—and Rex has beautiful eyes—and a far away yearning look, which made me realize the appropriateness of those charming lines of Campbell's on Arnold Winkleried:

"You might have seen with sudden grace
The very thought steal o'er his face."

And Rex leaned back against the tree in an easy, graceful attitude, with his hands clasped around his knees and began to talk.

"Yes, I love fishing," he said in a pleasant, dreamy way, "not merely for the sport itself, although that affords scope for the display of some of the finer talents; nor even for the indulgence of what may be scientifically characterized as the ultimate motive, that is the providing the fish for the pan; although the appetite engendered by a day's sport, and the admirable suitability of the fish to gratify and alleviate it at the same time, produce a sense of satisfaction with ourselves and our surroundings, which is really nothing more than an intuitive apprehension of the beautiful adaptation of means to ends which pervades all nature.

"But the real charm of fishing is in the accessories: collateral enjoyments, to which the instinctive impulse to go fishing is only an admirable provision of nature to guide us to higher pursuits. Nature allures us as we allure the fish, by holding before us an object which lures our senses, as the well-tied fly lures the senses of the fish; but having enticed us into the wilderness, away from the engrossing pursuits of city life, the scales fall from our eyes, which are opened to the calm enjoyment of the somber and stately pine forests, the sublimity of the mountain peaks, the busy hum of the omnipresent mosquito and the bright, laughing ripple on the face of the sparkling brook. The phenomena thus transmitted through the senses generate impressions upon the sensitive substance of the brain, which by reflex action upon half obliterated impressions of bygone experiences carry a man outside himself as it were, and cause his whole being to swell with mingled emotions. Yes, catching fish," he continued, "is not the whole of fishing."

There was a pause after this, during which Rex appeared to be recalling bygone scenes, while I was methodically engaged in committing his instructive lesson to memory.

"But about the fish," I asked at length, "is it not painful for them? I can't help putting myself in their place."

"That is where you err," he said; "you can only approach the problem objectively, and it is consequently impossible for me to analyze the precise state of mind in which the fish participate in the sport. Fish have brains, which, although smaller in proportion to their frames than those of the higher vertebrates, are nevertheless constructed on the same general type, and as function corresponds to organ, it is perfectly safe to conclude that they have intelligence; but no matter what the measure of their intelligence, they can reason only from the facts as they present themselves, and from their previous experiences.

"Now, what are the facts in the case of a fish taking an artificial fly? He tries to get away with it, and his first impression is doubtless one of astonishment that so small a creature should have so strong a pull, and his one dominant idea is to hold fast to him. His destructive impulse is in the ascendant. When he finds he can get no further, and that the fly is dragging him against his will, the combative impulse is aroused; he grasps the fly viciously, makes a determined plunge, and revels in the delicious sense of final triumph over his small but powerful foe, and in the pleasurable excitement springing from the healthy exercise of all his powers and the fierce ferment of his emotions. When at length he is momentarily exhausted with the struggle and finds the fly leading him whither he would not, he goes quietly, that he may recover his breath and be prepared for a renewal of the joyous struggle. His sensations as he alternately yields and triumphs presumably correspond precisely with those of the fisherman, the joyous excitement in both cases being tempered on the fisherman's part with anxiety lest the fish should ultimately get away, and on the part of the fish lest he should finally have to let go the fly."

"But surely," I objected, "the hook must give the fish great pain."

"Not at all," he replied. "In the first place, by a beautiful ordination of nature the horny plates of a fish's mouth are without any nerves of sensation, and even if a fish be hooked in some other part provided with nerves, the nervous sensibility of fish is very low, the only pain is in the momentary prick, and that is forgotten instantaneously in the excitement of the sport. No matter how much a fish's mouth may be torn, he is always ready to renew the struggle with a second fly, after he has had time to recover his wind."

"But surely," I urged again, "the poor fish must be filled with anxiety and alarm when he finds that he cannot get rid of the fly and recover his liberty."

"By no means," rejoined Rex. "You argue on the hypothetical presumption that the fish has your knowledge of the ultimate consequences to which it is all tending, providing, which is not always the case, that the fisherman triumphs; but these ultimate consequences altogether transcend the fish's experience. What can an inexperienced fish know about frying pans. No, the conclusions of science are that the fish experiences the most delicious excitement in angling which his nature is capable of, at least as long as he is in the swim."

"Yes," I retorted, "as long as he is in the swim. But what about his sensations after he is in the boat? Do not his struggles there indicate pain and anxiety amounting to terror?"

"No," rejoined Rex, "all his struggles after coming to the landing net are fairly attributable to reflex action. You know what that is?"

"Perhaps not quite clearly in the case of the fish," I replied, "please explain."

"Well, it is an activity which he is bound to engage in by the mere property of his physical constitution, irrespective of any mental effort—in fact an activity which his body must engage in whether his mind assents or not. In illustration: if you were to let me take off your boot and tickle the sole of your pretty little foot, you would draw it away immediately."

"Yes, of course," I retorted, "because I should feel it."

"No, not because you would feel it," he replied, "but because you couldn't help it. If a man's back was broken he would have no consciousness of any feeling in his feet, but if anyone were to tickle them he would draw them away precisely as if he did feel it, by what is called simple automatic reflex action, which means that one part of a sensitive substance, being touched, receives an impression which is at once communicated to other parts and sets them in motion. In your case it would be a double-actioned automatic movement, because the impression would be simultaneously transmitted to the brain, in which it would produce not only an impression, but a sensation also, and your will would give voluntary assent to a movement which under any circumstances would be made involuntarily. The struggles of a fish on a hook when he is being pulled in and finds he cannot get rid of the fly are also the result of double automatic reflex action, which impels him to reflect upon himself and upon the fly, but not to cast reflections upon the fisherman, whose character and motive and part in the programme altogether transcend the fish's experience."

Of course I wouldn't let him tickle my foot, because I know exactly what the sensation is; but I wouldn't have thought it possible that a person who couldn't feel it would act just as if she did, but Rex says so, and he knows. Apropos to this, I remember reading somewhere "that we are curiously and wonderfully made."

I adore science if it is only made interesting, as Rex knows how to make it, but although he had wrapped me up carefully when we sat down, I was getting chilly, and suggested a move homeward.

We talked very little by the way, for somehow the faster you walk the slower you think, but I was able to memorize his exact language carefully and was very particular to do so, especially that about the double-actioned automatism, which is very interesting and instructive. I don't pretend that I understand it exactly, but Rex has studied it and he knows. It is enough for me to accept the general conclusion to which the argument pointed—"that fish were created expressly for participating in the sport of angling, without sense of pain or appreciation of ultimate consequences"—those were Rex's exact words—and "that, lured by the fly precisely as man is lured by them, they engage in the struggle with as keen an appreciation of its pleasures as the fisherman himself." Rex remarked too on the way home, "that although when the fish jumps the act is due simply to conscious automatic reflex action, the fish always takes advantage of his position to effect a reconnoissance, and that having sighted the line his one idea is to snap it, which he takes a malicious and consequently intelligent pleasure in doing."

ALICE DEMAREST.

Cranberry Lake, Adirondacks.

CRANBERRY LAKE in the Adirondacks is furnishing some capital sport this year. Mr. George B. Wood, of Syracuse, writes to Mr. Fred Mather from Cranberry Inlet under date of July 26:

"Friday I caught a trout of 3½lbs. Yesterday, one 3lbs., one 2lbs, one 1½lbs. Last week three fellows caught twenty-eight trout, total weight 63lbs., including two at 4lbs. each. I supply two houses with trout for four, using only a fly, and am having great sport. This is the best all-round year trout-producing section in the Adirondacks, and the fish are larger than in any other place I know or have heard of. I calculate to leave here a week from Thursday, and to get home about Aug. 6 or 7. Two days before I shall fish for keeps; then look out. I want two or three 4 or 5-pounders. Thought sure I had one last night about 7 o'clock. A lunker took my fly (Reuben Wood) No. 4 hook, and when it struck it was like the side of a barn; he fought like a tiger. When near the surface a surge was made the size of a wash tub; in about ten minutes I had the fellow safe. If I had lost the fish he would not have weighed 1oz. less than 5lbs. He was hooked just near the pectoral fin, and I tell you he made a circus; actual weight 3lbs., length 18in. I have a copy of FOREST AND STREAM with me, which affords lots of fun and brings out a series of stories and fish lies.

GEO. B. WOOD."

LAKE TAHOE FISHING WAYS.

HAVING long been an ardent reader of FOREST AND STREAM, I think it only fair that I should endeavor to interest some of its readears, as their articles have done much to contribute to my entertainment.

I propose in this short article to give an account of the fishing to be had at Lake Tahoe and other adjoining streams and lakes. I am one of those fortunate individuals with whom it is a possibility to lay aside business cares for two or three months and go away to some charming spot in the great Sierra Nevada or Coast Range of California.

About the first week of last June I packed together my rods and tackle, rifle and shotgun, with all accessories, and left my Sacramento Valley home for an outing at Lake Tahoe. The route was by the Central Pacific R. R. to Truckee, thence by stage to Tahoe City. We have a magnificent view, ever changing, as we ride along up the cañon of the Truckee River. The road follows the Truckee the whole length to its starting point, where it flows out of the famous lake.

This river affords magnificent sport for the fly-fisher, and I must in some future article recount to you some experiences on the Truckee.

We arrived at Tahoe City after a three hours' staging over as fine a mountain road as one would desire. There we found the little steamer Tallac waiting at the wharf, ready to convey us to the Tallac House, situated almost at the extreme other end and necessitating a ride of twenty-five miles, which I anticipate with much pleasure as I look around me and observe the beautiful clear water, unruffled by wind and as smooth and shining as a mirror; and the snow-covered mountains which hem the lake in on all sides, clad in forests almost to the summit. Presently the whistle blows, and we are off. I eagerly hang over the bow watching for fish—several of which are pointed out to me by an old resident—for the bottom can be easily discerned in 100ft., so clear is the water, coming, as it does, direct from the melting snow. No wonder that innumerable trout thrive here unpolluted by drainage or factories. At length the wharf of the Tallac House comes into view; soon we land and find the genial host, Melville Lawrence, who tells us that the fishing is first-class.

The next morning I was up bright and early. On walking out onto the veranda of the little rustic hotel a sight greeted me which those who live cooped up in cities the year round never become familiar with. Here at an elevation of some 7,000ft. lay the magnificent sheet of water, surrounded by snow-covered mountains; the sun, rising in all its gorgeousness, sent its rays over the snow onto a sheet of glass, not a ripple disturbed the placid surface of the lake. Squirrels were chasing each other up among the branches of the huge pines; now and then a hummingbird flitted past me; I could hear the quack of the mallard from the marsh close by, and an occasional call from the mountain back of the hotel told of the presence of grouse and mountain quail.

Before recounting my first day's sport I will endeavor to describe the methods used at Lake Tahoe for catching fish. Trolling is almost the only means used, fish seldom if ever rising to a fly. The tackle mostly in vogue consists of a wire line made of eight or ten strands of very fine copper wire twisted together, which is very pliable and is from 100 to 200ft. in length. Attached to this are about 50 to 75ft. of heavy cotton or linen line; the whole is wound on a large hand-made wooden reel. This constitutes the hand line.

The spoon, which is attached to the wire by a ring and swivel, is very large, from 4 to 6in. long and from 2 to 3in. wide, with a dish of ⅝in. The large end of the spoon is of course attached to the line to make it revolve. To the smaller end a long-snelled No. 3 or 4 Sproat or Carlisle hook is fastened by means of another ring and swivel, the spoon having a hole punched through it at either end to admit the ring. The length of the snell on the hook varies from 8 to 16in., as sometimes the fish seem to prefer the bait further away from the spoon. Sometimes a second hook is tied on halfway up the snell when a long snell is used. On this second hook a different bait may be used; on getting a strike it is not necessary to draw in the line at once to rebait, as the second bait affords an opportunity for the fish to bite again if not hooked the first time. The spoons are generally made of copper or brass. The color varies according to the season of the year. In early spring, say in April or May, a large nickel-plated spoon is used; later on a brass spoon is good; in the middle of summer an abalone shell, or a spoon one side nickel and the other copper, is largely used, while in the fall a dull-colored spoon is most effective, such as dull brass or copper.

This is the only place in my experience of fishing where I have ever seen such fishing tackle. My fellow anglers naturally ask, "What is the use of such an outfit? Why use a wire line and such an enormous spoon?" When I tell you the nature of the fishing you may pardon the Tahoe fisherman for using such a murderous rig. The wire line does away with the use of a sinker, by its own weight sinking the bait to the required depth. The usual depth for trolling is from 50 to 100ft., and the best places for fishing are around reefs and pot-holes, just on the edge of the very deep water. Now the water is so clear that one can easily see the bottom on a calm day in 60 to 75ft. of water, so that in coming to a shallow all that is necessary to keep from catching on the rocky bottom is to increase the speed of the boat, thereby raising the spoon near the surface. This must be done probably 100 times a day. With such a piece of lead as would be necessary to sink a line to the required depth, rowing faster would not raise it sufficiently to clear the shoals, and as a result numerous spoons and hooks would remain on the rocks. The wire line, as far as I know, does not seem to scare the fish more than a cotton or linen line would. When the boat is rowed at the right speed, the spoon has been found to sink to a depth equal to one-half the length of the line in the water. A knowledge of this is invaluable when fishing with perhaps 150ft. of line. The bait, which is strung on the hook, generally consists of a minnow, wood grub or angle worm. Minnows are used mostly. The spoon only serves as an attraction to the fish to bring them within striking distance of the minnow, although I often found that fish struck at the spoon and left teeth marks on it.

The boats, of which there is a goodly number at Tallac, are built expressly for preserving the fish and minnows alive. For the most part flat-bottomed skiffs are used, with a large water tank in the center, admitting fresh water through auger holes in the bottom. This tank, which rises flush with the seats, has in it a small compartment for minnows. The fish are placed in the tank and so kept alive until the fisherman returns home, when they are transferred to fish cars and kept alive until the steamer next day carries them away to friends less fortunate than the sender. The mode of fishing which I have attempted to describe is almost the only means adopted to capture fish, outside of still-fishing with grubs and live minnows.

Why wouldn't such an outfit catch maskelonge or bass in the Eastern lakes? Some of my brother anglers might express their opinion. If any desire to try it I will be pleased to furnish particulars as to its construction.

Although I am a devoted fly-fisher myself, I was greatly interested in this style of luring the speckled beauties to an untimely end, especially as I afterward hit on a scheme which made it seem more sportsmanlike. I attached large upright guides to my heavy greenheart trolling rod, and wound 250ft. of wire line on my salmon reel, putting in a small swivel in the line about every 15ft. to prevent kinking, and used this to fish with. I found that I saved more fish than with a hand line, as a matter of course, and had much better sport. The line I used was about one-half the size of the hand line and ran through the guides very well. Undoubtedly the wire line is a good idea.

After breakfast I found Dick, the boatman, awaiting me on the wharf with a complete outfit of lines and bait, and I caught a glimpse of a frying-pan and coffee-pot.

We rowed out into the lake for about 500yds. and then Dick told me to get my lines ready. I baited the hook with a medium-sized minnow, running the barb through the mouth and bringing it out again near the tail. I tossed the spoon overboard and began to let the line run out slowly, until about 100ft. lay in the water. Dick called my attention to a perceptible line of demarcation in the water, on one side of the boat the bottom was just visible and the water had a green appearance, while on the other side the water was deep and very blue. "This is the best place to fish," said Dick, "just on the line between the blue and green water. The fish lie on that ridge, and if they are biting at all you always catch them just on the edge of these pot-holes." I took good stock of what Dick told me, as I recognized that I had no novice with me.

As we were quietly rowing along, following the edge of the deep water, I got a strike, but the fish missed it. "She'll come back," said Dick, and sure enough the next minute I felt another tug, to which I replied by a slight movement in the opposite direction, and I had hooked him fast.

After three or four good runs in his efforts to disengage the hook, I commenced to haul in my fish, allowing the line to fall in coils in the bottom of the boat. I must here admit that this seems a clumsy way of fishing, but it is the method generally adopted. Dick produced a landing net as I brought my captive alongside the boat and skillfully dipped him up, placing him beyond escape.

"A 3lb. silver trout," said Dick to the tickled angler, and sure enough he was—a perfect model of symmetry and resembling in color a fresh-run grilse.

"These fish run in shoals," said Dick. "Put out two lines and take one in each hand, so that when we cross a shoal of them you will probably hook two."

I took his advice, putting a fresh minnow on my first line, and let it out carefully to avoid any kinks in the wire. I hardly had out 50ft. when I felt a tug. I struck slightly; had him on sure enough, and pulling in slowly I landed a nice trout of 1½lbs. of the rainbow variety. This heavy tackle kills a fish very quickly and gives him no quarter.

After this we rowed on to a famous pot-hole, opposite Jimmy Walker's cabin, where the inlet from Cascade Lake flows into Lake Tahoe, bringing down lots of feed. I had both my lines out by this time and we trolled for five or ten minutes up and down this favorite lurking place for big fish without any result.

"Try a grub on one line," said Dick, and at the same time he produced a box of fine fat wood-grubs. I hauled in one line and substituted the minnow for a grub. With this new bait we tried our luck over the same ground again. Just as we were opposite a large reef of rocks at the mouth of the creek I struck something.

"I have fouled the bottom," said I.

"No fear, there is a hundred feet of water here." Presently that something commenced to move heavily and slowly away; I then realized that I was fast to a fish of no mean proportions, and began to haul in slowly, and then I moved rapidly, as the fish concluded to swim toward me, remembering the adage my father taught me: "Always keep a taut line on your fish." At last we caught sight of him about 30ft. away. He also seemed to wake up to the fact that a boat containing two determined fishermen was the cause of being jerked from his feeding ground so unceremoniously. With a twist of his tail he dashed away and began sounding, running out fully 80ft. of line without pausing. This kind of performance was kept up for several minutes, until he showed signs of exhaustion. Taking advantage of this, I slowly drew him toward the boat. As he came within sight Dick exclaimed: "I'll never be able to get him in this net!" I plainly saw that the landing net was wholly inadequate to land such a monster.

"You'll have to gaff him," said I. Dick hunted around in the boat for his gaff, but to my chagrin found that he had neglected to bring it along. All this time the fish was making frantic efforts to get a little slack line and throw his tail over it.

I soon made up my mind what to do. Tiring him completely out, I told Dick to pass his hand quietly along the side of the fish till he reached the gill cover, and then inserting his fingers underneath, he lifted this monarch of the lake into the boat.

"A 17-pounder!" said Dick. I produced a small pocket scale, and this magnificent specimen of a Mackinaw trout pulled down the spring until 16¾lbs. were registered. To say that I was elated over my capture would be putting it very mildly. Dick said that to capture a fish of this size was no rare occurrence, especially in the spring and fall of the year, and he told how some years ago a fish had been caught weighing 29¼lbs., and had been shipped as a present to Gen. Grant. Undoubtedly there are fish of enormous dimensions in this lake.

We fished on until Dick suggested lunch; then selecting a beautiful spot on the lake shore near the mouth of Emerald Bay we landed. Dick prepared two of the fish we had caught for lunch, and building a fire among the rocks cooked them to a turn. My brother anglers who have experienced eating a trout taken right out of the water know how good they taste. After lunch we took to the boat again and trolled toward home, landing on the wharf about 4 o'clock with twenty-three fine trout to my credit, which weighed just 79¼lbs. Thus terminated my first day's fishing on Lake Tahoe. I hope in a future article to tell of other experiences, both with the finny tribe and with grouse and deer. SIERRA.

CALIFORNIA.

NEW ENGLAND NOTES.

BOSTON, Aug. 1.—The salt-water fishermen are at it, and they seem to get a good deal of pleasure out of what Georges and Grand Bank fishermen consider the hardest of labor. As they make it, it is work and it is play. Mr. Mathew Luce keeps up his fishing at Cohasset and makes some big hauls in company with his boatman.

Almost every day a little steamer or two goes off from Boston to the various fishing grounds at Nahant, Cohasset, Scituate and all along the South Shore. The boats are very well patronized. They furnish bait and tackle and generally offer prizes for the largest fish for a trip. Bluefishing is also good off Hyannis and Nantucket. Something is also being done in that line in Buzzard's Bay. Mr. Walter Brown took eight good bluefish in Buzzard's Bay one day last week. He went out from Mattapoisett. Off Edgertown and Katama some good sport is mentioned. A Boston gentleman has just returned from Nantucket with a report of 300 bluefish being taken to one boat at one trip. I do not give his name for the good reason that I do not believe the story. Still it may be true, and if so, and the gentleman will explain through the FOREST AND STREAM, I will always believe him hereafter.

There are very few reports from the trout and salmon fishermen. The Messrs. Crane, of Boston, had reached Round Mountain Lake when last heard from, and the letter stated that "the lake was alive with trout." They were just joining their rods on the day of their arrival to try the evening fishing. Since that letter the record is quiet. Reports from the New Brunswick and Canadian salmon rivers say that the fishing is poor, and sportsmen who have been there and had good luck suggest that the season is about over. One noted salmon fisherman suggests that the early run of the majority of salmon rivers is all that is "worth quarreling about."

Great sport is mentioned on the Maine bass lakes and ponds. At Cobbosseecontee there are many Gardiner and Augusta fishermen. A couple of Boston gentlemen returned from that lake last week. They stayed but one day and took no bass. The weather was too hot, and there were "too many native fishermen."

Most remarkable reports of game seen continue to come from Maine. Thirty deer seen in one day at Big Spencer Lake were none too many for a guide to write me about. But he signed no name to his postal card, except A Guide. Of course he wants me to believe the story and to publish it. They have caught a little fawn at the Middle Dam, and those who have seen it declare that it is doing well, is very tame, etc. It came down to the Rapid River, where Steve Morse and a Brooklyn gentleman were fishing, and was easily caught in the brush. A cow moose and her calf have frequently been seen in the same locality. Some boys fishing in Roxbury Pond, a few miles from Andover, were startled by a large bull moose suddenly appearing in the water the other day. Report says that the boys left their tackle and ran for home. SPECIAL.

BOSTON, July 27.—Rev. W. H. Allbright and son, Manley, left Boston July 28 for club camp Big Moose, Adirondacks, on their annual vacation for the month of August. Being enthusiastic anglers in this noted region, an excellent report is expected. J. P. W.

NEW JERSEY COAST FISHING.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Aug. 1.—The sensation of the day is the arrest of Senator James A. Bradley by Fish Warden James F. Edge for having in his possession two sturgeon in violation of the law of March 22, 1895, which is prohibitive between June 30 and Dec. 1. At the hearing the Senator secured a non-suit on grounds that the law was inoperative until the States of Pennsylvania and Delaware shall have passed corresponding laws. The warden, however, takes a different view of the case, and asserts that the exemption clause pertains only to the waters which would by affected by the passage of such a law by the sister States, and inasmuch as they were taken in waters of the State other than those so affected the law is in full force and virtue, and has appealed the case to higher authorities. The outcome of the affair is looked forward to with great interest by all parties. An amusing feature is the fact that the Senator voted for the passage of the bill and was enthusiastic in its support.

Surf-fishing continues much the same as for the past three weeks. The rivers and bays, however, give good results and are liberally patronized. Sheepshead are in Barnegat Bay now, and may be taken if the proper course is pursued. The tackle needs be good and patience liberally exercised. There is perhaps no fish more uncertain in their feeding habits than the sheepshead. The necessary equipment is a stout rod and line and a 3-0 and 4-0 Virginia hook secured to a good wire snood, with hard clam or gray mussel for bait; do not remove the meat from the shell, simply cracking and working the hook well in is all sufficient; the fish being superlatively suspicious, this method is much more certain of success than when the clear bait is offered. When the bite is felt (which is never sharp), being a peculiar drawing motion, time must be given to allow the fish to work out the bait and gorge the hook, or else all will have to be gone over with, and here is where the novice will find the trying point. To strike at once means the loss of nine out of every ten fish, and when well hooked there is work for both man and tackle, as they are capable of the most determined resistance. I have had them thrust their iron-like jaws so deeply in the mud in their endeavor to disgorge the hook that even in 10 to 12ft. of water the surface would soon take on a muddy appearance. A landing net is a necessity. If possible bait the grounds for two or three days prior to fishing, as they are attracted thereby; besides they take the bait with a greater degree of confidence. But the capture is worth all the pains taken and the fish is right royal when properly cooked and served. LEONARD HULIT.

BLACK BASS IN LAKE IDA.

St. Paul, Minn.—It is said that the anticipation is nineteen-twentieths of the sport and this in many cases is no doubt true. Perhaps it is this very anticipation that buoys up the hopes and spirits of the unlucky fisherman who sits all day, rod in hand, waiting for the bite that never comes.

Rarely does a fisherman's success exceed his anticipations and desires. It was late in the season. We were at Lake Ida, that paradise of the small-mouthed, red-eyed, gray bass, and in the boat with the writer was friend Cole, the same who performed the wonderful feat of casting a minnow, four times out of five, upon a lilypad 200ft. away.

We had fair success during the day, although we were obliged to keep shifting continually; the bass ran in pairs, we rarely taking more than two at any one anchorage.

At 5 o'clock in the afternoon it began to rain, and donning our rubber coats we braved the storm, forgetting all about the rain the moment we got a strike.

The rain ceased at 6 o'clock, the sun shone out bright and clear, tingeing the clouds with gold and converting the surface of the lake into a mass of molten copper. The distant hills were encircled by a rainbow which formed a most gorgeous natural frame for the beautiful landscape. The foliage of the trees at the water's edge wept crystal tears which glistened in the afternoon sun.

The wind had now gone down, there was not a ripple upon the surface of the lake. We allowed the boat to drift lazily where it pleased, we being for the time more interested in the beautiful scenery than in anything else. Just ahead of the boat the fin of a large bass appeared above the surface of the water, then another and another, plainly showing that a school of bass were slowly moving around us.

The anchor was dropped at once, and before it had reached the bottom two of us had a strike, the reels instantly setting up a vigorous screech, indicating that the fish were good ones.

Our oarsman, not wanting to be outdone, had thrown his line over as soon as he had relinquished the anchor rope, and he too got a strike at once. Three rods in the boat and a bass at the end of each!

Both my friend and the oarsman used heavy rods and stout lines, so, as far as the bass were concerned, it was simply a case of "Come along" the momont they were hooked. There was no fooling, no time wasted; a taut line, and before the bass had a chance to show his mettle he was in the fatal landing net and thence transferred to the boat. Without a moment's loss of time (there were hungry bass waiting for the bait to reach the water) a fresh bait was thrown out and a bass hooked and landed without ceremony.

Were it not for the large hooks, strong lines and stout rods "something would have been heard to drop" in the water, but a dextrous use of the landing net cut maters short as far as the antics of the bass were concerned.

The writer was fishing for sport, not for numbers, and used a two-jointed 7½oz. split-bamboo rod, as pliant as a coach whip, a small multiplying reel, a fine silk line, a short, slender gut leader and a single hook.

Now, when one realizes that with such tackle a strong man cannot lift a pound weight from the ground, it can be readily imagined that there was no chance of landing a bass until the fish was first thoroughly conquered.

But what sport! The bait would be cast over, either a frog or a minnow (a split shot was used to carry it beneath the surface), and slowly sinking until the line became straight, the rod would at once begin to curve gradually until a foot or more had been drawn under the water. The bass had "struck" soon after the bait reached the water. Now setting the hooks, which, with so light a rod, had to be done sharply, the "circus" forthwith commenced.

Away plunged the bass, carrying the threadlike line whizzing through the still water with the speed of a locomotive, causing the reel to whir like a dynamo and sing like a soprano.

Without the slightest warning the reel ceased to run, the music stopped, the rod straightened, the line became loose and stright up, 5ft. in the air, leaped the lordly bass, shaking his massive head, every scale on his graceful and beautiful body glistening in the sunlight like so many diamonds.

The hook is too well set to be shaken out, and with a splash the cunning fish falls squarely across the leader, which, being purposely allowed to rest loosely for the moment, is not snapped in twain.

Tightening the line upon him, off he rushes, jerking yard after yard from the reel, making a zigzag course through the water in his mad efforts to tear loose from the hook, failing in which he once more leaps into the air and, frantically shaking his body, gets the leader in some unexplained manner twisted around him. Seeing the danger, a yard or two is hastily drawn from the reel, giving the fish momentary freedom on a slack line, which results in his freeing himself from the tangle.

Cautiously plying the rod, the line is taut once more. That moment of anxiety and doubt has started beads of perspiration on my face. With a vicious tug he shapes his course for the middle of the two-mile-wide lake and starts; yard after yard of line follows him, he swerves neither to the right nor to the left, keeping straight on. In fact he acts as if it were 2:55 P. M., and, having raised the funds with which to take up his note, was hurrying to the bank across the lake with a determination to get there, at all hazards, on time.

The reel kept up its whirling and singing, and the line began to grow beautifully less upon the reel. Thinking he would tire of himself, and not wishing to unnecessarily cut short the sport, the fish was given a free reel. However, with but few yards of line now left on the reel, and no apparent abatement of speed on the part of the bass being observed, something had to be done.

Thumbing the line (the reel was below the hand), the tension becomes stronger, the rod gracefully bends, and the fish putting forth fresh exertions makes the tip of the rod vibrate as the line still runs out. Unless he is stopped, his course changed or progress in some way interfered with, he will use up the remaining line and, tearing himself loose, make a farewell leap out of the water, and waving his tail as he re-enters the lake, bid us a piscatorial adieu.

Increasing the friction in the line until firmly held between the thumb and forefinger, the butt of the rod is gradually pointed in the direction of the fish—"giving him the butt," in other words.

The strain shows plainly in the quivering of the pliant rod, the tip and butt under the ordeal forming almost a true oval. The line begins to lift out of the water, yard after yard, until there is seemingly none of it immersed, when, again finding his progress firmly checked, he once more breaks water. On disappearing beneath the surface he at once takes a diagonal course toward our boat.

When it seemed as if he wanted more line than the reel contained, and as if we would have to make up in rowing after him what was lacking in line, the anchor was lifted and the oarsman, resting on his oars, awaited orders.

Being now unrestrained, the fish sped toward the boat, working slightly to the left. He seemed to fly through the water. Instructing the oarsman to pull from the fish and working the multiplying reel, a moderately tight line was kept on him.

The strain was at last beginning to tell; his course through the water became irregular; he began a series of short leaps; he would swim toward the bottom and then near the surface, all the time coming nearer until within 20ft. of the boat. He was now allowed to make his last fight preparatory to being landed with the net. After sulking for a few moments he made a frantic effort to dive to the bottom and there seek aid of some friendly snag or sunken log, around which to twist and tear the leader asunder; but a tight line interfered with his project. Making one more leap in the air, he plunged gracefully back into the water, gave up the fight, and resting upon his side allowed himself to be gently reeled, without a protest, within the safe meshes of the landing net.

What a fine, gamy fellow! He made a fight such as to almost entitle him to his liberty. The indicator on the scales points to 4lbs. 8oz. Truly a noble fish!

During this time the other occupants of the skiff worked against time, the bottom of the boat resounding with the flopping of bass after bass yet full of life and vigor. For one hour this kept up, frequently two bass being landed at one time.

The supply of frogs giving out, minnows were used, first the live and then the dead ones, and this supply failing strips of skin taken from a rock bass proved tempting bait for those hungry bass.

At 7 P. M. the fish stopped biting: we reeled in our lines, disjointed our rods and stowed them away, while the oarsman counted and strung the fish. Seventy-five bass for that hour's fishing.

Was such fishing ever had before or will it ever be our good fortune to enjoy the like again! I have, however, one regret. Having repeatedly attempted during previous trips to take these bass with a fly, and having repeatedly failed to raise them, on this particular trip I left my flybook at home and missed what might have turned out a golden opportunity.

In closing let me say to those who have fished the lakes adjoining St. Paul, catching large-mouthed bass, pickerel, wall-eyed pike and croppies, that if they desire a new experience and a day's fishing which they will long remember let them go to Lake Ida, at Alexandria, and try conclusions with the small-mouthed bass, giving the fish a fair chance for his life, discarding all triple hooks, spring hooks, gangs and such unsportsmanlike traps, using but one hook and using such other tackle that if the fish prove himself more artful than the fisherman he can break loose.

After once landing a good-sized bass with rod and reel, drowning him by skill and careful handling and not by main force of hook, line, rod and two arms, a new book will be opened to the fisherman.

The lake is half an hour's drive by day from Alexandria, on the Great Northern R. R. A postal to Frank Kent, liveryman, a day or two ahead will insure his meeting you at the train, and a note to C. Bedman, Lake Ida, will smooth the way for bait, boat, oarsman and accommodations. C.

[Regarding the remarkable and unparalleled casting referred to, the thinking reader will at once come to one of two conclusions, viz.: that a person who could make such a cast wouldn't "yank" bass out of the water; a person who would "yank" bass out of the lake couldn't make such a cast.]

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Largest Bass of the Season.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 1.—The largest bass of this season hereabouts, so far as known, fell, or rather rose, to the rod of Mr. W. C. Beddome, the agent of the Boyce Building of this city. Mr. Beddome took this fish last Saturday at Hastings Lake, one of the many lakes of the Fox Lake system in northern Illinois, and has a right to be proud of it. Its length was 21½in. and it weighed 5lbs. 1oz. The fish was a singularly handsome one for a large-mouth, very bright, clean and shapely. It was taken on frog, on an 8oz. rod and a cheap 30-cent line. Mr. Beddome went up to the lake to get cooled off, and had no intention of taking a 5lb. bass, but the latter insisted upon it. Mr. Beddome never caught so large a bass before in all his life, and the fact that he did is probably due to the fact that the Forest and Stream office was recently moved into the building he represents. I have no doubt all the firms officing here will catch large fish now.

The Kingfishers.

The camp of the Kingfishers, of Cincinnati, is this year to be located at Presque Isle Lake, near Marinisco, Mich., and the advance agents of the aggregation, in the form of Kingfisher himself and the "Colonel," have gone on ahead to make the arrangements about ice, eggs and other necessities. These two gentlemen arrived in Chicago Sunday evening last and passed north via Chicago & Northwestern Railroad the same evening, after only a brief sojourn. The others of the noted party will be along later, after Kingfisher and the Colonel have smoothed the bumps off a little, as is the duty of all advance agents. I hope Forest and Stream may hear from the company, and trust they will play to good business.

Frogs.

The frog is the standard bait of the Chicago fisherman, and for big-mouths will usually kill more fish than any other bait. The supplying of frogs for bait was long a considerable industry in the Grossman family, who lived down near Sixty-seventh street. The staple was retailed at 35 cents a dozen, and a great many hundred dozen were sold during a season. It was not until this season, however, that I ever noticed the frog as a periodical, or perhaps more definitely speaking, as news matter. This description I presume fairly to be given to the goods handled by the train boy representing the R. R. News Co. That annoying butcher usually troubles one by offering bad cigars and worse novels, and rarely has enterprise enough to vend anything really useful. Yet on a recent train I took over the Wisconsin Central road north to the fishing lakes I was surprised to see the train boy offering bags of frogs along with Zola's novels and fresh-buttered popcorn. He had a dozen frogs in a bag, and was selling them at 50 cents a bag, not very good ones at that. And he sold a lot of them too, mostly to the out-for-a-day sort of city angler who doesn't know much about fishing, but feels he ought to have anyhow a bluff at bait. The train boy had a big basket full of the little frog bags, each of the latter being about as big as a peanut bag, and very likely he took mercantile risk with so perishable a lot of property, for you can't keep a live frog on ice successfully—not unless you hold him there.

One or two of the tackle houses here tried the experiment of keeping frogs on sale for bait, but could never get a regular supply, so gave it up. Yet this morning as I came down town I saw in a window on Madison street, in the business part of town, a sign announcing "Live frogs for Sale, 35 cts. cash a dozen." Singularly enough, this sign was displayed in the window of a building which seemed to house a saloon, a sign-painting establishment and one or two other lines of trade. I am at a loss to know whether a frog is to be properly classified as news matter or wet goods or what.

Ephemeral Flies.

I am much obliged to Mr. Cheney for setting me right upon the difference existing between the May fly and the caddis fly, or between the drake fly and the sand fly. Curiously enough, I was just on the point of asking somebody about this, for the other day the question came up in practical form. I was in the camp of the Western Canoe Association, on Mullet Lake, in the upper part of the Michigan south peninsula, and a friend and I were sitting at a camp-fire in the dusk of a warm evening. We were assailed by a heavy flight of these summer flies, and I caught some of them and examined them. I found that they had an extra set of wings, or two pairs (which sometimes are good), and that these wings were veined and membranous, instead of soft and delicate. The body was shorter and darker than that of the fly I had seen earlier in the season in Wisconsin, and the long filaments of the upright tail were absent. I saw that this fly was not the same as the one of the Wisconsin waters. It is not quite the same as the Chicago "sand fly" either. And now will Mr. Cheney or some one else tell me what is the "willow fly," whose larvæ we used to find in little gravel cylinders hanging to the rocks under water, in our New Mexican mountain streams? We used them for trout bait with great success in July and August in that country. And then again, what are the "devil-scratchers," or "crawlers," which live and have their being in much the same fashion, even in the month of March, in the Boiling River of the Yellowstone Park, and in the Yellowstone River later in the season? The trout are very fond of these fellows at any stage of their *entwickelung*, as they say in Germany, also at any stage of the game, as we say in Chicago. I would also like to ask, why is a May fly when it is born in July called a May fly, and why is a May fly a drake fly anyhow? I get all tangled up over these natural history matters sometimes. But all sorts of fish love to eat these soft-shelled dainties, who can tell a tale of two worlds, and know more about reincarnation and transmigration than any of the rest of us? Is it not thus that trout gain that weird and uncanny wisdom at which all men have betimes marveled—catching these two-lived insects both going and coming, so to speak?

Indiana and Maine.

Mr. A. H. Weed, of Anderson, Ind., is just back from a vacation trip in Maine, and says he saw more deer there than he ever did. He saw over 100 in a day, and they were so tame that he often paddled up to within 25 to 75yds. of them as they stood near the shore. Mr. Weed is good enough to give me a box full of his stove-pipe bullets to kill my grizzly with. That patient animal is still waiting for me out in the mountains, and I would not blame him for getting mad and going away.

The Passing of the Grayling.

There has of late been somewhat diverse opinion as to the numbers of the grayling in the streams of the southern peninsula of Michigan. Some have declared that that rare and beautiful fish is almost extinct to-day, while others have said that the grayling was holding its own and could be taken even yet in some numbers in certain of the streams, if one knew where to go. The cry of the extinction of the grayling dates back more than ten years, and began with the publication in one of the monthly magazines of an article on fishing in the Au Sable River. Although that was many years ago, it was then said that the grayling was doomed to early extinction in that stream, always known as the best of all the grayling streams. That report was a trifle premature, but it can probably not be criticised as essentially inaccurate. The grayling, so far as I have been able to learn through recent investigation of an all too brief and unsatisfactory nature, is not extinct, but is in process of extinction, and soon must pass away. This belief I base not upon my own experience, for I have been too unfamiliar with these lower Michigan streams to be able to speak of them, but upon the expressions of residents of the south peninsula who are experienced and observant anglers.

It has been my unfortunate experience never to have caught or to have seen a grayling, though I have set that down to be one of the accomplished things before very long. In an earlier issue of Forest and Stream (of last February, I believe) I spoke of a visit at my office of Mr. F. A. Mitchell, G. P. A. of the Manistee & N. E. Railroad, who lives at Manistee and has long been a faithful flyfisher in the streams of that region. Mr. Mitchell told me to come to his country this spring for a trip, and assured me that we should have no trouble in getting my grayling and several others in the little Manistee, or in Bear Creek or some of those streams which formerly carried this fish. Last week it chanced that I was over in that part of the world, in the upper portion of the south

peninsula, and I wrote and asked Mr. Mitchell how the situation was. He replied, "I shall be glad to see you, but I cannot promise you a grayling. Have caught none this season myself, and others are getting very few. You would be more certain of one on the upper waters of the Manistee River." This seeming not of sufficient promise and my time being short, I did not try Mr. Mitchell's country, and was not able to get upon the upper Manistee that trip.

At the little summer town of Oden-Oden, on that prince of angling railroads, the Grand Rapids & Indiana (the Fishing Line), I fell into a delightfully beautiful piece of angling country, and at once began inquiring about the grayling. The local anglers at Oden-Oden all said that in the Maple River, which empties into Burt Lake near Oden-Oden, the grayling was by no means extinct, but on the contrary very abundant and could be taken at the expense of very little pains. All one had to do was to get on the morning train and run up to Brutus, a distance of eight miles or so, and then fish down the Maple, which runs near that town. There was about twelve miles of water between Brutus and the mouth of the stream, I was told, and in that distance one could get all the trout he wanted and a few grayling at least, perhaps a good lot of them. I was crowded for time when I first struck Oden-Oden, but as I thought it would be so easy to get a grayling out of there, I resolved to go on and finish my other business and then come back there and catch my grayling. So I went on in over the beautiful Inland Route, through Crooked Lake, Crooked River, Burt Lake, Indian River and Mullet Lake—some thirty odd miles, I believe—to the camp of canoeists in search of whom I was. At this camp I met an old-time canoeist and angler, "Grandpa" Gates (T. S. Gates, of Columbus, O.), who had fished a number of those streams, and who told me that it would be no trouble at all to get a grayling on the Maple. "Four years ago," said he, "a friend and I got an Indian to take us a boat over to the Maple River from Indian Point, and we ran the river from our entry point down to its mouth in Burt Lake. We fished from the boat, letting our lines swim down stream ahead of us, and we caught all the grayling we wanted. We found the stream too swift to wade, but kedged our boat down, dropping anchor where we saw a good fishing spot ahead. I should say there were grayling in the Maple—lots of them. If you go over there you are sure to get one. I may go over myself again this year."

This looked pretty good. A little later I was down at the Topinabe Hotel, on Mullet Lake, and they told me there that the Pigeon River—which I knew was once a famous grayling stream—ran into Mullet Lake just across from the hotel. At the hotel I actually saw several preserved grayling fins (the trophy of that fish is the dried back fin), which was the nearest I had come to a grayling yet. But I was sure I was going to get nearer still.

A little later than this I was invited, in company with Mr. O. A. Woodruff and Mr. W. H. Yardley, to visit the club preserve of the Fontinalis Club for some trout fishing. Of this visit I must speak later and at length, for that blessed spot is worth extended mention, but all the way over I was asking about that grayling. We were sidetracked at the little lumber town of Wolverine, which is right on the banks of the Sturgeon River. Now the Sturgeon River, I had been told by Mr. Carter H. Harrison, Jr., of Chicago, was a good grayling stream, for he had caught them there very often. At Wolverine I asked how about it. I found one young man who was intelligent and who had fished grayling in the Manistee, the Au Sable and other grayling streams. He told me that the grayling was almost entirely gone from the Sturgeon. He said the trout very soon drove the grayling from a stream, and that the two fish couldn't long live together. "The trout are as numerous as ever in the Sturgeon, if you get away from town," said he, "but you won't get any grayling now, not one chance in a thousand for it." This same young man told me it was not worth while to try the Pigeon, for though there were perhaps a few grayling in that stream, the lumbermen were flooding on the river that week, so it was no use trying to fish there. I gave up the Pigeon and began to have doubts about the Sturgeon, although it was a noble stream and looked capable of any kind of sport. I could learn of no grayling actually caught this summer at any place on the Maple, the Pigeon or the Sturgeon. This last fact set me to thinking.

At the Fontinalis Club we were received by Mr. George L. Alexander, of Grayling, Mich., as ardent and skillful a fly-fisher as ever wet a line—and, in passing, as kindly a host. Mr. Alexander lives on the banks of the Au Sable. Why then, I asked myself, does he come a hundred miles away from home to fish here? I asked Mr. Alexander about the absorbing topic, telling him I had lost a grayling. He replied:

"If you want to get a grayling you had better not wait very long about it. That fish is passing away, and will soon be extinct in all these waters. Could I get you a grayling? Yes, if you would come with me for a few days. I could not promise it for the first day, now. It might need two days, maybe more. I should have to send you some distance away from Grayling, but you might get your fish. Get him soon. Before many years it will be too late."

My heart sank a bit at this, but I recognized in Mr. Alexander one whose opinion is very practical and valuable. He was not guessing at things at all, but spoke from experience.

At the Fontinalis Club I met a gentleman from Chicago, Mr. C. Valentine, who was for a long time the fishing companion of Mr. Harrison on his trips to the Sturgeon, the Maple and other streams of this region. Mr. Valentine told me that he would advise my going to the Maple. He had two years previously found the Maple a very good grayling stream, having then taken a number there, one very large one, whose fin he showed me, carefully preserved in his tackle box. Mr. Valentine had taken many grayling in the Sturgeon. Asked how long ago, he said it was three or four years back. He had not fished there last year. He advised me to go not to Brutus, on the Maple, but to Pellston, the next station above; then to take the river, which he said could be waded easily there. He thought I would be sure to get a grayling there. My heart bobbed up a few degrees again.

A little later I found myself at Oden-Oden again, and this time I stopped at another hotel and engaged the clerk in solemn consultation. He admitted that he had not heard of the taking of a single grayling in the Maple or any other stream of that locality this season. He said the Maple was too treacherous to wade, that I would get drowned, that there were no grayling. My heart sank again.

None the less I got upon the early morning train of the G. R. & I. bound north from Oden-Oden, and determined to get off at Pellston. On the train I found the station agent for Pellston, who fishes some. He said he had not heard of a grayling being caught in the Maple this year. "There are trout," said he, "but no grayling. The trout have driven the grayling all out in the last year or so." My heart went still lower. Here I was, all alone in a strange country, after a fish which was not going to be there.

But my spirits rose temporarily when I was accosted by a fellow traveler who had some fishing tackle along and who saw that I had some fishing tackle also. In a few minutes we were good friends and had decided to fish together that day, as he also got off at Pellston. My new friend told me his name was Mr. Cassius Drake, of Grand Rapids, and he added that he had fished the Maple for years. My next question may be imagined. He answered discouragingly. "I have no idea you can get a grayling in the Maple now," said he. "I have fished this stream for years, and for ten years have watched the trout steadily increase and the grayling as steadily disappear. I have taken none for some time. I have heard of none taken in the Maple this year. I have taken them in the Little Manistee, in the Manistee, in the Sturgeon and in the Maple. If I were in your place I would go to Hopkins Creek, on the G. R. & I. road. I have caught many fine grayling here. That is a branch of the Manistee, and I took grayling there two years ago. I can't say there are any now. It is too bad the Fish Commission ever began planting trout in these streams. Before the Maple was planted with trout it was alive with the grayling. The two fish can't get on together and the trout drive the grayling out very soon."

My heart was now very poor, and I began to think it was all up with my ambition for the time. It proved so in the end, for I saw no grayling at all during my stay on the Maple, and every angler I met on the stream—which we found fished to death near the railroad—laughed at the idea of a grayling in that water. Inquiry at the hotels and other points at Pellston proved that no grayling had been heard of there this year. Everybody said "the trout had driven the grayling out." I found Mr. Drake, my new friend, a trout fisher of good grade—a fact recognizable as soon as I saw him in the stream. And I found the Maple as lovely a stream as ever lay out of doors. It was a comfort to fish it, even had we found no fish, though we got about thirty legal fish between us. This was one of the few streams hereabout where one can wade and cast a fly and catch fish. It is all wrong about its being too wicked a water to wade, at least in the stage at which we found it, though it was quite low, I was told. It is just the prettiest, most gentlemanly river I ever got into. As we went along down it in our day's fishing, Mr. Drake broke my heart by pointing out the places where in the past he had taken baskets full of grayling. He said that when the railroad went through there first the stream was full of grayling, and he had filled his basket in an hour. He said it was a certainty that the trout meant the going of the grayling. Of trout there are an abundance in the Maple now, though, as I said, one should not fish right up against a railroad town to get them. I would advise going about six miles from Pellston for trout. Of the trout fishing in this region I shall say more next week. It is the grandest trout fishing locality I have ever personally seen in the East, this upper part of the south peninsula.

But I had not my grayling. Mr. Drake and I sat on the hotel stoop that night and talked of the past, and I was not happy. The next day was Sunday, and I concluded to go up to Mackinaw City to spend the day, as Pellston is not metropolitan in size. I found Mackinaw City the very end of the world, the jumping-off place, and the same as Pellston in metropolitan respects. In my mind was the horrible feeling of disappointed ambition. I had come after a grayling and had not gotten him. Everybody knows how that feels—at least, everybody does nowadays. I reflected that it was only 100 miles to the town of Grayling, which was named after this very fish, and that Mr. Alexander had lived there long enough to know what he was talking about, and that I could get my grayling if I would just run down there. It was a a pleasant vision, and my spirits rose at it. Against this came conscience, with sundry offsetting visions of a desk at Chicago with a lot of things in it that I ought to be knowing something about. It was hard, but I finally turned my face away from the grayling country, and came home beaten, without any grayling—without seeing one, without hearing of one, without any information which would lead a fair-minded man to suppose there is any practical supply of that fish left in the Maple, the Sturgeon, the Manistee or the Pigeon, at least for this season; and next season may be worse yet. Of the Jordan River I heard nothing more this time than I did once before, when I wired the station agent there and got the reply, "There are no trout in the Jordan; never heard of any grayling there." Yet that was once a famous grayling stream. The Boyne River was also famous. I heard nothing of it this time.

The last word I had about the grayling was just three minutes before the train pulled out south from Mackinaw City. There I met Mr. McArthur, of Cheboygan, who was just off the boat from Mackinac Island. Mr. McArthur has lived all his business life in the grayling country.

"No, you wouldn't be apt to get a grayling in the Maple," said he. "There may be a few in the Sturgeon, but it is a slim chance there. There would be a better chance in the Pigeon, if you got the water right. I presume the Au Sable is the best stream now, but I am told they are getting very scarce there now."

At Mackinaw City Mr. Drake, who accompanied me there and begged me to join him on a trip to the Carp River after trout, met a friend of his who had often fished the Au Sable at the town of Grayling. This gentleman told him that one would be almost certain not to get any grayling within twenty-five miles of that point. He said it was necessary to take a boat and go down the stream, camping out, before one could get a look at that fish now. He knew of no other stream at all where it could be found.

This is all I could learn about the grayling, and I consider it a fair review of the grayling situation, in part at least. I do not believe that one can step in there to-day and get a grayling very easily. The fish seems to have grown suddenly much scarcer within the past two or three years. Of course, fishing there for either trout or grayling at any point near the railroad, except on a preserved stream, is just what it is everywhere else. You find a path along the bank. If you are able to get away from that path, on the Au Sable, on the Upper Manistee, on Hopkins Creek, perhaps on other streams of which I did not hear, you may get your grayling. But I believe Mr. Alexander was right when he said, "You would better get him pretty quick."

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

ANGLING NOTES.

A Salmon Score.

MR. ARCHIBALD MITCHELL, of Norwich, Conn., sends me a series of photographs taken on the Restigouche River in New Brunswick during the time that he was fishing the river this season. One of the photographs is of the log that rolled over Mr. John Mowat, and it seems marvelous that the brave old man escaped with his life as one looks at the great log shown in the picture. A postal card from Mr. Mowat, written on July 11, says: "I got to the doorstep yesterday and enjoyed it. I feel now that unless some complications turn up I am going to master this accident. I may not be able to kill another fish unless my bones come together on the spot that the log struck.

"I read FOREST AND STREAM to-day on the Cascapedia. It is nothing to our river. Five of the reserve party are now here to finish off with thirty to fifty fish. Fish are still running in from sea. My son shipped 150 yesterday, and they will run more or less until Sept. 1. Is it possible that there will be too many fish in the river at spawning time? I say it is. They tear the spawning beds all to pieces, exposing the eggs."

Mr. Mitchell sends me his salmon score, to which is added the score of his son, all made with one rod from the same canoe. The fish which most interests me is the one killed on June 29, as it is the one I had. It is what may be called a very tidy score for a single rod:

SALMON FISHING ON THE RESTIGOUCHE RIVER, P. Q., CANADA, BY ARCHIBALD MITCHELL, SEASON 1896.

	Salmon.		Pounds.
May 29	2	28, 22	50
May 30	3	19½, 14, 30	63½
June 3	1	24½	24½
June 4	1	24½	24½
June 8	3	21, 23½, 24	67½
June 9	4	23, 23½, 24, 25½	96
June 10	3	23, 22, 19	64
June 11	3	21, 21½, 22	64½
June 12	8	22, 20½, 20, 26½, 22½, 26½, 24, 23	186
June 13	7	23, 21, 22, 14½, 12, 22½, 25½	140½
June 15	1	21½	21½
June 16	2	13, 19½	32½
June 18	1	21½	21½
June 19	4	20½, 20½, 19, 19	79
June 20	2	23, 22½	45½
June 22	3	24, 31½, 25	80½
June 23	3	28, 10, 22	60
June 24	1	25	25
June 25	3	25½, 23½, 24	73
June 29	1	28	28
Total	56	Average, 22⅕ lbs.	1217½

ARCHIBALD MITCHELL, JR.

June 24	1	22½	22½
June 25	3	24½, 22, 14	58½
June 27	1	22½	22½
June 29	3	13, 11, 18	42
Total	8	Average, 18½ lbs.	145½

All taken on one rod and from one canoe. The intervening days were either blank days or Sundays, and in several instances days on which I did not fish at all. In addition to this ten kelts were beached and returned to the river, making in all seventy-four fish to the one rod.

Salmon Fishing.

A friend who has killed salmon in many waters in Europe and Canada—one of the best salmon fishermen in the country to-day—writes me: "I have read your criticism in FOREST AND STREAM of the salmon fishermen in the syndicate letter and agree with your remark that it was very moderate, for I have seen and read the letter you refer to, and the writer shows plainly that in a number of instances he talks of what he knows little or nothing about. For instance he says: 'I had forgotten the rudimentary rules of fishing. My tackle would stand perhaps 15 to 18lbs. pull, and this I had evidently exceeded.' Such a statement is wrong, and for the benefit of future novices should not be allowed to pass unnoticed. Some one should tell the writer of that statement to take any compact object weighing about say 4lbs., and tie the end of his salmon line to it and then try and lift it with the rod. After he has tried the experiment he will be able to form an approximate idea of how much strain he had on the fish when his hook broke in the bend, and he will arrive at the conclusion that it was a good deal less than half of 15lbs. His rod must have been a very light one, measuring 16½ft. and weighing only 20oz. I think he or the printer must have made a mistake in the weight. It is absolutely funny to a salmon fisherman to read of using a large multiplying reel on a salmon rod and an E line for salmon casting, as it is much too light for the purpose."

Personal.

During an absence of two weeks in the Adirondacks a great many letters accumulated on my desk. I had barely time to glance at their contents when I was again called away, and to-day I am at home only for a few hours. Some of the letters require an answer in this column, but it is a physical impossibility for me to give the answers at this time. Later they will all have proper attention.

A. N. CHENEY.

Tarpon on the Florida East Coast.

DAYTONA, Fla.—Tarpon fishing in the Halifax is just now engaging the attention of our fishermen. John Gibson holds the record with a fish which weighed 108lbs. and measured 6ft. 3in. We do not have the fish here in the winter and early spring months, so tourists do not count tarpon in the list of fish here; but if some of the anglers from the North would come down here now, they would find not only good fishing, but pleasant summer surroundings.

COQUINA.

"Boys Together."

GREENSBURG, Pa., Aug. 1.—I seem to have known that man whose picture you printed last week and did not spoil by explaining. We must have been boys together.

DEACON.

Carp Fishing.

ITHACA, N. Y.—Recently FOREST AND STREAM invited information concerning carp fishing. Ithacans have for the past two or three years had ample opportunity to study the habits, edible qualities and fighting propensities of the carp.

Through some source not clearly established the Ithaca end of Cayuga Lake has become densely inhabited by this species of fish. They have wallowed well up into the larger lake tributary streams, so that at the present time it is no unusual incident in the serene and uneventful routine of the angler's life to catch carp of from 8 to 20lbs. The average weight, however, runs from 2½lbs. to 5 and 6lbs. There seem to be two distinct varieties inhabiting the local waters, the regular German or scaleless sort and what is locally termed English or the scaly variety.

The fellows who claim to know a thing or two about the edible qualities of carp, who apparently linger as blissfully over a plate of plebeian carp as over a dish of the dainty and roseate brook trout, stoutly adhere to the contention that a bit of properly served carp is a delicious morsel, the German slightly leading the English variety. Certain it is, at all events, that the people who make it a business to market these fish encounter no difficulty in disposing of the supply. Personally I am not disposed to go upon record in favor of the carp as a food fish. In an unthinking moment I exchanged 15 cents of hard-earned coin for its supposed value in a carp, scaleless, short of stature and thick set, which I joyfully conveyed home, where, according to the directions of those experienced in cooking these finny specimens that have to be seawater-logged, parboiled and otherwise reduced to a state of palatability, the fish was prepared and finally reached the table. I took a moderate section of him, and in due time succeeded in passing my plate for a second installment. But candidly, the fish was far from savory, in the way I have been used to measuring the significance of the word. Insipid, dry, vapid, the flesh of the carp is amply deserving of all the consideration implied in Shakespeare's line, "flat, stale and unprofitable." And a great many people living hereabouts so regard him.

The most alluring bait for trout, as applied to the fishing in this locality, consists of chunks of potato boiled slightly, or, in the language of the rural *chef*, "done hard."

Attach the sinker to the end of the line, according to the style of the veteran carp catcher, fasten two or three ordinary No. 3 hooks by leaders onto the line some 18 or 20in. above the sinker, slip on a big, highly colored bobber, and there you are, ready to successfully angle for carp, provided you have some sort of a pole handy to tie the line to.

Those who use fly-rods solemnly aver that the carp is a sturdy fighter. I have repeatedly witnessed some pretty sharp struggles between heavy-weight carp and an excited party using a light fly-rod. Even the party with an ordinary stiff bait rod frequently has to do a lively turn to land some of the big ones common to these waters. The general verdict is that Cayuga Lake carp are a good bit gamy, and that a fine dash of sport seasons the catching of them. As the cricket's voice grows louder and autumn draws on apace, the carp will again begin to bite freely. They appear to be taking a midsummer snooze at present.

M. CHILL.

[CHICAGO, Ill., July 28.—Can you tell me the method of catching German carp and bait used? I am expecting to visit a place where they are plenty, and my friends tell me they are unable to catch them. F. A. W.

[For carp fishing use black bass hooks, 0 to 4. Grasshoppers, maggots, larvæ of wasps are used for bait; also grains of wheat or barley, or pellets of wheat or corn bread mixed with cotton.]

Lake Cobbosseecontee Black Bass.

BOSTON, July 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: If any reader wishes "a week off" for black bass fishing he should not hesitate to visit Lake Cobbosseecontee, and stop with Mrs. Jackson at East Winthrop, Me. I have just returned after five days of the best bass fishing I ever experienced. Caught them every day. Friday, A. M., had five fine ones to carry away as evidence, three weighing respectively 3½, 3¾ and 4lbs. each; also caught two pickerel, each weighing over 2lbs. This was my morning catch.

Strangers should get Archie Jackson to show them where to fish the first day or so, and then you can go it alone.

The best way to get there from Boston is via Kennebec steamers Sagadahoc or Kennebec, leaving Boston daily at 6 P. M. Buy ticket via Hallowell or Augusta to Winthrop, Me., but stop over when you reach the Cobbosseecontee House, near the East Winthrop post office.

When you arrive at Gardiner the large river steamer stops, and you are transferred to the Della Collins for Hallowell or Augusta, where a stage line connects with the boat for East Winthrop and Winthrop.

At Gardiner, to relieve one, you can take the electric car for either Hallowell or Augusta, and there await the arrival of the Della Collins.

Both stage lines wait for the arrival of the boat, and your baggage can go up via boat.

I think the route via Augusta to East Winthrop is preferable.

This is one of the places where their "claims" are not greater than the sportsman will realize.

GEO. REHWALD.

Gogebic Bass.

MR. W. B. KNISKERN, of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway, sends us this report of bass at Gogebic Lake, Wisconsin:

"Fishing is much better than it has been for years during July. Since the 11th inst. twenty-seven small-mouth black bass have been brought in, weighing 3½lbs. and over; total weight, 120¾lbs.; average weight, 4.47lbs. This does not include those weighing less than 3½lbs. I want to call your special attention to the remarkable average of nearly 4½lbs. The number of boats that have been out daily during that time has been from one to three. This unusually good fishing in July is very encouraging for August and September."

Mr. Von Lengerke's Bass.

MR. J. VON LENGERKE, of New York, has taken a day or two off each week, for several weeks, devoting them to bass fishing in some of the waters in Sullivan county, New York. He reports satisfactory success, and the season has been one of his most successful. On his return from each trip he has been able to show a string of fish of enviable size and number. He reports that the small-mouth took the fly greedily up to three weeks ago. His star performance was the catching of a 4½lb. small-mouth bass on a 6½oz. rod. In his store he has an outline drawing of this fish, a true pattern taken from life, though bulbous in places and of tremulous outline in others, as if it were nervous when having its portrait taken. The said portrait bears all kinds of legends of a scoffing or doubting nature, written by several of his friends. Mr. Von Lengerke stoutly maintains that he is strictly truthful about his shooting and fishing stories, and that the fish was 19½in. in length, though as he pressed the rule a bit too close when measuring it, it was fairly 20in., and it thus was a good fish. This is worthy of the attention of those who try to make their fish larger.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Kingston Kennel Club's bench show. H. C. Bates. Cor. Sec'y, Kingston, Ont.

Sept. 7 to 10.—Binghampton Industrial Exhibition's sixth annual bench show. C. H. Barrett, Supt.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Rhode Island State Fair Association's fourth annual show, Providence, R. I.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Toronto Exhibition Association's eighth annual show, Toronto, Can. C. A. Stone, Sec'y of bench show.

Sept. 14 to 17.—Montreal Kennel Association's bench show, Montreal. G. Lanigan, Sec'y.

Sept. 15-18.—Orange County bench show, Newburgh, N. Y. Robt. Johnston, Sec'y.

Sept. 22 to 24.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual dog show, Milwaukee Louis Steffen, Sec'y.

Sept. 22 to 25.—Queens County Agricultural Society's bench show Mineola, L. I. J. Mortimer, Manager, Hempstead, L. I.

Oct. 6 to 8.—Danbury Agricultural Society's show, Danbury, Conn. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y.

Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou, Man.

Sept. 7.—Kennedy, Minn.—Continental Field Trial Club's chicken trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Oct. 19.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual hound trials, Barre, Mass. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.

Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.

Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.

Nov. 2.—Bicknell, Ind.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.

Nov. 10.—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.

Nov. 10.—Leamington, Ont.—Peninsular Field Trial Club, Leamington, Ont.

Nov. 10.—Greene County, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's trials. L. O. Seidel, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—National Fox Hunting Association's third annual trials Bardstown, Ky. F. J. Hagan, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.

Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y, Huntsville, Ala.

COURSING.

Sept. 22.—Cheyenne Valley Coursing Club's meeting, Sheldon, S. D, Dr. J. P. Aylen, Pres.

Sept. 29.—Aberdeen Coursing Club's annual meeting, Aberdeen, S. D. Dr. F. W Haragan, Sec'y.

Oct. 6 —Mitchell Coursing Club's meeting, Mitchell, S. D.

Oct. 21.—Altcar Coursing Club's meeting, Great Bend, Kan. T. W. Bartels, Sec'y.

Oct. 28.—Kenmore Coursing Club's annual meeting, Herrington. Kan. C. A. Robinson, Sec'y.

WHAT BECAME OF FIGARO?

Editor Forest and Stream:

Everybody in St. Augustine and all the regular winter visitors for many years well knew Mr. Pierron, a French photographer, whose home was in the ancient city. For the last seven years of his life Mr. Pierron's constant companion had been his dog Figaro, which he had raised from a puppy. Figaro seemed to be a cross between a pointer and a large hound. His master lived alone in a building standing apart from others and close by the bay. Behind the studio was his bedroom and kitchen, so that Figaro grew up accustomed to French cooking and understood both French and English, although he was more attentive to the former, as it was for the most part the means of communication between him and his master.

So they lived as inseparable companions until one day Mr. Pierron was stricken with paralysis and was taken to the hospital. Even then a most unheard of concession was made, and Figaro was admitted to his master's ward and scanned every face that approached him.

After a while Mr. Pierron recovered so that he could leave the hospital, and with Figaro was once more seen about the streets, Figaro keeping close watch over his master's feeble steps. While at the house of a friend Mr. Pierron was again taken ill, and it soon became apparent that it was his last illness. He lingered several weeks, growing slowly weaker, with Figaro almost always at his side. He would lick his master's face and hands as he lay on the couch and then lick my hand, seeming to understand that I was trying to do his master some good.

As Mr. Pierron neared his end he became anxious as to what was to become of Figaro, and arrangements were made for him after he should pass away.

A few days before his death he relapsed for the greater part of the time into a state of semi-consciousness, and Figaro all at once disappeared.

He went over the Sebastian River to the house of a Frenchman—a friend of his master's—who at first thought Mr. Pierron was dead and that the dog was wandering away. So he took him in, and learning that Mr. Pierron was still alive kept him for a day or two, although he refused all food, and then at evening, coming in to see his old friend once more, brought the dog along. After he had crossed the bridge over the river, Figaro disappeared in the darkness, and the man, thinking he had merely hastened on ahead of him, thought nothing of it; but he did not appear again at his master's bedside, who lived but a day longer. Nor has he ever been seen since by any one, although inquiries and search have been made everywhere. He was a dog so well known that he could not have been seen anywhere without being recognized.

It is now some months since Mr. Pierron died, and the mystery as to the disappearance of Figaro is as great as ever.

Did he recognize that his master was dying and so went away himself to die? His utter refusal to eat at the house of his master's friend looked like it. It is only another example of that most mysterious bond which binds dogs to men.

W.

Chicken Dogs.

ST. PAUL, Minn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We gilt-edged sportsmen of America are not a little proud of our chicken dogs—setters and pointers—in the year 1896, and it is not strange at all that we think them the best in the world. At least we think them better than the dogs of the past. Our dogs now alive are more in evidence than the dogs which are dead and it is natural that we should think the better of the ones which are alive.

It is doubtful whether the English setters of to-day, with all their fine feather and pretty color, and pedigrees bristling with the names of famous dogs, some so by merit and others by favor, could approach in practical usefulness the old natives or cross breds of twenty-five years ago. Many of those dogs would hunt day after day and sometimes week after week. Such hunting was not deemed as especially remarkable. A dog which would work but an hour or two, after the manner of our latter-day ornament dogs, would not be considered as worth his salt. They were sensible dogs, too. They knew how to find birds by good management and were cool and free from excitement in their work.

Take for example Bismarck, owned by David Brooks, of Philadelphia. He was a dog famous from one end of the hunting country to the other as long ago as 1875. He galloped over the prairie in a steady swing without any distress, and could find chickens in a marvelous manner. And yet he was not much for breeding, being a kind of cross bred Irish with no great pretensions to beauty. In his eighth year he hunted with the same wonderful endurance which always distinguished him. His owner hunted him day after day on chickens, and claimed that he preferred to hunt at all times rather than ride in a wagon, and that he excelled all his companion dogs, finding from three-quarters to all the birds each day, regardless of what dogs were against him.

Alas! poor Bis. In his eighth year he fell a victim to the crowded express car, being suffocated with another dog while *in transitu* from State Center, Ia., to Philadelphia. So died one of the greatest of America's bird dogs, but not having the frills of fashion which so far transcend real merit, his name is unknown to a later generation.

OLD TIMER.

Queens County Agricultural Society.

Editor Forest and Stream:

All the gentlemen who were invited to judge at the first show of the Q. C. A. S. have accepted, with the exception of Mr. W. H Joeckel and Mr. C F. Leland. Mr. Robert H. Burroughs, of East Orange, N. J., secretary of the St. Bernard Club, has kindly consented to take Mr. Joeckel's place, and a judge of Boston terriers will be announced as soon as possible.

Most of the specialty clubs will contribute club specials, and among those already heard from are the following:

The American Mastiff Club offers three club cups: One for the best American-bred mastiff (competition open to all), and one each for the best dog and bitch owned by club members.

The St. Bernard Club offers a club medal for the best American-bred rough dog, one for the best American-bred rough bitch, and one each for the best American-bred smooth dog and bitch owned by members of the St. Bernard Club.

The Fox Terrier Club offers $5 for the best smooth dog and $5 for the best smooth bitch in the open classes, also $5 each for the best wire-haired dog and bitch in the open classes (open to members of the club).

The American Spaniel Club donates the usual prizes which accompany the adoption of its classification.

The Boston Terrier Club offers three silver cups, value $10 each: one each for the best Boston terrier dog and bitch and a third for the best brace.

Mr. Perry Tiffany offers $10 each for the best American-bred bull terrier dog and bitch over 30lbs.

Mr. A. C. Pickhardt offers a silver cup, value $25, for the best pointer in the open classes.

There will be many more to follow, of which I will notify you.

JAS. MORTIMER, Sec'y and Supt.

PENINSULAR F. T. CLUB'S

Breeders' Stakes.

POINTERS.

W. E. HALL'S l. and w. dog JO-HE (Plain Sam—Blondie); breeder, M. C. Ketchum.

A. Harrington's b. and tkd. bitch FLIT (Cobwebs—Diablanche); breeder, owner.

C. H. Creighton's l. and w. bitch CLIO C. (Plain Sam—Blondie); breeder, M. C. Ketchum.

Leamington Pointer Kennel and W. D. Wigle's b. and w. bitch MAUD W. (Plain Sam—Beppo's Mollie), and l. and w. dog JOE HANDY, same litter, and l. and w. bitch KATE FIELD (Count Graphic—Nellie Lansdowne); breeder, owner.

Nat Stewart's b. and w. bitch BLACKSIE (Plain Sam—Blondie); breeder, M. C. Ketchum.

James Black's l. and w. dog PAT B. (Mont—Nell); breeder, V. Bachelor.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

H. Marshall Graydon's b., w. and t. bitch HEATHER BLOOM (Dash Antonio—Bly); breeder, Stephen Lusted.

Fishback & Baughn's lem. and w. bitch GRACE DARLING (Gladstone's Boy—Gath's Belle).

T. G. Davey's lem. and w. bitch GRACE (Prince—Lady Brighton); breeder, owner; and b. and w. bitch LUCY (Brighton Tobe—Norah); breeder, owner; and b. and w. dog JOE (Plain Sam—Beppso's Mollie).

IRISH SETTERS.

Albert Drouillard's dog FRANK (Fingaln—Fawn); breeder, owner.

J. B. McKay's dog DRENAGH (Finglas—River Roe), and FOYLE, same litter; breeder, owner.

The Bicycle Dog.

A CORRESPONDENT writes us, in friendly words of disapproval, in respect to our manner of treating the bicycle dog in FOREST AND STREAM of July 25. He holds that ridicule may discourage the breeding of such dogs and thus deprive man of dog's companionship in diversions awheel which are most enjoyable; that is, in going forth for long rides through the boulevards of the great cities, or through the more pleasing roads of the country.

The companionship of the dog and the added enjoyment which his frolic and delight afforded as he galloped joyously to and fro, enhancing the charm of the picture, would, he maintains, be much of gain to this healthful form of recreation.

Our friend is laboring under a mistake as to the possibilities of a dog's speed and endurance, is inattentive to the cruelty inflicted, and undoubtedly is but one of many others in that respect. While walking along he has seen his dogs roam happily about him, and the zest of enjoyment and affection of his faithful friends added much to his own pleasure. The speed capabilities and endurance of the dogs so far exceeded his own that the possibility of limitation never entered into his mind.

When out with a bicycle rider the conditions are changed. The pedestrian's rate of speed is from three to six miles an hour, the latter being compassed only by the swiftest walkers. The bicyclist at a moderate rate of speed goes ten miles an hour, and at that rate or even less the unfortunate dog which may be with him has no time for frolicking. He must attend strictly to traveling, and if the weather be hot and the roads dusty the poor dog, being close to the ground, suffers intensely, for the closer he is to the ground the more he is in the densest dust and greatest heat, direct and reflected.

If in the city, the bicycle dog is constantly in the way of other wheelmen, if not in the way of his master, and is therefore entirely out of place.

In the country the bicycle dog's powers are taxed too much. It would be nearly as absurd to propose that there is a need of a dog to follow a passenger train so that his owner, who is riding comfortably within, may enjoy his dog's companionship. Dogs fitted especially for hard work could not maintain the pace of the average bicyclist for any long run, and if the dog be physically in the ordinary condition of the city or country dog, requiring him to follow the bicycle is the infliction of a wanton cruelty.

Of course, if the bicyclist takes his dogs out for exercise, and carefully adjusts his pace to the dogs' capabilities, taking them home when they have had work enough, such is commendable, but it is a different matter from requiring the dog to follow in long rides through heat and dust at the wheelman's pleasure.

The enthusiast, who intends no cruelty, should consider that the exalted pleasure that he himself feels from riding a wheel may not be possible to the dog afoot, extended as he is at his utmost. The happiness the dog feels, when his master goes afoot and permits him to romp freely, is not possible when he is racing at his utmost and suffering much distress. An owner is truly without any genuine affection in his heart who can enjoy his dog's companionship under such circumstances.

No doubt ignorance or lack of observation of the dog's distress when following a wheel, or inattention to the changed conditions between awheel and afoot, may be plead in extenuation of the suffering inflicted by many.

There is no need of a bicycle dog. There is enough of interest, and enough to tax the attention seriously of the bicyclist, without the added responsibility which a dog entails. And our correspondent and others who may feel any interest in the subject will grant that in the proposition of breeding a bicycle dog there is something of the ridiculous.

The Snaring of Foxes.

CHICAGO, Ill.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In FOREST AND STREAM of July 11 I notice an article in regard to the snaring of foxes, also comment that snaring the fox is not sport. Perhaps it is not, but it puts an end to the fox just the same, and I for one believe in getting rid of the animal. I was raised within fifty miles of this city, and no more than ten years ago the prairie chicken could be found on any piece of stubble. All at once people began to talk about seeing foxes, and they became numerous. Where they came from no one seems to know, and there are still a good many throughout Kendall and Grundy counties. With the coming of the fox commenced the slaughter of the birds on the nest. The eggs were destroyed and the young also.

In my travels of the last two years I have come across localities that would be a perfect home for grouse, quail, woodcock and all other birds of like nature. I did not there see a bird or hear a single note uttered by any game bird. I asked the reason of it. No one seemed to know. I asked if there were any foxes in the country. Oh, yes; lots of them. They steal our chickens every night. I find by inquiry that about one-half dozen men in the country were in the habit of hunting the fox with hounds, but would not allow any of them killed. Now shall every one in that county give up to a few fox hunters?

I am a lover of the gun and rod, and believe in game and fish protection, but the fox will get it in the neck whenever I get the chance for a shot. L. PLATT.

Central Beagle Club.

SHARPSBURG, Pa., July 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Central Beagle Club held their July meeting and elected Dr. W. E. Johnston, of Etna, Pa., and Harry Louis, of McKeesport, Pa., as their judges for their trials, which begin on Nov. 10.

Greene county, Pa., has been selected as the place to hold the trials, which will be at Waynesburg or Carmichaels. The field committee expect about Sept. 1 to take several braces of beagles, draw the grounds and decide which of the two places will be the best, as both are very good. They thought this way the better to decide. The entry will close Oct. 20. The club is getting a very fine silver cup to be competed for as a special, and everything points to a successful trial. L. O. S., Sec'y.

A field trial committee meeting of the National Beagle Club of America will be held at the rooms of the American Kennel Club, 55 Liberty street, New York, at 3:15 P. M., Aug. 11. George W. Rogers, Secretary, 250 West Twenty-second street.

B. M. Stephenson.

WE regret to learn of the death of Beverly M. Stephenson, of La Grange, Tenn. He was killed at Somerville, Tenn., on July 27 while resisting arrest. He was the independent candidate for sheriff of Fayette county, Tenn. Col. L. S. Gallaway is chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of that county. There appeared to be some opposition to B. M. Stephenson's candidacy from the Democracy, and this led to a personal encounter between the two parties mentioned. They met in Somerville on July 27 and quarreled. Col. Gallaway was unarmed, and when shot at fled for safety to the shelter of a nearby drug store. Deputy Sheriff Hunter soon afterward entered the drug store and asked who did the shooting. Stephenson replied that he did. The deputy sheriff told him he was under arrest, whereupon Stephenson fired at him twice, missing each time. The deputy sheriff returned the fire, putting two bullets into Stephenson's body, either one of which would have been fatal. B. M. Stephenson was well known to all field trial patrons. He handled such well-known dogs as Bob Gates, Ollie S., Noble C., Ben Hill, Lillian, Corsair, Tribulation, Lady C., Rubicon, Lady Zeal, Galena, Tennessee Charley and others. He was in the middle years of life, of great personal beauty, but was afflicted with an ungovernable hot temper, which often resulted in trouble to himself and others.

Toronto Show.

AT the coming dog show of the Industrial Exhibition Association, to be held at Toronto Sept. 7 to 11, the following changes have been made by the American Spaniel Club with their specials: The Saybrook trophy, offered by Mr. Rowland P. Keasby for the best American field spaniel, has been substituted for the American Spaniel Club trophy for the best field spaniel at the show; and the brace challenge bowl, donated by George R. Preston, Jr., for the best brace of spaniels over 28lbs., has been substituted for the Bell cup prize. Lists are now ready and can be procured from the secretary, C. A. Stone, 82 King street, Toronto. The entry fee for all classes is $2, not $3, as published. C. A. STONE, Sec'y.

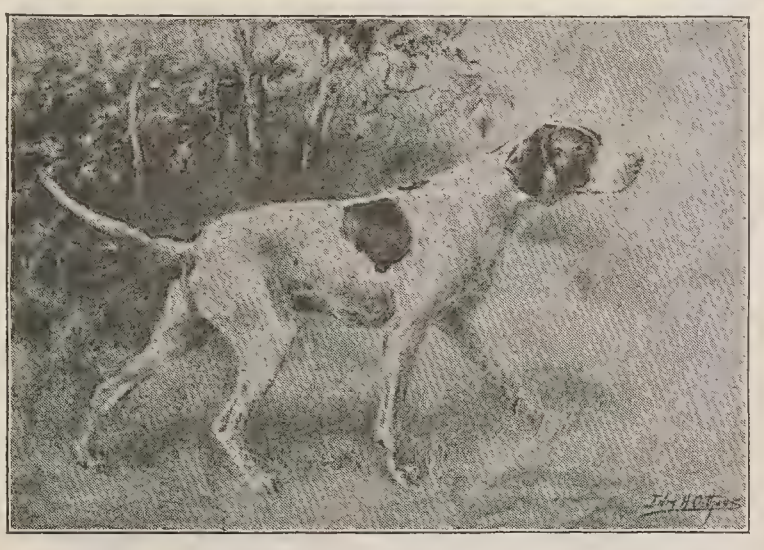
Brunswick Fur Club.

ROXBURY, Mass.—The eighth annual foxhound field trials of the Brunswick Fur Club will be held at Barre, Mass., during the week of Oct. 19. These trials are open to the world and all fox hunters are invited to be present and enter their hounds.

The secretary will be glad to send copies of the running rules upon application and to give any further information that is desired. BRADFORD S. TURPIN, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The portrait of the famous pointer dog Jingo (Mainspring—Queen), which we publish this week, is notable for its fidelity to color, expression and form, and for the admirable selection of his best attitude on point. Jingo's most famous achievement was the winning of the International Championship Stake of the Northwestern Field Trials Club at Morris, Manitoba, last year, his competitors being Minnie T., Musa, Bonny Dan of Colehill, Pitti Sing,



JINGO.

Delhi, Ightfield Mentor and Tony Boy. He also won first in the Pointer Derby of the Central Field Trials Club, 1872; second in All-Age Pointer Stake of U. S. F. T. C.; second, All-Age Stake of Continental F. T. C.; second, All-Age Stake of Manitoba F. T. C., 1895, and fourth in the U. S. F. T. Club's All-Age Pointer Stake this year, he being ill at that time. The portrait is from a photograph of a painting made by Prof. Edwin H. Osthaus, who, besides being a master of his art, is a practical sportsman, and infuses the true spirit of the woods and fields in his productions.

The premium list of the great international bench show of dogs and cats enumerates a most attractive list of prizes and specials. Address C. A. Stone, Secretary, Toronto, Can.

The premium list of the Crystal Palace bench show, Kingston, Ont., can be obtained of Mr. H. C. Bates, Secretary-Treasurer.

Sept. 15 to 18 have been claimed for the Orange county bench show, Newburgh, N. Y.

The Canadian Fox Terrier Club will accept our thanks for a copy of its rules, standards, stakes, list of members and conditions governing the competition for the club's cups. It is neatly and artistically gotten up. Mr. H. P. Thompson, Secretary-Treasurer, 31 St. Mary street, Toronto.

In our business columns this week a trained setter and pointer are offered by A. H. Carter, Lebanon, N. H. A. H. Hayes, Dexter, Me., offers coon and rabbit hounds and cur partridge dogs. F. E. Bosworth, Easthampton, Mass., offers deerhounds. H. Barnard, Jr., Rome, N. Y., wants a pointer dog. Ward M. Langdon, Copake, N. Y., offers greyhounds. Rudolph Mueller & Son, Chicago, offer a mange cure.

The following circular letter, bearing date of July 28, has been issued to the members of the American Spaniel Club by the secretary, with the approval of the executive committee: "In reference to the subject of holding spaniel field trials your executive committee begs to report as follows: In May last a circular notice was sent to all the members of the club, asking for entries and opinions on the subject. In reply thereto but six answers have been received and only four entries made—these coming from one member of the club. As nearly one month has elapsed since the date named in the notice for receiving replies, your committee does not feel authorized to keep the matter open longer, and is reluctantly forced to abandon the project, at least for the present. In view of the manner in which this subject has been discussed your committee regret that their efforts to hold trials have not received your support, and while two specials have been kindly offered, the above entries are the only ones made or suggested."

Mr. P. T. Madison, secretary of the Continental F. T. C., has received the following letter from Mr. Thomas Johnson, the true ring of sportsmanship being so self-evident that comment is unnecessary: "Please find inclosed check for $15 (with 25 cents added for collection) for three entries in your Northwestern Stake, as per annexed form. I do not think I shall be able to attend your trials, but this stake commends itself so much, viz., as an encourager to amateur sportsmen, and your club giving starters and entry fees in prizes (less a fair amount for expenses), shows an evident desire to popularize field trials. This is why I give the stake a moral support in a slight practical manner."

The programme of the U. S. F. T. C.'s winter Derby, to be run at West Point, Miss., is announced this week in our business columns. The prizes are liberal, and the club desires that special note be made of the advantages offered setters and pointers in separate stakes, the breeds running independently. Entries close Aug. 15. Full information as to forfeits, etc., can be obtained by referring to the advertisement. The judges are Messrs. J. D. King, W. B. Meares and George Eubanks. Field trial supporters should note the advantages offered for a competition in the best time of the year for good field work (January), and information on any subject pertaining to the trials can be obtained of the Sec'y-Treas., Mr. W. B. Stafford, Trenton, Tenn.

Mr. James B. Baker, New York, lost his pointer bitch Westminster Zoe (King of Kent—Westminster Ina), recently, from difficult parturition. She had been bred to Rip Rap, and much was expected from the result of the union. Zoe won first in All-Age Stake of Philadelphia Kennel Club last year, and third in the same club's Derby, 1894.

A dog described as a half-breed spaniel, mangy in exterior and miserable in circumstances, ensconced himself on the steps of the American Title Co., in the Mutual Life Building on Nassau street, New York, Saturday forenoon last. The approach of callers one after another awoke the dog, and his growling and hostile attitude drove them away. This was taken as sufficient evidence that the dog had constituted himself guardian of the building, but it is more probable that he was making himself comfortable. A policeman was called to remove the dog, a task which he presumed could be done in a moment. In response to his "good doggy" he received a growl, and in response to his jocular club poke in the ribs he received a bite on his thumb. Sucking his thumb, he held council with the managers of the office, and then he shot at the dog, and here is really the extraordinary part, he killed it and not a bystander. The "middle of the road" policy is a good one for dogs on Nassau street.

Keys, the canine employee of the Union Iron Works, met with an accident recently by which his front right leg was broken, says the San Francisco *Examiner*. Keys has been looked upon by the officers of the iron works as one of the regular workmen for about four years. He is a dog of no particular beauty, and his pedigree would not be considered by dog fanciers, but he possesses wonderful intelligence. He makes the Potrero Police Station his home and he is the pet of Lieut. Bennet, but nearly every workman in the shipbuilding concern claims the friendship of the dog. At the first tap of the gong every morning Keys has reported for duty at the gates of the Union Iron Works, and he has never left until a full day's work has been accomplished. He was particularly useful in the shipyard and in the boiler shop, and the foremen of these departments say he was more valuable to them than a man for doing certain kinds of work. He could crawl through small holes in boilers and about ships, and his particular work was to carry tools, bolts, nuts, rivets and other small articles needed by workmen who had crawled into such places, and to have them creep back and forth for which would have caused considerable loss of time. Keys thoroughly understood his work, and he was always on hand when needed. Recently a steamer was placed on the dry dock for repairs, and the dog, realizing that his services might be needed by the workmen, was climbing a ladder to the deck when he slipped and fell about 20ft. The men picked him up, and making a stretcher of some pieces of canvas carried him to the police station and sent for a physician to set the broken limb.

Under date of July 30, Mr. J. B. Stoddard, who is now staying at Thomasville, N. C., writes that the thermometer reaches the 100° mark every day. Still, that is far less than it is possible when the matter of 16 to 1 is settled.

We are informed that the outlook for birds in Manitoba this year is not favorable as compared with former years. The spring season was very wet, and in consequence it is supposed that many nests were destroyed.

"Did Mrs. Jones give up her bloomers to please her husband?"

"No, her pug dog wouldn't come near her when she had them on."—*Chicago Record.*

Mr. N. B. Nesbitt, of Mississippi, and Mr. D. E. Rose, of Tennessee, arrived in Manitoba on July 26, each with

a string of dogs, nineteen all told. They are preparing for competition in the Manitoba Field Trials Club's trials in September. Mr. Chas. Barker, after an absence from field trial affairs for several years, is due in Manitoba in a few days with the dogs of the Del Monte Kennels, of which he is now the trainer. The old grounds of last year at Glen Lea, found so satisfactory for training purposes, will be used this year by Messrs. Rose and Nesbitt.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address. Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

BRED.

Mr. G. G. Williamson's Belle of Piedmont, Jr., English setter bitch, July 20, to champion Antonio.

WHELPS.

Mr. W. W. Mills, Jr.'s, Yawtacaw Dodo, fox terrier bitch, whelped, July 14, seven pups, by Halifax Revival.

SALES.

Mr. G. W. Patterson has sold
——, St. Bernard dog, to Mr. Jas. A. Howson.
——, St. Bernard dog, to Mr. C. Juel.
——, St. Bernard bitch, to Mr. Howell F. Wilson.
——, St. Bernard bitch, to Dr. Wesley Mills.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

THE CARE OF THE CHAIN.

Under the best conditions, as every wheelman knows, a large percentage of the power applied to propelling a bicycle is lost through the friction of the chain. Many devices have been invented for minimizing this friction, such as ball-bearing chains and sprockets, and the so-called chainless systems, where power is transmitted by means of a rod working on level gears at either end, but none of these devices have as yet attained any great vogue. The cyclist is obliged therefore, if he wants his wheel to run easily, to pay constant attention to his chain and see that that runs as freely as possible. It would be a good thing if the English gear guards were more common on this side of the water, for by protecting the chain from mud and dust they would save a great deal of the dirty work of cleaning and lubricating that is now necessary. Americans, however, do not take kindly to the idea at present, and this is only one example where solid comfort is sacrificed for lightness.

To give the best service a chain should be perfectly limber, and when removed from the wheel every link should bend with the utmost freedom. If there is stiffness at any point the wheel is bound to run hard and the rider to suffer. Sometimes through faulty manufacture one or more links in a new chain will refuse to bend, and as this is generally due to imperfect pivots or the fact that the rivets are too tight, the chain should be returned to the bicycle manufacturer or sent to the repair shop. At other times the stiffness comes from rust or dirt, and in this case the chain needs a thorough cleaning. It should be immersed in a can of gasoline or kerosene oil and left over night for a thorough soaking, or if the rider is in a hurry he can stir it around or put a tight cover on the can and shake it for a few minutes, occasionally renewing the oil. When cleaning a chain at night he should use kerosene, on account of the danger of explosion if the gasoline vapor reaches a light, but the latter is more satisfactory, as it is free from the corroding effects of the kerosene.

When the chain is wiped clean and attached to the wheel, it should be oiled and lubricated with graphite. It is a common mistake to believe that graphite alone will make a chain run smoothly. Graphite, unless in combination with some oil, only acts on the surface of the chain and does not help the joints at all. The oil should be applied to the joints separately, and after the wheel has been revolved several times to help it work into the crevices it should be wiped from all exposed portions, after which the graphite is applied. Chains may also be cleaned by boiling in a solution of cyanide of potassium and water, which removes dirt and rust very effectually and makes them look like new. Chains are apt to shorten under certain conditions, such as lack of lubrication, or riding in the rain and collecting sand and mud, or simply from rust. In such cases every link as it passes over the small sprocket forms an elbow, and all the slack of the chain is taken up. In severe cases the rear fork is sometimes bent by the tension, but danger from this source is very apparent and may easily be guarded against.

WORK SPENT IN PRESSING PEDALS.

In a recent communication to the Paris Académie des Sciences M. Bouny gives particulars of a series of experiments made to determine the power exerted in propelling a bicycle at different speeds. The method adopted was to take an autographic record of the total force exerted on the pedal throughout a complete revolution. To this end a disk was mounted on the bicycle crank concentric with the pedal pin. The pedal itself was mounted on stiff springs, and points fixed to it traced curves on the disk already mentioned. If no pressure was exerted on the pedal, these latter curves were simple concentric circles; when, however, the rider began to work, the springs on which the pedal was mounted yielded proportionately to the pressure applied, and the curves then drawn showed, by their deviation from the circular form, the value of the force applied at any part of a revolution. One of the pointers in question measured the force applied in a direction perpendicular to the plane of the pedal, while the other showed the pressure applied parallel to this plane. The latter is by no means an insignificant quantity, as all good riders shove their pedal forward as well as down. The angle the pedal made at any moment with the crank was also automatically recorded.

An examination of the diagrams thus obtained showed, in the first place, that there was no absolute dead point, such as occurs with an ordinary connecting-rod and crank motion, and secondly that there is always some pressure on the pedal during the rise, the negative work due to which has to be subtracted from that done during the down stroke to obtain the net amount used in propulsion. The experiments were made at speeds ranging from 10⅝ to 21¼ miles per hour, the machine being run on a wooden racing track. The results, reduced to even English measures by means of a formula of interpolation, were as follows:

Speed. Miles per hour.	Work Done per Semi-revolution. Ft. Lbs.
10	18.58
10⅝	20.96
12.5	33.98
15.0	47.50
17.5	56.75
20.0	63.62
21¼	66.08

It will be seen from the above figures that the average pressure of the foot required on the pedal increases rapidly with the speed, being at twenty miles an hour nearly three and one-half times as much as at ten miles per hour. Unfortunately the gear used is not noted by M. Bouny, and so it is impossible to deduce from the above figures the average tractive resistance of the machine at the different speeds. Probably at the higher speeds named a large proportion of the total work done was expended in overcoming atmospheric resistance, and the run of the figures might be changed considerably if the trials were conducted on a roughish road instead of on a smooth track.—*Engineering.*

POSITION AND POWER.

In the Swiss normal bicycle, illustrated in a recent issue, it will be remembered that by a peculiar arrangement of seat and pedals the rider is given a point of support at his back designed to enable him to exert a much greater power for propulsion than when he depends upon his weight solely as a basis.

This same idea is responsible for a device called a "speed producer," which has just appeared. The speed producer is intended for attachment to any ordinary bicycle, and is simply a light, strong, back support of steel, which when clamped to a tee saddle post reaches 6in. above the seat. It is said to keep the rider from "slipping back in his saddle," and appears to be intended chiefly for racing wheels, where the rider bends forward and pushes back, in exact opposite to the position assumed on the so-called normal bicycle.

While we admit that there is something to be said in favor of both these devices, we are inclined to doubt their practical utility, for two reasons, which are, first, that the rider is very rarely called upon to exert a power for propulsion greater that his own weight; and secondly, that when so called upon he already has in his handle bars a point of support which will enable him to properly utilize the great lifting power of his legs.

We print elsewhere a table showing the power required to propel a bicycle at varying rates of speed. An analysis of this table shows that while increasing the speed from 10⅝ to 12.5/10 miles per hour the average increase in work per mile per hour is nearly 7 foot pounds for each downward thrust of the pedals. When a speed of twenty miles per hour is reached the average increase per mile is less than 2 foot pounds. Between these extremes the effort required to "hit it up," as measured in foot pounds, decreases at a constant ratio, and accordingly we are justified in assuming that at speeds greater than those given in the table the force required to increase the speed for each succeeding mile per hour is less than 2 foot pounds.

Assuming that it is exactly 2 foot pounds, a speed of thirty miles per hour, or a two-minute gait, would be reached at an expenditure of force of 83.62 foot pounds, and a mile-a-minute gait would result from a push of 103.62 foot pounds, which is considerably less than the weight of the average racing man.

From these figures it will be seen that if weight were the important factor in a trial of speed most riders would be able to do a mile in a minute, point of support or no point of support. Such argument, however, is a waste of time, for every one knows that speed depends on the muscle and pluck of the rider, and that as the thrust which he exerts against the pedal is well within the limit of his weight, tieing him to the seat would not make him go the faster.

There are occasions in hill climbing, and possibly at times during races, though we doubt it, that the rider exerts a force greater than his own weight, but on these occasions his handle bars serve as the required point of support. Bracing against these, the wheelman can push to the full capacity of his leg muscles, and if he does not climb the hill it is nobody's fault but his own. He fails through lack of physical powers, and not because he is handicapped by his machine. So much for the "point of support" argument.

As regards the claim advanced by the promoters of the bicycle that owing to the position of the rider, with his legs nearly horizontal, "his forces are far more effectually utilized and with considerable less fatigue" than those of the ordinary rider, we do not believe that this is borne out by the experience of manufacturers and wheelmen in general. In the old safeties the riders were forced to assume a somewhat similar position, and that they did not find it conducive to the effectual utilization of their forces is indicated by the fact that such models were long ago discarded.

Moreover, the best modern practice, which is the result of years of experiment, is all in favor of a perpendicular position in riding, or one leaning slightly forward. The nearer one reproduces the condition of walking, the less will be the resultant fatigue. With one's legs held out at right angles to the body, the stomach and leg muscles must be taxed for purposes other than propulsion, and we fail to see how such a position can rightly be called normal.

Bicyclers and Bear.

North Conway, N. H., July 31.—I am glad to see that you have started a wheeling department. It ought to be a great success, and doubtless will be. Last fall while riding in company with a friend I had the good luck to run within 30yds. of a black bear. The fellow made off at a great clip as soon as he saw us, and we were surprised that so unwieldly an animal could get along so fast. It was fortunate for us that he ran, for we were riding down hill very fast and did not see him till we rounded a curve almost on top of him. He saved a collision by getting out of the road. Three or four times I have stolen up on foxes that were hunting along the road, and once had the fun of measuring speed with one that attempted to escape by running down the road instead of jumping into the bushes. For a quarter of a mile I did not gain or lose an inch as far as I could see and the fox was about 20yds. ahead of me. Then he took to the cover, and the chase was over.

Bradford S. Turpin.

WHEEL NOTES.

The bicycling trousers made with the so-called "golf bottoms" or "cuffs" appear not to have become popular. From the West we hear that they have never succeeded in reaching much sale among the cyclers of the large cities, such as Chicago. The objection urged against this style of finish for the knickerbockers is that the cuff of moleskin or other heavy cloth is apt to wrinkle and lose its set after short wear. Moreover, some of the fastidious claim that to wear knickers with the golf bottom argues that one can afford only one pair of short clothes for golf, tennis and the wheel, whereas each sport is entitled to its own garment. At any rate, the form of garment has not been generally adopted for the wheel.

More and more one sees the knickerbocker garb edging its way into business dress. In the Government offices at Washington hundreds of the clerical force go to their work dressed in short dress, and the "mufti" of the wheel is coming more in evidence in many large cities. Why not? No one who knows the comfort of knickerbockers ever willingly goes into long trousers. As to sightliness there is no comparison between the two. We do not pause to realize what slaves we are to fashion. If this be true, let us hope fashion shall always be as rational as in the garb of the wheel.

If one ride, he should ride fitly. To ride without the proper dress is to lose more than half the enjoyment of the wheel. The beginner is placarded by his outfit.

There are few railroads in the West which do not check bicycles free—and very gladly.

In the sandiest of the sandy pine country of upper Michigan and Wisconsin the wheel is in general use, even in little villages about which the roads are so deep in sand that the rider must perforce walk many a mile in going a few hours' journey.

The summer tour to a fishing place now is incomplete without the wheel in the outfit.

Picnic parties, with gypsy camp attachments, are a popular diversion in Chicago among wheelmen. At that city may anglers go into the country wheelback.

In southwestern Iowa the country is quite hilly, but the bicycle is used by everybody. The gear there averages about 63, and when one of these riders, who began to learn in the middle of the hills, strikes a rider who has never had any experience except on the flat, he has fun with the latter individual.

Southern Michigan has hundreds of miles of gravel roads. In Wisconsin the roads average very good, in the lower part of the State especially. Upper Indiana is gravel and sand in many sections. Illinois runs more to black dirt.

WIT OF THE WHEEL.

"Uncle Bob, what is a pedestrian?"

"Why, he is a fellow what makes a row when a bicycle runs over him."—*Exchange.*

FALLING FROM GRACE.

A young man in this city has named his bicycle Grace—not after his girl, but because he falls from it so often.—*Utica Herald.*

HAD NEVER SEEN PNEUMATICS.

Little Girl—See, mamma; the poor man must have come an awful long way! See how swollen the wheels are.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

FASTEST ON RECORD.

"You are charged," said the judge, "with riding your bicycle through the streets at a rate exceeding ten miles an hour."

"Ten miles?" said the man whose new wheel had run away with him—"ten miles? I'll bet I was going 300."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

ROAD RAMMERS.

Wheeler—This idea of taxing bicycles as vehicles is simply outrageous. A bicycle doesn't damage the roadway a bit.

Walker—It isn't the wheels that do the damage; it is the fellows who fall off.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

HONORS EASY.

Papa—So, Bobby, you're the president of your bicycle club. That's very nice. How did they happen to choose you?

Bobby—Well, you see, papa, I'm the only boy that's got a bicycle.—*Harper's Round Table.*

BOUGHT BY WEIGHT.

Dealer—I'll sell you that wheel for $50. It weighs 22lbs.

Rude Scudder (from Cearfoss Crossroads)—Why, my boy Ab bought one for $25 t'other day that weighed 90lbs. You can't soak me, by gum!—*Judge.*

HARD-HEADED, BUT——

"Hear about Barrick? Fell off his wheel last night on to his head and was unconscious for more than three hours."

"You don't say? Well, well! I never thought it would affect him that way. I have so often heard him spoken of as such a hard-headed business man.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Only love makes life worth living.—*Troy Press.*

Oh, no. There are pie and bicycles, not to mention other beautiful things.—*New York Sun.*

KNEE WASN'T IN IT.

Molly—There is one thing about these bloomers of mine that I think commendable: they won't bag at the knee.

Myra—No; I notice they seem to be above it.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, Wm. R. Huntington, Rome, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., Thos. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. M. Dater, 307 Adelphi street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Central Division, Geo. J. Keyes, 193 Front street, Rochester, N. Y.
Eastern Division, R. H. Hammond, Worcester, Mass.
Northern Division, Douglas H. McDougal, Toronto, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.
Annual meet, Aug. 14-28, Grindstone Island, St. Lawrence River.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

Mullet Lake vs. Ballast Island.

DAYTON, O., July 30.—I first attended the meet of the W. C. A., at Ballast Island, in 1886, and have attended every one since, with the exception of that held at Ballast in July, 1895. I have always been an advocate of alternating, in regard to location, holding the meet one summer at Ballast Island, and the next summer at some other favorable spot. We held two meets in Wisconsin, one at Lake Winnebago and one near Madison, on both of which occasions we met a very fine lot of fellows, who proved to be good canoeists, but unfortunately for the Association were not able to follow us when we returned to Ballast Island or to Mullet Lake; therefore it is a question with the Association to-day whether this policy will be successful in the future, and if not successful, it is my opinion that the old original members should rule and hold the meets where it pleases them most. In this connection, I want to speak my little piece in regard to the meet just finished at Dodge's Point, Mullet Lake. A few of us who were present are like the two remaining members of the Ruckawa Canoe Club, a sketch of which appears in the year book of the W. C. A., the end of which reads, "There are only a few of us left, but we are stayers." While the stayers are few in number, they made up everything that was lacking, in enthusiasm and a grand, good time.

In the ten meets I have attended I do not think that I ever had a better time. The place was an ideal one for a camp situated in a most beautiful grove on a point extending out into the waters of Mullet Lake. The weather could not have been more desirable if it had been ordered especially for the occasion. The accessibility of the spot by boat or rail made the journey there very delightful, while the accommodations at the Waldemere Club were something that the W. C. A. members have not been accustomed to at their meets on former occasions. Last, but not least, by any means, the hospitality shown to us by the members of the Waldemere Club and their friends.

When we arrived in Cheboygan we were taken charge of, and the question was many times asked of us, "Now what can we do for you?" and while in camp the spirit of hospitality and cordiality were so marked that it made the small attendance all the more embarrassing to those of us who were there.

The sailing winds, I am told by those who are competent to judge, were all that could be desired, although somewhat heavier than we have been accustomed to. The water was fine for swimming, and the boys who took advantage of the magnificent sand beach will long remember the fun it afforded them.

The fishing in Mullet Lake was quite good, one gentleman taking ten fine black bass in one afternoon at the mouth of the river, 2 miles distant from the camp.

Another pleasant feature of this occasion is the accessibility to the various trout streams, which you are familiar with.

The telephone, telegraph and express were all conveniently arranged for us, which is quite an item with a good many when attending a canoe meet.

Taking it all in all, I am satisfied that we have never found a place so desirable, and I feel that it is due the members of the Waldemere Club, as well as ourselves, that we go there again with a full representative crowd of canoeists, such as we have had on former occasions and in doing so we could not find a location that would give better satisfaction, everything being considered.

I still cling to Ballast Island as the home of the W. C. A., but I feel that as an alternating point Dodge's Point, on Mullet Lake, is the place for the W. C. A. W. H. CRAWFORD.

Hurrah for Grindstone.

THE seventeenth annual meet of the American Canoe Association will be held on our old camping ground on Grindstone Island, from Aug. 14 to 28.

Does not this announcement call up many pleasant recollections of the meets of 1884, '85 and '86, and do not all of the men and women who attended those meets look forward with pleasure to the opportunity of once more camping on old Grindstone, and sailing or paddling on Eel Bay? I hope to see a goodly number of those old boys whose heads must be getting gray perhaps, but whose hearts are ever young and in the right place. Can't you hear one of them now saying to another, "I'm just as young as I used to be." Then, too, I hope the younger men will turn out and show the old boys that there are just as true canoeists now as there ever have been. Come and hear the old fellows tell what they used to do in camp, and how they had faster boats than any of the modern ones, and then go out and sail all around them and capsize once in a while just to show them how easy it is to right your canoe and go on again. Let them open their eyes when they see the batswing sails, the sliding seat and self-bailing cockpit, and then let's all go up on Nob Hill and have such a rousing old campfire as was never seen before, except when we burned all the tent floors on that memorable night in August ten years ago.

Old Grindstone is still there, and Eel Bay and the islands are more beautiful than ever. Let us see if we cannot once more see the bay white with sails, as it was in 1886. Take a canoe, a tent and some blankets, and take a train that will bring you to Clayton or Gananoque on the morning of Aug. 14 next; then take the steamer for camp and spend two as happy weeks as you have ever spent, and renew your acquaintance with the best lot of fellows anywhere to be found, the members of the American Canoe Association. If you are a new member and do not know a single A. C. A. man, come just the same and see how quickly you will get acquainted with them all and find out what a good time you will have. AN OLD BOY.

Royal C. C. Challenge Cup.

The following account of the victory of W. W. Howard is from the *Field*. We are obliged to defer the *Field's* comments to next week:

FRIDAY, July 17.—Race for the Royal C. C. challenge cup, and challenge cup, value £50 (tenable for the year), and £5 prize; course, from the London Sailing Club round buoy in the Roach, twice round, 10 miles.

Start, 2:30; wind, N. to N.E., fresh. The entries were:

Canoe.	Owner.
Yankee (winner)	Mr. W. W. Howard (British Canoe Association).
Prucas III.	Mr. G. U. Laws (Northern C. C.).
Dragon	Mr. R. F. Lawson (Royal C. C.).
Vanessa	Mr. B. de Q. Quincey (Royal C. C.).
Solitaire	Mr. A. E. Wall (Midland Sailing Club).
Viper	Mr. C. C. Lyman (Royal C. C.).

Vanessa was first over the line at 2:30:05, followed by Yankee at 2:30:15, then came Prucas III., Solitaire and Dragon. Yankee soon took the lead, and, sailing very fast, she had a lead of nearly 13m. at the end of the first round, and finally won by 27m. 51s. It is, however, only fair to the holder of the cup, Mr. C. C. Lynam, to state that he was unable to start, owing to exhaustion consequent on his sailing his canoe round from Southend the day before when there was a gale of wind blowing, and the only wonder is that he arrived at all. Vanessa gave up at the end of the first round, as she was leaking. Solitaire lost her mast soon after rounding Brankiet Spit Buoy, and was towed back by the Dorothy. Although Prucas III. had been practically rebuilt since Wednesday, she was leaking badly, and was half full of water when she finished. Dragon was also leaking, and, although she was sailed right up to the last, it was a hopeless stern chase. It might here be stated that, although Mr. Howard was at Burnham during all the races, this was the only race he started in, which was thought by most, if not all those present, to be rather a strange kind of proceeding, considering how easily his canoe is fitted for racing.

Grindstone Island.

AUG. 14-28.

NEXT week being the annual pilgrimage of all good canoeists to the old camp ground last visited in 1886, everything possible has been done by the officers to make their stay a pleasant one, as were those of former years, and we hope that many will be present. The details of the arrangements are as follows:

TRANSPORTATION ARRANGEMENTS.

The Trunk Line Association, the Boston Passenger Committee (covering New England territory) and the following Canadian lines, C. P. Railway, G. T. Railway (Northern and Western Divisions), Erie & Huron Railway, Central Ontario Railway, Kingston & Pembroke Railway, Bay of Quinte Railway and Navigation Co., Michigan Central R. R. (also Buffalo, N. Y.), and also Hamilton, Ontario, have granted the customary concession, viz.: A round trip of one and one-third fare to Clayton and Gananoque. Members will pay full fare to the points named, obtaining from the selling agents certificates which, when indorsed and vised at camp, will enable the holders thereof to return to the point of starting by continuous passage at one-third of the regular rate. Tickets may be purchased three days prior to and during the camp, and certificates will be honored for return trip (without stop-over) for three days (Sunday excepted) after the close of camp, Aug. 28.

Members arriving at Clayton via R., W. & O. R. R. or by steamer (the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co.) from Toronto, Kingston, Montreal, Quebec and intermediate points, will find the steam yacht Pastime at the railroad dock, running on the following schedule: Leave Clayton 6:30 and 10:30 A. M., and 2:00 and 5:15 P. M.; arrive at camp 7:15 and 11:15 A. M., and 2:45 and 6 P. M. Leave camp 7:30 and 11:30 A. M., and 3:15 and 7:30 P. M.; arrive at Clayton 8:15 A. M., and 12:15, 4:00 and 8:15 P. M.

Members arriving at Gananoque can leave by steamer Valeria at 5 A. M., 3:15 and 7 P. M.; returning, leave camp for Gananoque at 11 A. M., 5:45 and 9 P. M. This steamer will connect with the principal trains on G. T. Railway via Thousand Islands Railway at Gananoque Junction.

The fare on the steamers from Clayton and Gananoque to camp will be reasonable for members and their equipment.

The free carriage of canoes and duffle on railways must be made a matter of arrangement direct with the railway agents by the members, as it is out of the jurisdiction of the railway associations. It is probable, however, that most of the roads will agree to carry canoes and duffle free, or as part of members' baggage, the limit being 150lbs., and excess baggage rates paid on overweight The N. Y. C. & H. R. R. and R., W. & O. R. R. have agreed to this, canoes being taken, however, at owner's risk. Excess rates per 100lbs. vary according to distance and can be obtained from railway agents. As a rule, a guarantee of eighteen tickets from any one locality to Clayton or Gananoque will entitle the holders to the entire use of a free baggage car. Members of clubs, or individuals, should consult together and try to arrange this, allowing time for securing the use of such a car. A baggage car, or, if necessary, two cars will be provided by the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. for the accommodation of members from New York and vicinity, including New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The car or cars will be at the Thirtieth street station of the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. about Aug. 11, and will leave in time to stop over at the Knickerbocker Canoe Club at 152d street, Yonkers and Sing Sing. Thence direct to Clayton, arriving Saturday morning, the 15th, and returning by same route. Members from points outside of New York can ship their equipment by local express, freight or truck to Thirtieth street station, care of James K. Hand, where everything will be cared for and stored in the cars. Those who desire to do so may send their canoes and duffle by water or by truck to the K. C. C. house, where they will be cared for until the arrival of the car. The exact leaving time of the car from points named will be given in the FOREST AND STREAM, and upon application to the undersigned, to whom advice should be sent regarding the quantity of duffle to be carried in the car, number of canoes, etc., as soon as possible.

A sleeping car for the exclusive use of members and their friends will be attached to the train leaving New York on the evening of Friday, Aug. 14, at 7 P. M., if a sufficient number will send their names in prior to Aug. 10. Already nearly the requisite number have responded and accommodations will be given as the names are received.

Any other particulars regarding the whole scheme for transportation will be gladly given by the undersigned, as well as advice regarding the best means of securing favorable transportation from the railroads in regard to the handling of canoes and duffle.

THE TRANSPORTATION COMMITTEE, JAMES K. HAND, Chairman,
Grand Central Station, New York City.

A. C. A. CAMP.

The 1896 meet will be held on the old A. C. A. camping ground at the foot of Grindstone Island, St. Lawrence River. The camp is about five miles distant from Clayton and the same distance from Gananoque. The main camp will be located, as formerly, in the grove along the north shore and also on the open field fronting Eel Bay.

Squaw Point will also occupy its old location on the point south of the main camp. There is an open grove, and those that prefer can camp just outside of the grove on dry and nearly level ground.

The camp mess will be located near the southerly end of the main camp and will be conducted by Mr. D. McElveny, the well-known Albany caterer, who had charge of the mess last year at Bluff Point. The usual rates of $1 per day will be charged. The mess will be in a large tent erected over a substantial floor. The walls of the tent will be arranged to lower in pleasant weather and can quickly be replaced when desired. It is thought that a tent is much more appropriate for a camp than a wooden building and quite as comfortable.

It is hoped that the members generally will avail themselves of the camp mess, as Mr. McElveny has made extensive preparations for us, and it is hoped that his efforts will be rewarded by a generous patronage.

The camp store will be located near the dock and will keep in stock the usual camp supplies, and will take orders for things not kept in stock. The store will be managed by Mr. Wm. L. Delaney.

Mails will be distributed in camp at the secretary's tent, A. C. A. headquarters. The address for mail and express matter will be A. C. A. Camp, Grindstone Island, Clayton, N. Y. Letters and express matter from Canada should be addressed A. C. A. Camp, Grindstone Island, Gananoque, Ont.

Office hours of the commodore and secretary for the transaction of business will be from 9 until 10 A. M., and 1 until 2 P. M., each day.

Carpenters and laborers have been engaged, lumber purchased, and floors, skids, etc., will be built for members at reasonable cost on application to the camp site committee. Lumber and nails will be sold to members who desire to build their own floors. Flag poles can be furnished at a reasonable price. Members desiring floors, and who can do so, are earnestly requested to send their order, stating size desired, by Aug. 7, or as soon after as possible, to John R. Robertson, Chairman of the Camp Site Committee, A. C. A. Camp, Grindstone Island, Clayton, N. Y.

Customs Regulations.—We quote from letter of F. N. Potter, Collector of Customs at Cape Vincent, regarding the introduction of camp equipage:

"We will allow the Canadian members of the A. C. A. to bring their canoes and camp equipage to Grindstone Island without formal entry, the same to be returned to Canada. Cannot grant permission for free entry of provisions and supplies, as there is no authority for so doing. Will have the deputy collector at Grindstone to look after the camp, and the wants of the A. C. A. will be attended to promptly."

Entertainment.—It is expected that many general camp-fires will be given, and in order that these may be a success it is hoped that all who play, sing or have any specialties will come prepared to do their share toward entertaining.

Illuminations.—Members are requested to bring colored lanterns or other means of illuminating the camp at night.

Signals.—The A. C. A. signal code will be used to convey all intelligence from headquarters to the entire camp, the signal station and poles being located at headquarters. Copies of the code may be obtained from the secretary. Price 10 cents.

CAMP RULES.

1. A member of the executive committee will be appointed each day as "officer of the day," who will have charge of the camp and will appoint four members as pickets to assist him. The officer of the day will wear a red badge and the pickets blue badges.

2. A member-at-large and two associate members will be appointed in charge of the ladies' camp.

3. Members will register, pay their dues and obtain badges at headquarters immediately on arrival.

4. The commodore and secretary will be at headquarters for the transaction of business from 9 until 10 A. M., and 1 until 2 P. M., on each day.

5. Flags will be raised at 8 A. M. and lowered at sunset. After 11 P. M. quiet must be maintained in camp.

6. Tents may be located by owners, subject to the approval of the camp site committee. Tents and grounds must be in order by 10 A. M. A wagon will make the rounds of the camp before that hour for the removal of all rubbish.

7. Neither guests nor members from the main camp will be expected in the ladies' camp before 10 A. M. or after 6 P. M., except by special invitation. Ladies will not be expected in the main camp before 9 A. M.

8. Visitors may be invited to the camp, but a guest's badge must be obtained for them, and their names registered at the secretary's tent. Before 10 A. M. and after 6 P. M. no guests will be expected in camp, except on invitation for occasions especially announced on the bulletin board.

These rules are few and simple, and it is requested that all members co-operate in enforcing them.

WM. R. HUNTINGTON, Commodore,
Grindstone Island Meet, 1896.

A. C. A. BY-LAWS, SECTION 2, CHAPTER 1.

Every member attending a camp shall pay for camp expenses; for general camp $1, and for Division camp such sum as may be determined upon by the executive committee of the Division, provided such sum does not exceed $1. Visitors, when accompanying members, may be admitted to the general camp at the discretion of the commodore and secretary-treasurer, and to the ladies' camp on the invitation of an associate member and at the discretion of the committee governing it; provided that if they spend more than two nights in camp the member introducing them shall pay $2 each, the same dues and camp charges as regular members. But this shall not preclude the admission of any of the immediate family of a member.

THE A. C. A REGATTA PROGRAMME, 1896.

Event No. 1. Paddling and sailing combined, ½ mile alternately; total, 3 miles; time limit, 1½ hours. Start to be made paddling.

Event No. 2. Paddling, ½ mile straightaway.

Event No. 3. Sailing, 4½ miles; time limit, 2 hours.

Note.—Events Nos. 1, 2 and 3 are record races under Rule 5 of sailing regulations.

Event No. 4. Trophy, paddling, 1 mile straightaway.

Event No. 5. Unlimited sailing, three classes, 6 miles; time limit, 2½ hours. Starters in trophy sailing race to be selected from this race according to elapsed time.

Event No. 6. Trophy sailing, 9 miles; time limit, 3½ hours. See Rule 5.

Event No. 7. Dolphin sailing trophy, 7½ miles; time limit, 3 hours. The canoe winning first place in Event No. 5 will not be allowed to compete in this event.

Event No. 8. Hotel Champlain cup, 4½ miles.

Event No. 9. Orilla cup, 7½ miles. Limited to members of Northern Division.

Event No. 10. Jabberwock trophy, 3 miles. Limited to members of the Central Division.

Note.—Events 9 and 10 are to be sailed providing a Northern and Central meet is not held. Events Nos. 7 and 8 may be contested for at the same time, in the discretion of the regatta committee.

Event No. 11. Club sailing, three classes, 4½ miles; time limit, 2 hours. First three members of any club to count. A club to be represented must enter at least three men. All men entered must have become members of the club they represent before the first day of the 1896 meet.

Event No. 12. Limited sailing, 3 miles; time limit, 1½ hours. Sail area limited to 100sq. ft., and sliding seat prohibited.

Event No. 13. Novice sailing, 3 miles; time limit, 1½ hours. Open only to members who have not sailed a canoe prior to Sept. 1, 1895.

Event No. 14. Unclassified sailing, 4½ miles; time limit, 2 hours.

Note.—The regatta committee reserve the right to handicap in this race.

Event No. 15. Paddling; open canoes not under 50lbs. weight, ½ mile straightaway; single blades.

Event No. 16 Tandem paddling, ½ mile straightaway; decked canoe; double blade.

Event No. 17. Tandem club paddling, ½ mile straightaway; open canoes; single blade.

Event No. 18. Club four paddling, ½ mile straightaway; canoes not to be less than 28in. wide and 16ft. long.

Event No. 19. Hurry-scurry; swim, paddle, run.

Event No. 20. War canoes, 1 mile; canoes not to be over 25ft. long, nor contain more than nine persons.

Event No. 21. War canoes, 1 mile; canoes not to be over 35ft. long, nor contain to exceed sixteen persons.

Event No. 22. Ladies' paddling, open canoes; ⅛ mile.

Event No. 23. Ladies' tandem, open canoes; single blade, ¼ mile.

Event No. 24. Mixed tandem, open canoes; single blade, ¼ mile.

Event No. 25. Novice paddling, open canoes, ½ mile; open to men who have never paddled a race outside of their own club races.

Event No. 26. Open four; tug of war.

Event No. 27. Tail-end race; open canoes, single blade, paddler to kneel in bow and paddle with the wind, bow first, 200yds.

Event No. 28. Hurry-scurry, obstacle or tournament.

Note.—The committee reserve the right to call any, except the more important and older A. C. A. races, at any time during the meet when in their judgment the conditions are right.

Note.—The right is also reserved by the committee of following the system of handicapping that was used at the last meet.

All events at which less than two starters present themselves at the line will be canceled.

W. C. WITHERBEE, Chairman Regatta Committee.

OFFICERS FOR 1896.

Commodore, William R. Huntington, Rome, N. Y.; Secretary-Treasurer, Thomas H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.; Librarian-Custodian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

Board of Governors: R. J. Wilkin, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Paul Butler, Lowell, Mass.; C. V. Winne, Albany, N. Y.; E. B. Edwards, Peterboro, Canada.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Atlantic Division: Vice-Commodore, J. K. Hand, Grand Central Station, N. Y. City; Rear-Commodore, W. C. Lawrence, Trenton, N. J.; Purser, Henry M. Dater, 307 Adelphi street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Executive Committee, H. L. Quick, Yonkers, N. Y.; P. F. Hogan, Brooklyn, N. Y.; H. H. Smythe, New York City.

Central Division: Vice-Commodore, H. D. McVean, Rochester, N. Y.; Rear-Commodore, Albert T. Smith, Albany, N. Y.; Purser, Geo. J. Keyes, Rochester, N. Y.; Executive Committee, H. V. Backus, Rochester, N. Y.; Dr. W. J. Nellis, Albany, N. Y.

Eastern Division: Vice-Com., J. W. Cartwright, Jr., Boston, Mass.; Rear-Com., Howard Frost, Worcester, Mass.; Purser, R. H. Hammond, Worcester, Mass.; Executive Committee: Howard Gray, Dover, N. H.; L. S. Drake, Auburndale, Mass.; A. W. Todd, Hartford, Conn.

Northern Division: Vice-Com., A. H. O'Brien, Toronto, Canada; Rear-Com., D'Arcy Scott, Ottawa, Canada; Purser, Douglas H. McDougal, Toronto, Canada; Executive Committee: F. C. Johnston, Montreal, Canada.

Regatta Committee: W. C. Witherbee, Port Henry, N. Y. (Chairman); E. B. Edwards, Peterboro, Canada; Butler Ames, Lowell, Mass.

Camp Site Committee: J. R. Robertson, Auburndale, Mass. (Chairman); J. G. Frazer, Ogdensburgh, N. Y.; J. S. Wardell, Rome, N. Y.; F. F. Andrews, Rochester, N. Y.

Transportation Committee: J. K. Hand, N. Y. city (Chairman); C. V. Winne, Albany, N. Y.; F. S. Rathbun, Desoronto, Canada. Signal Officer, H. M. Stewart, Rochester, N. Y.; Fleet Sugeon, Dr. W. J. Nellis, Albany, N. Y.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
Wayland Ross	12 Felton Hall, Cambridge, Mass.	——
Louis E. Mendenhall	Peoria, Ill.	——
Geo. C. Chambers	Peoria, Ill.	——
Walter Milner	Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Ill.	——

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Louis Simpson	Yonkers, N. Y.	Yonkers C. C.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

S indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Union of L. I. Sound.
M indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Ass'n of Massachusetts.

AUGUST.

8. Fox Lake, club, Fox Lake, Ill.
S 8. Hempstead Harbor, An., Glen Cove, L. I. Sound.
8. Beverly, open, Marblehead.
S 8. New Rochelle, special, New Rochelle, L. I. Sound.
8. Winthrop, race to Marblehead, cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
8. Rochester, club, Lake Ontario.
8. Roy. St. Lawrence, cruise, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
8-9. Interlake Y. R. A. cruise, Put-in Bay to Cleveland, Lake Erie.
M 10-11. Manchester, open, Manchester, Mass.
12-14. Corinthian, summer series, Marblehead.
15. Corinthian, club, Marblehead.
S 15. Corinthian fleet, An., New Rochelle, L. I. Sound.
15-20. Erie, open regattas, Erie, Lake Erie.

15. Squantum, Burkhardt cup, Squantum, Mass.
S 15. American, special, Milton Point, L. I. Sound.
15. Roy. St. Lawrence, cruise, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
S 15. Stamford, Hoyt cups, Stamford, L. I. Sound.
15. Cor. Atlantic City, ocean race, catboats, Atlantic City.
15. Chicago, race and run, Menominee, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
5. Eastern, Vineyard Haven to Marblehead.
7-22. Hempstead, An. cruise.
M 17-18. American, open, Newburyport.
18. Cor. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.
18. Roy. St. Lawrence, Hamilton trophy, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
18. Winthrop, evening race, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
18. Eastern, 30ft. regular and special knockabout, Marblehead.
19. Eastern, 30ft. regular and special, Marblehead.
M 20. American, open, Portsmouth, N. H.
21. Kennebuckport, open, Kennebuckport, Me.]
M 21-22. Wellfleet, open, Wellfleet.
22 Beverly, 4th cham., Buzzard's Bay.
M 22. Revere, open, Revere, Lynn Bay.
22. Roy. St. Lawrence, Hamilton trophy, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
S 22. Horseshoe Harbor, An., Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
S 22. Riverside, special, Riverside, L. I. Sound.
22. Hull, open, Hull, Boston Harbor.
24-26. International races, Toledo, Lake Erie.
M 25. Duxbury, Plymouth Harbor.
M 26. Plymouth, inside race, Plymouth Harbor.
M 27. Kingston, open, Plymouth Harbor.
27. Rochester, club, Lake Ontario.
29. Winthrop, club, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
29. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
M 29. Cape Cod, open, Provincetown.
S 29. Huguenot, open, New Rochelle, L. I. Sound.
S 29. Huntington, open, Huntington, L. I. Sound.
S 29. Seawanhaka, special, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.

SEPTEMBER.

3. Cor. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.
S 5. Stamford, An., Stamford, L. I. Sound.
5. Larchmont, special, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
M 5. South Boston, open, City Point, Boston Harbor.
5. Beverly, 4th open sweeps, Buzzard's Bay.
6. Winthrop, sail, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
7. New York Y. R. A., An., New York Bay.
7. Beverly, open, Buzzard's Bay.
7. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
M 7. Lynn, open, Lynn, Boston Harbor.
M 7. Old Colony, open, Nahant.
S 7. Norwalk, open, Norwalk, L. I. Sound.
7. Hempstead, open.
7. Toledo, open, Toledo, Lake Erie.
10-13. Cleveland, open regattas, Cleveland, Lake Erie.
12. Beverly, 5th cham., Buzzard's Bay.
12. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
S 12. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, L. I. Sound.
12. Larchmont, special, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
S 12. Sea Cliff, special, Sea Cliff, L. I. Sound.
12. Squantum, Burkhardt cup, Squantum, Mass.
12. Chicago, open, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
16. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.
18. Hempstead, closing day.
19. Eastern, knockabout class, Marblehead.
S 19. American, fall regatta, Milton Point, L. I. Sound.
26. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
S 26. Riverside, special, Riverside, L. I. Sound.
26. Squantum, Burkhardt cup, Squantum, Mass.

OCTOBER.

3. Cor. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.

The malicious attack of the Boston *Herald* upon the 15ft. class this week takes the form of a statement which is absolutely untrue and devoid of all foundation, as follows:

"Already there is a muddle in the matter of an international challenge cup for ½-raters, for at the present time there are two cups up for international competition, and the question now to be decided is: 'Which is the preferred cup?' Is it the one raced for at Oyster Bay or the one sailed for at Ogdensburgh, where Paul Butler beat all comers, even three boats from Montreal, the Sothis being sailed by Duggan, who won with the Glencairn?

"This small boat racing for 'international challenge cups' is liable to turn out seriously funny. True, such boats should be raced on ponds or bathing tanks, but that is no reason why any and every club may not put up 'a challenge cup,' to be raced for internationally. The question as to which is the proper cup to-day will have to be settled some time, and even while this matter is in doubt rumor comes from the Boston Athletic Club that a cup is to be offered for the little ones to race for upon our own frog pond."

No such dispute as this has arisen, nor is it possible, as the announcement has been repeatedly made that the cup given by the Ogdensburgh Y. C. was to be the absolute property of the winner of the one race scheduled for it. It was offered to all comers, the Canadian as well as American yachtsmen, and though in this way an international cup, no attempt whatever has been made by the donors to exploit it as a rival to the Seawanhaka cup. A long familiarity with the methods of the Boston *Herald* has led us to be prepared for almost anything, but in spite, malice and misstatement its attacks on the 15ft. class have been a surprise to us. To cap the climax, the *Herald* has now set to work to induce one of the older, but inactive, of the Eastern clubs to come forward and offer an international challenge cup for the extinct 21ft. class of 1891, of which Alpha was the most conspicuous success.

American and British Steam Yachts.

Bath, Me., July 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The correspondence published in your issue of July 11 concerning the Payne bill is certainly interesting, but some of the sweeping statements made are decidedly erroneous; therefore I embrace this opportunity of writing still another letter on the subject. In the letter of Wm. B. Collier, Jr., published in your issue of July 11, he states that the clause from the Republican platform, "Product of American labor employed in American shipyards," should read, "Product of foreign labor employed in American shipyards." This, I suppose, is sarcastic wit. It is true that a large number of foreigners are employed in our shipyards, but I guarantee that the majority of mechanics employed in our iron shipyards to-day are American born, and moreover the percentage of American as compared with foreign mechanics is steadily increasing.

There is one shipbuilding firm in this country that can claim to be thoroughly American, and that is the Bath Iron Works, of Bath, Me. This company is officered by Americans, the foremen and draftsmen are all American citizens, also at least 75 per cent. of the mechanics. About six years ago there were but few American citizens employed in this shipyard, but owing to the favorable attitude of the Bath Iron Works officials toward American labor the number has rapidly increased, with the result that the steam yachts recently constructed at these works were plated by Bath-born mechanics.

You state in your reply to Mr. Joy's letter that when a builder receives a contract for a vessel he "ignores the designer entirely and starts on a mode of procedure that is nothing short of a disgrace to the name of American shipbuilding," and you furthermore state that "if the commercial man wants to convert a small margin between profit and loss into a balance on the right side, he must look to the expert designer and not to a mere builder." Now this is a good advertisement for the professional designer; but what about the naval architect and shipyard superintendent connected with the firm? You certainly cannot mean to say that he has not the ability to design even a successful steamer? A shipbuilding firm have connected with them generally a first-class naval architect who acts as superintendent. Under him there is usually an efficient force of draftsmen. The superintendent and the chief draftsman (who is often himself an able naval architect) make the preliminary calculations and drawings, and these are placed in the hands of experienced draftsmen, who work out the complete design under the supervision of their superior officers. This certainly seems to me to be a proper mode of procedure. Because a prominent shipbuilding firm on the Delaware have built a "modern steam yacht" from plans about fifteen years old, and also used their patterns of an old compound engine which has long since gone out of date, it does not follow that this is the usual custom. No. I am glad to say that this is an exception and not the rule.

The reason that many of our vessels when built do not prove as successful as anticipated is because the naval architect seldom has the opportunity to use his own judgment as he would like. He has to cater continually to the owner, and there are but few owners in our country to-day but what think they know much about a ship and could almost design it themselves. The result is the designer is handicapped continually, and the vessel when built is usually far from being the boat he would have liked to have produced. Mr. Geo. L. Watson, of Glasgow, has much more scope to work in than has the designer in our own country, and he has an advantage that but few people understand and appreciate when he designs and has constructed in Scotland steam yachts for American gentlemen. Mr. Watson designs the boats himself, and not being bothered day by day with the owner's whims and peculiar fancies he ought certainly to turn out rapidly a very shipshape vessel. Whether he does this or no I do not care to say, but it is a well-known fact that but few of our yachtsmen who go abroad for their yachts know what they are getting until the boats are completed, and then they are not always satisfied with the result.

Some of our yachtsmen who have gone abroad for the construction of their yachts have stated that they wanted them as quickly as possible, and therefore they found it necessary to place the contract for its construction with British firms. This certainly does not excuse them for their lack of patriotism. We can build here in this country any type of pleasure craft as rapidly as can any British firm, and what is more, our workmanship will be superior. The Bath Iron Works, although severely handicapped by fire, which almost destroyed their shipbuilding plant, built Eleanor, the largest American yacht afloat, in just one year. Peregrine was also constructed by the same firm in about six and a half months, and Illawarra in five and a half months, while Josephine, recently built at Lewis Nixon's yard at Elizabethport, was completed in about nine months.

And now just a word as regards workmanship. It is surprising to see what a large number of different standards for good workmanship are placed by so-called experts. The old Semiramis and Margarita (now Narada), Sylvia, Hermione, Columbia, Thespia, etc., have been described as showing excellent workmanship, and yet it takes a millionaire's resources to keep some of these boats in anything like good order.

There is one great fault to-day in steam yacht construction, and that is, the boats are built so light that they are soon shaken to pieces. It is not surprising that some firms cannot build steam yachts as cheap as other firms can, when we consider the great difference in the standard of construction.

Eleanor circumnavigated the globe with hardly $1 spent in repairs. Does not this prove that the workmanship of her hull and fittings throughout must have been excellent? Compare the scantlings and the strength and durability of Peregrine and Illawarra's steel hull fittings and wood hull, etc., with those of any British or other American steam yacht of their size and class, and you will find a great difference. One is built for seaworthiness, service and durability, as well as beauty and gracefulness, but in the other the former qualities seem to be generally ignored, and reduction in weight substituted.

Detroit, Mich., July 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with interest your comments on my letter. I cannot agree with you, however, that American shipyards are entirely to blame for turning out some poor craft. I think it is rather the owner who orders a yacht direct from a shipyard instead of from a designer who makes a study of yacht designs.

If a man of sense were going to build a house he would not go to a builder and order him to construct a house. He would first go to an architect and tell him what he wanted, and then get plans and specifications and bids on those plans. That is what a man of common sense would do, but a man who just wanted a house and did not care how it looked would rather go to a builder, who would sling him up something which would keep the cold and rain out, but which might not be pleasing to the eye. I think that is what some of our yacht owners have done, judging by the appearance of some of our yachts, but is that a reason for condemning all the yacht work turned out on this side of the water?

You say that you would like to see the "art of naval design in America placed where it was fifty years ago, ahead of the world," and pray let me ask what placed it there. Was it not the system of protection by discriminating duties that encouraged American ship owners to build their ships at home? The famous American-built clippers would never have been heard of if Americans had permitted England to build their ships. One of the first acts of the first Congress of the United States was to grant American ships the benefit of discriminating duties and forbid foreign-built ships American registry. Since this system of protection has been denied American ships, our merchant marine has declined until at the present day our commerce is carried in vessels flying English colors, and how have our designers been benefited? Has such a system raised American naval designs to the highest point of perfection? I fear that our designs have degenerated simply because we are out of practice, and yet you say that the same course will raise American yacht designs above those of the whole world.

I do not believe that a government "for the people" has the right to grant any privileges to any particular class of men, and much less to those unpatriotic enough to build their yachts abroad, and I think that the American people in general think as I do.

If those who want yachts persist in going direct to the shipbuilder whose business is to construct merchant vessels, they will undoubtedly receive just such craft as you refer to. If they are willing to pay for a good design they can obtain it either on this side of the water or the other, but let the yacht be built at home and the money spent in this country.

Richard P. Joy.

Our first correspondent, W. A. F., as in his previous letters, deals with but one of many American shipyards, and that one situated at a considerable distance from the heart of the shipbuilding industry, and possibly governed by different conditions. Without disputing his statements as to the proportion of native-born mechanics there, we can only say that this is not the case in the majority of yards. Let him visit the Cramp yard, Roach's, Harlan & Hollingsworth's, Lawley's, Herreshoff's, Piepgrass' or Nixon's and look at the men; a glance will disclose the fact that the majority are not of American birth, and that much of the most highly skilled labor is in every sense of British birth. While the proportion is decreasing and is likely to do so in a more rapid ratio from year to year, it is thus far much too large on the wrong side to admit of any such boasts as to the superiority of American over British yards, as first called forth our statement.

We are quite well aware that there is a superintendent connected with each shipyard, and as this is a free country, he may write U. S. after his name if it pleases him, but the trouble is that the education of these men is too narrow and limited. This great country has thus far offered no opportunities whatever for such technical education in naval architecture as is considered absolutely essential in other similar professions, such as civil, mechanical and electrical engineering, architecture, chemistry, etc. It is generally considered that the young student in any of these branches requires the aid of the most eminent specialists as teachers, backed by a costly and elaborate plant such as the larger colleges and universities afford. It is only within the past five years that attempts have been made by Cornell University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to teach naval architecture in the same way that mechanical engineering, for instance, is taught, and it promises to be many years before this great country will be able to rival the foreign, especially the British, schools of naval architecture.

In too many cases the education of the men who fill the highest positions in the shipyards has been obtained solely in the one yard where they have spent their lives. With the fullest appreciation of the necessity for actual shop practice, and the hard, dirty, greasy grind of the cape and chipping hammer and ratchet drill, we consider that this is but secondary to a thorough course of study under competent instructors. The young man who grows up in the best of American shipyards has little to help him but dusty models and musty traditions; his work is so severely practical that he is completely shut off from all knowledge of what is going on outside the gates of his own yard, and especially on the other side of the water, and he naturally grows up in the belief that what he and his fellows do is the height of perfection. It would be strange if after building the ordinary passenger and freight coaster of 2,000 to 3,000 tons by the hundred, and river and sound steamboats by the mile, some good results were not evident, but at the same time the number of serious failures in well-beaten lines is far too great.

The course of training of the American naval constructor has been immeasurably improved and broadened within less than a dozen years by the Government sending young men abroad for such thorough courses of study as were not to be had at home; a still greater advance has been made in yacht designing since the proper inducements were offered to such men as Burgess, Herreshoff and A. Cary Smith to devote themselves to designing as a profession. This appreciation of the value of a technical education has not yet penetrated the private shipyards, in spite of all that our correspondent says.

It is quite true that both builder and designer are hampered by the owner, and that much of the blame for the existing state of affairs is due to the failure of private owners and large corporations alike to appreciate that the designing of a large vessel is a task demanding the highest professional skill, and that such skill is worthy of a special remuneration. The average ship-owning firm would look with horror on a proposal to pay $1,000 to a designer, even though assured that it would result in a saving of that sum in coal bills every year; and the order would as a matter of course go to some firm which nominally furnished the design for nothing.

The conditions of modern shipbuilding are radically different from those existing half a century ago; they call for a wider range of knowledge and for a high degree of skill that now at least cannot be obtained in the yard alone. At the present time the American builder has not learned that he must possess such skill in the form of a competent naval architect, whatever it may cost; and the owner has not learned that it is true economy for him to pay a reasonable price for the same skill. Under these conditions it is impossible that thoroughly satisfactory progress can be made.

The question of quality and workmanship is a difficult one to discuss, depending very much on the honesty of the builder and the willingness of the owner to pay a fair price. While it sometimes happens that men to whom the price—even of a large steam yacht—is of no consideration are victimized by builders, it is often the case that a fair bid by a reputable and responsible builder is rejected by an owner and the work turned over to one who through ignorance or dishonesty puts in a very low bid and later fails to do the work. This matter hardly figures in the present discussion, as it is the same on both sides of the Atlantic. There is to-day no reason whatever why American yards cannot turn out quite as good work as foreign ones; they have equally good material and the same skilled labor.

As regards the three yachts specially mentioned by our correspondent, we are quite ready to admit, from all that we have heard, that Eleanor is excellently constructed, and the other two are probably of the same character. As to their grace and beauty, while we have failed to discover them after an earnest effort, it may be that we are wrong, and that a spike nose and dishpan stern are indeed the beginning and end of the beautiful in steam yacht designing.

Our second correspondent, Mr. Joy, brings up the same question of the responsibility of the owner versus the builder. While the owner is undoubtedly to blame in many cases, it is also the fact that the American builder professes to design as well as to build the highest class of steam yacht, superior to anything that can be had abroad. There is nothing modest or retiring about this claim, it is made every time a new keel is laid, in the lengthy and padded accounts in the daily papers.

Mr. Joy repeats the same argument used by us in the past, substantially that a capitalist about to build a twenty-story building would, as a matter of course, put himself in communication with the leading architects in the country, men who had been successful in the same line of work; if, however, the same man proposed to build a steam yacht, it would never occur to him to consult a yacht designer, but he would go direct to a builder. This was once the case in sailing yachts, but it is so no longer; the necessity, under a "free yacht" law, of competing with such foreign designers as Watson and Fife has brought to the front a number of most successful American designers.

Mr. Joy's second point opens up a very wide question—far too wide for our columns, which are of necessity immediately devoted to yachting. In touching on this same subject, however, we have already shown some weeks since that Uncle Sam's progress in shipbuilding has been by jumps. Whenever he has felt John Bull prodding him with a little competition, whether in war ships, clippers or yachts, he has managed to hustle and to get quite a perceptible move on. For about a generation he has been protected from such competition by existing laws, so far as commercial vessels are concerned, and has quietly contented himself with sitting down and telling about how he licked all creation with his clippers. Meanwhile the quadruple expansion engine, the iron, followed by the steel, hull, the great Atlantic fleet ending with Campania and Lucania, and the British flag at the masthead of all but four steamers in the port of New York.

Really, we have been under the impression that a pretty rigid system of protection, in fact carried to the extreme point of exclusion, has existed during the past forty years in which American maritime interests have declined.

Mr. Joy has hit the nail on the head when he denies the right of a government "for the people" to grant privileges to any particular class of men; if a free American citizen is fortunate enough to possess enough money to buy a steam yacht, why should the government step in and take away a third of it from him by way of penalty for purchasing a good vessel in place of a poor one?

New York Y. C. Cruise.

RENDEZVOUS AND COMMODORE'S CUPS—GLEN COVE TO HUNTINGTON BAY.

Monday, Aug. 3.

The fleet of the New York Y. C. assembled at the rendezvous off Glen Cove on the morning of Aug. 3, a large number of steam and sailing yachts being present, though some of the latter were unable to reach the harbor owing to a calm. At a meeting of captains aboard the flagship Sylvia, Com. Brown, it was decided to start the race for the Commodore's cups, one for schooners and one for cutters, as soon as the wind permitted. The course was from Matinnicock Point to Green Ledge Buoy, 11 miles; back 5 miles on the same line, and then to a finish in Huntington Harbor, 5 miles; 21 miles in all. With the light S.W. wind that sprung up after noon, this made a run to the first mark, a beat to the second and a free reach to the finish. The course was laid off by the tug Luckenback, with Supt. Nells Olsen in charge. The newspaper men were also on the Luckenback, and consequently did not see anything more than occasional fragments of the race. The starters numbered fourteen, the schooners Colonia, Emerald, Amorita, Quisetta, Marguerite, Iroquois; the cutters Wasp, Queen Mab, Minerva, Carmita, Uvira, Olga, and the sloops Mai and Raccoon. The final times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CUTTERS.				
Queen Mab	2 57 13	6 47 49	3 50 36	3 50 36
Wasp	2 56 01	6 44 28	3 48 27	3 42 41
Carmita	2 56 26	6 56 17	3 59 51	3 54 51
Uvira	2 57 18	7 02 17	4 04 59	3 52 22
Minerva	2 57 23	7 23 55	4 26 32	4 12 25
Olga	3 00 00	Did not finish.		
SCHOONERS				
Colonia	3 01 10	6 21 12	3 20 02	3 20 02
Emerald	3 04 24	6 23 49	3 19 25	3 18 25
Marguerite	3 02 24	6 43 10	3 40 46	3 37 05
Iroquois	3 04 06	6 49 18	3 45 12	3 40 59
Amorita	3 05 00	6 37 57	3 32 50	3 25 13
Quisetta	3 05 00	6 33 32	3 28 32	Not meas.
30FT. CLASS.				
Mai	2 50 00	7 12 54	4 22 32	.. .. ..
Raccoon	2 50 00	7 24 00	4 34 00	.. .. ..

Quisetta, the new schooner, sailed very fast, considering the weather, in this her first race. She is not measured, and it is not known whether she saves her time from Emerald. After lying at anchor over night in Huntington Bay the fleet started on Tuesday morning for the first squadron run of 64 miles to New London.

The Goelet cups will be sailed for on Aug. 7, off Newport; but this year for the first time the old courses, "Block Island" and "Sow and Pigs," will be discarded in favor of a 30-mile triangle, with one side between Brenton's Reef Lightship and Point Judith Buoy.

Oconomowoc Y. C. Open Regatta.

OCONOMOWOC, WIS.

Saturday, July 25.

The Oconomowoc Y. C. sailed a regatta on July 25 to open yachts from the neighboring lakes, the Pewaukee Lake Y. C. and the Pine Lake Y. C. both sending representatives. Races were sailed in the morning and afternoon. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SLOOPS.		
Tarpon, Com. F. W. Peck	1 08 45	.. .. ..
Naiad, C. I. Peck	1 16 01	1 13 01
Maynone, F. W. Peck, Jr.	1 09 27	1 04 34½
Avers, Com. Nunnemacher	1 06 26	1 03 56
Friar, same owner	1 14 56	1 06 41
Argo, D. E. Murphy & Sons	1 11 29	1 08 29
Hope, G. D. Van Dyke	1 11 22	1 05 22
Skedaddle, G. Buchannan	1 20 16	1 16 31
Bird, F. W. Noyes	1 16 01	1 12 19¾
Aida, A. Zinn	1 19 16	1 11 53½
CUTTERS.		
Alert, W. H. Dupee	1 18 57	1 18 23¼
Ethel, W. L. Peck	1 25 13	1 24 56½
Florence, G. W. Dupee	1 23 05	1 21 01¼
Gladys, G. W. Simmons	1 15 43	1 15 01¾
Phyllis, G. Thompson	1 18 23	1 17 46½
Arion, A. A. L. Smith	1 24 34	1 23 52¾
Undine, Wm. H. Thompson	1 32 16	.. .. ..
SLOOPS.		
Tarpon	1 13 11	.. .. ..
Corsair	1 09 26	1 09 14¾
Naiad	1 17 59	1 14 59
Mynone	1 10 52	1 06 03½
Avers	1 02 55	1 00 25
Friar	1 18 49	1 10 34
Argo	1 12 07	1 09 07
Skedaddle	1 14 51	1 11 06
Bird	1 11 39	1 07 57¾
Aida	1 22 30	1 15 07½
CUTTERS.		
Alert	1 17 19	1 16 45½
Ethel	1 23 03	1 22 40½
Florence	1 22 35	1 20 31¼
Gladys	1 15 23	1 14 41¾
Arion	1 24 42	1 24 00¾

Avers and Gladys each won first prize in both races and Mynone won two second prizes. Phyllis, the old New York boat, won second prize in the morning in the cat class, and Alert won second in the afternoon.

Ogdensburgh Y. C. Regatta.

OGDENSBURGH, N. Y.—ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

Tuesday, July 28.

THE Ogdensburgh Y. C. is a new organization, formed only this season, in Ogdensburgh, on the St. Lawrence River. In spite of the great number of pleasure seekers on the river and the many sailing and steam craft, there are few yacht clubs and few yachts fit for racing at the present time. The racing skiffs that once furnished so much sport to all the river towns, with the large fleet of closely matched boats, sailed by picked crews, both American and Canadian, involving an international issue, have all disappeared as the type developed a most useless and expensive racing machine, and no other class has taken its place. Such sailing craft as the river boats of between Cape Vincent and Ogdensburgh are of all models and sizes, within a moderate limit, a heterogenous collection of catboats, sloops, skiffs, etc., from which not one good racing class can be gathered. The object in organizing the new club was partly to make use of the prevailing popularity of the 15 footers on the river to boom racing for the time being, with a view to its permanent establishment. To this end the club offered the very handsome $300 cup illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM of July 18, to be raced for by any yachts of the 15ft. class on July 28. Besides this there was open to competition the Bell cup, a challenge trophy twice won by the late owner of the catboat Gethar. Arrangements were also made for rowing races in four-oared shells, four crews coming down from Brookville.

It was arranged to start the Bell cup race at 10 A. M., the 15ft. class at 2 P. M. and the rowing races late in the afternoon, but on Tuesday morning there was no wind on the river. The yachts were all under way by 11 o'clock, but with barely enough wind from the north to carry them up against the current of the river with spinakers set. The steam yacht Vallima, W. H. Post, of Ogdensburgh, was used as the judges' boat, and Messrs. W H. Post and S G. Averill, of the regatta committee, with Mr W. P. Stephens as referee, went out and set the markboats for a triangle of a little over 3 miles, starting just above the shops of the Spalding-St. Lawrence Boat Co. There were present to race for the Bell cup the catboats Gethar, Pee Dee Que and Cricket, and the sloops Gloria, Okieha and Pie-de-I-Dee. The 15-footers were:

Name.	Owner.	Helmsman.	Crew.
Vesper	Paul Butler	Paul Butler	Butler Ames.
Sothis	G. H. Duggan, F. P. Shearwood	G. H. Duggan	H. K. Wicksteed.
Missie	Rev. H. Kittson	J. V. Pelletier	G. A. Kittson.
Mischief	Arthur Hamilton	Arthur Hamilton	Arthur Hamilton.
Anita	H. G. Eadie	Shirley Davidson	H. G. Eadie.
Peggy	C. A. Hayden	W. I. Zerega	C. A. Hayden.
Gold Bug	Joseph Leyare	G. S. Dorwin	J. Leyare.

Three of the yachts—Sothis, Anita and Mischief—were designed by Mr. Duggan this year, the former being built by men specially employed by Mr. Duggan, the other two by H. F. Hodson, of Toronto. Sothis is very similar to Glencairn, with less freeboard and an open cockpit, with floor boards on the timbers. She was originally fitted with two deck hatches in each side deck outside the coaming and abreast of the well, the feet of the helmsman being in the after onening and those of the crew in the forward one. These were closed up permanently, as, though very good for hiking, they admitted too much water. The mainsail is a battened leg-o'-mutton, with a mast 24ft. above deck, and the jib is carried on a bowsprit which is extended to form a jibboom for the balloon jib. The mainsail hoists on a novel railway, a single strip of sheet steel about ⅝in. wide and of No. 16 gauge, this being lightened by holes ¼in. in diameter, spaced about ¼in. apart. The slides are stamped out of phosphor bronze, and are both light and strong; they are lashed to the luff rope. The mainsail was made by an English sailmaker by the name of English. The extension tiller, double travelers, centerboard and fittings generally are the same as in Glencairn. One novelty in all the Montreal boats is the fitting of the shrouds; there are no chain plates for shrouds or preventers, but wire rope is made fast below deck to the frames, then led through the deck, and a thimble is spliced in about 10in. above the deck. The end of the shroud has a similar thimble, the two carrying a light lanyard. There is nothing but the ¼in. wire rope to drag when the deck is under water.

Mischief is a similar boat in model, rig and dimensions, but not quite as much of a scow as Sothis. She carries the plain leg-o'-mutton of the Scarecrow pattern, with the same mast slides as Sothis. Anita is much the same, but has a gaff mainsail. Missie was designed by an amateur, George A. Kittson, of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., and built by N. Gilbert, of Brockville. She is a powerful boat, but too heavily built, with thick oak coamings, etc., and thus handicapped in light weather.

Vesper in this race had a gaff mainsail and new jib, but the rig was of poor proportions, being made to fit the old spars and position of mast, and did not do the hull justice. She has only been under sail once since the Seawanhaka races. She had also a new steel centerboard about 18in. wide and 6ft. long, in place of the lead loaded one then used. Peggy is a duplicate of Ethelwynn in hull and rig, but of lighter construction than her or Ideal. She carried about 225sq. ft. and Vesper about 240sq. ft., as opposed to upward of 280sq. ft. on the shorter Montreal boats, and the only wonder is, in the light of recent developments, that Vesper did so well beside Sothis. It must be said for the latter that she was handicapped by a new hand forward who was not used to the quick work with light sails which these many turns called for.

None of the New York boats came up, though every preparation was made to receive and care for them, the lower shop of the S. S. Co. being placed at their service, with every convenience for storing and launching. Vesper alone availed herself of it, the others lying afloat in the basin of a local boat builder in the town.

There was no possibility of a start during the morning, but the yachts were all out after luncheon with a large gathering of spectators. The shores and wharves abreast of the starting line were crowded with people, many skiffs and rowboats were afloat with some sailing yachts, and several steamers from various points on the river carried special excursions. Beside these were numerous steam yachts, some from Montreal and others from Alexandria Bay, Clayton, Brockville, etc. The day was clear and bright, and save for the lack of wind everything was most favorable. At 2 o'clock the committee, which in addition to those already mentioned included A. R. Porte, secretary of the club, decided to start both classes, and a preliminary signal was given at 2:05 for the 15ft. class, followed by the preparatory at 2:10 and the start at 2:15. By common consent none of the boats were measured by the club, all having been accepted by their own clubs as within the class limit. Vesper was first over the line with as good a start as was possible in the light wind, Mischief being second and Sothis, Anita, Gold Bug, Peggy and Missie in order. They had a free reach across to the first mark in mid channel up the river, where the order was Sothis, Vesper, Peggy, Mischief, Missie, Anita, Gold Bug. The second leg was a close reach with the current to the mark on the Canadian shore near the old Rothesay wreck. When near this mark Vesper took a slant and ran up quickly on Sothis' weather beam, promising to blanket and pass the leader, but she stopped as suddenly as she started, failed to blanket Sothis and soon dropped clear astern. The order at the second mark was the same as at the first. They had an easy reach across the river under balloon jibs, the first round ending:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Sothis	2 54 00	0 39 00
Vesper	2 54 20	0 39 20
Peggy	2 55 10	0 40 10
Mischief	2 55 40	0 40 40
Missie	2 56 55	0 41 55
Anita	Not timed.	
Gold Bug	Not timed.	

Spinakers and balloon jibs blossomed out quickly for the run to the mid-channel mark, the wind being more nearly up river than before, the only change in the order being that Mischief passed Peggy. On the second and third legs, with a little more wind, Sothis managed to drop Vesper, the times at the end of the second round being:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Sothis	3 23 52	0 29 52
Vesper	3 25 06	0 30 46
Mischief	3 25 32	0 29 52
Peggy	3 26 06	0 30 56
Missie	3 27 46	0 30 51
Anita	3 28 47	.. .. ..
Gold Bug	Not timed.	

The third round was similar to the preceding ones, a run with wind abaft the beam, some carrying spinakers, a close reach and a free reach to the line, the times being:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Sothis	3 50 08	0 26 16
Vesper	3 51 10	0 26 04
Mischief	3 51 37	0 26 05
Peggy	3 53 08	0 27 02
Missie	3 55 08	0 27 22
Anita	Not timed.	
Gold Bug	Wthdrew.	

The fourth round brought the 15-footers in close with the larger yachts, which had started 20m. later, but were on their third round. The 15ft. class was timed. Start, 2:15:

	Finish.	Fourth Round. Elapsed.	Whole Course. Elapsed.
Sothis	4 17 43	0 27 35	2 02 43
Vesper	4 19 25	0 28 15	2 04 25
Mischief	4 20 04	0 28 27	2 05 04
Peggy	4 21 34	0 28 26	2 06 34
Anita	4 25 42	.. .. ..	2 10 42
Missie	4 25 51	0 29 43	2 10 51
Gold Bug	Withdrew.		

Immediately after finishing Sothis ran up beside the judges' yacht and Mr. Duggan reported that at the end of the third round his yacht had fouled the markboat As it seems, she had rounded the bow of the markboat, a 14ft. skiff, and straightened on her course, but her helmsman removed his hand from the tiller for a moment and she swung round, touching the stern of the markboat.

The race for the Bell cup was started, also from the gun, 20 minutes after the 15-footers were off, the course being three rounds of the same triangle. The first round was timed:

Cricket	3 11 20	Gloria	3 15 00
Gethar	3 11 36	Pee Dee Que	3 17 20
Pie-de-I-Dee	3 13 00	Okieha	3 18 10

Cricket and Gethar sailed a very close race, so close in fact that they were twice in collision at marks, giving rise to protests. Gethar took the lead on the last leg of the second round, but was repassed by Cricket before the finish, the times being, start 2:35:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Cricket	4 15 43	1 40 43
Gethar	4 15 53	1 40 53
Gloria	4 18 19	1 43 19
Pie-de-I-Dee	4 20 20	1 45 20
Okieha	4 24 52	1 49 52
Pee Dee Que	Withdrew.	

The yachts were not all measured in their present rigs, but pending a remeasurement the cup probably goes to Pie-de-I-Dee. This craft with the mellifluous name is an 18ft. Scarecrow, originally christened Gooseberry by her owner, Chas. Lyon, of Ogdensburgh. In the four years that she has been afloat she has been struck by lightning and has touched on every rock in the St. Lawrence River between Clayton and Ogdensburgh.

The wind barely lasted to the finish, but before the rowing races were called a thunder squall to the northward sent a lively breeze down the river, too late to enliven the race. The first rowing race was called at 5:30, the crews being: No. 1—Watson stroke, Loosemore 2, Ritchie 3, Rose bow. No. 2—Jones stroke, J. Ritchie 2, Cana 3, McLaren bow.

The heat was won by No. 1 crew. The second heat was rowed in quite a sea at 6:45, the squall, such as it was, being at its height. The competitors were: No. 3—McNaughton stroke, Sheriff 3, Martin 2, Clark bow. No. 4—C. Wilkinson stroke, A. Wilkinson 3, Weatherhead 2, Green bow

No. 4 won. The final heat was rowed off between crews 1 and 4 at 8 P. M., No. 1 being the victor.

In the evening a reception was given to all the yachtsmen and oarsmen at the new Century Club, a recently organized social club of Ogdensburgh, in its handsome club house. Mr. Butler, by special request, mixed the punch. A meeting of the committee was held early in the evening, and on the statements of Messrs. Duggan and Wicksteed that Sothis had actually touched a markboat, there was no course but to disqualify her and award the first prize—the cup—to Vesper, and the second—a pair of marine glasses—to Mischief. When Mr. Butler was called in and notified of the decision he said that, although he did not consider that Mr. Duggan was entitled to the cup, he himself did not want to take it in such a way, adding that he would like to sail a special match for it next day with Mr. Duggan. The latter was strongly urged by the committee and others to agree to this, but he maintained that the cup was fairly Mr. Butler's property, and that he had himself forfeited his rights to it, declining to sail again. While the whole incident was a disappointment to all parties, the absence of everything but the best of good feeling on all hands was most satisfactory. Mr. Duggan returned home the same night, paddling Sothis across to Prescott, to be shipped down by steamer. Mr. Butler remained until next day and then left Vesper at the boat shop; he will use her at the A. C. A. meet, as she is already on the river, and has left her with Mr. S. G. Averill to sail her in a regatta at Brockville on Aug. 8 It would be hard to do justice to the hospitality of the members of the home club and in fact of the whole city as displayed toward the visitors.

Indian Harbor Y. C.

GREENWICH—LONG ISLAND SOUND

Saturday, Aug. 1.

THE Indian Harbor Y. C., of Greenwich, Conn., sailed its annual regatta on Aug. 1 under very favorable conditions of fair weather and a good sailing breeze. A calm in the morning delayed the yachts coming from other points, but a light S. W. wind came along, strengthening into a fresh breeze by the time the race was well under way. The race was sailed over triangular courses on the Sound, and under the rules of the Y. R. U. A new 15-footer made her first appearance in the class, Waxy, designed and built by Hanley for Wilmer Hanan. The start was made at 1:35 for the larger yachts, the others following at the usual intervals. Both Riverside and Mai were over the line too soon, the former returning and recrossing, but Mai continued and was disqualified Sirene, sailed by Richard Outwater and a crew of three ladies, was fouled by Raccoon at the start, but still won in her class. The start was off Little Captains Island, thence to Matinnicock, Center Island and home, for all above 20ft. and under 36ft., the larger yachts continuing back to Matinnicock from Center Island and home as they came. The 15 and 20ft. classes sailed a 9-mile triangle. The official times are:

SLOOPS AND CUTTERS—60FT. CLASS.

Start, 1:35; distance, 19½ miles.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Daphne, Com. C. T. Wills	55.20	3 25 46	2 52 51

51FT. CLASS.

Start, 1:35; distance, 19½ miles.

Penguin, Geo. E. Brightson	48.94	3 25 21	2 46 34
Choctaw, J. M. Strong	46.28	3 25 47	2 45 45

43FT. CLASS.

Start, 1:35; distance, 19½ miles.

Norota, F. M. Hoyt	41.64	3 16 19	2 29 07
Iosco, Mr. Poucher	....	3 41 48	2 51 06

36FT AND SPECIAL 34FT. CLASS.

Start, 1:40; distance, 19½ miles.

Cymbria, Thos A. McIntyre	35.57	3 42 23	2 46 14
Acushla, Wilmer Hanan	34.00	3 25 41	2 26 31
Minta, Bolet Brothers	34.00	3 49 54	2 51 04
Fidelio (yawl), Robt. E. Tod	33.75	3 51 14	2 48 09

30FT. CLASS—COURSE NO 4.

Start, 1:40; distance, 15 miles.

Feydeh, E. D. Cowman	29.05	3 14 00	2 22 56
Ninita, F. A. Dingee	28.00	3 00 02	2 05 20

CABIN CATBOATS—30FT. CLASS.

Start, 1:40; distance, 15 miles.

Dosoris II., G. P. Vail *et al*	28.80	2 52 22	1 59 06
Estelle, H. M. Crosby	....	3 02 08	2 05 14
Onaway, S. C. Pirie	26.48	Did not finish.	
Oconee, C. T. Pierce	26.32	3 02 36	2 04 42

CABIN CATBOATS—25FT. CLASS

Start, 1:45; distance, 19½ miles.

Weasel, T. E Ferris	24.85	3 08 57	2 07 52
Penelope, T. V. Ketcham	24.06	Did not finish.	
Presto, F. M. Randall	23.30	3 01 53	1 57 22
Melita, O. H. Chellborg	22.25	3 33 28	2 26 21
Hornet, H. Tinque	22.00	3 30 45	2 22 59
Mary S., E. B. Hall	24.02	3 32 25	2 30 00

OPEN SLOOPS—30FT. CLASS, SHIFTABLE BALLAST—COURSE NO. 4.

Start, 1:40; distance, 15 miles.

E. Z. Sloat, Bottomly & Parks	27.18	2 55 21	1 59 06

OPEN SLOOPS—25FT. CLASS, FIXED BALLAST AND 21FT. L.W.L.

Start, 1:45; distance, 15 miles.

Titan, Russell Raymond	25.00	Did not finish.	
Celia, W. S. Gould	....	2 56 03	Not meas.
Houri, E B. Hart, Jr.	....	3 56 49	Not meas.
Vaquero, W. G. Brokaw	....	2 54 52	Not meas.
Maysie, Wm. Osborn, Jr.	....	3 26 48	Not meas.
Shrimp, C. M. Pratt	21.34	2 59 41	1 50 38

OPEN SLOOPS—20FT. CLASS, FIXED BALLAST—SPECIAL COURSE B.

Start, 1:45; distance, 9 miles.

Eos, P. T. Dodge	19.05	2 20 57	1 35 07
Teddy, P. C. Pfeiffer	....	2 58 29	2 12 46

OPEN CATBOATS—25FT. CLASS, FIXED BALLAST.

Start, 1:45; distance, 15 miles.

Sirene, R. Outwater, F. S. Doremus	25.00	3 10 46	2 10 07
Brant, J. C. Varian	21.00	3 37 45	2 27 17

OPEN CATBOATS, 25FT. CLASS—SHIFTABLE BALLAST.

Start, 1:45; distance, 15 miles.

Osprey, C. H. Holmes	25.00	Did not finish.	
Annie, W. I. Sawyer & A. V. Seymour	21.00	Did not finish.	
Bubble, A. M. Bradley	20.89	3 12 10	2 01 22

OPEN CATBOATS, 20FT. CLASS—FIXED BALLAST.

Start, 1:45; distance, 9 miles.

Dorothy, John E. Sanborn	19.47	2 49 55	2 04 54
Chippie, H. R. Hatfield	17.99	2 52 41	2 04 42
Doctor, Joseph Brush	15.09	2 51 26	1 58 36

SPECIAL 30FT. CLASS.

Start, 1:50; distance, 15 miles.

Musme, J. M. Macdonough	30.00	2 36 53	2 36 53
Departure, C. B. Seeley	30.00	2 36 15	2 36 15
Mai, O. G. Jennings	30.00	Disqualified.	
Raccoon, T. R. Hostetter	30.00	2 45 49	2 45 49

15FT. CLASS.

Start, 1:55; distance, 9 miles.

Willada, W. G Newman	15.00	Did not finish.	
Paprika, C. S. Hoyt	15.00	2 11 30	2 11 30
Glance, F. L. Downing	15.00	Did not finish.	
Riverside	15.00	2 07 00	2 07 00
Yola, C Mallory	15.00	2 12 00	2 12 00
Waxy, W. Hanan	15.00	2 11 00	2 11 00

The winners are: Daphne, Choctaw, Norota, Acushla, Ninita, Dosoris, Oconee (2d), Presto, Weasel (2d), Sloat, Eos, Sirene, Bubble, Doctor, Departure, Musme (2d), Riverside, Waxy (2d).

In the 25ft. class Shrimp and Vaquero I. were the leaders, the latter not being measured. Penguin and Cymbria each lost her topmast, Osprey sprung her mast and withdrew just after the start. Minta's balloon jibtopsail blew away and anchored her for a time. The regatta was very well managed by Messrs. Geo. E. Garland, D. W. Merritt, Judge Wm. E. Simms and Chas. E. McManus.

Measurement by Sail Area Only.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Ever since men began to race yachts they have been trying to devise rules by which the speed of yachts of different size might be fairly compared in terms of their respective sizes; in other words, rules by which yachts of different sizes might be reduced to a standard size for purposes of comparison.

This effort has been a vain one because the size of a yacht depends upon so many variable factors that it cannot be stated in simple terms which may be readily applied to another yacht. Practically, the "size" of a yacht cannot be measured. She has sundry dimensions, as length, beam and draft, that can be stated in linear units, but "size" cannot be similarly stated.

One result of imperfect and illogical measurement rules is that the designing of racing yachts, especially in the small classes, has become the art of discovering some way to get speed by evading these rules—the art of discovering speed factors which are not included in the measurement formulæ, and of selecting and emphasizing those speed factors of the formulæ which contribute least to the final "rating" or "racing length."

As might be expected, keen competition has developed the ingenuity of designers in this direction to a marvelous degree, and the victory of Glencairn seems to be a notable instance of clever "rule cheating." Whether she has a more scientific form for driving through the water than Ideal or Riverside has not been demonstrated. That Glencairn is the fastest boat under the Seawanhaka rule is the only certain conclusion to be drawn from the races.

Another result of imperfect and illogical measurement rules has been the necessity of giving them a new and distinct function, viz., that of strangling their own progeny—the necessity of adding to their original function of measuring the speed of yachts the power of influencing the type of yachts that can be profitably raced under such rules.

The chief objections to all rules of the present type are that they are based so little upon fundamental principles that they are practically temporary expedients only, and that, being effective in controlling the types of yachts built under them, they entirely interrupt the natural or scientific evolution of the yacht.

It may be assumed that no perfect measurement rules can at present be divised, and that it is wise to restrict in some way the building of yachts of undesirable type that are inevitably fostered by imperfect rules. But the necessary restrictions should be made in such manner as will least interfere with the natural development of the yacht, and the two functions of measurement rules should be distinctly kept in mind.

There is one large, constant and fundamental factor in the speed of yachts that can always be measured in simple units, viz., sail area. Let this be taken to be the "size" of yachts for the purpose of comparing their speed. This will stop all evasion of the rule, and will furnish a basis for a measurement rule that will be permanent, and therefore will promote instead of interfering with the scientific evolution of the yacht.

If this rule for measuring speed would develop the building of an undesirable canoe type, let an empirical restriction of any objectionable and easily measured dimension of a canoe, such as beam or draft, be incorporated into the rule. It should not be introduced into the measurement formula. The two functions should be kept separate.

There could be no evasion of such a rule. The evolution of other undesirable features could be discouraged from time to time by similar restrictions.

This would not interfere with the continuous development of the highest speed consistent with a desirable type. This development would be hastened by cumulative experience, instead of being retarded, as it is now, by periodically throwing overboard our accumulation of experience, and starting anew to discover ways to cheat a new rule. During the evolution of the best measurement rule the relative speed of contesting yachts would be measured by a standard readily and fairly applicable to all, viz.: sail spread or driving power.

Why is not this a fairer test of the skill of the designer in fashioning a form to be driven through the water than the rules now in use? A great advantage of a sail area rule would be that by reason of its simplicity it would be understood by every yachtsman. Amendments needed from time to time would relate only to objectionable features in yachts, about which the body of yachtsmen would be good judges, and not to intricate formulæ which almost no yachtsmen understand.

The restrictions as to objectionable features would relate to the principal dimensions of boats, such as length, beam, draft and displacement; and, being absolute, the tendency would necessarily be toward uniformity in type. Enough leeway would be left for natural selection through moderate variation; and this would eventually narrow the field of selection. As the evolution toward the highest speed proceeded, the variations of form would necessarily decrease. The sail area would at each step become a better measure of speed; and finally, when the differences of form become zero, the speed of yachts would vary directly as some function of their sail spread, and the sail area measurement rule would be the ideal rule.

The foregoing criticism of existing measurement rules is offered with considerable confidence; but, in view of the amount and quality of the thought that has been devoted to such rules, it behooves one who thinks they may be improved to be modest in estimating the worth of his amendments. He may learn something if the experts deign to notice his offerings.

The suggestion that sail area be made the sole element of a size formula, and that the matter of restricting the growth of undesirable types be left to specific provisions disconnected with the measuring formula, is offered in the hope that it may provoke discussion of this interesting and, it is believed, timely subject. SEXTANT.

Newport Races.

THE 30-footers sailed a race off Newport on July 27 in a strong S.W. wind, the course being an 18-mile triangle. Before the start Vaquero III. was in collision with a rowboat and had a hole stove in her bow, but it was patched with canvas and she started in the race. The first round was timed:

Asahi	3 33 33	Esperanza	3 34 40
Vaquero	3 33 31	Wa Wa	3 35 17
Hera	3 34 10		

The final times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero	4 22 40	1 46 40
Asahi	4 24 05	1 48 05
Esperanza	4 24 52	1 48 52
Hera	4 25 15	1 49 15
Wa Wa	4 26 55	1 50 55

Another race was sailed on July 29 over the Wickford course, 18 miles, to leeward and return. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Asahi, Bayard Thayer	2 38 00	5 35 33	2 57 33
Puck, E. D Morgan	2 38 00	5 40 24	3 02 24
Wa Wa, James Stillman	2 38 00	5 40 50	3 02 50
Dorothy, H. P. Whitney	2 38 00	5 41 50	3 03 50
Carolina, Mr. Jones	2 38 00	5 43 08	3 05 08
Hera, R. N. Ellis	Did not finish.		

A Tragic Trial Trip.

THE first actual sea trial of the new steam yacht Josephine was terminated in a most tragic manner on Aug. 1, by the death of Mrs. Anna Josephine Widener, wife of the owner, shortly after the yacht arrived at Bar Harbor from New York. Mrs. Widener, after whom the yacht was named, was about sixty years old, and had suffered from the grippe last winter. Though apparently in her usual health when she retired, she was found dead in her stateroom next morning, the cause being heart disease. The yacht returned at once to New York with the body.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, July 25.

The Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, after being obliged to postpone its 98th regatta on July 4, sailed it on July 25 in a moderate S.E. wind, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SECOND CLASS.			
Exit	20.01	2 32 05	2 26 54
Susie	23.02	2 23 35	2 30 35
Marena	23.03	2 51 15	2 46 54
FOURTH CLASS.			
Korali	20.06	1 30 02	1 30 02
Egeria	20.00	1 32 28	1 32 08
Magpie	19.05	1 35 00	1 33 48
CLASS A.			
Anaqua	26.09	1 27 54	1 27 54
Metric	26.00	1 33 42	1 22 42
Rowena	24.00	1 34 44	1 32 44
Eugenia	23.06	1 32 17	1 30 17
CLASS B.			
Edith	18.05	1 55 42	1 55 42
Comus	....	2 00 08	1 57 08
CLASS C.			
Dorothy	20.09	1 42 02	1 40 02
Karl	20.10	1 44 40	1 41 40
Comet	20.09	1 45 04	1 43 04
Sally	20.11	1 44 04	1 44 04
FIRST CLASS DORIES.			
Nataye	....	1 45 53	1 45 53
Faith	....	1 48 45	1 48 45
Hope	....	1 56 50	1 56 50
SECOND CLASS DORIES.			
Madeline	....	1 59 13	1 59 13
Unknown	....	2 00 06	2 00 06

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 1.

The Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead sailed its second championship regatta on Aug. 1 in a moderate S.E. breeze, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CLASS 2.			
Exit, A. H. Higginson	20.01	1 56 10	1 56 10
CLASS 4.			
Koorali, R. C. Robbins	20.06	1 22 46	1 22 46
Magpie, A. W Stevens	19.05	1 24 09	1 22 57
Egeria, R. F. Tucker	20.00	1 25 45	1 25 25
Kelly, B. B. Crowninshield	....	1 28 17	. .. ..
CLASS A			
Barnacle, C. F. Lyman	25.00	1 19 09	1 17 09
Susie, J. F. Cole	23.02	1 17 20	1 17 20
Marena, D. H. Follett, Jr	23.03	1 18 58	1 17 58
Eugenia, I. S. Palmer	23.06	1 20 15	1 19 15
Mistral, Currier Bros	20.10	1 23 16	1 19 16
Rowena, W. H Rothwell	24.00	1 24 01	1 21 01
Ariel, James Barrett	21.03	1 25 37	1 21 37
CLASS B.			
Itasca, C B. Tucker	20.11	1 28 25	1 25 25
Comus, F. Kittredge	....	1 31 50	1 29 50
Edith, F. M. Wood	18.05	1 32 20	1 32 20
Annie, J. I. Taylor	....	1 44 57	1 32 57
CLASS C.			
Comet, A. A. Lawrence	20.09	1 21 21	1 19 21
Maia, E. Paine	20.05	1 22 31	1 19 31
Dorothy, F. Brewster	20.09	1 20 44	1 19 44
Carl, C. H. W. Foster	20.10	1 24 02	1 21 02
Sally, D. C. Percival	20.07	1 21 58	1 21 58
Ruth, R. M. Wiggin	....	1 27 15	1 22 15
Water Lily, H. M. Sears	20.07	1 23 33	1 23 33

Edith $5. The judges were A. G. Wood, G. W. Mansfield and W. W. Keith.

After the sailing races various aquatic sports took place off the club house.

Hull Y. C. Open Race.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 25

The open race of the Hull Y. C. on July 25, with a large fleet of starters, was spoiled by lack of wind, there being barely enough to make a drift over the course within the time limit. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SPECIAL CLASS.			
Handsel, J. R. Hooper	....	4 13 04	. .. ..
Anoatok, G. Owens, Jr.	....	4 14 29	. .. ..
FIRST CLASS.			
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	25.06	4 03 45	3 29 04
Ida, J. F. E. Beckman	29.04	4 03 50	3 33 15
Emma, C. P. A. Coupal	29.05	4 09 50	3 39 20
Heroine, C. A. J. Smith	29.00	4 17 47	3 36 52
SECOND CLASS.			
Eulalie, R. G. Hunt	22.03	3 32 53	3 01 05
Swirl, H. M. Faxon	21.07	3 58 25	3 25 50
Tacoma, S. N. Small	22.00	4 00 34	3 28 29
Rex, J. B. Farrell	24.00	3 59 12	3 29 19
Romance, L. Sears	24.04	4 00 15	3 30 43
Tantrum, F. G. Perkins	24.00	4 02 23	3 32 30
Moondyne, Shaw Bros	24.08	4 01 50	3 32 39
THIRD CLASS.			
Enigma, G. F. Mayberry	18.05	3 55 46	3 18 58
Rooster, Adams Bros	19.08	3 54 42	3 19 41
Arab, W. F. Scott	18.01	3 54 09	3 19 52
Wawanda, Benner *et al*	19.11	3 55 04	3 20 23
Opechee, W. P. Barker	19.09	3 58 20	3 23 26
Kayoshk, F. B. Rice	20.11	3 59 50	3 26 27
Onawa, W. E. Geyer	20.07	4 02 25	3 28 36
Mist, A. H. Merrill	20.10	Withdrew.	
KNOCKABOUTS.			
La Chica, C. V. Souther	21.00	3 54 28	. .. ..
Hobo, V. W. King	21.00	3 54 49	. .. ..
Water Lily, H. M Sears	21.00	4 00 08	. .. ..
Torpedo, J. J. Souther	21.00	4 00 28	. .. ..
Mike, C. A. Cooley	21.00	4 02 17	. .. ..
Jack Tar, T. E Jacobs	21.00	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS.			
Fantasy, Wm. Allerton	15.09	3 51 34	3 10 23
Sphinx, A. Keith	17.11	3 48 32	3 10 59
Miux, J. D. Silsby	17.00	3 52 27	3 13 27
Sunbeam, H. B. Faxon	16.05	3 56 42	3 16 43
Anita, S. N. Small	15.10	3 58 01	3 16 59
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	17.06	Withdrew.	
FIFTH CLASS.			
Katydid, C. B. Pear	14.02	1 54 36	1 24 51
Velma, Dr. T. Hallett	14.09	1 58 20	1 29 37
Princess, Gay & Ware	14.06	2 03 33	1 34 30

Coot, Penguin and Elsa withdrew.

Arab was protested by Wawanda for fouling a mark,

The judges were Com. Wm. H. Crane, chairman; Wm. A. Cary, secretary; Wm. E. Sheriffs, Chas. A. Cooley, Frank H. Jeffrey, F. J. Robbins and J. W. Dutton.

Fox Lake Y. C.

FOX LAKE, ILL.

Saturday, July 25.

The Fox Lake Y. C. sailed its fourth regatta on July 25 in a light N.W. wind which freshened during the race. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SLOOPS.				
Satan	2 39 35	4 11 02	1 31 27	1 31 27
Anna	2 36 20	4 12 30	1 36 10	1 30 20
Hornet	2 36 20	Did not finish; broke down.		
Joker	2 35 50	4 12 27	1 36 37	1 33 13
Sleepy Tom	2 36 20	4 09 03	1 32 43	1 24 23
Marcella	2 35 55	4 13 12	1 37 17	1 31 32
Frances M	2 36 20	4 14 55	1 38 35	1 38 35
Clematis	2 35 40	Did not finish.		
CATBOATS.				
Willie Wumps	2 43 15	3 54 50	1 11 35	1 08 55
Lorna Doone	2 43 50	3 54 35	1 10 45	1 09 25
Vixen	2 42 30	3 52 43	1 10 13	1 09 38
Grimalkin	2 43 00	3 48 45	1 05 45	1 05 45

Great South Bay.

On Aug. 1 a race was sailed on Great South Bay in a fresh S.E. wind, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
OPEN AND CABIN CATS, 25FT. AND UNDER.			
Mist, Capt. W. F. Payne	3 01 20	3 43 20	3 43 20
Terrapin, S. Peters	3 01 00	. .. ..	3 49 30
Susan Jane, R. Streit	3 01 15	. .. ..	3 47 00
Marvel, H. Southurck	3 01 10	. .. ..	3 45 30
Bobolink, Wm. Whipple	3 01 22	. .. ..	3 45 40

Savin Hill Y. C.

SAVIN HILL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Aug. 1.

The annual open regatta of the Savin Hill Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 1 in a fresh and puffy S.W. wind. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Emma C., P. A. Coupal	29.05	1 37 04	1 09 20
Ida J., F. E. Beckman	29.04	1 37 13	1 09 25
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	25.06	1 46 14	1 14 42
Harbinger, W. F. Bache	28.04	1 43 36	1 14 53
Heroine, C. A. J. Smith	29.00	Withdrew.	
Arbutus, J. F. Small	29.11	Withdrew.	
SECOND CLASS.			
Gleaner, F. O. Wellington	23.00	1 09 32	0 45 28
Tacoma, S. N. Small	21.08	1 12 42	0 47 26
Swirl, H. M. Faxon	21.07	1 13 08	0 47 48
Rex, J. B. Farrell	24.00	1 11 18	0 48 04
Privateer, A. E. Schaaf	22.11	1 13 33	0 49 25
Romance, L. Sears	24.04	1 15 37	0 52 39
Raccoon, C. D. Lanning	21.06	1 18 34	0 53 39
Cleopatra, Melbourne MacDowell	21.06	Disabled.	
THIRD CLASS.			
Arab, W. F. Scott	18.01	1 14 36	0 45 36
Nancy Hanks, P. W. Maglathlin	20.06	1 15 24	0 49 01
Enigma, G. F. Maybury	18.05	1 19 03	0 50 26
Opechee, W. P. Barker	19.09	Withdrew.	
Wawanda, Benner *et al*	19.11	Withdrew.	
KNOCKABOUTS			
Tautog, W. O. Gay	21.00	1 41 48	. .. ..
Spinster, L. M. Clark	21.00	1 45 26	. .. ..
Jacktar, T. E. Jacobs	21.00	1 48 35	. .. ..
Hobo, T. W. King	21.00	1 49 11	. .. ..
FOURTH CLASS.			
Sunbeam, H. B. Faxon	16.05	1 21 36	0 50 30
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	17.06	1 21 26	0 51 43
Fantasy, W. Allerton	15.09	1 24 24	0 52 22
Sphinx, A Keith	17.11	1 22 16	0 53 04
Swan, Louis Cate	17.06	1 32 40	1 02 57
Box, J. C. Gray	17.01	1 32 27	1 02 13
Nachita, G. E. Hills	16.09	Withdrew.	
FIFTH CLASS.			
Princess, Gay & Ware	14.06	1 03 28	0 41 41
Elsa, H. M. Crane	14.08	1 05 04	0 43 27
Katydid, C. B. Pear	14.00	1 06 07	0 43 49
Penguin, J. E. Robinson	14.06	1 07 58	0 46 11
Icurez, Jas. Perry	14.05	1 11 30	0 49 38
Velma, Dr. Theo. Hallett	14.09	Withdrew.	

Sphinx and Fantasy protest each other for fouling; Ida J. protests Emma C. for fouling; Jacktar protests Spinster for leaving Spectacle Island on starboard coming home.

The judges were: Com. A. W. Foster, chairman; A. M. Davis, H. T. Washburn, A. A. Swallow, W. H. Besarick, J. E. Robinson, secretary; R. K. Rice, G. A. Swallow, L. E. Noble, W. F. Scott and F. Vegelahn.

Columbia Y. C.

CHICAGO—LAKE MICHIGAN.

Saturday, July 25.

With Vincedor on the dry dock to repair a leak and Vanenna detained by bad weather at Racine, the largest class in the Columbia Y. C. regatta of July 25 was comparatively uninteresting. The race was sailed in a moderate S.W. wind, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
CLASS 2.			
Siren	2 01 05	4 15 36	2 14 31
Charlotte B	2 02 20	4 34 55	2 30 58
Sadie	2 40 16	4 40 39	2 31 48
CLASS 3.			
Hattie B	2 03 21	4 46 40	2 40 45
Valiant	2 01 53	4 50 00	2 48 07
Pinta	2 04 07	4 48 00	2 37 41
Peri	2 01 45	4 57 07	2 50 08
Genevieve	2 03 10	4 59 01	2 49 21
American	2 02 46	5 06 15	2 52 04
CLASS 4—CABIN BOATS.			
Wizard	2 01 20	5 10 48	3 09 28
Vixen	2 02 46	5 02 37	3 58 11
CLASS 4—OPEN BOATS.			
Myrine	2 13 40	4 16 41	2 03 01
Skate	2 14 21	4 08 20	1 50 11
CLASS 5—OPEN BOATS.			
B	2 10 47	3 59 38	1 48 51
Microbe	1 14 17	4 10 50	1 56 33

Plymouth Y. C.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.

Saturday, July 25.

The third regatta of the Plymouth Y. C. was sailed on July 25 in a strong north wind and rough water, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SECOND CLASS CATS.			
Nancy Hanks, P. W. Maglathlin	21.00	1 24 51	0 58 58
Future, W. T. Whitman	21.11	1 24 58	0 59 56
FOURTH CLASS—A, GAFF FORESAILS.			
Annie, M. S. Weston, Jr.	17.02	1 45 22	1 15 15
Glide, G. W. Shiverick	17.02	Did not start.	
Honest John, J. C. Dawes	17.02	Did not start.	
FOURTH CLASS—B, SPRITSAILS.			
No Name, E. A. Ransom	16.02	1 40 38	1 09 11
Puritan, C. D. Craig	17.08	1 42 02	1 12 32
Fair Play, G. D. Bartlett	15.05	1 45 09	1 12 39
Gipsy Girl, W. Steele	16.09	1 44 13	1 13 33
Ideal, C. F. Bradford	16.06	Withdrew.	
Peerless, A. Holmes	.. ..	Withdrew.	
Dolphin, N. Norton	16 06	1 45 35	1 14 36

Green Lake Regatta.

On July 25 a race was sailed at Green Lake, Wis., for the challenge cup presented last year by Com. Eldridge and held by Kite. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hypatia, Garnett	2 18 12	2 18 12
Frolic, Morgan	Not timed.	
St. Louis, N. D. Thompson	2 19 42	2 18 50
Hornet, G. C. Eldridge	Not timed.	
Bertha, G. L Thatcher	2 29 40	2 26 25
Pleasant Point, J. W. Ross	2 19 43	2 15 18
Tzin, W. E. Haseltine	2 22 13	2 16 42

Judges: L. M. Chipley, Edward S. Hunter and Alexander H. Revell. Timekeepers: Henry M. Curtis and C. L. Hunter.

Squantum Y. C.

The Squantum Y. C. sailed off the series in the third class on Aug. 1 in a fresh S.W. wind. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Loria, E. A. Merrill	18.02	1 38 05	1 09 10
Burgess, F. Burgess	19.06	1 40 02	1 12 37
Magnolia, E. Hardy	20.08	1 45 32	1 19 19

Rockport Regatta.

Rockport, Tex., July 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual regatta took place here on July 15, 16 and 17 with the following entries: Novice and Alice, of this place; Kittie, of Galveston; Hoo Hoo, of Sabine Pass. The waterline plus one-third of the overhang was the rule of measurement, the following being the racing lengths: Novice, 30ft. 9in.; Hoo Hoo, 24ft. 6in.; Kittie, 24ft 5in.; Alice, 26ft. 6in.; the time allowance was 5 seconds per foot; the course once around a triangle, then to the windward stakeboat and straight back, 23 miles.

The first day's start was made in a stiff breeze from the southeast, the yachts crossing the line in the following order: Hoo Hoo, Alice, Novice, Kittie. Novice soon took the lead and maintained it until the finish. On the first leg of the course Alice broke the jaws of her gaff and was unable to make repairs in time to allow her to finish. The finish was made: Novice, 7:02:12; Kittie, 7:22:38; Hoo Hoo, 7:24:16. The second day's racing was nearly a repetition of the first; the breeze was strong from the same quarter, Novice started with a single reef, Hoo Hoo put one in after the start, Alice broke her gaff and withdrew. Novice beat Kittie corrected time 8m. 23s, Kittie beat Hoo Hoo 1m. 46s.

The third day's race was only once around triangle, 14 miles; all yachts started with double reefs in mainsails, Novice beat Kittie 3m. 54s. Kittie beat Hoo Hoo 1m. 46s. This is the fourth year Novice has beaten well-known flyers built by Eastern yachtsmen. Novice was built here in 1891 by two boys and has been remarkably successful.

J. W. Hoopes.

Winthrop Y. C.

BOSTON HARBOR—GREAT HEAD.

Saturday, Aug. 1.

The Winthrop Y. C. sailed a special club race on Aug. 1, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.				
Almira	3 05 00	4 51 10	1 46 10	. .. ..
Ramona	3 05 00	Withdrew.		
SECOND CLASS.				
Satanic	3 10 00	4 38 40	1 28 40	1 02 30
Clara	3 10 00	4 39 42	1 29 42	1 05 10
Erycina	3 10 00	4 40 27	1 30 29	1 05 59
Alma	3 10 00	4 42 38	1 32 38	1 08 14
FOURTH CLASS.				
Unknown	3 15 00	4 24 37	1 09 37	0 45 52
Della	3 15 00	4 22 31	1 07 31	0 45 55
RATER CLASS				
W. H. Gardner	3 20 00	4 05 60	0 45 00	. .. ..
H. N. Ridgeway	3 20 00	4 07 03	0 47 03	. .. ..
S. J. Wilde	3 20 00	4 12 57	0 52 59	. .. ..
L. S. Weston	3 20 00	4 15 10	0 55 10	. .. ..
C. E. Lighton	3 20 00	Withdrew.		

In the second class Myrtle parted her peak halyards, Harriet broke the jaws of her gaff and Eureka lost her bowsprit.

Cohasset Y. C.

COHASSET, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 1.

The club race of the Cohasset Y. C., on Saturday, was sailed in a strong and puffy S.W. wind, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.
FIRST CLASS.		
In It, R. B. Williams	3 40 00	4 41 45
HALF-RATERS.		
Swallow, John Richardson	3 45 00	5 09 15
No Name, Mr. Bigelow	3 45 00	5 15 45
Scott, John Dean	3 45 00	5 16 04
Honie, C. H. Cousens	3 45 00	5 17 00
Jap, Bouve & Pegras	3 45 00	5 17 30
Hoodoo, Gammons & Wheelwright	3 45 00	5 19 00
Mermaid, W. R. Sears	3 45 00	5 19 04
Blink, F. H. Pratt	3 45 00	5 20 00
Mungo, E S. Willcutt	3 45 00	5 25 15
Sea Gull, Fred Higgins	3 45 00	5 26 00

Mungo and Zig Zag capsized, the latter withdrawing.

Cape Cod Y. C.

ORLEANS—CAPE COD BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 1.

The Cape Cod Y. C. sailed a race on Aug. 1 in a fresh S.W. wind, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SECOND CLASS.			
Puritan, H. K. Cumming	20.00	1 24 07	0 59 32
Dolphin, O. H. Davenport	15.05	1 32 37	1 02 55
Little Brave, J. Ryder	19.03	1 33 12	1 06 52
Sea Fox, Joshua Smith	18.03	1 41 02	1 14 42
SHARPIE CLASS.			
Elsie, E. W. Rogers	14.06	1 38 55	1 07 56

Dolphin was beaten by Puritan after holding the cup for three seasons.

Revere Y. C.

The Revere Y. C., of Revere, Mass., recently reorganized, sailed its first regatta on Aug. 1, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Promise, M. F. Kerns	1 17 49	1 00 25
Torment, E. H. Hill	1 20 04	1 04 14
Juanita, Marshall	1 25 51	1 08 10
Nemo, S. Lucas	1 27 58	1 08 49
Lark, D. Colvin	1 24 00	1 09 55
Eddie F	Withdrew.	

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

A dispute has arisen between C. A. Postley, owner of Colonia, and Lewis Nixon, of the Crescent Shipyard, over the charges for the recent extensive alterations to the yacht in converting her from a keel cutter to a centerboard schooner. Mr. Nixon has libelled the yacht for $19,000.

Intrepid, steam yacht, Lloyd Phœnix, was at Genoa on July 20.

Pyxie, sloop, has been sold by H. A. Anthony to W. E. Eldridge, of Newark, N. J.

Yampa, schr., has been chartered by Tams & Lemoine to Edward Browning, of Philadelphia, Mr. Palmer being about to visit Europe.

On July 30 a private match was sailed off Larchmont between the 30-footers Musme and Raccoon for $100 per side, the former winning by 1m. 16s.

The annual regatta of the Hempstead Harbor Y. C. will be sailed on Aug. 8 off the club station, Glen Cove, L. I., starting at 1 P. M. Entries may be made to Ward Dickson, Glen Cove, L. I., by Aug. 6. The regatta will be under Y. R. U. rules.

The New Rochelle Y. C. will sail a special regatta on Aug. 8, with races for the 30ft. special class, regular 43ft. class, and open cats in two classes, fixed and shifting ballast. The start will be made at noon.

Spruce IIIII., the 18-footer recently designed and built by Sibbick for J. A. Brand, is 16.11ft. l.w.l., 5.06ft. beam, with 268sq. ft. of sail. By the Seawanhaka rule, as Spruce IIII. was measured, this would make her about 16.25ft. racing length, or 1.25ft. over the class limit.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

Presque Isle, Aug. 1.—At the regular practice shoot the following scores were made, 200yds., off-hand, standard American target, 7-ring, black:

W F Treiber	8	5	4	6	10	10	10	10	8	8	8—78
	9	7	6	9	9	7	4	8	7	9	9—75
	9	10	7	5	8	10	8	2	6		6—74
J G Germann	6	8	6	10	8	9	5	9	9	8	8—78
	10	9	8	6	7	7	9	7	6	6	6—73
	5	9	6	10	7	9	7	7	9	5	5—71
Geo Shafer	8	10	8	5	5	5	7	10	10	5	5—73
	8	4	7	6	6	9	9	8	8	8	8—73
	5	5	7	8	7	9	6	8	7	7	7—69
Capt Bacon	10	8	6	6	7	8	9	6	9	5	5—74
	5	7	5	6	7	8	6	9	10	10	10—73
	4	9	9	9	6	7	9	6	4	6	6—67
J Stidham	6	5	9	10	8	9	7	10	4	10	10—78
	6	4	6	10	9	4	10	8	4	8	8—68
	6	4	9	9	7	8	9	5	5	5	5—67
G E Rahn	10	8	6	5	7	8	7	7	9	5	5—72
	6	10	8	7	4	8	5	9	5	8	8—70
	4	7	9	4	6	7	10	7	5	8	8—67
Chas Van Etten	5	9	4	9	5	6	9	6	6	9	9—68
	5	9	8	7	8	5	7	6	10	3	3—68
	6	9	8	7	9	6	6	4	8	4	4—67
Dr Wheeler	7	8	8	9	5	5	7	5	7	3	3—67
	7	6	7	4	8	5	9	4	8	8	8—66
	5	6	9	7	5	7	4	4	9	9	9—65
W J Leyer	6	6	2	7	8	10	10	9	6	5	5—69
	5	3	9	7	8	7	8	5	5	6	6—63
	5	8	6	6	8	4	8	7	4	8	8—62
W B Patton	4	8	8	7	10	6	5	8	8	5	5—69
	8	5	8	4	7	4	9	9	6	8	8—68
	5	7	8	5	6	6	10	8	4	4	4—64
E G Noyes	10	7	4	7	2	5	4	6	7	5	5—57
	2	1	6	3	4	3	7	5	4	8	8—43
	2	5	6	4	5	3	2	6	4	5	5—42

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

Cincinnati, O., July 26.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at standard target, 200yds., off-hand, 7-ring black. Capt Gindele made a clean score to-

day. We have noted the target designed by Mr. Rabbeth, of Boston, Mass., and are of the opinion that it would meet the requirements of most all our shooters. At present, however, we are inclined to favor the German ring, as that is used principally by our Western German societies:

Gindele.																					
10	6	7	10	10	6	8	8	10	10—85		9	9	8	8	9	9	8	8	10	5—86
9	9	7	6	8	8	8	9	9	5—78		6	7	8	9	7	9	10	7	7	8—77
Weinheimer.																					
5	6	9	7	7	5	10	5	10	10—75		10	9	9	10	7	7	4	5	4	8—73
8	9	6	7	8	9	8	6	9	7—72		5	10	8	6	6	6	3	7	8	7—66
Roberts.																					
8	10	8	10	7	8	8	8	6	6—79		9	7	8	7	7	6	7	7	5	10—72
8	6	6	4	8	9	6	8	8	9—72		7	8	7	9	9	6	6	5	5	8—70
Hasenzahl.																					
9	9	10	5	10	8	10	5	10	7—83		6	10	8	6	10	8	6	6	8	10—78
9	6	8	10	8	9	6	10	5	7—78		9	6	8	5	8	7	8	6	10	9—76
Topf.																					
10	4	6	4	10	2	8	10	5	5—64		5	5	8	5	10	7	3	3	6	6—58
6	6	3	4	8	3	5	9	8	3—55		6	8	4	4	7	2	5	4	9	5—54
Nestler.																					
10	6	10	8	8	10	7	8	9	8—84		10	9	9	8	10	7	9	6	8	8—84
10	9	7	9	8	7	9	6	8	8—81		8	8	10	7	9	7	8	9	7	6—79
Strictmeier.																					
9	7	9	9	10	5	10	9	8	6—82		9	6	7	7	7	8	6	8	8	8—74
7	5	6	9	7	7	6	10	8	7—72		6	8	7	6	9	9	9	4	4	6—68
Payne.																					
6	8	6	8	8	8	8	6	8	6—72		5	4	7	6	9	10	8	7	8	4—69
6	6	7	8	5	6	6	9	4	8—65		7	7	6	8	6	6	9	6	5	4—64

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Aug. 11.—ALBANY, N. Y.—Midsummer tournament of the West End Gun Club; targets

Aug. 11.—ALBANY, N. Y.—Tournament of the West End Gun Club. Bluerock traps and targets. Horace B. Derby, Sec'y.

Aug. 11-14.—DETROIT, Mich.—Jack Parker's sixth annual international tournament. Fuller details later.

Aug 12-13.—DULUTH, Minn.—Central Gun Club, fourth annual tournament; excellent programme.

Aug. 26-27.—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Aug. 26-27.—KALAMAZOO, Mich.—Tournament of the Celery City Gun Club, in connection with Michigan Trap-Shooters' League.

Aug. 25-27.—BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Binghampton Gun Club's tournament for amateurs; two days targets, one day live birds. Money divided under the Rose system. H. W. Brown, Manager.

Aug. 31-Sept. 2.—ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—Tournament of the Atlantic City Gun Club, on Young & McShae's pier. For programmes address Harry Thurman, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

Aug. 31-Sept. 2.—ST. PAUL, Minn.—Annual tournament of the St. Paul Gun Club, at State Fair Grounds. B. F. Schurmeier, Sec'y.

Sept. 2-4.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Tournament at Audubon Park. Targets and live birds. B. F. Smith, Manager.

Sept. 7.—MARION, N. J.—Sixth annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. J. A. Creveling, Sec'y

Sept. 8-9.—MARION, N. J.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Endeavor Gun Club of Jersey City, N. J. Added money announced later.

Sept. 8-10.—GALT, Ont.—First annual tournament of the Ontario Rod and Gun Club; $800 to $1,000 added money.

Sept. 10.—WEST LEBANON, N. H.—All-day shoot of the West Lebanon Gun Club.

Sept. 15-16.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Third annual tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Company; $750 added money.

Sept. 29.-Oct. 2.—HARRISBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association. First three days, targets; fourth day, live birds.

Oct. 6-8.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Autumn tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Two days, targets; one day, pigeons and sparrows. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds added money announced later.

1897.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK CITY.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The first annual tournament of the Ontario Rod and Gun Club League will take place at Galt on Sept. 8, 9 and 10, with at least $300 guaranteed money, which is expected to be raised to $1,000. The Ontario Rod and Gun Club League was formed in February last, and is composed of six clubs, viz.: Guelph, Hespeler, Waterloo, Mallards, of Hamilton; Brants, of Brantford; and Galt. The objects of the league are: the encouragement of trap and live-bird shooting, the propagation of fish and game, and the thorough enforcement of fish and game laws. A series of home matches between all the clubs for the championship of the league and a magnificent trophy has been in progress since April 3, and will be finished Aug. 31. For information address R. McCruden, Sec'y, Galt, Ont., Can.

The Interstate Association closes this year with a tournament at Marion, N. J., the shoot being held under the auspices of the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City. The Interstate's schedule for 1896 has thus far been a most successful one. Manager Shaner in a personal letter writes us that he considers the recent tournament at Portland, Me., "was the best shoot ever given by the Association." An item of interest is furnished in the following figures: Using one set of traps, 12,000 targets were trapped during the two days of the tournament. Mr. Shaner also says: "Everyone was pleased with the Rose system." The Endeavor Gun Club has decided to adopt this system of dividing purses at its tournament next month.

The Lake Side Rod and Gun Club, of Burlington, Vt., will use the Rose system of dividing the purses at its shoot on Aug. 26-27. The tournament will be given under the auspices of the Interstate Association, and will take place at one of the pleasantest seasons of the year for a visit to the shores of Lake Champlain. A lovely trip for shooters who propose attending this tournament would be to take the boat at Caldwell, N. Y., the head of Lake George, go down the lake to Baldwin, transferring to the boats of the Lake Champlain Transportation Co., the whole making a delightful trip through magnificent scenery.

The annual tournament of the Atlantic City Gun Club will be held on Young & McShae's pier at Atlantic City, N. J., on Aug. 31 and Sept. 1. There is absolutely nothing but a pure sky background at these tournaments on the above pier; the targets are thrown from traps located at the end of the pier and fall into the sea. Naturally the club has no pickups! Anybody who would like to see a programme should write to Harry Thurman, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

The West End Gun Club, of Albany, N. Y., has issued an announcement of its midsummer tournament, to be held at Albany, Aug. 11. Ten events, five at 15 and five at 20 targets, are on the programme. American Shooting Association rules will govern, and purses will be divided into 50, 30 and 20 per cent. if ten or less enter, and 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. if more than ten enter. Horace B. Derby, Sec'y, will furnish further information.

The September tournament of the Interstate Association will be given at Marion, N. J., Sept. 8 and 9, under the auspices of the Endeavor Gun Club. For particulars address Elmer E. Shaner, Manager, Pittsburg, Pa.

Those who attended the shoot at Auburn, N. Y., on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week had an opportunity of trying what they could do to bluerocks thrown from the magautrap.

Monroe, Louisiana.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., July 31.—The Monroe (La.) Gun Club will hold its second annual tournament Aug. 19, 20 and 21. The first two days will be devoted to target shooting, and in these events there will be $300 added. The last day will be devoted to live birds exclusively. Purse will be divided into five moneys. PAUL R. LITZKE.

The Tucker Cup.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 1.—The tournament of the Minnesota Game and Fish Protective Association was held under the management of the St. Paul Rod and Gun Club, at Kittsondale, yesterday.

Secretary Wm. L. Tucker, who was the moving spirit in the formation of the Association and to whose assiduous and disinterested activity as secretary the development of the Association is so largely due, had been voted an honorarium of $100 for his work. This, however, he refused to take, consenting only to accept $40 and odd, which he devoted to the purchase of a handsome trophy for the Association meets. It was presented and accepted at the Thursday convention.

It is a massive silver cup, standing 12in. high, and is lined with gold. Two shotguns are crossed at the bottom as a support for the bowl. The trophy cost $41, and was made in Connecticut for the Association. On one side of the bowl is engraved the following:

> Trophy First Annual Tournament
>
> Minnesota Game and Fish Protective Association,
>
> St. Paul, Minn., July 31.
>
> Presented by William L. Tucker, Secretary.
>
> Association Rules to Govern.

There are the figures of a huntsman and dog on the opposite side, and wreaths on the other sides of the cup. On motion it was denominated the "Tucker Cup," in honor of the donor. The trophy is intended for members of the Association, and will be shot for in open tournament, the member winning it three times to be the permanent owner. The only restriction in shooting for the trophy is that a competitor must be a member of the State Association. Association rules will govern all tournaments in which the cup is put up as a trophy.

The feature of the tournament was the contest for the Tucker trophy, which furnished the best scores of the day and aroused great interest among the fair-sized crowd of spectators, among whom were a number of ladies. There were 25 entries in the competition for the cup, which consisted of the highest score resulting from 25 birds at unknown angles. It was raining hard when the first squad took the platforms, and rapidly getting dark.

Dr. L. W. Lyon led off and finished with the high score of 23 birds killed. After this all those missing 3 birds dropped out, thus quickly narrowing the contest down to 4 marksmen. In the last squad H. P. Lawrence did some excellent shooting, and tied Dr. Lyon by scoring 23 birds killed. Of those who shot between the two high men, L. V. Rodecker made a score of 21 and Pfister 22. Dr. Lyon and Mr. Lawrence being tie, it was agreed to shoot off with 10 birds, and the first failure after that to count out the man missing. Lawrence missed the 1st bird and was followed by Dr. Lyon, who scored. It was a pretty contest for 9 more birds, Lawrence "killing" with every report of his gun and Dr. Lyon following suit. Lawrence finished first with 9 out of 10 killed, and Dr. Lyon took the stand for his last shot. The trap was sprung and the bird sailed off almost in a straight line. Dr. Lyon took a quick aim and pulled the trigger. It was now quite dark, but the spectators saw the pigeon fly into pieces, and announced Dr. Lyon the winner of the cup. The contest had been close and spirited, and spectators showed their appreciation of the close score by the most generous applause.

In the first trial Dr. Lyon killed 12 straight birds, missed the thirteenth and fifteenth, concluding his average with 8 straight. Lawrence killed 6 straight, missed the seventh and fifteenth, also concluding with 8 straight.

The victory of Dr. Lyon gives him the possession of the cup for one year, and should he be successful in winning it twice more consecutively it will become his permanent property.

A majority of the guns shoot under assumed names and do not desire their names made public, so it happens that the best shot of the tournament yesterday was J. C., who only missed 16 out of a possible 150 birds. H. C. Lawrence, who shoots under the cognomen of Cat, was second with 17 birds down out of a possible 150. Marshall was third, with 28 birds lost, and Parker brought up the rear of the list with 89 birds lost out of a possible 150.

There were ten regular events on the programme, and they were all shot. Outside of the money prizes, of which there were four for each event, divided according to the equitable system, so-called, under which the money is divided according to the percentage secured by the shooters, there were twenty-five average prizes and ten merchandise prizes, one for each event. The merchandise prizes, with the exception of the eighth event, were divided among the winners of fifth place in each event.

Interstate at Burlington.

THE programme of the Interstate Association's tournament at Burlington, Vt., which is set for Aug. 26 and 27, opens with this enticing picture of the Burlington view, which is worth the going far to behold:

The hill on which Burlington is built slopes gradually from the lake till its summit is reached at College Hill, nearly a mile from its waters' edge, and 300ft. above it. The city is laid out regularly, with streets intersecting each other at right angles. The view looking west from almost any part of the city, where it is not hidden by foliage, is a magnificent panorama of water and mountain. The historic lake lies at one's feet, while the mountains beyond mingle their heads with the western clouds and dip their feet in the blue waters of Champlain. The outlook from Burlington across the broad lake is said by travelers to be the finest lake view in America.

The continual variety in the panorama gives never-ending pleasure; the eye never tires of looking; the senses never weary of the scene. The coloring, the arrangement of the picture are ever changing, never the same. Yesterday the sky was hung with heavy clouds, the water a cold gray; to-day the sky will be dark and lowering and the water the deepest blue.

From the dome of the main college building a view of the rarest magnificence can be obtained; while the western outlook from the college dome is so much admired, the eastern view is scarcely less beautiful—to many equally so. It lacks the water and variety.

But stand upon the summit, now look first eastward over the gradually increasing hills terminating in the Green Mountains, and then westward over the entirely unlike scene bounded by the Adirondacks, you will not find unpardonable extravagance in the remark made by the enthusiastic lover of natural beauty alluded to by the writer just quoted.

There is no view in all the world finer than the eastern one, except the western. It is here that "every prospect" pleases.

The genuine hospitality for which the citizens of Burlington are proverbial, bespeaks for those visiting the trap-shooting tournament a delightful occasion.

The tournament will be held at the grounds of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club, situated on Lake Side avenue, about three-quarters of a mile from central part of the city. Shooting will commence at 9 A. M. each day. The grounds will be open for practice shooting on the afternoon of Aug. 25, the day preceding the tournament. Price of targets in all events will be three cents, included in all entrances. Shooters may enter for price of targets only, in all events. Information relative to tournament cheerfully furnished by J. S. Denning, Secretary, 75 Spruce street, Burlington, Vt.

Bluerocks will be used, and purses will be divided under the Rose system. The club will add $40 first day and $60 second day.

The Du Pont Tournament.

CHICAGO, Aug. 3.—[*Special to Forest and Stream:*] Chicago and Du Pont and E. S. Rice have broken the world's record. All unite in saying that this is the greatest shoot of this or any other country. Twenty-five States are represented by nearly 200 shooters. The entry for the first event was 134, and forty-seven men tied straight on 5. Entry for second event 125, and twenty-eight men straight on 7. The grounds and offices are perfect. The twelve tents are like an army encampment. The shoot will cost from $7,500 to $10,000. This is typical Chicago hustle. Everyone, including management, astonished at the unprecedented success. Weather warmish, but birds lively.

E. HOUGH.

Endeavor's Three Days' Tournament.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Aug. 1.—In connection with the yearly one day tournament given by the Endeavor Gun Club on Labor Day, this year on Sept. 7, the club has arranged with the Interstate Association to hold a two days' tournament under the auspices of the club on Sept. 8 and 9, making a three days' tournament. The first day shooters can shoot for birds only or in sweeps that will be arranged to suit the shooters on the grounds. The second and third days will be run according to programme. There will be added money the second and third days, $75 each day, $150 for the two days. The club adds this amount. H. R. STRADER, Sec'y.

Western Traps.

SHOOTING GLASSES.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 1.—Dr. C. D. Westcott, of this city, a member of the Calumet Heights Gun Club and a pronounced lover of the traps, writes thus in regard to what he has discovered in his practice in the matter of "specs." for shooters:

I am an oculist by profession and a lover of the gun, and for the last ten years it has been necessary for me to wear glasses constantly for the correction of a defect (astigmatism) in one of my eyes. Recently so many inquiries have been made by my shooting friends in regard to the glasses which I wear in the field and at the trap that it occurred to me that perhaps a few words upon the subject in general might be of interest to your readers.

While my own glasses are an absolute necessity to my comfort, I congratulate all those who have perfect eyes and strong eyes, and who do not feel at any time the need of better vision or of protection from strong light. As a matter of fact, however, there are probably very few people who have perfect eyes, and I am constantly meeting, in my examinations, with people whose eyes are very defective and even unlike, and who have been unconscious of any defect in vision until demonstrated to them in my office. Of course, it goes without saying that all sportsmen who are obliged to wear glasses constantly are unable to dispense with them in the field or at the trap, and I have found from my own experience that the glasses which are best suited to our needs in every-day life are not adapted to shooting. I have therefore had made for myself and for a number of friends some spectacles with very large, round lenses, set high upon the face, and so tilted that when the head is inclined for aligning the gun the line of sight passes through the lens reasonably near the center and at an angle giving good vision.

In shooting over the water, especially on a white sandy beach, such as we have at the grounds of the Calumet Heights Gun Club, I have found it absolutely necessary to use shading glasses on bright days. I have therefore had my ordinary shooting spectacles duplicated in what is known to the trade as "No. 2 blue," the lenses being tinted a light blue, which does not interfere in the least with vision, but so softens the light that one may keep his eyes wide open and at ease on the brightest day.

I have been surprised and gratified a number of times recently to find that by the simple adjustment of proper lenses I had been the means of improving to a marked degree the scores of some of my friends who shoot at the trap. An increase of from 10 per cent. to 30 per cent. has occurred in a number of instances, to say nothing of the additional comfort experienced by the shooter.

PALMYRA, MO., RECORDS.

Palmyra Gun Club, of Missouri, has just finished a series of twenty shoots, 25 targets per man, an interesting competition inaugurated for the handsome prize of a Lefever ejector gun. The series was won by Mr. W. B. Markell. The records were as below:

	Out of 500.	Per cent.		Out of 500.	Per cent.
W B Markell	429	85 4/5	John McLeod	395	79
A B Drescher	422	84 2/5	Frank Diemer	389	77
W N Bates	419	83 4/5	T E Pratt	355	70 1/10
H A Hollyman	418	83 3/5	F Bernhard	340	68
Geo Bates	416	83 1/5			

J. H. Kelley withdrew on fourth shoot.

The club averaged 79½ per cent, which is exceptionally good shooting.

COMING.

The first annual Spring Lake shoot is announced by Mr. W. A. Heilman, proprietor of the Spring Lake, Ill., Club House, Manito, Ill. The shoot will be held Aug. 11-13. Targets only, for low entrances and 7 events daily. Spring Lake is a famous fishing and shooting place in season, and a good place for fun with rod or gun even in August, it seems.

Central Gun Club, of Duluth, puts out a businesslike programme for its fourth annual, Aug. 12-13. Eight events daily, from 10 to 25 targets. A good list of average merchandise prizes. Professionals "equalized," and winners handicapped 2yds. in next event, 20yd. limit. An explanation of the Rose system is given on a page of the programme, which latter shows a progressive interest in the modern ways of trap-shooting.

The advance guard of shooters for the big Du Pont tournament, at Chicago next week, has begun to arrive, the first of these noticed being Rolla Heikes, from Dayton. Rolla will not say who will win the Heikes-Gilbert contest for the E. C. cup, but probably has an opinion on the matter. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Boiling Springs Handicap.

RUTHERFORD, N. J., Aug. 1.—The regular monthly handicap shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club was held here to-day. Despite the large handicap given some of the members, two scratch men tied for first place with a 20-handicap man. The score:

Huck (0)	1111111111111111101011101 11111110110111101111011	—43
Lewis (20)	1001011010101111111111010 1100111011111111100101000 1010011010011101010001	—43
N Money (0)	1111111111111111101111111 1011110011111111010111110	—48
Capt Money (0)	1011111110011111011110111 0111111111111011010111	—41
Adams (0)	1111101001111111110111100 1111111000101111111111000	—37
Crosby (0)	1100111110111010010011011 1111111100110011111010111	—35
Lane (11)	1011100111111000010011100 1000110001111010110001101 11101001101	—34
Berg (20)	0110110001011111111100010 0101100110000110001100001 0101001010110001110O	—34
Broshart (15)	0000010111000100010000100 1000011110111010100000010 100110001110100	—25
Peck (15)	1100110000010000110100100 0010001101111001000011000 0000000100000 10	—21
H Money (0)	0000110101000100011111011	
James (8)	1001100010011010110011l—25 0101111111111111111111010 0111001101011111111011100 01001101	—42

W. H. HUCK, Sec'y.

Ithaca Gun Club.

ITHACA, N. Y., July 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Ithaca Gun Club recently reorganized and held its weekly shoot to-day. Taking into consideration the fact that many of the members had not shot at the traps in several months, the score was very fair. The conditions were 25 targets, unknown traps and angles. C. Rumsey won, breaking 21, while Gebhardt and C. Smith tied for second, each breaking 20. The membership of the club is daily increasing, and the prospects for a successful future are very bright. I inclose score of the second event:

C Rumsey	0111101111110100111111111—21
J H Jennings	1100110101101110111010100—15
D Norton	1011101110110110101011010—16
A H Platt	1111001100000000100000000— 9
J Vann	0111011011011010100000000—12
C Smith	1101110101110111111111101—20
L Smith	1101101111011010001100000—13
W Smith	1110101110101011110010000—14
F Fuller	1001111100101001000011000—11
H Moller	1101001110010111011010110—15
G F Gebhardt	1101111111011101110111111—20

G. F. G.

At Elkwood Park.

THE Elkwood Park Handicap was shot on July 30. The conditions were 15 live birds per man, high guns. The purse was divided between the four men who killed their 15 straight. Edgar Murphy and Charlie Zwirlein both lost their last birds. Their scores were:

Bleiman (30)	222222222222222—15	C Zwirlein (29)	222121122222220—14
G Cubberly (30)	212111221211222—15	Langen (26)	022022222022222—12
H Y Dolan (29)	222222211221122—15	B Ballard (30)	122022122000w
E Godchalk (29)	222211222222222—15	A L Ivins (30)	221212222000w
E G Murphy (30)	222222222222220—14	P Daly, Jr (29)	222212220w

Binghamton Gun Club.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., July 29.—Match at 25 targets:

Kendall	24	19	19	20		Boss	..	19	18	20	
Brown	25	23	21	22		Waldron	..	21	..	..	
Smith	..	10	11	7		Snell	..	..	..	..	21

Aug. 1.—Practice shoot, 25 targets:

Kendall	22	23	22	20	22	18	..	Boss	..	23	21	19	22	..	..
Brown	21	22	21	23	21	23	22	Bromley	..	..	..	..	..	17	19

The Texas Midwinter.

For the first time in a few moons your chronicler of facts and fancies from the Southwestern corner of civilization shows signs of life.

It may be from too much ozone or from a predisposition to indulge in the prevailing *dolce far niente* of any section that breathes within the radius of the Mexican pattern that we antediluvian bohemians grasp a Faber and then lay it down without a stroke on the paper before us; but be it as it may, we acknowledge that we are very lazy and very apt to let the other fellow do the chronicling of facts.

But then when the Texas pigeon season opens wide her gates, and when covey after covey of Bob Whites cleave their way over the tops of the mesquite and in a half-feathered fashion make their escape from the approaching hunter, somehow the lethargy which has had its full sway these summer days rather loosens its hold on the nimrod of the Southwest, and at night, as the note of the upland plover falls on his ear and the shrill whistle of the curlew turns the darkness into a gleam of anticipation, the old-time hunter begins to think and dream of bluebills, canvasbacks, redheads, Dick Merrill, Tom Marshall, the geese, and A. W. Adams.

The great midwinter tournament begins to loom up in the delightful imagination, and the fevered spirit immediately frames a shooting *menu* that would be hard to beat for even Monte Carlo.

Let the reader, on this hot summer's day, contemplate *frappé* bluerocks *à la* magautrap with Dick Merrill to do the most approved empyrean kicking. What with a *faux pas à la* Capt. Money and the "correct thing" on the part of his elderly son, to say nothing of the wild abandon of Tom Marshall's Oriental Dervish dance, would be sufficient to entertain even His Majesty King Matabele, of African fame.

The management of the midwinter have made special arrangements with the weather folk for one full week of splendid frost, beginning with Jan. 20. Icicles, snow and frost are hereby notified to be in suspended liquid form on that date.

There will be a brother act, called the bluestone imperial, presented by the peers of the flight kingdom, Messrs. Quimby and North. Also a sort of De Nemours skirmish, with a smokeless accompaniment in E. C. by that famous pair, Spirit Lake Gilbert and farmer Roll Heikes. A thousand audiences will be on hand to listen to the delightful stories of John Connor afloat or afield as told by the inimitable Judge Lindsay, of Knoxville. A taciturn table will be provided, whereunder whose mahogany the flexible legs of Don Quixote Fulford can repose against the fresh veneer. Chauncey Powers will be given a latitude of three weeks, during which he can expatiate on the virtues of a rod that is based on a brass standard. A longitude will be also provided if C. A. Damon is not out of a job. A. W. Adams will be given an opportunity to shorten his stock or heighten the color of his cone, and Albert Steves will be a special committee to set 'em up. Shorty Bacon will be provided with a natatorium and a free silver man will do the talking for O. R. Dickey. Tom Devine and Irby Bennett will be surrendered to the tender mercies of Joe George, who will endeavor to prove to the former gentleman that Pap Hughes, of Little Rock, knows more about cow killing than does the trolley manicure of the Yahoo Railway. The programme of the midwinter will contain 16 000 cuts of John J. Sumpter as he appears while shooting Du Pont, and no pains will be spared to bring each and every powder in the market on the front rank. The same goes as to guns. Charlie Grimm will be given a grand opportunity to show an anxious public how well balanced his brain is by standing on his head and breaking 20 pairs of doubles with a pump. The management is also in receipt of a soul-harrowing request from Charlie Budd to be allowed his new smoke consumer space for exhibition. It is especially adapted to smokeless powders. During this act Prof. Joe George will sing his famous parody on "A Pretty Girl," entitled "A Simple Pink," while Alphabetical Critzer will show his new Dutch guns. U. M. C. Thomas will fulminate on the excellence of the product of his company, while Winchester Hildreth will endeavor to entertain Redwing Worthington by reading his famous essay on the "Phantasmagoria of Trap-Shooting," or the art of climbing for place. The fire department has been engaged for the occasion, and any one found dropping for place will be discovered. He will also be tossed in the fire net for the drinks.

As to game, every guide, hunter and liar of the Southwest has been retained with a retainer, also a retinue to provide delicate morsels for those who were here last year, but too early. This paragraph is written while the writer's X ray vision is concentrated upon the Missouri mugs: Sargeant and Kinmouth, of Missouri. Every canvasback will have a brand new coat of red paint on his head, while the mallards and teal will receive such an embellishment at the hands of our local artist that Renaissance will feel like giving up her job and going to shaking dice for a living. The effulgence of our roseate sunset will be burnished until it vies in splendor with a $20 shiner, and Billy Sims's punch bowl will be found bowing politely to all visitors at the old stand.

Wild vagaries and all sorts of Oriental imaginings will be on tap for a solid 18-karat month, and if the whole world don't come pretty near being kin at the next midwinter, it won't be the fault of the big 3.

The prospects for game were never better than at the present time, and from all sections of this great game country comes word to the effect that deer, turkey and quail are abundant.

DEER KILLED WITH A STONE.

Mr. Vint. James, one of the prominent ranchmen of the Southwest, who owns a beautiful ranch on the Nueces River, has just returned from his country residence with a wonderful tale of game and black bass.

Messrs. Ben and Wynne Andrews, both of San Antonio, accompanied Mr. James during his summer hibernation, together with Master Scott James, eldest son of Vinton, aged twelve years.

On one occasion when Wynne Andrews went down to the stream for bass a yearling doe came to the water, whereupon a pointer and a setter, closely followed by the boy, gave immediate chase. The poor animal lost its head and ran out on a narrow peninsula, around the base of which curled the limpid waters of the Nueces River, and plunged into the stream, which was only about 4ft. in depth. The boy waded out with a stone in each hand, and upon arriving at a convenient distance "fired" one of the missiles at the animal, but missed him. "Then," said Andrews, "Scott gave him the other barrel and cracked the deer's skull, whose carcass was proudly towed ashore."

The party saw turkeys every day, and they all agree that the quail crop will be larger than ever known before.

EVERYBODY CATCHES TARPON.

Not a day passes at the famous Aransas Pass but what from a dozen up to fifty silver kings are brought out on the sands by the lucky anglers. The tarpon season is at its height, and splendid catches of Spanish mackerel, trout and redfish are reported every day. A new hotel has been built at Ingleside on a beautiful site overlooking the bay for miles.

Texas Field.

The Hollywood Grand National.

Long Branch, N. J., Aug. 1.—The Grand National Handicap, an important live-bird handicap, was brought off to-day on the grounds of the Hollywood Gun Club. Ballard and Finletter, the former from Louisville, Ky., and the latter from Philadelphia, Pa., divided first and second moneys with 45 out of 50. Third money was divided between Murphy, Dolan and Ellison. The scores were:

B Ballard (29)	2021211222220211122022212 2120222122122201222222222—45
L Finletter (29)	2222222222202222222222221 2222202002222222222022222—45
Edgar Murphy (30)	2221210222222220222022222 2222222222022222022222200—43
H Yale Dolan (29)	2222212222212222221210202 0212122021220120111221212—43
J B Ellison (28)	2222222222222222022210220 2202222022222202222022223—43
A L Ivins (30)	2222211202122122202202221 2212222220021202122221100—42
Hooper (28)	2002222222212220222112022 0102222222222222212001 —39
Barnes (28)	1122200201121220220220022 22221222222020 —31
Fred Hoey (30)	2220200202222222202222202 222220222220 —29
Scott (30)	0222202222012222222222002 220220 —24
P Daly, Jr (29)	0002222222102022022022222 122120 —23
Roebling (29)	2222222021100010220120201 11120 —21

Marietta Gun Club.

Marietta, Ga., July 30.—Match at known traps, unknown angles, A. S. A. rules:

Black	1010111110111011111111111—21
Meinert	1111101111111111110011101—21
Setze	1011101111011110111011110—19
Hilliard	0000110011011111011011101—15
Legg	0011100011110011100001111—14
Maury	0100011010101000111111011—14
Stephens	0001001011001111100100010—11
Reynolds	1001100100011001100001100—10

W. J. Black, Sec'y.

Duluth, Two Harbors and Tower.

Duluth, July 26.—Match shot by the Central Gun Club, of Duluth, against teams from the Tower and Two Harbors clubs. Duluth was in most excellent form, and made an average of 75 per cent., breaking 150 birds out of a possible 200. Tower scored 143 and Two Harbors 127.

The conditions of the shoot were 25 birds at unknown angles. There were twenty-four men in the three teams, divided into three squads. Field, of Duluth, led the score with 23 birds, while Shell and Sachem, of the same club, were second with 21 birds. The score was as follows:

Duluth.

Meyers	0110110111010111111110111—19
Shell	1111101011101111111110111—21
Squibb	1110111101011010011111101—18
Carver	1111101010101111111010110—18
West	1011100100010101111101010—14
Sachem	1001011111101111111111111—21
Field	1111111111111011111111011—23
Warren	1101011010111111100010110—16—150

Tower.

Oppel	0111110101111110010111100—17
Rorer	0101111000111101111011111—18
Richardson	1010111101101111111001111—19
Ryan	0111110011111101101101111—19
Merriam	1101011100111100110100111—16
Laten	1101101111011101011111110—19
Cummings	1000010011011111111011101—17
Congdon	0110111111001111111011100—18—143

Two Harbors.

Tenyson	1011011111010010110111001—16
Hannon	0101101101010011111111110—17
Tom Btown	1011010010001011000110111—13
Noble	0011101000110110110000101—12
Budd	1101001111011110101101111—18
J Brown	0111101111001011100011011—16
Carson	0010010111101011011111110—16
Sagamore	0111101111110101101101111—19—127

Members of the Central Gun Club who attended the shoot made the trip to Two Harbors by boat, going up on the Dixon and returning on the Barker.

The Central Club has prepared its new grounds on London road, adjoining Braeutigam's summer garden, and the first shoot was held there on Saturday. This location affords a splendid field and ideal surroundings. The marksmen face lakeward, so that there is nothing but sky and water as a background for their marks. From this time up to the date of the tournament practice shoots will be held at the new fields every Thursday and Saturday afternoons.

Audubon Gun Club.

Buffalo, N. Y., July 25.—We send inclosed scores of Audubon Gun Club's club shoot for to-day. Nos. 1 and 2 were at 10 bluerocks; No. 3, club badge shoot at 25 bluerocks; Nos. 4 and 7 were at 15 bluerocks; Nos. 5 and 6 were at 20 bluerocks; all unknown angles. In event No. 3 Kelsey won A Class badge, Frieze won B Class badge, A. Coombs won C Class badge.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Kelsey	9	8	23	14	16	16	12	Forrester	9	7	23	12	18	17	14
C S Burkhardt	7	9	17	11	14	16	13	Norton	..	7	17	9	13	..	..
E C Burkhardt	8	9	16	9	18	17	13	B F Smith	..	..	23	..	19	..	..
Bennett	10	10	18	14	16	14	9	Dr Sauer	..	..	15	12	13	13	7
J J Reid	8	8	13	9	13	9	9	M E Storey	..	..	18	10	12	16	11
Jacobs	5	7	19	..	14	..	..	A Coombs	..	..	13	..	..	..	..
McArthur	5	8	19	9	17	14	11	Bird	..	..	17	10	15	8	8
McCarney	6	6	19	9	..	10	..	Frieze	..	..	22	11	13	..	..
Tom Tidler	8	6	20	..	17	10	10	J E Lodge	..	..	8	11	..	..	..
Howard	4	5	13	6	12	..	..								

On Wednesday, July 29, there will begin at Audubon Park shooting grounds a championship shoot at inanimate targets for the championship of western New York. The events will be 50 bluerocks, unknown angles, and will be shot on the first and third Wednesdays of each month; entrance, price of birds. The manager, B. F. Smith, will give two handsome trophies emblematic, one of which goes to the shooter winning most events in twelve, the other for the shooter making the best average in ten of the twelve shoots.

Pawtuxet Gun Club.

Pawtuxet, R. I., July 25.—The club shoot of the Pawtuxet Gun Club was held here this afternoon. Sheldon won the Class A medal for the ninth time; Hawkins won Class B medal for the second time, and Graves captured first prize in Class C for the second time. The scores:

Class A.

W H Sheldon	1111111111110111011111111—23
S D Greene, Jr.	1111100111111101011111101—20
W H Waterman	1111111001011111111111001—20
C M Adams	0110010001011111011001010—13
F Hammond	1100001011101010011100100—12
P L Voelker	1101100010000100111000100—10

Class B.

A B Hawkins	1011101011010111001010101—15
H Badmington	0001110101001011010011101—13
W O King	1010011101001011100101100—13

Class C.

F Graves	1111011111101100011100111—18
J Armstrong	1110110101101111001010110—16
W Adams	101 0011110101001011010000—12
A L Andrews	1100010110101001000100100—10
F Arnold	1100000001111111w
E L Fuller	1001011110010l0w
W Hawkins	1110000001w

Practice shooting: Dr. F. Hammond 21, W. H. Waterman 21, C. M. Adams 14, F. Sherman 14, H. Badmington 15, J. Armstrong 16.

W. H. Sheldon, Sec'y.

Bergen County Gun Club.

Hackensack, N. J., Aug. 1.—The following scores were made by the Bergen County Gun Club:

No. 1, 10 birds:		No. 2, same:
Warner	1101110101—7	0110110011—6
Jackson	0100001101—4	1001110001—5
Raymond	1101101011—7	1111011111—9
Ryan	1100101111—7	0000011011—4
Weber	0000001000—1	0001001000—2
Griffiths	1111011111—9	1111111101—9
No. 3, same:		No. 4, same:
Griffiths	1110111011—8	0101110101—6
Lefferts	1101111111—9	0111011111—8
Warner	0100100111—5	1011010101—6
Jackson	0100011001—4	1100111000—5
Raymond	1011110001—6	1001110100—5
Ryan	1000100101—4	0110111000—5

No. 5, 20 birds:

Warner	01101001100010101001— 9	Raymond	11000101010100011001— 9
Jackson	11011100000011001010 — 9	Griffiths	11111111111111011111—19
Weber	00000100000000100001— 3	Bertram	00011000111100110010— 9
Van Keur'n	01011010101001111101—12	Thomas	00000001100000101000— 4
Lefferts	11111011101001110110—14	Mabie	10110010111011110111—14
Ryan	01000000110000100110— 6	Post	10010110100111011001—11

Omaha Gun Club.

Omaha, Neb., July 25.—Regular weekly shoot, 25 targets:

Carmichael	1111111111111111111111111—25
Hughes	1111111101111111111111111—24
Montmorency	1111111111111111111110111—24
Dickey	1111111111111011110011111—22
Whitener	1111111101110111110111111—22
McFarlane	1111101111111011011111111—22
Loomis	1111111111101101011111110—21
Read	0110111110111111011111111—21
Brucker	1111111111111011111010011O—20
Johannes	1100111110111111010111O111—19
Blake	1111010011111111110111O110—19
Edwards	0010111011001110110111011—16

W. D. Kenyon, Sec'y.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

Lynchburg, Va., July 28.—Regular shoot, unknown angles, A. A. rules:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	15	20	25	15	10	20	Targets:	15	15	20	25	15	10	20
Nelson	9	8	13	12	12	9	18	Dornin	11	10	14	13	12	6	14
Terry	12	11	15	17	11	6	17	Moorman	10	10	19	18	13	9	16
Scott	8	15	17	19	13	10	14	Miller	14	9	15	19	14	8	16

On the fourth event Scott and Miller tied for the Silverthorn badge. The tie was decided on the fifth event, Mr. Miller winning.

F. M. Dawson.

Orangeville, Md.

Orangeville, Md., July 22.—King's Smokeless Gun Club.

No. 1, 10 targets, 50 cents entrance, A. S. A. rules:

Jas Evans	0011010011— 5	Catiz	1010111111— 8
Wm Bond	1001011110— 6	Yeager	1001011011— 6
Mann	1101111101— 8	Dr Smith	1011111111— 9
Steever	1011101110— 7	Dr Frey	1001111111— 8
Hartner	0111111111— 9	Dr Ed Smith	0011111110— 7
Cline	1011011101— 7		

No. 2, 10 targets, 50 cents entrance:

Jas Evans	0101011111— 7	Catiz	1011111111— 9
Wm Bond	1011101111— 8	Yeager	1101100110— 6
Mann	0111111111— 9	Dr Smith	1011011111— 8
Steever	1011111111— 9	Dr Frey	1111011111— 9
Hartner	1111111111—10	Dr Ed Smith	1110111110— 8
Cline	1011101111— 8		

No. 3, 20 targets, the three lowest to pay for targets:

Jas Evans	10110011011100011010—11	Cline	00011001010110011011—10
Catiz	11101011010110111101—15	Dr E Smith	10110111101111111111—17
Dr Smith	11111110111101111111—18	Hartner	11111011111111111119
Dr Frey	01111111111111011111—18	Wm Bond	10110111010111111110—16
Steever	10111001001111111111—15	Yeager	11010111101101110111—15
Mann	11011111111001101111—16		

Third men shot off at 10 targets to decide:

Catiz	1011011011—7	Wm Bond	1100110111—7
Steever	1011110111—8	Yeager	1011010011—6

No. 4, 15 targets, 75 cents entrance:

Wise	100001000111110— 7	Dr Smith	110111111101111—13
Mann	110111011110111—12	Wm Bond	011101110110110—10
Steever	011001111111111—12	Cline	101100001110111— 9
Catiz	111110011111111—13	Dr Frey	101110101111111—12
Yeager	000101110111011— 9	Hartner	111111111111101—14
Jas Evans	101101110101111—11		

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

W. M., Estevan Assa, Canada.—Boil down linseed oil of best quality until it becomes thick and glutinous. It is likely to take fire if boiled in iron pot; use an earthen vessel and boil in open air, with light lid to prevent firing. Then set the oil away in tin can or pail with tight-fitting cover until used.

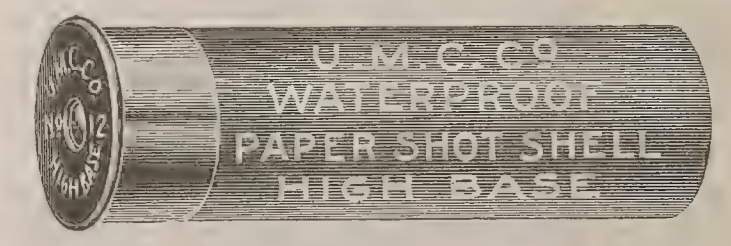
W. McC., Rouse's Point, N. Y.—What should I do for my Irish setter? He does not seem to be in good health; a little off in coat and thinner than he should be. He does not exercise a great deal and he acts drowsy. He is continually shedding his coat, which, instead of growing darker and glossy, seems to be dry and faded in spots. He was two years old last May. In the morning the corners of his eyes have a little matter in them and his nose seems dry and glossy. He has not much of an appetite on some days and others he eats first-rate. Do you think it would be all right to take him with me camping? Ans. Treat for worms. Wash dog once or twice a week with sublimated soap; allow the lather to remain on. Give 3grs. of phosphate of iron and $\frac{1}{100}$gr. of arsenic twice a day.

J. H. B., Montreal.—I am an assiduous reader of the Forest and Stream, received at the Club Canadien, of which I am a member. Will you kindly answer the following in your next issue: Are wild pigeons (*Ectopistes migratorius*) still in existence, and where? Not one can be seen in the Dominion of Canada, I venture to say. Some thirty or forty years ago they were so plentiful that they were a nuisance. Ans. The wild pigeon is believed to be practically exterminated over a considerable portion of North America, especially that part east of the Alleghany Mountains. Of course the enormous flocks of thirty or forty years ago are never seen now, and its extermination is due entirely to persecution by man. At the same time wild pigeons are occasionally seen, especially in the middle West, and the species will probably long survive, but with changed habits and in hopelessly diminished numbers.

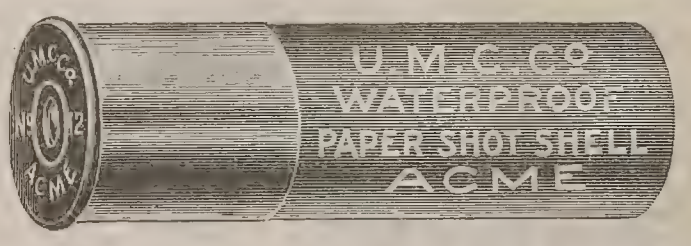
PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

U. M. C. Latest Shells.

The Union Metallic Cartridge Co. now manufacture a cheap shell for dense powder known as "High Base," which has the same primer



and is the same quality as the well-known nitro shells manufactured by this company. They have also marketed the shell known as



"Acme," which takes the place of the Smokeless shell. Both of these shells have a high base and reduced space to avoid unnecessary wadding, and the peculiar shape of the base is thereby adapted to dense powders.—*Adv.*

Through Wonderland.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOURS TO YELLOWSTONE PARK VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

The Yellowstone Park is one of the most wonderfully attractive regions of the world. Its beauties of scenery, the wild grandeur of its mountains and cañons compel the admiration of every visitor, while its phenomenal geysers and curious mineralogical formations make it a rich field for the inveatigation of the scientist. Universal interest attaches to it, and in order that the natural desire to visit it may be accomplished in the most satisfactory manner the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged for a tour covering a period of sixteen days, leaving New York and Philadelphia Thursday, Aug. 27.

As the tour will be run under the personally-conducted tourist system inaugurated by the above-named company, it is hardly necessary to give the assurance that it will be arranged in the most complete manner. It might be well to state, however, that no other means of seeing the Park thoroughly is comparable to that afforded by a well-ordered personally-conducted tour.

A special train, consisting of a dining, Pullman vestibule, drawing-room, sleeping, compartment and observation cars, which will be the best that can be secured, will be provided, in which passengers will live *en route*, and whenever the journey is broken the choicest rooms in the leading hotels will be reserved for the use of the tourists, for which regular rates are paid, so that the guests, although members of a party, enjoy all the privileges of individuals who may have made their own selections.

The party will be conducted throughout by a tourist agent especially selected for his ability and experience, with chaperon to look after the comfort of lady passengers.

The rate, covering every necessary expense, will be $210 from Boston, and $200 from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Harrisburg; proportionate rates from other points.

Detailed itinerary will be sent on application to Tourist Agent, 205 Washington street, Boston; 1196 Broadway, New York; 860 Fulton street, Brooklyn; or Room 411, Broad street station, Philadelphia.—*Adv.*

The Fall River Line having made arrangements with the American District Telegraph Company, announces that a corps of messengers will meet the boats on their arrival at New York for the purpose of acting as escorts to strangers, ladies and children; also to deliver letters, hand satchels, parcels, etc., and to collect telegrams for transmission over Western Union lines.

For the service performed the regular American District Telegraph Company rates will be charged.

It is expected that this service will prove a great accommodation to the traveling public.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1896.

VOL. XLVII.—No. 7. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page x.

Forest and Stream Water Colors

We have prepared as premiums a series of four artistic and beautiful reproductions of original water colors, painted expressly for the FOREST AND STREAM. The subjects are outdoor scenes:

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346 Broadway

NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING

Present Entrance on Leonard Street

Readers accustomed to buying the FOREST AND STREAM *at news stands, and who are going out of town to points where they cannot purchase from newsdealers, may have the paper mailed from this office for any length of time at the rate of forty cents per month.*

SNAP SHOTS.

On Broadway the other day, some two hundred feet from the FOREST AND STREAM'S front door, an old man set out to board a cable car, and a funny show he made of it. He raised both elbows as high as his head and flopped his arms forward, pranced on his toes, made a wild grab at the car, fell, and was hoisted aboard by the conductor, while a small boy yelled, "Go it, old rooster." He was evidently and unmistakably from the country, and was unused to boarding street cars. His antics were ridiculous, and those who observed him could not be blamed if they smiled good-naturedly at the country greenhorn in the city.

But by and by, we may be sure, it will come his turn to laugh, if indeed he has not had the occasion many a time already, at the verdant ways of the city greenhorn in the country. For greenhorns, though their name be legion, are to be divided into two classes, one of the country and the other of the town. Each is the natural product of its surroundings. For while in town and country there is an inseparable community of business interests, and in a lesser degree of social interests, there is not the same common associations of action, of community of thought, of policy or of occupation. Country and city life being thus in parts separated by the peculiar conditions governing them, each in time comes to have a special education, a necessity imposed by their distinctive environments. And these conditions in turn produce the greenhorn.

When the city man goes into the country he enters an environment with which he is unfamiliar, and his trivial blunders being apparent to all the native observers, they bestow on him a good-natured, homespun ridicule, and mirthfully gossip over his ignorance of country matters, small or great. It is assumed that the "city feller" is the same inefficient man in the city that he is in the country. To the country resident his gloved hand, polished boot and natty costume are not indices of a refined calling, but rather a parade of effeminacy and an insignia of idleness. The city man who tramps through the country with rod and gun is the favorite theme of the country man who desires to ridicule the residents of cities. The more costly the rod, or gun, or dog, the more elaborate the city man's costume, the greater is the detail in showing his finicky attempts and his failure; then the story of how the old muzzle-loader of the country resident killed right and left, and the old birch pole and hook and line pulled out the big fish, make a fitting climax to the ornate failure of the city man.

But the country man comes into the city, and all is changed. He then himself is in the midst of strange things. He betrays his unfamiliarity even more than does his city brother in the country, for he is in the midst of much more rapid and dangerous action. He is in a confusion of noises and activity. There is the roaring of heavy traffic, with the clang of rushing cable cars, high buildings, higher than he ever saw before, and people in crowds hurrying to and fro without the slightest thought of him or any one else, so far as their expression or action indicates. He feels utterly helpless and bewildered. He now is the greenhorn.

Let the greenhorn of the city or country of the East visit the Western country, and both are in a strange environment; then they acquire a new *soubriquet*, that of "tenderfoot." It again denotes a man who is not trained to the thought, manners and action of the environment.

Instead of evoking a mild contempt, the mistakes of the city man in the country or those of the country man in the city should be treated with broad tolerance and kindness. It requires but a short time to correct either. The country man will soon learn, if he be patient and observing, that the toy rod of the city man is a killing instrument, with which the fish-pole cannot compete, and that the city man can quickly learn country customs and ways. The city man will learn, if he be properly considerate, that it is an easy matter for his country brother to put on city ways correctly and with indifference, and that the brethren of city and country, no matter how much they may be greenhorns when they exchange visits, have their hearts in the right place. The lines of demarkation are less sharp between country and city sportsmen, and let us hope that in time they may disappear in the bonds of common fraternity.

We shall be glad to send specimen copies of FOREST AND STREAM to such addresses as readers may give us for that purpose. If you have a shooting or fishing friend who would be interested in seeing the paper, give us his address.

We referred the other day to the generous offer by a sportsman who enjoys desirable shooting privileges to share them with some less fortunate brother whose time given to sport must of necessity be short. The offer is still open, but the person making it advises us that we neglected to note two qualifications required of the one accepting it, namely, that he must be a good wing shot, who can get the birds after they are shown to him; and second, that he must be of those who can afford to spend but little money for shooting. We may add that the person making the offer lives in the eastern part of New York; and that his invitation is just what it purports to be, and is prompted by a generous desire to share his own opportunities with another.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, please come up where you can hear. My voice is not very strong to-day, for yesterday we had a Sunday crowd and I had to do fifty turns; fifty turns means eating twelve pounds of cotton; and if any of you think it isn't weakening to eat twelve pounds of cotton in a day, try it. Now watch me, ladies and gentlemen, as I eat." And the gaping crowd saw the world-renowned champion cotton eater of Coney Island cram a double handful of cotton into his mouth until his cheeks bulged; and then they saw him, not without dire grimaces and gulpings and jugular contortions extraordinary, swallow the wad; and saw him take another mouthful, and another. A hundred or more men, women and children were willing to testify that they had seen the man swallow the cotton. It was perfectly plain to them. If his audiences should fail to see the cotton swallower swallow the cotton, the swallower of cotton would no longer swallow cotton; his occupation would be gone. He lives upon it, not upon cotton, but upon the people who see him eat it, or think they see him eat it.

As with the cotton eater so with the hornsnake. Both owe their existence to the testimony of eye-witnesses who have beheld their wonderful doings. But while the cotton eater courts publicity and shouts to the multitude to draw nigh and look closely upon him, the hornsnake shuns crowded haunts, retires to woodland retreats and reveals himself scantily and for the most part to solitary observers, as to an old darky woman at nightfall, or to a farm hand bringing home the cows. Very rarely does it happen that a specimen is seen under such favorable conditions, at such close quarters, as was the case with the one which is described to-day by our Mississippi correspondent, Coahoma. This snake was captured alive. Two negroes saw its sting; so likewise did three white observers. Here then were five witnesses who actually saw for themselves the horn and sting on the captured snake. This should be testimony enough to convince the most skeptical, and if Coahoma had been minded to handle the evidence with anything like the enterprising assurance of the Coney Island cotton eater, he might have given the hornsnake a new lease of life. Instead of doing this, however, he affirms that in spite of the credulous reception given the creature by the rest of the party, he contumaciously squeezed its horn and proved it to be stingless. The five persons who saw the sting were mistaken, he tells us; they did not see what they thought they saw. And he hopes that now the stinging snake myth has been finally disposed of. Not a bit of it. If the world was built after that fashion, what would become of the cotton eaters? Man likes to be deluded; he will have his cotton eaters and his sting snakes. Coahoma may squeeze the horns of a thousand reptiles and prove them as innocent of harm as the babe at the mother's breast; but the hoop snake will go on rolling, the hornsnake stinging, and the joint snake, smashed to flinders, will link itself joint by joint together again. You may scotch these serpents, but you shall not kill them.

The Canadian authorities appear to be quite as inefficient in their protection of the wood buffalo of the Northwest as the United States have been with the buffalo of the West. In the Northwest Territories buffalo are by law protected at all times, and in the Unorganized Territories, which comprise all the Northwest Territories not included in Assiniboia, Alberta and Sasketchewan, they are protected until 1900. The law as to the Unorganized Territories, which goes into effect for the first time this present year, would practically be worthless even if enforced, for it provides that "Indians and inhabitants are exempt, and travelers, explorers and surveyors in need of food." A game law which exempts Indians and inhabitants is no game law worth enacting. As a matter of fact, since the protective laws were provided more wood buffalo hides and heads than before have been received at Edmonton, the great receiving and shipping center of the fur trade of the Northwest.

The failure of the law in the Northwest Territories appears to be due to conditions similar to those which have rendered laws unavailing elsewhere. There is no one to enforce them; they will not enforce themselves, nor will they ever do the least good until an official shall be provided to put them into operation. A game warden at Edmonton, to overhaul the furs received there and to confiscate buffalo hides and heads, would soon put a stop to the slaughter of what is practically the last remnant of this species on the continent. Canada is in many respects so efficient in the protection of her game reserves that this condition in the Northwest Territories is all the more a reproach; and we cannot believe that the authorities will permit it to continue.

In the names of those to be included in Mr. Fred Mather's charming sketches of the men he has fished with is that of "Uncle Dan" Fitzhugh, of Bay City, Mich., who died on June 26 of this year, at the age of seventy. Mr. Fitzhugh was by personal qualities endeared to his angling friends. Of him Mr. Herschel Whitaker well says: "He was one of nature's noblemen, a true sportsman, a brave spirit, with a heart as gentle as a woman's."

We may now venture to consider the New England copperhead question as settled. Our California correspondent has found out that copperheads are a Connecticut and Massachusetts institution. He has also discovered that our Natural History columns have a trans-continental range, and that by recourse to them a seeker for knowledge may peer from his stand on the Pacific coast into the crevasses and snake dens of New England cliffs.

The Sportsman Tourist.

SPORT IN INDIA.

II.—The Great Plain.

If we now suppose ourselves to emerge from the belt of sub-Himalayan forest and proceed southward we find ourselves on the vast alluvial plain which forms all the northern part of India. So gentle is the slope of this immense surface that the ancient city of Delhi, which stands at about its center, 1,000 miles from the sea on either hand, is yet but 800ft. above sea level. Less than 1ft. per mile is the slope, and down it slowly glide the waters of the great rivers Indus and Ganges, whose shores are lined with a succession of populous cities. Here we have the seat of one of the most ancient civilizations known to the world of our day.

This great plain of northern India was all cleared and settled ages ago, and a dense population now fills it. Under such conditions the sportsman would hardly expect to find anything to attract him, but yet there is plenty of sport to be had on this wide, densely peopled area. In no other country would this be possible; any people like ourselves would long ago have made a clean sweep of every bird and beast. But the mild Hindoo is a vegetarian and has no taste for field sports. "Live and let live" is his motto. One day when out after duck I inquired of a native fisherman (because many will eat fish, though not flesh) whether there were any otters in those waters.

"Plenty," he replied, "we often see them."

"Why, then," I asked, "do none of you ever trap or shoot them? Their skins are good and they destroy many of your fish."

"God has made the otters as He made me," he replied. "They also are fishers as I am. What right have I to molest them?"

Such is the beautiful religion of these good people; it is a pity that some little of this respect for wild animal life cannot be imported into another country that we know of. The result is that right around the villages and among the crops game is to be found.

The black antelope, that most graceful and swiftest of all creatures on the face of this earth, roams over these wide plains. While a farmer is hoeing at one end of a field the antelope will be taking a nibble at the other end. They are not plentiful enough nor voracious enough to do any real harm to the crops, and of course they get driven about a great deal, but they can always get a bite somewhere, by night if not by day. Here and there will be a few acres of fallow or waste land, where they can collect to rest and lie down unmolested. They have little fear of the native, but in most districts they have learned by this time to keep clear of the white man and his gun, so that on the open plain, with no cover but the crops, it takes a lot of careful stalking to get a shot. The buck is black above, with pure white below, stands nearly 3ft. in height, weighs about 100lbs. and carries very elegant straight horns, spirally twisted and running up to 2ft. in length. The doe is smaller and light fawn colored. Their speed far exceeds the fastest greyhound's. I have often succeeded, when riding out with my greyhounds, in coming on antelope by surprise and laying the dogs on to them at close quarters, but in a few tremendous bounds the deer will stretch away ahead; eagerly and keenly though the dogs will strain after him, they may run themselves to a standstill without putting the antelope to any fatigue.

In a district where they are plentiful I have known a game hog to shoot twelve in one day without even leaving the high road along which he was driving. But there is a very strong feeling among English sportsmen in India against the game hog, and this feeling has increased so much of late years that no one would dare now to kill twelve bucks in a day or anything like it. The following is, roughly speaking, the code of Anglo-Indian sportsmanship.

(1) Not to shoot an unreasonable amount of any kind of game, however plentiful it may be.

(2) Strictly to respect the breeding season.

(3) Not to shoot the does or hinds of the deer and antelope tribes, only the bucks and stags. This rule is very strict, and the man who shoots hind or doe is looked upon with much contempt.

The best sportsmen not only will never think of firing at anything but stags and bucks, but they will not shoot even a young one whose horns are not of a good size—nothing but fine, well matured animals with good heads.

The black antelope is the only species of large game that lives right in the open plains and fields, relying entirely on his speed and never entering coverts.

Although the great plain is so entirely cleared and densely populated, there are few districts which do not contain some stretches of scrub and bush land, high grass, etc., and the tall crops of millet and sugar cane also afford cover to game which cannot live in the open. Along the borders of all the great rivers runs a strip of land a mile or so wide which cannot be cultivated because it is flooded every rainy season, though dry for most of the year—rough ground, full of high grass and bushes. In such places a variety of game is found, large and small. We here find the nilgau, a large, heavy species of antelope standing 4½ft. high, but not much sought after by sportsmen because his horns are insignificant. The hog deer is a small species of antlered deer standing some 28in. high and carrying a good three-pointed horn. Wild hogs are also common in these localities.

Pea fowl, black partridge, gray partridge, florican and hares all abound in grass and bush coverts.

In waste, sandy places the great Indian bustard is seen from afar off. He has to be shot with the rifle, as it is seldom possible to get within gun range.

Several species of sand grouse are met with and afford excellent sport. Blue pigeons are very common, and in groves of trees the beautiful green pigeons are met with.

The great Indian plain is also a wonderful wildfowl country. All over it are found pieces of water, varying from ponds up to extensive lakes or marshes of several square miles, half filled with reeds and swamp grass and affording cover to untold millions of wildfowl. Most of these are migratory and have their breeding grounds among some almost unknown lakes in Thibet north of the Himalayas. About October they come south and every suitable piece of water swarms with them all the winter. Many of the species of wild duck are the same as the American and European ones, while others are peculiar to Asia. We have in India about twenty-five different kinds of wild ducks and geese, besides an immense variety of herons, storks, cranes, ibis, pelicans, plover and other shore birds and waders, all in great quantities. The snipe shooting is something unequaled and vast flocks of quail are found among the crops. Nowhere in the world can wildfowl shooting be met with in such great variety, or so easy to get at and in such an excellent climate.

That reminds me to say a little about the climate. Popular imagination no doubt usually pictures India as a very hot country, abounding in snakes, reptiles and insects. The reality is as follows, speaking now of northern India, where we at present are supposed to be:

In April, May and June there is a very dry heat; it is very hot out on the plains, but good in the cool of the forests. This is very healthy weather and there are no snakes or insects around. July, August and September are the rainy season—terribly hot and steamy; snakes and insects out in plenty. This is an abominable period, and anyone who can do so escapes to the mountains. But the great body of Indian officials who run the country, judges and magistrates, police officers and engineers, as well as most who are in the country for business and trade, all have to stick it out at their posts, carrying on their work and not getting away on the average more than one hot season out of four. Glad they are when September is well past and another winter begins. The winter of northern India, from the middle of October till the middle of March, is absolutely perfect weather, neither hot nor cold. The forests are still too damp and dense from the previous rainy season to go into, but from October to March one can enjoy camping in perfection on the plains and have all the sport above referred to. Most of the officials spend this season in camp, going about the district they have charge of. The great beauty of the Indian cold season is its absolute certainty. There may be similar weather in the Southern States of America where it is not too damp. (I went to Florida once in December and found the climate unbearable from its dampness—not to be compared for one moment with India at the same season.) In the drier Southern States there may be a winter as good as the Indian, but then it is liable to be interrupted by a "norther" and there may be snow in New Orleans. This cannot happen in India—never has happened during all its long history—because the great wall of the Himalayas across the north shuts off any "northers." Hence we have a perfect winter of about 60° Fahrenheit absolutely steady, the only possible break of the weather being just a little rain now and then. There are no snakes or insects about.

Altogether for excellence of climate, facilities for camping comfortably, and variety of sport no country can compare with northern India.

Major G. M. Bellasis,
Bengal Staff Corps (retired).

[To be continued.]

MY OLD SUIT OF CLOTHES.

There are certain memories clinging to an old suit of clothes that are none the less charming in spite of their humble origin. Every year at the close of my September vacation I hang them away in their old resting place and wonder if I will ever wear them again. I have them on now, over here at Hemlock Lake, and they are just as good as ever, and oh, how delightfully easy they are, how they conform to every curve of my frame and settle down so restfully when I take my after-dinner siesta. Shall I analyze this old suit of clothes of mine? Will anybody care to listen to their simple tale?

The coat and vest are mates, made at the same time and made to stay. Twenty years ago they were builded by my tailor on lines distinctly laid down by me. This was before the days when a good dead grass color canvas shooting coat replete with many pockets could be bought at any sportsmen's supply store for $2.50, so I sent for the good brown canvas and had him make me a sleeveless coat with seven outside and one large inside pocket, the last one for game and reaching clear around the skirt. The vest was fitted with sleeves and had two large side pockets and two rows of cartridge slips across the breast. The corduroy trousers I haven't had so long, but they belong to the old suit just the same and play their part acceptably.

Now I presume a thousand readers of Forest and Stream have exactly such an old suit as I have, and possibly they may protest against my flaunting these old relics before them, sneering at the very idea of there being anything worth mentioning in an old hunting suit. But wait a moment, we all love an old gun, an old friend, an old dog, an old rod! why not an old suit of clothes?

What a mine of recollection I unearth when I take down the old coat and go through it systematically. The right shoulder is frayed and worn where the friction of the tip stock of my gun has overcome the toughness of the canvas and left a jagged hole. It took many excursions to wear the old coat that way. Through the mists of years they take shape before my eyes as I hold the time-honored garment at arm's length. Along the Ohio River bottoms I tramp for quail. I am watching a runway for deer at the headwaters of the Shenandoah in Virginia. I am looking for grouse on the Au Sable in northern Michigan, while in my own western New York I am scouring the counties of Steuben, Livingston and Ontario for general results.

I feel in the upper left-hand pocket, sacred to my tobacco pouch, and as I take out a pinch of powdery, dusty leavings I can almost pick out the Piccadilly, curly cut and Seal of North Carolina (I abominate granulated tobacco) from the mess and tell just when and where I burnt them.

In another pocket I find a little tin match-box packed full of old-fashioned sulphur matches, so old and frayed that an attempt to light one only yields a faint, sheolic sizzle. That box once contained split shot for bait fishing for trout, and years ago I packed it full of sulphur matches, but I only carried them thinking some day they might come in handy; but they never did. In the same pocket, clinking weirdly against its mate, I discover a little old brass compass scarcely ¾in. in diameter. It was given me by a friend many years ago, and gratefully received as a most useful addition to my kit. It is a little open-faced affair, and how it ever survived the hard knocks it has received in company with the match-box I don't understand; but as I take it out and lay it in the palm of my hand it looks as bright and clear as a new cent and flops around to the north as promptly as a private at salute. And now I take out a big blue silk handkerchief used for neck protection only, and guiltless of the laundry for more than a decade. How many times its soft, ample folds have kept out sun and rain and wind in the years that have gone. Last of all, I take out the old soft rubber drinking cup and contemplate it lovingly. I wonder from how many springs and mountain streams I have taken water through the medium of that cup? Originally the color of it was white, but time and the corroding influence of a variety of waters have had their effect on the old cup, and it is now a dingy gray; but it is still pliable and water-tight, and will do good service for many years to come. I turn the old coat around and dive into the roomy game pocket, and draw forth bits of feathers, fur and twigs. So disintegrated and small are these relics that I fail to locate them minutely, and as I turn them over in my hand how the days in the autumn woods come back to me, and I recall many a satisfactory contribution made to that old pocket.

Hanging up the coat, I look into the pockets of the vest and only find a few stray shot, a couple of quill toothpicks and a stub lead pencil. The trousers yield a long-bladed, clasp knife, given me more than fifteen years ago by a friend in the hardware business. The blade is a splendid piece of steel, and so arranged that once open it cannot be closed without pressing a spring in the back. Before my friend, the rector, went over the river we all must cross, he taught me that the only way to treat trout was to clean the morning's catch at luncheon and the afternoon's yield at the close of the day's sport, and then to pack them nicely in the creek with fresh ferns; and upon arriving home they would be all ready for the pan. So when I take out this fine old knife it all comes back to me: the rector and I seated down by the Loyalsock in Sullivan county, Pa., each with a little pile of trout before him, plying our knives and pipes and voices, while the grand old hemlock-clad hills look down upon us lovingly.

Ah, well, I don't find anything more in the old suit but pleasant memories, so I relegate it to its accustomed hooks, noting with pleasure that it don't seem to be growing old any faster than its owner. May the old suit yet see much service, and come through the thickets with its wearer safely into the clearing. H. W. D. L.

Dansville, N. Y.

TWO IN LAPLAND.

"What's better for supper than Little Neck clams and cold salmon on a hot night in July?" said Pod, helping himself bountifully to the salmon.

"You'll get tired enough of salmon before you get back; I imagine," said Dick. "Well, you wouldn't catch Frank and me running off to the wilds of Lapland for sport, would he, Frank? But here's luck to you, anyhow; may you reach the Varanger in safety and have lots of sport."

We drank the toast reverently; Pod ordered more salad and we all made merry there in the Arena until late in the evening, when we separated reluctantly, promising to meet again at the steamer.

Next morning, as usual, the steamer was crowded with people bidding good-by to friends and relations. We managed to get our crowd together for a few moments, and then the cry of "All ashore that go ashore!" made us grip hands for the last time. A few moments later the great ship moved out into the North River, and amid the cries and shouts from friends on the dock we steamed down to the Narrows and were soon out of sight of land.

For seven days we did hardly anything but eat, sleep, walk about the decks and loaf, and then one evening just as we were going down to dinner somebody spied land, and we all crowded to the rail, straining our eyes to catch a glimpse of the unsatisfactory blue streak on the horizon which represented land. The time came for us to disembark, early in the afternoon of the next day, and getting our duffle together we went ashore, through the custom house, as quickly as possible, and rushed up to London. It was 11 o'clock at night, however, when we finally established our headquarters at the Charing Cross Hotel. We had had nothing to eat since 1, so now with one common, all-absorbing desire we strode out of the hotel and up the Strand in search of a grill room. We found a good-looking place not far away, where we went in and ordered chops and ale for two, and silently fed for nearly two hours. How we did eat! Pod especially, I thought, would never cease his attacks on the thick, juicy English chops and pewter tankards of Scotch ale; but at last he called a halt and then we went back to our hotel and turned in.

Four or five days in London spent in procuring forgotten necessities and in seeing the sights once more, and Pod and I again took the trail for Norway and sport. We were a day and a night on a Newcastle steamer crossing the North Sea, and on the morning of July 18 arrived at Bergen and took passage on a small mail steamer bound to Vadso, on the Varanger Fjord. As our ship did not sail until 11 that night, we amused ourselves in wandering about the town, watching the sailors unload the great cargoes of fish from their peculiarly shaped boats, and in visiting the grave of Ole Bull, the great violinist.

Precisely at 11 o'clock by the light of the midnight sun we left Bergen and resumed the lazy life of travelers on shipboard. For a few days the Norwegian meals and cooking were the chief interest, and these were really quite unique, especially the breakfasts. For the morning meal the true Norwegian usually takes a small quantity of *aquavit* (a sort of brandy made from potatoes), then sausages of various kinds, or dried reindeers' tongues and goat's milk cheese, or cod's roe, and ends up with a little caviare or anchovis, washing the whole down with a poor apology for beer. On the Vesta, however, we fared a trifle more luxuriously, and in the morning usually had boiled eggs, and hot fried fish or meat for luncheon.

Two days after leaving Bergen we arrived at Troudjheim and went ashore for a couple of days. We had a very good dinner at the hotel, and then we inquired what we could do to pass the time, and were much surprised to find that all places of amusement were accustomed to close on Saturday night, opening again Sunday night. We thereupon put in the evening in a quiet way in the gardens of the hotel.

On re-embarking we found the number of the Vesta's passengers very much decreased. An amusing little professor from an Austrian university off on a botanizing trip, a Norwegian forest master resplendent in green uniform and brass buttons, and a Mr. M. were the only pas-

sengers besides Pod and myself. We soon became acquainted as well as the differences in language would permit, and found them all very pleasant. Mr. M. was especially pleasant to us, however, and it was through his kindness that we were enabled to get the splendid salmon fishing that we did. We shall never cease to think of him with the greatest gratitude and affection.

For a week we steamed in and out of the beautiful fjords, enjoying the magnificent scenery. Entering some quiet fjord, shut in by rugged mountains dotted with snow fields, we would sound our whistle, and a quaint little boat of the old Viking ship model would come out from some little fishing village to get the weekly mail and possibly a passenger. When the reverberating echoes of the whistle had died away a desolate silence would resume, broken only by the clank of the anchor chains, the subdued tones of the quiet voiced sailors, and the mournful cries of the myriads of sea gulls that continually hovered about the ship.

On July 31 we arrived at Vadso, on the Varanger Fjord, and next morning at 7 left the Vesta, crossed the fjord in a little steamer to Elvnaes, the name of a solitary post station at the mouth of the Pasvik. Here the lendsman, or local magistrate who keeps the station, showed us the way to a small log cabin which had been built by some sportsman a few years previously, and to this little cabin we at once brought up our duffle and lived like princes for the one week we were there.

Early next morning Mr. M. engaged two Lapps with their canoes to row us on the salmon pools. Pod at once rigged his rod and spent the morning on the river.

After dinner I had my turn, while Pod went to a pretty little lake for trout. He took three beauties of about ¾lb. each and then returned, and I went to the lake and caught three more trout, while he killed his first grilse and a small salmon of about 6lbs. That evening we both went for lax (salmon), and I had the good fortune to get a small grilse just as we were leaving the river.

The next day, at 10 in the evening, I took to the upper pools and Pod stayed at the mouth of the river. About three hours' rowing back and forth across the quiet river in the oppressive northern stillness was enough, and I gave it up and dropped down to where I left Pod. As we came in sight, he shouts out, "Look out, I've got a monster; have had him on ever since we first came out." Almost before the words had left his mouth a great fish jumped about 6 or 8ft. into the air near my canoe, and fell back with a tremenduous splash into the water. Very much excited, I directed my Lapp to put me on shore, and ran along the bank to where Fred's Lapp was cautiously trying to beach his canoe, and watched my pal get out upon the bank and begin the final struggle. Just as Pod got the salmon into shallow water he got frightened at something and dashed away again. Again Pod got him near the shore, and again he dashed away, until at last, after fighting for three long hours, he gave up, and Pod had him in for the last time. With a quick movement one of the Lapps hooked him with the long-handled gaff just back of the gills and, staggering up the bank, flung him on the pebbles. Next morning we found he weighed just 36lbs.

Pod was completely worn out from excitement and nearly frozen by the cold mist that comes up from the river at night, so after a hearty pull at my flask we all helped lift the salmon into one of the canoes and crossed the river to camp. Before going to bed Pod insisted upon making a sketch of his prize; so Andreas and I managed to hang him in the middle of one of the long gaffs, and each of us supported an end on our shoulders while Pod made his drawing.

Next morning after breakfast Andreas rowed me slowly back and forth across the big pool at the mouth of the river, and I sat in the stern with a long length of line out, earnestly hoping some mighty salmon would be tempted to take my blue phantom minnow and give me such a fight as Pod had a few hours previous. As I am dreaming of fishing luck in general and my jovial pal's in particular I am aroused by a jerk at my line and in half a second more am sitting bolt upright shouting to Andreas to get his Lappish wits together and row, for my line is running out like wildfire. At last the Lapp takes in the situation and commences to row toward the fjord in the direction in which the fish is going, and then we have an exciting race: salmon versus Lapp, both going for all they are worth. When only a few more yards of line remain the salmon suddenly stops and I reel in hurriedly and am just about to give thanks, when he is off again up river. Again reel hums and Lapp groans, but not for long, for the fish has started in to use other tactics and ceasing his long runs now dashes from side to side, tugs at the line several times in quick succession, and comes to the surface once or twice and lashes the water into foam with his huge tail, and having tried his level best to get away at last lets himself be taken to shallow water, and after a final dash or two is gaffed and on the pebbles at my feet. "*Stor lax*," says Andreas (*Anglice*, big salmon), "more big as other man's," which statement I am inclined to doubt; for, although he is a monster, I cannot believe him to be over 36lbs. To settle the question, we lift the *stor lax* into the canoe and paddle back to camp. When Pod and Mr. M. saw what I had on my back as I toted the fish up the bank there were audible expressions of surprise from both of them, and in a second more they had the salmon on the balance and he weighed in kilos what is equivalent to 39 15/16lbs., so we called him a 40-pounder.

Pod went on the river all that afternoon, while Mr. M. and I went to the lake for trout, and after tea I took the upper pool and killed a lively 25-pounder that made a beautiful fight before he could be brought to gaff. He was one of the river fish that keep more to the fresh water and consequently did more leaping than the salmon of the lower part of the river, sometimes leaping 6 or 8ft. into the air two and three times in quick succession. Andreas nearly lost me this fish by his clumsy management of the gaff. It is surprising how clumsy some of these Lapps can be, often making two and three attempts before they secure a fish; and of course, although a salmon be almost drowned, when he feels the sharp prick of the gaff hook he will dash off again and leave one in constant fear of his ultimate escape.

The next day being Sunday, Pod and I strolled acr the boundary into Russia and Pod made sketches of scenery. On Monday the forest master was expecte return from his trip to the interior, and we made u party to meet him at the beautiful Harefos or H Falls. We went up river about six miles to the f passing through Borisgleb. Here a small Greek church is situated; the priest lives all alone and ministers to the wants of a dirty village of Lapps, called Scalp Lapps, on account of a hereditary disease which renders them all bald. He is a most picturesque looking man in his long blue gown, white hair, and as we passed by begged us to come in and drink some overland tea, but we were in a hurry to reach the falls and had to decline. As we left the village we could see the Lapps coming out of their squalid huts on their way to mass. It was one of the numerous holy days of the church calender, and the women were arrayed in all the finery of bright bits of scarlet cloth and brass ornaments as they responded to the confused jangle of the small peal of bells that the church boasted.

With the sound of the bells growing fainter and fainter in the distance, we pushed forward on our journey to the Harefos, where we soon arrived and had luncheon, and after luncheon caught many pounds of trout and grayling before the forest master came in. The fishing was magnificent, but my luck was not with me, so I gave it up at last and netted for Pod, who was pulling them out in great style. In about half an hour we had sixteen beautiful trout and grayling that weighed about 20lbs. Then we returned to the station, and for the next day or two killed several salmon and grilse, but none over 10lbs., until the night before we broke camp, when Pod had a fierce fight with a 38-pounder that brought our salmon record up to 198lbs. for the one delightful week we spent there.

On the morning of Aug. 8, in company with Mr. M., we said good-by to the people who had been so kind to us at the station and sailed back to Vadso to join the mail steamer going south.

STORLAX.

Natural History.

HOW BIRDS AFFECT THE FARM AND GARDEN.

BY FLORENCE A. MERRIAM.

[*Continued from page 104.*]

Loggerhead Shrike.

THIS shrike is the common United States butcherbird. In the summer he lives on insects—98 per cent. of the food for July and August in eighty-eight stomachs consisted of insects, mainly grasshoppers. In winter, when insects are scarce, the shrike becomes carnivorous; indeed, mice form 11 per cent. of the food for the year.

As will be inferred, the beneficial qualities of the shrike far outweigh the injurious.

Rose-Breasted Grosbeak.

This beautiful bird has shown itself of especial importance to the farmer because of its fondness for potato beetles, and should be protected and encouraged in every way.

Wood Pewee.

The pewee, like its relative, the phœbe, feeds largely on the family of flies to which the house fly belongs.

Yellow-Bellied Flycatcher.

This little flycatcher does good by catching the injurious weevils.

Vireos.

The greenlets may be found from morning till night searching among the leafy treetops for insects both in our forests and in our villages and towns. They probably rank next to the cuckoo in the destruction of caterpillars, and are also of great value from their fondness for bugs and weevils, May beetles, inch worms and leaf-eating beetles.

Brown Thrasher.

Mr. Judd, in his report on the thrasher, says: "The fruit grower who sees the birds flocking into his cherry tree not only neglects to observe the birds sandwiching in with the luscious fruit dainty morsels of insects, but also overlooks the fact that when the cherry season is over they



BROWN THRASHER.

raise havoc with his worst enemies. The quantity of food taken from cultivated crops by the thrasher amounts to only 11 per cent.; of this 8 per cent. is fruit, and the rest grain. The farmer is more than compensated for this loss by the destruction of an equal bulk of May beetles, which, if allowed to live, would have done much more harm than the thrashers, and left a multitudinous progeny for next year."

Robin.

The robin is accused of eating cultivated fruits, but examinations show that less than 5 per cent. of his food is grown by man. As nearly half his food is wild fruit, it would be easy to substitute something for the garden products that he troubles. On the other hand, nearly half his food is animal, including wasps, ants, bugs, spiders, large per cent. of grasshoppers, at least eight quarts of cut worms, pay for twenty-four quarts of cherries, blackberries, currants and grapes?" And Mr. Bruner says: "He is a poor business man who pays $10 for that which he knows must later be sold for 15 cents or even less. Yet I have known of instances where a robin that had saved from ten to fifteen bushels of apples that were worth a dollar per bushel, by clearing the tree from canker worms in the spring, was shot when he simply pecked one of the apples that he had saved for the grateful or ungrateful fruit-grower."

The robin is such a favorite that it is particularly interesting to know what wild fruits can be planted to draw his attention from the small fruits of the garden when he chances to take an undue amount. The wild fruits found in his stomach are dogwood, wild grape, wild black cherry, choke cherry, bird cherry, mulberry, greenbrier berry, cranberry, blueberry, huckleberry, holly berry, elderberry, hackberry, service berry, spice berry, hawthorn, bittersweet, Virginia creeper, moonseed, mountain ash, black haw, barberry, pokeberry, strawberry bush, juniper, persimmon, saw palmetto, California mistletoe and bayberry.

Crow Blackbird.

Sometimes birds become too crowded in one place and their numbers need to be reduced. This is occasionally true of the crow blackbird, for when it descends upon a field in hundreds of thousands it inflicts real damage. But such instances are exceptional and can usually be



CROW BLACKBIRD.

prevented. One of the blackbird's commonest pursuits is to follow the plow, and after the birds have been doing it their stomachs are found "crammed with grubs." They also eat the destructive rose bug, curculio, May beetle, grasshopper, cricket and locust. Indeed, Professor Beal's conclusion is that "By destroying insects they do incalculable good."

Bluebird.

More than three-quarters of the bluebird's food is animal, nearly a quarter of it being grasshoppers and crickets, and a tenth caterpillars.

There is no cultivated fruit on his list, but as he is a bird which everyone is anxious to attract, it is well to know for which wild fruits he seems to have a preference. He has been found to eat bird cherry, choke cherry, dogwood, bush cranberry, huckleberry, greenbrier, Virginia creeper, strawberry, juniper berry, bittersweet, pokeberry, false spikenard, partridge berry and wild sarsaparilla.

Phœbe.

The phœbe lives mainly upon animal food. It destroys some useful insects, but does more good than harm by eating numbers of weevils, so injurious to peas, beans and wheat; and also by reducing the number of flies, bugs, May beetles, caterpillars, squash beetles, elm-leaf beetles and grasshoppers.



WEEVIL.

Red-Winged Blackbird.

Mr. Lawrence Bruner says, "In the red-winged blackbird we have a friend that we little dream of when we see the large flocks gathering about our cornfields during late summer and early fall. During the balance of the year it is engaged most of the time in waging war upon various insect pests, including such forms as the grub worms, cut-worms, grasshoppers, army worm, beet caterpillar, etc. Even when it visits our cornfields it more than pays for the corn it eats, by the destruction of the worms that lurk under the husks of the large per cent. of the ears in every field.

"Several years ago the beet fields in the vicinity of Grand Island were threatened with great injury by a certain caterpillar that had nearly defoliated all the beets growing in many of them. At about this time large flocks of this bird appeared, and after a week's sojurn the caterpillar plague had vanished."

In winter the red-winged blackbird serves the farmer by destroying seeds of ragweed, foxtail grass and bindweed, while all through the summer it does great good by "destroying myriads of caterpillars, grasshoppers and weevils. Indeed it is without a peer as an enemy to one of our most injurious classes of insects—the weevils."

Meadow Lark.

It has been said that the meadow lark eats clover seed, but in looking for it in stomach contents it was found in only six out of 238 stomachs, and 99 per cent. of the food at clover time was found to be insects, mainly grasshoppers—insects whose ravages have been notorious from the earliest times. Prof. Beal says, "The number eaten is so enormous as to entitle the meadow lark to rank among



SMALL GRASSHOPPER.

nost efficient of our native birds as a grasshopper de-er." It is estimated that the value of the grass crop l by meadow larks on a township of thirty-six square

miles each month during the grasshopper season is about $24.

"Nor are the other components of the insect food less important except in quantity. Some of the most injurious beetles form a considerable percentage of the stomach



MEADOW LARK.

contents." Among other insects eaten by the meadow lark are May beetles, ants, bugs, caterpillars, curculios and leaf beetles. In conclusion Prof. Beal says, "Far from being injurious, it is one of the most useful allies to agriculture, standing almost without a peer as a destroyer of noxious insects."

Woodpeckers.—Red-Headed Woodpecker.

The redhead eats more grasshoppers than any other woodpecker. It also assists in destroying June bugs and weevills. In the North its main food is beechnuts. It does some harm by eating grain and fruit, but not enough



RED-HEADED WOODPECKER.

to amount to much. As it eats a large quantity of wild fruit, it could probably be diverted from the cultivated varieties by planting wild ones where they do not exist. The best would probably be dogwood, mulberry, elderberry, choke cherry and wild black cherry.

Sapsucker.

The sapsucker has the habit of drilling holes in the bark of trees, and, as his name would indicate, sucks the sap that exudes from the tree. But this is not all, nor does it doom him to disfavor. Now and then an individual sapsucker may girdle and kill an ornamental birch on a lawn;



HAIRY WOODPECKER.

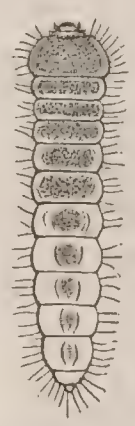
but for one which does that, numbers are at work destroying the insects that gather at the sap on the hardy forest trees which the woodpecker will not harm. A description of the sapsucker's performance says, "As the sap exudes from the newly-made punctures, thousands of flies, yellow jackets and other insects congregate about the place, till the hum of their wings suggests a swarm of bees. If now the tree be watched, the woodpecker will soon be seen to return and alight over the part of the girdle which he has most recently punctured. Here he remains with motionless body and feeds upon the choicest species from a host of insects within easy reach."

Some sapsuckers have been experimented with to find out if they could live principally on syrup, but in each instance have died from the diet. Stomach examinations bear out the testimony. The sapsucker is largely an insect eater. Thirty-six per cent. of his solid food consists of ants. He also destroys wasps, beetles, bugs, flies, grasshoppers and crickets. He eats more flies than any



SAPSUCKER.

other woodpecker. To keep him from ornamental trees it might be well to plant the dogwood, black alder, Virginia creeper, wild black cherry and juniper.



TREE-BORING LARVA.

Downy Woodpecker.

This little woodpecker, the smallest of the family, has been accused of eating fruit, but in 140 stomachs examined apple was found in only two and strawberries in one. On the other hand, almost 75 per cent. of the bird's food is insects. Eleven woodpeckers taken in Kansas in winter contained 10 per cent. of grasshopper eggs. The little bird also destroys May beetles, plant lice and ants. A single wood-borer will often kill an entire tree, and one-fifth of the downy's animal food consists of caterpillars, many of which bore into wood and live on stems and leaves. Indeed, the downy is the most beneficial of all the useful woodpecker family.

Hairy Woodpecker.

The hairy comes next to the downy in usefulness. It eats a large number of beetles and caterpillars, almost no grain, and only wild fruits. Sixty-eight per cent. of its food is animal, including ants, beetles, bugs, grasshoppers and spiders.

Flicker.

Nearly half of the food of the flicker is ants. Three thousand were found in one stomach. As ants spread plant lice, destroy timber and infest houses, the flicker is certainly a useful bird. It does good work in other ways



FLICKER.

also. Like many innocent birds, the flicker has been accused of corn-eating, but only five out of 230 stomachs contained any corn.

Prof. Beal, having spoken of the good work the woodpeckers did in Nebraska at the time of the grasshopper devastation, says of the downy, hairy and flicker: "Not one of the trio shows a questionable trait, and they should be protected and encouraged in every possible way."

A Bull Caribou Without Antlers.

Editor Forest and Stream:

According to your request, I send more details of the caribou without antlers reported in your issue of July 25. As to its age by the teeth, it was past four years, having a full mouth. It was alone, was in full flesh, its hide unscarred by combats, its neck thin like that of a cow. Its hoofs, too, were full and sharp for the season, hence I conclude it was not in the rut. In my previous note for "indentation" read "indication." PINE TREE.

Commissioner Whitaker's Outing.

FISH COMMISSIONER HERSCHEL WHITAKER, of Detroit, has gone off on a six weeks' camping, hunting and fishing trip in Colorado and Wyoming. This, Mr. Whitaker says, is the first rest and divorce from business he has ever had, which is to say that it will be enjoyed to the full.

HORN SNAKE EVIDENCE.

MISSISSIPPI, July 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have captured and now have in possession a real, genuine, *bona fide* stinging snake of the most approved pattern.

It cost me an hour's hard and hot work, with two negroes assisting, to get him out of a thicket of weeds and bushes and reduce him to a state of captivity—that is corralled in a sack with the mouth tied up.

It also cost me $1.75 in cash to secure the aid of the negroes.

While battling with this monster of destruction and trying to get a string around him among the weeds and briers, and after getting him noosed, the negroes saw his sting repeatedly, and one of the negroes knew a man, to-wit, Harry Johnson, who had been stung by a snake of this variety and who died in twenty-five minutes in consequence.

Col. D. M. Russell, a prominent gentleman of this neighborhood, and likewise Mr. Frank Moore, assured me most positively that these snakes do possess stings, which they use with deadly effect. They knew this to be a fact, being familiar with the snake and having seen its sting.

To-day, when I was getting the snake out of a box and securing him for examination, which I did by tying him head and tail and in the middle of a long stick, Mr. Alcorn and Mr. Meek, likewise Mrs. Mosby, the landlady, all saw his sting plainly as he flirted his tail around. Another strong symptom which I failed to mention: when I first approached the snake before his capture and endeavored to drag him into the road with a whip handle, as he crawled away the end of his tail was curled up in a little vertical curve, something after the manner of the scorpion when disturbed.

Nevertheless, and notwithstanding this cloud of witnesses and circumstantial evidence, I soon found that I could take the end of his tail between my two bare fingers and squeeze it with perfect impunity, as in fact this much maligned reptile is one of the most harmless of creatures, without either capacity or disposition to do injury to anything larger than a frog, which he would doubtless swallow on occasion.

This specimen is 4ft. 8in. long, with size and shape similar to the chicken snake. His body is of uniform color, not quite black, but dark, with a tinge of wine color underneath; the ground color is scarlet, with irregular transverse bars of dark bluish color. These bars, instead of going straight across, have a jog, or offset, at the median line.

The snake crawls with its head and neck very close to the ground, and slightly flattened. It has a disposition to hide its head when disturbed, and flirt its tail around when forced to activity, which characteristics doubtless account for this myth of its being armed with a sting.

The dentition is similar to that of the other non-venomous constrictors of these parts.

The body is covered with scales about ⅛in. wide, and glistens as if the skin had been varnished.

My specimen is slow and deliberate in his movements and very docile. He is entirely undemonstrative, making no effort to inflict injury either with head or tail, and can be handled with perfect freedom.

And now I hope the stinging snake myth has been finally disposed of. The foregoing illustrates the proneness of the human mind to yield to deception, and lends its evidence in support of my position, to wit, that all the acts in the daily lives of the great majority of the human family are shaped and controlled by delusions of one kind or another. COAHOMA.

[This snake, so often referred to in these columns, is no doubt *Farancia abacura.*]

COPPERHEADS.

PRINCE'S BAY, N. Y., Aug. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is really amusing to read the article by Forked Deer about the copperhead. It is a pity that he could not have had in the first twenty years of his life the information that I am going to give him now, but we are not too old to learn. I used to live in Massachusetts myself, and when I came away from there I left lots of animals and reptiles that I had never seen. But I still believe they lived there.

The copperheads den with rattlesnakes on the lower end of Mount Tom, on the southerly exposure of the mountain, in a large ledge composed of trap rock. This ledge is nearly at the top of the mountain, about 1,000ft. above the sea.

About the first of May, when the sun begins to strike in on those rocks, the copperheads and rattlesnakes begin to crawl out. I have been there myself and have seen them caught with a pair of wooden tongs about 8ft. long, and those we could not catch with tongs were shot. Copperheads are found on the south side of Mount Tom for a distance of four or five miles, and they are found in the meadows along the trout brook, and on top of the mountain at the same season of the year.

You must bear in mind that Mount Tom is in Massachusetts. But the war on rattlesnakes and copperheads has thinned them out and very few are seen of late years, but there are a few killed every year. If Forked Deer doubts the truth of this article let him write to William Street, proprietor of the Eyrie House, Mount Tom, Mass. Mr. Street always has a few rattlesnakes and copperheads on exhibition at his summer resort. In reading this article don't be misled. The tongs we caught the snakes with were about 8ft. long, not the copperheads. The Mount Tom copperhead rarely reaches over 3ft. in length.

As to color, the copperhead is rightly named from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail. A. L. H.

Editor Forest and Stream:

That the copperhead is very rare in New England cannot be questioned, but that Massachusetts has a few I know from experience. The only one I ever met in his native haunts I came upon suddenly while creeping up to some very shy birds on a ridge of hills a few miles from my home in Canton. I had come within 2ft. of the snake and should have stepped directly on him had I not while looking out for dried sticks seen his head sticking from under some leaves. The head was the only part in sight, the rest being completely covered by dry leaves, but I did not even raise my gun to my shoulder in order to kill my first snake of a large number I had handled and examined. The instant I saw the head I recognized it from descriptions I had read.

That was several years ago and I heard of no others until last year, when some men employed on the Blue Hill Reservation of the Massachusetts Metropolitan Park Com-

mission (this name attracts many wild creatures that otherwise would have stayed at home) caught two alive, besides eight or nine rattlesnakes. Unfortunately I was unable to get to see them, though I believe one is "pickled" in the Boston Natural History rooms.

This year I was more fortunate, as one of the park men informed me at once of the only one caught for 1896 as yet. This one, like the one I shot, was an innocent looking little fellow barely 3ft. long. He was also similarly marked, being spotted a good deal like a rattler and washed all over with rusty copper, the scales on the nose and forehead being most conspicuous, as they were most shiny. He was in a box with a glass cover, having for company one yellow and one black rattlesnake, also a large blacksnake. The rattlers and the copperhead stayed in one end of the box, seeming to be afraid of the blacksnake, which twisted around as he pleased. This appears to be good evidence in support of the blacksnake's ability to kill a rattlesnake.

The fishing Forked Deer has done, as he hints, would hardly have helped him to see a copperhead in my section of the country, as all I have heard of were in very high ground, which is in exact accordance with the views of FOREST AND STREAM, which is as things should be.

Further particulars can doubtless be obtained by inclosing a stamp to Mr. Dings, of the Blue Hill Reservation, Ponkapog, Mass. J. H. BOWLES.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Aug. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The copperhead is quite common in our mountains hereabouts, but this year seem to be unusually plentiful. All of us who do any fishing or hunting are perfectly familiar with them. Quail and grouse are fairly plentiful. F. C. P.

POTSDAM, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Up here in St. Lawrence county, N. Y., much further north than Connecticut, there are many copperheads. I know this because I have killed them. Last week while visiting in the country my cousin killed one, helped by the dog, who will not touch them till he can grab the tail.

NI-HA-NA-WA-TE.

HAS THE SPARROW REFORMED?

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed quill contains an insect and some larvæ of the same. The history of the insect is as follows:

Several days ago we noticed a number of bluish-gray patches on the grass of our lawn. These patches had about the appearance of the track of a person who had been walking through ashes. The blades and stems of the grass, which formed the patches or spots, were thickly crowded with the insects, and the latter had the appearance of small hoppers when they partly flew and partly leaped after being disturbed.

We had already determined to apply a solution of Paris green to the grass when an unexpected, much abused ally made his appearance. A swarm of European sparrows devoured the obnoxious pests, and in the course of a few days reduced them to small numbers. The sparrows still hunt the scattered few of the insects and will without any doubt keep them successfully in check.

Another, to us, new habit of the sparrow has been noted through the present summer—that it lives with the best understanding among a number of robins, which latter birds are in the habit of extracting from the ground numbers of earthworms to feed their young. The sparrows, with heads inclined to one side, also drew many fat worms in exactly the same manner from the soil, between the grass, and never was there noticed any dispute between our friend with the red breast and the foreigners of bad reputation, the English sparrow.

AUGUST KOCH.

[In the quill sent with this letter were five species of insects, namely: *Jassus inimicus* (Say.), *Orgilus mellipes* (Say.), *Hydrellia formosa* (Löw.), *Psilopa atrimana* (Löw.), *Odontocera dorsalis* (Löw.). Of these, the first is a leaf hopper and is decidedly injurious to vegetation; the second is a parasite of the family *Broconidæ*, and is undoubtedly beneficial; the last three are muscid flies, which are not especially injurious or beneficial. We conclude that the sparrows were eating the leaf hoppers, and if so they were doing good service.]

The Florida Manatee.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I perceive that FOREST AND STREAM is still firing an occasional shot at the Florida game butchers, but I'm afraid its ammunition is wasted, for most of them belong to that stupid class who neither read nor think.

Even men who consider themselves respectable go deer hunting in midsummer, and would shoot a fawn three days old without compunction, and then go boasting about that they had killed a deer.

Not the slightest respect is paid to the game laws about St. Augustine. They commence on quail in September, and every Sunday for miles around a stranger might suppose a belated Fourth of July was going on.

FOREST AND STREAM appears to be troubled about the fate of the manatee, and so am I; but Florida has legislators of wonderful foresight, who can always be relied on to see the danger of exterminating game and plumage birds after they have disappeared, and it's hardly worth while to trouble ourselves about the rapidly disappearing manatee, for our wise solons will attend to that, as they attend to everything else in that line. DIDYMUS.

Color Phases of the Scarlet Tanager.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Aug. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been much interested in the articles lately published in your paper on the plumage of the scarlet tanager, more especially as I have recently made a careful study of the plumage changes in this species in preparing my paper on "Molting of Birds" (Proc. Acad. Nat. Sci., Phila., 1896).

It is remarkable that Dr. Coues should still query the statement that the male scarlet tanager changes to the olive-green dress in the fall, and that Mr. Ridgway even in the new edition of the Manual makes no allusion whatever to the olive winter plumage of the male bird.

Specimens showing the change from the red to the olive plumage, though not very plenty in collections, owing to the apparent prejudice against making up ragged molting skins, are certainly to be found in the larger museums. I have recently examined a half dozen such specimens taken at various dates in August, showing all gradations, from one in which the olive feathers are just bursting from the sheaths, and do not yet show on the surface of the plumage, to some that are entirely olive.

There is one interesting point in the coloration of the primaries and secondaries that has not been mentioned by your correspondents. In some of the red spring males these feathers are dull, brownish black edged with olive, as in the female, while in the others they are jet black.

An examination of a large series taken at all seasons shows that the spring molt from olive to red does not extend to the long wing feathers, so that the young bird in its first breeding season retains the olive-edged primaries and secondaries of his fall plumage. Then at the annual molt in August, when he resumes the olive dress, he acquires a new set of wing feathers, which are jet black. The black shoulder patch mentioned by Mr. Koch is retained throughout the winter, as shown by specimens from South America WITMER STONE.

Game Bag and Gun.

A NEW MEXICO SHAVE.

WE started from Virginia on Thanksgiving Day to look after some mining property in the Toas range of mountains, near Tres Piedras, New Mexico.

Our first stop made was at Pueblo, Col., where a most welcome leg-stretching was employed in purchasing our outfit of mining tools, provisions and other necessaries of camp life, and again we took our way toward the land of the ancients, which, as seen from the Denver & Rio Grande route, presents little else to view but a barren waste of mountain and plain, relieved occasionally by deep arroyos or dry river beds that mark the past of mighty cloudburst torrents.

Arriving at Tres Piedras, we spent the night, finding none of the "blissful haven of rest" described to us, but instead a good deal of a rapid little mining town of the usual hotel, saloon, dance hall and barroom outfit.

In the morning we hired a team and moved over to Toas, the last resting place of that famous hunter, scout and Indian fighter, Kit Carson. Here we pitched our camp, hired our men, and with drill and pick commenced what proved to be a long and fruitless struggle with rugged nature for her precious metals.

A month of steady work brought a craving for variety, so a bear hunt was decided upon, and the carcass of a cow was dragged out on the range where Bruin & Co. were known to frequent. Night came and with it we took our stands, placed with a view to intercept the bear should one be attracted by our bait. I, on account of my youth and general inexperience, was given a tree about 50yds. from the carcass and presumably out of the line of action.

Left to myself, I was soon perched on a limb with my back to the trunk and high enough up to see over the underbrush, though I confess this wasn't the sole object of my elevation. A light mantle of snow covered the ground, adding to the clearness of this already beautifully clear, though cold night.

At first my position was comfortable enough, but after a while inaction, with its slower circulation, allowed the cold to penetrate, and time moved with leaden wings. Then I got to speculating if it wasn't all a put up job on the tenderfoot, and the boys were laughing over it in the cabin's warmth.

But these annoying doubts were cut short by the sounds of a peculiar shuffling tread coming through the underbrush. Then, to my horror, an immense, so it seemed to me, black bear came in view, stopped, took a smell as an observation, and started toward my tree. My hair began to get up on end, every nerve was a jump, and instinctively my limbs prepared to carry my body to the top of the tree at a gait no bear could catch; but again bruin stopped and sniffed the air uneasily, and from noting of his actions sprung the thought that perhaps I wasn't the object of his intentions after all, and that if I kept quiet he mightn't find anything suspicious and go his route. Then like a flash I remembered I was out for bear; also, if it ever became known that I had such a chance and let it slip my standing in camp would be gone forever.

These thoughts pulled me together with a jerk, and shoving my Winchester in position I took the best aim I could and pressed the trigger.

Perhaps it was the kick of the .45-90, or the excitement, or numbness, or all three together, that made me lose my balance. I can't say. Suffice it to tell that almost with the report I was flat of my back on the ground, not over 25yds. from the first bear I had ever seen free of cage or collar.

On my feet, I realized that that bear was a fighting bear, and also to outrun him was impossible, one leg being hurt in my fall; so whipping out the pair of heavy Colt's revolvers that I had been twitted for bringing along, I opened up a fusillade such as, one of the boys afterward remarked, reminded him of the Maxwell-Jones war back in Texas.

The last chamber empty, I dashed, one after the other, the heavy weapons at the savage face now almost at me, and, trying to spring to one side, tripped and fell behind a boulder with a despairing cry, sure my time had come. But no! Even as I fell rifles began to crack, and "mine enemy," in a last attempt to reach me, dropped almost by my side. The boys were soon anxiously crowding round, and stood. This recalled my dazed senses and I promptly responded. Revived, the "cheek" begot of an hundred year American independence asserted itself, and with all the dignity torn clothes and scared face could command I demanded: "Who was ass enough to shoot my dead bear's skin full of holes?" But the boys understood, and with many a shout and laugh cut up a regular war dance, so glad were they that I was not really hurt.

Stock was taken of our victim, a very fine specimen of the black bear. We found nine bullet holes, and six of these were credited to me. "Pooty good fur night work with a pistol," our captain pronounced it.

My weapons being found, bruin's head was lashed to a pole, and with the boys dragging him I marched limping but triumphant into camp. MACK.

SPORTSMEN PAST AND PRESENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just read an article headed "How Sportsmen Originated" from the pen of the gentleman who harbored a doubt as to clipping partridge heads with a rifle. I have long since forgiven him for questioning my character for truth and veracity, and will state beforehand that it is through no ill will that I ask space in your valuable paper to make some comments on his recent article.

I believe the gentleman has made the too common mistake of confounding two distinct types of woodsmen, viz., the sportsman and the hunter, and it may be he has woven in some of the characteristics of the scout. To be candid, I think he has.

I take exception to applying so broad a meaning to the term sportsman. The early settlers of whom he speaks did not kill game for sport. My grandfather was one of the first white settlers to follow Gen. Wayne's trail into eastern Indiana. He was a successful hunter, as were his sons, who grew up among the Indians and wild animals, but they were hunters and not sportsmen.

They were fine rifle shots, and, like the native Indians, could course through the woods as if guided by instinct; but they shot deer for the carcass and not for sport. My father has told me how he would start deer in the morning and run them on foot a circle of twelve to twenty miles, getting nearer as they became warm and tired, until when the opportunity offered he dropped one, which he would hang to a stout sapling; then, picking up his rifle, he started in pursuit of the remainder of the herd, loading as he ran. We cannot censure these pioneers, for meat was a necessity with them, and in this year of grace the land over which they chased the noble deer is largely through their industry converted into a fertile vale, too valuable for agriculture to shelter a hunter. And yet the sportsman can take a reasonable bag of quail in season. He can kill an occasional squirrel, and try his skill with the rifle at a rabbit on the jump. If he will broaden the meaning of sportsman sufficiently, he can crack away at the rabbit with a scatter gun, making a mess of him if he hits. Yes, there certainly is a place where the hunter ends and the sportsman begins.

I have thought of this while reading recently of the slaughter of the noble elk out West. And what sport can there be in taking fifty bass in a day, or killing fifty geese? This is not sport—it is slaughter.

The pioneers were hunters from force of circumstances. Practice made them perfect in woodcraft. We, their descendants, inherited their virtues, and to them we are largely indebted for our love of the woods and the freedom we there find. But hunting is no longer profitable except as viewed from the standpoint of a true sportsman. I think I am as good a rifle shot as my father was, and I can't comprehend how anyone can be possessed with a greater love of the chase than I am; but though the opportunity presented itself, I could not enjoy the slaughter of game to the extent it was practiced in years gone by and is now going on in remote parts of the United States.

The hunter kills game for the game, the sportsman kills for the sport; he accepts the game in proof of his ability, and puts it to good use because it is rare and worthy. Above all, he is not a hog, and knows when he should quit killing. I wish to cast no reflections on the pioneers, but owing to the scarcity of game the hunter of to-day should be suppressed. Let us be sportsmen.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

GAME IN NORTHERN AROOSTOOK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There have been many reports the past two years of the increase of moose in northern Maine, but as I have not been able to go to the woods to see for myself I have been skeptical. Now I no longer doubt, since I learn on reliable testimony of settlers and lumber cruisers of the numbers seen, greater than usual, and of course of the greater killing by sportsmen from outside and by the settlers themselves, who in the far back haunts of this game on the headwaters of the St. John and its tributaries work their own sweet will with never a fear of wardens. But there is this difference in the two classes named: whereas the city sportsman (?) is mainly animated by the desire to boast of his prowess on returning, the settler kills to supply his own and his friends' families' needs for food, and rarely leaves any to waste. I know of one tributary, formerly a favorite haunt, that for many years did not contain a moose until this season, where over a dozen were seen by one party cruising, and where several have been killed already. As the game is so persistently hunted in season and out, it is clear that the increase cannot be accounted for except by migration from the great moose country of the Northwest. Maj. Butler's book tells us of that great moose country in "The Great Lone Land."

When game warden Collins came into this section a year or so ago it was thought by some that he had taken his life in his hand and meant to stop poaching. But Charley Morris's bullet at the mouth of the Allegash seems to have changed his inclination, for he has turned boniface at the old Eagle Hotel, Fort Kent. By the way, Morris is not the villain and desperado he has been painted, as hundreds of sportsmen and others who know him well will testify. I have known him since he was a babe in arms at the old log camp, foot of northeast carry on the west branch of the Penobscot. Old Joe Morris, who then run the camp, was his father, and here he was born and grew up the good guide and hunter that he is. Collins was not enforcing the game law at the time he was shot, "but that is another story."

Deer too are plenty as fleas on a fox, and are increasing rapidly. All the killing, in season and out, cannot equal the natural increase. When the deer go it will be when the wolves again return in force.

As to caribou, but little is seen of them during hot weather in any year. I have an opinion that flies do not plague them so as to cause them to take to water. No doubt they will be plenty as usual when their favorite season, winter, sends them frolicking over the barrens.

PINE TREE.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

AN IDEAL LOG CAMP.

BIRCH ISLAND, Hobb Lake, Me., Aug. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just completed on this lovely island an ideal log camp, at least I consider it so, and those who have seen it say that there is none so handsome in the New England States. Be that as it may, it is a superb piece of log building, and the situation on this beautiful Hobb Lake, with a charming view of wooded islands and a range of mountains on the horizon, complete a most attractive picture.

The ground plan of camp is as follows: First floor, two rooms, 18×20ft. The front room, with open brick fireplace, I use as a living room, the rear room I use as a billiard room. The entrance up stairs is from the billiard room. On the second floor are four chambers, 15×10, and amply large for two single beds in each, besides the other needed furniture. There are two windows on either side of the roof, thus giving each chamber two windows. A covered piazza in front, 20×8ft., completes the plan. The whole structure is covered with hand split cedar shingles 2½ft. long. The logs were very carefully chosen, are straight and uniform in size, and are put together in splendid shape. The interstices between the logs are filled outside and inside with quarter rounds of basswood instead of the usual moss, and this helps to heighten the clean, white appearance of the beautifully peeled logs. Planed spruce floors and sheathing of same between the rooms, the logs showing in the ceilings. Bear skins are spread on the floors, and trophies of the chase are put up and about everywhere. Rods and guns are supported on brackets made of deer's feet bent to the proper shape.

I may as well mention a few attractions of this lovely region. Deer are exceedingly plentiful. I scarcely expect to be believed, but at Turner Pond Camp (one of the outlying camps connected with the sporting preserve of Mr. L. P. Kinne, who owns the island) one of the guests last week counted forty-one deer on the borders of the pond at one time. I myself have frequently seen a dozen at once. And a few days since I saw a bull and cow moose at Turner Pond and my guide paddled me within 30yds. of them (it was in broad daylight), and then didn't dare to proceed further, for the moose both came out into the pond to meet me, and the guide did not dare to go nearer. It was my first sight of a moose and I could scarcely have wished for a more interesting one. I paddled up to a group of five bucks and one doe on the same pond, all standing within a space of 20ft. square. This pond is as noted for trout as deer, and is one of many ponds teeming with good-sized fish. I have been about some of the Maine sporting camps, but I have never found such a beautiful scenic section coupled with the superb hunting and fishing. There is no difficulty in getting the legal limit of game in a very short time.

The first day of October of last year my party stayed at the Hobb Falls Camp, on Moose River, nine miles from the main camp, and at night three deer hung in camp beside a canoe bottom up covered with partridge, duck and small game. Do you wonder I built a camp?

C. S. COOK.

A TEST OF THE .30CAL. MILITARY.

MENDOCINO COUNTY, Cal.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with much interest the discussion (already closed) which the question of A. H. in your issue of June 11 brought forth, viz., the most suitable caliber for large game, and I admire very much the masterly manner in which A. H. considered and handled the evidence, and the conclusion arrived at, .45 90 being my choice.

But I see by your issue of July 25 (which is just to hand) that the .30cal. U. S. Army or military and sporting rifle is brought quite conspicuously to the front, and as I have had an opportunity of trying one of these guns for accuracy and penetration, and thinking the results would be interesting to many readers of FOREST AND STREAM, I submit the following report:

About five weeks since, a dealer in this city who had just added one of these guns to his stock said to me: "This gun is warranted to me to be accurate for one mile, and will shoot through a solid bar of iron 1in. in thickness. Let us try it some day. That is," he continued, "with these cartridges loaded with smokeless powder and metal-jacketed bullets." This statement did not surprise me, for I had often before heard and read similar and even greater things about the almighty capabilities of the new .30cal. rifle with nitro smokeless powder and steel-jacketed bullets with chilled points (with a 6in. twist to the rifling), which gave the bullet six turns to the inch.

A few days afterward I called for the gun. The owner then being absent on business, I procured a piece of tough iron 8in. long, 2½in. wide and 1in. in thickness. Then with the gun, ten cartridges and a wiping stick I went home to my ranch.

The gun was .30cal., barrel of nickel steel, 26in. in length, made by the Winchester Arms Co., with cartridges made by same company, loaded with 30grs. smokeless powder and a 160gr. metal-jacketed bullet.

On screwing one of the bullets in a vise and pulling the shell off the bullet it would seem that the heavy metal in the shell was crimped quite too deep into the jacket which incased the bullet, for the jacket parted at the crimp and stripped completely off the base end of the bullet. I thus learned the general make-up of the cartridges and their contents and had nine left to shoot with.

First shot, at the iron 1in. in thickness; distance, 20ft. from breech of gun. Result: flying fragments to a dangerous degree, and an indentation in the iron about the size and shape of the large end of a quail's egg and less than ¼in. in depth.

Next came two shots for accuracy and penetration in wood; distance, 40 measured yards from a rest. The rest consisted of a seat, support to lean right side against, support under each elbow, and gun resting lightly about 8in. from muzzle on a soft folded coat. Target consisted of pasteboard, properly lined with pencil, and speck in center to aim at, tacked on flat side of block, of green black oak; I moved the pasteboard a little after first shot. Result: first shot struck ⅛in. above speck aimed at and ⅜in. to right of center perpendicular line. Second shot a little lower and closer to center perpendicular line. A 5-cent nickel just completely covered both the bullet holes in the pasteboard. On splitting the block I found first bullet, extreme penetration, 4¼in.; second bullet, 4⅛in.

Next I fired two shots off-hand, distance 375yds. measured; target, small building, with half of letter envelope about 3½in. square to aim at; fired both shots before examining. Results: one bullet 8½in. to right of paper and 5in. low; second bullet, 5in. to left of paper shot at and 3in. low.

At this time I was accompanied by a friend who has been an acknowledged good shot for many years, both with gallery and sporting rifle. We then tried to find a rabbit to see how clean we could wipe it off the face of the earth, but we failed to find one, so concluded to finish our cartridges at a black stump; and on finding a suitable place to stand, where the rear sight would be in the shade and the front sight in the sun, I stuck a small white flower 1in. in diameter on the side of the stump and fired at that, ninety paces distant, off-hand. My first shot hit above and 1¼in. from the edge of the flower. My second shot was a little lower and 2in. from flower. The third shot, fired by my friend, landed 1¾in. high from center shot at and to the right. The fourth and last shot was fired by my friend, the bullet striking sidewise and 5in. high and to the right. This was caused by the imperfection of cartridge, no doubt.

Omitting the whys and wherefores, I will give as my opinion, judging from the very meager trial or test just had, that for accuracy at any reasonable distance this gun is in the No. 1 first class, and as to penetration it is equal to all that can be reasonably expected with so light ammunition.

My friend, on witnessing the performance of this gun and also shooting it himself, frequently expressed himself as follows: "Why, with the sights that are on my Ballard on this gun, either you or I could kill a deer with it at 500yds." "I believe when I get a little used to this gun, with sights like what I have on my Ballard, I could hit silver dollars all day at 100yds." "Next thing I buy bigger than a jackknife will be one of these guns."

I will further state that the measurements, etc., as given above, were taken at the time the shooting was done for the purpose of showing the owner of the gun, who has since informed me that he had made a mistake in giving me the thickness of the iron; the iron should have been ½in. in thickness.

J. M. ROBINSON.

Uncle Lisha's Outing.

BOSTON, Mass., July 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Allow me to express the hope that the series of charming sketches, "Uncle Lisha's Outing," lately concluded in your columns, may soon be republished in book form.

I am sure I voice the wishes of many others of your readers equally with my own in this desire. The several characters whose haps and mishaps are so graphically and interestingly described are to many of us like well-loved and long-time friends, whom we meet again with sincere pleasure. Personally I have passed many pleasant hours with "Danvis Folks," in "Uncle Lisha's Shop" or in "Sam Lovel's Camps," and I hope soon to place this chronicle of their latest deeds on my library shelves, beside the volumes wherein their earlier experiences are described.

I would like also earnestly to thank Mr. R. E. Robinson for the pleasure I have derived from these delightful tales.

During my boyhood's years I lived in a section of country where the dialect as spoken by these characters was the common language; so that reading it this late day is to me like hearing the voices of the past, awakening memories that are at once both pleasant and sorrowful.

With sincere best wishes for the constant and increasing prosperity of FOREST AND STREAM, and the hope that it may continue to be in the future, as it has been in the past, the leading sportsman's journal of the country, I remain

FRED. F. ROBY.

Death of Dr. Bamber.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Dr. O. Stewart Bamber, formerly of this city, died on the evening of the 6th at his farm at Canastota, N. Y.

The Doctor was an enthusiastic sportsman, never as happy as when following a well-broken dog through the partridge or woodcock cover.

He had for about fifteen years been a regular reader of the FOREST AND STREAM, and had at the time of his death the complete files of the paper for about twelve years in his office.

He acted as secretary of the last bench show given in this city, and I think Uncle Dick will recall the numerous trips from Machinery Hall out to the back entrance to the fair grounds in a pouring rain and gale of wind, with a very poor lantern to guide us, mud over our shoes and our Uncle's duster hanging about him like a dish cloth.

One of the Doctor's latest contributions to FOREST AND STREAM, if I remember correctly, was "Through to Twitchell," published some three or four years since.

He was for several years owner of the beagle Jack Rowett, which did some winning down the circuit two or three years since.

He leaves a wife and one child, together with a host of warm friends, to mourn his loss.

GEO. C. CROSS.

Game Pictures.

THE series of game pictures by Mr. A. B. Frost, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, has been enriched by two more recent contributions, the subjects being "Autumn Woodcock" and "Quail Shooting." In the latter two pointers apparently have roaded the wary birds from dense cover into the open, where the climax, the rapid flight of the birds to cover, the dogs on point and back, and the sportsman with gun to shoulder and about to fire, make a very pleasing scene. Mr. Frost selected the surroundings most happily. A rail fence along which is a dense growth of bushes with a touch or two of evergreen trees, a ravine running through the middle ground, and old fields peeping through in the perspective, with woods in the background softened by distance, make an ideal haunt of the quail.

"Autumn Woodcock" is a very pleasant picture, though the subject is a most difficult one to handle, as to show the woodcock in his typical haunt would be much like painting a bear in a cave. Yet Mr. Frost has done well. Along a glade where woods and open meet, where a brook and the shadows keep the soil damp, two setters—the one orange and white, the other black and white—have come to point and back, the shooter emerging with his gun at ready for the expected rise of the phantom bird. The text accompanying the pictures infuses a further spirit of the sports of the woods and fields, making reminiscent chapters common to the life of all who have had the hunter's enthusiasm and experience.

Sea and River Fishing.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

VII.—George W. Simpkins.

"WHEN vacation time comes," said my mother, "if you are a good boy and go to school regularly, don't ruin your shoes in the swamps nor tear your clothes in the nut trees, you may go and visit with Mr. Simpkins, where you will have all the fishing and shooting that you want. He writes that he would like you to spend your vacation with him, and perhaps you may see a deer, for they are plenty near his place. It all depends, however, on the way you behave between now and then."

"Who is Mr. Simpkins, mother, and where does he live?"

"He is a farmer who lives up in Warren county on the border of the great woods. His farm is on the Schroon River, where there are plenty of fish, and the woods are full of game of all kinds. He married a distant relative of mine whom you never met, but who spent some months with us before you can remember."

Here was a prospect of fun! Fishing and shooting, with the chance of seeing a real live deer. There was a stuffed buck in the State Geological Hall in Albany, but it appeared to be ridiculously small to my notion, for I had read that "A monstrous buck came crashing through the underbrush," while the little animal, a trifle moth-eaten, that stood stuffed and looking unhappy, was not as big as our brindle cow.

This was in the spring of 1849—recalled by one of mother's letters now before me—and I would be sixteen years old when August came. From a public library Cooper's "Deerslayer" was borrowed, and John Atwood and I studied it carefully. It was excitingly interesting, and we held our breath when the cap was lifted from the old pirate Hutter, in his ark, and he was found to be scalped when they thought he was only drunk, and the whole story of Indian fighting, capture and escape from torture, so took possession of us that the book was finished before it occurred to John to say: "It's a mighty good story, but I'll be durned if it tells much about killin' deer. I thought it was a-goin' to tell a feller how to find 'em, an' how to shoot 'em, an' it's all about killin' Ingens. I don't want to kill any Ingens—they never hurt me none—but I would like to get a crack a deer. You got to have a good rifle an' take 'em jes' back of the fore shoulder, right in the heart, or they'll run off an' die. You couldn't kill a deer! You'd git scared if you saw one. I don't believe ole Port Tyler could kill a deer, 'less the deer stood still, for they jump 100ft. at a lick, an' lightnin' 'd have a hard time to ketch 'em."

The days were filled with talk of the coming expedition into a land where the deer had not only lived, but had been seen feeding among the cows; and the nights were filled with visions of deer whose horns were as high and branching as an oak, and the squirrels were leaping from tine to tine, disturbing the partridges which were nesting in the antlers. Even dreams have ends to them, whether of sport, fame or wealth. The long-looked-for day came, and the start was made. At this day all is blank until Glens Falls was reached, and whether we started from Albany by rail, canal or stage is uncertain. The ecstatic pleasure of at last really going to this promised land of fish and game obliterated all such purely mechanical ideas as the ways to get there. But Glens Falls was a place to be looked out for with open eyes. Here was the cave in which Hawk-Eye and Uncas stood off the Mingoes! Here was the precipice from which Uncas killed the Mingo who fell from an overhanging tree, and Uncas was chided by the scout for hitting him some "2in. below" the painted belt line, as memory recalls the story.

Mother went up with me. She was entirely ignorant of the history of that terrible night in the cavern when the screams of the tortured horses directed the rescuers to the cave, and actually seemed indifferent about visiting places which to me were not only historic, but sacred.

Here I must pause and look back. At that time the difference between history and fiction was not a strictly defined line. My ideas of such things were crude. To-day, forty-seven years later, when one should be able to discriminate between fact and fancy in what passes for history, that line seems as misty as ever. Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico" is grand, but we do not find the evidence of an advanced civilization before the conquest of that country. The great temples have not a stone left. There is not a trace of an aboriginal, intelligent people, while at Glens Falls the cave of Uncas is there, in part. The great cliff, where the Mingo was shot by Uncas, is being torn down, and a few years ago I was there with a Fish Commissioner who had no poetry in his soul, and who actually suggested cutting away a portion of the celebrated cave of Uncas to make a fishway!

I have strayed from my text, but let us hope that the people of Glens Falls or of the State of New York will preserve this cave as all other historic places are preserved, for if the cave is not a part of real history it should be made so by law.

We had a rest at Glens Falls and then took stage for Caldwell, at the foot of Lake George, and so on to the village of Warrensburgh. Perched beside the driver, the trip was exhilarating, and the scenes of the French and Indian war which he pointed out emerged from the mists of imagination and became realities. Two young canal drivers were seated on the boot, with legs dangling, amusing themselves with song, and during a lull in the talk with the driver or a slackening of speed snatches of a quaint melody floated up. It was a song never heard before nor since and, like all the old ballads, of interminable length. Alas! the railway has killed all the country ballads and substituted the inane songs of the roof-gardens and concert halls, to the disgust of the student of folk-lore. This song of the canal drivers was a quaint one, relating to the heroic feats of a Mr. Riley, who had lost an eye, and its quaint old chorus of "To ri odalink" rings in my ears as I write; the rest is lost.

It was evening when Mr. Simpkins met us at the hotel in Warrensburgh with his team. He was a stalwart farmer whose appearance, from team to person, denoted thrift, and his cordial reception soon made us friends. A drive of three or four miles northward brought us to his farm, a welcome from Mrs. Simpkins and supper. The house was at the foot of a mountain, up which ran a

road, and most of the farm was in a deep bend of the Schroon River, where the soil was very rich and from which a crop of grain had been taken. It was too late in the day to fish or shoot, but my fishing tackle was laid out and inspected and we talked of field sports until bedtime, when a tired boy turned and caught enormous fish which unhooked themselves and either walked back into the water on their tails or vanished into air. A squirrel which I had killed turned into a live bear and was charging me when Mrs. Simpkins called me to breakfast, and the real world came suddenly back. If the shade of Shakespeare could have spent the night with me he would have amended his saying: "Dreams are the children of an idle brain." Mine was busy.

Bait had been provided and the river was reached. Mr. Simpkins had often fished before, but it was evident that my schooling under Reuben Wood and John Atwood rendered me competent to show him how to rig his lines, select his poles and how to properly impale a worm. He chose a low point of land where there was a high bank and a deep hole on the opposite side, in the bend, and we fished. At that early day there were no black bass in either Schroon Lake or the river, and we took a fine lot of perch and a few other fishes. He was an observant man and showed me where kingfishers had nested in a hole in the bank, under a stump, and we dug out the nest and a lot of fish bones, and the nesting habits of this bird were learned.

Gray squirrels were plenty, they could be seen and heard in all directions from the house, and as this kind of game was rare about Greenbush, where the little chickaree, or red squirrel, was abundant, there was every morning either fishing or squirrel shooting, and in the evening a shot or two at the great northern hare, a new animal to me, which they said was white in winter. Mother went home after a week, saying that she had eaten fish and game enough to last for some time, and I went up the mountain the day before she left and brought her five ruffed grouse—we called them "pa'tridges"—to take home to the family. I made the usual promise which a mother always expects, to be a good boy; no hard matter, with no schoolmaster near and all the time to do as I pleased.

One day we were fishing in the river, taking an occasional fish and watching little rafts of boards float by, when one with a man on it came in sight. He was steering it with a pole and starting any others that had lodged along the banks; when he saw us he pushed up ashore and, after the usual greeting, said: "Simpkins, we are going to have a deer hunt day after to-morrow, will you go?"

"Yes, where are you going to make the drive?"

"Over on the West River, where we went last year. Our boys haven't had a bite of venison this summer and they think it about time for it, we'll look for you, sure," and he poled his raft into the stream and was soon lost to sight.

The "West River" was a local term for the Hudson; the Schroon, of course, being the "East River." I had heard that Simpkins was a mighty hunter, especially good at still-hunting. He said that the season was too early for the latter sport, because the trees and underbrush were in full leaf. He brought out his favorite gun, oiled the locks and cleaned the barrels. It was a double gun, one barrel a rifle and the other a smooth-bore, quite heavy and handsomely finished. I had been using a single-barreled shotgun on the grouse and squirrels, and had not seen this one. Old Gunner, his hound, had an eye on the gun, and it might have been hard to say whose excitement was greatest, his or mine. There was this difference between us: Gunner was asking and expecting to go, and I would not ask and did not expect to be invited to join in a hunt with men who might not like the intrusion; but you have no idea how much I would have liked an invitation!

"Ever shoot a rifle?" he asked.

"No, but I've seen a man shoot at a mark lots of times, and have often sighted it on his targets, and I know how to load one." All this to show that I thought I could be trusted with a rifle if he'd only ask me to go. O, if he only would! "I know you put the bullet on your flat hand and pour on powder enough to cover it, and that's the proper load. Then you put the powder in the rifle and lay a greased patch over the muzzle, put the bullet on the patch and force it down, way down until it is home and the ramrod bounds on it. The rod won't bounce if the bullet isn't home." This was to give him further proof that I knew enough about a rifle to use one. Would he ever take the hint?

"I've killed eleven deer with this gun," said he, "and I haven't had it two years. Killed all but one with the rifle barrel. That one was close by, not over 30yds. off, and I missed it clean with the rifle; the bullet may have touched a twig and gone off somewhere else, for the deer stood broadside to and didn't see me. He jumped at the shot, but I fetched him with buckshot in the other barrel. Ever see a deer?"

"Not a live one, only stuffed ones in the museum, but I would like to see a real live deer in the woods, jumping as they do in pictures." There! that was a distinct bid for an invitation. If it didn't come after that he was a stupid, or did not want me. He put the gun aside, filled his powder horn, spent much time with other things and then slowly said:

"How would you like to go along?"

"Oh, Mr. Simpkins! you don't mean it! I would be in the way, I fear."

"No, you can go if you like; I'll go up the hill to Kellam's and borrow a rifle for you; he has three, and you can practice with it this afternoon and we'll get an early start in the morning."

My rifle shooting that afternoon did not break all records, unless for bad off-hand shooting; but who could do good shooting when all a-tremble from head to foot? The fact that many monstrous bucks were killed in bed that night proves that I had some sleep. Otherwise it might be doubted if an eye was closed.

By the time we had gone a few miles the party numbered six men and about as many hounds. A man took all the dogs to put them out singly as he found a deer track, while the rest went on to take stands on the runways. I was placed in a road looking over a field to a piece of woods some 200yds. off, and told to watch a point where a deer might come out, but not to shoot until it had jumped the rail fence, when it might stop to look up and down the road if not frightened, and so a good shot might be had. It seemed many hours, it may have been half of one, when a hound that had been baying for some time in the distance was evidently getting nearer, still he was afar off. A farm wagon came rattling up the road with three men in it. When opposite me, as I turned to look at them, one arose and yelled, "See that deer!" I looked back and saw something like a small calf turn and reenter the woods. So that little thing was a deer! Where was the hound? In the pictures the hounds were pressing the deer hard, some of them tearing at his flanks (see advertisement of the Bromfield House in one of the last pages of this journal). More time passed, such long hours I never did see, the sun was not yet at meridian, and the hound kept slowly approaching—O, so slow—and finally old Gunner came out of that bit of wood, giving tongue at intervals, and after slowly getting to the place where I first saw the deer he turned and followed its track, making a V out into the field. I had at last seen a real live deer! That was a thing to tell John Atwood and Port Tyler, and to brag about.

After a while a man appeared from the woods. It was the driver. He saw the track and wondered what turned the deer back. He said that it was an old runway that was seldom used and none of the party wanted it. "Yet," said he, "the first deer of the season took it, and you'd have got a shot only for that wagon."

Perhaps it was well that it turned out so, for, as he spoke, a rifle shot was heard off to the left, where the deer went, and we learned afterward that one of the party stopped my deer a mile above, and it was a fair-sized doe in good condition.

So far there was a lack of excitement in hounding deer. The long solitary waits, not long in reality, but intolerably so to a boy whose gun was ready, and as he fixed himself on the runway mentally said: "Now bring on your deer!"

The patience of the fisherman somehow was mislaid. The case was different. Of course you must wait in the quiet of a mill pond for a fish to come to sample your bait, but here was a noisy, bell-mouthed hound proclaiming his every move, bringing to you a new game of great size, which tested your marksmanship to its utmost, with a 16 to 1 chance that you missed him. He would not swallow your hook and be pulled in by main strength, O, no. Here I give up the comparison. We all know just how it is. I've tried to tell how I think it is, but give it up. Can't do it.

The driver took me over to the river, and put me on a runway there, and left. He said that the other hounds were off, some out of hearing, but they might bring a deer this way. I was on a high bank on an outside bend of the river and could see down to the next bend, about 100yds., and there was a shallow riffle that a deer could walk from opposite my station to the point below, on my side. I ate my lunch. Squirrels jumped about and a partridge alighted on a nearby limb. Temptation is one of the hardest things to resist, and I have not always been equal to the task, but this day I simply took good aim at them and thought. It had been impressed upon me that I must not shoot except at a deer, that a shot from me would testify that a deer had come my way and would confuse others. Hounds were tonguing in several directions. I had about lost interest in this stupid work when, "flecked with leafy light and shadow," a buck walked down the opposite slope into the river. It must be a dream. There were no hounds after him that could be seen, and it seemed as if I was choking. He drank, looked around and drank again. I must shoot him! That fact slowly came to me, but I was all a-tremble. He walked diagonally across the river. I aimed and fired. He floundered in the water. Surely he was hit, but might escape! Never thinking to load and shoot again, I left the rifle, and with bare hands started for the buck to take him by the horns and drown him. I slipped on the slimy stones and fell twice, but the buck was slipping and falling also. I was within 20ft. of him when a rifle shot dropped him. It was the driver who had hurried forward at the sound of my shot, and just in time to save the day. Unless a scratch on top of the neck was made by my bullet, I missed him. The slippery stones threw him when he tried to run, and to my statement that I intended to take him by the horns and drown him the driver said: "You durned fool, he'd 'a' ripped all the clothes offen you with his forefeet, and might 'a' taken your bowels out at the same time. Don't you ever go to foolin' with a deer that has got fight left in him, or you won't have any left in you." The shots brought two more out of the party, and the buck was soon skinned and cut up for transportation. Although the horns, being in the velvet, were said to be of no use, I insisted on saving them as a trophy of my "first deer," for, like Falstaff over the dead body of Hotspur, I intended to "swear I killed him myself." So the trophy was preserved and taken to Albany, and for many years I did more lying about killing that buck than a dealer in garden seeds does in his spring catalogue. Simpkins said: "A little lie like that never hurts anybody. Most all young hunters lie a little about their game." At first it hurt me to lie about it—especially to old Port Tyler, who wanted all the details—but the story soon assumed the veracity of history. In later life I killed many deer, but they somehow never assumed the importance of the only one I ever lied about. I wrote John Atwood about it, quoting from "As You Like It:" "Which is he that killed the deer?" and winding up by telling him he didn't know a thing about the jump of the deer, for they couldn't make over 15ft. at a jump.

A quarter of the doe was given me to carry. I was put on the road home, while the rest went another way. Stopping at Kellam's about sundown, his wife gave me supper, and leaving the rifle, I took a shotgun and shouldered the venison for home, down the mountain. An unearthly scream came from a distance, and my pace quickened. Again the horrible scream was given closer by, and with an open pocket knife and a cocked gun I jumped along down hill, leaving tracks that surprised men who saw them next day. Getting over a rail fence near the house the knife pricked my wrist, and it seemed as if the animal had me. I was faint with fright, and it was some time before Mrs. Simpkins could learn the cause. Her husband came about midnight and heard her story as he was about to get in bed. He dressed, called Gunner, took his rifle and started up the hill. Kellam and he put the dogs out, but old Gunner soon came back, cried, got between his master's legs and could not be made to stir. A puppy went on and put up something, but they could not follow it. A panther had been about the locality some time, and shortly after I left Mr. Simpkins killed a large one. A Mr. Beadenell said it was a bluejay that screamed and scared me, but when I told this to my friend he said: "Bluejays don't scream after dark," and that settled the jay question.

At this time Simpkins was perhaps thirty five years old. He had not lived near Warrensburgh long and moved West a few years later, and I lost track of him. Memory recalls him as an intelligent farmer, a good hunter, an indifferent fisherman and a good friend who helped me lie about that deer, for which let us hope that both he and I have been forgiven, and that the recording angel, as in the case of "Uncle Toby," after recording the sin dropped a tear upon the page and blotted it out forever.

FRED MATHER.

ANGLING NOTES.

Fly-Fishing at Night for Rainbow Trout.

My memorandum book has some notes concerning my recent experience in fly-fishing for rainbow trout at night, and I intended to write them out for this column. Before I could do so my attention was called to a query in a monthly publication: "Is trout fishing at night considered legitimate sport?" The editor of the publication says in reply, "Among anglers who follow trout fishing for the ethical pleasure it affords and not for the pounds of fish, cruelly fishing for trout at night, especially with natural bait, is not considered legitimate. At that time the trout are oblivious to danger, and, if hungry, the merest tyro can catch them. But the great body of fishermen do not recognize this law of angling ethics and you will not be reflected upon," etc.

This, being interpreted according to the law of the Cadi, means that the great body of fishermen are blind to the fact that they uphold an illegitimate method of fishing. Now, if it is only the small body of fishermen who consider night fishing illegitimate, which is apt to be right in the construction of the ethical question, the majority or the minority?

Had I been the author of that answer, after reading it in cold type, I would have felt it my duty to call it in for repairs out of respect to the opinion of the great body of fishermen. If a well-known name had not been signed to the answer I would have said that the writer never caught a trout at night. Perhaps my sensibilities are blunted, but I must confess that I do not comprehend why it is more cruel to fool a trout at night than it is in daylight. I have never fished for trout at night with natural bait, but I have often fished for them at night with the fly, and my experience has been such that on this subject I can honestly say in the words of George Washington, "I would rather be right than flock with the minority."

Another thing: if "the merest tyro" can catch trout at night with the fly he can catch them at any time and anywhere that they will rise to the fly, if I am a judge of the matter. But my own fishing is getting cold, although I suppose after reading the answer I have quoted I ought to swear that I never caught a trout at night instead of confessing my sin.

I was at St. Hubert's Inn, at the lower end of the Keene Valley, ten days ago, and had to visit Chapel Pond, which belongs to the State, in a business way. I had a limited time to do certain things, and the programme called for a visit to Chapel Pond between dinner at 6:30 P. M. and 6 o'clock the next morning, when I was to start for Westport. Mr. W. Scott Brown, the superintendent of the Adirondack Mountain Reserve Association, who was to go with me, said I might get some rainbow trout from the pond after dark, as they would not rise during the day. My rod case with my rods had been left at Lake Placid, and Mr. Brown very kindly loaned me one of his, and I had a fly-book and several reels in my bag. Chapel Pond is beautifully situated and is one of the finest ponds in the Adirondacks, containing brook, rainbow and lake trout, although it is not fitted for the last-named species, which have been planted in it within recent years. You approach the pond through a grove, chiefly of white birches, and on the shore opposite from the road a great cliff rises, seemingly from the water's edge. Directly under this cliff, when you reach it, you find a mere ribbon of shore and on it a lady has a camp as novel and picturesque as can be found in the Adirondacks. A visitor to the camp has a feeling that a fragment of that cliff is very liable to come tumbling down at any moment and bury the camp and occupants under tons of Paleozoic rock, but when one forgets that destruction is frowning from aloft the camp is a very charming spot and as secluded as if it were provided with moat, portcullis, men-at-arms and all the trimmings of an ancient castle. I called upon the ladye of the castle, for it was her warder who owns the boats on the pond, Will Owens by name.

If my call was one of courtesy, inclination prolonged it, and when I got into the boat to fish it was half an hour after 9 o'clock. Half the pond under the cliff was in the shadow and half in the bright moonlight, and the white birches stood out like ghostly sentinels as the moonlight fell upon them.

Owens confirmed what I had previously been told, that the rainbow trout would not rise to the fly during the day and there was no certainty that they would do so at night, although that was when they were caught, if ever. He said that a visitor to the pond once saw the trout jumping apparently all over the surface of the water, and went out in high feather to fish. He came in without a fish, and said that, though the trout were so thick and so hungry they were eating the bushes on the shore, they would not look at his flies. Owens told me they would rise to nothing but a white miller, and although my fly-book contained two gross of flies or more, there was not a white miller in the lot, so I put on a white-winged coachman and a dusty miller. Owens offered me a white miller, but I declined it in spite of his protests, as I believed that either of my flies would answer the purpose. I got one strike from what seemed to be a big trout, and pricked him as I turned him over in the water, and after that the trout in that pond had no further use for my flies. I was finally forced to accept, with thanks, a white miller from Owens, and thereafter I got some fish.

Of six fish taken there was but one strike with a rush and splash and that was my first one that got away. Five of the trout were rainbows and one was a brook trout, and they ran from just under ½lb. to just under 1lb. in weight. The "strike" was peculiar and did not deserve the name. The boat was paddled parallel to and within casting distance of the shore, and I cast close inshore and slowly drew the fly into deeper water. The strike was very faint and like catching the hook on a blade of grass,

but when the hook did catch a blade of grass a strike on my part produced a trout if well hooked. Owens had some peculiar ideas about the striking of the trout and he was satisfied that they came up behind the fly, took it gently in the mouth and swam along with it until they cast it out as worthless after a trial. He said the strike was so gentle that it was difficult to distinguish it from any motion of the rod, and so while he cast with the rod in his right hand he held the line in his left hand and struck at the slightest check of his line.

I have an idea that if the "merest tyro" should go to Chapel Pond and could overcome his ethical scruples sufficiently to fish at night for trout to eat (and give him white millers at that) he would be found in the woods eating browse before he would be found eating trout of his own catching.

Digging Eels for Bait.

On the last day of July I was called at 5 o'clock A. M. in Binghamton, N. Y., in order to get a train on the Erie R. R. for Deposit. There was nothing particularly inviting about such an early call, for I could get no breakfast until I had ridden forty miles, and there was a journey ahead of me that would continue until 3 o'clock the next morning.

Between Binghamton and Susquehanna I discovered a number of men fishing in the Susquehanna River as the train hurried past, and they interested me to the extent that I forgot about my breakfast. After breakfast at Deposit I had to drive eight miles to Cannonsville, in Delaware county, to look at a new dam on a tributary of the West Branch of the Delaware, to see if it required a fishway. The proprietor of a livery stable drove me to the little hamlet, having undertaken to get me back in time for a certain train. He was curious to know who I was and what business I had in Cannonsville, and I was obliged to say I was not a commercial traveler, although this was my first trip over the road. As he would know sooner or later, I finally told him I was going to examine a dam. He knew all about it, knew who I was, and said he would give me a pointer: "I will drive you right to the dam and you can look it over and have time to get your train, if the people in the town do not find out who you are and what you are here for. If they do there will be fifty men there to give you advice, and if you listen to them all you will not get any train to-day."

The dam did not require a fishway, as the building of such a structure would simply let the black bass up from the river into an excellent trout stream and destroy the trout fishing. My driver entertained me with fishing gossip of the neighborhood, and pointed out Collet's Dam as we passed it as being the limit of the run of shad years ago, before the dam at Lackawaxen was built. After the building of the latter dam no shad ran up the West Branch of the Delaware until fishways were built in Lackawaxen Dam, and since then the shad have returned regularly; "but they are not good to eat, as they have a peculiar taste, which spoils them for food." Collet's Dam is seventy-five miles above Lackawaxen. Returning to Deposit, I observed men, singly and in groups, fishing in the river. The water was so clear and inviting that I wished that I had time and a fish rod and I would have been in the river up to my middle, as I saw the men. I asked if it was customary for so many people to engage in fishing in the river, and my driver explained that after the farmers had finished haying and had gathered their oats they always took a vacation and spent it in fishing the river or neighboring ponds. "I will bet a dollar that on a little pond containing black bass just back of that hill you will find twenty-five farmers fishing to-day." On the shore of an island in the river I saw a man apparently spading the margin of the river. He was digging in the water close to the shore and throwing the mud up on the bank, while seven men were fishing just below him. I asked what the man was doing, and my friend said, "Digging lampers for bait." I was out of the wagon before he could stop, breaking my eye glasses in my haste, for I wished to see the operation of digging eels, even if I missed my train. Sure enough the man was digging young lamprey eels much as one digs angle worms. The young eels were from 6in. to a foot deep in the mud along the shore and he got one about every time he lifted a shovelful of mud. The eels were about 5 or 6in. long and the men told me they were the best possible bait for black bass. The hook is put through the skin two-thirds of the way from the head to the tail, and when I went down to where the men were fishing with eel bait, and saw the bait in the water, I did not wonder that it was good for bass. A man who furnished me with black bass bait in West Virginia brought me some black lizards, at which I drew the line, but young "lampers" are all right and make an excellent bait, although they may seem a little snaky at first, but they are such clean little things no fisherman can object to them.

The fishermen on the West Branch of the Delaware would do well to take a foot rule with them when they go fishing for black bass, or at least get a nice flat stick and measure off on it eight consecutive inches and cut off the stick where the 8in. begin and where they end, and if they apply the 8in. stick to the bass they catch they may find that some of them should go back in the water alive to avoid breaking Section 111 of the Game Law, which has a penalty clause of $10 for each bass retained under 8in. in length. I did not measure the small bass that I saw on a string and in a boat, but I judged that some of them were very small for 8in. bass. The history of the black bass in the river, as it was told to me, is like that of the bass in many other waters in the State. At first the bass grew to good size and fish of from 3 to 4lbs. were not uncommon. Now a 2lb. bass is considered a big fish and there are a great many small fish from a few ounces in weight to three-quarters of a pound, the smaller ones outnumbering the ¾lb. fish. It is only another case of exhaustion of the natural food of the river, and for lack of food the fish are dwarfed in size. Apparently there is no other fresh-water fish that will so thoroughly clean out the food supply as the black bass.

Nature never intended the black bass for small waters, but where they have been introduced food must be supplied when they have exhausted the natural food, or the bass will be of small size. Crawfish is one of the best of foods for black bass, and where they have been introduced to my knowledge they have multiplied rapidly in spite of the bass.

Ouananiche in United States.

If the so-called landlocked salmon, which is not landlocked, was first known as ouananiche, why should not the fish be known as ouananiche, whether caught in Canada, Maine, New Hampshire or New York? Priority in the scientific names of fishes establishes the name to the point of calling a black bass a trout, through a misunderstanding of description and a deformed specimen of fish; and why should not the same rule obtain with common names, particularly when the antecedent name is more appropriate than those which come after?

Dr. John D. Quackenbos, writing me from Sunapee Lake, N. H., tells me of the capture of a ouananiche in that lake. A gentleman was trolling the shores of the lake for black bass with a small Skinner spoon, when he hooked a ouananiche of 11lbs. When the fish was brought to the side of the boat an attempt was made to net him with a small trout net. The net was placed over his head and that was as far as it would go, and then the fish went off with the net, wearing it as a collar. But another fisherman with a larger net came to the rescue and the fish was secured.

Another visitor to Sunapee Lake was particularly fortunate in his catch and the diversity of it. In one day he hooked and killed a ouananiche of 13lbs., another of 5¼lbs., a speckled trout of 3lbs., a golden trout or Sunapee saibling of 2¼lbs. and four smaller trout weighing 4½lbs., making a total catch of 27¾lbs. The next morning he killed another ouananiche of 9lbs. and several trout weighing from 1¼ to 3lbs. each.

It is four years since the first fingerling ouananiche from Maine were planted in Lake Champlain, and this year a number of the fish have been caught by anglers. Lake Champlain and Lake George are destined to become fine ouananiche waters in the near future. Two years ago I planted a carload of fingerling fish of the species in each lake for the U. S. Fish Commission, and last year two other carloads of fingerlings were planted, to be followed by two carloads next fall. This year the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of New York planted all the streams where the young ouananiche have been deposited with fresh-water shrimp as food for them. In one lake the adult fish will find an abundance of frostfish (round whitefish) for food and in the other an equal abundance of smelt.

Black Bass Scores.

On several occasions I have urged that the number of black bass to be taken in one day by one angler be limited by law. Last winter the New York Legislature passed a law which does limit the number of bass which can be taken in a portion of the St. Lawrence River to twelve fish, and no bass are to be killed that are less than 10in. in length. That is a good law as far as it goes, but why it should stop at the St. Lawrence River is what I cannot understand. If it is a good law for this river why not apply it to all the waters in the State? The black bass is the one fish which the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission cannot supply to fished-out waters except in limited numbers, and it is the one fish which is not protected during the breeding season, except in Lake George.

This year the people of the State asked for nearly 2,000,000 of black bass to be planted in various waters, and the Commission could supply only a few hundred of adult fish, and yet these few hundred of black bass would be all-sufficient to stock or restock any waters in which they are placed if they could be protected during their breeding season and the fishermen would use ordinary common sense in fishing for them. If the fishermen all strive to see how many bass they can take in a day, a week or a season, simply to make a score or to have the catch photographed, no water can stand the drain for very long. As already stated, Lake George is the only water in the State in which the black bass are protected during their spawning season, as the lake is closed until Aug. 1. This lake was for years poached persistently, and bass regularly taken from their beds in the spring with "grab hooks" or burrs. The Lake George Association, under the presidency of Gen. Robert Lenox Banks, began a war against the poachers some years ago, and has kept it up until this day. Black bass, both fingerling and adult fish, have been planted by the State in the lake for several years past, and with moderation in fishing the lake is in a fair way to again become an excellent water for black bass fishing. Complaints are yet made that there are no black bass in the lake worth fishing for, but this is not true, for the records prove the contrary. And such records! This year when the season opened on Aug. 1 one fisherman caught and exhibited 78lbs. of black bass. They were arranged in rows and photographed. Several of the fish weighed from 4 to 5lbs. each. Another fisherman and his guide caught on the first day twenty-seven black bass, weighing 66¼lbs. Sixteen of them averaged over 3lbs. each. A local newspaper commenting on this catch says: "It is believed that such a number of large bass cannot be taken in a day by one gentleman and his guide between the St. Lawrence and Mississippi." Possibly not, and perhaps a fishing smack could not beat it, but if the crew of a fishing smack should beat it they would not call it sport, but business. With the State trying to restock the lake and the fishermen trying to skin it, the efforts of the State will sell as a poor second choice.

A Record Small-Mouth Bass.

A black bass of 7½lbs. was caught in Lake George since the season opened. This is about 1lb. heavier than any bass ever before taken from the lake of which there is authentic record, and the fish was not taken by either of the fishermen already mentioned.

It is a laudable ambition to kill a big fish of any species by fair angling and such a record is praiseworthy, but I am not so cock sure about the other kind of records made in a lake that is undergoing the process of restocking.

Salmon at Mechanicville.

Quite a number of letters have come to me asking if any salmon have been seen or killed this season in the Hudson at Mechanicville. I have heard of none being killed, but a number of salmon have been seen jumping in the river below Mechanicville and above the Troy dam. The sloop lock in the Troy dam is open much of the time and thus the salmon can pass it in the absence of a fishway.

A. N. CHENEY.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the atest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

THE BIG TROUT OF RUSH RIVER.

Up in Pierce county, Wis., about thirty miles back of Maiden Rock, on Lake Pepin, there rises a beautiful stream, which, as it winds its way toward the lake made by the Father of Waters, runs through one of the most beautiful and picturesque valleys that it has ever been our privilege to visit. Rush River was the name given this stream years ago by the early settlers, on account of the enormous growth of rushes that lined its banks for miles, making it a great resort for wild game of all kinds, particularly in the winter season, and great and wonderful are the stories told of the game and trout taken in this valley in an early day.

Fed as it is at intervals by large and beautiful springs, the stream is clear and cold, and an ideal home for the genus *Salvelinus;* and were it not for the floods that occasionally sweep down the valley, which have been more frequent of late years, trout would still be there in abundance; but the combination of floods, nets and illegal fishing has nearly depleted the stream, so that now large catches are rarely taken. There was one big fellow left, however, and it remained for Mr. G. F. Benson, of Lake City, to capture this royal beauty.

A few days ago, while riding down the valley with a friend, after having fished for some time rather unsuccessfully, Mr. Benson determined to try for this big trout, which was well known, having been hooked and lost several times in the same deep hole by different fishermen, thereby gaining quite a reputation. Putting on a large minnow, he cast into the deep hole where his lordship was supposed to live, and to his great surprise was soon rewarded by a strike, which at once told him that the king of the river was hooked—and now began the tug of war. Standing at the foot of a steep bank sloping abruptly off into water 10ft. deep, Mr. Benson could hardly move out of his tracks while playing the fish, which would make grand rushes first to the shallow water below the pool, then to the same above, evidently afraid to leave the deep water. Hallooing to his friend, who sat waiting in a buggy near by, Mr. Benson said, "I've got the big trout on. Don't expect to ever land him, but you may have a chance to see him if you'll come down."

It is unnecessary to say that the friend came tearing down at once, and as the trout rolled up and down in the water like a porpoise he exclaimed, "Great Scott! you've got a whale."

No one but a person of rare skill and judgment could ever have landed this fish with light tackle, but Mr. Benson possesses both; and after a long tussle he succeeded in exhausting the big fellow, so that the friend, who is also something of an expert, reached into the water with both hands and landed him, when he was at once killed. It was then found that he had swallowed the hook, which was what saved him. His mouth bore numerous scars of former battles. He weighed exactly 5lbs. and 1oz. I inclose a profile of the trout herewith. Mr. Benson has fished on this stream every consecutive season for nearly twenty-five years, and has caught many large ones, but this is the king of them all. WAPAHASA.

WABASHA, Minn., July, 1896.

CANADIAN ANGLING NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While the ouananiche taken out of the Grande Décharge this season have not, as a rule, been up to the size of those of former years, they appear to have been larger in number. The record fish thus far was a full 7 pounder, caught off the rocks on the south side of Isle Maligne by Mr. Ritchie, of the Island House. This fish rose to a small Jock-Scott fly. The fish are remaining later than usual this season in the Décharge, and at present the fishing there is quite productive, with promise of continuance for some time to come. Among recent visitors to these waters have been Monsieur Trubert, Ambassador of France at Washington, and Vice-Admiral Erskine, of H. M. S. Crescent. The Rev. Wm. R. Turner, of Washington, and his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Dawes, of Lachine, have all been enjoying the ouananiche fishing at the Grande Décharge. Mr. E. J. Myers, of New York, finished up a most successful season's outing, as usual, by camping upon the island at the Fifth Falls of the Mistassini. Messrs. R. R. and W. F. McCormick, of Biscayne Bay, Fla., have spent over two months in the country about Lake St. John, and have now gone upon the Triton Tract after some of the monster trout that frequent Lake Batiscan and contiguous waters.

Mr. Robert Mather and a party of friends from Chicago went up the Peribonca some time ago on a prolonged trip to Lake Tschatagama after ouananiche and trout, and Mr. Graham H. Harris, attorney, of the same city, expects to spend about a month fishing the waters of the same section of country, including the lower stretches of the Aleck and Little Peribonca rivers. From this time on to the end of the ouananiche fishing season on Sept. 15, and the last of the trout fishing on Sept. 30, the best sport of the year may be looked for. In addition to the rivers above mentioned, the Metabetchouan may usually be depended upon to furnish a large amount of ouananiche to anglers during the last twenty or thirty days of the season.

In July, which is usually the poorest month of the season for both ouananiche and trout, Col. Andrew Haggard, of England, and the writer had some very good sport in a new section of country northwest of the Peribonca River. We ascended the Little Peribonca some thirty-five miles, crossed one height of land into the headwaters of the Epipham River and another into those of the Des Aigles. In the best portions of the Little Peribonca we lost all the ouananiche and trout fishing that we might otherwise have had because of a landslide up the stream caused by a storm, followed by a flood. The water was so discolored that it could not be fished at all. In its upper waters we took any number of small trout. Lake Epipham swarms with trout, and here we enjoyed excellent sport. In Lac des Aigles the trout are larger, and in July rose but poorly, though we took a few good fish of 1½lbs. average. But in the discharge of the lake and all the way down the Des Aigles and Aleck rivers the trout rose freely, though not quite so large in size as those found in the lake. But chub and doré rose frantically at our flies in Lac des Aigles, and two of the doré or golden pickerel killed there weighed 5½ and 4½lbs. respectively. These pickerel must not be confounded with the true pike (*Esox lucius*), which I am aware is often called pickerel in the United States, and a fine specimen of which, 26lbs. in weight, was

recently caught by Miss Cockerell, a young American lady, in la Grande Décharge.

For salmon the present has been a phenomenal season. Lord Aberdeen, the Governor-General, has taken some late fish in the Cascapedia, and Col. Haggard only this week killed two or three good fish long after the guides had told him that it was no use to look for them.

Rev. Abbe Casgrain, who has secured the fishing rights of the Bonaventure River, succeeded in killing over 500lbs. of salmon there in a few days. Mr. Amos Little and party of five, including Messrs. Yates and Borden, all of Philadelphia, enjoyed some of the finest salmon fishing in the Moisie pools that it is possible to wish for. On the Marguerite, Mr. Walter Brackett, of Boston, and Messrs. Robert Plumb and Henry Russell, of Detroit, killed a large number of beautiful fish, several of over 30lbs. each in weight having fallen to each rod.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, Aug. 7.

NOTES FROM FISHING WATERS.

Lake Memphremagog.

OWL'S HEAD, P. Q., via Newport, Vt., Aug. 4.—Lake Memphremagog is a veritable paradise for those who love to fish. Yesterday Mr. Paul Stockly, of New Jersey, succeeded in landing fourteen fine black bass.

Prof. Chittenden, of Yale, was especially pleased with his catch of Aug. 2, when he displayed to the admiring guests of Owl's Head Hotel no less than forty black bass, weighing in all almost 80lbs. Prof. Chittenden has also caught many of the beautiful lake trout which are abundant in Lake Mempremagog. M. H. WATKINS.

PALMYRA, N. Y., Aug. 6.—Mr. McGrady, one of the players in the Palmyra baseball nine, caught a carp last week on a minnow while fishing for bass. The carp weighed 8lbs. 3oz. A few minutes after landing him a second carp was hooked (same kind of bait as before), but got away. W. P. S.

COBBOSSEECONTEE LAKE, Winthrop, Me.—I have spent my vacations for eight years with the bass and pickerel at Cobbosseecontee Lake. The angler will not be disappointed there. The fall shooting promises well.

J. P. W.

Muskalonge in Kentucky.

MR. JAMES DUPUY, of Ironton, Ky., sent us for examination the other day the head of the immense pike, so called, taken by him in Kentucky. It proved to be the head of a muskalonge. On being apprised of this identification, Mr. Dupuy writes:

"I am glad to know that I have actually taken a muskalonge, and that the identity of these fish is clear. We have always called them pike, and we have caught plenty of them, catching as many as six in one day on one of our trips. They are an extremely resolute fish, striking the bait with great vigor and making a hard fight for life when hooked. We use live bait, but catch as many with dead bait. At one time my father carried a minnow home in his pocket and laid it on a rock; four days afterward he took the dried, shriveled bait and caught a muskalonge 34in. long. We never throw a bait away until rotten. Once we caught a muskalonge 37in. long which had a small bass partly digested; we took what was solid and caught another muskalonge.

"This fish, of which I sent you the head, was caught about 9 o'clock in the morning on Monday, Nov. 18, 1895. We find roe in them as late as that in the season, and this one had enough to make a meal for three of us. We do not know just when they spawn, but think early in April, as they are on the beds then; but the water is hardly clear or low enough to tell for sure whether they are spawning. When red horse spawn about May 8 we catch them, but they are then empty of roe.

"I killed a female squirrel last November which would have given birth to four in a day or two, and on July 20 I killed one with three young nearly ready for delivery. Both of these circumstances are quite unusual, but last fall we killed five or six in the same condition. Is it not unusual to find them with young in November?

"Around where we camp report says the wild turkeys have done well, and plenty of young ones are to be found; we look forward to a successful hunt this fall. There are plenty of squirrels in the woods now."

Salt-Water Fishing near New York.

SALT-WATER fishing has been rather poor recently owing to the numerous heavy thunderstorms of the past few weeks. For a period of a couple of weeks there was practically no bluefishing to be had, but during the past week it has been better than ever. The boats of the Sheepshead Bay (Long Island) fleet have all made large catches. Capt. Nat Wilson, with a party of seven guests on board the Pacific, made the star catch of the week last Wednesday, when he brought in seventy-six bluefish. Capt. Will Cowdrick, of the Cricket, reported the capture of thirty-one blues for his party on Sunday, among which were some of the largest fish caught this season. To get to Sheepshead Bay take Nassau trolley cars from the Brooklyn Bridge or Broadway ferries, or steam cars from Manhattan Junction, East New York.

Weakfishing has also been affected by the thunderstorms, but, unlike the bluefish, the weakfish have not taken the hook very fast lately. At Broad Channel, a station on the Rockaway trestle, where the fishing was very good earlier in the season, a big falling off in catches has been noticed. The fish are still there and will break all around a boat, but they will not bite.

Fluke fishing still continues good. A good place for fluke is at the can buoy, off Rockaway Point, by row or sail boat from Sheepshead Bay. A party of three caught forty-six there last Sunday while the water was high. Sand porgies are just beginning to bite off Ritchie's Point, Sheepshead, and the snappers will be in in a week or two. G. F. DIEHL.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

Game and Fish Protection.

ST. LAWRENCE ASSOCIATION.

CLAYTON, N. Y., Aug. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual meeting of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River was held at the Walton House, Clayton, yesterday. There was a large attendance and much interest was manifested in the proceedings. The meeting was called to order at 11 A. M. by President W. C. Browning, of New York. W. E. Wolcott, of Utica, was elected recording secretary.

The minutes of the last annual meeting and of several special meetings held during the year were read and approved. The secretary also read a number of communications in regard to international park matters, and exhibited a map showing certain Canadian islands, eleven in all, which have been set apart by the Canadian Government for park purposes. The islands reserved are Aubrey, Mermaid, Beau Rivage, Camelot, Endymion, Gordon, Ninette, Georgiana, Constance, St. Katharine and Adelaide. The secretary had heard that the Canadian Government had appropriated $25,000 to improve these islands.

Hon. William Smith, of Ottawa, ex-Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries, who was present by special invitation, said he understood this was to be done in case similar action was taken regarding islands on the American side, but the appropriation referred to had not yet been made.

Wm. H. Thompson, of Alexandria Bay, said that one of the points designated in the article defining the boundaries of the international park reservation should be the Brother's Island Lighthouse, on the Canadian side, instead of Kingston.

President Browning delivered his annual address. He believed the Anglers' Association was doing good work and Canadian authorities appeared disposed to coöperate with it. He referred to the alien labor law, and said he thought nothing could be done in Washington to modify it, but it was treated as a dead letter at the islands. Canadian oarsmen are allowed to come on this side. Continuing, Mr. Browning said: "We have been notified by the State Fish and Game Commission that they would like to know what we want done on the river. We want them to come here and meet us, and expect that they will do so some time this month. We want them to report to the Legislature what is required to be done to keep our side even with the Canadian side. We propose to have several islands set apart on this side, as has been done on the Canadian side, which will be free to all for camping grounds, etc. I have every assurance that the Fish and Game Commission will recommend an appropriation to purchase a similar number of islands. I want to say to Mr. Smith that while the Canadian laws are good they do not carry them out. I saw in Brockville the other day nearly a bushel of bass which a man was trying to sell. There were several hundreds of them, but we found only four that measured 10in. in length. Others ranged from 5 to 9in. I think there were more bass under size than will be taken on this side of the river during the whole season. Canadians wanted a 12in. limit on bass, but do not enforce the 10in. provision. We need more protectors on the river, and one is especially needed at Clayton."

Maj. J. H. Durham, of Cape Vincent, said that directly opposite that place there was netting on the south shore of Wolfe Island, far within the limits of the proposed reservation, and also in American waters. Nets are set within a few rods of the shore of Wolfe Island. Those who are fishing there claim they have a license from the Canadian authorities to do so. The waters, however, are clearly within New York State. We have been unable to find out whether they have a license or not, and have thus far hesitated to take out the nets, and the matter is unsettled. We would like to know from some authority whether they have a right to fish there.

President Browning suggested that the secretary write to the Canadian authorities.

Treasurer R. P. Grant, of Clayton, presented his annual report, which made this showing: Balance on hand last year, $716 62; receipts, $163.62; expenses, $587.86; balance on hand, $292.38.

A. C. Cornwall, of Alexandria Bay, chairman of the executive committee, reported that the Association had obtained from the State 2,000,000 wall-eyed pike and 100,000 muskallonge during the year, which were deposited in the St. Lawrence River.

Maj. Durham spoke of the desirability of protecting the 200 square miles of bass spawning beds in the vicinity of the towns of Lyme and Brownville. The licensing of netting, the speaker said, is doing more harm than the old practice of illegal netting. Netters are boasting that they get more privileges for $1 than they had before.

President Browning asked Maj. Durham to come before the State Fish and Game Commission when it visits the river and state the condition of affairs.

Dr. J. E. Liddy, of Clayton, spoke of the feeling in Three-Mile Bay against the licensing of netting. He was surprised at the great number of bass which are being taken every day.

Henry R. Heath, of Brooklyn, said the Association had taken a great step forward during the past year. The Thousand Island reservation is in the hands of the State Fish, Game and Forest Commission. As the commissioners are to be at the river this month, he thought it would be wise to give them an object lesson. He thought they should be taken on the bass grounds, so that they can see just what is needed.

President Browning said that for some reason they seemed afraid at Albany to legislate as the Association desired.

Mr. Thompson spoke very forcibly of the condition of affairs in the district where the bass spawning beds are situated.

President Browning said the people of Chaumont Bay wanted the bass territory protected.

G. M. Strough, of Clayton, thought action should be taken as speedily as possible.

George C. Boldt, of New York, moved that a committee be appointed to receive the State Fish, Game and Forest Commissioners when they visit the river, with power to act. Carried.

The following were named as such committee: George C. Boldt, W. C. Browning, W. H. Thompson, G. H. Strough, R. P. Grant, A. C. Cornwall.

C. E. Britton, of Gananoque, Can., said he was in sympathy with the efforts to stop netting. Parliament meets Aug. 19, and he thought it would be a good idea to have the Association appoint delegates to meet in Ottawa shortly after. He was glad to say he was in a position now to render service which he was formerly not able to.

The following officers were elected: President, William C. Browning, New York; first vice-president, Henry R. Heath, Brooklyn; second vice-president, Hon. Charles R. Skinner, Albany; secretary, W. H. Thompson, Alexandria Bay; treasurer, R. P. Grant, Clayton; executive committee, A. C. Cornwall, Walter Fox, Alexandria Bay; G. H. Strough, G. M. Skinner, John Foley, Clayton; George C. Boldt, Charles G. Emery, O. T. Mackey, New York; R. H. Pullman, Baltimore, Md.; G. T. Rafferty, Pittsburg, Pa.; F. J. Amsden, Rochester; Charles E. Britton, Gananoque.

Several new members were admitted, after which the Association adjourned. PORTSA.

New Jersey Protection.

STATE Fish and Game Protector Charles A. Shriner, of Paterson, N. J., reports for July nineteen prosecutions. He says of the month's business:

Owing to the prevailing warm weather little could be done toward carrying on the work of stocking streams and lakes with fish, and this work will remain in a state of suspension until colder weather sets in. Warden Hendershott obtained possession of forty-six mature small-mouthed black bass and these were placed in Culver's Lake, according to instructions.

The work at the hatchery at Hackensack has also come to a standstill, the distribution of shad fry having been completed on the 7th. The total number of fish hatched and distributed from this station during the season has been over 41,000,000.

Considerable attention has been devoted to watching the menhaden vessels which were at work during the month in New Jersey waters, but it was found that all these had been duly licensed. The captains of vessels interviewed all had the same complaint, that the run of menhaden was very small this year; in fact, several of the vessels which obtained licenses made use of them only once or twice and then laid up on account of the scarcity of fish. What fish there were put in an early appearance, before the date fixed by the Menhaden Association for beginning work, so that the few companies which do not belong to the Association and which started work early reaped the benefit of the early advent of the fish.

From Barnegat Bay came the usual annual complaint of the mischief done by netters, but visits from several wardens and the appointment of a deputy who lives on the bay checked the depredations complained of. The difficulty at Barnegat Bay is that the method of procedure against violators of the law differs from that provided against violators of the general fish and game laws, in that at Barnegat Bay proceedings can be instituted only in debt and no imprisonment can follow a failure to pay a judgment. The last Legislature was requested to place the violators of the law at Barnegat Bay on the same footing with other violators of the law, but declined to do so. Until some such change is made offenders will continue to have little respect for the law.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Kingston Kennel Club's bench show. H. C. Bates, Cor. Sec'y, Kingston, Ont.

Sept. 7 to 10.—Binghampton Industrial Exhibition's sixth annual bench show. C. H. Barrett, Supt.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Rhode Island State Fair Association's fourth annual show, Providence, R. I.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Toronto Exhibition Association's eighth annual show, Toronto, Can. C. A. Stone, Sec'y of bench show.

Sept. 14 to 17.—Montreal Kennel Association's bench show, Montreal. G. Lanigan, Sec'y.

Sept. 15–18.—Orange County bench show, Newburgh, N. Y. Robt. Johnston, Sec'y.

Sept. 22 to 24.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual dog show, Milwaukee. Louis Steffen, Sec'y.

Sept. 22 to 25.—Queens County Agricultural Society's bench show Mineola, L. I. J. Mortimer, Manager, Hempstead, L. I.

Oct. 6 to 8.—Danbury Agricultural Society's show, Danbury, Conn. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y.

Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou, Man.

Sept. 7.—Kennedy, Minn.—Continental Field Trial Club's chicken trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Oct. 19.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual hound trials, Barre, Mass. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.

Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—Natioonal Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.

Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.

Nov. 2.—Bicknell, Ind.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.

Nov. 10.—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.

Nov. 10.—Leamington, Ont.—Peninsular Field Trial Club, Leamington, Ont.

Nov. 10.—Greene County, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's trials. L. O. Seidel, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—National Fox Hunting Association's third annual trials Bardstown, Ky. F. J. Hagan, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.

Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y, Huntsville, Ala.

COURSING.

Sept. 22.—Cheyenne Valley Coursing Club's meeting, Sheldon, S. D, Dr. J. P. Aylen, Pres.

Sept. 29.—Aberdeen Coursing Club's annual meeting, Aberdeen, S. D. Dr. F. W. Haragan, Sec'y.

Oct. 6.—Mitchell Coursing Club's meeting, Mitchell, S. D.

Oct. 21.—Altcar Coursing Club's meeting, Great Bend, Kan. T. W. Bartels, Sec'y.

Oct. 28.—Kenmore Coursing Club's annual meeting, Herrington, Kan. C. A. Robinson, Sec'y.

The Mineola show premium list may now be had on application to secretary James Mortimer, Hempstead, N. Y. The prizes are $6 for first in challenge classes, and $6, $ and $2 for first, second and third in open classes.

MIMETIC DISEASES.

The following is a circular issued by the American Anti-Vivisection Society. It was written by Matthew Woods, M.D., Member of the Philadelphia County Medical Association and of the American Medical Association:

In connection with the letter the American Anti-Vivisection Society is sending to the newspapers of the land, on the subject of "Hydrophobia as a Simulated Disease," having more to do with scare than virus, it may be well by way of sequel to say a few words in reference to that class of maladies which might be characterized *mimetic*, and also to that variety of person possessing a disposition to acquire, through the medium of abnormal fancy, diseases of which he has no symptoms except those recognized by unaided sight.

The influence of the mind over the body, and *vice versa*, is a question so broad that half has not yet been told, and it remains, perhaps, for some Columbus of the future to discover that exalted or depressed psychic conditions have much to do with the production of many of the phenomena of even religion, literature and art, as they are already known to be important factors in the creation of various nervous states.

Just as to a hungry man the idea of food excites the secretion of saliva, literally "making his mouth water," and reflecting on sorrow causes the secretion of tears, and consequently the emotional states of which these are but the visible manifestations, thus the thought of certain maladies produces sometimes, in the easily impressed, their mental conception and subjective symptoms so distinctly that they are sufficiently the victims of the disease they imagine, to deceive not only themselves and their friends, but also the doctor.

This disposition to assume a distemper, though they have it not, is confined to no class, sex or condition, but equally common to all.

The junior student of medicine, whether male or female, frequently appropriates the disease at the time under investigation in his class, so that during the college year the more susceptible may have all the disorders described in the curriculum, while even the most stoical may have imagined himself into at least one.

It is a familiar fact that at the close of many of the discourses delivered, say, from the Chair of the Practice of Medicine the professor is privately consulted by students suffering from all the symptoms described; and this imitative peculiarity is not limited to such ailments as disease of the heart, consumption, Basedow's disease, gall-stone, cancer of the pancreas or appendicitis, but some have been known to become hemiplegic—viz., incapable of motion and sensation in the right or left half of the body, as the case may be—during a realistic lecture on cerebral apoplexy; others seized with violent "pain in the knee" during an elucidation of the symptoms and pathology of Potts's disease, while there are reports of students acquiring all the subjective symptoms of dislocation or fracture, because of the impression made upon their minds by the lecturer while discussing these surgical states.

Thus we see that hydrophobia, as conceived by the lay mind, is not the only disorder honored by imitation.

The philosophic physician understands the significance of the phrase "expectant attention," knows that with some patients it is but necessary to indicate a certain line in the development of a distemper in order to have them follow it, or, as Dr. W. B. Carpenter puts it, "the thoughts and feelings, when left to follow their own course by suppression of the controlling power of the will, may be determined by suggestions either from within or without."

The epidemic dancing mania which swept over Italy some centuries ago, and which was called tarantism because of its supposed origin in the bite of the tarantulus—*Lycosa tarantula*—is another illustration of the power of the mind over the body, as is also the facility with which certain people acquire "hydrophobia" and recover from it, unless treated by Pasteur or his men.

Tarantism, the Italian affection, differed from the French endemic, St. Vitus' dance, with which it was contemporaneous, inasmuch as the movements of the tarantati, except when in a condition of lethargy, were stately and graceful, were modified by looking at red colors and luminous surfaces, and cured by music.

Although the sufferers were sometimes subjected to such treatment as being buried up to the neck in earth, yet the success of music as a remedy was so invariable that a class of tunes and songs was composed called tarantella, for their cure, and no patient seemed to think that it was the "correct thing" to get well except through the aid of music.

No age or social condition, it would appear, was exempt from this imaginary disorder, for we read of a "philosophic bishop" who allowed himself to be bitten by the tarantula, and then dancing with all the delirious *grotesquerie* of the peasant.

Now, however, expectant attention not being in that direction in Italy, the people may be bitten again and again by the ground spider without their becoming tarantistic.

St. Vitus' dance,* an epidemic that broke out in France in 1374, is another illustration of unconscious mimicry, which is, "in fact, the result of the 'hold' taken by the mind of an idea suggested to it, that hold being the stronger in proportion to the want of other sources of healthful activity."

This dancing seizure, which began usually in an epileptic convulsion and ended in exhaustion or death, with a long series of curious capers between, also affected persons in all stations of life. Peasants abandoned their fields, shoemakers their benches, clerks their desks, even clergymen, forgetting the dignity due their profession, joined furious multitudes, forming circles in the streets, and after the initial spasm, losing all control of their senses, danced deliriously for hours, until they fell to the ground in almost lifeless collapse.

During these paroxysms the possessed saw the heavens open, revealing the Saviour enthroned with the Virgin; others were haunted with visions of spirits or demons, whose names they shrieked out, according as their religious notions of the age were variously reflected in their imaginations.

Vehemence so deprived them of their senses that many dashed their brains out against walls and corners of buildings, or rushed headlong into rivers and were drowned. Roaring and foaming as they were, bystanders could only restrain them by placing benches and chairs in their way, in the hope that the high leap necessary to get over them might impede their progress to destruction. Yet after these attacks many returned to their former employments as if nothing had happened, while thousands paid the penalty of their infatuation by health shattered beyond recovery or often even by death.

In the light of the above illustrations of the power of the mind over the body—for these were not ill in the ordinary sense, nor were they malingerers who assumed sickness for gain—it is not strange that many people among us, having been previously bitten by dogs, unconsciously simulate what are to them symptoms of hydrophobia. From childhood familiar with stories of horrible death from the bite of rabid animals, it would be singular indeed, expectant attention being thus created, if at least a few, under the influence of ideo-motor action rather than rabies, did not produce replicas of that "series of symptoms" falsely called hydrophobia, and so lose control of their reason as to re-enact for us the familiar antics of "getting down on all fours," "barking like dogs," "foaming at the bill," as Goldsmith says of a hydrophobic goose while writing derisively of this curious possession, "going into convulsions at the sight of water," and finally making a tragical denouement between the traditional feather beds, or worse—being sent for treatment to some institute of Pasteur.

When, in connection with this tendency on the part of certain impressible persons to develop symptoms of diseases they do not have, we are aware that "dread and inability to swallow water, associated with convulsive movements and psychic manifestations," are common features of at least thirty other diseases besides hydrophobia, then it can be understood that even the best medical men—lyssophobic themselves—may sometimes be "guilty of such errors in diagnosis as may result in fatal errors of treatment."

This in itself is a striking illustration of the pernicious influence of the common belief in regard to hydrophobia.†

Under the influence of a dominant idea, the intensity of which "blinds the common sense and subjugates the will," man has often been controlled by curious fancies. There has perhaps never been a period in semi-barbaric or even civilized history when pathologic or rather symptomatic mimicry did not exist, and the experience of that physician must be limited indeed who has not met patients blind with perfect eyes, deaf with sound ears, and weak beyond hope with the muscular development of a Hercules.

Evanescent psychic rather than physical conditions these—curiosities somewhat to the general practitioner, yet common to the specialist—requiring for their cure not so much drugs as moral suasion and discretion.

Of the same nature, yet more in the domain of what might be called theologic delusions, were the Pythonic inspirations of Delphic priestesses, the Flagellant processions of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the grotesque performances of the Convulsionnaires of St. Médard, the reception of the Stigmata, the Tigretiér of Abyssinia, the Leaping Ague of Scotland—the intelligent reader can supply many varieties of modern creation—all illustrations of now well-known forms of ideo-motor action, intensified by emotional excitement, rather than specimens of definite disease; and as these, under the light of deliberate scientific investigation, are to a great extent eliminated from the religious life of the day, can we not hope for the time when "hydrophobia" also may be relegated to the limbo of abandoned vagaries?

* St. Vitus' dance of the Middle Ages was not exactly the same disease as St. Vitus' dance of to-day—chorea; yet chorea too is so apt to be imitated that it is not well to expose persons suffering from it to public gaze, as it is liable to produce its counterpart by the mere powers of mimicry in the persons, especially children, who behold it.

† See Dr. Dulles's "Diseases Mistaken for Hydrophobia."

Spaniels and Field Trials.

Boston.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* With profound regret I read the circular letter of the American Spaniel Club, published in Forest and Stream of Aug. 8. I felt a keen disappointment. Everything seemed to be within reach of the club, and nothing was needed to insure the success of the trials save the entries. Mr. Bloodgood had offered the use of a large tract of land for the running of the trials in Massachusetts and there were great numbers of dogs to draw upon for entries, the dogs being owned by many owners distributed in territory as nicely as could be for the support of a trial. And here fell an important spaniel interest from no other cause than inexcusable apathy. It will take the field feature of the spaniel interest many years to recover from this setback, if it ever does so. An attempt ending in such total failure is much worse than no attempt. The owners of spaniels can now go on breeding without any reference to field form, for it would be folly to claim that there is any use for the spaniel in the field, after the admission that there is not any one who uses them for that purpose, conveyed in the fact that there was no one who made entries. If there are one or two men who do use them for field work, the presumption is that they are indulging a personal fancy, and in any event such a small minority does not establish the usefulness of the spaniel any more than would two or three men establish the use of the dachshund as a quail dog, were they to use him for that purpose.

Field trials of dogs or trials of beauty on the bench do not establish themselves by merely announcing that the clubs intend to hold them. They must work for success in their line as men work for success in other lines. Often the success or failure rests with the secretary. If he sits idly by waiting for entries to come in, and waiting for the possible patrons to make the affair a success by their own efforts, he will probably report to his club that the affair is a failure, that the public wants none of it. But let the secretary be wide-awake and industrious, know his duties and know men and their abilities—in short, have the proper executive functions—and the whole results change. Success comes from the working for it. A perfunctory executive may do very well for routine office work, but not for work which requires the genius of enthusiasm and tireless industry. To merely say "we are going to give a trial," and then let matters drift along as they may, is not the proper way to conduct matters. Members and owners must be written to, other members and owners must be urged to personally urge the merits of the trials on the indifferent, the neglectful the timorous and the hopeless. Energy and good sense is needed from start to finish. There must be a general *esprit de corps* reflected from the energy of the leaders.

I for one, who has at heart the success of the useful and beautiful little dog, the spaniel, deeply regret the failure to hold the trials, the more so as all the circumstances seemed so auspicious for their success, and failure comes alone from apathy. Cocker.

M. F. T. C.'s Entries.

Manitou, Man., Aug. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I herewith inclose you list of entries for the Manitoba Field Trials Club's Derby. While not so large as last year, still large enough to make good trials, with perhaps a larger number of starters than last year. I hope such may be the case. All were whelped in 1895:

E. C. Johnson's Queen of Morocco, b., w. and t. setter bitch (Spot B.—Miss Monk).

W. F. Ellis's Popsy Wopsy, l. and w. setter bitch (Duke of Manitoba—Dora M.).

W. F. Ellis's Dr. Jamieson, b. and w. setter dog (Val lit—Ross).

F. J. G. McArthur's Mingo Kent, l. and w. pointer bitch (Strideaway—Clip o' Kent).

F. J. G. McArthur's Flingo Strideaway, l. and w. pointer dog, same litter.

E. McKenney's Barrister, b. and w. setter dog (Val Lit—Cam Sing).

E. McKenney's Maid of the Morn, b. b. setter bitch, same litter.

John Wootton's Ben Bondhu, b. and w. setter dog (Dick Bondhu II.—Maud à Rose).

John Wootton's Sue Bondhu, b. and w. setter bitch, same litter.

John Wootton's Rosa Bondhu, b., w. and t. setter bitch, same litter.

James D. Poston & Co.'s Florence Gladstone II., b., w. and t. setter bitch (Antonio—Florence Gladstone).

W. R. Holliday's Billy T., b. and w. setter dog (Revenue—Daisy Bondhu).

T. W. O'Byrne's Moerlein's b. and w. pointer dog (Rip Rap—Belle of Ossian).

T. W. O'Byrne's Redskin, lem. and w. pointer dog (Love's Kent—Fritz Fay).

H. K. Milner's Almeda, l. and w. pointer bitch (Rip Rap, Jr.—Prairie Belle).

W. I. Love's La Dolle, lem. and w. pointer bitch (Love's Kent—Fritz Fay).

Dr. George Eubank's Rodstone, b., w. and t. setter dog (Cinch—Rod's Flounce).

Dr. George Eubank's Ripstone, b. and w. pointer dog (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot).

Del Monte Kennels' Tick's Kid, b. and w. pointer dog (Tick Boy—Lulu K.).

Del Monte Kennels' Tony Works, l. and w. pointer dog, same littter.

H. Ames's Quenn, b., w. and t. setter bitch (Blue Ridge Mark—Lou R.).

H. Ames's Christena, b., w. and t. setter bitch, same litter.

S. P. Jones's Hurstbourne Zip, b., w. and t. setter dog (Tony Boy—Dimple).

J. J. Odom's Count Odom, o. and w. setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Topsy Avent).

H. H. Maybury's Alabama Girl, l. and w. pointer bitch (Von Arrow—Lady Mull).

John Wootton, Hon. Sec'y-Treas.

International Derby Entries.

Chatham, Ont., Aug. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Below you will find International Derby entries. Although the entry list is small, owing to distemper taking nearly all last year's puppies, just as much interest is taken in the trials; and the All-age and Amateur stakes will be well filled.

The trials will be held at Mitchell Bay, except the Amateur stake, which will be run under the heat system, near Chatham, on the day before the regular trials, Nov. 16.

Birds have bred well and will be plentiful; cover will be good, owing to the frequent showers.

Heather Bloom—H. Marshall Graydon's b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Dash Antonio—Bly).

Drenagh—J. B. McKay's Irish setter dog (Finglas—River Roe).

Foyle—J. B. McKay's Irish setter bitch (Finglas—River Roe).

Sirius—Stephen Lusted's b., w. and t. English setter dog (Dash Antonio—Bly).

Spotted Star—Samuel Holme's liv. and w. pointer dog (Lord Graphic's Star—Spotted Girl).

Maud W.—Leamington Pointer Kennels' b. and w. pointer bitch (Plain Sam—Beppo's Mollie).

Frank—Albert Drouillard's Irish setter dog (Fingalen—Fawn).

Joe—T. G. Davey's b. and w. pointer dog (Plain Sam—Beppo's Mollie).

Heather—T. G. Davey's b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Brighton Tobe—Norah).

Lucy—T. G. Davey's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Brighton Tobe—Norah).

Grace—T. G. Davey's o. and w. setter bitch (Brighton Dick—Lady Mack).

Mellbrook—R. Banghaus's b., w. and t. setter dog (Dash Antonio—Patty). W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.

Union Field Trials.

Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The transfer of the Continental Field Trials Club's Bicknell trials to the South left a very large part of the country without trials. This being a fact, the dog men of this territory have deemed it wise to supply the vacancy, and have therefore organized the Union Field Trials Club, and will hold trials the first week in November either at Bicknell or Carlisle. The club will run two stakes, a Derby and an All-Age stake. The breeds in each stake will run together.

The stakes will be run on the percentage plan. The officers and judges will charge nothing for their services, therefore the expenses will consist of postage, printing, traveling, hotel and living expenses of the secretary and two judges, besides the pay for services of two fence men, therefore the expenses will be a small item. The entries to the Derby will close Sept. 15 with $5 forfeit and $10 to start. The entries to the All-Age stake will close Oct. 15 with $5 forfeit and $10 to start. After deducting the expenses the balance will be divided 40 per cent. to first, 30 per cent. to second, 20 per cent. to third and 10 per cent. to fourth.

The officers and members are as follows: President, Norvin T. Harris, Lyndon, Ky.; First Vice-President, Royal Robinson, Indianapolis; Second Vice-President, J. L. Adams, Louisville; Third Vice-President, Richard Merrill, Milwaukee; Secretary-Treasurer, P. T. Madison, Indianapolis. Members: Hon. Stanley Adams, Louisville; L. Rausch, St. Louis; Hon. Thos. Taggart (mayor), Hon. Harry S. New (editor Indianapolis *Journal*), Wm. H. Dye, Geo. T. Kerr, Horace F. Wood and S. H. Socwill, all of Indianapolis.

One member will be chosen at Bicknell and one at Carlisle. It now rests with the handlers and owners to make the prizes as large as they desire. Entries will be accepted from any part of the country; therefore, wins in this club's trials will be as valuable as those of any other club in America. The trials will be judged by Mr. Royal Robinson and Mr. S. H. Socwill. The printed matter will be ready for mailing in a few days.

P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Mr. J. B. Blossom writes us that his Irish setter bitch Dollymount (Signal—Duchess) whelped sixteen puppies (twelve dogs) by Bedford on July 25. Only seven are living. This was an exceptionally large litter. As both sire and dam are noted winners, great expectations are had of them. Mr. Blossom adds: "I don't recall my advising you that my Bedford, winner of first in the great Lexington, N. C., field trials, 1892, was bred to Coleraine at the last New York show—result, a litter of twelve (seven dogs) on April 22. The usual mishap which makes the breeding of blue bloods a perpetual disappointment has gradually reduced the number to two bitches, of which I have one, a beautiful little lady of over three months of age. Coleraine was a beautiful bitch, but was ruined in this country by bad training and handling. In England, although only whelped in April, 1890, she won first in Derby in National Field Trials; third, All-Aged Stake, Kennel Club Field Trials, 1891; also third in Derby and All-Aged Stake, U. S. F. T. C. Trials, 1891. As you know, I purchased some time ago the Irish setter Brian Boru II. I then said that he had the darkest blood-red coat that I ever saw, bar none. As Rosamond, winner of first in open class, New York show, 1896, was the darkest red setter there, I bought her and bred her to Brian. The pups ought to be of superb color, for Brian is a number of shades darker than even Rosamond. She is good in the field also, as I expect Brian to show himself to be."

In a letter bearing recent date Mr. Walter L. Mann, secretary of the Orange Gun Club, Orange, Mass., writes us that Mr. L. A. French's Irish setter, a famous field dog in that section, was killed by an electric car.

The *Breeder and Sportsman* says: "At a meeting of the San Joaquin Valley Agricultural Society, held at Stockton on Tuesday evening last, it was decided to hold a bench show on Sept. 30, 31 and Oct. 1 and 2. Medals will be awarded in all classes. There will also be two handlers' prizes of $20 and $10. The office will be opened and the premium list will be issued on Aug. 15. Applications to the American Kennel Club will be made at once. The Stockton fanciers guarantee 100 dogs from that section." Let us hope that the Society will not stick to Sept. 31 too closely, as elsewhere that date is not in high esteem.

Mr. John Wootton, honorary secretary-treasurer of the Manitoba Field Trials Club, is to be congratulated on the good showing he has made in the list of Derby entries, numbering twenty-five, published elsewhere in our columns. No doubt but what there will be a successful chicken trial in Manitoba this year.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

THE SCHOOL FOR ALL AGES.

NOWADAYS there are schools where three generations from the same family go to learn, and where children, parents and grayheads go into the same class. We doubt if Mother Shipton, who prophesied so many wonders that have come to pass in our day, would ever have dared to predict this leveling which is now an accepted fact.

However though that old worthy may have foreseen the locomotive engine and some of the uses of electricity, the bicycle was beyond her ken, for when the bicycle is at the root of a fact, both prophecy and reasoning fail.

The rise of the great army of cyclists in this country has necessitated bicycle schools where persons who lack confidence in their own ability to learn to ride go for instruction. These schools are scattered everywhere, and the large cities have them by the score. Sometimes they are instituted by the agents of a particular bicycle for the use of their patrons alone, and sometimes they are open to every one who has the necessary fee for instruction.

In Hartford, Conn., the home of the Columbia bicycle industry, is a notable school, from which from April 1 to July 1 of the present year nearly 1,200 finished riders have graduated. Estimating the population of Hartford at 60,000, and provided this rate of 4,800 per year was continued winter and summer, it would not take a great while till every man, woman and child of the population had mastered the art of controlling the "little steel steed."

However, others besides residents of Hartford visit this school. Joseph Jefferson, Roland Reed and other actors of note have received instruction here, and it is said that President Cleveland is to become a pupil.

The school has attracted many pupils from the outside world, and there is a reason for this, which is to be found in the very efficient system of instruction carried on.

When a pupil enters the school he is taken in hand by a well-drilled instructor, who first mounts him on a bicycle and then takes him around the floor, steadying him meanwhile by holding on to the seat as he walks beside. As soon as the pupil begins to get an inkling of what is required of him, the instructor mounts his own wheel, and, having a firm hold of the other's handle bars, rides side by side with his pupil. It takes an expert to do the trick, but when once it can be safely accomplished the learner obtains the mastery of his wheel in about half the time necessitated by the common methods of instruction. Strangely enough, there seems to be little if any danger attached to this system, for not a single accident has been reported as a result of the innovation. The danger which would be incurred in teaching ladies, from their dresses becoming entangled in the instructor's wheel, has been obviated by the use of pins, which keep the refractory garment under control.

Under this system progress is rapid. Even the ladies learn to balance after an average of three lessons. Then, having been firmly grounded in the rudiments, the pupil becomes a highway graduate and the diploma is not long forthcoming.

A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

THEY were lying around under the shade of the maples that gave the name to the particular mountain "summer resort" they patronized. The two or three men all wore knickerbockers, and the half score girls were mostly attired in dress of one style or another that had been curtailed at the bottom. Propped up against the trees or the side of the house near by were a number of bicycles.

It was a hot day, and the small talk based on that ineffable boon that had come to relieve the monotony of the long, lazy days—the bicycle—had somehow lagged. Each person there had had ample opportunity afforded him or her to become acquainted with the particular merits or demerits of each wheel, and any one of those present could have passed a perfect examination on the condition of the roads running north and south along the lake or west to the railroad.

There had been no mishaps worth mentioning; even the most timid summer girl of the lot had begun to lose her fear of her wheel, for it had developed no new tricks in the last twenty-four hours, and all the horses and cows in that part of the country had become resigned to the inevitable and ceased demonstrations of alarm or hostility when the bicycle brigade appeared.

But at the very moment when things were at their lowest ebb, and the two or three who were struggling bravely to put a little life into the conversation were almost ready to succumb to the general lethargy, a welcome diversion occurred. The timid young lady (she was still timid when anything in knickerbockers was in sight) spied a man coming up the road straight to where they lounged under the shade of the maples. When she had imparted her discovery there was a noticeable increase of animation among farmer Jones's summer boarders, and even the sleepiest managed to train their eyes in the direction of the newcomer. Their first impressions were soothing.

Like themselves the stranger was a cyclist and wore the conventional costume—knickerbockers, golf stockings and cap. He was a rather good-looking young man, and his manners, as they discovered when he came to dismount and join their circle without the formality of an introduction, were extremely easy.

However, as the blue stocking girl said afterward, it was not their fault that he did this, for they had given him no encouragement. The newcomer was a good talker and soon he had effected a marvelous transformation in the scene. With wonderful tact he had worked up a perfect outburst of enthusiasm on the subject that among themselves they had worn threadbare. The timid girl in relating her fright when the cow objected to her red sweater vied in holding his attention with Miss Blue Stockings, who insisted that aluminum skirt guards were the acme of cycle manufacture, and with half a dozen others who discussed the roads, the mails, the trains, steamboats, mountains, lakes and a thousand other well-worn subjects—mostly in connection with their bearing on the wheel.

Even the young men condescended to ask a few questions of one they had reason to look upon as a dangerous rival, and to each and all the bearing of the newcomer was equally affable.

There was a certain mystery about his presence that no one could penetrate, however, till finally one of the most popular summer girls asked him what books he liked to read. Was it hypnotic suggestion that had prompted the question? In discussing the event afterward most of the party inclined to this belief, and in support of their argument they affirmed that what happened subsequently could not have occurred except on the supposition of hypnotic powers on the part of their visitor. The principal dissenters from this view were the young men, who under their breath murmured "bunco."

Without entering into the merits of the discussion we hasten to explain that on hearing the word book the fascinating stranger produced from his clothing an arrangement of covers that turned in and out to show sample bindings, and which contained a lot of sample pages relating to the history of the bicycle from the earliest ages to the present day, including the lives of notable writers and riders from Ezekiel to Speaker Reed, illustrated by 1,700 original engravings, etc.

It is a shame to dwell on the mortification of those thirteen people, so we will draw a curtain over their feeble efforts at resistance and subsequent ignominious surrender.

Suffice it to say that they could find no way out of the trap into which they had fallen, and that they succumbed with the grace of martyrs going to the stake. They took up a *pro rata* subscription for the great work (published in half a hundred parts or more) and they donated it afterward to the landlord of the "Maple Grove," who, against his better judgment, was forced to send to the city for a special book case to contain it.

At last reports the guests of the house had taken temporarily to boating as a diversion, and bicycles and book agents are tabooed subjects of conversation. HAL.

"Points of Support."

THE idea of providing riders with points of support to enable them to "utilize their forces more effectively" seems to be having a run just now with the manufacturers of bicycle accessories.

One of the latest of these devices consists of a pair of braces which run over the shoulders of the cyclist and unite at a ring near the small of the back. From this ring depends a hook intended to be attached to the saddle, thus practically tieing the rider to his seat.

According to the prospectus, this arrangement is intended for long-distance riders, for fast riders, for climbing hills, and "as a brake going down hill" (back pedaling).

Any cyclist can determine for his own benefit the desirability of this principle, which is the same as that of the Swiss "normal bicycle," by buying or making a set of braces such as described, or, more simply still, by holding on to the back of the saddle with one hand when going up hill or down.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

S indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Union of L. I. Sound.
M indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Ass'n of Massachusetts.

AUGUST.

15. Corinthian, club, Marblehead.
S 15. Corinthian fleet, An., New Rochelle, L. I. Sound.
15–20. Erie, open regattas, Erie, Lake Erie.
15. Squantum, Burkhardt cup, Squantum, Mass.
S 15. American, special, Milton Point, L. I. Sound.
15. Roy. St. Lawrence, cruise, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
S 15. Stamford, Hoyt cups, Stamford, L. I. Sound.
15. Cor. Atlantic City, ocean race, catboats, Atlantic City.
15. Chicago, race and run, Menominee, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
5. Eastern, Vineyard Haven to Marblehead.
7–22. Hempstead, An. cruise.
M 17–18. American, open, Newburyport.
18. Cor. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.
18. Roy. St. Lawrence, Hamilton trophy, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
18. Winthrop, evening race, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
18. Eastern, 30ft. regular and special knockabout, Marblehead.
19. Eastern, 30ft. regular and special, Marblehead.
M 20. American, open, Portsmouth, N. H.
21. Kennebuckport, open, Kennebuckport, Me.
M 21–22. Wellfleet, open, Wellfleet.
22. Beverly, 4th cham, Buzzard's Bay.
M 22. Revere, open, Revere, Lynn Bay.
22. Roy. St. Lawrence, Hamilton trophy, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
S 22. Horseshoe Harbor, An., Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
S 22. Riverside, special, Riverside, L. I. Sound.
22. Hull, open, Hull, Boston Harbor.
24–26. International races, Toledo, Lake Erie.
M 25. Duxbury, Plymouth Harbor.
M 26. Plymouth, inside race, Plymouth Harbor.
M 27. Kingston, open, Plymouth Harbor.
27. Rochester, club, Lake Ontario.
29. Winthrop, club, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
29. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
M 29. Cape Cod, open, Provincetown.
S 29. Huguenot, open, New Rochelle, L. I. Sound.
S 29. Huntington, open, Huntington, L. I. Sound.
S 29. Seawanhaka, special, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.

IT has been the custom to account for the failure of the June regattas of the larger clubs by saying that the racing of the New York Y. C. cruise had superseded them; but now the cruise has come and brought no racing, a dozen yachts on the squadron runs and but half a dozen for the two Goelet cups, the principal prizes of the year. For its part, the New York Y. C. has been extremely liberal in offering prizes in all classes and under terms specially suited to the existing conditions in yachting. So far as the actual management of the races is concerned, a vast improvement in courses, methods of starting, etc., has been made in recent years, the interest, both to the racing owner and the spectator, being greatly increased. With it all, there has been a notable falling off in the racing of the large yachts, and this year it is more painfully apparent than ever before. As a steam yacht display and a social function, the cruise of 1896 may be set down as a qualified success; as a racing function, it has proved a failure. The true reason why is not apparent; perhaps there is no one reason, but several hidden causes have coöperated to stop the course of building and racing in the larger classes.

To determine all of these causes is a difficult matter, much more to suggest suitable remedies; a much easier and more satisfactory course is that, taken by so many, of abusing the existing rule. This is an amusement that requires little thought or labor and no special knowledge of yachting; any one can become proficient in it in a single season without leaving his comfortable chair on the club piazza. It is a pity, however, that those who are so loudly insistent on the failure of the measurement rule do not go so far as to specify in what respects it has failed, and that nothing seems further from their minds than the suggestion of some practicable remedy. Even granting that the present length and sail area is bad, it certainly cannot be abandoned until something is found to take its place, and we commend to the various profound critics of the rule the task of proposing a better one. Never was there a more favorable opportunity for securing the adoption of one common rule of measurement by all American yacht clubs than exists at the present time; the one serious difficulty is to find such a rule.

The truth is that the present state of yacht racing is much less a matter of formula than of conditions, and that no formula, however perfect, can to-day overrule the conditions of modern yachting and restore to the racing a usable and desirable type of yacht.

New Rochelle Y. C.

THE special regatta of the New Rochelle Y. C. on Aug. 8 was sailed in a very light wind, but few yachts competing, the times being:

FIXED BALLAST—25FT. CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Edwina	1 55 24	6 30 27	4 35 03
Punch	1 57 00	6 31 43	4 33 43

FIXED BALLAST—20FT. CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Ida K.	1 55 55	6 36 29	4 40 34
Dorothy	1 57 00	6 47 55	4 50 55
Ondawa	1 57 00	6 27 50	4 30 50

SHIFTABLE BALLAST—30FT. CLASS.

Edna	1 57 00	6 28 14	4 31 14

SHIFTABLE BALLAST—25FT. CLASS.

Nan	1 57 00	6 31 20	4 34 20
Grace	1 57 00	6 38 04	4 41 04

Cape Cod Y. C.

ORLEANS—CAPE COD BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 8.

THE Cape Cod Y. C. sailed its third Cove race on Aug. 8, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dolphin, Davenport	15.05	2 29 30	1 19 48
Sea Fox, Smith	18.03	3 01 01	2 34 41
Little Brave, Ryder	18.03	3 10 30	2 44 10

SHARPIE CLASS.

Elsie, Rogers	15.00	1 57 10	1 30 00

NEW YORK Y. C. ANNUAL CRUISE.

WITH the race of Aug. 12 for the special 30ft. class, the New York Y. C. terminated a cruise that while pleasant as a cruise has been anything but successful from a racing standpoint. A fairly large fleet has followed the flagship for ten days over the usual course, with the exception of the visit to New Bedford, this year omitted. Many of the yachts were steamers of large size, filled with merry parties in which ladies were included as a matter of course; the ready naphtha launch has done much to promote social intercourse among yachtsmen, and so far as society afloat is concerned the cruise has been an exceptionally pleasant outing. As for racing, in either cruising or racing trim, it has not been a success; very few yachts have taken part either in the Goelet cup race or the squadron runs, and the contests have lacked the keen interest that has so often attended them over the same courses. The racing of the cruise points strongly to the decline of yacht racing in the large classes, a matter that is now beyond remedy.

Second Day—First Squadron Run.

HUNTINGTON BAY TO NEW LONDON.

Tuesday, Aug. 4.

The programme of the cruise left the first day's run to be decided according to the weather between Morris Cove and New London, the latter distance being 64 nautical miles. At sunrise the wind was light, but from the S.W., the right quarter for a run, and at 6 o'clock the signals were given for a start for New London. The usual prizes were offered for the runs, the conditions being framed as far as possible to favor the yachts in cruising trim; but very few owners have sent aloft their racing flags for the cruise of 1896. The starters were not only few in number, considering that this is the great event of the yachting year, but as usual there were but two or three to a class. The starting line was laid out off Eaton's Neck, and the fleet was timed:

Wasp	7 00 57	Choctaw	7 04 57
Norota	7 01 50	Olga	7 05 00
Queen Mab	7 01 52	Iroquois	7 06 29
Carmita	7 02 12	Quissetta	7 07 14
Minerva	7 02 18	Marguerite	7 09 47
Eclipse	7 02 41	Emerald	7 09 58
Uvira	7 03 52	Amorita (handicapped)	7 10 00

With an ebb tide and light S.W. wind, and spinakers set to starboard, the fleet headed down the Sound. As in all long races, the yachts separated after a time, sailing in different winds, all light and fluky, shifting spinakers from side to side and signaling with balloon main topmast staysails. For a time the fleet was lost in a light mist, and even had the maneuvers been interesting they were invisible to all spectators. Fortunately the wind, after coquetting all day with the yachts, at last landed them off the Pequot House after a slow and uninteresting race. The event of the day was the easy win of Colonia. Iroquois did good work with Marguerite, the fin-keel Carmita scored a victory over Wasp, and Minerva, once more in the racing, won easily from Uvira. The official times were:

SCHOONERS—CLASS 2.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Colonia	7 10 00	3 40 24	8 30 24	8 20 24
Emerald	7 09 58	4 31 41	9 21 43	9 18 41

SCHOONERS—CLASS 3.

Marguerite	7 09 47	4 41 30	9 31 43	9 20 23
Iroquois	7 06 29	4 32 40	9 26 11	9 13 18

SCHOONERS—CLASS 4.

Amorita	7 10 00	5 06 05	9 56 05	9 32 51
Quissetta	7 07 14	4 48 44	9 41 30	Not meas.

CUTTERS CLASS 4.

Eclipse	7 02 41	5 37 16	10 34 35	10 17 00
Wasp	7 00 57	4 56 28	9 55 31	9 37 56
Carmita	7 02 12	4 56 13	9 54 01	9 36 12

CUTTERS CLASS 5.

Uvira	7 03 52	6 01 12	10 57 20	10 18 53
Choctaw	7 04 57	6 04 07	10 59 10	10 20 25
Minerva	7 02 18	5 41 15	10 38 57	9 55 37

CUTTERS—MIXED CLASS.

Queen Mab	7 01 52	4 51 02	9 49 10	9 49 10
Norota	7 01 50	6 04 09	11 02 19	10 05 58
Olga	7 05 00	Not timed.		

The winners were: Schooners—Class 2, Colonia; class 3, Iroquois; class 4, Quissetta. Cutters—Class 4, Carmita; class 5, Minerva. Mixed class—Queen Mab.

Third Day—Second Squadron Run.

NEW LONDON TO NEWPORT.

Wednesday, Aug. 5.

Wednesday was much the same as Tuesday—very hot and with no breeze at all in the early morning, a light S.W. wind coming in about 9 o'clock.

The fleet was increased by a number of yachts lying at anchor in New London, among them Volunteer, Merlin and Wayward. The former started early with the cruising division, the other two electing to race, Merlin of course going in with Colonia and Emerald, while Wayward took Queen Mab out of the mixed class. The preparatory signal for the single stickers was given at 9:40, with a start at 9.50, the schooners going away at 9:55. The start was timed:

Wasp	9 51 06	Drusilla	9 53 02
Queen Mab	9 51 32	Liris (handicapped)	9 55 00
Awa	9 51 48	Iriquois	9 56 22
Norota	9 51 58	Quissetta	9 56 30
Carmita	9 51 59	Marguerite	9 57 18
Uvira	9 52 05	Merlin	9 58 04
Choctaw	9 52 40	Amorita	9 59 06
Minerva	9 52 50	Colonia	9 59 18
Wayward	9 53 02	Emerald	9 59 41

The first leg was a reach to Race Rock on starboard tack; then spinakers were set to starboard. The wind was light and fluky, and the fleet broke up, Colonia, Amorita Quissetta and others keeping off shore, while Emerald kept close to the beach. Toward noon the wind shifted to the south and straightened, spinakers came in and balloon staysails were set. Emerald gained a little by getting the breeze first and took the head of the long procession. When past Point Judith she set her spinaker to starboard, but soon jibed and shifted it to port. Colonia kept up a lively stern chase, but an unsuccessful one. The liveliest fight of the day was between Amorita and Quissetta, a hot luffing match resulting in a win for the former. Quissetta is not yet measured, and her exact time in the runs is not known. Phantom, schooner, lost her foretopmast, though not racing. The official times were:

SCHOONERS—CLASS 2.

	Start	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Emerald	9 59 48	2 43 05	4 43 15	4 41 23
Colonia	9 59 11	2 44 52	4 45 41	4 45 41
Merlin	9 58 04	2 49 26	4 51 22	4 51 22

SCHOONERS—CLASS 3.

Marguerite	9 57 14	2 58 15	5 00 57	5 00 57
Iroquois	9 56 32	2 56 12	4 59 50	4 58 52

SCHOONERS—CLASS 4.

Amorita	9 59 06	2 53 05	4 53 59	4 53 59
Quissetta	9 56 30	2 54 35	4 58 05	Not meas.

CUTTERS—CLASS 3.

Wayward	9 53 02	3 21 14	5 38 12	5 38 12
Queen Mab	9 51 32	3 16 37	5 24 55	5 22 50

CUTTERS—CLASS 4.

Wasp	9 51 06	3 17 06	5 26 00	5 26 00
Carmita	9 51 29	3 29 00	5 37 01	5 36 52

CUTTERS—CLASS 5.

Uvira	9 52 05	3 31 33	5 39 28	5 39 28
Choctaw	9 52 40	3 35 17	5 42 37	5 42 26
Awa	9 51 48	3 44 33	5 52 45	5 52 23
Minerva	9 52 50	3 37 13	5 34 23	5 31 33
Liris	9 55 00	3 44 27	5 49 27	Not meas.

CUTTERS—CLASS 6.

Norota	9 51 58	3 45 10	5 53 12	5 53 12
Drusilla	9 53 02	Not timed.		

The winners were: Schooners—Class 2, Emerald; class 3, Iroquois; class 4, Amorita. Cutters—Class 3, Queen Mab; class 4, Wasp; class 5, Minerva; class 6, Norota.

Fourth Day.

NEWPORT HARBOR.

Thursday, Aug. 6.

Thursday, one of the very hottest days of the year, was spent in harbor, the day being devoted to miscellaneous festivities, "with fireworks in the evening," everybody being "there" At noon the fleet dressed ship, every vessel in the harbor showing some sort of decoration. All hands then went ashore to assist in the ceremony of raising a flagpole on Washington square, the pole being presented by the Lawrence Club, which is housed in the old Perry mansion. The rowing and launch races were held in the afternoon, the first race, in yachts' dinghies, being won by Amorita's dinghy, with Nydia's second, beating boats from Narada and Merlin. The pair-oared gig race, for the Owl colors, had three starters, Crusader's boat winning, with Halcyon's second and Marietta II.'s third. Some misunderstanding arose over the four-oared gig race for the Gamecock colors, an objection being made to Amorita's gig as a racing and not a service boat. Iroquois's gig rowed over alone. There were three starters in the launch race, from Alert, Sylvia and Flying Cloud. Flying Cloud, with 7m. allowance, won easily. In the evening a water pageant and illumination of more than usual splendor afforded amusement to the yachtsmen and townspeople. The electric display of mottoes and devices was very elaborate, and the harbor procession was a great success.

Fifth Day—Goelet Cup Race.

NEWPORT.

Friday, Aug. 7.

Considering that the New York Y. C. cruise is the great event of the yachting year, and that the race for the Goelet cups is the great event of the cruise, the season of 1896 can hardly be classed as a brilliant one so far as the large yachts are concerned. The Goelet cups are not only among the most valuable, both intrinsically and artistically, that are offered for American yachts, but no large racing yacht can consider her record a success unless she possesses one of them at least. They are silver trophies, costing $1,000 and $500 each, one given for schooners and the other for cutters, sloops and yawls, by Mr. Ogden Goelet, one of the American yachtsmen who is just now enjoying the abuse of his countrymen because he is building a steam yacht on the Clyde instead of the Delaware. Apart from other liberal donations in the support of American yachting, Mr. Goelet has presented two cups each year since 1882, at an outlay of $22,500 up to this year. The cups of 1896 were made by Tiffany & Co., the schooner cup from a design by Stanford White, the well-known architect, and the cutter cup from a design by the artists of the company. The former is a large bowl, with figures of mermaids and dolphins forming the handles; the latter is a Græco-Roman vase.

All of the Goelet cup races have been sailed over one or the other of two courses, one with Block Island Buoy and the other with Sow and Pigs Lightship as the outer mark. The "Block Island Course," as it has been sailed for some years, is from off Brenton's Reef Lightship, just outside Newport Harbor, around the buoy off Block Island, 14 nautical miles S.W.; then about W.N.W. 18½ miles to a mark off West Island, and W. by N. 6 miles to the line. The "Sow and Pigs Course," over which the famous first meeting between Puritan and Priscilla took place in 1885, is from the same line E. by S. 18 miles, N. by W. 4½ miles, and 16 miles to the line. Each of these courses is a triangle with a very short base, and though the first leg is laid off as nearly as possible to windward, any shift of wind may turn it into a reaching race. In other races at various times in the same waters a very good triangular course has been laid out, the first leg being S.W., or against the prevailing wind, and this year a change was proposed by Mr. Goelet in the adoption of similar courses, as more nearly in accord with the present methods in yacht racing. The directions, as issued by the regatta committee, were as follows:

General Instructions.—Capt. Goelet reserves the privilege of inviting foreign yachts that may be in American waters to enter the event. By invitation of the commodore, the regatta committee will be on board the Sylvia. Entries, which must be in writing, will be received at the New York club house up to 10 P. M. Aug. 2, and on board the Sylvia up to 8 A. M. Aug. 7. The start will be off Brenton's Reef Lightship at 10:30 A. M., wind and weather permitting. Should the race be postponed, it will be started on the following day, if favorable. The course will be triangular, ten miles to a leg. Club rules will govern, with the exception that there will be no time limit.

Starting Signals.—(Should a signal gun miss fire a prolonged blast of the whistle will be given.) No. 1. Preparatory: A gun will be fired and the blue peter hoisted. No. 2. Start for single masted vessels and yawls: Five minutes later a third gun will be fired and a red ball hoisted. No. 3. Start for schooners (handicap time for single-masted vessels, etc.): Five minutes later a fourth gun will be fired and a second red ball hoisted. No. 4. Handicap time for schooners: Five minutes later a fifth gun will be fired and both balls will drop.

Courses.—No. 1, letter C.—From an imaginary line between the Sylvia and Brenton's Reef L. S. 10 miles S.W. to and around a mark 3⅛ miles S.S.W.⅞W. from Point Judith whistling buoy, leaving it to port; 10 miles E.S.E¾E. to and around a mark, leaving it to port, and 10 miles N. by W.½W. to finish line, which will be drawn as for the start; 30 miles. No. 2, letter F.—From an imaginary line between the Sylvia and Brenton's Reef L. S. 10 miles S. by E ½E. to and around a mark, leaving it to starboard; 10 miles W.N.W.¾W. to and around a mark 3⅛ miles S S.W.⅞W. from Point Judith whistling buoy, leaving it to starboard, and 10 miles N.E. to finish line, which will be drawn as for the start. N. B.—The marks will be floats displaying red flags with white stripes. At the finish the Sylvia will display a large club signal at the fore and a red ball by day; and after dark she will show four white lights, hung vertically, and will burn club signals at 10-minute intervals.

On the day before the race an objection was made to this change of course by the smaller schooners on the ground that it gave a preponderance of reaching in favor of the larger vessels, and the regatta committee finally agreed to sail over one of the old courses. The entries were:

SCHOONERS.

	Length.	Allowance.
Colonia, C. A. Postley	93.32	. .. ..
Emerald, J. R. Maxwell	90.07	0 01 48
Marguerite, H. W. Lamb	83.48	0 06 44
Iroquois, H C Rouse	83.28	0 07 39
Elsemarie, J. B. King	74.67	0 13 59
Amorita, W. G. Brokaw	74.82	0 12 08
Quissetta, H. W. Harris		. .. ..

SLOOPS.

Queen Mab, N. L. Francis	63.28	. .. ..
Carmita, Howard Caswell	54.93	0 10 35
Wasp, Lippitt Bros.	54.97	0 10 26

Of the schooners, Marguerite, Iroquois and Elsemarie, though nominally starting for the Goelet cup, had no chance of winning it from the other four, but made up a private sweepstakes.

The morning brought little wind, but by the time that the fleet was outside the harbor, many steam and sailing yachts being present to follow the race, there was a fresh wind from S.S.W. and a heavy swell on. The three schooners in the sweepstakes race carried working topsails; Emerald, Colonia, Amorita and Quissetta carried club topsails, but the latter lowered hers when outside. Wasp and Queen Mab followed her example, but Carmita hung to hers. The flagship anchored off Brenton's Reef Lightship, and the regatta committee—Messrs. S. Nicholson Kane, Governeur Kortright and W. Butler Duncan, Jr., the latter acting in the place of Mr. Archibald Rogers—gave the signals for the Block Island course, to windward on the first fourteen-mile leg, a run of eighteen miles to the second mark, and a close reach of six miles home. While working about the line, Wasp was in collision with the steam yacht Viking, tearing her mainsail badly, while Viking lost her bowsprit. The sail was hastily repaired to last through the race, but was more or less of a handicap all day. The preparatory signal was given at 11 o'clock and the start for the three cutters at 11:05, the times of crossing being:

Wasp	11 05 48	Carmita	11 08 27
Queen Mab	11 06 35		

The start for the schooners was given at 11:10, but just before the signal Quissetta's mainsail came down with a run, the halyard block giving way; the mishap was too serious for immediate repair, and the yacht withdrew. The others were timed over the line:

Colonia	11 10 41	Emerald	11 11 45
Elsemarie	11 11 21	Amorita	11 12 50
Iroquois	11 11 34	Marguerite	11 13 07

All of the yachts crossed the line on the starboard tack, but very soon went about and stood in for the Narragansett shore, Colonia, with her great draft, being the first to tack offshore again. For a time Wasp gained on Queen Mab, but as they worked out offshore the latter managed to pass her to windward. Colonia held first place of the schooners, with Emerald second, but Amorita was nearly holding her own with the latter. They worked along down the beach to Point Judith, Colonia and Emerald keeping offshore and getting more wind than those closer in. When near the point a light fog hid them for a time, but they ran out of it and were once more visible, Colonia with a long lead, while Amorita was so close to Emerald that the latter barely crossed her bows. Colonia was alone at the Block Island mark, passing it in fine style with nothing thrown away, and breaking out her spinaker at once on the starboard side, then setting her balloon maintopmast staysail and balloon jibtopsail.

After crossing on opposite tacks, Emerald and Amorita tacked and came together again, this time Amorita forcing Emerald about, being on starboard tack. Queen Mab found the steam yacht Peerless in the way as she rounded, but went clear. The tide was running very strong and carrying all the yachts on the buoy, they having allowed too little for it, and Wasp, Amorita and Emerald were in close company. When they next met Emerald crossed Amorita's bow. Wasp and Emerald met at the mark, but the schooner gave way. The following times are unofficial:

Colonia	1 39 30	Carmita	Not timed
Queen Mab	1 47 25	Elsemarie	Not timed
Wasp	1 53 10	Marguerite	Not timed
Emerald	1 53 37	Iroquois	Not timed
Amorita	1 55 06		

They started down wind with spinakers to starboard, and made the long run of 18 miles without other incident than a gain for Colonia; the times at the West Island mark being:

Colonia	3 34 52	Wasp	3 55 40
Emerald	3 48 25	Marguerite	Not timed
Queen Mab	3 49 45	Elsemarie	Not timed
Amorita	3 55 05	Iroquois	Not timed

After a jibe all headed for home on a close reach, running off the last 6 miles quickly. The full times were:

SLOOPS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Queen Mab	11 06 25	4 34 35	5 28 00	5 28 00
Wasp	11 05 48	4 46 25	5 40 37	5 30 11
Carmita	11 08 27	5 13 31	6 05 04	5 54 29

SCHOONERS.

Colonia	11 10 41	4 15 24	5 04 43	5 04 43
Emerald	11 11 45	4 32 23	5 20 38	5 18 50
Marguerite	11 13 07	4 59 42	5 44 35	5 39 51
Iroquois	11 11 34	5 07 33	5 55 59	5 48 20
Amorita	11 12 50	4 42 20	5 29 30	5 17 22
E'semarie	11 11 21	5 07 00	5 55 39	5 41 46

Queen Mab beat Wasp 2m. 11s., and Carmita 26m. 29s.

Colonia beat Amorita 12m. 39s., Emerald 14m. 7s., Marguerite 35m. 8s., Elsemarie 37m. 3s., and Iroquois 43m. 37s.

Marguerite beat Elsemarie 1m. 55s., and Iroquois 8m. 29s.

The elapsed times over each leg were:

SCHOONERS.

	1st Leg.	2d Leg.	3d Leg
Colonia	2 28 49	1 55 22	0 40 32
Emerald	2 41 52	1 54 48	0 43 58
Amorita	2 42 15	2 00 00	0 47 15

CUTTERS.

Queen Mab	2 40 50	2 02 20	0 44 50
Wasp	2 47 22	2 02 30	0 52 45

The race was by no means an exciting one. The victory of Queen Mab over Wasp was a surprise, but Colonia's work of late had prepared everyone for her victory over Emerald under existing conditions. The race was a fair one in all respects. Wasp suffered somewhat from her accident before the start, and Queen Mab was bothered by a steam yacht at the first turn, but otherwise it was decided on the merits of the yachts.

Sixth Day—Third Squadron Run.

NEWPORT TO VINEYARD HAVEN.

Saturday, Aug. 8.

There was no wind on Saturday morning for the run to Vineyard Haven. A light breath from the N.W. served to carry the fleet from the harbor to the start off Brenton's Reef Lightship, and a start was made at 11:20. Some excitement was caused by the schooner Intrepid drifting ashore near Beaver Tail, but she was hauled off safely by the tug N. P. Doane. The fleet started with next to no wind at all and drifted all day in alternate calms and catspaws. Colonia was in the lead, but as she neared the finish line off West Chop toward evening she stuck on the end of Middle Ground Shoal. Her cabin lights were open and she rolled down badly in taking the ground, a good deal of water finding its way into the cabin and spoiling the costly upholstery. The finish was an all-night matter, as the times show:

SCHOONERS—CLASS 2.

	Start.	Finish.
Fortuna	11 30 00	Did not finish.
Montauk	11 30 00	6 o'clock Sunday morning.

SCHOONERS—CLASS 3.

Alcœa	11 30 00	6 o'clock Sunday morning.
Merlin	11 30 00	Did not finish.
Colonia	11 30 00	Ran aground.

SCHOONERS—CLASS 3.

	Start	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Marguerite	11 30 00	8 08 21	8 38 21	8 38 21
Iroquois	11 30 00	8 13 00	8 43 00	8 42 07

SCHOONERS—CLASS 4.

Amorita	11 30 00	7 44 50	8 14 50	8 14 50
Quissetta	11 30 00	7 37 30	8 07 30	8 04 12

CUTTERS—CLASS 3.

Wayward	11 25 00	8 15 00	8 50 00	8 50 00
Queen Mab	11 25 00	7 52 22	8 27 22	8 26 16

CUTTERS—CLASS 4.

Wasp	11 21 51	7 39 40	8 17 47	8 17 47
Carmita	11 22 55	Did not finish.		

CUTTERS—CLASS 5.

Uvira	11 25 00	Not timed.		
Choctaw	11 23 41	9 42 20	10 18 39	10 18 29
Minerva	11 22 51	7 o'clock Sunday morning.		

The winners were Montauk, Alcœa, Marguerite, Quissetta, Queen Mab, Wasp and Choctaw.

Eighth Day—Fourth Squadron Run.

VINEYARD HAVEN TO NEWPORT.

Monday, Aug. 10.

Sunday was spent in harbor at Vineyard Haven, the yachtsmen resigning themselves to all the gayeties which Cottage City affords. This year the usual run to New Bedford was omitted, the fleet returning direct to Newport, and at 5:30 A. M. on Monday the signal for starting from the harbor was given. The cutters were started at 6:30, the line being off West Chop, and the schooners at 6:35, the times over the line being:

Uvira	6 35 40	Iroquois	6 42 58
Wasp	6 36 01	Wayward	6 40 00
Carmita	6 36 43	Colonia	6 43 47
Queen Mab	6 37 15	Amorita	6 44 38
Minerva	6 37 32	Marguerite	6 45 00
Choctaw	6 39 17	Atlantic	6 45 00
Quissetta	6 41 29		

Many of the fleet, including some racers, had gone to the eastward. The yachts were hardly over the line before the wind fell and left them in a strong flood tide. Some anchored and some wrestled with the tide until after two hours they were just on the line again. About 11 o'clock a light S.W. wind came in, Wasp catching it first. The fleet was scattered all over Vineyard Sound, and when the breeze became strong enough to start the race in earnest against the tide, the new start was a most uneven one. The breeze freshened as the fleet left the Sound, and a finish was made off Brenton's Reef about 5 o'clock, but the race was simply a fluke throughout. Quissetta, by good luck, took the cup offered by Vice-Com. Ward for the schooner winning the greatest number of runs, and Wasp won the cup offered by Rear-Com. Ledyard for cutters. The final times were:

SCHOONERS—SECOND CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Colonia	6 43 47	4 54 12	10 10 25	10 10 25
Atlantic	6 45 00	Did not finish.		

SCHOONERS—THIRD CLASS.

Marguerite	6 45 00	5 20 23	10 35 28	10 35 28
Iroquois	6 42 58	5 58 58	11 16 00	11 15 07

SCHOONERS—FOURTH CLASS

Amorita	6 44 38	5 01 30	10 19 52	10 19 52
Quissetta	6 41 29	4 57 58	10 16 29	10 13 11

SLOOPS—THIRD CLASS.

Wayward	6 40 00	5 48 16	11 08 16	11 08 16
Queen Mab	6 37 15	4 55 52	10 18 37	10 16 09

SLOOPS—FOURTH CLASS.

Wasp	6 36 01	4 52 32	10 16 31	10 16 31
Carmita	6 36 43	5 50 53	11 14 10	11 14 02

SLOOPS—FIFTH CLASS.

Uvira	6 35 40	5 48 02	11 12 22	11 12 22
Choctaw	6 39 17	6 11 12	11 31 55	11 31 45
Minerva	6 37 32	6 21 35	11 44 03	11 41 25

The winners were:

Schooners—Class 2, Colonia; class 3, Marguerite beat Iroquois 20m. 21s.; class 4, Quissetta beat Amorita 6m. 41s.

Cutters—Class 3, Queen Mab beat Wayward 52m. 7s.; class 4, Wasp beat Carmita 57m. 31s.; class 6, Uvira beat Choctaw 19m. 23s. and Minerva 29m. 3s.

A special race for the 30ft. class was arranged for Aug. 12, after which the fleet will disband.

Lake Geneva Y. C.

LAKE GENEVA, WIS.

Saturday, Aug. 1.

THIS was the second race for the 15ft. class, the race being for points which count toward a prize at the close of the season. Puckachee has 6 points, Little Dipper has 4 points, Ysabel has 4 points. One-gun start.

	Start.	Turn.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Ysabel, B. Carpenter	10 22 00	11 44 00	12 39 00	2 17 00
Puckachee, Miss E Rumsey	10 22 00	11 43 30	12 41 25	2 19 25
Little Dipper, Miss R. Sturges	10 22 00	11 44 10	12 41 45	2 19 45
Josephine, C. R. Crane	10 22 00	11 46 40	Did not finish.	
Columbia, A. Chandler	10 22 00	11 47 30	Did not finish.	

Ysabel won 4 points, Puckachee 2 points.

Judges—H. W. Marsh and Will Waller, Jr.

Brockville Regatta.

BROCKVILLE, ONT.—ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

Saturday, Aug. 8.

THE sailing regatta at Brockville, Ont., was stopped in the morning by a calm, but in the afternoon a second start was made, in a fresh S.W. wind. In the 15ft. class Peiper was sailed by S. G. Averill, of Ogdensburgh, and led over most of the course, but was finally passed by Mischief and Anita, both of Montreal. Peggy, sailed by her owner, made a very poor showing and withdrew after the first round. In the larger class Gethar won.

Quincy Y. C. Series.

HOUGH'S NECK—BOSTON HARBOR.

THE Quincy Y. C. arranged a series of three invitation races, which were sailed over the club courses on July 29, 30 and 31. On the first day there was a fresh S.W. wind, making a good race, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Emma C., P. A. Coupal	29.05	2 02 13	1 34 29
Ida J., F. E. Beekman	29.04	2 05 24	1 37 36
Harbinger, W. F. Bache	28.01	2 09 10	1 40 27
Beatrice, John Cavanagh	25.06	2 19 53	1 48 21
Arbutus, J. F. Small	29.11	Withdrew.	
SECOND CLASS.			
Gleaner, F. O. Wellington	23.00	2 10 07	1 35 44
Privateer, A. E. Schaaf	22.11	2 11 08	1 36 39
Rex, J. B. Farrell	24.00	2 12 40	1 39 28
Swirl, H. M. Faxon	21.07	2 17 04	1 40 52
Tacoma, S. N. Small	22.00	2 17 21	1 41 42
Cleopatra, M. Macdowell	21.07	2 18 12	1 42 00
Moondyne, Shaw Bros.	24.08	2 23 13	1 50 47
Eulalie, R. G. Hunt	22.03	Disabled.	
Romance, L. Sears	24.04	Withdrew.	
THIRD CLASS.			
Arab, W. F. Scott	18.01	2 18 50	1 37 24
Zoe, J. McCarthy	19.06	2 23 00	1 43 50
Nancy Hanks, P. J. Maglathlin	20.06	2 25 03	1 47 22
Opechee, W. P. Barker	19.09	2 26 49	1 48 02
Enigma, G. F. Mayberry	18.05	2 30 40	1 49 47
Onaway, W. E. Geyer	20.07	Withdrew.	
Wawanda, Beumer & Paltern	19.11	Withdrew.	
KNOCKABOUTS.			
Tautog, W. O. Gay	21.00	2 14 59	2 14 59
La Chica, C. V. Souther	21.00	2 16 35	2 16 35
FOURTH CLASS			
Sunbeam, H. B. Faxon	16.05	1 25 13	0 54 07
Fantasy, W. Allerton	15.09	1 28 53	0 56 51
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	17.06	1 26 36	0 56 53
Primrose, W. B. Burrell	17.05	1 26 48	0 56 59
Gevan, L. Cate	17.06	1 27 01	0 57 18
Sphinx, A. Keith	17.11	1 27 21	0 58 10
Myrtle, L. A. Haywood	16.00	1 33 53	1 02 12
Sparrow, J. J Moebs	15.07	Withdrew.	

Rex was protested for fouling Tacoma.

On July 30 there was no wind to speak of, making a drift of the race, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS			
Beatrice, John Cavanagh	25.06	3 05 17	2 33 45
Emma C., P. A. Coopal	29.05	3 01 33	2 33 49
Ida J., F. E. Beekman	29.04	3 03 29	2 35 41
Arbutus, J. F. Small	29.11	3 12 54	2 44 36
SECOND CLASS			
Cleopatra, W. M. MacDowell	21.07	3 16 44	2 40 32
Swirl, H. M. Faxon	21.07	3 19 13	2 43 01
Eulalie, R. G. Hunt	22.03	3 19 34	2 44 14
Rex, J. B. Farrell	24.00	. .. ..	. .. ..
Gleaner, F. O. Wellington	23.00	. .. ..	. .. ..
Moondyne, Shaw Bros.	24.08	. .. ..	. .. ..
Tacoma, S. N. Small	22.00	. .. ..	. .. ..
THIRD CLASS			
Nancy Hanks, P. W. Maglathlin	20.06	3 58 15	3 20 34
Opechee, W. P. Barker	19.09	Withdrew.	
Arab, W. F. Scott	18.01	Withdrew.	
Kayoshk, F. B. Rice	20.11	Withdrew.	
Enigma, G. F. Mayberry	18.05	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS			
Sphinx, A. Keith	17.11	2 02 55	1 33 44
Sunbeam, H. B. Faxon	16.05	2 17 19	1 46 13
Fantasy, W. Allerton	15.09	2 21 26	1 49 24
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	17.06	2 21 08	1 51 25
Tina, A. Cook	15.06	2 28 32	1 56 09

Eulalie protests Cleopatra for fouling; all of the fourth class were protested for rowing after the preparatory or for sculling with the rudder.

The third race was sailed on July 31 in a reefing N.W. breeze, giving some lively work and fine sport. Boston's only 15-footer, Mr. Small's Anita, went into the larger class with a crew of three and won very fairly. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Ida J., F. E. Beekman	29.01	1 38 05	1 04 43
Emma C., P. A. Coupal	29.05	1 39 08	1 05 51
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	25.06	1 45 34	1 07 44
SECOND CLASS			
Privateer, A. E. Schaaf	22.11	1 40 04	0 58 39
Gleaner, F. O. Wellington	23.00	1 40 46	0 59 30
Cleopatra, M. MacDowell	21.07	1 43 56	1 00 30
Rex, J. B Farrell	24.00	1 43 45	1 03 55
Eulalie, R. G. Hunt	22.03	1 46 27	1 04 05
Moondyne, Shaw Bros.	24.08	1 50 26	1 11 31
Swirl, H. M. Faxon	21.07	Disabled.	
THIRD CLASS			
Arab, W. F. Scott	18.01	1 48 57	0 59 14
Zoe, J. McCarthy	19.06	1 47 29	1 00 29
Nancy Hanks, P. W. Maglathlin	20.06	1 47 39	1 02 26
Opechee, W. P. Barker	19.09	1 57 58	1 11 26
KNOCKABOUTS.			
Tautog, W. O. Gay	21.00	1 44 18	. .. ..
La Chica, C. V. Souther	21.00	1 48 30	. .. ..
Spinster, L. M. Clark	21.00	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS			
Anita, S. N. Small	15.10	1 13 02	0 41 07
Fantasy, Wm Allerton	15.09	1 14 31	0 42 29
Sphinx, A. Keith	17.11	1 16 52	0 47 41
Sunbeam, H. B. Faxon	16.05	1 19 01	0 47 55

Beverly Y. C.

THIRD CHAMPIONSHIP—BUZZARD'S BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 1.

THE 236th regatta, third championship, was sailed in a good single-reef breeze. An error of the judge in changing course signal after preparatory gun lost Bernice her chance for the race; a protest was the result, but as the other boats were not at fault it could not be granted.

Anonyma found her day and did well. Grilse did well till it breezed up, then proved again that she was built for and needs four men.

Sippican at last was measured after the race and proved to be 11in. out of class. This gives third prize in July 4 race to Alison, and second prize in July 11 race to Doris.

The race advertised for July 25 at West Falmouth was not sailed, but postponed to Aug 29

Courses: 11¼ miles for second class, 7¾ for third and fourth classes, 5½ for fifth class; wind S W.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SECOND CLASS CATS			
Anonyma, B. Y. C., F. L Dabney	24.09	2 11 48	1 58 06
Linotte, B. Y. C., W. P. Wilson	25.10	2 13 11	2 00 48
Mist, B. Y. C., Geo. H. Lyman	25.01	2 13 52	2 00 36
Bernice, B. Y. C., J. G. Young, Jr	25.08	Sailed wrong course.	
May King, B. Y. C., D L. Whittemore	26.00	Withdrew.	
Surprise, B. Y. C., Jas. L Codman	24.01	Disabled.	
THIRD CLASS CATS			
Colymbus, B Y. C., A. Winsor, Jr	21.06	1 44 31	1 32 00
Sippican, B. Y. C., W. H Davis	22.11	1 36 26	. .. ..
Cayuse, B. Y C., F W. Sargent	20.01	. .. ..	. .. ..
Melro, B. Y. C., D. L. Whittemore	20.03	. .. ..	. .. ..
FOURTH CLASS CATS.			
Elsa, B. Y. C., H. & F. Burgess	19.00	1 43 23	1 28 04
Howard, B. Y. C., H. O. Miller	18.00	1 45 48	1 29 12
Cinch, B. Y. C., H. Parker	18.01	1 46 04	1 29 37
Dawdle, B. Y. C., R. S. Harcy	17.06	1 46 35	1 29 20
Daisy, B. Y. C., Howard Stockton	19.00	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS JIB AND MAINSAILS			
Heiress, B Y. C., Geo. G. Amon	19.00	1 36 40	1 21 21
Grilse, B. Y. C., W. E. C. Eustis	19.00	1 40 05	1 25 26
Ghuzz, B. Y. C., Lawrence Brooks	18.09	1 46 54	1 31 16
Silence, B. Y. C., J. Crane, Jr	19.00	1 50 34	1 35 15
Sally, B. Y. C., W. S. Burgess	19.00	Disabled.	
FIFTH CLASS CATS.			
Imp, B. Y. C., Geo. B. Dabney	14.05	1 21 21	1 06 27
Vif, B. Y. C., A. Winsor, Jr	14.04	1 25 55	1 10 54
FIFTH CLASS SLOOPS			
P D Q, B. Y. C., R. W. Emmons	14.02	1 25 00	1 09 46
G G, B. Y. C., H. E. Brewer	15.00	1 34 41	1 19 56

Winners of prizes: Second class cats, Anonyma first, Mist second; third class cats, Colymbus first; fourth class cats, Elsa first, Howard second; fourth class sloops, Heiress first, Grilse second; fifth class cats, Imp first; fifth class sloops, P D Q first.

Anonyma, Colymbus, Heiress, Elsa and Imp win second legs for pennants; Surprise, Melro, Dawdle and Vif each having one leg. P D Q wins a leg.

Judges, S. G. King and Geo. P. Gardner.

The open regatta at Marblehead on Aug. 8 was postponed to Aug. 29 on account of a calm.

American Steam Yachts.

THE *Marine Record*, in commenting on a quotation from an English journal relating to the position of the FOREST AND STREAM in opposition to the Payne bill, says:

We must take some exception, however, to the statement that the FOREST AND STREAM is ahead in its arguments against the Payne bill. These so-called arguments, so far as we have seen them, consist of mud-throwing of a nasty and unconvincing character. Among the yachts which have been made the targets for the malice of this publication are the Wadena and Comanche, the former built by the Cleveland Ship Building Co., and the other by the Globe Iron Works Co., of Cleveland. * * * The remark regarding the Wadena is a palpable misrepresentation, as the lengthening occurred after she had been in commission some time. True, it was "after trial," but not immediately after her trial trip, as the Anglomaniac sporting paper would have it believed. The lengthening was caused by no fault in the original design, but because the owner wished to reduce her draft without sacrificing any of her rather unusual amount of auxiliary machinery. As for the Comanche, this far-fetched comparison is based upon the simple fact that considerable deck space was allowed forward, in compliance with the wishes of her owner. This does not spoil her looks by any means, and both the Wadena and Comanche are yachts of which any American might be proud. The Comanche was built to be in every respect an American yacht, in design as well as in material, and the fault found with her appearance seems based solely on the idea that nothing is good which does not follow the English styles, in the matter of houses as well as of model. The continuous success of American sailing yachts over their British competitors, in which the credit is given very largely to the hull design, is a sufficient vindication of American ability in that direction. Why should designers not be allowed some latitude in laying out the deck plan as well?

When Wadena was lengthened has nothing whatever to do with the question of her design, it is even a fact that she made a trip across the Atlantic and back before being rebuilt; but many of the old salt-water sailors who saw her leave Tebo's with her decks nearly level with the water never expected to see her again. That she did get back proves just about as much as the recent crazy venture of rowing across the Atlantic in an open boat. The *Record* chooses its words very carefully in explaining that the object of lengthening was to reduce her draft, 10ft. 6in., certainly not excessive for a seagoing yacht of her length. The real reason for the alteration was that the yacht as designed had not sufficient displacement for her machinery and coal, and with enough coal aboard to carry her to a convenient coaling station on her ocean trip she had next to no freeboard, her deck being perilously near the water. If this is not bad design, we do not know what to call it, for the yacht was specially designed for a trip around the world. The faults were later remedied at an expense that would have paid a designer's fee many times over.

Comanche is a very serviceable craft, far superior to many other American steam yachts, a good sea boat and elegantly furnished below, but that she is absolutely devoid of that graceful appearance which is popularly supposed to characterize the more costly steam yachts is hardly capable of argument, it is only necessary to look at her.

The "latitude" of her deck plan is only one point of many open to comparison in considering her appearance.

The *Record* continues:

But even if these statements were true, it must be admitted that the only means which builders have at their command for securing improved pleasure tonnage is practice, and how is this to be secured when owners spend their money across the water? Builders are not warranted in building large yachts for sale, as the people who enjoy sufficient means to possess such luxuries insist upon outlining the general arrangement of such a boat. And as for the alleged deficiences in American yachts, the root of the whole matter, it is most likely, lies right in this characteristic. The prospective owner who places an order for a yacht with an American builder insists on being her architect, and the gentleman who enjoys that title is reduced, in fact, to the standing of a mere draftsman. The owner wants things arranged after a certain fashion, and often his desires are such that compliance with them is an absolute impossibility, especially if he has had no experience to give him proper and practical ideas. After this is explained to him, he will insist on having his own way as nearly as possible, and in this way builders are in many cases forced to act against their better judgment. Then, if the experiment turns out badly, the builders receive all the discredit. If an American places a yacht order in England, he either gives the builders full discretion in the matter, or else he is so far distant that he is unable to dictate with any certainty. He is either too far away to inspect the yacht during process of her construction, and the builders, it is probable, either do not consider his unique instructions as matters serious enough to pay any attention to, or else they convince him in a peremptory and *ex cathedra* style that his suggestions cannot be considered for a moment; that they violate all established rules for English yachts and yachtsmen, and the owner is awed into submission. It is admitted that American merchant vessels of the same grade of workmanship present a far better appearance and are really better than those of the British; and why should it be otherwise, under the same conditions, with pleasure craft?

We were under the impression that most shipbuilders ask for trade under the representation that they are masters of their profession, fully competent to carry out all contracts that they make; according to the *Record*, however, it is the duty of the customer to pay for the education and the unsuccessful experiments of the builder. This is closely in accord with the idea prevalent in many trades, that the yacht owner of all men was specially created to pay bills, and for no other good purpose.

The plea of the interference of the owner has come up repeatedly in this discussion, but whatever weight may attach to it, there is in it nothing to justify an ignorance of design. Some of the most conspicuous failures have been made in filling what was practically a *carte blanche* order, with a minimum of limitations from the owner. On the other hand, one of the largest of the new Watson yachts was practically designed in New York last fall under the eye of the owner, who was most rigid in his requirements. Like others who have advanced this same point, the *Record* fails to explain why there is such a difference as it claims between steam yachts and sailing yachts; in the latter, as in Yampa, Lasca, Emerald and Defender, both owner and designer manage to work in harmony and a perfect vessel is produced; if this method of procedure is possible with sailing yachts in this country, and with both steam and sailing yachts in England, why is it not possible here in the case of steam yachts?

The *Record's* remarks about mudslinging and malice are strongly suggestive of our recent experience with the *Marine Journal*, which started on the same tack by denouncing our statements as untrue, but when confronted with an opportunity to prove them so promptly declined the issue. As the *Marine Record* has assumed to speak with authority as to Wadena and Comanche, possibly it will give us some information which we have been unable thus far to obtain, and tell us who the designers or draftsmen were who made the plans for these American yachts.

We are willing to give to this discussion the widest possible scope, as we believe in the end good will come of it, but we must remind our correspondents, however, that our space is limited, and request them to keep as closely as possible to the direct points at issue, and to avoid the introduction of others less relevant. The following letters have come to us in answer to the statements of a correspondent a short time since, and as a matter of justice to both sides we publish them, but we can give little space in the future to such side topics.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I certainly take exception to some of the statements of Mr. R. R. l'Hommedieu in his article "Yachts on the Pacific Coast," which appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM of July 18.

In the first place he says I start off by generally abusing the shipbuilders on the Pacific Coast, and says that the fast war ships that have lately been built here speak well for some one's brains in designing.

I am glad to see that Mr. l'Hommedieu gives some one the credit for the design of these war ships, but why not be consistent and also give Mr. Herreshoff and Mr. Burgess credit for their work? Their work not only speaks for itself and needs no defender, but is a monument to their ability, which will forever be the admiration of their fellow craftsmen.

The statements I made were intended as advice to those who might be thinking of following naval architecture as a means of livelihood, and are plain facts which can be greatly enlarged upon with regard to the conditions to be encountered.

One of the greatest dangers to American workmen, that of foreign immigration, could be easily overcome if employers would only live up to the contract labor law. It is a well-known fact that this law is evaded in every line of manufacture. The knowledge of these things may be the means of saving some young man from wasting a whole lot of time which he can put to much better advantage.

Mr. l'Hommedieu says, "If an American shows that he can design a fast craft he may be sure of holding an enviable position."

My advice to him is to ask any of the men—for the product of whose brains some one else invariably gets the credit—who have grown gray at the business and who are still just plain ship draftsmen, why they are not holding these enviable positions. There are some people green enough to believe that conscientious efforts will bring their own reward, but they will soon find that we have not yet reached the millennium. Perhaps he can tell what becomes of all the apprentices who disappear when their apprenticeship is completed. Let me tell him that the majority have had their eyes opened sufficiently to quit the business and seek a more profitable occupation. A few—poor fellows—who feel that they have neither time nor money to spend in learning a new profession, are obliged to work at their trade and be contented with a bare living, without any hope of bettering themselves.

As for yacht designing, the man who patronizes the naval architect will not only get his yacht cheaper in the end, but will stand small chance of having a failure, provided he goes to a designer who knows his business. The boat builder goes to work and whittles out a model from which he gets his lines. The chances are he knows nothing whatever about displacement or stability, and is therefore unable to tell how much ballast the yacht requires or just how much canvas she can carry. The best he can do is to make a guess by comparison with a similar yacht which has been tried. In nearly all of these boat-builder productions a large percentage of the ballast is carried inside the hull, where it does not belong, and this is one great reason why the yachts of the Pacific Coast are unable to carry the sail spread of the Eastern yachts.

I have also heard a prominent boat builder of San Francisco tell some most unique yarns about the awful effects of outside ballast. Now these yachts, designed on methods which are absolute, are the so-called modern yachts of the Pacific Coast. I fail to see how a boat can be called modern which is cut in two amidships and has an overhang stuck on the bow and stern, as I see Catherine, one of the boats mentioned by Mr. l'Hommedieu, was treated.

In what respect are these yachts any better than the yacht of twenty years ago?

The successful yacht of to-day is designed without reference to any model whatever. Her displacement, centers of buoyancy, gravity, metacenter, center of lateral resistance and center of effort, are found or closely approximated before a single stick is touched. There are certain elements—such as the center of gravity—that cannot be accurately located until the ship is completed, but they can all be closely approximated from the design beforehand, which is a great deal better and more likely to result in a successful boat than by the rule-o'-thumb methods and guesswork employed by the boat builders.

Before ending I should like to add that there is a field for the naval architect where the recompense is sufficient to enable a man to have a good, comfortable home, but even there the position is a sadly underpaid one for the duties and responsibilities involved. I refer to the construction corps of the United States Navy. To become a naval constructor a boy must enter the naval school at Annapolis and graduate at the head of his class or second, the first two being given the choice of entering the construction corps. This will mean lots of hard work, but anything that is worth having is worth working for. I believe the age for entrance to Annapolis is fifteen to nineteen years. Let me add just one more statement. A man with the mental attainments of our naval constructors would be sure of a high salaried position in some other walk of life. The appended letter from the owner of Folly, which Mr. l'Hommedieu belittled, is self-explanatory.

WM. B. COLLIER, JR.

VALLEJO, July 25.

Mr. W. B. Collier, Jr., Vallejo, Cal.:

Regarding Folly, which my brother and I built from design No. 124, by the late Edward Burgess, and which Mr. l'Hommedieu says never showed any evidence of speed, I can say that in the first and only race she ever sailed, some five years ago, on Admission Day, she easily beat Mollie Woggin, built by Capt. Turner, our foremost shipbuilder, for his own use in a moderate breeze, without any kites and only a mainsail and two headsails. Mollie Woggin is a boat of about the same size, and Capt. Turner expected he would have no trouble in disposing of us. You can get a corroboration of this statement from Mr. J. W. Pew, of Truant, who sailed Folly on that day. The rest of the class was nowhere.

What she would do against the present boats of the same size I cannot say, as she has not been in commission for some years. I have been too ill to do any sailing, and my brother has been too busy. She is yet in good condition, and I hope some day to have a try against the latter-day craft. Folly was designed especially for this bay, to be a "safe, comfortable and fast boat," and not for speed alone. She draws rather too much water for ordinary bay use. She is certainly safe, as I have had her out in a white squall and sailed her to her anchorage without letting go a sheet. Yachtsmen who saw this performance say they now have no doubt of the safety of this type of boat.

I believe that at the time we built the boat she was the first built on lines furnished by others than our home designers; and if I remember rightly Mr. Pew was the next to get an Eastern design for his catboat Truant, now a sloop

As to Mr. Burgess not being familiar with our waters, that may be so; but I gave him our conditions after consultation with Mr. Chas. G. Yale, a man who is better posted on yachting hereabouts than anybody now sailing. And as for Folly being a failure, I can only say that, in my opinion and in the opinions of many others more competent to judge perhaps than your critic, she is not; on the contrary, she fully answered my expectations in every particular. It has been the fashion of those ignorant of her performance to call her "well named," and I find the belief still extant. Very truly yours,

GEORGE F. DAVIDSON.

The New Y. R. A. Rule.

TO ALL appearances the new rule of the Y. R. A., adopted late last season, has already proved a complete failure, the yachts built under it, quite a number in all the classes from 52ft. downward, being in no way an improvement on the bulb-fins produced under the rating rule in its later years. The English yachting journals are now discussing the situation; the *Yachtsman* has published several letters, too long for reproduction here, condemning the rule, and the *Field* criticises it as follows:

Talking of rating rules, there seems to be a chorus of opinion that the new rating has produced an over-canvased boat in all classes, and that already the coefficients require altering. The principal charge against the rule is that it admits of too much canvas, and in the small classes holds out an inducement to cut down draft of water, while at the same time it does not encourage an increase of under-water body, or the increase is so trifling that it is not worth consideration. The fin bulb has not even been "scotched," nor in the large craft has draft of water by the girth measurement. Beyond this the girth measurement is a great deal of trouble and endless expense to owners. We think the ideal rating rule has yet to be found. Girth, as at present used in the formula, does not check draft to any appreciable extent, and might as well be dispensed with, and the light tax on canvas encourages enormous sail plans. If girth is to be retained with all its troublesome details, it should be whole girth, and most decidedly the square root of the sail spread should be used at its full value and not at half its value. If the coefficients are struck out of the rule and the constant divisor altered, the formula may produce the type of yacht which is said to be desirable, but we very much question whether the formula as it at present stands will ever produce anything but a very much over-canvased vessel and a poor performer in strong breezes.

Pente is an example of what the new rule can work. She is 31.5 on the waterline, and as a 5-rater carried 953sq. ft of canvas. As a 36-footer under the new rule she could have 1,224sq. ft., and have her girth increased nearly 2ft. No doubt she would be a much faster boat than she is at present, and most likely would win prizes against this year's craft if anyone pleased to make the alterations to her; still, all this does not disclose the benefits which we were led to expect would accrue from the new rating rule.

This has brought out the following letter from our old friend Thalassa, in the following issue of the *Field*:

SIR: Many yachtsmen in the small classes will feel grateful to you for your critical paragraph, published in the *Field* of 11th inst. By it we can now see that the new rule has signally failed to do that which it was specially designed to perform, viz., to increase under-water body and introduce a better type with more accommodation.

Mr. Baden Powell's heart-breaking supplications to let the poor erring creature have another chance, because she has been handicapped by the sins of her progenitors, form an excellent specimen of special pleading; but they acknowledge the crimes of his client, and there is no time in this life to await the reforms of the unfortunate.

Most people will agree with you that the girth measurement, being useless and troublesome and expensive, should be discarded; also that the tax on sail should be increased by altering its coefficient to unity.

Were there changes made in the rule we should probably find it an improvement on the old rule, and a vast deal better than the present girth rule. It would become: Linear rating $= \frac{L + B. + \sqrt{S.}}{2}$ Thus the new 30-rater Florence would figure out ½ (25.64 + 7.36 + 28.62) = 30 81, and Norman at ½ (29 51 + 10.93 + 33.83) = 37.13.

Mr. Linton Hope writes me that he has "come to the conclusion that the present rating rule is no use for the small classes, as it is producing a worse machine than ever"; and Mr. C. P. Clayton has published his opinion, that "the most successful craft built to suit the new rule are worse boats than those built to suit the old rule"; and he also writes of "the utter collapse of the new rule."

When the strongest erstwhile advocate of the present rule uses such language, what more need be said by one who has opposed the rule from its inception and has predicted that it would never act as Mr. R. E. Froude intended?

THALASSA.

Duxbury Y. C.

DUXBURY, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 8.

THE third regatta of the Duxbury Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 8 in a very light breeze. The race for the Davenport cup, two legs for which are held by Cleopatra, was not finished on account of the light weather. Nancy Hanks was entered for it against Fanny D. The times for the smaller classes were:

FOURTH CLASS, A—CATS, 15 TO 18FT.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Amie, M. S. Weston, Jr	17.02	1 18 44	0 51 55
Honest John, J. C. Dawes	17.04	1 19 44	0 54 06

FOURTH CLASS, B—SPRIT SAILS, 15 TO 18FT.

Major D., C. H. Drew	16.01	1 18 39	0 51 36
Yankee, A. E. Walker	16.10	1 18 00	0 51 49
Natalie, H. M. Jones	17.02	1 18 43	0 52 54
Gypsy Girl, W. Steele	16.09	1 20 30	0 54 18
Eunice B Weston, I. Symmes	17.03	1 20 10	0 54 26
Ideal, C. F. Bradford	16.10	1 21 06	0 54 55

FOURTH CLASS, C—GAFF FORESAILS, 15 TO 18FT.

Dolphin, N. Morton	16.06	1 24 48	0 58 14
Tom Jeff, S. S. Richards	17.07	1 25 06	0 59 44
Myra, S. B. Cheney	18.00	1 24 54	0 59 57

Jamaica Bay Y. C.

FAR ROCKAWAY—JAMAICA BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 8.

THE Jamaica Bay Y. C. sailed a club regatta on Aug. 8 in a fresh S.W. breeze. Runaway and Cecelia were in collision before the start, the former being so disabled that she could not start. The times were:

CLASS A—SLOOPS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cute	3 40 50	6 28 33	2 47 43	2 07 43
Iris	3 44 20	Did not finish.		
Runaway	3 44 20	Disabled.		
Cecelia	3 44 20	Did not finish.		

CLASS B—CATS.

Lochinvar	3 40 40	6 36 35	2 55 55	2 55 55
Loyal	3 41 25	Did not finish.		

CLASS C—CATS.

Vitesse	3 40 20	6 44 20	3 04 00	3 01 00
Triby	3 40 55	Did not finish.		
Gennette	3 43 23	Did not finish.		

Cohasset Y. C.

COHASSET, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 8.

THE Cohasset Y. C. started a club race on Aug. 8 in a light W. wind, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Elapsed.
In It, R. B. Williams	1 09 30
Heron, E. Stoddard	1 12 15

15FT. CLASS.

Hoodoo, Gammond & Wheelwright	1 46 08
Mermaid, W. B. Sears	1 49 10
Mungo, E. S. Wilcutt	1 53 30
Jap, Bouve & Pegra	1 55 18
Swallow, John Richardson	1 55 28
Sea Gull, Fred Higginson	1 58 23
Honie, C. H. Cousens	2 01 04
Nit, Joseph Bigelow	2 03 05
Blink, Fred H. Pratt	2 06 30
Scoot, John Dean	2 10 00

Pathfinder.

THE new steel steam yacht Pathfinder, built for F. W. Morgan, of Chicago, at a cost of $75,000, demonstrated on her first trial trip late this afternoon that she is one of the speediest, if not the speediest, boats on the Great Lakes. The trial far exceeded the expectations of Pathfinder's owners, builders and designer. The engines worked splendidly, and she answered her tiller to perfection. Several thousand people lined the banks of the river and the shores of the lake, watching the beautiful craft as she glided through the water. On board was Capt. Morgan, her owner; Capt Warner, John Williams and Wm. Herrick, of Chicago; Designer Poekel, Walter Reynolds, manager of the Racine Boat Company; Capt. Hale, of the yacht Alcyone, of Chicago, and thirty other guests. She was in charge of Capt. Danstaedt, of Detroit, and Engineer James Froth.

On the first run southeast against a head sea the boat made over nine miles an hour with 125lbs. of steam and the engines running 125 revolutions a minute. With 155lbs. of steam and 155 revolutions of the engine per minute she made seventeen miles an hour. On account of the machinery being new and stiff the boat was not speeded to her full capacity, but good judges aboard predicted that she could make twenty miles an hour with ease, and when pushed can make as high as twenty-two miles.

The yacht is constructed of the finest steel, 145ft. over all, 14ft. 3in. beam, 12ft. depth, 8ft. draft, and has a displacement of 150 tons. The main engines are four-cylinder, triple expansion, 14in., 19½in. and a two 20¼in., with 16in. stroke. The boilers are of the company's own special design and will develop 1,000 horse power. In addition to the main engines there are four small ones for driving the dynamos, pumps, blower and circulating fan. There is a steam capstan, electric light service throughout the boat, telephone service, hot and cold water, steam heat, etc. There are four steel water-tight bulkheads, making the yacht unsinkable in case of a collision. These are divided by four different water compartments. The boat has two spars, and in the distance has the appearance of a small man-of-war.—*Chicago Tribune, July 26.*

The Lake Races.

LAKE ERIE will this year be the scene of a number of interesting races between the best yachts of the lakes, including several new ones. A number of races are scheduled and some interesting matches are promised, with the probable result of a revival of interest in yachting on all of the lakes. The racing opens at Port Dover, Ontario, at the eastern end of the lake, on Aug. 3-4; then follow the Erie regattas, Aug. 6-7, and then the four days, Aug. 10-13, at Cleveland, where the Cleveland Y. C. will hold its open regattas in connection with the centennial celebration of that city. From Cleveland the fleet will go to Put-in-Bay, near the western end of the lake, where the races will be held on Aug. 17-22, and then all the yachts will cross to Toledo for the final international races between Vincedor and Canada.

The Chicago champion, Vincedor, left that city on July 29 in tow of the steamer Madagascar, in company with three barges, and should have reached Detroit on Aug. 2, but during the night a heavy N.E. gale sprang up, and the yacht was forced to drop her towline before Milwaukee was passed. She made sail and ran before the gale into Port Washington, north of Milwaukee, lying over night and sailing next morning with a light breeze. The night of July 31 was spent in harbor at Manitowoc; next morning more bad weather was met with, the yacht putting back. On Aug. 2 she started again, and made Mackinac at noon next day.

The Canadian champion, Canada, though unsuccessful at first in her preliminary trials with the older Toronto and Hamilton yachts, has improved greatly, and of late has defeated Zelma and Aggie a number of times. She took part in the Port Dover regatta of Aug. 4 and won easily from two local yachts, Scorpion and West Wind. In the second class, Dinah, of Hamilton, beat Puritan, Eva and Vivia, and in the third class Hiawatha won.

Cowes Week.

THE racing week at Cowes began on Aug. 3 with the regatta of the Royal London Y. C., followed next day by the race of the Royal Yacht Squadron for the Queen's cup. The course was from off Cowes around the Lymington Spit Buoy and back around the Bullock Patch Buoy, 50 miles, with a N.W. wind. Meteor crossed first, with Britannia on her weather, followed by Hester and Mohawk. Hester was announced as the winner, but the race was afterward given to Mohawk. On the same day Ailsa and Satanita sailed in the regatta of the Royal Southampton Y. C., the former winning. On Aug. 5 Meteor, Britannia, Caress, Ailsa and Satanita started for the R. Y. S. prize of £100. There was a strong N.E. wind and the race promised to be very exciting, but when off Ryde Meteor lost her bowsprit and topmast. Britannia, Satanita and Caress passed on the wrong side of a buoy and withdrew and Ailsa was disqualified. Whether all the withdrawing and disqualification was intentional or not does not appear, but the race will be resailed.

The race of Aug. 6 was for the Town prize of £100, the course being from Cowes west around the Lepe Buoy, then east and around the Warner and back; two rounds, 48 miles. Ailsa, Britannia, Satanita, Corsair and Caress started in a good N.E. breeze; the former winning. On Aug. 7 the Meteor challenge shield was sailed for, again in a northerly wind, Ailsa winning.

The 30-Footers at Newport.

ON Aug. 4 the 30-footers sailed a race for the Morgan cup, two rounds of a triangular course in a light S.W. wind, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Esperanza	4 32 30	1 57 30
Asahi	4 33 15	1 58 15
Hera	4 36 50	2 01 50
Caroline	4 37 35	2 02 35
Wawa	Withdrew.	
Dorothy II	Withdrew.	
Vaquero III	Withdrew.	

Vaquero took the ground and Wawa, which lost the finish, picked up a lobster pot. Dorothy was steered by Gerald Paget, owner of Rosemary.

On Aug. 5 the fleet started again for a sweepstakes, the course being a run from Brenton's Cove to Dyer's Island and a beat home, 16 miles. Asahi and Hera led on the run, but were beaten by Vaquero on the windward work.

Another sweepstakes was sailed on Aug. 7 over a new course, 10 miles to windward to the bouy off Point Judith and return, in a fresh S.W. wind. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero	11 05 00	12 58 45	1 53 45
Asahi	11 05 00	12 59 25	1 54 25
Hera	11 05 00	1 00 35	1 55 35
Caroline	11 05 00	1 01 00	1 56 00
Wawa	11 05 00	1 01 15	1 56 15

On Aug. 8 the wind was very light and a slow race was sailed over the triangular course. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hera	2 50 00	6 08 50	3 18 50
Esperanza	2 50 00	6 16 05	3 26 05
Vaquero	2 50 00	6 23 40	3 33 40
Caroline	2 50 00	6 23 45	3 33 45
Musme	2 50 00	6 30 45	3 40 45
Wawa	Did not finish.		
Dorothy	Did not finish.		
Asahi	Did not finish.		

The racing will continue next week, the new Rosemary taking part.

East Bay Y. C.

CENTER MORICHES—GREAT SOUTH BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 8.

THE East Bay Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on Aug. 8 over a 10-mile triangular course. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Madcap	4 01 00	6 41 35	2 30 35	2 30 35
Sunol	4 10 50	7 10 50	3 00 00	2 58 40
Zoe	4 10 30	7 37 50	2 57 20	2 53 47
Druid	4 10 40	6 57 50	2 47 10	2 43 21

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Eastern Y. C. will hold special open races on Aug. 18 and 19 for sloops of the seventh and special 30ft. classes, and for knockabouts. The races are open to all yachts which conform to the requirements of the respective classes, viz.: In seventh class sloops, waterline 30ft. and not over 35ft.; in special 30ft. class, the agreement of owners as made in November, 1895; in knockabout class, the rules of the Knockabout Association. Entries must be delivered to the secretary of the club, William S. Eaton, Jr., Eastern Y. C., Marblehead, before 10 A. M. on the day of the race. The prizes on Aug. 18 are: For special 30ft. class, first, a purse of $100, presented by Capt. Henry S. Hovey; for knockabouts, first, a cup, presented by Com. Gardner; for seventh class sloops, first, $100. In each class where five or more start, a second prize of $30, and where seven or more start, a third prize of $10. The prizes on Aug. 19 are: For special 30ft. class, first, a purse of $100, presented by Rear-Com. Hemenway; for seventh class sloops, first, $100. In each of these classes, if five or more start, a second prize of $30, and if seven or more start, a third prize of $10. For knockabouts, purses presented by Capt. C. S. Eaton, viz.: First, $100; second, if five or more start, $50; third, if seven or more start, $25; fourth, if nine or more start, $15, and fifth, if eleven or more start, $10. The prizes being given by Mr. Eaton, Cock Robin will not compete. In the special 30ft. class prizes of $50, $25 and $15 will be given to the professional helmsman.

The 30ft. special class has received a new addition in the Sibbick yacht Rosemary, nominally of 36ft. linear rating, Y. R. A., but built, as we understand, to the special rules governing the new 30ft. class. She is owned by Mr. Gerald Paget, of London, brother-in-law of Mr. Whitney, owner of Dorothy, who will spend the summer at Newport and race the yacht there. Mr. Paget also owns the 1-raters Caprice and Cigarette, built by Sibbick last year. Rosemary, as the new yacht is named, came over on the Wilson Line steamer Ontario, and was launched at Brooklyn, being rigged by her skipper, Capt. Vincent, and his crew of two, who accompanied her. She has been accorded the privilege of free entry, as she will be reshipped to England later in the season. She is now at Newport and will sail in all races of the class there.

A race was sailed on Lake Oconomowoc on Aug. 1 in a moderate N.W. wind, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hope	0 59 12	0 55 57
Bird	1 00 30	0 59 34
Skedaddle	1 01 21	1 00 27
Argo	1 01 30	1 00 56
Yumpin' Yaper	Capsized.	
Empress	Withdrew.	
Idle Hour	Withdrew.	

The Almy Water Tube Boiler Co. has supplied the following yachts with boilers since the last cruise of the New York Y. C.: Steam yacht Gretchen, John E. Reyburn; Arcturus, Rutherford Stuyvesant; Parthenia, Stephen B. Roach; Giralda, E. S. Renwick; Indolent, J. C. Rhodes; Illawarra, Eugene Tompkins; Corsette, C. A. Tatum; Vesta, Henry A. Laughlin; Orienta, E. R. Ladew; Magnet, T. A. Howell; Valima, Wm. H. Post; Chepita, C. W. Wharton; Iduna, F. A. Foster; Marion, N. Witherell; Kaloiah, C. L. Hubbard; Ardarth, J. A. Aspinwall; Aida, W. P. Douglas. This record speaks for itself.

The third annual regatta of the Chippewa Y. C., of Chippewa Bay, N. Y., on the St. Lawrence River, will be sailed on Aug. 19. The programme includes a race for the Bell trophy, recently sailed for at Ogdensburgh; a race for St. Lawrence River skiffs, and one for sailing canoes, a prize of a $50 cup being offered by C. M. English for the latter event. There will also be rowing races. Particulars may be obtained of H. W. Williams, Secretary, Chippewa Bay, N. Y.

The Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia, the Corinthian Y. C. of Atlantic City, the Corinthian Fleet of New Rochelle, and the Knickerbocker Y. C. have made a joint cruise on Long Island Sound, from New Rochelle to New London, the combined fleet dividing there for Shelter Island and Newport.

We have received from the Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia, a copy of the club book for 1896, a handsome volume quite worthy of this flourishing and progressive club. The membership is now 163, with a large fleet of yachts.

A rumor that is hardly worth repeating is to the effect that Valkyrie III. will be raced next season under the management of Sir James Bell, former head of the Thistle syndicate.

Cleopatra, the fast Hanley cat, originally named El Paso, has been sold by Melbourne MacDowell to H. M. Faxon, the Boston yachtsman.

The regatta of the Hempstead Harbor Y. C., set for Aug. 8, was postponed to Aug. 15, on account of lack of wind.

Illawarra, steam yacht, Eugene Tompkins, was at Halifax on Aug. 7 bound from Bras d'Or Lakes for Boston.

Almy, steam yacht, Frederic Gallatin, passed Skagen Fyr, Denmark, on Aug. 1.

Canoeing.

THE ROYAL C. C. RACES.

WE published last week the account of the race for the Royal C. C. challenge cup, the principal event of the annual sailing week of the club. The races this year, instead of being up river, were at Burnham-on-Crouch, at the mouth of the Thames; on open, and as it happened rough water. It will be remembered that in 1894, the year Mr. W. W. Howard visited England first and entered for the R. C. C. challenge cup as the representative of the New York C. C., but half an hour before the race started he withdrew his entry on the grounds that the waters were unsuitable for canoe sailing; in consequence of which act the R. C. C. withdrew the offer of a special cup promised for an international race at Burnham later on. Last year Mr. Howard's canoe Yankee was shipped back to Clayton, N. Y., for alterations, and did not reach England in season for the challenge cup race, for which she was entered. This year Mr. Howard arrived from America in season to prepare for the race, which he entered as a member of the British C. A. Unfortunately for the correctness of the *Field's* surmise, his victory has awakened no enthusiasm in this country, and there has been no disposition whatever to claim it as an international event.

The *Field*, in the following comments, deals very severely with some of the leading features of modern canoeing, and in many points we agree with it, having preached the same lesson some years ago when there was still some chance of saving American canoeing from the racing machine. In the canoe yawl race alluded to, two boats were abandoned by their crews and towed in, one being finally wrecked. The *Field's* comments are as follows:

The "sailing week" of the Royal Canoe Club for 1896 was held at Burnham-on-Crouch on open salt water, and has undoubtedly furnished by actual facts just the very lessons which it has been found almost impossible to drill into some men by mere words of warning. If these lessons are now neglected sailing canoeing will be just about killed as a sport; of course, a few odds and ends will always be found at it, but true canoe sailors must forsake the sport if it is kept in its present form, wherein winning races can only be attained by a perfect acrobat mounted upon a dangerous machine.

The Crouch racing has amply proved what it was intended to prove; it has done so in the kindest manner—that is, without loss of life, without actual loss of prestige to British canoe sailors, and without demonstrating any really better type or class of canoe than the existing rules permit to be produced; and yet has clearly pointed out where the present machine nature ought to be toned down for the general good of canoe sailing. The move of the Royal C. C. to open tidal water for a sailing course was decided upon with intent to demonstrate by actual experience and facts that, though the rules permitted equally the sharpie and the skimming-dish type, the racing machine and the useful cruiser type, the man ballasted and the metal ballasted craft, there are conditions on such waters when the type of craft innocently in favor on the Thames and other quiet inland rivers are in other waters absolute death traps. Drowning in the north at Easter, and very nearly drowning in the summer in the south, should be ample teaching for any men who claim to have average quality of brains. Past capsizes, with happily prompt rescues, in sheltered waters, are soon forgotten, and the "cheap-jack" creation, the flimsy flying orange-box type of canoe-yawl, or butchers' tray canoe, are again manned with human life. The reckless life that elects thus to embark may be allowed to go, but the sport of canoe sailing should not also be drawn into the idiotic vortex.

The second point is the slack state into which the sport of canoe sailing has been allowed to drift. When the technical details of the racing are noted, it will be seen that no serious attempt, or, perhaps, proper attempt, was made to defend the cup against the attack of Yankee, Mr. Howard's canoe. It may be all very well to say that Mr. Howard only raced as representing a British club and not as an American, but we venture to say and suggest that ere these lines appear in print the victory will be claimed as international.

It may be international, and whether Mr. Howard was backed by one club in America or one in England matters little or nothing; no doubt he would have raced just the same, but the grave fact remains that the holder of the cup and the club owning the cup were not ready, and were not properly tuned up with defenders; and in the previous days of the week, while the Englishmen were racing in hard weather and straining their flimsy craft to true basket-leaking stage, the American boat never entered a race; she went only for the cup. The holder of the cup, instead of getting to Burnham by train and then practicing over the course day by day, spent his days and nights in an otherwise gallant struggle against wind and tide and a heap of mishaps in a passage around by sea, which landed both man and boat in a state of total collapse at Burnham on the morning of the race. Thus, in part at any rate, the Royal C. C. challenge cup for the first time is won out of the club.

We do not in the slightest degree intend to spare men or materials by using the common form of gushing praise where none is due; we prefer to state facts only, and expert men can thereupon form opinions which, we will venture to say, amply bear out all we have written for years past in connection with the sport.

Looking at the fleet of canoes and yawls at Burnham, with the exception of the two "cruising canoe" class new boats, there was not a canoe "up to date"—that is to say, that new craft could have been built, or older craft could have been reballasted and rerigged "up to date." The two cruiser class canoes were new and untried, and one lost her mast; the other was leaking to perfection all the time, and neither had a suit of sails which could fairly, or at all, be said to "set." The Dragon performed in a manner which should take a few years clean off the life of her owner. She ran before the wind with the whole of her fore deck out of sight under water; the water was up to the tack of her mainsail and rushing aft; the "bucket well" was full, and in this canted-down-by-the-head position of hull the rudder barely touched the water. Can any craft go the pace in such circumstances?

The two cruiser class canoes, though new and untried, were further "out of it," in that with their large sloop rig and very high freeboard and body structure, they demand and were intended to have bulb keels; they had at Burnham only plain metal center-plates, and not heavy ones even at that. Three hundredweight of ballast inside them would not have acted up to 100lbs. on the bulb. Yet their owners and all who saw them acknowledge them as fine, roomy little craft, and speak highly of the class as a future class, capable of racing and of cruising. Prucas, canoe, is merely a 30in. beamed semi-sharpie, not a new boat, but a very fast old one, and if she had not got strained to a bad leaking point we doubt not she would have given Yankee a close tie-up; her sails are far from being in racing fettle, but the handling she received from Mr. Laws was a masterpiece worthy of better stuff to handle.

The Viper, the last year's holder of the cup, was much in the same swim as Prucas; her gear and sails are capable of renewal, and where serious sailing is contemplated it is unfair to the club and country to "spoil the ship for a ha'porth o' tar." The Viper has a heavy lead bulb keel, she has a long slide seat, and every one expected great things of her in a blow, and for light breeze looked to Prucas or Dragon to ghost along with Yankee.

The report of the racing we publish below is from the hand of an able canoe man, who attended closely upon each race. The report gives merely the outline facts; but it cannot be denied that in two, if not three, of the capsizes it was providential that assistance happened to be at hand. The ebb tide would undoubtedly have swept the men out into the open sea, and if not soon washed off the upturned boats exhaustion of the human frame must set in, and with it the end. We have steadily put out and never wavered in our opinion, that for open water, estuary or coasting, there is no excuse for sailing in a capsizable canoe-yawl, and under present rules there is none of the old-time necessity for a sailing canoe to be unballasted; indeed she may easily be fitted so as to be uncapsizable. And further, if common sense and general sport are to be supported, and canoe sailing is to be conserved as a reasonable sport for ordinary men, gymnastic monkeying or dangerous implements must be effectually discouraged. It can be done by the stroke of the pen, and we venture to say that the Burnham racing has furnished the warning to act, because any further warning must come from a coroner's inquest.

So far as the canoe is concerned, though, no doubt, a small thunder clap would be fired off by the racing machine owners—say three men—the class would die an immediate and quiet little death if the sliding deck seat were abolished; at least, and in fairness to moderate men—non-scorchers—the sliding seat length should be limited to the beam of the canoe, as it is already in the cruiser class, and no built-up or box wells should be allowed in any canoe; a canvas bucket well may be movably fitted, and will save a fill up, but the actual well of the canoe should be clearly enough to sit down in. The canoe without a well at all, or fitted with a self-draining, built-up, saucer well, with no possibility of putting anything but a sponge below, is nothing but a necessary flotation evil to float and connect a sail, a center-plate, and some animal ballast. The sliding seat in moderation as to length of slide is a great comfort even for cruising; but when it comes to a full length stretch of some 5ft. or more, it is merely a monkeying machine, whereby the aquatic acrobat is enabled to manage a large sail on an inflated cylinder to more racing advantage than a sailer can manage a fair rig on an honest boat.

In the challenge cup race the Yankee displayed wonderful speed on the reach, and, as two-thirds of the course was in a reaching wind, no doubt she was at her best; but her time win of 27m. 51s. is not really "cut 'em down" time when we see the lamentable condition of each and all her competitors. Here we may point out one important thing. It is, that each of these canoes had traveled in very hot weather on railway trucks, uncased, *i. e.*, bumping; whereas the Yankee had traveled slung on canvas in a case, and from experience of these delicate craft we can certainly say such treatment makes all the difference between a dry and a leaky boat.

We have on former occasions very fully described the Yankee, but many now reading of her may not have heard of her before. She is very fast, straightaway through the water; that is the utmost that can be said in her favor. She is a racer or nothing. The man is always outside her; he is above her so long as he can keep there. With her plate lifted and her sails lowered and with no man on board, Yankee would not float upright. She is a shallow V-sectioned canoe, 16ft. long over all, and nearly the same in the water; 30in. beam, very small freeboard, and very little sheer. The deck seat is raised up like a garden seat, and the side plank, for sliding the man out to windward, is about 5ft. long; the well is only a few inches deep, and drains any water into the centerboard case. The spars are stumpy, and of ridiculous and unnecessary diameter; her masts, booms and gaffs are hollow, but about half their diameter would give ample size for equally light hollow spars if built in fair quality of wood. The wooden jaws to the booms, battens and gaffs are cumbersome, and had far better have been made even in sheet brass; the rigging has very much of the toy shop look, bar one fact, that the sails certainly stand well. The reef gear as fitted, which is the old loop-draw-through gear, is not novel; it is simple, but we found similar gear in days gone by worked well enough in fine weather, but kinked and snarled in wet and refused duty; yet such loop gear is very handy for a cruising sail, but is not close enough for racing. The rig is mainsail and mizzen, nearly of equal area; the mainmast is stepped right in the eyes of the canoe, and the mizzen not far aft of midships; hence, in order to get the lateral resistance center sufficiently far aft for such a sail plan, the center-plate has to be dropped through the boat right in the well and amidships, thus putting an end to any possibility of having a sit-down well or any other pleasure or comfort, or cruising fitments.

Perhaps this is as it should be allowed in the unlimited racing machine; but the whole contrivance is foreign to one's feelings as to a genuine boat; she is a machine, she is raced as a machine, she comes to England for a particular pot race, she sails in no other race (this year) and she is packed up and goes away. Dragon in shape and fitment is but little better from the useful point of view, and has not proved as good from the racing view. It must be devoutly hoped the club will not encourage any further building of these useless things; the cup can be just as sportingly raced for in a useful type of canoe. The only source of life to these racing machines lies in the extraordinary long slide of the deck seat; this in balancing outboard of crew is about equivalent of 6ft. beam, whereas the rule only allows 30in.; but if the slide seat were limited to the width of the canoe, the extreme end could only run out about 1ft. beyond the side, and then the sail could not be carried on the machine except in very moderate weather.

The defaulters in the canoe-yawl class were both of semi-sharpie type—wretched, shallow, uncomfortable and dangerous things; no good even for speed. The canoes beat them in fine weather and smooth water, and in rough water they capsize and risk their crews' lives. Except lightness of hull for transport, and perhaps cheapness of first cost, there is little to be said in their favor. It is a pity that one or more of the powerful canoe-yawls were not down and sailing the Buxy course, just to have exhibited the difference of behavior, but probably the crews of Meryl and Rogue experienced enough to know how certainly they would be drowned if a similar accident occurred in a rather more open and less frequented place.

Be it remembered, these boats were not in novices' hands; they were manned by some of our smartest canoe sailers, and probably got all the handling the poor things were capable of receiving. One is a "total loss"—a wreck—and the sooner the others go the same track the better for genuine canoe-yawl sailing and cruising.

The Grindstone Meet.

Com. Huntington and Mr. Robertson, of the camp site committee, went to Grindstone Island last week and established the camp. Though Friday is the date of the formal opening, the camp has been ready all this week.

A. C. A. Membership.

Applications for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the Forest and Stream.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Name.	Residence.	Club.
A. W. McAdams	Newton	——

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Jesse J. Armstrong	Rome, N. Y.	——

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

E. H. Stockwell	New York City	Knickerbocker C. C.
L. S. Stockwell	New York City	Knickerbocker C. C.
J. W. Watts	New York City	Knickerbocker C. C.
Perry D. Frazer	New York City	Knickerbocker C. C.
J. H. Armstrong	Sing Sing, N. Y.	Shattemuc C. C.
Albert Rivers Genet	Sing Sing, N. Y.	Shattemuc C. C.
Lloyd Titus	Philadelphia, Pa.	Red Dragon C. C.
Wm. B. Pierson	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Orienta B. C.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Wm. Monk	Montreal	Pte. Claire
W. F. Lawless	Ottawa	Ottawa
R. W. Parkinson	Toronto	Toronto
J. Herb. Redpath	Montreal	——
Fred R. Gilbert	Brockville	Brockville
J. F. Chapman	Gananoque	——
Geo. Howell	Toronto	Toronto
W. Barclay Stephens	Montreal	Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.
Miss Edith Parkinson	Toronto	——

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Bisley Revolver Competitions—July, 1896.

In all the competitions, except the aggregates, 42 is the highest possible score, bullseye 2in. at 20yds. and 4in. at 50yds.

Military Series I., sliding target, 20yds.: First, Walter Winans 39; second, A. Bosling 38.

Military Series II., disappearing target, 20yds., at intervals of 3 seconds: First, Walter Winans 42 (best on record); second, A. Bosling 41

Military Series III., rapid firing, 20yds., 6 shots in 12 seconds: First, Walter Winans 38 (equals his previous best on record); second, A. Bosling 36.

Military Series IV., limited entry, stationary target, 20yds.: First, Lieut. Stanton 40, Walter Winans 39.

Military Series V., 50yds. target: Walter Winans and Lieut. Staunton tied on 38.

Military Series VI., advancing target, 50yds. to 20yds.: First, Walter Winans 38 (best on record now); second, W. B. Joynt 37.

"Any" Series I., sliding target, 20yds.: First, Walter Winans 38; second, A. Bosling 37.

"Any" Series II., disappearing target, 20yds., at intervals of 3 seconds: First, Walter Winans 41 (equals his previous best on record); second, L. Pritchard 40.

"Any" Series III., rapid firing, 20yds., 6 shots in 12 seconds: First, Walter Winans 39 (equals his previous best on record); second, A. Bosling 38.

"Any" Series IV., limited entry, 20yds., stationary target: First, W. B. Joynt 42; second, Walter Winans 41.

"Any" Series V., 50yds. target: Walter Winans and Lieut. Staunton tied on 39.

"Any" Series VI., advancing, 50yds. to 20yds.: First, Walter Winans 42 (best on record, target inclosed); second, Lieut. Pritchard 41.

Military Aggregate, highest possible score 252: 1st, Walter Winans 234; second, A. Bosling 226.

"Any" Revolver Aggregate, highest possible score 252: First, Walter Winans 240; second, Lieut. Pritchard 230.

Revolver Grand Aggregate (revolver championship of England), highest possible score 504: First, Walter Winans 474; second, Lieut. Pritchard 453.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES

Aug. 19-20.—Warsaw, Ind.—Third annual tournament of the Lake City Gun Club.

Aug. 20.—Chicago, Ill.—Heikes versus Gilbert, for the world's championship at targets. Watson's Park, Burnside, Ill., 2 P. M.

Aug. 25-27.—Binghamton, N. Y.—Binghampton Gun Club's tournament for amateurs; two days targets, one day live birds. Money divided under the Rose system. H. W. Brown, Manager.

Aug. 26-27.—Burlington, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Aug. 26-27.—Kalamazoo, Mich.—Tournament of the Celery City Gun Club, in connection with Michigan Trap-Shooters' League.

Aug. 31-Sept. 2.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Tournament of the Atlantic City Gun Club, on Young & McShae's pier. For programmes address Harry Thurman, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

Aug. 31-Sept. 2.—St. Paul, Minn.—Annual tournament of the St. Paul Gun Club, at State Fair Grounds. B. F. Schurmeier, Sec'y.

Sept. 2-4.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Tournament at Audubon Park. Targets and live birds. B. F. Smith, Manager.

Sept. 7.—Marion, N. J.—Sixth annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. J. A. Creveling, Sec'y

Sept. 8-9.—Marion, N. J.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Endeavor Gun Club of Jersey City, N. J.; $150 added money.

Sept. 8-10.—Galt, Ont.—First annual tournament of the Ontario Rod and Gun Club; $800 to $1,000 added money.

Sept. 10.—West Lebanon, N. H.—All-day shoot of the West Lebanon Gun Club.

Sept. 15-16.—Kansas City, Mo.—Third annual tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Company; $750 added money.

Sept. 29.-Oct. 2.—Harrisburg, Pa.—Tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association. First three days, targets; fourth day, live birds.

Oct 6-8.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Autumn tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Two days, targets; one day, pigeons and sparrows. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-9.—Newburgh, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds added money announced later.

1897.

March 23-25.—New York City.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

June (third week).—Cleveland, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

B. F. Smith is making every effort to have a successful shoot at Audubon Park, Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 1-5. Tuesday, Sept. 1, is preparation day; Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 2 and 3, target days; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 4 and 5, are live-bird days. At least $500 will be added to the purses in the target events; $750 guaranteed in the live-bird handicap, all surplus added. An item of interest to amateurs is the announcement that the management will have events in each day's programme open only to shooters who cannot break more than 75 per cent. There will be eight events each day open to all. Of course the Rose system of dividing purses will be used at this tournament; B. F. Smith knows a good thing when he sees it, and is glad to push it along. Another special feature is Smith's statement that magautraps will be used in all the open events. The Buffalo shoot of Sept. 1-5 promises to be a good one. Keep your eye on "Buffalo" Smith.

The victory of Bert Claridge in the Du Pont trophy shoot at Chicago last week is a very popular one among Eastern shooters. Claridge is a consistently good shot, and has always made good records on his home grounds at Baltimore. In the shoot for the Du Pont trophy last October, on the grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association, Claridge was strongly fancied as a probable winner, his mark being 28yds. His 9th bird, however, fell dead out of bounds; his 10th also escaped, but he finished with 23. In this year's Grand American Handicap he was placed back 1yd., his handicap being 29yds. At the end of the 20th round there were only two straights, Carl von Lengerke and Claridge Both lost their 21st birds, while the Baltimorean followed the precedent he established in the Du Pont shoot by losing his 22d, and going out with 23. His mark at Chicago last week was 28yds. Last October Fred Gilbert was placed on the 27yds. mark; at Chicago he stood at 32yds.

The Interstate Association's tournament at Burlington, Vt., promises to be an interesting affair. The programme of events for the first day calls for 175 targets, all in 15 and 20 target races, some at known and some at unknown angles, with a total entrance fee of $17.50; $40 will be added to the purses on this day. On the second day the programme consists of 10 events, the first 9 being similar to those on the programme for the first day; the 10th event is a handicap event, 25 to 33 targets per man. $2.50 entrance, $25 added to the purse in this event; altogether $60 will be added to the purses on this day. In all events there will be 4 moneys, and all purses will be divided under the Rose system. In the first two events on each day, a 6¼lb. keg of Hazard's Blue Ribbon will be added to first money. Information relative to the tournament, etc., will be cheerfully furnished by J. S. Denning, the secretary of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club, Burlington, Vt.

The annual shoot of the Hell Gate Gun Club was a monster affair. It took place at Dexter Park, L. I., on July 28, fifty-seven shooters facing the traps. In eleven out of the twelve months in the year the club meets once each month, the members present shooting at 10 live birds per man for yearly prizes, handicaps being awarded to the more skillful shots. On July 28, it being the annual shoot, each man shot at 20 birds, no handicap. There were twelve prizes offered for competition. S. J. Held and J. P. Dannefelser, the latter the well-known gunsmith of Chambers street, tied for first place with 16 out of 20, Tom Short and Eugene Doeinck being next with 15 each. On the shoot-off at 10 birds, Dannefelser defeated Held by 9 to 6. The twelve winners were: Dannefelser, Held, Short, Voss, Doeinck, Gunther, Sands, Steffens, Webber, Himmelsbach, Paynter and P. Woelfel.

Thursday, Aug. 20, 2 P. M., and Watson's Park, are the date, hour and place for the contest between Rolla Heikes and Fred Gilbert for the world's championship at targets and for the cup emblematic of that championship presented by the American E. C. Powder Co. The conditions are: 50 singles, unknown angles; 50 singles, expert rule, one man up, 5 traps down and retire, and 25 pairs. As noted in our issue of Aug. 8, Fred Gilbert readily accepted Heikes's challenge, naming date, hour and place as above. Heikes and Gilbert will probably meet in front of the magautraps at Detroit this week; Jack Parker's shoot always draws the boys together.

The programme for the Interstate Association's tournament at Marion, N. J., Sept. 8-9, will soon be in the hands of shooters. It will be found that the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, the club under whose auspices the shoot will be given, has decided to do its best to make the shoot an interesting one. A special feature will be the revival of the Novelty rule, a style of shooting that has been neglected too long, and that is really one of the most sporting ways of shooting at targets that has ever yet been devised. The club will add $75 a day to the purses—$150 in all.

G. S. McAlpin, of this city, won the Brookdale handicap on the Hollywood, N. J., grounds on Saturday last, Aug. 8, by killing his 15 birds. Edgar Murphy was second with 14. McAlpin was at 29yds., Murphy at 30yds. The other shooters with their handicaps were: Bland Ballard (30), T. W. Morfey (30), Branch (26), Count (26), White (28), P. Daly, Jr. (29), L. Finletter (30), Clancy (26), Edwards (29), Fred Hoey (30), A. L. Ivins (30).

Last week's extremely hot weather spoiled many of the club shoots in this neighborhood. It is all very well to say in winter: "I prefer hot weather for target-shooting." But there's a limit to the degree of heat referred to, and if E. S. Rice broke the live-bird tournament record in Chicago, Sergeant Dunn, the weather prophet of New York city, gives the credit of heat record-breaking to the week of Aug. 2-8. The East is bound to be in it some way or another.

The South End Club, the Independent and the East End clubs, all trap-shooting organizations in the city of Reading, Pa., have recently concluded a series of three interclub team races for the team championship of the city. The teams were of six men, each man shooting at 25 targets. The grand aggregate for the three matches—450 targets per team—shows South End 356 breaks, Independent 300 breaks, and East End 294.

The Binghamton (N. Y.) Gun Club's tournament, Aug. 25-27, is a purely invitation shoot. The programme contains the following personal note: "You are cordially invited to attend this tournament, which is strictly for amateurs, and no one is eligible to participate without a personal invitation."

Steps are now being taken to bring back to life the New Jersey State Association. This Association was in a healthy condition when it suddenly ceased to breathe some ten or twelve years ago. With State organizations all round her, New Jersey should not be willing to remain behind the times in that line.

Next Saturday the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., and the Dunellen, N. J., Gun Club shoot the third and deciding match in their series of twelve-men team races. This one being the rubber, both clubs will do their utmost to put their best teams in the field. The shoot takes place at Marion, N. J.

Mr. E. E. Lincoln, secretary of the Hingham, Mass., Gun Club, writes us under date of Aug. 6 that the first monthly shoot of the Massachusetts State Shooting Association for the season of 1896-7 will be held on the grounds of the Hingham Gun Club, Hingham Center, on Wednesday, Aug. 19. All persons interested in the sport of trap-shooting are cordially invited to take part.

The Hazard tournament at Cincinnati last May was a record-breaker in its own particular line, and now here comes the Du Pont live-bird tournament at Chicago making a new record in the way of attendance and number of contestants in any one live-bird event; and that, too, in the month of August!

If there was not a large attendance at the recent tournament held at Worcester, Mass., on the grounds of the Sportsmen's Club, the quality of those present was quite warm enough. Van Dyke's work with the new Winchester rifle does not seem to have spoiled his handling of the repeating shotgun.

Jack Fanning, the Gold Dust representative from San Francisco, has been doing some rattling good shooting while here in the East. Last week he showed the boys in Chicago that he was just as well able to mow down live birds as any of them.

The third shoot of the New Jersey Amateur Trap-Shooters' League will be held at Passaic, N. J., on Aug. 20, on the grounds of the Passaic City Gun Club.

The U. M. C. Co. advise us that the new Acme shell noted in our last issue replaces the Walsrode shell and not the Smokeless, as our note read.

Aug. 11. Edward Banks.

Western Traps.

WINSTON—"DAVENPORT."

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 8.—On Monday next, Aug. 10, Jack Winston and Louis "Davenport," of New York City, shoot a 100-bird race, live birds, $100, side bet of $50.

George Kleinman may shoot Winston a race next Wednesday, Aug. 12. Winston wanted to shoot Budd, Gilbert, Bingham and the whole wide world this month. It is hoped he will close some more races, as the boys here have their shooting blood warmed up a little and are not averse to a carnival of the old-time sport.

Jim Riley will accept Jim Elliott's (forfeitless) challenge to shoot soon.

A good entry is expected at Jack Parker's shoot next week. A number go on from here. E. Hough.

Trap at Richmond, Ind.

Richmond, Ind., July 31.—The members of the Richmond Gun Club spent a very pleasant day on their grounds at Athletic Park to-day. Abundance of shade, plenty of green grass and a good supply of pure water make the park an ideal spot for spending a summer day. This fact, added to the shooting, attracted a goodly number of spectators. The shooters were few in number, but were thoroughly interested in the sport and kept the trappers busy. When the Richmond boys have another shoot I want to be there. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16			
Targets:	10	10	5	15	10	10	5	15	20	10	10	10	5	5	10	5	Shot at.	Broke.	Av
Weaver,	9	10	5	14	10	9	5	9	20	9	9	8	4	5	8	5	150	139	92.6
Bush....	10	9	5	13	7	9	3	9	16	8	6	8	3	5	..	3	140	124	88.5
Kirby...	9	7	5	13	9	8	3	8	17	7	..	9	..	..	..	..	115	95	82.6
Cook....	9	5	4	14	5	8	4	8	14	9	8	8	5	5	9	5	150	120	80
Glunt...	9	10	4	14	10	9	3	7	15	9	..	8	..	..	..	..	125	98	78.4
Koontz..	7	9	5	12	7	8	4	8	16	9	8	5	..	..	..	..	125	98	78.4
Hampton	5	5	4	9	10	10	4	10	15	10	8	9	4	4	6	3	150	116	76.3
Martin..	10	8	4	10	4	8	3	..	..	8	4	..	3	4	7	..	105	68	64.7
Crawford	9	7	4	10	3	5	3	7	..	3	5	5	4	2	8	..	125	75	60
Seany...	6	..	1	..	..	..	4	..	..	6	..	..	..	4	..	2	40	23	57.5
Vaughn.	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	3	4	..	..	20	11	55
Druley..	2	..	3	..	..	3	3	6	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	50	21	42

O. H. Hampton.

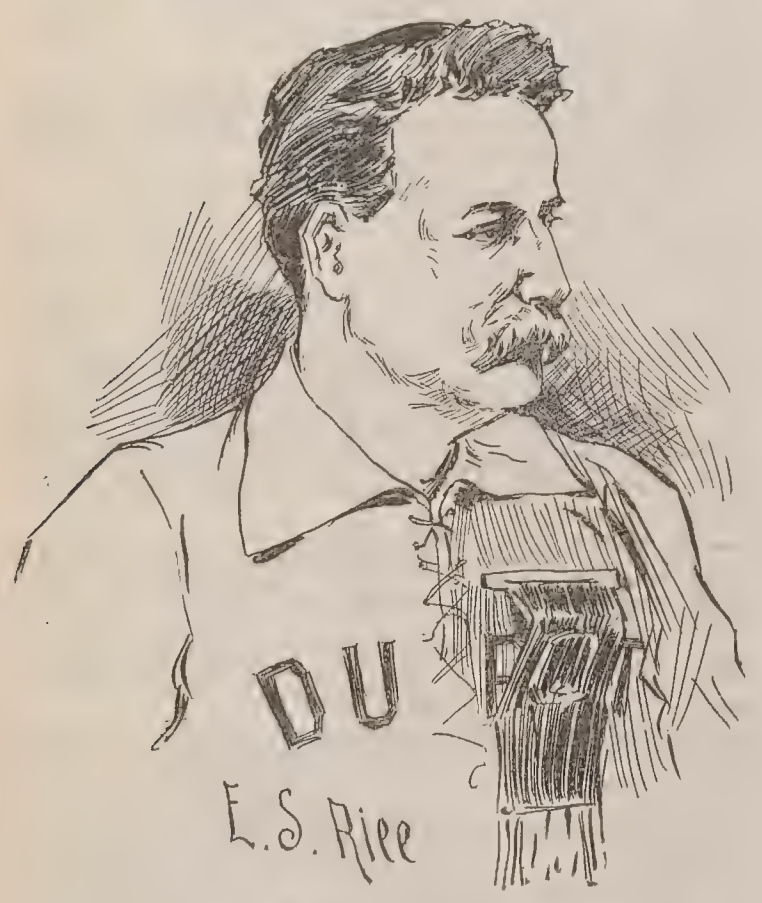
THE DU PONT TOURNAMENT.

A Grand Success.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 4.—The year 1896 has been one of great tournaments. So great have some of these been that it seemed the high-water mark of tournament records had been reached, and that it would be presumption to confidently set a higher mark for an ambition in tournament giving. Certainly had it been left to the unbiased opinion of experts it would hardly have been decided that the records of so great a year, as well as the record of all the years, and probably of all the countries, would be broken by a man who had never held a tournament, who was not familiar as a personality in the trap circuit, and who set for the meeting place of his tournament the city of Chicago, a great city to be sure, but one which had been deficient for some time in great shooting gatherings. The result has shown that Chicago is really the best place in the country for a great undertaking demanding public spirit and unlimited expenditure of means. That city certainly is the home of hustling, and time and again has shown its parentage of sons able to handle large material affairs. It would be something very much less than fair which would detract from Mr. E. S. Rice, the general agent of the Du Pont Powder Co., an iota of the full credit he deserves for conceiving and carrying out to perfection the greatest shoot of the day—the Grand Smokeless Powder Championship Handicap Live-Bird tournament of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. Mr. Rice had the idea of the shoot in his head for more than a year, and has quietly and with perfect system been elaborating his plans during that time. He has had at his disposal the powerful machinery of a number of agencies throughout the country, and he has behind him the resources of a great firm. The shoot represents an expenditure in all of about $10,000. Even with such backing no ordinary executive ability would have produced a result like the one visible to-day, a result which is simply an astonishment alike to the participators and the promoters of the enterprise. There seems to have been an entire independence in plan and in method, and an entire carelessness of method of other managements in the past. For instance, it was a very wise idea not to attempt a mixed tournament of live birds and targets, although it was freely predicted that a live-bird tournament alone would not bring out a crowd. Mr. Rice banked on the unapproached reputation of Chicago as a live-bird town, and built upon the information coming in to him from his agents over the country. He felt that he could go ahead upon the lines laid out, and the result has far more than justified his widest expectations. He deserves credit not short of enthusiastic praise.

SPECTACLE OF THE GROUNDS.

An entrance to the old-time grounds of Watson's Park at Burnside, on Monday, the preparatory day of the big shoot, offered a stroke of the eye not less than astonishing, and such as has never been possible here before. The ample resources of the park had been amplified and extended. Beyond the extremity of the long row of club buildings reached a vista of canvas, not less than a dozen great house tents in line, giving the idea of a military encampment, and one governed with military neatness and precision. Additional buildings, booths, screens, scoring stands, settees, awnings, etc., etc., lay to the back of the double set of traps which occupied the center of the field. Near the club house stood the big headquarters tent of the Du Pont Co., occupied by the Du Pont Co. as headquarters. Here were the desks, tables, secretaries' appliances, etc., etc., with ample room left for guests. Many ladies were here at all times. Messrs. Francis and Alexis du Pont, of Wilmington; Mr. E. S. Rice, Mr. Wm. S. Colvin, president of the Hazard Powder Co.; Messrs. R. S. and Fred. Waddell, Mr. Wm. McBlair and others of the associates or agents of the Du Pont Co. were to be found at this headquarters in the field. The handsome Du Pont championship trophy naturally held a prominent place at the headquarters, and a series of glass cases displayed in a fetching manner the products of the great powder house whose munificence and enterprise were so unmistakably in evidence. Back of this was situated the general office of the cashier and chief of scorers, an office so admirably and systematically managed as to be beyond all criticism. The executive staff of the office and grounds management was as follows: E. S. Rice, Manager; H. P. Collins, Secretary, Baltimore, Md.; Jos. D. Wood, Treasurer, Chicago, Ill.; Executive Committee: W. L. Shepard, 155 La Salle street; Col. C. E. Felton, Hartford Building; E. S. Rice, 60-62 Wabash avenue, Chicago; George W. Andrews, official scorer, Chicago: Referees: Cup event, John Watson, Chicago, Ill; team contest, W. L. Shepard, Chicago, Ill.;



event No. 1, Aug. 4, Dr. O. F. Britton, Indianapolis, Ind.; event No. 2, Aug. 4, Col. C. E. Felton, Chicago, Ill.; preparation day, John G. Smith, Algona, Ia. Beyond the headquarters tent was the Audubon Club tent, and next stood the tent of Montgomery Ward & Co., well occupied, of course, and near by the big pavilion set aside for the use of the press. The latter body has never had such royal treatment as it has received from the management of this shoot. Beyond the press tent there stretched to the south a series of fine canvas houses devoted to the general public of shooterdom, and arranged after a unique fashion. One tent bore the wide placard of "Dixie" ("Tennessee, Kentucky, Virginia and the South"), and was devoted to the use of gentlemen from below the Ohio River, although it is not of record that the Ohio River constituted any line of demarcation either in this tent or anywhere else upon the ground. Other tents bore the banners of "New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio," "Indiana, Illinois and Iowa," "Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota," "Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska," etc., etc. So imposing an array of edifices for the convenience of shooters has never been seen in the history of tournaments in this country. In the sunshine of a perfect day, countless streamers and banners floated cheerily and added life to the scene already animated. It was not a shoot, but an exposition; it was not a tournament, but a spectacular assemblage of the clans, a rallying of the regiments of the gun, a great fair wherein was to be seen the best of the phenomena of the sport of shooting at the trap. It was a privilege and an education to be present.

THE TRIBUTE OF THE COUNTRY.

By noon of the first day there were present or in town, as nearly as could be determined, representatives from twenty-five States of the Union. The entry as announced by wire to Forest and Stream reached the figure of 134, a number fairly unprecedented in view of the character and significance attaching thereto. Nearly 200 shooters were upon the ground or in the city of Chicago on this first day. These were men representing the flower of the trap shooting country, North, South, East and West, men who came here seriously with plenty of money in their pockets, and each one seriously expecting to go away with more money than he brought. The programme certainly gave lavish promise of this. It said to the shooters for the big team event: "No matter how many of you there are, nor how great a purse your sweepstakes may constitute, the management will add to that purse an equal amount, not guaranteeing the purse merely, but doubling it." Other added money was also of princely amount. With such a basis, productive of such a gathering of typical shooters, and amid a setting so magnificent, it is no wonder that Mr. Rice, whose daring and executive ability has brought this to its climax, felt his heart filled with a pardonable pride. He has worked day and night over this for months. When he saw success so well in hand he was in danger of a reaction, and privately admitted that he was fairly on the point of collapse, and hardly knew whether or not he could run through the week without breaking down. It is not the hurried and imperfect words of a newspaper report which will give the best idea of this tournament, no matter how enthusiastic such may be. Its record will best be scattered by the lips of those who saw it and returned to their homes over the country. In these reports, and not in even the most well-meaning of those of the sporting press, will Mr. Rice and the company he represents find their best recompense of praise and the reward for an undertaking so perilously begun, so safely ended.

THOROUGHNESS OF DETAIL.

If it be impossible to speak too highly of the scope and daring of the business enterprise in holding this shoot, it is alike impossible to avoid praise for the thoroughness of detail in carrying it out. It was in every way a show affair. There has never been a tournament so spectacular, so attractive and so essentially high grade in every respect. The free and easy side in the methods of shooterdom were not visible. It was the best dressed crowd of shooters and spectators one has ever seen at a tournament. There was not the first suspicion of indecorum or carelessness in any regard. In this one does not mean to reflect in any way upon the usual customs at tournaments, but simply to commend especially the excellence of this tournament. It was neat and orderly—as quiet and elegant as an evening entertainment. There was no undue jollification at any time, and not a boisterous word or remark heard upon the grounds. In short, it was shooting as it can be and as it ought to be among the gentlemen of the gun.



All this smoothness of detail evinced careful preparation and intelligent execution. From the tournament stationery up to the cashier's printed blanks, from the legendary banners to the uniform of the executive staff, everything was thoughtful, thorough, neat and precise. The uniform of the field staff attracted favorable comment. It consisted of a white cap of yachting model, and white sweater with the magic word Du Pont on the breast. These insignia were carried into the squad arrangements to some extent. The Southern men wore the white cap, white sweater and white duck trousers, the sweaters bearing the inscription, "Dixie for Du Pont." The Southern men made what was called the "White Squadron," and presented a very fetching appearance. The tireless hustler, Mr. Fred Waddell, had done all that he could in his section of the country for the success of the shoot, and of course was here and there and everywhere over the grounds. Mr. R. S. Waddell, of Cincinnati, filled a similar rôle. St. Louis sent Mr. McBlair, the company's agent, and Baltimore contributed Mr. Collins. The Messrs. Du Pont, who were present at the shoot, could certainly look about with pride upon their large and able business family.

VISITING SHOOTERS.

It would be impossible in the space allowable to mention even the names of the entire multitude of shooters who were present. Chicago and Illinois of course turned out in force, and in a measure the local men felt themselves joint hosts in receiving the distinguished visitors from all over the Union. All the way from San Francisco came Mr. John S. Fanning, the only, but the able, representative of the coast. From the other side of the continent, the Empire State of New York sent the following able delegation: Buffalo, Audubon Club team—C. S. Burkhardt, captain; E. C. Burkhardt, F. D. Kelsey, B. F. Smith, H. D. Kirkover, Clinton Bidwell, manager; Mrs. H. D. Kirkover, mascot. Also Messrs. Harvey McMurchy, Sim Glover, E. D. Fulford, L. T. Davenport, Justus von Lengerke.

Pennsylvania sent most of her men from Pittsburg. Besides Mr. Seth Clover, of Erie, there were Messrs. J. G. Messner, A. H. King, W. S. King, W. G. Clark, J. O'H. Denny, W. J. McCrickart, Elmer E. Shaner, all of Pittsburg.

Ohio, the State of corn and champions, sent out the following highly respectable body of men: Messrs. R. O. Heikes, E. D. Rike, Chas. Tippy, Dayton; Chas. Young, Springfield; D. A. Upson, Ralph Worthington, Cleveland; F. D. Alkire, Woodlyn; Geo. Sprosse, Toledo; C. Bodifield, Cleveland; R. S. Waddell, Wm. Schuler, Cincinnati; Capt. W. A. West, Portsmouth.

Indiana was represented by the following well-known gentlemen from different parts of the State: Messrs. Hyatt L. Frost, J. L. Winston, Geo. A. Beck, Willard Thomas, H. B. Hill, J. G. Small, Fred Erb, Jr.

Maryland contributed the following thoroughbreds, all reared on wild celery and terrapin: Messrs. Chas. MacAlester, J. R. Malone, H. T. Ducker, B. W. Claridge, C. E. Bonday, J. M. Hawkins, H. P. Collins.

Old Kentucky contributed a handsome quota in the following: Messrs. Samuel Hutchings, J. S. Phelps, Jr., W. W. Watson, Ralph Trimble, Jos. Coyle, Tony Gastright, Lieut. A. W. du Bray.

Tennessee was represented by these popular gentlemen: Messrs. T. A. Divine, F. P. Poston, F. J. Waddell, Frank Legler and Thos. Callendar.

Minnesota sent a strong delegation, which included Mrs. W. P. Shattuck, the accomplished lady shot of Minneapolis. When Mr. Rice made the acquaintance of that lady and learned that the State of Minnesota had other skillful lady shots, he declared that next year he would have a special event arranged for lady shooters. The Minnesota delegation was as follows: Dr. L. W. Lyon, Messrs. B. F. Schurmeier, H. C. Hirschy, J. C. Highhous, John P. Burkhard and Roger McGinnis, of St. Paul; W. P. Shattuck, of Minneapolis; Mr. Muir, of Jackson.

From Georgia came Mr. T. C. Etheridge, of Macon; and to offset the Minnesota delegation from the north end of the country, Texas sent from the antipodes the popular circuit rider Mr. Wallace Miller. The State of Michigan sent Mr. Jack Parker, of Detroit; Mr. S. J. Corbett, of Detroit, and Mr. Ben O. Bush, of Kalamazoo; J. H. Shrigley and McQueen. The Kansas delegation lined up as follows: Messrs. B. O. Running, Atchison; Jas. W. Sexton, Leavenworth; D. W. Edwards, Severence; Lou. Erhardt, Atchison.

Mississippi was voted by Mr. L. D. Herrick, of Scranton.



Mr. Francis G. Du Pont

Iowa sent the strong aggregation whose names follow: Messrs. C. W. Budd, C. M. Grimm, F. Gilbert, G. Peterson, E. D. Trotter, H. J. Wilson, J. Georgeson, J. G. Smith, G. E. Agard, G. Lyons, G. P. Christianson, L. T. Crisman, J. Avery, J. Little, F. J. Scott, J. Wilson, H. West.

Wisconsin was well represented by Messrs. G. L. Dieter, R. Merrill, Dr. Williamson, Theo. Thomas, L. J. Petit, H. Vose, Dr. Morrison, Hon. George W. Peck, H. Carter, G. Wise, G. A. Lougee, C. Cooley, Mr. Ford, Col. Farrell, H. W. Bosworth, Paul Browne.

The State of Nebraska sent a lot of stalwarts, as shown below: Messrs. J. P. Smead, F. Montmorency, G. F. Buckee, J. C. Read, F. S. Parmelee, W. P. McFarland, J. J. Dickey, Omaha; A. A. Glade, Grand Island; C. E. Latshaw, Lincoln; J. W. Den, Arapahoe; W. T. Den, Brownville.

Arkansas had but one representative, but a good one, Mr. John J. Sumpter, Jr., of Hot Springs.

Missouri had on hand five well-known men: Messrs. J. E. Riley, J. Porter, C. Gottlieb, Chas. Schmelzer and Mr. Wilmot.

The State of Illinois and the city of Chicago had a great many men in attendance. It would be impossible to attempt to give a complete list of these, but among those present on the second day were the following:

Dr. H. H. Frothingham, Chauncey Powers, T. A. Marshall, Mr. Samuelson, A. M. Bacon, Harry Dunnell, Burt Dunnell, Capt. A. H. Bogardus, J. E. Price, Capt. A. Arison, J. J. Kleinman, Abe Kleinman, Geo. Kleinman, M. J. Eich, H. McFarland, Col. C. E. Felton, T. L. Parker, Geo. Roll, J. A. Ruble, Ed. Bingham, Fred Taylor, Dr. McKey, Dr. Liddy, T. P. Hicks, Dr. Shaw, R. Kuss, S. Palmer, W. L. Shepard, A. W. Adams, Ed. Steck, W. R. Morgan, R. B. Organ, W. P. Mussey, B. Barto, T. B. Leiter, Wm. Crosby, C. E. Morris, I. P. Watson, L. C. Willard, Geo. Sibley, C. S. Wilcox, Frank Bissell, Frank Place, C. B. Dicks, M. J. Pitzen, J. J. Smith, Geo. Franklin, Fred. Dilg, Geo. Beck, R. S. Mott, F. P. Stannard, O. von Lengerke, Ab. Price, H. Levy, W. S. Cutler, J. Hoyt, Ernest Rice, F. E. Coppernoll, Al. Miller, E. E. Parkman.

THE RECORD ENTRY.

Aug. 4.—It often happens that in crack tournaments the first event is the largest of the shoot, the entry being boomed up as much as possible. One must confess that on seeing the record of 134 shooters in one event of the preparatory day it seemed possible that this would be the highest entry of the occasion. It seemed unlikely that at so late a date of the circuit a greater number of shooters could be assembled who would actually go into a live-bird event with a stiff entrance fee. It was almost amusing to see the look of surprise upon the faces of all when the entries began to come in on the first event of Tuesday, the first day proper of the shoot. The tide rolled up and swelled past the mark of 134, and did not pause until it included thirty-five squads of five men each, a total of 175 men who put up $10 each to shoot at 10 live birds. This purse, although of course it was all division, carried with the $150 added money the total cash of $1,900, birds included. It occupied the entire day for its shooting. Event No. 2, at 15 birds, was never begun, nor did it seem that it was to be reached at all. The enormous entry blocked the wheels of the programme. It was decided to drop the 15-bird shoot and go on with the team contest Wednesday morning.

This was the largest live-bird sweep the writer has ever seen. It was surpassed at one time in Chicago in 1881, the wild pigeon days, in the Board of Trade Badge shoot of the Illinois Association, to which such frequent reference is made as the record shoot. In that event there were 185 entries, and the shoot was at 15 birds per man. There were eight plunge traps in line, and the then famous Louisville ball team were imported to do the trapping. Fred Pfeffer, of later base ball celebrity, was one of the trappers in that shoot. The shooting went on with such rapidity that, although it began at 11 A. M., the entire event of 185 entries was concluded before dusk. Still, one would not wish a return to the brutal plunge trap, single barrel days. It is impossible to evade the belief that this sweepstake of the Du Pont tournament has a higher significance and represents a more considerable following of the sport.

The weather for Monday, the first day, was clear and warm. On Tuesday the thermometer ran up to 94, and Chicago was treated to one of her unusual hot spells. The heat was oppressive and fatiguing. In spite of it the shooting went on, and strange to say the birds needed little flagging. The birds are doing very well indeed for August. On the average they start well and fly strong, though their lack of plumage is shown in a weakness which succumbs readily to a few pellets of shot, which in the winter would not stop them at all within bounds. It would be impossible at this season to hold a live-bird shoot successfully in the South, and it is pleasant to be able to add that the experiment of holding one in the North is the opposite of a fiasco from a shooter's standpoint.

Below are the scores made in the two events shot on "Preparation Day," and in the one event decided on the first day of the tournament, Tuesday, Aug. 4. On Preparation Day No. 1 was 5 birds, $5, birds included, $75 added, three moneys; No. 2 was 7 birds, $7, birds included $100 added, four moneys. The event on the first day of the shoot was at 10 birds, $10, birds included, $150 added, 5 moneys:

	Preparation Day.		First Day, Aug. 4.
	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 1.
F Gilbert	02122—4	2212220—6	2111121102— 9
C Macalester	10122—4	2122012—6	2112122210— 9
B W Claridge	12222—5	1102220—5	1212222221—10
A Ruple	12121—5	1011021—5	0012001021— 5
E Bingham	20222—4	1222222—7	2110222112— 9
J R Malone	01110—3	1122022—6	1211221222—10
M Hawkins	12021—4	0110210—4	1121222110— 9
C Bonday	21011—4	0212001—4	1211211111—10
J A Samuelson	20110—3	2201220—5	1111021201— 8
H A Solomon	22012—4	1221221—7	0221200121— 7
Smoke	00100—1	2100112—5	2201100221— 7
A W West	22022—4	1101121 6	0100222201— 6
Du Pont	22122—5	0112211—6	0211101121— 8

H B Hill	21112—5	0212210—5	1110021122—8
C W Powers	22222—5	2221111—7	1212221221—10
I P Watson	22222—5	2222222—7	2222202222— 9
F Harrold	12020—3	2020220—4	1112110122— 9
J Crownell	02210—3	1201110—5	1211010122— 8
A Henry	10020—2	1221022—6	0122122122— 9
Fred Erb, Jr	11202—4	0211111—6	.....
E D Fulford	22101—4	1111111—7	0222111221— 9
G Jack	22101—4	1220121—6	1221101001— 7
L C Willard	21201—4	1220110—5	.....—10
C Morris	22101—4	.....	.....
C M Grimm	11222—5	0022222—5	2222222222—10

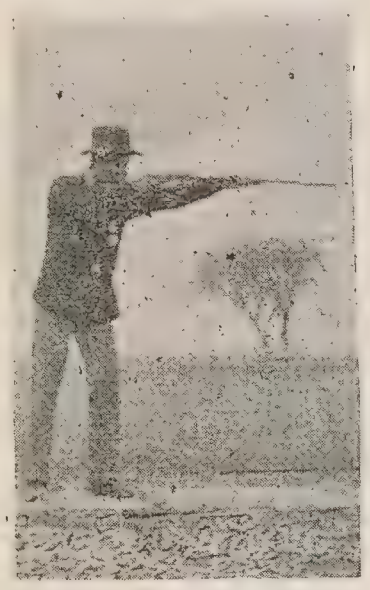


Sim Glover	22001—3	2201201—5	2122212222—10
E E Rice	12002—3	0121122—6	.....— 8
G Roll	22211—5	1122111—7	1212112211—10
Staples	12122—5	2220120—5	.....
J E Price	01211—4	1012001—4	0212121100— 7
L T Chrisman	10221—4	0102220—4	0022222212— 8
F J Scott	20111—4	1120110—5	2112211221—10
H McMurchy	21212—5	1101211—6	1211011111— 9
Dr Carson	01101—3	0001000—1	.....
R O Heikes	01021—3	2220212—6	2122101222— 9
R Trimble	12112—5	2111222—7	1212211211—10
J J Messner	11220—4	2222112—7	0122122212— 9
L T Davenport	22222—5	2222112—7	0221221112— 9
W Dupee	12212—5	0102222—5	.....
Leach	02111—4	2220222—6	.....— 8
Thomas	21012—4	1211102—6	2210C00112— 6
Mead	21011—4	1111111—7	.....
Spross	12100—4	.....	2021100201— 6
Redwing	02122—4	1110122—6	2122112212—10
C T Bodifield	21211—5	1111110—6	0220112222— 8
J S Fanning	20111—4	1112122—7	2222111121—10
Coyle	11001—3	2202120—5	1222201222— 9
F D Alkire	21222—5	1212011—6	1112111112—10
Westfield	22211—5	1222122—7	2102121112—10
C E Felton	20012—3	2021202—5	1202022010— 6
R Merrill	10221—4	2222122—7	2220112221— 9
C S Wilcox	02211—4	.....	2020202202— 6
G M Lyon	11021—4	2210012—5	1110111121— 9
G L Deiter	22222—5	2222002—5	2202222222— 9
H J Wilson	21112—5	1201121—6	0211001102— 6
A W du Bray	02111—4	2211112—7	1111212121—10
N L Hoyt	22122—5	.....	.....— 9
D A Upson	22222—5	2222220—6	2200022221— 7
H Kirkover	22202—4	2220222—6	1022021212— 8
C S Burkhardt	22222—5	2022022—5	2222222222—10
E C Burkhardt	10010—1	0012221—5	2222202220— 8
S Corbett	22102 4	2120021—5	0100020201— 4
Pefeifer	02012—3	1000000—1	.....
Dr Frothingham	11212—5	0222112—6	2022112221— 9
Chadwick	22222—5	0222112—6	1112222221—10
Phelps	22011—4	1000021—3	0101001201— 5
E D Trotter	20112—4	1122212—7	.....— 8
Blyth	11212—5	2021220—5	.....
C W Budd	12211—5	0121011—5	2122121021— 9
H Lee	20000—1	.....	.....
B F Smith	22222—5	2022223—6	2222220222— 9
Christianson	11211—5	0020211—4	2221210121— 9
Georgeson	22202—4	1212122—7	2222221212—10
Geo Agard	22011—4	2202121—6	1211011220— 8
Barto	21002—3	2222222—7	2200212222— 8
Simonetti	02101—3	2002212—5	.....
Kelsey	21022—4	2222112—7	1101222112— 9
G Kleinman	21011—4	2101211—6	.....
Etheridge	00200—1	2222222—7	2121110212— 9
Dwyer	20222 4	0222002—4	2112211212—10
Bassi	20000—1	0221000—3	.....
Denny	00200—1	2212200—5	2222222102— 9
W S King	21211—5	2100012—4	2121112212—10
F R Bissell	12212—5	.....	1001001012— 5
W G Clark	12201—4	1212202—6	2212222220— 9
F Conrad	01112—4	0220122—5	2220220012— 7
A H King	22222—5	2222122—7	2222222222—10
J Ruble	11222—5	2211011—6	2111010012— 7
F Parks	12222—5	2121122—7	.....— 9
J B Porter	12012—4	0221222—6	2122011212— 9
J E Riley	02211—4	2102222—6	.....— 7
F S Parmelee	22021—4	1202120—5	2221201210— 8
J W Den	20022—3	2022222—6	0122010101— 6
Plumber	12021—4	1212121—7	1021011121— 8
J von Lengerke	11111—5	1110202—5	0121221221— 9
G Brucker	22212 5	1211212—7	0112212011— 8
J Parker	00120—2	1212111—7	1011201212— 8
Montmorency	11112—5	1111112—7	1201120210— 7
J J Dickey	20001—2	0211111—6	.....
L D Herrick	02201—3	0111'00—4	.....— 6
J P Smead	12111—5	1211211—7	2012111112— 9
A A Glade	21112—5	2121201—6	1111002212— 8
T L Parker	02101—3	0222212—6	0122112210— 8
J S Luthy	12002—3	.....	.....
H P Densel	20200—2	1020201—4	0022112210— 7
D W Edwards	22211—5	1001210—4	.....— 9
R S Waddell	22221—5	2222220—6	2212020020— 6
A Kleinmann	21112—5	1111212—7	0012011122— 7
Callender	11112—5	1200212—5	1122120111— 9
W Miller	12112 5	2202210—5	1222221121—10
J J Sumpter, Jr	12012—4	2112221—7	1101222221— 9
C Gottlieb	22222—5	2110201—5	2002202122— 7
J W Sexton	12112—5	2012211—6	1212000112— 7
J R Wilmot	02112—4	1112211—7	2111212111—10
McVey	22210—4	2201212—6	2121211012— 9
W L Shepard	12201—4	0210202—4	0121122102— 8
Carkeek	22200—3	1221022—6	.....
Sherman	12012—4	2112120—6	1222102211— 9
A C Anson	22212—5	2212222—7	.....
S R Anson	20210—3	0121202—5	.....
J C	22222—5	2001100—3	2120212212— 9
Robin Hood	02122—4	0200222—4	2220222212— 9
Reed	11102—4	1211222—7	2220122122— 9
R Kuss	01122—4	2121122—7	1222220221— 9
Anthony	11211—5	.....	2121112111—10
Dr Liddy	02101—3	.....	1021210120— 7
Latshaw	22211—4	.....	2221212204— 8

Muir	12111—5	2021102—5	1220010202— 6
Dr McKay	00101—2	.....	.....
H L Frost	01111—4	1111122—7	1222211111—10
Dr Shaw	02022—3	.....	1111001211— 8
C B Dicks	21222—5	2221222—7	.....
T P Hicks	12200—3	.....	3001112202— 7
Small	....	.....	0010100021— 4
Little	....	.....	2211222001— 8
R E D	....	.....	2212211112—10
Willie	....	.....	2012110100— 6
Franklin	....	.....	1221121112—10
Johnson	....	.....	2012010111— 7
Turner	....	.....	2110121121— 9
Fawcett	....	.....	2120221222— 9
Adams	....	.....	1211101212— 9
Witz	....	.....	2122222012— 9
Hickey	....	.....	2021111220— 8
St Clair	....	.....	1222221210— 9
Marshall	....	.....	2222212122—10
B Dunnell	....	.....	2222122021— 9
C H Miller	....	.....	1020010100— 4
C Young	....	.....	2122012222— 9
W W Watson	....	.....	2220121221— 9
Tippy	....	.....	2221102220— 8
Clover	....	.....	2212122211—10
W Dunnell	....	.....	1120122222— 9
Pitzer	....	.....	0212021102— 7
Argraves	....	.....	2011110012— 7
Dr Williams	....	.....	2102210221— 8
Vass	....	.....	2220212111— 9
T A Thomas	....	.....	2222102222— 9
McQueen	....	.....	2110121112— 9
J M Avery	....	.....	1111111010— 8
A Miller	....	.....	2111101111— 9
A H Bogardus	....	.....	2111111111—10
J J Kleinman	....	.....	2222112122—10
H Green	....	.....	2222222221—10
J Erb	....	.....	1111222221—10
Rooney	....	.....	1112111011— 9
Peterson	....	.....	0712112221— 9
Bush	....	.....	0212202212— 8
Dilg	....	.....	2102211222— 9
Schmitz	....	.....	2221022222— 9
Dukey	....	.....	1012112012— 8
Squirrel	....	.....	2022012112— 8
Riley	....	.....	0220212202— 7
Eich	....	.....	2120201012 7
Weston	....	.....	0210010121— 6
Bender	....	.....	1212212121—10
Vance	....	.....	1002121112— 8
Holt	....	.....	2202102210— 7
Robin	....	.....	0212100211— 7
S Palmer	....	.....	2122001112— 8
McDuff	....	.....	2202102112— 8
Shattuck	....	.....	1101211102— 8
Burke	....	.....	2220021010— 5
Alabaster	....	.....	.....— 9
Quinn	....	.....	.....— 8
J J Smith	....	.....	.....— 9
Hughes	....	.....	.....— 9
Klehm	....	.....	.....—10
Steck	....	.....	.....—10
C M Price	....	.....	.....— 8
Welch	....	.....	.....— 6
Davey	....	.....	.....— 9
Mock	....	.....	.....—10
Turner	....	.....	.....— 9

THE GREAT TEAM CONTEST.

Aug. 5.—The heat continued intolerable, the thermometer during the day ranging at 95°. As usual upon these grounds a smart breeze blew during part of the time, but the air was laden with heat and failed to refresh the sweltering mass of humanity that crowded the ground. Of shooters and spectators there were several hundred



W. B. CLARIDGE AT THE SCORE.

present, including a large number of ladies, who held the places of honor in the headquarters tent and under the canopies near the scoring line. It was a beautiful crowd, and one whose presence was inspiring to the management and to the shooters participating. Both sets of traps were kept busy during the day. In spite of the heat the birds did their part well and straight scores were by no means numerous. It was commonly said that any man ought to kill every bird he shot at in such weather, but not every man did so by any means. The sultry and oppressive day did not serve to materially lower the spirits of those present, and the time passed by in merriment and jollity of a quiet sort. Toward evening the heat became mitigated somewhat and the shooting was more enjoyed. The crowd stayed until nearly dusk, reluctant to leave the scene. After the close of the regular events Mrs. Shattuck, of Minneapolis, shot a few birds at No. 1 set of traps. She killed 4 out of 5 in very pretty style and called forth much applause.

As mentioned earlier, the 15-bird sweep was carried forward another day, and shooting was begun at once on Wednesday morning in the team contest, the conditions of which were as follows: Five men from any one State (all members of an organized club) to constitute a team, no limit to number of teams entering from State, 10 birds per man, entrance per team $50, added money per team entering and shooting $50, birds included, 4 moneys.

The liberal terms of this contest called forth the magnificent entry of twenty-eight teams of five men each from all parts of the country, a total of 140 men who put up $10 each on the third day of a live-bird shoot in the month of August. We have had no event of any such magnitude in live-bird matters in this part of the country. This contest attracted a great deal of attention, and was concluded late in the day amid the close attention of all who understood the least about shooting. The emulation among the different teams was very keen, State pride entering into it somewhat as well as the desire to get high up in the great purse of $2,450. It was well in the middle of the afternoon when matters began to approach a climax in the team contest. It was rumored about the grounds that no team could go straight, but that a possible 49 out of 50 remained for Iowa and Illinois teams, Mr. Chas. Grimm for Iowa, and Mr. Chauncey M. Powers for Illinois, still having to shoot their 10 birds. In order to make the competition absolutely fair no team shot together, but the squads were broken up so that each team member shot with members of teams other than his own, and shot 5 birds at each set of traps. This method was certainly fair, though it made the shooting appear somewhat complicated to those not posted in the game.

At length it was noised about that Grimm was to shoot his score. The Iowa veteran stepped to the line as sturdy and self-confident as ever. His friends were around him and behind him, regarding his every move with eager interest. In his first 5 there were whispers that he was not centering his birds with his first barrel, though he mowed them steadily with his second. In his last 5, however, he steadied down and shot like a machine, going straight amid great applause. Then the scene shifted to No. 2 set of traps, where, amid a squad of other team members, the tall, dark and slender young Decatur shooter, Mr. Chauncey M. Powers, was called on to shoot the last 5 birds of his string. He too was surrounded by his friends; the non-shooters openly eager and disturbingly apprehensive, the shooting friends equally eager, but encouraging by their stolid silence. Of course the squads were shot in rotation, each man shooting 1 bird out of 5 in order. This prolonged the finish. As his turn came, Mr. Powers stepped to the score quickly and nervously, but without agitation. He had said to the members of his team, "If those other fellows can run 10 straight so can I, and I am going to do it." Each time as he stepped to the score he dried the perspiration on his ungloved right



hand carefully, and stood with his gun broken, not inserting the shells until the trapper boys were well back from their work. His coolness was good prophecy, and he cut down his birds, none of which were very hard, in very handsome style until but two remained for him to shoot at. At this time there was heard along the spectators' line, which crowded the rail, a certain amount of talk of a sort which had come up earlier in the day over this question of the finish between the Illinois and Iowa teams. One lanky individual voiced this loudly in the remark, 'If that man drops one bird, he will make about $300 for his gang." Another asked him how this was, and he explained by showing that if Mr. Powers should drop one bird and throw his team in the second place, the two teams could divide all of first money and a part of second money among themselves. Mr. Powers knew this situation perfectly, and indeed it had been recognized by members of both teams. He must have heard something of the talk which was going on about the score at the finish, and if he did the situation must have been a peculiarly trying one, for any man is apt to miss a bird, and had he done so there would have been ugly rumors about, although no one in the least acquainted with him or his friends upon his team would have entertained the least suspicion of their honesty, no matter what happened. While some of this talk was going on, the artist, Mr Wells, and myself were standing back of the score, and we had occasion to remark to the lanky individual above mentioned that they could not pile up money enough in front of Chan. Powers to make him miss a bird. About this time I heard Tom Marshall talking behind us (Mr. Marshall, by the way, having lost the only bird for the Illinois team through over confidence in the use of his second barrel. He had his bird knocked down with the first barrel near the line and it could have been retrieved, but he fired at it on the ground with the second, missing it, but scaring it over the line, where it died). Mr. Marshall when overheard was talking to some one about the situation in progress, and I heard him say, "I will bet you $300 to $100 that Powers kills straight, and if he did not I would bet you all I had he did not miss on purpose."

There was silence when Mr. Powers stepped to the score for his last bird. He rubbed his hand on the side of his coat, and quietly dropped in his shells. His bird, out of No. 5 trap, tarried an instant and then went an easy right-quartering incomer, which he killed in one-two order. There was a great burst of applause at this, and Mr. Powers was very heartily congratulated on his plucky finish. There was much talk upon the grounds of this after the conclusion of the contest, and a great many pointed out with pride the fact that the Western men had not dropped for place when the opportunity offered. One fails to see the pertinence of such pride It is a matter of course that gentlemen shooting in competition for money will shoot honestly. It is not necessary to remind a gentleman that he is a gentleman, nor does he need cautioning to be one. Had Mr. Powers been unfortunate enough to lose his last bird, he would not have received the slightest suspicion from any one who knew him. All of which shows the benefit of a clean and gentlemanly record as a man and a shooter. Inferentially it shows the disgust in which the public holds any other kind of a shooter.

Mr. Trotter, who was unfortunate enough to lose the only bird for the Iowa team, shot a strong gait, but caught a twisting, left-quartering driver which was too much for him.

It was expected that some of the Eastern teams would go up into the money, but Baltimore went to pieces, and New York got two 8s and a 9 in her string. The Buffalo Audubons fell down and did not get into the money. Kentucky shot the strong gait of 45 and yet did not get into the money. Second place was shared by Pittsburg's team, the Summer Gun Club of Chicago, and the Ohio team, these tieing on 48. Capt. Parmalee, of Omaha, escorted a strong team into third money with 47. Fourth place on 46 was divided by Kansas City, Wisconsin and Garden City team, of Chicago. It is a pretty hot competition when in a five men team event at 10 birds there are four moneys and 45 will not get a place. Yet there were five ties on 45: Ohio No. 2, Ohio No. 3, Kentucky, South Chicago and New York. The purse was divided: $980 first money, $740 second money, $425 third money, and $245 fourth money.

Considerable interest attached during this team contest to the squad of veterans known as the "Old Shooter's" team. Of these the names are familiar with the shooting public. Capt. Bogardus once electrified the word with his skill. Col Felton is one of our old old-timers, and Abner Price, his companion in the Chicago Audubon Club, showed he could still shoot a bit when he went out with 10 straight. J. J. Kleinman is getting along in years now and is well entitled to be called a veteran of the gun. J. E. Price is also one of the familiar faces at Chicago traps.

The Kentucky team might have done better had it not been for an accident which occurred to Mr. Watson's gun. A bit of primer blew back into the lock and the gun would not stand cocked. He took up another gun and lost 3 birds with it.

This team contest was admirably conceived and well executed, and constituted an event of great shooting interest.

It now appearing that the programme could be shot through, it was resolved to take up on Thursday the unshot 15-bird sweep and the grand Championship Handicap for the trophy.

Scores in the team race follow:

Nebraska: A. A. Glade 8, J. J. Dickey 7, Squirrel 7, J. Den 10, Latshaw 7—39.

Pistakee: H. Dunnill 10, M. J. Pitzen 6, W. Dunnill 9, R. Dunnill 9, R. S. Mott 6—40.

Kansas City: J. B. Porter 10, J. E. Riley 8, Gottleib 10, Taylor 8, Wilmot 10—46.

Garfield: Dr. Shaw 6, F. P. Hicks 9, Dr. Liddy 9, S. Palmer 8, P. Kuss 8—40.

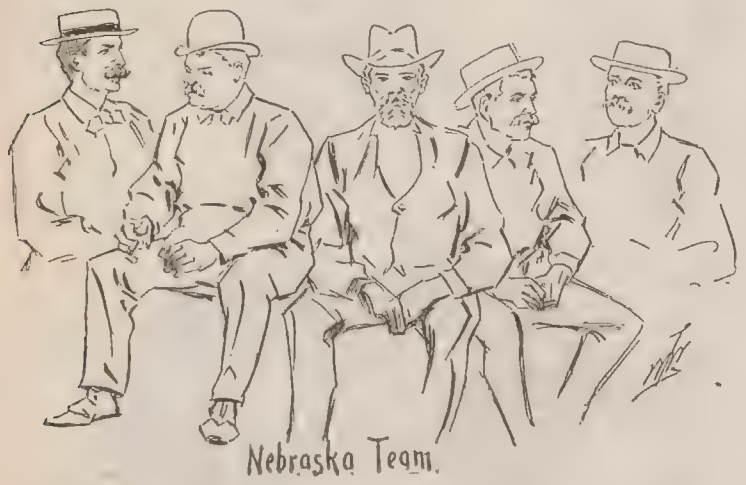
Ohio No. 2: D. A. Upson 10, Bodie 10, Spross 10, Tippy 8, R. S. Waddell 7—45.

Evanston Gun Club: F. Dilg 7, Jas. J. Smith 9, A. Schmitz 7, Franklin 9, Beck 9—41.



THE TENTED FIELD OF THE DU PONT TOURNAMENT.

Kansas team: Edwards 9, Sexton 9, Running 9, Erhart 4, Rooney 6—37.
Illinois No. 2: T. Marshall 9, R. Bacon 10, E. Bingham 10, Crosby 10, Powers 10—49.
Old Shooters: J. E. Price 7, A. Price 10, Col. C. E. Felton 8, J. J. Kleinman 9, A. H. Bogardus 9—43.
Ohio No. 2: Schuler 10, West 9, Ackerman 10, Hickey 8, Small 9—45.
Kentucky: Chadwick 10, Du Bray 10, Watson 7, Trimble 9, Faucitt 9—45.
Pittsburg: W. S. King 10, J. O'H. Denny 10, A. H. King 9, W. G. Clark 10, Messner 9—48.
Ottumwa, Ia.: J. Avery 8, T. J. Scott 8, Scott 9, Conrad 7, Chrisman 9—41.
Western, Ia: Peterson 9, Hughes 10, Christianson 8, Georgeson 10, Lyons 7—44.
Baltimore: Macalester 9, Bonday 8, Hawkins 9, Du Pont 10, Claridge 8—44.
Indiana: Voris 8, Hill 9, Winston 10, G. Beck 6, F. Erb, Jr., 9—42.



C. E. Latshaw. Frank Parmelee. W. T. Den. J. W. Den. G. F. Brecker.

Summer Club, Chicago: George Roll 10, J. Samuelson 10, T. L. Parker 9, Dr. Frothingham 10, C. B. Dicks 9—48.
Omaha: F. Parmalee 9, Brucker 9, Smead 9, Montmorency 10, J. C. Read 10—47.
Council Bluffs: R. O. Graham 8, A. Beresheim 8, W. F. West 9, Harden 7, J. G Smith 8—40.
South Chicago: J. P. Watson 10, L. C. Willard 10, A. C. Anson 8, Anthony 8, Steck 9—45.
St. Paul: J. C. 9, Holt 7, Reid 8, Hamlin 7, McGinniss 9—40.
Wisconsin: Dr. Williamson 9, Thomas 10, G. Deiter 9, Petit 9, Merrill 9—46.
Tennessee: F. P. Poston 9, J. J. Sumpter, Jr., 9; Etheridge 8, Callender 7, Divine 8—39.
Garden City, Chicago: G. Kleinman 10, M. J. Eich 8, McFarland 9, A. Kleinman 10, Ruble 9—46
New York: Fulford 9, Glover 10, McMurchy 8, Davenport 10, J. von Lengerke 8—45.
Iowa "Indians:" Gilbert 10, H. Wilson 10, Trotter 9, Budd 10, Grimm 10—49.
Buffalo "Audubons:" C. S. Burkhart 8, E. C. Burkhart 9, B. F. Smith 8, Kirkover 9, Kelsey 9—43.
Ohio: R. E. D. 10, Alkire 9, Redwing 10, Young 9, Heikes 10—48.

UNPRECEDENTED CHAMPIONSHIP ENTRY.

Aug. 6.—The weather remained extremely warm, the thermometer registering 83° at 8 A. M. This heat continued during the day until in the afternoon the sky was overcast by thunder clouds. At 4 o'clock a blinding, driving rain set in, which drenched the grounds and drove shooters and spectators into huddled, laughing groups inside the big tents. The excellence of the arrangements now became manifest, for there was ample canvas room to house all comfortably. At 5 P. M. the storm broke away, leaving a smiling and cheerful mass of humanity behind it in the city of Chicago, which had sweltered for four days in the worst heated term ever known here. The swift drop of the temperature was appreciated by the shooters, who welcomed the relief from the torrid heat. The quacking of ducks, honking of geese and whistling of snipe could be heard arising along the line, which contained abundance of high quality field shooting material Shooting from No. 1 set of traps, where the score was under cover, continued during most of the storm.

No event was concluded on this day, but the phenomenal character



of this tournament again manifested itself in the unprecedented strength of entry. The management never at any time expressed itself as hopeful of more than seventy-five entries in the championship handicap trophy event, and the more conservative shooters were of the opinion that not more than sixty five entries could be secured, the sum of $31.50 making a pretty stiff entry for a hard times epoch. Yet little by little, and by fits, starts and jumps, the entry in the championship handicap sprang on and up until it reached sixty-five, rolled over seventy-five and passed the 100 mark. Nor did it tarry there. In the afternoon it was discovered that not less than 124 shooters had qualified for the championship contest, with two forfeits up additional. The cream of the shooters of the country made this entry, the best of the good ones all over the land. The winner of this event may justly feel that he has met the pick of the shooting fraternity and won a championship entitled to be called such in the widest sense of the term possible in any handicapped competition.

Entries were also received simultaneously for the 15-bird sweep, $15, $200 added, which remained unfinished from the day before, and the magnificent total of 123 entries was reached here. Both these great events were put in progress at the same time at the two sets of traps, each man shooting 5 birds in rotation in these events. It became apparent that as not more than 2,000 birds a day could be shot the end would not be reached until Saturday. Although shooting continued steadily during Thursday, matters did not get far enough along so that one could get anything of a line on the winners. Gilbert remained straight at the end of the day. As he walked from score to score he was followed by a curious crowd who pressed about to see him shoot. Things will be closer by this time to-morrow, and the end of the event will see everyone keyed up to as high a point of interest as has been known in the shooting world of America.



The work of the handicapping committee was done conscientiously and carefully, and only after much deliberation. The figures will be seen in connection with the scores. The question of handicapping in so large and representative a gathering of shooters is a weighty one, and one in which absolute justice is an impossibility, since it involves the shifting and variable quantity, daily shooting form, something which cannot be weighed nor measured. It would be wrong to say that the committee was absolutely fair, and perhaps in some cases they made serious errors, but it is quite right to say for them that they did their thankless work no doubt as well as any one else could have done it. Gilbert, at scratch alone, conceded a yard and in some cases two yards to men who have every right to believe themselves in his class at least, though of course it was well and proper he should go scratch. It was graceful of the members of the committee, Messrs. Marshall, Powers and Merrill, to take the next mark ahead of scratch, 31yds. The 29yds. line found a lot of strong ones, and even at 28 the fight was good, but results in the shooting for the most part bore out the judgment of the committee, so far as could be discerned in the early stages of the game. For instance, Macalester, of Baltimore, who was thought by many entitled to stand as far back as the best, dropped out of straight early in the game, and others of the good ones followed. Some young shooters went well forward, and the only lady contestant, Mrs. Shattuck, of Minneapolis, was given the limit, 25yds. The same distance (25yds.) was given to another shooter, Leach, of South Dakota, and not until after this was decided did the committee learn that Leach held the championship of his State at live birds. All these things may mean much or little in regarding the result, but it would be in bad taste to make any restrictions whatever upon the work of the committee. In reference to their decisions there will probably be about 124 different opinions, plus several thousand of cipher opinions of shooting readers all over the country. No handicap for championship which embraces so wide a range of shooters can, within the bounds of human reason, be called absolutely just or fair; but no one can tell where it is or is not fair. There is much unwritten history of the pressure brought to bear upon the committee by men who wanted good things allowed them, but the consensus of opinion is that they did their work exceedingly well and in a manner entitling them to the thanks of all.

AND THE MILL GROUND ON.

Aug. 7.—The refreshing shower of the evening previous was but transitory in its effects. All day the heat was severe and at 7 P. M. the thermometer stood at 83°. Men from the South said they had rarely seen any weather so depressing. Under such circumstances it was impossible that live-bird shooting should be seen at its best. The traps are pulled by automatic machines, and should it happen that a given trap does not fall for some time, so that the bird is held a prisoner in the blistering iron box for a few minutes, the life is gone out of it so far as strong flying is concerned, and the man who draws it has an easy one. It cannot be said that August is a good time for a live-bird shoot, though a dozen Augusts might pass by without seeing such a hot spell as we are having here this week. It should not be



thought from this that the birds are all duffers or that they need flagging to any great extent, for such is not the case. They average very good indeed.

A glance at the scores would show that they were too much for some of the best of the live-bird shots, even before the race had progressed as far as the 10 or even the 5 hole. All day long both sets of traps were kept busy working, the trophy race being shot at No. 1 set in front of the club house, and the 15-bird sweep at the No. 2 set on the other part of the grounds. No results were reached. The trophy contest did not see half the shooters up to the 15 hole. It was thought that the 15-bird sweep might be finished by noon of Saturday, but the old shooters said the management would be lucky if the two events were both finished by dusk of Saturday night. All shooters were urged to be on hand early Saturday morning, as it was desired to close the tournament this week. It was proving to be a very elephant of a shoot, bigger than anybody had looked for. Mngr. Rice laughingly declared that he was in the position of the man who was looking for a bear fight, and who, when he got it, called for some one to come and help him turn the bear loose. Only about 1,600 to 1,750 birds have been shot daily—not up to the usual capacity of the grounds. This fact is due to the size of the crowd and the difficulty of getting in motion in the morning.

One shooter, Ed Vories, of Crawfordsville, Ind., was allowed to



shoot his score straight out, he being called home by wire announcing illness in his family. This was done by consent of the shooters although he might have been allowed to take down his money and pay for the birds he shot at. He went out with 22. Another shooter, Capt. A. C. Anson, of baseball fame, found after the close of the entry that he had been left out by mistake of the party he had told to enter him for the shoot. He insisted he wanted in, as he was sure he was going to win all that money. By consent of the shooters he was allowed to put up his $31.25 and to shoot straight out, as he was unable to be present Saturday. He had missed 5 birds at the 22 station, and the boys were that much better off for his $25. Another shooter, Sherman, of St. Paul, who had forfeit up for the contest, injured his hand in pulling up a tent stake on the grounds and was unable to shoot. The management released him courteously. In the 15-bird sweep Jack Parker was allowed to shoot out straight, as he was called home to arrange matters for his shoot there next week. These were about the only deviations from the conditions governing the races, and were perhaps condonable, if not desirable, in shooting of such importance, where the conditions should apply to all alike.

About 3 P. M. there was a rumor spread about the grounds that Gilbert dropped a bird in the trophy race. Investigation proved this wrong, as it was found that he missed the bird at No. 2 set of traps, where the 15-bird sweep was in progress. The bird was an easy hopper, and Gilbert was, as he expresses it, very "fussy" about missing such an easy one.

A dark and hasty glance was made at the scores to see who was left in the straights. There were 25 squads, and only about half of these

Fred Gilbert.

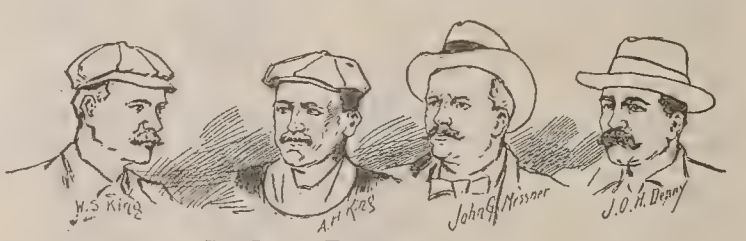


had shot up to the 15 hole. Some men at the 10 hole were still straight, but of those who were straight still at the 15 hole only 17 men could be found, among these being Gilbert, Budd, Claridge, Latshaw, Sumpter, Burkhart, Kirkover, Gottlieb, Hoyt, Miller, Georgeson, Kuss, Shaw and A. H. King. A number of men had already finished straight at the 15-bird sweep, among these Penrose and McMurchy. There were many sorrowful faces by night, worn by men who had dropped a bird in the trophy race. Conservative shooters estimated that there would not be over 6 to 8 straight with 25 at the finish, and that the result of the ties would not be known before Monday.

INTERESTING FEATURES OF THE CLOSING DAY.

Aug. 8.—And still the torrid wave continued. The thermometer at 9 A. M. stood at 86°. At 11 A. M. it was 99° in the shade. At 3 P. M. it was 98° at the top of the Auditorium tower, where the signal service station is located. At 11 P. M., the date of this writing, it is 92° in the Forest and Stream office. If people don't think this was a "red-hot" shoot they don't know one when they see it.

It is hardly believable, yet the oldest shooters will confirm it, that in spite of the great heat the birds flew well. There was a stiff breeze from right to left across the score, and this gave legs to a lot of them. There were some birds flying at 3 P. M., when the thermometer was at 98°, which were as good as any one often sees in the winter time. John Watson said that this was a crate of Dakota birds. They came with a mixed lot of duffers and made a hard spot for the shooters who caught them. Charlie Budd got two of these and killed the first to applause, but on the second, a fast left-quarterer, saw his chances of a straight go over the fence. Mott, Hicks, Palmer, Dr. Williamson, Crosby, McMurchy and a few others were up in squads just at the time this tough lot of birds came in. Each one of these shooters had as much asked of him as he has license to expect in the winter shooting, and each showed himself a shooter. Crosby had two lucky kills, high up, that landed plump against the wire inside. Dr. Williamson



stopped two screamers. McMurchy went to the score straight at this stage of the game, but dropped no less than two out of his five, getting two hot tailers fast as lightning streaks. Seth Clover, standing by at the score, remarked that he had never seen any such birds at any time or any place. It was hard luck to get in this coop of birds, and many shooters fell by the wayside. Rolla Heikes had already fallen out of it. Heikes lost a high outgoer, hit light with first and full with second. Gilbert lost two birds, his 18th and 21st. The former was a high outgoer, and Gilbert was too slow with the right. He says he then flinched on it with the left, and shot ahead of it. His 21st bird was hit full with both barrels and died high in the air, but fell over the line. Gilbert could claim no easy drawings, for he got only two birds inside the line of traps. He did not complain at his handicap, but it was commonly thought he had a-plenty to carry at 32yds. It was freely declared by the long distance men early in the afternoon that no "long" man was going to win this race. The result proved the truth of the prediction. At 2:30 P. M. there remained only five men who had killed 25 straight: B. W. Claridge, of Baltimore, 29yds.; George Roll, of Blue Island, Chicago, 30yds.; Wallace Miller, of Texas, 29yds.; C. Gottlieb, of Kansas City, 29yds.; Kirkover, of Buffalo, 27yds. For some time these were on the anxious seat, before it was learned that no one else could go straight.

The big 15-bird sweep, which came near swamping the tournament this week with its long course, ran its length by the middle of the afternoon, and then the shooting moved on faster, both sets of traps being put to work on the trophy event. At 4 P. M. there was a season of fright and fear which put the whole shoot in jeopardy for a few moments. This was nothing less than a threatened bird famine. John Watson had not figured on any such an entry as came in this week, and for once in his life began to run short of birds. He had



more ordered, but they were sent wrong by the express company. There were only about 50 birds left on the grounds when a delivery wagon drove up post haste and six crates of birds were hustled out to the scoring lines. Mr. Rice drew a long breath then. Gilbert took occasion to remark that if "Mr. Rice should fall off a church steeple he would land in a Christmas tree." Certainly it was great luck that the shoot was not stopped untimely at the middle of the most interesting part.

Meantime at the No. 1 set of traps, in the 15-bird sweep, there had

occurred an incident which should not be allowed to go by without mention, even were mention not requested by the management, namely the disqualification of a shooter for the offense of dropping for place. Early in the week J W. Fahnestock, who runs the Wayne Hotel at Fort Wayne, Indiana, came on the grounds almost a stranger to all. He wanted to shoot, and as he was a man sixty years old and claimed to have no experience, the handicap committee put him at 26yds. He shot on through the programme under the name of Jack. He killed 5 straight in one sweep and 9 out of 10 in another, and killed 13 out of his first 15 in the trophy race. He had killed 12 out of 14 in the 15 bird sweep, and when he went to the score he turned and said to the scorer, "How many have I to shoot?" The reply was that he had but one more to shoot. Fahnestock then said in the hearing of several, "I think 12 is about good enough for me." He put only one shell in his gun and held his gun low down by his hip, waiting till the bird got well away and missing it deliberately. Mr. Shepard was angry at this, and there was much heated complaint over it among the shooters, who did not like such open rottenness in shooting. Mr. Rice heard one shooter say that "if this was shooting, he would shoot no more at any tournament." "You need not stop shooting yet," said Mr. Rice, "we don't allow any such thing on these grounds." He then went to Fahnestock and asked him if the accusations were true. Fahnestock admitted they were. Mr. Rice then told him he had forfeited his right in the purse, and could shoot no more on the grounds. "But, of course, I can finish up at the other score in my trophy entry," said Fahnestock. "No," said Mr. Rice, "you cannot fire another shot on these grounds in this tournament while I am managing it, in the trophy or any other contest, no matter whether you dropped in that event or not. You can go to the desk and get your money back, but you cannot shoot here any more. We are running a straight shoot." Much demurring, Fahnestock went and got back his money and started to leave the grounds. On his way he met Mr. Du Pont, and made complaint to him over the way he had been treated. Mr. Du Pont had heard nothing of the occurrence before this, but told him that he had been treated just right. And so he had. It is preposterous to think that there should be any doubt upon this point whatever. It was a piece of fairness and justice such as has been all too uncommon in our tournaments. The incident itself is deplorable, but that the result of it was just such as it was proves that this shoot was run in just the way any shoot among gentlemen should be run. The Du Pont Company does shooting some good when it shows that it will not tolerate anything but honest shooting. Mr. Rice is a benefactor of a practical sort when he disbars from a fair competition a man who is not fair. Little by little the once unpopular doctrine of honesty in shooting is becoming popular. It is bound to win. The sport of trap-shooting cannot get on without it.

There is no use denying that dropping for place was once common, or that it is now becoming uncommon. It was always detestable and unworthy of a moment's tolerance. If FOREST AND STREAM ever did an iota of good in the world, it did it in the breaking up of this outrageous practice, which it did alone and without the support of its weak-backed contemporaries, who feared to say a word of criticism of anything which the "boys did." The boys don't, now.

THE 15 BIRD RACE.

The scores in the 15-bird contest show 123 entries. The conditions were: 15 live birds, $15 entrance, birds included, 5 moneys, $200 added. Scores:

Fifteen straight: H. Dunnell, Steck, Scheele, B. Dicks, Dr. Williamson, Macalester, Parmelee, Bingham, Dr. Frothingham, W. R. Miller, Wilmot, J. J. Sumpter, Jr., I. P. Watson, West, Chadwick, Kelsey, McFarland, M. H., W. S. King, W. G. Clark, H. McMurchy, H. A. Penrose, J. B. Porter, C. S. Burkhardt, G. Roll, Georgeson, L. C. Willard, Latchaw—28.

Fourteens: Messner, G. L. Delter, C. M. Price, T. A. Marshall, R. O. Heikes, Fred Gilbert, Du Pont, J. P. Malone, Sexton, Brucker, J. Parker, B. F. Smith, Clark, Vories, Plumber, J. J. Kleinman, J. J. Dickey, B. E. Hughes, Reilly, Anthony, A. Kleinman, Etheridge, Reed, Kirkover, Peterson, Dwyer, Robinhood, Merrill, Alkire, J. Ruble, McGinnis, Glade, R. E. D., Barto, Pitzen, Westfield and Spross—37.

Thirteens: Erb, Carkeek, Witz, Eich, Seth Clover, Powers, Hawkins, Solomon, Fulford, Dr. Shaw, Gottlieb, Montmorency, C. W. Budd, H. J. Wilson, Redwing, L. T. Davenport, George Kleinman, J. S. Fanning, A. H. King, A. W. du Bray, J. E. Wright, H. B. Hill, O. von Lengerke, Squirrel, Sim Glover, Fawcett, E. D. Trotter and J. W. Den—28.

Twelves: Sweeney, C. M. Grimm, D. A. Upson, B. W. Claridge, Samuelson, W. H. Clay, J. O'H. Denny, E. Rice, T. P. Hicks, T. Callender, R. Trimble, Miller, Agard, Klehm, Smead and Thomas—16.

Elevens: W. L. Shepard, C. E. Bonday, C. T. Bodifield, E. C. Burkhardt, J. C. and J. M. Avery—6

Other scores were: Leach, McVey, S. Palmer and Frost, 10; L. D. Herrick and Denn, 8. (According to our scores G. Jack scored 12 out of 14 and Phipps 3 out of 5, neither shooter completing his score.)

THE FINISH IN THE TROPHY.

There was apprehension lest the great trophy race, which had exactly 125 entries and one forfeit, would not be concluded on Saturday, but one by one the shooters fell, until at 4:45 P. M. only the five men above mentioned were left straight with 25 out of the whole great aggregation of the nation's best trap shots. These men were followed with eager interest as they stepped to No. 1 set of traps to decide the ties. The man George Roll was looked over with curiosity. He was in a way a dark horse. He is a member of the Blue Island Shooting Club, of Chicago, and not of any special record. He is a giant in form, but of admirable and muscular proportions and of pleasant features. A man of undeniable good feeding and digesting powers, of iron constitution, there are few men before the traps whom one would more readily designate as "built for a shooter." Roll's record at this shoot shows the turn of Fortune's wheel. He had, up to the time he stepped to the score for the ties, killed and scored every bird he had shot at during the shoot, and he had shot the programme through, scoring 72 birds clean, the only man who came near doing so. More than that, he had in his last four practice shoots killed 17, 10, 8 and 10 straight, so that he had actually killed during several days of all kinds of birds and at all kinds of shooting 117 birds straight. He was naturally a favorite, except among those who shook their heads and declared him "due to miss."

Gottlieb, of Kansas City, is a sturdy and large-framed man of good shooting form. He delayed the game by being absent when the five men were lined up for a photograph before the tie began, but at length came up smiling.

Wallace Miller, of Texas, showed a powerful and well-built man, of calm and steady expression and a bright hazel eye.

Kirkover, of Buffalo, youthful and smooth-faced, was stocky, sturdy and rather dangerous looking. He looks like a cold nerved, sandy sort of fellow.

Claridge, of Baltimore, was slight and nervous-looking, and hardly the man one would pick to win in such a corner.

It was after 5 P. M. when the score was cleared for the five contestants. The wind had fallen, and the air was sultry and oppressive. The birds were not going well at all, deprived of the breeze which had prevailed earlier. It was expected that the men would line out into a long and exciting tie on easy birds, and that they might not finish before dark. And then occurred the unexpected. The great Du Pont trophy race came to the suddenest, shortest, abruptest, and almost the funniest ending that ever did happen to a big shoot. Here were five men who had killed 25 birds straight each, and who had shot out all the country up to that notch. It might be believed they would, one or more of them at least, run a few more straight. What actually happened was that at the 3d bird of the 5 tie birds every man but one was shot out, and only one of the entire five got his 5 birds straight!

Gottlieb got an owl of a driver that he could have killed with a club, but he only feathered it. He sat down in consternation.

Roll killed his first bird to applause of friends, who were more enthusiastic than polite to the visitors. But his second bird, by no means a hard one, was not centered, and though it fell dead out of bounds it had to be scored lost. This was his 119th bird straight had he killed it.

Wallace Miller, with his Winchester repeater, cut down his first bird sharply and surely. His second was an easy one, killed at the trap. His third bird was a driver, not fast, and turning slowly to the right as it drew away from the traps. He was slow and off with his first, and very slow with his second. The bird was feathered slightly with the last shot, but no gun could kill it at that distance, and it went over. Wallace sat down, looking sad and chagrined.

Kirkover, of Buffalo, looked a winner, and was a favorite with many from the start. He smashed his first 2 birds down well, but the traps gave him for his 3d a right-quartering incomer, which is Kirkover's invariable hoodoo. He missed this bird almost clean, only raising a few feathers with his second. He retired without a murmur, but not looking pleased at all.

Claridge, thin and nervous, was apparently at first cool enough, and called his "pull" with a calm Southern drawl which argued well. But all at once a most unmistakable funk seized upon every man in that squad of five, and Claridge shared it plainly. He none the less got down 3 birds. At his 4th he stood sighting his gun for the preparation and was just on the point of calling "ready," when he accidentally pulled off his right barrel, shooting into the ground about halfway to the traps. This was too bad, and it was enough to rattle any shooter, but he pulled himself together and killed his bird with the first barrel when it was sprung. He was applauded loudly at this. He then stepped up for his last bird, which, if killed, left him alone with 5 straight in the tie and made him winner. He got a soft, big, blue-slate pigeon, which just barely hopped up about 2ft. at No. 4 trap. Quick as lightning the nervous shooter cut away, plainly firing while the bird was in the air. It was not touched by the charge, and alighted by the trap. Claridge fired at it as it stood upon the ground and the bird fell forward, apparently not seriously injured except for a broken leg, which prevented it from starting. "Dead bird!" exclaimed referee John Watson, sharply. The dog ran in and seized the bird. The most exciting race ever shot for the Du Pont trophy was over. The crowd broke over the fence. In a minute Mr. Claridge was surrounded by a swarm of friends who shook hands and heaped up congratulations.

Mr. B. W. Claridge, winner of the Du Pont trophy, is a member of the Baltimore, Md., Shooting Association. He is twenty-seven years of age, of rather slight build; but wiry and nervous. He has had little experience at the trap, his first shooting at birds being at the Baltimore Du Pont tournament. He is, however, of long experience as a field shot, and has shot quail and ducks in Florida and all over the South. Like Gilbert, he is a new character in the trap-shooting world, measured by years of time. He is a very pleasant and good-looking young man, and his win was popular.

So the big trophy goes back to Baltimore, whence it came to the West. It looks as though it was intended by the Baltimore men to have it stay there, for before Mr. Claridge had gotten away from the score he was challenged by Mr. James Malone, of Baltimore, and the forfeit was put in Mr. Rice's hands.

Mr. Claridge shot a Daly gun and used Leader shells, with 3¼drs. Du Pont powder and 1¼oz. No. 7 shot.

The money was divided by the five tie men before shooting. The purse paid as follows: first, $937 50; second, $781 25; third, $625; fourth, $468.75; fifth, $312.50. These are the largest moneys ever shot for in open competition in the history of the country, so far as can be learned at this writing.

The Du Pont Smokeless powder grand championship handicap, for trophy and $1,000 guaranteed, to be shot at one or central set of traps, and to be continued until finished, 25 birds per man. In this event Du Pont Smokeless exclusively to be used, entrance $25, birds extra.

Gilbert (32)	1122212222122222220202212—23
Macalester (30)	1112222002211222222222222—23
Ducker (28)	1122210120221122110222102—21
Powers (31)	2222012222222220221122122—23
Grimm (31)	2222120122221221221111211—24
Parmelee (30)	2200110222022122120
Frothingham (29)	2222102002212022222222200—20
Upson (29)	2211222221202210224201220—21
Marshall (31)	2022220122002222O
Bingham (30)	1112202122222222222022202—22
Malone (28)	2211211111202010222O0
Claridge (29)	2222222222122222122222222—25
Bonday (28)	2122222021221022122211200—20
Hawkins (28)	2222212101022200220
Solomon (26)	2212201211112101121011122—22
Harbaugh (27)	1121201221101222102222131—22
Fulford (31)	1012110221222121022221101—22
Kuss (28)	2222122222122211011222212—24
Bacon (30)	1112201112221222212220212—23
Georgeson (29)	2222222122222222222202222—24
Hallock (27)	2120112102201001221
Dwyer (29)	1121201012120222
G E Agard (27)	1111221210210222111011220—21
Den (26)	1222022202101112200
Dickey (26)	1120212120212111220211112—22
Sexton (28)	1122210221121121112022222—23
Miller (29)	2212122222212122112221112—25
Sumpter (27)	1222121111212222222212021—24
Gottlieb (29)	1212112112121122211211111—25
Wilmot (29)	1112211212222202111111021—23
Hoyt (28)	2212212211112121110121212—24
Glade (28)	2110222220021111121211222—22
Miles (27)	2202100220210
Shaw (28)	1221111121122111011211122—24
Erb, Jr (30)	0212221201122112011102211—21
Montmorency (29)	2202222121122222222112122—24
Smead (29)	1120122222222221201222122—23
Etheridge (27)	2202120210222211202211212—21
Alkire (30)	1122112022212220221212122—23
Kelsey (29)	2220222201012211222222122—22
B F Smith (29)	2222222222002222222222220—22
C S Burkhart (28)	2222222222222221220202222—23
E C Burkhart (27)	0202222222220222221011211—21
Kirkover (27)	2222222222222222222222225—25
Leach (25)	2211111111111012012112222—23
Ike Watson (29)	2222222222202222202200020
J Denny (29)	0210122222112222102221221—22
A H King (30)	2221122222222222222222022—24
Messner (30)	2222002222122222022100
Brucker (27)	1210221212121221212122122—24
W S King (29)	0112211222102110222222222—22
S Glover (31)	2222222220012111121222221- 23
McVey (28)	1211101122020011210
Voris (28)	1121111112110120111112011—22
G S Kay (27)	2221212102220112212000
G Roll (30)	2121112221111222222212122—25
Redwing (30)	2220202111222112021112122—22
Bodie (28)	2222222121212102220112122—23
Budd (31)	2212222221121112222022112—24
Harrold (27)	0111121211212212220220112—23
Day (28)	1222221111112221100011221—22
Burke (27)	2222112222212221112220222—24
Cromwell (26)	1102220222121212001210
Hill (28)	1001211221221111112112021—22
W G Clark (30)	2222202212220212221222222—23
Chadwick (29)	2201122222022220212112222—22
Phelps (27)	00100
Du Bray (29)	2122221211122221120221122—23
Trimble (28)	1121121221122011122221221—24
McGinnis (28)	1221110211200210?0
J E Wright (30)	2222202202020?0
Spross (28)	1012221212222 21221222212—24
G Kleinman (30)	1221112111102110211111212—23
Dr Williamson (29)	2222211111222222222210122—24
T A Thomas (29)	2201221112221221011010212—21
Westfield (30)	1122122110222220222?222—23
J B Porter (30)	10?222222222 2?2?2222222220—23
T B Hicks (28)	1211120?211101220102
R S Mott (30)	1112221212211201012020122—21
B Dunnell (30)	1122222021222220002222222—21
W Dunnell (29)	1121102111122222222222212—24
Alabaster (26)	2122112220022101101112O
McMurchy (31)	1211121221222222010121212—23
Davenport (30)	2222222222122220200222222—22
J W Avery (29)	1121222220210222220012212—21
J C Read (27)	1110121110222221212201222—22
Fanning (30)	2221122212212111112011110—23
J W Muir (26)	1212101111221022122211202—22
Al Miller (28)	0121210110221121201221112—21
H Dunnell (30)	2221112221212202110212210—22
G L Dieter (29)	2222202222202222222222212—23
W W Watson (29)	2220221212221022122201022—21
J Carkeek (27)	2212102212120122212201010—20
B O Bush (28)	1012201220211200
Col Felton (28)	0212121221012122101210201—20
Bogardus (29)	1111110110111221010122111—21
Rodecker (27)	1011211111121221202220112—22
C L Tippy (27)	1211121222202221220021122—22
H C Hirshy (26)	2211211212212210121222122—24
Trotter (30)	2121220212211021122211101—22
L C Willard (29)	1221212112122212012011212—23
Schuler (27)	1022211111212202212012122—22
S Palmer (27)	2022122122200010
H Wilson (29)	1201111122201212200
Penrose (29)	1222212212021110102022221—22
Latshaw (27)	1222222222022212212122212—24
Heikes (30)	2122222222222222220120212—24
Smith (29)	1211212222102120022210210—20
B Barto (28)	2221111222202212222202122—23
J W Den (28)	2221222222022220222221222—23
J E Riley (30)	1221121222211202222221022—23
McFarland (29)	1222221102201?0
R Merrill (31)	0222221212202222210122210—22
Capt West (27)	2212221120212200121220222—21
Mrs W B Shattuck (25)	11110011•2001111220221022—18
S Clover (28)	2211212212022222212221022—23
Hughes (30)	1111110221012222120222221—22
E F Sweeney (28)	1210111212200211011?0
C B Dicks (28)	111010121101201l0
A C Anson (29)	1011120211201O1
T J Scott (28)	1222101022020?0
G Jack (26)	110110221211111
G Kellum (27)	2122221111011222002222220—21
Highhouse (28)	1222211121222222020112112l—23
Winston (30)	2121122211112212112101111l—24

The five men tied for the cup with scores of 25 each shot off at 5 birds; Claridge won by killing his 5 straight. Scores:

Claridge (29)	22122—5	Roll (30)	10 —1
Kirkover (27)	220 —2	Gottlieb (29)	0 —0
Miller (29)	210 —2		

NOTES AND INCIDENTS OF THE SHOOT.

Mr. Louis Duryea, of New York, who has seen some of the hottest shooting of this country and Europe, said that he did not believe the equal of this shoot had ever been held at any place or at any time in the world.

Mr. J. S. Fanning, of San Francisco, said that he had never seen a shoot like this. Mr. Fanning states that trap-shooting is having a great boom on the Pacific Coast; California State shoot running over 150 entries.

Jack Winston, now of Washington, Ind., was troublesome as ever to those willing to talk 100-bird races. He closed a race with Louis Duryea, and was after Budd, Gilbert, Bingham and everybody else whom he could engage in conversation. Chicago shooters hope Winston will get on some races to be shot here this month.

Jack Parker was busy taking entries for his shoot next week.

Plumber Read, of Omaha, in the team contest on Wednesday, killed his last bird in a close place. He missed it with the first and dropped it close to the line with a long second. This put his team into the 47 hole all alone.

Wallace Miller, of Texas, was a favorite among the Southern men for a good place in the championship contest.

Mr. T. A. Divine, of Memphis, at last made good his promise to visit Chicago. His irrepressible spirits made him a favorite with every one on the ground. Unfortunately Mr. Divine was taken ill on Thursday and felt obliged to return home, to the regret of many friends here.

Mr. F. P. Poston, of Memphis, left on Thursday for Baltimore. Mr. Poston shot a good gait, and many wished to see him enter the handicap for the trophy.

Mr. Tom Callender, of Nashville, is looking well after a long period of sickness this spring. He remains in Chicago to shoot a few targets and then goes to Detroit. There is no more popular man on the circuit.

Capt. A. W. du Bray, of the Parker gun, tells a hard-luck story. He missed the first bird he shot at in the sweep, and then ran 37 straight in the sweep and team contest, but dropped a bird out of his first 5 in the trophy championship. If he could have bunched his hits in the latter event it might have had vast importance with him.

Eddie Bingham, of the Du Pont Chicago office, was a busy man, and by night of each day was fairly worked to a standstill.

Fred Gilbert proved himself a pleasant and modest young man, and won favorable comment from all.

The system of taking entries and handling cash devised by Mr. Rice proved itself a good and smooth one.

Mr. H. P. Collins, of Baltimore, was a popular and efficient secretary, and Mr. Joseph P. Wood, the treasurer, had many pleasing traits besides that of handing out meal sacks full of money to the lucky shooters.

Mr. Geo. W. Andrews, the official scorer, was called on to do a lot of hard work for the press boys, but won their esteem by his kindness and thoroughness.

John Watson showed that he could trap a few thousand good birds even in the sultry time of August.

Mr. H. A. Penrose is soon coming out with a new target which is a beauty and a breaker.

Mr. H. McMurchy, of the Hunter Arms Co., has been suffering from illness, but retains enough good looks for all practical purposes.

Hon. Tom Marshall, of Keithsburg, was one of the stayers, of course. He has not yet got over his surprise at scaring his dead bird over the line with his second barrel in the team contest Wednesday.

Rolla Heikes, of Dayton, looks physically very fit, and saws wood as silently and smilingly as ever.

John Watson's retrieving dogs had their hands full, so to speak.

Chicago showed that she could handle a big crowd and a big event with all her old-time smoothness. When it comes to getting ahead of Chicago it is necessary to arise about 12:01 in the morning.

Watson's Park again proved itself to be without flaw in the rapid and systematic handling of live-bird shooting. Mr. Watson and his sons received a great many words of praise.

Mr. Charles Macalester, of Baltimore, was met with pleasure by many Western men who have often read of him.

Fulford lost his chance of a straight in his first five birds of Thursday in the handicap.

Seth Clover and Sim Glover look alike in print, but not in any other way.

Budd and Grimm, of Iowa, were, as usual, to be found close together. Powers and Merrill also were usually not far apart, though there is not much need of figuring averages at a live-bird shoot where one only gets to shoot 10 or 15 birds a day.

Mr. Francis G. du Pont, of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., was at the grounds each day until Friday, when he was called away on business. Mr. Du Pont is a gentleman of singularly urbane and pleasing personality. He appeared very happy and contented, and expressed himself as highly satisfied with the manner in which the tournament had been planned and carried out.

Not a rough word or ill-timed jest was heard upon the grounds. There never was a more dignified, nor yet more pleasant shoot. The presence of the many ladies was a worthy feature. The tournament showed shooting as it can be and ought to be done.

The official badges worn by the large force of executives were rich and handsome, and in keeping with the whole scheme of this lavish tournament. Over 2,000 handsome coat badges were also given out by the management, the latter a tasty Du Pont medal on a red, white and blue ribbon.

Since time immemorial the two Dromios, Charlie Budd and Charlie Grimm, have occupied parlor No. 2 at the Windsor Hotel when in Chicago, and their quarters have come to be the night rendezvous of the crowd. Here were given daily, or nightly, renditions of the Indian Sagwa dance by Gilbert, Trotter and others of the Iowa Indians. Patterson, of Chicago, proved himself capable of an elaborate *pas seul*, and Latshaw gave much appreciated and really artistic banjo solos.

The Eastern men seemed rather out of form on the whole, and the bulk of the total winnings remained in the West.

Uncle Jake Pentz, of New York, gets wild when told that it takes Chicago to hold a really big shoot. He tells what New York could do if it had as much money up. The fact remains that Chicago was the first to put up the money. It's your jump next, Uncle Jake.

One glance along the spectators' rail showed three men sitting together whose combined weight was 714lbs. They were Jim Riley and J. Porter, of Kansas City, and R. B. Organ, of Chicago. At another time there were five men together—Riley, Porter, Organ, C. B. Dicks, of Chicago, and Ed. Rike, of Dayton, Ohio—whose combined weight was 1,245lbs.

The purse in the team contest event, $2,450, one believes to have been the largest ever offered the shooters of this country up to that time. Yet even this was surpassed by the magnificent money in the trophy contest, which was $3,125 net. First money in the team contest was $980, but there being five moneys in the trophy race, first money in that event figured $937 50. These be princely figures.

Mr. Abner Price, the Chicago veteran, says that he has shot for forty years, and never saw nor heard of a shoot like this. "And yet they talk about hard times," said he.

Mr. Alexis du Pont disclaims being a yachtsman, but cannot disown his sunburn—not after this week at Watson's.

Mr. Rice will now, as the novelists say, seek some much-needed repose.

The Du Pont uniform, white cap and sweater, was extended to the executive committee, the referees, the squad hustlers and the trappers. The latter had "Du Pont" on the back of their sweaters instead of the front, for geographical reasons.

F. E. Coppernoll was a rattling squad man at No. 1 set and always had No. 1 chair at the score full.

During the shoot two genuine carrier pigeons were discovered in the coops at the score by Tom Marshall, undoubtedly sent into the market by mistake. The "shooting mayor" took possession of them and will send them home to Keithsburg.

"Just tell them that you saw me!" is the song that the old-fashioned J. Watson bird sung as it whistled over the line to the visiting shooters who had never been here before. And they looked and sighed and said, "We saw you."

Mr. W. L. Shepard, head executive, was a busy man.

Mr. Rice proved himself a master of system and detail. Every question raised was answered at once without delay and without error. There never was a smoother shoot. It was a model affair. It was good enough for Chicago. And it was Mr. Rice's maiden effort.

In less than an hour after the big 15-bird sweep was ended Saturday (123 entries) Mr. Collins and Mr. Wood, at the office, had all the money in the envelopes, ready to hand out to the shooters as they asked for it. It is believed that so large an event as this has never been paid so swiftly. It was the same with the trophy purses. Almost at once the men were in line at the window and getting their pay.

There was one "amateur" crowd, known as the "McBlair squad." It was made up of the Southern shooters—Miller, of Texas; Sumpter, of Arkansas; Sexton, Gottlieb and Wilmott, of Missouri—none of whom had ever shot 500 live birds in their lives, they say, before coming here. Yet Miller got 25, Sumpter 24, Sexton 23, Gottlieb 25 and Wilmott 23, a total of 120 out of 125 birds shot at.

It was a hard week for records, retrievers and pie *à la mode*.

In shooting, it seems, there is a difference between "theerabouts" and "theer." On a Dakota bird on Watson's grounds you want to be "theer" and not "theerabouts."

The long row of tents came to be called "Paradise Alley." It was certainly a paradise for shooters.

And, by the way, when you want a good shoot, come to Chicago. The city is still located near the lake front, and there are a few J. Watson birds left.

P. S.—Chicago arises at 12:01 A. M.

E. HOUGH,
1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Hunters' and Fishermen's Picnic at Brush Lake.

WOODSTOCK, O., July 30.—The first annual Hunters', Fishermen's and Trap Shooters' Picnic, held yesterday under the management of Woodstock and North Lewisburg sportsmen, was a great success. The scene of the picnic was Brush Lake, O. Everything passed off well, and all present voted it one of the best and most successful gatherings of sportsmen ever held in the country. The programme events for trap-shooters was a good one, and was taken part in by 57 shooters. Representatives were present from Columbus, Urbana, Irwin, Bellefontaine, Plain City, Mechanicsburg, etc.; in fact, several hundred took part in the day's proceedings: boating, bathing, fishing, short and long range rifle shooting, and trap-shooting.

In the team race contests at the trap, ten men to a team, 20 targets per man, Urbana defeated Plain City by 154 to 136. The Mechanicsburg team of ten defeated Woodstock's team by 134 to 11. In the Bellefontaine and Urbana team match the Urbanas won again by the score of 154 to 136. Thus Urbana took the honors of the day at the traps. Ten traps were kept going continuously from 9 A. M. until 6 P. M., at which time a heavy storm of wind took our tents up into the air, and drove the shooters to more permanent shelter. The breaking up of the sport was compensated for by the agreeable change in the temperature, the extreme heat during the day having been very trying. Targets were all thrown at unknown angles; this, together with lack of practice, affected the scores, still the work was satisfactory on the whole. This was a strictly amateur shoot, and that was what the boys wanted.

The scores made in the sweepstake events shot during the day were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	12	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	15	20	10	Av.
S Cushman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	10	90
Taylor	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	12	13	..	..	87.5
Shorty	9	..	..	..	8	..	9	..	..	..	..	10	..	13	16	..	85.3
J C Porterfield	8	8	..	7	7	11	..	..	..	..	10	8	11	11	16	10	81.6
Cheney	9	..	9	..	..	11	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	80.7
Jack Ernst	10	9	10	..	10	12	..	..	..	..	..	6	13	12	17	..	80.4
Muzzy	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	.	..	..	8	..	10	..	15	..	80
Boyd	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	80
Slygh	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	80
Oonk	9	7	..	..	9	6	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	10	16	..	78.6
Delaney	8	9	..	9	6	6	..	8	..	..	9	..	13	11	17	..	78.6
Arrowsmith	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	17	..	78.3
Worthington	7	7	..	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	11	12	14	9	78.1
Harris	..	..	..	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	13	..	78
Phillis	10	..	8	..	10	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	12	8	12	..	77.6
Filson	..	..	..	9	8	..	9	6	8	9	9	7	..	8	16	..	77.3
Greenwood	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	76.6
Wasson	8	5	..	8	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	15	15	..	75.4
Rogers	8	6	..	9	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	12	..	75.3
Ballinger	8	5	7	8	6	10	..	..	..	..	8	9	9	14	14	9	75.3
Guy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	7	8	..	..	12	..	74
Winder	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	73.3
Haus	9	9	7	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	11	13	17	..	72
McCullough	..	..	..	..	9	..	8	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	15	..	72
Courter	6	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	9	..	6	9	..	11	..	71.4
Hupp	7	6	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	10	15	..	71.1
Hunter	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	15	.	71
McIlroy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	8	70
Holding	..	7	..	..	7	5	..	4	..	..	..	8	12	12	15	..	68.6
Shelton	9	..	..	..	5	8	..	..	7	..	..	6	..	..	14	..	68.5
Ellicott	..	4	..	5	10	..	..	4	8	..	..	..	11	13	13	..	68
Beach	5	8	8	6	3	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	8	..	14	..	67.7
Lease	..	..	6	..	..	..	7	..	5	5	9	8	..	..	14	..	67.5
P J Burnham	7	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	67.5
Patrick	..	6	6	..	9	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	15	..	67.1
Todd	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	66.6
McCloud	7	8	..	5	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	65
W Burnham	..	5	..	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	14	..	64.6
Burt	..	..	..	..	5	..	8	5	..	..	7	6	..	..	14	..	64.2
Porter	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	13	..	62.5
D J Burnham	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	11	..	61.6
Mooney	5	8	..	5	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	9	..	60
Leidigh	..	..	..	..	8	..	6	5	7	9	..	4	..	..	9	..	60
Beal	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	60
N Burnham	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	4	7	4	..	..	12	..	60
Morgan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	7	5	..	..	..	..	..	60
B Cushman	.	..	..	..	..	..	4	5	5	8	6	..	..	..	14	..	56
Joe Cheney	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	55
Laycock	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	10	..	10	12	..	54.5
Overfield	..	..	5	..	..	..	6	5	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	52.5
Beck	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50
Guthrie	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	48
R Burnham	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	6	..		43.3
N Ellsworth	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	7	..		43.3
Mrs S Cushman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..		40
H Ellsworth	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..		31.8
C Burnham	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..		15

SCOTT CUSHMAN, Sec'y.

Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 1.—Below are the scores made to-day at the weekly club shoot of the Audubon Gun Club:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	25	15	15	25	20	10	Targets:	10	15	25	15	15	25	20	10
Forrester	8	9	23	13	9	20	18	10	McArthur	..	..	18	9	10	16	12	5
C Burkhar't	8	7	18	15	8	19	14	10	Dubbs	..	..	22	8	7	16	..	..
E Burkhar't	8	9	22	12	9	22	14	9	W Hines, Jr	..	..	13	9	6	16	..	..
Bennett	8	7	21	13	12	18	18	7	P G Myers	..	..	20	11	7	13	11	..
Hammond	9	9	..	11	14	22	9	..	Howard	..	..	18	10	10	22	..	..
Sauer	6	5	18	11	7	20	..	..	McCarney	..	..	9	6	6	13	5	..
B F Smith	7	..	21	..	13	21	12	..	Freize	..	..	20	12	8	11	..	..
T Tiddler	..	9	21	8	12	..	..	..	U E Storey	..	..	15	10	7	13	..	4
Bird	..	6	19	10	8	20	..	..	Rossiter	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..
W Eaton	..	6	17	10	8	16	13	3	P Lyon	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5
A Coombs	..	5	16	..	..	..	..	..									

All events were at unknown angles. No. 3 event was the club badge shoot. E. C. Burkhardt and Dubbs tied for Class A badge; E. C. B. won shoot-off at 25 targets by 52 to 16. Tom Tiddler won Class B, Howard Class C.

Trap at Tucson.

TUCSON, Ariz., July 26.—Below are the scores made to-day in our club's medal shoot. Hallowell having won the last medal (for best average in four monthly shoots), he was handicapped at 18yds., Aldridge also being placed on that mark. In a match at 25 targets Hallowell beat Weber by scoring 22 to 20. Scores in the medal race were:

Thirty singles and 10 pairs:

C Meyer, Jr (16).....110111111111111111010001010111 1—23
11 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 11 11—13—36

J J Hallowell (18).....111111111111111011111111100011—26
00 00 10 11 11 10 10 10 10 10—10—36

C Aldridge (18).....111000111111111111111111011110—25
01 10 01 10 01 11 00 10 11 10—10—35

C Weber (16).....110101101111010110110101111000—20
10 11 10 10 11 11 10 00 10 11—13—33

F Wilding (16).....010100111100111001100010111 10—17
10 10 10 10 00 10 10 10 00 10— 8—25

J B Jernigan (16).....111110011011011110111100001000—18
00 10 11 10 10 00 10 00 10 00— 6—24

Shooting at Reading, Pa.

READING, Pa., Aug. 1.—The last of a series of three team races between the three leading clubs of this city took place to-day on the grounds of the East End Gun Club at the Black Bear. The South End team was again the winner, and thus captured the team championship of the city which these contests were to settle. Fent. Cooper, of Tamaqua, Pa., better known among live bird than target shooters, shot on the team of the Independent Gun Club, but made a poorer showing than if he had been shooting at 25 live birds instead of the same number of targets. The shooting was not easy, the targets being thrown down hill, while the traps were screwed up to the highest notch. The scores were:

South End Gun Club: Essick 22, Harrison 21, Eschelman 17, Shaaber 15, Jones 14, Yost 13—102.

Independent Gun Club: Schrader 21, Ritter 19, Cooper 14, Larkins 13, Henry 10, Scheele 10—84.

East End Gun Club: Coldren 17, Eppinger 14, Stump 13, Hafer 11, Lawrence 11, Barman 7—76.

Worcester Sportsmen's Club.

WORCESTER, Mass., Aug. 4.—The members of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club held their regular shoot this afternoon and did some good work. The best shooting was done in the second shoot in prize series C, the conditions of this shoot being 30 singles, known angles. The scores were:

Ide, 30; W. H. Buck, W. L. Davis and A. W. Walls, 29 each; M. P. Roach, 28; Link, Harvey, Tolman, McClellan, V. D. Kenerson, Ide (made up score), 27 each; Whitin, Hanson, M. D. Gilman (made up score), 26 each; Snell Hanson (made up score), 25 each; Mascroft, Claflin, V. D. Kenerson (made up score), Whitin (made up score), 24 each; Larkin, Jones, M. D. Gilman, 23 each; Knowles, 22; Ball, 17.

In the L. C. Smith trophy event the scores were: Davis and Mascroft, 24; Whiting and Tolman, 21; Ide and McClellan, 17.

Other sweeps were also shot, the results being as follows:

No. 1, 10 targets, 16 entries: First, with 9, A. W. Walls and Snell; second, with 8, Buck, Snell, Kenerson, Davis, Ide; third, with 7, McClellan.

No. 2, 15 targets, 20 entries: First, with 15, Mascroft, Davis; second, with 14, Buck; third, with 13, Snell, Whitin and Ford; fourth, with 12, McClellan, M. Buck, Gilman.

No. 3, 15 targets, 17 entries: First, with 15, Buck; second, with 14, Link, Snell; third, with 13, Walls, Gilman, Kenerson; fourth, with 12, Larkin, Ide, Ford, McClellan, Hanson.

The Charlotte Tournament.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Aug. 3.—The fifth annual tournament of the Charlotte Gun Club, of this city, was held here July 28-29, with added money of $100 per day. We cannot report our tournament a complete success, as we had a very slim attendance; but we can truthfully say that a more clever set of gentlemen never met before traps. The following were among the number who favored us with their presence: Messrs. Hunter, Wagner, Mattingly and McKelden, of Washington, D. C.; Dean, Hewitt and Hammond, of Richmond, Va.; Worthen, Peterman and Wohltman, of Charleston, S. C.; Bridgers, of Tarboro, N. C.; Bansket, of Columbia, S. C., and Little, of Gaffney, S. C.

Notwithstanding the fact that the weather was awfully warm, nearly every one "entered for all day," and shot from start to finish of the programme. Everything worked smoothly except the traps, which caused considerable trouble and delay. Ordinarily, when traps work badly, shooters kick and growl, but it seemed that the entire crowd felt that we were sufficiently punished by an absence of shooters and never a word was said, all of which was highly appreciated. The weather was entirely too hot for shooters who are unfortunate enough to have to wear glasses, as will be evidenced by a glance at the scores of Messrs. Wagner and McKeldon, of Washington, both of whom are excellent shots. All of our local shooters "stuck to the boat," although in some cases it was a losing game.

Below are tabulated scores with percentages:

FIRST DAY, JULY 28.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
Todd	17	17	19	15	17	19	17	15	18	17	200	171	85½
Stokes	17	11	12	14	18	16	14	13	10	11	200	136	68
Hunter	19	18	15	15	16	19	19	18	19	18	200	176	88
Mattingly	16	18	16	17	18	16	18	17	18	19	200	173	86½
Hewitt	12	18	15	17	15	17	16	17	13	..	180	140	77⁷/₉
Deane	20	16	18	18	16	15	..	17	17	19	180	156	86⅔
Wagner	17	18	16	15	16	17	15	17	16	17	200	164	82
McKeldon	18	18	19	10	15	15	16	15	13	..	180	139	77²/₉
Creswell	17	15	19	15	14	16	17	17	16	16	200	162	81
Carson	17	18	19	15	15	17	17	16	16	17	200	167	83½
Bridgers	18	18	17	18	16	18	15	17	19	16	200	172	86
Peterman	13	16	20	14	13	15	19	17	12	16	200	154	77
Worthen	17	16	20	19	14	18	16	16	15	13	200	164	82
Anthony	17	17	14	19	13	20	19	15	18	16	200	174	87
Bauskett	7	10	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	25	41⅔
Wohltman	..	16	15	..	..	19	15	16	..	..	100	81	81
Hammond	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	..	14	17	9	100	64	64
Sampson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	18	40	27	67½

SECOND DAY, JULY 29.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
Todd	12	17	19	14	18	18	16	16	16	19	200	165	82½
Hunter	18	18	17	16	19	13	20	13	16	16	200	169	84½
Mattingly	19	19	18	18	17	17	18	17	20	17	200	180	90
Worthen	18	19	17	18	17	13	20	17	17	16	200	175	87½
Stokes	9	10	10	9	10	15	7	11	13	13	200	110	55
Anthony	16	18	19	15	17	13	14	16	19	18	200	170	85
Wagner	15	17	19	15	14	14	16	17	14	12	200	153	76½
McKeldon	16	16	15	14	15	15	14	15	15	19	200	154	77
Peterman	11	16	19	15	16	19	16	14	17	14	200	157	78½
Bridgers	18	16	15	14	17	16	17	19	18	20	200	170	85
Creswell	15	17	18	18	14	13	15	14	14	12	200	150	75
Deane	17	17	17	18	14	14	15	15	16	..	180	143	79¹⁷/₁₈
Hewitt	15	17	17	17	17	19	16	13	18	17	200	166	83
Hammond	12	21	..	16	14	..	..	..	..	..	80	53	66¼
Quincy	6	9	4	12	8	9	7	7	7	8	200	72	36
Wohltman	..	16	..	15	..	13	..	..	16	..	80	60	75
Murrill	..	..	..	..	..	8	11	11	11	14	10	120	65	54¹/₆
Carson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	14	17	60	47	78½
Sampson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	9	40	25	62½
Dodsworth	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	20	10	50

CASHIER.

Dunellen Defeats the Endeavors.

DUNELLEN, N. J., Aug. 1.—The second team race of the series of three arranged between the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, and the Dunellen Gun Club, of this place, took place to-day on our grounds. The conditions of these races are: 12 men to a team, 25 targets per man. The home club won to-day by 10 breaks, the scores standing 235 to 225. Several sweeps were shot during the day, all purses being divided on the Rose system. Scores in the sweeps were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	10	15	15	10	10	10	Targets:	10	15	10	15	15	10	10	10
V Leng'rke	10	13	10	11	..	..	..	..	Hibbard	6	..	9	10	..	..	..	..
Lindzey	9	14	6	13	13	7	10	9	A Strader	5	8	7	12	11	7	8	6
Zust	9	9	..	12	13	..	8	7	R Strader	4	..	..	..	9	8	..	..
Welles	9	10	8	14	14	9	8	9	Dr Fletcher	..	13	5	6	12	8	..	..
Clark	9	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	Giles	..	12	..	12	..	..	..	..
Fessenden	9	11	7	13	12	..	..	..	Laing	..	9	..	12	..	..	..	..
Collins	9	14	10	15	14	10	8	8	Faron	..	7	..	9	7	..	..	..
Cramer	9	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	Dealman	..	..	..	8	5	9	..	..
L Piercy	9	..	8	..	8	..	..	..	Runyon	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	6
McPeek	8	..	6	12	..	..	..	..	Grey	..	..	..	8	..	13	7	8
Brant'gh'm	7	14	7	11	..	..	..	..	Mulvaney	..	..	..	7	10	..	..	..
G Piercy	7	13	9	12	13	8	9	9	Osborne	..	..	..	5	..	..	8	7
Smith	6	12	5	..	..	..	..	..	Duff	..	..	..	..	7	8	..	..
Manning	6	12	9	8	..	..	..	..									

The ninth event was the same as No. 8, and was shot when it was almost too dark to see the targets: Score: Lindzey 10, Gray and Welles 9, G. Piercy and Collins 8, A. Strader 6.

The scores in the team race were as below:

Dunellen Gun Club.

Baron.....11101111111111111111011111—23
Cramer.....11011101111111111110111111—22
Grey.....11111111111111111101111001—22
Laing.....11110111111110111111110110—21
Lindzey.....11101111111111111111001100—20
Runyon.....01111101111111101111001111—20
Fletcher.....11011111011011101111100111—19
Smith.....11110100111111101101111101—19
Brantingham.....01001111110111111110011110—18
Manning.....11011111001110111100111101 -18
Zust.....11110011010110111111101110—18
Giles.....00110001011110101101111101—15—235

Endeavor Gun Club.

Collins.....11111111111111111111111110—24
Welles.....11111111111111111111111110—24
Fessenden.....11111101010111111111111101—21
G Piercy.....11111111101111111110011110—21
Dr Fletcher.....01000111101111111111111111—20
McPeek.....11011101111010101111111011—20
C von Lengerke.....10011111111111111100011111—20
L Piercy.....01110001111110111111110110—18
Duff.....11110010101110011100010111—15
A R Strader.....01011011111001010110011011—15
Mulvaney.....10000101101110011101101010—14
R Strader.....10111000001010100011101 1—13—225

A. F. WARDEN, Sec'y.

Elizabeth Gun Club.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Aug. 1.—Success to FOREST AND STREAM. Below are the scores made at our sparrow shoots on July 30 and to-day. Conditions: 5 unknown traps, 25yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, 10 sparrows per man:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Shirley	7	8	8	7	8	7	..	..	Stilley	..	6	9	8	8	..	..	..
Boun	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	McCann	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..
Crossland	9	10	10	10	9	10	9	10	Garland	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	7	8

The above events were shot on July 30. To-day five of us shot a 25-bird race at sparrows, same conditions as to rise and boundary as above:

Crossland.....21211210011112111111211111—23
Ferguson.....22211111121012101201121 11—22
Ony.....20102111210111201102122 11—20
Gallup.....21200221011112101011211 2—20
Wilcox.....20200211111010121102101 11—18

J. H. CROSSLAND, Sec'y.

Big Shoot at Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Aug. 1.—In connection with the Caledonian games held at Washington Park, on the Delaware, to-day, a shooting tournament was held which proved to be one of the most exciting contests of the season and brought out a great many of the crack shots of this city and its vicinity, and as a result several very close and most interesting competitions were shot off.

The shoot was held in an open space back of the groves, where an improvised range and the necessary trenches were thrown up. The ground selected was well adapted to shooting, as the contestants had a clear range, excepting on the right were a clump of woods which made a tantalizing background. But, considering all, the scores were in most cases very good.

The main event of the tournament was a team race, six men to a team, the prize being a very handsome cup. Fourteen teams competed, the Keystone Shooting League winning the cup in an easy manner. The scores were:

Keystone Shooting League: W. Wolstencroft 24, Landis 24, I. H. W. 20, E. David 21, H. Ridge 23, Capt. H. Thurman 23—135.

Florist Gun Club: Burton 20, A. B. Cartledge 21, Craig 18, C. D. Ball 20, S. P. Sife 20, Capt. G. Anderson 21—120.

Silver Lake Gun Club: French 17, Woodstinger 17, Holdt 20, Day 23, Felix 22, Lane (Capt.) 20—119.

Southwark Gun Club: Numbers 19, Stoffer 22, Ashton 16, Mink 23, Apker (Capt.) 20, Rowcroft 18—118.

West Jersey Gun Club: Seaming (Capt.) 16, Wilson 21, Theoberger 21, Longnecker 18, Budd 19, Voorhees 16—111.

Penn Gun Club: T. V. Smith 14, J. R. Yost (Capt.) 21, J. W. Carsel 19, A. McMichael 16, F. Gross 14, C. Stanger 18—102.

West Chester Gun Club: G. Foulke 20, Copple 11, Eachus (Capt.) 21, Huber 13, Miller 20, Devoe 17—102.

Forest Gun Club: A. C. Stevenson 21, H. B. Stevenson 19, O. K. Stevenson 18, Morison (Capt.) 9, W. N. Stevenson 17, Van Nort 15—99.

Hillside Gun Club: A. Reinhard 14, W. Afman 10, Capt. T. Carlisle 21, J. Fertsch 17, M. Bisbing 17, R. Bisbing 19—98.

Claymont Gun Club: Capt. J. Hooper 19, L. Casey 20, Wm. Bird 11, A. S. Edwards 19, H. Jackson 14, T. Williams 13—96.

Glen Willow Gun Club: J. McFalls 16, Capt. J. Cowan 19, C. Wyman 9, F. Winkle 14, H. Taney 18, Wilson 14—90.

Wayne Gun Club: Davis 22, Capt. Scargle 10, Soistman 13, Brown 14, Sterling 14, Hack 17—90.

Radnor Gun Club: Capt. Johnson 17, Williams 13, G. Huber 24, Wendell 17, Toopy 17, Haley 1—89.

Ritter Gun Club: Capt. F. White 9, J. Sullivan 9, G. Hahn 20, D. Bonnier 11, P. Morrison 11, A. Marker 8—68.

Worcester Tournament.

WORCESTER, Mass., Aug. 1.—The two days' tournament held on the grounds of the Sportsman's Club was poorly attended. On the first day, July 29, but 14 shooters took part in the events; on the second day, July 30, still less. But there was some of the best shooting done that Worcester has ever witnessed. The shooting of Dickey, Tucker and Van Dyke was of the gilt edge order. Scores:

WEDNESDAY, JULY 29.

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Dickey	275	259	94	Whitin	225	194	86
Van Dyke	225	210	93	Fanning	225	194	86
Pitkin	190	176	92	Mascroft	125	107	85
Davis	250	227	91	Wheeler	225	192	85
Tucker	130	119	91	Puck	275	232	84
Bennett	200	183	91	Walls	130	110	84
Leroy	200	177	88	Bishop	115	81	70

THURSDAY, JULY 30.

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Tucker	155	143	92	Eager	155	129	83
Dickey	170	155	91	Mascroft	105	87	82
Fanning	200	180	90	Swiveller	140	107	76
Tolman	80	72	90	R C Walls	95	65	68
Whitin	130	113	86	Bucklin	55	37	67
Davis	110	95	86	Mainhard	95	54	56
A Walls	170	144	84	Kinney	70	39	55

On July 28 Snell and Leroy shot a match at 100 targets—50 known angles and 50 unknown angles. Snell won, scoring 95 to Leroy's 90.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Aug. 4.—The regular weekly shoot of our club was held to-day. In event No. 3 Nelson, Scott and Dornin tied for the Silverthorn badge on 21 each. The tie was shot off in No. 4, Nelson winning with 19 out of 20. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	20	20	25	20	15	Targets:	20	20	25	20	15
Nelson	17	16	21	19	13	Moorman	14	15	16	18	13
Terry	18	17	18	14	13	Cleland	15	10	11	7	9
Scott	16	16	21	17	8	Miller	17	15	19	18	10
Dornin	19	18	21	17	13					F. M.	D.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

H. N. K., New York.—The best book on building log cabins is "Log Cabins: How to Build and Furnish Them." We publish it. Price $1.50

R. H. B., Jamestown, N. Y.—The close season for black and gray squirrels, hares and rabbits in New York is Oct. 15 to Feb. 15, both dates inclusive. For woodcock and ruffed grouse the old law still holds, viz., open season Aug. 16 to Dec. 31.

W. T. J., Boston,—1. Do you regard the .45-82-405 solid bullet cartridge as a desirable one for moose and caribou? 2. Is it as accurate at 200yds. as the .45-90-300 solid? 3. What is your opinion of the hollow point .45-85-330 cartridge for big game? Ans. 1. Yes. 2. Yes. 3. Many expert hunters use it for large game.

C. R. B., Mechanicsville.—1. On my Irish setter dog, about two years old, there are coming all over his back little sores. The hair is falling out in places. I think it is mange; please tell me what to do for him. 2. How will I break a dog of gunshyness? Ans. 1. Treat for worms. Give two compound sulphur tablets twice a day. To the sores and bare places apply the following ointment twice a day: Creosote, 3drs.; precipitated sulphur, 1oz.; lard, 4oz. 2. To give all the different methods would require a small volume. If you shoot light loads every day, your dog near by, where he cannot conceal himself, he will in time become habituated to the reports. Or fire a light load at feeding time, to announce that the meal is ready. He will in time learn to associate it with his meals, and it will then be a pleasant sound to him. If a rabbit can be shot ahead of him it may cure him at once. "Training vs. Breaking," or "Modern

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1896.

VOL. XLVII.—No. 8. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page x.

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A GOOD EXAMPLE.

THE Provincial Museum of British Columbia is a purely local institution and is devoted to the exhibition of the natural history and resources of the Province. It was established only about a dozen years ago, and had its first beginnings in the collections made by Mr. John Fannin, an old resident of the Province. Mr. Fannin was and is an accomplished field naturalist—a close observer and an enthusiastic lover of nature. His studies and his writings had made his name well known in the Province long before the project of establishing a museum had been considered. When the Government determined to found a Natural History Museum at the capital, the choice of a curator for the institution naturally fell upon Mr. Fannin, who has managed it with great success from the beginning.

For the first few years of its existence the exhibition rooms at Victoria were few and small, but as time went on, the growing collections demanded more and more space, until the whole building was occupied. Still the collections increased, and at length it became evident that to properly show them, and to provide for their growth in the future, a new building must be furnished. This is now in course of erection. It is a fireproof building of stone and will cost $80,000.

The Government of British Columbia having set on foot this good work, wished to have its museum thoroughly modern and up to the times. Within the last few years great changes have taken place in museum furnishings, and the methods of exhibiting specimens. Realizing this, the authorities this summer sent Mr. Fannin to England and the East, in order that he might inform himself on all essential points, so that the Provincial Museum of British Columbia should in no respect be behind the first museums of the world in its equipments.

Mr. Fannin visited London, and saw there the collections of the British and South Kensington Museums, and is now in New York studying the exhibits at the American Museum of Natural History. From here he will go to Washington to examine the National Museum there. The trip has been very successful up to the present time, and Mr. Fannin has accumulated a large fund of information which will be of great value in fitting up the new museum. When at length the new building shall have been completed and the collections moved in, the Provincial Museum of British Columbia may challenge comparison with the best modern museums of the world in respect to its equipment and its methods.

Every State and Territory of the United States ought to have in its capital or principal city such a local museum as British Columbia is now building—one which shall show the mammals, birds and fishes of the neighboring country, amid their natural surroundings, all so clearly and fully labeled that the whole story of a species, its distribution, life habits and history can be seen at a glance. The day has passed when a museum was a mere curiosity shop in which strange and unknown and unexplained objects were displayed to make visitors stare and wonder. The museum of to-day is, or ought to be, a great volume, whose illustrations are actual natural objects, each one explained by enough text—the label—to render the picture's meaning clear to the most ignorant.

The establishment of such local museums in all the chief cities of the country will vastly increase public interest in the study of nature; people will begin to learn how to observe, to see what is going on all about them; their interests in life will be broadened and a great deal will be added to their pleasures.

SNAP SHOTS.

Here is a letter which comes to us from an esteemed correspondent in Texas:

VICTORIA, Texas, Aug. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have in this section of the country a party who is a member of a firm or an agent of a firm in your city, who is buying game from the local hunters and shipping to New York. He averages about five barrels of plover a day, each barrel containing 300 birds.

Our game laws are in such an unsatisfactory condition that we have no way to prevent this action at present, though we are making strenuous efforts to pass a bill in our next Legislature to prevent the shipping of game.

I hear that he ships quail among his plover, although the open season does not begin until Oct. 1 of this year.

This we could prevent could we substantiate it. I am not familiar with the laws of your State, but would be glad to know from your office whether there is any way to stop the business at your end of the line.

If New York has a non-shipping law, I should think it would be an offense to ship them in as well as out.

In the event you believe that anything can be done from that end, I can in all probability get you name and address of the firm.

If you believe that publication of this will do any good, publish it.

W. M. PETICOLAS.

It is a humiliation to be forced to acknowledge in response to this plea that there is no practicable way of doing anything whatever at this end of the line to interrupt the traffic in Texas plover and quail.

The New York law permits at all seasons sale of game killed beyond a certain distance from the State; the line of protection for New York is drawn at 300 miles; the injustice to other States may be limited only by the lines of the continent. The iniquity of this open market law extends 2,000 miles to Texas; it promotes the wholesale slaughter of Texas plover and immature quail for shipment to market here.

It is a reproach to every citizen of New York that his State encourages such butchery not only beyond the 300-mile limit, but within her own borders as well. That 300-mile provision is a farcical Schomburgk line, which is all well enough for theorizing about, but which has no meaning when we come actually to fixing boundaries. The protection sought to be secured by distance is not provided. For just here is illustrated anew what has been demonstrated over and over again, that a State may not set up successfully a scheme of protecting its own game while robbing other States of theirs. New York declares that game killed within its borders may be sold only in certain specified seasons, while game killed elsewhere may be marketed the year around. Beautiful theory this, to protect one's own while destroying others. But how does it work? The ink of Gov. Morton's pen of approval had hardly dried when under cover of this measure the market hunters set out to take the immature game in New York covers for New York markets. From that day to this, wherever there wa New York game to kill for market, the New York market shooters have been trafficking in it; and the industry will continue so long as the game shall be worth the candle Such a law always works in this way. Witness Massachusetts, witness every State where game selling is unrestricted.

As the situation is now, Texas must protect her own game and look out for her own interests and defend them from the blight of the metropolitan markets. He sportsmen have a right to demand the co-operation of their fellows elsewhere; they reasonably may ask that other States shall not act as receivers of illicit goods. But failing this, they must work out their own salvation. The only game protective system yet devised worth the paper it is printed on is that which limits the sale of game in local markets and forbids the exportation to other markets. This system is what is proving effectual in Michigan, Minnesota and other States where it is in force.

Such a system would prove equally efficacious in Texas; but we confess that there appears to be slight ground for confidence that Texas will very soon have a law of this character. For one thing, her own sportsmen are by no means agreed as to what they want, nor united to achieve it if they could agree. The market hunters there have things pretty much their own way; they are making money right along, and money talks.

Summer woodcock shooting is still extensively practiced, and the reason urged for it is that the game must be had then or not at all. This is the plea of New Jersey summer woodcock shooters. A correspondent wrote in our game columns the other day that, although he had long contended for a summer woodcock season, he was now converted to oppose it because of what he had seen of indiscriminate game killing by those who were out ostensibly for woodcock only. This rule prevails generally. If men are permitted to go afield with guns in the summer season they will kill whatever game rises before them. Some of them may have the very best of intentions, and shoot to kill if it's a bear and miss if it's a calf; but they do and will shoot, and the game will be killed, and will be just as dead if it's a grouse or a quail. The ideal game season is one which opens for all upland game on the same date. If under such conditions some shall be deprived of their sport, they should accept the deprivation with philosophy and be content to give and take, for the common advantage and the greatest good to the greatest number.

Some one has been giving to the *Youths' Companion* a weird tale of walrus hunting by members of the Peary Relief Expedition of 1892. It is a fearsome story of walruses drawn up in ranks, "bearing their heads high, with white tusks gleaming fiercely, and great red disks of eyes gleaming balefully through the smother of foam churned up around their breasts," as they come from afar dashing at the boats. It is all madly exciting, and quite as well written as one of De Quincey's opium dreams. But will some one who knows the ways of walruses tell us whether they do charge in dress-parade array with baleful eyes and other accoutrements? The walrus inhabited seas of the Arctic are far away, and of distant lands and their unfamiliar denizens we are always prone to accept the wonderful tales of returning explorers, but the walrus story taxes credulity. Let us hear from some of the walrus experienced readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

Will international yacht races be sailed on wheels? We have had in recent years many radical modifications of yacht forms; shall we now have something more radical still, and roll along over the course instead of ploughing the main? A French engineer, M. Bazin, has designed an entirely novel craft. The main part of the structure consists of a strong deck or platform entirely above water, the buoyancy being supplied by a number of hollow wheels in the form of very short cylinders. The wheels are not fitted with blades like a paddle wheel; they are smooth and are designed only as supports and to roll over and through the water as a wagon wheel rolls upon the ground. Propulsion is afforded by a propeller. The inventor has constructed a model on a scale large enough to test the practicability of his theories. If the experiment shall prove a success, it may open up a new line of development in yacht racing that will entirely throw into the shade all recent efforts at evading waterline measurement. It must be evident that the waterline of such a craft, no matter how long she may be, cannot be as great as the added diameters of the wheels, or very much less than of the whole hull. No doubt the old fogy element and the stupid and illiberal measurers may attempt to block the wheels of progress by measuring the length on the waterline of all the wheels, on both sides; but no such unfair and illibera measure can permanently succeed.

Given such a craft as this, what a vista of renewed youth to yacht racing opens before us, the pleasures of the yacht and the wheel combined in one marvelous creation of human ingenuity. The time may come when international yacht racing will be a contest between two such great multi-aqua-cycles, moving at speeds thus fa unheard of.

The Sportsman Tourist.

MUNISING BAY.

On the south coast of Lake Superior, about forty miles east of Marquette and just west of the famous "Pictured Rocks," the shore curves in sharply, making a deep and broad harbor, across the mouth of which lies Grand Island. The bay is almost completely landlocked, gives shelter from all winds, and is well known as a refuge for vessels from Lake Superior's gales. In size, outline of shores and character of vegetation on them, it singularly resembles an Adirondack lake, and is as beautiful as any of them, peerless Placid perhaps excepted.

Back in the fifties the charcoal iron industry flourished here, and quite a town sprang up on the east side; but the industry ceased to be profitable, the furnaces were abandoned, the houses deserted one by one, and for over thirty years no one has lived there but a few fishermen and the keeper of the Government light. Within the last year, however, parties owning large tracts of timber lands have determined to develop their resources; a railroad has been organized and is under construction; large tanneries, stave and hoop mills, and other manufactories are being erected; docks, switches, a bank, stores and dwellings are rapidly taking shape; a daily paper has been established, a city organized, and the vigorous tide of life has invaded this once peaceful region. I suppose all this is in the line of progress, and it certainly is for the good of the land owners; but it is now only a question of time when much of the peculiar charm must vanish, never to return.

The Anna River Club, an organization largely composed of Marquette gentlemen, has been established for several years at the south end of the bay, just where the little Anna River joins it, and has built a cosy and comfortable log house for their accommodation and that of the happy mortals who are invited to partake of their well-known hospitality and share their peculiar privileges. It was my good fortune to be one of those favored individuals on the invitation of Mr. Fayette Brown, of Cleveland, well known as a thorough business men, expert fisherman and naturalist, and the best of good fellows; and on one of the golden days of early September of last year I began an experience not soon to be forgotten.



AN AFTERNOON CATCH AT MUNISING BAY. TEN FISH, 10½LBS.

The bay is bordered by a belt of shallow water, exquisitely clear and clean, and deepens very gradually for about 75yds. from shore, when it is 10 or 12ft. to the bottom. Thence it plunges off very rapidly, reaching a depth of 50 to 100ft. within a few rods. Along this ridge or shoulder flourishes a growth of water weeds, rising nearly to the surface and broken into clumps, promontories and depressions, in and around which the trout lie. The fisherman, anchoring his boat according to the direction of the wind on one side or the other of the belt of weeds, lets it drift within good casting distance and then uses his fly or bait with perfect convenience.

A favorite and fatal method of fishing is to use rather a large hook, well covered with angle worms, and with a split shot at the base; make a long cast with a strong fly-rod and then gradually draw in the line through the rings. When the line tightens a strike is apt to develop a very big trout, and considerable sport will ensue before he gets near the landing net. Although a fly-fisherman by predisposition and inheritance, it seemed to me best to follow the local customs; but, after having messed with worms, strained my rod and nearly put a hook through my ear, I determined to catch those trout on the fly or go without. The hated worms and bullet came off, and a leader rigged with a coachman, Montreal and Parmachenee on No. 4 hooks took its place, and I began diligent work. Several spots were tried without success, but finally, near the mouth of the little river, a place was found where the weeds were much broken into clumps and there I took my first trout on the fly. After this I always began fishing at this point and moved only when nothing developed, and this was not uncommon, for these trout were especially freaky and uncertain in their tastes. Many a time I have cast diligently for hours without a rise, while the surface around me showed no sign. Suddenly there would be a great splash as a 2-pounder left the water close by, and then for an hour fish would rise all about me, while never a one would touch the fly. But patient waiting and work, such as my old friend Fuller, of Meacham Lake, calls "stick-to-it-iveness," would always win in the end, and when success came it was always very satisfactory and generally abundant.

By far the most successful fly, though I tried about every usual pattern, was the plain coachman. This would be selected from the cast by fully four fish out of five, and they generally seemed to prefer the upper dropper of my three flies, I suppose because this fly was most on the surface and moved most naturally. When trout would not come to the surface at all I sometimes caught them by making a long cast, letting the flies sink quite deeply, and then very slowly and jerkily reeling them in. I saw almost no small fish, rarely taking one of less than 1lb., while the usual size was rather larger, and fish of 2 or 3lbs., or even more, are common. They seem to gain a certain size before venturing out into the open water of the bay. All of these fish, even the largest I took, which weighed 8¾lbs. and rose fairly, were slim and shapely, and most magnificently vigorous, instead of being comparatively heavy and loggy, as I have found most large trout to be in comparison with fish of 1lb. or under. Evidently the normal size of the Lake Superior trout is very large, and he does not begin to grow thick and heavy until he reaches 4 or 5lbs. at least, if then. Of course the open water, abundance of room and absence of obstructions give a great advantage to the rod, and with patience and care one should land almost every fish hooked, no matter how heavy and strong.

I send herewith a few of the products of my camera, taken on the spot, and can only wish my fellow sportsmen the luck to see and fish the same waters before progress ruins them.

A. St. J. Newberry.

Cleveland, O.

IN THE FAR NORTH LAND.—I.

While journeying in the far north lands of British America I was impressed by the comparative scarcity of the "big game" which once abounded there. Great herds of buffalo formerly lived on the southern shores of Great Slave Lake and even as far north as the Liard River. Moose were plentiful throughout the whole Mackenzie Basin, and immense herds of reindeer had their feeding grounds close to the Mackenzie River.

When the Hudson Bay Company ceased to have exclusive right to trade in the country an indiscriminate slaughter of fur-bearing animals began, which at the present time bids fair to repeat the old story of the destruction of game on our side of the border. The company has always before this refused to buy furs out of season, but their wise protective policy is of no avail when fur traders are ready to purchase furs in any condition at any time of year.

The plains buffalo in its wild state has entirely disappeared from Canada, only a few tame animals remaining in the hands of private owners. A small number of wood buffalo still live in the great triangle formed by the Peace River on the south, the Liard on the north, and Great Slave Lake and the Mackenzie on the east. Estimates of the size of this band vary from 180 to 300. Sometimes five or six animals, detachments from the main band, are heard of near Fort Vermillion on the Peace, or Forts Smith and Resolution on Great Slave Lake.

The country is exceedingly difficult of access; the muskegs, widely separated water courses, and, above all, the mosquitoes, forming insurmountable obstacles to summer travel, while the great distances and uncertain food supply protect it from invasion in the winter. Still, should there come a winter of deep snows, when the buffalo were within hunting distance, the Indians on their snowshoes could easily pursue and slaughter the helpless animals.

The Indians of the Southern Mackenzie district are not mighty hunters; they prefer to fish and hunt rabbits and reindeer, rather than incur many hardships in the pursuit of big game. They possess few rifles, and their short guns cannot be used for long range shooting. These facts, and the one that the Hudson Bay Company does not encourage the killing of the buffalo, have served to protect the animals from extermination. But the opposition fur traders have no scruples about the matter. They snap up eagerly every robe brought in, and with the increasing number of traders the wood buffalo will soon be a thing of the past, unless the Canadian Government takes immediate measures for its preservation. The Canadian National Park at Banff is well suited for a game preserve, and a small band of wood buffalo once introduced and protected would no doubt increase rapidly, like our little herd of plains buffalo in Yellowstone Park. The wood buffalo seems more alert and timid than that of the plains. If a shot is fired at a band, it is away at a sharp pace, and does not rest till a great distance is placed between it and the hunter. The animal is larger, has longer legs, and the fur is darker and finer than that of the plains buffalo; but these differences are no doubt caused by its environment, and are not important enough for it to be classed as a separate species.

The next animal in size is the moose, which is found throughout the Mackenzie Basin to tree limit near the Arctic Sea. It forms an important part of the food supply in the far north; most of the Indians along the Mackenzie being classed as "moose eaters," in distinction from the "caribou eaters" of the Barren Grounds and the country east and north of Great Slave Lake. The skin makes the best winter moccasins, and the meat, dried or fresh, is always in demand at the company's posts. But during the last few years the moose has become comparatively scarce, except in very inaccessible hunting grounds, a fact which renders more serious the important question of living in that severe climate. We saw only five moose on the journey to the Delta, two being killed by members of the brigade.

In 1885-6 Mr. Wm. Ogilvie explored the country between the Alaska boundary and the Peel and Mackenzie rivers. At one point, in latitude 65° 25′, and at an altitude of 3,000ft. above the sea, he found a fine, rolling country covered with a stunted and scattered growth of trees and fine short grasses. No Indians had visited that part of the country for many years; moose were abundant and remarkably fearless, and caribou abounded in great numbers. Bighorn sheep and mountain goats lived on the rocky heights and many beaver were seen, a significant fact to the hunter, who knows that the beaver is the first animal to leave the districts invaded by white men.

This district and a portion of the wood buffalo country already alluded to are probably the best game districts now remaining in the north.

Both bighorn sheep and mountain goats are fairly numerous in the mountain ranges almost to the coast. The flesh of the latter animal is especially good in the north, and the Indians who trade at Forts Simpson, Good Hope, Norman and Peel's River often bring it in, fresh and dried, to the posts. Neither the sheep nor the goat is found in the spurs of the Rockies east of the Mackenzie. The mountain sheep is a variety of the bighorn of the more southern portion of the range, and has been recently named *Ovis montana dallii*, or Dall's mountain sheep. It is rather darker and smaller than the southern variety, a fact which seems strange when we consider that it is an Arctic animal. But the snowfall of the north is small compared with that of the Selkirks or more southern Rockies. No glaciers are found north of latitude 54°, the air being clear and intensely cold. The slight snowfall disappears rapidly in the spring under the continued action of the sun's rays, and even at the Delta I found the last spurs of the Rockies almost bare on July 15.

The grizzly bear is found in the Peace River country, but in the extreme north its place is taken by the smaller fiercer *Ursus arctos*, the silver tip or Barren Ground bear. Mr. Macfarlane, of the Hudson Bay Company, reports the latter animal not uncommon in the Anderson and Wilmot Horton River neighborhoods and in the mountain ranges of the lower Peel and Mackenzie rivers. It is said to resemble the brown bear of Europe, but Mr. Ogilvie speaks of its gray color, with white throat and beard. The Esquimaux and Indians generally avoid it unless hunting with a large, well-armed party, for it is as fierce as a grizzly, and is said to attack a hunter without provocation.



THE ANNA RIVER.

Black bears are especially numerous in the Peace River country, but are found throughout the whole Mackenzie Basin in good numbers.

The woodland reindeer or caribou lives permanently in wooded or mountainous districts on both sides of the Mackenzie and its tributaries. It is more numerous, however, and attains a larger size to the west of the Mackenzie, where it probably finds more abundant food. Mr. Ogilvie found it in Alaska while passing from Chilkat Inlet to the upper Peel River. The other species, the Barren Ground reindeer, is the animal which furnishes food for thousands of Esquimaux, Dog Ribs, Hare, Slavey and Coppermine Indians. From Hudson's Bay, in latitude 59°, the line which marks tree limit bends in a northwesterly direction till it reaches the Arctic Ocean, a short distance east of the Mackenzie Delta. Between this line and the sea lie the Barren Grounds inhabited by the reindeer, musk ox, wolves, wolverines, foxes, hares, and in the summer many species of wildfowl and smaller birds. It is not, as the name implies, a true barren ground. For some distance from the so-called tree limit stunted spruces and willows are found in sheltered hollows and along the water courses, and even in the more exposed places one can often find a growth of dwarf birch and willow only a few inches high. Sweet short grasses too grow in the interior, and in some places to the very shores of the Arctic Sea.

The Barren Ground reindeer is a distinct species from the woodland deer. They may meet in the wooded country during the winter, but they never interbreed. The Barren Ground deer during the latter part of October seek the shelter of the tree country, but as early as February the females and younger males start on their long journey to the shores of the Arctic Sea, arriving in April. There the fawns are born, and remain till in September, the herd begins its return journey to the south.

In October they join the males and stay with them until it is time to regain their winter quarters.

The lives of the natives depend on these migrations, and should the herds fail to pass by their accustomed routes north and south, great suffering and many deaths from starvation will follow. The deer skins furnish tents, clothing, bedding, material for nets, thread, snowshoe lacings and dog harness, while the flesh is the great staple of food for themselves and their dogs, and is bartered at the Hudson Bay Co.'s posts for tea, tobacco, ammunition and other necessaries.

While in the north I met Mr. McKinley, a Hudson Bay Co.'s officer, who accompanied Mr. Warburton Pike on a hunting excursion four years ago. They went some distance down Back's Fish River, but did not reach the Arctic Circle, as the season was late and their Indians afraid of Esquimaux.

Mr. McKinley told me that on leaving the north shore of Great Slave Lake the trees rapidly became stunted, and after a dozen miles only scrubby specimens a few feet high are seen. Here the country presents a most desolate appearance. In the hollows are grasses, dwarf willows and a few dwarfed spruces, but looking across country one sees only sharply tilted, rocky ridges, making traveling a painful and arduous task. Going still further, the land becomes more level and the soil better, and one often sees a beautiful growth of Arctic plants in among the grasses and on the mossy slopes.

The Barren Grounds have no permanent inhabitants, even the hardy Indians making only hunting excursions from its western borders for musk ox and reindeer, but never reaching the heart of the country. In summer the women can go with the men part of the way, for even beyond the forest country they can find turf, dwarf willows, and the *Andromeda polifolia* or crowberry, which serves as fuel; but in the winter, when the snow covers all, only the men venture in. They take with them on sledges as much fuel as the dogs can draw; the wood is cut in pieces 3 or 4in. in diameter and 2ft. long. One of these is used at a meal, and ten or twelve men will cook their dinner at the same fire for economy's sake. The dried meat is shredded very fine, put in a kettle of water and held close to the tiny fire. When the kettle boils it is removed, and the contents eaten, half cooked as they are.

Formerly the reindeer was found abundantly near Great Slave Lake, but for the last six or seven years they have been very scarce, and the hunters must go further to the east and northeast. Forest fires have burned the hanging moss which drapes the spruces in the north, and which is a favorite food of the reindeer, and the marshy feeding grounds have been destroyed. When a fire once starts in the beds of peat moss it may burn a long time, smouldering even under the winter snow.

Mr. Warburton Pike had much trouble evidently with his Indians and half-breeds, who served as guides and assistants on his journey. They charged him big prices, were insubordinate, quarrelsome, and must have been very disagreeable traveling companions. The usual price paid by the Hudson Bay Company to men acting as guides is "a skin" (about 50 cents) a day. Rations also must be provided: about three fish a day for each man or 3lbs. of dried meat, and 1lb. of tobacco and 1lb. of tea a month. For bedding in summer one good company's blanket is all that is necessary for a hardy man, and in winter a deerskin robe or two will be needed in addition.

Mr. Ogilvie describes one native method of killing the reindeer in Alaska. A ravine where the snow lies deep is selected, and around it on the lower side is built a brush fence, which is extended upward and backward to the uplands on each side, diverging until the ends are some miles apart. The fence consists merely of crotched sticks stuck into the snow at suitable distances, with poles laid horizontally in the crotches, due care being taken to cut and mark them so that the agency of man in its erection is made very evident. A party then scours the country around the mouth of the trap all the time, gradually approaching it, and driving any animal in the vicinity between the arms, which the deer avoid. They are thus slowly driven to the snow pit at the end, where they are easily dispatched. Had the reindeer sense enough they could easily dash through the fence, but they will not approach it.

In a similar way the Barren Ground Indians guide the deer to a narrow place in the wooded country or to some body of water where hunters are in hiding with their canoes. When the herd takes to the water the hunter darts out from the shore and spears the animals as they swim, the spear entering back of the ribs. The thrust must be given from behind, for if the canoe comes further forward the animal in dying will turn over and kick, upsetting the canoe. A long spear tipped with metal is used in hunting the reindeer. The back angles are cut sharp, so that the weapon can be easily withdrawn. The victims are left to die in the water and the hunter follows the flying herd, spearing another and another as he goes.

An intelligent Hare Indian at the Delta spoke to me in favor of the old mode of hunting with bows and arrows. He said that guns frightened the deer from the country and that the Indians fare no better now than in former times, when more primitive weapons were used. If one of a band is shot with bows and arrows the others will look at it and perhaps run to and fro in a confused way, but will not become thoroughly alarmed and leave the neighborhood; but when they are once well frightened by the reports of guns the herd will run for a long distance beyond the reach of the Indians. Bows and arrows are used now by the Indians only for wildfowl and small game. The Esquimaux still hunt reindeer with them, but during the last few years rifles have been obtained by some of the Esquimaux from American whalers west of the Mackenzie.

The skin of the reindeer is in best condition in July, when the old coat has fallen and the new one is dark and thick. I was given while in the north a beautiful albino skin, that of a yearling. It was snowy white except for a few brown specks on the throat—a great rarity in America. The tame deer of Norway, Lapland and Siberia are more varied in color than those of America, and many of the Siberian skins are piebald. These are considered especially desirable for native dresses, as it is said that the hair does not fall out as soon as that of the wild animals.

A Hudson Bay Company officer told me that from Herschell Island, 100 miles west of the Delta, piebald skins were sometimes bought by the Indians; but I am inclined



MR. NEWBERY'S LARGEST TROUT, 3¾LBS.

to think that these skins had found their way there from the Asiatic tribes across Behring Straits. In former times there was a brisk trade between the natives of the two continents.

Although the musk ox and reindeer occupy the same region during the summer months, the musk ox seldom migrates as far south in the winter as tree limit, remaining north of latitude 60°. Nor is its range as wide as that of the reindeer, and it is not found at the present time west of the Mackenzie, though fossil remains show that it once inhabited Alaska. The easiest route to the musk ox country is to start from Fort Rae; or going first to Fort Resolution, on Great Slave Lake, strike northward from that point. This was the course taken by Mr. Warburton Pike and Mr. McKinley on Mr. Pike's first expedition. They went in on the last snow, leaving the lake May 7 and returning Aug. 23. In about eight days they reached the land of the musk ox.

The animals are usually seen in small bands ranging from five to fifty, but there may be many bands within a short distance. One Indian, who had been down the Coppermine River the spring before I visited the far north, reported that he had seen the musk ox in immense numbers, as he said, "They were as the buffalo."

There seems to be little danger of the speedy extermination of the musk ox. The difficulty of bringing out the meat and robes to the posts is very great, and the severe climate and rough country prove a protection. The animals, as they are hunted more and more, will retire further to the interior, until they will reach a point where it will be almost impossible for the Indians to pursue them.

Only within the last twenty years have the musk ox robes been "made fur" of; that is bought by the Hudson Bay Co. other companies. With the disappearance of the buffalo arose a demand for musk ox skins, for sleigh robes and for rugs. Fort Rae is the post from which the greatest number of musk ox robes are sent to the outside world. About 1,000 left the district the year I was there, but some passed through the hands of opposition traders—those not connected with the Hudson Bay Company.

The best skin is that of a three-year-old cow, fine, uniform and not too tufty or hairy. At Winnipeg a robe can sometimes be bought for $25, but often in London twice that amount is charged for a good skin. Most of the robes sold in the fashionable Regent street shops are sold to Canadians and find their way eventually to our side of the ocean. The skin of a young calf a few days old is really beautiful, the hair being soft and silky with a close inner growth of wool. Often the dusky brown hair is interspersed with gray, suggesting the fur of a silver fox. These baby musk ox skins are beginning to be in demand in the market. Two of the smallest will make a muff and long boa, and are very pretty, though rather odd. The fur is much more durable than lynx, but does not wear as well as that of the black bear.

The Barren Grounds are well suited to the capture of reindeer and musk ox. Over the summits of the rocky ridges one can often see the antlers of the deer, and by creeping along cautiously come within easy shooting range. In the spring and autumn heavy fogs are frequent, and at such seasons the Indians always hunt in couples. These fogs come suddenly upon the hunter; a gray advancing cloud is seen, a chill in the air is felt, and one is enveloped in the mist and unable to see the half of canoe's length in front.

Mr. McKinley told me that he had never seen the musk ox show fight; even when wounded they would try to escape. However, they defend their young valiantly from the wolves, putting the calves and the females within a circle and presenting their formidable horns to the enemy.

One of the hunters at Fort Rae—Antoine—agreed with Mr. McKinley in saying that the mother covers her calf with snow immediately after birth, and it remains there under shelter for several days.

In Antoine's broken English, "The mother paw snow over baby musk ox, making like a little house. The warm makes like a roof over the baby musk ox, as the snow melts a little. The baby lie there quiet and does not drink milk. Then in two, three days, the baby grow strong and comes out and drinks milk of its mother. After that if anything come near to frighten the mother she runs to baby musk ox and paws snow all over him to hide him. The hunters shoot the mother and the baby comes out from snow and is afraid of dogs and runs to hunters. They cut its throat with knives and knock it in the head, and sometimes dogs run and pull it down and bite its throat."

Mr. McKinley corroborated this, and described the little brown head rising up out of the snow where it had been hidden, and the poor little thing hurrying to them for protection from the dogs.

The young animals accompany the mother for several months, and if the latter is killed the calf will linger near and can easily be run down and captured with the help of dogs. Lieut. Greely succeeded in taking several calves his first winter in the Arctic regions; they became tame in a few days and would no doubt have thrived had they been given roomy quarters and exercise; but the Esquimau dogs made it necessary to confine the calves closely, and they died after a few months.

Sir Donald A. Smith, governor of the Hudson Bay Co., has offered a large reward for two young musk ox, but so far no one has claimed the reward. The food on which the animal lives, mosses, lichens and grasses, is abundant from the true Barren lands almost to civilization. By taking a young animal just weaned from its mother the undertaking could no doubt be carried out successfully. An eight or ten days' journey would bring it to Fort Rae, on Great Slave Lake, and from that point the little Hudson Bay Co. steamers that make one trip a year to the far north and the "brigade" of open boats manned by Indians would bring the Arctic *voyageur* within 100 miles of Edmonton, the most northern town in Canada. From Edmonton there would be no trouble (wagons and the railway being the mode of travel), and in about a week more the young musk ox would reach Montreal, the home of Sir Donald. ELIZABETH TAYLOR.

SPORT IN INDIA.—III.

Central India.

GOING again southward we found Central India a rough, hilly country, only partially cleared and settled. In some sections there are very extensive stretches of populated open country, while in others there are equally extensive masses of untouched forest, but generally speaking there is a scattered intermixture of forest and clearing which is a state of things very favorable for sport. Deer of all kinds are usually more plentiful along the edges of the woods and round about clearings than in the midst of extensive forest. They like to get out on to the open at night and they come after the crops. Tiger and leopard follow the deer and also prey on the villager's cattle. Thus the sportsman can camp in a convenient way within easy reach of villages and supplies, and following main lines of road, and yet have plenty of game round about. In the open stretches there are plenty of black antelope, nylgau, bustard, florican partridges, sand grouse, etc., and the gazelle is here abundant. The country abounds with artificial sheets of water formed by damming up rivers for the purpose of irrigating the land and getting a water supply, which would otherwise be very deficient in this dry, rocky country. On these are to be found wild duck, teal, snipe, etc. The forests contain all the kinds of game before mentioned and in addition the Indian bison, which is not found in the north. This is the largest of the bovine tribe, standing 6ft. at the shoulder, of huge bulk and carrying massive horns. The stalking of these great beasts on the wooded hillsides is one of the most interesting of Indian field sports.

A great deal of the shooting in Central India is effected by driving the game with the aid of a large body of beaters. A piece of forest perhaps half a mile wide and a mile or more long having been selected, as known or likely to hold some game, the sportsmen take their positions across one end and the beaters forming a line across the far end advance gradually, making a hideous din with yells and drums and driving everything before them. Tigers, leopards, bears, hogs and deer are thus shot. In the case of tigers the arrangements are usually rather elaborate.

In addition to the beaters men are posted in trees at short intervals down each side of the beat to prevent the tiger from escaping to one side, so that the animal is surrounded and forced to go down to the guns. The sportsmen in this case are posted on rough platforms of boughs and poles in trees some 12 or 14ft. above the ground. As it is not worth while to make all these preparations on the mere chance of a tiger being there, preliminary measures are taken by tieing up calves every night as baits in likely places round about camp. These are visited early every morning, fed and watered for the day and again tied out for the night. When one is killed it is easy for practiced professional hunters to decide pretty accurately where the tiger has laid up. Being gorged, he will lie up for the day in the nearest suitable stretch of thick covert, and then the drive is organized and carried out.

The climate of Central India is rather hotter than [that of Northern India, but still there is a very fine pleasant winter season from November to March. Owing to the rocky nature of the land the forests dry up after the rainy season more quickly than the denser northern forest under the Himalayas, and they can be entered by December without any fear of jungle fever.

Southern India resembles the central portion in its general character, and the same kinds of game are found there. It has a milder and more equable climate, owing to the proximity of the sea on either hand as the peninsula tapers off. The best sporting regions in Southern India are the hill ranges of the Neilgherries and the wooded hills above the west coast. These enjoy a perfect climate and contain abundance of game in their slopes.

Indian Fishing.

A word may be said about Indian fishing. The celebrated mahseer is a species of carp running up to 80lbs. or more in weight, a very handsome large-scaled fish. He inhabits rushing rivers, and the fishing in all respects resembles salmon fishing, "but more so." The mahseer has great power in the water and makes a tremendous fight for it. In the greater rivers, where he attains his full size, and his struggles are aided by a deep, swift and wide current, it is necessary to use a very powerful salmon rod with 200yds. of the strongest line, and it is often a hard job to check his rush before he runs out all the line. Then comes a long and severe piece of playing; inch by inch and foot by foot he has to be reeled in, and then off he goes with another rush, taking nearly as much line out as at first. This work is enough to tire the arms. Two or three hours are sometimes taken up before a big mahseer succumbs, and I know of one case where the angler's interview with his fish was prolonged for over eight hours, and he had to send to camp for his supper and a lantern before he could come to conclusions.

Every Indian river, except the sluggish sandy ones flowing through the great northern plains, holds mahseer in abundance, so that fishing can nearly always be had as well as shooting.

An Expedition to India.

A sporting expedition to India for one winter season or for a whole year, including a summer in the Himalayan Mountains, could be arranged and carried out without much difficulty, even without being led by some one experienced in Indian field sports and in the languages and manners and customs of the country. There must be many who would like to see something of the sport as well as of the people and the ancient cities and temples and other wonders of India, which the regular winter tourist goes to see. I inquired from FOREST AND STREAM some years ago and was informed that several sporting expeditions to India had been projected, but had fallen through. I was then thinking of organizing and leading a party, but I think I can show how a small party of four or six could get along very well by themselves.

The first thing to do on landing in Bombay or Calcutta would be to hire the services of a respectable English-speaking native, who would accompany the party throughout, act as interpreter and boss the servants. A suitable man ought to be obtained easily enough (perhaps through Cook & Co.'s agency). Also some servants would be engaged who had a little smattering of English. It would be as well to have one of these to each member of the party. He would be your personal attendant and could be around with you at all times. Thus the party could go into the country and get along very well. A great many of the British army officers, whose duties do not make it necessary for them to study the language, have a very slight knowledge of it, and yet with the aid of a servant who knows a little broken English they go out on shooting trips and get along all right.

Being provided then with a respectable English-speaking interpreter and a few servants as above said, the party would go by rail to some outfitting point in the interior and there fit out and make a start into camp.

In such a large country of course hundreds of different tours might be marked out, but by way of a sample I will describe one tour which would prove satisfactory and would take in a great variety of Indian country and game.

Landing in Bombay at the end of September, go by rail to Jubbulpore, a large station in Central India, and there fit out. (All the places I shall mention will be found in any atlas.)

It will be in order here to explain that the whole of British India is divided up into "districts" averaging say eighty miles by forty in size, and each district has a headquarters "station." Some of these are only "civil stations," the residence of the group of officials who manage the district. At the smaller stations there is always a "Europe shop" or two where canned provisions, liquors, powder and shot, etc., can be got. Thus in marching about the country supplies of this kind can be renewed pretty frequently. The larger stations, such as Jubbulpore, are also military centers, and the shops contain a considerable variety of goods. At this place tents are also made, and it is therefore a good outfitting point. The outfit to be bought would be somewhat as follows. I will suppose a party of four.

	Rupees.
Four ponies at 75 rupees	300
Four saddles and bridles at 30 rupees	120
One light driving rig with harness	200
Two sleeping tents at 40 rupees	80
One general tent	50
One kitchen tent	30
Camp furniture, cooking utensils, bedding, enameled plates and dishes, etc., etc., say	150
Total	930

Or, say 1,000 rupees. At present rates of exchange this would equal about $350. And supposing that the whole was sold off at only half price (though you would probably do better), at the end of the trip the loss would be $175, which is not much divided by four.

Then the following servants would be enlisted: one cook and an assistant, two table servants, four grooms, two grass cutters, a couple of "coolies" as helps in pitching tents and tending camp, and a couple of "shikarees" or native hunters, a water man, a washer man and a sweeper. These with your four personal servants make up twenty-one men, which of course in this country seems an absurdly large number, but they are necessary in India, and their pay is a mere trifle. The lower servants, such as grass cutters and coolies, would get only 6 rupees (equal to about $2) a month and find themselves. The upper servants and cook would get some 10 or 12 rupees (say $4) a month. I have put these rates higher than the wages ordinarily paid by residents, because servants hired for a camp and having to leave their homes and go into the jungles expect a little more. The above rates are very liberal and would insure content and keep the men with you. At an average of say 9 rupees, the twenty-one servants would cost you about $63 a month. Your respectable English-speaking head man might expect 20 or even 30 rupees a month, and it would be worth while to pay him well, say 30 rupees (equal to $10) a month.

For the conveyance of the camp two bullock carts would be hired at about 15 rupees a month each, 30 rupees, or $10 a month.

The cost of living may be put at 2 rupees a day per head, equals 8 rupees, or say $3 a day, for the party of four, and this is a very liberal estimate.

The commissariat arrangements are as follows: ordinary provisions, such as flour, rice, fowls, eggs and milk, can be bought all over the country in the larger villages and markets, which would never be far out of reach of the camp; also a few common kinds of native vegetables. The better class of garden vegetables and potatoes can only be had at the English stations, as well as canned provisions and liquors.

The above calculation shows that running expenses would be about 360 rupees or $120 a month—only $1 a day per head. In addition to this there would be some little expense in hiring villagers occasionally as beaters or to carry in game, etc., but since a villager thinks himself well paid with about 10 cents for a day's work, this cannot come to much. Even a big "drive" as before described, using 100 men, will only cost $10 and that would only be an occasional occurrence. If you put down $50 each per month as all the expenses you will be a long way on the safe ride.

Having fitted out at Jubbulpore and laid in enough canned provisions, liquors, etc., a route would be laid out of 200 miles northward along the "Great Deccan Road." This is one of the great metaled highways of the country, formerly constantly traveled by stages, carriages, etc., but now thrown out of use by the railway. It runs through a good sample of Central Indian country partly cleared, partly wooded, and almost every variety of Central Indian game will be found along it (except bison). This route of 200 miles would be only twenty short marches, but the progress along it could easily be made to cover say three months, October, November and December, by halting for a week or two at good places and by occasionally branching off. Every two or three weeks while making a halt the light driving rig would be sent back to Jubbulpore to get your mail and a fresh supply of canned and bottled goods, until the distance became too great, when you would find some other center nearer. A very large map of India would be used, showing all the districts and stations, post offices, etc. One hundred miles would bring you to the native city of Rewah, and a march or two beyond that the great river Sone is found to be near the road running in a deep-forested valley full of game. There is probably no cart road down into this valley. In such cases leaving carts and heavy goods behind and hiring a gang of villagers to carry a light camp, you would penetrate a day's march into the Sone valley, camp by the river for a week or so and then return to the main road.

The end of this 200-mile route brings you to the large station of Mirzapore, on the river Ganges, and you have now passed out of the Central Indian country and reached the great northern plain.

It would be well here to take the rail for Bareilly, and from that station lay out a route of 150 miles to the sacred city of Hurdwar. The march should be along the Grand Trunk road, and by branching off and making halts two months could well be spent. Here you have a good sample of the sport to be had on the northern plains.

Hurdwar stands at the foot of the Himalayan outer ranges or foothills, and here the river Ganges issues from the hills and affords the very finest of mahseer fishing. Beyond Hurdwar and behind the foothills lies the celebrated valley of Dehra Doon, about fifteen miles wide, thickly wooded and affording an excellent sample of the sub-Himalayan forest. The month of March and part of April could be spent here to great advantage. When April is fairly in the weather gets pretty warm and the visitors will be ready to make their retreat. If it is intended to spend the summer in the mountains the party should ascend to the neighboring hill station of Mussoorie and there arrange for marching in the Himalayas, or they will take the rail for Bombay or Calcutta.

Such is an outline of how an Indian sporting tour could be conducted, and I do not think that any serious difficulty would be experienced. I shall be happy to give further details to any one who may contemplate the trip and who may require to know about some points which I may have omitted to mention. Of course all information as to how to get from America to Bombay or Calcutta can be found out from any travelers' agency such as Cook & Co.

At Bombay and Calcutta there are firms of general agents who are also bankers, and will do anything for you, such as forwarding your mails, etc. I can especially mention the firm of King & Co. at both of these ports. The traveler should have his mails sent to their care and redirected by them as he moves about, and he should deposit his funds with them and have them send him drafts from time to time, which can be cashed at the up-country banks or at the Government treasury at stations where there is no bank, thus avoiding carrying about too much cash at one time.

A Winchester rifle of the more powerful models, such as the Winchester express .45 or .50 gauge, would answer quite well for all Indian sport except the three heavy beasts, rhinoceros, buffalo and bison, which require a heavy, large bore. But the visitor would have little chance of seeing buffalo or rhino, which can only be got at on elephants. Bison may be shot with an express if the bullet is well placed in the head or neck, but there is much chance of only wounding and losing.

Winchester ammunition is not generally on sale in India, so a good supply should be taken along.

An ordinary 12-bore is the best gun. It is an advantage to have it hard hitting and long ranging, as a large proportion of the shooting is at wildfowl, geese, cranes, sand grouse, etc. A pea rifle is also very handy for shooting bustard, pea fowl, cranes, otters, etc.

The dress for camping in India is much the same as one would wear in the Southern States of this country.

MAJOR G. M. BELLASIS,
Bengal Staff Corps (retired).

YOUNG'S POINT, Ontario, Can.

Natural History.

RATTLESNAKE AND HORSE.

ON Sunday, Aug. 9, Noel E. Money was riding on horseback in the Ramapo Mountains back of his home, Oakland, N. J. While on his way down one of the roads that thread these mountains, he happened to look upon the ground directly beneath his horse and saw a rattlesnake stretched out across the road immediately beneath him. He dug his heels into his horse's sides, the animal responding by a quick leap forward, landing horse and rider in some pretty rocky country. Looking back at the snake, Mr. Money saw that it had not moved, but was still stretched out in a straight line across the road. This made him think that some one had killed the snake and placed it there; wanting to examine it more closely, he dismounted, tied his horse to a tree and went back to look at the snake.

When within a few feet of it he saw a short, quick movement of its head as it turned toward him. This showed that it was alive, and he made haste to get a stick with which to kill it. On approaching it again, this time with a stick, he poked the stick at it, whereupon the snake struck at the stick, the extreme length of the "strike" being apparently about 6in. The reptile did not coil nor rattle until thoroughly aroused by being teased with the stick. Killing the snake, Mr. Money cut off the rattles, which were incomplete, a certain number of them, together with the button, being missing. The portion he secured showed eight rattles.

Mr. Money heard another snake rattling somewhere close by (or fancied that he did so) and searched for it. Returning to his horse after an absence of about ten minutes, he found it with a badly swollen off-hind fetlock, and at once surmised that the injury was due to a sprain as a result of the leap onto the rocky road. On his arrival home, three-quarters of an hour later, he accordingly put hot fomentations on the injured limb to reduce the swelling. It was not until the poison had begun to work in its system, and an examination had been instituted, that it was discovered that the animal had been bitten by the snake in the off-hind fetlock. Everything was done for the horse, a skilled veterinary surgeon being called, while Mr. Money informed me on Saturday, Aug. 15, six days after the occurrence, that he was afraid he would find the horse dead on his return home, as it was in a very bad way when he left Oakland that morning.

Several times the horse had showed great improvement, eating and drinking well. The latter part of the week, however, the poison seemed to have reached the head, producing a sort of blind staggers. These became so violent on Saturday, and there being apparently no chance of saving the animal's life, its sufferings were ended by a bullet from a .38caliber Colt in the hand of Capt. Money.

There are some curious features about this occurrence. In the first place it is a popular belief that a rattlesnake cannot strike unless previously coiled, but Mr. Money's statement shows plainly that the snake did strike at a stick, the length of the strike being about 6in., and that, too, while the snake was stretched out perfectly straight. It is also generally supposed that a rattlesnake will always give warning when it can that it is going to do mischief, yet this one gave no such warning when it struck at the stick, it only coiled and rattled when thoroughly aroused by being teased with the stick. The fact that the horse was bitten in the fetlock of one of its hind-legs is pretty conclusive proof that the blow was administered while the horse was jumping over it.

Mr. E. Hough, of Chicago, and myself had an experience with a good-sized old rattler in the Alleghany Mountains about Aug. 28 or 29, 1894. Mr. Hough graphically described our encounter in a later issue of FOREST AND STREAM; he also told what fun Dick, the pet coon at the Wopsononock Hotel, near Altoona, Pa., had with the body of the snake when presented with it. As I remember it, this snake rattled before we got within 15yds. of him. He was not coiled, but was slowly retreating over some rocks at the side of the road at the time. We used rocks on him and he struck at the first one, which, badly aimed, fell close to him. The second rock hit him fairly, and then he tried to coil, but could not do so owing to his backbone being shattered.

The point of similarity between Mr. Money's snake and ours is that both struck when stretched out; the difference was that ours rattled long before we either saw it or got near it, while Mr. Money's did not rattle at all until it had done the mischief.

EDWARD BANKS.

HOW BIRDS AFFECT THE FARM AND GARDEN.

BY FLORENCE A. MERRIAM.

[*Concluded from page 124.*]

Hawks and Owls.

IN speaking of the injustice which has been done to many of the best friends of the farm and garden, Dr. Fisher says: "The birds of prey, the majority of which labor night and day to destroy the enemies of the husbandmen, are persecuted unceasingly." There are only three common inland hawks in the United States that do harm, and when this is understood it becomes most important that they should be distinguished from those whose services are of value in order that the beneficial ones may not be killed by mistake. They are the goshawk, Cooper's hawk, and sharp-shinned hawk. Of these, fortunately, the goshawk is rare in the United States except in winter. Cooper's hawk, or the chicken hawk, is the most destructive, especially to doves; and the sharp-shinned hawk is very destructive to small birds, 96 per cent. of its stomach contents consisting of birds. But about two-thirds of the birds of prey in the United States are mainly beneficial.

Marsh Hawk.

The marsh hawk is one of the most valuable of the num-

ber. It can be easily distinguished by its white rump and its habit of beating low over the meadows, for it is an indefatigable mouser. Meadow mice, rabbits and squirrels are its favorite quarry.

Red-Tailed Hawk, Hen Hawk.

This name, which the bird does not deserve, is probably responsible for much of the false opinion regarding it. Dr. Fisher says: "While fully 66 per cent. of the red-tail's food consists of mammals, not more than 7 per cent. consists of poultry, and it is possible that a large proportion of the poultry and game captured by it and the other buzzard hawks is made up of old, diseased or otherwise disabled fowls, so preventing their interbreeding with the sound stock and hindering the spread of fatal epidemics." Among other things, the red-tail eats ground squirrels, rabbits, mice and rats.

Red-Shouldered Hawk.

This useful bird's list of food includes mice, snakes, grasshoppers, earthworms, snails, spiders and centipedes. Ninety per cent. of its food is composed of injurious mammals and insects.

Sparrow Hawk.

Grasshoppers, crickets and other insects form the chief food of the sparrow hawk during the warm months, and mice during the rest of the year.

Swainson's Hawk.

This bird is the great grasshopper destroyer of the West. It is estimated that in a month 300 of these birds—and they go in large flocks—save sixty tons of produce that the grasshoppers would have destroyed.

Long-Eared Owl.

The long-eared owl is an industrious mouser and molests comparatively few birds. As it is one of the commonest owls, the good it does must be very great.

Barred Owl.

Although this bird has a bad reputation, only 4½ per cent. of its food is poultry and game, and if the chickens were shut up at night it would not do even this amount of harm. Most of its food is made up of small mammals, many of them the worst enemies we have. It also eats large numbers of injurious insects.

Screech Owl.

Nearly three-fourths of its food is of injurious mammals and insects, including grasshoppers, crickets and cutworms, mice and rats.

Barn Owl.

The food of the barn owl consists almost exclusively of mammals, such as gophers, the common rat and cotton rat, mice and shrews. From the nest of one pair of owls 454 skulls were taken, of which 225 were meadow mice and 179 house mice. Six hundred and seventy-five "pellets" or rejects of the barn owl, taken from one of the towers of the Smithsonian Institution by Dr. A. K. Fisher, contained the remains of 1,821 mammals, birds and batrachians, as follows: Rabbits 1, rats 134, mice 1,596, short-tailed shrews 54, moles 1, bats 1, small birds 32, frogs 2. In other words, mice constituted 93 per cent. of the food of these owls.

English Sparrow.

It seems remarkable that the sparrow should ever have been introduced into the United States, for the English had already been fifty years in trying to destroy the pest; and in Australia the injury done by the sparrow had been so serious that the bird became the dominant factor in politics, an election hanging on the question of its extermination, and the leaders who stood for its active destruction winning the day.

In the United States we are reaping the results of our own ignorance and folly. Since the bird was introduced in 1850 it has become established in thirty-five States and five Territories, and has done its worst in driving away our native birds and destroying buds, blossoms, fruit and grain.

It has been shown to interfere with seventy kinds of our own birds, most of which nest about houses and gardens and are beneficial to the farm and garden. The examination of 522 stomachs shows that, while it eats wheat, oats and corn, it has little interest in insects. Of the insects which it has been found to eat, forty-seven kinds are harmful, while fifty are beneficial, which shows how much good is to be expected from it in destroying pests to counterbalance what it does in driving away our own birds that live on insects.

It is clear that the English sparrow should be exterminated, that laws protecting him should be repealed, and that some intelligent, systematic action should be taken to rid the United States of his obnoxious presence. Bounty laws cannot do this, for, as has been clearly demonstrated, they do more mischief than can easily be remedied, as money is usually spent on the heads of the valuable birds that have been mistaken for the injurious ones. But the work might be effectively done by State boards or commissioners, who should hire trained assistants to destroy the birds and their nests.

Conclusion.

So far as it has gone, the examination of the stomach contents of birds has proved that, except in rare cases, where individuals attack cultivated fruits and grains, our native birds merely preserve the balance of nature by destroying weeds that plague the farmer and by checking the insects that destroy the produce of the agriculturist. The great value of birds is demonstrated. The question is first how to attract them where they have disappeared, and then how to protect the crops from their occasional depredations. Mr. Forbush, who has experimented in the matter in Massachusetts, both fed the birds and planted bushes to attract them. He says: "It is evident that a diversity of plants which encourages diversified insect life and assures an abundance of fruits and seeds as an attraction to birds will insure their presence."

The cultivated crops can be protected in two ways: either by mechanical devices that frighten the birds away from the fruit or grain fields, or by the substitution of wild or cultivated kinds. To frighten the birds away, white twine can be strung across berry beds, string hung with bits of glittering waste tin over fields, while stuffed hawks and cats can be kept in orchards. To attract the birds from cultivated fruit it is well to plant some wild fruit that will bear during the weeks when the birds eat the garden or orchard crops. In this connection Mr. Forbush says: "I wish particularly to note the fact that the mulberry trees, which ripen their berries in June, proved to be a protection to the cultivated cherries, as the fruit-eating birds seem to prefer them to the cultivated cherries, perhaps because they ripen somewhat earlier"; and he adds, "I believe it would be wise for the farmer to plant rows of these trees near his orchard, and it is possible that the early June berry or shadberry might also be useful in this respect."

Prof. Beal suggests planting berry bushes along the roads and fences and between grain fields.

To protect strawberries and cherries (May and June), plant Russian mulberry and June berry or shadberry.



SPARROW HAWKS.

To protect raspberries and blackberries (July and August), plant mulberry, buckthorn, elder and choke cherry.

To protect apples, peaches, grapes (September and October), plant choke cherries, elder, wild black cherry and Virginia creeper.

To protect winter fruits, plant Virginia creeper, dogwood, mountain ash, bittersweet, viburnum, hackberry, bayberry and pokeberry.

Birds that eat mulberries are the flycatchers, warblers, vireos, cuckoos, blackbirds, orioles, finches, sparrows, tanagers, waxwings, catbirds, bluebirds and thrushes.



RED-TAILED HAWK.

Birds that eat the potato beetle are the rose-breasted grosbeak, cuckoo and quail.

Birds that eat the tent caterpillar (which does most harm to apple and cherry trees) are the crow, chickadee, oriole, red-eyed vireo, yellow-billed cuckoo, black-billed cuckoo, chipping sparrow and yellow warbler.

Birds that eat the cut worm (which eats off corn, etc., before it is fairly started in the spring, and is very destructive to grass) are the robin, crow, catbird, loggerhead shrike, house wren, meadow lark, cowbird, Baltimore oriole, brown thrasher and red-winged blackbird.

Ants (which spread plant-lice, destroy timber and infest houses) are the favorite food of the catbird, thrasher, house wren and woodpeckers; and are eaten by almost all land birds except birds of prey.

Scale insects (which are a fruit-tree pest, injure oranges, olives, etc.) are eaten by the bush tit, woodpeckers and cedar bird.

The May beetle (which ravages forest trees, also injures grain and grass lands) is eaten by the hermit thrush, wood thrush, robin, meadow lark, brown thrasher, bluebird, catbird, bluejay, crow blackbird, crow, loggerhead shrike, mockingbird and gray-cheeked thrush.

Weevils (which injure grain, forage and market gardens) are eaten by the crow blackbird, red-winged blackbird, Baltimore oriole, catbird, brown thrasher, house wren, meadow lark, cowbird, bluebird, robin, swallows, flycatchers, mockingbird, woodpeckers, wood thrush, Alice's thrush and scarlet tanager.

The chinch bug (which eats grain and wheat) is eaten by the brown thrasher, meadow lark, catbird, red-eyed vireo, robin and Bob White.

The wire worm (which causes heavy losses in the cornfield) is eaten by the red-winged blackbird, crow blackbird, crow, woodpeckers, brown thrasher, scarlet tanager, robin, catbird, Baltimore oriole, meadow lark and cowbird.

Crane flies (which eat grass roots in the hay fields) are eaten by the robin, catbird, wood thrush, gray-cheeked thrush, olive-backed thrush, crow, crow blackbird and red-winged blackbird.

The soldier bug is eaten by the robin, bluebird, crow blackbird, crow, catbird, house wren, red-winged blackbird, Baltimore oriole and meadow lark.

Birds that eat the cotton worm are the bluebird, bluejay, red-winged blackbird, thrush, prairie chicken, quail, killdee, bobolink, mockingbird, cardinal and cuckoo.

Gypsy Moth.—Mr. Forbush, ornithologist of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, gives the following list of birds seen to feed on the gypsy moth: Yellow-billed cuckoo, black-billed cuckoo, hairy woodpecker, downy woodpecker, pigeon woodpecker, kingbird, great crested flycatcher, phœbe, wood pewee, least flycatcher, bluejay, crow, Baltimore oriole, purple grackle or crow blackbird, chipping sparrow, chewink, rose breasted grosbeak, indigo bird, scarlet tanager, red-eyed vireo, yellow-throated vireo, white-eyed vireo, black-and-white warbler, yellow warbler, chestnut-sided warbler, black-throated green warbler, oven bird, Maryland yellow-throated warbler, American redstart, catbird, brown thrasher, house wren, white-breasted nuthatch, chickadee, wood thrush, American robin, bluebird and English sparrow.

Birds that eat grasshoppers and crickets are the mockingbird, thrasher, bluebird, wrens, shore lark, goldfinch, longspur, grasshopper sparrow, song sparrow, junco, lark sparrow, dickcissel, rose-breasted grosbeak, blue grosbeak, indigo bunting, cardinal, chewink, bobolink, cow bird, red-winged blackbird, meadow lark, Baltimore oriole, orchard oriole, rusty blackbird, crow, bluejay, kingbird, crow blackbird, whippoorwill, night hawk, swift, cuckoo, red-headed woodpecker, flicker, barn owl, great-horned owl, marsh hawk, sparrow hawk, gulls, Swainson's hawk, quail, shrikes, swallows, vireos, robin and catbird.

In the Massachusetts Crop Report for July, 1896, Mr. William R. Sessions gives a list of the birds he has seen feeding on the army worm during the present summer: Kingbird, phœbe, bobolink, cowbird, red-winged blackbird, Baltimore oriole, crow blackbird, chipping sparrow, robin.

BREEDING BEAVER IN WASHINGTON.

It will be remembered that about one and a half years ago Mr. Elwood Hofer brought on from the Yellowstone National Park a number of beaver for the National Zoölogical Park in Washington, which were afterward turned loose there in a pen especially provided for them. Through this inclosure a little stream of water runs and the beaver make themselves very much at home, building dams and houses and seeming to thrive there. The story of the capture of these beaver was written up by Mr. Hofer and published in FOREST AND STREAM not many months ago.

It is extremely gratifying to learn that these beaver bred this spring and that the young ones now are to be seen almost daily. This was anticipated, for at the time of the rut the beaver fought more or less and one of them subsequently died from injuries received in fighting.

For a long time Mr. W. H. Blackburne, the head keeper at the Park, has been on the watch for young beaver, but it was not until the latter part of July that any were seen. In fact Mr. Blackburne has been looking so long that he became pretty much discouraged and had almost given up the belief that he had held that the beaver had bred. However, one evening about 7 o'clock in the latter part of July, just as Mr. Blackburne was about to leave for home, he saw a small animal dart out into the stream from the bank and begin to swim around in a circle as fast as it could. At first Mr. Blackburne thought it a muskrat, which animals are very abundant about the dams, but two or three minutes later a second animal like the first darted out and both swam around as fast as they could, dashing along as if they did not know which way to go or what to do. After circling about for a moment they would slap the water with their little tails, dive down, come up, circle around again and then again slap the water and dive. This play they kept up for some time, in fact until it got quite dusky.

These little beaver are about half as large as a muskrat, and each little tail is slightly larger than a tablespoon. When they were first seen they did not attempt to leave the water. Now they are becoming quite tame and come with the old ones after their bread every evening about 7 o'clock.

Wolf and Coyote Habits.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The $3 bounty which this State is paying for wolves and coyotes has thinned the ranks of these animals in the past two years and furnishes a lucrative business to a great many wolfers, some of them making $500 and $600 a season.

The old method of poisoning these animals has practically been abandoned, as they seem to avoid bait which has been strychnined, or—if they do occasionally eat it—the poison seems to have no effect on them. Now, the most successful way to capture them is to dig out their dens and knock the young in the head.

Conversing with some professional wolfers the other day, they informed me that while coyotes den up anywhere on the prairie, often five or more miles from water, the wolves never make their den more than 200 or 300yds. from it; that one den suffices the coyotes in which to rear their young, but that wolves move two and three times, digging new holes for their young.

The offal about the coyote dens consists solely of prairie dogs, ground squirrels and an occasional rabbit or bird. The wolves, however, feed their young on calves and colts, and the stench of the decaying meat is said to be the cause of their moving their dens. J. W. SCHULTZ.

KIPP, Montana.

Game Bag and Gun.

RAINBOW LAKE, ADIRONDACKS.

New York, Aug. 12.—No man likes hunting for deer and fishing for trout more than I, and the pictures which I send you illustrate the place and home of the deer and where the speckled beauties can be caught—a place wherever you row and wherever you walk you are sure to meet streams, ponds and springs, some of the loveliest of scenery.

Rainbow Lake is situated midway between St. Regis and Loon lakes, in the heart of the Adirondacks. The place is best reached by way of Utica over the Adirondack & St. Lawrence R. R. (a branch of the New York Central R. R.). The proprietor of Rainbow Inn is James M. Wardner; a better hearted man in the Adirondacks cannot be found, an educated gentleman, an accomplished and enthusiastic fisherman and hunter, well acquainted with the habits of birds, insects and game in these woods for the past forty years, he having come to Rainbow in the year 1856.

In the earlier days Rainbow was a howling wilderness and then the panther, wolf and bear were plentiful. Mr. Wardner has hunted and killed many of them. And if one has an opportunity to go to Rainbow and go a-hunting or fishing with Mr. Wardner, he will find himself listening with wonder to this grand old gentleman's stories, founded on facts, of how he has hunted and fished. I have hunted and fished at Rainbow many times. I have been with all the guides there. They are all like their master, good-hearted fellows, well versed in the art of handling the gun and rod.

I recall to my memory an incident I can never forget. A few years ago, while hunting for deer up the stream called the Big Inlet, a lovely, still, moonlight night, my boat lying with my guide and myself within the shadows of some overhanging boughs, I beheld within a very short distance a lovely full-grown doe feeding among the lilypads, unconscious of any danger at hand, while her fawn on the bank close by was crying for its mother to return to its offspring. The fawn had evidently got the scent of us, while its mother had not. After a while the doe turned to its fawn and together they went back into the woods. It was a grand sight and it was one of those times in a hunter's life when nothing would induce him to draw up his rifle and shoot. I remember at the time my faithful guide saying, "Don't shoot." Such scenes are rare. No artist could do justice to that grand sight.

The waters around Rainbow are full of trout. I know of no better place to fish, and I have caught many trout there. I once caught a mess weighing all the way from ¼lb. to 1lb. each. It was one of my best fishing times. The place selected was the stream up by Pay Dam, beyond Rainbow River. I can see now those beauties jump for the flies I cast, and when my guide would place the net under the water to carefully land them, new life would come to them and they would dodge the net here and there with great vim. It was great sport.

I have just returned from a fishing trip to Rainbow. I caught a good many weighing ¼lb. each. I fished up Rainbow River and Lilypad Pond, and a friend, the same day, fishing up the Big Inlet, came in with a number weighing over 1lb. each. Mr. Wardner was so pleased with our day's catch that he too, thorough sportsman as he is, could not resist the temptation to go that very evening up the stream to try his luck. I left for home that evening, and so did not learn what he caught. My friends who are fond of the gun and rod (good fellows such men are), if you want to go somewhere to build up the tired and worn-out constitution, to better fit yourselves to take up anew your business pursuits, and you don't care how you rough it, then I tell you the place is Rainbow; a place where they will take good care of you, and a place where you will associate with good people. W. W. B.

MAINE DEER MULTITUDINOUS.

Brewer, Me., Aug. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your last issue Special says: "Thirty deer seen in one day at Big Spencer Lake were none too many for a guide to write me about. But he signed no name to his postal card except A Guide. Of course he wants me to believe the story and publish it." In the same issue Mr. Hough writes: "Mr. A. H. Weed, of Anderson, Md., is just back from a vacation trip in Maine, and says he saw more deer than he ever did. He saw over 100 in a day, and they were so tame that he often paddled up to within 25 to 75yds. of them as they stood near the shore."

A few years ago if I had been told that any one had seen thirty deer in one day I should have been as doubtful as Special seems to be, but now any one who thinks it anything strange to see as many around many of our lakes and streams is decidedly a "back number." I have not the least doubt that Mr. Weed told Mr. Hough the truth when he claimed that he saw over 100 in one day. Wednesday, July 8, I started to visit my old friend Louis Ketchum, who has a fine hunting camp at the head of Nahmakunta Lake, some twenty-eight miles from Norcross. While on the way up I met a guide of my acquaintance who told me that the week before he sat in his canoe and counted twenty-six deer in one place. Shortly after arriving at Ketchum's camp he came in with a party he had been guiding, Mr. Ignatius Sargent, wife and son, from Massachusetts. They had been up to Rainbow Lake photographing deer. Louis told me that at one time he counted twenty-three from his canoe.

Two days after, while fishing on Rainbow dead water, where there is little chance for deer to feed, we could see them on all sides, often six or eight being in sight at once. They were so tame that they paid no attention to our talking, and would allow us to go very near them. We saw one doe with a fawn and another with two. Two old bucks met while wading round a point of bushes, and as neither would yield the right of way, one raised his forefoot very handily and struck the other over the head, causing him to turn out.

Shortly after this I went with Louis overland to some ponds where he had another canoe. There was good feeding ground in this country, but as we went up with a strong wind, most of the deer left the water before we saw them, but when coming back I kept accurate count, and we saw thirty-four deer in not over two hours. At one time I saw sixteen. Six of them were all together. Many of them, which were feeding on points or grassy islands, took to the water and swam, and we paddled very near to some of them. We did not see a single doe with a fawn among these thirty-four, although probably many of them had fawns which they had left back in the woods. Fully three-fourths were does or yearlings.

Most people greatly overestimate the natural increase of deer. They usually reckon that, as a doe has two fawns, the stock of deer doubles annually. They do not take into the account the many barren does and the large number of fawns which are destroyed by animals. Besides bears, lynx and wildcats, fishers destroy many. It may seem incredible that an animal weighing but from 10 to 12lbs. can kill a fawn, but fishers not only kill fawns but full-grown deer. Louis told me of finding two full-grown deer at different times which had been killed by fishers. Even the common red fox sometimes kills fawns, I think that an increase of 50 per cent. is fully large enough to reckon on for the natural increase of unprotected deer.

During my short stay I saw over seventy deer, and my son, who went across the country by way of the Debskeneay ponds to climb Katahdin, saw over fifty in four days, and also saw two moose, one an old bull with large horns. I also saw numerous fresh signs of moose. People visiting this same country in the open season will see very few deer from a canoe, as they will then have left the vicinity of the water, but they will be abundant in the woods.

I think there is very little illegal killing done in this country this season. I heard of three cow moose which had been killed near Schoodic and Sebois lakes, and one or two of the offenders had been arrested before my return. But I did not hear of a moose being killed south of Katahdin, above Norcross, and did not hear a gun fired by anyone while in that country. All the guides I met spoke decidedly against killing moose in close time. One guide had a theory as to how to cause an increase of bull moose. He contends that as the bulls are growing scarce they should be protected for a term of years, but that people should be permitted to kill the cows and so allow the bulls to increase. His theory is certainly original.

M. Hardy.

NEW ZEALAND'S INTRODUCED GAME.

The annual report of the Wellington, New Zealand, Acclimatization Society for the year 1896 is a pamphlet of very great interest, for it treats of the introduction into a country quite without game animals of species brought from the old world and the new.

Of these species the European red deer (*Cervus elaphus*) is easily the most important, and New Zealand has proved itself in all respects a most suitable home for deer, the climate being all that can be desired, and pasturage, water and shelter abundant. Starting with three individuals, the red deer have multiplied, thriven and increased in such a way that they now roam in hundreds over a considerable area of territory. The progenitors of this herd were introduced into the Province of Wellington in the year 1862, through the kindness of the late Prince Consort, who furnished six deer to be forwarded to New Zealand: three for the Province of Wellington and three for Canterbury. These deer were captured in Windsor Park and were kept there for a short time to prepare them for their sea voyage. One stag and two hinds were shipped to Wellington, where, on June 6, after a passage of 127 days, one stag and one hind arrived safely. Of the three deer shipped for Canterbury only one hind lived to be landed, and this one was sent to Wellington and kept there with the other two.

After some time these deer were conveyed to Mr. Carter's station on the Taratahi Plains, and early in 1863 were liberated there, and crossing Ruamahanga River began to range on the Maungaraki ranges. These mountains consist of limestone formation, and much of the soil has been sown with English grass, which is supposed in a measure to account for the extraordinary growth of the antlers developed by the deer in that locality. From this place deer have spread into various other valleys and seem to be working their way annually into sections where none have hitherto been found.

In New Zealand the red deer shed their antlers in September, which corresponds to our month of March, the new horns beginning to grow almost at once. The antlers harden toward the end of January and soon the velvet is rubbed off and the animal is in an incomplete condition. The rut is said to occur from March 20 to about April 14. Females breed the third year and each year thereafter.

Considerable difference of opinion exists in the Colony as to when stags ought to be shot. Of course, they are in their prime during the months of February and March, but the Council have thought it best to fix the date for the beginning of the killing of these stags not earlier than the latter part of the rutting season.

It is reported that the sambur deer (*Rusa aristotelis*) which have been introduced in the Carnarvon district are increasing, and it is suggested that steps be taken to introduce the roe, fallow and other varieties of deer in the Wellington district.

Birds.

Continued efforts to rear pheasants have been made during the past year, and Mr. Knowlton, of Greytown, has been the most successful of those attempting this. He has reared about forty fine birds, and altogether about sixty have been turned out as the result of the year's operations. Mr. R. Campbell Grant, of London, recently purchased for the Society two pairs of Elliott pheasants, which arrived in February, but one of the cocks died shortly before landing. The remaining birds are now in charge of Mr. Knowlton and are in excellent condition. A number of wild ducks, chiefly mallards, have been hatched during the year, and a preserve for English wild ducks has been set aside near Martinborough.

A shipment of Virginia quail from America had not arrived at the publication of this report.

The game protective act of 1895 provides for a close season for native pigeons during 1896 and every succeeding sixth year, and also repeals the clause in the act of 1890 which allows the sale of game by holders of shooting licenses. A number of additional game wardens have been appointed during the year, and a number of prosecutions instituted for breaches of the law. In most of these cases convictions were obtained and substantial fines inflicted. The Council find the work of protecting game difficult on account of the thoughtlessness and selfishness of many people.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 8.—Mr. Tom Callender, of Nashville, Tenn., while in Chicago this week was good enough to give me an invitation to join in a sport which I imagine to be somewhat peculiar. "Come down to Nashville," said he, "and I will take you out for a day of convict chasing with the hounds."

"What is that?" I asked him, supposing that he probably meant trailing an escaped prisoner with bloodhounds. He explained that the chase was not exactly *bona fide*, although the hounds really chase an actual convict. It seems that there are forty or fifty hounds, not bloodhounds, but foxhounds, which are owned by the State and used at different points where the convict labor is employed. The main penitentiary is located at Nashville, and a number of convicts are engaged there now on one of the new buildings. It is desirable to train the dogs on human quarry, so that when they are actually used to trail an escaping prisoner their work may be more efficient. For a dollar or two it is easy to discover some healthy negro convict who would rather run ahead of the dogs than to work all day. He is given a couple of hours' start, and the dogs are then put on the trail. They never fail to put their man up a tree, and a man never fails to climb a tree when he sees them coming. Mr. Callender says he once saw a convict who had been a little slow, lazy, ahead of the dogs, get chased for nearly a quarter of a mile at hot speed across the gun club grounds to the nearest tree, which was not a very big one at that. The foxhounds would certainly pull down their man if he did not take to a tree. In this way the dogs are kept trained for the frequent use needful in the camps, where the convicts are continually jumping their guards and escaping into the swamps and thickets, where they could never be recovered by any other means. I am not quite clear that I would be used to this sort of hunting at first, though I recall that I was once called upon to help chase a horse thief, and have a vague recollection that we caught him.

Mr. Callender also asks me to share in another singular sport, that of shooting wild hogs, of which there are many not far from Nashville. These are the domestic hogs gone wild, but they make a rather dangerous game. Mr. Callender uses for them a .25-30 rifle with nitro load, which he has found very effective. He killed a number last spring.

I recall that there is a place in the Mississippi bottoms near Dubuque, Ia., where wild hogs are often hunted. That is an open country, where riding is possible, and the chase is on horseback after dogs. I do not know whether or not the spear could be used here, but I think it would be a lot of fun with the dogs and rifle. There are numbers of wild hogs in the swamps of the Mississippi Delta, and the veteran, Bob Bobo, always said that they were the most dangerous animal that ran in the canebrakes.

Mr. Ben Bush, of Kalamazoo, Mich., tells me a fairy story, which he, however, declares is not a fairy story, about a new sort of fish that they have in a lake called Birch Lake, in the Michigan southern peninsula. He says that they have the large and the small mouth bass, and also a red-eyed slimmish bass whose meat is red or salmon color. They call the latter the "salmon-bass." Is it possible that I am to take upon my string the salmon-bass as well as the fantail deer and pine nut bear?

Doves and Sangaree.

Mr. T. A. Divine, of Memphis, has finally kept his promise of coming to Chicago, and has returned to his home. Dog owners of this city have not yet had time to check up their losses.

Mr. Divine says that the dove shooting around Memphis is phenomenal this year. "The way to do," said he, "is to find a wheat field where the birds are feeding. Then you find a nice shady tree where the breeze is good, and you sit there in a chair. You have your shell box open on one side of you, and on the other you have a nice big bucket of sangaree, not too strong and not too weak. Of course you have a fan. Then you have a little nigger boy to run out and pick up your dead birds for you. It doesn't take him long to learn to keep down low when the birds are coming in over him, and sometimes he will bring four or five birds in at once. This is the way we shoot doves in our country, and it is my notion of the way all shooting ought to be done."

This idea certainly should appeal to Chicago shooters during this torrid week.

The other day I discovered something which my informant told me I ought to have learned long ago in my camping experience. We were boiling a pot of coffee over an open fire, and of course the coffee boiled over, grounds and all. My companion laid two or three twigs across the foaming grounds on the top of the coffee pot, and the latter subsided and ceased to spill over. "Didn't you ever know that?" said he.

I have recently found that chiggers, chigres or jiggers are to be found in Northern woods as well as in the Southern country. I long ago discovered in the Indian nations that bacon rind was a speedy remedy for these invisible little red spiders that bore into the skin and raise bumps on a fellow.

It was Hungry.

Mr. J. S. Dumser, of Elgin, Ill., is an old-time contributor to Forest and Stream, and wrote for the paper twenty years ago. During a pleasant call at this office this week Mr. Dumser, who is a member of the Leather-Stocking Club, who are sworn to moderation in fish stories, told me of a recent incident that happened on the Fox River. Two friends were fishing for bass, with soft crawfish for bait. One had a bite and the fish carried off his line, but he did not strike it, thinking it had dropped the bait. Some moments later the second man had a bite and hooked his fish. Pulling it out, it was discovered that the fish had the first angler's hook swallowed as well as that of the second man. It was evidently hungry and knew when it didn't have enough. This is further argument for the belief in the insensibility to pain possessed by fishes. The environment which makes it necessary to swallow perch and bullheads ought to be equal to a fish hook or two now and then. E. Hough.

1206 Boyce Building, Chicago.

A Three-Barreled Hammerless.

Why do not some gun manufacturers put on the market a hammerless three-barreled gun, two barrels shot and the third rifle? No sportsman goes to the woods that he does not want the three barrels, also never a-duck-hunting that he doesn't need the three barrels. A. F. Nims.

From a Shaky Perch.

PLACE: a railroad in the pine forest, 245 miles north of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. TIME: evening, October, '94. A deer trail leading from the railroad over a burnt ridge separating a cedar swamp from a marsh. Golden rod waist high covering the uneven ground.

The trail leads under the body and between the limbs of a small spruce, which at this point is about 6in. in diameter and about 5ft. from the ground, having been turned out of root and left resting on the larger branches. I clamber on to this unsteady trunk and, balancing myself, inspect the forest beyond. Presently I see a weed shake about 100yds. distant. All is quiet for some seconds, then more agitation among the weeds; something is moving—a deer probably. It is difficult to keep my position. One small limb near the upper part of the trunk suffices to steady me somewhat by placing one foot partially on it, and I watch the weeds intently.

There it is, a deer's head just showing above the golden rod. My! but this is a shaky perch to shoot a rifle from. Bang! goes my .38 Winchester, and out comes the deer jumping wildly toward me, then turning to the right, tries to recover the woods. My gun speaks again, but on flies the deer over logs and through hollows, making a very uncertain mark. A third shot at about an even 100yds. and I saw my ball strike amidships, and the beautiful creature lay dead in the edge of the cover it strove to reach. I saw it was a fawn not yet full grown, and naturally looked back over the weed patch to see if it had a mate. Yes, the weeds were shaking; up comes another head, followed by the report of my rifle. Here he comes! bounding off this time to the right of me, and causing me to twist my body into a rope, for I could not change the position of my feet without falling. My! what uneven ground; now above my gun, now below it and hidden in the weeds. Two misses that serve only to locate his danger and accelerate his speed, and then he comes out on open ground and shows his side in an effort to return to the swamp over the ridge. This is truly a race for life, and the issue is doubtful.

To the southwest lies his mate. My toes point to the northwest, while he is northeast of me. Just over the narrow ridge is cover and safety. But I see a spot just back of his shoulder as my rifle speaks again, and I found him some 50ft. beyond. My first shot went under the skin at the base of the jaw, while the second, fourth, fifth and sixth were misses. Seven shots for two deer; but considering the conditions it was one of my experiences I will long remember.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

The Maine Capercailzie.

AUGUSTA, Aug. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed find a note from our daily paper: "All efforts to trace the capercailzie and black game imported into Aroostook from Old Sweden last spring have proved in vain. Now and then some one spreads the rumor that they have been heard or seen. The last report is by a Swede who asserts that he saw and heard them in Ontario, Can. If they have gone to the pine forests of that section we will never see them again in Maine, says the New Sweden correspondent of the Aroostook *Republican*."

It is also reported that there is a herd of over 100 caribou on Mt. Katahdin, and several people visiting there have seen them all together. One man succeeded in getting a photograph of them, and then lost camera and plates by capsizing his canoe.

CUSHNOC.

It Educates.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I feel as if I must write and tell you how much I appreciate your valuable paper. The FOREST AND STREAM is the most interesting paper I ever read, and I am always on hand Thursday at the Reading Railroad depot to get a copy every week. If all hunters pretending to be sportsmen would read its columns we would soon be rid of the game hogs that shoot and fish for quantities and not sport.

C. A. Y.

Game in Wayne County, Pa.

DYBERRY, Pa., Aug. 7.—Trout were scarce this spring on account of dry weather last fall and in May this year. We caught a small pailful (dressed) the last day of the season; water very low then and the fish wild and shy. It is too early to look for game yet; woodcock scarce; some broods of young partridges (ruffed grouse) reported; very few squirrels seen yet.

G. M. D.

The Birds in Iowa.

BRIGHTON, Ia.—In this locality quail are abundant; more seen than for years before. Prairie chickens also are doing fine, and a great many are reported where they breed. Squirrels are found without number and rabbits are too numerous to mention.

SINGLE SHOT.

Currituck Bay Birds.

WE know of a party going from New York to Currituck this week for bay bird shooting, in which there is room for another person; and we believe this to be an excellent opportunity for one who can take advantage of it.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

Sea and River Fishing.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

VIII.—Col. Charles H. Raymond.

THE only fishing companion of earliest boyhood with whom I have kept in touch throughout life, and who is living to-day, is the subject of this sketch. He was born in Albany, N. Y., in January, 1834, and is near my own age. He frequently visited me across the river, and we hunted turtles in the creeks from the red mill to Quackendary Hollow—pond turtles, snapping turtles and box turtles—and the point was to collect as many as possible and try to train them to race. We fished a little once in a while, but to Raymond it was too slow and lacked the excitement of grabbing turtles, and this was characteristic of his life throughout. As a fisherman pure and simple he would never have achieved fame. He lacked that quality of patience which is not strained, but droppeth like the gentle worm overboard when it is the last in the bait box. I cared little to fish with him because of this lack of patience. He was of the class who say, "Yes, I like to fish if they bite fast." But he was a born hunter, wing, rifle shot and "bird-dog" man, and took to setters as ducks go to a mill pond.

We would watch old John Chase lift his fyke nets in the creek and he would give us the turtles that he caught. We would stroll down the Greenbush bank, past old Fort Cralo, where I went to school, and watch the sturgeon jump in the river. Then a big one would jump every few minutes, now there are few, if any, in the Hudson. We went back of the nut orchard and drank the strong sulphur water from Harrowgate Spring, which we often talk of to-day. It is singular that we never went shooting together, perhaps because his ideas of sportsmanship were



COL. CHARLES H. RAYMOND.

higher than mine, and he could go to more distant and better places than I; but whatever the reason, we often talked of shooting, but never shot in company, yet I kept track of him and of his shooting trips in various parts of the country.

While still a small boy, too small to carry the smallest arms, he followed afield such sportsmen as the late Dr. Judson and his pupil Alexander Bullock, of West Sandlake, Rensselaer county, N. Y., in admiration of their skillful handling of the Doctor's slashing English setters, of which I heard much at that time. The masterful way in which those adepts in the art of wing shooting grassed the plump brown woodcock, which they flushed in front of their dogs in the rich coverts that lined the banks of the Wynantskill, taught him lessons in that "deliberate promptitude," so dear to Frank Forrester, that have never been forgotten. As he grew older he was permitted to accompany these sportsmen and shoot with them, and I heard a great deal of these trips after I became his school-mate at Prof. Anthony's, with the late Major George S. Dawson, the subject of sketch No. VI. of this series.

The first field dog that young Raymond owned was a setter bred by Doctor Judson, called Prince, a very good dog for a boy because he knew the ways of the birds, and, as I remember, had a way as well as a will of his own. His next, and a rare good one it grew to be, was a pointer from my Nell, who was described in the article on Port Tyler as a pointer whose father was a setter. She was stolen from me and recovered by my father after I left Albany, and he bred her to the famous old Pumpelly pointer of Albany and gave the choice of the litter to his nephew, young Raymond, who named him Don and trained him to a perfection that was rare in those days, took him to Michigan and shot over him to the surprise of the shooters there, who had never seen a field dog work on feathered game and had no experience of wing shooting. These things to hear I, like Desdemona, would seriously incline in after years and the fame of my Nell and her progeny seemed partly mine. Young Raymond gave Don to his friend Harry Palmer in 1856, and shot over him again two years later. After Mr. Palmer's death Don was sold at auction for $50, a very high price for a bird dog in Michigan at that time. I had given Nell such training as she had. My boyish knowledge of dog training must have been crude, although I did not suspect it at the time, for I had read Youatt, Frank Forrester and other authors, and had seen some bird dogs work, and thought, boy-like, that I knew it all; but Nell was not broken to suit the fastidious taste of Master Raymond. He bred her again to the Pumpelly pointer and one of the litter was a beautifully coated liver-colored setter, the first one in four litters that showed the blood of her sire, James Bleecker's well-known setter. This puppy, Fifine, Mr. Raymond gave to Monsieur Pierre Delpit, his fencing master, in 1859.

It was in Jackson county, Michigan, where Mr. Raymond and Don surprised the natives, and the woodcock and game of all kinds abounded there. Mr. R. learned to track the deer amid the oak openings, through the mossy swamps around Vineyard Lake and along the windings of Raisin River. Here the early lessons of old "Uncle Henry" Harris, the famous hunter of Lake George, who taught the boy to "shute rifil," found their academy of graduation, and thereafter, so long as eyes held their own, Charles could look with confidence along the sights of a rifle at moving game. We had drifted far apart until my return in 1860 from a six years' tramp, and we no more lured the sunfish from the creeks, nor held disputes over the species, age or other things appertaining to turtles and tortoises. We left the frogs to be stoned by younger boys and contented ourselves with reminiscences of our mighty deeds, the only difference of opinion, then and to-day, being the question which of us it was that attempted to jump a stream and changed his mind when halfway across and stuck in the mud. I still believe it was Charles.

In the meantime he had undertaken long journeyings abroad, and save a chamois hunt in Switzerland, with its climbing, sliding, crevass leaping and glacier scrambling, there was no shooting for two years. After wandering through Germany and Italy, living on foot for months along the valleys and on the mountains of Switzerland, he went back to France and made his home in the Latin Quarter of Paris, along about in Trilby's time; and if he failed to meet Little Billee I know by what he has told me that he must have been on friendly terms with Zoo Zou and the Laird, for he knew all the pretty songs mentioned, or hinted at, in Mr. Du Maurier's truthful recital of life "in the Quarter," and from conversation with him within the year I gained the impression that he even knows the fourth and expurgated verse of *Au clair de la lune*. Be that as it may, he returned to his native land with the ripened experience of a man of the world and a mind well stored not only with the literature of various countries, but enriched by that contact with the people of those lands which only travel afoot can give.

After his return the Insurance Department of the State of New York was being organized by the Hon. William Barnes, superintendent. Mr. Raymond was appointed to a clerkship in that office, from which he rose to succeed the Hon. James W. Husted as deputy superintendent of the department. While thus engaged he became a member of the Albany Zouave Cadets, a fine body of citizen soldiers which was afterward merged into the Tenth Regiment New York State National Guard, as Company A. Then came the war, when men left the farm, the store and the workshop to hasten to preserve the Union. The Tenth Regiment volunteered, was recruited to the full standard and mustered into the U. S. service as the 177th N. Y. Volunteers, and on its rolls was "Charles H. Raymond, First Lieutenant, Company A." The regiment was assigned to the Department of the Gulf, under General N. P. Banks. Just before the siege of Port Hudson he was appointed Aid-de-Camp on the staff of General F. S. Nickerson and later was made Assistant Adjutant-General on the brigade staff.

All through that weary siege, lying in the trenches in a swampy country which filled the hospitals with miasmatic patients, Col. Raymond was at his post of duty, even when, as his comrade, Col. David A. Teller, told me last month, he had been positively ordered to the hospital, and in the first assault on the works, May 27, 1863, was again at his post, although hardly able to stand. Looking over one of his war time letters this sentence is found: "This campaigning with field men and field guns, but without field dogs; *Inter arma silent canes*, which being interpreted means that when men go afield to shoot each other, pointers are no longer to the point, and setters get a set-back. These are not the dogs of war."

While in the field Col. Raymond could not entirely sink the sportsman in the soldier, for in writing me of the second assault on Port Hudson he said: "You cannot think how sad and strange sounded the whistling of the quail in the fields over which our brigade charged on that fateful June 14, and how that weird whistle seemed to exult over men who with empty guns were rushing forward to glory and the grave." A little more than a year ago he again visited that battlefield; again heard the whistling of the merry Bob Whites, descendants of those birds of 1863, and received from the proprietor of the plantation, the son of the owner at the time of the battle, a cordial invitation to come down when the season opened and shoot in peace over the field where his men had shot in war some thirty years before. Verily, the whirligig of time brings wondrous changes, as well as revenges!

With the return of peace the colonel went back to his former position in the Insurance Department of the State, and to the dogs. He bred a good and serviceable line of setters from the native strains of Mr. Truax, of Albany, N. Y., and of Gen. William J. Sewell, of Cape May; Col. E. M. Quimby, of Morristown, and Mr. Theodore Morford, of Newton, all in the sporting State of New Jersey. With these dogs he established the kennels of Fox Farm, near Morristown, N. J.

In the early '70s Mr. Raymond entered into partnership with Mr. John A. Little, the General Agent of the Mutual Life Insurance Company for New York City. Later on, when Mr. Little retired from business, Mr. R. assumed sole charge of the Mutual Life's Metropolitan Agency, which includes Long Island and Staten Island, a position which he retains to-day. In 1890 he was elected to the presidency of the National Association of Life Underwriters, and few men are wider known or have more warm personal friends than the genial and cultured gentleman who is the subject of this sketch, of whom a writer once said: "The fine and distinctive personality of Mr. Raymond is what makes him what he is. We might sweep away all business details, and all that men know and value in him would remain ineradicably stamped upon the memory and embalmed in the affections of those who call him friend. A joyous temperament, luminous intellect, almost inerrant sagacity, forceful initiative, womanly tenderness, brilliancy, wit, cour-

age and generosity were blended in the alembic from which his nature was evolved. Learned in the literature of books and in the lore of field sports and the natural kingdom; a poet, a sportsman, a soldier and a mathematician; suggestive, inventive, steadfast and true, such is the man as he is known to the editor of this journal and to those who know him better." As the editor of the *Insurance Times* has described Col. Raymond so much better than I could, and in fewer words, I am content to quote him and not to attempt to improve on his concise and truthful description.

In 1874 Mr. Edward Laverack, of Shropshire, England, offered for sale two of his most famous setters, Pride of the Border and Fairy. These were sought for by several sportsmen both here and abroad, and after some correspondence their breeder decided to sell them to Col. Raymond, who at once arranged for their importation and transportation to Fox Farm. This was the first pair of that renowned and highly bred strain of setters sent from Mr. Laverack's kennels to America, and their presence in this country excited much attention among sportsmen and in the sportsmen's press, both here and abroad, in England and on the continent. Fairy was a great beauty and a natural fielder, staunch on the point and at backing, with great pace, fine nose and grand staying qualities. Pride of the Border at first seemed puzzled at both the scent and the habits of our quail and ruffed grouse, but after a short experience on both he showed extraordinary intelligence and brain power in working on his birds and was a most admirable and satisfactory field dog, working on game as closely and knowingly as a man could do if he had a dog's form and faculties. Neither of these Laverack setters retrieved game, but they made a rattling brace on a snipe meadow, backing on sight at any distance, absolutely staunch on point and dropping in good old-fashioned style to wing or shot. They still live in loving memory of many human hearts, and their strain, crossed with the Morford stock, is still carefully bred; its inherited physical and mental qualities and capabilities, the resultants of generations of selection, training and association, making these canines as thorough workers in the field as they are affectionate and intelligent friends and companions at home. They are so human that it is often said of them, "They think themselves folks," and the best in the house, be it window-seat, lounge or hearth rug, is never too good in their own way of taking it for these two comprehensive and comprehending members of the family. Nevertheless, unlike Squire Kayses, famous pointer Lee, of Sussex county, N. J., these setters can't catch fish with hook and line, and if they have occupied much space in this narrative it is because they deserve it. No sketch of Col. Raymond would be complete without an extended notice of this importation of some of the best blooded setters of England and of their having been bred to some of the native stock, for which American lovers of high-class setters will ever be under obligations to Col. Charles H. Raymond.

During the period that the Fox Farm Kennels were in existence it was my fortune to be a guest of the proprietor and to talk bird dog as well as turtles with him, while picking the wing of a partridge at his table. I have long since forgiven him for saying that Nell was imperfectly broken and would not "back a point." Of course she would not back, because she never hunted with another dog until he had her. How could she? That is not just what troubled me. There was an insinuation that at eighteen years old I could not train a bird dog to perfection. That thing tasted sour forty years ago, but to-day it looks as if my cousin Charles may have been right.

It is many years since I have cared to shoot anything except ducks, which come to hand dead. I have grown tender-hearted and say, with Iago, "Though in the trade of war I have slain men," yet I have cried over a doe whose fore-shoulders I had broken, and refused to shoot more when my retriever brought a live quail to be killed by hand. Therefore fishing came to be the more enjoyable sport, because there was no regret when the lower form of life was taken, no keen suffering because of a lower nervous system, but there is always a latent interest in any kind of sport in which a man has once engaged. To prove this it is only necessary to point to the fact that Col. Raymond still has a faint liking for fishing. Not for the kind which we had in boyhood, for it is possible that a pond full of painted and spotted tortoises, or a pool full of frogs with an assortment of stones at hand, would hardly be attractive to him to-day. He is *blasé* on turtles, frogs and sunfish, and needs more exciting game and a broader field. He fishes occasionally, incidentally, as it were, when nothing better offers in the way of sport. Every June he visits, as a guest, Camp Albany on the Restigouche River, and there he occasionally casts for, and even occasionally lands, a fine salmon; but I fancy he does this in a perfunctory way, because there is nothing else to be done. How I would like to stand on the bank and criticise his fly-casting, and thereby get revenge for his remarks on the training of Nell!

The owners of Camp Albany are Messrs. Dudley Olcutt and Abram Lansing, of Albany, N. Y., two skilled and accomplished salmon anglers, learned in all the intricate lore of that grand art; but it can hardly be possible that Col. Raymond, lacking as he is in that virtue of patience which alone bears good results to the angler, can profit by their precepts and example, yet he occasionally sends a fine salmon to a friend, and as Col. Olcutt and Mr. Lansing both say that he actually catches them, I am certain that he does; and the fact that there are no bullet holes in them proves that his Jock-Scott, silver-doctor, or other combination of hair, fur, feathers and steel can be cast by my friend with occasional effect.

Later, in November, and on the ducking shore it is different. Then the gallant colonel is himself again, and no doubt returns the compliment to his friends of Camp Albany, and sets them a pace which may worry them to follow. Shooting from a blind, over decoys, that truly presidential sport, the great delight of the sportsman of or past middle age, when the long tramp over hill and through marsh after pointer or setter seems now to require more exertion than it did in youth, has a fascination for Mr. Raymond, and a better appointed shooting box than his at San Domingo, on the Gunpowder River, I fancy would be hard to find, and few indeed are the places where better sport has been found. But duck shooting, like all other earthly joys, must have its day and fade away. Each year the ducks are fewer and their flights further between, so that ere many more years in their turn shall have flown the canvasbacks and redheads will have gone to join the once countless flocks of passenger pigeons and the innumerable caravans of the bisons, "and the places that knew them," throughout our broad land, from Alaska to Florida, "shall know them no more, forever."

FRED MATHER.

THE McCLOUD RIVER.

SHASTA MOUNTAINS, Cal.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The principal river of California, the Sacramento, drains a vast scope of country with varied and wonderful resources. The main tributaries of the Sacramento have their sources in the northern and eastern parts of the State, and are fed by the melting snow in the Sierras. Among these tributaries are the McCloud, the Pit, the Feather and the American rivers.

Besides the rivers mentioned there are numerous fine streams that flow from the crystal springs of the Sierras, many of which would be designated and dignified by the name of rivers in most States. In California there are streams from 50 to 100 miles in length known by such names as Clear Creek, North Cow Creek, Old Cow Creek, South Cow Creek, Battle Creek, Deer Creek, Bear Creek and many others less romantic. However the white man may outrank the Indian, even the Digger tribes of California, in the refinements of civilization, he is not noted for his taste in naming the streams and other natural provisions in this State. I shall refer to at least one specific instance in this paper.

Of the streams mentioned all of them are notorious for their trout, either their entire length or in their upper waters. Aside from trout, however, and the periodical run of salmon the fine streams of the State and the Pacific coast are notably scantily supplied with food fishes. The Sacramento, adapted as it is to most all kinds of freshwater fish, had but the trout, a kind of riffle pike, the sturgeon and the sucker. The alleged propagators of food fishes, the Fish Commissioners, took the matter in hand some years ago. They supplied the stream with carp and catfish, and wherever they got such worthless and prolific varieties is one of the problems no one seems able to solve. At present the main Sacramento is swarming with carp and catfish. They are taken by boatloads and fed to hogs and used as fertilizers. Neither of them are game fish or fit for the table except as a last resort in city restaurants. In the winter, when the river overflows into sloughs and ponds, these fish go out to browse in the fields along the river, and it is a fact that they are eating up the grass and starving out the wild ducks and geese.

The carp and catfish have not as yet reached Mount Shasta and the higher Sierras to browse on the mountain sides and starve out sheep, cattle and deer; but they are getting up well into the cañons and cold water, and it is believed they are destroying the trout and salmon spawn. I was told recently that black bass have been planted in the river and that they will destroy the carp. It is my opinion that the bass have been given a huge contract, and that they will have to be constantly reinforced. Even then I think I would bet on the carp surviving the bass.

I intended to devote this paper to the northern tributaries of the Sacramento, notably those that are now designated as the Sacramento, McCloud and Pit rivers. The three streams were in our early maps called the East, Middle and West forks of the Sacramento. Now the West Fork is known as the Sacramento proper, the Middle Fork the McCloud, and the East Branch the Pit. The McCloud and the Pit join about twenty miles from the Sacramento, and the two combined make much the larger stream.

Following their windings, the three streams above their confluence are each nearly 100 miles in length, flow chiefly through broken and mountainous country, and are splendidly adapted to and are well supplied with trout, salmon trout and (in season) with salmon. Of the trout there are several kinds and every size ranging under 5-pounders.

The Sacramento or West Fork is most accessible, the California & Oregon Railroad having numerous stations along its course. The upper waters of the McCloud and Pit are reached by wagon road, the easiest route being twenty miles from Redding. Probably the fishing is best in the McCloud, as it receives the least attention. This stream was named by the Indians Winnemim (Clear Water), and that is, in the opinion of those least dull or prosaic, the most significant, graceful and appropriate name. Ross McCloud was an early mountaineer, and doubtless worthy of remembrance; but why, after usurping their territory, should we not permit a few Indian names to survive, especially when as applicable and beautiful as Winnemim?

About twenty-five years ago, or in 1871, the Government established a trout hatchery on the Winnemim (or St. Cloud), and later a salmon hatchery. Some years ago the trout hatchery was abandoned, having fulfilled its mission, and the State having gone into the business on the Sacramento. Now only salmon eggs are taken on the Winnemim.

I visited this hatchery or, as it is commonly called, the fishery—or Baird—the latter being the post office name, about the middle of July. The fishery is located in the cañon of the river, surrounded by rugged mountain scenery. The station consists of a store, boardinghouse, the hatching houses and the residence of the superintendent, Mr. Livingston Stone. Mr. Stone has been in charge for many years. The store is supplied with the necessaries of life, among them being fishing tackle adapted to the stream. The boardinghouse is ample for the accommodation of guests and is at present in charge of Mrs. Derby, who thoroughly understands the science of fixing up trout and salmon for her table.

The salmon reach the fishery early in the spring, while the water is yet running high, and they keep coming up throughout the summer. About the first of July the crib dam is put in the river. This dam extends entirely across the river and is made of slats with interstices 1½in. These slats are made in sections about 8ft. wide, so that they can be removed during high water. About the middle of the stream a trap, also made of slats 1½in. square, is placed. This trap is about 16ft. square and is let down into the water 12 or 16in. In its lower side there is a A-shaped trap door through which the salmon enter going up stream, and then they find themselves caged.

When the writer was there only a few fish were being taken, for table use, as the eggs were not yet mature for hatching purposes. When the trap was left open salmon were constantly crowding into it and the fishery people, after selecting those they wanted, put the others back into the river. Their manner of doing this is open to criticism.

The trap often contained forty or fifty fish, ranging in weight from those of 2 or 3lbs. to those of 40 or 50lbs. weight. The male fish were taken to supply the fishery or an occasional visitor, and the females were scooped up in a hand net, like a landing net, and thrown over the dam. The immense fish floundered and struggled, often bruising and mangling themselves in their struggles in the trap and when taken up in the nets. They were frequently tumbled out over the dam to fall upon rocks, and otherwise roughly used. It would seem to be a simple matter to release them from the trap in some easier and more humane manner.

The salmon, however, are perhaps handled as considerately as they handle themselves. They are constantly jumping and floundering about in the stream upon rocky riffles and other obstructions. They leap over the dam occasionally, and to do this they must rise about 6ft. and flounder over the planks and cribs 6 or 8ft. more. Even as early as this in the season many were bruised, torn and cut, and now and then could be seen a dead one.

When these wonderful fish reach the head tributaries of the Sacramento they are 300 to 400 miles from their home, the ocean. They have had to pass the muddy waters of the lower Sacramento, dodge the many seines there, climb for many miles up rocky cañons, where the waters are white with spray and foam, with their incessant thunder upon the great broken fragments of mountains, huge boulders, and sharp and jagged ledges of quartz and slate. No wonder some of them are bruised and cut.

The foreman of the fishery informed me that it is the belief there that very few if any of the salmon return to the sea. He said they could judge very nearly by the fact that of the thousands known to be above the dam few of them came down stream alive. Late in the summer the river is lined with the dead fish, and the few that come down stream again seem to be exhausted and dying. If it is true that the salmon do not return to the sea, then they must spawn but once, and that function is the fulfilment of their mission and the climax of their lives.

At the fishery they begin to take the eggs or spawn early in August. When this is done in conjunction with the trap in the dam, a large seine is used. The seine is drawn immediately below the dam, and most of the spawning fish are secured by that means. A number of native Indians are employed in the taking and handling of the fish.

A large proportion of the spawn taken is sent abroad to other States, and some to foreign countries. The State hatchery takes many of the eggs from this one. Last season the product of the hatchery was 600,000 young salmon. The foreman stated that the eggs were hatched in the hatching houses and kept until the water became too warm to keep them longer. They were then liberated in the river.

It seemed to me that there should be facilities here to regulate the water and keep it at the proper temperature as long as desired. It would also seem that 600,000 young fish was a comparatively small number for a season's product. Indeed, Uncle Sam does not evidently bestow the attention and support here that so important an establishment should receive.

The McCloud, or Winnemim, is doubtless one of the favorite streams of the salmon, and it is one of the few on the Pacific Coast that are likely to remain unmolested, unobstructed and unpolluted. It seems in every natural advantage peculiarly adapted to the propagation of this valuable fish, and, upon the principle that what is worth doing is worth doing well, it would seem that such an establishment conducted by this Government should incubate many times 600,000 salmon eggs.

After the middle of July the Winnemim trout do not rise often to the fly. Earlier the fly-fishing is good. I tried for a couple of hours without a nibble. Then an Indian came along and showed me how to fish to catch some. He had some salted salmon roe for bait, an ordinary small hook and sinker was used, and the hook let to the bottom in the eddies and deep holes. When hooked the trout were game enough, and I got several from 1 to 2lbs., and numerous smaller ones. A young salmon was caught by one of the party on a fly.

Probably there is no finer stream on the coast than this one. While we caught all the trout we had use for in the few hours we fished, we could have enjoyed many days in the locality and along the river, but our time was limited. A few days before our visit the foreman at the fishery, Mr. Seymour Bass, took a trout on a fly-rod which weighed 4lbs. 15oz.

RANSACKER.

ANGLING NOTES.

Another Big Bass.

THE note concerning the capture of a small-mouth black bass from Lake George weighing 7½lbs. had scarcely been written when I was informed of the capture of another big bass of the same species from the same lake. Mr. Edward P. Moore, a market man, tells me that a bass was brought to his market in Lake George to be weighed on the evening of Aug. 10. He weighed the fish himself and the weight was 7lbs. 2oz. When first taken from the water the fish weighed 2oz. more, or 7¼lbs., and it was taken to the market to have the weight confirmed.

So long as any living man can remember no black bass of more than 6½lbs., or thereabouts, in weight has been taken from this lake until this season, when two bass of over 7lbs. each were taken only a few days apart. It may be said that such big fish have always been there, but no one has been fortunate enough to catch them previous to this season. On the other hand, is it not fully as reasonable to say that the greater weight comes from the introduced food?

Lake George contained no crayfish until they were introduced by the State as bass food, and now the lake is well stocked with this crustacean. The introduction of the big lake whitefish which now swarms the lake with the native "frost fish," and are not caught except as bait for lake trout, has doubtless added greatly to the food supply of the so-called game fishes.

Black bass from Lake George, when introduced into other waters where food abounds in unlimited quantities, have grown to 10lbs. in weight, so the food supply must exert an influence upon the fish in the lake which must

not be overlooked when accounting for the great size of the bass in these latter days.

Ouananiche of Lake Champlain.

Since my last note was written about the ouananiche of Lake Champlain an examination was made of one of the streams in Essex county where the fingerling fish have been planted for two years past, and the result is most encouraging. Mr. Walter C. Witherbee, of Port Henry, who has taken an active interest in the efforts to stock the lake with ouananiche, tells me that, in order to find out positively how the fingerlings were doing that were planted last October in one of the streams near where he lives, a minnow net was dipped in a pool below a fall, and at one dip twenty young ouananiche were taken and returned at once to the water. There was no opportunity for protracted examination, as the fish had to go back before they suffered injury; but they appeared to be from 4 or 5in. long to ¼lb. in weight. The net was dipped but once, and that was sufficient to show a fine lot of vigorous, growing young ouananiche, extremely lively and very handsome. The unusual growth must be attributed to an abundance of food, the State having added to the natural supply by planting a large number of fresh-water shrimp in the stream.

Marston's-Fancy.

The more I use the artificial fly called the Marston's-fancy the more it suits my fancy, because it seems to suit the fancy of the fish that I seek with it. I began to use it about eight years ago, as near as I can now recollect, and my faith in it has been growing as the years pass by. The first specimens were sent to me by Mr. Marston and I soon discovered their killing qualities, and in this I was not alone, for friends who tried the flies found them successful trout lures. I tried the flies recently in the Adirondacks upon trout that I am positive never saw their like before, and I found them as killing as I have found them elsewhere.

I was acting as chaperon for my friend, Col. Ashley W. Cole, who was to represent Gov. Morton at the ceremony at John Brown's Farm when the property was turned over to the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission, and he would persist in asking certain questions at inopportune moments. For instance, he wished to know why I had a rod case as part of my baggage and what use I expected to make of the rods it contained. As we were a party of about thirty people, the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission, a special legislative committee, with the sergeant-at-arms and other Assembly officials, the Excise Commissioner of the State, who was to deliver the oration at John Brown's grave; Gen. Merritt, who was to preside at the ceremony, and ten guides, and as we were hurrying through the lakes and over the carries from early morning until well into the evening to reach the Brown Farm at a fixed time, the fish rods did seem to be unnecessary for the purpose of catching fish. At Loon Lake we had a little breathing time one day while the Assembly committee was taking testimony in regard to forest lands, and the colonel again asked if the rods were for ornament or for use, and if they had ever been used to take trout. It was quite evident that he would have to try the trout if I was to preserve my reputation as a first-class chaperon to a private secretary. About three miles from the Loon Lake Hotel there is a small trout pond made by throwing a dam across a trout brook, and Mr. Chase provided a carriage to take us to the pond. We started at 4:40 and were back at the hotel at 8:30 with trout enough for the whole party for breakfast. We took a man with us from the hotel, Charles Stickney, to paddle the boat, as the Colonel and I both wished to fish. When I saw the boat I wished that I had left my watch in my room at the hotel, for after a watch has been to the bottom of a pond in its owner's pocket it is not reliable as a time-keeper.

The boat may have been built for three originally, but a great many cold winters and hot summers have not improved its carrying capacity, and it leaked badly, but it was that or nothing. As I was putting a fly on my leader the Colonel wished to know what kind of a fly it was, and I told him a Marston's-fancy. Then he said very flatly that that was what he wanted, as he did not propose to have me take any advantage of him in the matter of flies. He was provided with the desired fly for a stretcher, and very carefully we got into the boat. By virtue of my weight I was in the middle, seated very near the bottom on a piece of fence board, and the Colonel was in one end on what looked like a discarded scrubbing board or the tread of a dog churn. He and the guide were several inches higher than I was, so when the water came in through the leaky boat it would strike me first. When we had made a few casts we forgot all about the boat, for there were plenty of trout in the pond and they rose readily to our flies. We each had three flies on the leader, and almost without exception the trout would take the Marston-fancy first. Several times we caught two trout at a cast, and once Col. Cole hooked and landed three trout at once, one on each of his flies, but we noticed that in case of doubles it was the Marston-fancy that took the first trout. The guide became interested in the killing qualities of the fly and said he had never seen a fly in the Adirondacks that was such a prime favorite with the trout when they had the opportunity to take other flies, which to the human eye looked just as good. Once the Colonel in his ardor of landing trout by the brace turned the boat to the northeast, when it should have been turned to the southwest, and the water came over the gunwale in a small flood. At least he said it was but a little water; as it came above my seat and I was sitting in it, I did not fully agree with his measure of quantity. Except for going ashore three times to turn the water out of the boat it served us well, and I should not perhaps have written disparagingly of it at the outset. We returned to the water a number of trout too small to keep, and told the guide when he thought we had enough for breakfast for our party we would cease fishing, but he did not keep any count of the fish, and finally we guessed we had forty and that would be sufficient. A count developed forty-five fair trout, from 7 to 10in. long. We could have made the number 100 or even more if we had continued to cast our flies, for the trout were rising as eagerly when we left the pond as when we arrived. That night when the Colonel came in and sat on the edge of my bed, as I was going to sleep, he asked no questions about what I brought the rod case for, nor did he mention the rods the next morning before I was fairly awake, and thereafter his questions related to other matters than fishing except when he alluded to fishing in a respectful manner, as becoming a young man when addressing his chaperon.

Fly-Fishing at Night.

It is quite possible that I was over cautious when I hesitated about admitting that I had fished for trout with the fly at night, in the face of the admonition that it was not ethical angling. I have just read a note written by "Halcyon," a well-known Scotch angler and writer who is acknowledged to be way up in G in the ethics of angling, and I begin to feel that I am not a very great offender after all. He says: "I have often been asked in the Leeds *Mercury* how fish can distinguish the different colors in the dark. That I cannot say, but the fact remains that they can, for I have invariably found that the brown and red take the best. The angler ought to be thoroughly well acquainted with the river that he is fishing on before he ventures to wade in the dark. The best place is to select a long, level flat, about 18in. deep, and stick to it. Such a piece of water, say 100yds. in length, is ample for a night's fishing, for if the angler wades carefully he can fish it over and over again without disturbing the fish. There is a kind of fascination about night fishing which must be experienced before it can be realized. Not a sound can be heard except the hoot of an owl or the croak of a nightjar. Suddenly you feel a tug at your line, and the next moment the splash of a trout breaks the silence and so on through the night, until the first gray streaks of dawn appear in the eastern sky, and the birds begin to carol their morning song, and then you count your spoil and wend your homeward way."

Who knows but fly-fishing at night is the poetry of fishing? Certainly Halcyon is inclined to be poetical in describing it, and he tells of a friend whom he invited to fish with him one night, and who became absolutely frightened at the solemn weirdness and stillness of night fishing, and begged to go home.

The most famous trout stream in this State boasted of a fishing club whose members were expert fly-fishers—none better in the land, none more scrupulous about the ethics of fishing, and yet all their fishing, done from their club house after the middle of July, was done at night. That is another admission, and I expect gradnally I will make a full confession and admit that I am fond of night fishing, and that it requires a peculiar skill to be successful at it.

One word about the color of flies. When Owen told me the trout in Chapel Pond would take nothing but a white miller at night I was skeptical, for I have heard the same statement on previous occasions when it was not so. It seems to be generally understood that a trout must have a white fly presented at night if one is to be successful in night fishing. While a light-colored fly is perhaps desirable, I have known trout to take a black fly at night—a fly as black as any made.

As a rule flies that are good during the day will serve the purpose at night on the same water the same season.

Lobsters.

The Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of the State has finished its lobster work for this year, and as a result 4,414,000 have been hatched and planted in the waters of Richmond, Queens, Suffolk and Westchester counties.

A. N. Cheney.

FLY-FISHING

On the North Shore of Lake Superior.

[*Continued from page 89.*]

The next morning we were delighted to find a southwest wind prevailing and the lake in an excellent condition for the angle, the ripples being just right for casting.

I was satisfied that Ned's success with his red-headed "dusting brush" was more the result of the bushment of his new creation than aught else. It had been quite warm for the past month and the trout during that time had grown somewhat indolent, and it required, I thought, a good-sized morsel to bring them to the surface. I therefore concluded that I would add an extra red feather or two to my red-ibis, as well as puff out the body a little. While engaged at this addition before breakfast, Ned came along and inquired what I was doing with my fly.

"Repairing a broken wing," I answered, in equivocation.

"It seems to me that you are struck on my color."

"Red is a favorite color in fly making."

"Admitted, but don't try to imitate the fly you have so long been cynically snarling at."

"Whenever I desire to copy your wonderfully created gob of scarlet it will be when I am disposed to make a retrograde step in the gentle art."

"Still you are striving by degrees to approximate it. You have already increased the body of your red-ibis and then shingled it with some extra red feathers. Another addition and it will really be a 'dusting brush.'"

Ned's sharp eyes had taken in the annexes I had made, and was fully satisfied that I was trying to grow a red-headed devil myself. Not wishing to have it that way, I made bold denial of it, stating that I had used nothing but feathers, with a little red silk in the enlargement of the body.

"It is an infringement, anyhow, and under the patent laws of Uncle Sam you would be found guilty."

With this he smilingly stalked away and inquired of the boatmen as to the near approach of breakfast. The boys announced it about ready to serve, and then we prepared for the table.

We were both anxious that morning to be afloat delivering our flies, and it was but a short time before we were on the water and seeking an angler's rapture. We went about a mile before we attempted to cast a fly. Ned proposed, when we had reached a favorite spot overlooked by a large and projecting cone of rock, that I mount it with Jo as netter and try for a trout, while he took the boat and Kenosh and skirted along the shore just above it. It was just what I desired, and when I stepped from the craft with Jo and got in position on a little rocky parapet, he says, "We git 'em here."

The first cast brought no response, but the second brought a terrible snapper of the crimson stars that rapidly ran into deep water with my red-ibis. Being confident that he was well hooked, I let the silver spool sing till it reached its pianissimo notes; then I stopped the music and played the tune backward. My notes were not at all agreeable to him, so he started in again for his own melody. I humored him awhile, and then I made him take back tracks toward his foeman of the wizard wand. At last, depressed, broken-hearted and exhausted, he surrendered and was taken to another element, where he had the smiling earth and the roseate sky for his imperial shroud.

Again go out the feathery ambassadors, and again on the second cast a trout followed the dancing flies, but no attempt to devour was made. Jo said I should have halted the flies, but I thought otherwise, for a trout will take no quiet lure. Once more the counterfeits circle and kiss the water, and then an electric gleam of shining jewels greets my vision, while a terrible tumult of the waters fell upon my tympanum; but no trout went racing away with the red object he sought when I tried the sudden twitch of the wrist as a retainer. Disappointed, I immediately lift my flies from the racing ripples, and again drop them with snowflake lightness at the same place from whence the response came. Like an enraged tiger in a jungle sprang a *fontinalis* upon the red-ibis, and this time there was music in the air "as sweet as Apollo's lyre," with a speeding *fontinalis* seeking his liberty and an angler in deep delight. He was a wary warrior and gave me a battle that was long in doubt; but, wearying of his frantic leaps and dashes, in sheer desperation I refused him further line from the rod.

"And then it bends from tip to butt,
While through the pool the ripples cut,
And close and closer yet is shut;
Then upward flies,
As, drawn from his pebbly hold,
Brightly against the forest mold,
Vermilion, silver, black and gold,
The brook trout lies."

Ned, at the termination of this strife, appears with the boat minus a fin, and proposes a trip to Blind River, a mile or two above. I at once acquiesced, and then with my tawny netter clamber over the smooth and weatherbeaten rocks and into the boat, and away for the sparkling river with a blind name, where spangled trout like Indian shafts have flashed. This was one of our old haunts, "where o'er white gravel and the sand the rushing waters foam and glide," and

"Where oft the angler with his fly
Takes the tinted rovers where they lie."

As we progress along the wooded and rocky shores the ragged spurs and retreating ravines stand out to the eye with wonderful distinctness, and the play of sunshine and shade upon the igneous cliffs and trap rock and varied foliage is a "thing of beauty and a joy forever."

We arrive at last at a sandy beach, which lies each side of the stream we seek, and then wonder if the water at the mouth of it will permit our entering with the boat. If not, our trip has been fruitless, for it can only be fished from a boat with any degree of comfort. Landing at the mouth, the boatmen jump ashore, and taking a view of the sinuous channel along its glistening bank ascertain that we can just about get into the river. Again we are afloat, and on using the oars for pushing the boatmen soon have us over the shallows. The pool is but a short distance from the mouth, and the west side of it discloses a sunny stretch, with a few bushes on the margin and one solitary tree which is just opposite the desired waters. Carefully we approach it, and when we are within casting distance Ned, who is in the bow, sends his fiery messenger whizzing through the air, while I, with a longer line, being in the stern, follow suit; but when making my second cast with a still longer thread I fasten to the tree behind me, and then I am set upon by both Ned and the boatman for my awkwardness.

"I cut 'em down next time," says Kenosh with anything but a pleasant smile.

"Release my flies," I replied, in no great good humor, and then the boat neared the shore and the flies freed from the branches.

"Shorten line next time," says the half-breed.

"Push the boat up then and give me a fair field with that red devil."

"All right."

"Well, don't shove too far," says Ned, a little irritated.

Once more we are at the pool, and the "dusting brush" secures the first trout and on the first fall of the flies.

While Ned was playing his captive I motioned to Kenosh to move a little closer, and then I hung one, but he ran into some snags at the bottom and made my line fast, and there it had to remain till Ned had skillfully slaughtered his 3-pound beauty. After that we had to go over to the pool, which serenely reposed in the shade of overhanging trees, and worked around long enough to save my trout and also drive all the rest away.

"A bungling piece of business," says Ned, and he was correct. I was the bungler, and, as defendant in the case, made no pleading, but turning to him I said with a paraphrase of but a single word:

"Wynken, Blynken and Ned one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of misty light
Into a sea of dew.
'Where are you going and what do you wish?'
The old man asked the three.
'We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in the beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,'
Said Wynken,
Blynken
And Ned."

"That's delicious," said Ned, forgetting all about my *faux pas*. "Is there not more of it?"

"Yes, three more verses."

"Do you know them?"

"Do I know them? Of course. I would never let such a gem as that escape me. A thousand times have I recited it to juveniles, a thousand times have I gone over it on these shores, and a thousand times more I expect to repeat it. It is evidently the best child poem in the English language, and so declared by Andrew Lang."

"It is a child's poem, is it? Then consider me a child. I could ever live on such beautiful stanzas."

The half-breeds were also eager for it, as Wynken, Blynken and Ned seemed to strike their ear with a pleasing rhythm.

"Come, come," said Ned, growing impatient, "let us have the remainder."

And there amid the wild anarchy of nature, with the note of the wood-robin, the pipe and thrill of the sweet whistler, the luscious gurgle of hidden rills, and the flash and music of merry cascades, and under a sky fretted with golden tints, I stood up in the brave old boat eager to recite the remainder of Eugene Field's masterpiece, with all the tender eloquence I could summon, but without the paraphrase. All eyes were now intent upon me, and even a golden-winged butterfly fluttering over a wild flower and a red-wing swaying on a bulrush also gave me close attention, as if they could realize from its rhythmic rapture.

"Go on," again cried Ned in over-anxiety, and then on catching the spirit of the lovely gem I let my voice in modulated tones ring out on the whispering breeze that stirred the streamlet's ripples as I recited that:

"The old moon laughed and sang a song
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea.
'Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
But never afeared are we—'
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod.

"All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam.
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe
Bringing the fishermen home.
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea.
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod.

"Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of the wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three—
Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod."

The trout having all been chased away from the shady pool as stated, we concluded to ascend the stream to its first ripple, and then Kenosh and I as per agreement were to make a detour through the forest to the upper waters, while Ned and Jo waited in the boat or returned to fish the pool again after it had sufficiently rested.

I thought before we started that there was a footpath leading to the pools, and that it would be a delightful walk through the umbrageous forest, but it proved a disappointment, for Kenosh either lost his way or no path existed. We went through the worst tangle imaginable and over steep hills that were fatiguing to climb, and that had much fallen timber which was provocative of emphatic Saxon. At last we struck the stream and found it but little better than a mountain rill, shrunken yet more after the snow had disappeared, but it made up in beauty what it lacked in strength. It is never for a moment at rest, as it moves in white foam at every turn over fallen logs or under moss-grown banks, or over boulders that toss its spray to the four winds and yet fail to arrest its course. It is the busiest of rivulets. When it comes to the point of a plunge through the openings between ledges it is aroused to its utmost passion, and reminds one of Southey's description of how the waters come down from the Lodore.

As we came for trout and not poetic reverie, we began the search; but not one did we raise to the surface or see gleaming in the little rippling shallows. We were both disgusted with the venture and moved a speedy adjournment to the boat. Kenosh recommended returning by the stream, which would result in some wading, but preferring it to the arduous tramp over the hill and down dale, I ordered the advance. It was fully a mile, and very rough and damp walking; but we realized much in the beautiful from the rolling clouds, impending rocks, verdant woods, gentle rills, rushing torrents, and the warbles of birds that lined the banks of the wandering and tinkling brook.

On reaching the boat I was completely worn out, but not so much so as to prevent me from catching the odd trout as we passed our favorite pool, and which gave me the majority of the spoils. I was aggravating enough to remind Ned of it and advised him to retire his "dusting brush" of the flaming hue.

He said it was simply a case of infringement, and declared it the ruination of inventive genius. I was not for argument on the question, and, being victor, allowed him all the privileges of accounting for his defeat. It was the fly maker's day, and, say what he would, he had to grin and endure it.

With my capture of the gamy trout we started for camp, and were well pleased to reach it and the grateful shade.

The afternoon found us in the bay, and the result was the capture of four more fine trout. We had worked incessantly with the flies during the day, and after adding thereto my tramp for trout in the morning, I assure you I sought my bed quite early that night, without any attempt to divert the camp.

The morning disclosed a southeast wind and patches of fog coming and going. A while we would be covered with mist, and then again there would be a mingling of half-exhausted rain clouds and rolling piles of cumuli near the sun, with their deep, though transparent, colors, their wild dashes of gorgeous tertiaries, and jagged breaks of flaming orange and crinkling gold showed me from what studies Rubens colored the "Judgment of Paris" and the "Plague of the Fiery Serpents." The most beautiful in the breaks of fog came a little later, when the sun had withdrawn his fire from a large mass of the lower clouds, which, now being purified, gathered into towering form of priestly vapor, unsulled white, rising high above the murkiness and splendid impurity around the tender golden blue of the upper sky. The most striking peculiarity about it, however, was the seemingly perfect whiteness of the great mass in shade, while the narrow edging of sunshine appeared white again in flame. Such a skyscape frequently reveals itself in such weather, and language is found inadequate to describe its matchless beauty.

We did nothing in a piscatorial way in the morning, but when the afternoon came, with the sky in rosy radiance, we went to Sand River, some six miles below, for a frolic with the adolescents of "mottled sides and shapely mould."

We went along a serrated shore, diversified with thickets of blooming bushes, low-crowned and retiring walls, infinitely varied in form and sculpture, and fringed with ferns and other plants that find anchorage in the narrow ledges and fissures, the result of the warring elements of bygone ages.

A ribbon-like rivulet that comes dancing and foaming over the radiant bows of ragged rocks we found in a little bay hidden among the splintered and recessed rocks, and here we stop and make a cast or two; but nothing comes to the surface, although among the old anglers of this shore it has a reputation of being generously populated with the iridescent beauties. What has been here is of the past, for the lovely little retreat, fit abode for a Naiad, pays no tinted dividends now. This is our second visitation to this concealed brook, and but one baby trout is all we ever captured here.

No further stop is now made till we reach Sand River and draw our boat up on the bright sandy beach at its mouth. From here we all start for an advance up the river. Ned and Jo preferred the shores near the mouth and where the rocks form a sort of barricade, among and around which the current with foamy ripples seeks the sea.

Kenosh and I take to the rocky parapets and pools above, and consequently have the fatiguing work and catch less trout, as it is evident at every toilsome step we take that we are the late comers to the picturesque river.

Kenosh with the agility of a cat goes climbing over the misshapen and declivitous rocks, and through the thick bushes that line the bank, leaving me to follow at will. I finally tire of the painful work, and seating myself upon a commanding parapet above the racing and foaming river, drink in the surrounding landscape, a picture of perfect loveliness rendered lovelier by the bright beams of the refulgent sun. As I gazed below at the frolicking river, waking with its sea-like voice fairy echoes in the forest, I was deeply impressed with what Henry Van Dyke says of a river in his preface to "Little Rivers," and, by the way, a most admirable work. It is so charming, so apropos for the occasion, that I heartily join him in saying that "A river is the most human and companionable of all inanimate things. It has a life, a character, a voice of its own, and is as full of good fellowship as a sugar maple is of sap. It can talk in varied tones, loud or low, and of many subjects grave or gay. Under favorable circumstances it will even make a shift to sing, not in a fashion that can be reduced to notes and set down in black and white on a sheet of paper, but in a vague and refreshing manner and to a wandering air that goes

'Over the hills and far away.'

"For real company and friendship there is nothing outside of the animal kingdom that is comparable to a river.

"It is by a river that I would choose to make love, and to revive old friendships, and to play with the children, and to confess my faults and escape from vain, selfish desires, and to cleanse my mind from all the false and foolish things that mar the joy and peace of living. Like David's hart, I pant for the water brooks, and would follow the advice of Seneca, who says, 'Where a spring rises, or a river flows, there should we build altars and offer sacrifices.'"

Too well do I know the beauties and charms of rivers to not feelingly indorse every line above. It is there I have found the enduring love of the angle, it is there I have drank of the most enrapturing scenery, it is there with frosted locks that I have renewed the vigor of life, it is there with my three score and ten that I now look for anticipated sport, and therefore I say, to slightly paraphrase Longfellow, "The river! the river! a blessing on the river."

Having rested sufficiently and not captured a single trophy, I once more tramp along over the sun-touched rocks that gleamed like burnished steel. Dwarf pines and hemlocks and birch crowd the shore line, and frequently a detour from the river is made necessary as I advance. I finally strike a lovely pool that is almost cut off from the river, and which sleeps in a granite basin overhung by bending bushes and sensitive ferns, as if it were the abode of some lovely sea nymph. Passing down an opposing sea wall of flint, I reach a position on a shelving rock commanding the entire limit of the pool. From here I send out my tiny flies and at last succeed in landing a baby trout that made me blush at its immature size. I was about to return it to its element when it struck me that it was a dish of the innocents we came for. That thought sealed the fate of the little cherub of the rosy cheeks and so the greed of man had a black mark to his discredit. There is nothing like it for a pair, or for triplets, as they say in the great American game, and so my flies rained once more o'er that translucent pool,

"— where the eddies, so pearly white,
Sink away into gloom or wheel into light."

Drop and dance, drag and skitter, with the gnat-like flies till the arm grows weary and then a disgusted angler reels up, turns and faces the rocks, and then ascends the bold and ragged route till he clutches at the roots of some scarlet maple and mounts to the upper terrace that looks upon the flowing river.

We care not for fish, such tiny fish, I mean; and with the little trophy stowed away in my back pocket I saunter back to the boat, drinking in the rapturous beauties of the flower-enameled river, the fragrance of the air, the lovely banks of pearly clouds and the towering and rugged mountains that hem in with their foothills the rushing currents that have worn their way through these scarred and gray rocks that face you at every step.

I felt as I idled along like a royal vagabond of nature's realms, who would ever live with the blue canopy above for his covering, the soft tufts of grass for his couch, the whispering forests, warbling birds and wandering streams for his companions.

How satisfying, how delightful, all this was; but when the romance of wood and river began to fade as I neared the lake and my companions, I felt that I was leaving behind me my very, very dearest friends. Like Jeffries, I ever wanted the things I was parting from—the wild flowers, the yellow hummer and the tinkling brooks.

After a toilsome tramp through tangled bushes and over dismembered rocks I reach the lake and my associates, among whom was Kenosh, who had passed me while I was holding gentle converse with nature.

"What luck?" says Ned, as I approached him.

"A small piece of rainbow," I answered, and then taking the tiny trout from my pocket tossed it on the shining sands at his feet.

"Is that all you caught?"

"No, I caught a heartful of inspiration and a deeper shade of bronze on my furrowed face."

"You must have been napping or idling to return with but a single trout."

"How often have I told you that I cared nothing for this baby trouting."

"What we do with the trout?" now inquired Kenosh, looking at the pretty babe with a sort of pleasurable contempt.

Ned picked it up, and taking in its diminutive dimensions as he critically eyed it, said, with a smile stealing from his lips, "Boys, it is the smallest of the lot of sixteen, and I guess we had better keep it to grease the frying pan or hang it up in camp as a sample of what a gilt-edge fly-tosser can do in river trouting when he is in deep earnest."

"Rather say when he prefers a grand talk with nature in preference to robbing a stream of its ruby-tinted innocents."

With this the playful talk ended and an embarkation ensued which sent us flying over the rippling lake, with the mainsail catching the evening breeze, which was rapidly on the increase.

We had a pleasant sail of the six miles to camp, with the red light of a descending sun shimmering on the sobbing water and giving it a half tone of somberness, while a gleaming background up among the mountain peaks that caught the fullness of the sun shone like smooth and gleaming gold. The night was advancing with flying footsteps, shadows creep out from rocky ramparts, and the myriad air spray of the wind struck the dense woods on the shore and whistled through them as if arousing the nocturnal wanderers of wing and of foot for their night forays.

Reaching our quarters, the boatmen soon serve a meal, and after a rousing fire, for the nights here are always cool, came the story, the song and general pow-wow of matters miscellaneous.

Just before retiring Kenosh showed signs of mental disturbance, and at last relieved himself of the strain by inquiring if we would not tell a hunting story before seeking our blankets.

"You want bear, or snake story, or a fairy romance?" I asked the uneasy half-breed.

"Anything but bear."

"Well, then, what do you say for a deer story?"

"All right, he do."

"Any reservation about it?" asks Ned with a significant smile as he looked at Kenosh, thinking doubtless of the fox and geese story where the half-breed fell into a trap.

"Not a bit. It is an all-round, open-faced and remarkable adventure."

"Let her off then."

"Well, here goes. A friend of mine a few years ago, who was out hunting in the upper peninsula of Michigan with an old-time partner, was going down a steep hill when tracking a bear, saw a deer get up from behind a log and lazily stretch himself. He immediately fired, and when the smoke cleared away there, much to his amazement, stood the deer. Having a double-barreled gun, he pulled up and fired again, as before; when the smoke had wafted away there stood the deer, innocently gazing around. By this time his friend was near and asked what he was shooting at. He beckoned him to approach, and, pointing to the shapely animal, told him that he had shot twice and the deer never moved, and that he should try his luck. The second man shot and the deer dropped. Then the two went down to see their game, and what was their surprise on arriving at the spot to find, instead of one animal, three fine deer. It seemed that they had been sleeping there, and as the first one was shot down, another got up, and so on until the three were killed."

Kenosh gave a long and loud whistle when I had ended and then looking intently at me said:

"He go with the three burnt bears."

"Don't you believe it?"

"Too much shoot, too much deer."

"Well, Kenosh, you asked for a story and you got it."

"It all story. You tell fish talk at home that way?"

"Worse than that, Kenosh," says Ned with a laugh.

"Oh, you both big chief in talk. Half-breed fool sometime, not all the time."

"Then you think I romance?"

"What is a romance?"

"An exaggeration, or, to be more distinct, a flat-footed lie."

"You stretchee that way some."

"All right, Kenosh, no more stories from me then."

"Then we have no—what you call 'ems?"

"Romance."

"Yes, that it; no more romance."

"Well, good night."

"Good night."

Then pale face and bronze face arose and sought their respective tents and soon were in sound slumber, oblivious to all triple slaughter of bear and deer by fire and shot.

Alex. Starbuck.

[To be continued.]

Lake Crescent Trout.

O. O. S. sends us this note from a Washington (State) paper: "Mrs. George E. Mitchell, of Lake Crescent, has landed a 16lb. trout this summer, thus breaking Admiral Beardslee's record of last year with his 11½lb. trout. The season is young yet, and the Philadelphia is now at Port Angeles, and if there is a trout in that matchless lake bigger than 16 to 1, Admiral Beardslee intends getting it on his own hook."

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Aug. 14.—Conditions for surf fishing are improving with each day now. The intense heat of the past two weeks, coupled with the very low tides, have held the sport in abeyance. The improved weather and what is known as "harvest moon" tides are welcomed as the forerunners of some results. Bluefish have been plentiful during the past few days, and some excellent catches have been made both at sea and in the bays. Assemblyman Abraham Lower on Tuesday of this week took thirty-eight fine bluefish and eight bonitos trolling at Barnegat Inlet. Never before have menhaden been more plentiful in that body of water, and weakfish as well as the bluefish and bonito find a superabundance of food. The outlook for fishing there is of the best until Oct. 1 at least, and if the weather holds good it may be prolonged until the 10th of that month. September and October are always the best months of the year for fishing direct from the beach if weather is favorable. It is then that the bass, weakfish and bluefish crowd in along the beach shores in quest of mullet and spearing, and are taken in abundance where the pound nets will admit of their so doing. To the angler who intends trying his skill at any of the points mentioned I would say procure shedder crabs for bait in the cities, as never has that commodity been so scarce as the present season, local streams supplying but little and not nearly enough to meet the demand.

The snapper season will soon open now and that will be a signal for a general rush to all points where they resort. Perhaps no branch of angling has received a greater impetus than has been given snapper fishing during the past three years. The reason is obvious and I will have something to say in the near future concerning the methods employed and its delights. LEONARD HULIT.

The Giant and the Beetle.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was early trained to quote correctly, and to insure this never to make a quotation without first verifying it. This habit possibly makes me sensitive to a misquotation, as I notice in the very pleasant article by Mr. Mather (FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 8, page 108), as follows: "The smallest worm when trodden under foot feels pang as great as when a giant dies." But the sense of this passage, I take it, is the direct contrary to that given by Mr. Mather. Shakespeare intended to convey the idea that the pangs of death are more in the fear than in the act of it, and that the giant feels it no more than does the poor beetle (not the worm). This seems to be so from the exact quotation, which runs thus:

"The sense of death is most in apprehension,
And the poor beetle that we tread upon
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies."

Does not this convey the idea that in the act of death we humans feel no more than the poor beetle? But that the pang is intellectual and not physical. Physicians agree that at the moment of death, and for some time before, the physical pain is deadened and lost by the exhaustion of the nervous system. Certainly, fishermen know that the sense of pain in fish is so slight that when one escapes from the hook it may be taken at the very next cast. I once caught a large codfish who swallowed a part of his own cheek, which was torn off at the first hooking, and was seized by the fish the instant it fell into the water. H. STEWART.

Boston Fishermen.

MR. RICHARD O. HARDING is back from Mr. D. H. Blanchard's salmon river, the northeast branch of the St. Marguerite. He got into camp Saturday noon. That very afternoon he took a 16lb. salmon. On Monday he beat that record, taking a fish that weighed 26lbs. Tuesday he caught none, but on Wednesday he made the catch of his life, and one that any salmon angler would go far and stay out long to accomplish. He took a salmon weighing 30½lbs. Since that time he has taken one other weighing 17lbs., for up to the time the above information was written he had taken four salmon, weighing unitedly 90lbs. Such is great salmon luck, and there is scarcely an angler in Boston that will not rejoice with Dick, including Mr. D. H. Blanchard, than whom there is not another angler in the world with a truer heart. Mr. Blanchard has long been anxious that Dick should have a streak of salmon success, and now his wish is gratified. Mr. Harding has doubtless caught other salmon since; but at the time of this writing he had not arrived in Boston to tell of his full success. SPECIAL.

Northern Range of Tarpon.

MR. EDWARD VOM HOFE, in the course of a conversation on his favorite game fish, the tarpon, mentioned an interesting fact in regard to its northern range. Thirty years ago, he said, a dead tarpon was washed ashore at Huguenot, Staten Island, on the shores of New York's Lower Bay.

It was discovered by a gentleman named Saulpaugh, a member of the Excelsior Fishing Club, who took several of its scales as mementos. These scales were tacked up on the walls of the club house at Huguenot for many years, and may be there to-day.

At the time of its discovery the fish was unidentified, for tarpon were not then known to the rod fishermen. After one of his Southern fishing trips, however, Mr. Vom Hofe saw the scales and at once recognized them as belonging to the tarpon. According to the Fisheries Industries of the United States tarpon range northward to Cape Cod. J. B. B.

Forest and Stream's
Fishing Postals.

"DROP US A LINE" ON A POSTAL CARD.

Fishing News, Place to Catch Fish, Fish Caught,
Fishing Incidents.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

A Parlin Pond Stake-Driver.

PARLIN POND, Me., Aug. 10.—The fly-fishing in this section has been very good this year. One of the prettiest catches of the season was taken Friday morning from Parlin Pond, by Prof. James C. Graham, of Massachusetts. In about two hours' fishing he brought in twelve trout. Two of them weighed 3¾lbs. and 2¾lbs. respectively. He had several more weighing from ½lb. to 1½lbs. each. All were taken on a fly. Those fishermen who have visited Grace and Lang ponds have been very successful.

One of the attractions at Parlin this year is a milk-white deer, which occasionally makes its appearance. It was seen on the shore of the pond Friday last. The deer seem to be unusually thick this year. Hardly a day passes without several being seen in the field near the house.

A good story is told at the expense of a Boston gentleman who, with a friend, summered at Parlin Pond last year. The first morning he was here he was awakened at 4 o'clock by a stake-driver down on the shore of the pond. He listened a while and woke up his friend. "George," he said, "Murphy must be a brute to work for." "Why?" asked his friend. "Well, don't you hear his men out cutting wood and it's only 4 o'clock?" His friend knew the noise at once, but only laughed to himself.

The next morning Mr. —— complained to the landlord that he could not sleep after 4 o'clock on account of his men out cutting wood. The landlord was at a loss to know what he meant until some one suggested it might be a stake-driver. "Well," said Mr. ——, "what have you got your men out driving stakes as early as that for?" Everyone burst out laughing, and Mr. —— joined in when he found it was a bird that had disturbed him. But his friend cannot resist the temptation of occasionally reminding him of the stake-driver.

The hunting car owned by Messrs. Busiel, Estes and Richardson, which has been stored here since last fall, has been removed to Jackman, on Moose River. The owners propose to set the body of the car on a boat built for the purpose, and use it as a house-boat.

E. T. MURPHY.

[Stake-driver is a name given to the bittern because of its note, which sounds like the strokes of a mallet on a stake. The bird is also called the bog-bull.]

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Kingston Kennel Club's bench show. H. C. Bates. Cor. Sec'y, Kingston, Ont.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Rhode Island State Fair Association's fourth annual show, Providence, R. I.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Toronto Exhibition Association's eighth annual show, Toronto, Can. C. A. Stone, Sec'y of bench show.

Sept. 8 to 11.—Binghampton Industrial Exhibition's sixth annual bench show. C. H. Barrett, Supt.

Sept. 14 to 17.—Montreal Kennel Association's bench show, Montreal. G. Lanigan, Sec'y.

Sept. 15-18.—Orange County bench show, Newburgh, N. Y. Robt. Johnston, Sec'y.

Sept. 22 to 24.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual dog show, Milwaukee Louis Steffen, Sec'y.

Sept. 22 to 25.—Queens County Agricultural Society's bench show, Mineola, L. I. J. Mortimer, Manager, Hempstead, L. I.

Oct. 6 to 8.—Danbury Agricultural Society's show, Danbury, Conn. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y.

Dec. 8 to 11.—Augusta, Ga.—Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association. J. W. Killingsworth, Sec'y.

Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou, Man.

Sept 7.—Kennedy, Minn.—Coutinental Field Trial Club's chicken trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Oct. 19.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual hound trials, Barre, Mass. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.

Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—Natioonal Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.

Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.

Nov. 2.—Bicknell, Ind.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.

Nov. 10.—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.

Nov. 10.—Leamington, Ont.—Peninsular Field Trial Club, Leamington, Ont.

Nov. 10.—Greene County, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's trials. L. O. Seidel, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—National Fox Hunting Association's third annual trials Bardstown, Ky. F. J. Hagan, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.

Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y, Huntsville, Ala.

COURSING.

Sept. 22.—Cheyenne Valley Coursing Club's meeting, Sheldon, S. D, Dr. J. P. Aylen, Pres.

Sept. 29.—Aberdeen Coursing Club's annual meeting, Aberdeen, S. D. Dr. F. W. Haragan, Sec'y.

Oct. 6.—Mitchell Coursing Club's meeting, Mitchell, S. D.

Oct. 21.—Altcar Coursing Club's meeting, Great Bend, Kan. T. W. Bartels, Sec'y.

Oct. 28.—Kenmore Coursing Club's annual meeting, Herrington, Kan. C. A. Robinson, Sec'y.

Continental Trials.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Aug. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The chicken trials of the Continental Field Trials Club will be run at Kennedy, Minn., according to programme, beginning Monday, Sept. 7. I will start for the trial grounds about Aug. 30 or 31.

I will be pleased to have as many as can go at that time accompany me on the trip.

The club's quail trials will be run about the last week in January at or as near to West Point, Miss., as suitable grounds can be had and satisfactory arrangments made. Entry blanks for the quail Derby will be ready for mailing this week. The entries to the Derby will close Sept. 1 with $10 forfeit and $10 to start, starting fee to be paid at time of drawing. There will be no second forfeit in this Derby. The entries to the All-Age stake will close Oct. 1 with $10 forfeit and $10 to start. The purses in each are $500, divided $200 to first, $150 to second, $100 to third, $50 to fourth.

On my return from the chicken trials I will likely make a trip South, and look at the grounds at Tupelo, Okolona, West Point and one or two other places in the immediate vicinity, and make a selection. I will then notify all by mail who have made entries and will also give the public notice through FOREST AND STREAM.

P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Aug. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The entry blank naming Mr. S. P. Jones's b., w. and t. English setter for our chicken Derby was pigeonholed by me through mistake, and his name did not appear in the published list. You will confer a favor by giving this publicity: S. P. Jones's b., w. and t. English setter Hurstburn Zip (Tony Boy—Dimple).

P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas.
Continental F. T. Club.

MONONGAHELA FIELD TRIALS.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Aug. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed please find the entries for the second annual field trials of the Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association.

The All-Age Stake closed with nineteen nominations: twelve English setters, six pointers and one Irish setter, an increase of two over last year. The Derby closed with fifteen nominations: ten English setters, three pointers and two Irish setters, an increase of ten over last year.

S. B. CUMMINGS.

Derby Entries.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

ALLIE B.—W. H. Beazell's b., w. and t. bitch, July, 1895 (Whyte B.—Rosa Bevan); breeder, H. S. Bevan.

DOCTOR C.—S. B. Cummings's b., w. and t. dog, May 17, 1895 (Galert C.—Nan C.); breeder, owner.

SLIGO—F. H. Beall's b., w. and t. dog, March, 1895 (Brighton Dick—Galatier); breeder, C. Peebles.

CLIFFORD—F. H. Beall's b., w. and t. dog, March, 1895 (Brighton Dick—Galatier); breeder, C. Peebles.

LORETTA—K. P. Beattie's b., w. and t. bitch, Feb. 18, 1895 (Gladstone's Boy—Rill Ray); breeder, Eldrid Kennels.

DON—G. Mesta's b., w. and t. dog, Aug. 5, 1895 (Wordsley Ben—Amy Robsart); breeder, Harry Northwood.

ROGER'S PRIDE—George Battison's b., w. and t. dog, May 22, 1895 (Roger Boy—Daisy B. II.); breeder, owner.

FANNY ALLEN—Dr. S. W. Hartt's b., w. and t. bitch, June 15, 1895 (Beaconsfield—Bessie); breeder, W. S. Caldwell.

—— —Dr. George Gladden's liv. and w. bitch, June, 1895 (Hoosier Boy—Paterson's Nellie); breeder, Joseph Maiden.

DICK BERWYNE—G. O. Smith's b., w. and t. dog, June 19, 1895 (Bert Noble—Topsy Berwyne); breeder, owner.

POINTERS.

RAP'S MAID—Beall & Lipscomb's liv. and w. bitch, March, 1895 (Rip Rap—Croxie Kent); breeder, W. N. Lipscomb.

STRICTLY BUSINESS—O. V. Porter's b. and w. ticked bitch, April, 1895 (Kent's Prim—Belle Fauster; breeder, W. S. Coulson.

QUEEN—Smoky City Kennels' b. and w. bitch, Aug. 19, 1895 (Rip Rap, Jr.—Frankie); breeder, Frank Kruse.

IRISH SETTERS.

KILDARE DODE—George Battison's bitch, June 15, 1895 (Finglas—Ruby Glenmore II); breeder, W. L. Washington.

LANG—W. H. Boyd's dog, June 14, 1895 (Finglas—Kildare Gladys); breeder, G. William Lang.

All-Age Entries.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

HOOSIER GIRLBY—W. H. Beazell's o. and w. bitch (Dad Wilson—Daisy Hunter).

GALERT C.—S. B. Cummings's o. and w. dog (Duke of Princeton—Ione).

GLEN—Jesse B. Jones's b. and w. dog (Spot—Ready Noble).

FLASH B.—Herman Straub's o. and w. dog (Dion C.—Galatier).

BIRD—R. S. D. Hunter's lem. and w. bitch (Gath's Mark—Ruby's Girl).

IROQUOIS—R. V. Fox's b., w. and t. dog (Antonio—Can Can).

ACCELLERANDO—R. V. Fox's b., w. and t. bitch (Gath's Mark—Countess Rush).

SPOT—J. L. Craven's b. b. dog (Noble Sting—Snow Ball).

ROGER O'MEARA—G. Wm. Lang's b., w. and t. dog (Roger Boy—Nancy Mahoning).

BEACONSFIELD—Dr. S. W. Hartt's b. b. and t. dog (Gladstone's Boy—Bessie Marshall).

WHYTE S.—G. O. Smith's b. w. and t. dog (Whyte B.—Mores Ciara).

BEV R.—Anderson Bros.' lem. and w. bitch (—— ——).

POINTERS.

SCOTT C.—S. B. Cummings's liv. and w. dog (—— ——).

GEO. CROXTETH—W. D. Henry's liv. and w. dog (Don Croxteth—Mollie Scott).

MEX—F. D. West's lem. and w. dog (Stewart's Duke—Polly G.).

ROY CROXTETH—Henry Christ's liv. and w. bitch (Shot Master—Croxteth Nellie).

RUSH—Smoky City Kennels' liv. and w. dog (Rush of Lad—Spotty Ale).

SPOT GOLD—G. O. Smith's liv. and w. dog (King Pedro—Ridgeview Venus).

IRISH SETTERS.

MOLLIE GIBSON—F. E. White's red bitch (Dakin—Jessie Fremont).

Augusta Show.

AUGUSTA, Ga., Aug. 11.—Please place in your list of bench shows to occur that of the Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association, Dec. 8 to 11. John Davidson, Monroe, Mich., will judge. J. W. KILLINGSWORTH, Sec'y.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

THE HAULING DOG IN CANADA.

Dogs are used as draft animals in the northwest of Canada, on the Labrador coast, and in the vicinity of Quebec. Dog teams are used during winter in the Northwest by the wood Indians and the Hudson Bay Company's men. The detachments of the Northwest Mounted Police also made use of them in the northernmost divisions of the Territory. Butler, in his "Great Lone Land" and "Wild North Land," gives an excellent description of the *huskies* (as the dogs are called by the half-breeds and Indians out there) and of the work done by them.

Along the Labrador coast, where there are few horses, dogs are used as draft animals in winter. In summer all traveling and freighting is done by water. In the former season the mails are carried along the coast by dog teams.

The Labrador dog is really an Esquimau when he is not a Newfoundland or a nondescript, and the Esquimau dog is almost exactly like the *huskie*. It has a pointed nose, sharp, upright ears, long hair and a bushy tail, and looks the picture of his first cousin, the wolf. These Esquimau dogs are very savage, have exceedingly powerful jaws, and will eat anything and snap at everything. So ferocious and destructive are they that the people down there, who are beginning to devote themselves to agriculture more than they did before, under the auspices of the Government of the Province of Quebec, which has spared no pains to promote the development of agricultural interests, have petitioned to have all the Esquimau dogs destroyed which are not required for the mail service, because they kill the cattle and sheep.

They get an immense amount of punishment, but do not seem to mind it, and will snap at and bite their masters whenever they get a chance. In summer they skirmish around for food, eating the offal of the fish and seals caught by their masters, gorging themselves on some stranded whale or porpoise, or they hunt for themselves in the woods. In winter they live on the stores of dried caplin and whale or seal flesh which their masters have kept for the purpose, with the additional treat of the dish water in which the greasy plates have been washed.

Dogs in Labrador are harnessed differently from those in the Northwest. There, where they drive over plains or through open woods, they are harnessed tandem fashion, one in front of the other, and always retain that position. In Labrador each dog is harnessed to the sleigh by a separate thong, so that when the team gets on ice, as it frequently does, going over the bays from point to point to shorten the distance, the dogs spread out like a fan. This does not interfere with the draft, is safer when going over thin ice and a dog can fall out to satisfy the demands of nature or to scratch his fleas without stopping the remainder of the team. These thongs are of various lengths, so that when the team comes to a narrow road between trees the dogs can fall into Indian file, one behind the other. The leading dog always has the longest thong, so as to easily keep ahead of the others. This he is always anxious to do for many reasons. In the first place he is very proud of the position and is always ready to fight all comers for the privilege, and to retain the post he must be top dog in all combats. Then he is generally petted, made much of, better cared for and better fed than the others, and sometimes kept in the house while they have to rough it outside, the result being that he is proportionately hated by all the others, who, in their anxiety to get a snap at him, pull with all their might, while he does the same to keep away from them. This is pretty much like the idea of holding a carrot on a pole in front of a donkey's nose to induce him to go fast.

The harness is all made of sealskin; a broad strap rests on the chest, being retained in position by another over the neck; a piece over the back joins the top of the breast piece to another around the body and from this the thong leads back to the sleigh.

The Labrador sleigh is the regular Esquimau sleigh described in books of Arctic travel, the *kometik*, built of driftwood, fastened by thongs of sealskin, not a nail or piece of iron or steel entering its composition, whereby it is much more elastic and can better resist hard shocks. The runners are made of whale ribs in pieces about 4ft. long by 3in. wide, the total length being about 8ft. These are fastened to the woodwork in a very ingenious manner, small holes are countersunk in the whalebone and through these are passed thin but strong thongs of sealskin or seal sinews, which are lashed tightly. The advantage of whalebone over iron or steel is that it does not get clogged or adhere to wet snow.

The driver, as a rule, runs behind the sleigh when loaded, but when the snow is soft he puts on his snowshoes to beat it down, and the dogs follow in his tracks. When the dogs lag the driver uses the Esquimau dog-whip—a terrible instrument, the mere crack of which makes every dog jump into his collar and settle down to work. It is made entirely of sealskin thongs plaited together till they reach a sharp point. The handle, made of the same material, is about as thick as a man's wrist and only 18in. long, while the lash is from 20 to 30ft. in length. It requires a great deal of practice to wield this properly, and a novice in trying to snap it is just as likely as not to hit himself in the face, generally. It is no wonder that the dogs dread it, for an expert can take a piece of skin off every time.

When a dog is in disgrace for some misbehavior, or if he will not stop fighting, he is hobbled. A thong is put around his neck, the two ends are knotted together, and one of his front paws is passed through it so that he cannot pull it out; thus hobbled he generally limps off on three legs into a corner, where he keeps quiet and shows by the expression of his countenance that he feels the disgrace.

The members of the Laurentides Fish and Game Club, to which I belong, had, like myself, many opportunities of observing the habits, training, etc., of Labrador dogs. One of our guardians, who came from that part of the country, had for many years the contract for driving the mails along the north shore, and owned a fine team. This he was allowed by the club to bring with him, as there was a good deal of hauling to be done from the railway station to the club house, and, moreover, the members proposed to have grand rides over the frozen lakes, and also to be able to bring a larger quantity of supplies with them when they went to the more distant camps to hunt or to fish through the ice, which was allowed in those days. They had no end of fun with these dogs for a while, but in the end they died off and were not replaced. They were found to be a nuisance in summer time, as they would devour the trout caught by the members unless constantly watched, and their barking, which was more like the howling of wolves, frightened the game away. They were always in a state of semi-starvation, owing to the difficulty of keeping them supplied with food, and if anyone was rash enough to hand them a piece of bread or meat instead of throwing it to them, he generally had some trouble in rescuing his hand. It was wonderful to see them open cans of preserved meat with their strong fangs. The leader was a very fine brute, but a very savage one, which no one dared to handle but the guardian, who ruled it more by fear than love, and who was bitten by it pretty badly sometimes.

We had some very amusing experiences with these dogs. On one occasion several of us resolved to go and spend a few days up at the club grounds, seventy miles north of Quebec, to shake the cobwebs out of our heads by walking through the spruce woods on snowshoes, breathing the ozone of the mountain air, driving over the ice on the lakes with the dog team, winding up the day's exertions and amusements by quiet games of cards or chess or by spinning yarns, and eating our meals with an appetite which would have driven a boardinghouse keeper to despair. Charlie B. and I went on the day before as an advance guard to get everything ready. On our arrival at our station on the Lake St. John Railway, we found Hébert, the guardian, with his dog team all decorated for the occasion. The dogs wagged their tails at us, looking forward evidently to the prospect of having some preserved meat cans to open, besides other tidbits. Leaving the guardian and the men we had brought with us to bring on the commissariat supplies, we put on our snowshoes, crossed the Batiscan River and climbed up the gorge leading to the first lake of our main chain, on which the club house is built. As we walked on we took deep breaths of the bracing air whose exhilarating effect it is impossible to describe, and admired the wonderful shapes assumed by the snow as it had fallen on trees and stumps. Having made all our arrangements, we started next day down to the station with the guardian and the dogs to meet our friends. Sitting on the *kometik*, we drove quickly over the road on the ice and also the road through the woods, but when we began to go down hill our troubles began. To keep the sleigh from coming on the dogs Hébert turned himself into a brake, digging his heels into the snow, and did very well until, at a sharp turn, he rolled off and the brake was gone. Of course the sleigh came upon the dogs' heels, and they with a howl rushed madly on to keep ahead of it. We clung on awaiting events, and fairly flew. Suddenly one dog made a spring to one side, got his thong across a stump, upon which he pulled the sleigh, bringing the outfit to an abrupt stop. Charlie and I flew up in the air like stones from a catapult, he landing head first in a snowdrift, I across a fallen tree, fortunately thickly covered with snow, while the dogs, sleigh, stump and thongs were all tangled up, and the biggest dog fight was going on that I had ever seen. Having pulled my friend out by the heels, we watched the fight, unable even to bet on any one dog, they were so much mixed up, and too wise to interfere until the driver came down with his whip and separated and disentangled the dogs. We considered that we had had enough driving down hill for one day, so we walked the remainder of the way, the guardian walking also, and, with a thong fastened to the rear of the sleigh, kept it from overrunning the dogs. We had a very pleasant time, and on the day before we came away had quite an adventure. A thaw had been followed by a frost and the snow covering the ice on the lakes was frozen hard, so four of our party got on the sleigh to have a final drive. They started in great glee, and just as they rounded the first point they saw a fine young caribou buck about 500yds. ahead. As soon as the dogs saw it they gave a yelp like a pack of wolves and started like an arrow from a bow after the caribou, which looked round on hearing the yelp, saw its pursuers and flew over the ice, keeping in the middle of the lake. When the dogs started with a jerk one of the party was thrown off violently and slid a long way on the hard snow before he could pull up, feeling red hot from the friction and gazing wistfully after his fast disappearing comrades, who clung to the sleigh like grim death and enjoyed this novel hunt. Of course there was not the slightest chance of their catching the animal, which, instead of making for the bush on the nearest shore, held on in the middle of the lake right up to the end, where it took to the woods. The impromptu hunters soon found themselves in a difficulty, for it was impossible to stop the dogs, who could not realize that they had a sleigh with passengers behind them. The driver tried in vain to stop them, and there was every probability of broken limbs or necks when they would strike the bush. However, they soon made up their minds and dropped off one by one, rolling over and over in the snow or sliding some distance away, with much damage to their nether garments and much abrasion of the cuticle. Meanwhile the dogs, relieved of the weight, rushed after the deer and, entering the woods, got tangled up among the trees and, as usual on such occasions, wound up with a free fight among themselves. After extricating them the party re-embarked and drove quietly back to the house, where they repaired damages, related their adventure and wrote it down in the club's log-book.

These dogs are very hardy and always sleep outside in the coldest weather. However, they have no objection to heat and always try to get it when they can. Once we were in one of the remote camps and were lying on our bed of boughs, smoking our evening pipe, when one of us got up suddenly with an imprecation, his eyes full of earth. Soon we were all threatened with the same thing and at the same time heard a sound of scratching. Catching up the lantern, we turned out to investigate and found that the sleigh had been placed upright against the side of the log hut and that the dogs had used it as a ladder to climb up into the small space between the sloping roof of gouged troughs and the earth-covered ceiling of small, round logs and birch bark to get near the warm stovepipe, and, in settling down, had caused the earth to fall through the interstices. We sent Hébert to dislodge them and take their ladder away, and next morning we found them all curled up and covered with snow which had fallen during the night.

Crawford Lindsay.

[To be continued.]

Collie Club Specials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Toronto premium list contains an error regarding he Collie Club specials offered to Canadian members. In lace of two, as specified in the premium list, I advised Mr. Stone that the Collie Club would, in addition to the two medals open to all members, give a silver medal, confined to Canadian members provided their number was increased to five. Mr. Stone announces two medals, which is wrong. We now have four Canadian members and it will be strange if they do not bestir themselves and get another member in in time.

James Watson, Secretary.

203 Broadway, New York.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The matter of the Field Trial Champion Association Stake will not be considered till the meeting of the U. S. F. T. C. is held at Newton, in November next.

From the Manitoba *Free Press* we learn that the regular monthly meeting of the Manitoba Dog Owners' Association was held on the evening of Aug. 3 at the Manitoba Hotel. The meeting was a large and enthusiastic one, and several new members were elected. Some cases of violations of the game laws were reported and considered by the meeting, but as the evidence was not complete nothing could be done. The Association will do everything in its power to see that the game laws are enforced. The committee appointed to consider the advisability of holding amateur field trials this fall submitted their report. After considerable discussion it was decided to hold trials under the auspices of the Association, and Messrs. W. C. Lee, G. B. Borrodaile, R. J. Gallaugher, C. W. Graham and Dr. M. C. Clarke were appointed a committee to make full arrangements in connection therewith. The events will be open only to dogs owned by members of the Association. The trials will be held near Winnipeg early in September.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

G. B. W.—I have an English setter who is subject to fits after running any short distance. I have been told that splitting his tail would cure him of this. Is this so? If not, will you give a cure? Ans. Treat for worms. Syringe the ears out well with warm water. Then use the following lotion twice a day: Citrine oint., 1 drachm; almond oil, 1oz. Mix together. A little to be poured into the ear twice a day. Give 10grs. of chloral hydra in a tablespoonful of water twice a day.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

PLOVER SHOOTING WITH THE BICYCLE.

Lockport, N. Y., Aug. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As you now have a Wheeling department, I feel at liberty to give my sporting experience in that manner. Four years ago my sons were anxious that I should ride the wheel, so as to be able to get into the country with my gun more readily, and easier than by walking. At that time I had my doubts about its being easier, although I knew it was more speedy, and as I was well on to the three-score line I did not take well to the idea of learning to ride, but two years later I changed my mind and have since been a devotee of the silent steed. A year ago this month I commenced making it my sporting companion.

My first experience was in plover shooting, and I found it was much easier to get to and from the fields where for the past thirty years I have done nearly all my shooting of this erratic game bird. These fields are between two and three miles from my home, and I find it an easy matter to strap my gun on the wheel between saddle and pedals, and get there by the time the sun is high enough to show the birds flying over the fields of the newly-sown wheat or close-cropped pasture. I had been out a few times with more or less success (generally less) in the mornings, when I concluded that I would try them toward evening, as sometimes a few of the birds remain through the day.

On my first afternoon visit, after sitting in the fence corner for some time without seeing any birds on the wing, I saw something on the further side of the field that looked like birds on the ground, and after watching a long time I saw a movement, and on going toward them saw three plover some distance apart. As I got within long shooting distance of the nearest one it got up and I shot it, and the others, seeing it drop, also alighted. In walking toward them I passed the one I had shot and might have picked it up, but thought it would be better to leave it until I had flushed the others, though in passing it I noticed that it fluttered a short distance from me. Just then the other two got up and I shot them. On turning to pick up the first bird I was surprised to see it flying away seemingly as well as ever, and before I could get another shell in the gun it was a long way out of range, and finally disappeared from view in the distance. Finding no more birds, I returned home.

After a few more unsuccessful trips to these fields I concluded to leave my gun at home when I next went in that direction, which I did on the Saturday following, and when four miles out on the same road I saw a flock of about thirty plover feeding in a field near the road. After watching them for some time in an unpleasant frame of mind because I had not brought my gun, I concluded that I would go and get it and return and get some of those birds.

Before seeing the birds that road did not seem to be good wheeling, but after I got started for the gun it seemed to be the best road I had ridden for some time, and I was not long in getting home and changing my wheeling suit for shooting clothes and strapping the gun on the wheel. On the return trip the road seemed better than ever, and I was soon back to that field, but did not find the birds where I had left them. In the further corner I saw what I thought were a part of them, and on getting nearer them put up a whole flock and got a double shot into them, securing five birds. On looking at my watch I found it was fifty-five minutes from the time I started for the gun, and that I was about halfway between the third and fourth mile post, and had made pretty good time for a sixty-two-year-old boy.

In another week shooting time will be on again, and I shall again try plover shooting on a bicycle.

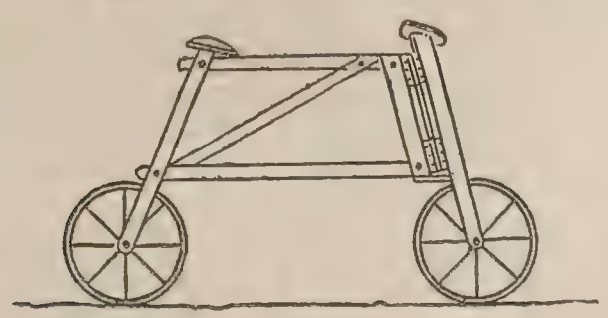
J. L. Davison.

The Celerette.

The "celeripedes and "drasines" on which the Frenchmen of 1816 used to wheel are forcibly called to mind by a machine which is beginning to appear on the streets of Paris. According to the *American Wheelman*,

"One of the latest sights in Paris is a long string of men, each astride on a couple of wheels which they push along at a fairly rapid rate, with their feet on the ground. This centipede-looking instrument is an advertisement of the Celerette invented by M. Paul Leclerc, or perhaps it would be better to say resuscitated, for the machine is nothing but a modernized version of the old hobby horse.

"It is made of a rhomboidal framework of wood nailed or bolted together, and running on two small wooden wheels, the steering wheel being carried by a head piece which is hinged on to the fame. A piece of wood is nailed across the top of the steering post, a leather saddle is fixed to the rear, and there you have the Celerette in the simplest form possible. Of course, the inventor does not think



THE CELERETTE.

that this is going to compete with the bicycle, but he claims that it will be found very useful for people learning to ride, or to those who cannot go to the expense of buying an ordinary wheel. Moreover, the fact that it will enable anyone to cover long distances without tiring themselves and at almost infinitesimal cost makes the Celerette a practical instrument, even if it is hardly likely to be taken up by the general body of cyclists.

"It may be used by workmen, children and others who do not mind about sacrificing a little dignity for the sake of the exercise or for going their daily rounds. The Celerette does not weigh more than about 5lbs. and it can be pushed at the rate of eight or twelve miles an hour, which is a speed not to be despised by any means.

"Its cost is less than $2, and if you want one fitted up with pneumatic tired wheels running on ball bearings you have to pay $17, while there are intermediate prices for ordinary rubber tires. Besides its cheapness and lightness the maker claims that it has certain advantages over the bicycle. He says that it is not so tiring as the bicycle, because the legs are not constantly at work, and in going down hill you lift the feet and "thus taste the joys of speed acquired without effort." No doubt the experienced wheeler will smile at the claims held out for the Celerette, but undeniably it is a worthy invention, if only for the fact that everyone can now take exercise and travel at a pretty good speed at the cost of a dollar or two."

BICYCLE QUALITY.

New York, July 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In selecting a bicycle the question of price should always be of secondary consideration. Genuine bargains are extremely rare, and an examination of many of the $39.99 or $49.49 kind of bicycles, which are described as being "strictly high-grade $100 bicycles," proves them to be of the most inferior quality. These wheels in most cases have been built to sell on their appearance, and as the better class of bicycle agencies, who value their reputations, cannot be induced to handle them, they find their way into the hands of firms who deal solely in "bargain wheels," and who conduct their business on the principle that the crop of fools is perennial.

Even among the bicycles with reputations, that honestly sell at catalogue prices, there are some that for one reason or another are little, if any, better than the bargain bicycles. Sometimes a new or even an old firm makes the fatal mistake of cheapening the cost of production as a means of increasing their profit. As a case in point, a wheelman of my acquaintance exchanged his 1895 bicycle for a '96 model of a certain supposedly standard make, selling for $100. The '95 wheel had been eminently satisfactory and had carried the rider some thousands of miles without any repairs whatever. Within two weeks of ordinary service, however, the new wheel broke down completely. One spoke snapped, and on examination the agents who made the exchange acknowledged that there was not a sound spoke in either wheel. The bearings wore so that, to quote the owner, "you could stick a lead pencil in among them." And to cap the climax, an important part of the frame came unbrazed and the whole wheel seemed on the point of disintegration. The rider is a light man, weighing only 120lbs., and though he covers a great deal of ground during the course of a week, his riding is all over smooth roads and his wheel is put to no unusual strain.

Another man, who took his trial trip on Riverside Drive on a wheel he had bought at a bargain price, learned the quality of his mount when eight spokes in the front wheel suddenly snapped, and becoming entangled with the fork brought him to a sudden stop. Fortunately for his neck, the rider was going along very slowly on level ground. Had he been going down hill or with any speed nothing could have saved him from a bad header.

But the two bicycles just mentioned are not representative of the majority of wheels ridden by American cyclists. Poor wheels, except at very low prices, are the exception, else the sport would never have gained its universal popularity. A good wheel, if properly cared for, will run thousands of miles without once going to the repair shops, and the essential parts of such bicycles are practically indestructible. Even in the case of accident these wheels, by reason of their all-round honesty and excellence of constuction, frequently escape without damage. Recently a friend of mine weighing 240lbs., who, by the way, was just learning to ride, lost control of his bicycle on a hill, at the bottom of which, while going at a tremendous gait, he came in contact with a pile of Belgian paving blocks.

As luck would have it, the rider was not seriously injured, but judging from the force of the impact he imagined his wheel would be smashed into its thousand and one original component parts. When he came to examine it, however, he was unable to find that any part was broken. The front wheel was bent backward till it touched the rear wheel, but when the fork was put in a vise and straightened into position the bicycle seemed in as good condition as ever.

A subsequent examination by an expert proved that not a part was broken—a spoke or bearing—and the only suggestion he could offer was the substitution of a new fork, though he said this was not absolutely essential.

All the incidents quoted are actual facts from the personal experience of the writer, who is of the opinion that a good wheel is worth the price asked, while anything else is dear as a gift. There is as much difference in quality between a good bicycle and a poor one built to imitate it as there is between a brass filled case premium offer watch and a $100 Waltham, or as there is between a cheap imported rattletrap gun and a Smith, a Parker or a Lefever. The bargain bicycle stores are in the habit of giving premiums to help sell their wheels, but they have failed to hit on the most appropriate, which would be a life insurance policy.

Quality tells, and the smash in prices this year is the best possible indication of the process that is going on of separating the good wheels from the bad. If you want to buy a bicycle, ask some one in whom you have confidence to name half a dozen of the best makes, and then make your selection from these. Let your personal inclination guide you as to the details of construction, but never buy a wheel that an experienced man will not recommend.

J. A. C.

NOTES.

Mr. J. L. Davison, who goes plover shooting with a bicycle, finds the new way vastly better than the old. He rides seven miles over a poor road, changes his clothes, and shoots five plover. all in less than an hour. We think this is a record—at least for men who are beyond the sixty year mark.

If Mr. Davison had been on foot when he saw the plover in all probability he would never have taken the trouble to go back home for his gun. As it was the plover suffered. The bicycle is only another link in the chain of nineteenth century improvements that is threatening our game with extinction.

The game is brought closer to the shooter—or the shooter to the game, whichever way you choose to put it—and the result is bound to be a lessening of the supply.

One of the notable figures at the annual meets of the Western Massachusetts Fox Club is Benjamin Babb, of Southfield, who for a number of years has hunted foxes with a bicycle.

How he manages to get his wheel over the rough mountain roads and through woodland and swamp is a mystery, but nothing seems to stop him, and when the fox has distanced everything else he frequently finds Mr. Babb and his repeating shotgun waiting for him.

The manner of carrying a gun on a bicycle varies. Mr. Davison says he straps his gun "on the wheel between saddle and pedals," but he does not say whether the gun is in the case or put together, though he probably means the latter. Babb carries his Winchester shotgun strapped to the frame between his legs, with the barrel projecting ahead of his wheel like the bowsprit of a boat. Other sportsmen carry their guns in the cases hung from the shoulder. What is the best way to carry a gun on a bicycle?

Down on Long Island they used to hunt deer on horseback, just as they hunt foxes in other parts of the country. The sportsman carried his gun and endeavored to head the deer at well-known crossings, where he could get a close shot.

Sometimes these chases covered a great many miles in the aggregate, and dogs and horses were completely fagged out before the deer was bagged.

After two years of close season deer will be hunted again on Long Island this fall. The roads through the deer country are fairly good and strategically distributed, and were it not for the number of hunters and the danger of being taken for a deer and shot, no doubt bicycles could be used to advantage, as the horses were in former days.

A little incident will serve to explain to those not familiar with the Long Island deer hunting conditions why it would not be safe to ride a bicycle through the deer country.

Two years ago, just at sunrise, two deer were driven by the dogs around the base of a hill on which were assembled thirty or forty hunters. A perfect cannonade ensued; but the deer were too far off and it was too dark to shoot well, and they escaped the men on the hill, only to fall to the guns of some others, where they attempted to cross the main road a little beyond.

Just as the smoke began to clear away, a hunter in a light colored shooting coat ran directly across the opening where the deer had passed a moment before. The effect was something like a deer bounding in and out among the scrub oaks, and one of the hunters on the hill evidently was deceived by the resemblance; for he raised his rifle, and before he could be stopped had fired several shots at the man, each one as carefully sighted as possible under the conditions. Fortunately homicide did not result; but those who saw the incident took good care after that to move about as little as possible, and not one of them would have run to get a shot at the biggest buck on the island.

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Works on Sunday—

Talks business seven days in the week—a "Forest and Stream" Kennel Special advertisement.

Yachting.

As the races for the America's Cup are at least nominally governed by the third deed of gift, it would naturally be supposed that the inventors of the wild rumors of impending challenges launched from time to time would at least take the trouble to read that precious document and conform their stories to it. Such has not been the case, however, with two recent rumors, one to the effect that the Emperor William will challenge next year with Meteor II., and the other that Mr. James Ross, commodore of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., intends to build a yacht and challenge in the name of his club. As far as a challenge from the Emperor is concerned, it would be possible only in one way, and that is practically an impossibility. In the last deed, as in the first and second, it is positively stated that the challenging yacht must be constructed in the country to which the challenging club belongs, which makes it impossible for Meteor II. to sail as the representative of the Imperial Y. C. of Germany, the chosen club of the Emperor. Of course he is also a member of the Squadron and other British clubs, and thus might legally secure one of them to back his challenge, or the yacht might be transferred to the nominal ownership of the Earl of Lonsdale, or some other English yachtsman, for the same purpose. Such courses as these, however, are hardly within the bounds of probability; the whole effort of the Emperor has been to build up a system of yachting in Germany, whether for mere love of the sport or for the advantages which result to every great nation from a general love of water sports and sailing. To challenge in the name of a British club with a yacht of British design and build would be, in the event of winning, merely helping England to accomplish what she has so long failed in, and would in no way advance the interests of German yachting, as the Cup would necessarily go to England and not to Germany. We can hardly believe that the Emperor's love for his British cousins is so strong as such a course would imply.

The report about Mr. Ross is even more absurd. The New York Y. C. long ago decided most emphatically that it would receive no more challenges from Canada; in fact, the second deed of gift was made in 1882 mainly to stop all further attempts on the part of Canadians to win the Cup, and it has been thoroughly understood by them as such. The Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., like all the other Canadian clubs, is purely a fresh-water organization, and has no racing course on the sea or an arm of the sea, as called for by the second and third deeds, and is not qualified to issue a challenge for the America's Cup. The only way in which Mr. Ross could challenge would be by joining the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron and sailing as its representative. At the present time we can see no prospect whatever of a challenge for the Cup; in fact, the general circulation of such absurd stories as these two is in itself an indication that there is nothing more probable and reliable in the air.

YACHTS OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

Apropos of the discussion over yachts and yachting about San Francisco, we clip the following from the San Francisco *Chronicle* of Aug. 1. It would seem to be pretty strong corroboration of the position of our correspondent, W. B. Collier, Jr. The attempt to modernize an old boat is one of the most useless ways of wasting money ever devised by yachtsmen. For one thing alone, the old hull has, in nearly every case, a needlessly heavy construction, which is a fatal handicap to speed when opposed to modern craft, and this weight of construction is necessarily increased by the addition of misfit ends of extreme length. Such efforts as this to improve a fleet are likely to do much more harm than good to yachting.

Interest is keen in yachting just now, as some of the principal regattas of the year are about to take place. The first will be the postponed race of the California Y. C. for the Wallace challenge trophy. The original race was declared void, as the yachts did not finish in the time prescribed by the deed gift, and another race had to be called for. The date set is Aug. 9. According to the deed of gift the race for 1896 must be sailed on an ebb tide. The start will be from the southerly side of the narrow-gauge mole, and thence around Presidio Shoal Buoy and back to the starting point. As the club has postponed another of its races, the past month or so has been used in cruising, giving the members a good chance to rest and get in shape for the regatta.

The event for the month of August will be the race between the Catherine and the Fawn for the San Francisco challenge cup. The Catherine represents the San Francisco Yacht Club, while the Fawn is the defender placed in the field by the Encinal Yacht Club, the holder of the cup. Both clubs have gone to a great deal of trouble getting their representatives in fine shape. The Catherine had an overhang bow and stern put on this spring and the good work she did led to the challenge. The addition at the bow is 1ft. 7½in. and the stern overhang is 5ft. 9½in. Up to a week or so ago she had the old ballast, but when the reports of the extensive changes that were being made in the Fawn reached Sausalito the officers of the San Francisco Club got together and decided that everything must be done to have the Catherine in the best possible shape. Therefore she was at once sent to Capt. Matthew Turner's yard at Benicia, where she has had all her ballast taken out and replaced by a lead keel weighing 1,220lbs. Only enough will be carried inside to trim her. In place of the wooden centerboard she will carry one made of steel weighing 875lbs. While at the yard she has had the paint burnt off and the hull planed and sand-papered. Before leaving a new set of spars will be placed on her, as the old ones were found to be too light. Her new measurements are 32ft. 7in. over all and 25ft. 2in. on the load waterline. The spars measure: Boom, 26ft. 9in.; gaff, 15ft. 5in., and bowsprit, 6ft. outboard. The hoist of the mainsail is 19ft., and of the jib perpendicular, 20ft. 6in. The principal change in the sail area was bringing the jib inboard 1ft.

On the Fawn there has been just as much changing as on the Catherine. The old sharp bow has been taken off and a modern spoon bow substituted. The old iron keel and inside ballast have been replaced by an iron shoe. The stern has been left with a small overhang. The sail plan was somewhat changed, necessitating making a new suit of sails, which were bent on this week, and she was out for a spin to stretch them. The Fawn has always been a heavy weather boat, and as the course is noted for its light winds, the odds are against the Encinals.

EL HEIRIE.

THROUGH the kindness of her designer, owner and skipper, Mr. Clinton H. Crane, we are enabled to present to our readers one of the notable yachts of the year, a craft that in spite of her exceptionally small size is worth every consideration from practical yachtsmen as the embodiment in practical and useful shape of certain new principles. The history of El Heirie's success in the Seawanhaka trial races over other yachts of both normal and extreme form, as well as her subsequent defeat by a craft of similar form to herself, but of greater power, is too new to need to be recounted here; it has all appeared in our pages within the past two months, and we need only concern ourselves with the yacht herself.

El Heirie was designed by Mr. Crane expressly for the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. international races, the design being completed in the winter and placed in the hands of the Lawley & Son Co., of South Boston. It his selection of the very peculiar form shown in the design Mr. Crane was influenced by the various reports published last season of the phenomenal speed of the 15-footer Question. Instead, however, of resting content with the mere copying of the external features of this odd craft, Mr. Crane has evidently gone much further; he has studied thoroughly the underlying principles of the scow type, as embodied in Question, and has applied them in a way of his own to produce a much faster craft. The leading dimensions of El Heirie are as follows; the original design was made on a basis of 14ft. 6in. l.w.l., and the yacht as officially measured was 14ft. 8in.; for the sake of comparison with other designs in the same class, the design has been redrawn on a basis of 15ft. l.w.l., or about ¼in. greater draft than appropriate to her measured length. The displacement is consequently a little greater than that of the yacht in racing trim.

Length over all	23ft.
l.w.l.	15ft.
Overhang, bow	4ft. 9in.
stern	3ft. 3in.
Beam, extreme	5ft. 6in.
l.w.l.	5ft.
Draft, hull	5¼in.
with board	5ft.
Freeboard	8¾in.
Displacement	987lbs.
Sail area	240sq. ft.

At first sight the relationship of El Heirie to the scow type is not closely apparent; the form is rounded throughout, with no approach to a flat side or angular bilge. The sheer is perfectly straight, but this in itself is not an essential feature of the design. A look at the waterlines, especially forward, will show, however, the radical difference between her and such a craft, for instance, as Ethelwynn. On the same length of waterline, 15ft., Ethelwynn has a length on the load waterline plane along the middle buttock line of but 10ft.; El Heirie has at the same point a length of 13ft. 5in.

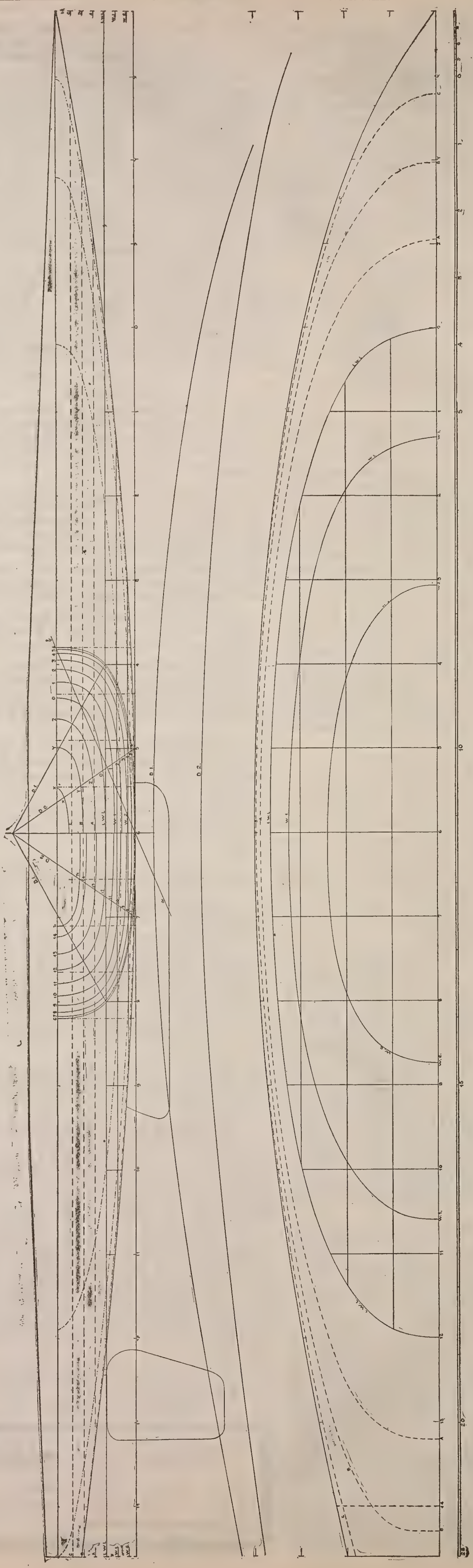
In the normal type of vessel, Ethelwynn, Gloriana, Volunteer, Minerva, America, all more or less of the V type of section, the load waterline as measured at rest in smooth water represents a great length for the size of the yacht; this is so even in the modern Herreshoff type with an exeessive area of load water plane. When one of these vessels is heeled to the average sailing angle, the waterline actually shortens forward, though gaining something aft by the long full counter. The middle waterline, the distance measured in practically all measurement rules, is very long in comparison with the area of load waterline plane, and also with the longitudinal element of that plane at the quarter beam of the vessel or along the middle buttock line.

In El Heirie, and to a still greater extent in Glencairn, the measured waterline is reduced to a minimum as compared with the size of the yacht and the area of the l.w.l. plane by the cutting away of the rib or V represented by the stem and keel of an ordinary vessel, and the adoption of the flat scow bottom carried right up to the stemhead. That such a form necessitates a waterline that is but an ellipse, with other lines that no designer would accept as capable of high speed, is a fact that must be discussed later; the main point is that this peculiar variation of the scow form permits such a successful evasion of waterline length as has never been achieved before.

This idea of cheating the waterline measurement has always been most alluring to the racing yachtsman and over-keen designer, and an amount of work has been wasted on it that would have produced excellent results if applied in more reasonable channels of investigation. All sorts of devices have been tried, from the crude and clumsy ones of sawing square notches in the stem and counter up to others that, while less effectual, at least show some little ingenuity. A great deal of utter nonsense was written when Gloriana first appeared over the way in which her designer had cheated the waterline measurement by providing her with long ends far out of water; but it is to-day generally recognized that the evasion of length possible on a yacht of this kind, more or less of the V type, is very small indeed. In the same line of so-called improvement are the recent unsuccessful attempts to build one hull on top of another, the one to fool the measurer, the other to carry sail and develop speed.

In all yachts of the normal type the designer works on the assumption that the hull is to be sailed as nearly upright as possible, that the true l.w.l. plane of the yacht when under way in a race shall coincide as closely as possible with the l.w.l. plane of the design. In the scow type, including El Heirie and Glencairn, a very different principle is involved. It is never expected or desired that the yacht when under sail shall have the same lines indicated by a model, but the designer starts out in a very different manner. While the design is made, as a matter of conventionality and convenience, in the ordinary upright position, the designer assumes from the start that the yacht is to do her best work to windward and reaching in a very different position, heeled intentionally to a good angle, and with an immersed form that bears no relation whatever to the form when at anchor. In the case of El Heirie the effective sailing angle is probably somewhere near that indicated by the line a b, or with deck just awash and center of keel about at the surface of the water. In this position there is still displacement enough in the hard round bilge; the immersed portion of the hull becomes of the canoe form, with a beam of but 3ft. and a depth of but 7in.; and, what is still more important, the length on the new waterline is as great or even greater than that upon the measured waterline.

Long, narrow, shoal and of very easy form, this portion of the hull has all the speed elements of the canoe; but like the canoe, it lacks power. This however is supplied, just as in the canoe, by mechanical means entirely outside of the natural stability of the hull itself. The weather bilge and



EL HEIRIE. Designed and sailed by Clinton H. Crane, S. C. Y. C. Defender of Seawanhaka International Cup.

deck are both out of water and serve a double purpose, first, through their own weight acting as the weather hull of a catamaran to windward, and secondly, again as in the catamaran, as a seat for the crew far out to windward.

It may be said that there is nothing new in all this, that it is as true of the common scow as of El Heirie; but the scow has found many friends and exponents in the past, who have proclaimed its advantages; at the same time we have yet to hear of one who has pointed out this peculiar advantage in the way of successfully evading the measurement of waterline, or who has employed it in a way which indicated any comprehension of it. In both El Heirie and Glencairn this same idea, derived independently and at different times, has been elaborated in a thoroughly careful and scientifical manner, which shows that the designers were not, as is so often the case, misled by the color and texture of the husk, but have faithfully sought the truth in the kernel. Compared with these two yachts the more primitive scow models have been far from successful, mainly in lack of light weather speed, there being no trouble about speed in a strong breeze. In the case of Glencairn a comparison is difficult, owing to the great discrepancy in waterline and sail area between her and the rest of the fleet; but there were a number of the scow type in the trial races of about the same waterline and sail area as El Heirie, but nowhere near her in point of speed.

The experiment of 1891, in cutting off the fore end of the waterline of Gloriana, was a most radical one, but it really involved no new principle, dealing merely with the reduction of deadwood, which, as it proved, was useless, though it had always been considered essential. The experiment of 1896, in El Heirie, in cutting away with one bold stroke what Mr. Herreshoff had left in Gloriana, is still more radical and goes beyond a mere detail in amounting to a clear and well defined principle heretofore unknown in designing. Just how far upward in the list of classes this principle may be employed is as yet doubtful; probably the 25ft. class will mark the extreme limit. It can only be employed where the crew constitutes a large portion or in fact all of the ballast, and in craft so small that the risk of capsize amounts to nothing and they may in racing be heeled to a dangerous angle. It is in no way probable that El Heirie's model would succeed in a yacht of 30 to 40ft. l.w.l., which must of necessity be sailed as nearly upright as possible, and even in the 25ft. class the allowance of crew, five in all, is probably too small to make such an experiment successful. Whatever class be selected for the contest of 1897 for the Seawanhaka cup, there can be no question that this new type of yacht will play an important part, and much more in regard to its capabilities may be looked for. We hope later on to give further particulars as to the rig and fittings of El Heirie.

EXPENSIVE SPORT.

We reprint the following timely editorial from *The Yachtsman* of July 30:

It will be remembered that a few weeks since we lifted up our voice in protest against the millionaire yachtsman racing aught save an "unrestricted class" yacht. The case of the Niagara's crew is quite to the point; but in calling attention to the absurdity it must not be supposed that Mr. Howard Gould is one whit more guilty of spoiling sport, in our opinion, than many other very wealthy owners of small class racing yachts. We are indeed fully persuaded that he, in common with many "earls and such like," as we once expressed it, sins in utter unconsciousness. That he does great harm to yacht racing by a too good-natured use of a long purse will be acknowledged by all would-be builders for the 52ft. class—outside the pale of earls and millionaires—when they hear that Niagara's ordinary paid hands, six in all, excluding that thorough good skipper, John Barr, receive no less than 30 shillings per week. Besides this standing wage, the men are found in clothes, food, etc., the latter item running to about £1 per week per abdomen; and to more fully recognize the value of a berth aboard Niagara, it must be said that the usual prize money is freely given by Mr. Gould, viz.: £1 per man for every first prize, 10s. for each second prize, and 5s. for third prizes. The salary of the naturalized American-Scotch skipper is not, of course, included in the foregoing, nor have we attempted to pry into the perquisities of his high office, but J. B. can take care of himself full well, and he is not likely to be undervalued by Mr. Howard Gould. Why should he be, for a better sailing master never sailed such a good boat as Niagara? It will be seen that Mr. Gould is unwittingly a spoil-sport through being too generous a governor. We should like to see Mr. Gould the owner of a first-class racing yacht, with John Barr as his captain, and all his present crew in the vessel, at perhaps a reduced rate of emolument. But this example of a 20-rater's or 52-footer's working expenses clearly shows that a move on the part of the Y. R. A. in the matter of fixing a scale of wages and the number of paid hands in all the restricted classes is imperative for the sake of "the promotion of the interests of yacht racing."

The instance above quoted is but one of many modern extravagances which together form a powerful contributory cause against the best interests of yachting. The evil of extravagant expenditure afflicts most impartially all sizes and classes, and is rapidly making the sport too expensive for the very class of men who should be its most powerful patrons. As yachting is conducted to-day, the captain of an ocean-going yacht does not cross the Atlantic in her, but goes, like his master, in the first cabin of a liner; the racing of a 60 or 70ft. schooner requires at least two of the most experienced racing skippers; the 30ft. special class, a Corinthian class if ever there was one, monopolizes the services of such racing cracks as Watson and Crocker, and even a 15-footer must have a professional as crew. It is this sort of yachting which is doing infinitely more harm to the sport than the presence of a poor rule or the absence of a perfect one. It is, for the time being, profitable to the few expert skippers, but we doubt whether in the end it is to the benefit of the professional yacht sailor as a class, both skipper and crew; as long as the boom is on in a particular class it is beneficial to a certain limited number, but on the other hand one need only look through the yards and basins in midsummer and note the number of large yachts out of commission to appreciate the effect on sailor men as a body.

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

THE MEASUREMENT RULE.

Cobourg, Aug. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the current issue of the Forest and Stream there appears a letter from a correspondent, Sextant, on the measurement question, which seems to be pertinent at the present time, for I think every one, even the designers of Sothis and Glencairn, is disappointed that the tendency of the length and sail area rule has been to force upon us boats partaking more or less of the nature of brutes with exaggerated sail plans and sawed-off waterlines. It seems to be acknowledged that sail area measurement alone would produce a canoe-shaped boat, long and slim, and almost equally undesirable from a cruiser's point of view, and Sextant as well as the length and sail area men propose to restrain the tendency of the rule by arbitrary restrictions in the dimensions of the hull in the one case and in the sail area in the other.

The proposition to restrict is tantamount to a confession that the existing rule is bad in its tendencies, as also the proposed one, and if so why perpetuate the one and initiate the other? Length as giving finer lines and lessening the tendency to pitch and scend in a seaway is a speed-giving element in itself independent of its contributing to greater power, and should evidently be taxed to some extent, but the present tax is obviously too heavy as compared with that on sail. Why not then, if the existing rule tends to unduly short boats, and that proposed by Sextant to unduly long and slim ones, adopt some mean between them, such as $\frac{L. + 2\sqrt{S.A.}}{3}$? Such a rule is equally simple in its practical application with the present one, and would have the further advantage of bringing some of the older and more moderately rigged craft into more hopeful competition with the brutes by compelling the latter to reduce their sail plans in order to get into the class at all, while the more snugly rigged boats would need no alteration.

It does not seem to me that direct restrictions are in any way desirable as regards the cardinal dimensions, and if they are applied at all it should be as has been done in several cases to the form of midship section, sheer plan, etc., and not to the dimensions of the circumscribing block or to the driving power. If the sail area, for instance, were restricted in a 15-footer to 250ft. the result would probably be that every boat in the fleet would carry exactly this amount on 14ft. waterline, and the only differences would be some trifling ones in shape of midship section and rig; it would be to all intents and purposes a one-design class, with victory depending upon the personal equation of the crew and to a small extent upon the purse of the owner in enabling him to procure a saving of a few pounds in weight.

And here I think is an element of speed to which some limit might be with propriety applied as discouraging a boat built either at extreme cost or unduly weak and unfit for rough and tumble work. Let us restrict the weight or rather the absence of weight of a 15 footer to that which can be obtained by a skillful builder working with ordinary materials consistently with the production of a reasonably strong and durable boat. I say durable advisedly; for a boat, as has been already proved this season in more than one case, may be quite equal to withstanding the strains of sailing even in a rough sea, but may be almost ruined by being hauled up and exposed to sun and dry air for a few days, or even by exposure to changeable weather at her moorings.

H. K. Wicksteed.

Corinthian Y. C. Midsummer Series.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Aug. 12, 13, 14, 15.

The first race of the Corinthian Y. C. midsummer series was sailed on Aug. 12 in a very light air. The course was shortened to 6½ miles and then the knockabouts did not finish in time. The times were:

25 FOOTERS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	30.11	1 56 20	1 56 20
Rex, J. B. Farrell	....	2 13 57	.. .. ..
Susie, J. F. Cole	28.06	2 37 45	2 36 23
Marena, D. Follett, Jr	29 01	2 40 25	2 39 25
Elvira, Bartlett Bros	29.05	2 40 40	2 39 51

21-FOOTERS.

Rooster, Adams Bros	....	2 15 37	.. .. ..
Satanic, Wm. Daly, Jr	....	2 22 50	.. .. ..
Gleaner, F. O. Wellington	23.06	2 24 05	.. .. ..
Reaper, H. P. Benson	24.01	2 33 08	.. .. ..
Tacoma, S. N. Small	24.09	3 02 50	.. .. ..
Natoye, A. C. Usher	....	3 22 00	.. .. ..

21FT. CLASS

Cleopatra, H. M. Faxon	21.09	2 45 50	.. .. ..
Koorali, R. C. Robbins	22.07	2 47 15	.. .. ..
Arab, W. F. Scott	....	3 21 25	.. .. ..
Edith, F. M. Wood	20.04	3 31 40	.. .. ..
Comas	....	Withdrew.	

16-FOOTERS

Sunbeam, H. B. Faxon	18.09	3 03 20	.. .. ..
Bonita, C. W. & C. O. Hood	20.06	3 22 05	.. .. ..
Fantasy	....	Did not finish.	
Anita	....	Did not finish.	
Swallow	....	Did not finish.	

On Aug. 13 there was no wind, and the race was abandoned. On Aug. 14 a fine N.E. breeze was blowing, and a good race was sailed, the times being:

25 FOOTERS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Rex, J. B Farrell	29.11	1 56 42	1 55 52
Susie, J. F. Cole	28.06	1 58 07	1 56 01
Elvira, Bartlett Bros	29.05	1 59 31	1 58 15
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	30.11	1 59 02	1 59 02
Tantrum, F. D. Perkins	....	2 02 35	.. .. ..
Romance	....	Withdrew.	
Marena	....	Withdrew.	

21-FOOTERS.

Satanac, W. Daly, Jr	23.11	1 52 20	1 51 20
Rooster, Adams Bros	21.01	1 56 08	1 51 38
Reaper, H. P. Benson	24.01	1 51 20	1 53 30
Gleaner, F. O. Wellington	23.06	1 55 32	1 54 02
Tacoma, S. N Small	24.09	1 54 32	1 54 32
Exile, A. H. Higginson	23.02	1 59 47	1 57 57
Tedesco, C. C. Morss, Jr	....	2 09 37	.. .. ..

21FT. CATS.

Cleopatra, H. M. Faxon	21.09	1 18 00	1 16 36
Arab, W. F. Scott	....	1 23 11	.. .. ..
Magpie, A. W. Stevens	22.04	1 25 13	1 24 21
Egeria, R. Tucker	23.05	1 25 28	1 25 28
Comus, Dr. Kittredge	....	1 31 57	.. .. ..
Koorali, R C. Robbins	....	Disabled.	

17-FOOTERS.

Bonita, C. O Hood	20.06	1 20 25	1 20 25
Fantasy, W. Allerton	17.11	1 28 00	1 25 04
Sunbeam, H. B. Faxon	....	Disabled.	

KNOCKABOUTS.

Cock Robin, C. S. Eaton	....	1 33 36	.. .. ..
Bo Peep, Clark & North	....	1 36 12	.. .. ..
Water Lily, H. M. Sears	....	1 37 01	.. .. ..
Maia, E. Paine	....	1 39 26	.. .. ..
La Chica, C. V. Souther	....	1 39 35	.. .. ..
Dorothy, F. Brewster	....	1 39 42	.. .. ..
Jacktar, T. E. Jacobs	....	1 39 49	.. .. ..
Comet, A. A. Lawrence	....	1 40 40	.. .. ..
Sally, D. C. Percival, Jr	....	1 40 55	.. .. ..
Hobo, T. W King	....	1 42 32	.. .. ..
Mayona, C. O Stearns	....	1 46 41	.. .. ..
Alruna, Lambert Bros	....	1 47 29	.. .. ..
Nike, C. A. Cooley	....	1 48 34	.. .. ..
Ruth, R. Wiggin	....	1 48 58	.. .. ..
Vishnu, C. F. Ayer	....	Disabled.	

Aug. 15 brought another day of light airs, resulting in a drifting match, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ida J., F. E. Beckman	29.06	3 15 25	3 13 00
Zerunh, G. C. Curtis	32.05	5 01 40	5 01 40
Emma C., P. A. Coupal	28.08	5 12 08	5 08 59
Arbutus	....	Did not finish.	
Barnacle	....	Did not finish.	

SECOND CLASS

Rooster, Adams Bros	19.00	3 25 08	3 20 19
Exit, A. H. Higginson	21.07	4 16 45	4 15 40
Satanic, Wm. Daly, Jr	22.05	4 51 55	4 51 55
Gleaner, F. O. Wellington	22.01	4 52 25	4 52 00
Tacoma	....	Did not finish.	
Wawanda	....	Did not finish.	
Natoye	....	Did not finish	

In the morning, starting at 9:10 o'clock, the knockabouts sailed off the postponed race of Aug. 12.

	Length.	Elapsed.
Cock Robin, C. S. Eaton	21.00	2 19 18
Bo Peep, Clark & North	21.00	2 27 03
Jacktar, T. E. Jacobs	21.00	2 27 03
La Chica, C. V. Souther	21.00	2 37 27
Dorothy, Frank Brewster	21.00	2 38 51
Water Lily, H. M. Sears	21.00	2 41 14
Sally, D. C. Percival, Jr	21.00	2 51 40
Maria, Everett Paine	21.00	2 52 49

The Lake Erie Regattas.

The two days' racing of the Erie Y. C. resulted greatly to the advantage of the Canadian yachts. The first day, Aug. 6, was devoted to the larger classes, there being a fine S W. breeze. The result was:

FIRST CLASS.

Canada	2 11 00	Scorpion	2 49 00

40FT. CLASS.

Dinah	2 31 00	Iris	2 42 00
Vivia	2 33 00		

35FT. CLASS.

Eve	Withdrew	Puritan	Withdrew
Miriam	Withdrew		

30FT. CLASS.

Hiawatha	2 28 00	Dowkey	2 48 00
Myrna	2 34 00	Nox	2 51 00

On the second day, Aug. 7, the races for the 25ft. and 15ft. classes were sailed. Sybil, of Buffalo, won, with Rogue, of Erie, second, in the 25ft. class. Arab, of Erie, won the 15ft. class.

On Aug. 8 Vencedor arrived at Cleveland after a hard passage from Chicago, and next morning Canada arrived from Erie and anchored near her. On Aug. 10 a reception was tendered to the visiting yachtsmen by the Cleveland Y. C., with a review of the fleet by Com. Worthington from the schooner Priscilla. After the review and when many of the ninety yachts in harbor were left partly unattended, a very violent squall broke over the harbor and swept through the fleet. The schooner Clipper, of Cleveland, was capsized and sunk; Sprite, of Toledo, capsized, with Volant and Pearl; Eva and Dinah, of Hamilton, were swept up on the beach; Nox, of Rochester, lost her bowsprit, and many other yachts were damaged. When the squall struck Vencedor had her clubtopsail aloft in order that a photo might be taken, and she was caught with this sail up and the wire halyards jammed in the block. The sail could not be lowered for some time, but the yacht went through the squall safely.

The first races of the Cleveland Y. C. regatta were set for Aug. 11, but the wind fell soon after the start, and the races were postponed On the next day there was a good breeze and the races of the 46, 40 and 25ft. classes were sailed, the times being:

46-FOOTERS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Canada	2 35 13	2 35 00
Zelma	2 38 21	2 37 30
Surprise	2 51 05	2 50 14
Czarina	2 51 47	2 51 47

40-FOOTERS.

Vivia	2 41 16	2 40 02
Dinah	2 42 37	2 40 15
Sultana	2 46 53	2 46 53

25-FOOTERS.

Sybil	2 38 37	2 38 37
Test	2 45 18	2 42 18
Whim	2 48 52	2 48 45
Volant	2 52 25	2 48 45
Sprite	2 48 20	2 57 00

On Aug. 13 the wind was strong from N.E., with a heavy sea The races were for the 55ft., 35ft. and 30ft. classes, the elapsed times being:

55FT. CLASS

Vencedor	2 48 00	Vananna	3 18 00
Vreda	3 16 00		

35FT. CLASS.

Eva	3 48 00	Corsair	....
Shamrock	4 01 00	Cynthia	....
Mona	4 04 00	Dawn	....
Nadia	....	Alert	....
Alborak	....	Meteor	....

30FT. CLASS.

Hiawatha	2 48 00	Nora	....
Myrna	2 49 00	Viking	....

Vananna lost her topmast.

On Aug. 14 the fleet sailed for Put-in-Bay.

Shelter Island Y. C.

GREENPORT HARBOR.

Saturday, Aug. 15.

The second special regatta of the Shelter Island Y. C. was sailed in Greenport Harbor on Aug. 15 in a strong S.W. wind, the times being:

SLOOPS—CLASS D.

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Consternation	2 08 00	4 09 20	2 01 20
Lynx	2 07 57	4 02 25	1 53 13
Dilemma	2 09 00	4 03 10	1 52 55

CATBOATS—CLASS 2.

Curdas	2 09 27	4 15 56	2 06 29
Aeolus	2 10 50	4 15 03	1 59 59
Vinata	2 10 49	4 18 36	2 02 47

CATBOATS—CLASS 3.

Elsket	2 13 42	4 19 34	2 05 52
Dandy	2 13 58	4 17 08	2 02 05
Sequel	2 12 56	4 16 48	2 02 58

HALF RATERS.

Nuera	2 08 23	3 23 08	1 14 43
Bantam	2 07 30	3 35 18	1 24 59

Lake Cobbosseecontee.

On Aug. 12 a race was sailed on Lake Cobbosseecontee, Me., the times being:

SWEEPSTAKES.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vega, Capt. Smith	1 42 45	1 19 21

FIRST CLASS.

Mollie O., R W. Soule	1 44 07	1 54 09
Undine, W. H. Small	1 48 15	1 27 52
Gretchen, S. E. Robinson	1 40 15	1 29 58
Hilda, W. H. Reid	2 06 52	1 46 29

SECOND CLASS.

Vega, Capt. Smith	1 42 45	1 19 21
Greta, O. Smith	1 51 14	1 28 36
White Wings, D. C Robinson	1 57 03	1 34 15
Innis, C. C. Hunt	2 02 45	1 39 42
Etta Pearl, S. K. Smith	2 11 35	1 48 27

THIRD CLASS

Lizzie W., H. Breed	1 37 00	1 11 11

CANOE CLASS.

Inez May	1 48 15	.. ..

Green Harbor Fisherman's Association.

The first regatta of the Green Harbor Fisherman's Association was sailed on Aug. 14 in a light N.E breeze, the times being:

SPECIAL CLASS

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Emerald, F. E Lowe	18.10	1 28 38	1 21 31
Fly, Dana Blockman	20.00	1 40 28	1 34 34
No Name, Dan Simmons	16.05	1 53 08	1 43 03
Petite, R. M. Burbank	13.08	Did not finish.	

FIRST-CLASS SPRITSAILS.

Mary Jane, Geo. Delano	16.02	1 40 19	1 28 52
Kanaka, H. P. Tolman	17.00	1 40 11	1 30 51
Hera, J. McDuffee	16.06	1 55 40	1 45 41

LARGE SAILING DORIES.

Will Cushing	15.00	1 41 43	1 29 36
Geo. Cushing	15.06	1 50 53	1 39 30
Henry Phillips	18.00	1 49 00	1 40 54
Allen Taylor	19.00	Did not finish.	
Fred Keene	15.08	Did not finish.	

The 30ft. Class at Newport.

The last day of the New York Y. C. cruise, Aug. 11, was devoted to the 30ft. class, Fleet Capt. Griswold having presented a handsome silver cup as a prize for a special race. The course was from Brenton's Cove around Dyer's Island and return, 16 miles. The morning was very calm and quiet, but when the start was made at 1:55 there was a light S.W. wind, making a run to first mark. The times at the turn were:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Asahi	3 10 30	1 10 30
Hera	3 11 45	1 11 45
Esperanza	3 12 35	1 12 35
Puck	3 12 58	1 12 58
Carolina	3 13 00	1 13 00
Raccoon	3 14 02	1 14 02
Wawa	3 14 30	1 14 30
Musme	3 14 45	1 14 45
Rosemary	3 14 50	1 14 50
Vaquero	3 15 03	1 15 03

On the return to windward Asahi improved her position and won very easily, in spite of touching a rock off the Conanicut shore. The new Sibbick boat, Rosemary, did very poorly. The final times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Asahi	4 45 00	2 45 00
Hera	4 50 10	2 50 10
Esperanza	4 52 30	2 52 30
Musme	4 54 35	2 54 35
Carolina	4 54 58	2 54 58
Vaquero	4 56 50	2 56 50
Puck	4 59 10	2 59 10
Raccoon	5 02 25	3 02 25
Wawa	Not timed.	
Rosemary	Not timed.	

On Aug. 12 a race was sailed over the same course for the Duryea cup, the wind being moderate from S.W. After a start at 2:30 and a run down wind the times at the turn were:

Asahi	3 44 10	Raccoon	3 45 50
Carolina	3 45 12	Esperanza	3 45 55
Puck	3 45 25	Musme	3 46 02
Hera	3 45 30	Wawa	3 46 15
Vaquero	3 45 42	Dorothy	3 47 45

On the beat home Hera did very good work, but Asahi again won, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Asahi, Bayard Thayer	5 07 00	2 30 07
Hera, R. N. Ellis	5 00 55	2 30 55
Vaquero, H. B. Duryea	5 01 55	2 31 55
Carolina, P. Jones	5 02 20	2 32 20
Musme, J. McDonough	5 03 40	2 33 40
Raccoon, Mr. Hostetter	5 04 25	2 34 25
Esperanza, A. Van Winkle	5 05 07	2 35 07
Puck, E. D. Morgan	5 06 20	2 36 20
Wawa, J. A. Stillman	5 12 40	2 42 40
Dorothy, H. P. Whitney	Did not finish.	

On Aug. 13 a sweepstakes race was arranged over the triangular course, two rounds, the wind being light S.W. Dorothy led over the first round, but Hera won, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hera	4 52 55	2 02 55
Vaquero III	4 54 45	2 04 45
Dorothy II	4 55 15	2 05 15
Esperanza	4 57 18	2 07 18
Wawa	4 58 30	2 08 30
Asahi	4 58 55	2 08 55
Musme	4 59 10	2 09 00
Raccoon	Did not finish.	
Carolina	Did not finish.	

On Aug. 14 the yachts sailed for a cup given by Mr. Thayer, the Dyers Island course being sailed, to windward and return. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Asahi	5 31 58	2 46 58
Vaquero	5 36 12	2 51 12
Hera	5 47 00	2 51 00
Musme	5 41 57	2 56 57
Carolina	5 45 55	3 00 55
Wawa	5 49 02	3 04 02
Esperanza	Did not finish.	
Dorothy	Did not finish.	
Raccoon	Did not finish.	

On Aug. 15 the fleet raced at Bristol for a cup given by Mr. Van Winkle, the race being sailed in a good breeze. Vaquero won, with Hera second, and Musme third.

Minnetonka Y. C.

LAKE MINNETONKA.

Saturday, Aug. 8.

The Minnetonka Y. C. spent Aug. 8 most pleasantly with a combined cruise and race, the members turning out for the cruise in steam yachts and sailing craft; a number of the latter being entered for the race to the picnic ground on one of the islands. The times were:

CLASS A—SLOOPS.

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Kite	11 05 25	12 46 10	1 39 48
Alpha	11 05 27	12 48 59	1 42 43
Swift	11 06 30	12 58 39	1 50 28
Siren	11 05 46	1 00 57	1 55 11
Katrina	11 06 32	1 02 24	1 54 40
Charlotte	11 05 56	1 02 25	1 55 47
Argo	11 06 58	1 04 45	1 57 47
Alcyone	11 06 32	1 05 32	1 57 47
Marie	11 06 20	Did not finish.	
Annetta	11 06 12	Did not finish.	
CLASS B—MEDIUM SLOOPS.			
Beatrice	10 55 24	12 48 23	1 52 50
Answer	10 55 12	12 56 46	1 59 58
Bird	10 55 24	1 01 41	2 02 35
Sleipnir	10 55 25	1 12 31	2 15 50
White Crows	10 57 25	1 14 40	2 17 15
Soncy	10 57 41	Did not finish.	
CLASS C—BIG CATS.			
Varuna	10 55 35	12 45 41	1 50 05
Daphne	10 47 04	12 51 26	2 04 22
Pinafore	10 55 57	12 52 40	1 51 49
Aurora	10 56 07	12 54 19	1 57 26
Wasp	10 56 25	1 08 20	2 11 55
Ida	10 56 11	1 18 32	2 22 21
CLASS D—SMALL CATS.			
Oswa	10 48 10	1 09 47	2 15 16
Imp	10 46 25	1 15 30	2 29 05
Irma	10 46 05	1 31 12	2 45 07
SPECIAL CLASS—SMALL SLOOPS.			
Hurrah	10 46 40	1 08 45	2 22 05
Arrow	10 55 50	1 09 44	2 11 58
Magic Slipper	10 47 03	1 15 12	2 25 44
Papoose	10 45 34	Did not finish.	

After a couple of hours on the island the party sailed home on the yachts.

The Sinking of Hawthorne.

The schooner yacht Hawthorne, owned by Messrs. B. F. and John McConnell, of Chicago, the largest yacht on Lake Michigan with the exception of the old Idler, was sunk in collision with a lake steamer on the night of Aug. 5, the yacht proving a total loss, though all hands were saved. The story of the disaster, as told by Capt. M. Henderson, the yacht's skipper, is as follows:

I am the captain of the schooner yacht Hawthorne, owned by Messrs. B. F. and John McConnell. She was about four years old, 70ft. long, 14ft. 10in. beam, and with a tonnage of about 28 tons.

We had started out about 9 or 10 o'clock A. M. for a day's sail, and we had as passengers Mr. and Mrs. John McConnell, a couple of their friends, and about eleven children. We cruised up and down the lake all day, and about 6 o'clock we landed the passengers at Grace street and at Hawthorne place, when we started back for Chicago and our anchorage.

The wind, as I remember it, was about S.W., and just at the east end of the Government pier we were sailing W.S.W., standing in toward the river on a port tack. I am sure our light was burning, and that we had our light screens up.

We had seen the Iowa standing out from the mouth of the river and supposed that, of course, she had seen us, for we had been on the port tack for six or seven minutes, lying only four points off the wind. It seemed, as we approached her, that she had intended to cross our bow, and she certainly threw her helm to the starboard. That made her swing to port and she struck us square in the port side and we sunk in three minutes. If she had kept her course it seems to me almost certain that she would have passed us astern.

Our men were all on deck and we jumped for the fender streaks and one of us caught on the anchor chains. A moment or so later they threw us a line and we climbed on deck.

The steamer Iowa is a new boat, a powerful wooden propeller; she was off the breakwater heading out from Chicago naturally the steamboat men lay the blame entirely on the yacht.

American Y. C. Regatta.

MILTON POINT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 15.

The American Y. C. held a special regatta for the classes of 30ft. and under on Aug. 15, sailing over the triangle marked by Parsonage Point, Red Springs Point and Larchmont. The start was given at 12:30 in a light easterly air and very strong tide, only four yachts, Acushla, Departure, Zelica and Quantuck, being able to cross the line on time, over twenty others being handicapped. The race was very fluky and uneven. The final times were:

30FT. CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Departure	12 35 00	3 10 59	2 35 59	2 32 35
Acushla	12 35 00	3 06 08	2 31 08	2 31 08
30FT. CABIN CATS.				
Estelle	12 40 00	4 08 18	3 28 18	3 27 37
Onaway	12 40 00	4 08 30	3 28 30	3 28 30
25FT. CABIN CATS.				
Presto	12 40 00	4 12 48	3 32 48	3 29 14
Weasel	12 40 00	4 10 37	3 30 37	3 30 37
Scat	12 40 00	3 56 58	3 16 58	3 12 18
Penelope	12 40 00	4 05 29	3 25 29	3 25 18
Grace	12 40 00	4 09 34	3 29 34	3 24 54
25FT. OPEN CATS.				
Edwina	12 40 00	4 11 42	3 31 42	3 31 42
Zelica	12 38 50	4 04 26	3 25 26	3 24 46
Dorothy	12 40 00	4 12 04	3 32 04	3 29 12
21-FOOTERS.				
Celia	12 45 00	3 45 56	3 00 56	3 00 56
Houri	12 45 00	3 44 55	2 59 55	2 59 55
Vaquero	12 45 00	3 47 55	3 02 55	3 02 55
Maysie	12 45 00	Did not finish.		
ONE-RATERS.				
Eos	12 40 00	4 11 23	3 31 23	3 31 23
Q. E. Z.	12 40 00	4 08 07	3 28 07	3 28 07
HALF-RATERS.				
Yola	12 45 00	4 10 24	3 25 24	. .. ..
Hope	12 45 00	4 10 32	3 25 32	. .. ..
Trilby	12 45 00	4 09 05	3 24 05	. .. ..
Paprika	12 45 00	4 01 32	3 16 32	. .. ..
25FT. CABIN SLOOPS.				
Quantuck	12 39 34	3 52 36	3 13 02	. .. ..
Olga	12 40 00	Did not finish.		
Virginia	12 40 00	Did not finish.		
30FT. OPEN CATS.				
Edna	12 40 00	4 07 34	3 27 34	. .. ..

The regatta committee included Messrs. Stuyvesant Wainright, Thomas Diamond, H. de B. Parsons and J. Howard Wainwright.

Bayswater Y. C.

FAR ROCKAWAY—JAMAICA BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 15.

The Bayswater Y. C. sailed an open regatta on Aug. 15 on Jamaica Bay, the wind being fresh from the south. The times were:

SLOOPS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Harvey N., Althouse	1 30 50	3 33 04	2 02 14	2 02 14
Moriches, E. H. Mott	1 30 26	3 40 35	2 10 19	1 59 09
Cyclone, Cyrus Mott	1 30 53	Did not finish.		
FIRST CLASS CATS.				
Lillie S., Scheer	1 33 05	3 46 45	2 13 40	2 13 40
Viking, Althouse	Did not finish.			
Peach, Rigby	Disabled.			
SECOND CLASS CATS.				
Aurisa, Nichols	1 37 25	3 54 17	2 16 52	2 16 52
Mattie, Dollard	1 36 57	3 53 09	2 16 12	2 16 42
Meta, Pettit	1 38 00	4 00 33	2 22 33	2 22 33
Chico, Bossert	1 36 47	4 04 40	2 32 53	2 32 53
Genette, Otis	1 36 34	4 03 47	2 27 13	2 27 13
SHARPIES.				
Marion, Moller	1 39 04	2 57 20	1 17 55	1 18 25
Little Deer, Richmond	1 39 25	3 19 14	1 39 49	1 39 49
Maggie, O'Kane	1 39 43	2 57 45	1 18 02	1 18 02
Cornelia, Buckley	1 40 35	3 16 13	1 38 28	1 38 28

Manchester Y. C.

MANCHESTER—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Monday, Aug. 10.

The Manchester Y. C. sailed its annual open regatta on Aug. 10 in a very light breeze, the times being:

SPECIAL CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Anoatok, J. Owens, Jr.	....	3 07 35	2 30 15
Handsel, G. R. Hooper	....	3 09 00	2 34 07
Mabelle F. Swift, C. E. Bruce	....	3 06 40	2 36 20
FIRST CLASS.			
Beatrice, J. Cavanaugh	25.06	3 08 43	2 43 29
Emma C., P. A. Coupal	29.05	3 11 24	2 52 13
Elvira, Bartlett Bros.	25.04	3 53 27	3 10 05
SECOND CLASS.			
Tacoma, S. N. Small	21.08	3 02 56	2 34 04
Cleopatra, H. M. Faxon	22.02	3 00 06	2 39 42
Rex, J. B. Farrell	24.00	3 17 25	2 50 51

The third, fourth and knockabout classes were unable to finish within limit.

On Aug. 11 the special invitation race of the club was sailed, but failed for lack of wind, and was postponed to Aug. 28.

Winthrop Y. C.

WINTHROP—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Aug. 15.

The Winthrop Y. C. sailed its fourth club race on Aug. 15 in a very light easterly breeze, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
SECOND CLASS.			
Harolde	3 10 00	6 11 50	2 37 42
Clara	3 10 00	6 12 10	2 37 43
Alma	3 10 00	6 23 23	2 48 17
Myrtle	3 10 00	6 27 31	3 17 31
Erycina	Withdrew.		
THIRD CLASS.			
Harriet	3 15 00	5 27 13	1 42 31
Eclipse	Withdrew.		
FOURTH CLASS.			
Unknown	3 20 00	6 30 00	2 40 30
Jessie	Withdrew.		
RATER CLASS.			
W. H. Gardner	3 35 00	4 25 05	1 00 05
Ridgeway	3 25 00	4 38 00	1 13 00
S. J. Wild	3 25 00	5 05 00	1 40 00
L. S. Weston	3 25 00	4 52 30	1 32 00

The final race will be sailed on Labor Day.

Beverly Y. C.

The attempt to sail the 238th race at Marblehead resulted in a great disappointment. Almost every boat of reputation was entered and forty of the best of them were on hand and started, but except for a breath on starting line there was no wind whatever, and not a boat made the race in time; the race will be resailed Aug. 29. Following boats started:

Special Class: Anaotok, Handsel, Mabel F. Swift.

First Class Sloops: Ida J., Beatrice, Emma C.

Second Class Cats: Clara, Marena, Susie, Elvira, Rex and Moondyne.

Third Class Cats: Koorali, Egeria, Magpie, Cleopatra, Arab.

Third Class Sloops: Gleaner, Rooster, Tacoma, Exit, Wawanda and Romance.

Knockabouts: Torpedo, Water Lily, Dorathy, Cock Robin, Bo Peep, Sally, Maia, Alruna, Ruth and Comet.

Fourth Class: Sunbeam, Fantasy, Bonita, Circe, Alpine.

Sothis at Ogdensburgh.

Cobourg, Aug. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice that in the current issue of your paper, commenting on the Ogdensburgh races, you say that the principal wonder is that Sothis did not dispose more easily of her opponent, Vesper, and in a delicate manner you insinuate that the "green hand" forward (that's me) was partially responsible. In justice to Mr. Duggan, Sothis and the foremast hand, allow me to say that the latter found on dismantling the boat that she had picked up quite a bunch of weeds on her rudder, on the shoal off the Oswegatchie River, which was probably more detrimental to her speed than even the prolonged struggle of the crew with the balloon jib, on a deck sloping off at an angle of 40 degrees with the horizontal. No offense, old fellow, but I would like to stand on the deck of the judges' boat myself and see the editor of Forest and Stream in a similar position.

Green Hand.

Fox Lake Y. C.

FOX LAKE, ILL.

Saturday, Aug. 8.

The fifth regatta of the Fox Lake Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, Aug. 8, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Hornet	3 16 06	4 28 56	1 12 05
Windward	3 14 35	4 39 22	1 24 47
Joker	3 11 05	4 30 57	1 17 07
Frances M.	3 12 58	4 27 48	1 12 22
Anna	3 13 18	4 26 34	1 08 05
Marcella	3 14 02	4 30 19	1 11 11
Sleepy Tom	3 12 02	4 23 29	1 03 46
Gold Bug	3 11 18	4 26 53	1 06 03
Nellie G.	3 13 25	4 37 28	1 24 03
SECOND CLASS.			
Vixen	3 18 00	4 24 44	1 06 09
Grimalkin	3 27 59	4 24 22	0 56 23
Lorna Doone	3 20 54	4 12 01	0 49 47

Gold Bug is a new yacht just built by Bowers & Douglas, of Waukeegan, a duplicate of the successful Sleepy Tom.

Savin Hill Y. C.

SAVIN HILL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Aug. 15.

The Savin Hill Y. C. sailed the second race for the Damon cup on Aug. 15 in a very light wind, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Imp, L. A. Horton	1 56 44	1 49 14
Penguin, J. E. Robinson	2 11 31	2 00 31
Esker, C. H. Clark	2 11 02	2 00 32
Mad Cap, C. E. Main	2 14 42	2 02 12
Marietta, C. T. Jones	2 17 38	2 04 38
Annie Maud, F. O. Vegelahn	2 27 30	2 14 30
Eulalie	Not timed.	
Siko	Not timed.	
Wild Duck	Not timed.	
Primrose	Not timed.	
Hermione	Not timed.	
Smash	Not timed.	
Georgie	Not timed.	

Squantum Y. C.

QUINCY—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Aug. 15.

The Squantum Y. C. sailed the first race of the second series for the Burkhardt cups on Aug. 15 in a light east wind, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Clara Lou, W. J. Coombs	21.00	2 10 29	1 44 36
Magnolia, E. Hardy	20.08	2 18 12	2 01 59
Naiad Queen, C. M. Smith	29.04	2 22 28	2 03 00
Pagomet, H. Flood	21.04	2 29 03	2 04 29
SECOND CLASS.			
Velma, J. F. Small	14.09	2 11 33	1 38 03
Locia, E. A. Merrill	18.05	2 09 53	1 41 16
West Wind, C. F. Marr	16.03	2 28 56	1 57 17
Burgess, F. Burgess	19.05	2 29 12	2 01 42
Arcturus, G. S. Hollowell	19.07	2 33 03	2 05 44
Yoelande, G. E. Emerson	16.08	2 50 35	2 19 30
Emily		Did not finish.	
Unone		Did not finish.	
Tina		Did not finish.	

Wood's Holl Y. C.

WOOD'S HOLL, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 15.

The new Wood's Holl Y. C. sailed its first open regatta on Aug. 15 in a light N.E. breeze, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
KNOCKABOUT CLASS.		
Linda, Wilbur	2 16 59	2 09 59
Vireo, Forbes	2 16 54	2 10 51
Captain, Ferris	2 39 35	2 30 35
CATBOAT CLASS.		
Addie, Eldridge	. .. ..	2 22 43
SPRITSAIL CLASS.		
Dude, Hibbard	1 42 33	1 42 12
——, Wilbur	1 43 26	1 42 32
Try, Harding	1 50 34	1 50 28
Florence, Ferris	1 54 23	1 54 05

Stamford Y. C.

STAMFORD—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 15.

The special regatta of the Stamford Y. C. for catboats brought ou only four starters out of eleven entries. The race was sailed in a ligh easterly wind, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
30-FOOTERS.				
Dosoris II.	11 35 00	3 45 00	4 10 00	
Narda	11 35 00	3 50 17	4 15 17	4 07 47
25-FOOTERS.				
Nan	11 40 00	3 47 48	4 07 48	. .. ..
20-FOOTERS.				
Gosbird	11 45 00	Did not finish.		

Newport Kat Bote Klub.

The Kat Bote Klub, of Newport, sailed a race for catboats on Aug with three starters: Iris, formerly Mucilage, R. L. Gerry; Infanta, W. T. Davies, and Victor, Alfred Vanderbilt. The course was from off Goat Island, around Beaver Tail, thence around Brenton's Reef Lightship and home, sailed in a fresh breeze. Iris won and Infanta was disqualified for fouling Victor. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Iris	2 34 00	4 41 31	2 07 31
Victor	2 34 00	4 46 02	2 14 02
Infanta	2 34 00	4 47 48	2 13 42

Messrs. Stephen Peabody and W. J. Henderson acted as judges.

Charlotte R. and Sadie.

On Aug. 8 a match race was sailed between the two Chicago yachts, Charlotte R., owned by George Middleton, and Sadie, owned by C. M. Smalley; the course being 15 miles on the lake. The wind was fresh from the south and the times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Time.	Allowance.	Corrected.
Charlotte R.	2 05 41	4 24 55	2 19 14	Scratch	2 19 14
Sadie	2 03 14	4 28 21	2 25 07	0 02 38	2 22 09

Charlottte R. wins by 2:55, corrected time. Valiant has challenged Charlotte R. for a similar match.

Canoeing.

Grindstone Island.

The opening of the camp on Aug. 14 was signalized by the arrival of a number of well-known canoeists, and since then every day has brought increased arrivals, with a promise of a large attendance and pleasant camp. There is still plenty of time for those who have decided to stay home to change their minds, a night in the train and at camp early next morning. The races begin on Aug. 20.

A. C. A. Membership.

Applications for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the Forest and Stream.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
G. Clinton Mackenzie	Elizabeth, N. J.	——
Andrew Devine	Washington, D. C.	Washington.
CENTRAL DIVISION.		
Thos. L. Leonard	Syracuse, N. Y.	——
Geo. G. McAdam	Rome, N. Y.	——

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa., Aug. 8.—The following scores were made to-day in a rather changeable wind by the members of the Presque Isle Rifle Club: Conditions: 200yds off-hand, standard American target, 7-ring black:

J G Germann	7	8	9	10	7	6	8	6	8	6—75
	10	9	6	7	7	6	7	7	10	5—74
	6	9	5	9	6	6	6	8	10	8—73
Geo Shaffer	10	7	6	7	6	6	10	7	9	7—75
	8	5	7	6	8	7	9	9	5	10—74
	9	6	5	8	6	10	5	10	8	5—72
John Stidham	8	6	10	6	8	5	6	10	8	5—72
	8	6	3	7	5	8	10	8	6	10—71
	7	5	10	6	5	4	9	9	8	6—69
Capt Bacon	8	6	9	5	5	8	9	8	10	6—74
	6	5	7	7	5	8	8	9	6	6—67
	5	5	5	9	8	5	7	9	8	5—66
W F Treiber	4	7	7	8	9	6	5	10	6	6—68
	5	7	8	9	6	8	6	7	8	4—68
	8	5	5	7	7	10	6	7	7	6—68
Chas Van Etten	5	6	9	6	10	7	7	7	9	6—72
	9	7	5	5	7	7	7	8	8	3—66
	5	1	6	7	7	10	10	5	6	7—64
G C Rahn	5	2	8	5	9	8	9	10	6	10—72
	7	9	7	9	5	8	4	8	6	6—69
	5	8	2	6	2	8	7	6	5	8—57
J F Leyer	10	6	2	8	7	10	10	5	3	6—67
	8	4	6	8	7	3	6	10	7	5—64
	7	5	5	3	4	4	6	6	4	5—49
W B Patton	5	7	4	5	4	8	7	4	4	9—57
	4	4	7	4	6	5	5	8	5	6—54
	5	5	3	8	5	5	5	6	4	4—50
E S Noyes	6	2	4	4	8	8	3	10	8	5—58
	5	4	4	8	5	4	5	5	9	5—54
	4	4	1	7	5	4	9	5	6	5—50
W J Leyer	6	4	8	9	5	6	6	4	5	3—56
	4	5	6	5	9	3	4	3	8	4—51
	6	5	1	3	3	4	4	8	4	2—40
H Thompson	6	4	5	6	6	4	3	8	8	2—52
	2	1	5	6	8	3	3	3	5	5—41
	3	5	3	2	1	7	3	3	3	3—33

Aug. 13.—The annual election of officers was held to-day, the following gentlemen being chosen: President, W. J. Leeyer; Vice-President, Dr. A. C. Wheeler; Secretary, G. C Rahn; Treasurer, W. B. Patton; Captain, J. Bacon; Lieutenant, John Stidham.

Aug. 15.—At the regular practice shoot to-day the following scores were made:

200yds, off-hand, 7-ring black:

J G Germann	7	8	7	7	6	10	8	7	8	8—76
	7	5	5	8	5	7	10	10	10	6—73
	7	9	6	7	8	5	5	7	8	10—72
Geo Shaffer	7	6	8	6	6	10	7	6	7	10—76
	7	8	7	9	7	8	6	8	7	7—74
	6	9	9	7	9	5	8	3	9	6—71
Jno Stidman	7	7	7	6	6	9	8	7	9	6—74
	5	7	10	8	5	5	6	9	7	10—72
	7	5	10	8	7	7	5	6	7	10—72
W F Treiber	10	5	6	9	8	6	9	8	9	7—77
	7	8	10	3	7	7	10	9	7	3—69
	6	8	8	6	8	7	9	4	6	6—68
Capt J Bacon	7	10	8	6	9	5	6	8	4	8—71
	6	5	7	8	8	6	8	8	7	6—69
	5	5	5	6	4	5	9	10	9	4—62
W J Leyer	9	6	3	10	7	6	10	8	5	6—70
	4	7	10	9	4	6	6	8	9	4—67
	5	5	10	7	5	7	5	7	3	8—62
Dr A C Wheeler	8	6	5	6	8	9	6	10	8	5—71
	9	7	7	8	6	8	7	3	5	5—65
	3	6	6	7	5	10	9	5	3	7—61
C Van Etten	10	7	5	9	7	7	5	5	5	5—65
	8	7	9	4	4	10	4	6	5	7—64
	8	5	6	4	10	4	8	9	5	5—64
F Derby	9	7	3	8	5	9	3	6	10	5—65
	8	6	7	6	10	4	5	6	6	7—65
	6	5	10	7	5	7	6	8	3	5—62
W B Patton	3	9	10	10	4	8	9	6	5	4—68
	10	6	10	4	5	6	5	5	5	5—61
	8	4	7	8	4	6	3	5	8	6—59
Chas Froess	3	8	7	9	5	6	9	6	5	7—66
	8	10	5	4	6	7	8	4	7	5—64
	3	6	5	1	8	10	7	9	6	3—58
G C Rahn	1	4	8	5	7	9	10	7	4	6—61
	6	8	5	5	8	8	4	4	7	2—57
	5	4	8	6	6	6	3	5	6	5—54
J F Leyer	4	6	2	5	8	7	9	7	5	9—62
	7	5	8	10	3	5	5	3	3	4—53
	8	3	2	5	5	8	7	6	5	4—53
S Ormsby	8	3	4	8	5	3	1	7	6	0—45
	5	6	7	0	5	3	4	5	3	5—43
	6	3	2	5	5	8	9	5	0	0—43

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Aug. 9.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association.

Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, German ring target:

Gindele.

23 24 22 20 16 23 19 22 24 18—211 24 20 19 24 20 21 25 20 18 18—209
21 21 19 23 22 20 16 25 24 13—204 21 20 21 22 15 14 21 21 23 19—197

Weinheimer.

14 24 20 24 17 17 19 13 17 23—188 15 20 12 15 19 19 19 18 21 20—178
21 5 15 15 22 21 19 21 16 16—171 16 16 18 14 19 19 17 16 13 22—170

Payne.

16 23 23 25 25 21 18 23 25 18—217 24 19 24 24 19 23 18 20 20 19—210
19 19 25 22 24 16 19 15 25 18—202 20 18 20 20 21 20 21 18 21 22—201

Hasenzahl

18 22 21 19 19 19 23 19 24 23—207 22 19 23 21 23 23 19 16 15 20—201
18 12 12 21 21 21 20 24 19 16—184 19 17 15 11 16 14 19 21 15 21—168

Trounstein.

14 24 15 20 14 12 20 21 15 23—178 14 21 14 19 21 23 17 22 6 19—176
12 21 17 16 9 16 16 17 19 20—163 16 13 21 14 20 10 17 12 10 22—153

Nestler.

23 15 19 16 20 19 21 21 22 25—201 23 20 17 23 19 26 5 24 21 21—189

Wellinger.

18 19 20 20 23 20 21 21 13 23—198 20 23 23 14 18 18 22 21 16 22—197
24 15 17 19 15 21 21 24 19 19—194 12 21 11 25 20 19 16 24 25 14—187

A. Lux.

13 14 22 17 11 18 24 15 12 22—168 19 16 23 21 11 23 13 18 16 6—166
14 16 6 13 14 14 22 7 15 8—129 19 7 16 10 17 16 18 9 1 17—130

Topf.

21 19 17 11 22 22 23 9 22 16—174 22 14 3 20 12 14 11 25 15 21—157
14 12 16 20 18 13 14 19 11 17—154 18 17 18 16 10 18 5 1 24 12—139

Simon.

21 21 22 13 17 23 23 19 24 7—190 17 19 15 22 18 5 11 16 25 14—162

Roberts.

15 22 17 20 22 18 10 17 18 23—191 24 21 20 14 17 12 15 20 22 20—185
15 18 16 23 21 21 11 15 21 23—184 22 .. 23 16 21 17 23 17 20 23—182

Strickmeier.

24 21 22 17 28 20 20 22 22 10—196 25 19 10 21 17 18 23 20 18 12—193
16 15 21 16 24 24 19 15 19 15—184 18 17 18 14 23 21 16 19 12 22—179

See.

21 21 22 23 22 21 12 23 20 21—206 23 21 16 21 22 24 17 20 18 18—200
16 17 21 22 12 25 22 16 17 20—188 20 14 23 18 18 16 18 17 21 14—178

Randall.

20 25 25 17 22 20 18 25 11 24—207 17 23 18 22 17 23 19 20 22 18—199
13 23 19 12 20 20 20 24 23 22—196 19 24 21 16 17 16 12 24 11 20—180
Speth.....24 19 13 20 22 11 18 19 18 23—187

Late News from Bisley.

LONDON, England, Aug. 7.—Owing to a delay in the statistics department, we were unable previously to give the result of the Whitehead Revolver Challenge Cup competition which took place on the last day of the Bisley meeting. It was instituted three years ago, for teams of eight men from the army, the navy, the volunteers and all comers, as they call the civilian team. Mr. Walter Winans has captained the civilian team each year, but this is the first year the team has won it, owing to his being able to get eight good shots; he has always had the best four or five shots at Bisley in his team, but the rest were such bad shots that they spoilt the team. This year he was able to get together a better lot, and they won the cup.

In 1894 the volunteers won it, and in 1895 the army; so it will be the turn for the navy next year.

Conditions: 12 shots at 20yds., stationary target, and 12 shots at 50yds., stationary target.

All Comers' team: Capt. Walter Winans, W. R. Joynt, A. Rosling, P. A. Morris, Lord Cairns, H. Andrews and Dudley Wilson.

Volunteer team: Capt. Col. MacKerrell, J. Muirhead, J. E. Martin, J. H. Scott, Capt. Heath, Maj. Palmer, Lieut. Clemence, Maj. Munday and Capt. Gripper. (Col. MacKerrell did not shoot, but only captained.)

Army team: Capt. Dutton Hunt (did not shoot), Capt. Lloyd, Capt. Pritchard, Lieut. Staunton, Maj. Cowan, Lieut. Bonham, Lieut. Etches, Wallingford and Capt. Stuart.

Navy team: Capt Bumbery (did not shoot), Thompson, Bumbery, Beale, Hall, Eade, Pickard, Bedford and Sullivan.

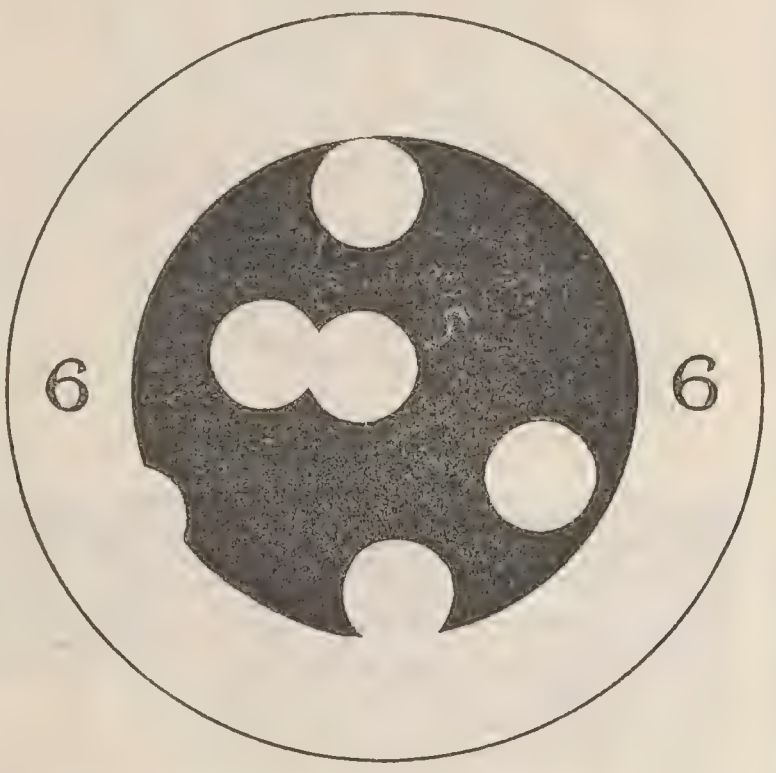
At the North London Rifle Club shooting was resumed on July 29 at the 20yds. stationary target; the following scores were made: Walter Winans 40, Capt. Evans 38, Lieut. Curley 38, W. B. Thompson 38, Holmes 37, W. Luff 35, Chicken 34, Andrews 32, T. H. Howe 31, Lieut. Curley 30, Knapp 37, Britton 27.

Carrying a Revolver.

HINTS FOR SHERIFFS, POLICE, EXPRESS MESSENGERS, MINE GUARDS AND OTHERS WHO CARRY A GUN.

DENVER, Col.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As revolvers and revolver shooting seem to be claiming quite a little attention in your valuable paper, a few words as to the different ways a revolver can be carried on the person to the best advantage may be of interest. Of course the usual way is to carry one in the right hip pocket. A large heavy gun pulls the pants down on that side, however, and is rather uncomfortable. If one is carrying a Colt's, throw out the lever which is just behind the cylinder, as it is when one puts cartridges into the gun, and then slip the gun down between the pants and waistband, letting the lever catch on the waistband. If one has on a short-tail coat it is better to slip the gun in between the back of the vest and the waistband on the vest. This way the gun does not show so plainly and its weight is not felt so much. By using the same lever for a "catch" one can also carry the gun between the inside of the pants and the drawers, just under the left-hand vest pocket. This way it can be gotten at much more quickly than when carried behind if one is bundled up with a heavy, buttoned-up overcoat, or is driving or sitting down anywhere, such as at a table. The lever catches in this case on the top rim of one's pants and holds the gun from slipping down

The best way to carry a gun that I know of, so as to have it ready for instant use, is to wear an overcoat with a long, full cape and have breast pockets convenient to put the hands into under the cape. The gun can then be carried in the hand, the barrel pointing upward along the shoulder, ready for instant use, but still perfectly concealed beneath the cape. If one wishes to use his hand, the gun is easily slipped into the pocket beneath the cape. This way one can carry a gun in either hand, ready for instant use, but still perfectly concealed.



A TARGET BY MR. WALTER WINANS.

Bisley Revolver "Any" Series No. 2, disappearing target, 20yds., intervals of 3 seconds. Score 42, best on record.

For any one guarding the transportation of money or valuables on a street, or in any case where a gun may be needed at once, but still one wishes to avoid attracting any attention, the above way will be found handy.

Another trick about carrying and using a gun worth knowing is as follows: Buckle on a large .45 six-shooter, two are still better, and wear them out in front in plain sight (for the benefit of our "tenderfoot" friends I will say in open holsters of course) where every one can see them. If you are in a dispute or are waiting a chance to put a man under arrest and have to "get the drop on him" to do it, he will keep his eye on your guns rather than on you, knowing that as long as you keep your hand off of them he is all right. Keep your hands carelessly behind you or in your side coat pockets. At the first bad break he makes you have him "covered" with a little short-barreled, blued .38, or a "sawed-off" .45, which you have had tucked into your waist band out of sight behind or else in your pocket. It is a flank movement that is usually wholly unexpected, and being so is almost always successful in "giving you the drop."

Another way to carry a gun, or a pair of them, so that they can be gotten at at once, and when exposure is preferred to concealment, such as in guarding a mine in dispute, or in the transporting of a large miner's pay roll, or rich "tailings" or "concentrates" to the express office, is to wear each gun on the leg in an open holster just above the knee, so that when standing and the arms are hanging at ease, the hands rest naturally on the butts of the six-shooters. They can be pulled this way much more quickly than from holsters on the hips. A belt of cartridges is of course worn around the waist (loosely), and buckskin strings reach from the belt to the holsters on the legs to hold them up. Another buckskin string around both holster and leg just above the knee holds the gun in place. Guns carried this way are more easily gotten at, both standing, sitting, and on horseback, than any other way I know of. This way, with a little blue .38 concealed somewhere within easy reach, as described above, is a combination hard to beat in the way of carrying six-shooters.

Another excellent way to carry a large six-shooter when one has neither belt nor holster handy is to carry it in one's boot. This no doubt excites a smile among those who have never seen a gun carried this way and who are thinking of certain long-haired gentlemen pictured in *Puck* and *Judge*, but nevertheless it is the best place to slip one out of in a hurry when sitting at a table. Try it and see. It is also easily gotten at on horseback and even when standing, and the weight of it is not noticed after a few days. Of course, one is speaking of boots worn outside of the pants instead of inside. It is also an excellent place to carry a skinning knife when hunting, as a belt is sometimes irritating in hot weather. The day of the six-shooter is slowly but surely passing in the West, and no one is more glad of it than the true-born Western man, but nevertheless the above facts may not be without interest to some.

SIX-SHOOTER.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Aug. 22.—PASSAIC, N. J.—Third tournament of the New Jersey Amateur Trap-Shooters' League. Sweepstakes at 10 A. M.; team race at 2 P. M.

Aug. 25-27.—BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Binghampton Gun Club's tournament for amateurs; two days targets, one day live birds. Money divided under the Rose system. H. W. Brown, Manager.

Aug. 26-27.—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Aug. 26-27.—KALAMAZOO, Mich.—Tournament of the Celery City Gun Club, in connection with Michigan Trap-Shooters' League.

Aug. 31-Sept. 2.—ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—Tournament of the Atlantic City Gun Club, on Young & McShae's pier. For programmes address Harry Thurman, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

Aug. 31-Sept. 2.—ST. PAUL, Minn.—Annual tournament of the St. Paul Gun Club, at State Fair Grounds. B. F. Schurmeier, Sec'y.

Sept. 1-5.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Tournament at Audubon Park. Targets and live birds. B. F. Smith, Manager.

Sept. 7.—MARION, N. J.—Sixth annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. J. A. Creveling, Sec'y.

Sept. 7.—WELLINGTON, Mass.—Tournament of the Massachusetts State Shooting Association, under the auspices of the Boston Shooting Association.

Sept. 8-9.—MARION, N. J.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Endeavor Gun Club of Jersey City, N. J.; $150 added money.

Sept. 8-10.—GALT, Ont.—First annual tournament of the Ontario Rod and Gun Club; $800 to $1,000 added money.

Sept. 11.—WEST LEBANON, N. H.—All-day shoot of the West Lebanon Gun Club.

Sept. 15-16.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Third annual tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Company; $750 added money.

Sept. 29.-Oct. 2.—HARRISBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association. First three days, targets; fourth day, live birds.

Oct. 6-8.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Autumn tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Two days, targets; one day, pigeons and sparrows. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds added money announced later.

1897.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK CITY.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Some effort should be made to clear up the muddle that surrounds the title of "Champion of the United States at live birds." The trophy won by B. W. Claridge at the Chicago shoot is the "Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company's handicap championship trophy." O. R. Dickey, of Wellington, Mass., won the Daly cup at this year's Grand American Handicap, defeating 102 competitors, and was hailed as a champion by the daily press, notwithstanding the fact that the Grand American was a handicap event. Again, the Missouri State Sportsmen's Association at its annual tournament this year gave a cup that was to be emblematic of the championship of the United States at live birds. This was a 25-bird event, and the cup was won by J. Riley after a tie with H. J. Whittier. But after all, what has become of the "Cast Iron Badge" won by George Kleinman at Watson's Park on Oct. 16, 1894? This badge was shot for by eight of the best live-bird shots in the United States, the conditions being truly championship ones: 100 live birds per man, $100 a side, all at 30yds. rise. Kleinman's score was 91. The names of his opponents and their scores were: J. L. Brewer 89, Dr. Carver 86, Charlie Grimm 85, J. A. R. Elliott 67 out of 78, Eddie Bingham 51 out of 64, "Robin" 48 out of 63, Charlie Budd 47 out of 63. Since Kleinman won the badge there has been only one challenge for it so far as the records show. That challenge was issued by Dr. Carver, and all details were completed for the match, the date being set. When the day for the match came round Kleinman was unable, through sickness, to defend his title and the badge, and, as we understand it, both badge and title were forfeited to Dr. Carver. Any way, either Dr. Carver or George Kleinman is at present holder of that badge and whatever title went with it; and it should be borne in mind that at the time the badge was first shot for the statement was made that the contest was promoted for the purpose of settling the vexed question as to who was champion of the United States, and the quality of the entry for that event certainly seemed to warrant the assertion. Who then is champion of the United States at live birds if it is not the holder of the cast iron badge?

On Saturday last, Aug. 15, while attending the Endeavor-Dunellen team race at Marion, N. J., we had the pleasure of hearing the opinions of Noel E. Money and L. H. Schortemeier as to the merits of the Rose system. Both the above shooters took part in the recent Interstate shoot at Portland, Me., and both of them would probably have reaped more benefit had the purses been divided under the old system. Notwithstanding that fact, Noel Money says that he is satisfied that "*it is the only system for dividing purses.*" Schorty has been a strong advocate of the system ever since FOREST AND STREAM first noticed the system under the head of the "Straight Out" system; as secretary-treasurer of the New York County Gun Club, and as captain of the Rockaway Point Gun Club, he introduced and secured the adoption of the system at all the shoots of the above clubs since the winter of 1894-5. It is only due to the above clubs to state that they were the first in the East, so far as we are aware, to adopt the Rose system.

When L. T. Duryea and Jack Winston were first matched to shoot a 100-bird race, at John Watson's park, Burnside, Ill., on Aug. 10, the general impression in this city was that Winston would win, but that Duryea would make him work hard to do so. In and around New York Louis Duryea has hundreds of admirers, owing to his consistently good shooting form. He is without doubt one of the very best live-bird shots in this vicinity. Jack Winston, however, is a rattling good shot also, and is generally supposed to have no nerves, while he apparently delights to play upon the nerves of those with whom he is shooting. He goes through more motions when preparing to shoot at either a live bird or a target than any other shooter whom we can name. The result of the above match, therefore, came in somewhat of the nature of a pleasant surprise to those who rooted for Duryea. The scores were: Duryea 94, Winston 89. The stakes were $100 a side.

A canvass was made of the shooters at the Du Pont tournament prior to the trophy event; 146 shooters in all were spoken to with the following result: L. C. Smith 43, Greener 26, Parker 24, Lefever 11, Scott 7, Winchester 7, Francotte 4, Cashmore 4, Baker 3, Colt 3, and 1 each of the following makes: Daly, Purdey, Riley, Wesley Richards, Manhattan and Barclay. Of the above 146 shooters, 141 gave their powders as below: Du Pont Smokeless 102, E. C. 18, Schultze 13, King's Smokeless 3, Hazard 2, and one each of the following brands: W-A, Gold Dust, Robinhood. The shells used were largely U. M. C. goods, as the following figures will show: U. M. C. Co. 106, Winchester 33, U. S. C. Co. 1, U. M. C. and Winchester shells being used by the other six shooters.

The programme for the third annual tournament of the J. M. Schmelzer & Sons Arms Co., Kansas City, Mo., has been issued. There will be three consecutive days of target shooting at this tournament, the dates being Sept. 16-18. The main feature will be the Schmelzer trophy, won last year by Jack Parker, who is at present holder of the cup. The conditions are 100 targets, reversed order. Besides a good programme of merchandise events there will be several open events each day, $150 being added to the purses in these events.

At the date of writing, Tom Morfey has two matches on hand. The first takes place on Wednesday, Aug. 19, his opponent being Phil. Daly, Jr. The conditions are 50 live birds, $50 a side, 30yds. rise, 21yds. boundary. The second is with Edgar G. Murphy; the conditions of this race are 200 birds per man, $250 a side, 30yds. rise, 21yds. boundary. The date set for this match is Wednesday, Aug. 26. Both matches will be shot on the Hollywood, N. J., grounds, near Long Branch.

The first tournament in aid of the Massachusetts State Shooting Association will be held on the grounds of the Boston Shooting Association, Wellington, Mass., on Monday, Sept. 7. Shooting commences at 9 A. M. President Wadsworth and Secretary O. R. Dickey have arranged a popular programme of nineteen 10 target events and three 20-target events.

The Interstate Association's tournament at Marion, N. J., Sept. 8-9, held under the auspices of the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, will be managed entirely by Elmer E. Shaner, the manager of the Association. The tents, traps, etc, of the Association will be shipped direct from Burlington, Vt., at the conclusion of the tournament in that city, Aug. 26-27.

Judging from the results in the 5 and 7-bird races at the Du Pont shoot in Chicago, the most popular way of dividing purses in such events would be high guns. In another column we give the financial results of the 5, 7, 10 and 15-bird races so far as the shooters were concerned.

FOREST AND STREAM stated over a year ago that it would not open its columns to any challenge unaccompanied by a forfeit, and it has firmly adhered to that principle. Others have said the same thing; quite recently, too. Yet forfeitless challenges are quite numerous in their columns just now.

Fred Hoey conceded Phil Daly, Jr., a yard on Aug. 11 and beat him by 1 bird in a 50-bird race. The match was shot on the Hollywood grounds, with the usual Hollywood boundary of 21yds. On the first 25 birds Hoey led by 2—22 to 20; in the second half Daly gained a bird, scoring 21 to 20. Total scores for the 50 birds were: Hoey 42, Daly 41.

Mr. Briere, secretary of the West Lebanon, N. H., Gun Club, writes us that the date of the shoot to be held by that club in September is changed to Sept. 11 instead of Sept. 10. The change was made to avoid a conflict of dates with the State fair.

Jack Parker's sixth annual tournament might be termed "Jack Parker's sixth annual success." Like all its predecessors, Jack's shoot was a rattling good one, notwithstanding the depressing effects of the extremely hot weather.

Of the five men who went straight in the Du Pont trophy shoot, Claridge, the winner, shot a Daly gun; Kirkover, a Parker; G. Roll and Gottlieb, an L. C. Smith, and Wallace Miller, a Winchester repeater.

The third contest of the New Jersey Amateur Trap-Shooters' League will be held on the grounds of the Passaic City Gun Club, Saturday, Aug. 22. Sweepstake shooting will commence at 10 A. M.

Heikes and McMurchy did some great work on the last day of the Detroit shoot. Heikes broke 199 out of 205; McMurchy was close after him with 198 breaks.

B. F. Smith did a great deal of work in the way of booming the Buffalo shoot, Sept. 1-5, both at the Du Pont tournament and at Detroit last week.

L. H. Schortemeier was in good form at Marion, N. J., on Saturday afternoon last. During the afternoon he broke 131 out of 140 targets.

Aug. 18. EDWARD BANKS.

In New Jersey.

ENDEAVOR GUN CLUB.

Aug. 8.—Below are the scores made by members of the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, at their Marion grounds this afternoon:

Prize shoot, 25 targets, unknown angles:

Eddie Collins	1111111111111111101101111—23
G Piercy	1111111111111011101111011—22
L Piercy	1110101111101111010011111—19
E Ingram	1101111001111110100111001—17
H P Fessenden	1011100111010001011101111—16
Mulvaney	0111100011011110101011011—16

Other sweeps were shot as follows, all events being at 10 targets, except the last, No. 11, which was at 20 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Fessenden	6	8	7	8	..	..	6	6	6	..	14
Mulvaney	5	5	8	5	6	6	5	7	6	7	13
L Piercy	9	7	..	..	..	..	6	7	8	..	14
G Piercy	10	5	9	9	6	8	7	7	9	7	..
Ingram	6	8	..	..	7	8	7	6	..	6	..
R Strader	8	10	8	5	..	..	..	..	..	7	..
Sealey	..	..	5	7	9	8	..	..	6	7	..
Collins	..	..	9	9	10	7	..	..	8	10	..

J. A. CREVELING, Sec'y.

FORESTER GUN CLUB, OF NEWARK.

Aug. 8.—The Forester Gun Club held its monthly shoot this afternoon. Despite the extremely hot weather there was a fair attendance and some fairly good scores made. Nos. 1, 3, 5, 6, 7 and 8 were shot under expert rules; No. 2 at reversed order, and No. 4 at known traps and angles. Scores were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	10	5	10	10	10	Targets:	10	10	10	10	5	10	10	10
J Fleming	6	10	8	..	..	..	..	..	Sinnock	9	8	8	9	3	6	6	..
Jewel	8	7	8	8	4	6	9	8	D Fleming	7	6	6	7	4	9	7	8
Hayes	10	6	7	7	5	9	5	7	F Hall	7	6	6	2	3	..	..	..
Wambold	9	8	6	..	5	..	..	..	Folsom	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5
Winans	7	8	7	4	..	..	..	..									

H. E. WINANS, Sec'y.

ENDEAVOR VS. DUNELLEN.

Aug 15.—The third and final match of the series arranged between the Dunellen Gun Club and the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, was decided to-day on the grounds of the latter club at Marion. The result was an easy win for the home club by 24 breaks. The scores made by both teams were not up to their standard. The percentage of the winning team was only 75, while the losers averaged 67 per cent. These low percentages are rather remarkable from the fact that the targets were thrown from known traps with known angles. There was a deliciously cool breeze blowing that made every one feel good, coming as it did after such a hot spell as we have had in this vicinity; but that same breeze played havoc with the totals, left-quartering targets going down wind at a rate of speed that made it necessary to get well ahead of them. In addition to the trouble caused by the wind, nearly everybody complained of "that tired feeling," due entirely to the sultry nature of the past ten days. They knew they were slow in their swing, but seemed unable to rectify the error.

Among those present were Noel E. Money, secretary of the American E. C. Powder Company, and his younger brother, H. Money, who has never done anything at targets previous to Saturday, Aug. 8; he is, however, a chip of the old block and a good game shot, and therefore took to targets much as a young duck takes to water. In one or two sweeps he taught his elder brother a thing or two, making 10 straight in one event. Noel retrieved some of his lost laurels by pounding out 25 straight for the Endeavors in the team race. Other visitors were Platt Adams, a member of the Boiling Springs Gun Club and of the New Utrecht Gun Club; there is not a more enthusiastic trap-shooter in the country than Mr. Adams, and when he is shooting in his true form he can make the best of them hustle. Another visitor was Mr. James Blauvelt, also a member of the Boiling Springs Gun Club; it is a matter of record that no one has ever seen Mr. "James" one whit worried over the loss of a target. "Lemuel" was another visitor; were it known who Lemuel was his scores would be scanned with greater interest than ordinary, for Lemuel has been, and is still, a wonderful hand with a gun, particularly on live birds.

The Endeavor Gun Club has done a great deal for trap-shooting in the vicinity of New York by reason of its always being ready to meet any other club in a series of team races. Its activity in this respect has done more to increase its membership, its popularity, and better marksmanship among its members than even its most sanguine admirers had hoped for. The Dunellen club, though only a very recent organization, has made rapid strides in trap-shooting; less than six months ago it would have been nearly impossible for it to have gotten together a team of six men to tackle any club with hopes of victory; it has, however, recently defeated the Endeavor Gun Club in one out of the three matches of this series, and that with 12-men teams. That its team to-day was composed of sportsmen who knew how to take a defeat was evidenced by the rousing cheers they gave for the victors when the result of the race was announced; the volume of sound that came from their throats put to shame the previous puny efforts of the Endeavors when cheering for the losers.

The Endeavor Gun Club is busily preparing for the Interstate shoot, scheduled for Sept. 8-9; its annual shoot, held the day previous, Sept. 7, is also not being neglected. There should be three good days' shooting at Marion on the above dates.

An optional sweep was shot in connection with the team race, the purse in this event, as in all the sweepstakes, being divided under the Rose system. Scores in the team race were as follows:

Endeavor Gun Club.

N E Money	1111111111111111111111111—25
L H Schortemeier	1111111111111001110111111—22
L Piercy	0101111111110111111011111—21
Eddie Collins	1100111111111111100110111—20
F S Edwards	1101110111101111101110111—20
E Ingram	1010101101111111011111111—20
C von Lengerke	0110101011011010111111111—18
H S Welles	1010101111111110101001111—18
Dr Fletcher	1111110000001011111111101—17
H P Fessenden	1111101111101100100100100—15
G H Piercy	0100111011110101100110010—15
A R Strader	0110111111010100010011101—15—226

Dunellen Gun Club.

Neaf Apgar	1111111110011111001111111—21
T Baron	1011110111111011110111111—21
G Lindzey	1010101111111101101111111—20
T W Sisty	1111110111111011110101110—20
W Fletcher	1100010111011111111101011—18
D Runyon	1011011110111111011101010—18
G E Smith	1111101100111101010101111—18
P Osborne	1000110210011001111111111—17
H K Zust	1101111010011111111100010—17
G H Cramer	1111110001110001011010010—14
C Giles	1000011010110101101101010—13
H Giles	1010010000000010000001000— 5—202

Claridge Accepts Malone's Challenge.

BALTIMORE, Md., Aug. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I accept the challenge of Mr. John R. Malone, of this city, for the Du Pont trophy, and name Tuesday, Oct. 6, as the date; the match to be shot on the grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association. Conditions: 50 birds.

BERT W. CLARIDGE.

The Duryea-Winston Match.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 10.—The art of picture-writing is an older one and in some ways a better one than that of writing with letters, because all men can read pictures. I don't know whether Mr. Duryea or Mr. Winston can read print or not, but it is quite sure that either they or anybody else could read the story of the Duryea-Winston race, which was shot at Watson's Park, Chicago, on Monday, Aug. 10, by simply looking at the pictures of the birds they shot at, and without reading a word of descriptive matter about the race. It is the prettiest, most complete and most concise report of a pigeon shoot ever published.

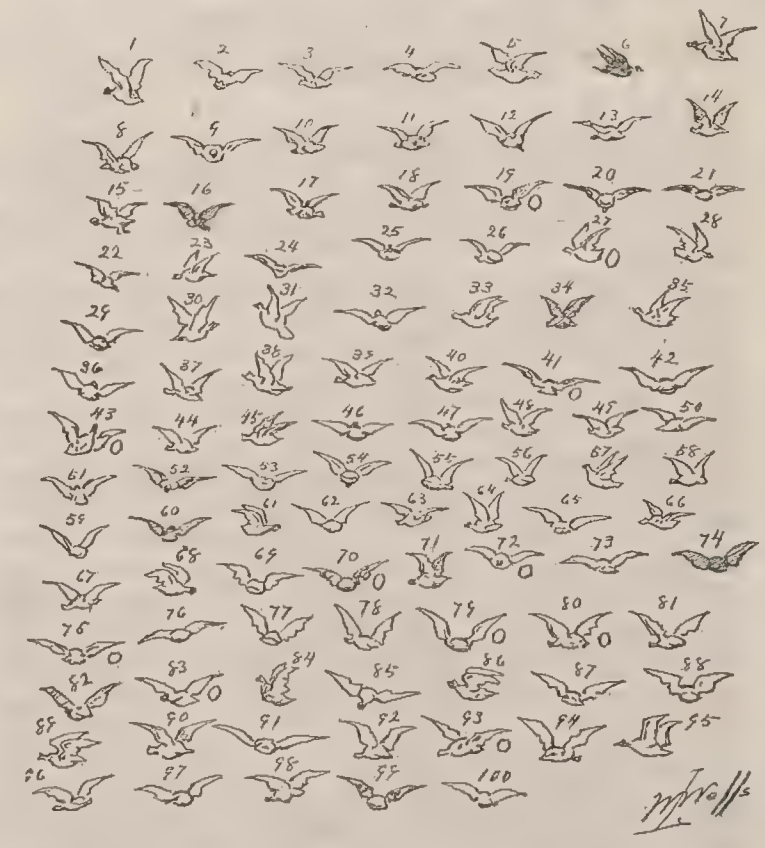
This race was a very interesting one, barring the fact that the birds were about the poorest lot ever trapped at Watson's Park. There was little air moving and the heated term was still on, so that birds as well as men were fairly exhausted. Many birds were flagged and many flew very dull, though a few birds were sharp and hard enough for any season. Winston was the favorite in the odds among the Chicago shooters, many of whom, remembering the past, believed that he could not be defeated in a match made to his own liking. Winston is always a puzzle. At targets he is a bad man to beat at his own sort of game, and he is a known pigeon shot, although he admitted that he had not shot 6 birds in two years previous to this match. He does no practicing, never experiments with guns or loads, never speaks of being in or out of form. He is apparently sincere in his belief that he can always shoot a race and win over anybody. He is a good banterer in making a match, but granted all his peculiarities, no one who knows him doubts that if he had $100,000 he would double it or lose it in a year shooting pigeon races. He has lately won a few target races, defeating among others the Eastern crack Sim Glover, who is not so slow himself. Winston's



MR. DURYEA'S BIRDS AS THEY APPEARED IN FLIGHT.

peculiarities have been earlier described in these columns. He is apparently as superstitious as a gambler, and a believer in fetichism, but no one knows whether this is real or feigned. Against Winston was a shooter not so well known in Chicago personally, though of course Mr. Duryea was known as an Eastern club shooter and a winner of many hot matches. It is not enough to say that Mr. Duryea made a favorable impression upon the Western shooters. His dignified and gentlemanly conduct in the race, his plucky and brilliant shooting and his magnanimous conduct after the race, made for him at once a high place in the esteem of the Western shooters, who would like to see him and others like him just as often as possible.

Mr. Duryea shot a Francotte gun and Schultze powder in U. L. & D. U. M. C. shells, his opponent using Frank Parmelee's Greener gun with Du Pont powder in U. M. C green trap shells. The race began



MR. WINSTON'S BIRDS AS THEY APPEARED IN FLIGHT.

at 2 P. M., with Winston up, who killed his first bird. Duryea lost his first bird. Winston ran 18 straight, and at the 25 turn was 2 birds in the lead. It was considered Winston's race, for although he shot slow and in the raggedest sort of time, he was centering his birds with shot and cutting them to pieces with what was evidently a killing gun and load. He dropped several at unconscionable distances, and lost his first bird by a wait which seemed intentionally long.

Before going to the score Winston began in a mild way his usual hypnotic experiments. He tacked a piece of box lid up on the rail in front of the shooters' chairs, and just back of the firing stand placed an empty shell, with the top end pointing back. At the score he was very slow, wiping his hands regularly on his handkerchief, waiting, sighting his gun, "keying up" his nerves (apparently, for really he wasn't), and at length calling "Pull!" loudly and with a sharp jerk of the gun to the face. This may have been part of his tactics or part of his system, or part of his religion. Nobody knows Jack Winston or pretends to, so no one can tell. But it is certain that if any of this was intended to disconcert his opponent it failed of its purpose. Mr. Duryea did not look at the hypnotic data, but sat and pleasantly talked with Mr. Parmelee or with his brother, Mr. Frank Duryea, who handled his gun for him. He always stepped quickly and firmly to the score, and lost no time, shooting with the speed and system of the practiced pigeon shot, and never betraying concern by word or gesture. He shot a model race. He did not even smile when Winston called out to Chan. Powers from the score, "Powers, bring me ten shells, five in each hand."

The race was shot Hurlingham rules, Winston's invariable conditions, and under these rules a singular instance arose on Duryea's 28th bird. He got a red incomer which fell close to his feet, apparently about to get over the dead line. "Catch him, Louis!" cried out some one, and in the excitement Mr. Duryea stepped from the score and stopped the bird. "Dead bird," decided John Watson, referee. "I challenge the bird," cried Winston. "Dead bird," repeated the referee. "Then I protest the bird, under Rule 14," said Winston (he always has all the rules in his head, but this time it was Rule 15 he should have named). "The shooter can't gather his own birds under Hurlingham rules." The referee then ordered Mr. Duryea to shoot another bird, which he killed. Winston was right in the protest, but it is hard to tell where the protest could have been carried, especially since the rules say the referee's decision must be final.

Duryea's 40th bird came from No. 4 trap, and he dropped it dead on top of No. 3 trap, where it hung. This was apparently a hoodoo for Winston. He began to go out of all form and was very slow. Winston was very slow with his first on his 41st bird, and let it twist out and over. His 43d was an incomer, and he waited till he got the sun in his eyes and could not see to shoot his second except by guess, close at the dead line. Meantime Duryea was steadily getting them down, and at the 50 hole had tied the score, each man standing 46 out of 50. At this stage of the race Winston laboriously pounded down 25 straight, and Duryea easily cut down 30 straight. They drew into the three quarters stretch, but just before the 75 hole Winston lost 3 out of 6. Duryea was thus 2 in the lead at 75, and was never headed. He made a second run of 26, and gained in speed and brilliance. He lost his 87th and then ran out straight, shooting in a form which would have puzzled any man to beat, and winning his race with the best score (I am advised) that he ever made in his life. After turning into the home stretch past 75 Winston became duller and slower, losing his 79th, 80th and 83d birds. Then, singularly enough, he pulled together, quickened his time and shot like a fiend on out, slap-bang, making a lot of brilliant kills, and losing only his 93d bird, which was hit hard, but too far back.

Winston's 51st was a hard cinnamon, scored far out in the deep field. His 53d, a big white, was also stopped, but made observers doubtful, as he was slow in getting on. His 69th twisted out of the first, but the second was used with care and stopped it. His 70th was a twisting driver that was not hurt; his 72d fell dead just over, and he lost his 75th, a bob-tailed white, not getting on full with either barrel. His 80th was hit full, but was too far and got over. His 83d was a big blue slate, dead out of bounds, hit too far back. His 90th bird was a screamer, and killed handsomely to applause. His 93d was well centered, but wobbled over. His 94th was dropped on a long kill. There was merit also in the killing of Winston's 45th, 47th and 59th birds.

Mr. Duryea shot better and better all through the race, and killed his birds so cleanly and quickly that he did not leave much room to kill them over again for him. His 44th was a lightning kill on a fast bird, and was applauded. His 60th was only feathered with the first, and he was not quick enough with his second to stop it. His 64th was a long, hot, hard bird ahead of No. 4 trap, and was scored amid applause. His 79th was a hard driver, but was killed in fine fashion. His 81st was hard and fast. His 82d sprang high and was only feathered. His 92d was the star bird of the day, and rarely does one see a harder at any season, or on any grounds. A small blue, it tailed away like lightning, offering the hardest sort of target. He cut it down with lightning rapidity. "No one can beat him if he can kill that sort," said the bystanders. And no one did that day.

Winston's poor form was matter of surprise to his backers, and he himself was a bit cast down over losing the race. As he walked along the platform going home some one asked him how it happened he lost the race. Winston thought for a moment and then replied suddenly, "Blame me if I don't believe the other man is a better pigeon shooter than I am."

This was an unusual admission for Jack Winston to make, but it forms a not ungraceful finish to one of the most interesting little matches the shooters of Chicago have recently had opportunity of witnessing. They would like to see some more as good and as pleasant. Score, 100 live birds, $100, Hurlingham rules:

Trap score type—Copyright 1896 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Jack Winston..↖↗↘↖←→←↓↓↖↖↓↖↘↘↓→↕↑↘↑↘←↙↖
2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 0 2 2 1 1 1 2—24

↕↜→↑H↖↑↖H←↑↖←↖←↕↖↓H↖↘↘↘↖↗
1 ● 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 0 2 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 22

↑↓↑↑↗←←H↑↑→↓←↕↗←↓H→↜↖↙↖↖
2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 0 2 ● 2 2 0—22

↖↗↗↑↖↑↖↖↖↓←↖↑←↖↑↖↖↗↖↑↑↖↗↑
2 2 2 0 ● 2 2 ● 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—21—89

Louis Duryea..↴↙↑↑↑↰↑↰←↙→↑↖↓↖↘↰↑↑↖↖←↑←←
0 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 1—22

←H↑↜↘↖←↰H↖←←↙H←↑HH↑→←↓↑↖←
2 1 2 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2—24

↓HH↑↓↙↖↖↖↖→↑←↖↗→↖→↖↗↜↗↑H↗
2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1—24

H↗↖↑↓↖↑↖↑←↑↑→↓↖←↑H↘↖↗↑↖↖↑
1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2—24—94

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Purses at the Du Pont Tournament.

THE amount of money handled in the cashier's office at the Du Pont shoot during the first week of August was extremely large. The winners in the team race and in the trophy shoot received good returns for their investments. Outside of those two races, however, the purses were so cut up that the amounts paid out to individual shooters were only small.

In event No. 1, 122 out of 133 entries drew out money. In No. 2 a still larger proportion—115 out of 120—were interested in the division of the purse. In event No. 3, the 10-bird race, 169 out of 175 drew money, and in the 15-bird race 115 out of 122 took out something. (Our figures are, of course, based on the scores which appeared last week.)

Below is a brief statement of the division of the purses:

No. 1: 5 birds, $5, birds included at 25 cents each, $75 added, three moneys, 133 entries. Gross purse $740, less $166.25 for birds; net purse $573.75:

49 men with 5 kills each received $5.85.
51 men with 4 kills each received $3.37.
22 men with 3 kills each received $5.21.

No 2: 7 birds, $7, birds included at 25 cents each, $100 added, four moneys, 120 entries. Gross purse $940, less $210 for birds; net purse $730:

34 men with 7 kills, each received $8 58.
37 men with 6 kills, each received $5 91.
31 men with 5 kills, each received $4 70.
13 men with 4 kills, each received $5.61.

No. 3: 10 birds, $10, birds included at 25 cents each, $150 added, four moneys, 175 entries. Gross purse $1,900, less $437.50 for birds; net purse $1,462.50:

37 men with 10 kills, each received $15.81.
61 men with 9 kills, each received $7.19.
35 men with 8 kills, each received $8 35.
22 men with 7 kills, each received $6.66.

No. 4: 15 birds, $15, birds included at 25 cents each, $200 added, five moneys, 122 entries (G. Jack's entry fee being returned to him). Gross purse $2,030, less $457.50 for birds; net purse $1,572.50:

28 men with 15 kills, each received $16.84.
37 men with 14 kills, each received $10 62.
28 men with 13 kills, each received $11.23.
16 men with 12 kills, each received $14.74.
6 men with 11 kills, each received $26.20.

The above figures are decidedly interesting. They show plainly that the old system of dividing purses, in live-bird races as in target events, is worse than faulty. There is no equity in the division of a purse where a man who kills 11 out of 15 birds receives $26 20 for $15, when a man who kills all his birds only receives $16.84 and a man who scores 14 out of 15 takes down $10 62! Is it any wonder that dropping for place still exists? The system itself is to blame.

Chicago Trap-Shooters and Sparrows.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 8.—I herewith hand you score of Winnetka Gun Club, made at English sparrows to-day. On account of the small size and rapid flight, the sparrow is a favorite bird at the trap for all the clubs that have used them so far, and especially for those shooters who do not care so much for big scores as for something that takes quick and accurate shooting. The scores in the two 10-bird sweeps were as follows:

Events:	1	2	Events:	1	2
Richardson	7	9	Hester	7	..
Madsen	9	..	Royce	8	5
McConnell	5	6	Maynard	8	8
P Hoyt	9	9	Albright	4	2
L Hoyt	9	9	Buckbee	9	9
R Daggett	5	10	J Daggett	..	7

BERT HAMPTON.

Conny Furgueson Challenged.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I would like to match Master Charles Skinner, of Rochester, N. Y., against Master Clarence Ferguson, of New York city, to shoot a race at 50 live birds under American Association rules, $100 a side. The shoot to take place at the Rochester Driving Park on or about Sept. 9, 1896. I inclose check for $25 as forfeit. The balance of $75 to be posted day of match.

DR. J. L. WELLER.

[Check for $25 received. We presume Dr. Weller refers to Master Cornelius Furgueson, a member of the New Utrecht Gun Club.]

Jack Parker's Sixth Annual.

ONE OF THE STANDBYS.

DETROIT, Mich., Aug. 14.—The annual tournament given by Jack Parker at Detroit is one of the regular standbys of the year, and is always looked forward to with interest by the shooting fraternity. Jack has the reputation of originality in management, and each year thinks out some new scheme whose object is to draw a crowd of expert and amateur shooters. He always has a project which looks well to the expert—at a distance. His famous shoot when the boys "didn't do a thing to him" still rankles in the minds of some of the shooters who packed their guns and went home on that occasion.

This year Jack Parker came out with another programme showing the close note he keeps on developments in trap-shooting. He announced a good programme, with some added money for the crackerjacks, and some for that vast class of patient humanity who may for want of a better name be called the sucker-jacks, they being the producers, much beloved, but perhaps a trifle misunderstood. He announced also that the Rose system of dividing purses would be used, to insure fairness in the shooting, and that there would be five moneys. More than this, to further protect the low shooter, all men below 85 per cent. class were to be allowed 1 bird in 20, 2 in 25-bird events, to shoot at beside the regular number. The programme further showed such notable events as the three-men State team championship of the United States; the two-men team championship of United States and Canada; the expert championship of United States and Canada, each of these large events signalized by appropriate and valuable emblems and trophies and by added moneys.

The cracker-jack class looked at the glittering bait thrown out by Jack this year, eyed it over, edged up to it, sniffed at it, then most of them backed away and went back to their holes. Some thought they would go to Duluth, or some place where it "was a leetle easier." A few went to Jack's place, and shortly sorrowfully packed their guns and went home again. Once more Jack had got up too much of a combination for them. Then, at the end of the first day, there arose a prolonged and mournful wail by the banks of the River Rouge, and the Rose system was suspended. Jack smiled and agreed to this, as he always does, after taking his annual fall out of the "perfesh" of the trap. But the handicaps continued their deadly work, even after the "double-header" was taken off. Heikes won $1.35 the first day, $6 the second day, and 85 cents the last day, shooting on the last day a gait of 96.2 per cent. Trimble shot 92 per cent. the first day and lost $4.50; 90 per cent. the second day and won $2; 93 per cent. the third day and lost $4. Winston, who led in average up to the third day, thought he had won about 50 cents. Heikes on the third day broke 48 in the E. C. cup race and 48 in the tie, 96 out of 100, and the handicap shut him out of place! Verily, there is frost in the air by the banks of the River Rouge. Occasionally Jack Parker unbuttons his shirt sleeve and laughs into it, and the local amateurs go home to their wives and families and push out their chests and remark casually that they are something of a fellow their own self. The handicap committee who aided in these nefarious designs were Messrs. H. McMurchy, R. O. Heikes, Ed. Bingham, Ralph Trimble and Jack Parker. All these men took their own medicine, smiled and said they liked it. (Nit.)

The weather was for the most part favorable for the shoot, and the arrangements of the grounds, with tents, club house, covered scores, etc., were highly conducive to the comfort of the shooters. The background of the grounds is exceedingly good, being sky or water. The grounds lie on the banks of the Detroit River, along which the endless line of shipping passed in full view. The office of the shoot was presided over by Mr. W. W. Bock, cashier, and Mr. E. C. Hauson, who took care of the scores and averages. Both these young men were courteous and obliging to a degree. Everything was well conducted, and the shoot was good-humored and smooth, with no kicker in sight.

Another new feature in trap shown at Jack Parker's shoot was the use of the magautrap of the Cleveland Target Co. There were two of these magazine, always-ready traps in use. Each took the place of a set of traps, and the shooting was thus simple, rapid and inexpensive. The shooters went to the score in squads of five, each man shooting 5 birds at each firing station instead of 1 in the walk-around. The two magautraps were kept busy, the continuous ringing of the little bells having some of the whistling notes of a bunch of plover flying over. Of course bluerocks were used in the magautraps.

FEATURES OF INTEREST.

The main interest of the first day's shooting centered about the two-men team championship of the United States and Canada, which called out fifteen strong teams. Heikes and Graham, of Rosedale, Mich., won first with 92, each getting a handsome gold watch thereby. Five teams tied on 91, and the tie was shot out and won by McMurchy and Fanning. Jack Winston was high average for the day, 177 out of 185.

On the second day the 50-bird event was for the Gillman & Barnes gold medal and the individual expert championship of the United States and Canada, an event possessing a much greater sporting interest than the monotonous 20-bird sweeps common at tournaments. This medal was won last year by J. H. Bortle, of Detroit. The conditions being 21yds. rise, use of both barrels, one man up, 5 traps, the game was exactly to the liking of Jack Winston. The latter bet with several shooters that 45 would be beaten. The race took all the afternoon to shoot. Winston went in to win his wagers, and broke 23 out of his first 25, using only his first barrel. Then his gun went wrong, the right barrel lock refusing to stand cocked. Endless balks and waits and arguing over rules followed, enough to rattle almost any shooter. Much of the time Winston was firing a powder charge with his right barrel, or trying to, and breaking his birds with the left. At the 49 hole Winston had missed 10, and was one ahead of McMurchy and Parker. He broke his last bird away out in the field, and went out high gun with 40. It had been forgotten, however, that Tom Latham, of the Norwalk (O) Gun Club, was yet to shoot his last 25 birds. Mr. Latham was a bit of a dark horse, for he finished his 50 with a run of 23 out of 25, going out with 42, thus winning the handsome medal, and incidentally inflicting on Winston the double penalty of beating him and yet losing him his wagers on high gun! At this Winston, who had been shooting under the name of "Mead," changed his name to the mystic number of "147." Heikes and Latham tied on average for the day, with 168 out of 185; Winston second average, 166 out of 185.

On the third day of the shoot the dark horses had another surprise for the experts, this as usual in the 50-bird event. In the E. C. cup contest for the handicap championship, U. S. and Canada, Mr. R. H. Hall, of Detroit, another member of the hard-shooting River Rouge Gun Club, was allowed 3 extra birds to shoot at. To the surprise of all, he ran up to 47 straight and made 49 out of 50, with 3 allowance birds to shoot. Of these he broke 1, putting him out with 50 all alone. There was no 49, and Burrill, who had still to shoot, with much *insouciance* openly announced that he would try to so use his big allowance of birds as to drop into the 49 hole. His friend back of the score, however, unfortunately coached him wrong in his little attempt at dropping for place, and when he came to figure out his total he discovered that he was 46 instead of 49, and missed his last 3 birds to very bad purpose. The 48 hole had several hot ones in it. Winston insisted on shooting the tie, declaring that he would of course win the prize, a Mullins manganese bronze ducking boat, and that he had already given it to a friend! It was here that Heikes ran 96 out of his 100, losing nevertheless to H. E Norton, of Ironton, O., who scored 46 and broke also his 3 allowance birds, netting 49. Winston lost 2 birds out of his first 6, to his disgust. High gun for third day was Heikes, 183 out of 190; McMurchy second, 181; Winston third, 180.

TWO PHENOMENAL SCORES.

The most interesting event of the entire tournament was the three-men State team championship of the U. S., the conditions of which asked for 100 bluerocks. Interested groups stood along the rails as some of the finest and best known trap shots of the country stepped to the score, under conditions promising something like a bit of sport. The air was cool and clear with no wind, and the birds were not especially difficult, so it was expected that there would be good scores. But no one was looking for what actually happened. It was soon reported about that McMurchy had gone out with 97 out of his 100. It was not dreamed that this would be surpassed, though Heikes was still to shoot. The latter went placidly to sawing wood in his usual steady manner, and at 50 remained straight. He lost 1 bird at No. 1 score after running 71 straight, and dropped another at No. 2; but scored 98 out of 100, with 97 to beat! It is not often that one sees two such scores on the same blackboard. Mr. McMurchy said that he had never personally seen so high a score in a 100-bird match or sweep. Winston once beat Frank Parmelee with 100 straight (one man up, 5 traps). Heikes once ran 100 straight in the Western team at Corry, Pa., but to get within 2 and 3 birds of these records is something rare enough to be held phenomenal even in these days of high scores. Heikes shot his historic Winchester pump, with 42grs. of E. C. powder in Leader shells. McMurchy used his L. C. Smith ejector, but shot a job lot of shells to clean out his box, some of E. C., some W. A. and some Schultze. It was a singular fact that these two great scores in each case failed to land a team in first place, the New York team (McMurchy, Smith and Fanning) taking second place, the Ohio team (Heikes, Norton and Weaver), third. Michigan team (Parker, Woods and Graham) won first, as see scores for Friday. The fourth day's high average, $10, was won by Heikes, 199 out of 205; McMurchy second, 198. The consolation race had only one entry, Mr. Scotten, the only programme shooter with average below 80 per cent.

The tournament closed early Friday afternoon. It was a very pleasant and enjoyable affair, and one which was full of surprises and abounding in sporting interest. It was unanimously agreed that it takes Jack Parker to get up a shooters' shoot which is too swift for the shooters.

TUESDAY, FIRST DAY.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5†	6	7	8
*Burton	14	20	24	14	47	19	23	15
*Latham	11	17	22	13	43	12	25	13
*McMurchy	14	18	22	15	49	18	23	14
*Graham	15	20	25	14	44	18	23	13
Weaver	13	20	25	13	48	16	25	12
Woods	11	20	25	13	45	19	25	13
*Parker	9	20	22	15	38	17	21	10
Vail	14	20	22	15	44	18	18	13
Herrington	14	16	19	15	43	20	25	10
Osman	11	17	21	14	41	16	20	10
*Fanning	14	19	21	14	42	12	23	14
Smith	10	17	19	13	43	16	24	11
Pendergast	7	18	..	13	..	9	..	12
Taylor	11	19	24	13	..	19	..	12
Head	9	17	..	15	..	..	..	..
Sherman	15	20	23	14	..	..	..	..
Cicotte	11	19	18	..	39	14	17	..
Bortle	12	17	23	10	38	17	24	11
Esper	10	..	..	13	..	10	..	..
Herbert	14	17	24	11	39	20	23	13
*Trimble	15	20	23	13	46	17	23	13

Events:	1	2	3	4	5†	6	7	8
*Powers	14	19	25	14	45	17	22	13
Norton	11	17	24	12	41	17	24	13
*Mead	14	20	24	15	46	20	23	13
Baum	8	19	..	..	..	..	..	..
Avery	11	16	18	14	43	11	24	14
Marks	12	20	25	15	44	18	23	11
Fleisher	13	18	23	13	37	15	20	12
North	14	19	22	14	42	17	..	..
*Heikes	12	20	25	15	48	18	24	12
*Bingham	..	20	18	12	45	18	22	12
Corbett	..	..	..	..	43	14	..	12
Du Bray	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..
Boyd	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..
Brady	..	..	..	..	41	19	19	12
Bomga	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..
Mercier	..	..	..	..	..	19	14	7
Daniels	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	10
Donaldson	..	..	..	..	42	..	..	..
Lyman	..	..	..	..	34	..	..	..
Doran	..	..	..	..	33	..	..	..

[The men marked with * shot at scratch. All men below 85 per cent. had 1 bird in 20, 2 in 25, added to the birds they shot at.]

† Event No. 5 was the daily 50-bird race, for two-men team championship of United States and Canada; conditions, 50 bluerocks per man, 100 per team, entrance per team $3. First prize, two gold watches; second prize, $20 cash; third prize, 500 loaded shells. In this event the teams and totals were as follows:

Parker	38	Smith	43
Woods	45—87	Herrington	43—86
McMurchy	49	North	42
Fanning	42—91	Norton	41—83
Latham	43	Burton	47
Weaver	48—91	Vail	44—91
Donaldson	42	Marks	44
T Cicotte	39—81	Avery	43—87
Lyman	34	Trimble	46
Doran	33—67	Bingham	45—91
Heikes	48	Bortle	38
Graham	44—92	Herbst	39—77
Powers	45	Corbett	43
Mead	46—91	Brady	41—84
Osmun	41		
Fleisher	37—78		

Heikes and Graham won first.

WEDNESDAY, SECOND DAY.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5†	6	7	8
*Burton	15	19	25	14	27	17	22	12
*Graham	15	19	22	13	31	18	21	13
Herbst	12	20	25	13	32	18	21	11
*M'Murchy	13	20	23	14	39	20	24	12
*Fanning	13	18	23	14	34	19	23	12
Bortle	13	16	21	11	33	18	21	11
Smith	10	19	24	13	32	17	20	10
*Parker	11	17	21	15	39	20	24	14
Herrington	13	15	24	12	30	17	23	10
Osmun	12	15	21	15	..	17	23	12
Weaver	14	20	24	13	29	18	23	11
*Heikes	13	20	25	15	37	19	25	14
Woods	13	16	24	14	32	17	23	15
*Trimble	15	17	24	15	37	19	23	13
Norton	12	20	25	15	..	18	23	14
Taylor	13	15	25	14	25	..	..	..
Collins	7	16	16	7	16	17	22	..
Scotten	10	8	10	..	..	9	14	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5†	6	7	8
Pendergast	13	..	21	12	..	12	..	12
Cicotte	12	17	20	..	..	..	22	11
*Bingham	12	18	18	11	38	17	20	14
Fleisher	14	19	23	13	32	19	24	..
Latham	14	19	23	14	42	20	22	13
North	12	18	22	10	..	..	..	13
Marks	14	18	23	15	27	17	23	13
Avery	12	20	23	14	9	18	19	11
*Mead	13	20	23	14	40	20	25	12
*Powers	13	19	25	11	37	15	15	13
Corbett	..	..	..	..	..	29	17	21
Vail	..	..	..	..	..	33	16	21
C Daniels	..	..	..	..	..	33	17	..
H Smith	..	..	..	..	..	25	..	..
Brady	..	..	..	..	..	22	13	..
Mercier	..	..	..	..	..	25	19	..
Bomya	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..

[Men marked with * shot scratch.]

† Event No. 5, daily 50-bird event, for the Gillman & Barnes gold medal, value $150; for the individual expert championship of United States and Canada; 21yds. rise, use of both barrels; 5 traps, one man up. First prize, medal; second prize, one Winchester repeating shotgun; third prize, $10 cash; fourth prize, $5 cash.

The Gillman & Barnes medal was won by Tom Latham, of Monroeville, O., with 42 out of 50.

THURSDAY, THIRD DAY.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5† Handicap.	5† Total Killed.	6	7	8
*McMurchy	15	19	22	15	47	47	19	24	20
*Graham	13	18	23	14	45	45	18	22	17
*Fanning	13	20	22	13	47	47	18	24	18
Herbst	12	19	23	13	46	48	16	19	18
*Burton	11	19	22	14	37	41	16	19	20
*Woods	15	18	23	13	44	44	17	24	17
*147	14	19	23	15	48	48	19	24	18
Herrington	11	17	15	13	40	45	17	23	18
*Parker	13	19	22	15	45	45	18	22	17
Bortle	13	17	20	12	36	40	17	22	16
Scotten	9	7	11	..	17	24	..	..	..
Wagner	14	20	..	11	..	..	..	..	..
*Trimble	14	18	23	14	45	45	17	23	19
Weaver	14	18	23	15	45	47	15	19	15
Norton	13	18	23	12	46	48	18	24	18
Stein	15	..	..	..	44	46	..	..	..
Miller	12	15	..	13	34	38	19	..	..
Brummitt	11	..	..	14	33	39	..	..	..
Osmun	12	16	..	13	42	45	..	..	..
Fleisher	12	17	24	14	41	44	17	23	18
B F Smith	13	..	23	13	44	45	19	23	17
Taylor	13	..	..	14	44	47	..	..	..
Marks	15	17	22	13	47	48	18	22	18
*Heikes	15	19	24	14	48	48	20	24	19
Lindsley	13	18	23	13	40	44	15	24	17
*Bingham	15	19	24	15	48	48	20	21	18
Corbett	..	17	22	13	40	45	15	..	..
Gay	.	17	..	15	..	..	18	21	..
J Daniels	..	17	15	..	33	38	..	..	10
*T Cicotte	..	7	20	..	24	..	16	14	..
Lekfelt	..	..	21	..	33	37	..	..	..
Horton	..	..	..	14	41	45	18	..	..
W A Cicotte	..	..	..	12	37	40	17	17	..
Matthews	..	..	..	..	40	47	..	..	..
Webb	..	..	..	..	34	36	..	..	..
North	..	..	..	..	39	43	..	..	..
Mercier	..	..	..	..	29	36	13	..	14
Collins	..	..	..	..	35	41	..	..	..
C Schmitt	..	..	..	..	29	35	..	..	..
Bomya	..	..	..	..	30	34	..	..	..
Klein	..	..	..	..	40	44	..	..	..
Lyman	..	..	..	..	36	40	..	..	..
Gay	..	..	..	..	44	48	..	..	..
Egenolf	..	..	..	..	17	20	..	..	..
Cabanaw	..	..	..	..	41	45	17	..	..
DeWitt	..	..	..	..	41	45	17	..	..
Hall	..	..	..	..	49	50	17	..	..
Pendergast	..	..	..	..	36	37	..	..	..
Brandenburg	..	..	..	..	30	36	..	..	..
Donaldson	..	..	..	..	29	32	..	..	..
Mandt	..	..	..	..	36	44	..	..	..
Wolf	..	..	..	..	45	48	..	..	..
Richardson	..	..	..	..	37	41	..	..	..
C Daniels	..	..	..	..	44	47	17	..	..
Brady	..	..	..	..	39	43	15	..	17
Clark	..	..	..	..	39	46	..	..	..
Burrill	..	..	..	..	42	46	..	..	..
H Smith	..	..	..	..	42	47	18	..	..

[Men marked * shot at scratch.]

† Event No. 5 was for the E. C. Powder Co.'s handicap championship cup. Open to United States and Canada. Scratch men, 50 bluerocks, $1.50. First prize: E. C. Cup, donated by E. C. Powder Co., and emblematic of handicap championship of U. S. and Canada; second prize: One of Mullins' safety copper duck boats, value $55; third prize: One Martin safety take-down rifle, any caliber; fourth prize: One of Fred Devine's best rods; fifth prize: One expert bluerock trap.

The scores of this event in the table above show the number of birds actually killed by each man out of 50, also his handicap allowance and his total score of birds shot at.

The E. C. cup was won by R. H. Hall, of Detroit, who ran 47 straight and scored 49 out of his 50. He was allowed 4 birds handicap by the committee, and of these broke 1 out of 3 shot at, placing him with a total of 50.

There was no 49. Ties on 48 shot at 50 birds: Heikes scoring 48, Herbst 43, Bingham 44, Norton 49, Marks 42. "147" (Winston) fell out in his first 6 birds. The same handicap applied in the tie, and Norton's allowance of 3 was added to his actual score of 46 out of 50 in the tie, he killing his 3 allowance birds.

Ties on 47 shot at 50 tie birds. Horton had 6 birds allowance and killed 52 out of 56, or equivalent of 50 straight. C. Daniels, 49 out of 57; H. Smith dropped out at 43d bird; Matthews killed 45 out of 58; Taylor 44 out of 53; Horton won. Other ties shot, split and bought out.

FRIDAY, FOURTH DAY.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5†	6	
Targets:	15	20	25	20	100	25	Br.
McMurchy	13	20	25	20	97	23	198
147	12	20	20	16	..	23	91
Fanning	13	20	25	19	91	25	193
Graham	14	19	22	19	96	22	192
Herbst	14	17	23	18	93	22	187
Fleisher	11	17	23	18	90	23	182
Lindsley	11	19	25	18	..	22	95
Bortle	13	15	22	18	75	21	164
Herrington	12	15	19	..	..	20	66
Heikes	15	20	25	18	98	23	199
Woods	11	18	21	20	93	24	187
Trimble	13	19	21	18	..	24	95
Parker	10	17	19	18	91	22	177

Events:	1	2	3	4	5†	6	
Targets:	15	20	25	20	100	25	Br.
Norton	15	17	22	19	91	22	186
Marks	12	16	21	17	85	23	164
Walton	10	17	16	..	..	..	43
B F Smith	14	18	21	19	89	21	182
Scotten	11	16	18	16	76	18	164
Cabanaw	..	..	..	15	82	..	97
W A Cicotte	..	..	21	15	65	..	101
Weaver	..	..	..	..	82	..	82
Bouser	..	..	..	..	72	19	81
Wolf	..	..	..	..	78	..	78
Zielke	..	..	..	..	76	..	76
Burrill	..	..	..	..	61	..	61
Clark	..	..	..	..	61	..	61

† No. 5, the three-men State team championship of the United States for the Hiawatha diamond badges, donated by Oren Scotten; 100 bluerocks per man, 300 per team, entrance $9. First prize, three diamond badges, value $100; second prize, $50 cash; third prize, $20 cash; fourth prize, $10 cash.

Michigan No. 1.
Woods .....24 23 23 23—93
Parker .....23 23 23 22—91
Graham.....24 25 23 24—96—280

Michigan No. 2.
Fleischer.....21 24 23 22—90
Marks.....23 22 23 17—85
Herbst .....22 25 23 23—93—268

Michigan No. 3.
Cabinaw.....21 20 23 18—82
Bortle .....19 20 19 17—75
W A Cicotte...21 17 16 11—65—222

Michigan No. 4.
Boesser .....20 21 13 18—72
Wolf .....17 20 20 21—78
Zielke.....25 23 19 19—76—226

Michigan No. 5.
Scotten.....15 19 22 20—76
Burrill .....12 14 16 18—60
Clark.....17 15 11 18—61—197

Ohio.
Weaver.....17 19 24 22—82
Norton.....19 23 25 24—91
Heikes.....25 25 24 24—98—271

New York.
B F Smith.....19 23 23 24—89
Fanning.....22 22 25 22—91
McMurchy.....25 24 23 25—97—277

NOTES AND INCIDENTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Milt F. Lindsley were present, and had in view a handsome case and banners bearing the samples and signs of King's Smokeless powder. Mrs. Lindsley shot in events on Thursday and Friday very nicely, and was watched with interest by a large assemblage.

Matters were enlivened Thursday by the appearance on the grounds of Wm. Genicke's Vaterland orchestra, composed of two eminent composers disguised as fat Dutchmen, and playing respectively a violin and an accordeon. They played almost altogether by ear.

On Friday afternoon, after the big State team race, a sparring match was held before the kinetoscope; Mr. R. O. Heikes, the Dayton diamond, and Mr. Jack Parker, the Detroit strong boy, going four rounds with 4oz gloves until stopped by exhaustion and the police. McMurchy was timekeeper and referee.

Paul North would have been glad to stay longer, but had to leave the second day.

Capt. Du Bray, of the Parker gun, was present only to say good morning and good-bye.

The Old Reliable, Ed. Taylor, of Cincinnati, was out at a shoot for the first time in a long while. He shot like a colt, although much troubled with his gold teeth, which ached badly. He has sixteen gold teeth to one plain tooth and believes in free gold.

Mr. C. D. Hagerman, of Lincoln, Neb., was at the shoot. Detroit was his former home.

Ralph Trimble was taken seriously ill Friday evening, and while on the car on his way home to town suffered such pain that he sprang from the car and ran away, almost out of his head. Friends followed him and took care of him.

Mr. Oren Scotten, the wealthy and liberal Detroit sportsman who gave the three handsome diamond badges for the State team championship contest, was present all through the shoot and shot through. On Saturday Mr. Scotten took a large number of the visiting shooters on a boating party to the St. Clair flats on his handsome yacht Wanda.

Mr. M. Herrington, special agent at New York city of the smokeless powder department of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., shot practically through the programme, and shot very nicely.

Dr. E. M. Waters, of Columbus, O., was on hand for a short time.

Eddie Bingham stayed with them till Friday noon, when he was obliged to return to his home in Chicago.

The muskrats of the River Rouge are very large and fat, and they eat them tails and all.

Mr. R. H. Hall had a great chance to beat McMurchy and Heikes, for he came near getting 51 out of 50. Even the Old Guard can't do that.

It is too bad the Rose system does not cover the case of a man trying to drop into a metal boat.

Handicaps are good—sometimes too good.

A few of the Old Guard stayed through the programme and lost, in the way "producers" do. They made many friends and did their employers good, but it was a poor place to lay up money.

Paul Weise, Jack Parker's right bower, hustled squads four days inimitably, and all for love of Jack.

All the employees on the grounds were well posted, courteous and efficient. It was a very businesslike shoot.

The big Du Pont shoot and the hot weather hurt the attendance considerably, but the shoot was a rattler just the same.

The shooters all thought the grounds very pleasant to shoot on. There is no better background in the country.

There is some speculation as to what sort of game Jack Parker will spring on the boys next year.

They didn't do a thing to Jack this year, either.

A few long races liven up a programme wonderfully.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago. E. HOUGH.

Our Du Pont Tournament Sketches.

MR. HOUGH writes in appreciation of the artists whose services were enlisted by FOREST AND STREAM at the Du Pont tournament:

Mr. W. L. Wells, who did most of the sketches for the report, is perhaps the best known artist of Chicago, and has no superior in his profession here. He has always been especially fond of sporting topics, and has done some fine colored work in wildfowl scenes. His "Mallards" and "Teal" have been seen all over the country. Mr. Wells's facile pencil had a great deal asked of it this week, and on the briefest notice he was called on to make two-minute portraits for a reporter always in a hurry to catch a mail East. He was equal to the task. His portraits are admirable. The portrait of Mr. Francis G. Du Pont was pronounced by daily newspaper men who looked at it to be the best pen-and-ink portrait they had ever seen. He caught the shooters as they were, not as they pose to appear.

Mr. W. S. Phillips is a Western artist of wide experience and rapid pencil. If he hadn't been rapid he would not have done. His bits of shooting life show what he can see and do in about seventeen minutes, and on the dead jump. FOREST AND STREAM had to overcome 1,000 miles of geography and a vacant business day in handling this report, so the artists had no time to eat or sleep. While Mr. Wells and Mr. Phillips were tending to their knitting at the grounds, Mr. Louis Braunhold was finishing up a scene or two that had been put in outline. At the close of the shoot, when both Mr. Wells and Mr. Phillips and Mr. Braunhold were away, Mr. Coppernoll and his board had to be pressed into service. Had Mr. Coppernoll failed, it had been discovered that one of the boys who sold ginger pop at the soda water stand could make a stagger at a drawing if held up with a gun. His name was Coffee. Had Mr. Coffee failed, FOREST AND STREAM would have gotten some one else.

Arendtsville Gun Club.

ARENDTSVILLE, Pa., Aug. 8.—There were six events at targets and five live-bird events shot to-day on the grounds of the Arendtsville Gun Club. Scores in the target events were as follows, all events being at 10 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
C D Wisler	10	8	8	..	..	..
S M Eaholtz	10	10	9	9	10	8
A Kane	..	..	9	9	8	10
E Wisler, Jr.	10	..	..	..	..	..
J C Thomas	8	..	9	..	8	..
A Schlosser	10	6	8	7	7	8
C E Crum	8	6	..	..	..	..
A Lerew	..	..	9	6	7	8

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
W McCann	..	..	..	7	8	..
Geo McCann	..	..	..	5	3	..
E Carson	..	..	..	9	..	..
J Hoffman	..	..	..	8	7	..
J F Taylor	..	..	..	..	7	..
C P Arendt	..	..	..	..	8	..
W Winans	..	..	..	..	5	..

The live-bird scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Birds:	5	5	10	5	6
C D Wisler	4	5	9	5	..
Eaholtz	5	5	9	3	..
Thomas	5	5	9	3	..
Kane	..	..	10	5	5
Lerew	..	..	9	5	6
Schlosser	3	3	6	3	..
Beamer	5	3	..	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Birds:	5	5	10	5	6
Carson	..	..	7	5	..
Taylor	..	..	5	5	..
Arendt	..	..	..	..	4
Livingston	..	..	..	4	..
J C Lower	..	..	..	..	5
Crum	..	..	..	..	5

All the contestants in the live-bird events, except Taylor, used Schultze powder loaded by C. D. Wisler.

C.

Programme for the Interstate Shoot at Marion, N. J.

The programme gotten out for the Interstate Association's tournament at Marion, N. J., Sept. 8-9, has been received, and deserves special comment. In "Drivers and Twisters" last week we made an error in stating that the Novelty rule would be revived at this shoot. The statement was made on the strength of information which we considered reliable, but the fact remains that it was an error. The Novelty will not be used according to the programme.

There are, however, plenty of interesting features in the programme, the main one being the four extra events shot at expert rule, one man up. These events will be 15-target events, $1.50 entrance, four moneys. The programme events scheduled for each day are precisely similar. They are ten in number and call for 190 targets at an average entry fee of 10 cents per target, or $19 for the whole day. There are four 15-target events, four 20-target events and two 25-target events each day. All events are at unknown angles with the exception of No. 9 each day, 25 targets; this is at known angles, but has no money added to its purse. The club adds $75 a day, as follows: $5 to each purse in the 15-target events; $10 to each of the four 20-target purses, and $15 to the other 25-target event.

Another special feature is the division of the purses. Around New York we have not had much opportunity for testing the practical workings of the Rose system, but the Endeavor Gun Club has requested that that system be adopted at this shoot. Accordingly all purses will be divided under that system, and we do not hesitate to say that all who come to Marion, N. J., on the above dates, and who take part in the sweepstakes shooting, will go away thoroughly satisfied that at last a really equitable system of dividing purses has been devised. Forest and Stream was the first paper to advocate the general adoption of this system, and for many months it fought the fight alone. The good work done in this behalf is now bearing fruit far in excess of what was hoped for. Come to Marion and see how the Rose system works.

"Preparation day" for this shoot is merged into the annual Labor Day shoot of the Endeavor Gun Club. There will be shooting all day on Monday, Sept. 7, and in order that the Endeavor's club members and their visitors, who generally throng the traps on this occasion, many of whom cannot hope to compete with their more expert brothers, may be able to get a bit of cheap practice, the club announces in the programme that anyone who wishes to do so may "shoot for birds only" on that date.

The grounds at Marion are easily reached from New York city; they are, perhaps, best known to shooters as "Al Heritage's grounds." Many important matches have been shot on these grounds in days gone by, and many thousands of dollars have changed hands on the result of those matches. "Uncle Al" knew good birds, and knew where to get them; hence the popularity of these grounds for match shooting. To reach Marion from this city, take either of the P. R. R. ferries at Cortlandt or Desbrosses streets. Frequent trains run to Marion station, P. R. R., where stages will be in waiting to convey shooters and their shells, etc., to the grounds, which are located about three-quarters of a mile from the depot. The time occupied by the train journey is about five minutes—short enough. The trip can also be made by trolley cars from the Jersey City side of the above ferries. These electric cars can make the run to Marion station in about twenty minutes, and are run on a headway of about ten minutes. Lunch will be provided on the grounds, of course.

All shells and guns shipped in care of Von Lengerke & Detmold, 8 Murray street, New York city, will be delivered at the grounds. The same firm will also have plenty of hand-loaded shells for sale on the grounds at $2 50 per 100. Information relative to the tournament will be cheerfully furnished by A. R. Strader, 371 New York avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

The Rose System.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Rose system of dividing purses at tournaments has always seemed to me to be about the only one of the whole lot that really "touches the spot." It was naturally with great pleasure that I noted how Forest and Stream was doing yeoman service to the sport of trap-shooting by publishing a simple example of how the Rose system worked. I am not much of a figurer myself, but even I could go to work now and in our club shoots at home pay out the purses promptly. Your trap editor, Mr. Banks, explained the system very thoroughly to me at the Memphis tournament, but I must say it is far easier to understand when one has a simple case placed in front of one, as you did in Forest and Stream of July 11.

When I first learned of the system, which was through your columns some months ago, I did not take much stock in it; in fact, I did not bother about it at all. Then I went to the Charleston, S. C., tournament, where I met some very pleasant gentlemen, had a good time, thanks to the members of the Palmetto Gun Club, and also made a practical acquaintance with the mysteries of the Rose system. It was tried on the first day of the shoot, and we all liked it very much. Yet I did not quite understand how it worked, and was not able to explain it to my friends at home as I wanted to do. Now that I do understand it, you have made all further explanation unnecessary at least down where I live, because we all take Forest and Stream.

In the last two days I have had quite a talk with many of the shooters who, like myself, are here not for our health, but to shoot live birds at John Watson's, and also to win the Du Pont cup. From what I can learn, there seems to be no opposition to the Rose system from any shooter who has tried it; while those who have not tried it merely express hazy doubts as to whether it is the right thing. Such being the case, I felt like writing to Forest and Stream and letting it know just how I and hundreds of others think on this matter.

Go ahead; the Rose system is all right. Corn Cob.

It is really a shame that Corn Cob does not want his name to appear at the close of such a capital letter as the above. It would be a fitting climax to an honest expression of opinion, while the reputation of the writer as a trap-shot and as a square up-and-up shooter would add considerable weight to the sentiments he has expressed above.

By this time he will have noticed that we gave in our issue of Aug. 8 a reproduction of the example he refers to as appearing in our issue of July 11. Unfortunately, owing to carelessness on the part of somebody connected with the presswork, a portion of the example was left out, causing probably a little confusion in the minds of persons who were studying the workings of the Rose system as therein set forth. To right the error we once more give the explanation of the system to be found in the programmes issued by the Interstate Association, and also an example of an actual sweep worked out on the plan adopted by the cashier of the Binghamton (N. Y.) Gun Club's tournaments:

(1) Decide upon the number of moneys into which the purse is to be divided, and then find the ratio into which it will be divided from the following table:

If into
2 moneys—at the ratio of 5 to 3.
3 moneys—at the ratio of 5 and 3 to 2.
4 moneys—at the ratio of 5, 3 and 2 to 1.
5 moneys—at the ratio of 8, 5, 3 and 2 to 1.
6 moneys—at the ratio of 13, 8, 5, 3 and 2 to 1.

(2) For the sake of example in working out this system, let us take a 15-target event, $1.50 entrance, 4 moneys, 24 entries, $10 added to the purses, targets at 3 cents each. This will give us a net purse of $35.20, targets taking $10.80 out of the total purse. Suppose when the event has been shot there are three straight scores: one 14, four 13s and one 12. Under the old percentage system of 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. class shooting, it is manifest that the single 14 would have the best of the four men with straight scores, while the man with 12 would also be better off financially than either of the four men who broke one more target than he did. Under the Rose system this temptation to drop for place is done away with. Proof of this is given below:

The ratio points are 5, 3 and 2 to 1. Therefore,

No. of ties for 1st money 3×5=15
No. of ties for 2d money 1×3= 3
No. of ties for 3d money 4×2= 8
No. of ties for 4th money 1×1= 1

27)$35.20($1.30
27 per ratio point.
82
81
10 cents over

Therefore,
each man with 15 receives $1.30×5=$6.50
each man with 14 receives 1.30×3= 3 90
each man with 13 receives 1.30×2= 2.60
each man with 12 receives 1.30×1= 1 30

Under the system usually adopted at tournaments, the three men in for first money would have received $4.69 each; the man with 14 alone taking second money, $10.56; the four men in for third money would have drawn down $1.76 each, but the shooter who had the luck to drop one more target would have received fourth money, $3.52, or just double their share.

It may seem from the above that the system is a complicated one, and would involve a great deal of work in the cashier's department. To disabuse one of this idea, we give an example of an event, the third event on the second day of the Iowa State tournament, working out the example by a system learned from the cashier at the Binghamton, N. Y., tournament. It will be noticed that he rules each page off into five columns; in the first he enters the names of the shooters: in the second he places their respective scores. He then ascertains the place obtained by each man and puts in the third column the number of points due to him. At the bottom of this column he figures up the total number of points, dividing the net purse by that sum. In the fourth column he places the amount due each man, checks it off as soon as the amount is paid, or the cash equivalent placed in the pay envelope. The fifth column is utilized for figuring the net purse and for finding the value of each point.

Event No. 3. 15 targets. Entrance $1.50. Added money ——. No. of entries, 27. Price of targets, 2 cents. No. of moneys, 4.

	Score.	Points.	Amount due.
Grimm	15	5	3.35
Hoffman	11		
Gilbert	12	1	.67
Schricker	15	5	3.35
Raisch	13	2	1.34
Wehrend	14	3	2.01
Minard	12	1	.67
Avery	10		
Webster	12	1	.67
Budd	15	5	3.35
Trotter	13	2	1.34
Miller	10		
Harbaugh	9		
Couger	9		
Tucker	14	3	2.01
VBoltenstern	11		
Jones	11		
Northrup	11		
Bosworth	10		
MBoltenst'rn	12	1	.67
Henry	12	1	.67
Cook	15	5	3.35
Agard	13	2	1.34
Foley	15	5	3.35
HBoltenst'rn	12	1	.67
Lewis	15	5	3.35
Samuelson	10		
		48	
Add amount over			.24
			$32.40

27 entries at $1.50 ..... =$40.50
Deduct for targets at 2cts. each= 8.10
Net purse ..... =$32.40

48*)32.40(67 cents per point.
288
360
336
24 cents over.

* Divide net purse by sum of the points.

A more striking example of the curse of the old system was never afforded us than that which is mentioned by Mr. Hough in his able report of the Du Pont tournament, which appeared in our last issue. In his account of the team contest Mr. Hough gives us a capital idea of the situation when Powers went to the score for the last few birds. Had Mr. Powers been unfortunate to lose his last bird, and had there been the slightest expression of opinion that the bird had been lost on purpose, it would have been the fault of the system in use. We have heard several people say, when shooting under the Rose system: "I like this way of dividing purses, because if I do miss my last target the boys won't accuse me of 'dropping for place.'"

In his letter to us, which appeared in our issue of Aug. 1, Push It makes a statement which is well worthy of further consideration: "In the many arguments against the dropper and denunciations of him, I never noted any denunciation of a dishonest system; for if it was dishonest for the dropper to shoot for the place which resulted in the most profit and not shoot at his best, it was equally dishonest to force a shooter to compete under a system which beat him out of his just rewards."

Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo.

Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 8.—The scores made to-day at the weekly shoot of the Audubon Gun Club were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	25	10	10	15	15	25	15	15
Forrester	..	8	6	13	11	21	13	..
Bennett	20	..	9	13	11	..	..	..
P G Myers	14	7	6	6	7	22	14	..
Bird	17	8	5	9	11	..	..	..
Norris	23	6	8	14	12	..	..	..
WHines, Jr	12	..	..	11	17	17	8	..
J J Reid	13	..	..	7	13	17	8	8
A Coombs	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
T Tiddler	23	..	..	13	8	18	..	11

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	25	10	10	15	15	25	15	15
Johnsing	22	..	..	..	8	..	..	..
W A Eaton	18	9	7	8	8	13	..	..
U E Storey	12	..	..	7	..	..	15	6
Middaugh	20	..	..	10	..	..	..	..
Brandle	21	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Eiss	..	..	..	..	5	5	..	..
Dr Daniels	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	14
Sandy	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	10
Rossiter	19	..	..	..	..	..	19	7

Norris won A class badge; Brandle and Tiddler tied for B class; Middaugh won in C class badge. No. 1 event was badge shoot; all other events were at unknown angles; No. 7 was gun below elbow.

Aug. 12.—The following scores were made to-day at Audubon Park:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	50	15	15	10	15	10	15
Alexander	45	11	11	10	11	6	12
Charles	44	15	12	10	12	8	14
Sam Jones	40	11	10	10	9	8	7
McArthur	36	10	11	9	13	8	14
Kirkover	48	15	13	..	14	7	15

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	50	15	15	10	15	10	15
Warren	44	..	..	10	13	..	..
Norris	47	..	12	8	10	6	14
McCarney	28	..	10	..	10	..	10
Chamberlain	38	..	12	..	11	..	..
Daniels	..	..	..	..	7	..	..

No. 1 event was the second series of championship events; Kirkover won with 48 out of 50. Alexander was handicapped 1 bird by winning first series. No. 3 event was at 15 targets, expert rules; all others were at unknown angles, except No. 6, which was at 5 pairs. B.

Omaha Gun Club.

Omaha, Neb., Aug. 1.—Below are the scores made to-day by members of the Omaha Gun Club at the club's regular shoot:

Hughes ..... 111111111111111111111111—25
Carmichael ..... 111111111111111111111111—25
Whitener ..... 111111111101111111111111—24
Parmelee ..... 111111111101111110111111—23
Loomis ..... 111111111011101111111111—23
Kenyon ..... 110111111111101111111111—23
Read ..... 101111101111101111111111—22
Brucker ..... 110111111110011111111111—22
McFarlane ..... 011111110111101101111111—21
Smead ..... 11111 111111111100111100—21
Blake ..... 0110 1101101111011111111—20
Dickey ..... 011001100111111111111011—19
Johannes ..... 111111111110111101010010—19
Randlett ..... 011110110111110110110110—18
Raymond ..... 111010110110101100011111—17
Edwards ..... 111110111010010101011011—16
Peters ..... 111111100010100101010010—14

Aug. 8.—Below are the scores made to-day at our weekly shoot

Whitener ..... 111101111111111111011011—22
Carmichael ..... 101111111110111011111111—22
Blake ..... 101111110101111101111111—21
Loomis ..... 111110111101111011111110—21
Johannes ..... 111111001101111111111011—21
Randlett ..... 011111101011110111110101—19
McFarlane ..... 011011111111100100100001—15

W. D. Kenyon, Sec'y.

Team Race at Springfield, Mass.

Springfield, Mass., Aug. 15.—Below are the scores made to-day in the Springfield-Windsor Locks team race, Springfield winning by 19 breaks:

Springfield.

Merritt, captain ..... 011111111110110111111011—21
Bugbee ..... 001101110110011000101010O—12
Eaton ..... 100111110111010110111111—19
Lathrop ..... 010111100001010111011011—15
Holcomb ..... 111111110111111100111111—22
Jordan ..... 010110001101111011111111—18
Folsom ..... 111110101110011101001111—18
Hawes ..... 111110110010111011000111—17
Gruendler ..... 111000101101111111110101—18—160

Windsor Locks.

Sadler ..... 000011000010000101011010— 9
Coogan ..... 000001000101010110100001O— 8
Arnold ..... 111110000001100111010101—14
Cutler ..... 100010101111111100010111—15
Pitkin ..... 111111011111111111111111—23
Vidian ..... 101111111011111111110101—21
Douglass ..... 111100000111111111111101—19
Harvey ..... 100111111010011010111110—17
Griswold, captain ..... 010100100010111110111011—15—141

Marietta Gun Club.

Marietta, Ga., Aug. 13.—Below are the scores made in to-day's club shoot. Conditions: 25 targets, unknown angles:

Black ..... 011111011111111101110111—21
Mamy ..... 000011111101100011111O011—15
Hilliard ..... 111101101100011110110101l—17
Stephens ..... 011101100101001010110011—13
Sanders ..... 111111100000010001O110001—12
Meinert ..... 101010001111111111111101l0—18
Setze ..... 111111110111101101101111O—20
Austin ..... 100011001100011101101011l—14
Reynolds ..... 000110000010111110110001l—12
Mosher ..... 011101011110011001001011O—14

W. J. Black, Sec'y.

Heikes vs. Budd-Marshall.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 9.—Rolla Heikes shot a race to-day against the Budd-Marshall combination. The conditions were 50 singles, expert rule, and 25 pairs; Budd shooting the singles and Marshall the pairs. In the singles Heikes broke 44 to Budd's 43, and 40 out of the pairs to Marshall's 38, making his total 84 to the combination's 81. Scores:

R O Heikes ... 11111111111111111111101111111111100111110100111111—44
10 11 11 11 11 01 10 11 10 10 11 11 10
11 11 10 11 01 11 10 11 10 11 11 11 —40—84
C W Budd ..... 11111110111111111111101110100111111011111111111110—43
T A Marshall 01 11 10 10 10 10 10 11 11 11 11 11 10
11 10 10 11 10 11 11 01 01 11 11 11 —38—81

Washington Park Gun Club, of Kansas City.

Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 5.—The Washington Park Gun Club held its monthly shoot here this afternoon and did some remarkably good work, five of the contestants making straight scores. The birds were a mixed lot, generally poor, but now and then a fast one. The scores were:

B Quick ..... 112111111011001—12
L Scott ..... 111112110111011—13
W Moore ..... 122121110111111—14
Dave Elliott ..... 111111211112111—15
C C Smith ..... 211122112221211—15
W B Cosby ..... 2221112022212222—14
T A Fernkas ..... 120000213120221—10
W W Herman ..... 112211202211120—13
A F Rickmers ..... 2212122122122212—15
Fred Lamb ..... 2222221211212221—15
N Jarrett ..... 112112122212112—15
Jack Doxon ..... 112111202221111—14
Nute Kelley ..... 1212011001111122—12
J R Miles ..... 211111111111110—14
J C Higdon ..... 2201112112011110—12

Dave Elliott, Sec'y.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

B. W., Des Moines, Ia.—We do not know of any firm supplying designs for tattooing.

New York Squirrel and Rabbit Season.—It was stated in our Answers last week that the "close" season for squirrels, hares and rabbits in New York was from Oct. 15 to Feb. 15. Of course, for "close" was meant "open."

T. S. B., Elba, O.—In the game laws of Ohio our native ruffed grouse or pheasant is not mentioned. Can we kill them from Sept. 1 to Dec. 15 or not? Ans. Reference to the *Game Laws in Brief* shows that the Ohio law has been amended this year so that there is no close time whatever on ruffed grouse as to shooting them; but it is forbidden to have ruffed grouse in possession except between Nov. 10 and Dec. 15. We presume that the omission of the ruffed grouse in the section prescribing shooting seasons was unintentional.

J. H. B., Tacoma, Wash.—Are there many reptiles in the United States of similar construction to the glass snake of Texas? I recently found a small lizard whose tail came apart in the same way as that of the glass snake, having similar joints in the flesh. Ans. Many, if not most small lizards, have this protective weakness of the tail, and if seized by this member it breaks off and the animal escapes. About midway between the two extremities of each caudal vertebra there is a point of feeble ossification, and the exertion of any slight force will break the bone off. A lizard that has thus lost its tail usually grows a new one, but usually not so long as the original tail.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Rifles and Riflemen.

"Practical Pointers" for rifle and pistol shooters is an interesting little book of artistic construction which is sent free for the asking by the J. Stevens Arms and Tool Company, P. O. Box 4102, Chicopee Falls, Mass. This book is illustrated with sketches of field incidents and photos showing proper shooting positions, and in addition to the useful hints which are given, rules governing rifle and pistol competitions are included, as well as the measurements of the principal targets.

The Stevens Company has long been known for the excellence of its product, and its list of firearms includes specialties which almost any sportsman will find of service.—*Adv.*

The Savage Rifle.

The catalogue of the Savage Repeating Arms Co., Utica, N. Y., contains much of interest relative to the modern small-bore smokeless powder rifle. It reproduces a number of very creditable targets made with Savage rifles, and prints letters from hunters who have used the .30cal. on game, including the account of Lieut. Von Honel's two rhinoceros at one shot with the full-mantled bullet, as narrated by Wm. Astor Chandler. The Savage ammunition is reloadable, and powder and tools are furnished.—*Adv.*

Dissolution of Partnership.

The partnership existing between Lawrence & Lichtenstein, 39 Beekman street, New York, has been dissolved, Mr. P. Lichtenstein having purchased the Lawrence interest. Mr. Lichtenstein will continue in the business at 218 Fulton street, and will collect all outstanding accounts and settle all bills against the firm.—*Adv.*

Trout for Stocking.

The Plymouth Rock Trout Co., of Plymouth, Mass., issues an interesting little circular which gives instructions for hatching trout fry cheaply, so that any one may stock streams or lakes without going to the expense of a hatching house or elaborate outfit. It will be sent free for the asking.—*Adv.*

Notice to Gun Clubs.

Shooting matches supplied with live pigeons at shortest notice at reasonable prices. Write to Louis C. Kistner, 213 South Howard street, Baltimore, Md.—*Adv.*

The Acme Shell.

The Union Metallic Cartridge Co. announce that the "Acme" shell replaces the "Walsrode," not the "Smokeless," as has been stated.—*Adv.*

Books Received.

Reminissensez ov Scul Lif. By C. W. Larson. Ringoz Publishing House, Ringos, N. J. Price $1.50.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1896.

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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page x.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

SNAP SHOTS.

Otto Lilienthal, the German aeronaut, who was killed by a fall from the air with one of his flying machines the other day, was a firm believer in the practicable adoption of flying as a sport, and in the speedy development of flying apparatus which would not fail to follow from competition in the sport. The only way to learn to swim is to get into the water and swim. The only way to fly, said Lilienthal, is to take to the air and fly; the theories have been worked out; what is needed is practical experience, systematic and energetic practice in actual flying experiments. The way in which he hoped to bring this about was by inducing sport-loving men to take up as a sport that phase of flying which he had demonstrated by personal experience to be practicable, and which under certain observed restrictions he contended should be ranked as a safe amusement.

Lilienthal had devised and brought to a high state of perfection an apparatus of wings for soaring or sailing over inclined surfaces, launching himself into the air from the summit of a hill, and sustaining his flight for long distances. "It is in the wind," he wrote in the *Aeronautical Annual*, "that this practice becomes so exciting and bears the character of a sport, for all the flights differ from each other and the adroitness of the sailing man has the largest field for showing itself. Just as it is in sports on the water, so it is in sports in the air, that the greatest aim will be to work the most startling results. The machines themselves, as well as the adroitness of their operators, will vie with each other. He who succeeds in flying furthest from a certain starting point will come forth from the contest as conqueror. This fact will necessarily lead to the production of more and more improved flying apparatus. In a short time we shall have improvements of which to-day we have not the faintest idea." Competitive flying races, he suggested, would excite intense public interest; the enthusiasm with which successful runners and riders and yachtsmen are greeted would be not less in the case of the sportsmen flapping their wings and balancing their soaring machines in the air. There was no fallacy in this reasoning. Encourage flying competitions, and you stimulate experiment, gain the experience which teaches, and secure development and perfection of the implements of the sport.

Lilienthal's indorsement of flying as a perfectly safe sport is to be considered anew in the light of the unfortunate aeronaut's own fate. Men in quest of a new amusement will accept with caution claims for its harmlessness put forth by one who in the end meets his death by it. There are some, however, who affect to believe that a dangerous sport is more manly and more to be commended than one which is perfectly safe, and who give added honor to a sportsman if he has risked his neck. To such we commend the sport of flying.

Senator Quay is credited in the press dispatches with the capture of a 263lb. tarpon at St. Lucie, Fla., on Aug. 17. If the reporter who sent the dispatch did not add a hundred pounds, this is the biggest tarpon on record, not only for this year, but for all years and for all fishermen and fisherwomen. Up to this time Mrs. George T. Stagg, of Louisville, Ky., has been high hook with the fish caught in May of 1891 and weighing 205lbs., which was shown in the FOREST AND STREAM's exhibit at the World's Fair. Mrs. Stagg took the fish with rod and reel; from the description a correspondent sends of the fishing at St. Lucie we infer that Senator Quay took his fish with a hand line.

As to mere bulk, bigness and ponderosity, this Florida fish is outclassed by the California jewfish of 405lbs., taken by Mr. Frank S. Daggett, who tells us of the feat and sends us a photograph of the monster as a specimen of what Pacific waters have to offer. But if we are to have a big fish rivalry between the Atlantic and the Pacific, California with her 405lb. jewfish must yield to Florida with her 625lb. swordfish, taken in the Caloosahatchie River last winter by Mr. N. M. George, of Connecticut. The fish was caught with tarpon tackle, rod and reel, and was brought to gaff in one hour and twenty minutes. Shall we count this as the largest fish on record taken with hook and line? If any claimant has a larger one to his credit, he should not be modest about claiming high hook.

The Maine game season has not opened yet, but already the papers are reporting from the Maine woods the killing of men for bears and deer. Last Saturday on the banks of the East Branch of the Penobscot a sportsman making his first trip into the woods, and the veteran guide, Charles Potter, were making up their camp for the night. The tent had been pitched and the guide stepped into the surrounding woods to collect balsam for the bed. The sportsman saw the movement in the woods made by the guide, took it into his foolish noddle that it was caused by a bear and blazed away with his rifle, killing Potter. This is one of those cases in which comment cannot add much to the bald facts. The only safe rule for a man armed with a death-dealing weapon is to hold his fire until he actually knows—not guesses—what it is he proposes to shoot at, in other words to kill. One might better by holding his fire lose a million bears and deer and moose and wild turkeys than by premature shooting to kill one of his human kind.

Does it "just happen so" that so many of those distressing casualties are chronicled in the open season? Most human beings killed by mistake for game are sacrificed at the hands of ignoramuses, or reckless, wanton shooters, or men actually engaged in violating the law as to close time. That is to say, the man-target is less frequently shot at by actual sportsmen, for actual sportsmen are not afield with guns in the close season. A correspondent suggests that we might well adopt as a new platform plank the declaration that firearms should be kept out of the woods in the close season. Undoubtedly such a rule would prove a most excellent system, and would accomplish wonders for game preservation as well as for the saving of scores of human lives. We may come to it some day, or to something approaching it. The way in which such a system would work is well illustrated in the Yellowstone National Park. When one goes into the Park his gun is either retained by the authorities or is sealed and subject to frequent inspection to insure that the seal shall not be broken within the Park limits. The result is that the Park game is safe, and more than that, a member of a camping party may venture into the woods without running the risk of being killed for a bear by the man who shoots at a rustling in the cover.

A law forbidding the carrying of guns in the game country in close time would be capital in theory, but in actual practice it would not amount to any more than any other theoretically excellent law now a dead letter on the books. We said last week that the bird seasons of a State should open on one and the same date for the several species of game. But even so good a system as that means nothing, if every Tom, Dick and Harry is left to work his own sweet will and shoot when inclined, without respect to open dates. Th Connecticut season on upland game begins on Oct. 1. What does the law-abiding sportsman find when he gets out early on the morning of the long looked for opening day? A scarcity of game with abundant evidence that some one has been there before him. Who is it that has been there? The thrifty Yankee gunner who has for a month been shipping grouse and quail to New York markets. This traffic goes on in spite of close seasons and of a non-export game law. The New York market is consuming the game birds of Connecticut; hunting for export to this city is a well organized industry, and it appears to move without hindrance or interruption. Most of the exported grouse are killed in September, and no special effort is made to keep the business secret; indeed as to shipping to market, there appears to be a belief in some localities that the last Legislature of Connecticut repealed the law forbidding the export of game. What has become of the farmers' and sportsmen's game protective society which once did such excellent work in Connecticut? It is to be hoped that the members have not given up the fight for good.

After the torrid heat of early August come now the cool breezes which suggest the approach of the changing season. It will not be long now before the ripening leaves begin to turn yellow, and the grass each morning is whitened with light rime. Already men have polished up their guns and set off to make war on the woodcock, the rail, the prairie chicken and—in this State alas!—on the ruffed grouse. The chicken trials soon begin in the Western States and in a very short time the shooting season will be in full blast. The reports which come in from all sides indicate that this season birds will be more than usually plenty. From some localities, where for years no game birds have been known, we hear of broods which now promise something like the old time plenty. We must not let this make us too hopeful, however, for we know how often this promise of the late summer fails of fulfillment when the law is off, and the gunner tramps in vain covers which only a few weeks before were noisy with rising birds. There seems a promise, however, that in many places the shooting this year will be better than for some seasons past.

The death of Henry C. Ford, President of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, removes one who has long been identified with fishcultural and angling interests. Mr. Ford died in Philadelphia on Tuesday of last week, Aug. 18, aged sixty years. From boyhood he was a fisherman; and in the course of his life he had fished for every kind of game fish and in most of the well-known angling waters of the continent. In 1887 he was appointed to the Fish Commission and was made its president, an office which he held to the day of his death. His experience as a practical fisherman, knowledge of ichthyology, and ability as a man of affairs and pronounced public spirit, combined to give him a peculiar equipment for the place. It is not saying too much to affirm that the development and usefulness of the work of the Commission were primarily due to his administration. He was devoted to the work, he had such means that he could afford to devote himself to these public interests, and he served not only devotedly, but honestly and well. His death means a distinct loss to fishculture in Pennsylvania. Mr. Ford was one of the founders of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association and always one of its most loyal members; he was for a term treasurer of the American Fisheries Society, and again its president.

The sale of fishing tackle by the great department stores of this city appears to have proved not a marked business success. The prices which the dry goods men put on their tackle were extremely low; they offered the people an opportunity to buy fishing rods at exceedingly cheap figures. The trouble was, as the customers soon discovered, that the tackle itself was cheap, cheaper, in fact, than the price. We heard of a case the other day where one buyer of department store tackle had exchanged his first cheap and worthless purchase for one slightly more expensive and superior, this one in turn for another, and so on until in the end he had expended enough money to have bought a legitimate rod in a legitimate tackle store. And with it all, he did not get a rod he could use, so he went into another department of the same store and traded the fishing tackle for a baby carriage

The Sportsman Tourist.

BEAR CHIEF, THE BLACKFOOT.

Inscribed to Natoye, Forest and Stream's Blackfoot baby, of the Forest and Stream's Indian Camp, at New York Sportsmen's Exposition, March, 1896.

The Blackfoot Chief, from native wilds and ways,
Borne to the white man's mightiest town,
Complacently withstood the curious gaze
Of eager thousands; up and down
"The place of many houses" flash'd his eyes—
Too pure an Indian to betray surprise.

Confronted with the wonders wrought by man,
The triumphs of the thousand years,
The "long results" of science, and the span—
The arch of art that genius rears,
Straining beyond the natural to ideals—
Beyond the simpler needs an Indian feels.

"It is a strange and fearful place," said he;
What cultured scholar might say more
With all his words and sage philosophy?
A strange and fearful place! The roar
Of ceaseless traffic in a maze of art
Dazed not his brain, but chill'd his Indian heart!

With dignity and pride he strode among
The great, the stately, rich and grand,
To him an alien race, with alien tongue—
Usurpers of his native land—
Yet, with a spirit that few Christians know,
He smiled to all, whate'er might sleep below,

A master of brief speeches, what he said
Was tersely eloquent and clear;
Each gesture apt, as though a bowstring sped
An arrow's message to the deer.
When he had finish'd (note, Paroles, pray)
He closed with "This is all I have to say."

Bear Chief had slain in wars some twenty men—
So read the record of his life—
And these of hostile tribes when, now and then
He used his rifle or his knife;
A record fairly good, though something spare
Compar'd with that of many a white chief there!

But then he was not bred to church and state,
To commerce and the trend of trade—
Nor yet enlightened how to speculate
And hoard the ducats shrewdly "made."
Nor was he civilized enough to know
Just how to batten on his nation's woe!

He nothing knew of individual right,
Sanctioned "conditions" and the laws
By which a thrifty few may blast and blight
The lives of millions or the cause
Of nations, of humanity, and mar
Until the mass revolts and Reason shrieks for War!

His soul was kept to narrower ways, and pent
Within the circle of his needs;
His avarice to his arms, a horse and tent,
Ambition to heroic deeds;
Beyond immediate use the lust for pelf
Roused not the demon Ego, fiend of Self.

His passions, such as nature's plans, conform
Quite unabridged, untrammel'd, free—
Might like the tempest burst! but, minus storm,
All life would stagnate with the sea;
And his affections, potent as his hate,
Fix'd in his soul the constancy of fate.

The Blackfoot warrior saw, but envied not,
The treasures of the white man's mart;
No word of his regretful for his lot
Came from his lips; his loyal heart
Turned always back to nature and the West—
His land, his people seem'd to him the best.

Mark well the features of the Indian chief—
How few are nobler in the throng!
Nay, turn from it to him, and feel relief—
Few faces there more true or strong.
By want oppress'd, or if by foes assail'd,
The chief a friend, think you his aid had fail'd?

There are no terrors could appall that brow,
No dangers that he would not scorn;
Long years of hazard have not made him bow.
To peril and privation born,
Deceived, betrayed, his nation feebly few,
And tried by all the vanquished ever knew—

Fidelity in his firm visage glows,
True manhood dignified his form!
From those dark eyes, so placid in repose,
What gleams might flash in passion's storm!
Would he desert a friend, a failing cause,
Though life and death combined to bid him pause?

Not he! His heart, once set upon a cast,
"Would stand the hazard of the die"—
His blows would be the fiercest and the last,
Or death alone the reason why!
"A touch of nature makes the world akin"—
But all the arts can never make such men!

And Antelope—a princess of a line
Older than heraldry can trace—
Her parent tree coeval with the pine
That plumes her ancient hills; her race
Emblazons not its pride in fire-new charms—
Her strain, her lineage, needs no coat-of-arms.

'Tis told of by the aged ancient of her tribe,
Antique traditions, legends old,
Where history lives and breathes—without a scribe—
Is cherished still, though not enscroll'd,
Where gray old mothers, scarr'd and wrinkled sires
Murmur their memories by their smouldering fires.

A princess she by every sacred right,
Ignored but by the white man's law;
Dethroned but by the soulless force of might
And human greed's insatiate maw!
The fittest will survive (perchance of men),
The proverb sayeth not of where, or when.

Ay, every inch a princess, yet a waif,
Clasping Natoye to her breast—
Wee simile of herself! Heav'n keep them safe
Amid the perils of the West—
Where Indian babes and mothers, like the braves,
Are swept from "reservations" to their graves!

As all the thousand tribes have gone before,
These stragglers follow fleetly on
To that far place, that happy, mystic shore,
Beyond the sunset and the dawn—
Beyond the dreary winters, famines, woes,
To vanished Blackfoot hosts and buffaloes.

California. Charles L. Paige.

ONE DAY IN THE TROPICS.

That long neck of land known as the Malay Peninsula, which juts out from southeastern Asia, reaching a thousand miles into the archipelago beyond, is but indifferently known to Europe and scarcely at all to America.

Though it is now more than 300 years since the Portuguese flag was first unfurled along its shores, and England has had possessions there since the beginning of the century, yet it is only recently that anything has been done toward its exploration and development. The country itself is interesting. Its vegetation has all the luxuriance of the valley of the Amazon. Here we see the peculiar and varied flora of the far east mingled with the less tropical, but quite as interesting, forms of Siam and India.

It is a romantic land. One has no trouble to detect in the brown-skinned inhabitants those qualities of mind and body which their ancestors before them used against the hated European—"infidel," as they delight to call them—invaders. As a race they are proud and independent. They do not forget how their *rajahs* once ruled over powerful kingdoms, and their soft, musical language was the medium of diplomacy in the capitals of Siam and China. In their *cheritas* they have the stories of their ancient greatness, and they cling to them as the Greeks did to the ballads of Homer.

I spent a few days on the peninsula for recreation and collecting, and count among my many experiences a ride in a bullock cart from our bungalow to the hot springs at Ayer Panas, or "hot water," as the natives say, the most interesting.

We were staying at a Chinese house back in the foothills in the midst of a pepper plantation. My companion was a man born and raised in the East and used to all the ups and downs of outdoor life. He was delighted with our location; I was enthusiastic over it. All was strange and new, and we had nothing to do but enjoy it. The neighboring *ladaugs* we explored completely; we climbed hills covered with massive granite boulders, where the tall *lalang* grass waved breast high.

While wandering about in the forest near the house, I met an old Malay and asked him if there were tigers about. "*Ada*" ("there are") was his nonchalant reply, and then seeing that I expressed some surprise at the stolidly imparted information asked: "*Tuan lakut?*" ("Is master afraid?") When I ventured to assure him that I should climb a tree at the first sight of a tiger he smiled commiseratingly and remarked, "No use, master." However, I never met with any of the dreaded "grandfathers" of the forest, though I penetrated every thicket in quest of flowers or insects.

Our journey to the springs was to be the crowning glory of our visit, and our minds were full of specu ation and anticipation concerning it.

The night before the promised excursion was fine. The moonlight had the peculiar golden splendor common to nights in the tropics. With the settling down of night came a sense of peaceful quiet which was only broken by the creaking of the belated *kretas* in the road below, or the chirping of the *chinkarets* in the trees behind.

We were up at the breaking of day to begin preparations for our start. A carriage had been left for our service, but we preferred to undertake the ride in a native bullock cart and enjoy for once a taste of primitive locomotion. At 8 o'clock one drew up before our door. Not till then did the wonders and beauties of the vehicle dawn upon us. It was a long, low affair, hung between two huge wheels, which were held on to the axle by pins; above the cart itself, elevated perhaps 2ft., was the long *cajang*-leaf cover hung over a crescent-bent pole for the ridge. This projected high enough for one to sit under without touching the head. On a board nailed to the tongue sat the Malay driver, with a towel wound around his head and a flowing *sarong* reaching to his ankles. He was to be our Jehu.

Two wiry-looking, gray-colored bullocks, with ropes through their noses, completed our turnout. True, it was not stylish, nor even comfortable, but it was ancient, and so we were satisfied.

We packed in our traps—first a bark matting and then our blankets, for we had to sit on the bottom of the cart; my butterfly net was hung upon a peg. The Chinese cook brought out a teapot, packed nicely in a basket, and a loaf of bread. For the rest of our provisions we were to trust to the natives.

All at last was ready; we were off. The driver jerked upon the reins and the bullocks plunged down the hill, over washouts and heaps of dirt, and finally turned into the road. During the descent we had taken our first lesson in this new method of oriental traveling. When the cart bounced over stones our heads bobbed up into the *cajang*, and as we turned the corner we were thrown into each other's arms. The box of the cart was fastened directly to the axle, and every movement of the bullocks made it dance and swing like an old-fashioned see-saw.

The road for the first two miles led along the edges of worn-out *ladaugs*, covered with grass and shrubbery; then it turned off into a more hilly region. The bullocks seemed accustomed to such excursions, for they plodded leisurely along except when goaded by the driver, and then, if on the downhill, would go at breakneck speed. How the cart rattled and jumped! After one such descent we found the teapot overturned. We righted it with care, for the noon lunch depended upon it.

The country now became rougher and more interesting. From the tops of high hills we could catch glimpses of blue, smoky peaks off to the eastward. The grass was higher in the neglected plantations and flowers more frequently peeped from the shadows. The road itself was magnificent. All over the peninsula the important thoroughfares are kept in good repair. We left the deserted fields and entered a region known as the Forest Reserve—a large tract of virgin forest as yet untouched by the axe.

At first the forest skirted only one side of the road and on the other stretched the undulating *lalang*-covered hills. Up above our heads rose a great, impenetrable wall of green, so high indeed as to overshadow the road. The undergrowth was dark, dense and so tangled that one could not enter it; gigantic tree trunks rose from out this base of green and lifted their naked stems, straight as sentinels, far into the sky. One old giant in particular, fully 7ft. in diameter, must have been 150ft. high or even more, and without a branch to the very top. What a connecting link is such a tree between the past and present!

It was a pleasing relief to turn from looking at this great tree and gaze out over the wooded ravines and grassy slopes to the haze of the mountains. Another turn of the road brought us directly into the forest and we had to content ourselves with views nearer at hand.

For the first, I noticed strange butterflies flitting about from one shadow to another. One beautiful one, which I afterward learned was the *Euthalia asoka*, interested me especially. The under side of its wings was of a beautiful bronze-ash color, and when it lazily folded them together the colors danced and shimmered dazzlingly. But on the wing it appeared to the best advantage. From the body outward two-thirds of the upper side of each primary was glossy, brownish black, set in a circle of rich plum purple, which shaded into bronze on the upper edge. I took my net and quietly dropped down behind the cart. The Malay stopped the bullocks inquiringly. No doubt he wondered what the *tuan* was chasing the poor, harmless *koopoo-koopoos* for. The butterfly rested on the bristling point of a grass blade, gently flapping its wings. Stealthily I drew near, with the net poised for the swoop, and then, frightened by some stumbling step of mine, the butterfly sailed away like an aggravating sprite. Not daunted by one failure, I followed and was successful. As the folds of my net settled down over the little beauty I experienced the same thrill of satisfaction that a sportsman does when he lands a gamy fish. Carefully I extricated my capture, and it is now labeled in my collection, "Caught on the road to Ayer Panas." A number of fine specimens I caught that day, but none which gave me more delight than my *Euthalia*.

The road which had led over hills and lowlands now turned around the base of a long slope and disclosed an open meadow off to the right, and two bungalows among the palm trees. Our driver, pointing with the whip, said: "Ayer Panas," and we knew we had reached the Mecca of our pilgrimage. We had covered the nine miles in three hours, which, considering the roads and the conveyance, was good traveling. Down on the edge of the open meadow a large number of carts like our own were drawn up in line, and the bullocks in care of their drivers were grazing a little way off.

Three or four Chinese families had come out from Malacca for a day's outing, lured perhaps by the medicinal properties of the springs. With characteristic politeness they greeted us cordially in Malay, which is the common language of the country. Our Jehu unyoked the oxen; guided by an old Malay, who acted as keeper of the bungalows and man-of-all-work, we were off for the springs.

At the end of a short causeway leading out into the lowland a small building had been erected for the accommodation of any one wishing a bath. The Government has made considerable attempt at improvement, but the place will never be popular till the country is under cultivation. Our guide opened the door of the cottage and admitted us. In the middle of the room was a large concrete tank divided by a partition of brick. This partition was pierced in one or two places, and a conduit connected the tank with the main spring, which was under the end of the building, some 10ft. away. The atmosphere was hot and oppressive and heavily charged with moisture. I dipped my finger into the water and found it nearly boiling. In the passage of the water through the porous pipe to the tank it must lose two or three degrees of heat, so that in the spring itself the water is at the boiling point. A certain scientific doctor, who made an examination of the spring, reported that none of the famed springs of Europe had better claim to healing virtues than this. Consequently we deemed ourselves fortunate, for, while we never could have visited Carlsbad, here, 10,000 miles away in the jungles of an unknown land, we were at liberty to enjoy all the benefits of a peaceful sanitarium, with the addition of more beautiful scenery than the *einwohner* of Carlsbad ever dreamed of.

The vertical sun over the palm trees suggested lunch time. We carried our teapot and solitary loaf to the veranda of the bungalow and there coaxed the old Malay to try to get us some fruit. He went away and was gone so long we thought he had played "hookey," but at last we saw him coming up the path with a basket out of which were sticking long yellow plantains with mangosteens piled in below. We gave him 25 cents, which made him happy for one day at least. But disaster shadowed us; when we opened our tea-basket the pot was empty.

That ill-fated fall in the morning had drained out every drop. Next we unwrapped the bread, but *horribile dictu*, it was like putty. My friend remarked that the tea was still there, soaked into that lone piece of bread, but I could get no satisfaction from his philosophy. The combination did not tempt the appetite of a hungry man. Had it not been for the fruit which the bounty of the old Malay had provided we should have fared sadly indeed.

To while away the time we talked with him, much to his surprise, for why should two white travelers deign to converse with him, a copper-colored native? This is a question which orientals are not called upon often to answer.

We asked him where the hot water in the spring came from. He looked up with a smile and shaking his head answered: "*Itu tuhan allah punia tahu*"—"That is the knowledge of God."

We bathed and then strolled down the road over beyond a bridge where I saw a rare and beautiful butterfly, but my efforts to catch it only drove it into the thicket. The sun was beginning to sink into the west. It was the time of day when, as the natives say, the buffalo go down to the water. The herons were flying noiselessly homeward over the stretch of meadow, and the monkeys began to chatter in the woods. Our driver "poked" the bullocks and we clambered into the cart and rolled away into the "Reserve." The meadow was shut out by the jungle, the bungalows and palm trees faded next, and then nothing

was left but the narrow road, hedged in by the silent forest. The rain began to fall, and dripped drowsily on the *cajang*. I could not resist its influence, and so dropped off to sleep. The tree tops and creepers waved a last farewell, seeming to say in the mellow language of the people who live forever in their shadows, "*Salamat jalan*"—a peaceful journey. Just as the twilight was falling over hill and valley, converting the *ladaugs* into vast expanses of somber gloom and the thickets into fantastic shadow forms, we turned off from the big road and saw the welcome bungalow before us. The day's experiences were done. R. C. F.

A MOOSE HUNT IN MAINE.

BY CAPT. TAYLOR.

WHILE attending the Sportsmen's Exposition in Madison Square Garden last May, and there viewing the exhibits of the United States Cartridge Co., I had the pleasure of meeting the noted Indian guide and moose caller, Joseph Francis, of Oldtown, Me., and I then made up my mind that I would take a trip in the Maine wilderness the next October with Mr. Francis.

The month of September at last came, and on the 26th I left Albany bound to Bangor, where I met Mr. Francis. We were going to take the trip alone, into the very best game country in the State of Maine, and as we were to be gone over a month my pack was large, for I had to take clothing enough to get through some cold weather. I carried all my duffle in an Adirondack pack basket. Arrived at Kineo, we spent the evening down at the Kineo store and there bought as provisions for the woods one loaf of bread, 2lbs. Kineo pilot bread, one-half bushel of potatoes, 10lbs. pork, 5lbs. bacon, 5lbs. butter, ¼lb. pepper, 20lbs. salt, 20lbs. sugar, 25lbs. flour, one box rolled oats, half peck onions, three dozen eggs, 5lbs. lard, 1lb. candles, four bars soap, one box matches, 1lb. tea, 2lbs. coffee, 2lbs. dried apples, 2lbs. prunes, four cans condensed milk, 1lb. baking powder, two cans baked beans, two quarts maple syrup, two cans tomatoes, two cans corn, two cans peas, one bottle mixed pickles, one cake chocolate, two cans corned beef, a flour sieve and some crash for toweling.

The next morning, Saturday, Sept. 28, our canoe, cooking utensils and tent arrived on the little boat Twilight; and putting our provisions aboard also, we took the little boat to Northeast Carry, eighteen miles distant. At 10:30 A. M. we arrived at the carry, took dinner at Luce's house, then piled the duffle into one of Luce's wagons and the canoe on top, and crossed the two-mile carry to the west branch of the Penobscot River. Placing the duffle in the canoe, we were soon paddling down the stream to our first camp, at the mouth of Moose-horn stream.

This was a delightful sail of eight miles, and at 3:30 P. M. we were on the camping ground. In less than an hour we had the tent pitched and the fire built, and Joe was soon mixing some bread. At 6 P. M. we sat down to our first meal in camp. Supper over, we built up the camp-fire and spread out our blankets for the night. As I sat before the big camp-fire of birch logs and listened to Joe tell of the moose he had called, we could hear a partridge drumming on a log just in front of the tent. By 9:30 we were rolled up, I in a Kenwood sleeping bag and Joe in his double quilted blanket. As we lay in the tent, the cracking of the burning birch logs and the sparks floating to the starlit sky told us that the night was to be a cold one, but we were soon asleep and had forgotten the moose stories and bear tales. This camp we named Camp Moose-horn.

Sept. 29.—Sunday morning dawned and I was the first to arise. At 5 o'clock I crawled out of the tent and taking up the pail found 1in. of ice in it. I lit the fire and when Joe heard me chopping he arose and we were soon preparing breakfast. Of course, we had no game, for the law was not yet off for two days, so we had to live on city food. After breakfast we set out for a cruise up Moose-horn stream in the canoe. We paddled up the stream as far as possible and then took to the old wood road. We followed this for four miles, and were delighted to see the great number of moose tracks, some old and others quite fresh. We branched off this road and followed a trail which brought us right into a moose yard, and we could see where a moose had lain down. We followed the trail on for a mile further and came into another moose yard, which had as many tracks as a barnyard, and we could see where a bull, a cow and calf had gone along together. It was now noon, so we traced our steps back to camp and dinner.

Sept. 30.—The night had not been as cold as the previous one, and I did not awake until I heard Joe make the first stroke of the axe. We soon had our camp-fire roaring, and while Joe started to make some partridge I put my fly-rod together and, placing brown hackles on the leader, started in the canoe for the mouth of the little stream, just opposite our camp ground. I had not cast more than two or three times when a 1½lb. trout struck, and I soon had him in the canoe. By this time it was raining very hard and I had to give up fishing, for Joe was calling breakfast. How good that coffee smelled! and we were soon seated in the tent around the table, which was made out of our camp-box. After dinner we paddled up stream to see if there were any more fresh moose tracks, but not finding any fresh ones we returned to camp, and the rain drove us to the tent. After supper we paddled up the stream again. It was bright moonlight, and we heard and saw a number of deer. It was great sport to sit noiselessly in the canoe and see the deer come down to the water and drink, and while listening we suddenly heard a buck break through the bushes and come down to the water's edge, when he suddenly saw us in the moonlight, and he whistled and started back in the brush. There was a doe along with him, but she did not see us, and came right on the shore and began to drink. The canoe was moving slowly and noiselessly and we got within 10ft. of her, and there we sat. It was a fine sight, for I could have touched her with the paddle. She had not seen us yet, but the old buck was eyeing u from the bushes, and evidently fearing the doe in danger he whistled, and she started to run along the shore and again stopped to drink. We then floated out in the stream and left the lovely animal to feed in peace.

We were nearly back to camp when we heard a large buck in the bushes, so Joe pushed the canoe up on shore and there we waited, and for nearly half an hour that buck was within 20ft. of us, and when he came down to drink he nearly stepped into the canoe, and he at last scented us and made off into the woods snorting and stamping.

Now this made me think of the hours that I had spent in the canoe with a beastly jack-light in the bow, while I in my earlier hunting experience had floated the waters of the Adirondack Mountains, and how the shining eyeballs of the deer had sent the thrill of butchery through my veins. In this lovely game country one has not to do this beastly work, and I hope the time will soon come when it will be placed in the game laws of New York that the jack-light and hound will be allowed no more.

Oct. 1.—We sat down to a hasty breakfast of bread, fried partridge, fried potatoes and tea, for we were in a hurry to visit again the trail where a few days before we had seen fresh deer tracks. At 9:30 we were on the trail, and we had not gone far before we saw fresh moose tracks. While we were noiselessly walking along the road we were keeping our eyes open for moose. Joe suddenly stopped and pointed to a little thicket not 60yds. distant. I looked and there saw the hindquarters of a deer, and taking aim fired. A bound in the bushes told that I had hit. I ran up to where I had seen the deer disappear, and there it had toppled over, a fine deer. We stopped and dressed it and laid it in the bushes and proceeded on, for we were looking for a small pond at the head of the stream, which we thought would be a fine place to call for moose. We followed this road for three miles and then a small trail, and from there some blazed trees. These blazes soon stopped, and we were not near the pond; so Joe said I had better return to camp and he would go alone and try and find



SWAPPING YARNS.

it and would return some time in the afternoon. At 4:30 P. M. he returned to camp, bringing the hindquarters of the deer with him, and said he had found the pond, and that the signs for moose were very good, but there was no trail to it, and it would be impossible to carry a canoe into it. We decided to break camp the next day.

Oct. 2.—Bright and early we broke camp and were on our way down the West Branch toward the rocky rips. We had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Smith, of Pittsfield, Mass., and his guide, Steve Stenisslaus, and gave some deer meat to them. We went through the rocky rips and now were on our way to Pine Stream Falls. We soon reached the falls and Joe dropped over them and I walked over the carry, for the water in the West Branch was very low. We wished to reach the Chesuncook House before nightfall, and just as the moon was peeping over the eastern mountains arrived at the hotel and were glad to be where we would get a good night's sleep, so as to be fresh for our sixteen-mile paddle the next day down Suncook Lake to the dam.

Oct. 3.—At 10:30 A. M. we were on our way once more. The wind began to blow very hard, so we had to cross the lake to get into smooth water. When near the mouth of Red Brook two little buck deer came out of the woods and watched us, and when they saw we did not molest them quietly walked along the shore and into the woods, and were soon lost to view.

We reached the dam at 4 P. M. and pitched camp near the carry to Brighton Dam. After supper we paddled down the lake to find the man who with the aid of his team and jumper carries over the trail to Brighton Dam. There was no one at home, so I sat and waited in the moonlight, while Joe took the lantern and traveled over the carry to the other end looking for the teamster. While I was sitting on the old jumper sleigh the rabbits would run by me, and it afforded me great pleasure to watch them run and sit up and peer at me, and wonder what I was. I could also hear deer come down to the water and break brush not far behind me. Joe soon returned and we made our arrangements to be carried the next morning at 9 o'clock.

We then went down the lake to Suncook Cove and called for moose, but did not get an answer, so we paddled down to the south end of the lake and called once. Without an answer, a large bull moose came tearing through the woods. He must have been nearly a mile away. On and on he came and when within about 200yds. of us suddenly stopped. Joe called again, and we could hear him in the woods very near us, but no inducement could get him to come out. We soon knew the reason why, for some campers had left a fire burning when they went away; it was smoldering, and the wind carried the smoke close to the ground, and right between the moose and us; he smelt it and would not pass through it.

It was now 3 A. M. and we set out for camp, thinking that we would return before daylight and call again. In half an hour we were in camp and before the blazing camp-fire, and after drinking some warm tea were ready to return to the place where we had left the moose. At 4 o'clock we were on our way again back to the bog to wait until daylight and see if we could call him out. It was not long before gray day appeared, and we called, but the moose was not around. We were very sorry to lose him; he was a very large one, for we could hear his antlers strike the trees for a long distance off. We returned to camp and breakfast, for we were hungry and cold, and had not had a wink of sleep all night. This camp I named Camp No Camp, for we pitched tent, but did not sleep in it.

Oct. 4.—After breakfast the teamster arrived and we soon had the luggage on the old jumper, and were on the way over the carry to Brighton Dam. Joe and I went ahead of the team, looking for partridges. When we had gone a little over a mile I happened to look down a side trail, and there stood a large buck looking straight toward me, and only about 60yds. distant. I took aim and fired; the buck turned, reeled, and fell dead in his tracks. Joe soon caught up with me with the camera he was carrying, and we took a picture of him just as he fell; also one more view, with Joe and myself in it. At the dam we pitched the tent and prepared for the night. At 4 P. M. we took the canoe and made a cruise up the dead water of the stream. Here we saw plenty of fresh moose tracks, but no moose, and at dark left the canoe at the lower end of the dead water and proceeded over the trail back to the camp by moonlight. We turned in early, as we had had no sleep in the past thirty-six hours. This camp I named Camp Good Luck, for we had good luck in felling the big buck deer.

Oct. 5.—We broke camp and the team had come from 'Suncook Lake to carry our luggage and canoe over the Harrington Lake carry, for we next intended to camp on Harrington Lake for a few days. We reached the lake at 12 o'clock, and there met a party waiting for the team that carried us to the lake to take them back to Chesuncook Lake. They had been camping on the lake for three weeks, and had a fine moose head and skin, a caribou and a deer. We paddled across the lake and occupied the camp site they had just left, and named it Home Camp. Harrington Lake is a fine sheet of water nearly three miles long by a half mile wide, surrounded by mountains on one side and high ledges on the other. We sat down to supper at 4 P. M.; and, supper over, took a cruise around the lake to see if the big game was plenty, but the wind was blowing quite hard and we had to return to camp, and busied ourselves taking flash-light pictures of camp life at night, and we prize two pictures entitled "Swapping Yarns" and "Pleasant Dreams."

Oct. 6.—Sunday morning dawned and we had nothing to do, as we did not intend to hunt on Sunday. The night had been a cold one, and the water in the pail outside the tent was frozen nearly to the bottom. We ate our breakfast of fried venison, potatoes, bread and coffee, and went to work chopping wood enough for the day and night, for in the afternoon we wanted to cruise the country round about. At 1 o'clock we paddled down the lake, and Joe carried the canoe over the trail to a small piece of dead water. We paddled up the stream in search of fresh moose tracks. We had not paddled far before we saw a very fresh caribou track, and Joe got out of the canoe and followed it up on a ridge of rocks. While he was standing looking down in the swamp beyond I sat in the canoe, and I happened to look over on a high ridge of rocks about 150yds. away and there ran along a cow moose and a calf. They stopped for a moment, looked down at me and then trotted on down in the swamp out of sight. In not more than a minute a small, two-spiked bull moose came running over the same ridge, stopped and looked around, but did not happen to see me, and then started in the direction the cow and calf had gone. By this time Joe had returned to the canoe. I considered this quite a treat to see three moose in the daytime. We thought it would be a fine place to call moose the next fine night, so we pulled the canoe up on shore and returned to camp much pleased with our afternoon cruise. It was dark when we arrived at camp, but a big camp-fire soon lit up the scene, and we were once more seated around the blazing fire. The moon by



GOOD LUCK.

this time had risen, and everything seemed cheerful, and as we were seated around the table, eating flapjacks and maple syrup and drinking tea, we were wishing that some of our loved ones at home could happen in and see us and take tea.

Oct. 7.—When breakfast was over we packed our basket and bag and were soon on our way back to the dead water, where we had seen the moose the day before. We had provisions enough for two days. We arrived at the stream at 3 o'clock and there pitched a temporary lean-to made of a rubber blanket. At 5 o'clock we pushed off from the shore on an all-night hunt. We paddled the dead water until dark and then called. We could hear in the distance a cow call and a calf moose would answer her, but we did not get an answer and we still waited. We then paddled up stream again and saw two cow moose standing in the stream, but they scented us and made off in the woods. At 11 o'clock we turned our way toward camp, and when we were nearly to the end of the stream Joe called again and we immediately heard an answer, and by the grunt we knew that it was not a very large bull. He was wading up the stream, and was coming

right toward us, although he was a good way off yet. He continued to come, and when he was just in sight and we could see his form in the moonlight we heard some one fire a shot, and then followed more shooting in quick succession. The shots were fired in another stream over a mile away and this frightened our moose, and he quickly turned into the wood and we could not see nor hear anything of him, so we concluded to go to camp and get warm and just at daylight to return to this spot and try and call him out again.

We reached the lean-to at 2:30 A. M. and boiled some tea and at 3:30 started back to the spot which we had left. Before we again reached the place where he had left the water we heard him wading in the stream, and rounding the bend we could see that it was the moose in the stream, but he was a small one and I would not shoot him. We splashed with the paddle as if it was a cow wading, but no inducement could get him to come toward us. At last he started to come down toward us, but the wind was blowing directly toward him and he got scent of us and made back into the woods and was soon lost to sight and hearing. We then gave up the hunt and, leaving the canoe, traveled back to camp by the light of the lantern, for the moon had hid itself under a cloud, and it looked very much like rain.

By this time I was tired and sleepy, having been up all night and sitting twelve hours in the canoe. As soon as it was daylight Joe went down to our home camp on Harrington Lake and I wrapped myself in my sleeping bag and slept until 10 o'clock. I then began to feel hungry, so I opened a can of beans and boiled some. While I was sitting there eating a partridge flew up in a tree just near me and carefully eyed me, but did not seem to be much alarmed at my presence, and I then thought that I would try and photograph it, so getting my camera pointed upward toward the clump of trees, I photographed the partridge in the tree.

Joe had just returned with a good load of provisions, and it had now commenced to rain. We concluded that we had better return to our home camp again, as it looked as if it would rain for a week, and as our lean-to was not water-proof, we thought it best to move to home camp. We piled all the things under the lean-to, and shouldering our blankets started back to camp on Harrington Lake. We were soaking wet when we reached the tent, but it did not take long to dry before the blazing campfire.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Natural History.

LABRADOR SKETCHES.

VIII.—Seals and Seal Hunting.

[Written for FOREST AND STREAM by Count H. de Puyjalon, and translated by Crawford Lindsay.]

THE seals found in the waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence along the Labrador coast are the following:

The common or harbor seal (*Phoca vitulina*); the harp seal (*Phoca groenlandica*, Fabricius); the bristled seal (probably the *Phoca lagura* of Lacépède); the crested or hooded seal (*Stemmatopus cristatus*, Cuvier); the square flipper or bearded seal (*Phoca barbata*, Fabricius); the yellow seal (probably the *Phoca foetida*, Fabricius); the horsehead seal (*Phoca hispida*, Fabricius).

The harbor seal is very seldom killed far from land. It is chiefly found on the shore, on the rocks and in the deep bays which indent our shores. It sometimes ascends as far as the most distant falls in the rivers and remains there for the greater part of the summer. It is not unusual to see herds of twenty-five, thirty and even forty individuals disporting in some of the bays, but this is purely accidental, as, contrary to the habits of most other seals, such for instance as the square flipper, bearded seals, etc., which seem to be guided by the orders of a leader or to be governed by some common law, each harbor seal acts independently of the other members of the tribe.

Its length does not exceed 5ft. and its weight is under 200lbs. Its skin, a dirty yellowish white in color, is often marked with black spots close together, especially on the back, and its value is in proportion to the number of spots. It sells for from $1 to $1.50. The blubber, which is either melted slowly in the sun or tried out in a cauldron, yields from two to six gallons, according to its size, each gallon being worth from 25 to 30 cents.

The harbor seal is polygamous. The female brings forth at the end of June one, or, very rarely, two young, which she suckles for about a fortnight and afterward abandons, apparently without the slightest regret. The young seals at first seem in great distress at being abandoned; they swim about here and there, whining and approaching everything afloat with a temerity which frequently costs them their lives. I have often caught them right alongside of my boat, against which they pressed, their wailing cries sounding like the weeping of children. When thus abandoned they get very thin, but get accustomed to being alone and to providing for themselves, and shortly become as wary as their parents—especially if they have been shot at and missed by unskillful hunters.

Harbor seals are shot from boats when the water is calm. They are also caught in nets spread near the banks and rocks to which they usually resort, landing with the flood tide and remaining high and dry when the tide ebbs. They always choose rocks from which they can easily slide into the water when disturbed. As they cannot walk, they would be unable to escape if they had to go over a solid surface for any distance.

As already stated, these seals are hunted by men in boats, armed with guns. Like all other pinnipeds, they cannot remain long under water, and have to come to the surface to breathe after a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes.*

When the water is calm it is easy to see them emerge, but when it is rough it is very difficult to do so. When the animal is pursued it soon dives, the boat is then paddled slowly and as quietly as possible in the direction it has taken, and when it reappears the hunter aims at its head, the side of the head if possible, and kills it if he is not a bad shot.

Of course, it is frequently necessary to pursue a seal for some distance and compel it to dive several times before getting within range. The hunters also hide among the rocks and attract the seals by imitating their movements. Some are so skillful that they nearly always succeed in bringing the animals quite close, when they shoot them easily. The rocks selected for this purpose must be in shallow water, for otherwise the seal might be lost by sinking before it can be seized.†

The nets, called shore nets, have 6in. meshes, are from twenty to twenty-five fathoms long and from two to two and a half fathoms deep. The upper line is provided with cork floats and the lower one is weighted with lead or round stones to make the net fit close to the bottom. This net is spread around the banks or rocks on which the seals are accustomed to land and, as they swim in, they get entangled and are drowned.

These three methods of seal hunting or seal fishing are employed throughout the summer, not only for the harbor seals, but for all the other kinds which frequent the Gulf during the open season. I have often seen harp and horsehead seals caught in shore nets. Other methods have been tried, such, for instance, as stretching lines with large hooks under water around the rocks, etc., but they have all been abandoned because they were unsucessful or because they injured the skins.

The skin of the harbor seal, when well marked, is in great request for making tobacco pouches trimmed with glass beads, warm jackets which wear very well, winter caps and mitts, etc. The oil obtained from their blubber is like all other kinds of seal oil.

The hunting of the other species of seals is carried on on a much more extensive scale, as they congregate in large numbers in the spring on the ice fields or floes in the Gulf. They are the harp seal, the yellow seal, the square flipper, the hooded seal. On the ice floes are also occasionally found the bristled seal—a small and very scarce seal, which may be the *Phoca lagura* of Lacépède—and the horsehead seal, the *Phoca hispida* of Fabricius.

The latter, like the harbor seal, is seldom found on the floes, and lives in small herds of from thirty to forty individuals around rocks at some distance from the shore and well supplied with seaweed of various kinds. It prefers shallow water, and I consider it both carnivorous and herbivorous.

Occasionally other seals are found on the floes which seem to differ from the above in some features not sufficiently distinct to allow of their being classified separately.

For hunting these seals the Newfoundland hunters use steamers, while the Acadian and Canadian fishermen, who are too poor to do the same, fit out small schooners of from fifteen to thirty tons, or from 150 to 300 barrels, in the language of the coast.

These small vessels are manned by twelve, fifteen or eighteen men, according to the reputation of the captain, and the crew work on shares. Each man provides his own ammunition and provisions for the trip, which lasts about six weeks. As soon as a crew is collected and the agreement made for the cruise, all hands set to work to fit out the schooner. Strong timbers are fastened to its bows and sides to a certain height above the waterline, the masts are greased with tallow, the chain cables riveted, the sails overhauled and new bolt ropes rove if necessary, and the boats hoisted in. When everything is ready, the ice is sawn away from around the schooner and she starts on her search for ice fields. This is generally done about March 15, and nearly all the schooners from Esquaimaux Point and Natashquan set sail at the same time. When at sea each captain acts on his own experience and sails wherever he thinks best. Some go to the Straits of Belle Isle, others to the archipelago of the Magdalen Islands, and others still toward the Island of Anticosti, seeking for the ice floes on which the seals take refuge.

This navigation is not without its perils. Sometimes the schooners are caught between the floes and, unable to extricate themselves, are slowly carried out to sea. Then the sealers are obliged to feed on the scraps of meat adhering to the sealskins and blubber on board or to abandon their vessels and make their way to shore over the ice, hauling their boats with their arms and provisions. This entails great suffering and hardships, to say nothing of the danger. At other times the schooners are nipped by the ice and sink with their crews. This fortunately happens but seldom.

When the lookout gives notice that there are seals on a floe, this floe may either be a very large one without fissures—and then the seals may be clubbed—or it may be broken up and seamed by many channels of open water, and then the seals have to be shot.

In the first case the sealers select a leader, put on white clothes, provide themselves with heavy tamarack or black spruce sticks 4ft. long and about 2in. thick and get on the ice very cautiously.

The leader carefully reconnoiters the place occupied by the seals and tells off every sealer to his post. In doing so he pays special heed to the distance which separates the seals from the water and to the direction of the wind. When all his instructions have been given and thoroughly understood each man crawls to the position assigned him and awaits the leader's signal. In spite of every precaution the movements of so many persons cannot fail to cause uneasiness among the seals. They lift their heads and sniff the air, endeavoring to make out objects whose nature their eyes cannot distinguish. It is here that the skill of the leader manifests itself, for if he has been guilty of the slightest neglect in ascertaining the direction of the wind and in assigning his followers their posts the success of the hunt is endangered.

The sealers remain perfectly immovable until the seals have quieted down. The leader then lifts his club and with a loud cry rushes on the herd. A portion of the sealers follow him, while the others cut off the seals' retreat. Then follows a scene of indescribable tumult and confusion, especially if two or three crews work together. The greenhorns or awkward sealers who miss their blows curse their luck or jump aside to avoid the teeth of the partially stunned animals. The slaughter is soon ended and the work of flensing begins. The skins and blubber are taken off with incredible rapidity: a few minutes suffice for the operation, which is called sculping.

When all the skins are removed they are laced; this consists in placing three or four small skins in a large one, around whose border small holes have been made, and by means of small lines this is laced with the hair outside over the skins inclosed, and the packages are hauled over the ice to the vessel, one being considered a good load for a strong man. When the packages are on board they are unfastened and the sculps are stowed away in the hold, being laid hair to hair and blubber to blubber. The sculp of the hooded seal is sometimes so heavy that it has to be hoisted in with block and tackle.

In the second case, that is when the ice field is divided by long fissures, the sealers have to resort to their guns. These are all muzzle-loaders, single or double-barreled, carrying a very heavy charge of powder and slugs. The boats used by the sealers are very light and narrow and painted entirely in white; they are manned by two men, clad in white.

The bowman has two guns and a boat hook close to his hand; the steersman has another boat hook and a sharp knife. Sometimes the hunter in the bow puts a block of ice in front of him to hide him. The steersman must be careful to keep well in line behind the bowman and work his paddle as quietly as possible without taking it out of the water and with his lower hand dipping in it. This kind of boat work is very difficult and requires practice and strength, for in keeping to leeward the hunters have always to paddle against the wind.

When the boat gets within range of the seals the bowman noiselessly lays down his paddle and takes up his gun, and leaving his comrade to continue paddling, he fires at the seals, aiming as much as possible at the side or back of the head.

When the ice floe is too large to allow the hunters to get within range in the boat, they land and crawl, one behind the other, until they get close enough. The hunter then fires and his comrade flenses the seals that are shot. A good marksman, who knows how to take advantage of the moment when the seals lift their heads to sniff the enemy, can kill as many as four at one shot.

There is still another kind of seal fishing by means of long nets with meshes 6in. wide, made of very strong twine and lines. They are set at points and passes between the islands and the mainland and are hundreds of fathoms long. One end is attached to a capstan, the other end is carried out and by means of a long line is brought in a curved direction to a second capstan, placed at some distance from the first. When a sufficient number of seals have got within the net the free end is brought ashore as soon as possible. They are thus imprisoned between the net and the land and are then shot or clubbed. This kind of fishing is carried on in the fall.

Seals have a certain amount of intelligence, and when tamed have been taught to do various things. The seal hunters of the Gulf affirm that when they are surrounded on the large ice floes and find it impossible to reach open water, the seals select the thinnest part of the ice field and pile themselves one on top of another, until their weight breaks a hole through the ice and they escape into the sea. I have never seen this done, but it has been told me by several Acadian hunters who seemed trustworthy.

The female of the floe seal gives birth about Feb. 15 to one, sometimes two and very rarely three young. For this event she selects the center of the largest ice floes, and always keeps holes open through which she can easily pass to obtain food.

She suckles her cubs for a very short time, and when the latter are abandoned they collect on the ice floes, where the sealers kill immense numbers of them. Seal cub hunting is carried on up to the middle of April, when they leave the ice, and it always precedes the hunting of the older seals.

The males and females mate almost immediately after the latter have brought forth, and as the hunters do not find any young seals before the following year, they conclude that the period of gestation extends over eleven or twelve months.

The hooded seal brings forth at the beginning of March. In the breeding season the male loses the hood, which gives it its name, and that ornament is replaced by a blood-red appendage about the size of two fists, and which seems to issue from the mouth without going beyond the maxillaries.

Some hunters have assured me that they have killed individuals of the *Stemmatopus* tribe with three nostrils. I only mention this fact and the previous one to show how necessary it would be to make a closer study of these animals, of which but little is as yet known, whatever may be said to the contrary. There is beyond a doubt some truth in the assertions respecting the transformation of the hood or crest in the breeding season and the abnormal enlargement of the nostrils. I am not in a position to say how far the same may be true, and I am sure that the most learned naturalists are not much better informed than I am and I deeply regret it.

The large seals are heaviest after the middle of March; they weigh about 400lbs. and yield fifteen or sixteen gallons of oil.

The hooded seals sometimes attain a weight of 2,000lbs., but they yield comparatively less oil than the harp or yellow seals.

The bristled and horsehead seals also yield a comparatively smaller quantity of oil.

The sealing schooners nearly all return to port at the beginning of May. The pelts are at once landed, the blubber is separated from the skins; the latter are salted and the former is tried out in large cauldrons and barreled. The skins are worth from 3 to 3½ cents a pound, fetching about $4 as a rule; a very fine seal will bring $12.

In good seasons the schooners take from 1,500 to 2,000 seals each, but it very often happens that the catch amounts to only 150 or 200, which barely suffices to pay expenses.

H. DE PUYJALON.

* Some seal hunters affirm that the seal can remain under water for an indefinite time without coming to the surface to breathe. It would be interesting to ascertain what truth there may be in this statement, which I have heard made in perfect good faith by hunters whose veracity seemed beyond a doubt.

† At certain times, when the seal is not very fat, it sinks at once, especially when killed outright. When shot at a long distance, it disappears before the hunter can get close enough to seize or harpoon it


CHAINED
to Business?
Can't go Shooting?
Do the next best thing—
Read the
Forest and Stream.

"STING SNAKE" AND RATTLER.

MISSISSIPPI, Aug, 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the description of my "stinging" snake your typo made havoc of the colors by a little error in punctuation. I wrote: "His body is of uniform color, not quite black, but dark, with a tinge of wine color; underneath, the ground color is scarlet," etc. The types made it read: "a tinge of wine color underneath," etc., which made some confusion in the description. I kept "McKinley," as I called him, for about six weeks. I frequently gave him a bath in a tub of water, when he invariably went to the bottom, crawled around with some show of animation, and acted as if he wished to burrow into the bottom and sides of the tub. I gave him frogs and grasshoppers while in the water, but he paid no attention to them, and ate nothing during the whole time that he formed a part of my family circle. He generally filled up on water, though, when in the tub.

A few days ago I carried McKinley on my arm down to the Sunflower River, a quarter of a mile away, and liberated him. While on the way I encountered a citizen who exclaimed in great excitement, "Why, man, that is a stinging snake! the most dangerous snake in the world! Look out! if he pops his sting into you he'll kill you?" It was with some difficulty that I convinced this gentleman by ocular demonstration that the snake was harmless, when he finally remarked, in a tone of disappointment, "Well, the stinging snake is a myth then, along with all the other myths." When I released McKinley at the river he immediately burrowed down into the mud and wriggled himself away through the soft mud, which leads me to believe that mud is his habitat and feeding ground.

About two weeks ago I secured a fine specimen of *Crotalus horridus*, or in plain English a rattlesnake, something over 4ft. long, with ten rattles. He was a vigorous specimen, noisy and disputatious, by name Bryan. I turned Bryan and McKinley loose together in a spare room with two rather small chickens for a whole afternoon. The snakes paid attention neither to one another nor to the chickens, which latter exhibited a mild curiosity when Bryan crawled by them, but no fear.

Bryan was domiciled in a box about 2½ft. long, one side being of glass and with auger holes bored through the other sides. A few days after he came to live with me I left him on the porch in the afternoon, where the sun reached him, and when I returned in the evening Mr. Bryan was stretched out in his box, stone dead.

I had supposed that rattlesnakes could stand a high temperature, but do not know any cause of this one's demise except the heat of the afternoon sun on the glass side of his box. COAHOMA.

BLACK DUCK BREEDING GROUNDS.

MR. THOMAS JOHNSON writes from Edmonton, North-West Territories, under date of Aug. 8:

I have found out the breeding grounds of black ducks. We have no black ducks in Manitoba, and when Mr. Hough was a guest of my friend, W. B. Wells, their shooting was principally of black ducks—that is, at their club preserve at Mitchell's Bay. It was a puzzle to Mr. Wells and myself to know their breeding grounds, but I found it at Lake St. Anne, about forty-five miles west of here. They are in thousands, and a peculiarity they have during the breeding season is similar to that of the coot, or water hen, viz.: they won't fly, but dive or swim out of danger. Another lake, named Lac la Biche, is also a great breeding ground for black ducks. This lake is 160 miles north of here.

Buffalo and Furs.

I saw to-day two of the largest buffalo robes I ever saw, and I have seen tens of thousands. The buffalo were killed in March last, north of here. I measured one and it was 8ft. 6in. wide and 9ft. 8in. long, the skin measuring only from the shoulder, as the Indians who killed them are very superstitious about the heads of buffalo. I met to-day on my way in from Big Lake Mr. Frank Hardisty, going to the Yellow Head Pass with two young Englishmen on a mountain sheep and goat hunt. He told me that he had offered the Indians $25—or its equivalent—to tell him where he could find the heads of the buffalo, but they would not under any circumstances give him the information. It is what they term "bad medicine" to do so.

You could hardly credit the number of furs brought here. I send you a clipping from to-day's Edmonton *Bulletin*, showing the quantity of one trader. When I tell you that near $250,000 worth have already been brought in this season it will give you a fair idea of the immense number:

"Colin Fraser's fur consisted of 2,962 marten, 570 mink, 35 fisher, 71 otter, 110 cross fox, 185 red fox, 20 wolverine, 45lbs. castorum, 1,148 beaver, 34 silver fox, 282 lynx, 8 wolf, 3 skunk, 6,690 rats and 125 bears. Bids were offered this morning and the lot was secured by the H. B. Co. for $19,397."

A Dragon Fly Attacks a Nonpareil.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., Aug. 6.—The following is, I take it, a rather remarkable story, and as it comes from an entirely reliable source, I send it to FOREST AND STREAM as the best place to bring it to the notice of naturalists, to learn whether any one has known of any similar case.

As Mr. and Mrs. Heth Canfield, of this city, were sitting on the porch of their cottage a few days since, they noticed a little bird known as a nonpareil fall fluttering to to the ground from a cedar tree near by, and as the dog sprang out to catch it Mr. Canfield hastened to rescue the bird. As he stooped over it he found that a large mosquito hawk or dragon fly had fastened upon its neck.

Picking up the bird, which seemed nearly exhausted, Mr. C. shook off the insect, which flew away with the bunch of feathers plucked from the neck of the bird still in its jaws.

The bird was taken into the house, where after a while it recovered from its fright and exhaustion and flew away. The neck showed plainly where the fierce grip of the insect had taken the feathers.

I have often seen the large mosquito hawks catch butterflies and the large horse flies, but I never knew they attacked anything as large as a bird. The nonpareil, a beautiful little bird of the South, is somewhat less in size than a canary. W.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the atest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Game Bag and Gun.

CAN IT BE STOPPED?

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have seen with much interest and satisfaction the vigor and constancy with which FOREST AND STREAM and many of its contributors uphold the stand taken to stop the sale of all kinds of wild game. That the foremost journals, devoted to the highest order of outdoor sport and recreation, and that the most intelligent and observing individuals, who are nearest and most intimate with nature and natural conditions, should advocate a cause so earnestly and unanimously, stamps the undertaking as undeniably judicious and right.

Indeed, so far as my observation goes, and it is not confined to narrow limits, I am surprised that there should be any opposition to a proposition so clearly humane, sensible and economical. If Americans consulted no other sentiment than their fundamental principle of the greatest good to the greatest number, the population of the continent should unite upon so plain and simple a method of protecting their own interests, and there should be no dissenters. The miserable pot-hunters themselves should be thankful if such a means of livelihood is denied them.

The eternal scramble for dollars and dimes, that seems to be an inseparable adjunct to civilization, is demoralizing enough under most circumstances, but let us not forever continue to encourage it to extend its blight to every nook and cranny of the continent of America. There should be some precincts sacred from the blasting touch of avaricious greed and itching palms. The protection of game, natural conditions and wildernesses may have a greater influence upon the welfare of a nation than most of those nearly concerned are aware of. There are countries where aristocrats alone can leave stone pavements and smoky, impure and choking air and find relief in their private parks. There are places where only the rich may taste of grouse and venison. There are examples enough, not only in the history of old countries, but in many parts of our own, to fix beyond question forever the judiciousness, desirability, the imperative demand that the avaricious destruction of natural and common provisions should be prevented.

About the only reasonable plea that is advanced by those who desire to kill game for money comes from pioneers—remote settlers and mountaineers. These claim, and not without reason, that they must depend upon what nature puts in their way. They must catch fish and kill deer and other game, and take it to towns and trading posts to exchange for necessities. This plea will continue as long as there is an acre of vacant forest or a timber-clad mountain, or a trout stream, open to the public.

But if the claim of this class is admitted where will restriction begin? After the pioneer comes the sawmill to denude the land of timber, the miner to drain the streams for mining, or the farmer to utilize the water, or the smelter or factory to poison it. All of these interests have their advocates and the usual result is that private or corporate greed asserts its supremacy at the expense of the conservative or helpless majority. The finale will come inevitably and within a few years. History will continue to repeat itself.

To stop the sale of game is the very wisest if not the only means to prevent its extermination, and even this is not all that must be done. The professional hunter who kills game for money is not the only one who kills it ruthlessly, although in most places he is the most destructive. There is a class of excursionists, and another of vandals, who raid the country in game districts and who seem to enjoy themselves chiefly by killing or destroying—but in continuing I am only reiterating what has so often been more vigorously stated in these columns.

One thing I have observed in many persons and places is this: the genuine backwoodsman, the true sportsman and observant lover of woods and streams is not, and never was or will be, wantonly destructive of wild life. The most experienced hunters I have known, and the oldest mountaineers and frontiersmen, have been religiously humane and the most reluctant to kill any creature wantonly. When such men shoot they always know they are aiming at seasonable game, and they kill it only to supply their needs.

In California, heavily timbered and mountainous as it is, many varieties of wild game have been exterminated. There is not now an elk within its boundaries. The grizzly bear is extinct or only a stray one occasionally heard of in its migrations. A remnant of a band of antelope was heard of a year or two ago in a northern county, and the fact was a thing to be wondered at and published from Siskiyou to San Diego. They were so well advertised they probably went off "like hot cakes."

The California Legislature finally did a good thing. It passed a law against the sale of venison and elk (the elk were long gone), and better yet, stopped the sale of deer skins. The effect is not yet noticeable, but it will be. I have seen campers return from the mountains with a wagon load of freshly killed deer skins and no meat (before the law was made) and I have known of men who employed Indians to kill deer by the hundreds—perhaps thousands—for their skins alone, an industry common enough in the West.

The sale of venison and deer pelts in this State is not profitable now—not being altogether safe—but since March, 1895, other game and fish laws languish. The Legislature in 1895 renovated the laws and made some good changes—and one bad one. They made the fines imposed go to the public coffers and did away with the provision allowing informants pay for their time and trouble. They "authorized" counties to appoint wardens. Some few of the counties appointed wardens, but most of them refused on account of "an unnecessary expense!" Then some wise judge gave it as his opinion that the appointment of wardens was unconstitutional, and many unripe journalists of the State saw in this an opportunity to denounce all game laws. Just why country newspapers enjoy obstructing game laws I can't guess, but they do it with relish, zeal and peculiar idiocy. Perhaps they do it because they like to denounce things beyond their comprehension. The next Legislature may agree with the aforesaid immature people that our game laws are all unconstitutional.

In this vast country of ours it seems that not only eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, but eternal vigilance and contention are necessary to the protection of the natural advantages of the great commonwealth.

It is, I think, proverbial that the great enemy and obstacle to progress is ignorance. This, I am inclined to think, is peculiarly obvious whenever a rural journal or grocery store orator denounces game laws. If all such obstructionists would read FOREST AND STREAM for a while, thereby nourishing their ideas—or perhaps their reasoning power—they might not only favor game preservation, but unite in the effort to stop the sale of it.

CHARLES L. PAIGE.

CALIFORNIA.

ADIRONDACK GAME NOTES.

Dead Deer.

DURING a recent trip through the Adirondacks, which began at the Fulton Chain of Lakes and ended at Westport, on the D. & H. R. R., I heard much about the number of deer that have been seen this season in the North Woods. Without a single exception deer were reported at the various camps to be on the increase, and it is safe to say that never again will the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission be able to gather accurate statistics of the number of deer killed in one season. One man was frank enough to say to me that if he had known what use the Commission was to make of his report he would not have reported so many deer killed as were killed by a party of which he was a member. He said if the Commission was to use the number of deer killed as an argument against hounding he would not help the argument with another report of the number actually killed. At two places I was told that between twenty and thirty deer were seen at each place in or around a single lake in one day. It is evident enough that there are many deer left in the Adirondacks, but it is also evident that deer are killed illegally, and it is a most difficult thing to detect the violators of the law.

A little way down the Raquette River, after leaving Long Lake, our nostrils were saluted with a stench which incited us to look for the cause of it. In the water near the bank a dead deer was found with wounds in head and breast. The animal was not in a condition for a close examination, but circumstances seem to point to the fact that the deer had been shot by jack light, and though badly wounded had escaped the hunter, only to die in a manner to render the venison worthless when found, even if it was found by the hunter. Two other dead deer were found in the same river lower down, and a game protector had been hunting for the violators of the law without success up to the time of our visit. Miles away from the spot it was known that the deer had been killed and where the carcasses were, which was natural, for such news travels in the woods, but nothing could be learned of those who did the killing. I happen to know something of the strenuous effort made to find the guilty ones, but it is not strange that they should escape in the wilderness.

One of the State game protectors told me he had just been to Deer Pond, in St. Lawrence county, in consequence of reports that deer were being killed. Within a space of four rods square he found the carcasses of eleven deer, ten of them does. From one but a single ham had been taken, and but little more meat had been taken from the other carcasses. The protector said it was not likely that these deer had been fire-hunted, as he saw eighteen deer in or around the pond during an hour's time. The deer had been shot wantonly, and in all probability between fifteen and twenty fawns had been left to perish after their mothers had been killed, for if they did not die at once they would be so poor and weak that they would not survive the winter. There is a possibility that some of the miscreants who did the shameful work may be brought to justice.

Breeding of Deer.

In a deer park at Loon Lake, Mr. Ferd. Chase, the proprietor of the hotel, has a number of deer which have been captured at various times during the open hunting season and turned into the park, where their habits may be studied, instead of turning them into venison in the ordinary way. The conditions existing in the park are not unlike those to which the deer have been accustomed in a wild state, except that their quarters are circumscribed. Two years ago a female fawn was born in the park, and this year that fawn is the mother of a fawn. Her fawn was born when she was about one year old, and this was to me brand new information concerning the natural history of the Virginia deer, as it was to Col. Wm. F. Fox, Superintendent of Forests of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission, and it is possible that it may be unusual in the breeding habits of the deer, and I note it to obtain light on the subject from those who have deer in confinement and under observation.

Does vs. Bucks.

Last autumn during the deer hunting season I heard from two sections of the Adirondacks that more dry does were killed than in many years before, and it was accounted for by the fact that it had become the rule in those sections to kill only the bucks and spare the does During my journey through the woods the matter of dry does was brought up at a number of stopping places or hunting centers, and while it was admitted that such was the case, I heard it charged to hounding during the breeding season; that the dogs so harried the deer and separated them that the increase in the deer herd was less than it otherwise would be. This theory was combated, it is true, but it seemed to be as reasonable as the other, for really more does were killed last season than bucks, the proportion being 2,207 bucks to 2,693 does.

Adirondack Moose.

The last moose to be killed in the Adirondacks was killed in the 60s, I think. I have heard Alva Dunning credited with killing the last moose, and also heard Mitchell Sebatis credited with the same act. Be that as it may, I think the last moose was killed near Long Lake.

A few days ago the register of the Threehouse Hotel in Glens Falls, N. Y., for the years 1843 and '44 was brought to light in the village, and a newspaper man has been looking over it. The register has been kept in a private family as a sort of scrap book, as it was in the day of it more than a register of the arrival of guests. Under date of Oct. 10, 1844, is recorded the arrival of two men, with this legend, "Returned from Long Lake. Killed two moose, three bears, five deer (one big one), one

panther and a polecat." There is no comment entered regarding the moose, and it would appear to be the regular thing for two hunters to kill two moose. At least it occasioned less remark than the killing of a big deer. One of the men, Mr. Ordway, was from Glens Falls, where his relatives now reside, but the other man I know nothing of except what the register tells me. I think Col. William F. Fox has the date of the killing of the last moose in the State of New York. A. N. C.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Chicken Crop.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 15.—From every indication there will be a better crop of chickens and wildfowl in the Northwest this fall than has been the case for years. The season has been wet enough and not too wet. A great many of the Dakota lakes that were dried up entirely are this year again full of water, and the same is true for parts of Minnesota and upper Iowa. In Minnesota the shooters will have the best chicken shooting they have known for a long time. In Illinois there will be a good crop also. Illinois has for five years been one of the best of the chicken States, though the fact has not been generally believed; the shooters preferring to press on to "newer" fields, not believing it possible that these latter could have been so soon and thoroughly depleted. In Wisconsin also there are more prairie chickens than is known by the average shooter of this section. Waukesha county will show quite a number, and a bit further north, around Berlin, Portage, Fox Lake and the edges of the big Horicon and Poygan marshes, there will be a lot of birds killed on the opening or before the opening of the season. Illegal shooting has been flourishing royally for some weeks in Illinois, and no doubt the other States as well, for it is almost impossible to keep shooters of a certain class from beginning to kill chickens as early as they can flap up out of the grass. Nowadays when a man has a good chicken pocket he keeps quiet about it. Many inquiries come to me for chicken country. I know of no surer place than the upper county of Minnesota, in the northwest corner of the State, or in the northeast county of North Dakota. This is not the only place where there will be birds, but it is about as sure as any I know of. Look up the laws before going, and stick to them. I don't know of anybody who is any better than anybody else when it comes to breaking the laws of a State, and one's personal preference for himself may not extend into the beliefs of the officers and courts. It seems to me that if shooters ought to have compassion on any bird on earth it should be for the prairie chicken, for a more helpless, defenseless bird never flew. When I hear shooters boast of the big killings they have made of these birds it occurs to me that they are advertising their own lack of quality as shooters. It is against the law to send or take these birds out of Dakota or Minnesota. Sportsmen will not wish to violate this law, others must not.

Woodcock.

Local woodcock shooters have been killing a few birds, not in numbers to amount to much. This bird enters less into the calculations of the Western shooters than it does into those of the East. Early woodcock shooting has little of fascination to it, and in fact the month of August seems too early for one to take his gun afield for any sort of game. There are good woodcock grounds along the Kankakee, the Yellow River, and others of the marshy upper waters of Indiana. There is also good ground below White Pigeon, Mich. Along the timbered *mottes* which outlie the great St. Clair marshes above Detroit there is fine woodcock shooting in season, but all that country is watched pretty closely by eagle-eyed sportsmen, who find out each nesting before it is hatched and wait eagerly for the law to lapse.

About Missoula.

Mr. R. E. Miller, of Elmira, N. Y., wants to know what Montana town he can go to for a few months' life on a ranch near deer and other game, and inquires about Missoula more especially. Missoula has a good winter climate and there is big game near by, and some small game also. Mr. Will Cave, of that town, can be more specific, if he should please.

From the Piegan Reservation in Montana come two or three letters from members of the FOREST AND STREAM Indian party who made the feature of the Sportsmen's Exposition at New York last spring. Bear Chief is well and apparently prosperous. He wants me to pick him out a good wagon here in Chicago, of a kind that will be useful on his mountain farm. Bear Chief says he has fifty acres of oats ready to harvest, though a good many are not so well off. "Those who might have had a good crop," he says, "went and spent a week at the Medicine Lodge, and while they were away the crop suffered. I did not go. Prayers will not feed cattle in the winter."

Billy Jackson says that Natoka and the little footlight favorite, Natoye, the Indian baby, are well, and are the envy of the tribe, all of whom want to come East to the white man's country. Billy says that very few hunting parties are coming West this season, and he lays this to the presidential campaign. He is going hunting for a few weeks himself, but though he says he can get lots of game, he gives it up about ever seeing another bighorn equal to the one whose head he gave to the FOREST AND STREAM office here. I can assure him that the head receives a great deal of admiration, and is prized very highly indeed.

The Grayling.

Mr. W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, E. S., Mich., writes me in regard to recent mention of the decreasing grayling supply in Michigan, confirming the doubts I have expressed. He says: "What you say about the disappearance of the fish is all too true. I have taken only three small ones this year in Kinne Creek, the preserved waters of the Père Marquette Club, but I hear that Mr. B. B. Mitchell, of the Fontinalis Club, and some of his fellow-members had very good grayling fishing last year somewhere on the Pigeon."

A Double-Header.

It is perhaps pardonable that one should wish to have himself photographed in connection with an exceptionally large bag of game, though there are many photographs of that sort now in existence the originals of which may later wish they had never had made, for the tendency of opinion to-day is quite against extremely large bags of any sort of game. However this may be, there are always men who long to be pictured as the slayers of a lot of game. Recently the vaulting ambition of one of these men o'erleaped itself, or rather it o'erleaped the shrewdness of a Chicago publication devoted to pet dogs, guns and loads. The mighty hunter in question had been out with a party in the South, and they had killed a respectable lot of deer and a bear or so, which had been hung on a long pole for the purpose of photographing. The picture showed about 30ft. of game hanging up, with a nice picture of the mighty man well posed in front in the act of watching for some imaginary foe which was supposed to be threatening the camera from behind, and whose assault was to be repelled by rifle if need be. It required little study to discern that the string of game was divided into two equal and similar parts, though the human figures were not the same. In fact, the picture was a double one, made by pasting two pictures together. The photograph was made of the game twice, the men posing in different positions the second time. This gave the idea of twice as much game as there really was. I adduce this as the most elaborate evidence at hand of the ambition of certain men to achieve reputation as game hogs in the most labor-saving way.

I am pained to see that a Kansas paper is spreading the report of a Fort Scott tame drake which has developed a fondness for young spring chickens. This unnatural fowl eats the chickens alive, and if it experiences difficulty in swallowing one it dips it in the water and lubricates it until it can swallow it. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

A STILL-HUNTER'S CALIBER EXPERIENCE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The mornings are getting cooler and the air is beginning to have a decided autumnal whiff at certain times at least up in this northern country. This state of things reminds me that I ought to have my say about those calibers for hunting rifles and some other things.

Now a few years ago I took a three months' trip up in the upper Michigan peninsula. My camp was located somewhere in the woods twenty-five miles from Ironwood, and the nearest railroad station was Beechwood, a town of a couple of log cabins and a frame "hotel" the inside of which consisted of a long row of bottles and a bar! The repeating rifle is or was then the favorite in that section and I had one, a .45-85 repeater with a cartridge 3 or 4in. long. This cannon weighed about 10lbs. early in the morning, but had a habit of weighing in the vicinity of 50lbs. at night, and that's a bad enough habit in a gun, not to mention its kicking ability. It kicked some, but withal was a good shooter, worked nice, and gave satisfaction in a general way. But the agony of lugging this elephant gun around did not compensate for seeing your game "drop in its tracks," and as I could not eat up more than one or two deer at the best, and my appetite is good, I came to do considerable thinking evenings when the gun was heavy and six or eight miles lay between myself and camp. Then, too, any man will get tired of venison steak after awhile, and the squirrels and pheasants looked good to eat, but how could I shoot any of them with that thing? Any one who has tried it knows why not. Still there was the chance of running across bears and—tell it softly—moose. Only I never run across bears and moose when I have a gun along. So to sum up the whole thing I carried for three long months every day in the week 10lbs. of iron to kill the two little bucks, which were all I needed and all I killed on that trip, and for their sake had to forego many a squirrel stew, pheasant roast, etc. As said before, I did considerable thinking on the caliber question

Only once during that trip did I have a chance at anything unusual, and that was the first evening in camp. I had made camp and got all "slicked up" about an hour before sundown. I resolved to go out for a stroll and get the lay of the land and look for sign in a small oak opening which was visible from camp. Sauntering along slowly, I suddenly observed some sort of an object dodge behind a fallen log. I stood motionless for fifteen or twenty minutes, when there slowly appeared in sight above the top of the log a few tufts of hair. It might have been a woodchuck for all I then knew, but I fired. There was tremendous snarling and kicking behind that log, and on cautiously stepping up I observed a large Canada lynx in the throes of death. Another shot finished him, and he was one of the finest specimens of lynx I have ever seen, but his fur was not yet "ripe," although it was then the first week in October; still I managed to save his skin in fairly good shape. Under the circumstances a .22 would have answered almost as well as the .45 to kill the beast; if I had had the first size there would be more of the scalp left on top of the head—the .45-85 lifted his brain cap clean off.

Well, the trip ended Christmas day of the same year, and it did sort of seem good to be among friends again. The .45-85 was disposed of, however, and I invested in a .38-55 Marlin a short time afterward. That gun suits me to a T when going into the woods for a short stay of a week or so, and when the main object of that trip is deer. It's plenty large enough for the toughest buck, it's light and handy—the ideal deer gun. As for moose hunting I cannot say. I never hunt them, and have long since learned not to expect to come across them accidentally. It seems difficult how so many hunters—and mostly amateur hunters—come unexpectedly across moose and bears. My own experiences have been that these animals but very rarely are taken unawares in our much frequented American woods. If going out after such game, I go prepared for it; if not, I am not lugging around 3 or 4lbs. of iron and ammunition on the chances of coming across them. I am not dealing in chances, they do that better in the wilds of Wall street, where the bears are more plentiful and not so shy.

Now, this year I shall take another trip of a couple of months or so. My weapon will be a .32-20 Marlin; that's what I have decided upon. If the trip would last only a couple of weeks the .38-55 would be about right, but as it's going to be a long stay I prefer the .32-20. Now, whenever I take an extended trip I do considerable loafing and loitering around in the woods; maybe I have a dozen or so of No. 2 Newhouse traps scattered in the vicinity of camp. To me there's more fun in trapping a few of the sly fur-bearing animals than there is in shooting deer—unless they are still-hunted. Now, I dearly love to putter around among these traps, and perhaps try my hand at building deadfalls for mink and sable (pine marten). Then there is the fun of shooting partridges' necks, a squirrel still-hunt, and perhaps a chance shot at bunny by the way; all this I can enjoy with my .32-20. Of course, my chances for deer are smaller, but what's the odds? In a trip of this kind a good hunter usually has a number of chances at deer, and if the first deer does not give me a fair chance for a dead shot in a vital part, I wait for the next, that's all. The rifle is short, light, accurate, and the ammunition can be had in any country store—a weighty fact. So I will take my chances on the .32 this trip and venture to say will have no more cripples lost than you, Mr. .50-110. MATTERHORN.

IN COLORADO MOUNTAINS.

As told by the Junior of the Party.

EVER since the beginning of the vacation my father and I had been planning to take a hunting trip together somewhere, but we had not fully decided where, until one day my father received a letter from his old college chum, Mr. C., who at the time was engaged in some business at Denver, and who said he had heard of a very good hunting ground, and that if we would come West and join him for a short trip he would make the necessary arrangements. As he promised us shots at deer and elk and a chance at bears and mountain lions, with all the trout fishing we wanted, we of course jumped at the idea.

The place he referred to was Marvine Lodge, in the White River region of Colorado. This lodge was established by the Marvine Rod and Gun Club, and is leased to Wells & Patterson, two experienced guides and hunters who fit out hunting parties with horses, guides, provisions, dogs, etc. The lodge is fifty-five miles by stage from Newcastle, the nearest station on the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad.

We reached Denver about 8:30 on the morning of Aug. 30, and spent the day there seeing the city and getting some necessary articles for our trip. That night we all took the sleeping car on the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad for Glenwood Springs, a point thirteen miles this side of Newcastle, and arrived there on the morning of Aug. 31. Glenwood Springs is a beautiful place situated in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. It is named from the hot sulphur springs which are found there, and which have been led into a large artificial basin about 100ft. long, and from 3 to 6ft. deep. The water is very warm (about 90°), and to one accustomed to seashore bathing is a little too much so. Invalids go there for rheumatism and catarrhal affections. We took a swim in the pool before dinner, and on coming out were cooled off by a shower bath, which felt very grateful after the warm water of the pool.

After supper we took a carriage, and drove by moonlight thirteen miles down the cañon of the Eagle River to Newcastle. It was a beautiful ride and a very exciting one. We drove at the Western breakneck pace whether we were on level ground or where we could look down from the side of the carriage 100ft. to the rocks in the cañon below. It was nearly full moon, and the moonlight shone beautifully on the rocks and trees around and above us, and on the foaming, tumbling water below.

Every time we struck a rock in the road I expected the wagon with us in it to go over the cliff; but it didn't, and we arrived safely at Newcastle, where we stayed for the night.

Next morning we were up bright and early and ready for our start, which we made about 7 o'clock in a four-horse open stage, which carried our party of three, the driver and our baggage, guns and fishing rods. All that morning we climbed up and up on the divide between the Eagle and White rivers to an elevation nearly 5,000ft. higher than Newcastle. We reached the top about noon, and made the remaining twelve miles to the dinner station in two hours, arriving there about 2 P. M. We had a very good appetite for our dinner, as we had had nothing to eat since 6 o'clock but a few squaw berries picked on the way and spring water. Jim Shaw, who keeps the dinner station, is one of the queerest specimens of humanity we met during the whole trip. He lives there in a tent all alone through the summer, and takes care of the horses for the stage relay at that point, doing also a little ranching. He furnishes meals for passengers, cooked by himself, for which he charges "50 cents a head, sir," and very good meals they are. I heard some gentlemen who had been camping in the vicinity telling Jim what a hard time they had getting a dead buck out of some timber near by. Jim's only comment was, "That place rough? Why, I hauled rye out of there," which he repeated at least twenty-five times during dinner.

Nothing happened to interrupt our journey until we were five miles or so from the dinner station, when, happening to look up, I saw a good-sized buck walking across a little open park toward a bunch of quaking asp. It took me just about ten seconds to get a cartridge into my rifle and get out of the wagon. By this time the deer, which had not observed us, had walked slowly into a bunch of timber. I tried to head him off, but did not succeed in getting a shot. This was the first deer we saw. It was a six-point buck, three points on each antler, not a large deer.

We were descending the slope now toward the White River, and could make fairly good time, and on reaching the White River bottom we made still better time on the comparatively level roads up the White River to Marvine Creek. I killed three blue grouse, and shot at some ducks on the way. We arrived at the lodge at 8 o'clock in the evening and received a warm welcome from Mr. William Wells, who was to go out with us, and his brother, Mr. Frank Wells. We were ready for bed after our fifty-five-mile ride and were soon sound asleep.

We had not arranged to start on our hunting trip until Sept. 3, so we decided by Mr. C.'s advice to spend the second trout fishing in Marvine Lake. We started early on our seven-mile ride on horseback to the lake and spent the day fly-fishing from the shore. We all filled our baskets, Mr. C. getting the most. I had my rifle with me in case we should see a deer. I was riding in the lead on the way home when my horse jumped violently, and I saw three deer start up not 20ft. away; they were a doe and two fawns, and therefore not fair game, as no sportsmen shoot does or fawns in Colorado. Soon after this I killed a grouse with my father's shotgun, and we arrived at the lodge without further adventure in good time to prepare for our start into the wilds next day.

Tommy, Cream, Baldy, White Man, Deceiver, Ghost, Crowfoot, Speckles, Dawn, Mac, Nelly, Fly, Honey, Buckskin Tex, Roaney, Teddy, Brook, Kitchen Dick

Gents and Okey, these are the names of the horses with which our party started. Of these six were saddle horses and the remainder were pack horses to carry provisions and camp outfit. Our guides were William Wells and John Goff. Charley Lea went as superintendent of the coffee-pot and biscuit oven. We had three dogs, Hector and Ajax, who were trained in lion and bear hunting and in tracking wounded deer and elk, and Brigham, a young hound, who, though he had little experience in hunting, had a good nose, as will hereafter appear. We also took a bear trap, as we thought we might have use for it. I rode Tommy, my father rode Cream, and Mr. C. rode Baldy. We followed Marvine Creek to White River and went up the river one mile to Lost Creek. We then went up Lost Creek, and crossing Lost Park camped on the West William's Fork of the Bear River at about 3 P. M., making a distance of sixteen miles. On the way up I saw a good-sized buck at the edge of some timber, but before I could get ready to shoot he had turned, and with a few bounds disappeared. We had also seen two or three does, and as Wells said we were camped in a very good deer country we decided to take a short hunt with him before sundown, while the deer were out feeding in the open parks. It took some time to get the horses unpacked, and it was 4:30 before we got started on our hunt. We rode across the little knoll on which we were camped and down through a deep ravine with steep banks up to the next ridge. Just as we were nearing the top a doe jumped up out of the weeds and Ajax, the younger dog, made after her. The dogs are taught to follow no deer trail but a bloody one, so Wells promptly stopped him with a shot from his sling-shot, which he carries to punish pack horses that get out of the trail. This struck me as a practical and useful application of the sling-shot.

On reaching the top of the hill we came out into a large park, and to my great excitement we saw a big buck feeding about 100yds. away on one side. But he saw us as soon as we saw him, and before any of us could get a shot he ran around behind a clump of trees and disappeared. Wells then led the way in the direction in which the buck had gone, and we started up a grouse. After riding about 200yds. further along the edge of the hill, Wells, who was in advance, saw the buck down the hillside to our left, and motioned to me to come on with him, and to Mr. C. and my father to stay back. After trotting forward under cover of some timber about 100yds., we quickly dismounted and stole forward on foot. After going 25yds. or so Wells touched my shoulder and pointed to the end of the park where this big buck and two smaller ones were coming out of the edge of the timber across the park. I shot at the big buck just as they were entering a clump of timber, and as he was going fast I shot behind him. At the shot they all stopped, and he offered me a beautiful broadside shot at about 125yds. I missed that shot and then another. I suppose I was rattled, and probably my using my heavy .40-82 Winchester, with which I had so far shot very little, instead of my .38-40 Marlin, with which I had practiced a great deal in the past and was a fairly good shot, helped me to miss him. The two largest bucks by this time thought they had acted as targets about long enough, so they bounded off into the woods; but the smallest one, a yearling or spike buck, stood there and let me have another shot. I didn't care much whether I hit him or not, now that I had lost the big ones, so I suppose my nerve came back, and I killed him at the first shot, the ball passing through the base of his neck, breaking the bone. While Wells was cleaning him, and Mr. C. and my father were scouting around, looking for the big bucks, another good-sized buck ran across the park in front of us and stopped on the opposite side. I could see nothing but his head and horns, and shot where I thought his body ought to be, but did not hit him, the ball going high. I mention this to show how plentiful the deer were. We packed the dead deer on Wells's saddle horse and returned to camp. On the way back, in the ravine of which I spoke, two cow elk passed us at full speed, but we, of course, did not shoot, as the same rule applies to them as to does.

Next day, after breakfasting on deer liver and other camp delicacies, we started for our permanent camp on Beaver Creek, reaching there early in the afternoon, lunching on the way on Pagoda Creek, where we got our first view of Pagoda Peak, so named by Hayden, because its top resembles that of a Chinese pagoda. Its summit is 11,577ft. above sea level.

On reaching camp Mr. C. and I decided to try to get a mess of trout for supper out of Beaver Creek, while my father took his gun and sauntered off into the woods near by in the hope of getting a shot at a buck. The guides stayed in camp to fix up things generally. The trout did not bite. We were fishing with flies only and it was probably too late in the season at so high an altitude.

On my way home I heard my father calling to Wells, who was picketing the horses, and saw Wells ride into the woods. They soon after appeared in camp with a fine spike buck hung over Speckles's saddle, shot by my father, thus assuring us of plenty of meat at the outset—a very necessary consideration in camp where you are largely dependent on your gun for food. To have venison good it must be hung up several days after killing before being eaten. Fresh-killed venison or elk meat is apt to make you sick. I suffered from eating it last year when hunting in Wyoming.

The next day—Sept. 5—was a memorable one for me. We stayed in camp all morning helping the guides to gather spruce branches for our beds, make a camp table, and "fix up" generally around camp. In the afternoon Johnny and I and my father started in one direction, and Wells and Mr. C. in another, to look out for bear signs and locate a good place to set our bear trap, and also to try to kill a big buck.

Mr. C. nearly got his deer. He creased a large buck and knocked it down. It fell over a log and lay with its feet up, but before they could reach it it recovered and got off. If a deer, elk or bear is hit, or rather grazed with a bullet on the top of the neck, the shock stuns him for an instant, so that he rolls over as if dead, but in thirty or forty seconds he recovers his senses and strength. This is called creasing. Mr. C. wounded another deer, but it also got away, though followed by the dogs some distance.

My father, Johnny and I rode two or three miles without seeing any bucks. Then we began to get into the buck country. After catching glimpses of two very big ones, we decided to get off our horses and still-hunt afoot. After going about a mile, Johnny suggested we go on alone, while he went back to bring up the horses, appointing a rendezvous with us in a bunch of quaking asp trees in the distance. We got there without seeing anything but several does and fawns, and were sitting on a log waiting for Johnny, when I saw a small buck. Just as I was showing him to my father, two great big bucks and one small one appeared near him, running toward the thick spruce timber. We each took a snap shot at about 150yds. as they were disappearing in the woods, but without effect. Soon after this Johnny came along with the horses, and we mounted and rode up to the top of the ridge and along it for a mile or more. We had seen nothing on this ridge except a solitary doe, when all at once a good-sized buck got up about 300yds. off in the fallen timber. I jumped off my horse and shot. The ball knocked up the dust in striking, so as to show it passed about 3in. above his back. The shooting started another buck. My father then jumped off his horse, and we both shot at once as this buck stopped on the top of the hill. We miscalculated the distance and over-shot. The shooting turned him and he came down by us, jumping beautifully over the fallen logs, and ran down hill toward the valley. By this time I had the range of my rifle, and when he stopped at a point fully 350yds. away I took a good steady aim and pulled the trigger. There was a stiff breeze blowing, and as the smoke blew away I saw him plunge forward and tumble all in a heap against a big log. Maybe I wasn't happy! We had seen when he ran by us that he was an extraordinarily large buck with very fine antlers. I was afraid that I might have only creased him, so I ran on down ahead, leaving my father and Johnny to bring up the horses. I scrambled over logs and through bushes until I was about where I thought he had fallen, but Johnny still motioned to me to go on. When I had gone 100yds. further I stopped again on a fallen tree, and there I saw him, not 20ft. away, lying stone dead against a log. He measured 6ft. 3in. from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail and 48in. around his chest, and the fat on his rump was 1¾in. thick. My first thought was to count the points on his antlers. I found he had twenty-four, twelve on each side, an extraordinarily fine head. It was all that three of us could do after he had been cleaned to lift him on Kitchen Dick's back, and Dick had a very heavy load to carry home. Johnny walked and led him all the way, watching carefully that the precious antlers were not broken by catching on trees.

The next morning after breakfast we skinned his head and cut away the flesh from his skull so that the head should keep until it reached the hands of the taxidermist. This took until almost noon. We then, after getting a bite to eat, saddled our horses and started on an elk hunt, my father and I and Johnny going together again. We hunted all day without getting anything. My father missed a large buck soon after we started, and I cut a piece off the horn of another during the afternoon from about 150yds.

We stopped for lunch in the thick pine timber, and soon afterward found something that greatly pleased and excited us—the track of an enormous grizzly bear in a deer trail which we were following at the time. We could see it was the track of a grizzly bear, both from its large size and from the impression made by its claws, which in a grizzly grow much longer than in a black bear. We followed his tracks through the woods for some distance, but did not run across him. Thence the deer trail led through a beautiful meadowy park. Near the middle of this park were several large trees, and as we neared these we saw two blue grouse sitting on a log between the trees. I jumped off my horse and began to throw stones at them, not wishing to shoot, for fear of alarming the larger game. No sooner did they fly than two more appeared in their places, and then others, until I had driven away eight from the same spot. I was a little out of practice, so the grouse all took their base on balls and escaped.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

IN THE SANDHILLS.

OMAHA, Nebraska.—The season of the year which awakens the ardor of the sportsman, even as spring is wont to revive the rhythmical flow of fancy in the poet, had come and I was forced to surrender to a great longing for the companionship of my dog and gun and the unpolluted air of the boundless prairie; so, with three congenial spirits, I determined to explore a portion of our State, of which, up to that time, I had been in complete ignorance. True, the Sandhills were words familiar enough to all of us, but there had been nothing in them suggestive of the rod and gun, nor of the numberless lakes teeming with water fowl; but nevertheless rumor had it that the latter did exist, and we concluded to gratify our curiosity at any rate, and find as wild a country within the confines of our own State as possible.

A complete camp outfit was gotten together, and a ride of 400 miles by rail brought us to Gordon, a point from which we planned to continue our way by team. At Gordon we were apparently equally anxious to get away from human habitations, and it was but a short time before we had secured the services of a guide, loaded our outfit into a wagon behind a stout pair of bronchos and were leaving the little burg behind us.

For about fifteen miles we drove over rolling prairie, with nothing more interesting to watch than the thousands of bunches of tumbleweed, which, as they went rolling along in the distance before a stiff breeze, forcibly reminded us of the enormous herds of buffalo that roamed the prairie but a few years ago. Reaching the edge of the Sandhills, our road for the remainder of the way lay among veritable mountains of sand, into which the wheels of our heavily loaded wagon sunk nearly to the hubs. Not a spear of grass was to be seen, or a tree or a bush, but only drifting hills of sand, with spots of alkali here and there like scattered ash heaps. It was certainly wonderful how any one could discover anything in the nature of a trail through these hills, especially with the sand beating into one's eyes like the driven particles of ice in a Western blizzard, and still more wonderful how there could be lakes in such an apparently moisture-forsaken territory.

However, as the day drew to its close, and we reached the top of a particularly high roll of land, there stretched out before us a sight which was greeted by a cheer that startled from their resting places numerous flocks of ducks, and sent them hurrying across the water to a point where could be seen a number of emerald-like spots nestling among the hills, indicating that we had found water to our hearts' content. We watched the feathered forms grow dusky and then disappear in the distance, then started down a gentle declivity to the nearest lake. What a refreshing sight that was, after our long and dusty drive! Below us Round Lake; to our left, and where the sun's last rays were just bidding farewell to the dancing waves, and causing them to sparkle and then grow dark, like the smile of a maiden at the parting kiss of her true love and the following shade of sadness at the thought of separation, rested the Twins, only separated by a narrow strip of land, and lying there side by side no one knows for how many years, but perhaps supremely happy even in the midst of this desert of sand, with one another for company. Away to the north could be seen Big Alkali, and tucked away in an adjoining valley Clear Lake, and to the right of this Horseshoe. Big Alkali is perhaps two miles long and a mile wide, and Horseshoe about three miles from one point of the shoe to the other, and the smaller lakes from one-half to three-quarters of a mile across. There is apparently no inlet or outlet to any of them, and the water is so strong of alkali that none but the lower animals can drink it without decidedly injurious effect, and we were consequently compelled to haul all of the water for camp use from the nearest ranch, a distance of about four miles.

The first game was brought to bag while we were on our way to a sheltered spot on the north shore of Round Lake, when with a startling whir of wings a grouse burst from the shelter of a bunch of grass close by, and before he could get out of range a charge of 6s caught him and he made a very acceptable addition to our evening meal.

Early next morning we started on an investigating tour of the lakes to find a point for our camp where we would be as near as possible to the center of the shooting. We drove past Twin Lakes and around Big Alkali without finding a spot that exactly suited us. We finally came upon a small pond which sets back into the hills at the south end of Horseshoe, when a jack rabbit darted across the road, and one of the boys, hungry for a shot at something, let drive at him. The jack's long legs were evidently taking him over the ground faster than it seemed, for the shot only caused a puff of dust to rise at his heels and his speed to be increased, but at the report of the gun hundreds of ducks arose from out the rushes of the pond with a roar of wings that made our blood tingle. There were more birds here by far than we had seen anywhere, and it seemed an ideal place for water fowl, with its long stretches of rushes and clear patches of water; so, without firing another shot, we turned and made with all possible haste for camp, and before the haze of returning night had fallen upon us we had our tent pitched and "all the comforts of home" ready at hand.

As soon as we had our camp in shape we lost no time in getting into our mackintoshes and selecting likely stands for the evening shooting. Even before we were able to reach places where we would have a reasonable chance of finding the birds after they were knocked down the shooting began on all sides. I took two or three shots that were too tempting to resist, but finding that I was surrounded by altogether too heavy cover to have any success picking up dead birds I let my gun remain empty and made my way out into the pond to the edge of an open place, where I stood in the water nearly to my armpits, and only shot at those birds that came over the open water. The shooting for a few moments was perfect, as the ducks came to my stand much faster than I could take care of them, but it was soon too dark to shoot with any degree of accuracy, and after dropping two or three birds in the rushes instead of the open water I stopped shooting, made the rounds of the open, picked up all the ducks I could find and worked my way to the shore. I was soon joined by my comrades, each with a nice bag of ducks and in glorious spirits, more at the prospect before us of some of the finest shooting any of us had ever had than on account of the result of our first shoot. We proceeded back to camp and shortly had a fine pair of mallards roasting and everything in shape for solid comfort. After we had stuffed ourselves with roast duck, and pipes had been smoked and a few of the brilliant shots of the evening dwelt upon, we turned in, preparatory to an early start the next day.

The sky was cloudless the next morning, and the quiet breeze from the south was more suggestive of June than of October, and it was far from an ideal day for duck shooting. However, it depends on one's characteristics as to what constitutes a satisfactory day's shooting. With some it is necessary that a great many more birds be bagged than with others, but with the true sportsman it is only necessary that he should have plenty of opportunity to exercise his knowledge of the habits of the game and the methods of getting within range under unfavorable circumstances, and we therefore tried to be content with the prospect of a small bag of ducks and consoled ourselves that in so doing we were "true sportsmen." The ducks all went out of the lake at the first shot that was fired, and although we waited several hours there was no sign of their return.

In the afternoon we drove over to Horseshoe and found that lake fairly alive with ducks, but out in the open water, where it was impossible to get within range. During our wanderings about this lake we discovered what appeared to be a perfect feeding place for mallards, not over a quarter of a mile north of Horseshoe, and the ground between this slough and the lake was from that time to the end of our stay our most successful shooting point.

About the middle of the afternoon we noticed a flock of mallards leave the lake and take a straight course north to this slough, and soon after another flock and then another. Without losing any time we ensconced ourselves in the tall patches of weeds between the two points, and the shooting we had for the next two or three hours was such that none of us will be likely to forget in some years. "There's a beautiful bunch of mallards coming right toward us, and flying low," I hear my friend exclaim in an excited whisper from the patch of tall grass to the right of me a short distance, and almost immediately two puffs of smoke issued from his cover and two sharp reports rang out, and a feathered form dropped almost into his blind and another took a gradually lowering course in my direction, and just as I was glancing along the barrels of my gun at him plunged downward into the grass. The rest of the flock, after a few feet of rapid climbing up into the air at the first shot, sheered off to me enough to present a perfect shot, and at the double report of my gun two more hand-

some old greenheads came to grass. Until about dark there were ducks in sight constantly—big flocks and little flocks, pairs and singles, mallards, canvasbacks, teal and widgeon—coming sometimes from all directions at once, and some apparently straight down from the clouds; one could not tell where to expect them next.

As far as I was concerned, I never had so much shooting and got so few birds in such a short space of time before; but when they got to coming so fast that there were a dozen or more flocks at the same time presenting tempting shots, I have to confess to becoming so excited that my aim was decidedly uncertain at times, and those that I finally did give the preference I generally missed "slick and clean," and I think the other fellows must have had similar experiences; for while we had ducks enough to supply our camp for several days, and sent quite a number to town the next day to be expressed to friends at home, still when we thought of the number of ducks we had seen and shot at, it seemed as if we should have had a wagonload.

We spent eight days among these entrancing lakes, enjoying ourselves, we all had to admit, as we had never done before on a trip of the kind; and then, just when the "honk" of the wild geese was beginning to be heard at evening and the gray and white forms of the "Canadas" were appearing to offer an additional incentive for us to prolong our stay, one morning when the weather seemed to be just a little nearer perfection than ever, and when the "quack" of the ducks and the "scape" of the jacksnipe sounded just a little more alluring than it had before, we were compelled to pull up stakes and start for home. Vacation was up and we had to leave behind us for a period the Sandhill lakes, their myriads of water fowl and curious subterranean waters. BURT SEARLE.

A SPORTSMAN'S GLOSSARY.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* So far as I know, there never has been a glossary of sportsmen's terms prepared to fill a crying modern want. The following gives a full and complete technical explanation of the terms most in common use and which have received the approval of our best sportsmen:

"SQUARE MEAL"—One which makes a round stomach. "Done justice to a square meal" is when one man eats enough for two, with the necessary sighs, grunts and wheezes which betoken accompanying appreciation and satisfaction.

"A CLOUD OF FEATHERS"—About four feathers or less.

"ONE HUNDRED YARDS"—Fifty half paces, with a few thrown in for make-weight.

"TAKING A FENCE" is when the sportsman is camped near a fence and is short of firewood.

"SPECKLED BEAUTY"—A trout caught by a gentleman dressed in fine outing clothes and equipped with a fairy rod and reel. Or it may refer to a pretty girl with freckles. Sometimes it is used to denote quail.

"GENTLER SEX"—Conceded by courtesy as being truthful.

"THE WINGS OF THE WIND" is meaningless. The wheels of the wind is better. See bicycle tires.

"THE INNER MAN"—Stomach.

"TRUE SPORT"—The manner in which I fish or hunt.

"UNSPORTSMANLIKE"—The manner in which the other fellow fishes or hunts. Also, in the East, blowing out the gas.

"GAME HOG"—The fellow who kills more birds or catches more fish than I do. If he catches them in my favorite resorts he is a deeper dyed hog than if he captured his game elsewhere.

"A GOOD DAY'S SPORT" is when I catch or kill more than any of my friends do.

"A FIELD TRIAL" is where sportsmen harvest grievances for the twelve months following thereafter.

"A FLY-CASTING CLUB" is a school in which veracity is in adversity.

"THE BRIGHT AURORA GILDING THE EASTERN HEMISPHERE" means sunrise with a poetic wheel in the writer's head.

"THE GOD OF DAY DISAPPEARING BEYOND THE WESTERN HILLS" means sunset with a wheel as above mentioned.

"AN UNACCOUNTABLE MISS" is when the shooter is wholly at fault. A lady learning to ride a bicycle.

"MY BARK IS O'ER THE SEA," means that he left his dog in England.

"AN AMATEUR" is a man in trap-shooting who thinks he should have a share of the prize money whether he hits anything or not.

"DOG FANCIER"—Sometimes a man who loves a dog. It often denotes a man who fancies the dog for the reality of money.

"A PROFESSIONAL" is one who has exhausted subterfuges and can no longer wear a lamb's skin. An enemy of the amateur. A man much disliked for being able to do to a certainty what others will do if they can. A man who colligates first prizes.

"KICKER"—A man who had high hopes of winning a prize and failed to do so. One who dislikes rules. Sometimes one who is ill-tempered, selfish and ignorant.

"A GOOD FELLOW"—One who buys freely. One who will not refuse an invitation. One who doesn't object to being fleeced.

"MAD DOG"—A pretext for excitement and disorder. A cheap manner for a policeman to display heroism.

"THE LOVE OF NATURE"—A fad of people who can neither shoot nor fish. There is as much that is cruel and painful in nature as there is that is pleasurable and beautiful.

"I DONE IT"—A popular expression east of San Francisco.

"A BROTHER SPORTSMAN"—One who will tell where the best fishing and shooting can be obtained, and who will lend his dog and gun on occasion. If he will not tell he is likely to be classed as a hog.

"A CRANK"—A man with a runaway fad.

"DUCK EGGS"—Things eagerly sought by the Alaskan Indian to present to his pale-faced brother in the States.

"A LONG SHOT"—Five hundred to one.

"A RED-LETTER DAY"—One in which the sportsman had a square meal, a good bag of meadow larks, blackbirds, quail and squirrels, with a free feed in a watermelon patch where the owner was absent, and a long shot or two.

THE DOG BROKE HIS BACK"—This, strange as it may seem, hurts the owner more than it does the dog.

DICK OF CONNECTICUT.

New York Grouse Season.

ITHACA, N. Y.—The anxiously looked for Aug. 16 occurred on Sunday this year, and the gentlemen with the polished breechloaders, fearing that it was not legal to go gunning the Saturday preceding, quietly folded up their anxiety and awaited the first blush of the 17th. But I dare say it was not an altogether satisfactory opening day. A pretty strong wind prevailed during the early part of the day, the dogs were all more or less afflicted with "wire edge," and many of "the boys," owing to lack of practice, were not up to standard shooting form. I learned of several fair bags of woodcock; the scores on ruffed grouse, however, were below the average, as they should have been. I saw young grouse on Monday last which were no larger than a September woodcock. The law in respect to ruffed grouse, as was pointed out in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM last year, is a ruinous and destructive statute. It is an outrage, or a close approach to one, to legalize the killing of these young and undeveloped birds. A couple of gunners out for a big score and nothing more, and aided by a good dog, often find the almost, if not quite, total annihilation of an entire brood of these young grouse a comparatively easy matter. This provision of the game code should be amended speedily. Sept. 15 is soon enough to permit grouse shooting in New York. It finds the birds larger, stronger of wing, and the conditions for shooting in every way more nearly correspond to the true sportsman's idea of a day afield in quest of grouse.

Mr. Bert Hartranft, of Cortland, told me yesterday that he was over near to the source of Fall Creek on the 18th and bagged eight grouse. He furthermore assured me that had he been in first-rate shooting form he could have killed a backload of them. Every shooting man I have interviewed on the subject has been frank and outspoken in condemning this premature shooting of ruffed grouse. At the same time, it is argued that as nine out of every ten shooting men afield are doing simply what the law permits them to do, what visible benefits are derived from the tenth man holding aloof from the slaughter? It is a case where persuasion and example availeth naught; where selfish instincts and mistrust of man's obedience to a law more beneficent in its general results than that which often finds a place in legal enactments reign supreme; where, in a word, men combine to get the very best individual share of an easy thing, meaning a "soft snap," which the elected wisdom of the Empire State annually sets before them.

Later on the writer will take pleasure in indicating some points in this section of the State from which members of the FOREST AND STREAM family, if they wish, may operate in getting some satisfactory grouse shooting.

About Peruville, Freeville, Caroline, along through Ellis Hollow, at North Lansing, West Danby, and in the vicinity of South Danby, some good woodcock grounds should be encountered. At all events, these places indicate the locality wherein reliable grounds have heretofore existed. And all the conditions are present for their continued existence. M. CHILL.

Does Not Snare Foxes.

PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND, Aug. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* With reference to my letter in your esteemed paper of July 11 last, and your remarks thereon about the snaring of foxes, I beg to state that my friend and I do not make a "practice" of snaring foxes. I do not even know how to set a snare, and admit that it is not a sport to snare foxes. When we ran that fox to his den we considered the sport over and that the fox was our property, and that being the case we had the right to get him the most convenient way possible.

I make a business of breeding black foxes, and when I wish to capture some of them in the corral and thought that snaring them was the most convenient I would not consider it a breach of sport to get them in that way.

There is no law against snaring on this island, but still I am against the practice of it, to capture game running at large. CHAS. DALTON.

Game in Shannon County, Missouri.

OAKSIDE, Mo., Aug. 20.—Game as a general thing this year is very plentiful. Deer are in goodly numbers. Turkeys are plentiful all over the woods, some 100 to 200 in a gang; they are very tame, but no bags have been made to speak of. Quail are abundant; everybody has three, four and five flocks, with all the way from twenty to fifty in a flock; they are nearly grown and make fine sport. Squirrels are coming in in small numbers. Coons, opossums, ground hogs, rabbits and pheasants are very plentiful. Ducks are coming in in large numbers. Wildfowl shooting is very good owing to the numerous small ponds and swampy places. Fishing is very good, as we have a swift stream with large, deep holes in it, with swirls and riffles for bass, trout and other fish.

L. S.

Deer in Sullivan County, N. Y.

THE *Game Laws in Brief* gives Sec. 40 relative to deer as forbidding killing deer in Sullivan county for five years from 1895; and Sec. 44 as permitting the killing of deer by hounding in Sullivan county (in the townships of Highland, Cumberland, Tusten, Cochecton and Bethel) from Oct. 1 to 15 inclusive. This last provision was enacted in 1896, and since there is a conflict between Sec. 40, protecting the game at all times, and Sec. 44, permitting its chase for fifteen days, Chief Protector Pond advises us that the provision of Sec. 44 is to be construed as amending that of Sec. 40. In Sullivan county in the towns named deer hunting with dogs will be lawful this year.

The New Hampshire Ruffed Grouse Outlook.

BRISTOL, N. H., Aug. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This is my first visit here since last fall, and I have been deeply interested in the welfare of the birds I knew were left in this vicinity after last season's shooting. Yesterday I took a stroll through the old familiar covers, and the result was surprising. I knew many birds were left over, and I also realized that the past winter had been a very favorable one; but I was hardly prepared for what I saw. My tramp occupied about four hours, and in that time I flushed no less than seven distinct broods of grouse. They ranged all the way from the nearly full-grown bird to the chick scarcely feathered. The pastures bordering the covers are full of blackberries; in many places the black luscious fruit bends the bushes to the ground, and in almost every instance the birds were flushed from these feeding places. But I heard ominous sounds which bode no good to the birds. A half dozen gun shots in the woods at this time mean that the work of destruction has already commenced, and it is not the city sportsman who is doing it either. J. W. B.

The Still-Hunter's Dog.

ANOTHER point which many still-hunters are doubtful about is the question of a suitable dog companion to take with you on a hunt. I have expended much thought and some money on this subject. For a long time I have tried to train spaniels to be docile enough to follow at heel, and not get excited when game is winded. So far all my efforts have been a flat failure, and I am convinced that the spaniel is not the still-hunter's dog. But I want a dog, for besides being a good companion he saves a heap of trouble and labor in finding wounded game. A large dog is of no use, as he eats so much—and this counts where all the grub has to be lugged on one's back—besides he's apt to upset the dugout or canoe. A small dog that will follow at heel, and a dog that will take any scent on which he is placed and don't get excited, that's what I am looking for and want information about. A friend advised me to try a beagle, but as he sells beagles I am a little doubtful about taking his advice. However, I am open to conviction on the dog question. MATTERHORN.

Another Plank Suggested.

BOSTON, Aug. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* With the account of the shooting of guide Charles Porter in the Maine woods last Saturday before me, I would suggest that FOREST AND STREAM add another plank to its platform, not only for the preservation of game, but human life as well, viz.: No rifles or shotguns allowed in the woods during "close season," under penalty of $50.

If such a good wholesome law could be enacted in every State, the woods would be full of game and we should hear of very few such terrible tragedies as this one at Grindstone. I put in a few days this season at a camp in Maine where a youth just entering his teens was allowed (by a doting parent) a .44 Winchester for indiscriminate use. Nothing that the good God had clothed with fur or feathers was safe from his murderous onslaughts. I have thought of it many times since and I wonder how all the people escaped. Now will some one please tell me what business man or boy has with a gun or rifle in the woods during "close season?" If they haven't any, stop it!

J. W. B.

Connecticut Rail.

ONANOKE, Conn., Aug. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The rail season opened on the 20th inst., and a number of boats have been up to the rail grounds on the Housatonic. As yet the only birds to be found here are those which have been bred in the marshes, and these, which are only just full grown, are neither plenty nor fat.

Besides, the tides have been low and it has not been practicable to get into the best parts of the meadows. The best tides are at the moon's perigee, and these when helped by an easterly wind enable the boats to shove all over these grounds, so that many rail are killed and the rest driven ashore.

There will not be many birds here until one or two sharp frosts in the north shall have started the birds there to migrating. These northern birds when they come will be fat and delicious, but we cannot expect them to be very numerous. It is years since there has been good rail shooting in Connecticut. XER.

Sea and River Fishing.

A RECORD JEWFISH.

PASADENA, Cal., Aug. 4.—After a year and a half of happy experiences, in which the grand old Sierra Madre Mountains have unfolded many a hidden cañon and forest-clad slope, it seems like deserting an old friend to turn one's back and seek pleasure elsewhere, and I confess to a feeling of remorse as I stepped aboard the steamer at San Pedro, leaving behind not only the "mother mountains," but the beautiful valley besides.

Twenty-eight miles of channel lie between the harbor of San Pedro and Santa Catalina Island, requiring two and three-quarter hours in its transit.

These are famous waters, where flying fish glisten as they emerge from the dark blue waves and sail off in the sunshine.

On quiet days, when the sea shines like a mirror, the surface here and there takes on a darker hue, the water churns and boils, and as the steamer dashes by one sees myriads of small fry leaping to escape the savage tuna, barracuda and yellow-tail, only to be pitilessly pursued by the gulls above. These patches, sometimes an acre or two in extent, are passed every few minutes, and give one, long before he reaches the fishing grounds proper, somewhat of an idea what the wondrous resources of these waters are.

At this season of the year scarcely a trip is made without one to half a dozen whales being seen. On July 21 the Hermosa ran over one as it dove under the bow, and upon the next trip, when we returned to the mainland, one threw its tail high in the air as it "sounded" 100ft. away, near enough to attract a babe in arms, who threw its tiny hand out and cooed; imagine a babe cooing at a whale! Then two great fellows came to the surface near by and spouted in unison, captivating their limited audience on the Hermosa as completely as any political spouter ever did that of a convention.

Gradually the feeling comes over one that the half has not been told regarding this little corner of Uncle Sam's domain.

At Avalon one gets a still nearer view of the wonderful variety, for here, where the Catalina Ananias Club holds full sway, are brought all the enormous catches for verification. Great racks stand upon the beach, upon which a returning party hang the day's catch for admiration and photographing.

It's an early bird at Avalon that catches a glimpse of the first preparation for a day's sport, and 5 o'clock is none too early to meet the fishermen who come in with ine as it slowly came in, and caught the first glimpse of

the seine and a boat load of fish and small fry. There are sure to be a number of fishing parties preparing for an early start, and a representative of each is on hand to secure some particular kind of bait suitable for the day' sport.

Flying fish a foot long have a standard value of 5 cents each, and the half a dozen usually brought in are greedily taken by the first comers as they are later by the savage tuna, whose especial bait they are.

A 2 or 3lbs. mackerel makes a dainty bait, and if put on the hook alive when fishing with rod and reel makes a pretty good fight right along, until some 30 or 40lbs. yellow-tail appears and leaves the impression that Mr. Mackerel has been struck by a comet.

Even when planning a raid upon some special variety of fish it is well to take a hatful of small-fry bait along ready for any emergency which may arise, for the possibilities of these waters are full of surprises.

One must be a laggard indeed to watch these preparations and resist the temptation to do likewise, and, although no bait was obtainable so late as 8 o'clock in the morning, it did not take long to induce Dr. Roscoe C. Thomas and C. D. Daggett, of Pasadena, and Stanley Christopher, of Kansas City, to combine our luck.

The only available craft left was the little power launch Catalina, which we engaged for the morning. Hardly had the wheel commenced to turn when trolling lines and large hooks with white bone-covered shanks in rude imitation of a minnow were put out, one on each side over the stern, and two more from the ends of oars sticking out like wings amidships. From these last a short lanyard is attached and drawn in a few inches, which telegraphs instantly any strike made upon the main line, when it can be hauled within reach and the fish hauled in.

Long before reaching Seal Rock at the east end of the island the question of bait had been settled, for every school of barracuda which we passed through contributed freely to our store, often three out of the four lines having a fish 3ft. long struggling at the same time. The Doctor generally set the gait by a sudden show of activity, quickly followed by one or two of the others, and the race to see which brought in the fish the quickest furnished an animated picture.

Great numbers of yellow-tail were seen near the surface, but were not biting to any extent, and the only one taken afforded Mr. C. D. Daggett as pretty a fight as one cares to see.

Tuna, destined to attract much attention in the future from advanced rod-and-reel fishermen who have become satiated with tarpon, lashed the spray about us as they rushed to the surface after their prey, but we saved our lines by not hooking one.

A Mr. Morehouse, of Pasadena, I am told, has the honor of catching the first and only tuna ever caught with rod and reel, and he still haunts Avalon in the hopes that some other fisherman may land one and give him pointers how he (Morehouse) did it, as the whole affair savored somewhat like catching a tiger by the tail, leaving the impressions wound up in a cloud of dust—or rather spray in this instance.

After twenty-five barracuda and the yellow-tail had been hauled over the rail some one asked the captain how much time we had, and he thought we had just time enough to try for a jewfish.

The little launch was headed toward the shore about a mile beyond Church Rock, where we anchored at the edge of the kelp in 50ft. of water, where the roar of the surf drowned that of the sea lions on the rocks beyond. While one of the party prepared rod and reel for rock bass, two lines were prepared for its heavier cousin.

The Doctor put down his line, its great hook protected by a length of copper wire firmly imbedded in a section cut from the middle of a barracuda—just such a chunk as a boardinghouse keeper might buy for a dozen hungry boarders. Before the second line, which was more elaborate and had a shark hook and chain, and above it another with copper wire attachment, could be prepared, the Doctor began to show visible signs of agitation. As the line began to run out we gave evidence of the same symptoms. It proved to be a small one, however, of less than 100lbs., and after circling about on the bottom awhile was drawn to the surface two or three times and finally hauled aboard.

This was a nice sample of what we might expect, so the double-baited line was dropped down by the writer, with the firm belief that if 8lbs. of bait produced nearly 100lbs. return, 16lbs. should return 200lbs. Possibly fifteen minutes were spent in like cogitations and another fifteen minutes in watching the great swells, as they lifted us high and dropped us low, until one gets that peculiar feeling that prompts him to watch other members of the party in hope that some one of them will insist upon pulling out for home before you have to. We had, however, been very generous with our bait, and old Neptune in this case did not force further tribute, thanks to a gentle strain upon the line, not exactly a bite, but a steady pull, as if a strong current was dragging the line away. This moment of doubt is always a critical one, for there is almost irresistible tendency to pull back to see if it is really a fish, with the result that your jewfish, who has simply taken the bait in his mouth to mumble and suck, as he gives his tail a swish of satisfaction, carrying out a dozen or 20ft. of line, instantly disgorges it and the opportunity of a lifetime is gone. If the movement is facilitated by paying out the line, suspicion is allayed and you soon have the hook planted where it will do the most good, and about that time all thoughts of seasickness will leave you.

The line flies through your hands until it heats to the bone, and you glance at the rapidly disappearing coil at your feet, wondering what the result would be if one of your feet should be accidentally encircled by a loop, and what had better be done when the end of the line comes, for your best efforts cannot check him. Before this contingency arises there is a sudden slack and you pull in 5, 15, 20ft., and just as you turn with a woeful look toward the Doctor and a disgusted "lost him," the line swishes, the fingers burn and the Doctor denies the statement in full chorus with the others most emphatically.

The big fellow does not strike right out like a yoke of runaway oxen, snapping the line when he reaches the end, but instead makes angry circles, often coming back to the starting point. After three such runs, each a little more vicious than the other, a steady pull brought him up some 15ft., when down he plunged again, this time heading under the boat, with the line dragging across the keel. The party gathered at the opposite side and watched the its great head and eyes just as it gave a lurch and went to the bottom with a rush. Then comes the work of hauling him up to the surface, each time a little nearer, only to let the line fly back as he plunges down to sulk at the bottom. Finally he lies on his side, we supposed utterly whipped, and a sheath knife is deftly slipped toward the gills, but at the first prick of its point no baby whale ever "sounded" with greater vigor, deluging us all with water. Everybody yelled, "Let him go!" but what was there to hinder? That fish had the privilege of going where he pleased.

The next time we had him alongside the Doctor planted a gaff back of the head and held bravely on until dragged to the stern, where a tremendous plunge and twist broke the handle square off above the socket and gave us another shower bath.

After another steady pull he lay alongside again. We held a council of war and decided that it would be a pity to lose such a monster at this stage of the game. The hook had already enlarged the hole and might come out at any plunge, but the second hook hung over the nose, its bait slipped far up the line. C. D. Daggett cautiously placed this against the lower jaw, firmly planting it, but did not escape the deluge which promptly followed.

We now felt fairly certain of our fish and soon had him where his efforts failed to take him much below the surface, gradually getting him to a point where we could hold him there, completely whipped, so that he gave but a feeble splash when the knife was applied to his gills. We rested and admired this enormous fish while his blood poured out, discoloring the water for quite a space. Then came another tug of war and we almost gave it up several times, but by taking a turn around a little mast



MR. DAGGETT'S BIG JEWFISH.

in the stern we raised him an inch at a time until he lay across the fan-tail with his tail in the water on one side and his head far over the edge on the other, and thus he rode as we slid into the bay at Avalon at 12:15 noon, where the captain pried him overboard and a small boy had the honor of towing him ashore in the face of a great crowd gathered to see the "biggest one yet." A little later, just as the weight—405lbs., length 7½ft.—had been called out, I felt a pull at my sleeve, followed with "Say, mister, ain't yer going to give me a fish for towing that big un ashore?" He was told to help himself to the best fish on the rack, and he disappeared up the gravelly beach dragging a fish nearly as long as himself.

The jewfish were turned over to the local fisherman after extracting a few scales as souvenirs, and they are said to appear later as very excellent "boneless codfish," while the campers soon carried off the rest.

The first half of the week, commencing July 20, proved to be a banner jewfish period, and some enormous catches of other fish were made as well.

A San Francisco party held the record up to the 20th with a jewfish weighing 350lbs., and the 405lb. one above described is the heaviest caught in three years.

The Stewart party came in Monday with a 305lb. jewfish and 109 barracuda, besides three yellow-tail and a great halibut.

Then the Beck party made a phenomenal catch of 113 barracuda and one yellow-tail.

Tuesday the Matthiessen party, who came along just as our party started for home with the 405lb. fish, concluded to try their luck at the same spot, and returned later with a fish which looked much like ours in size, but all the coaxing would not make it pull down over 395lbs. Another of 300lbs. helped to balance it at the other end of the rack. Besides these they had many barracuda and yellow-tail.

It seems a pity that so many fish must go to waste during the season when they are biting so freely and so many are enjoying the sport. It is a fact that tons are wasted every year. Great catches are brought in, exhibited upon the racks, photographed; many are used; but this is repeated often each day during the season, and the result is that many a load of the finest fish on earth are carried out beyond the bay and dumped as food for sharks and prowlers of the deep.

It has been suggested that a fund be established and the fish packed in ice and turned over to the associated charities, a method which would be very satisfactory to the many who comment upon the present wasteful methods.

FRANK S. DAGGETT.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

IX.—The Brockway Boys.

THERE seemed to be no end to them. The woods were literally full of them—of Brockway boys, I mean. Boys, and girls also, from babies to grown men and women, they were everywhere I went. This ceased to be surprising after my uncle, Erastus Brockway, had driven mother and me from Monroe to his home at East Ogden, in Lenawee county, Mich., and after crossing the county line pointed out each house for miles as being owned by one of his numerous kinsmen until it seemed to my boyish fancy that all Michigan must be peopled by Brockways.

The fact is that mother's two brothers, older than she, had emigrated to Michigan in the early thirties, while it was yet a territory; each had a large family and at this time they had grandsons older than I, for their many sons had followed the parental example in the matter of replenishing the earth. It is probable that these boys all had names, and that I knew their different cognomens at the time, but that was long ago, either the year before or the year after the events recorded in No. VII. of this series. Probably it was after that time, as there remains no recollection of bragging about the killing of the deer, so truthfully narrated week before last.

Mother was an invalid and the journey from Albany to Buffalo was made by canal, and from the latter place to Monroe by steamer. The packets, which carried passengers on the canal, had been about killed off by the railroad and we had good quarters in a large freight boat, the captain giving up his cabin to us and a woman with two boys. It was an ideal trip. In 1875 I had frequent occasion to go from Lynchburg to Lexington, Va., up the James River and Kenawha Canal, and it is my mature opinion that traveling by canal is the very poetry of traveling. It is the ideal mode of getting about. This statement is often met with ridicule, "it is too slow." My friend, listen. You who say this know little of the pleasure of travel, for itself. You wish to annihilate space in a businesslike way. You want to go from New York to Chicago and consult the time tables for the train which will land you there an hour sooner than another, and you take a "sleeper," that abomination rendered necessary by merciless business, and you go that way even on your wedding trip! Go to! The mad American train-catching spirit has possessed you and, like my friend Col. Raymond, of my last sketch, you "can fish if they bite fast." The pleasures of that week on the Erie Canal often arise as I whirl over the route in late years. Little Falls! There we boys jumped ashore and stole apples and caught the boat at the locks. Weedsport, here we got off on the "heel-path" side and ran into the outlying edge of Montezuma Swamp and had to swim the canal, when I was the only good swimmer, and after carrying all the clothes across and safely landing the smallest boy, was forced to lick the older one in the water to keep him from drowning me. His story to his mother conflicted with mine; his blackened eyes and swollen nose seemed to prove his claim to have been beaten without provocation, but mothers will be mothers, you know, and there was a drop in the social mercury.

Pardon me, the canal took me off into the swamp, miles away from the Brock-way. I will try to get back to the Brockway boys, as I knew my cousins and sons of cousins away back in Michigan in the long ago.

Jim was a big boy, nearly a man. He could not only smoke a cigar, but could also empty a clay pipe without any visible protest from his stomach. He was big and strong, and could beat us all at jumping, and was one of the younger sons of the oldest of the brothers, Eusebius, or Uncle Sebe, as he was called—a man who at sixty-nine years of age was entered for a foot race the day I first saw him. Martin and Oliver were smaller boys, sons of Erastus, who by the way was many years younger than his brother, physically much weaker, but intellectually stronger. Jim could throw me by sheer weight and strength. Martin or the others of his age could not, for wrestling and boxing had been my study as well as play. This put me on a good square footing with my backwoods cousins, who had little respect for my soft hands and city ways. They had small facilities for schooling, but great opportunities for clearing land for the plow, chopping trees that had been deadened by the girdle, piling great logs for burning that a few years later would have been worth more than the land originally cost. Harvesting the hard-earned crops had given them a rude strength that made it seem incomprehensible how a city boy, who couldn't pitch a fork full of hay into the mow, could lay them on their backs. From a subject for ridicule this city boy became to be respected, especially when they found that he could turn a back somersault from the floor and alight on his feet. They had seen pictures of such things, but to find an ordinary boy outside a circus turn a flip-flap was a thing that made him a hero. My city manners and fine fishing tackle were all forgotten, and the Brockway boys from far and near were invited to come and see their cousin, who in a few hours had overcome all prejudice and was voted to be a really decent fellow.

Said Jim: "Let's go a-fishin'; what yer say? We'll take a team and wagon and go over to the River Raisin and have a good time; yes?" And we went, about six of us. There was William, about forty years old, a hunter of deer and turkeys, who owned a rifle that became mine some years later; Jim, Martin, Oliver and others whose names are forgotten, but all brothers, cousins or uncles to each other, and a jolly party they were. Harvest was over, and threshing, corn husking and such work had not begun—just the time for a fishing trip. An early start and a drive of about ten miles behind a good team brought us to the house of another relative, for, as before said, the woods were full of Brockways; the team was cared for, and a walk of half an hour brought us to the river. They cut poles and rigged up their lines with float and sinker and with worms for bait. They had said that the river contained pickerel, and I tied on some very small hooks and with a little switch caught several minnows while they were taking a few catfish, sunfish and others. Grins went around and Martin asked: "Is that the kind o' fishin' you do down in York State?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"It 'pears like small kind o' fishin'," said Jim, "don't ye ever ketch bigger fish 'n that when you go a-fishin' 'bout Albany?"

"Yes, sometimes."

'Mighty small eatin', them things," said another, "guess you've got to get yer specs on to see 'em when

they're cooked. I wouldn't take 'em home if you'd gi' me a cart load. Here, take my pole an' fish for fish that's worth having."

By this time there were half a dozen live minnows in the little water hole scooped in the bank, and reaching for my pole I bent on about 20ft. of line a fair-sized hook with a gimp snell—another new thing to the boys—and hooking a minnow through the lips I cast and skittered it, a trick learned from old Port Tyler on the Popskinnay in the spring before. All except William, the oldest "boy," haw-hawed out loud. He simply watched the curious performance. Cast after cast was made, when a gar fish took the lure and was landed—a strange fish to me, but no stranger to the others, who with one accord voted him "no good." They had all stopped to watch this way of fishing, which now was proved capable of taking a gar at least, but when a pickerel of about 18in. long came in it was my moment of triumph. If this—to them—crazy mode of fishing had not been a success that morning, ridicule would have been my portion. I had known that from the remarks at the beginning, so, turning around, I said: "Yes, Jim, we often catch bigger fish than that when we go a-fishin' about Albany;" and William, who had said nothing, borrowed a hook on gimp and arranged to skitter, while Martin and Jim went catching minnows for the same purpose. When you beat a man, or boy, at a game he thinks peculiarly his own, he suddenly develops a respect for your abilities—perhaps beyond their real deserts. Once while hatching shad at Holyoke, Mass., the net was badly torn in several places. It belonged to the fishermen, and one named Benway was awkwardly tying up the holes. Picking up a needleful of twine, I began to cut a hole into proper shape for mending, when Benway became alarmed at its increasing size and protested. He became violently profane until the knitting began, then he watched; and when the hole was knit full, good as new, he thought me a great man. "I've hearn tell o' men knittin' in a hole, so't was jess same as before, but I never b'l'eved it," said he, "but there it is, I swan!" It appeared that none of that gang of fishermen had ever seen a net properly mended. I had beaten them in a matter of fisherman's work, and after that my opinions on fish and fishing ranked high in that camp.

William, and others, took some good fish by skittering, and altogether we had a fine lot, something like 200lbs. of fish, many strange kinds to me, including pickerel (pike we call them now), suckers, a strange green sunfish, a strange catfish, as well as the familiar bullhead, and the common yellow perch. There was also a "dog fish," strange in that day, and stranger still this last-named fish and the gars were said to be uneatable. I had supposed that all fresh-water fishes were eatable, even the suckers in winter, only like the beer story, "some's better'n others." We were all learning. When the whole catch was collected it was divided into as many parts as there were houses to be passed on the road home, some fifteen or twenty, and strings arranged to be left at each, with a special one containing choice kinds for a widow, and we rattled home in short time, under a full moon.

Going among people whose whole life, training and mode of thought is different from my own has not been an uncommon thing, but this first experience was new, and at times annoying. I felt as a dime museum freak must feel, if he does feel. Interest in such things as changing autumn foliage, the form of a passing flock of wild geese or the strange appearance of clouds, seemed to my backwoods cousins to be silly; these things had never occurred to them as worthy of thought because they were every-day affairs, and to-day I know that a boy who has to turn out at 5 o'clock in the morning, milk the cows, feed the horses and pigs, and get ready to hoe corn after breakfast, has no eye for the beauty of a sunrise any more than he has for a glorious sunset after a hard day's plowing, when the horses have to be cared for, and all those things which a farmer calls "chores," not "work" by any means, have to be done before he eats his supper and crawls to bed, only to be awakened before nature tells him that he has slept enough. Yes, to-day it is plain why the city boy was a "freak." He had no "chores' to do at home. He could breakfast at 8, go to school at 9, and after 4 o'clock he had leisure to observe the change of foliage, the flight of wild geese and the colors of the sky at sunset. On Saturdays he could shoot and fish, and there was a six-weeks' vacation when the only things he had to obey were his instincts. School time to many boys was time begrudged by some parents as lost from work; to my parents school seemed to be the whole end and aim of a boy's life. To me school was a bore, schoolmasters were tyrants whose sole object seemed to be to prevent boys from having any fun. I hated schoolmasters, at least all but poor crippled Prof. Anthony, who played ball with us as well as he could, and somehow seemed as if he had some sympathy with boys.

Lenawee county was marshy in many places. It was the source of water flowing east into Lake Erie, west into Lake Michigan and south into Ohio. The country was heavily timbered, and the phlebotomizing mosquito was abroad in the land. We boys slept in the barn to avoid them. Boys came from nearby houses for the frolic in the hay, old boys and young boys, sometimes a dozen or more. Uncle Erastus did not object to their sleeping there, but did forbid card playing; whether he objected to cards at all times or only to the lights necessary to their use among his hay we did not know. One day, after a little talk leading that way as we sat in the house, he said: "I suppose the boys have a game of cards once in a while in the barn;" this in an inquiring sort of way.

"They couldn't play cards in the dark," I answered; "they'd have to have lights for that. There! What was that big bird that passed the window?" and I ran out to see.

The next day mother said: "Fred, did you find out what kind of a bird it was passed the window when your uncle asked you about playing cards in the barn?"

"No ma'am, it was gone—"

"Yes, it was probably gone before you saw it, but I'm glad that you did not tell on the boys nor lie to your uncle. Do they play cards there nights?"

"Yes'm, but William said not to tell uncle, and Jim threatened to lick me if I did, and I hope he won't ask me any more. I'll lie to him if he does."

"No, you mustn't lie to anyone, and I am glad you told the truth to me. I knew they played cards and had candles there, for I saw the light through a crack that their blankets did not cover, as I walked out last evening."

Oliver had heard this and said afterward: "Golly! But you got out of that scrape nicely, if you had told your mother the boys didn't play cards in the barn she'd 'a' had you, sure."

"Well, Oliver, I was in a corner, but I never tell mother a thing that is not so, nor father either, and I try to be truthful all the time, but it's hard work sometimes. There was no other way to dodge your father than to see a big bird and run out, but before that I fear that what I said was almost a fib, but I wouldn't tell on the boys."

"That's all right. Martin wants to know when you want to go after the blind snipe we started the other day. What was it you called 'em?"

"Woodcock; say to-morrow."

"O K; there's a spaniel over at Uncle Sebe's that William trees pa'tridges with, don't know how he'll do on these birds, nobody shoots 'em here. I never saw more'n three or four in my life, and never thought they were plenty."

The spaniel was not a promising dog for the work, but we started. In the talk about woodcock shooting something was said about shooting them on the wing, and Martin almost shouted: "What! You don't mean to say you shoot 'em a-flyin'?" And here again was a surprise; but the success of skittering for pickerel was in mind, and there was no ridicule, but an amount of curiosity to see the thing done. Such a thing had never been heard of, and on a small scale it resembled the experience of Col. Raymond in an adjoining county a year or two later. I had William's light double gun, and Martin carried a single one, while Oliver was to look after the dog. When we reached the bog where we had kicked up a bird before when crossing it, Oliver started with the dog to try and quarter the ground somehow, as I had explained to him; but it was queer work, for Dick had no idea of woodcock, and being used to ranging out of sight for ruffed grouse and barking to call his master when he found one, we had hard work to keep him in sight. Martin kicked up a bird, and I fired and missed it; but as it dropped behind some bushes he insisted that it dropped dead. He had a long cord in his pocket, and proposed to tie Dick and keep him with us, and as Oliver was bringing the dog he flushed one that came our way and I killed it. The boys thought this wonderful and the bird the strangest they had ever seen.

"What's his eyes doin' in the back of his head?" asked Oliver.

"That's so's to see who's a-comin' after him when he's feedin'," explained Martin, "and he can see good too, and don't scare up till he thinks you're going to step on him. Say! I'll tell what let's do. Let's all three and the dog walk abreast an' kick 'em up. What d'ye say?"

This seemed to be a good proposition, for the dog was of no use, and we tried it with better result than I expected, for we succeeded in putting up eleven birds that morning, of which I killed five, Oliver retrieving them almost as soon as they were down, with the help of Dick, for the dog soon learned what we were after and was a fair retriever. The boys told of that morning's work with great pride, never failing to add: "An' he killed 'em all a-flyin'."

On the way home one of the boys shot a big blue heron which was standing in meditation by a marshy brook, and wing-tipped it. Oliver proposed to capture it alive and we surrounded the bird, which had no idea of allowing us to catch it. Standing with head drawn for a stroke and with defiance in its eye, now ablaze with fight and facing the one who came nearest, it was a most heroic figure, worthy of study by an artist. The spaniel essayed a hand in the fight, and then tried four spry legs on the home stretch after the heron stuck his spear-like bill in the dog's back.

"You make a dive for him," said Oliver to us, "and while he is facing you, I'll get him by the legs and neck." He tried it and the bird wheeled like a flash, and struck the boy a blow on the back of the hand that rendered it useless for months. Martin then tried to stun him by a blow on the head with a stick, but the heron met him with a jump and a stroke at his face that luckily missed, or he might have been killed or lost an eye. We learned something of the fighting qualities of a blue heron that was new to us all. I had not been as rash as the others, for Port Tyler had told me how one had made a dent in the stock of his gun, and after seeing what Oliver and the dog got I had great respect far a wounded heron, which, by the way, the boys called a "crane," as they took him to the house dead.

We made several trips to the river and each time had fine sport. Martin once had a big turtle on his hook, which fortunately was strong, and the turtle was landed. But it was a singular beast. In the last story it is related how the collecting of turtles was a fad of early boyhood, and I thought I knew them all, yet here was one with a soft flat shell which felt like wet sole leather, a snout like a pig's, and a temper as savage as that of a snapping turtle. Verily Michigan had singular fishes and turtles, but no unfamiliar bird had been seen so far; but that was to come, and in a way to be remembered.

"Ever shoot a wild turkey?" asked Jim.

"No, never saw one; we don't have 'em about Albany."

"I'll get you a shot at one if you'll come over to my house," said he, "and you won't have to go far for it. I know where it feeds every day."

If I had known the whole story, or how it was going to turn out, perhaps the turkey might have lived longer; but Jim had an idea of getting some fun out of either me, the turkey or some other thing. It happened that a neighbor of his had a flock of white turkeys which ranged the woods, and a stray young wild turkey fed with the tame birds, meeting them in the morning and leaving them in the evening, when they went home. A boy about Jim's age, whose people owned the flock of white turkeys, knew of this wild one and had marked it for his meat later on. Jim went with me and posted me behind a fallen log, and I killed the turkey and started for the road to find Jim, when a big boy appeared and claimed the bird. Now the killing of that turkey had not a bit of sportsmanship in it and was nothing to be proud of, but it was a wild turkey and mine. I refused to give up my game.

"This is not one of your turkeys; yours are white."

"I say it's mine, and I'm going to have it. That sneakin' Jim Brockway sot you up to kill my turkey, he dassen't kill it himself, but I'll have it."

"You won't get it. Jim Brockway is down in the road yonder, an' if you call him a sneak he'll lick you."

"Jim Brockway can't lick one side o' me, nur you an. him together. Gi' me that turkey," and he pushed me. I set the gun back against a log and tossed the turkey behind it. He was bigger and stronger than I, but lessons from Shel. Hitchcock, Albany's teacher of sparring, gave me confidence, if he could be kept from a "catch as catch can" hold. He struck an awkward swinging blow and got a stinger on the ear. He was astonished, but made a rush which was avoided and took one on the nose, which, as Professor Sheldon Hitchcock would have said, "brought the claret." So far I was unharmed except for my right hand, which has never been equal to the biceps which drove it, and I had only learned to use the left as a guard. He gathered himself and struck straight this time, but I dodged and upper-cut him on the jaw, and, in the language of the Professor, "he grassed." By this time Jim appeared. He had seen it all, but affected surprise.

"Hello!" said he, "what's this all about?"

The fellow picked himself up and said: "You know what it's all about, Jim Brockway, and I'll get square on you for it some day, you mind."

"Why don't you get square with this boy?" said Jim, in a tantalizing manner, "you seem to have had some trouble with him. I don't know what it's about."

"I'll tell you, Jim," said I, "I killed a turkey and he claims it; there it is, a wild one, and everybody knows that all the tame turkeys about here are white, so't they can tell 'em from wild ones. Come on, Jim, he don't want that turkey now, 'cause he said he was goin' to take it, but he didn't."

On returning to the house of Uncle Erastus with the turkey, which was doubly mine now, first by right of having reduced it to possession and again by the gauge of battle, mother at once saw the condition of my hand, now painfully swollen, and, mother-like, wanted to know what had happened. I answered: "Mother, if I should try to tell you just how I injured my hand in shooting a wild turkey the story might get twisted, and I was excited so much that I might be mistaken. Jim will be over to-night. He was there and knows all about it; let him tell it." This must have made her curiosity almost boil over, for there was a mystery, but she was one of those stoical people whose faces never give an indication of either curiosity, pleasure or pain, so she said, "Very well," and waited. After hearing Jim's version of the turkey hunt she never referred to it afterward. She may have detailed the whole affair to father, but when I said, one day after getting home, "Father, I killed a wild turkey out in Michigan," he only asked, "How much did it weigh?"

Before returning to Albany there came a rumor that the whole city had been destroyed by fire. "Mother, let's go home," said I, in despair.

"My boy, we have no home to go to, if the whole city has been burned," replied this extremely sensitive but outwardly impassive woman, whose great, kind heart it was her constant struggle to conceal, and I must, perforce, accept her philosophical view of the situation. Newspapers came slowly in that backwoods, but the truth came with them. The greatest fire that Albany had known had swept lower Broadway, I forget the exact boundaries; but while father's office had been burned, none of his barges were lost, and the burns which he had received while warping a barge across the basin were only slight ones on the face, neck and hands, so he put it, and we went home.

About the boys? Oh, yes. Jim went home from Antietam with a leg off, Martin was killed at Gettysburg and Oliver died at Andersonville. Good boys and fine men, all of them. No, I can't say what became of the fellow who claimed the turkey. I do not remember his name. He did not get the turkey. FRED MATHER.

CANADIAN ANGLING NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Not for many seasons have I received so many letters of inquiry from American anglers for the best localities for fall fishing in northern Canada as have reached me within the past few days. Notwithstanding that I have endeavored to cover all this information very fully in "The Book of the Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment," especially in the chapters on "Angling for Ouananiche" and "Other Fish and Game," you will perhaps afford me the hospitality of your columns to indicate a few facts that may prove useful to American sportsmen about to visit Canada, and to apologize for my inability to reply personally on the subject at length to all who have written me for information and advice.

Of course every owner of *Game Laws in Brief*—which ought to be equivalent to saying "every sportsman"—knows that the close season for ouananiche commences on Sept. 15; so that anglers who would try their luck this year with this plucky game fish of the North have not very long to do it in. A party of New England fishermen is about to visit the Fifth Falls of the Mistassini, one of the most picturesque of the many pretty camping grounds in the Lake St. John country. Usually at this period of the year ouananiche are plentiful there. A surer locality in September is the lower part of the Metabetchouan River. About this date the fish are in the mouth of the river. Toward the end of the first week in September they may be found in what is known as the Island Pool, an illustration of which appears in the book above referred to. In Dr. Van Dyke's "Little Rivers" is a description of a somewhat difficult route by which he reached this pool, driving by buckboard for nine miles from St. Jerome over an exceedingly rough and hilly road, and then scrambling down a steep hillside 500ft. high. But for those who do not object to rather rough portages there is a much shorter route to this fishing ground. For a mile and a quarter from the mouth of the Metabetchouan there is calm water which may be paddled, and then a portage of a mile and a half brings the angler to the lower pool, where ouananiche are plentiful in the early part of September, and where Col. Andrew Haggard had the remarkably successful fishing that he describes in his introduction to "The Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment." Another portage of a mile leads to the second pool, and the upper or island pool is exactly another mile higher up the stream, necessitating another portage.

In both Lake Tschatagama and Lac-á-Jim there should also be good sport at present, and the fisherman's creel should at both these resorts contain both trout and ouananiche. Fly-fishing is always good in September at the foot of the various falls in the lower fifteen or twenty

miles of both the Aleck and Little Peribonca rivers, both tributaries of the Grand Peribonca. Ouananiche may often be had here, and trout are abundant. For those who seek for trout alone I would strongly urge at this season of the year the attractions of the Lac de la Belle Riviere, of Lake Kenogami, of the headwaters of the Ouiatchouaniche—a few miles behind Roberval—and the waters of the various club limits between Quebec and Lake St. John for those who are entitled to fish them. Particularly on the Triton Tract, in and about Lake Batiscan and the Lightning River, and in the Jeannotte, the outlet of Lake Edward, may large trout be looked for next month. E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, Aug. 21.

STE. MARGUERITE SALMON.

BOSTON, Aug. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed find a clipping from to-day's *Globe*, the record of a catch which, in my judgment, is of such exceeding merit and taken in such a sportsmanlike manner that I thought you might find room in your columns for a reproduction of the article. Observing the table, you will find an enormous total in pounds; but considering the length of time fished, I think these gentlemen showed great compassion for the salmon. There are few days in which they took more than one large fish, and some days none at all. I have seen larger scores, yet none more creditable, and I pronounce it the greatest catch I ever heard of.

Though the fishermen are unknown to the writer, he would be proud to lift his hat to those gentlemen, two only of a great sect which has made Boston famous as "the City of Culture." A. WOODLE.

There are pools in the upper northeastern branch of the Ste. Marguerite, which empties into the Saugenay, in the Province of Quebec, teeming with salmon that may be induced to look at a lure if it be properly presented. The upper part of this splendid salmon water belongs to David H. Blanchard, of this city, who is widely known as an enthusiastic devotee of the rod and gun. Mr. Blanchard bought the upper part of this river a good many years ago from a Dominion magnate by the name of Price. It contains five likely pools, which each spring and autumn are filled with fresh-run salmon that come up the St. Lawrence, the Saugenay and the Ste. Marguerite to the wood-embowered preserve, where Mr. Blanchard sometimes takes his friends.

It is one of the very best salmon waters in the Province, and quite as productive of good sport as the Restigouche and its far-famed feeders, the Matapedia, the Patapedia, the Upsalquitch and the Tom Kedgewick, where the nobles of England and the high muck-a-mucks of Canada wet their lines.

Mr. Blanchard has a well-appointed camp on his preserve, and all of the well-tenanted pools are within half a dozen miles of his boat moorings. One of these pools is called the Prince of Wales Pool, that jolly sportsman having at one time whipped up its waters with some gaudy lures.

Mr. Blanchard has just returned from the Ste. Marquerite, where he has spent some very happy "salmon" days with his young friend, Mr. "Dick" Harding. "Dick" did nothing for weeks before the start but dream of arrowy rushes, prodigious leaps and 4ft. 40-pounders with glistening sides of silver and blue. Besides Mr. Harding there were in the party Mr. Blanchard's daughter, Mrs. Poor, and her two children.

Camp was reached on June 26, and on the 27th, which, by the way, was a day sacred to great clouds and good fishing, the first line was wet. The party remained on the Ste. Marguerite until Aug. 6, and in that time they had twenty-five days' fishing. Only one man fished at a time.

When Mr. Blanchard was out offering his mimic insects to the king of fish Mr. Harding remained in camp. Thirty-eight salmon were taken, averaging 21½lbs., the largest weighing 34½lbs. This was killed by Mr. Harding on July 29.

Mr. Blanchard gave his guest a close call on weight, and he did it too on June 30, the third day out. Mr. Blanchard's record that day was one fish weighing 33½lbs. He had, on the two previous fishing days, taken a 22-pounder on the 27th and a 25-pounder on the 29th.

The 33½-pounder landed by Mr. Blanchard gave him a battle royal for upward of three-quarters of an hour. No one who ever felt the quick, sturdy rush of a 30lb. salmon when struck with the barbed steel will wonder at the length of time required to subdue one of these lordly aristocrats.

Mr. Blanchard is an adroit handler of light fishing tackle, but his 33½lb. fish gave him plenty to do, while his boatman's skill was put to the test in following the fierce rushes and steadying the boat when the big fish stopped to sulk.

On that occasion the music of Mr. Blanchard's reel was sweeter to his ear than the most entrancing strains of the symphony orchestra. His whole frame thrilled as his line stretched and twanged like a banjo string. The fish indulged in the most prodigious leaps, vexed the water with acrobatic flip-flaps, and then, after tugs and jumps and head-shakings failed to dislodge the hook, he would bore straight down and curve the rod into beauty lines that would make an artist blue with envy.

When at last he was brought within gaffing distance Mr. Blanchard was content to lay back in the boat and reel in, unjoint and go to camp. One such fish in a day's casting is enough for any one, while the exertion of playing and landing is sufficient to remind an old college man of line bucking and wedge breaking on the football field.

On the 30th of July Mr. Harding got into very close companionship with a 26lb. salmon. He hooked him by the tail. The big fish rose leisurely to the lure, but changed his mind and turned quickly to go under. His tail broke the water like the clip of a screw wheel when the stern of the boat is high. In some way unknown to Mr. Harding the hook was fastened deep into the salmon's tail, and the fun was on right away.

The rushes made by this fellow were terrific, and at times the taut line whined like a jewsharp.

The best part of two hours were consumed in subduing this fellow, and as Mr. Harding had landed his 34½-pounder the day before, he quit fishing and returned to camp. Dick admits that a feeling of "goneness" passed through his frame when the 34½-pounder came up with open jaws and bulging eyes and shook his head at him. "I felt,' said Dick, "when he first broke water after I struck, as if I was looking at a ghost, and his size made me feel a little uneasy regarding my tackle. The sport in playing that fellow was the best I ever enjoyed, and had I not caught another fish I would have been perfectly satisfied."

The St. Marguerite is indeed a delectable piece of salmon water, and on moonlight nights the dwellers in Mr. Blanchard's camp are often delightfully entertained by the great silvery beauties breaking water and jumping about on the surface. The noise is enough to drive an out-and-out angler to distraction, and make him pray devoutly for the quick approach of morning.

The following table will show that both Mr. Blanchard and Mr. Harding have built up something for winter rumination. The star is used to designate the fish caught by Mr. Harding:

	Pounds.		Pounds.
June 27	22	July 17	12½
June 29	25	July 20	20
June 30	33½	July 22	16½
July 1	23½	July 23	22½
July 2	25	July 23	21
July 2	21½	July 23	22½
July 2	17½	July 24	22½
July 2	23½	July 25	*16½
July 3	19	July 27	20
July 4	22½	July 28	*20½
July 6	24	July 28	24½
July 10	24½	July 29	*34½
July 11	19½	July 30	*26
July 13	31½	Aug 1	*16½
July 14	14	Aug. 1	12½
July 14	12½	Aug. 1	16
July 15	13½	Aug. 3	23½
July 15	26½	Aug. 6	*13
July 16	17	Aug. 6	27
Total			38
Average weight			21½

FLY-FISHING

On the North Shore of Lake Superior.

[*Continued from page 150.*]

THE dawn opened in the east with rosy evidence of magnificent weather for the day, while a southwest wind, always an angler's delight, blew from the crimson woods with an air of gentle intoxication. Miniature showers of silver gleamed on the waves as they rose and sang the praise of the tropic breeze; the forest warblers were out in joyous melody and the sky a romance in violet and orange. The savage shoreland that gave severity to the scene displayed its piles of detached and defaced rocks draped with lichen and moss and generously touched with gold from the glowing orb. A fragile bell flower here and there and a dipping sea gull made diversity as well as delight.

We turn our thoughts to Blind River, as the Mussulman turns toward Mecca, for we knew that a gravelly and shady pool, margined in part by grasses and shrubs that wave in the wind like light plumes, was there to be found, and in which poised and played the loveliest of spangled spoils.

At last breakfast is over and we are again on the open lake, passing the great ramparts of aged stone that are blazing with a silvery glare as the effulgent sun pours down upon them, while the cedar and birch and balsam that closely crowd to the shore are glistening in a luster of green that goes far toward destroying the charm of wildness.

On reaching the mouth of the little stream we pushed over its shallow mouth and were soon at the desired pool. The choice seat in the boat again fell to Ned, and as he was the first to reach the preserve, he without delay had his red-headed terror, the "dusting brush," sailing through the air like a lurid comet. It struck the water with anything but downy lightness, but it nevertheless aroused a poising trout that went with savage fury for his dropper, a silver-doctor. Ned was on the *qui vive* for the response and gave him the cold steel in a most admirable manner. The angler at once realized that he had no Sand River babe to deal with, and after the boat had backed away from the pool and the snags that lined the shore he had an open field for the battle and started in to win the laurels. Being out of the reach of the basin, I of course watched the struggle with deep interest. Not a word was spoken during the strife and the only murmur was in the soughing waters, the rustling branches and the lisping birds. Ned was remarkably cool and alert, and when the leap into the sunshine was made the startling proportions of the jeweled beauty were made manifest.

"Big one," said Kenosh in a low voice, and then deep silence again prevailed and the battle went on with savage fury. The royal beauty at last weakened and then the happy angler forced the fighting, and in a moment or two he was drawn to the boat and netted and held aloft for inspection, with his ruby-tinted robe gleaming in the bright sun.

"Weigh that scarlet darling," says Ned. Kenosh at once secured the indicator, and hooking him through his red-lined jaw drew the steel point to the 5lb. notch, the largest trout we had yet caught. He, however, had disdained the "dusting brush," and that gave us all much pleasure in humorsome diatribe at the fortunate angler's expense. Ned took it all good-naturedly, for he had captured the blue ribbon trout, and like an armor-clad warrior felt impervious to all cynical or humorous assaults. His joy was too supreme to heed the foils that were thrust at him so constantly.

The boat again being placed in position, I have a fine chance at the pool, and at the very first dropping of my flies I had a splashing response and with it came a delicious aria from the reel. Again the boat retreated from the pool and again a fierce battle, and another victim of the glittering spangles. It was a full 3-pounder and had given me much solid pleasure, the pleasure indescribable, that neither gold nor precious stones can purchase. Cautiously working back to the little preserve, Ned got in the first drop, and another courageous Hector of the scarlet robes sprang upon his silver-doctor with the impetuosity of a bounding panther and then dashed for the snaggy bottom, but the skillful angler swerved him away and compelled him to fight over the shallow and gravelly bed. Here he was soon robbed of his tenacious vitality and made another victim for his enticing foe.

The failure of Ned's red-headed terror to attract the trout was a picnic for us, for we lampooned him right and left, advising him to take the "dusting brush" out of the water and retire it for the season. It was simply in evidence that the vagaries of the trout are beyond the ken of the human family. One day the attractive fly is somber, the next bright, then again red, violet, yellow, brown, gray, and so on to the end. I frequently, in selecting my flies for the leader, have a strong contrast in color. If one is repellent the other is doubtless attractive, but it is always best when trout are hard to tempt to make frequent changes, not only in color, but in size.

The little frolic with the fiery fly being over, we ventured once more to the lovely pool, and as soon as luck favored me with a fine command of the pool I got the drop on Ned and snatched the next radiant trout from the translucent waters, and then there came a cry of enough, and the shady pool was not again disturbed by falling flies. We were loath to leave the transports of the charming stream, where the air is balmy and sweet and blue-eyed violets peep o'er the bending grasses, while the waters, so like a mirror, reflect the loveliness of a painted sky. We hoist the sail on reaching the great lake, and little rolls of snowy beads drop from the bow of the speeding boat as we pass shores of gloomy jagged rocks, so savagely and anomalously sculptured as to excite your most fervent admiration. Groves of pine and cedar pushing their way to the mighty waters are ever in view, while dismantled and wave-washed blocks of flinty granite, which have toppled down from the ragged cliffs above and whose tops are streaked in silver and gold and gray, add commanding interest to the picturesque coast line that reveals itself as a standard show of nature's great workshop.

The next morning being favorable for our departure, we were up early to breakfast, and made all haste to break camp and sail for Aguawa Harbor. We managed to get off by 6 o'clock with a spanking breeze, and then it was

> "Hurrah! my lads, we're homeward bound,
> We're homeward bound for freedom's ground;
> Up with the sail, and off goes she,
> Hurrah! my lads, hurrah! hurrah!"

The waves were running quite high, and every crest was shaking its snowy plumes. The run, which was only ten miles, was made in about an hour and a half. In another hour we had the camp perfected, and then eagerly went in search of the tinted and tattooed tribe. Our outing gave us three handsome trophies, but each of them was bravely earned, and that is more satisfying than making big catches from a preserve or a mill pond.

We did no fishing at all in the afternoon, being fearful of glutting the larder, and therefore passed much of the time in luxuriant idleness, with cards and reading coming in as part and parcel of our diversion. Ned in the intervals did a little work in making another flaming fly and tying a few leaders. The half-breeds busied themselves in mending their clothes and gathering an amplitude of firewood, which they found strewn along the shore. We had a charming place for a camp-fire, it being well protected from the lake breeze, and many an hour did we pass there in infinite and comfortable enjoyment. After supper that night we had a regular carnival of fun around the blazing pile. Ned was at his best, and told many a humorous story and gave us some charming bits of melody, while Kenosh gave us much interesting information about his early days on the Great Lake and along these bold and craggy shorelands. His tales of hunting and trout fishing at that period were marvelous. He could then catch all the trout he wanted at the "Soo," and as for game, the woods were full of it. Partridges you could knock down with a pole, rabbits were overabundant, ducks were found in great numbers in all the inland lakes and streams, and bears turned up in unexpected places. Indian had good time then, he said, as his trapping season was always highly profitable. Now the Indians are compelled to leave the shores of the lake for their game, and settlements are being made nearer the Canadian Pacific Railroad. Nine-tenths of the Indians and half-breeds have left these rock-bound shores. This has been our observation, as also of others, during the last six years. Aguawa has been entirely deserted. Bachawaunau Bay is almost in the same condition, and Maimaise Point the same. No fish, no game, no nothing, and so Mr. Lo, who has assisted in all this decimation, has to seek other quarters for his dollars and his hash. It is fast becoming an equivalent of the Western prairies, with their disappeared buffalo.

A gentle northwest wind, bright skies and an exhilarating atmosphere were the trinity of attraction that was introduced to us the next morning when we arose and vacated our tent. Immediately after breakfast we started along the east shore, casting our flies in every place that we thought a trout would lurk. We went fully two miles along the shore without a rise; but just as we struck a mass of fragmented rocks, and when we were on the point of returning, the carnival commenced. Here Ned, who had the choice seat in the bow, had a double strike, and I almost simultaneously a single. There was a little excitement in the boat when both organs were playing. Ned being so exceedingly anxious to save his battling pair, I told the boys to pay no heed to me till the twain were captured. After the fierce struggle had about exhausted them, the question arose as to safety in landing them. I suggested to the half-breeds that each take a net, and when the pair were exposing their crimson-fretted sides to the blazing sun for each to dip in unison. The opportunity presenting itself, they were both skillfully netted, and then there was an overjoyed angler in the boat. Jo now turned his attention to my wearied trout, which was about ready for the net. A run or two more and he gives the signal of surrender, and then the wide-awake half-breed slipped the net under him and carefully deposited him in the boat. He was an ounce or two over 3lbs., while Ned's peerless pair were fully 4lbs. each.

"That like old time," said Kenosh, when he saw the three glittering fish lying side by side.

"So is this," said Ned, who had just hooked another on his first cast. "And this also," I added, as I sunk the cold steel into the iron jaws of another scarlet Hyperion.

We will not further detail the account of that morning; suffice it to say we caught ten, the largest being 5lbs. and the smallest but a shade under 4. We were so much excited with the sport that not till we asked Kenosh the sum total of the catch did we know, and then we threw up our hands in surprise and discontinued the war.

"Some waste here," said I to Ned when I looked down upon the pile of gleaming beauties.

"No, I salt 'em," spoke up Kenosh.

"What for?"

"For myself, for home."

"They will make a small display."

"Oh no, I got some already."

"Where did you get them?"

"Saved 'em, so they no spoil."
"You said nothing about it."
"You no like it if I speak it out."
"Why do you tell it now?"
"We go home now, and you no care."
"How many have you salted?"
"Heap, keg nearly full."

And so the wily half-breed had all along had an eye single to some of the spoils and had quietly been putting away all he could eliminate from our catch. We had frequently asked him about the amount on hand and he would always say, "Not much." Ned and I wondered at the immense number of trout we thought we were eating, when in fact they were going into the brine.

Occasionally he would ask for the loan of a trout rod when we did not desire to angle, and then the two would take the boat and fish along the rocks very industriously. Sometimes he would report his catch, and again it was "no good." I don't think either of them were dishonest, and did not suppose that by their salting a few of our trout they thought they were doing anything wrong. Kenosh in further explanation stated that if we had too many trout on hand we would not fish, and as we loved the sport they wanted us to enjoy it all we desired and hence the salting down. It was a blessing in disguise that gave us rare sport and the half-breeds a big part of the spoils.

We were late in leaving the harbor, not getting off before 10 o'clock, owing to the rather mixed condition of affairs in the elements. One minute it blew from the north, and the next it came from the south. We were as badly undecided as the weather, and finally let Kenosh determine the matter of our leaving. After the restless half-breed had taken a careful observation of the leaden sky, where "mare's tails" were streaming out and gray islands of clouds moving to the east, he said in a very hesitating manner, "We go anyhow."

Then the camp was very hastily dismantled, the boat hurriedly loaded and away we went in the threatening weather, with the sails fairly humming as we sped along over the tossing seas with the white caps riding on every rolling ridge.

We held well down into the big "horseshoe" and had not gone more than three or four miles when the wind suddenly changed and gave emphatic evidence of a very turbulent sea.

"What are we to do now?" asked Ned when he saw the combers toppling over.

"We go to Montreal Island," answered Kenosh.

And so she was headed for it, with the dancing sea making lively work for us. It took us over an hour to reach the deeply wooded island. On landing Kenosh ran over to a long spit of sand on the inside coast line in order to see what progress the blow was making, and if it would be advisable to try and make the Montreal River. We in the meantime gathered a few branches to fight off the attacking mosquitoes. They were not at all like the nipping insects along the mainland, but regular fighters and stingers on sight. "Big were they?" Like hummingbirds, and they came in such droves that it was impossible to fight them all off. Their sting had the vigor of a wasp and the swelling from it was as large as a hickory nut. They had grown and fattened in the swamp lands of the island till they were warriors bold, and nothing could resist their sanguinary charge, which came from all sides.

"For heaven's sake," said Ned, when a swallow-headed insect or two tormented his proboscis with their sharp lances, "let us get out of here."

Kenosh at this period of Ned's suffering said he thought he could make the six-mile stretch to the river.

"We'll have to make it. Drowning is preferable to this inferno."

At this manifesto we quickly jump aboard, and in a moment the sails are taut and we are flying o'er the curling waves that roar on the rock-bound shore and crash into the dark and damp ravines of the massive walls that confronted us.

When we are well away from the lee of the island, the sea tosses and foams as if old Neptune had been chiding it for its summery indolence. It was a beam wind that sent the old Mackinac "heeling" over and we all without prompting endeavored to even up matters by sitting high up on the windward side. The wild waves made ugly surges at us and time and again was the vigorous breeze "spilled" out of the sheets.

It was ugly sailing, and to hear the moan of wind and wave as it sped along on its cruel mission drove all the sunshine out of the entire party, who only could see the bright side of the picture on the distant shore, where the trees were tossing their branches in wild delight. The boat had to be held up stiffly to the breeze to make the river, and this gave us some very damp clothes. Ned said that he liked it better than a cloud of gigantic mosquitoes, and in fact would rather swim to the mainland than remain on that insect-infested island.

When we were within a mile or two of shore we had the protection in a measure of the aspiring mountains, which tempered the breeze considerably. We, however, were driven a short distance above the mouth, but a resort to the oars soon brought us to the river and the desired camping quarters on the beach.

The boys took the boat up the river a short distance and there unloaded her. Our tent as a preventive against the little trumpeters was put up on the gravelly beach, where the breeze from the lake drove them away.

It was a bad place in a hard blow, but as the wind was fast subsiding we thought it safe for the night.

Everybody was terribly hungry, for it was now near 2 o'clock and not a bite had we taken since 6 o'clock in the morning. After our ravenous appetites were fully satisfied we had some idle hours on hand, and as an auxiliary time-killer we put our rods together to try for trout in the big river. Ned gave his rod to Kenosh, who went up to the pool, while I tried the mouth of the stream.

After careful and earnest efforts of over an hour or more the sport was abandoned, with profitless results. We have never caught any trout here and I never saw one that ever did, although there are reports of some having been taken from the river. The afterooon was a gloomy one, and before evening the lake became as smooth as a mirror. The wind even failed to stir as much as a small flutter among the leaves, and the impressive stillness of the place was such that it seemed as if the voice of God had spoken.

While we were seated at the edge of the lake, taking in the vistas of the immediate landscape, a young loon came swimming along within a few feet of us, picking up shad flies that were floating on the surface and diving occasionally, to see what tribute the bottom of the lake would add to appease its hunger. It took no notice whatever of us, and finally entered the river and ascended it, feeding as it went. It had doubtless wandered away from its parental head.

After supper foreboding clouds filled the heavens, and soon after retiring the rain fell, and to its gentle patter we fell asleep.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAN FRANCISCO BAY FISHING.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 10.—As the season for rock cod fishing has just commenced, a few words relative to the sport may be of more or less timely interest. Smelt fishing is probably the most common angling pastime of this bay, but as the fish are only caught when a school is running, and are then taken on the pot-hunter plan, they do not interest me to any extent. The rock cod, or, more properly speaking, rockfish, as they bear no semblance of a cod, furnish an entirely different form of sport, though of a very mild kind, as indeed are all field and marine sports in the vicinity of a metropolis. "Outside the heads," as it is called, that is, in and beyond the Golden Gate, on the fishing banks, a cod is taken in thirty to fifty fathoms' depth of water which weighs from 5 to 15lbs., but this is hardly a typical fishing of San Francisco Bay. On the other hand, within the bay along rocky shores and in any depth down to fifteen fathoms, a smaller fish, though precisely similar in appearance, is taken running from 2oz. to 2lbs., and it is of these latter that I am about to write.

We were Jack, Jim, Joe and Jerry; and on Saturday night we went to Tiburon, and there at a country hotel we spat upon the midnight embers, swapping fish yarns and buzzing the natives as to early season catches. Four A. M. found us in a Whitehall well out on the Raccoon Strait, headed for Angel Island. Arrived there, Joe and Jack started the fire, Jim went for water at a spring in a nearby cañon, and Jerry, unable to make himself use-



HENRY C. FORD.

ful, dropped a line off the wharf at Chinese Camp. Twenty minutes after landing on the island coffee was poured out and Jerry dropped four ½lb. rock cod on the frying pan. And, by the way, I herewith challenge any man to suggest a more soul-satisfying nectar than black coffee served in camp at 4:30 A. M. Well, breakfast over, we rowed down shore to a likely looking spot and dropped lines. A few fish were hooked during the first hour, but owing to the early time of year they were few and far between in the later hours. The standard tackle consists of a heavy cotton line, 1½lb. sinker, and three or four No. 0 3 Carlisle hooks. For diversion Jack rigged a 2oz. sinker and hooks on a light trout line, and then the fun commenced when a fish took that line and tangled it up with the others, each man having two lines down, and all in an 18ft. boat. Jack's light tackle had been down but a few minutes when there came a magnetic tap on the line, then two or three more, followed by such jerking as though telegraphing for a fire department.

"Look out for your lines, I've got a shark."

"Ha-ha-ha! Look at that sardine," said Jerry, as Jack pulled in a ½lb. rock cod. But Jack said that size didn't count, it was the tackle that made the sport, and so were we all convinced before the day was over that the lumbersome lines of the other fishers were a fraud. Several fish, and one of 1½lbs. in particular, would swim around with that 2oz. sinker and mix up our eight lines in direful confusion. At last, getting no more nibbles, we had lunch on the beach, and at noontime steered homeward with very few fish, but enough of healthy recreation to satisfy us until the season was better advanced for good catches.

D. B. C.

Adirondacks.

ITHACA, N. Y.—Levi Kenney and Dr. A. H. Fowler, veteran anglers both, of this city, have returned from a few weeks' stay at Dart's Camp, in the Adirondacks, where they enjoyed some capital trout fishing. Both speak in high praise of the fighting qualities of the trout found in the vicinity of the above-named camp.

Jno. H. Selkreg, another veteran, has lately returned from a successful trip to Redwoods. "And such fishing," saith John. "Ah, well, life has few finer things."

M. CHILL.

Lake Winnebago Bass.

OSHKOSH, Wis., Aug. 14.—The *Times* of to-day reports: "On Wednesday a party composed of Adolph Mehlmann, H. Lindner, Otto Noss, Robert Voss, Will Wilkinson, and several others, chartered the steam yacht Cora and went to the east shore of Lake Winnebago, where they spent the day fishing. One hundred and thirty black bass, weighing about 400lbs., were caught, besides a number of pike and other varieties. About 200 sheepshead were taken and thrown away."

TARPON ON THE FLORIDA EAST COAST.

PENNSYLVANIA, Aug. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I cut the inclosed dispatch from a copy of one of our daily papers: "St. Lucie, Fla., Aug. 18.—The largest tarpon ever caught at St. Lucie was landed last evening by Senator Quay, of Pennsylvania. It weighed 263lbs. After an exciting struggle, in which the craft was nearly swamped, the Senator landed his fish safely in the boat. While struggling with the fish Senator Quay was struck on the leg below the knee, but was not seriously hurt. The boatman also had a narrow escape."

So many tarpon and such large ones are caught nowadays that this particular one might not be worth special comment save for the way in which it was caught and the place. The catching of tarpon on the east coast of Florida is an altogether different affair from catching them on the west coast or at Aransas Pass. The fish are only caught in the inlets of the Indian River. That at St. Lucie has a fringe of breakers extending entirely across its mouth. The open water within the inlet is not of very large extent, as it is soon divided up into numerous cuts among the mangrove tracts. There is therefore no chance for the tarpon to drag the boat after being hooked. On the contrary, the boat must be securely anchored. The fish do not swallow the bait either, and must be securely hooked in the mouth to hold them against the great strain that ensues as soon as the fight is fairly on. It takes usually a good many trials before a fish is finally "hung," for the lips are soft and the hook easily tears out, while the roof of the mouth is very hard and bony, and it is difficult to imbed a hook firmly in it. Sharks too abound, and you will usually catch half a dozen sharks to one tarpon. The fish are scarce at any time at St. Lucie, but you can easily see that to catch, land and kill a tarpon weighing 263lbs. from a small anchored boat is a feat of which any fisherman can be justly proud. A 30ft. cotton line is used for snell, as it stands the wear and tear better than metal links.

I had rather an amusing incident with a shark while down there fishing. We were on the beach and there were plenty of sharks in sight, but the beach was very shallow and it was difficult to throw the big iron hook with half a sheepshead on it far enough out for the shark to reach, and when they did get it they did not take hold very well. I finally left my friend K. and Gorsie, the boatman, casting for shark, while I went a little further along to try for channel bass, when I heard a shout from the others. They had at length secured a fish and were hauling him up on the beach. They had got him perhaps halfway up from where the waves ended to where the thin water came when the hook pulled out of his mouth. K. started at once for my Marlin .38, which I had left on the beach about 200ft. on the other side of them from where I was. The shark in the meantime finding itself free swung round and made for the water. This was too much for Gorsie. He could not stand by and see that fish that had cost him so much trouble to get, escape in that fashion, so he rushed after it, grabbed it by its thick tail and commenced pulling it back up the beach. I shouted with laughter at this novel mode of shark fishing. K. stopped to see how Gorsie would make out. The shark finding himself thus attacked in his rear swung round to meet his new assailant. Gorsie prudently dropped his tail and beat a retreat. K. started once more for the rifle. Then the shark started seaward once more, and once more Gorsie's courage rose, and he grabbed him by the tail, determined to have that shark or perish in the attempt. I encouraged both combatants impartially. Go it, Gorsie! Go it, shark! But Gorsie won; he succeeded in dragging the shark upon dry sand, and K. sent a bullet through its head. It was about 6ft. long, and weighed, we judged, about 150lbs. We caught another that afternoon, a female, and on cutting her open found five young sharks, all attached to her by the umbilical cord, so that settled the question of sharks spawning, about which there was quite a question down there.

J. H. FISHER.

NEW JERSEY COAST FISHING.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Aug. 21.—There is a marked improvement in surf fishing along the entire ocean front. From all points there is encouraging news, so that once again the surf tackle is brought into play. Kingfish are being taken pretty freely, and an occasional weakfish to enliven the sport. When the surf will admit, parties go out in what are locally termed bank skiffs—full, round bottom boats, and hard to capsize—in quest of bluefish. I wonder how many FOREST AND STREAM readers have ever taken bluefish with rod and reel, either churning or trolling from a boat in the open sea. They are difficult enough to handle when standing on *terra firma*, but when in a pitching boat the matter assumes a different form entirely—especially when they are of the 7 to 10lb. variety.

We of the Middle States know nothing of the glorious powers of the salmon or the speed of the muscalonge, but we do have battles royal with the striped bass and bluefish. I am strongly of the opinion that were the bluefish to be had under the same conditions as the salmon he would soon prove a strong rival in point of piscatorial favor; but the conditions under which he is only to be had make the use of light tackle an impossibility; besides, he could never be taken on gut leaders—his terrific strike precludes that possibility; so we are content to fight it out with him with heavy casting tackle, and consider ourselves fortunate if we are best man at the finish.

Thanks to the splendid activity of the fish wardens, Barnegat Bay is having a protection never before experienced. Last week two more of the rash spirits were arrested and fined and their nets and boats confiscated for seine fishing. In consequence of this protection, as I have before written, the bay is literally swarming with fish life. Within the past few years there has been a literal reversal of opinion in relation to the edible qualities of the bonito. I have seen in years past tons of them used for compost, whereas now they are highly esteemed and justly so; large quantities of them are now sold in the city markets for Spanish mackerel, which fish they somewhat resemble; and they may easily be foisted upon a person not well posted; and it is perhaps but just to say that the imposition is not a serious one, as there is but little difference in their respective table qualities. As a fish for the angler they are superb when it is possible to reach them, as they are always taken either in the open sea or in the inlets of our large bays. Their feeding habits are identical with those of the bluefish, and their voracity is as great. There is perhaps no fish capable of

greater speed or more determined resistance when hooked; their contour and fin equipment suggest at a glance the idea that speed is one of their qualifications. Taking it altogether the bonito is a fish with a future for the table and for the angler. LEONARD HULIT.

BARNEGAT INLET, N. J., Aug. 24.—The fishing in our locality is almost unprecedented, large catches being reported from all points along the bay. The night fishing being especially fine, from 150 to 200 bluefish to a boat being a common occurrence.

Last Monday Messrs. Brouwer and Bunnell, of Forked River, caught nearly 1,000lbs. of large bluefish by using the squid from the shore on North Point of Beach.

All captains unite in saying the run of bluefish at present is the greatest of the season, nearly every boat having fine sport.

Large catches of weakfish, kingfish and sea bass are reported in the vicinity of the inlet.

An event which will interest sportsmen who visit Barnegat Bay during the gunning season is the opening of the Great Sedge Islands for the accommodation of sportsmen. Previously this was the private shooting and fishing property of Dr. L. W. Warner, of New York. It has been leased by two New York gentlemen, who will conduct it as a first-class gunning and fishing resort. In 1895 large quantities of geese, brant and ducks were killed from its shooting points.

The prospect for wildfowl for the fall of 1896 was never better, owing to the extraordinary growth of wild duck grass and other food. The law permits gunning for wildfowl Sept. 15. SEA DOG.

Salt-Water Fishing Near New York.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Aug. 24.—Bluefishing in the vicinity of New York is practically at a standstill. Not a bluefish has been caught by the Sheepshead Bay or Canarsie boats during the past week. Two weeks ago bluefishing was at its best, but the fish have suddenly disappeared and refuse positively to be caught.

Because of this state of affairs the captains of the fishing boats have confined themselves to fluke fishing, with only fair success. Capt. Bob Greenwood, of Sheepshead Bay, and a party on board the Annie C. brought in fifty-six fluke last Monday and a smaller mess the following Sunday. Nat Wilson, sailing the Pacific, had eighty on Sunday, and on the same day Capt. Will Cowdrick, of the Cricket, and his party captured seventy-six, one of which weighed fully 10lbs., so the captain avers. These fish are caught by drifting in the vicinity of Sandy Hook.

A rumor to the effect that a large number of the small bluefish, weighing 2 to 3lbs , and commonly called snappers, had been captured off Manhattan Beach went the rounds of Sheepshead Bay last week. On the strength of this report Will Fox and myself spent last Saturday chumming for them from Will's speedy little Hope. We neither saw nor caught a fish of any kind, although we covered all the ground possible for a fast boat to cover.

The smaller snappers, which are caught in the bays and creeks, have not come in yet. Everybody is anxiously awaiting their arrival.

Sand porgies, usually so numerous in the month of August as to be considered a nuisance, are not caught in large numbers this year.

To sum up, salt-water fishing in this vicinity is about as bad as it ever has been, and old fishermen attribute this condition to the stormy weather of the past month.

G. F. DIEHL.

Susquehanna Notes.

THURSDAY, Aug. 13, we called on the genial corresponding secretary, James A. Dale, of the Pennsylvania State Fish Commission, at York, Pa., and from him learned of the serious illness of the late Henry C. Ford, president of the Commission. Mr. Ford, for a number of years the head and to a considerable extent the soul of the Pennsylvania Commission, served the State well; his loss will be deeply felt and his place will be hard to fill. Under him in fishcultural matters the State has taken first rank; to him angling was the chief of recreations, and the fraternity has lost one of its most honored members.

The bass fishing in the Susquehanna had been fair before the July run of bad water, and during the week ending Aug. 15 the fish were biting all along the river.

There is usually very good trolling for pike perch (salmon) in deep water from October to Christmas, even when the slush ice is running. Complaints have been made of salmon being caught in fish pots in the lower part of the river. Favorite resorts are found along the river from Bainbridge to Fites Eddy. At the latter place Capt. Dannar looks out for the fishing, welfare and comfort of many guests. BART.

Bass Near Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Aug. 24.—I have just returned from a very pleasant ten days' fishing trip at Blackwood Lake, Blackwood, N. J., where I found black bass, pike, large catfish and perch abound. Was out fishing every day, and landed all the fish that were wanted for our table. The largest bass caught was 4½lbs.

The last half day I succeeded in landing one bass 3½lbs., one 2½lbs., and one 1lb., which was returned to the water; also twenty-eight large catfish and one yellow Ned. Not so bad for a half day's sport.

The lake is a very fine body of water close to our city and only about 100yds. from Blackwood Station. There are also boats to hire at a nominal price, and live bait is furnished by Mr. E. L. Wilcox. Any one wanting a day's outing and pleasure could not do better than go there and cast his luck. V. V. D.

The Giant and the Beetle.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish to thank Mr. Stewart for his correction of my misquotation. It came from pure carelessness in not looking the matter up, for a volume of Shakespeare is always on my desk to be picked up at an odd minute, opened and read at any accidental page, and when Mr. Stewart's note was read I opened the volume at Measure for Measure, and read Isabella's words in Act III., Scene 1. Of course one can't tell why he did such a thing. I knew where that quotation could be found, and will try not to offend in this manner again.

FRED MATHER.

Round Mountain Lake.

BOSTON, Aug. 17.—There is still some fly-fishing for trout in the more distant and less frequented lakes and ponds in Maine. Mr. L. M. Crane is back from Round Mountain Lake, and though going with many misgivings and expectations of "no luck at all," he is most happily disappointed. He says that they caught trout, with the fly only, nearly every morning and evening; taking all the camp could possibly use. The trout are small, to be sure, from ¼lb. to 1½lbs., but he says that the lake is full of them. On his way home, leaving his son and wife at the camps, he met Dr. Creardo, with his son, at Rangeley. They were hunting for a spot where they could take trout on the fly with some sort of success. Round Mountain Lake was recommended by Mr. Crane and they went there. A letter Thursday from the younger Mr. Crane says that they are having great fishing. The Doctor is much pleased and is taking all the trout he cares to catch. They fish mornings and evenings and take thirty or forty at a trip, the smaller of which are returned to the lake, all, in fact, that are not wanted for the camp table. They also speak in high terms of the fare they get at the camps. SPECIAL.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Kingston Kennel Club's bench show. H. C. Bates, Cor. Sec'y, Kingston, Ont.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Rhode Island State Fair Association's fourth annual show, Providence, R. I.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Toronto Exhibition Association's eighth annual show, Toronto, Can. C. A. Stone, Sec'y of bench show.

Sept. 8 to 11.—Binghampton Industrial Exhibition's sixth annual bench show. C. H. Barrett, Supt.

Sept. 14 to 17.—Montreal Kennel Association's bench show, Montreal. G. Lanigan, Sec'y.

Sept. 15-18.—Orange County bench show, Newburgh, N. Y. Robt. Johnston, Sec'y.

Sept. 22 to 24.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual dog show, Milwaukee. Louis Steffen, Sec'y.

Sept. 22 to 25.—Queens County Agricultural Society's bench show, Mineola, L. I. J. Mortimer, Manager, Hempstead, L. I.

Sept. 23 to 26.—Stockton Fair Association's bench show, Stockton, Cal. D. J. Sinclair, Sec'y.

Oct. 6 to 8.—Danbury Agricultural Society's show, Danbury, Conn. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y.

Dec. 1 to 4.—City of the Straits Kennel Club's local show, Detroit, Mich. R. H. Roberts, Sec'y.

Dec. 8 to 11.—Augusta, Ga.—Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association. J. W. Killingsworth, Sec'y.

Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS

Sept. —.—Winnipeg, Man.—Manitoba Dog Owners' Association's inaugural trials for amateurs, R. J. Gallaugher, Sec'y.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou, Man.

Sept. 7.—Kennedy, Minn.—Continental Field Trial Club's chicken trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Oct. 19.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual hound trials, Barre, Mass. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y, Roxbury, Mass.

Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.

Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.

Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.

Nov. 2.—Union Field Trial Club's inaugural trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind

Nov. 10.—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.

Nov. 10.—Leamington, Ont.—Peninsular Field Trial Club, Leamington, Ont.

Nov. 10.—Greene County, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's trials. L. O. Seidel, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—National Fox Hunting Association's third annual trials, Bardstown, Ky. F. J. Hagan, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.

Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y, Huntsville, Ala.

COURSING.

Sept. 22.—Cheyenne Valley Coursing Club's meeting, Sheldon, S. D, Dr. J. P. Aylen, Pres.

Sept. 29.—Aberdeen Coursing Club's annual meeting, Aberdeen, S. D. Dr. F. W. Haragan, Sec'y.

Oct. 6.—Mitchell Coursing Club's meeting, Mitchell, S. D. H. G. Nichols, Sec'y.

Oct. 21.—Altcar Coursing Club's meeting, Great Bend, Kan. T. W. Bartels, Sec'y.

Oct. 28.—Kenmore Coursing Club's annual meeting, Herrington, Kan. C. A. Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 13.—American Coursing Club's annual meeting, Huron, S. D F. B. Coyne, Sec'y.

1897.

Jan. —.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Jan. 18.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

THE HAULING DOG IN CANADA.

[*Concluded from page 152.*]

THE hauling dog is not confined to barbarism or semi-civilization. He is used as a draft animal in many places, but in the vicinity of Quebec he is an institution, although of late years he is not so commonly used. In my young days, children drove dogs as they now drive a pony or a goat, but somewhere about 1860 a law was passed prohibiting the driving of dogs in the streets of the city and it was confined to the suburbs, especially in that of St. Sauveur. Large mongrels were bred and it is really wonderful what loads they could draw. The Newfoundland was the favorite owing to its size and weight, but when mastiffs or St. Bernards came in it was found that by crossing them with greyhounds a fine hauling dog was the result, especially when it retained the short hair of the greyhound, as, in such case, it was better for the deep snow in winter. There was one dog, a cross between a mastiff and a brindled greyhound, which retained the color and shape of the latter, but on a more massive scale, which had quite a record for its hauling powers.

These dogs, whose harness is made like that of a pony, minus the bridle, and which are driven in shafts, are used for hauling wood and water; beggars use them to drive to their stations. At the present moment there is a cripple at the Island of Orleans who has a fine pair of Newfoundland dogs which he harnesses either abreast or tandem to a cart, and drives down to the park where he begs.

This custom of driving dogs seems to have been followed in this country from the first settlement of the colony, and no doubt came from France, in the northern section of which, as in Belgium, dogs are still used as draft animals. The Swedish naturalist Kalm, who came to Canada in 1749 and published a very interesting account of his travels in North America, which has been translated into English, has the following on the subject:

"In many places here they use their dogs to fetch water out of the river. I saw two great dogs to-day put before a little cart, one before the other. They had neat harness like horses and bits in their mouths. In the cart was a barrel. The dogs are directed by a boy who runs behind the cart, and as soon as they come to the river they jump in of their own accord. When the barrel is filled the dogs draw their burden up the hill again to the house they belong to. I have frequently seen dogs employed in this manner during my stay at Quebec. Sometimes they put one dog before the water carts, which are made small on purpose. The dogs are not very great, hardly of the size of our common farmers' dogs. I have seen them fetch not only water, but likewise wood and other things. In winter it is customary in Canada for travelers to put dogs before little sledges, made on purpose to hold their clothes, provisions, etc. Poor people commonly employ them on their winter journeys and go on foot themselves. Almost all the wood which the poorer people in this country fetch out of the woods in winter is carried by dogs, which have therefore got the name of horses of the poor people. They commonly place a pair of dogs before each load of wood. I have likewise seen some neat little sledges for ladies to ride in in winter, which are drawn by a pair of dogs, and go faster on a good road than one would think they could. A middle-sized dog is sufficient to draw a single person when the roads are good. I have been told by old people that in their youth horses were very scarce here, and almost all the land carriage was then effected by dogs. Several Frenchmen, who have been among the Esquimaux on Terra Labrador, have assured me that they not only make use of dogs for drawing drays with their provisions and other necessaries, but are likewise drawn themselves in little sledges."

The Indians at Lorette, the last remnant of the great Huron nation, and who are in much demand as guides for fishing and hunting, for they are expert canoemen and hunters, and understand English, use dogs to haul water from the river and firewood from their reserve. These same dogs are used to haul tents and hunting equipment on winter hunting expeditions, as one of these dogs, following on the track beaten by snowshoes, will haul more than a man can carry and of course it is much easier for the man.

A friend of mine, whose rifle has brought down many a moose and caribou, and who has landed many a fine salmon, once became the happy owner of a Newfoundland dog called Rover, which was a splendid hauler and which he always took with him to haul his own personal baggage. Once when proceeding on a hunting expedition north of Quebec with Lorette Indian guides he was accompanied by Rover, while the Indians had two other dogs. On their way they had to stop at one of the camps or log-houses erected by the Quebec Government at certain distances along the colonization road used by settlers proceeding to Lake St. John before the railway was built. Now the keeper of the post, where my friend and party had to pass the night, owned a huge cross-eyed yellow dog which had a great reputation far and wide. He was supposed to be able not only to whip his weight in wild cats, but also to beat any number of dogs as well. There was a certain amount of anxiety among the party as to what would be the result of their dogs coming into contact with the yellow dog, and the Indians especially were uneasy, for if a dog was disabled it meant so much more for his master to carry. When they arrived the canine terror happened to be away, so there was a little respite, but just as the dogs were about to partake of their meal of shorts, oatmeal and biscuit with some of the pea soup, he turned up and announced his intention of having a meal at their expense. The Indian dogs at once recognized his superiority, but Rover was too hungry to lose his dinner, so he made up his mind to fight for it, and although generally a peaceful animal, he completely conquered the other dog, which acknowledged him as his master. The night was cold and my friend took Rover to bed with him on the top bunk. Early in the morning he awoke, and looking down he saw the Indians with their dogs lying on the floor, besides some settlers, also with dogs, as there were not enough bunks for all. My friend, who is a prominent member of the legal profession and professionally as serious as a judge, is a regular schoolboy when out on an expedition of this kind, and his spirit of mischief inspired him with the idea of having some fun. Seizing Rover, he threw him on the floor on top of the sleeping men and dogs, and in an instant there was the biggest of dog fights on hand, in which dogs, Indians and settlers were all mixed up, and the air was blue with polyglot profanity, while Rover's master was choking with laughter under his blankets. After a while order was restored, the dogs were separated, and their owners, who had been drawn into the scrimmage, were repairing damages, and anxious to find out how the row had begun. No one seemed to suspect except the head guide, who knew my friend's propensity of old, but was too loyal to betray him.

I used to drive a dog myself harnessed to a little sleigh with miniature sleigh robes, silver bells, etc., when I was eight or ten years old, but I have had only one experience of driving a dog in the woods and I do not like it. My friend above mentioned, two others and myself, with Indian guides, were going into the bush for a fortnight's caribou hunting and we had two dogs with us, one being driven by the cook and the other by one of the guides. After walking for some time, as we got near the lake on which we were to camp, the head guide went ahead to reconnoiter and soon returned, saying that there were caribou on the ice. Of course all wanted to go, but that was impossible, because, as all the guides were wanted, some one had to remain with the cook to drive the other dog, for the day was getting on and if we did not hurry we would have to camp in the dark, an unpleasant job at any time, but especially in a snowstorm such as was then raging and which is ideal weather for caribou hunting, as it is easier to stalk them then. The lot fell to me, so I made the best of a bad bargain; for, in addition to driving the dog, I had to carry my own pack, which was not heavy, but still confined my shoulders by the pack strap. The cook was ahead with his dog Boule (pronounced Bool, a French variation of Bull; nearly every big dog here is called Boule by the French-Canadians) and my dog fol-

lowed pretty well for a while. He evidently soon found out that dog-driving was not in my line, for he sat down very often and looked at me. I coaxed him and, I am sorry to say, swore at him in English and French and, not knowing Huron, I called him "bad dog" in Latin and Greek; but it was of no use. Finally he lay down just as we were going around a hill about 10 or 12ft. above the level. At last, out of patience, I placed the muzzle of my rifle against the back of the sleigh and pushed with my shoulder against the butt of the piece. The result exceeded my expectations, for the dog made a spring forward, I lost my balance and fell over the side of the hill head first into a snowdrift, from which I could not extricate myself owing to my pack being twisted round my neck. Fortunately the cook, not seeing me behind him, came to look for me and got me out all right, but with any amount of snow down my back, which was far from comfortable. The cook then talked to the dog; I don't know what he said, but it evidently produced an impression, for I walked in front of the two dogs, while the cook followed behind the last, and we got on very well.

CRAWFORD LINDSAY.

A. K. C. Advisory Committee.

AT the meeting of the advisory committee held at 55 Liberty street, New York, in August, Vice-President Edward Brooks in the chair, there were present: Messrs. E. M. Oldham, A. C. Wilmerding, J. Watson, F. S. Webster, H. F. Schellhass. Absent: A. Belmont, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.

The following business was acted upon: A. K. C. vs. H. M. Griffin, in the matter of charges by him of unfairness on the part of the A. K. C. in respect to a pedigree. On Mr. Griffin's expression of regret the charges were dismissed.

Seattle Club vs. L. J. Birdsall, the latter an exhibitor at the Seattle Club's late show, who removed two of his dogs from said show without the consent of the officials. Under Rule XVII. Mr. Birdsall was disqualified for one year.

A. K. C. vs. City of the Straits Kennel Club. The club chose suspension of sixty days instead of a fine of $25, said suspension to begin June 21, 1896.

A. K. C. vs. John Moorhead, Jr., *re* appeal from suspension. The appeal states that he is an officer of the Bull Terrier Club of America, but took no part in the proceedings of said club in its resolutions attacking certain A. K. C. delegates, and was in ignorance of what was done at said meeting or what was said by the A. K. C. as to the course then taken. He plead innocence of all breach of rules or ungentlemanly conduct, and therefore asked for reinstatement. Appeal refused, as it was clearly the duty of said officers to have called a meeting of the Bull Terrier Club, for the purpose of taking some action in the matter; and therefore the suspension must continue until such time as they have shown a disposition to conform to the demands of the A. K. C., either collectively or individually.

In the matter of the A. K. C. vs. Pacific Kennel Club, *re* violation of Rule XII., the deposit of $25 made by the club was declared forfeited.

St. Louis Kennel Club vs. Fred Kirby, who was charged with fraudulently substituting one dog for another, the charge was dismissed.

Pacific Advisory Committee *re* Rules of Procedure the matter was referred to the committee on constitution and rules to put into form. The committee recommended that a provision be made in the A. K. C. constitution for the recognition in it of the Pacific advisory committee.

The following named clubs were admitted to membership: American Bedlington Terrier Club, Baltimore Kennel Association, Central Beagle Club, Erie County Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Poodle Club of America, Queens County Agricultural Society.

The following names and prefixes were granted: Blackhawk, Mr. Frank Sturges *et al;* Bonnie, C. A. Sumner; Nubian, A. T. Knowlson *et al;* Oregon, Thos. Howe; Smallwood, J. A. Caldwell; Thornelo, A. L. Laukota; Windermere, Misses Lee and De Koppet; Windelblough, A. S. and E. W. Allen.

National Beagle Club of America.

A FIELD trial committee meeting of the National Beagle Club of America was held at the rooms of the American Kennel Club, 55 Liberty street, Wednesday, Aug. 19. The members present were Messrs. J. W. Appleton, chairman; Hermann F. Schellhass, George B. Post, Jr., John Bateman and George W. Rogers. The committee on grounds selected Hempstead, L. I., where the club will hold their seventh annual field trials, on the property owned by Mr. Joshua Barnum and Mr. Thomas H. Terry. Messrs. Bradford S. Turpin, of Roxbury, Mass., and Charles Quynn, of Frederick, Md., will officiate as judges.

The committee on premium list and classes submitted the following, which were accepted:

Open Class A.—For dogs and bitches, all ages, 15in. and under, that have not been placed first in any open class at any recognized field trials held in America.

Open Class B.—For dogs and bitches, all ages, 13in. and under, that have not been placed first in any open class at any recognized field trials held in America.

Derby Class C.—For dogs and bitches, 15in. and under, whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1895.

Class D.—Futurity Stakes. For dogs and bitches 15in. and under, whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1895.

Champion Class E.—For dogs and bitches, all ages, 15in. and under, having been placed first in any open class, except Derby and Futurity stakes, at any recognized field trials held in America.

Champion Class F.—For dogs and bitches, all ages, 13in. and under, having been placed first in any open class, except Derby and Futurity stakes, at any recognized field trials held in America.

Class G.—Brace stakes. For dogs and bitches, 15in. or under, the *bona fide* property of party making entry at time of entering and starting class.

Class H.—Pack stakes. For four dogs and bitches, 15in. or under, the *bona fide* property of party making entry at time of entering and starting class.

The conditions are: Class A.—Entries close Oct. 5; fee to start, $10, of which amount $4 forfeit must accompany entry and balance be paid prior to starting the class. First prize, $45; second prize, $30; third prize, $20; fourth prize, $10.

Class B.—Entries close Oct. 5; fee to start, $7, of which $3 forfeit must accompany entry and the balance be paid prior to starting class. First prize, $25; second prize, $15.

Class C.—Entries close Oct. 5; fee to start, $5, of which $2 forfeit must accompany entry and balance to be paid prior to starting class. First prize, $20; second prize, $10.

Class D—Futurity Stakes.—Entries close March 15; total fee to start, $10, payable as stated in conditions of stake. First prize, 40 per cent.; second prize, 25 per cent.; third prize, 15 per cent.; to breeder of winner, 10 per cent.

Class E.—Entries close immediately before starting of class; fee to start, $10, which must be paid in full before class is started. First prize, 60 per cent.; second prize, 30 per cent.

Class F.—Same conditions as Class E.

Class G.—Entries close immediately before starting the class. Total fee to start, $5. First prize, 60 per cent.; second prize, 30 per cent.

Class H.—Same conditions as Class G.

NOTE.—It shall be understood and agreed that no class shall be started unless two or more entries are made and filled. In event of any class being declared off money will be refunded.

In addition to regular prizes, the club will present a rosette or silk ribbon, properly inscribed, to the owner of each prize-winning dog.

Trials will begin on Oct. 26 and continue until all classes have been run off.

GEO. W. ROGERS, Sec'y.

Queens County Agricultural Society.

SECRETARY MORTIMER writes us that the following additional specials are offered: $5 from H. H. Hunnewell, Jr., for the best curly poodle in the open classes. The Gordon Setter Club of America offers $5 each for the best Gordon setter dog and bitch in open classes, competition open to members of the club only. The Bedlington Terrier Club has donated $10 for the breed, but has not as yet sent the conditions to govern the award. The American Dachshund Club offers the Venlo challenge cup, value $100, for the best dachshund the property of a member of the club. Also the Klein breeders' trophy, value $50, for the best dachshund puppy bred and exhibited by a member. These prizes have to be won three times before becoming the absolute property of the winner, but the club will donate a very handsome certificate to each winner in commemoration of the event. The Dachshund Club also offers $5 each for the best American-bred dog and bitch. The Bulldog Club of America offers a silver club medal for the best American-bred bulldog, the property of a member.

The society have adopted the American Spaniel Club's classification No. 3, with additional classes for Irish water, Clumber and cocker spaniels, and in accordance with it have made an extra class, to be known as Class 47½, for challenge spaniels, all breeds, over 28lbs., dogs and bitches. They have also open a challenge class for Black and Tan terrier bitches, to be known as Class 108½. A novice class will be opened for any breed providing there be not less than three entries. This also applies to puppy classes, as already published on page 13 of the premium list.

The English Bloodhound Club of America offers a gold medal for the best bloodhound in the show owned and exhibited by a member of the club. The Bull Dog Club of America has added another silver club medal, so that there will be a silver medal each for the best American-bred bull dog of either sex.

The Poodle Club of America offers two silver cups, one each for the best French (curly-coated) poodle dog and bitch in the open classes.

The American Spaniel Club offers the "Bell Paintings" for the best brace of cocker spaniels under one year; to be won four times; open to members of the Spaniel Club only. Also $5 for the best brace of spaniels over 28lbs., and $5 for the best brace of cocker spaniels.

JAS. MORTIMER, Sec'y and Supt.

Manitoba Field Trials Club.

MANITOU, Man., Aug. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you the following list of entries for the club's All-Aged Stake. I am sorry it is not longer, and thankful for what we have received. I think we can depend on about twelve starters, which will make good trials. Last year with fifty-two entries we only had sixteen starters. Amateur stake has no entries.

All-Aged Stake.

Thirteen English setters, two pointers:

ENGLISH SETTERS.

Paul Gotzian's Lawrence.
Del Monte Kennels' Sam T.
G. B. Borradaile's Dodo III.
W. F. Ellis's Colombus.
W. F. Ellis's Jekyl.
E. McKenney's Val-Lit.
Norvin T. Harris's Tony Boy.
D. E. Rose's (agt.) Domino.
D. E. Rose's (agt.) Greenway.
J. Simoneau's Bessie S.
Manchester Kennels' Gleam's Ruth.
A. L. Shonfield's Noble Leo.
J. Wootton's Bonnie Lit.

POINTERS.

N. T. De Pauw's Sister Sue.
T. T. Ashford's Von Gull.

JOHN WOOTTON.

Toronto Show.

TORONTO, Aug. 21.—The prospects were never so bright for the coming International Dog Show of the Industrial Exhibition, to be held at the city of Toronto, Sept. 7 to 11.

Secretary Stone is receiving applications for prize lists from all over the United States and Canada, some of them as far South as Baltimore, and West as Des Moines.

The Industrial will offer a special cash prize of $10 for the best kennel of Scottish terriers owned by one exhibitor or kennel. Word has been received that E. W. Barker will bring on a large string of Siamese, Abyssinian and Australian cats. Mr. Burland will exhibit his fine Persian cats, but not for competition, one of which cost $1,000 to import. The Cat Show will be held in the same building as the dogs, the upper portion of the building being devoted to the cats.

A special prize of $10 cash will be offered for the best kennel of toy spaniels.

Mr. Watson's letters to the FOREST AND STREAM and the *American Field* differ somewhat. In the *Field* he states that the Collie Club only offered two medals at Toronto, and they conditionally, while in the FOREST AND STREAM he states that two were given for members, and one conditionally; while his letters in my hands distinctly state four: two for members, and two conditionally.

C. H. STONE, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Mr. A. P. Fish, secretary bench show department of the Binghamton show, under date of Aug. 19 writes us that John Brett, Closter, N. J., will judge the following classes: St. Bernards, mastiffs, Great Danes, Russian wolfhounds, all setters, Irish water and Clumber spaniels, collies, Old English sheep dogs, poodles, bull dogs, bull and Boston terriers, dachshunde, beagles, Basset hounds, fox, Irish and Black and Tan terriers, White English, Bedlington and toy terriers other than Yorkshire, King Charles, Blenheim, ruby and Japanese spaniels, pugs, schipperkes and Italian greyhounds.

J. Otis Fellows will judge all other classes. He mentions also that the prospects are very encouraging for a large entry and a good show.

The judges at the Newburgh Dog Show will be George Thomas, Salem, Mass.; John Brett, Closter, N. J.; R. K. Armstrong, Highland Falls, N. Y.; Charles Purroy, New York.

It is of special importance to exhibitors who will show at the forthcoming fall shows that they bear in mind that the strictest observance of the rules governing entries be observed, if the exhibitors wish to avoid trouble with the A. K. C. Entries made by agents should be made with great care, so as to avoid infringing the rules, as has been done frequently in times past.

The premium list of the bench show of the Binghamton Industrial Exposition can be obtained of the secretary, Mr. A. P. Fish. Entrance fee $1.50. All entrance fees to be pooled; 50 per cent. to winners of first, 25 per cent. to second.

The noted trainer, Mr. Wm. Tallman, of No. 101 West Fifty-fifth street, New York, will spend the fall and winter in North Carolina. He desires a few more dogs to train.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

NOTES OF AN AFTERNOON.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—The other afternoon at 3 o'clock I left my home in the upper part of New York city, on my wheel, and after a short ride reached the old Fort Lee ferry from West 130th street. There were a number of other wheelmen there waiting for the boat to arrive, and among them one who interested me particularly because he had a rifle strapped to his bicycle. His method of carrying it was extremely simple. The gun was in its canvas cover, which was provided with the usual shoulder strap. This strap the wheelman had thrown over the seat and handle bar posts, and drawn it tight, and the job was done.

The gun hung upside down just below and parallel to the upper tube, and did not oblige the rider to straddle uncomfortably when he got on his wheel. The canvas cover prevented its scratching the enamel, and by unfastening a single buckle the gun could be drawn from the case ready for instant service.

After crossing the ferry I lost sight of the man with the gun. No doubt he was on the lookout for some secluded spot to test its shooting qualities or adjust the sights; or possibly he was going over to the Hackensack marshes to try conclusions with the hawks and crows. In any case the bicycle provided him with an admirable means of transportation, and had the effect of bringing a sparsely settled country, where it was possible to use a rifle, within easy distance of the swarming center of three million human beings.

Following up the Hudson by the road against whose lower stones lap the waters of the river, I passed a canoe encampment, and near by turned bottom side up were a number of seine boats, 30ft. long, used by the shad fishermen in the spring.

A good percentage of the people who live along the road from the ferry to Fort Lee hill seem to be fishermen, and, though New York is only a mile away, the place has the primitive atmosphere of all such communities. The bicycle, however, is fast bringing in a new element, and the refreshment booths from Fort Lee, which are overlapping on this road, bid fair soon to transplant the Bowery there.

The Fort Lee hill is a bad one to climb on a bicycle. It is 300ft. high and attains this elevation in about half a mile by the road. This road climbs up the valley, where a stream once tore its way down through the rocky embrace of the lower Palisades, and in places its grades are steep enough for waterfalls, were the brook to resume its course. Some riders manage to climb the hill, but all sensible ones walk.

At the top the first road to the right runs north through woodland almost without a break for fifteen miles. It is never any great distance from the top of the Palisades, and at frequent intervals lanes run across, so that the wheelman can ride to the very edge without dismounting. About eight miles above Fort Lee the greatest elevation is attained, and there the Palisades are over 500ft. in height. The road, though bad in places in the spring, is in very good condition at present, and one may ride its whole length, and to Piermont and Nyack beyond, at a twelve-miles-an-hour gait.

About 4 o'clock, or a little over an hour after leaving New York, I turned down a leafy road running back from the river, as I wanted to get an idea as to the breadth of the belt of woodland at this point. I satisfied myself that it was more than a mile in width, and found

that it contained a considerable amount of good-sized timber, including oak and chestnut. There were no houses, and the few clearings had been made for the wood, and were growing up again with brush, making a good cover for rabbits and possibly a few birds.

While riding through one of the patches of large timber I noticed a hickory nut in the road. I dismounted and picked it up. It was of the new crop and still in its green casing, but what interested me about it was the tooth marks of a squirrel that had begun to bite off the pod. Scarcely 20ft. away stood the tree from which it had fallen, and going over to its base I parted the undergrowth and looked down. In plain sight were the chippings of several seasons—the hard nut shells cut into small fragments, as a gray always does the job—and there could be no doubt that this was a favorite locality. A little distance beyond I found an 1896 nest, and the trunk of the chestnut that bore it was liberally marked with the claws of the grays, who used it for a staircase.

Back on the main road is a picturesque old stone bridge covered with vines, which spans a little stream that tumbles down the face of the Palisades. There is big timber near by, as well as swampy land, and when I reached this spot I thought of coons. I had looked under that bridge several times before for tracks without success, but this did not deter me from trying again. So I pushed my wheel through the weeds at the side of the road and leaned it up against the vine-clad wall, and then clambered down the escarpment to the water. The heavy rain which fell twenty-four hours previously had raised the brook temporarily, and subsiding again had left a nice smooth deposit of mud on the rocks and stream bed—an unblotted page ready for the denizens of the forest to write upon.

Before I had taken all this in I saw that two autographs were recorded there. One was made by a large coon, and the other by a wheelman who had evidently come down for a drink. The wheelman's criss-crossed footprints did not interest me, but the coon's did, and I wished for a camera to reproduce them. The long slender feet, with each toe outlined like a monkey's hand, yet in general effect resembling those of a bear, and even the creases of the skin were plainly recorded in the plastic substance. There could be no forging of that signature. "Old Zip Coon," it said, "a sly old vagabond."

I ate my supper at 7 in New York. Thanks to the bicycle, the four hours at my disposal had been utilized to as good advantage as a day under other conditions. The distance traveled was about twenty miles, but only a little more than half the time was occupied in riding. I had lounged on the rocks that mark the top of the Palisades and taken my fill of the view the noble river afforded from various points of vantage; for a limited time I had become part of the woods and been privileged to see a trifle of the life of its creatures, and the experience had been sufficient to drive away the blues. What more could you ask? J. B. B.

NOTES.

THERE are times when a man who knows how to ride cannot ride, and times when a man who does not know how to ride can ride. This is one of the anomalies of the bicycle. A man who has taken a little too much liquor, even if he can walk all right, cannot manage the captious wheel; and a man (or woman either) who doesn't know the first rudiments of the thing can ride when the bicycle is a tandem.

At the Syracuse *Herald* tournament recently the bicycle made its debut in trap-shooting. One of the events in the programme was a match in which the shooter sat in the front seat of a tandem bicycle and fired at targets thrown into the air by a boy who ran ahead. Ten targets were thrown going in one direction and then the course was reversed and ten more thrown on the home stretch. The winner broke eighteen out of twenty, and strangely enough he was one of the few entries who couldn't ride a bicycle.

Most people know enough to come in when it rains, but it takes a philosopher to stop riding when tired.

It is a good thing to have a private mark on your bicycle which will serve to identify it as your property in case it is stolen. An effective way is to scrape the enamel from some inconspicuous part of the frame, such as the under side of the lower brace tube, and having coated the steel with wax to write your name or private mark on this, using for a pen some sharp-pointed implement that will scratch through to the inner surface. Pour some nitric acid over the place so that it will flow into all the markings, and the result will be the name or mark nicely etched in the steel tubing. The spot may then be reenameled or painted to conceal the mark from a possible thief, and the owner of the wheel will never be at a loss to prove his property in case of emergency.

The inner tube of a double tube tire is said to make a very good life preserver, and to be an invaluable aid to persons learning to swim. Fully inflated and wound around the body just under the arms, it will support the most inexperienced bather. Then as confidence is gained the amount of air in the tube is decreased, till finally the learner is able to dispense with its use altogether.

A great many people become welded to a certain gear, simply because it is difficult or impossible to attach any other to their wheels. If the bicycle happens to be of the type where the front sprocket wheel is detachable, it generally necessitates a new chain if the gear is altered. A change can be more easily effected in the wheels where the rear sprocket is detachable, for as the diameter of this sprocket wheel is considerably less than the other, the same chain will do for several interchangeable sprockets. Even in these bicycles, however, it is a good deal of a task to change sprockets, because with the best of them the wheel must be taken out before the sprocket can be removed.

An invention that would be of value to all bicycles is a rear sprocket made in hemispheres, which can be taken off or applied to the axle without interfering with the adjustment of the wheel.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Summer Reading.

SIR EDWARD ARNOLD in one of his recent letters says: "This world we live in is becoming sadly monotonous, as it shrinks year by year to smaller and smaller apparent dimensions under the rapid movement provided by limited passenger trains and swift ocean steamships."

That the New York Central has materially aided in this shrinking process goes without saying. In all that pertains to shortening distances and increasing comfort in travel this great railroad stands today unrivaled. Its trains are the fastest in the world and its service unsurpassed.

Its name is synonymous with progress in these and other directions as well. Too much, for instance, cannot be said of the amount and character of the literature published with reference to the beauties of its route from the tourist point of view. Under the title of the "Four Track Series" a perfect library of finely illustrated books has been issued, and included in the series are a number of handsome etchings.

These have been classified, and a copy of "The Illustrated Catalogue," descriptive of the series, will be mailed to any address on receipt of one 2-cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River R. R., Grand Central Station, New York.

"Health and Pleasure on 'America's Greatest Railroad'" is the title of No. 5 of the "Four Track Series." This is a book of 532 pages, which gives every conceivable detail of interest to tourists and summer vacationists.

Particulars are given as to routes, rates and points of interest in general from Maine to the Pacific coast, but especial attention naturally is paid to the country tributary to New York, including the historic Hudson and the Catskills, the lake region of central New York the Berkshires, the Thousand Islands, Adirondacks, etc.

The book is handsomely printed on good paper, and the illustrations, which are very numerous, are not by any means the least interesting part.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Seventeenth Annual Meet.

GRINDSTONE ISLAND—ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

ONCE more, after ten years, the A. C. A. flag floats over Grindstone Island, the hillside is white with tents and the shores are strewn with canoes and sailing gear. The island and the river are the same; ten years has been but a moment to them; the same blue skies and green waters, the same emerald islands on every hand, the same glorious sunsets from the hilltop. Outwardly the camp is much the same as of old; the row of tents in the main camp is not quite so long, but only because so many men have sought the shade and comparative quiet of the woods on the north shore; out of the seventy-five tents in the main camp, fifty are in the grove. The number of tents, with those in Squaw Point to be added, show that this is a good-sized camp, quite as large as was to be looked for in the present condition of canoeing; and these tents are large ones, accommodating two or three, instead of the smaller single tents in use a dozen years ago. The number on the register up to Sunday night was 175, or only a dozen less than were registered during the whole meet at Grindstone on the first visit in 1884. As far as numbers go, the Association has at least held its own.

The turnout of canoes is a surprise to those who have attended the last two or three meets; the shores of Eel Bay show a very good-sized fleet, and while many are open canoes, there are more racing men and canoes present than have been seen for several years.

On first sight one might almost think that he had come back to the Grindstone of old; some of the once familiar flags and totems would be missed and some new ones would be found; and a close look at the fleet would show some strange innovations in model, fitting and rig. A very few minutes in the mess tent or about the camp-fire will serve, however, to destroy the illusion that the world has moved backward or even stood still for ten years, and that a first class ticket to Clayton could carry one back to the old friends and happy times of the early meets. As Mr. Kipling very forcibly puts it, "There ar'n't no 'busses running From the Bank to Mandelay."

The present register of the Association begins with the first Grindstone meet, 1884, and a look at its opening pages shows a long record of absent friends. Out of 190 then registered, but a dozen have thus far found their way back. Will Wockerhagen, Dr. and Mrs. Pannele and Mr. Dodd, of Hartford; E. B. Edwards, J. C. Edwards, W. P. Stephens, J. N. MacKendrick, F. S. Rathbun, R. J. Wilkin, Paul Butler and E. W. Brown. Of these, Messrs. Brown and Rathbun were in camp only for a day. Sad as it is to miss so many, there is a pleasure in the thought that out of the large number who met in the close intimacy of the three years at Grindstone, comparatively few have been taken forever from the A. C. A. Among these, however, were some who, like Major Fairtlough, of the Kingston C. C., and Lloyd Thomas, of the Mohicans, were known and loved by all in camp. Besides these two are other old canoemen whose places at the camp-fire must always be vacent: Grant Van Deusen, of Rondout; E. A. Hoffman, of New York; J. F. Newman, of Brooklyn, and Carter, of Trenton; fortunately the list is not a long one. The bow of Cupid is responsible for far more defections to the A. C. A. than the sickle of Death. The jolly young bachelors who first gave the name of "Squaw Point" to the ladies' section of an A. C. A. camp in 1884 are many of them no longer bachelors, nor are they as young, as lively or as active as in the old days. That they should be here, with wives and families, goes without saying, for where is a pleasanter spot for the renewal of old friendships to be found? But unfortunately they are not here.

The general make up of the camp is much as of old, except that the headquarters tents, after being first pitched on Nob Hill, have been shifted to the site of the old Mohican camp ground; while the mess tent is off toward Squaw Point, just where the Brockville men once camped. The wharf has been rebuilt in the same place, with a small store at its head. The transportation arrangements are all that could be asked for, both from Clayton and Gananoque; a small cabin launch makes regular trips between camp and Clayton, connecting with all trains, and there is good service by other boats to Gananoque on the Canadian side. The camp can be reached nearly as quickly, conveniently and cheaply as any on Lake Champlain.

The arrangements for the camp were made by Com. Huntington and Mr. J. R. Robertson, of the camp site committee, who were on the ground early, and whose long experience in this work has enabled them to handle it to advantage. A large tent was erected for a dining hall, with a wooden kitchen attached, the mess being managed by Mr. McElveney, of Albany, who has catered for the last two meets and whose service is very satisfactory. The ladies' camp is in the old location, not entirely a satisfactory one in its distance from the main camp and wharf, and in the ground itself.

The camp opened early, a number of members coming in on the first and second days, and the meet being well under way from the very start. The representation is very different again from that of old times. Some of the strongest clubs, the Pittsburg, Rochester, Mohican, Royal Military College and Toronto have disappeared; there are a number of Rochester men in camp, but all younger men and not all belonging to the old club; Messrs. Winne and Will Wockerhagen are in camp, but practically as individuals rather than representatives of the once powerful Mohican C. C., and though several Toronto men are present there is no such a party as was here in 1884. The Vesper B. C is represented by Messrs. Butler, Gage and Ames, and the New York C. C. has, for a wonder, half a dozen men, four sailing canoes and a club badge; such a turnout as it has not sent to a meet in years. The Knickerbocker C. C., one of the largest in the old days, has now in camp Messrs. Hand, Peebles, Berry and Shire. Of the Eastern Division the Tatassit C. C is the only one to send a good delegation; the Northern Division is by no means as well represented as it should be.

The racing fleet includes but one new canoe, a very handsome craft, built by N. Gilbert for Mr. Archbald—Mab IIII. She is a racing machine of the extreme type, the main feature of the design being the long and powerful sliding seat. A change of programme has been introduced this year in sending off some of the races in the first week. On Thursday three races were called: the Jabberwock trophy, won by Az Iz, J. R. Stewart; the ladies' paddling, won by Miss Scott, and the novice paddling, won by Mr. Moser. On Friday the Champlain cup race and Orillia cup race were sailed together, both being won by Archbald. On Saturday the novice race was won by May, of the New York C. C., and the Atlantic Division cup was won by F. C. Moore. On Monday morning the club sailing race was won by Moore after a hard fight with Butler.

With the exception of an occasional brief rain, the weather has been all that could be expected at Grindstone.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

29 Winthrop, club, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
29. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
M 29. Cape Cod, open, Provincetown.
S 29. Huguenot, open, New Rochelle, L. I. Sound.
S 29. Huntington, open, Huntington, L. I. Sound.
S 29. Seawanhaka, special, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.

THE news that orders have been placed by British yachtsmen for two and possibly three racing cutters of the largest size is important at this time, when Colonia has been converted into a schooner, Defender is rusting away in inglorious idleness in New Rochelle Harbor, Vigilant and Navahoe are on the ways at City Island, and Jubilee is out of commission at Boston. In this country the 90ft. class has proved a complete failure save for the one special purpose of defending the America's Cup. As we predicted ten years ago, when Mayflower and Puritan were at the height of their fame, there are not enough yachtsmen in this country with both the means and the will to support permanently a class of 85 or 90ft. racing cutters. What was true then as applied to a yacht costing $30,000 and carrying some 7,000sq. ft. of sail is still true as applied to the latest racing machine, whose cost is $100,000 and whose sail area is upward of 13,000sq ft.

That the same class has been kept alive season after season in England, and that it is to be renewed by several new yachts for next season, is due to various causes which do not exist on this side. One of these, and a very important one, is the patronage of royalty to set the fashion; without the building and racing of Britannia by the Prince of Wales and Meteor II. by the Emperor William, the class would have fallen to pieces immediately after each international race, as has been the case on this side. Another powerful cause is the length of the racing season in British waters, with a continual round of races from May to the middle or end of August, the fleet keeping together from the first race to the last. Coupled with this is the greater depth of water available over the majority of British courses, and the amount of sea work done by the racing fleet. On this side, on the other hand, the racing is not sustained or continuous; when the owner of a large racing yacht fits her out in the spring he has no guarantee that he may not be without a competitor before the June regattas are over, and he may be certain that some of the rivals he is most anxious to meet will withdraw before the season is half at an end. On this side too, with some good deep-water courses for special great events, the regular courses of the racing clubs do not admit of the present 90-footers, and the class is useless for racing save by towing from New York to the Sandy Hook Lightship or from Marblehead out several miles to sea.

The rapidity with which the wealthier yachtsmen are going into large and costly steam craft, the vast expense, the general uselessness and the very brief racing life of the racing 90-footer, such as Defender, the history of the large single-stick class since its birth in 1885, all show beyond question the utter impossibility of making it a permanent feature of American yachting.

The question then arises, how long can this country hope to hold her superiority in the 90ft. class by building an occasional yacht to meet some emergency, while British designers and owners are able to benefit by the knowledge derived from the permanent existence and regular racing of the same class? The next season will see afloat a new racing cutter from Mr. Watson's board for the Prince of Wales, naturally an improvement on Meteor II. and the many older yachts of the class, including Britannia; a new cutter for C. D. Rose to be designed by J. M. Soper, designer of Satanita, and constructed under his direction by the firm of which he is manager; and probably an improved Ailsa, to be designed by Will Fife, Jr., for A. B. Walker, present owner of Ailsa. With two of these at least ordered in August, there is a good chance of other additions to the class before next May. With several of the old boats still in the racing, as they are likely to be, there is every indication of a strong class and good racing in 1897 in British waters.

What a different outlook is found in America. The racing this season has been confined to four classes of yachts: first, the large schooners, mainly a duel between Colonia and Emerald; second, the dozen 30-footers of the special class; third, the 15-footers, and fourth, the general fleet of sloops and catboats from 18 to 30ft. about New York and Boston While the sport has been good in the smaller classes, those of 30ft. and under, all first-class racing has practically ceased, and there is no promise of its speedy revival. By "first-class" racing we do not mean the two largest racing classes of both rigs, but all classes of cutters and schooners from the

old 40-footers upward in which new yachts are added and many races sailed each year, as was once the case in the 40ft., 53ft., 70ft. cutter classes and the 90ft. schooner class. Apart from the exigencies of Cup defense, the building of such racing yachts ceased with Wasp in 1892, Emerald in 1893 and Amorita in 1895.

If the development of American yachting is to depend on limited classes, on yachts of 15 and 30ft measurement, while British yachting supports the 90ft. class, the 54ft. b. r. class, and half a dozen smaller classes, it needs no prophet to say which will win in the end when international racing is revived, and that may be at any time, as our rivals appreciate their increasing strength and our increasing weakness.

The day has gone by when the strength of the Cup defense lay in the yacht of 80 to 90ft. waterline. Conditions have changed since the time of Mayflower and Galatea, and the guardians of the Cup cannot afford to sleep comfortably without a thought of the future. The great bar to all British challenges for the Cup—the objection to the new deed—has been swept away by Lord Dunraven. The accompanying incidents of his lordship's yachting career, unpleasant as they have been to both sides, will never stand in the way of new challenges, and one may be looked for at any time; if not this year, at least as soon as the large cutters of 1897 have been thoroughly tested and the extent of their advance over those of 1895 has been gauged.

We deem it an impossible task for America to compete with England in the permanent maintenance of the 90ft. class; in fact, we do not see now how it can be made possible to establish and maintain a much smaller class; but that is obviously the most desirable end to work for.

There is much in the fact that the leaders of American yachting, the men who have built and raced the Cup defenders of the past, the men who represent the combination of money and yachting spirit necessary to the higher ranks of racing, have this year created for their amusement a class of 30ft. waterline, with the cost limited to $3,000.

The question now is, can these men and their fellows be induced to create a new and larger class, of such size as to be suitable for international racing and the defense of the America's Cup?

Considering the deterrent causes of modern yachting, the first cost, the cost of running and racing, the rapid course of outbuilding and the natural limitations of draft, the best size of yacht for this work would be within the limit of the 70ft. racing length class, a yacht of some 65ft. l.w.l., quite as large as Queen Mab, and, with the altered form of the day, very much larger than the old 70-footers.

The creation of such a class under some restrictions, as few as possible, but calculated to give a reasonable amount of head room and accommodation, and some guarantee of a fair fighting chance for at least the second and third season to every fast boat, would give an impulse to yachting that is sorely needed just now.

The Seawanhaka Cup.

The *Yachtsman*, in its issue of Aug. 6, pays its compliments to various matters American as follows:

Although the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. small boat international challenge cup has never been taken very seriously by us or the generality of English yachtsmen, the fact of its having been won this year by a member of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. has been the means of casting a curious light upon the working of the American mind in all matters that affect the Yankee's national vanity, be the subject never so small.

First of all, it is very well known to the Seawanhaka executive that last year both Mr. Linton Hope and Mr. J. A. Brand were anxious to race this year for the cup; for, in fact, both challenged. But Mr. Duggan had the good fortune to lodge his challenge before either of these aspirants, and therefore he became the now memorable challenger of 1896. With this knowledge, however, the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. stooped to draft a challenge from some unnamed member of its own organization to the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. before the decisive race between El Heirie and Glencairn was actually finished, and to throw down this gauntlet to Mr. J. C. Almon, secretary of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. (who was at the time their guest aboard the committee steamer), the moment Glencairn had crossed the winning line. This action has characteristically been hailed with loud patriotic applause in America—and we regret to see that the Forest and Stream is content with it. But what a light it casts upon patriotism as opposed to fair play in the minds of trans-Atlantic yachting men. The cup, such as it is, is to become forever a challenge cup between the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. and the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.—that at least seems to be the logical result of this latest patriotic move. Of course it would ill become us, who abhor the idea of any future yacht racing between England and America, to draw attention to this if we consider 15-footers to be yachts. But we don't, and a glance at the illustrations given by us last week will amply bear us out in our opinion. Yet we see in the short history of the Seawanhaka cup some points that throw a wondrous tint on all American histories of the America Cup.

Mr. Brand last year protested against Ethelwynn for shipping ballast within the prohibited time before one of the races. The fact was not denied, though the protest was disallowed—we have always held that the Minima Y. C. by the letter of the law won the cup last year—but we read in the Forest and Stream that after the second race this year the two yachts were carried up on the beach in front of the boat house and carefully placed on trestles. The plan of turning on the bilge, as adopted by Ethelwynn last year, was not followed by either. This seems to indicate a feeling that Mr. Brand's protest was after all not quite so ludicrous as the club's committee affected to believe. It would, we think, be decidedly inconvenient for either the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. or the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. to give Mr. Linton Hope the choice of seven possible challengers built by him. We fancy indeed (without any intention of disparaging Mr. Duggan's energy and talent) that El Heirie would in that case have been rather more badly beaten than she was by Glencairn. Nay, more, if Mr. J. A. Brand last year had obtained the valuable concession yielded to Mr. Duggan, we should not be able to claim the cup for the Minima Y. C. on the ground of an unfairly decided, if somewhat unusual protest.

Mr. W. P. Stephens, who may be fairly called the promoter, if not the father, of the American international 15-footers, has not indeed as yet paid any attention to these matters; but no doubt that will come in time. His disappointment at Glencairn's victory is as great as his desire for the reform of type in small yachts is new born. Here we join hands with him, for he seems to have learned a lesson which has this season been drilled into our own Y. R. A. This is the moral that he draws from the loss of the Seawanhaka cup: "If there is any one cause for regret over the result, it is the technical moral that extreme power pays in this class, a conclusion reluctantly reached by the designer of Glencairn, and that will be quite as reluctantly accepted by many designers and yachtsmen. Whether this is indeed the true and only moral of the victory of Glencairn, and if so, just what deductions are to be drawn from it, is entirely too broad a question to be discussed off-hand."

The "deductions" seem to us to resolve themselves into the fact that either the Seawanhaka rule of measurement, which Thalassa used to admire so much, is faulty, or that Mr. Duggan is a better designer than Messrs. N. Herreshoff, Stephens, etc. We are inclined to adopt the former opinion, and would recommend to the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. the adoption of our Y. R. A. rule, with such modifications as may seem desirable.

If *The Yachtsman* had not shown itself capable of discussing fairly and truthfully many issues of the day, national and international, in yachting, we should be less surprised at the attitude which it has held for nearly a year, since it took up the cause of Mr. J. A. Brand. As it has had no personal representative in this country at either of the contests, its knowledge has necessarily been at second hand; it has done us the credit of reprinting many of our accounts of the races and comments thereon, and it has drawn liberally upon Mr. Brand's store of protests, complaints and grievances. The article quoted above is a typical sample of its methods throughout, in ignoring and misstating plain facts and accepting as facts statements that are not and cannot be verified. The whole tone of its comments in the present article, as in many previous ones which we have passed unnoticed, is calculated to create a feeling against American methods of sport and especially against the Seawanhaka C. Y. C.

On the first point which it takes up, the gross impropriety of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. challenging for the cup without asking the permission of other clubs, we confess that this view of the case had not struck us before. As far as Mr. Linton Hope is concerned, the club had offered to accept his challenge second to that of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. on the condition that it still held the cup; more than this it could not do. It did decline after consideration a proposal, made if we remember by Mr. Hope, for a triangular race of two challengers from different clubs against one defender, on the ground that such a contest might not settle fairly the possession of an international trophy, but outside of this it has done everything possible to give Mr. Hope a race. As to Mr. Brand, while the club has stood ready to accept a challenge from him in order, we must remind *The Yachtsman* that he has never yet challenged for 1896. All that he has done is to write an informal notice of challenge immediately after the last race in 1895, with the assurance that the formal challenge from the Minima Y. C. would follow, added to which he stated verbally to the committee and members of the club that he would not come over alone this year, but that if he could get a syndicate together to build a Spruce IIIII. he would challenge again. This is as far as the matter ever went. The Seawanhaka C. Y. C. has never received a formal challenge from the Minima Y. C. nor from Mr. Brand.

In spite of the objections of *The Yachtsman* we do not quite see yet why it was not proper for the club to challenge at once for the cup, or that in thus doing it infringed upon the laws of fair play and the rights of other possible challengers. Whatever grounds there may be for an objection to passing the notice of challenge upon the club steamer, there certainly could be no objection raised if the committee had, on reaching the club house, telegraphed to the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. at its headquarters in Montreal, thus delaying the challenge half an hour. It is unquestionable that the club had from the circumstances a great advantage over other intending challengers, but we can see nothing unfair in its availing itself of it.

The intimation that the challenge is from an unnamed member and consequently irregular is a sample of *The Yachtsman's* methods. The published conditions distinctly state that a challenge must come from a club, and not from an individual, and there is no member, named or unnamed, behind it. In this respect the challenge is perfectly regular and proper.

We were tempted several months since, in justice to ourselves, to reply to a personal attack by *The Yachtsman* in the matter of Ethelwynn's ballast, but we did not, for the reason that American yachtsmen at least have made up their minds as to the merits of the complaints of both Lord Dunraven and Mr. J. A. Brand, and are no longer interested in their discussion. As *The Yachtsman* continues to bring up this question upon every possible occasion, regardless of its ignorance of the facts, we will give for its benefit the exact details of Ethelwynn's ballasting in all the races. We do not expect that it will be able to find space for the whole of this article, but we hope, in justice to us, that it will place this portion of it before its readers, after exploiting the other side for so long.

The rights of the two competitors as regards ballast are precisely the same under the Seawanhaka as under the Y. R. A. rules; practically the only limitations are that the yacht shall not exceed the measured length, that no ballast shall be shifted during a race, and that no ballast shall be added or removed after 9 P. M. of the day preceding the race. As a matter of custom outside the rule the British challengers for the America Cup, Thistle, Valkyrie II. and Valkyrie III., have each made important changes by the addition of ballast on the off days between races, thus establishing an unimpeachable precedent. In the first trial race Ethelwynn sailed with no ballast at all, in the second she was tried with 100lbs. of lead, four pigs of 25lbs each, stowed just abaft the fore bulkhead, two on each side of the trunk, and fastened by cleats screwed to the floor timbers and sides of trunk. Both were drifting races and the yacht apparently sailed as fast with the ballast as without; as she was a long way inside of her measurement, the ballast was retained through the series of trial races.

When she came under the measurer's tape on Aug. 19, the afternoon preceding the first race with Spruce, she was first measured with this same weight of 100lbs. in addition to the official 300lbs., her waterline being 15.14ft. She was then measured with two more pigs of 25lbs. each stowed just forward of the fore bulkhead, being laid loosely across the keel; the waterline with 150lbs. thus being 15.24ft. The allowance of sail for this would be 218sq. ft. It is plain then that at no time was she near the limit of weight and length measurement.

The extra 50lbs. was left in over Friday night by the owner, though really not necessary, and was carried on Saturday. In examining the compartment on Saturday morning just before she left the float, we noticed that the two pigs were unsecured and liable to do serious damage in a little sea. Mr. Ball crept inside the hatch and nailed a couple of cleats to secure them; but it was done in a hurry and was not entirely safe. We left the club house immediately after the stopping of the race on Saturday afternoon, and have no personal knowledge of the changes of ballast between then and Monday, but Mr. Field assures us that immediately on the return to the club house he wrote to the committee stating that he proposed to remove the extra 50lbs., and that the committee indorsed its consent on the note, the ballast being removed that same afternoon. Under the rules no such notification or consent was necessary, the committee having nothing to do with the amount of ballast carried so long as the yacht was within her measurement.

When we came through New York on the way to Oyster Bay on Monday we stopped and bought a couple of stout screw eyes to put in the keel to carry a lashing for the two pigs, as they would have gone through the bottom if left loose in a seaway. We reached Oyster Bay late that morning, and on speaking to Mr. Field just before the start he said that the screw eyes were not needed, as they had decided to carry but 100lbs. of ballast.

This time, as it happened, there was a race, Ethelwynn beating Spruce 7m. 41s. It being Monday, we were under the necessity of writing up the race on the spot in order to get it to New York in time for publication next day, and our work was done hurriedly, the maneuvers of the two requiring close attention, and it being necessary to take careful notes of one part of the race while writing a preceding part. In describing the preparation of Ethelwynn, we wrote, after describing how the boat was beached for cleaning, "Only 100lbs. of her lead was replaced, the 50lbs. carried just inside the fore bulkhead on Saturday being removed." This statement, so far as it infers that the ballast was removed on Monday, was incorrect; we had no knowledge at the time of when the ballast was removed, and gave no thought to the matter or to the 9 P. M. rule, the only thing in mind being to make a note of the alteration of ballast, of which we had just been informed by Mr. Field. Our account of the race appeared in the Forest and Stream of Sept. 28 and was on the club table after the race of Sept. 25, being examined by Mr. Brand and others on account of the long illustrated article on the English ½-rating class and the various Spruces. Mr. Brand, in common with every one else about the club house, had seen Ethelwynn turned on her side on Monday morning and her ballast laid on the beach, the four pigs in the well, they being liable to slip from under the cleats when the boat was turned on edge. He also saw the Forest and Stream and presumably the report of Monday's race and the change of ballast. No protest was made, however, and the racing continued.

After Mr. Field's withdrawal on Thursday he spoke to us about replacing the 50lbs. of lead, and we advised him to do nothing without the consent of the committee, not that it was necessary, but merely as a formality; the following letter was then sent to the committee:

Oyster Bay, N. Y., Sept 26, 1895.—*Regatta Committee, S. C. Yacht Club:*—Gentlemen: I desire to notify you that F. S. Ball will take my place as crew of the Ethelwynn. Mr. Ball and his brother can, I feel, do better in heavy weather on account of their longer experience, and I wish to do everything possible to try and hold the cup. We will also probably put back our additional ballast of 50lbs., with which we were officially measured. In event of my own absence on business during the balance of the races, Mr. B. C. Ball will be authorized to represent me as owner of boat. Yours respectfully,

C. J. Field, owner Ethelwynn.

The extra 50lbs. was placed aboard that afternoon and carried through the two deciding races, the eyebolts being screwed to the keel and the two pigs securely lashed. On Saturday morning we assisted Mr. Ball, in the absence of the owner, in beaching and turning over the yacht and rubbing her down. The forward 50lbs. was left in place, as it could not fall, but the four pigs beside the trunk were lifted out and placed on the beach, being replaced under the cleats on launching the yacht. The whole thing, as on Monday, was done openly and with the aid of a number of people, there being no thought at the time of a violation of the rule. No objection was made by Mr. Brand on either occasion to the boat being thus handled, and it was not until next day, after he was defeated by ten minutes in the final race and had had the advice of friends, that he began to search the rules for some grounds for protest; the result being as follows:

Sept. 29, 1895.—*Race Committee, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.:* On behalf of the Minima Y. C. I have the honor to inform you that I have drawn the attention of your Hon. Secretary, Mr. C. A. Sherman, to the fact that Ethelwynn is not entitled to yesterday's race, as she broke Rule XXVI., Sec. 1, by discharging and taking in ballast after 9 P. M. of Friday evening, the day preceding the race; and that she broke Rule XXV., Sec. 2, by not having a serviceable life-buoy aboard during the race. I must protest against the prize being awarded to Ethelwynn on these two grounds, at any rate until I have heard from my club.

(Signed) J. Arthur Brand, owner of Spruce.

It was not until some weeks later that Mr. Brand complained further of the alteration in Ethelwynn's ballast between Saturday and Monday, basing his complaint on the statement in the Forest and Stream, as we have already quoted. We are not aware that any formal protest has ever been made to the club on this ground by Mr. Brand, and although we have heard at times of a formal presentation by the Minima Y. C. to the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. of Mr. Brand's protests and grievances, none such has been made; the club evidently having the good sense to accept the situation on its merits. Mr. Brand paid no attention at the time to the handling of Ethelwynn on the beach or the statement concerning her ballast, and in making his complaint later on he has accepted the statement in the Forest and Stream without making the slight investigation necessary to show him that it was erroneous so far as the time of removal of the ballast was concerned.

The only possible ground for protest that he has is the removal of Ethelwynn's ballast when she was beached on two occasions, though it was immediately replaced in its original position. This, we admit, was a technical violation of the rule and should not have occurred, but it in no way altered the ballast, infringed on the plain intent of the rule or did any injury to Mr. Brand. He apparently acquiesced in it at first, and only saw a possible ground for protest when he was smarting with defeat, after having the cup thrown almost into his hands, by the groundless withdrawal of Ethelwynn's owner from a race. Granting for the moment the contention of *The Yachtsman* that the cup belongs to the Minima Y. C., and that the club would be willing to accept it on such a technicality coupled with the inglorious second race, it would be perfectly fair to contend that Spruce IIII. should be disqualified in all her races, because she repeatedly violated Rule XIV., and did not carry her owner's private signal at the peak. The plain record of the races shows that Spruce IIII. was outsailed by a faster yacht, and any fair and impartial examination of the circumstances attending the races will show that the challenger had every courtesy and every privilege that he could ask willingly accorded to him by the club, the committee and the other yacht.

The unfair and one-sided nature of *The Yachtsman's* criticism is well shown by its remarks about the handling of the yachts in the recent races, intimating that there was something unfair in the mere turning of Ethelwynn on her side. In the trial and cup races this year the yachts were handled according to circumstances and the inclination of their owners. Ideal, Vesper, Die Hexe and others were turned on edge just as Ethelwynn was, while El Heirie and Glencairn were carried upright and rested on trestles. One good reason for the different treatment is that the latter pair were perfectly flat and sat upright of themselves, while the others, with much dead rise and V sections, would not rest upright on the trestles unless carefully shored. As neither El Heirie nor Glencairn carried a pound of ballast, we fail to see how the manner in which they were handled has any bearing whatever on the case of Ethelwynn.

The Yachtsman's remarks about a choice of challengers for Mr. Hope and concessions to Mr. Brand do it no credit, they are a misrepresentation of the case which even ignorance cannot excuse under the circumstances. In Mr. Brand's case, though he challenged specifically with a certain yacht, Spruce IIII., he was offered by the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. the privilege of substituting another yacht after his own boat promised to be a failure. As a matter of fact he actually opened negotiations with Mr. Hope for the purchase of Lotus, and these only failed because of the disagreement as to price. We can vouch for the fact that Mr. Brand secured every concession that he asked for with two exceptions; he was even allowed to bring a paid hand; though the class was intended to be, as it certainly should be, a purely Corinthian one, he had the privilege of selecting another yacht, and his wishes were consulted in every minor detail. The only requests refused him was that for a reaching course, straight out and back across the wind, something unheard of in match sailing, and that for a limitation of spinakers to 40sq. ft., an absurdity in American weather.

The conditions governing the cup have been widely published, and are probably accessible to *The Yachtsman* if it really desired to know them. Article IV. provides that neither club shall be required to name its representative yacht in advance of the races, so that Mr. Linton Hope or any other future challenger is at liberty to choose from seventy yachts instead of seven. This also disposes of the slur in the preceding number of *The Yachtsman* over the presence of Riverside at Oyster Bay on the day of the first race.

Though *The Yachtsman* seems to doubt it, we trust that we are possessed of enough of the spirit of sport to accept gracefully a defeat in such a large and goodly company and by two such craft as El Heirie and Glencairn; at the same time we plead guilty to the possession of some old-fogy prejudices in favor of what we believe to be shipshape and yachtlike. We have from the first accepted the 15-footers for what they obviously are, modern racing machines and nothing else; at the same time we have believed it possible to make a yacht fast without making her unlike a yacht and like a packing case or a coffin. That we were in the wrong in this class we are compelled to admit, both as to form and power, but we have at least used our best efforts to keep the class as near as possible to what we believed it should be, and we are not altogether sorry for it.

So far as the Seawanhaka rule in any but the two smaller classes is concerned, these races point no special moral; they indicate what we have long suspected, that no one rule of measurement can be made to cover the large yacht with deck and ballast and the small, half open, unballasted shell. As far as the Y. R. A. rule goes, we cannot see why Glencairn should not win under it even more easily than under the Seawanhaka rule.

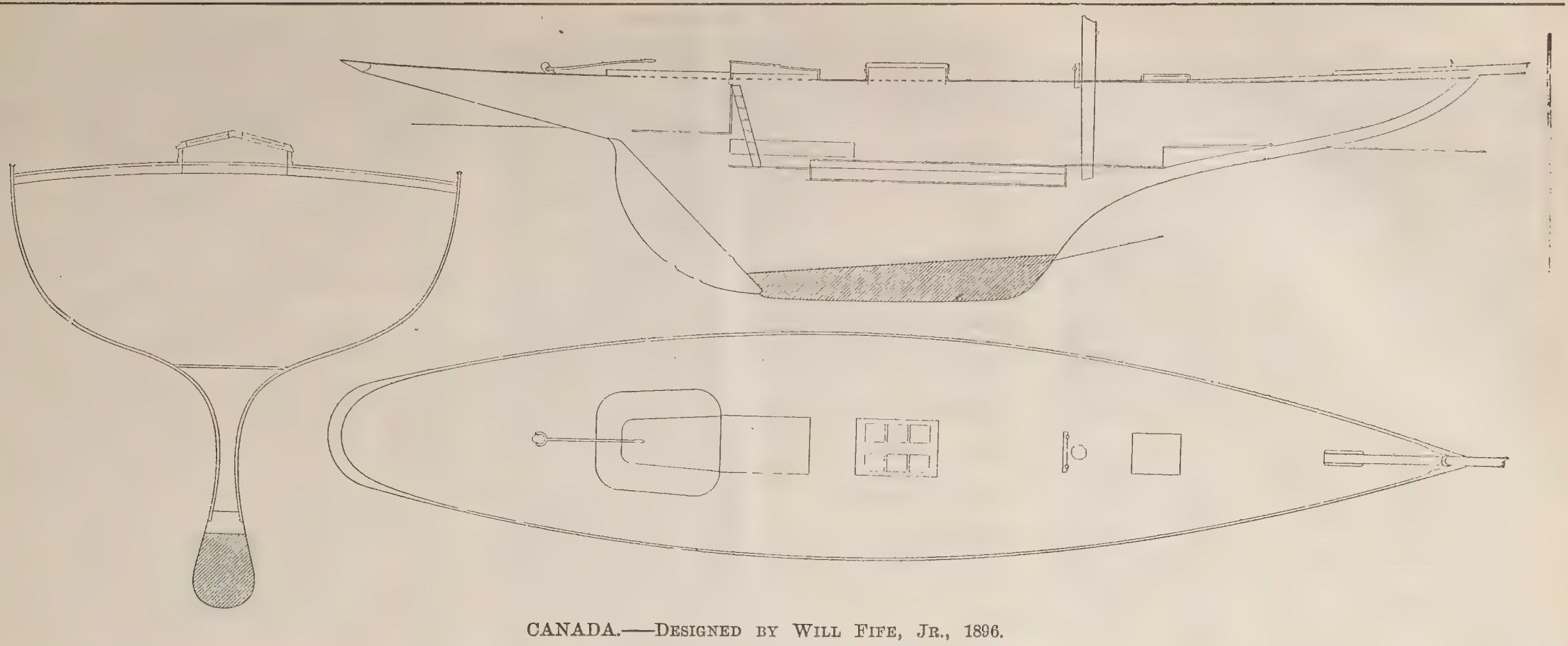
We have devoted a good deal of space to this special article of *The Yachtsman* because it is but a part of a long-continued effort in the same direction. We do not question the right of *The Yachtsman* to oppose all international racing if it so chooses, and to use all of its influence to put an end to it, but we do object to its methods as unfair, and unworthy of a paper of its standing.

The Wrecking of Isolde.

The Cowes racing has been brought to a sudden termination by a very sad accident on Aug. 18 in which the Herreshoff 20-rater Isolde was partly wrecked and her owner, Baron von Zedtwitz, lost his life. The cable report of the disaster is as follows:

The races of the Royal Albert regatta at Southsea were interrupted to-day by an accident which caused the death of Baron von Zedtwitz, the owner of the 20-rater Isolde, and endangered the lives of the captain and crew of that vessel, all of whom were knocked overboard. The large raters started at 10 o'clock this morning to sail over the 46 miles course, and the small raters started at 11 o'clock to sail over the same course, but only once round—23 miles—the prizes being £50 and £25 for the big boats, and £15 to the winner of the race for small raters. The starters in the big race were Ailsa, Britannia, Meteor and Satanita, and in the small rater race Saint, Niagara, Samphire, Audrey, Penitent and Isolde. The big yachts had finished the first round of the course and were just starting upon the second when suddenly the boats of both classes seemed to have become jammed together. Isolde, which was sandwiched between the two yachts of the larger class, received a severe blow from Meteor, causing her mast to snap in two and fall overboard. The shock was a heavy one, causing Isolde to careen and, as she did so, all on board of her were spilled into the sea. When Meteor struck the small yacht there was a great crash, and blocks, fragments of the broken mast and other parts of Isolde were sent flying in every direction. As soon as the collision took place the other yachts stopped and put out boats to rescue the men struggling in the water. Baron von Zedtwitz, the owner of Isolde, who was on board of his yacht, was struck on the head by a block or a piece of broken mast and knocked overboard. He was taken out of the water as soon as possible and conveyed on board a steam yacht to the club house at Ryde. Baron von Zedtwitz was unconscious when picked up. He received every possible medical attention at Ryde, but he did not regain consciousness, and died soon after reaching the club house. A strong wind was blowing at the time of the accident, kicking up a bad sea, and it was raining very hard. Isolde was badly damaged and was towed to Portsmouth. The bowsprit of Meteor swept her deck and carried away all of her gear. Several members of Isolde's crew were picked up in an exhausted condition. The crew experienced some very narrow escapes, but fortunately all of them were rescued. A sailor belonging to the British gunboat Ant, which was lying at anchor near the scene of the collision, rescued one of Isolde's men in a drowning condition. He could not have survived thirty seconds longer. The accident cast a gloom over everything, and the races were abandoned for the days Capt. Gomes, the skipper of Meteor, ascribes the collision of Meteor with Isolde to the fact that Britannia did not make way for Meteor to pass Isolde. All the club houses at Spithead and Ryde are flying flag at half mast in consequence of the death of the Baron. As a yachtsman Von Zedtwitz was a good sportsman, and he was well liked in all of the English sporting centers. His wife, the Baroness von Zedtwitz, was a daughter of the late Charles Roosevelt, of New York. To-morrow's yacht races and the fireworks with which it was intended to signalize the ending of the Royal Albert Y. C. regatta at Southsea have been postponed until after the funeral. Isolde was a 20-rater yacht, constructed by the Herreshoffs at Bristol, R. I., in 1895, for Prince Leopold of Germany, who sold the boat to Baron von Zedtwitz. Meteor, which is owned by the German Emperor, is a steel cutter of 236 tons, and was built in the Henderson's yards on the Clyde in the early part of this year.

Baron von Zedtwitz was thirty-eight years old. He was a personal friend of Emperor William, and it is remarked upon as strange and sad that he should have been killed in a collision with His Majesty's yacht. The Baron had been in the German Diplomatic service, but he



CANADA.—DESIGNED BY WILL FIFE, JR., 1896.

was little known publicly. It is stated that his wife and only child, an infant, are visiting in Switzerland.

The following additional particulars appeared next day:

A coroner's inquest was held at Ryde to-day on the body of Baron von Zedtwitz, the owner of the yacht Isolde, who was killed by the collision of Meteor with Isolde off Southsea yesterday. The captains of the yachts Isolde, Britannia and Meteor were examined and the jury returned a verdict that the Baron's death was due to the purely accidental collision of the boats.

The proceedings of the inquest showed that Baron von Zedtwitz was struck by the falling rigging of Isolde, and pinned to the deck of the yacht by the broken spars. He was not thrown into the water, as was reported yesterday. Captain Carter, the commander of Britannia, in the course of his testimony said that the Meteor ought to have passed under the Britannia's lee. Captain Gomes, skipper of Meteor, denied that he had violated the sailing rules. There was plenty of room for Meteor to pass Isolde, but Saint struck Isolde and slewed the bow of that boat toward Meteor.

Mr. Jameson, representative of the Prince of Wales, who was on board Britannia, said that the whole thing was so sudden that he was unable to say whether or not there was time for Meteor to go to the lee of Britannia after the danger of collision became apparent.

The Berlin *Reichsanzeiger*, the official journal, to-day publishes a tribute to the late Baron von Zedtwitz, and testifies to the zeal displayed by him in the official positions he occupied.

The Queen has telegraphed to the Royal Albert Y. C. expressing her regrets because of the death of Baron von Zedtwitz.

The Emperor has ordered that Meteor discontinue racing, and that she shall be laid up at once.

Vencedor-Canada.

THE only important yachting event of the present week will be the meeting of the representatives of the Lincoln Park Y. C., of Chicago, and the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Toronto, in the series of three matches off Toledo, Lake Erie. This event is the most important that has ever taken place on the Lakes, and it will be witnessed by many yachtsmen from both fresh and salt water. The large fleet of lake yachts, including craft from all the ports between Rochester and Chicago, that has taken part in the recent races on Lake Erie, will be in attendance.

The Chicago representative is a fin-keel cutter, very similar in dimensions and model to the 20-rater Niagara, owned by Howard Gould and now racing in English waters. Vencedor was designed by Theodore Poeckel, formerly in the employ of the Herreshoff Mfg. Co., and now designer and superintendent of the Racine Boat Co., of Racine, Wis. Her measurements have thus far been as carefully concealed as in the case of Defender last year. The Canadian representative, Canada, was designed by Will Fife, Jr., and the entire frame was got out, fitted and set up in the Fife yard at Fairlie, Scotland, being afterward taken apart and shipped to Oakville, near Toronto, where the lead keel of 8 tons was cast, the frame set up anew and the work completed by Capt. Andrews, a local yacht builder. The yacht is smaller than her competitor and by no means so extreme in type, as the accompanying plans show; she may be classed as a bulb-fin craft, with the usual construction of a wooden yacht, a built wood keel in place of a metal plate fin. Her principal dimensions are: Length over all 55ft., l.w.l. 36ft. 6in., beam 11ft., draft 8ft., least freeboard 2ft. 4in. Although her crew of ten have lived aboard of her during the past month while racing and cruising, she can boast of but moderate accommodation, the headroom being but 4ft. 6in. under the beams. The first race took place on Aug. 24. The judges were Oliver E. Cromwell, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.; H. L. McLeod, Minnetonka Y. C., and E. H. Ambrose, Royal Hamilton Y. C.

Oconomowoc Y. C. Annual Regatta.

OCONOMOWOC, WIS.—LAKE LA BELLE.

Saturday, Aug. 15.

THE annual regatta of the Oconomowoc Y. C., after starting in a light breeze, was finished in a gale with heavy rain, Ethel and Florence capsizing and Yumpin Yaper and Mynone shipping so much water that they withdrew. The times were:

SLOOPS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Tarpon, Com. F. W. Peck	1 49 39	1 49 39
Naiad, C. I. Peck	2 04 13	2 01 13
Friar, R. Nunnemacher	2 07 20½	1 59 15

SINGLE SAIL YACHTS.

Phyllis, H. Thompson	1 55 06	1 54 28½
Gladys, G. W. Simmons	1 58 13	1 57 31¾
Alert, W. H. Dupee	2 00 36	2 00 02¼

The judges were J. S. Field, Col. J. S. Cooper, of Chicago, and Capt. J. A. Scudder, of St. Louis.

Later in the day the race for the commodore's cup was sailed, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Idle Wave, L. C. Merrick	1 12 53	. .. ..
Argo, D. E. Murphy	1 02 48	1 02 14
Hope, G. D. Vandyke	0 58 21	0 54 36
Idle Hour, N. P. Hulst	1 23 00	1 27 54

Hope won easily. Bird and Skedaddle were disabled and withdrew. Gladys and Alert were in collision and filed protests which have not been decided.

New Haven Y. C. Annual Regatta.

NEW HAVEN—LONG ISLAND SOUND

Monday, Aug. 17.

THE annual regatta of the New Haven Y. C. brought out but few starters on Monday of last week, the only notable feature of the race being the sailing of the new catboat Scat, owned by F. M. Randall. In a strong N.W. wind she led the fleet of larger yachts and beat everything over her course, both larger and smaller. The times were:

CABIN SLOOPS—CLASS 7.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Seabelle, H. A. Seymour	35.35	3 16 02	3 16 02
Titania, M. W. Burwell	35.00	3 17 18	3 15 49

CABIN CATS—30FT. CLASS.

Oconee, C. T. Pierce	26.32	3 31 32	3 27 00
Castanea, J. M. Coxeter	28.03	3 54 15	3 54 15

CABIN CATS—25FT. CLASS.

Monsoon, M. R. Durham	23.34	3 12 03	3 12 03
Scat, F. M. Randall	22.00	2 46 03	2 42 22
Dorita, J. Craige		3 52 29	. .. ..

OPEN SLOOPS—CLASS 13.

Nit, John Champion	23.93	3 05 40	3 05 40
Defender, J. Smith		3 58 15	.f.. ..

Minnetonka Y. C. Championship Regatta.

LAKE MINNETONKA.

Saturday, Aug. 15.

THE Minnetonka Y. C. sailed its seventh championship regatta on Aug. 15 in a moderate and fluky wind, the times being:

CLASS A—BIG SLOOPS.

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Tartar	3 03 07	5 08 52	2 04 33
Charlotte	3 02 48	5 09 30	2 06 00
Marie	3 01 45	5 12 51	2 10 17
Katrina	3 00 45	5 14 04	2 12 07
Kite	3 01 29	5 15 42	2 13 16
Alpha	3 00 22	5 17 19	2 16 08
Demon	2 02 45	5 21 50	2 17 24
Swift	3 01 00	Withdrew.	

CLASS B—MEDIUM SLOOPS.

Bird	2 50 27	5 20 24	2 26 15
Sleipner	2 52 18	5 24 40	2 31 06
Tomahawk	2 51 50	5 25 36	2 33 46
Beatrice	2 50 41	5 30 56	2 40 06
Answer	2 51 03	Not timed.	

CLASS C—CATBOATS.

Varuna	2 51 00	5 19 29	2 28 29
Shard	2 50 48	Withdrew.	

SPECIALS—SMALL SLOOPS.

Doris	2 40 42	5 14 07	2 33 25
Hurrah	2 44 01	5 14 29	2 31 28
Magic Slipper	2 41 42	5 19 36	2 35 29
Papoose	2 43 17	5 20 42	2 35 13

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

DORVAL—LAKE ST. LOUIS.

Saturday, Aug. 15.

THE Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. sailed a race for the A, 30ft. and 25ft. classes on Aug. 15 in a moderate S.E. wind, the times being:

Preparatory gun, 4:15; start, 4:20. Course A.

	Start.	Chatauquay buoy.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Xania	4 20 00	4 59 50	6 10 38	1 50 38	1 48 37
Chaperon	4 20 00	5 01 50	6 18 47	1 58 47	1 58 47
Valda	4 20 00	5 04 10	6 24 53	2 04 53	1 58 48

25FT. CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Valda	4 20 00	6 24 53	2 04 53	2 03 46
Marjorie	4 20 00	6 33 45	2 13 45	5 21 55
Waterwitch	4 20 00	6 37 43	2 17 43	.. .. ..
Undine	4 20 00	6 39 19	2 19 19	2 19 19

Both Xania and Valda were designed by Mr. G. H. Duggan, designer of Glencairn, the former being now owned and sailed by him.

Fox Lake Y. C.

FOX LAKE, ILL.

Saturday, Aug. 15.

THE Fox Lake Y. C. sailed a ladies' race on Aug. 15 in a rain storm and strong breeze, the times being:

Happy Days—Miss Florence Brophy, captain; Misses Jeanie and Hattie Brophy.

Lorna Doone—Miss Enola Cregier, captain; Mrs. C. J. Patterson, Mrs. Montgomery and Mrs. McPherson.

Grimalkin—Miss Marion Tooker, captain; Mrs. W. H. Lyford, Mrs. Eric Winters and Miss Irvin.

Sans Souci—Miss Johnson, captain.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Happy Days	0 49 08	0 48 54
Lorna Doone	0 51 22	0 50 25
Grimalkin	0 51 13	0 51 13
Sans Souci	Withdrew.	

Racing at Newport.

ON Aug. 18 the 30 footers sailed a race for the Duryea cups over the Dyer's Island course in a strong S.W. wind. Rosemary, after having her fin shifted a foot aft, did much better, finishing in the middle of the fleet after leading over a good part of the run. The times were, start 2:35:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Asahi, Bayard Thayer	4 41 00	2 06 00
Vaquero, H. B. Duryea	4 42 20	2 07 20
Hera, R. Nellis	4 42 50	2 07 50
Puck, E. D. Morgan	4 43 32	2 08 32
Rosemary, G. Paget	4 44 20	2 09 20
Esperanza, A. Van Winkle	4 45 18	2 10 18
Wa Wa, J. A. Stillman	4 45 32	2 10 32
Musme, J. McDonough	4 46 10	2 11 10
Dorothy, H. P. Whitney	Did not finish.	

Asahi wins the first prize, Vaquero second and Hera third.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the atest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*



CANADA.—SAIL PLAN.

Beverly Y. C.

BUZZARD'S BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 15.

THE 239th race of the Beverly Y. C was sailed on Aug. 15 at Marion at 11 A. M. This race was for the Geo. Griswold Van Rensselaer cup, which has hitherto been run by the Sippican Y C., now defunct.

It was open to all boats of 30ft. waterline and under, and the result shows how well the allowance table evens up boats of far different sizes.

The wind was a moderate whole-sail N.E. breeze, rather variable in direction, giving a great deal of close-hauled sailing. Water smooth. Allowance based on waterline. Working sails only.

Judges—David Rice, W. Lloyd Jeffries.

Boats arranged in order of actual time. Prize was given with allowance. Course 6½ miles, mostly to windward.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Little Peter, W. G. Cotton, sloop	24.02	1 07 28	0 59 07
Bernice, J. G. Young, Jr., cat	23.03	1 12 33	1 03 30
May King, D. L. Whittemore	....	1 12 34	1 03 02
Not Named, C. C. Hanley, sloop	....	1 12 45	. .. ..
Nobska, H. S. Burgess, cat	20.06	1 13 18	1 01 55
Falcon, J. S. Russell, sloop	25.04	1 13 42	1 06 12
Melro, D. L. Whittemore, cat	18 00	1 13 54	0 59 59
Grilse, W. E. C. Eustis, sloop	16.11	1 14 32	0 59 23
Heiress, Geo. G. Amory, sloop	15.09	1 14 44	0 58 06
Linotte, W P. Wilson, cat	23.06	1 15 10	1 06 19
Ulula, W. H. Winship, cat	....	1 15 20	. .. ..
Sippican, W. H. Davis, cat	20.00	1 16 22	1 04 30
Silence, J. Crane, Jr., sloop	....	1 17 12	. .. ..
Sallie, W. S. Burgess, sloop	....	1 17 16	. .. ..
Colymbus, A. Winsor, cat	19.09	1 18 10	1 06 04
999, R. Brewer, sloop	13.03	1 18 12	0 57 55
Alma, R. Bigelow, sloop	20.00	1 18 49	1 06 57
No Name, R Brewer, cat	....	1 21 23	. .. ..
Melrose, A. B. Franklyn, cat	20.01	1 22 56	1 11 09
Valhalla, — Chapin, cat	....	1 23 26	. .. ..
Coquette, W. W. Phinney, cat	16.09	1 24 10	1 08 59
Cilgol, G. M. Orris, cat	19.06	1 24 13	1 11 52
Raccoon, J. L. Stackpole, Jr., sloop	11.05	1 24 58	1 00 58
Smile, L. Bacon, cat	17.07	1 26 24	1 12 01
Squall, J. Frothingham, cat	16.11	1 28 47	1 13 38
Waskite, W. B Scofield, sloop	12.03	1 29 13	1 07 09
Hermione, R. L. Barstow, cat	19.10	1 29 53	1 17 57
Vif, A. Winsor, Jr., cat	13.01	1 30 03	1 09 27
Edith, — De Kay, cat	17.11	1 34 37	1 19 33
Hilda, R. Winsor, sloop	11.11	1 36 03	1 12 51
Aliquid, ——, cat	....	Withdrew.	

The 240th regatta, open race for prizes presented by gentlemen of Marion, was sailed on Aug. 15 at Marion at 1:50 P. M.

The wind was generally N.E, and a whole-sail breeze, as in the morning, but rather variable in direction and growing very light toward the end.

999, designed and built by Mr. R. Brewer, an undergraduate, did him great credit, as in the first race; she is very light, with extremely long overhangs, bamboo spars, and the lightest possible metal work aloft. Judges as in the first race. Hanley's boat not being measured, the second class sloop prize is in doubt.

Grilse showed up in her old form, three men being able to hold her down in a moderate breeze, aided by handling of the first day. Summary as follows:

Rad sailed under B. Y. C. rules and measurement.

Courses 9 3/10 miles for second and third classes, and 6⅛ miles for fourth and fifth classes, mostly to windward.

SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
No Name, Monument, C. C. Hanley	....	2 09 13	. .. ..
Alma, Monument, R. Bigelow	22.08	2 10 24	1 56 56
Hurricane, Mon. Beach, P. Nichols	21.08	2 26 06	2 11 27

SECOND CLASS CATS.

Linotte, B. Y. C., W. P. Wilson	25.10	2 02 12	1 52 05
May King, B. Y. C., D. L. Whittemore	25.09	2 06 49	1 56 36
Ulula, B. Y. C., W. H. Winship	....	2 09 18	. .. ..
Bernice, B. Y. C., J. G. Young, Jr.	25.08	2 09 41	1 58 24

THIRD CLASS CATS.

Nobska, Onset, H. S. Burgess	23.04	2 02 35	1 49 52
Melro, B. Y. C., D. L. Whittemore	20.03	2 04 48	1 48 21
Colymbus, B. Y. C., A. Winsor	21.06	2 06 49	1 51 58
Sippican, B. Y. C., W. H. Davis	22.02	2 10 09	1 56 16
Melrose, Marion, A. B. Franklin	22.03	Withdrew.	
Hermione, B. Y. C., R. L. Barstow	19.10	Withdrew.	
Success, Mon. Beach, H. E. Phinney	....	Withdrew.	

FOURTH CLASS CATS.

Coquette, Mon. Beach, W. W. Phinney	18.01	1 29 52	3 16 03
No Name, B. Y. C., C. Brewer	....	1 31 40	. .. ..
Elsa, B. Y. C., H. F. Burgess	19.00	1 32 03	3 19 12
Whim, Mattapoisett, E. C. Stetson	19.00	1 43 45	1 30 54
Squall, Marion, J. Frothingham	16.11	1 45 26	1 29 47
Smile, B. Y. C., L. Bacon	19.00	1 46 27	1 33 36
Cinch, B. Y. C., H. Parker	18.01	1 51 47	1 37 58
Howard, B. Y. C., H. O. Miller	18.00	1 53 29	1 39 34
Aliquid, Marion	....	2 12 53	. .. ..

FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS.

Grilse, B. Y. C., W. E. C. Eustis	19.00	1 17 27	1 04 36
Sally, B. Y. C., W. S. Burgess	19.00	1 24 20	1 11 29
Heiress, B. Y. C., Geo. G. Amory	19.00	1 25 24	1 12 33
Silence, B. Y. C., J. Crane, Jr	19.00	1 31 03	1 18 11
Valhalla, Marion, — Chapin	19.00	1 40 31	1 27 40

FIFTH CLASS SLOOPS.

999, B. Y. C., R. Brewer	15.00	1 24 52	1 07 15
Waskete, Mattapoisett, W. B. Scofield	....	1 37 21	. .. ..
Raccoon, B Y. C., J. L Stackpole, Jr.	13.04	1 55 52	1 35 41
Hilda, R. Winsor	13.02	1 59 00	1 38 23
Clam Shell, R. Brewer	....	2 04 25	. .. ..

FIFTH CLASS CATS.

Vif, B. Y. C., A. Winsor, Jr	....	1 44 01	1 25 35
Imp, B. Y. C., Geo. B Dabney	....	1 49 46	1 31 17
Marjorie, Marion, Bullivant	....	3 00 17	1 45 23

Winners of prizes: Second class cats, Linotte first, May King second; third class cats, Melro first, Nobska second; fourth class cats, Coquette first, second in doubt—No Name or Elsa; fourth class sloops, Grilse first, Sally second; fifth class sloops, 999 first, Waskete second; fifth class cats, Vif first.

Judges: David Rue, W. Lloyd Jeffries.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Regina, sloop, Dr. Willard Parker, of New York, was seized on Aug. 18 while lying off South Norwalk by Deputy Collector Buckingham, of the Bridgeport Custom House, and Dr. Parker was fined $150 by Collector Goddard. The seizure was made on the ground that the yacht was used for carrying passengers for pay. Dr. Parker will appeal to the Treasury Department. The matter seems to hinge on the question whether a charter for a very short period can be construed as carrying passengers for pay.

The race between the steam yachts, Say When, W. J. White, of Cleveland, and Enquirer, W. J. Connors, of Buffalo, took place on Aug. 13 over a 30-mile course on Lake Erie. The times were:

Enquirer..... 1 34 15 Say When..... 1 34 43

The schooner yacht Hawthorne, of Chicago, recently sunk, was raised on Aug. 14, but sunk again after being dragged a short distance.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The National Rifle Association.

WE have received the following interesting communication, dated Aug. 22, from Gen Bird W. Spencer, executive officer of the Association, in regard to the prospects for a good meeting at Sea Girt, N. J., Aug. 31-Sept. 5:

"The indications now are that we will have the largest meeting for military competitions ever held in this country. The following States will be represented by State teams: New York, Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Delaware, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Georgia and New Jersey. The regular army will most likely be represented by regimental teams only. No less than twenty-five regimental teams will be presented, and as many more company teams.

"In the cavalry team match the following organizations have signified their intention of entering teams: Georgia Huzzars, of Savannah, Ga.; President's Horse Guards, of Washington. D. C.; Governor's Horse Guards, of Atlanta, Ga; Squadron A, of New York, and the first Troop (Essex Troop), of Newark, N. J.

"The question of who is the champion revolver shot of this country should be determined beyond a doubt, as all of the cracks will be presented Lieut. Sumner Paine, of Boston, who won the international match at Paris a few months ago; C. S. Richmond, of Savannah, Ga., champion of the last two meetings, and Theo. E. Beck, Newark's crack shot, will come together for the first time.

"The riflemen of Georgia and District of Columbia will arrive here ext week for preliminary practice."

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa., Aug. 22.—The following is the score of regular practice shoot, distance 200yds., standard American target, 7-ring black. Mr. Disque, the jeweler, has donated a fine silver water set to be shot for on Labor Day. The club will hold an all day shoot on that day, of which the above will be the principal event.

Capt J Bacon	6	9	3	9	6	9	9	10	8	8—77
	9	7	8	8	8	5	9	7	5	6—73
	4	8	4	7	8	6	7	0	8	9—72
J G Germann	5	9	8	6	10	9	9	7	6	8—77
	9	5	6	9	5	10	10	4	6	6—70
	7	9	6	6	8	10	5	5	7	6—69
J Stidham	9	4	7	8	9	8	9	5	4	8—71
	5	6	6	10	6	7	10	6	7	8—71
	5	7	8	3	9	4	8	6	8	5—68
G C Rahn	7	10	5	6	6	7	7	9	10	7—74
	4	9	8	6	6	8	5	7	6	9—68
	4	6	6	9	7	5	8	5	7	7—64
Geo Shofer	10	5	9	6	9	5	6	5	7	7—69
	8	6	6	7	5	10	5	6	7	7—68
	5	5	9	4	8	8	6	9	7	6—68
W F Treiber	9	6	5	10	6	10	4	7	4	7—68
	9	5	6	10	4	8	6	7	5	8—68
	6	8	9	9	10	5	7	7	5	5—66
W J Leyer	5	6	5	10	10	6	7	4	8	4—66
	7	9	7	7	6	7	5	4	6	3—61
	5	4	5	8	6	5	8	8	9	3—61
Dr A C Wheeler	9	4	5	8	8	6	7	8	4	8—67
	6	7	10	2	6	8	4	6	7	4—60
	6	5	4	9	7	5	5	6	5	5—57
J F Leyer	7	2	10	4	9	10	8	5	3	6—64
	6	4	6	4	7	9	6	4	5	8—59
	6	3	3	4	4	6	9	4	9	6—54
J H Hunt	3	10	8	5	5	4	10	6	6	7—64
	3	5	4	10	9	5	9	5	4	4—58
	7	2	5	2	7	2	4	6	6	0—50
Chas Froess	4	5	3	7	10	8	7	4	9	8—65
	5	5	3	7	4	3	4	5	7	9—52
	2	9	5	3	4	5	4	5	8	7—52
S Ormsby	8	6	9	8	6	7	4	3	6	4—61
	6	7	6	6	5	4	10	9	6	0—59
	3	3	6	4	8	10	6	2	3	3—48
E S Noyes	4	0	2	8	9	9	6	5	2	6—51
	3	4	4	3	5	4	5	4	5	6—43
	5	3	2	2	2	5	6	5	7	3—40

Revolver Shooting in England.

OWING to the holidays, only three men shot at the South London Rifle Club on Aug. 4. Result:

Twenty yards, stationary target:

Walter Winans	577777—40	Malsinger	235660—22
Clementi-Smith	467576—35		

Fifty yards target:

Walter Winans	756775—37	Malsinger	340434—18
Clementi-Smith	736355—29		

Clementi-Smith has won the rifle championship of the club for the second year in succession, and the Winans trophy (modeled and given by Mr. Winans) becomes his property.

At the North London Rifle Club on Aug. 5 the following scores were made at the 50yds. revolver target:

Walter Winans	776747—37	R G May	447744—30
Major Munday	556774—34	W P Thompson	524647—28
Tilbury	746656—34	Lieut. Curley	743254—27
Holmes	436767—33	Chicken	246875—27
Capt T W Heath	765476—35	Carter	736536—31
Denyer	775337—32	Lieut J Howard	545744—29
Capt Baxter	753537—30	T Knapp	734245—29
Capt Evans	367753—31	Lieut Barrett	034470—18

Rifle in Massachusetts.

LOWELL, Mass., Aug. 15.—At the Middlesex rifle range this afternoon the team of Company C, 6th Regiment, M V. M., shot another match with the Middlesex Rifle Team, with the result given in the score below. A singular coincidence was that Company C's team made the same score (413 points) that they made in the match shot July 11, when the military boys won by one point. Each team was handicapped by the absence of its captain.

Middlesex Rifle Team.		Company C Team.	
W J Burbeck	5545554444—45	Lieut Swift	5544554543—44
Hartford	4453455554—45	Corp Gannon	4444555454—44
White	5454544544—44	Pvt Robinson	4454445554—44
Sherman	4555454444—44	Pvt Hahn	5454544444—43
Dickey	4355544354—42	Pvt Roger	4545453444—43
Fisher	4444544444—41	Pvt Haines	4544444444—41
Randall	4444445544—41	Pvt Burns	4455434444—41
Coburn	5444444444—41	Pvt Crosby	4444433444—38
F A Burbeck	4543543445—41	Pvt Ahlberg	3544445423—38
Morse	3344445444—39—423	Pvt Hardy	4543343434—37—413

The shooting was off-hand, 200yds., Creedmoor target.

As each team has won one match, the tie will be shot off Sept. 12 on Company C's new range. W. H. WHEELER, Sec'y.

Calumet Heights Rifle Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 15.—The scores made to-day by members of the Calumet Heights Rifle Club were as follows:

Class A for Gentlemen.

Conditions: 200yds., standard U. S. target, any caliber rifle:

*A C Patterson	4324445342—35	J S Houston	3240230230—19
P D Norcom	0303000240—12	C W Spalding	0244354443—33

* Patterson wins medal in class A.

Class B for Ladies.

Conditions: 100yds., standard Creedmoor target, .22cal. rifle, with rest:

*Mrs Chamberlain	4444445344—40	Miss Irvin	4444324444—37
Mrs Young	0022233223—19	Miss Walker	2434242433—33

* Mrs. Chamberlain wins medal in class B.

Columbia Club Scores.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the regular semi-monthly shoot of the Columbia Club, held on Shell Mound Range on July 26, the following scores were made on the Columbia target:

Unfred diamond medal, 3 shots: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 4 5 1—10, J. "Unfred" 12, F. O. Young 18.

Rifle record medal, 10 shots: F. O. Young 3 8 6 4 8 4 9 8 2 4—56, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 62, F. E. Mason 65, P. Bohr 69, A. B. Dowell 70.

On the short range, 50yds., the revolver, pistol and small rifle sharps were congregated nearly all day. Many scores were shot on the Blanding pistol medal match. The scores for the three styles of arms were as follows:

Pistol, Blanding medal, 3 shots, open to all comers: A. H. Pape 1 2 1—4, J. E. Gorman 1 5 1—7, C. M. Daiss 5 1 4—10, F. O. Young 3 5 6—14.

Pocket revolver, Carr medal, 5 shots: M. J. White 5 4 10 7 8—34.

Revolver trophy, all-comers' match, 6 shots: M. J. White 10 8 14 8 7 5—52. A. H. Pape 53.

With .22cal rifle, all-comers, medal, 5 shots: E. Jacobson 2 2 1 3 2—10, Ed Hovey 1 3 2 4 1—11.

Ladies' .22cal. rifle, Glinderman trophy, 10 shots: Mrs. M. J. White 2 3 2 3 5 7 9 5 4 6—46.

Medal shoot of Aug. 9 was well attended. Scores:

Champion class, 10 shots: J. E. Gorman 3 10 2 1 2 2 7 4 2 4—37, A. H. Pape 43, F. O. Young 58.

First class, 10 shots: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 8 3 2 8 13 5 2 12 1 1—55, A. B. Dorrell 55, M. J. White 57, F. E. Mason 58, D. W. McLaughlin 61, P. Bohr 83.

Second class, 10 shots: E. Jacobson 4 3 1 16 4 8 5 3 18 3—65, J. P. Cosgrave 80, F. H. Bushnell 88, G. M. Barley 90.

Open to all comers, Blanding medal, 3 shots: C. M. Daiss 1 2 1—4, J. E. Gorman 7, A. H. Pape 10, F. H. Bushnell 10, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 8, F. O. Young 8.

Revolver trophy match, 6-shot scores: F. O. Young 44, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 64.

All-comers, .22cal. rifle, medal, 5 shots, 50yds.—Ed. Horey 1 3 2 2 1—9, P. Bohr 10, Mrs. M. J. White 18, R. W. Forrest 47.

The club's competition on the 200yd. rifle range was just as keen, and in the rifle record medal match F. O. Young broke the record with 41 in ten shots. This shows he bunched all his shots in a 4 1/10 in. circle, and made what would be 234 on a German ring target. The Columbia target count was 2, 2, 2, 7, 4, 3, 4, 7, 8, 2—41

The class medal record and the all-comers' re-entry match records Columbia target, were as follows:

For members only, champion class, ten shots: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 64, P. Bohr 67, A. H. Pape 73, F. O. Young 75, L. Barrere 97, H. H. Burfeind 116.

First class: J. E. Klein 74, F. E. Mason 86, A. B. Dorrell 93, O. A. Bremer 103.

Second class: E. Jacobsen 76, G. Barley 114, F. H. Bushnell 146.

Unfred diamond medal, open to all, 3 shots: F. O. Young 10, Wm. Glinderman 12, D. W. McLaughlin 12, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 15, H. R. Crane 16, H. H. Burfeind 18.

Military rifle, Glinkermann medal, 10 shots: F. O. Young 44, S. I. Kellogg 43, E. Jacobson 42, L. Barrere 42.

Rifle record medal, 10 shots: F. O. Young 41, D. W. McLaughlin 53, F. E. Mason 56, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 64, L. Barrere 75, H. R. Crane 76.

I am sorry to see our Boston friends trying to mutilate the Columbia target by widening the spaces outside of the black. The Columbia is almost a perfect target for rifle, pistol or revolver. Its merits grow on one with increased experience in its use. The figures on its face mean something. I believe its universal use would tend to improve marksmanship. ROBEL.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Aug. 22.—PASSAIC, N. J.—Third tournament of the New Jersey Amateur Trap-Shooters' League. Sweepstakes at 10 A. M.; team race at 2 P. M.

Aug. 25-27.—BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Binghampton Gun Club's tournament for amateurs; two days targets, one day live birds. Money divided under the Rose system. H. W. Brown, Manager.

Aug. 26-27.—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Aug. 26-27.—KALAMAZOO, Mich.—Tournament of the Celery City Gun Club, in connection with Michigan Trap-Shooters' League.

Aug. 31-Sept. 2.—ATLANTIC CITY, N J.—Tournament of the Atlantic City Gun Club, on Young & McShae's pier. For programmes address Harry Thurman, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

Aug. 31-Sept. 2.—ST. PAUL, Minn.—Annual tournament of the St. Paul Gun Club, at State Fair Grounds. B. F. Schurmeier, Sec'y.

Sept. 1-5.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Tournament at Audubon Park. Targets and live birds. B. F. Smith, Manager.

Sept. 7.—MARION, N. J.—Sixth annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. J. A. Creveling, Sec'y.

Sept. 7.—WELLINGTON, Mass.—Tournament of the Massachusetts State Shooting Association, under the auspices of the Boston Shooting Association.

Sept. 8-9.—MARION, N. J.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Endeavor Gun Club of Jersey City, N. J.; $150 added money.

Sept. 8-10.—GALT, Ont.—First annual tournament of the Ontario Rod and Gun Club; $800 to $1,000 added money.

Sept. 11.—WEST LEBANON, N. H.—All-day shoot of the West Lebanon Gun Club.

Sept. 15-16.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Third annual tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Company; $750 added money.

Sept. 29.-Oct. 2.—HARRISBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association. First three days, targets; fourth day, live birds.

Oct. 6-8.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Autumn tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Two days, targets; one day, pigeons and sparrows. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds added money announced later.

1897.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK CITY.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The result of the race between Phil Daly, Jr., and Tom Morfey, which took place on the grounds of the Hollywood, N. J., Gun Club on Wednesday, Aug. 19, was a complete surprise to the majority of trap-shooters in this part of the country. On form it looked a cinch for Morfey, and judging from the way in which he cut down the birds in the sweepstakes shot on the same day he certainly should have won. Daly did some good work and won with a score of 41 to 40. The conditions were: 50 live birds, 30yds rise, 21yds. boundary, $100 a side. Morfey shoots a match to-morrow (Wednesday, Aug. 26) on the same grounds with Edgar Murphy, each man shooting at 200 birds, same rise and boundary.

On Aug. 13 Alex. King, of Pittsburg, Pa., did some good work on targets at the grounds of the North Side Gun Club, Alleghany, Pa. In the contest for the E. C. cup he broke 94 out of his 100 targets. The cup has been shot for eight times, and there is only one more shoot to take place. The conditions are the five best scores to count, the highest aggregate for five scores taking the cup. John Shaffer has shot five scores, but King has only shot four. If Shaffer does not shoot at the next contest, or fails to make 90 or better, Alex. King has to score 90 to win the cup. The scores for each 25 of King's score were 25, 23, 22, and 24; he ran his first 47 without a miss.

We learn from Harrisburg, Pa., that the programme for the Pennsylvania State shoot, Sept. 29-Oct. 2, will soon be in the hands of the shooters of that State. The programme will be in book form and will contain matter of much interest to the members of the State organization, as well as all those who love a gun and enjoy sport in the Keystone State. The first three days of the tournament will be devoted to breaking targets; the last day live birds will be used. The team championship race on the last day will be one of the features of the four days' sport.

The great match between Rolla Heikes and Fred Gilbert for the World's championship at inanimate targets was shot on Thursday, Aug. 20, at Watson's (Burnside) Park, Ill. The holder of the trophy, Gilbert, made a gallant fight to retain the trophy and the title, scoring 130 out of the 150 targets shot at. Rolla's score was three more—133, an average of 88.6 per cent. Gilbert's average was 86.6 per cent. The conditions were: 50 targets, unknown angles; 50 targets, expert rules, one man up, the five traps down; 25 pairs.

The Terre Haute (Ind.) Gun Club will hold its first annual tournament Sept. 10-11. Everybody is invited, nobody barred. The programme issued by the club contains both target and sparrow sweepstakes. Targets will be charged for at the rate of 2 cents each, sparrows costing 10 cents each. Ten-gauge guns and black powder are barred. All purses divided on the Rose system.

The Parker Gun Club, of Meriden, Conn., will hold an all-day shoot on Labor Day, Sept. 7. The events on the programme are open to all. The club announces that several valuable merchandise prizes will be shot for, and that added money will also figure in the purses. Targets will be charged for at the rate of 2 cents each, and all purses will be divided on the Rose system.

A correspondent who signs himself 48grs. sends us a very interesting communication in regard to the Rose system at Jack Parker's tournament. His figures, so far as we have been able to verify them, seem to be entirely correct. As we have heard no reason why the system was abandoned after the first day's trial, we cannot enlighten 48grs. on that point.

The New Jersey Amateur Trap-Shooters' League is exercised in its mind as to what constitutes professionalism among trap-shooters. From the discussions which took place at its tournament at Passaic, N. J., on Saturday last, Aug. 22, it seems as if there was considerable difference among the members of the league on that point.

The Atlantic City (N. J.) Gun Club's shoot, Aug. 31-Sept. 2, will be a pleasant affair. Young & McShae's pier is a good place to hold a tournament, while the reputation of Atlantic City as a seaside resort will attract shooters. Harry Thurman, of Germantown, Philadelphia Pa., will furnish programmes on application.

Jack Halsted, of Peekskill, N Y., was in the city on Saturday last, Aug 22. He tells us that the Newburgh (N. Y) Gun Club is figuring on the programme for its annual fall tournament, Oct. 7-9. These annual gatherings of the Newburgh boys are always pleasant affairs and never fail for lack of shooters.

We hear encouraging reports from buffalo in regard to the tourna ment at Audubon Park, Sept. 1-5. B. F. Smith, who will manage the shoot, is not the man to let the grass grow under his feet. The added money which he hangs up should draw a crowd on the above dates.

Barring the championship race at Burnside Park, trap-shooting mat ters were very quiet. This week the main events in this part are the tournaments at Binghamton, N. Y., and at Burlington, Vt.

The members of the Haverhill (Mass.) Gun Club have decided to offer a bonus of $10 to game wardens for every conviction of violators of the game laws of the State of Massachusetts.

Aug. 24. EDWARD BANKS.

Heikes Wins the E. C. Cup.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 20.—The city of Chicago has been especially favored the last few weeks in shooting matters—a very welcome contrast to the long season of torpor which has prevailed here. The last event of interest is the Heikes-Gilbert match to-day for the E. C. cup and the target championship. While it is possible that some of the big live-bird matches may at times have attracted a greater interest than this, it is likely that no individual match at targets has ever been awaited with more interest—certainly never in Chicago, where both men are so well and favorably known and where their skill at the game is so well appreciated. Heikes was for two years a citizen of Chicago, and Gilbert has been living here practically for some time this summer. Both men are esteemed highly as the types of skill, courage and modesty combined, and both men have a universal popularity. It has for two weeks been a common saying that it was too bad that these two men should meet in a contest where one had to be defeated, for the friends of one are the friends of the other, and, moreover, the two men themselves are warm personal friends, as much so now, moreover, as before the race.

In the matter of odds on the race, there was no disguising the fact that Heikes was the favorite by a great majority. In spite of Gilbert's fine performance before the traps during the past season, he had, in the opinion of conservative shooters, no license to beat the redoubtable man from Dayton. Even had Gilbert defeated Heikes, Heikes still would have remained, in the opinion of the shooters of America, the unapproachable target shot of the country. There has been no man like him in the history of trap-shooting. What the future may bring forward no one can tell. Gilbert may in the future prove himself year after year for ten years as good a shot as Heikes has been, but only time can establish that. It does not seem likely that we shall soon again see so brilliant and consistent a performer in the target game as Rolla Heikes. Certainly it was no disgrace for Gilbert to be beaten by such a man, and the close run which Gilbert gave the winner only serves to heighten the respect in which Gilbert is held as a master of the gun. Gilbert is thirty years of age, weighs between 155 and 160lbs. He is large-limbed and muscular, of good constitution and strictly temperate habits. What there may be inside of him in his nervous system can only be told after more time has passed. He has made a brilliant record in his short career on the circuit, though it is the opinion of certain shooters that Gilbert shoots under rather high pressure, and so will be more apt to go stale at some stage of a long tour than a man who shoots with less apparent exertion. Gilbert worked hard in this match, as he seems to work in all his shooting. Heikes shot with his customary ease and *sangfroid*, amounting at times apparently almost to carelessness. He shoots his targets perhaps 30ft. closer in than any man before the traps, and does it with such ease as to offer a most deceptive spectacle of shooting. In this regard he is of his own kind, with no one like him, unless it was Billy Wolstencroft in his best days.

There is no shooter who in the space of one year has made the reputation that Fred Gilbert has, and his reputation for modesty and courtesy is equal with his repute for skill. Gilbert cannot tell when asked of any very long runs in his shooting at tournaments, but he has won during the current circuit a great number of tournament av-



R. O. HEIKES.

erages, competing with all the cracks of the country. At Omaha last year he missed only 22 targets out of 590; at Memphis this year he missed only 3 out of 135; at Joplin this year he missed only 4 out of 160; at Cincinnati only 7 out of 170. He won first average at Cincinnati, at Joplin and at the big E. C. shoot at New York, where he carried away the E. C. championship cup. He won second average at Omaha and at Atchison, and, in short, has been in the first flight right along.

Heikes's record is a long and well-known one. He has been shooting for nearly ten years and during that time has been forced to make his own records for himself. He is the acknowledged champion of target champions and has won more averages than any three or four men together. No one but a giant of his stolid, equable temperament, of perfect digestive apparatus and nerves inherited from generations of powerful and healthy ancestors could have established the history that Heikes has made for himself. The man is a freak, like a fast horse or a fast boat. Each horse and each boat finally is beaten by age or accident, or by innovation in methods. Perhaps at some time Rolla Heikes will be beaten, but it will be no disgrace to him then, for he has done enough already, though he seems fit to do quite as much more, and never shot as well as he does now. Calm, unfretted and genial now as ever, he is as well known, as well liked and as well dreaded as any man we are apt soon to see in shooting circles. Heikes is a natural shot. The game came easy to him, and very soon after he took up the gun he was making trouble among all competitors in the haphazard tournaments of those days. He has made the longest strings of successive breaks ever known in target shooting, and done more than any living man to establish the evenness and accuracy of modern guns and ammunition. At Detroit in 1889 he ran 150 straight. At Corry in 1890 he ran 186 straight, which record it was the fortune of the writer to see and report. Again at Corry he ran 170 straight, and in the East and West team race at Corry he broke 100 straight. At South Bend, Ind., in 1890, he made the run which he himself calls his best one, 141 straight with 10 pairs in the middle of the run. He ran 175 straight at Hamilton, Canada, and 117 straight on the Eureka Club grounds of Chicago. In these different runs he used different guns and ammunition, but since he took up the Winchester repeating shotgun he has done some of his most remarkable work, and showed the efficacy of that arm to perfection. At Columbus, Ohio, he ran 100 straight. At Chattanooga last year he ran 137 straight; and at Galesburg, Ill., 133 straight. At Detroit last week he broke 98 out of 100 in a 100 bird event. Heikes has broken 500 targets in 37¼ minutes, from five traps at 16yds., loading his own guns. This he did at Dayton in February, 1894. At Indianapolis in February, 1895, using five Winchester repeaters, he broke 100 targets in 4 minutes and 20 seconds.

These being the records of the men, there was ample reason for the intense, though subdued, excitement which marked their appearance at the score before the large throng of shooters. Heikes had at Dayton, the week before his coming to Chicago, shot this same race and scored 141 in practice. On Wednesday at Watson's Park he had again gone through the race, and so had Gilbert. Charlie Grim and Harvey McMurchy on that day shot a team race with Heikes and Gilbert, conditions of the E C. cup race governing. The showing at that time was a curious commentary on shooting form. Grim was high man with 138, and the hot stayer, McMurchy, broke 137. Heikes scored 134, and Gilbert 128. All these scores, with the exception of Gilbert's, were higher than those in the championship race.

The weather to-day was perfect, without much wind, but the targets could not be called easy. It was difficult to get the traps to throw the birds according to the conditions. The straightaway bird was not a straightaway, but a long skater that curved to the right. Such wind as prevailed served to make the flight dancing and erratic. Under such conditions Gilbert certainly was not favored, but he made his shooting harder for himself. He says that he is not ashamed of his score in the singles, but admits that he was very slow in the doubles, his gun being a little straight for double shooting. Nothing but the excellence of his gun, an L. C. Smith pigeon gun, scored him some of the breaks he made far out in the field. Heikes ground his targets more sharply, closer in, and his misses came as usual through under-shooting on birds which took a sudden shoot up from the trap. Heikes's time was about the same throughout the race, increasing a little in speed toward the close. Gilbert varied more, sometimes snapping the straightaway, and sometimes dwelling a hair-raising interval on his corner birds. Heikes used a Winchester repeating gun, Leader shells and 44grs. of E. C. Gilbert used an L. C. Smith pigeon gun, Smokeless cases and 3¼drs. measured (really about 3⅛drs.) of Du Pont's Smokeless. In his doubles he used U. M. C. Green Trap shells in his left barrel.

The judges of the race were Mr. H. McMurchy, of the Hunter Arms Co., and Mr. F. P. Stannard, of Montgomery Ward & Co., Dr. Frothingham, of Chicago, acting as referee. The traps were not operated as well as they might have been, and balks were frequent. Each man accepted and broke one apiece. Gilbert was balked nine times, on two different times having to wait for a third bird. Heikes was balked seventeen times. Twice the traps broke a second bird, and twice he was obliged to wait for a fourth trial before he could shoot. With old shooters this makes little difference, and Heikes did not miss a bird after a balk, nor did Gilbert, except in the doubles. Gilbert's 148th bird was broken lightly, and one judge called it lost. The other claimed a break, and referee decided it dead. Heikes on his 23d pair missed both birds, the only "Dutch double" made by either. On his 16th pair, when Heikes was one ahead in the race, his gun failed to feed up the cartridge for the second shot. Under the rules he was given another pair, which he broke promptly. Heikes missed his 2d bird in the race and Gilbert his 16th. Gilbert seemed to grow slower throughout the race, if anything, and Heikes rather increased his speed, and finished with a slap-bang gait. At the known traps and unknown angles Heikes scored 48 and Gilbert 47. At the unknown traps and known angles Heikes scored 45 and Gilbert 44. In the doubles, where Heikes was thought to be handicapped by his gun, he again went out one bird in the lead, breaking 40 to Gilbert's 39. He thus beat Gilbert at each phase of the game, and won by a total of three birds The race was a tie at the 110th bird and again at the 120th. At the 130th Heikes was one ahead, and at the 140th he led by four, falling back one in the last 5 pairs.

The next challenger for the E. C. cup will have to go to Dayton to shoot, and it need not be said that he will receive a shooting entertainment if he wins the cup there. It is a hard matter to catch Heikes out of form, and the man who catches him in form at Dayton is going to have the hottest target race of his life. Heikes himself, usually reticent, and modest as a girl as to his own ability, quietly said to a friend not long ago, that he doubted if any man could beat him at Dayton this summer if he continued to feel as well as he did at present. The following are the scores of the race: For the E. C. cup and the individual expert target championship at 50 targets, known traps and unknown angles; 50 targets, unknown traps and known angles; 50 pairs, A. S. A. rules.

Unknown angles:

R O Heikes.....10111111111111111101111111111111111111111111111111—48
Fred Gilbert.....11111111111111101111101101111111111111111111111111—47

Expert rule, one man up:

R O Heikes.....10101111111111111111101110111011111111111111111111—45
Fred Gilbert.....11101111101011111111111111101111110101111111111—44

Pairs:

R O Heikes.....10 11 10 11 10 11 10 01 11 11 10 10 11
11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 10 00 11 11—40

Fred Gilbert.....11 11 11 10 11 10 11 11 11 10 11 10 11
10 10 11 11 10 10 01 11 11 10 11 10—39

Grand totals: Heikes 133, Gilbert 130. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Central Gun Club, of Duluth.

DULUTH, Minn., Aug. 15.—The fourth annual tournament of the Central Gun Club, of Duluth, was held on Aug. 12-13, at its new grounds on London road. These grounds are first-class for trap-shooting, as the shooters face the lake and have a clear background. The grounds are easily reached by a line of electric cars, which pass directly by the principal hotels. On the grounds the arrangements were most complete. Five bluerock traps throwing bluerocks were in line, the electric pull being used. An electric buzzer announced to the shooter that another bird was ready after any break by the trap. The weather for the two days of the shoot was all that could be desired. The local marksmen were somewhat surprised and a great deal disappointed that none of the range town shooters, who always do such good shooting, were represented. Aside from this everything was satisfactory to all concerned. There were shooters from all parts of the country, but those who attracted particular attention were S. Glover, of Rochester, N. Y., and Catamaran, of St. Paul; these two made a very pretty race for first average. Glover would probably have won first average if it had not been for his 4yds. handicap in the last event, in which he lost two birds, while Catamaran made a straight, thus winning first average by one bird over Glover. Catamaran's general average was 89.2, Glover 88.8, while Sachem, Duluth's able representative, won third with 86.8.

Below will be found the scores of the entire two days' shoot, which, although they do not show a very large number of entries, yet show a successful shoot, financially and otherwise:

Events:	*1*	*2*	*3*	*4*	*5*	*6*	*7*	*8*	*9*	*10*	*11*	*12*	*13*	*14*	*15*	*16*	
Targets:	10	15	15	15	20	15	25	10	10	15	15	15	20	25	10	15	Broke.
Catamaran.....	8	13	15	15	16	12	22	9	10	13	12	14	18	21	10	15	223
Glover.....	9	11	14	11	19	13	25	10	9	14	14	14	16	20	10	13	222
Sachem.....	8	12	14	11	17	14	22	10	9	14	14	14	17	18	9	14	217
J C.....	9	13	12	15	16	12	23	10	9	14	13	14	15	21	7	13	216
Redfern.....	5	12	15	13	19	14	24	8	7	13	13	13	16	17	10	13	212
Phillips.....	8	12	15	13	19	12	21	7	9	13	14	12	15	17	10	14	211
Wilson.....	7	13	14	13	15	12	20	8	10	14	12	14	15	22	6	14	209
Braun.....	10	11	13	12	19	12	22	9	10	14	9	13	16	19	6	12	207
Thompson.....	9	13	14	11	19	11	21	6	9	14	15	14	14	13	8	13	204
Gold Bug.....	8	13	13	11	19	12	20	8	9	12	13	14	16	15	8	12	203
Burk.....	9	11	14	10	17	11	22	6	7	13	13	12	19	16	9	13	202
Hub.....	8	12	10	12	19	11	22	9	7	13	12	12	16	16	10	12	201
Hill.....	10	12	12	11	16	14	22	6	8	15	11	13	14	17	6	13	200
Shell.....	7	9	12	11	16	8	21	10	9	14	14	13	17	17	8	12	198
Ransier.....	8	11	13	11	15	11	21	9	9	14	10	12	18	19	9	7	197
Robin Hood....	7	10	11	13	14	14	21	9	5	11	9	14	14	20	8	13	194
O'Shaughnessy.	8	12	12	11	16	15	15	6	8	13	13	11	15	19	6	13	193
Powell.....	5	8	10	12	18	12	23	7	7	11	13	10	18	17	8	12	190
Bonehill.....	7	9	13	12	18	9	20	7	8	13	9	13	13	18	5	10	184
Warren.....	6	10	12	12	17	11	15	5	7	13	11	11	14	18	7	11	180
Gripp.....	9	11	10	10	16	11	22	5	8	9	10	11	13	17	5	11	178
Parks.....	8	11	12	11	12	11	20	8	7	14	10	14	15	10	6	8	177
Elton.....	5	10	14	10	12	9	19	9	8	9	11	14	10	13	6	9	168
Wads.....	6	9	11	11	11	9	14	8	7	10	9	13	6	12	9	9	164
Moark.....	6	15	12	13	16	13	15	w	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	90
Squib.....	8	15	10	10	w	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	43

Of the above sweeps Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7, 10, 12 and 16 were at known angles; Nos. 2, 4, 6, 8, 9, 11, 13 and 15 at unknown angles; No 14 at reversed order. CENTRAL.

Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 15.—No. 1 event was club badge shoot. Kirkover won A class badge, Brandle B class, W. R. Eaton C class. All other events were at unknown angles except No. 4, which was expert rule and won by McArthur, as usual:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
E C Burkhardt..	19	14	17	10	18	12	McArthur.....	18	13	19	14	20	14
Kelsey.....	22	12	18	12	21	12	Brandle	19	..	..	..	..	..
Forrester.....	24	11	16	9	21	..	Kirkover.....	23	..	17	6	..	..
C S Burkhardt ..	22	11	17	12	19	14	Wm Hines, Jr...	13	11	12	..	8	..
Bennett.....	23	14	16	11	18	..	Jacobs	21	..	12	..	..	12
Norris.....	24	14	17	9	20	14	J J Reid.....	15	9	8	8	11	12
P G Myers.....	14	10	14	8	17	..	Woodshed.....	..	6	10	..	9	..
Tom Tidler.....	21	11	..	..	18	12	Middaugh.....	17	..	14	8	..	..
W R Eaton.....	19	9	14	..	..	..	H Kinner.....	..	..	11	..	..	5
McCarney.....	19	9	9	..	..	..	Lyons.....	..	..	10	..	..	..
A Coombs.....	15	6	..	..	..	..	Bill Kny.....	..	..	..	..	13	12

Omaha Gun Club.

OMAHA, Neb., Aug. 15.—Below are the scores of the Omaha Gun Club, made at its regular weekly shoot held to-day:

Whitener.....11111111111011111111111111—24
Brucker.....11011111011111111111111111—23
Carmichael.....11111011111101111111111111—23
Parmelee.....11011111110111111111111111—23
Loomis.....11110111111111111011111111—23
Read.....11111011111111110110111111—22
Johannes.....10101111111011101111111111—21
McFarlane.....11101111111011101111101 - 20
Hughes.....11111101111111011011110110—20
Montmorency.....01111011011110111101111101—19
E Kalb.....00110111011101011111111101—18
Marsh.....00111101111111011110011 0—18
Dickey.....00111111111101110001010 10—16

W. D. KENYON, Sec'y.

The Buffalo Programme.

WE have received a synopsis of the programme for B. F. Smith's tournament at Audubon Park, Buffalo, Sept. 1-4. Of course there will be practice shooting on Monday, Aug. 31, but no regular programme will be shot out.

On Tuesday, Sept. 1, the first day of the shoot, the programme calls for the following events:

Events.	Targets.	Angles.	Entrance.	Added.
1....	15 bluerocks.....	Unknown.....	$2.00.....	$15.
2....	20 bluerocks.....	Unknown.....	2.50.....	$20.
3*...	15 bluerocks.....	Known.....	2.00.....	500 Walsrode shells.
4....	15 bluerocks.....	Unknown.....	2.00.....	$15.
5 ...	25 bluerocks.....	Unknown.....	2.50.....	$25.
6*...	20 bluerocks.....	Unknown.....	2.50.....	$15.
7....	15 bluerocks.....	Unknown.....	2.00.....	$15.
8....	20 bluerocks.....	Unknown.....	2.50.....	$20.
9*...	15 bluerocks.....	Known.....	2.00.....	500 Du Pont shells.
10....	15 bluerocks.....	Unknown.....	2.00.....	$15.
11....	20 bluerocks.....	Unknown.....	2.50.....	$20.
12*...	20 bluerocks.....	Unknown.....	2.00.....	1 fine fishing rod.

* Events marked with an asterisk are open only to shooters who do not average better than 75 per cent. All other events are open to all.

On Wednesday, Sept. 2, the programme is the same as on the previous day, with the exception that in event No. 6 there will be 500 loaded King's Smokeless shells added to the purse. Thursday, Sept. 3, the third day of the tournament, is a live-bird day. There are two events on the programme: No. 1, 7 birds, $7; No. 2, 15 birds, $15. Birds are included in each entrance fee.

On Friday, Sept. 4, the main event of the tournament will be shot. This will be a 25 live-bird event, $25, birds included, handicap rise, $750 guaranteed; an elegant trophy will be given to the winner in addition to his share of the purse.

In all target events there will be 4 moneys, and the purses will be divided under the Rose system, with ratio points of 5, 3, 2 and 1. The purses in the live-bird events on the third day will be divided also under the same system, but only into 3 moneys, with ratio points of 5, 3 and 2. The purse in the 25-bird handicap on the last day will be divided as follows: $600 to the three high guns—$300 to the first, $200 to the second and $100 to the third; all surplus divided into 5 moneys in the proportion of 35, 30, 20, 10 and 5 per cent., and to go to the five next high guns.

Substantial average prizes are offered for the four best averages made in all open events. Jack Parker will be on hand to run the shoot, and to see that the targets and traps are kept running, and that the boys have all the shooting they want.

Wants to Trade Puffs for Powder.

OAKLAND, N. J., Aug. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Dr. Ernest L. Tiffany, formerly of Princeton, N. J., now of Guilford Center, N. Y., ordered from us last week a 1lb. can of E. C. powder, for which we sent him the bill. You will no doubt remember Dr. Tiffany as a



FRED GILBERT.

man who wrote numerous letters under the *nom de plume* of Wads etc., puffing up Walsrode powder and numerous other articles.

To-day we received a letter from Dr. Tiffany as follows: "You quite misunderstood the intent of my letter. I do not buy a 'pig in a poke,' nor do I buy any new powder until I have had opportunity to try it. As I am well known to the shooting fraternity through my articles in *American Field*, etc. (over a *nom de plume*), on tests of smokeless powders, I have been furnished free with samples—from 1 to 10lbs.—of every smokeless compound on the market, except the new Gold Dust and your E. C. No. 2, and the former I expect a sample of this week. The King Powder Co. was the last in, furnishing me with 6¼lbs. of their Smokeless shotgun and 1lb. of their Smokeless rifle powder. The manufacturer who *has a good thing loses nothing by this.* If the sample is sent free I should be glad to pay carriage and give it a fair test; otherwise I of course cannot accept it."

It seems to me that Dr. Tiffany is just the man that the papers and the manufacturers should sit on. Although well able to afford to buy what he wants, he is so mean that he tries to get it for nothing.

I can show you the original of his letter any time you wish to see it, and hope that should Dr. Tiffany send any articles in to you on the powder question, or as far as sporting goods are concerned or any other question you will see your way to refuse his articles.

THE AMERICAN E. C. POWDER CO., LTD.,
NOEL E. MONEY, Sec'y.

Fulton Gun Club, of Atlanta.

ATLANTA, Ga., Aug. 20.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Fulton Gun Club, of this city:

McRae.....0101101111101111111111100—18
Day.....1111001111111111111111011—22
Elliott.....1110111111011111111111110—22
Everett.....1111111111111011111101111—23
Holland.....1101110111010111010111111—19
Frazier.....1111010110001000011100001—12
Crabb.....1011100111100111111011111—19
Hutchinson.....0011001100100110010000000— 8
Brittan.....1111000110111101111111101—19
Alston.....1111111100111111111101111—22
Clarke.....1111101110111101011101110—19
Richards.....0110110100101010000010100—10
McCune.....0111001111010110000111101—15
Orme.....0100101110001010001110001—11
Arnold.....1900001101101011100111011—14
Mitchell.....1110100101010111110111110—17
Rawson.....0100100001011111001000010—10
Hammond.....0111101011101111011101011—18
Morrison.....1111111011110000111111011—19

The three days' shoot at Marion, N. J., Sept. 7-9, will practically wind up the season so far as tournaments around New York are concerned. With the exception of the Newburgh tournament, mentioned elsewhere, we are not likely to have any excitement in that line until the Grand American Handicap of 1897 opens up the ball in the spring. For this reason, and also on account of the tournament being given by the Interstate Association, as well as for the money added to the purses by the Endeavor Gun Club, there is every likelihood of a good turnout of shooters at the Marion traps on the above dates. The first day, Sept. 7, is the annual Labor Day shoot of the Endeavor Gun Club, and may be considered as "preparation day" for the Interstate tournament on the next two days.

On Sept. 8-10 Canadians will have a good chance to enjoy themselves at the traps of the Ontario Rod and Gun Club, Galt, Ont. The club will add from $800 to $1,000 to the purses.

Three New Ideas.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 12.—It is well known that all the good new ideas in trap-shooting have first had their exposition in the columns of Forest and Stream, and all the reforms in trap-shooting have had their birth there. Other papers have been content with servility where civility would have been better as a policy. Forest and Stream has always believed that ideas at first hand were better than those at second hand, and results would seem to indicate the wisdom of this belief. When Forest and Stream does not have ideas enough furnished by its own people it has always been willing to pay for them, that being the secret of successful journalism.

It was Forest and Stream that first invented the copyrighted graphic type for scoring a live-bird shoot. Forest and Stream first began to tabulate the vast number of trap scores which came in from week to week, thus keeping its news up to date and fresh. Forest and Stream was first to attack the evil of dropping for place in trap-shooting, and the only paper to carry on a fight which now is won. Forest and Stream has spent more money in getting trap news than all the sporting journals of the country together. It has done a lot of other things which the modesty of the journal forbids mentioning. It is enough to say that to-day Forest and Stream is the recognized journal of the trap. It is therefore very natural that new ideas should flow to it, as water runs down hill by the sheer force of gravity.

I am able to-day to offer to Forest and Stream, from the city of Chicago, three ideas in trap-shooting which I think are entitled to be called new, and one or more of which may prove to have interest and merit other than that of mere novelty, although novelty alone is enough to commend an idea to a newspaper eager to be up with the times. I would be glad to claim the discovery of some of these three ideas, but I cannot do so. They all came up at the recent Du Pont tournament here. Two of the ideas belong to Mr. Wells, the able artist who did the Forest and Stream sketches at the tournament. The third idea really belongs to Mr. S. A. Tucker, of the Parker gun, who told me about it some time ago.

The first of these ideas is what Mr. Wells prefers to call the "Forest and Stream Clover-Leaf Field," showing the arrangement that can be made of three sets of traps at a big tournament. It is too bad this idea did not come out before the Du Pont shoot instead of after, for this would have been a grand place to try it.

The second idea is one hit upon by Mr. Wells at the Duryea-Winston pigeon race at Watson's Park, last Monday, Aug. 8. I had asked Mr. Wells to make me a sketch or so of the shooters in that race, and he came out with a sketch showing not only the shooters, but every individual bird they shot at—200 different sketches in all! This rather puts in the shade Forest and Stream's graphic type idea, though of course it is not capable of general application. I venture to say that there never has been in the history of shooting a pigeon race scored as this one shown in our last issue of Forest and Stream. It is a curious and novel feature, and one which will please all shooters. The sketch of each bird was caught at the instant it took wing. Mr. Wells says, "I photographed on my mind the position of the bird just as the first barrel was fired." Nobody told Mr. Wells to do this. He just got the idea. He would be apt to have ideas if he was around a sporting paper very long, for he had two ideas in one week.

While Mr. Wells and I were playing around out at the Du Pont shoot, where of course we had nothing to do but play, one of the shooters—I think it was Dick Merrill, or maybe it was Chan. Powers—remarked that the live-bird shooting took so long that a man only got to fire a dozen shots a day. "If we had another set of traps," he said, "the management could make a barrel of money out of this crowd, for they would all be shooting targets." This, as must appear on thought, would have really been the ruin of the shoot, for a big mixed tournament on any grounds now in existence in America would be a confused and horrible affair should the number of shooters run up as it did here. But while this matter was in discussion Mr. Wells said:

"I'll show you a scheme by which you could run three sets of traps without any confusion at all, and you could shoot all live birds or part birds and part targets."

We scoffed at him, but when careful inspection has been given the plan he has put in diagram I am not sure that scoffing will be appropriate. His scheme is practical. If some shooting park will adopt it, it can hold a big shoot any day and make money at it. If the next big tournament will take it up it will save money and accommodate its patrons, no matter how many they are or how much they want to shoot, and it will do this smoothly and without as much friction as exists in running the best managed shoot.

The third idea also came up at this shoot. A gentleman present remarked that it was the best dressed crowd of shooters he ever saw. Another man said, "Why not? In my opinion the boys have been almost too careless as to how they dressed and how they acted at a shoot. Any old sweater or blouse or coat was good enough, and everybody seemed to think that at a trap-shoot a man didn't need to care how he looked. I have heard ladies, and men too, express their surprise at the generally tough look the crowd of trap-shooters at a tournament has. They wouldn't know the same crowd after dinner. But why not look a little 'slicker' while at the traps? It would all tend to raise the standard of the sport." It was then that I recalled a talk with Mr. Tucker last June on this same topic. Mr. Tucker told me that he was convinced trap-shooting would be helped if it came to have a sort of uniform or costume, something as bicycling or other sports have. He said that so impressed with this idea was he that he once even went to a sporting goods house and put before its head the design for a shooting coat, which he thought could be sold in large numbers, and which he believed would be a handsome and useful garment for any trap-shooter. The manager did not think the boys would buy enough of them, and so "turned down" the idea. This disgusted Mr. Tucker, who wasn't expecting to make any money out of it for himself, so he never took up the matter any further.

There is probably really more of practical advantage in this idea than in either of the others. There is no uniformity and not always any neatness in the garb of shooters at the trap. Some of the wealthiest of the devotees of the trap go dressed the shabbiest. Even the most careless of the careless will admit the usefulness of Mr. Tucker's idea. It was his notion that a coat, or a coat and vest, would be all that was necessary, the coat to replace the blouse or sweater, which seems now to be the nearest to trap uniform.

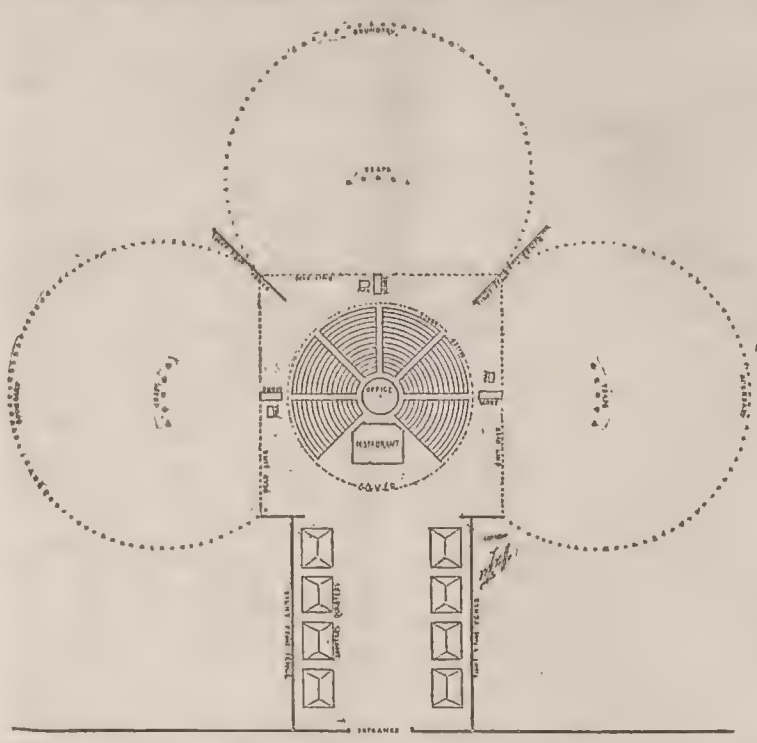
He thought the coat could be made of some neutral tint, gray or drab or some such shade, of velveteen or uncut corduroy, or some soft and easy material. It should be cut with overcoat sleeves, very roomy at the shoulder and armpit, and could be designed on lines snappy enough to make it a handsome and swell-looking garment. The cost would need to be somewhere between $6 to $10, and one would wear a man a lifetime. It would be cool enough to shoot in during summer, and roomy enough to wear over woollen in the winter. It would have pockets to hold the shooter's shells when he went to the score. "I want to tell you," said Mr. Tucker, "if you should see forty or fifty shooters at a tournament, the most of them dressed in that sort of coat, got up by an artistic tailor, you would be surprised to see the difference there would be from the usual crowd you see to-day. It would be a better place for a lady to go, and the result would be that more ladies would go to shooting tournaments. The whole character of the sport would thus be bettered, while it would be free from any charge of dudishness. I believe the idea is one that some tailor or sporting goods dealer should take up. He would make a lot of money at it."

A number of shooters who were consulted in regard to this idea of a trap costume were disposed to think it a useful and a coming thing. Mr. Thos. Marshall, very well known on the circuit, said: "If there had been a man on these grounds this week to take measures and orders for such a garment, he could have sold 100 of them. If the idea was once taken up, all the boys would fall into line. I believe it is a winner."

I am disposed to think myself that some enterprising house could do a good business with such a garment if it could hit upon a suitable cut and fabric. Bicycling, yachting, golf and tennis all have their costumes, the making of which constitutes a great industry. As trap-shooting becomes more and more developed, it will come in time to have a certain type in costume—not anything of a dude type, be sure, but something neat, manly, serviceable and useful.

THE CLOVER-LEAF FIELD.

Mr. Wells's "Clover-Leaf Field," to use the name happily suggested by his friend Dr. Fuller, of Chicago, is shown so well in the diagram that it needs small explanation. It asks for a circular, back-to-back arrangement of the traps, instead of one in line. The saving of space is obvious. The saving of time and of confusion would be quite as remarkable. The central space is designed to be covered by one canopy or large tent, the expense for which would be less than that of the row of smaller tents nowadays commonly put up for the comfort of the shooters. The diameter of this central space is about 165ft. The walls are left down in summer shooting. The shooters are all rounded up in one body and under one inclosure. While not shooting they can visit or watch the sport from the bank of seats back of the score. The work of the signal hustlers is simplified or done away with, for a blackboard of each score can announce in the view of all the names of the men next wanted. The distance from one score to the next around the edge of the circle is about 150ft., far enough to prevent confusion in the work of trapping, calling and shooting. A short fence separates the different shooting fields. The office is centrally located and in reach of the shooters. Access to the grounds is made easy and safe by a wide way between two high and tight fences. The direction of the firing is in each case as safe as that now practiced. Along the entrance way, or the stem of the Clover Leaf, can be placed the individual tents and headquarters. In short, this scheme, while useful in its entirety for a very large shoot or for a large permanent park, has many features to commend it for use at a big tournament. It saves room and expense, and condenses the whole affair into a nutshell of simplicity and convenience. The idea could be adopted in part in the holding of smaller shoots. The Clover-Leaf Field is a great saver of space. Watson's Park at Chi



"FOREST AND STREAM" CLOVER-LEAF.

cago could hold three sets of traps thus arranged as well as it now does two sets.

At first thought it would seem ridiculous to advance a scheme apparently so big and circus-like to hold a trap shoot. But trap shoots have grown bigger and bigger. They have cost more and more money. They have been managed with greater and greater excellence of business sagacity and business system. The idea does not imply a greater expense. It only implies a greater systematizing of the handling of a great shoot. The time may come when it will be seriously considered, not as a Jumbo freak, but as a large and admirable idea, well worked out. E. Hough.

1206 Boyce Building, Chicago.

Jack Parker's Tournament.

Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was sorry to read in your report of the Detroit tournament that the Rose system was abandoned after the first day. Like many others, I am in favor of adopting this system at all tournaments, because I look upon it as the only fair and square way of dividing purses. It was quite a shock to me, then, to find that it was shelved after only a short trial. Knowing the system to be all right, I hunted around for some good reason for its being put aside in favor of the other method of dividing purses, a method which you have shown to be full of injustice. For the life of me I can find no reason.

The figures quoted are scarcely correct, if the scores in your tables are correct. Your report says: "Trimble shot 92 per cent. the first day and lost $4.50; 90 per cent. the second day and won $2; 93 per cent. the third day and lost $4." Looking at Trimble's scores I find that the percentage he made on the first day was 91.8, practically 92 per cent., as your report has it. On the second day his percentage was 88.1 for all events, but 93 3 for all events except the one at 21yds. rise, use of both barrels. On the third day his percentage was just 91, instead of 93. There being evidently something wrong with the figures on the percentages, I wanted to try and work out the purses under the Rose system and then compare them with the system generally used at present. It was not a hard matter to get one of Parker's programmes; there were plenty in the city. But it was a hard matter to work out all the purses, but it began to be quite interesting before I finished. Taking the first day's scores, I make it out that Trimble lost $3 09 under the Rose system, but would have lost $3.94 under the present system. (In explanation I may say that I have taken into strict account all the pennies.) On the last day, shooting in only five events, I find that under the present system he cleared $3.04, while under the Rose system he would only have been 58 cents ahead. The difference here is due to his 24 out of 25 in the last event, which paid him $11.47 under the present system, but only $8.50 under the Rose system.

Heikes's figures for the same two days are quite instructive. On first day, under the Rose system, he won 33 cents and a gold watch! Under the present system, on that day he would have been a watch in, but $3.48 out. On the last day he was $1.93 ahead under the present system, but under the Rose system he would have won $7.93. It must be remembered that Heikes on the last day dropped only 6 targets out of 205 shot at, averaging a fraction over 97 per cent.

Compare the two systems then: On the last day Heikes breaks over 97 per cent. out of his 205 targets, and under the present system—the one used at Detroit that day—he wins $1.93; Trimble on the same day loses 10 targets out of 105 and wins $3.04. But it is manifestly unfair to judge any system by the results of one or two shooters. One ought properly to take into consideration the results attained by all.

I suppose there are other statistical fiends among your readers besides myself, and probably they may be interested if you give some of the following figures showing how the two systems paid at Detroit: The programme says that all purses were divided into five moneys, with 8, 5, 3, 2 and 1 as the points in the Rose system, and I have figured all purses that way unless it was stated in the programme to the contrary. Dividing purses under the present system, I have made the moneys 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent.

First day: In event No. 1 the Rose system, as compared with the old system, paid to those in first money $3.28 as against $3.65; second money, $2.05 as against $1.01; third money, $1.23 as against $3 65; fourth money, 82 cents as against $1.82; fifth money, 41 cents as against 52 cents. Under the present system third money would have paid as much as first, while third and fourth would both have been better than second money.

In event No. 2 there were twelve straight scores; six men in for second money, three in for third money, seven in for fourth money, and only two in for fifth money. The comparison of the two systems shows that the Rose system paid (for $2 entrance) $2.16 for first money as against $1.05 under the present system; second money, $1.35 as against $1.75; third money, 81 cents as against $2.80; fourth money, 54 cents as against 90 cents, and fifth money, 27 cents as against $2.10. It will be seen that the 19s, 18s and 16s were all better than straight scores.

Event No. 3, a 25-target event, shows the justice (?) of dividing purses on the old percentage plan. There were six straight scores, five scores of 24, four of 23, five of 22, and two of 21; twenty-two men out of twenty-seven entries drawing money. The entrance fee was $3. Under the old system each man who had scored 25, 24, 23 or 21 would have drawn exactly the same amount, $3.03; the 22s would have drawn down $1.82 each. Under the Rose system straights paid $4.96; 24s, $3.10; 23s, $1.86; 22s, $1.24, and 21s, 62 cents. The above is a good example of how the Rose system works as against the old system.

In No. 4 under the present system straights paid $1.32, while the 12s and the solitary 11 received $2 65 and $3.54 respectively. Under the Rose system the same places would have paid $2.08 as against 52 cents and 26 cents respectively.

I could give plenty of other proofs of the equitable distribution of purses under the Rose System, but I know your space is valuable. I should, however, like to give one more example: the sixth event on the last day, 25 targets, $5 entrance, 18 entries, four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Fanning, with 25 alone, took, according to my figures, $30.60; the two 24s drew down $11.47; the five 23s received $3.06 and the five 22s took $1.52 each. Had the purse been divided into five moneys and divided under the Rose System the same parties would have received respectively $13.60, $8.50, $5.10 and $3.40, while the two 21s would have received $1.70 each. I leave it to any of your readers to say which is the fairest system.

If I may be allowed a few more words in conclusion, I would like to point out that the trouble with the crackerjacks at Detroit was that the handicap was a little too stiff for them when the capabilities of some of the other shooters are taken into consideration. They did not have it all their own way, and it looks to me as if they don't like anything that does not give them everything they ask.

For my part I vote for the Rose system first, last and all the time.

48grs.

Emerald Gun Club of New York.

New York, Aug. 18.—The Emerald Gun Club held its regular monthly shoot this afternoon at Dexter Park, L. I. The attendance was good, 29 members putting in an appearance. Of the above number three made clean scores of 10 birds: E. Dudley, R. Phister and Gus Greiff. Nine others landed with scores of 9 each. The scores, with the handicaps of yards and points, were:

Class A, 29yds., 7 points: Richard Phister 10, Gus E. Greiff 10, L. H. Schortemeier 9, Edward J. Clark 9. Class A, 28yds., 7 points: Dr. George V. Hudson 6, Thomas Short 8. Class A, 28yds., 6½ points: E. Dudley 10, Charles Stuetzle 5, Gus Nowak 9, Harry P. Fessenden 9, Edward A. Vroome 6, John H. Moore 8, George E. Loeble 9, Frank W. Place 9, William Sands 7. Class A, 28yds., 6 points: Philip Butz 5, Dr. Klein 9, Richard Regan 8, Joseph Banzer 4. Class A, 28yds., 5½ points: Bernard Amend 8, Henry Thiele 9, Max Adams 9. Class A, 28yds., 5 points: John Woelfel 8. Class B, 26yds., 5½ points: Thomas F. Cody 5. Class B, 25yds., 6 points: Nicholas Maesel 8. Class B, 25yds., 5 points: Dr. Richter 6, Emil Weiss 5, G. K. Breit 5, G. B. Hillers 7.

Calumet Heights Gun Club, of Chicago.

Chicago, Ill., Aug 15.—The regular shoot of the Calumet Heights Gun Club took place this afternoon. The trophy contest was the main event of the programme. S. M. Booth won in Class A, P. D. Norcom in Class B, and C. C. Chamberlain in Class C. There was a strong wind blowing in the face of the shooters, the wind also raising the targets, making their flight uncertain. Twenty-nine shooters were in attendance during the afternoon, about 1,000 targets being thrown. Scores in the trophy contest were:

Class A.

S M Booth	111111101111111000111111—21
Patty	011111111111011111010111—20
S Young	111001011010011111110010—16

Class B.

P D Norcom	011110110101101111111011—19
S H Greeley	000101110011101100010011—12
J S Houston	011011100101100110111110—16

Class C.

J Morgan	110000000101101011010100 –11
C C Chamberlain	101111011110111001101011—18
Dr Kellogg	100000010110010001110000— 9

Sweepstakes resulted as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	10	10	10	10	30	Targets:	15	10	10	10	10	30
Booth	13	4	7	..	5	..	Greeley	9	5	2	10	3	..
Patterson	13	5	7	7	10	..	Houston	10	5	6	7	3	24
Young	12	4	3	..	8	..	Morgan	4	..	..	4	4	..
Norcom	12	4	6	6	4	24	Chamberlain	10	..	..	..	..	..

Nos. 1 and 6 were at unknown angles; No 2, 5 pairs, unknown traps and angles; No. 3, 5 pairs, snipe shooting, unknown traps and angles; No. 4, same as No. 3; No. 5, unknown traps and angles.

In New Jersey.

ENDEAVOR GUN CLUB.

Aug. 15.—The following sweeps were shot to-day on the grounds at Marion, this being the occasion of the third Dunellen-Endeavor team race, the score of which was given in our issue of Aug. 22. All events were at unknown angles, with the exception of No. 5, which was at known traps and angles. The best shooting was done by Louis Schortemeier, who shot consistently well during the afternoon. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	20	15	15	Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	20	15	15
Apgar	9	11	8	15	9	..	..	..	Zust	9	9	8	10	7	14	9	..
Lindzey	8	13	8	12	9	18	12	9	W Fletcher	5	10	8	7	8	..	..	..
Wells	10	10	8	9	8	16	14	..	Collins	..	9	8	13	10	17	13	14
Adams	7	11	9	10	7	17	..	..	Schorty	..	14	9	14	9	18	15	15
Edwards	9	12	10	13	6	17	..	..	N E Money	..	11	6	11	6	..	..	..
Lemuel	9	9	8	13	7	18	9	..	H E Money	..	10	10	10	9	..	..	..
G Piercy	6	9	9	10	7	12	11	9	A R Strader	..	11	7	11	8	15	9	11
C von Lengerke	6	10	7	9	7	12	..	..	Giles	..	..	5	5	4	..	..	..
Cramer	7	11	5	12	3	..	..	..	Erhardt	..	..	8	7	5	..	..	..
Ingram	5	9	5	10	7	..	9	..	Dr Fletcher	..	..	8	10	7	18	..	..
James	4	6	5	..	..	..	..	..	Runyon	..	..	8	..	8	..	..	..
Fessenden	8	12	..	12	4	..	..	..	Lucky	..	..	5	8	2	14	..	..
Mulvaney	3	4	5	7	..	..	..	..	Sisty	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..
L Piercy	6	..	4	12	5	..	..	..	Osborne	..	..	5	6	5	..	..	..
Baron	8	12	8	12	8	17	10	..	Smith	..	..	..	..	7	15	9	..

Haverhill Gun Club.

Haverhill, Mass., Aug. 15.—The team race between teams from the Bradford Gun Club and the Haverhill Gun Club took place to-day on the grounds of the latter club The teams were of six men each, and each man shot at 30 targets, 15 at known angles and 15 at unknown angles. The result was an easy win for the home team, who scored 114 to their opponents' 57. Several sweeps were also shot, the results in these events being as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	20	10	10	10	10
Hilliard	7	..	..	..	..	10	5	6	9	..
Wright	7	..	7	..	6	13	5	4	..	5
Stevens	2	..	..	..	7	11	6	6	..	5
Leighton	5	5	..	5	..	11	..	7	..	8
Hines	5	5	..	7	..	..	..	..	2	..
Orne	6	..	..	5	..	9	..	..	..	4
Webster	..	4	7	4	..	11	3	8	..	7
D S Short	..	6	..	6	..	12	5	5	4	..
Welch	..	5	4	4	3	..	3	..	3	5
Eaton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	4
Miner	..	2	1	2	1	..	..	..	..	6
Alexander	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
E P Blake	..	..	6	..	3	9	..	5	..	6
E B Short	..	3	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Putnam	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..
F J Blake	..	4	..	..	4	..	..	4	..	2
George	..	..	..	..	..	7	2	3	3	..
Brooks	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..
Scribner	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	3	2
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	

Cook County Trap-Shooters' League.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 15.—The fifth contest of the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League took place to-day on the grounds of the Garden City Gun Club. The attendance was the largest on record in the history of the league. The result in the team race was as follows:

Eureka Gun Club—Class A.—Patterson 22, Wright 19, A. W. Adams 19, F. Stannard 21, Steck 19, Goodrich 15—115.

Eureka Gun Club—Class B.—Carson 15, H. Carson 21, Stannard 19, Glover 19, Shepard 21, Whitman 16—111.

Garfield Gun Club—Class A.—Hicks 22, Lengerke 17, Piltz 16, Bowers 21, F. Adams 22—98.

Garfield Gun Club—Class B.—Dr. Shaw 23, Richard 19, Palmer 18 Kuss 24, Fehrman 20, Copp 21—125.

Douglas Gun Club, Class B: Carter 22, Murphy 12, Barto 22, Johnson 17, Eich 22, Hart 20—115.

Cicero Gun Club, Class B: Lawler 13, Lawrie 21, Cheeseman 11, Cooper 17, W. Cheeseman 15, Knoot 17—94.

Calumet Heights Gun Club, Class B: Lanphere 22, Wescott 23, Booth 21, Young 15, Hodson 18, Ferguson 16—115.

Calumet Heights Gun Club, Class C: Greely 18, Houston 16, Marcom 13, Metcalf 13, Black 17, Marshall 19—98.

Garden City Gun Club, Class B: Rubel 24, Kemp 22, Rexford 19, Cutler 18, Amberg 19, Antoine 21—123.

Garden City Gun Club, Class C: Levy 17, Halligan 13, Kimball 13, Ludlow 13, Bissell 16, Wilcox 22—94.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

Lynchburg, Va., Aug. 20.—The regular weekly shoot of the Lynchburg Gun Club was held to-day. Event No. 4 was the contest for the Silverthorn badge; Mr. Terry won the badge with 23 out of 25, Moorman being right after him with 22.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	20	20	10	25	20	5	Targets:	20	20	10	25	20	5
Nelson	18	17	7	18	19	5	Miller	14	16	7	16	16	4
Terry	14	16	9	23	18	5	Stearns	10	13	4	12	12	3
Moorman	16	10	6	22	17	3	Clark	..	..	..	..	14	3
Cleland	13	11	4	7	12	3						F.	M. D.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. L. M.—For hunting license in Quebec apply to the Chief Game Commissioner, Quebec, Canada.

F. E. L., Newark, N. J.—A sells to B a well-bred mare in foal. A bred the mare to a well-bred stallion. Afte 1B bought the mare she has her colt and B raises it. Which is the breeder? Ans.—A.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page x.

AUDUBON BIRD PLATES.

THE most famous bird pictures in the world are those by America's great artist-ornithologist John James Audubon. Devoted as he was to the study of birds, Audubon was first of all an artist—ardent, sensitive, poetic—and it was this artistic temperament, united to the painstaking fidelity of the naturalist, which made his paintings of birds far surpass any others ever painted. The great work in which the plates are contained is now so extremely rare that, although we have all heard much of these Audubon pictures, few of us have had the privilege of seeing them. It is with decided satisfaction then that the FOREST AND STREAM announces that a series of half-tone reproductions of selected Audubon bird plates will be given in forthcoming issues. The plates have been photographed especially for this purpose from a copy of the original double elephant folio edition of this work, 1827–1835, in the possession of a member of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, and the results will be seen during the next few months by our readers.

The birds chosen for the illustrations include several species of ducks—including the beautiful plate of the canvasback—two species of grouse and several of the waders.

SNAP SHOTS.

It is needless to say that the letter of Dr. Morris telling of the appearance of a mysterious wanderer on the Labrador coast and suggesting that his description answered to that of the Lost Man excited lively interest. That after having survived hardships almost incredible the unhappy creature should have met his end at last by tumbling from a snowed over and unsuspected house roof was quite in keeping with all that we had been told of the Lost Man's adventures. It appealed to the imagination as a fitting close of the history, because it was the last thing in the world any one would have thought of as a climax of a story of truth stranger than fiction. In reply to our inquiry, Mr. Scott, the Hudson's Bay Co.'s factor at Mingan, Quebec, tells us that the man described to Dr. Morris passed through Mingan four years ago, and was evidently of about twenty-two years of age. As the FOREST AND STREAM's Lost Man was seen in the New Brunswick wilderness by Mr. Irland in 1895, the Labrador stranger was another person; and thus in place of the original mystery solved we have a new one. The Lost Man did not end his wanderings by falling off the roof at Ford's Harbor; shall we ever solve the problem of his fate?

A meeting of Texas sportsmen will be held at Waco today to devise measures for the better protection of the fish and game of that great State. A subject of particular consideration will be the usefulness, desirability and practicability of limiting the traffic in game. Whatever may come of the conference this much will be sure, that those in attendance will have had presented to them the precedents set by other States as to the limitation of game markets, and in many instances as to the absolute prohibition of killing game for market. Texas herself must come to this eventually, and the sooner the remedy is applied the more quickly will the cure be wrought. The market hunters are barreling Texas game for the New York and Boston and other markets, and no game supply under heaven can stand that strain without extermination.

We trust that the Waco meeting may be the opening of a successful campaign of earnest and definite work. The sportsmen of Texas must understand that if their game is preserved they themselves must do the hard work. They have before them three things to accomplish: they must devise an adequate law, provide an executive warden system to make the law amount to something, and create a public sentiment which shall back up the executive agents in their execution of the law. These are three absolute essentials to an efficient game protective system, and they are in demand nowhere else to-day more urgently than in the great commonwealth of the Southwest.

Here is a man who writes from Canada to know about the FOREST AND STREAM's standing offer of a reward of $500 for a black bass of more than a certain weight; he would like to know the precise weight the bass must attain to win the $500. We have never made any such proposition. Why should we? It is not conceivable that any black bass in existence, unless it had diamond eyes, could be worth $500, not even if it weighed a ton. The big bass whose head has long been among the curiosities of this office weighed 23½lbs. He was a monster, and up to date, we believe, holds the record for weight. Our Canadian correspondent's fish would have to go above 23½lbs. to win the $500, if there were any $500 to win.

There are men who fish for the sole purpose of breaking the record in size or number. They "count that day lost whose low descending sun sees" them returning to camp or to the hotel with a lighter load of fish than some other angler brings in or has brought in. There is no question that among such fishermen more than one might be found who would very willingly give $500 and esteem it a small price to pay for the fame of having taken the record bass of the country.

But why should anyone ask for a money recompense for the biggest fish? Is not a big fish, like virtue, its own reward?

A correspondent writes from Baldwinsville, in Worcester county, Massachusetts, that several deer have been seen in the vicinity this season. This recalls the fact that the Massachusetts law omits protection of deer altogether, except in the counties of Plymouth and Barnstable. This law was permitted to lapse, we presume, because it was thought that outside of the Cape there were no deer to be benefited. Now that the game is appearing again Massachusetts should follow the example of Connecticut and provide needed legislation.

Inquiry fails to develop anything reassuring as to the results of the experiment made by the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association a few years ago of importing game birds from the West. The sharp-tailed grouse have vanished, and few if any of the pinnated grouse have remained. The imported quail, however, appear to have done well in almost every case where the locality in which they were put out afforded adequate food supply. The unusual numbers of quail reported in many quarters may without question be credited to this restocking by the Association.

Read that report of what has been done by the St. Louis County Association of Minnesota. It is a record to be proud of, to arouse emulation, to demonstrate that the way to enforce the law is to enforce it.

Of late years a practice appears to have grown up in the shooting world which deserves sharp rebuke. An individual who is interested in shooting, and has much to do with shooters, writes to manufacturers of guns, shells, wads or powders and requests or demands that the manufacturer shall supply him with his product without charge. It is hinted—or openly stated—that the equivalent for this gift will be the recommendation of the product, perhaps to friends, perhaps to the members of his shooting club, or even in reports of tests made or supposed to have been made by the recipient of the goods. We are told that this practice has become very common and is on the increase. It is alleged that secretaries of gun clubs are frequent offenders in this regard, and that certain persons who write for the sporting papers obtain all their ammunition in this way; that by some persons the request for the goods is made politely and argumentatively, and by others in a very positive manner, and if denied the response contains scarcely veiled threats that the product will be decried in revenge for the refusal.

Of course such demands are mere blackmail, and should be resisted from the very start. There is no reason why writers or club secretaries or any other class or profession should be supplied with free ammunition. Manufacturers do not make their goods from pure benevolence and do not expect to part with them except for a fair price. Happily, the matter is one where the firms preyed upon have the remedy in their own hands. If they will refuse all such requests and notify their fellow manufacturers of names of persons who make such demands upon them the practice referred to will come to an immediate stop, as it should.

We of course are not uninformed of the bargains which are sometimes cheerfully entered into by manufacturer or dealer and customer, by the terms of which the seller agrees to take out a part of the purchase price in a commendatory notice which the purchaser undertakes to smuggle into his next contribution to a sportsman's journal. Then the writer, who has accumulated a new gun under these conditions, spreads himself. In his hands the wonderful arm, as he writes of it, is good for game anywhere on the horizon or above the clouds, and is altogether more of a prodigy than the fabled gun which went off of its own volition and killed the deer while the hunter slept on the runway. The buyer who bargains thus should as a rule have credit for the perfect honesty of his intention; he means to do all that the agreement calls for. That he so often fails is simply because not every editor is a fool, and the waste basket intervenes.

Dr. Geo. W. Massamore, Sec'y-Treas. of the Maryland State Game and Fish Protective Association, advises us that under the new system of a State game warden control the laws are being enforced. There have been a number of convictions, and the deputy wardens are doing good work.

Commissioner Stanley sends us an interesting note about the black bass, which is an introduced species in Maine waters. In certain lakes which were formerly stocked with trout and into which pickerel had been put, the pickerel destroyed the trout. Then bass were introduced and they destroyed the pickerel, whereupon the trout came back again, and now trout and black bass are thriving in the same waters. This should entirely reconcile those persons who have opposed the bringing of bass into Maine.

The triple victory of Canada over the States is of a sort not to be depreciated or discounted by explanations and excuses; in each case Canada has had the best boat and in each event the handling of the Canadian crews has been of the very best. In the Canada-Vencedor match the Canadians have shown from the start the best judgment in making the match, in providing a yacht and crew and in sailing the races. In the races for the Seawanhaka cup, the challenging club has shown most commendable energy in setting afloat a trial fleet under many disadvantageous conditions, and the crew of the winning yacht have shown themselves equally skillful in the three branches of designing, construction and handling. In the canoe races the Canadians were represented by a thoroughly modern canoe, of excellent model, construction and outfit, and sailed boldly and skillfully.

There is nothing to be gained by excuses, or by attributing to a solitary mischance Canada's victories afloat; they bear on the surface every evidence of sturdy and hard work on the part of all connected with them. Not many years ago Canadian yachtsmen were held in small favor in the United States, so much so that the privilege of competing for the America's Cup was taken from them by nothing less extrat ordinary than the tampering with the terms of a permanent trust deed. Though thus shut out from all competition for the great yachting trophy of the world, Canada has gone on quietly and steadily in the face of many serious obstacles; with no famous designers or building yards, with comparatively little money for such an expensive sport as yacht racing, and in many cases hampered by adverse local conditions Those who are familiar with the Lake Ontario and St. Lawrence River fleet of a dozen years back will realize the progress made in the construction of such modern yachts as Canada, Zelma and Glencairn.

We congratulate most heartily our neighbor upon the progress she has made, and we welcome her as a rival even more dangerous than England, in that she is naturally far better acquainted with those local conditions which are determining factors in most yacht races. We recognize her triple supremacy this year, not grudgingly or even regretfully, but as something that will prove to the best interests of sport on both sides of the line.

The Rod and Gun Club of Massachusetts is a new institution with headquarters in Boston. It has been organized, we are assured, strictly for business, and is now ready for work. A game and fish warden has been appointed, and is equipped with a commission from the State; other wardens will be employed as funds shall warrant. We print elsewhere the notice just sent out to members that complaints made by them will be investigated; but the work of the warden will not be confined to complaints coming from members; any person having knowledge of a violation of the fish or game laws is requested to communicate the facts to the club secretary, Mr. Henry J. Thayer, State Street Exchan Boston.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A MOOSE HUNT IN MAINE.

[*Concluded from page 164.*]

Oct. 8.—After breakfast I told Joe to go and look over the upper dead water. He said he could not do it unless he stayed all night. I told him I could keep camp alone, so, shouldering his pack and my rifle (a Winchester .45-70, model 1886), he started on an eight-mile cruise. We arranged that if it cleared off by 3 o'clock I was to go and meet him at the dam. It was still cloudy at 3 o'clock and I did not go, so this left me in camp all night alone. I cooked my supper of venison and fried potatoes, spent the evening by poking the fire and thinking where Joe was, and turned in early. It was quite lonesome, but I soon fell asleep. I awoke at 12 o'clock and looked out of the tent. The moon was shining bright and the wind had all gone down. It was a perfect night, but quite old, for when I got the pail to take a drink I found 1in. of ice in it. After breakfast I went to gather driftwood for kindlings. It was not long before I heard footsteps on the shore, and Joe came trudging up the path to the tent with a big load on his back of all the things that we both had



CAMP FREEZE-OUT.

taken over to the dead water the day before. He had seen a great many signs of moose, and had paddled up to within 15ft. of a cow and a calf moose; they were not a bit afraid of him, and simply waded to shore and there stood and looked at him. He said he would start right off again and explore the other branch of the stream, and if it was a possible thing to do we would carry the canoe and blankets in and call there for moose the next fine evening. By 10 o'clock he had started, and I was again left alone to keep camp. Joe returned the next day and said he had followed another branch of the stream and it was a good place for moose, although he had not seen any, but lots of tracks and fresh signs of moose; and he thought that we had better go in a couple of days and camp in that country.

Thursday and Friday we spent cruising around the country and enjoying camp life. Friday night was the coldest we had had; the water in the pail was frozen solid to the bottom, but we did not mind it in our sleeping bags and blankets. After breakfast we packed our luggage and enough provisions for a three days' trip, and started for the country Joe had visited a few days before. We had very heavy packs and got along very well until we came to cross the brook just below our camp. Joe had on his high rubber boots and I my hunting shoes. Joe got across the log all right, but when I got in the middle of it it commenced to slip, and in a minute I was precipitated into the muddy stream. This of course put an end to this day's trip, so we thought, but we returned to camp and I dried my clothes before the camp-fire. In a couple of hours I had the mud all scraped off, clothes changed and dried, and was again dressed and ready for business. While my trousers were drying I sat in the front of the tent wrapped in my sleeping bag, and was looking over the map of the surrounding country; Joe suddenly stopped chopping and said, "Captain, look and see how far you think it is to the next lake beyond here." I looked and said, "Compass course northeast, about five miles distant from upper dead water." "What do you say? Will we try and cut our way through the unbroken wilderness and return by the aid of axe and compass down the stream to the West Branch and home that way?" I declared that I was willing to go any place where he would go. He thought we had better start as soon as we could and camp where night overtook us, and we immediately packed our packs and again started. This time Joe carried all the duffle over the logs, and I managed to get over all right, and we were soon on our way to the unknown country. We reached the dam at 3 P. M. and paddled up the stream to the road Joe had traveled a few days before. In one hour's paddling we reached the road where we selected a camp site, and it was not long before we had up the temporary lean-to for the night. We had venison, biscuits and tea and were very much pleased with our little shanty of balsam boughs. We turned in quite early that evening and were soon sleeping before a roaring camp-fire of birch logs.

Sunday, Oct. 13, it looked very much like rain, but we returned to Home Camp for the tent and other things left behind. It commenced to rain just as we were unloading our canoe, but we got the tent pitched and a fire built before it rained hard. We then sat down to a dinner of venison, tomatoes, biscuits and coffee, and we ate until the pans were all empty, for we were hungry after our long carry and paddle. This camp I named Camp Cruise No. 1. While we were sitting in the tent I was suddenly surprised by hearing a cow moose call, a short distance back of the tent. Joe said it was quite a treat for me, as many sportsmen come into the woods and never hear a cow call or a bull grunt. I was not surprised to hear a call, for we were in a fine big game country and were to visit a still better one if it was possible to cut our way through the forest to the lake beyond. After supper we went down the stream in the canoe and called a few times, but got no answer, but saw two cow moose.

Monday, Oct. 14.—Morning came and with it showers, but it stopped raining at 8 A. M., and Joe taking the canoe and I a large pack basket full, we started on, not knowing where we would end up. It took us two hours to make the two miles carry, for we had to stop and cut tree after tree to pass over the canoe. When we reached the dam we took a short cruise up the dead water until we could go no further, but would again have to take to the road. Here we found great signs of moose. The water was still roily where a moose had just waded across, and the shore on both sides resembled a cow yard more than the heart of the wilderness. Joe thought it best for me to go back to the old logging camp and then travel back to our tent, two miles away, and fetch another load over the carry, while he went out and tried to find the lake. So we started in opposite directions and he said to me: "When you return this afternoon you sit down in the alders near the dam and you will surely see a moose before dark." He had not gone from me a minute when I heard him whistle, and I knew that it was a signal to come and fetch the rifle. As I reached the spot he pointed to a little thicket on the shore and there stood a small bull moose with small horns. He did not stand very long, although he did not see us, and I would not shoot it, as I wanted a fine head or none at all. He turned into the woods and was lost to view. We again separated and I went back to the tent and brought back a good big load of provisions.

It was nearly 2 o'clock and I thought I would go down to the stream and watch for moose, so picking up my rifle, camera, field glasses and blanket I was ready to shoot moose or take their pictures, just as it happened. I had been sitting in the clump of alders about half an hour when I saw a large bull moose push through the alders about 100yds. distant on the opposite side of the stream, so picking up my rifle and keeping perfectly quiet I waited. On and on he came, and it was a fine sight to see a bull moose coming right down the stream toward me. I first took notice of his horns, but it was a small-horned one, so putting down my rifle I took up my kodak and adjusting it waited for him to come closer to me.

On and on he came until he was within 100ft. of me, and I then thought it time to take his picture. It was very dark and cloudy, and I knew I had to take a time exposure of him. Just as I opened the shutter he moved, and I knew this picture was spoiled. I then wound on another film. While I was doing this a large cow moose came out of the alders and waded down the stream to where the bull was, so I waited and thought I would take the two together. This took a long time for them to get near enough together, but I waited, and in a few minutes they were both in the middle of the stream. I got the camera all ready, and I gave a long low moose call the best I could, and they both looked up and stood perfectly still, and I pressed the bulb and got a good time exposure.

They were not frightened at this, for they did not see or smell me yet, so they went on feeding. I did this several times, and altogether got six exposures, the last one when they were standing on the bank.

They then moved off into the woods, and I was much pleased with my afternoon's experience.

It was dusk when I reached camp. The rain was beginning and there was not a sign of a lean-to or any place to sleep. It was getting dark very fast, so I cut



THE END OF THE FIVE-MILE CARRY.

poles and rigged up the rubber blanket for a lean-to, and it was pitch dark when I began to chop wood. I then began to think of Joe, for I thought that he might be lost or darkness had overtaken him, and I was more worried about him than myself. It was now near 8 o'clock and raining, and I had just leaned the coffee-pot over the fire, when I heard the familiar whistle of Joe and knew that he would not have to lie out all night in the rain. He was very tired and had not found the lake, but had followed a northeasterly course for four miles in a very dense woods and thought he had passed the lake, and then he had taken a southeasterly course and found the stream that leads out of the lake, about a mile or two below it. He said it was a great game country. He had found two old moose horns partly eaten by squirrels and mice, and had seen a large buck deer with a fine set of horns. He said it was further to the lake than he thought, but he would try it again in the morning.

It was now raining very hard, but we managed to fry some eggs and get some supper. Our little lean-to was commencing to leak quite freely, but it was now 9 o'clock and we crawled into our blankets and let it rain. I named this camp Camp Misery, for Joe would exclaim: "All the comforts but home." Indeed it was a night of misery, for toward morning it stopped raining and turned cold, and the bottom of my blanket which protruded from the lean-to was frozen into a cake of ice.

Tuesday morning, Oct. 15.—We had for breakfast fried partridge which I had shot coming over the trail the day before. As soon as breakfast was over Joe started to find the lake, and I went back to the tent and brought over the two-mile trail a load of duffle. This left only two more loads to bring, and Joe and I would go the next day and bring all. It was 3 o'clock when I got back and I went down to the dam and watched for moose for about one hour, but the wind was blowing hard and it was cold and not very pleasant, so I returned to the lean-to. I had supper ready when Joe returned and was soon sitting listening to his day's cruise. He said he had found the lake and it was five miles from here, but we could make it in two or three days' carry.

Oct. 16 brought a light rain, but it cleared off a little and we started with our first load to the upper dead



THE MOOSE WENT ON FEEDING.

water. That day we took our entire outfit from both camps to the new location, and then when it was growing dark we paddled down stream and called for moose. We saw two cows wading and feeding in the stream, and as we did not molest them they did not leave until they were through feeding.

Thursday morning, Oct. 17.—The ground was covered with snow, and it seemed as if one had been carried while asleep from summer to winter in a single night. After breakfast Joe went back to the stream and I packed my basket, and when Joe came along with the canoe I joined him, and we started with the first load over the trail which Joe had blazed to the lake. Joe named this trail Capt. Taylor's Carry. We traveled until 11 o'clock and then turned the canoe over and placed my pack under it. We were now on top of the mountain and halfway over the five-mile carry. We then returned to our tent for dinner.

After dinner we took another load and carried this right through to the lake; then returned to camp, reaching the tent at 5:30 P. M. very tired after our twelve-mile carry. Friday morning brought rain, but we packed up the tent and took the last load through to the lake. It was a wet, slippery carry, and Joe was much ahead of me when we reached the lake at 12 o'clock. After dinner we started back to the top of the mountain, where we had left the canoe and first load, and had everything back at 3 P. M. and pitched the tent.

Our rations were getting low and we had to be sparing of them. For supper we had bread, bacon, potatoes and tea. Supper over, we sat in the tent and talked over our trip, and I turned in for the night, while Joe was building a large fire to last all night, and the whole camp ground was a blaze of light. The night was very cold and windy, but we were soon asleep.

We had slept about two hours when I heard a rush in the tent which awoke me, and I heard Joe exclaim, "By gory, Captain," and I was quickly up and getting out of my sleeping bag. I saw a very bright light outside, which I supposed was the camp fire. Joe was out first in an instant, and we discovered that our stock of provisions, although rather small, which we had placed in a pile and covered with a rubber blanket, was on fire. Joe grabbed the pail of water, and he had first to break the ice in the pail, and then threw the rest of the water on the fire and soon had it out. This was hard luck for us, for our stock of provisions was small and we had only enough to last us until we reached the West Branch again. I named this camp Hard Luck.

Saturday morning was cold and very windy. We ate breakfast of bread, bacon and tea, about all we had left. Joe said he would have to go and find a camp and try and procure some flour and other provisions, and he started out in the canoe, not knowing where to go. I stayed and baked the bread out of the flour we had tried to save from the fire, but the coffee, chocolate and flour had all mixed together, and it looked more like graham flour than wheat. Joe returned without having found any one on the lake shore, and so we decided to break camp and proceed down the stream toward home. There was a very heavy wind blowing from the north and the little lake was lashed into a white foam, and it was very dangerous to face the storm in a frail canoe; but it was sink or swim, starve or paddle, so we decided to venture out. We placed the tent and all in the canoe and pushed off from shore. The waves rolled high and it was getting worse every minute. It seemed as if our little canoe with its heavy burden could not last much longer in this heavy sea, but through the guidance of Providence and the coolness of Joe, and his ability in using the paddle, we at last rounded the point on shore and were in smooth water behind the point. It was very cold and icicles hung all along the shore on the alders. Just below the end of the lake we pitched camp, and here we had a grand view of Mount

Katahdin, covered with snow, and the peaks of the surrounding mountains glistening in the sunlight. It reminded me of my trip through the Swiss Mountains. While we were in the tent eating supper of dry bread and maple syrup, two hunters came by. Joe recognized them and they stopped for a chat. We told them of our need of grub, and one of them told us to come up to his tent in the morning and he would give us some provisions, enough to last until we reached the West Branch. After dark we paddled up the lake and there called for moose, but got no answer, although we could hear a large bull in the brush not far away. We called and called, but he would not come out; so in the early morning we left him and returned to camp. In the morning we paddled up to the point where we had called, and there we found the reason the moose would not come out of the brush. Right on the point, and near where we had called, lay the carcass of a moose; the bull had scented it and of course would not approach.

Joe went to our friends' camp and returned with a pailful of bread. We then started for the West Branch, but we knew it would take us two or three days to get there.

It was a delightful run down the swift-flowing brook and over the rapids, but the water was very low, and after a couple of miles it got so shallow that I had to go ashore and walk while Joe poled, paddled and dragged the canoe over the rocks. As I was walking down the brook I saw a little doe cross the stream; she was enjoying herself. I did not molest her, and she trotted off into the woods. We stopped to camp at 4 o'clock, pitched tent and were soon ready for night.

Sunday morning, Oct. 20, we started again down the stream. I took the road and walked, for the water had dropped a little. Joe had a hard time poling through the rocks and over the rapids. At 3 P. M. I reached a deserted lumber camp and here we pitched camp. I shot a couple of partridges for supper. This I named Camp Katahdin, for from here we had a fine view of the mountain. In the evening we sat before the fire and talked over the trip and planned for the next day's work.

Monday morning, Oct. 21, brought with it a good snowstorm. Joe took the canoe in the stream, while I traveled through the snow and met him a few miles down the stream. The bushes and trees were laden with damp snow, and as I passed several old lumber camps it was a delightful appearance of nature. I was far ahead of Joe, for he had to stop and cut log after log to get the canoe through. We decided to pitch tent just below the little falls. We had to clean the snow off the ground and let the sun dry the leaves a little, and then I gathered boughs and built the bed, while Joe gathered wood for the fire. As we had no tea or coffee, Joe made what he called "Indian tea," that is, dry bread burned in the fire and then boiled in the teapot. It serves very well when you can't get anything else to drink. Thus we had for dinner steamed bread, potatoes, Indian tea and maple syrup. After dinner we started to go up the mountain and cruise for a caribou, but just as we were ready to start a snow squall came and we did not leave the tent for an hour. At last the squall passed over and sunshine came again, and we decided to go to Little Pond and see what was there. We stayed around the pond a couple of hours, but it was very cold and the pond was skimmed over with ice. We returned to camp and prepared for a long, cold night. It proved to be the coldest one we had had on our trip. This camp I named Camp Freeze-out, our last camp. In the morning we decided to break camp and return down the West Branch to Joe's "Home Camp," just below the Debskeneak Falls. We left our tent standing, and I took all my duffle in my pack basket, and Joe taking the canoe, we started over the three-mile carry to the West Branch. In one hour and a half we reached the river and paddled down stream, carrying around Aboljackmegus Falls and Pocquackamus Falls.

Below this we reached the delightful little birch bark camp of artist Turner, of New York city, who planned and built this little cabin, covered with birch bark on the outside and furnished within in the happiest manner, known only to an artist who loves rural life. We partook of a delightful meal with our host, Mr. Turner. After lunch I took a few photographs of the exterior and interior, and a flashlight of the artist at home in the delightful corner of his cabin. The artist had been in the woods since the early spring and intended to stay all winter, and with the aid of his friend and only neighbor, Joe Francis, although three miles away, anticipated many pleasant hours hunting on the snow before the first of January. Bidding our host good-by, and hoping we would see him again, we pushed off from his little wharf and proceeded down the river to Debskeneak Falls. It was a short carry around the falls, and we were soon in the West Branch again, and our next stop was to be at the long looked for camp of Joe Francis, on the point projecting out into the Debskeneak dead water. We reached there at 5 P. M., and how happy his family were to see our safe return, for they knew we had had a hard and cold trip. How happy his little daughter Isabelle was, and his granddaughter Cora, calling "Papa's coming!" when they first spied the canoe coming around the point, just below the rapids. I stayed at Joe's Home Camp over a week, and we took many short trips around the surrounding country.

Two days after our arrival we paddled up to the Debskeneak Pond, and there leaving the canoe on shore climbed the rocky ledges in search of a caribou. We hunted for two days without success, although seeing a number of deer and lots of caribou tracks. The third day our luck changed. We traveled in another direction, we climbed the little mountain and Joe traveled the higher ledge, while I cruised the lower ones. Joe at last scared up a large herd of caribou, and as luck would have it they of course ran in the wrong direction. One happened to single out from the rest and came within 100yds. of us. We both opened fire on him, and after putting seven bullets through him succeeded in laying him low. We returned to camp and I took a picture of the return of the caribou hunters. I spent many pleasant hours at the delightful cabin of artist Turner, and he revisiting me at Camp Joe Francis. Our most delightful evening was the birthday party of Joe's daughter Josephine. We had a card party, and the writer and Josephine defeated Mrs. Dennis and artist Turner in a game of King Pete. I left Joe's camp Oct. 30 at 6:30 A. M., and we had a rough paddle of sixteen miles to Norcross, arriving there at 11:30 A. M. After dinner at the Norcross House, and expressing my deer and caribou heads to friend Crosby, the taxidermist at Bangor, I bade my kind friend and faithful guide good-by and boarded the afternoon train to Bangor, and then over the M. C. & B. & M. R. R. homeward. Altogether I can say our trip was a most delightful one, and I thank my guide, Mr. Joseph Francis, for his kindness and for the hard labor which he went through to give me a good time. We saw altogether sixteen moose, and Joe estimates the herd of caribou at sixty or seventy. We saw a great many deer, and partridges were quite plentiful. I am pleased to say that my photographs which I took on the trip are all good, and that I am, by the aid of our esteemed journal, FOREST AND STREAM, able to illustrate this sketch, so that those who are, as FOREST AND STREAM expresses it, "chained to business and can't go shooting," may see what pleasures and difficulties can be found in the pathless woods.

CAPT. JOSEPH B. TAYLOR.

GREENBUSH, N. Y.

ANOTHER LOST MAN.

COAL RIVER, Newfoundland, July 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last evening in a fisherman's cabin, while a storm was raging on the shore, the conversation turned to the subject of adventures, and some of the men present told of a man who appeared at Mingan, on the Canadian Labrador coast, winter before last, and who would give no account of himself excepting to say that he had walked there from Quebec. No one believed him, as such a feat would be practically impossible. He was clad in old, thin clothing; his torn shoes were held together with strings; he carried only a small axe; he brought no provisions and took none away, though urgently requested to do so. He would not stop but an hour or two, and then went on his way. He seemed to be a cultivated man from the few words that he uttered. In this description I recognized FOREST AND STREAM'S "Lost Man." He next appeared at Olomanosheek River, where Mr. Geo. T. McTavish, the Hudson Bay Company's factor, persuaded him to take a pair of stockings and boots.

I know the country from Mingan to Olomanosheek very well, and I doubt if any other living man has ever attempted to walk that coast. The high lands are covered so deeply with caribou moss or snow that one is quickly exhausted in walking. The valleys are filled with a snarl of dwarf tamarack and spruce that a bear could hardly penetrate. Deep arms of bays at short intervals extend for miles into the rocky coast, and there are wild rivers to cross.

This country was traversed on foot by a man who did not freeze, while thickly-clad natives were in danger. He crossed rivers and valleys where Indians cannot go. He carried no provisions, and no apparatus for obtaining fish or game. He had nothing to shelter him from the weather. Toward spring he arrived at Ford's Harbor, on North Labrador, and while walking on the snow, which was on a level with the roof of Mr. Ford's house, he fell over the front part of the house and his neck was broken. He is buried at Ford's Harbor. If you will send a copy of FOREST AND STREAM containing the picture of the Lost Man to Mr. Ford, Ford's Harbor, North Labrador; another to Mr. Nicholas Fitzgerald, Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, and another to Mr. Scott, Hudson Bay Company's factor at Mingan, Quebec, they will identify the man if he is the Lost Man. ROBT. S. MORRIS.

MR. ROBINSON'S STORIES.

AS one of FOREST AND STREAM'S numerous readers I wish to thank Mr. Robinson for continuing the story of the daily doings of our Danvis friends. From the opening chapter of "Uncle Lisha's Shop" to the last line of "Uncle Lisha's Outing" the author shows a perfect knowledge of the people and events he describes. To the man born and brought up in a large city, and to whom pavements, brick walls and the noise and bustle of such places is as the breath of life, and to whom a day spent among the forests and mountains as nature made them, is as a day lost, the simple tale of life in Danvis (told even as Mr. Robinson tells it) would not be worth the reading. There are others, however, many of them readers of FOREST AND STREAM, who, scattered far and wide over various parts of the world, look back with pleasant recollections to many a quiet old-fashioned homestead among the New England hills, and in whom Mr. Robinson will arouse a feeling somewhat akin to Uncle Lisha's when he found himself transplanted in the far West, "Way beyond the 'Hio."

The happiest hours of my life have been when hunting grouse and woodcock in my native State or when tracking larger game in the backwoods of Maine—lying at night rolled in my blankets, with no shelter other than the branches of a scrubby spruce, on the edge of some Nova Scotia barren, hoping at daybreak to successfully call a moose.

I never sit down to a Christmas dinner at home without recalling a Christmas of a few years ago—a very cold day, the thermometer way below zero, the wind blowing a gale, snow flying in all directions, my Indian and I huddling on the leeward side of a large boulder on a bleak Nova Scotia barren, vainly trying to eat our frozen lunch. I could not help thinking at the time of friends at home, perhaps sitting down to an elaborate dinner. Well, I would not have exchanged places with them. Our camp on that hunting trip was certainly rather rough. From the outside it looked like a pile of brush covered with snow. A rubber blanket formed the door, the floor the frozen ground, and no roof to speak of. Yet when we broke camp for good at the first streak of light on an extremely cold morning, every one of the party with a heavy load (we carried out the best parts of three moose), and with two days' hard snowshoeing before us before reaching a settlement, we were all very silent. After crossing a lake I turned and looked back at our forlorn-looking and desolate camp with genuine regret at leaving, and wondering would I ever see it again.

As Gran'ther Hill says, "It is good fer a man's body and soul to go a-huntin', ef he don't hunt like a cussed hawg, a-gawmin' daown ev'ything he comes tu."

In these days of gold, free silver, Populists, and the Lord knows what, a chapter from "Danvis Folks" seems (to quote Gran'ther Hill again) "like a rest to the body and a divarshion to the mind." C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Aug. 26.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Natural History.

A BIT OF GENERALSHIP.

ED coiled, or rather folded, his three-story proportions into his usual cross-legged attitude, produced his pipe, and as the smoke began to coil upward said, "Say, what was that business about a coyote you was telling the kid about the other day?"

"You mean the coyote that caught the jack? The day you went to town for supplies I went over toward those breaks that run up into the hills from the river along by Ford's place there, to see if I couldn't get a few quail. I worked pretty well up the cañon among the plum and berry bushes, and jumped a covey that went on up toward the hills. I got a right and left as they rose, and then followed them and got nine before they scattered; so I couldn't find any more. Then I thought I had enough anyhow, so I cut across toward camp right over the hills. I went about a mile and run against a lot of fresh coyote tracks going my way, so I followed them, thinking I might get a shot, and not caring much whether I did or not. When I got to the top of that hill where the big rock is I saw the coyotes, two of them, trotting along the side-hill across the valley. I naturally watched them as they went along, running out to a bunch of grass or a rock sticking up in the snow, and then going side by side again. They had got a hundred yards or so from where I first saw them, when a big jack rabbit jumped out of a bunch of grass and bounced along pretty lively ahead of them.

"When he bounced out one of the coyotes lay down and the other loped along after the rabbit, not in much of a hurry, but fast enough to keep the long-eared gentleman from doing much sleeping all the same. I didn't understand that kind of a play, so I sneaked up to the rocks and thought I'd see it through. The rabbit and the other coyote ran along the side of the hill and circled up on to the table-land on top, and came back to within a few yards of the starting place. When they got back, the coyote that had been lying down jumped up and started after the jack, and the one that trotted him the first heat lay down and took a rest while his partner swung him round the circle; then the first coyote trotted him another round.

"They kept this game up for quite a little while, running 'first in and first out,' as the railroad men say, until they had the jack pretty warm and tired; then when he came around the last time the coyote that was lying down made a little quick spurt, got alongside, stuck his nose under the jack and tossed him into the air. He caught him on the fly as he came down, gave a little snap and a shake, and that was the last look the jack had. The other coyote was right alongside by that time and grabbed his share on the run, and a few jerks and pulls butchered the rabbit in a way that was satisfactory to both, and they had him stowed away in a few minutes and were ready for more.

"They fooled around a bit, smelling the snow and licking up the stray drops of blood, and then trotted on until I lost sight of them entirely." EL COMANCHO.

FIELD NOTES.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In June of this year I saw a number of turkey buzzards around Big St. Germaine Lake, in Vilas county, Wis. I think they breed in that vicinity. I don't remember ever seeing them so far north before. In this section I also saw fish hawks and bald-headed eagles, and found a nest of the latter. The fish hawks were continually diving with good success, and generally went in the same direction with fish, so they probably had young to feed.

Doubtless many readers of FOREST AND STREAM will remember the frame house now unoccupied and broken open on the island in Big St. Germaine Lake. In the kitchen of this house I found a chimney swallow's nest containing two white eggs. The nest was made of small twigs stuck together with a light-colored gluelike substance, and it was attached to a rough board on inside of building, about 10in. below the roof. This is the second chimney swallow's nest I have found inside of a building.

On a very rocky island in Crooked Lake I found a loon's nest containing two eggs of a dark chocolate color, with spots of a still darker brown. There was no nest at all, at least nothing had been gathered or arranged; but a soft loamy piece of ground, covered with very short grass, had been selected and worn down till the nest was on bare ground. There had been another loon's nest within a few feet of this one last year or some previous time, as the circular bare spot showed plainly; this nest was not over 10in. above and within 1ft. of the water. The arrangement gave the loon a chance to almost drop off the nest into the water and dive several hundred yards before coming to the surface at a safe distance for herself, and without giving a person any idea from where she came unless he happened to see her quietly slide into the water off the nest.

I was amused at seeing a kingbird dive into a stream nearly as deeply as a kingfisher, and saw this repeated several times. I could not see any insects it was after, and as I was within 30ft. of the bird, it appeared to me as if it was done for pleasure or for a bath. It was not a skim such as a swallow or martin makes for a drink, but more nearly like the dive of a kingfisher. I have seen kingbirds' nests on top of partly hollow cedar fence posts, in the eave trough of a railway station within a few feet of where the engine passed, and on low sweeping cedar limbs in mid-stream not 1ft. above the water. They seem almost to equal the English sparrow for adapting themselves to surroundings.

On a small island I found a very young sand snipe, a ball of down with a little dark stripe near the eye, and with a good pair of legs; it ran rapidly out on the extreme end of a bare sandpoint, and went into the water several feet from shore swimming well, and it got around me while I stood still. The old bird hovered just over it, calling out, and apparently with a broken wing; but when she saw I let the young alone and it got back on land again in the grass, her wing got better rapidly. On the other end of this island, in some brush, I found a young ground bird just out of the nest. I touched it and it partly ran and flew into water a few inches, but as soon as it felt water it got back on dry land and hurried into the

brush. In each case, although the young were just out of the nest, their instinct did not fail them at a critical time. The game bird took greater chances, but was equal to it.

Last winter I was surprised at the courage of the well-known bird commonly called the gray strike. This bird had been catching an English sparrow nearly every day during the prevailing cold spell and had a large fir tree and a thorn apple bush as his headquarters and butcher shop. Under this bush were wings, feathers and parts of many sparrows. One day, seeing him eating something that looked larger than usual, I went down to the bush and found he had one of his own kind partly eaten; the legs and tail and part of body were all that was left. If the one that was feasting did the killing it must have been an old one, a good fighter, as it showed no signs of the battle. Probably it was an up-to-date bird; in fact I think it was in its prime and I doubt if it had ever seen better days. A READER.

LABRADOR SKETCHES.

IX.—Sea Gulls.

[Written for FOREST AND STREAM by Count H. de Puyjalon, and translated by Crawford Lindsay.]

GULLS, with mosquitoes, fleas, bugs and unmentionable insects, are the pests of Labrador.

There are two principal varieties: the great black-backed gull (*Larus marinus*) and the herring gull (*Larus argentatus*). The Acadian and Canadian fishermen call the former *Anglais* or English, and the latter *Irlandais* or Irish.

The origin of the name *Anglais*, given to *Larus marinus*, is as follows: Many years ago, the dwellers on the coast relate, an English frigate was wrecked on a reef in the Gulf and all the crew were drowned. The sea cast up many bodies, and when the fishermen came to bury them they had to fight with clouds of black-backed gulls quarreling over the remains. These fishermen called them *mangeurs d'Anglais* (eaters of English) and this has gradually been shortened to *Anglais*.

I cannot say why the herring gulls are called Irish. Perhaps it may be a delicate allusion to "home rule," for they seem to have an autonomous government in the spruce-clad islets of Mingan.

All these gulls are bandits, and bandits of the worst kind. Their flight is powerful, their strength very great and they are always oppressing the weaker. Prudent almost to cowardice when in presence of a courageous or armed enemy, they are great hypocrites and excessively indiscreet. A fishing boat, a canoe, a tent exasperates them. If you endeavor to approach seals basking on the rocks, or a flock of ducks or geese swimming on the water, you must be careful of gulls, for if they see you they will at once give notice of your presence by the most varied and discordant cries, and, no matter how judicious you may be in your stalking, you will lose your time and trouble. The denizens of the sea and beach are accustomed to these warnings and immediately get out of danger. So it is no wonder that imprecations are hurled at the gulls and that they are unpopular on the coast.

I think that these birds never sleep. You can hear them all night long croaking, barking, howling, hooting and mewing, especially when they see a camp-fire. They imitate all the most inharmonious cries sometimes so accurately that it is hard not to believe that you are surrounded by cats, dogs, seals, owls or crows. It is impossible to put a stop to the infernal row they make. I have often got up at night and fired my gun right and left at these horrid birds, hoping to frighten them away and get some sleep. But it was of no use; a few minutes after the last detonation the noise would begin again as bad as ever.

Gulls are exceedingly gluttonous; they gobble up everything, whether fresh or putrid; they devour enormous quantities of crabs, sea urchins, lobsters and fish, especially eels, which they catch very expertly amidst the sea wrack, for they do not dive.

There is nothing more amusing than to see a gull catch a large lobster. Lobsters, as everyone knows, have two fore-claws of great strength, but so disposed that they cannot be brought above the thorax nor be put out sideways. They must therefore always keep their front to the enemy. That is why they hide under rocks or keep their bodies and tails in holes, leaving outside only the formidable claws with which nature has provided them as a means of defense and aggression and for seizing their prey. But the lobster, like others, has weak moments, and toward evening, especially in the love season, it leaves its retreat and comes out among the sea wrack carpeting the bottom of the coves, to seek the object of its affections. Then the truculent gull, which cares little for sentiment, comes on the scene at low tide. It alights quite close to the lobster, left almost high and dry, and seems entirely occupied in searching for retiring mollusks in the sea wrack. Then approaching gradually and noiselessly, it catches the unfortunate lobster by the tail and drags it as rapidly as possible to one of the innumerable flat rocks which crop up from among the seaweed all along the Labrador coast. Once there, it kills its victim by turning it over on its back and smashing in the shell by means of its bill, as hard as a miner's pick axe.

With sea urchins, crabs and small lobsters it follows the process we read of in the fables of our youth. It seizes them, flies up to a certain height and lets them fall on the rocks, when the shell is broken to pieces and it secures the contents.

To satisfy its ravenous hunger the gull not only eats crustacea, mollusks and fish; it also destroys a considerable quantity of small game. The young *moniacs* or eider ducks (*Somateria mollissima*) suffer greatly from its depredations; it gobbles them up unmercifully and in so furtive a manner that the unfortunate mother has barely time to notice the cruel fate of her progeny. When it finds a brood of these young birds it flops down close to them with as much noise as possible. The ducklings are frightened out of their wits, dive at once, and, according to their habit, disperse under water. The gull, which has very strong sight, observes them closely, and when the little palmipeds come up to the surface the gull catches them before they reach it, swallowing them under water and thereby concealing its crime, which it repeats as often as possible without exposing itself to an attack from the mother, which, although not very far-seeing, is very strong, and does not hesitate to attack it as soon as she perceives her loss.

The gull not only commits its depredations and satisfies its gluttony in the sea, it also finds its way to the lakes in the interior. It is one of the chief agents of the dispersion of fish in fresh waters. It transports, stuck to its feet by some special mucosity, or stored in its stomach, fish spawn, which it deposits or disgorges before it is decomposed or altered by the gastric juices. By this means many waters completely separated from all fish-producing sources have become stocked with various kinds of fish. It is thus also, in all probability, that some species which are exclusively salt-water fish, such as herring, or others which are partly salt and partly fresh-water fish, such as smelts, have become acclimatized in fresh-water lakes, where they seem to have undergone but few changes in spite of their difference of habitat and of successive reproductions.

The gull seems monogamous, but it is so vicious that I would not be surprised to learn that it is immoral. The black-backed variety builds on the bare rocks, or in the moss which covers them, a nest which does it but little credit, being a mere apology for a nest, in which the female lays three eggs, white or a dirty blue in color, with brown spots, especially at the bigger end. The herring gull, on the contrary, is more acute. It has abandoned the rocks on which it formerly nested and now builds its nests in the tops of spruce trees decapitated by the wind. The trees in the Mingan archipelago are covered with these birds, which, when seen from afar, look like lumps of snow.

Gulls' eggs, though rather reddish in color, are very good eating, especially in omelets. They are constantly being taken away by the fishermen of all nationalities who frequent the Gulf. This is not a very great misfortune, for there are always too many gulls, but the people here pay little heed to a trade which outsiders find lucrative, as those eggs command a ready sale for culinary and other purposes.

A day or two after they have come out of their shells the young black-backed gulls are strong enough to walk out of the nest and hide themselves in the crevices of the rocks at the approach of danger. If caught a few days before they can fly they are very good to eat when fried with potatoes. Their flesh is then very tender without any fishy or oily taste and is very much like chicken; later on it becomes tough and tastes abominably. The parent birds feed their young on fresh fish and shellfish; they never give them anything putrid and their own liking for that kind of food is acquired as they get older.

The male gull cares very little about defending its offspring; it contents itself with circling round at a great height, uttering piercing cries. The female is braver and sometimes attempts to fly at the despoiler. When their young are taken both male and female fly away in the most unconcerned manner.

In spite of the wholesale destruction of their eggs, they abound in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Some islands and headlands are literally covered with them in the laying season. They are, however, very shy and wary. They can calculate with wonderful accuracy the distance between them and the fowler, and can very seldom be shot with a fowling-piece. They are large birds—the black-backs especially, whose spread of wings sometimes measures 5½ft. from tip to tip. Their wings are used for trimming hats, and I am surprised that their feathers—the white ones in particular—are not more generally used for ornamental purposes. The thigh bones make excellent pipestems.

Gulls are very good weather prophets, and can be thoroughly relied on as such. Thus, for instance, when those which are not burdened with family cares fly away in groups to some mossy rock to spend the night, you may be sure that, whatever may be the direction of the wind at the moment they pass you, the wind will next day blow in the direction in which they are flying. When they fly high and you are far from shore look out for your sails, as you will soon have to reef them; it is a sign of a high wind. When you see them alight on the water looking for caplin, lansing or sand ells and herrings exhausted and weary from being pursued by grampuses, it means fine weather. If, on the contrary, they skim along the surface without stopping, look out for rain or fog, as one or the other is not far off. H. DE PUYJALON.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE IOWA FEVER.

EVERY year at just about the same time—in fact, at almost the same hour each year—some people take the hay fever. Instantly and without previous warning the attack is on in full force. Just so the Iowa fever attacks one man that I know, but fortunately the Iowa fever puts him to no inconvenience except the endurance of an unsatisfied longing that is hard to bear, but has its compensations. The attack always comes on about August 15, and takes full control of the patient for an hour or two; then the patient forgets all about it until a recurrence of the attack, which is sure to come on in a few days. The twenty-third annual attack of this fever overtook me this evening. On the cars from Chicago to Milwaukee, after a good supper in the dining car, lounging in a comfortable seat, at peace with self and all the world, enjoying a cool breeze that was infusing new life into a body almost worn out by the humid heat of six weeks just past, this man got a smell of something which made him say, "That smells like the Iowa prairies." In one minute more the fever was on. As he lay back in the chair apparently asleep he saw, first, the rolling, breeze swept prairies of Adair county—an ocean of green grass gently waving in the breeze of a cool morning; the ocean of grass dotted with a few little islands of stubble. In the morning the sun came up out of this ocean of grass and in the evening sank out of sight in its bosom. Chickens in every stubble, chickens on every hillside, flocks of chickens in every patch of corn, and two men with two guns and two dogs owned the whole, for no others were there to disturb the chickens nor to tell the two sportsmen to "git out of that." One of these men was weak, just up from an attack of malarial fever; but as he wandered over the prairie every breath of its pure air brought strength, every meal was a feast fit for the gods, every night full of delicious sleep, and with the awakening came the feeling that it was good to be alive and that life was worth living after all. These men did not have breechloaders, but just plain guns marked "W. More." Their dogs had no pedigrees, but they were industrious, were staunch on a point, and would hunt dead birds. They pointed thousands of live ones and found hundreds of dead ones.

Three weeks of this and the scene shifts to the flat prairies of Dallas county, with their hundreds of ponds and sloughs, and many large islands of yellow stubble and thousands of acres of tall corn. Chickens in the corn and stubble, and chickens in the grass, quail calling along the edge of the brush that bordered the sides of the creeks, young mallards in the tall weeds and grass of every slough and pond, teal and other little ducks wherever there was open water, geese harrowing the sky, and sandhill cranes dancing in the pastures. Every morning and every afternoon there were whole acres of mallards in the stubbles, while thousands more were on the wing in every direction. Verily it is no wonder that the sportsmen of those days gave no thought to the possible extinction of this vast horde; but they are all gone now, mostly killed, and the rest driven away, and their former homes drained of their water, and now covered with corn and cattle.

One of these men, the one who has the fever now, brought his family and lived three years on the edge of this fowling paradise. While under the delirium of the fever this afternoon he thought it was Saturday afternoon and a pair of young mallards would be good for a Sunday dinner. Looking toward the big tract of stubble that lay east of the house, he saw a few small flocks flying about over it, so half an hour before sundown he quit work and equipped himself for getting the mallards. First a powder flask that was hung bottom upward, the cord over the shoulder just long enough to let the mouth of the flask enter his hip pocket, so it would not be swinging about and was always just ready to take hold of. Next a shot pouch arranged the same way, both flask and pouch having lever nozzles, so that when the nozzle was put in the gun muzzle a quick pressure on the lever instantly delivered the charge. Next a long nankeen coat just the color of the stubble, and a cap covered with same kind of cloth, and having a cape that hid all but the front part of his face.

Now he takes the gun from the closet, wipes off the oil, inverts the flask over the muzzles, and drops 3 drams of powder into each. From one of the many coat pockets he gets two wads that he has cut from scraps of new harness leather. Drawing the ramrod, he pushes them swiftly down the smooth tubes, pleased with their smooth movement and the sharp hiss of air from the nipples, which denotes that they are clear. From another pocket come two Ely Bros. felt wads (he paid 30 cents a box for them), and these go down on top of the others. There is a small notch cut in opposite edges of these wads for the escape of the compressed air. Tapping the wads snugly down on the powder, he withdraws the ramrod, inverts the shot pouch over the muzzles, and drops just 1oz. of No. 5 shot in each. Then tearing an Ely wad in two, he pushes a half down each barrel and puts the ramrod in the thimbles. It takes some time to tell it, but the loading was all done in less than thirty seconds.

Meanwhile Flora and Sinner, the dogs, are on the anxious seat and wanting to know if they will be in it. The man says: "Flora, you can't go." Then Flora with drooping tail goes behind the house, looking back and licking her lips as though she would like to bite somebody. A wink gives Sinner to understand that he can go, but he is an old dog and knows he is not to cut any capers about it.

After leaving the house an Ely waterproof cap is put on each of the nipples, and the man takes his way along a rail fence that divides the 200 acres of stubble into two fields. He has not gone far when a puff of smoke at the further end of the field, followed by the rising of ducks from the stubble, shows that Bert Harmon is out with the old Queen's arm, "loaded with three fingers of powder and eleven buckshot." The flocks of ducks wheel and circle over the field, and man and dog crouch close in the fence corner, but not a duck comes in range. They know that that old fence is dangerous. Presently they all leave except one hungry young mallard intent on a supper of wheat; he finally settles in the stubble 200yds. away. Lying flat in the stubble, the man begins a sneak toward the duck. Whenever the duck's head is down the man drags himself along; when the duck's head is up the man is motionless. After ten minutes of tiresome crawling the man is within 50yds. Then the duck grows suspicious and stands with head and neck stretched high, and a moment later takes wing. Too far away, but—bang! and the duck comes down with a broken wing. Old Sinner bounds from the fence corner and proudly bears the duck back to the fence.

It is now sundown and no ducks are in sight. Man and dog wait in the fence corner until dusk, but not without hope, for during the afternoon the man noted a number of flocks of brant going south to feed on the stubbles of Quaker Divide, and he knows they will return to the ponds to roost. Already several have passed by out of range, but now the gabbling of a large flock is heard, and a little later they are outlined against the sky—a disorderly mob of fifty or sixty, flying low, and talking and laughing among themselves. On they come straight toward the man until within 200yds., when there is a volcanic explosion from Harmon's old Queen's arm 300yds. to their left, and they swerve away from it, going 60 or 70yds. to one side of the man in the fence corner. Old Sinner whines and the man jumps to his feet and "lets 'em have it" with both barrels. They shoot upward 50ft. and fill the air with insane screams and gabblings—all but one, which did not spring up with the rest, but, leaving the flock, flaps laboriously away to the east and slanting downward. Sinner whines. "Be quiet!" said the man sharply, and nothing was heard but the gabbling of the now distant flock. The wounded bird had disappeared as soon as it sank below the sky line. "Listen, Sinner;" and the old dog stood with high head and pricked up ears, slowly waving his tail in long sweeps that showed the pent up excitement in his mind. "There! hear that flapping of wings against the stubble? He's down, Sinner; fetch him!" And Sinner with a suppressed whine was off into the darkness, but his course was easily traced by the swish of his rapidly moving legs through the stubble. Presently the sounds denoted uncertain movements on the part of the dog, but after a few minutes came the sound of struggling wings, and soon after Sinner laid the brant at the man's feet. "Want to carry the duck, Sinner?" The dog picked up the duck, the man took the brant, and these two friends—the man

and the dog, who had been boon companions for six years, with never a quarrel between them (for the dog would not quarrel with the man)—took their way to the house. At the gate they are met by a five-year-old, who takes the duck from the dog and asks, "What else did you get? A brant! Oh, but he's a big one! Papa, old Mr. Shekels was here to see you." "What did he want?" "Said there was a lot of young mallards in the pond in by his big cornfield, and hadn't been anybody after them, and wanted you to come up there and kill them; and there was any amount of them. Are you going to take Flora or Sinner? I want you to take Flora, 'cause Sinner goes better to my wagon. When will you get me a gun?"

"Young fellow, you are too much like your father to ever amount to anything," said the man.

"That's what ma says, but I don't b'lieve it," said the youngster.

"Supper is ready," said a loving voice at the door. When the meal was finished the same voice said: "It's a good thing that you got those two birds, so we can have something to eat to-morrow."

"Don't feel like I'd want anything more for a week," said the man.

"I should think not," replied the wife.

O. H. HAMPTON.

IN COLORADO MOUNTAINS.

As told by the Junior of the Party.

[*Concluded from page 167.*]

Mr. C. and Wells found where a small cinnamon bear had been feeding upon the carcass of a deer the night before. On talking over the chances around the camp-fire that night, we decided that it was likely that this bear would come back to feed on the remainder of the deer, and that it would pay to set the bear trap there. Accordingly, the next morning we packed the trap on Speckles and took it to the place, fixing things so as to give Bruin a warm reception if he tried to finish his meal.

Most boys' books on the subject give you an idea that you can go out in the woods, run across a grizzly bear and have a scrap with him whenever you want, and that if you come within sight, scent or hearing he will attack you. Exactly the opposite is the case. There is nothing that a grizzly is more afraid of to-day than man. He has been hunted so steadily with modern weapons of high caliber and precision that he has become the wariest of American wild beasts and it is about impossible to find him when free. He is very swift and silent on his feet, and long before you can see him he has seen or scented you and made off.

Wells, with whom we hunted, estimates that since he began hunting in Colorado, about eight years ago, he has killed nearly 100 bears, of which a large number were grizzlies; yet of them all not one was killed running free in the woods. They all were trapped. The trap commonly used is the Newhouse trap manufactured by the Oneida Community in New York. It is celebrated for the way the steel springs are tempered. The trap is simply a pair of circular jaws, which close with a snap on anything touching a trigger between them which loosens the springs. This trap is set at the entrance of an artificial pen, into which the bait is dragged. The bear, on entering the pen, steps on the trap and is generally caught by the foot. Our present attempt was a failure, for this bear did not come back.

This was the day on which my father killed his elk. In the afternoon we were riding in single file through thick spruce timber, Johnny in the lead, I next and my father third, when suddenly I saw Johnny hold up his hand and motion for us to get off and come to him. We were by him in about three seconds and luck favored my father. In these matters, whether you get your game or lose it is a matter of seconds and of instinct rather than of reason, as you have no time to consider. I happened to come forward on Johnny's right and my father on his left. Looking down a lane in the trees, my father saw a bull elk standing about 75yds. off, head on, looking right at him. It all passed in a moment. He dropped on one knee, and raising his rifle, fired. As he fired I saw a cow elk looking at me from behind a tree, but of course did not shoot at her. The bull disappeared, and leaving me with the horses, Johnny and my father plunged forward after the bull. As he shot, Johnny said to me, "He got him all right;" but ten minutes' hunting in the brush failed to locate him. They then came back and I pointed out the direction in which I saw the bull disappear. They had been following the cows, thinking they would stay with the bull, but I thought I had seen the bull and a calf start to run straight away from us. This proved to be so, for after several minutes I heard a whoop from my father and I knew they had him, and in my joy at his success I jumped over three logs and whooped until I was hoarse. The bull was found by Brigham, Johnny's hound, and when they came to him he was lying stone dead under a big spruce, shot through the heart. He had run about 100yds. from where he was shot. He was a beautiful animal, with branching antlers, and there was great joy in camp when we brought his head home that night. We ran on the elk about half-past 4, but it took us over an hour to skin the bull and get his head off, and pack it and the meat we wanted on the horses, and as our journey home was through thick spruce for a long way, we did not make camp until after dark.

My father now had killed an elk, but had not yet secured a good pair of buck antlers, so next day he started off after deer by himself, and Johnny and I went for elk. Neither hunt was successful. My father shot a buck, but it got away. I rode all day in the thick timber without getting a shot, though I saw some cow elk and had a glimpse of a bull. I climbed Pagoda Peak, however, and from there had a magnificent view of the surrounding country. It was a beautifully clear day, and from my elevation of about 11,000ft. I could see for over 100 miles into Wyoming on the north and Utah on the west. I got back to camp first and went out to meet my father, and found him returning with three grouse, which to my astonishment he said he had killed with stones; he was pitcher on his school team when a boy. Mr. C. on this day saw several bulls, but did not get a shot.

The next day Mr. C. thought he would like to try his hand at hunting deer alone, and the outcome was very remarkable and successful, for he got two large bucks, one of which had a fine pair of antlers. This proved to be one of my lucky days. I had hunted hard with Johnny for elk all day long, seeing nothing but small deer. It was 5 o'clock in the afternoon and we had still six miles to go to camp through thick timber. We were crossing a small open park in the edge of the timber, when I happened to look over to the right and saw a bull elk come rushing out of the woods into the park. I was off my horse in an instant, and was ready to shoot before he had reached the other side of the park, 150yds. away, and here a lucky thing happened for me. At the other end of the park, near where he was going to enter the timber, there was a small opening which led into another smaller park. Just as he was about to plunge into the woods three deer came running through this opening. He was so surprised and startled by their sudden appearance that he turned and ran along the edge of the park without entering the timber. This gave me a good chance to shoot. Just as I got my sights on him he turned around and started back again, and so I shot behind him. At the shot he turned and plunged into the timber. I took a quick shot at his vanishing rump. "No catchee," said Johnny. "No catchee," I repeated. "We'll go and have a look anyhow," said Johnny. "You may have hit him with that last shot, but I don't think so." "Oh, what's the use?" I answered, "I missed him clean as a whistle." But Johnny insisted, so we rode over to where we saw the last of our elk. Johnny rode in a few steps, and then said quietly: "Well, you got him all right." And there he lay in all his glory, a beautiful young spike bull as large as a heifer. This completed our collection of elk trophies. I had killed a cow elk last year in Wyoming. My father had on this trip secured a bull with a fine pair of antlers, and this spike bull completed the family group.

We cut off the hams and skinned the head, and having no pack horse that day we hung the skin of the head and the skull with the horns high up on a tree near by. The hams we wished to save for eating, so hung one on the limb of a sapling and the other on a high stump, to save them from marauding bears, and we then took our way campward, weary, but very well satisfied with our day's hunt.

I forgot to say that on the day before Johnny and I had visited my father's elk carcass, which lay less than half a mile from mine. This was on the second morning after my father killed it, but it was all absolutely gone with the exception of some gnawed ribs and leg bones—with not enough meat left on them to feed Brigham. Remember that this had been a large elk, and yet one bear (as we learned from his tracks) had done all this gormandizing. The hunters said that the tracks were certainly those of "Old Ephraim," a very large grizzly, as well known to bear hunters throughout that region as was "Haskins's coon" in Stockton's story of the coon hunters who vainly pursued that elusive coon on many successive nights. All grizzlies are known by the generic name "Old Ephraim," but this particular bear has taken title alone to the name in the White River region of Colorado. We made up our minds to get that bear, and to this end resolved to move our camp to a place within half a mile of the carcass of my elk, and to set our trap there, so next day we broke camp and on the way stopped where the carcass lay. Ephraim had been there; the carcass had been partly eaten, and had been dragged more than 50yds. through the timber. When we looked for the hams which had been so carefully hung by us, out of reach as we thought, we found they had been torn down, and they lay together undevoured, but thoroughly mauled, 100yds. away. As the hunters say in the vernacular, the bear had "gormed" them—an expressive term, if you understand it to mean that the bear had in an evident spirit of wanton destructiveness destroyed for our uses the meat he did not want for his own. As elk meat is preferable to venison, we felt very indignant at Ephraim for his double theft, and made a solemn vow to secure his hams in exchange for those he destroyed. We set the trap very carefully, and then went and made camp in a valley below Pagoda Peak.

Early next morning Johnny went up to see if we had Ephraim—but alas! he had us. He had visited the carcass, smelt out the trap, rooted it out of the ground with his nose, sprung it and walked off safe, and doubtless smiling at us. This we were told by our guides was a trick peculiar to this particular bear. He had played it a number of times on other hunters in the past. After breakfast Wells, my father and I went up and set the trap again. Wells, who was nettled at the way we had been "played," set the trap with the greatest care, making a few changes in the surroundings, and then we went hunting, but got nothing that day.

The next morning we had "a" grizzly, but not "the" grizzly. Old Ephraim had again escaped us, and this time for good. It will hardly be believed, but the evidence of the tracks and the surroundings showed unmistakably that when the other bear was caught in the trap, "Eph" had walked in, over or by him, and taking the hams we had left with the bait, had carried them out of the pen and eaten them. We found the bones near by. The bear we caught was not extraordinarily large, but he was large enough to satisfy us, weighing about 400lbs. His fur was in very good condition. When we reached the trap we found that he had been caught by the right forefoot, and such was his ferocity that by the time we arrived he had nearly freed himself by gnawing his foot off. He was furiously angry, and his snarling and roaring were terrifying to a novice. We stood around with our rifles cocked while my father took three hasty snaps at him with his kodak. At the third the indignant bear made a jump at Johnny, who had no weapon but an axe, so aiming between bruin's eyes I shot him, putting him out of pain and us out of danger. A grizzly is, however, very tenacious of life, more so than almost any other animal, and this one, although there was a hole in his skull large enough to get two of your fingers into, did not die for fifteen minutes, although he never regained consciousness. I sat down on him, so that I can now say that I have sat on a live grizzly bear in the heart of the Rocky Mountain forests.

And then we came home and I became a schoolboy again. And now I look back on the lofty mountains, the somber solitude of the mighty forests, the mountain brooks, and the waving spruces as dreams of the past, and remember "the blazing fire at night, the sweet taste of supper, the talk, the bed of hemlock boughs, and the bear skin."

H. S. D., JR.

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CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Around Lake St. Clair.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 22.—It was a large and merry party of guests that Com. Scotten took out from Detroit in his boat last week, the party being in honor of the shooters visiting Detroit at Jack Parker's shooting tournament, and comprising more than a dozen local and visiting men well known in shooting circles. The start was made early Saturday morning, and the voyage was a delightful one, with all the luxuries at hand which a well-equipped steam yacht can offer. The day passed in story telling and merriment, until the party arrived at Com. Scotten's cottage on the North Channel. Here he has an elegant cottage in course of erection, and here he keeps a vast house-boat, fitted out like an ocean liner for comfort and elegance, with over a dozen staterooms, a big dining hall, library, kitchen, observatory, etc., etc., certainly a most admirable home for a summer fishing party or a fall shooting assembly. This big boat, which is about 60ft. over all, is always the dwelling place of some of Com. Scotten's friends, and until the erection of his cottage has acted as the summer home of himself and family, the yacht Wanda making regular trips up from the city, after the half marine fashion of Detroit in the summer season. The locality is right in the heart of the best of the ducking country of the famous St. Clair marshes, and from the roof of the house-boat we could see uncounted miles of fine mallard marsh, broken up with long reaches and pools of open water. Here some fine bags of ducks are made, and there is every prospect that this fall the Commodore and his friends will have elegant sport, for the birds are reported breeding in abundance on the marsh, to say nothing of the migratory flight of deep-water fowl. There is abundance of good woodcock ground near by also. The whole region thereabout has a twang of the paddle and gun which years of fashionable settlement have not been able to eradicate, and the dwellers thereabout offer types and characters worthy of our writers who are looking for that sort of thing and not always finding it.

While our party was wandering about the grounds at the cottage and house-boat—all low "made ground," as is customary in this modern Venice—attention was called to an interesting fact. The workmen on the place had reported seeing very often a mallard hen which had her nest near the bank of a ditch close up to the house, and we were told that the nest could still be seen. We filed out over the marsh about 50yds. from the house, and there to be sure we found the nest of Mother Mallard, now, alas! deserted on account of the continual noise and frequent visits which the building of the house had occasioned. We found the nest to be merely a little gathering together of the twigs of the rushes which grew about it, the eggs being merely held above the moist earth. The reeds bent about it in a scanty circle, and the cover was slight when one came up near the nest. About half a dozen eggs remained in the nest, and some of these were broken. One of the party, Mr. Heikes, who had a camera with him, made a very interesting picture of the nest.

Our voyage over the charming St. Clair country was terminated by a run up the beautiful "Sni Carté," a rapid run down the South Channel among the ceaseless streams of shipping, a stop at historic Joe Bedore's place, and a turbulent passage across old "Lac St. Clair" in the teeth of a rattling blow which brought rain and lightning to add to the picturesqueness of a lovely locality. It seemed to a stranger that this is a very happy hunting ground for a sportsman, and of all the many lovers of the rod and gun who make the lovely city of Detroit their home, there are few who are more fortunate or more happy and hospitable than Mr. Scotten.

A Sportsmen's Luncheon.

This social side of sportsmanship seems to gather force as years go by, which is a very pretty thing to chronicle. Here at Chicago we had this week a little instance of this. At the close of the late trap-shooting contest between Mr. R. O. Heikes and Mr. Fred. Gilbert for the E. C. cup, the winner, Mr. Heikes, invited the defeated and a number of his friends to a little luncheon. This was duly had yesterday, there being present, besides the host and Mr. Gilbert, Mr. E. S. Rice, Mr. W. L. Shepard, Mr. Charles Grim, Mr. A. C. Patterson, Mr. J. H. Robbins and the writer. Mr. Heikes is as quiet and as beaming a host as ever put foot under a board, and the affair was as pleasant as any ever was. It was a graceful and pretty thing, such a luncheon, and shows that shooting is not all there is to the sport of trap-shooting.

Buffalo Skulls in Iowa.

It was this luncheon, by the way, or the preliminaries to it, that brought out what to me seems a rather curious fact, namely, the recent discovery in northwestern Iowa of numerous buffalo skulls. One would have thought these relics all picked up or rotted away long before this. Mr. Fred. Gilbert, whose home is at Spirit Lake, Ia., told me that the late droughty years have caused the entire drying up of many lakes and bodies of water in that region which for the generation past have been full of water. The skulls and bones were in each case found at the bottom of some such dried-up lake. A great many of them have been found, and Mr. Gilbert, pointing out an old skull of my collection which is in fair preservation, said that the Iowa skulls were quite as good as that—proof of the preservative effects of a long bath under mud and water. The animals were no doubt mired down or in some way killed at the water in the past. There is no doubt about the skulls and horns being those of the bison and not of domestic cattle.

Mr. Gilbert's father, John Gilbert, is still living. He came to Spirit Lake in the frontier days, in 1857, Fred thinks. Fred Gilbert has heard his father tell of killing two buffalo after his arrival at Spirit Lake, in Dickinson county, Ia., and he thinks these buffalo were killed in that county, though the hunt may have taken the men beyond the limits of that county. John Gilbert killed the only two buffalo seen, a bull and a cow, which were found cut off on a strip of unburned grass in a region which had been burned over by a prairie fire. The weapon used was a muzzleloading rifle. To-day there are flax fields growing over the lakes where John Gilbert once went goose hunting with his rifle, and Mr. E. S. Rice, who goes this week to the old Gilbert homestead, will be glad if they find plenty of prairie chickens instead of geese and buffalo and elk, as was once the case in the swift history of that sturdy prairie State.

Chickens.

The chicken season draws on apace. Illinois shooters should keep in mind such points as De Kalb, Champaign, Mason City, Amboy and Ashton. There are chickens at each of these points, in greater or less quantity and under more or less difficult environments, by reason of posted land, local prejudice, etc. Before many years we shall be valuing these birds more highly than we do even to-day.

Messrs. F. F. and Richard Merrill, of Milwaukee, have gone to Fox Lake, Wis., for a go at the chickens on the marshes thereabouts. Additional word comes from Horicon marsh that the chickens are abundant there, near the upper club house. The Merrill brothers will go to Minnesota Sept. 1 for further chicken shooting.

The license law of North Dakota will keep many Chicago shooters out of that State this fall.

There exists the old confusion of ideas as to the Illinois chicken date, some claiming Sept. 1 and some Sept. 15 as the legal opening date. There is doubt as to the legal validity of either date, so it is risky to take the earlier date. Besides it is more sportsmanlike to take the later one.

A Good Special Car Party.

There is no prettier way than that of the special hunting car when it comes to taking a trip with a party for a hunt in far away country. Not all shooters are so lucky as to go in this way. Of those who are so lucky there are some who are sportsmen and some who are not. The special car party in some instances is a synonym for good living and bad shooting—in short, of butchery and not of sport. Too large bags are carefully to be guarded against always when a number of men are hunting together in a good game country. There are other and better special cars, however, and one of that kind appears pictured at the head of a letter I have just at hand from Mr. W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, Mich., whose letters have from year to year been read with interest by the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. This letter head bears, besides the picture of the car which carries Mr. Mershon and his friends, a lithographed title which reads: "The Forest and Stream Co., Limited"—a tribute to good sportsmanship which the paper long ago acknowledged. The members of the Forest and Stream Co. are Messrs. E. N. Briggs, president; W. B. Mershon, secretary and treasurer; Watts S. Humphrey, George B. Morley, H. T. Wickes, J. W. McGraw, R. D. Schultz, Frank B. Many, George Daniel Seib, H. P. Dain. Mr. Mershon writes that this good kind of special car will again carry the "Forest and Stream Co." to the West this fall. He adds:

"Ever since 1883 I have been somewhere in the Northwest, and only skipped one year, that time going to Indian Territory. It is our intention to start from Chicago about the end of the first week in October, going somewhere in northern Minnesota. We don't expect we will find game very plentiful, but we will have a good time. There will be room for you on the car if you want to go. You must understand that our main fun is derived from the sociability of the thing and getting away from business, and not that we expect or ever do get very big shooting. I don't like to take fellows along on this trip that are not contented unless they can bag from fifty to 100 birds a day. Once upon a time this would have been all right, but it would be downright butchery and extermination now.

"I found lots of sharp-tailed grouse in the Bad Lands feeding on the bullberries last fall. It was cold and late in the season, and when you stopped one of them there was a pile of satisfaction in it. They were about equal to our Michigan ruffed grouse. And, by the way, if you want to come up here the very last of November and take a few days' ruffed grouse shooting with me, I think I can give you some cream."

I should need a car of my own if I were to accept all the kind shooting invitations like the above. Not that one would not dearly love to accept each and every one!

At Chicago.

Mr. H. R. Wills, of Alton, Ill., and his friend Mr. Eugene Lahee drifted into the Western office of FOREST AND STREAM this week, each carrying a chip on his shoulder in regard to a certain rifle championship. They asked for the Chief-with-Two-Stomachs, and that gentleman being now in New York concluded to challenge him to a match right away. Then they wanted me to shut up the office and come shoot ten hours or so with them. We compromised by an arrangement under which we preempted a gallery and began shooting at once after dinner, keeping it up till 1 A. M. the next morning, when the gallery keeper struck. As to the scores, there would not be room in the paper to print all of them, even if all of them were fit for publication. We shot for the championship of Madison street this time, and I regret to say that those gentlemen wrested away from me about all the glory I had left as a rifle shot, and, moreover, made dire and bodeful threats against the Chief-with-Two-Stomachs, holding his name and memory in very light esteem, and recalling that time when the mask was torn from the face of that consistent bluffer, and his fatal lack of ability to make good his promises as a shooter was laid bare in all its ghastliness. If I knew anybody in the country who I thought could beat these men shooting I would hire him and keep him up my sleeve, so to speak, until they blew in here again. We need more talent than this office is carrying when it comes to tangling up with them in a rifle match.

Mr. G. Harry Marlin, of the Marlin Repeating Arms Co., spent a few days in the city this week, and is apparently enjoying his robust health. Although times are reported to be hard, it would be impossible to diagnose anything but three meals a day from Mr. Marlin's appearance.

Mr. Harvey McMurchy, of the Hunter Arms Co., a man with a million friends, was in Chicago this week, and goes West to St. Paul and Duluth. He may get a day or so with the chickens in Minnesota.

Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, is expected to arrive in Chicago to-day *en route* West to his ranch in the Bad Lands. He will take with him from this city a number of Chicago gentlemen, whom he will entertain at his ranch on an extended hunting trip. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

A Maine Moose and Deer Country.

I HAVE just received a letter from A. J. Spearen, of Moro, Aroostook county, Me. He says: "I have been very busy all summer getting my camps ready, and now have comfortable camps at Spider and Musquacook lakes, and can accommodate a good many sportsmen. Shall build some small camps for still-hunting later in the season. Have just come out with a party, and we had the finest trout fishing. Game promises to be plenty. On our way to camp we saw six moose and a great many deer. C. M. S.

Maine's Great Resources.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The fish and game in Maine never were so plenty as this season, especially the deer, which can be found in nearly every town in the State. Moose are also increasing; our wardens near the boundary report seeing many cows and one and two-year-olds, which shows that they are breeding and on the increase.

There never were so many sportsmen coming to Maine as this season. Our hotels and camps are full and hundreds are camping on the shores of all our inland lakes. Many permanent camps and cottages are being built by non-residents, to which they bring their families in summer.

Many new ponds which we have stocked are now giving us good landlocked salmon fishing; also in many of them, which were once fine trout waters, but in which the pickerel killed them off, and bass have been introduced, the trout are coming back in large numbers. The bass have killed off the pickerel, but do not seem to interfere with the trout. The best fishing I have had this year was in a lake of that kind.

We have some 300,000 Sebago salmon which we are now feeding. Shall turn them out in October, putting a large share of them in new waters—making new fishing grounds and also new attractions for sportsmen.

Maine has finally found out that her fish and game interest is one of the leading ones of the State. I have been working for it for twenty-five years, or a long time, without much encouragement, but have lived to see the day that I can say I am more than satisfied with the results.

HENRY O. STANLEY.

DIXFIELD, Me.

Delaware River Rail Tides.

MESSRS. J. B. SHANNON & SONS, of Philadelphia, send out a card of rail tides for the Delaware River. It is high water at Washington Avenue Wharf, Philadelphia:

	SEPTEMBER.		OCTOBER.	
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
1	7:33	8:18	8:10	8:44
2	8:41	9:20	9:23	9:48
3	9:50	10:20	10:28	10:49
4	10:54	11:17	11:27	11:46
5	11:52	12:00	12:19	12:19
6	12:12	12:43	12:38	1:08
7	1:02	1:32	1:30	1:54
8	1:51	2:17	2:17	2:40
9	2:39	3:03	3:04	3:28
10	3:21	3:48	3:51	4:16
11	4:12	4:35	4:41	5:07
12	5:00	5:27	5:35	6:00
13	5:54	6:23	6:38	7:01
14	6:56	7:23	7:45	8:03
15	8:08	8:59	8:55	9:08
16	9:20	9:36	9:59	10:10
17	10:28	10:40	10:55	11:06
18	11:26	11:36	11:43	11:57
19	12:15	12:15	12:27	12:27
20	12:27	12:58	12:40	1:05
21	1:11	1:37	1:30	1:42
22	1:51	2:18	1:55	2:13
23	2:25	2:45	2:28	2:47
24	2:59	3:18	2:54	3:21
25	3:32	3:50	3:32	3:58
26	4:02	4:26	4:08	4:39
27	4:35	5:07	4:51	5:24
28	5:16	5:55	5:41	6:15
29	6:05	6:44	6:38	7:11
30	7:03	7:41	7:45	8:12
			31 8:55	9:16

Table showing the difference between the time of high water at Washington Avenue Wharf, Philadelphia, and the following places. The time must be subtracted or added as follows:

	H. M.		H. M.
Delaware City, subtract	2:39	Bridesburg, add	0:26
Cherry Island, "	1:52	Burlington, "	1:39
Lazarette Station, "	1:00		

Iowa Prairie Chickens.

CHARLES CITY, Ia., Aug. 25.—Our season for prairie chickens opens Sept. 10. Other years the game and fish laws have been grossly violated; many of the merchants and even county officials have been known to shoot chickens and spear fish regardless of the none too well enforced laws. This year, however, the law-abiding hunters have organized a Floyd County Game and Fish Club of fifty or sixty members. We have a game warden with a salary of $50 and expenses per month and half the amount of all fines that he has imposed; he promises to prosecute any and all violators. Thus far two parties of two men each have been prosecuted, costing each offender $15.75.

This good work has already had its effect, and reports show that prairie chickens are more plentiful and less wild than previous years. V. V. S.

Game of Goochland County, Va.

I NOTE your inquiry about the game in this section. Our last Legislature passed a law prohibiting the hunting of quail (our partridge) for two years to come, because of their extreme scarcity, due to the bitter cold winter of '94–95. At the expiration of that time they will doubtless be plentiful in this State. Wild turkeys are rather scarce, as indeed they have been for some years past. Deer have recently appeared in this county, and are now found in fairly large numbers. Ruffed grouse are rather more plentiful than usual. Besides these we have both summer ducks and mallards, black and gray, a very few woodcock, squirrels and hares. Altogether I think our county will afford very good sport during the coming season. L.



Sea and River Fishing.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

X.—Capt. Ira Wood.

I KNEW him better in after years, for he was only a child when he left Greenbush, and while his older brother, Reuben, oversaw the capture of my first fish, as before recorded, it was some years later before I had the pleasure of fishing with Ira. Along in the early 50s, perhaps in 1852 or '53, he came from his home in Syracuse to Albany and called on me. He was then a young man of medium height, closely knit, muscular, and the owner of a deep chest voice, which was pleasant and melodious. He had been an actor, and had an engagement in the theater at Albany to play old men's or other parts, and next week I was to go with him to the theater to his dressing room. Like many other young fellows, I had thought the stage a most desirable place to strut a brief hour, although my choice did not lay in his direction. Stars did not travel with their own companies then, but depended for support on the stock companies, and as they usually had two to three different plays each week the members of the company had to study hard, and there was always an afterpiece. But this was a rare treat for me. I knew Charley Kane, the low comedian, who also tortured the bass drum in Johnny Cooke's brass band, and Shel. Hitchcock, my sparring tutor, who raised the curtain; but this did not give me the privilege of the stage door. Ira did.

The week opened with Mr. Eddy as the star. Ira played Brabantio to his Othello, but who the Iago was is forgotten. For a boy of eighteen or nineteen Ira's make-up as the "reverend signior" was excellent, and he filled the dignified part well, as many said. Eddy was an actor of the robust school of Forrest and not unlike him in manner, and would bear nothing that would even slightly mar one of his scenes. Ira also played with Mr. Eddy in Richard III. that week and afterward with Couldock and other stars of those days. I do not remember seeing him in comedy except once and that was in "The School for Scandal," but can't name the character to-day. It was not Sir Peter Teazle, nor Charles, nor Joseph Surface. Mrs. John Drew played Mrs. Malaprop, a thing that would have been forgotten but for the fact that she plays the character to-day.

One day Ira wanted to go fishing, said he had only some four hours after the morning rehearsal and did not want to put in all his time in going and coming to the fishing grounds and back. Evidently the Popskinny* was too far on the east side of the river and the Normanskill equally so on the Albany side. Fishing off the dock for such strays as might pass had ceased to be attractive as manhood approached, and after a moment of hesitation I said: "Have you ever fished for striped bass in the river here?"

"No," said he, "the only fishing I have ever done is on the inland streams and on Onondaga Lake. I don't know what a striped bass is like. If they are near here and there is a chance to get one or two let's try it. How big are they?"

"Down in salt water they grow big. Up here they run up to ½lb. Meet me at the State street bridge at any hour you name and I will be ready with everything that we need." Naturally all these conversations in the long ago are reproduced in substance in the words that memory suggests as she recalls the facts; no stenographer was present. When Ira came he found a boat hired from old John Cassidy, who had a fleet to let, and it was provided with long ropes and anchors at each end—one of those wide, flat-bottomed scows, built like the Dutchman's wife who said: "She vas so besser built for sittin' down as for runnin'"—and we rowed out of the basin under the Hamilton street bridge, for there was a bridge to the pier in those days, and out into the river opposite the foot of Dallius street, which bears another name now. We dropped anchor just on the eastern edge of the channel; I knew the ranges well in those days before bridges over the river were built, and their piers had changed the currents and filled in the creek behind the island opposite the city, where we boys fished and swam.

After dropping one anchor, we brought the boat across the current and dropped the other. There is a tide at Albany except when great freshets come down. The water in those days at ordinary stages varied from 1 to 2ft. at high and low tides, but even on flood tides there was always a current down stream, weak or strong as the tide might be flood or ebb. Therefore we could fish from the lower side of the boat, no matter how the tide was. I opened a two-quart tin pail. "What's that stuff?" asked Ira.

"That s sturgeon spawn, for bait." He made no reply, but watched the production of some linen thread and a lot of white mosquito netting, which was cut into 4in. squares. Then I rigged him a hand line with sinker, about 2ft. above which was a hook on a 1ft. snell. Above the hook was tied 1ft. of linen thread, and, putting a quantity of sturgeon eggs in a square of netting, it was fastened about the hook by the thread and cast far out down stream. I had learned this mode of fishing from my brother Harleigh, who, with Uncle John Wilson, the ship carpenter, and John Ruyter, the tanner, were the only ones who practiced it about Albany. It was an art. The fly-fisher may curl his lip if he pleases, but I am a fly-fisher to-day, and will say that to take small striped bass by this mode is more difficult than to take a trout on an artificial fly, after the novice has learned the trick of casting.

In order to explain this mode of fishing I will tell it as I probably did to Ira, premising that the mode is obsolete because the sturgeon in the Hudson are nearly obsolete; or, if not, their eggs, instead of being thrown away, as in the "good old days," are now made into caviare, which men otherwise truthful have said was a delicacy, and the Albany angler no longer fishes in this way. Perhaps the young striped bass, which only ascended the river to feed on the spawn of the shad and the sturgeon, may also be obsolete in these waters?

* I confess to not knowing how to spell the name of this creek. I have mentioned it many times in these articles and doubt if I have spelled it twice alike. It may be an Indian name or it may be Dutch. I think I have seen it spelled Popsquinnea, but can't say truly. Have expected that Col. Teller, frequently mentioned in these articles, whose large farm lies on this once famous fishing place, would call me down on the spelling of its name.

"Now, Ira," said I, in obedience to instructions under Harleigh, "hold your line taut. When you feel the lightest touch give a twitch as though you didn't want a fish to have a taste of your bait. A bass will quickly follow the hook and you will feel it again. Keep this up, hand under hand, until you either feel them wiggle on the hook or they abandon it. In either case haul in, for the bait is gone or the fish is hooked. Don't allow a bit of nibbling or the bait is lost. Snatch it from them as if you did not want them to have it, until in despair they make a rush and take hook and all. Allow no sampling and sifting of the eggs through the netting."

After a while he got the hang of it, losing much bait in the meantime, and we took quite a number of small striped bass and a couple of eels, in the only mode of taking this fish near Albany, where they were rarely found outside the channel of the river, that I knew. Fish of ½lb. were considered big ones, but Capt. John Hitchcock, a retired river man, who fished from the steamboat landing almost daily, once caught one of 2lbs. weight. While we were fishing we saw young shad, perhaps 2 or 3in. long, rising near the boat, apparently after such loose sturgeon eggs as might escape through the netting or were dropped from the boat. With destructive man in addition to all these eaters of sturgeon eggs it is no wonder that "Albany beef" is no longer found in the markets of that city. The great fish held its own for uncounted centuries against all these enemies, the greatest of which was the eel, but man upset the balance that nature had kept and the sturgeon has nearly followed the buffalo, the wild pigeon and other beasts and birds which man has pursued for market, and has not been saved from extinction by artificial propagation, as he has saved the shad and some other fishes. We did not philosophize on these things then. We were boys and life was before us. The future of the sturgeon troubled us as little as the precession of the equinoxes or the differential calculus. Boy-like, our mental vision was bounded by the year, and a year was a long time then. It was so long from one Christmas to another! A man of thirty had lived a great while, we thought, and the disrespectful boys of Greenbush prefixed "old" to the name of every man over fifty. This reminiscence is brought up by Ira's questions.

"Does old Hogeboom let the boys go in swimmin' off the dock now?"

The man referred to was a justice of the peace, an office which he held for years, but from my earliest recollection I never heard him called anything but "old" Hogeboom. Once my mother expressed surprise that I had returned from a swimming trip in the island creek so soon. "Yes'm," said I, "we on'y just got nicely in when ole Morris came down and drove us out." She said: "Don't let me ever hear you call Mr. Morris 'old Morris;' you should have said, 'Mr. John Morris drove us out.'" Therefore I said to Ira:

"No, Squire Hogeboom," with emphasis on the Squire, "doesn't allow us to go in off the village dock, but there's good swimmin' off the rafts over there by the island."

He thought a moment and said: "There's one thing sure, I've got to quit the theater or begin a course of study that I never thought of. I must learn dancing, fencing, music and a whole mess of things if I continue in it. I thought that a little knowledge of elocution was all that was needed, and I got a little of that and went ahead. It is all up-hill work, and I think it is best to quit. Reub says that old Genet gives fencing lessons yet, if he's living; is he alive?"

With mother's lesson in mind I answered: "Yes, General Genet is alive," again with emphasis on the title for Ira's benefit, "and he is the same skillful swordsman that he always was, and as he is still going around selling building lots in Greenbush, with no buyers, the chances are that he will be glad to give you lessons." If Ira was beside me now he would be reminded of his irreverence and told, what he may have learned in after years, that his fencing master was a son of the illustrious "Citizen" Genet who figured in our Revolutionary times. In after years Ira had the reputation of being a good swordsman, and while he was learning I picked up a point or two which was of service in garrison when the neck of a champagne bottle was to be severed at a clean stroke, "but I anticipate" you may be told of this when ex-President Arthur is under the searchlight.

After all his lessons in fencing, and his studies in other directions, Ira shook the dust of the stage from his feet, left Thespis, Melpomene and other more or less reputable goddesses behind him and sought other fields. We did not meet again for many years. Boys do not care for each other as men do, if they take the trouble to care for any one except their royal selves, and we went our ways, but somehow we were thrown together again; perhaps by some occult fatalism of which we then, and I now, know nothing, for on a review of life to-day no man is recalled whose early ideas so fully accorded with my own. He never thought of accumulating wealth. A powerful physique enabled him to disregard all thoughts of health and a romantic disposition led him to seek adventure. Without consultation we both went away in the same year, he to the army and I to try a different but equally adventurous life.

Ira Wood enlisted Feb. 18, 1854, in the Engineer Corps, U. S. A., at Boston, Mass., for five years. He was under instruction at West Point for a while and was then employed on Fort Sumter, at Charleston; Fort Taylor, at Key West; and was discharged Feb. 18, 1859, at Fort Cascade, Washington Territory, by reason of expiration of his term of service as an artificer of Co. A, First Lieut. James C. Duane commanding. He had made application for examination for promotion to a lieutenantcy, but no examination was held between the time of application and his discharge.

At the call for volunteers after Fort Sumter was fired upon, and the regiments of State militia were found insufficient, Ira Wood raised the first company for the first regiment of volunteers that was organized in the State of New York, but by some delay at Albany other organizations were numbered ahead of it, and the regiment left the State as the 12th N. Y. Vol. Infantry, with Ira as First Lieutenant of Co. A. He was mustered into the United States service on May 13, 1861. During that year he participated in the battles at Blackburn's Ford, Bull Run and Upton's Hill, all in Virginia. He was promoted to captain, and mustered as such, to date Oct. 29, 1861. He was engaged in the following battles while a captain: Near Big Bethel, siege of Yorktown, Hanover Court House, Seven Days' battle, Gaines's Mills, Malvern Hill, Malvern Cliff, second Bull Run, Antietam and near Shepardstown. He was honorably discharged on tender of his resignation by special order, War Department, Oct. 14, 1862. On a semi-official list of volunteer captains his name appears in italics, denoting that he was commissioned, but not mustered in that grade. I looked this matter up, and take his record from a letter written by E. D. Townsend, Adjutant-General, U. S. A., to Hon. Frank Hiscock, M. C., May 13, 1878, which I have been permitted to see. The record of battles is from Col. Phisterer's "New York in the Rebellion," and accords with what Ira told me in later years. He resigned to become a field officer in a new regiment, but owing to the clamor of politicians for places for their favorites he did not get the appointment. While with the 12th a friend writes me: "The regiment was for a good part of the time commanded by Capt. Wood, the senior captain, and he was the only company commander who was present at every engagement up to the time he resigned. At Antietam he made a record with his color guard, when ordered to retreat, by backing off the field as much as possible, declaring that he preferred to take the bullets in front."

On leaving the army he was for a few years in the employ of the American Express Co., and while living in Buffalo became a captain in the 74th N. Y. S. National Guard. He then went back to Syracuse and for four and a half years was chief of the fire department of that city, resigning the position in October, 1881, to travel for an Eastern manufactory of fire hose. Upon his resignation as chief the board of Fire Commissioners tried to induce him to remain, and passed resolutions of regret. Steamer No. 1 and the Hook and Ladder Co. presented him with an elegant desk clock, with an inscription commending his mode of handling fires. Leading citizens and merchants presented him with a costly watch in recognition of his efficient service.

In 1867 Ira married Miss Brinckerhoff, of Albany, who with one son, Frederic K. Wood, survives him. He was born in Greenbush, N. Y., May 18, 1834, and died at Albany, N. Y., April 6, 1886, after an illness of only three days, caused by some bladder trouble. He was an enthusiastic Mason and Grand Army man. He attained the thirty-second degree of the Scottish Rite in Masonry, and was adjutant of George S. Dawson Post, G. A. R., of Albany. He was buried with services of the G. A. R. and with those of the Knights Templar, these organizations attending in uniform. It was also my privilege to witness the last sad rites over the friend of a lifetime, one of the bravest, truest and gentlest men that ever trod the earth.



CAPT. IRA WOOD.
From a photograph in 1884.

He went to Albany in 1883 as head of a branch of the house of Pierce, Butler & Pierce, of Syracuse. Long before this his fame as a fly-caster and winner of prizes at tournaments of the State Association for Protection of Game, held at Rochester, Buffalo and Syracuse, had drifted eastward, but not until the tournament of the State Association was held at Coney Island in June, 1881, when I superintended the fly-casting contests, did we clasp hands since we parted in Albany, some twenty-seven years before.

"Why, you old duffer! You have been in a flour mill! Your hair is all white! Take off your hat and I'll dust you off!"

"Yes, that'll all come off, but your head is mildewed and you'll have to bleach it in the sun to kill the mould.'

His record in that tournament was 101ft. with a two-handed salmon rod, third prize in a class of four, but he was only second to his brother Reuben, because Pritchard, who was awarded first prize for 91ft., was allowed a number of feet on account of his using a shorter rod—a mode of reckoning that was abolished later. Mr. Frank P. Denison, of Syracuse, cast 3ft. further than Prichard, yet only took fourth prize. In "Class A," single-handed fly-casting, Ira withdrew after casting 67ft. and took fourth prize. He had not got out all the line he could handle, and Frank Endicott said that, as his brother Reuben cast before Ira and took first with 75ft., he withdrew for fear of beating his brother. This was probably the fact, because I had attended a State tournament after this where the contestants were Seth Green, Reuben and Ira Wood. Seth had a wonderful reputation as a fly-caster, and they used to report his casts without strict measurements, because his only contestants up the State were Reub. and Ira, and Reub. would not beat Seth under any circumstances; nor would he allow Ira to beat Seth. Once I stood on the casting platform. Seth had cast, and Reub. had restrained himself and was restraining Ira.

"Don't you do it, Ira," said Reub., "hold it, don't beat the old man, it will break his heart. There now! That's far enough."

"Go in, Ira," said I, "go in and win," for I never loved Seth as Reub. did; "don't let Reub. hold you back; this is a fair open contest, and you should win if you can."

He didn't win, could, but wouldn't. He listened to his brother, and if the little fly-casting tournaments of the State Association had been kept up the same old farce of "don't you do it, Ira," would have continued. After the Coney Island tournament was over "The National Rod and Reel Association" was organized, with Francis Endicott as president, and yearly tournaments were held on Harlem Mere, Central Park, New York city. Here both Reuben and Ira were freed from Reuben's worship of Green, who never cared to meet Hawes, Leonard, Prichard and the other great fly-casters, and the scores of the Wood brothers are familiar to readers of FOREST AND STREAM. After these meetings, when Ira and I got to talking over old times and swapping army experiences, something always happened to interrupt, and the loss cannot be repaired.

At the tournaments in Central Park it was a common remark how Ira was always on the casting platform untangling the lines, tying on flies and helping the men who were in the contest against him; a course so opposite to that of the "mug hunters," which the lax rules of the Association encouraged to enter the lists, that it could not have passed unnoticed. Unconsciously the subject of this sketch was exposing himself and his great kind heart to the public, and, worst of all, to one who in later years chose to write him up and show him by lime-light on the great curtain of FOREST AND STREAM.

In 1885, after I had begun the stocking of the Hudson River with salmon, Ira organized the Eastern New York Fish and Game Protective Association, which still exists. Under date of Nov. 18, 1885, he wrote me: "I have set on foot a plan for forming a club or society, to be composed of the best men in this city (Albany), to care for the salmon which you have planted in the Hudson, and also to protect all other fish and game in this region."

In this imperfect sketch I have been greatly assisted by Mr. William Allen Butler, of Syracuse, N. Y., in gathering facts concerning Ira's life in that city. He tells me that Capt. Wood "came of good old New England stock, being a descendent of Dr. Samuel Wood, who came from England in 1684, and was one of the first settlers of Danbury, Conn., in 1696. His mother was a Breed, and her father, with three brothers and their father, fought in the battle of Bunker Hill on their own farm; their ancestor, Allan Breed, having emigrated from England in 1630 with Gov. Winthrop and the Puritans." As a boy, Mr. Butler was one of Ira's pupils in fly-casting, and speaks with great enthusiasm of his teacher when he relates their trips to the Adirondacks.

About a week before his death Capt. Wood opened a store in Albany, at 15 Green street, for the sale of fishing tackle and general sporting goods, with every prospect of success. Cut down by the reaper before he was fully ripe, those whose good fortune it was to know him intimately can say with Marc Antony:

> "His life was gentle; and the elements
> So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"

FRED MATHER.

WANTED.—Somebody who has fished with Fred Mather to write him up just as he is writing up men he has fished with. His series of articles is incomparable, but will not be complete unless he is written up and placed with the rest of them. O. H. HAMPTON.

ANGLING NOTES.

More about Texas Tarpon.

MY friend Mr. Cleveland was thoroughly inoculated with the tarpon fishing germ when he killed his first fish, and "it took." He writes me under date of July 14: "Since my first catch of tarpon I have been fishing three times, spending about three-quarters of a day each time. On the first visit after my catch of the foul-hooked fish I hooked seven tarpon, but in each instance they went into the air and got rid of my hook. One grand fellow about 7½ft. long and weighing probably 175lbs. surpassed all others in his endeavors to get rid of the hook. He not only jumped forward from me three times, with scarcely a moment between the jumps, but he concluded other tactics would be necessary to rid himself of me. His jumps were first one side, then the other, repeated four times, and in each instance jumping a little toward me, making it impossible for me to wind up the slack line. The fourth effort of this kind of springing loosened the hook and he threw it not less than 30ft. from him. His efforts reminded me of the bronchos of my boyhood days. When they failed to relieve themselves of their riders by bucking forward, they would jump first to the right, then to the left, which style of bucking was called 'laying a worm fence.' The tarpon have been in Southern waters until they have acquired the bucking habit, and it is of no use to try and save them when they have fully made up their minds to get rid of you. The second time I went out I hung three fish, but after a few minutes they got rid of me. The fourth fish I hooked about 12 o'clock and it was about an 85lb. fish. I played him for an hour and a quarter in the hot, broiling sun and had him, as I thought, so completely under control and exhausted that I concluded to take him in to the flats more rapidly than he wanted to go, and by main strength and awkwardness pulled the hook out of his mouth. On the same day I landed one of 85lbs. after less than an hour's play.

"Friday night last I went down to the Point again, but soon after arriving a great storm came up and the rain continued falling all night and until the next day at 10 o'clock. Nevertheless as soon as the rain ceased I went out. I had several gentle strikes, and at 12 o'clock hooked a tarpon of 145lbs., 6ft. 8in long, which I landed in good shape after an hour and a half of play.

"These fish are something like the ouananiche, only more so, and it is more difficult to keep the hook in their mouths after they are hooked. They have a mouth in which there are so few places that a hook can enter that it is surprising to me that I ever succeeded in placing a hook in one of these few places. The sport is grand, and I often wish for you when I am out after these fish. They remain here until September, and I expect to enjoy a great many parts of a day with them until they leave. Several friends have gone down to the Point to use my

tackle, and have lost more lines and leaders than you can imagine, besides having the rod jerked out of their hands, bending the crank of the reel and doing damage generally. They attempt to reel in the fish, and only the most expert of them can get their hand away from the crank in time, and a number of them have had smashed fingers and terribly skinned hands in consequence. The first time I hooked a fish I caught two or three heavy licks on my thumb before I could get it away from the reel handle, and it was four or five days before I could use that hand again. In fact, after I caught the first fish it was a whole week before I could get my hands into their normal condition.

"There are many amusing incidents in connection with fishing for these vicious fish, and I must tell you of one that occurred during the first few days when I was still-fishing for tarpon, and before I learned that it was necessary to troll for them. The morning of the day that I was to go down to the bay I telephoned to Mr. John Gray, the storekeeper of the place, requesting him to employ a first-class oarsman and good boat for me, and have the man procure fifteen or twenty mullet. He telephoned that everything would be in readiness and everything first-class.

"I arrived that night at 8 o'clock and asked for the oarsman. He appeared and said he had sixteen handsome mullet. I asked him if he was equal to tarpon fishing, and he said he was. Next morning at 5 o'clock I had my coffee, and before getting into the boat I looked into the well and all the mullet were dead. It is difficult to catch mullet in the daytime, but I hired two men and started them off for mullet. In two hours' time they returned with two measly little fellows, but I was anxious to fish and concluded to use them rather than wait longer, so employed two other men to look for bait and started. The boat was of hard pine, four times as thick as it should have been, and probably weighed 600lbs.



MR. CLEVELAND AND HIS TARPON.

The holes for the oarlocks were rotten, and after every other stroke on such a matter the oars would jump out. The wind was high and the current strong, and before we reached the tarpon ground I made up my mind that my man was no oarsman and knew nothing about handling a boat, and told him so. We arrived at the place to fish, and I told him to put the bow of the boat by a bulkhead and hang on to it, and as soon as a tarpon took my hook to let go, grab his oars, and pull for his life as I might direct. During the time I was sitting and waiting for a fish I continued to warn the man about being prepared to move promptly, to keep his oars at hand, and also narrated a number of accidents and sudden deaths that I had heard of while tarpon fishing; that any awkwardness on his part would not only drown me, but drown him. I did not look to see what effect my words had on the man, as I was paying strict attention to my fishing. In a short time a huge tarpon took my hook and went off at forty miles an hour. I shouted to the man to let go and pull for his life in the direction the fish was going. I must confess that I was so excited myself that I thought we were going after the fish, but soon recognized the fact that my line was leaving my reel too fast if we were moving at all. After the tarpon had taken all the line and had nearly taken the rod and reel, I gave a jerk to break the line and save my rod, and then looked around at my young man, and he was holding to the bulkhead with a death grip, and as the fish disappeared with my line for good he remarked, 'Gosh! wasn't he a big one?' You can imagine with what indignation I expressed my views of the young man as a tarpon fisherman, but his reply was such that I could only laugh. When I asked why he did not let go of the bulkhead when I told him to do so he said: 'I don't know nothin' about tarpon fishing, but I do know I ought not to have taken this job. Why, Mr. Cleveland, if I had let go of this bulkhead we would both be in the bottom of the sea by this time.' I concluded he was not the kind of oarsman for me, and packed my bag and went home.

"It excites the best of them to get hold of these big fish. I now have a sea captain to row me, a man about fifty, competent in every way to manage a boat, but he becomes so excited when rowing after a fish that he often loses his head and pulls in the wrong direction.

"I have got a fresh lot of tackle to-day and sent it down to a friend who has a cottage near the fishing ground. This gentleman, Mr. Henry Hencke, a merchant of Houston, never cared for fishing, but has been out several times with me and became so enthused that he is now the most enthusiastic fisherman I know of in this country. He goes out every day and hooks half a dozen tarpon, but as yet has not been fortunate enough to land one. He says he has become expert in using the rod and reel, but I notice he breaks every line and leader he gets, and his hand is so battered with the reel handle that he carries it in a sling most of the time. He is a man of large means and he says he will spend the balance of his life and every dollar he has until he kills a tarpon. Every time I go down and find his hand freshly battered I know he is having lots of fun, even if he gets no tarpon. He has staying qualities and will succeed in the end if he does not lose all his fingers. You will never know what real sport is until you come down here and fish for tarpon." I think the time has arrived for Mr. Cleveland to explain his mode of fishing for tarpon, as it is so unlike the style practiced in Florida. He says in this letter that he began by still-fishing before he knew it was necessary to troll for them. It seems like a waste of raw material to have half a dozen fish strike in a day and not kill one of them, and I have yet to see the objection to letting the tarpon gorge the bait and hook so that it will be hooked in the gullet below the plated mouth. A. N. CHENEY.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

More About the Grayling.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 22.—I am advised of one grayling, a very large one, being taken on the Little Manistee River in Michigan this season, the only one I can trace to that stream this year. The Manistee seems better, for Mr. V. E. Montague, of Traverse City, writes me quite encouragingly of that water. He says:

"Reading in FOREST AND STREAM that you have lost one grayling, I hasten to put you on its spoor, but you had better be diligent or some one else will have accomplished its destruction.

"A party returned from the Manistee a few days ago and report having taken about fifty grayling in a week's time. They left one in the river for FOREST AND STREAM, and if you want him I will locate him as nearly as possible."

Mr. Montague adds the following interesting news in regard to the Boardman River, which has attained a great reputation this year as a rainbow trout stream. His opinion that the rainbow is a gamier fish than the brook trout may be founded unconsciously on the fact that they are heavier on the average, and so harder to hold. Mr. Montague states:

"Some rainbow trout of 4 and even 4½lbs. have been taken this season. They are more plenty and far more gamy than the native brook trout, and while not of quite so good flavor are good enough for the Joneses.

"I have only succeeded lately in hooking five, and all of them were when it was too dark to see to handle them successfully, consequently I lost three of them. The two I got weighed 2 and 2½lbs. respectively. Talk about sport! they can jump higher, faster and with more fury than any other fish I ever handled.

"J. A. Montague, his two sons, Prof. Gruson, Dean of Mathematics in the Lewis Institute, and Dr. Millner, of Grand Rapids, have just returned from a month's cruise to the Agawa River, Lake Superior, and report trout fishing only too good."

Among the Bass.

Mr. C. R. Gillett, of this city, has been having some very nice sport with the big-mouths at Douglas, Mich., lately. On Aug. 15 he took twenty-four, which weighed 63lbs., and the day after that he took eighteen, weighing 51lbs., certainly a very nice catch. Mr. Gillett says he takes the boat from Chicago to Saugatuck, across the lake, and goes thence to Douglas, where he gets good accommodations and, as it would seem, good fishing.

Mr. E. S. Whitaker, of Carthage, Ohio, writes me a nice letter saying he is glad to see that I once in a while go fishing with his old angling companion Mr. H. L. Stanton, of the Natchaug Silk Co. Mr. Whitaker says he has fished many a time with Mr. Stanton among the Lake Erie islands and also on the St. Lawrence. He recalls that one day when a string of boats caught the total of 277 bass, weighing 407lbs., himself and Mr. Stanton were high boat. He very rightly describes Mr. Stanton as a prince of good fellows, and wishes he could go fishing with him again once in a while as he once did.

Deep-Water Trolling Devices.

In a recent interesting article on the deep-water trolling practiced in Lake Tahoe, the writer of the same mentioned the fact that a copper fishing line was the usual thing in those waters. It may be curious information to learn that the idea of a copper line is not found alone in that region, but also much further to the East. Last week, on a trip over the St. Clair Flats in the beautiful steam yacht Wanda, belonging to Mr. Oren Scotten, a wealthy sportsman of Detroit, who had out a party of friends, I saw on board the boat some large reels of copper wire line used in deep-water trolling in the deep and swift channels of those waters. These lines were rigged for the chugs, or deep trolling devices, common in those waters, and carried a weight of lead and swivel amounting to a pound or two, besides the attached short lines which carried out the baits behind the chug, one of which baits I noted to be a phantom minnow. The method of using this deep troll is to row slowly up the stream and let the lead drag on the bottom, the current carrying out the baits, the lower of which, the phantom minnow, is called a "McGinty bait." The wire line is used because it "cuts the water better," I was told. No doubt it is less apt to snarl and snag up the ponderous and unwieldy rig to which it is attached. I could see no sport to this kind of fishing, and this was freely admitted, but it was said that this was the only way to do much with the pickerel and bass, which bite low in the swift water. The wire line was used as a hand line and no attempt was made to run it on a rod.

Singularly *apropos* of the subject of lines and rigs for deep trolling was the visit at this office the other day, soon after my return from Detroit, of a gentleman who does considerable deep trolling in the upper Wisconsin lakes for lake trout, which fish is only to be taken by such low down methods, so to speak. This gentleman is Mr. Carter, assistant engineer of the Chicago & Northwestern R. R. at Chicago, a very ardent angler and big game hunter. Mr. Carter brought up the subject himself, and told me of a certain device which he had perfected by means of which one can hook his fish deep down on a trolling chug, and afterward play him on his rod quite independently of the trolling rig. This I thought one of the most ingenious little things I have seen for many a day, and the only criticism which arises to one's mind is that it implies the use of two lines, which run down deep into the water close together and which consequently might get twisted together, in which case the device might not work very surely. In this connection it occurs to me that Mr. Carter would better take up the use of the copper line, as that would not be so apt to cling and tangle with another line.

Mr. Carter's device is that of an ordinary chugging rig, with the usual swivels for the carrying of the baited line back of the chug. This baited line, as is well known, is ordinarily attached to the chug, so that in playing a fish the whole machine, weighing 2 or 3lbs. in some cases, has to be pulled along with the fish, of course forbidding all idea of sport. Mr. Carter gets rid of this weight and plays his fish on the rod by cutting away from the chug as soon as the fish is hooked. He manages this by using no short bait line behind the chug at all, but using for that the end of his rod line. The chug is dropped down as usual, and the rod line goes down with it. At the end of the swivel where the bait line is commonly fastened he has a ring something like the standing guide on a rod, and into this he puts a little split pin with an eye in the top, which fits in loosely enough so that it can be pulled out with a sharp jerk on the rod. When the chug is dropped into the water the rod line is run through this little eyed pin, and plays freely through it. Just above the snell of the hook there is a washer fixed large enough to pass through this eyed pin. When a bite is felt the fish is allowed to go until the time for striking comes, when it is struck on the rod just as though there were no chug on at all. If the jerk on the line in doing this does not free the eyed pin, the line is tightened until the fixed washer comes up against the eye, when a pull is sure to pull the eyed pin up out of the ring which fastens it to the chug. The line is then free. The angler plays his fish as though it were struck in the usual fashion, and on netting the fish the little eyed pin of course is found resting on top of the washer, upon which it has slipped down. The pin weighs nothing, and does not interfere in the least with the sport of the rod and reel. When the bait is to be dropped again the chug is pulled up, the eyed pin again put in place and the whole is dropped down again. The pin is kept in place in the ring on the swivel by the spring of the compressed legs of the pin, but it does not take much force to free it. Mr. Carter was so much impressed with the necessity of getting rid of that chunk of lead if he was to have any fun at his fishing that he has long been experimenting with similar devices. His first idea was to free the line by means of a peculiar knot in the line, which could be freed at the swivel point by a sharp jerk, just as the eyed pin is freed, but he found that the wetting of the line sometimes tightened up the knot so it would not slip easily. This knot was in the form of a half sheep-shank, thrown over the bight of the loop through the swivel. Its tying would be difficult to describe, and it is not so efficacious as the pin and eye. The latter device is not on the market, and so far as Mr. Carter is concerned it could no doubt be made by any one who liked. It promises at least a faint amelioration of the dismal work of deep trolling.

Kingfishers Heard From.

The camp of the Kingfishers for 1896 is, as I presume Kingfisher would say, "busted for the season." That worthy angler and his friends have passed to the South on their way home. I was so unlucky as not to meet them at Chicago, either when they were going into camp or coming out. Kingfisher leaves on my desk the following brief but speaking note, which I must accept instead of the pleasure of a personal meeting:

"*Bre'r Hough:* Called to 'shake,' but found you out. Sorry I didn't see you. Sincerely, KINGFISHER.

"P. S.—Had a good time. Caught 519 bass and twenty-five maskinonge."

Arkansas Fish and Game.

Mr. Jos. Irwin, of Little Rock, Ark., writes that the quail crop of his vicinity will be the best for years, and that there will be good turkey shooting also. He has enjoyed the finest sort of dove shooting and bass fishing lately with his friend John Pemberton, on the farm of the latter along the Arkansas, and says he shall soon go out and try his new Mullins "get there" metal ducking boat on the ducks and geese. That is a very happy hunting ground, central Arkansas, and long may it remain so. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

The Canadian Salmon Season.

CAMPBELLTON, N. B., Aug. 22.—One of the most successful years for salmon angling on the Restigouche has closed. Having had a severe accident early in June, from which I have not yet recovered, I only killed twelve fish. All the lower pools panned out extra well all the month of June. The upper pools never fail in July, fish gathering and lying in them until ready to spawn. There were two reasons for this catch: salmon came in force on the first of June, and the water in the river was in prime condition and the slight rains held it up, as well as slightly coloring it. Salmon were in no hurry to go on up, but played round like kittens. Fine scores were made wherever a lay spot existed. Large fish also were in order; 36lbs. was reported fifteen times, a few of 39 and 40lbs.

I see you have Mr. Mitchell's score of twenty days in June, fifty-six salmon, average 22½lbs., in all 1,247½lbs. This I believe to be the lowest record on the river, the same pools last year only getting ten fish. It is very difficult to obtain correct scores. Restigouche Salmon Club members' scores are recorded, and they are limited to eight fish per day; riparian owners can catch as many as they choose.

The Upilquitch River fished well; over 100 fish were taken by one party. The Metapedia River also had fair fishing on it and big fish. Mr. Gould and the Restigouche Salmon Club were the only parties on it. The Cascapedia Club or syndicate soon got their complement of forty fish each, some of them returning to the Restigouche to finish the season.

I cannot say the total catch of our anglers, but the guardians all unite in saying there are thousands of fish in the river; if so, I fear the fighting and continuous turning over of the spawning beds will destroy the greater portion of the ova. There will be some three millions of ova in the hatchery here this fall. JOHN MOWAT.

FLY-FISHING

On the North Shore of Lake Superior.

[*Concluded from page 173.*]

WE arose early the next morning, taking our breakfast at 5 o'clock, as we were impatient to leave and reach waters where the lovely trout abided. There was no breeze of any consequence stirring, though what little came was dead ahead.

The half-breeds gave it no attention, for they were eager for the advance that was returning them to their home. Not a golden gleam shone out, but the sky was painted in sullen colors that foretold threatening weather of the most tempestuous character.

"All aboard," shouted Kenosh, when he had the boat loaded; "we go anyhow."

It was with the oars that we went, and for about an hour the elements were quiet enough. Then came a little breeze in our teeth and harder work for the men. We soon reach a towering headland, which gives us a little protection from the increasing wind, and where a little cove was to be found on its inner shore line, which in storm afforded a snug harbor. None of us had ever seen it, and, the spirit of investigation possessing us, we concluded to satisfy ourselves as to its existence, for some day we might desire to seek its protection. We therefore followed its course to the shore, and there we were surprised at the safety afforded by the hidden cove and the immensity of the headland. Its waterline ran up almost perpendicular, and presented the most magnificent and frowning front of sculptured defacement I have ever seen. Fanciful forms of all kinds confronted us, and you could realize almost any picture in its torn and chiseled and sun-bleached face. We felt our faith in nature's beauty strengthened, and saw more clearly that beauty is universal and immortal, above, beneath, on land and sea, mountain and plain, in heat and cold, light and darkness."

As soon as we pulled away from the massive pile we strike a breeze that has doubly increased, changing bright skies to deep mourning, and giving us savage surges that battle fiercely against the old boat. Mists begin to gather, the sea gulls pass with shrieking notes, and the forest pines in swarthy gloom bend and sadly creak.

"Shall we return to the cove?" excitedly said Ned, when he felt the full force of the northwester that was blowing his snowy locks o'er his broad shoulders.

"We go ahead. May be reach Point aux Mines," said Kenosh.

"As you like."

And then more vigor was applied to the oars, and the sea spirit in a rage rose up and buffeted us at will, deeply impressing us as to his absolute power to rule the sea. Occasionally we would seek the shelter of the little bays and headlands.

The sky grows darker and more dreary every moment, and to add to the sum total of our adverse condition a heavy fog came up and shut out the gloomy heavens and almost the entire shorelands. Now and then we got a glimpse of Maimaise Point, and that fortunately gave us our course. The wind was howling and the waves furiously lashing us, and as we saw a chance to make a mile or two with the sails, up they go, and away we speed o'er the rising sea with its passionate wail and its yearning cry.

"I wish we were out of this," said Ned.

"Here too," said I.

"Me too," murmured Kenosh.

"Will we make the Point?"

"Have to."

And the word then rang out to drop sails and take the oars, as we had made all the distance we could under canvas. In again go the oars, and it was indeed toilsome to make any headway whatever. After most exhausting work we finally dart into the little channel on a rolling comber, and the "sea spirit" feels that for once his power has been duly thwarted.

Here we have a lovely spot on the island for camping, with the woods as a shelter from the cold northwester. Every moment we were preparing camp the wind increased in violence and the waves fought the rocky ramparts with a terrible onslaught. Vaporous clouds like a mighty army of mountains came down upon us with a rapid rush, the silver-fretted sky had disappeared with its last sparkle, and like clouds of whirling snow the spray leaped up in slender columns around the resisting rocks of raggedness, while the sleep of the foliaged hills was unduly disturbed.

"It looks as if we were to be wind-bound for a couple days," says Ned.

"That about it," answers the tawny half-breed.

"A northwester, sure."

"Yes, and an ugly one," I remarked.

"And no fishing either."

"Rest assured of that."

"We can play cribbage and yarn."

"Yes," put in Kenosh, "you good at story business."

"You can tell us again about that bear you killed, from which you ran away," gleefully said Ned.

"By jing! never stop on that?"

"We must bear and forbear."

"Bear and three bear, four too much."

Ned and I laughed heartily at his misunderstanding, but did not set him aright.

For two days we remained here, but on the morning of the third ripples of sea lined in crimson joyfully greeted us, and then there was a rapid rush to leave the island for Grindstone Point, where we expected to have a day or two of infinite delight with the *fontinalis* family, and then on to the Soo with our sun-browned faces and vigorous frames like returned crusaders from the wars.

As we delightfully sailed along the rays of the burning orb shot forth on every side like blazing arrows, spreading fire and lightning up peak and summit and point. The little coves burned like altars, and in view of this crimson illumination, this apotheosis of light, this matchless morning of gladness, we felt as if we were present at the magnificent nuptials of the earth and the sun. At this period we yield to silent rapture and reflection. You think this is a marvelous fairy land, a unique spectacle, such as no king, nor anyone else, were he 100 times richer than all the Rothschilds put together, could obtain at home, and that those who wish to see it must come here, must ascend the towering hills, go away from earth and approach heaven.

Arriving at Raisaines, we saw on the pier the generalissimo and his band of tawny arabs. Coming close enough to converse, the leader sang out to us:

"I say, old man, come ashore, I'd like to have a word with you," thus repeating word for word of Ned's remark to him on the trip up.

This was monumental audacity, but it made us all smile, and then Ned replied:

"We'll settle with you next summer."

"All right, bring Polly a cracker, will you?" resounded back; and then the barefooted brigade was in high glee at the response, and their hats went up in the air as a token of triumph.

"I spank him when I catch him," said Kenosh.

"Oh, no," said Ned, "give him a cracker and let him go."

"It be whip lash cracker then."

The dusky kids were full of sportive mischief and really meant no harm nor incivility. Their raid on our cracker box, in behalf of themselves and their half-famished dogs, was simply a mere practical joke, in which they realized the largest dividends. I now smile at the amusing incident and can plainly see the roguish eye and dauntless air of the juvenile Massaniello of the North Shore.

Just before we reached Pancake Bay Kenosh advised me to try along the rocks, and as my rod was in readiness I went to the bow of the boat for casting. Ned was watching me very closely, and when he saw me raise a big trout and impale him he at once put his rod together and tried for the same game. I had a very enjoyable time with my struggling trout, giving him all the latitude he wanted. He was in no hurry, however, to surrender and fought like a Trojan for liberty. His valor availed him little, but the record he made was a noble one. At last the white and red and gold of an emblazoned side gleamed from the surface, and then drawing him to the boat the netter lifted him with profound regard from the waters. He was a full 5-pounder, and about equaled Ned's blue ribbon trout.

I was fortunate enough to secure one more, while Ned was wondering why his red-headed and big-bodied fly was not coaxing out the scarlet-hued warriors from their palace halls. After my second trout had been landed we concluded to make quarters here for the night and have further intercourse with this interesting colony that sport so lavishly in the spangled robes, and is so completely the cynosure of all.

Dinner was now our first thought, and so the boat was beached and the quarters put in good condition; but the black flies, which were in immense hordes, soon had us stamping around with a foliaged branch or two in our hands trying to decimate their ranks. To eradicate them was as much of a task as cleansing the Augean stables. It was simply impossible.

Seeking the lake soon after dinner for the continuation of the angle, it gave us immediate relief from the tormenting pests, as they never come on the water for a victim. We succeeded in deceiving two trout, and then a pelting rain set in and drove us ashore and to the flies, that fairly flayed us alive, and as a *dernier ressort* a smudge or two was started, which gave us some relief while we held to the smoke.

The next morning we realized a leaden sky with mist and fog. We however sought the "living arrows" of the stream, and on catching two concluded to return to camp and get ready for an embarkation to Grindstone Point. Although the weather was not favorable for a departure, we shoved off as soon as the boat was loaded, and had during the entire trip very disagreeable weather in consequence of dashing rains and heavy fogs, which alternated with systematic regularity. After tossing around on the lake for about three hours in our rubbers and sou'westers, we reached our desired quarters and were exceedingly glad of it.

Late in the afternoon, with the sky in a dark scowl and a damp and heavy atmosphere, we skirted along a reefy shore and were fortunate enough to return to camp with a heart of delight and six lovely trout. Kenosh said if we were willing he would salt a few of them for his keg. As we had plenty for the table we gave our consent, but I told Ned this pickling fish was not the thing, and that it should never occur again in our camp if we could prevent it, and we were sure we could.

We remained here another day, which greeted us with a southwest wind, a somber sky and a dense fog.

As soon as breakfast was served we went in search of the lurking trout, and finally succeeded in enticing four of them from their rocky lairs. After dinner we were again afloat and this time we crossed the bay and caught four more beauties, which were more than enough for our immediate wants; but as Kenosh was anxious for a few additional ones to fill his keg, we were sure there would be no waste, and as it was to be our last day's angle we were inclined to be lenient and so let him have them, but it was to be the last time that a trout was to be dipped in brine in our camp. Too much of pot-hunting in such business. Had we realized on it at first the subtle half-breed would have had a veto put upon it that would never have been set aside.

During the afternoon I had missed a response from what I thought an exceedingly heavy weight. Being anxious to secure it, I took the boat after supper, with Jo as oarsman and netter, and started out for the coveted trout. I worked with all the skill I possessed to secure that particular trout, and thrashed the waters till I was unable to see my flies, and then started for camp somewhat disappointed and wearied, for not a moment did I take for respite. My flies had fairly rained upon the water and not an inch of it remained untouched where I had made my research for the ponderous trout.

As we were nearing camp we saw Kenosh and Ned sitting on a log at the water's edge, awaiting our return, and doubtless desirous of seeing the big trout I had so proudly started to entice.

"Jo," says I, "they well have the laugh on us."

"There's trout in the boat," he significantly responded.

"Where?"

"Right under the footboard."

In a moment I had the board lifted, and there were the four trout we had caught during the afternoon. Taking the largest, a 4-pounder, I quickly slipped it over to the half-breed and then replaced the footboard. I gave him to understand that that was the trout we had gone for. He was pleased to see that I comprehended him when he spoke of the trout being aboard. When we were near the shore Ned cried out:

"Where's your big beauty?"

As Jo held him aloft said, "What do you think of that?"

"He'll do; I didn't think you would get any."

The equivocation was a decided success and saved me from one of Ned's sarcastic arrows. Kenosh, I am satisfied, saw through the trick, for I observed a little facial telegraphing between the half-breeds.

The next morning at 6 o'clock we left for Gros Cap Island, and probably the Soo, if we could make it that day. The weather signs, however, were decidedly mixed, and even Kenosh with his rheumatic bones could not say what the day would bring forth. The breeze appeared to be rising, and little wavelets were breaking on the beach. The copper tints of the sky pass into a faint pearl gray. Here and there spots appear like vanishing roses, the woods begin to darken, and up among the mountains a haze is appearing and stealing down the slopes. It is singularly significant, and I told Ned that it would not be long before the pounding waves would be at the foot of the crags. It was fully realized before we had crossed Maple Bay, but it mattered not, for the wind was behind us.

The shore was now white with foam, and the charge of the leaping crested billows as they battled against it sounded more harshly than melodiously sweet. To our dismay the wind suddenly changed and came over the bow of the plunging craft with a vigor and a stifled moan, as if the now savage sea remembered some old grief she was weeping away.

"To the oars!" cried the half-breeds, and then for four miles we tossed up and down on seas that were snowy white. Striking Goulais Bay, we enter it as a harbor of refuge, and after skirting its shore for fully a mile we at last find a place behind a fisherman's small pier that admitted of our landing. Here we pitched our tents, satisfied that we would have to remain over night.

The morning came with but little cessation of the blow, and as Kenosh declared he could cross the bay in safety, we were willing to go. Once more the camp is dismantled, and we are again ready for the homeward course. Away we went flying over the stormy waves that pant and boil and climb each dripping side of the staunch old boat, while the bright silver rolls from her plunging bow.

Just as we were congratulating ourselves on the fine speed of our craft, Jo, who had been very busy turning over things looking after something, cries out:

"An oar missing."

"How that?" inquires Kenosh.

"Must have been left ashore."

"Then we back go."

This was a grievous disappointment, for we were fully a mile on our course. There being no help for it, the boat was turned and headed for the little pier, with Kenosh fairly boiling in rage and going for his son Jo in an unmistakable language that made the poor boy fairly writhe in agony. Ned and I kept out of the strife, for we well knew that with the recovery of the oar all anger would disappear, and harmonious relations again resumed.

We were soon back, and just before the boat touched the gravelly bank Kenosh sprang overboard, taking the water as high up as his waist.

The devil was aroused in him after searching fully fifteen minutes and not finding the oar. Fortunately a young man, son of the head fisherman, on seeing Kenosh so intently looking around, asked him what he was hunting.

"An oar," he answered with frowning furrows and lips tightly clenching.

"There is one in that boat," came the response from the questioner.

"That mine," said Kenosh, as his eye fell upon it.

He soon had the oar in hand, and as he passed some fishermen, who were drying their gill nets on a big reel, he fairly made the place lurid with his emphatic denouncement of the thief that had stolen or misplaced his oar. They paid little heed to him, for they well knew that when a half-breed had his blood up it was dangerous to trifle with him. Kenosh was still in deep anger when he returned with the missing oar, and when Jo made a blunder in placing the sprit he cried out: "I break your d—m neck you do that again."

Ned and I—at the risk of having his fury spent on us—put in a good word for Jo, championing his case so strong that the fiery half-breed simmered down considerably.

When we had gone about two miles we felt the full force of the gale. Wild, sparkling crests broke around us, with the boat bounding forward like a greyhound from the slip when after flying prey. Up and down we go, from the base of the wave to the billow's crown amidst flashing and feathery foam, with the masts creaking and shaking like quivering reeds. An anxious look was on every face, with the strong arm of the helmsman holding up the flying craft on the big waves that came rushing upon us with a dull roar, as if they wished to utter to us some deep mystery. Suddenly there was a crash overhead, and on looking up the mainsail was revealed as rent from side to side, and it looked as if it would soon go into fluttering ribbons if this fierce sailing was kept up much longer.

"Ease her up," cried Ned a little excitedly.

"Me hold her where she is," responded the still maddened half-breed.

"All right, hold her for the port of perdition, if you like."

"We soon out of it."

"It don't matter whether we are soon out of it or not," came back from Ned in no pleasant tone.

Things were evidently getting exceedingly lurid aboard, though Jo and I remained serene, content to let the twain settle the sailing business or swamp the boat if they so desired.

As Kenosh said, we were soon out of it, for the towering hills in our front eased off the stiff breeze considerably, and then there was some anxiety as to whether we would make the point we had all along been striving to reach. The boat was still kept well to the wind, and soon we had the satisfaction of rounding the bay into the lake and then the wind dropped dead upon us, the gray clouds disappeared, the sun shone out in dazzling grandeur, giving us a most beautiful world, with the chasm of sky in heaven's profoundest azure, where the everlasting stars abide.

We take up the oars and pursue our way along a shore that is fairly typical of this great lake, and which I have so often described in this letter. It was only four miles to Gros Cap, our destination, but the deliciousness of the

weather, the exhilaration of the atmosphere, and the loveliness of the landscape, with the ever-varying play of light and shade, were such as to fairly enthuse and make one feel nature's love in a most passionate manner. We sat almost spellbound, watching the curving lines of the rocky formations, listening to the music of the dying waves, and anon gazing above at the rose light which gave us the floating clouds of crimson and scarlet and purple with

"the mountains piled
Heavily against the horizon of the north,
Like summer thunder-clouds."

Nearing Gros Cap we concluded to land on the main shore and there remain until our moist tents and other things were dried, and also to wash up and put on some clean linen and "city clothes," so we could make a presentable appearance at the "Soo."

The radiant orb was glowing and crimsoning everything as well as performing one of the important functions of the laundry, the drying process.

Dinner was served in a lovely grove at the noon hour, and for some time after we lazed around in the mellow sunshine, picking a few of the succulent strawberries, and then strolling into the forest, where the silence is so delightful and only broken by the melody of the sweet-throated warblers.

We hesitated to withdraw from the grand shores that had given us such great pleasure, such ruddy health, such magnificent views of tinkling brooks and mountains, and peaks and spires that burn into the very soul, never to be effaced, but to remain a memory while the vital spark remains. Then the delight of the angle, the rustle of the great forest, the gorgeous sunsets, the grand and tempestuous sea, all illustrating the fulfillment of the universal law, "That where the beauty and wisdom of the divine working are manifested, there also are manifested most clearly the terror of God's wrath and inevitableness of His power."

The word to load was at last reluctantly given, and as we stepped aboard it was our final adieu to the North Shore and its entrancements, both piscatorial and picturesque. ALEX. STARBUCK.

CINCINNATI.

Bought Him a Ticket to Get Out.

BOSTON, Aug. 29.—Dr. Criado stopped on his way out from Round Mountain Lake to visit friends in Boston on Saturday. With his son of eleven years he has made a very fine outing in Maine. He has spent two or three weeks at the above lake, and is very profuse in his praise of the lake and its surroundings, though the fishing was not fully up to his expectations, or to what he had at the same lake a year ago. He has visited very many of the fishing resorts and small lakes and ponds in northern Somerset and Franklin counties this trip, having been absent from home five or six weeks. Tim Pond and several of the Seven Ponds have been taken in. He has also been up the Carrabasset as far as the Carry Ponds, at which point he enjoyed the fishing a good deal. From Rangeley he went to Loon Lake, and then up to Kennebago. Early in the trip he visited Flagstaff Lake and the ponds in that section. Concerning the game he is really enthusiastic. Deer he found to be very abundant at almost every point. It was nothing unusual to see dozens in a day, and once five were seen in one herd. Moose he did not see, though coming upon their signs on several occasions. He is satisfied that he was close upon an old moose and her calf at Carry Ponds by the freshness of their tracks. Partridges he believes to be fairly plenty, as his party frequently came upon them in good-sized broods. On the whole the hunting and fishing in Maine is most remarkable to him.

He believes that the sportsmen of the country do not half appreciate Maine, and he is sure that the people of the State do not begin to realize what they have got. If they did they would cease ice fishing in the winter, and would try to prevent fishing for count in any of their ponds and streams. He gives an account of most ridiculous fishing for count that came under his notice. It happened at one of the ponds near Carrabasset. One man of a party fishing there went out with a meal bag to bring home his fish in. He came in at night with the bag pretty well filled. The fish were counted, and there were over 300. Some other members of the party suggested that somebody else had once beaten that record. This the proud trout butcher could not stand, and he vowed he would try again the next day. That day he directed his guide to take out two meal bags. At night they came in with both bags nearly full. Counting the fish, there were 475. Nearly all were wasted. These exploits came to the ears of some other sportsmen, and they immediately raised the money and purchased a railroad ticket for the fellow to go home on. This was presented, or about to be presented, when the fellow got wind of what was going to happen and concluded to leave that part of the country. SPECIAL.

The Old Boys Join the Young Boys.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been a constant reader of your paper and I believe that I have never missed reading a copy. Many of the old writers have passed away. To-day we can see the force of their advice and meaning much better than we could at the time they were given. Then some called them "cranks."

Happening in a hotel in a country town last week, I picked up a well-worn copy of FOREST AND STREAM, and opening it the first thing that struck my eye was "The Game Has Got to Go." This article I had read many times before, and without looking I knew it was Nessmuk's. This was written thirteen years ago, but how true! That is just the condition of things to-day, not only in Pennsylvania, but elsewhere.

It is pleasant to reflect that these men have lived and let us profit by their wisdom and example. Their places are taken by others.

Last Friday evening a boy called at my house, and being shown into my office he opened up (as only a boy can that is brimful of enthusiasm) with "Have you read 'Men I Have Fished With?'" "Yes." "Who is Fred Mather?" I told him as best I could. "Did you ever see him?" "Yes, met him once." "Well, I would just like to know him; he is a dandy. And, right here, I will never raise my gun on anything but a game bird. It has made me feel uncomfortable. I wish all the boys could read that. Did you read his last article on his visit up to Warrensburgh?" "Yes." "Every one I read I think the last one is the best, and I hope he will keep on writing, and if I should ever hear that he was anywhere near here I think I would get on my wheel and ride twenty miles to shake him by the hand just once."

Now then, it isn't the young boys alone that are pleased with these articles, but many of those who are on the shady side of fifty are equally well pleased, and I express the sentiment of all the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM that I know when I say that in giving us such things the FOREST AND STREAM is doing good service as a sportsman's paper. H.

HUDSON, N. Y.

Carp in Iowa.

VINTON, Ia., Aug. 10.—I inclose a piece of the skin of a fish caught in the Cedar River. It seems to be a stranger here. The fish weighed 1lb. It was shaped somewhat like a black bass. It had a sucker mouth, a row of scales on each side of its back and belly, also one or two patches of scales on either side. When first caught the scales were of a golden color. I mistrust that it belongs to the carp family. If you can name the fish and will be kind enough to do so you will oblige me very much.

MOUNT TOM.

[The skin is that of the leather carp.]

Tarpon in Georgia Waters.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent, J. B. B., is right when he says that the tarpon was not scientifically identified thirty years ago, although it was not unfamiliar to laymen on the Southern coast from Georgia to the Gulf of Mexico. I have in my cabinet at present the scale of a tarpon, caught in a pound, which I brought from Savannah in September, 1860, thirty-six years ago. The fish was caught in Warsaw Sound, where it was known as a "grandecay" (*grand ecaille*), or big scale. CHARLES HALLOCK.

Bass in Butterfield Lake.

REDWOOD, Jefferson County, N. Y., Aug. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I desire to supplement our fishing record in Millsite Lake last week by Monday's catch in Butterfield Lake: One big-mouth black bass which tipped the scale at exactly 5½lbs.; fourteen others of same variety from 2 up to 3lbs. each, two glass-eyed pike of 3 and 4lbs. respectively, with other smaller fish. One large one was lost by parting of the line, and several others from imperfect hooking. The fishing is very fine. J. H. S.

Bass in Plymouth County, Mass.

PLYMOUTH, Mass., Aug. 22.—Mr. George A. Teele, who for the past fortnight has been camping with his family at Billington Sea, recently caught a small-mouth black bass weighing 6½lbs. Mr. Teele is a most expert fly-fisherman, and the above fish was taken with a fly tied by his daughter, a young lady who is also very fond of the sport. C. C. W.

Raritan Bay.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J., Aug. 28.—Weakfish are abundant in Raritan Bay. So are porgies. Boats and bait in great demand. Sharks less numerous. Crabs plentiful and full of meat. Snappers not beginning to snap yet. Bluefish very scarce. J. L. K.

New Jersey Fish Commission.

IN place of W. Campbell Clark, of Newark, resigned, Gov. Griggs has named John R. Kuser, of Trenton. Mr. Kuser is reported to have a sportsman's interest in the work of the Commission.

Game and Fish Protection.

ROD AND GUN CLUB OF MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A directors' meeting of the club was held at the office of the secretary on Friday, Aug. 14. As the club has now sufficient funds and organization complete, it was voted to begin work at once, and a committee was appointed to engage a suitable person as game warden, and to accept the courteous offer of Commissioner E. A. Brackett to provide with a State Commission, as deputy, any person considered suitable by the club.

The officers are: President, Wm. Minot; Vice-Presidents, Edw. Brooks, C. P. Curtis, Jr., and John Forster, Jr.; Secretary, Henry J. Thayer; Treasurer, Wm. N. Lockwood; Membership Committee, Wm. C. Thairlwall, John P. Reynolds, Jr., and Edw. M. Weld.

The following circular letter has been sent out to the members:

DEAR SIR: As above stated, the club now enters the field and is exceptionally well equipped for good results. According to the inclosed vote a warden has been selected and he will begin work on Monday, Aug. 24.

The club pays for his services (your money) and we do not wish him to waste the money in idleness, but to make each day and dollar tell.

Please, therefore, if you know of violations of the fish and game laws, notify the secretary at once, by letter or telegraph, and tell your friends to do the same.

At the same time keep in mind that rumor is not always true, and that money and time wasted on mere suspicion means also wasted opportunity elsewhere.

The club has engaged one man; if his work is satisfactory additional help will be added as fast as you add members to pay the bills. HENRY J. THAYER, Sec'y,
53 State street, Room 948, Boston.

We append the club's organization, which reads:

This association shall be called the Rod and Gun Club of Massachusetts.

The purposes of this association shall be the protection, preservation and increase of our fish, game and useful birds, and such action as may be practicable for the enforcement of the fish and game laws of Massachusetts.

BY-LAWS.

1. The officers shall be a president, three vice-presidents, a treasurer, a secretary and a committee of three on membership, who together shall constitute a board of directors.

2. The directors shall have entire charge of the business affairs of the association, except in such matters as may be specially otherwise directed by the association; the duties of the officers shall be such as usually pertain to their respective offices.

3. The membership of the association shall consist only of such persons as have no pecuniary interest which may come in conflict with the objects of the association, and no person under eighteen years of age shall be eligible.

4. Applications for membership shall be acted upon by the committee on membership. One dissenting vote shall reject. A list of the names proposed for membership shall be mailed by the secretary to each member of the association at least ten days before the committee shall act on said names.

5. The annual dues shall be $10, payable in advance, and those delinquent at the end of the fiscal year shall cease to be members and their names shall be erased from the membership list of the association.

6. There shall be an annual meeting of the association for the election of officers on the first Thursday in December, and the fiscal year shall then commence. Officers shall be chosen by ballot at the annual meeting, and shall hold their respective offices for one year and until others are chosen in their stead. Other meetings shall be as the association or board of directors may direct, and special meetings may be called by the president, or on the written application of five members, stating the object of said meeting.

7. Nine members shall constitute a quorum of the association, and five of the board of directors.

8. No alteration or amendment to the by-laws shall be made unless the proposed alteration or amendment shall have been presented at a previous meeting of the association, and shall appear in full upon the notice of meeting at which action is to be taken.

A LIVE MINNESOTA ASSOCIATION.

DULUTH, Minn., Aug. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual meeting of the St. Louis County Game and Fish Protective Association was unusually well attended, and even keener interest in the matter of game protection way disclosed than has been apparent for the past two years. The meeting was held on Aug. 6, and the following officers were elected: President, E. S. Palmer; First Vice-President, Dr. J. D. Titcomb; Second Vice-President, R. J. McLeod; Third Vice-President, Thomas Gibson; Secretary, Henry S. Mahon; Treasurer, F. H. White; Directors, Ellsworth Benham, J. W. Nelson, L. D. Hall, A. P. Wilson and T. B. Hawkes.

The report of executive officer John Green showed the following excellent record of active work and seizures during the past year:

1895.

Sept. 28.—Mounted moose head, replevined, from West Superior, Wis.

Oct. 29.—209 ducks seized, at Union Depot, Duluth.

Dec. 5.—7 partridges and 4 rabbits, seized at Union Depot, Duluth.

Dec. 6.—15 prairie chickens, seized at Messick & McCaulay's.

Dec. 20.—10,000lbs. fish, 602 partridges, 6 moose heads, 2 caribou heads, 1 deer head, and 1 case of furs, seized in refrigerator car in St. Paul & Duluth R. R. Co. yards in Duluth. The shippers were indicted and paid the State Commission a fine of $500, besides suffering forfeiture of the entire shipment.

Dec. 19.—3 moose hides, 1 deer hide, and 20 partridges, seized at Union Depot, Duluth. J. McAlister arrested for having same in his possession, and fined $60 and costs.

Dec. 23.—2 moose heads, seized at Union Depot, Duluth.

1896.

Jan. 7.—74 partridges, seized in A. Booth Packing Co.'s cold storage house.

Feb. 26.—Fish trap on Beaver River destroyed.

Mar. 2—2 gill nets, each 100ft. long, seized in Duluth Bay.

Mar. 19.—2 gill nets, each 125ft. long, and 1 fike net destroyed in Duluth Bay.

Mar. 20.—2 gill nets and 1 fike net, seized in St. Louis Bay.

Apr. 25.—2 gill nets, each 125ft. long, seized in St. Louis River at New Duluth.

June 11.—177 black bass, seized at Union Depot.

June 17.—1 box of small brook trout, seized at Spalding Hotel.

This Association was organized and began its work in the fall of 1894, with Samuel F. Fullerton as its executive officer. The work done was so effective that Mr. Fullerton was, during the following winter, appointed a member of the State Game and Fish Commission, and soon afterward became its executive agent. It was feared that after his vigorous and relentless warfare against violators of the game laws there would be a reaction, but the record of the last year shows this has not been the case.

The Association is taking hold again this year in such a way as to show that there will be no flagging in its efforts to enforce the game laws equally and impartially, and it is certainly true that public sentiment is with the Association in its efforts to a greater degree than ever before.

It is believed that the work of enforcing the game laws would be rendered much easier if associations of this nature could be multiplied and methods of work compared by such as are already in existence. Cannot this be done? HENRY S. MAHON, Sec'y.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

REPORT YOUR LUCK
With Rod or Gun
To FOREST AND STREAM,
New York City.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Kingston Kennel Club's bench show. H. C. Bates, Cor. Sec'y, Kingston, Ont.
Sept. 7 to 11.—Rhode Island State Fair Association's fourth annual show, Providence, R. I.
Sept. 7 to 11.—Toronto Exhibition Association's eighth annual show, Toronto, Can. C. A. Stone, Sec'y of bench show.
Sept. 8 to 11.—Binghampton Industrial Exhibition's sixth annual bench show. C. H. Barrett, Supt.
Sept. 14 to 17.—Montreal Kennel Association's bench show, Montreal. G. Lanigan, Sec'y.
Sept. 15-18.—Orange County bench show, Newburgh, N. Y. Robt. Johnston, Sec'y.
Sept. 22 to 24.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual dog show, Milwaukee. Louis Steffen, Sec'y.
Sept. 22 to 25.—Queens County Agricultural Society's bench show, Mineola L. I. J. Mortimer, Manager, Hempstead, L. I.
Sept. 23 to 26.—Stockton Fair Association's bench show, Stockton, Cal. D. J. Sinclair, Sec'y.
Oct. 6 to 8.—Danbury Agricultural Society's show, Danbury, Conn. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y.
Dec. 1 to 4.—City of the Straits Kennel Club's local show, Detroit, Mich. R. H. Roberts, Sec'y.
Dec. 8 to 11.—Augusta, Ga.—Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association. J. W. Killingsworth, Sec'y.
Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 7.—Kennedy, Minn.—Continental Field Trial Club's chicken trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Oct. 19.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual hound trials, Barre, Mass. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y, Roxbury, Mass.
Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.
Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.
Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.
Nov. 2.—Union Field Trial Club's inaugural trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 10.—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.
Nov. 10.—Leamington, Ont.—Peninsular Field Trial Club, Leamington, Ont.
Nov. 10.—Greene County, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's trials. L. O. Seidel, Sec'y.
Nov. 16.—National Fox Hunting Association's third annual trials, Bardstown, Ky. F. J. Hagan, Sec'y.
Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y, Huntsville, Ala.

COURSING.

Sept. 22.—Cheyenne Valley Coursing Club's meeting, Sheldon, S. D, Dr. J. P. Aylen, Pres.
Sept. 29.—Aberdeen Coursing Club's annual meeting, Aberdeen, S. D. Dr. F. W. Haragan, Sec'y.
Oct. 6.—Mitchell Coursing Club's meeting, Mitchell, S. D. H. G. Nichols, Sec'y.
Oct. 21.—Altcar Coursing Club's meeting, Great Bend, Kan. T. W. Bartels, Sec'y.
Oct. 28.—Kenmore Coursing Club's annual meeting, Herrington, Kan. C. A. Robinson, Sec'y.
Oct. 13.—American Coursing Club's annual meeting, Huron, S. D F. B. Coyne, Sec'y.

1897.

Jan. —.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.
Jan. 18.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

JOAN AND PETRINA.

ROSSVILLE, S. I.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The readers of what I write in biophilism will be glad to know that I have a new dog; for now I will probably not have so much to say about Phlip, whose taking from me by the poisoner so affected me that for more than a year I could not bring myself to have another dog.

But I have one now—a cocker spaniel, a beauty—a present from the kennels of Dr. Francis Wilmot Kitchel, of Perth Amboy, N. J. Her name in the pedigree book is Joan—the name by which we know her too, of course; for there could not be a neater name, and who does not know that there is bad luck in changing the name of an animal? And was there ever a lover of man or beast who was not just a little superstitious?

I hope that no bad luck may come to Petrina from the fact that we had to change her name. She came to us from one of the family of R. H. Golder, M.D. She was so small when she came that the name Peter was not known to be a misfit to her sex. When this was discovered Peter was feminized into Petrina.

A day or two after I brought Joan to the house Petrina came. We soon had proof that the dog and the cat are natural enemies—a fact of animal psychology which some are disposed to question. The first thing that Joan did when she saw the kitten was to make for her. Joan was called off, as much in her own interest as in that of the cat; for Petrina stood and showed fight so energetically that there was fear for Joan's eyes. But one calling off was not enough for Joan—she had to be called off three or four times. Then she seemed to understand that she was not only to let Petrina alone, but to be friendly with her. These advances Petrina resented in the ways in which the cat shows resentment, with spittings and strikings. This was kept up for several days. Joan was not ofscouraged, from which I conclude that the dog has less di natural enmity for the cat than the cat for the dog—though, of course, it must be taken into the account that in the activity of this enmity the cat is more apt to suffer seriously than the dog, the cat being the weaker of the two. The cat may scratch out the eyes of the dog, but in the death struggle the cat is the one who is apt to be reduced to a condition for burial.

Joan persisted in her advances, and in doing so showed, as I pointed out in an article in the *World* recently, that she is highly endowed with the faculty of imitation, for in playfully returning the spiteful strokes of Petrina the action was singularly and amusingly cat-like.

The advances of Joan were seconded. I would often hear the mistress of all of us say, "Joan, Petrina has no sense! Petrina, do you not see that Joan is trying to play with you?" Whether these words had any effect I do not know, though the lower animals understand very much more of human speech than we give them credit for understanding, but the fact is that after a week or so Petrina yielded, and now she and Joan are the very best of friends, and such constant playfellows that quiet has flown from the rectory, especially apparently at the time of the after-dinner nap.

The way in which Joan does make for Petrina; the way in which Petrina sits on her haunches and strikes at Joan; the way in which they run after each other, tumble over each other, maul each other—these ways are astonishing, entertaining—as good as a show—sometimes aggravating.

Always in them is there food for psychological and biophilistic thought. As I have intimated, the intercourse of Joan and Petrina has shown that the cat and the dog are natural or at least hereditary enemies, and that that enmity is overcome by their becoming better acquainted, especially when their acquaintance is forwarded and their confidence in each other established by the taking of a little trouble by some human being who has a regard for each of them.

Again, in their intercourse there is manifestation of reason. Time and again have I seen Joan stop in their play to drop upon one hip to scratch her ear. This would necessitate the turning away of her head from Petrina. Like a flash will Petrina take advantage of the situation and leap on Joan's back. And can any one take advantage of a situation without reasoning? The other day they in their play rushed from the dining-room through the two doors which give entrance to the kitchen across the hallway of a flight of back stairs. Petrina can recover herself more quickly than can Joan. She did so, and rushed back into the dining-room. In this she had a purpose. She hid behind the dining-room door, and when Joan came through, her mouth open and her long, silken yellow ears flopping, Petrina leaped upon her, much to Joan's surprise. Whether Petrina enjoyed the laughter which followed this feat or not, she deserved the applause which she got.

In that feat did Petrina evidence the power of reason? Does Edison love children? I vaguely remember that I have somewhere noticed that he does. If so, in playing with children I have no doubt that now and then he lies in wait for them that he may jump out and take them in his arms, laughingly enjoying their surprise. In so doing, in the lower region of play—if it be the lower—does he not employ the same faculty that he employs in the higher region of mechanics when he invents such a machine as, say, the kinetograph? And in laying a plan to surprise Joan, did not Petrina employ the same faculty which Edison would employ in laying a plan to surprise a child?

I have no doubt that when looking upon children Edison thinks of children who have gone on before and hopes that in the after life he may meet them, and imagines that now they are playing in the Eternal Home as once they played in the temporal home. So when I look at Joan and Petrina at their play I think of the dogs and the cats whom I have known as the years have gone by, imagine them playing in the Eternal Home as once they played in the temporal home, and—do I hope that I may meet them in the after life? Why not?

CHARLES JOSIAH ADAMS.

The Dog and Man's Ignorance.

CALIFORNIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It has given me much pleasure from time to time to read the comments and observations in FOREST AND STREAM upon natural history. FOREST AND STREAM gleans a wide realm and is rich in resource. I am especially pleased with those observations, sketches and anecdotes which discuss animal life, habits and characteristics, as well as with the logic and philosophy of many of your observant and talented contributors.

I think it is surprising to naturalists, as it is painful, to realize the far too general ignorance that prevails in regard to nearly all animals. While man is assumed (by himself) to be the highest and most intelligent of animals, the climax and boast of creation, how little does he know—or rather what an infinite deal does he not know—of his surroundings and fellow creatures!

These reflections, while not new to me nor to many of your readers, are reiterated here owing to a perusal in these columns of the disquisitions of A Posteriori, Rev. Charles Josiah Adams, and the papers on hydrophobia by the Philadelphia Anti-Vivisection Society.

Is it not astonishing—nay, is it not humiliating—that we know so little, almost nothing, of the dog? He has been man's closest companion, outside his own immediate species, since Abraham and Lot took possession of the world as property. With all his real or fancied intelligence, does man in 1896, A. D., know as much of the dog as the dog knows of man? If man knows as much, does he know more?

Here is this learned society, through talented physicians of many decades of experience, just now announcing that hydrophobia is a thing so rare as to be almost a myth. Scarcely a well authenticated case can be cited by all the able faculty! And yet in this enlightened and advanced era and country we have been intimidated from generation to generation with stories of mad dogs.

Every well regulated village and town in the country kills off a few mad dogs every summer. Newspapers tell at frequent intervals of the curdling antics, of the horrible doings of mad dogs. Many people and horses are bitten and die, and the policemen and constables have fearful struggles with mad dogs everywhere.

And now we are just finding out that mad dogs are about as scarce as moose are on Broadway. This is a severe blow to nursery legends. If we have no mad dogs, where's the use of having the mad stone where people can go and be cured after being bitten? How will the newspapers get along without this necessary adjunct? Both we and they will have to worry along without hydrophobia and mad dogs. If there were no mad men we could scarcely survive this loss.

Has the dog been as foolish in all these years? Has he gone about biting or tearing to pieces such individuals of the human species of animals as had gone mad? Perhaps he thought it too much of a contract.

But in all his career as a poor dumb brute, with no faculties but "instincts," has the dog ever made such an idiot of himself as to cherish a superstition from generation to generation for 1,000 years or so? No. It may be, as it seems, that dogs and the lower animals advance slowly, but they seem withal quite sure of their ground.

A Posteriori, Mr. Adams and others of us like to grope—that is conjecture. We would like to know now, after cherishing the dog for 2,000 years or so, something about him. But, alas! the dog, like nearly or like every other atom of creation, animate or inane, is beyond us still. We may be instrumental in propogating his species, may elevate him to ideal standards of excellence, may finally teach him to distinguish a portrait by its likeness to a personality, but from this will spring no fountain of wisdom.

The trend of everything with us inclines away from the natural to the ideal, speculative, artificial. In my poor opinion we will profit more in the study of the natural than in our efforts to revolutionize and improve many things as they exist. The idea I mean to express is, most things as they exist are imperfect or unsatisfactory to us because we do not understand them. Hence for so many years we have believed in the common prevalence of mad dogs and hydrophobia because we are ignorant and superstitious. The natural is usually right—artifice always questionable. RANSACKER.

CALIFORNIA.

Entries to Continental F. T. Club's Chicken Trials.

ALL-AGE STAKE.

E. A. Burdett's b. and w. setter bitch Anne of Abbotsford (Gladstone's Boy—Bohemian Girl).
Paul H. Gotzian's l. and w. setter dog Lawrence (Doc Quinn—Minnesota).
N. T. De Pauw's liv. and w. pointer bitch Sister Sue (——— — ———).
A. L. Shonfield's b., w. and t. setter dog Noble Leo (——— — ———).
A. M. Young's b., w. and t. setter bitch Gleam's Ruth (——— — ———).
Del Monte Kennels' b. and w. setter dog Sam T. (Luke Boy—Bettie B.).
D. E. Rose's (agt.) b., w. and t. setter dog Domino (——— — ———).
D. E. Rose's (agt.) b., w. and t. setter dog Tony Boy (——— — ———).
D. E. Rose's (agt.) b., w. and t. setter dog Greenway (——— — ———).
D. E. Rose's (agt.) l. and w. pointer dog Von Gull (——— — ———).

NORTHWESTERN STAKE.

A. C. Reid's b. and t. setter bitch Swab (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing).
Thos. Johnson's b. setter bitch Psyche (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing).
Thos. Johnson's b. b. setter bitch Patti (Duke of Gloster—Flora).
Thos. Johnson's liv., w. and t. pointer dog Lonsdale (Coton—Psyche).
Thos. Johnson's l. and w. pointer dog Alberta Joe (Ightfield Upton—Ightfield Blythe).
Thos. Johnson's b. setter dog Sancho (Manitoba Toss—Manitoba Bess).
Richard Merrill's liv. and w. pointer dog Stridemore (Strideaway—Hops II.).
Richard Merrill's liv. and w. pointer bitch Daisy Rip-Rap (——— — ———).
C. E. Dickey & Co.'s b., w. and t. setter dog Kingston (Chance—Bessie Avent).
Paul H. Gotzian's l. and w. setter dog Lawrence (Doc Quinn—Minnesota).
J. W. Penderson's English setter bitch Lady of Gloss.

P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas.

New England Beagle Trials.

LINDEN, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Entry blanks to the New England Beagle Club's fall field trials are now ready and will be mailed to all, but should any be overlooked I will gladly forward them on application. The trials this fall should be the best ever held by the club, and undoubtedly the several classes will be well filled. There will probably be fifteen or more starters in the Futurity Stake, which will be looked forward to with much interest, as quite a number of the most noted bench and field winning stud dogs are represented, namely, Wanderer, Frank Forest, Zeno, Spark R., Ringleader, Clyde, Diamond Forest and several others.

The trials will be held, as usual, at Oxford, Mass., and from all accounts rabbits are more plentiful than ever. The club headquarters will be at Hotel Bacon, where first-class accommodations can be had for about $1.50 a day, and it is a well-known fact, as hundreds can testify, that Mr. Bacon never allows any one to go away hungry. The accommodations for dogs this year will be first class, as the club has secured a building about five minutes' walk from the hotel, light and comfortable, which will be partitioned off so each handler can have his dogs all by themselves and under lock and key if he wishes.

Messrs. Quynn and Turpin, the judges selected, are well known to nearly every beagle breeder in America as thorough sportsmen, and it is unnecessary to state that the best dogs will be placed at the head, no matter who owns or handles them. All prize money will be paid immediately after the judges give their decision, same as last year. A long list of special prizes will be donated by the members, which will be published in the sporting press at an early date. One of the most pleasant features of the trials will be quite a delegation of the celebrated Maryland beagle breeders, who will be on hand to attend the trials for the first time, and without doubt the New England boys will give them a hearty greeting.

W. S. CLARK.

Union Field Trials Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Aug. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Owing to the fact that the Presidential election occurs on Tuesday, Nov. 3, the Union Field Trials Club has decided to begin its trials on Monday, Oct. 26, at Carlisle, Ind. This will enable patrons, handlers and spectators to attend the trials and get back home in time to vote. It will also enable handlers to run their dogs in these trials and get to the Eastern Field Trials Club's trials in time to give their dogs several days' work on North Carolina grounds before the Eastern Derby starts.

The grounds at Carlisle have been secured free of cost, and as the officers and judges donate their services, and the cost of running in these trials is only $15, we anticipate a large entry, thus insuring prizes of sufficient size to be worth contesting for.

The trials will be judged by Mr. Royal Robinson, who is an ardent admirer of both pointers and setters, and Mr. S. H. Socwell, who does all of his shooting over a pointer; we therefore feel justified in saying that the best dog will win, regardless of breed. The entry blanks are now ready for mailing. The entries to the Derby close Sept. 15, with $5 forfeit and $10 to start. The All-Age entries will close Oct. 15, with $5 forfeit and $10 to start. The breeds will run together in both stakes.

P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas.

A Rabbit Hunt.

CENTERVILLE STATION, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I take great pleasure in reading FOREST AND STREAM. I am a farmer and a lover of a good dog and gun. I have never read of many rabbit hunts, so I thought I would try and write of one.

We were having a real blizzard and, as I looked out of doors, I thought writing would be a good occupation to pass the time away.

Herman M. and Gus J. left New York city on the 3 P. M. train for Centerville, Sullivan county, and arrived there at 7 P. M., where I met them with my team one evening last November. Gus brought his dog Bobbie with him. Bobbie is a son of my dog Sport, and when they get after a cottontail something is bound to happen.

The next day proved to be one of those beautiful days of early November, just the kind of a day to make a man feel like going hunting, and the dogs were feeling fine. They seemed to know what we intended doing.

We started out south of the house, across the lake, to a side hill covered with blackberry briers and bushes. Bobbie started the first one and Sport joined in with him. Up over the hill they went. They ran him a half hour, when Gus and I heard Herman's gun crack and he called out, "All right!"

Gus and I started up the hill toward Herman, when out jumped a rabbit. Gus and I both scored a miss, but I rolled him over with my second barrel. We started on. The dogs having heard us shoot came running toward us, when up flew a brace of partridges, which came within gunshot of us. Gus and I both shot and down fell the pair of plump birds. Gus said this is fun and no mistake.

Herman called and wanted to know what all the shooting meant. When we got to where he was we had a little talk as to which way we should go on separating. Before we got through talking the dogs had another rabbit going, and after we shot at it three times it got into a woodchuck hole in safety. We called to the dogs, and while they were coming down the hill they started another one, which went toward Herman and fell dead when his gun cracked. About the same time a partridge flew up and Herman shot that also.

It was then 11 A. M. We hunted the rest of the hill, and when noon came we counted five rabbits and three partridges. We halted by the side of a convenient haystack and discussed the experience of the morning, eating our lunch and smoking our pipes. After spending an hour in rest we proceeded toward the east side of a small swamp to kill some more rabbits and possibly another partridge.

The dogs soon had another rabbit on the jump. It was a cunning old buck, one that fooled the dogs as well as ourselves. The leaves being dry made it hard to keep the track. We each had a shot at the old fellow, when finally he stopped to Gus's second shot, at long range through thick bushes along the edge of the swamp. When at a spring near by the dogs flushed a woodcock—a late stayer. We marked him down, and after we three hunted and hunted that woodcock and tried to raise him again we had to give him up, for the dogs had another rabbit started.

We scattered out along the edge of the swamp and Gus had the pleasure of knocking him over.

As we went on a little further we came to an old wood road, and up flew a fine old cock partridge. Our three guns spoke as one, and down came one bird. We all claimed him, neither being aware that the other had shot. After an explanation we opened our guns for proof, each showing an empty chamber. We had a good laugh and went on, for the dogs had another rabbit started. Each went on a run to get in good position to shoot it. Gus happened to start one out of the thick weeds and grass and neatly knocked him over with a well-directed shot and then went on to his position, the top of an old stump. Soon afterward we heard Herman's gun crack twice, and he called out, "All right."

It was then near 3 P. M., and the rabbits had commenced to run about to feed, and the dogs soon had another one going that took refuge in an old stone row one-fourth of a mile from where he was first started. But another one was soon started, and I soon ended his career after having to fire the second time.

It was then most 4 P. M. In the next hour we shot three more rabbits. As it was then near night we started for home, having shot twelve rabbits and four partridges.

We arrived home a half hour later and we each had a good appetite for the steaming dinner that awaited us. We spent three such days, and then my friends went home so well pleased that they were coming again before the season closes. TIMM.

Queens County Agricultural Show.

MR. MORTIMER informs us that Mr. Leslie A. Burritt, of Bayonne, New Jersey, will judge Boston terriers at the Mineola show, and Bedlington terriers will be judged by Mr. R. F. Mayhew.

The American Spaniel Club offers the Lawrence trophy for the best brace of cocker spaniels, any color. This in place of the Bell paintings, which have been withdrawn.

Entries are already being received in good numbers, and there is every indication that all classes will be well filled.

Exhibitors are again notified that puppy and novice classes will be opened for any breed where there are not less than three entries for each class, and we again remind them that entries close Sept. 8, with James Mortimer, Secretary, Hempstead, L. I. Entry fee, $2.

Dachshunde at Montreal.

BLACK LAKE, P. Q., Aug. 28.—Would you be kind enough to rectify an error in the Montreal premium list respecting dachshunde: "There will be but one challenge class for dogs and bitches together, but two open classes for dogs and bitches respectively, which, moreover, will be divided if five or more of any color or variety are entered, so that the classification is practically the same as in Kingston or Toronto." L. A. KLEIN.

Mr. J. W. Gross, Harrisburg, Pa., writes us as follows: I would like to have the pedigree of the beagle dog Rip Van Winkle, owned some time ago by Tom Buck, of the Blue Ridge Beagle Kennels. Can any reader of FOREST AND STREAM kindly furnish it?

TECHNICAL TERMS.

FOR the benefit of those who may not be completely *au fait* with all the technical expressions used in works and conversations on the subject of the dog, the following alphabetical list is appended. Such a list has already been published in Vero Shaw's "Book of the Dog;" but this list is by no means complete, and considerable additions have been made to it in the dictionary below, while certain terms, which it contains, have been omitted, as their meanings are obvious.

Apple-headed—Is a term which signifies a skull round, not flat, at the top—a feature which is seen, in its most marked form, in toy terriers.

Babbler.—A dog which is noisy, and apt to give too much tongue at work. A spaniel is often said to be a "babbler" when it gives tongue while belonging to one of the mute breeds. It is not a compliment.

Belton.—A name applied to the Laverack setter. A "blue Belton" is a setter flecked with blue; a "lemon Belton," similarly with yellow.

Blaze.—A white streak up the middle of the face of some breeds, such as the St. Bernard, collie, or fox terrier.

Blenheim-mark—Is a mark on the skull of the Blenhiem spaniel in the middle of the blaze, and of the same orange color as the body color of this breed of spaniel.

Breeching.—The hair on the backs of the thighs. Thus, a schipperke may be described as being "well breeched," or having "good breeching," signifying that it is strongly feathered on the back of the thighs. A Manchester Black and Tan terrier may be said to have no tan "breeching," or that it is black—as it should be—and not tan at this place. Sometimes a Manchester terrier may be said, briefly, to be "breeched," and this means that it has the objectionable tan behind the thighs.

Brisket.—The portion of the body in front of the chest and below the neck.

Brush.—A term signifying the tail; often used in the case of dogs having heavily-coated tails, as the collie.

Butterfly-nose.—A spotted or patched nose. The term is not used in the case of young puppies, whose noses will frequently be spotted or patchy as the color gradually changes from white to black; it is applied to adult dogs whose noses have arrived at the color they will always be. A "butterfly-nose" is most frequently seen in white dogs, such as the white English terrier, which have to be pure white for show, and the absence of color tends to produce white skin and parti-colored nose.

Button-ear—Is the term applied to that form of ear which falls forward, hiding the whole of the inside, as the ear of the fox terrier.

Cankered mouth—Signifies that one or more of the canine teeth is in a cankered or diseased condition.

Cat-footed—Means a dog with short, round feet, the knuckles being also high and well rounded. It is the opposite conformation to what is known as the "hare-foot," which will be defined in its proper place. The "cat-foot" is a much admired and desirable form of foot in a fox terrier, foxhound, and in fact most breeds. In a few breeds, such as the greyhound, setter and others, it is a matter of opinion.

Character—Is a term applied when a dog exhibits in a marked form the points and characteristics of the breed to which it belongs. Thus it may be said a dog abounds in terrier "character."

Chest.—The chest of a dog is not merely such portion of the chest as can be viewed in front, but that part of the dog which extends from brisket to belly.

Chippendale.—A bull dog is sometimes said to be "Chippendale-legged," that is, its forelegs, viewed from the front, resemble those of a Chippendale chair in shape, being far apart at the shoulders and bowed in to be much closer together at the pasterns.

Chop.—The upper lip. A good deal about the "chop" may be heard in a description of a bull dog in which the "chop" should be thick and deep, hanging over the lower jaw at the sides.

Clean-shoe.—A dog, such as the bloodhound, may be described as being able to hunt a "clean-shoe" or "clean-boot" when it is able to track a man by scent, without the aid of aniseed or other strong smelling applications to the soles.

Cobby.—A term applied to a short-backed, compact, well-ribbed-up dog, as the pug.

Collar.—A band of white around the neck of the St. Bernard, and an admired point.

Couplings.—The space between the tops of the shoulder blades and of the hip joints. Thus, a dog is said to be long or short in the couplings according as this space is one or the other.

Comb fringe.—The fringe of feather on the tail of a dog, such as the setter.

Cow-hocked.—A dog is said to be "cow-hocked" when its hocks turn in inwards—a very undesirable conformation in any breed.

Crest —The upper portion of a dog's neck.

Cushion.—A term applied to a feature in the face of the bull dog. It is a good point to be able to say a bull dog is well "cushioned-up," or possessing the necessary amount of "cushion" in the skin of the face behind the chop.

Dew-lap.—The pendulous skin under the throat of a dog. It should be absent in many breeds, as in the terrier or greyhound, but very marked in others, as in the Basset hound.

Dew-claw—Is an extra claw found on the forelegs of all breeds, but on the hindlegs of only certain breeds, such as the St. Bernard.

Dish faced—Is a term applied to a dog whose face turns up somewhat at the nose; that is, when the nose at the nasal bone is higher than at the stop. Pointers are not unfrequently "dish-faced."

Dome-skulled—Signifies when a dog's skull is dome-shaped at the top, as in the case of the bloodhound.

Dudley.—A "Dudley" is a dog with a flesh-colored nose, A dog with such a nose has often also light-colored eyes and a generally pinkish yellowish countenance, when it is called "Dudley-faced." The name originated from Dudley, in the Black Country in Worcestershire, from which neighborhood a number of Dudley-marked dogs were said to have come.

Double-nosed.—Occasionally a dog, particularly the bull dog, exhibits a split septum or nostril, giving the appearance of a double nose, hence the term.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A. K. C. and Suspensions.

AT the forthcoming meeting of the A. K. C. it seems that a sense of common justice should impel the delegates to reconsider the Bell case, for as it now stands it has the appearance of vindictive discrimination.

In the matter of making illegal entries, the City of the Straits Kennel Club were principals in the matter equally with Mr. Bell, the one making the entries, the other accepting them; and both, so far as the evidence shows, entering into the affair with open eyes; yet the club is given a fine of $25 or a suspension of sixty days in midsummer, when its club functions are dormant and suspension at that time has not even the dignity of an inconvenience; while Mr. Bell for the same offense is suspended for a year, and suspension to the individual is a much greater hardship than it is to the club, since it carries with it disqualification of the offender's dogs. The A. K. C. laws should not be fish for one and flesh for another. They should be just for all alike.

The goddess of justice is portrayed as being blind, thus her justice is dealt out even-handed to the rich and the poor, the strong and the weak alike; but in this special case of A. K. C. justice the goddess seems to be one-eyed and one-armed, and one-eyed justice is not of the kind to win the confidence and esteem of the dog world, or for that matter any other world.

There seems to be a regrettable absence of backbone in the A. K. C. management. The delegates lead up with much bravery and parade of knowledge to a point where decisive action is necessary and their courage fails, or expediency interposes, and what appeared to be a brave parade with a purpose ends in an inglorious fizzle. Several such cases can be recalled where much ado ended in nothing.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The Canadian Kennel Club will hold its annual meeting in the Board Room of the Industrial Exposition, on the grounds, Toronto, Tuesday, Sept. 8, at 3 P. M. A meeting will be held on the same date, in same place, at 1:30 P. M.

The many dog fanciers who will be at the coming Providence show may be interested to know that the club grounds, kennels, etc., of the New England Kennel Club at Braintree, near Boston, will be open to visitors. The manager, Mr. James E. Green, will be glad to show the kennels, etc. The latter now contain about sixty dogs, from St. Bernards down to the smallest kind of toy terriers. The arrangements for trap-shooting are excellent and the sport is well patronized. On Wednesday, Sept. 9, the members and their friends will meet at the club grounds and the traps will be kept very busy during the afternoon. It is the intention to have sweepstakes, and friends of members who wish to try their luck at the traps will receive a hearty welcome.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address. Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

BRED.

Mr. G. G. Williamson's Ruby Girl, English setter bitch, July 13, to champion Count Gladstone IV.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

WHEELING TO FISHING WATERS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* During the summer I do a good deal of fishing in the waters about New York, and I have found the bicycle of great service in getting to and from the fishing points.

Last Sunday I took a run down on Staten Island. This is a favorite trip with me, as the roads are exceptionally good, and the treatment accorded to wheelmen by ferry and railroad is all that could be asked.

The fishing just now is good at all points on the south shore from South Beach to Tottenville, and one in search of a day's sport cannot well go astray.

South Beach is a favorite point for a great many fishermen from New York, as the trip is very inexpensive and as they can generally count on a mess of fish if they know how to catch them. There are several docks toward the Narrows end of the beach and one long pier at the other end. From this latter weakfish may be caught, and earlier in the season a great many fluke were taken. Just now the porgies and small snappers are beginning to bite here, as at other points on the south shore. Boats may be had if wanted, and such bait as clams and killies is generally obtainable. Other bait will have to be brought from the city, and this rule obtains at the other fishing points on Staten Island, though occasionally sand worms can be bought, and if one is not above it he can dig them for himself at low tide. It is always, however, the safest plan to bring one's bait from the city, and in the end it always avoids much annoyance.

Beyond South Beach are Gifford's, Huguenot, Prince's Bay and Tottenville—all good points for the salt-water fisherman. The further one goes from New York, the less he is bothered by other fishermen, and as a rule the fishing improves.

At all the places named above one will find boats, which can be hired reasonably. If the fisherman wants to make a record it is a good plan for him to be on the ground the night before, so as to insure an early start.

All these points, with the exception of Tottenville, are some distance from the Rapid Transit Railroad, but hacks connect them with the trains as a rule.

For the wheelman the route, after leaving the ferry at St. George, is to follow the shore road through Tompkinsville to Clifton until near the station, where a turn to the right is made into the Richmond road, which will carry him through to New Dorp, about six miles from the ferry. This part of the route is cut up with trolley lines and is not so good as further on.

At New Dorp turn sharp to the left, leaving the Richmond road and striking into the Tottenville turnpike,

which runs to the extreme end of the island. The road runs near the railroad the whole distance and crosses it several times. At frequent intervals are cross roads running down to the sea, and these are all ridable except in very wet weather.

Last Sunday I rode through the village of Pleasant Plains, which is about fourteen miles from the St. George ferry, and just beyond the point where the road crosses the railroad track. I took a side road running through the Mount Loretto grounds. Mount Loretto is a Roman Catholic orphan asylum, where there are reputed to be upward of 2,000 boys and girls. The buildings, including a large church, whose spire is a landmark for the surrounding country, occupy a little eminence about a mile from the village. There is a macadam road, I believe, running the entire distance from the main road to the salt water, but I did not strike this. The road I followed was well graded, and by keeping to the side paths the riding was excellent. This road passes close to some large barns, near which it forks, one branch running each side of a lighthouse built upon a promontory which rises 75 or 100ft. sheer from the water. I should have taken the right hand fork, as I found out afterward, but instead I chose the other, and soon found myself on the beach, with the waters of that part of the Lower Bay, known as Raritan Bay, lapping at my feet.

The point which I desired to reach was a dock running out from the Mount Loretto grounds, and this I could see about half a mile below. The tide was out and the walking along the beach fairly good, though too soft for wheeling. So I started down the beach around the lighthouse promontory, pushing my wheel ahead. When I had covered half the distance I came across three boats just making a landing. At this spot some blankets and pieces of canvas were laid out smoothly on the beach above high water mark, and from these and other indications I concluded that the party now putting ashore had camped on the spot the previous night to take advantage of the early fishing.

I met them as they came ashore, and found that they had more fish than they knew what to do with. These were, however, mostly sand porgies, which the fishermen reported to be biting voraciously. They had been out on the "middle banks," where a number of other boats could then be seen at a distance of about two miles from shore.

Refusing their kindly proffered offer of some fish, I pushed on to the dock, on which I could now see several men fishing. I found that they were pulling in the porgies at fairly regular intervals, though there was no sign of larger fish.

The dock or pier on which I soon found myself is the first of three which put out into the bay at close intervals. The other two are reserved for the exclusive use of the asylum, but fishermen are permitted on the first. Incidentally it may be mentioned that the fathers at the asylum are good fishermen, and almost any other day one could have seen some of them enjoying the sport from the middle pier. It was once before my privilege to fish from this pier, after an unsuccessful morning near Tottenville, in company with two of the priests, and more thorough sportsmen than these modern exponents of St. Peter would be hard to find. They took a keen pleasure in what they were doing that was good to see, and they proved their skill by hooking a fish every time their lines were baited. They had a man along with them to cut bait and attend to their lines, and if this fellow carried all the fish they caught back to the Asylum I guess he would rather have let some of the orphans go hungry.

Last Sunday I had a light split bamboo bait rod along, and though I only caught small fish the sport was interesting enough. The porgies are running large this year and are unusually plentiful already, while snappers skim along just under the surface of the water in frequent schools.

Soon after I reached the dock some of the other fishermen began catching weakfish, and one man caught four nice fellows in about an hour's time, using shedder crabs for bait.

This dock is used by the boys from the asylum as a swimming place, and during the course of the afternoon we saw a long column of them marching down, two abreast, for their daily dip. Some who could not swim stopped at the sand beach, but the majority of the boys came out on the dock, attended by a single priest. They were very orderly in undressing, and evidently had been drilled in this respect; for all disrobed in the same manner, first taking off their nether garments and then slipping on bathing trunks before discarding their shirts. One of the boys had lost an arm and another a leg, but both could swim like fish. Soon the water was full of boys, so that the slower ones had hard work finding clear places where they could jump or dive in safety; but all their kicking out and splashing did not stop the fishing at the end of the dock, and several weakfish—than which there is no shyer fish in salt water—were taken at this time.

Some of the orphans begged hooks and sinkers and began fishing themselves, with good success; but others, probably newer arrivals, showed great ignorance on the subject. A little coterie of two or three boys of this class were very much excited when they saw the weakfish coming in, and debated among themselves as to whether the red spotted fellows were not sharks. Presently a whistle sounded from the beach, and the boys fell in line, and, marching back to the asylum, the wharf was again left to the fishermen.

A little before 6 I concluded I had had enough sport for the day, so I searched out a secluded spot near the lighthouse and had a dip in the cool salt water. Afterward I pedaled leisurely over to the railroad station at Pleasant Plains and took the train back to New York. My ticket cost 25 cents and the wheel was carried free.

J. A. C.

A recent issue of the Mattawa, Canada, *Tribune and Nippissing Register* carries a curious advertisement, that of the Hudson's Bay Co., which sets forth the excellence of a certain make of bicycle. It says: "The bicycle is no longer a luxury, but a necessity." It would seem so when the very type and synonym of Arctic traffic is to be supplemented by the flying safety express. One does not at first think of the upper Canadian country as the natural home of the wheel, but it seems the latter is to know no geographical limit. And the advertisement of the Hudson's Bay Co. always bears the suggestive headline after its title: "Incorporated 1075."

HOW TO CARRY A GUN.

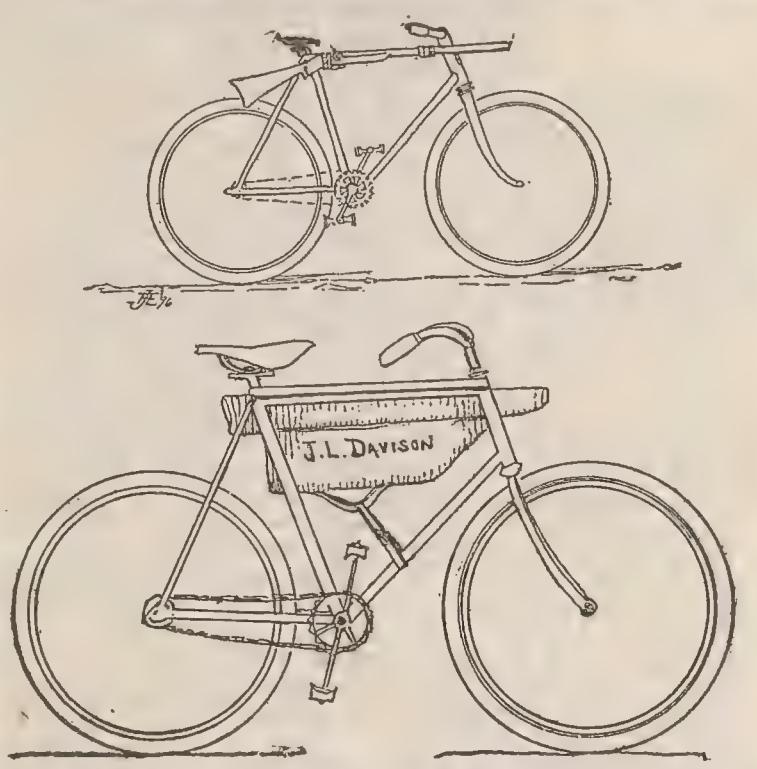
LOCKPORT, N. Y., Aug. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your Wheeling notes that you ask the best way to carry a gun on a bicycle, and I inclose cut showing my way of doing it. Had I thought that such information was wanted I should have been more explicit in describing my method of doing it in my plover shooting notes, published several weeks ago. I know that some sportsmen carry their guns across their shoulders, with and without case, but I prefer to strap mine on the wheel, with the barrels of the gun along the upper frame tube and with strap at each end around the saddle and handle bar tube. I also fasten a strap from the carrying handle of the case to the lower frame tube to keep the gun from swinging against my leg. In going from one field to another along the road I remove shells from the gun and carry the gun in my right hand, guiding the wheel with my left hand; but for a longer distance, when I wish to ride faster, I prefer to have the gun in its case strapped to wheel.

J. L. DAVISON.

BOSTON, Aug. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Aug. 22 I see you ask the question, "Which is the best way to carry a gun on a bicycle?" The inclosed sketch is my method. I have strapped a .32-40 Winchester on one side and a 12-gauge shotgun on the other, and ridden thirty-three miles, with no inconvenience whatever, except, perhaps, two bright bands on the bar where the enamel was worn off by the slipping of the straps.

S. POKES.

HOLLAND, Mich., Aug. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It has been somewhat of a question to me how to carry a gun on a bicycle. A shotgun is too heavy to comfortably carry slung from the shoulder, and if strapped to the frame the gun case wears off the enamel, and the gun is in such a position as to chafe the person and makes pedaling awkward and disagreeable. A few weeks ago I was



The lower figure illustrates Mr. Davison's method, the upper one that described by our Boston correspondent.

shown an attachment called the "snapsocket," manufactured by Foster, Stevens & Co., Grand Rapids, Mich. It consists of a snap clamped to the handle bar, and a socket attached to the fork. The gun is held in a nearly perpendicular position, muzzle down, and can be instantly removed by pushing it forward. This method of carrying the gun has the advantage of the others in that the gun can be carried loaded (or can be loaded very quickly) when wheeling in places where shots at game are had from the road. The sockets are made in different shapes to carry double or single-barreled guns; your fishing rod or umbrella can also be carried in it.

I carry my Winchester .22 very readily in it, and frequently ride along the streets in the outskirts of the city, and shoot English sparrows from the electric light and telephone wires. The sparrow has not yet learned to fear a man on a wheel, for one can ride up to them, dismount, remove the gun from the snap and shoot, before they know what is up.

ARTHUR G. BAUMGARTEL.

HOW THE OLD BIRD WAS OUTWITTED.

FITCHBURG, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I had been located in a small village in Connecticut about a year before I got the bicycle fever, and I don't know as I should even then have owned a wheel if I hadn't thought it would bring the hunting grounds nearer my door. My time for gunning was limited to morning and evening hours and Saturday afternoons, and I lost much precious time in getting to and from the "good places." So I bought a wheel and soon learned to ride. Every morning, with gun swung across my back and the best dog on earth trotting on behind, I went wheeling out of town for an hour or so with the birds.

About a mile out of town the road ran between two small pieces of woodland, crossed a little brook and turned a sharp corner down a hill, at the foot of which was a small swamp. In this piece of woodland there lived an old partridge, full of years and cunning. One fine morning as I was wheeling along this road I made his acquaintance. My first impression of him as he ran across the road in front of me was that he was a mighty fine bird, and just as Geeth drew up stiff as a stake at the roadside, where he disappeared, I tumbled off the wheel only to hear a whir and roar of wings as the old fellow left for other fields and pastures new. I knew in about what direction the bird had gone, and after about a five minutes' walk got another point in the swamp at the foot of the hill; but the place was too thick, and I only heard that awful roar of wings as my friend said good-bye again. By this time it was the hour for me to get back again to my work, and so I wheeled into town, resolved on getting that partridge next morning. Daybreak found me on the road, and our performance of the day before was repeated, and I became convinced that I had a very cunning bird to deal with, for when the dog made his point each time the old bird would run until the edge of the woods was reached, when it would get up with a mighty whir of wings, fly back through the thick woods and dive into the swamp at the foot of the hill. I dubbed the bird Old Noisy, and for two weeks each morning I tried in every way to get a shot until Geeth and I were about disgusted.

One night, after I had gone to bed, I planned our morning excursion, and hit upon a scheme that meant sure death to Old Noisy. I had noticed that almost invariably the bird would dive into the swamp at the foot of the hill at one particular spot, and to reach which he had to fly across the brow of the hill possibly 50ft. in the open. On reaching the ground next morning, I called Geeth to heel, while I arranged my wheel for a quick mount, and without taking my gun from my back sent in the dog. Everything worked like a charm. Geeth hadn't gone 20ft. from the road into the brush before I saw him stop and make a grand old point. Making a quick rush for the wheel, I put up my feet on the coasters and went flying down the hill. The bottom reached, I tumbled off; jumped the fence at the roadside just in time to see Old Noisy set his wings and come sailing over the hill. I knew then that he was coming to his death, and at the crack of the smokeless cartridge I saw him fold up those noisy wings and come bouncing on the grass at my feet. Geeth too heard the gun, the first shot I had ever fired at the bird, and he came barking his congratulations, while I stood cap in hand all unstrung by the exciting ride and successful shot. I am sorry to say I ate Old Noisy—a poor ending to so cunning an old bird—and I have wished many times he was back at his old tricks, while I might have the fun all over again. My wheel, my dog and my gun became inseparable companions; they used to ask me to go with them on their excursions many times that year, but we never got any birds that seemed to quite so well fill our game bag as Old Noisy.

E. W.

NOTES.

The sportsmen of all ranks and walks are taking to the wheel. The famous target champion, Rolla Heikes, is an ardent admirer of the wheel for sport or exercise, and attributes much of his present good form to his season's exercise on wheelback. After his late winning in a hard race at Chicago Mr. Heikes took a day off for a long ride west of Chicago. Gilbert, Budd and other well-known trap-shooters also ride, and like the exercise.

It is a well-known fact that wild animals and birds will frequently permit the close approach of a man on horseback or in a wagon, at times when easily alarmed by the sight of a man on foot. Mr. Baumgartel in his note on carrying a gun points out that this unconcern, at least as regards English sparrows, applies to the bicycle as well as other vehicles. All of which goes to show that the advantages of the bicycle from the sportsman's point of view are not easily exhausted.

Packing on the bicycle is a question of interest to men who camp out. If a gun may be carried into the woods, why not supplies and a tent? A well-constructed case fitting the frame will serve for a great many articles whose dimensions in one direction are not over 4 or 5in., and the handle bars and rear fork offer other opportunities for packing. A rider weighing 150lbs. should be able to carry 40 or 50lbs. of dead weight on his bicycle, without danger to himself or the wheel.

Of course the cooking outfit would have to be condensed into the smallest limits, and everything including the tent be made with a special view to lightness and portability. Then too the bicycle itself would have to be humored over rough roads, and where the rider had to get off and walk he would probably find it no easy task to push it with its load, as those who have taught other persons to ride will understand.

Such a trip could most profitably be made by two or more sportsmen in company. Blankets and tent and outfit in general would then do double duty, and individual loads would be reduced. Possibly an arrangement for clamping two bicycles together side by side could be used to advantage on the return for bringing out the trophies of the hunt.

Lieut. Moss, of the regular army, in making his three days' scouting trip from Fort Missoula, Montana, demonstrated to a remarkable degree the packing capacity of the bicycle and its ability to stand rough usage. His party numbered seven, and the avarage weight of riders and packed wheels was 232lbs. Assuming that the stripped bicycles weighed 23lbs. apiece, they carried more than nine times their own weight over one of the roughest countries on the continent without breakdown or serious mishap.

The Boston *Herald*, which has come to hand since writing the above, has the following note on the subject of camping trips:

A traveler lately returned from the West reports that cyclists of that region are just now taking extended camping trips. Wisconsin and Michigan, he says, are full of them, roving around with their outfits strapped to their wheels. The regular triangular case to fit into the diamond frame is used, and if there are a number in the party the camp implements are distributed among them and carried with ease. Some also carry light knapsacks, and what seems a difficult way of transporting camp outfits becomes in reality efficient and labor-saving. Small tents of light gossamer or silk, which fold up into an exceedingly small package, are used. The cyclists are also provided with rubber capes, which completely protect them from the rain when riding. Fishing tackle is easily carried, and the wheelmen on that account make fishing their favorite sport, though some of the more daring are seen with shotguns strapped to their wheels. It is astonishing into what regions of poor roads, but good camping, these novel tourists have penetrated. No one has ever seen them cross an unbridged river, but they undoubtedly have some way as clever as their other methods. They often take their wheels to the nearest railroad and ship them to some point where they meet them by boat, for canoeing is by no means impossible for camping cyclists. The movements of these wheelmen show that camping has been reduced to a science to be enjoyed by all classes of sportsmen.

Judge Thompson, of Louisville, Ky., recently rendered the following decision in the case of a wheelman arrested for riding on the sidewalk where the street was in bad condition. He said:

"In these cases the burden is on the defendants to prove that the road is actually in such condition as to render it unsafe for his bicycle to pass; this is not in justification, but in mitigation of the offense, for even where such condition exists it gives him no legal right to ride on the sidewalk except by rule of necessity, which must be justified in each case by the fact, and then it does not authorize him to ride at all if the sidewalk is occupied by pedestrians; he should dismount and pass the obstruction on foot wherever the sidewalk is frequented by pedestrians. In the business part of the city—crowded thoroughfares—he has no right whatever to ride on the sidewalk at any time, nor for any purpose.

"Women and children, and old and infirm persons, have a right to pass along the sidewalks not only free from danger of collision with bicycles, but free from apprehension from such danger.

"The proof, I think, shows conclusively in these cases that the roadway was in an unsafe condition for bicycles to pass, by reason of its being out of repair and being deluged with water so as to render it dangerous, even impassable, to this vehicle, and that the neighboring streets were in no better condition, and it does not appear at what rate of speed the defendants were riding, nor whether the sidewalk was or was not occupied by pedestrians; under these circumstances I think it would be unjust to assess a fine in this case, and they are dismissed.

"I think it the duty of the city to regulate the sprinkling of the streets so as to keep them reasonably safe for the passage of this vehicle, as well as others."

WHEEL ON THE BRAIN.

"Mr. Starr," said the manager, "you positively must quit letting your mind dwell so much on your wheel."

"Eh? Why?" asked the tragedian.

"Perhaps you are not aware of it, but in the third act, where you should have cried, 'Ye gods, I am stabbed!' you shouted, 'I am punctured.'"—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

THE FAIR SCORCHER.

A willowy form,
A steed of steel,
A firm control
Of the whirling wheel.

A glint of ribbons,
Of hose, of lace,
A healthy glow on
A pretty face.

A graceful movement,
A bewitching smile—
And the girl is down
The road—a mile.

Salt Lake City Herald.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

S indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Union of L. I. Sound.
M indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Ass'n of Massachusetts.

SEPTEMBER.

S 5. Stamford, An., Stamford, L. I. Sound.
5. Larchmont, special, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
M 5. South Boston, open, City Point, Boston Harbor.
5. Beverly, 4th open sweeps, Buzzard's Bay.
6. Winthrop, sail, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
7. New York Y. R. A., An., New York Bay.
7. Beverly, open, Buzzard's Bay.
7. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
M 7. Lynn, open, Lynn, Boston Harbor.
M 7. Old Colony, open, Nahant.
S 7. Norwalk, open, Norwalk, L. I. Sound.
7. Hempstead, open.
7. Toledo, open, Toledo, Lake Erie.
10–13. Cleveland, open regattas, Cleveland, Lake Erie.
12. Beverly, 5th cham., Buzzard's Bay.
12. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
S 12. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, L. I. Sound.
12. Larchmont, special, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
S 12. Sea Cliff, special, Sea Cliff, L. I. Sound.
12. Squantum, Burkhardt cup, Squantum, Mass.
12. Chicago, open, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
16. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.
18. Hempstead, closing day.
19. Eastern, knockabout class, Marblehead.
S 19. American, fall regatta, Milton Point, L. I. Sound.
26. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
S 26. Riverside, special, Riverside, L. I. Sound.
26. Squantum, Burkhardt cup, Squantum, Mass.

OCTOBER.

Cor. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.

A NEW CLASS OF SAILING CRAFT.

THE steam or power craft is displacing the sailing yacht more rapidly each year, and it is hard to say where the injury to yacht sailing is the most felt, in the abandonment in favor of steam yachts of 500 to 1,500 tons of a comparatively limited number of large yachts, such as the schooners Intrepid and Lasca, or in the rapidly increasing use by yachtsmen of limited means of small power craft such as the naphtha, the alcohol and the kerosene driven launches and even cabin yachts. In the case of the very large craft there is a certain compensation, small, it is true, but still better than nothing, in the prevailing fashion of carrying a fleet of small sailing craft at the davits; the large English steam yachts are all thus equipped, and the fashion is likely to become popular in this country as well. It is a good thing in that it at least keeps up a love of sailing and adds to the racing fleet in the smaller classes. Several yachts of this type have been seen here in the last two years, notably the Payne ½-rater Sagamore, carried by the yacht of that name; the 1-rater Wave, carried at the davits of Sapphire, and the 1-rater May, both built by Sibbick, that swung from the davits of White Ladye last year.

The Spalding-St. Lawrence Boat Co. have now nearly completed a sailing yacht that will have her moorings at the davits of the steam yacht Intrepid as soon as her owner, Mr Lloyd Phoenix, returns for his Mediterranean cruise. The yacht, which was designed by W. P. Stephens, is intended for afternoon sailing, fishing, etc, when the steam yacht is at anchor, and will not be raced, but the dimensions are fitted for the 20ft. racing length class. She is 19ft. on the waterline, with 3ft. overhang forward, giving a handsome stem of the Queen Mab style, and 4ft. aft, making 26ft. over all. The beam is 7ft. and the draft of hull 11in. The lines are round and full, but very fair throughout. At the expense of the extreme lightness considered necessary for a racing craft, the hull has been made specially strong, as it will swing from davits, the links being of necessity very near the ends; and every effort has been made to finish the yacht in a style that will fit with her larger consort. The hull is double planked, the bottom painted white above the water and green below; the plank sheer, wales, transom and deck fittings are of teak, the wales ornamented with trailboards and gold stripe. The deck is of white pine, laid after the Scotch fashion, with seams payed with marine glue. There are two watertight bulkheads, both double-skin, spaced 7ft. apart; with deck hatches to the end compartments. The frames are of oak crooks with intermediate frames of steamed rock elm. The centerboard, of the knife pattern, is of ⅝in. Tobin bronze weighing about 160lbs. and the rudder is of the same material. The yacht will be sloop rigged, with 380sq. ft. of sail, or considerably under her allowance for racing at the top of the class. A short bowsprit is carried, the inboard end secured by a handsome casting of manganese bronze, forming bitts for the anchor line and also carrying the forward lifting eye for the davit hook, all in a single piece. The spars are hollow, mast 20ft. deck to hounds, boom 21ft. 6in., gaff 13ft. 6in., bowsprit 3ft. outboard. The sails are of 5oz. cotton. The backbone of the boat consists of an edge keelson extending as far fore and aft as possible and deep enough to form the greater part of the trunk, there being a mortise through it for the centerboard. In addition the oak keel is specially stiffened in the wake of the lifting links at each end, and numerous small braces are used, from the bilge clamps to the deck beams, making a very strong hull. The rig, boom and gaff mainsail and jib, is fitted to unship and stow quickly, the mast being stepped in a tight copper tube. The builders have exerted themselves in turning out a specially fine piece of work both in general construction and finish.

Canada-Vencedor Matches.

TOLEDO, LAKE ERIE.

Aug. 24–25–26.

THRICE this year has Canada met the representatives of the States on the water, and thrice has she proved the victor. This reversal of the usual order of things in international racing between the United States and the British Empire is not only far from gratifying to the national pride, but in all three contests of the 15ft. class for the Seawanhaka cup, in which Glencairn was the Victor; in the sailing races of the A. C. A., in which the honors of the year went to the Canadian canoe Mab, and in the race of last week at Toledo between the yachts Canada and Vencedor, the superiority of Canada, either in boat, in handling or in both combined, has been so plainly manifest as to leave no grounds for cavil or complaint. Added to this, the three series of races have been carried through with the best possible feeling on both sides; there have been no protests, no fouls, the labors of the committees have been of the lightest; and there is no reason to fear that either of the three defeated contestants will next winter inflict their woes on an innocent yachting public in the form of pamphlets. So far as the principals and yachtsmen generally are concerned, the various contests have passed off without the smallest shadow of trouble. As is usual, some of the journals on both sides, both log and technical, have endeavored to provoke international ill feeling by empty boasting and groundless complaints; but thus far with no success, as they have apparently failed to waken a responsive chord in the hearts of yachtsmen.

The history of the match, which was decided last week, has been told in detail throughout the year in the FOREST AND STREAM, and need only be recapitulated here. The Racine Boat Co. is a new concern, recently started in Racine, Wis., that city of numerous but short-lived yacht building companies. The new concern has been managed with considerable energy from the start, and early in the year engaged as its superintendent and designer Theodore S. Poeckel, a German who had been in the employ of the Herreshoffs for some years. One of their first orders was from Messrs. Edward C. and Matthew Berriman, of the Lincoln Park Y. C. of Chicago, former owners of the centerboard cutter Valiant. Messrs. Berriman decided in building the first yacht of the extreme bulb-fin type on the lakes, practically a copy of Howard Gould's 20-rater Niagara. The design was made by Mr. Poeckel, the leading dimensions being 63ft. over all, 45ft. l.w.l, 12ft. beam and 10ft. draft; the hull being shallow, with a very deep fin.

After the yacht had been commenced on this basis, Com. Berriman and the Lincoln Park Y. C. opened negotiations with the Royal Canadian Y. C. of Toronto for a series of matches between Vencedor, the new Chicago yacht, and a yacht of the R. C. Y. C. fleet. The R. C. Y. C., after carefully considering the challenge, replied in substance that, while willing to race, it had in its fleet no yacht of sufficient size to meet Vencedor, and that it was not willing to build for one special match a yacht which from her size would have no class in the Lake Ontario racing, and from her draft could not be used at all on the Lake. It offered, however, to make a match with a yacht of its largest existing class, 42ft. racing length, provided the measurements of the challenging yacht were limited. The Chicago yachtsmen accepted this compromise in a very liberal spirit, and finally a meeting of the joint committee of the two clubs was held at Detroit on May 9, at which the following agreement was drawn up:

1. L. P. Y. C.'s Representative.—The Vencedor, representing the Lincoln Park Y. C., is to be the boat spoken of in the negotiations for the race, and referred to in the recital of conditions as to the size in the letter from the R. C. Y. C. to the L. P. Y. C., dated Feb. 28, 1896.

2. R. C. Y. C.'s Representative.—The boat which shall be chosen to represent the Royal Canadian Y. C. shall be either the yacht Zelma, of Hamilton, or a boat of a similar size now under construction, but not yet named, the name of the yacht selected to be communicated to the L. P. Y. C. at least one week before the race.

3. Size of Vencedor.—The Vencedor's length on l.w.l shall not be less than 43ft., and her corrected length—to be ascertained as hereinafter mentioned—shall not exceed 45ft.; but should it be ascertained on measurement that this length is exceeded, double time allowance shall be given on such excess, but in no event shall such excess exceed ½ft.

4. Size of R. C. Y. C. Representative.—The boat which shall be selected by the R. C. Y. C. and its representative shall if possible not exceed 42ft. c.l., but in no event shall it exceed 42½ft. c.l.

5. Sailing Rules.—The sailing rules and table of time allowance shall be those of the New York Y. C., 1895, except where herein otherwise specified.

6. Place and Date.—The races shall be sailed on Lake Erie, off Toledo, O., the first race to be sailed on Monday, Aug. 24, 1896.

7. Number of Races.—The match shall be decided by the winning of two out of three, or three out of five, races, as may be agreed upon, the number of races to be determined before June 1 next.

8. The races shall take place on succeeding days, Sundays excepted.

9. Courses.—First and third races, equilateral triangle. Second, to windward or leeward and return. Third, to be either triangular, or windward or leeward and return, as shall be determined by the toss of a coin, and in the event of only three races being sailed the course for the third race shall be determined in the same way, the length of the course to be logged in the presence of the scrutineers.

10. Length of Course.—The triangular races shall be twice round a 12-knot course, making 24 knots, and the windward or leeward races shall be 5 knots to windward or leeward and return, twice round, making 20 knots. The boats shall be sent round the triangular course in such a way as to give one leg to windward. All buoys to be left to starboard in the windward and leeward races.

11. Mode of Starting.—All races shall be started at 11 A. M., and the start shall be a flying one. At 10:30 A. M. a time gun shall be fired and an American ensign hoisted on the committee boat, which shall display no other flags than signals to the yachts. At 10:50 A. M. a preparatory gun shall be fired and the American ensign lowered. At this gun a blue Canadian ensign shall be hoisted in the triangular races if all buoys—including the starting buoy—are to be kept on the starboard hand, and a red Canadian ensign hoisted if all buoys are to be kept to port. In the windward or leeward races the blue Canadian ensign shall be hoisted if the first course is to windward, and the red Canadian ensign if the first course is to leeward. At the expiration of ten minutes exactly the Canadian ensign shall be hauled down and a third gun fired as a signal to start, from which gun the time of both yachts shall be taken. No time to be allowed for crossing the line. Should the gun miss fire the lowering of the flag and one lone blow of the whistle shall be the signal.

12. Recall.—A yacht crossing the line before the starting signal is made will be recalled by five short blasts of the whistle and the hoisting of her national flag.

13. Time Limits.—Any race not sailed in five and one-half hours by the winning yacht shall be resailed.

14. Racing Committee.—A racing committee of three—none of whom shall be interested in either yacht—shall be appointed on or before July 10 next, and they shall act as judges and timekeepers and settle all disputes.

15. Protests.—Protests shall be made to the racing committee in writing within six hours after the finish of the race.

16. Postponements.—The racing committee shall have power to postpone any race and may do so whenever in their judgment the demands of fair play shall make it seem right and proper.

17. In case of an accident to either vessel prior to the preparatory signal she shall immediately signal to the racing committee, who shall have the power to postpone the race if the accident is in their opinion sufficiently serious to warrant such a course, or if an accident occurs during a race she shall have sufficient time to make repairs before being required to start in the next race.

18. Scrutineers.—A scrutineer shall sail on board each yacht representing the other competing yacht, and said scrutineers must be members in good standing of some recognized Great Lake yacht club and must not exceed in weight 175lbs.

Each scrutineer shall make a declaration of the sailing of the yacht upon which he is placed within twenty-four hours of the termination of a race, which report shall be rendered to the racing committee. Scrutineers shall be chosen by the three members of the joint committee acting for each of the clubs represented.

19. Crews.—This clause to be completed not later than July 10, 1896.

20. Measurement.—The measurement of the rules for racing length to be made in the manner set forth in the rules of the Lake Yacht Racing Association for 1895-1896, these measurements to be made not more than two days before the race by the scrutineers representing the competing yachts, who shall jointly certify to the measurement of each yacht. A report of the measurement of each yacht shall be made to the racing committee at least twelve hours prior to the sailing of the first race.

21. Measurement Protest.—If through protest the measurement of any yacht be called in question, the racing committee shall remeasure such yacht, and the result as ascertained by it shall be final.

22. Charts of Course.—Charts of the course and instructions shall be given to the competing yachts not later than 7 o'clock on the morning of the race.

23. Sails.—The rule of the New York Y. C. as to sails shall not be taken to exclude clubtopsails.

24. Boats.—No boat need be carried on decks.

25. Alteration to Measurements.—If any yacht by alteration of trim or immersion by dead weight increase her load waterline length or in any way increase her spar measurements as they were taken, she must obtain a remeasurement before starting in the next race.

26. Mutual Agreement.—These conditions may be altered or amended by mutual agreement at any time.

Clause 19 was finally settled by limiting the crews to ten each, of whom eight must be Corinthians.

The racing committee as finally chosen included Messrs. Oliver E. Cromwell, of the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C., New York; H. C. McLeod, Minnetonka Y. C., of Chicago, and E. H. Ambrose, Royal Victoria Y. C., of Hamilton. Mr. Cromwell, one of the older members and once the secretary of S. C. Y. C., has had a long experience in yachting, both in racing and in committee work; being chairman of the race committee of the club in 1895-96, which had charge of the establishment of the Seawanhaka cup and the arranging and carrying out of the races with Messrs. Brand and Duggan. It would be hard to find a better man for a position of this kind. Mr. McLeod is an old yacht sailor and racing man and a very clever amateur designer; when residing in Halifax some years ago his name was familiar to our readers through the yacht Lenore, designed and successfully raced by him. Residing now in Chicago, he has a new yacht on Lake Minnetonka, built this year by the Spalding-St. Lawrence Boat Co. from his own designs. E. H. Ambrose is a young lawyer of Hamilton, Ont., a pupil of Mr. Jarvis in the old White Wings, and for some years a hard worker on the committees of the Royal Hamilton Y. C. and of the Lake Y. R. A. The scrutineers, a Western term unknown on salt water, the representative of one yacht aboard another in a race, were for Vencedor Benjamin Carpenter, of Chicago, and for Canada George E. Evans, of the R. C. Y. C., one of Toronto's best sailor men, long time secretary of the Lake Y. R. A., and one of the founders of that organization. The timekeeper, Joseph Ruff, is an old Chicago yachtsman, who has acted in that capacity in innumerable races.

The first step of the R. C. Y. C. was to form a syndicate, which included Æmilius Jarvis, stock broker, of Toronto; George Gooderham, president of the Bank of Toronto, and head of the firm of Gooderham & Worts; George H. Gooderham, son of George Gooderham, a member of the firm of Gooderham & Worts; J. H. Plummer, general manager of the Bank of Commerce; James Ross, of Montreal; F. J. Phillips, of the Canadian Manufacturing Co. and the Consolidated Plate Glass Co.; S. F. McKinnon, wholesale merchant and an ex-president of the Toronto Board of Trade.

Mr. Jarvis has long shared with Mr. Allan Ames, of Oswego, the honor of being the best amateur skipper on Lake Ontario; in fact it is doubtful whether the Lakes from the St. Lawrence River upward can produce their equal, either professional or Corinthian. Mr. Jarvis, while a skillful helmsman and a clever hand on deck or aloft, perhaps excels as a disciplinarian and a manager of his crew, a point to which in no small degree the success of Canada is due. His races in the old Whistlewing and White Wings were won with young Corinthian crews, often against men of far greater age and experience. The latter yacht, during his ownership one of the most successful in the history of Lake Ontario yachting, was raced by a crew of young men who at the start knew next to nothing about yacht racing. Her waterline was 43ft. 6in. and she carried one paid hand as boat keeper. She was in commission as soon as the ice was out of Burlington Bay in the spring, and out for a sail every day after business hours, her mooring being within easy reach of the center of the city, Hamilton. She sailed back and forth about the Bay, her crew being drilled in reefing, setting and taking spinaker, topsails and jibtopsails, and all the maneuvers of racing until every man knew what his work was and just how to do it. By the time the Lake races began this green crew, of which Mr. Ambrose was a member, was ready to face any crew on the Lake.

No designer has been held in higher favor on Lake Ontario than Will Fife, Jr., and his work in the old Cyprus and newer yachts down to Yama, Zelma, Vox and Vedette gives good grounds for this high esteem. Very naturally Mr. Jarvis, to whom the management of the defense was almost wholly intrusted, went at once to him with an order for a racing cutter of Yama's and Zelma's class. The new yacht Canada, fully described and illustrated last week, was turned out with unusual expedition, considering the character of the work, the special racing build of hull and spars. The frame was got out at Fairlie and set up under the designer's eye, shipped to New York and then to Oakville, near Toronto, and set up anew on the lead keel, already cast and awaiting it. The work was hurried, but not at the cost of quality, and though begun long after Vencedor, Canada was ready before her. The new firm encountered the usual difficulties and delays, and as the result Vencedor was unable to sail any preparatory races, and came to Toledo an untried boat, and with a crew able enough in its individual components, but lacking the necessary training. Canada, on the other hand, sailed several trials with Zelma, an excellent trial boat, and also made the round of the Lake Erie regattas on her way to Toledo.

The crews of the two yachts were: Vencedor—Com. E. C. Berriman, Capt. I. G. Barbour, John Connors, Lewis Bernard, Ralph Hoagland, Ed. Andrews, Al. Johnson, R. D. Potter, William Miller, Henry Miller.

Capt. Barbour was last year one of the quartermasters on Defender. Mr. Potter is the owner of the fast Lake Erie yacht Sultana. Messrs. Miller hail from Rochester and own the 25-footer Nox, built by themselves from a design by Will Fife, Jr., and successfully sailed by them for several seasons. The renowned Kid Wilds and another crack sailor were originally on the crew, but were debarred as professionals under clause 19.

Canada—Com. Æmilius Jarvis, G. D. Bolton, W. H. Parsons, J. H. Fearnside, Sydney Small, W. S. Clouston, W. J. Moran, Ed. Roach, W. M. Fertile.

Mr. Clouston, owner of Chaperone, hails from the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal, and Mr. Fearnside from the Royal Hamilton Y. C.

The prizes for the race were a $500 cup made by Tiffany & Co. and a purse of $1,500 contributed by the citizens of Toledo. It was agreed before the race to divide the purse, the winner taking 60 per cent. and the loser 40 per cent.

After careful preparation in the dock both yachts were measured by the scrutineers on Aug. 23, the result being:

	Vencedor. *Feet.*	*Canada.* *Feet.*
Length over all	62.73	55.21
Length on waterline	43.00	37.04
Boom	46.90	42.85
Gaff	27.80	24.42
Hoist	26.30	24.55
Racing length	45.33	41.78
Allowance	Allows	4m. 45s.
Sail area (sq. ft.)	2,273	2,164

Vencedor's sail area includes her large clubtopsail.

The first race was set for Monday, Aug. 24, by which time Toledo was filled with a crowd of eager yachtsmen from New York, Chicago, Toronto, Cleveland, Detroit, Racine, Montreal and other cities on the lakes and seaboard. The steam yacht Sigma



CANADA, DESIGNED BY WILL FIFE, JR., 1896.

carried the committee and the timekeeper. The course was a triangle outside of Maumee Bay. A large fleet of steam and sailing yachts got under way early in the morning from the anchorage off Riverside Park and made for the start, six miles away, as best they could in a calm. Com. Jarvis was at the tiller of Canada and Capt. Barbour steered Vencedor. When the starting gun was fired promptly at 11 o'clock, there was no wind at all to speak of, but Vencedor trimmed down for a beat and managed to get across the line, Canada soon following, both with club and jibtopsails set. While the pair moved very slowly, Canada managed to take the lead in a very few minutes. For an hour the two did little more than drift; then the breeze gathered a little strength from the east. Canada set her balloon jibtopsail and began to draw ahead, Vencedor being almost becalmed.

At 1:13:40 Canada luffed around the first mark of the triangle, having taken 2h. 13m. to sail the four miles. Vencedor was still a mile astern, and did not round until 1:40:55. The wind had shifted enough to tempt her to set her spinaker, but she gained nothing by it. The wind was ahead on the second leg, but Canada held to her ballooner, going off on starboard tack. She made little progress, however, and at 3 o'clock, when she was about a mile from the second mark, the race was declared off.

Tuesday morning brought a breeze of about nine miles per hour from S.S.E., on the starboard quarter over the first leg of the course, the red ensign being set to signify that all marks were to be left to port. Both yachts were out early and ready before the preparatory signal was given at 10:50. There was a large attendance of sailing and steam yachts about the line, but the two racing boats were not hampered by the outside craft.

Again Vencedor led across the line at 11:00, Canada crossing at 11:01:15. Spinaker booms were down on starboard side and balloon jibtopsails set; Vencedor did not set her spinaker at the start, but Canada broke out hers as soon as she was over the line. In the light air Canada moved the faster and carried way enough to luff out and blanket Vencedor and soon to run by her to windward. The American boat was not napping, and at once luffed across Canada's stern and broke out her spinaker, but the wind was too light for her and she could not hold her more nimble rival; Canada held her course and gained steadily. The greater part of the first leg was little more than a drift. Canada opened a good lead and then Vencedor closed up a little as they neared the first mark. Canada, as in all the races, carried a balloon foresail and made excellent use of it. The first mark was timed:

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Canada	11 56 10	0 56 10	0 01 30
Vencedor	11 57 40	0 57 40	

The second leg was started with a little more wind, Vencedor picking up, but as the wind fell Canada again ran away from her, having a long lead when the second mark was turned:

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Canada	12 44 00	0 47 50	0 07 50
Vencedor	12 53 20	0 55 40	

Before reaching the mark Canada shifted to working forestaysail and baby jibtopsail for the beat in. She made a hitch by the mark on port tack for three minutes, and then came about for a long starboard tack, heading S.W. Vencedor held a long port tack after rounding until 1:15. The latter part of the leg was made in a fresher breeze from the south, and Vencedor gained a little, though still hopelessly astern. The end of the first round was timed:

				First Round.	
	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Elapsed.	Lead.
Canada	2 05 00	1 21 00		3 05 00	0 08 30
Vencedor	2 13 30	1 20 10	0 00 50	3 13 30	

The second round started with a moderate easterly breeze and a promise of better time. The yachts made the first mark on a reach, the times being:

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Canada	2 39 00	0 34 00	0 00 55
Vencedor	2 48 25	0 34 55	

Canada handled her spinaker sharply and soon had it drawing to port, but Vencedor was slower; the second leg was run in slower time than on the first round, but Canada made a big gain, the times at the second mark being:

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Canada	3 30 00	0 51 00	0 04 25
Vencedor	3 43 50	0 55 25	

The last leg, to windward, was made by Canada under a large jibtopsail, she set her baby at the turn, but soon shifted to the larger sail and footed faster, though not pointing so high. The final times were:

				Full course.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Elapsed.	Lead.	Corrected.
Canada	4 19 08	0 49 08	0 04 09	5 19 08	0 17 59	5 14 23
Vencedor	4 37 07	0 53 17		5 37 07		5 37 07

The superiority of Canada in very light airs and even in ordinary racing weather was fully established by the two days' trials. The result was exactly what might have been expected from the dimensions of the two craft, assuming that each designer had done his work equally well. It was evident that at some certain strength of wind the larger hull with smaller sail plan would overpower the other, and many confidently expected that this point would be reached at a comparatively early stage of the game within the limits of a good wholesail breeze. The American contingent prayed loud and long for wind, and for once their prayer was granted. Wednesday morning brought a 20-mile breeze from S.W., with a short and ugly chop, the sky being cloudy and overcast, with rain at times. The breeze brought not only hope, but absolute confidence to the Americans, but it did not seem to worry the Canadian crew. The course was 5 miles to leeward and return, sailed twice. The start was not made until 11:30, and Vencedor again, for the third time, led over the line, Capt. Barbour making a very clever start, crossing on the gun and breaking out balloon jibtopsail and spinaker. Canada was half a minute later, and when she broke out her light sails she showed spinaker, No. 1 jibtopsail and a jib-header, while Vencedor was carrying a clubtopsail. Again Capt. Jarvis tried to blanket Vencedor, but this time in vain; the latter had her breeze and was making the most of it, gaining all the way to the first mark, where the times were:

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Canada	12 10 20	0 40 20	0 01 20
Vencedor	12 09 00	0 39 00	

The wind had hauled a little to the west toward the end of th round, so that the way home was not dead to windward. Vencedor started with lower headsails and clubtopsail, while Canada set a baby jibtopsail and held to her jib-header. With a nasty squall of rain and more wind with it Vencedor walked off in a lively manner, carrying her sail easily; she started on the port tack, and held it for some time. Canada started on the starboard tack, and held it until nearly 1 o'clock, when she was able to fetch the mark with a short hitch. Vencedor made several tacks and when she neared the mark she was unable to distinguish it, as there were three boats together, all flying the American ensign. Uncertain as to which was the mark, Capt. Barbour after several short tacks rounded the three boats, losing both time and distance and wasting a couple of precious minutes. The weather boat of the three was not the mark boat as it proved, and Vencedor had overstood considerably. Canada profited by the error of the leader and rounded the right mark with not 1ft. to spare, making a material gain on her rival. The times were:

				1st Round.	
	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Elapsed.	Lead.
Canada	1 00 41	0 50 21		1 30 41	
Vencedor	12 59 15	0 50 15	0 00 06	1 29 15	0 01 26

The second round started with the wind still strong and more to the west, making a broad reach, both carrying balloon jibtopsails. As they went to windward the breeze increased until first Canada and then Vencedor lowered ballooner, finishing the second half of the leg without them. The weather mark was timed:

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Canada	1 36 10	0 35 29		
Vencedor	1 33 30	0 34 15	0 01 14	0 02 40

The last leg was no longer a beat, but a close reach, Canada setting her baby jibtopsail. Vencedor gained nearly a minute, but she fell nearly half a minute short of her allowance, Canada winning the race and the match by 26s. The full times were:

				Entire Course.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Elapsed.	Lead.	Corrected.
Canada	2 14 35	0 38 25		2 44 35		2 40 28
Vencedor	2 11 04	0 37 34	0 00 51	0 41 04	0 03 31	2 41 04

The yachtsmen were tendered a reception and ball in the evening by the yachtsmen of Toledo, and the cup and money were presented.

The following challenge was issued immediately after the race, but has not yet been accepted by the R. C. Y. C.:

"ON BOARD YACHT VENCEDOR, Toledo, O., Aug. 26.—*W. T. Boswell, Commodore Royal Canadian Y. C.:* Dear Sir—On behalf of Edward C. and Matthew Berriman, and through the Lincoln Park Y. C., of Chicago, you are hereby challenged to sail a series of three matches, best two in three, on some neutral waters during the yachting season of 1897, under the New York Y. C. rules so far as they will apply, the arrangements governing such matches to be made by a committee of three representing the Lincoln Park Y. C., of Chicago, and a like number representing the Royal Canadian Y. C., of Toronto, they to choose a seventh member if necessary; the competing yachts to measure not to exceed 43ft. on the load waterline."

Beverly Y. C.

240TH RACE—MARION—AUG. 15.

MR. BREWER'S unnamed boat in fourth class cats has been measured and takes second prize, sailing at 19ft.

Mr. Hanley's unnamed boat has been ruled out for not being measured (though given the chance) for a week, and being then in very different trim from that in which she sailed on Aug. 15.

The second class sloop prize is awarded to Alma.

The 241st race, fourth championship, was sailed off the club house Aug. 22 in a good S.S.W. breeze. Courses for second and third classes 11¼ miles, fourth class 8⅓ miles, fifth class 5⅓ miles.

Judges, T. S. Edmonds, A. H. Hardy.

The start was a good one. Grilse at first seemed to have it, but made poor work of shaking out a reef and handling length, and lost a good deal by a fluke on last leg.

Elsa and Imp by winning the third leg for the pennants become the champions of their classes for 1896. Linotte gets a leg against two for Anonyma and one for Surprise. Sally does the same, as against one for Grilse and two for Heiress. Melro takes a second leg, tieing Colymbus, who has two.

Linotte, Melro, Sally, Elsa, Imp take first prizes; Bernice and Grilse second prizes.

No new boats get any allowance, and all new boats, including 999, are figured at class maximum.

Mist sprung her mast on the way to the club house.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SECOND CLASS CATS.			
Linotte, W. P. Wilson	25.10	2 06 21	1 53 58
Bernice, J. G. Young, Jr.	25.08	2 07 34	1 54 59
Surprise, Jas. M. Codman	24.03	2 13 15	1 58 54
Anonyma, L. S. Dabney	24.09	2 17 12	2 03 30
May King, D. L. Whittemore	26.00	Broke down.	
THIRD CLASS CATS.			
Melro, D. L. Whittemore	20.03	2 13 03	1 52 56
Sippican, W. H. Davis	22.02	2 17 22	2 00 11
Colymbus, Alfred Winsor	21.06	2 19 09	2 00 59
Doris, John Parkinson	21.00	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS JIB AND MAINSAILS.			
Sally, W. S. Burgess	19.00	1 49 05	1 32 12
Grilse, W. E. C. Eustis	19.00	1 52 55	1 36 07
Heiress, Geo. G. Amory	19.00	1 53 05	1 36 17
999, R. Brewer	19.00	1 53 10	1 36 22
Silence, J. Crane, Jr.	19.00	1 54 56	1 38 02
Fin, Howard Stockton	17.09	1 55 12	1 36 38
Ghuzz, Lawrence Brooks	18.09	Not timed.	
FOURTH CLASS CATS.			
Elsa, H. & F. Burgess	19.00	1 52 20	1 35 52
Coquette, H. Parker	18.01	2 01 11	1 43 07
Howard, H. O. Miller	18.00	Withdrew.	
FIFTH CLASS CATS.			
Imp, Geo. B. Dabney	14.05	1 20 50	1 05 12
Hebe, John Parkinson, Jr.	14.04	1 21 55	1 06 59
Vif, A. Winsor, Jr.	15.00	1 29 31	1 13 47

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Seventeenth Annual Meet.

GRINDSTONE ISLAND, ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

Aug. 14-28.

Now that the meet is over, it is safe to say that it has been an all-round success and in some respects a surprise. There has been no general response on the part of the old members to the announcement of a meet on Grindstone, and it has failed to bring out what we hoped for, but did not expect—a reunion of many who have not been seen at an A. C. A. meet for some years. At the same time there has been a very pleasant gathering of the older men, and the register shows the names of Whitlock, Burchard, Ford Jones, Paul Butler, Barney, E. B. and J. G. Edwards, J. N. MacKendrick, Stephens, Parmele and Mrs. Parmele, E. W. Brown, Peebles, Moore, Dodd and others of the earlier camps. Beside these are many who have attended enough meets to be known and to know others of the A. C. A., and the proportion of absolutely new and strange members is not so large as in some previous meets of recent years. The camp has been a very quiet one, both as concerns unreasonable noise and all-night riot, and reasonable noise and excitement during lawful hours; but it has been to all appearances a very pleasant and sociable one, and one that will be remembered with pleasure for its many good things and few drawbacks. There has been an absence of grumbling and complaint, dis-



VENCEDOR, DESIGNED BY THEO. POECKEL, 1896.

proving the remark so often heard that A. C. A. members, as a body, are grumblers and kickers; and proving what we have always claimed that with a reasonably good campsite, mess, transportation and general arrangements, no special luxuries or attractions are necessary, and men are ready to accept such discomforts as are clearly unavoidable. This year there has been no attempt on the part of the officers and committees to provide special attractions of the vaudeville, summer hotel or excursion order; they have confined their labors to the providing of ordinary camp conveniences, and their efforts met with a general appreciation.

The well known camp site on Grindstone is after all the best the Association has ever known; in climate the St. Lawrence River surpasses the Hudson and lakes George and Champlain, and is quite equal to Long Island Sound—in fact, to the majority of members, unused to salt water, it is far preferable. While the scenery is but second to some on Lake Champlain, he must be hard to please who asks anything better than the outlook to the west from Grindstone Hill, whether at sunrise, sunset, midday, or by moonlight; and this is but one of a thousand beautiful views within half a dozen miles. The transportation this year, both from Gananoque in Canada and Clayton in New York, has been excellent; a small local steamer runs to Gananoque, and a small cabin launch, the Pastime, has been specially chartered to run between Clayton and the camp, making reasonably close connections with all trains.

The camp ground is just the same as of old; it has some disadvantages, and it does not possess all the combined advantages of every other spot that the A. C. A. has ever visited; at the same time it is free from the many complaints so justly lodged against Croton Point, Willsborough Point, Long Island in Lake George, and other old camps. Its two important drawbacks are the absence of trees on the east hillside, facing Eel Bay, the sailing course; and the distance of the Ladies' Camp. In spite of the heat at midday, many still camp about headquarters on the east shore, where the main camp was in 1884-5-6; but those who want shade can find it in the beautiful grove along the north shore. In the event of a contingency which is perhaps remote, but which has been generally and favorably discussed during this meet, the establishment of a permanent camp, and that on Grindstone Island, it is possible that some rapid-growing trees might be planted along the east shore on the hillside, giving shade in a few years. The general arrangement of the camp would also be improved if the wharf could be removed to a position near the willow trees toward the Ladies' Camp, the mess shed, kitchen and store being located here, where in fact the former two now are, with the headquarters just north of them. In most details—nature of soil, convenient beach, absence of tide, sailing waters and winds—Grindstone offers all that can be desired or expected.

The mess this year, served at the charge of $1 per day, has been most satisfactory; the manager, Mr. McElveney, is the leading caterer of Albany, and consequently is able to avoid the great cause of failure in so many messes—an ignorance of how to cater for a camp of this kind. The bill of fare and the service, with neat young girls for waiters, is very good indeed. One source of the general satisfaction with this camp is that all hands have been well fed from the start.

The camp is a fairly large one, the register showing 201 up to Aug. 27; the main camp numbers seventy-five tents, and there are at least thirty more in Squaw Point; and, strange to say, there are over a hundred canoes along the shore. The camp began well, with a number under canvas on the first day, and up to Thursday of the second week but few had left. Quite a number came in for a day or two, but the mess tent attendance has averaged about 150 per day. The camp has depended entirely on itself, the men have gone off but little to the surrounding summer resorts, and there has been no troublesome influx of excursions, tourists or outside visitors. Many have availed themselves of the facilities offered by the numerous small steamers and have made day excursions to Kingston, Gananoque, Alexandria Bay and among the islands. All outside attractions in the form of hotel hops, hotel prizes, etc., have been absent, but not missed. The fishing is good. Mr. W. B. Wackerhagen's catch of a 35lb. muscallonge was exceptional, but many have found good sport, and fish has figured frequently and acceptably on the bill of fare. No other location has ever offered half the choice of short day cruises by canoe, and some have enjoyed them. The amusements of the camp have been of the quietest and most prosaic kind. Seavey visits the meet no more, though many had hoped that another Grindstone camp would bring back the Patriarch of the original Squaw Point, but he did not come. There have been no sea serpents, no outdoor performance of "As You Like It," no storming of Sebastopol, no Indian war dances. The camp-fires too have been in no way remarkable. Miss E. Pauline Johnson, last seen at Brophy's Point in 1893, has been again in camp, and of course has been in demand at every camp-fire; but apart from her recitations there has been nothing new. There are fewer banjoes, guitars and mandolins than usual, no new songs and no new singers. At the same time, the society in camp has been sociable and friendly, with no formality, every one disposed to enjoy as fully as possible what is pleasant and to ignore the minor discomforts, and this has made pleasant social gatherings at night. Whether it means much or little, the liberal display of broken or empty bottles witnessed several years since at Willsborough has been conspicuously absent this year. It may be only that men have profited by the serious accidents due to broken glass, or that the camp regulations are more carefully observed; but it is also the case that the noise and disorder of many previous camps have been comparatively unknown this year. Apart from one occasion which called for the exercise of authority to suppress an all-night noise, the camp has been quiet and well ordered.

The usual routine has been changed this year by the calling of several races during the first week, and as the others were run off very quickly the racing was over, with the exception of four events, by Tuesday night, something never before known.

The weather through the entire meet was good, it was very hot at first and rather too cool at times afterward, but these same conditions prevailed throughout the country; the camp was cooler in the hot spell than New York or Boston, and at no time afterward was it too cool for a fine swim. There was a little rain at times during the first week, quickly over, but early on the second Sunday it started in and rained until noon. Again on Aug. 26 a light thunderstorm about 6 P. M. turned into a steady rain that lasted until after midnight, though the next day was warm and sunny. It happened most unfortunately that this was the evening of the only excursion from the camp, a moonlight search-light run among the islands, but the glorious moonlight of the preceding night was absent and the search-light was not appreciated on the wet and sloppy decks.

To those who have watched the course of canoeing through the last three meets, the present one was a surprise, especially after the absolute failure of the racing last year. Here there were at least a hundred canoes, half of them entered for the races, the entry list including over fifty names. The result was that out of a long programme, thirty events, all but two were run off, and with considerable interest on the part of contestants and spectators. This revival of interest is not a little remarkable after the recent rapid decline, nor is it easily explained. Of new canoes there were none save the new Mab, in which Mr. Archbald succeeded in winning the sailing trophy for the second time. The sailing canoes on the entry list are all well known, and the new canoe, used by Mr. Noack in the paddling trophy race, a handsome craft, is not radically different from others of her class.

The new Mab, the only important addition to the racing fleet for some years, is a remarkably handsome craft, designed and built by N. Gilbert, of Brockville. She was begun within a month, but shows no evidence of hasty work in her design or construction. She is, of course, 16×30, with about 12in. depth amidships; the midship section has a good deal of dead rise and quite a strong bilge, a very fair and taking section, but not a powerful one. The keel is well rockered and there is no sheer, the freeboard being the same from end to end. The deckline is round and fair, and all the waterlines are round and full, giving a beautiful form. The hull is of ribband-carvel build, planked and decked with British Columbia cedar, a fine piece of planking. The main feature of the canoe is a strong deck seat, placed very high above the hull and thoroughly fastened to it, the hull being especially strengthened to carry such a seat. The seat itself is 5ft. 3in. long, and two were used, one of solid board and one a thin built box, very light and strong, though it is doubtful whether it is really strong enough for the severe work demanded of it. This seat is placed over a small shallow cockpit, draining into the centerboard trunk. The slot is made very long, in case it should prove necessary to use the ordinary form of board, but a small steel plate of the Linton Hope form was first tried, and it worked so well that it has been retained. It hoists with a line from the fore deck, as is usual is this forms of board. It is so fitted that it may be shifted aft in the trunk at a moment's notice. The rudder is a fixed steel plate, with a "Norwegian tiller" connecting it with a very long and strong thwartship tiller, pivoting about the mizzenmast tube. The rig is of the ordinary "Pecowsic" batswing with two battens, the sails of Union silk. The forward mast tube is placed close to the stem, and being rather shallow, is carried nearly 3in. above deck, and reinforced by a turned modern block about 6in. in diameter and 2½in. high. The hull itself is very handsome; but its shipshape appearance is completely spoiled by the high deck seat and this awkward turret on the bows. The bottom was in excellent condition, hard and polished, something unusual in a boat just in the water for the first time. Mr. Archbald has had to sail her with no previous trial

Two of the regatta committee, Messrs. E. B. Edwards and Butler Ames, were present, and Vice-Com. H. D. McVean was pressed into service in the absence of the third member. The usual triangle was buoyed off in Eel Bay, with the start off the main wharf. The mile and half mile paddling courses were laid off from the dock in the direction of the ladies' camp. The first race called was event No. 10, the Jabberwock trophy which was started at 3:35 on Thursday, Aug. 20, in a fresh and puffy wind, with four entries. Az Iz, J. R. Stewart, won, and as Mr. Stewart won the trophy last year in the same canoe he becomes the permanent owner. The ladies' paddling and novice paddling, events 22 and 25, were called the same afternoon, being won by Miss Lillian Scott and C. P. Moser respectively The next afternoon the race for the Champlain cup, event 8, and that for the Orillia cup, event 9, were started together, the former over three rounds of the triangle, the latter over five, it being open only to the members of the Northern Division. A very good fleet of starters; twelve in all, crossed the line. All of the older canoes were entirely outclassed by Mab, and she won easily in both events.

On Saturday morning the race for the Atlantic Division cup, event No. 30, was started at 10:35, the first two rounds making event No. 13, the novice sailing. Mr. May won the latter, and Mr. Moore the former. Mr. Dunnell sailed the old Eclipse with a small rig. Just after noon the mixed tandem, event No. 24, was called, a lady and gentleman in each canoe. Miss Stewart, of Rochester, and Mr. King, of Toronto, made up the winning crew. Then came the swimming race, won by A. A. Conger.

The first event of "race week" proper was the combined race, called at 10:35 on Monday morning in a light breeze. As the committee was unable to secure an extra launch, Mr. W. H. Post, who was present in the steam yacht Vailima, very kindly put her at the service of the committee for Monday and Tuesday. Mr. Stewart, in Az Iz, won very easily. The ladies' tandem followed at noon, won by Mrs. Plummer and Miss Smith. The club sailing, event No. 11, was started precisely at noon in a moderate breeze, fifteen canoes crossing the line Mr. Butler won easily after a good race.

The unlimited was started at 3:05 in a moderate S.W. breeze and smooth water. Mr. Moore, in Pioneer, sailed a good race, and was beaten by but 30 seconds, Mab winning. The trophy paddling was called at 5:30; by the time the men had paddled up to the start, a mile along shore, the wind was blowing very fresh against the course. This race had awakened an unusual amount of interest from the fact that there was a new man present on purpose to win it if possible. This was Mr. W. C. Noack, of Detroit, a member of the Detroit B. C. and the W. C. A. Mr. Noack has trained for canoe paddling for two years, and since last winter has been in regular training. He is of medium height and weight and light physique, but well developed. His position in paddling was a decided novelty and created much discussion as to its merits. Like the old-time American paddlers, he sat straight on the floor of his canoe; but with all this his method was entirely new. His feet were well braced against a foot rest, and he sat with a thwart of his open canoe across his thighs, so that he was braced in a way that is possible with no other position. His four rivals paddled in the kneeling position. Mr. Noack was well off at the start, swinging his arms with no body motion; he took the lead of King and opened out clear water at the half mile, finally winning easily. As far as the merits of the two positions are decided by the result of this race, it must be said that while Mr. Noack had a very fine paddling canoe, built by English, and kept her in perfect condition, he had probably trained more thoroughly and carefully than any of the others; he saved in body windage through the lower seat, and he rolled his paddles, the blades being quartered, two very important details in a race against a strong wind. The times are not reliable for a record, the course being logged and not measured: the work was done as carefully as possible, but the log is not sufficiently accurate for the laying off of short distances. The hurry-scurry race, won by Conger, finished the day.

The first race on Tuesday was the record paddling, event No. 2, won by J. W. Sparrow in Eel. The open paddling, event No. 15, was won by F. A. C. Bickerdike; the decked tandem, event No. 16, by King and MacDougal; and the open tandem, event No. 17, by Scott and R. Bickerdike. The "tail end" race, No. 27, was a novelty, it was paddled down wind with the paddler seated in the bow of his canoe; Mr. F. A. C. Bickerdike won after a very amusing race. The paddling upset was won by Mr. King.

The trophy race was called at 3:05, with 13 starters, a very good field, all things considered. Mab led over the course and won by nearly two minutes from Bug, but this gain was made mainly in the first round. The wind was moderate throughout the race, but in the first round it was lighter than in the next four, falling a little on the sixth. On the first round Mab gained 1m. 15s., on the second 19s., on the third 19s., holding her own on the next, then losing 28s., and on the last regaining all but one of them. Mab sailed very fast indeed on the reach, but Bug did the better windward work; in particular she cut the marks better except at the finish. At the end of nearly every round Mab failed to fetch the buoy and had to make an extra short tack. The race was a very pretty one, and as it was within plain view of the camp it was watched with interest by all hands. Unlike Stave Island, Long Island and Willsborough, the sailing and paddling courses this year were plainly visible from the main camp. The last race of the day was the club four, with but two crews entered; the Toronto crew winning.

Wednesday was clear, with a light wind in the morning, and the record sailing race was called, but by 10 o'clock there was a reefing breeze from S.W. Only two out of the five record men started, though all were ready at the wharf. Az Iz and Beta were both reefed when they crossed the line at 10:35, on a reach for the south buoy, the marks being left to port. They staggered along, taking some bad knockdowns, and at the end of the first round the race was called by the committee, Mr Stewart, who was a long way ahead, being declared the winner. This gave him 10 points in the record to Mr. Hale's 5, the other three not being placed.

Just before 6 P. M. a light thunderstorm passed over the camp, clearing for a time, only to be followed by an intermittent downpour that lasted well into the night. Many of the campers had arranged to go on a search-light excursion through the islands, and they took the steamer during one of the clear intervals about sunset only to be greeted by a heavy shower as soon as the boat had started. They returned to camp about 11:30, voting the expedition anything but a success, and in envy of those who had passed the evening under the tent flies with a rousing camp-fire in front.

Thursday morning was clear and sunny again, and the Dolphin trophy race was called at 10:20, with five starters in a light breeze. Az Iz was disqualified for fouling Pioneer, giving the race to the latter.

The next race, called at 2:50, was event No 12, with sail limited to 100sq. ft., won by Az Iz. With it was started a special race, in place of event No. 14, unclassified craft. As none of the latter—canoe yawls, sneakboxes, cruisers, etc.—were present, a class was made for the old-time canoes with open cockpits, Eclipse winning.

The last race at 5:30 P. M. was a special event, passenger paddling, the "passenger" being a man. Mrs. Plummer won, with Miss Swift second. The prizes were presented at the camp-fire in the evening. A notable change has been made this year in the abandonment of the silk prize flags, so long given as prizes, for a special trophy in the shape of a bronze shield of handsome design, bearing the name of the race, winner, etc., in raised letters, and mounted on an oak board. The result is a very neat and appropriate trophy of no intrinsic value, but far more durable than the flags; making a lasting record of a man's prowess as a canoeist.

The business of the meet was confined exclusively to the election of officers. The meet of 1897 going to the Northern Division necessitated the choice of a commodore from that division, and at the division meeting in camp the name of John W MacKendrick, of Galt, Ontario, was unanimously selected for presentation to the executive committee. Mr. MacKendrick, who was in camp, was reluctant to accept the office, but was urged to do so by old members from the States who have known him long in the A. C. A., as well as by those of his own division. No choice of secretary-treasurer was made, the matter being left open until Mr. MacKendrick could find some one so situated as to be able to work with him. The Northern Division at the same meeting elected the following division officers: Vice-Com., R. Easton Burns, Kingston; Rear-Com., D. H. McDougall, Toronto; Purser, W. H. Macnee, Kingston; Executive Committee, J. Lawless. The Atlantic Division elected the following officers: Vice-Com., J. E. Murray, Philadelphia, Pa.; Rear-Com., W. E. Barlow, Sing Sing, N. Y.; Purser, H. W. Fleischman, Philadelphia, Pa.; Executive Committee—Thos. Hale, Jr., J. K. Hand. The Central Division elected the following officers: Vice-Com., H. M. Stewart, Rochester, N. Y.; Rear-Com, George J. Keyes, Rochester, N. Y.; Purser, L. W. Woodward, Gouverneur, N. Y.; Executive Committee—A. T. Smith, Rochester, N. Y., H. C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.

The Eastern Division elected its officers at the division meet in June, as follows: Vice-Com., Raymond Appolonio, Winchester, Mass.; Rear-Com., L. S. Drake, Auburndale, Mass.; Purser, F. J. Burrage, Newtown, Mass.; Executive Committee: H. C. Wiggin, Boston; A. W. Dodd, Hartford; F. W. Taylor, Lowell. The Board of Governors re-elected R. J. Wilkin as chairman and C. V. Winne as secretary.

The meeting of the executive committee took place on Aug. 24, with Com. Huntington in the chair. The question of proper security for the A. C. A. trophies was discussed at unnecessary length, and a resolution passed to the effect that suitable bonds to the amount of $500 should be required of the winners. Mr. MacKendrick was nominated for commodore and unanimously elected, the selection of the secretary-treasurer being deferred. The question of camp site was informally discussed, the preference being unanimously for Grindstone Island.

The Central Division has had since 1889 the Jabberwock trophy, presented by Geo. A. Warder to the division, to be sailed for at the meets by members of the division only; and to become the permanent property of the first man who should win it for two years in succession in the same canoe. The trophy, which cost over $200, was unique in its way, a smoking set, consisting of a box about 8×10in. of burnished copper. The various compartments contained two handsome pipes, a meerschaum and briar, a cigar holder, an elegantly embroidered tobacco pouch, and other smoking appliances. The lid bore an inscription and the figure of the Jabberwock was carved or embroidered on the box and every separate article. The conditions of the trophy when it came into Mr. Stewart's hands last year spoke but little for the ideas of some previous holders of what was intrusted to them merely for temporary possession pending the final winning. Every article had disappeared, the box was not only empty, but the sides were split apart, and one of the handsome Jabberwock claws had been wrenched from a corner. The Central Division at its meeting resolved to appropriate $350 to the purchase of a permanent trophy, to be sailed for by its members at the meets.

Throughout the camp there was noticeable a general disposition to return to Grindstone next year, and it is practically settled that if satisfactory arrangements can be made with Mr. Delany the camp will be on the same site. Though not in the Northern Division by nearly a quarter of a mile, Grindstone is by far the best site for both Canadians and Americans. The Stave Island camp ground is not to be considered, as it lacks every desirable qualification for an A. C. A. camp; it faces the wrong way—to the west; the ground is rough and uneven, the wharf must be a long distance from the camp, and the sailing ground is not visible from the camp. It was a very poor spot in 1889, and with the present stage of the river, as it has been for several years, it would be much worse. Those who can get to the camp early and secure one of the several rocky points will have small reason to complain, but the great majority of campers must be less fortunate. The defects of Grindstone are now thoroughly understood, and with a re-arrangement of the camp may be partially remedied. One important matter, the mess, is likely to cause no trouble, as Mr. McElveney is willing to take it again next year at Grindstone, though he could not do so in Canadian waters.

The camp broke up, as usual, on Friday, a few remaining over. Taking it altogether, and especially as compared with the rather discouraging outlook of last year, the meet has been a success in attendance, in the number of canoes, entries and races, in the way it has been enjoyed by all in camp, and in the promise of a renewed interest in canoeing and canoe racing next year.

Event No. 10. Jabberwock trophy, Aug. 20, 3 miles; start 3:35:

	Elapsed.
Az Iz, J. R. Stewart	0 42 03
Zaidee, H. M. Stewart	0 47 51
Kite, C. P. Moser	Withdrew.
Spitfire, W. M. Clark	Capsized.

Event No. 22. Ladies' paddling, Aug. 20; start 4:51:05:

	Elapsed.
Sevilla, Miss Scott	0 01 35
Wish Miss Stewart	0 01 55

Event No. 25. Novice paddling, Aug. 20; start 5:18:15:

	Elapsed.
Kite, C. P. Mosher	0 06 35
—— G. A. Howell	0 06 37
——, A. M. Lindsay	0 06 38
Osceola, A. W. McAdam	0 06 40
Hordbuck, E. H. Holbrook	Withdrew.

Event No. 8. Champlain cup, distance, 4½ miles; start 3:17:

	1st round.	2d round.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mab, C. E. Archbald	3 32 00	3 47 50	4 02 45	0 45 45
Foggy Deer, H. L. Quick	3 33 00	3 49 20	4 05 40	0 48 40
Az Iz, J. R. Stewart	3 34 40	3 51 41	4 06 44	0 49 44
Bee, J. A. Gage	3 33 10	3 51 35	4 07 10	0 50 10
Pioneer, F. C. Moore	3 34 10	3 51 45	4 07 33	0 50 33
Wasp, Butler Ames	3 33 40	3 51 38	4 08 20	0 51 20
Beta, Thos. Hale, Jr.	3 36 05	3 54 30	4 12 35	0 55 35
Eclipse, F. L. Dunnell	3 36 20	3 55 35	4 13 40	0 56 40
Bee II, F. R. Gilbert	3 36 15	3 55 15	4 14 05	0 57 05
Bug, Paul Butler	Withdrew disabled.			
Chiquita, D. S. Goodsell	Withdrew.			
Crescent, C. Cartwright	Withdrew.			

Event No. 9 Orillia cup; start 3:17. Sailed at same time as event No. 8; 7½ miles. First three rounds as in event 8.

	4th Round.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mab	4 17 45	4 33 52	1 16 52
Bee II.	4 56 45	4 58 53	1 41 53
Crescent	. . . .	. . . .	. . .

Event No. 13. Novice sailing, Aug. 22, 3 miles; start, 10:35:

	1st round.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Kitt, L. H. May	11 00 19	11 19 54	0 44 54
Bee II., F. R. Gilbert	11 03 22	11 24 00	0 49 00
Random, W. M. Stanley	11 05 38	11 28 52	0 53 52
Zaidee, W. H. Burtis	11 13 21	11 39 25	1 04 25
Garganey, A. M. Lindsay	Disabled.		
Bo Peep, E. M. Underhill	Withdrew.		

Event No. 30. Atlantic Division cup, Aug. 22, 6 miles; start, 10:35:

Pioneer, F. A. Moore	11 03 08	11 20 02	11 44 35	12 04 41	1 29 41
Eclipse, F. L. Dunnell	11 03 45	11 24 43	11 50 22	12 12 30	1 37 30
Torment, J. Mowbray	11 01 10	11 20 20	11 48 00	12 12 34	1 37 34
Kitt, L. H. May	11 00 19	11 19 54	11 47 38	12 14 10	1 39 32
Beta, T. Hale, Jr.	Disabled.				
Foggy Dew, H. Quick	11 04 56	Withdrew.			

Event No. 24. Mixed tandem, single blades, Aug. 22, ¼ mile; start, 12:40:15:

	Elapsed.
R. O. King–Miss Stewart	0 06 51
D'Arcy Scott–Miss Scott	0 06 52
J. M. MacKendrick–Miss Wilkinson	0 07 03
J. E. Plummer–Miss Plummer	0 07 09
H. M. Carpenter–Miss Smith	0 07 25

Event No. 39. Swimming, 100yds.:

A. A. Conger	1
D'Arcy Scott	2
J. R. Stewart	3
C. P. Mosher	4
C. V. Winne	5

No. 1. Combined, Aug. 24, 3 miles; start, 10:35:

	1st Round.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Points
Az Iz, J. R. Stewart	10 57 30	11 24 01	0 49 01	5
Kite, C. P. Mosher	11 00 31	11 29 21	0 54 21	4
Eel, J. W. Sparrow	11 00 50	11 30 05	0 55 05	3
Beta, Thos. Hale, Jr.	10 59 30	11 30 46	0 55 46	2
Gaganey, A. M. Lindsay	11 10 21	11 47 14	1 12 14	1

Event No 23. Ladies' tandem, ¼ mile, Aug. 24:

Mrs. Plummer–Miss Smith	1
Miss Scott–Miss Stewart	2
Miss Schuyler–Miss Wilkinson	3

Event No. 11. Club sailing, Aug. 24, 4½ miles; start 12:01:

	1st round.	2d round.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Place.	P'ts.
	Vesper.					
Bug, Paul Butler	12 20 10	12 37 00	12 55 05	0 54 05	2	
Wasp, Butler Ames	12 20 15	12 40 02	12 58 50	0 57 50	3	
Bee, J. A. Gage	12 20 20	12 40 00	1 02 00	1 01 00	6	37
	Yonkers.					
Foggy Dew, H. Qucik	12 20 50	12 40 30	1 01 52	1 00 32	5	
Chiquita, D. Goodsell	12 25 00	12 40 30	1 04 00	1 03 00	7	
Beta, T. Hale, Jr.	12 23 45	12 45 50	1 08 45	1 07 45	9	27
	Irondequoit.					
Az Iz, J. R. Stewart	12 21 45	12 41 02	1 00 05	0 59 05	4	
Kite, C. P. Moser	12 25 10	12 51 00	1 14 35	1 13 35	10	
Gull, H. D. McVean	12 28 40	12 52 35	1 15 00	1 14 00	11	23
	New York.					
Pioneer, F. C. Moore	12 19 50	12 36 30	12 55 00	0 54 00	1	
Kismet, W. L. Brownell	12 45 55	Withdrew.				
Random, W. Stanley	Withdrew.					15
	Brooklyn.					
Eclipse, F. L. Dunnell	12 22 55	12 44 25	1 04 40	1 03 40	8	8
Garganey, A. Lindsay	12 22 50	12 43 30	Withdrew.			
Kitt, L. H. May	Withdrew.					

Event No. 5. Unlimited sailing, Aug. 24, 6 miles; start 3:05:15:

Mab, C. E. Archbald	3 24 00	3 46 55	4 08 50	4 29 15	1 24 00
Pioneer, F. C. Moore	3 27 30	3 47 38	4 10 45	4 29 45	1 24 30
Bug, Paul Butler	3 26 00	3 47 27	4 11 03	4 30 15	1 25 00
Az Iz, J. R. Stewart	3 28 15	3 48 15	4 09 45	4 30 17	1 25 02
Wasp, Butler Ames	3 28 25	3 49 15	4 11 00	4 31 10	1 25 55
Foggy Dew, H. Quick	3 27 00	3 49 50	4 14 20	4 32 00	1 26 45
Eclipse, F. L. Dunnell	3 29 05	3 48 40	4 14 30	4 32 55	1 27 40
Bee, J. A. Gage	3 28 37	3 49 10	4 14 25	4 33 15	1 28 00
Chiquita, D. Goodsell	3 31 45	3 51 25	4 15 57	4 34 10	1 29 55
Torment, J. Mowbray	3 32 08	3 55 00	4 16 30	4 34 30	1 29 15
Gull, H. D. McVean	3 34 45	3 57 35	4 18 20	4 39 08	1 33 53
Kitt, L. H. May	3 28 50	Withdrew.			

Event No. 4. Trophy paddling, Aug. 24, 4½ miles; start 5:32:20:

	Elapsed.
W. C. Noack	0 11 40
R. A. King	0 12 08
D'Arcy Scott	0 12 52
R. Bickerdike	0 14 52
J. E. Plummer	0 14 53

Event No. 19. Hurry-scurry, Aug. 24:

A. A. Conger	1
R. A. King	2
D'Arcy Scott	3
Thos. Hale, Jr.	4
H. McDougal	5

Event No. 2. Record paddling, Aug. 25, ½ mile; start 10:48:20:

	Elapsed.	Points.
Eel, J. W. Sparrow	0 06 00	5
Kite, C. P. Moser	0 06 03	4
Az Iz, J. R. Stewart	0 06 04	3
Beta, Thos. Hale, Jr.	0 06 05	2
Garganey, A. M. Lindsay	0 07 80	1

Event No. 15. Open paddling, Aug. 25, ½ mile; start 11:22:35:

	Elapsed.
F. A. C. Bickerdike	0 05 16
A. H. King	0 05 45

Event No. 16. Decked tandem, Aug. 25, ½ mile; start 11:51:35:

	Elapsed.
King and MacDougal	0 05 25
Mowbray and Plummer	0 05 35
Hale and Witt	0 06 40
Noack and Sparrow	0 05 57

Event No. 17. Open tandem, Aug. 25, ½ mile; start 12:24:20:

	Elapsed.
Scott and R. Bickerdike	0 04 59
King and MacDougal	0 05 14
Mowat and Burns	0 05 20
Howell and F. A. C. Bickerdike	0 05 50
Plummer and Mowbray	0 06 25

Event No. 27. Bow paddling, Aug. 25; start 11:40:

F. A. C. Bickerdike	1
McDougal	2
Edwards	3
Hall	4
Conger	5
Mowat	6
Burns	7
King	8

Event No. 28. Upset paddling, Aug. 25; start 12 M.:

King	1
Stewart	2
Hale	3
Scott	4

Event No. 6. Trophy sailing, Aug. 25; start 3:05:

	1st Round.	2d Round.	3d Round.	4th Round.	5th Round.	6th Round.	Elapsed
	1	1	1	1	1	1	
Mab	3 21 15	3 45 51	4 03 10	4 19 55	4 38 00	4 54 55	1 49 55
	2	2	2	2	2	2	
Bug	3 22 30	3 47 25	4 05 03	4 21 48	4 39 25	4 56 47	1 51 47
	7	4	3	3	3	3	
Pioneer	3 26 15	3 50 05	4 09 12	4 28 05	4 47 50	5 08 47	2 03 47
	5	5	4	4	4	4	
Az Iz	3 23 23	3 50 10	4 10 00	4 28 20	4 48 00	5 09 40	2 04 40
	3	6	6	5	5	5	
Wasp	3 22 40	3 50 41	4 10 38	4 20 37	4 50 23	5 10 20	2 05 20
	6	8	8	7	6	6	
Bee	3 23 46	3 51 18	4 13 20	4 33 27	4 52 25	5 16 13	2 08 13
	8	9	9	9	9	7	
Foggy Dew	3 29 30	3 52 45	4 14 35	4 34 17	4 54 07	5 14 40	2 09 40
	9	7	7	6	8	8	
Eclipse	3 30 20	3 51 11	4 12 12	4 33 10	4 54 00	5 15 20	2 10 20
	4	3	5	8	7		
Torment	3 22 54	3 49 45	4 10 15	4 33 30	4 53 07	Disabled.	
	10	10	10	10			
Chiquita	3 31 41	3 54 50	4 16 45	4 39 45	Withdrew.		
	10	11	11				
Eel	3 30 56	3 55 15	4 17 40	Withdrew.			
Gull	Withdrew.						
Kitt	Withdrew.						

Event No. 18 Club four paddling, Aug. 25, ½ mile; start 5:45:

	Elapsed.
King, McDougal, Sparrow, Howell	0 04 46
Mowat, Britton, Burns, Bickerdike	0 04 56

Event No 3. Record sailing, Aug. 26, 3 miles; start 10:35:

Az Iz, J. R. Stewart (race called by committee)	1
Beta, Thos. Hale, Jr	2

A. C. A. record, 1896:

	Combined.	Pad.	Sail.	Total.
Az Iz, J. R. Stewart	5	3	2	10
Beta, Thos. Hale, Jr	2	2	1	5
Kite, C. P. Moser	4	4	0	0
Eel, J. W. Sparrow	3	5	0	0
Garganey, A. M. Lindsay	1	1	0	0

Event No. 31. Passenger paddling, Aug. 27; start 5:30:

Crew.	Passenger.	
Mrs. Plummer	J. C. Mowbray	1
Miss Swift	L. A. Hall	2
Miss Stewart	A. A. Conger	3

Event No. 7. Dolphin trophy, Aug 27, 7½ miles; start 10.20:

	1st Round.	2d Round	3d Round.	4th Round.	5th Round.	Elapsed.
Pioneer	10 39 00	10 59 38	11 19 05	11 39 00	12 07 02	1 47 02
Torment	10 42 48	11 03 38	11 31 45	11 50 45	12 22 03	2 02 03
Eclipse	10 41 56	11 02 23	11 28 17	11 48 52	12 22 50	2 02 50
Az Iz	10 41 47	Disabled.				
Bud	10 43 10	Withdrew.				

Event No. 13. 100ft. limit of sail, Aug. 27, 3 miles; start 2:50:

	1st Round.	2d Round.	Elapsed.
Az Iz, J. R. Stewart	3 06 43	3 24 16	0 34 06
Eclipse, F. L. Dunnell	3 07 39	3 25 00	0 35 00

Event No. 14. Unclassified (old canoes with open cockpits), Aug. 27, 3 miles; start 2:50:

	1st Round.	2d Round.	Elapsed.
Mayflower, J. C. Plummer	3 13 50	3 40 04	0 50 04
Bud, H. H. Smythe	Capsized.		

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
W. H. Post	Ogdensburgh, N. Y.	——
Charles Russell	Albany, N. Y.	——
C. W. Lindsay	Rochester, N. Y.	——
E. G. Gilbert	Rochester, N. Y.	——

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Robert Edgar	Yonkers, N. Y.	Yonkers.
Charles Stebbins	Newburgh, N. Y.	Shattemuc.
Louis H. May	New York City	New York.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP.

Mrs. G. C. Mackenzie	Elizabeth, N. J.	Canoe Chaperone

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Aug. 23.—The scores given below were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association to-day. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, standard target:

Gindele																				
6	7	8	8	10	10	10	10	8	9—86	10	10	7	8	8	10	8	9	7	8—85
6	10	7	5	9	10	10	9	10	7—83	8	10	7	9	6	7	10	7	8	10—82
Weinheimer.																				
8	7	9	7	8	8	9	4	9	3—72	8	5	6	4	6	8	4	8	10	10—69
8	6	5	9	9	6	7	4	7	7—68	6	8	5	8	7	5	8	6	5	8—66
Payne.																				
10	7	7	10	5	7	10	8	10	6—80	8	8	8	10	7	10	6	7	9	7—80
8	8	8	7	4	6	7	7	10	10—75	10	5	7	5	7	6	6	6	10	10—72
Topf.																				
7	7	7	3	9	8	4	9	6	9—69	8	8	9	4	7	6	2	9	7	3—64
7	3	7	6	10	8	6	5	8	3—63	9	5	4	6	7	4	5	9	5	4—58
Louis.																				
6	8	7	7	8	4	8	6	3	7—64	6	6	7	5	5	5	6	5	8	8—62
5	8	8	4	7	6	8	4	4	7—61	6	7	6	10	4	6	3	7	5	7—61

Columbia target:

Gindele.																				
5	6	5	10	2	4	13	7	3	5—60	10	5	3	5	6	12	14	3	4	3—64
3	7	1	7	12	7	6	4	7	1—55	5	7	13	18	16	2	3	7	4	3—78
Weinheimer																				
10	4	15	8	5	6	8	9	5	17—87	7	8	5	6	11	4	10	17	4	9—81
19	9	2	12	5	9	8	16	22	8—110	18	6	17	19	23	4	3	17	10	10—127
Payne.																				
4	5	13	20	5	6	12	11	15	2—93	5	8	12	8	3	3	10	14	7	7—77
22	11	9	10	8	6	18	4	5	13—106	9	13	7	1	3	8	10	9	15	5—80
Topf.																				
8	15	18	15	3	19	16	10	27	9—140	22	13	16	17	27	7	5	7	25	13—151
27	17	27	10	25	25	22	17	11	17—198										
Louis.																				
9	17	12	8	16	13	24	4	10	5—118	2	7	14	16	13	6	12	13	9	22—114
6	13	18	16	24	12	7	14	18	21—149										

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa., Aug. 29.—Scores made by members of the Presque Isle Rifle Club at to-day's practice shoot were as follows:

Two hundred yards, standard American target. 7-ring black:

John Stidham	8	7	7	5	8	10	7	9	7	4—72
	7	5	6	9	9	8	5	6	9	8—72
	7	8	6	8	7	5	9	5	7	9—71
J G Germann	8	5	9	7	6	6	8	8	9	6—72
	8	6	8	6	7	8	8	7	5	7—70
	8	7	9	5	6	9	5	6	6	7—69
G C Rahn	7	4	9	6	6	6	8	9	10	6—71
	6	9	5	6	8	7	4	5	9	10—69
	7	8	8	6	4	5	3	10	10	6—67
W J Leyer	4	5	10	7	3	7	8	8	9	10—71
	9	9	9	8	8	4	6	6	5	6—70
	7	6	5	7	7	7	9	7	4	5—64
W F Treiber	7	7	4	10	6	10	8	10	9	6—77
	6	4	5	4	5	9	6	9	10	5—64
	5	4	3	8	8	6	6	8	7	8—63
Geo Shafer	6	6	6	5	6	7	8	7	8	10—69
	5	9	8	8	5	6	10	5	6	6—68
	6	7	6	6	5	6	5	6	10	10—67
Dr Wheeler	10	8	6	6	7	10	5	9	8	4—73
	6	6	8	6	5	5	10	7	7	7—67
	6	5	7	8	5	4	5	5	7	8—60
F Derby	3	6	8	6	5	9	4	6	9	7—62
	6	6	4	7	4	4	8	5	6	9—59
	6	6	5	6	5	5	7	4	6	8—58
J F Leyer	5	10	6	6	5	5	6	5	8	5—61
	5	6	9	7	3	5	5	8	4	5—57
	9	6	6	5	4	1	6	8	9	3—57
Sid Ormsby	5	5	6	8	3	7	5	5	7	5—56
	8	7	7	4	3	3	6	5	6	5—54
	9	4	4	3	7	5	4	3	6	5—50
E S Noyes	3	0	4	6	6	5	7	5	10	7—53
	3	2	5	2	6	10	8	5	7	0—47
	3	4	6	5	9	0	6	4	1	6—44
F S Sackett (visitor)	9	5	4	3	4	5	6	5	7	8—56

San Francisco Rifle Notes.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 24.—Fine rifle sharpshooters and military marksmen assembled at the Shell Mound rifle range yesterday in large numbers. In fact, the targets were kept hot all day. Considering the many attractions in this line around the bay, the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club's attendance was fairly good. Not a little interest was centered on the short range, 50yds., where the pistol and .22cal. rifle shooting was going on. Mrs. L. J. Crane made a very pretty score on the Columbia target for the Glindermann ladies' trophy. It was 5, 1, 4, 1, 4, 4, 2, 2, 5, 5—33. This shows an average of 3⅓ points.

Miss Ada M. Olofson also came to the front with a very pretty practice pistol score, which for the first effort with this firearm leads to the belief that she will not take long in becoming an expert. Her run was 4, 4, 9, 7, 12, 10, 6 5, 15, 13—85. When the ladies' auxiliary to this club is created there is no donbt but that many good shots will be developed with rifle and pistol. The scores in the 50yd. range were as follows:

Pistol, Blanding medal, 3 shots, open to all comers: F. O. Young, 3, 3, 3—9; J. E Gorman, 6, 2, 2—10; Dr. L. O. Rodgers, 7, 1, 4—12.

Glindermann ladies' trophy, 10 shots, .22cal. rifle: Mrs. L. J. Crane 33.

All-comers' medal, 5 shots, .22-caliber rifle, 50yds.: E. A. Hovey 9, 12, 13; E. Jacobson 11, 12; Mrs. J. Crane 11, 16; W. E. Brooks 24, 26.

On the 200yd. rifle range the annexed records were made in the following re-entry matches, Columbia target:

Unfred diamond medal, 3 shots: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 11, F. O. Young 12, J. Utschig 17.

Military rifle, Glindermann medal, 10 shots, Creedmoor count: F. Poulter 46, F O. Young 44.

Rifle record medal, 10 shots: J. Utschig 50, F. O. Young 50, A. B. Dorrell 84.

Most flags for centers: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 2, D. W. McLaughlin 1.

The chief public shoot of the year, lasting two days, closed yesterday. It was given by the California Schuetzen Club at their San Rafael range. The shooting was hardly up to the average in excellence owing to unfavorable weather conditions. About 150 marksmen participated. Shooting tickets to the amount of $2,000 were sold.

Some of the highest scores were:

Man target, 4 shots: 77, F. Baumgartner and L. Haake; 75, Dr. L. O. Rodgers, R. Finking and John Utschig; 74, D. B. Faktor; 73, C. Meyer, C. Thierbach; 72, D. McLaughlin, A. Strecker.

Honorary target, 3 shots: 71, W. Glindeman; Dr. L. O. Rodgers, J. Utschig and A. Pape; 70, D. McLaughlin, H. R. Brown, Faktor and Meyer; 69, N Ahrens.

Point target: Faktor 847, Schuster 827.

King target, 10 shots: L. Bendel won with 228 rings. ROEEL.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Sept. 1-5.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Tournament at Audubon Park. Targets and live birds. B. F. Smith, Manager.

Sept. 7.—MARION, N. J.—Sixth annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. J. A. Creveling, Sec'y.

Sept. 7.—WELLINGTON, Mass.—Tournament of the Massachusetts State Shooting Association, under the auspices of the Boston Shooting Association.

Sept. 7.—ROCHESTER, N. Y.—All-day shoot of the Riverside Rod and Gun Club. Targets. E. D. Hicks, Manager.

Sept. 8-9 —MARION, N. J.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Endeavor Gun Club of Jersey City, N. J.; $150 added money.

Sept 8-10.—GALT, Ont.—First annual tournament of the Ontario Rod and Gun Club; $800 to $1,000 added money.

Sept. 11.—WEST LEBANON, N. H.—All-day shoot of the West Lebanon Gun Club.

Sept. 15-16.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Third annual tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Company; $750 added money.

Sept. 19.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Fourth tournament of the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club. Sweepstakes at 10 A. M.; League team race in the afternoon. C. O. Gardiner, Sec'y.

Sept. 29.-Oct. 2.—HARRISBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association. First three days, targets; fourth day, live birds.

Oct.6-8.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Autumn tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Two days, targets; one day, pigeons and sparrows. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds added money announced later.

1897.

January.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second midwinter tournament, under the management of Oscar Guessaz, etc.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK CITY.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

April 15-17.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

We have received from Mr. Willard L. Simpson, chairman of the executive committee of the San Antonio Gun Club, the following circular, dated Sept. 1: "Our tournament last year is now a matter of record; that we fulfilled our promises has been attested to by all the shooters who attended. Last year we were open to the world, but at our next tournament we propose to give the amateur a chance. Our tournament to be held April 15, 16 and 17, 1897, will be strictly for the amateur shooter, professionals and manufacturers' agents will be barred from regular events, although we shall be glad to see them with us, and can assure them a good time and provide them with plenty of shooting. Everybody who attends will have a fair show; nobody will get rich, but you will all have a good time. Particulars of programme will follow later, but it will be a good one, with many new and novel features, and we will give the shoot on the finest and best equipped grounds in the State of Texas, if not in the South. It was our intention to hold the tournament on Oct. 15 16 and 17, 1896, but after making a thorough canvass of the Texas shooters and securing the expression of the leading clubs of the State, the executive committee, out of deference to the wishes of the majority, decided to hold the shoot in the spring of 1897, and chose April 15, 16 and 17 as the proper time to hold it. Let us hear from you. If you have any suggestions to offer we shall be pleased to receive them; we want to try and satisfy everybody, and any points you can give us will be thankfully received A shoot for the exclusive benefit of the amateur shooters is a new departure, and we want you to understand that our shoot is for the amateur, "first, last and always," and his interest will be fully protected. Your assistance as well as that of every amateur will assure us of success, and we therefore submit the above to you and await your reply with any suggestions you may have to offer."

Mr. C. E. Brady, of Cuyahoga Falls, O., secretary of the newly organized gun club of that town, writes us regarding trap-shooting in that locality as follows: "A gun club has been organized by the younger men of this town which will be known as the Coast Pigeon Gun Club. It is composed wholly of amateurs and they will hold their shoot every Friday afternoon on their grounds in this village. There was also organized in this town a gun club which will be known as the Cuyahoga Shooting Association, which is composed not only of the sportsmen of this village, but also includes members of other gun clubs of surrounding towns, and bids fair to be one of the strongest organizations of this kind in the State. They have located and are fitting up grounds which are easily reached by the different steam and electric roads running into Cuyahoga Falls, where they will hold their shoot every Saturday afternoon, and will be pleased to entertain any visiting sportsmen that might be in this vicinity. It might be well to add that the success of this gun club is assured, as H. A. Penrose, the well-known sportsman, is one of the prime movers."

The three days' shooting next week on the grounds of the Endeavor Gun Club, at Marion, N. J., ought to be productive of some good sport. The dates are Sept. 7-9. The first day is more of a practice, or preparatory, day. No regularly advertised programme will be run off, but events to suit the shooters will be kept going; this is the annual tournament of the club. On the next two days, however, the Interstate Association will give a two days' shoot under the auspices of the Endeavor Gun Club. The programme has been referred to at length in these columns on a previous occasion, so further notice is unnecessary. From advices received to date, it looks as if this, the last tournament given by the Interstate Association during 1896, will be the best of the series.

Mr. C. O. Gardiner, secretary of the New Jersey Amateur Trap-Shooters' League, writes as follows: "The next tournament of the Amateur Trap-Shooters' League of New Jersey will be held Sept. 19 at the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club, Hackensack, N J. This club is very conveniently located for visiting shooters, being situated within one minute's walk of the New York, Susquehanna & Western Railroad and five minutes from that of the New Jersey & New York Railroad. A number of sweeps will be shot, commencing at 10 A. M., and the Bergen County Gun Club cordially invites the members of other clubs to participate in these events."

While attending the Interstate Association's tournament at Burlington, Vt., last week, Justus von Lengerke, of the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold, handed us the following note: "Please make mention in your paper that a Francotte gun, No 28,068, quality 3, was obtained from the firm of Von Lengerke & Antoine, Chicago, on a bogus draft tendered by a man calling himself R. J. Widner, Los Angeles, Cal."

The columns of FOREST AND STREAM are closed to challenges unaccompanied by a forfeit. Such has been and such still is our rule. The sooner this is thoroughly understood by all would-be matchmakers, the better we shall be pleased. Two communications of that nature, one of them good reading, have been laid to one side this week under that rule.

So far as we can ascertain, Edgar Gibbs Murphy's total of 188 out of 200 live birds, 21yds. boundary, is a record. If anybody knows of a higher score made under similar conditions, he will confer a favor on us and will put a stop to a lot of argument by forwarding full particulars of the same to FOREST AND STREAM.

SEPT. 1. EDWARD BANKS.

Trap-Shooting Systems.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have eagerly perused the different writings on the trap-shooting systems now in favor, and while I concede their merit I am convinced that but a part of the ground has been covered—an important part, it is true, yet leaving equally important neglected.

Let us refer to the old system. It never contemplated any such application as that of the present day. When it was adopted its theory and practice were that there were no ties left to be divided as they are at present. Every event was shot to a finish, leaving one or two men in the places and the moneys. That practice fitted the times of a few years ago precisely, for the trap-shoting events in entries were then relatively small, and shooting off the ties occasioned but little delay and little inconvenience. Also, there were but few men who had skill enough to be in the ties. But the interest grew steadily. The number of trap-shooters multiplied to an astonishing degree, and the number of experts was increased in a still greater ratio. Then it was found in practice that shooting off the ties obstructed the tournament, there being so many in the ties. To idle about waiting for the ties to be decided entailed an expense, an irksome delay on those who did not shoot, which practically amounted to a suspension of the tournament for the time being. For those who shot off the ties there was so much added expense thereby that it absorbed the winnings.

On account of the clamorous objection against shooting off ten ties, the managements thoughtlessly permitted events to be shot without shooting off the ties, under a system which never contemplated such stupidity, and which in such application lost all semblance to a system. It was a good enough system when the events were shot to a finish; short of that finish it was no system at all. The manner of deciding the events was changed radically when dividing the ties was introduced, but the old system remained. The old system did not meet the new conditions.

Of course, with the changed conditions many shooters were not slow to perceive the weakness of an old system, and they took advantage of the situation. Why not? It required no great thought to perceive that if twenty men tied for first and there was but one man in the second hole, it was better to divide second money with one man than to divide first with nineteen. Many, many words have been wasted on the crime of "dropping for place," or its unfairness, or whatever any one is pleased to term it. Without showing how it is a crime or wherein it is "crooked," the assumption is made that it is a crime, and the arguments have been in line accordingly. No one has seen fit to come out boldly and lay the fault where it belongs; that is, with the system itself. If we insist that a shooter must shoot honestly at his best, he on the other hand has an equal right to insist that he be furnished with an honest system, one which will not rob him because he is more skillful than his fellows and because he does his best.

In all contests from the time the world began the victor has been awarded honors and emolument, glory and reward, greater than were conceded to those he defeated, except in trap-shooting. It is an insult to a shooter's intelligence to make him shoot under a ricketty, patched-up system, with a resounding proclamation attached thereto, informing him that he must be honest to tide over the weak places of the system. What right has anyone to take such a system as a measure of any man's honesty? Who were the originators of that system who so imbued it with honesty that to violate it made a man "crooked?" Who are the interpreters of it who can find warrant from its very imperfections to brand his fellow "crooked?"

There is no honor in any event in which the ties are not shot off. In a championship or other event where there is a single victor there is honor, for then there is supremacy. In other events it is shooting for money pure and simple. A shooter has a right to expect that in a contest his winnings will be according to the skill shown by him; his reward should be in a ratio to his score. But he finds that he is shooting under a system which often enables a man to win more money with a less score than the one made by himself. And yet he is told that if he departs from shooting at his best under a rotten system he is "crooked" and will be barred. It is farcical too, for any man can miss a bird when he chooses to do so, and what man can take it upon himself to say that it was done intentionally if the shooter does not choose to say whether it was or not. Of course a man may be so unpopular as to be ruled out on any vailable pretext, be it right or wrong; but that is another matter. No man living, from his own observation, would dare to make oath that a shooter missed a bird purposely unless the shooter did it purposely to parade the fact, and surely the matter of any man's reputation is of much more value than the bare word of any other man or that of any dozen other men.

Here we shooters have been burdened for years with a rotten system, one which was never meant for the purpose as it is now applied, and our honesty is to be measured by the crazy old patchwork system which does not fit our needs and is not honest in itself, since the best scores are often of least value in winnings, although the shooter is told that he must shoot at his best to please his friends, who may shoot or who may not.

NOVICE.

Monroe Tournament.

MONROE, La., Aug. 23.—The tournament of the Monroe Gun Club, which was held on Aug. 19, 20, 21 and 22, was one of those interesting and successful tournaments that is conducive of much benefit to the sport of trap-shooting, it being strictly a gentlemen's shoot in the full sense of the term. Though one might say it was gotten up on the spur of the moment, as it was less than a month prior to the above dates that the club decided to hold a tournament, and its success speaks well for the hustling qualities of its officers and members. The workers at this tournament, and to whom much of the success of the shoot is due, are Dr. W. L. Jones, president of the club; Harry W. Stevenson, its efficient young secretary; Dr. A. A. Forsythe, Dr. T. Y. Aby, Dr. L. C. George, W. C. Williams and J. W. Wright. These worked incessantly, and carefully looked after the wants and comforts of the visiting shooters. Mr. John W. Hanna made an efficient, obliging and courteous cashier, always willing to answer questions, and one's money was ever forthcoming.

The grounds were located on the outskirts of the city, though not a great way from the hotel, and were reached by 'bus, the moderate charge of 25 cents being made for the round trip, and there were always ample conveyances for all. There were two sets of target traps (all bluerocks) and two sets of live-bird traps in position. One of the live-bird traps was the King automatic and the other some antique make, that were markers for their slowness. These, however, were little used, most of the live birds being shot from the King trap. The background was excellent, and no fault could be found on this score. Ample shelter had been provided for all, the shooters' score was decked over, and thus they were protected from the sun and weather. In the rear of the score were two large stands with plenty of benches, where one could lounge and talk when not shooting. Everything worked smoothly but the electric pulls, and they caused no little annoyance and delay. The live birds were a fine lot of good flyers, though of course not as strong as those in the winter.

In all there were about 11,000 targets thrown and 1,525 live birds trapped.

The programme announced that there would be five moneys in all of the target events, and that the purse would be divided on a basis of 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent., and in the live-bird events there would be three moneys, divided 50, 30 and 20. The evening prior to the commencement of the tournament the shooters all met, and after the writer had explained the Rose system, and demonstrated its simplicity and fairness, it was unanimously adopted. Thus FOREST AND STREAM had again advanced the cause of honest shooting at the trap. The points at first agreed upon were 6, 5, 4, 3 and 2. This was after the first five events changed to 7, 5, 4, 3 and 2, and proved very satisfactory. In the live-bird events there were three moneys, and the points in these were 6, 4 and 2. All events, with the exception of three extra events on the first day, were shot under this system. So well satisfied was the club with the system that they intend to use it at all their future tournaments, while a number of those present whose clubs contemplate holding tournaments said they would see that this system would be adopted.

First Day.

The first day of the tournament was a decidedly pleasant one, a heavy shower on the previous day having laid the dust and cooled the atmosphere to a comfortable degree. In addition to this it was hazy in the morning, and a fine breeze was blowing which continued throughout the whole of the day. This, coming after three weeks of extremely sultry weather, had a buoyant effect on everybody.

The attendance was not large, only 26 shooters participating, but most of them shot through the entire programme. Foote with his little 16-gauge Greener, carried off the honors of the day, making an average of 86.4 per cent. Will Miller was right after him with 86 per cent. In addition to the regular programme events, a 50-target sweep, with $5 entrance and 3 moneys, was shot; the purse in this being divided under the old system of 50, 30 and 20 per cent.

In this Will Miller took first on 46, Stevenson captured second on 43 and Jackson third with 42. All without a tie.

The rest is shown in the table below. The first ten events are the regular programme events at 20 targets each, and the last one is the 50-bird sweep.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot.	Broke.	Av.
Foote	18	18	19	19	18	18	19	14	17	16	40	250	216	86.4
Will Miller	19	16	17	18	17	16	20	15	15	16	46	250	215	86
Faurote	18	14	17	19	19	15	19	18	20	18	39	250	211	84.4
Jackson	14	17	17	18	17	17	17	16	18	17	42	250	210	84
George	19	15	18	17	19	18	16	19	17	15	35	250	208	83.2
W R Miller	17	16	17	18	17	17	16	15	19	16	40	250	208	83.2
Sumpter	14	17	17	17	18	17	19	16	19	15	40	250	207	82.8
Stevenson	12	17	18	17	18	14	19	16	15	15	43	250	204	81.6
Lloyd	17	14	17	14	15	16	16	17	19	15	..	200	160	80
Dinkins	18	15	15	16	16	16	15	14	18	15	41	250	199	79.6
Forsythe	18	16	19	16	16	18	13	13	14	14	40	250	197	78.8
Boyett	..	15	16	14	18	14	16	15	16	15	..	180	139	77.2
Pinkston	19	17	17	14	19	16	15	14	15	8	..	200	154	77
Daniels	16	12	16	17	17	15	18	13	17	12	..	200	153	76.5
Arrighi	16	17	13	15	17	12	13	16	14	18	40	250	191	76.4
Dabney	11	14	18	16	17	..	16	..	16	13	..	160	121	75.6
Aby	12	16	15	14	16	15	16	11	15	18	40	250	188	75.2
Wells	12	14	14	17	18	13	..	17	..	..	..	140	105	75
Ellis	13	17	16	17	12	14	17	11	15	17	..	200	149	74.5
Baker	18	15	16	15	16	11	15	16	13	14	..	200	149	74.5
Shott	..	..	..	..	..	14	12	16	16	..	15	37	150	110	73.3
Walton	17	14	17	17	18	16	13	8	11	12	40	250	183	73.2
Hildreth	13	9	18	15	16	12	9	19	13	11	36	250	171	68.4
Danforth	..	..	..	..	..	15	19	13	11	..	14	30	150	102	68
W C Williams	14	12	13	11	11	14	16	14	14	10	..	200	129	64.5
J A Williams	10	10	6	10	..	..	..	13	9	13	..	140	71	50.5

Second Day.

The weather to-day was again bright and clear, but the fine breeze of the previous day had abated. Old Sol therefore had things his own way and proceeded to make everyone uncomfortable. Altogether it was an extremely sultry day.

Twenty-eight shooters were present, and at the close of the day Jackson led with an average of 88 per cent., while Stevenson was second with 86 5 per cent. The following also shot in one or two events, though their names do not appear in the table below: Callender, Kennedy and J. A. Williams shot in two events, and Cooper in one, neither of whom made an average of 60 per cent.

There was also a 10 live-bird sweep shot after the target programme was finished. The scores of this are also given below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av
Jackson	14	17	17	17	17	18	18	19	19	20	200	176	88
Stevenson	14	16	16	19	19	15	20	18	16	20	200	173	86.5
Foote	18	18	17	19	19	16	18	17	18	13	200	173	86.5
George	18	16	15	19	13	20	18	18	18	16	200	171	85.5
Will Miller	18	19	17	17	16	16	20	14	17	17	200	171	85.5
W R Miller	16	18	12	18	20	13	17	18	19	19	200	171	85.5
Dabney	16	17	16	15	19	..	16	17	..	19	160	135	84.3
Sumpter	17	15	19	18	18	16	17	14	18	16	200	168	84
Forsythe	15	16	19	13	16	19	18	15	18	15	200	164	82
Wells	..	..	16	18	16	15	..	..	..	..	80	65	81.2
Arrighi	15	13	19	19	14	16	18	16	16	15	200	161	80.5
Walton	16	18	19	15	18	14	17	11	15	17	200	160	80
Ellis	16	15	18	16	13	17	14	17	19	14	200	159	79.5
Hildreth	13	17	18	15	18	14	14	13	16	16	200	154	77
Aby	15	13	17	16	18	14	15	16	16	13	200	152	76.5
Faurote	17	10	17	16	14	13	15	18	16	14	200	150	75
Lloyd	13	16	16	15	16	15	12	16	17	13	200	149	74.5
Boyett	10	18	16	15	..	..	12	..	16	..	120	87	72.5
Dinkins	16	16	16	14	11	11	16	16	15	13	200	144	72
Daniels	17	14	14	15	15	..	15	10	14	13	180	127	70.5
Pinkston	15	14	14	14	13	16	12	16	11	14	200	139	69.5
Baker	17	11	11	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	80	52	65
Dr George	13	15	17	12	15	9	13	12	..	8	180	114	63.3
W C Williams	13	16	15	11	13	11	8	12	12	..	180	111	61.6

LIVE BIRDS.

Sumpter	1111122212—10	Stevenson	1102110021—7
W R Miller	2221222111—10	Kennedy	1112100102—7
Wills	2121122211—10	Callender	1201200111—7
Faurote	2111221111—10	Boyett	01221120•1—7
Will Miller	1112212121—10	Ellis	2101101101—7
Jackson	2112011122— 9	Dinkins	2012011011—7
Forsythe	2112211110— 9	Aby	0101022210—6
Foote	2111121••1— 8	Lloyd	2••110•212—6
Walton	1001211121— 8	Baker	0212010012 -6
Arrighi	0211111•21— 8	Pinkston	1110112011—6
W C Williams	222•221012—. 8	Hildreth	0000120•11—4

Live-Bird Days.

The third and fourth days of the tournament were devoted to live-pigeon shooting exclusively. On Friday there were four 10-bird sweeps shot, with an entrance fee of $7.50, and three moneys. Later on in the day a 25 live-bird handicap was started, which, however, was not finished until some time the second day, after which three more 10-bird sweeps were shot. This event had 14 entries at $15, and birds extra, three moneys. Faurote captured first money, scoring 24; he shot a good, steady race and won strictly on his merits. Stevens and Kennedy tied for second on 23. Nearly all of Kennedy's birds were easy ones, with the exception of the last one, and this easily beat him out; his other lost bird fell dead out of bounds. Stevenson started off rather poor; he lost his first one and then ran 23 straight, having drawn a rather uniform lot of easy ones. His 24th caused him some trouble; it proved to be quite fast and escaped the first load, but was scratched down with the second at long range, close to the boundary. His 25th was a hot one, and carried both loads out of bounds.

Three men scored 22 and divided third. Miller drew his share of fast birds and was also handicapped by shooting all kinds of loads; he lost two birds dead out of bounds. Jackson and Forsythe both shot a good race, the former lost a bird by a shell hanging in his gun. Sumpter and Ellis both looked sure of a place. Sumpter started off well, but his 9th bird lingered about the trap, and just as he lowered his gun and was in the act of saying no bird it took wing, and being a very fast one the shooter never caught up with it. His 13th bird, a very strong one, fell dead out of bounds. Then he lost his 17th, a rank easy towerer that appeared to stand still in the air; then his 18th, though hard hit, went out of bounds. This virtually put him out of the race. Ellis shot along very well until about the finish; his 23d, an easy one, put him out of the money.

Walton entered on the first day, but that night he was taken sick and was unable to finish his score, though he had a chance to make 23. Foote withdrew when he saw that he was out of the money, as did Callender and Dinkins. The others finished their scores.

The scores in the handicap are given in detail, while those made in the sweeps have been tabulated. The first four were shot before the handicap and the last three after it was finished.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Faurote (30).....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1—24

Stevenson (28).....0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 •—23

Kennedy (26).....2 1 1 2 1 • 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 0—23

W R Miller (31).....1 2 • 1 1 1 0 2 1 1 2 1 • 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 1—22

Jackson (28).....2 1 2 0 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1—22

Forsythe (28).....1 1 0 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 0 1 1 1 1 2 1 0 1 2 2—22

Sumpter (31).....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 0 1 2 2 • 1 2 2 0 • 2 1 1 1 1 1 1—21

Ellis (30).....2 1 2 2 2 1 0 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 0 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 0 2 1—21

Williams (26).....2 2 0 2 2 0 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 0 0 2 1 2 1 1 0 2 0—18

Aby (26).....0 0 2 2 0 1 1 0 0 2 2 2 0 0 1 2 2 0 0 0 1 1 0 0 2—13

Walton (30).....1 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 • 0 2

Foote (30).....2 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 2 0 1 1 2 1 1 1

Dinkins (26).....• 1 • 1 • 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 • 2 0

Callender (29).....0 1 2 1 1 1 0 2 2 1 0 2 2 0 •

Live-Bird Scores, Third and Fourth Days.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Sumpter	8	8	8	10	..	..	..	Wells	10	8	10	7	..	..	..
W R Miller	7	9	10	9	10	9	..	Will Miller	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Foote	9	10	10	8	..	..	..	Forsythe	8	4	8	9	8	9	10
Jackson	8	6	9	9	9	8	..	Kennedy	7	9	9	9	8	9	9
Faurote	8	10	10	6	8	10	9	J M George	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Aby	7	6	5	9	..	5	..	Daniels	..	8	9	..	..	..	..
Walton	9	8	9	6	..	..	..	Baker	..	4	..	..	..	..	..
Dinkins	6	7	6	..	..	..	..	Jones	..	..	..	5	..	..	..
Arrighi	7	5	8	..	..	..	..	Thompson	..	..	..	..	8	9	8
Callender	9	10	10	9	..	..	..	Stevenson	..	..	..	..	9	7	7
Ellis	8	10	9	7	7	5	9	Dr George	..	..	..	..	8	9	10
W C Williams	5	8	10	5	9	7	..	Hildreth	..	..	..	..	..	4	5

The Mississippi delegation consisted of H. L. Foote and J. L. Walton, Rolling Forks; Will Miller and R. L. Pinkston, Vicksburg; H. L. Baker and Frank Arrighi, Natchez, and H. L. Dinkins, Anguilla.

Texas had Wallace Miller and J. A. Jackson, Austin; J. M. George, San Antonio; John Ellis, Galveston, and F. M. Faurote, of Dallas, present.

From Arkansas came J. E. Wells, J. T. Lloyd and M. M. Boyett, Pine Bluff, and John J. Sumpter, Jr., Hot Springs.

Then there was Tom Callender, of Nashville, Tenn., representing the W. A. powder; J. Hildreth, Jr., New Haven, Conn., representing the Winchester Arms Co.; J. A. Williams, Bonita, La., and J. L. Daniels, of Mer Rouge, La.

The Shreveport delegation was out of sight.

H. L. Foote made the best average in all target events, 86.4 per cent.; he also made longest straight run on live birds; 30 was the extent of it. Will Miller and Jackson tied for second average with 85.7 per cent.

Wallace Miller amazed the ladies as well as the natives by the dextrous manner in which he handled his Winchester; 2, 3, 4 and 5 targets tossed in the air at once were all snuffed out. The rapid manner in which he manipulated this gun was a revelation to the shooters in this section.

On the first day there were only two straight scores made in the target events. Will Miller and Faurote each got one. The second day there were six. Wallace Miller, Joe George, Jackson and Will Miller each got one, while Stevenson made two.

F. M. Faurote is a 20-bore crank, he lost but 10 pigeons out of 115 shot; he is one of the latest converts to W. A. powder.

The Rose system left no chance to drop for place. However, in the first live-bird sweep, after there had been four straights made, and only one 9, a shooter after running 9 straight turned around and inquired if this event was also shot under the Rose system; being assured that it was, he killed his last bird. Of course if the old system had been used he would have killed the bird just the same. He was only asking for information, not for a place.

Wallace Miller and Sumpter both sported their Chicago costume in addition to their Du Pont sweater; they both wore bloomers.

Tom Callender is rapidly developing into a fine pigeon shot; he scored 45 out of 50 in the sweeps, but fell out rather early in the handicap. His fine second barrel kills elicited rounds of applause.

Joe George was hardly up to his form, but this was not worrying Joe much. He was telling the boys about the Midwinter, when, as usual, he promised to show them a thing or two.

The marked improvement of J. Hildreth, Jr., the popular representative of the Winchester Arms Co., was the subject of much comment. He made no straights, but scored three 18s and a 19 during the tournament.

Dr. George showed his big brother a thing or two about shooting pigeons. Twenty-seven out of thirty was a trifle too fast for Joe.

F. M. Faurote says that there will be a big tournament at Dallas, Tex., some time during October or November, with at least $1,000 added money, open to all; but those who go up against this game will also have to accept the Rose system.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Calumet Heights Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 23.—The trophy shoot of the Calumet Heights Gun Club was held to-day, the conditions being 25 targets, unknown angles. Lamphere won the Class A medal, Metcalf the Class B medal, and Black the medal for Class C. A high northwest wind was blowing, making the shooting conditions hard. In the rifle contest Spaulding won in Class A, 200yds. range, with score of 40. Miss Irwin won in Class B, 100yds. range, with score of 41. Scores in the trophy shoot were:

Class A.

Booth	1111011111111111011110101—21
Lamphere	1110101111111011111111111—22

Class B.

Norcum	1100101100010011100111000—12
Copelin	1101110001110011000111101—15
Greeley	1101100110110111010001110—15
Metcalfe	1110101101101111110110110—18

Class C.

Harlan	1011111111101101100001010—16
Chamberlain	0111101001110001111011000—14
Black	1101011011111111011001111—19

Edgar Murphy in Great Form.

HOLLYWOOD, N. J., Aug. 26.—The match shot to-day on the grounds of the Hollywood Gun Club resulted in the display of splendid marksmanship on the part of both the principals. Edgar Murphy shot in such magnificent form that it is a question whether anyone could have beaten him. His score of 188 out of 200 birds is something remarkable under any conditions as to rise, boundary, etc. When it is considered that the conditions were 30yds. rise, 21yds. (actually we believe only about 18yds.) boundary, Murphy's score is phenomenal. He killed 96 out of his first 100, and 92 out of his second 100; Morfey scored 88 out of his first 100 but tied Murphy's score for the second 100, viz.: 92.

Edgar Murphy was handled by his brother, Walter Gibbs Murphy, while Neaf Apgar and Jack Brewer looked after Morfey's wants. Bland Ballard, of Louisville, Ky., was referee. There was quite a large attendance, among those present being many well-known shooters. Some of the names of the following spectators will be familiar to readers of FOREST AND STREAM: H. Godschalk, L. Finletter, Al Ivins, S. J. Held, J. L. Brewer, H. White, J. Davis, Col. Branch, L. Schortemeier, C. Livingston, G. Dunn, J. J. O'Donohue, Jr., B. W. Singer, W. R. Patten, H. T. Chanfrau, Dr. G. S. Gagnon, Fred Hoey, Joe Rothschild, H. B. Wallack, D. Johnson, J. E. Green, Tom Jolly, Phil Daly, Jr., Tom Kelliher and Dan Bradley.

The scores were as follows:

Trap score type—Copyright 1896 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Edgar Murphy 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25

2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1—24

2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2—25

2 0 2 2 • 2 2 1 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—22

2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 1 1 2 0 0 2—22

2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1—23

2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 0—24

2 0 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—23—188

T W Morfey 2 0 2 1 0 2 1 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 1 2—20

2 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 1 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 1—23

1 2 • 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 0 1 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 2—22

0 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 0 1 2 1 2 2 2—23

2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 1—23

2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2—24

0 2 2 1 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 2—23

0 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 0 2—22—180

The Pennsylvania and Ohio Border League.

GREENVILLE, Pa., Aug. 28.—The fifth and final tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun Club League was held at Meadville, Pa., Aug. 20. The Warren, O., team won the shoot and trophy, having won three out of the five tournaments. The other two were won by Youngstown and Greenville respectively. The score at Meadville for 25 birds was as follows:

Warren—Jones 21, Sheldon 20, Ewalt 22, Schoonover 20, Nouneman 18; 101.

Youngstown, O.—Whitesides 22, Weakland 17, Fry 23, Chapman 21, Nutt 18; 101.

Meadville, Pa.—Gundaker 15, Ehrgott 20, Smith 14, Krider 23, Johnston 18; 90.

Greenville, Pa.—Keck 17, Grauel 16, Henlein 12, Cam 20, Naylor 22; 86.

New Castle, Pa.: Alexander 15, J. Reis 16, E. Reis 16, Wm. Johnston 22, Harlan 12; 81.

In the shoot-off between Warren and Youngstown at 10 targets per man, Warren won by a score of 47 to 38. Warren was heartily cheered when this remarkable score was announced.

The new officers of the League are: President, R. W. Ewalt, Warren, O.; Vice-President, M. Henlein, Greenville, Pa.; Secretary and treasurer, G. H. Jones, Warren, O.

Next year the League will be composed of teams from Greenville, New Castle and Meadville, Pa., Warren, Youngstown and Cleveland, O. The Cleveland club will be known as the Forest City Gun Club. The team will include Paul North, Saffold, Hogan, Snow and Elliott.

Seth Clover, of Erie, one of the best-known shooters in the East, has joined the Greenville Club, but is barred from shooting on the League team, as he is a 90 per cent. man; however, he will be in it when it comes to the other tournaments which will be given this season. Pope, of Corry, Pa., has also become a member.

The Meadville Club gives a two days' tournament at the Cochranton Fair, Sept. 17 and 18, at which a number of good purses are offered. On the team shoot, open to all, a $50 trophy cup is offered. Greenville will send a first-class team and hopes to win the cup.

A 100 live-bird shoot for $250 a side has been arranged between Seth Clover, of the Greenville Club, and Sheldon, of Warren. The match will take place at Erie within two weeks.

ROBERT E. BEATTY.

Fulton Gun Club of Atlanta.

ATLANTA, Ga., Aug. 27.—The following scores were made to-day at the weekly shoot of the Fulton Gun Club, of this city:

Hollis	1000111111100101100001011—14
Orine	1100101010001000011111000—11
Brittan	0010101011000111101010101—13
Bonner	0010100000101100111110101—12
Everett	1111111111110100100111111—21
Bizzell	1111110000111010101111111—18
Crabb	1110011101100111101111001—17
May	1010010000011110000001101—10
Alston	1011111100110111011111111—20
Richards	0110111101100100110111000—14
Fuller	0101001100000010100100000— 7
McRae	0111111010011110001010110—15
Elliott	0110101011110110010110110—15
Arnold	0001011101011101100111111—15
Rawson	1101101000111001101001101—14
Mitchell	0010110011011010110111001—14
McCune	0000011000101010000100001— 8
Hall	0101100011101110011011101—15
Holland	1100111001000111111001110—15

New Jersey Amateur Trap-Shooters' League.

THE third tournament of the New Jersey Amateur Trap-Shooters' League was held on Aug. 22 at Passaic, N. J., on the grounds of the Passaic City Gun Club. The weather was wet and decidedly uncomfortable for target shooting. There was a good turnout of shooters despite the unfavorable conditions, each of the five clubs composing the league being represented by a team of six men.

The team race is a handicap, the Boiling Springs Club being at scratch, its men shooting at 15 known angles and 15 unknown. The men on the teams of the Passaic City and the Endeavor Gun Clubs shoot at 15 known angles and 17 unknown angles, 32 targets in all. The Bergen County men shoot at 15 known angles and 18 unknown angles; the Oritani men at 15 known angles and 19 unknown angles. The scores were:

Endeavor Gun Club: F. S. Edwards 29, Eddie Collins 29, G. H. Piercy 27, L. Piercy 26, Gus Greiff 25, Ingram 23—159.

Bergen County Gun Club: Goesser 28, Chaffee 26, Bell 25, Griffith 24 Conklin 23, Titterington 21—147.

Boiling Springs Gun Club: Neaf Apgar 28, W. H. Huck 25, Captain Money 24, P. A. Jeanneret 23, F. Krebs 23, Noel E. Money 21—144.

Passaic City Gun Club: C. R Wise 28, C. F. Lenone 26, Furgueson 24, Kelly 21, Coman 20, B. Abbott 19—138.

Oritani Field Club: W. Ricardo 28, G. Ricardo 25, Holberton 23, J. Ricardo 21, Snyder 19, J. R. Banta 18—134.

The Riverside Rod and Gun Club, of Rochester, N. Y., will hold an all day shoot at its grounds near South Park on Labor Day. All purses will be divided on the Rose system. E. D. Hicks is manager of the club and J. N. Bates is its secretary.

Annual Shoot at Woo Sung, Ill.

WOO SUNG, Ill., Aug. 19.—The eleventh annual shoot at Smith's Farm was held to-day, and proved to be an entirely successful affair, both in point of attendance and the sport furnished. In the table of scores given below there was a variety of styles of shooting, while both live birds and targets were used. No. 1 was at 10 targets, 75 cents entrance; No. 2, 10 targets, $1; No. 3, 7 live birds, $2 50; No. 4, 4 pairs of live birds, $2.50; No 5, 10 live birds, $3.50; No. 6, 8 live birds, $2.50; No. 7, 10 targets, $1, 21yds. rise, use of both barrels; No. 8, 5 pairs of targets, $1. Scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	7	8	10	7	10	10
Pankhurst.	4	8	7	7	10	7	8	7
Dr Morris..	8	4	7	5	8	6	5	7
Kolancik ..	6	7	7	3	7	6	9	6
Law	8	9	5	5	9	7	5	6
Davis.....	4	2	6	2	7	..	..	..
Tompkins .	6	..	6	..	6	..	..	..
Blair.....	5	3	4	..	..	..	..	..
Cushing....	4	..	2	..	..	..	7	7
Staley.....	7	6	6	6	10	7	4	3
Williams...	8	8	5	5	10	5	9	5
Woodford..	6	9	7	7	8	8	8	7
Lawrence..	9	7	5	6	5	..	..	..
Jones.....	4	5	5	6	6	..	7	4
J Ripley...	7	6	4	..	..	..	8	8
McNeil	7	9	7	..	9	..	..	..
Sterling ...	1	5	4	..	..	..	..	..
Lampkin ..	4	4	3	5	4	..	..	..
Bartal.....	7	6	5	..	..	..	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	7	8	10	7	10	10
Throop....	3	5	7	7	10	8	..	3
Forder	8	8	7	7	10	7	5	6
Wickens...	5	7	4	..	..	..	6	..
Pollock....	7	6	5	..	..	6	5	..
P Ripley...	7	3	7	..	7	..	4	..
Bailey.....	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Argraves..	..	8	7	3	8	6	8	7
Day	..	4	6	4	8	8	7	3
Miller.....	..	..	6	4	8	8	10	6
Dr Kost....	..	..	5	..	3	..	..	..
Price	..	..	3	..	..	..	9	2
C Ports....	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..
B Smith...	..	..	6	6	9	6	9	6
Eick.....	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Czibulka ..	..	..	5	..	8	3	1	..
Timmons..	..	..	..	3	6	..	4	..
Kalflix....	..	..	..	..	7	3	..	..
H Seavey..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..

A club team race was also shot, the teams consisting of 4 men, each man shooting at 10 targets, $3 entrance per team. The scores in this event were as below, Dixon team No. 1 winning with 32 out of 40:

Dixon No. 1: Dr. Morris 9, Woodford 9, Law 7, J. Ripley 7—32.
Sterling: Forder 10, Staley 7, Williams 6, Day 5—28.
Hitt: B. Smith 8, Ports 8, Bradway 6, Wagner 5—27.
Compton: Miller 8, Argraves 7, Jones 7, Kolancik 4—26.
Montmorency: Wickens 8, P. Ripley 6, Bartal 6, McNeil 5—25.
Grand de Tour: Throop 7, Price 6, Dr. Pankhurst 5, Cushing 5—23.
Dixon No. 2: Lawrence 9, Lampkin 6, Dr. Czibulka 4, Blair 4—23.

Another event shot during the day was at 10 targets, incomers, $1 entrance. The scores were: Kolancik 3, Dr. Pankhurst 9, Dr. Morris 8, Argraves 6, Bradway 5, Dr. Czibulka 3, Davis 6, B. Smith 9, Jones 9, Miller 7, Williams 6, Cushing 2, Staley 4, J. Ripley 4, Blair 3, Forder 4, Price 7, Throop 1.

The Interstate Association at Burlington.

THE success of a tournament cannot always be measured by the number of shooters taking part in the sport, although as a rule that is certainly a capital criterion of the success or otherwise of such an undertaking. There are other matters that have to be taken into consideration. For instance: The business of the Interstate Association is to boom trap-shooting by creating a love of the sport in comparatively virgin soils; this it does by holding tournaments under the auspices of local clubs in places where such meetings are rare, and where there is a likelihood of giving an impetus to the sport by bringing the boys together and furnishing them with an object lesson of how much genuine fun and amusement can be extracted from a few hours spent in cracking targets. In such localities it is only natural that the attendance of shooters is comparatively small, and that the average number of entries appears insignificant when compared with those of the big tournaments of the circuit.

Such was the case at the tournament given by the Interstate Association at Burlington, Vt., Aug. 26-27, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club, of that city. In point of numbers it does not show up very strongly, but it can safely be said that the tournament was an actual success. The missionary work of the Interstate Association will bear fruit, trap-shooting in Vermont having received a boom that will be felt in future gatherings of a similar nature in that State.

The Lake Side Rod and Gun Club when first organized had a very considerable roll of members; many persons joined it who have since fallen by the wayside, and the treasurer's books now show only about 20 paid up members. The officers of the club are: E. A. Worthen, who is, we believe, an uncle of B. H. Worthen, one of the best of the many good shots in the South, and a member of the Palmetto Gun Club, of Charleston, S. C.; Vice-President, W. L. Stone, a corking good shot in the brush; Treasurer, W. S. Phelps, the proprietor of one of the most taking sporting goods stores we have ever seen (of course it is the rendezvous for the boys who meet there nightly to swap stories); Secretary, J. S. Denning, and Captain, L. O. Harding, two of the most energetic members of the organization, both of whom worked hard all the time for the success of the shoot. The executive committee is made up as follows: E. E. Morgan, B. H. Eagan, H. E. Spear (Blue Ribbon), C. F. Reynolds and E. H. Shattuck.

In choosing its officials for running the tournament the club made no error. Mr. Wright made a thoroughly capable cashier, while we have very seldom seen less mistakes made either on the blackboard or on the score sheet; W. E. Rorke chalked up the 1s and the ciphers on the blackboard, while Secretary Denning put them down on paper; Capt. L. O. Harding proved to be a referee who could see when a target was broken, his decisions meeting with very general approval. The duty of pressing the button was intrusted to John Kelly. The reception committee was composed of the club's president, Mr. Worthen; its vice-president, Mr. Stone, and B. H. Eagan. The management of the tournament was of course in the hands of Elmer E. Shaner, the Interstate Association's manager. Mr. Shaner found on his arrival at the grounds that he had very little work to do in the way of preparing for the tournament, the appointments of the club being about all that were necessary. Five bluerock expert traps were used for the tournament, bluerock targets being thrown; Paul North's electric pull released the traps.

When we first received notice that the Interstate Association had closed with the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club for a tournament in the latter part of August, we decided that when it came off we should be there if possible. We had been to Burlington before, and it naturally followed that we wanted to go there again. The trip from New York to Burlington in the summer months is about as pleasant a trip as can be made. Leaving the city on Monday evening, Aug. 24, at 6 P. M., the trip up the Hudson on the steamer Adirondack of the People's Line was an easy matter. From Albany to Caldwell, the head of Lake George, over the Delaware & Hudson Railroad, was little more than a two hours' run. From Caldwell to Baldwin, the foot of Lake George, on the steamer Horicon; from Baldwin to Fort Ticonderoga, the head of Lake Champlain, over a short five miles of track owned by the D. & H. R. R.; thence by the steamer Vermont of the Champlain Transportation Co. to Burlington, completed one of the most picturesque trips we have ever taken. Thanks to the courtesy of the Champlain Transportation Co., through its general manager, Capt. Rushlow, and Dan Loomis, of Burlington, our trips on the Horicon and on the Vermont were made extremely pleasant.

On the trip to Burlington our party consisted of Capt. A. W. Money, of the American E. C. Powder Co; C. A. Cameron, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; Guy R. Clark, etc. We arrived at Burlington at 5:10 P. M. on Tuesday evening, Aug. 25, just twenty-three hours and ten minutes from the time we left New York. The distance covered was about 310 miles or so, only about seventy miles of which were by rail. Mr. W. L. Stone and Dr. French, both of Burlington, met us and took us up to the Hotel Burlington, headquarters for shooters. After registering, there was still time for a trip to the grounds and a little practice over the traps. We found quite a delegation of the Montpelier boys there, C. O. Barrett, of that city, having made quite a record during the afternoon's practice, scoring 98 out of 100 targets.

The grounds are conveniently located, being only about ten minutes' ride by trolley cars from the center of the city. It is true that the street cars only run on a half-hour schedule, but they are always on time, and that makes quite a difference. From the end of the car line to the club house is a matter of about 300yds.

The first day opened up clear and bright, but with a strong southerly wind behind the shooter's back, causing the targets to scoot and dip, making the shooting by no means easy. The background too, for extreme right-quarterers and extreme left-quarterers, was dark, a grove of pine trees to the left of the score making targets that got off that way very hard to locate. Everything was ready for the shoot to commence on schedule time—9 A. M.—but it was quite a quarter of an hour later before referee Harding got a chance to distribute squawks of the horn and rings of the bell for broken and lost targets.

Among those present from out of the State were: Capt. A. W. Money, of the American E. C. Powder Co.; U. M. C. Thomas, of the U. M. C. Co.; Justus von Lengerke, of the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold, the United States agents for Schultze powder; J. S. Fanning, of San Francisco, representing the United States Smokeless (Gold Dust) Powder Co.; B. H. Norton, a representative of the Hazard (Blue Ribbon) Powder Co.; S. A. Tucker and O. R. Dickey, both representatives of the Parker gun, and both of them thoroughly well able to give object lessons in breaking targets; C. A. Cameron, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.

The State of Vermont was represented by the following, the home delegation not being included: Montpelier—Clinton Town, Norman McLeod, J. G. Brown (Barrows No. 1), C. O. Barrett, Fred Standish, George Walton (Stub), Dr. H. A. Fiske, B. M. Shepard (Morris), and L. C. Cummings; White River—Batchelder; Kittell, of Cambridge; W. E. Denning, of Brandon; R. Ward, of St. Albans; W. Liddiard, the gamekeeper at Dr. Seward Webb's farm at Shelburne, about six miles from Burlington. The home club turned out well, the following being a partial list of those who shot in one or more events: E. E. Morgan, W. S. Phelps, Dr. J. C. French, H. Spear, Dr. H. S. Colvin, E. A. Worthen, W. L. Stone, Winchester, A. L. Barrows, J. G. Bellrose, Stratton, E. H. Shattuck, etc.

As the table of the first day's scores shows, there were thirty-eight names entered on the cashier's books. Many of these being only beginners found the targets hard to locate. It was a wise provision of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club to insert the announcement in the programme that anybody wishing to "shoot for the birds only" could do so. This undoubtedly kept many of the boys shooting and put many a dollar for target money into the coffers of the club. It was a pleasure too to see the way in which the squads of amateurs stepped up to the score and plated away; they wanted to learn to shoot, and they will learn if they only showi n future a little of the interest they displayed before the traps on Aug. 26-27 last.

The first event on each day was practically a Hazard Powder event; that is, the Hazard Smokeless Powder Company added a 6¼lb. keg of the Blue Ribbon brand to first money, but required those who shot for the powder to use the same brand, loaded shells being donated free by Mr. Norton, the company's representative. And, by the way, Mr. Norton is a newcomer, this being, we believe, his first appearance at a tournament; although a stranger to pretty nearly everybody at the start, it was not long before he was received into the brotherhood, graduating with honors.

Scores ruled very low on both days. On the first day only 6 men made better than 80 per cent:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Dickey	175	163	93.1	Fanning	175	153	87.4
Tucker	175	159	90.8	Von Lengerke	175	150	85.7
Barrett	175	153	87.4	Edwards	175	146	83.4

The table of the first day's scores is given below:

First Day, Aug. 26.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	20
Dickey	13	15	18	15	19	12	20	14	18	19
Tucker	15	13	18	12	17	14	18	13	20	19
Fanning	13	11	16	14	17	15	17	13	18	17
Edwards	9	14	19	11	17	14	20	9	17	16
Money	10	14	16	12	17	13	15	7	15	16
Von Lengerke	14	11	18	13	14	13	18	13	17	19
Barrett	12	14	18	13	16	13	17	14	19	17
U M C	8	9	14	13	15	12	16	9	11	13
French	8	8	10	9	12	..	16	8	11	8
Blue Ribbon	9	10	..	10	..	9	18	..	..	14
Town	8	4	9	6	13	8	13	6	6	11
Barrows	10	13	16	7	15	10	..	7	16	14
Shepard	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stub	6	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..
Morgan	11	9	13	6	..	..	8	9	..	11
Fiske	13	13	..	10	16	13	..	14	16	14
Standish	11	11	17	12	11	..	14	10	18	14
Lowe	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
McLeod	8	11	..	3	..	..	9	..	11	14
Roberts	12	12	11	12	17	12	15	12	12	..
Mosher	12	12	13	11	13	10	..	9	9	..
Norton	4	..	9	6	5	7	5	1	..	..
Colvin	11	8	..	9	..	..	10	5	12	..
Ellsworth	11	..	..	11	..	6	7	..	9	..
Worthen	..	6	..	..	..	..	15	..	14	..
Stone	..	5	..	..	..	..	10	5	7	..
Ward	..	2	..	5	7	6	5	..	9	..
Stratton	..	9	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..
Morris	..	7	12	..	15	..	12	12	16	13
Cameron	..	..	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hatch	..	..	..	5	..	..	5	..	12	..
Kittell	..	..	..	..	..	6	7	..	11	..
Bachum	..	..	..	..	..	6	7	..	..	..
Liddiard	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	11	14	12
Eastman	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..
Houghton	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..
Shattuck	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..
Burns	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..

SECOND DAY, AUG. 27.

The conditions to-day were exactly reversed from those which prevailed yesterday. The wind was from the north, blowing in the faces of the shooters and causing right-quartering targets to soar, much to the discomfort of many of those shooters who steadily undershot them. If anything, the conditions to-day were harder than on the first day, the targets having to be watched very closely, a cipher being generally the result of a failure to "pay strict attention to business."

The attendance of spectators was very good, being slightly in excess of that registered on the first day. Among the lookers-on were many men who are "A No. 1" shots in the brush, but who have not as yet been bitten with the target-shooting fever. The work of Squad No. 1 was watched with the closest attention, the applause which at times greeted the shooting of that squad showing plainly the interest taken in that work by the bystanders. One member of that squad, Jack Fanning, is responsible for one of the best stories of the shoot. Fanning was cracking his targets in great shape, grinding them to dust and shooting in quick time; of course he was wearing his blue sweater, with the badge of the Olympic Gun Club, of San Francisco, on its bosom; the badge consists of a circle and two outstretched wings. An old backwoodsman was watching him intently, and was quite taken with his shooting. His curiosity was aroused, so he asked: "Who's that ar' fellow thar' with them wings on his wes'coat?" He was told: "That's Mr. Fanning, of San Francisco." "Wall," said he, "if he shoots b'ar as well as he does them things, I reckon thar' ain't many b'ar 'round whar' he lives."

The effect of the strong wind is shown in the table of scores which is given below. As on the previous day, there were only six shooters who made over 80 per cent.

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Dickey	150	137	91.3	Von Lengerke	150	133	88.6
Tucker	150	137	91.3	Fanning	150	128	85.3
Edwards	150	134	89.3	Barrett	150	126	84

The last event on the programme was a handicap event, 25 to 33 targets, $2 50 entrance, $25 added by the club. According to the terms of this event 25 was the highest possible, thus giving a scratch man a chance for his life. As a result there were four ties for first place, one of the number being Barrett, who broke his 25 straight in good form; Tucker got in for second money by breaking 24, losing his 24th target; Fanning was in third place with 23. The other men in first place were Dr. French, Dr. Colvin and Morris. Below are the scores with the handicaps:

Barrett (25) 25, Dr. Colvin (33) 27, Dr. French (31) 25, Morris (32) 25, Tucker (25) 24, Fanning (25) 23, Barrows (23) 23, Worthen (31) 22, Phelps (33) 22, Dickey (25) 21, Von Lengerke (25) 21, U. M. C. (29) 21, Standish (30) 21, Edwards (25) 20, Money (25) 20, Liddiard (32) 20, Morgan (33) 20, Blue Ribbon (32) 19, Town (33) 19, Ward (33) 18.

The Rose system was used in dividing all the purses at this tournament, and in the above event an excellent example of the beneficial effects of that system was afforded. Elmer Shaner says that using the example given in FOREST AND STREAM of July 11 and Aug. 22, it is actually easier to divide the purses under the Rose system than under the old one.

The scores in the second day's events were as follows:

Second Day, Aug. 27.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	15	15	20
Dickey	14	13	19	15	17	14	13	14	18
Tucker	14	15	18	13	16	14	15	14	13
Edwards	14	14	18	14	17	13	14	13	17
Fanning	11	13	18	11	19	14	12	13	17
Von Lengerke	13	12	17	15	20	11	12	13	20
Barrett	11	14	17	12	17	13	12	12	18
Money	11	14	15	12	15	12	15	8	16
U M C	13	10	12	9	16	..	11	11	16
Morgan	6	11	9	10	..	..	12	..	..
Town	7	9	15	8	12	9	10	8	14
McLeod	8	8	..	..	..	10	10	..	..
Barrows No. 1	12	..	9	9	15	13	13	12	16
Batchelder	5	2	9	9	8	3	6	..	8
Phelps	4	7	7	11	9	5	6	7	9
Standish	13	12	10	10	18	12	13	8	..
French	9	11	..	11	..	..	9	..	15
Stub	9	10	11	..	..	..	5	..	..
Fiske	8	11	..	8	..	11	..	..	..
Blue Ribbon	10	11	16	11	..	..	11	..	..
Morris	8	11	13	12	12	10	..	10	..
Colvin	11	10	13	9	..	..	..	7	14
Norton	5	..	..	3	5	..	4	..	10
Kittell	11	12	..	..	..	11	9	..	..
Worthen	12	12	..	..	..	..	11	..	..
Stone	..	8	..	6	..	..	10	..	..
Denning	..	..	..	3	..	..	3	..	..
Ward	..	..	..	..	..	5	4	..	10

EDWARD BANKS.

Chas. W. Tway, of Michigan City, Miss., and Mr. Drury, of Holly Springs, are booked to shoot a live-bird match some time this month.

Pennsylvania and Ohio.

MEADVILLE, Pa., Aug. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League held its fifth and last tournament for the season at our club grounds Thursday, Aug. 20, and there was an unusually large attendance. In addition to the regular set of expert traps in use by the club, we were reinforced by one of North's magautraps, and for one-half of the day two squads were kept moving at once, and 4,500 targets were thrown during the day. This club claims to have not only the finest and most approachable grounds in the State, but the best trap house in the country. The day seemed to have been made to order, and at 9 o'clock A. M. the first event was called. The entry fees were $1 for 10s and $1.50 for 15s. The division was made by the Rose system, modified so as to grade the points at 4, 3, 2 and 1 instead of 5, 3, 2 and 1, as Rose has it. If anyone was dissatisfied with the system he did not express it, as it would have been a confession that he desired an opportunity to drop for place. I do not think we had any of that kind of people, and I think we may congratulate ourselves on having given as nearly perfect satisfaction as can be done. This club shoots mostly for fun, and never allows a visitor to go away with the impression that he has been wronged.

The following are the scores in the sweepstake events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15
Ewalt	8	14	9	12	10	13	9	13
Sheldon....	9	13	9	11	10	12	7	9
Mingo	8	14	9	14	9	13	9	11
Grant.....	3	12	5	11	7	12	6	11
Cleve	7	13	7	9	8	9	6	10
Clover.....	7	14	10	12	7	14	9	12
Pope.....	8	14	8	12	10	15	7	13
Kyle.....	6	13	5	7	9	..	10	10
McFoos....	9	14	9	13	..	..	8	13
Nonneman	7	13	4	10	4	..	6	13
Schoonover	10	13	10	12	9	..	8	10
Dunn.....	4	9	5	12	..	..	6	12
Naylor	7	10	8	13	5	9	7	10
Cam.....	7	..	7	..	9	..	9	11
Andrews ..	6	11	8	12	7	..	6	..
Nutt.....	7	13	6	12	7	10	8	11
Sutcliffe...	6	..	9	..	6	..	5	10
Grand.....	4	..	7	..	..	..	..	8
Shrom.....	5	..	8	..	3	..	5	7
H Johnson	7	11	5	9	6	10	9	14
Chapman..	6	13	7	11	7	..	5	10
Whitesides	9	8	9	..	10	..	9	15
Weakland.	8	9	7	13	9	..	9	11
Lashells...	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ehrgott....	8	9	7	..	..	..	7	11
Wenst.....	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Reis.....	4	10	..	11	6	..	5	8
Roy.....	7	10	..	..	..	..	..	6
Russell.....	4	9	1	10	..	..	7	7
Keck	6	11	4	..	7	..	3	13

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15
M'ntg'm'ry	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
G B Henlein	7	..	7	..	..	..	..	9
Rush	5	11	7	10	..	..	7	6
WJohnson.	6	8	8	..	5	..	10	..
Alexander.	6	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
Speir	4	8	..	..	..	..	5	12
Graham....	6	12	..	..	8	..	5	..
Harvey....	8	10	6	8	7	..	7	10
Bates.....	9	10	7	..	6	11	6	..
Lay.....	4	11	7	..	8	11	6	..
Fry.....	9	12	7	12	9	..	7	11
Clark.....	..	5	4	..	..	..	..	10
Foskett....	..	9	..	..	..	..	3	..
N Henlein.	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..
Evans	..	..	0	..	..	..	4	..
Robinson..	..	..	5	9	..	..	7	9
Adams	..	..	6	..	..	..	4	9
Hayes.....	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	10
Rand.....	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..
Lashells...	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	11
Stein	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	10
Gundaker .	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	12
Leberman.	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	8
Affantranger	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	10
Reid.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
Decker.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7
Harlan.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9
Krider.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11

THE LEAGUE CONTEST.

The League contest for the silver trophy was the most exciting event of the day. In addition to the trophy, worth $60, the contest involved an $80 grade L. C. Smith hammerless gun and the same grade Parker gun, also a set of bluerock expert traps, the guns and traps having been generously donated by the manufacturers. In the four previous contests two had been won by the Warren Club, one by the Youngstown Club and one by the Greenville Club, and the only point on the part of the Warren Club was to prevent a tie with Youngstown or Greenville. The Youngstown boys were on their mettle and fought it out with the heroic determination which almost gave them a victory. The result of the shoot at 25 was a tie between Youngstown and Warren. This tie was shot off by the two clubs at 10 targets per man, and was won on a score of 47 out of 50, the Youngstown Club having broken but 38. The Warren Club was declared the victor and took the prizes, valued at $250. The following is the score in detail:

Warren.

Jones.....1111110001111111111011111—21
Sheldon.....0111101110111010111111111—20
Ewalt.....1011110111011111111111111—22
Schoonover.....1001111111101101111110111—20
Nonneman.....1101101111110110111111110—18—101

Youngstown.

Whitesides.....1011101111101111111111111 22
Weakland.....0111111011100110011100111—17
Fry.....1110111111111111111111101—23
Chapman.....1111111110111110101111011—21
Nutt.....0101001111111101110111101—18—101

Meadville.

Gundaker.....1111111011000101010101001—15
Ehrgott.....1111110110111010111110111—20
Smith.....1001100001110110101011—14
Krider.....1011111111111111111110111—23
H A Johnson.....1011100100111111011110111—18— 90

Greenville.

Keck.....1111001101011111110111000—17
Grauel.....1100011111010110100111110—16
Henlein.....0011111100001000001011100—11
Cam.....1011010011111111111111110—20
Naylor.....1111011111001111111111111—22— 86

Newcastle.

Alexander.....0110000001101111011011111—15
J Reis.....0011001111111011010011011—16
E Reis.....1100100100101101101011011—14
Wm Johnson.....1111111110011111111111110—22
Harlan.....1001110110000101111100000—12— 79

A meeting of the League was held in the evening after the shoot, and the following officers were elected to serve one year: President, R. H. Ewalt, Warren; Vice-President, N. Henlein, Greenville; Secretary, G. H. Jones, Warren. A list of twenty-two names to constitute the Forest City Gun Club, of Cleveland, O., was submitted, and the gentlemen named were admitted as a club into the League. There will probably be a sharp contest next year, to the great benefit of the clubs participating.

J. W. H. REISINGER, Sec'y.

Dayton Defeats Trenton.

DAYTON, N. J., Aug 27.—Twelve men representing the Dayton Gun Club shot a race to-day with twelve men from the Trenton, N. J., Gun Club on the Monmouth Junction grounds. After a very close fight, Dayton won by just two breaks, scoring 271 out of 360 against 269 made by the Trenton team. Scores:

Trenton Gun Club.

Dr Woolsey.....1111111111111111011111111111—29
H Bumbough.....1111011111111111111111011010—26
H Harper.....1011010101100000100100011101111—15
J Allen.....1110100101111011110110011101111—21
C Thomas.....1110110111111111101010010110111—22
W Girton.....1111101111001101111111101100001—22
Hutchinson.....1101111111101110110101111111111—25
Hicks.....0100000100010111110011011101010—15
W Williams.....1011111001111111101100101111111—23
W Mickel.....1110101111101111011011111110110—23
E Wilson.....1111111111101010111010111111110—25
C Allen.....1111111110010111110111011011011—23—269

Dayton Gun Club

McDonald.....1111111111110111111110111011111 - 27
Snook.....0110011111111001001111100111111—21
J Emmons.....0110110111111011001011011111001—20
Blackwell.....1101101111111111111011111111111—27
Carroll.....1110111111110011100110011011111—22
R Farr.....1101001100110111111111011100011—20
M Farr.....1111111111111101011111111111101—28
P Emmons.....1111001110111111111101100011110—22
Barclay.....0011110111101111111111111111111—26
Groendyke.....1111111111101111111111011100110—25
Rightnour.....0111111101001001101111011111110—21
Lyons.....0010000011100011010100101010101—12—271

Pawtuxet Gun Club.

PAWTUXET, R. I.—First three of a series of eight shoots for a set of Frost shooting pictures, divided into six pairs, three prizes to each class; best four scores to count; 25 unknown empires, A. S. A. rules:

Class A.

	Aug. 8.	Aug. 15.	Aug. 22.		Aug. 8.	Aug. 15.	Aug. 22.
Sheldon ...	17	20	24	Mooney ...	18	13	..
Wilson.....	14	19	23	Chapman..	16	13	..
Whitaker..	..	20	20	Greene	15	..	..
Waterman.	17	17	16	Hammond.	13	..	11

Class B.

	Aug. 8.	Aug. 15.	Aug. 22.		Aug. 8.	Aug. 15.	Aug. 22.
Graves	16	14	16	G Cann....	..	12	..
Armstrong	15	..	15	Bain	..	..	11
Arnold	16	8	14	W Hawkins	5	6	8
A Hawkins	15	13	..	J Cann.....	8	4	..
King.....	9	15	..	Andrews...	8	..	..
Badmingt'n	8	15	8	Kenyon	..	..	8
H Horton .	13	9	10	J Horton..	..	7	..

W. H. SHELDON, Sec'y.

South Side Gun Club, of Chicago.

CHICAGO, Aug. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Only a few days ago our mutual friend and shooter F. P. Stannard, formerly of Milwaukee, now of Chicago, conceived the idea that a friendly contest at the traps in a team race with the South Side Gun Club, of Milwaukee, would prove interesting as well as agreeable; hence he set about to round up, and with the assistance of Mr. De Wolf was able to start by the steamer from Chicago on Friday evening with nine men, some of whom had the company of their wives.

The greater part of the evening on the boat was spent in singing. All retired early, and awoke to find themselves on boat tied to dock in Milwaukee. The following members of the South Side Gun Club, Henry Seifert, John Burnham, Thos. Grant, Adolph Gropper and Dr. J. P. Carmichael, were on hand and relieved the boys of their guns, shells, etc., transferring them to the depot of the railroad preparatory to going to the grounds. Arrangements had previously been made for breakfast, and the party were escorted to the St. Charles Hotel, where a bountiful supper of good things was partaken of.

At 9 o'clock the team was taken for the grounds, which are located at Lake, on the C. M. & H. P. Road, seven miles south of Milwaukee. Shooting commenced immediately on arrival and continued during the day until train time in the evening; the only lull the entire day was when first call came for dinner, which was served in the spacious dining room of the main building. Here is where the straight scores were made with the utmost ease.

Among those present were the 2-men teams from Columbus, Wis., and Oconomowoc, of the Wisconsin League, who contested for the Burnham and Pfister medals.

After dinner there followed the team race between the South Side Gun Club, of Milwaukee, captained by Henry Seifert, and the Eureka, of Chicago, captained by F. P. Stannard; 9 men on each team, 50 targets, 25 known and 25 unknown.

Much interest was shown by those present on account of closeness, and was won by the Eurekas only by hard work.

On the announcement of the result, the boys of the South Side Club sent up three hearty cheers and a tiger for Chicago.

The day's sport ended with a snipe shoot of singles and doubles which created no end of merriment among the participants.

All returned to their homes well satisfied.

A return match, to be shot in Chicago, is looked forward to with great pleasure.

The following are the scores:

Sweep, 15 bluerocks:

Anderson	011101111010111—11	Jasper	111110111111111—14
Steck	111111111111111—15	Paterson	110011011101111—11
Carmichael	110111111111111—14	Sheppard	100111111110111—12
Kuss	111110111111111—14	W D Stannard	101111110111111—13
F P Stannard	001011111111111—12	G Deiter	111110111111111—14
G Deering	111111111111111—15	Hammerstein	110011111111101—12
Rockwell	111011111111111—14	De Wolf	011111111011101—12
Stone	110111011110011—11		

Burnham medals, Columbus team, 15 known, 15 unknown angles:

Maxwell	111111111111111011111101101111—27
Rockwell	110111111111111110111001011111—25
Deering	111111110011111101001110111111—24
Leath	010100110110101101110111010110—18
Peck	011011111101111011101011011101—22—116

Fifteen bluerock sweep, unknown angles:

Steck	101110111101111—12	Johnson	101111111111111—14
F P Stannard	111111111111111—15	Draught	011111101111001—11
Meixner	111111111111111—15	J Maixner	111101111111110—13
Sheppard	111001111011111—12	G Anderson	101101111111111—13
Deering	110111011101111—12	Hammerstein	101011110111111—12
Carmichael	111111011111101—13	Furber	111111001011111—12
Kuss	111111111110101—13	Burnham	011111111110111—13
W D Stannard	111111111 11111—14	Potter	110010100111111—10
Jasper	011111111101011—12	Yahr	1111 1111111111—15
P Stone	111101111111110—12	Paterson	111111001011111—12
Rockwell	111111110100011—11	Maixner	111111111111101—14
Deiter	111010111101111—12		

Hotel Pfister medals, 25 known, 25 unknown angles:

Columbus Team.

Rockwell	111011111111111111111110111—23
Deering	110111111111111111011101111—22—45

Oconomowoc Gun Club Team.

P Stone	110111101111111111101111011—21
C Stone	011101111111111111111111111—23—43

Team shoot, Chicago (Eureka Gun Club) vs. Milwaukee (South Side Gun Club), 25 known angles:

		C.	Mil.
F P Stannard (C.)	1111111111111101101111111—23	23	
F Meixner	1111111101111111111111111—24		24
De Wolf (C.)	001010110111111101111101—18	18	
Field	011101111111101100111111111—20		20
R Kuss (C.)	1111111111111111111111011—24	24	
G Deiter	110011111101111101011111—20		20
J Glover (C.)	1111111101111110111111011—22	22	
P Hummsten	111011111011011111111101—21		21
W D Stannard (C.)	1111111111111010011011111—21	21	
J E Furber	011111111111111111101111111—23		23
G Deering (C.)	1111111111111111111111110—24	24	
Anderson	111101111111111111111111—24		24
E Stick (C.)	111110111111111111111111—24	24	
Johnson	111110011111111111011111—22		22
A C Paterson (C.)	111111011111111111011111—23	23	
Yahr	101101101111111111111111—22		22
Sheppard (C.)	011111111011111101101111—21	21	
J E Bush	011111111111111101111110111—23		23
		200	199

Totals: Milwaukee 199, Chicago 200.

Twenty-five unknown angles:

		C.	Mil
F P Stannard (C.)	011111111111111111111111110—23	23	
F Meixner	111111111111111011111111110—23		23
De Wolf (C.)	100010101110011001010111100—13	13	
Field	101110111111111011011111—21		21
R Kuss (C.)	111111111111111111011111—24	24	
G Deiter	101011111111111101111011111—21		21
Glover (C.)	111111111111111111111111—25	25	
Hummelsten	111111111101011010101101l—19		19
W D Stannard (C.)	111101111010111011111101—20	20	
Furber	110111111010111111111101—21		21
Deering (C.)	11101101 101111111101111—21	21	
Anderson	111010011011101011111011—18		18
E Steck (C.)	111111111111111111111111—25	25	
Johnson	111111111101111111100111—22		22
Paterson (C.)	111111111101111110111101—22	22	
Yahr	001111111110111011111111—21		21
Sheppard (C.)	111111101111111111011110—22	22	
J E Bush	111111110111111111111111—24		24
		195	190

Totals: Chicago 395, Milwaukee 389.

Pfister Hotel medals, 25 known, 25 unknown:

Oconomowoc Club.

	Known.	Unknown.
P Stone	11100111101110111111011	1111111111111111111111111—45
L Stone	11111011111110101011111111	1111111111101111111111111—45—90

Columbus Club.

Rockwell	11101111111111101111111111	1111111111111111111111010—46
Deering	11111111101101111111110111	1111111111111111111111111—47—93

Sweep, 20 bluerocks:

	10 Known.	10 Unknown.
E Steck	1111111111	1111111100—18
Stannard	1111111111	1111111111—20
J Dickens	1110111011	1110111111—17
Johnson	1111111111	1111111110—19
Field	1110111111	1111110111—18
G W Drought	1111111101	0110110111—16
Cash	0010100101	1110101110—11
Carmichael	0011111111	1111111111—18
Potter	1110101111	0111100011—14
P Stone	1011101111	1110111111—17
Jasper	1111111011	1111111011—18
Henry	1110111111	1111111111—19

Regular score:

T M Drought	110110111111111011101111111—21
Potter	011111011011111111101100110—18
Johnson	111110101111111111011111—22
Siefred	111011111111111111101111110—22

Ten birds, walk-up:

P Stone	1110111011—8	Potter	1100110111—7
J Dickens	0010101001—4	Rockwell	0001111111—7
Jasper	1100111000—5	Deering	1111110111—9
Leith	1011001111—7	Burnham	1101100110—6
Carmichael	1001011111—7	T Drought	1111101011—8
Patterson	0001000111—4	Henry	1010111001—6

Snipe shoot, 10 bluerocks:

Patterson	0100110100— 4	Deering	1111111111—10
Burnham	1010000001— 3	T M Drought	0110011110— 6
Steck	0001111110— 6	W C Holtz	1011110 001— 6
Henry	0001001011— 4	Steck	1100001001— 4
Jasper	1110111111— 9	Stannard	0001011001— 4
Drought	0101100110— 5	Johnson	1011111101— 8

Potter	0100000110— 3	Carmichael	1010001011— 5
P Stone	0101100111— 6	Collins	1101101010— 6
Rockwell	0010111111— 7		

Snipe shoot, 5 pairs:

Patterson	00 10 10 11 00—4	Rockwell	00 00 11 11 01—5
Deering	10 11 11 00 10—6	Steck	10 10 11 10 11—6
Jasper	10 10 10 10 10—5	Carmichael	10 11 00 00 00—3
Stone	00 00 00 10 11—3	Henry	01 01 10 00 11—5
Potter	00 00 10 00 01—2	Drought	10 10 11 10 11—7
Burnham	00 00 10 10 10—3	Wood	10 11 10 00 01—5

Regular score:

Wood	11101100110101011011000001—14
Potter	11111100011111001111111—20

Ten unknown angles and traps:

Deering	1010000011—4	Carmichael	0111000100—4
Stone	0101101001—6	Steck	1110111111—9
Burnham	1101000000—3	Rockwell	1111111110—8
Patterson	1110011101—7	Potter	1000000101—3
Jasper	0111100100—6		

PATTY.

The Binghamton Tournament.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Aug. 27.—Favored by fine weather, the loyal support of the home shooters and a few visitors, the tournament which closed to-day can be voted a success. The weather on the first day was perfect for target shooting, and scores ruled high considering that there were no professionals present, this being an amateur shoot. On the second day a high wind prevailed and played havoc with the totals. Rain fell that night, but it cleared toward morning, and a brisk northwest wind blowing made it an ideal day for live-bird shooting. The birds were furnished by Louis C. Kistner, of Baltimore, and were an excellent lot. George Mosher, of Syracuse, did some great shooting, scoring 63 out of his 67 birds. Kendall was also in good form and dropped only 8, Adams being 1 behind him with 58 out of 67. All shooting was at 30yds. rise.

Among the visitors were: Willard A. Adams, of Chicago; George Corning, Jr., and Knapp, of Auburn; McCormick, of Ithaca; George Mosher, of Syracuse; Ripley, of Owego; Paddleford, of Sherburne, and Brush, of Susquehanna. The Rose system was used in the division of all purses and gave perfect satisfaction. Scores of the three days follow:

FIRST DAY, AUG. 25.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	20	10	10	10	15	10
Adams	9	8	15	6	7	10	10	9	14	10	8	14	7	19	8	9	9	12	6
Kendall	8	9	12	10	8	13	10	10	12	9	9	13	8	19	..	8	8	9	9
Hobbie	10	8	14	8	10	14	7	..	14	10	7	15	7	19	9	8	8	..	8
Boss	8	9	12	9	9	14	8	10	13	10	6	12	10	18	7	7	9	..	7
Johnson	8	8	10	5	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	8	..	..
Waldron	9	8	15	10	9	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	8	9	8	..	9
Stone	3	..	..	..	..	8	7	8	14	8	10	12	9	15	..	8	9	13	9
Brown	10	9	14	10	8	14	10	9	14	10	9	15	10	19	9	..	..	..	..
Corning	..	..	..	..	..	10	5	8	8	9	8	11	6	16	..	7	8	13	7
Knapp	..	..	..	..	..	14	9	10	12	7	10	11	10	17	..	8	8	14	8
Ripley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4
Treadwell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Brush	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	6	11	..	4	6	..	8
Wheeler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	12	8	16	..	9	..	..	8
Millard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	..	7	7	8	..
Snell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	9	9	..	9

SECOND DAY, AUG. 26.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	20	10	10	10	15
Adams	9	6	14	7	7	11	10	7	12	8	8	13	7	17	..	8	7	9
Kendall	8	8	9	10	9	13	10	8	14	7	9	14	8	16	..	7	8	12
Hobbie	8	9	12	10	7	14	10	7	14	8	9	13	8	18	10	9	10	15
Brown	7	8	15	9	10	11	8	9	14	9	8	12	8	18	10	9	9	15
Stone	9	9	12	9	10	12	9	8	12	6	5	11	10	16	9	9	..	..
Waldron	9	9	15	10	6	14	8	..	..	..	7	14	8	15	9	..	..	..
McCormick	8	8	13	6	8	13	8	9	12	7	8	6	7	14	..	8	5	..
Wheeler	9	8	13	8	10	13	6	9	9	8	7	..	10	16	9	..	7	..
Brush	6	6	8	3	5	13	7	9	14	7	6	11	7	13	..	7	9	..
Boss	9	9	12	6	10	12	8	8	9	9	8	..	7	13	9	8	..	..
Corning	..	..	..	..	7	10	12	..	10	6	6	8	11	5	14	..	9	7	..
Paddleford	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	13	8	9	14	8	18	..	10	7	12
Knapp	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	8	8	13	9	15	..	7	7	..
Millard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	3	8	8	11	..	..	..	..
Vance	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	5	14	..	7	9	10

THIRD DAY, AUG. 27.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Birds:	5	7	10	15	10	10	10	Birds:	5	7	10	15	10	10	10
Adams	4	7	9	13	9	8	8	Brush	..	6	6	9	5	5	6
Kendall	4	6	10	13	7	9	10	Brown	..	..	8	..	..	..	..
Paddleford	4	6	10	5	..	..	..	Corning	..	..	8	8	6	6	8
Mosher	5	6	9	14	10	9	10	J O K	..	..	..	..	7	9	..
Boss	4	6	..	8	6	..	..	Knapp	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
Hobbie	1	4	7	9	7	8	10								

Trap at Buffalo.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 22.—The regular weekly shoot of the Audubon Gun Club was held to-day. Event No. 1 was the club badge contest; Harry Kirkover broke 25 straight and won in class A; Tom Tidler was the winner in Class B, Eaton taking the honors in Class C with 22 breaks. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	25	10	15	15	15	12	20	20	Targets:	25	10	15	15	15	12	20	20
EBurkhar't	18	9	12	11	9	8	14	19	B F Smith	23	..	..	12	10	6	14	20
McArthur	18	7	11	9	8	9	19	19	Dingens	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Forrester	24	9	11	11	13	8	10	18	Tom Tidler	21	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
CBurkhar't	22	8	13	11	12	9	17	19	Bird	17	..	10	..	..	5	..	..
Kelsey	24	10	13	12	14	10	19	..	Hines	17	..	..	10	8	..	14	..
J J Reid	19	8	11	6	7	6	14	15	Coombs	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Eaton	22	7	10	9	7	4	12	..	McCarney	13	..	..	8	..	..	8	..
L Bennett	20	10	12	12	13	8	15	18	Frieze	17	..	..	10	13	..	13	18
Kirkover	25	10	..	14	..	..	..	18	Sherwood	..	..	10	9	..	..	..	..
Norris	20	6	10	..	..	..	..	..	Snell	..	..	15	..	..	7	..	..
J Potts	19	8	..	11	9	8	..	..									

The Blieman Cup at Elkwood Park.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Aug. 27.—The Max Blieman preliminary handicap shoot, 25 live birds per man, $15 entrance, birds extra, was decided to-day at Elkwood Park. P. Daly, Jr., from the 28yds. mark, was the winner, his score being 25 straight. Four others tied with 24. These were: J. L. Brewer, L. Finletter, A. L. Ivins and Charlie Zwirlein. Bland Ballard scored 23 out of 25. Scores were as below:

P Daly, Jr (28)	2212112222222222222222222—25
L Finletter (29)	1222212022122222222221122—24
J L Brewer (31)	2022222222221222222222222—24
C Zwirlein (29)	2222202212122222112122211—24
A L Ivins (29)	2222222121201222112221122—24
B Ballard (29)	2202221102122222212222122—23
Houston (26)	0221122122011112201122 —19
G S McAlpin (29)	2222220222222220212 —16
Geo Cubberly (30)	1120010211112202 —11
Fred Hoey (29)	0022222200 — 6

Blue Rock Gun Club.

TUCSON, Ariz., Aug. 23.—Our monthly medal shoot brought out only six competitors, many of the boys being off in the country. Meyer won by a handsome margin:

C Weber (16yds.)	1111111010001101111111111111111—25
	10 11 00 11 00 11 10 10 10 01—11—36
F Wilding (16)	1111101101110111110111111111111—26
	10 10 10 11 10 10 10 00 01 01—10—36
C Meyer (16)	1011111111111111111110110111111—27
	10 10 11 10 11 11 10 10 11 11—15—42
J Jernigan (14)	1101001000100001101101111110l—17
	01 11 10 10 11 10 11 00 00 01—11—28
C Aldridge (18)	0111011101111111001110011101O1—21
	00 01 00 01 00 10 11 00 11 10— 8—29
J J Hallowell (18)	1100011111111100111011011100011—20
	00 10 11 10 00 10 10 10 11 11—11—31

J. J. H.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Aug. 25.—The scores made at the regular weekly shoot of the Lynchburg Gun Club were as below, all events being at unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	20	20	10	25	25	Targets:	20	20	10	25	25
Nelson	15	16	8	20	10	Moorman	16	13	7	16	17
Terry	16	19	6	23	20	E Miller	17	13	9	18	18
Dornin	18	20	8	22	22	J Miller	8	10	5	14	11

The Silverthorn badge was won by Dornin. F M. D.

Grimm-McMurchy versus Heikes-Gilbert.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 19.—To-day, as a little practice for the championship contest between Heikes and Gilbert (which takes place to-morrow), a team race was made up a follows: Charlie Grimm and Harvey McMurchy against Rolla Heikes and Fred Gilbert. The conditions of the race were precisely the same as in the championship contest: 50 singles, unknown angles; 50 singles, expert rule; 25 pairs. The result of the race was rather a surprise, Grimm and McMurchy easily beating their opponents by a grand total of 275 to 262.

Heikes and Gilbert led by two breaks in the unknown angles; then Grimm with 46 out of 50 in the expert rule series, and McMurchy with 47 out of the same number in that series, ran away ahead with a total of 93 to 86. In the doubles Grimm did some excellent work, breaking his first 20 pairs without a miss; he finished with 47 out of the 50 targets shot at in this style.

The longest runs were: Unknown angles—Heikes 36, Gilbert 27, and McMurchy 23. Expert rule—Grimm 21 and 16, McMurchy 21 and 20, Heikes 19. Detailed scores were as below:

Unknown Angles.

Grimm	11111111111011111101111111111101111101011111111—45
McMurchy	11111111111111111101111111111111111101111111111—48—93
Heikes	11111111111111111111111111111111111101111101111—48
Gilbert	11101101111111111111011111111111111111111111111—47—95

Expert Rule.

Grimm	01111111011111111111111101011111111111111111111—46
McMurchy	10111110111111111111111111111101111111111111111—47—93
Heikes	11111111111111111101111100111101011111111101—44
Gilbert	11101111111101101111111111101111111101010110111—42—86

Doubles.

Grimm	11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 10 01—47
McMurchy	01 11 11 11 10 11 10 11 01 11 11 11 11 10 10 11 11 11 01 11—42—89
Heikes	11 11 11 11 11 11 10 11 10 10 11 10 10 11 11 11 00 11 11 11—42
Gilbert	11 11 11 10 11 10 11 11 10 11 10 10 11 11 10 10 11 10 11 11 10 10 11 11 10—39—81

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

T. T. C., New York.—Landlocked salmon are indigenous to some waters in Maine, and have been planted successfully in many others. Eggs have also been sent from Maine to waters in other States. The Maine law permits the transportation or exportation from the State of not more than 25lbs. of landlocked salmon when accompanied by the owner.

M. F. J. C., Manchester, N. H.—My bull dog is shedding his coat and apparently is growing very poor. What is the best diet for him to increase his weight? How will I treat him to improve the growth of a good coat of hair? Ans.—Treat for worms. Give a Weyth compound sulphur tablet twice a day. Rub all over the dog twice a week the following: Cocoanut oil, sperm oil, castor oil, kerosene, of each one part.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Bass and Trout.

MR. W. B. KNISKERN, General Passenger Agent of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway, sends us the following letter from Mr. W. M. Brinkerhoff, of Auburn, N.Y., written under date of Aug. 15:

"My Dear Sir: I send you by this samples of some of the pictures I took while in the vicinity of Camp Franklin, Wisconsin. My trip from Chicago via the Northwestern to Woodruff, thence by wagon twelve miles to Camp Franklin, was thoroughly comfortable and enjoyable. I went up there this year for bass—black bass—and, like the lake trout fishing the last time I was there, I beat all previous records. There are lots of lakes in the vicinity of Camp Franklin that are filled with black bass to overflowing. I fished four days on Palette Lake (or you might call it a pond), about one mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, and caught nearly 500 black bass in that time; but I let most of them go, as I was too far away to take them out of the woods. If any of your friends are fond of that kind of fishing, and want to get at it quick and have lots of it while they are at it, send them to Camp Franklin and have them get one of the guides that I had, either Judd, Blaisdell or Alexander Gillies, and have him take them to Palette Lake, and they will forget for the time being everything except the genuine pleasure that is incidental to black bass fishing on that beautiful sheet of water. In order to be certain of securing accommodations and guides they should write in advance to Mr. C. J. Coon, Camp Franklin, Woodruff, Wisconsin."—*Adv.*

September on the Lakes.

ALLURING ATTRACTIONS HELD OUT BY NORTHERN STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

IN closing its third season before Sept. 15, the Northern Steamship Company, ever mindful of the comfort of its passengers, calls attention to the fact that September's early days are the finest of the year to spend on the water. During this season storms are practically unknown on the Great Lakes, and no trip can be made in greater comfort or safety. Added to these features low excursion rates are offered, which cannot fail to bring those who, for various reasons, have postponed their summer's outing.

Sailing schedules, card of rates and general information can be obtained by communicating with E. D. Spencer, General Agent, 375 Broadway, New York, or A. A. Heard, G. P. A., Buffalo, N. Y.—*Adv.*

September Excursions.

A TRIP over the Great Lakes is one of the finest on the continent and a duty for all patriotic Americans who wish to understand the resources of their country and to become acquainted with its beauties. The Northern Steamship Company furnishes luxurious means for accomplishing this trip, and just now it offers unusual inducements for those who have to consult their purses when traveling, making special excursion rates from Buffalo, Cleveland and Detroit to such points as Mackinac Island, Sault Ste. Marie, Duluth, St. Paul and Minneapolis. The magnificent steamers of this line are of 5,000 tonnage, and have accommodations for 500 passengers. They carry no freight, and for these special September excursions the excellence of the cuisine and high standard of the service, as well as the present fast schedule, will be maintained.

Tourists who wish to take advantage of these excursions should apply at once for particulars, as the season closes Sept. 15.—*Adv.*

Florida.

THE coming season the Florida travel have in store for them a most elegant Pullman Vestibuled Limited Service between New York and Jacksonville, St. Augustine and Tampa, via the Southern Railway, Piedmont Air, the New York and Florida Short Line. The new route since its opening two years ago has fast gained in popularity, and today offers the most superb service between New York and Florida. Double daily limited fast trains are run the year round. On account of quick and prompt service is awarded the mail service by the Government for the transportation of the United States Fast Mail. Descriptive literature on Florida or any information regarding the South are furnished upon application to General Eastern Office, 271 Broadway, New York.—*Adv.*

Harvest Excursions.

IN order to give every one an opportunity to see the grand crops in the Western States and enable the intending settler to secure a home, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway has arranged to run a series of harvest excursions to South and North Dakota, and to other States in the West, Northwest and Southwest on the following dates: July 21, Aug. 4 and 18, Sept. 1, 15 and 29, and Oct. 6 and 20, at the low rate of $2 more than one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good for return on any Tuesday or Friday within twenty-one days from date of sale. For rates, time of trains and further details apply to any coupon ticket agent in the East or South, or address Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

Marlin Rifles.

THE Marlin Fire Arms Co. are out with a new catalogue, which gives particulars with reference to all their various styles of arms in compact compass. Among other changes it will be noted that the company now have ready a .38-56 repeater in the model of 1895, and that the model of 1895 is now furnished in all forms and styles, including the "take down." The company is also prepared to furnish muskets in two calibers in the model of 1894 and also in .30cal.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1896.

VOL. XLVII.—No. 11. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page x.

Forest and Stream Water Colors

We have prepared as premiums a series of four artistic and beautiful reproductions of original water colors, painted expressly for the FOREST AND STREAM. The subjects are outdoor scenes:

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DR. G. BROWN GOODE.

DR. GEORGE BROWN GOODE, Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution and Curator in charge of the National Museum, died on Sunday last at his home in the suburbs of Washington. In his death these two great institutions have suffered a severe loss.

Dr. Goode came of old Colonial stock, being descended from John Goode, who, in 1675–76, fought against the Indians in the Virginia Colonial forces under Gen. Bacon, as well as from William Swaine and Hugh Calkin, who were deputies to the general court of Massachusetts in 1636 and 1650 respectively. He was born in New Albany, Indiana, in 1851, and was graduated from Wesleyan University in 1870. His interest in science was already so great that in 1871 he was placed in charge of the museum of that institution. In 1873 he was invited to Washington, and took a place in the Smithsonian Institution. From that time until the death of Prof. Baird, he was in close and intimate association with that eminent man, who selected him for many services of responsibility and trust. At the Centennial Exposition of 1876 he had charge of the natural history division. In 1877 he served the State Department as statistical expert in connection with the Halifax Fisheries Commission. In 1880 he was appointed United States Commissioner to the International Fisheries Exhibition held in Berlin, and he held the same position in London in 1883. In 1887 he was appointed United States Fish Commissioner to succeed Prof. Baird, but gave up the position because it interfered too much with his work in the National Museum. He was a member of the Government executive board for the New Orleans, Cincinnati and Louisville expositions in 1884, and represented the Smithsonian Institution at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. In 1895 he was a member of the board of awards at the Cotton States International Exposition at Atlanta.

Dr. Goode was an investigator and published many papers chiefly on fishery subjects and on museum administration. One of the most important of the works to which his name is attached is the Fishery Industries of the United States, a series of volumes to which any one interested in fish or fishing must constantly refer. There was no higher authority than he on all matters connected with this subject. Of late years the exigencies of his important positions in Washington had in some measure deflected Dr. Goode's energies from actual personal investigation in science to the directing of such investigation. Yet he continued to do much writing, and there is soon to be issued a book on deep-sea fishes, the joint production of Dr. Goode and Dr. Bean. Nevertheless his work became more and more administrative, but it was not on that account less effective, and it may be doubted whether in all Washington, that center of scientific work for America, there is a man who in the same time has accomplished so much for science as he.

Notwithstanding all his work on his favorite subject, it is as the planner and director of the National Museum that Dr. Goode will chiefly be remembered in Washington and throughout the scientific world. To him far more than to any one else was due the success of this great institution. To it he gave his best thought and time and work. He had many able coadjutors in the different departments, but he was the guiding spirit, the head, and while he has not lived to see all his plans carried out, yet they are so far completed that only their execution remains to make the National Museum by far the finest museum in the world. This then is Dr. Goode's monument, a memorial worthy the man, and one which is destined to secure for him and for his life work growing appreciation and livelier public gratitude as the people of the United States shall realize in fuller measure the magnitude and the excellence of their national possession in the museum.

One secret of the remarkable success achieved by Dr. Goode lay in his charming personality. Of him it may be truly said that he was universally beloved by his associates. It was equally his part to encourage men and to help them on, and to adjust differences and to smooth over bickerings, and this last he accomplished with the utmost tact and skill, finally winning over both disputants to his view of the case.

Dr. Goode's energy and his love for his work induced him to labor so hard and so continuously that he was always at the breaking-down point; so it was that when he was stricken with pneumonia a few days ago he had no recuperative power, and although not supposed to be dangerously ill, he succumbed to the disease.

Dr. Goode's contributions to the FOREST AND STREAM began more than twenty years ago and were continued over many years, and until the pressure of his work in Washington put an end to any but the most special papers. The sense of personal loss which has come into this office with the news of his death is but typical of the unaffected sorrow with which that intelligence will be received everywhere among those whose privilege it was to know and esteem him.

SNAP SHOTS.

For his breakfast, one morning in New York, Li Hung Chang was presented with a fresh Virginia shad. He was so well pleased with it that he requested his host to supply some little shad for stocking the Yang-tse-Kiang River in China. We take it that the enterprise would by no means baffle the skill and ingenuity of American fishculturists, and such an undertaking would be only one more in a long line of transplantings of the fishes of this continent to distant lands.

American black bass are now counted among the angling resources of Great Britain. Our rainbow trout is numbered among the game fishes of England and Germany, and of far-away New Zealand. The stocking of New Zealand waters with both the rainbow trout and the speckled has been a pronounced success. The current report of the Wellington (N. Z.) Acclimatization Society records that the rainbow is a species which is "well established and is giving splendid sport, proving itself to be intermediate in its habits between the salmon and the trout. It is a valuable addition to our rivers."

These international transfers of food resources are among the most interesting and impressive achievements of fish-culture. It is worthy of note that our own continent is so rich in the supply and so favored in the quality of its indigenous fishes, that while we are sending our own species for adoption by other countries, they profess to send us in return out of their own indigenous fishery resources nothing worthy to take the place of our natural supply. As to China, her carp may not for a moment be counted an equivalent in exchange for the American shad which so tickled the palate of the visiting Viceroy. Carp in some form or another must have been among the seventy courses of the banquet given to Gen. Grant by Li Hung Chang in Tientsin in 1879; but it is inconceivable that the Americans should have been so charmed with the fish as to have desired its acquisition for United States rivers; nor is it recorded that the shark's fin tid-bits prompted the guests to suggest that we should open our ports to Chinese man-eaters. But in this wonderful dinner, with its eggs preserved for forty years and other delicacies, we may be sure that some one of the Chinese pheasants was included, and it was perhaps on this occasion, then, that Judge O. N. Denny, our Consul-General and a guest at the banquet, resolved to introduce the Mongolian bird to the sportsmen of America. Through Judge Denny's offices China has contributed to the continent a new game bird; in return we might gracefully present her with the American shad, a food fish which Li Hung Chang declared to be the finest fish he had ever eaten.

That the wild turkey hunter be so expert in simulating the bird's call as to lure the game within range is not enough; he must cultivate his own ear for bird music, so that he may be able to distinguish the false note from the true, [the man turkey from the real] turkey. For it often happens that a caller who fails to deceive the birds does yelp to the undoing of a fellow man; the birds recognize the false note in the cry, but the man does not. In the same week in August that a Maine camper shot at a movement in the brush, thinking it a bear, and killed a man, a like tragedy was enacted in the wild turkey covers of Alachua, Florida. Two hunters had gone out together and had separated for turkey calling. After a while one man heard the other yelping, took him for a turkey and yelped in reply. The calls and answers came nearer and nearer together as the two men crept toward one another, until finally one hunter eagerly peering into the brush saw a movement of what he thought was the bird, shot at the mark, and rushed forward only to find that he had made a victim of his companion.

Mr. Tom Padgitt, of Waco, Texas, who is stirring up the sportsmen to do something about the desperate game situation, has given out a letter received from Mr. Horsbrugh, manager of extensive pasture tracts in western Texas, who says that all over the western counties last year quail were netted in vast numbers for export at $1 a dozen at the shipping points. If this wholesale destruction goes on, he declares, the quail supply will be exterminated before the danger has fairly been realized. Mr. Horsbrugh thinks it is time that the Legislature took up the question of quail protection in dead earnest; and to this end he would persuade the politicians to believe that "more voters would like to see the quail treated as God Almighty meant them to be than the comparatively few who net and haul them off by the thousands amount to. In the Old Testament we read that when the children of Israel were making their excursion out of the land of Egypt they struck a desert and liked to have starved for something to eat. The Lord sent them manna and quail, and they came through all right. This He did to supply their immediate wants. Had they gone to netting and hauling off the birds, instead of using them right, God would have shut down on them quick enough." If Mr. Horsbrugh has interpreted the Biblical passage aright, it would appear that the subject of quail destruction in western Texas might be taken up in earnest not only by the politicians, but by the clergy as well.

The last work of the Texas Legislature with respect to game protection was to exempt a hundred and twenty counties from the various provisions of the law. We presume that the member from each of these counties rose in his seat and demanded immunity for his constituents. No law can amount to much when one-half of the State is exempt from it and the other half pays no attention to it. If game protection is good for one county, it is good for all. Make the Texas game law cover the State of Texas.

The last twenty years have witnessed in this country a succession of game protective clubs and associations; but if we are not mistaken no single one of these has maintained its active work in the field for the entire term of that period. The average life of a game protective association is short, that is to say the active life, for very often the name and the organization remain long after their existence is of any practical account as a live force for good. The rule is that a handful of enthusiasts, sometimes a single individual, gives the impetus, others join in the movement, plans are laid out, work is begun and the outlook is full of promise. Then comes the call for individual and personal effort, which is given while enthusiasm lasts; but it does not last very long, and gradually the number of active members dwindles until only the original enthusiast is left; then he too grows weary, and only the name remains. If there are exceptions to the rule, they are few. And yet we could not fall into a more serious error than to criticise such efforts as wasted. In the aggregate they count for all that we have of game protection in this country. One individual or a single society may appear to have accomplished little, and yet the influence of each has made up that public sentiment which has grown in the years from the 70s to the 90s to be such a potent force. We may not recognize the thousand and one contributions of individual enthusiasm, but we do know the results; we can appreciate the progress insured by the united influences of them all.

Li Hung Chang's yellow jacket would protect him in the woods from being mistaken for a deer. The effect upon the game would be either to fascinate it or to drive it into the second county beyond.

The Sportsman Tourist.

IN NOVA SCOTIA.

WE recently coasted the south shore of Nova Scotia from Yarmouth to Halifax, and discovered on the way a sportsman's paradise known only to a favored few. The side-wheel steamer City of St. John, leaving Yarmouth every Friday morning, affords the only means of access to this region, so that if the tourist stops off at any of the several villages at which she touches he must perforce remain a week before resuming his journey. This is a disadvantage or not, according to one's tastes and circumstances.

A railroad has been laid out as far as Shelburne and is now building. Eventually it is to be carried on to Halifax; then this secluded corner will be as accessible as any part of the Province. But it is this inaccessibility which has made it so fine a game preserve.

With fair weather the voyage is the most delightful within reach of the traveler. The shore line of Nova Scotia is more irregular than Scotland's, being indented by deep bays and broken by bold headlands, while there are at least ten islands for every mile of coast—some of them mere gull-haunted rocks barely visible at high tide; others are many miles in area and covered with forests or with farms. Your steamer is never out of sight of land, and most of the time is threading a devious channel between green islands. The first stop is at Barrington, thirty-six miles from Yarmouth. We have run inside of Cape Sable, the most southerly point of Nova Scotia on the way, the cape lying at the extremity of a long island called Cape Sable Island, which begins nearly opposite Barrington.

During the run we had our first experience of a Cape Sable fog. This species of mist lies in strata on the water, adhering to its surface "like a face cloth to the dead," so that we sailed through alternate layers of mist and sunshine.

At one moment it would lift, revealing the steamer embayed in hundreds of bold islands with narrow, tortuous channels between; the next moment space was blotted out and a gray blankness enveloped us.

In the midst of one of these transformations we heard some one shouting dead ahead. There was a bustle in the pilot house, one bell—stop quick—rang in the engine room, the paddle wheels ceased to revolve and then whirled swiftly in the opposite direction. The next moment, under our bows, not a boat's length ahead, rose the rocky front of one of the afore-mentioned islands.

Fortunately it was a bold shore, and the steamer lost headway and was backed off before running aground. Barrington is a village of several hundred souls, divided pretty impartially between Barrington Head, Barrington Neck and Barrington Passage. With the exception of a few farmers, shopkeepers and offshore fishermen the village is tenanted in summer solely by women and children, the men being at sea or off to the Grand Banks or Labrador fishing. It is a pretty village of neat, white-painted cottages, betokening thrift and prosperity.

Walking out into the primeval forest which surrounds it, we found a party of Micmac Indians encamped—that is, seated on the ground around a fire, over which a pot was boiling. A handcart near by filled with what looked like "old clo'es" and bedding was the only suggestion of sleeping arrangements apparent. They had come from the blueberry barrens, we learned, and were bound to the Point for splints for making baskets in which the fruit was packed for market. Close by a brook brawled over a rocky bed into the sea, and we asked the man if there were trout in it.

"Yes," said he, "in spring; but the Clyde about seven miles out on the Shelburne road is best for trout and salmon." He said if I would come up in May he would show me plenty of both.

"Plenty o' moose and bear," he added, in answer to my question. "No deer, call a moose any day in season."

A big lumber box wagon rolled past piled high with crates filled with quart baskets of blueberries. The barrens, he said, began about four miles out and extended nearly to Yarmouth. In July and August hundreds of men, women and children, Indian, Caucasian and negro, flock thither to pick the blueberries, which grow in profusion upon them, and are shipped to the Boston market by hundreds of thousands of quarts.

Shelburne is the next stop, fifteen miles east, at the head of the finest harbor on the coast or on any coast. A pretty, quiet town of some 2,000 inhabitants, whose only communication with the world is by the weekly boat. Her people live in the contemplation of her past. No town in the world has had such a history. One May morning in 1783, after England had finally relinquished her hold on the thirteen American colonies, a fleet of twenty craft of all descriptions—men-of-war, square rigged ships, schooners, snows and sloops—entered Shelburne Harbor. It was crowded with American loyalists, men who had remained loyal to King George during the struggle, and who were now willing exiles from their old homes and intent on forming new ones under the old flag. They were people of wealth and distinction from the highest circles of New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. They had had their houses built in New York before sailing and brought them with them—houses of oak, with marble mantles and mahogany stairways; they had brought slaves to put them together, and furniture of the most elegant description for their furnishing. The king's engineers had laid out the city on the most liberal scale, and in September following, when a second fleet arrived, there were 14,000 people, the *élite* of America, in its homes.

In 1784, when Gov. Parr, of Nova Scotia, visited them in royal state, they entertained him royally and changed the name of the city from New Jerusalem to Shelburne in honor of the English premier. A little later Prince Edward, the father of Queen Victoria, came and was entertained in the same princely fashion. There were fêtes and balls and banquets day after day. No one but slaves worked. The Government furnished supplies, and they had brought $3,000,000 in money. Work was beneath them, especially fishing and trading in furs, the only avocations open to them. Their neighbors, the sturdy fishermen of Lockport and Liverpool, looked on in amazement, called them "the dancing beggars," and predicted they would soon come "to the end of their rope," and so they did. The Government supplies were cut off, the $3,000,000 were soon spent, famine followed feasting and lamentation merriment. Soon they began to desert the whilom gay capital. Some returned to the States, some removed to neighboring towns. In a few years the population dwindled to 400. Palatial houses stood open to the weather for birds to nest in. Some were taken down and conveyed to Halifax and other places. Others still remained to bear witness of the ancient glory of the town. One of them, in which Prince Edward was entertained, was pointed out to us as we strolled through the pretty village. There are, too, the old pumps set in the middle of the streets, and the antiquated fire engine presented by King George to protect the settlement from fire. Shelburne is very quiet and isolated now, but the railroad is on the way, and when it reaches her she expects a new era of progress and prosperity.

At present the village is a paradise for the angler and sportsman, if all reports are true. Haunts of moose and caribou are close at hand, and there are three rivers within easy reach, all famous for salmon and trout: the Shelburne, which empties into the harbor close by the town; the Jordan, ten or twelve miles to the west; and the Clyde, the same distance on the east. These rivers abound in falls and rapids, and are fed by scores of lakes, which form chains taking one sixty or seventy miles inland to mountains. There is a local "squire" in Shelburne who has the record of twelve salmon in a single day ranging from 9 to 30lbs.

Lockport and Liverpool next beyond are pretty towns, affording equally good fishing and hunting; then comes Lunenburg, famed as the Gloucester of Nova Scotia, with a hundred sails on the Grand Banks and Labrador. Germans settled it in 1753 in answer to some glowing promises of King George's ministers, and some of the quaint old customs of the fatherland are still retained by their descendants. For instance, the oxen have no yokes, but draw by stout leathern bands wound around their horns. The country about is fully cleared and settled by thrifty farmers. There is little attraction for the sportsman here except the deep-sea fishing for cod, haddock and mackerel in their season, which indeed may be had all along the coast.

It is forty miles from this port to Halifax, the last stage of the journey. The St. John passes the mouths of Mahone and St. Margaret's bays, two beautiful island-studded sheets extending far inland; passes the cove in which the ill-fated Atlantic met her doom, rounds Sambo Head at the entrance to Halifax's beautiful harbor, and at 11 o'clock ties to her dock in the American Gibraltar, having been a little over twenty-four hours in making the distance of 240 miles.

C. B. T.

SAVED BY AN ENEMY.

JOHN GARDENER was hunting and trapping in the Adirondacks in the fall of 1868, following one pursuit for sport and the other for profit—with considerable success in both—when he met with a singular adventure.

He was living alone in an open-fronted log shanty on Otter Pond, in what was then one of the wildest parts of the region—though a smart hotel now occupies the very site of his rude shelter, and swarms of fashionable tourists have spoiled the neighborhood for one who loves the solitude of nature.

The moose, shyest denizen of the forest, had not entirely forsaken the place, for his broad footprints were yet occasionally seen in the deep moss, while the long howl of the wolf and the panther's scream were heard often enough to account for the scarcity of deer. Yet there were enough to afford Gardener the moderate sport which he desired, and a frequent over-supply of meat, for which he found a convenient outlet on the other side of the pond, where a small party of men were building a lumbering camp for the operations of the coming winter.

These were his only neighbors—two miles distant at that. His visits to them were not frequent, but welcome—especially when he brought a quarter of venison to break the monotony of salt pork and beans.

The cook of the party was something of a trapper, and therefore particularly interested in Gardener's success in fur-gathering. On his part, Gardener was glad to do his neighbors a good turn and break his isolation by an occasional touch with humanity, though with the rough side of it, and he, having the greater need in this respect and the more leisure, did most of the visiting.

Gardener's shanty was situated midway in his line of traps, which for the most part were set for the pine marten—misnamed the sable by our hunters and trappers, who go still further astray in mispronouncing the name "saple."

At intervals stronger traps were set for that notorious trap robber, the pennant's marten or fisher, and at likely places on small streams traps baited with fish were set for mink, which by a caprice of fashion had at that time become one of the most valuable fur-bearers.

The line marked by blazed trees extended so far in each direction from the shanty that only half of it could be gone over in a day, the other half the next day, an arrangement by which Gardener could attend wholly to his traps as he went out and give his attention to hunting as he returned to camp, making such detours as occasion required.

During a week of most favorable weather he had extraordinary luck with his traps, when he went over to the lumber camp with the half of a fat deer more than he could make use of.

He received a hearty welcome from his friends and as hearty congratulations on his good fortune, which he was quite free to tell them of, as none of them could in the least be considered as rivals, unless it was Murdock, the cook, who did indeed prick up his ears and look out of temper when he heard the count of mink and sable. But he soon recovered himself and made qualified congratulations.

"You've done consid'able well for a green hand at trappin'," he said, as he began cutting some slices of venison to fry with salt pork, after the barbarous fashion of backwoods cookery. "If I wa'n't so tormented busy I'd go over an' show you a trick or two that's worth knowin'. But these fellers' jaws keeps me a-hustlin' so 't I hain't time to stir a rod from camp."

"Just listen to him," cried Williams, the boss of the party. "You'd think he had to hump himself the whole time to cook for six men. Somehow he's managed to ketch half a dozen saple an' two mink since he's been here."

"You wait an' see the animals feed, an' then tell me what you think of cookin' for six," retorted Murdock, addressing Gardener. "An' them saple an' mink come right here to be ketched."

"Off tendin' his traps two three hours every day," Williams remarked; "but I don't care so long 's he gets the grub ready on time."

Murdock dropped the conversation to attend to his regular duties, and soon served up the dinner, to which Gardener was of course invited and given an opportunity to see how the company bore themselves as trencher men.

He was forced to admit that they did valiant service that made Murdock's office no sinecure, but when half an hour after dinner he left them to return to his own camp the cook seemed to have arrived at a period of leisure, though he made some show of being busy while making casual inquiries concerning Gardener's usual hours of being at home.

A few days later it so happened that Gardener returned from his traps two hours earlier than ordinary, and upon quietly approaching the shanty surprised Murdock inside rummaging among the mixed confusion of its contents. He showed some embarrassment at being detected in making himself so free, but gave as an excuse that, having come over to call on Gardener and not finding him at home, he was searching for tobacco to solace himself with a smoke while waiting for his host's return, and Gardener thought little of it at the time.

He supplied his visitor with tobacco, and the two fell to talking over their pipes of trapping and of fur and the examining of Gardener's stock, which already made a pack so large that he declared he must soon go out to the settlements or be obliged to make two trips.

Murdock offered to take it out for him, saying that he would be going in a few days to get supplies for the lumber camp. This offer was declined, but a bargain was made for the deer skins that should be delivered at the camp within a week.

Then the fur was packed in a neat bundle and deposited in a corner of the shanty, supper was cooked and eaten, and after a parting pipe the visitor departed, his host accompanying him to the shore and watching him on his way till his boat disappeared in the gathering twilight and the splash of the oars could no longer be heard.

Gardener cut the supply of night wood that he never neglected preparing, for he liked the company of a cheerful fire and its guardianship while he slept.

Then he stretched a couple of "saple" skins, the result of the last tour of the traps, and after a final comfortable smoke turned into the blankets with his good rifle close beside him.

He had not slept very long, as he judged by the condition of the fire, when he awoke with an indefinable sense of uneasiness. As he lay quite motionless, compelling his drowsy senses to gather acuteness, he became aware of footsteps moving stealthily a short distance from the shanty, parallel with its sides and moving toward the front.

The slow footfalls, making frequent stops, were evidently those of some large quadruped, which he at once conjectured to be a panther, of whose presence in the neighborhood he had seen recent signs, and which was now no doubt attracted to the camp by the half of a deer hanging on a sapling near by.

Gardener sat up in bed and got his rifle in hand without making the slightest noise, and watched intently for the animal, which if continuing its course must presently come in sight from behind the wall of his shanty.

He had not much of a mind to risk a shot at a panther in the uncertain light, but he had as little to lose the meat, on which the main part of the morrow's rations depended.

The night was cloudy, but not dark, for a full moon dispersed enough light through the veil of clouds to render near objects dimly discernible, and at times the flicker of the fire threw some into relief against the dark background of the woods.

The burning logs had so disposed themselves that Gardener sat in deep shadow, while the muzzle and bead sight of his rifle were in the light, a circumstance which gave him a desirable advantage.

The night was intensely still. No sound was heard louder than the snapping and flaring of the fire, the sudden sinking of a brand, the occasional flitter of a falling leaf, the far-off, faint echo of a wolf's howl, and among these the more regular punctuations of the yet unseen intruder's cautious footfalls.

At last it came within range of Gardener's vision, a bulky, dark object moving clumsily and slowly, and making frequent halts for reconnoissance in the direction of the camp and always keeping out of the firelight.

"Nothing but a bear after all," Gardener thought, and was further convinced when the creature arose on its haunches and gazed intently toward him.

He felt no hesitation about shooting now, and carefully drawing up one knee for a rest took a quick yet deliberate aim at the center of the breast.

His finger pressed the trigger, it was almost yielding to the touch, when there was a sudden upward spring and swish of a great hemlock bough, 20ft. from the ground, a lithe tawny form was launched from it in a swift descending curve upon the clumsy figure beneath, and in the same instant the silence of the night was rent by a yell of terror so human, and yet so unearthly that Gardener lost his nerve, and the aimless rifle blazed its ineffectual charge into the tree tops.

The unexpected and human outcry of its intended victim had a no less demoralizing effect upon the panther, for it sprang away with a prodigious leap, vanishing as suddenly as it had appeared, yet for a moment its rapidly retreating bounds could be heard as it struck on all feet at once in an exaggeration of the performance of a frightened domestic cat.

The flying figure of a man, sometimes stumbling and falling, but never stopping, vanished almost as quickly in the opposite direction.

Hastening down to the shore, Gardener heard the rapid strokes of retreating oars.

Two days later he took his deer skins over to the lumber camp, but Murdock was not there.

"He went a pokin' off one arternoon," said Williams, "an' didn't turn up till next mornin', lookin' 's if he'd been run through a thrashin' machine. He wouldn't tell what ailed him, an' cleared out, hook an' line, bob an' sinker, 'fore noon. It's almighty cur'ous."

Gardener shuddered to think how near he had come to killing the scamp who he could not believe had visited him with any worse intention than theft.

FERRISBURGH, Vermont. ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

STORIES OF JOHN GOMEZ.

Naval Station, Port Royal, S C.—*My dear Mr. Forest and Stream:* I suppose that you think I am no longer in the land of the living. Well, you do your part anyhow; for your dear old paper comes along with great regularity, and is the joy and delight of our little community down here. I am not dead, but wilted. When a man for his sins or otherwise is a prisoner on an island, in such heat as we have wallowed through during the two months last past, and furthermore when the aforesaid man tips the scale well up toward the 300lb. mark, then with the thermometer at 100° he wilts. No other word expresses it. Now in a chronic condition of wilt how is a man to use a pen? Trickling streams run off his finger ends and wrists. Little rivulets send creeping drops to the end of his nose, whence they fall on the paper, and all the exercise of a seething brain, all the result of the working of a massive and fiery intellect, all the sentiment that would crystallize on the willing paper, become soaked, pulpy and semi-liquid, and only fit for the waste basket. So, dear brother, when I have seen the words written by the toiling and sporting brotherhood, that have caused my heart to burn within me, and have brought to my recollection many scenes that would interest the vast and genial assembly of your readers, I have felt myself helpless in the surrounding deliquescence and barely able to keep my mouth above the surface of the prevalent liquidity.

But this state of things could not last forever, and now we have a glorious change. It is a little cooler, a little dryer, a little more possible for one to exist in some sort of comfort. Therefore I desire to renew to you all the assurances, etc., and say "howdy."

We are a small community of Uncle Sam's servants down here, but every man has a gun and knows how to use it; every one smokes blessed tobacco in a wooden pipe and enjoys it, and each one has one or more accomplishments connected with a free life in God's out o' doors which give harmony and community of tastes which is very pleasing. People such as these do not quarrel, but dwell in blessed unity and peace together, and swap yarns about fish seen and caught in Alaska, about the slow and ponderous rising of the cinnamon bear from the long grass, about pheasants shot up the Yang-tse-Kiang, the Pei-Ho, and in the country around Newchang and the Great Wall of China, as well as at the mouth of the River Plata; relate wonders about the wildfowl at the Falkland Islands and the big-tailed sheep at the Cape of Good Hope. These people aforesaid steadfastly regard each narrator of tales with a fixed simplicity and an absolute reliance on his veracity, else how shall each in his appointed time be faithfully believed when his turn of narration shall come. Trouble can only arise in such a convention when some incredulous home-plodder expresses doubt or asks inconvenient questions. Such are summarily dealt with. The darkening frowns on brows that have braved the battle and the breeze in many climes should warn such doubting Thomases that "fools rush in," etc., and the end of it all is that hurricane speech or a withering sarcasm generally metaphorically wipes the floor with the doubters. Oh! when will such people learn wisdom to avoid the fate that is so richly their due?

I cannot tell you now about our spring shooting, which was abundant. Some time I hope to tell you the story, but at various times and seasons we have an irruption of the good people of Beaufort, who come down here to try to teach us something about shooting the wary and deceptive clay pigeon. Of these people I can only say that their fate is sadness and misery enough. We hope later in the season to give them a few easy lessons in the proper method of shooting rice birds, quail, plover and deer, with other incidental game thrown in, and in due course of time, if they follow directions implicitly, they will probably become fair amateur shooters.

I have recently seen mention in your paper of John Gomez, a citizen of the world, and more especially of the west coast of Florida. Long years ago, say in the summer of 1863 (that seems a long time, does it not?), I became the proprietor of John Gomez. The Commander-in-Chief of the East Gulf Blockading Squadron (there was war in those days) selected me for the command of the U. S. schooner Two Sisters, familiarly called the Two Shysters. This lofty vessel was a Baltimore "pungy" of about 40 tons, drawing about 9ft. of water aft and 4ft. forward, as some suggested, so that she could climb hills like a kangaroo. She carried under my command one 12-pounder howitzer, and was manned by twelve seamen, three petty officers, one master's mate and a pilot. When I proceeded on board to take charge of this my first command in the Government service, I found sitting on deck, smoking silently and diligently, his knees near his chin, his back rounded like a bicycle scorcher, his old straw hat covering his head from the nape of the neck to his eyebrows, John Gomez, Pilot, U. S. Navy—a man swarthy, silent, and looking like an Indian, but when once opened up, like an oyster, with considerable meat in him. John was my property actually for about six months, incidentally until the war closed. He ate and drank with me, and slept, when he did sleep, somewhere near at hand. He knew a good many things not generally known, and when he chose to talk he could be very interesting. The duty on which I was employed was of great interest and frequently very exciting—that of the inshore, shoal water cruising, and blockade of the west coast of Florida. Gomez was in his way a perfect pilot. I think he knew familiarly every shoal, rock, oyster bed, creek, inlet, mud bank, fishing ledge, roosting place for birds, deer track and channel from Key West to Pensacola. It is my impression that most of our living came from his directions about where to find fish, game, shellfish, etc., and it was a most fascinating species of yachting and hunting combined, where the game was primarily blockade runners and men generally, and secondarily everything edible that waved a wing or wiggled a fin.

John came originally from Central America—Honduras, as I remember now—or had lived there many years. His age was apparently between forty and seventy. Over that range of thirty years you could guess at will. There were no fences on the range. After he had warmed up so as to talk, he related strange stories. He had lived many years in Florida, had an intimate knowledge of the Everglades, and an acquaintance with the Indians resident there. He had apparently made his headquarters at or about Tampa. When the war broke out he was thereabouts, but a time soon came when he found it convenient to cross the lines, and also not to be too slow about it. So he "took to the bush," and found rest for his wandering feet at Key West. It will be almost impossible for me to reproduce his picturesque language, but, as far as I can, I will tell the story in John's own words. It seems that John had a family in Tampa. I do not know whether it was his own family or one that he had adopted, but it seems that one day a troubadour, returning for a brief season from the wars, had, or fancied he had, some rights in the case, so he attempted to enter the precincts of the homestead occupied by Mr. Gomez and the family aforesaid. John said, in telling the story:

"I yere talk in town, that man Willums come back. He say he kill me. One day I see Willums come 'long the road. I take my gun. I say, 'Willums, I no wanta you come in here.' He say, 'I come in. I killa you.' I say, 'Willums, don'ta you come in da gate.' Willums, he coma in da gate, I shoota him, an' he staya there. I coma 'way."

That seemed to me to be good and sufficient cause for John's hegira, and later his family joined him in Key West. He found employment as pilot on Government ships, but he did not like to serve on the steamers or larger ships. Once when employed on one of the fast steamers running up the coast for Tampa, close inshore, the night being very dark, John did not make out how to go slower, as he desired to do, and unaware that he should tell his fears to the officer of the deck, he wandered about until he found the engine room, and said to the engineer on watch: "Mista Engineer, don'ta b'ily your water too hot!" which was his idea of going slower.

To tell of the fish we caught and the game we shot under John's direction and guidance would be "another story." He was a new and unique type to us. He was a compound of Spaniard, Indian, hunter and fisherman all in one. He carried, somewhere about him, a flint and steel and a horn full of tinder, and produced fire from it to light his pipe. He was always perfectly clean and neat, but his clothing was tropical and free; I do not think he liked to wear shoes. Squatted on deck with his old pipe was his usual posture. His language was calm and slow; I rarely saw him vehement. But there was a secret, somber force about the man which savored of helpfulness and power, and I have rarely met a man whom I would tie to, for outing or danger, ashore or afloat, with more confidence than I would to John Gomez.

He told me a story once about a deer hunting expedition of his in the Everglades below Punta Rossa which has left a picture in my mind which will never leave it. He was trying to creep up to a spot where he had seen a deer. He was standing for an instant in a flat place, peering cautiously through the bushes in search of his game, when he felt something strike him gently on the inside of each leg. He cautiously looked down, moving as little as possible, and saw an enormous rattlesnake between his feet, head erect and ready to strike if he moved an inch. He was forced to stand immovable until the snake lowered its head and uncoiled its length, when a great leap took him clear of its attack. At this moment he heard a low laugh and saw an Indian in a tree, who had been an amused spectator of the scene. The rigid John, the wrathful snake and the chuckling Indian would make a picture if they could be painted or drawn. That would have been the chance of a lifetime for the camera fiend.

The last time I was in Key West I inquired for John Gomez. but could not learn his whereabouts. I am glad he is still alive. All true sportsmen would fully appreciate this son of nature. At first sight he would be passed by, but if once one could penetrate beneath the bark there was the rich yield of a life of adventure to gather sap from. The species is fast dying out. Soon there will be no more. Pioneer, hunter, sailor, fisherman, all in one, the school is closed that made them, the books are out of date from which they were taught, and the railroad shrieks where they hunted, and the bicycle whirls where once the deer paths ran. Good bye, old John; we shall cruise together no more, unless there are happy hunting grounds and smooth seas where we are both bound.

C. H. Rockwell, Commander U. S. N.

Natural History.

THE MARTHA'S VINEYARD HEATH HEN

Boston, Aug. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will not some of your readers who know tell us about the prairie chickens on Martha's Vineyard and also whether they, as I suppose, once existed on Nantucket and the mainland of Connecticut, also Long Island and the Pine Barrens of New Jersey? During the last four or five summers I have used such opportunities as occasional brief visits to Martha's Vineyard afforded to ask about the prairie chickens. I have generally heard what seemed to me credible accounts of the existence of these birds on the island, but whether they are the original stock or a late importation from the West, or descendants of both, I cannot ascertain.

I have heard that the bird was indigenous to the island, but that at one time it was nearly, if not quite, exterminated, and that some birds from the West were liberated on the island. I am certain that there are prairie chickens there now, for friends of mine have seen them this year, but I am anxious for an authentic history of the bird on the island and feel confident that there are those living who could give one.

Mr. Manly Hardy, of Brewer, Me., the well-known ornithologist and careful student of natural history, once showed me a skin of a prairie chicken which he was fully assured was of one of the original Martha's Vineyard stock.

It was very interesting to me, as being decidedly of a more red or ruddy color than the prairie chicken of the West.

I called some years ago at a fishing hamlet near Gay Head, and on inquiry learned that prairie chickens—there known as "hethens," *i. e.*, heath hens—were well known on the island. Their habits were described to me in terms that left no doubt whatever in my mind that genuine prairie chickens were referred to. I am greatly in hope that my inquiry will bring out—through your friendly columns—full account, not only of the original prairie chicken of Martha's Vineyard and such other portions of New England as it inhabited, but also of whatever importations of Western stock may have been made.

Will not some one tell us also of the game preserve of the island of Naushon, and of the other islands of the group, all of which have such musical Indian names. As my boat swept by Nonamesit the other afternoon I heard from it the musical pipe of a quail. I have heard that the covers of Naushon are plentifully stocked with deer and many other kinds of game. The island is to me the most favored of private and princely domains, and I would gladly learn what its honored and high-minded owner has done in the way of game propogation and preservation.

C. H. Ames.

[The Forest and Stream of Sept. 25, 1890, has a two-column paper from the pen of William Brewster on the heath hen of Martha's Vineyard. The species, which is indigenous to the island, is closely allied to the pinnated grouse or prairie chicken of the West, but the two are now generally considered by ornithologists to be distinct. The Vineyard bird is identical with that once found at various points along the New England coast from Boston to Connecticut, on Long Island, and in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Virginia. The area covered by the range of the heath hen Mr. Brewster estimated as forty miles, and the probable stock of birds in the autumn of 1890 as 500.]

Another Hornless Bull Caribou.

Providence, R. I., Aug. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Among the deer at Roger Williams's Park here is a four-year-old buck caribou without antlers. He has been here since the spring of 1894, is thin and small and lacking in vigor. I notice that the deer—of which there are several in the same inclosure—seem much in fear of him. F. T.

On receipt of this letter we wrote our correspondent, asking him if possible to make a physical examination of this animal in order to determine, first, whether it was entire, and second, whether it bore on its head the horn pedicels which were to be expected. Our correspondent's report is given below:

Providence, R. I., Sept. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As suggested in your favor of the 29th ult., I have carefully examined the deer at our Roger Williams's Park.

This animal is a State of Maine bull caribou, four years old last spring. He has been here since the fall of '94, has not been castrated nor in any way injured, and has never grown any antlers. On his head are the pedicels or bases on which the antlers would grow if he had any, but these are covered with skin and hair the same as the rest of his skull. He stands 40in. high at the shoulder and measures 41in. around the body just back of the shoulders. At the time he came here his size was about the same as now, and evidently his growth has been stunted, as his weight does not exceed that of a wild yearling.

We found considerable difficulty in catching and holding him, for he is timid, though not vicious. F. T.

Audubon Plates Sold for Junk.

Boston, Sept. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your last issue you announce you propose to publish for the benefit of Forest and Stream readers some of the Audubon pictures, and it reminds me that over twenty-five years ago our house had sent them from New York six of the original copper plates of Audubon's birds as sample of the lot, which were to be sold for old metal. They were in very good condition, and by a very little retouching could have been used again. We thought it a shame to destroy them and tried to get some of our Boston publishers to purchase them for legitimate use, but failed in so doing. James R. Osgood almost was persuaded, but we finally sent them back to New York, as we would not consent to be instrumental in their final destruction. Whatever became of them eventually I never heard, or if I did have forgotten.

I remember one of the sample plates we had was the bald eagle, and I managed to take a hand rubbed copy from it. These plates were the Elephant edition. I think our correspondents in New York at that time, of which there is one still living, might remember where they went to, for the senior took the same views of our house and thought it vandalism to destroy them; but as there were several tons in all, their value then for old metal, copper being so high in price, amounted to a good sum.

Reignold.

Yearling Doe with Fawn.

It has been said, I think, that some handwriting is divine, and that there are other sorts which are devilish. My handwriting is not of the divine kind, but I am prepared to swear that if I am given sufficient time I can write the word one so it will not look like two. This evening a friend came in to see me with a smile on his face and a copy of Forest and Stream in his hand.

"What is the answer to this puzzle you have given in Forest and Stream of Aug. 29 under the heading, "Breeding of Deer?"

"That is not a puzzle. What I wrote, or think I wrote, or intended to write, was that a female fawn born in 1895 gave birth to a fawn of her own in 1896."

That is the point of the note, but when the types said, "Two years ago a female fawn was born in the park, and this year that fawn is the mother of a fawn," the point was blunted or broken off. A. N. Cheney.

Mr. W. S. Hills.

Boston, Sept. 7.—W. S. Hills, the blind fisherman, of whom the readers of Forest and Stream have heard before, is still in the land of the living, though sickness, as well as the total loss of his sight, has conspired to keep him indoors more than formerly. But his love for the rod and reel has continued, and though totally blind, he takes every opportunity to indulge in the sport. Hampered as he is, salt-water fishing affords him more satisfaction than his old love, the Maine lakes and streams. He is summering, as usual, off the Rhode Island coast. With his boatman and attendant he goes fishing whenever the weather permits. The other day, unaided, he landed 150 mackerel with hook and line. He is justly somewhat proud of the achievement. Is there another blind fisherman in the country who has done as well? Mr. Hills does not fish for a living, but for recreation and for the momentary feeling, when a fish is on, and he feels the thrill along the line and up the rod, that he has his sight again and is on the Maine waters, where trout and salmon are wont to hide. A lover of Forest and Stream and other fishing literature, he derives great comfort from being read to.

Special.

Game Bag and Gun.

IN THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS.

BUTTE CITY, Mont.—Deer stalking and trout fishing in the Cascade Mountains, Oregon, under the frowning shadows of Mount Hood, constitute the most exhilarating and exciting sport known to the average angler and hunter of the Webfoot State. We do not have to travel very far from the city of Portland on the Willamette to reach the very heart of the hunting and fishing grounds.

A pleasant journey of forty miles, due east of Portland, will bring one to this paradise of game and fish. An excellent wagon road leads over the Cascade Mountain, and the distance from Portland to the summit of the range can be easily made in a day and a half of moderate driving. But the best hunting and fishing are some distance west of the summit, along the streams Sandy, Salmon, Zig-Zag and Still Creek.

Our party was well equipped for an outing of two or three weeks. Two two-horse wagons were chartered and we had a complete camping outfit, plenty of provisions, guns, ammunition and fishing tackle.

Ten hours' brisk drive brought us to the Sandy, and from there the road led up the picturesque valley for about fifteen miles. The Sandy is a genuine mountain torrent. At its lowest stage it is a bold, turbulent stream, dashing over a rocky bed. At no time of the year are its waters clear, although it comes from pure ice and snow. For that reason it is not considered a very good fishing stream, notwithstanding it abounds in fine trout.

Salmon, the largest tributary of the Sandy, was reached late in the afternoon; it is one of the most beautiful mountain water courses. Its source is near the summit of the Cascades, from the south base of Mount Hood, not far from Government Camp. As it does not flow from glaciers, the water is as clear as crystal and cold as ice. For its entire length—about twenty-five miles—it passes over a very rocky channel and winds tortuously among lofty, timbered mountains, and through deep cañons, whose rugged and frowning walls often close in and compress the waters into a very narrow compass. At such places the pent-up flood rushes through with great force and fury, causing rapids and great swirling eddies. It is a magnificent trout stream.

There was high feasting in the camp that night. Just before sundown one of the party killed a fine, fat, young blacktail deer. Several of the most expert anglers succeeded in capturing about forty toothsome mountain trout in less than an hour. These ranged in length from 8 to 14in. They bit with great avidity and were landed very rapidly. Then followed the bivouac and the most refreshing slumber. Though in the month of August, the night air was quite cool and blankets were a comfortable adjunct.

Twelve miles further up the beautiful and picturesque valley of the Sandy brought the party the next day to the old and historic Toll House. Here it was concluded to pitch camp and remain for several days. The scenery is wild and sublime. Lofty mountains rise all round the valley to the height of thousands of feet. What added to the lonely grandeur of the scene was the fact that there was but little vegetation on the mountain sides and summits to relieve them of their ruggedness. About forty years ago a fearful forest fire swept over the Cascades for several hundred miles, destroying everything green. For many years the mountains presented nothing but a blackened and charred appearance. Millions of partially destroyed tree trunks were left standing—mute monuments of the vast holocaust. A great many of the old charred snags are still left, like so many forest sentinels. In the long lapse of years a younger growth has shot up and clothed with verdure the general desolation. On all the mountains around the Toll House there was but a sparse and straggling growth scattered here and there.

Just below the old Toll House two more streams pour into the Sandy, one the rushing Zig-Zag and the other Still Creek. The Zig-Zag, as its name implies, is a most tortuous stream, winding into all sorts of shapes, and rushing most impetuously over its bouldery channel from its source near the mountain's summit until it mingles its ice cold floods with the milky-hued Sandy. Still Creek, on the other hand, which flows parallel with the turbulent Zig-Zag for some distance, is a mild and meek little watercourse flowing softly over a bed of fine white pebbles and sand. Both streams abound in trout.

A short distance from the Toll House the party went into camp and here several days were passed. Many magnificent trout were caught, more than the party could possibly eat, and the overflow was generously distributed among some campers who were less fortunate.

Several fine blacktail deer were killed and half a dozen or more of the whitetails. There was feasting and a general good time all round. After the fatiguing and exciting chase we had voracious appetites, and when night came stealing over the lofty mountain tops, and silently wrapped the valley and streams in its drowsy embrace, all were ready to turn in. The distant sound of the rushing Zig-Zag and the more subdued murmur of Still Creek, and the sweet, fresh mountain air, all lent their gentle influences, and hunters and anglers slept at the rate of "forty miles an hour."

Elk tracks were discovered by the hunters on several occasions and followed eagerly, but they invariably led directly up from the valley toward the sides and summits of surrounding mountains, and all attempts to overtake the game were abandoned.

Two black bears were suddenly overhauled one day in the dense brush near the bank of Still Creek, and were quickly treed by dogs and shot. One was a female, and search was made at once for the cubs, and two were soon found in the nest, which was not far away under one of the rocky cliffs. They were not killed, but brought to to the city for pets. These cubs were several months old, and lively, mischievous little fellows. They were captured without difficulty, and very soon became perfectly reconciled to captivity.

Laurel Hill, some eight miles above the Toll House, was the next camping place. The tents were pitched at the base of a precipitous rocky bluff, which rose several hundred feet above the level of the valley and within a few rods of the Zig-Zag. A great many fish were caught, and as the supply greatly exceeded the demand a quantity was salted and cured by smoke.

Two of the hunters one day sighted a large elk with a magnificent pair of antlers. The animal was fully half a mile away, but through a strong field glass a splendid view was obtained of the noble game. He stood on the summit of a high bluff overlooking the valley, and as it would have been next to impossible to reach the spot without coming into full view the hunters made no effort to stalk him, though they abandoned the attempt with great reluctance.

A huge track of a bear, which must have belonged to a grizzly, was also discovered. Several of the hunters followed the imprints, which led toward the mouth of a deep, yawning cañon, the bottom of which was covered with a dense thicket. However, they could follow the tracks only a short distance, for the ground became so rocky and broken that all tracks were obliterated.

While encamped at Laurel Hill several of the party made a trip to Government Camp and the Summit House, which was located a few miles beyond. The trip, though rough and fatiguing, was enjoyed. They visited the famous Summit lakes and caught some fish from those wild, isolated and romantic little sheets of water. Government Camp is the place where the trail leading to the base of Mount Hood leaves the main road that crosses the Cascade Mountains. It is the route generally taken by all who ascend to the summit of the Snow Peak, and Government Camp is a general point of rendezvous to all tourists and Alpine climbers. Both the Summit House and Government Camp are immediately beneath the frowning shadow of that vast mountain sentinel. On a clear, bright day, the view of Mount Hood from either point is grand and awe inspiring. The colossal upheaval seems as if it would topple over and bury the beholder.

On the morning of the fifteenth day after setting out from Portland on the outing trip, we broke camp and headed for the city. All voted the mountain excursion a success. The trophies comprised deer, bears, trout and a few dozen feathered game. J. M. BALTIMORE.

IN CAROLINA QUAIL FIELDS.

How sweet are the things of the past if they make pleasant and profitable the present, like the hanging of a pretty drapery or the purchase of a precious gem. This hunt is a thing of the past, yet I recall it as a wholesome privilege.

The trunks have been packed and the long, weary journey across this big continent and back is over. The extending of the glad hand of hope and receiving the marble heart of disappointment (commercially) is happily at an end. Months have passed. The autumn leaves with all their fragrance and beauty are gone, Jennette spends much time in her kennel with her young hopefuls, sons and daughters of Mecca. Mont lies idly around, dreaming of his days afield; while staid Mecca, long wanted, but recently obtained, is trying to accustom himself to his new surroundings. The guns rest snugly in the cabinet, always a joy to see with their scars of battle well rubbed down, though handsome still in their graceful outlines. I have just left George at the club, finished a good cigar and a better chat, and he told me with splendid emotion and graceful gesticulations that our last trip to North Carolina rests and snuggles in his memory as one hunting trip that he will always look back to with much pleasure and great pride from the fact that annoyances were few and disappointments, just one. An ideal holiday he had had following his young dogs for a whole week in the hands of that excellent handler Jno. N. Lewis, he had witnessed with so much zeal their improved work from day to day. The evenings were gone over, spent so pleasantly by the big log fire in the snug log house, listening with aching sides to Lewis's by no means limited repertory of stories and the day's hunt gone over, each point well described, all good shots mentioned and bad ones forgotten, and the much needed dreamless rest.

We reached Reidsville one bright Sunday morning in early November, where Mr. Witt, with his hack and the same young gray horse and the same old black one, met us just as he had done the year before. The only change noticeable in the whole outfit was the increase in avoirdupois of Mr. Witt, and still he claims to be a temperance man. The drive to Monroeton was interspersed with stories of the changes in North Carolina of political faith by Mr. Witt and hymns sung by George.

A warm reception was accorded us. All looked as we had left them the year before. In fact, everybody and everything looked so natural, it seemed impossible we had been away a full twelve months. Our room was ready, the traps were unpacked, and then a visit to the kennel seemed in order. George is not certain to this day whether or not Donald knew him, he having been in Lewis's care over three months, and in that or less time Lewis will impress any dog with the fact that there must be but one master, and that must be Lewis. This was also true of Rab and Rush. Had I any doubts of Mont and Jennette they were soon dispelled by their glad pranks at seeing their master again. Jennette and I had had many pleasant days together after grouse only a month ago, while Mont had rested at home after a long and nearly fatal illness.

A perfect Monday morning broke to our view. Everything was white with frost, the air was clear and bracing; but it was not the morning for an early start; the birds would not be astir. However, delay at this stage of the game was wearing to the nerves. So after breakfast by Mrs. Hopkins, grace by George, a story by Lewis, the start was made, George and Lewis in one direction, Hopkins and I in another.

By the edge of an old creek corn stood in shacks awaiting the fall husking; across this in the distance a most promising stubble revealed itself. Toward it we make our way. Mont and Jennette are down and both showing a speed and quality calculated to make their master vow they are the greatest pair of dogs on earth, but pride must take a tumble. Between two of these corn rows lay a covey of quail, and Mont, who is heading Jenn by several lengths, runs into them without showing any intimation whatever that he ever scented them for a second, and they go to cover. My heart sinks within me, for this is my first hunt with him since his four months of severe sickness with infectious distemper and typhoid fever, which had left him with an emaciated head and clapping lower jaw, with his scent very much in question; and while he had been in North Carolina nearly a month, the weather had been so dry up to a day or two before our coming that Lewis said he didn't believe any dog he had could smell a "beefsteak and onions."

Now the real test had come, and I alone was to witness the outcome. I requested Hopkins to take Jennette up, while I put Mont at his old specialty, "singles." I must confess a feeling of a battle between hope and despair as I called this fine son of Antonia to me, and threatened him, but chastised him not, and started across the lowlands in the direction the birds had gone, and poor Mont, with his flag lowered, followed at heel.

Across the Cripple and I call "Get away, be confined," and again with head and tail high and back forming the letter S he plunges into the thicket. How those leaves did fly as he swung to the right, and from a full running gait stopped! So sudden was it that his tail in one of its revolutions came to a full stop at right angles. I step in and flush a bird and miss. Intensity of feeling alone would have made me miss a barn with me inside of it and the doors shut. Mont looks reproachful and Jenn pulls at her leader. We are "at it," and she insists on her share of the fun.

A little further comes another point, and my invoked dog is in his glory and prime again. This time two rise and two fall. Jenn is released and performs one of her many specialties—retrieves them and immediately proceeds to point another, with Mont backing. Now, indulgent friends, I own this pair of dogs (and others), but they are my first pair of modern field dogs; they cost me a lot of money to get them where they are (perfectly broken), besides the expense of $100 to save one of their lives. I love a good dog, and these two are to me much. Their love for their master is always apparent. Their work had few faults and many virtues. Mont's nose was no longer in doubt, and I was having a part of my yearly (well deserved, I hope) holiday. If the eyes grew moist, the nerves unstrung, and I wandered back to childhood and the delights of my "new books" with red tops, and once more played "cobs for horses" in the sand on the sunny hillside, and introduced that time into my shooting, you can understand why night found me with just ten quail and a wood duck, but never happier in my life. Before the log fire and behind some good pipes I listened to enthusiastic George relating his experiences of the day; and I force him to listen to my own, while Lewis sat by with that comprehensive smile, and I verily believe reflected, "those fellows need more training than their dogs."

This morning Lewis loans me an extra dog, a real little wonder. She is put down fresh and keen, my dogs being along on leaders as a reserve force. Birds seem scarce, so that after an hour of unproductive work I request that all the dogs be turned loose. We enter an immense stubble. At one end of the clearing is seen a high-pointed knoll. I make my way toward this elevation, where I can watch the work of the dogs, one hurrying here, another scurrying there, while Mont, with head high, his tail cutting graceful circles, passes around the base of the hill and begins working up from the further side, shortening the distance toward me with increasing strides.

This is where I saw a reproduction of Blink's celebrated painting in real life. Within 30yds. of me lay a covey of quail; the three dogs came upon them from three different directions at almost the same time, each securing the coveted scent and a full point. As I have said before, this hunt is over, 'tis a thing of the past, yet how it flavors the present. Memory serves me well. I can feel the sensation yet. Mont and Jennette are lying beside me; their worth I know; their work I remember; their talents I appreciate. I flush and kill three birds (most unusual for me), one for each dog. Jennette retrieves them all.

That night George had the floor, and his dog Donald the crown, and well he deserved it; he had done great work that day, and at night he had a fond master. Donald is of the old Gladstone type, long and racily built, with a sure nose and the endurance of steel. I look for this dog to win fame at some of our national events. I am satisfied that his last great effort of that day was told just after I had passed into total oblivion in a neighboring bed in the same room.

My first thought next morning was, how short is the night, but what a time I am having, and I must not lose any of it in slumber. George says, "Crawl out; we can sleep after we get home." After a hearty breakfast, and drawing fresh dogs from the kennel, we make our start, and return at noon with a fine string of birds. I greet George with, "Oh, I am on to 'em. Am shooting like a 'profesh.'" Lewis remarks, "If that fellow keeps on, I won't have birds enough left to train my dogs on." He suggests that I am working my dogs to death, and tells me to spell them a bit by taking his dog Ben Giles that afternoon. Should any one accuse Lewis of being foxy at times, I trust he will have the modesty not to deny it. Knowing something of B. Giles's reputation, I decided to have taken along an extra to fall back on. Wise thought! I got close enough just twice that afternoon to that dog to see him scatter to the four corners of the earth two coveys of birds, and then watched him try to drive them off the corners. Of these birds, with the assistance of my extra dog, I got just three. I had been once on this trip "too glad" to shoot. This afternoon I was "too mad." I have since my return presented our friend Hopkins with a gun. Lewis, to offset the damage he might do to the bird crop, has given him Ben Giles. There will be plenty of birds there another season, and they ought to be big, strong and healthy from the exercise Ben will give them.

Another morning, yet dark and dreary; fog and rain seemed the order of the day. It is decided that we shall go to the old Beaver Pond. If we cannot find quail we will try ducks. This journey of five miles in a North Carolina tobacco wagon was one of the features of our outing. All we needed was the broad-brimmed sombrero to resemble the pioneers of the early days wending their way westward, then the "wild and woolly West," now the great and glorious West. We divided into two parties, leaving Bob to make camp. We put a pair of dogs into the wet weeds and were off. A fog horn would have been of more service than a gun. It was a hard, unprofitable morning's work, with everything in soak, the sand soft and yielding, the tramping most fatiguing. However, upon our return to camp we could forgive all hardships. The horses were sleepily feeding from the box, the extra dogs were tugging at their chains, fairly howling their welcome. Bob was whistling the "Alabama Coon" and poking at a roaring fire, while the boiling pot

sizzled and steamed with gladness. A log had been rolled near the fire, in front of which the feast was spread. Never did a cup of coffee taste so good. Each hot drop seemed to remove a distinct and separate chill. After lunch I was requested to tell a story. I related one from Dante's Inferno. I have since regretted I didn't go higher for my text and preach a sermon. My story started Lewis, and while the clouds of steam arose from my drying boots and corduroys we were eloquently entertained.

What a change in a night. This, our last morning, proved the uncertainty of things; by noon the thermometer registered 75° and all creation seemed to be boiling and steaming; clouds of mist arose, to be absorbed by a summer sun, the dogs came in with drooping heads and tails and tongues exposed to the roots. We quit. All had done a big week's work and showed it, and in most cases felt it, but none so much as Hopkins, who had faithfully followed me six days afield. I didn't notice the change, as it had come gradual, but Lewis declared it would take him most of the winter to "pick up again." George looked tired, but the keenness of his eyes told of the great benefit he had received, and when he had slept by the yard at home he had measured it off by the mile the last few nights in North Carolina. A tired brain had been refreshed, and while he might say not, I believe a doctor's bill was saved.

The journey home was soon over. Early next day found us among scenes ever dear. As I close I find Mont, Mecca and Jennette surrounding my chair, living witnesses of those days in November; as I look into their intelligent eyes, I wonder what they are thinking.

THOMAS ELMER.

ELIZABETH.

A DAY WITH COOT AT MANOMET.

ON a cool day in November Archie, Doc and I went for a day or two with the coot at Manomet. We met Arch at good old Plymouth and drove over Manomet Hills. Did you ever take that drive? Manomet is about eight miles south of Plymouth on the shore of Cape Cod Bay, and if you have never driven there you have missed a treat. On a clear day in the fall to ride over these hills and see the changing color of the foliage, the sumac beside the road with clusters of red berries, to get the perfume of the wild grapes, and then to burst out in view of the bay with the Gurnet in the distance is a tonic for an invalid.

As we come out of the woods the old church at Manomet comes to view, and passing that we drive on the shore road to the cottage. Our house is situated on the bluff and overlooks the bay. To the north the Gurnet and Brant Rock are seen, and away to the south Sandwich, and in clear days Provincetown can be seen. We have for supper clam chowder and steak, after which Doc and I look over our case of shells and get out the guns. We find we have a good stock of No. 4 and No. 2, so everything is right in that line. Next we must look over our shooting clothes, for we start out at 4 in the morning, and it will be cold. Now for a call at the life-saving station to see the boys and get our boats. As we enter we are greeted by all. Uncle Sam employs some fine fellows in the life-saving stations, and there are none better than Capt. Sampson and his crew at Manomet. We have a little chat with Scrubby and George, and they promise to wake us in the morning when they go out on the south beat on patrol. Everything is fixed for the morning, and we pick our way back to find Arch more than busy with hooks, lines and leads. You would think by the layout that he intended to catch all the fish in the bay. He would rather fish than eat any time, and is getting into gear. Doc and I turn in.

It seemed as if we had hardly closed our eyes when we hear a stone on the roof, and Scrubby is saying, "Wake up, sleepers! Get out and kill a coot." We tumble out of bed, call him in to warm up beside the fire and then hustle into our clothes. Cold? Well, I guess. We bundle on all the coats we can carry, and take our guns and case of shells; but where is Arch? In bed and sound asleep. This won't do. He must wake up to enjoy the fun. We put a few cold stones in the bed with him, and soon he shows signs of life. "Come, get up and hear the birds sing!" "Oh, you go without me; I will come out later and fish a little." We go to the landing, put our decoys into the boats, pull them down to the water and then wait for daylight.

As we sit and talk over old times we hear the "tramp of many feet," and look up to see the gunners coming in a body. They are saying which berth they will take, and have the whole thing arranged; but we push off, and taking the oars run out to sea. We have an idea that we will make a slight change in their plans. But perhaps you do not know what I mean by berth.

The boats form a line from shore out into the bay. The first one is about 60yds. from a large rock called the Gunning Rock. The first man out has his choice, and then the others line out by him. The first boat anchors about 60yds. from the rock and is said to have the first berth, the second boat the second berth, and so on. The first and second boats are called the best, and our gunner friends had the whole thing fixed. As we row out by the rock we are hailed by a man. He says, "I am first berth. You will get two and three." Good enough. Doc takes No. 2, and I go offshore far enough to make a place for Arch between when he comes out. The boats are about 60yds. apart and that is about right for old hands, but rather near for a novice. I carry two shot in my face as a reward for violating this rule.

We get our anchors down and then curl up in the bow of our 15ft. dory and wait until we can see. The boats go past us and we have counted twenty or more. Soon one comes out and finds that he must go to the end of the line. He is not much of a sailor and it looks a good way from home out there. He thinks for a time, then runs up to Doc and resorts to strategy. He says: "You are too far apart, there is room for one between." Doc answers: "That is as near as I dare get to that fellow." Then he comes to me and asks: "Why can't you go out a little so we can go in there?" I say: "That fellow shot a man here last fall, so don't get any nearer, on your life." This settles it and he falls back and makes the first boat in the second line. By this time it is light. We place our decoys, load the guns and get ready for fun. We hear some one say "Nor'ward inshore" and we know something is coming. What is that black string close to the water coming past the Gurnet? We get as low as possible and wait. Soon the string turns into a flock of coot flying evenly and coming straight for our boats. Now they lift, see the gap and head that way. Now they see the decoys. They are undecided; part come to me and the rest go to Doc. We wait till they get as we want them, then each sits up and shoots. We get one each. Do we hear you say, "Why not get more?" Did you ever try it? Remember, you are in a little boat and the water is rough. You hold on a bird and pull. Your boat at the same time brings up on the anchor line and your gun goes off. You shoot into the air and perhaps land on your back in the boat, or if you are not careful you shoot a hole in the boat. Perhaps you kill the bird, but I find it as easy to miss as to kill. We throw over our buoy and pick up the birds; have hardly got back to our place when "Nor'ward outside" a flock of large white-wing coots are coming. They see the boats and go over. There is a puff of smoke, then another, and two are seen to fall. Then you hear the report of the guns.

Now a large flock is seen coming for the boats and every heart in the line is pounding like a hammer. There are hundreds of them in this flock and every one is saying to himself, "If that raft of birds comes over me I will cover the water with game." But the birds see the boats, rise and then turn back and go out to sea so far that they can pass the boats in safety. "Skunk heads always do that," says our neighbor. But here comes another flock so high that they look like sparrows. There are lots of them. Some one shoots and makes a laugh. Soon an old loon comes down close inshore; he gets to the first boat and then thinks he will go outside. He turns and heads out to sea. He will not change his course, so every one in the line takes a pop at him. He is not quite near enough, but many of the shot hit him and sound like shooting at a board. As he goes past the outside boat he looks back and laughs, as much as to say, "What kind of a time was that anyway?" But what was that that went by me like a bullet from a gun. Doc is laughing and says, "Why didn't you kill those old squaws?" (or as we call them, quandies.) "If they are going to fly like that I don't want any," said I, and settled down for more birds.

Now we see a bunch of sea ducks coming straight for my boat. Down I go as low as I can and wait. Soon I see their heads over the bow. I sit up and see three in line. I shoot, then hold on two more and pull again. One strikes so near that I reach out and pick him up. I throw over the buoy and row after the rest. I find that I have four out of seven. Not very bad, is it?

A pair of coots come to Doc and set their wings to light with his decoys. One shot is a fair miss; another shot and they come to me. As they cross each other I hold about a foot ahead and pull. Much to my surprise they both go down. "I can do it every time, Doc." "Yes, in your mind," says he.

While we are talking some one says, "Howard, look out!" and there are about a dozen large white wings just about to light with Doc's decoys. He takes his gun and with a quick glance along the barrels pulls, then another, and there are five of them on their backs with feet fanning the air. Doc thinks he will take a little smoke, so fills his pipe, lights up and then looks for his birds; there are only three and one of them has his head up and is looking to see what hit him. Doc throws over the buoy and the coot goes under like a flash. Now the others are up and he gives them both a charge of shot. They dive at the flash of the gun and come up again a little further away. As soon as Doc sees a bill he shoots again and this one comes up dead. But the others are making time for the Gurnet and Doc is too old a hand at the sport to chase much. He gathers in the three dead ones and goes back to his place.

Arch comes about this time with a boat full of cod lines and bait. Looks like an old salt right from the banks. Now, fishes, look out. He thinks the coots are not flying thick enough for him, so taking his marks for the fishing grounds he goes to work—and fishing is work with him. Woe to any coot that comes within a mile of him. He shoots anyway; says if he don't hit them he will make them fly. He don't want the things anyway. It is cold, but he fishes hard to keep warm. We row over to him and find that he has an assortment of cod, hake, mackerel, skate and pollock. It makes no difference to him what it is as long as it is fish. But what a looking boat! Lines and fish, gun and everything, are in a snarl, and Arch is enjoying to the fullest his short vacation. Come large or come small, it makes no difference to him, and he is perfectly happy as long as the boat is above water. Talk about Izaak Walton, he could not compare with our fisherman. He invites us to move off as we frighten the fish; and as we go we see a coot coming between our boat and Arch's. He sees him and goes after his gun. I tell Doc to look out and then go down into my boat as flat as possible, and no sooner do I get down than I hear the shot whistle over and into the boat. Don't get up yet; he has another barrel. Bang! and I hear Doc say, "Good boy; you killed the coot, and every man in the line is out of sight yet. Come up, fellows. The bird is dead." Arch says he can kill them any time if they come like that; but he has a cod on the line in his hand, and that ends the talk at once. We go back to our moorings.

The birds continue to fly until about 10 o'clock; after that time they come along one or two at a time, and do not make good shooting unless the weather is stormy, then they fly all day. The best time for this shooting is just before a storm. The coot seem to know there is a storm coming, and they are on the move. The water is also very rough at these times, and this makes it unpleasant; often it is so rough that the boats can't go out. Then the gunners sit on the bluff and swap yarns, and tell how many they could kill from each flock were they only out there. Once in a while there is a flock of brant which will come near enough to the bluff to make a fair shot. The guns go off like crackers and perhaps they get a bird, not often. I remember once being on this same bluff with the station boys. We saw a flock of coot coming, and they were going to cross back of us. I took my gun and ran to the place where I thought they would go over and got there just in time and fired. I killed two, but when they came down one went through the window of a fisherman's shanty and the other struck the roof so hard that I thought he would go through it. I can hear George and Scrubby laugh now.

But I am getting away from my story. The day of which I am writing being cool and fair, we decide it is useless to stay out any longer; so getting our anchors and decoys we row ashore. We are nearly the last ashore, and find that we are high line. I count up and find that I have thirteen. Doc has sixteen. We wait for Arch, and soon see him coming along. He has fish enough for the crowd, and some nice cod and mackerel among them, but only two coot. "Why, Arch, where are the coots?" we ask. He says: "He could not get his lamps on them."

Well, we have fish enough, and more than enough coot. So we go to the house and get breakfast, or dinner, and with keen appetites. Did you ever try a mackerel just caught broiled over a coal fire after you had been on the water for about five hours? or a broiled live lobster? We surmise that Arch will have to fish all the time to keep us going. We make it a rule to eat as much of our game as we can, and some of our game dinners are dandies. The coot are not so nice, but after you get the taste well trained you can stand even them.

After dinner we go for quail or turn in, as we feel inclined, and rest for the next day.

About guns. Doc shoots a No. 12 English gun, while I use a No. 10 Parker. We can't see why the No. 12 is not just as good as the No. 10, but I do not care to change.

We find that Saturday night comes all too soon, so with many regrets we pack up and go back to Plymouth.

I can only say to my shooting friends, if you have never tried the coot, do so as soon as possible, and I shall hope to meet you some fall in Manomet. F. E. WOODWARD.

A CARIBOU HUNT ON WOLF HILL.

ON a bright October morning—and bright mornings are few and far between in Newfoundland, that island of rain and snow—with two friends and our guide, I left our snug little camp on Big Marsh to look up a small herd of woodland caribou which one of our men had seen the previous day. We followed a much-worn deer trail across the marsh until we reached French Woman's Creek, a deep and rapid trout stream, which we forded with much difficulty. While crossing a small marsh beyond the brook I was surprised to see a two-year-old caribou stag trotting toward us. I had a few moments before mistaken this same animal for a gray rock, a mistake very easily made even by experienced hunters. He trotted up to within 50yds. of us in his effort to get our wind. Then he would rush off 100yds. or more. What a chance for a camera! These antics he kept up until finally he became satisfied we were enemies, and left us for good. I could have shot him a dozen times, but had no earthly excuse for the slaughter. After an hour's hard tramp we reached the foot of Wolf Hill and commenced our stiff climb. When near the top my guide pointed out two or three cowlike animals and whispered, "Caribou!" We started after them at a sharp run to try and head them off, but they disappeared in the bushes before we could get near enough to them for a shot. We reached the crest of the hill without further incident, and threw ourselves down on the moss to get our wind and enjoy the glorious view spread out before us. While sweeping the country with my glass I suddenly made out some moving objects on a neighboring ridge among the stunted bushes. My guide saw them at the same moment. There were five or six of them, and one was a very good stag; so we determined to stalk them at once. Crouching low, we ran back out of sight and made for the bushes toward which they were swiftly feeding. When we arrived at the point where we expected to find them they were not there, but to our astonishment and chagrin they were feeding swiftly over the crest from which we had first seen them and which we had left a few moments before. This was from no fault of ours, but is a common mishap when stalking these erratic and restless creatures.

We followed them, rather tired and discouraged. Suddenly my guide crouched down behind a rock and beckoned me to him. I ran up; about 200yds. off in front of us were three caribou feeding in the bushes and coming our way. Two were females and one was apparently a young stag. They all carried antlers. When about 100yds. off they turned at right angles. I selected the young stag and fired a quartering shot in his side. He dropped flat without the slightest struggle. The wind was blowing a gale, so the others did not notice the report or the smoke; they stood there smelling of the stag and acted in the most stupid manner. I could have shot them all. Finally I ran up to within 50yds. of them. Then they got my wind and rushed off like race horses, snorting and shaking their heads in terror. To my disgust my young stag turned out to be a female with a fine head, but she was in fine condition, and I knew would make fine venison for our larder. Before my guide finished skinning and cutting up this one, two other caribou fed up to within 50yds. or less, offering me the most tempting shots, which I declined, but made a rough sketch of them in my sketch book instead.

The view from the high hill was superb. To the south lay the purple hills at the head of Hall's Bay; toward the north the queer top sails stood up boldly among the famed "White Hills." Sheffield Pond lay at our feet surrounded by the dark green forest, looking very much like one of our Adirondack gems at home. It was a grand day and a superb view. After my successful shot I felt pleased with myself and all the world and particularly with Newfoundland. After a frugal lunch and a drink of cold tea we lit our pipes and returned to camp. On our way back we saw three more caribou, but did not attempt to stalk them, as we had all the venison we could possibly carry and a great plenty hanging up in camp. Altogether I had twelve good chances that day that I did not take advantage of. On our return to camp I selected half a dozen nice fat chops, which I placed in our wire gridiron and stood it before the hot coals; then I made a big pot of strong coffee, while one of my companions mixed a dish of Indian meal bannocks, which he fried in hot pork fat. We made a royal supper after our day's hard tramp, and after a pleasant smoke before the big fire crept into our blankets for a sound sleep, well earned by eight hours of steady walking. WAKEMAN HOLBERTON.

Indian Territory Game.

LOCO, I. T., Sept. 1.—Birds have fared well this season but for scarcity of seeds and grain. Some quail have the third brood. Prairie fowl have the second brood, the first being fully grown. Highland plover are numerous. Saw bluewing teal on Aug. 23. Large game here is but a memory. There will be no end of netting and shooting for market here this fall and winter. Can nothing be done to put a stop to this practice? Could not the authorities prevent shooters from shipping quail and chickens out of the Territory? L. D. W.

WOODCOCK SHOOTING.

OF all the kinds of shooting of field and forest, the sport of woodcock shooting holds the warmest place in the hearts of its devotees. The woodcock shooter is an enthusiast of enthusiasts. He may take a keen pleasure in bringing other game birds to bag, but when woodcock shooting is under consideration comparison ceases. And indeed this sport possesses many fascinating features peculiar to itself. First of all, it can at best be indulged in but in very small quantities. There is but little of it when compared to the abundance of other kinds of shooting, for the woodcock is comparatively a rare bird, and its season is a short one, therefore the keen edge of enjoyment of woodcock shooting is never dulled by surfeit. The habitat of the bird is distinctly different from the habitat of all other game birds, and of the vast tract of land which makes the earth's surface there are but tiny spots here and there which meet the wants of its nature, and many vast tracts of fertile country have no woodcock ground at all.

It too is a bird of mystery, of whose coming and going no one knows. It is nocturnal in its habits, and its haunts being such secluded and unused spots, ones rarely invaded by man, it is rarely seen. The residents of sections wherein is the home of the woodcock may never see one from year's end to year's end, and indeed may go through life with no more knowledge of them than that derived from hearsay, or, seeing one, may still remain in ignorance of its identity. While the quail, the partridge, the snipe and other game birds are not unfamiliar to country residents and are readily identified by them, that of the woodcock and its doings are shrouded in mystery. The large woodpecker in some sections is called woodcock by the country folk, while in other sections any plover with a long bill is classified as being the same bird. So little is the bird known that sometimes when killed it is called snipe and sometimes the snipe is called woodcock by those who have not given the bird special study or attention. Its life being so entirely without the sight of man and in general so little being known of its haunts and habits, it is not all strange that the little accurate knowledge is obscured by the air of much mystery, and that those who seek the bird find a fascination in it greater than that of any other form of game bird shooting. The bird itself is of peculiar form and of rare richness in its colorings, and its flesh is esteemed a morsel of rare excellence, fit for the palate of the most fastidious epicure. Thus it affords great sport in its capture and is pleasing to the eye and palate.

Its habitat is generally in densely shaded nooks in out-of-the-way places where man rarely enters, and where the soil is soft and moist, for in such places is its food obtained. The alder ruins, and slopes in the birches, and nooks in the woods where springs or rivulets or excess of moisture makes the ground soft, are its favorite haunts, and sometimes in certain sections it finds spots in the cornfields which are desirable feeding grounds, though haunts and feeding grounds are never plentiful. In Mississippi it is occasionally found in open sedge fields. Many places which to the eye have every appearance of home for it still have no birds in them.

The scarcity of the bird, its beauty and the delicate flavor of its flesh, all serve to enhance its value, and its mystic life adds a charm to its pursuit which is distinct from all others.

The difficulties of woodcock shooting have been greatly exaggerated in every particular, particularly as concerns the extraordinary skill required by the shooter, and the still more extraordinary labor and consequent fatigue imposed on the dogs, the latter being an indispensable factor in the sport, if any success worth considering is sought. While intrinsically the sport possesses all the requirements of the highest degree of wing shooting, the writers on it have deemed it fitting that it be dressed in a glamour of romance, presumably that a little knowlege might be presented in an elaboration of high colors which touched on the sky, the sunshine as it glinted through the alders, the beautiful color of the foliage, the balmy zephyrs laden with nature's perfumes, *ad infinitum*, all of which are present in all other kinds of shooting, or indeed present if there is no shooting at all. The shooting of woodcock is difficult, it is true, but not so extraordinary in its difficulty as to be distinctly special, and far from being so difficult as most shooters make it from injudicious selection of guns, loads, etc.

Woodcock shooting is close shooting, the closest of any kind of shooting recognized as legitimate sport with the shotgun. While the woodcock is called a game bird, it is gentle and mild in its habits, with none of the pugnacity or extraordinary vitality possessed by members of the grouse family. The smallest of shot is sufficiently heavy to kill it, and the cylinder-bore gun is amply close enough for the ranges which one must accept in shooting it. The choke-bore of any kind is out of place in such extremely short ranges, and unfit to use on a bird so easily killed, though, strange to say, the use of it is not uncommon, owing no doubt to the fact that many men owning but one gun must use it for all kinds of shooting, and in other instances to the further fact of thoughtlessness concerning the proper requirements of the sport. Short barrels too are desirable, the difference in the handling of a 30in. barrel and a 24in. barrel in cover being far away in favor of the latter.

Woodcock shooting is largely a matter of snap shooting; therefore a wider pattern at a much shorter distance is a requisite if one is cultivating success instead of nursing a fad in respect to the use of choke-bore guns for all kinds of shooting, whether the guns be fitting or otherwise. In the shooting of quail, or chickens, or ruffed grouse—to a lesser degree with the latter—a certain degree of deliberation and quick aim can be practiced, but in woodcock shooting the opportunities for deliberation are the rare exception; hence the need of adopting an open gun to meet the requirements of quicker work and short ranges. Light loads and smaller shot can be used successfully, some noted shooters using dust shot exclusively. With a short, cylinder-bore gun—a true cylinder-bore, not the modified choke-bores which are often called cylinder—such a pattern can be secured at 15 or 20yds. as will insure fair success to the average shot and the best of success to the good one. It might be said that such a gun and load are too murderous, and indeed they would be in the hands of a man who could shoot with any degree of precision if he could exercise deliberation, but as in the greater number of instances the shooter has but an instant in which to act, the results are far from being so fatal as one might fancy them to be. Often there is but a momentary glimpse of a dusky shadow flitting through or across a small vista in the dense growth, and the shooter must fire then or not at all, unless he is pleased at a purposeless tumult, that being the sum total when he shoots and trusts to luck for the execution of his purposes.

As in all other shooting, experience enables the sportsman to recognize the promising nooks for woodcock, and the signs which denote its presence, they being the holes made by it in boring in the ground for its food and other signs well known to the shooter, and which can only be recognized by experience.

As to the labor and fatigue imposed on the dog while seeking for woodcock, they are largely an exaggeration. Wilson, in his work on the birds of North America, specifically mentions the fatiguing efforts which the dog encounters in woodcock shooting, and mentions that relays of dogs are necessary. As a matter of fact the work of the dog in woodcock shooting is the easiest of all kinds of shooting. He must range close to the shooter, or at most not beyond a gun shot if he serve the best purpose in that kind of shooting, and it is not at all essential or desirable that he work at high speed. It is essential, however, that he be intelligent and know thoroughly the best manner of working to the gun and assisting the shooter to get his shots in the manner to insure success. He should work diligently, but not hurriedly, and it is hardly necessary to add that the work should be done as silently as possible, though this also is true of all other kinds of shooting.

The dog should be a good retriever, otherwise a large percentage of the birds will be lost, for many times it is as difficult to find the bird after it is killed as it is before. Dogs which run riot in this shooting can soon tire themselves out, particularly in summer shooting, when dogs are out of condition and the weather warm, the consequent fatigue from such over-exertion and unfit condition cannot be justly attributed to the difficulty of the sport. It is rather hard work for the shooter, particularly he of the North, where the quest must be made afoot and where the footing is difficult and insecure, though after all it is but little more difficult than any other shooting in which the shooter walks.

As the dog often comes to a point in thick cover out of sight of the shooter, even though the point may be but a few steps away from him, a bell attached to the dog's collar has been found of great assistance in determining his whereabouts, and its silence indicates when he stops on point, matters very essential in conducting the sport. Not every dog is a good woodcock dog, even though he may be excellent on quail, snipe, chickens, etc. Some dogs appear to dislike the work intensely, others refuse to recognize the bird at all. A few take to it very kindly and work to the gun from observation to a useful degree far above what could be established by the most careful training. The spaniel is but little used in the United States for woodcock shooting or any other shooting, for that matter, though there is no doubt but what they could be made eminently useful in field sport.

In Louisiana and other sections of the South, where the woodcock seek a clime more genial than that of a Northern winter, the conditions of shooting change almost entirely. In sections at certain times, generally in the last of December and the fore part of January, they may be found in great numbers, and a bag of twenty, thirty or forty in a day is not then considered remarkable. They frequent the switch cane bottoms, or woods in the timbered prairie in which the heavy fall rains have softened the ground and where abundance of food can be found. Their stay in the South is very short, they starting North immediately on the lessening of the winter cold, probably after a stay of about two or three or four weeks, their coming and going then being quite as silent and secret as in the North. They are there killed in great numbers both day and night by market shooters, and shipped to the home and distant markets. They have their choice feeding grounds even in that land of abundance, and skill, diligent effort and knowledge of habitat is quite as essential to success in the Southern winter shooting as it is in the less bountiful shooting of the North in summer and fall.

B. WATERS.

A Roe Deer Hunt in Germany.

"JOE," whose letter to Mr. Elmer is printed in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 8, must have been in very bad company. If he had been among sportsmen and killed two roe deer with his 16-bore hammer gun, *i. e.* with shot, he would simply have been asked to leave the grounds and to bear in mind that the shooting of roe deer with shot is considered a disgrace. Roe deer, like red deer, are shot with the rifle, and it is nothing unusual to see a good shot make "*eine Doublette auf Rehe*," not, as Joe quotes it, "a *doubletta* on *reh*," with the last-named weapon, provided they are bucks, for does again are sacred to every true sportsman in and out of season. Roe deer are by no means scarce in this country. Even around Berlin Joe could see as many as from 100 to 200 in broad daylight on good hunting grounds covering from 3,000 to 4,000 acres. Yet Joe terms it a rare opportunity to shoot one in one's life.

ARMIN TENNER.

Quail in North Carolina.

ATLANTA, Ga., Aug. 28.—I heard through Jack Flint, an engineer, that there was a wonderful crop of quail getting ripe in North Carolina. This news I conveyed to my hunting companion, Fred Ford. We decided to take our dogs and go up there on a prospecting trip, and bought tickets via the Sea Board Air Line to Waxhaw, Taylor county, N. C. From there we drove four miles out to the home of Mr. Horne (a friend of Jack's), who lives on Twelve-Mile Creek, where we arrived in time for supper.

The next morning, accompanied by Mr. Horne, we rode horseback through the fields until 9 A. M. During that time (about three hours) we found fourteen coveys, some of which must have contained thirty birds. The coveys were so large that I thought there must be several banded together, but Mr. Horne said he thought not.

Some of the birds seemed to be full grown, but others could hardly fly, and Mr. Horne said they were a second brood.

At 3:30 P. M. we were in the saddle again and going in an opposite direction. We found nine coveys before sundown, two of which were very large ones.

The next morning Mr. Horne drove us to Waxhaw. When we started we let the dogs un, but subsequently had to take them into the wagon, as they were continually on the point.

I hope later to take a trip to Waxhaw with Fred. Then of course we shall take our guns, which were left home on this occasion, as we never shoot out of season or pot a covey.

C. E. RANDALL.

The Rifle Again.

I WISH to express my sense of personal obligation to the various gentlemen who of late have written so interestingly about rifles and calibers, especially to Col. Clay, H. B. S. and Stewart. As to the first of these, it must be a matter of no little wonderment to other ordinary mortals who like myself have the usual complement of arms, legs and hands, just when and how he acquired the mastery over the grooved barrel which his shooting displays. Of course, if a man is going to shoot like that, an old cavalry carbine, a .44-40 "baby," or 'most any other piece of a gun will do him. I should have to practice at the rate of about forty shots a day for the next ten years to be as independent of mechanical helps as he is.

Why doesn't somebody rise up and defend the nitro cartridges for the ordinary calibers? I invested in one box for my .45-70, but their shooting was decidedly miscellaneous. Those I loaded myself with nitro rifle powder were even more so. It seems that nitro will do very well when you are shooting at a whole army—good fellows at that, whom you had really rather miss than hit—but that when it comes to putting a bullet into the most obnoxious part of a grizzly's spinal column it is better to depend on the old familiar black diamond dust. By the way, speaking of animals dropping "as if struck by lightning," did anybody ever see them do it except when hit in the head or spinal column?

The article on caribou shooting was choice. Here we have exact facts, not theory. The writer's objection to the Gould bullet for animals the size of the caribou seems well taken. But I believe that if it can be so tempered as to mushroom and not split off, it is a good missile for deer and animals of a similar size. I am inclined myself to try the 350 solid bullet made of nearly pure lead, so as to mushroom. My experience is that if a rifle is kept clean lead bullets can be shot from it without any serious loss of accuracy. It would seem that the 405 bullet with about a 20-grain hole in the point ought to be good. That would give a weight of 385grs., with a heel long enough and heavy enough to penetrate well and deliver a heavy shock.

AZTEC.

SAN LUIS POTOSI, MEX.

Bull-bat Shooting.

"A BULL-BAT—what's a bull-bat?"

"Why, don't you know what a bull-bat is?"

He did not explain, and not knowing any other name for it, he was like the old wise-in-his-conceit darky who wouldn't gratify the "phorocity" of his ignorant sable friend who wanted to be informed as to what "dat transom of Venus wus." Hence I was left with my "phorocity" until September, at which time I saw the thing he meant, which in all probability is the whippoorwill.

The bird is seldom seen here, except for two or three weeks in September; and as the days of this month draw near there begins a sharp lookout for the bull-bats, for fine sport is expected. Good, bad and indifferent shooters, boys as well as men, are on the watch, and on the first appearance of the birds they repair in haste to the outskirts of town, for their flight lasts only for an hour or two and it behooves the shooters to make the most of their time. Soon the air is filled with the bats, silent as the owl in their flight, irregular in their course, darting upward, downward, to right and left, now overhead, now skimming swallow-like near the ground in the eager pursuit of food, heedless of man and fearless of his death-dealing arm. *Ala* Tennyson, to the right of you, to the left of you, behind, before you, all around you, they furnish excitement to the shooter not altogether of a tame character. The firing is incessant. For an hour it is a continuous fusillade, not unlike volleys of musketry in battle. I think I do not exaggerate in saying that 1,000 shots are fired sometimes during an hour within an area not over a quarter of a square mile. This is when the birds fly as I have described. More often they fly rather high, not one in ten being low enough for good range; and many inexperienced shooters, whose judgment of distance is faulty, waste any amount of ammunition.

The flight of the birds begins about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, but is not always on consecutive days. The sport lasts for a week or two, after which the bat is seldom seen. The noise of firearms doesn't seem to startle him, but when picked up wounded he sometimes utters a chattering sound indicative of fear. I suppose he gets his name, bull-bat, from the chubbiness of his head. He is plump and fat, and makes a very palatable pie or stew. I can't see that there is the least diminution in numbers of these birds, but rather an increase yearly.

N. D. ELTING.

CENTRAL CITY, W. Va.

[The bull-bat is the night hawk (*Chordeiles Virginianus*). It is an insect eater and not properly a game bird.]

Chickens and Deer.

A FRIEND just in from North Dakota wheat fields, where he has been in the interest of agricultural implements, says there is a good crop of prairie chickens up there.

Mr. Magee and party, of Winchester, Ind., just back from an outing in northern Wisconsin, report deer quite plentiful. They were camped sixteen miles from Fifield, on the spot our tents stood in October, '94. They found excellent bass fishing in the lakes and muskys in the Flambeau River.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

Texas Plover Shippers.

VICTORIA, Tex., Sept. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* With reference to the party who is shipping plover from this point, I would say that I have been able to make an investigation of some shipments, and that so far I have found nothing to substantiate the report that he was shipping immature quail. Personally, I was glad to find no evidence of violation of the game law, as it seems to me far better—and I believe your paper will join with me in this feeling—that there should be no violation of it than that there should be such violation, even if discovered

W. M. PETICOLAS

A Florida Game Country.

Editor Forest and Stream:

About twenty-five miles south of Kissimmee, Osceola county, Fla., three large lakes lie closely together with an immense marsh surrounding them on three sides.

Into the lakes flow several creeks, and the lakes and creeks are full of black bass weighing from 1lb. up to 16lbs. The fishing is simply grand. I will guarantee to show you more bass there in the same length of time than you ever saw before.

The marshes afford a feeding place for countless number of ducks and snipe. Just after the first cold wind in October the snipe begin to come in and they come by thousands, also the ducks; the ducks are of a variety known as the Florida duck and mallards.

Out in the woods are all the quail you can shoot, and on the west side of these lakes is one of the finest deer and turkey countries in the State. R. R. T.

Holeb Lake.

THE "ideal camp" described in our issue of Aug. 15 is situated on an island in Holeb Lake, Maine, not Hobb Lake, as was then printed.

Sea and River Fishing.

IN THE FAR NORTH LAND.—II.

[*For first paper see issue of Aug. 22.*]

THE great lakes and rivers of British America north of latitude 60° abound in fish which in size and quality far surpass those of more southern districts. In that vast and barren land they form a large part of the food supply, the Indians drying them for use in summer, or "hanging" them in the frosty autumn days for winter consumption.

The salmon of the Pacific is not found except near the mouths of several Arctic rivers, but there are other members of the salmon family as valuable for food as the better known species of the western coast. One of these is the *Salmo mackenzie*, or the "inconnu" of the early *voyageurs*. This I saw first at the Rapids of the Drowned on Great Slave River. At a glance it resembled the "silver salmon" of Alaska, but the head was larger and the shape less graceful. The inconnu, like a true salmon, has its home in the sea, ascending the rivers to spawn. It is found in the large rivers of Alaska—the Kowak, Youkon and Kuskowick—and in Backs Fish River and the Anderson of the Barren Grounds. There is a species also closely allied, if not identically the same as the inconnu, in the Obé, Lena, Kolyma and other rivers of Siberia.

The inconnu appears about the middle of June at Fort Smith, 1,400 miles from the Arctic Ocean, and would no doubt continue its journey up the Great Slave River as far south as Lake Athabasca were it not for the fierce Rapids of the Drowned, which at this point bar the river. During its long journey no obstruction breaks the flow of the mighty Mackenzie, and the fish arrive in fine condition compared with the mutilated and dying salmon one sees in the headwaters of the Columbia and Fraser in British Columbia. The specimens which I saw averaged about 12lbs. apiece, the flesh in the more southern districts being a bluish white, and very palatable, though inferior to whitefish. At the Delta of the Mackenzie, where the fish were fresh run from the sea, the flesh was firmer, of much finer flavor, and pinkish white in color.

While at the Rapids of the Drowned I talked with William Flett, an intelligent Louchoux Indian, who, as a boy, had accompanied the late Robert Kennicott on his expedition to Alaska, in 1865. William Flett told me that the largest inconnu ever seen by him was caught at the Mackenzie Delta, and weighed 50lbs. Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, of Washington, D. C., gives this weight as the maximum one, but Mr. Camsell, chief factor of the Mackenzie District, told me of an enormous specimen of 90lbs. weight. This was taken by an Indian at the mouth of Hay River, on the southern shore of Great Slave Lake. It was so large that when carried on the back of an Indian its head projected over his shoulder, while the tail dragged on the ground. The Louchoux name for the inconnu is "thly-oog-cho," meaning a long, narrow fish, perhaps referring to its elongated snout. The proper pronunciation for this name is a combination of a gurgle and a chuckle.

I tried in vain to catch the inconnu with hook at spinning bait while camping near the Rapids of the Drowned. The Eskimos at the Mackenzie Delta take the fish by both means, and it is probable that the inconnu, like the Pacific salmon, will refuse food while far inland on its way to the spawning grounds. I have fished successfully for salmon with trolls and artificial flies in the bays and mouths of rivers in Alaska, though I failed to capture one in the upper reaches of the Columbia River.

Although the inconnu is a valuable food fish in the far north, it plays a less important part than the whitefish. This, in numbers and quality, is far and away the best fish in British America. There are several species, the most widely distributed being the common whitefish of the Great Lakes. The usual weight is about 3lbs., though it often attains a much larger size. It spawns in September and October, and at such times the Indians fill their nets as fast as they can be lowered. The Hudson Bay Co.'s posts consume an enormous number of fish, a "district" or head post requiring about 18,000 during the year for their officers, servants and sledge dogs.

The great lake trout or "namaycush" abounds also in the north, reaching a weight of more than 60lbs. It varies as much in the color of its skin and flesh as does the trout of our Great Lakes. Small specimens are often taken in the whitefish nets, which have a 5 or 5½in. mesh, but the largest are captured with cod hooks and bait. Perhaps the finest fish in the country are those of Great Bear Lake. The depth of this inland sea, its extent of 14,000 square miles and the clearness of its waters, supplied by the cold, rushing streams which come from the Barren Lands, all combine to render the fish exceptionally fine. Great Bear Lake was too far out of our course for me to visit it, but I saw the Bear River, its outlet. Not far from the Hudson Bay Company's post, Fort Norman, the Bear sweeps into the Mackenzie in a fine curve at the point where Bear Rock rears its precipitous cliffs 1,400ft. above the level of the river. For some distance beyond the junction the two bodies of water remain quite distinct: on one side the great flood of the Mackenzie, pale brown in color, opaque with the sediment brought from the south; on the other the steel-blue current of the Bear, clear as crystal, rolling rapidly and smoothly, unbroken by ripple of fish or insect.

Having a few hours to spare one evening, I determined to try the river with rod and line, though with little hope of success. Duncan, one of the men at the post, and I took a small skiff and rowed some distance up the Bear. It was after 10 o'clock, but there was broad daylight; and as we passed under the banks we could hear the bees humming busily over the patches of early primroses, Arctic asters and Indian pinks.

For an hour we tested the fishing carefully with bait, spoon and artificial fly, but not a rise did we have. Leaning over the water's edge, I dipped my hand into the water. It was icy cold and a few seconds made my fingers smart and tingle. We knew the river was full of fish, but they evidently were to be taken only by nets, and at last we gave up in despair and turned our faces homeward. We paused as we passed the company's nets to see what they had captured. The nets had a mesh of 2 or 2½in. and were weighted down at the lower edge by stones and floated at the upper one by wooden buoys. Duncan pulled up length after length, revealing scores of beautiful fish caught by the gills. They were round, fat, about 2lbs. in weight and as bright as burnished silver. In the north they are known as the "herring," but are in fact a true whitefish (*Coregonus lucidus*). Sir John Richardson, of the Franklin Arctic Expedition, found them in this locality and gave them the name. They resemble the cisco of Lake Superior (*Coregonus artedi*), but are superior in quality, and there are differences which a scientist would detect in the formation of the head.

The grayling (*Thymallus signifer*), or "blue fish," as it is called in the Mackenzie District, was met with halfway down the river. We had put ashore to get some wood, and were detained some time. I hastily caught some "bull-dogs" (a kind of deer fly) and with fly and bait rod went a little distance from the boat. A missionary, who was on board, went with me, using my bait rod while I tried some artificial flies. We could see the fish breaking the surface of the water in midstream and I hoped for some good sport. But I seemed fated to have no fishing. We had hardly reached the spot when a sudden gale arose, making it impossible for me, by no means a skillful caster, to throw the flies far enough in the face of the wind. Just as I was about to take the bait rod that missionary caught with it our only grayling. I was delighted to see it, even if I was not to be its fortunate captor. It certainly was a beauty: a male fish, 10in. in girth, 18in. long and weighing 2½lbs. The general color was a purplish silver, the tail a soft red gray, the large dorsal fin a dark bottle-green, with changing light blue and light green spots on it, and lovely iridescent hues. The lower fin greenish gray, with pink and purple stripes; eyes dark brown or black, with golden rims. The stomach was full of small stones, vegetable matter like half-digested grass and small sticks, a beetle, a grasshopper and many May flies.

The storm increasing, we were obliged to give up our fishing and return to the boat. I saw the grayling once more at Big Island, where the Mackenzie leaves Great Slave Lake, but we did not pause long enough to try the fishing.

The grayling is found in the Barren Lands east and north of Great Slave Lake, and in the cold rapid streams flowing into the Mackenzie. I did not hear of it south of the lake, though it probably exists in the mountain streams that feed the headwaters of the Peace and Athabasca rivers. The Louchoux Indians at the Delta call it the "Tsee-Jah" or "Shee-Jah." "Shee" means a knife in Louchoux, and the name probably is an allusion to the great dorsal fin which resembles a knife-blade.

This fish must afford fine sport with light tackle. The one we caught was delightfully gamy and fought as well as a Nipigon trout. The grayling are very active, jumping clear from the water after insects or seemingly in play. They love clear water, and are not found near Fort Rae on a branch of Great Slave Lake, where the waters are shallow and often muddy; nor are they taken at that point in the Mackenzie where the Liard River pours a turbid flood into the main stream.

This species was first discovered by Sir John Richardson in the Barren Lands. It differs from the southern grayling (variety *ontariensis*) in having larger scales and the great dorsal fin being much higher, with more rows of spots. During my whole journey I had few opportunities of fishing; either we were traveling without pausing night or day or the waters were unfavorable for fish. I regretted this especially at the Delta and Peels River post, the most interesting places on our voyage.

At the latter place I purchased some Eskimo hooks, or baits made of walrus ivory or blue soapstone, found on the shores of the Arctic Ocean. These were used in trolling, with lines of whalebone, and were most skillfully fashioned. The largest were about 5in. long, and had toward one end a nail inserted sharpened and bent like a hook. On the ivory were little figures of whales and seals etched with some black substance, while some were ornamented only with black lines and dots. The herring hooks were not more than ⅜in. in diameter, several being fastened with short 5in. snells to the main line of whalebone. The Eskimo through an interpreter assured me that inconnu of even 12lbs. weight could be captured with these small hooks by "going very easy." The large baits were used for inconnu and the great lake trout. The Eskimos take fish also by nets or by fishing with bait through the ice. Whitefish and other species of freshwater fish are found in Mackenzie Bay, far out beyond the Delta. Such a vast body of fresh water is discharged through the many channels of the Delta that the influence of the ocean is hardly felt for many miles.

I secured one hook and line which closely resembled those of the Alaska Indians. The line was of reindeer skin, and the hook was made of bone securely lashed at a sharp angle to a small stick of wood with thongs of reindeer skin.

As we were passing through one of the river channels on our return, we heard a shout from the shore, and a long-pointed Louchoux canoe darted out from the shore, its occupant signaling for us to stop. We knew that the Indian had fish for barter, and as our supply of dried reindeer meat was falling short, the captain checked the boat's speed and the canoe was drawn up alongside. It was half filled with inconnu and whitefish, and never have I seen more beautiful fish. The inconnu were fat and round as little mackerel, and averaged at least 18lbs. apiece. I selected a smaller one of 12½lbs. and a whitefish of 5½lbs.; as I had not alcohol enough to preserve the whole fish, the captain and I fell to work and soon had two skins which could be packed in smaller bulk. The latter proved to be *Coregonus richardsonii* or *Coregonus kennicottii* of Milner. It was a female, and at that time, July 15, was full of eggs about the size one sees in shad in April. These whitefish were nearly the same size, averaging perhaps 6lbs. apiece, and were very round and fat, with large brownish scales. And I can testify that never have I tasted more delicious fish; no, not even a Nipigon trout fresh from the rapids, eaten after a hard day of portaging and paddling.

I saw splendid inconnu of 25 and 30lbs. weight at Fort Good Hope, near the Arctic Circle, and at Peel's River post. I heard, too, of fine mountain trout taken in the spurs of the mountain and west of the post. These may be the malma trout, or it is possible that the rainbow trout is found here as well as in the more southerly ranges of the Rockies near the Canadian Pacific Railway.

The far north offers a wide field for the naturalist. Mr. Macfarlane and other officers of the Hudson Bay Company have done valuable work in ornithology, but the fish, smaller animals, insects and plants remain to be carefully studied. A few imperfect collections have been made by Polar expeditions in certain districts, but immense tracts of country are still practically unknown, never having been seen by white men.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Minnesota Matters.

SPRING PARK, Lake Minnetoka, Minn., Aug. 28.—There is an old saying among men of the cloth—the green cloth—that nothing will beat luck. The FOREST AND STREAM luck is proverbial, and of a sort, I am persuaded, to put one in a position to give that unfortunate gentleman, Napoleon I., cards and spades. The main difference between Napoleon and me, as near as I can discover by diligent reading of the current monthly magazines, is that, although we both have been broke at times and have both had good runs of luck, his luck ran out on him entirely after a while, whereas mine never has. Napoleon, for instance, was never at Lake Minnetonka, and in fact seems never to have known anything at all about the possibilities of the beautiful State Minnesota. Napoleon may have worn a sword with diamonds on it, as against a plain six-shooter with a wooden handle, but he can't eat three meals a day where he is now and I can. Napoleon may have a larger and colder coffin than I will ever have, but he has got none the best of me, for I can sleep in a tent, and sit by a camp-fire and watch the moon come up over Minnetonka, and do a lot of things that he can't and never could. In short, the difference between me and Napoleon is mainly one of point of view. Napoleon has been taken up and boomed by the magazines; and I have not, that is all. Really, when it comes to this destiny business, I am a lot luckier than Napoleon.

The FOREST AND STREAM luck this week has brought me to a part of this big and wonderful United States hitherto unknown to me, though known about, vaguely, by all who live within 800 miles of it on any side—that is to say, the wonderful lower lake country of Minnesota, the State of lakes. While by no means new, this State is by no means known. I have long thought that Minnesota was soon to succeed Wisconsin as the main field of the sporting travel of Chicago, and certainly it seems as though Minnesota had enough of resource to stay and content for many decades the angler, the shooter, the tourist, and, above all, the summer traveler.

Lake Minnetonka I had always pictured to myself as a nice sort of pond, with a big hotel on each side of it, and a few boats with perch fishermen anchored out between the hotels. I thought they had a band come out once in a while and play a few popular airs, and that the girls put on their good gowns once in a while and had callers on the front porch; and sometimes they all went riding on a hay wagon, the guests of one hotel visiting those of the other. I thought Lake Minnetonka must be anyway more than a mile across.

Investigation proves that I was a little shy on facts about Minnetonka. Instead of being a pond or a lake it is a sea, made up of many lakes. It has a shore line of over 120 miles, and one so broken and varied that one can never see more than a small part of it from any one view. It has two big railroads to feed it, and some day that vigorous Westerner, Jim Hill, will just about build a railroad clear around it. It has three big hotels, miles apart, where hay wagons do not constitute the chief means of locomotion, and there are dozens of towns and villages built along its shores, and of its 100 miles of available shore front over fifty miles are built up with cottages and summer homes. It is a vast summer city whose population comes from the cream of the West and South and East. All the world here is free from care. All the world sails, swims, rows, fishes, and is happy. What a relief, to leave behind the great city where all are unhappy, and land after a night of sleep in a city where every one is happy. There the hurrying people all wear the frown of care. Here every neighbor has a smile. Unlucky Napoleon, to have been concerned so closely with affairs of business!

Mr. Carrington Phelps is a long-time member of the FOREST AND STREAM family, who was aware of the fact that both Napoleon and myself were shy on Minnetonka, so he invited us both out for a look at the country. Napoleon sent regrets, poor fellow, but here I am.

Mr. Phelps has 580 acres of the best land around Minnetonka, with timber and bluffs and that sort of thing, and at one of the loveliest parts of this body of land he has pitched his summer camp for several years. Here there is a fine dining hall fully 25ft. long, made, like a claim shack, of boards and tar paper, and a big house tent and a big sleeping tent, and some log stables, and a boat landing, and everything on earth you need for happiness in summer. Mr. and Mrs. Phelps and their son Carrington live here with their guests for four to six months each year. I think I shall live here six months or so myself, for I feel as though I were going to like the place. The home camp is on a bold bluff above a great expanse of the lake, and the view is lovely by day or by the moonlit night. An Aztec camp-fire, perpetual, unextinguished, burns in the middle of the community, bright and high at night, low and comfortable by day, so that always one has insensibly about that most soothing and comforting of odors, the smell of sweet smoke. It is astonishing

how one comes to be used to this faint smell, so that he misses it when away. So far we have been too comfortable to go fishing, but the walls of the dining hall bear an array of heads of fishes—17lb. pickerel, 5lb. bass, and the like—which show what Minnetonka has up her sleeve. And near by, in a place which my friends wot of—seventy-five miles is near by nowadays—there are some prairie chickens, and next week comes opening day. Alas! Napoleon, in every way except that of marble coffins you are not in it.

Minnetonka has sporting news about it in abundance, as has any place always where out of doors folk foregather. For instance, I learn of a certain type of yacht here of which I have not seen mention ever in FOREST AND STREAM, but which threatens to make revolution in Western sailing matters at least. This is the half-catamaran known as the Tartar. The man who built this boat knew about the Malay catamaran, and its faults as well as its virtues; so he made the bow of his boat like that of any boat (above water), and the stern of it he made like a catamaran, as who should say, he could have made a whole catamaran if he had tried. The result is a boat which theoretically and scientifically cannot possibly sail a lick on earth, but which practically and actually does sail about twice as fast as all the other boats. It is most singular, and at times most annoying, to see the perverse stupidity of facts.

Another item of interest to outdoor folk I find in Mr. Phelps's house tent in the form of a chimney. Most tent stoves wind up in a blaze of glory by burning the tent down on the first rainy day, when you need the tent most. Mr. Phelps has made a stovepipe which is also a tent pole. This stovepipe is an upright wooden tent pole for about 5ft., then it goes into a socket and becomes a galvanized iron stovepipe, with a hole in the side for the pipe from the stove. At the top of the tent this stovepipe tent pole swells out into a hollow cylinder, perforated for ventilation. Above the tent this cylinder is continued up in the form of a chimney, insuring a draft for the stove and carrying off all smoke. The tent, guarded by a leather collar, slips right down over the chimney as though it were a spike in the top of the pole, and stops away from it on each side. The idea is only a civilized adaptation of the Sibley tent and Indian tepee idea, one of the best ever hit upon by tent dwellers in search of warmth and freedom from smoke. Mr. Phelps guards against sparks by treating his tents occasionally with an alum solution. If a spark falls on this sort of a tent it burns in a small round hole which does not spread. A dry cotton tent not thus prepared will burn cheerfully down to the tent pins.

E. HOUGH.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XI.—Gen. Martin Miller.

WITH clothing torn and bloody, his face bruised and cut, one eye blackened and swollen shut, Mat Miller came down the main street in Greenbush one day. Beside him walked a giant negro like Eugene Aram, "with gyves upon his wrists," and in a condition like Mat's as to face and clothing. This sight so impressed me that it always came up whenever I heard of or saw Mr. Miller. We little boys had never seen such a sight, and when we learned that the colored desperado had been a terror to the country for miles around, and was a burglar, and that Constable Miller, having learned that he was sleeping in the old spook-house barn, had attacked him alone and captured him after a long and fierce fight, he was our hero. We learned in later years that this genial fine-looking athlete was the champion wrestler of Rensselaer county, and at "collar and elbow" or "square hold" could lay the local wrestlers on their backs. But this capture of the powerful burglar overtopped his other feats.

Some time after this event Herr Driesbach, the great animal trainer, wintered his menagerie in the village, in the stables of Bill Gaines, the local racing man, on Broadway, just below Columbia street, back of Fly's brick store, which still stands there. In those days the circus and the menagerie were two distinct things. The circus had no animals, while the menagerie had a ring in which dogs and monkeys rode on ponies and appealed to that portion of the public which objected to men and women in tights. In early days, when my father's barges brought emigrants up the river to Albany, Jake Driesbach was an emigrant runner for a line of canal boats which took them to Buffalo. He then went to Germany, and returned as "Herr Driesbach, the world-renowned lion tamer." Boys were not wanted in the stables, but as father's business froze up when the river did, and Driesbach came to our house in the long evenings to play chess with father, I had the run of the show, to the envy of the other boys, who could not get in unless I chose to take them. To be on intimate terms with so great a man—for a lion tamer is the biggest kind of man to a small boy—was indeed a pleasure unknown to men who were never boys. By that I mean those old fellows who were born "young men" and never had any fun because they had no inclination for it.

The privilege of seeing these animals at all times was something, but to witness the rehearsals that were necessary to keep both men and animals in readiness for the opening performance in the spring was a thing that a real live full-blooded boy would naturally class as but little below paradise, if he didn't consider it a dozen miles above. As the village constable, Mat Miller walked in the menagerie when he pleased. In fact any reputable citizen could, the line was drawn at boys who might get hurt or into mischief. There was no steam-heating apparatus in those days, and the two elephants, the giraffe (the first one ever in America), the monkeys and other inhabitants of warm countries were in the end where the great stoves were. One day a chained elephant became scared at something; Driesbach said the animal saw a mouse and feared it would go up its trunk. The cage containing the royal Bengal tiger was overturned and pandemonium, or the Cooper Union after an Anarchist meeting was a Quaker assembly compared to it. The elephants trumpeted, lions roared, hyenas howled, monkeys screamed and what the cockatoo said is lost. "Mat" was there and so was Driesbach and the writer. The constable jumped, grabbed the cage by the top and forced it back to its place at the expense of a coat and a torn shoulder from the tiger's claws. Driesbach was astounded at the quickness and strength of this unassuming man and offered him a lucrative position to travel with him, which was declined. Me? O, yes! After it was all over "Dandy" Nesbitt the jockey, Tom Scribner and I were found safe under the wagon where the trick bear had his residence.

Up to about 1845 there was lots of fun every year at "general training." This was an assembling of the uniformed and the ununiformed militia for several days or a week's drill in camp, as required by law. The ununiformed militia consisted of every man between certain ages, not specially exempted, who could, I think, escape by paying a certain sum. It was a grand spree for some and the guard-house was always well filled with drunks. When in garrison in later years this gang was known as Company Q.

Martin Miller was a general of militia, but of what rank I never knew, in fact, rank was unknown to us boys beyond the fact that there were officers and privates. It was my fortune to see two "general trainin's," one on the farm of John Morris, above the village, and the other at Clinton Heights. Then I think the law was changed and they were abolished, perhaps before 1845, for I was then old enough to remember more than two such rackets. It was a great event. Drums, flags, the squads of farmers' boys who couldn't keep step to the drum, the neat uniforms of some of the companies, the usual crowd of bumpkins, yokels, three-card-monte men, thimble-riggers, sweat boards, chuck-luck and other gamblers, peanuts, gingerbread and, above all, General Martin Miller resplendent in *chapeau bras*, epaulet, sword and sash, mounted on a white horse, trying to bring order out of chaos. If all these things did not make soldiers for the State out of the rawest kind of material it certainly made a very large day for the small boy.

If any one trait was more prominent than another in the mental make-up of General Miller it was his love of boys and his desire to see them have fun. Having no children of his own at that time, he was fond of those of his neighbors. Things were getting along in shape and the gamblers were reaping a harvest when the General invited a crowd of boys to follow him if they wanted to see some fun. Every sweat board and chuck-luck table had piles of coin of all sizes and values piled up to show their ability to pay bets, and as the General came alongside of one he would wheel his horse suddenly, clap the spurs to him and that gambler's coin was scattered far and wide, a harvest for those who could reap. Somehow the gamblers did not appear to like this, judging from their remarks.

Years after this the General became a grocer and in that very democratic community subsided into plain, every-day Mat Miller, so called by every man, woman and child in the village.

We were in his store one day talking of going down to the Popskinny for a couple of days' fishing and to camp in Rivenburg's barn in the hay.

"What do you boys do down there at night?" he asked. "Perhaps you raid Teller's potato patch and roast his potatoes with his fence rails. I think I'll go along to keep you straight."

"Come along," said Billy Shaw, "we'll let you gather drift-wood and then you'll know whether we use fence rails or not.'

"Yes," chipped in John Atwood, "and you can hook the potatoes too, if you want 'em. We never trouble the farmers and they don't trouble us. We take our grub along and just cook a few fish."

Billy Atwood, a boy who seldom said anything, remarked: "Mat might go and milk some of Rivenburg's cows if he wants to eat his fish in milk," a reference to a man who was said to have tried this dish on recommendation of one Harleigh Mather, whose humor lay in such things. This man was known as "Suckers and Milk" until life became a burden to him and he moved away. This same irreverent joker in after years replied to a clergyman who wished to know how to cook frogs: "Oh, we stew them just as we do bats." I do not approve of this sort of thing except when I do it myself.

Rivenburg's barn was only used to store hay in until it could be pressed into bales and sent off, therefore it was empty most of the year, but there was always enough loose hay left to sleep in. It was one of the finest barns you ever saw, for ventilation. The doors were off the hinges and were propped up by poles. We did not disturb them, but walked in from whichever side was convenient. The double doors were, if I remember, a trifle larger than the other holes.

John Atwood had brought the worms for bait in some old mustard boxes, and we assured Mat that they were not brought in the coffee-pot because that had been kept hidden in the barn as part of our permanent outfit, along with the frying-pan and tin cups. Hot coffee, fried sausages and other things saw us comfortably fed by sundown. Great clouds came up and the wind shook the barn and we hurried to the tightest corner as the storm suddenly broke over us. The thunder made the barn shake and it could not have rained harder. Flash after flash came so fast and the thunder followed so quickly that one could hardly note the interval. Heaven's artillery opened right over us and every fellow was doing his own thinking and keeping it to himself. Billy Shaw was the exception. He ventured to remark: "Maybe you fellows like this, but I wish I was home!" That broke the spell and he was nearly smothered in the hay which they piled on him. During this smothering of Shaw I saw, or believe I saw, a flash of lightning shoot up from the ground. It was so close to the barn that it seemed as if a man had shot a gun in the air. Two boards were off that side and there was no man there. If such a thing ever occurs, I saw an instance of it, if it does not I was deceived. No hole in the ground was visible in the morning, but half a century has not dimmed the picture.

Such a rain never lasts long and soon the stars were shining, and we rebuilt the little fire, and with dry material from the barn for seats were enjoying life, when the sound of oars was heard, and soon the lapping of the water under the bottom of a little scow told that a boat was near.

"Halt! Who comes there?" was the challenge of the General.

Bill Atwood, John's younger brother, who had already shown symptoms of nautical bacteria which eventually dragged him to a sailor's life, hailed the coming craft with: "Aboard the scow! Pull on yer starb'd oar or you'll foul our coffee-pot!"

A few more strokes and the boat was beached and out stepped the old trapper, Port Tyler. "Where's that coffee-pot?" said he, "I'm wet an' cold and some hot coffee is just what I want. No, thanks, nothing to eat, I've got lots. Why, Mat Miller! What you doin' here campin out with these boys? I see ye all go by when I was hid in the lilypads around the bend yonder watchin' for wood ducks, an' I knowed the hull lot on'y Mat, an' I'd a knowed him ef I'd a suspected he'd come a-campin' with you boys. What 're ye up to, Mat? Burglars or thieves been on the island, or are ye on'y lookin' up the boys that's just come of age and just goin' to vote for the first time this fall?"

"Sit down here," said the General, "get outside of this warm coffee. I'm not looking for you, but there's a widow up there at John Morris's rope-walk that is, and she'll get you too if you don't look out."

This was a clean knock-out, for if ever there was a man who was shy of a woman it was that confirmed old bachelor, Port Tyler.

The stars twinkled. Venus just about to disrobe and retire for the night winked at Polaris, the night clerk, and hid herself behind Bethlehem woods. A night heron said "quawk" in a derisive tone, and even the little barn owl seemed unduly hilarious as it alighted on the gable of the barn with a field-mouse. Then there was a vast wave of silence that rose like the battle waves of Ossian and overflowed the lands on either side of the historic Popskinny. No doubt old Port might have thought with Hamlet:

> "It is not, nor it cannot come to good;
> But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue."

This is merely surmise. Miller's shot struck home, and the bashful trapper took it in silence. Not a leaf stirred. Billy Shaw finally ventured to ask, "What kind o' game are you after, Port?"

Oh, just lookin' for yellow-legs and shore birds. I've got three young *quawks in the boat, and nobody about here eats 'em but me; so I can't sell 'em, an' if you'll eat 'em I'll cook 'em."

By unanimous consent it was voted "a go," or words to that effect. Billy Shaw had no fear of thunder now that it was not in his immediate front, said that we were down for fun and might as well have it. "If you are not hungry now," said he, "you will be by the time old Port gets these song birds dressed and cooked."

John Atwood and I took Port's boat and put out his set lines for eels, in order to have fish for breakfast. These lines were of ¼in. cord, reaching from bank to bank. At every 2ft. was a 1ft. snood tied with a "bow-timber hitch," dropping only 1ft. below. This enabled the fisher to snatch a snood loose and drop it in the boat, eel or no eel; but the beauty of Tyler's rig was the eyed hooks with a knot above and one below, which prevented an eel from unlaying the snood and breaking it strand by strand, merely turning the hook as if on a swivel. There is no patent on it.

The quawks were roasted when we returned after putting out the eel lines in several places, and the fact that we had eaten one supper did not prevent us from eating of the strange birds, and they were not a bit fishy, as one would suppose, but were tender and good. Port had set up a wind break and heat reflector by the fire and hung the birds on strings, so that they kept twisting round. When we came to crawl into the hay for the night Billy Shaw seemed a bit nervous and inquired if there might be rats about, and that started stories of enormous rats that lived along the creek and in the barns, all for his benefit. The little owl would whinny not unlike a horse, and Billy was evidently uneasy until Miller ran a stick in a wiggling way into the hay and said something about snakes. Then Billy vowed that he would go home. The General owned up and persuaded him to lie down, and the next we knew the night had gone.

We had eels enough for breakfast on the first line, and then Port took up the others and left us. We fished until near noon, when the fish took a rest and we gathered at the barn, each with several strings of perch, bullheads and rock bass. John Atwood had a strange fish, one that none of the party had ever seen before. We learned that it was a black bass, a Western fish that had come into the Hudson by way of the Erie Canal, so Harleigh said, and he was the village authority on fish and fishing. Just why the bass have not become more plenty in the upper river is a problem. Down about Newburgh, where the water is often somewhat brackish, they seem to be more plentiful. A little more fishing in the afternoon, and we went home after sundown. The General declared it was a pleasant trip, but I never knew him to fish before or after this once.

Back of Ruyter & Van Valkenburg's tannery there was a great heap of spent tanbark to tumble in, and Jimmy Brown and I practiced somersaults there; the other boys merely jumped. This interested the General, and he would help us in a whirl with his strong arm, which landed us on our feet. This was a special help in the back flop. Poor Jimmy Brown! We used to play the banjo for each other's jigs on the sanded floor until he was burned up on the steamer Reindeer in the summer of 1850. General Miller also taught us to wrestle in the "collar and elbow" and "square hold" styles, and always impressed his correction of a fault upon us by taking hold himself and making the faulty one put his foot or his weight in the wrong position and then quickly laid him on his back. There were many fair wrestlers then among the boys of Greenbush.

One winter, when the ice was exceptionally good, he proposed a skating party to Hudson, some twenty-eight miles down the river. We had an ice boat that some of the boys built, and this was to go along to pick up stragglers and to return on. Cub Wilson sailed the boat. A Greenbush boy of those days had little reverence and less respect in his composition, and nicknames were common. Wilson was then about twenty-five years old, fat and unwieldy, and had been called Cub from boyhood and didn't mind it. He may have had a given name, and no doubt his mother called him by it. The party consisted of John Atwood, John and Hiram Stranahan, Jerry Van Beuren, James Miles, Isaac Polhemus, John Phillips, General Miller and myself, the youngest in the party. We started in the morning about 8. A light south wind was in our faces, and coats and overcoats were soon piled on the ice boat. In places the ice was too rough to skate, and once we took off the skates and walked about half a mile. Phillips and the Stranahans were the best skaters, and took the lead and kept it, reaching Hudson some

* This is the way we called this night heron, *Nycticorax*. The common name is sometimes spelled "squawk," while some naturalists call it "the qua bird." If you take my spelling and add "quock" to it, and then divide the sum total by two, you will get very near to the bird's own pronunciation of its name, and who should know better than he?

time ahead of us. Atwood, Van Beuren and I brought up the rear. We did the stretch in four and a half hours —some claimed less time—pretty well tired and with numb feet. We all wore high boots. The skates had great turned-over prows ending in brass acorns, were guttered in the bottoms, and strapped so tightly over the foot that the blood could not circulate. We did not think skating possible under any other conditions. When the strap would not take up another hole we drove wooden wedges between the strap and the boot to make it tighter. A few years ago I tried on the old style of skate and could get around a little, but could do nothing with those of the present model.

At Hudson Gen. Miller took us to a hotel and we had a good dinner. We had a strong wind from the west on the homestretch and the ice boat did not have to tack once, and we were not long on the way. Skipper Wilson remarked, "You boys beat me when I had to tack against a head wind, but you couldn't do it now." On telling the story the General said: "The boys are all good skaters, but you should see 'em eat! They cleaned up everything in that hotel, and if they ever go to Hudson again that landlord will close his house when he sees 'em coming."

"Hans Breitmann gife a barty—
Where ish dat barty now?
Where ish de lofely golden cloud
Dat float on de moundain's prow?
Where ish de himmel strahlende stern—
De shtar of de shpirit's light?
All goned afay mit de lager beer—
Afay in de ewigkeit!"

Without intending any levity, this philosophical verse of Leland's comes up when that day is recalled, for all except the writer have passed into the *ewigkeit* of the Plattdeutsche, or *evigkeit* of the German. Five died peacefully. John Atwood was killed by a boiler explosion, Van Beuren was drowned in California, and Phillips was killed by interlocking his "turn-over" skate with that of another boy, and his skull was broken on the ice. Surely I may ask: Where is that party now? And *ewigkeit* or eternity, as you choose, is the only answer.

I learn from one of boyhood's companions who has not yet crossed the Styx that Gen. Martin Miller was born on May 12, 1816; was Doorkeeper of the State Senate in 1845-46; was member of Assembly in 1858, and died in the summer of 1882. The General married a sister of my friend, Garrett M. Van Olinda, who is now in business at 18 Harrison street, New York, and one son survives him.

For a few days during the time of the Mexican war the sleepy little village of Greenbush was disturbed over a very small word and argument ran high. Abram Van Olinda, brother to the General's wife, had raised a company of volunteers for the war and the citizens of Greenbush purchased a sword to be presented to the Captain, but it must have an inscription of some kind to tell who presented it and also who it was presented to. A few had agreed that the blade should be inscribed: "Presented by the citizens of Greenbush to Captain Abram Van Olinda, and never to be sheathed but with honor." This was the sentiment of Volkert P. Douw, Squire Hogeboom and John L. Van Valkenburg. Isaac Fryer moved to strike out the word "but" and insert "except," and Thomas Miles and others backed him. The inscription hung fire and the women of the village took it up and hot arguments were held as to which of the two words was the best to use in the inscription. A meeting of all who had subscribed for the sword was called at Fryer's tavern, and after much argument from each side "Mat" Miller was asked to give his view of how the inscription should read. He rose and said: "'Never to be sheathed but with honor' is good, we all know what it means. We also know what it means if we say, 'Never to be sheathed except with honor,' and it's only a choice of words and 'but' is Dutch." That settled it. The Douws, Van Valkenburgs and Hogebooms were defeated by this thrust. Captain Van Olinda was killed while leading his men at the charge on the heights of Chapultepec, on Sept. 13, 1847. The result of General Miller's epigram is still preserved on the sword, which was sent home and is still in the possession of his family.

Mat Miller—I love to think of him as "Mat"—was a warm friend to boys. Perhaps he liked some boys better than others, but he was always my friend, and he was the manly sort of man that I could look up to with confidence. He was a man when I was a boy. When I was fourteen he was thirty-one, but he was always one of us on such frolics as have been related and never seemed to know of that gulf which separates the fun-loving boy from the money-grubbing man which some men develop into.

General "Mat" Miller! You covered yourself all over with glory when you attacked a desperate burglar, who outclassed you in weight, alone and single-handed in the old "spook-house" barn and brought him to justice. May you be crowned with glory now as the reward of an honest life, is the prayer of your boyish friend.

FRED MATHER.

O, dear! I've "been and gone and done it" again. When I come to read the sketch of Capt. Ira Wood in cold type there is the blunder of placing Mrs. Malaprop, with her "derangement of epitaphs," in the "School for Scandal" instead of "The Rivals." That pens will slip is evident and it is possible for an old fellow's memory to get mixed. No doubt the mail of FOREST AND STREAM will be full of corrections of this slip. All right! Boys, you have got me, and I've not a word of excuse. I only hasten to get this to the office before every one of you has jumped on me. F. M.

SEPT. 4.

MAGNOLIA, Md., Aug. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* From boyhood through life I have been an ardent lover of field sports or rather the enjoyment of nature's beautiful and inseparable surroundings, and still love them equally as well in memory as when a youth, bounding eagerly over the green hills and through the lovely valleys along the margin of the historic river whose waters sing their everlasting dirge along the shores of Mount Vernon. Since age has interposed its prohibition of the practical enjoyment of those exquisite pleasures, I find great consolation in perusing the sporting papers—and I truly say I never was more delighted in reading any article than I was with one in your paper of Aug. 22.

It afforded me infinite pleasure to know that there is a gentleman who has known through life and appreciates the lofty and sterling qualities of a gentleman I take the liberty of calling my friend.

I thank the author for affording me the infinite pleasure of reading his generous and just tribute to my friend, Col. Charles H. Raymond. J. N.

NEW JERSEY COAST FISHING.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Sept. 4.—Despite the fact that the first cool evenings of late August gave us cheering promise of good surf fishing, it has not yet materialized. While there is yet sufficient time, still the outlook is not of the brightest. Striped bass should now be plentiful, as well as kingfish and weakfish; but such is not the case. Fishing, however, continues fair in the rivers and bays, and inland fishing is now the order of the day. Snapper fishing has been looked forward to with great expectations and as a certainty, but not in years have they been so scarce.

The growth of snapper fishing has something of the marvelous in its nature. A few years since it was little appreciated, whereas now but few are too great to pay it homage. With the lightest of tackle, and when the snapper (which is the young of the bluefish) has reached the size of the herring, the sport is grand, and ranks as the best of our salt-water fishing. The average trout rod is too pliant to resist the pressure of the tides in which snapper fishing is always to be had under its best conditions, besides the split-bamboo is soon affected by salt water. I use a very light lancewood stock fitted with a Bethabara tip of lightest caliber 6ft. in length over all. For line I use Barbour's linen thread No. 30, thoroughly oiled, then dried and afterward waxed. This makes a line of extreme lightness, and will resist the action of salt water, which is so ruinous to silk lines. For a float I procure two bottle corks 2½in. long and pass a piece of bamboo through them, having first connected the ends together. I then shave and sandpaper them down, pointed at either end, until the greatest diameter about equals a lead pencil; this will sustain the small bait and split T shot sinker. I use a 3.0 ringed Carlisle hook, to which I fasten a 6in. section of hair wire ending in a small brass swivel, into which the line is fastened. I have found the foregoing rig most admirable, and it gives to the angler every atom of sport obtainable.

There is no doubt but the spearing, or what is usually termed white bait, is the most killing bait to be had, although they will bite readily at almost any fish bait or clam. A strong attraction for the snapper is found in the menhaden when ground or chopped fine and a portion inclosed in a muslin bag or other porous material and hung from the side of the boat. Agitating or gently squeezing the bag at intervals sets free the oil, which creates a slick on the surface of the water, which will be followed by the snapper to its source, no matter how great the distance; and once around the boat, with tackle as above described, fastidious indeed must be the angler who cannot extract true enjoyment therefrom.

LEONARD HULIT.

P. S.—I use a very small Kosmic multiplying reel, which will hold about 80yds. of above line.

BARNEGAT INLET, N. J., Sept. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Bright days, sunny skies and northerly winds are contributing to the sport of pleasure-seekers at Barnegat Bay.

The fishing during the past week has been especially fine in the vicinity of the inlet. Numbers of yachts have caught large quantities of bluefish in the inlet, and many captains report good catches of large weakfish and croakers just outside the bar.

I saw one of the first flocks of ducks last Thursday. There were about fifty of them and they were headed southward. SEA DOG.

ANGLING NOTES.

Shad in August.

A NEWSPAPER that comes to me daily prints a lot of information about what to eat and how to cook it. I did not know about this feature, as I never happened to strike the culinary department of the paper until one of my family asked me if shad were in season in August; and then I read under "Menu for Friday, Aug. 7: * * * Dinner—Clam broth, planked shad," etc. I answered the question by saying that the legal shad season extended only from March 15 to June 15, but the query made me think of something.

The expression, "Poor as a June shad," is meant to convey the idea that a June shad is a pretty poor article, but if you consult a shad fisherman on the subject he will tell you that the best shad are taken, or rather used to be taken, in July. I was out with the shad netters on the Hudson one night this year and naturally the conversation was about shad. Some of the oldest men on the river were present and all agreed that a July shad was sweeter and fatter than any caught earlier in the season; that shad improved the longer they were in the water, and it used to be the regular thing, before the law interfered, to set the shad nets on the night of July 3 to get shad for a Fourth of July feast. Further, that shad were taken with hard roe as late as August; this was not unusual; and that shad had been netted in the Hudson as late as November.

So in talking to a shad fisherman the expression, "Poor as a June shad," will not express what it has been supposed to express during all the years that it has been used. If necessary, this may be amended to read "Poor as a June shad that has spawned," and it will go.

One evening when rowing up the river to the shad-hauling grounds I noticed the young herring turning out of the water exactly as the whitefish do the same trick. This action is particularly noticeable in the round whitefish, or Adirondack "frost fish." Swimming near the surface, if they are disturbed they turn to seek deeper water, and if the surface of the water is still they slap the water with their tails as they turn, and it makes a sound which I have compared to hail on a tin roof, particularly if the school of fish is a large one.

Bullheads.

If I made a note of everything told to me supposed to be unusual about fish, I would have to carry a good big memorandum book to record the strange things. Fortunately perhaps most of the strange things are not as unusual as they are believed to be by those who relate them. Here is one that will bear investigation: An engineer on the N. Y. Central R. R. was spending his vacation at Lake George, and told a friend of mine that about Aug. 20 each year the bullheads come to the surface of the water in the Mohawk River at Schenectady in schools, and that at such time they can be scooped out in a dip net. He did not pretend to account for the action of the fish, but declared that it was a fact, and my friend came to me to explain why it was so. I could only say, if it was so, that the fish were probably feeding on something at the surface that made its appearance about Aug. 20 each year.

This reminds me that I saw the largest brood of bullheads this year that I ever saw. It was at the Cedar Island House dock in the Fourth Lake of the Fulton Chain. Standing on the dock with Col. A. W. Cole, waiting for our guide, I looked into the water and there was a black cloud moving here and there, and I called Col. Cole's attention to the brood of bullheads, and at first he was inclined to think I was not sincere as to what they were. Two parent fish were in attendance, hovering over and around the babies, and in spite of their care a baby skirmisher would get so far away as to be gathered in by waiting fish. The brood was so large that I thought it must be two broods combined. The ranks of the little bullheads were thinned as we watched them, and as they were apparently a week or so old there must have been many more originally, and this was more reason to make me think there were two broods in one, but I never heard of such a thing, and could not determine if what I thought were true.

Stain for Gut.

A writer in the *Fishing Gazette*, London, tells how to stain gut brown, and the editor commends it as a useful discovery. Here is the formula: "It may not be known to your readers that a brown stain may be obtained by this very simple process: Add a few granules of permanganate of potash to a tumblerful of water, and in this immerse the gut, which should have been previously soaked. A few seconds suffice for a fairly deep stain, and I always keep a basin of cold water in which to rinse the gut from time to time. A very few seconds are sufficient to produce an ordinary brown stain. The solution does not injure the gut, and removes the 'glitter.'" I just received some leaders stained very dark, and the maker thinks they are the better for it. I will find out in a few days.

A. N. CHENEY

THE FONTINALIS CLUB, OF MICHIGAN.

IN an earlier article in FOREST AND STREAM mention has been made of the beauty of many of the streams of the lower peninsula of Michigan, and something has been attempted by way of description of their natural excellence as fishing streams for trout. Any such description would be unfair and inaccurate which did not take into account the gradual but unmistakable and inevitable depletion which has taken place in those waters since the country has opened up. It is the history of all the wild regions. As soon as the railroads come there are paths along the trout streams. I spoke in this earlier mention of the disappearance of the grayling in Michigan, and mentioned the character of the trout fishing in some of the streams which once were famous.

It was at that time a matter of surprise to me to hear of a preserved trout stream away up north in the wild country of the pine-clad south peninsula, for it seemed as though each and every stream of that land should still be swarming with trout. I wondered when I heard of gentlemen coming all the way from the town of Grayling, on the Au Sable River, and from Detroit and other cities to fish in this preserved stream, and I could not understand the reason for existence of a trouting club in that country. It seemed to me like carrying coal to Newcastle. This was a different thing from the Castalia Club, of Ohio, which is right at the doors of the settlements and convenient of access for many business men. It seemed to me likely that this Fontinalis Club, which I heard of over on a branch of the Sturgeon, near Vanderbilt, must surely be the idea of a few men not contented with the earth and the fullness thereof. I learned later that it was the idea of a few men who have seen the inevitable advancing, and who have realized what we must all realize before long, that the American system of game and fish laws is inadequate to prevent the extermination of the game and fish of the country. I learned, even in my short experience in that region, that but for the continual stocking of the wildest streams by the State authorities the paths along the streams would long since have disappeared, for there would long ago have ceased to be any trout left worth fishing for. More than that, it became plain to me that even the best of State stocking cannot keep up a supply of trout in a stream, no matter how good a stream it may be naturally, if that stream is left open to the tender mercies of the general fishing public. The latter is bound to solve for itself the great problem of how to both eat your cake and have it, a problem which the wise men tell us never did have but one conclusion to it.

By this no disparagement whatever is intended for the noble efforts of the Michigan Commission to supply cake to the public, for theirs is a work which has restored many streams to the public which once were fished out, and made fishing streams out of some that would otherwise never have had any trout fishing in them. Of this latter fact I had a very good illustration near at hand to the camp on Mullet Lake, not far from Cheboygan, where I was stopping when first I heard of the Fontinalis Club. There was a little, tangled, brushy stream that ran through a cedar swamp for a few miles, and which carried the euphonious name of Nigger Creek. It was said to have trout in it, and I tried it one day. Near its mouth in Mullet Lake I found the farm of the settler, a gigantic negro by the name of Bush, who had been cause for the name of the creek. Bush proved a character in his way, and was able to tell me the history of the stream. He said there never was a trout in it till they were planted there by the Fish Commission some twelve years ago, though he had often since then seen them, lately of a size up to 3 and 4lbs. Bush told me that he came out into that wild pine country as a homesteader immediately at the close of the war, which found him living in West Virginia. He had lived before that in Virginia, and I was surprised to find, out here in a wild Michigan pine wilderness, a man who knew of members of my own family, back in Virginia, more than thirty-five years ago. Bush told me that he had heard of this land open for homesteading, and had concluded he could never start younger, so he had headed for Michigan. He had not known of the thousands of better farming countries he could then have gone

to, but thought that the cold and the terrible labor of clearing up a pine farm was a cheap price for the thought of owning a farm. So he labored on, and sent back for his friends, and they sent for theirs, until there was a colored settlement of some forty families working away up in the Michigan woods. They lumbered in the winter and cleared land when they could, and now their labor has made a little hole in the woods, though here and there a scarred hillside, slowly being eaten up again by the forest, shows all there is left of some man's efforts at making a home for himself. These things Bush showed me and told me about as he took me down to his little creek. He told me where I would see the trout, and I found his statement correct. I had visible proof of the efficacy of State stocking. I saw a dozen trout in my fishing that afternoon which would have weighed over 2lbs. each, and a few which I thought heavier than that. Of trout 10in. long there was abundance.

But there was another lesson in the day on Bush's Creek. The trout were there, and it was generally known that they were there, but the fact that they remained there depended entirely on the fact of their inaccessibility. I fished three miles of that stream, and never saw a worse stretch of water in my life. The cedar windfalls made a protection which but few anglers would care to break through at all, and fewer yet would care to try it a second time. It was not sport in any sense of the word. It was impossible to cast a fly or to use a fly in any way. At times one could not get a hook down to the water at all, so deep was the tangle of interlocked and bristling fallen trees that covered it like a floor. My fly-rod was in constant danger, and my clothing was soon torn. It was impossible to wade and impossible to walk the bank. It was a case of climb and scramble for three miles. There were trout there, to be sure, but only once in a while could one get at them decently, and never at all by means of the fly. No wonder the stream was not fished out, and no wonder there was no path along its bank! Now I had abundance of such fishing as this in my life before, and when I feel that I must have trout to eat I will endure it, albeit I cannot call it sport. But when I came out at the cross road, three miles above the point where I had gone in, and when I stood, black with the grime from burned logs and ragged from the war with cedar stubs, I vowed at the time that never again would I go after trout in such a place. And I registered my belief to myself, there alone in the forest, that I did not believe there was a stream out of doors in Wisconsin or Michigan where a man could wade like a gentleman and catch a basket of trout on the fly. My experience, a somewhat varied one, had once again taught me that where there were trout there was no wading, and where there was wading there were no longer any trout.

Then I walked six miles home and kicked myself every step. And when I got to camp there was an invitation from Mr. Geo. L. Alexander to come for a day on the stream of the Fontinalis Club. I took counsel of my own experience that day, and thought there might be reasons for this club. But still I was skeptical and said to myself, "If there is ever, anywhere, anyhow, upon the face of this green earth, in this whole State or anywhere else, a stream where I can really get in and wade and really take a basket of trout on the fly, I shall, the moment I see the truth thereof, establish a pæan of thanksgiving which shall be heard throughout the land."

This is the pæan. There is such a place. There are gentlemen so fortunate as to own it. It is better than I thought, and better than any one can know who has not seen it for himself. Best of all, it is not going to be ruined. It is going to be kept just as it is. There will be no willow poles in the deep corners where the market fishers threw them. There will be no tin cans of defunct worms along the banks. The trout will not all be fingerlings. And yet this will be in a locality altogether possible and pleasant. So much for the idea of a trout preserve in a region where fifty of the handsomest trout streams on earth bubble along emptily, telling you of what they were ten years ago, and of what they might be to-day were it not for the belief of the public that it can both eat and keep its cake.

In the excellence of the sport afforded, in the wild character of its surroundings, and in the thoroughly sportsmanlike though comfortable conditions under which the sport may be pursued, I imagine that the like of the Fontinalis Trout Club does not exist anywhere in the country. It is a stream of the wilderness, untouched since the hand of the lumberman left it at least, and showing no trace of any past or possible attempt at civilization. The stream is not "improved" or changed in any way. The natural cover has been left almost as it was originally. There is no artificial extension of the stream at all, and not the least effort to change its natural conditions. Here, let us thankfully remember, are at least five miles of the wilderness where the willow rod and the tin can and the side path shall not tell of glories gone by. The glories are here, just as they were when the cruiser first came. They are to remain here. No man is allowed to use anything but the artificial fly as a lure, and unwritten law places a limit on his take even then. This is the example of one preserved stream as against that of the fifty open ones. Against such an example the local public of course rebels, wishing always to break in and devour the cake, witting not that the wise self-restraint of the members of such clubs is only a fair and rational purchase price against the lack of restraint practiced by the general public. Ever since Biblical times the wise virgins who had oil to burn have had rather the best of the argument over the foolish ones who had none. That is the status of the game preserve question in America in a nutshell, one must fear. Not all men are wise, but some are, and some will fall back on the common law which governed individual action long before statute law was dreamed of. It will be the law of trespass against the fish and game laws in this country, before another generation has passed by, one must fear, though there will still be heard the cry, "Give us of your oil, for we have none."

My companion guests, Mr. O. A. Woodruff and Mr. W. H. Yardley, and myself drove in to the Fontinalis Club house from the railroad station of Vanderbilt, a little pine woods town which lies well up toward the top of the lower peninsula, something like forty or fifty miles south of Mackinaw City, I should guess. The road was sandy, but lay part of the time through a very pleasant bit of pine and maple forest, so that the five miles passed very quickly. At the end of our way there came into view a piece of clearing in the big woods, and here we saw the club house, a log house, to be sure, but such a log house as one sees nowadays, designed by an architect and worked out handsomely in one of the best building materials. This log house would serve well for a fashionable suburban dwelling, with its gables, its broad veranda and its generally handsome and substantial look. About this main building were grouped others, a cottage for the ladies, buildings for the keeper and family, a spacious barn, etc., in all quite a little settlement of a strangely finished and sophisticated look for that wild and unkempt country.

But it was the interior of the club house that most impressed one. Of course there was the usual dining hall, and upstairs, at one side of the great court which extended from floor to roof, there were sleeping chambers. But the main room of the lodge, a vast one, sided and ceiled and raftered with native pine, was a very dream of a place, a room such as one always thinks of when building air castles, a roofing in of the outdoor air, with sweetness, light, warmth, comfort, rest in every suggestion. The fireplace was a noble one, and the very flames in the corners of it winked at one with subtle hints of heroic stories told within its hearing. There were pictures of the right sort upon the wall—pictures, sometimes so difficult, but here so well chosen. There were big swinging hammocks dangerous to a fisherman's conscience, and indeed everything one could suggest to make the place an ideal gathering place for sportsmen. It was that combination of elegance and naturalness which is the expression to-day of the best of modern sportsmanship. My friends and myself, left alone for a moment, could not avoid comment upon the charm of the place, nor congratulations later to the members belonging to this lucky organization. Of all the halls, gun rooms and assembly places I have seen among the sportsmen's club houses in the country, I do not know of one where one would more willingly throw himself down and say: "This is the place, the very place!" The walls bore evidence of the occupancy, with their decorations of rods, baskets and the like, and the tracings of record trout taken on the Fontinalis stream or captured by traveling members on other waters. There were pictures of the great trout of the Nipigon and of salmon of the Restigouche (the latter taken on a very successful trip by Mr. Russel), and there were outlines of big trout killed on the home stream by members, notably one of 30oz. and one of 32oz., if memory serves, fish taken by Mr. Alexander and Dr. Longyear, showing what the sport can be there at the home of the club. It was all very fit and very sportsmanlike and very pleasant.

At the hour when we arrived we were not expected, owing to delay of our train, and none of the members were at the club house, all being out upon the stream improving the opportunity of a most excellent cloudy morning for fly-fishing. There were present at the club at the time the two Misses Russel, of Detroit; Mr. George L. Alexander, of Grayling, Mich.; Mr. Wm. K. Anderson, of Detroit, and his friend, Mr. Dwight; Mr. C. Valentine, of Chicago, and Mr. Kemp, of Gaylord, Mich., who was invited in with our party. At lunch time these all came in—for the fishing there never need take one far enough away to miss luncheon if he cares to come in—and then we met everybody. It was pleasant to learn that the Misses Russel are very ardent and successful trout fishers. When they appeared it was in regular trouting garb, with the waders which the fishing there makes necessary, and they were enjoying in a rational and pleasant fashion not only the happiness of being out of doors in the freedom of the pine country, but also the sport of fishing for trout and catching them, too, with the fly. There are not very many places in the country where this is a possibility. The ladies showed us their catch of the morning with just pride, and told us of larger fish which had escaped. Evidently the atmosphere of Fontinalis was of the proper sort. It is impossible to abide there without imbibing the first and highest principles of angling.

Mr. Alexander welcomed us upon his return from the stream, and soon everybody was crowding about him and peeping into his basket, for he is the acknowledged expert of the club, and usually gets trout if any one does. He smilingly emptied his basket, and to my surprise and delight I saw that he had actually thirty trout, nearly a basket full, some running up to ¾lb. in weight. They were bright and beautiful fish, every one of them killed honorably, upon the fly, as all trout should be, and certainly the sight of them was enough to make an angler's heart jump. These were real trout, actual trout, taken upon the fly, and upon a stream where a man could wade and cast a fly! Then I wondered if dreams ever had come true before.

Mr. Alexander is a born fly-fisherman and a tireless lover of the brook trout. He has a rare skill with the rod, as we had occasion to witness later, and he ties his own flies and makes his own pattern at times, as we also learned. (The best fly on the stream we found to be the one called the "Alexander," a white-winged fly with red body, devised and much used by himself.) But it is not as a fly-fisher that Mr. Alexander most excels, if he would allow us to say so, but as an entertaining and obliging host. A more unselfish man never lived, and his is always the task of taking care of everybody, and seeing that everybody has a better place to fish and a better time all around than he has himself. I don't know what title should be given the man who carries this responsibility, but the office is an unusual one, and one which should be maintained in every body of sportsmen in the land. The only objection or difficulty I can see to this is that there is but one George L. Alexander, and he is already located. I have read a good deal about the true sportsman, and have heard several speeches about him and have been on his trail, but if I ever actually saw him anywhere, it was right here at Fontinalis. This may be said partly at the charge of my exuberance at finally finding that long sought place where one could wade and catch trout on the fly; but there are a great many others who say the same thing, so I presume Mr. Alexander will have to blush and stand it.

When we got to the stream for our afternoon's fishing, I found it an ideal trouting water. The little river, which has the pleasant name of Fontinalis, is a branch of the Sturgeon River, and is preserved for four or five miles in all by the Fontinalis Club. It averages about 50ft. in width, I should think, and is rarely too deep to wade with high wading trousers, though some of the holes run as deep as 5ft. or so in places. The bottom is sandy or gravelly rather than rocky, and the stream breaks up into riffs, shallows and islands at places. There are three dams upon the club property, and above and below these the big trout love to lurk. Some of the shore is lined with windfall at the middle dam, and a boat is used there, from which to my surprise two of the party, Mr. Alexander and Mr. Woodruff, caught a nice basket of fish. Along most of the fishing water it is possible to walk along the shore, and part of the stream runs through meadow, where it is possible to walk along and cast fly and catch trout without wading. For the most part the best fishing is had by wading, and as in parts of the stream the bottom is a trifle soft, the most killing way of fishing is by casting up stream, as in wading down stream the roily water disturbs the fish if one is not very careful.

But the trout! Never, even in the wildest mountain streams, have I ever seen so many trout. If I say the stream swarms with them I shall not exaggerate. By mistake in Mr. Alexander's directions I took the stream a little further up than was intended, and came upon it at a bridge once used by an old logging road. Under this bridge there is a deep hole, and above it the water runs deep for quite a little stretch. When I came up and looked over into the water here my hair fairly curled. A dozen trout, several of which would have gone 1½lbs. each, darted into cover from the white sandy spot over which they had been lying. And in the reach of the river above the bridge the trout were at that instant leaping and feeding by the dozen. It was a pretty sight and a thrilling one. Not for a long, long time had I been so near to some actual trout fishing. I confess I hurried in very unseemly fashion.

I dropped into the stream nearly hip deep along the cut bank above the bridge, and in two minutes was fast to my first trout on the Fontinalis. It happened that a little feeding flurry was going on, and I got half a dozen in a short time, some very handsome ones, but a few less than the established length of 7in. honest measurement required in the club rules, which latter were returned. Each of us had his hand measured before leaving the club house, and each of us had a certain crease marked on his wrist, which was just 7in. from the tips of his fingers, so there was no trouble about the proper measurements. It was not long before I saw the wisdom of the restrictions established by the club, which constitute a practical protection to the fish of the stream. In a short time my flurry of rising trout had subsided, and I cast for some time in vain. It needed a long and light line to take fish, for even on a stream so little fished as this the trout soon learn a thing or two. What one could do with bait upon such a stream is a different thing, but with the artificial fly alone and a standard of 7in. actual length it takes a good stream and good fishing nowadays to get a basket of trout. Of course we hear of a great many streams where this is possible, but we do not often actually see them. If the rules of the 7in. standard and the artificial fly could be enforced as statutory law we should see good fishing in open streams to-day that were long ago depleted by the usual methods. I saw hundreds and hundreds of trout, but some of them were feeding and some were not, and some were a little too small, and some did not like the sort of fly I had, and some preferred the abundant live insects to my fly, and some I frightened by bad casting at a critical time, and some saw me and ran away, so that I found at the time I left the stream I had less than a dozen trout in my basket. But they were trout, honorable trout, killed on a fly in a stream which permitted a long cast and a chance to play a fish. The next day I killed thirty trout before it was time to leave for the train, the most of these upon a crude Alexander fly, which I made by cutting down the wings of a May fly and wrapping the body with red silk. This is the best trout fishing I have ever had east of the Rocky Mountains. Of course I hear a great deal of parties going out and catching a thousand trout and all that sort of thing, but that is not trout fishing. It is no sport to grub trout out with a worm or a piece of fin or a grasshopper, nothing to compare with such angling as that at Fontinalis. To my notion there is no sport with the gun which surpasses quail shooting over good dogs, and no sport with the rod like that of fishing for trout upon a good stream and with the fly. Rare indeed is the opportunity for the latter.

These being the methods of the Fontinalis Club, and such being the natural excellence of their stream, it is an easy guess that they will always have good fishing. The stream is regularly stocked, and as the membership is only twenty-two, not many of whom are ever present at one time, the supply is equal to every demand made upon it. The trout are more abundant now than they ever were in that stream. It will for years yield pleasure to men who know how to enjoy it, and it is a living lesson against the foolish and wasteful ways of the men who fish on streams belonging to the people, and come back boasting of having killed a thousand trout.

There is a great deal of a kind of moss in many reaches of the Fontinalis stream, perhaps of the same sort that makes the Caledonia stream, of New York, and the Castalia stream, of Ohio, so famous, and certainly holding abundance of food for the trout. We found the fish lying under the edges of the moss banks, or in the cuts made by the current, and the best place of all was some deep spot where the white sand of the bottom was exposed. Here there was always the certainty of a strike if one were skillful and careful enough, for each pool of that kind would have a dozen or two of trout lying along the bottom. I sometimes parted the bushes and looked down into such pools, and often saw as many as twenty-five or thirty trout, some very large ones, lying in view in the transparent water. Yet in spite of the numbers of trout in this water it should by no means be supposed that the stream is a "tame" one, or one where it is easy to take a lot of trout. Indeed, it is much harder to take trout there than upon a wild stream which has an equal number of fish; for the latter is sure to be the less fished one. There are good days and bad days at Fontinalis, and even while we were there some of the anglers came in with only a very few trout. Luck is a large factor in trout fishing at Fontinalis as elsewhere. The fish taken there are clean and brilliantly colored, showing health and abundance of natural food.

The largest trout of the stream are of course found in the deepest water, and this is either above or below the dams. The club house is built upon a high bluff directly at the side of the stream, and near here is the lowest of the three dams upon the property, so that there is a lovely and convenient pool for evening fishing right at the door

of the club house. The second of the great pools lies less than a quarter of a mile above and is an admirable water for some big fellows, and it runs some 15ft. in depth. Here Mr. Anderson, standing upon the timbers of the dam on the evening of our visit, hooked and played for nearly a quarter of an hour a trout which he thought must have weighed 4lbs. He was alone and could not get down to the water, which was some 20ft. below him, and though he had his fish nearly dead on top of the water it finally broke away. At the lower dam, upon the same evening, Mr. Alexander hooked a good one or two which broke loose, but landed two that weighed over 1lb. each. The largest fish have been taken at the pools at night upon a light fly, preferably the white miller. It is a common thing to hear heavy fish feeding in this big water at night, but of course it is not the easiest thing in the world to go right out and hook one.

Enough has been said to show in outline the angling possibilities of this fortunate corner of the world, and I consider it lucky to have been able to tell FOREST AND STREAM readers something about this model angling organization. It shows the possibilities of these lovely Michigan streams, than which no better trout waters ever rippled out of doors. It is no wonder that the Detroit gentlemen are willing to go so far to get to Fontinalis. As we rode away, reluctantly, to be sure, and looked back upon the waving flag which bore the pleasant word "Fontinalis" high above the peak of the hospitable roof, one could not avoid reflecting upon the considerableness and the permanency of the hold which the sports of the rod and gun have obtained among the best citizenship of the land, a hold to be enlarged and strengthened more and more as the years go by, and in no way better than by such bodies of thoughtful and energetic men as those who thus went far into the heart of the Michigan pine forests to save a bit of nature for themselves and friends.

Fontinalis Club is young, not yet four years old, and seems to have known no troubles of any kind in its history. It is surely destined to a long and happy history.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

The Tame Gull of Big Moose.

BOSTON, Sept. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am pleased to send you a letter for publication received to-day from Rev. W. H. Allbright, D.D., of Boston, who has spent August at club Camp Big Moose, Adirondacks:

"Aug. 31 I was very glad to get the copy of FOREST AND STREAM you forwarded to me to Big Moose. Our party of four and guide have been on several expeditions of four and five days' length from camp.

"Fishing in Big Moose and thereabouts is not good in August. Some good catches of salmon trout were made early in the month. A 10-pounder and several smaller fish were taken by parties staying at camp. We took some speckled trout weighing from ½lb. to 1¾lbs. The trout are here yet, but they are not disposed to be caught. We have seen plenty of game. Partridges are numerous. We have had fine views of otter and mink. Two red foxes came in our way, and deer to the number of about thirty. I have shot one and a half. The first I got the second day of the open season. The second fell three days ago. Two of us shot from the boat instantaneously. The deer dropped with a bullet through its neck, breaking the bone. Which one of the two sharpshooters killed it cannot be determined. As the law allows but two to each person, we shall have to go together and shoot together at our next deer. Our camp has had three.

"I must close with a reference to Bill Dart's gull. Bill is the popular proprietor of the hotel on Second Lake. This particular gull he caught when young and has tamed for the benefit of his guests. Bill, it is said, plays tricks with this creature. It has an unlimited capacity for big suckers. It will eat two large ones at a meal, swallowing them down alive. Bill feeds it on the sly, then brings the gull out to perform for the company. He talks to the gull, while the suckers keep up a lively scrimmage inside. Bill says, 'Now, my hearty, show us a trick or two.' Bill watches to see which side the suckers are kicking, then says, 'Fall over on your right side.' Over goes the gull, and the company applaud at the intelligence and drollery of Bill's bird. Then he tells it to 'shake its sides in laughter,' and when the suckers kick inside the gull the suckers outside squeal over the unique performance of Bill Dart's pet gull.

"The woods are full of people this year, and health and pleasure abound. Thank God for the woods and waters."

J. P. W.

"Popscheny."

STOTTVILLE, N. Y., Sept. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In Fred Mather's "Men I Have Fished With," No. 10, Mr. Mather speaks of the "Popskinny," and says that he expects to be called down on the spelling of this name. On an old English map which I have, entitled "A Topographical Map of Hudson's River," etc., and which map was published according to Act of Parliament Oct. 1, 1776, this name is spelled "Popscheny," and applied to a group of islands at the Overslaugh. The Normanskill Creek, also mentioned by Mr. Mather in the above article, is spelled on this map "Normand Kill." I bought this map in a second-hand bookstore some time ago, and in tracing its origin found that it had been taken from a copy of the "North American Atlas," published in London in 1777. A perfect copy of this atlas I found in the Lenox Library, and the map referred to is well worth looking over. The names Mr. Mather uses are evidently of Low Dutch origin.

A. C. STOTT.

Large New Jersey Rock Bass.

SALEM, N. J., Aug. 31.—Elisha Davis and Harry Bramble went fishing in "Fishing Creek" (a small tributary of the Delaware River) last Saturday, and among their catch numbered four rock bass that weighed 25lbs., divided as follows: 4½, 5, 7 and 8½lbs. each. Your correspondent saw the two largest, and they were beauties. They were caught with rod and reel, with soft shelled crab for bait. Quite a number of large rock have been caught in our streams here this season, but this caps the climax.

A JERSEY SANDBURR.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 14 to 17.—Montreal Kennel Association's bench show, Montreal. G. Lanigan, Sec'y.

Sept. 15-18.—Orange County bench show, Newburgh, N. Y. Robt. Johnston, Sec'y.

Sept. 22 to 24.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual dog show, Milwaukee Louis Steffen, Sec'y.

Sept. 22 to 25.—Queens County Agricultural Society's bench show, Mineola L. I. J. Mortimer, Manager, Hempstead, L. I.

Sept. 23 to 26.—Stockton Fair Association's bench show, Stockton, Cal. D. J. Sinclair, Sec'y.

Oct. 6 to 8.—Danbury Agricultural Society's show, Danbury, Conn. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y.

Dec. 1 to 4.—City of the Straits Kennel Club's local show, Detroit, Mich. R. H. Roberts, Sec'y.

Dec. 8 to 11 —Augusta, Ga.—Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association. J. W. Killingsworth, Sec'y.

Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 19.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual hound trials, Barre, Mass. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y, Roxbury, Mass.

Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—Natioonal Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.

Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.

Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.

Nov. 2.—Union Field Trial Club's inaugural trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 10 —Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.

Nov. 10.—Leamington, Ont.—Peninsular Field Trial Club, Leamington, Ont.

Nov. 10.—Greene County, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's trials. L. O. Seidel, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—National Fox Hunting Association's third annual trials, Bardstown, Ky. F. J. Hagan, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.

Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y, Huntsville, Ala.

COURSING.

Sept. 22.—Cheyenne Valley Coursing Club's meeting, Sheldon, S. D, Dr. J. P. Aylen, Pres.

Sept. 29.—Aberdeen Coursing Club's annual meeting, Aberdeen, S. D. Dr. F. W. Haragan, Sec'y.

Oct. 6.—Mitchell Coursing Club's meeting, Mitchell, S. D, H. G. Nichols, Sec'y.

Oct. 21.—Altcar Coursing Club's meeting, Great Bend, Kan. T. W. Bartels, Sec'y.

Oct. 28.—Kenmore Coursing Club's annual meeting, Herrington, Kan. C. A. Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 13.—American Coursing Club's annual meeting, Huron, S. D F. B. Coyne, Sec'y.

1897.

Jan. —.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Jan. 18.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

MANITOBA FIELD TRIALS CLUB'S TRIALS.

THE first day of the trials, Tuesday, Sept. 1, was favorable for work, a stiff wind from the southeast, a cloudy day and a cool temperature offering fair conditions for competition. A rainstorm set in in the afternoon. The attendance was light as compared to that of former years, and the number of starters in the different events also had decreased.

Mr. P. H. Bryson, of St. Louis, Mo., judged throughout, and his awards were commendably correct. Birds were in sufficient numbers to test the dogs' merits. Only three handlers from the States were present, Messrs. Rose, Nesbitt and Fay. After an absence of some years from field trial competition, Mr. Charles Barker again joined the knights of the whip and whistle, and showed that he had lost none of his old-time skill and address in handling, and was still able to cope with the best. The latter handled his dogs with noticeable fairness.

There were present Mr. John Wootton, honorary secretary-treasurer; Messrs. W. F. Ellis and E. McKenney, Manitou, Man.; Major J. M. Taylor, New York; E. C. Johnson, Chicago; F. G. Simpson and G. B. Borradaile, Winnipeg.

On the evening of Sept. 1 the club held a meeting. The resignation of Mr. C. C. Chipman as patron was accepted with regret. Following is the list of officers elected: Patron, Lieut.-Gov. Patterson; President, F. G. Simpson, Winnipeg; First Vice-President, T. T. Ashford, Birmingham, Ala.; Second Vice-President, G. B. Borradaile, Winnipeg; Secretary-Treasurer, John Wootton; Managing Committee—W. C. Lee, W. F. Ellis, Geo. Soames. The trials of 1897 to be held at Morris, Man., beginning on the first Monday in September.

The Derby.

This stake had eight starters. There was an absence of good breaking in the performance of some of the competitors, conspicuously among which were those of Mr. McKenney and one owned by Mr. Wootton.

The Derby Stake was for setters and pointers whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1895. First, $100; second, $75; third, $50; fourth, $25. Forfeit, $5; $10 additional to start.

They were drawn to run as follows:

E. McKenney's b. b. setter bitch Maid of the Morn (Val Lit—Cam Sing), owner, handler, with Hobart Ames's b., w. and t. setter bitch Glenn (Blue Ridge Mark—Lou R.), D. E. Rose, handler.

H. H. Maybury's l. and w. pointer bitch Alabama Girl (Von Arrow—Lady Mull), D. E. Rose, handler, with E. McKenney's b. and w. setter dog Barrister (Val Lit—Cam Sing), owner, handler.

S. P. Jones's b., w. and t. dog Hurstbourne Zip (Tony Boy—Dimple), D. E. Rose, handler, with John Wootton's setter dog Ben Bondhu (Dick Bondhu II.—Maud á Rose), owner, handler.

Hobart Ames's b., w. and t. bitch Christina (Blue Ridge Mark—Lou R.), with Del Monte Kennels' l. and w. pointer dog Tony Works (Tick Boy—Lulu K.), C. Barker, handler.

GLENN AND MAID OF THE MORN were started at 7:57 a short distance from town. Maid opened the work on chickens by flushing and chasing two of them, after which she flushed and chased a remaining bird. Glenn showed an inclination to join in the fun, but was obedient to command. Sent on, both soon stopped to a point, Maid going on to a flush and a chase, Glenn also behaving badly. Rose was unfortunate in flushing some birds which Glenn was working upon close by him. Next she pointed, then starting on a bird flushed down wind of her, after which she made two good points. Maid again flushed and chased. Up at 8:33. Maid was the better ranger, and worked her ground with better judgment. She was badly handled, which aggravated her unsteadiness. She had good natural abilities which were not properly trained. Glenn was working under disadvantages when against such an unsteady competitor, as are all dogs under such circumstances, and her work was better than could be expected amid so much that was distracting.

ALABAMA GIRL AND BARRISTER began at 8:35, and were ordered up at 9:05. Barrister opened the work with a stylish point, which was followed up with a flush and chase, and after order was again restored he repeated the error, following it with a third one of like kind, Alabama Girl yielding for a few moments to the temptation of the bad example. Sent on, Alabama Girl made a good point, and sent on again she flushed excusably. Their speed and range were good, and they beat out their ground with fair judgment.

HURSTBOURNE ZIP AND BEN BONDHU were cast off at 9:18. Both pointed; Ben had chickens; Zip, a lark. Sent on, Zip pointed on the footscent where the chickens had flushed. The birds were followed, and Zip was steadying to point as a bird flushed. Ben made a flush and a chase. Zip made two points; nothing found. Ben next found some of the scattered birds and flushed them and chased, his pleasure being augmented by the flushing of another bevy in his chase, whereupon he got beyond control entirely for awhile. Zip made two good points in the meantime. Though both worked well as to range and speed, Zip was the better and had also the better judgment, his superiority being particularly noticeable toward the end of the heat. Ben showed a disposition to potter awhile sometimes, and he was very erratic in his work; and his bad chasing probably ended all his chances in the competition. Up at 10:25.

CHRISTINA AND TONY WORKS began at 10:37. There was some uncertainty as to which had the first point, though there was no special merit in it. Christina made two points, one of which was at the moment the bird flushed. Next, Tony pointed; nothing found. Both dogs roaded and pointed; a single bird flushed wild ahead. Christina made a flush. Her range was limited, but she was diligent and speedy. Tony had fair speed and was obedient.

Second Round.

GLENN AND ALABAMA GIRL began the afternoon work at 3:10. Girl was just steadying to a point as the bird flushed and she made the bad error of chasing, though not a bad chase. Glenn next made a point on several birds. Up at 3:32. Girl was the better worker, and she was also the better in speed and range.

HURSTBOURNE ZIP AND TONY WORKS were started but a short time when both pointed, Zip the first to secure the point. The dogs behaved well to flush. Sent on, Zip made a good point; Tony, called up to back, pressed in and flushed the covey. The birds were followed. Zip pointed, Tony backed; two birds were flushed to the point. When they were ordered up at 4:26, Zip was easily the better performer. Rain began to fall in the latter part of the heat.

CHRISTINA had a bye and she began at 4:29. No birds could be found to her first point, though birds were thought to have been there recently; sent on, a bird flushed ahead of her and she lost several other favorable opportunities to point birds which were lying close by. Afterward she redeemed her performance by some good points, but as rain set in steadily the trials were ended for the day.

Wednesday.

A cloudy morning with a breeze of bracing coolness, which soon gave place to a clear sky and a stiff wind, which increased to a wind so strong as to add to the difficult of the work by midday and also seemed to make some of the chickens wilder.

Third Round.

HURSTBOURNE ZIP AND CHRISTINA began at 8:15, and they made an excellent heat, displaying superior range, speed and judgment for puppies, and they had the best of the competition in the stake. Zip found a bevy on which Christina secured a point independently as she came up. Zip showed his superiority, Christina second.

The dogs were placed as follows: First, Hurstbourne Zip; second, Christina; third, divided between Alabama Girl and Tony Works.

It escaped Mr. Bryson's attention that there was a fourth prize, but on learning of it he let first and second prizes stand as awarded, but left the other for later action. Later Glenn was awarded fourth.

The All-Age Stake.

There were twelve starters drawn to run in the following order:

Manchester Kennel Co.'s b., w. and t. setter bitch Gleam's Ruth (Count Gladstone IV.— ———), N. B. Nesbitt, handler, with E. McKenney's b. and w. setter dog Val Lit (Orlando—Lady Lit), owner, handler.

John Wootton's b. and w. setter bitch Bonnie Lit (Orlando—Lady Lit), owner, handler, with N. T. DePauw's l. and w. pointer bitch Sister Sue (Jingo—Rooney Croxteth), N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

Del Monte Kennels' b., w. and t. setter dog Sam T. (Luke Roy—Bettie B.), Charles Barker, handler, with W. F. Ellis's b. and w. setter dog Columbus (Duke of Manitoba—Hickory Link), owner, handler.

G. B. Borradaile's b., w. and t. setter bitch Dodo III. (Orlando—Atalanta), absent, with D. E. Rose's (agt.) setter Greenway (Columbus—Maud á Rose), agt., handler.

D. E. Rose's (agt.) b. and w. setter dog Domino, agt., handler, with Paul H. Gotzian's o. and w. setter dog Lawrence (——— — ———).

T. T. Ashford's l. and w. pointer dog Von Gull (Kent Elgin—Fannie Croxteth), D. E. Rose, handler, with A. L. Shonfield's b. and w. dog Noble Leo (Count Leo—Minnie T.), N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

The All-Age Stake was for setters and pointers which had not won first place at any recognized field trials in any previous year. First $125, second $75, third $50 Five dollars forfeit, $10 additional for starters.

The Amateur Stake did not fill.

First Round.

GLEAM'S RUTH AND VAL LIT were cast off at 8:46. Val Lit flushed a chicken on stubble and chased it earnestly.

Ruth made a good point on a bevy. Val made a second chase, after which he got out of control entirely and so remained for a long while, evading all efforts to catch him. Ruth made a flush and a point and was ordered up at 9:16. She worked prettily and was obedient.

SISTER SUE AND BONNIE LIT were worked toward some marked birds, Lit making a flush which she should have avoided, as the chances were largely in her favor for a good point. After a long search Lit dropped in time to save herself from a flush on a chicken which flushed. Sue flushed an outlying bird which flushed the rest of the bevy. Lit made a flush down wind. Up at 10:25.

SAM T. AND COLUMBUS were started at 10:26, running over an hour. Columbus made a point on birds, and several other points were made to which nothing was found. They had a difficult part of the day to work in. Columbus had the better pace and range. Sam did not stay out at his work and was not spirited in it.

DODO III. AND GREENWAY were to compete next, but the former being absent, Greenway was run alone. He was started at 3:26 and ran till 3:53. His speed was fair and well maintained, though he showed a disposition to potter on footscent. He pointed a bevy nicely on stubble and was steady to shot. He next did some inaccurate work on a bevy and made some uncertain points on footscent, his work on birds being good in part and bad in the rest. He had medium range and beat out his ground by quartering it.

DOMINO AND LAWRENCE were cast off at 3:55. Domino pointed a single and Lawrence backed stanchly, and on the scattered birds this was repeated. Both next pointed scattered birds; and sent on Lawrence pointed a single on stubble and Domino backed. Domino pointed a single; then both did some slobbery work on the young birds scattered about, the dogs being pressed too hard by their over-eager handlers. Each dog flushed a single. In the latter part of the heat Domino broke away from control and ranged far away, giving no heed to his handler. Lawrence's range was narrow and his speed slow. His bird work was fairly good. Up at 4:25.

VON GULL AND NOBLE LEO began at 4:30. Both ranged wide and fast, though it was easily apparent that Von Gull was using his nose constantly and beating out his ground skillfully, neither of which Leo was doing, though going prettily and with speed. Von made a point on a bevy, and two points on singles, one of which was shared by Leo. Both pointed some remaining birds, there being no special merit in that, as the birds were marked and the work easy. Von made two good points on singles, and both going down wind flushed, then pointed remaining birds, after which Von pointed a bevy. Up at 5:05. Von Gull's speed, style, range, good nose and sound judgment, and his excellent manner of doing his point work, indicated a first-class chicken dog, one in the first flight of the great chicken dogs of America, if his work is sustained as well in his later trial. Leo's way of going was pretty and his range wide, but he had little to show for his many pointing opportunities. This heat ended the day's work. Up at 5:05.

Thursday.

The morning opened most delightfully, a sharp frost of the night before still filling the air with a bracing coolness. Birds were found in fair numbers when the dogs were worked near the stubbles.

GLEAM'S RUTH—BONNIE LIT.—They were started at 8:05. Lit made two flushes. Next pointed and roaded a long distance, Lit roading about the same distance in the opposite direction; nothing found. Ruth pointed at the same time a bird flushed; then held point, and Nesbitt flushed a bird to her point. Next Ruth pointed a bird up wind of it, and Lit made a false point on stubble. Next she flushed a bird, then pointed two birds and Lit backed. Up at 8:39. Ruth had the advantage in every respect.

SISTER SUE AND COLUMBUS were cast off at 8:42. Sue had a decided advantage in speed and range, and judgment in working out her ground; and also her work was better on birds, though she did one piece of very ragged work among scattered birds, flushing right and left under good conditions for pointing. Columbus flushed a single. Sue roaded on a single, which was flushed by her handler. Next she pointed a single nicely, and Columbus crossing in ahead of her flushed it. Sent on, he flushed another shortly, then pointed and a single was flushed to the point. Sue roaded on a bird which flushed wild. Columbus pointed a bird very close on it. Then Sue made several bad flushes in succession. Sue had the better of the heat, but had ruined her chances by flushing. Up at 9:14.

SAM T. AND GREENWAY were cast off at 9:19. A long search was made in the open prairie without finding; then a turn was made back to the wheat stubbles, where birds were in fair numbers. Sam pointed, roaded about 50yds. and pointed several birds. Up at 10:05. Sam came in to his handler at first, but was ranging wide at the finish. Greenway was also ranging wide, much better than in his heat of the previous day.

VON GULL was run alone 20m., beginning at 10:07. He pointed a bird nicely and his ranging was well sustained.

SAM T. AND GLEAM'S RUTH were called up to run and started at 10:55, the winner to run the final with Von Gull. Sam flushed a bevy, then false pointed. Both made a point on a bevy, Ruth the first to make the point. Sam pointed two remaining birds. Ruth pointed a single and Sam backed, and Sam did some awkward work on the remaining birds. Sam made a flush and Ruth a point. Both ranged well at good speed, Sam the better, though his bird work was very faulty. Up at 11:12.

VON GULL AND GLEAM'S RUTH were called up to run the final at 11:21. They ran 9m. Von pointed, Ruth backed; Von lost scent and roaded away from the bird up wind, casting then beautifully about with a high nose to locate it. It was flushed afterward by wagons. Next he roaded a bird to a flush. Next down wind he flushed a single excusably. He made an excellently well sustained showing and was far away the best dog in the stake.

The judges then awarded first to Von Gull, second to Gleam's Ruth, third to Sam T.

Von Gull exhibited a degree of merit but little if any short of first class. He carried a high nose and displayed a delicate nose and rare judgment. He scoured for the body scent and was very accurate in his point work. The work of the others was inferior in comparison.

B. WATERS.

Milwaukee show entries closed Thursday, Sept. 10.

"Forest and Stream" Advertising Covers the World.

NEW YORK, Sept. 2.—*Messrs. Forest and Stream Publishing Co.:* The inclosed letter, among others, would show that you carry your circulation and our interests into countries many a long mile from here.

It so happens, by the way, that we are mailing to-day pamphlet, by request, to patrons in New Zealand, and have just received a request for a catalogue to be sent to Zanzibar.

SPRATTS PATENT (AMERICA) LIMITED,
R. C. RATHBORNE, Asst. Manager.

SANTIAGO, Chili, July 29.—*Spratts Pat. Ltd., New York:* Dear Sir—As I am the owner of several dogs, such as pointers, setters and others, and have seen your ad. in FOREST AND STREAM about dog foods and medicines, I would esteem it a favor on your part if you would send me at first opportunity this pamphlet. Thanking you in advance, I am yours truly, JAS. H. SPENCER.
Box 1755.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

A SHORT SQUIRREL HUNT.

NEW YORK, Sept. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The opening of the squirrel season always makes me nervous, and I cannot do justice to my business till I have gone out and killed a few. The squirrel season opened in New Jersey Sept. 1, and part of New Jersey lies in plain sight of the office buildings of lower New York. That part is not very inviting, to be sure, to a squirrel hunter or anybody else; but another part, a little higher up the Hudson, is very different. It was the knowledge of the existence of this other part that made the docks and ferries of Jersey City and Communipaw suggestive as I looked over toward them, and this in the natural course of events was responsible for my condition of mind.

So along about 4 o'clock on Sept. 1 I could stand it no longer, and, breaking away from the restraints of business, I made my way uptown, and at 4.45 reached West 130th street ferry. I had my bicycle with me, and in its case, strapped to the wheel, was a .22caliber Marlin repeater.

It is a simple matter to carry a gun on a bicycle, especially if carried in a case. To attach my rifle to the wheel is only a matter of snapping a single hook, which I have fastened to the end of the shoulder strap of the canvas gun case. This hook is that furnished by the Winchester Company with rifle slings. It works on a swivel and is made of spring steel, so that once snapped it will not become undone. In attaching it to the gun case I took out the two rivets fastening the shoulder strap to the ring at the rear end of the case and riveted on the hook in its place. Then, when I wanted to put the gun on the bicycle, I could carry the shoulder strap around the lamp bracket, which is attached to the handle bar post, and back around the rear part of the saddle post, and then snap the hook into the ring at the butt of the gun case. In that way the gun is carried high enough not to interfere with pedaling. It can be drawn from the case very easily, or case and gun can be taken from the bicycle in a second.

I rode about six miles north from the ferry before I came to a spot that suited me. Then I turned aside from the main road into an old wood road that ran west, crossed a swamp, and mounted a ridge that was wooded with a handsome growth of large forest trees, in which oak and chestnut predominated.

As I advanced things became more and more suggestive of squirrels. In one of the main forks of a great branching oak I could see a nest, while near by were several old gnarled hollow trees that would furnish the grays a chance of escape when hard pressed. Circling around to the left was the swamp, and just where the land fell away were several shaggy hemlocks, offering another safe refuge for squirrels.

I paused, resting on my bicycle, and scanned the neighboring tree tops for some view of the nimble denizens of the place. For some minutes there was no evidence of life in that corner of the woods, except for the mosquitoes, which were of the usual Jersey breed and thoroughly aggressive. Then off to my right I heard a crash as a squirrel sprang to a light bough that gave way with his weight, and, turning my eyes in that direction, I made out a streak of gray running down one of the main branches of an oak 70yds. away. The squirrel was coming toward the point where I stood; so I drew the rifle from its case, worked a long rifle cartridge through the action into the barrel, and raised the folding Lyman sight. But the squirrel had no intention of coming nearer. He had found an abundant supply of acorns in the tree where he now was, and seemed fully satisfied to remain in it till dark.

Meanwhile the mosquitoes increased in numbers, and the competition for the tenderer parts of my anatomy was unusually brisk. Accordingly I resolved on carrying the war into Egypt, and, leaning my bicycle up against a convenient tree, I advanced toward the tree where I had last seen the squirrel, keeping my eyes peeled for any motion on his part. The leaves on the ground were dry, and he had heard the first step in advance I made and hidden. I walked around the tree, which was not one the squirrel would have selected for hiding if he had had time, and presently became convinced that a protuberance on a limb pretty near the top of the tree was not the kind that naturally grow on oak trees; so I selected a position where I could rake this particular branch, and where no intervening obstacle would deflect the bullet, and fired. Two or three pieces of bark came sailing down, and a second later the squirrel followed, falling with a thud at the base of the tree. He had been hanging head downward, for the bullet had gone in one eye and ranged the whole length of his body, coming out on the under side near his tail.

I looked at my watch and found that it was just 6 o'clock, and I took some credit to myself for having killed a squirrel an hour and a quarter after leaving New York's busy streets.

Holding the gray in one hand and also the handle bars of my bicycle, and with the rifle in the other, I set out again in quest of more game. Crossing a swampy place, I came to another ridge wooded very similarly to the first. Here I left my bicycle and advanced a short distance more quietly than was possible when pushing the wheel.

Down toward the brilliant glow of the setting sun, which had now gone below the horizon, I saw another gray. He was moving through the trees a long way off, but gradually he drew closer. Ten minutes later he was almost within range; but it was fast growing dark, and when at 40yds. I tried for a sight on the squirrel as he moved through the tree tops he was so in shade that I could not catch him.

After crossing in front of me at about that distance I lost sight of him, and a minute's wait convinced me that he had turned in for the night.

Going over to the place where I had last seen him, I discovered a nest, and feeling sure that he was in it, I sent up several shots through its outer edges as a gentle hint that I would like to see him. I stopped for a moment owing to a missfire, and just at that instant the squirrel popped out. I had no time to insert a shell without the bullet, and accordingly I pushed down the lever, withdrawing the shell that had missed fire, and then pulled it back again, putting a new cartridge in the barrel with two bullets ahead, which I let drive in the general direction of the squirrel. The squirrel ran a good race through several trees and I fired at him a number of times, but it was too dark to see him among the leafy boughs, and being convinced of the uselessness of it I gave up and let the squirrel finish his journey unmolested.

It was then so dark that I had difficulty in finding my wheel, and only a faint glow indicated the position of the sun. I knew that there was a good road in that direction, whereas the road I had come was newly covered with crushed stone and was bad riding; so I struck out westward. Far away I could hear an engine on the Northern Railroad of New Jersey puffing and rumbling along with a heavy train, and this would have given me my direction if the afterglow had been wanting.

At first the walking was easy. In under the big trees the undergrowth offered no obstacle to my progress. Presently, however, I came out into an old clearing grown up to brush and wild grasses and blackberry bushes, and the traveling became harder. I succeeded, however, in pushing my wheel through this, but in crossing the clearing I lost the old road, which no doubt ended there, and after that new difficulties arose.

In trying to get around a fallen tree I climbed up on a large rock, and, jumping down the other side, found myself in a jungle of scrub oaks higher than my head. Through these I had to carry the bicycle, as it was impossible any other way to force it through the tangled growth. I made my way around the top branches of the fallen tree, and to my great relief found another old road, where travel was comparatively easy. Quarter of a mile further on I reached the main road, which I had never imagined to be so far away, and then all was plain sailing.

Thinking it all over, I am surprised at the ease with which a bicycle can be taken through undergrowth, for I had really gone about as quickly as I should have gone if I had had no wheel.

J. B. B.

Buck vs. Bicycle.

GRANT FROMAN left Albany, Ore., Tuesday morning on his bicycle for Belknap Springs on a fishing expedition. He traveled seventy-three miles that day, stopped at a farm house all night and started early next morning. He was directed wrong and went to Foley Springs, then started again after dinner, and on the way came across a buck lying in the road. He was slipping by on one side when the buck made for him, striking his bicycle and sending it 6 or 8ft., bending the rim and breaking two or three spokes, landing Grant on top of the buck where he sat a long time holding the buck down. When released the buck made off and Grant repaired his wheel and rode on, arriving at Belknap Springs at 5 o'clock in the evening, taking supper with Joe Meyers; at least that is the story the Albany *Democrat* tells.—*Morning Oregonian.*

FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE
346 Broadway
NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING
Present Entrance on Leonard Street

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

S indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Union of L. I. Sound.
M indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Ass'n of Massachusetts.

SEPTEMBER.

12. Beverly, 5th cham., Buzzard's Bay.
12. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
S 12. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, L. I. Sound.
12. Larchmont, special, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
S 12. Sea Cliff, special, Sea Cliff, L. I. Sound.
12. Squantum, Burkhardt cup, Squantum, Mass.
12. Chicago, open, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
16. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.
18. Hempstead, closing day.
19. Eastern, knockabout class, Marblehead.
S 19. American, fall regatta, Milton Point, L. I. Sound.
26. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
S 26. Riverside, special, Riverside, L. I. Sound.
26. Squantum, Burkhardt cup, Squantum, Mass.

OCTOBER.

Cor. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.

NOT a few of the would-be experts have amused themselves before the races with that illusory pursuit of "drawing lines" in the effort to prove that the Chicago champion must win. The absurd extreme to which this performance was carried in the present case may be imagined when it is understood that the favorable forecasts of Vencedor's victory were based on the racing of Vreda, an old and long outclassed British 20-rater, of 46ft. l.w.l., and of Priscilla, the 85ft. schooner built in 1885 as a sloop to defend the America's Cup. On this ridiculous foundation it was confidently asserted that Canada had no chance whatever with Vencedor.

WE notice with regret an attempt on the part of various American papers to depreciate the victory of Canada by misleading headings, such phrases as "Actually Beaten, but Won on Time Allowance," "Outsailed, but a Winner," "Won on a Fluke," etc. It is also made to appear that the match was an unfair one from the start, that the cunning and rapacious Canadian had taken an unfair advantage of the innocent and unsuspecting American. As far as the terms of the race are concerned, they are most unsatisfactory and unusual, but this is due to the fact that the construction of the challenger was begun before any overtures for a match were made. Comments on this matter were quite in order four months ago, but they are entirely out of place at this late day as an excuse for defeat. It has been evident for a long time that the match would be an unequal one, that while Canada stood a good chance in moderate weather, she would be greatly overpowered in the event of hard weather.

Without attributing to some of these biased writers any too much knowledge of yacht racing, it is safe to say that even they know that there is nothing discreditable in a smaller yacht receiving time from a larger one, and that the attempt to mislead the average newspaper reader into the belief that the Canadian yacht won by unfair means and fictitious advantages is not due to mere ignorance, but to deliberate dishonesty. Fortunately there are many American papers which have indorsed the opinions of all yachtsmen who are familiar with the two yachts and their crews; that the Canadians were decidedly superior in skill and discipline, and that their competitors can learn from them much that is worth knowing.

WE omitted to state last week that the handsome photos of Canada and Vencedor were by C. E. Bolles, the yacht photographer of Brooklyn, who made a trip to Cleveland specially to catch these yachts, and who incidentally secured photos of a number of other Western yachts; both of the photos are copyrighted by Mr. Bolles.

THE SEAWANHAKA INTERNATIONAL CUP.

CONTRARY to some positive statements recently published, the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. has not selected the 20ft. class in which to challenge next year, nor in fact has it yet taken any action in the matter. While it is most desirable that everything should be arranged before the racing season is over, it has not been possible to get a meeting of the club during August, and such a meeting is necessary to confirm the challenge and to decide on the class. The feeling thus far on the part of yachtsmen within and without the club has been in favor of the 20ft. class, and it is probable that it will finally be selected. Messrs. Cromwell and Sherman, of the race committee, will go this week to Montreal to talk over the matter informally with the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. and to inspect the club sailing ground on Lake St. Louis, as the possible depth of water is in this case a very important factor.

The question of the selection of the class is an important one; there is much to be said on different points, but all that we have read and heard thus far has failed to satisfy us in either premises or deductions.

The first point in discussing the question of size—one, by the way, that is usually ignored or misstated—is that the yachts built for these races must be of extreme machine type. There is no use of talking about family boats or a sailing-boat for one's "best girl," or even of a wholesome and serviceable small yacht; but we must recognize the racing machine, and that only. If it be decided to impose special restrictions, that is a different matter; in this way it would be possible to produce any type of boat down to the safe and comfortable cruising tub. Thus far, however, the class, as in all other classes for international racing, has been left to the club rule alone, unhampered by special restrictions; the extreme in dimensions, design and construction has had full sway. Under the rule as it stands, all that can be looked for is a racing machine sailed by the most expert sailormen, and almost useless save for these special races. These machines may be built in one of three classes: 15ft., 20ft. and 25ft. racing length.

The 15ft. class is now well known; yachtsmen are perfectly familiar with its merits and defects—especially the latter, of which it has some serious ones. The winning boats of the cup and trial races this year show what may be looked for in the event of the retention of the class for 1897—the evidence of Glencairn, that a peculiar modification of the scow form must replace the old conventional V form, is corroborated by El Heirie; and as between these two, closely equal in many respects, the victory of Glencairn in the cup races demonstrates that in this class and under existing conditions extreme power pays. The class if retained for next year will be composed of boats of 13ft. l.w.l., 300sq. ft. of sail, of a form requiring extreme skill in handling, both to obtain speed and to avoid a capsize; and further, involving a risk of capsize that would be fatal to the winning of a race. In construction the boat will be strong enough to hold together through a racing season and perhaps for subsequent use. Thus far there has been no evidence of weakness in the light construction followed so far as strains are concerned; the great source of weakness lies in the very thin skin and light deck, liable to be holed by a slight mishap.

Those who oppose the 15-footers urge that they are too small for comfort and a useless type, both of which charges are perfectly true. On the other hand, the class is now established and a great deal has been learned which will aid in its further perfection and the elucidation of some most interesting problems, while this information will be of no use if applied to a larger class. The work of this year and last has left the hull problem still unsettled, but it has taught us how to build these little boats and how to rig them with a maximum of strength and a minimum of weight; this leaves the field clear next season for some experiments in dimensions, type and model that must be valuable and instructive. There are now a number of yachts in the class, the best of which, after a season's trial, will still have a fighting chance in the early races of next season, and which will materially strengthen the interest in the racing and increase the value of the results. Important as it is, the knowledge derived from Glencairn and El Heirie is still very incomplete; another year of the class will add to it immensely; but if the class be set aside for a new one, in which this knowledge appears only to a limited extent, all of the experiments must begin anew.

One strong argument for the 15ft. class is the cost, from $450, the cost of Glencairn, to $650.

The main argument we have thus far heard in favor of the 20-footer is to us an exceedingly weak one; it is said, in substance: "Look at Glencairn or El Heirie, the crack 15-footers, cramped and uncomfortable racing machines with big sail plans, capsizeable and useless save for racing, and then look at the 20 footers Eos and Bogie, fast, comfortable, non-capsizeable, with room for four or even five persons, good for both racing and cruising, in short an excellent type of boat." All this is very alluring on the surface, but has absolutely nothing to do with the case. The 20-footers are new and thoroughly modern boats, it is true, only recently launched, and all that their admirers claim for them; but so far as international racing for the Seawanhaka cup goes, they would never have a show after the first new boat had been built. They are both of a type that, in these classes, Glencairn has made obsolete; not only have they too much length and too little sail, but they have not the compressed waterline that is the radical and distinguishing feature of the two crack 15-footers, and without which they cannot win in the 20ft. class.

It is only a waste of time to consider these existing boats in comparison with the existing 15-footers; the true comparison demands that we should assume a 20-footer such as would be built to-day for international racing in summer. That such a boat could not be a fin-keel we are not prepared to say positively, but on the evidence thus far we see little to indicate that the fin would sail with the centerboard. The ratio of crew to displacement is not quite as extreme as in the 15-footers, but it is great enough to warrant the belief that live ballast would pay better than dead. We have very little doubt that the new 20 footers would be closely modeled after Glencairn, quite as useless save for racing, carrying one more hand, it is true, but costing at least double to build and more than double to transport and to race properly, being more difficult to handle in docking, etc., and greatly increasing the incidental expenses of racing. One designer who has been figuring closely on the probable boat for the class tells us that he would go very nearly to 15ft. l.w.l. and 600ft. of sail; in the course of his speculations he took a model at hand of a three-year-old racing sloop of 30ft. over all, 22ft. l.w.l. and 8ft. beam, and started to whittle it down to the waterline of a racing 20-footer, but was compelled to throw it aside, as the deck plan was already too small. Whether it is to be 500, 550 or 600sq. ft. of sail in the proposed class, it is absolutely certain that the existing 20-footers or 19ft. l.w.l. can have no place in it, and that the new boats will have all the disadvantages of the 15-footers, except room in cockpit, and still be as far from the ideal wholesome racing and sailing boat.

So far as actual data go, the 20ft. class involves an entirely new course of experiment. The knowledge of scantling, spars, rigging, etc., derived from the 15-footers will be of comparatively little use; the hull experiment, the most useful one of all, will again be hampered by defects of experiments in scantling and rig; the class, instead of being ready in the middle of May, as the 15ft. will be, will follow the course of all absolutely new classes, the boats being but half completed for the trial races. As to the number of new boats, the added expense will deter many, and yet the class is not large enough to attract that class of wealthy yachtsmen who have created the 21ft. and 30ft. classes. In condemning the 15ft. class, it must not be forgotten that it has brought out more amateur talent in designing and sailing than any class yet known, and it may be expected to do the same next year.

In discussing the 25ft. class we encounter some considerations that do not appear so prominently in the other two, though they are quite important. In the first place, the mention of the 25ft. class in the notice of challenge was a serious mistake, the committee evidently overlooking the provisions of Article IX. of the declaration of trust, under which the holding club, and not the challenger, has the right to name the class for the following season. On this point the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. has taken a very generous stand, waiving its rights in the matter, which are incontestible, and announcing its readiness to accept a challenge in any class. As far as the 25ft. class is concerned, it is beyond discussion in the present case, for the reason that the waters about Montreal will not admit of a fin keel 25-footer; it would not be possible for the defending club to create a class of such yachts, even centerboard craft, for its trial races, and it would be most unsportsmanlike to force the club to build a few boats solely to defend the cup, and to transfer the races far from its home waters in order to obtain depth to sail them, thus losing all opportunity for the development of a strong class and the working up of a defender. The fin-keel problem in this class in a doubtful one; it is quite likely that the fin would sail on even terms with the centerboard, though we should favor the latter type with a crew of five men.

Much the same considerations apply in the 20ft. class; the fin must be at least recognized; and this the limited depth of water about Montreal makes impracticable; deep water courses may be laid out for a series of special races, but they would not be convenient to the club station; and the construction of a fin-keel fleet, or even the trial of the type, would be impossible, owing to the shoals in the lake, numerous and of great area, the very shoal water at the anchorage, and the absence of facilities for hauling up such deep craft.

On this point a suggestion has already been made by the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., to the effect that if the S. C Y. C. should decide on the 20ft. class, an arbitrary limit be placed on the sail area and a limit of 6ft. on the extreme draft. This would tend to produce a much better type of boat; but it is a question whether arbitrary limits are desirable in international racing.

The feeling at the present time in the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. is in favor of the 15ft. class for next year; and we believe that this is the best possible course. Too much has been done in this class to be thrown away, as must be the case to a great extent if the racing is transferred to another, while if it be retained in the class some very interesting experiments will be made. The interest now centers in the class; with the announcement of its selection for next year the work of improving the old boats and designing new ones will go on without interruption, whereas if the attempt be made to create a new class there will be nothing to begin on, there will be no existing boats to lend life to the early racing, and the result will be a fleet of half-completed boats for the trial races. As to the general usefulness of one class over the other, there is, as we have shown, but little to choose; and that, in the matter of cost, is entirely on the side of the 15-footer and against the 20-footer. The man who builds in either class for a safe, handy and comfortable sailing craft will be badly fooled.

CANADA—VENCEDOR.

THE victorious Canada reached Toronto on Aug. 31, the entire city turning out to do honor to her and her crew. The greatest enthusiasm was displayed throughout the city, the day being observed as a holiday. Vencedor returned to Chicago on Sept. 4. The race has awakened a wonderful amount of interest on the lakes and throughout the West, and it is likely to be of permanent benefit to yachting interests on fresh water. It is certain that Canada will not be allowed to rest easy in undisturbed possession of her honors, and the effort to take them from her must, if it is to be successful, be carried out on lines that will tend to unify the various local interests, and to raise materially the standard of yacht racing on the American shores of the lakes. In the matter of systematic building and racing, and of improving the racing rules, the Western yachtsmen are still behind those of Lake Ontario and the coast; there has always prevailed a variety of conflicting rules that have tended to keep the different clubs apart rather than to unite them, and even yet the rules and customs of yachting and yacht racing are far behind those of the salt-water clubs.

The mistake that was made in the planning of Vencedor and the issuing of the first challenge is now generally appreciated, and we hope that the lesson of it will not be lost on lake yachtsmen, as the whole future of their yachting for some time to come depends on their action during the coming winter.

We have no sympathy whatever with the various attempts to mitigate the disappointment of Vencedor's defeat by blaming her owners, her designer or her builders. Messrs. Berriman have shown themselves to be spirited sportsmen and good losers, they made a fair offer in the first place, they accepted terms disadvantageous to themselves in order to get a match, and they have accepted the result in the best possible spirit, making no complaints and immediately issuing a new challenge.

As to the builders, they have shown both spirit and enterprise in their original offer to build the yacht, in the securing of the best possible skill in designing and building, and in the creation of a plant for the work. They have met with many difficulties incident to the inauguration of a new enterprise, and the chances of the yacht have been hurt by delays, but they have done everything in their power to make her a winner.

How well the designer has done his work it is impossible to say under the peculiar conditions of the case; the yacht has never had the sail plan which her dimensions demand, and lacking this no one can judge of the merits of the design. It is both unfair and useless now to condemn and decry those connected with Vencedor merely because she has been defeated. The one great mistake which they made was in attempting to introduce the extreme racing machine of comparatively large size on the Great Lakes.

A very superficial knowledge of lake yachting is enough to show the many serious drawbacks under which it has always existed, and that it can be put on a permanent and successful basis only by the adoption of a wise and liberal policy by all the clubs connected with it. The first essential is unity of action, such as has existed for a dozen years among the clubs, American and Canadian, of Lake Ontario, but not among the lakes as a whole, not even to any extent among the American clubs of Lake Michigan or Lake Erie. After many failures, the latest attempts at union on these two lakes now promise to be successful, and there should be no serious obstacle to-day in the summoning of a convention of representatives of every yacht club from Chicago to Montreal and the adoption of one uniform rule and of certain racing classes. What that rule should be is by no means as difficult a question as might be supposed in view of the general dissatisfaction and uncertainty existing in the large American clubs and also abroad. The conditions of lake yachting are different from those of the great Atlantic clubs, American and British; they are fewer, simpler and more easily understood and propounded.

The lake racing is a system distinct and apart from ocean racing, and while in the latter yachtsmen have been always reluctant to impose any restrictions, however necessary and salutary, which may hinder extreme speed, no such consideration exists in the former. The lake yachtsmen can and must leave to others the development of the highest possible speed, regardless of all other considerations; their only way to success lies in the establishment of permanent racing classes of thoroughly wholesome types. Whatever may be urged for the bulb-fin of matchbox construction on the coast and the ocean, there is no place for such a machine on the lakes, and no good argument can be urged against its summary exclusion.

The experience of twenty years on the lakes furnishes data which may be relied on as a safe guide in the formulation of essential limits. The yachts of the larger sizes have been entirely of poor quality, judged by modern standards; comparatively few new yachts have been built, but old ones, mainly brought from salt water, have been repeatedly rebuilt and patched over, with most unsatisfactory results. There is not now and never can be for years a racing class of large size throughout the lakes.

The first requirement of lake yachting is a type of yacht which, while fast enough and smart enough for racing, is still usable for cruising and general yachting; there are no yachtsmen on the lakes who will, if they can, maintain a sailing machine exclusively for racing. To be thus usable the extreme limit of draft must not exceed 9ft.; plenty more can be used over hundreds of miles of water, and rough water at that, but if a yacht is to be used all about the lakes and in such ports as she must frequent for shelter, repairs, docking and supplies, it will be found that a foot less than 9ft. is better than an inch more. This has been settled by practical experience beyond the possibility of contradiction. Whatever objections may be urged against an arbitrary limit of draft in other waters, on the Great Lakes a limit of 9ft. is in every way desirable.

This limit is in no way inadequate for the size of yacht best adapted to the general requirements of lake yachtsmen; of course larger yachts will be used in the future as they have been in the past, and will be raced in such job lot classes as can be made up at times, but for the largest permanent racing class, to which new yachts will be built from time to time, and in which such contests as the present one will be held, the size cannot greatly exceed that of Yama, Zelma and Canada, 42ft. racing length. A yacht of this class of modern but not extravagant construction will cost quite as much as the average lake yachtsman is inclined to spend on a racing craft, both in first cost and yearly running; in fact very many yachtsmen who are disposed to spend such a sum will prefer to buy an outclassed yacht of much greater size and do no racing. With that quasi-international stimulus that has existed in the present contest,

strengthened by local rivalry between the different lakes and the various ports on each, it should be possible to build up a class of about 42ft. racing length throughout the lakes from Chicago to Oswego, with more or less regular racing.

Pending anything better, and such does not now appear to be forthcoming, the Seawanhaka rule, as it stands to-day, in use by many lake clubs, might well be universally adopted, with such uniform racing rules as those of the Long Island Sound Yacht Racing Union. In the way of limitations for the largest class they might be 42ft. racing length, 9ft. extreme draft, and in addition an arbitrary limitation to the minimum coefficient of the midship section, such as would encourage a section like Zelma's with 6ft. of head room, instead of that of Canada. Added to these, some limitation on construction is most necessary, as the lake yachtsman who builds a yacht expects to use her, even in racing, for an indefinitely long time, and is not prepared to sell her after her first season. A limitation to the ratio of ballast to displacement, at some figure which would allow a reasonable scantling in bottom and deck, would be practicable and advantageous.

Such yachts as this class should produce would be fast, as is instanced by Zelma, and at the same time would give excellent accommodation, a good main saloon and after stateroom, toilet room, ice box, etc., and they would be safe and seaworthy even on the rough water and steep seas of the lakes. They would be well within the powers of a Corinthian crew, another important requisite in this service.

The new challenge of Com. Berriman names a limit of 43ft. l.w.l., or the same length as Vencedor, though it presumably means a new yacht in which the sail plan shall be better proportioned to the length. Such a yacht, even though not a bulb-fin, would be worse than useless on the lakes, there is no possibility of building up a permanent class, and it would mean the construction of a single syndicate yacht to meet her on the part of the Royal Canadian Y. C. This yacht would be of too great draft for the regular racing on Lake Ontario, she would have no class, and, worst of all, she would be big enough and fast enough to spoil the racing in the existing 42ft. class, of about 37ft. l.w.l. It would be merely a case of Defender over again; the new racing machine, while absolutely useless for other than the special race she was built for, would destroy all interest in smaller and better yachts. If the yachtsmen of Chicago desire such a yacht as best suited to their requirements, and are prepared to build up and maintain it as a regular racing class, they have of course a perfect right to do so; but we doubt whether this is possible in Chicago, and we know that such a class cannot be maintained permanently on all of the lakes. There is an opportunity just now to promote the building of fast modern yachts if the cost can be kept within a reasonable figure; but if the cost is large and the yachts are of an extreme racing type, then the lake yachtsmen will do as they have in the past: put their money into outbuilt but comfortable cruisers and leave racing to the syndicates.

AN EXPERT'S OPINION.

THE following commentary on the Toledo races is by Mr. O. E. Cromwell, of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. race committee, who was one of the judges of the Canada-Vencedor match:

"The match between Canada and Vencedor was one where the making of the match was the making of the race; the making and drawing up of the agreement, you know. Vencedor was obliged to sail under actual waterline length, at not less than 43ft., and her sailing length, from which her sail area is computed, could not exceed 45ft. She was thus obliged to take in ballast to bring the waterline to 43ft., and cut down the sail area to classify in 45ft. sailing length. The result was that she carried an unnecessary amount of ballast, and had her wings clipped. Canada was restricted to ½ft., and the effect of this arrangement made it impossible for Vencedor to win in light weather, and difficult for Canada to win in heavy weather. The race thus resolved itself into a question of prevailing force of wind, instead of the speed of boats. It is almost impossible to arrange a fair match between two boats of such unequal size as Canada and Vencedor.

"Another consideration which has great weight is the fact that the Canada was one of the latest constructions of Fife, a crack British builder. She is beautifully constructed, exceedingly light in hull, almost like a racing shell, fitted with hollow spars, and her rigging and gear were of the lightest possible character consistent with requisite strength. On the other hand, the Vencedor's sails, while of fair quality, were by no means what they should have been for so important a contest. Her blocks were unnecessarily heavy, and the entire fabric throughout was clumsy and cumbersome in comparison with the thoroughly up-to-date hull, rigging, gear and sails of the Canada. The Corinthian crew of the Canada was one of the best I have ever seen in an experience of forty years' yachting, while that of the Vencedor was a very fair crew, but was no match for their competitors It is my opinion that such important events as international races should be sailed by well-trained professional crews.

"The second race was the Vencedor's without question until she made the fatal error by mistaking a mark boat, and thus overstood the mark, losing about one and a half or two minutes. This was caused by a number of small fishing boats of precisely similar character to the mark boat anchoring in that vicinity during the absence of the yachts and committee steamer down the course. It was difficult to distinguish which was the mark boat. It should have been supplied with some distinctive mark, such as a sphere or some large flag of peculiar pattern.

"I think that Chicago's well-known enterprise, push and vigor cannot consent to play second fiddle to Canada in the matters of yachting, and I hope to see an intelligent effort made by her citizens to bring the cup back to this side of the lake next year. To do this a yacht of the proper size, say like the Canada, if that class should be agreed upon, should be designed and constructed by or under the immediate supervision of some first-class designer, like the Herreshoffs, Gardner & Cox, Cary Smith, or some other designer of well-known reputation. One of the most important things after the vessel leaves the designer and builders' hands is to have some amateur yacht sailor of skill and experience take it in hand, tune her up, and get the utmost speed out of her. Such men as Mr. Fish, of the Atlantic Y. C., and T. G. Zerega, of the Seawanhaka Y. C., are men possessing the necessary qualifications, and I do not doubt would accept with pleasure a proposition to take in charge vessels of this type for this purpose, as they are enthusiastic yachtsmen and men of means, having leisure time at their disposal.

"It is very fortunate that this international cup of the Great Lakes and the Seawanhaka international cup have gone to Canada, as the Canadian yachtsmen have proved themselves to be thorough sportsmen, and of far different caliber to some of the English yachtsmen who have visited our shores, such as Ashbury, Dunraven and Brand, who are constantly making protests and seeking opportunity for dissension."

THE AMERICAN WAY AND THE BRITISH WAY.

THE complaint has been repeatedly made, and perhaps not without reason, by the British press generally, that the "Yankee" does not know how to accept a victory gracefully, but "slops over" in a way that is both ill-bred, boastful and undignified. The true Briton is different; self-contained, unemotional and modest, he at least knows how to accept a victory—when it comes—in a correct and utterly proper manner. Here is a specimen from the *Mail and Empire*, of Toronto:

Canada by 26 seconds!

The American Eagle will not screech to-day.

An Eagle with its tail feathers pulled is not in the humor for screeching.

A bird without pride is a bird without voice.

The Canadian beaver has quietly accomplished its purpose.

Canada by 26 seconds!

The maple leaf rustles gladly in the brisk autumn breeze.

The hearts of the people are swelled with the national pride.

The Lion with the talons of the Eagle still marked in his back looks on approvingly.

Canada wins!

It is a victory of which all Canadians justly may feel proud. It is a victory of which all Canadians will feel proud. On the waters of Erie, in the midst of a great flotilla of American yachts prepared to blast forth the triumph of one of their numbers; in the midst of a great concourse of American citizens eager for the signal to rejoice in the vanquishment of their rival neighbor—there, alone, uncheered, unsung, unboasted, a Canadian craft, with a Canadian crew, carried the Union Jack twice over the course in advance of the Stars and Stripes.

Hurrah for Canada!

Now may some Canadian poet jingle his lines to the peerless craft that bears the name of the Dominion she represents. What more inspiring theme could he desire? Less variable than the winds that carried the Queen of the Lakes to the goal of her final triumph would be the sentiment that would install him in the hearts of a glad people.

Such an invocation as this certainly could never fail; the unknown laureate has responded, as witness the next issue of the same paper.

THE CANADA.

Uncheered, unsung, unboasted,
In that vast crowd alone,
With the Union Jack above it,
Our Canada held its own.
With our dear flag floating o'er it—
A Canadian craft and crew—
It defied the American Eagle,
And struggled proudly through.

On the waters blue of Erie,
Surrounded on every side
By yachts that claimed the Eagle,
And boasted in their pride.
They felt they were secure,
That they had naught to fear,
With triumphal blast they waited,
The victory to cheer.

But they knew not skipper Jarvis,
Nor our Canadian crew;
Knew not our gallant Canada,
Till it sailed so proudly through.
And the Maple Leaf is rustling
Glad in the autumn wind,
And the Lion looks on approving,
For the Eagle was left behind.

And Canada should glory,
And Canadians rejoice,
And the pride they're justly feeling
Be echoed with one voice.
All honor to our Canada,
So gallant and so true:
All honor to her skipper,
All honor to her crew.

N. M. Q.

Alas! for such pathos and such doggerel, even worthy of Austin himself, but facts are stubborn things, as the following letter shows:

Editor Mail and Empire:

SIR—On our return from Toledo this morning it was with regret that we read your remarks prefacing your account of the Vencedor-Canada race yesterday, as it was altogether out of accord with the spontaneous good-will shown toward the Canada by the many thousand American yachtsmen and spectators during the whole series; and while we cannot but think that your preliminary comments were written in any other feeling than that of exultation on the result, at the same time we fear an impression otherwise may be conveyed to our American friends. Among your remarks you state: "There, alone, uncheered, unsung, unboasted, the Canadian craft, with a Canadian crew, carried the Union Jack twice over the course in advance of the Stars and Stripes."

As a matter of fact, no winner could have received a more enthusiastic and generous reception, the Canada being cheered to the echo, not only at the winning line, but at every buoy in each race, and her twelve-mile run to her anchorage, after the final race, was a triumphal procession, the yacht and her crew being royally saluted by guns, whistles and lusty cheers from every boat she approached. All Canadians were splendidly entertained, and their wants looked after to the fullest extent.

When our American yachting friends visit us in Toronto, as we hope they may next season, Canadians will have reason to congratulate themselves if they are able to give them as hearty a welcome and as cordial a reception as they gave the Canada and Canadian fleet at Toledo. Yours, etc.,

F. J. CAMPBELL,
H. E. RIDLEY,
W. H. BROUSE.

TORONTO, Aug. 27.

Mr. Jarvis and his crew, with many other Canadians, have borne testimony to the fact that they were treated most fairly and hospitably at Toledo, and that no such state of affairs existed as is pictured by the *Mail and Empire*. The same was the case at Oyster Bay in July and at Grindstone last month; the Canadian winner of the Seawanhaka cup and the A. C. A. trophy were cheered and saluted by all.

Minnetonka and White Bear.

From the Chicago Record.

TARTAR has proved herself the champion for another year in the interlake races between the sloops on White Bear Lake, the St. Paul resort, and those on Minnetonka, the pride of Minneapolitans. The races were to have been commenced on Tuesday, but a 26-knot breeze played such havoc that it was next to impossible to sail, and a couple of accidents prevented the attempt.

The first race was sailed in a stiff breeze and under fair conditions. On Wednesday the sailing was over a three-legged 10-knot course on Lake Minnetonka, and the race was won on its merits by Tartar, who headed her rival, Alfrida, by 7m. and 24s. The official time of Tartar was 1 37.19.

What made the contest so intensely interesting, aside from the fact that every plan had been made to wrest the championship away from Minneapolis this year, was the fact that Tartar was a boat designed by a local Scandinavian builder on the shores of the "lake beautiful" from his own plans. Alfrida, on the contrary, was a creation of the world-renowned Bristol builders, the Herreshoffs. In their efforts to down their hitherto victorious rivals, a syndicate had been formed on White Bear, which secretly placed an order with the Bristol builders.

When Alfrida, the boat which was the result of that order, reached the lake she was found to be by all odds the best boat they had ever sailed; but over on the lake of "a hundred isles" was another boat built by the unknown Peterson. He had thought long and hard. He was a practical boat builder. He was familiar with the variable winds of Minnetonka, and he put his ideas into form, adding what has hitherto been unknown in boat building—a divided stern.

This division was effected by simply cutting out a rectangular piece from the stern of the boat, the entire cut, however, being above waterline. Objections were made to the boat of the new design, but the committee of the yacht club which took the measurements found Tartar to be all right and "of a design the building of which ought to be encouraged."

On Thursday there was little wind and a drifting match, in which Alfrida succeeded in drifting harder than Tartar. The course was not sailed until long after the time limit had expired, and it remained for the race of yesterday to tell the story of how the battle was lost and won.

A regular Tartar breeze of stiff twenty knots was blowing and freshening every minute The Minnetonka boat did not get down to business until she began to beat to windward on the third leg of the first circuit. Then she fairly hissed through the water, increasing her lead till at the close of her three stretches, which comprised the course, she led her rival by 7m 8s., corrected time.

The result gave the series to Tartar, which makes the two clubs break even on the two years' races. Next year will now decide which club shall have both the pennant and the cup. Tartar's work gave her the record for the ten-knot course on Lake Minnetonka.

A somewhat exciting contest was waged at the same time between Varuna, a Minnetonka catboat, and Nushka III., belonging to the White Bear catboat fleet. In both races the former won, although yesterday the breaking of the mast of Nushka prevented her from competing, a race which still held a fighting chance for her.

The yacht races were the scene of much social pleasure, the lake hotels and the yacht club both giving hops for the visitors. Mr. Peterson, the builder of Tartar, was the subject of many congratulations.

Hull Y. C. Club Regatta.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Aug. 22.

THE Hull Y. C. sailed a club race on Aug. 22 in a variable S.W. wind, fresh at the start, then falling very light and increasing toward the finish. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Cero, W. E. C. Eustis	38.04	2 31 37	1 59 57
Handsel, J. R. Hooper	31.07	2 40 42	2 02 02
Mabelle F. Swift, G. Bruce	44.10	Disabled.	
FOURTH CLASS.			
Rooster, Adams Bros.	21.00	2 32 45	1 52 04
Gleaner, F. O. Wellington	24.03	2 30 51	1 54 38
Eulalie, R. G. Hunt	25.05	2 31 34	1 56 47
Privateer, A. E. Schaaf		2 33 49	. .. ..
FIFTH CLASS.			
Cleopatra, H. M. Faxon	21.09	1 41 08	1 15 57
Opechee, W. P. Barker	22.06	1 46 44	1 22 13
SIXTH CLASS.			
Aikane, F. M. Kelly		1 41 35	. .. ..
KNOCKABOUTS.			
Torpedo, J. J. Souther		1 35 56	. .. ..
Bo Peep, Clark & North		1 37 58	. .. ..
La Chica, C V Souther		1 42 26	. .. ..
Jacktar, T. E. Jacobs		1 42 40	. .. ..
Nike, C. A. Cooley		Withdrew.	

The judges were Messrs. E. C. North, F. H. Jeffries, E. K. French, W. E. Sherrifs, C. P. Flint, N. F. Greely and W. L. Walker.

Cero is a new boat, built on the Cape for W. E. C. Eustis to take the place of his Dyer boat Salmon, burned last year. She is about 34ft. l.w.l. and 13ft. beam, with very light draft and weighted centerboard.

Rochester Y. C. Closing Regatta.

CHARLOTTE, N. Y.—LAKE ONTARIO.

Thursday, Aug. 27.

THE last regatta of the Rochester Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 27 in a moderate west wind and light sea. Many of the yachts were absent on cruises and but eleven started. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
FIRST CLASS.			
Facile	2 25 00	5 26 28	3 01 00
Kilpie	2 25 00	5 31 46	3 06 42
Iris	2 25 00	6 05 20	4 20 20
Weno	2 25 00	Did not finish.	
SECOND CLASS.			
Nydia	2 30 00	3 59 37	1 29 37
Zanita	2 30 00	4 00 48	1 10 48
Althea	2 30 00	4 15 20	1 25 20
Nyxie	2 30 00	Did not finish.	
Jean	2 30 00	Did not finish.	
THIRD CLASS.			
Zenobia	2 30 00	4 16 37	2 26 37
Chic	2 30 00	Did not finish.	

Miramichi Y. C.

THE Miramichi Y. C. sailed its third race of the season on Aug. 27 at Newcastle, N. B., the course being twice around a 4-mile triangle. It was for the Thos. D. Adams cup and club prizes. The result was as follows:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Oriana, J. L. Stewart	1 18 40	1 16 00
Learing, Thos. Currie	1 16 30	1 16 30
Maude, J. C. Miller	1 20 15	1 17 35
Avis, Albert Henderson	1 20 25	Not meas.
Kittoch, Dr. Pedlin	Did not finish.	

The race was sailed in a strong breeze. Oriana wins the cup for the second year. She won the first race this season, was dismasted in the second, and now wins the third.

Delevan Lake Races.

DELEVAN, WIS.

Saturday, Aug. 29.

THE last race of the season on Delevan Lake was sailed in a blow that dismasted Mariella and Estelle and kept Ideal from starting, as she carried away her halyards on the way to the start. Circe was goosewinged in jibing, but finally won. The times were:

Circe	1 30 25
Euliana	1 36 00
Therissa	1 39 13

A second prize goes to Euliana.

The judges were G. M. Davis, L. G. Foster and E. S. Gilbert.

Jubilee Y. C.

BEVERLY, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 22.

THE fourth and final championship race of the Jubilee Y. C. was sailed in a fresh S.W. breeze, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Elvira, M. Bartlett, Jr	1 42 10	1 27 50
Elf, Dixon, *et al*	1 59 50	1 34 20
Brownie, Hawley	2 19 10	1 45 40

Elvira wins the championship.

Put-in-Bay Regattas.

PUT-IN-BAY, LAKE ERIE.

Aug. 18, 19, 20.

THE races of the Interlake Y. R. A. at Put-in-Bay, Lake Erie, began on Aug. 18 with a lively race in a strong N.W. wind, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Priscilla	3 42 36	3 42 36
Mistral	4 16 41	4 07 02
25FT. CLASS.		
Eva	4 04 50	4 00 05
Shamrock	4 23 47	4 23 47
Alborak	4 35 55	4 32 05
Nadia	4 39 29	4 34 26
55FT. CLASS.		
Vanenna	3 36 20	3 36 20
Vreda	3 48 37	3 47 47
40FT. CLASS.		
Vivia	3 [illegible] 02	3 46 02
Dinah	3 52 55	3 50 23

The second day, Aug. 19, brought out the new Canada and a new American cutter, Czárina, of Toledo, as well as a good fleet of yachts from the different lakes. The wind was now strong N.E., with smooth water, making a good race. The times were:

46FT. CLASS—21 MILES.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Canada, Toronto	3 37 39	3 37 39
Zelma, Hamilton	3 40 04	3 39 01
Czarina, Toledo	4 20 44	4 20 44
30FT. CLASS—10½ MILES.		
Hiawatha, Hamilton	1 59 23	1 56 19
Lucy, Detroit	2 02 08	2 01 26
Myrna	2 02 44	1 59 47
Yankee, Toledo	2 13 16	2 12 10
Mischief, Toledo	2 17 59	2 17 59
Nox, Rochester	2 09 43	2 08 29
Undine, Kelly's Island	2 28 57	2 25 32
Viking, Toledo	Did not finish.	
25FT. CLASS—10½ MILES.		
Typhoon, Toledo	2 25 16	2 22 40
Marie M., Sandusky	2 27 45	2 27 45
Pearl, Toledo	2 33 16	2 33 08
Elfin, Toledo	2 38 32	2 34 35
Brownie, Toledo	2 35 10	2 31 22
Sprite, Toledo	2 40 18	2 39 30
Eurocydon, Hamilton	2 37 09	2 33 09
Flirt, Toledo	2 42 22	2 34 33
White Wings, Kelly's Island	3 00 40	2 57 33
Volante, Toledo	Did not finish.	
SPECIAL—DOUBLE CATS—10½ MILES.		
Katrina, Detroit	2 33 41	2 33 41
Amelia, Detroit	2 46 46	2 44 19
NAPHTHA LAUNCHES—21 MILES.		
Restless, Toledo	3 19 25	3 10 37
Carlina, Sandusky	3 20 43	3 20 43

The race of Aug. 20 was an open one to all classes, with time allowance, the prize being the Hotel Victory cup. The wind was light and variable, with much fluking and drifting The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Zelma	8 45 00	2 42 13	5 57 13	5 37 51
Vreda	8 44 04	2 59 33	6 15 29	6 02 28
Sultana	8 14 17	3 15 11	6 33 54	6 13 20
Vanenna	8 45 00	3 22 02	6 37 02	6 27 32
Miriam	8 45 00	4 44 47	6 59 47	6 37 20
Priscilla	8 42 35	4 59 30	7 16 55	7 16 55

On Aug. 21 a special consolation race was sailed in a moderate wind, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Neva	1 58 48	1 58 48
Yankee	2 22 00	2 05 44
Lucy	2 22 13	2 06 23
Meteor	2 32 11	2 20 40
Elfin	2 35 12	2 09 13
Pearl	2 44 45	2 23 09
Mischief	2 26 50	2 10 41

In connection with these races, the *Chicago Times-Herald* comments very sensibly on the important question of a good rule and one rule only for the lakes:

"The meet has been the most successful yachting event ever held on Lake Erie. Not only did the fleet of yachts assembled far outnumber any of previous years, but the representative gathering of yachtsmen from the three Great Lakes gave an opportunity never before presented of discussing interlake yachting interests.

"The most important feature in illustration of this was the discussion of the plan to adopt uniform rules of measurement. Last winter the *Times-Herald* urged that the three big yachting associations of lakes Erie, Ontario and Michigan get together and agree upon some basis of measurement and racing rules. The discussion of the rules which should govern the international race emphasized the importance of this suggestion, and resulted in the appointing of a committee from each association to confer and report a plan for unanimity on the question.

"The matter was brought up at a meeting of yacht captains held at Put-in-Bay, and E. W. Radder, of the Cleveland Y. C., who represented the Interlake Association committee, announced that the Lake Erie yachtsmen favored the adoption of the system of measurement in vogue on Lake Ontario, where the actual instead of the approximate sail area is taxed. The only yachtsman present who was openly opposed to this new departure was Capt. Ingraham, of the Erie Y. C., who made a heated argument against the modern racing machines coming in and robbing the old style boats by reason of their overhang. He was in favor of adopting the overhang tax which Lake Michigan is striving to abolish. The discussion at this meeting demonstrated the fact that the Canadian yachtsmen have taught their brethren on this side of the water a good many things since these circuit races began. Not only have the lake sailors learned much from them about how to handle their boats in a race, but they have received other lessons which will work to their benefit.

"The Canadians are anxious that the three lakes should keep up the spirit of friendly rivalry which the international race and the meets at Cleveland and Put-in-Bay have inaugurated. They are willing to meet the others half way. It is a conceded point that on Lake Ontario they are far in advance of the other lakes in everything pertaining to the sport, and, in order to encourage an interlake organization, they are willing to retrograde, if necessary, and wait for the others to catch up. The result of this discussion just at this time will be the organization of an association combining the three lakes and establishing an annual meet, taking each lake in its turn."

Wood's Holl Y. C.

WOOD'S HOLL, MASS.

Aug. 22-29.

THE Wood's Holl Y. C. sailed its second regatta on Aug. 22 in a fresh S.W. breeze, the times being:

SPRITSAIL CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dude, H. E. Hibbard	13.05	1 31 33	1 31 19
Trilby, J. K. P. Purdham	13.06	1 35 20	1 35 11
Florence, A. M. Ferris	13.05	1 35 34	1 35 20
Try, Chas. Harding	13.08	1 35 30	1 35 30
No Name, Mr. Wilbur	13.00	1 37 28	1 36 58
U K, Mr. Dyer	13.00	1 41 58	1 41 22
Hope, J. Veeder	13.00	1 41 59	1 41 23
Polly H., Capt. Fish	13.01	1 43 56	1 43 25
No Name, Mr. Foster	13.01	1 47 40	1 47 09
Hobo, Com. Harding	13.01	Disabled.	
Init, Bob Harding	Withdrew.		
KNOCKABOUT CLASS.			
Vivid, J. M. Forbes		0 49 57	. .. ..
Bob, Edgar Harding		0 53 23	. .. ..
P D Q, Emmons		0 54 28	. .. ..
Captain Cox, A. M. Ferris		0 54 57	. .. ..

The third regatta, on Aug. 29, was very unsatisfactory, there being almost a calm. The only class to finish was the second catboat class, with Try first and Cinch second.

Green Lake Y. C.

GREEN LAKE, WIS.

Saturday, Aug. 29.

THE third and last race of the series for the Interlake cup offered by the Green Lake Y. C. and open to yachts from all the inland lakes of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Illinois was sailed on Aug. 29 on Green Lake. The course was 12 miles, the wind blowing half a gale from S.W. Tzin won, making her record four firsts and two seconds. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Tzin, Will E. Hazeltine	2 18 33	2 13 23
Hypatia, Gwynne Garnett	2 13 23	2 15 23
Pleasant Point, J. W. Ross	2 21 55	2 17 36

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

THE Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. has provided liberally for the schooners of late, with a race on Aug. 29 for the very handsome cup presented by Com. Rouse, and one on Aug. 31 for the Center trophy—originally a New York Y. C. prize—for a race around the Cape May Lightship, won twenty years ago by Vindex; and recently presented by Mr. Center's mother to the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. The response on the part of yacht owners both in the schooner and two smaller classes, in which good prizes were offered, has not been specially gratifying, as very few yachts started, in spite of the personal applications of members of the committee to various owners. The race for the Commodore's cup, costing $500, for schooners, and a $250 cup presented by Vice-Com. J. K Todd for the 30-footers, was sailed on Aug. 29, the wind at the start and through the first round being fresh from N.E. The Greenwich-Long Neck triangle was sailed twice over, the schooners starting at 12:05, Amorita leading smartly over the line at 12:05:04, Colonia at 12:08:17, and Emerald at 12:09:03. The 30-footers were started at 12:10 from the gun, Hera being first, followed by Departure, Raccoon and Argonaut. On the reach across Amorita kept well to windward of the mark, the others in her wake, so that all overstood; Colonia passed Amorita, tha turn being timed:

Colonia	12 40 31	Hera	12 50 18
Amorita	12 41 41	Departure	12 50 57
Emerald	12 42 10	Raccoon	12 51 10

On the beat to the Long Neck Point mark Emerald passed Amorita, the schooners being timed:

Colonia	1 42 15	Amorita	1 59 05
Emerald	1 56 40		

The wind held long enough to make a reach to the line for Colonia and then came out S.W. The end of the round was timed:

Colonia	2 23 10	Amorita	3 03 08
Emerald	2 54 40		

Amorita withdrew at the line.

The 30-footers were timed at their finish:

Hera	3 39 50	Departure	3 56 30
Raccoon	3 49 11	Argonaut	Withdrew

The second leg was sailed in slow time, the wind being very light. Colonia won easily. The full times were:

SCHOONER CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Colonia	12 08 17	6 37 56	6 29 39	6 29 39
Emerald	12 09 03	6 48 53	6 39 50	6 38 05
Amorita	12 05 04	Did not finish.		
30FT. SLOOP CLASS.				
Hera	12 10 00	3 39 50	3 29 50	. .. ..
Departure	12 10 00	3 56 30	3 46 30	. .. ..
Raccoon	12 10 00	3 49 11	3 39 11	. .. ..
Argonaut	12 10 00	Did not finish.		

Hera had left the racing of her class at Newport and made the trip to Oyster Bay specially for this race, being well entitled to the handsome cup.

On Monday, in addition to the schooner prize, a special prize was offered in the new and as yet nebulous 20ft. class, which it is proposed to substitute for the 15ft. class next season. Thus far there are no yachts in the class except the bulb-fin Bogie, designed by W. P. Stephens, and Eos and two other bulb-fins just completed from designs by Chas. Olmstead; only Eos being ready for racing.

The club launch was sent out in the morning to set the two marks for the same triangle as on Saturday, and, as on that occasion, started for the Greenwich mark first. The committee finding that the wind was W.N.W decided to sail the course the reverse of the usual way, to the Long Neck mark first. The start was made at 12:05, Ramona crossing at 12:05:40, Colonia at 12:10 and Amorita at 12:10:40, the two 20 footers being timed from the 12:10 gun. Before Colonia reached Long Neck Point the committee discovered that the launch had not had time to set the mark after setting that off Greenwich. After some trouble the yachts were notified of the situation, and that a new start would be made from Long Neck Point. On the reach across Colonia passed Ramona, and Bogie made a good lead on Eos.

The second start was made at 1:40, the times at the line being:

Ramona	1 47 18	Amorita	1 49 06
Colonia	1 48 46		

A shift of the wind now made a reach to the Greenwich mark, there being a stiff breeze. They ran across to the Center Island mark, Colonia in the lead and Eos ahead of Bogie; the schooners were timed here:

Colonia	2 56 22	Amorita	3 02 32
Ramona	2 59 57		

The wind now came out N.E., with a shower of rain, followed by a calm, and the yachts drifted across to Long Neck Point, where the 20-footers finished, Eos in the lead; the schooners being sent directly back to Center Island, as the wind was very light. Ramona withdrew here. The full times were:

SCHOONERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Colonia	1 48 46	6 47 36	4 58 50	4 58 50
Ramona	1 47 18	Withdrew.		
Amorita	1 49 06	Did not finish.		
20FT. CLASS.				
Eos	1 50 00	5 26 17	3 36 17	. .. ..
Bogie	1 50 00	5 32 30	3 42 30	. .. ..

Huntington Bay Y. C. Annual Regatta.

HUNTINGTON—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 29.

THE Huntington Bay Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on Aug. 29, the course being a triangle between Taylor's Dock, in the bay, Lloyd's Neck Buoy and Eaton's Neck Buoy; 12½ nautical miles. The start was made in a moderate N.E. breeze, but after a time it fell and the wind came in light from the south. The times were:

CABIN SLOOPS, CUTTERS AND YAWLS.

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Pawnee, E. Waterman	12 40 00	4 30 45	3 49 15
Norota, F. M. Hoyt	12 40 00	3 45 08	3 05 08
CABIN SLOOPS—26FT. CLASS.			
Ninta, F. A. Dingee	12 40 00	4 31 08	3 51 08
Fannie, G. Andrews	12 40 00	4 39 05	3 59 25
CABIN CATBOATS—30FT. CLASS.			
Zaloma, W. W. Wood	12 36 50	4 28 39	3 51 49
Mayonaya, F. C. Swand	12 36 10	4 39 45	3 58 05
Naida, H. H. Gordon	12 37 10	4 21 39	3 37 34
Flyaway, A. W. Palmer	12 37 46	4 53 53	4 12 28
Aigli, Klots & Vail	12 37 00	4 46 25	4 03 25
Dorothy, Geo. Hill	12 39 41	4 16 37	3 32 39
Jemmie, A. Van Cott	12 36 43	4 28 10	3 45 45
CABIN CATS—25FT CLASS.			
Shadow, G. N. Brown	12 40 00	4 38 07	3 58 07
Presto, E. M. Hatfield	12 37 00	4 35 27	3 52 11
Win or Lose, J. I. Appleby	12 39 00	4 29 58	3 45 42
Penelope, Dr. Ketchum	12 40 00	Withdrew.	
Oconita, Mr. Smith	12 39 41	Withdrew.	
OPEN CATS—25FT. CLASS.			
Bubble, A. M. Braley	12 43 18	3 35 11	2 51 43
Goosebird, R. H. Nevins	12 44 42	4 55 20	4 10 38
Louise, T. Hansen	12 43 24	Withdrew.	
Mischief, Rogers & Shepard	12 42 22	3 56 00	3 18 28

The winners were Norota, Ninta, Dorothy, Win or Lose and Bubble.

Conanicut Y. C.

JAMESTOWN, R. I.—NARRAGANSETT BAY.

Wednesday, Aug. 26.

THE Conanicut Y. C., of Jamestown, Conanicut Island, sailed a race on Aug. 26, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Iris	2 40 15	4 31 27	1 51 12
Sea Maid	2 40 25	4 37 20	1 56 55
Rainbow	2 40 33	4 37 12	1 56 39
We Two	2 40 10	4 40 24	2 00 14
SECOND CLASS.			
Gad Fly	2 46 02	4 41 23	1 56 21
Boodler	2 45 35	4 44 54	1 59 19
Cinder	2 46 10	4 49 15	2 03 05
Suta	2 46 18	Did not finish.	
Thetis	2 45 10	Did not finish.	
THIRD CLASS.			
Vesper	2 50 15	5 04 20	2 14 05
Maud	2 51 03	5 05 38	2 14 35
Vega	2 50 44	5 18 20	2 27 36
Sunshine	2 52 00	5 27 54	2 35 54
Dart	2 50 20	5 36 50	2 46 30
Daisy	2 50 23	5 32 02	2 41 35
Spy	2 51 03	5 36 00	2 44 57
Milky Cocoa	2 50 44	Did not finish.	
15FT. CLASS.			
Ideal	2 55 35	Did not finish.	
Gnat	2 55 20	4 58 14	. .. ..

Huguenot Y. C. Annual Regatta.

NEW ROCHELLE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 29.

THE second annual regatta of the Huguenot Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 29 in a variable wind, a fresh easterly breeze at the start followed by a calm and light south wind. The times were:

FIRST CLASS—CUTTERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Infanta	12 45 00	2 56 30	2 11 30
Modesta	12 45 00	3 54 05	2 09 05
Dorothy	12 45 00	5 12 00	4 27 00
Acushla	12 45 00	Did not finish.	
SECOND CLASS—CABIN SLOOPS.			
Sparrow	12 45 00	2 25 55	2 40 55
Wahneta	12 45 00	3 36 35	2 51 35
Agawan	12 45 00	3 49 05	3 04 05
Avis	12 45 00	Did not finish.	
Virginia	12 45 00	Did not finish.	
THIRD CLASS—CABIN CATS.			
Grace	12 45 00	6 02 58	5 17 58
Scat	12 45 00	5 53 35	5 08 35
Duck	12 45 00	Did not finish.	
FOURTH CLASS—CABIN CATS.			
Oconee	12 45 00	5 52 00	4 17 00
Loyalty	12 45 00	Did not finish.	
FIFTH CLASS—OPEN CATS.			
Edwina	1 05 00	5 34 10	4 29 30
Ondana	1 05 00	Not timed.	
SIXTH CLASS—15-FOOTERS.			
Yola	1 05 00	5 24 31	4 19 31
Hope	1 05 00	Did not finish.	
SEVENTH CLASS CATS.			
Dorothy	1 05 00	5 45 05	4 40 05
Narriach	1 05 00	Did not finish.	
EIGHTH CLASS—SHIFTABLE BALLAST BOATS.			
Starling	1 05 00	5 40 00	4 35 00
Anglesea	1 05 00	Did not finish.	
NINTH CLASS—OPEN SLOOPS.			
Hyale	1 05 00	3 42 30	2 37 30
Eos	1 05 00	3 20 00	2 15 00
TENTH CLASS—21-FOOTERS.			
Vaquero	12 55 00	5 22 05	4 27 05
Houri	12 55 00	4 33 10	5 38 10
Celia	12 55 00	Did not finish.	

The winners were Modesta, Sparrow, Scat, Oconee, Edwina, Yola, Dorothy, Starling, Eos and Houri.

Acushla broke her gaff.

Bay-Waveland Y. C.

BAY ST. LOUIS, MISS.

Saturday, Aug. 22.

THE new Bay-Waveland Y. C. sailed a regatta on Aug. 22 in a moderate breeze, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Tawanta	32.06	3 06 00	3 06 00
OPEN SLOOPS—OVER 22FT.			
Nyanza	23.07	3 17 00	3 17 00
OPEN SLOOPS—18 TO 20FT.			
Jeanne	23.09	3 06 00	3 06 00
Alice	23.00	3 11 30	3 39 43
OPEN SLOOPS—UNDER 18FT.			
Lady Luckett	21.45	3 17 00	3 17 00
Trolley	17.05	3 30 00	3 19 42
Martha S	20.01	Withdrew.	
Manhattan B	20.04	3 26 00	3 23 39
CATBOATS—20FT. AND OVER.			
Com. Moorman	23.09	3 08 00	2 59 22
Dionysius	29.01	3 01 00	3 01 00
Florence No. 2	24.02	3 28 00	3 19 57
Lady Florence	25.01	Withdrew.	
Daisy B	20.09	Withdrew.	
Daisy	20.08	Withdrew.	
Defiance	21.07	Withdrew.	
K. M. A	16.04	Withdrew.	
Clemence C	20.05	Withdrew.	
Lady Gay	17.03	Withdrew.	
Black Cloud	14.01	Withdrew.	

Judges—August Keller, E. J. Bowers and Louis H. Fairchild.

Timers—Ed Corkery, J. F. Clark and E. E. O'Brien.

Measurer—W. Brunet.

Regatta Committee—S. L. Mitchell, F. R. Matthews and Charles A. Worsley.

Cape Cod Y. C.

THE club sailed an open regatta on Aug. 29 off Provincetown in moderate breeze, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Addie, R. C. Nickerson	25.04	3 07 00	2 22 38
Emma C., P. A. Coupal	29.04	3 04 00	2 25 48
Harbinger, Bache	28.04	3 18 29	2 38 16
City of Chicago, F. Crossby	25.10	3 15 06	2 31 18
Eclipse, H. H. Sears	27.05	3 16 00	2 34 35
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	25.06	3 14 00	2 29 51
Marguerite, E. L. Cummings	25.07	3 23 00	2 38 59
SECOND CLASS.			
Tacoma, S. N. Small	21.08	3 12 02	2 21 31
Harolde, A. T. Bliss	24.07	3 20 59	2 58 12
Arawak, L. D. Baker	24.02	3 20 45	2 57 39
Electra, E. O. Snow	23.03	3 18 20	2 31 22
Cumaquid, J. Knowles		Withdrew.	
Free Silver		Not timed.	
THIRD CLASS.			
Nancy Hanks, McLathlin	20.06	2 55 20	2 23 52
Hustler, Turner	20.04	3 07 37	2 25 54
Gee Whiz, Lombard	19.08	3 32 12	2 49 27
Fanny D., McDowell	20.06	2 50 30	2 19 29
Zulu, L. F. Crowell	18.10	3 55 00	3 10 46
FOURTH CLASS.			
Anita, S. N. Small	17.08	2 01 45	1 22 15
Dolphin, O. H. Davenport	16.02	2 09 48	1 38 07
Trilby, F. Higgins	17.02	2 18 09	1 48 01
Tantrum, G. W. Holbrook	15.00	2 05 10	1 32 27
SPECIAL.			
Maud B		3 57 46	3 00 49
Cora Belle		4 55 45	3 02 44
Bessie S. Kelley		3 47 29	3 09 32
M. Henry		4 08 35	3 20 44
Etta		3 50 00	3 07 18

Riverside Y. C. Special Race.

RIVERSIDE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Wednesday, Sept. 2.

THE special race of the Riverside Y. C. on Sept. 2 was blessed with winds from every quarter and of varying force. In addition to the regular class race, a special match was made by Uvira, Norota and Eidolon, Norota winning. The times were:

CUTTERS—51FT CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Uvira	1 46 07	5 00 51	3 14 44	3 14 44
CUTTERS—43FT. CLASS.				
Eidolon	1 46 37	5 12 38	3 25 41	3 25 41
Norota	1 50 00	5 05 55	3 15 55	3 15 06
SLOOPS—36FT. CLASS				
Vorant II	1 48 10	5 32 00	3 43 50	3 42 10
Acushla	1 49 19	5 18 17	3 28 58	3 28 58
SLOOPS—25FT. CLASS.				
Vaquero	1 52 44	4 52 42	2 59 58	2 59 58
Eos	1 50 58	5 03 52	3 12 54	3 06 07
CABIN CATS—25FT. CLASS.				
Penelope	1 55 00	Did not finish.		
Presto	1 53 47	4 59 39	3 05 52	3 05 52
Scat	1 52 09	4 58 33	3 06 24	3 03 42
15FT. CLASS.				
Yola	2 00 00	4 20 09	2 20 09	2 20 09
Trilby	2 00 00	Withdrew.		

Lake Geneva Y. C.

LAKE GENEVA, WIS.

Saturday, Aug. 22.

THE great event of the Lake Geneva Y. C., the annual race for the Sheridan cup, was sailed on Aug. 22, together with the race for the Folly cup. The wind was moderate from S.W. and a good race was sailed, Lorna winning the Sheridan cup and Possum the Folly cup. Mephisto was disqualified for fouling a mark, making Possum the winner.

Horseshoe Harbor Y. C.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 22.

THE Horseshoe Harbor Y. C., of Larchmont, sailed its annual regatta on Aug. 22 over the club's courses about Execution. The day was cloudy and unpleasant for the many spectators, but with a moderate S.E. breeze and a sea for the yachts. The times were:

	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.
CABIN SLOOPS—36FT. CLASS.			
Cymbia, T. A. McIntyre	35.57	Did not finish.	
Acushla, W. A. Hanan	34.00	4 27 17	2 17 17
CABIN SLOOPS—30FT. CLASS.			
Quantuck, J. L. Delafield	26.15	4 59 34	2 49 34
Fannie, B. F. Andrews	....	Did not finish.	
SPECIAL—30FT. CLASS.			
Raccoon, T. R. Hostetter	30.00	4 35 42	2 25 42
Departure, C. B. Seeley	30.00	4 38 22	2 28 22
SPECIAL—21FT. CLASS.			
Houri, E B. Hart	21.00	4 00 32	1 45 32
Celia, W. S. Gould	21.00	4 00 40	1 45 40
Vaquero, W. G. Brokaw	21.00	4 04 04	1 49 40
SPECIAL—15FT. CLASS.			
Paprika, C. S. Hoyt	15.00	4 20 03	2 00 03
Willada, W. G. Neuman	15.00	4 33 58	2 13 58
OPEN SLOOPS—20FT. CLASS.			
H. E. Z., E. S. Towle	16.00	4 21 40	2 01 40
Dolly, B. Whiting	17.17	5 05 42	2 45 42
Eos, P. T. Dodge	19.05	4 06 59	1 51 59
Nereus, M. D. Wright	N. M.	5 01 52	2 41 52
CABIN CATS—30FT. CLASS			
Dosoris II., G. P. Nail	29.00	4 52 30	2 42 30
Onaway, S. C. Pirie	26.48	5 07 32	2 57 32
CABIN CATS—25FT. CLASS.			
Grace, J. F. Lamsden	22.00	5 33 13	3 23 13
Scat, F. M. Randall	22.00	5 13 08	3 03 08
Presto, M. E. Hatfield	22.67	5 13 57	3 03 57
Hornet, E. Mallory	22.00	Did not finish.	
CABIN CATS—20FT. CLASS.			
Orienta, A. B. Bill	17.24	4 48 45	2 38 45
Alice, G. G. Fry	19.85	Did not finish.	
OPEN CATS—25FT. CLASS.			
Fairy, F. E. Towle	23.16	4 07 50	1 07 50
Edwina, J. N. Gould	21.45	4 30 47	2 10 47
Ondawa, H. Lambden	20.91	4 21 08	2 01 08
Punch, Clark Bros	20.08	4 29 12	2 09 12
OPEN CATS—20FT CLASS.			
Starling, C. Delevante	19.91	4 28 20	2 08 20
Ione, C. M. Bird	19.68	4 27 45	2 07 45
Dorothy, J. E. Sanborn	19.52	4 54 55	2 34 55
Gosbird, R. N. Nevins	17.50	Did not finish.	
OPEN CATS—15FT. CLASS.			
Skip, K. Whiting	14.00	Not timed.	
Coot, A. D. Prime	14.50	Not timed.	
Caprice, F. R. Proctor, Jr.	15.00	5 07 46	2 37 48
CABIN SLOOPS—25FT CLASS.			
Brenda, M. Scott	21.00	Not timed.	
Ola, F. W. Smedley	24.05	Not timed.	
Agawam, C. D. Wright	22.00	5 30 58	3 20 58
MIXED CLASS—FOR BEVAN CHALLENGE CUP.			
Fairy, F. E. Towle	....	4 07 50	1 47 50
Ione, C. M. Bird	....	4 27 45	2 07 45
Caprice, F. R. Proctor, Jr.	....	5 07 46	2 37 46

The winners were Acushla, Quantuck, Raccoon, Houri, Paprika, Eos, Dosoris II., Scat, Orienta, Ione, Caprice, Agawan and Fairy. Fairy keeps the Bevan challenge cup, having won it three times in succession.

Fox Lake Y. C.

FOX LAKE, ILL.

Saturday, Aug. 22.

THE Fox Lake Y. C., of Fox Lake, Ill., sailed its sixth regatta, the last of a very successful season, on Aug. 22, the starters being:

Sloops.—Hornet, G. A. Johnson; Sleepy Tom, Nic Morris; Gold Bug, F. Mohrman; Baby Jane, O. H. Morrison; Francis M., O. D. Bray; Nellie G., H. Gardiner; Anna, O. Wangberg; Windward, J. Lindsay; Joker, S. Chase.

Catboats.—Willie Wumps, F. Lornax; Vixen, E B. Webber; Happy Days, G. A. Martin; Grimalkin, R N. Tooker, Jr.; Lorna Doone, W. H. Lyford.

Baby Jane is a new yacht of the same model as Sleepy Tom and Gold Bug. The wind was strong from N.W., and it rained toward the end of the race. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SLOOPS.				
Hornet	2 26 07	3 57 17	1 30 10	1 31 10
Sleepy Tom	2 24 50	3 46 05	1 21 15	1 13 40
Gold Bug	2 25 10	3 49 30	1 24 20	1 14 47
Baby Jane	2 25 15	3 50 42	1 25 27	1 20 12
Francis M	2 25 12	3 57 24	1 32 12	1 29 47
Nellie G	2 25 25	3 59 01	1 33 36	1 33 36
Anna	2 25 00	3 52 00	1 27 00	1 21 49
Windward	2 25 49	Withdrew.		
CATBOATS.				
Willie Wumps	2 37 30	Withdrew.		
Vixen	2 36 55	3 58 56	1 22 01	1 21 42
Happy Days	2 39 30	3 51 50	1 22 20	1 22 18
Grimalkin	2 29 44	3 51 46	1 22 02	1 22 02
Lorna Doone	2 29 44	3 52 55	1 23 11	1 22 37

The judges were C. A. Barnum and Clark Bennett.

Gold Bug was protested by Baby Jane for fouling the mark at the start and was disqualified. Sleepy Tom wins the Commodore's cup, having won five out of the six races of the season. Happy Days wins the Hansell cup, having two legs for it, with Grimalkin, Vixen, Lorna Doone and Willie Wumps one leg each.

Piscataqua Y. C.

YORK BEACH, ME.

Saturday, Aug. 22.

THE second open race of the Piscataqua Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 22, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
FIRST CLASS.		
Emma C., Cooper	2 54 17	2 49 17
Ida J., Beckman	2 56 58	2 51 58
Premier, Chase	3 03 33	2 58 33
Notus, ——	Withdrew.	
Organet, ——	Withdrew.	
SECOND CLASS.		
Toyo, S. Humphrey, Jr.	2 43 05	2 38 05
Frolic, Decatur	2 54 30	2 44 30
THIRD CLASS.		
Emma C., French	3 19 40	3 09 40
Aurora, Regan	3 22 22	3 12 22
Cirrus, Turner	Withdrew.	
Almeda, ——	Withdrew.	

Oconomowoc Y. C.

LAKE OCONOMOWOC, WIS.

Saturday, Aug. 22.

THE Oconomowoc Y. C. sailed a race on Aug. 22 for the Commodore's cup and cash prizes, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Bird, F. W. Noyes	1 07 32	1 06 36
Hope, Geo. D. Vandike	1 10 29	1 06 54
Skedaddle, Gordon Buchanan	1 11 31	No al'w'ce
Argo, D. E. Murphy	1 32 45	1 32 11

The final race at Lake Oconomowoc was sailed in a strong S.W. wind that disabled both Argo and Skedaddle. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Bird, F. W. Noyes, Jr.	0 50 05	0 49 09
Hope, G. D. Van Dyke	0 54 40	0 50 55

The final result of the series is that Hope has won four times and Bird three times.

Zoe—El Capitan.

A PRIVATE match was sailed on Aug. 21 at East Moriches, Great South Bay, between the catboats Zoe (Henry Growtage) and El Capitan (Wm. Newberry); the stakes being $100 per side. The course was a 3⅛-mile triangle, sailed three times. Zoe led until the last round, when she was passed by El Capitan, but the latter neglected to cross the finish line and started to sail another round, thus losing the race. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
El Capitan	3 17 42	4 31 20	1 13 37	1 13 37
Zoe	3 14 32	4 17 13	1 02 41	1 01 10

Racing at Newport.

IT must at least be said for the special 30ft. class that it has furnished sport in plenty for those directly interested in it, and to this extent has been a direct benefit to yachting in a dull season. The racing at Newport goes on without interruption, in spite of the fact that two or three boats are taking all the prizes.

On Aug. 19 the race for the cups offered by Mrs. E. D. Morgan was postponed in the absence of the wind, but late in the afternoon a light breeze sprung up and a sweepstakes race was started over a 10-mile course from Brenton's Cove around the Castle Hill and Bishop buoys, the times being. Start, 4:00:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wawa, James Stillman	6 06 00	2 06 00
Vaquero, H. B. Duryea	6 06 04	2 06 04
Dorothy, H. P. Whitney	6 07 05	2 07 05
Musme, J. Macdonough	6 08 50	2 08 50
Asahi, Bayard Thayer	6 09 20	2 09 20
Hera, R. N. Ellis	6 11 50	2 11 50
Puck, E. D. Morgan	6 14 25	2 14 25
Rosemary, G. Paget	Did not finish.	

On Aug. 20 a race was sailed for a cup offered by H. P. Whitney, owner of Dorothy, for Corinthian helmsmen only, the Dyer's Island course being sailed in a fresh S.W. wind, to leeward and return. The lee mark was timed:

Puck	3 23 55	Dorothy	3 24 35
Vaquero	3 23 55	Wawa	3 24 50
Musme	3 24 09	Hera	3 25 20
Rosemary	3 24 30		

On the wind Vaquero III. soon came to the front, Mr. Duryea steering, with Mrs. Duryea as one of the crew. Puck went ashore and was unable to finish. The times were Start 2:00:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	4 50 08	2 20 08
Wawa, J. A. Stillman	4 52 30	2 22 30
Dorothy II., W. B. Duncan, Jr.	4 53 02	2 23 02
Musme, J. M. Macdonough	4 54 12	2 24 12
Rosemary, Gerald Paget	4 56 11	2 26 11
Hera, R. N. Ellis	4 58 38	2 38 38
Puck, E. D. Morgan	Did not finish.	

On Aug. 21 the Brig Ledge course was sailed in a fresh S.W. wind and moderate sea, the yachts following the Newport shore on the return made over the others and Vaquero III. again won, the times being. Start 2:55:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero, H. B. Duryea	5 38 58	2 43 58
Musme, J. Macdonough	5 39 30	2 44 30
Asahi, B. Thayer	5 41 52	2 46 52
Puck, E. D. Morgan	5 43 08	2 48 08
Esperanza, A. Van Winkle	5 44 07	2 49 07
Wawa, J. A. Stillman	5 44 59	2 49 59
Hera, R. N. Ellis	5 46 28	2 51 28
Rosemary, G. Paget	5 47 30	2 52 30
Dorothy, H. P. Whitney	Did not finish.	

On Aug. 22 the fleet started in a special class in the regatta of the Rhode Island Y. C. at Potter's Cove, the times being: Start 1:40:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Asahi, B. Thayer	4 36 53	2 56 53
Esperanza, A. Van Winkle	4 38 17	2 58 17
Vaquero, H. B. Duryea	4 38 58	2 58 58
Wawa, J. A. Stillman	4 39 09	2 59 09
Musme, J. Macdonough	4 39 34	2 59 34
Hera, R. N. Ellis	4 40 12	3 00 12
Dorothy, G. Paget	4 41 00	3 01 00
Puck, E. D. Morgan	4 41 36	3 01 38

The race of Aug. 25 was for three cups of $100, $50 and $25, given by residents of Newport, the Brig Ledge course being sailed in a light and variable wind. Vaquero III. raced with a new suit of Ratsey canvas and won, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero, H. B. Duryea	5 32 31	2 47 31
Asahi, B. Thayer	5 33 20	2 48 20
Dorothy, H. P. Whitney	5 34 30	2 49 30
Wawa, J. Stillman	5 37 14	2 52 14
Puck, E. D. Morgan	5 42 37	2 57 37
Hera, R. N. Ellis	5 45 01	3 00 01
Esperanza, A. S. Van Winkle	Did not finish.	
Musme, J. Macdonough	Did not finish.	

On Aug. 26 the Brig Ledge course was again selected for the race for the Duryea cup, already won by Vaquero III., but offered again by Mr. Duryea, the wind being moderate S.E. Esperanza did very well during the early part of the race, but Vaquero III. again won. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero III.	5 27 18	2 52 18
Asahi	5 28 01	2 53 01
Esperanza	5 28 12	2 53 12
Wawa	5 30 50	2 55 50
Puck	5 32 30	2 57 30
Musme	Did not finish.	

The postponed race for the Morgan cup was sailed on Aug. 27 over the Dyer's Island course in a fresh S.W. wind. Vaquero made a poor start, but won on the windward work, the times being: Start, 2:40:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero, H. B. Duryea	5 13 15	2 33 15
Asahi, Bayard Thayer	5 14 02	2 34 02
Puck, E D. Morgan	5 15 35	2 35 35
Esperanza, A. Van Winkle	5 15 40	2 35 40
Musme, J. Macdonough	5 16 24	2 36 04
Wawa, J. A. Stillman	5 19 39	2 39 39
Dorothy, H. P. Whitney	5 20 42	2 20 42

The race of Aug. 29, over the Dyer's Island course, in a moderate S. wind, was for the Thayer cup, Mr. Thayer withdrawing Asahi; but Capt. Nat Watson went aboard Wawa and won with her. Puck again went ashore, and hung up until she was out of the race. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wawa, J. A Stillman	5 27 47	2 47 42
Dorothy, H. P. Whitney	5 28 40	2 48 40
Musme, J. Macdonough	5 29 40	2 49 40
Vaquero, H. B. Duryea	5 31 50	2 51 50
Esperanza, A. Van Winkle	5 32 27	2 52 27
Puck, E. D. Morgan	Did not finish.	

On Aug. 24 a very interesting race was sailed by the 15-footers Osprey (a Herreshoff fin-keel, owned by W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.) and Ideal (owned by H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.). The course was from Brenton's Cove around the Jamestown and Bishop buoys, six miles, in a variable wind, making a reach over the course. Osprey made a poor start, but was very close to Ideal at the first mark; the other then left her and won easily, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Ideal	3 18 00	4 30 36	1 12 36
Osprey	3 18 00	4 35 38	1 17 38

The prize was a gold cup offered by Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont.

On Sept. 1 a sweepstakes race was sailed over the Brig Ledge course in a strong N.W. wind, the times being: Start 2:25:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Asahi, Bayard Thayer	5 06 50	2 41 50
Vaquero, H. B. Duryea	5 08 50	2 43 50
Wawa, J. A. Stillman	5 14 50	2 49 50

On Sept. 2 another sweepstakes race was sailed over the Dyer's Island course, the wind being strong from S.W. The run down wind was very even, Vaquero being first at the turn; on the wind Wawa and Puck did very good work. The times were: Start 2:32:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wawa, J. A. Stillman	4 43 10	2 11 10
Puck, E. D. Morgan	4 43 30	2 11 30
Asahi, Bayard Thayer	4 44 07	2 12 07
Vaquero, H. B. Duryea	4 46 03	2 14 03
Esperanza, A. Van Winkle	4 46 40	2 14 40

Savin Hill Y. C.

SAVIN HILL, MASS.—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Aug 29.

THE third race of the Savin Hill Y. C. for the Damon cup was sailed on Aug. 29 in a fresh S.E. breeze, single reefs being in order. The times were:

	Corrected.
Flora, W Burgess	1 12 54
Arab, W. T. Scott	1 15 59
Siko, J. E. Morbeth	1 16 26
Romance, L Sears	1 19 21
Madcap, C. E. Main	1 22 13
Erverell, W. H. Lowe	1 30 15
Imp, L. A. Horton	1 31 38
Penguin, J. E. Robinson	1 38 09
Moya, G. L. Fitz	1 39 42
Mora, A. R. Howland	1 41 42
Heming, J. E. Scott	1 43 19
Wild Duck, W. T. Leach	2 02 13
Minx, G. D. Silsbee	Withdrew.

Arab, Imp and Flora have each won a leg for the trophy, two wins being necessary to hold it permanently.

Beverly Y. C. Third Sweepstakes.

WEST FALMOUTH.

Saturday, Aug. 29.

THE resail of the postponed third open sweepstakes, 236th race, was had at West Falmouth, Aug. 29. Judges—S. G. King and W. Lloyd Jeffries.

Course for special class, triangular, 17⅝ miles. For first and second classes, to windward and back, 12 miles. For third and fourth classes, to leeward and back, 9⅛ miles. Fifth class, to leeward and back, 4 miles.

There was a light N.E. air in the morning, but it died out, and at 12:30, the advertised time, there were breaths from six or eight directions within half a mile of judges' boat. Race was postponed for twenty minutes, when a light but steady S.E. breeze struck.

First leg down the wind showed Cero and Ashumet as near as possible quits, but once on the wind Cero took the lead and kept it reaching home. It was not an Ashumet day; on the other hand, Cero got becalmed near Wepecket buoy.

In second class it was a close call between May King and Mist, the latter winning on allowance, while in third class Nobska beat Melro by 6 seconds only.

Coquette led in fourth cats, with Elsa, who wants more wind, second. In fourth sloops, three men could hold Grilse up and she won by nearly 7 minutes. Sally and the little Herreshoff c. b. knockabout sailed a great race for second place, Sally winning by one second.

999 as usual beat in the fifth class.

Exit protests her own and Snipe II.'s measurement, leaving second prize in doubt in this class.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SPECIAL CLASS.			
Cero, B. Y. C., W. E. C. Eustis	39.00	3 50 24	3 49 21
Ashumet, B. Y. C., C. H. Jones	34.03	4 05 59	3 59 19
FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.			
Little Peter, B. Y. C., W. G. Cotton	28.10	2 46 13	3 36 31
Falcon, B. Y. C., J. S. Russell	27.06	3 01 47	3 50 35
SECOND CLASS CATS.			
May King, B. Y. C., D. L. Whittemore	26.00	3 02 06	2 49 06
Mist, B. Y. C., Geo. H. Lyman	25.01	3 09 14	2 49 00
Ulula, Onset, N. H. Huckins, Jr.	26.00	Withdrew.	
THIRD CLASS CATS.			
Nobska, Onset, H. Burgess	23.04	2 12 12	1 59 04
Melro, B. Y. C., D. L. Whittemore	20.03	2 16 02	1 59 10
Colymbus, B. Y. C., A. Winsor	21.06	2 17 26	2 02 04
Sippican, B. Y. C., W. H. Davis	22.01	2 29 52	2 15 16
FOURTH CLASS CATS.			
Coquette, Mon. Beach, W. W. Phinney	19.00	2 26 18	2 07 32
Elsa, B. Y. C., H. & F. Burgess	19.00	2 28 36	2 09 50
No Name, B. Y. C., C. Brewer	19.00	2 31 33	2 12 47
Smile, B. Y. C., L. Bacon	19.00	2 51 05	2 32 19
FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS.			
Grilse, B. Y. C., W. E. C. Eustis	19.00	2 16 52	1 57 26
Sally, B. Y. C., W. S. Burgess	19.00	2 23 05	2 04 19
Edith, B. Y. C., C. M. Baker	18.07	2 23 45	2 04 20
Heiress, B. Y. C., Geo. G. Amory	18.00	2 28 56	2 10 10
Turkey, B. Y. C., C. S. Dennison	18.04	2 32 10	2 12 45
FIFTH CLASS SLOOPS.			
999, B. Y. C., R. Brewer	15.00	0 50 05	0 39 13
Mongoose, B. Y. C., N. H. Emmons	15.00	0 56 37	0 45 45
Raccoon, B. Y. C., J. L. Stackpole, Jr.	13.04	1 58 54	. .. ..
P. D. Q., B. Y. C., R. W. Emmons	....	1 01 09	. .. ..

Winners: Special, Cero. Class 1, sloops, Little Peter. Class 2, cats, Mist. Class 3, cats, Nobska first, Melro second. Class 4, cats, Coquette first, Elsa second. Class 4, sloops, Grilse first, Sally second, Edith third. Class 5, sloops, 999 first, Mongoose second.

FIRST OPEN RACE—MARBLEHEAD.

Saturday, Aug. 29.

The postponed 238th race, first open race, was sailed at Marblehead Aug. 29 off Corinthian Y. C. house by the courtesy of that club.

There was a good E.S.E. to S.E. breeze and the feature of the race was the work of Cock Robin and Ida J.

Latter is a first-class boat, but having no competitor assume length and won on allowance.

Cock Robin is a great credit even to Herreshoff. As a knockabout she has played with the class, and now with a jib and mainsail rig, but a small one, she sails round the racing machines.

Judges—F. E. Cabot, W. W. Keith.

Courses triangular: 10⅓ for special, 10 for second and knockabouts, 6⅓ for third and fourth classes.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SPECIAL CLASS.			
Mabel F. Swift, G. E. Bruce	37.06	1 46 53	1 45 16
Ida J., F. E Bachman	30.00	1 50 28	1 43 03
Anaotok, Geo. G. Owen	31.08	1 50 32	1 44 44
SECOND CLASS CATS.			
Rex, J. B. Farrell	24.00	1 52.03	1 39 01
Susie, J. F. Cole	23.09	1 54 07	1 40 48
Elvira, M. & N. S. Bartlett, Jr.	25.04	1 55 27	1 43 58
Marena, D. H. Follett	24.07	2 00 12	1 47 50
THIRD CLASS CATS.			
Magpie, A. W. Stevens	19.10	1 31 49	1 19 48
Cleopatra, Henry M Faxon	21.02	1 32 16	1 21 29
Koorali, Com. Robbins	21.11	1 34 04	1 23 56
Niobe, W. C. Brackett	....	Withdrew.	
THIRD CLASS JIB AND MAINSAILS.			
Cock Robin, C. S. Eston	....	1 18 55	. .. ..
Exit, W. H Higginson	22.07	1 22 30	1 13 05
Snipe II., E. A. Boardman	22.03	1 22 44	1 13 02
Wawanda, S. N. Small	19.11	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS JIB AND MAINSAILS.			
Bonita, C O. Hood	17.00	1 33 34	1 17 29
Circe, F. L. Pigeon	16.05	1 35 20	1 19 34
Coot, S. D. Hildreth	16.04	1 40 19	1 24 23
Luna, Farrell Durgeo	17.05	1 42 49	1 28 15
Mephisto, J. Spratt	19.04	Withdrew.	
KNOCKABOUTS.			
Bo Peep, L. W. Clark *et al*	....	1 54 16	. .. ..
Vishnu, C. F. Ayer	....	1 56 10	. .. ..
Water Lily, H. M. Sears	....	1 58 55	. .. ..
Maia, Everett Paine	....	2 00 07	. .. ..
Sally, D. C. Percival	....	2 02 27	. .. ..
La Chica, C. V. Souther	....	2 02 51	. .. ..
Dorothy, Frank Brewster	....	2 03 30	. .. ..
Comet, J. A. Lawrence	....	2 07 10	. .. ..
Mayona, C. O. Stearns	....	2 07 45	. .. ..
Ruth, R. B. Wiggin	....	2 09 06	. .. ..
Carl, C. H. W. Foster	....	2 09 36	. .. ..
Alruna, J. H. Lambert	....	2 09 54	. .. ..

Winners: Special, Ida J.; second class cats, Rex first, Susie second; third class cats, Magpie first, Cleopatra second; third class jib and mainsails, Cock Robin; fourth class jib and mainsails, Bonita first, Circe second; knockabouts, Bo Peep first, Vishnu second, Water Lily third.

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

DORVAL—LAKE ST. LOUIS.

Saturday, Aug. 22.

THE Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. ended its season on Aug. 22 with a race for the Hamilton trophy, won last year by Xania, the race being open to yachts in the A, 30ft. and 25ft. classes. The starters were: Xania, G. H. Duggan, owner and skipper; Chaperon, E. S. Clouston, owner; J. C. C. Almon, skipper; Rita, C. O. Clarke, owner and skipper; Valda, A. F. Riddell, owner and skipper; Coquette, Arthur Hamilton, owner and skipper; Waterwitch, James Paton, owner and skipper. The race was sailed in a light east wind, the times being:

Preparatory gun, 3:35; start, 3:40; course, A.:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Xania	3 40 00	5 40 45	2 00 45
Chaperon	3 40 00	5 49 10	2 09 10
Rita	3 40 00	6 02 08	2 22 08
Valda	3 40 00	6 17 12	2 37 12
Coquette	3 40 00	6 26 45	2 40 45
Waterwitch	3 40 00	Did not finish.	

Xania wins the cup permanently. She was designed by Mr. Duggan and built by St. Onge under his direct supervision.

Pine Lake Y. C.

PINE LAKE, WIS.

Saturday, Aug. 22.

THE Pine Lake Y. C. sailed a race on Aug. 22, the Dyer boat Friar winning easily. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Friar, Com. Robt. Nunnemacher	1 07 18	1 00 00
Frances, J. C. Iverson	1 07 27	1 04 10
Leona, Udo Doristan	1 10 40	1 05 03
Kismet, A. A. L. Smith	1 12 47	1 05 44
Nyack, Henry Niedecken	1 12 55	1 08 29
Edna, H. & M. Manegold	1 11 35	1 11 15
Henrietta, Geo. Brumder	1 17 28	1 16 05
Martha, John C. Koch	1 18 55	1 17 10

Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 22.

THE 105th regatta and third championship of the Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead was sailed on Aug. 22 in a fresh S.W. wind, Reaper, Exit and several others carrying single reefs. The times were:

CLASS A.

	Elapsed.	Allowed.	Corrected.
Barnacle, C. F. Lyman	1 27 20	....	1 27 20
Eugenia, I. S. Palmer	1 29 34	1 00	1 28 34
Metric, J. G. Pain	1 32 37	4 00	1 28 34
Rowena, W. H. Rothwell	1 31 15	2 00	1 29 15
Vagrant, W. H. Harvey	1 40 44	5 00	1 35 44

CLASS B.

Itasca, C. B. Tucker	1 38 18	....	1 38 18
Niobe, A. Bracket	1 41 15	1 00	1 40 15
Comus, J. Kitredge	1 45 54	3 00	1 42 54
Edith, F. M. Wood	1 47 40	3 00	1 44 40

CLASS C—KNOCKABOUTS.

Dorothy, F. Brewster	1 33 55	1 00	1 32 55
Sally, D. E. Percival, Jr	1 35 31	1 00	1 34 31
Mona, E. Paine	1 37 40	3 00	1 34 40
Comet, A. A. Lawrence	1 38 20	2 00	1 36 20
Water Lily, H. M. Sears	1 36 30	....	1 36 30
Ruth, R. B. Wiggin	1 42 27	5 00	1 37 27
Carl, C. H. W. Foster	1 43 25	4 00	1 39 25

SECOND CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Susie, J. F. Cole	28.06	2 12 12	2 12 12

THIRD CLASS.

Cock Robin, C. S. Eaton	....	2 01 12	. .. ..
Reaper, H. P. Reaper	24.01	2 07 30	. .. ..
Exit, A. H. Higginson	21.04	2 15 22	. .. ..

FOURTH CLASS.

Koorali, R. S. Robbins	23.10	1 25 22	1 25 22
Magpie, A. W. Stevens	22.04	1 27 07	1 25 55
Egeria, R. Tucker	23.05	1 30 08	1 29 48

The Herreshoff knockabout, Cock Robin, sailed in this race as a jib and mainsail boat.

On Aug. 29 the postponed open regatta was sailed in a light wind from E. by S., the times being:

FIRST CLASS—25 TO 30FT. L.W.L.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Ida J	10 05 00	12 03 23	1 58 23
Barnacle	10 05 00	12 21 37	2 16 37

SECOND CLASS—21FT. AND NOT OVER 25FT. L.W.L.

Rex	10 10 00	12 28 15	2 18 15
Susie	10 10 00	12 31 32	2 21 32
Marina	10 10 00	12 33 13	2 23 13
Metric	10 10 00	12 36 16	2 26 16

THIRD CLASS—JIB AND MAINSAIL.

Cock Robin	10 15 00	12 08 15	1 53 15
Snipe II	10 15 00	12 15 40	2 00 40
Exit	10 15 00	12 21 10	2 06 10
Mephisto	10 15 00	12 36 22	2 21 22
Natoye	10 15 00	12 40 56	2 25 56

FOURTH CLASS—KNOCKABOUTS.

Bo Peep	10 20 00	12 25 38	2 05 38
La Chica	10 20 00	12 27 39	2 07 39
Sally	10 20 00	12 27 43	2 07 43
Water Lily	10 20 00	12 59 52	2 09 52
Vishnu	10 20 00	12 31 09	2 11 09
Alruna	10 20 00	12 32 28	2 12 28
Mai	10 20 00	12 33 56	2 13 56
Mayona	10 20 00	12 34 05	2 14 15
Dorothy	10 20 00	12 35 32	2 15 32

FIFTH CLASS—CATBOATS 18FT. AND UNDER 21FT. L.W.L.

Cleopatra	10 25 00	12 26 57	2 01 57
Magpie	10 25 00	12 31 16	2 06 16
Egeria	10 25 00	12 38 39	2 13 39
Edith	10 25 00	12 50 41	2 25 41
Koorali	.. .. ..	Did not finish.	

SIXTH CLASS—YACHTS UNDER 18FT.

Circe	10 30 00	12 24 52	1 54 52
Crab	10 30 00	12 39 56	2 09 56
Luna	10 30 00	12 44 17	2 14 17
Swallow	.. .. ..	Withdrew.	

SEVENTH CLASS—DORIES NOT OVER 17FT. L.W.L.

Faith	10 35 00	12 45 34	2 10 34
Sylvia	10 35 00	12 52 47	2 17 47
Pauline	10 35 00	12 52 52	2 17 52
Hope	10 35 00	12 54 12	2 19 12
Oswego	10 35 00	12 58 52	2 23 52
Madeline	10 35 00	12 59 10	2 24 10
Lillian	10 35 00	Did not finish.	

Winners: First class, Ida J. $20; second class, Rex $20, Marena $10; third class, Cock Robin $20, Snipe II. $10, Exit $5; fourth class, Bo Peep $20, La Chica $15, Sally $10, Water Lily $5; fifth class, Cleopatra $15, Magpie $10, Egeria $5; sixth class, Circe $12, Coot $8, Luna $4; seventh class, Faith $7, Sylvia $5, Pauline $3, Hope $2.

The committee included Messrs. Geo. W. Mansfield, W. W. Keith and Arthur G. Wood.

Manchester Y. C. Open Race.

MANCHESTER, MASS.—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Friday, Aug. 28.

THE open race of the Manchester Y. C., after one postponement, was sailed on Aug. 28 in a moderate east wind, the times being:

SECOND CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Susie, J. F. Cole	23.09	1 47 55	1 21 02
Rowena, W. H. Rothwell	24.11	1 51 22	1 25 39
Marena, D. H. Follett	24.04	2 02 21	1 36 06

CLASS A.

Snipe II., Boardman Bros	22.03	1 42 41	1 14 25
Exit, A. H. Higginson	22.10	1 45 51	1 18 11

CLASS B.

Magpie, A. Stevens	19.10	1 52 43	1 21 48
Egeria, R. Tucker	20.02	1 57 00	1 26 28
Koorali, R. C. Robbins	21.11	1 58 19	1 28 38
Monsoon, A. D. Nute	20.10	Withdrew.	

THIRD CLASS.

Mephisto, A. J. Blethen	19.04	1 32 20	1 09 41
Natoye, A. C. Usher	20.09	1 42 12	1 19 48
Yankee Maid, E. Stanley	19.04	1 47 12	1 23 33

FOURTH CLASS.

Circe, F. L. Pigeon	16.05	1 27 18	1 00 39
Coot, A. Brown	16.04	1 31 44	1 04 59
Pauline, W. Bain	17.06	1 49 00	1 23 32
Luna, S. D. Hildreth	17.00	Withdrew.	

KNOCKABOUTS.

Bo Peep, F. O. North	....	1 46 46	. .. ..
Water Lily, Sears Bros	....	1 49 59	. .. ..
Sally, D. C Percival, Jr	....	1 55 47	. .. ..
La Chica, C. V. Souther	....	1 56 52	. .. ..
Vishnu, C. F. Ayer	....	1 59 42	. .. ..
Maia, E. Paine	....	2 04 54	. .. ..
Alruna, Lambert Bros	....	2 05 20	. .. ..
Comet, J. A. Lawrence	....	Withdrew.	

Snipe II. was formerly known as Apukwa when owned by E. E. Tefft, but has been renamed by her new owners, Messrs. Boardman. She was designed and built by Arthur Dyer, of Deephaven, Minn.

Revere Y. C. Open Regatta.

REVERE, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 22.

THE first open regatta of the Revere Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 22, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Harbinger	2 30 00	4 27 13	1 57 13	1 27 38

SECOND CLASS.

Satanic	2 35 00	4 27 40	1 42 40	1 04 17
Trouble	2 35 00	5 18 30	2 43 30	1 55 41
Alma	2 35 00	4 39 41	2 04 41	1 27 51
Torment	2 35 00	4 58 37	2 23 37	1 48 15

THIRD CLASS.

Arab	2 40 00	4 11 50	1 31 50	0 58 41
Alison	2 40 00	4 12 07	1 32 07	1 02 21
Wawinda	2 40 00	4 13 19	1 33 19	1 02 29
Nemo	2 40 00	4 37 59	1 57 59	1 27 27

FOURTH CLASS.

Alpine	2 45 00	4 20 10	1 35 10	1 01 13
Fantasy	2 45 00	4 24 53	1 39 53	1 04 28
Coot	2 45 00	4 26 14	1 31 14	1 05 24
Sunbeam	Disabled.			
Try	Disabled.			

The winners are: Satanic $10, Alma $5, Torment $3; Arab $10, Alison $5, Wawinda $3; Alpine $10, Fantasy $5, Coot $3.

Newburyport Regattas.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.—NEWBURYPORT HARBOR.

American Y. C., Monday, Aug. 17. Newburyport Y. C., Aug. 18.

TWO RACES were sailed at Newburyport on Aug. 17-18, the first under the management of the American Y. C., the second under that of the Newburyport Y. C. The first was sailed in a reefing breeze, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Emma C., P. A. Coupal	29.05	1 55 30	1 27 46
Ida J., E. E. Beckman	29.04	1 57 35	1 29 47
Beatrice, J. Cavanaugh	25.06	2 14 39	1 43 05
Elf, Southard *et al*	25.00	2 22 40	1 50 36
Wilhelmina, M. E. Priest	29.11	2 20 27	1 53 00
Hazard, Thompson & Hale	25.01	2 26 35	1 29 47

SECOND CLASS.

Rex, J. B. Farrell	24.00	1 21 00	0 51 07
Tantrum, F. D. Perkins	24.09	1 29 38	1 00 31
Adolph, A. H. Mock	22.03	1 32 26	1 00 33
Mavis, Smoethen *et al*	21.01	1 39 55	1 06 44
Ariel, A. Gorby	21.00	1 44 55	1 08 28
Moondyne, Shaw Bros	24.08	1 41 08	1 11 58
Offit, D. Elman	24.10	1 44 08	1 15 06
Vixen, G. M. Murphy	21.10	Withdrew.	

THIRD CLASS.

Arab, W. F. Scott	18.01	1 12 04	0 43 04
Mephisto, C. J. Blethen	19.04	1 12 11	0 44 35
Spirit, Kenney & Walsh	19.10	1 15 45	0 48 40
Rudy, Jr., B. Jacoby	18.07	1 20 37	0 52 12
Rogue, H. McKinnon	18.09	1 17 33	0 49 19

FOURTH CLASS.

Fantasy, Wm. Allerton	16.06	1 11 46	0 40 47
Lima, S. D. Hildreth	16.01	1 14 23	0 42 49
Circe, F. L. Pigeon	16.05	1 13 56	0 42 50
Coot, A. E. Brown	16.04	1 15 30	0 44 26
Wirtena, F. K. Wyman	16.02	1 21 53	0 50 26

DORIES.

Folly, D. H. Woodbury	....	. .. ..	1 02 51
Trilby, F. H. Menton	....	. .. ..	1 03 20
Vinora, H. H. Harris	....	. .. ..	1 05 11
Go Ahead, Joseph Trent	....	. .. ..	1 05 22
Half Shell, A. Dyar	....	. .. ..	1 07 47
William McKinnon, T. House	....	. .. ..	1 08 32
Good Luck, Al True	....	. .. ..	1 08 52
Lena, William Farrell	....	. .. ..	1 14 00

SPECIAL CLASS.

Hattie G., G. E. Vivian	....	. .. ..	1 04 27
June, W. H. Vivian	....	. .. ..	1 03 57
Emily, A. Cote	....	. .. ..	1 06 00
Alice, H. Kelley	....	. .. ..	1 06 53
Petus, F. Cote	....	. .. ..	1 07 42

Fantasy was disqualified on protest from Circe for not turning all the marks.

On Tuesday there was a strong southerly breeze and sea; the yachts started but, some turned the wrong buoys, the first and second classes making no race. The others were timed:

THIRD CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Arab, W. F. Scott	18.01	1 45 30	1 16 30
Tautog	20.05	1 54 22	1 27 54
Spirit, J. P. Walsh	19.10	1 55 13	1 28 10
Louisa, S. W. Clement	18.11	2 01 04	1 33 01

FOURTH CLASS.

Coot, A. Brown	16.04	1 51 47	1 20 34
Alpine	Withdrew.		

Eastern Y. C. Open Races.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Aug. 18-19.

THE Eastern Y. C. sailed two open races for the knockabouts and 30-footers on Aug. 18-19. There was a moderate sea and a fresh breeze on the first day and a good race was sailed, but in the 30ft. class there was trouble over a missing mark, the race being finally given to Handsel with Anoatok second. Cock Robin easily won in the knockabout class. The times were:

SEVENTH CLASS—SLOOPS.

	Time.
Handsel, J. R. Hooper	1 26 00
Anoatok, G. Owen, Jr	1 28 45
Katona, Oliver Ames, 3d	Withdrew.
Cero, W. E. C. Eustis	Disabled.
Zeruah, G. C. Curtis	Withdrew.
Mabel F. Swift, George Brewer	Withdrew.

KNOCKABOUTS.

Cock Robin, C. S. Eaton	2 00 20
Tautog, W. O Gay	2 02 05
Bo Peep, Clark & North	2 03 27
Water Lily, H. M. Sears	2 03 46
Jack Tar, T. E. Jacobs	2 05 48
Torpedo, A. J. Souther	2 05 52
Sally, D. C. Percival, Jr	2 07 01
Vishna, C. F. Ayer	2 09 55
La Chica, C. V. Souther	2 10 24
Dorothy, F. Brewster	2 12 25
Bonita	2 12 56
Alruna, Lambert Bros	2 21 48
Comet, A. Lawrence	2 22 12
Mayona, C. O. Stearns	Disabled.
Carl, C. H. W. Foster	Withdrew.

With a N.W. wind the next day the water was smooth and a very good race was sailed, the times being:

SEVENTH CLASS—SLOOPS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cero, W. E. C. Eustis	3 20 15	3 13 33
Handsel, J. R. Hooper	3 30 48	3 14 00
Anoatok, G. Owens, Jr	3 30 21	3 15 16
Katonah, O. Ames, 3d	3 32 30	3 29 30
Mabelle F. Swift, G. Bruce	3 33 59	3 33 59

KNOCKABOUTS.

Water Lily, H. M. Sears	2 01 30	. .. ..
Bo Peep, L. M. Clark	2 02 57	. .. ..
Sally, D. C. Percival	2 04 34	. .. ..
Jack Tar, T. E. Jacobs	2 04 39	. .. ..
La Chica, C. V. Souther	2 04 57	. .. ..
Dorothy, F. Brewster	2 05 22	. .. ..
Tautog, W. O. Gay	2 05 34	. .. ..
Comet, A. Lawrence	2 06 17	. .. ..
Torpedo, A. J. Souther	2 06 17	. .. ..
Maia, E. Paine	2 06 37	. .. ..
Mayona, C. O. Stearns	2 13 30	. .. ..

Gravesend Bay Y. C.

BENSONHURST, L. I.—NEW YORK BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 22.

THE Gravesend Bay Y. C. sailed a special regatta on Aug. 22 over courses on Gravesend and New York bays. Martha M. broke her gaff and withdrew and Louise was disqualified after the finish for making a wrong start. The times were:

CLASS 1—OPEN CATS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Rosalie, Mr. Bowles	24.0	1 18 53	1 18 53
Martha M., R. B. Moore	19.1	Did not finish.	

CLASS 2—CABIN CATBOATS.

Acorn, Commodore Morgan	28.0	2 32 20	2 26 47
Louise, Vice-C. Sherwood	31.0	2 28 41	Disqualified.
Jean, B. Johnson	28.6	Did not finish.	

CLASS 3—SLOOPS 42FT. AND OVER.

Gael, C. H. Simonson	44.0	2 37 35	2 37 35
Poco, Dr. Scofield	21.0	3 04 27	2 46 45
Portia, — Erdeman	40.0	Did not finish.	
E. J. B., E. J. Bates	32.0	Did not finish.	

Great South Bay Y. C.

PATCHOGUE—GREAT SOUTH BAY, L. I.

Saturday, Aug. 22.

THE eighth annual regatta of the Great South Bay Y. C. was sailed off Sayville, L. I., on Aug. 22, the winners being:

Sloops, Class A—First, Defiance, C. W. Baker, Patchogue; second, Aglain, D. F. Hutchinson, Hempstead.

Class C—First, Jean, William Murray, G. S. B. Y. C.; second, White Flyer, W. W. Nye, G. S. B. Y. C.

Catboats, Class I.—First, Squaw, H. S. Jewell, G. S. B. Y. C.; second Mabel, C. H. Southward, H. Y. C.

Class II.—First, Beulah, F. C. Southard, H. B. Y. C.; second, Short Acres, W. C. F. Smith, G. S. B. Y. C.

Class III.—First, Little John, J. R. Suydam, S. S. B. Y. C.; second, Lottie, R. Brower, Keystone Y. C.

Class IV.—First, Cecilia, H. O. Walton, Westhampton Y. C.; second, Josie, R. B. Roosevelt, Jr., G. S. B. Y. C.

Burgess Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Aug. 22, 29.

THE Burgess Y. C. sailed the first of a series of handicap races on Aug. 22 in a light S.W. wind, the times being:

CLASS A.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Odd Fellow	0 59 00	0 55 00
Natoye	1 00 45	0 56 45
Sarsacus	1 04 20	1 00 20
Brenda	1 04 45	1 00 45
Blue Bell	1 16 08	1 09 08
Swampscott	1 18 33	1 11 33

CLASS B.

Faith	0 39 12	0 39 12
Pauline	0 41 43	0 39 43
Ben My Chree	0 42 40	0 40 40
Fox	0 43 55	0 41 55
Hope	0 43 20	0 43 20
Bittern	0 53 35	0 45 35
Witch	0 52 10	0 49 10
Agnes	0 56 15	0 51 15
Owego	0 52 18	0 50 18
Hera	0 48 58	0 45 58

The second race of the series was sailed on Aug. 29 in a fresh S.E. wind, the times being:

CLASS A.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Odd Fellow, Curtis	0 54 30	0 50 30
Brenda, H. S. Goodwin	0 54 48	0 49 48
Natoye, A. C. Usher	0 55 30	0 50 30
Bee, Macomber	1 06 15	0 58 15
Blue Bell, Schofield	1 11 50	1 03 50

CLASS B.

Madeline, B. Patey	0 36 05	0 34 05
Ben My Chree, Stewart	0 36 09	0 34 09
Pauline, W. Bain	0 37 13	0 35 13
Faith, W. Chamberlain	0 35 25	0 35 25
Hope, L. Whiting	0 36 05	0 36 05
Fox, E. Cropley	0 39 09	0 37 09
Gwaska, E. Remick	0 41 50	0 38 50
Alma, J. Bailey	0 42 00	0 39 00
Blackie, W. B. Stearns	0 42 10	0 39 10
Agnes, A. Schofield	0 47 23	0 42 23

The judges were G. B. Humphrey, W. G. Brown, H. L. Broughton.

Cohasset Y. C.

COHASSET, MASS.

Aug. 22, 28.

THE Cohasset Y. C. sailed a club race on Aug. 22 in a light south wind, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Corrected.
In It, R. B. Williams	1 08 25
Heron, Eliot Stoddard	1 11 45
Quamino, F. H. Pratt	1 20 25

15-FOOTERS.

Swallow, John Richardson	1 15 30
Scooter, James Dean	1 16 10
Hoodoo, Gammons & Wheelwright	1 17 45
Jap, Bouve & Pegram	1 18 45
Mungo, E. F. Willcutt	1 19 50
Bee, Alanson Bigelow, Jr	1 20 00
Blink, F. H. Pratt	1 20 20
Mermaid, W. R. Sears	1 20 40

On Aug. 29 there was a fresh S.E. wind, giving a very good race. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Corrected.
In It, R. B. Williams	1 21 12
Heron, Eliot Stoddard	1 24 01
Quamino, Fred Pratt	1 30 14
Petrel	1 38 15

15-FOOTERS.

Swallow, John Richardson	1 26 56
Mermaid, W. R. Sears	1 30 10
Mungo, E. F. Willcutt	1 32 10
Scooter, James Dean	1 32 13
Bee, Alanson Bigelow, Jr	1 32 25
Jap, Bouve & Pegram	1 33 22
Hoodoo, Gammons & Wheelwright	1 35 01

Lake Geneva and Oconomowoc.

CHICAGO, Sept. 1.—As a result of the friendly rivalry in yachting which has long existed between the Lake Geneva Y. C., of Lake Geneva, and the Oconomowoc, of Lac La Belle, Wis., a series of three match races were arranged between Mr. Julian M Rumsey's Lorna, of the former club, and a three-time winner of the Sheridan prize, and Corsair, owned by Mr. Wm. Hale Thompson, of the Oconomowoc Y. C. These races were sailed on Lake Geneva, under the auspices of the Lake Geneva Y. C., which also provided a handsome trophy.

Both boats are sandbaggers of the most approved fashion. Lorna, which was built by Willis, in 1886, has a long list of victories to her credit, both on Long Island Sound and Lake Geneva. Corsair is a more recent production, and was designed and built by the well-known builder, Mr. John Cornwall, at Port Washington, N. Y.

But two races were necessary, Lorna winning both, and these were sailed Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28 and 29.

Friday there was a fair breeze from the S.W. Following is a summary of the race:

	Start.	Upper Buoy.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lorna	11 02 00	12 46 48	1 59 49	2 48 43	2 48 49
Corsair	11 02 00	Capsized.			

Before reaching the upper mark Corsair, with sandbags and crew well out to windward, was struck by a sudden slant of wind, which, aided by the weight of men and bags, threw her down to windward till she filled and capsized.

The summary of the second race is as follows:

	Start.	Upper Buoy.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lorna	11 01 00	12 31 02	1 31 09	2 30 09	2 24 45
Corsair	11 01 00	12 39 04	1 43 48	2 42 48	2 42 48

The course is 14 miles.

The judges were: Com. Ferd. Peck, of the Oconomowoc Y. C.; Rear-Com. H. W. Marsh, Lake Geneva Y. C., and Mr. N. K. Fairbank.

New Jersey Athletic Club—Ellsworth Cup.

BAYONNE—NEWARK BAY.

Saturday, Aug 29.

THE yachting department of the New Jersey Athletic Club sailed the third race of the series for the Ellsworth cup on Aug. 29 over a 10-mile course on Newark Bay below the bridge. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Iroquois	2 53 20	4 46 24	1 53 04	1 24 24
Doctor	2 53 39	4 58 02	2 04 23	1 28 53
Chip	2 55 00	5 05 26	2 10 26	1 30 46
Drift	2 51 00	4 55 49	2 04 49	1 30 59
Henrietta	2 50 40	4 56 47	2 06 07	1 31 46
Yankee Boy	2 51 15	4 55 47	2 04 32	1 34 12
Volage	2 51 22	4 55 15	2 03 53	Not meas.
Flirt	2 50 15	4 56 18	2 08 03	Not meas.
P D Q	2 51 22	Disabled, did not finish.		

Canoeing.

The A. C. A. Races.

THE following table gives the complete result of the races at the A. C. A. meet, a most favorable showing as compared with the last two years. The results of these previous years have been discouraging, and of a nature to prevent the building and racing of new canoes; but there is evident this year a marked turn of the tide that promises a renewed interest in the racing. It is tolerably certain that Mr. Butler will have a new canoe next year, and not be caught napping, as this season; up to the last moment, there was no indication of a new canoe, and the Vesper fleet—Bug, Bee and Wasp—had proved itself quite good enough for existing boats. Mab was raced within a month of the time when she was ordered, nothing was known of Mr. Archbald's intention of building, and no effort was made by other canoe sailors to meet him

A. C. A. RACES, 1896.

Events Nos. 20, 21 and 26 have no starters.

CANOE.	OWNER.	CLUB.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	22	23	24	25	27	28	29	30	31
Bug	Paul Butler	Vesper	....	....	....	....	3	2	....	D	....	....	2	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
Wasp	Butler Ames	Vesper	....	....	....	....	5	5	....	6	....	....	3	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
Bee	J. A. Gage	Vesper	....	....	....	....	8	6	....	4	....	....	6	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
Pioneer	F. C. Moore	New York	....	....	....	....	2	3	1	5	....	....	1	....	....	W	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	1	....
Bud	H. H. Smythe	New York	....	....	....	....	W	....	W	....	....	....	....	....	....	1	2	5	....	....	....	....	....	....	4	....	....	....	....	....
Paddle	J. E. Plummer	New York	....	....	....	5	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	2	5	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	2	....
Torment	J. C. Mowbray	New York	....	....	....	....	10	D	2	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	2	5	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
Kismet	W. M. Brownell	New York	....	....	....	....	....	W	....	....	....	....	W	....	1	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	4	....
Kitt	L. H. May	New York	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	W	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	1	4	....	....	....	....	1
Lasata	Mrs. J. E Plummer	New York	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	..	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	3	....	....	....	....	....	....
....	Mrs. C. V. Schuyler	New York	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
Gull	H. D. McVean	Irondequoit	....	....	....	....	11	W	....	....	....	W	11	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	2	3	....	....
Az Iz and Sevilla	J. R Stewart	Irondequoit	1	3	1	....	....	....	D	8	....	1	....	1	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	3	....	....	....	....
Garganey	A. M. Lindsay	Irondequoit	5	5	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	W	....	W	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	1	....	....	4	....	....
Kite	C. P. Moser	Irondequoit	2	2	....	....	....	..	....	....	....	D	W	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	2	2	1	....	....	....	....	3
Sevilla	Miss M. Stewart	Irondequoit	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
Eclipse	F. L. Dunnell	Brooklyn	..	....	....	....	7	8	3	8	....	....	11	2	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	3	3
Random	W. N. Stanley	Brooklyn	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	W	....	3	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
Beta	Thos. Hale, Jr	Yonkers	4	4	2	....	....	....	....	W	....	....	9	....	....	....	....	3	....	....	4	....	....	....	....	4	3	....	D	....
Chiquita	D. Goodsell	Yonkers	....	....	....	....	9	W	....	D	....	....	7	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
Bo Peep	E. M Underhill	Yonkers	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	C	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
Foggy Dew	H. L. Quick	Yonkers	....	....	....	....	6	7	....	2	....	....	5	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	W	....
Hardbuck	E. H. Holbrook	Yonkers	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	W	....	....	....	....	....
Zaidee	H. M. Stewart	Rochester	....	....	....	....	4	4	....	....	....	2	4	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
....	W. H. Burtis	Rochester	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	4	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
Mab	C. E Archbald	Royal Canadian Y. C	....	....	....	....	1	1	....	1	1	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
Eel	J. W. Sparrow	Toronto	3	1	....	....	....	W	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	4	....	1	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
....	R O. King	Toronto	..	....	....	2	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	2	1	2	1	2	....	....	....	1	W	1	....	....	....
....	G. A. Howells	Toronto	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	4	1	....	....	....	....	2	....	....	....	....	....
Spitfire	W. M. Clark	Peoria	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	C	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
Osceola	A. W. McAdams	Wawbewawa	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	4	....	....	....	....	....
Bee II	F. R. Gilbert	Brockville	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	9	2	....	....	....	2	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
....	M. D. Wilt	Red Dragon	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	3	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
Wish	D'Arcy Scott	Ottawa	....	....	....	3	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	1	....	3	....	....	....	2	....	W	2	....	....
Sunbeam	Miss L. Scott	Ottawa	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	1	2	2	....	....	....	....	....	....
Crescent	C. Cartwright	Catasaqui	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	W	W	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	3	2	....	....	....	....	....	C	....	....	....	....
....	J. M. Mowatt	Catasaqui	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	3	2	....	....	....	....	....	W	....	....	....	....
Zerb	R. E. Burns	Catasaqui	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	W	....	....
....	C. V. Winnie	Mohican	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
Star	W. C. Noack	Detroit	....	....	....	1	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	4	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
....	J. W. MacKendrick	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	3	....	....	....	....	....	....
Bagheera	A. A. Conger	Goveneur	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	1	....	....	....	....	5	....	1	....	....
....	H. McDougall	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	1	2	1	W	....	....	....	....	2	....	....	....	....
....	F. A. C. Bickerdike	Lachine	....	....	....	4	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	1	....	1	2	....	....	....	....	....	1	....	....	....	....
....	R Bickerdike	Lachine	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	4	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
....	Edwards	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	3	....	....	....	....
....	Britton	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	2	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
....	Miss Smith	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	1	5	....	....	....	....	....	....
....	Miss Wilkinson	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	3	3	....	....	....	....	....	....
Onebo	W. M. Carpenter	Shattemuc	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	5	....	....	....	....	....	....
....	Miss Swift	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	1

with a new boat. It is probable that next season will see several new racing canoes in the sailing division, while the victory of a Western paddler, and in a peculiar position, must awaken the rivalry of the East and Canada. While the entries were but few in number in many of the events, nearly thirty races took place, and the interest in them was not confined to a few experts, but was very general throughout the camp.

In our description of Mab last week we neglected to mention that all of her deck fittings are of rawhide; instead of blocks she has plain brass thimbles secured by a loop of rawhide to a base of the same material, which is screwed to the deck. How this works when saturated with water we do not know, but as long as it is protected by varnish and dry it is hard, strong and light.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

New Jersey State Rifle Association.

THE annual meeting of the New Jersey State Rifle Association was held last week on the range at Sea Girt, where these annual meetings have always been held, and where the Association has an elegant club house and ranges second to none. There was a large attendance of shooters, and as a natural result the interstate events were of exceptional interest.

The New Jersey organization has become the possessor of several trophies owing to the decease of the National Rifle Association, the latter organization when it went out of existence handing over to the New Jersey Association trophies which were shot for at the annual meeting of the national body.

All the arrangements for shooting off the long list of events scheduled for this meeting were as perfect as could be desired. The officers of the Association are: President, Hon. John W. Groggs; Vice-Presidents, Gen. Wm. C. Heppenheimer, Gen. P Farmer Wanser and Wm. Hayes; Treasurer and Executive Officer, Gen. Bird W. Spencer; Secretary and Statistical Officer, Capt. DeLancy G. Walker; Assistant Secretary and Manager, Lieut. Albert S. Jones.

The sharpshooters were treated well by the weather, that on the last day being about the worst of the whole meeting.

FIRST DAY—SEPT. 1.

The marksmen got to work early this morning, and from the start, which was about 8 A. M., there was no break in the firing until darkness put an end to shooting for the day. The strong northwest wind which was blowing in the early morning hours threatened to make trouble for the riflemen, but this proved not to be the case.

There were five events set down on the programme for to-day, but only two were brought to a conclusion, the company team match and the carbine team match. The first was won by the first team of Company A, Engineer Corps, D C., with the large total of 432. The first battalion, Georgia Infantry, was second with 430. The conditions of this race were 5 men to a team, 10 shots per man, at 200 and 500yds. range. Below are the scores in this event:

Co. A, Engineer Corps., D. C., 1st team.

	200yds.	500yds.
Sergt Scott	40	42—82
Corp Wetherald	37	46—83
Pvt Appleby	37	48—85
Pvt Cook	44	49—93
Lieut Graham	43	46—89
		432

Co. A, Engineer Corps, D. C., 2d Team.

	200yds.	500yds.
Corp Pollard	41	44—85
Corp Scott	44	36—80
Sergt Dickey	41	40—81
Corp Albertie	39	41—80
Lieut Hutterly	42	41—83
		409

First Battalion, Georgia Infantry.

Capt Cann	38	48—86
Lieut Wilson	39	44—83
Pvt Richmond	40	45—85
Pvt Austin	44	44—88
Pvt Wilson	44	44—88
		430

Co. B, Twelfth New York.

Lieut Stibbins	42	44—86
Sergt Smith	39	40—79
Pvt Van Housen	38	39—77
Pvt Byers	37	36—73
Pvt Eagan	40	43—83
		398

Georgia Hussars.*

Pvt Nelson	40	36—76
Sergt Hunter	40	30—70
Sergt Harrison	41	47—88
Capt Eichberg	44	40—84
Capt Postell	42	38—80
		398

Co. A, Seventh New York.

Capt Jansen	41	45—86
Corp Conroy	42	41—83
Pvt Darling	38	34—72
Pvt Ford	35	42—77
Pvt Green	39	19—58
		376

* Fifteen points allowed for carbines, making total score 413.

Troop B, Georgia Volunteers: Sergeant Brown 79, Private Walker 76, Private Padgett 73, Private Daniels 92, Private Banteen 62—362.

Company A, Sixth Battalion, D. C.: Sergeant McClane 77, Corporal Whitacre 76, Sergeant Groome 72, Corporal Wilcox 66, Private Bush 65—356.

Company B, Sixth Battalion, D. C.: Private Buell 78, Private Bell 73, Sergeant Davenport 70, Private Kirk 69, Capt. Tomlinson 63—353.

First Troop, New Jersey (four men): Private Beck 84, Private Agans 80, Private Parker 76, Private Philips 64 (allowed 20 points for carbines)—324.

Second Separate Company, D. C.: Capt. Wiggins 57, Private Campbell 52, Lieut. Sorrels 51, Private Eggleston 49, Corporal Eckstein 47—236.

Company C, First Battery, D. C.: Private Wilkinson 65, Private Haltigen 52, Private Allison 44, Lieut. Lee 42, Private Drummond 14—217.

The Georgia riflemen, who lost the above match by 2 points, took their revenge in the Carbine team match, a team representing the Georgia Hussars, winning the contest with a score of 282. The conditions were: five men to a team, 7 shots each at 200 and 500yds. The scores were:

Georgia Hussars.

	200yds.	500yds.
Pvt Nelson	28	30—58
Sergt Hunter	27	28—55
Sergt Harrison	29	27—56
Capt Eichberg	28	30—58
Capt Postell	25	30—55
		282

Troop B, Georgia.

	200yds.	500yds.
Brown	27	19—46
Podgett	28	20—48
Daniels	29	26—55
Benteen	27	24—51
Walker	24	15—39
		239

First Troop, New Jersey.

Pvt Beck	29	29—58
Phillips	25	27—52
Parker	23	27—50
Agens	27	22—49
Bryant	27	25—52
		261

Troop A, District of Columbia.

Sergt Fitzgerald	26	22—48
Trumpeter Carroll	27	26—53
Pvt Brown	21	13—34
Pvt Taylor	15	16—31
Pvt Green	25	20—45
		211

Squadron A, New York.

Sergt Sayre	25	12—37
Sergt Reed	16	24—40
Sergt Barry	28	20—48
		201

Pvt Went	18	25—43
Sergt Claiborn	19	14—33
		201

SECOND DAY, SEPT. 2.

Among the more important events decided to-day was the Interstate team match. This event was won by the Georgians with a total of 1,048; the Massachusetts men were second with 1,030, the District of Columbia team having to be content with third place and a score of 1,022. The scores were:

	200yds.	500yds.
Georgia	517	531—1048
Massachusetts	513	517—1030
District of Columbia	516	506—1022
Pennsylvania	499	493— 992
New Jersey	479	488— 967

THIRD DAY, SEPT. 3.

To-day was not a good one for large scores, a 20-miles-an-hour wind sweeping over the ranges. The force of the wind would not have been so fatal to high scoring had it been steady; it came, however, in gusts that knocked out all previous calculations as to correct windage.

The Hilton trophy contest was the chief event on the programme, and the closing scenes in this contest will not be easily forgotten. The teams representing the District of Columbia and the State of Georgia were in the lead, and the final rounds at the 600yds. range were watched with the most intense interest. The match closed with the two teams tied for first place with scores of 1,910 each. The District of Columbia team were declared the winners, as its score of 333 at the 600yds. range was 9 points better than that made by the Georgia men at the same distance. Below are the conditions under which the Hilton trophy is shot for, and the scores made at the various distances by the teams that took part in the contest:

Hilton Trophy Match.—Open to teams of twelve from the army of the United States, the United States Navy, the National Guard or uniformed militia of the several States and Territories, including the District of Columbia; also the regular army, the militia, the volunteers, and the navy of any country. The prize is a trophy presented by the Hon. Henry Hilton of New York, valued at $3,000; also a medal to each member of the winning team.

	200yds.	500yds.	600yds.	Total.
Pennsylvania	291	363	320	974
District of Columbia	317	360	333	1,010
Massachusetts	304	360	325	989
Georgia	316	370	324	1,010
New Jersey	291	349	306	946

The Regimental Interstate team match was won by the Georgia men, the First Battalion, Georgia Infantry, making the score of 1,594; the Engineer Corps, District of Columbia, was second with 1,564, and the First Pennsylvania third with 1,422. The scores in this match were:

Regimental Interstate Team Match—First prize, interstate trophy, $100; second, $50.

	200 Yards.	500 Yards.	Skirmish.	Total.
Third New Jersey	214	188	860	1,262
Engineer Corps, District of Columbia	249	243	1,072	1,564
Sixth New Jersey	204	188	762	1,154
First Battalion, Georgia Infantry	255	262	1,077	1,594
Governor's Horse Guards, Atlanta	195	177	717	1,089
Second New Jersey	226	225	857	1,308
Second Regiment, Dist. of Columbia	216	223	853	1,292
First Pennsylvania	239	237	946	1,422
First Regiment, District of Columbia	216	184	874	1,274
Twelfth Pennsylvania	233	224	772	1,229
Third Pennsylvania	202	199	910	1,311

The New Jersey National Guard shot for two special prizes, open only to teams of the National Guard of the above State. The first of these contests was the Columbia trophy, the trophy and a medal to each man on the winning team being the prizes offered. The Second Regiment won the trophy with the score of 1,348, as below.

Columbia trophy for New Jersey National Guard only. Prize, Columbia trophy and a medal to each member of the winning team:

	200yds.	300yds.	500yds.	Skirmish.	T'l.
Third Regiment	151	141	141	860	1,293
Seventh Regiment	157	135	148	832	1,272
Sixth Regiment	153	152	155	760	1,222
Second Regiment	171	160	160	857	1,348

The second of these special contests was for the New Jersey National Guard trophy. The Second Regiment were again the winners, scoring 1,315; the Third Regiment was 30 points behind them with a score of 1,285.

New Jersey National Guard match. Prize, the New Jersey National Guard trophy and $50; second prize $25, and a medal to each member of the winning team:

	200yds.	500yds.	Skirmish.	T'l.
Seventh Regiment	214	194	832	1,240
Third Regiment	215	210	860	1,285
Sixth Regiment	205	208	762	1,175
Second Regiment	230	228	857	1,315

FOURTH DAY, SEPT. 4.

This was a New York day on the range at Sea Girt. Sergt. Dolan, of the Twelfth Regiment, N. G. N. Y., captured the prize in the President's match, and with it won the title of military champion of the United States. He won his honor by the scanty margin of 3 points, Sergt. Huddleson, of Massachusetts, and Pvt. Austin, of Georgia, tieing for second place with scores of 89 each against Sergt. Dolan's score of 92. The first stage of the contest is 10 shots each at 200 and 300yds.; the five best scores in this stage being entitled to shoot in the second stage at 500 and 600yds., 10 shots at each distance. The five men entitled to shoot in the second stage were the three above named and Lieut. F. C Wilson, of Georgia, and Lieut. Young, of Company A, Engineer Corps, D. C. Lieut. Wilson made the high score of 92 at the first stage and shot up well in the 500yds. series, but fell down on the 600yds. range. Last year's winner was Sergt. Boyle, also of the Twelfth Regiment, N. G. N. Y. The scores in this match made by the five high men in the first stage were:

First Stage.	200yds.	300yds.	Total.	Second Stage.	500yds.	600yds.	Total.
Dolan	41	45	86	Dolan	47	45	92
Huddleson	42	45	87	Huddleson	47	42	89
Young	42	45	87	Young	38	39	77
Wilson	46	46	92	Wilson	47	39	86
Austin	42	45	87	Austin	47	42	89

In the contest to-day for the Hayes medal, Capt. George T. Cann, of Georgia, took a firm grip on the medal with a clean score of 70, making 14 bullseyes in succession, as well as two more bulls as sighting shots. This contest was 7 shots at 500yds. and 7 at 600yds. Capt. Cann's score is a record for this range.

FIFTH DAY, SEPT. 5.

This was the worst day of the week for good scores. A strong wind, amounting at times almost to a gale, blew in from the sea and made accurate work at the longer ranges something that was almost impossible.

The honors of the day rested with Capt. George Cann, of Georgia, who won the Wimbledon cup with a total score of 109. The conditions of this contest were 30 shots at 1,000yds., any rifle within the rules, cleaning allowed, any position without artificial rest. Capt. Cann shot one of the Winchester military rifles; Ferd Van Dyke, who represented the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. at Sea Girt, being much tickled thereat. Military rifles received a handicap of 18 points, special military rifles a handicap of 6 points. The following were the scores:

Wimbledon Cup Match—Open to all citizens and residents of the United States. Distance, 1,000yds.; 30 shots. Weapon, any rifle within the rules; cleaning allowed. Position, any without artificial rest. Entrance fee, $2. Eighteen-point handicap for military rifles; 6-point handicap for special military rifles.

	Score.	Handicap.	Total.
Geo H Harries, Washington	72	0	72
Lieut S S Steabins, 12th Regt, New York	61	18	79
Chas P Frey, New York	60	0	60
Colin R Wise, Passaic	0	0	0
Sergt John Cowie, 12th Regt, New York	92	6	98
Capt J C Postell, 1st Cavalry, Georgia	53	18	71
Capt G T Cann, Georgia Volunteers	103	6	109
Col Cecil Clay, Washington	52	18	70
Sergt W W Cookson, Washington	68	6	74
Lieut F C Wilson, Georgia	99	0	99

The New York *Recorder* speaks of the revolver matches at Sea Girt as championship affairs. Of course all this is foolish, and neither the contestants nor management make any such claim. There has only been one championship for revolver shooting in the United States—the Winans Trophy contest, held under the management of FOREST AND STREAM—and there is only one champion, Capt. Wm. E. Petty.

The following is a brief resume of the week's work:

Members' match: Open only to members of the New Jersey State Association; 200yds, standing, 7 shots, any military rifle. Winner, General Inspector of Rifle Practice B. W. Spencer.

Kuser badge: Open to all; any military rifle, 500yds., 7 shots, 3 scores to count. 1st prize, Private Austin, Georgia, with score of 104; 2d prize, Sergt. Huddleson, Massachusetts, score of 100; 3d prize, J. H. Keough, score of 99.

All-comers' military match: Open to all; 7 shots at 200 and 300yds., any military rifle adopted or issued by any State. 1st prize, Lieut. F. C. Wilson, Georgia; 2d prize, Lieut. Wetherall, Washington, D. C.; 3d prize, Sergt W. W. Cook, Washington, D. C.

The Schuetzen match: All-comers' continuous match; distance, 220yds.; position, standing; number of shots, 7 on the standard American target, with 11in. bullseye (the bullseye including the 7 ring); any weight rifle with any trigger pull, palm or other rest allowed. When firing, the muzzle of the rifle must be kept outside the loop-hole of the shelter. Allowances for military rifles, 4 points on each string; cleaning allowed between shots; the aggregate to count for all prizes; entries unlimited. First prize, $50, won by L. P. Hansen, of Jersey City, score 181; second prize, $25, Charles Zettler, of New York, score 176.

Hayes medal: open to all; 7 shots at 500 and 600yds., both scores to be made on same day; any military rifle. First, Capt. George T. Cann, Georgia; second, Lieut. S. Wetherall, Washington, D. C.; third, Corp. G. E Cook, Washington, D. C.

Perrine memorial match: Open to officers and enlisted men of National Guard of New Jersey; 7 shots at 200 and at 300yds.; rifles, those in use by National Guard. Medal presented by Col. Lewis Perrine, Jr., won by J. H. Wells, Company G, Second Regiment N. G. N. J.

Gen. E. P. Meany match: Open to all; any military rifle, 10 shots at 500 and at 600yds. Winner of gold badge and first prize, C. J. Smith, with a score of 91; second prize, C. S. Richmond, Georgia, score of 90.

Department of Rifle Practice match: Open to all inspectors of rifle practice, either by commission or detail, and to all members of the New Jersey State Rifle Association; distances 500 and 600yds.; 25 shots at each distance; both ranges to be shot over the same day; rifle, any military. First prize, the Department of Rifle Practice 50-shot badge, to be held by the winner during the year, and $20. Won by Inspector of Rifle Practice Scheffelin. His score was 223.

New Jersey Rifle Association trophy match: 7 shots at 500 and at 600yds. First prize and trophy, Pvt. W. G. Austin, Georgia, with score of 64; second prize, Lieut. G. B. Young, Washington, D. C., with score of 62; third prize, George P. Cooley, with score of 57.

Trenton Interstate Fair match: 7 shots at 200 and at 300yds. First prize, Lieut. F. C. Wilson, Georgia, with score of 68; second prize, G. B. Young, Washington, D. C., score of 59; third prize, Corp. McLaughlin, Washington, D. C., score of 59.

The Sumner match: Open to all; 10 shots at 200 and at 500yds.; rifles, regular three-grooved Springfield or regular Remington, chambered for and using standard ammunition. First prize, Capt. Boardman, of Massachusetts, and Lieut. F. C. Wilson, of Georgia, tied for first place, Boardman winning on best score at long distance. Their scores were 181.

Military revolver match: Scores 6 shots each, each score to be fired within the time limit of one minute. Revolver, the Colt 38-caliber, army or navy; factory ammunition with full service charge; trigger pull 4lbs., Creedmoor target; total of three scores to count. First prize won by Theodore J. Beck, 38; second, Sergeant Corrie, New York.

Revolver match: Distance 30yds.; five shots on American standard target, reduced to 100yds.; position, standing; off-hand use of one arm only allowed; aggregate of three scores to count for all prizes. Prizes: Revolver presented by Theodore E. Beck, Esq., and $15. Won by Private C. S. Richmond, of Georgia; second prize, Capt. Eichberg, Georgia.

Revolver Shooting in England.

LONDON, England, Aug. 21.—The latest reports from revolver circles are as below:

At the North London Rifle Club, on Aug. 19, the revolver series was for alternate hands at 20yds., stationary target; right and left hand shot alternately:

Walter Winans	774677—38	Major Munday	576565—34
T Knapp	755767—37	Capt Evans	457754—32
Holmes	777755—38	Llewellen	547644—30
Capt T W Heath	757665—36	Lieut Curley	763763—32
Andrews	663777—36	G G Howse	732255—25
Denyer	775547—35	Franzmann	435573—27
Britton	753675—33	Tilbury	735534—27
Capt Baxter	367755—33	H Young	232047—17

The scores for the revolver championship of the club now stand:

Series:	1	2	3	4	Total.
Walter Winans	42 41 41 40 40 40	38	39	37 36	394
A W Carter	40 38 38 36 36 36	32	35	34 31	368
W Luff	37 37 36 35 35 34	28	33	31 31	337
Capt W Evans	38 36 35 34 33 32	32	30	33 31	328
T Andrews	32 32 31 30 27 21	36	28	35 24	285

The rest have not shot their full number of scores yet.

At the South London Rifle Club, on Aug. 18, owing to the wet weather there were few competitors. The following scores were made in revolver shooting:

Twenty yards, stationary target:

Capt T W Heath	777767—41	C Knapp	747466—34
Walter Winans	777676—40	C Malschinger	555225—24
E Howe	676575—36		

Fifty yards, stationary target:

Walter Winans	657766—37	C Knapp	737456—32
Capt T W Heath	766647—36	C Malschinger	550654—25
E Howe	675466—34		

The scores for the revolver championship of the club now stand:

	20yds.	50yds.	Total.
Walter Winans	40 40 40 40 40	37 37 37	311
E Howe	41 41 40 40 39	37 37 35	310
Capt T W Heath	42 41 40 39 39	37 36 36	310
C Knapp	40 39 39 38 38	36 35 34	299
Clementi-Smith	38 38 37 37 36	38 35 34	293
Malschinger	26 26 25 24 22	25 23 18	189

The rest have not shot out their full scores yet.

Calumet Heights Riflemen.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 30.—In the A class, 10 shots per man, 200yds. range, standard U. S. target, any caliber rifle, Paterson won the medal, his score of 30 being better than similar scores made by Harlan and Spaulding. Scores:

Houston	5000020320—12	Hodson	3420022303—19
Norcum	2242402330—22	Harlan	3444233403—30
Holmbol	2332230344—26	Paterson	0344222454—30
Spaulding	4345303323—30		

Miss Harlan won the Class B medal. The conditions for Class B were: 100yds. range, Creedmoor target, .22-caliber rifles:

Mrs Dr. Silva	0020300023—10	Mrs Marks	3342431353—34
Miss Ervin	4344434353—37	Mrs Whitman	334233 342—30
Miss Harlan	4345344345—39	C W Spaulding	4322344433—32
Mrs Chamberlain	2443433333—32	L J Marks	4435344543—39

PATTY.

Snap Shots on a Tin Can.

PORTLAND, Indiana, Sept. 3.—Mr. C. A. Bogardus, who claims to be the champion quick shot of the world, gave an exhibition on the grounds of the local gun club here yesterday. He did some very clever work, both with the shotgun and rifle, at a distance of about 25ft.; he put 25 out of 26 balls from a .22 Marlin into a quart fruit can in eight seconds. He tossed a can in the air, and hit it four times before it reached the earth; also tossed a small marble and broke it with a rifle ball. G. W. C.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Sept. 15-16.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Third annual tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Company; $750 added money.

Sept. 26.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Fourth tournament of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club. Sweepstakes at 10 A. M.; League team race in the afternoon. C. O. Gardiner, Sec'y.

Sept. 29.-Oct. 2.—HARRISBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association. First three days, targets; fourth day, live birds.

Oct. 6-8.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Autumn tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Two days, targets; one day, pigeons and sparrows. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds added money announced later.

1897.

January.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second midwinter tournament, under the management of Oscar Guessaz, etc.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK CITY.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

April 15-17.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

Merrill—Williamson.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Sept. 2.—On Tuesday, Aug. 25, a very interesting race was shot at live birds by Mr. Richard Merrill and Dr. J. L. Williamson; 100 birds, A. S. A. rules. The result was a tie, each man scoring 93, with 3 dead out of bounds. The tie was shot off at 100 birds the following Saturday, Aug. 29, with the surprising result of another tie and precisely the same score: 93 each and 3 dead out of bounds. Both men were in fine form. The birds were extraordinarily hard. Mr. Merrill used a Greener, U. M. C, green trap shells and 50grs. E. C., 1¼oz. 7 chilled. Dr. Williamson shot a Cashmors gun, U. M. C. green trap shells, 3¼drs. E. C., 1¼oz. 7 chilled shote The double tie may be shot off again some time this fall, and the result is awaited with interest. H.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Interstate Association's tournament at Marion, N. J., given this week under the auspices of the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, closes the season for the Interstate Association. The next important meeting held under the auspices of the Interstate Association will be the Grand American Handicap. As yet no place has been chosen for holding that great live-bird event. Manager Shaner will do some looking around with a view to choosing the scene of the Grand American Handicap of 1897 as soon as he has carried to a successful issue the above-mentioned shoot at Marion.

The West Lebanon, N. H., Gun Club will hold its second annual all-day shoot on Sept. 11. The club's grounds are located on Franklin farm, ten minutes' walk from the depot. The programme is one of popular prices, and a special invitation is issued by the club to members of neighboring organizations and to all trap-shooters in general. The purses will be divided under the Rose system.

The list of fixtures for 1896 is growing very small; it will not be long before the dull season will be upon us, that is, so far as target shooting is concerned. The Schmelzer Arms Company's tournament, Sept. 15-16, at Kansas City, Mo., and the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association's tournament at Harrisburg, Pa., Sept. 29-Oct. 2, being two of the more important tournaments left on our list.

Jim Elliott has been spending some weeks at Block Island, where he has been performing some prodigious feats in the way of landing striped bass and bluefish. He has also succeeded in getting a good summer-girl color, and now looks fit to shoot anybody and everybody all the matches they want.

Louis Schortemeier is fast developing into a shooter of the crackerjack class. Since he has taken up the single-barreled Francotte he has been smashing the targets with a monotonous regularity—to his opponents—and is just now about the king pin in these parts.

Ed Taylor, known to the boys as the "Old Reliable," has come to town; and what is better still, he has come to stay. His headquarters will be, of course, the offices of Laflin & Rand Powder Co., 99 Cedar street.

The Arlington Shooting Association is one of the recent organizations in New Jersey. Its president is Marshall Herrington, the well-known representative of the W-A powder; its secretary-treasurer is Herbert Frapwell.

SEPT. 8. EDWARD BANKS.

The County League at Pottsville, Pa.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Sept. 2.—The annual meeting of the County League of Fish and Game Protective Associations took place here yesterday. There was a good attendance of members and some good shooting was done on the grounds of the Pottsville Gun Club at Woltjen's farm, Tumbling Run. In a 55-target event there were forty-four entries; of that number three tied for first place on 21 each—Fen Cooper, of Mahanoy City; Schuyler Adams, of Newton; and Frank Palmer, of Pottsville. Fen Cooper retired from the contest, and left Adams and Palmer to shoot off the tie; Adams won by scoring 4 out of his first 5, Palmer dropping his first 2 targets and withdrawing as he was shot out. The scores were: Leininger 18, Tanner 16, Seltzer 14, Bechtel 7, Green 19, Miller 12, Weir 16, S. Adams 21, J. Bobbs 11, Dougherty 13, G. Schoffstall 18, Cockill 15, Driscoll 18, Barnhart 16, Malkey 12, Zimmett 18, Ed Clouser 15, Zerbey 7, Brown 12, H. Adams 18, Beck 17, Ossman 11, E. Schoffstall 18, John Irving 2, Cooper 21, Palmer 21, Stitzer 17, Zeekman 17, Hoverty 12, Starr 17, Cooch 10, J. Clouser 14, Thomas 12, Pritchard 16, Knittle 17, Foster 16, Schoppell 18, H. Hoover 17, Head 18, E. Hoover 18, Horning 12, Gorman 9, Walker 12, Roeder 12.

The live-bird event had 21 entries, each man shooting at 10 birds. The rules were "Schuylkill county rules," 21yds. rise, gun below the elbow until the bird is on the wing, use of one barrel only, a missfire to count as a lost bird. Of the 21 shooters there were only two that made clean scores; these were Fen Cooper and F. Palmer, who divided first money. Second money went to John Head, of Wadesville, and P. Naventy with scores of 9 each. E. Walker, P. McQuaid, Frank Stitzer, Weir and Green each killed 8 and split up third money. The scores were:

Frank Setzer	1001011001— 5	Gorman	1101110100— 6
H Deibert	0111001111— 7	Driscoll	1011011100— 6
E E Hoover	0011101011— 6	Pritchard	0111101011— 7
F Palmer	1111111111—10	F Cooch	0100001100— 3
E Walker	1111001111— 8	F Cooper	1111111111—10
J Head	1111101111— 9	Stitzer	0111101111— 8
L Klausman	00000 w — 0	Phieffer (Weir)	0011111111— 8
A Schappel	1010111110— 7	Green	1111111100— 8
P McQuaid	1011101111— 8	Parkins	0001110111— 6
T Tanner	0101110111— 7	Zechman	0100010110— 4
P Haverty	1111101111— 9		

The following account of the proceedings at the annual meeting is taken from the Pottsville *Miner's Journal* of this date:

"At the business session held in the morning the Llewellyn Fish and Game Protective Association was admitted into the League, and in honor of this admission the next meet was fixed for Llewellyn. Edward S. Sillman, President of the First National Bank at Mahanoy City, resigned his position as President of the League. Mr. Sillman's resignation was induced by failing health. His leaving was much deplored by the members. In his stead William A. Bensinger, of Mahanoy City, was elected. This is considered a well-deserved honor, since no man in the county has worked harder in advocating the interests of the Association and to protect our fish and game than Mr. Bensinger.

"The following delegates answered roll call:

"Tremont—John A. Bechtel, L. H. Miller, David Leininger, Samuel Brown.

"Newtown—John Irving, Thomas Dougherty, Schuyler Adams, Robert Weir, Harry Adams, Frank Clouser, John Ossman, Edward Clouser, Henry Zerbe.

"Cressona—H. Deibert.

"Mahanoy City—W. A. Bensinger, Christ. Lugan, Thomas F. Gorman, Fenimore Cooper, C. W. Stitzer, John F. Becker.

"Schuylkill Haven—H. D. Roeder.

"Llewellyn—Grant Barnhart, Elwood Schoffstall, Wm. Mackey, Grant Schoffstall, Joseph Starr, W. A. Cockill, Frank Semmitt.

"Pottsville—Frank Leonard, Jacob L. Bobbs, James P. Costello, W. J. Beck, Frederick Portz, Al Zechman, F. C. Palmer, Cyrus Sheetz."

On Long Island.

WOODSIDE GUN CLUB, OF BROOKLYN.

Sept. 2.—The Woodside Gun Club, of Brooklyn, held its club shoot this afternoon. Several sweepstakes at targets were indulged in, but the club shoot at 15 targets per man, handicap rise, was the main event on the programme. The score in this event was as follows:

A. J. Henderson (16) 13, T. W. Richardson (18) 12, J. W. Heany (16) 10, T. W. Murphy (16) 11, U. V. O'Connor (16) 9, J. W. Colgan (18) 12, E. V. Kent (16) 7, J. R. Bernstein (18) 5, F. F. Williamson (17) 8, H. P. Smith (16) 4, E. S. Morris (16) 8, C. L. Thurston (16) 5, T. W Heany (18) 9, S. P. Schleucter (16) 5, Dr. J. F. Behrens (16) 11, W. H. Hunt (16) 6, J. J. O'Brien (16) 5.

MUTUAL ROD AND GUN CLUB, OF BROOKLYN.

Sept. 2.—The Mutual Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, a new organization, held its first shoot on the North Beach grounds to-day. The yearly prizes are awarded for scores made at the monthly shoots, the club event being at 7 live birds per man, all at 25yds., 10-gauge guns penalized 2yds. The scores made in that event to-day were as below:

J. B. Knowles and Frank Dexter 6, H. C. Staton, W. S. Massey, C. C. Treadwell and J. P. Smith 5, C. Schneider and P. Wambold 4, Aaron Whitney and G. A. Tracy 3, Thomas Hudson 2.

WAVERLY GUN CLUB, OF NEW YORK.

Sept. 3.—The members of the Waverly Gun Club, of New York, spent this afternoon cracking targets on the grounds at Bayside, L. I. The club shoot, which is 15 targets per man, handicap rise, resulted in a victory for James R. Selover, Jr., who broke 15 straight from the 16yds. mark. The scores in this event were as follows:

J. R. Selover (16) 15, C. L Thompson (16) 14, J. M. Gompert (18) 12, H. M. Meyemberg (16) 10, Dr. Emil Schroeder (16) 12, J. L. Waterman (16) 7, H. J. Gorman (16) 5, W. W. Graham (16) 7, P. F. Ulrich (16) 6, G. J. Guernsey (16) 5, T. J. Ryan (16) 4.

The L. J. Dorp Gun Club, of Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Aug. 29.—The third weekly shoot of the L. J. Dorp Gun Club too place to-day on the grounds at Morris, Delaware county, Pa. It was an ideal afternoon for target shooting, with the exception of a strong wind blowing, that made the flight of the targets erratic. As the rail season is now on us, we do not expect to shoot again at targets until October, as the boys will be busy with the little birds. Scores in the club shoot were as below:

L J Dorp	1111011101111110111'11'01—21
Frank Gill	1111011011111111111110111—21
V V Dorp	1111011011101111010101111—20
Walt Durfor	1111110110110011001101011—17
Robt Lloyd	0001000010001100100011000— 7

V. V. DORP, Sec'y.

In New Jersey.

FINLETTER WON THE MAX BLEIMAN CUP.

Aug. 29.—The main event at Hollywood this afternoon was the contest for the Max Bleiman cup, 20 live birds per man, handicap rise, Hollywood boundary. The cup was won by Leonard Finletter, of Philadelphia, who killed his 20 birds. A. L Ivins was again unfortunate in losing a single bird, finishing with 19 out of 20; Phil Daly, Jr., J. B. Ellison and Thomas tied for third place on 18 each. Edgar Murphy was the scratch man, being placed on the 31yds. mark; he was clear off his form and retired at the end of the 8th round, at which time he had lost 3 birds. Bland Ballard and Fred Hoey both retired at the end of the 12th round, each having lost 2 birds and there being only two moneys. The scores follow:

L Finletter (29)	22222222222222222220	—20
A L Ivins (29)	22220222222222222229	—19
Phil Daly, Jr (29)	20222222222222222022	—18
J B Ellison (28)	22022222220222222222	—18
Thomas (27)	22222002222222222222	—18
G S McAlpin (30)	22222222222202202020	—16
Loening (26)	02022222222220222220	—16
B Ballard (30)	022220222222	—10
Fred Hoey (29)	202022222222	—10
Toland (27)	21202222222200	—10
Dr Gagnon (26)	11200212200022	— 9
Edgar Murphy (31)	02022022	— 5

THE DALY-MONEY MATCH AT HOLLYWOOD.

Sept. 1.—Captain Money and Phil Daly shot a race to-day on the grounds of the Hollywood Gun Club, Daly winning the match by 5 birds, the scores standing at the close of the match: Daly 83, Money 78. The conditions of the match were: 100 live birds per man, $100 a side, 30yds. rise and the Hollywood boundary (21yds. in front, but only about 17½yds. from the end traps). The birds were a good lot and were materially aided in their efforts to get away by a strong wind that blew from the score to the traps.

Captain Money was not shooting in his old-time style; strangely enough he lost 5 birds that had an incoming tendency, ordinarily he is sure to score on such a bird. That his shooting was ragged is shown by the score, a single run of 10 straight being his only double-figure run in the match. Daly made one run of 15, two runs of 11 and two of 10. Lester Wallack was referee, while Louis Shortemeier pulled the traps. The individual scores were:

Capt A W Money	222•2•1112•0•112221220222	—19
	12220•1202212221222•220122	—20
	20122222212210110222102221	—21
	2220•2211012002122122012••	—18—78
Phil Daly, Jr	2022222•2212222222220•2222	—21
	222222•2221222221•2022222	—22
	2222222222•02022222222222	—22
	0212222222022•00222222220•	—18—83

ARLINGTON SHOOTING ASSOCIATION.

Sept. 2.—The members of the Arlington, N. J., Shooting Association held their regular monthly shoot this afternoon. The club event is at 25 targets per man. Mr. Tony Schuler would have made a better score in the club shoot had not his predilection for a pump induced him to shoot that kind of a gun, which did not suit him at all. He did some good work later on with a double gun, for Tony is all right and we look forward to his becoming one of the cracks of the Arlington Gun Club. Scores:

F Walters	10100111111111111111101111	—21
J Sickles	01010111111111101111110110	—19
M Herrington	11111010011110110010101110	—16
J E Simpson	10100100011101101011111111	—16
A Schuler	00001000000101000111001111	— 9

M. HERRINGTON, Pres't.

IVINS IN GOOD FORM AT HOLLYWOOD.

Sept. 5.—A. L. Ivins shot in good form this afternoon on the Hollywood grounds, and after a long streak of bad luck landed first money and the cup in the contest for the Phil Daly, Jr., cup, with a straight score of 25. He did not win the cup easily, Finletter, the winner of the Max Bleiman cup, chasing him with 21 straight before dropping a bird. Edgar Murphy and Fred Hoey took third place with 23 each. The wind was against the birds, rather a strong southeast wind blowing all the afternoon. The scores were:

Phil Daly, Jr., silver cup, 25 birds, $25 entrance, handicap 25 to 31yds., 50 per cent. and cup to winner, 30 to second and 10 to third.

Ivins (29)	11121212222222221222222222	—25
Finletter (30)	11111121212222222222220222	—24
Murphy (31)	11111012222202222212222222	—23
Hoey (30)	11011212222222222222022222	—23
Count (25)	12001122220122221222212220	—21
Daly (30)	1010 12202222221222222	—17
Ballard (30)	1101122022202221•	—14
McAlpin (30)	1111012222222222•220	—17
Hooper (28)	01011122002222222122	—16
Moore (25)	002002	— 2

THE ENDEAVOR'S ANNUAL SHOOT.

Sept. 7.—The annual Labor Day shoot of the Endeavor Gun Club was held to-day. The weather was all that could be desired for target-shooting, and the attendance in consequence was good also. To-day's shoot was a double-barreled affair. It was, as stated above, the annual Labor Day shoot of the club, but it also was the "preparation day" for the Interstate Association's tournament, which will be held to-morrow and the next day, Sept. 8-9.

For the latter tournament Elmer E. Shaner, the Association's manager, has put in two sets of bluerock traps, and has also placed in position all the paraphernalia of the Association, giving to the gun club's grounds at Marion quite a gala appearance.

Shooting commenced early and was kept up until sundown, 5,000 targets being thrown, although only one set of traps was used at a time and no hustling was indulged in to any extent. Among those present were: J. Hildreth and J. A. R. Elliott, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company; Justus and Carl von Lengerke, of the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold, the United States agents for Schultze powder; Noel E. Money, secretary of the American E. C. Powder Company; U. M. C. Thomas, of the U. M. C. Company, Bridgeport, Conn.; Ed Taylor, of Laflin & Rand and W-A powder; Mrs. M. F. Lindsley (Wanda), ably filling the place of her husband, Milt Lindsley, etc.

Prominent among those shooting were: Louis Schortemeier, E. D. Fulford, "Uncle Billy" Sigler, who made his appearance at the traps for the first time for about a year; C. F. Lenone, of Passaic, and his fellow citizen, Bennie Abbott; James Smith, of Hackettstown; Dr. Jackson, of Springfield, N. J.; F. A. Thompson, of the Vernon Gun Club of Brooklyn; John L. Brewer, Jas. S. Duston, E. A. Geoffroy, etc.

The outlook for a good shoot the next two days is decidedly promising. The weather appears to be settled again, so that nothing need be apprehended on that score. The members of the home team are working well for the success of the shoot, the last one in the 1896 series of the Interstate Association. EDWARD BANKS.

The Cazenovia Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 29.—The Cazenovia Gun Club held its weekly shoot this afternoon. Event No. 1 was the club prize shoot at 25 targets per man. Messrs. F. L. Swope and Stevens tied for the badge in class A, with scores of 20; W. Heinhold won the class B badge with 19, C. L. Swope taking the class C badge with 17 breaks. Several other sweeps were also shot during the afternoon, the scores appearing in the table given below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	25	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	Targets:	25	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
F L Swope	20	6	9	7	9	6	7	8	G Kirkover	..	3	4	6	..	3	3	..
Stevens	20	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	H Kirkover	..	4	9	7	4	..	..	..
C L Swope	17	3	..	..	7	..	..	..	Burkhardt	..	..	..	..	7	..	8	..
Beck	18	..	..	..	..	8	8	10	Plumsteel	..	..	..	..	7	..	8	..
W Heinold	19	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	Whaley	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..
F Heinold	13	4	..	5	..	..	..	..	Wheeler	..	..	..	4	9	6	..	..
Waltz	14	2	7	7	7	9	10	4									

No. 9, live birds: Stevens 4, F. L. Swope 2, Beck 3, C. L. Swope 3, Werlin 4.

Trap-Shooting Systems.

BALTIMORE, Md., Sept. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just read a letter on "trap-shooting systems" which appeared in your last paper. Without altogether taking Novice's side of the question (and I think I know who Novice is), I must own to being very much of his way of thinking. While I am willing to admit that the system itself has been more to blame than the shooters for the "dropping for place" which was so common at tournaments until FOREST AND STREAM went to work at the droppers, I am however far from willing to admit that the old system, which he reviles, is without merit.

Class shooting was introduced, I take it, to keep those shooting who would have had no share of the purse if everything was "high guns." It performs its part well, and the original system of dividing purses would still be in general use if "our paper," FOREST AND STREAM, had not come out and given us the Rose system. I don't believe in jumping on a man when he is down, and the old system has certainly been downed by the newer and entirely equitable system you have so earnestly advocated. The old system was good enough when we knew none better, but now—*requiescat in pace.* CHILLED SHOT.

St. Paul Nineteenth Annual.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 1.—The St. Paul Gun Club may be seen to be an ancient and honorable organization by reference to the fact that it this week held its nineteenth annual tournament According to these figures the club must be at least nineteen years of age, dating, therefore, back to 1877. What a world of change in shooting matters it has seen! I presume the club must always have given good tournaments—at least it has the reputation of having done so—but no doubt its early tournaments must have been crude affairs compared to the systematic and methodical modern tournament of 1896. This year's shoot is as good as any it has ever held—probably the best one it ever held—for, though the figures of former years are not at hand, the entry of 50 shooters on the first day is a large one.

The twin cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis have a pleasant custom of taking a rest now and then and indulging in festivities of a purely holiday character. They made all sorts of schemes for having a big good time, from harvest festivals to ice carnivals. This week is a great one for the twin metropoles. Each city vies with the other, as usual, in magnificence and liberality. St. Paul has the G. A. R. encampment, and Minneapolis the Knights of Pythias, each city being a swarm of uniformed men, brass bands, parades, review stands, ice cream booths, and orators. There is a cloud of smoke all day and a pillar of red fire all night. There are a king and a queen of the carnival, chosen to preside over the nightly spectacles of joy and the long lines of illumined floats, and there are numbers of other kings and queens who preside elsewhere. Everybody is smiling and happy and brightly dressed, and both these towns are working their hardest and spending thousands of dollars daily in heroic effort to go through a vast daily programme of entertainment. Besides the two great encampments, the State Fair of Minnesota, itself a great thing, is in progress during this week. As neither of the two cities could corral the fair, they concluded to let it be held exactly halfway between the two cities, at Hamline, easily accessible by electric lines and railroads. Here there is a further daily struggle to work off a big programme of amusement. There are bicycle races and horse races and foot races and Indian la crosse games and parades and reviews and contests and displays of all sorts to stand as proof of the joy of the vast farming population of the grand State of Minnesota that the harvest is over and the fall shooting season at hand. All over the great fair grounds are all sorts of quaint, queer, ingenious and instructive things. You can buy several kinds of cider, and plenty of ice cream, and considerable pie and peanuts and extraordinarily bad coffee, and a lot of things. You can see self-binders and seeders and huskers and stackers and threshers and rakers and diggers and pickers and all sorts of things now needful in the touch-the-button farming of to-day. It is easy to be a farmer now, it is all done by machinery. I think I shall go into farming, because all the hard work a farmer has to do nowadays is to go to church or to talk politics.

Up on the hill at the State Fair grounds, beyond the wagon and steam engines, and the tents of the mammoth ox and the two-headed rooster and the fat lady, are the grounds of the St. Paul Gun Club, where the annual tournament is now in progress. Here there is a very comfortable club house and a railing to keep out the surging crowd of spectators. The grounds lie on top of an eminence offering a good light and a fair background, and everything is very carefully arranged for the comfort of the many shooters in attendance, the platforms, walks, sheds, benches, etc., being very well planned.

The tournament was at targets only, and was announced to be under A. S. A. rules, though it is to be observed that 10-gauge guns shot through at the same score with 12-gaugers. Bluerocks were used, shot at 3 cents, and at two sets of traps, or rather at one set of traps (known angles) and one magautrap. Paul North, of the Cleveland Target Co., superintended the magautrap personally, and one must say it worked handsomely, breaking almost no targets, and causing no trouble except an occasional balk by the puller, who sometimes grew erratic in his elbow. The old-fashioned and soon to be obsolete system of class shooting was adhered to, except that on the second day the equitable system was used in the first two events and the Rose system in the next two following. The choice of systems was left to the shooters following that. Winners of first money were handicapped 2yds. in the following event. This was hard on Charlie Budd, who had to stand back behind the others so much so he could not talk to McMurchy and Heikes at the firing line. Thus it may be seen that the nineteenth annual shoot of the St. Paul Gun Club was about as well arranged a shoot as the average modern tournament, with abundant indication of a leaning to still more modern methods. Next year, let us hope, it will cast aside fears and come out for the Rose system flat-footed.

The State championship event of the second day, for the diamond badge indicative of the individual State championship, made a change in the monotony of a stiff target programme—indeed too, stiff a programme, for 200 birds a day is too much shooting, especially where there are so many counter attractions as there are here at the State Fair. It ties a man fast to the traps all day and makes the "sport" not sport, but plain hard work. The State championship event was at 25 singles and 12 pairs, known angles (conditions not so hard and not so modern as such an event should carry), for an entrance of $6.50. A list of prizes followed down to the sixth place, among these a silver-trimmed cigar case for second place by Parker Bros. In the general average prizes there was a list covering the places from first to twenty-fourth, so that nearly everybody had a chance to get something to take home to the babies, from a plush lap robe to a negligee shirt. It would seem that the merchandise prize is still with us, but after awhile it too will go. Among the more important average prizes were the following: First, fine ejector hammerless gun, "B" grade, 12-gauge, presented by Remington Arms Co., value $75; second, cash by the club, $50; third, $40; fourth, $35; fifth, fine Elliot pattern repeating shotgun, 12 gauge, presented by Winchester Repeating Arms Co., value $47; sixth, cash by the club, $30; seventh, $20; eighth, $15; ninth, $10.

My ancient friend of the merchandise prize list, the silk umbrella, was in the list, and so was the hard hat, but I do not see any bottle of liniment. I was at a shoot once where the merchandise prizes included a bottle of liniment, and since then I have always thought that no such list was really complete without a bottle of liniment. It is singularly appropriate, moreover, for the man who has fallen down into twenty-fourth place. The ancient Romans had the pleasant motto "*Væ victis*," which being interpreted means, freely speaking, "Swat the under dog." Managements offering plunder lists to jolly along twenty-fourth men through 600 targets should always, in my opinion, offer a bottle of liniment or ointment, or something of that sort, for twenty-fourth place, so as to offer reproof to the brutal Romans. The Romans never asked a disinterested and harmless men's furnishing goods dealer for a silk umbrella or a Derby hat to jolly along a sore gladiator, but in many ways the Romans were behind the times, even the times of yesterday.

An innovation in methods was practiced by the officers of the shoot. No squad cards were used in scoring, and all the scores were kept as shot upon the blackboard only, the blackboard being covered by a piece of paper and ruled similarly, a fresh sheet being tacked on for each event. At the end of the event the sheet was taken down and handed to the cashier and assistants, who copied the totals of each man into the record book. This was an experiment, but it served to save time and confusion.

There was a strong attendance of stiff Western shooters, such as Mayor H. B. Jewell, of Wabasha; J. H. Block, of St. Peter; M. Trent, of Wadena; M. Jones, of Atwater; J. Dodge, of Duluth, etc., etc. P. O'Shaughnessy came all the way from Bismarck, N. D; E. J. Graham from Rosedale, Mich., and Willard Thomas from Indiana. Fred. Gilbert was not present from his Iowa home, being absent with Mr. E. S. Rice on a chicken hunt. The old guard was represented by McMurchy, of the Hunter Arms Co., Rolla Heikes and Charlie Budd. The Twin Cities sent a large and hard shooting contingent of gentlemen, who united in making things pleasant for visitors.

There were two lady shooters present, though one of them, Mrs. W. P. Shattuck, did not enter in any of the events. The other lady is a very desirable accession to the ranks of trap-shooters, a very bright, graceful and pleasant personage, and of course popular at once among the gallant shooters. This was Mrs. D. H. Day, of Duluth, who has been shooting for less than a year, but who goes into the 65 per cent. class readily enough. This was Mrs. Day's first tournament away from home, and she seemed to enjoy the fun very much. Mrs. Day was coached by her husband, Dr. Day, a very pleasant gentleman, though also a very unfortunate one. Dr. Day recently in course of the practice of his profession incurred blood poisoning and was obliged to suffer amputation of two fingers of his right hand. He fears this will deprive him of his profession of dentistry. Let him at least take heart that it will not debar him from shooting, for many men even more unfortunate have become very proficient with the gun. Besides, as he himself says, he takes as much pleasure in seeing Mrs. Day shoot as though he were doing it himself. Mrs. Day has a fine position at the trap and will be a good shot as soon as she has a proper gun that fits her.

Mr. B. F. Schurmeier, Dr. Lyons, Mr. Kennedy and all others connected with the management were efficient and courteous in their several parts, and aided respectively in establishing the smoothness of detail which made the St. Paul nineteenth annual up to date. It was a shooters' shoot and a success worthy of either or both the Twin Cities, which are the homes of jollification, good times and successes.

Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Catamaran	13	11	18	13	15	..	..	..	..	..
Budd	10	17	17	13	17	22	15	20	22	20
Hopkins	13	14	20	13	11	21	7	16	20	18
Graham	13	18	21	15	20	23	10	19	18	17
McMurchy	13	19	25	14	18	22	14	19	23	19
Thomas	12	12	18	9	13	..	..	..	..	..
Bennett	12	16	18	10	16	19	13	17	21	19
Robinhood	13	16	19	13	19	18	14	18	23	17
Stone	12	15	18	11	13	16	10	9	21	14
Goldbug	13	16	23	14	16	15	14	14	17	15
North	12	13	17	9	16	20	7	16	18	14
O'Shaughnessy	12	15	21	13	19	17	11	12	18	..
Woodbury	8	8	20	8	11	..	..	..	..	..
McHay	9	15	19	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rose	10	18	18	11	19	20	12	16	19	17
Ensign	12	17	22	12	13	19	9	17	20	15
Hub	14	17	20	13	20	21	12	19	23	16
Rodecker	10	19	19	12	15	20	7	16	..	..
Dodge	13	19	20	12	17	22	15	19	20	18
Baldwin, Sr	10	16	14	9	12	17	5	10	17	..
Heikes	13	19	23	14	18	20	14	15	23	19
Baldwin, Jr	9	9	18	14	13	14	12	11	19	7
Bold	7	17	23	8	20	18	12	13	20	..
Palmer	13	18	18	11	18	22	13	16	18	18
Boland	8	10	10	9	10	..	..	..	..	..
Block	11	14	25	13	19	19	12	19	19	10
Hanson	9	12	11	8	10	19	13	15	19	16
Novotny	7	11	14	..	15	..	..	..	..	..
Redfern	13	16	17	10	15	21	12	18	21	15
Shell	15	15	20	12	15	22	11	20	27	16
Peterson	11	16	18	..	11	..	..	12	..	..
Daley	11	16	20	9	12	18	11	..	..	..
Jones	13	16	22	12	17	22	13	15	22	14
Bird	12	18	19	10	18	24	12	14	19	14
Wilson	13	18	20	13	18	21	14	17	21	17
Pat	10	14	19	10	10	..	..	..	..	..
Duchess	9	13	15	..	14	..	..	11	15	..
Holt	9	12	23	11	12	20	10	15	18	14
Main	8	15	21	9	18	22	11	18	21	18
Mahoney	11	..	14	10	11	..	9	16	..	..
Burke	14	20	21	13	18	22	12	16	21	17
Allen	12	..	..	12	11	..	..	..	..	..
Sandstone	8	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Thielman	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rox	13	..	21	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Weiland	..	16	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..
Markham	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	11
Bloxam	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12

SECOND DAY.

The highest scores for the three days were made by the following shooters: McMurchy 1st, Heikes 2d, Budd 3d, Dodge 4th, Hub 5th, Robin Hood 6th, Burke 7th, Wilson 8th, Bennett 9th, Rose 10th, Bud 11th, Gold Bug 12th, Baldwin 13th. The scores made yesterday in the final events were as follows, the events being the 19th and 20th, inclusive. Four were at 25 singles, three at 20 singles, and four at 15 singles. The first event was at known angles and the second at unknown angles, successively.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	*15*	*20*	*25*	*15*	*20*	*25*	*15*	*20*	*25*	*15*	*25*
Harris	9	11	14	6	15	14	7	..	..	..	15
Robin Hood	12	17	20	12	17	17	12	15	23	8	19
Bennett	9	16	20	14	19	13	13	13	22	10	19
Stone	9	13	21	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Heikes	13	18	25	12	18	23	12	15	25	12	24
Graham	12	18	21	11	17	23	14	14	17	15	21
Burke	11	15	18	12	15	19	10	17	19	14	19
Budd	13	15	21	12	19	22	14	18	21	15	23
Thomas	11	17	20	8	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
McMurchy	14	19	23	12	19	23	13	16	22	11	20
Hub	12	12	18	12	15	17	13	14	21	15	24
Wilson	15	14	21	12	16	16	13	8	22	7	19
Taylor	13	14	21	11	15	..	13	..	21	..	21
Carlton	14	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bird	12	17	20	14	16	16	11	13	22	10	20
Peck	12	..	..	9	..	..	9	..	..	..	..
Wood	12	16	..	10	9	..	..	..	..	13	..
Dodge	15	15	21	14	18	17	12	20	18	12	21
Gray	8	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Goldbug	10	12	18	8	7	21	12	13	17	13	23
Rose	13	13	13	13	15	19	13	18	20	10	18
Peterson	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Houston	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Baldwin, Sr	6	10	14	9	6	11	6	11	13	13	11
McAndrews	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Pat	..	..	..	11	16	..	12	..	20	..	..
Baldwin, Jr	..	..	..	9	13	..	10	..	..	..	..
Ludringson	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Daley	..	..	..	9	15	..	13	..	..	..	..
North	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	15	..	11	..
Gramm	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
O'Shaughnessy	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..
McAndrews	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..
Peck	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..

NOTES AND INCIDENTS.

By evening of the second day, Tuesday, the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis were crowded almost to their limits by the throngs of visitors from all over the country who came either to the G. A. R. or K. of P. encampments or to the State Fair. Each train brought many more people, until it was next to impossible to get about on the streets. Arrangements for handling these crowds were pitiably inadequate. The Interurban car line between the two cities was the only route the shooters could take from the grounds, and the cars on this line went by in lines, one after the other, loaded down so that the shooters had to wait often over an hour by the roadside before they could crowd into a car. There was great popular dissatisfaction over this very unfortunate state of affairs.

On the first day Heikes was unable to get his trunk at his hotel, and was forced to use a job lot of ammunition which proved no good. Budd also shot badly for a while. McMurchy was steady and went far ahead on the grand average. On the second day both Budd and Heikes began to pull up to McMurchy, but at evening he still led them by something like 12 or 14 birds, and was thought safe for first on grand average.

On the second day, it being left to a vote of the shooters, the Rose system was continued in use and gave satisfaction. Budd said that under the old system he made on Monday about $86 clear, and on Tuesday, under the Rose System, he made about $34 clear. The Rose system is bound to be the next thing in trap-shooting.

The weather was good, bright and calm Monday, but windy on Tuesday, when the shooting was hard.

The individual State championship was won by W. M. Taber, of Park Rapids, with the score of 38 out of 50, the lowest score ever shot to win this trophy. The high wind accounted for the low scores.

Mr. Day shot under the name of Duchess, one the boys were willing to call appropriate. In the State championship race Mr. Day scored 25 out of the 50.

The attendance at the shoot would have been much better had it not fallen directly at the date of the opening of the game season. This is a great country for field shooters, and all were eager to get out for a go at real feathers. It is good to be able to say that the Minnesota shooters will have more game this fall than they have had for the past ten years.

Paul North wore his bicycle suit, which displays him to be built like a hired man.

"Hank McMurchy, the Syracuse crackerjack," is what a local paper called him.

Roger Kennedy proved himself an able cashier, and pleased everybody at the window.

B. F. Schurmeier was general hustler and manager-in chief at the scores.

John F. Burkhardt appears in the new rôle of newspaper man, being publisher of the *Western Field and Stream*, a bright monthly which bears no less a name than that of Chas. Hallock as editor, as well as that of Mark Biff, a young lawyer of St. Paul. Mr. Burkhardt is welcome to the broad and flowery path of newspaper work.

Mayor H. B. Jewell, of Wabasha, is Wapahasa in the game and shooting columns of FOREST AND STREAM, and well known by that title. Mr. Jewell's style at the score is singular. He points his gun at the ground inside the trap line when calling "Pull!" Most men cover the field above the traps.

Pa Baldwin was there, as usual.

Block, of St. Peter, is one of the town's solid citizens. He weighs about 280lbs.

It takes the Twin Cities to get up a crowd. It was like World's Fair times. One rarely has a better chance to observe the serious and businesslike way in which the American citizen sets about having a good time than was afforded here this week.

After the shoot McMurchy goes to Duluth; then to Atwater, Minn., for a chicken shoot; then to Clear Lake, Ia., for a visit with Charlie Grimm until it is time to go to the Schmelzer shoot at Kansas City. Budd was called home and could not go chicken shooting. Heikes stayed over for a chicken hunt with Fred and Dick Merrill and the writer, west of St. Paul. Two days after the shoot would have found few of the trap-shooters at home, for all had joined the general exodus for the prairies and stubbles.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Calumet Heights Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 30.—The regular medal contest of the Calumet Heights Gun Club took place to-day. S. M. Booth was the winner in class A with 24 out of 25; Hodson, in class B, made the same score, losing his 23d target, and winning the medal in that class. Harlan, of class C, won the medal in that class by defeating his solitary opponent, Chamberlain, by the score of 18 to 17. The conditions of the shoot are 25 targets per man, known traps and unknown angles. Scores:

Class A.

G C Lamphere	0111111111111011111101010—20
S M Booth	1111111111111111111101111—24
A C Paterson	0111011111111101111111101—21

Class B.

Houston	1100110111000111100101110—15
Hodson	1111111111111111111111011—24
Harper	1010000001001010111110011—12
Metcalfe	0111010100011111100001011—14
Norcum	1111101111011111111101111—22
Whitman	1010111110111101101011000—16

Class C.

Harlan	1101101101110111111010101—18
Chamberlain	1101110101001110011111101—17

Two team races were shot during the afternoon. The first resulted as follows:

Patterson's team: Patterson 8, H. Carson 8, Hodson 6, Metcalfe 6, Houston 5, Chamberlain 4—37.

Lamphere's team: Lamphere 8, Norcom 5, Harlan 5, Harper 5, Booth 4, Whitman 4—31.

The second team race was at 10 targets per man, as the above, but the 10 targets were shot under the conditions known as "snipe shooting." At this style of shooting Lamphere's team put up the score of 43 out of 60, defeating Patterson's team handsomely. Scores:

Lamphere's team: Lamphere 10, Norcom 10, Booth 8, Harlan 7, Harper 6, Whitman 2—43.

Patterson's team: Hodson 6, Metcalfe 6, H. Carson 6, Patterson 5, Houston 5, Chamberlain 3—31.

Four events were also shot, the conditions of these events being as below; No. 1, 15 targets; Nos. 2 and 3, handicap events at 25 targets, Class A men shooting at 25 targets, Class B at 27 and Class C at 30; No. 4 was at 25 targets, unknown angles. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	*15*	*25*	*25*	*25*	Targets:	*15*	*25*	*25*	*25*
Patterson	11	19	22	..	Chamberlain	5	17	18	..
Booth	13	15	19	19	Norcom	..	14	24	18
Harlan	10	12	9	..	Metcalfe	10	17	13	20
Houston	10	19	20	14	Hodson	13	..	..	..
Whitman	6	..	..	..	Lamphere	13	21	21	..

PATTY.

Grand Rapids versus Holland.

GRAND RAPIDS, Aug. 29.—The Valley City Gun Club of this place has held the five-men team championship of Michigan since winning it from Battle Creek in 1895. The club was recently challenged by the Holland Gun Club, and the contest came off to-day. The result, a tie, was very unsatisfactory to both clubs, and it was at once arranged to try issues again on Sept. 12. The score was much lower than has ever won the trophy, and was remarkable for being a tie on both singles and on doubles. No excuses can be made; weather and all conditions never were more favorable for a high score, but, for some unaccountable reason, every man was unable to reach his regular average. Even Messrs. Karstens and Van Eyck, usually handling their guns like professionals, shot well in the preliminary sweeps, but fell down in the main event. We do not know so much about the shooting qualities of the rest of the visitors, the two named having shot with us before, but all failed to maintain the reputation they were credited with. With the exception of Mr. Gould, who took the place of Mr. Gilmore on the home team, it was made up as usual, and no excuses can be made for the result.

There is no other club to whom we would rather lose the cup than the Holland gentlemen, and their next visit will be welcome.

Valley City Gun Club.

Gould	0010101010111011000011010111111—18
	10 10 10 10 00 11 10 11 11 10 —12—30
Wharton	1100111011010101011111101101100—20
	11 10 10 11 11 11 10 10 10 10 11 —15—35
Widdicomb	1111101110101111011110110111111—24
	10 11 11 10 11 10 10 10 10 10 —13—37
Walton	1010111010101111111111010111100—22
	11 10 11 11 10 10 11 11 10 11 —16—38
Coleman	1111111101111110101111010101110—24
	10 10 01 10 00 10 10 00 10 00 — 7—31—171

Holland Gun Club.

Karstens	1110101111101111111110110101011—23
	10 10 11 11 11 01 11 11 11 10 —16—39
Ferguson	1100111101010111101110110110001—20
	10 10 01 00 10 10 11 11 11 10 —12—32
Van Eyck	1011101111101111110111111111111—26
	11 10 11 10 11 11 10 10 00 01 —13—39
De Roo	1001111101101011001110100101011—17
	10 00 10 11 10 11 10 10 10 11 —12—29
Arleth	1011111001100111111010111111101—22
	10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 00 10 —10—32—171

C. F. ROOD, Sec'y.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Sept. 3.—Unknown angles, A. A. rules:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	*20*	*20*	*10*	*25*	*25*	Targets:	*20*	*20*	*10*	*25*	*15*
Nelson	16	17	4	19	22	Miller	17	15	6	10	19
Terry	17	14	8	18	18	Cleland	10	13	7	15	..
Dorsin	18	19	6	22	22	Durphy	12	13	5	17	17
Moorman	15	16	7	21	20						

F. M. D.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Good News from South Dakota.

THE glorious results of this season's harvest of golden grain will pour a stream of sound money into the pockets of every Dakota farmer.

South Dakota has thousands of acres of choice farming and ranch land lying east of the Missouri River, and within one day's ride from Chicago or Milwaukee, which can now be bought reasonably cheap, but which before the end of another year may be advanced in price.

The stock raising industry in South Dakota is profitable, and Eastern capital is now being invested in cattle and sheep growing in that State.

Diversified farming, the growing of live stock and the products of the dairy are placing South Dakota foremost in the ranks of the successful Western States.

Those desiring full information on the subject, and particularly those who wish to seek a new home or purchase land, are requested to correspond with W. E. Powell, General Immigration Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill., or to the local agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.—*Adv.*

The Baker Gun Quarterly.

"THE Baker Gun Quarterly" for August is full of information relative to Baker guns. The first article is by A. R. King, of Syracuse, who brings out strongly the good features of the Baker hammerless. On another page notice is given of the company's intention to discontinue the manufacture of hammer guns. Owing to this fact, an excellent opportunity is offered to purchase guns of this class at reduced rates. The "Quarterly" will be sent free on application to the Baker Gun Co., Batavia, N. Y.—*Adv.*

Winchester Shot Shells.

THE Winchester Company has issued an August price list of paper shot shells that describes and illustrates the famous "Rival" and "Leader" shells, as well as the later products of the company, "Blue Rival," "Metal Lined" and "Repeater" shells. A table of comparative measures of nitro powders is also included.

The circular is artistically printed, and each shell is shown in its particular color.—*Adv.*

On Sept. 6 the double summer service of the Fall River Line will be discontinued. The steamers Plymouth and Pilgrim will be retired from service, while the Priscilla and Puritan will remain in commission, leaving New York, as usual, week days and Sundays at 5:30 P. M.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. D. B., New York.—The snapper is the young bluefish.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1896.

VOL. XLVII.—No. 12. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page x.

Forest and Stream Water Colors

We have prepared as premiums a series of four artistic and beautiful reproductions of original water colors, painted expressly for the FOREST AND STREAM. The subjects are outdoor scenes:

Jacksnipe Coming In. "He's Got Them" (Quail Shooting). Vigilant and Valkyrie. Bass Fishing at Block Island.

The plates are for frames 14x19 in. They are done in twelve colors, and are rich in effect. They are furnished to old or new subscribers on the following terms:

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Remit by express money order or postal money order. Make orders payable to

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., New York.

AUDUBON BIRD PLATES.

THE most famous bird pictures in the world are those by America's great artist-ornithologist, John James Audubon. Devoted as he was to the study of birds, Audubon was first of all an artist—ardent, sensitive, poetic—and it was this artistic temperament, united to the painstaking fidelity of the naturalist, which made his paintings of birds far surpass any others ever painted. The great work in which the plates are contained is now so extremely rare that, although we have all heard much of these Audubon pictures, few of us have had the privilege of seeing them. It is with decided satisfaction then that the FOREST AND STREAM announces that a series of half-tone reproductions of selected Audubon bird plates will be given in forthcoming issues. The plates have been photographed especially for this purpose from a copy of the original double elephant folio edition of this work, 1827–1835, in the possession of a member of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, and the results will be seen during the next few months by our readers.

The birds chosen for the illustrations include several species of ducks—including the beautiful plate of the canvasback—two species of grouse and several of the waders. The first of the series of reproductions will be the Black Duck in our next number, Sept. 26.

BIRDS AND THE FARM AND GARDEN.

IN response to a demand for Miss Florence A. Merriam's paper, "How Birds Affect the Farm and Garden," we have reprinted it in a pamphlet of thirty-two pages, and it is now for sale at this office. Price, 5 cents per copy, postpaid; with special prices to individuals or bird protection societies who may wish it in quantities for distribution.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE National Forestry Commission reached San Francisco last week after a two months' exploration of the Government forests in the Yellowstone Park, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. The observations have been much impeded by the widespread forest fires in the Northwest. Prof. William H. Brewer, of the Commission, said to a press reporter: "I have been constantly surprised during this trip to notice the wanton destruction of the great forests. I also noticed the inroads among the redwoods, those great forest giants, that ought to be preserved as a heritage for future generations."

In these days of political turmoil and ill-considered speech we hear much loose talk about the East and the West as two sections with diverse aims and opposed interests. If we could induce the authors of such talk to take down their guns, pack their grips and go shooting, the Eastern contingent on Western prairie chicken grounds and duck sloughs, and the Westerners in Eastern quail grounds and ruffed grouse covers, each enjoying all that a shooting excursion usually embraces in the way of personal intercourse, we should have accomplished about all that was required to convert them to the faith that they were to look upon one another as friends rather than enemies. The better the people of the country actually know one another, the less prone are the residents of one quarter to regard their fellows elsewhere with jealousy or mistrust. A good way to get acquainted is to go shooting together. Your sportsman tourist is a true cosmopolite. He has broadened his horizon. He is the true citizen of the country. Sectional strife can never be fostered in his soul. You may tell him that the East and the West are opposed in spirit and interest, but you shall not persuade him to accept the doctrine. He knows better.

The European sparrow supply in the towns of this country has been affected in an enormous degree by the development of electric motor and cable car systems. The local abundance of a species depends largely upon its food supply; we always take into account the crops of mast in prognosticating the amount of game to count on. So too the more game, the more varmints to prey upon it. In India when game harborages are established it has been found that if shooting is forbidden for a term of years in such preserves, the tigers and leopards and wild dogs and other beasts of prey multiply in such force that their ravages upon the game come in time to defeat the purpose of the harborage. The tremendous increase of the European sparrow in American towns was due largely to the abundant food supply afforded by the offal in the streets. Now that the trolley lines and cable system have so generally superseded the horse cars, and hundreds of thousands of horses have been banished from city streets, the sparrow's food supply has been restricted in a corresponding degree, and the bird itself has diminished in like ratio. Another anti-sparrow agency in New York is the reformed street cleaning department. There was a time when the sparrows had the street filth pretty much to themselves; but nowadays there is a man with a broom on every block waging war continuously on dirt and so on the sparrow simultaneously. It may be that while the local sparrow supply has decreased in the towns, the total stock remains as great as it was before; for the sparrows may have deserted the towns only to descend upon the country; so that the farmer may wail that under the new system he not only loses a market for his horses, but has to feed the sparrows too. Such a condition of things, it appears, might well have a place in the political platforms.

Great is Texas, and her native game resources are magnificent. In proportion to these gifts of nature is the responsibility of Texas citizens to conserve the supply and to maintain this wealth of furred and feathered creatures. As we all know, game protection has had practically no place whatever in the economy of Texas. Game interests have been left to look out for themselves, and the result has been in Texas what it always is everywhere else. But a change is promised; action has been taken which gives reasonable ground for confidence that the great commonwealth of the Southwest will take her place among the States which have come to appreciate and maintain their resources of field and forest.

A convention representing the sportsmen of different sections of Texas was held in Waco Sept. 5 and resulted in the formation of the Texas Game Protective Association. The name has a business ring. The convention was marked for its business character; delegates showed themselves to be alive to the desperate condition of game interests and to be earnest in adopting measures to remedy that condition. In the nature of things, a first meeting can be little more than preparatory; it affords an opportunity of meeting one another, taking measure of strength, and planning for united effort. All this was done at Waco, and well done. A permanent organization was instituted, a series of amendments was adopted as a basis for the new law, and a committee was named to report at a future meeting. It is hoped that the proposed measures may be won at the next Legislature. Texas should have a non-export game law and a law embodying the FOREST AND STREAM'S Platform Plank forbidding the sale of game at all times. This system is already extensively in force in other States; it is the best game protection we can have, and the best is not too good for Texas.

The man who devised the phrase "As sure as shooting" knew nothing about shooting, which is one of the least sure things in the world; and he certainly never could have had any experience with shooting club affairs. The uncertainties of shooting are illustrated in the fortunes of the Bowley's Quarter Ducking Club, of Chesapeake Bay. The club's property was formerly one of the most renowned duck shooting grounds of that famous region, but the wildfowling was seriously impaired in 1893, when a flood destroyed the wild celery beds. In 1894 the preserve was overwhelmed by the great tidal wave, and 800 of its pheasants met an untimely fate. Now we have to record a third serious disaster, the destruction of 3,000 of the club's pheasants by poison miscreants. As President Janney tells us in another column, this is by no means a private calamity confined to the members, for this pheasantry was designed to stock the State of Maryland with the game, and the wrong which has been done is a public injury to the citizens of Maryland. The Bowley's Quarter Club will have the sympathy of sportsmen everywhere.

A proposition to license sportsmen's guides is under discussion in Maine. Those who advocate the system argue that licenses will commit the guides to better observance of the game laws and will insure a higher degree of skill in the craft of guiding. We have not seen any definite explanation of the way in which the license system is to secure these ends. That the guide is an influential agent for or against the law is universally recognized. If the guides of Maine should band together and stand by one another in a compact to keep the game and fish law scrupulously, and to compel the sportsmen under their conduct to respect the law, everyone knows that the problem of game protection in Maine would be solved. There would be an end of sneaking into the woods in midsummer and killing game to rot on the bank. There would be an end of wholesale summer butchery by the Zieglers, if the Zieglers could no longer buy up the guides body and soul to do their lawless bidding. The close season would mean something; it would mean close season. The guides hold the key of the situation; if they say that the law shall mean in actual practice precisely what its terms imply, it will mean it, and in the depths of the woods.

Another reason given for the license system is found in the dangerous nature of the guide's occupation as a canoeman. Travel by canoe, it is pointed out, is full of peril; and when one intrusts himself to the care of his guide he should have some means of assuring himself that he is in safe hands. The license would give such assurance, possession of it being based on the proved qualifications of its holder.

Along with the licensing of guides would naturally go licensing of sportsmen, and this proposition comes up every now and then in Maine. Whatever may be the result of these discussions, they are interesting because of the evidence afforded by them that it is in Maine no longer a question as to whether game shall be protected, but as to how it may be protected most efficiently. When the discussion has reached that point the interests at stake are in the end certain to be well cared for.

We believe that a practicable and expeditious solution of the guide problem may be found in a voluntary combination of the guides themselves, following the example of the guides of the Adirondacks. The Maine guides might form an organization, pledging themselves to a standard of conduct quite as excellent as any that could be prescribed by law, agreeing one with another as members of the association strictly to observe the law and to compel its observance by sportsmen in their charge. Such an association would be a power in the State; it would do more for game protection in a year than all the wardens in ten.

At the coming election in New York an amendment to the Constitution will be voted upon empowering the Forest Commission to exchange plots of State land which are outside the borders of the State Park in the Adirondacks for other pieces of land which are included within the park lines, or to sell the outlying plots and purchase others within the park area. In support of this proposition it is urged that many of the isolated tracts of land outside of the park are not without value to the State, but cannot readily be protected by the forest guardians, whereas the consolidation of lands within the park limits would extend the State's holdings where they could be properly cared for. The State Comptroller has made an order that the cancellation of State tax sales in Hamilton county made by former Comptroller Wemple was void and that the sales are therefore in full force. This means that some 200,000 acres of Adirondack lands will be restored to the State, if the order shall be sustained by the courts.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE MARKED MINK SKIN.

SIXTY years ago there lived in a quiet New England hamlet a hatter named Job Wilbur, an honest and industrious man who by economy and close attention to his business managed to gain a comfortable livelihood for himself and family.

He was a Quaker, and there being a goodly number of that persuasion in the neighborhood, he had the advantage of their patronage in the manufacture of the broad-brimmed hats which were an indispensable part of the apparel of the male members of that sect. There was no change in their fashion, and a new hat was only bought when the old one was worn out; but the orders were sure to come, though they came slowly, and as Friend Wilbur's conscience was quite easy on the score of filling the more frequent orders of the world's people as changes in the style of headgear demanded, the trade was good enough to warrant him in teaching his son Abel the mysteries of the craft.

Abel's school days were confined to the winter months, but he was studious and made such good use of his limited opportunities that he won the open praise of his teachers and the secret envy of some of his schoolmates. Among these were the four Thurstan boys, who were less apt or less diligent scholars than he. Their father was the great man of the village, keeper of the principal store and owner of several farms which had come into his possession by foreclosure of mortgages, and it was galling to the pride of the rich man's sons to be outdone in any respect by the son of the humble Quaker hatter. They snubbed and slighted Abel upon every occasion, and at last began to insinuate doubts of his honesty.

The hatter's shop afforded a ready market for furs, and most of the boys of the neighborhood as well as its professional hunters and trappers availed themselves of this means of adding to their pocket money, and trapped muskrats and mink along the little river that turned the village mills, and in the small lake of which it was the outlet.

Though they stood in less need of it, the young Thurstons were as forward as any to avail themselves of this source of profit and pastime, and though they had more means to buy traps and more leisure to tend them, yet Abel was their most successful rival in this pursuit. At length they hinted suspicions that he robbed their traps, but found little credence, for though Abel was too diffident to be a general favorite, there were few who could believe that one who had been so carefully trained by such honest parents could be so dishonest.

His case was under discussion by the village gossips at the store one evening, when Abel quietly entered. A sudden hush fell upon the company until he had done his errand and retired, a silence that he did not fail to notice.

"The devil's allers nighest when you're talkin' about him," remarked one as the door closed behind the boy.

"Wal," said old Peter Carter, an oracle among them, "you can't make me b'lieve 'at a boy 'at looks so honest an' come o' sech honest folks 'll tech tu take what don't b'long tu him," and Peter knocked the ashes from his T. D. pipe with an emphatic tap upon the stove hearth.

"The's a black sheep in most every flock," said the first, whose speech was mostly in proverbs.

"I don' care if the' is," answered Peter.

"You can't allers tell how fur a twud 'll jump by his looks," said the proverbial philosopher.

"Wal, you can cal'late putty nigh, if you've studied twuds," said the other.

"I tell you he's a sneak and a thief," Tom, the eldest of the Thurstan boys, declared emphatically, as he came from behind the counter with both hands full of raisins. "Everybody 'll know it 'fore long. Have some raisins, Mr. Carter? Have some, Cyrus? Have some, anybody?"

"No, thank ye," said Peter. "I guess if your father come in an' ketched us a-chankin' raisins, he'd think we'd be'n a-helpin' ourselves."

"Pooh! he wouldn't care," Tom scoffed; but he quietly pocketed his remaining handful when his father just then entered with Squire Tilden, the first selectman of the town, and it was noticed that Tom's beneficiaries munched their portion very unobtrusively.

"The' must be some fire where there's so much smoke," the philosopher resumed.

"I'll b'lieve he's up tu sech tricks when I see it," said Peter.

"Yes, seein's is b'lievin'," Cyrus remarked, and the conversation drifted into other channels.

After transacting some business with Mr. Thurstan, Squire Tilden went out, and was quickly followed by Tom, who overtook him at a little distance from the store.

"Mr. Tilden," he said in a low voice, "will you help me ketch a thief?"

"What's that? a thief!" The Squire stopped and looked at the boy's eager face, fully revealed in the bright November moonlight.

"Yes, sir," said Tom, "somebody steals mushrats an' mink out o' my traps. I know who it is well enough, but nob'dy 'll believe it. There's a mink in one o' my traps now, not twenty rod below the saw mill, an' I want you to go with me an' mark it so't you'll know the skin when you see it. It won't take more'n ten minutes; will you, Mr. Tilden?"

"Why, yes, Tom, I'd do e'enamost anything for your father's son. But there's more'n that, Tom. I've heard some talk about this matter, and I'm sure you're on the wrong track. Abel wouldn't ever rob a trap."

"That's what everybody says, but you wait and see," and Tom led the way down the river bank. "If he hain't got it a'ready, there's a nice prime mink in my trap here."

Sure enough, in front of a disordered "cubby house" built under the shelving bank lay a large mink, quite dead after a brave struggle for life and liberty, which was evidenced by the torn earth and displaced sticks of the miniature shanty in which the bait had been placed and the trap set at its door.

"Now you mark it so you'll know it, an' I won't look," said Tom, turning his back on his companion and whistling softly to himself as he looked upstream. The broken current crept unseen in the black shadows of the banks, and sparkled in the moonbeams that were shot upon it through the fringe of naked trees. He could see up to the mill and the noisy dam, spilling from the entire brink its nightly overflow in a broad sheet of misty silver; but his thoughts were not of the beauty of the scene before him.

Squire Tilden laid one ear of the mink upon a stick and nicked it with his knife, then replaced the animal in the position he had found it.

"All right," he said, "now let's be off," and Tom's whistle became loud enough to be heard above the rush of the rapids and the roar of the dam.

"You've marked it so you'll know it, Squire?" and assent was nodded. "Now if you'll go into old Wilbur's shop in two or three days, I'll warrant you'll find it there."

"Like enough," said the Squire, "but it don't follow that Abel brought it there. Job buys a good many skins of a good many folks." And they parted on the street, each going his way.

Two days later Job Wilbur and his son were at work in the shop, the father whipping a broad-brimmed hat with a rattan to raise the nap for finishing, which, in the case of this particular hat, was to be done with especial care, for it was for Friend Palmer, who sat at the head of the meeting on first and fifth days. Abel stood at the hurl or hatter's table "flicking" a fluffy bat of fur with a bow-string twanged with a wooden pin. Further back were the furnace kettle and bench where unformed hats were "planked" or rolled like sheets of pie crust, with a rolling pin, and the dyeing vat with its wheel, on which the blocked hats were placed to be submerged in the dye by its revolutions.

The dingy walls were a museum of natural history, hung with the coats of various fur-bearers, the rounded skins of beavers just as they came from the stretchers of Indian trappers in Canadian wilds, the attenuated pelts of otters, furry coats and plumy tails of foxes, bundles of mitten-like muskrat skins, a dusky display of mink skins and one great tawny hide of a panther hanging from ceiling to floor.

In the front window an array of hats was disposed around an ancient and dilapidated stuffed beaver. It was faded and moth-eaten, its broad, scaly tail shriveled and shrunken like a dried fish skin.

Presently Squire Tilden entered and accosted Job with a mingled air of determination and shamefacedness.

"Well, Job," said he, "have you got any prime mink skins on hand? I've a notion to have a nice muff made for Miss Tilden, a Christmas present."

"Christmas presents are a vanity," said Job Wilbur, "but I've got three or four nice mink. There's one in partic'lar that my son just caught, is a remarkable nice one. Abel, thee show Jonathan Tilden them mink skins, will thee?"

Abel left his work and brought over the skins, all turned fur side out but one, which was still on its stretcher.

"This is the largest and the tail is the handsomest," the Squire said, picking it up; "I'd like to see the fur side."

So Abel took it off and turned it and submitted it to the Squire's critical examination. The worthy magistrate heaved a sigh of pained surprise when by touch and sight he recognized the mark he had made in the ear of Tom Thurstan's mink.

"Where did you get this?"

"I caught it in one of my traps," Abel answered.

"Where, what place?"

"In a hollow log at the upper end of the mill pond," Abel replied, embarrassed at such close questioning.

"Abel Wilbur," said the Squire in his deepest magisterial tone. "I saw the mink in one of Tom Thurstan's traps last Tuesday night and I put that mark on the ear with my own hands. Oh, Abel, I'm sorry, I'm sorry enough."

Poor Abel staggered as if he had been struck a crushing blow. "I don't understand it. There's a mistake somewhere," he gasped. "It's awful."

"What is it? What does it all mean?" asked the father in great anxiety.

"It means that your son has taken what don't b'long to him, Job," said the Squire, solemnly. "I couldn't have b'lieved it if I hadn't seen this mink in Thomas Thurstan's trap with my own eyes and marked it myself. There's the mark on the left ear."

"I don't think my son would do such a thing," said Job. "How is it, Abel? Surely thee can explain it."

"I don't know, father, I don't know. It's all a mistake. The mink was in my trap. What shall I do?"

"If you'd own it all up, I should think better of you, Abel."

"I cannot own to what I never did," said Abel, firmly. "I don't know how it happened, and that is all I can say."

So in sorrow and indignation the Squire went forth, presently meeting Tom Thurstan, whose suspicions he was compelled to admit had been verified. Before the close of the day the story was known throughout the village, and at the evening meeting of the gossips at the store it was the all-absorbing topic of conversation.

"It's a long rhud 'at hain't got no turn," Cyrus Barker said. "A wolf in sheep's clothin' 'll show his fur some time or 'nother. What ye think about it now, Peter, hey?"

Peter could only shake his head and say, "I wouldn't ha' b'lieved it. An' I do' know 's I du b'lieve it now."

But there were few who were so lenient, and many were willing to accept the fact of Abel's guilt. Though he suffered no legal prosecution, he was under a social ban that was almost as humiliating and hard to bear as a penal sentence.

His own family believed in his innocence, but elsewhere he was met by coldness, distrust or open contempt. At length he went abroad only as necessity compelled, and when the winter school opened he did not attend it, but worked steadily in his father's shop.

Sometimes when a stock of hats accumulated Abel took them to a distance to peddle out, but even then he found his evil name followed him.

So the cloud continued to shadow his life till he had grown to manhood. Coming home from a long extended peddling trip, he was told that Tom Thurstan was lying ill of a fatal malady and had sent an urgent request for Abel to visit him.

Wondering much at the cause of it, and with little inclination to comply with it, he nevertheless did so.

He found Tom but a shadow of his former stalwart figure. His face bore a remorseful, haunted expression, in strange contrast to his wonted bold and defiant mien. He had but time to give Abel an eager welcome when Squire Tilden came in, evidently an expected visitor.

"I'm awful glad you've both come, for I've got something to tell you that I couldn't die in peace till I did tell you." Tom spoke rapidly, as if afraid his strength would not hold out. "I needn't tell you I used to hate you, Abel. I always made that plain enough. I told stories about your robbing my traps, but I couldn't prove 'em, and I made up my mind I would. You remember the night I got you to go and mark the mink, Mr. Tilden? Then my brother Perley took it out of the trap as soon as we left it, and he and I put it into one of Abel's traps. That's all there is to tell. You know the rest. It always troubled me a good deal to think I did such a mean thing, but never as it has since I was sick. Write it down just as I have told you, Mr. Tilden, and I'll sign it, and then you must show it to everybody—everybody."

The Squire did as he was desired, and Tom signed his name to the confession.

"Now can you forgive me, Abe? I've done all I can do to right the wrong I done you."

After a brief but careful self-examination Abel answered, "It has been a grievous burden to bear, Thomas; but I can truly say I do forgive thee and bear thee no ill feeling. I wish thee might get well."

Tom shook his head. "I can't say I want to now. I can die in peace. Good-bye, Abel."

"Farewell, Thomas; I thank thee for what thee has done."

The young men took each other's hand in a kindly and grateful clasp, and the visitors departed in solemn silence.

Squire Tilden lost no time in making public the confession, and then each member of the community strove to outdo every other in making amends to Abel for all the scorn and condemnation that had been heaped upon him.

"It's allers the way," said Cyrus Barker, "if you give a dog a bad name everybody's ready to fling a stone at him, an' we've all hed a shy at Abel."

"I tol' ye I never b'lieved he stole that 'ere mink," Peter Carter protested.

"Wal, seein 's b'lievin'," Cyrus said, "but feelin 's the naked truth, an' that's a fact. I s'pose you felt 'at he wa'n't guilty, an' the rest on us didn't, was the way on't."

Abel Wilbur became respected and prosperous in the community where he had been almost an outcast, and afterward removed to Philadelphia, where for years he lived an honored member and revered preacher in the Society of Friends.

This story was told me by a relative of his nearly as I have related it, with the exception of a change in the names of the chief actors. ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

FERRISBURGH, Vermont.

ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC.

I.—The Galapagos.

THE Galapagos Islands are so called from the land turtle or elephant tortoise found there. They are quite a large group, lying on the equator, and ranging from 89 to 92 W. L. I visited them several times in 1860, '61, '62. I propose to give a few extracts from the log kept at that time.

July 1, 1860.—Becalmed off Redondo Rock; two boats gone fishing. North Head looms well up off to the S.E. Wish I could get ashore.

Boats got back at 4 P. M. Have had good luck, mostly yellow-tails; they had a few that looked like the Grand Bank cod.

Hoisted in boats, took in light sails, stood off and on all night.

July 2.—This morning we found we were well in under North Head. Wind to west'rd and light. Made all sail and ran down past Cape Berkeley, into the narrows between Albermarle and Narborough. Came to at 5 P. M. in Tagos Cove, Albermarle Island.

This is a beautiful place from the ship. It may not look so well after we get ashore. It appears to be well wooded with patches of green sward and many black and brown rocks showing their heads above the foliage. I can see some clean white beach that I want to get my foot on. There is one point abreast of our anchorage where the rock comes clear to the water and ends in a high bluff which looks like the mouth of a cave.

July 3.—Here we are at anchor and all hands busy. We are to get wood and terrapin and have a run ashore. We are all glad of that, for we haven't put foot on solid ground for months. Part of the crew are breaking out casks in order to make stowage for wood. Part are getting ready to cut wood, while others are getting ready for terrapin hunting. Some of our crew have been here before and they are giving instructions as to the outfit.

The terrapin are found on the table-land, two and sometimes as far as five miles from the beach. As there are no roads and no carts, they are brought down on men's backs.

The terrapin will weigh from 40 to 100lbs., and to pack one two miles over a rough trail in very hot weather is no boy's play. The outfit for the work consists of two canvas straps and a few fathoms of spun yarn. The straps are about 2in. wide by 2ft. in length. They are doubled and well stitched with sail twine, with a large hole or grommet worked in each end.

The *modus operandi* is as follows: First find your terrapin and turn him over on his back; then get a round stone about the size of a cocoanut or larger; sit down flat with your feet against the terrapin's shell; get a good grip of one of his feet and pull. He is very strong, and it will take lots of muscle and hanging on to get his leg out straight; but it will come at last, and then with your toe tuck in the round stone to the socket behind his leg. Make fast one end of one of your straps to his foot with several turns of spun yarn. Serve the other three legs the same way, having your straps fast to right and left legs and crossing in front. Now you are all ready to shoulder your load. If you have any little fixing of clothing, etc., to do, do it before you pick up your load; you can't do it afterward.

Set up your terrapin against a rock, head up, and as high as your convenience will allow. Get down in front, back to your load, slip your arms through the straps, having them cross on your breast; then get on your feet, and there you are with your living knapsack, all ready for a tramp to the beach.

It's not hard work at first, but before you get to the

beach the terrapin of 40lbs. that you started with weighs a ton. You start off brave as a lion; the load is not heavy; the straps are wide, and the terrapin doesn't make any fuss about it. But the load grows heavy fast; the straps are not so easy as they were; the day is hot, the way dirty, the perspiration runs down into your eyes, and you get a pebble into your shoe, but you don't dare to stoop down to get it out, for you know if you ever do get down with that load you can never get up again. The terrapin's shell that you thought so smooth now seems to be as full of lumps as a bag of scrap iron, and every lump has found a particularly tender place on your back. The terrapin that has been riding along so quietly begins to get restless. He draws up one foot, then another, then all of them; and with every move he makes you think those straps are going to cut you through. You try to change the position a little, but every move makes matters all the worse. Finally, in desperation, you grit your teeth and plod along, vowing that if you do reach the beach alive you will never try it again. But you do, all the same. For terrapin are glorious eating; the bones cracked and made into soup are away and beyond green turtle, and the liver—well, if I could tell you how good that was I would, but I know of no words that will express it. Terrapin liver, fried in terrapin fat, has a crisp nutty flavor that is unequaled by any food that I have ever eaten.

July 4.—The nation's holiday, and as we fly the American flag we'd celebrate. After breakfast all hands go in the boats for a sail and run on the beach. We run down the coast a mile or so and land on a pretty little white beach. Some strip and go in for a swim; some look for shell, while the older and more sedate of the party are taking in the general outline of the country. We find something entirely different from what we have seen at home. Trees, shrubs and flowers (the last few) are very different from our home surroundings. The camphor tree is quite plenty, but very small. The cactus family is well represented, and all the specimens are of very large size, some as high as 20ft., with spikes 6in. long.

We start an iguana some 4ft. long, a disreputable-looking animal, built like an alligator, with a cross-cut saw growing out of his back. We make a rush for him, but he is too smart for us.

Now we find the nesting of thousands of birds, pelicans, gulls, cormorants, etc. These are not at all afraid of us and keep on their nests or at feeding their young. We did not make a very close inspection, for on getting near the nests we found that the odor from decaying fish and excrement was insufferable.

On returning to the boats we find a large seal. We surround and kill him with clubs and stones, and then wonder why we did it, as he is of no earthly use. We get back to the ship at sunset, tired and hungry, and so ends our Fourth at Albermarle.

July 5.—Up bright and early and hard at work. A small party starts for terrapin, the rest prepare to get wood.

These islands, though very rocky, are well wooded, but the trees are small, scarcely ever over 1ft. through. The islands are all of volcanic origin and are very uneven. All have one or more high peaks, which really are extinct craters, near the center of the land. There are ridges of lava radiating from each peak like the spokes of a wheel, and reaching nearly to the shore. Between the ridges are stretches of grass sward or green woods. Some of these spaces remind one of a New England meadow, with the green grass bounded by the ridges of lava like a stone wall.

This description will apply to about a mile from the beach. Above that there is very little grass or shrubbery, mostly a jumble of lava clinkers, ashes and rock, with here and there stunted shrubs or cactus.

Everywhere it is very dry, and I have been told that rain never falls here. I saw no fresh water on Albermarle, and very little anywhere. And on Chatham Island I found a small pond of very shallow and very warm water on top of the hill. I have been told that there is a small stream on the south side of Chatham, but have never seen it. Charles Island, south of Albermarle, was once a penal colony of Peru. When I was there in '61 there were two runaway sailors; they said there was no one else on the island. The fact that these men lived there and that there were cattle there would argue plenty of fresh water.

The islands consist of Albermarle, about seventy miles long by twenty-five wide; it lies north and south, with five high peaks, the highest 3,700ft. high. Narborough, about ten miles diameter; one large peak 3,720ft. high. Indefatigable, ten miles diameter, one large peak. James, ten miles long, five miles wide, range of small peaks. Charles, seven miles diameter, several small peaks. Chatham, nine miles long, four miles wide, several small peaks. Hood's, four miles long, two miles wide, one large peak, several small ones. Barrington, three miles long, a bluff to the water's edge. Duncan, Jervis, Bindloe, Tower, Abingdon, Wenam and Culpepper are all small. Besides the above there are many large rocks, the chief of which is Redondo, about twelve miles northwest from Albermarle, and a very striking object, rising from the water like a chimney to the height of 85ft.

We spent some very happy days in Albermarle and did some very hard work, but we were all young and full of vim, and hardy from our simple life at sea.

It seems, to look back at it all, like a grand play day.

Those days were not without mishaps either. Poor Gus slipped and ran a cactus spike into his leg. It entered just above the knee and ranged up for some 3in., and ½in. under the skin. It was my first surgical operation, cutting the spike out, but I made a good job of it. Poor Gus! I saw him go over the side several years later with two round shot lashed to his feet.

Francisco fell on a hatchet he was carrying and nearly cut his breast bone through.

John fell into a crevice in the rocks and had to hold on by his eyelids while a man went for a rope to pull him out.

But barring such trifling incidents as the above we had a good time. We got all the wood we could stow away; we got over a hundred terrapin, which made us many a good dinner. We had all the running and climbing we wanted and drove the scurvy out of our bones, for a while at least.

Still when on July 15 we took our anchor and stood to the west'rd it was with glad hearts. We were tired of shore and glad to feel the old familiar roll once more.

TARPON.

Natural History.

DR. GOODE AND HIS WORK.

From the Washington Evening Star.

DR. GOODE'S administration of the Smithsonian Institution was so thorough and scrupulously honest that it has always been said that that department was above suspicion of wrongdoing, and the idea of investigating it had never been suggested. He was a man whose upright life was known to every one who came under his influence, and he had the reputation of having a personal acquaintance with every employee of the institution without exception. He was scrupulously intent on carrying out the design of the founder of the institution as expressed in his will, and always reminded those associated with him that the Smithsonian Institution was for the dissemination of knowledge among men.

His purpose in carrying out this intention now and then brought him at variance with scientists who wanted to make use of exhibits for their own purposes of study to the exclusion of the public; but Dr. Goode never failed to insist that no use should be made of any portion of the exhibits under his charge which in the least interfered with the public having continual access to them.

He was careful about the use of public property for any private purpose, and it was said at the museum that no employee was permitted to use a sheet of paper belonging to the Government for the purpose of writing a private letter. Combined with his ability as a classifier and scientist Dr. Goode was endowed with a practical business ability, which greatly assisted him in successfully conducting the work of the institution.

One of his most pronounced traits of character was his accuracy and the immense care he took in order that every publication by the institution should be absolutely faultless. It was this intense desire to be faultless in his work that impelled him onward and caused him to work so incessantly as to greatly endanger his health. He was familiar with the work in every department under him, and frequently surprised his associates by his knowledge of their work and his suggestions for improving it.

Dr. Goode was a deeply religious man, and his life was as pure as that of a child. No one was known to have ever indulged in any talk in his presence that could not with the utmost propriety have taken place in the presence of ladies.

One of his most pronounced traits of character was his readiness to help fellow scientists, and it is said that at least 100 scientists throughout the world were under constant obligation to him. He helped many of these men to do their work and forwarded to them any information that came to his hand which he knew bore on particular lines of work pursued by them. He took a great interest in young men, and always had time to counsel the aspirant for scientific attainments. He was accessible at all times, and his temperament was so buoyant and friendly that no one was ever able to long be at odds with him when he might differ with them on some subject of administration of the institution.

BIRDS IN CENTRAL IOWA.

VINTON, Ia.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Summer birds appeared in this vicinity as follows:

March 4—Mourning dove.
March 9—Meadow lark, song sparrows, a large flock of brown birds, and two bluebirds.
March 25—Killdeer.
March 29—Mourning dove, yellowhammer, northern butcherbird and pigeon hawk.
April 10—Kingbird.
April 15—Brown thrush.
April 25—Baltimore oriole.
May 2—Catbird.
May 3—Redheaded woodpecker.
May 5—Yellowbirds.
May 10—Cuckoo.

I doubt that the mourning dove of March 4 was a new arrival. It may have wintered here. I saw one the last day of December.

Blackbirds are usually among the very first arrivals, and remain the latest in the fall, there always being small flocks after the first snows. And, unlike the blackbirds of New England, I have never known them to pull up corn. I have watched them when I have been planting corn, and have not seen them pick up a kernel. A small flock can almost always be seen following a plow and picking up the insects that are uncovered. A short time ago I saw something in FOREST AND STREAM about a flock of blackbirds that stayed here through the winter. In this flock there were ten birds, but during the fore part of January there was a hard storm, after which the flock showed up with two birds missing. During warm spells of weather they would be gone for a day or two.

Feb. 17 was a thawing day, and I suppose that my blackbirds started on one of their pleasure trips, for I could not remember of seeing them that day; but, alas! the next day they were caught in a hard northwest wind, with the air full of snow and the weather at zero. They showed up that day with one bird missing, and there is no doubt but that the poor fellow became numb with cold and dropped out of the flock, while the others, being unable to give assistance, hurried on through the cold storm to their winter quarters. But do you think that they forgot their lost companion? Feb. 26 the weather rapidly grew warm, the thermometer showing 62° above. Geese and ducks were flying over, and the blackbirds went away. But on Feb. 29 they came back, fetching with them the missing one that they had left in the cold storm eleven days before. And I cannot understand why that was not about the same kind of instinct that men would have used under like conditions. I did not see these birds after March 6, and I believe they are at their old breeding places far away to the north. I will watch for them next fall.

Last summer I saw the only hummingbird that I remember having seen in Iowa, and I have lived here for thirteen years.

I have seen three bluebirds this season, but the song birds seem to be more numerous than usual. The meadow larks, like those in Nebraska, do not go through with their song, as does the New England lark.

There is also in New England a brown bird that has a sweet and extended song. We have the same bird here and it begins the song all right, and goes along lovely until it gets to the middle of the song, when it stops short. What is the matter with these birds? Is the air too rarified? The whippoorwills stay in the timber along the river; they seldom come on to the prairie. I have only heard four away from the river.

I learn that crows do not winter in northern Michigan or Wisconsin. They winter with us in flocks of thousands. I have never known them to roost in the heavy timber along the river, but always in the small groves out on the prairies. I do not understand why they do so, unless it is more damp and cold near the river. Every morning they go to the river to drink and feed on the carcasses usually found at such places, but in the latter part of the afternoon begin to string out to their roosting place.

Butcherbirds stay with us all winter, and that together with their handsome plumage is all the good that can be said of them.

They build their nests and generally keep away from the buildings, yet I have seen them chasing down song birds that were flying for their lives from tree to tree, with horror shown in their movements and panting with exhaustion, and every spring I think that I will kill every one near my place. Even in the night time I have heard their cry for blood coming from the hedges by the roadside.

Bluejays stay with us through the winter. There also is a bird that stays here summer and winter whose note is the same as that of the phœbe, excepting the note of the former is a clear pewee, while the note of the latter is tremulous.

The catbirds are great berry thieves, while the blackbirds, after they have flocked together in the fall, destroy some apples, and the bluejays are guilty of doing the same. The bluejays have a reputation for destroying the eggs of other birds, but they build in my yard every year, and there are always other birds that build and raise their young within a few feet of them.

I have just read in the last number of FOREST AND STREAM what Mr. A. K. Fisher says about the food of the barn owl. Now all research into the habits of birds is to be commended, and for one I am thankful for any knowledge imparted or advice given; but if one feels that he knows best how to serve his own interests he should be allowed to act without being subjected to the insolent comments of people who are as unfit and unable to give good advice as to rural matters as an Australian kangaroo is able to jump into heaven.

Farmers are told that they murder their friends by killing hawks and owls, for it has been learned that hawks and owls mostly live on meadow mice, song birds and domestic chickens. They do some good by catching meadow mice, but how much? I believe there is not a 160-acre farm in this country on which the meadow mice destroy enough grass to amount to more than one forkful of hay, which in the East would be worth 10 cents and here 2½ cents. Sometimes the mice get into the stacks of corn if the latter is left standing long, and in one field might eat half a quart of corn, which in New England would be worth 1 cent and in Iowa ⅓ cent. I would not lose one song bird or chicken for all the mice the hawks and owls have killed on my place during the last ten years. I do not kill meadow mice, for I think they are harmless; neither do I kill owls; but I have made few shots that have given me the satisfaction that I have taken in knocking down a hawk that was flying away with a peeping chicken in its talons. When I find a hawk on my place I will kill it if I can for the deviltry it is bent on doing, and when I find one elsewhere I will try to kill it for the deviltry it has done, and no one need lose any sleep by figuring out how much my loss will be.

The only good owls do me is to look wise in the daytime and cry in the nighttime, and that is not objectionable, for there are few sounds that come to my ear either in daylight or darkness that are not pleasant to hear. The song of birds and the buzz of insects; the rattle of the tree toad and the chorus of the crickets; the midnight hoot of the owl from the wooded shores of the secluded lake and the cry of the eagle in the sunlit sky; the croak of the bullhead, the bullfrog, and the bellow of the bull; the bark of the squirrel, the baying of the hound and the howl of the wolf in the lonely woods; the boom of the partridge, the gun, the settling ice, and the electric current in the troubled clouds; the whistle of the woodchuck, the wail of the loon and the laugh of the crane circling dimly in the distant sky; the splash of the alighting duck, the feeding fish and the beaver startled by the campfire's glare; the breaking of the ocean waves on the shore, and the soughing of the wind in the mountain forests: from meadow and hillside, from valley and mountain, from sunlit plain and woodland shade—few indeed are the sounds that I do not love to hear, and of such I can now recall but three: the hiss of the hidden snake, the rasping call of the red-headed woodpecker and the outlandish squall of the wooden-headed opera singer; and although there are notes of the former bird that are not unpleasant, I have never yet listened with pleasure or comfort while the latter was giving tongue.

I do not like hawks very well. I was once changing my camp from Bancroft, Idaho, to Bear Lake, a distance of sixty miles. Soon after leaving Bancroft I saw a hawk sitting on a snow guard by the railroad track. I handed the lines to my wife and taking my shotgun jumped out of the wagon. I went up to a snow guard that was between me and the one that the hawk was on, and looking under it I saw that the hawk was getting restless, so I laid down and quickly pushed the gun ahead; my position and the lay of the ground preventing me from putting the gun to my shoulder, I glanced quickly along the barrels and let her go. Eheu! but how she went, somehow both barrels at once. The old gun jumped clear from the ground and came right back at me, she whacked me on the shoulder, then glanced up and gave it to me again on the bridge of my nose; then she shook herself around in the air until she lost the firing pin from the left barrel and dropped back to the ground.

I went around and picked up the hawk, and then went back and got the gun, which had not yet got through smoking at the mouth. I laid the hawk down by the side of the wagon, and that hawk was as dead as any dead hawk that you ever saw. Then I tried to make my wife believe that I was not hurt. Then wondering how any two feathers on that hawk could be together, and not seeing any wound on it, I took hold of its leg with my left hand and raised it up so that I could more closely look at

it; but just then its other foot came back to life, and reaching up took me around the thumb, one claw going through the root of the nail. I dropped the gun out of my right hand and began to pull on its claws, but the hawk's other foot came to life, and it took all the attention of my right hand to take care of that foot; and there I was, holding one of its legs with my right hand and the hawk clinging to the thumb on my other hand, the blood running from my thumb and nose, and I jumping up and down like a sandhill crane Oh! how I did want to let go of that hawk; but I couldn't let go. I wished it back on the snow guard and to several other places both above and below the earth—but I couldn't let go.

I don't know how I did get away from it, for after the curtain dropped no one could tell me and I could not remember, but all the time Mr. J. N. Hayden, who was going to Bear Lake with me, sat in the wagon laughing like a sixteen-year-old girl. I used to call him Old Ike after that. My wife tied a rag around my thumb and fixed up my nose, and we drove to Soda Springs. That evening, after copying the "day book on to the ledger," I saw that I had lost the firing pin from the left barrel of the gun and a generous patch of hide from the right barrel of my nose and had accumulated a lame shoulder, an extremely sore and painful thumb, and as elegant a thunder cloud around my eye as ever graced the features of a Chicago alderman. I have picked up quite a few little things by experience, some of which I still cling to, others I let drop mighty sudden, while still others I have wanted to let drop awful bad and couldn't. All of which has taught me that when knocking around in a strange part of the country to keep an eye on my nose and be just a little shy as to what I poke my fingers into. But how can this be made to jibe with birds in central Iowa?

In looking over the above I see that it might be supposed that Mr. A. K. Fisher had said something that offended me, but such is not the case.

Since writing the above I have seen the picture of the European starling in FOREST AND STREAM of July 25. The blackbirds that stayed with me last winter were marked the same, the top of their heads were brown. Were they the European starling and did not know about going South in the winter? As the warm days of spring came I thought I would kill a pair of them and have them mounted; but they having sung for me all winter, and seeming to be so glad that spring had come, I did not have the heart to do so. Long may they live. MOUNT TOM.

[The blackbirds were perhaps rusty grackles. They were probably not starlings.]

BIRD NOTES FROM NEW BRUNSWICK.

SCOTCH LAKE, N. B.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The bobolink arrives here (46° N., 67° W.) the latter part of May. I cannot give the exact date, as the individuals which came under notice for a number of years were migrating and some miles from the lowlands, where they live in summer. They do not stay far from the river, but on the islands and intervales are abundant.

They nest from June 10 until the last of July. By Aug. 1 the males have nearly all moulted and have the appearance of females. By this time they have congregated in goodly-sized flocks and it is difficult to distinguish the adult birds from the first hatched young.

By Aug. 15 they are on the southward journey. At this time they visit grain fields on the highlands and are then seen where at other times of the year a bobolink is unknown. As to the bobolinks getting scarcer here, have only heard one man mention it. He said that for a good number of years the bobolinks had bred in a field near his house, but that the last two years there had only been an occasional straggler there.

These last two summers have been very dry, and is it not possible that it may have been too dry for the birds, and they have been forced to the lowlands, where there is an abundance of water. This is the sort of country they seem to prefer.

Their worst enemies here are hawks. The marsh harrier feeds on them. They are not molested by man. Sportsmen seem to think that they are small game—in fact, do not consider them as game.

I will also add a few notes on the snowbunting (*Plectrophenax nivalis*). In Mr. Chapman's book, entitled "Birds of Eastern North America," there is the sentence: "The snowflake is strictly a ground bird, never perching on a tree, though it often does so on a house or fence."

Now in this locality it is not uncommon to see them fly up from where they have been feeding and alight on trees near by. I have also noticed them perched on trees not near to their feeding ground. They are expert fly-catchers. In the early spring when the snow begins to get soft there is a fly called here the sap fly that is in certain places very abundant, and it is on these insects that they feed. They run swiftly along, catching these insects on the snow or on the bare ground.

WILLIE H. MOORE.

Deer and Lilypads.

TOWNSHIP NO. 2, Me., Aug. 21.—I have noticed in former numbers of your paper articles to the effect that deer do not eat lilypads. Yesterday I paddled about six miles down stream and saw two fawns, five bucks and nine does. One of the does was snow white. They were on the bogs and along the edges of the stream feeding. The wind was toward me, and by keeping in line with bushes I was able to approach within a few feet (a canoe length in one instance). One of the fawns was feeding in the water and had a pad hanging from his mouth.

I watched a doe for some time. She was standing among the pads and would bury her head in the water up to the ears, bringing up each time a mouthful of stems. I have often seen deer feeding in this manner, but never until yesterday tried to find out what they were feeding on. W. L. S.

Birds as Farmers' Friends.

BROWNSVILLE, Tenn., Aug. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* From this end of the vineyard we send over greeting as well as thanks for the many good things in our journal, chiefest being the series of articles by Florence A. Merriam. I have read aloud to my family and made them a text for a series of lectures to my younger friends, and deem them of inestimable value to the bird interest in all our country and the farmers as well. May she continue the good work and reap from it the reward so justly deserved. For some years I observed the food and feeding habits of the birds she mentions, only a few of which I am not familiar with, and found them all insect destroyers, all of benefit to mankind, and while reading her last was watching a family of Baltimore orioles as they fed on the caterpillars infesting my cedar trees. We have had fewer birds this year than I ever saw and more insects, a striking contrast to the year 1895. Have not seen a bluebird this year, and after extensive inquiry only heard reliably of one pair in the county. BENJ. C. MILES.

Nature at Home.

OKANOGAN County, Wash.—While after cattle a few days ago I saw four young calves running, and one was bleating. Two coyotes were trying to catch one of them; and had the little fellows not kept together they would probably have done so. As soon as the calf hollered the band of cattle which were near by took after the coyotes and ran them away. I watched the performance until it closed.

A short distance beyond was a small pond of not more than three acres, in which were two broods of teal. The young could not fly, yet they could swim faster than my dog Dick, who thought it great fun following them. While returning from Oroville Saturday I noticed Dick acting rather suspicious. I kept a close lookout when I got near the place, but the team shied off and began snorting. I pulled them to a stand and looked very carefully for quite a while, but the horses did not want to stand. Finally I saw quite a big rattler coiled up in the grass. I took a shot at it with my .22 and cut it nearly in two. This one was the highest on the mountain of any I have ever seen. LEW WILMOT.

Game Bag and Gun.

Our readers are invited to send us for these columns notes of the game supply, shooting resorts, and their experience in the field.

PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

CHICKEN SHOOTING.

THE glorious weather of September. The vast ocean of prairie, dotted with a few islands of yellow stubble and green corn. The movements of the dog, as with high head and waving tail he breasts the grass; throws his nose up in the wind, stops just a moment, then with slow and careful walk goes forward just a little way; stops, slowly turns his head to make sure the guns are coming; then, when the guns are come, he moves with stealthy steps and straight extended tail. Slowly; slower; slower still. He stops. The sportsman holds his breath, and feels his heart beat with excitement. A moment's waiting. Then with sudden beating of strong wings and cackling *tuk! uk! uk! uk!* the big bird bursts from the grass and is off. Steady now; throw the gun to the shoulder, exactly in the right position; cover the bird quickly. Now, just an instant to make sure. The explosion, the recoil, the little cloud of floating feathers, the thump of the dead bird striking the ground and bouncing clear above the grass. See it?

O. H. HAMPTON.

SOUTH DAKOTA PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

LINCOLN, Neb., Sept. 9.—I had a pleasant little surprise the other day: I ran across an old-time acquaintance I had begun to believe was no more, no less a personage than my old friend the prairie chicken. For a couple of years or more I have searched for him in vain throughout the length and breadth of the land that he once called home, but with the exception of a few discouraged representatives of his once numerous family I saw little to convince me that he had not joined the great majority.

Once in a while I would hear that he had been seen in certain localities and would journey considerable distances to renew our old acquaintance, but only in the end to meet with disappointment, so that this year when George wrote me that a man had told him a fairy tale about somebody else hearing of another man who knew where our pinnated friend was to be found, I just wrote back "you're another." But as George with his usual faith in mankind insisted that it must be so, and that he felt sure that we would find our feathered friend cavorting around in his old-time sporty way, seeking whom he might devour, I concluded to go along. This time the scene of his depredations was in central South Dakota, and with much misgiving on my part I packed my gun and corduroys for the trip of 300 miles or more.

George met me at Sioux City, and together we traveled for the best part of the next day, arriving at our destination hot, tired and exceedingly dry and dusty. It was the eve of the open season. We were told by every sportsman in town (and that means every one able to bear arms) that the birds were exceedingly plentiful, but that as some of the boys had been shooting for three weeks, we might find it a little hard picking. We also heard the welcome news that over 3,000 chickens had been killed before the season opened. This was not calculated to arouse much enthusiasm, but we are used to hearing this, and as long as we were there we determined to investigate a little anyhow. Accordingly the next morning we started out and found our first birds at precisely 6 P. M., and got the large number of six. That's all we had to show for our first day. The next morning, however, we started at 2 A. M. and did not put the dogs out until we were about twenty-five miles from town, and it was not long before we knew that we had gotten beyond the range of the "sooners."

The country we hunted over was a wide valley, every acre of which was under cultivation and settled by a class of foreigners, who neither hunted or owned a dog or gun. Best of all, they did not care a rap how much we hunted. This may sound very pleasant to lots of the brethren who, like ourselves, have been all too familiar with the pretty little signs that read, "No hunting allowed." It was a truly ideal state of affairs, and every field with one lone exception contained one or more coveys of birds.

The only drawback was the ever-present Russian thistle, South Dakota's never-failing crop and a torture to man and beast. The poor dogs suffered horribly, and notwithstanding the fact that we put thick boots on them came in at night with their willing legs badly lacerated. And as for George and me, our muscles ached for many a day from forcing our way through the luxuriant growth of those fiendish prickly pests. But we found chickens galore, and that is what we went there for.

I don't like to state just how many birds we got; somebody would probably jump up and call us game hogs, etc. But I will say this much, we got in our four days' hunt all we wanted to send, a nice mess, to each of our friends and acquaintances, and we could have killed four times as many if we had been so inclined.

This to be or not to be a game hog is a curious question anyhow. If some of us Western hunters tell about killing forty or fifty birds in a day, when perhaps we could have killed three times as many had we wanted to, some Eastern brother is sure to rap us over the knuckles and say all sorts of unpleasant things about us. Yet this same sportsman, when writing about his own outings, tells us about tramping all day and seeing six or seven birds, and winds up stating that he killed five or six of them, and may be all that he saw. Now, we never have any trouble in disposing of our game, and could give away more and also kill lots more if we wanted to; but we generally quit when there are plenty more to kill. So, as I said before, this game hog question is a funny thing anyhow.

Since Mr. Hough's experience with the bears, I don't believe it is good policy to state the location of this chicken country. Still, if some right good fellow comes along and would like to know all about it, you can give him my address and I will tell him just where it is and how to reach it. He doesn't want to wait too long or the chickens will all be in the cornfields, and corn is about 12 to 15ft. high in this year of plenty. W. R. HALL.

NEWS FROM THE CHICKEN FIELDS.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Sept. 3.—The season on prairie chickens has but just opened for Minnesota, but already enough actual information is at hand to make it positive that there are more chickens in Minnesota this year than at any time for the past ten years. Various causes are assigned for this sudden and mysterious abundance of the prairie fowl, and climatic reasons have a high place in those given. The year of 1896 has been favorable for breeding, not too wet and not too dry. The lakes of the State, some of which have been quite dry, have had more water in them, and so have the sloughs. Chickens must have water, but not too much water, to hold them on a country. It is thought also that the game laws have been better observed of late, and that this has produced good results. It is also possible that the last few years' rush of travel to the Dakotas has left Minnesota with a chance to rest. From this time on the State enters into the second stage of the chicken situation. The old days of wild prairie and abundant birds are gone forever. The cornfields take the place of grass, and the habits of the birds change very much. The shooter must labor among fences and irate farmers, and hunt far and wide over large wheat fields and cornfields. His bag will not often approach those of the old days, and soon, if not now, he must learn to be content with a dozen birds to the gun where once he could have killed fifty.

In these later days of chicken shooting the birds become rapidly wilder and more alert than in the old days. A friend who once lived at Morris in this State says that he has known chickens when much hunted to change their habits entirely, feeding almost altogether at night upon the stubbles, and living during the day in sloughs grown up with heavy weeds, out of which it was next to impossible to start them, as they would run instead of flying. Any chicken hunter can say that this is precisely the safest way for a bird to escape.

In many villages about the railroads the game laws have been well enforced this year, and the birds have been watched closely by local shooters of the better class. It would seem that a better sentiment obtains than was the case a few years ago, although, of course, there will always be some men who will shoot ahead of season.

Information carefully collected from shooters who know what they are talking about is offered below, in the hope that it may be useful to sportsmen who want a day with the big grouse.

Hallock, Minn., has good country near, and it has never been shot to death, though it has had better years than this. It is in Kittson county, and near Kennedy, where the field trials are run this fall.

Pembina, N. D., is up in that same region, and is called good by many who have had a line on the birds there this season. That is a grand natural chicken country, and I would advise a try there in spite of the reports that the season has been too wet there this past spring. The local information is not always disinterested.

Ada, N. D., is said to have a good supply of chickens this fall, and is worth trying.

Hope, N. D., is another point well mentioned by several shooters acquainted there.

Larimore, N. D., has long been known as a fine place for chickens, and many friends of mine have had good sport there and say it will be good this season.

Benson, Minn., is perhaps one of the safest places in Minnesota to try this fall. It is spoken very highly of by a number of well-posted friends of mine.

Windom, Minn., is a safe place to visit, and is in a good country, from which the birds have never been shot out.

Tracy, Minn., is mentioned highly by several shooters, and is well to keep in mind.

Ortonville, Minn., has been much visited in the past by Eastern parties, but it is said to be unusually good this season.

Atwater, Minn., is well mentioned for this season.

Morris, Minn., is in the heart of a splendid chicken region, and there are birds there to-day in greater numbers than for years. This point should be kept in view.

Glencoe, Minn., and Hutchinson, near by on the same line of railroad (C., M. & St. Paul), are both in good chicken country. These points are not so very far from St. Paul.

Ottertail county, Minn., is a famous one for game, and is a land of lakes. Many who have once visited it will be glad to hear it is filling up again with the prairie chickens.

The country south of Millbank, S. D., has plenty of chickens this fall, and is worth keeping in mind.

Webster, S. D., is another good chicken point to remember.

Andover, S. D., is reported to offer better shooting than almost any other place in that region, and should be looked into.

Graceville, Minn., is a cinch for some chicken shooting this season.

Brown's Valley, Minn., is in good chicken range and is worth a visit.

Traverse City, Minn., is to be kept in mind for chickens, and especially for ducks in late September and October.

St. James, Minn., is the private tip of a man who knows about prairie chickens.

Esterville, Ia., is reported very good this season.

Fulda, Minn., is a good place to make a note of, and is tipped to me by a friend.

Mayville, N. D., is well mentioned and is worth looking into.

Knox, N. D., is another good northern point, and the birds are spoken of as abundant there.

Fairchild, Wis., and also Eleva and Mondovia, in Buffalo county, below Eau Claire, are this fall all good points to go to. A friend just back from there tells me he had fine shooting on prairie chickens, ruffed grouse and quail, all in the same day's hunt. Wm. Hurlburt, a market-hunter at Eleva, will take parties out.

The above information is thought to be reliable. It is all gathered from original sources and not from back-number railroad folders, of which beware always. In each case a shooter has given me the information.

The North Dakota license law must be borne in mind. It may keep many shooters out of that State.

Any non-resident sportsman visiting any of the above points should not expect to have the old days of great bags back again. He can have sport, but not slaughter. If he can kill ten, fifteen or twenty birds a day he may be satisfied that he did not go any further.

I have had two days' sport at chickens this season myself and shall speak of the trip later. I mention it now to advise shooters visiting Minnesota from now on to take nothing smaller than No. 7 shot, and to have some No. 6 shells handy. We have found the birds big and strong and wild enough in most cases to offer fine sport. But one covey of small birds has been seen. Some of the birds we have killed took a lot of hitting, and it was by no means always easy shooting. This is as it should be. No State should open its chicken season earlier than Sept. 1, and by that time most of the birds can take care of themselves well enough to offer sport. So far we have let only six birds out of fifty-two shot at get away (in three days), but this fact is due only to the extraordinarily fine shooting of my two companions, Messrs. F. F. and Richard Merrill, one or other of whom has kindly wiped my eye for me each time of my own numerous misses. They are both splendid field shots, though perhaps they do not enjoy it any more than I do, after years of absence from the chicken stubbles. I used to think no man ought to miss a prairie chicken, but find grounds for changing that belief. September birds in Minnesota are no lead pipe cinch for an ex-shooter. Each week from now on will see them wilder and stronger, and if any FOREST AND STREAM reader wants a hunt this fall I would advise him to start at once.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 12.—Reports received up to date seem to indicate good foundation for the statement offered last week, to the effect that 1896 is an exceptionally good year for prairie chickens, more especially in the States of Minnesota and North Dakota. The latter State will probably winter a few more birds than for some time past. The common agreement among those back from North Dakota is that there are very much fewer shooters there this year than last or for many years past, the high non-resident license keeping them out.

On my way to Chicago from St. Paul this week I saw at the depot in St. Paul a crate of fine-looking bird dogs, and of course had a look at them to see how they sized up. I noticed the name of Walter Dupee on the crates, and later saw on the train evidence of the hunting party I had guessed at. Walter had been out for his annual chicken hunt to Dakota. He dropped off in the night at Oconomowoc, and I did not see him personally, but met Mr. O. Ross, of Chicago, who, with Mr. McDowell, of Oconomowoc, made up the party. They went to Valva, on the Soo line, in North Dakota, and took out non-resident licenses. They report shooting not of the most abundant sort, but enough for a pleasant time. Their biggest day was thirty-six birds to the three guns, and often they did not do so much, though they did not try uncomfortably hard to make a big showing, preferring to have a quiet time with shooting when they felt inclined to go out. They report ducks and geese very abundant near Valva, but these they did not hunt. They say that all accounts agree that the license will keep a great many out of North Dakota.

There is an impression abroad that this license law will not be enforced, or that is "unconstitutional," or that no penalty attaches to a violation of the law, and some papers of North Dakota and elsewhere have spread this impression as much as possible. Whatever the future of the law, it cannot be called unconstitutional until proven so by the courts, and the Connecticut case decided in the Supreme Court of the U. S. may have some bearing on this. It may be safer to give North Dakota a good wide berth for the season at least, and let some one else run the risk of proving the law valid or invalid. It is certain that the State game warden, Mr. George E. Bowers, of Fargo, is enforcing the law. He has caused to be printed the following in the *Daily Argus*, of Fargo:

It has been stated in the public press that there is no penalty for those who violate the game laws. Sec. 1643, Revised Codes, declares: "It shall be unlawful for any non-resident of this State to hunt, kill or wound any of the wild animals or birds mentioned in chapter 72 of the Penal Code, without having first obtained the permit for non-residents herein provided for. It shall be unlawful for any resident of this State," etc. Sec. 7029 provides: "When the performance of an act is prohibited by any statue and no penalty for the violation of such statute imposed in any statute, the doing of such act is a misdemeanor." Sec. 6812 provides: "Except in cases where a different punishment is prescribed by this code, or by some existing provision of law, every offense declared to be a misdemeanor is punishable by imprisonment in a county jail not exceeding one year, or by a fine not exceeding $500, or by both such fine and imprisonment." From this it would appear that there is ample provision made for enforcing the law.

Mr. Bowers writes me a personal letter, in which he says that game of all kinds—ducks, geese and prairie chickens—is more abundant than for years, and he asks me to come out this month and repeat my fall hunt of last year, taking also a trip for wildfowl into the western part of the State. This I would of course like to do, though one chicken hunt a season is about all one can expect, and like the man who only took one drink a day, "I've had mine." I hope Mr. Bowers will be able to do something definite by way of stopping the flagrant violations of the laws which have long prevailed in that State, once so rich, but lately so poor in game. Last year there was very little decent chicken shooting in North Dakota. Even away up in the Turtle Mountains, where some friends of mine went for a long camping trip, the birds were so scarce as to offer very little shooting. This year these same friends, who were at great trouble to secure a training ground for their young bird dogs, found the birds so scarce and undependable that one of them expressed his intention of abandoning altogether any further attempt at training any dogs or chickens. This after a large expenditure of money, which would willingly be doubled if he knew of any place where he could really find birds enough to train on. He says he will quit chickens and hunt quail hereafter.

The rush has been to North Dakota for so long that Minnesota has been benefited, and this year Minnesota is a locality of especial interest by reason of the bar on Dakota. It is true, the birds are more abundant than for years, but one will not find the shooting of the early days by any means. A shooter who is contented with a bag of a dozen birds or so a day can find enough places to choose from to satisfy his needs. I hear well of Twin Valley, Minn., and of Fertile and Ulen. Herman on the Great Northern is a point well spoken of at first hand by a shooter who was there lately. Another point of which I am disposed to think of very highly is a little station called Hitterdahl, the first stop above Winnipeg Junction on the Northern Pacific. This is well up into the grouse country, and by the time this matter is in print the big packs of grouse will be working slowly to the South. In October they will be all about Hitterdahl, on their way to their wintering place in the timber east of there. At this place also there is a series of deep lakes which do not dry up, or which did not dry up last year at least, and between these lakes there is an excellent duck pass. Not far away there was some goose shooting last fall, and should be again this fall. The accommodations there are scant, and the gentleman who takes a featherbed into camp with him might have trouble in getting it fixed to suit him; but a shooter can go in there and have some fun, as near as I can get at the facts this fall.

A. S. Frelinghuysen, of Chicago, and four friends are now absent in North Dakota on a special car trip after chickens. They are well equipped with arms and munitions, and should bag game enough to please them.

If I can be of further service than has already been the case by way of personal correspondence with those wishing to take a trip into the parts of the West above mentioned, I shall be glad, and shall take pleasure in answering all sorts of questions, except those inquiring the price of board. I cannot tell without first looking at a man how much he is going to eat, and obviously this is a factor which should be considered in determining the price of board. All those inquiring about the price they would probably be charged for board will confer a favor by inclosing a photograph and such other details as will assist in forming the proper estimate. E. HOUGH.

THE BOWLEY'S QUARTER DUCKING CLUB'S PHEASANTS.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Sept. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have no doubt you have recently noticed in the Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York papers a mention of a most serious disaster which has befallen the Bowley's Quarter Ducking Club in the wholesale poisoning by some miscreant of over 3,000 English pheasants raised this season by the club on its large preserve on the Chesapeake Bay, in Baltimore county, Md.

As such an outrageous and unprovoked assault on the rights and property of a club has, I believe, never occurred before, I think you may be interested to know something of it.

The property of the club, containing about 900 acres, occupies the entire peninsula lying on the Chesapeake Bay between the eastern shore of Middle River and the southern shore of Seneca River, and immediately south of Carroll's Island. It is one of the finest ducking shores in the country, but as this game has somewhat diminished since the great flood of 1893, which rooted up the wild celery, the club has given special attention to the raising of English pheasants as an auxiliary sport. In August of 1894 the great tidal waves which swept our whole sea coast from Florida to Maine drowned for us about 800 pheasants, more than three-fourths grown. This season we inclosed two large pens, making nearly ten acres, with wire fencing about 10ft. high, and a large portion of it roofed in with the same material. In these two "pheasantries" we raised about 3,300 strong, vigorous young birds of the "ring-necked" variety, which grew and prospered in the most satisfactory manner, giving us promise of the finest shooting every enjoyed by any club in the country. About Aug. 2 our superintendent while on his rounds found a dead pheasant, and a little further on two more which were nearly so, but apparently paralyzed. Dr. George W. Massamore, the secretary and treasurer of the Maryland Game and Fish Protective Association, who happened to be visiting the club that day, immediately pronounced it a case of poisoning.

So violent was the mortality that in three days we lost in one pen 1,650 out of 1,800 birds. In a day or two after the birds in the other pheasantry began to die, and in a week we had only about 300 left of all our promising broods. The Maryland Game and Fish Protective Association through its energetic secretary-treasurer, Dr. Massamore, immediately took the matter in hand, and by the aid of very persevering and skillful detectives succeeded in effecting the arrest of three men, who were committed to Towson jail, Baltimore county, for trial for this dastardly outrage.

So interested were a number of the leading sportsmen of Baltimore that the service of the writs and the arrests were made by Sheriff Cole in person.

The penalty for the crime is from two to twenty years in the penitentiary.

It has always been the intention of the club to consider its property as a central point, from which the whole country round and even distant sections could be furnished with stock birds, and thus make available to appreciative sportsmen everywhere this splendid game.

Though this is a very bitter disappointment, besides a large pecuniary loss, we will enter upon our next year's raising with renewed energy, and we hope without further molestation. I inclose a clipping from the Baltimore *Sun* of the 9th inst. which is substantially correct. You can use such portion of this letter and clipping as you may see fit. All our members are regular readers of FOREST AND STREAM, and know how keenly alive it is to all that affects the true sportsman. We believe this case, from its magnitude and exceptional barbarity, will excite the interest and sympathy of sportsmen everywhere, as such a calamity is much more than a mere local matter, and will materially retard the game interests of a large section of the country for several years.

NATHANIEL E. JANNEY, Pres.

We supplement President Janney's letter with the account given in the Baltimore *Sun* of Sept. 9:

At Bowley's Quarter, the thousand-acre preserve of the Bowley's Quarter Ducking Club at Bengies, on the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Railroad, there has been a dastardly and wanton destruction of English pheasants and other fowls by poison.

Yesterday James T. Butler and Robert Smith, both colored, were arrested, taken to Towson and charged, on the oath of D. C. Smoot, with entering the private property of the club and maliciously destroying English pheasants, ducks, chickens and turkeys in the interim between July 22 and Sept. 4.

Robert Taylor, a white man, was committed as a witness against the accused, while Butler and Smith were taken before Justice Chas. Pielert and sent to jail to await the action of the grand jury.

The pheasants destroyed numbered about 3,000, and the domestic fowls, including chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys, numbered 300. The monetary loss is placed at $5,000. Most of the birds had been raised on the place. They were killed with grain which had been saturated with arsenic. Dr. Geo. W. Massamore, assistant State game warden, and secretary of the Maryland Game and Fish Protective Association, who caused the working up of the case against the suspected men, says he cannot ascribe a motive for the destruction of the birds.

The arrests were made yesterday at Bowley's Quarter by Sheriff W. P. Cole, of Towson; Dr. George W. Massamore and T. J. Hardesty, of the detective firm of T. J. Hardesty & Co. The men were taken to Towson by Sheriff Cole and Detective William J. Rawleigh. The State Game Protective Association is responsible for the action taken and will assist in the prosecution. The Association had, it is stated, started to work upon the case before the Bowley's Club members generally knew of any losses.

Dr. Massamore's account of the killing of the birds is as follows:

"On July 22 I went to Bowley's Quarter on business connected with the game warden's office and to see the progress of the raising of pheasants by the club. The young birds are in a space of ten acres, which is surrounded by a wire fence 10ft. high. In passing through this place with the gamekeeper, Donald McVicar, I found several dead birds and one that was sick. I remarked to Mr. McVicar: 'This looks like poison.' Later I found other evidences of poisoning.

"On July 30 Mr. McVicar brought two dead pheasants to town and an autopsy was made, and an analysis by Prof. P. B. Wilson showed the birds had died from arsenical poisoning.

"On Aug. 6 I went there again and the birds were dying by hundreds, and I was told that the other fowls were going the same way. On Aug. 11 I went to Bengies with Detectives Smart and Rawleigh, who, with their colleague, Richard M. Brown, got to work.

"Butler had been dismissed from the club employ and was suspected. Later he was reëngaged, and he was an employee when arrested. Detective Smart personated a young man of wealth and leisure, who was said to be a relative of Mr. McVicar. The other two appeared as tramps. They slept in bushes, and stayed about the place and did much watching by night. Smart spent much time with Butler, took him on fishing trips, and all three of them got into his confidence.

"Butler on one occasion told Mr. Smart that he (Butler) had become a detective and had a commission from a Western detective firm. Smart replied that he would like to get into that business too.

"When the case was ripe the arrests were made. Poisoned wheat, which had been found, was analyzed, and carcasses of dead birds were also examined by the professor of chemistry at the University of Pennsylvania. Poisoned wheat was found in a box in the shanty of Butler. It was found under a bench in the shanty and under the floor."

The Bowley's Quarter Club has had extraordinary success in raising English pheasants, and at least 3,500 were reared this season. The club, though composed of Philadelphians, had agreed to let their place become a hatching farm for the State of Maryland, through the Game Protective Association, and had offered to furnish stock birds to persons who were recommended by the Association.

Mr. McVicar, the gamekeeper, has had a long experience in producing and caring for birds both in England and New Jersey. He went with the Bowley Club about four years ago. The club stocked the place with old or parent birds, which are worth about $4 each.

These old birds are kept in a separate pen, and when they begin to lay the eggs are taken from them each day and saved to be hatched by hens. If the eggs remained with the female bird she would stop laying after producing fifteen or sixteen, but if the eggs are taken from her she continues laying until she has produced forty or fifty eggs, enough for three broods.

After hatching, the young birds are placed in the large wire inclosure, where they are tended until they are large enough to fly out of it. Those that fail to use their wings to go over the wire fence are driven out about the middle of September, so that they will become wild for shooting about Oct. 1.

The wholesale killing of the pheasants at Bowley's Quarter leaves only about 400 on hand, and none will be shot or given away this fall, as all that are on hand must be used for stock purposes.

Mr. Nathaniel E. Janney, of Philadelphia, is president of the Bowley's Quarter Club. Among other members are Messrs. Robert M. Janney, Harry Bryant and a brother of Mr. Bryant, Horace Magee, Marriott C. Smyth and Dr. Biddle, all of Philadelphia.

The thousand acres of their preserves are in Baltimore county, on the neck of land bounded by Seneca River on one side, Middle River on the other, and the Chesapeake Bay in front.

RUFFED GROUSE SHOOTING.

A PARTY of sportsmen were one day discussing the various kinds of game birds when the question, "What is there so fascinating about ruffed grouse hunting?" was asked by one of the party. One said it was because of the surroundings; he liked to be in the woods at that time of the year, and enjoyed the tramp even if not a bird was bagged. Another said it did him so much good to get away with such a smart bird, when he did get one. Another said, "When you have shot one on the wing you have done something, and you have got something too." Another said he had hunted them a good many days, and thought it very poor sport.

"Ever kill any?" asked the man who is always asking questions. "Well, no, not many; they would always get up when I wasn't expecting it, or get up on the other side of a thicket, or dodge behind a big tree, or fly up after I'd passed by them, or fly out of a bush so close to my head that it took my breath. It always seemed to me that they were laughing at me when they flew away with that 'chuckle, chuckle.' Somebody tell us how it is done."

"I never hunted them any." "Neither did I," said several others.

"There's Ed Hathaway over there in the corner. He's shot hundreds of 'em. Ed, you're absorbing lots of information from this crowd, and are giving none in return; you have smoked three cigars since you've said a word. Now, then, out and give these youngsters some practical hints about it."

"So long as it's partridges you want to hear about I don't mind talking some," said Ed; "if it was chickens I'd not have a word to say, for the man that can't kill a chicken has no business with a gun; and the man who cares to hunt them, except for a day now and then, likes very tame sport. Duck shooting is all well enough, but you're always at it in bad weather and getting wet and muddy. Quail shooting is, of course, good enough for anybody; but a man wants variety to his sports as well as his food. Excepting the quail, the partridge is altogether the most important of the game birds in the North half of the United States to-day. There is no other bird that so taxes the hunter's shooting skill, and none that exceeds his table qualities; and last, but not least, he is here to stay. There will be good partridge shooting long after the ducks are practically exterminated, and the chickens only a memory.

"I can't give you youngsters any special pointers just now. Perhaps I better just give in my experience, as they say at class meeting. I was not brought up in a partridge country and was entirely familiar with quail and chicken shooting before I ever saw a live partridge. In shooting quail I used to shut one eye and take sight, just as I would if shooting a rifle at a target. If it was open ground the quail was most always killed. I seemed to have plenty of time to take deliberate aim, see that it was correct and then pull the trigger before the bird got 25yds. away; and even in the woods had time to look out for trees and still get the bird.

"When it came to partridge shooting entirely different conditions prevailed. The cover was very much heavier; the birds, instead of rising 4 to 6ft. away, got up anywhere from 5 to 50yds. from me and took advantage of anything that would hide them in flight. If in a clump of undergrowth they always rose from the further side and flew low until out of gunshot. If there was no underbrush they would dodge behind the first big tree and keep it between me and them. It is doubtful whether they fly any faster than quail, but there was so much brush by which to note their speed, and they go up so far away, that it seemed they were not in sight long enough for shot to reach them; then they were always getting up when I didn't expect it, and made so much noise that it scared me half to death. On account of the scare and their quick disappearance I did not shoot at more than half of the birds that got up. The first twenty-five shots did not stop a single bird, and one that was shot at while sitting in a tree flew straight up above the tree tops, then flew out of sight. I began to think I was hoodooed on partridge and would never kill one. The nearest I came to killing one was when tracking it in the snow, and expecting a flight it rose from the further side of a log 10ft. in front of me and went straight away. After the smoke cleared there was quite a cloud of feathers floating where I last saw the bird, but that was all I ever saw of it.

"About the last day of that season one bird was killed, the only one after many miles of tramping, and dozens of shots that missed. There was something wrong either with the gun, myself, or the system of shooting. The chief trouble seemed to be that the birds flew too fast, and the brush bothered me too much. I had heard of men who shot with both eyes open and looking at nothing but the bird (not seeing the gun barrels at all), and began to practice that method, shooting at both stationary and moving objects, and was surprised to find how soon I was able to shoot about as accurately as when looking along the sights, and found the shot could be made in about half the time, or less.

"I also resolved that my eyes should take no notice of intervening brush or trees; that they should see nothing but the bird. The habit of shooting at targets with both eyes open was easily acquired, but when it came to field work it was very difficult to keep from dropping into the old way, and the only way to break it up was to constantly remember that I was shooting not to get birds, but to learn to shoot without seeing the gun barrels. It took the whole season to fairly break up the old habit, and it was found very much alive at the beginning of the next season, but was promptly suppressed.

"During these two seasons and until near the close of the next my shooting was altogether on quail, most of it being in woods of varying density. I found that as many birds were killed in the open and many more in brush than formerly, and felt that I could kill partridges; so the last week of the third season I took a trip for them, but bad weather prevented all but one day's hunting. On this day I saw six, shot five times and bagged four. Two of them were killed at a double shot, both birds rising at once, one flying squarely to the right and the other going straight away. I also found one bevy of quail, which scattered in a very close thicket of young white oaks, and got seven of them at seven consecutive shots. The missed partridge was a low-flying, straightaway bird, in fairly open ground. One would think it an easy shot, and I don't see why it isn't; but all the same, find I miss a larger percentage of such flights than any other. Why? I don't know, and will be mighty glad if some one will tell why. This score is not to be considered an average one. It was made when in perfect training and perfect health, both of which are important factors. I have missed many a one since then, but a great many have also found it too late to get away. To be a successful ruffed grouse shot requires a great deal of patient and careful practice; but after the art is once acquired, it is the most fascinating of all upland shooting. When you hear a man say he doesn't care for partridge shooting, set it down that he can't shoot them."

O. H. HAMPTON.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Quail in Minnesota.

Quail have made their appearance in Minnesota in larger numbers than have ever been known before. They are abundant in the Mississippi River Valley below Lake Pepin. They are also numerous this fall in Wisconsin, east on about the same parallel as Wabasha, Minn.

Ducks.

This is going to be a good duck season in Minnesota. Mention will be made later of data.

The Quail Crop.

It is a singular fact that there seems to be such a thing as good game year or bad game year. This seems to be one of the good game years, and the abundance of game seems not to be confined to one section of the country or to any one sort of game bird. For instance, the quail crop is reported good from many different parts of the country. Lower Illinois will offer good quail shooting this fall, and so will the lower portions of Indiana. Around Paoli and Orleans, on the Monon R. R., a friend tells me the birds are very abundant. The country there is rough and sparsely settled, the population not always absolutely friendly to outsiders. There are a few deer and an occasional turkey to be had there.

From western Tennessee I have assurances that the quail crop is something almost unparalleled. My informant also adds: "More squirrels than for many years past." The same gentleman states that along the Hatchee River the turkeys have done well this season, and that he knows of several broods nearly grown, to which he will pay his respects in October. In the South there is still a little game left. I only pray it will not be butchered off the way the game of North Dakota was, the way that of all the West was butchered.

Protection in Texas.

FOREST AND STREAM was the first paper to start the sudden wave of sporting travel which went to Texas last winter. In this FOREST AND STREAM conferred a very questionable benefit upon that State in some ways and in some instances. But FOREST AND STREAM was also the first to recognize the drift of this and to urge a better enactment and observance of game laws. It appears the men of that vast empire have at length begun to realize that even their great account in game can be overdrawn, and bids fair to be overdrawn before many years. Even in Texas the rapid growth in protective sentiment is apparent. To-day I have a letter in point from Mr. B. F. Williams, of Quanah, Tex., who writes:

"We organized a game club here last year, but we are now reorganizing for the protection of wild birds, fish and animals throughout the State. Under our present laws it is hard to catch and convict anyone violating the game and fish law. They are shipping plover from here every day and the hunters are killing quail and shipping with them. We have had a man hired and with them for a week and as yet have not sufficient evidence to convict them.

"We shall lease 25,000 acres to protect quail until we can get a law passed that will stop the wholesale slaughter of game."

The above is only one of several similar announcements coming of late from the Lone Star State. Pending a law of the right sort and means to enforce it, Texas men will find it a good practical way to get rid of quail netters and other folks of that sort to ask them kindly to leave the country before half-past 2 the next day. I have known of several instances where market netters and shooters could not find it in their hearts to refuse a request of that kind when politely worded.

The Snipe Crop.

It is too early yet to get an estimate of the snipe shooting for this fall, as the jacksnipe are not yet down. At Lake Minnetonka, on the night of the last day of August, I heard one jacksnipe. On Sept. 8 I saw two jacksnipe at a bit of water about ten miles from St. Paul.

Mr. F. R. Bissell, who has a little cottage at Water Valley, Ind., tells me that since the opening of the season he and wife have killed 204 birds of all kinds included, mostly yellowlegs. He killed one white egret (the greater egret), a few jacksnipe and wood ducks.

Within the next two weeks we shall hear of the jacksnipe in lower Wisconsin and upper Indiana in good numbers in all probability.

The Duck Crop.

Unless early indications prove to have been deceptive, we shall have in the West, say in Dakota and Minnesota, an exceptionally good year for ducks. The great drought of the past few years, which prevailed all over those two States and also over Iowa and Wisconsin, has left a great many of the old sloughs dried up, it is true, and all the lakes show a lower waterline than was the case in the past; but there is a great deal more water this year than last, and the shooting is expected to be a great deal better. The flight is thought to be a trifle earlier than common, so far as can be determined at this date, though, of course, that depends on later developments in the weather in the extreme North. Ducks and geese are already appearing in upper Dakota, which resident shooters say are migratory birds from the North. There has already been considerable sport at the local birds which bred low down in the States above mentioned, but some way this does not seem to entirely fill the bill with the veteran wildfowler, who longs for cold October and the whistling wings of the strong flying travelers.

Jimmie McKay, of English Lake Club, Kankakee River, Ind., made high bag on opening day at that club: 33 ducks and 17 jacksnipe. Of the ducks 22 were blue-winged teal.

Mr. L. B. Clark, of Chicago, has gone for a long trip in Minnesota after ducks. He will visit Big Rice, Muskrat and Tamarack lakes, all of which are well up to the northern end of the State of lakes, toward the timber belt. Tamarack Lake was a few years ago one of the most phenomenal mallard grounds on the face of the earth. It was then shot down almost to death by market hunters. For two years it has not been shot so much, and it may be very good this year.

As an instance of the sport of modern duck shooting, as it sometimes happens, I would cite the case of Mr. C. B. Dicks, of this city. Mr. Dicks was out for several days, including opening day, and he succeeded in killing one duck, which cost him, including all attendent expenses, just $100. Ben says he killed two other ducks, but they fell in the mud and he could not get them. "You ought to see me hustle for them ducks," said he. "When I saw 'em lyin' there on the mud I knew each one of 'em was worth over $33. And yet I couldn't get to 'em. Ain't that tough?"

The Dove Crop.

In the South, which is the only part of the country where dove shooting is practiced, the doves have afforded a great amount of sport. Mr. Etheridge, of Georgia, with whom I lately talked of this style of shooting, said that it was, when rightly practiced, capable of good sport, but he decried bitterly the custom of certain shooters who made a practice of baiting fields hired for the purpose (spreading out grain for feed for a number of weeks, thus attracting all the doves in the country to the field). After the birds have been well wonted to such a field the shooters make arrangements for a grand butchery, and the numbers of the birds are such that bags of 2,000 a day are sometimes made. This is not sport, but mere slaughter.

Much better is the method described as practiced by Tom Divine, with a pail of sangaree, a fan, and a boy to pick up the birds. Anent the mention of this, one of Mr. Divine's countrymen, Mr. Benj. C. Miles, of Brownsville, Tenn., says: "I have been shooting a few doves *à la* Tom Divine lately, but to his equipment I have added a cot and a book, and instead of having the nigger boy retrieve I let him keep the flies off with a big palm leaf."

The Deer Crop.

I notice current comment in the daily press to the effect that deer are now very abundant at both extremes of the country. As is of course well known, they are plentiful in Maine, and it is stated that they were last season shipped into the Portland, Ore., market in such numbers they could not all be sold, and the hunters were ordered to send no more in for sale.

What the deer supply will be in Wisconsin remains to be seen. It is very likely that the deer will be abundant as they were last fall. There were a good many hunters in Wisconsin last season, and there will be more than ever this year, but the legal hunting does not much affect the game supply. It affects the supply of hunters a good deal, for I am told that the records show that thirteen men were killed in the woods of Wisconsin and southern Michigan last fall, accidentally shot by hunters who took them to be deer. This does not include the cripples.

I am asked by Mr. C. W. Evers, of Bowling Green, O., where a small party of four—himself, a Sandusky doctor, a newspaper man and another friend—can get good deer shooting in Wisconsin. They have been going to different parts of Michigan, and have been to the Rockies, but do not want to go so far as the latter place this year. In answer I would say that when in Wisconsin two years ago I saw enough of the country around the St Germaine lakes, and the region between there and the railroad to the east, to make me feel sure the deer were very abundant there. The sign was plentiful and I saw some deer, though not hunting for them, it being then close season. I should think any party knowing how to hunt deer could go in there, say at Woodruff, and thence up to Plum Lake or Star Lake over the new spur of the Milwaukee road, and make a very good hunt there, moving back from the settlements after making proper arrangements at one of the above points for guide and accommodations.

Lake Vieux Desert has good deer shooting near it, and so has Big Sand Lake, and a dozen places. Also I can personally recommend Fay Buck, of G. W. Buck & Son, Manitowish, as a guide who is honest, well posted and reliable as they make them. Fay Buck and his partner on the trapping lines can take a party to deer and see that they are well outfitted for the trip.

The Moose Crop.

We are going to have a moose country all of our own out here in the West before long now. In 1898 the moose law will be up in Minnesota, and there will be a grand moose country ready for investigation above Park Rapids and all the Lake Itasca region. Mr. J. Dodge, of Duluth, informs me that he constantly hears of numbers of moose in the region to the west of Duluth. He speaks of Bug Creek as an especially good range. Many moose have been killed illegally in Minnesota, but the law has been of great benefit. We have a moose country within thirty hours of Chicago.

Off for the West.

A party outfitted at St. Paul this week for a trip to the Gallatin country, the Yellowstone Park and the Jackson's Hole country. They expect to be gone three months. The party includes Messrs. D. Velie and S. H Velie, of Kansas City; W. L. Velie, of Moline, Ill., and Lieut. Bruce Wallace, of Helena, Mont.

Mr. S. Crawford Wrenn, of New York, outfitted with party at St. Paul this week for a long trip through the Big Horns and other parts of the Rockies. The party includes Messrs. Frederic Geraghty, of Jersey City; T. L. Livingstone, of New York, and Bernard Belladene, of London, England. Mr. Balladene was disappointed at not finding any buffalo around St. Paul.

Montana Abiding Places.

Mr. Will Cave, of Missoula, Mont., kindly volunteers the following help for the gentleman who lately inquired about a place in Montana where there was not too much winter and not too few deer. Mr. Cave knows what he is talking about, and is a hunter of skill and knowledge of the region in which he lives. He says:

"In response to your invitation in FOREST AND STREAM

of the date of Aug. 29 to further answer the somewhat vague inquiry of Mr. R. E. Miller, of Elmira, N. Y., regarding a Montana town where he can go for a few months' life on a ranch near deer and other game, will say that probably he can find the conditions he desires near almost any town in the State on the line of either the Northern Pacific or Great Northern railways. (When I say near I mean anywhere from ten to 100 miles.) If Mr. Miller is a sportsman of the true stamp—that is to say, one who does not go out with the studied intention of directing his utmost endeavors toward the extermination of the entire game supply of the State—he would have no trouble in securing the necessary information concerning the most favorable hunting grounds from any local sportsman residing in any of our cities or towns. If he should come to Missoula I should certainly gladly be of such service to him as I might be able.

"As you have inferred, the climatic conditions at Missoula or in the vicinity are more favorable than in the eastern portion of the State."

Off for the Old Southwest.

Mr. F. H. Lungren, an artist who has made a more than national reputation by his paintings of the types of Southwestern Indians, left Chicago yesterday evening for a trip of two months in Arizona, where he will make studies for further work in his chosen field. A very charming field of interest it is too, that of the old Southwest.

Rifle Note.

John Burke, of Englewood, this week was a spectator at the attempt of a Chicago policeman to shoot a wild Texas steer. The policeman had a rifle. Mr. Burke will not lose his leg. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

THE GAME PRESERVE SYSTEM.

THIS is what the Springfield *Republican* has to say about game preserves in this country:

"The preservation of game is a comparatively new and strange thing in America. A generation ago, when bison by the myriad scoured the great plains, and a short journey from any part of the country would bring one to the haunt of bear or elk or moose, the notion would have seemed an excellent joke. Indeed, it was not far removed from the days when 'game' had to be cleared off for the preservation of the human race. But times have changed since then. Our forests are fast going, and the wild things are vanishing with them. At the same time there has been springing up a great leisure class, with the means for expensive amusements and taste, largely acquired from our English cousins, for finding amusement in killing animals. The natural sequel will be the establishment of great game preserves, surrounded with high walls and guarded by keepers armed with guns, and crowded with such things as it is thought pleasant to kill. The reports of an enterprise of this sort in Berkshire are interesting. The wealthy New Yorkers who have bought up a good share of Mt. Washington for a game park—if that is really their object—could hardly have chosen a better place. The town has dwindled till there are only some half a hundred voters within its boundaries, and the wild and desolate hills are all that could be asked for the habitat of any kind of game, from deer down. The men said to be connected with the undertaking have ample means for establishing a magnificent place, affording as good shooting as is to be found anywhere in the world, and if the suggested plan is carried out and succeeds it is likely to be followed by others until the abandoned farms and desert places of the hill regions are brought under the control of the rich and devoted to purposes of amusement, as has been the case within recent times in Scotland. The fancy of our millionaires is only beginning to turn in this direction, but there is every reason to suppose that the tendency will grow until Americans will be familiarized with the spectacle of great high-walled estates stretching for miles and covering hill and valley—estates devoted to costly amusement, and on which no trespasser dare set his foot. It will be a strange and not altogether welcome sight in a democratic country, and will help to alienate still further the rich and the poor. There will be certain difficulties in the way of managing such estates, for the fundamental principle of preserving is keeping other people from shooting, and this is difficult to manage in a country where game keeping has not from time immemorial ranked above agriculture. It is not such great while since English landlords were allowed to set spring guns and man traps to kill any trespasser. The laws against poaching are still vindictive to a degree that would not be tolerated in this country, and the local police are taken from their proper work and turned into extra game keepers for the rich landlords. Yet with all this rigor it is difficult to preserve. The difficulty would be much less in many parts of this country, of course, because the population is less dense, and there is neither a class of trained and organized poachers nor a half-starved peasantry ready to wring a hare's neck at the risk of penal servitude. But both of these may come in time. It will be a good while before game preserving cuts any great figure in American life, but it will be surprising if vast areas are not ultimately devoted to this purpose."

Vermont Game Birds.

SHELDON, Vt., Sept. 11.—The crop of small game will be a prolific one in this section of Vermont this season. Woodcock, duck and hare shooting opened on the 1st inst. Ruffed grouse shooting opens on the 15th of the present month. The nut and fruit crop is also an abundant one, which means much to the gray squirrel hunter. "Bob White's" merry whistle has become a familiar sound, and we expect to soon have the Mongolian pheasant as another permanent game bird.

Mr. N. P. Leach, of the committee on new game, will have within another month a consignment from Sweden of forty capercailzie and black game to distribute in this State. STANSTEAD.

His Age would have Protected him.

I'VE been pretty busy, have had, however, three days afield, with miles of hard tramping, and a net result of one gray squirrel. Had I known (before firing at him) how old he was, my reverence for old age would have let him go scot free. O. H. HAMPTON.

Chordeiles Virginianus.

FAUQUIER COUNTY, Va., Sept. 12.—I have just eaten two of them and feel better. Killed some eighteen yesterday evening; been in a highly litigated insurance case all day; failed to get my dinner, at which my wife had a pie made of the aforesaid eighteen C. V. (a Virginia lawyer would say this meant Code of Virginia), and when tonight, before supper, I take up my last copy of FOREST AND STREAM and read the communication of Mr. Elting, I can appreciate the accurate description therein contained, for I know whereof he speaks. At supper, tired and hungry, my wife placed before me a portion of that pie containing two "bull-bats," and I can assure you their bones were duly picked and enjoyed, notwithstanding, as you say, they are "the night hawk," "an insect eater" and "not properly a game bird." They may not be "properly a game bird," but when a fellow is "chained to business," can get off only for an hour or so in the evening, and then has only to walk some 500yds. from his home and try his hand at bull-bats, there is excitement and sport, and when they are flying low and seem to be as numerous as the gnats upon which they are feeding, it takes a good shot to be always able to bring down his bird. Yesterday evening there seemed to be no end to them; this evening not a bird. Mr. Elting does not exaggerate in saying that upon some evenings 1,000 shots are fired in an hour on the outskirts of a town, and when the character of the guns, from the hammerless to the old army musket, is considered, handled by the expert and by the boy eager but inexperienced, is it any wonder that not one in ten is killed?

Some months ago I wrote you that an act had been passed by our Legislature prohibiting the killing of partridges or quail in this State for two years from the 27th of December, 1895. I am glad to learn that now the birds, thought to have been almost totally exterminated, are increasing, and I have seen and there have been reported to me many large coveys, so that if the law can be enforced (but of this I am doubtful) we will in a few years again have fine shooting.

Some weeks ago I enjoyed a few days' fine bass fishing in the Shenandoah and while in the river got one or two good pictures with my pocket kodak. When court is over and I can get a breathing spell I want to send you an account of that trip, thinking it might interest some one "who was born that way." The other fellows need not read it. The right, of course, will be reserved to the FOREST AND STREAM to help fill the waste basket or the stove with that, as with this, if not fit for publication, without any hard thoughts from C. M. WHITE.

Plover on Texas Prairies.

WE had hunted all the afternoon for plover and had driven to and fro over the prairie, which stretched flatly away to the horizon on all sides, until our eyes were worn out and our brains seemed to reel with the monotony of the view, but we had not found any plover.

So we gave it up and started home.

As it so frequently does after we have given up all hope, the luck changed. Standing in the middle of the road, with his slim neck high in the air looking at us, stood a plover. And when he flew, as of course he did, he led us to others. And when we flew, as of course we did (out of that buggy), we got him.

And thereafter we found others.

As we were using my gun and my friend objected to its kicking, he wouldn't shoot, so we (speaking editorially) had to do our endeavors. And nobly we did them—that is for us.

We (still speaking editorially) had killed some seven birds in some eight shots, and were feeling very jubilant thereat, when our friend pointed out a small "bunch" of plover that were feeding just at the outside and to windward of a small cottonfield. We approached these birds with great dignity and the gun.

The birds flew; the shot flew; two birds were annihilated, one with the right, one with the left.

Our editorial dignity grew upon us, but we observed another bird flying toward us from the cottonfield. We lost our dignity for the moment and hastily endeavored to get in another shell; our comrade objurgated us for our slowness; we got in the shell and we annihilated also that bird.

For a second we breathed easier, and our dignity commenced to return.

But two more birds came and our dignity fled, while with trembling hands we inserted two more shells. These two also we slew, and as the last report died out a little "nigger" who was picking cotton in the field gave a wild whoop and came running to us, breathlessly ejaculating as he arrived, "Boss, how you kin shoot!"

We complacently accepted this tribute to our greatness, and after picking up the slain drove along the same line of fence, looking for more.

We found them; we approached; they retreated; we killed two as they rose, and by reason of our late experience we inserted another shell so rapidly that we killed another out of the same flock as they left.

We were almost stifled with our pride, but again they came. Two reports were heard, and two more plover were counted to us. Our pride annoyed us; we could not shout with joy and say "Boss, now you kin shoot," but we felt it and—must it be confessed—we thought it.

MARION WARNER.

British Columbia Game Birds.

VICTORIA, B. C., Sept. 1.—Blue grouse shooting started here on Aug. 15. Birds are plentiful, but it is very dry, we have had no rain to speak of for months; this makes it very hard work for man and dog, particularly the dog. Willow grouse and pheasants come in on Oct. 1. The English ring-necked pheasant is increasing fast; they are strong and hardy, and toward the end of the season the way they fly through the bush is wonderful, and a winged bird will run almost as fast as a dog.

VICTORIA RIFLEMAN.

North Dakota Game and Licenses.

FARGO, N. D., Sept. 5.—In this county thus far 437 licenses to hunt in North Dakota have been issued. We understand from reliable sources that the new game law is being well enforced. Wherever there is an efficient deputy game warden, in that locality very little illegal shooting has been done.

As a rule game is fairly plentiful throughout the State, but good dogs and good shots are necessary to secure it.

C. E. ROBBINS.

An Old-Timer.

MR. F. M. DENNY, of the Baltimore Gun Club, who takes a great interest in all matters pertaining to shooting, has acquired two interesting articles connected with the past. One is a curiosity, being a double-barreled flint and steel gun. It was brought to Baltimore about 1793 by a Mr. Despaux, who died in 1820. Mr. Despaux came to Baltimore from San Domingo, and was a shipbuilder here for years. The gun was made in Marseilles, France. From an inscription upon it Vasseden Vignies is supposed to have made it. In gold letters sunk between the barrels and near the two locks appears the name "Canon Jordu," presumably the original owner. All the work is of the finest character.

Mr. Denny found among his friends on the eastern shore a few days ago an old powder horn. All the work upon it was done with a knife. It is inscribed with the name of the owner, William E. Bartlett, who was the grandfather of Rev. William E. Bartlett, pastor of St. Ann's Catholic Church. The inscriptions, "Where Liberty Dwells There Is My Country" and "United States of America," and representations of a duck and a flag, are engraved on the horn. In all his connection with gunning Mr. Denny has seen but one other double-barreled flint and steel gun.—*Baltimore Sun.*

More Rosy Reports from Maine.

DEAD RIVER, Me.—Sportsmen and readers of FOREST AND STREAM will perhaps be pleased to learn that Maine is talking of beating her last year's big-game record, and I should not be the least surprised if she did. As I am a Maine guide, and have been through the woods and at the merry ponds more or less all summer, I have had a chance to see something of the big game myself, and I will truthfully say that I have seen more than double the game this summer I ever saw before. Thirty-seven deer were seen all at one time in the water while crossing the pond. All kinds of game are more plenty than ever before except caribou.

Any sportsman visiting Maine this fall surely will have no trouble in getting what game the law allows him to take, and this is all due to the good enforcement of the game laws. Our wardens have and are doing their best to protect our game, and Maine will this fall get her reward for it. J. G. HARLOW.

Still-Hunting in the Town of Schroon.

STILL-HUNTING, so called, but accompanied by the baying of sleuth hounds, has been going on for some days in the town of Schroon. Several hunters have been engaged in the chase, as above noted, and fifteen deer have been killed, all ahead of dogs, as we are informed by one who has been on the ground. Venison sold at Schroon Lake last week for 7 cents a pound. The latter part of the week a deer was taken to Schroon Lake and offered for sale, but did not find a purchaser at any price, showing that the market had been glutted. It is indeed too bad to know that such lawlessness is being permitted within the borders of Essex county. The best men of Schroon are against such outrages, and public sentiment throughout Essex county does not uphold the breaking of law. Would it not be well for game protectors to be more alert? We verily believe it would.—*Elizabethtown (N. Y.) Post.*

Another Egg Whopper.

"THE wooden nutmeg makers of Connecticut have to yield the palm to the English egg collectors," said B. F. Martin, of San Francisco, at the Shoreham. "The islands along the Pacific coast are infested with thousands of gulls that build their nests and rear their young there. English egg men have begun to purchase these eggs in such quantities that gulleries are being established along the coast, and the exportation of gull eggs bids fair to almost equal the exportation of California fruit in value. There are millions of the eggs on the islands. The remarkable thing about it is that the gull eggs, as such, are not salable in England except to the dealers. They are the size and shape of some eggs that are rare and valuable, and the Englishmen palm them off on collectors as very rare specimens, coloring them, when necessary, to carry out the deception."—*Washington Evening Star.*

In Colorado Mountains.

MR. H. S. CLARK, paying teller of the Lincoln National Bank, whose success with the rainbow was noted in these columns last season, left New York last Saturday in company with Mr. H. H. Todd, his hunting companion, and Col. Royal E. Morse, for Dunkley, Routt county, Colo., just over the Continental Divide. They go for elk and bears, and reports from a local hunter and guide, who will meet and accompany them, are very promising for a successful hunt. They expect to be gone a month. They will go by stage fifty miles from civilization, and then by pack horse fifty miles further to their camp in the grouse region. As Mr. Clark has taken his camera, we may expect some views as well as some remarkable stories, of which you shall hear in due season.

JACOBSTAFF.

Washington Game.

OKANOGAN County, Wash., Sept. 1.—This has been rather an unfavorable year for game in our corner of Uncle Sam's preserve; it was a very cold, wet and backward spring. The grouse did not do well, although there are in some parts of the county quite a lot of blue grouse. The sharp-tails do not seem to thrive on civilization. The ruffed have done better. As the northern half of the reservation was opened for prospectors this spring, it was soon flooded and the deer were either killed or run across the line into British Columbia, where they are afforded much better protection than on this side. But never mind, we will have some protection thrown around their old haunts after the game is exterminated.

Quite a number of Canada geese hatched along the Okanogan this year. LEW WILMOT.

Connecticut Quail.

QUAIL have been heard and seen in this section more frequently during this summer than for many years; also partridges are quite plenty, and if we have the usual flights of woodcock the coming open season should be better than an average for many past years. A.

HADDAM, Conn., Sept. 8.

Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association.

MR. H. M. F. WORDEN, chairman of the legislative committee of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, has issued the following call for a meeting of that committee:

"The legislative committee of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, of which I am chairman, and you a member for your county, will meet for permanent organization at the Commonwealth Hotel, Harrisburg, Pa., the evening of Sept. 30, at 8 P. M.:

"First, to consider some effective system of protection to our game and fish under a properly formed department to enforce the laws.

"Secondly, the consideration of a general revision of our game and fish laws, and such other needed alterations governing the same as may come before the committee.

"I trust that you will be willing to assist in assuming the initiative, and if necessary make some personal sacrifice to attend this meeting.

"Any who have given this subject any thought cannot but realize the need of prompt and united action, in order that the game of our Commonwealth shall receive protection similar to that accorded it by our sister States."

Barnegat Birds.

BARNEGAT INLET, Sept. 12.—The fishing here during the past week has been poor, nearly all the captains reporting small catches. Large flocks of snipe and plover are seen daily in the vicinity of the Sedge Islands and Sea Dog Shoals, and seem quite tame, as only few sportsmen have tried this fascinating sport. Black ducks are arriving in Barnegat Bay in bunches of ten and twenty-five, flying high and headed to the South. SEA DOG.

Game and Fish Protection.

THE TEXAS CONVENTION.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Sept. 10.—While all the sportsmen of Texas welcomed the prospect of meeting in Waco on the 5th inst. for the purpose of laying the foundation of an organization for the protection of game, all were agreeably surprised at the large attendance, the evident enthusiasm in the cause and the prompt manner in which the convention expedited the business at hand.

About 125 delegates were present and every section of the State sent its quota of representatives.

A committee on permanent organization was appointed by temporary chairman Lockett, of Austin, consisting of J. H. Quarles, of Waco; L. Howe, of Ft. Worth, and O. C. Guessaz, of San Antonio, and they reported the following officers, who were promptly elected: President, R. R. Lockett, of Austin; Secretary, Turner Hubby, of Waco; Treasurer, Walter V. Fort, of Waco.

The president was empowered to appoint a vice-president for each county in the State, and the committee recommended the appointment of a legislative committee into whose hands will be placed the material necessary for a bill embodying the demands of this body, to be presented to the next Legislature, which convenes in Austin this coming winter.

The following communication was read: "Victoria, Tex.—Reliable information of shipment from here this season of over 54,000 plover and great preparation for slaughter of quail impresses upon us the necessity for game protection. We suggest a law prohibiting the transportation out of the State, but will cordially cooperate to secure the passage and enforcement of any law your judgment may deem will secure the desired result. F. C. Proctor, William Peticolas, Lloyd Ward, I. W. O'Connor, Theodore Buhler, Eugene Sibley, W. A. Wood, H. Gervais, H. D. Applegate, Dave Cassety, L. A. Fritz, B. F. Williams, F. J. Allnoche, A. S. Thurmond, J. Johnson, L. P. Leibold, I. S. Bushler."

The convention adjourned to meet in Austin during the session of the incoming Legislature, subject to the call of the president. TEXAS FIELD.

Chairman Lockett read several suggestions regarding organization and plan of work, suggesting a commission to protect game.

A committee was appointed to consider and report on the same. J. B. Gilbert, of Houston, deputy sheriff of Harris county, circulated among the members copies of proposed amendments to the present game law formulated by the Harris County Game Protective Association and submitted to the last session of the Legislature. The amendments passed the Senate, but were so butchered in in the House they were withdrawn. These amendments provided for the protection of fish (except hook and line fishing) from Feb. 1 to July 1 in non-tidal waters; and forbid nets and traps, or use of poison or explosives for killing fish, with penalties for possession of fish out of season. Close season for deer, Jan. 1 to Aug. 1; wild turkeys, April 1 to Oct. 1; prairie chickens, Nov. 1 to Aug. 1; quail (partridge), April 1 to Oct. 1; trapping or netting forbidden at all times; wildfowl shooting at night forbidden. Antelope protected from Jan. 1 to Aug. 1; possession of game or fish prohibited in close season; killing game for shipment out of the State forbidden; exportation forbidden.

The committee to take action on Mr. Lockett's recommendation reported as follows: 1. Game to be declared the property of the State. 2. The duties of game warden to be added to that of Fish and Oyster Commission. 3. Pheasants to be protected for five years; doves to be protected from March 1 to Aug. 1. 4. Possession out of season of any game bird, wildfowl or other animal protected by laws of this State shall be *prima facie* evidence of guilt.

The committee also advised the adoption of the amendments of the Harris County Game Protective Association, as printed above, with slight changes in Articles 427, 428 and 429, the same to be used as the basis of a bill to be presented to the Legislature. This was adopted by the convention and the permanent chairman instructed to appoint a committee to draft the bill.

The Texas Game Protective Association was adopted as the title of the organization.

NEW JERSEY GAME AND FISH INTERESTS.

THE monthly report of State Fish and Game Protector Charles A. Shriner, for August, says:

"Only two events worthy of special mention have transpired during the month, the first being an appeal taken to the Supreme Court in the case of a number of convictions, the defendants attacking the constitutionality of the general fish and game law. The defendants referred to are a number of Italians in Atlantic county whose depredations were interfered with by Warden Schneider. The accused were convicted in the lower court and took an appeal to the Common Pleas, where the judgment below was sustained. They have now obtained a writ of certiorari removing the cases to the Supreme Court for review, citing as their reasons the alleged unconstitutionality of the Voorhees act, by which lay judges were abolished, and also attacking the fish and game act, claiming that the latter is special legislation and that the title does not indicate the purport of the act. The Supreme Court has already in another case decided the question of the validity of the Voorhees act, thus disposing of that question, a point which had been rendered additionally weak in the case of the Italians by their having recognized the Atlantic Common Pleas as at present constituted by taking an appeal to that tribunal. The question of the validity of the general fish and game act will be argued at the next term of the Supreme Court. Counsel informs me that there is little doubt that the judgment of the Atlantic Common Pleas will be sustained.

"The other matter worthy of special mention is the purchase of a considerable quantity—50,000—trout from an Eastern trout hatchery. In connection with this purchase I desire to call the attention of your honorable body to a large number of applications which have been received from different parts of the State for some of these trout. I have received sufficient applications to dispose of ten times the number of trout purchased, and it is evident that some of the applicants will be disappointed. The trout at present average over 2in. in length, and as the full number of 50,000 is to be delivered in New York City, there ought to be little loss between the metropolis and the streams where the fish are to be planted. If some of the applications made were to be acceded to, a large portion of the whole consignment would be wasted, for I have applications for streams where no trout has lived or could possibly live, and in some cases the demand is altogether out of proportion to the size of the water desired to be stocked. In accordance with instructions from your honorable body, I have informed all persons making applications for trout for private streams, or for streams where adjoining land owners restrict fishing, that the Commission will stock no waters to which the public is denied access. The trout will not be distributed until the latter part of October, up to which time applications may be made for them, blanks for which can be obtained on application to my office."

The record for the month shows twenty-nine prosecutions for killing song birds, hunting on Sunday, fishing with set lines, having bass under size, and other offenses, with a total of over $550 collected in fines.

PROTECTION IN FLORIDA.

THE sportsmen of Ocala have organized a game protective association, with Dr. Wm. Anderson as general manager and a governing board consisting of Wm. Anderson, F. A. Teague, B. T. Perdue, O. T. Green and James W. Sanders. Some seventy-five members were enrolled. The object of the association is not only to rigidly observe the present game laws of the State, but each member has made a pledge to do all in his power to see that other people do the same. These men recognize the fact that unless the game of the State is protected as the law already directs, in a few years the prestige that Florida has enjoyed as the huntsman's paradise will only be a memory. The general manager, Dr. Anderson, is the right man in the right place, as he is a true disciple of rod, reel and gun.

It is worthy of note that only a day or two after this step by the Ocala sportsmen the Jacksonville *Times-Union*, which is the leading paper of the State, printed this most sensible editorial on the need of better game protection for the State:

"The *Times-Union* has for years urged upon the people of Florida the necessity of preserving the game now remaining in the State. For years tourists, visitors and the home population have slaughtered the wild beasts and birds in such wanton manner that an emergency now arises which demands a halt upon this wholesale killing. The Eastern States have passed through the experience that is now threatening us, and the West has seen the same process almost denude its prairies and forests of the birds and beasts which should be protected by law.

"From the experience of other sections Florida should learn the lesson of caution. The preservation of the wild game of the country is a question that has forced itself upon other sections of the country, and its importance is rapidly becoming apparent in Florida, the State in which game abounds most plentifully. Only a few years back deer, turkey, quail, partridge and other game were to be found in great numbers in our woods. To-day the conditions have changed to such extent that a hunt upon the part of the sportsmen involves much labor and small returns.

"Pot-hunting is largely responsible for this, and should be suppressed. There is ample game remaining in Florida to breed each year, and still keep the State at its present high status as an unexcelled field for the sportsman. But to perpetuate this condition new and comprehensive laws must be enacted fully covering the situation, and these laws must be rigidly enforced. Game laws without full operation are worse than useless, and unless every county in the State, through its local authorities, administers the law in a strict and conscientious manner, the people of the State must suffer in the future the same expensive experience now being undergone by other sections in the endeavor to restore game species almost extinguished by wanton slaughter. At present the fish in Florida waters are so plentiful as to seem well nigh inexhaustible, but State laws should be enacted for their preservation to a much more practical extent than now exist, and these questions should occupy the early and serious attention of the new body of lawmakers who meet in Tallahassee next year."

A Sullivan County Grouse Snarer Brought to Time.

A GAME case of much interest was tried in Monticello, Sullivan county, N. Y., last week, and the conviction of the offender is said to be the first ever had for the violation of the game laws in that county. The action was one brought by Game Protector Kidd, of Newburgh, against John H. Davis, of Emmonsville, Sullivan county. Davis is a storekeeper, who has long carried on a traffic in snared grouse shipped to the New York market. On Sept. 30, 1895, some of the local sportsmen observed at the express office of the New York, Ontario & Western R. R. a small box labeled poultry, directed to Wm. H. Cohen & Co., commission merchants, of this city, and with a tag bearing Davis's name. They called the attention of the express agent to the box, telling him that he must well know that it contained game and that he was forwarding it contrary to the law which forbids the transportation of game unless accompanied by the owner. More than this, they informed the game constable, who seized the box and sent for Protector Kidd. Dr. Kidd found that the box was full of grouse, and an examination showed that at least six of them had been snared. He proceeded against Davis; but on Davis's representation that the box had been left at the express office temporarily, while he was waiting for the train to go with the game himself to New York, the action was made one to cover the penalty for having in possession snared grouse. The case was tried before Judge Fursman, of Troy, in the Supreme Court of Sullivan county, Messrs. Headley & McClung, of Newburgh, appearing for Davis, and ex-District Attorney Couch being associated with Clarence Moss, of Waring Bros., for the prosecution. The defense relied upon the contention which they advanced that when the birds were seized they were not in the possession of the defendant, but of the express company. Judge Fursman, however, summarily squelched Mr. McClung by pointing out that the possession had been already acknowledged in the answer filed by the defendant. Among the amusing features of the trial was the testimony of Davis that he had shot the birds, using double BB shot; if that were true, Judge Fursman suggested, the BBs would be likely to leave some shot marks, and there were five witnesses to testify that there were no such marks on the birds. The defendant's wife also testified that she had gone with her husband to see him shoot the birds, and that he had drummed them up within range; it was not shown, however, that the defendant had wings to drum with. The jury convicted on three birds, making the fine $75, and the costs will amount to $100 more. The sportsmen of Monticello are outspoken in their satisfaction at the result of the trial and all commend the way in which Protector Kidd handled the case. It is believed that the good effect of the conviction will be manifest. At least one industrious shipper of snared birds will be less active for a while.

Sea and River Fishing.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XII.—Garrett Van Hoesen.

THE village boys called him Garry Van Hooser, and I am not sure but the whole family pronounced it in that way, but Garry could write, and he spelled the name as it is given above. He had been a clerk in the grocery of Thomas B. Simmonds since my earliest memory, and had none of the Dutch accent common to his people, for at this late day the descendants of the original settlers of the Upper Hudson often spoke Dutch, and their English had an accent which Garry had lost by frequent contact with other people. He was older than I by some six to ten years, and was a shy young man, who never seemed to have any companions, and often went fishing and shooting alone or with his spaniel Coody, which was a good retriever. He told me where he got the dog, but where its name came from even he did not know. He said: "Oh, I do' know, he had to have a name and I just called him Coody."

That settled the matter to the satisfaction of Garry, the dog seemed to be pleased with his name, and who could object.

One day in '48, after the election of Gen. Taylor as President, when the ice was just thick enough for skating, I had been told to stop at the grocery for something when I came home to supper, and Garry said: "I am going up to the mill pond in the morning to spear eels. How would you like to go with me?"

"First rate; what must I take along?"

"Nothing but a pair of woolen mittens; your hands will freeze without them. I'll put up all the grub we want. Meet me here about 9 in the morning and we'll start."

During the night about 2in. of snow fell. The morning was still and clear, and the snow was soft and dry. Garry carried the basket and axe, while I shouldered the long spear up past the schoolhouse and along the railroad, which then came down to the lower ferry, to the mill pond away up by the red mill. The snow was blinding as we faced the morning sun, and it also reflected every sound. The far-off crows seemed close at hand, a little sapsucker pecking on a tree made a great rapping, and we could hear what the men were saying down at the mill. "Why is it so still after a fall of snow?" I asked.

"It's always that way after a snowstorm," he answered, and I went along not entirely satisfied with his laconic answer, but accepted his statement of fact. Some philosophers give us equally lucid explanations and take a whole volume to do it in.

"A week from now the ice will be too thick to spear eels," he said, "and it would take half an hour to cut a hole. It's just right now, nearly 4in., and no one has been spearing here this year. Down yonder, in the bend, is where they bed; the water is deep there."

All eels bed in the mud in cold weather, and an eel spear for soft bottom has a stout central tine barbed on both sides; then come flexible tines, about five on each side, with barbs on the inside only. The tines are nearly a foot in length and radiate from the pole-socket in a flat plane, which is some 10in. wide at the lower end. Rigged with a light pole 20ft. or more long, the mud is sounded in a regular manner in a circle of perhaps 30ft. in diameter. When an eel is struck the spear does not pierce it, but holds it by the spring of the tines, which open and clasp it.

It was soon apparent why woolen mittens were an essential part of the outfit. As they became wet they were warm, even with ice on the outside of them, just as a boy's foot will be warm after the first chill when his boot is full of ice water if his stocking is of wool. But continual freezing to an icy spear handle is hard on a mitten.

I watched Garry begin sounding under the hole and then increase the circle until the spear handle was at an acute angle with the ice, throwing the spear strongly into the mud and then withdrawing it. He brought up sticks, brush and an occasional eel which soon stiffened on the snow. "How can you tell whether it's an eel or a stick?"

"That's easy enough, try it."

He chopped me a new hole and I made a thrust. "Harder," said he, "shove it hard or the barbs won't snap on 'em," and I sent the spear into the mud. An eel? No, a stick! After landing several sticks something was struck that wiggled and sent little thrilling pulsations up the staff, and then I knew all that is to be known about spearing eels through the ice. It is not a high class sport, but it gives a boy an excuse for an outing in winter and is a healthful exercise. This thing of exercise is better understood to-day than when I was a boy, and men who go out with rod and gun are not thought to be idle, good-for-nothing fellows, as they were thought to be half a century ago. Not that I was not an "idle, good-for-nothing fellow," who preferred a day's shooting or fishing to a week's confinement in school, but I am speaking in a general way, excepting "present company."

About noon Garry flung the spear in the snow and said: "I'm hungry, what do you say?"

Now that the matter was mentioned, there did seem to be something lacking, and without giving it that profound consideration which Garry gave to questions, I answered him in his own simple style: "So 'm I." All the morning I had been as silent as he; in fact, when a fellow gets shut up with such short answers as are here recorded there is nothing for him to do but to shut up. But how I did want to talk about the habits of eels, what they found to eat in the mud and other things. Away up the pond, a quarter of a mile away, a man was chopping wood. The sound of his stroke did not reach us until his axe was raised again. I asked father about this when I got home, but I did not intrude the question on Garry. He did not then encourage talk.

We went ashore by a spring and made a fire. Garry opened the basket and brought out bread, butter and sausages. Just how he could cook the last was a mystery, and they could not be eaten raw. Bolognas were unknown then, as this was before the German invasion and the era of limburger, schweizerkäse, bolognas, pretzels and lager beer. I gathered dry fire wood and watched. He dragged two long limbs and rested one end of each upon a low stump. This was table and chairs. Then he took birch twigs and ran them lengthwise through the sausages and stuck them up before the fire. The ground being frozen, he held them nearly erect by pieces of wood and there they fried in their own fat, the birch twigs imparting no bad flavor. A tin cup of water from the spring served for both, and if a hungry boy astride a branch of a tree with a big birch chip for a plate did not do full justice to his appetite then, he never did.

Many a dinner did I eat after that one, but this was so exceptionally good that it stands out in bold relief. During weary months in military prisons the odor of those sausages came in hungry dreams. The white bread from Jonas Whiting's bakery and the butter from Dennison's farm were often remembered in days when such remembrance was more substantial than anything in sight.

That dinner is memorable for another thing. It opened up a human mind. John Atwood had said: "Garry Van Hooser never talks because he doesn't know anything to talk about. He just knows enough to weigh a pound of tea and say, 'Yes 'm, fifty cents.'" When I told John a little of this trip he was incredulous. The eels were in evidence, however, he couldn't deny them.

After we had destroyed the dinner and Garry had lighted his pipe, he remarked between puffs: "When spring comes we will go down in the dead creek and shoot ducks. I often go there alone, but have felt that I wanted some one to be with me, some one to talk to at times. I went down there once with John Atwood, but he talked all the time and scared the ducks away. Now you don't break in when a man is thinking, and we've had a good time. I don't know what you were thinking about when we were spearing, but I thought that if it is true that this world is round and turns over every day, how is it that the water does not spill out of the holes we cut in the ice, and why the weight of the trees does not pull 'em out of the ground when they're upside down. I don't say that I don't believe it, but I can't understand it; and men that know more than I seem to believe it, but they can't tell just how it is. I never had much schooling, and this thing has bothered me for years. It keeps me awake nights and bothers me daytimes. If I ask about it they make fun of me. Now you've had a good education and I want to know what you think about this thing, and if you don't know how it is don't tell that I asked about it; for there's a lot o' fools that don't know the first thing about this business, and don't care, that are always ready to make fun of a fellow who does want to know."

This was the longest speech that I had every heard Garry make up to that time. I explained the rotation of the earth as well as I understood it, and afterward gave him what literature bearing on the subject I could find, and his reserve was thrown off. He was a different man to me, and I soon liked his simple, honest ways, his studious mode of looking into things and his philosophical conclusions. Every man's mind is a study, a curiosity, if you will, if you have time and inclination to look into it. It is curious because it differs from yours.

After his long speech, delivered between puffs on his pipe, and my explanations, there was a period of silence. Then he asked: "Did you ever trap any rabbits?"

"No; I've shot a few, but never trapped any. Why?"

"What time do your folks have breakfast?"

Without seeing any intimate connection between the trapping of rabbits and the hour when our family broke their fast, I replied: "In summer at 7 and in winter at 8. What's that got to do with catching rabbits?"

"I was thinking that you'd have time to tend the traps if you could get up about 6 o'clock. Then you'd be back in time to get breakfast and go to school. There's lots o' rabbits up in the woods back o' the rye field, and I've got six box traps stored in the old barn there. If you'll see to 'em every morning we'll go over there now and set the traps before we go home. What d' you say?"

"Tell me all about it, and I'll do it. It must be heaps o' fun. Come on."

We crossed over to the rye field—a field so well known to every boy as the ball ground, where no one drove us off, but which had been a pasture since my recollection—and carried the traps into the woods. Garry had got some sweet apples and we set a trap here and there where rabbit signs were thickest.

"When you come to a trap in the morning," said he, "if it is still set you want to see that the bait is there and the cord or the spindle is not frozen so that it can't work. If it has been sprung you want to go slow and find out what's in it. If it's a skunk he'll let you know when you touch it with your boot, and then you want to tie a long string to the cover and let him walk out. If it's a rabbit, put in your hand and take it out."

"Won't it bite?"

"No, they never bite. The best way to kill them is to hold their hindlegs in your left hand, and hit 'em with a stick in the back of the neck."

"I don't believe I could do it. I can shoot one, but I know I could never do that."

"Yes, you could; it's easy enough. But if you are afraid to do it that way, take a bag, put the mouth of it over the trap, dump them into it, and bring them down to me."

That seemed the best way. I was not afraid to kill a rabbit by shooting it—Garry did not understand me—but the bag scheme let me out and it was settled in that way. We went back to the mill pond, gathered our basket of eels and went home. I promised to let Garry know how many rabbits I had and to let him do the killing.

Next morning I was up very early. There had been a light, drizzling rain during the night, and now there was a hard crust on the snow which crunched under foot and made a great noise. The first trap was approached with a quickening pulse, and my heart was beating high as it was neared. Alas! it was unsprung and the cord was frozen fast. The crust did not tell if the trap had been visited, but the apple was untouched. All the traps were in the same condition, but I fixed them so that they would spring, and on the way home reported the facts to Garry.

"You needn't have gone to them this morning," said he, "for you might have known that a rabbit would not go out and get all covered with ice in a rain like that one last night."

I might have known, but with a head filled with the excitement of a first visit to rabbit traps, with the expectation that at least one rabbit might be found in each, I never thought that they might prefer dry hides to my traps.

The next night was clear and crisp, and oh, how cold that morning was! The stars seemed to echo my tread on the crackling crust as I trudged along. The first trap was unsprung and my faith in taking rabbits in box traps was shaken. Old tracks, made before the crust was formed, were abundant, and there was "sign" on the crust where no tracks could be seen. Surely there were rabbits there, if they could only be caught. These were the thoughts when the second trap was sighted. It was sprung! The rapid puffing of an early freight train on the railroad below did not exceed the beating of my heart. Cold as it was, a perspiration broke out all over me. Pshaw! Perhaps the string had broken or the trigger had slipped from the notch!

I stood for a moment like one in a dream. Could it be that the trap actually held a rabbit? I went up to it and kicked it lightly with my boot. There was no indication of an "essence peddler" in the air, and I peeped in. There was the game crouched in the far end. I let the trap down and for a few moments enjoyed my triumph. I was a mighty trapper! Me!

This was long before the deer episode related in No. VII., and a rabbit was the largest game that I aspired to. Heart never beat faster over a first grizzly or bighorn than mine did then. As I have said, I had shot an occasional rabbit; but this early morning tramp over crusted snow seemed somehow to make the event seem like the life of a real woodsman. A great part of Greenbush was asleep, and here was I in the forest with its largest game in my power!

I carefully adjusted the bag over the trap and then opened it. There was a thud in the bottom of the bag, and then a glimpse of something gray and a sound of "zip, zip," and if that was really a rabbit it was gone. The unexpected had happened. That was all I knew, and there was a period of depression such as always follows intoxication. After pulling my scattered senses together, I reset the trap and went on. The third trap held a rabbit, and with the last failure in mind great care was exercised in arranging the bag. No mistake this time! I knew how to hold him. I knew how, but somehow the same thing happened again. The second time the unexpected occurred, and some old philosopher has said that this is the only thing that ever does occur. I was despondent and demoralized, especially when the next two traps were found empty. As the sixth and last trap was sighted, the fact that it was sprung started no heart pumping. I was cooler now that I had seen just where the last rabbit got out. The bag had been tight around the trap until the traps was opened; the top and front end were nailed together, and the bag left a hole on each side when the trap was opened. Twice was enough. The mistake should not occur again. Remembering what Garry had said about a rabbit not biting, I put in a hand and brought the trembling animal out in some way, either by the ears or the hindlegs; memory fails to recall how, but it does bring back the pitiful cries that rang through the woods. This troubled me, but I hardened my heart and dropped the game in the bag, and started for home with my prize, in triumph not unmixed with other feelings.

With bag on shoulder I stopped at the foot of the hill to drink the strong sulphur water of Harrowgate Spring, of which Col. Raymond and I were so fond, as told in sketch No. VIII. Here the events of the morning were reviewed in cold blood. Hardly two hours had passed, but the crowded events made it seem ten times as long. The little creature was still now, probably wondering what would come next. After pondering for a while on the escape of the two rabbits and taking another swig of Harrowgate, the recollection of those pitiful cries came up in full force. Then I seemed to realize that they came from a poor, terrified and harmless thing that I was taking to be killed without the excitement of the hunt. I peeped into the bag. Two large eyes and a trembling form were in the corner. Somehow the grip on the mouth of the bag was loosened, the bottom was turned up and a white lump of cotton in a field of gray went bobbing off into the brush.

When I entered Tom Simmonds's store I said to Garry: "Here's your bag; I haven't got any rabbits and don't want any. I'll go up and spring the traps after school; it's time for breakfast now."

It was months afterward before I told him the whole story, and he said: "Well, I don't know as I'd like to kill a rabbit if it cried like that. The fact is I built the traps some two years ago, and after some such scrape as yours I left them in the barn. Some boys like to trap rabbits, but I don't care anything about it; I only thought you might like it."

I am not so chicken-hearted as this story makes me out. I have been a trapper for fur, will tell you about this a few weeks later, and I never had the slightest feeling of pity for a bloodthirsty mink, marten or other animal of that class. I have killed them in steel traps, found them frozen to death in them, and have seen where they left a leg behind, and never felt more pity for these merciless brutes than I do for an oyster when I eat it alive. Somehow the very helplessness of a rabbit appeals to a fellow, and its plaintive cries —. I give it up! I let that rabbit go that morning by the waters of Harrowgate and that is all there is of it. I have tried to make a story of it and failed.

Once or twice after the eel spearing scrape Garry asked me to fish with him, and the other boys wondered at it. Some years later we shot ducks, yellow-legs and rail along the dead creek, an inlet on the island below Douw's Point, and above the hilly dwelling of "der Yawcum Stawts wot lives on de Hokleberic."*

This creek is now filled up and is known no more except as a low, marshy spot. We had a good day once; two mallards, a wood duck and some half a dozen rail. A very good day it was, for ducks were wild and not plenty, when Garry crawled up to a flock and got three. Coody retrieved them, but unfortunately they proved to be tame ducks, and the owner came down on Garry. I was below and kept still, hoping for a shot if anything came my way. After waiting a while a mud hen got up below me, flying low, and I shot. I missed the mud hen, but hit Garry in the back of the leg, and he promptly yelled. He had paid the man for his ducks and then went around back of me, hidden by the brush, and was just in time to intercept a few shot that the mud hen failed to get because of its haste. The shots, some half a dozen, were only under the skin in the calf of his leg, and I had no trouble in taking them out with a pocket knife.

Said Garry: "It's lucky that I was below the bird or your lead would have gone in deeper."

"What were you doing down below me and how did you get there? I didn't see you. I thought you were up above squaring it with the man for his tame ducks. I suppose he wanted twice what they were worth."

"No," said Garry, "he won't charge much; he trades with us, and will bring me the ducks and settle to-morrow. I wouldn't like to take up a lot of tame ducks; the boys would laugh. Now, see here! If you will promise never to tell that I shot into a flock of tame ducks I'll give you my word that I won't say a word about your shooting me in the leg. Is it a go?"

"It's a go!" Garry is dead and it's a long time ago. As both stories are told now for the first time, I don't see that any harm is done to him. Neither of us meant to do it, and after all the intention, in a shooting case, is always carefully considered by a jury.

Garry was short and stout, wore his face without hair, and his teeth were stained by tobacco. I should think he might have been born about 1825, but while I knew of his death and attended his funeral, I have pressed every button in memory for an approximate date, but the wires seem to be crossed and I can't say between which of the epochs from which I date things his death occurred. These epochs are: first, going West in 1854; second, coming back like the Prodigal Son in 1859; third, entering the army in '62 and returning in '65. Mr. Garret M. Van O'Linda thinks he died in 1861, and that seems likely.

I only know that he married about three weeks before he died. It was like this: I was in Greenbush one day. Here a wire seems to straighten out in memory and indistinctly buzzes: "Then it was after 1860, for you were often there then," and then the circuit is broken. I went into his store and he invited me into the back room.

"I want your advice," said he, "and I ask it because I am only a raw countryman and you have more knowledge of the world than I have."

This almost took my breath. If he was contemplating the opening of a grocery in opposition to Tom Simmonds and Mat Miller it was useless to consult one like me, whose only object in life so far had been to get what fun he could out of it, and whose knowledge of business was *nil*. Of course I did not formulate all this then—I was merely surprised, and asked: "What's up, Garry?"

He thought a moment and then said: "I am thinking about getting married, and am in doubt whether it is the best thing to do or not. What do you think?"

If memory reflects my mind at that time, I did not think. Here was a man who was shy of men and boys, one whose business compelled him to talk to women and girls, but whose shyness cut the conversation to the strictest business limits. I was astounded! Pulling my scattered wits together, I said: "Why, Garry, I never heard of your keeping company with a girl; who is she?"

He told me, but it was no one that I had ever heard of. Said he: "She is the nicest girl I ever saw, and she comes to the store every day and I can talk to her by the hour. She is not a bit like the other girls that come in. I wish you could see her."

That settled the marriage question. Of course, I had nothing to say and he didn't expect I would have, but he was compelled to confide his secret to a human being of some kind and the one before him served his purpose.

In after years whenever a box trap was stumbled on in the woods it brought up the picture of Garry Van Hoesen, the shy, sensitive fellow who longed for human sympathy, but from a lack of aggressiveness or an excess of diffidence, self-consciousness, or whatever you please to call it, seemed lonesome in this great bustling world. If I'd

* This is a phonetic spelling, as the Albany Dutch spoke it when they referred to Joachim Staats, who lived on the Hogleberg, or "hog's back," the only hill on the island, just back of the landing known as Staats's dock.

brought him that rabbit in the bag he never would have killed it. It's sixteen to one that he would have done just as I did.

If Garry had read Sterne he might have quoted the remark of Uncle Toby when he released the fly, but his reading had not included "The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy," and consequently he did not know of the incident, but Garry's heart was kind and true. His few intimate friends he held fast and he followed the advice of Polonius to his son:

"The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade."

In after life I have fished with men of all conditions in life, men of high character and men of no character to speak of, men of education and intelligence and those who had neither, but among them all I have a warm spot in my memory for simple, honest Garry Van Hoesen.

FRED MATHER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Sept. 5, following my article on Capt. Ira Wood, is a little note from Mr. O. H. Hampton which under a complimentary disguise invites those whom I have fished with to write me up. Now, my dear Mr. Hampton, I appreciate your kind intentions. You mean well; but don't you see that the men whom I have written up are all dead with the exception of Col. Charles H. Raymond, in sketch No. VIII.? When I gave him warning that I would write him up as one who had sat on a log while I did the fishing, he replied: "Go ahead if you have no fear of retribution; I know more bad things about you than you know of me," and he declined to give me a photo, or at least "regretted" that he had none. From relatives I got a picture and some facts of his life and wrote him up. He cannot do this to me, because I left Albany and went vagabondizing in the West as soon as I was old enough, and the only "facts" that are accessible are those musty ones in Fish Commission reports, which no one would read.

No, Mr. Hampton! I will quote Robert Emmet: "Let no man write my epitaph," not even the tombstone man with his chisel, because if he lies, as tombstones generally do, the readers of FOREST AND STREAM will be deceived, and if he tells the truth my surviving relatives will be shocked.

I thank Mr. Hampton very much for the implied compliment, but must decline to yield the floor, until I get through, to any of the "Men I Have Fished With."

F. M.

A MONTH AT LAKE WINNEPISEOGEE.

BOSTON, Sept. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Report your luck," says the editor. But suppose a fellow didn't have any luck worth reporting. Report anyway how you tried and how the fish wouldn't bite, and all about it. So here is a brief story of our outing on the shores of New Hampshire's beautiful lake.

Saturday, July 22, at 4.30 P. M., saw our party unload at the little station of Spring Haven in the town of Alton, and on the west shore of Winnepiseogee, midway between Alton Bay and Lakeport. There were Mr. and Mrs. Wm. F. Seaver, of East Boston; Mrs. Smart, our Annie and Seaver's intelligent shepherd dog Jack.

Temple cottage, the summer home of the Seaver famiIr, is situated on high land overlooking the broadest part of the lake, and is as snug and cozy as one could wish. Our baggage once there, it didn't take long to get the shutters off and things straightened out for four weeks of good solid comfort, away from the noisy city and free from all business cares. Next day the cedar boat Henrietta was taken out, the fishing tackle put aboard and a good, honest endeavor made for bass. But there were no bass for us either on that trip or the next. We fished and fished—we had all kinds of tempting lures—but a regard for plain facts compels me to say that I didn't catch but two bass while I was there, and those were under 1lb. in weight. When we wanted a mess of fish, we were obliged to content ourselves with perch and horn pouts, and they were both good eating. There were plenty of bass near the gravelly bottom, but take the bait held out to them they would not. I rigged up a minnow net and got a good supply of very lively young whiting—so lively were they that they frequently took the slack line through the guides in such a fashion that I thought sure I had a bass on, but on striking I was soon undeceived. I was by no means alone in my ill luck, for campers all about had poor fishing so far as bass were concerned.

The second week was devoted to building a boat house for the Henrietta, and as my friend Seaver is a very handy man with tools, and I can drive nails reasonably well, we put up a very good-looking structure 16ft. long, 6ft. wide and same in height. Indeed, we flatter ourselves that it will compare favorably with others along shore both in architectural design and construction. Although I hadn't any particular use for them, I set up several rods complete, just to see how they would look on the brackets: not wooden pegs, mind you, as in some boat houses, but good solid iron brackets. Among them was my favorite—a hornbeam fly-rod made by the famous Amasa Ward, who many years ago built the first camps at Hell Gate Falls on the Dead Diamond River.

A handsome series of views of the camp—the big pool, the old roll dam at the head of the causeway, the falls and the starting point just above the forks—hangs over the desk at which I write this screed. Honest, faithful old rod, after ten years' service it is as good as new. Not a season has passed since my first trip up the Diamond in 1884 that I haven't used that piece of handiwork on the Diamond, the Magallaway, the Perham stream and Sandy River at Phillips, or the Auberton stream at Rediugton, and always with a feeling of intense satisfaction. But I have got off considerable distance from Lake Winnepiseogee. Of course, we kept on fishing, and when not fishing we went through the fields and pastures for berries, both blue and black, and we picked quantities. Strolls through the woods were frequent, especially during that terribly hot week, when we had a chance to find out where there cannot fail to be good shooting this fall; for, go whichever way we would, partridges were sure to scurry out from our vicinity. We heard an occasional gun too, and I am very much afraid there were poachers abroad.

But now before closing I want to propound this query to those of your readers—and there are many that I personally know—who fish at various seasons in this lake, and that is, Why is not black bass fishing better? And of course there will be various reasons advanced, one of which may be that I am not much of a fisherman, or that I don't know where to look for them. The first may be true, perhaps it is as to bass; but the second can't be, because I didn't go out after bass that I didn't see big fellows in plenty. I am inclined to the belief that the true reason is that there is so much natural food in the lake that they have no interest in anything that looks to them out of the usual course. The lake is literally full of small fish—smelt, shiners, whiting, etc.—and when the bass wants a meal all he has to do is to go into the shoal water and get it. Frequently we saw big red perch, pickerel and bass driving the little ones so hard that they threw themselves out on to the sandy beach to escape their voracious pursuers.

I would really like to hear from others on this subject. Last year, referring to my poor success, G. L. G. W. told of his excellent fishing, and I trust he repeated this year; but all I know is that they were not for me. However, we had a most enjoyable four weeks, and were really sorry to be obliged to house the boat, close the cottage and return to the city.

WM. B. SMART.

THE LAKE CLAIR.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Our season is drawing to a close. Only about three weeks of fishing remain, and already the birches and maples begin to show some red and yellow leaves and the cedar cones are turning brown. We have discontinued fishing in some waters, but in Lake Clair the trout spawn so very late that we do not scruple as yet to take all we want to eat, which in fact is all we ever do take. Trout are never wasted at our camp.

The fishing has been good all the season except for a few days in the unparalleled hot weather of July and August. Our fish never run large, as I have often told you. "Herring size" is our pattern, but this year we think they average decidedly larger than usual.

A few days ago one ouananiche of about 2lbs. weight was taken, a result of our hatching in 1892 or 1893. Its presence in this lake was accidental, as we did not purposely put any fry into it. The waters of this hatchery, however, discharge into it and some eggs were spilled from the troughs. We have accordingly reason to expect good results from the waters where fry was placed, though we so seldom visit them that so far we really know little about them. My catch last year of one of ½lb. and one of 1½lbs. would indicate that the fish were thriving.

We have had about our usual number of visitors this year, with perhaps more than the usual amount of life and gaiety. More than once has our workshop been turned into dancing room and concert hall. Our camp register is rich in contributions and decorations, and our ladies' room in ornament of painting and wood carving, especially the latter. I inclose a copy of an ode written in the register, adapted to an air familiar to many of those of us whose years now run into the sixties, "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp."

LAC CLAIR.

(Air, "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp.")

Some glacier hollowed a winding bowl
  And furrowed its rocky rim,
The springs welled up from each cranny and hole,
And down from the hills the waters stole
  And filled it up to the brim.
Then bush and tree from their burrs and cones
  Sent seeds on the moving air,
To cover with forest its rugged stones,
With branches that utter the wind harp's tones,
  And thus was made Lac Clair.

Then birds and beasts in its forest shades,
  Secure from peril or fear,
A home for their tender nurslings made,
  No hunter or fisher near.
But soon the hungry red man came
  And builded his hut on its shore;
He fed his children and dusky dame
With its swarming fish and wandering game,
  And furnished his meager store.
The white man came with his stalwart arm
  And ransacked its forests through;
Little he recked of its subtle charm,
With fire and steel he wrought it harm
  And sullied its waters blue.

Then soon the men of the city throng
  Would come to breathe its air,
And fill its forest glades with song,
  And lo! a new Lac Clair.

We have enjoyed more than usual the songs of the Canadians, of which we have had a great number and variety, and, as not always happens, people who could sing them. The many of your readers who have fished and hunted with Canadian guides know and appreciate the charm of these songs, sung around camp-fires or on canoeing trips. "En Roulant ma Boule," "A la Claire Fontaine" and many others will come to their recollection at the mere mention. We had a score of those familiar and another score or two of less known airs.

These songs are not especially Canadian, being mostly old French, with now and then some slight local adaptation. Some of them have been printed in Canada, but the majority are only known here traditionally. The Canadians have no distinctly national music. One version (I think not the best) of "A la Claire Fontaine" has been adopted as a sort of national air, and is played at concerts and the like in connection with "God Save the Queen."

At our festivities we close our entertainments with both of these and "The Star Spangled Banner" in addition, as both my brother and I are American citizens.

Both the Union Jack and Old Glory are raised and lowered morning and evening whenever either of us is present at the camp, either with or without guests.

Our greatest "function" of the season was the formal naming of our new gondola, a craft built on the premises and combining some of the features of a canoe with the capacity of a steam launch, and withal decidedly Italian in general appearance when in the water. I send you a photo of her as she now lies, hauled out for another coat of paint. The ceremonies were jovial and original without being burlesque, and took place by torch light. The faithful Nazaire was present by special invitation and naturally held a special place among the *personnel* of the camp, an honored guest.

The following evening the work-people gave him a *fête* that he will remember as long as he lives. It was in loving recognition of the qualities that kept him twenty years in our service and endeared him to everyone, though lately advancing years have shown him that he can no longer endure the fatigues and hardships inseparable from the duties of *garde forestier*. Dear old Nazaire! The tears came into his eyes when the unlettered *doyen* of our present staff, with a dignity and grace that many an orator might envy, made him a little speech.

So you see that at Lake Clair there are many pleasures besides those of catching trout. Your readers will perhaps have difficulty in locating our particular Lake Clair, for of lakes Clair, Long, Croche, Travers, à la Vase and the like there are naturally very many in this province. Ours is *the* Lake Clair.

G. DE MONTAUBAN.

QUEBEC, September, '96.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF REX.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In one of my hermitical moods, which tend to philosophical meditation, I pored over the contribution of Alice Demarest in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 8.

The article is so delightfully feminine that I should be glad to know more of the writer of it. Ordinarily I am not much interested in femininity, and have sojourned for some years a number of miles distant from any representative of that portion of my race. When in town at intervals I have noticed the undoubted better half of humanity on various occasions. I have seen it in the offices of lawyers manipulating typewriting machines, in the telegraph cages, some of it in bloomers and upon bicycles, and not long since I saw a portion of it in convention endeavoring to arouse a hurrah for universal suffrage. Indeed I have noticed a fair proportion of it all over my nearest town.

In these woods and mountains, however, women are never seen; therefore it is reasonable to presume that the fish here know nothing of them, and that they know nothing of the fish. But there are otherwheres and other fish, and there are other philosophers, such as Rex, who seems to have too much assurance.

The fair contributor to these chronicles leaves us to conjecture some several material matters. Among them the proper words to adopt in addressing her, the amount of familiarity we may venture in replying to her observations, and finally her whereabouts and the variety or varieties of fish that her one particular fisherman, Rex, discourses about. However these things be, the latter individual is peculiarly fortunate in having the former individual quote him so gracefully, and rely so implicitly upon the science which he, ah! only he, can make adorably interesting.

With all the deference allowable to her confidence and faith in Rex, in urbane language, with as much French in it as I can spare, I really must insinuate that in my opinion Rex at times articulates through his *chapeau*. This is really no disparagement to Rex, chiefly because most men when they speak about fish are inclined similarly. Yet they shouldn't do so.

Now, Alice—begging pardon—but how can I adopt a prefix that I don't know is correct, unless I say madam—and I abhor madam—I say that Rex, with all his profundity and scientific lore, knows no more about the feelings of a fish than I do. And I differ with him, and hence I write.

As to fish feeling pain, the topic has been discussed in this journal heretofore, and much has been said and much more might be said "on both sides." I think they do feel, and feel pain, and nobody knows. I will only object here to the arguments or logic of Rex, who makes me jealous by the way he has hypnotized—or that is, inspired some folks.

After admitting, forsooth, that fish are intelligent, and that they reason only from "facts and previous experiences" (by the way, that is a good start for them to reason from; I usually commence there), he hence infers that when a fish takes a fly his only idea is to get away with it. Permit me here to interpolate that it always appeared to me that when a fish took the fly, and felt the hook, he always tried to get away from it. According to Rex, "in his joyous struggle" the fish is only anxious lest the fly should get away. Let me re-insinuate that it is usually apparent that in his frantic struggle the fish is only anxious to get away from the fly. Then, Rex says, no matter how much his mouth is torn, he is always ready to renew the struggle by taking a second fly. Verily, Rex has been catching starving fish with very, very callous mouths.

After the fish that Rex catches is taken into the boat or "out of the swim," his struggles are only the result of "reflex action." The fish, according to the philosophy of Rex, feels no pain—merely an impulse to struggle, gasp, shiver and go through a series of physical contortions entirely independent of and exempt from pain or feeling. In this, as the court sometimes remarks, I fail to concur. Let Rex imagine himself going through the experience. Would he not, in all probability, be reflexibly actuated doubly automatically, with all the physical alacrity of a fish unless he got so full of water as to make him stupid and sulky?

Illustrative of reflex action, Rex explains it very neatly. He says, Alice, that if the sole of your pretty little foot (by which I confidently assume you are not of Chicago) were tickled you would withdraw it immediately, not because you felt anything, but because you couldn't help it. Hey, there, Rex—your logic will not connect unless you obliterate the word and definition of feeling entirely, substituting therefor your reflex action notion. If the pretty foot was tickled without warning or in the dark, would it not withdraw? What sense other than feeling would cause the effect? Like you, Alice, I adore science properly administered, but there is a kind of logic that fills the world with words—signifying nothing.

The wisest of our counsellors doubt the possession of their fondest acquisitions of knowledge and hesitate to claim their particles of wisdom. Indeed, man can scarcely analyze his own feelings, sentiments and emotions. How may he then, by process of reasoning, analyze the feel-

ings of others or of other animals? It is pleasant to conjecture and believe that the lower orders of animals suffer little pain, but it is dangerous ground to allege they suffer not at all. True humanity will not presume the latter possibility, but deal considerately with every living creature. Fish must be, and will be, victims, and it is well to let them fight for their lives when hooked; but they should be killed at once when taken—not left to flounder in a boat, die impaled with a barbarous stick, or suffocate in a bag or creel. A sportsman is known by some of these things, and some of them denote the instincts of the barbarian. RANSACKER.

SHASTA MOUNTAINS, California.

P. S.—In the perusal of the paper by Alice Demarest, referred to, I think I detect traces of sarcasm. I think I perceive that she does not implicitly rely upon everything Rex says; that is, as regards fish. But she expounds his dangerous doctrine. R.

THE LEHIGH VALLEY'S STOCKED WATERS.

THE Lehigh Valley Railroad Company has for the past few years, with the assistance and coöperation of the New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania State Commissioners of Fisheries, given particular attention to the stocking of rivers and streams along its line with the fry of game fish, selecting waters already noted for their excellence from the angler's point of view.

The following is a complete list of these stocked streams. If there is any preference as to locality it would seem to be that part of the Upper Susquehanna between Wysox and Falls, including such points as Wyalusing, Laceyville, Skinner's Eddy, Black Walnut, Meshoppen, Mehoopany, Vosburg and La Grange. The list gives the creek stocked, the river into which it empties, and the nearest point with railroad station:

Creek.	*River.*	*At or Near.*	*R. R. Station.*
Mulhockaway	Raritan	Clinton, N. J.	Clinton, N. J.
Bushkill	Delaware	Easton, Pa.	Easton, Pa.
Saucon	Lehigh	Freemansb'rg, Pa.	Freemansburg, Pa.
Monocacy	Lehigh	Bethlehem, Pa.	Bethlehem, Pa.
Little Lehigh	Lehigh	Allentown, Pa.	Allentown, Pa.
Jordan	Lehigh	Allentown, Pa.	Allentown, Pa.
Trout	Lehigh	Slatington, Pa.	Slatington, Pa.
Welshtown	Lehigh	Slatington, Pa.	Slatington, Pa.
Meadow Run			
Aquashicola	Lehigh	Lehigh Gap, Pa.	Lehigh Gap, Pa.
Poco Poco	Lehigh	Parryville, Pa.	Lehighton, Pa.
Lizard	Lehigh	Lizard Cr. Junct.	Lizard Creek Junct.
Nut Valley	Lehigh	Bowman's, Pa.	Bowman's, Pa.
Mahoning	Lehigh	Lehighton, Pa.	Lehighton, Pa.
Little Bear	Lehigh	Bet. M. Chunk and P. Haven.	Mauch Chunk, Pa.
Quaker	Lehigh	Penn Haven Junc.	Penn Haven Junct'n.
Stony	Lehigh	Stony Creek, Pa.	Stony Creek, Pa.
Drake's	Lehigh	Drake's Creek, Pa.	Drake's Creek, Pa.
Mud Run	Lehigh	Mud Run, Pa.	Mud Run, Pa.
Hickory Run	Lehigh	Hickory Run, Pa.	Hickory Run, Pa.
Little Hays	Lehigh	Near Tannery	Tannery, Pa.
Big Bear	Lehigh	White Haven, Pa.	White Haven, Pa.
Pine Run	Lehigh	White Haven, Pa.	White Haven, Pa.
Nescopec	Susquehe'na.	Nescopec, Pa.	White Haven, Pa.
Tobyhanna	Lehigh	White Haven, Pa.	White Haven, Pa.
Tunkhanna			
Big Wapwallopen	Susquehe'na.	Wapwallopen, Pa.	Glen Summit, Pa.
Pike's	Susquehe'na.	Nanticoke, Pa.	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Toby's	Susquehe'na.	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Stout's	Susquehe'na.	Ransom, Pa.	Ransom, Pa.
Ransom	Susquehe'na.	Ransom, Pa.	Ransom, Pa.
Falls	Susquehe'na.	Falls, Pa.	Falls, Pa.
Bowman's	Susquehe'na.	Tunkhannock, Pa.	Tunkhannock, Pa.
Mehoopany	Susquehe'na.	Mehoopany, Pa.	Mehoopany, Pa.
Meshoppen	Susquehe'na.	Meshoppen, Pa.	Meshoppen, Pa.
Tuscarora	Susquehe'na.	Skin'er's Eddy, Pa.	Skinner's Eddy, Pa.
Sugar Run	Susquehe'na.	Wyalusing, Pa.	Wyalusing, Pa.
Wyalusing	Susquehe'na.	Wyalusing, Pa.	Wyalusing, Pa.
Rummerfield	Susquehe'na.	Rummerfield, Pa.	Rummerfield, Pa.
Myersburg, Burell, Little Wysox	Susquehe'na.	Wysox, Pa.	Wysox, Pa.
Satterlee	Towanda	Monroeton, Pa.	Monroeton, Pa.
So. Branch	Towanda	So. Branch	So. Branch, Pa.
Feeders of Loyal Sock	Loyal Sock		Satterfield, Pa.
Birch	Loyal Sock	Bernice, Pa.	Bernice, Pa.
Lopez, Loyal Sock, Pigeon and Sauter; Rock Run and Sherman Run	Susquehe'na.	Montoursville, Pa.	Lopez, Pa.
Painter Den Run, South Brook and Wolf Run	Loyal Sock		Newell, Pa.
Two Streams, headwaters of Mehoopany	Mehoopany		Ricketts, Pa.

THE McCLOUD RIVER.

BAIRD, Shasta County, Cal., Sept. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the excellent article recently contributed to FOREST AND STREAM by Ransacker, under the above heading, I noticed one or two slight errors which I am sure that Ransacker will be glad to have corrected.

The Indians' name for the McCloud is pronounced by them more like "Winni-mame" than "Winne-mim," as Ransacker gives it; and it does not mean Clear Water, but the Middle Water.

As Ransacker says, the Pit River, the McCloud River and the Little Sacramento were named on the early maps of California the East Fork, the Middle Fork and the West Fork. The Indian names for these streams are very similar, practically almost identical—their name for Pit River being Poo-ee-mame, or East Water; for the McCloud, Winni-mame, or Middle Water; and for the Little Sacramento, Numpty-mame, or West Water. So, after all, it will be seen that the Indian name, Winni-mame, which Ransacker recommends so strongly for the McCloud, is not much more romantic than its English name, McCloud.

I think I may take exception also to Ransacker's wholesale condemnation of the catfish. Anyone who has had more than a very limited experience with the catfish knows that in many waters they are considered, as they really are, a very palatable and valuable fish. In the great city of Philadelphia, for instance, there is no more valued fresh-water fish than the catfish, and no one more in demand.

The following paragraph appears in Ransacker's article: "About twenty-five years ago, or in 1871, the Government established a trout hatchery on the Winne-mim (or St. Cloud), and later a salmon hatchery. Some years ago the trout hatchery was abandoned, having fulfilled its mission, and the State having gone into the business on the Sacramento. Now only salmon eggs are taken on the Winne-mim."

The facts in regard to the matter are that the salmon hatchery was established on the McCloud by the writer in 1872. It was not till 1879 that there was any trout hatchery on the McCloud. The salmon breeding station has been maintained by the Fish Commission continuously since its inception in 1872, except that for four years, from 1884 to 1888, no active work was done in collecting eggs.

Ransacker makes another mistake in saying that salmon eggs are taken here early in August. They are not collected till the last part of August.

Several paragraphs in Ransacker's article are devoted to establishing the proposition that "Such an establishment (as Baird Station) conducted by this Government should incubate many times 600,000 salmon eggs."

I need reply to this only by saying that Ransacker was away off in making this statement, for the output of this station was 10,000,000 salmon eggs, instead of 600,000, as he has it.

As the writer founded this station originally, and has had charge of it nearly twenty-five years, he may possibly be pardoned for being a little over-sensitive in regard to printed misstatements about the place, and Ransacker will doubtless accept this article in the kindly spirit in which it is written. LIVINGSTON STONE.

Sept. 1.—The salmon spawning season here has opened with a larger take of eggs than has ever been known at this station during the month of August, viz.: 1,477,400. This is unquestionably due to the successful work that has been done at this station by the U. S. Fish Commission in the last few years in the artificial hatching of salmon eggs. LIVINGSTON STONE,
in charge, U. S. Reservation, Baird, Cal.

A RANGELEY LANDLOCKED SALMON.

BOSTON, Sept. 12.—Col. D. W. Farquhar, of the staff of the late Gov. Greenhalge, is much of a lover of fly-fishing. He had a piece of delightful sport at Rangeley Lake the other day, and all the better because it was unexpected. His family had been summering at the Mountain View, Rangeley Lake. He was called down there by the illness of his little boy. Fortunately he found the little fellow better. Borrowing a 5½oz. split-bamboo of a friend, with a small line and a few flies, tied on No. 8 hooks, he had a guide row him down to Smith's Cove. There he found a friend who had been fishing, but was just on his way to South Bog Stream. Mr. Farquhar asked his friend where he should fish. His friend suggested just beyond the lilypads, near the shore, where he had just taken a few good trout. The first cast Mr. Farquhar made he hooked a handsome trout, and soon had him in the net. The second cast, made as for trout, clearing the line with the left hand, the flies went out about 40ft. There was a mighty swirl, but the strike was too quick, and the fish was not hooked. Again Mr. Farquhar cast, dropping the fly, a yellow hackle, exactly on the same spot as before. There was a big splash, and the fish was hooked. The next instant the fellow was out of the water full length and Mr. Farquhar was greatly excited. The guide called out: "Salmon! salmon! Look out!" The fight was a masterly one, the salmon taking every tactic known to that most gamy fish; leaping free from the water and then sulking toward the bottom. The little rod, under skillful management, was master of the situation. The guide evidently knew his business, and caught every inch that would bring the boat out into clear water. The fight lasted over three-quarters of an hour, when Mr. Farquhar was victorious, with a 6½lb. landlocked salmon in the boat, landed on a hook the bend of which was scarcely more than ¼in., and a 5½oz. rod. Mr. Farquhar says the strike, the leaping and the runs were all perfection, such as the landlocked salmon alone can give. He freely acknowledged that he was excited, knowing what his rigging was, and seeing what the fish was doing, but the excitement gave him the forethought and skill that is a part of the expert fly-fisherman's action. Justly proud of his achievement, he is showing the little hook and fly—much worn and frayed—to his friends. He has purchased a tract of shore land at Hunter's Cove, Rangeley Lake, and will immediately build a cottage there. Fortunately for sportsmen, land can be purchased on the shores of a part of Rangeley Lake, but everywhere else on the Rangeleys camp lots can only be had by lease.

Sept. 12.—Mr. L. O. Crane, who with his wife and father went down to Round Mountain Lake in July, has made a much longer stay than he anticipated. The other day Mr. Crane wrote his father: "The fishing is fine, and trout from 1lb. to 1½lbs. are taking the fly freely. I took nine yesterday morning in an hour and a half, and after 3 o'clock we took fifteen, all with the fly. We do not bring in all we catch, for we cannot eat them, and put back many trout every time we are out of from 1lb. to 1½lbs. in weight." Mr. Crane believes that the partridge shooting will be good in that vicinity in the open season. He saw them at almost every trip through the roads and old lumber roads.

Mr. Charles L. Bly has just returned from Round Mountain Lake, where he has been for several weeks. At the camps are Mr. Julius Wolf, of Colorado, and Mr. Hugo Kiefin. This is Mr. Kiefin's first trip to Maine, and he likes it so well that he will stay till Oct. 1, possibly later. Mr. H. W. Smalley and Mr. R. S. Harvey were also guests there. Mr. Harvey has been to nearly every camp in the Dead River Region, as well as Kennebago. Mr. W. S. Eaton, with his family of six, was to go in to Round Mountain on the 12th. Mr. J. N. George is going in on the 19th, with his family, for a three weeks' stay. Mr. George was at Round Mountain on the first of July, and was so pleased that he determined to come in the fall with his family.

The Scordon Club is another shooting club, formed of eight Boston sportsmen. They have a lease or have purchased a large tract of land at Scordon, on the Cape, and have erected a club house, with boat houses and guides' quarters. They have an ideal spot for shooting, including a good tract of marshes, where the flights of birds past the Cape most naturally stop. Their upland is also well adapted to grouse and quail. A year ago they put out several dozen quail and they believe that the birds have done well. Mr. A. L. Finney, one of the earnest members of the club and a great lover of quail shooting, was down the other day, and in driving along the road in the vicinity of the club house he started several broods of quail. The members of the club have strong hopes of good shooting in due season.

Never have the plans for fall shooting been more marked among Boston sportsmen than at the present time. A great many men will go to Maine as soon as the open season on moose and deer begins. Many will go to Aroostook, with points along the Aroostook Railroad already selected. Guides are engaged, and the slaughter of moose and deer will be great again. Others will wait for the first snows. The feeling is general to seek the more distant and inaccessible spots and to avoid the resorts that have been too much boomed in the papers. SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Grayling and Trout.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 11.—Mr. F. L. Bridgman, of Chicago, is just back from a fishing trip in the southern peninsula of Michigan, where he had very good fortune. He fished the Au Sable, below Grayling, doing all his work within fourteen miles, or as far as Wakeley's Bridge. In a day and a half to his own rod he took seventy-five trout, some very fine ones, and says he saw thousands of trout in the stream. He was also so lucky as to take two grayling, one a very fine specimen of 14in., which he kindly brought to me at the FOREST AND STREAM office, and which I am having preserved, so that I can look at it and make myself feel bad all winter. Unless Mr. Bridgman caught the last grayling there was, I shall need one of my own next summer.

It would seem that the trout have taken the Au Sable, and that the grayling is doomed in the last of the great grayling streams. Yet it is possible even to-day to get a grayling if one be well posted. Mr. Bridgman told me that during his visit a man went over to the South Branch of the Au Sable and in one day took nine grayling that weighed 8lbs. He said that the grayling were still abundant there. Always just a "little further on."

A Chicago-Wisconsin Fish Story.

Mr. Frank K. Dunn, of Logan & Co., Chicago, fishing from an anchored boat on Tenderfoot Lake, Wis., west of State Line, this month caught, in the time of fifty-five minutes from the time the anchor was dropped, and with twenty-one consecutive casts, twenty black bass, smallmouths, an average of one each two and two-thirds minutes. Mr. Dunn did not spit on the bait or use other unfair means of angling.

Bass Fishing on the Johnson.

Mr. Will R. Post, of Detroit, owner of the beautiful yacht Queen Anne, writes to his friend, Mr. C. W. Stansell, of Chicago, and invites him to join the party for a two weeks' bass fishing trip on the Johnson Channel, St. Clair Flats, they two then and there to decide who is the only and absolute boss fisherman for the Flats, on which honor they both claim a tie. Mr. Post is so good as to include in his invitation also Mr. W. P. Mussey, of this city, and myself, and it is rather discomforting to have to send regrets. I couldn't have a bit of fun in this country if I was turned loose for a few years.

Wishininne and Others.

Members of the Wishininne Club, of Chicago, meet in a little dinner to-day, and bid good-bye to several members who start this week to State Line, Wis., for a fishing trip. Mr. W. L. Wells, Dr. A. M. Fuller, Mr. Cleveland and one or two others of this city go together, and may be joined later by others. The fishing now is excellent in waters adjoining that point, more especially the bass fishing, though a number of good 'lunge have recently been taken.

Bass in Indiana.

Dr. B. W. Hollenbeck, of Westville, Ind., with whom I discovered the source of the Calumet River last summer, called at this office, and reports the big-mouth bass as taking the frog in an engaging and enthusiastic fashion in the waters of that region.

A Large Rock Bass.

Mr. Jos. Irwin, of Little Rock, Ark., speaks of taking on a recent fishing trip on a lake of the Arkansas Valley "a beautiful rock bass, or bar fish, as it is called in this country, weighing 3lbs." E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

An Extraordinary Catch.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 10.—It was the first muster of the Naval Post after the arrival home of the delegates and visitors to the thirtieth national encampment of the G. A. R. at St. Paul, Minn.

After the close of the Post the returned visitors were entertaining the stay-at-homes with incidents of the trip. The Senior Vice-Commander told of seeing a big-mouth black bass caught in Bear Lake weighing 38lbs. The Aid-de-Camp switched off the encampment trip on to the big fish side line with the story of catching a jewfish on the South American coast weighing 600lbs., when the Inside Sentinel, who by the way is an Irishman, chipped in with: "When I was out on the west coast of Africa we caught a castor oil whale." A chorus of voices all in the rising inflection: "A castor oil whale!" "Yes," said the Inside Sentinel, "where do you think castor oil comes from? And we took 188 barrels of castor oil out of him." And a solemn silence settled down over the group that you might have thrust a marline spike into and it would have stayed there. VETERAN.

Politics and Dynamite.

SHELDON, Vt., Sept. 10.—Large catches of black bass are made in the Missisquoi River and in the waters of Silver and Crystal (Dream) lakes. After a long fight Mr. Leach has succeeded in having one Hugh Green convicted and fined for using dynamite in Crystal Lake. The fine was $100 and the costs at least another $100 or over, making the whole amount about $225. Green is a local politician of some repute and brought every influence possible to escape the conviction—but he has learned a lesson. The mills of the Vermont Fish and Game League grind surely if slowly. STANSTEAD.

Munising Bay.

MR. A. ST. JOHN NEWBERRY, who described Munising Bay in our issue of Aug. 22, writes: "Have just returned from a second trip to these waters. On Monday, Aug. 24, between 2:30 and 5 P. M., I took twelve trout weighing 13lbs. All taken on the fly—coachman, silver-doctor and Montreal; No. 3 hooks."

NIAGARA COUNTY ANGLERS' CLUB.

LOCKPORT, Sept. 11.—The Niagara County Anglers' Club had such poor success last spring in their tournament at Youngstown that they decided to have another trial of their fortunes with the black bass. Accordingly a committee was appointed and arrangements made for a day's fishing on the Niagara River near La Salle. Fifty members of the club took the 7 o'clock train yesterday morning for the rendezvous, resolved to accomplish great things piscatorially.

When the fishermen reached Tonawanda an electric car was in waiting which conveyed them to La Salle, where boats and bait had been prepared. Each boat was numbered and on the train the fishermen drew to see which boats they would occupy.

J. Frank Smith, one of the party, who is a Republican, drew No. 16, but by mistake got in boat No. 1. The fishermen have since been addressing him as 16 to 1.

Twenty of the fishermen tried their luck in Canadian water and the remaining twenty-six fished on the American side. A steamer visited the fishermen every two hours, supplying them with bait and lunch, and at 6 o'clock the small boats were towed to La Salle, where an excellent fish chowder was in waiting. Tables had been set in the long boat house of Jos. Mang.

The sportsmen returned to La Salle by the electric cars and caught the Erie train to this city, arriving at 9:10, well satisfied with the day's outing. There were many amusing incidents of the occasion. Jake Fisher felt a heavy bite at his hook and was nearly pulled from the boat. He called for assistance and the steamer arrived in time to lend a crew, which assisted in landing a 12lb. mullet. John A. Merritt was not as successful a fisherman as a politician, as he only secured one black bass. The following is the individual catch as recorded by Secretary F. K. Sweet; the bass, unless otherwise designated, are black bass:

F. K. Sweet, 6 bass; George W. Batten, 1 bass; W. R. Hoag, 6 bass, 3 rock bass; Charles Warren, 4 bass; John Wilson, 3 bass, 1 perch; Frank Reynolds, 2 bites; Charles Whitmore, 1 bass; E. Carey, 1 bass, 1 perch, 2 rock bass; John Craddock, 1 yellow pike; W. W. Steele, 1 perch, 1 rock bass; Cris Wolf, 3 bass; J. T. Davison, a collection consisting of about 400 of the following: clams, tadpoles, beetles, perch, rock bass, dogfish, bullheads, leeches, sunfish, snakes and crabs; A. H. Stevens, 2 bass; Fred Williams, 3 bass; W. B. Ryder, 1 bass, 1 perch; E. J. Emerforpher, 3 bass, 1 perch, 1 rock bass, 1 sheepshead, 1 sunfish; J. E. Emerson, 1 bass, 1 yellow pike, 2 rock bass, 2 catfish; O. D. Prudden, 5 bass; J. F. Davis, 12 bass; A. L. Smith, 12 bass, 1 blue pike; La Barr, nothing; J. Frank Smith, nit; James Carter, 3 bass, 3 perch; L. H. Sureman, 3 bass, 2 rock bass; D. E. Broug, no fish; T. H. van Horn, 2 fish; Bert Furgason, 6 bass; D. G. McKim, 0; W. J. Jackman, 3 bass, 1 yellow pike, 1 perch, 1 rock bass; John A Merritt, 1 bass; Jake Fisher, 2 bass, 1 sucker; W. R. Smith, not worth mention; F. B. Lewis, 7 bass, 2 rock bass; David Millar, 1 bass; F. N. Trevor, 2 bass, 2 rock bass, 1 blue pike, 1 perch; W. E. Huston, 7 bass, 2 rock bass.

M. H. HOOVER.

Senator Quay's Tarpon.

"I HAVE not been so near death since the war," said Senator Quay yesterday at the Walton, "as I was last week after catching that 263lb. tarpon off the Florida coast,"

"How is that?" asked Senator Penrose, who, with Judge Durham, ex-Sheriff Connell, Senator Thomas, and a number of other anti-combine leaders, had gathered to discuss politics.

"It was this way," said Senator Quay, with his quiet smile. "I hooked the tarpon and made ready for a long struggle to land him. Curiously enough, he did not adopt the usual tactics of running to sea, but began a series of somersaults out of the water. He jumped about fifteen times, sometimes going up twelve feet. In five minutes he had quit, and I pulled him alongside the boat, where he lay quietly. Then I noticed that I had a very poor hold on him with the hook, and the boatman jabbed his gaff hook into him. Immediately he resumed activity as he was hauled aboard. We were in a little fourteen-foot skiff, and the tarpon at once took possession. He jumped up and down at a furious rate, knocked me over, and nearly broke my leg; then he jumped up and hit the gunwale of the boat and tipped it over until the water poured in. If it had not happened that at the same time he knocked the boatman down, who fell on the other edge of the boat and partially righted it, we should have all been in the water.

"The tide was running out very fast, and if we had turned over the boat would have drifted to sea, and we should have certainly drowned. I was never so near death since the war. I got to one end of the boat and managed to right it, but the tarpon kept jumping up and down and we expected him to break the boat in two. Fortunately he got caught under the seats, which confined him, but his struggles continued, and I thought he would certainly break the seats and capsize the boat. Fortunately he died too soon for this. All this happened in a short time, but they were anxious moments, and I am free to say that I was never so scared in my life."

"Then you went home, I suppose," remarked Senator Thomas.

"No," said Senator Quay, with a quiet smile. "We started for another tarpon."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Cayuga Lake Fishing.

ITHACA, N. Y., Sept. 12.—Exceedingly fine perch fishing has lately been enjoyed by local anglers at the Ithaca end of Cayuga Lake. Strings of from twenty-five to fifty are taken frequently during a few hours' fishing. The perch are of exceptionally large size. Rock bass and pickerel are also caught in goodly numbers, and with the advent of cooler weather the angling for them will grow still more elating.

The black bass fishing has scarcely been up to the average.

Messrs. Willson, Selkreg and Kinney, anglers all, have gone to Redwood, and will report in due time.

M. CHILL.

Bass in Millsite Lake.

LOCKPORT, N. Y.—My better half (who is also the better angler) called my attention to J. H. S.'s notes on bass in Butterfield Lake. In that lake my wife is particularly interested, as it was there that she took her first lessons in angling from the veteran angler H. H. Thompson. This was in 1852. At that time Mr. Thompson often visited the many lakes in that vicinity with my oldest brother, Dr. James Davidson, but he seldom took any one of the fairer sex to these places; and in showing his gallantry to a stranger he found one whose taste for angling was in keeping with his own and in whom he found an apt pupil indeed. So apt was she that during a shower, while he was holding an umbrella over her, she hooked and landed a 3lb. black bass, for which he dubbed her "the completest angler."

Besides black bass, Millsite Lake once contained salmon or lake trout. About 1850 I remember weighing one that weighed 42½lbs. It had been speared (I am sorry to say) by one Schuyler Soper. While hunting the wary ruffed grouse around the shores of the lake I have seen in its clear waters, from the high rocks above, fish that must have weighed more than 20lbs. J. L. D.

Outings Near Home.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now, I have been enjoying (oh! how much!) the many good things from other pens in dear old FOREST AND STREAM for a long time, and have not even tried to add my poor mite, as far as you know; but the truth is I have many times thought of making an attempt to tell of some of my little outings for game and fish, and above all for health and pleasure, and then I would recall the many splendid outings splendidly portrayed which I had read from week to week in your journal, and it would take all the "starch" out of me and my pencil would refuse to move. Between you and me, I did have many quiet little tramps last fall—mostly alone—and gathered in a few of the brown denizens of the shaded and dense covers; and during the past spring I brought to basket more than the usual number of trout, one of which I judged would have weighed 1lb.; another fisherman said 1¼lbs. I did not bring it home, but sent it to a sick friend, or I should have weighed it; it was certainly the largest trout I ever caught in this locality, and maybe I wasn't proud! But you know my little stories of the bagging of a few partridges, quail or woodcock, or the catching of a few trout, would seem so small beside the achievements of many others that I had not the courage to present them in due season. But, my dear Mr. Editor, if you or some other man will get up a contrivance whereby we can measure our enjoyment in these things—something like the cyclometer they use on wheels to measure distance—I shall be ready to compare results with the most of my brother sportsmen, for I know I have much real pleasure in getting the few birds and fish I bring to my table. How would it do to advertise for such a machine? It would beat Edison's inventions "out of sight." But alas! every man has to measure his own pleasure in this world and hope for the next. A. S. C.

CONNECTICUT.

Salt-Water Fishing Near New York.

SALT-WATER fishing in the vicinity of New York has improved considerably within the past week or two. Few bluefish or weakfish are caught, but sand porgies and snappers are very numerous. On the south shore of Staten Island, near Prince's Bay, one can catch a good mess of either of these fish in a few hours. They are also running well in Jamaica Bay, but small messes only are caught in Sheepshead Bay.

Sea bass and blackfish have begun to bite in the vicinity of Sheepshead, and last week several good catches were brought in from the "stone pile." This is a pile of rocks lying off the Oriental Hotel on Manhattan Beach, and can be reached by row or sailboat from Sheepshead Bay. The heavy swells make fishing extremely uncomfortable for some people here, and it is also dangerous on a stormy day.

A few striped bass can also be picked up by trolling in this vicinity, but they are scarce. One weighing 12lbs. was caught here last week, but most of them are smaller. Blood worms is the favorite bait for striped bass. G. F. D.

A Corrector Corrected.

HERE is a shooting story from the West Highlands of Scotland. A party of gentlemen had just set out for a day's sport when Mr. B., the lessee, found occasion to send the head keeper back with a message to the house. On the latter's return he mentioned that the "Miss B's" had told him to say so-and-so. "That's wrong, Donald," intrusively remarked a glib-tongued youthful member of the party; "you ought to say 'the Misses B.'" Donald made no reply, but he had his revenge later in the day. His censor was an indifferent shot, and having fired twice at a covey of birds without causing any damage, he exclaimed, "A miss, by Jove!" "That's wrang," shouted the keeper at the top of his voice; "it oucht to be 'misses!'"—*Westminster Gazette.*

Round Mountain Lake.

EUSTIS, Me., Sept. 6.—I have been here six weeks and cannot say enough in praise of the place after a fruitless search for fly-fishing in the Adirondacks for the last six years. Any one who understands fly-fishing can take from twenty-five to fifty trout a day here that will run from ¼lb. to 1½lbs. in size; and in my opinion that ought to satisfy most people. L. O. CRANE.

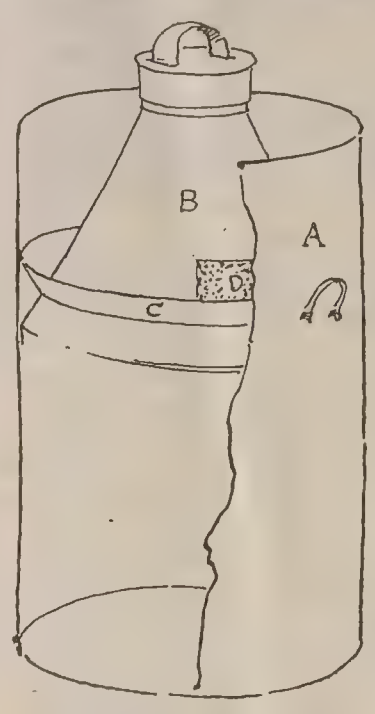
ROBINSON—"Did you hear about Travers? He went fishing the other day, and an hour afterward his hat was seen floating down the stream just below where he'd been." Jagway—"You don't say. Heavens! where was Travers?" Robinson—"He was trying to fish it out with his pole."—*Harlem Life.*

REPORT YOUR LUCK
With Rod or Gun
To FOREST AND STREAM,
New York City.

Fisciculture.

Can for Carrying Fish Fry.

PLYMOUTH, Mass., Sept. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I give a cut and description of an improved fish can used at the Nook Hatchery of the Plymouth Rock Trout Co., Plymouth, Mass. An ordinary galvanized iron ash barrel, A, with smooth interior, is fitted with a tin cone, B, carefully soldered in. A short distance above the lower edge of the tin cone is soldered securely a rim also of tin, C, and just above this are three openings in the cone covered with fine strainer, one of which is shown at D. The can is filled with water to about the level of the strainer, D, and in the space between A and B is put chopped ice, as much as needed. As the ice melts, the water runs through the strainers into the can and a low temperature is thus obtained. We have given the above can, which is of our own designing, a thorough trial during some very hot weather and find it has many advantages over anything we have seen. No separate receptacle is required for the ice; the ice cannot come in contact with the fish and bruise them; we get the combined advantage of a conical top and refrigerator can without the bad features of many of them, and in pouring the water for purpose of aeration you may have the whole top to pour into and so avoid all spilling. A covering of felt, held in place by some poultry netting stretched tightly around it, makes a most complete protection during hot weather.



Our idea is not patented, the cans may be fitted up at any tinsmith's, and many neighboring fishculturists have adopted them and are well pleased with the result.

By means of rubber tubes extending a few inches below the water and connected at the other end with a foot bellows, air is supplied the fish as often as necessary, and when transporting a lot of fish we sometimes successfully aerate six or more cans at once. C. C. WOOD, Supt.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 22 to 24.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual dog show, Milwaukee. Louis Steffen, Sec'y.

Sept. 22 to 25.—Queens County Agricultural Society's bench show, Mineola L. I. J. Mortimer, Manager, Hempstead, L. I.

Sept. 23 to 26.—Stockton Fair Association's bench show, Stockton, Cal. D. J. Sinclair, Sec'y.

Oct. 6 to 8.—Danbury Agricultural Society's show, Danbuy, Conn. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y.

Dec. 1 to 4.—City of the Straits Kennel Club's local show, Detriot, Mich. R. H. Roberts, Sec'y.

Dec. 8 to 11.—Augusta, Ga.—Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association. J. W. Killingsworth, Sec'y.

Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 19.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual hound trials, Barre, Mass. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y, Roxbury, Mass.

Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—Natioonal Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.

Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.

Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.

Nov. 2.—Union Field Trial Club's inaugural trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 10.—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.

Nov. 10.—Leamington, Ont.—Peninsular Field Trial Club, Leamington, Ont.

Nov. 10.—Greene County, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's trials. L. O. Seidel, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—National Fox Hunting Association's third annual trials, Bardstown, Ky. F. J. Hagan, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.

Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y, Huntsville, Ala.

COURSING.

Sept. 22.—Cheyenne Valley Coursing Club's meeting, Sheldon, S. D, Dr. J. P. Aylen, Pres.

Sept. 29.—Aberdeen Coursing Club's annual meeting, Aberdeen, S. D. Dr. F. W. Haragan, Sec'y.

Oct. 6.—Mitchell Coursing Club's meeting, Mitchell, S. D. H. G. Nichols, Sec'y.

Oct. 21.—Altcar Coursing Club's meeting, Great Bend, Kan. T. W. Bartels, Sec'y.

Oct. 28.—Kenmore Coursing Club's annual meeting, Herrington, Kan. C. A. Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 13.—American Coursing Club's annual meeting, Huron, S. D F. B. Coyne, Sec'y.

1897.

Jan. —.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Jan. 18.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

C. F. T. C.'S CHICKEN TRIALS.

THERE was neither the interest nor the support in respect to the Continental Field Trial Club's trials on chickens which the club has cause for expecting, considering the success of the trials last year, the great region which is the habitat of the chicken, and the vast number of shooters, owners of dogs, who reside therein. The club was a loser to the extent of several hundred dollars, another lesson in the erroneous financial system which has worked so much harm in the past by discouraging members who have to make good a club deficit, and making other sportsmen hold aloof from club responsibility. There is no reason why any club should guarantee fixed prizes, since it is not a money-making concern, nor can it make money. The sweepstake plan is the only sound one, and the only one which does not make club membership synonymous with an assessment sooner or later.

Mr. W. S. Bell, of Pittsburg, Pa., judged throughout.

There was a light attendance of sportsmen, much less in number than what was anticipated. From St. Paul there were Paul H. Gotzian, S. A. Smart (general baggage agent of the N. P. R. R.), Dr. L. C. Bacon and C. R. Wilkinson; from Toledo, O., came Prof. Edm. H. Osthaus and A. P. Draper; from Chicago, J. H. Robbins and T. A. Thompson. There were Dr. W. M. Evans, St. Louis, Minn.; Robert Alexander, Herman, Minn.; A. Chapin, St. Thomas, Minn., and E. K. Cavalier, Pembina, Dak.; Thos. Johnson and Mr. Reed, Winnipeg, and others.

The trials were run at Kennedy, Minn., on the Great Northern R. R., about thirty miles from the Canadian and United States line. The running began on Monday, Sept. 7.

The Derby.

There were but five starters, and the quality of the work done was of a commonplace character; the grounds were in part unfavorable and in part favorable.

This stake was for setters and pointers whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1895. First prize, $125; second, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50. Entrance, $10; $5 additional payable July 15, and $5 to start.

The dogs were drawn to run as follows:

S. P. Jones's b., w. and t. setter dog Hurstbourne Zip (Tony Boy—Dimple), D. E. Rose, handler, with Del Monte Kennels' b. and w. pointer dog Tick's Kid (Tick Boy—Lulu K.), C. Barker, handler.

H. Ames's b., w. and t. setter bitch Guenn (Blue Ridge Mark—Lou R.), D. E. Rose, handler, with Del Monte Kennels' l. and w. pointer dog Tony Works (Tick Boy—Lulu K.), C. Barker, handler.

H. Ames's b., w. and t. setter bitch Christina (Blue Ridge Mark—Lou R.), C. Barker, handler.

The winners are: First, Hurstbourne Zip; second, Christina; third, Guenn; fourth, Tony Works.

Monday.

The weather was clear, warm and pleasant.

First Round.

HURSTBOURNE ZIP AND TICK'S KID began at 8:44 and were run about 5 minutes when they were taken up and taken to other and better ground, that at the start being covered with heavy grass and was unfavorable for chickens. The heat was resumed at 9 and ended 24 minutes later. Zip had the better of the competition in every respect—range, speed, style and work on birds. A bevy was marked down and Zip secured three points on the scattered birds, Rose shooting over the last one and Kid chased. Kid was lame in front, though he ran gamely nevertheless. Mr. Barker explained that the dog was crippled from rheumatism.

GUENN AND TONY WORKS started at 9:47. Tony did some very erroneous work on a bevy, flushing twice under favorable conditions for pointing, stopping to order on the remaining birds. The birds were followed, but no good work was secured. They ranged middling well at fair speed, though with ordinary judgment.

CHRISTINA, the bye, was started at 10:41 and ran alone 38m. Christina located and pointed a bevy prettily. Sent after the scattered birds, she wheeled to a point on a single at the moment it flushed. Sent on, she pointed the rest of the bevy nicely. Next she caught a wounded bird. Another good point on a single bird ended the point work. She showed a middling good range and fair judgment Her point work was commendably good in the worst hours of the day for it.

Second Round.

Four dogs were kept in the second series. The party took lunch in town. The afternoon work was done on the east side of town, where there was little good going for the dogs, the grass being heavy, and where birds were scarce, few being found. The afternoon work was decidedly inferior.

HURSTBOURNE ZIP AND TONY WORKS were started at 4:20. Zip immediately took the lead in ranging and held it through the first part of the heat. Tony at times trailed after Zip. The latter was first to make game and was roading to a point when the bird flushed. Toward the close of the heat the dogs were ordered up and led on chain to more favorable ground and were started again in a few minutes, though what with leading and dodging about standing grain nothing was accomplished. About twenty minutes before the heat ended Zip showed strong signs of having had enough, and was beating out his ground close in front of his handler. Tony was maintaining his range and pace well, though they were inferior to Zip's in the previous part of the heat. Up at 5:25.

CHRISTINA AND GUENN began at 5:32. Guenn was stopped to a flush. Guenn pointed on the footscent of some birds flushed by the handler, then she flushed one; then went on and pointed a bevy. Up at 5:50. Their range was narrow and they beat out their ground with little regard to taking advantage of it. It was a commonplace exhibition on the whole.

The Derby running was suspended and two heats in the All-Aged stake were run next.

Tuesday.

The morning was beautifully calm and pleasant, but gradually the sky became overcast till at noon the temperature was much lower, though not uncomfortably cool, and a storm threatened. The Derby was continued.

HURSTBOURNE ZIP AND CHRISTINA ran 36 minutes without finding, the heat beginning at 8:11 west of town. The grounds seemed favorable for birds, but it was clear that they were very scarce and that the dogs were not at all to blame for the lack of finding. Both dogs ranged faultily, both returning frequently to their handler for orders and beating out a moderate range in an erratic manner.

This heat finished the Derby competition.

The stake was so flat and meager in detail, and the class of work so decidedly inferior, that extended comment on the dogs is unnecessary. There was not a heat which could be called good ordinary, for while recognizing the fact that birds were very scarce, the work done on such birds as were found was very faulty.

The All-Aged Stake.

This stake had seven starters, drawn to run in the following order:

——— ———'s b., w. and t. setter dog Noble Leo (Count Leo—Minnie T.), N. B. Nesbitt, handler, with T. T. Ashford's l. and w. pointer dog Von Gull (Kent Elgin—Fannie Croxteth), D. E. Rose, handler.

Manchester Kennel Co.'s b., w. and t. setter bitch Gleam's Ruth (Count Gladstone IV.—Gleam's Maid), N. B. Nesbitt, handler, with Blue Ridge Kennels' b., w. and t. setter dog Domino (Antonio—Ruby's Girl II.), D. E. Rose, handler.

N. P. DePauw's l. and w. pointer bitch Sister Sue (Jingo—Rooney Croxteth), N. B. Nesbitt, handler, with ——— ———'s setter Greenway (Columbus—Maud á Rose), D E Rose, handler.

Del Monte Kennels' b., w. and t. setter dog Sam T. (Luke Roy—Bettie B.), C. Barker, handler.

There were four prizes: $125 to first, $100 to second, $75 to third, $50 to fourth; $10 entrance, $10 additional to start.

First was awarded to Von Gull, a pointer of excellent performance, a worthy son of his illustrious sire. He carries a high nose, which he uses with constant industry, and locates and points his birds with admirable precision. His style is spirited, and on point it is all that one could desire, he carrying his head and tail high in a graceful attitude. His range was conducted with speed, desirable width and judgment.

As for the work of the others there is little to add to what is said in the report of the heats.

Monday.

First Round.

NOBLE LEO AND VON GULL began at 5:53 and were worked toward some scattered birds. Von Gull soon pointed a single nicely, and Leo joined in the point; both were steady to shot. Von wheeled nicely to a point, and hearing one of the handler's whistles moved on and flushed it. Next he made a flush, and soon afterward made a point or flush, it was difficult to determine which; next he made a flush, then another down wind, then a slack point on a single. He seemed careless in his work, though searching for birds industriously and using his nose constantly. The conditions for good work were not of the best, but his work was far inferior to the opportunities. Leo loafed a good deal till near the close of the heat, when he ranged out and worked up well, doing nothing, however, to redeem his previous poor showing. Up at 6:28.

GLEAM'S RUTH AND DOMINO began at 6:28 and ran till about 7, doing nothing on birds, though both worked industriously. Domino much the wider ranger, Ruth waddling in range, though working prettily. This heat closed the day's work.

Tuesday.

SISTER SUE AND GREENWAY were cast off at 9. Sue had a good opportunity to display her powers on point work among birds, but flushed two or three times in succession, doing some very inferior work. She ranged wide, as did Greenway; but they kept together most of the time, neither working independently.

SAM T. was cast off at 9:45 and ran till 10:26 without finding. His range was very faulty, for though making long casts in the early part of the heat, he often came back on the same ground he ran out on, and left large tracts untouched. Toward the latter part of the heat he ranged close to his handler and loafed betimes, showing little interest in searching.

VON GULL AND GLEAM'S RUTH began at 10:35. They were worked toward some birds marked down in a wheat stubble after having beaten out a lot of ground without finding. Von pointed a single bird nicely and Ruth flushed some other birds. Then Ruth pointed nicely some remaining birds, Von pointing or backing, a bird being flushed near by him. Next Von flushed a single bird excusably down wind. Von roaded and pointed a cat. Gleam backed. Up at 11. Von showed excellent range and diligent attention to finding. Ruth too made a good showing, though somewhat overshadowed by Von Gull's superiority.

The party took lunch at a farmhouse, where keen appetites gave a relish to the ample spread of simple eatables.

SISTER SUE AND DOMINO were cast off at 1:46. Soon Domino struck scent, began to steady when Sue close by caught sight, backed, and Domino backed Sue. They next began roading, but were up wind of the bird, though Sue was roading toward it when turned by her handler's whistle. The bird was afterward flushed by the wagons. On open stubble Domino got among some chickens nicely spread out for good work, but he flushed two in succession, then finished by flushing all the rest. He seemed heady both in his ranging and point work. Sue ranged well at good speed. Her manner of searching was excellent; her work on birds was decidedly poor. Up at 2:24.

The judge then announced the awards, and the work for the day was closed.

The Northwestern Stake.

This stake had nine dogs on which was paid the final fee to start, though Kingston being absent there were eight which actually started. The quality of the work, considering it as a stake, was of a higher grade than that of either of the previous stakes. The dogs were more attentive to their business, had a better understanding of it, and most of the dogs showed incomparably better training, and they were handled quietly and skillfully, which demonstrated that amateurs can handle quietly even if professionals cannot.

Birds were found in much greater numbers than on previous days, though still short of the numbers desired for field trial competition.

ALBERTA JOE, the winner, showed excellent judgment, a well-sustained pace and skillful work in locating and pointing his birds, his point work being very clean cut and precise. He was admirably obedient to orders and had a thorough understanding of their purport. The cheerful obedience of this dog was a pleasure to witness.

SCHWAB too displayed excellent range and judgment; her point work, while very commendable and really superior, was lacking in the excellent precision displayed by Alberta Joe. She also was admirably obedient. She won second.

PATTI showed an excellent range and good judgment, but was unfortunate in finding few birds, though working out a great area most diligently. Her range was shortened a good bit toward the end of her first heat, though at no time was she loafing. She won third.

On the whole it was a most satisfactory display of the powers of the working dog, a far greater grade of merit than that often displayed by the half-hour sprinters which run because they feel good and give little thought to game birds unless they actually run across them.

The spirit of competition was most generous and hearty congratulations were bestowed on the winners. Mr. Johnson bore his honors modestly, and while his gratification was great it seemed to be less than it would have been had the honors been won by his friends who competed.

The dogs were drawn to run in the following order, but as there were two owners expected on the early train the drawing was made subject to later changes in the actual running. Owners handled their dogs.

The conditions were $5 to enter, $5 to start, 20 per cent. of entrance reserved by the club for expenses. Cup and 25 per cent. of balance to winner of first, 50 per cent. to second and 25 per cent. to third. The cup was an elegant trophy, well worthy of keen competition. It was intrinsically valuable as well as being a work of art.

J. W. Peterson's o. and w. setter bitch Lady of Gloss (Gath's Mark—Cozette), with Thomas Johnson's l. and w. pointer dog Alberta Joe (Ightfield Upton—Ightfield Blythe).

Thomas Johnson's b. setter bitch Psyche (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing), with Paul H. Gotzian's lem. and w. setter dog Lawrence (Doc Quenn—Minnesota).

Thomas Johnson's b. setter dog Sancho (Manitoba Toss—Manitoba Bess), with A. C. Reid's b. and t. setter bitch Schwab (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing).

Thomas Johnson's b. b. setter bitch Patti (Duke of Gloster—Flora), with C. E. Dickey & Co.'s b., w. and t. setter dog Kingston (Chance—Bessie Avent).

Thomas Johnson's l. and w. pointer dog Lonsdale (Coton—Psyche), a bye.

Wednesday.

The morning was cloudy and cool.

LADY OF GLOSS AND ALBERTA JOE were cast off at 8:08 and ran 20 minutes. Joe roaded with accuracy to a point on a bevy. Lady galloped in and flushed it, afterward being heedless to wing, Joe standing stanchly without variation from correct form. Sent on, Joe wheeled beautifully to a point on a single, and Lady backed. Soon Joe roaded about 80yds. accurately, the birds flushing wild across wind. Joe pointed a single, which Lady flushed. Joe's range was excellent, as was also his judgment and point work.

SANCHO AND SCHWAB were started at 8:35. Both beat out the ground fast, each casting wide and with judgment. Schwab pointed a bevy which he skillfully found and showed perfect stanchness. Sent on, both ran into a bevy down wind, and both neither increased nor diminished their speed till they stopped promptly to order. Sancho was called in to be watered; at the same time Schwab took a long cast and pointed; Sancho coming up, backed to caution. Up at 9:02. The range and speed were well sustained; from start to finish they showed judgment in beating out their ground and were hunting for birds diligently.

LONSDALE, the bye dog, was next started; time 9:06, and he was run 42 minutes without finding. He had in the morning eaten a lot of biscuits not intended for him, and thus started with a loaded stomach, which put a heaviness on his gait and probably a dullness in his nose. His range was fairly good in the first part of the heat; toward the last it gradually contracted till he was working a narrow range. He was cast off again at 10:33 on some marked birds, making several flushes inexcusably. Down 5 minutes.

PSYCHE AND PATTI were run 38 minutes, starting at 9:52. They ranged wide and fast till toward the close of the heat, when their range contracted to narrowness. No birds found.

The running was suspneded while the party ate lunch. Mr. Paul H. Gotzian had arrived in the meantime, and after lunch his entry was started.

LAWRENCE ran alone, beginning at 10 o'clock. He pointed a bevy nicely, and Mr. Gotzian as nicely killed a bird, which Lawrence retrieved. Up at 1:30. His range was narrow and he acted puppyish. Mr. Fay explained that it was but two weeks since the puppy first pointed.

Final.

ALBERTA JOE AND SCHWAB were cast off at 1:34 to contest for first honors. Schwab pointed a bevy in stubble and the birds flushed wild. Schwab pointed at the same instant a single flushed. The dogs ran about 10 minutes.

PSYCHE AND PATTI at 1:46 were worked toward some scattered birds marked down in a difficult place for good work. Patti pointed, roaded, and Psyche pointed, pressing the bird to a close and flushing. Moved on and Patti pointed a single. The judge then ordered them up and announced the winners.

Field Trial Jottings.

A NOVEL feature of the Continental Field Trials Club's trials, at Kennedy, Minn., was the introduction of more sociable features by the management. Each evening was devoted to a game of progressive euchre, which was participated in by all present and enjoyed with a zest which evokes wonder that diversions of this kind were not introduced before. The prizes were all useful to men who shoot or go afield. On the second evening a camera was the prize of the victor in the innocent game, a prize the management was able to offer through the liberality of the judge, Mr. W. S. Bell.

Messrs. A. P. Draper and E. K. Cavalier and Prof. Edm. H. Osthaus took an afternoon trip on Wednesday of the week of the Continental trials and brought in thirty-two chickens, a tribute to the home talent of the dog of the chicken country as well as an evidence of the skill of the shooters. Mr. Draper's gun is a sky scraper, and the manner in which he could jerk ducks out of the clouds with it excited the admiration of his audience.

The judge at the Continental trials, Mr. W. S. Bell, was accompanied by his wife, who skillfully handled the reins in driving the sedate horse which drew their carriage across the prairie. If ladies could appreciate the benefits to be derived from an outing in the chicken country, the prairie country where earth and sky meet on a horizon further away than in any other section of country, and where the pure and bracing air brings bright eyes and cheeks glowing with health, there would be more to follow the trials, much to their own gain and the gain of the trials also.

The trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club had an unfortunate turn, so far as its finances are concerned. It is regrettable that its treasury was unequal to the demands

upon it in the way of settlement of prizes, and that therefore the trials lacked all that completeness which cash makes in satisfying all that is promised. Better luck next time.

The silver cup of the Northwestern Stake was a work of simple elegance, much admired by all who saw it. There were a number of local sportsmen who regretted that they had not prepared for an attempt at its ownership.

The Continental Field Trials Club's trials on chickens resulted in a large deficit, and was another lesson in field trial finance worth heeding, though the impossibility of offering large guaranteed purses under present conditions in the field trial world was pointed out in FOREST AND STREAM long since. Field trials are not money-making institutions, nor are they intended to be such; therefore there is no reason why club members should be made responsible for the deficit. The ones who are the material gainers by the trials, the competitors, should make their own purses, and this is equitably secured by the sweepstake plan, that adopted by the new club in Indiana being a case in point.

The Northwestern Stake was very popular, and several desired to enter at the last moment. There should be enough home support to make several local stakes of like kind.

Mineola Show.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following is a correct list of entries in the different breeds for this show: 5 mastiffs, 26 St. Bernards, 5 bloodhoods, 11 Great Danes, 2 Russian wolfhounds, 9 greyhounds, 4 foxhounds, 15 pointers, 12 English setters, 12 Irish setters, 9 Gordon setters, 29 spaniels (Irish water, Clumber, field and cocker), 15 collies, 8 poodles, 31 bull dogs, 14 bull terriers, 11 Boston terriers, 7 dachshunde, 10 beagles, 45 fox terriers, 12 Irish terriers, 1 Scottish terrier, 2 Bedlington terriers, 1 Skye terrier, 1 Dandie Dinmont terrier, 11 Black and Tan terriers, 4 toy terriers, 6 pups, 10 toy spaniels, 1 Italian greyhound, 3 schipperkes, 6 miscellaneous; total 338.

All things considered, a very satisfactory entry, for which I must thank you in a great measure, and I wish to take this opportunity of thanking those exhibitors who have so kindly supported me with their entries.

The following Fox Terrier Club stakes will be judged at this show, namely: The Tomboy Stakes, the Apollo Stakes, the Yankee Stakes and the second division of the Produce Stakes. JAS. MORTIMER, Sec'y, etc.

Ithaca Show.

ITHACA, N. Y., Sept. 11.—The dog show given in connection with the Tompkins County Agricultural Society's exhibition, Sept. 8–11, excelled any of those previously given by the society. It was a clean, tidy little affair, in which sixty-two dogs were benched.

The judging in all classes was done by Mr. C. S. Wixom, of Covert, N. Y., his decisions being satisfactory; local fanciers accepting them as educational in character. The foxhound class had twelve entries and was excellent in quality, the winner being a particularly good specimen.

M. CHILL.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

SCOUTING WITH BICYCLES.

THE bicycle is now in use in nearly all the armies of Europe and in that of Japan. In the United States General Miles fully recognizes its value, and in his last annual report recommended "that a force equal to one full regiment of twelve companies be equipped with bicycles and motor wagons, and their utility fully demonstrated by actual service."

According to General Miles, there are at present in our little army more than 4,000 men who are able to use the bicycle as a means of transportation. Bicycle corps have been put in the field at a number of points, among them Fort Missoula, Mont., where the Twenty-fifth U. S. Infantry Bicycle Corps has been organized under the command of Lieutenant Moss. This corps recently made a scouting trip through a rough, mountainous country lasting three and a half days, during which time they traveled 126 miles, despite adverse weather conditions which made the riding unusually hard. They carried 15lbs. of rations to the man, with field equipments, including shelter tents, which raised the average weight of the packed bicycle to 76½lbs., so that the weight of the individual load in most cases must have exceeded 50lbs.

Lieut. Moss' official report will give an idea of the difficulties surmounted:

"The bicycle corps, consisting of seven soldiers commanded by myself, left Fort Missoula at 6:20 A. M., Aug. 6. The roads were somewhat muddy from a recent rain. About nine and a quarter miles from the post we struck a section of clay, which we had a great deal of trouble to cross on account of the mud sticking to the tires. After crossing this section of clay we were delayed about thirty minutes cleaning our wheels and fixing a puncture. We had to cross our first mountain near De Smet Station, eleven and three-quarter miles from the post. Distance from foot to summit, half a mile; distance from summit to foot on other side, a mile and a half; time to go from foot to foot, fifteen minutes. After leaving Marant's Trestle, a point eighteen miles from the fort, we had hilly, rocky and muddy roads for about twelve miles, over about six miles of which we had to dismount fully twenty times on account of mud puddles and fallen trees. We reached Finley Creek, thirty-three miles from Fort Missoula, at 12:30 P. M. At this point we stopped two and a half hours to rest and eat. We crossed Finley Creek on our wheels; width, about 25ft.; depth, between 8 and 9in. Two men fell off in the stream. After leaving the creek we took the high-water trail over the mountain to avoid fording the Jocko River. It was hard work to get over the mountain, as the ascent was quite steep. For several miles after crossing the mountain we traveled along a path in thick woods. We had to roll our wheels up several small grades before crossing the Jocko a little below Ravalli Station at 5:20 P. M.; distance from Fort Missoula, forty-four miles. Stopped forty-five minutes at Ravalli to weigh wheels and repair puncture.

"Left Ravalli for the Mission at 6:10 P. M. We had to go over three small mountains between Ravalli and the Mission. It took us thirty-two minutes to reach the summit of the first and largest mountain; distance from bottom to summit, two miles. In going down on the other side we made one and three-quarter miles in five minutes. Ascending these hills was very tiresome work. We reached a point at 7:30 P. M. on Mission Creek about half a mile above the Mission, where we pitched our shelter tents and camped for the night; distance from Missoula, fifty-one miles.

"We attracted a great deal of attention all along the route. Horses and cows ran from us and dogs ran after us, while the inhabitants stopped their work and gazed at us in astonishment. The soldiers did not seem to be very tired, as they stayed up until 11 o'clock, talking and getting off jokes.

"The next morning at 11 o'clock we started for McDonald Lake. One seat spring broke about three miles from the Mission. We had extra springs with us and immediately replaced it, causing a delay of about two minutes. We stopped about twenty minutes at a ranch to get some water, and also some oil to clean our wheels. We rode and walked about two miles through a rough, hilly and grassy field. After leaving this field we struck a rough, stony and little-traveled road, which we traveled for a mile and a half, when we reached the lake and made camp. Time, 1:30 P. M.; distance from Mission, twelve miles.

"After dinner the soldiers gave their wheels a thorough cleaning and oiling. Five punctures were found, two soldiers having one each in their wheels, and a third soldier three in his. No further move was made this day, and we encamped for the night.

"About 1 P. M. a strong wind came up, and it began raining. The rain kept up almost incessantly until 12 o'clock in the day, when it stopped altogether. We left our camp, however, at 3:30, in the midst of a heavy rain, and, on account of the mud, had to roll our wheels a mile and a half. We then struck a good down grade and made good time until we reached a section of hammock mud. Before we knew it our wheels were clogged with this gummy stuff, and we were delayed fully thirty minutes in a drizzling rain cleaning our wheels in a ditch. We again started for Ravalli, over muddy, hilly roads, with the rain and wind in our faces. By this time we were drenched to the skin, our wheels were covered with mud, and our shoes filled with water. In some places we walked long distances in mud 2 or 3in. deep. This part of our journey was exceedingly tiresome. In mud and rain we were plodding along, one after another, rolling our wheels up hill, and, with much care, riding down slippery hills.

"Every once in a while we would strike an Indian cabin, and the dogs' barking would announce our approach, while the occupants would run to the door to gaze at us. Our shoes were filled with mud, and it was very difficult to keep our feet on the muddy pedals. At 11 A. M. we reached Mission Creek, twelve miles from the lake. We forded the stream in nearly 3ft. of swift water. * * * Upon crossing the stream we found that twelve tires were loose, from the cement having been washed out. We rolled our wheels from this point to Ravalli, six miles, reaching Ravalli at 12:30 P. M., having traveled eighteen miles. We left Ravalli at 6 P. M. for Arlee. Rode a little over a mile on the wagon road, and then had to take the railroad to avoid the mud and also to avoid fording the Jocko. We reached Arlee at 8:45 P. M., having traveled during the day thirty-one miles.

"On the next day, Sunday, at 1:30 P. M., the corps reached post, having traveled altogether 126 miles under most adverse circumstances. The Lieutenant says: 'The wheels were not spared in the least, and stood the work extraordinarily well.'"

The following table gives the weights of riders and wheels when packed:

	Pounds.	Bicycle Packed.
Lieutenant Moss	135	74
Corporal Williams	153½	83
Musician Brown	145½	71
Private Findley	183½	77
Private Foreman	164	75
Private Haynes	160½	68
Private Johnson	151½	81

Average weight of riders, 155 7; of bicycles, 76.2.

CYCLING FOR SQUIRRELS.

GREENVILLE, Pa., Sept. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Squirrel shooting with a bicycle was given its first trial in the vicinity of Greenville, Pa., last Tuesday by Dr. C. A. Miller, E. A. Stroud and G. H. Grauel.

They left at 12:30 o'clock for Stoneboro, about eighteen miles distant. The roads were in fine condition and, although hilly, they have a good surface for wheeling. They arrived at the hunting grounds on the farm of Mr. Zahniser, about three miles south of Stoneboro, at 2:30 P. M. The woods lie along the shore of Sandy Lake, a very pretty little body of water. Hunting until 6 o'clock, the party bagged seven squirrels. Then they went to the house of Mr. Zahniser, where they found a supper awaiting them that delights the hunter's heart, to say nothing of his stomach.

At 9 o'clock the party went to bed, and were in the field early in the morning. They succeeded in bringing down thirteen squirrels before noon.

At noon they bid Mr. Zahniser good-bye and went on about three miles further, where they got their dinner, after which they started home, arriving in about two hours.

All were more than pleased with the use of the bicycle in hunting, and hereafter say they will go no other way.

Going over, Dr. Miller and Grauel had their guns attached to their wheels just as Mr. J. L. Davison fastened his, as described in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM, with the exception that they used no strap from handle of gun case to lower tube. They had not seen Mr. Davison's sketch at the time, nor had they any trouble with gun flapping against their legs by not using strap. Mr. Stroud carried his gun over his shoulder, but coming home he followed suite and strapped it to his wheel, and was much surprised to find how much easier it was to ride.

Squirrels are very plenty this year, and the prospects for field shooting in the way of quail and pheasants are exceptionally good. ROBERT E. BEATTY.

NOTES.

The other day two wheelmen were riding along a country road. One had toe clips and the other did not, and each believed his style to be the best.

As they were bowling along at a good gait, at the extreme right side of the road next the grass a negro boy on a spirited horse came along behind at break-neck speed.

The leading wheelman, who was also on the inside, heard the noise of the galloping horse, and, looking back over his shoulder, saw that the negro boy was attempting to pass on the inside and threatened to run him down; so he turned suddenly to the left to avoid the danger. In doing so his hind wheel scraped the steering wheel of the other cyclist and the latter was thrown from his bicycle directly in the track of the approaching horse. Fortunately he fell on his feet, and comprehending what had happened jumped back almost as quickly as he had fallen, and so by a hair's breadth avoided being crushed under the horse's hoofs.

This man rode without toe clips.

Later in the day the wheelman who favored toe clips tried to ride up on a sidewalk, as was permissible in that neighborhood, but the angle at which he took the edge of the pavement was not well calculated, and his wheel slewed along sideways for a few yards, and then threw him violently on the flagging.

Several small parts of the wheel were broken, including, fittingly enough, one of the toe clips, and the rider received a bad shaking up, not to mention bleeding fingers and bruised limbs.

Placing the two incidents side by side, the man who rode without the clips thought he had the best of the argument.

Lieutenant Moss with his Twenty-fifth Infantry Bicycle Corps has not been idle since his rough ride of Aug. 6. On the 15th he set out on a 1,000-mile scout, the corps carrying several days' rations, rifles, cartridges, cooking utensils, shelter tents, blankets and extra bicycle parts. The average weight of packed wheels was 77½lbs., and with rider the weights ranged from 205 to 272lbs. The route was to include the Yellowstone National Park and return to Fort Missoula, Mont., by way of Fort Assiniboine. From Fort Missoula to Mammoth Hot Springs, Wyoming, the distance of 323 miles was covered in fifty-three hours' actual traveling time. The route was across the main divide of the Rockies and over some of the rockiest and hilliest roads on the continent. Most of the streams encountered had to be forded, and on this portion of the trip the corps encountered almost constant head winds, so that their average of six miles per hour with their heavily loaded wheels is remarkable.

From Mammoth Hot Springs the corps made a tour of the Park, taking in all the points of interest. On their return to Fort Yellowstone they found orders awaiting them to return to Fort Missoula to take part in a field practice march, and were obliged to give up the detour to Fort Assiniboine and retrace their former route. The distance from Fort Yellowstone to Helena of 191 miles was covered in three forced marches aggregating twenty-seven hours actual riding time. The corps was out about four weeks, during which time they are reputed to have covered 1,100 miles. They procured their supplies from army posts *en route*, and generally carried rations for several days. Lieut. Moss is quoted as saying:

"Ours is a test of durability. The party was not made up of expert bicyclists who are scorching through the country, but of eight ordinary riders selected from the soldiers at Fort Missoula. We have made and broken camp in the rain, ridden through mud, sand, dust and water, over rocks, ruts and stones, crossed mountain ranges, forded streams, stopped for nothing, carried rations, cooking utensils, rifles, ammunition, 30lbs. to every man, blankets, tents, underwear, extra tires and parts; in fact, all the baggage needed."

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

S indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Union of L. I. Sound.
M indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Ass'n of Massachusetts.

SEPTEMBER.

18. Hempstead, closing day.
19. Eastern, knockabout class, Marblehead.
S 19. American, fall regatta, Milton Point, L. I. Sound.
26. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
S 26. Riverside, special, Riverside, L. I. Sound.
26. Squantum, Burkhardt cup, Squantum, Mass.

OCTOBER.

Cor. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.

WHOEVER may be directly to blame for the sad disaster to Isolde, it is evident that one contributory cause was the mixing of the large and small yachts at a common point in the courses of each class. Undesirable and even dangerous as this is, we are not inclined to condemn the Isle of Wight or even the Clyde courses, because with all their faults they are the only practicable ones in their respective localities The danger of such courses increases each year with the size and speed of the larger yachts and the greater number of small ones; but it is difficult to see how any other courses could be had. There is nothing for it but to make the best of the only waters available, strictly enforcing the racing rules and inflicting summary punishment upon any who willfully violate them. It is quite certain that had such a mishap occurred on the broad Atlantic outside Sandy Hook it would at once have been utilized by our British contemporaries as an unanswerable argument for the transferral of all American races to Marblehead.

The Knockabout Bo Peep.

ONE of the successful yachts of the season in Eastern waters is the new knockabout Bo Peep, designed by George F. Lawley. Not only is she of an excellent type, but she was built late in the season and raced at a disadvantage as compared with others of the class. The following summary of her history is from the Boston *Globe:*

Just a month ago Bo Peep was launched and had her trial trip. Since then she has started in fourteen races; six of these were unfinished, however, for lack of wind. Out of the eight races sailed she took three firsts and four seconds and one third.

This is a very good month's showing for any boat, but it is even better when analyzed. But three boats have beaten Bo Peep outside the little Bristol flyer Cock Robin. She of course is an easy winner always. Of the others, the home built craft, only Jack Tar, Tautog and Water Lily have scored once each over Bo Peep in the eight races sailed.

Jack Tar's win in the Hull club race Aug. 22 was a clear case of outsailing. She was just off the ways, and sailed a fine race, while Bo Peep was a little off her form, not having been tried in such conditions of weather.

Water Lily's victory was an equally clear case of winning by a fluke, and Tautog also won her lead over Bo Peep, the single time she beat her, by sailing in different water.

Thus, leaving Cock Robin aside, it is not too much to say that Bo Peep is decidedly the best of the other knockabouts, although the margin is not enough to prevent the others taking a race now and then, as Jack Tar's win under the conditions noted goes to show.

Altogether Bo Peep has made a very creditable record, both for her designer and builder, George Lawley, and for her helmsman, Mr. L. M. Clark. Mr. Lawley did not receive the order until July 5, and the boat was launched Aug 4. Necessarily there was little time for working the design down to the last refinement, but the slight faults were all in the right direction, and the boat shows an improvement over Mr. Lawley's other creations, as well as those from the boards of the other Boston designers.

The boat floated somewhat above her lines on being launched, and required 150lbs. of inside ballast, as well as the weight of her crew on board, to bring her down where she complied with all the restrictions. Mr. Clark considers that with a little less weight in some details of spare rigging and equipment, and with the above 500lbs of extra weight (crew and inside ballast) taken off her displacement, fixing up her bow and stern a trifle, the boat after a good tuning-up would be quite a little faster than at present.

Some stress has been laid on these points, because taking everything together the boat has undoubtedly made a good up-hill fight, and has shown that after all the model is not outclassed to the extent to which at first it appears Cock Robin can beat the Boston-built craft.

At all events, it has been a sporting proposition that Messrs. Clark and North made to celebrate July 4 that they would give the class another try at the eleventh hour of the season.

Mr. Clark had had the first and second Spinster in the class, and had failed in many a ship of many a class before that, as every Boston yachtsman knows

Mr. North has only taken up yachting the past three or four seasons, and went in for knockabouts from the first. His first boat was Otatsu, one of the sturdy pioneers. Last season he had the unfortunate Toyo, a very fast and nice-looking boat, but just outside the class on some of her dimensions, so that she was not eligible for many of the races.

Mr. Clark has sailed the Bo Peep and has made as little of the handicap of an untried boat as any one could. Altogether Bo Peep is rather an encouragment than the reverse to those who look forward to seeing Cock Robin matched and the knockabouts again a good fighting class next year.

Southern Y. C.

EL HEIRIE has been sold by C. H. Crane to T. G. Bush, of New Orleans, through Tams & Lemoine, and will be the first of a fleet of 15-footers which it is proposed to establish on Lake Ponchartrain. The Southern Y. C., of New Orleans, is undoubtedly noted as one of the oldest yacht clubs in the United States, and as one of the first to encourage yacht racing; for forty years or more it has labored to support the racing sandbagger built under a length rule, it has owned the fastest yachts of the type ever built, and it has offered most liberal prizes for their races. The experience of the club is identical with that of clubs in the North and West, that the days of the length rule, of unlimited crews, ballast and sail have passed away; that this type of yacht costs a great deal and provides but a limited amount of sport, keen enough at times for a brief interval, and then declining for an indefinite period. The members of the club are fully awake to the present unsatisfactory condition of their racing fleet, a lot of yachts of all sizes and classes, and also to the benefits to be derived from the building up of a few strong classes, and they are about to start in with the 15ft. class, as giving a craft of moderate cost and draft, capable of good class racing and useful for general sailing in the abundant shoal water. The *Times-Democrat* says:

It is not in the indiscriminate building of yachts, as it now goes on from year to year, with but one new boat in one or two different and almost obsolete classes, that will most benefit yachting here. There are too many classes, and not enough boats in a class. The old timers should be left to fight it all over alone from season to season, and the new boats that are ordered for next season should be restricted to one of three classes. There are those who consider that if racing was restricted to three classes here there would be considerable more enthusiasm. As it is now, with thirteen classes, there is hardly an average two in a class, which a man with half an eye can see does not make good racing.

A half-rater or 15ft. class, a 20ft. open sloop class and a 25 to 30ft. waterline cabin sloop class would afford all the sport the most enthusiastic yachtsman could desire. The half-rater has proved one of the most popular boats and the class has produced more racing than all other classes combined in the North. The 20ft. open sloop, of the Jeanne and Alice type, will afford the "sandbagger" all the sport he desires. If a larger boat is desired it should be between 25 and 30ft. waterline and a cabin sloop. As they are building yachts nowadays with overhangs, a craft of that waterline length would have fine accommodations, a length over all of 40ft., and would be a fine all-round cruiser. Something should be done for racing. A beginning should be made with the half-rater and a class of more evenly matched boats got up for next season. A dozen or more of them can be built in the Southern Y. C., as many yachtsmen want to build, but wait for some one else to take the initiative. Com. Lawrence O'Donnell has within the last few days made known his intention of building a half rater. Others who will build are T. W. Campbell, E. Feste, T. W. Boone, Jr., Jack Campbell, Garrette Drown, Joe R Behrens, F. F. Claussen, P. S. Anderson, W. H Brunet, Holmes Harrison, B. B. Howard, R. A. Palmer, E. L. Cope and L. D. Sampsell.

There are a number of others who would build if the racing becomes exciting, and there is no reason why the owners of the large sloops and schooners should not have them, as one could be easily carried on a big cruiser. A sweepstake race could be sailed every Sunday, and the club would offer a handsome cup to be won by the boat making the most wins during the season.

Knots and Miles.

THERE is, unfortunately, a growing practice of making an improper use of the word knot, not only with landsmen, engineers and shipbuilders, but also with sailors, who ought to know better. The prevailing idea at present appears to be that the knot is the same thing as the geographical, nautical or sea mile, and the word knot is used to prevent any possible confusion with the statute land mile. But this usage is quite wrong. The knot is the cosmopolitan unit of speed, employed at sea by sailors of all civilized nations. One knot is a speed of one nautical mile an hour, the nautical mile being the mean sexagesimal minute of latitude on the earth's surface, so that it is 90×60=5.400 miles from the equator to the pole, and this is the only mile the sailor knows and uses. The nautical mile is a little over 6 080ft, the Admiralty measured mile (we do not say the Admiralty knot), so that one knot is a speed of a little more than 100ft. a minute, more nearly 101 to 102ft. a minute; thus, on a log line, with a half minute glass or interval of time, the distance between the knots should be 50ft. or a little over, say 51ft. The word knot is derived from the knots on the log line; the number of knots that pass over the ship's taffrail during the half minute, or other interval of time, giving the speed of the ship in knots. The only occasion then, in which it is permissible to use the word knot as the equivalent of a length, is in spacing the knots on the log line, and then, by a familiar tendency in language, the "distance between two knots" is abbreviated in speech to the "length of a knot." By a curious perversity and straining after precision, the incorrect expression "knot an hour," to express the speed of a ship, is creeping into general use, with the effect of displacing the word mile by knot; so that now it is common to read a steamer's daily run as given in knots (*e. g.*, Teutonic's daily runs, 473 knots, 496 knots, etc., total distance, 2,806 knots); and the coal endurance of a man-of-war given as say 26,000 knots at 10-knot speed, thus using the word knot where mile should be used. No real sailor would say that a rock or the land was half a knot, one knot, etc., away. It is too often urged that the expression "knots an hour" is so much clearer and more definite; but we might just as well measure pressure in "atmospheres per square inch" Not only in navigation, but also in astronomy, the nautical mile should be the unit of length, and the knot the unit of velocity. To summarize, distance at sea is measured in miles, and speed in knots; and the expression knots an hour per speed, and knots for distance in miles, are nautical barbarisms.—*Nautical Magazine.*

The Meteor-Isolde Collision.

FOR the second time in two seasons British yachtsmen have been shocked by a fatal collision during a race, in which the largest class of cutters have played a prominent part. In July, 1894, the second Valkyrie was sunk in collision with Satanita, of her own class, at the start of a race in the Clyde, one of her paid hands being fatally crushed between her and a steam yacht. The latest collision, of which we have already published the first incomplete cable reports, took place off the Isle of Wight on Aug. 18, the principals being the cutter Meteor II., owned by the Emperor of Germany, and the smaller cutter Isolde, of 20-rating, owned by Baron von Zedtwitz, a friend of the Emperor and one of the foremost of German yachtsmen, who was killed almost instantly. The day was cloudy and rainy, with a moderate and puffy S.W. wind. The largest class, Meteor, Ailsa, Satanita and Britannia, started at 10 A. M. to sail the Nab and West Buoy of Ryde Middle course, two rounds; the 52ft linear rating class, the old 20-raters, Penitent, Audrey, Saint, Isolde, Samphire and Niagara, started at 10:45 A. M. to sail the Warner and Northeast Buoy of Ryde Middle course, also two rounds. At noon the two classes fell in together as both approached the committee vessel, the gunboat Ant, anchored off the Spit Fort, to pass to leeward of it; they were close together, all on the wind, and both classes in a hot fight, as the times at the end of the round show:

Samphire	12 05 13	Isolde	12 07 27
Audrey	12 05 23	Meteor	12 07 30
Ailsa	12 06 09	Saint	12 07 30
Niagara	12 06 35	Satanita	12 08 00
Britannia	12 07 26	Penitent	12 08 15

The fleet of a dozen yachts passed the committee boat within three minutes, the four larger yachts having just overtaken the smaller ones. They were about 200yds. beyond the mark when the collision occurred. The exact details will probably never be known; the evidence at the coroner's inquest was not of a nature to bring them to light, and there is a material difference in the views taken by two opposing parties. The leaders, Samphire, Audrey, Ailsa and Niagara, were clear ahead; of the second quartette Britannia was the leeward and outside yacht, with Isolde inside of her, close on her weather beam. Meteor was astern of Britannia, somewhere near her weather quarter, while Saint was on the lee quarter of Isolde; the distance between Britannia and Isolde as they ran side by side was very small, it is stated as but 30ft. Not only were the big boats traveling much faster than the 52-footers, but Meteor was gaining on Britannia, being in the position of an overtaking boat with regard to all three.

The first movement was a luff on the part of Saint across Isolde's stern, for the reason, as given by her crew, of avoiding Meteor, dangerously close astern. In crossing Isolde, Saint's topmast stay fouled Isolde's boom end. Meteor, trying to get through Britannia's weather, struck Isolde, the bowsprit piercing the mainsail and then sweeping the deck; then Meteor's boom swung over Isolde's deck and brought down her mast, Isolde at the same time being thrown into Britannia by the force of the collision.

According to the claim of Meteor she had an overlap on Britannia and thus could not possibly bear away and go on Britannia's lee side; while at the same time, as all were going just before the luffing of Saint, she had plenty of room to pass between Isolde and Britannia. The cause of the collision, as she claims, was the luffing of Saint in order to pass Isolde, the resulting foul between the stay of one and the boom of the other, and the throwing of Isolde off her course and directly in the path of Meteor, there being no time to avoid her and no chance to do so save by running over Britannia.

On the other side it is claimed that Meteor in the first place was under every obligation to keep clear of the yachts just ahead, which she was approaching at a high speed; that she could and should have gone to leeward of Britannia instead of trying to force a weather passage through the crowded fleet; and that at no time was there space for her safe passage between Britannia and Isolde. The original luffing of Saint is ascribed to the dangerous proximity of the larger and faster boat; and it is also claimed that Isolde was diverted but little from her course by the first foul, as it was very slight.

The *Field* lays the blame entirely on Capt. Gomes, and calls in very strong language for a more searching investigation on the part of the Royal Albert Y. C.: "The attempt to shift the blame from the right shoulders, as allowed by the Isle of Wight deputy coroner, was one of the meanest things ever perpetrated in the history of yachting, and the matter ought not to be allowed to rest. The Royal Albert Y. C., however, has, we understand, complacently concurred in the amazing summing up of the coroner, and attributes the disaster to the act of Saint, whereas, if she had not made the timely luff, she would herself have been run over by Meteor. The club committee appear to have shown a want of appreciation of the real facts of the situation."

The other English yachting journals take a very mild view of the matter, setting it down to an unavoidable accident, and laying the blame, if at all, on Saint. We are unable to reproduce the photos published in the *Field* and *Yachting World*, a number of good views having been obtained of the various stages of the disaster; and with our inadequate knowledge of the facts at this great distance we are not competent to pass our opinion; but all that we have read, backed by the evidence of the photos, inclines us to the belief that Capt. Gomes is to blame, and he alone. The following report of the inquest is from the London *Times*; our readers can form their own opinions as to the thoroughness of the investigation.

The inquest on Baron von Zedtwitz, who was killed while sailing on his yacht, the Isolde, on Tuesday, Aug. 18, when she was run down by the German Emperor's yacht Meteor, was held on Wednesday at the Elephant and Castle, Ryde, by Mr. E. F. Blake, Deputy Coroner for the Isle of Wight. Mr. C. H. Lindon represented the deceased gentleman's family, and Mr. R. W. Beale, Imperial German Vice-Consul, Portsmouth, watched the proceedings on behalf of his Government, and obtained permission to make notes of the evidence.

William Miles: I am captain of the yacht Isolde, and live at Woolston. I was in the service of the deceased, and have been captain of his yacht since Jan. 1 last. I have been captain of yachts from 20 tons downward for twelve years. The Isolde took part in the racing yesterday, the others in our class being Penitent, The Saint, Audrey, Niagara and Samphire. Three classes started before us; the Britannia, Meteor, Ailsa and Satanita went round the Nab Lightship and our class round the Warner. Between 12 and 1 we were coming from the Northeast Middle Buoy crossing Southsea. Both classes—the first and the fourth—got in together. Ailsa was ahead of us in the large class, but there were several of the 20-raters ahead of me. Ailsa was going alone, then went Samphire, then Audrey, and then Niagara. They were astern of the Ailsa, and we all had just rounded the markboat. The Niagara had passed before us. Closely following us was The Saint, within a length of us, then came the Britannia and Meteor. Both were on the lee side of us, and the Meteor was closer to us than the Britannia. The Saint was just under Isolde's lee quarter. The first thing I noticed was The Saint luffing to try to get to windward of me. Her topmast stay caught my boom end, which caused my yacht to slew. That drove my bow to leeward and toward the Meteor. At that time the Meteor had not got up to me. I was not watching her, but the next thing I saw was the Meteor's bowsprit coming up under my lee. It was under my lee quarter. I could not say if the Meteor was going out of her course, as I could not tell how my bows were bearing at the moment, whether my bowsprit had been payed off to leeward to get out of The Saint's way. When I saw the Meteor's bowsprit it was only about 6ft. from me. It was then impossible to avoid the collision. Instantly her bowsprit struck our mainsail and swept our deck of everything. I jumped into the water and was rescued by a lifebuoy. I did not see the deceased at the time of the collision. The last time I saw him alive was when I went forward to get clear of the wreck. Before that he was not near the helm. At the time of the actual collision he had not been struck. When I got on board again the deceased was under the rigging. Two of my crew were already on board, and helped to get him up. Others from the other vessels were helping. He was put into a small boat, and from there to a steam yacht, Bohemia II. If The Saint had not touched the boom the Meteor would have been under my lee, and from the time I was slewed round to the moment of the impact was about thirty seconds. We were only off our course for a moment or so. I should say The Saint, having touched us, had to do with the cause of the accident. We were heading for the Warner, and the larger vessels for the Nab; and the Nab is to leeward of the Warner.

Mr Lindon produced a set of models of the several yachts, and the witness placed them in the order in which the yachts stood at the moment of the accident. The Saint's bowsprit, he explained, struck the Isolde's mainboom at the stern, slewing her bows round into the course which the Meteor was taking. He was not prepared to swear that if he had not been touched by The Saint the Meteor would have passed him clear; he could not say whether or no the Meteor could have altered her course in time to avoid the accident.

By the Foreman: We had luffed round and flattened our sheet when The Saint tried to luff us, and struck us with her topmast stay. From the time The Saint touched her and the accident happened it was about thirty seconds.

By Mr. Lindon: The Saint slewed us out of our course three or four points. The course to the Warner would be several points southward of the Nab, but at this point the angle would not be observable. We had nine hands on board, and she was well founded both as to crew and gear.

John Richard Carter, captain of the Britannia, said: I was in charge of the yacht Britannia. Yesterday I formed one of four which started for the race. We started at 10 o'clock. This accident occurred a little after 12. There were several ahead of us of two different classes. The Ailsa was in front of those of our class, and she got clear of the markboat The Samphire and Audrey led the fourth class and they were clear; then came the Isolde and The Saint, Isolde being nearest the markboat. We were overtaking them and going faster. Passing the mark abreast of them, I saw The Saint's bowsprit touch the end of Isolde's boom. That slewed her head round to port. The Saint only just touched Isolde and immediately cleared herself, going by on her starboard side. I was about 30ft. from them at the time. The Meteor was coming about a length astern of us. When the accident happened the Britannia was clear of the committee boat and the Meteor was in the act of rounding. The Meteor could see exactly where they were, and her right position would have been to have taken the lee or port side of Britannia. She was coming up to windward, thinking there was room, but, according to the rules of the sea, as she was the overtaking vessel, she ought to have passed me on the lee side and not to have tried to come under my weather. If she had gone under the Britannia's lee the accident would not have happened.

The Coroner: You think, then, that it was an error of judgment on the part of the Meteor to try to pass you to windward? Capt. Carter: Yes, sir.

The foreman explained that in the rules of the sea there was no law to compel the overtaking vessel when both were on the starboard tack to go to the leeward side of the forward vessel, but the custom of racing was for the forward captain to do all he could to prevent the following vessel from passing on the weather. This explanation of the rule of racing Capt. Carter acquiesced in.

By Mr. Linton: Witness could not say if there was time after the two 20s had touched for the Meteor to bear off to leeward in time to avoid the accident.

By a juryman: As the Meteor was the overtaking ship, it was her place to give way on the lee side to everything. The mixing of the different classes of yachts while rounding was a rare occurrence.

Robert Gomes, cautioned as to answering any incriminating question, said: I am the captain of the Meteor and have been in the service of the German Emperor for the past five years. The Meteor took part in a race at Southsea, starting about 10 o'clock. After the Isolde and The Saint passed the mark Britannia and Meteor passed, overlapping them. I saw The Saint touch Isolde; she gave her a knock and slewed her round. I attempted to come up on the weather side of Britannia and came in contact with the Isolde. We were on the weather side of Britannia and could not go astern if we wanted to. I do not know of any rule that I should have gone to the lee side, but if the Isolde had not payed her head off out of her course I should have got through clear. From the time The Saint put the Isolde out of her course to the moment we struck was not, I should say, more than ten seconds. If the Isolde had kept in her course we should all have cleared, for we all had room. If we had turned to leeward to clear Isolde we should have run into the Britannia, for we were already overlapping her, and could not have passed under her lee. If the two 20s had not touched we should all have had plenty of room; the two blocked our way. Her headgear was knocked away by the Britannia, and the Meteor struck the Isolde amidships

William George Jameson said: I was on board the Britannia when the accident occurred. I represent the Prince of Wales. I saw there was danger in keeping too close to the 20-tonners. There was a procession of yachts around the markboat. We passed almost abreast of The Saint, but to leeward, and the Meteor came after us. I heard a good deal of shouting on board the two 20s, and we had our attention on them all the time because we wanted to keep as near to them as possible without running into them. I did not actually see the two 20s touch one another. The Meteor was going a great deal faster than we when rounding the mark.

By Mr. Lindon: The Meteor altered her course to come to windward of us. She had room to come up on the lee side of the Britannia. Explaining the position from the models, witness said the Isolde was slewed round and struck the Britannia, when the accident immediately happened. The Isolde did not touch the Britannia until the Meteor collided with her, and then she was driven round into the Britannia's bows.

William Terrell Dawson, of New York, said he was a qualified medical practitioner. He was on the White Ladye, steam yacht, which was anchored at the Spit Buoy when the accident happened. He saw the collision very plainly. He was about a mile from the spot; he went to see if he could render any assistance. When he reached the scene the deceased was in the Britannia's dinghy. The witness made a superficial examination of him, but could not see any external signs of injury. He accompanied the deceased to the steam yacht Bohemia II. The deceased had expired by that time. He was taken into the cabin. The witness had not made an internal examination of the deceased, but had not the least doubt that death was the result of internal injuries.

The coroner remarked that other witnesses were ready to be called, but he did not think it necessary to call them. The jury had the facts before them, and the witnesses appeared to have given a clear and straightforward account of the event. He had come to the conclusion in his own mind that this unfortunate accident took place through the regrettable circumstance of The Saint having turned to some extent the Isolde out of her straight course. All the evidence pointed to this conclusion, and it was clear that if the Isolde had continued her course there would have been sufficient room for the Meteor to have passed between the Britannia on the one hand and the Isolde and The Saint on the other. Unfortunately, however, just at the time when the Meteor was almost level with the Britannia, The Saint, by a simple accident, touched the Isolde and threw her out of her course. The Meteor was at the moment coming up nearly double the pace of the Isolde, and the accident happened. If the jury looked at the matter as he did, their verdict would be one of accidental death.

The court was cleared for about twenty minutes, during which time the jury arrived at the following verdict: "That, on the 18th in

the deceased was sailing his yacht the Isolde in the Solent, when the yacht the Meteor accidentally struck the yacht Isolde, causing her mast and gear to fall, which accidentally fell on the deceased, causing divers mortal internal injuries, of which injuries he then and there instantly died."—*Times.*

Beverly Y. C.

BUZZARD'S BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 5.

THE 243d regatta, fifth open sweepstakes, was sailed off club house Sept. 5 in a pretty good S.E. breeze with a tendency to shift toward the south, which it did on the fifth class course; water smooth.

In special class Cero was not ready, and started with a handicap of 1m. 10s., and her clubtopsail jammed under the jib stay. Cero when she got on the wind found it too heavy, and had to put in a couple of reefs, while it was just to Ashumet's liking.

Race between May King, Ulula and Anonyma was very close, but Anonyma took it on allowance. Nobska beat Melro badly, while Elsa, as usual, sailed a great race.

In fourth class cats Sally won easily, with Grilse second, and the Herreshoff knockabout Edith only 12s. behind her. Edith is a remarkably handsome boat, very able and comfortable, with a good cabin; she holds her own well to windward, but cannot run with the others unless it blows. If she ever gets a hard breeze she will show up well.

999 won hands down, but protested Raccoon, who entered a counter protest, and regatta committee must take evidence before deciding it. Imp scored again over her old rivals.

Courses triangular; 17⅛ for special, 12 for second, 8⅜ for third and fourth, 3⅛ for fifth. Fifth class had a free wind race, though the sloops had a long and short leg on last leg, while the cats made it without tacking; others had a good beat:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SPECIAL CLASS.			
Ashumet, B. Y. C., C. H. Jones	34.03	2 34 30	2 28 00
Cero, B. Y. C., W. E. C. Eustis	39.00	2 41 00	2 39 57
SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.			
Not Named, Mon. Beach, C. C. Hanley		2 44 25	.. .. ..
Alma, Mon. Beach, R. Bigelow		Withdrew.	
SECOND CLASS CATS.			
May King, B. Y. C., D. L. Whittemore	26.00	2 12 39	1 58 50
Ulula, Onset, N. Huckins, Jr.	26.00	2 13 19	1 59 30
Anonyma, B. Y. C., F. L. Dabney	24.09	2 13 35	1 58 03
Kalama, B. Y. C., D. Rice	26.00	2 15 33	2 01 44
Surprise, B. Y. C., J. M. Codman	24.01	2 17 07	2 00 38
Linotte, B. Y. C., W. P. Wilson	25.10	2 17 16	2 03 16
Mist, B. Y. C., G. H. Lyman	25.01	2 18 25	2 03 22
Gismonda, Osterville, C. H. Crosby	26.00	2 19 10	2 05 21
THIRD CLASS CATS.			
Nobska, Onset, H. Burgess	22.03	2 32 34	2 19 31
Melro, B. Y. C., D. L. Whittemore	20.03	2 39 14	2 23 54
FOURTH CLASS CATS.			
Elsa, B. Y. C., H. & F. Burgess	19.00	1 49 59	1 32 59
Coquette, B. Y. C., W. W. Phinney	18.00	1 55 46	1 37 21
Dawdle, B. Y. C., R. S. Hardy	17.06	1 56 05	1 36 56
Cinch, B. Y. C., H. Parker	17.08	1 56 45	1 37 52
FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS.			
Sally, B. Y. C., W. S. Burgess	19.00	1 40 02	1 23 02
Grilse, B. Y. C., W. E. C. Eustis	19.00	1 43 24	1 26 24
Edith, B. Y. C., C. M. Baker	18.07	1 44 10	1 26 36
Heiress, B. Y. C., Geo. G. Amory	19.00	1 44 41	1 27 41
FIFTH CLASS CATS.			
Imp, B. Y. C., Geo. B. Dabney	14.05	0 36 16	0 27 23
Vif, B. Y. C., A. Winsor, Jr.	14.03	0 36 37	0 27 40
Hebe, B. Y. C., J. Parkinson, Jr.	15.00	0 36 31	0 27 58
FIFTH CLASS SLOOPS.			
999, B. Y. C., R. Brewer	15.00	0 36 41	0 28 12
Waskita, Malta, W. B. Scofield	12.09	0 38 30	0 28 17
Raccoon, B. Y. C., J. L. Stackpole, Jr.	13.05	0 39 22	0 29 49
P. D. Q., B. Y. C., R. W. Emmons	14.00	0 39 40	0 30 24

Winners.—Special Class, Ashumet; second class sloops, not named; second class cats, Anonyma first, May King second; third class cats, Nobska; fourth class cats, Elsa first, Dawdle second; fourth class sloops, Sally first, Grilse second; fifth class sloops, in doubt; fifth class cats, Imp.

Judge, W. Lloyd Jeffries.

Monday, Sept. 7.

The 244th regatta, second open race, was sailed Sept. 7 off the club house.

The day opened with a trifling S.E. air, dying out to a dead calm, and at 1 P. M., the time of the advertised start, there was no wind and few boats at the line, though the bay was white with sails becalmed trying to get there. At 1:55, a light S.W. air having brought in the boats, the race was started and the wind soon increased to a fair wholesail breeze. In this race the crews were the old number, viz., one to every 5ft. w.l. and fraction thereof.

Cero and Ashumet sailed a very close race, the former having very bad luck; carrying away first the rail to which jib halyards led, letting down the sail, and when this was repaired the throat halyard block broke and the sail came down. A new block was lashed to the mast and the sail got up after a fashion, but as this happened during the windward work it cost her a good deal.

In second class Surprise, Kalama and May King made a beautiful finish, crossing line within a very few seconds of each other.

The third class rounded buoy on starting line two-thirds through the race in a bunch, Nobska leading; but later she picked up a couple of bushels of floating seaweed on her centerboard and hauled out. Grilse got a long lead, but on last leg also picked up seaweed and lost time by it, though she won by 4s. In this class the last boats got a better breeze and quite a fluke on the leaders.

Vif turned tables on Imp, and 999 won as usual.

Course for special class, 15 miles; second class, 11¼ miles; third and fourth classes, 7¾ miles, and fifth class, 5⅓ miles. There was a good beating to windward on all courses.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SPECIAL CLASS.			
Ashumet, B. Y. C., C. H. Jones	34.03	3 12 05	3 06 30
Cero, B. Y. C., W. E. C. Eustis	39.00	3 12 48	3 11 54
SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.			
No Name, Mon. Beach, C. C. Hanley	26.00	2 43 44	2 31 33
Alma, Mon. Beach, R. Bigelow	22.04	2 53 54	2 34 58
SECOND CLASS CATS.			
Kalama, B. Y. C., David Rice	26.00	2 37 43	2 25 32
Surprise, B. Y. C., J. M. Codman	24.00	2 40 32	2 25 50
May King, B. Y. C., D. L. Whittemore	26.00	2 41 13	2 29 02
Agnostic, Osterville, D. Crosby	26.00	2 42 05	2 29 54
Gismonda, Osterville, C. H. Crosby	26.00	2 42 35	2 30 44
Bernice, B. Y. C., J. G. Young, Jr.	25.08	2 44 45	2 32 10
Ulula, Onset, N. Hucking, Jr.	26.00	2 45 55	2 33 44
Linotte, B. Y. C., W. P. Wilson	25.10	2 46 02	2 33 39
Mist, B. Y. C., G. H. Lyman	25.01	2 46 36	2 33 20
Success, Mon. Beach, H. E. Perry	22.03	2 54 23	2 37 19
Anonyma, B. Y. C., F. L. Dabney	24.09	2 56 15	2 42 23
THIRD CLASS CATS.			
Colymbus, B. Y. C., A. Winsor	21.06	1 59 52	1 47 21
Melro, B. Y. C., D. L. Whittemore	20.03	2 00 16	1 46 25
Nobska, Onset, H. Burgess	22.02	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS JIB AND MAINSAILS.			
Grilse, B. Y. C., W. E. C. Eustis	19.00	2 01 37	1 46 18
Heiress, B. Y. C., G. G. Amory	19.00	2 01 41	1 46 22
Sally, B. Y. C., W. S. Burgess	19.00	2 11 12	1 55 53
Edith, B. Y. C., C. M. Baker	18.07	2 11 53	1 56 03
Silence, B. Y. C., J. Crane, Jr.	19.00	2 15 24	2 00 05
Sylph, Onset, O. M. Canell	17.04	2 24 02	2 07 05
Ghuzz, B. Y. C., L. M. Brooks	18.09	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS CATS.			
Elsa, B. Y. C., H. & F. Burgess	19.00	2 06 13	1 50 54
Daisy, B. Y. C., H. Stockton	18.03	2 08 27	1 52 10
Coquette, Mon. Beach, W. W. Phinney	19.00	2 12 10	1 56 51
Howard, B. Y. C., H. O. Miller	18.01	2 20 57	2 04 30
Smile, B. Y. C., L. Bacon	18.91	2 24 16	2 08 38
Cinch, B. Y. C., H. Parker	18.01	2 29 13	2 12 36
Dawdle, B. Y. C., R. S. Hardy	17.06	2 32 29	2 15 14
Spectre, W. Falmouth, — Phillips	19.00	2 33 30	2 18 11
FIFTH CLASS CATS.			
Vif, B. Y. C., A. Winsor, Jr.	14.04	1 53 56	1 38 12
Imp, G. B. Dabney	14.05	1 58 00	1 42 23
Irene, Nonquitt, P. H. Sheridan	15.00	1 59 00	1 44 14
Hebe, B. Y. C., J. Parkinson, Jr	15.00	2 07 15	1 52 19
M. Y. O. B., Wareham, ——	15.00	Withdrew.	
FIFTH CLASS JIB AND MAINSAILS.			
999, B. Y. C., R. Brewer	15.00	1 40 35	1 25 39
Waskite, Mattapoisett, W. B. Scofield	12.09	1 58 51	1 40 54
P. D. Q., B. Y. C., R. W. Emmons	14.00	2 06 09	1 45 51
Raccoon, B. Y. C., J. L. Stackpole, Jr.	13.04	2 08 20	1 50 57

Winners: Special class, Ashumet first; second class sloops, No Name first; second class cats, Kalama first, Surprise second, May King third; third class cats, Melro first; fourth class sloops, Grilse first, Heiress second, Sally third; fourth class cats, Elsa first, Daisy second, Coquette third; fifth class cats, Vif first, Imp second, Irene third; fifth class sloops, 999 first, Waskite second.

Judges: T. S. Edwards, W. Lloyd Jeffries.

New York Yacht Racing Association.

NEW YORK HARBOR.

Monday, Sept. 7.

If the New York Yacht Racing Association is to be judged by the one regatta which it gives every year, it is not at the present time enjoying that prosperity which should attend a union of the small yacht clubs about New York Bay and the Hudson. In the number of associated clubs, of local club races sailing under its rules, and of starters in its great annual regatta, it shows a falling off rather than an advance on a few years ago. As the interest in yachting is increasing, and as more yachts are added each year to the smaller classes about New York, there is an ample field for such an organization, and every reason why one should grow rapidly. The regatta this year brought out but forty yachts from eighteen clubs—by no means a large fleet. The start was made in Gravesend Bay, the courses being out in the Lower Bay; a wait was made until 12:30 for yachts that were delayed in reaching the line. The race was sailed in a light N.W. wind, the times being:

	Start.	Finish	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CLASS D—CABIN SLOOPS.				
Kelpie	12 34 55	Did not finish.		
CLASS E—CABIN SLOOPS.				
Forsythe II.	12 35 56	5 27 23	4 51 27	3 59 25
Minta	12 31 28	5 29 35	4 58 07	4 05 08
Orestes	12 34 45	Did not finish.		
Ella S.	12 36 17	5 17 35	4 41 18	3 46 27
CLASS F—CABIN SLOOPS.				
Gael	12 32 19	Did not finish.		
CLASS G—CABIN SLOOPS.				
Zulu	12 32 30	5 22 49	4 50 19	3 45 55
Poco	12 32 55	Did not finish.		
Katrine	12 33 40	Did not finish.		
CLASS C—OPEN CATS.				
Hester	12 41 47	5 10 32	4 28 45	3 27 47
CLASS I—OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL.				
E. J. B.	12 31 40	5 08 44	4 37 04	3 38 50
CLASS 7—OPEN CATS.				
Edna	12 40 33	5 10 13	4 19 40	3 11 09
Lester	12 42 32	Did not finish.		
CLASS 2—OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL.				
W. H. Gill	12 35 48	5 00 42	4 24 54	3 14 22
Viola	12 36 44	Did not finish.		
Henry Dauer	12 34 08	4 55 38	4 21 30	3 17 58
Iroquois	12 33 50	3 51 19	3 17 29	2 29 21
Sybilla	12 33 15	3 56 06	3 22 51	2 31 32
Zetes	12 32 16	3 51 10	3 18 54	2 28 51
CLASS 8—OPEN CATS.				
Colleen	1 00 00	3 34 32	2 34 32	1 44 33
Tempest	1 00 00	3 36 12	2 36 12	1 46 13
Mary Isabel	12 59 35	4 09 39	3 10 04	2 21 21
CLASS 4—CABIN CATS.				
Mollie Bawn	12 42 11	3 38 40	2 56 32	1 55 54
Minnie	12 50 00	Disabled.		
Mary II	12 49 46	5 09 50	4 20 04	3 10 21
Acorn	12 49 18	Did not finish.		
Louise	12 50 00	Disabled		
Lizzie V.	12 43 26	Did not finish.		
CLASS 5—CABIN CATS.				
Elk	12 40 00	Did not finish.		
CLASS 9—OPEN CATS.				
Baby	12 58 17	3 40 23	3 42 06	2 42 09
Minnie H.	12 58 37	3 44 37	2 46 00	1 51 53
Martha M.	12 59 52	4 01 04	3 01 12	2 03 47
Minnie	12 58 44	3 47 50	2 49 06	1 49 04
Mercedes	1 00 00	3 47 54	2 47 54	1 53 57
CLASS 10—OPEN CATS.				
Chip	1 00 00	3 35 33	2 35 33	1 51 08
Chic	1 00 00	Did not finish.		
Adele Rae	1 00 00	3 36 17	2 36 17	1 52 20
Cinch	1 00 00	Did not finish.		
Maggie P.	1 00 00	3 38 43	2 38 43	1 53 57
Little Deane	1 00 00	3 44 53	2 44 53	2 00 28

Louise broke her gaff, Minnie was dismasted, and Millie protested Mercedes and Baby protested Minnie H. for fouling at the outer mark. The regatta committee included Messrs. Adams, Langerfeld, Ross and Kilbourne.

Stamford Y. C.

STAMFORD, CONN.—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Sept. 5.

THE Stamford Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on Sept. 5 in a strong S.E wind and sea, many yachts failing to start. There was no class for the 15-footers, as Yola declined to start, so Paprika went up a class and raced against Eos and B. O. B., saving her time. Drift, Annie, Elsie, Bubble, B. O. B. and Onaway withdrew. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
51-FT. CLASS.				
Uvira	12 19 00	2 42 26	2 32 26	2 32 26
43FT. CLASS.				
Norota	12 15 00	2 42 17	2 27 15	2 27 15
36FT. CLASS.				
Infanta	12 15 00	3 00 37	2 45 37	2 45 37
30FT. CLASS.				
Madrine	12 15 00	3 13 36	2 58 36	2 56 22
Nanita	12 15 00	3 09 06	2 54 06	2 54 06
20FT. CLASS.				
Eos	12 20 00	2 40 42	2 20 42	2 20 42
B. O. B.	12 20 00	Did not finish.		
Paprika	12 20 00	2 47 10	2 27 10	2 14 49
30FT. CABIN CLASS.				
Oconee	12 25 00	2 40 28	2 15 28	2 15 28
Uarda	12 25 00	2 43 46	2 18 46	2 17 27
Onaway	12 25 00	Did not finish.		

Corinthian Fleet.

NEW ROCHELLE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Friday, Sept. 4.

THE annual regatta of the Corinthian fleet, postponed from Aug. 15, was sailed on Sept. 4 in a fresh N.E. breeze, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
51FT. CLASS.			
Awa	1 28 15	6 28 47	5 00 12
Uvira	1 29 00	5 38 45	4 09 45
21FT. CLASS.			
Vaquero	1 42 00	5 48 34	4 06 34
20FT. CLASS.			
Eos	1 42 00	5 31 46	3 49 36
Hyale	1 42 00	Withdrawn.	
15FT. CLASS.			
Paprika	1 42 00	6 27 27	4 45 27
Willada	1 42 00	Withdrawn.	
SPECIAL MOSQUITO CLASS.			
Ma Honey	1 42 00	5 00 30	3 18 30
I Don't Think	1 42 00	5 22 56	3 40 56
OPEN CATS.			
Edwina	1 37 25	6 39 36	5 02 36
Ondawa	1 36 50	6 33 29	4 57 29
Dorothy	1 34 55	Withdrawn.	
Starling	1 36 21	6 51 55	4 15 34
Cora	1 38 03		
Susie D.	1 36 43	7 00 35	5 23 42

Oceanic Y. C.

BAY RIDGE—NEW YORK HARBOR.

Monday, Sept. 7.

THE annual ladies' day regatta of the Oceanic Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 7 over a 10-mile course on the Upper Bay, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
FIRST CLASS—CATBOATS, 25FT. AND OVER.		
Anna K., James H. Kane	4 01 07	1 47 42
Ripple, Arthur M. James	4 14 09	1 42 16
Dolphin, J. W. Reynolds	4 09 02	1 49 31
B. K. W., P. A. White	3 55 20	1 28 45
Charley, C. W. Bunns	3 56 00	1 29 00
Winnie, H. Patterson	3 56 16	1 29 16
SECOND CLASS—24FT. AND UNDER.		
Gotham, F. Johnson	4 12 42	1 42 22
Vanquish, C. Clement	4 16 31	1 46 13
W. H. G., J. G. Wissner	4 12 40	1 45 10
Victor, A. Merthens	4 12 10	1 45 30
Dreadnaught, C. Wise	4 13 31	1 45 20
THIRD CLASS—SLOOPS.		
Rex, Dr. J. H. Kahn	4 02 45	1 31 22
Jennie, C. Wise	4 14 56	1 43 05
Willie, J. Bessner	4 14 57	1 43 06
Juanita, C. White	4 14 56	1 43 05
Bully Boy, P. Averill	4 15 00	1 43 06
Commander, J. H. Grant	Time not taken.	
Olio, W. H. Richards	Did not finish.	

Atlantic Y. C.

BAY RIDGE—NEW YORK HARBOR.

Saturday, Sept. 5.

THE Atlantic Y. C. has just been the victim of a novel and unpleasant experience, one of its members having resorted to the courts instead of to the club and the regatta committee for a decision in a dispute over a prize. Fortunately such things are very rare in yachting; although protests and disputes are inevitable and by no means infrequent, it is seldom that any occasion arises to seek a means of settlement outside of the recognized yachting authorities. The dispute in the present case arose over the contest for the Adams cup, offered last spring by Vice-Com. Adams, to be the property of the yacht first winning it twice. The first race was a very close one between Choctaw, owned by J. Montgomery Strong, and Penguin, owned by George E Brightson; and a dispute arose over the measurements of the two. It was finally agreed that both should be measured on a certain day by John Hyslop, measurer of the Seawanhaka, New York and Larchmont clubs, and Penguin appeared at the appointed time and was duly measured, but Choctaw did not present herself for measurement. The second race, on June 13, was won by Choctaw by a safe margin, but the first race was claimed by Penguin It was finally decided by the regatta committee that both yachts should be measured at the Atlantic Basin on the morning of Sept. 5, and that they should sail the deciding leg for the cup in the afternoon Again Penguin was on hand and measured, but Choctaw failed to appear. Before the race started, however, her owner was heard from, a New York lawyer, D. A. Wise, appearing for him and serving an injunction on the regatta committee, restraining it from holding a race for the Adams cup. Under the circumstances there was no course for the committee but to postpone the race indefinitely. Three other races were scheduled for other classes, and these were started at 2:15 in a fresh S.E. wind, the course being a triangle off the club house Rain fell during the afternoon to the discomfiture of a number of members and ladies who were watching the race, but they took refuge in the cozy parlors of the house. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CUTTERS.				
Gaviota	2 17 54	4 27 31	2 09 37	.. .. ..
Awa	2 19 08	4 33 50	2 14 42	.. .. ..
Moccasin	2 16 23	4 32 55	2 16 32	.. .. ..
Eclipse	2 16 13	4 42 06	2 25 53	.. .. ..
CATBOATS—CLASS 1.				
Squaw	2 25 38	4 26 19	2 00 41	2 00 33
Dorothy	2 25 47	4 27 08	2 01 21	2 01 21
Estelle	2 26 31	Did not finish.		
CATBOATS—CLASS 2.				
Scat	2 26 02	4 38 44	2 12 42	2 09 11
Streak	2 27 02	4 38 04	2 11 02	2 11 02

Monday, Sept. 7.

The club had two races scheduled for Monday, one for the cutters, being for the prize won in a sailover by Eclipse in the annual regatta last June, and returned to the club by L. J. Callanan; the other for catboats, for a prize similarly won and redonated by R. B. Lynch, of the sloop Lynx. In addition the club offered second and third prizes, $35 and $25 for the cutters, and $30 and $20 for the cats. Up to 4 P. M. there was no wind; then a light southerly breeze came in and the race was started. The starters were Gaviota, Awa, Moccasin, Eclipse, Dorothy, Squaw, Scat, Estelle and Streak. After drifting until after dark all gave up but Awa and Moccasin, the former finishing first and the latter winning the second prize, a $35 cup.

Tuesday, Sept. 8.

The race for the catboats was started again on Sept. 8, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dorothy	2 21 11	5 09 32	2 48 21	2 48 21
Squaw	2 20 38	5 16 32	2 55 54	2 55 46
Estelle	2 20 56	5 21 21	3 00 25	2 58 54
Streak	2 22 11	5 21 55	2 59 44	2 55 16
Scat	2 21 26	5 20 08	2 58 42	2 50 43

Dorothy was disqualified for fouling a mark. The last race of the season, on Sept. 12, was postponed to Sept. 19 on account of a calm.

Commonwealth Y. C.

SOUTH BOSTON—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Sept. 5.

THE Commonwealth Y. C. sailed its first open race on Sept. 5 and made a success of it, there being good entries and plenty of wind, a hard reefing breeze from the east, with a heavy sea. Harbinger, when in second place, missed a buoy and withdrew, and Satanic broke her steering gear. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Emma C., P. A. Coupal	29.04	1 47 50	1 14 28
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	25.06	2 05 50	1 28 00
Climax, M. F. Kelley	26.04	2 05 53	1 29 05
Harbinger, W. F. Bache	28.04	Withdrew.	
SECOND CLASS.			
Gleaner, F. O. Wellington	23.00	1 07 05	0 39 35
Privateer, A. E. Schaaf	22.11	1 08 17	0 40 42
Cleopatra, H. M. Faxon	21.02	1 12 03	0 42 39
Rex, J. B. Farrell	24.00	1 10 58	0 44 24
Satanic, W. Daly, Jr	22.07	Disabled.	
Tacoma, S. N. Small	21.08	Withdrew.	
Eureka, J. G. Stewart	21.08	Withdrew.	
Lottie R., E. H. Rich	23.11	Withdrew.	
Thrush, J. H. Flemming, Jr	24.02	Withdrew.	
Offit, D. Elman	24.00	Disabled.	
THIRD CLASS.			
Arab, W. F. Scott	18.01	1 15 44	0 46 44
Allison, Huckins & Fowle	20.10	1 13 34	0 47 31
Zoe, J. McCarthy	19.06	1 15 37	0 48 12
Nancy Hanks, P. M. Magiathlin	20.06	1 15 16	0 48 53
Wawand, Benner & Pattern	19.11	1 17 07	0 50 00
Mephisto, J. Spratt	19.04	1 19 02	0 51 26
Emerell, W. H. Dow	18.10	Withdrew.	
Cocheco, Yerxa & Borden	18.11	Withdrew.	
Harriett, L. T. Harrington	20.07	Withdrew.	
KNOCKABOUTS.			
Bo Peep, Clark & North	21.00	1 12 54	1 12 54
La Chica, C. V. Souther	21.00	1 14 03	1 14 03
Torpedo, J. J. Souther	21.00	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS			
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	17.06	0 52 05	0 26 37
Fantasy, Wm. Allerton	16.06	0 54 07	0 27 33
Minx, G. D. Silsby	17.11	0 59 05	0 34 03
May R., N. C. Robinson	17.07	1 00 05	0 34 43
Sunbeam, H. B. Faxon	16.05	Withdrew.	
Anita, S. N. Small	17.08	Capsized.	
FIFTH CLASS.			
Elsa, P. A. Raud	14.08	0 57 35	0 33 34
Velma, T. Hallett	14.09	0 57 44	0 33 48
Nellie, J. O'Leary	14.10	1 03 22	0 39 32

New Jersey Athletic Club.

BAYONNE—NEWARK BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 5.

THE New Jersey Athletic Club sailed a race on Sept. 5 for pennants offered by Howard M. Cook, the course being three rounds of a triangle, 10 miles in all, on Newark Bay. The wind was fresh S.E., with rain. The 15-footer Brownie won in her class and equaled the time of the larger boats in other classes. The official times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
OPEN SLOOPS.				
Brownie	2 54 41	4 36 38	1 41 57	1 01 57
Iroquois	2 53 33	4 32 38	1 39 25	1 05 02
CABIN CATS.				
Tiche	2 53 48	4 36 06	1 42 18	1 10 36
Volage	2 53 43	4 39 30	1 45 47	1 11 24
OPEN CATS.				
Doctor	2 53 13	4 38 29	1 45 16	1 03 41
Henrietta	2 53 59	4 34 19	1 40 20	1 03 55
Chip	2 53 53	4 53 50	1 59 57	1 15 32
Yankee Boy	2 54 06	Did not finish.		
Flirt	2 53 16	Did not finish.		

Sewaren Land and Water Club.

SEWAREN, N. J.—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Sept. 5.

THE Sewaren Land and Water Club held a race for naphtha launches on Sept. 5, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Urchin, H. M. Seguine	1 18 32	1 18 32
Amelia Victoria, Walter Luttgen	1 30 32	1 25 22
Lispeth, W. M. Ballard	1 23 33	1 16 43
Conchita, F. A. Ostrander	1 38 37	1 29 27
Elga, H. M. Seguine	1 49 48	1 36 13

The winners were Lispeth, Urchin and Amelia Victoria.

Larchmont Y. C.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Sept. 5.

THE special race of the Larchmont Y. C. for the 34ft., 30ft. and 15ft. classes, on Sept. 5, was sailed in a strong S.E. blow and a sea, the yachts being reefed. No 15-footers were present, but the two 21-footers Celia and Houri started. Acushla led her class on the first round, but at the end she fouled the markboat, a strongly built scow, and stove in her port side, being compelled to run into the harbor. Dragoon sailed a good race and won by half an hour over Adele, the McGlehan 34-footer. Hera led the 30ft. class all day; at the finish all the thirties crossed the line in the wrong direction, but both Hera and Musme recrossed and finished properly; Mai going straight for the harbor. Departure was sailed by Capt. Chas. Barr. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
34FT. CLASS.			
Dragoon	12 23 45	4 16 03	3 52 18
Adele	12 25 05	4 45 30	4 20 25
Acushla	12 22 50	Disabled.	
30FT. CLASS.			
Hera	12 31 00	4 04 45	3 33 45
Musme	12 31 00	4 06 15	3 35 15
Mai	12 31 00	4 07 21	3 36 21
Departure	12 31 00	Withdrew.	
21FT. CLASS.			
Celia	12 23 20	2 28 53	2 05 33
Houri	12 25 45	2 29 49	2 04 04

Monday, Sept. 7.

Every preparation was made for a very large fleet on Labor Day for the fall regatta of the club, but for the second time this year the club has met with such bad luck as falls to the lot of all clubs on the Sound at times; while there was too much wind on Saturday, on Monday there was none at all. The start was set for 11 o'clock, but was postponed half an hour waiting for wind, and finally started in a light S.E. breeze which lasted but a few minutes. The fifty yachts drifted about the Sound until late in the afternoon, when a light S.W. wind came in and enabled some of them to finish. The 20-footer Eos was the first one in, winning in her class by a big margin. Only Colonia and Amorita started of the schooners, though the Commodore's cup was offered in this class. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS—SPECIAL CLASS.				
Colonia	12 06 07	6 39 12	6 33 05	6 33 05
Amorita	12 06 12	6 48 18	6 42 06	6 37 25
CLASS 5.				
Uvira	12 15 39	Did not finish.		
CLASS 6.				
Norota	12 16 00	Did not finish.		
CLASS 7.				
Infanta	12 14 45	Did not finish.		
Cynbra	12 15 44	Did not finish.		
CLASS 8—START 12:16.				
Dragoon		6 52 00	6 36 00	
Acushla		6 53 46	6 37 46	
Adele		6 52 56	6 38 39	
YAWLS—SPECIAL CLASS.				
Sultan	12 16 00	Did not finish.		
Audax	12 14 25	Did not finish.		
Yram	12 15 02	Did not finish.		
30FT. CLASS—START 12:31.				
Musme		6 51 23	6 20 23	
Departure		Withdrew.		
Hera		6 51 39	6 20 39	
Mai		6 54 47	6 23 47	
CLASS 9.				
Ninita	12 22 10	Did not finish.		
Muriel	12 26 00	Did not finish.		
CLASS 10.				
Virginia	12 22 29	Not timed.		
Bogie	12 26 00	Not timed.		
Eos	12 21 08	6 07 58	5 46 50	5 38 05
Agawam	12 22 53	6 58 18	6 35 25	6 34 03
Hyale	12 26 00	Not timed.		
Zez	12 21 37	6 33 39	6 12 02	5 56 54
Wahneta	12 21 50	7 00 21	6 38 31	6 38 31
CLASS 11.				
Dosoris II	12 25 45	6 13 41	5 47 56	5 47 56
Exonian	12 25 53	Did not finish.		
Oconee	12 24 13	6 20 02	5 55 49	5 51 57
Loyalty	12 22 18	Not timed.		
Qui Vive	12 25 23	Not timed.		
CATBOATS—CLASS 12.				
Jonquil	12 26 00	6 38 42	6 12 42	6 12 42
Grace	12 21 53	Not timed.		
Win or Lose	12 24 57	6 34 30	6 09 33	6 07 32
Drift	12 25 10	Did not go course.		
SLOOPS—CLASS 13.				
Tom Boy	12 23 40	6 10 05	5 46 25	5 46 25
Edwina	12 24 36	6 30 43	6 06 07	5 55 51
Zelicia	12 23 24	Not timed.		
CATBOATS—CLASS 14.				
Dorothy	12 24 41	Not timed.		
Ione	12 23 23	6 23 55	6 00 32	6 00 26
21FT. CLASS.				
Celia	12 20 00	Not timed.		
Vaquero	12 22 17	6 22 35	6 00 18	
Houri	12 21 23	6 09 46	5 48 23	
15FT. CLASS—START 12:36.				
Die Hexe		6 41 53	5 55 53	
Yola		Not timed.		
Paprika		6 25 20	5 49 20	

The Tom Boy was protested for exceeding her allowance of crew. Classes 6, 7 and the special yawl class, with class 9, failed to make a race.

Hempstead Bay Y. C. Annual Regatta.

HEMPSTEAD, L. I.—HEMPSTEAD BAY.

Tuesday, Sept. 8.

THE annual open regatta of the Hempstead Bay Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 8, starting in a reefing breeze from S.W., but finishing in a drift. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SLOOPS.				
Aglaia	2 10 38	5 49 32	3 38 54	3 38 54
Eleanor	2 11 24	5 19 15	3 07 51	3 03 34
Mystery	2 11 55	Did not finish.		
Fleetwing	2 11 01	5 44 00	3 32 59	3 21 05
Brooklyn	2 10 46	5 08 04	2 57 18	2 57 18
Jupiter	2 11 00	5 47 05	3 39 05	2 33 55
Sybil	2 10 55	4 00 00	3 40 22	3 37 26
SECOND CLASS CATS.				
Beulah	2 20 48	5 00 43	2 40 00	2 40 00
Ellen	2 16 22	5 36 37	3 20 15	3 19 11
Lottie	2 16 28	Did not finish.		
Ourisa	2 18 35	Did not finish.		
Mardi	2 16 35	5 29 53	3 13 18	3 09 58
Zepher	2 16 32	5 38 25	3 21 53	3 17 48
Mattie	2 18 05	5 35 27	3 17 22	3 13 04
THIRD CLASS CATS.				
Ripple	2 17 51	5 40 02	3 22 11	3 22 11
Rambler	2 17 25	5 33 25	3 16 00	3 11 15
Grace	2 18 30	5 36 35	3 18 05	3 10 28
Spray	2 18 24	Did not finish.		

Aglaia lost her centerboard, but finished the race.

An Extraordinary Opportunity.

THE following letter comes to us from a Western State. We will gladly furnish the name and address of the writer to any one who may wish to avail himself of this opportunity to obtain a steam yacht even faster than some of those which now claim the speed record of the world.

Editor of Forest & Stream

DR SIR

i am not anxious to be Rich at all But would like very much to be of some good use to my God & my People while i am left in this Tabernacle here Below. i want $100,000 or more for the Purpose of Raising an Institution that is badly Required in our Midst To Rais the Money i Propose the following Invention to wit a Steam Yacht that will run from i to 2 miles Pr Minute. i Guess you have quite a number of *honorabl* ackwaintances who might be interested in such an invention If you will Please show them this Letter or send to me a few of the Likelyest Names i will be very thankful to you & may God Blessing rest upon you

yours truly D. E. G.

It is reported that Alden S. Swan, of New York, has ordered a racing 15-footer from H. F. Hodson, of Toronto. Mr. Hodson built several of the Montreal 15-footers, and it was his foreman who went to Montreal and built Glencairn.

Model Yachting.

ON Labor Day the model yacht sailors of Brooklyn were busy with three separate races: two in the morning over the A. M. Y. C. course, and one in the afternoon over the Wave Crest M. Y. C. course. The first, postponed from July 4, was for the A. M. Y. C. trophy, Ripple, W. Wallen, of the W. C. M. Y. C., being the challenger.

A nice breeze was blowing from the N.N.W., when the little craft took their positions ready for the start. The defender of the trophy was Star, the property of Geo. W. Townley and Geo. F. Pigott, the start being made from between the bulkheads off Thirty-seventh street, around the Channel Buoy and return, ½ mile, making a long and a short leg to the buoy, a run to leeward to the starting line; Geo. F. Pigott sailing Star. Two heats were sailed, Star winning each, the second by 38s.

The second race was for the Eagle cup, defended by Gracie, W. W. Neff, sailed by Geo. F. Pigott; the challenger being Streak, R. C. Wallen, Wave Crest M. Y. C. Gracie won the first heat, but lost the second by going outside a mark; Streak won the third heat by 2½s.

The contest for the Eagle cup was the last race at Thirty-fourth street, and in the afternoon the trophy committee boarded their alcohol vapor launch (another being sent from the works to accommodate the press and friends) and proceeded to the Wave Crest M. Y. C. off Fifty-sixth street and raced over the latter's course for the *Outing* trophy, defended by Wave, of the Wave Crest M. Y. C. and challenged for by Minerva. Wave won the two heats.

Trophy Committee—T. W. Neilson, W. C. M. Y. C.; Frank Nichols, A. M. Y. C.

Referee—Frank Nichols, Phila. M. Y. C.

American Model Y. C. Perpetual Challenge trophy:

	Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST HEAT.			
Star, G. W. Townley	10 29 00	0 17 05	0 17 55
Ripple, W. Wallen	10 29 30	0 28 30	0 30 18
SECOND HEAT.			
Star	11 01 00	0 18 19	0 18 19
Ripple	11 00 55	0 19 20	0 18 57½

Eagle cup:

	Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST HEAT.			
Gracie, W. W. Neff	11 55 30	0 21 16	0 21 16
Streak, R. C. Wallen	11 56 02	0 22 26	0 22 54½
SECOND HEAT.			
*Gracie	12 20 45	0 23 40	0 23 40
Streak	12 21 10	0 23 07	0 22 45½
THIRD HEAT.			
Gracie	12 47 12	0 19 53	0 20 33
Streak	12 47 02	0 20 53	0 20 31½

*Gracie disqualified.

Outing cup:

	Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST HEAT.			
Mernerva, J. D. Casey	4 22 05	0 21 45	0 22 05
Wave, Cogswell & Thompson	4 20 49	0 21 56	0 21 46
SECOND HEAT.			
Mernerva	4 46 37	0 17 43	0 18 43
Wave	4 46 56	0 16 09	0 15 59

Cohasset Y. C.

COHASSET, MASS.

Saturday, Sept. 5.

THE Cohasset Y. C. sailed a race on Sept. 5 in a moderate S.E. breeze, the times being:

	Elapsed.
FIRST CLASS.	
Mit, R. B. Williams	0 54 30
Heron, E. Stoddard	0 58 05
Petrel, Fred Higgins	1 01 25
Jeannett, H. T. Montgomery	1 08 40
15FT. CLASS.	
Swallow, John Richardson	1 16 55
Blink, Fred Pratt	1 17 25
Mermaid, W. R. Sears	1 22 14
Bee, A. Bigelow, Jr.	1 24 34
Scooter, John Dean	1 24 35
Munger, E. F. Willcutt	1 25 20
Hoodoo, Gammons & Wheelwright	1 32 20
Sea Gull, S. Higgins	1 24 00

Lake Geneva Y. C.

15 AND 18FT. CLASSES.

Sept. 5.

THIS was the third race for points in the 15 and 18ft. classes. Little Dipper won 4 points, Puckachee won 2 points, Tiya won 4 points, making a total of 6 points for Little Dipper, 6 points for Puckachee, and 4 points for Ysabel; this being the last race for the 15ft. class. The Puckachee and Little Dipper will sail off the tie next Saturday (Sept. 12). Distance 8 miles. Wind strong S.W.

	Start.	Finish.
15FT. CLASS.		
Ysabel, Benj. Carpenter	11 06 00	1 10 50
Little Dipper, Miss Rosalie Sturges	11 06 00	1 11 20
Puckachee, Miss E. V. Rumsey	11 06 00	1 15 12
18FT. CLASS.		
Tiya, Miss Frances Norton	11 06 00	1 23 30
Iris, Miss E. Davol	11 06 00	Did not finish

Fifteen foot class: First prize, Little Dipper, 4 points; second, Puckachee, 2 points. Eighteen foot class: First prize, Tiya, 4 points.

Ysabel was disqualified on a foul.

Judges: G. P. Hall, L. C. Fuller.

Margarita II.

THE new steam yacht, Margarita II., arrived at New York from the Clyde on Sept. 12. She is described as follows by the New York *Sun:*

With the possible exception of W. K. Vanderbilt's Valiant, the most magnificent steam yacht afloat is A. J. Drexel's new twin-screw flyer Margarita, now anchored off Sixty-fifth street, Bay Ridge. She attracted any amount of attention yesterday, and scores of spectators in small boats and naphtha launches hovered around as her crew put her in shipshape condition after the long voyage. In spite of the fact that the Margarita encountered tremendous head seas from the time she left Troon, Scotland, she made an average speed of 11½ knots under natural draft, and on her trial trip made 16½ knots under forced draft.

In appearance, except that she is larger, the Margarita bears a close resemblance to the new Sovereign, though her bow and stern have the graceful characteristics of all Watson's boats. The Margarita in point of tonnage and size exceeds all of our steam yachts, with the exception of the Valiant, as the following comparison of the over-all lengths of some of our larger steam yachts will show:

Valiant, 332ft.; Margarita, 285ft.; Nourmahal, 250ft.; Atalanta, 243ft.; Namouna, 234ft; Eleanor, 232ft.; May, 226ft.; Josephine, 225ft.; Sapphire, 218ft.; Conqueror, 203ft.

However, it is not on account of her size and tonnage alone that the Margarita will attract attention, for her construction embodies all that is novel in marine architecture, and whatever may be thought of G. L. Watson's ability as the designer of cup challengers, he is certainly one of the foremost designers of steam yachts in the world to-day.

The Margarita's stem has an easy rake, and the flare of the bow makes her a very dry boat in a seaway. Her counter is of the usual graceful Watson type and free from the heaviness which the large tonnage of the yacht would suggest. The Margarita has a large yellow funnel and is rigged as a fore and aft schooner with a light yard on her foremast. She has good freeboard, and her high teak bulwarks will keep almost any sea or spray off her snow white decks.

Forward there is a topgallant forecastle to keep her crew dry in a heavy sea, while a novelty in the shape of what is called a sun deck, which extends from rail to rail, forming the roof of her cabin and supported by light steel stanchions, will undoubtedly attract the attention of our yachtsmen on account of its utility. On the sun deck is a small deck house, which includes a beautiful little smoking cabin and the usual accommodations for the navigating officers. The smoking cabin is reached by a stair from the fore and aft alley along the shade deck, and is finished on the outside in teak and on the inside with wainscot oak, while the upholstery is in maroon-tinted morocco. The shade deck below affords a covered promenade on each side between the deck house and the rail.

The library is in the fore end of the sun deck house, and is finished in mahogany, Chippendale style. From the library an alley runs aft on the starboard side, from the windows of which you can look in the engine room, with its tons of polished steel machinery. This alley is hung with tapestry paneling and leads to the dining cabin, which is one of the finest apartments of its kind on any yacht afloat.

Aft of the engine room the alley leads to the boudoir, which takes the place of the usual drawing-room. The decorations here are white and gold, while ample side windows give light to this dainty apartment. From the boudoir a stair leads down to the sleeping cabins, which include ten staterooms and numerous bath-rooms.

She can carry coal for the longest voyages, has capacious storehouses, pantries, ice chests and wine cellars, and can make her own ice and fresh water. She has three galleys, a fully equipped laundry, and a crew of fifty-three men. She is commanded by Capt. Raynor, a veteran of the British-Australian trade, while her chief engineer is Andrew Haddon, formerly of the American liner Paris. She carries two steam launches, a ½-rater, two lifeboats, a gig, a cutter, and a dinghy in her davits. It is said that Mr. Drexel and his family will shortly start on a tour around the world in her.

The Oldest Known Boat.

THERE is in Chicago to-day one of the five oldest small boats known to exist in the world. It has just come, all packed and stayed for its long voyage, from the Gizeh Museum of Antiquities at Cairo. To the generosity of Mrs. Cyrus McCormick the Field Columbian Museum and this city and country are indebted for a rare gift.

With this boat, which will be installed in the museum, and the two which remain in the Cairo museum, were two more, which still rest on the sands which stretch desolately from the Darshur pyramids, near which they were all found. It is expected that before long the remaining two will be brought to Cairo and properly installed.

The five boats were found buried at a considerable depth not far from the famous largest pyramid, and in such orderly form and with such mathematical relationship to the great pile of stone that it was evident that they had been buried with design at that particular spot. All were brought to the light and air at once, and after examination by scholars, proving their marvelous age, their preservation from the elements was at once deemed necessary.

The boats were found to be alike in the material of which they were constructed and in their general dimensions. The cedar of antiquity, which entered into so much of the construction of things of wood, was used for building these boats. While the equipments of the boats had generally disappeared with time, and the edges and ends were ragged and little warped, their shapely outlines still remained so rigidly in evidence that the modeler's skill in giving grace and shapeliness was evident. The boat that is in Chicago now was as well if not better preserved than any. It is 30ft. long, 8ft. beam and 4ft. hold. It had been propelled, of course, by oars, but the points of contact for the oars were not in evidence. A well-preserved and peculiarly marked and designed piece of a rudder of wood was found near the boats and that has been brought to Chicago as the accompaniment of the boat now here.—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The New York Y. C. has lost an honored member in Joseph R. Busk, who died at his home in Newport on Sept. 2 at the age of fifty-nine years of Bright's disease. Mr. Busk was an Englishman, long resident in this country, a member of the firm or Busk & Jevons, steamship owners. For many years he lived on Staten Island, joining the New York Y. C. in 1869; in 1875 he built the sloop Madcap, from designs by A. Cary Smith, and after a very successful career she was replaced in 1879 by the famous old "iron pot" Mischief, also designed by Mr. Smith. Mischief, the first radical attempt at what was afterward termed the "compromise sloop," was a remarkably successful yacht under the spirited ownership of Mr. Busk and the skillful handling of the late Capt. "Than" Clock; her battles with the larger and older wooden sloops are now historic. She was selected in 1881 out of four trial boats to defend the America's Cup against the Canadian sloop Atalanta, and did so with ease. The fact that Mr. Busk was by birth and education an Englishman caused no comment in connection with the Cup races, as he was a most determined partisan of the centerboard sloop and of the New York Y. C. He was held in the highest regard by his fellow members and yachtsmen, and though of late years he has not been a yacht owner and has largely drifted out of yachting, his loss will be felt by the club.

The Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. has on its grounds at Dorval a very large shed for the housing of its fleet in winter, a railway running up from the water, with appliances for transferring the yachts laterally when in the house. All of the yachts are thus hauled up and placed under cover for half the year. A part of the shed is fitting for a building shop, and efforts have been made at times to get a reliable yacht builder to rent it and attend to the club's business. Heretofore the right man has not been found, but since the late races Mr. H. K. Wicksteed, of Cobourg, has arranged to take the property in connection with Mr. David A. Poe, a member of the club; they will carry on a general designing and building business under the name of the Yacht Company of Dorval. Both of these gentlemen are well known as contributors to the FOREST AND STREAM, Mr. Wicksteed through his cruises in yachts and canoes and his many attractive designs of single-handers and small cruising craft; and Mr. Poe through his writing on canoeing over the *nom de plume* of Retaw. Mr. Wicksteed has had a large personal experience in cruising in canoes and yachts, in designing, and in building. Mr. Poe has this year done all the metal work and fittings for the Montreal 15-footers, being engaged in the machine business.

Norna, schooner, designed by A. Cary Smith and built in 1879 for C. H. Contoit, of New York, has recently come into the hands of a newspaper syndicate, which have planned for her a most adventurous and ambitious cruise around the world, carrying special staff of writers to the places less known and not accessible by the ordinary routes of travel, which will be duly written up in syndicate letters. The prospectus, an exceptionally good specimen of the modern artistic pamphlet, contains an extraordinary amount of misinformation about this yacht, which is described as "Clyde-built, rated A1 at Lloyds, and possessed of the world's record for sailing from New York to Palm Beach, Fla.," on the strength of which it is proposed to enter her in "the spring races at Cowes" in the course of her voyage. Her outfit will include a table service of solid silver and Dresden china, two rapid-fire Hotchkiss guns, twenty-four Springfield rifles with bayonets, twenty four revolvers of .44 caliber, together with cutlasses and other weapons; a geologist, botanist, photographer, physician and two newspaper correspondents.

The Pacific Interclub Yacht Association is a new organization, formed on May 12 of this year at San Francisco, and including the local clubs, the San Francisco, Pacific, Corinthian, Encinal and California. The officers are: Pres., C. G. Yale; Vice-Pres., C. L. Tisdale; Sec'y, R. R. l'Hommedieu; and Treas., C. W. Platt. Each club has three representatives, one of whom shall be a non-yacht owner; the three voting as one. The racing rule is a unique modification of the Seawanhaka rule, the waterline and spar measurements are taken in the usual way, the so-called "actual sail area" is then obtained by actual measurement of all sails which the owner at time of measurement signifies his intention of carrying on the wind; the square roots of these two measurements being added to the l.w.l. and the sum divided by two. The result is such a heavier tax on sail as the strong winds call for, but we fail to see any good reason for the two different measurements.

Sovereign, steam yacht, designed by J. Beavor Webb and built by the Erie Basin Dry Docks Co. for M. C. D. Borden, has been in commission since the New York cruise and doing some very fast running. We place very little value on the alleged performances of steam yachts alongside of the various fast passenger steamers about New York, for the reasons that both sides generally claim the victory, and the conditions of the alleged races are so indefinite as to amount to nothing. At the same time it is generally conceded that in a recent informal run with the Sandy Hook steamer Monmouth the honors were on the side of the steam yacht. She was engined by the W. & A. Fletcher Co., having two sets of triple expansion engines for her twin screws, cylinders 15, 20 and 39 by 21in.

We have received from the *Yachting World*, 28 Paternoster Row, London, a copy of its special summer number, very handsomely made up, with a cover in colors. It contains a number of yachting stories, a well illustrated article on the Royal Victoria Y. C. and many pictures of yachts, including some large plates of Ailsa, Satanita, Meteor, etc. Among other portraits is one of Charles Sibbick, the designer and builder of so many fast yachts in the smaller classes. On Aug. 12 the ownership of the paper changed hands, and it is now under an entirely new management. After Oct. 1 the offices will be at 27 Wallbrook, London.

The Rochester Machine Tool Works is steadily improving the Buckley Safety Water Tube Boiler, built by it, and has recently been allowed several additional patents on it. J. T. Gardiner, of East Hampton, L. I., who has used two of these boilers for a year, speaks of it in the highest terms; one has been used with great satisfaction by D. F. Fairchild, of Westminster Park, N. Y., in his steam launch Helen.

Canoeing.

The British Canoe Association Meet.

THE following account of the annual meet of the British Canoe Association was written by F. C. Lane, late Vice-Commodore for the *Field:*

On Pencarrow Point Field, better known perhaps as Mylor Point, in Falmouth Harbor, the camp was pitched this year on July 27, and a more suitable place for a salt-water canoe meet could not be found in the British Isles. There was something to see and somewhere to go in all directions; a racing or cruising breeze, generally from the N.W.,

veering to W.N.W., blew straight on to the tents every day, while the warm sun, shining on the wide expanse of water in front, the distant wooded slopes of the Fal, Trelissick, St. Just in Roseland, and Trefusis, made a *coup d'œil* of beauty, so that those who did not come will never know what pleasure they missed. Indeed, there was to be found every requisite for a canoe meet, except canoeists, and these numbered only twenty-seven, who brought fifteen boats, viz.: Lily, Vestal, Sunbeam, Undine (late Tavie), Jub Jub, Roulette, Turtle, La Babet, Pepita, Dabchick, Winnie, Thalia, Marjorie, Prucas III and Waitangi. The B. C. A probably never during its existence had so perfect an opportunity for the formation of a large camp, and all hands were puzzled to account for the absentees; however, those on hand were the right sort, and everything moved throughout with the spirit that rolls the world along merrily.

Capt. Coke, R. N., H. M. S Ganges, his officers and men, were most kind and courteous. The Royal Cornwall Y. C. and the Falmouth Sailing Club offered hospitality, honorary membership and races. The neighboring local regattas gave prizes for B C. A. boats. The Green Bank Hotel, Falmouth, opened its pleasant doors as our headquarters, and bar one or two half days of rain and dense cloud there was nothing to mar perfect enjoyment. Hardy's success as *chef de cuisine* (with a battery obtained from Constantine, rightly styled Treasure Range) was marked, and his stews, curious camp sauces, dumplings, etc., were items to dream of. The piano was requisitioned for sing-songs after mess, and unexpected talent was discovered. A well-known member found the Boy at the Nore after many years of search, and the honorary treasurer was vociferously desired to "let her go" whenever he ventured on a sweet melody about the Isle of Man and Harrogate.

A cricket match on the Ganges Recreation ground resulted in a victory for the camp, T. S. Comber knocking up 100 out of 156 for the B. C A, whilst the bowling of Messrs. Nickerson and Ferris proved deadly for the Ganges, who scored 36 in first innings, and second innings followed on five wickets down for 34—time called. In 1890, when the B. C. A. were first at Mylor, the Ganges beat the B. C. A.

The regatta on Saturday, Aug. 8, was the most important day of the meet, and all were astir early. There was a fine fresh wind from N.N.W., and at 10:30 A. M., the time fixed for the start, increased considerably in strength; so much indeed that the sailing committee postponed the start one hour. At 11:30 the wind against a flowing tide caused a nasty jump of sea for small boats, so reefed sails and "oilies" were needed in all except La Babet.

The course planned was all in sight from the camp, and was nearly an equilateral triangle, from an imaginary line between the camp flagstaff and the Turtle as a markboat, thence E.S.E. around St. Just Buoy, thence to the flagboat above Mesac Point and back to the Turtle, leaving all marks to port, four times round, making about ten miles. Owing to an unfortunate misunderstanding, the flagboat above Mesac Point was not moored in position before the start, and after the limit boat had started a semaphore signal to the Ganges caused a markboat from that ship to be moored in St. Just Creek, nearly half a mile to leeward of the spot intended to be marked. While this was being done, Com. Bartley, in the Lily, with a mark flag around his shoulders, paddled to the proper spot above Mesac Point, and La Babet, observing this, ignored the Ganges-laid flagboat (of which she knew nothing) and worked to windward until she could round the Commodore and his shoulder flag. Dabchick alone followed La Babet; the other four boats chose to round the Ganges-laid flagboat, and thus to shorten their leg to windward by at least one-half the distance, and so the race continued to the end, La Babet and Dabchick scrupulously working into the valley, in the mouth of which the Commodore had been stationed for one round, and thereby sailing the full course of ten miles, and Vestal, Thalia, Marjorie and Prucas III. sailing around the Ganges mark, making a course of about eight miles only. The committee gave Dabchick a gun, but subsequently considered the position and ordered a resail on the 10th inst.

The following were the times of the abortive race on the 8th, the asterisk showing the boats which rounded the Ganges mark:

	Starting gun.	Started.	1st round.	2d round.	3d round.	4th round.
La Babet	11 30 00	11 30 45	12 11 47	12 51 35	1 30 09	2 06 43
*Prucas III.	11 38 00	11 38 20	12 04 10	12 31 18	12 54 13	1 23 20
*Vestal	11 41 00	11 41 25	12 08 30	12 35 10	1 00 25	1 26 05
*Marjorie	11 44 30	11 44 37	12 12 01	12 37 47	1 02 27	1 27 45
Dabchick	11 48 00	11 48 20	12 21 37	12 54 50	1 27 51	2 02 12
*Thalia	11 48 00	11 48 31	Gave up.			

The next race for canoes was won by Roulette. Prucas, in difficulty with her main sheet, made a bad start, and finished 3m. 34s. astern.

The third race for canoe yawls was well won by Dabchick.

The fourth race was for boats not exceeding 1-rating, belonging to the Cornwall Y C. or Falmouth Sailing Club, over four rounds of the Ganges mark B. C. A course, for prizes presented by the B. C. A. Five entered—Fal, Pixie, Centipede, Lassie and Firefly. Lassie did not start, the halves could not save their time over the ones, the winner being Fal at 5:04:43; Prixie second at 5:05:58.

A capsize race between Marjorie and Prucas was smartly accomplished, Marjorie winning. Then races in "oilies" and sea boots and various tugs of war finished the proceedings, when afternoon tea in the marquee was served, where Mrs. and Miss F. C. Lane did the honors.

Monday, Aug. 10, the day of resailing the cup race, turned out light and fine, with not nearly enough wind for such boats as La Babet or Vestal, but quite enough for the rest. Mr. Laws, in Prucas III., scored a good win although Dabchick, Mr. Pedlar, was overhauling her fast in the windward work, and another few hundred yards of weather going would have done Prucas. However, she was well sailed, and won the Lough Erne cup by 1m. 18s.; Dabchick second, Thalia third. After the race the winner's kit was examined and weighed, and although his boat tent and lamp were of an ephemeral and will-o'-the-wisp character, and not at all practical, he was allowed to pass muster with a caution, and was awarded the prize. The proposal next year to have a real practical cruise, everything being carried in the boats, with shifting camps, seems to meet with favor, and many believe it would do the B. C. A. good to leave luxury in tents and fittings at home one year, and go for a trip down the Shannon and into Lough Derg in light cruising order. At all events it would be more in accord with the spirit and principle of the Association rules, and might perhaps induce a larger number to assemble under the flag of "Bonhomie, Camaraderie and Amiability."

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa., Sept. 5.—The Presque Isle Rifle Club held a handicap prize shoot at its range to-day. The prize was a silver water set, donated by Mr. Disque Notwithstanding the rain and a fishtail wind, some exceptionally good work was done. Germann won the prize with a total of 246 out of a possible 300. The conditions of the shoot were: 200yds., off-hand, standard target, 7-ring black:

	Handicap.									
J G Germann	0	5	10	10	10	10	10	6	9	8	5—83
	0	7	8	7	10	7	10	9	10	7	8—83
	0	6	9	6	7	8	8	10	10	9	7—80
Dr A C Wheeler	3½	9	10	6	10	10	9	8	8	2	7—82½
	3½	5	6	5	10	9	7	7	7	9	7—75½
	3½	8	10	5	10	7	6	5	6	5	10—75½
Capt J Bacon	2	7	8	10	10	8	5	10	6	8	8—82
	2	10	8	6	8	5	5	10	8	10	7—79
	2	4	6	4	7	10	10	7	5	10	9—74
W J Leyer	3½	10	10	9	7	8	6	7	6	8	7—81½
	3½	8	10	10	6	5	8	2	5	8	5—72½
	3½	8	8	10	4	6	6	8	9	6	3—71½
Jno Stidham	2	10	6	9	7	10	8	7	8	5	7—79
	2	8	7	9	8	6	7	4	5	8	10—74
	2	7	7	5	7	8	9	9	6	5	7—72
J F Leyer	5	6	8	5	8	7	8	6	9	8	8—78
	5	8	9	8	6	7	6	5	9	5	6—74
	5	10	3	5	9	7	9	6	7	6	6—73
W B Patton	5	8	4	8	5	10	10	6	10	7	7—80
	5	7	4	6	4	9	10	10	4	7	5—71
	5	9	5	6	5	3	6	8	9	8	6—70
W F Tresbro	0	5	7	6	4	7	10	8	6	9	10—72
	0	6	7	8	8	9	8	4	6	7	9—72
	0	7	9	7	7	8	7	7	5	5	9—71
G C Rahn	3	9	8	4	9	6	8	5	6	6	10—74
	3	6	9	9	5	6	3	6	9	6	10—72
	3	7	5	8	3	10	4	6	9	9	5—69
Geo Shafer	0	6	10	7	8	5	5	9	9	7	6—72
	0	9	4	9	7	9	7	6	7	5	8—73
	0	5	6	6	7	8	7	10	8	7	6—71
E S Noyes	13	3	10	5	9	4	3	2	8	4	4—65
	13	2	8	2	7	7	1	2	3	6	10—61
	13	3	2	4	2	8	8	3	5	4	8—61
F Derby	4	4	5	5	4	5	7	8	8	5	8—58
	4	4	2	3	7	5	5	7	6	6	10—58
	4	3	5	3	8	4	7	7	6	5	4—56

The .30 Military as a Target Rifle.

VICTORIA, B. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read FOREST AND STREAM every week and gain quite a lot of information from it. In a letter *re* .30cal. military and sporting rifles from H. B. S., Norwich, Conn., he seems to doubt the gentleman in New Brunswick, who informed him that "in England last year a battalion team of eight men shooting at Queen's ranges (200, 500 and 600yds.) averaged 96 points per man with the Lee-Metford rifle." Allow me to inform H. B. S. that this is quite true. It was not a 70-round match, but 21 rounds, 7 rounds at each range, bullseye counting 5. I sent and got the names of the shooters, etc., otherwise I should have answered H. B. S.'s letter sooner. Here are the records:

Fired at the Curragh camp on July 27, 1895, with the Lee-Metford rifle and Cordite ammunition:

	200yds.	500yds.	600yds.	Total.
Highest possible scores	35	35	35	105
Lance Corp T Lynch	33	34	35	102
2d Lieut R B Magee	33	32	35	100
Sergt J McGinnell	31	34	34	99
Color Sergt H Trill	32	32	34	98
Sergt A McCann	32	32	34	98
Musketry Inst P Kelly	29	34	32	95
Sergt T Ryan	31	30	30	91
Sergt J C Duthie	27	30	32	89
	248	258	266	772
Averages	31.00	32.25	33.25	

Average of team, 96.50.

I don't know who the experts were that tested the rifles H. B. S. speaks of, but if he wants to see some good rifle shooting he can do so any Saturday afternoon at Clover Point range, Victoria, by men who do not profess to be experts. We have scores of 101, 100, 98, 99 and 97 made with the Martini rifle out of 105 at Queen's ranges. Every one who uses the Lee-Metford makes steadier shooting than with the Martini-Henry; the recoil of the Lee-Metford is almost *nil* and wind does not affect the bullet nearly as much as the Martini.

The experts that H B. S. speaks of must be very poor shots, indeed our third-class shots can make better shooting than he speaks of

VICTORIA RIFLEMAN.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Sept. 6.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, standard target and Columbia target. Scores on the standard target were:

Gindele.

6 7 10 10 10 6 7 10 9 10—85 8 7 10 8 10 5 6 10 9 8—81
8 7 10 6 9 8 10 5 9 9—81 6 4 7 9 9 10 8 9 10 7—79

Payne.

9 9 8 9 8 8 8 7 8 10—84 9 7 8 8 7 7 10 9 5 9—79
8 7 7 7 9 6 9 8 10 5—76 10 9 10 7 6 6 7 4 8 6—73

Hake.*

10 6 8 5 5 7 6 6 6 5—64 4 4 5 6 9 6 7 9 7 6—63
7 9 9 9 6 4 5 5 6 3—63 8 6 4 5 8 7 3 5 7 8—61

Lux.

10 9 10 5 9 4 6 3 4 5—65 7 8 4 5 5 10 6 3 5 8—61
3 4 6 8 7 8 9 5 4 6—60 4 3 6 9 5 7 9 3 7 3—56

Topf.

10 6 7 8 6 6 6 4 5 5—63 6 10 5 6 8 6 4 4 6 7—62
5 5 6 6 6 3 5 7 3 6—52 4 5 7 5 4 4 7 6 5 4—51

Weinheimer.

9 9 6 8 7 6 9 8 8 6—76 3 8 10 7 7 5 9 8 10 7—74
7 4 10 9 8 6 6 7 8 8—73 9 6 7 6 3 8 5 10 8 8—70

Trounstein.

5 6 9 10 6 7 7 1 5 9—65 8 3 6 6 10 5 4 6 8 6—62
8 5 5 5 9 7 6 8 3 4—60 6 5 3 5 6 3 6 5 5 10—54

Hasenzahl.

10 6 8 9 7 7 9 8 8 7—79 10 3 4 10 8 9 8 8 8 7—77
8 6 10 6 10 4 8 8 8 9—77 8 10 5 5 5 9 8 10 6 7—73

Randall.

6 9 9 8 6 7 8 8 7 9—75 6 7 7 6 8 6 7 6 9 6—68
5 5 6 8 6 5 9 8 5 10—67 10 8 4 6 9 3 8 6 6 5—65

Drube.*

7 4 5 3 5 5 8 6 4 3—50 2 2 3 8 4 6 6 8 5 2—46

Columbia target:

Gindele.

6 6 4 5 6 7 7 10 3 4—58 5 6 10 1 7 12 3 8 8 2—62
4 4 3 9 8 7 7 6 11 8—67 10 6 7 17 6 6 3 7 11 6—78

Payne.

2 5 6 5 3 3 9 7 6 12—58 6 22 17 7 2 10 18 17 3 11—110
11 11 12 21 4 5 10 18 8 10—110 7 12 4 20 11 14 22 7 14 3—114

Hake.

13 1 2 9 13 16 8 8 12 21—103 10 9 15 10 13 8 19 4 18 13—130
10 9 7 18 9 15 16 8 20 27—139

Lux.

11 15 5 14 14 20 19 17 14 27—160 24 27 16 9 14 13 27 12 9 14—165
9 14 7 22 19 27 27 24 18 19—186

Topf.

16 15 4 19 8 6 13 14 1 20—116 7 11 20 7 17 17 10 21 5 21—136
9 10 17 24 18 11 19 18 21 21—163 9 25 23 27 23 27 7 21 22 27—211

Weinheimer.

22 4 1 8 14 10 8 11 8 15—101 12 2 2 25 3 18 20 4 7 10—103
14 7 12 4 25 3 16 9 8 24—132 2 11 27 27 7 7 25 8 7 15—136

Trounstein.

15 6 14 8 22 4 9 13 13 18—122 18 13 1 20 27 18 15 9 11 12—144
19 27 9 8 22 17 19 27 22 27—197

Hasenzahl.

11 9 13 7 13 2 3 7 24 3—92 14 10 6 13 7 7 15 7 5 15—99
13 27 15 10 9 3 7 9 9 7—109 19 14 6 8 2 22 14 7 4 17—113

Randall.

7 13 27 10 2 10 3 12 27 17—128 27 8 5 5 6 6 13 5 8 7—90
11 12 12 17 9 13 12 4 12 18—120

* Military rifle.

Calumet Heights Rifle Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 6.—In to-day's shoot Paterson won the class A medal and Miss S. L. Ervin the class B medal. The scores were:

Class A, 200yds., standard target, any caliber:

Paterson.....3344434413—36 Spaulding.....3433230233—26

Class B, 100yds., Creedmoor target, .22cal., rest:

S L Ervin.....3445434335—38 H E Skinner.....2343354434—36
C W Spaulding.....4444433344—37 L R Ervin.....3000354434—26

A team match was also shot under the following conditions: 100yds., .22cal rifles, ladies allowed rest:

Mrs R B Carson0000000000— 0 G C Lamphere.3440232334—28
A C Paterson...5444433333—35 Mrs H Carson..0400123033—19
Mrs Lamphere.5444444343—38 H Carson.....3000434044—22
Mrs Chamb'rl'n3443345341—37—110 Miss Ervin.....3344433333—33—102

A. C. PATERSON.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Sept. 23-24.—ATLANTA Ga.—Tournament of the Fulton Gun Club. Targets and live birds; $200 added money.

Sept. 25.—WINDSOR LOCKS, Conn.—All-day shoot of the Windsor Locks Gun Club.

Sept. 26.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Fourth tournament of the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club. Sweepstakes at 10 A. M.; League team race in the afternoon. C. O. Gardiner, Sec'y.

Sept. 29.-Oct. 2.—HARRISBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association. First three days, targets; fourth day, live birds.

Oct 6-8.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Autumn tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Two days, targets; one day, pigeons and sparrows. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds added money announced later.

Oct. 14-15.—GREENSBURG, Ind.—Second annual tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club. Targets only. Web. Woodfill, Sec'y.

1897.

Jan. 4-5.—PRESCOTT, Arizona.—Fourth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Prescott Gun Club. Roy Hill, Sec'y.

January.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second midwinter tournament, under the management of Oscar Guessaz, etc.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK CITY.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

April 15-17.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex Com.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The New Utrecht Gun Club, of Brooklyn, seems to have been singled out by the fire demon from all the other clubs in this vicinity for special marks of his approval or disapproval—whichever way you look at it. One Saturday early in the season, while a club shoot was in progress, the trap house, four or five traps, and several barrels of targets went up in smoke in spite of the efforts of those present to save them. All that happened on their target grounds at Dyker Meadow, away down in South Brooklyn. On Thursday, Sept. 10, this city and the vicinity were visited by a terrific thunderstorm, the display of lightning being such as is very seldom witnessed outside the limits of the tropics. In the height of the storm a bolt struck the club house at Woodlawn, L. I., the live-bird grounds of the club. The house was hit fairly in the center and took fire, the yellow pine with which it was finished affording good material for the flames to feed on. There is now nothing left of the house, platform or puller's house, all having been consumed. The club was fully insured, we understand; but just now it is without any shelter at the Woodlawn grounds, hence its live-bird contests are at a standstill. There will be no live-bird shooting for the club members until October.

W. J. Price, of Spruce Cabin House, Canadensis, Monroe county, Pa., was in the city on Friday, Sept. 11. Mr. Price was in W. Fred Quimby's store looking at several Smith guns with an eye to purchasing same, when we ran across him. He is very sanguine as to the outlook for game the coming season. Speaking with him about the State shoot at Harrisburg, he said that business would prevent him being present, but added that he hoped the next Legislature of the State would make the open season on trout from May 1 to Aug. 1, instead of from April 15 to July 15; he argued that trout at the early date set for the opening of the season were not in condition, and stated that the pot-hunters in his district cleaned up the streams before April 15, so that when the season did open there were no sizeable trout to catch. Mr. Price, and all Pennsylvanians who have the preservation of game and fish in the State at heart, should become members of the State Sportsmen's Association, and strengthen the hands of the executive body in the fight that will come in the spring.

The annual meeting of the Cobweb Gun Club was set for Friday evening, Sept. 11, at the club's new rooms, 2277 Third avenue. Owing to the extremely short notice given, due, we believe, to an error on the part of the printer who had charge of the notices, and also probably owing to the fact that several members of the club are yet out of the city, the secretary, F. A. Kerker; E. P. Miller, one of the proprietors of the grounds at Baychester, N. Y., and the trap editor of FOREST AND STREAM were the sole representatives of the seventy-seven members in good standing that go to form the popular club named above. The election of officers for the ensuing twelve months was part of the business put down for the evening's work. President George A. Barker will doubtless instruct the secretary to call another meeting at an early date.

Harry Thurman had a good deal to say about the coming State shoot at Harrisburg, Pa., Sept. 29-Oct. 2. The prospects are good for a capital tournament, Harrisburg being centrally located and boasting of several good shots who are members of the Harrisburg Shooting Association. Gun clubs that are members of the State organization, and others who are contemplating becoming members, should see to it that they are represented at the annual meeting. The State Legislature sits next year and special concerted efforts will be made to obtain much-needed legislation in behalf of the game and fish of the State.

The Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J., one of the new clubs organized this season, has been spending a good deal of money putting its grounds in shape. It has built a capital club house and has all the conveniences of a well appointed gun club. The grounds are only a couple of minutes' walk from the depot of the New York, Susquehanna & Western R. R. at Hackensack. The secretary of the club, Mr. C. O. Gardiner, writes us that the club will hold its first handicap target shoot for the silver cup presented by the American E. C. Powder Company on Saturday next, Sept. 19.

J. S. Hildreth, one of the Southern representatives of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., was a new face at the traps in New Jersey during the three days' shoot at Marion last week. Hildreth shot right along and showed considerable improvement toward the end, when one takes into consideration the strong wind that blew almost all day on Tuesday and Wednesday. He was in warm company too, and, as he put it, "They didn't do a thing to me, did they?"

In remembrance of a long and pleasant friendship of twenty years' standing and of his —— year on earth, Lieut. Gibson on Sept. 12 presented to Mr. Ed. Taylor, the well-known W-A powder man, a handsome cane of Congo wood, with a handle of a genuine Japanese War Turk. The occasion was made a very happy one among those who were present, J. A. R. Elliott, J. Hildreth, Jr., Lieut. Gibson and others joining in wishing him as many more years as he has already so happily spent, and wishing him prosperity and success in his new field of labor.

The Patten cup, shot for on Saturday last, Sept. 12, on the Hollywood grounds, was won by Edgar Murphy. The conditions were 50 live birds, $50 entrance, handicap rise. Murphy on the 30yds. mark, and Albert Loening on the 26yds. mark, tied with 46 out of 50. On the shoot-off, miss-and-out, Murphy won in the 4th round, Loening's bird in that round falling out of bounds. L. B. Hooper (26) scored 45, and G. S. McAlpin (30) 44; Fred Hoey (29) 40 out of 49, and Al Ivins (30) 25 out of 30, were the other contestants.

Lieut. Peter Gibson, who has been East for a couple of weeks or so, found time to put in a few days in this city. While in New York he met Ed Taylor and at once tried to bring off their long-talked of rifle match. Mr. Taylor was willing to shoot on Friday (his best day), but the Lieutenant held out for Saturday (his lucky day). Neither party being willing to give in, the match will hardly come off in the near future.

The State Association of New Jersey, that has been slumbering for several years, will very shortly be aroused from that long slumber and become a factor in the shooting world once more. Al. Heritage, the president, will call a meeting at which such action will be taken as will put the State organization on an equal footing with other associations of a similar nature.

A. W. Adams, a brother of Platt Adams, of the New Utrecht Gun Club, has been East on a visit. While here he has found time to do a little target-shooting, a sport to which he is no stranger, being a prominent member of the Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago. At Marion, on Monday, Sept. 7, he had to take a back seat, Mr. Platt Adams leading him by 30 targets out of 200 shot at.

The date for the next team race of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League has been changed, Sept. 26 being the date now set, in order that the shoot may not clash with the 100-target handicap event at the grounds of the Boiling Springs Gun Club on Saturday, Sept. 19.

The Arizona State Sportsmen's Association will hold its fourth annual tournament at Prescott Jan. 4-5, the shoot being given under the auspices of the Prescott Gun Club. The secretary of the State organization is Ray Hill, of Prescott.

Elmer E. Shaner, who will manage the Pennsylvania State shoot at Harrisburg, says that the city of Pittsburg will be well represented at that shoot or else there are a good many shooters in the Smoky City that are not given to speaking the truth.

Five members of the Joplin (Mo.) Gun Club shot a 100-target race one day last week. The targets were thrown at unknown angles. The scores made were: W. G. Sergeant 92, Huffman 91, Kinmouth 90, Cox 86 Leeman 84.

On Monday of this week, Sept. 14, Jack Winston shot a race at Elkwood Park, N. J., with Dr. Gagnon. The conditions were 25 live birds per man, $100 a side. Winston won the match by scoring 22 to 20.

The experts will find the handicap imposed on them at the Pennsylvania State shoot rather severe. It is similar in every respect to that in force at the New York State shoot at Buffalo.

The local gun club at Windsor Locks, Conn., will hold an all-day shoot on Sept. 25. The club will make every effort to give its guests a good shoot and an enjoyable time.

The Quanah, Tex., Gun Club's second annual shoot will take place at the Quanah fair grounds, Sept. 24 and 25. First day's shoot will be at live birds, second day at bluerocks. B. F. WILLIAMS.

It is not at all unlikely that T. W. Morfey, of Paterson, N. J., may try another bout with Edgar Murphy on the Hollywood grounds and at the same number of birds, 200 per man.

The Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., will hold an invitation 100-target handicap on its grounds on Saturday, Sept. 19. The race will be started at 1 P. M. sharp.

The programme for the traps at the Hollywood, N. J., traps for Saturday, Sept. 19, is the Epilogue handicap, 100 birds per man, $100 entrance.

The Fulton Gun Club, of Atlanta, Ga., will hold a tournament Sept. 23-24. The club will add $200 to the purses. Both targets and live birds will be used.

A synopsis of the programme for the Pennsylvania State shoot appears in another column of this issue.

The programme for the Newburgh (N. Y.) shoot, Oct. 7-9, will be ready for distribution very shortly.

The Greensburg (Ind.) Gun Club will hold a tournament Oct. 14-15. All events will be at targets.

SEPT. 15. EDWARD BANKS.

The Interstate at Marion, N. J.

THE Interstate Association's series of tournaments for 1896 was brought to a close on Wednesday evening, Sept. 9, after three consecutive days of target-shooting on the grounds of the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City. The first day, Sept. 7, Labor Day, was not, properly speaking, a part of the Interstate's tournament; it was the regular annual Labor Day shoot given by the Endeavor Gun Club. For years past it has been the custom of this club to hold an all-day shoot on the above holiday, and as a rule these annual affairs have been well attended.

This year's shoot was no exception to the general rule. The attendance of club members was very satisfactory, and most of them shot along in the sweeps, either for "birds" or cash, it being optional whether one put up the regular entrance fee or only paid for the targets at 2 cents each. As practice work for the tournament of the next two days the Labor Day shoot fell in just right, and several of those who intended to shoot through the Interstate's programme took advantage of the "sweeps at popular prices" to get their eyes on the targets.

The preparations for handling the shooters and the arrangements made for their comfort were all right. Those who attended the Marion grounds on either of the three days of the shoot found everything just as it should be. Two sets of traps were placed in position, although practically only one set was used on Labor Day. The second set was required to run off the extra expert events on the two days of the Interstate shoot. Both sets of traps were bluerocks, and bluerock targets were thrown during the entire shoot. The No. 2 set, the set on which the expert events were shot off, were traps of which Elmer Shaner was very proud. He has thrown very nearly 300,000 targets from them since they were first placed in the kit of the Association, and they are throwing as well now as they did the first day he used them.

Of course the shoot was run by Elmer Shaner, the annual Labor Day shoot taking the place of the usual "preparation day." On that day the secretary of the club, J. A. Creveling, acted as entry clerk, his place being ably filled on the two succeeding days by W. A. Richards. The cashier was Edward Bock, a gentleman who has often acted in the same capacity at Marion when "Uncle Al" Heritage was the moving spirit of the shoots at these grounds. The puller, Frank Post, and the blackboard man both did their work well. The greater portion of the referee's work was done by the club's president, A. R. Strader, while Carl von Lengerke denied himself the pleasure of shooting right along, devoting himself to taking a hand at anything to help out his club. The Rose system of dividing purses was adhered to on all three days, and no fault was or could be found with the division of moneys under that system.

Among the trade representatives present on Labor Day were: J. A. R. Elliott and J. S. Hildreth, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company; U. M. C. Thomas, of the U. M. C. Company; Justus von Lengerke, senior partner of the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold, the U. S. agents for Schultze powder; Noel E. Money, secretary of the American E. C. Powder Company; Ed Taylor, of the Laflin & Rand Powder Company; E. D. Fulford, shooting Schultze powder in U. M. C. Company's factory-loaded shells; Jack Winston (147), shooting Austin powder and looking out for a match or two while here in the East.

The neighboring clubs were fairly well represented on Labor Day, the fact that nearly every club holds a shoot on holidays militating against large entries on such days at any one tournament.

Platt Adams, of the New Utrecht Gun Club, was accompanied by his brother, A. W. Adams, of the Eureka Gun Club, Chicago. The Passaic City Gun Club sent "Count" Lenone and Bennie Abbott, the latter shooting under his old *nom de fusil* of Bluerock; Hackettstown was represented by J. L. Smith; F. A. Thompson, of the Vernon Gun Club, of Brooklyn; J. S. Duston and E. A. Geoffroy came from Newark; Uncle Billy Sigler, one of the oldest and most reliable shots in New Jersey, made his appearance at the traps for the first time in many months; T. Christy came from Paterson; Jack Brewer also took a hand at target breaking, but did not strike his old gait. The home club was well represented, the following upholding the credit of the Endeavor Gun Club: G. H. Piercy, captain of the club; E. Ingram, C. W. McPeek (Jersey), L. H. Schortemeier, Edwards, Eddie Collins, etc.

Among the lady visitors was one who came all the way from Cincinnati, Ohio, to meet old friends and to tell us that work on King's Smokeless kept an old member of the Endeavor Gun Club, Milt F. Lindsley, from being present at the shoot. We refer, of course, to Mrs. M. F. Lindsley, so well known to shooters under the name of Wanda. Mrs. Lindsley does not shoot now as well as she always did; the loss of her pet gun, which was stolen from the special car *en route* for the Joplin, Mo., shoot last spring, has affected her shooting seriously. Pending the arrival of a new gun that is being made for her, she picks up any light gun and pluckily tries to break targets, but the result is by no means satisfactory to her.

On Labor Day a total of over 5,000 targets were thrown. Our table of scores shows the results in 15 events; as a matter of fact two other events, a 25 and a 15-target event, were also shot, but the number of entries was not large, so no record of the scores was kept. Jim Elliott led the band with a total of 123 breaks out of 135 shot at; Fulford was second with 212 out of 235 shot at. Justus von Lengerke and E. A. Geoffroy were close together with totals of 215 and 212 respectively out of 240 shot at. Platt Adams had his eye with him and landed with 174 out of 200; his brother, A. W. Adams, of the Eureka Gun Club of Chicago, was decidedly off in his shooting, breaking only 72 per cent. of the 200 he shot at. Louis Shortemeier shot well at times, breaking 25 straight in No. 6, and landing with 84.5 per cent. for 200 shot at. The "old reliable," Ed. Taylor, found time between greetings from old friends to shoot at 130 targets, breaking 108 of them. George Piercy, the Endeavor Gun Club's captain, shot in every event, but the cares of his position were against a good average; his percentage of 78 8 would be materially increased if the 25 straight he made in event No. 16 was taken into account.

LABOR DAY SCORES.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	Shot		
Targets:	10	15	20	15	20	25	15	20	10	20	20	15	20	15	20	at.	Broke	Av.
Elliott	..	..	18	12	..	24	15	17	..	18	19	..	..	..	..	135	123	91.1
Fulford	..	..	16	14	18	23	14	17	8	18	19	15	16	14	20	235	212	90.2
Edwards	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	19	7	19	15	15	19	14	18	155	139	89.6
J von Lengerke	10	13	18	13	18	21	13	19	10	19	16	13	18	14	..	240	215	89.5
Geoffroy	8	13	18	15	17	21	14	19	7	19	18	13	16	14	..	240	212	88.3
P Adams	..	..	..	17	14	16	20	13	19	9	19	17	14	16	..	200	174	87
Schorty	..	..	..	..	..	16	15	11	15	9	16	18	19	17	13	200	169	84.5
Sigler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	16	15	13	..	19	95	79	83.1
Taylor	..	..	14	12	17	..	13	18	10	..	..	12	..	12	..	130	108	83
J L Smith	8	10	17	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	12	17	..	18	135	112	82.9
147	..	..	17	12	16	21	11	18	9	17	15	..	..	..	..	..	165	136	82.4
Collins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	6	19	14	19	90	74	82.2
Ingram	8	12	19	12	16	22	..	..	6	..	14	..	16	14	..	170	139	81.7
Piercy	8	10	15	11	16	17	13	17	7	17	19	11	14	13	17	260	205	78.8
Duston	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	18	12	16	90	71	78.8
De Wolff	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	17	18	11	15	..	..	90	71	78.8
Brewer	..	..	18	13	16	23	13	14	8	16	12	8	..	..	..	..	180	141	78.3
Christy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	16	12	14	8	18		110	86	78.1
Jersey	7	..	..	..	19	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	35	77.8
U M C	..	..	16	11	15	..	10	13	7	..	16	11	..	14	..		150	113	75.3
Thompson	..	..	..	..	13	20	14	17	4	14	12	14	13	10	18		200	149	74.5
W Adams	..	..	12	8	14	19	14	15	7	17	15	12	11	..	..		200	144	72
C von Lengerke	7	11	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	31	68.8
N Money	6	11	14	12	13	12	10	14	10	15	11	8	..	..	..		205	136	66.3
Hildreth	..	..	11	7	13	17	12	14	6	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	145	93	64.1
Herkimer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	6	10	11	16		90	57	63.2
Hoffman	..	..	6	..	5	14	..	8	..	7	..	..	13	..	12		115	65	56.5
Blue Rock	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	11	8	9		70	38	54.2
Count	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	12	8	11		70	37	52.8
Howell	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..		40	17	42.5
Strader	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	4	40
Matzen	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	11	..	1	4	6	85	25	29.4
Wanda	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	6	..	..		35	10	28.5

TUESDAY, SEPT. 8.

To-day was the first day of the Interstate Association's tournament. The boys were slow in putting in an appearance, it being about 10:30 before the programme was commenced. The attendance was by no means what it should have been, the vast majority of the local clubs being conspicuous by reason of non-representation. Why this should have been so we are at a loss to surmise. The programme was a good one; there was a good amount of added money; the adoption of the Rose system favored the less expert shooter, and the Endeavor Gun Club and its members have always done their share to make local shoots a success. The club is a member of two local leagues—the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League and the New Jersey Amateur Trap-Shooters' League. There are eight other clubs in the first and four other clubs in the second. Under the circumstances it is hard to account for the non-appearance of many of the faces usually seen at such gatherings in New Jersey.

Among the new faces to-day were: Capt. Money, of the E. C. Powder Co., and his younger son, Harold B. Money; L. D. Thomas, of Baltimore, a representative of Laflin & Rand's W-A powder; Ferd Van Dyke, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; J. A. R. Dressel, secretary-treasurer of the Interstate Association, and president of the U. M. C. Co.; J. S. S. Remsen, of Brooklyn, one of the youngest and best target shots in this section of the United States; J. F. Paddelford, of Sherburne, N. Y.; Harry Thurman, of the Keystone Shooting League, who claims to be a "has-been," but adds that that's better than being a "never-was-a;" Slide, Dr. Fletcher, etc.

The weather, though bright and sunny, was by no means in favor of high scores. In the morning the wind blew very strongly from the northeast, and the targets, as a natural consequence, took all sorts of erratic flights, breaking up the hopes of many a shooter for a straight score just when the latter was right within his grasp. The force and effect of the wind may best be noted by looking at the scores in event No. 1, a 20-target event with four moneys, 14 breaks coming in for part of fourth money!

Justus von Lengerke was high average for the day with 89.4, an excellent percentage when the conditions are considered. Brewer lost 7 targets out of his first 15 and 3 out of his next 20; he then finished by breaking 125 out of his last 135, being second average with 88.2. Fulford and Van Dyke were third and fourth with 87.8 and 87.5 respectively. Remsen, whom we have referred to above, was fifth with 85.8, a fraction better than Schorty, who finished sixth.

In addition to the scores given in the table below, Ingram shot in event No. 6, breaking 10 out of 15: Wanda broke 11 out of 15 in No. 8, and Dr. Fletcher scored 14 in No. 10.

FIRST DAY, SEPT. 8.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Targets:	20	15	20	15	25	15	20	15	25	20	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
J von Lengerke	14	14	19	14	20	13	19	14	24	19	190	170	89.4
Brewer	..	8	17	15	24	13	18	14	22	19	170	150	88.2
Fulford	16	12	18	11	20	14	20	14	24	18	190	167	87.8
Van Dyke	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	13	21	20	80	70	87.5
Remsen	16	13	18	14	21	14	15	15	20	..	170	146	85.8
Schorty	16	14	20	9	22	13	17	13	21	17	190	162	85.2
147	10	10	16	13	24	15	19	12	23	17	190	159	83.6
J. F.	13	13	16	13	21	12	11	12	24	15	190	156	82.1
Geoffroy	16	9	18	12	17	15	17	15	20	16	190	155	81.5
Edwards	16	12	15	11	21	12	17	12	21	16	190	153	80.5
Elliott	15	13	16	11	17	13	9	11	20	17	190	152	80
Thurman	15	10	16	10	21	13	15	11	21	20	190	152	80
Collins	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	12	19	75	60	80
Hildreth	14	10	12	11	19	9	14	..	19	14	175	132	75.4
Capt Money	..	..	..	..	..	14	9	17	12	21	17	120	90	75
C von Lengerke	15	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	17	55	41	74.5
Piercy	15	6	15	10	18	11	18	13	19	15	190	140	73.6
Duston	18	11	14	9	19	8	16	7	..	18	165	120	72.7
H Money	..	12	12	11	..	11	..	8	..	..	80	54	67.5
Jersey	..	..	..	..	..	11	14	8	..	..	50	33	66
U M C	16	10	15	10	18	7	9	..	..	..	130	85	65.8
Taylor	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	11	35	25	62.8
Slide	14	6	12	11	17	7	13	10	..	..	145	90	62
N E Money	16	7	9	7	15	7	12	14	..	..	150	87	58
L D Thomas	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	10	..	35	15	42.8

The scores made in the four expert events shot on No. 2 set of traps were as follows:

EXPERT EVENTS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
J von Lengerke	9	10	12	12	Elliott	15	11	14	13
Piercy	9	11	8	10	Geoffroy	11	13	14	14
Duston	..	9	..	..	Thurman	13	11	11	11
Fulford	10	14	13	12	H Money	7	..	..	..
J F	5	..	..	..	Capt Money	8	..	..	..
Edwards	11	8	10	..	Collins	14	12	12	12
Schorty	12	12	15	13	Taylor	8	..	..	..
U M C	12	..	..	..	L D Thomas	..	..	..	10
147	12	12	..	..	Van Dyke	11	12	11	14

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 9.

This was another windy day, scores again being affected by the wind that blew directly in the face of the shooters. The shoot ran as smoothly as possible, everything moving off with the precision of clockwork. Elmer Shaner's face began to look more cheerful as the day wore on; to-day's shoot was the last of the Interstate's work for 1896. Those who have managed shoots will realize readily what his work has been this year. Elmer's Japanese hat, that has been a feature at the Interstate shoots this season, was sent into retirement to-day. During the shooting of an extra after the programme was finished, one of the traps needed Elmer's attention; while at the traps he was asked to throw up his hat. This he did, but took all the squad by surprise except Capt. Money, who promptly placed a charge of shot through it. Before Elmer could again rescue his hat one of the trapper boys sent it flying into the air, and this time it received attention and a load of No. 7¼ from Edwards's gun. The hat has gone back to Pittsburg, and will be given to Old Hoss as a sample of the work of Jersey mosquitoes, and will be placed with the balance of Old Hoss's trophies of trap work adorning the walls of the "woodpecker's nest."

Among the newcomers to-day was M. Herrington, of the W-A powder, the president of the Arlington, N. J., Shooting Association; Secretary J. L. Lequin, of the Hazard Powder Company; Holberton, of the Oritani Field Club of Hackensack, N. J.; and Thos. G. Bell, secretary of the New Jersey Amateur Trap-Shooters' League.

Jim Elliott was on top to-day with a percentage of 88.9, Ferd Van Dyke coming next with 88.4. Remsen showed up remarkably well with 87.7 per cent., and was high man with 24 out of 25 in event No. 5. Van Dyke was handicapped during the greater part of this tournament by having to shoot his live-bird gun; to-day when partly through the programme he took up a repeater of Noel Money's and tried it, with the result that he shot it the balance of the day, making a splendid average for the last few events, and sweeping the decks in the extras shot after the completion of the programme.

SECOND DAY, SEPT. 9.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Targets:	20	15	20	15	25	15	20	15	25	20	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Elliott	16	13	19	12	21	14	19	12	23	19	190	169	88.9
Van Dyke	16	13	16	12	21	15	18	14	24	19	190	168	88.4
Remsen	..	12	17	14	24	13	19	14	20	16	170	149	87.7
Brewer	15	12	19	14	20	12	20	15	21	18	190	166	87.3
Holberton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	21	18	60	52	86.6
Edwards	15	13	15	15	23	11	18	13	24	17	190	164	86.3
J von Lengerke	19	12	18	15	18	..	..	..	..	..	95	82	86.3
Fulford	11	11	18	13	19	12	20	15	22	17	190	158	83.1
Schorty	20	13	15	9	23	13	15	10	21	18	190	157	82.6
J F	17	13	16	10	..	..	..	..	20	17	115	93	80.8
Piercy	14	13	16	12	21	11	15	14	19	17	190	152	80
Capt Money	17	11	18	9	18	12	17	11	22	17	190	152	80
Geoffroy	..	..	..	10	16	13	18	12	22	..	115	91	79.1
Collins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	22	15	80	63	78.7
Bell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	15	35	27	77.1
Christy	..	..	..	..	11	18	8	17	13	..	..	90	67	74.4
Taylor	..	..	..	..	..	12	14	..	..	..	35	26	74.2
U M C	13	11	17	13	..	13	13	8	..	..	120	88	73.3
Herrington	13	10	..	11	19	13	13	..	..	..	110	79	71.8
Thurman	17	8	13	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	70	49	70
Frye	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	21	12	60	41	68.3
N Money	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	16	..	..	40	27	67.5
Hildreth	..	11	16	11	11	8	14	9	19	13	170	112	65.8
Ingram	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	..	..	..	35	23	65.7
L D Thomas	12	13	..	8	..	8	16	8	..	..	100	65	65

The scores made in the four expert events were as below:

EXPERT EVENTS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Piercy	15	12	13	11	U M	..	..	7	..
Van Dyke	10	10	11	8	Schorty	11	10	13	11
Capt Money	..	..	8	..	Christy	8	11	10	..
Fulford	11	13	13	10	Geoffroy	12	11	12	..
Elliott	14	13	15	13	Taylor	8	..	10	10
Herrington	..	11	11	..	Collins	..	13	12	11
L D Thomas	7	..	..	8	H Frye	..	..	..	12

EDWARD BANKS.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Sept 10.—Regular shoot of the club held to-day. In the fourth event Dornin and Cleland tied for the Silverthorn badge, Cleland winning the tie. Conditions: Unknown angles, A. A. rules:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	20	20	10	25	25	Targets:	20	20	10	25	15
Nelson	13	18	7	14	14	Scott	13	15	8	14	20
Terry	13	15	8	20	18	Moorman	17	15	7	19	18
Dornin	18	18	8	23	19	Cleland	10	12	5	23	..

F. M. D.

Independent Gun Club, of Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, O., Sept. 8.—The Independent Gun Club, of this city, recently opened its fall season. The scores made by members of the club at the opening shoot were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Du Bray	8	9	9	7				..	Luther			4	..	5	3	6	5
Jack	6	7	7	9				5	Trimble		..	10	8	8	7	..	..
Waddell	2	1	4	..			..	..	Goodman	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	3

Boston Shooting Association.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Labor Day, Sept. 7.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	20	10	20	10	20	10	10	15	15	5
Jones.	7	8	7	4	8	6	6	8	7	2	6	8	9	9	10	14	8	17	10	19	9	7	13	9	5
Howe.	7	6	9	5	8	8	9	10	6	7	6	7	6	9	5	17	10	16	8	14	5	7	11	10	4
Henderson.	9	8	10	9	7	10	8	9	10	9	8	9	8	7	10	18	8	15	9	15	..	..	9	..	..
Le Roy.	9	8	6	9	10	8	5	8	10	9	6	8	8	10	8	20	10	18	9	16	7	6	12	13	5
W L Davis.	5	7	7	5	3	7	9	10	9	9	9	9	9	7	8	18	10	18	8	16	7	..	13	..	..
Mason.	2	4	8	7	7	8	9	9	5	6	8	9	8	8	8	15	6	11	7	17	4	10	11	9	3
Hastings.	9	8	9	8	7	5	9	9	6	6	7	8	9	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Allison.	9	9	9	7	4	10	6	7	8	10	5	7	9	7	8	14	5	15	9	14	8	9	13	11	3
Rule.	10	8	6	8	7	7	7	10	8	4	9	10	..	..	7	13	9	18	8	17	9	..	11	..	..
Bond.	6	4	5	8	8	9	9	4	5	7	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Martin.	10	7	10	8	9	8	8	9	9	9	9	8	10	8	7	17	5	18	8	19	9	8	10	12	4
R C Walls.	8	7	6	5	5	7	2	7	3	5	8	7	7	6	7	..	8	..	6	..	8	..	12	..	..
Snow	8	8	4	7	7	4	3	6	7	6	6	6	6	8	6	10	7	12	4	..	..	..	..	..	3
C B Sanborn.	7	6	6	6	8	7	10	5	8	5	6	6	8	9	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..
Burton.	3	4	1	4	5	5	6	3	8	7	4	4	6	6	8	17	4	13	..	..	..	..	10	..	..
Kinney.	6	8	6	10	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..
Puck.	7	8	7	9	5	9	9	9	8	8	8	9	6	10	5	14	8	14	6	18	8	6	13	10	4
Mascroft.	6	7	9	9	5	7	9	10	8	7	8	8	..	..	10	15	9	17	..	..	..	..	15	..	..
T H Davis.	..	5	8	..	..	..	6	6	8	7	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	6	9	..	..
G S Davis.	..	5	5	..	..	..	8	7	4	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	2	10	..	..
Clason.	..	4	7	..	..	..	4	4	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	9	..
Gore	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	7	8	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Curtis.	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	8	7	7	7	8	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	10	..	..
Nichols.	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	6	6	3	4	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..
Hilliard.	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	..	5	2	..	..	..	9	4	11	5	..	9	..	..	
Leighton.	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	5	..	3	2	..	..	..	9	4	9	3	..	7	..	..	

Wausau Gun Club.

WAUSAU, Wis., Sept. 4.—Your correspondent happened to strike Wausau just in time for one of the gun club's local tournaments. Although an entire stranger to all of the club members, he was given a cordial welcome and spent a very enjoyable afternoon with them. Most of them are new hands at the trap, but there is some good trap-shooting timber among them, and all the energy and love of the sport that is needed to develop their latent powers. If they keep at it some of their names will become familiar in trap-shooting circles.

The weather was very unfavorable for good scores, and rain put a stop to the sport before the programme was shot out.

Below are the scores, all events at known angles; No. 3 was at 3 pairs and 8 singles:

Events:	1	2	3	4			Per
Targets:	10	10	14	15	Shot at.	Broke.	cent.
Coney	10	10	11	14	49	45	91.8
Hampton	9	10	9	13	49	41	83.6
Pierce	7	8	11	12	49	38	77.5
Lyons	7	8	10	13	49	38	77.5
Bardeen	8	6	10	11	49	35	71.4
Brown	8	5	8	14	49	35	71.4
C Winton	7	6	8	11	49	32	65.3
Weeks	8	6	9	8	49	31	63.2
La Motte	7	..	..	9	25	16	64
Marson	7	5	9	9	49	30	61.2
De Voe	6	..	..	..	10	6	60
Pardee	8	5	..	8	35	21	60
Crosby	..	..	..	9	15	9	60
Hudson	7	4	..	8	35	19	57.1
Turner	..	3	..	..	10	3	30

O. H. HAMPTON.

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Sept. 5.—Below I hand you scores made to-day by members of the Haverhill Gun Club at their weekly shoot. This is our tenth practice shoot since our club was organized, and the result shows a marked improvement in the shooting of the members, all but three or four of whom had never fired a shot at the clay birds until the afternoon of July 4 last.

Events 4, 5, 6, 8 and 9 were at unknown angles; event 13 at 5 pairs doubles, and the remainder of the events at regular angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
F J Blake	2	8	7	..	..	5	5	..	..	8	7	6	5	..	..
Leighton	7	6	..	5	7	5	8	..	6	5	4	9	5	3	5
D S Short	8	7	5	5	7	6	8	..	7	6	10	8	4	10	5
E P Blake	6	6	7	4	8	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Holden	6	7	7	3	3	3	8	6	..	..	8	..	7	..	..
Ingham	8

On Long Island.

MUTUAL ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Sept. 2.—The members of the Mutual Rod and Gun Club, the successor of the old Mutual Fishing Club, held a live-bird shoot to-day at the grounds at North Beach. The club event was at 7 birds, and Frank Dexter and J. B. Knowles were high with 6 out of their 7. The scores were:

Frank Dexter 6, J. B. Knowles 6, C. C. Treadwell 5, H. C. Stanton 5, James P. Smith 5, W. S. Massey 4, Charles Snyder 4, P. Wambold 4, Aaron Whitney 3, G. A. Tracy 3, Thomas Hudson 2.

WOODSIDE GUN CLUB.

The Woodside Gun Club held its first shoot since June on its grounds at Woodside, L. I., this afternoon. Seventeen members were present and took part in the sport, R. J. Henderson winning the club shoot, which was at 15 targets. Scores:

R. J. Henderson 13, T. W. Richardson 12, James Colgan 12. T. W. Murphy 11, Dr. Behrens 11, J. W. Heany, 10, U. V. O'Connor 9, T. J. Heany 9, Frank Williams 8, E. S. Morris 8, E. T. Kent 7, W. H. Hunt 6, Jacob Bernstein 5, Charles Thurston 5, S. P. Schleucter 5, J. J. O'Brien 5 H. P. Smith 4.

BERGEN GUN CLUB.

Sept. 7.—At the shoot of the Bergen Gun Club, of Brooklyn, held at the club's grounds at Flatlands, L. I, to-day, R. J. Valentine successfully defended his title to the President's trophy by scoring 14 out of 15 live birds in that contest. The scores in the first event, which was a sort of pipe-opener for the shooters prior to commencing the main event, were as follows:

Nelson Ellery (26) 4, T. M. Murphy (28) 3, D. G. Murray (28) 2, J. G. Kane (27) 4, R. J. Valentine (28) 3, T. H. Hardy (26) 2, L. G. Jenkins (27) 3, C. A. Richardson (26) 1.

The second event was the race for the President's trophy, 15 live birds per man, handicap rise; the scores in this event were as below:

R. J. Valentine (30) 14, T. M. Murphy (26) 12, P. H. Myles (29) 13, A. Moray (28) 12, D. G. Murray (27) 10, C. A. Richardson (26) 9, R. J. Frazier (28) 10, N. T. Ellery (27) 8, F. G. Hennessey (26) 7, T. T. Williamson (27) 9, G. O'Brien (27) 11, L. G. Jenkins (27) 5, H. J. Kane (27) 4 (withdrew on 5th round), T. T. Hardy (27) 8, W. H. Gregory (27) 5.

ENTERPRISE ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Sept. 9.—The Enterprise Rod and Gun Club, of New York city, held its first shoot this season on the grounds at Bay Side. The club event is at 7 live birds per man. R. V. Bolton won the shoot after tieing with H. L. McTammany and Daniel G. Longman on scores of 6 out of 7. In the shoot off of the tie Bolton ran 4 straight, McTammany losing his fourth bird and Longman his second. The scores in the main event were:

R. V. Bolton (28) 6, H. L. McTammany (29) 6, D. G. Longman (26) 6, G. H. Samuels (26) 5, Dr. Lewis H. Jennings (guest) (26) 5, T. H. Foster (26) 5, T. F. Dillon (27) 4, C. H. Nelson (26) 3, L. G. Harper (26) 2, S. H. Hennessey (26) 3, L. G. Schwartz (26) 2, F. K. Schroed (guest) (26) 3, J. H. Brierly (26) 2, M. J. Murphy (guest) (26) 3, P. H. Myles (guest) (29) 5, P. G. Henderson (26) 3, T. M. Schottler (26) 2, D. G. Murray (27) 3.

PARKWAY ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Sept. 9.—The Parkway Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, held its monthly shoot at Dexter Park this afternoon. The wind blew strongly and made the birds hard ones to gather within bounds. The attendance was small, but there was some good shooting. In the club event, 7 live birds per man, the following scores were made:

Class A: Elias Helgans (30) 7, Anthony Botty (28) 7, H. Bookman (28) 4. Class B: Henry Bramwell (28) 6.

MONTAUK ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Sept. 9.—The regular monthly shoot of the Montauk Rod and Gun Club took place at North Beach this afternoon, seventeen members taking part in the club event, which was at 10 live birds per man. The scores were:

W. H. Wheeler (30) 9, F. E. Pettingill (28) 8, G. F. Murray (30) 8, W. J. Anderson (28) 8, J. J. McGuire (25) 7, P. J. Haines (28) 7, C. F. Bradley (30) 7, H. C. Williams (25) 7, J. Chris. Reinhardt (28) 6, H. S. Gardner (30) 6, W. J. Chapman (25) 5, D. F. Healey (28) 5, J. C. Buckley (25) 5, Sylvester Palmer (25) 5, F. S. Pomeroy (28) 4, G. H. Finnegan (25) 3, M. J. Wall (25) 2.

CRESCENT GUN CLUB, OF BROOKLYN.

Sept. 3.—Only three members of the Crescent Gun Club, of Brooklyn, put in an appearance at Dexter Park this afternoon; the occasion was the club's regular monthly shoot at live birds. The three present were President Walter D. Gilman, Secretary L. C. Hopkins and G. E. Loeble. The latter shot well and captured the Beaufort diamond badge by scoring his 7 birds in the club shoot. Mr. Gilman scored 5 and Mr. Hopkins 3.

RIDGEWOOD GUN CLUB.

Sept. 11.—The Ridgewood Gun Club held its regular monthly shoot at Wissell's Ridgewood Park this afternoon. Of the 15 members who took part in the club event at 7 live birds, only one, John Welz, scored all his birds. Lee Helgans, J. J. Young and Charles Wissell scored 6 birds. Under the rules of the club, all of the above-named shooters except Young were not entitled to the medal, as each has scored a win already this season. This left the medal to Young. The scores were:

John Welz (30) 7. J. J. Young (23) 6, E. Helgans (30) 6, C. C. Wissel (30) 6, C. Zerwick (28) 5, Peter Eppig (30) 5, J. Bermel (28) 5, Jos. Eppig, Jr. (28) 5, C. Deckelman (30) 4, A. J. Newburger (23) 4, Martin Schottler (30) 4, P. Kunzweiler (28) 4, Frank Ibert (30) 4, H. J. Wiemann (23) 2, Gus Diem (23) 0.

In New Jersey.

Sept. 5.—The scores made to-day in the monthly club shoot were as below, a handicap allowance of extra birds being allowed the weaker shooters:

Lancom.....1111011000110101011111111111101111010101101111111—38
James.....1011110010111111001010110111111111111101101011111111
10111111 —46
Marvin.....1101011111110101010000101011110110111001111001000
11111111100001001011 —42
Frank.....0111100111111011011111101011110101110111111111111—40
Lenone.....1111111001111111010110001011100111111100111111111
11100 —41
Huck.....0111101111111111111111111111101110111111110111101—44
Black.....0111011111001011100111010111011101111111111011010
01101011000101110111 —48
Broshart.....0101100110011110101100111101110001101111001101100
011011010101110 —38

Sweeps were also shot as follows:

No. 1, 10 targets: James 10, Huck 9, Marvin 7, Frank and Lancom 5.
No. 2, same: Huck 10, James and Frank 9, Marvin 7, Black 6, Peck 5.
No. 3, same: Frank 10, Huck and Marvin 9, James and Lancom 7.
No. 4, same: Huck 10, Lenone 9, Cropsey 5.
No. 5 same: Huck 9 Black 8, Peck 5. W. H. HUCK, Sec'y.

BERGEN COUNTY GUN CLUB, OF HACKENSACK.

Sept. 7.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Bergen County Gun Club, at the club's grounds, Hackensack, N. J.:

No. 1, 30 targets per man: Capt. A. W. Money 29, Lefferts 26, Bell 23, Harold B. Money 23, Linson 21, Van Keuren 21, Jackson 20, Chaffee 19, Fleischman 17, Ryan 16.

No. 2, same condi ions: Lefferts 28, Bell 26, Linson 23, H. B. Money 23, Capt. Money 22, Ryan 12.

No. 3, same conditions: Bell 26, H. B. Money 25, Chaffee 24, Capt. Money 24, Jackson 18, Ryan 14.

LABOR DAY HANDICAP AT HOLLYWOOD.

Sept. 7.—The main event at the Hollywood traps to-day was the Labor Day Handicap, 25 live birds per man, handicap allowance in yards and misses as kills. Albert Loening, of New York, was the winner, his allowance of two misses as kills making his score of 22 out of 25 equal to 24. Edgar Murphy and Phil Daly, Jr., both of whom killed 23 birds, divided second money. In a 15-bird race, $15 entrance, Al Ivins and Edgar Murphy killed straight and divided the pot. The scores in the Labor Day Handicap were as follows:

Loening (29).....2222022222122222121221222—24
Daly (30).....1221220122211022222222222—23
Murphy (30).....222x022222222122220222222—23
Count (25).....2212122102012222211022110 —20
Hoey (29).....2200242222222112222222220o —20
Ballard (29).....20x2222121222202122220 —18

THE HOLLYWOOD CUP AT ELKWOOD PARK.

Sept 8.—The Hollywood cup, donated by Fred Hoey, was shot for to-day on the Elkwood Park grounds. A strong wind was blowing all the time, but the shooters did some good work, four out of the seven entries scoring 15 straight. Gustave Langen, on the 25yds. mark, outshot all his competitors, scoring 26 straight to win the cup. Al Ivins ran 25 straight before he dropped a qird, and his mark was the 30yds. line. Daly dropped out on the 4th round of the ties, McAlpin losing his first tie bird. The scores were:

G Langen (25).....2112112221112222222222112—26
A L Ivins (30).....2222221211212222221222222O—25
P Daly, Jr (30).....2212222222212222220 —18
G S McAlpin (29).....2222222222222220 —15
Fred Hoey (29).....22222222220 w
E G Murphy (30).....2201222212 w
B Ballard (29).....2222211201 w

A Definition of what Constitutes an Amateur.

THE New Jersey Amateur Trap-Shooters' League, an organization of comparatively recent date, has, as a direct consequence of its title, been forced to take up the question of what constitutes a professional or amateur. The protests made by the president of the League, C. F. Lenone, at the last shoot of the organization against certain members on teams taking part in the team race brought matters to a head.

A meeting was called to consider the protests, but no action was taken on account of the small attendance, action being postponed until a meeting to be held on Friday, Sept. 11. On that date only three clubs out of the five forming the League were represented: G. H Piercy, Endeavor Gun Club; Carl von Lengerke, Endeavor Gun Club, and (by proxy) Oritani Field Club; Thomas G. Bell, Bergen County Field Club. Neither Boiling Springs Gun Club nor Passaic City Gun Club were represented. Mr. Lenone, a member of the latter club, and also president of the League, being unable to be present. Noel E. Money, as a member of the Bergen County Gun Club, took part in the proceedings.

Mr. Piercy, as vice-president, took the chair in the absence of the president. After a general discussion as to the best course to pursue, the chairman left the chair and seconded Mr. Bell's motion that the protests be not sustained. Motion carried.

The secretary of the League, Mr. Bell, read a long letter from the Endeavor Gun Club putting forth its views on the questien of what makes a man a professional trap-shooter, and urging the League to take prompt action to settle the question so far as the League was concerned. In the above communication it set forth also certain definitions on amateurism and professionalism, offering the same for consideration by the League. The discussion of these rules and definitions covered a great deal of ground, and before adoption the rules themselves were subjected to a fair amount of pruning. Mr. Bell made a motion that the League appoint a committee of three men, not necessarily members of the organization, who should draw up definitions on the above points and present them to the League with a view to their being adopted. Mr. Bell's motion was not seconded, the opinion of the other members present being that the time to act had come.

The following definition of amateur and professional was finally adopted and will, we suppose, be accepted by the League:

"A shooter ceases to be an amateur by engaging in shooting either as a means of obtaining a livelihood or for gate receipts; the dropping of birds for place, or the arranging of divisions of moneys other than those allotted to him by his position in any event; accepting directly or indirectly for shooting any remuneration or compensation or expenses whatever. A shooter does not forfeit his amateur status by teaching or pursuing the art of shooting solely for the purpose of making a sale of guns or ammunition, but shooters in the employ of gun, powder, shot or ammunition manufacturers may be transferred to the professional class if in the opinion of this Association they are employed for this purpose only. Any shooter who refuses to answer any questions touching his amateur status to the satisfaction of this Association shall be declared to have forfeited his amateur status."

The handicaps for the ensuing three monthly team competitions were awarded as follows: Endeavor Gun Club and Boiling Springs Gun Club, scratch, each man on the team shooting at 30 targets; Passaic City Gun Club and Bergen County Gun Club, three extra targets per man; Oritani Field Club, five extra targets per man.

Under the constitution and by-laws of the League, no man who has once shot on a team is allowed to shoot on another team during the season. The score of Gus Greiff was, under that rule, ordered to be stricken from the score of the Endeavor Gun Club's team made on the Passaic City Gun Club's grounds, Aug. 29. The remainder of the team's total stands, and will be counted in the team averages at the end of the season.

Cook County Trap-Shooters' League.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 5.—The scores given below were made to-day on the grounds of the Douglas Gun Club, the occasion being the sixth monthly contest of the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League:

CLASS A.

Eureka.

Patterson.....10111111111011111111111111—23
Glover.....11111111100111111111101111—22
Steck.....11111111111111011111111111—24
F P Stannard.....11110111111110111111111111—23
W D Stannard.....11011111101111111101101111—21
Morgan.....11111111111110111010110111—21—134

Garfield.

Skinner.....11010000110111101101110111—16
Cop.....11000111111001111111111111—20
Hicks.....11011111111111111111010100—20
Von Lengerke.....10100111111011010001111111—17
J M Young.....10101111111011010001111111—18
Palmer.....10101110010110111010010111—15—106

CLASS B.

Garfield.

Shaw.....11111110111111111101111111—23
Richards.....11111101011111111110101011—21
Kuss.....11111111110111111111101111—23
Liddy.....01101101111111101111111111—21
Adams.....11111011101110110111011111—20
Fehrman.....11111011101111001110111111—20—128

Garden City.

Ruhl.....11011101111111111111111111—23
Amberg.....10110101101101101110111001—16
Rexford.....00110111111111110011111111—20
Kemp.....01110111110111110010111111—19
Wilcox.....10111100101011101111111111—19
Antoine.....11110111001111100111001111—18—115

Douglas.

Eich.....11110111111011100101001110—17
Barto.....11111001101011111011111111—20
Petrie.....11110001001111001010100010—13
Johnston.....11111110011101110101110010—18
Church.....11011010011110011011111111—18
Carter.....11111110101111110010111111—20—106

Calumet Heights.

Harlan.....11011100001000010101110011—12
Lamphere.....11111111111101111111111111—24
Hodson.....01111011101111110001111111—19
S E Young.....11011101011111111101101111—20
Black.....00101100011111110001111101—15
Booth.....11100101010000101010010000—10—100

Eureka (2 men short).

Carson.....10001111111100110111111101—18
De Wolf.....10100111000101010000111110—12
Goodrich.....00010010010100101000010100— 8
Ferguson.....10111110110001111101111110—18— 56

Cicero (4 men short).

Knott.....11110111011111101111111110—21
Lowrey.....00111010111100011101101101—15— 36

CLASS C.

Calumet Heights.

Norcom.....00011100001001000111010111—11
Houston.....01111011101011011011010111—17
Metcalfe.....01111110111111111111100101—20
Greeley.....01011001011000111111011101—15
Whitman.....11101110011111101111111111—21
Marshall.....10010111011111111101111011—18—102

In addition to the above, Maloney, of the Douglas "C" team, scored 15; Hilliard, of the Ridge "C" team, scored 15, and Levy, of the Garden City "C" team, scored 14.

The winner of the ¼ keg of Du Pont powder, to be shot for by the lowest scorer on each team, was Lowrey, of the Cicero "B" team.

Fulton Gun Club, of Atlanta.

ATLANTA, Ga., Sept. 3.—Below are the scores made in the club event at our regular weekly shoot held to-day:

Hall.....11111110111011111111100101—20
Hutchinson.....01111101010110011000111011—15
Angier.....11001010001111111111111111—19
Bourne.....00000011001110001100001000— 8
Crabb.....01110101111111111111111111—21
Brittan.....01111011011010101011100111—16
Arnold.....00000010100011010111110101—11
Clarke.....11011100010011001101111111—16
Everett.....11111101110111111111111111—23
Richards.....11010111111011111010101111—19
Morrison.....11111101101011111111100101—19
Rawson.....11101100011111100011110011—16
Holland.....10011101100110010000010011—11
McRae.....01110111100111110011100000—15
Hammond.....11110001010100001101101111—14
Alston.....11111111101111111110101111—22
Hook.....10010001011110100000011010—11
Frazier.....11001110010011111110010010—15

C. H. RICHARDS.

St. Paul's Nineteenth Annual.

OWING to an error the second day's scores of the St. Paul shoot did not appear in the report of that shoot in our issue of Sept. 12. Below are the scores referred to, and also the scores of the diamond badge match:

Events:	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	Events:	11	13	13	14	15	16	17	18
Harris.....	9	19	10	6	8	14	13	15	Bold.....	10	17	17	18	15	17	14	..
Bennett....	15	19	18	22	17	20	18	18	Wood.....	15	20	17	19	12	20	12	18
Robinhood	13	22	17	20	16	23	15	23	Main	13	18	17	..	..	..	..	..
Thomas...	17	21	14	21	15	21	12	..	Duchess...	15	..	12	..	8	..	4	11
Bird.....	13	19	12	20	14	18	13	20	Wold	11	16	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wilson	18	21	16	19	18	18	14	20	Baldwin,Sr	13	12	11	21	13	17	10	17
Hopkins...	10	22	11	21	14	18	..	..	Woodbury.	7	..	11	..	..	9	..	..
Hub.....	20	24	15	23	18	18	16	20	Brown.....	15	22	17	14	17	..	..	..
Stone.....	13	16	15	19	13	20	14	18	Palmer....	16	17	11	19	15	20	16	18
North.....	17	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	Redfern...	17	22	17	17	16	17	..	..
McMurchy	20	24	16	25	19	20	19	23	Daley.....	16	..	19	..	15	..	15	..
Heikes	18	22	20	23	14	24	20	24	Taylor.....	19	24	20	25	17	21	16	..
Budd.....	18	25	18	23	19	23	19	23	Rose.....	15	22	18	19	14	19	18	25
Dodge.....	16	21	19	19	18	18	18	21	M'Andrews	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Spell.....	15	15	17	19	11	21	12	19	Dahl.....	..	..	10	..	16	..	..	..
Goldberg..	17	16	17	21	13	18	12	16	M'Andrews	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
Burke.....	16	22	15	21	19	19	15	19	Peterson ..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..
Jones.....	14	15	15	..	..	..	15	..	Baldwin,Jr	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..
Ensign	15	18	16	16	10	..	..	..	Markham..	..	..	..	..	12	18	..	..
Pat.....	11	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	Graham...	..	..	..	..	13	24	15	22

The diamond badge contest, open to all shooters of the State of Minnesota only, was the main event on the second day. This match was at 26 singles and 12 pairs. W. M. Tabor won the trophy with a total of 38, J. P. Burkhard being second with 36. Scores:

	Singles.	Pairs.	T'l.		Singles.	Pairs.	T'l.
Geo E Trent....	19	15	34	F H Stoltz.....	14	11	25
W M Tabor.....	22	16	38	H A Richter....	18	13	31
F M Markham..	16	13	29	J W Nelson.....	17	12	29
Chas Thompson	21	13	24	J Dodge.....	20	13	33
H W Jones.....	21	14	35	G W Baldwin...	15	11	26
E S Hill.....	19	15	34	James Jackson.	18	13	31
H C Hirschy....	20	12	32	R H Baldwin...	15	10	25
L S Dahl.....	21	12	33	Mrs Day.....	17	8	25
J P Burkhardt..	18	18	36				

Calumet Heights Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 6.—Below are the scores made in to-day's shoot by members of the Calumet Heights Gun Club. Paterson won in Class A without a contest; Houston won in Class B and Wilde in Class C. Scores:

Class A.

Patty.....10110111011111111111111101—21

Class B.

Norcom.....01101110101111001111100011—17
Houston.....11110111111110111111111111—23
Metcalf.....11011011010111101111101101—18
Greeley.....10111011111101011110000110—16

Class C.

Wilde.....00000010010111010110011101—11
R B Carson.....00001110001100000010101101— 9
Neta.....11011111001010110011000000—12
Jacob.....10001000010011010001101111—11

Eight sweeps were also shot. No. 1 was at known traps, unknown angles; No. 2 at 3 pairs, unknown traps and angles; No. 3 at unknown angles; No. 5, "snipe" shooting; No. 6, expert rule; Nos. 4, 7 and 8 at unknown angles. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	10	25	10	10	25	25	25	Targets:	15	10	25	10	10	25	25	25
Patty.....	10	6	..	8	9	..	..	18	Greeley...	..	..	3	..	4	..	..	..
Norcom....	10	4	21	7	7	16	18	18	R B Carson	..	..	18	..	6	..	..	..
Houston...	8	2	22	8	6	25	19	18	Neta.....	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..
Metcalf....	10	4	13	10	6	15	15	..	Jack.....	..	..	..	..	5	5	..	..

PATERSON.

Omaha Gun Club.

OMAHA, Neb., Aug. 29.—Below are the scores made to-day at the regular weekly shoot of the Omaha Gun Club:

Raymond.....11111111111111111111111011—24
Parmelee.....11111101111111111111111111—24
Whitener.....11011111111011111111111111—23
Loomis.....11110111111111111111111011110—22
Smead.....11011111101111011111111111—22
Randlett.....11011111111111111110111110—22
Nason.....11110011101101111111111111—21
McFarlane.....11111111111111111111111111—20
Salisbury.....11111111001110111111011101—20
Johannes.....11111111110011011111011101—20
Ekalb.....01111111110111111101101101—20
Brucker.....11101110111001110111111—20
Dickey.....11111110011011111101110010—18
Carmichael.....00001101110111111111101111—18
Bates.....11111110101101111100011101—18
Marsh.....00111101100111111101111011—18
Hughes.....10111110111100011001110111—17
Townsend.....11001001110111011100001O1—14

W. D. KENYON, Sec'y.

Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

BURLINGTON, Vt., Sept. 5.—Below are the scores made to-day by members of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club at the regular weekly shoot held this afternoon. The recent tournament of the Interstate Association, held on our grounds, put new life in our members, and they anxiously waited for to-day's shoot, at which they were going to find out why "this one" or "that one" got away from them when they were holding as true as possible. I do not think they were satisfied, but will try again at our next shoot. You will see that there are a few new names among the shooters present, and that shows new life in our club—thanks to the Interstate Association. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	20	15	15	20	25	10	Targets:	20	15	15	20	25	10
Dr Colvin.....	9	9	8	12	..	..	W S Phelps.....	12	10	6	11	15	..
Prof Tupper.....	6	5	5	3	..	..	W L Stone	9	6	8	11	12	..
E E Morgan.....	12	..	..	..	15	4	E A Worthen....	12	13	13	17	..	..
H E Spear.....	14	..	..	11	13	8							

No. 6 was at 5 pairs.

J. S. DENNING, Sec'y.

Blue Rock Gun Club, of Tucson.

TUCSON, Arizona, Sept. 6.—The medal shoot of the Blue Rock Gun Club, of this city, was held to-day, the contest being won by C. Meyer. The conditions were 30 singles and 10 pairs, handicap rise. Scores:

C Meyer.....11111111100111101111111111111—27
11 11 10 10 11 01 01 11 10 10—14—41
C Weber (16).....11111111101101010110111110111—24
10 01 00 00 11 01 11 10 11 01 —21—35
J J Hallowell (18).....10110110100110111101111011011—11
11 10 10 10 01 11 00 10 11 11 —13—34
F Wilding (16).....01010111001110111110011011111—21
11 10 00 01 01 10 10 10 11 10 —11—32
J Jennings (14).....01011111100101101000001110111—18
00 10 00 01 11 11 11 10 00 00 — 9—27

TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS ADDED MONEY.—The Fulton Gun Club, of Atlanta, Ga., will hold a two-days' shoot at targets and live birds on Sept. 23-24. The club will add $200 to the purses.—*Adv.*

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Good News from South Dakota.

THE glorious results of this season's harvest of golden grain will pour a stream of sound money into the pockets of every Dakota farmer.

South Dakota has thousands of acres of choice farming and ranch land lying east of the Missouri River, and within one day's ride from Chicago or Milwaukee, which can now be bought reasonably cheap, but which before the end of another year may be advanced in price.

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Those desiring full information on the subject, and particularly those who wish to seek a new home or purchase land, are requested to correspond with W. E. Powell, General Immigration Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill., or to the local agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1896.

VOL. XLVII.—No. 13. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page x.

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NON-EXPORT LAWS.

THE laws forbidding export of game and fish from a State in which they are taken may be divided in two classes: one is of those which forbid export absolutely, and the second of those which limit it to taking out game only when accompanied by owner. Of the first type is the Connecticut law, which reads:

Sec. 2546. No person shall at any time kill any woodcock, ruffed grouse, or quail, for the purpose of conveying the same beyond the limits of this State; or shall transport, or have in possession with intent to procure the transportation beyond said limits, any of such birds killed within this State. The reception by any person within this State of any such bird or birds for shipment to a point without the State shall be *prima facie* evidence that said bird or birds were killed within the State, for the purpose of carrying the same beyond its limits. Sec. 2547. Any person violating any of the provisions of the preceding section shall be fined not less than seven nor more than fifty dollars.

The New York section relative to the transportation of venison is a good example of the laws of the second type; it reads:

Sec. 46. Deer or venison killed in this State shall not be transported to any point within or without the State from or through any of the counties thereof or possessed for that purpose, except as follows: One carcass or a part thereof may be transported from the county where killed when accompanied by the owner. No individual shall transport or accompany more than two deer in any one year under the above provision. The possession of deer or venison by a common carrier, or by any person in its employ then actually engaged in the business of such common carrier, unaccompanied by the owner, shall constitute a violation of this section by such common carrier. This section does not apply to the head and feet or skin of deer severed from the body. Whoever shall violate or attempt to violate the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of one hundred dollars for each wild deer or part thereof had in possession in violation of this section.

Similar provisions apply in New York to game birds and trout. These are only two of a score of statutes forbidding game exportation. Recent legislation has been directed along these lines. The principle has been shown to be the correct one, and it is encouraging to note that in States so widely separated as Texas and Vermont similar laws are now contemplated. While either of the two types will accomplish the purpose if the executive service is efficient, the choice between them depends upon the character of an individual State as a sporting resort. In Maine, for instance, where sportsman travel is a recognized factor of revenue, and every inducement is held out to bring sportsmen into the State, the export law permits the man who has caught his trout or killed his deer to carry the trophy home with him. This adds to the visitor's satisfaction, and in practice is shown not unduly to impair the game supply. On the other hand, in Connecticut a State which does not seek to attract outsiders for sport, and where there is no such army of sportsmen tourists, the best law is one which shuts off game exportation without reservation. As to Texas, which is bidding for revenue from Northern sportsmen, the law permitting the export of game accompanied by the owner would be the one best suited to secure the desired end; while Vermont, which does not invite sportsman travel, might adopt the system of absolute prohibition of export. We hope to see the non-export system extended to every State in the Union. The time has gone by when any one section can afford to supply game for the markets of another section. Deer, grouse and quail are no longer legitimate freight.

AUDUBON BIRD PLATES.

THE portrait of the Black Duck is the first one of a series of reproductions of the famous plates of Audubon's "Birds of America." The engraving is by photographic process direct from an original copy of the magnificent double elephant folio edition of 1827–35.

The FOREST AND STREAM has provided these reproductions of Audubon's bird portraits chiefly for the purpose of affording to its readers an opportunity of seeing for themselves the pictures of which every one has heard, but which few have ever been privileged to see in the original because of the extreme rarity and inaccessibility of the work. The copies of Audubon now in existence are confined to a few libraries and fewer individual possessors; and when the work falls upon the market, as it does now and then, it sells at prices ranging from $2,500 to $3,500.

Our reproductions are the most perfect that can be made with the wonderful engraving processes of the day; but a few short years ago to represent the original with such fidelity of detail and successful translation of the spirit of the artist's own hand would have been beyond the engraver's skill.

The birds we have chosen for illustration comprise several species of ducks—including the beautiful plate of the canvasback—two species of grouse and several of the waders.

BIRDS AND THE FARM AND GARDEN.

IN response to a demand for Miss Florence A. Merriam's paper, "How Birds Affect the Farm and Garden," we have reprinted it in a pamphlet of thirty-two pages, and it is now for sale at this office. Price, 5 cents per copy, postpaid; with special prices to individuals or bird protection societies who may wish it in quantities for distribution.

DELAWARE RIVER SALMON.

THE Pennsylvania Fish Commission has made repeated attempts to stock the Delaware River with salmon. In 1871 10,000 salmon eggs were brought from Canada, were hatched in Dutchess county, N. Y., and were sent to Easton, where the 2,500 surviving transportation were put out in the Bushkill, a tributary of the Delaware. In 1872, under the personal direction of Thad Norris, 11,000 more were put into a Delaware River tributary. Then in 1873 Prof. Baird sent to Pennsylvania a lot of eggs from Bucksport, Me., and the fry were put into the river at different points, making a total of 58,500 planted during the three years. The results were meager. In 1877 a 32in. salmon was taken in the Bushkill, and a few were caught in the Delaware; infrequent specimens were reported in 1878 and 1879, one of them weighing 25lbs.; then all trace of the fish was lost, and for ten years nothing further was attempted. The commonly accepted conclusion was that the Delaware and Susquehanna were not salmon waters; the files of FOREST AND STREAM for those years show that the Fish Commission had severe critics for its alleged misdirected zeal.

Ten years later, however, the project was taken up again in earnest, and in 1889 and 1891 400,000 eggs were hatched at Allentown and Corry and planted in the Delaware. There is reason to believe that some of the fish have survived, for several salmon have been taken in Delaware waters this year. Mr. Geo. B. Taylor reports in the New York *Times* that in July seven salmon were speared by "eel spearers" in Lakins Eddy, near Hancock Junction, on the East Branch. The identity of the fish was determined beyond question by Superintendent Edward Canfield, of the Ontario & Western Railroad. Again on Aug. 12 General Passenger Agent Anderson, of the same road, received for identification a "trout" from Walton, on the West Branch, which proved to be a salmon of seven pounds, and a photograph of another one weighing ten pounds. In addition to those taken, numerous fish have been seen leaping, which from the description given of them may be counted salmon. There appears to be a good basis of confidence that if the fish could be protected from the spearers we should in time see the Delaware a salmon river. It is preposterous that the enterprise should be defeated by the lawlessness of the gangs of spearers who infest those waters.

SNAP SHOTS.

The best word that could be said for the former New Jersey non-resident shooting law was that it shut out the untamed horde of songbird gunners who, without such check, invade the territory adjacent to New York and overrun farms and woodland. These shooters are for the most part of foreign origin and have brought with them to this country foreign notions of sport. Whatever flies is game; here as in Italy and France no bird is too small for their potting; they take everything. The statutes which forbid the killing of song and insectivorous birds have no meaning for them. Since the present Fish and Game Commission took hold of the work of protection in New Jersey and for the first time converted the game law into a living force, the monthly returns of the wardens have shown that these pot-hunting songbird gunners are contributing more than any other class of violators in fines for offenses in which they have been apprehended. Farmers, landowners and officials who have had experience with these gentry know perfectly well that they are a dangerous class of ruffians who must be dealt with in a summary way.

Occasionally in scuffles between the songbird shooters and the game wardens shots are fired and somebody is wounded. This happened in a Lyons Farms case last week when Game Warden W. H. Chandler was endeavoring to take into custody three Italians from Brooklyn, and shot one of them in the hip. The newspapers have expended a good deal of sympathy upon the victim, but the feeling is not shared by any New Jersey farmer who has ever been at close quarters with Italian songbird shooters from Brooklyn.

Mr. Hammond's paper on posted covers and on the ways of sportsmen who shoot over property not their own is an instructive lay sermon which deserves to have wide reading. A sportsman owes it not only to himself but to the entire fraternity to observe the rules of good conduct in his treatment of the farmer by whose tolerance he pursues his sport. He must remember that there are others who will come after him, and whose reception will be determined very largely by his own record with fence and stone wall.

Because of his own hardy nature and the roughness and inaccessibility of the cover he makes his home, the ruffed grouse is of all our upland game birds the one best equipped to take care of himself against pursuit by man. In Minnesota and Wisconsin the grouse is found in cover so dense that, as some one has said, it makes the sportsman tired even to look at it; and in the East he takes refuge in sanctuaries where one encumbered with a gun would not think of following. Experience has demonstrated that the partridge will hold its own against the shooter, but cannot withstand the work of the snarer.

The forthcoming report of the New York Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission promises to be a valuable document. It will be elaborately illustrated with fourteen colored plates of fishes, one of deer, and another of the ring-necked pheasant. The text will comprise special papers on fish and game.

And now we have the regular annual reports of destitution and starvation on the Labrador coast, with appeals for help. The most humane disposition of the problem would be the wholesale deportation of the unhappy people from that bleak land to a more favored clime. The world is wide; there is room for all in those quarters of the globe where comfortable living is practicable the year around; and it is one of the mysteries of the human kind that people will elect to dwell in such unfavored countries as Labrador.

The Sportsman Tourist.

ARKANSAS BEAR LORE.

MOUNTAINS OF POLK COUNTY, Arkansas.—On June 29 we left Dallas with our equipage with the proposed object of exploring the lodes of manganese ores in the different mountains of the Cossetot range in Polk county, Arkansas, but determined to get all enjoyment possible from the sport that the bass of the mountain streams could furnish. We were Messrs. F. M. Reeves, Edwin Walters, J. F. Ward, and myself.

We left Dallas early in the morning and reached the foothills of the mountain about 11 o'clock. As we approached the ford of Board Camp Creek, a deep pool resting against a base of a high rocky cliff attracted our attention, and on examination we saw plenty of black bass from 1 to 2lbs. in the clear, pure water, basking close to the rocky cliff. We decided to camp and have broiled bass for dinner. The fish refused flies and spoons, so an old gunny sack was put to use for catching minnows, and it was astonishing how hungry those bass were. Although standing in plain sight of them, at every cast of a minnow several would rush for the bait, and the first one would swallow it without ceremony. As we had agreed previously that our catch should not exceed twelve at any one time, as soon as the dozen were secured we ceased fishing, and it did seem that, as Capt. Ward said, the many left in the pool were disappointed in not being given a chance to get a minnow for dinner.

Leaving the creek valley, we followed the road up among the giant pines, which here cover all mountain tops, and over the top of the Cossetot Mountain down to the valley of the Cossetot River for several miles to Twin Springs, in the gap where the river breaks through the Hannah Mountain. Here we encamped by the east end of the West Hannah Mountain, near the home of Capt. Bill Wylie, the noted bear hunter of this region; and after supper we were visited by him.

Wylie stands 6ft. and has muscles of iron. He is afraid of nothing but the extra large black and gray timber wolves of these mountains. He told us that two years before a pack had driven him and a companion upon a towering rock, and had given up the battle only after the men had emptied the magazines of their Winchesters three times in the dim light from their nearby camp-fire, leaving thirty-one dead wolves upon the field of battle. "Since that night," Captain Bill said, "hit haint any use to deny hit, I haint any use for and haint ashamed to deny I'm afraid of the cussed varmints."

"Is there much game in these mountains now, Captain?" I asked.

"There's a big lot of turkeys, a heap of deer and some b'ar; but hit's only time now to kill old gobblers and bucks, and the b'ars are going to begin to git fat on the huckleberries, and just as soon as he gits in good order on acorns I'd like to have you fellows here when I go after one big he there is in here."

The geologist asked, "Do you know all the bears in this region?"

"Pritty well, sum-at. There's an old she and two cubs on this West Hannah; a she and one cub and a two-year-old he on East Hannah; a three-year-old he on East Sugar Tree, and a big old he that I can't git acquainted with. I don't know whether he sleeps on Eagle* and feeds on Fodder, or whether he feeds on Eagle and sleeps on Fodder, but soon 's he begins to git in good order, he's my meat."

"How can you tell when he gets in good order?" asked the geologist, to be met with such a look of disgust, surprise and commiseration as the bear hunter looked at him for a moment, and then walked to the fire, where he applied a live coal to his pipe, puffed a moment, came back and sat down, replying, "Wall, I'll be gol-darned. I thought you knowed sumthing. Why, when a b'ar gets in good order he hulls his acorns. When he's poor he's like a hungry hog; he eats them hulls and all. But just as soon as he begin to git fat he takes time and bites the shucks off, and only eats the kernels. When you're on his track if you look at his droppings you can mighty soon tell by the acorn hulls coming through whether he's poor or fat."

"How can you tell whether it's a two-year-old or a three-year-old he bear on Sugar Tree Mountain or the Hannah Mountain?" I asked.

"Wall, you lawyers don't know everything, but you can beat the devil axin' questions. I'll tell you all about b'ars if you'll just let me alone. We a he one gets to be two years old he begins to think he's something of a b'ar, and about once a day he's got to measure how he's growed, by reachin' up and gnawing and scratching a big tree, leavin' his mark. He gits more sense when he's three years old and has had some tussels with other he-s, and he's mighty careful about his mark and only makes hit about once a week."

"What does a bear live on in spring and early summer?" I asked, at the same time offering my tobacco pouch to Capt. Bill for a fresh fill.

"When he's got the mast all cleaned out on the mountains by spring he's mighty fat, and can stand poor picking for a time, and hit's mighty poor picking he gits, bugs, grubs, once in a while a pig or shote, till suckers runs, and then he goes grubbing, standing in the riffles of the big creeks and rivers, and grubs lots of suckers out of the lot crowdin' up stream, throwin' them on the bank with one swipe of his paw. When he thinks he's grabbed all he can eat he makes his meal, unless a bigger one comes along; and then, mister, he don't make any fuss, but lights out for another shoal.

"After the suckers are gone he gits some crayfish, but has a mighty poor living till huckleberries git ripe, and then he camps in the patch and eats and sleeps till dewberries git ripe; and then it's dewberries and huckleberries all through May. The high blackberries git ripe in June and 'arly in July the white washitaws† are ripe, and he has a picknic till fox grapes are fit, and by the time they're gone acorns and chinquapins are gittin' fit to eat, and when you see by the trees that he's begin lappaing‡ he's fat enough to make mighty good eating; and you see he lives about as well the year round as most folks."

As Captain Bill sat quietly smoking after the delivery of this long speech, I remarked: "Captain, from the number of bears you know of in this region, they must be pretty thick and more plenty here than usual, are they not?"

He blew a cloud of tobacco smoke and said: "No, sir, there hain't any bears in here to speak of, but if you will go with me this fall over in the Kiomesh§ or the Blue Bouncer Mountains when the bears is lapping you'll think from the dead leaves on the trees that there's be'n a big fire, and in one day with Ketchum [his dog, about the size of a Scotch terrier, and of unknown breed] we can kill more bear than two horses can pack out."

As I sat meditating on the knowledge of nature the old man had acquired in the school of experience, and how superior it was for ministering to his wants to all that I had learned in school and college, the subject of conversation was changed and in a short time Capt. Bill took his departure, and the drowsy god of slumber chained us all until day broke in the valley at 5 o'clock next morning.

After a dip in the waters of the Cossetot, what enjoyment we realized as we breathed in the ozone of this mountain atmosphere laden with the perfume of the pine, sweet-william, pennyroyal and wild honeysuckle, and as we watched the sun rise just east of the slope of East Hannah Mountain, over the crest of Raven Roost Mountain, thirty-five miles away, in Montgomery county, the scene defies words of description. Ten minutes' work at the pool above the ford with jointed rod and minnows gave us our twelve black bass, each weighing about 1¼lbs. when caught, for our broiler, and as soon as breakfast was eaten I started ahead of the party on foot, following the road as it passed up over a spur of West Hannah to avoid a long bend of the river around the foothills of the mountain, carrying my 10-gauge breech-loading shotgun, in case I might be in danger from the attacks of the gray and fox squirrels, whose number is legion.

As I reached the crest of the spur I paused and gazed in admiration at the tall trunks of the pines and oaks rising heavenward, with no trace of hand of man. Walking on a short distance, I saw a small dust cloud hovering over the road about 200yds. ahead of me, which by close attention I discovered to be caused by a mother wild turkey and her brood of about two dozen young, about as large as full-grown quail, taking a dust bath. As I stood watching them the watchful eye of the mother saw me, and as she jumped into the air with a cry of "*q-r-r-r-tt!*" all darted down the mountain side and disappeared in the bushes.

Half a mile further on, as I looked across a small gulch, at a distance of about 250yds., I saw a deer family taking a morning walk—a stately buck, with wide, branching many-pointed horns, followed by a meek-looking doe, with a lovely spotted fawn closing up the rear. As they did not discover my presence, I watched their stately march down the mountain side until they vanished from sight in the underbrush.

We made our camp that night near the end of West Hannah. The next morning we crossed over another spur of West Hannah Mountain to the bed of Brushy Creek Valley and ascended it until we came to the gap in the Sugar Tree Mountain and camped in an empty cabin here. At this camp we were visited by Capt. George Tibbs, a Virginian, who made the charge with Pickett's Brigade at Gettysburg, and who is noted for his prowess as a deer hunter, as Capt. Bill is as a bear hunter. We gathered around the light knot fire in the stone fireplace of the cabin in conversation and smoking, and it is astonishing what a place in the lives of these people the fat dry pine light knots fill. As an illustration, we stopped for a drink of water next day on our return journey at the cabin of a former West Virginian, who had filed upon a homestead on a mountain slope of the 160 acres, of which not more than ten acres can be cultivated. I asked him how he ever came to select such a rocky mountain side for a home. "Mister," he said, "that patch of clearing will raise all the corn and truck we want; there's lots of grass and mast on the mounting for hogs and cattle; there's as good a spring as you'll find anywheres, which never goes dry; and there's more light knots on that mounting than any place you ever seed."

Capt. Tibbs has a tame doe running loose accompanied by her two yearling bucks and her two fawns as tame and as fond of petting as any Jersey cow. The herd is protected by a bell upon the neck of the doe and strips of red flannel around the necks of the young ones.

"Don't the hounds run your deer off, Captain?" I asked.

"We don't allow hounds to run deer in this neck of woods, leastwise they don't run long after we hear them, our deer's got to be still-hunted. Two hounds came in here a short time ago and got after my two yearlings and I took my big shotgun and got after them. Mister, I don't know where them hounds come from, but I know where they're now, and they won't run no more deer." Asked about turkeys, he said he had three hens with big broods of about two dozen each on West Sugar Tree, four more on East Sugar Tree, and two or three dozen more up toward Boar's Tusk and Smoke Rock Mountains, and there was one big drove of about fifty big gobblers that stayed nowhere, but just gadded round from mountain to mountain.

The conversation changing to incidents of the civil war, our geologist, a veteran of "the Blue," and Capts. Ward and Tibbs, veterans of "the Gray," fought the battles of the war over again, long after, as I was told next morning, "You dropped over and snored so you almost shook the cabin, and kept it up till we had to quit talking."

At peep of day next morning the cabin door was opened by Capt. Tibbs. He said he had invited himself to breakfast, and not wanting all the bass caught out of the Brushy, had brought something to take the place of the fish, and he deposited upon the cabin table six three-quarter grown chickens all ready for the broiler. While we had not expected such a change from our regular ration of twelve broiled bass for each meal, we gladly accepted it, and were soon partaking of hot corn bread, canned corn, broiled chicken and black coffee. And what appetites we had for the bountiful supply! If all invalids suffering from dyspepsia or lung troubles could but spend the month of May in camp in the Cossetot Mountains by the side of some of their clear running streams, drinking the clear, cold, absolutely pure water of the legion of springs, and breathing the life-quickening, ozone-laden air, perfumed by the breath of the pines and wild honeysuckle, they would gain more health and strength in one month than can be obtained in swallowing the remedies of their favorite physicians for years.

After breakfast we examined the rocks in the tunnel and climbed the mountain side to the shaft on the manganese lode, examined five other lodes of manganese, and then descended to the valley of the creek, inspecting two veins of kaolin. I can see that the advent of the railroad into and through this country means an entire change of everything in the near future. Miners will develop these stores of mineral wealth, farmers will clear and cultivate the sections now covered by heavy timber, towns and cities will spring up to minister to the wants of the miners and farmers, and in addition to all these will come an army of sportsmen to deal destruction to fish and game. It can be but a few years at most until there will not be a deer, bear or turkey here, where they are now so plentiful. And I could but ask myself the questions, "Where can such men as Captains Tibbs and Wylie go and find contented homes? Where can they discover a region like this, so full of game? Do they realize what the whistling of the railway locomotive in these mountain solitudes will do for them?"

These Arkansas mountain hunters are a new class of men for me to become acquainted with. They are free, generous, warm-hearted. The latch-string is always outside the door of their cabins, and their time is always at the disposal of the true sportsman who can rough it with them in camp and on trail; and who, like them, can (or will learn to) still hunt deer or bears, and be satisfied to kill enough for present needs; will do his share of the camp toil and not attempt to boss it over them. But woe to the game hog who wishes to take away with him all the game he can kill; they will turn out and drive all the game out of his reach, and if he brings hounds with him to run the deer the dogs will never return to camp. As for the dude sportsman, who relies upon his wealth to hire guides to find and kill game while he sits in state in camp, he will find that his money is useless, and that their services and knowledge of game and mountains are not for sale at any price.

On our return to the cabin we broke camp and returned to Dallas, without further incident except drinking of the clear water of Wooden Shoe Spring. This is encased in a rock casket attached to the rock of the mountain side, exactly resembling a large wooden shoe, the water filling the shoe about 4in. deep, flowing in at some point in the toe and overflowing at the heel, colorless as ether and icy cold. It is a queer spring in its queer setting of rock.

W. F. RIGHTMIRE.

* Eagle Peak and Fodder Stack are local names for two mountain peaks about half a mile apart, each about five miles long and between Cossetot Mountain and the Hannah Mountains, which do not approach the Cossetot River valley.

† White washataw is the common name of a wild white grape (the ouachita, as named by horticulturists) that is as large as the Concord and of a most delicious flavor, unequaled by any cultivated grape. It grows so abundantly upon the north and west slopes of the mountains that its vines form a network barring all travel except in the game paths under the vines.

‡ Lapping is the name given to the action of bears breaking the smaller boughs and branches of oak and chinquapin trees (a small species of chestnut) as they pull themselves up to the larger limbs that will bear their weight, for they feed upon the acorns and nuts before these are ripe enough to fall to the ground.

§ Kiomesh is the local term applied to the Kiomeche Mountains, forty miles west of Dallas in the Indian Territory, a game and fish paradise, fifteen miles from any settlement of either white men or Choctaw Indians. The Blue Bouncer Mountain is one of this range.

Natural History.

AUDUBON BIRD PLATES.

A series of reproductions of Audubon plates of game birds, from the original edition, 1827-35. Half-tone engravings from photograph made especially for FOREST AND STREAM. The description of the Black Duck, or Dusky Duck, which follows, is from Audubon's "Ornithological Biography."

THE DUSKY DUCK.

Anas obscura, GMEL.

PLATE CCCII.—MALE AND FEMALE.

THIS species, which is known in all parts of the United States by the name of "black duck," extends its migrations from the Straits of Belle Isle, on the coast of Labrador, to the province of Texas. Strange as the fact may appear, it breeds in both these countries, as well as in many of the intermediate districts. On May 10, 1833, I found it breeding along the marshy edges of inland pools, near the Bay of Fundy, and on Whitehead Island, in the same bay, saw several young birds of the same species, which, although apparently not more than a week old, were extremely active both on land and in the water. On April 30, 1837, my son discovered a nest on Galveston Island, in Texas. It was formed of grass and feathers, the eggs, eight in number, lying on the former, surrounded with the down and some feathers of the bird, to the height of about 3in. The internal diameter of the nest was about 6in., and its walls were nearly 3in. in thickness. The female was sitting, but flew off in silence as he approached. The situation selected was a clump of tall, slender grass, on a rather sandy ridge, more than a hundred yards from the nearest water, but surrounded by partially dried salt marshes. On the same island, in the course of several successive days, we saw many of these ducks, which by their actions showed that they also had nests. I may here state my belief that the gadwell, blue-winged teal, green-winged teal, mallard, American widgeon and spoon-billed duck all breed in that country, as I observed them there late in May, when they were evidently paired. How far this fact may harmonize with the theories of writers respecting the migration of birds in general is more than I can at present stop to consider. I have found the black duck breeding on lakes near the Mississippi as far as its confluence with the Ohio, as well as in Pennsylvania and New Jersey; and every one acquainted with its habits will tell you that it rears its young in all the Eastern States intervening between that last mentioned and the St. Lawrence, and is of not less frequent occurrence along the margins of all our great lakes. It is even found on the Columbia River and on the streams of the Rocky Mountains; but as Dr. Richardson has not mentioned his having observed it in Hudson's Bay or further north, we may suppose that it does not visit those countries.

On arriving in Labrador on June 17, 1833, we found the dusky ducks in the act of incubation, but for nearly a month after met with no young birds, which induced me to suppose that this species does not reach that country at



AUDUBON'S PORTRAIT OF THE BLACK DUCK.

so early a period as many others, but lingers behind so as to be nearly four weeks later than some of them. At the end of four weeks after our arrival all the females we met with had young broods, which they led about the fresh-water ponds and along their margins, either in search of food or to secure them from danger. None of these broods exceeded seven or eight in number, and, at this early period of their life, we found them covered with long soft down of a deep brown color. When alarmed they would dive with great celerity several times in succession, but soon became fatigued, made for the shore, ran a few feet from the water and squatted among the grass, where they were easily caught either by some of our party or by the gulls, which are constantly on the lookout for such dainty food. At other times, as soon as the mother apprehends danger, she calls her young around her, when the little things form themselves into a line in her wake and carefully follow her in all her movements. If a hawk or a gull makes a plunge toward them she utters a loud cry of alarm and then runs as it were along the surface of the water, when the young dive as quick as lightning and do not rise again until they find themselves among the weeds or the rocks along the shores. When they thus dive they separate and pursue different directions, and on reaching the land lie close among the herbage until assured by the well-known voice of their parent that the danger is over. If they have often been disturbed in one pond their anxious mother leads them overland to another; but she never, I believe, conducts them to the open sea until they are able to fly. The young grow with remarkable rapidity, for by the middle of August they almost equal their parents in size, and their apprehension of danger keeps pace with their growth; for at the period of their southward migration, which takes place in the beginning of September, they are as wild and as cunning as the oldest and most experienced of their species. Each brood migrates separately, and the old males, which abandoned the females when incubation commenced, set out in groups of eight or ten. Indeed, it is not common to see birds of this species assemble in such flocks as their relatives, the mallards, although they at times associate with almost all the fresh-water ducks.

The males, on leaving the females, join together in small bands and retire into the interior of the marshes, where they remain until their moult is completed. My young friend Cooledge brought me a pair shot on the Fourth of July in Labrador in so ragged a state that very few feathers remained even on the wings. On his approaching them they skimmed over the surface of the water with such rapidity that when shot at they seemed as if flying away. On examining these individuals I found them to be sterile, and I am of opinion that those which are prolific moult at a later period, nature thus giving more protracted vigor to those which have charge of a young brood. I think, reader, you will be of the same opinion when I have told you that on July 5 I found some which had young, and which were still in full plumage, and others that were broodless, almost destitute of feathers.

As many of the nests found in Labrador differed from the one mentioned above, I will give you an account of them. In several instances we found them imbedded in the deep moss at the distance of a few feet or yards from the water. They were composed of a great quantity of dry grass and other vegetable substances, and the eggs were always directly on this bed, without the intervention of the down and feathers, which, however, surrounded them, and which, as I observed, the bird always uses to cover them when she is about to leave the nest for a time. Should she be deprived of her eggs, she goes in search of a male and lays another set; but unless a robbery of this kind happens she raises only a single brood in the season. But although this is the case in Labrador, I was assured that this species rears two broods yearly in Texas, although, having been but a short time in that country, I cannot vouch for the truth of this assertion. The eggs are 2¼in. in length, 1⅝in. in breadth, shaped like those of the domestic fowl, with a smooth surface and of a uniform yellowish white color, like that of ivory tarnished by long exposure. The young, like those of the mallard, acquire the full beauty of their plumage before the season of reproduction commences, but exhibit none of the curious changes which that species undergoes.

Although the dusky duck is often seen on salt-water bays or inlets, it resembles the mallard in its habits, being fond of swampy marshes, ricefields and the shady margins of our rivers during the whole of its stay in such portions of the Southern States as it is known to breed in. They are equally voracious, and may sometimes be seen with their crops so protruded as to destroy the natural elegance of their forms. They devour with the greatest eagerness water lizards, young frogs and toads, tadpoles, all sorts of insects, acorns, beechnuts, and every kind of grain that they can obtain. They also at times seize on small quadrupeds, gobble up earthworms and leeches, and when in salt water feed on shellfish. When on the water, they often procure their food by immersing their heads and necks, and, like the mallard, sift the produce of muddy pools. Like that species also, they will descend in a spiral manner from on high to alight under an oak or a beech when they have discovered the mast to be abundant.

Shy and vigilant, they are with difficulty approached by the gunner, unless under cover or on horseback, or in what sportsmen call floats, or shallow boats made for the purpose of procuring waterfowl. They are, however, easily caught in traps set on the margins of waters to which they resort, and baited with Indian corn, rice or other grain. They may also be enticed to wheel around, and even alight, by imitating their notes, which in both sexes seem to me almost precisely to resemble those of the mallard. From that species indeed they scarcely differ in external form, excepting in wanting the curiously recurved feathers of the tail, which nature, as if clearly to distinguish the two species, had purposely omitted in them.

The flight of this duck, which, in as far as I know, is peculiar to America, is powerful, rapid and as sustained as that of the mallard. While traveling by day they may be distinguished from that species by the whiteness of their lower wing coverts, which form a strong contrast to the deep tints of the rest of their plumage, and which I have attempted to represent in the figure of the female bird in my plate. Their progress through the air, when at full speed, must, I think, be at the rate of more than a mile a minute, or about seventy miles in an hour. When about to alight they descend with double rapidity, causing a strong rustling sound by the weight of their compact body and the rapid movements of their pointed wings. When alarmed by a shot or otherwise, they rise off their feet by a single powerful spring, fly directly upward for 8 or 10yds., and then proceed in a straight line. Now, if you are an expert hand, is the moment to touch your trigger, and if you delay be sure your shot will fall short.

As it is attached to particular feeding grounds and returns to them until greatly molested, you may by secreting yourself within shooting distance anticipate a good result; for even although shot at, it will reappear several times in succession in the course of a few hours, unless it has been wounded. The gunners in the vicinity of Boston in Massachusetts, who kill great numbers of these birds on account of the high price obtained for them in the fine market of that beautiful and hospitable city, procure them in the following manner: They keep live decoy ducks of the mallard kind, which they take with them in their floats or boats. On arriving at a place which they know to be suitable, they push or haul their boat into some small nook and conceal it among the grass or rushes. Then they place their decoys, one in front of their ambush, the rest on either side; each having a line attached to one of its feet with a stone at the other end, by which it is kept as if riding at anchor. One of the birds is retained in the boat, where the gunner lies concealed, and in cold weather amply covered with thick and heavy clothing. No sooner is all in order than the decoy ducks, should some wild birds appear, sound their call-notes, anxious as they feel to be delivered from their sad bondage. Should this fail to produce the desired effect of drawing the wild ducks near, the poor bird in the boat is pinched on the rump, when it immediately calls aloud. Those at anchor respond and the joint clamor attracts the travelers, who now check their onward speed, wheel several times over the spot and at last alight. The gunner seldom waits long for a shot, and often kills fifteen or twenty of the black ducks at a single discharge of his huge piece, which is not infrequently charged with as much as ¼lb. of powder and ¾lb. of shot.

The black ducks generally appear in the Sound of Long Island in September or October, but in very cold weather proceed southward, while those which breed in Texas, as I have been informed, remain there all the year. At their first arrival they betake themselves to the fresh-water ponds and soon become fat, when they afford excellent eating; but when the ponds are covered with ice and they are forced to betake themselves to estuaries or inlets of the sea, their flesh becomes less juicy and assumes a fishy flavor. During the continued frost they collect into larger bodies than at any other time, a flock once alighted seeming to attract others, until at last hundreds of them meet, especially in the dawn and toward sunset. The larger the flock, however, the more difficult it is to approach it, for many sentinels are seen on the lookout while the rest are asleep or feeding along the shores. Unlike the "sea ducks," this species does not ride at anchor, as it were, during its hours of repose.

My friend, the Rev. Dr. John Bachman, assures me that this bird, which some years ago was rather scarce in South Carolina, is now becoming quite abundant in that State, where, during autumn and winter, it resorts to the ricefields. After feeding a few weeks on the seeds it becomes fat, juicy and tender. He adds that the further inland the more plentifully does it occur, which may be owing to the many steamers that ply on the rivers along the sea coast, where very few are to be seen. They are, however, followed in their retreats and shot in great numbers, so that the markets of Charleston are now amply supplied with them. He also informs me that he has known hybrid broods produced by a male of this species and the common domestic duck, and that he had three of these hybrid females, the eggs of all of which were productive. The young birds were larger than either of their parents, but although they laid eggs in the course of the following spring, not one of those proved impregnated. He further states that he procured three nests of the dusky duck in the State of New York.

The young of this species, in the early part of autumn, afford delicious eating, and in my estimation are much superior in this respect to the more celebrated canvas-back duck. That the species should not before now have been brought into a state of perfect domestication only indicates our reluctance unnecessarily to augment the comforts which have been so bountifully accorded by nature to the inhabitants of this happy country. In our eastern markets the price of these birds is from $1 to $1.50 the pair. They are dearer at New Orleans, but much cheaper in the States of Ohio and Kentucky, where they are still more abundant. Their feathers are elastic and as valuable as those of any other species.

I have represented a pair of these birds procured in the full perfection of their plumage.

RECOVERY FROM RATTLESNAKE BITE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is perhaps worth the space in your columns to chronicle authentic facts in regard to snakes occasionally, and I perceive that it is done.

I am prepared to supply an affidavit to all statements about snakes that I make, because it is sometimes intimated that snake lore is unreliable—like that of fish and politics.

I solemnly assert that a Chinaman was bitten by a rattlesnake in this vicinity about a week ago, and at this writing the man survives.

The Chinaman was engaged in placer mining, and in removing some stones he aroused the rattler and endeavored to kill it. The snake ran off, according to the Chinaman's account, but when he reached for a stone it turned unexpectedly and struck him above the middle finger on his hand. The Chinaman sucked the wound, tied a string above it on his arm and came to Shasta, walking about four miles. He had been bitten over two hours when he reached medical attendance.

I interviewed both the patient and the physician. The latter, Dr. T. J. Edgecomb, of Shasta, stated his treatment of the case to have been as follows: Ben, the Chinaman, applied for treatment for a rattlesnake bite about 7 P. M., having been bitten about two and a half hours. He was bitten on the first phalanx of middle finger and had a ligature at the elbow joint, but not tight enough to be of much benefit. This was tightened immediately and kept so for eighteen hours, being loosened for a few minutes every two or three hours.

The wound was thoroughly cauterized with C. P. nitric acid. The forearm and hand were considerably swollen, and the swelling continued to extend upward until the chest was involved the fourth day and was much discolored. The arm was bathed once or twice with ammonia water and later with tincture of iodine and carbolic acid. For the first twelve hours whisky and quinine was given freely and afterward iodide of potash.

The swelling began to subside on the fourth day after the man was bitten and he went to work on the tenth day completely recovered.

The snake was a medium-sized rattler and ornamented with eight rattles. The Chinaman was of the ordinary variety found in the mines hereabouts. RANSACKER.

SHASTA, Cal., Sept. 5.

THE GOODNIGHT BUFFALO HERD.

PETTY, Texas, Aug 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The domesticated buffalo, of which a small herd still remains in western Texas, are the property of Mr. Chas. Goodnight, who is one of the largest ranchmen in the State.

He started the buffalo herd in June, 1878, by roping young calves from among the few wild ones that were left at that time near his ranch. This was done at the suggestion of Mrs. Goodnight.

There are now forty full-blood buffalo in this herd, with a number of half and three-quarter bloods. Four have been lost by various accidents, and twelve head have been sold at an average of a little over $300 each. Those sold were the oldest cows and oldest bulls. Mr. Goodnight still has for sale four very large bulls, which will weigh about 2,000lbs. each.

From these facts it will readily be seen that Mr. Goodnight's experience with the domestic buffalo has been very satisfactory. It shows how easily the species could be maintained. If a few of our enterprising ranch owners would procure a sufficient number of the young to get a start there would be in a few years, if handled as Mr. Goodnight has handled his, a great increase in the number of the domestic animal. It is by no means an unprofitable venture, for all those which Mr. Goodnight has sold have netted him a very respectable return.

If one could make a trip to Mr. Goodnight's ranch he would be treated to a rare chance of seeing and studying almost the last remaining herd of the noblest and largest of North American large wild game animals. PROVO.

[Mr. Goodnight's herd is one of the largest, being only exceeded by those of Charles Allard (230) and Austin Corbin (75). These numbers include this spring's calves.]

Kingsnake and Blacksnake.

THE following is an interesting paragraph in a letter sent to friends here by Harry Hammond, formerly of this city, who is now making his home in Florida: "To-day I had the good luck to see a curious sight, that of one snake killing and swallowing another. We came on the scene just as a kingsnake was killing a blacksnake, each a little over 3ft. long. The king was tied and coiled around the black, and the latter's tail could just wriggle. After a few minutes, during which the king tied himself in the most curious knots and ran his head up and down his victim's writhing body, biting it here and there as if examining his supper, he turned to the black's head, gave it a preliminary bite, and then slowly proceeded to take the blacksnake into camp. It seemed impossible that he could swallow a snake as long and as large as himself, but he did. This is how he did it: He would stretch his head as far as possible, get his teeth hooked in his victim's scales, then slip his body up till it was in wrinkles at his neck and for some way down, then loose his tooth hold and slide his head forward for another grip, just as if you were putting on a tight glove, in fact. It was the most interesting operation I think I ever witnessed, and the king swallowed all but 3in. of the tail of the poor blacksnake, and then, with that dangling from his mouth, glided off into the grass. We let him go, as he is a known enemy of the rattlesnakes, and often kills them."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

The Plates of Audubon's Work.

PORTLAND, Conn., Sept. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue for Sept. 12 Reignolds asks about the final disposition of the original copperplates of Audubon's birds, elephant folio edition. I have two: plate XLVII., ruby-throated hummingbird, and plate CCLXVII., arctic yager. They were given me by the Hon. Thos. R. Pickering, President of the Pickering Governor Co., of this place, who purchased a number of them several years ago for old metal in a junk shop in New York city. All of the plates were scratched and bent, those in my possession being the only ones in the lot that could be put in fairly good condition. JNO. H. SAGE.

[We believe that some of the copperplates may be seen framed in the American Museum of Natural History in New York. These, if we recollect aright, were a gift to the museum by Wm. E. Dodge. There are also some in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington.]

Wild Pigeons in Illinois.

JERSEYVILLE, Ill., Sept. 14.—Last Sunday, the 6th, a small flock of wild pigeons, seven in number, was seen by Mr. Fred. Bertman, of this city, flying southeast at an early hour in the morning. The same evening Mr. B. saw a bunch of like number going northwest, and from this fact concluded it was the same bunch he had noticed in the morning.

No other notice of these birds has been taken, and it is not known whether they are stopping for a time in their annual journey south or whether it is but a stray bunch, the lone survivors of the great droves of pigeons that once made this section their regular stopping place during their migrations.

Stray bunches are still occasionally seen, and three years ago one was killed in our camp on the Illinois River. L. S. HANSELL.

Encounter with Mountain Lions.

SHASTA, Cal., Sept. 5.—A German by the name of Sieger, living on the Sacramento River, twenty miles north of here, had a desperate encounter with a pair of mountain lions or panthers a few days ago.

He shot one of the animals, fatally wounding it, but its cries brought its mate upon the scene. Sieger killed the

second one, but in the meantime the first succeeded in killing his dog, a large hound, and then attacked Sieger. The man was almost stripped of clothing by the animal and severely cut and torn. RANSACKER.

New England Copperheads Again.

MR. WM. H. AVIS notes the recent killing of a rattlesnake in the vicinity of Hamden, Conn., near New Haven, and of two copperheads in the same locality. Mr. Thos. J. Morrow sends us a note of the killing of two copperheads on Mt. Tom, Massachusetts, in the current month.

Game Bag and Gun.

DID IT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?

SEPTEMBER 15 arrived at last. It is not necessary to inform the sportsmen of Massachusetts that I was anxious for its coming; they all know what Sept. 15 in this State means, and they were probably as anxious as myself for its arrival.

The night of the 14th I retired early, in order that I might get a good night's rest and be in good condition to start on the first train on the following morning for the covers, where I had roamed through nearly every Sunday since last May with my good setter friend Rusty. We had always found our brood of patties and woodies in about the same locality each time we visited the covers, and we had watched their rapid growth with pleasure from the little wee fellows to almost full-grown, strong birds. Each Sunday I would tickle myself with the anticipated pleasure that Sept. 15 would bring with its arrival. On our Sunday outings we would roam for hours through the birches and alders, never once meeting or seeing a sign of a human being.

As I said before, I retired on the 14th early, but with a feeling of uneasiness. Suppose some native hunter runs into my marked broods before the first train can land me in the town, fifteen miles from the Hub. Oh, but no! I never met any living person in my cover in all my wanderings this summer. With this last thought I dropped off to sleep.

When I awoke the glorious 15th had arrived. Hustling into my togs and snatching a hasty lunch, I whistled to Rusty, and in a few minutes we were on the first train on our way to pay our friends a visit with gun and shot.

When within about five minutes' walk of the first small cover, where my friends the partridge family resided, I saw a sight that almost made my heart stop beating.

What was that?

I wiped my eyes. Do I see aright? It can't be true. Surely no one would waste time in that small cover.

Ah yes, too true! for out trotted friend V.'s pointer that I knew so well, followed a little later by V. himself, with a well-filled bag. It was now 7 A. M.—he a native just going home after his early morning sport, and I an outsider just going in.

I hunted the covers out, but not a feather did I start till late in the afternoon, when I succeeded in bagging one partridge; then started for home, happy with the world in general, because it was Sept. 15 and I had not returned empty handed. KIRK.

BOSTON, Mass.

SPORT IN NOVA SCOTIA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent C. B. T., in issue of Sept. 12, makes some statements which, for the benefit of brother sportsmen, I am afraid to let pass unchallenged. And first I must ask his pardon. I can see he is a stranger to Nova Scotia, and I am afraid his credulity has been sorely taxed by the different people he has met, who all had axes to grind.

Last year, when on my way to a hunting ground in New Brunswick, I was approached on the train by a man purporting to be the proprietor of a hotel in Campbellton with the following story, which, in short, was to the effect that the week previous he, in company with another, had spent four days moose hunting on the outskirts of the town, and had each killed a very large moose. One of them, among other unheard of things, had horns spreading 14ft. from tip to tip. Needless to say, I told him I would be sure to come to Campbellton to hunt the next time. This actually was told me on the train, and the man was sober too. I have often wondered since if the man really thought I would believe him.

However, to our subject. First, in place of being known only to a favored few, the country is overrun with hunters, so much so, in fact, that time and again I have been moose calling, and on going out to the barrens some still morning have been exasperated to hear, some mile or so away, the sound of some one else calling too; or when making camp to hear in the stillness of the evening some other camper's axe ringing on the trees, and all this, too, fifty miles or more from the nearest house. Surely there are more here than the "favored few." There are moose here, and lots of them too; but you cannot get them by simply going out with your canoe, rifle and camp outfit, and expect to find Mr. Moose waiting to take his lead pill. Oh, no! not by a good deal.

I have been lucky, never having been skunked but once, and that my first hunt. However, I know men, and good hunters they are, who go out year after year and often fail to make connections. There are four men in Nova Scotia who, if you will give them three weeks to do it, can go out and show you a bull moose. I think I can go out myself now and do the same, and perhaps a little better, but I don't hanker after doing it on a wager.

So much for moose. Now as for caribou, I do not believe there are twenty betweeen Halifax and Yarmouth, in Nova Scotia. Not one has been killed for two years in western Nova Scotia.

The same applies to salmon as to moose; there are some salmon in the rivers, and if you are lucky possibly you may get four or five fish in one day, but they will all be small compared with Restigouche salmon, for instance. The country truly does swarm with trout; every lake, stream and river estuary contains abundance of trout of one kind or another.

Partridges in places are plentiful; ducks in their season very much so; woodcock and snipe are fairly abundant.

As C. B. T. says, the sail from Yarmouth to Halifax is truly beautiful; all of Nova Scotia is so, but it is by no means so inaccessible as reported. There is not one place along the main shore but is within twenty-four hours' reach of Halifax by the daily mail conveyance. Sportsmen going after moose can reach almost any part of the country by the ox-team express, and where he cannot go by road he can go by canoe.

We have a beautiful country here, and its wooded hills and valleys, and moss-covered barrens, beautifully studded with lakes innumerable, and traced with a perfect network of rivers and brooks, contains many a lordly moose, and the coy, capricious caribou wanders through the land. The salmon jump in the streams and the trout are always at hand, but—and here comes the rub—they all require a master hand to get them, and he who comes out of the woods with a moose head as his prize may well be proud; he has accomplished a feat to be proud of, and many there are who will envy him. He will indeed be a mighty hunter.

Now again humbly asking pardon of C. B. T. for doing what I consider my duty, I am in the interests of the sportsmen TIAM.

POSTED.

How often at the present time does the sportsman when out on a shooting or fishing trip discover the warning signboard, placed in a prominent position, that tells him that "shooting or fishing on these premises is forbidden under penalty of the law." Not the least factor in causing his sadness as he turns away and seeks other fields is the thought, nay the assurance, that within the forbidden grounds unlimited sport is lurking in every bosky dell, or that every ripple of the laughing waters is sparkling with gleeful admiration of the beautiful forms that are so gracefully sporting in the sunshine and shadows of the forbidden waters.

The practice of posting the resorts frequented by sportsmen has greatly increased within the past few years, and if the increase continues it will be but a short time before the sportsman will be so hemmed in, or rather shut out, that the pleasure that should attend his outing will be entirely gone, and perforce the gun and rod will be laid away to rust and moulder, fitting emblems of the blighted hopes and aspirations of the once enthusiastic sportsman.

The causes that have led up to this state of affairs are many and various and not at all difficult to determine. First and foremost of these causes are the lawlessness and selfishness of many. Alas! far too many who go afield with rod and gun in innumerable instances outrage the feelings and destroy the property of the landowner, until forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and as a sequence all of those who are entirely innocent in the matter upon their next outing are confronted at their favorite resort with the conspicuous signboard which tells them that "shooting or fishing on these premises is forbidden under penalty of the law." The worst feature in the case of the lawless or selfish individual is that vigorous warning or gentle pleading are alike useless. The faults are inherent, and so long as actual punishment does not follow his misdeeds he will continue to break the farmer's fences, trample his grass, shoot his chickens, steal his fruit and commit numberless other outrages so long as he continues to go afield. Trespass signs he does not heed, except perhaps to be a little more wary; in fact, he rather likes them, and considers them as useful to him in that they keep away others from his favorite resorts. Thus you see, dear reader, that you and I not only suffer for his misdeeds, but have the added aggravation of knowing that he actually profits by the very means that are taken to punish him.

As a rule, I have ever found the farmer to be a pretty good fellow, and during an experience of more than half a century in all sections of the country it has very seldom been the case that my request to shoot or fish through his grounds has been refused; and even since the aforementioned signs have become so plentiful the same rule holds good, and very many times have I obtained permission to shoot over posted grounds.

It is not that the farmer begrudges the sportsman his pleasure, and it is nearly always the case that a polite request will secure permission to shoot or fish, and in every instance gentlemanly and sportsmanlike conduct will secure a cordial welcome for future visits. It is very rare that a surly disposition prompts refusal, in fact I can recall very few instances where this was the case. Having devoted considerable time to probing for the reasons that influenced landowners to post their grounds, I have been forced to the conclusion that the unsportsmanlike conduct of many who go afield with rod and gun will account for a very large proportion of the trespass signs that are now so plentiful.

It is not always the case, however, that the predatory shooter or fisherman, in whom the vice is inherent, is alone to blame for damage done the landowner, for it often occurs that with the best intentions one may inadvertently, in the heat of an ardent chase, do something that he would not do in a cooler moment and in consequence the farmer's property is damaged thereby. Your bird may fly directly in line with buildings or cattle that are unseen by you. A vigorous fish may lead you through growing crops, or in your haste to reach a desired position you may break down a crazy fence or leave down a bar. Should either of these or any other accident occur by which the landowner's property is damaged the well-disposed sportsman should at once do all in his power to repair the damage. In nearly all cases of this nature a properly worded apology will make of the farmer a friend instead of an enemy, especially if, in case actual damage is done, the apology is coupled with an offer to pay an amount sufficient to make the loss good. It is best to go easy over crazy fences, but in case you should break one down you should at once repair it to the best of your ability.

Once, when out shooting with a companion, in getting over a stone wall, we tumbled down at least a rod of it, and, although we were very anxious to get among the birds, we laid down our guns and set to work building it up again. We had been at work but a few minutes when the landowner put in an appearance, with a club in his hand and a most ominous frown upon his face; but when he saw what we were up to his grip on the club relaxed, a smile lit up his countenance and he greeted us cordially, at the same time telling us he heard the wall tumble and had come out to collect pay for the damage and then drive us off his land; but, added he, "I guess that you are not that kind," and he took hold with us, and we soon had the wall as good as new. "There," said he, when the job was finished, "you are the first hunters that I ever heard of that stopped to put up a wall that you had tumbled down, and I guess it is safe to let you hunt anywhere." Then he directed us to a run that was unknown to us, where he said we would find woodcock, and told us to be sure to come to the house when the horn blew and get some dinner. When we finished the run we had eight woodcock, and as we smoothed their feathers and returned them to our pockets my companion exclaimed: "Verily, virtue hath its reward." But this was not all; we also had a good dinner, and better still, we made a friend who was always glad to see us, and, although he posted his grounds soon after, and enforced the law with that big club, we were always welcome to shoot or fish on his grounds, and it was through his kind offices that his neighbors allowed us free admittance to their grounds.

I was once shooting in a covert that bordered posted grounds, and to get around a dense brier patch I got over the fence into the forbidden grounds and walked along the edge, coming to a cross fence in which was a bar-way. I let down two bars and was about to pass through when my companion, a short distance away, signaled a point and bade me hurry. Telling him I must first put up the bars, and doing so, I started to climb the fence into the covert, when I was confronted by the owner of the posted grounds, who exclaimed: "It is all right; go and get that bird, and then come back and I will show you where there are lots of them. A man that will stop to put up bars when his dog is on point can shoot on my grounds all he wants to." I lost perhaps half a minute in time; what I gained cannot yet be estimated, as for years I have shot over these grounds, and hope to do so for many more to come.

I do not wish it understood that I mention these things boastingly, or that any credit is due me for their performance. They are jotted down merely to illustrate my argument and to demonstrate that the farmer is not always the churl that the lawless hunter would have you believe him to be. A large experience prompts the belief that when all of us who go afield shall do unto the farmer as we would that others should do unto us were we in the farmer's place, then will be the hunter's millennium, and "Shooting and fishing on these grounds is forbidden under penalty of the law" will not stare us in the face when next we visit our favorite resort. S. T. HAMMOND.

WHAT IS A TRUE SPORTSMAN?

Editor Forest and Stream:

In one of your numbers some years back a correspondent asked: "What is a sportsman?" and himself offered as answer, that in Scotland a man was entitled to a sportsman's badge when he had killed a salmon, a buck and an eagle. Your recent letters from Joe and Armin Tenner *et al* raise the question again in a more acute form, viz.: "What is a true sportsman?" Now I propose that FOREST AND STREAM establish an order, with an appropriate silver badge—that should be quite easy in view of silver prospects—an order of True Sportsmen. Each member shall be—to take it backward and analytically—through and through a man, a sport and true.

But maybe this isn't much help—this offering three difficulties for one. Well, then try again. Each member must pass in ten of the following subjects—qualification, I mean:

1. Keep the game laws of his State.
2. Walk five miles in one hour.
3. Land a 10lb. fish with an 8oz. rod.
4. Kill a buck with his own rifle.
5. Kill a bear with his own rifle.
6. Ride a century a-wheel in a day.
7. Light 100 camp-fires with 100 matches.
8. Relate a fishing expedition with liquor left out.
9. Swim.
10. Own the best dog in the world.
11. Never have killed a perching bird within five paces.
12. Make some kind of a rattling good revolver target (I know nothing of such things).
13. Subscribe to FOREST AND STREAM.
14. Prove that on at least one occasion he could have shot more game than he possibly could use and didn't.
15. Never have poisoned his neighbor's dog.
16. Bring down ten flying birds in succession with ten cartridges.
17. Own and sail the "neatest little craft afloat."
18. Had the buck ague. (This is psychologically important.)
19. Must have seen the hoopsnake and the glass snake or the sea serpent.
20. Never have killed a doe when he could have killed a buck, or a deer 100yds. off when he could get one at 50.
21. Run a mile in— (I'll let you fill this up.)
22. Rode over a five-barred gate (I know that should come in).
23. And he must do it all for pure love, at least most of the time.

I am not sure that this last just fits on to all the others, but you can see what is meant, and as you are going to supp[illegible] .he medals you may add a few more qualifications you want to. I don't mind.

N. B.—1, 13 and 23 are not optional. SLOAT HALL.

P. S.—It's time I stopped. I find I've frozen myself out. No. 13 is the only one I'm quite sound on, and I'm away behind on that now.

P. S. No. 2.—I'll send design for badge next week. Send check for same, of whatever value you think proper, provided it goes into two figures.

In Western Illinois.

JERSEYVILLE, Ill., Sept. 14.—Our duck and chicken season opens to-morrow, but it will create little stir in local shooting circles. There are some few chickens, but the corn is so tall and thick that the birds are in very little danger.

Quail have bred well and are now many of them well grown. The dense growth of weeds, corn and other cover will, however, prevent many sportsmen from hunting them until the latter part of October, unless we have earlier frost than common.

While hunting squirrels recently an old pheasant very defiantly flirted his brown tail almost in our face. He knew that safety was assured, as we were armed only with a .22 rifle. But there are other days, and we may happen down that way with a surprise in the shape of a catter gun in store for the old rascal. L. S. HANSELL.

VITALITY OF MOOSE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the issue of FOREST AND STREAM for Sept. 12 Aztec asks, has any one ever seen a deer drop "as if struck by lightning" when shot through the heart? I have seen a moose do so on one occasion when I was in at the death of a large four-year-old moose; my companion, using a .45-90 Winchester solid ball, shot him at some 90 odd yards while he was standing perfectly still, trying to catch some scent of danger, and he dropped instantly and never moved. I never saw an animal, even shot in the brain, die more quickly. Still another instance was told me by a man whom I can depend upon, an old hunter. On one of his many trips he shot at a deer running fair away from him; the ball ranged through the animal from back to front just under the back bone, but without touching it, and the yearling buck simply wilted, the force with which he was running driving his spike firmly into the ground when he fell, but he was absolutely dead on striking the ground. Now, on the other hand, I shot a moose three years ago just as it crossed on the run a small opening in the bushes ahead of me. I only had the opportunity to shoot once and my shot apparently had no effect, as the bull did not stop nor flinch, nor drop its head a little, as an animal almost invariably does when hit. He kept on and we found not a drop of blood and his tracks apparently quite strong. Now, I was just as confident that I had hit as my Indian was that I had not hit; so in spite of his assurance of "You shoot too quick; you not hit," I followed on the trail and found the animal about 400yds. away, quite dead. Afterward we discovered that the ball from my .50-110 Winchester had cut the apex of the heart clean off. Surely he should have dropped, but yet there is the cold fact, he ran 400yds.

Again in the fall of 1895 I shot a caribou, breaking the spinal column just above the fore shoulders. The animal was one of a group of four cows and one bull. After the shot, which we at once saw was fatal, we watched the other animals as they ran away and circled back to look at us, and then made off for good, for fully five minutes, and then we went up to our prize. We found him still living, his head up in the air watching us closely, and all the muscles in the fore part of his body working violently in an endeavor to rise. I was on the point of firing another shot to put it out of its misery, when its head fell to the ground and in a moment more it was dead. There was 4in. of the backbone blown clean to atoms—in fact, blown right out by the mushroom bullet.

Now there are four facts, two of which counteract the evidence of the other two, and the last two being apparently in complete opposition to theory. Who will get up in the amen corner and tell us the why and the wherefore? I would like to know very much myself, and I am sure so would many others. Above you have the experience and the facts. We all know the theory. Who will reconcile the two for TIAM?

HALIFAX, N. S.

WISCONSIN WANDERINGS.

Sharp-tail Grouse Shooting.

BABCOCK is a little town in the central part of Wisconsin. It is on a sandy plain, consisting of dried up marsh, with many "islands" of brush and small trees; most of the islands are small, many of them covering less than an acre. The place has somewhat of a reputation for "chickens." In the course of his wanderings your correspondent found it needful to stop there over night, "wan day lasht week," as the Irishman expressed it. The hotel was a very good one, and the host thereof was inclined to be sociable, so some inquiry was made about the chickens.

The landlord said there had been a great many killed, and they were still to be found in considerable numbers, but surely few to what there were at the opening of the season. He said a man named James Varney had a dog, but no team, and would doubtless be willing to go with some one who would furnish a team.

Varney was soon found, and said he would go to-morrow, but his dog was pretty well worn out and had a sore foot. Then we hunted up the livery man, and he said he would take us out for $3 a day, so he was engaged and we went to bed to be ready for a start at 7 o'clock the next morning. A little after that time we were off in a comfortable and roomy spring wagon, well provided with lunch and a big jug of water. The poor dog's foot was very sore; so bad that he did not allow anything to touch it. We drove out three miles and got out of the wagon. Varney took a shot bag, a needle and thread from his pocket, and proceeded to make a stocking for the dog's foot, which he did by neatly folding the cloth around and under the foot and then sewing it snugly around the leg. I supposed the dog would chew the stocking off as soon as he got a chance, but he paid no attention to it, and went to work at once. The stocking stayed on all day, but wore through on the bottom.

Our hunting ground spread out all around us for miles—all level, covered with grass and weeds, popple thickets and islands of brush so far as could be seen. Off to our left was a little strip of corn, an acre or two of mullet and a similar patch of ripening buckwheat, which I at once pronounced the place to find chickens. At the end of the buckwheat and near the corn the dog began to trail and a minute later there came the inspiring, though startling flop of chickens taking wing. Turning quickly, I was just in time to see an old cock clearing the tops of the corn some 40yds. away. The first shot made him flinch and drop one leg, the second made him swerve again and hang down the other leg, but he kept right on and three others with him. It was too bad; there ought to have been two birds bagged right there. The gun and the load had been tried many times and had never been found lacking. Well, it didn't kill this time anyway. The crippled bird settled out of sight behind the corn a hundred rods away and the others flew on.

Marking the direction of the cripple by a dead tree, attention was turned to the dog, who was not working on these birds and was still working a trail which he followed to a flush. It lay close, and when it rose was shot inside of 35yds. It fell at once, but was not clearly killed. We started after what birds might still be in the corn, and had hardly reached the edge when one flushed, to keep me from stepping on it, and flew back between us. Looking first for Varney and next for the bird, I waited until it swung out from between us, then dropped it in the grass, and was surprised that this one was not shot dead. Just after retrieving this one another rose from the corn. It was nearer to me than to Varney, but I only "tickled" it and a moment later Varney laid it dead. The corn was but a narrow strip; so one of us went along either edge, with the dog between us, in the corn. He presently flushed one, which I ought to have killed, but missed with both shots. The gun was only just loaded again when another bird came out of the corn 60ft. in front of me and circled sharply to the right and rear. It was missed with both barrels just like the other one.

Then the old man just laid the gun on the ground, folded his arms and gave himself a general talking to on the subject of being an excitable old fool, that couldn't shoot at a few chickens without getting rattled so badly he couldn't hit the ground if he fell out of a tree, and wound up by telling himself that if he missed another bird before noon the gun should be laid in the wagon.

Then he took the gun and started along the edge of the corn again, and another bird flew out in front and circled round to the rear. This bird was so close and circled so slowly that I took the time to shoot it in the head without hitting its body, and did it neatly.

Perhaps the reader wonders what my partner was doing all this time. He was looking after the dog and taking shots only at such birds as I was unable to shoot at, for, said he, "You will only have to-day to shoot at them, while I can shoot at them all summer." He did not shoot at any bird that I could have a chance at.

About this time we heard some shots and saw that another party of three had flushed our three birds that had flown out of the corn, and soon after they flushed about fifteen that Varney expected to have got into, so they about spoiled the rest of our sport in that locality. We went after the old cock that had gone off with hanging legs and found him unable to fly. One flushed wild and was marked down in a popple thicket. The popple bushes grow as thick as straws in a wheat field and are about 4ft. high. A very thick growth of tickle grass grows knee high among the popples. The dog found this bird, and it had to be actually kicked out before it would fly. It had been shot inside of 30yds., but had life enough to run several feet. But one more was found before noon. It got out from almost between my feet, and, like the others, was not shot dead. After we had had a hearty lunch and were lying in the shade for a two hours' rest, I fell to thinking how poorly these birds had been killed, and that I must have been very near missing them entirely, and resolved that during the afternoon I would concentrate every effort on putting the center of the shot charge into the bird instead of only scraping it with one side of the charge.

Our tramp during the morning had been a hard one, for the ground was very rough, the cover very thick, and many small logs were concealed in the rank growth of grass, just right to stumble over, and we decided that two hours was none too long for a rest and settled ourselves on the ground for a nap; but our minds were too much stirred up by the excitement of the morning to go to sleep or let our bodies rest. So after an hour Varney said he thought there must be some birds just at the point of our island, where there was a patch of buckwheat, so we picked up the guns, and the dog, poor fellow, picked up his sore foot, and we started, all of us feeling a bit stiff and sore and wishing the ground was smoother. At the edge of the buckwheat Varney walked up a strong old bird and laid it low in beautiful style. He had just retrieved his bird when ten others got up 35yds. from me and flew sqi.rely to my left. Remembering that every bird was to be centered this afternoon, I held carefully, one foot ahead and a little high, for the bird was still rising, and was delighted to see it fall like a wet rag. Quickly covering the next one in the same careful manner, I saw it wilt as the shot struck it. Varney was some twenty steps behind me, and was pulling his trigger for this bird when it dropped from under the muzzle of his gun, but not in time to hold his fire; but he scored with his second. On going to my birds I found that neither of them had made any struggle, and there were but few whole bones left in them.

We hunted round to see if there was not one or two in close hiding under the rank cover, and I came near stepping on one that almost flew in my face and then went back toward Varney. Waiting until it had swerved away from him and had gone past him, I swung the gun after it, intending to shoot at the instant the gun caught up with it. In turning my foot caught under something, and on that account the aim was delayed a little, and when the foot was got free the gun swung 4ft. too far; but fortunately I did not shoot. By this time the bird was 45yds. away, flying level and straight from me. It had got so far away and was going so fast, it seemed it must be shot before it got a foot further if it was shot at all; but I remembered that every bird was to have the center of the charge, and swung the gun back till the bird was covered just right, steadied long enough to make sure it was just right, then pulled. "A great shot," cried Varney, as the bird tumbled into the weeds, turning over and over as it went down. "I thought sure you were not going to get him, and was just about to shoot."

Here we had bagged five inside of five minutes, and thought we had marked down the seven that flew away. We thought we had them marked in a popple thicket, and probably had; but the popples were so thick and it was so hot the dog could do nothing, and we failed to raise any of them, though we tramped till we were tired. Then we got into the wagon and rode several miles to where we hoped to find more birds. Part of the way was over hay roads, and the rest of the way seemed to be mostly over logs, roots, stumps and other roughnesses that were hidden in the dense growth of grass, popple bushes and "tickle" grass. For some miles there was no sign of civilization in sight; the afternoon was cloudy and our way a devious one on account of the many obstructions. I soon lost all idea of direction, and had I not known the direction of the wind, which was blowing a steady breeze, would have been lost. I also remembered that the Wisconsin River was some miles to the east, and a railroad some miles to the west. As we were crossing a "mowing" an old cock rose wild from the short grass. We stopped the wagon to better mark the bird, and had no sooner done so than the dog leaped out on the windward side and pointed. Then we saw the heads of two birds stretched above the short grass some 60yds. away. When we got within 40yds. they flew, and we were fortunate in winging both of them. We then went after the wild old cock, but he was wary and flushed wild and out of sight behind some trees. A moment later another one flushed wild, but Varney took a shot at it and thought he hit it, and was sure he did when we marked it down 80 rods away. We went after it, and Varney flushed and killed it. The walking after these birds was very trying. The ground seemed to be covered with obstructions, and was all hidden by the rank growth of grass.

It was now 4 P. M. I was tired, hot, thirsty and had a headache. I felt that the hunt was fast losing its interest for me. Going to the wagon for a drink, I remarked that the water was very warm and stale. The driver said he had some coffee left, and got it out. It was in a tin canteen, with air-tight stopper; nearly a quart of good, strong coffee, creamed and sugared just right. I drank it all, and wished there was more. In ten minutes every trace of fatigue, thirst and headache had vanished, and for two hours longer we tramped steadily, and I wished as the sun went down that the day was longer.

Starting out again, the dog found a trail, and after ten minutes pointed an old cock, and Varney and I divided honors. The dog at once took up another trail, and while he was somewhat puzzled over it three young birds arose in front of us, two straight away and one flying back on my left. As Varney was on my right, I took the left hand one, as it was just opposite and not 20yds. away, and smashed every bone in it; then took the left hand one of the other two and dropped it just as Varney shot the other one. Varney was expecting to take care of both birds, and being busy with the first one did not see the other one fall. When he looked for it a puzzled look came over his face and he said: "How did that bird get out of sight so quick?" I told him it fell in the grass. Half an hour later the dog found another trail, which he followed for ten minutes, and at last flushed an old bird within 10ft. of him without getting the body scent at all. Being close by, I had a very easy shot, and made a clean kill. Half an hour before sundown the dog found another trail—evidently of a considerable number of birds that had been traveling in all directions—and worked on it until it was too hot to spend more time on them, but did not find them.

This ended my first day with the Wisconsin prairie chickens, which were not chickens, but sharp-tailed grouse.

There are said to be some pinnated grouse on the ground we hunted, but we saw none. It was a good day, and next winter when the cold keeps me indoors it will be set in array with many other similar days, and enjoyed again. O. H. HAMPTON.

WINONA, Minn., Sept. 14.

GREENHORNS AND TENDERFEET.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a recent editorial sketch in this journal you allude to and comment entertainingly on city and country greenhorns, and to what are recognized in the West as tenderfeet. Unquestionably men are fashioned by environments and associations.

That the old man from the country should attract attention on Broadway in his method of hailing a cable car is a natural consequence. Undoubtedly he felt himself so insignificant a particle in the throng and bustle as to imagine that he must make extraordinary exertions to attract notice and stop so dumb a thing as a cable car.

Your allusions to both city and country greenhorns are very brief, for the topic might furnish material for many volumes. It is my opinion that the thoroughbred city man is quite as conspicuous in the backwoods as the backwoodsman is in the city—with the exception that there are fewer to observe or criticise him. We should be careful how we form opinions of greenhorns. Perhaps the awkward denizens of the distant woods and fields, nearer nature and natural conditions, are also nearer the truer, in that they are subject to the least artificial environments and influences.

In my observations I am free to credit the backwoodsman with one superior trait at the least. He is usually, I may say almost invariably, proud of his city cousin. When the latter visits his shack in the wilds he must admit that he is favored with the sincerest hospitality and truest friendship. The country cousin in the city is often made to feel very differently—perhaps through no intentional indifference, neglect or pride, but nevertheless through things that the polished cousins of the city seem powerless to correct.

Under the oddest or roughest exterior, we should remember, there may lie the tenderest sensibilities—the truest as well, for they are not so deeply disguised or so often made callous by constant contact with the things met with in crowds and cities. Indeed, in these very differences there is a profound theme for books and sermons. The honesty and loyalty of the rustic (for instance) is often miscalled verdancy, and he is considered by his shrewder cousins the legitimate victim of conventional wile and shrewd practice. But I stray from my plan, which was to contribute an anecdote of some tenderfeet in the far West.

It was at Winnemucca, Nevada, years ago, at that time a small railway station. There were about a dozen Shoshone Indians on the platform of the depot playing cards. They were half civilized red men and had seen the railroad trains so often that they were no longer wonders to them. An emigrant train came slowly in from the East, its numerous cars loaded with palefaces westward bound.

As the train slowed up at the station a dozen men and boys jumped out in the sage brush armed with .22caliber pistols, with which they were aiding to tame Western wilds by popping away at jack rabbits and sage hens. The train stopped for some time, and gradually a large group of assorted Easterners of both sexes and with tender feet surrounded the group of Indians. There were several Indian women with their pappooses sitting on their fancy-colored blankets, and six or eight stalwart braves playing cards, with their shell counters and chips spread upon the blanket they used for a table. The Indians played silently, without exchanging words or manifesting any emotion. The paleface crowd increased and edged nearer as they saw there was no danger.

The female passengers were most curious about the Indians and approached the squaws daintily and much as they would have approached any other strange animal that they knew nothing about.

"O, my! are those real wild Indians?"

"Why, that baby would be cunning if it was white!"

"See what a funny dress it has!"

"Just look at that wrinkled old woman. See her dress. Her moccasins are awful dirty."

There were several young girls among the whites, and some old girls too, and all of them found many things to remark and giggle about. All the while the Indians played their cards silently, except for an occasional grunt.

A white man said, "Those fellows are pretty good sized men, average well with white men for size."

Another said, "I wonder how they make a living here—all beggars, I suppose."

"Oh, they eat rabbits and coyotes," said another, the smart passenger, "and the Government gives them blankets."

"I wonder if they can talk English yet," said another spectator.

About this time one of the Indians looked up for the first time and said to the last speaker: "Say, you d—n fools don't know anything until you live in this country awhile. Give me half a dollar, will you? I'm about broke on this game."

The emigrant withdrew without contributing, while something like a flush of brand new intelligence crept over the palefaced crowd, which soon dissolved and sought the train.

The incident is one of those that cannot be reproduced satisfactorily with words. But perhaps enough has been given to exemplify that tenderfeet and greenhorns are somewhat allied, and that men are victims to circumstances and the circumscriptions of their comprehensiveness. I don't like to resort to such formidable words, but they must be used once in a while to aid our desire to be expressive and keep in advance of aboriginality.

SHASTA MOUNTAINS, California. RANSACKER.

NITRO IN THE RIFLE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A correspondent writes in your issue of Saturday last that he has tried nitro powder in his rifle and that it did not come up to his expectations. Now I have tried it and it exceeded mine.

A chum of mine, who has the same make and caliber rifle as mine, .32-40 Winchester, model of '94, who uses nitro, finally after a lot of arguments got me to try it. But before I took the step I wrote to the Winchester Arms Company to see what they had to say about it. They answered my letter very promptly and to this effect: That they didn't recommend the use of nitro powder, and then went on to say: "Of course it (nitro powder) can be used and is used satisfactorily, but we cannot see any advantage in it except the slight absence of smoke. It is not as good as black powder and we believe you will do better work and get better results with black powder." They recommended 17grs. by weight of Du Pont's No. 1 smokeless rifle powder primed with No. 2½ W. Winchester primer, and finished by saying I must use metal patched bullets.

After quite a little experimenting I found that 15grs. of powder with four $\frac{1}{16}$in. cardboard wads and a 165gr. bullet, hardened, did the work. If you use ten parts lead to one of tin in making your bullets there is no need of using metal patched bullets at all. I have caught the bullets so made in rags after firing and found no signs of stripping.

As for accuracy, I can put most all my shots in an 8in. circle at 100yds. Of course I realize this is very common shooting, but I blame neither the ammunition nor the rifle, because I have seen it put four shots out of five in a 4in. circle at the same distance; the only difference in the conditions being the man behind the gun.

In the use of black powder it is always a source of annoyance to think after a shoot, "Now before I reload those shells they'll all have to be cleaned and dried." Now I'll acknowledge I am a little lazy, but I've never seen the man yet who enjoys cleaning dirty rifle shells, especially when they are as small as .32-40s are. If you use nitro powder you will find cleaning unnecessary, and your shells last so much the longer. Your rifle is also much easier to clean. An oily rag passed through it once or twice is sufficient. How about noise? A .32-40 cartridge loaded with 15grs. of smokeless makes about as much noise as a .25-20 loaded with black.

To sum up the whole matter, I think by the judicious use of nitro powder you have the same accuracy, range and penetration as black powder, without the noise, recoil, smoke, weight or dirt. F. E. JACKSON.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

SEPT. 19.—Mr. E. C. Carter, assistant chief engineer of the Chicago & Northwestern R. R., left this week for a trip through the Rockies, to last till the close of the season. He goes to Missoula, Mont., and will outfit there for some point to the north of that place probably, though he may go south into the Bitter Roots.

I hear of no large bags of prairie chickens in this State or any other State except the future state. Mr. B. Waters, of the FOREST AND STREAM staff, New York city, who shot in Minnesota, near Kennedy, last week with Prof. Edmund Osthaus and Mr. Draper, of Toledo, O., states that the high bag of the party was thirty-six birds, with almost no birds missed. About half a dozen coveys a day was the average found. I have heard of no better bags than this so far.

Jacksnipe are down from the North on the first flight. A bag of thirty-eight was made two days ago by a member of English Lake Club, Kankakee River, Indiana.

The Packing of Bob White Quail.

I remember that some time ago I spoke of seeing a pack or large body of Bob White quail in Texas, which numbered as I thought 75 or 100 birds. The statement was doubted by my friends, who thought the flock was made of meadow larks, and who believed that the Bob White never packs up into large flocks of that sort. Yet afterward I have met four different shooters who have seen such packs, and by this morning's mail have a letter which speaks of such an occurrence. The letter comes from Mr. H. B. Jewell, of Wabasha, Minn., who says:

"I shot the first quail yesterday. I have shot for over fifteen years in this vicinity. Saw four large packs of from thirty to fifty each, and could have killed many more than the few I did had I taken the time. They were all in a radius of forty acres."

I am disposed to believe, from what Mr. Jewell says, that the quail which have suddenly appeared in lower Minnesota this fall are migratory birds, and perhaps their presence does not mean any great abundance next year. Why they should be migrating to the North is something not easy to say. Of course all old quail hunters know that these birds do migrate, somewhat as squirrels do, though usually with more regularity. The line of movement of the quail in lower Illinois and in Missouri is known and often spoken of by shooters of that part of the country. It is very much more apt that birds on such a movement would be in large bodies than when under the home habits on their native grounds.

Believes in Selling Game.

Out in St. Paul is the young sporting periodical called the *Western Field and Stream*, which carries no less a name than that of Charles Hallock on its editorial page. Editorially this paper states that its mission is to foster good laws and preserve the game supply of the country. Yet in the business columns of the paper this month I find two large display advertisements of game dealers, each of whom calls upon the sportsmen not to "throw their game away," but to ship it into the market for sale. "Write for tags and shipping instructions," says one of these dealers, and "state where you want your money forwarded." This concern guarantees "an honest count and prompt returns." These advertisements are so at variance with the announced purpose and platform of the paper that the thought occurs that they must have been overlooked in the make-up. Let us trust that they disappear next month. Such an appeal is useless to the real sportsmen of Minnesota or any other State to-day, and the misuse of that term must be an offense to readers who are really sportsmen. I suggest the advertisements be replaced by two large one-quarter page cards reading "Stop the Sale of Game!" That will be consistent, sportsmanlike and useful.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago. E. HOUGH.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

THE legislative committee of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, that will convene at Harrisburg, Pa., next week, is constituted as follows, there being but one representative from each county:

Adams—Conrad Meyers, York Springs.
Allegheny—H. M. Brackenridge, Natrona.
Armstrong—C. J. Jessup, Kittanning.
Beaver—H. W. Nair, Beaver Falls.
Bedford—A. J. Zeth, Hopewell.
Berks—Henry D. Green, Reading.
Blair—G. G. Zeth, Altoona.
Bradford—W. F. Dittrich, Towanda.
Bucks—Elmer Boileau, Hartsville.
Butler—Edward Gumpper, Butler.
Cambria—J. B. Holsinger, Johnstown.
Carbon—Samuel M. Downs, Mauch Chunk.
Chester—E. W. Baker, West Chester.
Clearfield—Frank B. Row, Clearfield.
Clinton—James W. Frederick, Lock Haven.
Columbia—J. H. Mercer, Bloomsburg.
Crawford—C. F. Emerson, Titusville.
Cumberland—R. E. Shearer, Carlisle.
Dauphin—H. M. F. Worden, chairman, Harrisburg.
Delaware—Richard J. Baldwin, Chadds Ford.
Erie—Hon. J. Ross Thompson, Erie.
Fayette—Jesse O. Allen, Uniontown.
Franklin—Thomas Nelson, Chambersburg.
Greene—J. F. Bell, Carmichaels.
Huntingdon—G. G. Harmon, M.D., Huntingdon.
Indiana—A. D. Sutton, Indiana.
Juniata—L. Banks, Mifflintown.
Lackawanna—T. J. Snowdon, Scranton.
Lancaster—Geo. Crane, Mountville.
Lawrence—Fred W. Grace Newcastle.
Lebanon—J. C. Bucher, M.D., Lebanon.
Lehigh—J. F. Weiler, Allentown.
Luzerne—J. F. O'Neill, Wilkesbarre.
Lycoming—F. P. Abercrombie, Williamsport.
Mifflin—A. T. Hamilton, Lewistown.
Monroe—J. F. Brownell, M.D., Stroudsburg.
Montgomery—Wm. Metz, Lansdale.
Northampton—A. W. Miller, South Bethlehem.
Northumberland—S. A. Peck, Northumberland.
Perry—James S. Magee, New Bloomfield.
Schuylkill—F. C. Palmer, Pottsville.
Snyder—H. H. Grimm, Middleburg.
Somerset—Dr. Lenhart, Jennertown.
Susquehanna—John M. Kelly, Montrose.
Union—C. K. Sober, Lewisburg.
Venango—John A. Wilson, Franklin.
Washington—Norwood Johnson, Canonsburg.
Westmoreland—J. O'H. Denny, Ligonier.
Wyoming—Charles A. Alexander, Vernon.
York—W. H. Burnham, York.
Philadelphia—James Wolstenscroft (Frankford).
Philadelphia—Thomas S. Dando, 34 South Third street.

No member of the committee has yet been named from the following counties: Cameron, Center, Clarion, Elk, Forest, Fulton, Jefferson, McKean, Mercer, Montour, Pike, Potter, Sullivan, Tioga, Warren and Wayne.

The 30-Caliber on Game.

NEW YORK, Sept. 14—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While out on the cattle ranges recently, and obliged as usual to rely on my rifle for fresh meat, I made quite a full trial of the .30-30-160 Winchester, using a half jacketed bullet, the nose being of naked lead. The bullet mushroomed both on tissue and bone, and it is as wicked shooting a little weapon as I have ever handled. Nothing that I struck got away. There is no recoil and no smoke; the weapon is very light and handy, and the range and penetration are excellent. I have not made a long enough trial to speak about the accuracy with certainty, but according to my own experience it is as accurate as the .45-90, and it is equally good in long range shooting at antelope and in cutting off the heads of grouse. In my rifle there was a slight tendency to lead, which necessitated careful cleaning at the end of each day; but on the whole I think it the most satisfactory rifle that I have ever had. It knocks down an antelope as if the beast were hit by a sledge hammer, and I should myself use it without hesitation for any game in America. The last shot I made with it I was in company with a Western friend, with whom I killed my first buffalo thirteen years ago. The antelope was 180yds. off, running; I struck him in the flank, ranging forward and coming out at the opposite shoulder, bringing him down before he had made another jump. My companion came up and looked at the hole the bullet made, shook his head and said solemnly, "I guess that little .30-30 is the ace;" nd I quite agree with him. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Roe Deer Hunting in Germany.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"When in Rome do as Romans do." In the far-away fatherland nearly a year ago an American of most excellent standing was invited by some of his numerous German friends to take in a deer hunt. This American had seen deer before, but always in the zoölogical garden, never in their wild state. He gladly accepted the invitation; the novelty of hunting deer in Germany was not to be missed. The party was gotten together, the start made and the beating and howling begun. Under the circumstances imagine our American brother's disgust, standing by a "drive" armed with a 16-bore shotgun furnished him by a "German sportsman" who either forgot or willfully neglected to warn him to stop and examine the sex of each deer before pulling the trigger of that "German deer gun."

Two roe deer fell to the crack! crack! of that little gun, "a double on deer," and this his first deer hunt.

Joe, your delight was genuine, your zeal that of the true sportsman; your gladness was only exceeded by that of your companions, and only excelled by your ignorance of German deer shooting.

Your cablegram and letter received a warm welcome from those who have followed you over the rocky ridges of Pike county after the fleet-winged grouse, and cared for you when the chase had been pushed so fast by your friends that your strength failed you. By those companions of the quail fields of North and South Carolina, where your grit and good qualities are well known and never forgotten; in the old Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts, where, should you accept all the invitations sent you, you would be obliged to give up business, be not annoyed by Mr. Armin Tenner's uncalled for criticism; stick to the sport, and hope some time to know as much as he. But in the future, while visiting foreign countries, be careful of the company you keep. THOMAS ELMER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is true that great poets and painters are born, not made; but a true sportsman is made. Some indeed may be born great sportsmen, but as a rule the road to a high standard is a long and tedious one, though it has many delights by the way, and is well worth what it costs to attain. One who has attained the heights is naturally an object of mild envy to those who are still struggling in their barbarous delights. But one who is on the heights should not soon forget that those floundering below cannot see from their point of view. It seems, for instance, almost impossible to me now that anyone could shoot a grouse on the ground or sitting in a tree; yet I can remember—and my memory is none of the worst—a time when I might have done such a thing myself.

Mr. Armin Tenner has not only a commendable knowledge of the methods by which deer are to be killed, but he evidently carries his knowledge into practice. But what I wonder is, whether there ever was a time when he went on his first deer hunt, armed only with a muzzle-loading shotgun well filled with buckshot. Poor Joe! He has been believing for several months that his German friends were trying to give him a rare treat, and when he saw the pair of roes within easy range he thought they had succeeded. But now it appears that the ignorant or deep designing Germans have only put his name under a cloud in his own country.

Do not take it too much to heart, Joe. Do not resolve never to slay another deer, even of the fair sex. Buy a rifle and practice with it diligently. Think of the time when you may hope to know as much as your critics, and when you would scorn to turn a shotgun upon a lady.

L. W. B.

Wild Rice for Wildfowl.

WILD rice has been successfully grown to furnish attraction for wildfowl. Mr. E. E. Thompson concludes an illustrated paper on wild rice in the Aug. 25, 1892, issue of FOREST AND STREAM with these practical points: "Wild rice is very prolific and grows annually on the same grounds, requiring no care to cultivate. It will grow well in almost any water that has a muddy bottom, is not too cold and has not a strong current, and is not more than 8ft. deep. It will succeed in any of the Middle States and Northwest as far as latitude 50°. Rice has been found doing well on prairie sloughs of Minnesota, the water of which is tinctured more or less with alkali; it has been successfully introduced into many of the salt marshes of the Hudson River and Long Island, and it grows well in fresh-water marshes and on the banks of slow-running streams. The proper time for sowing the seeds is immediately after it is gathered ripe, *i. e.*, in September. The plant is hardy, prolific and aggressive, and usually more than maintains a footing once established. Its failure to grow in so many cases is due to the fact that the seed has been impaired by too long keeping, and in a number of cases the seed used has been threshed by the Indians, who scorch the grain to facilitate the operation. A few months seems sufficient to destroy the vital germ, so that though spring sowing has succeeded in some few cases, the trial of winter storage is usually too much for this delicate grain."

Off for Maine.

NEW YORK, Sept. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Indications point to an unusually large exodus of New York sportsmen to the Maine woods this fall. The better known guides have long ago ceased booking sportsmen for the early part of the hunting season. Jock Darling, for instance, writes Mr. Eagle, of the New York C. C., that he cannot promise him a guide for October, though he will do what he can for him if he comes into camp.

Charlie Hebbard, of the Empire Target Co., with a party of four, leaves next week for Norcross. Their hunting ground lies back of Katahdin. Mr. G. H. Haulenbeek, the well-known advertising agent, with a party of about the same number, will try the country tapped by the new line of the B. & A., going in from Masardis, this week.

Mr. C. H. Webber, New Fredonia, Pa., passed through New York Sept. 16 on his way to Jackman. He had with him a fine three-barrel gun in which the two rifle barrels lie on top and the shotgun barrel underneath, in the place generally assigned to the rifle in guns of American manufacture. This gun weighs about 8½lbs. and was made in Germany. The barrels are of fluid steel and the gun is finely sighted, the rear and tang peep sights folding into recesses when not in use. The triggers are provided with set screws. The stock is very straight and fitted with

cheek piece on the usual German style, and the gun is provided with a sling. Separate receptacles for cartridges are provided on the under side of the stock, which contain half a dozen rounds of ammunition. The rifle barrels are .40cal. and the cartridges are loaded with a charge of Troisdorf smokeless that would be equivalent to about 80grs. of black powder, and a heavy, flat-pointed bullet with three canelures. B.

New Jersey Game Law Working.

THE fish and game laws of 1895 were undoubtedly the best laws for the preservation of our fast disappearing game that we ever had. Unfortunately they were only in force one year, but the observing sportsman can see the good effect they have had even in that short period, in increasing the supply of our non-migrating game, such as quail, ruffed grouse and rabbits. The laws of 1895 opened the season in the northern game section upon all game, except snipe, rail, plover and wildfowl, on Oct. 25 and closed it on Dec. 10. The season was therefore closed before tracking snows fell to any extent, thus saving the game from being harassed and decimated by pot-hunters. The fact that the open season for all woodland game was of the same duration undoubtedly prevented a great deal of illegal shooting, as there was no excuse for a man's being found in the woods with a gun except between Oct. 25 and Dec. 10. The law as it now stands makes an open season on some one or more kinds of game from July 1 to Jan. 1, and the lawless hunter can take advantage of this fact to kill game not in season while pretending to be in pursuit of such as can be legally taken. Every sportsman in this vicinity knows that this was done previous to 1895, when we had a law similar to the present one, and feels sure that history will repeat itself. The parties who have habitually violated our game laws heretofore have not been the farmer, mechanic or business man, who can only spare time to take an occasional outing with the gun, but market hunters and so-called "city sportsmen." The game laws of 1896 seem to have been expressly framed so as to give the class above referred to the opportunity to evade the law and deprive the honest shooter of his fair share of this noble sport. The present law closes the season on that hardy rustler, the ruffed grouse, on Dec. 10, but poor Bob White and Molly Cottontail must run the gauntlet during every tracking snow until Jan. 1. This section of the country is capable of producing only a limited amount of game each year, and if our lawmakers wish to prevent the parent stock from being exterminated they should re-enact the game laws of 1895.
—*The Era, Dover, N. J.*

Reed Birds.

RECENT reports from Cape May county, N. J., show that the reed bird crop has been large, and great bags have been made on the meadows between Cape May and Atlantic City. Didymus sends us a report from Philadelphia in which it is said that "the unusual run of birds is attributed to the prevailing high tides, which partly cover the meadows and force them from their nests." "It seems too bad," writes Didymus, "that the poor little things should be forced from their warm nests by cruel hunters just as the cold weather is coming on."

Something of the extent of the slaughter of reed birds is indicated by the figures given in the same report. A party of Philadelphia gunners, in six days at Cape May, killed 800 birds. A party of eight on a Thursday killed 481. Two Atlantic City gunners killed 462 in two days. The Atlantic City *Press* of Sept. 10 recorded these scores for Pleasantville on Sept. 9: "Mr. Horton and George Forrest were out from Fleming's Hotel from 7 until 10 A. M. and bagged 250 hens. The record was equaled by Gene McGuire, who brought home a similar number. Jerry Showell caught 75, Charley Gale 96, Bert and Paul Wooton 103, Jesse Yates 96, Sumner Reed 66, Richard Smith 103, John Conover 115, and John Parker 102. Harry B. Leeds and S. H. Shinn killed 250, Somers Wolbert and S. Willets 236, Robert Warke 20, Silas Wooton and George Graham 115, and Lewis Glenn 71. Among the other gunners were Samuel Gale, Bill Gale, Harry Brown, Joseph Loder, Joseph Price, Ben Comley, Ike Conover, 40; Joseph Nailor, John Risley and John Algar." The record totals up 1,819 birds killed at this one place in one day. Mr. Frank M. Chapman's recent inquiry respecting the distribution of the bobolink has a partial answer right here.

A Novel Arm.

TROY, N. Y., Sept. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Capt. J. B. Taylor, of East Albany, whose illustrated article on a "Maine Moose Hunt" appeared in recent issues of FOREST AND STREAM, leaves Albany this week for the Maine woods. He will have same guide as last season, Joe Francis, and expects to get on his old stamping ground Oct. 1.

Mr. Taylor takes with him on this trip a quite unique gun, the same being the barrel of a .45 90 Winchester, cut down to 24in., engrafted on the stock and breech mechanism of a folding Burgess shotgun, the carrier block Mr. T.'s own handiwork. A very convenient arm in transit to the woods or on a carry, and a perfect working one in every respect, as the writer, who has tried it, can testify. S.

A Connecticut Shooting Point.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am not looking for free advertisement, but simply the good fellowship of the ardent and true sportsman prompts me to let all your readers in on a good thing. I know a paradise for any man who loves his dog and gun, and because I believe that only gentlemen read your paper, I am advising any who want good shooting when the season opens to write to Albert Anson, Woodville, Litchfield county, Conn. It is the home of the partridge, quail and woodcock, and as I don't believe I can get there this year myself I write for my more fortunate brother.
E. W.

The Boer and his Cartridges.

GEN. W. F. MOLYNEUX tells, in "Campaigning in South Africa and Egypt," about going to the house of a Boer to become his guest on a deer hunt. The General arrived on horseback, accompanied by one servant. Dismounting, he carried into the house a bag containing what would measure a peck or so of cartridges. The Boer looked at the bag in astonishment and exclaimed: "You Englishmen must be very rich. Cartridges cost sixpence each here." Rather mystified, and declaring that there are poor Englishmen, Gen. Molyneux asked: "Where are your cartridges?" "In this," replied the Boer, tapping his double-barrel. "Then you don't intend to do much shooting?" "Well, two spring buck are as much as I can carry." "Suppose you miss?" "Nobody misses when a cartridge costs sixpence." The sequel was that the Boer got his two deer, one for each cartridge, while the General fired five shots and got one.
—*Evening Post.*

Currituck Duck Shooting.

A CORRESPONDENT living in this city tells us that he is going to Currituck for ducks in December, and can arrange for a party of two, three or a half dozen who may wish to join.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE ST. LAWRENCE SEASON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The true disciple of Izaak Walton does not strive to display his skill with line, rod and reel by capturing great numbers of fish which he cannot use, neither does he boast of making large catches. His pride lies in taking trout, bass, muskallonge or other members of the finny tribe, as the case may be, under conditions when the efforts of less dextrous anglers are attended with but meager returns, or perhaps utter failure. He also takes pleasure in bringing to his creel or boat the largest and most wary specimens that inhabit the waters he frequents. He takes more delight in securing a fair catch every time he goes forth than in bringing in at any time a remarkably large quantity solely for exhibition purposes. He is always judicious, adhering firmly to the rule he has established for himself, never to hook a fish for the mere fun of killing it, and the moment he has taken all he can advantageously use he ceases angling, no matter how hungrily the fish are biting or how great the temptation may be to continue the sport.

The St. Lawrence River is a favorite resort with many enthusiastic anglers from the larger cities who annually visit the Thousand Islands region for rest and recreation, and count angling not the least item under the latter head. Fortunately most of them possess the real Waltonian spirit, and do not countenance the lamentable practice, so common in some localities, of fishing chiefly to make a record. While this is true, the fact remains that some remarkable catches of fish were made on the river during the past season, and a record of these, as nearly accurate as it is possible to make it, will doubtless prove of interest to anglers generally.

During the early part of the season, and in fact up to about July 20, anglers on the St. Lawrence River experienced a good deal of difficulty in getting the fish to bite, and for some time the hotels were troubled to obtain fish enough to supply their tables. The oarsmen and others familiar with the river attributed this state of affairs to the very great number of small fishes, known as menhaden, shad or alewives, which made their appearance early in the summer and remained until after the middle. The game fishes fed on these while they were so abundant, and becoming surfeited therewith ignored the angler's lure. After the menhaden disappeared, however, the fishing improved rapidly, and excellent catches of pickerel, bass and muskallonge were frequently made.

The regulations in regard to fishing in the State reservation of the St. Lawrence River, or so-called International Park, provide that no black bass less than 10in. in length shall be taken, and that no person shall take, catch, kill or possess more than twelve black bass of the size permitted in one day; and when two or more persons are fishing from the same boat, the aggregate number of bass taken, caught, killed or possessed by the occupants of said boat in any one day shall not exceed twenty-four.

On July 24 G. Hopkins, president of the Cotton Exchange, New York city, who was sojourning in Clayton, brought in twenty-one black bass, the aggregate weight of which was 48lbs., as the result of half a day's fishing.

Among the most successful bass fishermen on the St. Lawrence River during the summer were Theodore Smith and Lody Smith, of Brooklyn, who made their headquarters in Clayton. On July 28 they captured twenty-four bass, the full number allowed by law, and one wall-eyed pike, a fish which is comparatively rare in that locality. Three of the bass taken weighed 3lbs. apiece and six of them 2½lbs. each. Another day Lody Smith, accompanied by a friend from Brooklyn and a guide, brought in twenty-four bass ranging in weight from 1 to 3lbs. On Aug. 19 Lody Smith and Mrs. Smith caught twenty-one handsome bass, two of which weighed 5lbs. each. Theodore Smith on Aug. 9 caught a 4½lb. bass, and on Aug. 19, accompanied by his son Theodore Smith, Jr., brought in twenty-four splendid bass, the three largest of which weighed 3½, 3 and 2½lbs. respectively.

Capt. M. Schmidten, of Hoboken, N. J., who was stopping in Clayton, made a fine catch of bass in the forenoon of July 28, taking the full number permitted, and in the afternoon Mrs. Schmidten met with the same success. The bass all weighed at least 1lb. apiece.

On July 29 G. C. Hopkins, of New York, had twenty-four black bass in his boat on returning to Clayton after a day's fishing, and A. Rainey had the same number. On the day following R. P. Lee and Messrs. Rainey and Hopkins each caught the number of bass allowable, the first two gentlemen having 40lbs. apiece. The three were guests at the Hubbard House.

Miss Clara Ludrick, of New York, captured a black bass weighing 5lbs. while fishing near Round Island Aug. 12.

About the middle of August E. E. Kirkland and party, from Utica, who were guests at the Pullman House, Grenell Island, caught 155 black bass in two days' fishing near St. John's Island.

W. B. Pierson, of Brooklyn, and Judge Charles Kense, of Cincinnati, on Aug. 15 captured twenty-two bass weighing 34lbs. in the aggregate, the largest weighing 4¼lbs.

Morris Hahn, of New York city, and Judge George D. Archer, of Greenwich, Conn., guests at the Hubbard House, Clayton, each made a splendid catch of black bass Aug. 9, the former taking the full legal number.

The first muskallonge captured on the St. Lawrence River this season was taken near Central Park on July 3 by John McIlrath, of New York city. It weighed 10½lbs.

On the day following, or Independence Day, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Marquis, of Oneida, guests at Westminster Park Hotel, caught a muskallonge which weighed 33½lbs.

A party consisting of John W. Lotten, Brooklyn; Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Hawes, of the New Windsor Hotel, Clayton; Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Howe, Mr. and Mrs. George Theo. Tallmadge, Watertown, and some others, chartered the steamer Otsego and went to Oak Point for a day's fishing on July 21. They returned carrying three muskallonge flags, having made the first catch of these fish by a party from Clayton. The muskallonge weighed 27, 18 and 15lbs. respectively. Good catches of bass were also made by members of the party.

Prof. Oscar Kapps, of Round Island, captured a 9½lb. muskallonge on July 28, and on the same day a 15lb. specimen was caught near Murray Hill Park.

Ex-Mayor W. B. Kirk, of Syracuse, who was sojourning at Round Island, took a muskallonge which tipped the scales at 17½lbs. on Aug. 9. On the same day Robert Levy and J. N. Gans, of New York, guests at the Hubbard House, Clayton, caught a 23lb. muskallonge.

Dr. J. Livingston Reese, of New York city, who was stopping at the Hubbard House, Clayton, brought in a fine muskallonge on July 28 and the day following two more, one of which weighed 18lbs. and the other 26lbs. On Aug. 13 he bettered his own record by taking a muskallonge weighing 31½lbs.

Judge George D. Archer, of Greenwich, Conn., captured three beautiful muskallonge within a few days of Aug. 11, the fish weighing 16, 28 and 32lbs. respectively.

William Stevenson, of New York city, who was a guest at the New Windsor Hotel, Clayton, made the most remarkable record of the season as far as the number of muskallonge caught in one day is concerned. On or about July 20 he captured three splendid specimens, which weighed 12, 15 and 26lbs. respectively. On July 29 Mr. Stevenson took two more muskallonge, one of which weighed 10 and the other 16lbs.

The nine-year-old son of Randall Morgan, of Philadelphia, Pa., a guest at the Walton House, Clayton, brought in an 18lb. muskallonge on Aug. 6. This fish was taken in Joy's Bay, four miles above Clayton.

Dr. Nellis, of Albany, who was stopping at the camp of the American Canoe Association at the foot of Grindstone Island, captured a muskallonge weighing 36lbs. while trolling on the north side of the island Aug. 24.

The largest muskallonge taken on the St. Lawrence River during the season was caught by Mrs. F. Hasbrouck, of New York city, a guest at the new Gananoque Inn, Gananoque, on the Canadian side. The fish weighed 39½lbs., and was 4ft. 1in. in length. Frank D. Hasbrouck and a guide were in the boat at the time, but Mrs. Hasbrouck asked no assistance of the gentlemen until she had played the fish tired and had it at the boat's side ready for the gaff hook.

One of the most fortunate of those who angled for pickerel was W. H. Crane, of Binghamton, a guest at the New Windsor Hotel, Clayton. On Aug. 9 he brought in eighteen pickerel and the next day twelve. The largest weighed 12½lbs.

Miss Katherine Bowen, of Utica, who was spending her vacation at Thousand Island Park, caught a pickerel which tipped the scales at 20lbs. This was late in August.

During the last week in July W. H. Hayes, of Utica, a guest at the Pullman House, caught 34lbs. of pickerel and bass in one day.

On July 30 M. A. Deimel and B. G. Loomis, of Herkimer, who were guests at the same hotel, caught 42lbs. of pickerel and bass.

Dr. W. A. Rowlands, of Utica, a guest at the New Windsor Hotel, on Aug. 17 brought in 91lbs. of pickerel taken in four hours' fishing. Three of the fish weighed 10lbs. apiece.

L. P. Peirier, of New York city, who was stopping at the same hotel, made an excellent catch of pickerel on Aug. 19, the largest specimen weighing 12lbs.

The largest catfish reported to have been caught during the season was taken Aug. 9 by A. O. Miller, of New York city, a guest at the Central Park Hotel. Its weight was given as 18lbs.

On Aug. 12 a sturgeon weighing 77lbs. was captured off Grenell Island.

The largest sturgeon taken in the St. Lawrence River this year, and of course the largest fish, was caught about Aug. 10 by James Wheeler, of Gananoque. It measured 6ft. 6in. in length and weighed 153½lbs. Mr. Wheeler also caught two other sturgeon of smaller size on the same day. PORTSA.

UTICA, N. Y., Sept. 17.

Michigan Whitefish and Muscallonge.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., Sept. 14.—Two whitefish were sent from Beaver Lake to Charlevoix last week, the two weighing about 35lbs. One of them (sent to W. A. Smith, editor of the *Sentinel*) weighed 17lbs. dressed. It was seen by a friend, of whom I asked if these weights had been verified. He did not know, but stated that the one he saw was an enormous fish, with a comparatively small head and a "roll of fat at the shoulder like that of a buck sheep." The largest whitefish I have previously heard of was taken in Torch Lake, and weighed between 14 and 15lbs.

One day last week a maskinonge, said to have weighed 33lbs. was taken in Central Lake. Such fish are scarce nowadays.

I have caught this season three bass and about as many dozens of trout. Do you know any one who wants to buy a trout horse? I have decided to sell mine and take a "stramble." When I get somewhere you will probably hear from me. KELPIE.

A Minnetonka Bass.

THE biggest bass landed in Lake Minnetonka within ten years was brought to boat in Stubbs Bay in August of this year by a party consisting of Dr. Hedderly, Charles Hamilton and Mr. Schunemoon, and its members were casting toward shore with spoons, when one of them got a tremendous strike. The bass was skillfully played, and in fifteen minutes was sufficiently drowned to be landed with safety. The monster weighed 7½lbs., which is pretty near a record breaker for bass.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XIII.—Capt. Stephen Martin.

STEVE was a different sort of fellow from any of the boys of whom I have written. He came into our boyish set after we went across the river to live, and I naturally dropped into Scott's occasionally by day, but frequently in the evenings. W. J. & R. H. Scott made, sold and repaired guns on Beaver street, between Broadway and Green street, and after their rival—poor Steve Van Valkenburgh—died theirs was the only place of the kind in Albany. Gunners of all kinds had business there, and every evening a few could be found in the salesroom discussing all kinds of questions pertaining to guns, their proper loads and powers, as well as telling their personal experiences while trying to conceal the exact location of a bit of snipe bog or partridge cover.

We boys soon got acquainted—it never takes boys long to do that, especially if they have a common interest in anything. Martin was one that dropped in there, and as he was about the age of our party he went with us on a fishing trip to Normanskill, a brook which rises somewhere off toward the Helderbergs* and enters the Hudson a few miles below Albany. We called it the Normanskill Creek in ignorance that "kill" was Dutch for creek, and that the added word was a repetition, but then what would you do with Kaaterskill anglicised into Catskill as the name of a village, a range of mountains and a stream? And then the word creek is used in New York for a bayou or arm of a river which forms an island, like the Popscheny, and also for a brook or even a river like the East and West Canadas which form the great Mohawk. All this has nothing whatever to do with Steve Martin, the subject now under the scalpel and microscope. A cog slipped and some ink went astray, only this and nothing more.

The day was quite young when we reached the stream near its mouth and some distance below the first dam. George Scott was going to try a new bait, and had brought a lot of fresh-water mussels, *Unio*, "for," said he, "if these things aren't good for bait, what good are they? What do they have shells on 'em for if it is not to keep the fish from eating 'em?"

"Lemme smell 'em," said Steve, and he took a sniff and with a look of disgust said, "George, a fish couldn't eat that thing; you can't eat it, and it's my opinion that nothing will eat it. What do you think of it, Fred?"

"I dunno, the only way to find out is to try 'em. Old John Chase has used 'em for bait in his eel pots, and he wouldn't fool his time with the things if they are no good. I've seen him pick up a peck on the flats at low tide. Hogs eat them, and Port Tyler said that some kinds of wild ducks eat the little ones. I don't see why they shouldn't be as good as clams or oysters; they live like them."

"Oysters!" yelled Steve, "I'll bet you daren't taste of one. Nobody eats them, and I believe they're poison."

"I'll eat one if you will."

"That's fair," said George Scott.

Pete Loeser remarked, "I dink Stefe he vas scart to eat von of dose muschels, he don'd got some peppersauce. Oh, Stefe! you vas scart und you pack oud."

The question had assumed a personal form, and Steve was getting warm. The reflection on his courage braced him up, and after giving Pete a look which might have meant that he would like to cut him up for fish bait, he asked, "Where is the pepper and salt?" These things put before him, he selected a mussel of medium size, groped about until he found one to match it in size and shape, and with one in each hand he offered me the choice in the courtly manner that duelists are reported to do upon the field of honor. My careless challenge might have been passed by if only Martin and I had been present, but the comment of Loeser settled it. A contest was unavoidable. A choice was made, and each opened his mollusk, salted and peppered it with deliberation. Then, eye to eye, we raised the shells and took in the contents.

Charley Scott, brother to George and the firm of gunsmiths, watched the faces of the contestants closely, and after the last morsel was swallowed by each said, "Well! if mussels ain't good to eat, you fellows lie. I've been a-waitin' to see one of you weaken on 'em, but you only looked at each other as if you were chewin' oysters."

The truth is that we afterward acknowledged to each other that fresh-water mussels might be good for fish bait, but we had no very great desire to eat any more. There is a remembrance of a combination of toughness, sweetness and sliminess which did not provoke an appetite for more. We put on a bold front and challenged the other boys to try them. Martin even went so far as to say that they were as good as oysters. This statement was received with some doubt, and Charley Scott suggested that if Steve thought so he could save money by using them in place of the salt-water product. George offered to eat one if we would each eat another, but the German was mean enough to ask: "Oof Stefe dinks dose dings was so goot we oysders, vy don'd he ede 'em some more?" A yell turned the conversation; George had thrown his line back in the wrong direction, and the hook took Loeser in the ear and tore a hole big enough to let it be taken out easily. Years afterward, at a dinner of the Ichthyophagous Club, we had a bisque or some other preparation of *Unios* fixed up by the *chef* of one of New York's crack hotels, and I tasted it, with a thought running back to an early day on the Normanskill. After tasting it I looked around to see how the rest enjoyed it. Frank Endicott made a show of taking frequent spoonfuls, but his plate seemed as full as ever. Mr. E. G. Blackford tasted it and said, "That is very fine," but somehow let it go at that; and when the waiter removed his plate you could not miss what had been eaten. No doubt the mussels are good, but you've got to learn to like 'em. I never persevered in this direction. As bait that day they took a few fish, but the verdict of the boys was that they preferred the old reliable angle worm.

Down in the lower end of Albany is a portion called Bethlehem, and on the river road was the Abbey, a noted road house a couple of miles below the city. An English sportsman named Kenneth King lived in Bethlehem, and the Abbey was kept by another English shooting man named Sheldrick, who got up pigeon shoots, and we boys used to attend them. At these affairs we used to make matches to shoot at ten birds each, the loser to pay for and the winner to have them. One day after the shooting was done Martin said to me: "We are not going to shoot any more because there are not enough pigeons for a match, but as your gun is loaded and there are a few pigeons left, I'll shoot you a match of two each. We want to shoot off our guns any way. What d' ye say?"

I had left my gun standing in the corner while I had gone on the front porch for something, and had just returned when Steve made this proposal. "All right," said I, "we might as well shoot at a couple more and empty our guns before going home." He picked up his gun, and as I reached for mine Ken King quickly passed me his and with a wink said: "Take mine."

Without thought I went to the score after Steve had killed one of his birds and missed the other, and killed both of mine. The boys laughed, and Steve looked surprised as I hastily walked back and put up King's gun. While they were talking things over outside King asked me: "Do you know why I gave you my gun to shoot?"

"No, but you gave me a wink and I asked no questions. Why did you do it?"

"When you went out on the front porch Steve drew the wads and took the shot out of both barrels of your gun. See the joke? They're talking about it now."

I went out and took my three birds, Steve paid for four and merely remarked: "Well, you beat me this time; we'll have to try it over again next Saturday."

"As we got ready to start I stepped back and shot off both barrels, and Steve asked: "What gun did you kill the pigeons with? I thought it was your own."

"No, I used Ken King's to see how it shoots, as we may want to trade. It shot very well; couldn't have done better. When I shot off my gun just now it made a light report, perhaps I forgot to put shot in it."

Steve made no reply, but Pete Loeser said: "I kess Stefe he dinks dere vas no shot dere; hey, Stefe?"

The laugh was on Stephen, and the boys guyed him so that he had to own up, but after that event we each kept our guns in sight at pigeon matches.

It was after this that I bought the pointer Nell from Ken King, the one referred to in former sketches, and King showed us the woodcock grounds on the Albany side of the river, and we shot with him over his dogs and Nell. Sometimes when he was not with us we consulted Mrs. Sheldrick, who was well posted on these matters and far more communicative than her husband. In her vocabulary "birds" meant woodcock only; all others were spoken of by name. For instance, she would say: "Well, boys, you won't find many birds in the swamps this morning; you might get an odd one up in the cornfield after the rain last night, but you can find plenty o' pigeons in yon wood, an' mebbe some plover on the hill or a few yellow-legs along shore. But birds 'll be scarce to-day."

Steve was wonderfully good on woodcock and usually beat us all in bringing down that bird of erratic flight. He used a short gun of 12-gauge. Just how short the barrels were is more than I would like to say now, perhaps 20in., while my gun was an extra long one of 12in. more. I once saw him drop five "birds" in succession in a swampy thicket where this swift dazzling bird would drop out of sight within 20yds., and this was not an exceptional case. Those who have shot this quick, zigzagging, noiseless flying bird in close thickets are the only ones who know just how quick and unruffled a shooter has to be to get a fair proportion of the birds he flushes. They had all learned from Ken King the lesson which I had been taught by Port Tyler in former years, to use small shot in small quantity, with a very light charge of powder, for this kind of shooting at close quarters, in order not to mutilate this royal game bird.

At upland plover shooting he was a good shot; but the German boy, Pete Loeser, whose slower method lost him many a woodcock that Steve would have killed, on plover always beat Steve, whose forte lay in snap shooting. Once a single wild pigeon crossed the road ahead of us while we were in a bunch and safely ran the gauntlet of six barrels from Steve, Geo. Scott and myself, while Pete brought it down with his first when, according to our pacing, it must have been 75yds. away, he shooting last. Steve went with us on several fishing trips, but never in the open season for game; fishing amused him when there was nothing else to do, it was fun, but hardly sport to him. He cared little for camping out or for the fields and streams outside of the fact that game abounded in one and fish in the other, hence I said at the beginning of this article that he differed from any of those of whom I have written. He was impatient of any delay and eager to be stirring, hence some of the ingredients of a good fisherman had been left out of his mental make-up.

Steve developed into a strong, finely formed young man, with a full, handsome face, which was perhaps overweighted by a mustache which some might have thought a trifle too robust, but he had a large, full eye which was frank and open. I have no photo of him and know nothing whatever of him except what I tell here. He touched my orbit for a brief season and then vanished into space as far as I know. When I first knew him he was connected in some way with Delahanty & Co., tinsmiths and plumbers, but just now it is impossible to say in what capacity. At the close of this sketch I will tell you the last I knew of him.

In the early 50s there was an epidemic of rifle shooting in the State of New York. Not shooting at game, that is one of our steady and never-decreasing infirmities, but this prevalent disorder took the form of long distance target shooting. Heavy rifles were shot on bench rests at 600yds., mainly in winter on the ice below the city. They had "patent muzzles," a detached piece with pins to set over the true muzzle while seating the bullet in order to leave the muzzle perfectly square; the enlargement necessary to start the bullet in the way it should go being entirely in the false muzzle. These guns were all handmade. If there were machine-made rifles in those days I never heard of them. All rifles were handmade. Soldiers did not use them, their muskets were smooth bores, and to give you an idea of guns in those days you must know that it was believed that rifling was a principle that would work well up to a certain caliber, but was only practicable for guns which were shot from the shoulder. For field pieces which threw a 6lb. shot it was believed to be useless, because it was thought that the weight of the projectile would prevent it from following the twisted groove. To-day they rifle not only the largest cannon, but even mortars. In the 60s I handled rifled guns up to those known as 100lb. "Parrots," but now such a gun is only a toy and our 10in. seacoast mortars with their smooth bores are obsolete. This digression is not for the benefit of the old fellows who know all this, but is intended for the boys of to-day who have the cartridges for their breech-loading shotguns filled for them before they go afield and whose machine-made magazine rifles are wonderful pieces of mechanism. Remember, boys, in my shooting days we went afield with powder flask on one shoulder, shot pouch on the other, cap box and either cut wads or newspapers for wadding in the pockets. If we shot the rifle we moulded our own bullets, measured our powder and carried greased linen patches to envelope the bullet, a ramrod and box of caps. Such a thing as buying prepared ammunition was not dreamed of.

There was a little squad of rifle shooters from both sides of the river which met in contests on the ice. There was Billy Wish, the ferryboat engineer; William Tallman, Sr., a machinist; Steve Martin; and John Clark, a printer, who in spite of having but little color in his eyes was the best shot of all. It has been said that gray-eyed men make the best rifle shots, but Clark's eyes were lighter than gray.

The shooting was counted by string measure, and the targets were displayed nightly at Scott's. Such discussions over the wind in explanation of a bad shot, and such arguments over the merits of rifle makers would fill volumes of FOREST AND STREAM. The merits of Lewis and James as makers of rifles was the main point. One lived in Troy and the other in Syracuse, and they were always going to shoot a match with rifles of their own makes, but, like some gladiators of to-day, it ended in talk. Billinghurst, of Rochester, was another famous maker; I remember him because he made the first open reel for fishermen. Scott made a rifle for Martin and he induced me to join the shooting and use his gun. There was no betting, just pure sport, and I tried it. The rifle was sighted long and deliberately, then a rest of the eye and it was gone over again until the shooter had it as fine as he knew how. Then the flags were watched, with the eyes off the rifle, until the long strings of muslin hanging from the poles placed at intervals showed the wind to be right, and the hair trigger was touched.

I never made much of a shooter of this kind; my eyes blurred at 100yds. then and they do at 20ft. to-day, although I read and write without glasses at sixty-three. Black-eyed Steve Martin was a fair shot, but that did not satisfy him, he always had an excuse for not being first—the powder was not as good, the patch was too thick or too thin, a puff of wind came just as he pulled the trigger, etc.

Pete Loeser once said: "Stefe he shoot pooty goot, but never so besser as he can; dere vas alvays sometings dot spile his string. Oof dot clout had not come der sun between ven he make der sixt shot he peat Shon Glark all hollow. I dink he makes besser string in te efening by Scott's stofe, by shimminy!"

To this George Scott replied: "Pete, if you could make half as good a score as Steve you might be proud. There are his targets, look at 'em; they show a splendid average, and one hard to beat. It's not a good one for two or three days and then a durned bad one, but a steady, good lot of shooting day by day."

"Dot's all ride," said Pete, "but he alvays got some oxcuse for de one shot wot makes de oder nine figger oop big on de averich."

Just then Steve came in and George said: "Steve, you are just in time. Pete says you can't hit a pancake if it's tied over the muzzle of your gun."

"That may be so, but I'll tell you what I'll do, Pete. If you'll stand 1,000yds. down on the ice and let me shoot a pipe out of your mouth I'll buy you a new hat if I don't break the pipe."

Another way in which Steve Martin differed from my other fishing companions was that he was a practical joker. Now, fun is one thing and "practical joking" is another. In the mind of the p. j. they are the same thing, but no other human being agrees with him because the fun is all on his side, and the misery of others is his joy. Therefore he is a selfish mortal and that settles him. We were once rowing round Douw's Point against a stiff current, just all that two pairs of oars could do to make a bit of way at the extreme point. The scow had a plugged hole in the bottom to let out water without tipping her over when beached. As we were near the shore Steve said: "I guess I'll lighten the boat," and jumped ashore, taking the plug with him. The water was up and wet our feet before we noticed it, and we were only saved from a ducking by promptly beaching the little scow. The author of the mischief was up the bank and off. A new plug was whittled out and we went our way scolding, not so much at what had happened as at what might have occurred.

Of course he was forgiven, although he never asked to be, but for a time he was made to feel that his fun was not appreciated by the boys that were in the boat. We often shot together over Nell at woodcock, snipe, golden plover and shore birds. He sometimes took her out alone, and when I learned that he was trying to make her retrieve I protested. Steve insisted that a pointer could be taught to retrieve as well as a setter, and instanced one that we both knew, but I still objected. She was lost for about a month before I went West in '54, but Steve found her after I had gone, and so she came into possession of my father, as mentioned in a former sketch.

When I returned, over five years later, my old chums were looked up. Steve had grown into a strong man, Pete Loeser had gone West, George Scott had accidentally killed himself while pulling a loaded gun from a bed, and quite a number of changes had taken place. I did but little at fishing or shooting for a year and then the war broke out. Some time in July, 1861, Steve told me about the scheme of Col. Hiram Berdan to recruit a company of sharpshooters, every man of which must be able to make a string of ten shots at a certain distance whose united measurements from the center of the target should not exceed a certain number of inches. I forget the figures, but they were not in excess of the scores usually made by the riflemen on the ice.

"Now," said Steve, "you can pass this test, it is not a severe one, merely intended to get men who are fair shots and know how to use and care for a rifle. After enlistment and muster every man will be given the rank and pay of a second lieutenant and will have a darky to

* This spelling is phonetic because the name is not in any work at hand. The name for mountain the Dutch pronounced "beric," and the name of this range of hills west of Albany was corrupted by the English into "Helabarricks," the only way I ever heard it spoken when a boy. Mr. A. C. Stolt kindly corrects me on the spelling of "Popscheny" and will probably straighten the kinks out of this. The Dutch spoken of in these articles are the original white settlers of New York who came from Holland.

carry his rifle and equipments. I've heard you say you'd like to go and here is your chance. I'll go if you will."

"Steve," said I, "there is much doubt if my score would pass; you know that I do not see well at a distance, and besides this my family affairs forbid my going. That's a queer story about the enlisted men ranking as commissioned officers, where did you get that?"

"Why, that's the arrangement between Col. Berdan and the War D-partment; the men will all be commissioned after they are mustered into the U. S. service, at least that is what they tell me."

While it was out of the question for me to think of going at that time, and as there was then no doubt but the trouble would all be over in a few months and my services would not be needed, still this story of the rank of enlisted men seemed strange. I knew little of military matters, but I had friends who were well posted. I met Col. Michael K. Bryan, of the 25th State Militia, afterward Colonel 175th New York Volunteers, who was killed at Port Hudson on June 14, 1863, and sez I to Col. Mike, sez I: "Col. Bryan, our friend Steve Martin tells me that in the regiment of sharpshooters which Col. Berdan is raising every enlisted man will be a second lieutenant after his muster into the U. S. service. How is this?"

"Steve proposed to you to enlist?"

"Yes, said he would if I would."

Then Col. Mike sez he to me, sez he: "That's a beautiful bit of gossamer from Steve's workshop, spun to catch such green bottles as you. A regiment of second lieutenants! I suppose the corporals must be captains and the sergeants field officers, and just how they would find rank enough for the drum major only Steve could tell. Did he tell you that he had authority to raise a company for this regiment and already had his commission as captain?"

"No, that's all news to me. Is it so?"

"Yes, he has the company partly filled and his commission has been issued."

"Thank you very much, Colonel; I think I understand the situation now. Good morning."

This was some time in late July, and I talked with Steve often and he appeared anxious to enlist if I would. Nearly six years among men who were simple in their ways had shown its effect. I was very green! The fact was painfully evident, and after a month or more of listening to Steve and doing a little thinking, I said: "I heard yesterday that the Governor had given you a captain's commission in Berdan's sharpshooters."

"Yes, I got it last week. You see, I had been at work for the regiment because I was bound to go out with it, and my friends told this to the Governor, and he said that I deserved a captaincy and issued the commission at once. Now I'm in a position to make you a definite proposition. The other company officers have not been appointed, and will not be until the company is full, and if you will enlist with me I will have you appointed first lieutenant before we leave the State."

"Thank you very much, Steve, old boy! I'll think it over. Somehow it doesn't seem much to be a first lieutenant in a regiment wholly composed of second lieutenants; but you know that I know nothing of these things, and if I should decide to go with you of course I trust all this detail to you as an old chum, for I am ignorant of all that pertains to soldiering."

"All right, old boy! If you will go with me I'll fix you all right and look after your interests as I would my own. That story about the privates being all second lieutenants is not true; it came from some fellow in the Adjutant-General's office, but that's all right between us. I'll fix it right for you."

I went home that night and in a dream John Atwood and I were snaring suckers with a fine copper wire on the end of a pole. We were landing them bravely for a while, and then things got into one of those queer mixtures that dreams are only capable of and which never untangle. John Atwood disappeared and Steve Martin stood where he had been, and as he lifted an unusually large sucker to the bank I felt that I was being choked—and awoke.

The rush of awakening thoughts brought Longfellow's lines:

"'Twas but a dream; let it pass, let it vanish like so many others!
What I thought was a flower is only a weed, and is worthless."

And then the reply of Clarence to Brakenbury came up:

"Oh! I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days."

After this I never heard of Stephen. I looked for him in the army, but never could find any who knew him. When we lay in the trenches of Cold Harbor for ten days within 500yds. of the enemy a detachment of Berdan's sharpshooters was our picket as well as skirmish line, and as they could not leave their pits in daytime and live I used to ask after Steve when a man came over to our works at night for rations or ammunition, but none of them knew him. After the war none of the boys seemed to know what "got" Steve. Phisterer's "New York in the Rebellion," p. 517, says of this regiment: "Co. B, Capt. Stephen Martin, * * * was organized at Albany, and mustered into the U. S. service for three years, Nov. 29, 1861." The official register of volunteer officers gives his resignation as Nov. 15, 1861. Therefore I am not now surprised that I could not find him in the field, when he resigned his commission fourteen days before his company was mustered into the service.

Looking all this over in the light of riper years, I have been impressed with the high-minded and honorable way in which John Atwood snared suckers. There was no false pretense by John. He did not take the sucker into his confidence. Not he! The loop was lowered in plain sight, drifted down behind his gills in broad daylight—the pole jerked, and there is your fish.

As I recall the things which happened years ago I have great respect for John's honest, straightforward methods.

FRED MATHER.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

EARLY HISTORY OF BAIRD STATION.

From the McCloud River Salmon Fly, Aug. 29.

ABOUT a quarter of a century ago the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries was created, and the attention of the Commission was very early called to the great opportunities which the Pacific coast offered for the work of salmon breeding.

Up to this time, with the exception of a private hatchery established by the writer in Canada, in 1868, no attempt had been made in America to obtain and hatch salmon eggs on a large scale.

In 1872, however, the United States Fish Commission sent the writer to the Pacific coast to select a suitable place for collecting and hatching salmon eggs, with instructions, if successful, to build and operate a salmon hatching station.

Just twenty-four years ago to-morrow the writer arrived on the McCloud, and after examining this locality decided that this was the place of all others in California for a salmon breeding station. The McCloud location was a most fortunate discovery. In all the twenty-four years since the finding of this place no other location has been discovered that begins to approach this station, in efficiency in procuring eggs of the summer run of salmon, although the whole basins of the Columbia and of the Sacramento have been searched for that purpose, and here it should be added, by way of explanation, that it is the summer run salmon that are so highly valued for canning, for marketing fresh, and indeed for all commercial uses.

The early history of the station is very interesting. The untried character of the work, the strangeness of the country, the scarcity of white men, and the abundance of Indians all contributed to make the experience of the poineers unique, and in no small degree exciting. Added to this, the country itself was almost in its primitive wildness. There was no town of Redding then, not a house where Redding now stands. The nearest railroad town was Red Bluff, fifty miles distant. The California and Oregon stage, with its six horses, tore through the settlement on its fast time schedule twice a day—once going north and once going south—but no locomotive whistle or rumbling of trains had then disturbed the wild beasts of the forest, and bears and panthers, and even grizzlies, came and went as they pleased along the banks of the river, almost unmolested.

The Indians, at that time, were much more interesting than they are now. Many of them still wore the primitive costumes of the tribe. The possession of firearms was almost unknown among them, and they seldom appeared anywhere away from their "rancherees" without their powerful bows of yew and their quiver of arrows slung over their shoulders, which always gave them a certain picturesque appearance. They seemed to be everywhere also. They were very numerous on the river. Every favorable hillsite or natural clearing on the river was dotted with their driftwood houses, and wherever we went, through the woods or over the hills, we were sure to meet and see the red-skinned natives in every direction. With only one or two exceptions, none of the Indians spoke English, which, while it made life among them all the more strange, somehow seemed to make them objects of greater interest.

Living among them was not wholly free from danger at that time. Indeed, we had the pleasing thought to reflect upon that every white man who had settled on the river before us had been murdered by the Indians, and when we came they made no concealment of their hope of killing us off also. Two considerations probably influenced them to postpone this disagreeable denouement. One was the terrible punishment they had received from white men for their last wholesale indulgence in murdering settlers, and the other was that we gave them all the salmon after we had secured their eggs. This last certainly went a great way toward pacifying them and reconciling them to our encroachment on their hitherto sacred river. The writer remembers one old Indian saying to him the second year: "*Mut chinney wooroos, mut dooya Wintoon noolh—challa*" (You take eggs, you give Indian the salmon,—all right).

Alas! the good old Indian times on the McCloud have passed away forever. No longer are seen the old squaws weaving their grass baskets, and the young women pounding acorns and making manzanita bread. No longer are seen the *winnem-codies* around their waists, and the grass baskets on their heads. No longer are seen the quivers of arrows and bows of yew. Tin lard buckets have taken the place of the baskets of grasses, and Pioneer flour and Royal Baking Powder have supplanted acorn soup and manzanita bread. The old arrow maker's occupation is gone, and Winchester rifles put the old bows and arrows to shame. Alas! again, for the Indians themselves. They see the last days of their race approaching. It is a pitiful prospect. May heaven have mercy on them!

Some incidents connected with the first attempts at taking salmon eggs at this station were rather amusing.

The station, which is now a Government reservation, with a store, post-office, superintendent's residence, foreman's residence and several other buildings, consisted then of only a 12×14ft. pine cabin and a few hatching troughs in the open air. The pine shanty had but one room, which was at once office, reception room, kitchen, dining room and bedroom for all hands.

Last year (1895) 10,000,000 salmon eggs were taken here. The first year (1872) the whole season's yield was 30,000.

When the first lot of eggs had been taken and placed in the hatching troughs, the chief of the McClouds, then in the prime of life, rode up haughtily on horseback and looked at the eggs. Then, turning away disdainfully, remarked in scornful tones that they would all die. He came again and again, always with the same disdainful air and the same scornful remark. On the other hand, we white men thought we knew what we were about, and that the salmon eggs would not die. By a strange freak of fortune, however, it so happened that the hatching water, having become too warm for the eggs one day, they did all die. The next time the chief called he rode off more disdainfully than ever, but with a look also of supreme satisfaction on his face. The next lot of eggs did hatch out all right, and then our turn came, and the chief was discomfited.

If opportunity offered many pages might be filled with incidents, more or less interesting, of the early history of "The Fishery," as it always used to be called, but the inexorable limits of the space allowed by the editor compel these remarks to be brought to an abrupt conclusion; but we must add that, whatever may befall this station in the future, the labors, the trials and the dangers of the early days of "The Fishery" will always have a deep interest for the writer.

LIVINGSTON STONE.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

A Cleveland-Wisconsin Fish Story.

CHICAGO, Ill.—An interesting question in angling honors comes up in the following description, sent me by Paul North, of the Cleveland Target Co., of the capture of a 7lb. small-mouth black bass, which is without doubt the record small-mouth of the season. It is quite susceptible of proof that the glory of the capture belongs to Mr. North. I remember I had quite a scrap with another boy over this same legal point when I was a boy. He caught a bullhead on my outfit while I was away hunting frogs, and had the nerve to claim the fish as his. As I recall the issue now, I think that Mr. North may safely cite this question as *res adjudicata*, for I licked the other kid over it years ago. Should Mr. Stevens argue too much over the matter, I should advise Mr. North to cite the precedent to him, and then he will probably admit the justice of Mr. North's claim. The description of the case at bar is given graphically in Mr. North's own words, as below:

"CLEVELAND, O, Sept. 9.—Inclosed please find photo of the big bass I was telling you about when I met you at St. Paul. You will see that he measured 22½in. in length and was 17½in. in girth. His weight was 7lbs. full, and I think, without much stretch of the imagination, he would have weighed 7lbs. 2oz., which I believe is the record for small-mouth bass. He was caught on a No. 1½ (Nautchaug) silk line with an Enterprise kidney spoon, and a live chub and a Bristol steel bass rod weighing 8oz.

"Mr. Will Stevens, of Marquette, Mich., was the lucky man that was handling the rod, but there is quite a dispute between the gentleman and myself as to just who caught the fish, and we have, or rather I have, decided to leave it to you as to who did the act.

"The facts in the case are as follows: Mr. Stevens, Mr. Spear and myself started out for the bass grounds and decided that on the way down the lake we would troll for bass or pickerel or any old fish that might come along, and as Stevens would rather row than fish any time, Spear and I reluctantly allowed him to row while we did the trolling. In a short time I had a strike that I thought at first was the bottom of the lake, but which proved to be a very large and lusty bass.

"After a long and exhausting catch as catch can wrestle with him, I finally decided that we did not want any bass, especially such big ones as he was, as you know they are not as good eating as the smaller ones, and concluded to let him go, and I had no sooner made up my mind to that effect than he went, but not till we had a full view of him, and I can assure you on the honor of a fisherman that he weighed at least 8 or 9lbs. and was the biggest bass ever hooked.

"There were some remarks made about that time by others that were in the boat about some people knowing more about rowing than they did fishing, and as a result I took the paddle and Stevens took my rod.

"As a direct result of my skillful paddling and knowing just where bass were liable to habitate, it was but a short time before Stevens had a strike, and after a prolonged struggle, during which he followed to the letter all my instructions as to just what to do, he, or rather we, finally landed him with the assistance of Spear and the landing net.

"Now Stevens claims he caught the bass because he handled the rod, and I claim I caught him because it was my rod, line and reel; because I told him just what to do in the critical moments of the fight, and because I paddled the boat, and Spear, under my instructions, handled the landing net with neatness and dispatch.

"Now of course if you can possibly decide that he caught the bass I will submit to your decision and retain a poor impression of your judgment, but of course you cannot for a moment think but that I was the man.

"Stevens was so puffed up over catching the bass, which was not nearly so large as the one I let go, that he wanted us to take the fish to Marquette and put in a window with his name in capital letters as the sole and only catcher of same. He would have done it himself, only he was going to stay at the Anna River Club at Munissing to finish his vacation. So we took the fish with us, and reaching home about midnight put it in the ice box and went to bed. Not getting up when called and delaying breakfast on that account about half an hour, the cook took advantage of the time on her hands and cleaned the bass for dinner.

"When we found it out more things were said that would not look just right in print, and half the people in Marquette looked upon us in a sort of pitying way when we told of the 7lb. bass we caught.

"The photograph and our well-known veracity, however, convinced them that we were truthful and had really caught a bass that beat the record for that neck of the woods at least.

"Am going up there next year after the one I let go, and will send you his photograph also. Will formulate a code of rules governing bass fishing before we start in and do away with any disputes that may come up in regard as to who is the catchee of any fish that may be landed.

"Would tell you just where this lake is, but you would put it in your paper and then some one would start a big hotel there to accommodate the crowd that would go, and some one would catch my 9lb. bass, which would be disappointing to me, as I want him myself.

"If you know of any one getting a larger bass than this one this year, let me know. PAUL NORTH."

Sept. 19.—The fall fishing is now good in the West, and the cold weather following hard upon the heavy rain of the present week should set the bass and pike to biting merrily on the autumn run of feeding in this part of the country. Mr. O. von Lengerke, of this city, departs to-night for Oconomowoc, Wis., to test the truth of this theory.

Mr. H. B. Jewell, mayor of Wabasha, Minn., writes that the unprecedented run of very large wall-eyed pike continues in Lake Pepin and the river below. A friend of his took one this week weighing 11lbs. Such a fish is a beauty, and moreover a treasure upon the table.

Mr. C. H. Keough, of Chicago, is lately back from Canada, where he was after trout on the Canada side not far from the Sault Ste. Marie. He says they get a trout there called the "gray trout." This is a new one for me.

E. HOUGH.

BOSTON NOTES.

BOSTON, Sept. 15.—The open season on partridge or ruffed grouse, in this State, began to-day. Some of the members of the Scordon Club have gone down to their preserve, and several Boston gunners were on hand early at different points along the Cape.

Mr. Walter L. Hill, just returned from a very pleasant gunning trip to Chatham, for shore birds, says he was accompanied by a boy, "one almost too young to go on such trips. If his parents are living they might interfere." He referred to Mr. Warren Hapgood, the pioneer and firm friend of the Monomoy Brant Club. "The boy," Mr. Hapgood, is only eighty-one years of age, and yet he loves the gun as well as he ever did, and is an excellent shot. Everybody who has gunned with him declares that he is a charming companion, both in the blind and in camp. They had very good success with shore birds. Both summer and winter yellowlegs were taken, with an abundance of plover. Curlew were in pretty good flight, and the Boston boys got their share.

Fishing parties for Maine are not all done yet. A Lawrence party of four is booked to start for the Katahdin Iron Works on Friday. From that point they will go into some camps at B. Pond. The party is composed of Geo. C. Bosson and wife, Joseph F. Shattuck, and Miss Fannie B. Lewis. Miss Lewis made her first trip into the Maine woods with her father last season, and is now a convert to woods and camp life. In the spring she saw several deer, but declares that nothing would tempt her to shoot one.

Sept. 18.—Messrs. Coes and Stoddar took fifty-five bass at Great Herring Pond, in Plymouth county, in one day's fishing, the largest weighing 4lbs., and landed by Mr. Stoddar on a rod that weighs 5½oz. SPECIAL.

A Lake Saltonstall Bass.

NEW HAVEN, Sept. 17.—On Labor Day about 1 P. M., on Lake Saltonstall, I landed on a 6½oz. rod an Oswego small-mouth bass that measured 24in. from end of mouth to tip of tail, and girthed fully 16in. He was weighed about 7 P. M., and tipped the scales at 6½lbs. Now would not it have weighed at least 7lbs. when caught? He put up the grandest fight that was ever seen on the lake.

KANGO.

Thousand Island Lake, Mich.

A WATERSMEET, Mich., correspondent writes that there is good salmon trout fishing in Thousand Island Lake, near Watersmeet; his first experience with rod and reel having been rewarded there the other day with a fish weighing 11½lbs. nine hours after being taken from the water. Ruffed grouse are found in good supply in the vicinity.

A Long Island Weakfish.

CAPT. HIRAM EASTMAN, of Islip, Long Island, took a 15lb. weakfish in the Great South Bay on Sept. 18, and with it claims the record for those waters.

Gen. George B Wingate, of Brooklyn, while fishing off Fire Island light on Sept. 12, took a channel bass weighing 31½lbs.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Oct. 6 to 8.—Danbury Agricultural Society's show, Danbuy, Conn. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y.

Dec. 1 to 4.—City of the Straits Kennel Club's local show, Detriot, Mich. R. H. Roberts, Sec'y.

Dec. 8 to 11.—Augusta, Ga.—Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association. J. W. Killingsworth, Sec'y.

Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS

Oct. 19.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual hound trials, Barre, Mass. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y, Roxbury, Mass

Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—Natioonal Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.

Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.

Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.

Nov. 2.—Union Field Trial Club's inaugural trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind

Nov. 10—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.

Nov. 10.—Leamington, Ont.—Peninsular Field Trial Club, Leamington, Ont.

Nov. 10.—Greene County, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's trials. L. O. Seidel, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—National Fox Hunting Association's third annual trials, Bardstown, Ky. F. J. Hagan, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.

Nov. 28.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y, Huntsville, Ala.

COURSING.

Sept. 29.—Aberdeen Coursing Club's annual meeting, Aberdeen, S. D. Dr. F. W. Haragan, Sec'y.

Oct. 6.—Mitchell Coursing Club's meeting, Mitchell, S. D. H. G. Nichols, Sec'y.

Oct. 21.—Altcar Coursing Club's meeting, Great Bend, Kan. T. W. Bartels, Sec'y.

Oct. 28.—Kenmore Coursing Club's annual meeting, Herrington. Kan. C. A. Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 13.—American Coursing Club's annual meeting, Huron, S. D F. B. Coyne, Sec'y.

1897.

Jan. —.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Jan. 18.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

E. Bardoe Elliott Fund.

MAYWOOD, Ill., Sept. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish to express my thanks and gratitude to those who so generously subscribed to the fund for my benefit at the time of my husband's death, which fund has just been closed. I wish also to tender my warmest thanks to Messrs. Mortimer and Oldham for all the trouble they have taken on my behalf. BESSIE E. ELLIOTT.

A. K. C. MEETING.

THE special meeting of the American Kennel Club was held in the office of the A. K. C., Thursday, Sept. 17. The president and vice-president being absent, Mr. H. H. Hunnewell, Jr., was selected to preside.

There were present: American Fox Terrier Club (H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.), American Spaniel Club (E. M. Oldham); Associate Members (Dr. H. T. Foote): Boston Terrier Club (L. A. Burritt), Baltimore Kennel Association (William P. Riggs), Collie Club of America (James Watson), Gordon Setter Club (James B. Blossom), National Beagle Club (H. F. Schellhass), New Jersey Kennel League (F. Linck), Pacific Kennel Club (James Mortimer), Pointer Club of America (George Jarvis), St. Bernard Club of America (R. H. Burroughs), Westminster Kennel Club (Elliott Smith).

Delegates were accepted as follows: Poodle Club of America (Henry G. Trevor), American Bedlington Terrier Club (Thomas Pearsall), Wilmington Kennel Club (Ernest B. Macnair), Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association (O. H. P. Scott), Baltimore Kennel Association (William P. Riggs).

The report of the committee on amendments was accepted, said report recommending the adoption of certain of the proposed amendments and opposing others.

Mr. Smith suggested a new committee, to be called the board of appeals, to which any person penalized by the executive board may appeal. Such committee could consult with the members of the advisory committee to ascertain what was the testimony. Mr. Smith further suggested that instead of electing the members of the advisory committee indirectly, as at present, aside from the president, vice-president, chairman of the stud book committee and chairman of the associate members, the others be elected directly on their merits.

Mr. Watson asked: "If we are going to elect the very best men in the club for the investigation of testimony and the decision of cases, where are we going to get this committee of appeals who are going to revise their findings?"

Mr. Smith thought that such material could be found. He then moved the adoption of the proposed amendment, Sec. 6 of Art. V. This was in reference to the appointment of a committee on appeals at the annual meeting, to consist of five delegates, to be appointed by the president or in his absence the vice-president. No member of the executive committee to be eligible. Its duties were to determine all appeals taken from the action of the executive committee. After a lengthy discussion, in which motions and amendments were in clusters for a short time, the first proposed amendment relative to Rule IX. was adopted, as follows: "*A deaf dog is one that cannot hear the ordinary methods of command.*"

Also the second proposed amendment to Rule XXIV., as follows: Also, by adding the words, "*make any entries*" after the word "can" in the second line of Rule XXIV.

The proposed amendment to the bench show rules governing the licensing of clubs was rejected.

Art. IV. was adopted. It reads as follows:

SECTION 1. The regular annual meeting of this Association shall be held (on some day) in February (March or April) of each year at such time and place as shall be designated by the president, thirty days' notice whereof shall be given and published in the *Gazette. The Association shall also meet in May, September and December of the same year under similar call, but on twenty days' notice.*

DELEGATES.

SECTION 2. Each member of the Association shall have the right to be represented at the meetings of the Association (or of the executive committee) by one delegate duly authorized, and his appointment certified to by his club secretary; *but such credentials must have been filed with the secretary of the American Kennel Club at least ten days previous to any such meeting*, excepting the delegates of the associate members provided for in Article XI. Before such delegate shall be entitled to qualify in the Association, he must be accepted by ballot by the Association or by its executive (committee) *board.* A majority vote will be necessary to accept, and such acceptance may be withdrawn by a two-thirds vote by ballot at any meeting of this Association (or its executive committee).

The above amendments are approved by your committee, except in two details, and it is recommended that the call for the annual meeting be fixed at *twenty days*, instead of thirty days, and that the addition to Section 2 should follow the word Association on the last line, and should read: "*Provided such credentials shall have been filed with the secretary of the Association at least twenty days previous to the date of such meeting.*"

(Such portions as the committee disapproved are in parenthesis, and the proposed amendments are in italics.)

The last proposed amendment to Rule IX. was adopted, as follows:

In Regulations Governing Clubs are the words "*or licensed by*" added to the words "a number of," in first paragraph. Also adding to Rule IX. the clause: "*No entries can be accepted from persons not in good standing.*"

Art. V., Sec. 1, was lost by a vote of ayes, 7; nayes, 6; the ayes not having the necessary two-thirds.

The remainder of the report was on motion laid over until the annual meeting.

Mr. Vredenburgh called attention to the fact that there was no provision in the constitution for the advisory committee on the Pacific coast, and on his recommendation the following was adopted: "Art. XIII., Sec. 4. There shall be an advisory board composed of one representative from each club, a member of this Association, and located west of 110th degree of west longitude. It shall meet in the city of San Francisco, and shall hold meetings whenever deemed necessary. Its duties shall be advisory and to attend to all matters referred to it by this Association or its executive board, and it shall report the proceedings at each of its meetings to this Association. It shall act under a code of rules approved by this Association or its executive board."

The regular quarterly meeting of the executive committee was then held. The same delegates were present.

The reports of the secretary, treasurer and advisory committee were accepted as printed.

The application of the San Joaquin Valley Agricultural Association, of Stockton, Cal., for membership was accepted.

The applications for the registration of kennel names, Frontier, by Charles A. Converse, and Rensal, by Russell A. Alger, Jr., both of Detroit, were granted.

A numerously signed petition asking for a ruling by the A. K. C. debarring all cropped Irish terriers whelped after Jan. 1, 1897, from competition at all shows held under A. K. C. rules was read.

The secretary was directed to advise the petitioners that their proper procedure is to form a club and adopt a standard.

The appeal of Mr. Moorehead asking for reinstatement was granted, he having severed his connection with the Bull Terrier Club. Mr. F. F. Dole's appeal was referred to the advisory committee.

On motion that the report of the advisory committee be adopted as a whole, was carried.

On motion of Mr. Mortimer, who explained that the sickness of the secretary of the P. K. C. was the cause of the delay in attending to his club duties, and who asked that on that account the fine be refunded, it was done accordingly.



Bone in Beagles.

NEW YORK, Sept. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Within the past few months letters from various beagle owners, breeders and enthusiasts have appeared in print relative to bone in beagles.

It would appear from the general views expressed that too much bone was a thing to be avoided in beagles. There may perhaps be some practical objection to this, but I for one fail to understand how this matter of too much bone had assumed such proportions, and a thing to be dreaded under existing circumstances.

A few dogs bred in England, matured a bit large and heavy boned in proportion, were sent to this country to be sold and were sold. These dogs were shown and won under different judges. I fail to see how this fact is going to drift the tide of taste and fancy to that one type pure and simple. Many entries in under 13in. classes for beagles have won that were generally considered light in bone and too small, yet this fact has not had any radical influence on the breed as a whole. Some fancy small and some large dogs, some heavy and some light bone, some a bit long and some short, and so on.

In my experience for the past ten years as a breeder and exhibitor of beagles exclusively, I have found that the best general average dog does the most winning, be he large or small, heavy or light, so long as he possesses the general component parts to insure him a high average.

As a practical illustration take the case of champion Lou (now aged and tired). She was small and light in bone, even for her size, and yet she won about 40 first prizes before meeting her first defeat.

If upon this line of argument it can or would be conceded that the best general average dog should be the winner at both bench shows as well as field trials, what other system or method can there be used but the scoring consistently and conscientiously applied. It undoubtedly is somewhat laborious, but I strongly contend it is scientific and would result in more real good in advancing a specific breed than the present idea of judging according to individual fancy or notion.

It may have been tried before (as some will say), but it was years ago, when we were younger, and progress is feasible in all matters.

I advocated and put together a combined scoring system for beagles about a year ago, to be used at field trials, with the idea of having the best general average dog for both bench and field qualities win. The subject was brought up at a general meeting of the National Beagle Club, and after an extended discussion it was deemed and termed in advance of the times, and put aside for demand, to ripen with the time.

We will soon have the annual field trials again and probably the same old story of an inferior bench dog being superior in the field, and the some old question arising, Which dog shall we breed to get the best general average beagle?

As we now stand, we are drifting along loosely and without any fixed purpose, which can only result in one ending. H. L. KREUDER.

Proprietor Rockland Beagle Kennels.

Central Beagle Club.

SHARPESBURG, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A meeting of the Central Beagle Club was held Sept. 13 to hear the reports of the field trial and other committees.

Messrs. A. C. Peterson, W. H. Beazell and S. B. Cummings returned from Green county on the 7th, having spent several days near Carmichaels and Waynesburg selecting grounds for the trials. Those near the latter place were finally determined upon as being most desirable for the purpose.

Better territory would be hard to find. It is within sight of Waynesburg, in a valley several miles long by a mile or more wide, with a gentle rise to the hills, from any point of which the work of the hounds can be seen. Through the center runs a swale, and on both sides of it stubble and brier fields extend—an ideal place for rabbits.

Each stake will be open to all, excepting the Members' Stake. The club has decided to give a cup as a prize in both classes of this stake. Entry blanks and running rules, giving different classes, will be forwarded upon application to the secretary.

Entrance fee for each open stake will be $5; $3 to accompany nomination and the balance to be paid on the night of the drawing. Entries will close Oct. 20. After deducting 10 per cent. from all entrance money the balance will be divided into three moneys—50 per cent. to winners of first, 30 per cent. to second, and 20 per cent. to third. A stake will be provided for dachshunde and Bassets.

A good entry is expected, and it is hoped all interested in these trials will give them their hearty support.

L. O. SEIDLE, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

From dispatches in the daily press we learn that, on Sept. 19, Mr. John S. Wise had a narrow escape from injury in Richmond, Va. While leaving his summer cottage on the eastern shore, about fourteen miles from Cape Charles, his horse became frightened, kicked furiously, finishing by running away and demolishing the carriage; Mr. Wise fortunately escaping with nothing worse than several bad bruises. After his hurts were dressed he secured another horse and continued his journey.

The *Collie Club Chronicle*, a monthly issued only to Collie Club members, is the latest additon to the literature of the dog. It is intended to fill the needs of communication officially among the members, and the September number, No. 1, sets forth very fully its mission, its aspirations, and the good it can accomplish for the collie cause. James Watson, secretary, 203 Broadway, New York.

The Poodle Club of America has prepared a pamphlet for distribution containing the list of officers, extracts from the constitution, classifications, colors, weight limits, standard, judging points, and list of judges. Z. T. Baker, 13 William street, New York.

A meeting of the executive committee of the Canadian Kennel Club will be held at the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, on Sept. 25, at 8 P. M.

The win of second prize by Mr. H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Hill Hurst Pearl at Providence show was canceled by the A. K. C. on the ground of transfer from one class to another, and of the penalty for such transfers many warnings have been given.

Vol. XV. (1896) of the Greyhound Stud Book (England) covers fully every detail of public interest in respect to greyhounds. It is an excellent work of reference.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

IMPROVEMENT IN CYCLE CONSTRUCTION.

As the time draws near for the appearance of next year's bicycle, riders are beginning to speculate on the improvements that are likely to appear in the new models. In 1896 the changes in bicycle construction over the previous year's models were sufficiently striking to enable anyone to tell at a glance the new wheels from the old. The principal change was embodied in an increased size tubing, adopted by manufacturers with remarkable unanimity, which not only improved the appearance of the new model, but also added to its strength and rigidity.

In several minor points relating to hubs, tread, gear, etc., changed standards were adopted which tended to distinguish the new wheel from previous models, and all this had the effect of putting an enhanced premium on the 1896 bicycle as compared with new wheels left over from the manufactured stock of the previous year.

At this date it hardly seems probable that 1897 will see a repetition of this condition, though from the manufacturer's standpoint such a repetition would be highly desirable. Bicycle manufacture along the lines that have been followed in this country has apparently almost reached the limit of perfection. In lightness the minimum was reached two years ago, and in strength the maximum has been approximated during the present year. In symmetry of construction and beauty of finish there is little left to be desired.

It is asserted that wood, aluminum bronze and other materials, aside from those now in common use, will enter more largely into the construction of next year's models than heretofore, and there is undoubtedly truth in the statement. But from what can be gathered regarding the situation it would appear that innovations in this respect are more likely to come from manufacturers who take up a new thing, hoping to profit by its novelty rather than from the old standbys whose names are household words.

We repeat that along the lines of bicycle construction as at present followed by the great majority of our manufacturers there does not seem opportunity for marked improvement in next year's models, and that nothing as radical as the increased size of tubing which characterized this year's bicycles is likely to appear. By this, however, we do not mean to say that there is no room for bicycle improvement. Far from it; we believe that one of the most important possibilities for improvement has not yet received due attention. The bicycle has been logically developed along the lines of strength, speed and beauty, but in the direction of solid, easy-going comfort much has been overlooked.

We think that every thoughtful rider will acknowledge the truth of this assertion, and the reason is not far to seek. The first impetus to cycling came from racing, and even to-day the largest class of riders are those who receive their animus from the cinder path, and with whom the first consideration is always speed. This class is much more in evidence than the easy-going riders, who know nothing about records and care less for mileage, and their ideas have naturally had most weight with the manufacturers.

The pace has been set by these men, and the bicycle has been conformed to their requirements, till to-day it is a perfect machine for speeding over good roads at a rate of twelve or fifteen miles per hour, and for such riding it is above criticism. But ride slower on the standard wheel, try to sit erect, take it over poor roads or through a mountainous country, or ride in the rain, and you will find abundant opportunity for criticism. To-day riders can secure as options or extras a great many things that improve their wheels in the direction of comfort, but the road wheel still has too many points in common with the track wheel. The solid comfort man is no longer obliged to ride a saddle that supports his weight as a fence rail does, and he is not obliged to use handle bars that necessitate carrying a part of his weight on his arms. He can also have a brake put upon his wheel, though for economy's sake he refrains from using it except in case of emergency; and if he has backbone enough to carry the day against the agent's arguments and pocket, he can have large size tires that make up a thousand times in comfort what they lack in speed as measured by fractions of a second on the track.

In many cases, however, he will get none of these things unless he insists upon them, and even then he may be obliged to wait until his order can be filled from the factory.

We believe, however, that the solid comfort rider's time is coming, and from present indications it is not very far off. There are hundreds of new inventions on the market intended to make riding easier or safer: new saddles, new brakes, devices to reduce the jar from riding over rough roads, and minor devices all designed for the same ends. Straws indicate the way the wind blows, and these things taken collectively indicate the growing demand for improvement along these lines.

A standard wheel for sportsmen's use and easy-going people would embody the following specifications: Frame, the strongest that can be made within reasonable weight limits, and preferably of the older style with high crank bracket, which saves the pedals unnecessary banging on rocks or obstructions in the woods or on rough roads. Gear, 63 to 70, sufficiently low to take hills easily and ride leisurely on the road. Cranks, 6½ to 7in., according to the length of leg and muscular power of the rider; the longer the crank, the higher the gear. Handle bars, up curve or adjustable. Tires, 2 or 2¼in. in diameter; of course, the rims and forks must be adapted to the increased size. Saddle, one that supports the rider's weight on the bones of the pelvis. Brake, some strong and simple device that will stop the wheel when desired or act as a drag on a down grade. The common spoon brake applied to the front wheel is perhaps the best now in general use. The ideal brake, however, is one that acts on the wheel or crank axles, and not on the tire. When such a brake comes into general use, riders will be spared the fatigue of back pedaling on down grades. A gear case, which protects the chain from dust and mud and which very much lessens the labor of cleaning, should also be included in the specifications.

In addition to these points, some kind of a spring or cushion frame would prove very desirable for country riding or riding over the stone pavements in the city. Such a device should not add greatly to the weight of the bicycle, and should not cut away or weaken any part of the frame. Lacking it, large tires, which may be ridden comparatively soft, will go a long way towerd smoothing rough roads. Hills may be climbed with them with less effort, because jars from stones or ruts, which kill the momentum, are minimized. The old illustration of putting springs on the farm wagon applies here; without them the horses could not budge the load which, when once the springs were added, they pulled easily enough.

Large tires also make soft or sandy roads ridable, on account of their increased bearing surface, and by their springiness they save the machine considerably in wear and tear.

The 1⅝in. tires in general use pumped hard, as the manufacturers direct, in order to save cutting by the rims, are no great improvement over the old cushion tires, according to the testimony of men who have ridden both.

Let us hope that before the end of the century we shall have a perfect bicycle from this standpoint—one that can be ridden with comfort alike over poor roads and good, and that can be stopped or run at a uniform rate of speed within the bounds of safety on the steepest down grades and rockiest hills.

Meanwhile we shall await with interest the disclosures which 1897 has to make.

HE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

THERE is generally truth on both sides of an argument. The writer to the *L. A. W. Bulletin* whose letter is quoted presents the argument of the riders who assume the scorching position, and what he says is strictly to the point. For a certain class of riders this position undoubtedly offers certain advantages in point of speed and power:

"So many, through the columns of the *Bulletin*, have inveighed against the bicycle stoop, generally caused by riding with the ram's horn or racing style of handle bars, that I (being one of those who do not sit up straight when riding) take this occasion to literally explain my position.

"I am a graduate from the ranks of 'the sit bolt up… rights,' and changed my position and handle bars not out of deference to the prevailing style, but in response to a conviction that such a position and handle bars are impracticable.

"Don't misunderstand me. I am not in sympathy with the scorching element, but careful and long observation (I have ridden the bicycle in its various stages during the last fifteen years) convinces me that those gentlemen—for there are such—who adopt what may be called a semi-scorching attitude are in the main better riders, if not more graceful in appearance, than the perpendicular-backed individuals who look as though they had not recovered from their first lessons in riding.

"No sane person will question the fact that the greater the surface presented to the wind, the greater the resistance. This applies not only to track riding, but to road riding; and when he of the upturned handle bar persuasion returns from a road run (not necessarily a century run), and encounters a stiff head wind, he is like the Pharisees of old if he cannot see that his brother of the ram's horn handle bars has altogether the best of the argument, and finishes the fresher.

"Again, watch a group of wheelmen climb a hill. You will notice that almost invariably those having the low-turned bars are in the van as the top is reached. In my humble judgment this demonstrates something besides scorching proclivities; it shows that the man with the ram's horn bars gets a better 'purchase' and is enabled to apply more power to his pedals—a strong argument that he has better control of his 'wheel.'

"My favorite position, when I do not have to contend with head winds or hills, is with my hands (generally palms up) about 6in. apart on the steel bars, my body at an angle of about 50 degrees with the ground. This I find my most comfortable position, and admits of getting down to work in case occasion demands it. In short, I think anyone who undertakes to establish a 'proper' manner of riding the bicycle is undertaking too much, Providence having happily decreed that no two shall be constituted alike."

REPORT YOUR LUCK
With Rod or Gun
To FOREST AND STREAM,
New York City.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

S indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Union of L. I. Sound.
M indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Ass'n of Massachusetts.

SEPTEMBER.

26. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
S 26. Riverside, special, Riverside, L. I. Sound.
26. Squantum, Burkhardt cup, Squantum, Mass.

OCTOBER.

Cor. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.

The Y. R. A. Rule.

AT the annual meeting of the council of the British Yacht Racing Association, held at Ryde, Isle of Wight, on Aug. 15, the following petition was presented, signed by thirty-four Solent yacht owners:

"We, the undersigned, being owners, or otherwise interested in the Solent classes, regret that the new rule has not produced the type of boat that we were led to expect. It would be a great boon to owners if the council of the Y. R. A. would officially notify the owners of racing boats at an early date whether they intend to alter any of the coefficients in the existing rule, and, if possible, which coefficient. We wish to point out that owners of small boats are the chief sufferers under any change of rule. The primary cost of boats has been much increased under this new rule, and also cost of keeping them going. Owners are desirous of seeing a type of boat introduced that will give more opportunity for keeping its money together, even if unsuccessful as a racing boat. They wish to support class racing if this type of boat can be produced by a suitable rule. It has been proposed to introduce a type of boat built under certain restrictions. A boat thus built will be forced to have a certain amount of body under water and yet leave latitude to designers. As this is the time of year when owners are most in touch, it is the most convenient season for them to discuss the various restrictions proposed. It would therefore be a great convenience if the council of the Y. R. A. would be good enough to give us an opinion at an early date. We are also of opinion that, however competent and careful an official measurer may be, he has great difficulties to contend with. An answer through the yachting editor of the *Field* would be considered an official notice to owners."

After discussion the council appointed a committee, Messrs. A. Manning, C. Newton Robinson, W. Baden Powell, G. F. Flemich, H. Crossley, Peter Donaldson and G B. Thompson, to consider the question of time scale and coefficients, and to report on Oct. 5

While the petitioners have not been over successful in setting forth their desires in clear and intelligible English, they have left no doubt as to their dissatisfaction with the present rule, or of the general nature of the desired improvement, the production of a yacht of less first cost and cost of running, of added accommodation, longer racing life and higher sale value after that racing life is over. These are precisely the same essentials as are needed on this side of the water in the larger classes.

Americans and Canadians.

AT the civic reception tendered to Mr. Jarvis and the crew of Canada by the city of Toronto, on Sept. 1, Mr. Jarvis spoke as follows of the reception accorded to the Canadians at Toledo:

"The little ship was called Canada for a national reason. They had tried to man her with the best men they could find in Canada, and that was why the crew were not all Toronto men. They had endeavored to get Mr. Duggan, but it was quite impossible. Regarding the treatment they received at Toledo, he was glad to state that no crew could have been better treated. In fact, he believed they treated them better than the gentlemen from Chicago. Everything was placed at their disposal, no one thing was denied them. During the whole contest strict neutrality was observed by the yachtsmen of Toledo, so much so that he would be perfectly willing to go back to Toledo and race there again for the cup. The crew of Vencedor were as anxious as men could possibly be to do everything to bring about a harmonious contest. A little stir was created once on account of a doubt as to some of the rules. It was referred to a committee of three gentlemen, who had been appointed to decide on such matters. In about ten minutes they had given their decision on the matter. It was at once accepted as final, and not another word was heard on the matter. It just showed that where sportsmen wished to get together on fair terms it was quite possible. In that respect they had taught their salt-water friends a lesson. At the inception of the contest a little cold water had been thrown upon it for the reason that the memory of last year's America Cup contest still lingered, and many thought that the late contest would result in the same way. They knew that it had not. He was sure that if the race was contested again next year the same true sporting spirit would prevail. Concluding, he asked for three hearty cheers for the vanquished Vencedor and her crew. They were given with vim."

The referee of the model yacht races reported last week was Mr Frank Mitchell, of the Philadelphia M. Y. C., and not Mr. Nichols, as tated.

Indian Harbor Y. C.

GREENWICH, CONN.—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Sept. 12.

THE special races of the Indian Harbor Y. C. were held off Greenwich, Conn., on September 12. What promised to be a very interesting race, particularly among the yawls, was spoiled for lack of wind. The courses sailed were the usual ones of the club, from Gas Buoy, off Little Captain's Island, to Mattinicock, Center Island and finish, 15 nautical miles. The 15-footers sailed twice around Captain's Island, making 10 nautical miles.

When the preparatory signal was given at 12:10 P. M. there was a light breeze from the southeast, so light that many of the contestants were handicapped. Balloon jibs and spinakers were carried to the first mark; to the second it was a long and short leg, the wind hauling more to southward. Center Island buoy was rounded by Vorant, Fidelio and Pawnee in order named a little after 5 o'clock. Shortly after rounding the wind, what little there was, came in ahead, making it a beat to the finish line, which was slow and tedious; Vorant, the first to finish over the long course, finally drifting across the line at 7:25 P. M.

The full times follow:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SPECIAL 34FT. CLASS—CABIN SLOOPS.				
Vorant, Geo. G. Tyson	12 16 41	7 25 00	7 08 19	. .. ..
SPECIAL 21FT. CLASS—OPEN SLOOPS.				
Houri, E. B. Hart, Jr.	12 20 00	9 02 25	8 42 25	. .. ..
Vaquero, W. G. Brokaw	12 15 59	8 22 30	8 06 31	. .. ..
YAWLS.				
Pawnee, E. D. M. Waterman	12 18 51	7 55 06	7 36 15	6 58 52
Yram, J. M. Hartshorn	12 19 10	8 59 50	8 40 40	7 56 09
Fidelio, R. E. Tod	12 18 40	7 33 35	7 14 55	6 29 19
Consuelo, A. W. Calot	12 19 39	Did not finish.		
OPEN CATBOATS—FIXED BALLAST (CORINTHIAN RULES).				
Sirene, Outwater & Doremus	12 25 00	Did not finish.		
Elsie, R. H. Gillespie	12 25 00	Did not finish.		
Bubble, A. M. Bradley	12 25 00	Did not finish.		
Dorothy, J. E. Sanborn	12 24 50	Did not finish.		
Gosbird, R. H. Nevins	12 25 00	Did not finish.		
Annie, A. V. Seymour	12 25 00	Did not finish.		
Willie, A. Park	12 25 00	8 56 35	8 31 35	7 21 06
OPEN SLOOPS—20FT. CLASS, FIXED BALLAST.				
Eos, P. T. Dodge	12 20 00	8 38 40	8 18 40	7 03 44
H. E. Z., Chas. S. Towle	12 15 45	Did not finish.		
B. O. B., F. M. Hoyt	12 20 00	Did not finish.		
SPECIAL 15FT. CLASS—OPEN SLOOPS.				
Trilby, Geo. G. Tyson	12 25 00	Did not finish.		
Paprika, C. S. Hoyt	12 25 00	6 32 15	5 52 45	. .. ..

The winners were Vorant, Fidelio in yawls, Nellie in open cats, Eos in open sloops, 20ft. class, and Paprika.

The regatta committee included Messrs. George E. Gartland, Chas. E. McManus and D. W. Merritt.

Annisquam Y. C.

Saturday, Sept. 19.

THE Annisquam Y. C. sailed a regatta on Sept. 19 in a fresh south wind, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Circe, Pigeon	16.05	1 21 10	0 56 23
Luna, Hildreth	16.02	1 25 00	0 59 44
Flip Flop, Williams	15.06	1 39 30	1 13 28
SECOND CLASS.			
Coot, Dugno	14.00	1 26 05	0 58 12
Brownie, Wheeler	14.00	1 28 55	1 01 02
Howard, Haskell	13.10	1 29 30	1 01 24
Doris, Proctor	15.00	1 40 58	1 14 57
THIRD CLASS.			
Erena, Dugno	12.10	1 37 37	1 08 05
Ruth, Griffin	14.09	1 35 45	1 09 15
Little Comrade	13.08	Did not finish.	
FOURTH CLASS.			
Shamrock, O'Reilly	....	1 40 45	. .. ..
June, Vivian	....	1 43 11	. .. ..
Midget, Norwood	....	1 45 22	. .. ..
FIFTH CLASS, DORIES.			
Oceanus, Adams	17.06	1 26 10	1 00 42
Black Cat, Cannon	17.10	1 31 47	1 06 40
F. E. Brown	Withdrawn.		
Psyche	Did not finish.		
SIXTH CLASS, DORIES.			
Folly, Woodbury	15.11	1 23 11	0 55 56
Doree, Gardner	15.11	1 28 07	1 00 42
John, Whittemore	15.08	1 29 02	1 01 29
Anita, Cunningham	15.06	1 29 21	1 01 35
Herman, Lane	....	1 37 08	Not meas.
Clarence, Davis	....	1 37 27	Not meas.
Seneca	14.08	1 53 20	1 44 31

Eastern Y. C. Special Race.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 19.

THE Eastern Y. C. arranged a special race on Sept. 19 for yachts of 30 to 35ft. l.w.l. and for the knockabouts, but only one yacht appeared in the larger class, Asahi. She had towed around the Cape from Newport to meet Handsel and Anoatuk, but neither was present, in fact the latter was hauled out at Stearns's yard. Asahi sailed to Boston, where she will winter at Lawley's. After a rainy morning the sky cleared and a good S.W. wind sprung up, the race of the knockabouts starting at 2:20, the course being: From the Black buoy off Lighthouse Point, Marblehead Neck, thence to the Bell buoy off Pig Rocks, thence to a stakeboat 2½ miles out southeast from the starting line, thence to the Bell buoy off Pig Rocks and home; 9 miles.

The times were:

	Elapsed.
Cock Robin, C. S. Eaton	1 54 05
Jacktar, T. E. Jacobs	1 57 06
Bo Peep, Clark & North	1 57 31
Tautog, W. O. Gray	1 59 09
Sally, D. C. Percival, Jr.	2 01 26
Water Lily, H. M. Sears	2 01 41
Maia, Everett Paine	2 03 10
Bonito, Bartlett Bros.	2 06 00
Dorothy, F. Brewster	2 06 04
Nike, C. A. Cooley	2 08 52
Ruth, E. Wiggin	2 13 12
Mayona, C. O. Stearns	2 15 09

The winners are: Cock Robin, purse of $100, presented by Rear-Com. Hemenway; Jacktar, club prize, $50; Bo Peep, $25; Water Lily, $15; Maia, $10.

Winthrop Y. C.

WINTHROP—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Sept. 12.

THE regatta of the Winthrop Y. C. on Sept. 12 was partially spoiled by a dense fog, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
FIRST CLASS.			
Almira	2 15 00	3 59 15	1 21 15
Harbinger	2 15 00	4 14 25	1 37 34
SECOND CLASS.			
Satanic	2 20 00	4 13 02	1 26 52
Harolde	2 20 00	4 14 50	1 30 26
Erycina	2 20 00	4 20 02	1 35 46
Alma	2 20 00	4 18 02	1 36 56
Eureka	2 20 00	4 45 50	2 02 46
Clara	Withdrew.		
Myrtle	Withdrew.		
THIRD CLASS.			
Mist	2 25 00	3 56 01	1 40 55
Harriet	2 25 00	4 26 10	1 44 52

Almira wins the championship, Satanic wins a second leg; Erycina, Gleaner and Clara each having one leg; Harolde would have had one leg, but she finished two minutes beyond the time limit. Mist won a leg in her class. After the race the yachts started in the fog for Hull, Harolde being first in at 8 P. M.

Hull Y. C.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Sept. 19.

THE Hull Y. C. sailed a club race on Sept. 19 in a moderate S.W. breeze, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
THIRD CLASS.			
Gleaner, S. O. Wellington	20.03	2 16 05	1 39 52
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	30.11	2 26 32	1 57 25
FIFTH CLASS.			
Cleopatra, Henry Faxon	21.09	1 30 37	1 05 26
Opeechee, W. D. Barker	22.02	1 38 16	1 15 37

American Y. C. Fall Regatta.

MILTON POINT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Sept. 19.

THE American Y. C. was fortunate in having a warm summer day with a moderate breeze from S.W. for its fall regatta on Saturday, though at the end a very lively squall struck the fleet and made some quick work in stowing canvas. Colonia, Amorita and Quissetta were entered for the Vice-Commodore's cup as well as for the regular class prizes. All of the 15-footers but Paprika have given up racing, and the latter, having no competitor, again went up into the 20ft. class, where she scored a handsome win on elapsed time alone. Quissetta withdrew on the second round, being far astern of Amorita. The race was nearly over when a very violent squall struck the fleet, some of the yachts lowering away everything; no serious damage was done, however. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS				
Colonia	12 10 00	4 30 34	4 20 34	4 20 34
Amorita	12 10 00	5 02 49	4 52 49	4 38 46
Quissetta	12 10 00	Withdrew.		
SCHOONERS—95FT. CLASS.				
Colonia	12 10 00	4 30 34	4 20 34	4 20 34
SCHOONERS—75FT. CLASS.				
Amorita	12 10 00	5 02 49	4 52 49	4 38 46
Quissetta	12 10 00	Withdrew.		
CUTTERS—51FT. CLASS.				
Uvira	12 06 13	4 05 00	3 58 47	3 58 47
YAWLS—43FT. CLASS.				
Pawnee	12 17 35	4 49 45	4 31 50	4 31 50
Yram	12 18 52	Withdrew.		
CUTTERS—36FT. CLASS.				
Infanta	12 17 55	Withdrew.		
SLOOPS—25FT. CLASS.				
Sparrow	12 19 17	2 54 47	2 35 30	2 35 30
Virginia	12 19 55	3 11 27	2 52 32	Not meas.
SLOOPS—20FT. CLASS.				
Eos	12 15 24	2 45 08	2 29 44	2 29 44
Fez	12 16 41	2 57 39	2 40 58	2 34 29
Dolly	12 16 53	Withdrew.		
Paprika	12 15 31	2 38 25	2 22 51	2 11 43
CABIN CATS—30FT. CLASS.				
Dosoris	12 17 20	5 07 00	4 49 40	4 49 40
Oconee	12 19 17	5 08 41	4 49 24	4 41 28
Loyalty	12 25 00	Withdrew.		
CABIN CATS—25FT. CLASS.				
Win or Lose	12 18 24	2 43 02	2 24 38	2 24 38
Scat	12 16 21	2 37 51	2 21 30	2 20 13
Grace	12 16 50	3 01 27	2 44 37	2 43 20
OPEN CATS—25FT. CLASS.				
Osprey	12 25 00	Withdrew.		
Edwina	12 18 53	2 48 37	2 29 44	2 24 16
Zelica	12 18 06	2 49 39	2 31 33	2 23 51
Dorothy	12 17 09	Withdrew.		
OPEN CATS—20FT. CLASS.				
Starling	12 20 00	2 55 03	2 35 03	2 35 03
Regina	12 19 59	2 50 50	2 30 51	2 29 58
SPECIAL 30FT. CLASS.				
Musme	12 25 02	4 56 35	4 31 33	. .. ..
Hera	12 25 02	4 46 10	4 21 08	. .. ..
21FT. CLASS.				
Houri	12 25 28	2 32 56	2 07 56	. .. ..
Vaquero	12 25 30	2 32 46	2 07 46	. .. ..

Colonia wins the Vice-Commodore's cup for all schooners in one class, also the 95ft. class prize. Amorita wins the 75ft. class cup. Uvira, Pawnee, Infanta, Sparrow, Paprika, Oconee, Scat, Zelica, Regina, Musme and Vaquero win in their classes.

Hamilton Yachting.

ON Sept. 7 three races were sailed off Hamilton, Ontario, under the management of the Royal Hamilton and the Victoria yacht clubs, of that city. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
42FT. CLASS.			
Start, 1:30:			
Zelma	7 08 30	7 38 30	7 38 30
Vivia	7 47 08	8 17 08	8 10 19
22FT. CLASS.			
Start, 12:05:			
Koko	5 07 47	5 02 47	5 00 42
Caruli	5 19 15	5 14 15	5 14 09
Enid	5 30 00	5 25 00	5 24 15
Scallawag	5 31 27	5 26 27	5 25 30
Euroclydon	5 32 54	5 27 54	5 27 54
I'll Away	5 40 54	5 35 54	5 35 17
Nixey	5 41 50	5 36 50	. .. ..
Midget	Did not finish.		
27FT. CLASS.			
Start, 12:00			
Sylvia	4 28 27	4 28 27	4 28 01
Hiawatha	4 40 34	4 40 34	4 40 13
Mirage	4 40 59	4 40 59	4 40 57
Sybil	4 48 23	4 48 23	4 46 30
Salola	4 53 31	4 53 31	4 51 30
Nox	5 24 12	5 24 12	. .. ..
Wang	Did not finish.		

Newport Y. C.

NEWPORT—NARRAGANSETT BAY.

Monday, Sept. 7.

THE Newport Y. C. sailed its last regatta on Sept. 7 over a 12-mile course in a very light wind, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.				
Victor	1 45 00	4 40 15	2 55 15	2 55 15
Four Brothers	1 45 00	4 51 01	3 06 01	3 05 07
SECOND CLASS.				
Prunella	1 50 00	5 21 24	3 31 24	3 31 24
Wind Cloud	1 50 00	5 23 19	3 33 19	Not meas.
THIRD CLASS.				
Niobara	1 55 00	5 13 41	3 18 41	3 18 41
Jerboa	1 55 00	5 24 10	3 29 10	3 27 43
Ryris	1 55 00	Did not finish.		
FOURTH CLASS.				
Caspar	2 00 00	5 27 16	3 27 16	3 27 16
Truant	2 00 00	5 47 35	3 47 35	3 47 35
Shadow	2 00 00	5 48 20	3 48 20	3 47 50
Secretary	2 00 00	5 54 27	3 54 27	3 52 51

Shadow protested Truant for fouling.

The judges were Capt. Williams, President Gray and J. G. Costello.

Old Colony Y. C.

SAVIN HILL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Monday, Sept. 7.

ON Labor Day the Old Colony Y. C. resailed its fourth class race, postponed from June 17, and also a race of the fifth class, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FOURTH CLASS.		
Sunbeam, H. Faxon	1 58 45	1 23 13
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	1 59 05	1 25 08
Fantasy, W. Allerton	2 04 50	1 29 25
Minx, G. Silsbee	2 13 15	1 39 53
Anita	Withdrew.	
Careme	Withdrew.	
Box	Withdrew.	
Juanita	Withdrew.	
Joust	Withdrew.	
Imp	Withdrew.	
FIFTH CLASS.		
Elsa, H. M. Crane	1 05 10	0 36 31
Penguin, J. E. Robinson	1 11 50	0 42 47
Princess, Gay & Ware	1 12 10	0 43 07
Ivanhoe, H. M. Torrance	1 12 02	0 43 32

Cohasset Y. C.

Saturday, Sept. 12.

THE last race of the season was sailed in a dense fog, the course being reduced to two miles; the times were:

	Elapsed.
FIRST CLASS.	
In It, R. B. Williams	0 27 00
Banshee, H. T. Montgomery	0 28 10
15FT. CLASS.	
Swallow, John Richardson	1 12 00
Hoodoo, Gammons & Wheelwright	1 16 03
Jap, Rouve & Pegram	1 34 00

Beverly Y. C.

BUZZARD'S BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 12.

THE 245th race, fifth championship, was sailed off club house Sept. 12. Mr. A. H. Hardy was judge; wind E. and N.E., light at start, freshening to good whole-sail breeze.

Courses, 15 miles for special class, 11¼ for second class, 7¾ for third and fourth classes, 4⅞ for fifth class.

Ashumet and Cero fouled and Ashumet protested. It cannot be decided for some time, as committee and owners cannot at present be got together.

Daisy was a surprise, winning quite easily. Melro and Vif won easily also, as did Kalama, while Grilse left Heiress far off.

Sally fouled a large boat and tore her sail badly on the 11th. She started with the mainsail of a much smaller boat and withdrew.

Anonyma gave an exhibition of old-fashioned Buzzard's Bay pluck and good racing spirit. In the gale on the night of the 10th she parted a new mooring rope, went up on the rocks, stove her starboard side, and is described as looking as if she had been fired at with a charge of grape, still she raced.

999 having no competitor sailed in fourth class, and under the rule got no allowance.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SPECIAL CLASS.			
Cero, W. E. C. Eustis, B. Y. C.	39.00	2 37 23	2 36 29
Ashumet, C. H. Jones, B. Y. C.	34.03	2 39 32	2 33 58
SECOND CLASS CATS.			
Kalama, David Rice, B. Y. C.	26.00	2 34 09	2 21 58
Linotte, W. P. Wilson, B. Y. C.	25.10	2 41 19	2 28 56
Bernice, J. G. Young, Jr., B. Y. C.	25.08	2 41 36	2 29 01
Surprise, J. M. Codman, B. Y. C.	24.00	2 42 25	2 27 43
May King, D. L. Whittemore, B. Y. C.	26.00	2 43 06	2 30 55
Mist, G. H. Lyman, B. Y. C.	25.01	2 43 14	2 29 58
Anonyma, F. L. Dabney, B. Y. C.	24.09	2 46 29	2 32 47
THIRD CLASS CATS.			
Melro, D. L. Whittemore, B. Y. C.	20.03	1 56 31	1 42 40
Colymbus, A. Winsor, B. Y. C.	21.06	2 01 32	1 49 01
FOURTH CLASS CATS.			
Daisy, Howard Stockton, B. Y. C.	18.03	2 01 08	1 45 51
Elsa, H. & F. Burgess, B. Y. C.	19.00	2 02 14	1 46 55
FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS.			
Grilse, W. E. C. Eustis, B. Y. C.	19.00	1 49 37	1 34 18
999, R. Brewer, B. Y. C.	19.00	1 54 05	1 38 46
Heiress, G. G. Amory, B. Y. C.	19.00	1 59 20	1 44 01
Sally, W. S. Burgess, B. Y. C.	19.00	Withdrew.	
FIFTH CLASS CATS.			
Vif, A. Winsor, Jr., B. Y. C.	14.04	1 34 36	1 26 24
Imp, Geo. B. Dabney, B. Y. C.	14.05	1 36 29	1 23 34
Hebe, J. Parkinson, Jr., B. Y. C.	15.00	1 41 51	1 35 13

Winners: Special class, first protested; second class cats, Kalama first, Surprise second; third class cats, Melro first; fourth class sloops, Grilse first, 999 second; fourth class cats, Daisy first; fifth class cats, Vif first.

Race shows Melro wins and holds pennant, and Anonyma holds pennant, as she has won two races to one each for Surprise, Linotte and Kalama. Grilse ties Heiress with two legs each. This will be sailed off Sept. 19.

Larchmont Y. C.

Saturday, Sept. 12.

THE weather on Saturday was even worse than on Monday; the annual schooner race and the special class races resulting in a most unsatisfactory drift. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS.		
Colonia, C. A. Postley	6 50 25	6 50 25
Amorita, W. G. Brokaw	Not timed.	
Emerald, J. R. Maxwell	Withdrew.	
30FT. CLASS.		
Musme, J. Macdonough	4 10 19	4 10 19
Mai, O. G. Jennings	4 41 32	4 41 32
34FT. CLASS.		
Dragoon, F. M. Freeman	4 00 40	4 00 40
Acushla, Hanan Bros.	3 54 09	3 54 09
CLASS 5.		
Uvira, E. M. Lockwood	3 47 05	. .. ..
CLASS 7.		
Cymbra, T. McIntyre	4 48 27	4 48 27
Infanta, Cliff Brokaw	4 48 43	. .. ..
YAWLS.		
Audax, H. W. Eaton	4 54 11	. .. ..

Riverton Y. C.

RIVERTON—DELAWARE RIVER.

Saturday, Sept. 5.

ON Sept. 5 the Riverton Y. C. sailed a race for catboats and mosquito boats, and the steam launches Carol and Conchita met for the second time. The wind was fresh from N E, with a sea on the river. The course for the sailing yachts was 6 miles and for the steam yachts 10 miles. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
CATBOATS.			
Seagull	3 25 00	5 00 55	1 29 14
Peerless	3 25 00	5 05 00	1 29 53
Nettie	3 25 00	4 55 50	1 30 00
MOSQUITO BOATS.			
No. 11, Al. G. Cook	3 39 30	4 40 10	. .. ..
No. 2, Chas. Biddle	3 39 30	4 43 20	. .. ..
No. 12, McIlvain Biddle	3 39 30	4 46 05	. .. ..
No. 1, S. Myers	3 39 30	4 46 06	. .. ..
STEAM LAUNCHES.			
Conchita	3 17 00	4 11 05	0 54 05
Carol	3 17 00	Did not finish.	

Carol took the lead at the start, but her cylinder burst at the turn and she was beached as soon as possible. In the first race between the two on July 4 Carol was disabled.

Tower Ridge Y. C.

HASTINGS—HUDSON RIVER.

Saturday, Sept. 19.

THE Tower Ridge Y. C. sailed a postponed regatta on Sept. 19, the course being around marks off Tarrytown and Yonkers. The wind was moderate from the south; the times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SLOOPS.			
H. W. Beecher	3 07 44	3 46 14	2 52 04
Minta	3 05 28	3 45 18	3 00 58
Arcadia	Did not finish.		
CATBOATS.			
Colleen	3 48 20	1 01 18	3 37 12
Edna	3 47 35	1 05 16	2 42 19
Fugitive	4 02 00	1 01 10	3 00 50
Nan	Withdrew.		

Yorkville Y. C.

NEW YORK—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Sunday, Sept. 13.

THE open regatta of the Yorkville Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 13 in a fresh N.E. wind, the times being:

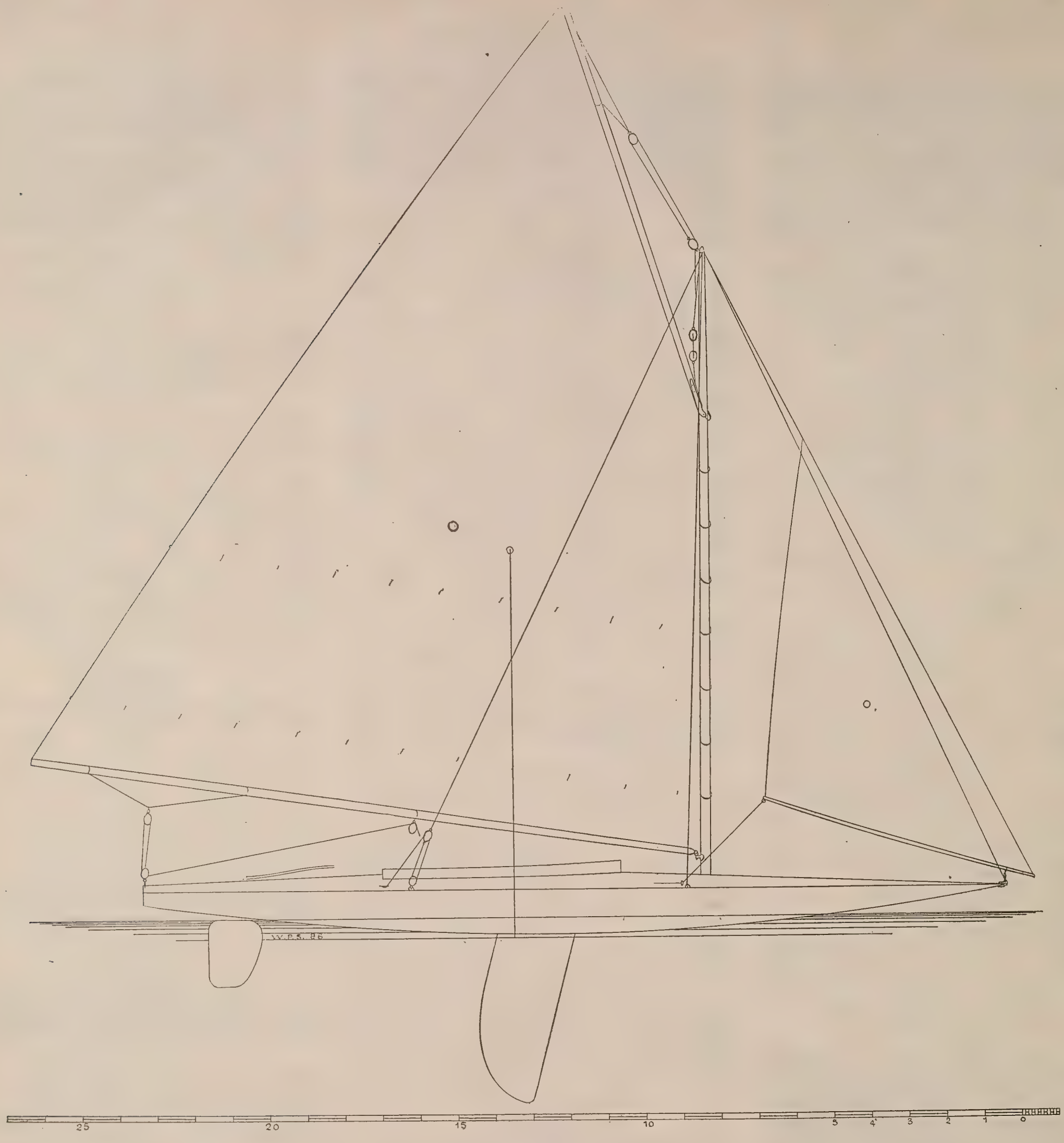
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL BOATS UNDER 23FT.		
Zetes, J. C. Kipp	2 36 00	Not meas.
Eddie S., J. H. Symmers	2 38 00	Not meas.
CABIN CATBOATS, 23FT. AND OVER.		
Crocus, G. A. Wright	3 49 30	3 49 30
Laurett, Shearer & McKenna	3 41 30	3 41 30
OPEN CATBOATS UNDER 17FT.		
Chic, John Wilson	2 10 30	2 10 30
Pauline, Fred Horn	2 40 00	2 38 00
Little Dean, Charles Rae	2 15 00	2 14 35
Josie, T. H. Riley	2 39 30	2 38 00
Bye By, Adam Mink	Did not finish.	

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
Frederick J. Warburton	New York	——



EL HEIRIE—SAIL PLAN.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

There was a large crowd of yachtsmen and others at Townsend & Co.'s auction rooms yesterday afternoon, when the champion yacht Canada was offered for sale, according to the original intentions of the syndicate owners. Skipper Æmelius Jarvis was the only member of the syndicate present. It was evident from the start that only two men in the room wanted the yacht. The first bid was for $1,000, and came from G. E. Hamilton. This was raised to $2,000 by some one in the crowd, and then W. Hyslop, Jr., bid $2,500. The unknown voice called $2,700, Hyslop raised to $3,000, Hamilton to $3,100, Hyslop to $3,200, Hamilton to $3,250, at which price it was knocked down to him. G. E. Hamilton is the Toronto representative of W. E. Sanford, of Hamilton, and though he himself would say nothing on the subject, it is generally believed that the craft was purchased for Senator Sanford, and will be taken to Hamilton. After the sale Will Hyslop made a private offer for the yacht, to which Mr. Hamilton will return an answer to-day. Should his offer be accepted, the well-known bicyclist will sail Canada in all local races to which she would be eligible.—*Mail and Empire, Sept. 16.*

The Gas Engine and Power Co., of Morris Heights, New York, has just issued a very complete catalogue of naphtha, steam and electric yachts and launches, as built by it in connection with the firm of C. L. Seabury & Co., late of Nyack, the two firms being now combined. The catalogue is not only larger than previous ones, but very much more artistic. The construction of the hulls and engines, the various sizes and types of craft, the method of running and the prices are all given, making a complete guide to yachtsmen in search of power craft.

The contract for the steam pilot boat for the New York and New Jersey pilots, designed by A. Cary Smith, and illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 1, has been awarded to the Harlan & Hollingsworth Co., of Wilmington, builders of the steel yachts Yampa, Iroquois and Amorita, as well as the Sound steamer R. J. Peck. It is stated that two similar vessels, but of smaller size, will shortly be built by the Pennsylvania and Delaware pilots.

Allegra, steam yacht, C. M. Pratt, met with an accident on Sept. 11 when off the Sunken Meadow, off the Harlem River. One of the tubes in the boiler split, permitting the escape of steam. The fireman stopped the blower and the steam and gas backed through the blower into the engine room, scalding the engineer, Christopher Anderson, and setting fire to the woodwork. The engineer was not dangerously injured, and the fire was soon extinguished. The tug Two Brothers rendered valuable assistance.

On the afternoon of Sept. 19, after a day almost as warm as midsummer, a very severe thunder squall passed over the vicinity of New York, being at its worst along the south shore of Long Island, many yachts being driven ashore and damaged. After the first squall had passed the sun came out for a few minutes, but disappeared before a worse squall, accompanied by hailstones of great size. On Sept. 13 Boston Harbor was visited by a sudden storm that did much damage among the yachts and small craft.

May, steam yacht, has been sold through Tams & Lemoine by E. D. Morgan to Mrs. J. R. Fell, owner of Barracouta, steam yacht, for $100,000.

The Pantasote Co., 39 Leonard street, New York, have a fabric which is particularly desirable for yacht upholstery, inasmuch as it is waterproof. Contracts have been awarded for upholstering two U. S. cruisers with this material, and a number of well-known yachts are finished with it, including Meteor II, Utopian, John Jacob Astor's electric yacht, and Baron Rothschild's Eros. Pantasote in appearance resembles leather. Pantasote duck, another product of this company, resembles duck, and is suitable for tents, awnings, etc.

Tom Carter, steam yacht, swamped and sunk in the Niagara Rive on Sept. 6. Two of her eleven passengers, Miss Gilbert and John Farthing, were drowned, the others clinging to the capsized dinghy of the yacht until rescued by the steam yacht Lilian.

Reva, steam yacht, G. L. Ronalds, was run down in a fog off Deer Island, Boston Harbor, by the steamboat Nantasket, and cut through to the water's edge. The hull below water was uninjured, and the yacht steamed into Boston in safety for repairs. The steamer was uninjured.

Listless, sloop, John Dunphy, of Clifton, Staten Island, was run down and sunk off that place on Sept 8 by an unknown tug; her captain and crew, asleep below, saving themselves by swimming.

The Yachtsman of Sept. 3 presents to English readers the lines of El Heirie, but we fail to find any allusion to the source from which they were taken, the FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 22.

A series of three races will be sailed on Sept. 24, 25 and 26, between the schooners Amorita and Quissetta, under the management of the Larchmont Y. C.

We have received from Lloyd's the second supplement to the *Yacht Register*, containing alterations and additions up to Aug. 20.

The regatta of the Sea Cliff Y. C., on Sept. 12, failed for lack of wind, none of the yachts having finished at 7 P. M.

Torment, sloop, of Revere, Mass., sunk off Egg Rock on Aug. 30, her crew of five being rescued by a passing yacht.

Unquowa, steam yacht, recently purchased by W. R. Hearst, has been renamed Buckinee.

The Riverside Y. C. has abandoned the race scheduled for Sept. 26.

Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers.

THE third general meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers will take place in New York city, at 10 A. M., Thursday, Nov. 12. Through the courtesy of the president and managers of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers the meetings will be held in the auditorium of No. 12 West Thirty-first street, the sessions continuing through Thursday and Friday, Nov. 12 and 13. There will be a banquet, of which subsequent notice will be given, Friday, Nov. 13, to which members and their guests are cordially invited. Members intending to propose candidates for membership are requested to notify the secretary in order that the necessary blank forms of application may be forwarded and properly filled out. Papers to be read at this meeting should be forwarded to the secretary as soon as possible. The usual notice giving assignment of papers will be issued Nov. 1. By direction of the executive committee.

FRANCIS T. BOWLES, Sec'y-Treas.

Newport Races.

Sept. 5.

THE races of the 30-footers on Sept. 5 was for a cup given by Woodbury Kane, sailed in a S.E. wind over the Brig Ledge course, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Asahi, B. Thayer	2 25 00	5 01 03	2 36 03
Puck, E. D. Morgan	2 25 00	5 01 14	2 36 14
Vaquero, H. B. Duryea	2 25 00	5 02 55	2 37 55
Wawa, J. A. Stillman	2 25 00	5 05 06	2 40 06

On Sept. 7 a sweepstakes race was sailed off Bristol, Mr. N. G. Herreshoff laying off a course of ten miles; to leeward and back in a good S.W. wind. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero, H. B. Duryea	3 30 00	5 06 06	1 36 06
Puck, E. D. Morgan	3 30 00	5 09 39	1 39 39
Wawa, A. Van Winkle	3 30 00	5 10 24	1 40 24
Asahi, B. Thayer	3 30 00	5 10 26	1 40 26

On Sept. 11 the Dyer's Island course was sailed in a fresh S.W. wind, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Puck, E. D. Morgan	2 35 00	4 54 20	2 19 20
Vaquero, H. B. Duryea	2 35 00	4 55 28	2 20 28
Asahi, B. Thayer	2 35 00	4 56 14	2 21 14
Wawa, J. A. Stillman	2 35 00	5 01 32	2 26 32

On Sept. 12 the Brig Ledge course was sailed in a rising S.E. breeze, with a calm at one time. Vaquero won again, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero, H. B. Duryea	2 25 00	5 31 08	3 06 08
Asahi, B. Thayer	2 25 00	5 35 47	3 10 47
Puck, E. D. Morgan	2 25 00	5 35 55	3 10 55
Wawa, J. A. Stillman	2 25 00	5 40 17	3 15 17

ON Sept. 14 Asahi beat Wawa, Puck and Vaquero in a drifting race.

A sweepstakes race was sailed on Sept. 15 over the Dyer's Island course in a S.W. wind, the times being:

Start, 2:35:	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero	4 40 43	2 05 43
Asahi	4 41 08	2 06 08
Puck	Did not finish.	
Wawa	Did not finish.	

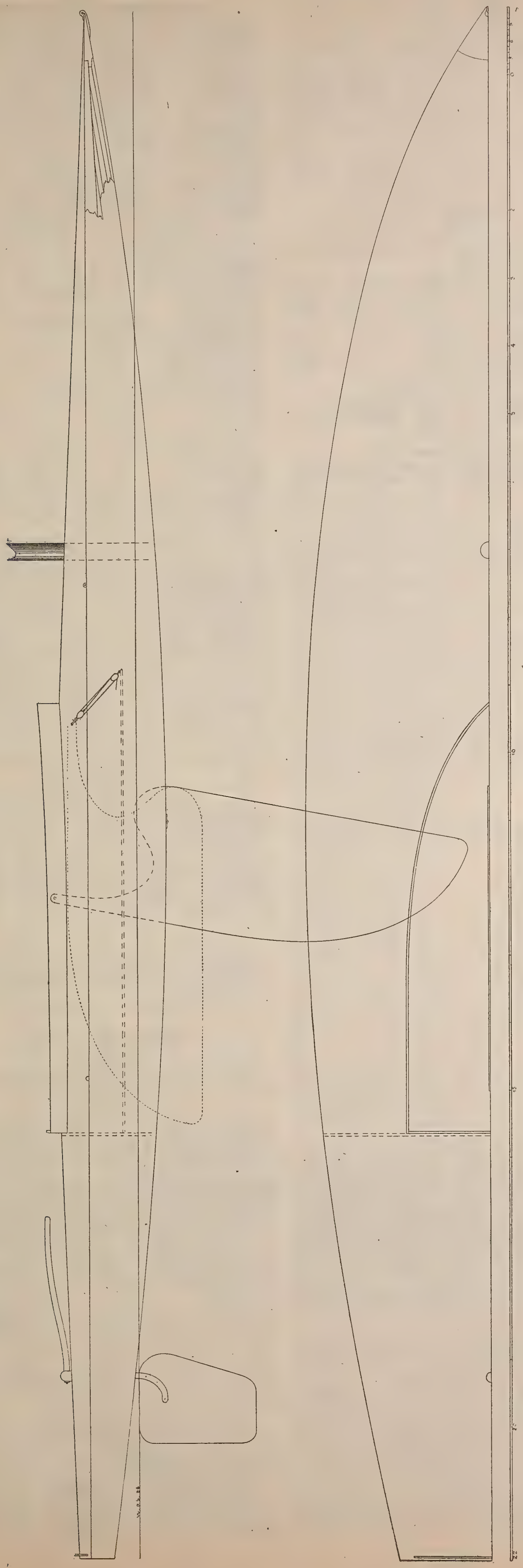
Wawa went on the rocks off Rose Island, but was towed off without injury by the launches of the warship Massachusetts. The same course was sailed on Sept. 16, the times being:

	Elapsed.
Wawa	2 37 15
Vaquero	2 37 22
Puck	2 38 48

On Sept. 17 a race was sailed over the same course in a S.W. wind, the times being:

	Elapsed.
Vaquero	2 22 35
Wawa	2 23 50
Puck	2 25 30

Asahi finished her racing on Tuesday and left for Boston to sail in the E. Y. C. races of Saturday, but having no competitor she went to Lawley's to lay up.



EL HEIRIE. DESIGNED BY CLINTON H. CRANE. BUILT BY LAWLEY & CO., 1896.

El Heirie.

THE lines of El Heirie have already appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM (Aug. 22). We present herewith the sail plan and general arrangement, with the table of offsets. The name El Heirie is the Arabic term for a breed of camels with a particularly high hump, and was selected as appropriate to the turtleback deck which is a distinctive feature of the design, the sheer line being perfectly straight and level, while the deck crowns 5in. at each end of the cockpit, sloping down to the stem and transom. The cockpit is small, with a high floor, and there is a watertight bulkhead at its after end, but there was originally no bulkhead forward. In the trial races a canvas shield was fitted to the floor of the cockpit to prevent a rush of water from the cockpit to the bows, and this was replaced later by a wooden bulkhead.

The fittings are very simple; the centerboard is a plate of 1¼in. Tobin bronze, of the peculiar form shown, so hung by a pivot just below the garboard as to project 6in. outside the boat when fully raised. In spite of this large increase of wetted surface as compared with other boats, in which the board housed entirely when off the wind, El Heirie showed no loss of speed in light airs. The board is hoisted by a tackle below deck in the fore end of the cockpit.

The rudder is of ⅛in. bronze, set in a slotted stock of the same metal; the tiller is not hinged, but is fitted solidly into the rudderhead. The stem is protected by a bronze casting shown in the drawing, running back some 6in. under the stem and ending in an eye above deck to take the forestay and the hook of the jib tack. At the mast are several blocks of the skeleton pattern, of aluminum; the runners are led well aft and the traveler is out on the end of the counter.

The construction, as planned by the Lawley Company, which built the yacht, is a little out of the ordinary; there is no keel, but a single wide garboard takes the place of it. The centerboard trunk is secured to this wide plank just as though it were a thick keel. The planking is double, an inner skin of ⅛in. white cedar and an outer one of ¼in. mahogany, the planks being narrow and making an excellent piece of work; in fact, El Heirie had as good a bottom as any boat in the trial races, the seams being smooth and the planking free from all bulging. The two skins are put together with crude turpentine in place of varnish. The stem is made of a solid block of mahogany on which the deck, wales and garboard butted. In order to avoid a number of very small ends to the rest of the planking, it is carried up to butt against the wale, as shown in the drawing, thus giving a better lay to the planks than if all had been carried out to the extreme stem. The deck is of narrow white pine, ¼in. thick.

The mast is solid, 3in. in diameter; the boom and gaff are both hollow, of 2¾ and 2in. diameter; the spinaker boom is 11ft. 6in. long and 1½in. diameter, solid. The sail plan shows the full area that the spars will carry; as a matter of fact the sails were not stretched to the ends of the spars, and measured much less. The official measurement of the waterline was given incorrectly in the former description; it should be 14.29ft., or 14ft. 4in. instead of 14ft. 8in. The new owner of El Heirie is Mr. T. G. Bush, of Mobile, Ala.

EL HEIRIE—TABLE OF OFFSETS.

Stations spaced 1ft. 3in. Waterlines spaced 2in. Buttock lines spaced 8¼in. (⅛ beam). Length over all 23ft., l.w.l. 15ft. Beam 5ft. 6in. Draft 5¼in. Measurements in feet, inches and eighths of an inch. Top of plankshear above base line 1ft. 2in. Highest point of deck 1ft. 7in. Highest point of transom 1ft. 4in.

Stations.	Heights, Bottom of Keel.	Half Breadths.								
		Deck.	Waterlines.						Diagonals.	
			C	B	A	LWL	W 1	W 2	1	2
Stem.	1 2	0²	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
X.....	11⁶	8¹	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	11¹
Y.....	9²	1 3⁸	1 1⁶	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1 5⁵	1 2⁷
Z.....	7¹	1 8³	1 7⁴	1 5	4⁴	.....	.....	.....	1 10²	1 5⁴
0.....	5²	2 0¹	1 11⁵	1 10³	1 6⁷	.....	.....	.....	2 1⁷	1 7⁶
1.....	3⁶	2 2⁷	2 2⁶	2 1⁷	2 0	1 7³	.....	.....	2 4⁴	1 9⁶
2.....	2³	2 5²	2 5	2 4³	2 3¹	2 0¹	1 5	.....	2 6⁶	1 11²
3.....	1²	2 6⁷	2 6⁶	2 6²	2 5²	2 3¹	1 10⁴	.....	2 8³	2 0³
4.....	0⁴	2 8	2 8	2 7⁵	2 6⁶	2 5	2 1³	1 3⁴	2 9⁵	2 1⁸
5.....	0²	2 8⁵	2 8⁵	2 8²	2 7³	2 5⁷	2 2²	1 6⁶	2 10¹	2 1⁶
6.....	....	2 9	2 9	2 8⁵	2 7⁶	2 6¹	2 2⁷	1 7⁷	2 10³	2 2
7.....	0²	2 8⁵	2 8⁵	2 8²	2 7³	2 5⁶	2 2³	1 7²	1 10²	2 1⁶
8.....	0⁷	2 7⁷	2 7⁶	2 7²	2 6³	2 4⁶	2 1¹	1 3⁷	2 9⁴	2 1²
9.....	1⁴	2 6⁵	2 6⁴	2 6¹	2 5¹	2 3	1 10¹	.....	2 8²	2 0²
10.....	2⁴	2 5	2 4⁵	2 4¹	2 3	2 0³	1 8⁵	.....	2 6⁶	1 10⁵
11.....	3⁶	2 2⁶	2 2⁴	2 1⁵	2 0¹	1 7³	.....	.....	2 4⁴	1 9³
12.....	5²	2 0³	1 11⁷	1 10⁶	1 7⁵	.....	.....	.....	2 2	1 7⁶
13.....	6⁷	1 9⁴	1 8⁷	1 6⁷	11³	.....	.....	.....	1 11³	1 5⁷
14.....	8⁶	1 6⁴	1 5³	1 0¹	.....	.....	.....	.....	1 8⁴	1 3⁶
Tran.	9⁷	1 4⁴	1 2⁷	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1 6⁶	1 2⁴

All offsets to outside of plank and upper side of deck.

Fore side of stem to
Mast, center..... 8ft.
fore end..... 10ft. 4in.
Coaming, after end..... 16ft. 7½in.
fore end..... 11ft. 5in.
Slot, after end..... 16ft. 6in.
Pin of centerboard..... 12ft.
Rudder, center of stock..... 20ft. 3in.

Columbia Y. C.

CHICAGO—LAKE MICHIGAN.

Saturday, Sept. 12.

THE Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, sailed a regatta on Sept. 12 in a strong N.W. wind and heavy sea, there being eighteen starters in the five classes. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS.				
Mistral	2 04 00	4 51 15	2 47 15	2 47 15
CUTTERS—CLASS 2.				
Siren	2 02 40	4 29 28	2 26 48	2 26 48
Charlotte R.	2 04 41	4 38 40	2 33 59	2 32 22
CUTTERS—CLASS 3.				
Valiant	2 08 14	5 04 32	2 56 18	2 56 18
Hattie B.	2 03 58	5 33 05	3 29 07	3 26 33
Peri	2 02 20	5 14 15	3 11 55	3 06 41
Pinta	2 07 19	Dist.		
Genevieve	2 05 02	5 12 28	3 07 26	3 01 06
America	2 04 21	Dist.		
SLOOPS—CLASS 4.				
Wizard	2 10 31	5 17 14	3 06 43	3 06 43
Vixen	2 10 10	5 23 25	3 13 15	3 11 35
SLOOPS—CLASS 5.				
Myrine	2 15 00	Dist.		
Skate	2 11 11	4 26 03	2 14 52	2 10 36
"B"	2 12 44	4 24 00	2 11 16	2 06 20
Dauntless	2 15 00	Dist.		
Microbe	2 13 08	4 07 30	1 54 22	Protested.
Bowery	2 11 38	4 07 25	1 55 47	1 50 19
Venus	2 13 22	4 19 10	2 05 48	1 57 48

The Steffens cup for schooners, already won twice by Hawthone, recently sunk by a lake steamer, was won by Mistral with no competitor. The Hennig cup, for the best elapsed time of the larger single-stickers, was won by Siren. The Farewell cup in Class B was won by the yacht B, the leader in the class, Microbe, being disqualified for carrying six in place of five men, and Bowery and Venus being ineligible, not being enrolled in the Columbia Y. C. Valiant, designed by F. W. Martin, won very easily in her class.

The judges were: George A. Martin, Richard Summers and A. G. Morey. The time-keeper was Joseph Ruff.

New York Y. C. Fall Regatta.

NEW YORK—NEW YORK HARBOR.

Tuesday, Sept. 15.

THE New York Y. C. attempted a sweepstakes race as the ending of its racing season, but met with very poor success from several causes. In the first place, though good prizes, were offered but few yachts started; in the second place, though the club provided one of the Iron Steamers for its members and guests, with an elaborate luncheon, a mere handful of people showed any appreciation of the opportunity thus afforded to witness a yacht race; in the third place, the weather could hardly have been worse, the yachts taking over twelve hours to sail thirty miles. The conditions were:

SCHOONERS.

A.—Class 2 and all above: $250 cup for the first and $125 cup for the second.

B.—Class 3 and all below: $200 cup for the first and $100 cup for the second.

SINGLE-MASTED VESSELS AND YAWLS.

C.—Class 5 and all above: $170 cup for the first and $80 cup for the second.

D.—Class 6: $150 cup for the first and $70 cup for the second.

E.—Class 7: $125 cup for the first and $50 cup for the second.

For a first prize two or more must start. For a second prize three or more must start. The entries are $25 each, and in each division two-thirds of the entrance money will go to the winner and one-third to second boat.

Special cups will be awarded as follows: Mr. John R. Drexel, N. Y. Y. C., offers a cup for the schooner making the best corrected time; and Mr. M. C. D. Borden, N. Y. Y. C., a cup for the single-masted vessel or yawl making the best corrected time.

For the schooners, course No. 1 of the club will be sailed; and for the single-masted vessels or yawls, course No. 2.

As soon as the yachts sailing the sweepstakes have been sent away, a special race for 30-footers owned by members of the club will be started. The course will be an eighteen-mile triangle in the lower bay.

The prizes for the "thirties" will be a $100 cup for the first, if two or more start; $75 for the second, if three or more start, and a $50 cup for the third, if five or more start.

The club boat Cepheus will leave Pier No. 1, Hudson River, at 9:45 o'clock, morning of the race, and will land at the same point returning. Tickets admitting a member and lady can be obtained from the superintendent at the club house.

The distinction made in the above programme is a very fine one indeed. "The *30 footers* will be started immediately after the *yachts* have been sent away." In the absence of the regatta committee, Vice-Com. Ward and Mr. J. F. Tams were on the committee boat Luckenback. The steamer Cepheus carried a party of about fifty.

The morning was cool and cloudy, with a very light S.W. wind. The start was made at 11:35 for the cutters, Wasp and Uvira going over after the handicap gun, the former leading. The schooners were started at 11:40, Colonia crossing at 11:44:58 and Emerald and Quissetta just astern of her, being handicapped. But three 30-footers started: Hera, Musme and Mai. The light S.W. wind made a close reach to the Spit, the tide being flood. Colonia soon had a good lead on the fleet, while Quissetta stuck close to Emerald. The wind freed them after a time, and they went on slowly for the S.W. Spit; finally it fell and left them drifting from 1 o'clock to nearly 4, all still inside the Hook. Emerald gave up, but the others kept on drifting until they covered the course at midnight. The times were:

SCHOONERS—CLASSES 2 AND 3.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Colonia	11 44 58	11 42 58	11 58 00	11 58 00
Emerald	11 45 00	Withdrew.		
Quissetta	11 45 00	12 01 00	12 16 00	12 02 59

Colonia and Emerald sailed for the autumn sweepstakes, for the club prize of class 2 and the Drexel cup. Quissetta sailed for the Drexel cup only. Colonia wins the sweepstakes, the club prize and Drexel cup.

CUTTERS—CLASSES 4 AND 5.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Wasp	11 40 00	11 43 05	12 03 05	12 03 05
Uvira	11 40 00	12 20 00	12 40 00	12 27 16

Wasp wins the Borden cup. Uvira sails over for the sweepstakes of her class.

SPECIAL 30FT. CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hera	11 55 00	6 09 12	6 14 12
Musme	11 55 00	8 47 15	8 52 15
Mai	11 55 00	Withdrew.	

Hera wins $100 cup. Musme wins $75 cup.

Lynn Y. C. Open Regatta.

NAHANT—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Monday, Sept. 7.

THE Lynn Y. C. sailed an open regatta on Sept. 7 off Nahant in a very light and fluky breeze. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Emma C., P. A. Coupal	29.04	2 45 06	2 17 18
Ida J., F. E. Beckman	29.04	2 46 14	2 18 26
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	25.06	2 51 01	2 19 29
Harbinger, W. F. Bache	28.04	2 53 31	2 24 48
Climax, M. F. Kelley	26.04	Withdrew.	
Arbutus, J. F. Small	29.11	Withdrew.	

SECOND CLASS.

Rex, J. B. Farrell	24.00	2 52 16	2 19 04
Gleaner, F. O. Wellington	23.10	3 01 31	2 30 08
Snipe II., Boardman Bros.	22.03	3 07 32	2 32 12
Romance, L. Sears	24.04	3 09 02	2 36 13
Cleopatra, H. M. Faxon	21.02	3 14 18	2 37 33
Tantrum, F. D. Perkins	24.09	3 17 39	2 45 18
Privateer, A. E. Schaaf	22.11	3 20 52	2 46 23
Ariel, A. W. Gosby	21.03	3 27 23	2 53 18
Thrush, J. H. Flemming	24.02	Withdrew.	

THIRD CLASS.

Nancy Hanks, P. W. Maglathlin	20.06	1 49 12	1 22 49
Arab, W. F. Scott	18.01	1 59 41	1 30 41
Wawanda, Benner & Paltern	19.11	2 01 06	1 34 08
Harriett, L. T. Harrington	20.07	2 05 34	1 39 16
Skate, H. Blanchard	20.03	2 06 21	1 39 43
Mephisto, J. Spratt	19.04	2 08 12	1 40 36
Goat, K. Horton	20.03	. . . .	. . . .
Zoe, J. McCarthy	19.06	. . . .	. . . .

FOURTH CLASS

Circe, F. L. Pigeon	16.05	1 59 25	1 28 19
Fantasy, W. Allerton	16.06	2 14 25	1 43 26
Sunbeam, H. B. Faxon	16.05	2 18 06	1 47 00
Minx, G. D. Silsby	17.11	2 17 31	1 48 19
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	17.06	2 19 09	1 49 26
Ruth, E. E. Winkley	16.04	2 22 20	1 51 07
May R., N. C. Robinson	17.07	. . . .	. . . .

KNOCKABOUTS.

Bo Peep, Clark & North	....	1 55 57	. . . .
La Chica, C. J. Souther	....	1 59 32	. . . .
Water Lily, H. M. Sears	....	2 07 27	. . . .
Jacktar, T. E. Jacobs	....	2 14 09	. . . .
Torpedo, J. J. Souther	....	2 17 24	. . . .
Vishnu, C. F. Ayer	....	Withdrew.	

Massachusetts Y. R. A.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Sept. 12.

THE Massachusetts Y. R. A. arranged for a final race at Hull on Sept. 12 with an illumination in the evening, but a heavy fog over Massachusetts Bay spoiled the sport. A few of the yachts of the South Boston Y. C. started in the fog for a handicap race to Hull, the elapsed times being:

Julia, Perkins	1 56 42	Emma C., P. A. Coupal	2 04 46
Fantasy, W. Allerton	1 57 34	Volante, Shuman	2 07 11
Jessie	2 01 55	Cocheco, F. Borden	2 08 30
Rex, J. B. Farrell	2 02 10	Quissett, Perkins	2 08 32

A race was started at 2:30 from Hull, but only a few yachts started, the times being:

THIRD CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gleaner, F. O. Wellington	24.03	2 26 33	1 54 20
Beatrice, J. Cavanaugh	30.11	2 25 10	1 56 03
Privateer, A. E. Schaaf	25.05	Withdrew.	

FOURTH CLASS.

Opechee, W. P. Barker	22.00	2 46 08	2 21 37
Cleopatra, H. M. Faxon	21.09	Withdrew.	

KNOCKABOUTS.

La Chica, C. V. Souther	21.00	2 09 16	. . . .
Torpedo, J. J. Souther	21.00	2 10 20	. . . .
Jacktar, T. E. Jacobs	21.00	Withdrew.	
Tautog, W. O. Gray	21.00	Withdrew.	
Nike, C. A. Cooley	21.00	Withdrew.	

SIXTH CLASS.

Don, Mr. Cushman	....	2 34 16	. . . .

Wood's Holl Y. C.

WOOD'S HOLL, MASS.

Monday, Sept. 7.

THE Wood's Holl Y. C. sailed a race on Sept. 7 off Penzance in Buzzard's Bay in a very light air, the times being:

KNOCKABOUTS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vicero, Forbes	2 16 44	2 07 57
Turkey, Dennison	2 19 40	2 10 56
Kitten, Forbes	2 28 33	2 20 17

SECOND CLASS.

Elytie, Veeder	2 42 15	2 26 08
Maude S., Childs	2 44 26	2 28 29

SPRITSAILS.

Hope, Veeder	1 35 44	1 19 45
Dude, Hibbard	1 43 40	1 28 20
In It, R. J. Hardin	1 44 12	1 29 12
Try, Hardin	1 47 36	1 32 30

Squantum Y. C.

SQUANTUM, MASS.

Saturday, Sept. 12.

THE second race of the Squantum Y. C. for the Burkhardt cup was sailed on Sept. 12, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Magnolia, E. Hardy	20.08	1 44 35	1 18 22
Clara Lou, W. J. Coombs	21.00	1 44 30	1 18 37
Payomet, H. Flood	21.04	1 45 01	1 19 27

SECOND CLASS.

Locia, E. A. Merrill	18.05	1 40 08	1 11 31
Burgess, Frank Burgess	19.05	1 39 06	1 11 36
Velma, J. S. Small	14.09	1 59 30	1 26 00

Clara Lou protests Magnolia on measurement. The final race will be sailed on Sept. 26.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa., Sept. 12.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Presque Isle Rifle Club. Conditions as usual: 200yds., off-hand, standard target, 7-ring black:

J R Brown	10	7	8	8	10	4	9	8	10	6	—80
	6	8	4	8	6	9	7	10	9	10	—77
	6	8	7	6	9	7	10	7	6	10	—75
G E Shaffer	6	9	7	5	7	9	8	8	6	10	—75
	8	5	8	8	6	6	6	10	9	6	—72
	5	10	5	5	5	8	8	8	10	8	—72
J G Germann	9	5	7	6	5	6	9	10	8	8	—73
	6	7	10	8	7	10	6	6	6	7	—73
	9	4	8	9	7	8	5	6	8	6	—70
Capt J Bacon	5	7	8	8	7	9	6	8	8	10	—76
	7	6	4	8	8	10	7	8	8	5	—71
	6	5	6	6	9	9	6	9	2	9	—67
John Stidham	5	10	7	6	6	7	8	9	8	8	—74
	6	7	6	8	3	5	6	10	8	9	—71
	9	5	7	9	7	7	5	6	4	9	—68
W J Leyer	4	4	6	8	7	8	8	6	10	7	—68
	5	8	4	8	10	8	4	8	5	7	—67
	5	8	8	7	7	5	3	5	8	7	—63
G C Rahn	5	7	6	3	9	8	8	6	8	5	—65
	5	7	7	9	5	8	5	6	6	7	—65
	6	6	5	7	6	6	8	5	9	5	—63
J F Leyer	9	6	5	3	7	10	10	7	4	6	—67
	4	8	7	6	1	10	4	7	7	10	—64
	1	9	6	5	6	6	10	6	5	7	—61
W B Patton	2	5	7	9	8	3	6	7	5	10	—64
	4	4	8	6	9	5	5	8	5	6	—60
	9	7	6	5	6	6	5	4	2	9	—59
Dr W R Hunter	6	9	10	5	10	7	7	6	7	5	—72
	7	7	5	4	6	7	8	5	6	7	—62
	5	4	7	4	7	2	8	2	1	5	—45
E S Noyes	6	8	6	5	9	3	1	0	4	10	—52
	6	4	4	6	6	3	3	6	4	5	—47
	3	2	6	5	4	2	4	4	10	1	—41
Devalon (visitor)	2	8	5	9	3	6	6	9	8	5	—61
	2	6	5	9	3	6	6	6	7	6	—56
	5	9	3	4	4	5	7	5	9	3	—54

Sept. 19.—The members of the Presque Isle Rifle Club shot their strings to-day in the heaviest wind of the season. Conditions: 200yds, off-hand.

J G Germann	9	10	5	5	4	9	7	7	10	7	—73
	6	7	8	7	9	6	8	7	10	6	—73
	6	5	7	5	10	8	8	9	6	7	—72
Capt J Bacon	9	6	6	8	7	4	6	7	5	10	—68
	4	8	6	7	6	7	8	9	5	7	—67
	5	7	8	8	9	6	7	4	7	5	—66
George Shafer	6	8	4	6	4	8	8	6	10	8	—68
	6	10	4	4	3	9	10	7	5	9	—67
	7	9	8	6	9	7	5	4	7	4	—66
G C Rahn	6	6	9	10	6	9	6	8	5	7	—72
	4	10	5	5	8	6	8	4	8	10	—68
	7	6	6	2	4	5	8	8	6	5	—60
W J Leyer	5	8	7	9	5	4	10	7	7	6	—68
	3	5	8	8	6	8	5	8	9	7	—67
	10	5	7	5	9	6	6	6	6	4	—64
J Stidham	3	5	10	7	5	6	7	8	10	7	—68
	7	7	8	3	3	9	6	6	6	10	—85
	10	5	7	6	10	4	6	3	7	7	—65
Dr Wheeler	9	9	10	9	9	8	7	5	5	5	—72
	6	6	8	10	8	6	3	5	6	5	—63
	6	9	7	5	7	4	4	8	9	3	—62
F Derby	6	9	4	7	6	4	8	5	9	5	—63
	4	7	4	9	4	5	4	9	4	7	—57
	7	7	8	4	7	7	3	5	3	2	—53
J F Leyer	6	4	5	5	4	5	10	8	7	9	—63
	5	3	5	5	4	6	5	5	6	6	—54
	8	5	6	2	5	7	3	9	3	5	—53
Strong (visitor)	6	5	4	7	5	8	5	19	3	5	—57
	4	0	6	3	8	6	4	5	6	10	—54
	4	6	5	5	3	3	5	7	8	6	—52

The Zettlers' Twenty-third Annual Festival.

NEW YORK, Sept. 21.—The Zettler Rifle Club, of New York, held its twenty-third annual festival yesterday and to-day. The popularity of these annual affairs has not been dimmed in the least by the number that are given every year in the vicinity of this city. The attendance at the "Zettler annuals" is always good and this year's festival was no exception to the rule, both ladies and gentlemen being present in numbers that could not fail to be satisfactory to the management.

The programme was a good one and the premiums offered were substantial. The Zettler trophy was won by Thomas Lloyd, who made a score of 70. The conditions of this contest were: 25-ring target, open to all. 3 shots free of charge, only one ticket allowed to each shooter. The prize was a handsome trophy presented by Zettler Bros.

Fred C. Ross, the "Schuetzenkoenig" of the National Festival at Glendale Park, took the first prize on the target of honor with a score of 71, made thus: 22, 24 and 25. Gus Zimmerman was second with 70. The judges' prizes were won by Charles Hornig (65) and C. J. Facklamm (61).

For the competition on the ladies' target of honor there were 24 competitors. Miss Frieda Blumenberg, fourteen years old, and Mrs. F. C. Ross, tied with 3 bullseyes each. On shooting off, both made a bullseye and tied again. On the next shot Miss Blumenberg made her 5th consecutive bull and won.

The scores of the prize winners are given below:

Target of Honor: F. C. Ross 71, Gus Zimmerman 70, L. Flack, S. J. Lyons, N. Mury, W. Dawson and J. Bookman, 69 each; Kronsberg 62, Dr. Groshar, Mike Dorrler and J. Martin, 61; C. J. Watson and C. G. Zettler, 60 each.

Ring target: S. Lyons 73, H. Holjes 73, M. Dorrler 72, F. C. Ross 72, Gus Zimmerman 71, M. B. Engel 70, H. M. Tope 70, O. C. Boyce 70, A. Schmidt 69, Louis Flack 69, Charles Zettler 69, L. Vogels 69, B. Walther 68, W. C. Dameron 68, W. Hayes 68, F. D. Muller 67, L. P. Hanson 67, John Glumenberg 67, R. Busse 67, J. Martin 67, G. Krauss 67.

Premium, best five tickets:

Ross	72 72 71 70 70—355	Zimmerman	71 70 69 69 67—346
Dorrler	72 71 70 70 70—354	Pope	70 69 69 69 69—346
Holjes	73 71 70 70 70—353		

Point target, best bullseyes: G. Schlicht 6¼; Geb. Krauss 9⅛, A. Pegerow 9¾, T. G. Martin 10, C. Boyer 27, G. W. Plaisted 27, F. C. Loss 29, L. P. Hanson 29.

Revolver Shooting in England.

LONDON, England, Sept. 5.—The following revolver scores were made in this city recently:

North London Rifle Club, Aug. 26. Revolver series 1, 20yds., stationary:

W Andrews	767666—38	Brading	767545—34
J MacCormack	775776—39	Robearts	756266—32
Capt W Evans	757476—37	Johnson	347746—31
Major Munday	677557—37	W Luff	674565—33
T Knapp	676665—35	Capt Baxter	775535—32
Denyer	775556—35	Parkinson	766335—29
Holmes	576467—35	Britton	655372—28
T H Howe	467567—35	Franzmann	045454—22
Lieut Howard	765675—35		

Sept. 2.—20yds., alternate hands:

T Knapp	777675—39	H Young	536674—31
W Luff	577577—38	Franzmann	446746—31
Holmes	774767—38	Andrews	357564—30
Comber	756567—35	Robearts	640066—22
Lieut J Howard	775556—34	Lieut J Richardson	236564—26
Denyer	476574—33	J Eley	555044—20
Britton	754764—33	J Gill	240334—16

Scores for revolver championship of the club now stand:

	20yds	Series 2.	Series 3.	Series 4	Total.
Walter Winans	42 41 41 40 40 40	38	39	37 36	—394
A W Carter	40 38 38 36 36 36	32	35	34 31	—368
W Luff	37 37 36 35 35 34	28	33	31 31	—347
Capt W Evans	38 36 36 35 34 33	32	30	33 31	—332
Lieut Howard	41 38 38 38 35 34	36	31	34 29	—354
T Andrews	32 33 31 30 27 21	36	28	24 24	—285

The rest have not shot enough scores to total.

South London Rifle Club, Aug. 25. Very wet and stormy. 20yds., stationary target:

Walter Winans	777775—40	C Knapp	777666—39
E Howe	776767—40	C Malschinger	453564—27
Capt T W Heath	676677—39		

Fifty yards target:

Walter Winans	776576—38	E Howe	453564—27
Capt T W Heath	465757—34	Malschinger	765600—24
C Knapp	455465—29		

Sept. 1—Rainy. 20yds., stationary target:

Walter Winans	777767—41	C Knapp	565477—34
Capt T W Heath	777757—40	C Malschinger	363557—29

Fifty yards:

Walter Winans	766666—37	C Knapp	545557—31
Capt T W Heath	465756—38		

The scores toward the revolver championship of the South London Rifle Club now stand:

	20yds.	50yds	Total.
Walter Winans	41 40 40 40 40	38 37	37—313
Capt T W Heath	41 41 40 40 39	37 37	36—312
E Howe	41 41 40 40 40	37 37	35—311
C Knapp	40 39 39 39 38	36 35	34—300
Clementi-Smith	38 38 37 37 36	38 35	34—293
Malschinger	29 27 26 26 25	25 24	23—205

The rest have not shot enough scores to add up for the total.

Middlesex Rifle Club.

LOWELL, Mass., Sept. 14.—Inclosed I hand you the score made Saturday, the 12th inst., in a friendly match between the team from Company C, Sixth Regiment M. V. M., and the Middlesex Rifle Club, shot at the new military range. This was the third meeting of the teams, and was to settle the tie, as each had won one match. Conditions: 200yds. off-hand, Creedmoor target:

Company C Team.		Middlesex Rifle Club.	
Private Haines	5444544545—44	Hartford	4435454555—44
Corp Burns	4444554554—44	Fisher	4445454544—43
Sergt Gannon	4455544444—43	Sherman	4444354555—43
Priv Worthen	5534444554—43	Randell	4354445445—42
Private Hahn	4543555444—43	Dickey	5455444353—42
Sergt Colby	4444455444—42	Morse	4453435514—41
Private Hardy	4455544434—42	Burbeck	3444444543—39
Lieut Swift	4444544444—41	Coburn	4253444445—39
Corp Rodger	4544444444—41	White	5435444244—39
Private Ahlberg	5544443344—40—423	Hunton	4344544343—38—410

The total scores in the match are as follows, viz.:

Company C.		Middlesex.	
July 11	413	July 11	412
Aug. 15	413	Aug. 15	423
Sept. 12	423—1,249	Sept. 12	410—1,245

A clean victory for the military boys by two matches and four points.

W. H. WHEELER, Sec'y Middlesex Rifle Club.

Calumet Heights Rifle Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 12.—The scores made to-day by the members of the Calumet Heights Rifle Club are given below. Paterson won the club medal in Class A, Mrs. Chamberlin winning the medal in Class B. Scores and conditions as follows:

Class A, 200yds., off-hand, standard target, any caliber:

A C Paterson	2433353435—35	McMichaels	0204444354—30
Dr A W Harland	2343244434—32	A C Black	3042000225—20

Class B, 100yds., reduced Creedmoor target, .22cal., rest:

Mrs Chamberlin	3554454444—41	Mrs Young	0434443044—30
Miss Ervin	4444434444—39	Mrs Whitman	4444000000—16
Miss Whitman	4334454533—38	Miss H Adams	2450030000—14
Miss D Adams	3035533333—31	Miss Harlan	0020000002— 4

PATTY.

Iroquois Rifle Club, of Pittsburg.

THE Iroquois Rifle Club, of Pittsburg, Pa., will hold its ninth annual tournament Oct. 12-15. The programme will contain both rifle and trap-shooting contests. There will be members' and all-comers' contests, with a large list of cash, merchandise and medal prizes. Mr. A. C. L. Hofmeister is secretary of the club; his address is 1717 Jane street, S. S., Pittsburg, Pa.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Sept. 26.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Fourth tournament of the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club. Sweepstakes at 10 A. M.; League team race in the afternoon. C. O. Gardiner, Sec'y.

Sept. 29-30.—BEDFORD, Ind.—Annual fall tournament of the Bedford Gun Club. F. T. Sherwood, Sec'y.

Sept. 29.-Oct. 2.—HARRISBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association. First three days, targets; fourth day, live birds.

Oct. 6-7.—BALTIMORE, Md.—Tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association. Live birds only. James R. Malone, Captain.

Oct. 6-8.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Autumn tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Two days, targets; one day, pigeons and sparrows. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds added money announced later

Oct. 8-10.—EAST ST. LOUIS, Ind.—Tournament of the King's Smokeless Gun Club.

Oct. 14-15.—GREENSBURG, Ind.—Second annual tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club. Targets only. Web. Woodfill, Sec'y.

Oct. 16-17.—TACOMA, Wash.—Tournament of the Washington State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Tacoma Rifle, Rod and Gun Club. G. H. Garrison, Sec'y.

Oct. 21-22.—IRONTON, O.—Third annual tournament of the Ironton Gun Club. Targets.

Oct. 27-28.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Eighth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club. First day, targets; second day, live birds.

Nov. 7.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Cup contest, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club. C. O. Gardiner, Sec'y.

1897.

Jan. 4-5.—PRESCOTT, Arizona.—Fourth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Prescott Gun Club. Roy Hill, Sec'y.

January.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second midwinter tournament, under the management of Oscar Guessaz, etc.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK CITY.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

April 15-17.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex Com.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

In the shoot for the State team championship trophy of Michigan at Grand Rapids the other day, when Holland beat Grand Rapids for the trophy, our correspondent, Mr. C. F. Rood, says that there was considerable difference of opinion as to what should be the referee's decision in the following case, and asks us for our ideas on the subject: A man shooting at pairs of targets, and using a repeater, misses his first target and is unable to fire at his second target through the shell sticking in the barrel and preventing the feeding of the second shell into the gun. In such a case, provided the referee is satisfied that the trouble was not caused by negligence on the part of the shooter (such as using bulged shells that he knew were liable to stick in the gun, or shells too long for the chamber), we have always held that the rule applying to missfires covers the case. The shooter should be allowed another pair, but he must shoot at the first target with a charge of powder only, the result of his previous shot being scored. A. S. A. rules for target shooting do not cover this point for *any* gun, but we have always thought that Rule 20 for live-bird shooting —"Missfire with the second barrel"—should be taken to apply to such cases in target shooting. In the match at Chicago for the E. C. cup, emblematic of the inanimate target championship of the world, Heikes broke the first target of a pair, but was unable to fire at the second target owing to his gun not feeding the shell into the barrel. The referee allowed Heikes another pair.

John H. Shaffer, of Pittsburg, Pa., who won the E. C. cup at the Pittsburg Gun Club's tournament last June, has shown himself to be one of the best target shots in that city by winning outright the cup presented by the above-named company to the North Side Gun Club for monthly competitions. The conditions arranged by the club were seven monthly competitions, the highest aggregate for five out of the seven shoots to count. In the last shoot Shaffer had practically but one opponent who had any chance to beat him for the cup; that was Alex King, the noted live-bird shot of Pittsburg. King, however, could do nothing at the last try, Shaffer beating on that occasion by 7 targets. Shaffer's best five scores totaled 448, while King's five best scores figured up 441, leaving the former 7 to the good. A close fight, but good enough to win by.

Mr. H. E. Norton, of Ironton, O., sends us the following in regard to his club's tournament next month: "The annual tournament of the Ironton Gun Club, of Ironton, O., Oct 21-22, will be one of the best ever given by the club. The events will be at 15, 20 and 25 targets, unknown angles. Expert traps and blue rock targets will be used. All are welcome. The club will give ½ cent for each target thrown, as average money; first day, 40 per cent. to highest average; 30, 20 and 10 per cent. to next three. At 2 o'clock, second day, Messrs. West and Verges will shoot Clark and Stevens, of Parkersburgh, W. Va., 50 live birds, $100 per man, losers to pay all expenses. The management promises to all two days of good sport. The Rose system of dividing moneys will be used. Three moneys in 15-target events, four moneys in 20 and 25 Programmes will be ready Oct 5 For any information address H. E. Norton, Box No. 275, Ironton, O."

Lieut. Peter Gibson tells us that he has had a most enjoyable visit in this city, and adds that his knowledge of human nature has been considerably enlarged by his communings with the good people of New York. The Lieutenant is an expert on rifles and guns, but he knows comparatively little about fishing. It seems cruel, therefore, to let him go back to Cinninnati with the idea that Jerseymen habitually secure trout by clubbing them. While J. Hildreth, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., may have secured "thirty trout in three different runs one morning in 1869 by clubbing them," 1869 is many years ago, and Hildreth was not very big then. Jerseymen and trout don't meet very often nowadays.

Messrs. G. W. Cole & Co., 111 Broadway, New York, have asked us to state that the company will send a box containing eighteen to twenty sample bottles of its "3 in 1" compound to any gun club in the United States, application to be made through the club's secretary. This offer is open for two weeks from the date of this issue, and Messrs. Cole & Co. particularly request that all club secretaries making application will state that they saw the notice of the offer in FOREST AND STREAM. Messrs. Cole & Co.'s advertisement in our columns gives all information necessary as to what "3 in 1" is and what it can do.

We have received from Mr. Thomas Bell, president of the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J., the following note: "A handsome silver cup, representing the championship of the State of New Jersey, will be shot for under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club at Hackensack, N. J., Nov. 7. The donor of the cup and the conditions of the contest, together with other necessary information, will be announced later in FOREST AND STREAM. The contest is open to all New Jersey clubs."

The contest for the Schmelzer Arms Co. trophy, held last year by Jack Parker, took place at Kansas City, Mo., on Friday last, Sept. 18. There were fourteen entries for the event, which was at 100 targets, reversed order. Sexton, of Leavenworth, Kans., won with 84. In order came the following: Charlie Budd 83, J. S. Fanning 82, Charlie Grimm 81, Gottlieb 81, Harvey McMurchy 80, B. A. Bartlett 78, Jack Parker 77, W. G. Sergeant 76, Norton 71, Scott 68, Rickmers 67. Miles and Hubbard did not finish. Sexton won the cup at the Schmelzer shoot last year.

The shooting committee of the Westminster Kennel Club, Babylon, L. I., has shortened the boundary line on its grounds. It has hitherto been a 50yds. boundary, short enough usually for anybody on the birds George Mott always provides, particularly when the wind blows strongly from the northwest. The boundary now is one of 30yds. measured from the center trap. Scores made now on the above grounds will have the little black dot denoting dead out of bounds, a little too numerous for high scores.

The Epilogue Handicap at the Hollywood (N. J.) grounds on Saturday, Sept. 19, had only three entries, the 100 birds a man, $100 entrance, having scared away most of the shooters. Owing to the small list of entries the event was called off, and a 25-bird race, $25 entrance, commenced. There were six entries for this event, which resulted as follows: Loening (26) 25, Edgar Murphy (30) 23, Bland Ballard (28) 21, L. B. Hooper (26) 21, Count (25) 20, Fred Hoey (28) 16 out of 21.

Trap-shooters of this city and vicinity experienced some of the vagaries of the Weather Bureau last Saturday, Sept. 19. John L. Winston was taking part in the target handicap shoot at the Boiling Springs Gun Club's grounds at Rutherford, N. J., that day, and was not at all easy in his mind when the clouds began to whirl around over his head and the day turned suddenly into night. Winston made inquiries for the cyclone cellar, and refused to be comforted when he found there wasn't one.

There will be a gathering of the clans at Harrisburg next week. Philadelphia will be in it too, and Harry Thurman doesn't think the Quaker City will be "out of sight" when all is over. The Keystone Snooting League of that city can put a team into the field that is hard to beat on either targets or live birds, but both Harrisburg and Pittsburg have been doing some figuring.

Milt Lindsley says that he is "chained to business like the other bear." The above being translated means that Milt cannot come East with Mrs. Lindsley to meet his old friends, the manufacture of King's Smokeless keeping him with his nose to the grindstone. His sole recreation is reading FOREST AND STREAM and quarreling with the pet black bear that used to make his home in Hoboken, N. J., so peaceful and romantic.

The tournament committee of the Endeavor Gun Club, of Marion, N. J., has arranged for a two days' shoot the latter part of October. The events will all be merchandise races, the entrance fees being only the price of the targets.

The fall tournament of the Bedford, Ind., Gun Club will be held on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week, Sept. 29-30. Mr. F. T. Sherwood is secretary of the organization and will gladly furnish any further information regarding his club's shoot.

Blackbird shooting has commenced on the Elkwood Park grounds. Blackbirds from traps are somewhat of a novelty to many shooters, and are by no means as easy to hit as one would suppose. They are quick to leave the traps and do a good deal of towering. Their cheapness, as compared with pigeons, is a great thing in their favor.

In our mention last week of the Winston-Gagnon match, which took place at Elkwood Park on Monday, Sept. 14, we omitted to state that Winston allowed Dr. Gagnon two misses as kills. Notwithstanding this handicap, the Austin powder representative won by 2 birds on the 25.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

The handicap on the experts that will be in force at the Pennsylvania State shoot is exactly on all fours with that in use at Buffalo this summer. It is a hard one, but the boys will have to stand it or put up their guns.

The Washington State Sportsmen's Association will hold a tournament Oct. 16-17, at Tacoma, Wash., under the auspices of the Tacoma Rifle, Rod and Gun Club.

There will be target sweeps all the afternoon at Astfalk's new grounds, Elizabeth, N. J., Thursday afternoon, Sept. 24. A special match, three men to a team, has been arranged to be shot about 1 o'clock.

Mr. G. W. Coulston, a member of the New Utrecht Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who has been in ill health for some time, is growing convalescent, and will soon be able to be out at the traps again.

The Elizabeth (N. J.) Gun Club announces its eighth bi-monthly tournament for Oct. 27-28. First day, targets; second day, live birds.

SEPT. 22. EDWARD BANKS.

Calumet Heights Gun Club, of Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 12.—The Calumet Heights Gun Club held its regular weekly trophy shoot to-day. There was a strong wind from the left quarter blowing all the time. In the trophy event Paterson was the winner in Class A, Whitman won in Class B, Black in Class C. The scores were:

Class A.

Booth	1101111100111110111011100—18
Lamphere	1111111111111111101111111—24
Paterson	1110111111111111111111111—24
Wescott	1010101011100101111111011—17
Knowles	1101011111111011101110111—20
Young	1110000011000110000110111—12

Class B.

Norcom	0100101011011100001101101—13
Whitman	0010011101011111111101011—17

Class C.

Harlan	0010110000001010000000000— 5
Black	1100111001010111111101111—18

Seven sweeps were also shot during the afternoon. No. 1 was at unknown angles, Nos. 2, 3 and 7 were at unknown traps and angles, No. 4 at reversed order, Nos. 5 and 6 were at 5 pairs, unknown angles. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	15	15	10	10	10	Targets:	10	15	15	15	10	10	10
Booth	7	6	8	10	8	6	4	Norcom	6	9	12	9	..	8	..
Lamphere	9	6	11	..	7	9	9	Whitman	5	7	6	10	..	6	..
Paterson	9	13	7	11	5	2	8	Harlan	4	5	7	7	1	1	3
Wescott	10	10	8	..	..	..	..	Black	7	6	6	12	2	5	3
Knowles	5	3	..	..	..	..	..	Jacobs	..	..	..	..	..	2	..
Young	4	8	..	..	..	..	..	McMichaels	..	..	..	..	..	..	8

PATTY.

West Lebanon Gun Club.

WEST LEBANON, N. H., Sept. 11.—The following sweeps were shot today, this being the second annual all-day shoot of the West Lebanon Gun Club. There were no expert shooters present, but good scores would have been expected if the targets had been made of some material other than cast iron. The day was perfect and everything went on finely.

All events were at known traps and angles except Nos. 4 and 10, which were unknown traps and angles, and 6, which was 5 unknown and 10 known traps and angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	5	10	10	10	10	15	10	15	Targets:	5	10	10	10	10	15	10	15
Bailey	3	4	8	5	4	4	3	..	Young	0	0	3	3	3	5	..	..
Batchelder	2	5	4	5	5	4	6	5	Wilmot	..	3	7	..	6	..	..	..
Renehan	1	3	4	2	3	4	3	8	Hall	..	4	2	1	4	7	..	..
Briere	1	2	6	4	5	6	7	8	Ober	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..
Pitman	2	7	4	..	..	..	..	..	Cross	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..
Clapp	0	4	5	4	..	..	..	..	Johnson	..	2	5	..	3	6	2	..
Hoffman	2	1	4	0	..	..	..	..	Carter	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Carter	3	3	3	2	7	9	7	..									

A miss-and-out resulted in a win for Batchelder on the 5th round, Renehan and Clapp both losing their 5th targets. Briere, Young and Hall dropped out in the 2d round, Bailey, Hoffman and Carter lost their 1st birds.

Event No. 10 was a 5-target sweep, Briere scoring 3, Batchelder 1 and Renehan 0.

NAP. BRIERE, Sec'y-Treas.

Fulton Gun Club, of Atlanta.

ATLANTA, Ga., Sept. 10.—Below are the scores made to-day by members of the Fulton Gun Club, of Atlanta:

Orme	0111010111001110101101100—15
McCune	1011011110010000111011111—16
Mitchell	1111010100101110011011111—17
Arnold	1111011010110000001110110—14
Hammond	0100111011100011110100101—14
McRae	1011111011111001010011101—17
Richards	1101011001010110000011110—14
Everett	1111111111101111111111110—23
Bennett	1111010000011001100111010—13
Clarke	1101010010011111001111110—16
Frazier	0111010100001000000011100— 8
Holland	1001011111101010110111111—18
Hall	1110101111111100011111110—19
Bourne	1100000000100001000010000— 5
Rawson	1111111111011110111011111—22
Beerman	1100110011010001101110000—12
Crabb	1111111111011111101101110—21
Alstone	1111111011101111110111111—22
Angier	0111010101001010111111011—16
Day	1111111111101111111110110101—21
Morrison	0111011111010101111111100—18
Bizzell	1111111111111111111111111—25

The International Meeting in Herzegovina.

THE London *Field* of Sept. 12 has the following short account of the first two days of the international pigeon shoot which commenced at Ilidze, near Sarajevo, on Monday, Sept. 7:

"The international pigeon shooting began at Ilidze, Sarajevo, last Monday, when 2,000 sovs, added to the entry money, with numerous valuable trophies of Bosnian manufacture, were competed for. The grand prize of 1,000 sovs, added to an entry of 6 sovs, at 12 pigeons (5 at 25 meters and 7 at 26 meters, ties at 27 meters), secured a numerous entry. MM. de Lunden and Journu, Signors Marconicini, Pederzoli Mainetto, Gaioli and Guidicini, and Comte Keglevich, alone killed their 5 birds.

"On Tuesday M. de Lunden led off by killing a good bird, but M. Journu, beaten by a clinker, was quickly followed by Signor Pederzoli. In the seventh round Count Keglevich was beaten by a good bird; while in the eighth round M. de Lunden shot under a fast rock from the corner trap, thus leaving four Italians, Signors Mainetto, Gaioli, Marconicini and the veteran Guidicini, with clean scores. In the tenth round Signor Mainetto missed, and Signor Marconicini also failing to kill his eleventh bird, last year's winners, Signors Gaioli and Guidicini, thereupon divided first and second prizes, amounting to 890 sovs, and shot off for the cup, which the first-named, Gaioli, won. At the sixteenth round Signors Mainetto, Pederzoli and Marconicini cut up the third and fourth prizes, amounting to 250 sovs.

"Considerable praise is due to Barons Pereira and Pittner for their excellent organization of the shooting. The birds were all rocks, and were trapped by Roberts from Hurlingham."

Greensburg's Second Annual Tournament.

THE Greensburg (Ind.) Gun Club announces that it will hold its second annual tournament on Oct. 14-15. The club has gotten out a very attractive looking programme, and issues a cordial invitation to all persons interested in trap shooting to be present on the above dates.

Shooters will be classified, and the more expert will be handicapped so as to give the weaker shooters a chance to get in for the money. All purses will be divided under the old system of 4 moneys—35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent.—with the exception of two 20-target events each day, in which the Rose system of dividing purses will be given a trial. The classification and handicap will be as follows: "Shooters will be classified as they enter, and will be shifted only when it is clear that they are out of their class. Class A will shoot from traps pulled in reverse order—1 and 5 known angles, and 2, 3 and 4 unknown angles. Class B will shoot everything known."

Event No. 6 on the second day (Oct. 15) will be the 50-target event for the amateur State badge, emblematic of the amateur championship of the State of Indiana. This event will be shot known traps and angles, and is open to all amateurs of the above State. The Greensburg club presents the badge and also the targets shot at in the event.

Web Woodfill, secretary of the club, will doubtless be glad to furnish all further information that may be desired.

Programme for Pennsylvania State Shoot.

THE programme for the Pennsylvania State shoot at Harrisburg, Sept. 29-Oct. 2, contains a list of both State and open events. The most important feature on the programme is the handicap imposed on experts, the programme stating that—

"All experts must break 19 out of 20, 49 out of 50, 99 out of 100, in order to get in for money if straight scores are made. This rule will be strictly enforced by the manager of this shoot, and whose classification will be final." This is the handicap that was in force at the New York State shoot held at Buffalo in the month of June last. Some of the experts present at that shoot found the game rather too hard, but Sim Glover, who shot away up all the time, managed to come out well ahead.

There will be three sets of empire traps in use at this shoot, Charlie Hebbard being in charge of the same. Targets, except in the trophy events, will be thrown at unknown angles. A good feature of the programme, and one that will bring out the shooters in the morning, is the average money offered. The programme says:

"In all open and State sweepstake events the management will donate ½ cent for each target thrown, which will be given as average money each day: 25 per cent. to the shooter having the highest average, 25 per cent. to the shooter having the second highest average, 25 per cent. to the shooter having the third highest average, and 25 per cent. to the shooter having the lowest average. Average purses will be paid only to those shooting in all State or open events on programme for the day, trophy events not counting for average in State events."

The Harrisburg Shooting Association, under whose auspices the shoot will be held, adds $385 to the purses. On the first day it adds $50 to the State events and $85 to the open events, the latter being five in number: four 20-target events and one 50-target event (Gold Dust powder event). On the second day $50 is added to the purses in the State events, and $75 to the open events; the same amounts are added to the State and open events on the third day. On these two days the open events are five in number: three 20-target events and two 50-target events. On the second day the two 50-target events go to make up one event of 100 targets, the E. C. Powder Company offering a cup to the winner of the event; this race is a handicap ranging from 1 to 20 extra targets to shoot at. On the third day the same two events make up a similar 100-target handicap event, Parker Bros. offering an $80 grade gun as special prize.

Friday, Oct. 2, the last day of the shoot, is live-bird day. On that day the State live-bird trophies will be shot for; $2 miss-and-outs will be shot off on the open set of traps.

The shoot will be managed by Elmer E. Shaner, who will have the grounds ready for practice work by Monday afternoon, Sept. 28. All purses will be divided on the Rose system.

The following paragraphs, taken from the advance sheets mailed us, show that the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association does not intend to make this year's tournament merely a social event; it is to be for business also:

"The annual meeting of the Association will be held on the evening of Sept. 29 at the Commonwealth Hotel, at 8:30 P. M., sharp, and will be devoted exclusively to the work of the Association, namely, the reading and approval of the minutes of 1895, reports of committees, election of new members and officers, and fixing place for next annual meeting and shoot.

"On the evening of Sept. 30, at same place and hour, there will be a meeting of the Association's Legislative Committee, H. M. F. Worden, Harrisburg, Pa., chairman, and all those interested in the better protection of our game and fish are urgently requested to be present. This meeting will be continued from night to night, at same place and hour, until the work of this committee is completed. A list of this committee will be found in this book."

Western Traps.

THE LIMITED GUN CLUB, OF INDIANAPOLIS.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 19.—The programme of the Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, Ind., is out for the third semi-annual tournament of that organization, Oct. 6-8. The tournaments of this club have always been of singular interest by reason of their entire independence of scheme and their departure from ordinary tournament methods. It has been the avowed intention of the club to hold shoots for sport and not for business, and no regret has ever been expressed by a management there that the "push" was not on hand or was early in its departure. The present programme is plainly marked "for amateurs only." The Rose system will be shot, and there is a classification handicap, Class A to shoot known angles from traps pulled in reverse order, Class B to shoot known angles from traps pulled in regular order. The shooting will be at targets for two days, with a third day devoted to live birds and to the Indianapolis specialty of sparrow shooting. A new method of trapping will be employed, by which the rapid-fire and unknown trap systems will be employed, thus doing away with much of the slowness of live-bird shooting. If this should mean the leaving of birds unretrieved, thus offering the old spectacle of grounds covered with dead or crippled birds, even sparrows, the method on the face of it may be branded as undesirable and wrong for a tournament of to-day. There must always be time to-day to be humane and considerate of the claims of the sport in general upon good observances. Instantaneous retrieving is the only sort, be it for pigeon or sparrow.

The programme of the Limited Gun Club announces that there will be a meeting called on the evening of Oct. 6 for the purpose of organizing an Indiana Trap-Shooters' League, and each club is asked to send two delegates for that purpose, or to appoint proxies. It is to be hoped that this movement will materialize into a grand union of the clubs of the great State of Indiana. The Limited Gun Club is typical of the enterprise and vigor of the shooting fraternity of the commonwealth.

THE COOK COUNTY LEAGUE, OF CHICAGO.

The seventh and next to the last of the series of eight contests of the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League, Chicago, was held to-day at the grounds of the Eureka Gun Club. The weather was cold and windy, he appearance of autumn being strongly in the air. The last shoot, in October, will see winter near at hand at this point. To-day blue-rocks and the magautrap were used.

Up to to-day, in the race for the Mussey Club emblem, the Eureka Gun Club was well in the lead, the Garden City and Garfield clubs being the next of the eight competing clubs Eddie Steck, F. P. Stannard and G. C. Lanphere were bunched for the first place in the individual race of the League. It is not safe to prophesy anything as to the winner until after the contest which concludes the series.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING. E. HOUGH.

Mr. Winston Explains.

NEW YORK, Sept. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The charming and kind article in the last issue of *Sportsmen's Review* has just been shown me. As I always like to know who my friends are, and particularly my "gentleman" friends, Mutton will confer a favor upon me if he will let me know his name and address. Most of the statements he makes are false. Just do a little figuring. Had it taken me "at least five minutes to shoot each bird" it would have taken me a fraction over eight hours to have shot my 100 birds alone. Then think of Mr. Duryea's.

As the match commenced at 2 o'clock and was finished in less than two and a half hours, this statement is false. As to "nagging Mr. Duryea," that is false also. The moment I landed in a certain store in Chicago I was told I could get a race for $100 or $1,000, and the gentleman was "looking for me."

I got the race, as all know. Unfortunately I do use tobacco, and as I am growing old and it is a great solace to me, I shall not abstain even to please Mutton. As to my "monkeyisms," I am the most nervous man who ever pulled a trigger. The wiping of the perspiration from my hands, the fixing of my hat, is a little mental philosophy to steady myself, not to annoy my competitor.

Will wind up with Mutton by saying he certainly is not a shooter, as he says "all shooters are gentlemen."

And again when a person repeatedly tells me he is a gentleman I am inclined to think that he doubts it and wants corroboration. Am surprised that such an article should escape the pencil of the editor.

As to the editor: he treated me particularly well while I was in Chicago. He honored me by asking me to meet his wife. I suppose he, like I, would only introduce his wife to a gentleman. Mr. Duryea did offer to return "our stake." I come from a place (Kentucky) where we never "rue back" and I declined it, though appreciating to the full his spirit.

JOHN S. WINSTON.

Tournament at East St. Louis.

EAST ST. LOUIS, Ill., Sept. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The King's Smokeless Gun Club will give a three days' shoot on Oct. 8-10, at its grounds, Obert's baseball park, East St. Louis, Ill. Twenty-one railroads enter East St. Louis, which makes it easy of access to shooters all over the country. Visiting shooters will be enabled to attend the fall festivities of St. Louis that week. The Veiled Prophets parade Oct. 6; St. Louis fair, Oct. 5-10; the St. Louis Exposition and theatres.

Shoots will be arranged to suit experts and amateurs, and we sincerely hope the attendance of experts will be large, as they have never attended a shoot in or around St. Louis. The grounds are the finest in the State and electric cars run direct to gate. Programmes will be issued this week and mailed to all shooters.

J. M. TRENDLEY, Sec'y.

The Schmelzer Tournament at Kansas City.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Sept. 18.—This time of the year being the fag end of the target tournament season, one would naturally suppose that the attendance at the tournament given by the Schmelzer Arms Co. in this city would fall off considerably. This being also merely an amateur tournament, with no big added money inducement, the success of it was much doubted by those who thought they knew.

Preparation day too seemed to indicate that no large number of entries was to be looked for, but Tuesday, the first day of the tournament proper, shooters began to flock in, and during the day 80 shooters took part in the programme events. This was considered an excellent showing for the season of the year, yet on the next day the list of entries exceeded this, 90 shooters being present. This speaks well for the success of the tournament, as it rarely occurs that the second day's entries exceed those of the first. On the last day the wretched weather cut down the attendance considerably, but those who were present stayed and saw the conclusion of the tournament. The end did not come until it was too dark to see a target. While the last event was being shot some of the trapper boys were clamoring loudly for lanterns so as to be able to see to load the traps. This was the Schmelzer Arms Co. event, and there were five cash prizes, the first being $20 in gold. Despite the darkness Bartlett managed to crack out a straight.

The tournament was held at Fairmont Park, a beautiful place to hold a shoot, situated on the Air Line Railroad, about ten miles from the city and about thirty minutes' ride. Here there were many things to interest the visitor, and the sportsman who so desired could angle in the lake in the park, the privilege of which cost $1—silver or gold. Part of the lake extended so as to be just in the rear of the score and frequently the squad hustler would have to repair to the lake, where some of the shooters were busily engaged trying to catch some bass. Another thing that proved interesting to the sportsmen were the Mongolian pheasants the park keeper is raising. In addition to quite a number of adult birds, there was a brood of six little ones about the size of a quail.

There were three sets of traps in position—all empires, empire targets being used exclusively. The background was a trying one. To the right was a high bluff bank and some buildings, while to the left stood a large grand stand and in front were a number of trees that worried the shooter not a little, and to these many a miss was attributed. On No. 1 and No. 2 sets of traps the amateur events were shot off. These were set at known angles and threw rather a slow, easy bird and quite high. This game seemed to be especially suited to some of the shooters, and a number of big averages were rolled up here. As a whole the averages ran high, and few shooters were fortunate enough to win any of the prizes without a tie.

The open events were shot on No. 3 set of traps. Here the targets were thrown low and much more swiftly, and all events were shot at unknown angles, with the exception of several extras, which were reversed traps, to give the boys a little practice for the trophy shoot.

The ground arrangements were such as are seen at all large up-to-date tournaments, and ample provision had been made to handle a large crowd. The heavy rain on the last day flooded the grounds and everything was a sea of mud, though this had been guarded against, at the shooters' score a board platform extending along the entire length of it. Otherwise everything was pleasant enough, as several large tents provided shelter for all, and the above-mentioned difficulty could scarcely be overcome.

As stated before, the attendance was large. The trade was represented by the following: Harvey McMurchy, representing the L. C. Smith gun, Fulton, N. Y.; Col. A. G. Courtney, of the Lefever Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y.; Capt. B. A. Bartlett, representing the Winchester Arms Co., Buffalo, N. Y.; Jack Parker, representing the E. C. Powder Co., Detroit, Mich.; J. S. Fanning, representing the United States Smokeless Powder Co., San Francisco, Cal.; Herman C. Hirschy, representing the Robin Hood Smokeless Powder Co., St. Paul, Minn.; Herbert Taylor, representing the Du Pont Powder Co., St. Louis, Mo. Then there was Charley Budd, of Des Moines, Ia., and the other Charley, C. M. Grimm, of Clear Lake, Ia., and the only "Airy Lou" Hart, Atchison, Kan.; J. W. Sexton, Leavenworth, Kan., two times winner of the Schmelzer trophy; that Simon pure amateur, G. W. Sergeant, of Joplin, Mo., who shoots like a "perfesh;" Chris. S. Gottlieb, another amateur of considerable fame and an able representative of Kansas City.

There were a host of others present, and a glance at the scores will tell who they were and what they accomplished.

The table of each day's scores given below shows all the names of those who shot in more than one event and averaged above 60.90. The money was divided according to the number of entries: when 15 to 25 entries, 3 moneys; 25 to 35 entries, 4 moneys, and over 35 entries, 5 moneys:

GENERAL AVERAGES.

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
McMurchy	500	471	94.2
Bartlett	500	469	93.8
Budd	500	467	93.4
Grimm	500	460	92
Fanning	500	453	90.6

WINNERS OF PRIZES.

Trautner won the Colt's rifle in event No. 1. Sergeant won the Forehand gun, and Carmichael the Spencer repeater. Rickmers took the Ithaca gun without a tie on 20 straight. Sexton won the Davenport gun, Norton being successful in the Parker gun contest. Gottlieb won the Smith gun without a tie on 20 straight. Hale won the Winchester repeater, and Scott the hunting suit.

FIRST DAY, SEPT. 15.

This was virtually "preparation day," although there was a regular programme arranged, consisting of 5 open events with $42.50 added to the purses. The weather in the early morning was threatening, but the clouds soon cleared away and the sun shone with a fierceness that made it rather unpleasant for the shooters at the score. Bartlett carried off the honors of the day with the excellent score of 95.6 per cent. Budd, Buker and Miles were next with 93. One of the features of the day was Sergeant's run of 69 straight.

Scores of Sept. 15.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7			
Targets:	10	15	20	25	15	15	15	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Bartlett	10	14	19	23	15	14	15	115	110	95.6
Budd	10	15	19	22	13	14	14	115	107	93
Buker	10	15	17	25	14	11	15	115	107	93
Miles	9	14	19	24	14	..	13	100	93	93
McMurchy	9	15	18	25	14	12	13	115	106	92.1
Parker	9	13	18	21	15	15	14	115	105	91.3
Sergeant	8	13	18	25	15	12	13	115	104	90.4
Sexton	8	14	18	23	13	13	15	115	104	90.4
Grimm	9	14	19	23	13	12	13	115	103	89.5
Fourtier	10	15	17	23	15	10	12	115	102	88.6
Courtney	10	14	18	19	12	..	..	85	73	85.8
Fanning	9	11	19	21	12	12	14	115	98	85.1
Scott	10	11	20	23	13	9	13	115	98	85.1
Cox	9	15	17	24	12	9	11	115	97	84.3
Erhardt	9	13	17	20	14	12	13	115	97	84.3
Horton	7	10	18	25	11	12	13	112	96	83.4
Bennett	..	..	..	..	15	..	10	30	25	82.5
Gottlieb	..	..	..	24	13	8	12	70	57	81.4
Snow	..	..	..	20	13	10	14	70	57	81.4
Dave Elliott	9	13	16	22	14	7	..	100	81	81
Bullock	9	13	16	21	12	11	11	115	93	80.8
Leeman	7	11	15	21	15	11	12	115	92	80
Norton	9	15	18	18	10	12	10	115	92	80
Cornett	..	..	..	..	15	9	..	30	24	80
Allen	..	..	13	21	13	..	..	60	47	78.3
Richards	9	10	12	18	13	11	10	115	88	76.5
Curtice	9	7	15	21	13	..	..	85	65	76.4
Rickmers	..	..	..	..	20	13	8	55	41	74.5
Laidlow	6	8	12	17	8	7	..	100	58	58

SECOND DAY, SEPT. 16.

The second day of the shoot was bright and clear, but still quite warm. Eighty shooters took part in the programme events. In the open events Charlie Budd led with an average of 96.5, closely followed by McMurchy with 95.6. Taylor Cox, a one-armed shooter, was third with 95.2.

In the amateur events Sergeant and Buker tied for first place with 95 per cent. Events Nos. 3 and 5 were open to all; the scores made in these events are given in the "open events" table as Nos. 6 and 7. The names of all shooters who took part in only one event, or who failed to make an average of 60 per cent. or better, have been omitted from the tables.

Scores of Sept. 16.

OPEN EVENTS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7			
Targets:	10	15	20	25	15	15	15	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Budd	9	15	20	23	14	15	15	115	111	96.5
McMurchy	10	13	19	25	15	14	14	115	110	95.6
Cox	9	13	19	25	15	..	..	85	81	95.2
L C Smith	..	..	20	23	14	..	..	60	57	95
Bartlett	8	14	19	24	14	14	13	115	106	92.1
Huston	9	14	..	..	..	..	..	25	23	92
Sexton	9	14	18	23	14	..	..	85	78	91.7
Carmichael	10	12	20	23	13	..	..	85	78	91.7
Williams	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	32	91.4
Grimm	9	12	20	22	14	14	14	115	105	91.3
W S Allen	..	..	19	22	..	..	..	45	41	91.1
Fanning	10	12	19	24	14	15	10	115	104	90.4
Parker	9	15	18	20	14	14	14	115	104	90.4
Stevenson	..	14	..	..	13	..	..	30	27	90
Sergeant	9	14	19	21	13	..	..	85	76	89.4
Scott	7	14	17	24	14	..	..	85	76	89.4
Horton	10	14	16	20	15	..	..	85	75	88.2
Whitener	9	13	17	24	12	..	..	85	75	88.2
Courtney	7	11	17	24	13	13	15	115	100	86.9
Miles	..	..	19	..	11	..	..	35	30	85.7
Snow	8	14	17	..	12	..	..	60	51	85
Buker	10	12	15	21	14	..	..	85	72	84.4
Gottlieb	10	12	18	18	13	..	..	85	71	83.5
Erhardt	8	12	18	19	14	..	..	85	71	83.5
Taylor	9	12	16	21	13	..	..	85	71	83.5
Hood	9	12	19	20	12	10	13	115	95	82.6
Norton	10	14	14	19	..	..	..	70	57	81.4
Gillespie	9	11	15	..	..	..	..	45	35	77.7
Hodges	..	11	..	..	12	..	..	30	23	76.6
W H Allen	..	..	14	18	..	..	..	45	32	71.1
Leeman	5	10	18	17	10	..	..	85	60	70.5
Bennett	..	11	..	..	19	..	..	30	21	70
Dickey	..	11	13	17	10	..	..	75	51	68
Koohler	10	14	w	22	12	..	..	85	58	68.2

AMATEUR EVENTS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6			
Targets:	15	20	15	15	15	20	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Sergeant	13	20	15	13	15	19	100	95	95
Buker	14	20	14	14	14	19	100	95	95
Williams	..	18	..	15	..	..	35	33	94.2
Whitener	13	19	14	13	15	19	100	93	93
Sexton	11	17	15	15	15	19	100	92	92
Trautner	15	19	14	13	..	17	85	78	91.7
Gottlieb	12	18	13	14	14	19	100	90	90
Menefee	12	16	15	13	15	19	100	90	90
Bennett	..	18	..	13	14	..	50	45	90
Hickman	13	18	13	14	..	..	65	58	89.2
Thomas	13	19	12	14	13	18	100	89	89
Snow	13	19	15	11	12	19	100	89	89
Hayden	..	17	14	13	12	19	85	75	88.2
Koohler	12	17	13	12	15	19	100	88	88
Linn	12	19	11	14	14	18	100	88	88
Erhardt	13	19	10	13	14	18	100	87	87
Carmichael	15	14	13	15	13	17	100	87	87
W H Allen	12	16	13	11	15	18	100	85	85
Bills	14	18	9	13	14	..	80	68	85
Norton	11	19	15	11	11	18	100	85	85
Horton	13	18	13	10	12	19	100	85	85
Hodges	11	18	13	11	13	18	100	84	84
Cox	13	17	12	10	14	18	100	84	84
Rickmers	13	14	10	8	14	20	100	84	84
C C Smith	..	..	..	14	11	..	30	25	83.3
Leeman	12	16	12	14	12	17	100	83	83
L C Smith	..	16	14	15	12	18	85	70	82.3
Reynold	15	16	11	12	11	17	100	82	82
Bruns	11	19	13	12	9	18	100	82	82
Miles	13	19	11	10	12	..	80	65	81.2
Taylor	13	17	11	12	13	15	100	81	81
Gillespie	6	14	12	14	15	19	100	80	80
Huston	13	17	13	13	10	14	100	80	80
W S Allen	..	15	11	12	12	18	85	86	80
De Tar	8	15	12	12	11	16	100	79	79
Cottingham	8	16	10	15	13	15	100	79	79
N Jarrett	..	17	11	13	8	17	85	66	77.6
McClure	12	14	12	10	14	15	100	77	77
R Jarrett	..	18	9	11	12	..	65	50	76.9
Cochran	11	..	..	12	..	..	30	23	76.6
Carter	13	14	..	..	..	11	50	38	76
Kelley	13	13	..	12	..	13	70	51	74.2
Sweet	11	9	13	12	13	16	100	74	74
Curtice	..	13	11	12	12	..	65	43	73.8
Dickey	14	15	10	11	8	..	80	58	72.5
Gooch	8	17	..	13	9	..	65	47	72.3
Gregory	13	14	9	9	11	16	100	72	72
Ratekin	..	..	..	11	11	13	50	35	70
Stevenson	12	18	10	11	9	11	100	69	69
Hauck	8	15	10	12	8	16	100	69	69
Haley	9	16	10	11	9	13	100	68	68
Hogan	12	14	9	11	10	12	100	68	68
Ellis	5	12	11	12	13	14	100	57	57
Snell	8	16	15	8	..	9	85	56	65.8
H A Morton	9	..	..	9	..	..	30	18	60
Scott	13	14	w	10	13	..	80	50	62.5

THIRD DAY, SEPT. 17.

The third day of the shoot dawned dark and threatening, and the sky remained dark and overcast all day. Though this made the shooting somewhat harder, it also made the other conditions for shooting far pleasanter. The entries ran higher than the day before, over 90 shooters taking part in the various events on the programme. Harvey McMurchy led the band to-day with an average of 96.3, Jack Fanning being close behind him with 94.5. L. C. Smith and W. G. Sergeant were respectively first and second in the amateur class.

Scores of Sept. 17.

OPEN EVENTS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6			
Targets:	10	15	20	25	20	20	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
McMurchy	9	14	19	24	20	20	110	106	96.3
Fanning	9	15	18	23	19	20	110	104	94.5
Grimm	8	15	19	23	19	19	110	103	93.6
Sexton	10	13	20	22	..	..	70	65	92.8
Bartlett	10	14	16	23	18	19	110	102	92.7
Miles	9	13	20	22	..	..	70	64	91.4
Budd	9	14	18	21	18	19	110	99	90
Parker	9	14	16	21	20	19	110	99	90
Thomas	10	13	17	..	..	..	45	44	88.8
Sergeant	9	15	16	22	..	..	70	62	88.5
Courtney	7	13	18	20	17	17	110	97	88.1
Buker	8	12	19	22	..	..	70	61	87.1
Gottlieb	10	14	15	..	..	..	45	39	86.6
Erhardt	7	12	20	21	..	..	70	60	85.7
Leeman	8	13	18	21	..	..	70	60	85.7
W A Smith	7	11	18	19	..	..	70	60	85.7
Snow	9	14	16	21	..	..	70	60	85.7
Menefee	10	13	15	..	..	..	45	38	84.4
L C Smith	..	..	15	23	..	..	45	38	84.4
Hayden	9	13	16	..	..	..	45	38	84.4
Lindsay	9	14	14	22	..	..	70	59	84.2
Scott	9	11	18	21	..	..	70	59	84.2
Robin Hood	8	14	16	22	17	15	110	92	83.6
Trautner	..	12	18	20	..	..	60	50	83.3
Cox	9	12	18	19	..	..	70	58	82.8
W S Allen	10	14	14	20	..	..	70	58	82.8
Horton	7	13	15	21	..	..	70	56	80
Whitner	8	12	15	21	..	..	70	56	80
Williams	8	12	16	..	..	..	45	36	80
Carmichael	9	15	14	17	..	..	70	55	78.5
Curtice	7	12	..	19	..	..	50	38	76

AMATEUR EVENTS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5			
Targets:	15	20	20	20	20	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
L C Smith	..	20	19	18	20	80	77	96.2
Sergeant	14	20	19	19	19	95	91	95.7
Gottlieb	12	19	19	20	20	95	90	94.7
Hayden	14	19	20	19	18	95	90	94.7
Frazie	15	20	18	19	18	95	90	94.7
Sexton	15	18	19	19	..	75	71	94.6
Lindsay	14	19	18	19	19	95	89	93.6
Miles	13	19	20	18	17	95	88	92.6
Hale	15	19	..	17	..	55	51	92.7
Linn	14	18	19	17	19	95	87	91.5
Carmichael	15	18	18	17	19	95	87	91.5
Buker	15	17	18	17	20	95	87	91.5
Erhardt	14	20	18	18	16	95	86	90.5
Leeman	14	19	20	16	17	95	86	90.5
Menefee	14	19	20	14	19	95	86	90.5
Horton	14	20	19	15	18	95	86	90.5
Reynolds	13	16	20	18	18	95	85	89.4
W A Smith	15	17	18	17	..	75	67	89.3
Robinson	..	13	18	17	18	80	71	88.7
Snow	13	18	18	18	17	95	84	88.4
Sweet	11	17	17	17	17	95	84	88.4
Gillespie	13	17	19	19	16	95	84	88.4
Huston	13	18	18	17	18	95	84	88.4
Rickmers	12	17	19	17	18	95	83	87.3
Taylor	13	18	17	17	..	75	65	86.6
Curtice	15	16	17	19	15	95	82	86.3
Gibson	..	15	19	18	17	80	69	86.2
Bennett	..	17	18	17	..	60	52	86.6
Morton	14	18	15	..	..	55	47	85.4
W S Allen	13	15	19	..	..	55	47	85.4
Ratekin	15	16	16	..	17	75	64	85.3
Thomas	..	..	..	15	19	40	34	85
Bullock	..	18	16	..	..	40	34	85
Trautner	..	15	19	13	20	80	67	83.7
Whitener	10	17	15	18	19	95	79	83.2
Wing	..	..	..	15	18	40	33	82.5
Brewer	12	16	..	16	..	55	44	80
Hogan	12	15	18	18	13	95	76	80
Kelley	11	13	17	19	..	75	60	80
Redman	12	19	18	10	..	75	59	78.6
Frost	..	..	..	15	16	40	31	77.5
Goff	..	15	16	..	..	40	31	77.5
McClure	11	17	14	17	14	95	73	76.8
Rooney	10	12	17	18	15	95	73	76.8
Herron	..	15	15	19	..	60	46	76.6
Cockrell	13	16	14	15	14	95	72	75.7
Swartz	8	17	17	..	13	75	55	73.3
Essig	14	7	15	19	14	95	69	72.6
Bruns	12	17	15	15	10	95	69	72.6
Abby	..	16	15	14	13	80	58	72.5
Williams	..	..	15	..	14	40	29	72.5
Gregory	12	10	18	17	11	95	68	71
Wood	..	..	..	11	16	40	27	68.5
Richard	12	14	17	11	11	95	65	68.4
Templeton	..	10	16	14	..	60	40	66.6
Ellis	9	10	13	15	14	95	61	64.2
N Jarritt	..	12	15	10	12	80	49	61.2
Tatum	..	11	13	13	..	60	37	60.1
Norton	12	20	18	16	..			
Peterson	11	12	..	17	..			

FOURTH DAY, SEPT. 18.

Friday, the last day of the tournament, was one of the worst experienced this season at any of the large tournaments. Early in the morning the rain came down in torrents and it looked at one time as if the shoot would have to be declared off. About 9, however, the rain stopped long enough to let the shooters reach the grounds. Then it began again and continued at intervals all day. The light was again very trying, but Bartlett managed to roll up the capital average of 94.3, while Grimm and McMurchy tied on 93.1 for second place. Sexton and L. C. Smith led the amateur class with 93.9 each, scoring 108 out of 115 shot at.

Scores of Sept. 18.

OPEN EVENTS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9			
Targets:	10	15	20	25	15	15	20	20	20	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Bartlett	10	12	19	21	14	15	20	20	20	160	151	94.3
Grimm	10	15	19	22	14	15	18	17	19	160	149	93.1
McMurchy	9	15	20	22	15	13	18	18	19	160	149	93.1
Buker	..	14	18	23	13	15	..	..	..	90	83	92.2
Sexton	7	13	20	22	15	15	..	..	..	100	92	92
Fanning	10	12	18	23	12	15	20	19	18	160	147	91.8
Budd	10	13	17	23	15	15	20	18	15	160	146	91.3
Gottlieb	9	14	19	23	12	12	..	..	..	100	89	89
Sergeant	9	13	18	23	11	15	..	..	..	100	89	89
L C Smith	..	13	16	23	15	13	..	..	..	90	80	88.8
Elliott	8	14	18	..	12	..	..	..	..	60	52	86.6
Leeman	9	10	19	21	14	13	..	..	..	100	86	86
Scott	9	15	14	23	13	12	..	..	..	100	86	86
Linn	10	14	19	19	11	..	..	..	..	85	73	85.8
Parker	9	9	18	22	13	14	18	18	16	160	137	85.6
Rickmers	9	13	15	..	12	..	..	..	..	60	49	81.6
Erhardt	8	13	14	..	13	12	..	..	..	75	60	80
Cox	8	14	14	20	11	12	..	..	..	100	79	79
W S Allen	7	14	15	22	11	9	..	..	..	100	78	78
McClure	..	13	15	..	10	12	..	..	..	65	50	76.9
Horton	9	13	15	17	10	..	..	..	..	85	64	75.1
Hale	..	..	15	..	..	11	..	..	..	35	26	74.2
Snow	8	9	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	33	73.3
Taylor	3	..	16	18	14	..	..	..	..	70	49	70
Clyde	..	13	11	..	11	9	..	..	..	65	44	67.6

AMATEUR EVENTS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6			
Targets:	20	20	20	20	15	20	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Snow	16	14	20	17	14	17	115	98	85.2
Buker	16	19	18	20	14	19	115	106	92.1
Sweet	14	..	17	13	13	..	75	57	76
Kelley	10	17	14	..	..	..	60	41	68.5
Miles	15	17	..	..	..	..	40	32	80
Essig	14	17	16	..	..	..	60	47	78.3
Sexton	20	19	20	19	14	16	115	108	93.9
Sergeant	17	16	19	20	13	16	115	101	87.8
Taylor	15	14	19	18	12	..	95	78	82.1
Cox	17	18	19	19	10	17	115	100	86.9
Leeman	15	16	18	20	14	11	115	94	81.7
Gottlieb	18	19	19	18	11	16	115	101	87.8
Rickmers	17	16	16	17	12	16	115	94	81.7
Schmelzer	8	..	..	16	7	14	75	45	60
Durrant	13	..	15	..	14	..	60	42	70
Clyde	15	19	17	16	8	..	95	75	78.9
L C Smith	17	20	20	19	14	18	115	108	93.9
Cockrell	11	14	14	15	..	..	80	54	67.5
Peterson	15	18	18	18	5	..	95	74	77.8
L E Parker	8	14	16	13	..	..	80	51	63.7
McClure	16	..	..	..	14	..	35	30	85.7
Elliott	18	17	18	..	..	..	60	53	88.3
Horton	19	17	16	15	14	15	115	96	83.4
Scott	15	..	..	19	14	..	55	48	87.2
Roth	15	..	15	..	..	..	40	30	75
Hale	19	..	20	..	7	19	75	65	86.6
W S Allen	14	19	16	17	14	15	115	95	82.6
Tatum	..	14	17	..	..	..	40	31	77.5
Harron	..	18	15	..	..	..	40	33	82.5
Frost	..	14	11	..	..	..	40	25	62.5
Gillespie	..	12	18	..	..	..	40	30	75
Thomas	..	..	17	15	13	..	55	45	81.8
Bennett	..	19	19	18	..	15	80	71	88.7
Erhardt	..	18	19	19	..	16	80	72	90
Reynolds	..	19	19	..	..	..	40	38	95

THE CUP CONTEST.

The contest for the Schmelzer Arms Co. trophy was the main feature of the last day of the shoot. Although much interest was manifested in the contest, the entry list did not run high, only fourteen shooters entering the event. Jack Parker, who held the trophy last year, tieing Bartlett for it at Detroit, and winning it on the shoot-off at Rochester, was generally looked upon as the probable winner, as he had shown excellent form in the sweeps shot at this style of shooting—traps pulled in reverse order. On the day of the race he was decidedly off color, and after the first 25 he was never in it. Sexton won on his merits, and had to shoot his last string when it was so dark that it was hard to see a target. He had to break his last 8 targets to win, but he was equal to the occasion. He won the cup just one year ago at the shoot given by the Schmelzer Arms Co. in this city. He uses Du Pont Smokeless in a

In New Jersey.

FORESTER GUN CLUB, OF NEWARK.

Sept. 7.—Below are the scores made to-day at the Labor Day shoot of the Forester Gun Club, of Newark:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	10
Hayes	7	8	8	7	4	7	..	7	7	7	7	9	9	10	7	7	7	..
D Fleming	3	2	6	8	8	5	8	7	7	9	7	6	9	6	4	7	8	8
Jewell	8	7	8	6	7	..	9	..	..	6	8	9	8	14	..	..	..	..
Wambold	8	7	8	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Cummings	4	4	4	6	4	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Winans	6	4	4	2	8	5	3	..	..	6	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tarlton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	4	5	8	4	..	..	4	4	4	..
Dr Cummings	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	7	9	6	10	4	6	6
Swindell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	3	4	..
Backus	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	5	..	5

Nos. 1, 4, 7, 10, 13, 15 and 18 were at known traps and angles; Nos. 2, 5, 8, 11, 14 and 16 at unknown angles; Nos. 3, 6, 9, 12 and 17 at traps pulled in reversed order. H. E. WINANS, Sec'y.

CLIMAX GUN CLUB, OF PLAINFIELD.

Sept. 16.—The Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield, held its regular monthly prize shoot this afternoon. The weather was all that could be desired for trap-shooting, but the members failed to turn out in anything like the old numbers. Tom Keller, Louis Schortemeier and J. Goodman were the only ones on deck when the club event was shot. Keller, who says that his old enemy, rheumatism, has now no terrors for him, showed that he could at any rate swing his gun correctly, as he smashed 24 out of his 25 targets in the club race. Schorty only dropped his 2d and 12th targets, finishing with 23 out of 25. Goodman, who was allowed 7 extra targets as a handicap, broke 24 out of the 32 he shot at. The scores were:

T H Keller.....1111111111011111111111111 —24
L H Schortemeier.....1011111111101111111111111 —23
J Goodman.....0111101111001011110110111101111—24

THE ENDEANORS DEFEAT THE EAST SIDE.

Sept. 17.—At the grounds of the Endeavor Gun Club, Marion, N. J., to-day a team race between the East Side Gun Club and the Endeavor Gun Club took place, this being the first of a series of three matches. The conditions were 6 men to a team, each man shooting at 25 blue-rocks. As will be seen by the score, the Endeavor Gun Club won by 27 birds, but the East Side men are good sportsmen, and only said "better luck next time."

After the team race several sweepstakes were shot, the shooting lasting until dark. Scores of all events follow:

Endeavor Gun Club.

C von Lengerke.....1110111111111011111111111—22
Welles.....0111111111111110001100111—19
Ingram.....0110111011111011110111111—20
Dustin.....1000100010111110111110111—16
Piercy.....0110111111101011001110111—18
Shorty.....0111111111111111111111010—22—117

East Side Gun Club.

Koegel.....1011011100111011010111100—16
Leuthauser.....0110111111110111101000011—17
Perment.....1110001011001100010101111—15
Hassinger.....1111111100111111111111110—22
Fisher.....1000101000001111010101101—12
Koeller.....0010001010010010001000011— 8— 90

Below are the scores made in the seven sweeps shot during the afternoon:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	15	15	10	15	15	15	Targets:	15	15	15	10	15	15	15
Schorty	13	15	14	6	10	14	12	C von Lengerke	12	13	12	..	13	..	..
Koegel	10	7	9	7	8	..	..	Schork	6	..	..	4	..	..	..
Leuthauser	13	8	7	10	11	..	..	Henry	6	7	..	..	..	..	..
Perment	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	Welles	12	..	12	..	..	..	..
Ingram	6	10	9	9	12	..	..	Strader	13	15	12	..	..	12	11
Dustin	13	10	8	10	10	13	..	L Piercy	..	12	8	..	..	9	..
G Piercy	11	13	12	10	11	14	12	Wanda	..	..	8	..	..	..	..
Hassinger	13	14	11	..	10	..	..	Fisher	..	..	11	8	8	..	..
Koeller	11	9	..	..	11	..	..								

A. R. STRADER, Pres.

OPENING SHOOT AT NATE ASTFALK'S.

Sept. 17.—N. H. Astfalk, who has always been one of the moving spirits in the Elizabeth (N. J.) Gun Club, has opened grounds for target and live-bird shooting within a short distance of the city of Elizabeth. The grounds have been known to New Jersey shooters in the past as Eddie Earle's grounds, many live-bird matches having been shot there during the past few years. Since Mr. Astfalk took the place he has made many improvements and promises to make many more that will put his grounds on an equality with any in the State. To celebrate the opening of the grounds the proprietor announced that he would provide a clambake dinner for shooters, those who were present to choose sides, the losers to pay a modest sum for the entertainment of the winners.

The date set was to-day, Sept. 17, and as luck would have it the morning opened wet and stormy, the rain not clearing away until after 10 A. M., too late to make the shoot a success. The result was a small attendance, Captains Woodruff and Folsom having only ten shooters to choose from. The light was very bad, and the targets hard to locate, scores ruling low. After the shoot was over the scorer announced that Woodruff's side had won by 3 targets, having broken 96 to 93. The score furnished us shows that Joe's score was wrongly footed up, he being credited with 16 breaks whereas the score shows that he broke but 11, a change which gave a different complexion to the totals as announced. Anyhow, Folsom's team paid for the clambake, and Woodruff's team enjoyed a good meal as the guests of their opponents. The scores were:

Woodruff's Team.

Aaron Woodruff.....1111010011101011111111111—20
Edwards.....1111110111111101101111001—20
N H Astfalk.....0011111101101001111110001—16
Blodgett.....0100111010001111100111100—14
Joe.....0110001010101101110010000—11
I Terrill.....1010000110000001101101001—10—91

Folsom's Team.

Captain Money.....0110111110110111110111111—20
Dacherman.....1111100111111111101010111—20
147.....0111011111111101101110011—19
M Herrington.....1111010101011111001101110—17
H Folsom.....0000110011011001101010001—11
Marsh.....0000111000000010001010000— 6—93

THE BOILING SPRINGS HANDICAP.

Sept. 19.—The Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., announced a few weeks ago that it would hold a 100-target handicap race, $5 entrance, on this date. There is always a good deal of trouble connected with the getting up and running of such events, and there is always a little difficulty in awarding the allowances. It is probable, therefore, that it is on account of the above reasons that such races are comparatively rare in this vicinity, for the entry list of 21 obtained in to-day's race shows that it is a popular affair with shooters.

Although the hour set for commencing the race (1 P. M.) was a late one for the time of year, there would have been plenty of time to finish it had not the traps and battery taken it into their heads to work so badly at the start that it was about two hours later when squad No. 1 was called. Once started, the squads shot their strings of 25 so quickly that, had the elements not taken a hand to defeat the efforts of the management, all might yet have been well. While the second strings were being shot growls of thunder were heard away to the south and west, mighty thunderheads appearing in every part of the sky; but the third string of 25 had been shot by squads 1 and 2 before any real trouble in the storm line commenced. The atmosphere during the whole afternoon had been stifling, the humidity in the air making every one who had to move about decidedly moist and uncomfortable. The change came while squad 3 was shooting its third string.

The squad was made up as follows: Lancom, Hexamer, N. E. Money, Henry, Hegeman and Van Brunt. About half of its third string had been shot at when the wind swept down from the west and played tag most successfully with the targets. Dark clouds quickly massed themselves overhead, the various currents of air being rendered very apparent as clouds moving in opposite directions crossed each other's paths Squad No. 3 had none the best of it, having to finish its third string in such weather. Squad No. 4—Frank, De Wolf and Huck—went out and shot its score in strong gusts of wind and a fast-deepening gloom.

Squad No. 1—Edwards, Apgar, Captain Money, Harrington, Platt Adams and 147—commenced its last string in such weather as none of the six had ever *shot at* a target before. The gale seemed to increase in force, while what light there had been disappeared almost entirely. How Apgar managed to score 22 breaks is a mystery to him and everybody else. Platt Adams never saw several of his targets leave the traps, and it was purely a matter of luck when a shooter got a target that he could see; low-flying targets were almost sure losses. So absurd was it to try and shoot in such weather (while it was apparent that the event could never be finished) that Paul Jeanneret urged that the event be closed and the scores called back at the end of the first 75. "Shoot it out," was the cry that greeted him, so Squad No. 1 went on trying to catch a glimpse of the targets that left the traps when the word "Pull" had been said, and finished its 100.

Squad No. 2—Piercy (captain of the Endeavor Gun Club, who had been shooting very well), Welles, Lenone, Baron, Remsen and Collins—commenced its last string, but the 6th round of the 25 was not completed. It was simply impossible to see a target. The club asked the advice of the shooters as to what should be done with the purse, and it was decided to refund every one his $5 minus the price of the targets he had shot at. The scores made in this memorable event were as given below, the handicaps awarded to the shooters being as follows: Apgar scratch, Edwards 2, "147" 3, Remsen 3, Collins 4, Henry 5, Adams 6, Piercy and Capt. Money 7, Welles, N. E. Money, Huck and Frank 8, Herrington, Lancom and Baron 10, Lenone and Hexamer 12, Hegeman 14, Van Brunt 15, De Wolf 18. Scores in detail:

Neaf Apgar...1111111111111111111111111100111111011011010110111—43
1111111111111111111111111101111111111111111110111110—47—90
Edwards.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48
1111111111111111111101111111111111100101011011010010—41—89
147.....1111111111111101101110111111111100111111111111111110—44
1111010111010111110111001110111111111000111101111—38—82
P Adams.....1100111111011111110000111101111111111111011111111—41
1011111110111100111111111001101101101111101110110—38—79
Capt Money...0100010111111111101011001101011101101111111111101—36
1101011101101111111111101011010011011101111011010—38—74
M Herrington.1111111010110101011101101010111101110110101—37
0110110101011111101110101001110011011101111111111—35—72
G H Piercy....1111110111011111111111101111111111101111111100111—44
11111111111111111111111110110 —29—73
E Collins.....1111011101101111111111111111101101110110111111110011—42
1111110111111111111111110000 —25—67
T Baron.....1011011001100111111111111111101111011111111111111111—42
1111111101100111101111111101111 —26—68
E Lancom.....1110111111111101111111111111111111111111111110—45
1110110001101101111001111 —17—62
Henry.....1111111011111011101110011111101111111111111111111111—44
1110111011111011001110011 —18—62
Frank.....1001110111111111101111111111101011111111111111111011—42
1110111111101011000111110 —18—61
J S S Remsen..1111111111011010101111111100110111011111111111110—41
1011101011101011111111101110101 —23—64
A A Hegeman 1001110111101111101111111101111011111111101001110011—38
1011011111111111111111101 —22—60
N E Money....0110111111111011111000111111111111111100111011111110—40
1111101011010111101011001 —17—57
C F Lenone....1011111001111111111001001010111111100111110011101l—36
1111111001111011001111111101010 —23—59
Hexamer.....1110111011101101110010111011011111011101101011111l—37
1111111101111110001010 —19—56
W H Huck....1110111110111111101111000111101111111110001010111l—38
1111010101111101011110101 —18—56
De Wolf.....1010011111111101111010101011100111111010111001000l—33
0110111101111111101111110 —20—53
H S Welles....1010011111111100011100111111001110111110111011111l—37
1111100010010110110100011100111 —18—45
M Van Brunt..1011101111110001010101110011111100101111110010110l—33
1111001011111111101000101 —17—50

RECEPTION AND BANQUET TO PRESIDENT JEANNERET.

Eighteen years ago, in 1878, the Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club was organized, and its first and last president, in fact its only one, is Edward A. Jeanneret, one of the most popular and most prominent residents in East Rutherford. This summer Mr. Jeanneret made a trip to Europe, returning on a very recent date. In honor of Mr. Jeanneret's return to Rutherford, and to congratulate themselves fittingly on their president's return, the members of the Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club tendered Mr. Jeanneret a reception and banquet at Just's Erie Hotel on the night of Sept. 19. The wretched condition of the weather, rain falling in torrents and the wind blowing almost a gale, kept many away who would otherwise have been on hand, and drove many of the shooters home who had previously signified their intention of being present. The banqueting hall of the Erie Hotel was nevertheless well filled as soon as landlord Just announced that everything was ready, and that the tables awaited the guests. Among those present were:

Edward A. Jeanneret, president of the Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club, the guest of honor; William McKenzie, mayor of East Rutherford; ex-Mayor Luther Shaffer, counsel for the gun club; C. H. Coe, vice-president of the gun club; William Gramlich, of the N. J. & N. Y. R. R., and president of the council of East Rutherford; Councilmen J. N. Mileham, James P. Edwards and Arthur Van Winkle; W. H. Taylor, clerk of the borough of East Rutherford; John E. Tyler, editor of the Rutherford *American;* Thomas Hoerner, editor of the Rutherford *News;* William Kehoe, O. L. Marvin, George Lancom (the father of one of Rutherford's coming shots), C. Collins, Louis Laue, F. Brockhart, of the Pullman Car Co.; Paul Jeanneret, W. H. Huck, secretary of the gun club; Frank Krebs, Theodore Baron, of Von Lengerke & Detmold's; H. S. Welles, of Spalding's; John L. Winston, of the Austin Powder Co; Jacob Pentz, of *Shooting and Fishing;* the trap editor of FOREST AND STREAM, etc.

By unanimous choice Paul Jeanneret was chosen as toastmaster, and his efforts showed that the choice was not made unadvisedly. He spared nobody and played no favorites, the result being that the flow of oratory and story was unbroken. Editors Hoerner and Tyler, both of them pianists and vocalists of no small ability, assisted very materially in the enjoyment of the evening; while Mr. Collins, who gave a graphic account of ruffed grouse shooting in Pike county, Pa.; Mr. Luther Shaffer and Messrs. Huck and Krebs, who spoke respectively as to grouse shooting at Sparta and a day's sport in Sullivan county, N. Y., all proved that the love of sport was well preserved in the hearts of the citizens of East Rutherford. The evening's programme was carefully thought out and carried to a most thoroughly satisfactory end, and President Jeanneret cannot have failed to realize that his efforts in behalf of the welfare of East Rutherford as its collector, and his work in behalf of the Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club as its president for eighteen years, are fully appreciated by his fellow citizens and clubmates. EDWARD BANKS.

On Long Island.

OAK ISLAND GUN CLUB, OF BABYLON,

Sept. 12.—President Magoun, of the Oak Island Clay Pigeon Club, of Babylon, L. I., presented a gold badge to be shot for by members of the club, the shoot to be at 25 targets, the winner to hold the badge until next season. The badge contest took place to-day, and Floyd Tooker was the winner with 17 breaks. George S. Mott was second with 16. S. Van Nostrand 15, G. B. Magoun 13, J. B. Lowerre 8, and J. M. Jordan, Jr., 7, were the other contestants

The final contest for what is known in Babylon as "the championship of Long Island" also took place to-day. This contest is at 50 targets, and George Mott was the winner with 35 breaks; Tooker broke 30 and Magoun 25 Mott having won two previous shoots was accorded the championship title.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Sept. 12.—Owing to the absence of the energetic secretary of the New Utrecht Gun Club, Dr. George E. Pool, who has been away from the city for a few weeks, the recent scores made by members of the New Utrecht Gun Club at the club's grounds, Dyker Meadow, did not reach this office until a late date. Below are the scores made in the three last club shoots, together with the results in the club events and the Hegeman prize shoot:

Aug 22—D. C. Bennett was in great form this afternoon, winning the double event of the club shoot and the Hegeman medal, scoring 25 straight in the first event and 13 out of 15 in the other:

	Club shoot.	Hegeman badge.
D C Bennett (A)	1111111111111111111111111—25	101111111111110—13
P Adams (A)	1110111110111011111111000—19	111111111001110—12
A A Hegeman (A)	0111101011111110011110111—19	101011011011101—10
D Deacon (A)	1110w	011101111101111—12

Sept. 5.—The attendance of members at the Dyker Meadow grounds this afternoon was not large. Those that did attend found a strong wind blowing that made the targets fly very erratically. Platt Adams carried off the double event this afternoon, scoring 23 in the club shoot and 15 straight in the Hegeman prize contest; D C. Bennett, the double winner two weeks ago, was second to Mr. Adams in both events. Scores:

	Club Shoot.	Hegeman Badge.
P Adams (A)	1111111101110111111111101—22	111111111111111 —15
D C Bennett (A)	1011011111100111111111111—21	111101111101111 —13
A A Hegeman (A)	1011110111111011110111100—19	010110011101100 — 8
G E Pool (B)	0110111011001011101111111—18	1010100111111010 —10
H L O'Brien (C)	0000111010001110101110101—13	111111101001110l0—12

Sept. 12.—The attractions to-day at the Dyker Meadow grounds were the club shoot, the Hegeman badge contest and a shoot for the challenge plate, A. A. Hegeman having challenged Capt. Money, the holder. The shoot for the plate is at 30 singles, known angles, and 10 pairs. In order to facilitate matters, and to keep everybody shooting, the shoot for the plate was run in in the club event, the 25 targets fired at in that event counting for the first 25 in the plate contest; of that number Capt. Money broke 24 to Hegeman's 16, the latter being away off in his shooting. Each man then shot at 5 more targets to make up the total of 30, and both lost 2 out of the 5. This gave Capt. Money a lead of 8 targets, and as both broke 13 out of the pairs, the result was unchanged.

The club shoot was, of course, won by Capt. Money with his score of 24 out of 25 mentioned above. The Hegeman badge also went to Capt. Money after the shoot-off of a tie with Platt Adams. Among those present were four guests of the club: A. W. Adams, of Chicago; Dr. J. Adams, of New York; Harold B. Money and F. S. Edwards. The club was represented by Donley Deacon, Dr. G. E. Pool, Capt. Money, Platt Adams, J. E. Jones, A. A. Hegeman and Dr. O'Brien. To-day's scores were:

	Club Shoot.	Hegeman Badge.
Capt Money (A)	1111111111111111111011111—24	111111011111110—13
D Deacon (A)	1111011111101111111111011—22	111011011110111—12
P Adams (A)	1110111111010111001111111—20	111110111111110—13
A A Hegeman (A)	1110101101110101111010100—16	111101111110101—12
G E Pool (B)	1001111101101110010110111—17	111101110101110—12
J E Jones (C)	1011110011100111111110111—19	011111011000011—10
Dr O'Brien (C)	1101010111101100110001101—15	101000010100110— 7
A W Adams*	1111111101011111111111101—22	111111110001111—12
Edwards*	1101111111111011101111111—22	111111111111111—15
H B Money*	0111111111101111100011111—20	011011111101111—12
Dr J Adams*	1100001000111101011111111—16	.....

* Guests.

Challenge plate, 30 singles:

Capt Money.....1111111111111111111011111001—27
A A Hegeman.....1110101101110101111010100011001—19

Ten pairs:

Capt Money.....10 10 10 11 10 10 11 10 10 11—13
A A Hegeman.....11 11 00 10 10 11 11 01 10 10—13

Other scores made this afternoon were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	25	25	10	10	10	10	15	15	Targets:	25	25	10	10	10	10	15	15
P Adams	23	19	9	9	5	7	10	13	H Money	..	..	..	..	8	4	10	10
A Adams	19	21	10	10	6	8	14	12	Capt Mon'y	..	..	..	..	6	6	8	13
Edwards	23	22	6	7	7	9	..	..	A Hegem'n	..	..	9	..	6	7	10	..
J Adams	..	..	..	4	9	7	7	11	D Deacon	..	..	..	..	7	8	..	..
J E Jones	..	..	..	8	6	8	..	..	G E Pool	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..
Dr O'Brien	..	..	..	7	5	4	..	..									

Nos. 1, 2, 4, 6, 7 and 8 were at unknown angles, No. 3 at known angles, No. 5 at 5 pairs. Another 15-target sweep was also shot at unknown angles, the scores in this event being as follows: Dr. Adams 14, H. B. Money 13, P. Adams 10, A. W. Adams 10, Capt. Money 9.

BERGEN ROD AND GUN CLUB, OF BROOKLYN.

Sept. 15.—The regular monthly shoot of the Bergen Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, took place on the club's grounds at Flatlands, L. I., this afternoon. The club shoot is at 7 live birds per man, and in that event no less than 4 of the 20 members present scored all their birds. There were 23 shooters in all, 3 being guests of the club. Scores:

Club shoot, 7 live birds per man, handicap rise: Philip H. Myles (28) 7; Robert J. Valentine (30) 7; Thomas L. Murphy (27) 7; Andrea T. Morrey (26) 7; David G. Murray (26) 5; Charles A. Richardson (27) 4; Robert J. Frazer (27) 6; Nelson T. Ellery (26) 5; Frederick G. Hennessey (26) 5; Thomas T. Williamson (26) 4; Richard W. O'Brien (26) 3; Louis G. Jenkins (26) 3; Henry G. Kane (26) 4; Thomas G. Hardy (26) 3; Samuel G. King (26) 4; Paul L. Nelson (26) 2; Richard V. O'Brien (27) 3; Willian H. Gregory (26) 3; Bernard W. Philips (25) 4; James E. Reynolds (26) 5; Thomas F. Freleigh (26) 3; George W. Daniels (26) 3.

EMERALD GUN CLUB, OF NEW YORK.

Sept. 15.—The Emerald Gun Club, of New York, held its regular monthly live-bird shoot at Dexter Park to-day. The weather was not the best for live-bird shooting, but the attendance of members, as usual, was very good, there being thirty contestants in the club event at 10 live birds per man. Of that number four—Louis Schortemeier, E. Dudley, R. Phister and Frank Lawrence—made straight scores. Six others scored 9 each, while six more scored 8. The scores were:

Class A, 29yds., 7 points: Louis H. Schortemeier 10, Richard Phister 10, Frank Lawrence 10. Class A, 28yds., 7 points: Thomas Short 9, Dr. George V. Hudson 8, Marshall Herrington 8. Class A, 28yds., 6½ points: E. Dudley 10, Gus Nowak 9, George E. Loeble 9, William Sands 8. Edward A. Vroome 7, John H. Moore 8, Charles E. Stuetzle 5, Frank W. Place 6. Class A, 28yds., 6 points: Richard Regan 9, Philip Butz 7, Dr. Klein 6, Joseph Banzer 5. Class A, 28yds., 5½ points: William Amend 9, Bernard Amend 7, Henry Thiele 3, M. Adams 7. Class A, 26yds., 5 points: John Woelfel 8. Class B, 26yds., 5½ points: Thomas F. Cody 4. Class B, 25yds., 6 points: Nicholas Maesel 9. Class B, 25yds., 5 points: Dr. Richter 6, Emil Weiss 5, J. K. Breit 3, G. H. Hillis 6. Class B, 25yds., 4½ points: Charles Maesel 8, Nixon (guest) 6, Dr. McMaster (guest) 6.

ERIE ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Sept. 16.—The Erie Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, held its monthly shoot at Woodlawn Park, L. I., this afternoon. In the club shoot at 7 live birds per man Henry Dohrmann and Harry Blakely both made clean scores. The results in that event were as follows:

Henry Dohrmann (AA, 28) 7, Harry Blakely (A, 27) 7, John F. Schmadeke (AA, 28) 5, H. Janowski (AA, 28) 5, Chas. Dettleffson (A, 28) 4, M. Elcessor (B, 27) 4, Frederick Graef (B, 27) 4, M. Lynch (C, 25) 4, J. H. Roberts (C, 27) 3.

NEW YORK GERMAN GUN CLUB.

Sept 16.—The New York German Gun Club held its monthly live-bird shoot to-day at Dexter Park. The club shoot at 7 live birds per man had 13 entries, and of that number only two—Dr. G. V. Hudson and Henry Thamforde—made straight scores. On the shoot-off for the badge Dr. Hudson outshot his opponent. In the sweeps shot during the afternoon some good scores were made, J. S. S. Remsen, although only a beginner at live birds, holding his own very well with the more experienced shoots. The scores in the club event were:

Dr. George V. Hudson 7, Henry Thamforde 7, Eugene Doenick 6, J. H. Boessennecker 6, John Wellbrock 6, Henry Nobel 6, August Schmitt 5, Peter Garms, Jr., 5, Michael Bonden 5, Frederick Sauter 4, Henry Oehl 4, Henry Leopold 4, Edward Radle 2.

BEHRENS DEFEATS M'TAMMANY.

Sept 17.—Dr. John H. Behrens and H. L. McTammany, both members of the Enterprise Rod and Gun Club, of New York, shot a race to-day at 25 live birds per man on the grounds of the Bushwick Rod and Gun Club near Flushing, L. I. The conditions of the race were 25 live birds per man, McTammany conceding Behrens 2yds. handicap, $50 a side, loser to pay for the birds, modified Hurlingham rules to govern. Although McTammany led early in the race, the doctor caught him in the last 10 and finally won by the score of 18 to 16.

The attendance of interested shooters was quite large and a fair number of entries was obtained in some miss-and-out events shot during the afternoon. The first event of this kind, $2 entrance, birds extra, resulted as follows:

No. 1, handicap rise: Philip H. Myles (30) 3, Robert J. Valentine (30) 4, Dr. John H. Behrens (28) 2, Samuel R. Porter (26) 4, Henry L. McTammany (29) 1, John G. Burnett (26) 3, Thomas S. Foster (26) 0, James E. Bennett (28) 0, George W. Selover (26) 1, Andrew J. Schaeffer (26) 5, Henry P. Schleuter (27) 2, George W. Coates (25) 1, James S. French (26) 2, Henry T. Elliott (26) 1, Dr. Emil Schraeder (29) 4, George W. Williamson (26) 1.

No. 2, same conditions, except all at 28yds.: Dr. Schraeder 2, McTammany, Bennett, Behrens and Myles 1, Valentine 0.

No. 3, same: Williamson 3, Valentine, Coates, Schraeder and Elliott 2, Behrens, French, Schleuter and Schaeffer 1, Myles and Selover 0.

No. 4, same: Valentine 5, Myles and Porter 4, Behrens, Williamson and Selover 3, Foster 2, Schleuter 1.

EXCELSIOR ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Sept. 17.—The Excelsior Rod and Gun Club commenced its series of prize shoots to-day at Bay Side, L. I. The winner of the first of the series was George W. Orton, who took the club badge after shooting off a tie with three others, who like himself had scored 6 out of 7 in the club event. The names of the three above mentioned were: Dr. H. K. Heimberger, Thos. E. Richards and Samuel R. Williams. The shoot-off, miss-and-out, resulted as follows: Orton 5, Williams 4, Heimberger 3, Richards 1. The scores in the club badge shoot were:

George W. Orton (28) 6, Dr. Henry K. Heimberger (28) 6, Thomas E. Richards (27) 16, Samuel R. Williams (28) 6, David J. Kingsland (26) 5, Richard E. Deegan (26) 4, Benjamin G. Williams (26) 4, Andrew T. Seegul (26) 3, William H. Archer (27) 5, Thomas L. Henderson (27) 3, James W. O'Dell (28) 2, David G. Nelson (27) 4, Louis G. Wilson (28) 2, Henry K. Jackson (26) 1.

FOUNTAIN ROD AND GUN CLUB, OF BROOKLYN.

Sept. 17.—The turnout at the regular monthly shoot of the Fountain Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, held to-day at Dexter Park, was only small, four members taking part in the club shoot for the Brixey cup. Louis Duryea won the cup by scoring his 10 birds straight. During the afternoon he shot at 40 birds, scoring 37 of them; he also shot at 5, using only one hand, and scored all 5. The scores for the Brixey cup were:

Louis T. Duryea (30) 10, Wm Lair (30) 9, Dr. A. Eddy (29) 9, Wm. R Allen (28) 8.

Fitchburg Gun Club.

FITCHBURG, MASS., Sept. 7.—Members of the Fitchburg Gun Club and their guests did some shooting at targets to-day. Each man shot at 5 strings of 10 targets, unknown angles. The best scores made were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
S W Putnam, Jr.	6	10	9	10	8—43	M K Smith	7	7	8	7	8—37
I O Converse	7	7	10	9	9—42	Geo W Field	8	7	7	7	7—36
C D Wilder	8	7	9	8	9—41	A F W Brown	8	4	6	9	6—33
H P Kimball	9	6	7	9	9—40	E T Roby	5	5	5	8	8—31
M A Cutler	8	5	9	9	9—40	C P Punchard	8	5	6	3	5—27
J F Curley	5	8	9	8	9—38	W C White	3	5	5	7	7—27
E F Lewis	8	7	7	7	9—38						

Holland Defeats Grand Rapids.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Sept. 12.—The tie made two weeks ago by the teams of the Holland Gun Club and the Valley City Gun Club, of this place, was shot off to-day, resulting in favor of the visitors by 7 targets. Neither club had any occasion to feel pride in the scores, the winning team getting one less target than they tied on at the first shoot and the home team 7 less. It had been raining most of the day, and was a windy, chilly time to shoot; but a number of spectators were out and much interest manifested. Some of the visitors telephoned the result to Holland, and the citizens arranged to meet the winners with a band on their return.

A good deal of time and more breath were wasted by conflicting ideas in applying shooting rules to repeating shotguns used in doubles. If there is a rule that governs in cases where a repeater fails to eject the first shell or the second one sticks in the chamber, no one knew it, and there were a dozen different constructions placed on the rule governing double-barreled guns as applied to repeaters. We would like FOREST AND STREAM's opinion on the case. A. B. is to shoot at a pair, misses his first target, and shell sticks in the gun so he cannot fire at the second. Is he to have another pair? If so, and he breaks both, is it one lost and one broken or do both count?

There was the utmost good feeling throughout the afternoon, and the Holland men at once announced that they would not stand on technicalities, but were ready to accept a challenge at our earliest convenience. Scores:

Holland Gun Club.

Thirty singles, expert rule:

Van Eyck	1101110001110111111100011111100—20
De Roo	0011100101111101001001101101111—18
Ferguson	1110111101111101101111101010101—22
Arleth	1111100101101111111011101111110—23
Karstens	1111111111111011101111001001l—24—107

Ten pairs:

Van Eyck	10 11 10 10 10 11 01 00 11 11—13
De Roo	11 10 11 10 00 01 11 10 11 10—13
Ferguson	10 11 10 11 10 10 10 00 00 10—10
Arleth	11 10 00 10 11 10 10 10 00 11—11
Karstens	11 11 11 10 10 10 11 10 11 11—16—63

Valley City Gun Club.

Thirty singles, expert rule:

Coleman	1100111111111110000001111111011—21
Holcomb	0010111111110010100111101110l0—19
Gould	0011111011111111111011010l011—23
Walton	0001100101111101111111111111001—21
Wharton	0011011110111100010000111101l0—17—101

Ten pairs:

Coleman	10 01 00 10 11 11 11 10 01 11—13
Holcomb	11 11 00 01 10 10 01 10 10 11—12
Gould	10 11 01 11 10 10 11 00 10 10—12
Walton	11 11 11 00 10 10 11 01 10 11—14
Wharton	11 11 10 10 10 10 10 00 10 01—11—62

C. F. ROOD.

Parker Gun Club.

MERIDEN, Conn., Sept. 18.—Below find records of our second annual Labor Day tournament, which proved a grand success in every particular. No. 7 event was an optional sweep, with some very nice merchandise prizes added, which made it very attractive. The club added $10 cash to the purse in No. 9, which made it a very handsome sum. We had a good number of shooters from New Haven, Willimantic, Holyoke, Mass.; Springfield, Mass.; Windsor Locks, Bristol, New Britain, etc. Another year we hope to hold our third annual and make it more interesting than this one.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	15	15	15	20	15	15	25	15	20		
Edgarton	10	8	11	10	11	13	20	11	14	4	..
Tucker	13	13	13	16	14	10	24	14	17	9	5
Holcomb	14	12	..	..	14	..	20	13	..	..	1
Bassett	7	..	9	14	6	12	14	10	..	..	..
W F Parker	12	11	13	13	8	11	23	13	18	..	1
Merritt	9	13	11	16	10	11	21	10	13	7	9
Clark	9	13	14	16	12	12	21	12	17	3	7
Cowee	11	12	10	17	11	12	20	13	14	7	..
Potter	11	12	14	16	12	11	22	15	19	4	..
Orty	13	10	11	14	..	..	20	9	..	..	..
Mills	11	12	12	17	10	9	19	13	16	..	..
Whitney	11	14	13	17	12	9	22	12	14	9	..
Hubinger	10	9	11	15	13	11	23	12	15	..	..
Hull	12	12	13	14	11	13	18	13	15	6	4
Bristol	10	13	8	13	10	9	20	13	15	7	..
L J Gaines	7	12	10	12	12	..	18	14	10	4	10
Currie	11	12	11	14	11	..	19	13	16	..	..
Fairchild	10	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	.	..	..
Cutler	9	11	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Blaney	10	9	12	10	7	8	17	11	12	5	1
Jourdan	11	11	7	..	11	10	18	13	13	9	1
Hart	13	12	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Savage	..	12	10	16	14	8	20	12	..	..	..
Davis	..	10	12	14	12	12	18	12	11	6	3
Penn	..	9	10	..	9	..	17	10	..	..	..
Coogan	..	2	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Birdsey	..	..	..	10	8	..	18	10	..	..	..
Harger	..	..	..	9	8	8	14	..	..	..	..
Riggiouri	..	..	..	..	7	6	15	8	..	..	..
Longdon	..	..	..	..	11	12	18	8	..	..	..
Nelson	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	13	9	13	5
Morley	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	15	12	..	..
Post	..	..	..	..	..	14	21	8	13	6	3
Henry	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	9	12	6	..
O W Gaines	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	4	6
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	..	..

No. 11 was a miss-and-out.

PARKER GUN CLUB.

Two Big Shooting Events.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 12.—The Cook County League of Trap-Shooters, composed of the leading clubs of target smashers in Cook county, although organized but this year, has proved a huge success, and the interest taken in the monthly contests will no doubt warrant the hopes of the organizers of eventually forming a league composed of clubs in all the cities within 200 or 300 miles of Chicago.

Each club in the League having held a shoot on its grounds, the two final shoots to decide the winners of the many prizes will be given under the combined management of all clubs in the League. The first of these two final shoots will be given on the Eureka Gun Club's grounds at Seventy-ninth street and Vincennes avenue, next Saturday, Sept. 19, commencing at 9 A. M. sharp. The League contests commence at 2 P. M. The second of these final shoots will be held on the grounds of the Garfield Gun Club, West Madison street and West Fiftieth street, Saturday, Oct. 3. These two shoots will prove of special interest to all target shooters, as the new invention in traps, the magautrap, will for the first time be seen here. This trap is worked like a bicycle, feeds and traps automatically, and the one trap and one trapper will do the work that it now requires five traps and five trappers to do. Furthermore, it will throw single targets, pairs or whole coveys of bluerocks. The trap will be on exhibition the coming week at Von Lengerke & Antoine, 277 Wabash avenue.

There will be two sets of traps in operation besides the magautrap, and sweepstakes will be shot all day and open to all shooters, whether members of the League or not.

The Eureka Club are so far in advance in class A that they are practically the winners. In class B the hottest kind of competition is in progress, with the Garfield Club in the lead, closely pressed by both the Eureka, Garden City, Douglass and Calumet Heights teams.

A. C. PATERSON.

Limited Gun Club's Programme.

THE third semi-annual tournament of the Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, will be held Oct. 6-8. The tournament is for amateurs only, and the programme contains, for the further safe-guarding of the interests of the weaker shots, a handicap for expert amateurs. This handicap is as follows: Class A will shoot known angles from traps pulled in reverse order; Class B, everything known from traps pulled in regular order. Shooters will be classified when they enter, and will be re-classified only when it is clear that they are out of their class.

The Rose system of dividing purses will be used. In all 10-bird events there will be three moneys; four moneys in 15 bird events; 20 birds or more, five moneys.

The first two days' programme contains a list of events at empire targets; the last day there will be a long list of events at sparrows and pigeons. Targets will be trapped at 2 cents each, sparrows at 10 cents and pigeons at 20 cents. Shells (and the programme advises shooters to bring their sparrow and pigeon loads with them) should be shipped in care of Gus Habich, 62 West Market street, Indianapolis, Ind.

The programme concludes with a call for a meeting to organize a league of trap-shooters in the State. It is worded as follows: "Complying with many urgent requests that we take the lead in organizing an Indiana Trap-Shooters' League, we hereby call a meeting for that purpose at Indianapolis on the evening of Oct. 6. Clubs are requested to each send two delegates. Such clubs as may not have delegates present may be represented by proxies."

Trap-Shooting at Brome Corner, P. Q.

SUTTON JUNCTION, Sept. 9.—The trap-shooting tournament given by the Sutton Junction Gun Club at Brome Corner to-day, the last day of Brome county's annual exhibition, was a success in more ways than one. Trap-shooting is a clean and gentlemanly sport that is rapidly gaining favor in the eastern townships, as will be seen by the fact that no less than eight different clubs were represented at this meeting, none of which could trace their inception to an earlier date than September of 1895, and a glance at the accompanying scores will show that they have made no mean progress in the art. The birds were not what are commonly known as skyrockets, but were thrown at an elevation of about 10ft. and fully 50yds., from expert traps. In most of the events the purses were divided by the Rose system, which is becoming very popular in this section—another mark of progress, and more honor to FOREST AND STREAM.

Among the well-known shots from a distance may be mentioned Messrs. T. M. Craig, J. G. Walton, N. G. Bray, J. F. Morkell, J. Kirkpatrick and N. N. Walley, of Sherbrooke; J. B. Goodhue and J. Raymond, of Rack Island; W. Tagget, of Magog; Mr. Meyres, of Granby; and Dr. Martin, R. F. Shaw, Rev. J. I. Strong, C. A. Nutting, Henry Allen, C. F. Hall, Dan'l Ashton, S. Mathewson and John Macfarland, of Waterloo. The day was fine, the traps worked to perfection and things generally went off without a hitch, under the able management of Dr. F. Page, who handled the squads; Messrs. Longeway and Westover, who worked the books and cash, and Charley Fowler and Capt. Billings, who acted as referees and looked after the traps.

The principal event of the day was the team race for a silver trophy emblematic of the championship of the eastern townships. It was won by Sherbrooke, with Waterloo, Sutton Junction and Sutton following in the order named.

The highest score in this event was made by Mr. J. G. Walton, of Sherbrooke, with T. M. Craig a close second. A certain amount of money was to be divided among high aggregates in events Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7 and 9; it was won in the following order: A. W. Westover, first; T. M. Craig, second; J. G. Walton, third; S. Mathewson, fourth; Dr. Martin and J. Kirkpatrick dividing fifth. In the merchandise match, in which there were eighty entries, the prizes were awarded as follows:

A. W. Westover, first; H. E. Hibbard, second; Henry Allen, third; J. G. Walton, fourth; N. G. Bray, fifth; J. Macfarland, sixth; T. M. Craig, seventh; Dr. Martin, eighth; S. Mathewson, ninth, and R. Smith, tenth.

There was a good attendance of spectators, including many ladies, most of whom had never before had the good fortone to witness a contest of this kind, at least that was the way they expressed it.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	20	Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	20
J Clark	4	8	5	..	6	..	8	15	C White	4	..	..	5	6	..	9	..
E Greeley	3	8	..	9	..	10	..	12	C M Hall	8	10	11	9	10	10	10	13
H Hibbard	7	10	12	6	11	11	14	13	J I Strong	8	6	..	..	7	..	4	..
E G Smith	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	G Clark	7	6	9	5	8	..	..	12
J Edwards	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	J Wells	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
T Nutting	1	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	J Raymond	5	12	10	11	8	12	9	..
J Walton	7	9	11	9	12	11	13	18	S Draper	6	10	10	..	..	..	9	14
T M Craig	6	13	11	11	11	9	13	16	Mathewson	4	7	7	11	8	11	14	12
J F Norkill	7	5	9	4	7	..	7	10	H Wallace	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
N G Bray	7	7	8	9	12	7	11	14	Dr Page	3	11	6	6	..	..	..	13
N Walley	5	7	10	5	8	8	9	14	A Westover	8	12	12	14	11	12	11	11
Kirkpatric	7	8	11	6	10	9	14	12	J Billings	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	12
J Goodhue	6	8	7	8	6	9	10	9	A Goodhue	4	..	..	..	5	..	..	10
H E Allen	7	9	..	3	7	..	4	13	L Delile	5	..	..	..	3	..	..	10
Macfarlane	4	11	12	5	7	11	12	12	D Ashton	..	..	8	..	7	..	..	..
Dr Martin	2	10	8	9	10	10	10	12	O C Selby	..	..	..	8	9	8	12	12
R F Shaw	3	7	..	7	7	9	10	11	Dick Smith	..	..	..	..	5	..	8	8
W Tagget	6	6	..	..	..	..	9	..	W Safford	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	16

No. 9 was a 15-target event, with 7 entries: T. M. Craig 14, A. W. Westover 11, J. T. Walton 10, Kirkpatrick 10, Dr. Martin 10, S. Mathewson 8, N. G. Bray 6.

A. W. WESTOVER.

Fargo Gun Club.

FARGO, N. D., Aug. 29.—Our club finished its target-shooting season yesterday. The following item, taken from the Fargo *Forum and Republican* of this date, shows the records of the members for this season:

"The Fargo Gun Club finished target shooting for the season yesterday afternoon, and since Feb. 22 the programme has been shot twenty-three times.

"During these competitions the Hagen gold badge has been won by:

Guptill (8 times)	19 17 21 23 19 22 22 21
Robbins (5 times)	21 24 23 20 23
Lyons (4 times)	22 22 21 21
Smith (4 times)	20 18 21 20
Carpenter (1 time)	24
Redmon (1 time)	14

"The extra targets allowed are not included in the above scores.

"The August handicap for this event is Guptill and Robbins 25 each, Smith 27, Lyons 28, and all other members 30 each. The targets are thrown from known traps, unknown angles.

"The average standing of the members for the entire season is: Robbins .780 per cent., Guptil .778, Smith .694, Carpenter .691, Lyon .689, Roberts .650, Magill .540, Heinbaugh .520, Hector .510, Redmon .485.

"The best scores made above 85 per cent. during the season are: Robbins, 88, 88, 88, 94, 90, 88, 94; Guptil, 90, 88, 88, 88; Carpenter, 94; Lyon, 90.

"The system of handicapping arranged by the secretary has been used the entire season, and proved satisfactory to all the members.

"Yesterday's scores were:

Guptill	7	9	21	Lyon	5	7	20
Robbins	8	12	21	Redmon	4	8	17
Smith	7	11	22	Hector	3	7	17

"Smith won the badge."

WILL CAVE.

The Kansas State Championship.

WEIR CITY, Kans., Sept 16.—W. W. McIlhany, of this city, defeated B C. Best, of Columbus, Kans., to-day in the fourth contest for the State championship diamond badge in a 50 bird race at live birds. The weather was good, and the birds were a fine lot, only two refusing to start immediately.

Best started out in good form, but fell off badly as the match progressed. McIlhany shot a strong race throughout. McIlhany used a Parker gun and Schultze powder, while Best shot a Lefever gun and same ammunition. McIlhany has won the trophy three times out of four contests, and is now particularly anxious to shoot with E. W. Hoffman, of Galena, or J. W. Sexton, of Leavenworth. Score of to-day's race follows:

Trap score type—Copyright 1896 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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B C Best	1 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 • 1 2 • 1 2 2 0 2 2 1 0 2 0 1—20
	2 5 3 5 4 3 1 2 4 4 2 1 4 3 4 2 1 5 3 3 5 1 3 4 4
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HOOK.

Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 12.—A strong wind blowing from the left quarter made the flight of the targets irregular, while a cloudy sky made the light poor. There was a light attendance of shooters owing to the opening of the shooting season. Scores in the club race were:

Class A.

W R Morgan	11101110111111111111011111—22
Ed Steck	11111100110111110111111111—21
A C Paterson	11111101111110111111110110—21

Class B.

J T Glover	00010111110101111010111111—17
De Wolf	11111111101101110100000011—17

Class C.

H B Morgan	00010010000111000010010l1— 9

Scores in the sweeps were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	15	25	25	25	10	Targets:	25	15	25	25	25	10
W R Morgan	20	13	..	..	..	..	H B Morgan	10	9	..	..	..	4
J T Glover	13	9	..	..	..	..	Dr Morton	7	8	17	11	..	..
Ed Steck	21	14	17	..	..	7	Dr Arnold	..	..	8	6	..	..
A C Paterson	15	..	..	..	..	..	Goodrich	..	..	..	14	14	6
De Wolf	19	..	..	..	..	6	G W Pickett	..	..	..	..	15	7

PATTY.

A Tournament at Baltimore.

MR. JAMES R. MALONE, captain of the Baltimore Shooting Association, announces that his club will hold a two days' shoot at live birds on Oct. 6-7. The shoot will commence each day promptly at 10. The programme for Oct. 6 is as follows:

No. 1, 5 birds, $5 entrance, three high guns; No. 2, 7 birds, $7 entrance, three high guns; No. 3, 10 birds, $10 entrance, three moneys, class shooting; No. 4, 15 birds, $15 entrance, four moneys, class shooting.

The programme for the second day is:

No. 1, 7 birds, $7 entrance, three high guns; No. 2, 10 birds, $10 entrance, four high guns; No. 3, 15 birds, $15 entrance, four high guns; Nos. 4 and 5 are $5 miss-and-outs.

In addition to the above programme, the Claridge-Malone match for the Du Pont trophy, 50 live birds per man, will be shot on Oct. 6. Two sets of King's expert traps will be used, and as there will be plenty of good birds on hand, Mr. Malone states that everybody may look for a good shoot.

Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 6.—The scores made at the regular weekly shoot of the Audubon Gun Club were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
CBurkhar't	18	8	11	10	11	8	15	19	A Coombs	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Norris	20	8	13	12	13	6	15	..	Hines	21	..	..	11	11	5	13	..
EBurkhar't	20	9	12	11	12	7	18	19	Cuban	9	..	..	7	..	3	17	13
L Bennett	20	9	11	11	6	8	18	..	Peters	16	..	..	10	..	7	..	..
Forrester	19	9	11	11	10	7	16	..	B F Smith	18	..	..	..	..	10	13	12
Tom Tidler	16	6	8	8	8	2	12	..	Epop	..	..	10	9	8	4	13	12
Bird	18	5	9	9	..	..	..	..	Parker	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..
Snyder	16	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	Jennings	16	..	..	..	..	5	..	..
Sindie	15	..	7	5	8	5	13	8									

The first event was the club badge shoot; Bennett won Class A badge, Bird won Class B and Hines won Class C. No. 2 was at 10 targets, Nos. 3 and 4 were at 15 targets (unknown angles), No. 5 at 15 targets (expert rule), No. 6 at 6 pairs doubles, No. 7 at 20 singles, No. 8 at 20 singles.

Trap at Waco, Texas.

WACO, Tex., Sept. 11.—Inclosed are the scores made to-day by some of the members of the local gun club. The first four events were at bluerocks, the last four at live birds. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	7	7	5	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	7	7	5
Booker	6	8	6	10	6	6	6	3	Prickett	..	..	..	..	..	3	5	..
Conlisk	10	10	8	10	10	6	7	..	Harn	..	..	..	..	..	3	4	5
Hubby	8	10	10	10	9	7	7	5	Cargill	..	..	..	..	..	6	4	..
Ambold	8	10	10	8	8	6	6	4	Kellitt	..	..	..	..	..	4	4	
Seegar	..	..	..	6	6	9	5	6	Seeley	..	..	..	..	..	5	4	
Henderson	..	..	9	8	8	..	..	..	Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	
Earle	..	..	..	..	7	3	7	4	Hawkins	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	

T. E. HUBBY.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

H. P. P., Newark, N. J.—Send me address of a reliable man from who I can buy a harrier hound broken. Ans. We have no knowledge of whom such hounds can be purchased.

C. F. M., Geneva, N. Y.—Ans. Dogs vary so much in size at the age of six months and all other ages that it is impossible to give an opinion of value based on measurements alone.

C. H., Baltimore.—Ans. Jessie Turner is by Druid, 95 (Prince—Dora), out of Ruby, 506 (Rake—Fanny). Prince by Dash II., out of Moll III. Dora by Duke, out of Rhœbe. Rake by Dan, out of Ruby. Fanny by Leicester, out of Dart.

C. N. K., New York.—Will some of the readers of your paper kindly tell me through its columns where fair shooting may be had at such game as ruffed grouse, quail and squirrels and within an hour to one and one-half hours of New York city. Ans. See note of Connecticut resort in our gun columns.

M. J. F. C., Manchester, N. H.—Will you kindly give me the best remedy for killing fleas in a short-haired dog? Also could you recommend some good soap I might use in washing my dog? He is getting very poor lately and I am at a loss to know the cause. Mention some diet that might fatten him and improve his condition. He is a bull dog. What is the best remedy for stoppage? Ans. Small doses of castor oil, given every three hours till the bowels act; also give frequent enema of warm water. Any of the soaps advertised in our columns; allow the lather to remain on. Treat for worms. Meat, milk, bread, dog cakes, liver, cod liver oil, etc.

A. F. T., Lykens, Pa.—My pointer pup, about six months old, has been indisposed nearly all his life. On the lower part of body, behind his front legs, a few inches back on each side, just at the lower part of front ribs, he has enlargements which are hard. They appear and then almost disappear every few days. He vomits occasionally, which is very offensive in appearance and smell. He is weak and emaciated, eats fairly well for a short time, then again little or nothing for a day or two; he is high and long, but very thin and weak. Ans. Treat for worms. Give three times a day five grains of bismuth, three grains of charcoal and two grains of salol; also give five grains of albuminate of iron three times a day.

G., New York.—My English setter has had the mange for the past two years. In winter he is well and his coat is good, but as soon as spring comes on he breaks out. The reason I ask you is: if your experience tells you the disease is incurable I want to put the dog out of misery; if you think he can be cured I should be thankful for any suggestions. Ans. From your description the dog is suffering from eczema. This is a constitutional disease, and is most troublesome and persistent. It is very apt to recur at spring and autumn. The dog should undergo a course of internal and external treatment, and should the disease appear at any time treatment should commence as soon as the first symptoms show. This would probably control the attack and prevent it becoming very bad.

D. J., Pittsfield, Mass.—My pointer bitch, three and a half years old, since she was in heat last, about two months ago, has had some trouble about urinating. She continually squats and tries, and a little which is of a bloody color will come, and sometimes small clots of blood will pass her. She is active and healthy otherwise. She has been bred only once when she was one and one-half or two years old. Ans. It is probable that the blood comes from the uterus and not the bladder. However, try the following pills:

Ergotin	grs. xii.
Acid gallia	grs. xxiv.
Ex. bellad	grs.
Ex. hyocyan	aa grs. ix.

Mix and make twelve pills. Give one three times a day. In addition to these pills give a 5gr. tablet of benzoate of soda.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Tours to the South via Pennsylvania Railroad.

Two very attractive early autumn tours are offered by the Pennsylvania R. R., leaving New York and Philadelphia Sept. 29 and Oct. 13.

After the experience of the past few years it is hardly necessary to say that these outings are planned with the utmost care. Suffice it to say that all arrangements are so adjusted as to afford the best possible means of visiting each place to the best advantage.

The tours each cover a period of ten days, and include the battlefield of Gettysburg, picturesque Blue Mountain, Luray Caverns, Basic City, the Natural Bridge, Grottoes of the Shenandoah, the cities of Richmond and Washington, and Mt. Vernon.

The round-trip rate, including all necessary expenses, is $55 from New York, $53 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points.

Each tour will be in charge of one of the company's tourist agents. He will be assisted by an experienced chaperon, whose especial charge will be ladies unaccompanied by male escort.

Special trains of parlor cars are provided for the exclusive use of each party, in which the entire round trip from New York is made.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1896.

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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page x.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

EGG DESTRUCTION ON THE FARALLONS.

THE account of the destruction of the eggs of sea birds on the Farallon Islands which we give in another column is very suggestive. Mr. Loomis tells us that on certain portions of the island where a dozen years ago a large bird population flourished no birds are now to be seen, while on the other hand, on a single isolated rock, where the birds are allowed to breed undisturbed, they are crowded together so closely that a bird coming in from the sea to alight can hardly do so without jostling those already standing on the ground. Mr. Emerson, an observer who visited the Farallon Islands a dozen years ago, told Mr. Loomis that in the summer of 1884 300,000 eggs were gathered. Of these a great number were wasted because the market was glutted, and there was no sale for the eggs.

It is certainly worth while to inquire whether such wholesale destruction of sea birds should not be put an end to. It is true that at present we do not know much about the economic value of the various birds whose eggs are destroyed, but it may be regarded as certain that they have a value of some sort. In Great Britain, where along its northern coast sea birds breed in great numbers on rocks and islets, it has been thought worth while to protect their eggs and the birds themselves from destruction, and by stringent laws. Similar action ought to be taken all along the coast of the United States.

It is to be noted that those who gather these eggs are the lighthouse keeper and his helpers. These men are hired and paid for their work by the United States Government, and the gathering and selling of these eggs is an outside business carried on in connection with their lighthouse work. We know of no good reason why they should be permitted to carry on this work of destruction. The islands, we believe, constitute a Government reservation, and no persons except Government employees have the right to visit them and remain there. If any others do so, they do it only by the courtesy of the light keeper, and he should be able to control their actions while there. If the birds on the Farallon Islands were protected as they ought to be it would not be long before they would be found there in their old-time numbers.

An example of what protection can do for birds almost exterminated in their breeding homes is to be seen at Gull Island, on the eastern end of Long Island. Through the destruction of their eggs the birds visiting this island to breed had been greatly reduced in numbers, when, the matter having come to the attention of Mr. William Dutcher and others, efforts were made to protect them. Through the influence of the Lighthouse Board and the State authorities the light keeper was appointed a game warden, with instructions to prevent the robbing of the nests of the birds. This he succeeded in doing, with the result that the birds have so greatly increased that they have filled up Gull Island, and have overflowed so that there is now quite a colony on a nearby piece of land. We understand that the terns of Muskeget Island, which have been protected in a similar way, largely through the efforts of Mr. William Brewster, of Cambridge, have greatly increased.

One useful purpose which these terns, and perhaps in some degree the sea birds inhabiting the Farallon Islands, serve is to act as a natural fog bell. When the islands and the adjacent rocks are hidden by mists, the cries of the gulls and scent of the guano are to be noticed at a considerable distance, and in this way warning of the neighborhood of the islands is often given to mariners who are approaching them. The terns of our Atlantic coast are well known often to serve this purpose for the islands which they inhabit.

This subject is one which is well worthy of the attention of all who are interested in birds. It would seem as if the simplest and most natural way to act in the matter would be for the Lighthouse Board to issue instructions to its subordinates all over the country to protect rather than to destroy the birds which may breed or have their homes near the lights kept by the various light keepers.

While, as has been said, we do not know what useful purpose these birds may serve, it is to be remembered that it is but a short time since a study of the economic side of bird life began. Ten or a dozen years ago the hawks and owls were supposed to be harmful, and all birds of prey were grouped under the single adjective "noxious." Investigation has proved that instead of being harmful these are among the most useful of our birds, and it is by no means impossible that before long we may learn that sea birds perform some important work in the economy of the ocean. Whether or not the birds themselves be protected, their nests and eggs ought to be.

THE WHOLE BOUNDLESS CONTINENT IS YOURS.

No pent-up Utica contracts your powers,
But the whole boundless continent is yours.

WHEN Sewall wrote his patriotic lines he did not have reference to sportsmen, although there were sportsmen then, and true sportsmen too, among their number a personage no less distinguished than the Commander-in-Chief of the American Army. But that was the winter at Valley Forge; and American poets and American generals, even one who was as devoted a sportsman as Washington himself, had something else to think about than the advantages of the American continent for the devotees of rod and gun and horse and hound. Sewall's noble couplet was addressed to Americans in their new country. It was not more a buoyant declaration of the limitless opportunities opening before them than a prescient prophecy of how gloriously those opportunities should be fullfilled. You may see the spirit of the poem and the spirit of the people of whom it was written portrayed in Leutze's painting, "Westward Ho!" in the Capitol at Washington. The scene is laid in the Rocky Mountains, and the picture is of an emigrant train filing through the passes to a fair country opening beyond. True, the continent itself is no longer to be accounted boundless as Sewall sang of it, for its every bound has been attained, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and has become populous with the growth of the expanding nation; yet is the Republic limitless in what it is to do for the human race, as we all believe and have faith still to believe even in these campaign times, when the orators tell us that the country is going to perdition and going fast.

But it is not to demean Sewall's verse if we make application of his lines in these days to the opportunities America affords in a number of directions, among others that of the sports of rod and gun. The sportsman has the whole boundless continent for his own. And what a field it is, with its noble game of shore and marsh, upland, prairie, knoll and woodland; in variety, in supply, in game qualities, the richest and the best of all those of the continents of the earth. With its rainbow-tinted fishes of the dashing mountain stream, the silver-sheened denizens of the rivers, the bronze-backed warriors of the lakes, and the inexhaustible variety and supply of the gulfs and the oceans on either continental shore. With its variations of season and climate; its diversity of scenery—mountains, plains and cañons—the restful repose of its landscapes, and its revelations of nature's sublimity unfolded in panoramas that quicken the pulse-beat and make the breath come quick. Truly the boundless continent open to the American sportsman and appropriated by him for his enjoyment were a theme worthy the poet's pen.

In these days of annihilation of distance by modern methods of transportation the sportsman my literally have the boundless continent for his own. And in practice he does have it. The sportsman tourist goes everywhere. He pushes beyond the beaten paths of trade and the roads of business enterprise. The wilderness lures him to its remotest confines. His tiny bark adventures mysterious waters which other craft have never explored. He threads mighty forests which but for him know not the foot of man. He looks out from toil-won heights and stupendous summits upon expanses at whose view no soul has been uplifted save his own. For him alone does the unnamed lake reflect in its depths the stars at night. He beholds the sun flooding with the glory of the dawn mountain peaks which other eyes have never seen. Thus with peculiar significance does he make the boundless continent his own.

This is not all, nor the best of all. The sportsman tourist wins much more than his knowledge of nature and the wilderness; he comes also to know men, the people of other sections than his own. He broadens his horizon, expands his sympathies, outgrows his sectionalism, and puts away the narrow, mean and unworthy prejudice, distrust, envy and unreasonableness which are bred of sectionalism. You will never hear one of the North declaim against the South, who has shared the hospitality a Southern host gives a Northern sportsman; nor one of the East berate those of the West, who has hunted in the West. The traveled sportsman has no part in nor sympathy with nor tolerance for the wicked talk of those who would array one section against another as divided in interest or purpose. If the whole boundless continent is the sportsman's own for the exercise of his favorite field pursuits, it is his too for his citizenship, fellowship and patriotic pride.

If you would know something of the wealth of the resources of the continent for the sportsmen, learn the proportions of this sportsmanship, and make some measure of the friendly intercourse and fraternal mingling of the men of the North and the South, the East and the West, turn the pages of the twenty odd years of FOREST AND STREAM, wherein are chronicled the goings and comings of a host of sportsmen tourists tens of thousands strong. And if you, good sir, would have some estimate of what influence has been wrought thereby, multiply by a hundred thousand fold what it has done in the one particular case which is best known to you, for it is your own.

What a showing it is. The pages which follow in this present number give a new weekly installment of the story, and admirably illustrate, in so far as one number may, the sportsman's resources of the continent. The whole may not be told in any one number, nor in any one year, nor in a decade. It is a serial; at the end of each new chapter is ever to be written the legend *To be continued.* Those who are writing the chapters now are not those who contributed the chronicles of twenty years ago. Countless other hands will add new chapters in the years to come. The pleasing story will go on. For not to the sportsmen of our day only, but to many successive generations, let us trust, belongs the promise,

—the whole boundless continent is yours.

Pennsylvania sportsmen will renew this winter an active effort to cut off the market killing of ruffed grouse. A bill to that effect was adopted by the last Legislature, but the Governor withheld his approval of it on the strength, it is said, of a suggestion that if such a law should go into effect the Governor himself could not have game on his table for his own invited guests. This may have appeared to the executive a good enough reason for defeating the will of the people, as expressed by their representatives at Harrisburg; but the popular sentiment is that the preservation of game is of more moment than the menu of a governor's banquet. The Platform Plank is sound; we shall yet see its principle prevail in Pennsylvania.

Our suggestion of a Maine guides' association, modeled after that of the Adirondacks, has commended itself to those who know the situation in Maine; and there is printed today a letter urging the project as one likely to achieve decided good. We would be glad to have the subject discussed; its possibilities are great.

J. C. Wedstad, Superintendent of the Government Station at Port Clarence, Alaska, now on his way to Washington, reports that the reindeer herds are flourishing and now number 1,200 animals. Mr. Wedstad will present to the authorities a plan of establishing reindeer relay stations in a line to bring into communication the extreme northern country as far as Point Barrow.

THE BOUNDLESS CONTINENT IS YOURS.

Camp Life in Maine Woods. In the Adirondack Wilderness.
Ducks on the Gulf Coast. Minnesota Chicken Prairies.
Elk Mid Olympic Peaks. Deer in Canadian Wilds.

TYROS IN THE MAINE WOODS.

There comes a month in every year,
A month of leisure and peaceful rest,
When the ripe leaves fall and the air is clear:
October, the brown, the crisp, the blest.
—*Nessmuk.*

In that bright autumn morning our train, with its affable conductor, accommodating brakeman and one passenger besides ourselves, at last came to a standstill. The road went no further, and our wonder was that it ever extended so far. Alighting, we had our first glance at the dejected-looking village of Limonite. Its blast furnaces, which once clouded the sky with columns of smoke, as thousands of tons of molten ore poured from their cupolas, were now wrapped in the dreary silence of abandonment. The entrances were closed, the charcoal bins were empty, the windows broken, the refuse ore overrun with vines and wild asters, while hundreds of tons of iron in the pig, ready for shipment and awaiting a market, rose out of the tall grasses in huge piles. The touch of decay rested on all the works of man, and nature was stoutly asserting itself and reclaiming its own.

The narrow bridge which spanned the clear stream that rippled over its bed of oxidized stones and boulders was sadly worn, meekly wearing the desolate looks of its surroundings. The little hotel gave out the only signs of activity in the place. Nearly every person arriving for business, hunting, fishing or other pastime, passes through the hands of "mine host." He controls the township, with its one farm, few gardens and established camps. A shrewd Yankee is he, who proposes to secure his share of the two or three millions of dollars left in the Pine Tree State yearly by the lovers of outdoor life.

West and north of Limonite a view of rare beauty and graudeur appears. Mountain elevations arise, glowing in the sunshine, brilliant in color and impressive beyond description, while in the valley below nestles one of the loveliest sheets of water that ever adorned a landscape. What matter if one small bay of the lake holds 2,000,000ft. of logs stripped from the neighboring mountain side, or that the waters on one side dash over the huge rafts and on the other wash the crumbling foundations of the deserted, dismantled old saw mill which should have been converting these same logs into lumber? Certainly the scene was in picturesque harmony with all the environments. Beyond the beautiful sky line of hills lies Moosehead Lake, and old White Cap through the mists that rest upon its summit peers over the unbroken forest that intervenes to the more remote Katahdin which rises in grand and lofty sublimity in its primeval solitude in the north.

It is little wonder that people go to this quiet place for rest and recreation. The waters abound in trout, deer are fairly plentiful in the forest around, and caribou and moose not uncommon, while

"The whispering air
Sends inspiration from the mountain height."

At the hotel were a few guests long familiar with Limonite and its principal attractions, and to one gentleman and his estimable wife in particular our party was indebted for valuable information and advice which greatly promoted the success of our outing.

Our camp on Pine Mountain was reached by a three-mile ride from the hotel into the wilderness on a two-horse buckboard and a four-mile climb beyond on foot up the flank of the mountain, our luggage and supplies being taken in on a jumper or rude sled made of poles and drawn by a pair of stout horses. One of our party, by reason of a late accident, made the latter part of the journey in the saddle, but with no great pleasure or comfort. We soon came to respect the intelligence and caution of these backwoods horses, as they made their way around boulders, over fallen tree trunks, through swampy spots which seemed to have no bottom, along narrow paths where compression was essential to safety, and across turbulent water courses on corduroy coverings which slipped and rolled under their feet in a perilous way. Had one of the animals been caught attempting to climb a tree it would have been cause for little astonishment. One slope of Pine Mountain paused halfway down its descent on its southerly exposure, and stretched out into a level plateau in which reposed two miniature lakes, the overflow from which found its way down the mountain to the beautiful body of water at Limonite. Near these twin tarns our camp was situated.

It had been long established, and was originally erected as a resort for the few anglers who knew of and valued the trout fishing in the nearby waters. Now the camp is mostly used by hunters in the autumn, the trout having become so depleted in numbers as to afford less attraction than formerly.

The cabin was of good size—15×24ft. perhaps—built of logs, with puncheon floor and pitch roof covered with tarred paper. Two small windows gave light to the interior and a thick plank door protected the entrance, over which a horseshoe was fastened on the inside and the antlers of a caribou on the outside. A cook stove and four double berths were permanent fixtures, but nearly everything else that might be required visiting parties supplied for themselves. In this small home, amid the spruce and birch trees, we took up our abode for a two weeks' sojourn, our vacation being timed to give a few days' fishing before the close of the season.

A small rill trickled down a diminutive ravine within 25ft. of the cabin door and supplied all the water we required. From the highest of three shallow wells we took what was needed for drinking and cooking purposes, the next lower basin served as our wash bowl, while in the lowest our trout were cleaned. The year previous another party, with the same guide, had used the little stream for a similar purpose, and one night after the evening pipes were lighted and the evening talk was well under way there came up from the gully a cry so startling, frightful and unearthly as to render them speechless and nearly paralyzed. One of the company, however, stealthily opened the door and discharged his rifle in the direction of the noise. As the sheet of flame streamed into the ravine the tawny form of a panther, with the wrath and snarling of a hundred devils, dashed up the slight bank toward the cabin. The door was hastily closed and fastened, none too soon, and the infuriated beast dashed past and took refuge in a spruce tree not 12ft. from the building. In its mad fury the animal sent out its demoniac cries, all the while tearing and scattering the bark and branches of the tree in every direction.

It was some hours before the brute's anger subsided, and it took its departure sending back threatening yells of defiance as it made its way up the mountain side out of the hearing of the excited listeners. "I don't know how the other fellows felt, but I tell you I was skeered," remarked our guide as he told of the incident. Fortunately for us our party experienced no similar adventure, although some individuals had exciting ones. Mostly ours was a quiet, delightful life, not devoid of its humorous side.

The red squirrels scolded us from nearby stumps and the Canada jay or moose bird was our unfrightened door yard scavenger. Ruffed grouse were numerous and quietly waited the hunter's convenience to remove their heads with a rifle bullet. In one day eleven were thus decapitated and brought in. Two owls flitted past at twilight and later in the night hooted at or for us, and by the tracks discovered in the morning we know that just above the line of light shining through our little window deer had stood to view the fascinating spectacle. A few trout were taken in the small lakes and their outflowing stream, but the greatest success was found at Wildwood Pond, near the topmost peak of Pine Mountain. The pond is so secluded and difficult of access as to be little known or frequented. Its waters literally swarm with trout. A short time only was needed to take a supply that grew very heavy before the cabin was in sight once more.

We had but one guide, as most of us preferred to hunt alone in a lazy sort of way. The trend of the country around our camp was such that danger of becoming lost in the wilderness was small, and a guide was needed more for his general knowledge of the locality and for camp duties and advice than for a hunting companion.

There are guides who charge high wages for which they give little service in return; there are guides who like to do most of the shooting and little of the camp work; there are guides who go into the woods just before taking a party in and skin off the cream of the hunting for themselves, and there are guides who are thoroughly honorable and do their best for their patrons. Such men as the last are worth all they ask or receive for their services. Good Dame Fortune sent Theron to us. He was familiar with all the vast wilderness lying east and south of Moosehead Lake. His canoes were carefully placed on ponds and streams for quick handling if the hunt required. His the feet which had stood on almost every mountain top and traversed well nigh every water course in this wild region. His the knowledge that had been utilized to locate and construct the lumber roads and camps throughout these primeval forests, and his the rifle at whose voice many a moose and startled buck had responded with its last convulsive struggle.

When we went into camp the heavy Marlin rifle, which was Theron's favorite arm, was in the hands of a gunsmith, and for use until its return his partner in woodcraft, dwelling over the mountain, had loaned him a much lighter weapon of small caliber. Late one afternoon, while awaiting the return of the scattered hunters, Theron sauntered out for a short walk, taking his way across the slight ridge that separated the twin lakelets, a rifle shot or two from camp.

The magazine of his little gun held all the cartridges he possessed—four in number. Beyond a point of land extending into the pond he came suddenly upon a bull moose standing leg deep in the water. O, for a moment's use of the heavy Marlin! But the little rifle did its best, and sent its quartette of messengers in rapid succession into the huge body with all its propelling force. It was not enough. Crippled and faint, the animal staggered and tried to keep his footing. Theron dashed into the water, trusting to his strength and skill to overcome the brute; but was forced to return, as the moose made a mad, blind rush toward him. To keep the animal in the water until he fell was Theron's aim. If the beast had not been in such sore distress, faint and sinking, the hunter would never have dared to risk what he did. He quickly discovered that his knife had been left in the cabin and that he had nothing except his hands with which to fight the battle. Slowly the great head with its splendid antlers sank until the quivering nostrils met the water; the bracing limbs trembled under the weight of the great body, and the victory seemed almost won. Theron, seizing a large stone, made his way to the side of the swaying form and dealt it a telling blow just back of one ear. Down into the water went the king of the woods. Clutching the superb horns, Theron held the head submerged until he thought the prize was surely his. As he released his grasp, however, and stepped back a little, the brute staggered to its feet once more, and, making a zigzag rush, drove Theron from the pond again. The moose seemed to be gaining in strength. He was rallying from the shock caused by the light-weight bullets. They had bewildered him, suspending, but not overcoming his great vitality. Evidently that was returning in some degree.

It was growing dark, and it would be madness to continue to struggle longer under such conditions. Powerless to prevent, Theron, with a sinking heart, saw the animal totter up the bank and enter the swampy woods, where it became lost in the gloomy shadows.

The next morning we found where the moose had lain during the night, not 100ft. from the water's edge, but its morning start was earlier than ours, and we never saw it again.

This incident, if it did not yield us much hilarity, gave us something to talk about.

There were five of us, besides Theron, to enjoy the free woods life, the eldest being Norgum, then Corporal, Chilly, Millions and Fryer. This was a well-balanced party, the stronger members of which willingly assumed the harder labor of camp life, a course which the less favored ones gracefully commended and approved.

Norgum's somewhat gray hair and beard belied his years and youthful spirits. An excellent shot with pistol and rifle, he caused, no doubt, many a deer to go tumbling up the mountain as fast as fright could take its flying feet, by shooting not at them, but at some inanimate mark. In this pastime he took great delight, almost as much as he did in gathering spruce gum. Others might tell at night, as the events of the day were talked over, of deer seen bounding over windfalls or tree tops, of great tracks of caribou and moose found in the soft earth; but Norgum told of great globules of transparent gum beyond his reach, high up on the spruce trees. He loved the light and shade that came and went along the cloud-shadowed mountains, and keenly enjoyed the splendor of the morning sun glorifying the great forests of spruce, pine and birch, high above the little boat from which he so patiently and persistently angled for trout that he seldom caught. That, however, did not trouble him. He cared more for the inspiration of the scene than for fish. The ripple of the water was like gentle music to his ears, the crisp morning air was giving him new vigor and bringing fresh color to his cheeks, and the worry of business cares was far away. With his camera he tried to save some of the fleeting pictures of forest, lake and hill, and if he did make two exposures on one plate, or if an especially fine view was lost because of failure to draw the slide before "pressing the button," it neither annoyed nor vexed him.

Corporal, the scribe of this screed, had little to commend him to his associates save that bond which bound all together, the love of outdoor life. From boyhood he had been a devotee of the woods, and many happy hours therein blended in his memory like dissolving views. Around his early country home no path through the woodlands existed that his feet had not trod, no stream which had not reflected on its undulating surface his alder rod in all its crookedness, no hill-top prospect, no stretch of landscape horizon that was unfamiliar to his eyes.

The first gun with which he struggled was the old flintlock "Queen's Arm," stocked to the muzzle and griped its entire length with iron bands. Woe to the wild pigeon, gray squirrel or "partridge" that came within range of its four-finger load (boy fingers) of powder, shot, slugs, gravel stones or dried peas. Then came the small percussion cap gun, with its short 20-gauge barrel, costing five very long days' labor in the harvest field and thought cheap by the juvenile purchaser at that. Possibly the owner, as he observed the small boy loitering at his work and dreaming of the woods, may have been of the same opinion.

A great drawback in the enjoyment of this little pigeon gun was a mother's anxious face that accompanied it wherever her boy carried it over the New Hampshire hills. Only when it passed into the possession of a lame, fat tailor in exchange for a drab waistcoat with little gold dust buttons, a garment of scant pattern that never fitted half as well as did the gun, was relief found from that worried look. No other gun of the after days received his loyalty as did this one.

Now he was somewhat indolently enjoying the autumn ripeness of the woods, fishing through the remaining days of the open season and later gathering in a few grouse for the camp larder.

Chilly was no novice in what is required to make camp life pleasant. The woods of Maine were not new to him, his axe had rung out sharply on many a winter's morning while the frosty air echoed the crash and fall of forest trees. His busy city existence was, for a time, ignored and the full relaxation of his vacation in the woods thoroughly enjoyed. He was a diligent hunter and courageously lifted his 180lbs. weight over the hills, determined to keep well to the front. If he lagged a trifle at the morning start it was possibly because, like "Br'er Rabbit, he lay low," for he was always in good trim later and came in with the foremost at night, and could be depended upon uniformly at meal times. His excessive charges of buckshot fired from his heavy 10-gauge gun carried destruction and sometimes annihilation to small game, while the deer at 50yds. lifted its white flag at the explosion and bounded away unharmed.

The beautiful fawn that fled past his hiding place so gracefully never realized, as it disappeared uninjured, that the man's trigger finger was held in check by his heart's kindly promptings. Chilly was an admirable camp-mate and his reminiscent mood was at its best when the evening meal was over and the pipes lighted. The cry of loon, the whir of black ducks' wings and the rushing music of trout streams came back from more youthful days as he told of

"The feats on pond and river done,
The prodigies of rod and gun,"

and complacently sent the smoke wreaths from his much used pipe floating around Corporal's head.

The success and pleasure of our outing depend largely upon the care and thoughtfulness of Millions. He it was who, all through the summer, made elaborate plans for the fall vacation, to be entirely changed, however, at the last moment. The rest of the party gave little concern to this, and emphatically approved of the final arrangements.

We might joke him about his amateur cooking, and even scold him for shouting so loudly in camp, but we all acknowledged the benefit of his judgment and experience. He was a capital shot, few better, and upon this he prided himself with modesty. A leader among the target shooters at home, yet the Maine woods afforded

him valuable knowledge, and taught him the difference between shooting large game and making holes through paper screens. Accident had disabled him to such an extent that he was really unfitted for long tramps, but the charms of the forest lured him into extended walks, the soft, mossy carpet of the woods gently yielding to his stricken ankle.

He loved a good horse, and never tired of telling of the fine ones he had owned and trained. The log walls of our little shanty broadened out through the tobacco smoke into magnificent trotting parks as night after night Millions and Chilly told of the marvelous speed they had extracted from quite ordinary appearing horses, all of which was entertaining, for ours was a loyal crowd, and whatever the tale it was absorbed without the wink of an eyelid. No allusion even was made to their 2:40 horses which could not be made to trot in six minutes, and the stories of the six-minute ones that were easily sent in 2:40 were thoroughly enjoyed.

Millions was a firm advocate of early rising. Springing from the fir bed of his upper berth at the first dawn of day, he would give forth a yell which not only aroused the camp, but caused the deer that had sought the lake-side for a cool morning draft to withdraw silently into the woods again. A little later Millions, wrapped in his long ulster, would quietly paddle across to the well-trodden pathway and patiently await the coming of the buck which had heard his morning salutation and departed half an hour before.

Millions was a persistent hunter, and lameness, fatigue and pain were lost sight of in his determination to succeed. Some of the deer on the mountain came to know him well and how to elude him. As he followed their tracks up the old abandoned lumber roads, whither they had retired after their morning visit to the lake, they seemed to be perfectly aware of his movements, and upon too near approach they would steal off to one side and watch him as he passed on. Then they would go leaping down the mountain at wonderful speed, and the only satisfaction Millions had as he retraced his way was to gaze at the deep hoof prints the deer had left behind. After this had occurred two or three times Millions aroused himself and evolved the plan that was to insure their capture. Norgum and Chilly were to follow up the tracks as he had done, while he and Corporal were to be stationed on lower levels, with rifles ready to receive the returning deer as they came dashing down.

A rifle shot was to be the signal that the game was afoot.

Corporal, with his customary laziness, took his station well down the path and prepared a comfortable seat where he might rest at ease and watch the advent of a new day as it came glimmering through the forest, and incidentally to have his best ear (he had but one good one) turned toward the mountain side. Millions, higher up the ascent, was impatiently waiting the fruition of his hopes and plans.

Half an hour passed and then, far up among the spruce trees, there rang out the sharp crack of Norgum's rifle. With strained eyes and ears and with weapons ready stood Millions and Corporal. but no sound broke the stillness save the chatter of the red squirrels and the beat of the woodpecker's bill as he sought his early breakfast, or the quiet flight of the moose bird as he uneasily flitted from tree to tree.

A moment later and down the hillside came the crack of the rifle once more, and then another, and still another. Alas! for the scheme of Millions! An hour later and down came Norgum, whose propensity for shooting at a knot or chip had overcome his devotion to the hunt. Triumphantly he and Chilly exhibited the shattered bits of wood as trophies of their skill. Millions walked back to camp a little lamer, seemingly, than ever, and he said little, but that little was vigorously expressed. Not until Norgum, as a peace offering, had given him the choicest node of spruce gum in his whole collection did our leader's customary good nature return.

But the greatest disappointment that came to Millions, and one in which we all shared, was his failure to secure his caribou.

He was the only one of the party to have a good, clear shot at a buck caribou, and he failed to stop it.

The animal, one of a pair that crossed the path in his front, had given him an excellent shot, and, after once coming to the ground, had broken away into the forest and was lost. The rifle that Millions used could have been purchased at a very low figure just then. In fact, it came near being thrown into the woods after the caribou.

The charm which his .44 40 had woven about his target practice at home was broken forever.

He was full of suppressed excitement upon his return to camp, and placed the gun in a corner of the cabin with great emphasis.

Theron and Corporal returned with him to the spot, a mile or so distant, but without success save to find a few hairs and view the wounded animal's tracks, which soon became lost on the leaf-covered ground.

Fryer was the youngest member of the party and one who could not well be spared. He was full of life, muscular and willing to assume almost any risk. It was a pleasure to hear his ringing laugh, listen to his good-natured raillery and see him cut firewood, drink strong coffee and eat with an appetite that made his beard grow. Of this woods-grown beard he became very proud and was determined to preserve it for exhibition to his young wife and child at home. No amount of jocose teasing influenced him to sacrifice it. Even the wonderfully improved appearance of Chilly after his painful experience with the amateur barber at Limonite on our return from camp did not cause him to waver. Only when his wife closed the door in his face and refused to own or recognize him did Fryer yield and give up his Pine Mountain ornament. He was out for a good time, and no tramp through the forest was too long or too hard to dismay him. Familiar with rifle and canoe from boyhood, he proved a valuable lieutenant to Theron, whom we thought he sometimes surpassed in endurance. While some of us might creep carefully on through the woods, Fryer crushed the twigs beneath his feet, and with eyes alert strode along, with little care seemingly whether the ridge beyond concealed a buck or not. The grouse, hedge-hog or owl that came his way had a sorry time of it. For the moment deer, caribou and moose were forgotten and the report of his rifle went echoing through the woods. And yet no one of us had so many shots at large game as he or secured so many deer. An ideal guide was ruined when Fryer turned to mechanical business.

The exigencies of the hunt called for excursions into new domains, and the three most vigorous members of the party, Theron, Chilly and Fryer, left the three more flimsy ones to care for the camp and hunt in its immediate neighborhood, while they, with supplies strapped upon their backs, strolled away to the eastward twenty miles or so through the pathless forest for a few days' sport in undisturbed territory, from whence they returned in due season, weary, but quite successful.

The bright October days followed each other all too rapidly, the rainy periods coming almost wholly in the night time. It was rather droll to see Millions and Corporal in their upper berth trying to protect themselves from the rain that dripped through the cracked and warped roof above their heads. Rubber blankets were of little protection, and served chiefly to direct the water to one or the other of the recumbent occupants, or conduct it in small runlets down upon Norgum in the berth below. When this became intolerable recourse was had to the large dish-pan, which Millions held on his chest to catch the great drops as they beat down in rythmic modulation into the tin receptacle. Then the tired hunter, lulled by the patter on roof and in basin, would drop into light slumber, and the gentle (?) snore that accompanied his caribou hunting therein added a delightful bass to the concord of wet harmony. Occasionally a severe struggle in the forests of dreamland would cause the pan to tilt over a little, and Corporal, penned in as he was at the back side of the bed, would be irrigated with the water so carefully collected. The glorious mornings, however, drove away all of the slight annoyances of such nights, and the resplendent autumn days, full of sunlight and cloud shadows, came—

"* * * like the benediction
That follows after prayer."

During the absence of our able-bodied trio the camp received a short visit from Theron's quiet, keen-eyed, low-spoken partner from beyond the mountains, where, miles away from human companions, he lives for the most part alone amid these impressive surroundings.

Unlike Theron, he does not guide, and hunts by himself; gathers gum from the mountain spruces; and prepares, for other fortunate hunters, specimens, heads and antlers for the finishing touches of the taxidermist. What to such men are the push and jar of life outside with which they come in such slight contact? Their wants are few and are easily supplied by occasional visits to the settlements, whither their wandering steps return when the brumal weather sets in. The late autumn storms may beat around their shanty and cover it with the white wrappings of approaching winter, but they pile on the fuel and keep warm in their rude bunks enveloped in their woolen blankets, while they listen to the tempest surging through the woods and along the desolate mountains. Possibly, some day, a strange wanderer may push the cabin door aside only to find a silent figure resting in eternal quiet.

The truth of Theron's remark, "I tell ye what, boys, you are a pretty hearty set of fellows," became evident enough, for our generous stock of provisions, even to our improvised "pie" of raspberry jam and crackers, was exhausted before the time set for our departure. The last night in camp was wet and disagreeable, but the morning came bright and invigorating. The steaming horses came up over the rough, rocky trail, our luggage and large game—four deer and one moose, or what remained of them—fastened to the jumpers, the door of the cabin closed, not locked, and we reluctantly began our march toward Limonite and the troubles of conventional civilization.

Halfway down to the valley Norgum, who was leading the way, fired the farewell shot of the expedition and neatly decollated a grouse, which Corporal tucked into his hunting coat for future use. Then we turned our backs in earnest on Pine Mountain and its sun-lighted forests of yellow, crimson and green, its glistening ponds and streams, and all the ariose music of its woods and waters.

CORPORAL.

NORTH CHELMSFORD, Mass.

DUCKS ON THE GULF COAST.

I HAD always wanted to enjoy some real duck shooting, such as we read about from the pens of the more favored devotees of the sport who have leisure and money enough to indulge the taste, but I am poor. Still, the glowing accounts of the fun to be had in the South, from Brother Hough and others, made the attractions of the New England coast seem poor indeed, where we count ourselves lucky if we get a dozen coot—almost worthless when we get them—or three or four snipe, or a partridge or two, and I determined to have a go at Southern birds for once, at any rate. So late in November I took a ticket on a steamer plying between New York and a Gulf port, not knowing a soul there or where I should find any birds. Upon my arrival there the first sight that greeted my eyes was a nice string of bluebills—dosgris they call them there—which a couple of boys were carrying through the streets on a pole. They said there were 133 of them, and they had killed them all between Saturday night and Monday morning within a few miles of the city. That looked encouraging, and I at once decided to let well enough alone and not search further for fabulous game fields I had heard of.

The next thing was to find out which way to go, and it was surprising how little people could or would tell me. "Oh, most anywhere," was the nearest to information I could get. Some said: "Better get a hunting boat to take you out." I didn't know what they meant by a hunting boat, but upon further inquiry I found that all the hunters brought in their ducks in catboats from the hunting grounds, and all the boats came in at one dock, and the people came down and bought the game of them right off the boats. So I hied me to the dock, and sure enough, there were a score or more of catboats from 20 to 30ft. in length, built with a small cabin and a large forehold covered with hatches. Some were oystermen, some brought charcoal, some vegetables, some fish; but three or four were game boats, as evidenced generally by a brant or goose hanging ignominiously by the neck in the rigging for a sign, sometimes run up to the masthead that he might be the more conspicuous.

In a circumspect way I began to ask questions. I didn't know one duck from another, or whether they shot over decoys or on passes or in the marshes. I soon found that my Northern accent was no great recommendation in my favor, and the hunters were rather inclined to regard me with suspicion, not to say disfavor. However, the sight of the birds made me very hungry for a hunt, and I bargained with one man to take me out with him on his next trip, give me a little hunt and bring me back, the price he charged me for the extra trouble I should put him to being $10. We had rather a pleasant time, the whole experience being new to me. Many pelicans and other strange birds flew around us, oysters in quanities were to be seen on the bottom, covered only by 4 or 5ft. of water, and the air was as mild as ours in June, though the North was covered with snow. At the end of our voyage my guide procured a somewhat rickety single buggy and ancient horse from an Acadian, and taking along a camping outfit headed for where he expected to find ducks. The Creole was a somewhat noted local snipe shot, and became enthusiastic when I told him I was in quest of the like. I noticed that instead of "bécassine," as the Canadians call the jack snipe, this man said "cache-cache," which is certainly a name well merited.

I found we were making for some shallow pools of fresh water, surrounded by sea cane and tall grass, and we reached them after a drive of a dozen miles along the Gulf beach. All the way we passed shore birds, our friends from the North in their winter home, where they are seldom molested. Ducks are so plenty that nobody troubles yellow-legs or plover. We had brought no decoys, but simply walked up to a pond, scaring the ducks out as we appeared, and sat down in the high grass and waited. Presently a few green-winged teal pitched back into their favorite pond and we gathered them in; then a spoonbill (shoveler) came blundering around and met the same fate, and then my guide hunted up some bits of twigs, and running them down into the mud thrust the upper ends into the mouths of the ducks, letting their bodies float on the water, and lo! we had decoys. This was wrinkle number one. A few more teal and shovelers decoyed to these dead ducks and joined their number (and some decoyed to them, but didn't), but there seemed not to be many birds flying that day, and I wearied of lying still and started to tramp the marshes, leaving the native asleep. He was not much of a gunner, as shown by his habit of firing at a bird no matter whether it was in range or not. I remarked on this, but he said he had a lot of old shells he wanted to use.

The ground looked snipy, so I loaded one barrel of my good old Fox with some 8s I happened to have along and the other with a duck load of 5s.

No snipe were to be found, though I tramped far and wide in what seemed the most likely ground. Presently I spied a beautiful pair of mallards sitting in a little water hole just a nice gun shot off. probably 35yds. Well, game seemed to be so scarce and I wanted one of them so much that I was guilty of taking the shot the instant I saw them. I shot the load of 5s at the old greenhead as he sat there, but seemed to make no impression on him, for both sprang into the air, making quite a racket at being disturbed. As they rose I tried the load of 8s and just then the two ducks very obligingly got in line as they rose and the charge covered both and down they came. Better luck than I deserved! I stuck them in the capacious pocket of my hunting coat and proceeded. I jumped a black duck (summer mallard they are called there) out of some sea cane and got him all right, but couldn't find a snipe. People had told me great tales about snipe shooting hereabouts and I was disappointed. Upon returning to my friend he thought best to move camp to another point and see if we should not find more game. We toasted some of the teal on sticks and made a fine meal; spread our blankets and slept under the Southern sky almost as soundly as I used to under the sky of Montana, which State was my home for six years in the good old days.

In the morning we moved, and although the duck shooting was nothing to brag of, I found where some of the snipe were. On a little patch that had burned over and grown up green a nice little bunch of snipe had pitched down. There may have been twenty of them. I managed to get twelve, I think, and I certainly shot three shells to the bird or more; I couldn't seem to hit them. I found too that walking was tiring work in that soft air, coming as I did from the bracing air of the North. My guide seemed to think he had given me $10 of amusement, and I was tired enough to join him in the buggy and we let it go at that. We put into the ice box of the boat when we reached it again what game the hunters of the neighborhood had gathered up and sailed back to the city. Everyone apologized for the lack of game and laid it to the drought, which was probably right. The region we visited is a noted one for both ducks and snipe.

Next I heard of a better place and decided to take my trunk and all my duffle aboard the sail boat that carried the mail to that neighborhood, and stay right there for a while. I took along this time a case of No. 6 shells, 500 rounds, and both canvas and wooden decoys and a skiff. My fellow-passenger on the mail boat was a German woman who said that right on her farm the shooting was good, and that I might board at her house and hunt all I liked. I accepted the proposition and found that she had spoken truly. We got there after dark and in the silence of the night the waterfowl could be heard very plainly not 200yds. from the house. I walked down to the shore and listened to the cries, most of them strange to me, of the myriads of birds roosting on the surface of the bay. It certainly seemed that at last I had reached the promised land. I could hardly wait for daylight, and when it came I got right to work. I found the natives hunted there a good deal out of boat blinds, just a line of brush stuck around in the shallow water the shape of a skiff's outline, the decoys being set directly to windward and the gunner sitting in the boat within the blind. The blind being left there all the time, the birds become used to it and decoy very well when the day is not too still. Here I got mostly sprigs, bald-pates (widgeon), teal, shovelers, mallards, a few redheads and canvasbacks, and sometimes a bufflehead, bluebill or sawbill (hooded merganser). Much to my surprise the bluebill is not prized very highly here, nor often shot. When we get one at Annisquam or Great South Bay we call him a pretty good bird, but when he gets to Southern waters he becomes more fishy and less desirable. It was not so with the other birds; they were as fine as silk and often so fat they would burst upon striking the shallow water or flats when killed at a considerable height in the air.

One very foggy day I was sitting in my blind, when I heard some one splashing toward me through the water (we waded around anywhere, the water was so shoal),

The visitor introduced himself as a hunter living in a large catboat anchored out in the channel. He said he was hunting for the market and needed a partner, and would like to have me join him, share and share alike, paying half the boat rent and expenses and dividing the profits as well. I took him right up, and then and there became a wicked market hunter without any compunction. I put my box of shells and my roll of blankets in the cabin of his boat, and bid my German friends good-by for a time.

I found my new acquaintance was an expert, having put in his life hunting ducks in the winter and alligators in summer. He showed me more about rigging out for ducks than I should ever have learned in any other way. That afternoon, it being a poor day for birds, he helped me build a little brush blind in a good place, just big enough to conceal a man stooping over. He said the birds would come to such a little blind better than to a boat blind. We built the blind and left it. He had killed a fine lot of game, including seven big geese that had come to his duck decoys, and we sailed away for town with his birds, where the game dealer jumped at them. Then we put in a supply of grub and ice and water, and some charcoal to cook with, and cleared for the ducking grounds again. We struck favorable weather conditions the first thing. No sooner had we anchored under the lee of some islands than one of the terrible "northers" of the country came on. It blew great guns all night. "We won't do a thing to 'em to-morrow," said my new chum.

Daylight found us in our little blinds with fifty decoys apiece set out, and sure enough the birds worked to the queen's taste. The gale seemed to have blown the wits out of their heads, and flock after flock would sight our outfits and swing in, leaving some of their number behind when they went. Oftener pairs and singles would come to us. When they seemed in doubt we would give them a call, which usually fetched them. I kept fetching ducks in and hanging them in strings to the crotched stick of my blind till I could hardly get in myself. I could see ducks dropping pretty regularly to my partner's fire a quarter of a mile away, and sure enough this was our busy day.

About 2 o'clock we began to get fearfully hungry, and first he took up and then I, and got our boats and loaded our ducks in and rowed out to the big boat to cook a bite to eat. I hadn't counted my birds, but I thought I had enough. When I drew near the boat I spied a big heap of ducks on her deck, and sang out to know how many my chum had. "Forty-four," said he. "Looks like you'd been killin' ducks too!" The bow of my skiff did look pretty full, and I commenced to count them out on deck. I found I had just fifty birds, and was rather tickled to have beaten the lad at his own trade.

We hunted together for more than a month, sailing wherever we chose, where game was thickest. It was the pleasantest winter I ever put in, and I gained just 25lbs. in weight. I was much surprised when the scales indicated just 200lbs. in the spring. I may be a sordid market hunter, but I am going to repeat the experience as closely as may be the coming winter, and if some decent fellow wants to join me, let him write me at the FOREST AND STREAM office and find out the particulars.

Mine host Gould, of Chatham, Mass., has spoken about going with me; but he wants to get his mind made up pretty quick, for these frosty nights make my feet itch about this time of the year. IPSARRAKA.

AN ELK HUNT THE OLYMPICS.

"HOOP-E-E! Won't nobody come out and fight me? I'm a wild and dusty ranger from the Tuscaroras. Hoop-e-e! Won't nobody come out and fight me?"

This, lustily yelled out at daybreak on a fine, clear September morning, roused us from our slumbers, and tumbling out we saw long-limbed, long-whiskered Doc standing on a big rock drying himself after a plunge into the icy mountain stream that roared and tumbled past our bivouac.

We were encamped on a hogback or spur of one of the ranges of the Olympic Mountains, on the main divide between the waters running westerly to the Pacific and those running in the opposite direction to Puget Sound, or more truly Hood Canal, a long, narrow branch of the Sound. For two days with pack ponies, or cayuses, as they are locally termed, we had been plodding upward, and now, at an elevation of between 6,000 and 7,000ft., we looked down the narrow valley of the Skokomish River—our path on the upward journey—and across at the great glacier in which the main fork of the river takes its source. There were four of us, all told, and we were after elk, or wapiti, primarily, and secondarily after all the fun we could get in exploring the vast and gigantic primeval forests of the Pacific slope and climbing the rugged, rocky fastnesses of our most northwestern range.

Doc, whose vociferous pleasantry had aroused us from the land of dreams, was an old sportsman who had in his time slain all the big game of the States with the exception of the elk, and when we took steamer at Seattle—the initial point of our journey—he had said: "Boys, just give me one decent shot at one of the big fellows, and I will come back happy." This was to be our first day actually in pursuit of game, and of course we were all anxious to be off. Tommy and the writer had each had the good fortune on previous expeditions to bag the noble game, and therefore it was understood that Doc or Sport was to have the shot if possible. We wanted an elk, but we did not want more than one, as we could not find use for more.

Sport was a big, fat, jolly fellow from Illinois, a famous chicken shot, but a man who had never before seen a hill any higher than Chicago and vicinity produces. He amused us greatly on the upward trip, and really had a pretty tough time of it, for, of course, he was forced to use muscles that had practically become extinct from lack of use. He was the owner at home of many fine horses and greeted the disreputable-looking cayuses, which the genial proprietor of the Cushman House at Lake Cushman had furnished us, with grunts of disgust. These mountain-bred ponies are not beasts of beauty, but in disposition they are angels compared to the broncho of the plains, and it is marvelous where the little wiry chaps will go with a pack of from 150 to 200lbs. I well remember Sport's surprise and comical ejaculations at the first sight he obtained of the climbing powers of our faithful beasts. He was in the van, gun on shoulder, ready to shoot the first game that appeared, but as the rest of us, who having been several years in the Puget Sound country were considered "moss backs," very well knew that he would not meet anything more formidable than a yellow jacket's nest in the heavy timber, we did not grudge him the post of honor. The trail, after winding along the river bank, suddenly broke abruptly to the left and went straight up a rocky butte that projected into the stream. Sport came to the foot of this and stopped. Tommy, who came next, behind two of the cayuses, shouted: "Go ahead! What's the matter?"

"Where do we go now?" queried Sport. Being answered silently by the sight of Tommy's finger pointing straight up the butte, he said: "That's all right, but where do the horses go?" Tom still continued to point up the precipitous ascent. "What there?" quoth Sport in great scorn, "you must take me for a blamed fool, sir!"

"Get out of the way," answered Tommy, "and I'll show you who is the fool."

Sport stood aside to let our little cavalcade pass, and gazed with open-mouthed astonishment at our sure-footed little beasts as they clambered and struggled up the steep defile. He took out his red bandanna, wiped the perspiration from his brow, gave an ejaculation of abject wonder and sat down on a rock. All the rest of that day he walked behind one of the mares, a spotted beast who rejoiced in the name of Calico, and to our great amusement we could hear him mumbling to himself: "Wonderful! sublime! That mare would be worth a fortune in Chicago." But we could never find out in what way Sport could make a fortune out of her in the Eastern city, for he thought that we were guying him and shut up like a clam when interrogated.

Doc's challenge had banished all sleep from our eyes, and in a short time three of the party were off in as many different directions, hunting for signs of game. Having badly chafed feet, I remained in camp to get things in order and gather a supply of wood, not a particularly easy task, as we were close to timber line, which is very low in these latitudes. By sundown all had returned empty handed, but wildly enthusiastic over the superb country and the quantity of sign they had seen. Tommy got a glimpse of a couple of brown bears scrambling up a rock slide some 400 or 500yds. away, but could not get close enough to them to risk a shot.

Poor Sport was pretty nearly dead, for, not being accustomed to such rough travel, he had spent a large portion of the day picking himself up off the ground. Doc brought in a whistling marmot, a Western specimen of the woodchuck family that lives on our high ridges. This animal reaches a weight of 50lbs., combines the woodchuck and prairie dog in his appearance and habits, and whistles like a steam calliope at all times of the day and upon all occasions. They are often a perfect nuisance in that they warn game which the hunter is endeavoring to stalk. When properly cooked, the marmot is really very good eating, if one can only get the woodchuck idea out of his head. Upon my suggesting a marmot stew friend Sport gave a snort of disgust; but I made up my mind that he would eat and enjoy the very dish at which he scouted before our trip was ended.

As we lay in front of our cheerful camp-fire, reclining on couches of redolent fir boughs—but why go over to the same old story. Those who have "been there" will fully understand the bliss of a pipe after a long day's tramp, and the joys of a camp-fire reverie; and to those poor unfortunates who have not as yet tasted the joys of woods life I can only say that they have missed more than they dream of.

Before sunrise the next morning we were off, Tommy and Sport, Doc and I. We followed a long ridge to the eastward, covered with luxuriant grass and dotted with wild flowers, while in every hollow and cavity lay a great bank of snow. Within a mile of camp we came upon the fresh sign of a big bull elk, evidently feeding. We knew it was fresh because the footprints were plainly marked on the dew that had fallen in the early morning, and we knew it was a bull because the imprint was a large one and the toe marks were much blunter and more rounded than a cow elk's hoof would have made.

We followed the sign down into the timber, breathless in expectation—each one undoubtedly thinking the other a clumsy brute who made more noise than a barrel of monkeys. Luckily for us the elk was working up wind, and so we knew that he could not scent us. Down he went through the timber below the mountain prairie, where it was difficult to track him, as no dew had fallen, and even his great weight left but a poor trail behind him. Hour after hour we crept along, now across a big rock slide, where we would lose the sign altogether for a half hour at a time; then into some marshy glade, where our quarry had evidently stopped to browse on the swamp grass; then along a plateau, where he had torn great strips of bark off a cedar with his antlers; and finally long after noon we came to the foot of a bluff, almost a precipice, where apparently the elk had vanished.

"Great Scott! Scribe," quoth the Doctor, "do you think he went up there?"

"I guess he must have," said I, utterly at a loss for any other explanation. "Wait till I see."

Clambering up the rocks, I found his tracks on a little ledge some 7ft. above the foot of the bluff, so calling to the Doctor, he handed me the rifles and then scrambled up after me.

We followed that elk up places where it seemed utterly impossible that a cloven-footed animal of such size could go. He went up, jumping from ledge to ledge, often clearing 6 or 7ft. in perpendicular distance. As Doc expressed it, "If any one had told me this morning that an elk or anything else without wings could go up that I'd—well, they could have won all of my money."

Finally, breathless, we reached the top, and crawling behind a bunch of mountain alder, looked at a great Alpine prairie covered with flowers, and there, lying on a snow field, not 100yds. from us, were three big bull elk, while one a little to one side was standing up. How grandly they looked there in their native wilds, the foreground of luxuriant grass and wild flowers, the great snow field on which they lay, and beyond the rocky crags and snow peaks and the blue sky of the heavens.

Old hunter as he was, Doc gave a gasp—he was white as a sheet, but cool as a cucumber. There they were, monarchs of all they surveyed, until man with his infernal repeater had come into their solitudes—and they were totally unconscious of our presence or of danger.

After a few moments in the which to get breath after his climb, Doc raised his old rifle, held it steady for a moment, and then the flame burst forth and the echo of the report reverberated again and again among the surrounding peaks.

The standing elk, the one at which he had shot, lifted its stumpy tail, but otherwise, so far as we could see, did not move; the other three arose, looked around in the greatest astonishment, and soon perceiving the smoke slowly drifting away from the shrubs behind which we were hidden, fixed their gaze in our direction. None of the animals evinced any fear, they simply seemed astonished.

"Why, Doc," I whispered, "you must have missed it."

"By George, it looks like it," he ruefully replied. "But how a man could miss a barn door at 90yds. I don't see. Look! Look at that elk by the one I shot at."

I looked, and there I saw what I believe must have been the king of the range, a hoary monarch, fully two hands taller than any of the others and with a set of antlers that I would have given much to have called my own.

"Shoot him, Doc," I exclaimed in excitement. "Hit him in the fore shoulder, pretty well down."

Doc rested his gun on his knee, took a steady, careful aim, and was just about to pull the trigger, when happening to glance at the first elk shot at, I shouted, "Stop, you got the first one."

True enough, a dark ruby stream was welling down the poor brute's foreleg, his legs were spread to keep his balance, and the death mist must have been forming before his eyes, for he was tottering. He took a few steps and then plunged forward on the snow. Tried once to rise, but failed, and then with a groan gave up the fight and rolled over dead. "Hoop-ee!" yelled Doc, "won't nobody come out and fight me?" as with a Comanche war-whoop he ran toward his noble game. The other three elk looked at him a moment and then trotted off with a slow, swinging stride. Oh, what a temptation it was; there we had the chance to get the finest set of antlers that ever come out of the Olympics; but we already had a thousand pounds of meat for four to eat, and thank goodness, our sportsmanship prevailed over our greed and we fired but the one shot. The elk the Doctor got was a beauty, with a large and perfect head. We straightened him out as well as we could, bled and cleaned him, put the liver into our packsacks, and with happy hearts hastened campward as the evening shadows were already lengthening out in an alarming degree.

We were the first to reach our tent, and at once I proceeded to put into effect my fell scheme to make Sport eat some marmot. Posting Doc, we made a hearty meal from the elk liver and "choke-dog." (For the benefit of the uninitiated I will explain that "choke-dog" is baking-powder bread.) Then hiding the rest of the liver, I proceeded to make a stew of marmot flesh, with rice, potatoes, onions and "dough boys."

Tommy and Sport shortly turned up. They had seen plenty of fresh sign, and Sport swore by all that was holy that he had shot a bear which had fallen over a cliff where he could not get it. Perhaps he did. We reported much the same luck, except that I said that I had shot a yearling doe; that the Doctor and I had dined, but that there was some coffee and a steaming stew waiting for them. They fell to with a will, and to my intense delight Sport looked up and, talking with his mouth full, mumbled, "That is the best deer I ever ate. The blacktail must be better eating than the red deer of Michigan."

I waited until they had completed a good meal, and then said: "Well, gentlemen, if you have now finished your *entrée* of marmot, allow me to present you with the dish of the evening—elk liver and onions."

Sport and Tommy were both much chagrined; but their joy at our success overbalanced all other feelings. They looked from one to the other of us, and then, seeing Doc's complacent smile, Tommy rushed over to him with "Give me your paw," etc., etc., both in their boisterous camp way showing plainly that they were as happy in his success as he himself could be. We were a very merry party that night, and told and retold the story of the hunt. The next day, after much labor in cutting a trail, we managed to get the cayuses to the elk and packed out his head, the hide and all of the meat, so that none was wasted.

We spent another week in the glorious mountains. Tommy and the writer each got a bear—the latter a particularly nice one—and many more elk were seen, but we let them be. Poor Sport lost some 25lbs. in weight, which he could easily afford; but beyond grouse did not get any game. Regretfully we finally repacked our ponies, which had grown fat as butter on the luxuriant forage, started on our homeward journey, and the next day were warmly greeted by proprietor Putnam, of the Cushman House, who is a prince of good fellows. We were able to give his guests all the elk meat they could eat and to take several fine roasts to our friends in Seattle. Doc has had the head mounted and it is now in his office, while the great yellow hide, as a rug, covers his lounge. This year we hope to be together again in the wilds, and if we have as much fun and as good success will indeed be lucky.

WAPITI.

CHICKEN SHOOTING PAST AND PRESENT.

In the Old Days.

CHICAGO, Sept. 12.—In the old days, when prairie chickens were abundant in Iowa, Illinois, Minnesota and Dakota, we used to go after them in somewhat different fashion from that which is customary to-day. I remember when I was a boy, about the time the muzzleloader was becoming antique, although still there were some men who thought a muzzleloader would "shoot harder" than a breechloader, there were any number of these birds close about the little town in central Iowa where I then lived. Very often my father would go and kill a few dozen of them within two or three miles of the town, and I recall that sometimes I would take the old gun and go out after school and get a few birds within walking distance. Then I remember also how it gradually became necessary to go further and further away from home to get any shooting. By the time I was a young man home from college it was our custom to go further north for our hunting, into the wilder counties of Marshall, Webster, Hamilton or Wright, which then were just settling up and contained great bodies of unbroken prairie land, where the chickens had their hatching grounds. When we found occasion to go on a chicken hunt—and I am not sure that we ever thought whether or not there could be such a thing as a game law to regulate our goings—we would get together a camp outfit, a wagon and a team, and start for a drive of sixty to eighty miles to the north,

This, as I recall it, must usually have been in August. We rarely were without chickens enough to eat even on the first day out, and when in the unbroken open country we always got all we wanted, though even in those untutored times I had guidance which taught me that it was unsportsmanlike to kill more birds than could easily be used, and that it was ungentlemanly to think of selling a game bird.

In those days, when we started out for such a trip, we never took but one dog along, nor do I remember ever to have heard of anybody in those days who ever took more than one. This dog was sure to be one of the old-time chicken dogs, staunch, of good nose and so well conversant with the habits of his game that he needed little care beyond keeping him in sight while he was at work. We never thought of taking a dog into the wagon to ride, unless it was very late or very muddy. It seemed to us obvious that a dog, being of four legs, could get along twice as well as a man, who had two, and a man was good for an all-day's walk, if need be. The dog seemed to coincide with this belief cheerfully, and being ignorant was happy. Our old dogs never clung to the wagon or to the heel. When we were on the road it was their business to cover the fields on both sides of the road and find any birds which might be within a quarter mile, say, of us on either side. I do not recall that the dog objected to doing this, but, to the contrary, he seemed to like it. He usually traveled at a long lope, steadily and methodically, and not with quarter horse speed, though fast enough to be well up with the wagon. How far he would travel in a day I have no idea, but I should guess sixty to eighty miles, at least it would seem that he must have done three times the distance the team would travel each day. Very often as we rode along over the country we would see the old dog whirl around into a point, and we knew he would "hold them" until we could get out and get to him. Sometimes the point would be a grand high-headed stop, then a slow walk, perhaps over 200yds. to the place where the covey was lying. I do not think chicken dogs to-day point birds so far as they used to, for I do not believe the birds are abundant enough anywhere to give a dog the subtle education of the nose which the old-timers had. A flush was a disgrace, and when the guns got to work among the birds a miss was almost as much a disgrace. We had fewer of the graces and amenities of sportsmanship in those days, but everybody was used to the sight and sound of chickens, everybody shot cylinder bore guns and the birds were not wild, but lay lower than they do nowadays. When we were done shooting the same old dog went in and retrieved our birds for us, and this was the best part of the fun for the dog and for us. To-day it is heinous for a chicken dog to retrieve.

After we had retrieved our birds we followed on after the covey if we liked, or more likely went after another. The birds did not often fly very far. There were no stubble fields of any vast extent, and very often few cornfields. The flight was usually from stubble to grass, and not so far but that we could easily mark the birds down. To be able to mark down closely a dead bird or a flying covey was one of the accomplishments of a good chicken hunter, for the surface of the country was much alike and had few landmarks. A tall rosin weed, a clump of bright prairie flowers, a darker colored bit of cover in a slough—such were our marks. There were not many hay stacks or straw piles on the horizon then.

In those days the habits of the prairie grouse were as regular as a clock, and we had a regular system of hunting them. On the stubble in the morning, well toward the knolls and centers of the fields, then toward the edges of the stubbles as the morning progressed. At 10 o'clock in the edge of the grass near the stubble, then further and further into the grass toward noon. In the high grass and sloughs in the middle of the day if it was hot, and then back up to the stubbles for the evening feeding, in inverse order to the above. A cloudy day meant more time spent by the birds on the stubble. A very warm day meant that they would be late in coming out of the grass. In the evening we hunted about the heads of little shallow draws that made up from the grass into the stubble, because the birds nearly always walked on to the stubble out of such little sloughs. In all this formula of the chicken our old chicken dogs were as well posted as we, and I would far rather have trusted to their judgment where to make the cast on a given field at a given hour than to leave it to a hunter not skilled in the ways of the bird. Time and again I have seen our old dog stand with his front feet up on a fence, taking survey of a field before going to work in it, and frequently have seen him go apparently as straight to the birds as though they had been pointed out to him. He wasted no time and no running, but hunted the likely places first, and took his own advantage of the wind. No one thought of a dog's quartering or that sort of thing, and dropping to command, backing and all that we never heard of. There was nothing to back, for no one hunted but one dog, and as for independence in range, I should be pleased to see anything more independent than our old dog was. Powerful, stubborn, hard-headed, dreadful "sot in his ways," he knew his business and was sure of it, and asked only to be let alone. We let him alone mostly. For this he found us birds and pointed them like a gentleman for us, and was a lot more careful than we were about what he was doing when he got up to the covey. In return for this we cheerfully lammed the old fellow a-plenty—never enough to make him whimper—and fed him at our own table, and let him sleep in the tent at night, and loved him like a brother. Any insult to the old dog was an insult to the party. At night the old fellow ate about as much as a den of lions, curled up and went to sleep on our feet in the tent. In the morning he ate as much more—not dog biscuit or any well-considered dog diet, but just anything he could get his hands on—and then he was ready to go out and do it all over again. It never occurred to us that any dog needed any rest or that it could ever wear out. We never changed dogs, and one dog did us all through the hunt, no matter whether it was two weeks or three. The dog would hunt as long any day as any of us wanted to hunt, and he would repeat this as often as we wanted to. Moreover, he was always glad to have a neighbor come and borrow him for a chicken hunt just for a change. Anything like a dog's giving out in the field we never heard of, and I think if a dog had quit and come to heel we would first have held a council over the problem of what ailed him, and would then have killed the dog. We were awfully ignorant and very happy, and if I knew where I could buy to-day a dog like our old fellow, I would have him if I had to mortgage my gun and had to keep him in my office desk of nights.

I remember that in those days the work of market hunting was going on in Iowa, and shall never forget the indignation with which my father always spoke of it. Sometimes on our shooting trips we would hear of parties who were shipping birds from some little station. They went always to Chicago—a far-away, unknown, mysterious city, certainly very large and powerful. Once I remember that we saw riding out across the country a party of darky market shooters with new guns and blue neckties. My father was very wrathful over this. The market shooters shot chickens just as we did, only more so. They began work along in July, when the weather was very hot. They hired a wagon to follow along after them as they shot, and in this wagon they caried not blocks of ice, but barrels of ice water with plenty of ice in the water. After cleaning up a covey they would come to the wagon and throw the birds into the casks of ice water. The birds were so easily killed at that age that the market hunter rarely shot any shot larger than 9s, and some argued that No. 10 was better. At our time of shooting we usually shot 8s. We rarely went after chickens in the late fall, and although I killed a great many chickens in those days and must have been a good enough chicken shot, I do not remember of ever killing a bird with shot larger than No. 8 up to Sept. 1, at which time I always had to begin going to school, much to my regret.

In the last of our chicken trips up into the northern part of Iowa we saw the beginning of the end of the old chicken days. After that the extermination of the bird became very rapid. We never valued the great, beautiful fowl at half its worth. It was so easy, so abundant, that it seemed to us it must always be possible to get as many as we liked with the least of trouble. Yet I can remember that I was still a very young man when on a visit home I saw our old dog, thirteen years of age, and then lame and worn out, and my father mournfully said that there was no longer any need for the old dog, since the chickens were all gone.

That was the history of Iowa, and then the history of Minnesota, and then very suddenly the history of Dakota and Nebraska. The old chicken days are gone, no doubt, forever. The bird survives, but in numbers much restricted and with habits materially changed.

Chicken Shooting of To-day.

For years I had not had a chicken hunt until last fall, when I noted the change in birds and methods, but got enough of the old fever to want to go again. This fall, being at St. Paul on opening day of the Minnesota season, and having the kind invitation of Messrs. Fred F. and Dick Merrill to join them for a shoot at a point not very far away in Minnesota, I ran out to them to see something more about chicken shooting as it is practiced to-day. It may be interesting to see the points of difference existing between our old fashioned chicken hunt and one of the modern kind.

To begin with, I had traveled, not by wagon, but by rail, a distance not of a few dozen miles, but over 550 miles. Many men travel over 1,000 miles nowadays and still do not get many chickens. But my friends had done much more than this. They had had their trainer out in the West with their dogs for many weeks ahead of the season, looking for good country where there were birds enough to promise sport. They had, at I do not know how great an expenditure of time and money, determined upon their location, and here for two months their trainer and his assistants had been at work with the dogs, young and old, the entire kennel numbering over 20, of which half a dozen were ready for use on chickens. It is probable that no better dogs than these are to be found in the country now. Of pointers there were Lady Peg II., Daisy Rip Rap, Stridemore and Noble; of setters, Rudge Gladstone, Neva, Nora, Topsy and Pauline Bo, besides a lot of puppies of both breeds not yet old enough to work. These setters are very fashionably bred, running back to Paul Bo and Paul Gladstone. (Paul Gladstone, by the way, died of sheer old age at the kennels of his owner, Richard Merrill, of Milwaukee, July 23, this year, a fact which none of the kennel editors of the country have ever "got on to.") One of them, a grand young dog, Rudge Gladstone, is the handsomest dog I have seen for a long, long time; and I am disposed to prophesy for him a victory in the bench shows if he is ever shown. He is almost faultless except for a tail a trifle long, and has that most desirable quality for a field dog—good common sense. This, unless I recollect wrongly, is the last puppy of the old dog Paul Gladstone, and his mother was Lady Lucy; she descended of Druid, Jr., and Lady Patch. The last named I had seen perform on quail over in Canada, and so took great interest in the dog Rudge. I am sure he would make a chicken dog up to the old requirements, if there were birds enough now for him to work upon, and if his owners would use him roughly enough to teach him the stick and stay which comes of long conditioning in man or dog. All these dogs I observed to be not of the old type, but of the type which is modern and approved. They were very much smaller than our old dogs, much more nervous and wiry, much less stolid and quiet in action. Almost without exception they were very fast, I think much faster than our dogs of the old sort, and with a quicker, choppier style of going. Their owners do not find it necessary to run a brace of dogs—they were usually put down in pairs—for over an hour, and we were in a way all the time seeking to train the young dogs and give each a chance at the birds; so it was never possible to call a dog run to a finish by any means, though I think my friends would not care to ask as much of their rolling stock as we did of ours in the old days. Poor dogs! they were willing and eager enough, and able and good enough; but there was one great drawback, and that was the scarcity of birds, which made the work discouraging at times. It is an easy guess that, with such abundance of birds as we had in the past and with hunting as steady, the dogs of to-day would be as good as those of the past. The older pointers, Noble and Stride, had had more experience than the others, but Daisy also did fine work for us; and it was most amusing to see some of the young setters, which had never had a bird killed over them (their training all having been in the close season), enter into the last stages of a chicken dog's joy. In the first requisite of an enjoyable chicken hunt, that of good dogs, we were certainly well supplied. The cost of this was a dozen times that which would have been considered necessary a dozen years ago.

The care of these dogs required the services of an able trainer (Tom Richards, and a good trainer too), together with an assistant, who had lived at this little country town for two or three months, and worked the dogs daily on birds before the law allowed of shooting. The owners of the dogs and myself lived in the village hotel, several rooms of which we filled up with our trunks, guns and modern sporting paraphernalia, a dozen times as much as we should have thought necessary a dozen years ago. When we went afield we had a light wagon to carry the trainer and assistant, and a big crate containing half a dozen dogs (in the old days we never heard of a dog crate). One of the owners of the dogs, Mr. Fred Merrill, rode with this wagon. Dick and I had a buggy, in which we rode immediately behind. When we got into action we made quite a cavalcade. Our method of work was something similar to that which I have described as belonging to the old days, but in this case we never trusted everything to the dogs. When we came to a likely bit of ground we got out—or at least some one always did—and walked with the dogs, the trainer always taking care of the dogs. This modern feature I am willing to call a blessing, for even in the good old days chicken dogs were not bought ready trained. The trainer carried a whistle and a whip, the latter very rarely used, and never at all upon a timid puppy. In the old days we depended upon the whistle which Providence gave to each man without artificial aid, and for a whip we were accustomed to use the hickory ramrod upon occasion—a most excellent device, albeit risky, for I have seen a chicken hunt stopped untimely in the muzzleloading days by a too enthusiastic chastisement of a husky chicken dog.

As in the old days, we hunted the stubbles in the morning and evening, but the rest of the time we never did know where to hunt, for the birds might be in the corn, in the sloughs or in the next State, we could never tell where. I think probably they were in the next State. The dogs would go down in braces and hunt faithfully under these most trying circumstances, very often not getting a sniff of a bird. Then another pair would be put down, or yet another. The older dogs, Noble and Stride, knew more what to do, but even Stride had bad fortune for two days and hardly got to taste the luxury of a point all by himself. We rarely got up over half a dozen coveys a day. Indeed, I think we never got so many as that. Even then it was likely that we would find but half a dozen birds left to the covey, though it was actually the first week of the season. Such conditions are hard for training chicken dogs, though they were the best conditions my friends had been able to discover in three States after patient effort. It was no wonder that Dick Merrill said he was almost of a mind never to attempt any further to train dogs on chickens. It seemed impossible to find a locality with birds sufficient for the proper breaking of the dogs.

But by this I do not wish to do more than draw a distinction between the plenty of the past and the lack of the present. It should not be supposed that we had poor sport, for indeed we had fine sport. I am ready to say that I never enjoyed a chicken hunt in the old days so much, for then the sport was too easy to have an equal interest. On this modern chicken hunt when we got a chicken we valued it. We made much of it and smoothed down its feathers and declared it was a lovely bird, whereas in the old days we would have ripped off his skin and thrown him on the ice without smoothing a single feather. We had plenty more like it in those days. Of the sport in the old times both my friends had had wide experience. Dick told me that one day when he was a boy he killed fifty-six chickens to his own gun. On our hunt the three guns killed on the best day only twenty-four birds, and hardly a bird got away from the firing line. Once a covey of four got up all together in front of Fred and Dick and they picked up three, losing a fourth dead in the wild rice of the adjoining swamp. Once a covey of five rose in front of the three of us, and we killed all five. Once a covey of six got up and four were killed, two unshot at. Once four were killed out of four that rose. Indeed, I recall only four shots missed by the Merrill boys in the four days' shooting, and those were long and hard ones. I have never seen so regular and fine shooting in the field, for this was at birds very much harder than those of the old days, and under conditions which demanded a high grade of skill. I found that September of to-day is very different from September of the old days. Instead of birds at easy range, flapping up out of the grass, we had wild, long rises at 30 and 40yds., and often on old and strong birds. Dick shot 7s and 6s. Fred shot the unheard-of load of No. 4 shot, and after seeing what was asked of the guns, even on the first three days of the season, I was willing to say there was reason in his selection of a load. I do not think a dozen birds were killed close up to the guns, as we used to see in the old days. The entire nature of the birds seemed to have changed. They were wilder and more wary in every way. When put up they flew to four times the distance we used to see in the past. Often they went to the corn, where the dogs could not be used, and where the only way to do was to form a line of beaters and go through abreast—a not uninteresting sort of shooting, however, for the birds went out strong and wild and needed good, quick work.

Instead of the old unfenced prairies of the past we had to deal with fenced fields and country roads, and often with hostile farmers. When we saw one of the latter approaching we had to call in the dogs lest he should in his anger shoot them. As we could, we drove over the country in the fashion of the past, but often we could not get to the wagon for some miles. Instead of the wide prairies we hunted narrow sloughs and strips of grass left by the plows, and the edges of the great cornfields. Instead of a few stubble fields of small area, which would be sure to hold several coveys in the old days, we had before us thousands of acres of wheat and rye and oat stubble, among which, in a ratio all too small compared to that of the past, the birds were indifferently scattered about, no one knew where. Tom Richards had a number of coveys located before the season opened, and a few of these we found, but others we never did find. We thought the birds had already dropped their local habits and begun to travel for the season of "packing up." Only on one day did we find anything like the old system of chicken hunting possible, and then we blundered on a long strip of unplowed prairie where we really got into our birds and worked them in the old way, hour for hour.

Here we put up two coveys, and to show the helplessness of the pinnated grouse even in these days of education, I will state that we put up the first rise wild, only one, Dick, being in, who got two down. Then we went on, and after nearly a mile of travel Daisy pointed, and we were lucky enough to kill four. Then we went on again on our route, and over half a mile further on one of the party walked into two birds and killed one of them. Looking back over the country, we saw that all this had happened on the same line, and we thought that, although the birds had flown too far for us to mark them, we had actually had three rises out of the remnants of this covey and killed all but two of the entire lot, these two not having been shot at. It is no wonder the prairie chicken is disappearing. Yet all these birds were big and full feathered, and sprang wild ahead of us.

A curious evidence of the change in environments of chicken hunting might have been found in my own preparations for this hunt. Last fall, at Sept. 22, I had found a close shooting gun useful, but this time it was only Sept. 1, and it seemed sure to me that the shooting would be like that of the past, when it was a disgrace to miss a prairie chicken. Accordingly I took out for my first day a wide open scatter gun and No. 8 shot, figuring that I would kill about all my birds, of course. The sequel was amusing. Early on the first day we got a point on a bit of grass between two stubble fields, and went up to the dogs. I confess that the sensation of being behind the chicken dogs again was so novel to me as to key me up to a great state of interest. The birds went up easily ahead of us, about 20yds. or so, but with a whir of wing which told of a vigor I had not planned upon. I snapped at one rising bird and undershot it, but struck it rankly with a few edge pellets. Annoyed, I fired again at it, superciliously, and supposing, of course, it would come down. It struggled on, hit hard in the back, but not dropping worth a cent. Dick Merrill cut down his first bird nicely, waiting to give it time enough for his choke bore, and then calmly killed my bird for me. I felt myself actually blush at this, but got so used to it later that I didn't blush any more. Then we got another point, and actually I missed that bird right and left with a cylinder bore gun at about 9yds., and Fred calmly killed it about 50yds. away. Fred had also meantime killed another crossing wild at about the same distance. My friends were very polite, which made it much worse. I missed another bird which I believe was a bit far, and yet another which was only slobbered (and which Fred calmly and politely killed for me, explaining that he was "hard hit"); then I realized that I was being all kinds of a fool and took a tumble to the situation. It was simply an attack of too much prairie chicken after long abstinence. I think I killed the few remaining shots straight then, my two friends always giving me the shot, however. They knew very well that if I didn't kill they would, though it is due to them to say that they were considerate and courteous to the last degree in the field. On the next day I shot a close gun that didn't fit me by a mile, and did some very bad and some very good work, and then I settled down upon an old friend of a gun which was just right and had the satisfaction of shooting somewhere near what any man who can shoot at all ought to do all the time on prairie chickens. My companions shot the same all the time.

These differences in the chicken hunting of the past and the chicken hunting of to-day occur to me all the more vividly because I had not had a chicken hunt, before 1895, for over twelve years. It may be seen how changed are all the conditions of the sport. Of course the old days are gone, never to return, but as to the sport, I believe I would call it improved in quality. On our little hunt we had very few birds which were shot at close range. For another hunt at the same date in that country I would certainly shoot nothing smaller than No. 6 shot, and I am not sure I would not have a few of Fred Merrill's loads of 4s, with which one can rip the back of an old cock up most pleasantly at 50yds. or so, with a cheerful sound, as of a hired man eating cabbage, or a carpenter taking off shingles from the wood shed. Sometimes we would get a buch of these strong-flying birds scattered and marked, thanks to the good eyes of our assistant driver, the boy Albert, and then we had fun. Once, I remember, we had six or eight marked down along a ditch for a distance of several hundred yards. They went up one at a time, never closer than 30 to 35yds. from us, and with a great burst that was good to hear and see. These birds were noble game birds, and their killing was something of a feat and much of a satisfaction. Out of all these hard shots not one bird got away except one of my own. But that was shooting far and away above any I remember ever to have had in the old days of young birds and scatter guns. It was sport beyond that attributed in the contemptuous estimate of early days, when to miss was a disgrace, and when it was said, "Anybody can kill chickens." It is not the case that just anybody can kill chickens such as some of those we shot at, and though the Merrill boys missed nothing, I do not expect to see their field shooting on these birds equaled again very soon. I have forsaken the sport of chicken shooting all these years because I have had a sort of contempt for it, but if it can be had under such conditions as we found on our hunt this month at big strong birds, that fly wild and far, and know perfectly how to make a hunter work and shoot, I am not sure but that my waning interest will revive, to say nothing of my anxiety to try to wipe Fred and Dick Merrill's eyes some day in return of their compliments, although that, I fear, is a long and uphill task.

In our hunt we killed on one day eleven birds, on another seventeen, on another only three birds, and once the high bag of twenty-four. On the opening day Fred and Dick together killed eighteen. We did not work very hard any of the time, for it was the intention only to give the dogs a little training and to kill enough of birds to eat for ourselves and friends about the town. We bagged eighty-four birds during the week, an average of less than six birds to the gun daily, and that with as skillful shooting as I ever saw; for, counting in a few birds which were killed, but not found, I do not think a half dozen birds got away that were shot at.

In the old days our outfit for a chicken hunt, outside of the cost of the wagon and team, would not have run up into very many hundred dollars. Our single dog would have been thought high-priced at $50, though we would not have sold him for any price whatever. Our guns were good, but not costly, and we had no knowledge of many things which within ten years have grown to be necessities. In those days the universal price of a chicken dog pup was $5, $10 for one that was a little older and had the favorite orange and white markings, which we most prized in that day, since that was the color of our best specimens of the chicken dog in our country. On this little modern hunt we had hardly a dog which its owner would like to sell for a dozen times that price. Our outfit, aside from the wagon and team, as it crossed the stubble fields represented somewhere between $1,000 and $2,000 of actual outlay or actual value, to say nothing of the time and money expended in looking up chicken country. This not in the least in the way of display, but only for things thought necessary to-day, and in the pursuit of sport under quiet and gentlemanly surroundings. What a difference and what a commentary!

My friends intend to spend the month of September in the chicken country, and very enviable is their experience these glorious days of autumn, when the birds are big and strong and the air is a stimulus and a medicine with every breath. They will go to North Dakota later after ducks and geese. They apologized to me because they could not offer me a seat in their new hunting wagon, which they are expecting daily from the factory. This wagon was made upon their own design, and must be a great affair. It is a long buckboard, with wide seats far apart. All the seats are covered with corduroy, and have no iron about them to scratch a gun or a leg. Behind the first seat is an upright gun rack with places for four guns, the steps for the guns felt-lined at the bottom of the rack. Behind the seats is the big dog crate. This is the perfect chicken wagon, devised by two shooters who have spent many years at chicken hunting. I presume there is not anywhere in the West to-day a chicken outfit more admirably equipped in the way of dogs, guns, vehicle and general outfit as theirs. We should have wondered at it in the old days.

The prairie chicken has improved in value as a game bird with the passage of the years. It is still a heritage of the American sportsman, and in view of the unexpected increase in its numbers this year—consequent, it is confidently said, upon a better observance of the game laws than was ever known before—it is not too much to hope that it will for a long time afford sport adjusted to the changed conditions of the day.

It is a singular fact that in all the reports I have had this fall from many chicken hunters who have been out in Illinois, Minnesota, Iowa and North Dakota, I have as yet not heard of any one gun killing over a dozen birds on any day. The highest is about three dozen birds to three guns, a few of about two dozen to two guns and so forth. In the past I have often known of over sixty to one gun. I once saw my father kill thirty-seven without a miss one afternoon at a house party on a big farm in Iowa. I have known of eight, ten or even more birds being killed by a shooter who never moved from his tracks, and that with a muzzleloading gun. Those days are gone, and if they have taught their lesson it is well that they are gone.

E. Hough.

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FIRST HUNT OF THE ANTLERS.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 17.—The Antlers Club, composed of men living in New York, Rochester, Buffalo and Johnstown, will start for its third annual hunt in the North Woods on the evening of Sept. 30. This club has had, in the three seasons of its existence, about as much fun as it is possible for an organization to get out of deer hunting in the Adirondacks. The first year that the club went into the woods it had the most extraordinary luck, killing in ten days fifteen deer before the hounds. The second year, which was last year, the luck was not so good, only five deer having been killed. This year they expect to equal the great record made upon their first visit to the woods.

The headquarters of the club is in Rochester, where the president, Charles H. McChesney, and the secretary, Charles L. Hoyt, live. Messrs. Hoyt and McChesney have, as a rule, had charge of the arrangements for the annual hunts, and so carefully have they planned all the details that the other members of the club are inclined to let them go on and do the managing for years to come. Each year they visit the woods before the time of starting and select a place to hunt and engage guides, so that all the rest of us have to do is to pack our trunks, buy our railroad tickets and start for the camp. We know that everything will be ready for us when we get there.

The other members of the club are: S. B. Williams, J. L. Willard, F. F. Shepard, W. H. Learned, D. Wilson and W. C. Fredericks, Rochester; James Nolan, Buffalo; Frank Seaman, E. N. Wilson, George R. McChesney and D. W. Pardee, New York; W. C. Hutchins, Johnstown. E. H. Danford, who was with us the first year, died this summer after a short illness. He was a Rochester man and an enthusiastic sportsman, and a most agreeable companion in the camp and in the woods. His death is the first one that has occurred in the club membership since it was organized, and during the coming meeting in the woods appropriate action will be taken upon this sad event.

On the evening of Dec. 15, 1894, the Antlers had a banquet in Rochester to celebrate the success of their first hunt in the woods. At this banquet I read an account of our adventures in the woods, as I had been appointed historian for that hunt at a meeting held just before we broke camp. This sketch was as follows:

"On the eve of his departure for Spring Cove, Franklin county, N. Y., to enjoy the first hunt of the Antlers Association, the Rochester newspaper man told his wife just how he was going to kill the buck. He would do just what the guide told him to do, sit still on his runway and when the buck, flying from the dogs, broke cover on the river bank and paused for a moment to locate the baying hounds, the newspaper man would raise his rifle, take a careful aim and send a bullet through the shoulders of the buck and drop him dead in his tracks. This seemed a very simple thing to the Rochester editor as he sat by his hearthstone and pictured it out to his wife, but somehow when he got into the woods and the buck shot out of the timber and went capering across the rapids of the river, dodging bullets from a repeating rifle at every caper, the editor realized that in his fireside calculation he had overlooked an important factor, namely, that some of the old bucks that inhabit Franklin county do not always pause on the edge of the river bank to listen to the music of the dogs. The bucks that came the editor's way dusted by him and plunged across the river and into the shade of the heavy timber as though they had business in an adjacent county that must be attended to that very day.

"With this little explanation of the editor's failure to carry out his plans as unfolded to his wife, I will, with your kind permission, attempt to carry out the orders of our secretary to recall some of the scenes and incidents from the diary that I kept. You all doubtless recollect that each evening I scribbled upon scraps of paper such as I could find about the cabin a brief account of the adventures of the day. Before I got home my diary was scattered pretty well. Some of it was in my trunk and some of it was in my pockets on the backs of envelopes and letter-heads. I gathered all the scraps and sealed them in an envelope, and this afternoon I spent three hours trying to put the record together in some connected form.

"This hunting trip on the St. Regis had been eagerly looked forward to by the Rochester Antlers, whose hunting blood had been thrilled by the narrative of that great buck killer, Charles H. McChesney, in which he described how he killed his first buck on the St. Regis River the year before. McChesney said that he had been on the runway but a few minutes when the buck swam around a point twenty rods away, and McChesney just drew a bead on the buck with his old Maynard and in the language of an old North Woods guide 'just unhitched and let 'er bile.' The rifle 'biled' all right and there was a dead buck in the river.

"This story had been told in the headquarters of the Columbia Rifle and Pistol Club, of Rochester, over and over again, and some of the Antlers who had had the privilege of hearing it concluded that deer killing was one of the simplest things in the world, and so it is if the deer only comes your way, at least this is what Frank Shepard says, and Shepard knows, for he has sat on the runways in sunshine and in storm and cussed under his breath the bucks that crossed the river on the other fellow's runway.

"The main body of the Rochester division of the Antlers left Rochester for the St. Regis country on Sunday evening, Sept. 30, 1894. We met at the station of the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg Railroad at 7:30 o'clock. S. B. Williams, city treasurer of Rochester, and Charles L. Hoyt, who were not able to go that evening, were at the station to see us off. Hoyt was detained by a case in court in which he was a witness and Mr. Williams had to remain in the city to attend a meeting of the Common Council. Williams and Hoyt shed tears because they could not go on with us, but there was no way out of it for them, and after we had promised to leave a couple of bucks in the woods for them they bade us good-by and we were soon whirling over the Genesee River and on toward Lake Ontario. We reached Oswego at 11 P. M. just a bit hungry, and after a deal of skirmishing we found a hole under the sidewalk into which we crawled and had some lunch. Then we put up at a hotel. We left Oswego on empty stomachs and the R., W. & O. at 6 A. M., and at Richland Junction obtained a first-class breakfast. We had dinner at Moira, and while we were waiting for the afternoon train for Spring Cove, on the Northern Adirondack Railroad, we unpacked our rifles and went down the railroad track to target our guns. It seemed a long time waiting for the train, but it started at last with us on board. William C. Hutchins, of Johnstown, joined us at Moira. Two miles out of Moira the engine became disabled and we were delayed, and it was 8 o'clock when we dragged our trunks and gun cases out of the cars and dumped them upon the station platform at Spring Cove.

"We were met at the station by our guides, cooks, masters of the hounds and general utility men. They conducted us along the wagon road to the cabin that had been secured for us and which was within forty rods of the railroad station. When we reached the cabin President McChesney introduced us to the guides and cooks, who were: G. Fred Kimball, head guide; Norman Peck, assistant guide and cook; Warren Peck, his brother, chief cook; Fred Farmer, guide; and Kinzie Goodrow, a resident of Spring Cove and a hunter himself. We were surprised to find the cabin to be a pretty comfortable sort of a shack with two sleeping rooms up-stairs; a store room, pantry and dining room down-stairs. There was in addition an outside storehouse and a small barn for the dogs. There was a big cook stove in the dining room and a big table around which twenty men could be placed. While we were getting our trunks stowed away the boys prepared supper, and in half an hour we were gathered about the table, a happy band of prospective deer hunters. Everyone had a word of praise for President McChesney, who had conducted us to Spring Cove and who had secured the services of such pleasant guides and cooks as those we found in charge of the cabin.

"I have no record of the hour at which we turned in that first night in the cabin or what we did after supper, but I know that the evening was pleasantly passed with pipes and cards and hunting yarns, and that regrets were expressed more than once that Hoyt and Williams and the New York men were not with us. We left instructions for an early call and an early breakfast, for all were eager to be out upon the trail of the deer. We had breakfast at 7 A. M., and at 8 o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, Oct. 2, the whole party, with guns on shoulders and cartridge bags and pockets full of shells, left the cabin for the runways along the river. It took about half an hour for the guides to place us on the runways, and at 8:30 A. M. the line of battle as officially reported was as follows: President McChesney was stationed at the Wheelock runway, the place where he killed the deer the year before; Hutchins was a bit further up the river, Chapin was at the Wing Dam, W. H. Lewis at the Eddy, Willard at Slide Rock, David Wilson at the Big Rock, Nolan at the Big Pine, Danford at Stony Point, Shepard at Trout Elbow, Goodrow at the Cut-off, and Kimball, the head guide, at the Tea Field. The names given to these runways are names by which they are designated by the guides and hunters of the locality.

"The morning was a beautiful one. The sun by the time we had reached the runways had come out from behind the forest-covered hills to the east, and was shining brightly down into the valley of the St. Regis. The foliage on the mountain sides had just begun to show the golden tints of October, and it was a picture that one could view with satisfaction as he waited for the sound of the baying of the hounds, the dogs having been taken back along the mountain sides by two of the guides, Norman Peck and Fred Farmer. The dogs began to give tongue

on the east side of the river at about 9:30 o'clock, and the tenderfeet in the party out for deer for the first time began to cock their rifles, not understanding that it might be two hours before a deer would come their way. Before 10 o'clock the crack of the rifles had been heard at different runways along the river, and those who had not yet had a shot were beginning to show signs of feverish anxiety.

"I will now speak of my own experience at the Big Pine runway. Guide Kimball left me at this runway, which was in a broad valley right where the river made a turn at right angles. Kimball said, as he gave me his parting instructions, that it was not the best runway on the river, but then deer had been known to come in there, and he did not like to leave the spot unguarded. I made myself comfortable on a log and waited. At 10:40 o'clock I heard a deer jumping in the timber on the east side of the river. A second after I heard the first jump, a fine doe came into view in the bushes on the edge of the east bank of the river. As the doe skipped through the bushes on her way to the water I left my seat upon the log, faced toward the point at which she would enter the water, gripped my gun firmly and tried to think of the rules for avoiding an attack of buck fever. It did not take long for the doe to reach the water. I heard her go down the muddy bank just beyond a fallen tree top which shut out my view of her as she reached the water, but I heard the gentle splash as she gracefully glided into the dark-colored stream, and then in a moment the little wavelets of the disturbed water broke across the surface of the river, and I raised my Marlin repeater and with finger resting lightly against the trigger waited for the doe's head to come from behind the shadow of the dead branches of the fallen tree.

"The doe was not long in reaching the middle of the stream, which at the point selected for her crossing was not over 30ft. wide. She was swimming rapidly for the west bank, and as she reached the middle of the stream I fired my first shot at a deer. The bullet sent the water flying around her head, but it disturbed her not, and as she pressed toward the bank I fired again. This shot struck her in the under jaw and she stopped still in the water, then raised herself until her shoulders showed clear above the waterline, and I fired again before she sank back, floundering and threshing the water into a foam. As the animal floundered about, the blood gushing in a stream from the wound in the jaw, my repeater rang out again and again, the powder smoke filled the air, and the men along the river above and below me thought that there must be serious business on about my runway. I thought I had the doe sure, and after the fifth shot I stopped to watch what I thought were to be her death struggles. But suddenly she changed her tactics, and before I realized what she was doing she was slipping swiftly toward the west bank as though nothing had happened. I began to work the lever of my Marlin again, and fired two rapid shots at her before she reached the bank and another just as the bushes of the swamp on the west side of the river swallowed her graceful form. Then I hurried down to the point where she left the river and entered the dense thickets of the swamp. There were splashes of blood all over the leaves and grass, which I followed through the swamp until the swamp merged into the heavily timbered forest twenty rods west of the river. While I was trying to continue the trail of the doe by the blood spots, old Jeff, the hound, came down the trail, crossed the river and swept past me with howls that became more energetic as the faithful dog caught the strong odor of the fresh blood. Old Jeff soon was lost to sight and hearing on the trail, and that was the end of my deer hunting for that day.

"After Old Jeff's tongue could be heard no more I returned to my seat on the log much cast down at having missed my first deer, and for the rest of the day nothing occurred to disturb my painful reflections on my runway. I stayed there until the guides came along with the members of the party who had been posted above me, and we reached the cabin at about 3 o'clock very hungry, but not so hungry that we cared to postpone counting the dead deer and listening to the stories of the men who had been successful. When all were in from the runways there were three deer in front of the cabin, a very good showing for the opening day. One fell before Willard's gun, it was his first deer too. McChesney, who always kills one on the first day of the hunt, was again lucky, and the third deer was killed by the two guides, Kimball and Goodrow. Both shot at it, and both hit it. McChesney shot three times at his deer, a big doe, and each bullet hit her. One went through the head, another through the heart and the third through the neck. He killed her on the same runway he killed the one on the year before, and at nearly the same spot in the water. She was swimming when he shot her.

"Willard killed his deer, also a doe, with one shot, the bullet going through the shoulder. She ran a few rods into the woods after being hit and fell dead. Willard and McChesney used the Maynard single breechloading rifle, and they agreed that for deer there was no other gun like it. There was a lot of Maynard talk in the cabin that evening, and it tended to make those of us who used repeaters a bit nervous. And so the first day ended with arguments about guns and talk of what might be in store for us on the morrow.

"*Second Day, Wednesday, Oct. 2.*—The day opened with a pouring rain. We did not care to go on the runways in such a storm, and while some sat about the cabin and smoked others took their shotguns and went looking for grouse near the cabin. Danford and I went for grouse, and we started two on a ridge. Danford shot one, making a pretty shot as the bird was on the wing. While we were after the grouse the sun came out, and we hurried back to the cabin, expecting that the party would be getting ready to go on the runways. In our absence there had been arrivals at the camp, the new men being S. B. Williams and Charles L. Hoyt, of Rochester, and E. N. Wilson, of the Sherman Square Hotel, and G. R. McChesney, of the Mutual Reserve Fund, New York. As soon as the new arrivals had donned their shooting clothes all started for the runways. President McChesney decided that he would take a poor runway this day, as he had killed a deer on the day before, and the plan worked well, for no deer came his way, and the rest of the party fared no better. In the evening the table was full, there being thirteen hungry men gathered about it. Sam Williams was happy, for he believes there is luck in the number thirteen.

"*Third Day, Thursday, Oct. 3.*—We did not get an early start this morning, for Mr. Chapin made us wait while he took a photograph of the camp and the party. On the way up the river we found two red hounds working on the trail of a deer near the cabin. We found the tracks of the deer where it had entered the water. It had succeeded in throwing the dogs off the trail and they did not succeed in recovering it. I was placed on my old runway at the Big Pine, and at 10:30 o'clock I heard a deer jumping in the woods across the river. I saw her for a second as she shot past an opening in the woods on her way down the east bank of the river. The wind was blowing from the southeast, and as she passed to the north of where I was standing she scented me, turned, ran south and then came down into the little meadow to the south and across the river. She ran out into the meadow a few rods and stopped in a bunch of grass that hid all of her body excepting her head. Her head was in plain view and she was about fifteen rods from me. I was afraid to shoot at so small a mark as her head, and while I was trying to determine the position of her body in the grass she turned and started for the woods to the east again. She ran broadside toward me in a gentle lope, and I took a hurried shot at her side. After the shot I did not see the deer again, but I heard a great crash over in the edge of the woods. I could not cross the river to see if I had killed her, and I waited there for three hours until Fred Farmer came along with two of the dogs. He forded the river, turned the dogs loose, and they found the deer dead in the woods near the edge of the meadow. The bullet had struck her on the side about over the last rib, had ranged forward and had come out at the point of the right shoulder. On its way it passed through the heart. The destruction wrought by the bullet was evidence that the Marlin repeater is in the front rank of deer guns. I used the Marlin .38-55, take-down model. This was the only deer that was killed to-day.

"*Fourth Day, Friday, Oct. 4.*—It rained this morning, but the Antlers did not mind that, and they started for their posts along the river at 7 A. M. E. N. Wilson, Nolan, Danford and Shepard, who went along ahead, got off the trail, and wandered around for an hour before they reached the painful conclusion that they were lost. Danford said he knew he could reach the river, and off he started, despite the protests of the others. His bump of location was large, and he reached the river and was soon on his old runway. The others floundered around until they were overtaken by one of the guides who had followed their trail, suspecting that they had strayed away. They were escorted back to the river and were soon upon the runways again. There was some shooting along the river during the day. W. H. Lewis had two shots at a deer, but the deer did not stop. Shepard had a bit of experience that served as a joke for the rest of the stay in camp. Shepard had heard McChesney and Hoyt talking about killing bears, and as he sat on his lonely runway waiting for the deer that seemed to be a long time coming, he had opportunity to think of bears. So to-day Shepard thought he would walk back into the woods and look for bear tracks. He was gone half an hour. He saw no bear tracks. But when he returned to his runway the first thing he saw was the fresh tracks of a deer in the soft ground at the edge of the river. While he was looking for bear tracks a deer had passed on his runway. It was an awful blow to Shepard, but he was frank enough to confess his error in leaving the runway. The boys tried joking him about it, but he took the chaffing in such a meek, yet cheerful, spirit that there was no fun in that, and as he made some great dishes of apple sauce for the next few days the boys let up on him, and everyone heartily wished that he would have some luck before we broke camp. Mr. Enright, of Moira, who joined us in the morning for a day's hunt, shot a small deer to-day, and Mr. David Wilson saw one, but did not get a shot at it. No one else saw any deer during the day. In the afternoon Hutchins and Danford went out for woodcock, and Hutchins shot one in the river bottom, near the cabin. Frank Seaman and D. W. Pardee, the latter of the Lake Shore Railroad Co., arrived to-day and were duly installed in camp. During the evening, as we sat about the cabin smoking and chatting, Mr. Seaman, who had hunted in the Rocky Mountains, was asked to tell something of the ways of the grizzly bear when he is cornered or when he corners the hunter, whichever it is. Mr. Seaman told of an occasion when he and his guide, an old and experienced hunter, unexpectedly came upon a grizzly bear. The bear was nosing around in the bushes, and he did not see the hunters. And over that fact they shed no tears, for that was not their day for grizzlies. They just tiptoed as softly out of that part of the country as they could. They were not looking for fun that day. Mr. Seaman's guide had killed grizzlies before, but he had quit the business, having decided that too much fun is a bad thing for a man's health. All this talk about the ability of the grizzly bear to hold up his own in a little by play with a man had no effect upon the bold Antlers, and McChesney and Hoyt and Danford declared they would never be happy until they had a meeting with a grizzly bear. As a friend of theirs, I hope the day of this meeting will be long deferred.

"*Fifth Day, Saturday, Oct. 5.*—The morning broke cool and cloudy. We started for the runways at 7 A. M. G. R. McChesney was placed over on Spring Pond, a small body of water within a quarter of a mile of the cabin and on the west side of the river. Mr. McChesney had not been on the pond more than an hour when the rest of us from our positions along the river above him heard a great cannonading over in his neighborhood, and we concluded that he was having some fun with himself over in the dense woods that surrounded the pond. We did not get particulars until we turned in at the cabin in the afternoon, and then we heard that a yearling buck had entered the pond near where McChesney was stationed, and that Mr. McChesney immediately started to convert him into a lead mine. Mr. McChesney was a bit excited and in his haste to load and fire he got .38-56 shell into the magazine of his .38-55 Marlin, and had to take the gun apart before he could get it in working order again, and all the time he was tinkering with his gun the buck was swimming across the narrow pond. But Mr. McChesney managed to get his gun in order and killed the buck. One of McChesney's bullets went near the cabin, and Norman Peck, the guide, who happened to be out of the cabin, heard the bullet sing over his head, and he immediately retired behind the cabin until the fusillade over on the pond had stopped. C. H. McChesney spent this morning at Twin Ponds, where the deer were not expected, but Mac's good luck followed him and he bagged a doe, making a superb shot at 200yds. The deer was on the run when McChesney saw it, and he fired two shots to get the range of his gun, and then a third shot for business. The ball struck the deer in the neck and she dropped in her tracks. George Kimball killed a yearling buck at the Tea Field. Sam Williams went home this evening, but he did not take his baggage with him, which was a sign that he was to return. E. N. Wilson went to bed early with a sprained ankle, which G. R. McChesney skillfully bandaged. The rest of the boys held a general meeting around the table in the dining room and decided to return next year. They named the club the Antlers Club and elected C. H. McChesney president, and Charles L. Hoyt secretary and treasurer.

"*Sixth Day, Sunday, Oct 6.*—This was Sunday and guns were left in the cabin and the dogs were allowed to rest. Most of the Antlers walked through the woods to the Blue Mountain House, where they had a fine dinner, with Mr. Seaman as the host. They returned in the afternoon in time to see the New York men start for home. They went in a special train which had been sent up for them. They were not anxious to leave, and we were sorry to part with them. They had proved themselves true sportsmen, and the Rochester Antlers will never meet to talk of those days in the St. Regis country without paying tribute to the manly qualities of the New York gentlemen with whom they were so fortunate as to be associated.

"*Seventh Day, Monday, Oct. 7.*—I shot my second deer to-day. It was also a doe and a fine one. She came into the river very near my runway, and I missed her with the first shot, but killed her dead on the second, the ball passing through her neck.

"*Eighth Day, Tuesday, Oct. 8.*—Danford and Hutchins left for their homes to-day. Hoyt shot a young buck on a runway near the cabin.

"*Ninth Day, Wednesday, Oct. 9.*—Sam Williams returned to camp this morning bringing a big rainstorm with him. It was dreary work on the runways this morning, but many of us went out. David Wilson, who was to start for home in the afternoon, killed a fine buck just as he was preparing to leave his runway and return to the cabin. He was, I think, the happiest man I ever saw. Our hunting practically closed to-day and we all began to prepare to leave for our homes. Shepard and Williams decided to remain until Saturday and shoot birds.

"This antlered head above our table tells of the rare luck that Shepard had after we left him, but I will not spoil the details of a good buck story by trying to tell it myself, but will call on Mr. Shepard to entertain us with his experience in running to the death the finest deer that fell before the guns of the Antlers in 1894.

"This closed my history and in response to my suggestion Mr. Shepard told his story. It seems that after we left the cabin he amused himself hunting partridges. On one of his tours he started the buck a short distance from the cabin. He returned to the cabin, got his rifle and returned to the trail of the buck. After several hours' patient work he got a shot at the buck as it was crossing a clearing and the bullet entered the animal's neck, but did not stop him. He left blood in his trail and it was evident that he had received his death wound. Shepard did not follow him, but returned to the cabin and on the following morning started out with one of the dogs on the bloody trail. The dog found the buck lying on the edge of a small stream. The buck was so exhausted that he could not rise to his feet, and he was speedily put out of his misery. The buck was a magnificent animal, one of the finest that had been killed in that region in years. Shepard bore him in triumph to Rochester."

JAMES NOLAN.

PARRY SOUND DEER.

AS SOME of your readers may be interested in deer hunting in Ontario, I shall give you my experiences of last November in the Parry Sound district.

I Set out on Oct. 28 as one of a party of six, all but one being deer hunters of more or less experience. We brought with us a large tent and camping outfit, including a sheet iron stove, a liberal supply of provisions and six dogs—three foxhounds and an equal number of beagles. We traveled per Grand Trunk Railway to Burk's Falls, where we remained over night, and next morning we boarded a steamer for Alunic Harbor, where we hired a team and driver, and putting up until next morning at a very cosy tourists' hotel we started for the woods.

None of us had ever hunted in the neighborhood to which we were going. We had intended to pitch our tent at a lumber camp about ten miles from Alunic Harbor, which had been deserted for several years, and near which we had been informed deer were plentiful; but we found that it was again occupied by a lumbering outfit, and that we would have to seek some other location. Having little faith in the average hired guide, and some in our own judgment, we hired no guide and determined to drive into the brush until we struck a locality which suited us, and then unload and pitch our tent. We traveled seventeen miles before we did this, and on account of the roughness of the road made very slow progress, and had to foot it nearly all the way. It was dark by the time we got our tent up, and too late to prepare hemlock brush beds as usual, but having cooked and eaten our supper, we rolled into our blankets and made ourselves as comfortable as possible.

The next day was spent in getting things into shape in our camp, which was situated near two small lakes, and by the following morning, Nov. 1, the opening of the hunting season, we were ready for business.

After hunting three days and killing only one deer, a doe, among us, we made up our minds that we had made a mistake for once. There were plenty of deer in our neighborhood, but the bush was too thick and rough and there appeared to be no feeding grounds near us, so we spent our fourth day in prospecting for a more favorable location.

We found it four miles away at a deserted lumber camp on a very good "cadge" road, and the next day, having hired a settler and his team for the purpose, we moved. Finding that the "office" of the lumber camp was in good repair and would afford us comfortable and commodious quarters, we established ourselves in it, left our tent in its bag and tied the dogs up in a root house.

The character of the country was the usual one in Parry Sound and Muskoka, alternate hogback ridges of Laurentian granite and gullies. About a mile to the north was a large creek or small river, and between us and it was green bush out of which the best of the pine had

been cut, and which was intersected by numerous log roads. There was a bridge across the river on the Government road by which we had traveled in, and beyond it was a large burnt district over which the fire had run several years ago. The high ridges were burnt bare to the rocks, but in an occasional gully was green bush, and there numerous deer made their headquarters.

We hunted the north and south sides of the river alternately, and the sport could hardly have been better. The deer were so numerous that we speedily made up our minds that we could easily get the two each allowed us by our game laws without killing any fawns; so we let the small deer go and killed only large ones.

Though, like nearly all Ontario hunters, we always bring dogs into the bush, we had in former years killed most of our deer by still-hunting, and that generally without snow for tracking; but in this case that was out of the question. We had more or less snow nearly all the time, but it was generally more or less crusted; so that we couldn't move noiselessly, and we had to depend on our dogs. In six and a half days' hunting we killed eleven deer, including seven bucks, six of which averaged 180lbs., and four large does, which, with the doe we had killed previously, gave us our limit—two deer each. Four of the bucks had ten-point heads, and three eight points.

I killed a buck and a doe. The first I got one morning just after two of our dogs had been put out. I was standing where three runways came together and crossed a small brook at the end of an alder swamp. I had not heard the dogs and was rather surprised when the buck, a grand fellow with a ten-point head, appeared. He was running with his nose close to the ground and his flag down, and though it afterward appeared that the dogs were on his track, they were so far off that perhaps he did not know it. I stopped him with a ball through his neck from my .45-90 Winchester and he hardly kicked. The dogs came up while I was bleeding him, and one of my comrades coming to my assistance we got the insides out of the buck and proceeded to hang him up. This was quite a contract, as there was no sapling near suitable for a spring pole. We put the gambrel stick across a pole, the ends of which we placed against two trees about 6ft. apart. We raised each end of the pole alternately by lifting on crotches which we cut, and hadn't got the buck's head clear of the ground when the dogs, which had meandered off, began to give tongue again, and we made for runways. Within five minutes my comrade shot a fine doe, which we dragged to where we had the buck, and having completed the job of hanging them both up we struck for camp, well satisfied with our morning's work.

My other deer, the doe, I shot in the green bush in a gully in the "burn." I got her by still-hunting. I saw her start about 100yds. away, and got off two shots, one of which entered near her kidneys and ranged forward, coming out through her lungs. I followed her bloody track about 200yds., when I saw her standing about 50yds. away. She looked pretty shaky, but to make sure of her I let fly at her head. The ball went in at one ear and came out at the other. This was the only deer shot in our party by still-hunting.

Two of the other deer, both large bucks, were shot under rather peculiar circumstances one morning after a night's hard frost which had frozen the river over. Both were killed while trying to cross the river by smashing through the ice. The first was seen by one of our party who was crossing the bridge about 200yds. away, and struck the buck's head with three out of ten shots from a .40-82 Winchester. The second was heard smashing the ice by another member of our party who was in the woods some distance away, and who made for the river and made two hits out of four shots at 100yds.

Both bucks were killed in places where the river had widened out into small lakes, and to get them out was something of a problem; but there was an old punt near the bridge, where it had apparently been left in the summer by some one who had been fishing for the pickerel and black bass with which the river swarms. We utilized the punt, one man paddling and another kneeling in the bow and breaking a passage through the ice with a green pole. This was slow work, but both deer were finally towed down to the bridge and hung up on the ridge above close to the road.

Having killed all the deer the law allowed us, we hired two teams to take them and our camp outfit to Alunic Harbor, and two heavy loads they made for the roads over which we had to travel. We started shortly after noon on the 14th, got to a hotel eight miles from camp that evening, remained over night, got up at 4 o'clock next morning, reached Alunic Harbor about 11, and boarded the steamer for Burk's Falls at 1. W. P.

Natural History.

RANGE OF THE ANTELOPE.

With Provisional Map Showing Distribution in 1896.

We all know in a general way about what ranges were occupied by the larger North American mammals when this country was first settled by the whites. And we all know in a general way that the ranges of these mammals have been greatly circumscribed by the settling up of the country, the ravages of hunters and the clearing away of forests and swamps. From most of the States east of the Missouri River the larger mammals have practically been exterminated, though in many States Virginia deer and black bears are still to be found. It is now probably too late to trace the method of this contraction of the range of the different species, or to learn when each one became exterminated over any given area. Since, however, we know that the work of extermination is still being carried on, that the free range of these larger animals is becoming more and more circumscribed, it is worth while now to make a beginning and to try to define from year to year the range of the different species.

Some years ago I endeavored to learn just what was the range of the white goat at that time, and I published in Forest and Stream a map which indicated the limits beyond which this species was not found. It seems to me desirable to do this for other species, and with this letter I offer a map which shows the range of the pronghorned antelope (*Antilocopra americana*) for the year 1896, so



PROVISIONAL MAP SHOWING DISTRIBUTION OF THE ANTELOPE IN 1896.
The range is indicated by the black dots.

far as I know it or have been able up to the present time to learn about it.

The books tell us little that is definite about the eastward extension of the range of the pronghorned antelope. Caton tells us that it is found only west of the Mississippi River, and that it extended as far east as that stream only in the northern portion of its range. All the other authorities have followed him in this. We know certainly that this antelope loves open country and was formerly most abundant on the plains.

I have an impression that it formerly existed in western Iowa, where in the year 1870 I saw a captive specimen which was said to have been taken as a little kid at some point in the neighborhood. My notes on this individual unfortunately are lost. My friend Mr. Frank M. Chapman kindly reminds me that Herrick (Mammals Minnesota, Bull. Minn. Geological Survey, 1892) speaks of it as formerly occurring in southwestern Minnesota, but gives no particulars. Roughly, the Mississippi River was the eastern limit of the range of this species and the Saskatchewan and Red Deer rivers its northern boundary. South it extended well down over the plains of northern Mexico, while west at many points it reached the shores of the Pacific. Of course, within this vast territory there were many considerable areas where antelope were never found. Such are the heavily wooded mountain areas of Washington, Oregon and parts of Montana and Idaho, but over all the great plains, and over all the naked sage brush plateaus of the arid central region, these animals were extremely abundant. As has been elsewhere stated:

"It is not so many years since the antelope was the most abundant game animal of the plains and the Western mountains. This was immediately after the extinction of the buffalo, and it is perhaps true to-day. The reduction in numbers of the species has come more from the contraction of its range than from actual destruction of individuals. The time was—and men whose hair is not yet gray can remember it—when the antelope ranged in vast numbers over both the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, Indian Territory, Texas, and to the west to and beyond the Rocky Mountains and to the Pacific coast, and their numbers were so great that it may even be questioned whether the buffalo greatly exceeded them for multitude. As the traveler rode along, the prairie as far as he could see was dotted with the white patches of the feeding animals, and only those immediately in his way moved off to some nearby rise of ground and stamped and whistled at him as he passed.

"Over all the summer range the species was very abundant and very evenly distributed. If the buffalo covered the face of the plain, antelope were to be seen mingled with them, feeding among the great beasts; if there were no buffalo in the country, the antelope were still there in the same numbers. Hundreds and thousands of them might be seen in a day, not bunched up together, but sometimes singly or in loose herds of from three to fifty. If frightened and started to running, these herds would mingle for a while; but after the alarm was over they would separate again into smaller groups.

"At the approach of winter the antelope changed their ground, migrating in loose, straggling columns from summer to winter range. They traveled by established routes, crossing rivers at certain well-known points and using the same passes between mountain ranges year after year. At such special points they were killed in great numbers by hunters. On the winter range, after the cold set in, the antelope congregated in herds of thousands, and these herds kept together until the approach of spring. Hunters used to kill many of them in winter by shooting into the close mass of fleeing beasts so long as they were within range. Of course they wounded as many as they killed. At that season the antelope often perished from cold. If a cold winter rain came on, gradually changing to sleet and then to snow with bitter cold, the animals sometimes became coated with ice and either perished from cold or were so chilled that they fell an easy prey to the hunter on two legs or four."

I am not sure how far south into Mexico the range of the antelope extended, but it ought not be difficult to learn this. Swainson and Richardson in their "Fauna Boreali Americana" say that this species occurs as far north as 53°. It was formerly extremely abundant in many unwooded portions of California.

Two or three statements made by earlier writers on this species are incorrect, but will probably be repeated by compilers for many years. One of these is that the antelope is unable to jump over even a comparatively small obstruction. It is true that the antelope, living as it usually does on the open prairie or where it only has to run straight ahead, is not accustomed to finding obstacles in its way nor to jumping them, and seldom or never does jump high; yet I have seen a tame antelope jump a 4ft. fence for the purpose of getting out of the dooryard in which it was confined, and later, when the animal was chased back by the village dogs, I have seen him sail over the same fence with all the ease of motion that a white-tail deer would show.

It is also commonly stated that the antelope never goes into the timber. This is not true. While essentially an animal of the open country, preferring above all things a region where he can use his eyes, the antelope nevertheless frequently ventures into cover. As long ago as 1877 I saw antelope feeding among the timber in the mountains of Wyoming, and later, in 1879, I often found them in the mountains of northwestern Colorado, feeding either in heavy willow brush in the river bottoms or among the pine timber, near little open parks in the high mountains. Mr. Attix recently wrote me reporting five or six bunches of antelope in the heavy green and dead timber of the Continental Divide, near the Wyoming and Colorado line. These herds have been driven from their former feeding ground by the immense bands of sheep now being grazed there. A favorite summer range, especially for old male antelope, is high up on the bald hills and hogbacks of the main range, where they were often found in very considerable numbers, and often associating with the mountain sheep.

Of course the investigations of a single individual for a few weeks can cover but a very small area, and my personal observations on this map are confined to the small portion of Wyoming lying in the bend of the North Platte River, and two small sections of western Montana lying just east of the Rocky Mountains—one near the boundary line, and one along the Yellowstone River, both north and south of it. The remaining information comes from gentlemen with whom I have communicated by letter, and who have been kind enough to tell me of the regions with which they are familiar.

This map is provisional and is known to be extremely imperfect, but is published now in the hope that it may reach the eye of many readers of this journal who may be able to supply its omissions. It will be observed that the localities for antelope are chiefly on the plains, and only pass just over the Continental Divide. No doubt there are antelope in Idaho, and in western Oregon, Utah, Nevada

and possibly in California. I should be extremely obliged to any one who knows of the occurrence of this species at any point not dotted in the map, if he would cut out this map from the paper, would mark on it with a pencil dot the locality where he observed antelope in 1896, and return it to me with as exact a statement of the circumstances as he is willing to write.

The details of any information furnished to me will not be published. It is merely asked for in order to secure material for a complete history of the distribution of the pronghorned antelope in 1896, but it is very important that the location of the bunch and the watershed on which they range should be given as exactly as possible, in order that the map may be complete. When all the information possible has been secured, a revised map will be published.

I hope to be able to prepare similar provisional maps showing the range of other species of large game, and in this work I am anxious to enlist the interest and to have the assistance of my fellow sportsmen. These maps may at some time be of value to the man who shall write a history of North American big game.

Besides the country shown on the map I have some information concerning the region north of the United States. Mr. John Fannin tells me that in 1896 antelope were abundant near Medicine Hat and Calgary in the Northwest Territories, along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and Wm. Jackson tells me that they are still found along Old Man's River.

The men to whom I am indebted for information with regard to the range of the pronghorn are: Mr. J. B. Monroe, Montana; James H. Crawford, Colorado; Mr. Elmer T. Judd, North Dakota; Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, New York; W. J. Dixon, Kansas; D. F. Carlin, South Dakota; Charles S. Attix, Colorado; W. B. Devereux, Colorado.

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

EGGING ON THE FARALLON ISLAND.

IN volume VI. of the Proceedings of the California Academy of Science, now in course of publication, Mr. Leverett M. Loomis, Curator of the Department of Ornithology, gives an extremely interesting account of a trip made last July to South Farallon Island and the birds observed there. His stay on the island lasted only from July 8 to 16, and the field notes taken at that time are the basis of this paper.

Mr. Loomis noted ten species of sea birds on the island, and at the time of his visit most of these were being systematically robbed of their eggs, which were shipped in large quantities to San Francisco, where they sold at varying prices per dozen, the lowest price being 12½ cents.

One of the most numerous birds on the island was the tufted puffin or "sea parrot," which in the daytime were outnumbered only by the California murres. The eggs of the "sea parrot" are not marketable, and as the birds have no enemies among their kind there is no special reason for their decrease. These birds are very courageous when nesting, and fight readily, seizing whatever is within reach of their bills and holding on to it tenaciously. Occasionally they fight together, and Mr. Loomis was told that two which were fighting rolled down a declivity of more than 100ft. without relinquishing their grip on each other. They are quite fearless, and Mr. Loomis speaks of having photographed a group of five when less than 10ft. distant from them.

Cassin's auklet was undoubtedly much more numerous than it appeared to be. Usually they were scarcely to be seen, but the afternoon of July 13 was warm and cloudless, and just after sundown several large flocks of these birds were seen flying about high in the air above the island, recalling to the observer chimney swifts in the East on a summer's day. "At 2 o'clock the following morning I was awakened and informed that the bird population was in an uproar. It was pitch dark, but the whole island seemed alive with birds. Their voices, suggestive of those of whippoorwills, filled the air. I was told this nocturnal concert was given by Cassin's auklets. From this incident some real conception was formed of the abundance of this species on the island." Mr. Loomis found both eggs and young of this species, and in one instance an auklet was discovered sharing its underground apartment with two rabbits.

The pigeon guillemot was common on the eastern part of the island, but none were seen on the west end. These birds were timid, and left their nests whenever the crevices containing the eggs were closely approached.

The most abundant bird on the island was the California murre, and the cliffs and outlying islets fairly swarmed with these birds. Many of them lay their eggs on ledges in the sides of the caves opening above the sea, and when the cave is entered most of the birds immediately seek to escape. They stream out of the exit in such numbers that the intruder has to be on his guard lest some of the stream of frightened birds should strike his face. Others crowd together on the floor at the back of the cave, and may readily be caught as they endeavor to escape. The eggers systematically go over the rookeries daily, being thus certain of getting good fresh eggs. One small rock only is reserved as a breeding place, and is thus free from intrusion by man, and here the birds are so closely crowded that those coming in from fishing cannot alight without disturbing others. The lighthouse-keeper informed Mr. Loomis that 7,645 dozen eggs were shipped to San Francisco this year. In 1884, according to Mr. Emerson, as many as 300,000 eggs were gathered. The market became glutted and one cargo was dumped into San Francisco Bay, while another was abandoned on the island. At present the eggs are shipped in small wooden boxes, but at that time they were merely piled into the holds of the boats. According to the late Dr. W. O. Ayres more than 500,000 eggs were sold in less than two months in 1854—all collected on a portion of South Farallon Island; and Dr. Heerrmann, writing early in the fifties of these birds here, says: "The traffic in their eggs from this place to San Francisco and inland reaches the value annually of between $100,000 and $200,000." Up to this year this species of birds have not been greatly disturbed on the North Farallon Islands, but this year a schooner was occupied in taking eggs off weekly, provided a landing could be effected.

The western gull is abundant here, and lives largely by robbing the murre at every opportunity. When the eggers start out to collect, the gulls congregate and soon a flock is formed, circling about overhead eagerly awaiting the flight of the murres from their nests, when they pitch down and destroy their eggs. Sometimes the gulls are said to endeavor to drive the murres from their nests. The eggers destroy the eggs of the gulls, which they regard as their rival in business.

Two species of petrel, Leach's and the ashy petrel, are found on the island. Both of them breed in stone piles, stone walls, or under driftwood, and become active after dark. The flight of the ashy petrel recalls that of the goatsucker.

Three species of cormorants, the Farallon, Brandt's and Baird's, were found here, but in less numbers than Mr. Loomis had expected. The eggs of these birds are destroyed by the gulls, from whose depredations they are said to suffer greatly. Mr. Loomis visited a rookery of Brandt's cormorants in Sugar Loaf Island and found no more than two eggs in any one nest.

Only two land birds are known of as breeders on South Farallon Iisland, the rock wren and the raven. The former is abundant, but the latter is only a straggler. Besides these a number of birds stop at the island on their migrations. More than eighty species have been noted by Mr. W. O. Emerson.

Game Bag and Gun.

Our readers are invited to send us for these columns notes of the game supply, shooting resorts, and their experience in the field.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Snipe and Potatoes.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 26.—Mr. Fred. Gilbert writes me from Spirit Lake, Ia., the following interesting letter about shooting matters. Mr. Gilbert's experience with the snipe is a new one so far as I ever heard, though of course all old snipe shooters know that these birds do not always stick to the wet marsh. Very often they are found in thickets in rough weather, and in the spring a high cornfield is often a good place to look for them. No doubt these birds were simply sunning and dusting themselves. Sometimes in the middle of the day they are put up out of the grass on dry ridges, far from any sort of marsh or wet ground. If these snipe know when they are well off they will stay away from that potato patch:

"I must drop you a few lines to let you know that I am still on earth and able to destroy mud pies at a fair rate and knock the feathers from a live pigeon now and then. Was at Marshalltown, Ia., last week and shot three days, making an average of 97 per cent. for three days; first day broke 108 out of 110 and last day 122 out of 125, also 49 live birds out of 50. But that is not what I started to tell you of. This morning I started to walk to a friend's house that is three blocks from my home and less than five blocks from the court house square, and as I walked along I saw a small bunch of snipe, perhaps fifteen of them, drop in a potato patch, and as they acted like jacksnipe and were nearly in my path I went down to see about it. I walked up very carefully, and there saw a jacksnipe sitting on the sunny side of a potato hill. If it had not been Sunday and church hour, I think I should have got after them with my little 20-gauge, but as it was had to satisfy myself by walking through the patch and throwing potatoes at them. I flushed twenty-three in less than five minutes and could stand it no longer, so walked away. I do not know as they will ever be there again, but will promise you if they are they will not all get away.

From Dakota.

Snow fell in North Dakota along the line of the Great Northern R. R. on Sept. 18, and ice formed ¾in. thick, but warmer weather has followed. The water all over Northern Dakota is very much more abundant than it was last year. Ducks are plentiful in the sloughs, and it is expected that goose shooting will be good, though it is still too early to tell definitely. Prairie chickens are scarce in localities where little shooting has been going on, and it is thought they have been killed off very largely by eating of the poisoned grain put out in the spring by farmers to kill the gophers. A moose has been seen this fall in upper Dakota, toward the Turtle Mountain country.

A friend writing me from Dakota tells me an incident or two of Western life. He states that he had just seen a would-be broncho buster who had been thrown by a wild bucking horse. The man landed on the ground with his foot in his mouth, and lost eight teeth, besides suffering great disfigurement about the face, which was so torn that he could not speak. Recently, in the same town, there was a case of amputation that came under the practice of the village physician. The latter had no crosscut saw, but went across the street and borrowed a meat saw from a butcher and finished his amputation triumphantly. The patient is doing as well as any man could who had his leg removed by more modern methods.

Wisconsin Fishing.

Fishing near State Line, Wis., is very good just now, especially for bass. Mr. I. N. Harding, of Chicago, fishing in Tenderfoot, McCullough and Morton lakes near that point, has been taking forty or fifty bass about every time he cared to go out for the last few weeks. The season record for muscallonge this year is not a very large one, and one is regretfully forced to the belief that the fish is to become more and more rare very rapidly, and the specimens taken of a size averaging much less than was the case ten years ago.

Jacqueminots.

The Jacqueminot snipe are in all over this country now, from lower Wisconsin to the Kankakee River in Indiana. They come a little high, but they are nice. A number of pretty bags have been made along the sloughs just west of Chicago, notably one by Eddie Bingham, who has a pocket marked down.

Teal shooting has begun in earnest in such places in Wisconsin as offer any birds this fall, but not very big bags are reported. In the Kankakee country there have been fits and starts of duck shooting, mostly at wood ducks and teal. The weather has been mild above here so far, and the Northern flight has not yet appeared. Within a week we are apt to have many more birds in this region. Of course, a dozen ducks on any of the open waters of this immediate vicinity is a big bag these days. Golden plover made a poor flight.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

MASSACHUSETTS AND MAINE.

BOSTON, Sept. 22.—Partridge shooting in the covers near Boston is really pretty good for this State. On the sixth day of the season Mr. Al Thompkins was out in the vicinity of Wayland and took five handsome birds. Mr. E. M. Gillam had his new pointer out in the woods of Reading.

Mr. C. H. Cook and Mr. H. F. Soule, with their families, have been summering on Martha's Vineyard. On Friday they took a team and invited their wives to a lunch and picnic down on the south shore of the island. They took their shotguns along, as they usually do when there are possible chances for shooting. They had over forty yellow-legs for their bag. They consider that they had remarkable success. Much pleased with the south shore of Martha's Vineyard for bird shooting, they will take the first opportunity to be there again. Almost the whole south shore of that island is controlled by sportsmen, however, and one not an owner will find that the shore is all posted and carefully watched. Big prices have been paid for short distances of shore land that is good for nothing but scrub oaks.

Partridge shooting has been good in the vicinity of Byfield and Georgetown. Among the local gunners may be mentioned Oscar L. Noyes, who is a real sportsman, a good shot, a good deal of a naturalist and lover of birds. C. O. Bailey and C. H. Tarbox are also among the best shots in that section. Mr. Noyes has given some time to gunning, and the other day rather surprised the others with a nice, plump partridge when they had none. It has leaked out, though Noyes does not know it, that a young fellow has a hen yard in that vicinity, running well back into the woods, made of wire netting. The day of the Colonel's success the hen man found a partridge hung in this fence with her neck broken by the force with which she had flown against it. The Colonel bought this bird of the young man. Later the other gunners propose to get him to explain as to how there were no shot marks on his partridge.

Hunting parties are already starting for Maine, proposing to get well located and get a little trout fishing before the end of the open season, and to be ready for the open season on big game. Oct. 1, C. A. Howe, Geo. B. Smith and E. F. Leland will be off for Grindstone, on the Aroostook Railroad. They are to meet their guides at that point, and go by canoes to the hunting camp. Deer, moose and caribou are the objects in view, but the hunters admit that they may have to be satisfied with a few partridges. They are going into a good big game country, however.

N. G. Manson, with his brother and perhaps a friend or two, will go down to Mr. Manson's camp, Camp Leatherstocking, Richardson Lake, next week for a few days' shooting.

Sept. 28.—Wm. H. Coggin and S. Matherson, Jr., left Boston for a couple of weeks' shooting last evening. They go to Bangor and thence to Norcross, on the Aroostook Railway. They have guides engaged to take them to some unfrequented waters in the Millinocket region. Big game is the object of this trip, as both have taken deer on previous occasions in Maine. A moose is more than likely to come down. They also expect to find excellent duck and partridge shooting. It is a pleasure to meet and talk over such trips with such hunters, both before and after. One deer is all either would shoot. This is an inexorable rule with them.

SPECIAL.

A MAINE GUIDE ASSOCIATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Sept. 19 are a few paragraphs calling attention to a proposition now under discussion in the State of Maine to license guides, and remarking that "a practicable and expeditious solution of the guide problem may be found in a voluntary combination of the guides themselves."

This seems to me a very pertinent suggestion at this time, and one which might under proper management result in much good. An organization such as you refer to would have many valuable features, both from the point of view of true sportsmen and of the guides themselves. We who resort to the woods from a love of nature; we who desire not so much to take fish and kill game as to find delight in the freedom of the open-air life and renewed vigor in pitting our knowledge, judgment and skill against the instinct and watchfulness of the wild denizens of wood and water; we whose pride is not in killing, and most surely not in numbers slain, but in the outgeneraling and capture, of which the killing is only an incident, of the wily trout or the solitary and alert moose; we who love the woods as God's own ground, and respect their inhabitants as his own handiwork, to be used for our benefit, but not to be wastefully killed—slaughtered in cold blood for the mere sake of killing; we mourn the presence in those blessed woods of butchers—men who kill and leave their game to rot—who can use one and kill two; and we would welcome any adequate protection.

An association of the guides would undoubtedly go a long way toward affording the very protection needed, and needed urgently. And it would besides, if properly organized, be a large measure of guarantee, to a sportsman who engages one of its members, of honesty and reliability as to behavior and skill. For the right of membership might, in some considerable degree, be made contingent upon the proper requisites of a good guide, and with careful management it would come to be recognized that "an association guide" was the best guide. Thus the game would be preserved, the laws observed, the association become a power for good, the guides be benefited, both because the game supply would be better and a larger number of sportsmen attracted, and because of the increased certainty of employment, and sportsmen would more surely and easily obtain good men.

To bring about a movement like this, however, is no easy matter. If it is to be effective the management of such an association must be in good hands, and its membership must include a large majority of all the reliable men in the State engaged in guiding. Moreover the laws under which it acts, and which bind all its members, must be few and simple, and of a character which shall be recognized by all as good. And above all it must avoid any of the objectionable features of a "union."

If these things could be accomplished I am sanguine that great benefit would result. But the guides are a

relatively small number of men, scattered over a large territory. Their acquaintance with one another is necessarily limited, and the inauguration of such a movement demands leaders. How shall it be done? Who shall start it? How shall leaders be found?

FOREST AND STREAM has done many a service to sportsmen and guides; why should it not do this? If you, with your experience and knowledge, would take hold of this thing there would seem good ground for believing that it might be made a success. Fight and hard work would undoubtedly be called for, but you can give that as well as any one. My own experience is limited to two points in the State, covers a period of nine years, and includes an acquaintance with only a dozen or so of the guides, but among these are some incomparable men, and from that experience I believe the plan is feasible.

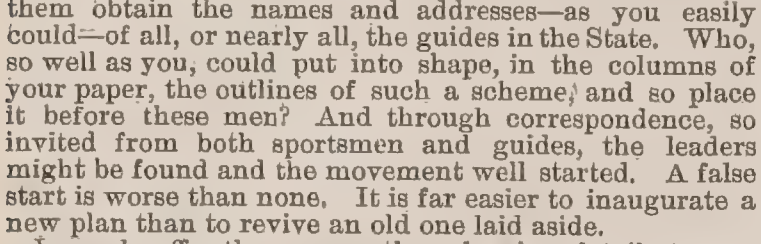
Suppose you enlist your subscribers and friends who are interested in game preservation in Maine, and from them obtain the names and addresses—as you easily could—of all, or nearly all, the guides in the State. Who, so well as you, could put into shape, in the columns of your paper, the outlines of such a scheme, and so place it before these men? And through correspondence, so invited from both sportsmen and guides, the leaders might be found and the movement well started. A false start is worse than none. It is far easier to inaugurate a new plan than to revive an old one laid aside.

I merely offer these suggestions, leaving details to you and to the development of further discussion, and ask you to give them your careful consideration, and if in your judgment an effort can be made with reasonable hope of success, act with vigor, and I think you will find plenty to help you. A SPORTSMAN.

A Bullet's Flight.

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., Sept. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you below the remarkable and peculiar deflection of a ball which occurred recently at Buffalo City, Dare county, N. C. The circumstances are as follows:

A gentleman who was desirous of doing some bear hunting had gotten a mold to cast lead balls for his No. 12 breech-loading shotgun. After he had molded the bullets he was rather timid in firing the gun charged with this large lead ball, fearing it would burst, so he got a native to try the experiment. I believe there was 3½drs. of powder used, the lead ball was round and about the size of an ounce ball. The man firing stood at A and



fired at a large black gum tree at a small board nailed on the tree, and which was about 12ft. up the tree. Immediately after the shot a man opened the door at D and angrily asked who was shooting at his house. About six persons were present and all said that the shot had been fired away from the house and were surprised at his saying his house was hit. A short while afterward myself and two other gentlemen began a search to see if the man had any cause for his remarks, as he still insisted as well as his wife that their house had been struck, and to the surprise of all the ball was found and very little out of shape. The diagram below shows the marks of objects struck, and the panel of the door was indented halfway through. The ball rebounded to E and was found lying on the ground. I measured the distances by tape line.

Office, store and house all on a line about.

The cypress tree at C was struck 6ft from the ground, and the lower panel of the door was struck about in the center. H. P. GREENLEAF.

Spaniel and Partridge in Vermont.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Several years ago we had a law prohibiting the use of dogs in hunting partridges. Its purpose was to prevent the murderous practice of treeing partridges with spaniels, but in effect pointers and setters were under the ban as completely as spaniels. So sportsmen and pot-hunters clamored alike against the law until it was repealed. Now the State is populous with spaniels. It is safe to say that there are fifty to each pointer and setter, and they make the killing of partridges a simple matter of sharp eyes and dead aim at a stationary object, in which no skill or woodcraft is requisite. The woods are full of market-shooters, men and boys, who want partridges to eat, no matter how got, and sportsmen ambitious to make big bags on the same terms, and each and all have their yelping spaniels, which not only do duty in the open season, but run at large during the spring and summer, at liberty to gobble up every nest of eggs and brood of unfledged young ones they come across. The inevitable consequence is that partridges are scarce, and so will continue to be as long as this evil exists. How is it to be abated? AWAHSOOSE.

Michigan Game.

LANSING, Mich., Sept. 26.—Prairie chickens in Michigan are very scarce, but early in September Mr. Launt Thompson, Howard Sweet, Jay Pearsall, J. P. Lee and C. P. Downey shot several in the lowlands north of Jackson, and a little later Mr. Charles Clippinger, Mr. Holmes and some other gentlemen shot two about twenty miles southeast of Lansing. Woodcock are very scarce. Ducks have not come to our section to any extent. Squirrels are plenty. Several parties are being made up for deer hunting, and they will leave for northern Michigan as soon after they vote as the train can carry them. JULIAN.

Off for the Adirondacks.

NEW YORK, Sept. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This year the Adirondack hounding season, which for all intents and purposes is the hunting season, opened Oct. 1, the same day that the Maine big game season begins.

Deer are reported to be very abundant, and naturally the Adirondacks offer a powerful counter attraction to Maine for New York sportsmen.

On Monday a party consisting of Fred Sauter, Sr., Fred Sauter, Jr., F. Siegler, Wm. Meisenholder and J. Wellbrock, of New York; F. B. Ketcham, of East Northport, L. I.; Valentine Schmit, of Brooklyn, and W. L. Coggswell, of Nutley, N. J., left for Schroon Lake.

Their hunting grounds will be on the upper Schroon River and back to Elk Lake. They will be in one of the best partridge sections in the Adirondacks, and convenient to first-class deer grounds.

Mr. Ketcham, who is a well-known Long Island hunter, reports that the deer on the Island have profited by the two years' close season, and that on a recent trip to the grounds he noted large numbers of small tracks, proving that they had bred prolifically. He thinks that the Long Island hunting this fall will certainly be up to the standard of previous years. J. B. B.

Reed Birds in their Nests.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Pardon me if I venture to criticise your article on reed birds in the issue of Sept. 26. The meadows between Cape May and Atlantic City are covered with a growth of short salt grass; no reed birds ever use them or build "warm nests" in them; certainly not in the month of September. If you will substitute mud hens for reed birds you will shoot a good deal nearer the mark. Mr. Chapman will only be misled by the article as published. GUNNING SKIFF.

[Didymus wrote in jocular vein, and an attempt was made to carry out his spirit and to convey in a humorous way the fact that the newspaper reporter, who mixed up reed birds and rail and mud hens, and talked of reed birds being routed from their nests in the marsh, was at sea in his ornithology and sportsmanship. It was not deemed necessary to label the note as a joke, but the event shows that jocularity is not permissible outside of the Camp-Fire Flickerings corner.]

The Dead River Region of Maine.

DEAD RIVER, Me., Sept. 21.—Mr. C. C. Brooks, of East Wilton, who is at the Ledge House for a six or eight weeks' stay, occupying Camp Little Bigelow, has opened the shooting season in a way that will bother some of our crack shots to beat. It was the shooting of two foxes. Standing just in front of his camp with his .32-40 rifle, a three-barreled hammerless gun of his own make and design, he shot, off-hand, one of the foxes at 303yds.; the second was shot near his camp with a .22cal. rifle of his make, off-hand, at 150yds.

Both big and small game of all kinds is far more plentiful than ever before, and sportsmen are already coming in good numbers, and I think that this section of Maine will this season lead all other places in the big lists of game. A DEAD RIVER GUIDE.

The Northern Migration.

NEW YORK, Sept. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Sept. 25 a party of Brooklyn sportsmen, including Dr. Ashley A. Webber, R. S. Layton, who is in the express business, and a druggist whose name has escaped me, left for Joe Francis's camps via Norcross. Mr. Maximilian Foster, of the *World*, also goes in by way of Norcross. He has corresponded with Luther Gerrish regarding a trip to Caucomyomoc Lake, well up the west branch. Mr. James P. Murray, of the U. S. National Bank, has tried the fishing in the Ashland region. Mr. W. A. Hoisington, the park expert of the Page Woven Wire Fence Co., has designs on the moose and big game of Aroostook county, which will materialize when the snow flies. J.

Game in Chenango County, N. Y.

GREENE, Chenango County, N. Y., Sept. 24.—We are having very fair success with the rod catching pickerel, perch and bass. Our sportsmen are having good sport with the gun this fall, bringing in fine bags of birds. Partridges have not been so plenty in years as they are this fall. One can scarcely go in any woods without stirring up more or less of them. Squirrels are very plenty, and as soon as the law is off (which will be Oct. 15) we anticipate good sport.

Any information as to game and guides will be gladly given by addressing L. C. SILVERNAIL.

Louisiana Quail.

OPELOUSAS, La.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The quail crop this season is a heavy one owing to the long dry summer, which has been advantageous to the breeding of the young birds. I have seen several very large bevies and they all appear to be full grown, and fly as well as the old birds.

North Carolina Wild Turkeys.

BOWMAN'S BLUFF, N. C., Sept. 24.—This locality is in the mountains, 2,500ft. high. The season has been unusually good for wild turkeys, which are nearly full grown and are plentiful (for this generally poor game country). A CONSTANT READER.

Freak squirrels promise to be plenty again this year. Yesterday Mr. Scholes shot a black squirrel, which is a delicate drab color throughout. Mr. Wm. Ward has sent to Mr. Munro, to be set up, a chestnut colored black squirrel which has a remarkably fine tail of rather lighter color than the body, and a red squirrel with a white tail.—*Belleville Intelligencer, Sept. 19.*

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

Sea and River Fishing.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XIV.—George Raynor.

THOSE who have followed these bits of personal history will not be surprised that a boy who has never shown a taste for anything but shooting, fishing and fun of most any kind that is to be found should exhibit a decided dislike to be confined by the iron-clad and steel-pivoted rules and regulations of business. Such boys usually take to the woods and remain there, preferring the simple life of the woodsman, with its independence, to all the luxuries of more civilized life, if the latter are only to be had by the stern and inexorable demands of a business. They often develop into men whom we are glad to know and to respect for their knowledge of the woods and its inhabitants, as well as for certain honest ways that come to a man removed from the world of deceit and suspicion of his kind that is engendered by a business life.

The time came when school was left and business began. The happy days were in the past. No more Saturday holiday, and the grind of recording shipping marks, weighing goods and signing receipts, when ducks were flying down the river and car loads of venison were coming in, was getting too much to bear. In that vast and vague country called the West there was freedom—and game. Finding opposition useless, father sent to Michigan for his rifle, the one that William and Joe Brockway had used for years, and gave it to me when I left.

Said he, "You may have this rifle, if you are bound to go, and the only thing I ask of you is never to join any expedition that goes out to murder poor Indians."

That was an easy thing to promise because there had never been such a thought or desire. I was twenty-one and bound for the great West, with no definite idea what part of it would be best to go to or just what was to be done when the journey ended. Pete Loeser, the German boy mentioned in the last history, wanted to go to some relatives in Wisconsin, and he went along. At Chicago we could decide what would be best to do, and there we stuck.

One day while fishing in the lake off the breakwater an old gentleman of eighty years named George Raynor, who had frequently fished with us, told me this story: "At the massacre of Wyoming, in 1778, my old parents were killed and I, a boy of about four years old, was taken by the Seneca Indians and then sent to Canada by a British officer, where I lived with a farmer until I ran away and shipped on a vessel that went to England. There I worked in a cutler's shop and learned the trade. How many years passed I don't know, but the desire to get back to America grew strong, and I went to Liverpool and shipped for New York. By this time I was a young man, and I worked at my trade until I saved money enough to try to seek my relatives, if I had any. I remembered a sister Susan and a brother John, both older than I, and I longed to see them. I had forgotten the name of the place where the massacre occurred and did not know in what State it happened. There was an indistinct recollection of an alarm at night, a hurrying to arms, and the burning of buildings and killing of people. I had kept a little picture book with my name in it. One day a lady came in the New York shop and bought some cutlery to be shipped to some point in Luzerne county, Pa. The name of the place seemed familiar, and I talked with her. She knew of my people, and the result was that I went there and afterward married her daughter— That's what we call an eel-pout that Pete's got. The fish is not eatable. Excuse me, where was I? O, yes, we prospered and all went well until our eldest boy was killed in the Mexican war and our daughter was burned to death in a fire that destroyed my business a year later, and with my wife and only boy I left New York for this place in 1848. In a railroad accident my wife was killed and injuries about my head hurt my eyes, so that it was uphill work to make a living until my boy William helped out by singing in the church choir. Now that I am nearly blind he is my sole support. You've heard his wonderful tenor voice in Warner's Hall, on Randolph street, where he now sings with 'Northrup's Metropolitan Minstrels.'"

During this tale the fish had taken my bait unnoticed, although Pete had attended to business and taken several fish. The story as told by the old man had made me wish he would stop, for there was no fun in the way he told it, and it had started a leak in my eyes. But down the breakwater, an old one not in existence now, came the sprightly young tenor, who put his arms around the old man's neck and kissed him, saying: "Well, father, what luck to-day?"

"Billy," said the old man, "I fear I have not fish enough for breakfast; I have been telling your friend the family history because he seemed to take interest in it, and I forgot to put my line out. Here is the hook and the bait by my side now. My old eyes do not see well enough to tell if a hook is baited or not, and certainly cannot see if the line is in the water or is coiled up at my feet. Now, Fred, don't you honestly think that an old man who has lived his life and can't see—"

"Here, father, stop that. You must meet the infirmities of age and accident in a philosophical manner. I can and will care for you while I have life and strength, and I don't want to hear any more of that talk."

The young man baited his father's line and we fished on. This eel-pout, as he called it, was a new fish to me then, and its long, flattened head and eel-like fins made it an object to be remembered. This specimen was 20in. long. Pete said: "Py chimminy! he's cot a whisker on his chin, so like a pullhead on'y de pullhead he cot fife oder six." And this was a wonder to us, for there were no fish with barbels where we had fished except the bullhead or catfish. We found the fish quite common in the lake. In other parts it is called "lawyer," "ling," and has several names besides that of *Lota*, which the scientists have taught us to believe is its true name. Twirling the sinkers vertically, and letting go at the proper time, we cast our bait as far as possible from the breakwater and hauled in hand under hand, and a good-sized pike perch or a big eel-pout made quite a fight at the end of a long line. Even the common yellow perch ran larger than we were accustomed to see them, and we green Eastern boys voted it the finest fishing we ever had.

Mr. Raynor told me that there was very good fishing in the South Branch of the Chicago River near where he

lived on Van Beuren street. To those who only know the Chicago River as it is now this statement may be doubted, for in its black and ill-smelling water a self-respecting mud turtle would decline to live. Yet I ask to be believed when I say that many good fish were taken from the docks in the South Branch by myself and others forty-two years ago. As a rule the fish were not as large as those taken in the lake, and just what kinds they were is partly forgotten, but yellow perch were plenty, and so were small dogfish, *Amia*. These latter even the omnivorous Pete could not eat, although he pronounced the eel-pout "Pooty goot."

The old gentleman was greatly pleased when I called at his house for him to go and fish. He said: "It is very good of you to come for me; very few care to bother with a man when he is no longer young and is nearly blind. I often think I've stayed here too long, and only for Billy—"

I interrupted with: "Yes, Billy is a good boy, one in a thousand, and you may be proud of such a devoted son." Then he was led from that depressing line of thought by a story of a deer hunt in northern New York and of jolly times in camp with Port Tyler until he forgot his infirmities and told stories of fishing in salt water and of shooting bay birds on Long Island, all of which were unknown sports to me. He became enthusiastic and finally said: "I'll sing you a hunting song which I learned in England," and after crooning for the key sang in a rich baritone, a little shaky with age, the following, which I never heard before nor since:

Some love to roam over the dark sea's foam,
Where the shrill wind whistles free.
But a chosen band, in a mountain land,
Oh, a life in the woods for me.

The deer we mark thro' the forest dark,
And the prowling wolf we track,
Our right good cheer is the wild boar, here;
Then why should the hunter lack?

Billy Raynor, the exquisite tenor, came honestly by his voice, that was certain, and I induced the old gentleman to sing it until both words and tune are as familiar to-day as then. A tolerably musical ear told me long ago that if I ever attempted to sing the police would pull the house on the suspicion that there was a dog fight in the back room, and therefore whenever asked if I can sing I quote the Hon. Bardwell Slote and reply: "Those who have heard me say I can't." But in my house is a young lady and a piano, and on the wall of my den hangs a banjo of the vintage of 1860, and its strings seem to have treasured up the air of that hunting song so that the piano sympathizes with it and the young lady sings the words occasionally to the accompaniment of the aforesaid implement of torture. There was a sort of "yo, ho" chorus which is forgotten, as is also the latter part of the verse beginning:

When the morning gleams o'er the mountain streams
Then merrily forth we go,
To follow the stag o'er the slippery crag
And chase the bounding doe.

The little we know of it serves to bring up the memory of the dear old singer who sang it amid the unpoetic surroundings of the Chicago River one day when his poor heart was lighter than usual.

One day he said: "Billy is going to have a week off, the hall is to be renovated, and he will spend his vacation down at Kankakee shooting ducks, and last night he said that he would like to have you go with him if you could get off. Poor boy! he needs a week off if anyone does; working in the office of the grain warehouse all day and singing at the minstrels six nights and in the church choir twice on Sundays keeps him so busy that he never has an hour to himself. Only for me he would not have to work so hard, and I sometimes think—"

"Now see here, Mr. Raynor, this is only an idle fancy of yours. Billy is a busy boy, to be sure, but he likes it, and his main delight is to see you happy. You are not a burden to him, but it is his pleasure to see you made comfortable. He has no bad nor expensive habits, and I know that his first thought is for you. Drop this idea that he would be better off without you. I believe that I know him better than you do."

"It seems good to hear you say so," said he, "and it is no doubt true; but my mind has outlived my body, and at times I feel morbid, blue, or whatever you may call it. If you will go down there with Billy I will know that you and he will look out for each other. I will take a vacation if I know that you two boys are together taking one. Will you go?"

"I will find out. Like Billy, I must consult others. To-morrow night you will know, but it might be well to have the invitation from Billy. Surely, he cannot expect me to go with him without a direct invitation; I was with him last night and he did not mention it."

"Not to you, but he first consulted me as one whose approval of a companion for a week seemed to him to be necessary. No matter how much Billy might think of you he would want his father to know the kind of company he was in and have my approval. His business associates are not always his social ones, and like the wise boy that he is he separates them. He doesn't care to ask your companion, Pete, to go because he overheard him say something about his kissing me. Billy was brought up that way, and doesn't like any comment on his kissing his father. We are all there is left of the family, and our customs are our own."

A 10-gauge gun was hired, and we went down some fifty miles south of Chicago to the great ducking grounds of the Kankakee, of which I had heard so much. Even the preparation for the start was a revelation to one whose idea of duck shooting about Albany had been that it was a large day if he got ten shots and four ducks. Then 1lb. of powder and 4lbs. of shot was a great allowance, and more than half of it was lugged home at night unless it was expended on blackbirds, rail or other small game. Therefore, when we talked over the trip and came to the detail of ammunition I was astounded when Billy said: "Let's see, six days; well, say twelve pounds of powder, fifty pounds of shot—ounce and a quarter to each load—that's fifteen ounces of shot for a dozen charges, say a pound for a dozen loads and a hundred shots per day; yes, fifty pounds will do to start with, and we can get more down there if we need it, but these things can be bought cheaper here."

There was a belief which I cherished that I had done some shooting, and had on one occasion loaded up with 2lbs. of powder and 8lbs. of shot for a week's sport, but Billy's figures staggered me—metaphorically speaking, "they took my breath away." As soon as I could come up to the surface I ventured to ask: "Have you ever shot down there at Kankakee?"

"Oh, yes, I go down there in spring and fall; the ducks are plenty, I assure you. Did you think that I didn't know anything about the place?"

"No, I only asked for information because the amount of ammunition seemed somewhat larger than I have been accustomed to use, but if you think it is what we will need it's all right; you know best."

"You'll need it all. Have everything packed for the 11 P. M. train Sunday night, and I'll meet you at the station and we'll have a good time for a week."

Such flights of ducks! Such flocks of ducks! The sky, the lower air and the water was full of them. As Billy rowed our little boat along the marshes in a small stream it seemed to me that he was wasting time and missing shots, but when he pulled up on a dry point of land and we hauled the boat ashore and propped it on edge, the reeds and rushes with which we covered it made a splendid blind to shoot from. No decoys were necessary, the ducks were uneducated in the matter of artificial blinds and came past ours without a thought of danger. We too were not up to the modern plan of having several guns, or the slaughter might have been greater. Where I had shot, along the Popscheny, a half dozen ducks was a large day's shooting and one was not considered bad. Day after day no duck was bagged, and a few rail and blackbirds were accepted as better than nothing—with the hope of better luck next time. On those trips mud hens and hell-divers, or even a sheldrake, was counted as a duck, and it was a new sensation to be told: "Don't shoot, they're only sawbills."

Accustomed to taking in everything which came within range, this was something new. The fact that a gunner could sit down in cold blood and select the kind of waterfowl on which to expend ammunition was a novelty. Instead of wishing for any sort of duck to come within shooting range here, we were refusing shots to all except a favored (?) few.

It was cruel shooting—cruel because it was wasteful. We shifted our blind so that we shot against the wind as it changed, and the dead ducks drifted to us. A cripple that escaped the first fire could not be chased, for we had only one boat, and if not killed before it got out of range it crept into the marsh to be eaten by mink, gulls or hawks. A philosopher might ask what difference all this made to the duck: whether the mink or the birds got him, or whether his carcass passed into the hands of a hotel *chef* and was served to a convivial party, with the accompaniment of celery and the juice of the vine. Men whose minds conceive such questions are not worth bothering with. They think up all kinds of problems to pester the unphilosophical man, and seem to delight in investigating the minds of ducks and other animals. In the year of a presidential election they are the cranks who go through a railroad car taking "straw votes," and would ask a duck whether he would prefer to be eaten by a mink in a swamp, or to be served with celery and champagne at Bill Monico's. If these pestilent cranks would only invent a flying machine which would actually fly, and then rush in before our blinds, back wind with their wings, and let their legs down to 'light, how happy we would be to give them 1¼oz. of swan shot.

We shot only at mallards, pintails, widgeon and teal, letting all other fowl pass. At night we counted out 153 ducks of these species—the number is remembered because it was the most wonderful duck shooting for two guns that I had ever dreamed of—and we could have taken in a number of butterballs, whistlers and other ducks if we had wished to kill them, but Billy said they were not worth wasting powder on.

As we rowed back to our stopping place there was time to review the events of the day and ponder on the new ducks, which were examined curiously while Billy rowed the boat. The only ones that I had known were wood ducks, mallards, black ducks and the blue-winged teal. The green-wing, pintail and widgeon were new, while such ducks as butterball, whistler and bluebill were names only. Heretofore there had never been more game than could be taken care of and consumed at home or given to friends, and the presence of about 350lbs. of ducks in the boat and the prospect of five days' more shooting presented a problem. What could we do with this mass of game? We could not eat much of it and we had but few local friends. In the excitement of shooting these questions had not obtruded themselves as they did now. Pondering on these things, I asked: "Billy, what will we do with all the ducks?"

"They are all right; there'll be a man at the landing to meet us who will take care of them; there he stands now waiting for us. He will send them to market every day and on Saturday we will keep out what we want to take home."

The man took the game and put it in his wagon and drove off to the railway station, and after supper he came in and settled up, paying us $15.30 for our ducks, or about what it had cost for the expenses for ammunition and travel. This was certainly paying expenses, and just what I had hoped for in going West, but somehow it was not satisfactory. It brought into the transaction a mercenary spirit which had never before been connected with my sport. At first the feeling of dissatisfaction was vague and without shape. We divided the money and talked it over. The expedition was more than successful from a financial point, but there was something in my manner which caused my companion to say:

"You don't seem as enthusiastic as you did. What's the matter, don't you like the table they set here or did something happen down in the marsh which displeased you? Be frank with me, and spit it out if anything has gone wrong; don't sulk, fire it out."

Up to this point I really did not know the cause of a change of demeanor which had been noticed. There was only a dim consciousness of something unpleasant.

"Billy," said I, "if I have appeared to be depressed it is because our ducks were carted off by an unknown man to be sold to unknown consumers in the market. Every duck, pigeon or rabbit that I ever killed before to-day was either eaten by my own family or given to a friend. Part of the triumph of the hunt lay in the bringing of the game to the table, and as my friends enjoyed the treat I also enjoyed being the treater. If I was at the feast every mouthful eaten by each individual was enjoyed by me as a contributor, whose hard work on shore or upland was rewarded by the knowledge that others were enjoying the fruits of my skill and—"

"That you are a blooming egotist whose personality enters into every duck or other game. Is that what you mean?"

"Billy, you have put it into words which are strictly true, but were in a nebulous condition in my brain. You have summed up the case in a masterly way. Never before did I measure the value of game of any kind in money, although I have had a desire to turn my love of field sports into a way of making a living. This desire was in a crude form before this, but now that the man has carted off my game to be eaten by men who do not thank me for it, do not know me, and may be drunk when they eat it, I wish I had my ducks and he had his money—"

"Well, you'll go out in the morning and shoot some more, won't you?"

"Yes, but I'll build a blind and use the boat to chase cripples. I don't like to see a wounded duck go off into the marsh to die or to be eaten by minks or gulls. It isn't right."

"All right," said he, "anything to keep peace in the family, but down here ducks are too plenty to go chasing cripples. The gunners here will think you are crazy to waste your time in that way and scare off a flock to get a cripple. Go ahead, though, I don't care."

I tried it, but it did keep flocks from coming our way. Some gunners 100yds. below protested, and the chasing of cripples was stopped.

We shot six days. The first day more than paid all expenses of the trip, and there was a good balance in our favor as well as thirty ducks among our plunder on our return Saturday night. The ducks we gave to friends, and when Pete Loeser received a pair and heard the story he said: "Py shimminy, de air must pe so full mit ducks dere vos no room for shot to co between dem ven dey fly. I never dinks dere vos so many."

I had an invitation to dine with Mr. Raynor and his son next day, and the old gentleman was very jolly and sang the hunter's song and that sweetest of old English ballads, "Sally in Our Alley;" while the son, who, like all professional singers, usually decline to sing on social occasions, at the earnest request of the ladies gave us "Mary of Argyle" and several other songs. When the others had retired Mr. Raynor beat me at two games of chess, the clock struck midnight and the vacation week ended.

The winter closed in and before spring I could now and then checkmate my elderly friend, and when that happened he would explain how it could not have been done if he had not made a certain move some ten moves back of the finish. He was a delightful old man when his mind was off his physical troubles, and he and his son were devoted to each other. As soon as the ice was out of the river he sent me word to come up and fish with him the first moment possible. His bodily infirmities had increased and he had now but one eye that was of service and that was very poor. I baited his hooks and threw out his line, and when he pulled in a fish saw that the hooks did not enter his hands. He was quite despondent one day; said he: "Freddy, my boy, I wonder that the good Lord doesn't take me. Many a time I've asked Him to call me, but for some reason He does not do it. I am only a burden on Billy, and the pains in my head from that railroad accident are more than I can bear. Billy has a severe cold and has been laid off several days. If anything should happen to him I—".

Things were getting uncomfortable and to turn the tide I ventured to say: "Don't worry about Billy, we all have colds and get over them; of course, he couldn't sing in his present state, but he'll be all right next week. There! That fish is off and your bait is all right again."

Billy's cold did not get better and I was called to sit up with him. Pneumonia developed and the old man had to be removed from his room. Pete had gone to Wisconsin, and the minstrel boys and the church choir sent watchers in such numbers that they could not be used.

It was my duty to superintend the watchers and comfort the father, but the end came in a few days. Relatives from Boston came to the funeral, but Mr. Raynor clung to me and insisted on my being with him at the last sad rites.

The next day, while walking up Market street, I heard a little girl say: "They've found a drowned man in the river; come on, Maggie, let's go down and see him." I followed along in idle curiosity and saw the man. It was the body of an old man and I gave his name to the coroner.

FRED MATHER.

Moosehead Fishing.

KINEO, Me., Sept. 23.—Just a word in regard to the fine fishing we guests of the Mt. Kineo House are enjoying. Mr. Frank Payson, Portland, Me., two fine landlocked salmon, 9lbs. in weight, also fifteen trout; Mr. Z. T. Hollingsworth, Boston, Mass., three trout, 10lbs. in weight; Mr. A. S. Jerome, Louisville, Ky., two trout, 8lbs. in weight; Mr. A. H. Jackson, New York, one salmon 4lbs. and one trout 3½lbs.; Mr. J. W. Kirkham, Springfield, Mass., eight trout, 8½lbs. in weight.

These trout and salmon were taken with fly, and only a short distance from the hotel. These are only a few of the many catches brought in daily.

The prospect of hunting for moose, caribou and deer was never better; large numbers are seen daily by some of the guests, and a great many sportsmen are preparing for the woods, so as to have their share when the law is off, which will be Oct. 1. The weather is fine, and there are over a hundred guests here at the Kineo House to enjoy it. The large house will remain open until Oct. 15.

A KINEO SPORTSMAN.

How Calcutta Bamboos are Mottled.

AT every joint the bamboo has a silicious sheath which enfolds it close to the joint, opening between the two joints. It would take time to strip this by hand, moreover this thin tissue cuts like a knife. To remove it the bamboos are cut and allowed to dry a week or so in the sun. A large wood fire is then made and allowed to burn until there is only a mass of glowing coal. The bamboos are then drawn singly or in twos or threes across the fire; the sheath burns like tinder, tinting the bamboo deepest at the joint, where the sheath has most substance. This process heats the sap also, and an instant suffices to straighten the bamboos, which are generally curved and sometimes crooked.

C. F. AMERY.

THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER PARK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The members of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of New York State have just made their long-talked-of visit to the St. Lawrence River for the purpose of looking over the territory included in the International Park, and obtaining information upon which to base a report to the Legislature. Last winter a law was passed establishing as a State reservation all that part of the St. Lawrence River lying and being within the State of New York, with the islands therein. The law also provides that it shall be the duty of the Board of Fisheries, Game and Forests to report to the next Legislature of this State what laws, in their opinion, should be enacted for the government and control of said State reservation, so as to make the same the most useful to the people of the State as a part of an international park on the St. Lawrence River.

The members of the Commission are: President, Barnet H. Davis, Palmyra; William R. Weed, Potsdam; Hendrick S. Hadden, Syracuse; Charles H. Babcock, Rochester; Edward Thompson, Northport. And they were accompanied by A. B. Strough, representing Charles A. Taylor, assistant secretary; Major J. W. Pond, chief game protector; Deputy State Comptroller W. J. Morgan, Buffalo; Superintendent of Public Instruction Charles R. Skinner, Albany, and Assemblyman C. J. Clark of Carthage.

The Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River at its annual meeting, held last month, talked over the proposed visit of the Commissioners and appointed a reception committee for the occasion, consisting of George C. Boldt and W. C. Browning, New York; G. H. Strough, R. P. Grant, Dr. J. E. Liddy, G. M. Skinner, Clayton; W. H. Thompson and A. C. Cornwall, Alexandria Bay; Henry R. Heath, Brooklyn.

The Commissioners and other members of their party arrived in Clayton last Friday, where they were met by the reception committee and others from the Anglers' Association, who handsomely entertained the visitors during their stay in the island region. The steamer New Island Wanderer, which was in waiting at the dock in Clayton, took the entire party up the river on a tour of inspection, the first stop made being at Cape Vincent. At that point C. M. Clark, president of the Lake Ontario Fish Company; H. D. Dean, superintendent of the Cape Vincent Station of the United States Fish Commission, and Maj. J. H. Durham, a prominent member of the Anglers' Association, joined the party. The steamer then proceeded across the foot of Lake Ontario and into Chaumont Bay. It is said that there are nearly 100 square miles of unprotected water in that vicinity, free to net fishing and containing the best spawning beds for black bass to be found in that region. The Anglers' Association is anxious to have this water closed to netting and the Commissioners were shown the necessity of it. Subsequently the party visited Kingston, Gananoque and Clayton, and then went to Alexandria Bay, where they spent the night.

On Saturday the lower end of the State reservation was visited. The party first went to Brockville and thence to Ogdensburg, where they were entertained at dinner by the Board of Trade of that city. Senator George R. Malby, ex-Mayor E. A. Newell and other prominent citizens of Ogdensburg accompanied the Commissioners and their party in the afternoon on a trip down the river to Lotus Isle, nine miles distant, the excursion being made on the steamer Oclamena. Returning to Ogdensburg later in the day, the Commissioners and members of the Anglers' Association bade adieu to their hospitable friends in the Maple City, and again embarking on the New Island Wanderer, proceeded up the river to Clayton, where Sunday was spent.

The Canadian Government has set an example in the work of establishing an international park on the St. Lawrence River which it is earnestly hoped that New York State will follow. Eleven islands on the Canadian side of the river have already been set apart for park purposes, and the Anglers' Association and others interested in the river would like to have similar action taken on the American side. The Canadian islands reserved are: Aubrey, Mermaid, Beau Rivage, Camelot, Endymion, Gordon, Ninette, Georgiana, Constance, St. Katherine and Adelaide.

The Commissioners appeared well pleased with their visit to the St. Lawrence River, and it is believed they will recommend an appropriation to purchase a number of islands for park uses. Under the present condition of things it is difficult to find a spot where a party can go for a day's outing on an island without taking a chance of being molested or accused of trespass. Most people dislike to take the risk of being thus unpleasantly disturbed while out for a quiet day, and would hail with delight a measure providing camping sites free to all, and suitable spots where parties can enjoy a private picnic without fear of being disturbed or ordered off the premises by the owner or his subordinates.

The Commissioners remained on the river until yesterday, and before leaving were royally entertained at dinner by George C. Boldt, proprietor of the Hotel Waldorf, New York, at his palatial summer residence on Heart Island, near Alexandria Bay.

The Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River, which has a membership of between 300 and 400, including many prominent and influential men from different parts of the State, has accomplished a great deal toward advancing the interests of the Thousand Islands region since its organization in 1883. Its work has been manifested in the enactment of salutary laws for the protection of game fish, in ridding the river of nets, and in stocking the waters with young fish. It is still continuing its labors along these lines with unabated energy, and in addition thereto is zealously advocating all measures calculated to prove beneficial in connection with the International Park. The Association is entitled to great credit for what it has done and is doing for the river, and every one who is in any way interested in the Thousand Islands should accord it cordial support. PORTSA.

UTICA, N. Y., Sept. 22.

Oneida Lake Muskalonge.

THE long-disputed question as to whether the so-called pickerel from Oneida Lake, which are so plentiful in the Syracuse market in the spring, are really pickerel or muskalonge, has been definitely decided by the courts, assisted by an array of experts on fishculture whose authority cannot be doubted. Fishermen throughout this section will be glad to learn that this fish, game by nature, is game by law, and that it will enjoy the full benefit of the law prohibiting capture by netting.

On April 26 Game Protector Spencer Hawn and three assistants detected Joseph Epstein in the act of carrying a load of fish which had been caught in a net over the Bridgeport road in a wagon. He had between 500 and 600lbs. of fish, in the number being a large percentage of the peculiar variety known as Chautauqua muskalonge. The case was reported to the State game authorities and proceedings were commenced at North Syracuse before a judge and jury to compel Epstein to pay a fine of $25 imposed by the law for the offense, and $10 apiece for four muskalonge, this number being taken to make a fair test case. At the trial on June 30 so much evidence was taken from encyclopedias and other books of science that the minds of the jurymen were in a terrible jumble when the time came for rendering a verdict, and they came to no agreement.

The case was tried a second time before Justice Reese. This time the people were prepared with more convincing evidence. The case was ably conducted by Frederick Kuntzsch, of this city, and he had present as expert witnesses Jonathan Mason and Frederick Redbank, of the State fish hatcheries at Chautauqua, and Game Protector Potter from Chautauqua. These men swore that the fish in Oneida Lake, a specimen of which was in court, were muskalonge. Harrison Hawn, ex-Game Protector, a brother of the present Protector, swore, on the other hand, that they were pickerel, as did also John J. Berry and other fish dealers of this city. But the people made their coup when the culturists produced a fish in court and the opposition witnesses were asked to name it. It was a genuine Chautauqua muskalonge brought fresh from Chautauqua Lake. Mr. Berry and the other people who called the Oneida Lake fish pickerel unhesitatingly called this muskalonge a pickerel. This convinced the jury and they brought in a verdict in accordance with which Epstein will pay a fine of $65. He says he will appeal the case.

It developed during the trial that 150,000 muskalonge fry from the Chautauqua hatcheries were placed in Oneida Lake during 1892 and 1893. This accounts readily for the appearance of this fish in these waters.—*Syracuse (N. Y.) Standard.*

A DISASTROUS OUTING.

From the Morning Oregonian.

H. E. STILLWELL and James Ingram, members of a party of four who left Des Moines, Ia., something over a month ago for a hunting and fishing trip in the North west, arrived here yesterday morning and left last night to visit friends near Harrisburg, from which point they will proceed to California. The other two members of the party met with peculiar misadventures, and are now on their way home in care of relatives. One of them is T. A. Roberts, who is perfectly helpless and paralyzed from stings of hornets, and the other is William Davidson, with a pistol bullet buried somewhere under his left shoulder blade, where the doctor has not yet been able to find it.

The party, soon after crossing the Oregon line, fell in with an old trapper and hunter named Jake Boyd, whom they engaged to take them into the most inaccessible part of the Blue Mountains, to hunt elk and mule deer. They camped on small streams emptying into Desolation Lake, and for a week enjoyed the finest hunting imaginable and splendid fishing in the lake and its tributaries.

On the 2d inst. the party, with their guide, started out to have a final hunt at the head of the lake, as the elk and deer were beginning to move off down to the plains and the weather was getting uncomfortably cool at night. Roberts took along his fishing tackle, and on the way up the lake decided to be put out on a small jam of driftwood which had collected around a huge old snag, the bleached roots of which rose above the water about half a mile from the south shore of the lake, and around which he had noticed a great many trout rising as he had passed up and down the lake.

It was just after sunrise when he was landed on the snag, where he proposed to stay till the return of the hunters. The balance of the party proceeded to the head of the lake, where they got on the trail of an elk, which, after stalking for three hours, they killed near the point they started from.

While they were eating their lunch, a flock of wood ducks came around a bend of the shore and each of the party seized his revolver to take a shot at them. Davidson and Boyd, the guide, ran toward the shore to get a better shot at the ducks, and as Boyd took aim Davidson stumbled in front of him and the bullet entered Davidson's back, ranging across and remaining buried in the muscles on the shoulder blade, near the shoulder joint. Davidson was placed in the boat, the flow of blood stopped as well as possible, and the party returned to camp.

When they arrived at the snag, where they left Roberts, they were astonished to find him in the water up to his chin, holding on to a root, while thousands of vicious, big, black hornets were circling about his head. When the boat approached the snag, the inmates were attacked by the hornets and quickly forced to retire, despite agonizing moans and cries of Roberts, who seemed almost unconscious.

After considering what was best to do, the party rowed to the nearest shore and secured a long pole, on the butt end of which a hook was made by cutting off a limb. A lot of dry brush and moss was gathered and fastened to the end of another long pole, and the party returned to the snag, taking the precaution to button up their coats, tie handkerchiefs over their faces, and pull their hats well down over their ears. When they neared the snag the brush and moss was set on fire and pushed out ahead on the drift. This drew the attack of the hornets, which rushed into the smoke and flame in scores, and while this was going on Stillwell managed to fasten the hook into the clothing of Roberts, and the men at the oars soon pulled them all away to a safe distance, when Roberts was dragged on board, more dead than alive, and the boat was headed for camp.

Roberts was able to explain that he began fishing soon after he was put ashore and caught a number of fine trout, but as soon as the sun was up about an hour and it began to get warm hornets by thousands began to issue from a cavity among the roots of the snag and at once assailed him with great fury. He had slid into the water, but, of course, could not keep his head under, and he had been stung all over his head and face till he was nearly dead and his head swelled to twice the natural size. The stings on the back of the neck, at the base of the skull, seemed to have affected his spinal cord and the nerve centers, and rendered him completely helpless and paralyzed.

As soon as camp was reached, the guide was sent out with telegraph dispatches to the relatives of the injured man and to procure a doctor. On the way out he found Dr. Brand, of Boise, in a mining camp, where he had been called, and sent him to the lake, where he did all in his power for the two sufferers. Boyd proceeded to the railroad, sent the dispatches, and received replies stating that a brother of Roberts and one of Davidson's family would start West next morning, and then hastened back to the lake, where litters were constructed from poles and blankets, and Stillwell, Ingram, the guide and Dr. Brand started to pack the injured men out.

It took them five days to make thirty miles through a country where there were no trails, and then they were met by the men's brothers, with a physician and everything necessary. They reached the railroad Tuesday evening, and, after seeing their unfortunate friends off for the East, Messrs. Stillwell and Ingram came on here. The physician said that Davidson would probably recover, but his arm would be useless, while he was inclined to think that Roberts would remain a helpless paralytic during the remainder of his life, and would probably not survive long.

Delaware River Salmon.

RECORDS of illegal salmon catching in the East and West Branch of the Delaware, at Lakin's Eddy and near Walton, were given in the New York *Times* Sept. 4. Writing from Middletown, N. Y., Sept. 25, Edward Canfield, General Superintendent of the Ontario & Western Railway Company, says:

"Another salmon has been taken from the Beaverkill. This one on Saturday last—from an eel rack or weir—about a mile above Trout Brook. The salmon was 37in. long and weighed 14lbs. This water is inhabited by trout, and the eel weir is clearly a violation of Section 143 of game and trout laws. We might have some fine fishing in a year or two if the Fish Commissioners gave the salmon a fair show in these waters, and without going to Canada."—*New York Times, Sept. 27.*

Trout of Frost Pond, Me.

YOU ask for reports of rod luck. On Aug. 6 at Frost Pond, two miles from Ripogenus Lake, Me., we caught with one rod in a little over four hours twenty-one trout ranging from ¼ to 2lbs. We went there again from our camp on Ripogenus and had almost as good luck. It is by far the best pond we have ever seen.

R. K. THORNDIKE,
J. C. GREW.

A Large Channel Bass.

NEW YORK, Sept. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Fred Sauter has mounted a large channel bass, or red drum, caught by Dr. Denhart, of New York, Sept. 22, off Bay Shore, L. I. This fish weighed 43lbs. when received by Mr. Sauter, and measures 4ft. in length by 2ft. 7in. in girth just back of the pectoral fins. When opened a number of menhaden and a large skate were found in its stomach. J. B. B.

Game and Fish Protection.

A Rhode Island Snarer Taken In.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed find the *Journal's* report of the arrest of a man who has been one of the worst men in the business. The Association has spent over $100 in looking after snaring during the month of September. J. F. RUSSELL,
Treasurer Rhode Island Association for the Protection of Game and Fish.

One of the worst violators of the game laws in the State is said to have at last been captured by the persistent and patient efforts of President Thomas W. Penney, of the Rhode Island Game Protective Association, assisted by Game Warden W. L. Plaisted and Special Officer L. F. Doane, of Johnston.

Allen Stone is the man whom the officers have been so anxious to capture. He lives in Foster, and is a big man physically. It has been openly declared that Mr. Penney would not dare to molest Stone, and it has even been hinted that the officials connived with Stone to permit him to do a big business.

Many complaints having been made, last Saturday night Game Warden Plaisted and Special Officer Doane were sent to Foster to go into the woods, find some of the snares and stay in the woods watching them until they could get the offender in the act of collecting. Ever since, through the storms of Saturday and Sunday and the cold wave which followed, these men have been in the woods.

Two snares were found close together, and these were watched continuously, day and night. No one approached the snares Sunday or Monday and the officers reported to Mr. Penney. He directed them to search the woods and find the hiding place where the game was kept. They found a box in the woods. There were no birds in it, but there were feathers, which indicated that the box was used.

They sent word of this to Penney, and he made a midnight drive to Foster, armed with warrants prepared to arrest Stone for having game in his possession in the closed season, starting at 10 o'clock Wednesday night and arriving there at 3 o'clock in the morning.

Plaisted and Doane watched the box in turns. At 11:15 o'clock Wednesday morning, they say, they saw Stone visit the box and deposit a number of birds. The warrants had not arrived then and as this was Stone's land they decided to wait for further orders from Penney. That night they saw Stone's son, fourteen years old, visit the box and deposit four birds in the box. Thursday morning, when Penney and Russell arrived, they all took turns watching for the appearance of Stone.

He was seen to pass through the woods with a dog and gun, and at noon return. He went directly to the box, dropped to his knees, and opening the box proceeded to pull a partridge out of the pocket of his hunting coat and put it with the rest in the storage box.

The moment for which the watchers had been waiting had arrived. Penney, he says, proceeded to work his way stealthily to Stone's side. Stone's dog espied him and began to growl. Stone turned quickly, but Penney called the others, and at the same moment sprang forward and seized Stone with a partridge still in his hand.

Stone manifested an inclination to resist at first, but the officers placed twisters on his wrists, and he was convinced that it would be futile to fight, although he vigorously protested that because he was on his own land he had a right to do as he pleased.

When Stone's wife found that he had been arrested there was a scene. She protested that he should be allowed to go to his house and change his clothes. The officers would not permit him to get such a chance to slip away from them, they said, and said that if he changed his clothes it should be done in their presence, and it was done.

The nineteen birds, the man and the box, were all taken to Olneyville, where Stone was arraigned in the Eighth District Court. Each bird was numbered, and warrants were issued for each numbered bird.

Stone pleaded not guilty and was required to furnish bonds in the sum of $1,900 for his appearance on Friday, next week, for trial. He was released on bail provided by a neighbor.

The penalty for having a partridge in one's possession in the closed season is $20 and costs in each case, and as there are nineteen cases the fines and costs will amount to about $525, as near as it can be estimated.

Wilkins vs. Campbell.

BEING a game warden's deputy is not all "beer and skittles," as some of Fish and Game Protector McGuire's appointees in various parts of the State have good reason to know. Just why they cannot shoot game when and where they want, regardless of season, is something a great many persons in the rural parts cannot understand, and when they are raked over the judicial coals for some such violation of the spirit and the letter of the game laws they sometimes try to make things unpleasant for the deputy who was instrumental in their prosecution.

A case of this kind which has just come to Mr. McGuire's notice occurred quite recently in Lane county. M. O. Wilkins, an attorney of Eugene, who is acting as Mr. McGuire's deputy, because of his desire to preserve game in that section, recently prosecuted one George Campbell for shooting Chinese pheasants during the close season. Mr. Campbell admitted his guilt, and, with an excusable lack of cheerfulness, his father, Robert Campbell, paid a fine of $50 and $8 costs. Then Mr. Campbell, Sr., tried to make things uncomfortable for Deputy Game Protector Wilkins, finally causing the following notice to be published in a Lane county paper:

NOTICE.—*To the Lane County Game Warden:* If the Chinese pheasants on my farm belong to the State of Oregon, it is hereby notified to remove them at once, or else I will kill them.

ROBERT CAMPBELL.

Deputy Game Protector Wilkins was very much amused when he read this notice, and at first was inclined to let the matter drop. But, on thinking it over, he concluded to reply to it, and accordingly had the following answer published:

To Robert Campbell, Springfield, Ore.—Sir: The State of Oregon owns no birds of any kind upon your farm. The State of Oregon has, however, provided an act for the protection of game, fish, songbirds and other wildfowls, and also for the appointment of a fish and game warden, whose duty, as well as the duty of every sheriff, constable and district attorney, it is made to enforce said act. It is unlawful to kill grouse, quail, pheasants or partridges between Dec. 1 and Sept. 1 following. It is likewise unlawful to sell any of said birds between Nov. 15 and Oct. 15 following, or kill more than twenty birds in any one day. Penalty for killing during close season, $50 to $100; for selling birds out of season, $25 to $200. (Session laws 1895, pages 92 to 100.)

Association of a people in a government implies that the whole should protect all its parts, and that every part should pay obedience to the will of the whole; or, in other words, that the community should guard the rights of each individual member, and that in return for this protection each individual should submit to the laws of the State, without which submission it would be impossible to extend protection to any.—BLACKSTONE.

If you can remove the said birds from your farm without a violation of the game laws of Oregon, no crime will be committed against the State of Oregon; but if you violate the game laws you are liable to prosecution by its sworn officers. M. O. WILKINS,

Deputy State Game and Fish Protector for Lane County.

Dated Sept. 11, 1896.

In conclusion, Mr. McGuire said yesterday: "Mr. Wilkins is not having the Chinese pheasants removed from Mr. Campbell's farm, neither is Mr. Campbell likely to kill any of them during the close season."—*Portland Oregonian.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Oct. 6 to 8.—Danbury Agricultural Society's show, Danbuy, Conn. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y.

Dec. 1 to 4.—City of the Straits Kennel Club's local show, Detriot, Mich. R. H. Roberts, Sec'y.

Dec. 8 to 11.—Augusta, Ga.—Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association. J. W. Killingsworth, Sec'y.

Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 19.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual hound trials, Barre, Mass. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y, Roxbury, Mass.

Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.

Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.

Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.

Nov. 2.—Carlisle, Ind.—Union Field Trial Club's inaugural trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind

Nov. 10.—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.

Nov. 10.—Leamington, Ont.—Peninsular Field Trial Club, Leamington, Ont.

Nov. 10.—Waynesburg, Greene County, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's trials. L. O. Seidle, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—National Fox Hunting Association's third annual trials, Bardstown, Ky. F. J. Hagan, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.

Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y, Huntsville, Ala.

COURSING.

Oct. 6.—Mitchell Coursing Club's meeting, Mitchell, S. D. H. G. Nichols, Sec'y.

Oct. 21.—Altcar Coursing Club's meeting, Great Bend, Kan. T. W. Bartels, Sec'y.

Oct. 28.—Kenmore Coursing Club's annual meeting, Herrington, Kan. C. A. Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 13.—American Coursing Club's annual meeting, Huron, S. D F. B. Coyne, Sec'y.

1897.

Jan. —.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Jan. 18.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

THE MEAT DOG.

WHILE at Kennedy, Minn., recently, in attendance on the field trials which there afforded competition to pointers and setters, giving therein the unprejudiced exhibition of what chicken dogs should be, and more yet what they should not be, it was my good fortune to have a couple of days' chicken shooting with Prof. Edm. H. Osthaus and Mr. A. P. Draper, both of Toledo, O., both excellent shots in the field, and better yet, each considering his sport as being incomplete unless fully shared with his companions.

To recount the long shots, the difficult shots and rare misses, and the *bon mots* of those merry men in their diligent quest of the heavy flying bird, prairie chicken; the grave discussions on powders, loads, shells, etc., and the vain-glorious boastings of Jack, the driver, were above the ordinary in interest—but that is another story, not the one herein intended, for this is to commemorate the worth and doings of a dog whose excellence made chicken shooting possible to us in a section where birds were few; where extraordinary ability on the part of the dog was necessary to insure any shooting, and the manner in which our dog did it is deserving of all praise, barring the single fault of willfully flushing at times, though in this there was no malice nor intention to do wrong. It was the only way in which he had been accustomed to deal with the birds, and therefore it was the way he thought to be right, yet he constantly improved.

His name is Mac, this being taken out of the middle of his real name for the sake of brevity, which name was too long and cumbersome in familiar addresses to the dog, and, as may now be surmised, Mac is an Irish setter. He is owned by Mr. Ryan, of the Hotel Ryan, St. Paul. Could the admirers of the beautiful Irish setter have had the happiness of seeing Mac at work, they would be cheered on to greater effort in the cause of Irish setter breeding; energetic effort backed by such supreme faith that there would be no uncertainty as to successful results, instead of the half-hearted support now accorded him by the most ardent of his admirers and the apathy of the others.

Mac bears all the characteristics of the well-bred Irish setter in type, color and instincts, with all the better field capabilities of all breeds, setters and pointers. He is about 50lbs. in weight, coat good, but somewhat faded from his open-air life, and there is a poise and confidence in his deportment which comes from a clear and healthy brain, one free from nervous imaginings and narrow reasonings, in so far as dogs do reason, and to his clear understanding was added a most benignant and amiable disposition. His eyes were light in color, but intelligent and mildly watchful of all that was going on. While riding in the wagon there were no nervous whinings nor fussy actions, impatient betokenings to begin work, and once cast off there was no returning to the wagon with beseeching looks or prayers that work be ended and a ride be offered. He was cool, level-headed and enduring.

At first Mac showed a mild distrust of his new friends when they went afield together, as was becoming toward people with whom he was unacquainted; but kindness and common interest in the sport soon won his friendship, and he worked with an industry and cheerful good will which was without limit.

His manner of going is distinctly different from that of most field trial dogs. He was all distinctly useful. He had a steady, swinging gallop, smooth in its action and thus free from the choppy or jerky stride so often seen in dogs running in haste, and he carried his tail and head rather low, the former without any action, as is commonly the case with dogs which are seriously intent on business and not disporting themselves in physical frolic. He thus was in his style not so pleasing to the eye, though it may be said that there is a great difference between the dog which goes with a merry air and little merit in material performance and the one which goes with a business air and useful purpose. Style without other merit is useless.

He swept the country in magnificent casts, keeping his eye on the course of the wagon and governing his doings by it, and when the nature of the ground required he ranged closer. Hour after hour he would maintain his swinging gallop, perhaps trotting for a few moments by way of rest, then resuming his tireless seeking.

Taken into the same section on a second day, on a flat prairie, where there was but little to aid the memory as to location, and where most of men would be unable to distinguish one place from another, though they had seen it before, he would remember the haunts of the birds and seek for them again, and it was rare that he missed them. His success as a finder was extraordinary, and it is safe to say that he was almost certain to find any birds in the scope of his fling. His nose was of the best, and once on the trail he would go to the birds with most pleasing quickness and accuracy, be they far away or near. But from bad previous handling he was not properly stanch. He would point awhile, then sometimes—not always—press closer and flush, though never riotous and never inclined to chase. From observation on his own part and kind treatment on ours he was constantly working with more finish to the gun, and had we had him a few days longer he would have been perfectly stanch. At the end of the day he would be still galloping in his easy stride, seeking chickens with the calm earnestness with which he began, and at the end of the last day he was still going in the same manner. Of course he was taken into the wagon betimes and rested a few minutes, not because he showed any signs of distress at all, but to betoken our appreciation of the Irish dog which could do what many others of far more pretension could not do, and to be kind to one which served us so well. We had two pointers—kindly loaned us by friends—of whose performance much might be said, though it were better left apart from what is said of Mac, and better said in the ill moments when one has sad thoughts.

Could Irish setter breeders and admirers know the excellence of this dog, they would take new heart and feel that though but one such dog could be bred in a decade, it would be glory enough for the time. Could Brother Hough have seen Mac, he would have accepted him as great without putting him to the test of being run over by a $5 lumber wagon, crawling under a sixteen-rail fence, and eating a quarter of boardinghouse beef all in one day. He was a meat dog of the best, yet the shooter of such fine sensibilities that he will denounce the really useful dog afield must also denounce the man with a gun as being a meat man.

In the cold morning hours when the ground was wet with dew, in the distressing heat of midday hours when the ground was dry and effort doubly difficult, and whether the birds were plenty or scarce, Mac kept diligently and calmly on in his wide casts, finding chickens if there were any to find, and ever searching till he found them. In the heat of the day his nose never dulled, and at no time was it necessary to plead for him that he had run himself off his nose, that he did not have the wind right, that the judges ran him too long, and he did his work without prompting by hand or whistle, or the disgusting bawling of orders so commonly heard at field trials—but then Mac, I am sure, is not a field trial dog, though there is no reason why he and others like him should not be such if his like can be found, and if a field dog may be a field trial dog too. B. WATERS.

BIOPHILISM.

ROSSVILLE, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Several, A Posteriori among the rest, in FOREST AND STREAM and elsewhere, have called my attention to the fact that the dog often corrects or corroborates a perception through the eyes by one through the nose; as though in that fact (which I incidentally brought forward in my first letter to FOREST AND STREAM on "The Dog and the Picture") there were something militant against my notion of the lower animal's essential oneness with man.

The truth is that man is constantly correcting perceptions through one sense by those through others. This truth was brought to my mind very forcibly within a day or so. Among the peach trees upon the rectory grounds is one which bears a very large, luscious fruit. I showed the fruit and the tree to a caller—a gentleman somewhat up in fruits. When I had shaken the tree and a peach had fallen to the ground, the gentleman picked it up and said, "It looks like a Morris White." Then he dented it with his thumb, broke the skin with his thumb nail, held the peach near his nose, and said, "Yes, it is a Morris White." In so doing this highly developed gentleman (for such he is) did just what the dog does when he makes sure through his nose that the perception through his eyes is correct.

Material things reach the consciousness of the lower animal just as they reach the consciousness of man, through the five senses—sight, hearing, touch, taste and smell. When it is necessary to a more perfect cognition, or recognition, one sense supplements another. The activity of one, or two, or three, or all of them may be necessary to a perfect cognition, or recognition. That is clearly all there is of the matter in hand—in the case of man, butterfly, elephant or dog.

I would hardly say that those who give the matter sufficient attention agree with me in every particular in biophilism; but I am free to say that I have never yet met a man or woman who would, without prejudice, give me a hearing who did not see my reasons for holding as I do in psychology—that what man is largely, in every particular, that the lower animal is—to some degree. This came to me with great force but yesterday. A lady who is very much prejudiced against biophilism attended a symposium which I gave at the rectory here on Wednesday evening, Sept. 9—the opening symposium of my this season's work in biophilism. She did not say much to me, but she remarked to a mutual friend: "Why, I had no idea before that the lower animal is so wise. Mr. Adams is right!"

This remark I do not quote in self-laudation, but in the mighty desire that I may be harkened to by those who sneer without knowing. Some time ago a man of great wealth said to me: "You had better be doing something for hungry humanity, and let the dogs hustle for themselves." I made what may not be considered a very clerical remark: "I'll bet you $50 that, in proportion to my income, I give fifty times more to the poor people about me yearly than you do!"

He would not put up; so he shut up. The great truth is that the gospel of biophilism is the gospel of universal generosity. The one who is kind to his horse or his dog, on principle, because he knows what is in the animal, is kind, on principle, to his fellow man; woman or child, because he knows what is in him. The intelligence of biophilism comes by comparison—is based upon knowledge of humanity.

I will go anywhere to lecture or hold symposia in biophilism. I am anxious for the sake of both the lower animal and man that biophilism should spread—that people should come to know what it stands for.

CHARLES JOSIAH ADAMS.

Fitchburg Dog Show.

FITCHBURG, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The kennel exhibition held in connection with the Worcester North Fair was a very decided success. It even compared very favorably with the bench shows of the larger cities and was decidedly the feature of the fair. Supt. H. A. Morse, of Leominster, can be congratulated, as the dogs were benched in excellent shape, and the stalls and surroundings were kept wonderfully clean. The judge of the show was H. W. Lacy, editor of the *American Stock-Keeper*, and his awards were very justly made, and his decisions were very complimentary to the show.

Among the well-known dogs noticed were: St. Bernards—Governor Russell and Dictator, of the Waban Kennels. Pointers—King of Lynn and the Wanoosnoc Kennels' splendid exhibit of Gordon setters, among them being: Champion Ranger in the challenge class, Wanoosnoc Prince, Count Leo, Grouse and others in the open class. In all there were upward of 100 entries, and the first dog show held in Fitchburg was one to be proud of.

E. W.

U. S. F. T. C. Derby Entries.

TRENTON, Tenn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you list of entries for the United States Field Trial Club's winter Derby, to be run at West Point, Miss., beginning Jan. 18, 1897. They number fifty-three—twenty-eight English setters and twenty-five pointers, all whelped after Jan. 1, 1895. No Gordon or Irish setters were entered in this Derby.

POINTERS.

SAHIB—Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liv. and w. dog (Delhi—Selah).

RUPEE—Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liv. and w. bitch (Delhi—Selah).

DECCAN—Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' b. and w. dog (Rip Ray—Dolly D.).

RIPSTONE—Geo. Eubanks's b. and w. dog (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot).

RIP RAP, JR.—Chas. Pineo's b. and w. dog (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot).

FAIRY KENT—Ed. Fay's l. and w. bitch (Lad of Beaufort—Daisy Kent).

TICK'S KID—Del Monte Kennels' b. and w. dog (Tick Boy—Lulu K.).

TONY WORKS—Del Monte Kennels' liv. and w. dog (Tick Boy—Lulu K.).

RIPPLE—H. S. Smith's liv. and w. bitch (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot).

AL MORAN—W. M. Hundley's liv. and w. dog (Ightfield Upton—Ightfield Blythe).

ELGENE—T. T. Ashford's liv. and w. bitch (Kent Elgin Julia Paine).

BALSORA—T. T. Ashford's b. and w. bitch (Rip Rap, Jr.—Prairie Belle).

ALOYSIA—C. S. Schoop's l. and w. bitch (Rip Rap—Dolly D.).

DYMPNA—C. S. Schoop's b. and w. bitch (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot).

FIRE FLY—J. S. Crane's liv. and w. bitch (Rip Rap—Clipaway II.).

LA ROSA ELGIN—W. B. Townsend's b. and w. bitch (Kent Elgin—Julia Paine).

LA DOLLE—W. I. Love's l. and w. bitch (Love's Kent—Fritz's Fay).

ALMEDA—H. K. Milner's liv. and w. bitch (Rip Rap, Jr.—Prairie Belle).

MOERLEIN—T. W. O'Bryne's b. and w. dog (Rip Rap—Belle of Ossian).

REDSKIN—T. W. O'Bryne's l. and w. dog (Love's Kent—Fritz's Fay).

ALABAMA GIRL—H. H. Mayberry's liv. and w. bitch (Von Arrow—Lady Mull).

MAIDA—G. A. Castleman's liv. and w. bitch (Rex—Nell).

DIANA—George H. Smith's liv. and w. bitch (Count Graphic's Pat—Bessie Croxteth).

TORY MAID—F. R. Hitchcock's liv. and w. bitch (King of Kent—Queen Grace).

HEMPSTEAD DRUID—S. D. Ripley's liv. and w. dog (Sandford Druid—Hempstead Jilt).

SETTERS.

PIN MONEY—Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' b. b. bitch (Count Gladstone—Daisy Croft).

SHADOW—Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' l. and w. bitch (Count Gladstone IV.—Daisy Croft).

RODSTONE—George Eubanks's b., w. and t. dog (Cinch—Rod's Flounce).

SARSFIELD—J. P. Greene's b., w. and t. dog (Rodfield—Opal).

ROBERT EMMET—J. P. Greene's b., w. and t. dog (Sam Gross—Bess R.)

WALTER GLADSTONE—H. B. Ledbetter's b., w. and t. dog (Gladstone's Boy—Nat's Queen).

SARAGOSA BELLE—P. M. Essig's b., w. and t. bitch (Gleam's Pink—Maud E.).

TARTAR—S. L. James's b., w. and t. dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Rod's Sylph).

COUNT GLEAM—S. L. James's b., w. and t. dog (Gleam II.—Laundress).

MINNIE P.—A. C. Peterson's o. and w. bitch (Antonio—Hunter's Nelly Bly).

BILLY T.—W. R. Halliday's b. and w. dog (Revenue—Daisy Bondhue).

ALBERT LANG—Theo. Goodman's b., w. and t. dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady).

DAVE EARL—Theo. Goodman's b., w. and t. dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady).

POTOMAC—Fox & Blythe's b., w. and t. dog (Antonio—Countess Rush).

CAROLINA—Fox & Blythe's b., w. and t. bitch (Antonio—Countess Rush).

COUNT ODUM—J. J. Odum's o. and w. dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Topsy Avent).

ROD'S PELL—H. R. Edwards's b., w. and t. bitch (Rodfield—Opal).

GUENN—H. Ames's b., w. and t bitch (Blue Ridge Mark—Lou R.).

CHRISTINA—H. Ames's b., w. and t. bitch (Blue Ridge Mark—Lou R.).

HURSTBOURNE ZIP—S. P. Jones's b., w. and t. dog (Tony Boy—Dimple).

TORY RUSTIC—F. R. Hitchcock's b., w. and t. dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Rhoda Rod).

PALADIN—Avent & Thayer's b., w. and t. dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Prynne).

PECONIC—Avent & Thayer's b., w. and t. dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Prynne).

ORESTER—Avent & Thayer's b., w. and t. dog (Orlando—Dollie Wilson).

ORINDA—Avent & Thayer's b., w. and t. bitch (Orlando—Dollie Wilson).

NEY—John White's (agt.) b., w. and t. dog (Rio d'Or—Tory Let).

LAMAS—John White's (agt.) b., w. and t. dog (Rio d'Or—Tory Let).

ALMA—John White's (agt.) b., w. and t. bitch (Rio d'Or—Tory Let).

W. B. STAFFORD, Sec'y.

Bull Terrier Club Meeting.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Sept. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A general meeting of the Bull Terrier Club of America will be held at the office of the American Kennel Club, No. 55 Liberty street, New York, on Monday, Oct. 12, 1896, at 3 P. M. FRANK F. DOLE, President.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Prince Fullerton, brindle greyhound, while being exercised at Woodhaven for the purpose of conditioning him for the Mineola show, was stolen. A reward has been offered for his return to L. C. Whiton, Times Building, New York.

The entry blanks and premium list of the seventh annual field trials of the National Beagle Club of America can be obtained of Mr. Geo. W. Rogers, 250 West Twenty-second street, New York.

In our business columns this week the Muckross Kennels, Springfield, Vt., offer Boston terriers and beagles; C. F. Waterhouse, Atkinson, N. H., offers pointer; B. V. Covert, Lockport, N. Y., offers pointer; F. Schmidt, New York, offers greyhounds; W. A. Sutherland, Cabin Hill, N. Y., offers cockers; Fred McGough, Richardson, Ill., offers beagles; Geo. S. Mott, Superintendent W. K. C., Babylon, L. I., wants a pigeon retriever.

Mr. G. G. Williamson, Muncie, Ind., writes us of the loss of his valuable English setter as follows: "My English setter brood bitch, Ruby's Girl, died Sept. 10. She was the greatest brood bitch living at the time of her death. She was the dam, by Count Noble, of Eugene T., Ollie T. and champ. Count Gladstone IV. By Antonio she was the dam of Lady Mildred and Domino, and bred to Gath's Mark she produced Allene. Ruby's Girl was whelped April 22, 1887, and was by champ. Gladstone—Ruby II., she by Druid—Ruby.

Dr. Geo. W. Massimore, secretary of the Baltimore Kennel Association, writes us that the latter will hold an open show next year, at least for the leading recognized breeds.

In settlement of the affairs of Hilton, Hughes & Co., by order of the assignee, the famous dogs of Col. Albert B. Hilton were sold at auction in New York on Saturday last, bringing prices ridiculously low. The bull dog King Orry, the hero of many contests and many victories, was bought by E. W. Roby for $160. Grosvenor Lass, bull bitch, was bought by G. W. H. Ritchie for $35. Iolanthe, bull bitch, bought by H. D. Watson for $50. Hatfield Don, collie, bought by W. T. Ford, Cohoes, N. Y., for $65. Ormskirk Susie, bought by John Bryan, $40. Hempstead Dorothy, a noted collie winner, brought $55; Richard Tracy, purchaser. Sallie, collie bitch, was bought for $27.50 by H. Bryan, Jr. Dewe, Welsh terrier dog, $5; purchaser, M. L. Loughman.

Mr. Geo. W. Rogers, secretary of the National Beagle Club, writes us that the following additional special prizes have been offered at the club's forthcoming trials, as follows: Geo. F. Reed offers service of Harker to the owner of beagle whose dog marks game best at hole by giving tongue. Mr. J. W. Appleton offers a special prize of $10 to the winner of class H. Mr. D. F. Summers offers a well-bred beagle pup to the winner of class H. Mr. G. B. Post offers a special prize of $10 to the winner of class G. Mr. Rogers has sent out about 700 premium lists and entry blanks, and if anyone has been overlooked he may secure all information concerning the trials by applying to Mr. Rogers for it.

From the Canadian *Kennel Gazette* we note the following concerning the case of F. T. Miller vs. the Canadian Express Company:

"We regret that on appeal this famous case has gone against Mr. Miller, the plaintiff in the suit. The following clipping gives the decision: 'Four lifeless dogs were the subject of a successful appeal in the Divisional Court to-day. The Canadian Express Company were the appellants and were relieved of a judgment of $125 with costs, which Frederick Miller, of Trenton, recently obtained against the company as damages for the death of the dogs. The court held that there was no actionable negligence on the part of the company, as the plaintiff had put his prize winners in an ill-constructed box.' We have not heard if Mr. Miller intends to carry the case further."

Wheeling.

A BICYCLE IN THE WOODS.

NORTHWOOD, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For five weeks or thereabouts I have been trying my bicycle as a packhorse in the woods of northern Herkimer county, and now that wheel is about as disreputable an appearing machine as one often sees. Twenty-three hundred miles over city pavements and cobbles had worn the tires—single tubes—down to a pretty thin condition when I started for the woods.

I live at Northwood, and I rode every road thereabouts pretty thoroughly. Sand, hills and rocks were pretty tough wheeling at first; dished my front wheel and broke the wood rim in two places the day after I got there, and I was out of twelve days' riding, but when I had the wheel again away I went once more. Morehouseville is eighteen and one-half miles away, cyclometer measure, with several hills. I went up there the first time in two hours and a half, carrying a .45-90 9½lb. '86 Winchester and a 6lb. bundle of duffle. I waded the West Canada Creek at Noblesborough with the wheel on my shoulder, and after changing my stockings rode on about fifteen rods, when I climbed a hill afoot.

Leaving my wheel at a friend's, I went hunting over among the lakes beyond the ridge, and judged the bicycle rig—gray shirt, corduroy knickerbockers, golf stockings of a mild hue, and bicycle shoes and cap—about as fine a costume as I ever wore in the woods for comfort and stillness. It rained hard the morning we came out, but I was comfortable about my wool-clad calves, where with the flap-flap of mud-clotted long trousers I would have been most miserable. (Most of my woods friends now wear knickerbockers when riff fishing.)

I didn't get my deer. I didn't even see him, but I had lots of fun. That night I went up the road above Morehouseville, seeing some friends thereabouts till about 11 o'clock, when I started down again on my wheel with a good lamp on the steer head. I didn't enjoy that ride so much as another night ride I made. It had been raining, and though the mud was not deep it would fly around after the wheel and I got a lot along my coat back, which brushed off when it was dry. Next day on the down grade I made the eighteen miles in two hours, that usually takes a horse team four or three if they go briskly. This with my rifle strapped along the frame in its case as S. Pokes carries his guns.

That night after supper I started at 6 o'clock with my brother Elgie. I had my rifle, he had a .38-40 repeater, both on the frames of our wheels in cases. I carried also an elm-splint pack basket in which was a double woollen blanket and some things to eat—say 25lbs. An hour and a half later, after walking all told less than a mile, we arrived at a camp beside an old log trail seven miles away, having waded a creek and adjusted my brother's rifle several times. Next day we rode on to a splash dam reservoir, hunted till 2 o'clock, and later I got one shot at a doe and started for home, picking up my pack on the way past the camp, where we lunched. Of the seven miles through the woods over a trail as rough as most trails in the Adirondacks my brother's wheel was all right, but mine had had its tires blistered in two or three places by sliding off rough rocks. Of the seven miles we walked at the very outside two miles and a half, but we made it in less than half the time that we could have made it had we walked. The two bicycle lamps were admirable about camp. We could have seen to read, and everything was as plainly seen two rods or three away as one could wish.

That night I stayed at home and next day rode seventy-five miles straightaway, past Remsen, through Booneville, into Lowville, clear to Philadelphia, N. Y., riding and walking eight hours about, and took an hour and a half for dinner at Lowville.

I saw snakes, birds, woodchucks, a dead skunk. I traveled through waves of sand beyond Carthage—waded them, in fact—and though I had many times been that way on the cars I did not see anything that I had seen before.

I rode around Philadelphia and over trails I'd never seen before, and on the evening of Aug. 29 took the cars for Prospect. That night I rode seven and a half miles from the station to my home with one slight mishap. There is a hill on one side of the road between Prospect and Hinckly, and a 6ft. bank on the other, with a low fence to keep the cattle in the pasture beyond. I didn't have my lamp, just a cheap flickerer that made shadows where there ought not to have been any. I went down the bank and landed on my back. My wheel I threw to save myself. It went a rod. Elgie found the lamp next day 33ft. from the fence and 50ft. back toward Prospect from where I went over the fence. I wasn't hurt, not even bruised.

Next day, Sunday, I rode to Morehouseville and four miles beyond—twenty-two miles in all. It took two hours and three-quarters. I left at just 11 o'clock that night, with my lamp burning brightly. The roads were fair, the sandy places were damp with dew. For about six miles of the way the road was through woods. In a five-mile stretch of woods I came suddenly upon a porcupine in the middle of the road, which there was fine. I missed the beast by about 6in. My first impulse was to kill it with my .38-40 revolver, but thinking better of it, I did not dismount, but kept on.

There is a rock somewhere in these woods. It has a sloping face toward Morehouseville that rises to a height of say 6 or 8in., then drops abruptly. Now that I think of it, I am sorry I didn't measure how far I jumped, but I guess four paces wouldn't be too much, because for half a mile before the wheeling had been enticingly fine.

When I waded the creek at Noblesborough I could see fish in the water. As before, I changed my stockings on the far side and then rode on.

I have nearly run over partridges on two occasions—missed by less than 4ft. that is—and once had a chipmunk running for fear before me in the road. Crows allow me to pass close by them. Woodchucks are curiosity-struck. I wish somebody would try a wheel on antelope.

As I said before, my wheel looks disreputable. The rifle wore the enamel, a rock bent a pedal, 6in. of tire tape circles the tires; but next year, if nothing happens to prevent, I'm going to take my wheel over a foot trail to the very depths of the woods. I hope before that time to see a camp outfit—skillet and pail and luggage carrier—that will save the small of my back when riding in the woods from the pack basket. The luggage should, I believe, be all on the wheel, and the man be as light as possible, for he has to jump mighty suddenly sometimes.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

The Mather Wheelmen.

NEW YORK, Sept. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Ever since the FOREST AND STREAM has commenced to publish Mr. Mather's "Men I Have Fished With," I have been more impatient to get the paper each week than I am to get my wages when I am "broke." His stories are the greatest treat the FOREST AND STREAM has ever given us. How I would like to shake hands with this grand old sportsman (I hope Mr. Mather does not mind the "old") and tell him how much I admire him. As I said before, to read his stories is a great treat, but what a pleasure it would be to hear them from his own lips.

I am about to start a bicycle club and it shall be called the "Mather Wheelmen," if Mr. Mather has no objection. A number of friends join me in wishing Mr. Mather continued health and happiness. A MATHERITE.

NOTES.

Mr. George E. Jantzer, the well-known revolver shooter and at one time holder of the amateur championship, has joined the ranks of the wheelmen. He writes: "I read of the squirrel shooting trips in FOREST AND STREAM a few weeks ago. I was never in love with a bike, but that sort of gave me the fever. So I bought one, took a few lessons, and last Thursday I packed a little Stevens, went to Jamaica on the railroad, then took the old Merrick road to Islip. I must say I have you to thank for the most enjoyable day I think I ever had."

Mr. Raymond S. Spears would like to hear of the use of the bicycle in hunting antelope. On the sun-baked plains of the West the bicycle would no doubt run easily, especially where the grade was right and loose sand or stones not too much in evidence. The rider would have to beware of the cactus that is found over much of the antelope country to-day, for the spines would play the mischief with his tires, and a single plant might give him

as many punctures as the porcupine which Mr. Spear just missed running over.

Incidentally we believe that the bicycle can be put to good use hunting caribou, and when the Northern lakes and streams are frozen we hope to have some notes on the subject. Caribou love the reindeer moss that grows on the bogs beside the dead water streams as well as the lichens that grow on the trees overhanging the frozen waterways, and in winter most of their time is spent in the bogs or on the ice.

It is next to useless to track caribou, they travel so fast, and the hunter relies on chance meetings. One of the most successful methods of hunting in the early winter is on skates, and here the bicycle would come in. One can ride a bicycle wherever he can skate, and over such a smooth roadway he can cover many times the distance in a day that a skater can. The chance of success in this method of hunting is proportionate to the distance traveled, so the bicycle rider should have a cinch.

Yachting.

Speed of Racing Yachts.

Editor Forest and Stream:

After struggling with one-sided and ignorant comments in various papers—not all Canadian by any means—it was a real pleasure to read your fair and pointed remarks regarding the Canada-Vencedor match in your issue of Sept 12. It is quite true that the lake yachtsmen are not all millionaires, and they have not yet reached that degree of perfection in racing where they are willing to systematically—or unsystematically—build a new yacht each year whether they need it or not. While our method may have its disadvantages from the standpoint of the designer and builder, it occasionally gives opportunity for close comparisons between two such craft as the five-year old Zelma and the up-to-date Canada. The trial racing between these two showed Canada to be the better boat, to be sure, but by such a small margin that one may well ask what the leading designers have been doing in the last five years. Of course I am aware that comparisons must be made with the utmost caution, especially in view of the fact that such necessary data as absolute size and speed cannot always be set forth. But here were two boats of practically the same waterline, sail area and corrected length, built for the same conditions by the same designer, each well prepared and handled; surely the results ought to show whether we are really gaining any more of that elusive quality—speed. Moreover, as you pointed out, Zelma is a staunch, strongly built craft, with good cruising accommodation, while Canada is of lighter construction and with less room below, although by no means a racing machine "quite useless for any other purpose," as some American papers have stated.

I am beginning to think that yachtsmen have, during the last few years, suffered many things of many designers, and are none the better as regards speed, but rather the worse as regards cost and accommodation.

In Great Britia too, the results are such as to justify the belief that the ablest designers are producing craft which are different from rather than faster or better than previous efforts. Look how Britannia has held her place, not for one, but for three or four seasons, and still makes things very lively for Meteor. If her owner had followed the fashions he should have retired her and ordered a new creation at least two years ago. Notice also how Ailsa, at first a failure, has come to the front duriug the season just closed. What business have owners to be knocking about in old tubs like these when by the trifling expenditure of £25,000 or so they might be replaced by brand new, up-to-date, unknown quantities? Probably they hold the opinion that designers cannot be continually making improvements in speed even by running all sorts of risks of construction; and consequently prefer to tune up and develop a craft that has got over the troubles of infancy and offers a certain foundation—a known quantity—to work on.

Coupled with all this comes the news of the "complete collapse of the new rating rule in England"—so a prominent designer describes the existing state of affairs. This is the rule that was to prevent fin-keels and has not done it, and was also to give more displacement and cabin room, and they are yet lacking. There is precious little encouragement to monkey with girth or displacement rules on Lake Ontario so long as a comfortable old cruising machine like Selma can make good racing with fin-keels and such. To put it briefly: Where are we at?

Wm. Q. Phillips.

Clinton, Ont., Sept. 16.

Lake Minnetonka.

The racing of open yachts has flourished for some years on Lake Minnetonka, the fleet of fast craft including Onawa, Kite, Alpha and a number of Dyer boats. The class is a comparatively expensive one, especially as it is necessary to keep together a trained crew of half a dozen. At the present time the question of establishing a smaller class is under discussion, and with a good prospect of its adoption for next season. The Minneapolis *Journal* says:

A meeting was held on Sept. 18 of Minnetonka Y. C. members interested in the establishment of a new class of racing boats at the lake, to be known as the one-rater class. The proposed departure in building was talked over at some length, and the advantages of such a boat as the one-rater seemed to be recognized by the majority of the gentlemen present.

There seems very little doubt that this new type is destined to destroy a great part of the popularity heretofore enjoyed by the big sloops. There are many things in favor of the smaller craft, chief of which is the fact that it costs a great deal less to build and can be handled without such large crews as are necessary on the big sloops. Many yachtsmen owning large boats complain of the difficulty encountered in keeping crews together that are able to do the boats justice, and the one-rater is expected to do away with this trouble. It became apparent in the meeting that orders would be given for at least six of the one-rating sloops as soon as the rules for next season had been decided on. It was mentioned as desirable to have uniform rules for this class of boat both on Minnetonka and White Bear Lake, and a committee was appointed to act with the St. Paul committee in drafting rules that shall be satisfactory to both clubs. The committee is composed of F. B. Long, Fred Hopkins and Henry Moreton.

Mr. Moreton informed the *Journal* this morning that in his opinion the popularity of the one-rater was already assured. He was not yet certain that he would build one, but no man is expected to be certain about a matter of that kind for publication, and from other sources it is learned that he will have one of the first one-raters on the lake in case present plans come to a head. Mr. Long is already engaged on the drawings for his boat and it may be stated as a certainty that Mr. Hopkins will have one on the stocks shortly.

There is an opinion among some members of the club that the latest craze will not seriously affect the first class sloops. It has been whispered about that E. J. Phelps intended to put up a new racing machine next season, and that he has now decided to build a one-rater, but that is the only case known of, and Mr. Phelps himself does not admit that he has considered building any sort of boat in 1897.

As to the immediate prospects for next season, the *Journal* says:

The boat builders at Lake Minnetonka have already begun their annual system of looking wise and hinting mysterious things. Peterson, the Excelsior man, since Tartar turned out to be a success, has taken to walking with his hands clasped behind his back and his head dropped forward, like the first mate of a pirate, and one almost regrets that the old chap hasn't a black beard and fierce moustachios that the *ensemble* might better fulfill this nautical ideal. All Peterson has to say nowadays even when he meets his best friend is "Howdy," which is a lot when you consider that even this monosyllabic form of greeting might disturb certain abstruse calculations destined perhaps to set the yachting world by the ears in 1897. I have it from Peterson himself that there are already several orders on the books in that little brindle-colored boat house at Excelsior, but there won't be anything done on these boats until the committee on rules gets itself together and decides what, if any, innovations are to be inaugurated with the next yachting season. As soon as the question of rules has been settled, Peterson will begin work on a first class sloop for White Bear. Whether or not the old man is going to include the divided skirt idea in his new season productions is something that remains to be discovered. That is one turn of the road where this Norwegian builder cocks his weather eye and looks as inscrutable as the sphinx. He hints vaguely—very vaguely—that there will be several new if not startling ideas involved in the *fin de siecle* craft to represent the Peterson yard in a struggle for sloop honors next year. Nobody knows exactly what the ancient mariner is thinking about, but there is an able-bodied rumor to the effect that one Minnetonka enthusiast has intrusted Pete with the construction of an aluminum boat to enter the sloop ranks next summer. On this point, too, the designer of Tartar is as mum as an oyster. It appears that to put up a hull with more perfect lines than those of Tartar will be a different matter, but it will perhaps be possible to construct a lighter craft of the same dimensions, and one which shall still be as strong.

Over at Deephaven Dyer is making ready for a killing. Already there are several orders booked and not the least important is that of the Chamber of Commerce syndicate for a new sloop to take the place of Marie. It is no use trying at present to find out what new plans will be involved in this craft, but it is certain that she too will be built of the lightest possible material, and in the lightest possible manner consistent with strength. Dyer is also waiting for the committee on rules to do its work, and after that there will be activity everywhere.

Moore, the Wayzata man, has a couple of catboats ordered for 1897 delivery. That is about all that is known of the matter, the names of the prospective owners remaining secret for the present.

The most interesting matter in connection with boat building at present, though, is the practical certainty that a new class will be altogether the most popular next year. A number of gentlemen who have owned in the past, and who still own expensive boats of the larger type, have decided that it is a rather too expensive form of amusement when a sloop of the first class may cost as high as $2,000, and, after having been defeated, is hardly worth keeping in trim, at least for racing purposes. It is not likely that the first class sloops will be swept off the lake by this new departure, but anyhow Messrs. Phelps, Long, Moreton and others are going in for one-raters. The one-rater is going to be popular in the East next year. They have determined down there that the half-rater is too small a boat, and the one-rater is expected to fill the bill. In order to make it plain what a one-rater is, the rule for determining rating is as follows:

"The load waterline length multiplied by square feet in sail area and divided by 6,000."

"After a good deal of experience on Lake Minnetonka," said a well-known yachtsman, "I have decided that the greatest pleasure of sailing either racing or for mere cruising is not to be got out of the first class sloop. A man has to come down on all his neighbors for assistance in making up a crew, and, more than that, he is compelled at all times to look after his boat, which, in times like these, is rather more than a good many of us can afford. For that reason I am going in for a one-rater next year, and my understanding is that several other gentlemen will do the same. In fact, I know of half a dozen boats of this type to be built this winter. In case the one-rater turns out a failure, it will not bankrupt a man of ordinary means to build another, and for this reason alone I believe the type will be popular. It is proposed to sail these boats without a time limit, to limit them to 500lbs. of live ballast, and they must in no case exceed the rating which limits the load waterline length from 15 to 17ft.

"That there will be big sloops built for next season has already been indicated, and the promise of a new class to take the place of the apparently defunct catboat is a matter for rejoicing. Capt. Pete will of course stand by Tartar, and indeed it is hard to see how he could better his position. It is characteristic of the Walkers that they will have a new boat on the stocks within the next few weeks.

Racing at Chicago.

The racing season will finish at Chicago with several match races, challenges having been issued by the owners of Vencedor, Genevieve and Miltona. The first is as follows, addressed to the owner of Siren:

Sept. 14.—*Robert Hayes, Esq.*—Dear Sir: We would like to race for a series of three matches, best two to win, between Siren and Vencedor, to take place Friday, Saturday and Monday, Sept. 18, 19 and 21, 1896, starting at 2 P. M. The start to be one gun. The first race five miles to northward or leeward and return, twice around, first leg to windward if possible. Second race from buoy outside Van Buren street gap to 4-mile crib, to Lake View crib and return, first leg to windward if possible. Third race same as first. Measurement and rules to be those of the Lincoln Park Yacht Club. Judges to be chosen one by each side, they to choose the third. Joseph Ruff to be official timekeeper. Measurements to be made by the official measurers of the Columbia and Lincoln Park yacht clubs, and in case of a disagreement by them the decision of the third judge to be final. Time limit on windward and leeward races, four and a half hours. Time on the triangular race, three hours. The prize to be sailed for is the Lincoln Park pennant, now held by the Siren.

If this should meet with your approval, would be pleased to meet you and your representatives to conclude arrangements.

Mr. Hayes replied as follows:

Sept. 15.—*Messrs. M. W. and E. C. Berriman.*—Gentlemen: Your kind favor of yesterday was handed to me about 4:30 P. M., too late to reply at that time. This morning I placed your communication in the hands of a committee consisting of Douglas Dyrenforth, Monadnock Building; Hon. L. C. Collins, Title and Trust Building; and Mr. Thomas Boyle, No. 185 Dearborn street, with instructions to act in the matter as speedily as possible. Those gentlemen have full authority to make any and all arrangements necessary in the premises. Trusting that the contemplated races will tend to even more closely cement the bond of good fellowship which prevails between us at this time, I beg leave to subscribe myself your friend.

Sept. 15.—*Messrs. M. W. Berriman and E. C. Berriman, City.*—Gentlemen: We are in receipt of a communication from Robert Hayes addressed to you, inclosing a challenge from you as the owners of the Vencedor to Mr. Hayes as representing the yacht Siren. Mr. Hayes in his letter requests us to represent him in this matter. We reply as follows:

That we will be glad to sail three races between the Vencedor and the Siren on Saturday, Monday and Wednesday next, Sept. 19, 21 and 23, under the rules of the Lake Michigan Yachting Association.

We also accept your proposition as to the manner of selecting judges, and the selection of Mr. Joseph Ruff as time-keeper. The races to be the best two in three. The course to be the longer Lincoln Park Y. C. course, and in case each boat wins one race of the first two races, the third race to be sailed on a course to be announced by the judges on the day of the last race.

As to sailing for the pennant now held by the Siren, we would say that by reason of a change in the ownership of the Siren we understand under the rules of the Lincoln Park Y. C. we are no longer entitled to hold the pennant, and it should therefore be returned to the Lincoln Park Y. C., to make such disposition of it as it may see fit.

We therefore suggest that we sail for a trophy of a minimum price, to be agreed upon between the respective parties, for which the loser shall wholly pay.

As to the triangular courses, we accept your time limit of three hours, and as to the course to be determined by the judges, we leave the time limit to be fixed by them. We are, yours very truly,

Douglas Dyrenforth,
Thomas Boyle,
L. C. Collins, Jr.

Genevieve, owned by Geo. R. Peare and J. MacConnell, is an old-time sloop, of 52ft. l.w.l. and 36ft. over all. In consequence of these private matches, the open regatta of the Lincoln Park Y. C. on Sept. 19 was abandoned.

The difference over the rules was a most absurd one, as it proved; the result being that a compromise was reached, each yacht being measured by both rules and the mean of the two measurements taken, Siren allowing 10s. in 15 miles. The Lake Michigan Y. A. still clings to the measurement of over all as well as waterline length, but in this case Siren actually measured more by this measurement than by the ordinary waterline measurement of the Lincoln Park Y. C. The first race was sailed on Saturday, Sept. 19, in a strong north wind and a bad sea on the lake; the course being a 15-mile triangle marked by the Four Mile Crib and the Lake View Crib, starting from the Van Buren Street Gap. It was intended to anchor a stakeboat 1,000ft. off the gap, but on account of the sea the idea was abandoned and the start was made through the gap. The preparatory gun was fired at 1:50, with the starting signal at 2:00; Vencedor, steered by Capt. Barber, was but 15s. after the gun, with Siren 25s. after her. Each carried a double reef in the mainsail and a forestaysail, but Siren soon shook out one reef, though it was blowing very hard. They sailed very evenly on a reach for the first mark, both heeling heavily and jumping in the sea. When within a mile of the mark one of the lower shroud turnbuckles on Siren parted, and she at once gave up and returned to the harbor. Vencedor continued, turning the first mark, beating out against the seas to the Lake View Crib and running home under spinaker and balloon jib. She covered the course in 2:37:30. Riggers were set to work at once on Siren to remove all the turnbuckles and splice in deadeyes, and reeve off lanyards for the second race on Monday.

Amorita and Quissetta.

The last event of the racing season about New York is the series of three matches between the schooners Amorita and Quissetta, for a prize offered by the Larchmont Y. C., under whose management the races are sailed. The dates originally fixed were Sept. 21, 22, 23, but as the two were not ready these were changed to the three following days. The first meeting was on Sept. 24, in a moderate S.W. wind. The start was given at 11:35, Amorita crossing at 11:37:50 after some lively work for the weather berth, with Quissetta, at 11:38:58, on her weather quarter. They reached across to the Hempstead mark, where they were timed:

Amorita.....11 55 21 Quissetta.....11 55 37

The next leg was down wind, but the pair started in for a luffing match which took them far off their course; after about fifteen minutes they squared away and set spinakers, rounding the outer mark at:

Amorita.....12 36 50 Quissetta.....12 37 03

Standing for a short time on port tack, the two then came about and made a long hitch across toward Matinnicock Point, still very close together. Amorita, to windward, bore down on Quissetta several times, but the smaller boat finally got through her lee and ahead. When Quissetta tacked, near Matinnicock, Amorita went about close to her, and her mainsheet fouled the bowsprit of Quissetta, carrying it away. Both set protest flags, Amorita continued the course, while Quissetta took a tow for City Island to repair for next day.

The regatta committee, after a long session, decided the counter protests as follows, to the general satisfaction of yachtsmen:

Regatta Committee, Larchmont.—*Capt. Henry W. Harris, owner yacht Quissetta, Larchmont, N. Y.:* Dear Sir—Your protest of even date protesting Amorita for infringing rule 24, section 10, of the racing rules of the Larchmont Y. C. is hereby sustained, based on the evidence submitted, and from the fact that the committee were directly in the wake of the yachts while on the starboard tack, and saw Amorita bear away and Quissetta keep off very sharp, when she was immediately followed by Amorita, and then within two minutes both yachts haul up a point to a point and a half. As Quissetta did not sail over the course, and Amorita being disqualified, the committee order the first race of the series to be resailed on Friday, Sept. 25, 1896. Respectfully,

John F. Lovejoy,
G. A. Cormack,
W. C. Hall.

Sept. 24, 1896.—*Capt. W. G. Brokaw, owner yacht Amorita:* Dear Sir—Inclosed find copy of the decision of the committee on the protest of Capt. Henry W. Harris, owner of the yacht Quissetta, which explains itself. Therefore no action can be taken on the protest made by yourself, as Amorita was disqualified at the time of the infringement of rule 24, section 10.

Amorita being disqualified, and as Quissetta did not complete the course, the committee order the first race of the series to be resailed on Friday, Sept. 25, 1896. Respectfully,

John F. Lovejoy,
G. A. Cormack,
W. C. Hall.

Quissetta was ready again next day, and the two came to the line with a light easterly wind blowing. The course was sailed the reverse way this time, to the east mark first, and the start was made at 11:35, the times being:

Quissetta.....11 36 27 Amorita.....11 37 15

Quissetta gained from the start in the light air, and had several minutes to the good when a little before 1 o'clock the wind shifted to S.W., reaching Amorita first and setting her up toward the leader. They turned the mark at:

Quissetta.....1 11 15 Amorita.....1 12 25

With the wind now ahead, Quissetta stood off on port tack toward the Connecticut shore, while Amorita left her and started toward Matinnicock. Quissetta soon followed and both held in to the shore and then tacked out, she still leading. At 1:29 Amorita's bobstay parted, her bowsprit snapped, and she was out of the race. Quissetta was ordered to continue the course, while the judges' boat took Amorita in tow for City Island, but Mr. Harris very pluckily declined to accept the race and withdrew his yacht.

The first real race was made on Saturday, again in a S.W. wind, the start being postponed to 12:36 in order to accommodate Amorita, whose repairs were barely completed in time. The yachts were sent off for the east mark first, making a beat on the second leg to Hempstead mark; after some sharp maneuvering, in which Amorita tried to blanket Quissetta, the latter got away to leeward with a few seconds lead, the times being:

Quissetta.....12 35 35 Amorita.....12 35 38

They sailed the first leg in close company, luffing out and jockeying, the times at the first turn being:

	Mark.	Elapsed.
Quissetta	1 14 17	0 38 42
Amorita	1 16 01	0 40 23

The beat across to the Hempstead mark showed a further gain for Quissetta:

	Mark.	Elapsed.
Quissetta	2 04 00	0 49 43
Amorita	2 07 33	0 51 32

The last leg was a reach of 3 miles, quickly covered, with a further gain for Quissetta:

	Mark.	Elapsed.	Entire Round.
Quissetta	2 22 45	0 18 45	1 47 10
Amorita	2 26 45	0 19 12	1 51 07

The first leg of the second round was a free reach, the times at the mark being:

	Mark.	Elapsed.
Quissetta	2 54 35	0 31 50
Amorita	2 57 40	0 30 55

They started the windward leg with a hitch in to the Long Island shore; then Quissetta managed to fetch the Hempstead mark on the next tack, while Amorita had to make an extra tack, the times being:

	Mark.	Elapsed.
Quissetta	3 41 05	0 46 30
Amorita	3 45 03	0 47 23

The last leg was covered by Quissetta in 18m. 35s.; Amorita, 19m. 3s.; the final times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Quissetta	12 35 35	3 59 40	3 24 05	3 20 49
Amorita	12 35 38	4 04 33	3 28 55	3 28 55

Quissetta received 3m. 16s. allowance from Amorita. In explanation of the latter's defeat, it is urged that the gear on her new bowsprit was stretching all through the race, but the same must apply to Quissetta in the two races, as she was carrying a new spar.

The deciding race was sailed on Monday in a light wind, about E.N.E. Further repairs had been made to Amorita's headgear and Quissetta's sails. The start was made at 12:05, the yachts going first to the east mark, a beat, then before the wind to the Hempstead mark, with a final reach to the line. Quissetta made the better start, to windward and ahead:

Quissetta.....12 05 20 Amorita.....12 06 05

The windward work in the light breeze showed very little difference.

	Mark.	Elapsed.
Quissetta	1 14 45	1 09 25
Amorita	1 15 54	1 09 49

They ran across to the Hempstead mark under spinakers and balooners, being timed:

	Mark.	Elapsed.
Quissetta	2 01 58	0 47 13
Amorita	2 04 51	0 48 57

The end of the round, after a 3-mile reach, was timed:

	Mark.	Elapsed.	Whole Round Elapsed.	Gain.
Quissetta	2 22 50	0 20 52	2 17 30	0 02 57
Amorita	2 26 32	0 21 51	2 20 27	

The windward leg, still in a light breeze, showed a further gain for Quissetta, the times being:

	Mark.	Elapsed.
Quissetta	3 39 10	1 16 20
Amorita	3 44 21	1 17 49

With the wind more nearly east than before spinakers were not set, but the two reached across under balloon jibtopsails and balloon maintopmast staysails, being timed:

	Mark.	Elapsed.
Quissetta	4 17 43	0 38 33
Amorita	4 24 00	0 39 39

Quissetta continued to gain over the last leg, the finish being timed:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Quissetta	12 05 20	4 36 30	4 31 10	4 27 54
Amorita	12 06 05	4 43 00	4 36 55	4 36 55

The races were managed by J. F. Lovejoy, of the regatta committee, assisted by Geo. A. Cormack and W. H. Hall.

Hull Y. C.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Sept. 26.

The Hull Y. C. sailed its final race on Sept. 26, the times being:

THIRD CLASS.

	Length.	Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gleaner, S. R. Wellington	24.03	3 00 00	2 22 10	1 45 57
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	30.11	3 00 00	2 22 37	2 03 30
Cleopatra, Henry Faxon	21.09	3 00 00	2 28 00	1 49 26

KNOCKABOUT CLASS.

	Start.	Elapsed.
Torpedo, J. Souther	3 15 00	1 30 15
Bo Peep, M. Clark	3 15 00	1 29 00
Nike, C. A. Coolidge	3 15 00	1 39 30
Jack Tar, T. Jubert	3 15 00	1 29 55
Tautog, Wm. Clark	3 15 00	1 29 10

W. G. Sherry was the judge.

Tautog protests Bo Peep, Jack Tar protests Tautog and Bo Peep protests Nike.

ETHELWYNN.

Through the courtesy of the Spalding-St. Lawrence Boat Co., builders of the yacht and owners of the design, we publish herewith the plans of the 15-footer Ethelwynn, the first defender of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. international challenge cup in the initial series of races with Spruce IIII. last year. Ethelwynn was designed by W. P. Stephens, Yachting and Canoeing editor of the Forest and Stream, for competition in the trial races arranged for the selection of a defender for the Seawanhaka cup, and was one of the first yachts in the new 15ft. class created by the visit of Spruce IIII. to America. The design was made and the yacht built for C. J. Field, of the Indian Harbor Y. C. The order for the design was given on June 26, just two months before the date of the first trial race. As the many midsummer regattas about the Sound were then on, the drawing of the lines was not begun until July 8, the original design being enlarged to the full size and shipped in that form on July 12 to the shops of the Spalding-St. Lawrence Co., then at Clayton, N. Y., on the St. Lawrence River. The hull was shipped from the shops on Aug. 3, reaching Greenwich, Conn., two days later, where the centerboard, rudder, spars, etc., were fitted and the sails bent, the yacht being launched on Aug. 8.

Ethelwynn's first race was on Aug. 10, in the annual regatta of the American Y. C., sailed in a very light air; she beat the new fin-keel 15 footer Trilby, also sailing her first race, by 14m., Question giving up. The first suit of sails was very unsatisfactory; the jib, as planned, of 50sq. ft., with a club on the foot, could only be used in a very light air, being much too large; while the mainsail did not fit the spars, and after being recut was replaced by a new one. The yacht did not race again until the Horseshoe Harbor Y. C. regatta of Aug. 24, when, with a strange hand at the tiller, she started against Question in a strong wind and a rough sea that brought several yachts to grief, a large catboat losing her mast and another capsizing. Ethelwynn capsized while her crew was taking in the balloon jib on a reach; though her hatches were off, no water reached the compartments, and she floated high on her bilge until righted. Question completed the course in very fast time compared with the larger catboats and sloops.

The trial races began on Aug. 26 at Oyster Bay with seven competitors, and continued on Aug. 27–28. On the three days the wind was light to moderate, the yachts at times drifting without wind; on several occasions there was a moderate whole-sail breeze, but at no time was there more than the little yachts could easily carry. The result of the trial races may be briefly summarized as follows:

		Owner.	*Designer.*	*Builder.*	*Helmsman.*	*Crew.*
Ethelwynn	c. b.	C. J. Field	W. P. Stephens	St. Lawrence Co.	B. C. Ball	C. J. Field.
Olita	c. b.	H. C. Rouse	N. G. Herreshoff	Herreshoff Mfg. Co.	C. B. Vaux	R. B. Burchard.
Question	c. b.	L. B. Huntington, Jr.	L. P. Huntington, Jr.	L. P. Huntington, Jr.	L. B. Huntington	Philip Howard.
Trilby	fin	G. Tyson	C. Olmstead	Wood & Son	C. Olmstead	C. J. Pierce.
Trust Me	fin.	C. M. Clark	N. G. Herreshoff	Herreshoff Mfg. Co.	C. M. Clark	K. Whiting.
F. & R.	c. b.	F. & R. Wyckoff	F. & R. Wyckoff	F. & R. Wyckoff	F. Wyckoff	R. Wyckoff.
L'Indienne	c. b.	R. Outwater	T. F. Newell	Newell & McAleece	R. Outwater	F. B. Jones.

	1st Race.	2d Race.	3d Race.
Ethelwynn	3 16 15	4 08 03	5 58 12
Olita	3 18 09	4 12 48	6 03 43
Question	3 26 07	4 11 25	6 04 33
Trilby	3 26 37	4 15 03	6 11 27
Trust Me	3 40 10	Not timed.	6 19 20
F. & R.	3 52 37	Did not start.	
L'Indienne	Withdrew.	Did not start.	

On this showing Ethelwynn was selected by the race committee of the club as the defender of the cup.

On Aug. 29 she started with Question, Trilby and L'Indienne in a light breeze, the finish being timed:

Ethelwynn	5 10 28	Trilby	5 29 32
Question	5 28 30	L'Indienne	Withdrew.

In the Larchmont fall regatta on Sept. 2 Ethelwynn, Question, Trilby and Trust Me started in a drifting match. Ethelwynn and Trilby gave up, being unable to find the turning points, marked by very small flags; Trust Me winning.

The cup races with Spruce IIII. lasted from Sept. 21 to 28, five races being sailed, Ethelwynn winning three, while on two days the yachts failed to finish within the required time. On the first day, Saturday, Sept. 21, both yachts gave up after a long battle with the tide in a calm, having failed to cover the first round in four hours of drifting. On Monday there was a light to moderate breeze all day and a very good race was sailed, Ethelwynn gaining 5m. 48s. on the first round and winning by 7m. 41s. Tuesday was another light day, with a fluky wind. Ethelwynn led for the first round, but a shift of wind at the buoy gave Spruce a long lead; the race was stopped at 6 o'clock with both far from the finish and Spruce ahead.

On Wednesday there was more wind, but very light and fluky; Ethelwynn finished the first round with a lead of 3m. 58s., but lost it all in a calm spot near the Center Island Buoy, as on the preceding day, being but 10s. ahead of Spruce at the next mark; they sailed the round out in a variable and fluky wind, Spruce winning by 23s.

On Thursday, for the first time, there was a good wholesail breeze, with quite a sea on the Sound. Spruce started with one reef in her mainsail, while Ethelwynn had two. She was sailed very badly from the start, as it afterward appeared, through the unwillingness of her crew to race, in spite of the protests of her helmsman; at the end of the first round she was 9m. astern of Spruce, having been in irons at the lee mark, where she shook out one reef to go to windward, after carrying a double-reefed mainsail down wind. When the round was finished her owner refused to continue the race, and sailed into the harbor.

Friday was another blowy day, with a good breeze and a lively sea; the two started out with a new forward hand aboard Ethelwynn, she carrying her whole mainsail, while Spruce was reefed. This time the yacht was sailed well from the start, and after a fine race came in with a lead of 1m. 10s. The final race was sailed on Saturday, Sept. 28, in a moderate breeze and a light sea. Sailed by the same crew as on Friday, Ethelwynn again beat Spruce by 10m. 41s., and scored the three races necessary to the holding of the cup.

Ethelwynn cost to build about $600, and shortly after the races she was sold to Messrs. Crosby and Fox Leonard for $550. Under their ownership she was at once stored at Manning's Basin in South Brooklyn, where she remained until a few weeks ago, when she was fitted out and anchored off Bath Beach. In the squall of Sept. 19 she capsized at her moorings in Gravesend Bay, but was not damaged. During her brief career she has twice been in the hands of the U. S. Marshal, being advertised for sale last spring on account of a claim made by an associate of Messrs. Leonard; within the past month she has been libeled for storage charges and will be sold at marshal's sale this week.

The dimensions of Ethelwynn are as follows:

Length over all	23ft. 4in.
l.w.l.	15ft.
Overhang, forward	3ft. 10in.
aft	4ft. 6in.
Beam, extreme	6ft.
l.w.l.	4ft. 9⅛in.
Draft	8in.
Freeboard	10in.
Sheer, bow	7in.
stern	1½in.
Displacement, lbs	1,022
Area midship section, sq. ft	1.92
C. B. from fore end l.w.l.	8.00
Midship section from end l.w.l.	8 25

These dimensions are all on the basis of 15ft l.w.l., but, as we shall show next week, the design for a waterline of about 14ft. 6in., with 7in. draft and the appropriate sail of 240sq. ft. We shall give in the following issue the arrangement and construction plan, with offsets and details of construction.

ALL ON A SUMMER DAY.

What will go down on the records as a most memorable race took place over the course of the New York C C. for half-raters on the afternoon of Sept. 19, 1896.

Four of this class shot over the starting line just off the house at 3:30 P. M., going down the wind with spinakers set for the stake mark off the Marine and Field Club grounds. The wind was blowing light and fair from the southward. Up in the north were tokens only of a summer squall. Gravesend Bay usually affords ample time and warning of such blows, so nothing daunted merrily sped the pretty craft over the sunlit waters, little fearing or fancying what was in store for them.

Round the stake buoy in quick succession, and with sheets close hauled they stood for the outer buoy, a mile away and directly opposite the club house. When about three-quarters over this leg the wind fell flat. Out of the north came the first gentle puffs of the gathering squall. One glance over toward the Staten Island shore showed that the blow was going to be quick and sharp. The smoke from the funnel of an incoming steamer, which had been lazily ascending in an almost perpendicular line, suddenly bent at a right angle from its course and spread over the bay with wide, gaping mouth, swooping down toward us. Mainsails were quickly stowed, and with only the little handkerchief-like jibs spread to the coming blast the four tiny raters ran for home.

Down came the rain in huge drops, dotting the smooth sea with countless globes of crystal and instantly soaking us all to the skin. Then began the blow. Ye gods, how it blew! In less than five minutes from the first puffs the waters were lashed into wicked, white-capped billows, and the darkness of utter night shut down upon the scene. Away scudded the frail boats under bare poles, for the tiny jibs had either blown out like ribbons or wrapped themselves in a furl around the jib stays Over one sea, down into another, on top again, we flew, and the gale increasing every second.

Now came the hail—pelting hailstones, the size of walnuts—and with them came the rush and roar of a tempest. Up into the air went our bows; down, down into the hollow they dove under, and the brutal gale striking the exposed surface astern sent three of us over like a flash.

Fortunately the hurricane was blowing in the direction of home; more lucky still, the boats were unballasted and floated, giving us a chance to cling for our lives and keep heads above water.

When the force of this phenomenal blow had spent itself (and it was all over in half an hour) there we were, nearly over our moorings in front of the club house, where had gathered an anxious band of friends and members on the lookout for us. Boats were soon manned and we all were safely landed. No great damage was done the ½-raters.

Had that small blizzard come out offshore there would have been a different story to tell by other pen than mine.

A word of praise and admiration for these little boats. They stood the brunt bravely. The only wonder was, not that they finally capsized, but that they kept right side up as long as they did. As a matter of record, one of the four came through the blow without a capsize. To be sure, she was much further inshore than the rest of us when the squall struck, and was lucky enough to run alongside of and hold on to a stake until her anchor was thrown out. Still the fact remains, she kept on even keel, no doubt largely due to skillful management. Many larger vessels were overturned while riding at their anchors.

The writer has experienced a few blows in his twenty years as an amateur sailor, but never encountered one which in a brief space of time kicked up such an ugly, wicked sea, or blew such great guns with large hailstone accompaniment, as that of Sept. 19, 1896, in Gravesend Bay.

F. S. G., N. Y. C. C.

Squantum Y. C.

QUINCY—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Sept. 26.

On Sept. 26 the Squantum Y. C. sailed the third race of the second series for the Burkhardt cups, the wind being fresh S.W. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Payomet, H. Flood	21.04	1 31 43	1 06 09
Magnolia, E. Hardy	20.03	1 33 20	1 06 42
Clara Lou, W. J. Coombs	21.00	Disabled.	
SECOND CLASS.			
Burgess, F. Burgess	19.05	1 36 20	1 08 50
Locia, E. A. Merrill	18.05	Did not finish.	

Payomet, Magnolia and Clara Lou have each one leg in first class, and Burgess, Locia and Velma in second class.

Beverly Y. C.

The 245th race, championship sail off in fourth class sloops, was sailed off the club house, Saturday, Sept. 12, in a double reef southwester; course 8½ miles.

As was to be expected in a strong breeze and with a three men limit, Grilse was not in it and Heiress won. Championships are sailed without allowance. Times were:

Heiress, Geo. G. Amory....1 57 05 Grilse, W. E. C. Eustis.....2 04 06

Judge—F. L. Dabney.

The 999-Raccoon protest in the race of Sept. 5 has been decided in favor of 999, who takes first prize, Waskite taking second.

El Heirie.

The crack 15-footer El Heirie has reached her new home in Mobile, not New Orleans, as at first reported, and has met with a most enthusiastic welcome from Southern yachtsmen. Her purchase will do much toward building up the new class about New Orleans and Mobile. The following account of her arrival at New Orleans is from the *Times-Democrat* of Sept. 13:

The Cromwell Line steamer Hudson arrived at her wharf on time early Saturday morning from New York, having aboard the champion American half-rater yacht El Heirie, the boat selected from twenty-seven contestants to defend the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. international challenge cup against the Canadian challenger, Glencairn.

The half-rater races are not yet two months old, and this celebrated little vessel, the embodiment of the very highest design and development in yacht construction, is here. It is a fortunate thing for the sport of yacht racing in this section, as the yachtsmen here are about to establish a class, and the boats will necessarily have to be first class to cope with this Northern importation.

El Heirie was purchased by Mr. T. Y. Bush, a young cotton factor of Mobile, a member of the Mobile Y. C., which club has the honor of enrolling in its fleet the first half-rater in the South. The boat was carried from the Hudson by six negroes at about 8 o'clock yesterday morning, and placed on a flat car for transportation to Mobile in the afternoon. The boat was not covered, and was merely resting on her bottom, with three small mattresses beneath her.

Her construction and finish were at once seen to be of the very finest type of the joiner's art, fully equal to the most costly racing shell; in fact she was a revelation to yachtsmen here, who have never seen a yacht built on the modern light-construction plan. No expense was spared on this craft, as her mahogany construction, Tobin bronze centerboard and rudder, aluminum blocks, hollow spars and silk sails well show.

All the prominent yachtsmen of the city were at the dock to inspect the boat, among them Com. Larry O'Donnell and Sec'y L. D. Sampsell, of the Southern Y. C.; Com. George Moorman, of the Mandeville Y. C.; Com. Tom Richardson, of the Bay-Waveland Y. C., and Capt. E. L. Cope, N. E. Baumgarden, Billy Boone, Holmes Harrison, Harry Lanphier, W. A. Brunet, Frank Claussen, Jack Campbell, Garrett Brown and many others. The boat's beauty and her extreme lightness, her weight being about 250lbs., were the chief subjects of remark. Two gentlemen, Messrs. Sampsell and Harrison, one at the bow and the other at the stern, lifted her clear without much trouble. Her patent aluminum skeleton blocks are the first of the kind seen in the South, and they claimed the enthusiast's eye at once. The largest, her main sheet block, only weighs 4oz., much less than an ordinary watch. Her standing rigging is of very fine phosphor bronze wire, and the running rigging, sheets and halyards of braided canoe cord, a size smaller in diameter than window sash cord.

El Heirie was designed by Clinton H. Crane, an amateur, and was built by the celebrated firm of Lawley & Son, of South Boston, the same people who built the sloop Nepenthe, of this city. The boat was built last June.

Mr. Bush had never seen El Heirie until she was unloaded, and he, as well as all the yachtsmen who saw her, was well pleased with the looks of the boat. Mr. Bush says there is a great deal of interest being taken in the half-rater class at Mobile, and that there will be a fleet of half a dozen of them built. There will be a fine cup put up and many other prizes given to the class, and he hopes that boats from this city will be on hand to contest for them. He was assured the craze for the half-raters or 15ft. sailing length class had taken a firm hold on New Orleans yachtsmen, and it was expected that fifteen or twenty of them would be built, so there would be many chances for interclub racing before long. In the opinion of many yachtsmen this will be the means of building up the sport in the South.

The Southern and the Mobile yacht clubs will offer special prizes for the class next year, and in the event of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. challenge being made in this class an effort will be made to send a fast boat to the trial races at Oyster Bay. Mr. L. D. Sampsell, one of the most active of New Orleans yachtsmen, has lately formed a partnership with Holmes Harrison in the new Southern Yacht Building Works, in New Orleans; they will design and build yachts, making a specialty of the smaller craft.

New York Yacht Racing Association.

The final results of the annual Labor Day regatta of the New York Y. R. A. are announced officially by the secretary of the regatta committee, E. Langerfield:

Gael, Class F, reported as not finished, finished at 1:30 A. M., and was awarded pennant for Class F.

The corrected time of Baby was reported 2.48.09 on judges' report. This was an error of one hour in figuring. Her corrected time is 1.48.09, making her winner in Class 9.

The finish of Maggie P. was erroneously recorded as 3:38:43. It was 3:33:43, making her corrected time 1.48.58, instead of 1.53.58, as previously reported, and making her winner in Class 10.

Classes 2 and 3 were reported together under heading of Class 2. The following is correct separation:

CLASS 2—27ft. and over 23ft.				
Henry Dauer	12 34 08	4 55 38	4 21 30	3 12 58
W. H. Gill	12 35 48	5 00 42	4 24 54	3 14 22
Viola	12 36 44	Did not finish.		
CLASS 3—23ft. and under.				
Zetes	12 32 16	3 51 10	3 18 54	2 28 51
Sybilla	12 33 15	3 56 06	3 22 51	2 31 32
Iroquois	12 33 50	3 51 19	3 17 29	2 29 21

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

Cincinnati, O., Sept. 20.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, standard target, 7-ring black:

Gindele.																				
10	10	7	10	10	6	9	9	10	8—89		8	9	8	10	8	9	8	8	8	8—84
10	10	9	8	8	8	7	8	6	9—83		7	7	9	10	8	9	9	9	7	6—81
Payne.																				
10	9	8	8	10	6	8	10	10	8—87		7	8	10	7	8	7	10	8	10	7—82
10	7	6	8	7	8	7	10	5	8—76		6	6	10	6	8	6	8	7	6	10—73
Trounstein.																				
10	9	6	8	9	5	5	5	6	9—72		9	6	5	8	8	8	7	7	9	4—71
5	6	6	7	8	8	5	8	7	3—63		8	6	4	3	10	6	6	10	4	3—60
Lux.																				
8	6	5	9	4	6	6	7	7	7—65		5	10	9	10	6	6	4	5	5	5—65
6	6	9	8	0	7	7	3	4	7—63		5	8	6	9	4	7	4	8	3	6—60
Topf.																				
10	3	10	10	7	7	4	8	6	7—72		7	5	9	7	7	9	9	8	5	5—71
5	5	7	8	6	10	5	6	10	6—68		4	6	5	8	7	4	7	9	8	5—63
Strickman.																				
6	6	8	9	10	9	10	7	8	6—79		9	6	8	8	10	5	10	6	9	7—78
7	6	8	6	5	10	6	7	5	9—69		6	9	6	4	5	7	8	5	10	8—68

Calumet Heights Rifle Club.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 19.—The members of Class A and Class B shot their scores to-day. Dr. Davis won the medal in Class A, Miss Ervin winning on the shoot-off in Class B. The scores were:

Class A, for gentlemen, 200yds., off-hand, standard target:

Dr Davis	4544433335—37	Spalding	3443223204—27
Harlan	3245334454—37	Patty	5024002002—15
Dr Shaw	3443333343—33		

Class B, for ladies, 100yds., reduced Creedmoor target, .22-cal. rifle, rest:

Miss Ervin	4444444444—40	Miss Harlan	2444322323—29
Mrs Lamphere	4444544443—40	Mrs Carson	4443550004—29
Mrs Chamberlin	3334354444—37	Mrs R B Carson	0300022000— 7

An invitation will be issued to all members of clubs in the vicinity of Chicago that shoot a rifle, to be the guests of this club on the day of Halloween eve, and to participate in an all-day rifle contest. Patty.

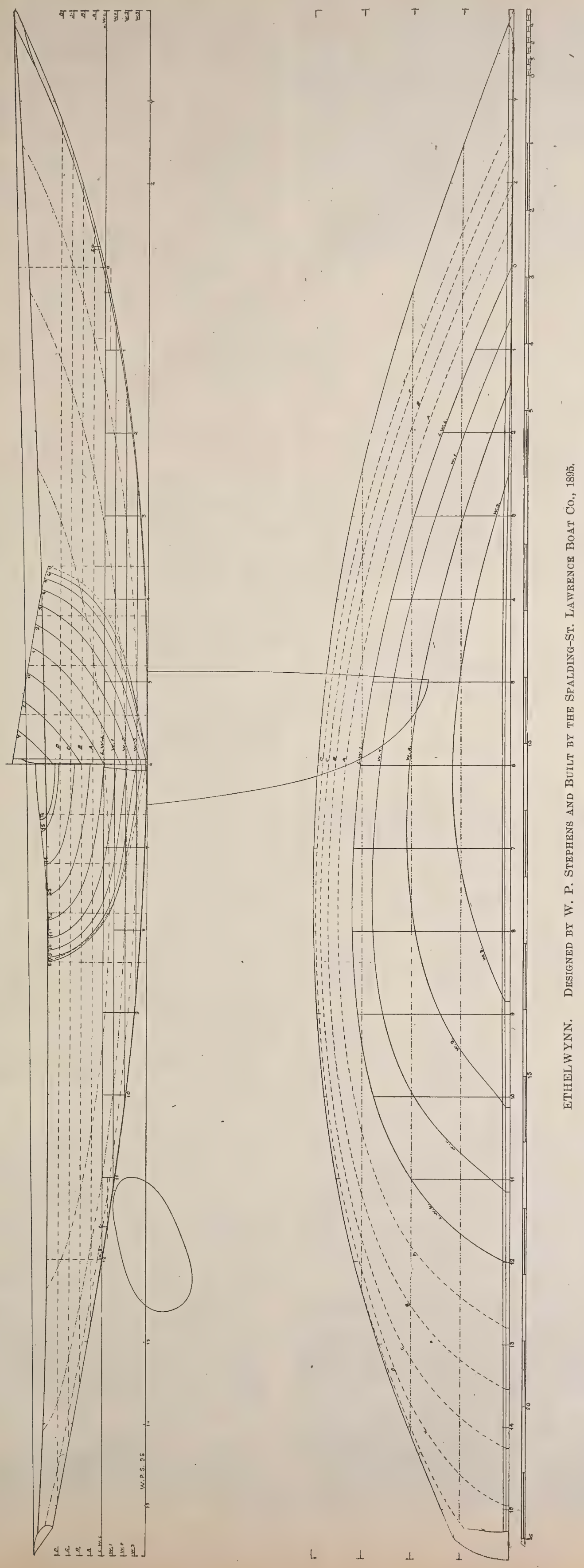
Revolver Shooting in England.

London, England, Sept. 10.—The result of the recent revolver club contests are given below:

At the North London Rifle Club on Sept. 9 the following scores were made at the 50yds. stationary target: Holmes 34, T. Knapp 33, Capt. T. W. Heath 30, Joslin 26, Lieut. Clemence 26, Andrews 26, Brading 25, Britton 25, Capt. W. Evans 25, Lieut. Richardson 25, Denyer 23, C. S. Webb 21, Chicken 22, J. Eley 15.

South London Rifle Club, Sept. 8.

	20yds., stationary target.	50yds., stationary target.
Walter Winans	777767—41	766747—37
Capt. T W Heath	777767—41	766775—38
E Howe	776776—40	575755—34
C Knapp	676664—35	577457—35
C Malschinger	354756—30	446375—29



ETHEL WYNN. DESIGNED BY W. P. STEPHENS AND BUILT BY THE SPALDING-ST. LAWRENCE BOAT CO., 1895.

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa., Sept. 26.—At the commencement of the season the Presque Isle Rifle Club put up three medals to be shot for as season prizes, the first part of the season's work to be taken as basis for a handicap. The prizes will be won by the members making the best averages with handicaps added. To-day closed the season, and the winners will be announced shortly. Below are to-day's scores:

Two hundred yards, standard target, off-hand, 7-ring black:

J G Germann	10	8	6	10	10	7	7	8	6	9—81
	5	9	6	10	9	7	9	9	6	9—79
	9	8	8	7	7	9	6	9—9		7—79
John Stidham	10	4	8	5	9	7	9	7	9	9—77
	9	9	5	6	10	7	9	7	8	6—76
	10	9	10	6	9	4	5	8	5	5—71
George Shafer	6	6	6	7	10	10	5	10	7	10—77
	8	7	8	7	6	8	6	8	10	7—75
	6	9	6	6	6	7	5	10	7	9—71
Capt J Bacon	6	10	7	7	7	8	6	10	9	10—80
	6	7	5	6	8	6	8	10	7	8—71
	6	6	9	7	4	7	6	10	5	9—69
Dr Wheeler	8	3	6	8	7	5	6	9	7	10—74
	6	10	5	8	6	5	8	9	5	8—70
	5	5	6	5	8	8	9	7	8	6—67
W J Leyer	10	4	7	7	10	7	10	6	6	7—74
	8	4	8	3	8	4	6	9	9	9—68
	5	8	8	8	6	10	8	7	4	4—68
Geo C Rahn	5	7	8	10	6	10	5	6	8	7—72
	6	6	6	5	5	7	7	7	9	10—68
	7	7	4	5	5	8	8	5	9	6—64
F Derby	8	5	10	8	4	10	5	6	7	7—69
	4	8	8	6	5	8	9	5	7	5—65
	7	8	6	6	5	3	7	8	6	8—64
W F Treiber	7	5	10	9	5	6	7	7	9	6—71
	6	10	5	6	4	6	6	6	6	10—65
	7	3	6	5	7	10	6	10	4	4—62
W B Patton	7	9	9	7	8	5	5	7	6	6—69
	8	4	7	10	9	6	7	4	4	6—65
	6	6	8	7	5	6	7	8	4	6—63
J F Leyer	8	6	4	6	7	9	6	6	8	4—64
	4	8	4	6	6	6	8	8	7	5—62
	8	5	3	10	5	5	4	5	6	7—58
E S Noyes	5	4	7	4	6	8	10	5	4	4—57
	7	8	8	4	4	1	9	4	6	3—54
	6	5	7	4	7	6	3	5	6	2—52

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Oct. 6-7.—BALTIMORE, Md.—Tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association. Live birds only. James R. Malone, Captain.

Oct. 6-8.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Autumn tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Two days, targets; one day, pigeons and sparrows. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds added money announced later.

Oct. 8-10.—EAST ST. LOUIS, Ill.—Tournament of the King's Smokeless Gun Club.

Oct. 10.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Team race, Maplewood Gun Club versus Bergen County Gun Club.

Oct. 14-15.—GREENSBURG, Ind.—Second annual tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club. Targets only. Web. Woodfill, Sec'y.

Oct. 16-17.—TACOMA, Wash.—Tournament of the Washington State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Tacoma Rifle, Rod and Gun Club. G. H. Garrison, Sec'y.

Oct. 17.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Fifth monthly shoot of the New Jersey Amateur Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Oritani Field Club.

Oct. 21-22.—IRONTON, O.—Third annual tournament of the Iron City Gun Club. Targets.

Oct. 27-28.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Eighth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club. First day, targets; second day, live birds.

Nov. 7.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Cup contest, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club. C. O. Gardiner, Sec'y.

Dec. 1-3.—TRENTON, N. J.—Proposed contest for live-bird championship; 100 live birds per man, $100 entry. Under the management of Charles Zwirlein.

1897.

Jan. 4-5.—PRESCOTT, Arizona.—Fourth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Prescott Gun Club. Roy Hill, Sec'y.

January.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second midwinter tournament, under the management of Oscar Guessaz, etc.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK CITY.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

April 15-17.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The programme of the first annual tournament of the King's Smokeless Gun Club, of East St. Louis, Ill., has one or two points that call for special mention. The tournament itself will be held on Oct. 8-9, at Obert's Park, electric cars running direct to the grounds. Shells and guns shipped in advance should be sent in care of J. M. Trendley, who will see that the same are delivered at the grounds. On the first two days of the shoot targets will be thrown at 2 cents each On the third day 3 cents will be charged for targets, the extra 1 cent for each target thrown being made a fund that will be added to the purse in the last event on the programme, a 25-target event, known angles, $2 entrance. This fund will be eligible only to shooters who have taken part in at least seven out of the thirteen preceding events shot on that day. One note in the programme says that "black powder will be shot in separate squads." The programme for the first day calls for 245 targets, for the second day 230, and for the third day 210.

The following item, special to the Philadelphia, Pa., *Record*, dated Lancaster, Sept. 21. will be of interest: "W. R. Brinton, Esq., attorney for Philip Betz, has filed a bill in equity against C. Evans, F. Clark and W. P. Cummings, constituting the Lancaster Gun Club. The plaintiff alleges that he owns property in East Lampeter township, adjoining the grounds of the gun club. The club holds frequent matches on its grounds, and owing to the low fence surrounding the range the shot frequently comes over on his property. It is alleged that Betz and his workmen have been wounded a number of times by the shot and that people coming to his sand hole to transact business are in danger. He therefore wants an injunction granted restraining all further shooting on the club's grounds. The preliminary injunction was granted and will remain in force until the bill in equity is argued and decided."

Dr. George V. Hudson, one of the best live-bird shots in either the Emerald or the New York German Gun clubs, has a sorrowful tale to tell of the prospects for quail down in that part of North Carolina (Eden) where he hunts every fall. The Doctor says that the wholesale netting of bevies of quail for the market for the sake of the few dollars they bring has about killed the goose that laid the golden eggs. Last year he found only three bevies on the whole of 1,200 acres of land, whereas in former years that same territory was good for close on to thirty bevies. He says that netting did it, not shooting, as he has the sole right of gunning on that 1,200 acres.

Jack Winston, the Austin Powder representative, has not been with us long, but he says he likes the East and would like to settle here. He speaks highly of the class of birds he has seen trapped down here, and adds that so far he has found them plenty fast enough to please him. As a matter of fact it does not look as if Winston was not acclimated yet; he is not shooting as well as he has done, nor as well as we think he can shoot when fit and well. He lost both matches at Zwirlein's grounds at Yardville last week. On Tuesday Zwirlein won by 23 to 21; on Thursday Cubberly beat him by 45 to 41.

Mr. Irby Bennett, who has so long been the Southwestern traveling agent of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., with headquarters at Memphis, Tenn., has taken a more responsible position in the home office at New Haven, and will thenceforth make that city his home. Mr. Bennett has such a wide circle of warm friends in the South that his removal must mean the severing of many close ties.

With the Pennsylvania State shoot at Harrisburg this week the season may be said to have closed in the East, so far as large gatherings of sportsmen are concerned. The opening of the hunting season, together with the snap there is in the morning air as one goes to business, puts a different complexion on things in general. The "woods fever" is prevalent at this season of the year, and the only sure cure for it that we know of is to get the dog, gun and shells (a few shells will do now) and be off to the woods, where one runs the chance of hearing the whir of grouse's wings.

In another portion of these columns will be found something on "handicaps and highest possibles." In that article we have embodied our views on the matter, and have suggested a scheme that we think will add to the popularity of handicap events at targets. The idea was first advocated by FOREST AND STREAM, in our issue of June 20 It was tried at the Interstate shoot at Burlington, Vt., and worked well. It does away with all chance of imposing upon scratch or short allowance men a task that might be an impossibility for them to perform, and which, therefore, it would be an injustice to impose upon them.

One of the most striking advertisements we have seen lately, and one which especially appeals to a man who loves a gun, is that which appears on an envelope now used by the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold. The envelope is a large one and is made of an excellent paper, just the sort of paper to properly reproduce the half-tone made from a photograph of one of the firm's high-grade Francotte guns. So perfect is the cut that every portion of the engraving on the gun is easily traced, while the gun itself is "broken" so that the method of bolting it is plainly seen.

The following from the Ironton (O.) Gun Club, dated Sept. 26, explains itself: "We see in the issue of Sept. 26 that the Ironton Gun Club would give a shoot on Oct. 21-22. We will say that you are wrong; it is the Iron City Club that will give the shoot. The Ironton Gun Club has not authorized anyone to announce a shoot under our management. We will do what we can to help the other club to have a good time, and there is no doubt it will. Please correct the mistake and oblige," etc.

Capt. G. H. Piercy, of the Endeavor Gun Club, Jersey City, N. J., has arranged a series of three races, twelve men to a team, with the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J. President Bell, of the Bergen County Gun Club, won the toss for choice of grounds for the first match, and of course names his own club's grounds. The first match will probably be shot on Oct. 31.

The fifth monthly shoot of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League will be held Oct. 17 on the grounds of the Oritani Field Club at Hackensack, N. J. A commodious shooting-house for the accommodation of the trap-shooting members of the Oritani Field Club and their guests is now in course of erection, and will be completed in plenty of time for the above-mentioned shoot.

The regular handicap shoot for the Club Cup of the Oritani Field Club, of Hackensack, N. J., will be held on Saturday, Oct. 10, at 2 P. M. The conditions of this race are 50 targets, $1 entrance (price of the targets). The six high guns in this event will be chosen to represent the club at the League shoot on Oct. 17.

On October 10 the Maplewood, N. J., Gun Club will shoot a race with the Bergen County Gun Club, the match to take place on the grounds of the latter club at Hackensack, N. J. The teams are to consist of twelve men on each side. This match is the first of a series of three arranged to be shot between the two clubs.

Fred Quimby returned to the city on Friday with his dog and a few ruffed grouse. We saw the dog and heard of the grouse, but not from Fred, as he was holding his head too high that day to speak to even his intimate friends. Of course a man who can get away and secure a few grouse is entitled to some privileges.

On Sept. 17, at East Aurora, N. Y., Alexander Forrester, captain of the Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo, and W. B. Moore, of East Aurora, shot a race at 50 live birds per team with G. O. Miller, of the Audubon Gun Club, and F. D. Kelsey, of East Aurora. The match ended in a tie, both teams scoring 45 out of 50.

In the sweepstakes shot at Elkwood Park, N. J., on Sept. 23, Edgar Murphy did some fine shooting, scoring 34 birds straight in miss-and-outs. He divided every event, 5 in number. Among those present were: J. L. Winston, A. L. Ivins, Applegate, Price, Dr. Gagnon, Churchill, etc.

The Belair Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is an organization that was incorporated on Sept. 23. The trustees are John P. Steppe, Charles Wagner, John P. Hunt, Thomas Costello, Ernest Steiner, Philip A. Coons and George J. Berlenbeck.

The Elizabeth (N. J.) Gun Club will hold its eighth bi-monthly tournament at its grounds on Oct. 27-28. The first day's programme will be made up of target events; the second day live birds will be on hand.

The third annual tournament of the Massachusetts State Shooting Association will be held at Worcester, Mass., on the grounds of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club. All shooters are cordially invited to attend these gatherings.

The Cuckoo Gun and Social Club, of New York city, will hold its annual meeting at Rockaway Park on Saturday, Oct. 10, and will open its trap-shooting season on that date.

Count (Langdon) and Winston will shoot a return match at live birds at Zwirlein's grounds, Yardville, N. J., Friday of this week, Oct. 2.

SEPT. 28. EDWARD BANKS.

Handicaps and Highest Possibles.

IN our issue of June 20 we had something to say upon the subject of highest possibles as related to handicap events. The matter then discussed had long been on our mind, and the result of a handicap event at the New York State shoot at Buffalo made us still more positive in our opinion that in every handicap event at targets nobody should be allowed to score more than a highest possible. At Buffalo a valuable prize was won in a 50-target event, handicap allowance of extra targets to shoot at, by a score of 61, just 11 more targets than a scratch man could have scored had he broken every one he had to shoot at. We can call to mind other instances where, in a 100-target race, nothing less than 100 straight by the scratch man would have gotten him part of first money, and no doubt many of our readers can recall similar instances.

Handicaps are popular events, but you want to get the scratch men and the men with small allowances into those events to make them a success in point of numbers. They are the men that make a shoot, handicap or no handicap. The duties of a handicap committee are thankless to a degree, while the weight of responsibility that attaches to that position can only be realized by one who has officiated on such a committee. The tendency of handicappers is to underhandicap a man rather than to impose what might appear to be a light handicap if the shooter should strike a streak. There are a lot of shooters whom the handicapper labels dangerous; in his opinion such men are liable to break anywhere between 23 and 16 out of each 25, and you never can tell whether it's going to be the 16 or the 23. Such men under the system at present in vogue for running handicaps are much more likely to have too few targets given them to shoot at than too many. In that way the present system does an injustice to men who are not up in the first flight. Again, if a shooter receives a large allowance of extra targets and happens to strike that streak that is the bane of a handicapper's existence, he may break so many targets that no straight score on the part of a scratch or short allowance man can catch him. In that way the present system does an injustice to those men. To do away with that injustice we recommend the following to the notice of trap-shooters and ask that the suggestion be given a fair trial before being condemned:

In all handicap events fix a highest possible score, making allowance for the loss of a few targets on the part of the scratch man or men in all events where the number of targets to be shot at reaches 50 or 100 (say 48 as highest possible in a 50-target handicap or 94 in a 100-target race). The number chosen for the highest possible cannot be exceeded unless some shooter shall break more than that number out of his first 50 or first 100, as the case may be, that is, without his allowance. In the event of any shooter exceeding the highest possible as above, that shooter's score shall be the highest possible, and all shooters tieing that score, with or without their allowance, shall be entitled to a portion of first money.

Under the above conditions it will be absolutely necessary to use the Rose system for dividing the purse, otherwise we would have the old anomaly cropping up again—a man in second place receiving more money than one who had broken more targets than he had. At Burlington, Vt., on the last day of the Interstate Association's tournament, Aug. 27, there was a 25-target event, handicap allowance of extra targets to shoot at, $2.50 entrance, $25 added by the club. There were twenty entries in this event, making a purse, with the $25 added, less the amount out for targets at 3 cents each, of about $65 The Rose system was used at this tournament and this event showed up the excellence of its methods. No man was allowed to score more than 25, no matter what he broke. Barrett, of Montpelier, a scratch man, broke 25 straight and tied with three others for first place; Tucker broke 24 and was second; Fanning and Barrows tied for third on 23, while the club's president, E. A. Worthen, and W. S. Phelps, its treasurer, ended in fourth place. Under the Rose system the four first men each received $10 for their $2.50 entrance; second place paid $6; third place $4, and fourth place $2.

Once shooters become familiarized with our scheme, we believe that highest possibles and the Rose system will make handicap events more popular than ever. Give the combination a trial and send us the result.

North Texas Gun Club League.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark, Sept. 25.—The fourth tournament of the North Texas Gun Club League was held at McKinney, and while not as well attended as its predecessor, which was held at Greenville a month previous, was quite a successful affair, shooters being present from Greenville, Farmersville, Waxahatchie, Bonham, Dallas and other points, though not near so many entered teams in the League contest as at the previous shoots.

On the first day the best work was done by Faurote, of Dallas, who shot through the entire programme. Norman and Kerr also showed good form, while Moore was also in it, so to speak, though scarcely shooting the gait he is capable of. The team contest for the McKinney gold medal was won by the home team by a score of 67 out of 100. Events Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7 and 10 were merchandise shoots, the tenth being consolation shoot; event No. 8 was a live-bird sweep, 7 birds, $5 entance; the other events were sweepstakes.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	7	Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	7
McDowell..	8	10	6	10	6	6	6	4	Mathews...	9	7	8	10	4	10	7	5
Parker.....	5	7	3	..	1	..	4	..	Hill.....	5	5	5	9	2	7	5	3
Rodrick....	4	..	5	..	8	8	5	..	Gaston....	5	6	5	5	4	3	6	3
Hughes....	9	10	5	8	6	5	5	2	W Watkins	5	..	5	..	5	..	5	..
Stewart....	7	7	7	..	5	11	8	..	Moore.....	9	13	9	12	6	11	9	6
Sims.....	4	5	9	15	9	12	7	4	Allen.....	8	8	10	10	8	13	7	5
Oates.....	9	13	6	11	9	8	8	5	E Watkins.	..	..	6	..	5	..	5	..
Worden....	7	11	7	9	9	14	9	5	George....	..	..	7	10	4	9	6	..
McKinney..	4	..	7	..	6	..	4	..	Chatham..	..	..	1	7	1	..	..	..
Suttle.....	3	..	5	..	5	..	5	..	Sargeant..	..	..	4	10	8	12	5	..
Carpenter..	4	..	3	..	5	..	5	..	Hope.....	..	..	10	13	8	10	6	6
Russell.....	2	5	3	7	2	9	3	..	Spencer....	..	..	3	..	4	..	4	..
Haggard..	4	11	6	13	8	9	4	2	Norman....	..	..	..	12	9	11	10	..
Faurote....	10	14	7	14	7	14	7	6	Kerr.....	..	..	..	10	8	14	9	..
Benge.....	5	7	6	4	5	8	5	3	Wilcox....	..	..	..	7	2	..	4	..
Conlist....	8	11	7	11	5	14	6	5	Broom	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..
J L White.	5	7	7	9	..	..	..	..	Rhea.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..
H White...	1	..	7	5	7	6	5	..	Dr Foote..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2
Kimball....	6	..	5	..	7	..	4	..									

The scores in the team shoot were as below:

McKinney No. 1: McDowell 18, Sims 15, Matthews 14, Oates 11, Benge 9—67.

Dallas No. 1: Faurote 17, Allen 14, Worden 14, Stewart 13, Hughes 7—65.

McKinney No. 2: H. White 13, J. L. White 11, Harrison 7, Wilcox 6, Abernethy 3—40.

Dallas No. 2: Conlist 11, Spicer 11, Haggard 8, Russell 6, Gaston 4—40.

The programme on the second day was similar to that on the previous day; Conlist, McDowell, Moore and Faurote all doing work and carrying off the honors of the day. The Dallas team won the E. C. cup, scoring 75 out of 100, beating the local club just one bird. Event No. 6 was a live-bird sweep, 10 birds, $7.50 entrance. Faurote won the special prize for the best average in all target events of both days.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	10	10	20	Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	10	10	20
McDowell..	7	11	8	13	7	9	6	18	Mathews...	..	12	9	13	..	8	7	9
Parker.....	..	..	5	..	5	..	..	6	Abernethy	..	..	5	6	..	..	..	..
Allen.....	..	10	6	9	6	6	..	11	Gaston.....	3	1	..	..	..	2	..	..
Hughes....	..	9	7	10	8	3	..	14	W Watkins	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
Stewart....	6	10	4	8	8	7	..	10	Moore.....	10	8	9	14	9	9	8	14
Sims.....	..	13	6	10	5	3	5	17	Hill.....	..	..	2	..	..	4	..	13
Oates.....	8	14	6	10	9	..	9	12	George.....	5	11	7	9	6	4	..	13
Worden....	7	11	5	14	10	7	8	16	Hope.....	6	6	5	12	8	7	4	..
McKinney.	6	..	4	..	7	..	..	..	Spicer.....	..	..	4	..	4	..	..	..
Suttle.....	..	..	4	8	8	..	..	13	Norman...	6	14	6	11	9	9	9	15
Carpenter.	6	..	8	..	7	..	..	13	Wilcox.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
Russell.....	3	..	4	7	..	..	..	..	Brown.....	..	..	6	..	6	..	..	..
Haggard..	7	8	3	10	8	..	5	12	Critcher...	5	7	4	6	4	..	..	9
Faurote....	9	13	7	14	8	7	9	19	Hamilton..	..	10	4	..	6	..	..	..
Benge.....	8	11	7	7	5	..	6	14	Miller.....	..	7	7	6	..	4	8	10
Conlist....	10	13	9	13	..	10	6	14	Jones.....	..	..	8	..	8	..	..	11
J L White.	..	6	5	11	7	..	..	..	Hale.....	..	..	5	9	..	..	..	..
H White...	5	..	7	12	7	4	..	13	Horn.....	..	..	5	..	8	..	..	..
Kimball....	2	..	2	..	5	..	..	6									

The scores in the team shoot for the E. C. cup were as follows:

Dallas No. 1: Faurote 19, Stewart 17, Worden 16, Hughes 12, Allen 11—75.

McKinney No. 1: McDowell 17, Sims 16, Benge 14, Matthews 14, Oate 13—74.

Dallas No. 2: Conlist 14, Spicer 13, Gaston 12, Haggard 11, Russell 10—60.

Farmersville: Moore 11, Hope 9, Hale 8, Horn 7, Hamilton 3—38.

McKinney No. 2: Wilcox 9, H. White 8, J. L. White 7, Harrison 7, Abernethy 2—33. PAUL R. LITZKE.

Kansas City Gun Club.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Sept. 19.—The Kansas City Gun Club held its regular monthly shoot to-day. The day was an excellent one for pigeon shooting, being bright and clear, and with a wind that blew a gale from the west, having an invigorating effect on the pigeons as well as the shooters. The local shooters turned out in force, and a number of those who had been in attendance at the Schmelzer tournament stayed over to take a shy at the live birds.

In the club contest F. J. Smith won Class A medal, Fletcher won Class B medal, and the Class C medal was also captured on a clean score by Williams.

After the conclusion of the regular club shoot a 10-bird sweep was shot, $5 entrance and three moneys. In this event those who scored 10 and those who scored 9 received exactly the same amount—$7.

Club shoot:

J B Porter.....	2122122221222122—15	Keene.....	1210021111121222—13
Williams.....	1121111111111111—15	Melvin.....	1102210112121110—12
F J Smith.....	1112112111122221—15	Hubbard.....	0222220022222222—12
Fletcher.....	2120111121122211—14	German.....	1021012111011111—12
Jarrett.....	1211120111221111—14	Fogg.....	1112002212110011—11
Youman.....	1121111111112210—14	Longfellow.....	2212110211001101—11
R S Elliott.....	1112122100112111—13	Curtice.....	1101112101120000—10
Halliwell.....	1110112011111121—13	Frost.....	0010201120221010— 9
Orr.....	1120121112221201—13		

Sweepstake, 10 live birds per man:

Parker.....	1122111111—10	Hickman.....	2222200122— 8
Swinney.....	1111112211—10	Curtice.....	2210201222— 8
Ross.....	2121222222—10	Keene.....	1210021111— 8
Jarrett.....	2211112111—10	Robin Hood.....	1010222222— 8
Fanning.....	1111211111—10	Ferguson.....	2121222020— 8
McMurchy.....	2011222111— 9	German.....	1101121001— 7
Buker.....	1101111111— 9	Jackson.....	0220011111— 7
Gottlieb.....	1120122122— 9	Essig.....	2200102111— 7
Hubbard.....	2220221201— 8	Erhardt.....	0010111110— 6
Stockwell.....	0011212221— 8	Taylor.....	0200111101— 6

The Newburgh, N. Y., Programme.

THE programme of the tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association, Oct. 7-9, has come to hand rather late in the day. There is matter in it, too, that it would have been better to give to the public at as early a date as possible. We refer to the clause that states that "professionals are barred." Professionals, however, are only barred from the programme events on the target days, but on those days there will be an extra set of traps for professionals; at least that is what we gather from the programme. The live bird events on the third day are open to all.

The programme for each of the first two days is precisely the same: Ten 20-target events, $2 entrance. The Rose system will be used for dividing the purses. Twelve entries and under, 3 moneys; under 12 entries, 4 moneys. The club will give $50 for average money; this will be divided into 6 moneys—$13, $11, $8, $7, $6 and $5—to the shooters making the best averages on both days at targets. Empire targets will be thrown, two sets of traps being used.

The Baltimore Tournament.

THE Malone-Claridge match for the Du Pont trophy will take place on Tuesday, Oct. 6, as announced, despite all rumors to the contrary.

In addition to the programme published in our last issue there will be a race at 25 live birds, $25, handicap rise, five high guns. This will be shot on Thursday, Oct. 8 Handicaps will range from 26 to 32yds.

Although the notice of this shoot given to the public has been short, there is no question but what the tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association will be a success. It will be managed by Mr. James R. Malone, captain of the Association.

Pennsylvania State Shoot.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Sept. 29.—[*Special to Forest and Stream.*] The Pennsylvania State shoot, which comes off to-day, does not have very good weather for opening. The sky is dull and drizzling rain has fallen. Shooters are quite numerous, enough to give promise of a good shoot. Among those here are Rolla Heikes, Bartlett, Billy Wolstencroft, Landis, Thurman, Justus von Lengerke, Jack Winston, Dr. Gagnon, Captain Money, Smith, of Buffalo; Kniskern, Leonard and Leaming, of Philadelphia; Remsen, of Brooklyn; John Denny and a host of others. It looks as if next year's shoot would go to Wilkesbarre. EDWARD BANKS.

Old Hoss.

EVERY trap-shooting reader of FOREST AND STREAM knows Old Hoss, by reputation at least. Pennsylvania never produced a more popular shooter than C. M. Hostetter, of Pittsburg, a man with a history, a memory and everything else. Old Hoss was the natural corruption of a surname into a pet name, and by that name he has been known for years, always shooting under that *nom de fusil*.

His excellent memory and a passion for figures, formulas, initial velocities, etc., has earned for him another title that threatens to dim the luster of that which was won by deeds of skill before the traps and in the field. Mr. Hostetter can speak for hours upon every scientific point connected with powders, nitro or black, and can quote figures up to the nth decimal point to prove the correctness of his assertions. He is Old Hoss out of doors, but he is Old Statistics when it comes to talking shoot indoors, particularly in the "Flicker's Nest." The Pittsburg *Daily News* of Sept. 21 ran an excellent likeness of Mr. Hostetter, and gave the following interesting account of his thirty years of life in Pittsburg:

"Who has not heard of Old Hoss (C. M. Hostetter), whose portrait is presented? His first experience at shooting was in 1858. At that time wild pigeons were abundant, and continued so for many years. He brought many of them down with his old Long Tom of a single muzzle-loader. He came to Pittsburg in 1866, and engaged in the drug business with Dr. J. H. Dickson, with whom he remained for twenty-three years.

"He was the father of and first member of the Pittsburg Gun Club, which through his energy was organized in 1878. Trap-shooting, which he has followed for twenty years, was his favorite sport. Mr. Hostetter is one of the oldest members of the Sportsmen's Association of Western Pennsylvania. In the days when this organization held front rank he won many prizes at its shooting events, the grand total being 7 gold medals, 1 silver medal, 3 silver cups, bronze card stand, and other prizes. One of the gold medals was valued at $150. It took a good shot to win in those days, and that is what Hoss was.

"He has hunted and fished in most of the counties in western Pennsylvania, West Virginia and eastern Ohio. His companions generally were Dr. Joe L. Duncan, D. N. McDonald, Dr. James McCann, Dr. Joe N. Dickson and Dr. W. R. Hamilton, all of whom are dead but Dr. Hamilton. At his home is a fine library of works on shooting and fishing, and all pertaining thereto. He has read every number of FOREST AND STREAM that has been published. He is one of the best posted men on shotgun ballistics in the country, also on guns, etc. His opinion is often asked for. The Flickers Nest, as Old Hoss calls his room, is filled with old relics in the way of old pistols, revolvers and shooting apparatus."

Sparrows for Trap-Shooting.

MR. BERT HAMPTON, of Chicago, who makes a business of supplying English sparrows for trap-shooting, sends us these notes:

"Your interesting editorial regarding the European or English sparrow attracted my attention. In studying the habits of this little pest I find him forsaking the densely populated and business parts of the cities, and he is found in great numbers in the suburbs, where he can find grain to eat. Another place is about large elevators and railroad yards, where the constant switching of cars spills more or less grain. I notice that the English sparrow will eat any grain excepting flaxseed, eating oats, corn, wheat, rye and grass seeds. He is one of the shrewdest birds known. I have some I have had in captivity for four months; they show no sign of becoming reconciled, but are always on the lookout for a hole by which to escape. He is a plucky little fellow, and will fight with his whole strength, biting hard enough to make it unpleasant in handling him. I have seen him bite hard enough to break an old grain of corn in two, or to pinch a blister on my hand. When used in trap-shooting he shows his only good quality and there only have I ever known him to have any friend, and that is because the shooter knows his bird will fly when he says "Pull." His flight at the trap is usually quite straight and rapid the first 25 or 30ft. and afterward a little wavy. Out of 500 used at one match not one refused to fly, the whole number trying to get away on the instant the trap opened. Now a suggestion regarding the general use of the sparrow as a bird for the trap. While inanimate targets are inexpensive and satisfactory for rapid shooting, it never has and never will equal live birds, for the nearer it imitates field shooting so much more interest does the participant take. Everyone knows there are many true sportsmen whose pocketbooks are not equal in size to their love of the gun. Now that man should not be barred (if it be possible to have him along) on account of his financial condition and because he cannot afford to pay 25 cents apiece for pigeons. Ten shots to that kind of a man make about all he can lose in one afternoon's shoot. Let the boys get some sparrows and shoot them off at 10 cents apiece It leaves more for sweeps, and the scores of the expert and amateur will be a little more equal; makes the little fellow feel good and don't do the big one any harm. To a gun club that has never tried them I would say try them as a novelty, and next time you will try them because you like them."

The Endeavor Gun Club's Merchandise Shoot.

THE Endeavor Gun Club, of Marion, N. J., announces that it will hold a "grand merchandise shoot" at its grounds, Oct. 23-24. The main event on each day will be a 100 target handicap race, entrance the price of the targets only, $2. Two handsome cups and several other valuable prizes have been secured and will, with others that will be added to the list later, be competed for on the above dates. In addition to the big event each day, smaller events for suitable prizes will be shot each day. The entries for the 100-target events close on Oct. 22. All who intend entering should send their names and $2 "to cover the cost of the targets," that is, as a forfeit, to A. R. Strader, 371 New York avenue, Jersey City, N. J., or to Carl von Lengerke, 8 Murray street, New York city.

A merchandise shoot of this character and proportions is something new to shooters in this section, and few men can realize what an amount of work the actual getting up of such an affair entails on the moving spirits. There are a great number of new shots coming up, while there are also a number of older and more experienced shooters who are fond of a day at the traps; many of these two classes cannot afford to go to a shoot and pay either high or low entrance fees, and shoot on a par with the expert class of their own clubs. To such men a shoot of the kind proposed means a cheap day's amusement with the chance of winning something to carry home with them.

The Endeavor Gun Club, too, has done a great deal for trap shooting in the vicinity of New York, and under its present roll of officers, especially its president, Mr. A. R. Strader, and its captain, Mr. George H. Piercy, not to mention Carl von Lengerke, it is a decidedly lively organization in local trap-shooting circles. As such it should merit and receive the generous support of the local trap-shooters. It is from that class, of course, that the majority of the shooters at its coming tournament will be drawn. But the Endeavor Gun Club draws no lines; it simply says that "All are welcome," and that "Every shooter will be handicapped on his merits."

We may add that the Endeavor Gun Club means what it says, and will carry out all that it proposes to do.

An Invitation to the Champions.

CHARLIE ZWIRLEIN, of Yardville, N. J., is issuing the following invitation to all the best known live-bird shooters in the United States:

"I wish to place before you the following proposition: The Cast Iron championship trophy seems to have gone out of sight, and the claims to the title of 'champion live-bird shooter of the United States' are many in number. For the purpose of deciding this vexed question I propose a contest on the following lines:

"One hundred live birds per man, $100 entrance fee, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, Hurlingham rules (or American Association rules), all birds to be shot from one set of traps. The shoot to take place Dec. 1-3, 1896, on the grounds of the Interstate Fair at Trenton, N. J. The first day will be for sweepstake shooting open to the world. Then 50 birds will be shot at by each contestant for the championship on Wednesday and Thursday. I want to get the ten or twelve best live-bird shots in the United States to take part in this event, and as an additional inducement I will provide all the live birds required for this match free of all charge to the shooters.

"You will appreciate by this that I want to bring off this shoot, and I would like you to be one of the shooters in this event. I will have all first-class birds, the best I can get in the country. Think this matter over and let me know what you think of this shoot. Also let me have your ideas as to how the stake money of $1,000 or $1,200 should be divided, as this matter will be settled by a majority vote of the contestants. All entries should be made accompanied by a forfeit of $25 in cash or a certified check to FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY, *Shooting and Fishing Publishing Company*, or to the New York office of the *American Field*, and all entries must be made on or before Nov. 15.

"You will greatly oblige me and facilitate arrangements if you will favor me with your opinion on all the above points, as requested, at your earliest convenience."

Mr. H. S. Peed, of Norfolk, Va., accompanied by Mrs. Peed, has been making a visit to the North, taking in New York, Niagara Falls, etc While in New York he tried his hand at a little target shooting to see what it was like. Neaf Apgar, who had met Mr. Peed in Norfolk, acted as his chaperon. Like all good shots in the field, Mr. Peed found targets not so easy "as they looked." Watching Neaf shoot is bound to make one think they're easy, and so they are—to him.

In New Jersey.

TRENTON DEFEATS THE DAYTON TEAM.

Sept. 17.—The team race between the Dayton and Trenton teams, which took place to-day on the grounds of the Trenton Gun Club, resulted in a win for the home team by 15 targets. The next race comes off at the Monmouth Junction grounds of the Dayton club on Oct. 3. The conditions of the race are 30 singles per man, 12 men to a team. Socres of to-day's race:

Trenton.

Harrison	111010111101101111111111111110—25
E Wilson	101111101111111111111011101011—25
Woolsey	111101110111011111111010111—24
C H Allen	111101001110111110101111111111—24
Taylor	101111111111000111111011101111—24
Mickel	100111010011111111111111011110—23
J Allen	111111111110111011001111000111—23
Hutchinson	011101011011111111011111001111—23
W Wilson	010101111111111101101110110111—23
Bombaugh	111111010111000111111110011011—22
Williams	101001111011111001001101101111—20
Thomas	110011111111111010000110111000—19—275

Dayton.

Carroll	011111111110101111111011111111—26
P Emmons	111111111111111111101011111100111—26
Snook	111111011111111111111110101110—26
Blackwell	110111111101111111111110110011—25
Philips	111011101111111101101111111101—25
Groendyke	011110111001111111111001111111—24
McDonald	101111011111010111011011011101—22
M Farr	111110001110110011111011101111—22
J Emmons	011101001110111111001100110011—19
Barclay	111100101100010111001110100111—18
R Farr	011010110101100110101111000101—17
Lyons	000100001010010001100001000111—10—260

THE ZWIRLEIN-WINSTON MATCH AT YARDVILLE.

Sept. 22.—J. L. Winston had not to wait long after his arrival in New York before he got a number of matches offered him. Three in one week is enough for almost anybody, even if the matches are not for any considerable amount of money. The three matches Winston had on hand this morning were: one with Zwirlein, 25 birds, $25; one with George Cubberly, 50 birds, $50; one with Mr. Langen, of New York, a gentleman whose *nom de fusil* (as the boys say) is "Count," for $147, each man to shoot at 100 birds. The Zwirlein and the Cubberly matches were booked for Zwirlein's grounds at Yardville, N. J.; the match with Langen for Phil Daly, Jr.'s, grounds at Elkwood Park. The dates set were to-day (Sept. 22), Sept. 24 and 25 respectively.

To-day's match with Zwirlein resulted in a defeat for Winston by 2 birds, the scores standing 23 to 21. Winston says that the birds trapped by Zwirlein to-day were as good as any he ever saw in his life, and adds that so far he has seen nothing but fast birds in New Jersey. In the 5 bird sweeps and in the miss-and-outs shot after the race both Zwirlein and Winston did good work. Ben was also well to the fore, while George Cubberly ran 24 before he missed, scoring 21 out of the 24 with his first barrel. The scores in the match were as follows:

C Zwirlein	120122122221022112121221222—23
J L Winston	122222222222001211201?12●?—21

The scores in the sweeps were as below:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No 6
Winston	20212—4	12230—4	10	1020	22222	2222222222211
Cubberly	12111—5	11121—5	111	11112	11111	10
Zwirlein	22121—5	12121—5	110	11220	12111	112211121112
Ben	11221—5	10 —1	111	12212	22210	121112211212
Thomas	00111—3	12120—4	...	.....	.....	.....
Woolsey	11212—5	11120—4	...	.....	.....	.....

PLAINFIELD VS. DUNELLEN.

Sept. 24.—The Independent Gun Club, of Plainfield, shot a team race to-day with the local club at Dunellen. The match took place on the Dunellen Gun Club's grounds, and resulted in a win for the visitors by 8 breaks. The conditions were: 6 men to a team, 25 targets per man, unknown angles:

Independent Gun Club.

Charlie Smith	111111111011111111111111—24
P Jay	111111111111110101111111—23
Williams	111101111111111011011101—21
Hy Wedemeier	111101011111001110111111—20
J Abel	111011101111010110110111—19
S B Wheeler	101101101100011111011011—17—124

Dunellen Gun Club.

J Runyon	111111111111111111111110—24
J G Lindzey	011101011111111011111111—21
T W Sisty	001110111111011111111011—20
G Warden	110111111111111010011011—19
Wm Giles	100111111110111110001101—18
P Osborne	110011010111010100110100l—14—116

Four sweeps, all at 10 targets each, were shot during the afternoon. The scores in these events were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
C Smith	9	10	8	10	Giles	7	7	..	5
Wheeler	6	7	8	6	J A Blatz	6	5	7	9
Osborn	6	5	..	7	Williams	4	8	..	10
Hoven	3	..	..	..	G Richter	..	3	..	..
Wedemeier	9	8	9	7	J G Lindzey	..	10	..	10
Hui	6	..	6	..	P Jay	..	9	..	..
Hauran	6	6	8	8	Warden	..	..	7	..
Smalley	8	7	4	6					

AT THE OAKWOOD INN TRAPS.

Sept. 24.—A full day's sport was the result of the invitation issued by N. H. Astfalk, proprietor of the Oakwood Inn, Rahway road, Elizabeth, for the above date. The notice given was comparatively short, but that was inevitable, as the reason for holding the shoot on this date only came into being one week from to-day. At the opening shoot of the season, held at these traps on Sept. 17, a little banter resulted in a team race for dinners being arranged between the following teams: Capt. Money and N. E. Money, of the American E. C. Powder Co., and Edwards on one team, against J. L. Winston, of the Austin Powder Co.; Matthew Herrington, of Laflin & Rand's W-A powder, and Nate Astfalk himself. As it turned out, all but Winston showed up, and he sent his regrets, a more important match, one against George Cubberly, at 25 of Charlie Zwirlein's birds, being the attraction.

A team race was shot, however, Capt. Money and Astfalk choosing sides. Mr. Colin R. Wise, of Passaic, who was present by special request to referee the original team race and eat the dinner dependent on the result, was made to do double duty, shooting 25 targets on each team; he was allowed, under the rules, two dinners, but found one quite sufficient. Astfalk's catering generally puts a stop to "repeating." Capt. Money's team was defeated by 18 targets, the winners making just a fraction over 80 per cent. As the background at these traps is an extremely hard one, the totals are really better than they look. There are few grounds where it is so difficult to catch a second glimpse of one's target if once one loses sight of it. All this will be altered when the proprietor gets in his fine work on the trees that cause all the trouble. Astfalk was justly tickled at leading his team and being high gun for the match. The race was shot at unknown angles.

The day was a lovely one, a regular early fall day, and as perfect for target shooting as if made to order. Under the circumstances it was rather strange that there was not a better turnout of shooters. Among the visitors was Mr. H. S. Peed, of Norfolk, Va., a new hand at the traps, but one who showed that he was all right in the field by the way he handled his gun. The poor light and the sharp quartering targets, thrown low into the trees, bothered him somewhat, but he "got there" rather oftener than the beginner does as a rule.

A new feature at New Jersey traps were the miss-and-outs, 50 cents entrance, re-entry in the first round. These are capital things to keep up the interest in a shoot when shooters and shells are growing scarce. It is perhaps a trifle too slow for some who want to be banging away at the rapid-fire style of shooting, but it makes a pleasant change and is capital practice for a man who is in the habit of trying hard for his last target—and losing it. In miss-and outs it is always your "last target" unless you break it. The way these events were run off to-day was as follows: The first round was shot at No. 1 trap, the shooters following in rotation as in live-bird shooting; the survivors moved on to No. 2 trap, then to No. 3, and so on returning for the sixth round to No. 1. To show how hard the shooting is at the Oakwood traps, it is only necessary to point out that five rounds were more than sufficient as a rule, while in only one event, No. 4, did the survivors return to No. 1. These events also were shot at unknown angles.

The scores in the team race were as follows:

Astfalk's Team.

N H Astfalk	111101111001111111010110111111111101111111101111111111—43
Edwards	111111110110011100111110111111101111110111111011110—42
M Herrington	111111111101111111111111110111011111110011000111111—41
Aaron Woodruff	111111011111110111110101111110111010011111000111001—37
Gray	100101111111111111111000111 —19
	——
	182

Capt. Money's Team.

L H Schortemeier	111101111110111111101111100011011111111101011110111—41
N E Money	111111110101111010101111111111111110001100011001—36
Capt Money	110110111001110111011101101010011111011011011—35
Scott	001010101001111011111111011111100010010111111000—32
Wise	111011110101110111101111 —20
	——
	164

Several sweeps were also shot during the afternoon, just 1,500 targets being thrown from the traps in all the events decided and in one or two practice sweeps. Scores in the sweeps were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	15	15	15	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	15	15	15
Edwards	9	8	7	5	8	12	13	w	Woodruff	..	..	..	7	5	12	..	..
N E Money	9	10	5	7	7	10	..	..	Scott	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	w
Schorty	6	6	7	5	7	11	12	14	Astfalk	..	..	..	7	8	14	12	12
Herrington	6	8	5	7	7	8	..	12	Apgar	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	15
Wise	7	9	6	8	8	11	11	11	H S P	..	..	..	..	..	9	6	10
Capt Money	4	6	9	9	7	13	12	..									

No. 9, 10 targets: Apgar 10, Astfalk and Edwards 9, Wise 6, Schorty and H. S. P. 5.

All events were at unknown angles, except No. 5, which was at expert rule.

As stated above, a special feature of the afternoon's sport were the miss-and-out events, 50 cents entrance, re-entry in the first round. Five of these were shot, considerable interest being taken in the shooting by spectators as well as principals. Edwards and Wise both missed their first targets in No. 1 and re-entered, losing their first targets again. Schorty, Capt. Money and N. E Money performed the same trick in No. 2. Scores in these events were as below:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Edwards	0	111	10	111111111	110
N E Money	11110	0	1111	10	10
Schortemeier	10	0	1111	10	10
Wise	0	111	10	110	11110
Capt Money	11110	0	0	11110	1110
Astfalk	11111	110	110	0	10
Scott	110	10	....	.....	.....
Woodruff	10	10	110	0	11111
Herrington	1110	110	1110	111111110	11111
*Edwards	0	...	....	.....	.....
*N E Money	.....	0	....	.....	.....
*Wise	0	...	....	.....	.....
*Capt Money	.....	0	0	.....	.....
*Schortemeier	.....	0	....	.....	.....
*Astfalk	.....	...	....	111111111	.....
Apgar	.....	...	....	.....	110

* Re-entries.

EDWARD BANKS.

CUBBERLY DEFEATS WINSTON.

Sept. 24.—Jack Winston was in hard luck to-day, losing his second match at Yardville, and losing it too at the start, 5 birds out of his first 10 getting away from him. He finished by scoring 36 out of his next 40. Cubberly, Winston's opponent, walked right away from Winston in consequence of the above piece of work; he killed 19 straight before he let one go, and followed that up by dropping the next two, but finished the first string with 22 to Winston's 18. In the last half both men shot well, tieing with 23 out of 25; Cubberly's victory being gained by scoring 45 to Winston's 41. Cubberly once more showed his right to the title of George "One-barrel" Cubberly, 26 of his birds being scored with the first barrel, while several on which he used his second barrel might very safely have been left with only the use of one shell. The scores were:

J L Winston	220202200022202222120222—18
	122122121222012122102122—23—41
George Cubberly	121211111112?1122?000211—22
	111122221201212211021211—23—45

WINSTON WINS AT ELKWOOD PARK.

Sept. 25.—The match shot at Elkwood Park, N. J., to-day, between J. L. Winston (147) and Langdon, of New York, an amateur who shoots under the name of Count, resulted in a remarkably close finish after seesawing backward and forward, first with one in the lead, then with the other. The conditions were 100 targets per man, $147 a side, loser to pay for the birds, Winston at 32yds. and Count at 28yds. Both men killed 77 out of their 100, shooting off the tie on 25 birds, Winston winning by 22 to 21. Scores:

Winston (32)	112220022021222000221122?—19
	221120220221202100021021?—18
	011011221122210101212011?—19
	120220211122221220122022?—21—77
Count (28)	020120122222021112222221?—20
	121210101212020021211001?—17
	121221202211012221202112?—21
	110121221101102110220201—19—77

NEW JERSEY AMATEUR TRAP SHOOTERS' LEAGUE.

Sept. 26.—The fourth shoot of the New Jersey Amateur Trap-Shooters' League was held to-day on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club at Hackensack. The day was a lovely one for shooting and a good turnout was the result, about forty shooters taking part in the sweepstakes and team race. The League is composed of five clubs: Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club, Endeavor Gun Club, Bergen County Gun Club, Passaic City Gun Club and the Oritani Field Club, of Hackensack. Each club was represented in the team race by six men, not an easy number to get together always, especially under the by-laws of the League, which provide that no man who has shot on one team during the season shall be permitted to shoot on any other team during that season. This rule is a good one, but we think it would be much improved by adding the following proviso: "Unless the unanimous consent of the captains of the other teams be obtained, sanctioning such change." It happens sometimes, and did happen at the League's shoot at Passaic in August, that one team is a man short, while another club has several members present, one of whom is a member of that other club. No amount of agreement between captains can get over that by-law; that member cannot be transferred, even though all parties are willing. All this seems to us contrary to the spirit in which this League was formed, and also entirely foreign to the good-fellowship which should prevail in all such organizations. We recommend the above amendment to the management of the League, pointing out that a single dissentient voice would prevent any such change as contemplated. The insertion of the words "by ballot" after the word "obtained" would do away with all possible chance of any odium attaching to a negative vote.

To-day's shoot was a pleasant one, the Bergen County's maiden effort at tournament giving being an entire success. The club has spent a good deal of money in fixing up its grounds, which are on the east side of the New York, Susquehanna & Western Railroad, right in the Hackensack meadows. As a result of such location everything—club house, platforms, traps, screen, etc.—have had to be raised some 4ft. above the swampy ground, as high tides make it decidedly wet traveling in the vicinity of the Bergen County Gun Club's grounds. It cost the club some hundreds of dollars to put everything in shape, but it can now boast of a very comfortable little piece of property, well suited for the purposes for which it was designed. It takes less than five minutes to walk from the railroad station to the grounds, so that really it may be said that, in point of accessibility from New York, the promoters of the club could scarcely have made a better choice.

In our issue of Sept. 19 we gave a report of the League's meeting at which it formulated a definition of what in its opinion constituted an amateur trap shooter. At that meeting also the handicaps for the next three shoots of the League were fixed. From statements made to-day it seems that there was some misunderstanding at that meeting in regard to the figures quoted as to the percentages made by some of the teams. Under the handicap arranged for the first three shoots of the League, the Boiling Springs Club was on scratch with 30 targets per man to shoot at; the Endeavor and Passaic City clubs received 2 targets, each man on those teams shooting at 32; the Bergen County and the Oritani shot at 33 and 34 targets per man respectively. The handicaps adopted at the meeeting above referred to, held on Sept. 11, were as follows: Boiling Springs and Endeavor, scratch; Bergen County and Passaic City, 3 extra targets per man; Oritani, 5 extra targets per man. To-day George H. Piercy, vice-president of the League and captain of the Endeavor Gun Club, received the following telegram from Secretary W. H. Huck, of the Boiling Springs Club, who is also captain of the League: "The Bergen County Gun Club did not, I find, get its handicap reduced. Its team has been shooting a high percentage, and it is no more than right that your club should have the same handicap as Bergen County. If I was in your place I should enter a protest on these grounds." Mr. Piercy gave notice verbally, prior to the commencement of the team race, that he would enter a protest in writing against the Bergen County Gun Club's score in to-day's race simply for the purpose of having the handicaps reconsidered to see whether any mistake had been made.

On paper the Bergen County's team that shot in to-day's race is stronger than any team in the League. L. H. Schortemeier and J. S. Remsen are a very warm pair indeed for any two men in the League to tackle; Remsen's score in to-day's race is no criterion of what he can do; he was away off for once, and probably only for once. E. Dudley is good for over 80 per cent in a team race any time, while Griffiths, Bell and Chaffee can always be counted upon for good scores. The team is nothing like the one that did duty for the club in the three previous shoots, upon the results of which shoots the handicaps were made. It is true that the Endeavor Gun Club's team to-day beat its total even up by 5 targets; the 18 extra targets allowed the team of the Bergen County Club as a whole did the work, the 6 men breaking 15 of the 18 and winning by 10 breaks from their nearest competitors, the Endeavors.

The percentages of the different teams in to-day's race are low ones comparatively speaking. They run as follows: Endeavors 142 out of 180, average 78 8; Bergen County 152 out of 198, average 76.7; Boiling Springs 122 out of 180, average 67.2; Passaic City 128 out of 198, average 64 6; Oritani Field Club 134 out of 210, average 63.8.

The grounds are not easy ones to make a big score on; the reeds in the meadows are now turning yellow, making a low-thrown target extremely difficult to catch onto quickly and accurately. Care has to be taken when shooting at every target, slap-dash work won't do at all, particularly as the trapper boys are green as yet and the targets in consequence are not regular in their flight. It is good shooting so far as sport goes, but it makes a team race hard work. The conditions of the race are 15 targets, known traps and angles, and 15 targets, unknown angles, the allowance of extra targets being shot at unknown angles. It is worthy of note that only one man, Colin R. Wise, of the Passaic City Gun Club, made a straight 15 on the known angles. On the 15 targets at unknown angles not a single straight was made; Schorty, of the Bergen County, and Edwards and Louis Piercy, the boy shooter of the League, both of the Endeavor Gun Club, were high with 14 each. A curious feature of the three 14s above mentioned is that Louis Piercy shot Schorty's shells when making his score of 14 out of 15

So much space has been devoted to other matters of interest that it is impossible to say much about individual work. It will not do, however, to pass over altogether the shooting of Griffiths, Conklin, G. P. Ricardo, Wise and Lancom, for their respective teams. The latter is a new man in New Jersey trap-shooting circles, but he is beyond question a comer, and will make a worthy representative of his club—the Boiling Springs—and should be able to fill one of the gaps in that club's ranks when it comes to team work. Where were the old standbys of that club to-day—Paul Jeanneret, W. H. Huck, Frank Krebs, Gus Greiff, W. J. Simpson, Platt Adams, etc ?

Among the visitors to the grounds were (*place aux dames*) Wanda, Mrs. M. F. Lindsley, the representative of the absent Milt, of King's Smokeless Powder fame; Capt. A. W. Money, of the American E. C. Powder Co.; John L. Winston, of the Austin Powder Co.; and Carl von Lengerke, of the Schultze powder representatives in the United States.

The scores in the team race were as follows:

Bergen County (33).

L H Schortemeier	10101101111111111111101111111101 —28
Griffiths	11111111001110111111101101111011 —27
E Dudley	11111001110100111011111111011111 —26
T G Bell	10110111101111101111101011110101 —25
Chaffee	11011001010001111111011111010111 —23
J S Remsen	01111111101011010111101000110111 —23—152

Endeavor (30).

Eddie Collins	11111111111111010111111110101 —26
Edwards	00101110411111111101111111111 —25
G Piercy	11111011111111111111100101101 —25
L Piercy	11110010111101111110111111111 —25
Carl von Lengerke	10011110111111111011010011101l1 —22
E Ingram	01010100011111011101011111001 —19—142

Oritana (35).

Conklin	11111111011111111011111101110111101—30
G P Ricardo	11011011111101010110111101101011111—26
J A Banta	10011101110100011101001110111100011—21
W Ricardo	11010110111001110111001100111000110—21
Holberton	00111101101011000011101011011000011—19
G Ricardo	00000000110001011111101101111011000—17—134

Passaic City (33).

C R Wise	11111111111111111111011101111111110 —30
Kievitt	10001110110111110111110111111110100 —23
Ferguson	11110111111000010111101021101010 —21
C F Lenone	10101101111101010110001100011110 —20
Bowes	10110011000111110111010010110011 —19
Coman	10000010110010110001110001011010 —15—128

Boiling Springs.

Lancom	11111101011110110011111111111111 —25
G S McAlpin	11111110111110110111011011101 —24
T Baron	11111111011101111010111101010 —23
James	11011001111111110001111101011 —22
C Collins	11011010011101110011001001011l —18
A Black	10000100010011010100001001010l —10—122

In the sweeps, all of which were shot at unknown angles, there was some pretty sharp competition. The last two events, of 20 targets each, were shot after the team race, the light being absolutely gone before the second squad in the last event had finished their scores. The table below gives the results of each sweep:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	15	20	20
Bell	6	9	8	8	7	7	9	9	8	12	9	9	12	..	..	16	..
Beatty	5	7	8	9	5	6	9	7	5	13	6	9	9	6	..	..	..
Raymond	..	..	..	4	6	7	8	7	4	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
McAlpin	..	..	..	7	3	5	6	9	9	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
147	..	..	..	7	9	9	7	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..
Linson	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..
E Collins	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..
Dudley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	..	12	..	..	..	14	..
G Piercy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	9	7	11	7	12	17	19	
L Piercy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	6	7	13	..	..	..	..	
Remsen	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	8	8	14	10	13	15	..	
Holberton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	4	6	10	..	11	..	..	
R Chaffee	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	5	14	..	..	15	..	
Capt Money	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	12	18	14	
Edwards	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	8	11	19	19	
Cruger	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	9	..	..	..	
Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	5	..	..	
Ingram	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	8	..	..	..	
Berry	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	8	7	..	..	
Wise	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	17	..	
Apgar	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	18	
Schortemeier	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	14	
C von Lengerke	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	14	
Bowes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	9	12	
Wanda	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	4	..	..	7	..	13
G Chaffee	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	4	5	..
Baron	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	16	
Lenone	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	14	w	
Hutchinson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	4	7	..	
E A Jeanneret	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	10	..	
Black	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	..	
Lancom	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	17	18
Henderson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	..	..
Sloan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	..	..
C Collins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	5	7	11
Coman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	..	..
Kievitt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	..	..
Brown	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	16	16
*Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	8	..

* In regard to the last-named shooter, Johnson, President Bell, of the Bergen County Gun Club, writes us that "the last name—Johnson—is that of the well-known swimmer, who holds, I believe, the world's record for 100yds. He is a charter member of the club, but has been yachting all summer. He returned yesterday (Friday), and had his yacht towed up the river to Hackensack, where she will lie up for the winter. He is an enthusiast at the traps."

EDWARD BANKS.

Joplin Gun Club.

JOPLIN, Mo., Sept 25.—The scores made by members of the Joplin Gun Club at its last shoot were as below:

One hundred targets, unknown angles, 20 targets per string:

	1st string.	2d string.	3d string.	4th string.	5th string.	Total.
Horn	18	15	13	20	18	84
Huffman	17	18	18	13	15	81
Leeman	12	16	10	15	14	67
Sumner	17	18	18	17	19	89
Sergeant	18	19	18	17	19	91
Cox	18	19	20	19	18	94

SERGEANT.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Sept. 23.—The scores made at to-day's regular weekly shoot of the Lynchburg Gun Club are given below. In the last event C. W. Scott ran 25 straight and won the "clean score medal." Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25
Terry	16	21	18	20	Scott	16	21	20	25
Dornin	22	18	20	23	Moorman	13	18	21	21
						F.	M.	D.	

C. W. Scott, of the Lynchburg, Va., Gun Club, the only representative from Ole Virginny at the Hazard tournament in Cincinnati last May, didn't do a thing to the boys last week but run off with the "clean score" medal, running 25 straight in the last 25 of a series of four 25-target events. The grounds at Lynchburg are hard ones to make a good score on, so that Mr. Scott deserves extra credit for his good score.

On Long Island.

NEW YORK GERMAN GUN CLUB.

Sept. 16.—The New York German Gun Club met to-day for its monthly live-bird shoot at Dexter Park. Dr. Hudson won the club medal after shooting off the tie in a sweep. Several miss-and-outs were shot after the club race, three of these events being won by J. S. S. Remsen, a visitor, who ran 14 straight as a wind-up. The scores in the club shoot and in three sweeps were as below:

	Club Shoot.	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Dr Hudson	11121101—7	111—3	22220—4	11002—3
F Sauter	00120101—4	122—3	10000—1	02011—3
A Schmitt	01111•01—5	201—2	11112—5	22101—4
P Garms, Jr	102•2011—5	121—3	11121—5	20110—3
M Bonden	1100111•—5	...	.....	.....
E Doeink	21112200—6	...	10220—3	.....
H Oehl	02022020—4	...	10110—3	.....
H Leopold	11110000—4	...	.....	.....
H Thomforde	12121021—7	...	00112—3	.....
H Boesennecker	20111102—6	...	10010—2	.....
J Wellbrock	10011111—6	...	20•22—3	20211—4
H Nobel	02211021—6	...	11111—5	22101—4
E Radle	00010002—2	...	.....	00200—1
J S Remsen*		...	01120—3	20220—3

* Guest.

IDLE HOUR GUN CLUB.

Sept. 21.—Nine members of the Idle Hour Gun Club took part in the club's monthly live-bird shoot held to-day at Dexter Park, L. I. Four members tied for high place in the club event, while one other lost only 1 bird and that fell dead out of bounds. Scores:

F Markert	1121121—7	H Boemmerman	1111010—5
J Bamberger	2221121—7	J F C Elfers	1012001—4
Geo Helmsteadt	2211211—7	Chris Larkeman	1002102—4
H Meyer	1111111—7	Wm Burrowes	0100022—3
H Hoffman	111•111—6		

HELL GATE GUN CLUB.

Sept. 22.—The Hell Gate Gun Club held its monthly club shoot this afternoon at Dexter Park, L. I. There were 26 shooters in the club event at 10 live birds per man, but only one of the 26, Henry Forster, managed to kill all his birds. Seven others managed to get within 1 of his score. The totals made were as below:

Henry Forster	1122222121—10	Richard Regan	0221120011— 7
Fred Trostel	1202121222— 9	John Krebs	0010111121— 7
E Paynter	1121011112— 9	Emil Marquardt	1111•00112— 7
Eugene Doeinck	2101211121— 9	Adam Stern	0101220101— 6
John H Voss	2122112021— 9	Louis Stetzle	0021100112— 6
Chas Webber	2112102222— 9	John Sehm	•2002210•1— 5
H W Voss	2110121212— 9	Albert Klechle	20202021••— 5
Chas Schaefer	2121112021— 9	L C Muench	001100•121— 5
Wm Sands	2202210122— 8	Emil Steffens	2002012001— 5
Gus Nowak	2220210121— 8	Henry Alsheimer	1020001012— 5
J P Dannefelser	0111110222— 8	F W Richter	00202•0122— 5
Jacob Himmelsbach	2220220212— 8	Emil Metz	0•22200•20— 4
Phil Woelfel	0011•21211— 7	Chas Lang	0020200200— 3

FALCON GUN CLUB.

Sept. 24.—The Falcon Gun Club held its monthly shoot at Dexter Park this afternoon. The club event is 7 live birds, old Long Island rules, second barrel kill to count one-half. Scores in the club race were:

Aug Valges	1111101—6	H Van Staten	0200001—1½
John Vagts	0212110—4	Chris Meyer	2111111—6½
Chas Doscher	0000110—2	John Hermann	1110110—5
John Moller	2001111—4½	J H Meyer	0101011—4

Two team races, 5 men to a team, 3 birds per man, were shot. In the first Chris Meyer's team won by 10½ to 7. The same teams competed in the second race, Meyer's team allowing the others one miss as a kill. As a result Knebel's team won by using its handicap allowance. Scores:

No. 1—Chris Meyer's team: C. Meyer 2½, J. Moller 2½, H. Otten, Jr., 1, Geo. Valges 3, Chas. Doscher 1½—10½.

Knebel's team: H. Knebel Jr., ½, J. Hermann ½, J. N. Meyer 2, J. Vagts 1, H. Van Staden 1½—7.

No. 2—Meyer's team: C. Meyer 3, Moller 3, Otten 1½, Valges 1, Doscher 2—10½.

Knebel's team: Knebel 3, Hermann 1, J. N. Meyer 3, Vagts 1, Van Staden 2½—10½ + 1 allowance 11½.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Sept. 26.—The New Utrecht Gun Club has made arrangements to start in live-bird shooting on Saturday, Oct. 3. Negotiations have been begun for new grounds, but until they are ready the club will patch up its old ones and use them. The scores in the club shoot and the Hegeman trophy events, shot to-day at the Dyker Meadow grounds, were as below:

Dr Littlefield (A)	10101111111010101111011111—19	10001 w
D Deacon (A)	01101100110111101111001111—17	111111111111111 —15
Dr Wynn (A)	10110011100111111010001111—16	01100 w
J E Pool (B)	00111111101101111111110110—19	00100100111101100 — 7
Dr O'Brien (C)	01110110001111111110010001—15	10111111010111101—13
A Eddy (C)	00111001000110111111000110—13	01111000011110010— 9

Cook County Trap-Shooters' League.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 19.—The scores made in the team races of the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League, shot to-day on the grounds of the Eureka Gun Club, were as below:

CLASS A.

Eureka.

F P Stannard	11111111001111111111110111—22
H Carson	10011101100101111111111101—18
Patterson	11101111110011111101111 - 21
A W Adams	10011110110101111111110010—17
Steck	11111111100011110111111001—19
W D Stannard	11011111111111111110110001—20—117

Garfield.

Von Lengerke	10000111101111101110101111—17
S Palmer	00010001000111111111110101—14
Hicks	11111101111110111111111111—23
Skinner	10111110011011111111011111—20
F E Adams	11111101110111111111100010—19
T Eaton	00110000000100000101010100— 7—100

CLASS B.

Garfield.

Richards	11111011111111111110111111—23
Liddy	01011111111011111110001010—17
Kuss	10110101100110111111010011—16
Fehrman	11110101111001111111111111—21
Shaw	11111011111111111111111110—23—100

Calumet Heights.

Lamphere	01111101001110111111011110—18
Westcott	11110010011011001111111011—17
Hodson	11110111110110101111101011—19
Young	10010100100010000010010100— 8
Booth	11000001011100010100111111—13
Ferguson	01110111111111111111010111—21— 96

Garden City.

Rexford	11111011111111111011110011—21
Ruhl	11111011111111101111011111—22
Bissell	10000101110101011000000000— 9
Antoine	11111011111101111111010111—21
O C Kemp	00011001011110001100010010—11— 84

Eureka.

Goodrich	01101101111010101111110101—17
De Wolf	10100010110011011100111011—14
H B Morgan	10100010000010001111010010— 9
Glover	00101101110011111101000111—15
W A Jones	01010000000000000000111011— 7
E C Morton	01011011111001101111111011—18— 80

Cicero.

A Cheeseman	00101011110010111101010111—15
Lowrey	11111101110110010001011111—17
Fox	10101110001111100011111011—16
Knott	11010111010101011011100111—17— 65

Douglas.

M J Eich	10001101000111110011011111—25

CLASS C.

Calumet Heights.

Black	01110110111110011010111100—16
Norcom	10100111101110111010101111—17
Houston	10000010001011010010000001— 8
Metcalf	00001010100011011011111111—14
Greeley	11010100111010001100111011—14
Whitman	10000101010011011010111111—14— 83

Buck, of the Eureka, scored 16, and Levy, of the Garden City, scored 10 in Class C.

The Garfield Class B team was short one man; the Garden City team in the same class was also a man short. The Cicero Class B team needed two men to make up its complement. In Class C the Calumet Heights Club had things its own way.

W. A. Jones, of the Eureka B team, won the keg of Du Pont powder on the shoot-off by the lowest scores on each team.

Warren Gun Club Tournament.

WARREN, O., Sept. 19.—The following scores were made at the tournament of the Warren Gun Club, held Thursday, Sept. 17. Although the attendance was not large, the majority proved to be stayers. There was a large attendance of spectators, who were quite interested in the working of the magautrap. This trap gave excellent satisfaction, and all present voted it a success.

Event 6 was at 50 targets, for an L. C. Smith gun of $80 grade, and was won by Mingo (J. A. Flick), of Ravenna, O., on a score of 46.

Event 7 was at 25 birds, for a handsome gold badge given by the Peters Cartridge Co., and was won by J. W. Nonneman, of this city, on a score of 24. The contestants in this event were restricted to the use of Peters cartridges, loaded with King's Smokeless powder.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11			Per
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*50*	*25*	*10*	*15*	*25*	*15*	Shot at.	Broke.	cent.
Mingo	10	14	9	15	5	46	..	9	14	23	14	175	159	90.8
Ewalt	8	14	7	15	9	45	21	10	14	23	14	200	180	90
Schoonover	7	13	10	11	8	43	23	8	11	20	13	200	167	83.5
Sheldon	8	14	8	14	10	36	21	10	11	18	11	200	161	80.4
Snow	10	13	7	14	6	43	20	9	13	24	13	200	172	86
Elliott	5	11	8	13	10	40	21	8	10	22	12	200	160	80
Grant	6	12	8	13	8	36	18	10	13	20	14	200	158	79
Cleve	..	14	9	12	8	40	18	7	10	14	14	190	146	76.8
Hull	7	12	7	10	7	41	19	8	10	12	..	185	141	76.2
Nutt	7	12	6	13	4	32	20	8	12	..	13	175	127	72.5
Bodie	7	12	7	14	8	38	11	8	7	19	..	185	131	70.8
Fry	8	9	7	12	10	40	..	..	11	21	..	150	118	78.4
G E W	6	15	8	13	7	42	24	7	11	..	..	160	133	83.1
Wright	8	11	7	10	7	..	..	6	7	..	..	85	56	65.9
Nonneman	6	14	8	..	8	41	24	..	..	..	..	120	101	84.2
Jones	..	..	..	10	8	43	18	6	..	13	..	135	98	72.6
Sutcliff	8	14	7	..	5	..	8	6	7	..	..	95	55	57.7
Stiles	7	13	9	9	9	36	..	6	..	..	..	120	89	74.1
Mark	8	15	5	9	7	..	..	9	12	22	..	110	87	79.1
Andrews	7	9	6	9	5	..	14	7	7	..	..	110	64	58.1
Germaine	3	11	6	11	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	38	63.3
Neracher	5	9	7	..	..	39	..	..	..	..	..	85	50	58.5
Loomis	..	7	6	..	..	..	18	9	10	..	..	75	55	66.6
Biery	..	..	7	13	9	30	..	4	13	..	..	110	76	69
Leask	..	..	3	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	5	25

R. W. EWALT.

Calumet Heights Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 19.—In to-day's trophy contest Lamphere won in class A with a straight score of 25. A similar score has only been made once in the trophy contests of this season prior to Mr. Lamphere's score. The other was made by S. M. Booth. Houston won in class B after shooting off the tie with Norcom. R. B. Carson won in class C. Scores:

Class A.

Patty	11111111110111111111111101—23
Lamphere	11111111111111111111111111—25
Dr Shaw	01101111111010111111111101—21

Class B.

Houston	11111000011101111111111111—20
Metcalfe	11010111110000100111111101—16
Norcom	01111101111111111111010101—20

Class C.

Harlan	11100111011010110101000010—14
Davis	01111001110111001110011001—15
R B Carson	11101110011101000110101111—16

Ten other events were shot off, as shown in the table below. Nos. 1, 8 and 10 were at known traps, unknown angles; No. 2 at 5 pairs; No. 7, snipe shooting; the others were at unknown traps and angles. The day was bright, but a strong wind blowing in from the traps had a tendency to carry the targets to a higher elevation than usual.

Nos. 3, 4, 5 and 6 were team races, the teams being made up as follows: Houston's team—Houston, Lamphere, Dr. Shaw and R. B. Carson; Norcom's team—Norcom, Patty, Metcalfe and Harlan. No. 3 was a tie on 39 each; Nos. 4 and 5 were wins for Houston's team by 41 to 36 and 48 to 41 respectively. Norcom's team won Nos. 6 and 7 by 43 to 42 and 21 to 18.

Scores in the ten sweeps were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*10*	*25*	Targets:	*10*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*10*	*25*
Patty	7	7	8	9	13	12	4	..	Harlan	4	2	6	7	7	7	1	..
Lamphere	10	9	12	14	13	12	4	..	Metcalfe	8	..	12	13	13	13	9	22
Dr Shaw	9	6	10	11	13	12	8	..	R B Carson	..	2	7	6	7	7	2	..
Houston	8	7	10	10	15	11	4	13	Norcom	..	3	13	7	8	11	7	18

No. 9 10 targets, unknown traps and angles: Norcom 5, Metcalfe 4, Houston 4.

No. 10, 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles: Metcalfe 18, Houston 17.

PATTY.

Pawtuxet Gun Club.

PAWTUXET, R. I., Sept. 12.—The shoot of the Pawtuxet Gun Club, held this afternoon on the club grounds, was the sixth of the series of eight now being held in competition for prizes, and made some changes in the standing of the various contestants. The crowd of shooters and spectators was as large as usual, and the rain interfered but little with the work at the traps. The scores, including that of Fessenden, who is not a member of the club, were as follows:

Class A: Whitaker 22, Greene 19, Sheldon 19, Wilson 17, Waterman 13, Mooney 10.

Class B: A. Hawkins 22, Badmington 13, J. Armstrong 10, King 10, Bain 9, Arnold 8, Fessenden 8, Barber 6.

There are two more of these shoots, to be held Sept. 19 and 26, and, as the prizes will go to the members having the four highest totals selected from the eight scores, the leaders may yet be passed by those further behind in the race. The totals of the four leaders in each class are now as follows:

Class A.		Class B.	
Sheldon	20 24 23 21—88	Amasa Hawkins	15 17 15 22—69
Whitaker	20 20 19 22—81	Graves	16 16 20 16—68
Wilson	14 19 23 17—73	Arnold	16 14 12 15—57
Greene	15 15 18 19—67	Badmington	15 15 13 13—56
Waterman	17 17 16 17—67		

These shoots will end the season for the club, as the hunting season commences in October. As practice shoots, they have developed new men and advanced the club until it is now the strongest trap-shooting club around Providence.

W. H. SHELDON, Sec'y.

Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 19.—The scores made at the regular weekly shoot of the Audubon Gun Club, of this city, are given below. Event No. 1 was the badge shoot, and E. C. Burkhardt won the honors in Class A. Bird was high in Class B with 17 breaks, McArney with 16 breaks laying claim to high score in Class C. The totals of the different events are given in tabulated form, seven events in all being decided.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	*20*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*20*	*20*	Targets:	*20*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*20*	*20*
Norris	20	4	12	10	12	13	..	L W Bennett	15	..	..	9	15	8	8
C S Burkhardt	15	7	8	10	12	18	12	Dr McMichael	13	..	..	10	11	..	..
G McArthur	16	8	11	7	8	11	..	Coombs	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
E C Burkhardt	20	8	12	11	9	16	15	Forrester	19	..	..	12	12	11	..
J J Reid	14	9	10	11	13	13	7	J Peters	15	..	..	11	..	10	..
W Hines, Jr	17	9	10	12	9	16	14	Tom Fidler	13	..	..	..	8	7	..
B F Smith	18	8	10	9	..	..	..	McCarney	16	..	..	9	..	..	..
Bird	17	6	10	2	..	..	..	Sandie	14	..	..	8	12	6	15

High Scoring at a Match.

ALGONA, Ia., Sept. 16.—G. L. Taylor and H. C. Mortenson, of this place, shot a race to-day against A. Sundstrom and C. J. Lenander, of Bancroft. The home pair won easily, Taylor losing but 1 target out of his 100, and his partner only losing 6. The totals were 193 against 158. Scores:

G L Taylor	11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	—50
	11111111111111111101111111111111111111111111111111	—49— 99
H Mortenson	11111111111111111101011111111111111111111101111111	—47
	11101101111111111111111111111111111111111110111111	—47— 94
		193
A Sundstrom	11110011101111011101111111111111111111111111111110	—44
	11111111111111111011101111111101101111110000111111	—42— 86
C J Lenander	11110110110110111101001101110111101111011111100	—37
	10110111010010111011110011110011111100111111101011	—35— 72
		158

JOHN G. SMITH.

Blue Rock Gun Club.

TUCSON, Ariz., Sept 20.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Blue Rock Gun Club, of this city. Birds gave out before the 10th round was completed:

H H Pease	2212101100—7	Chas Dimick	2222101120—8
F Wilding	2002000021—4	J H Behan	2102200001 —5
K L Hart	0221001210—6	J J Hallowell	2222222122 —9
J Jernigan	0101201012—6	Chas Weber	11200 —3
C Meyer	1012121111—9		

Dr. Tiffany's Powder.

GUILFORD CENTER, N. Y., Sept. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* That a lie travels further and faster than the truth, and has more help on the way, is proverbial.

That few who read in the trap columns of a late issue of your paper the half truth—always worse than a whole lie—over the signature of Noel E. Money will take the trouble to read this letter is very possible. But, in justice to my friends and to myself, I can hardly do less than take up the gauntlet he throws down; and I am sure that FOREST AND STREAM, that has accorded Mr. Money the freedom of its columns, will give me a fair field and fair play there, even though I am not a paying advertiser.

In the letter previous to the one quoted from by Mr. Money (a letter which I notice he is careful not to use) I said in substance this: "I notice that you have put a new powder on the market. If you like to send me a sample to test I should be glad to give it a thorough trial. If it pleases me I shall want it in quantity." Was there anything criminal in that? I hold it a legitimate business transaction for the following reasons: Few trap shots *buy* a new nitro until they have a chance to *try* it. All the fraternity know that. It is our privilege, and few forego it. If something better than we are using is out we want to know it; but why should we invest in a new thing that may not be a practical success or may not please us as well as our old favorite until we have a chance to prove to ourselves that the new claimant for our favor is O. K.? That is a question the powder manufacturers are accustomed to answer by sending us "old timers" samples of their new products as soon as they are in the market; often *before*. I plainly and frankly asked Mr. M. for a sample. There was no compulsion about it; he was free to grant or refuse my request. Back came a pound can of his powder, but with it a bill for 60 cents. I immediately wrote Mr. M. that had I wished to *buy* his powder I could have purchased a pound of it of my New York jobber for 48 cents, or in 10lb. lots at 45 cents per pound, 2 per cent. off, and have had it shipped by freight, with other goods, at practically no expense; that, therefore, 60 cents plus 25 cents express charges was a price he of course could not expect me to pay (this part of my letter he doesn't publish, I notice), but that he had entirely misunderstood my former letter, in which I plainly asked for a *sample* to *test*, for I never bought a "pig in a poke," nor a new powder until I had had a chance to try it.

As for my statement that if a powder manufacturer has a good thing he loses nothing by letting me try it, I have some of the proofs of the fact before me as I write, and forward them for your inspection. A latter dated July 10, 1894, from the Du Pont Powder Co., states that among other goods they are shipping me on that day is a sample of their new Smokeless, "which," so runs the letter, "we would like you to try and let us hear the result." These are *some* of the results: 1. I have the receipted bill of the Du Pont Co., dated Aug. 3, 1894, for five 6¼lb. kegs of Du Pont Smokeless. Twice in 1895 I was the direct means of selling 25lbs. of that powder, and in a receipted bill of May 14, 1896, from a leading New York jobber, among other items I note one filled for 25lbs. Du Pont Smokeless—106¼lbs. in two years. Did the Du Pont people "lose" anything by the little 1lb. sample of their excellent nitro given me two years ago? I call it a good investment on their part, and I think they do.

Last year the Hazard Powder Co. sent me a 1lb. sample of their new smokeless powder, and I divided it among "the boys" to test. In less than ten days a cash order went in from this place for 25lbs. of it, and before the season closed another 25lbs. had been bought and divided among half a dozen of us. Did the Hazard people lose anything by their *practical* advertising of a new thing? Hardly.

Almost three years ago, not by personal solicitation, but through the kind offices of my good friend "Tee Kay" Keller (of U. S. cartridge fame), I received a small sample of the then new Walsrode Smokeless, loaded in good old U. S. Climax cases. I would hardly dare to tell the amount of that powder I have influenced the sale of—certainly much more than double that of Du Pont. But I feel sure the Walsrode Co. do not regret their modest investment.

E. L. TIFFANY, M.D.

Advertising in Programmes.

AT least once a week, more generally several times a week, FOREST AND STREAM has to go through the unpleasant task of saying "No" when it would really like to say "Yes." The number of requests that come to this office asking us to "Take a page in our programme" would, if footed up annually, surprise even ourselves. If every request received favorable attention, the amount of cash paid out each year to make our word good would form a respectable bank account for even a married man with a family. FOREST AND STREAM plays no favorites, so if one request was granted all would have to be treated alike. We cannot and do not advertise in tournament programmes, and club secretaries or tournament committees can save us the pain of dictating polite refusals if they will stick a pin here.

On the other hand, how about reciprocity? We advertise your shoots; we boom them with items of interest in regard to such shoots furnished us by the management; we extract from your programme matter that seems to us likely to be of importance and interest to possible guests at such gatherings. In fact, we don't do a thing to you, and very often you don't do a thing to us. When the tournament is over everybody is tired and it is often a case of "Oh! bother the scores!" You drop out of sight and we don't hear of you again until it gets to be time to "put in the papers" something about your steenth annual. You remember us then because we are necessary to you. Haven't we stated the case exactly as it occurs many times a year? Is that your idea of reciprocity?

To convey our idea of what reciprocity means as related to gun clubs and FOREST AND STREAM: Why, instead of asking us to pay for a page in your programme, don't you go to work and devote a small space in that work to telling the boys what sort of a paper we are, and what a lot FOREST AND STREAM has done for trap-shooting? You needn't be afraid of laying it on thick; we won't give you away and others *cannot*. Honest Injun! If we tell the boys what you are going to do for them, what the prospects are for a shoot, where to send their shells, guns, etc., and do not charge you a cent for doing it, you ought to reciprocate a little. Anyway, don't write and ask us to "take a page," but just hurry up your scores.

EDWARD BANKS.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

C. G. G.—At what age should bitch pups be spayed? Ans. About six months.

J. E. N.—Ans. We can find no record of the dogs you mention. Address secretary A. K. C., who may be able to give you the information you desire.

C. F., Ansonia, Conn.—My dog has been troubled for some time with a disease which causes him to bite his paws continually. The flesh is black and on his forearms black things have come which look like warts. Will you please recommend some remedy and state the name of the disease. Ans. Treat for worms. Give Weyth's compound sulphur tablets three times a day. Apply following ointment to sore and irritable places: Balsam fern ʒ ii., thiel ʒ i., zinc oint. ʒ ii. Mix together.

L. D. H., Hartford, Conn.—My two English setter dogs, one three years old and one fourteen months, both drool quite badly. At times the saliva hangs in strings from one or both sides of the mouth, and at others it will lie in a frothy lump just inside the cheeks, and when the dog shakes his head he throws it out. I cannot exactly place the time when the older dog's trouble began, but the younger one never did until he had a light attack of distemper last spring. They are both perfectly healthy or seem to be; eat well and feel well; always ready for a run. I feed them almost entirely on scraps from the table, sometimes a little bread and milk or a meal of dog biscuit. They are fed twice a day, a light meal in the morning and a good one at night, and are never chained up; have the run of a big yard, with from an eight to twenty mile run once a week. I notice the frothy matter more when running and being in the water, but the drooling is around home at any time. Ans. The drooling is from one of the following causes: disease of the gums or cheeks, paralysis of the facial muscles, or due to a drug. Which of these it is can only be determined by an examination.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

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IF you wish to receive a 200-page handsomely illustrated book, telling all about Texas and her advantages, send 7 cents postage to D. C. Price, A. G. P. A., I. & G. N. R. R., Palestine, Texas, and the book will be sent to you by return mail. Texas is now attracting a large number of settlers by reason of her cheap lands and mild climate. You will not regret the amount. When writing mention this paper.—*Adv*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iv.

BIRDS AND THE FARM AND GARDEN.

IN response to a demand for Miss Florence A Merriam's paper, "How Birds Affect the Farm and Garden," we have reprinted it in a pamphlet of thirty-two pages, and it is now for sale at this office. Price, 5 cents per copy, postpaid; but with special prices to individuals or bird protection societies who may wish it in quantities for distribution.

OSMOND O. SMITH.

We are deeply pained to record the passing away of O. O. S.—Osmond O. Smith, of Fredonia, New York—who died at Dewatto, Washington, in the first week of September. A vague report of his death came to us shortly after that date, but confirmation of the unwelcome intelligence has only just now been received.

For many years, from 1876 to the present, Mr. Smith was a contributor to our columns over the signature O. O. S., which had become familiar to thousands of readers. His sketches covered outing experiences in fields so widely separated as Florida and New Jersey, Missouri, Oregon and Washington. They were permeated through and through with appreciative recognition of all that nature has to give to her children. His was the eye to recognize the majesty of the mountain range, to catch the beauty of the humblest wild flower growing in the shadow of the wood, and to study the sea mosses of the shore; and his was the pen so to picture these and all the manifold charms and delights of the outdoor world that others might share with him something of the joy of beholding them. Whatever he wrote was marked by never-failing vivacity and cheeriness; there was in it the spirit of looking on the bright side of things and making the best of the situation. We used to think, as successive papers were received from his pen, and we think now as we sum them up, that O. O. S. came as nearly as did any one we ever knew to the actual winning of what is best in field sportsmanship.

If it was a privilege to read what he wrote for publication, it was a privilege richer still to know him and to enjoy his friendship. "Noble and kind-hearted Mr. Smith" is the simple tribute of the letter which brings to us the announcement of his death. The unaffected grief which has filled the little cabin in the Northwest where his last days were spent among strangers will be shared by all who knew him.

SOME QUEER WAYS OF GAME BIRDS.

THERE are certain of our birds which have a well-defined migratory instinct which finds expression in a manner useful to them, for it impels them to leave the cheerless habitat of the North, with its inclement weather and dearth of food, for the warmth and abundance of the South. This annual migration has a well-defined purpose and is a matter of common knowledge.

The non-migratory game birds, notwithstanding their abundance and the wider opportunity afforded for studying them, have certain erratic habits and instincts, exhibited at certain times in the fall, which are quite as far from being definitely explained and settled as they were at the time when first noted.

The ruffed grouse in particular is subject in the autumn to a violent disarrangement of instinct and habits. For a few days it seems to lose its cunning, and its fears and shyness of man are much lessened. It leaves its old haunts, and shows no preference for open or cover. At all other times it is rare indeed when it will voluntarily go further than a short flight from its accustomed haunts. Its senses too seem to be dulled, for it is reckless in flight and will dash against obstacles which it ordinarily would avoid with ease.

Quail, too, show a decided uneasiness and change of habits at a certain time in the fall, often seeking a new habitat, so much so that many sportsmen believe that they migrate. What might serve as excellent summer quarters for the quail might be worthless to it in winter, hence it is necessary for it to seek a new range when winter approaches, one that comprises both shelter and food. To secure such it may be necessary for it to travel, which has by some been confounded with migration. Quail do not migrate in the sense that the term is understood, there being an obvious distinction between readjusting the habitat from summer to winter, and leaving one climate for another by continuous flight of all the species. Quail can be found throughout the North in winter as in summer, but not in the same haunts.

Prairie chickens exhibit changed habits of life when the frosts and high winds of fall set in. They grow wilder and the coveys of a certain district come together, forming what is called a pack. Then instead of having well-defined ways, as when they were in bevies, they seem to have no fixed habits. Their flights are much longer, and tameness is superseded by excessive wildness.

The ruffed grouse exhibits the most unaccountable traits of all. It seems to have no migratory sense of direction. It has a sort of crazy impulse to go somewhere, with but little heed of consequences.

Whether it is the fragments of an instinct which was ages ago once strong at a time when all contemporary bird life on the continent was forced to migrate, and which migration was rendered unnecessary as the world changed and earth became better organized, or whether it is some physical or mental aberration peculiar to the bird itself, no one can say.

It is in the realm of speculation, and while the impulse of the ruffed grouse to move about for a brief time with disorganized habits and instincts is commonly noted, it hardly explains the phenomenon by terming it migration. It may be that some new light can be shed on this hazy subject by more recent observers.

SUNDAY SHOOTING.

THE first arrest made by the agent of the newly-established Rod and Gun Club of Massachusetts was of a Sunday shooter. The record of the protective work in New Jersey for September shows a long list of arrests of Sunday gunners; and the month of October has opened with more notable work in the same line. On Monday of this week Deputy Game Wardens Ten Eyck and Squires, of Plainfield, arrested Otto Wagner, a farmer, and Fred Domeyer, a hide dealer, for shooting on Sunday at Warrenville. They were fined, and paid $20 apiece for their Sunday sport, and $20 each for three birds had in possession out of season, fines and costs aggregating $107.80.

In Massachusetts and in New Jersey the Sunday gunner is a nuisance, and one of the worst pests the authorities have to deal with. As a rule the man who shoots on Sunday in violation of law is quite as defiant of all other provisions of the game law; and as in this New Jersey instance kills game out of season. The Sunday gunner robs other gunners who respect the law; he is on a level with the man who shoots out of season; and it is quite as essential to suppress the one as the other. We are speaking now purely from the standpoint of game protection. There once came to us a plaint from a trap-shooting club whose members were indignant because the congregation of a church near their shooting grounds complained that the racket of the shooting disturbed the services on Sunday; and the club appeared to think that the preacher should talk louder or that the services should be postponed until after the shooting.

"MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH."

MR. FRED MATHER is making a hit with those reminiscent sketches of angling associates. "Men I Have Fished With" he puts it; but he began with boys and boyhood days. Whether he was conscious of it or not, there was art in this. If you would make sure your welcome as a story teller among the men of the rod and gun, begin with boyhood times. For where on earth will you find men who fished or hunted in their youth who do not love to be reminded of those happy days, and to live them over again in memory? They may have given up both pursuits years—ages—ago, and yet you shall not recall for them the youthful experiences of field or stream without winning their sympathetic attention. Fortunate indeed are the boys who have this privilege of going afield with rod and gun. Doubly fortunate are the grown men whose privilege it is to recall in reverie such experiences of former days. Thrice fortunate they who, amid the responsibilities and exactions of mature life, may renew their youth by actual active participation in field sports.

The boy who cultivates his taste for fishing or shooting is acquiring thereby something that may be of lifelong benefit. He is not only so storing up material for pleasant recollections in the years to come, but is providing means of recreation when recreation most urgently shall be needed. The man who enjoys fishing or shooting well enough to take a day or a week off now and then to indulge in it has in that very taste a valuable element of business equipment; for he will be induced by the gratification of that taste to renew his strength, clear the cobwebs from his brain, preserve his health, and keep himself mentally and physically in condition to do his best work. This is not theory, nor is it said here for the first time. It has been practically demonstrated over and over again in the observations of all men; and we have been preaching the doctrine for many years. Here is a specific instance in illustration: Some four years ago on this page was cited the case of a New York business man who once said in effect, "I don't care anything about fishing. I have tried it and can find no interest in it; moreover, I have no time to waste on it." That was four years ago. Since then he has found time—not to go fishing, but to be prostrated for months with illness brought on by too much confinement to business and not enough play—no time to go fishing. We do not cite this as a horrible example of a man who tried to do business without going fishing; and whose business in consequence went to the dogs. While he was undergoing this protracted siege of sickness his business interests were not wrecked. As a matter of fact the business went right on. For, you see, he had a partner who did go fishing; and by reason of the relaxation found in that pursuit gained strength to do the work of two men. Moral: If you don't like to fish yourself, do the next best thing, make choice of a partner who does. This is a business axiom second in importance only to that other rule, that if you are chained to business and can't go fishing or shooting, you should do the next best thing and read FOREST AND STREAM. Next to fishing is just now reading Fred Mather's stories of the men and boys he has fished with.

TECHNICALITIES.

OBSERVERS in the field of court procedure tell us that there is a growing tendency to increase the difficulty of securing convictions, in cases of unquestionable guilt, by the interposition of technicalities. Thieves rob the widow and go free, and murderers go unhanged, because of a flaw in an indictment, a missing word in a warrant of arrest. The tendency is manifested in causes big and little, from capital crimes to violations of the game laws. We reported last week the arrest of a Rhode Island grouse snarer who was captured red-handed with nineteen snared grouse in possession. When the case came to trial last Friday his counsel interposed a motion for its dismissal on the ground that the constable who had made the arrest had not been qualified to act, since he had not been elected to his office in due form. This was the turn given to the trial, as we find the proceedings reported in the Providence *Journal:*

Lawyer Thompson called Town Clerk Gough to read a certified copy of the Council records of the town of Johnston. They showed that on the 12th of last June Philip Randall, J. V. Barnes, Hiram Kimball, George Naylor and W. L. Plaisted were elected special constables under the game law; that on the 13th of August George Naylor resigned and William L. Plaisted was elected to fill the vacancy, qualifying on the 15th before Joseph Gough, Notary Public.

On these records Mr. Thompson contended that his client should be discharged. He quoted from the General Laws, Chap. 112, which provides that "annually, in the month of April, the Town or City Councils shall elect not less than one nor more than four special officers." The records did not show that any were elected in the month prescribed. None were elected until June. Mr. Thompson argued that the present administration followed their predecessors, who have elected previously in the month of June. The Council not only elected when they had no right to elect, but they elected five when the statutes provide for but four. After five were elected, what four were to say they constituted the legal number, even if they had been chosen in the month provided? He contended that Naylor's resignation did not create a vacancy, and consequently Plaisted's election in August was invalid, and there was no one elected in April, the only month during which the General Laws provide for the election of special game officers.

Attorney Lee urged that Plaisted was properly and legally appointed and qualified to serve warrants, upon which the defendant was brought into court.

Judge Phillips took the case for advisement, and will announce his decision Oct. 9.

MARYLAND

AN interesting work in black bass stocking is to be undertaken by the Maryland Game and Fish Protective Association this fall. They propose to transfer to the Potomac River, from the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, when its waters shall have been drawn off, some of the black bass which are left in the pools, and which under usual conditions are left to perish or are scooped out by net fishermen. By planting the bass in the Potomac the Association hopes to increase the resources of a stream already offering rich reward for the angler. The system of transferring fish from the pools left by the receding waters of the Mississippi and other rivers in the West has long been prosecuted with decided advantage, and there is every reason to believe that the work will be equally successful in the Potomac. The Maryland Association has made an excellent beginning in protection activity Something of what has already been accomplished is outlined in another column and the record appears to giv abundant promise of a yet more vigorous campaign.

The Sportsman Tourist.

CAMP ALABAMA.

We had spent a month in the little town of Citronelle, Alabama, before we could learn anything definite as to the camping resources in that vicinity.

We had heard many alluring stories of wild turkey, deer and smaller game, to say nothing of alligators and crocodiles basking in the sun, but whether east, west, north or south, we were unable to discover. Some "reckoned fifteen miles south," others "five or ten miles ovah yondah," accompanied by a wave of the hand taking in half of the horizon, so after repeated efforts to gain information we had about given up our hopes in that direction and used to look ruefully at our carefully packed tent, boxes and duck boat sent all the way from Michigan and only awaiting an opportunity to become the snuggest of little homes.

Although apparently tired of the subject, we each kept our eyes and ears open and were at last rewarded by hearing of a place called by the natives Dog River, from eight to twelve miles out a certain road. A place with a name and a distinct way of approach was not to be despised, and without much hesitation we decided, game or no game, to try our fortunes there. Very easy to decide, but difficult to carry out.

The natives of Citronelle, though sadly in need of money, are uncommonly superior to its seductions. The few men with horses "reckoned they might accommodate us next week perhaps," and continued to pursue their usual occupation of loafing about the post office or station plentifully supplied with tobacco.

It was two weeks after we had made up our minds to go camping that a big farm wagon with two strong horses driven by a Northern man pulled up at our gate to transport us to Dog River. The tent, fly, stove and provision box we put in first, and surmounting all was the duck boat containing the breakables, and in which Mr. H. sat to keep a better watch on everything. I had the best seat, with the driver, and was supplied with a cushion which became very hard before the twelve miles were over. The roughest road that can well be imagined, winding through an interminable pine forest, over fallen trees, corduroy bridges sunken into marshes and creeks, frequently branching into two or three forks, and the fork we chose always losing itself in a tiny footpath, where our horses would have to be backed around and our steps retraced.

Dog River being some twenty or thirty miles long, emptying after hundreds of twists and turns into the Gulf of Mexico, we made for the nearest point. On the way we passed several ox carts with three and four yoke of oxen, their drivers with their long whips plodding sturdily beside them. These people come to Citronelle for their supplies for fifty miles around, often taking several days for the journey. During the last five miles we passed one house, a log structure with shutters and surrounded by a sort of stockade made of young pines, which inclosed a hard dirt yard containing an umbrella tree.

The place was deserted, but we stopped to rest and eat a lunch, and finding the water in the well good watered our horses and refreshed ourselves.

After this it was entirely a matter of chance. By the lay of the land we knew we were approaching the river and made our way for a mile in and out, uphill and down, removing fallen pines to make a road, crashing over others, until at a sudden turn we found ourselves on a high bank with the rushing, twisting river beneath.

After a cursory inspection, during which I held the horses, Mr. H. decided to unload where we were. The bank was high and level, the beach shelving and of firm white sand, while directly below us was a spring bubbling quietly up, and keeping a pool of clear, cold water.

Our guide and driver stayed until the young pines had been chopped down and made into tent poles, the tent and fly stretched over and made fast at the four corners, and the duck boat had been carried to the beach below; then he "'lowed he'd try and get home by dark," and promising to come for us in a week he made his crashing way back to the road. It had begun to rain, and as I sat on a camp stool surrounded by pails, hatchets, lanterns, etc., I experienced a rather dismal sensation as the rattling of his wagon gradually ceased.

Mr. H. had no time for such feelings. Before night he must have the tent intact, stove up, bed made, besides all the minor considerations. He worked as he never had worked before, and by the time the darkness settled down and the lanterns and lamps were lighted we had the cosiest, most comfortable tent imaginable. The tent itself was 8ft. 6in. by 11ft. 6in., with a fly which extended 7ft. in the front and 2ft. 3in. in the rear.

In one corner of the tent near the front was the stove (an invention of Mr. H.'s), the side walls of which set down in the ground 1ft.; the earth from the middle being dug out, giving a large fire-box; two lids on top gave plenty of room for cooking. In another corner was the bed; the four posts were young pines driven into the ground, while long boards were nailed on lengthwise and crosswise; on these rested pine strips about 2in. wide, making a sort of a spring; on top was a tick filled with pine needles. In another corner were shelves, on which we kept the ammunition, tackle box, clock, books, etc.; and in the fourth the table flanked by the provision box, which served as a seat. These with two stools and a rug, and out under the fly a table and wash-stand, constituted our furniture.

We had a very good supper of bacon, eggs, potatoes, bread, butter and tea, and after getting everything well under cover and ourselves snugly tied in, went to bed with a revolver under the pillow and the shotgun near at hand. Though very tired, we did not sleep much. The wind in the tops of the pines sounded like a gathering storm, the hooting of some night birds over our heads, and the cracking and crashing through the underbrush of the "piney woods" pigs, which are allowed to run wild through all that country, made us feel very far from civilization, and to crown it all we were awakened in the middle of the night by the weird song and cracking whip of some belated ox driver, where we did not know.

Next morning, however, we had forgotten our fears and were eager to be out exploring the river and woods. Mr. H. went down to the spring for water, but came back almost immediately in a very curious, stealthy manner, and getting his gun, crept quietly down the bank. I followed to the top of the steep incline and was rewarded by seeing a covey of quail fly up with a whir from the underbrush and out toward the opposite shore; but before they had gotten over the water there was a loud report, a flurry of feathers and down on the white sand two quivering heaps; another report and another bird fell in the water, but was borne away by the current before we could get it.

This was beginning our camping propitiously, and Mr. H. came to breakfast with a good appetite for his oat meal, coffee and condensed milk.

That day we stayed around camp, principally doing odd jobs and making more complete arrangements; but the next morning, after the camp work was done, wood collected, dishes washed and everything made right, we launched the little boat in the stream with oars and paddle, took with us two split-bamboo rods, with a box full of delicate flies such as the most epicurean fish might jump for, and with the gun and a basket of lunch prepared for a day on the river.

Directly in front of our camp was a turn, and we discovered that these were many, sometimes sharp, sometimes describing the most graceful curves. It was difficult paddling on account of the strong current, the rocks and the fallen trees; but a wilder, more picturesque scene we had never seen. The white, sandy banks, shelving down to the water or rising abruptly out of it, were covered with old forest trees of gum, bay, pine and oak, with a thick underbrush of blooming mountain laurel, while beneath the ground was sprinkled with white violets; the swift current swept in eddies into the curves of the bank, leaving the sand in well-defined strata; here and there a great pine had pitched headlong into the water, causing rills and rapids, while all along were little springs bubbling up through the sand or trickling down through the clay; overhead was a constant chatter of woodpeckers and the mellow notes of many birds, while little lizards sunned themselves on the logs, and an occasional long blacksnake slid into the water. We passed several creeks from 8 to 15ft. wide, and followed one for a mile or more. It was quite deep and limpid, and looked to be the home of many fish; but though we tried our most tempting flies, and finally resorted to angleworms, we caught no fish that day.

This was the beginning of a week of quiet pleasure, varied by shooting, fishing, paddling up and down the river, which we explored for many miles, or tramping through the woods with the gun, scaring the little lizards into their holes, watching the big turtles like traveling hassocks make their unwieldly way through the grass, or simply enjoying the splendid foliage, the balmy air and the clear blue sky.

We saw no wild turkeys, alligators or deer, though firmly persuaded of deer tracks on the shore of one of the creeks, but we did see and shoot many quail, and caught some fish, which added the dainties to our otherwise common fare.

We spent some time too in taking photographs, and at night it was enough to sit in our warm, light tent, with papers and books, and hear the strange sounds without, which soon ceased to alarm us and but made our camp seem more cheerful and bright.

At first we had felt some misgivings as to our guide returning at the proper time, but these gradually changed to fears that he would, and it was with considerable reluctance that we began the work of demolition, which left on the river bank only a rustic bed, some tent poles and a blackened hole in the ground. E. S. H.

CAMP SAINTS' REST.

Camp Saints' Rest was named by the sinners who occupied it this season, and who gave a sanctity to the place by the burning of incense (at $1 per pound) and the pouring forth of certain libations. It is a substantial little structure of logs and bark, with a somewhat ambitious covered porch, and possesses two windows with real glass in them. It is located on the eastern slope of a little valley leading down to the shore of Lake McCavanaugh, and through this valley there tinkles over its pebbly bed a cold spring brook whose sparkling waters follow every point of the compass before they ultimately mingle with the great St. Lawrence.

From this charming spot, carpeted with ferns and brooded over by mighty hemlocks and birches, half a score of rugged, unnamed mountains can be seen, and at their feet nestles the beautiful lake like a diamond in a setting of emerald. Here, indeed, is the "lodge in some vast wilderness" for which the poet sighed, and here the "boundless contiguity of shade" for which his spirit yearned.

The long, brown, winding streak of trail had been traversed, the heavy pack-baskets thrown off, and the camp-fire started. The slanting beams of the setting sun sifted down through the trees, the fragrance of Dill's best mingled with the aroma of the balsams and spruces, while the pungent odors from the coffee-pot and frying-pan enhanced the pleasures of anticipation. Such was our introduction to Camp Saints' Rest, and I doubt not that there are thousands of the readers of Forest and Stream who will recall with delight similar scenes and surroundings.

There were four of us, all told, including my wife, my friend Luques, and the guide, Will Martin, who may properly be described as "guide, philosopher and friend." And right here just a word in regard to him. Made up of cast iron and whiplash, experienced in all the ways of the woods, patient, good-natured and intelligent, a splendid shot and an equally good cook, he came pretty near being the ideal guide, and such men are exceedingly rare. It is a pleasure to put such a man on record, because the comfort and successful results of a forest outing depend so largely on the character and ability of the guide. Speaking of Martin's skill as a cook, there is a well-grounded belief in the St. Regis region that he can throw a flapjack up the chimney and catch it right side up in his pan outside the house when it comes down.

If the next occupants of Camp Saints' Rest will study the bill of fare tacked upon the wall they will be convinced that grim-visaged famine did not camp with us. Ah! those meals of blessed memory! How sweet and crisp the trout! how juicy the partridge! how brown and tender the frogs' legs! and how sweet and satisfying that grosser but wholesome fare, the cornbread, the salt pork and the fried onions! The gastronomic feats performed at that rough-hewn table will be long remembered, for in camp, as on shipboard, eating is a very important feature of each day's programme.

The Diana of our party had drawn first blood and had gotten her deer. She had never hunted at night nor worn a jack, but the noiseless paddle of Martin had brought her within range of the "two stars" shining from the bank, and with commendable coolness and accuracy she had put the lead squarely between the eyes of a big dry doe, whereupon there were congratulations on her second annual success, and she was crowned Queen of the Hunt; so it behooved the men to look after their laurels.

I had come into the woods to still-hunt because I believe this to be the most manly and sportsmanlike way to kill a deer. Certainly we were in a country well adapted to this style of sport. On every side of us rose high mountains, and an examination of the "signs" led us to believe that the fresh and well-worn deer trails leading up from the water promised well for our success. I had long since evolved the theory that the place to find the big deer is on the tops of the mountains, whither their natural cunning and wariness would prompt them to seek safe seclusion. A dozen deer had been killed by parties at the hotel near by, but as yet no big buck had been brought in, and a big buck was what we wanted. The average guide does not encourage this sort of still-hunting, because it involves a good deal of work and hard climbing, but Martin corroborated my notion, and we speedily made plans to seek the deer on grounds of their own choosing.

A high, round-topped mountain back of our camp was selected, and my legal friend was located on a big runway halfway to the summit. It was arranged that I should go around and climb the back side of the mountain, stopping just before I reached the top. Martin was to ascend from the opposite side and come over the top to meet me. It was well planned. After a hard climb I took a position where I could cover considerable ground with my eye, and waited for developments. They came in the shape of a crashing in the brush, and a magnificent buck, started by Martin from the crest above me, came tearing down the mountain side. He was a beautiful sight as he bounded past, with his big antlers laid close back on his shoulders, and it occurred to me that that shapely head was going to look well when mounted over my dining room mantel. The .44 Marlin in my hand had four notches on its stock, commemorative of similar occasions, and it was with considerable confidence that I "unhitched" on this flying targ t. With a big leap and a sudden acceleration of speed in another direction, the buck disappeared in the underbrush, but not until I had seen his tail drop and had pumped two more shots after him. Martin quickly joined me and we soon found blood enough to enable us to follow the trail easily. Within less than 200yds. we found where he had lain down, and then Martin said, "That's our meat, sure!" We sat down and took a smoke, waiting perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes, in the knowledge that a badly wounded deer if not followed too closely will usually lie down to stay. Then taking up the trail again, we followed it down the mountain straight toward Mud Pond, a mile away. But the blood stains were becoming smaller and less frequent, and finally ceased altogether. Then Martin slowly but surely followed the tracks until they led into many others near the shore of the pond, and could not be distinguished from them. And so, to my infinite chagrin, we lost him after all. It will be many a day before I get a chance at another deer like that, for, as Martin said when he saw his tracks, "He's a regular old horse!"

But it is not all of shooting to shoot, and, as he stopped bleeding, I suppose the noble animal is still alive and on the mend. Furthermore, I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had hunted him the right way, and also of demonstrating the truth of my theory that the best deer are not to be found in the daytime hanging around the clearings and wood roads, but rather on the most inaccessible mountains.

Encouraged by this day's experience, we hunted over five other mountains, finding everywhere abundant evidences of deer and numerous bear signs. It was glorious work in a glorious country and the views from the mountain tops repaid us for our efforts. Hitherto I had felt an apprehension of getting lost if I went alone into this trackless country, but a few days of this sort of work gave me confidence, and with the aid of a compass I found I could safely agree to meet my guide, at something near a stated time, on the side or top of a distant mountain, and also that once a man gets to feeling at home in the woods his mind is free to observe details more closely, so that he gets more pleasure and profit from his hunting trips.

Jacking is all right when there is no meat in camp, or one's time is limited, and it is all right for lazy men or cripples to sit all day on the runway waiting for the hounds to drive the deer, but I wish to go on record as being thoroughly converted to still-hunting.

All too soon the time arrived when we were to leave Lake McCavanaugh, to occupy another camp on the St. Regis River. It was a beautiful morning and everything about us invited a longer stay. Regretfully we went down to the shore of the lake and took a last look over its mirror-like surface to the blue mountains beyond, and as we shouldered our duffle and struck the trail we involuntarily looked back at the camp itself. A thin column of smoke arose from the dying fire, we heard the little brook lisping in the ferns, and as a turn in the path hid the cosy cabin of brown logs from our sight, I think we all wondered whether another year would find us in this same spot and with the same capacity for enjoying its charms. May the woodland fairies and the forest gods occupy it in our absence!

In another paper I shall try to tell you of more tangible success than I have thus far chronicled, but I am inclined to think that the most pungent and lasting recollections of my trip to the North Woods this season will be those associated with Camp Saints' Rest.

Arthur F. Rice.

"Foreshoulder."

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the Forest and Stream of Sept. 26 Siam's article on the vitality of moose speaks about breaking the spinal column just above the foreshoulder. Is foreshoulder a proper word to use? I have been a reader of the Forest and Stream for several years, and old hunters all use the word. As it seems to me, in saying foreshoulder would indicate that there were shoulders behind, and to avoid any mistake use the word foreshoulder; but as there are not shoulders behind, would not "breaking the spinal column just above the shoulders" be the proper way of writing it? Dentist.

Natural History.

DEER AND LILYPADS.

LANSING, Mich., Sept. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A few things in woodcraft are hard to explain. In the "Trapper's Guide," page 176, I find: "It has been said by somebody that people generally step a little further with the right foot than they do with the left, so that when they have nothing to guide them the tendency is to bear to the left; thus in time they make a circle." In "Woodcraft," by Nessmuk, page 20, I find: "Carry the compass in your hand and look at it every few minutes; for the tendency to swerve from a straight course when a man is lost—and nearly always to the right—is a thing past understanding." So much for the opinion of a real woodsman regarding a matter of fact.

Something like a year ago I mentioned a matter of conversation that I had with two of the most successful and observing hunters and trappers and practical woodsmen that Michigan ever produced, regarding deer eating lilypads. These men had spent a lifetime in the woods, had killed hundreds of deer and had unlimited opportunities for observation, and neither of them had ever seen a deer eat lilypads, or ever found a fragment of a lily leaf or stem in the throat or stomach of a deer; yet they had killed scores of deer while feeding among the lilypads, and examined a great many deer with a special object of getting at the actual facts in the case.

Not satisfied with this statement from two of the most competent woodsmen in Michigan, I called upon a gentleman who has for many years had quite an extensive deer park, and in the park was a small, shallow lake well stocked with lilies. In this lake, among the lilies, he had watched them feeding for hours and hours for a period extending over ten years at least. And yet this gentleman, a close student of nature and with opportunities seldom equaled by any man, never saw a deer eat a lilypad, or a lily leaf, or a lily stem. He had often seen them pick a stem, chew it for a while, and strip off the tender outer stem and leaf coating; but they never swallow the leaf or stem or any part of the lily.

In FOREST AND STREAM a few weeks ago I noticed some lady who was out with a guide had settled the question, and knows positively all about deer and that they did eat lilypads. She had seen acres of stems sticking out of the water, and her guide had told her that the pads had all been eaten off by the deer. If the guide had been a good observer he might have explained to her that the lilypads might have been picked by some other animal, or in some other way than by the deer; and that because a stem is seen sticking out of the mouth of a deer is no more evidence that the deer swallowed any part of the lily plant than that the observing lady herself would swallow every fish bone that she chanced to take in her mouth.

In FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 19, W. L. S., of Township No. 2, Maine, writes: "She was standing among the pads, and would bury her head in the water up to her ears, bringing up each time a mouthful of stems." Now W. L. S. is on the right track, only he must give the matter a great deal more of close observation, when he will find, I am very sure, that the observation of my friends is correct. Deer do feed with their heads almost under the water, and when they are feeding in that way they are feeding on the tender weed growth that is so very abundant among the lily plants. They do sometimes pull off a stem perhaps, but not often, and when they do pull off a stem or leaf it is by accident, and the leaf or stem always comes up with a mouthful of other tender water weeds that they feed upon. They never swallow a lily leaf or lilypad or a stem of a lily plant. They sometimes take them into the mouth with other food, but they spit them out, and never swallow the pads or any part of the lily plant. JULIAN.

THE ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES, OF PHILADELPHIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I frequently read your publication and derive much pleasure from it. The naturalist frequently sees curious statements in print about the habits of game. In your columns it has been said that deer do not eat lilypads. Of course, such a statement is ridiculous. In Maine and the Adirondacks I have literally seen miles of water with the stalks of the lilies sticking up out of the water minus the pads. I have also seen the deer eating them in water where they had to swim as they snipped off the pads. In some of the bogs of Maine you will often see more cropped stalks in the water than pads, and this in districts where moose are not plentiful, and in the Adirondacks it can hardly be said that moose account for the stalk ends minus the pads. Also where deer are much hunted they are nocturnal in habit, but are naturally diurnals.

In the mountains of Virginia, where I was this winter, deer had migrated in search of mast, as the dry weather had made it very scarce. This was in Craig county, in the Alleghany Mountains. DR. HENRY SKINNER.

Quail Adopted by Domestic Turkey.

MARYLAND, Sept. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A neighbor called my attention to a peculiar occurrence a few days ago. A turkey hatched a brood of young ones, she having stolen her nest, and brought them to the barn to be fed. He observed a small chick with the young turkeys which he thought was a young guinea, but upon closer inspection he found to be a young partridge (quail). It has now been with the turkeys for two months, and comes and goes regularly with them to be fed night and morning, and if he feeds them in the barn the partridge goes and eats with them. He also roosts with them on a fence near the house. The bird is now nearly full grown.

AL. HILL.

A Cow Moose.

LAST August, while camping on Ripogenus Lake, in Maine, we paddled out one evening with our two guides to catch a few trout for the next morning's breakfast. As we were about to turn into the stream at the head of the lake our guide suddenly pointed across the water to a small black object surrounded by foamy waves. It was undoubtedly a moose, and a big one, we judged, from the size of the waves.

We turned about and paddled with all our strength till, on nearer approach, the object proved to be a cow moose swimming some distance from the shore. Soon she caught sight of us and stared, shaking her enormous ears most comically, then laid them back and swam furiously for land. We paddled fast, in the hope of heading her off and chasing her across the lake, but she reached the shore a few yards ahead of us. Once on the bank, her ugly figure looked like an ill-shapen mule. She started at an easy trot across the marshy log-filled lagoon between the lake and the woods, swimming through the patches of water and climbing over the logs with little apparent labor. Then she disappeared in the woods, and calling to her calf, stamped off. R. K. THORNDIKE,
J. C. GREW.

The Linnæan Society of New York.

REGULAR meetings of the Society will be held at the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue, on Tuesday evenings, Oct. 13 and 27, at 8 o'clock.

Oct. 13.—J. A. Allen, "Notes of a Visit to Some of the Natural History Museums of Europe."

Oct. 27.—Edwin I. Haines, "Birds of the Vicinity of Stamford, Delaware County, N. Y., with Remarks on the Summer Residents."

WALTER W. GRANGER, Secretary.

Game Bag and Gun.

Our readers are invited to send us for these columns notes of the game supply, shooting resorts, and their experience in the field.

SOME AMERICAN GAME BIRDS.*

II.—The Ruffed Grouse.

FROM the time when the mind of man runneth not to the contrary in matters of shooting for sport, the ruffed grouse, by common consent, has been classed with the most difficult of game birds which the sportsman endeavors to bring to bag under the approved conditions of sportsmanship, if indeed it be not the most difficult of all. For it taxes the sportsman's nerve, patience, skill, woodcraft and endurance as no other bird taxes them and as no other bird can tax them; and all these requirements are necessarily supplemented by a gun of good killing powers, one selected with special reference to cover shooting; and last, but not least, a dog of more than ordinary intelligence and good intent and good training, if the sport is to have any successful results and a pleasing finish in its action. If any element of the sportsman's craft be missing, success is marred accordingly.

The ruffed grouse in every art and article is a bird to fill the sportsman's ideal—its habitat is in nature's most picturesque setting; the bird is beautiful in its delicate tracings and markings, and rich and varied in its colorings; racy of form and faultless in symmetry; wild, dashing, daring, alert and infinitely resourceful in its crafty devices when pursued; exclusive in its habits and withal a bird of rare excellence for the table, its flesh being of delicate texture and pleasing flavor, so palatable, indeed, that it is by many epicures more highly prized than is the flesh of any other game bird. With those who may vaunt the excellence of the woodcock, the snipe, the prairie chicken, the duck, the turkey, etc., it also holds a high place in their esteem; and the exceptional man, whose fancy for one particular kind of bird prejudices him against all others, will not speak unkindly of it. And yet, delicious as it is when properly prepared for the table, it can easily be spoiled by ill cooking, and of bad cooks there is no end. The art of cooking it properly is quite as rare as is the skill of killing it properly. If it be cooked too much or if it be cooked improperly, it loses much of its rich delicacy of flavor and texture and becomes dry and unpalatable; and in that unfortunate condition it probably was when that eminent authority, Wilson, partook of it, and thereafter, in his "American Ornithology," wrote of it: "At these inclement seasons, however, they are generally lean and dry, and indeed at all times their flesh is far inferior to that of the quail or of the pinnated grouse." Yet, as tastes are not all alike, the superlative will probably be placed according to individual fancy in matters of food as in all other matters, and it is well that it is so. If all fancied alike, all would be monotony. Nevertheless, a man who cannot have a culinary spell cast over him by a skillfully cooked ruffed grouse, it having been kept a proper length of time after killing—not too long—has no music in his soul and may not be even fit for treason and spoils.

For its home the ruffed grouse prefers the country above the snow line, in its rough and timbered sections, for it is strictly a bird of the woods and thickets, preferring the roughest parts of a rough, hilly or mountainous country, and of these it many times selects the densest recesses; or the timber of seamy and rocky hillsides; or where ledges, fallen tree trunks and tree tops in the woods secluded from man guard against intrusion; and even the timbered swamps are not obnoxious to it when it seeks a habitat free from the incursions of man. For the latter it has the most uncompromising aversion. It selects its habitat in the places least frequented by him, though once the habitat is determined upon it holds to it with dauntless persistency, let the gunner disturb it as often as he may.

In choosing its habitat it prefers that it be near a supply of good water and an abundance of good food, for it is a good feeder, whortleberries, blackberries, beechnuts, acorns, chestnuts, partridge berries and buds being readily accepted as food in their proper season. The bud of the laurel is said to render the flesh poisonous for food purposes, though the belief seems to rest more on tradition than on any direct evidence.

The habitat of the ruffed grouse is in the timbered country from the Atlantic to the Pacific, bounded on the south in an irregular way by suitable habitat and the snow belt; and on the north into British America to a line not definitely determined, though, as a matter of course, all timbered or rough country within the region mentioned is not necessarily good ruffed grouse country. Some parts have been shot too much; some suffered from the worst of all despoilers, the snarer; while others, to all appearances favorable, are not frequented by it. Unlike the quail, which loves to make its home near the homes of man, and the prairie chicken, which sticks closely to the grain fields, the ruffed grouse is ever intent on making its home and haunts distinctly apart from those of man. In the East it is called "partridge;" in the section of Pennsylvania, "pheasant."

In the breeding season, when it has been free from pursuit and harassing alarms, it sometimes strays a short distance from cover into the adjacent fields, where grow huckleberries and blackberries, though rarely venturing further than a short flight from cover, and often but a few yards from it.

Though always a wary bird and ever avoiding man, it is not so wild and quick to take wing before the frost and unsettled weather of fall set in as it is afterward, and if the gunner disturb it once or twice the full wildness of its nature and its constant alertness to avoid man are fully set in action. Then man and the places he frequents are shunned as much as possible. Indeed it is not a social bird with its own kind. After the young birds have matured they separate, and in the fall the gunner will find them in ones and twos, and at rare times in threes.

Given to the sportsman the conditions of an open field and therein a ruffed grouse on the wing within range, the difficulties of killing it then are but little if any greater than those which obtain in the killing of a prairie chicken on the open prairie, though whether in open or cover the former is always swift and decisive in its flight; but in the open, whether it be on field or prairie, there is an even light and an unobstructed view wherein for safety the bird can rely only on its swiftness of wing, all too slow when pitted against the sportsman who can under those circumstances with quickness or deliberation command a large circle around him. Thus the ruffed grouse is at a fatal disadvantage when shot at in the open field, as is also every other bird when shot at under the same conditions; but these conditions are rare indeed in ruffed grouse shooting, for, as mentioned before, it ventures into the open only on such infrequent occasions as it is tempted to search for food, and then only in places seldom invaded by man and where it fancies there is freedom from pursuit. To this there seems to be an exception for a short period in the fall, when it is subject to a crazy waywardness.

While in the open field it is strong and swift of wing, in cover it is at its best. It will on occasion dash through the densest thickets with apparent ease, with no diminution of its swiftest speed, having seemingly a charmed manner of flying through tree tops and thickets as if they were but phantom trees of the woodland, or shadows offering no obstruction to its onward flight.

And in its favorite haunts it is a master of the art of self-defense in so far as it can utilize thickets, trees, old fences, ledges, stone walls, swift wings and endless cunning to evade its pursuer. Be the position of the shooter what it may in reference to this bird in cover, it, when flushed, takes instant advantage of the nearby thicket, or the trunk of the tree, or the old fence, keeping one or the other between itself and the gunner in its line of flight, thus in a great measure blocking all opportunity to shoot at it, or at least hampering the shooter greatly and thereby causing many a miss.

The bird, in most instances, times its rise so as to have the advantage of some nearby object as a shield to its flight. On occasion it will display a courage bordering on audacity, permitting the shooter to pass close by it and flushing after he is some yards further onward. This wile is oftenest practiced after it has been flushed and pursued. Both man and dog are apt to pass it then, though they may follow in the exact line of flight, and the shooter may hear the irritating roar of the bird's wings behind him, on the ground but a moment before passed over, or catch a shadowy glimpse as it dashes away from some tree top.

Owing to its short flights and its proneness to take a straight or nearly straight line, the persistent shooter may be able to flush the bird again and again; it sometimes in repeated flights returning to near the place where it was first found, and nearly always taking the flights so that ground and cover are to its advantage in avoiding danger. Once in a while a fool bird will be found, which will do the very thing it ought not to do, commonly paying for the lapse with its life; so that if there is anything in

* The first paper in this series, the Woodcock, was printed in issue of Sept. 12. Others to follow will be devoted to the Quail and the Snipe.

the theory of heredity, the ruffed grouse should be uniformly of high capabilities, the fool birds being killed so promptly and thus never breeding; and indeed such capabilities they have.

By far the greater part of the shooting is at close range, as it needs must be in thicket or woods, where the longest views are short and obstructed by trees, or ledges, or the hilly nature of the ground, or the undergrowth, and where in the early season the view may not be greater than a few yards or feet if the leaves have not fallen. It then is not an infrequent occurrence that the shooter will hear the startling whir of wings close by him, and yet be unable either to shoot or to mark the bird's course from inability to see the bird at all. The broken light of the woods, broken and broken again as it is through the irregular openings in the tree tops and branches and leaves interposing, with here and there shafts of clear light with masses of shadows interspersed everywhere, add a difficulty to quick and clear vision and therefore to the shooting, differing in this from shooting in the open.

The successful ruffed grouse shooter must be ever promptly ready to shoot, and further must be quick of eye and motion. He must instantly decide on the manner of making the shot, taking advantage of all the few opportunities offered, and avoiding the obstructions which interpose. No studied effort at aiming is possible. Cover shooting of all kinds requires quick action, but ruffed grouse shooting requires the quickest, for of all snap shooting ruffed grouse shooting is the snappiest; and the successful shooter of that bird must excel in that kind of shooting, since in most cases he will have but an instantaneous glimpse of the bird in the unfavorable mixed lights and shadows, with a view obstructed by the cover.

For this shooting the gun should be light, short of barrel—26 to 28in.—and a true cylinder bore, for a choked gun is entirely out of place in such cover shooting, equally unsatisfactory when it doesn't or when it does kill, it being a miss in the first instance and often a badly mutilated bird in the second. The average shooter will find that he has success far below his opportunities even when equipped with the gun most fitting for the work. In this shooting there is no waiting for opportunities to fit the gun. The successful shooter must take the shots that are offered and take them as they are offered, it matters not how difficult they appear or how brief the opportunities may be. He may catch but a momentary, shadowy glimpse of the bird as it crosses some diminutive opening, or he may see it for an instant in a maze of leaves and branches, or he may get only a partial glimpse of it and some moving leaves in the course of its flight, yet those are the opportunities which are the most numerous and which must be relied on for the bulk of the shooting; in short, that is ruffed grouse shooting.

If he be too indolent or apathetic to be ever ready to shoot, or if he be too slow to take advantage of the opportunities, his success will be but meager so far as material results are concerned, though he may be greatly encouraged by the belief that his last ill success was due to faults in the bird, and if he can have another opportunity he will acquit himself nicely. The opportunity comes and bears more excuses. Once in rare whiles the shooter will have a good opportunity, catching the bird in some corner so open that the advantage is with the shooter, but such instances are rare indeed, and by themselves would make but little sport.

To be ready for the opportunities the sportsman must be quiet and never relax his vigilance, and his gun must be so held that it can instantly be brought into position to shoot, and the nerves of the shooter must be constantly at a high tension, in readiness for the rise of the bird and the instantaneous shot. Every quality must be at a high key. The very moment that the shooter relaxes his attention will seem to be the moment that the bird will rise, and before the sportsman can get ready the opportunity is gone. Thus it will be seen that no man who dawdles with his gun, or who is slow in the handling of it, or who is noisy, can hope for any satisfactory success in shooting the bird of game birds, the ruffed grouse. On the other hand, one can be keyed up to too high a pitch, over-ready when the bird rises, and he giving a nervous start thereat, thereby does nearly as much to disarrange the desired results as does the more indolent brother who is but half ready. There are those who can never overcome this nervous start at the roar of this bird's wings, though they may be perfectly undisturbed in any other bird shooting.

And the skill of the shooter, be it ever so high in degree, must be supplemented by the work of a quiet, well-trained, intelligent dog, for the shooter is much better off without any dog at all than with one that is riotous, or one that ranges too far, or that is heedless of his work. Loud orders to the dog have no place in ruffed grouse shooting. The sportsman himself cannot observe too great a silence. Noise, the human voice in particular, alarms and puts the birds to flight.

The work required of the dog in this shooting is distinctly different from that required in any other kind of bird shooting, except perhaps woodcock shooting, which in a way it resembles, though a higher degree of dog intelligence and obedience are required, as the ruffed grouse is far more cunning and wary.

The "partridge dog" should not work far from the gun in cover, and he should be silent and diligent in his quest. Many experienced shooters highly commend the use of a small bell tied to the dog's collar, the low tinkling made by it constantly indicating the dog's whereabouts in the thick cover, and generally, when the bell stops, it indicates that the dog is not moving, and it is to be taken as an indication that he is on point, thus in a way keeping the shooter posted by ear as to his dog's doings when out of sight and supplementing his sight thereby.

The rattle-headed, highly nervous dog, or the one which gallops swiftly and merrily about, is distinctly out of place in this kind of shooting. The æsthetic shooter, whose dog must carry a high head and a tail lashing his sides merrily as he gallops and bounds about in the ecstacy of his enjoyment, as the dogs many times do in stirring tales of great work afield, would better take his fiery dog into the open where he can better disport himself unhampered, and where his pretty ways may be admired without any unpleasant interposition of the ruffed grouse. Such manner of the dog's seeking is incompatible with ruffed grouse shooting, for the shooting should be the dominant feature, not the joyousness of the dog.

I have been told of dogs which galloped with apparent recklessness in their quest of the ruffed grouse, going through the brush and dead leaves with all the noise which comes from such manner of going, and I have been assured that they were in some mystic manner very successful in securing points and avoiding flushes. I have seen many such dogs which filled all the specifications to a nicety save the one of pointing the birds. Their success was chiefly in spoiling the shooting. There may be such reckless and useful dogs, and if so they are the exception, one too rare to consider as a factor in the sport. Moreover, the range being close, an extremely fast dog is not needed. One of fair gait and persistent industry can easily beat out the necessary range, and the one which makes his quest patiently and soberly and quietly, working with judgment and honesty to the gun, will bring the shooter far more success in the results, to say nothing of the incomparable comfort and pleasure in shooting over him.

Nine out of every ten dogs which are running with high head and merry action are running because they are in high spirits and for their own pleasure, with no thought of the birds or of work to the gun. When they come on birds, such is often a matter of chance and their point work is marked by constant and detrimental errors. This kind of dog leads his partial master to believe that when he wears off the wildness and wire edge he will steady down to a useful grade of work; but often when such dog has worn off his exuberance he has worn off all there is of field performance in him, and he either loafs or does his work in the same slovenly manner, though, loafing, he does less of it.

In shooting for sport, the shooter takes his birds on the wing. Of course, in shooting for market, the market shooter has no thought of sport or its practices. His is the one object to kill the bird and bring it to bag. The manner of it is of the least importance. His theory and practice are founded on commercial principles, therefore he shoots his birds as he can, whether they be on the limb of a tree, on the ground, or flying. Some hunters have dogs trained to seek for the birds, and finding them, they flush and follow them. When flushed by the dog, the birds generally take to the trees, and the dog, barking, so engages their attention that they fall an easy prey to the hunter, he often bagging every bird in the covey under such circumstances. Often when flushed by the dog they fly to the tree tops immediately overhead, where they in fancied security calmly watch the dog. The shooter then drops them one by one, taking the lowest birds first, the falling of the lowest not disturbing the ones above, though if a top bird is dropped the others fly away forthwith.

As to the number a shooter can kill in a day, so much depends on the shooter's skill, the bird supply, and the local shooting conditions, that they alone determine it.

In some sections of New England two or three birds at the end of a day of diligent effort is considered a highly successful result, and it is not an infrequent occurrence in that section that a diligent day may have no birds at all at its ending. In certain favored sections of New York, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Dakota, etc., and in the mountain sections where the ruffed grouse abound, such a bag would be considered an absurdity if held forth as an index to good shooting, industry and superior results.

While in North Dakota recently I heard of one bag made to one gun in a day which was something extraordinary, it being eighty birds. They were shot at the air holes along the banks of the Red River after it had frozen over, the birds coming to those places for water. This was not recounted to me as a matter of sport, nor is it so set forth here, but it will give an idea of the abundance of the ruffed grouse in the sections where it is in the greatest abundance.

But the sportsman who seeks the ruffed grouse for the true sport of it, and who brings his birds to bag in the manner approved by sportsmanship, has a more exalted pleasure than comes from shooting any other game bird; for, first of all, he must be skillful with the gun, and when he shoots at the ruffed grouse, be he ever so skillful, he can only apply such skill as he can muster in a moment, the opportunities of ruffed grouse shooting being but mere fragments of the opportunities accorded to shooting in the open, and when the bird is brought to bag it represents a toiling through brush and bramble, wooded hill and dale, scrambling over ledges and floundering through swamps, all colored by constant expectancy, unavoidably lost opportunities and seeking to circumvent the birds by cunning woodcraft, supplemented by the wonderful powers of the dog, a degree of cunning, skill and persistent effort, greater than that required in the shooting of any other bird.

It is shooting pitched in the highest key, and that is why I think the shooter can justly feel a greater glow of pleasure when he makes a successful shot at a ruffed grouse, and why he loves this sport above all others, since it tests to the utmost his skill, his woodcraft, his patience, his endurance and his dog; and of the dogs, if he own a good one, he owns one of a thousand. B. Waters.

DEER IN THE BLACK FOREST.

New York, Sept. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My attention has been called to an article in Forest and Stream of Aug. 29 last, signed "Armin Tenner." In justice to my old and good friend Joe, I will give an account of an experience I had in Germany.

Some years ago I was invited to join a party of gentlemen for a few days' shooting in the Black Forest. Our party was made up of English, French, Swiss, German and one American—your humble servant. On the morning of the hunt, my good friend Mr. S., who was one of the principals of this particular preserve and my host, took me aside and said: "Now, on no account must you shoot a doe, as it would be considered a disgrace." This was all news to me, but I thanked him from the bottom of my heart for his kind warning, as up to that moment I did not know there even was an unwritten law against shooting a doe deer.

The occasion was what they call their annual shooting. We had, I believe, twenty guns in all and fifty beaters; I know the party seemed quite a small army to me as we gathered together before starting out; and I began to wonder what would be left for another year's sport after we had got through.

The beaters were sent out some miles away and were to beat toward us. We were stationed on runs where the game was most likely to break cover. For fear I might make a mistake, Mr. S. stationed one of the gamekeepers by my side to prevent any such accident. We had been at our posts but a few moments when the fun began. I could hear the crack of my neighbors' guns all around me, but not a sign of a deer as yet had I seen. The moments passed, which seemed like hours, and I became very restless and impatient, and all at once from the thicket bounded a deer. My gun was at my shoulder as quickly as possible, but before I could cover the object my friend the gamekeeper was whispering something, which in the excitement of the moment I did not hear; I only saw that a beautiful graceful creature, with head erect, standing some thirty paces from me, had come to a full stop, seemingly unconscious of our presence. As I said before, I could cover my object, and was about to shoot, when suddenly the point of my gun was thrown into the air, and away bounded the deer. My feelings can be better imagined than described. My pent-up wrath was showered upon my attendant, but it was all lost, as he did not speak or understand one word of English.

When the round up came several beautiful deer were brought in and laid side by side on the grass, two beautiful does being among them; but, thanks to my good friend Mr. S., I was spared the humiliation which was heaped upon two unfortunate Frenchmen who had slain the two innocent does.

I have related this experience, as I felt Mr. Armin Tenner was a trifle unjust—perhaps not from his standpoint, as he did not know the circumstances.

Does should be protected in any country. E. A. P.

TEXAS QUAIL, TURKEYS AND DOVES.

Marlin, Texas, Sept. 27.—I have no doubt most of us enjoy everything we read in dear old Forest and Stream, but frequently there is an article published which strikes a sounding chord in our hearts more than others.

"Sharptail Grouse Shooting," by O. H. Hampton, in the current issue, is one of these, in my case. It brought up "childhood's happy hours." Some of the first shooting I ever did was at chickens in Sauk county, Wis., seven miles from the same Wisconsin River mentioned by Mr. Hampton. I remember the first chicken killed by me as though it were yesterday. I was about ten or twelve years old, and the proud owner of a light, long, single-barreled gun, which I had "swapped" for.

My companion, T. M. Warren, had a double-barreled muzzleloader which cost his father $30. We were hunting out a strip of stubble on his father's hay marsh when two chickens flushed from under my feet. I shot from the hip, and mashed one at about 30ft., and then watched T. M. feather the other at about 40yds. There was good shooting there in those days, and the law was religiously observed by the local sportsmen.

Owing to a propitious season this year quail are more plentiful in this section—near the center of the State—than ever known before.

A number of wild turkeys have been killed about fifteen or twenty miles from here. It has been very dry for several months, and little water for game to drink except in small pools along the creeks. The natives would watch these places and when the turkeys would come to drink they would fire into the bunch. I know of one man who killed five at one shot.

Doves have been very numerous indeed, and have offered some fine sport. Our method is to drive to a tank about 6 o'clock in the evening, and shoot as the doves fly in to drink. We usually get enough to broil for break-

fast and make a pot-pie for dinner after missing half we shoot at.

One afternoon recently there were two doves sitting on the ground when I walked up to the tank. I walked them up at about 30yds., killing the first neatly and missing the second. Then one came flying in pretty well up, and I dropped him. While Hector, my pointer, was retrieving it, I killed another. I began to think I had caught the sleight and couldn't miss them, but about that time they came in as fast as I could load, and I would be ashamed to say exactly how many I missed in succession. At this stage of the game I read myself a lecture about getting rattled, and firmly vowed I would lead the next bird 6ft. at least. In a few minutes here came one up high. I followed it with the gun until as near as it would be, then pulled ahead anywhere from 4 to 8ft., and down he came, without a flutter, at about 50 or 60yds. The next two were killed and then it was dark.

E. R. E.

MEN I HAVE HUNTED WITH.

It is impossible to refrain any longer keeping pen from paper or withholding the manuscript in which I was compelled to relieve my desire to acknowledge the enjoyment of your (our) contributors. But our boy Fred has upset all my balance. I find that I knew Fred many, many years, although I never saw him or his name until it appeared in FOREST AND STREAM. But just as truly he has been with me on stream, in forest and field for more than half a century; and no doubt with a host of fishermen, hunters and nature's noblemen, who were just as unconscious of his identity as myself.

His gentle description of old-time friends, I fear, is unique, but a contrast, a moral and conclusion may be permissible, possibly instructive.

Upon one occasion a gunner, going a few feet away through an open wood, put up a quail, which circled in front and around me. While I was holding, until the bird passed a big tree, the report of my companion's gun seemed to have destroyed the drum of my ear, upon which I placed my hand, almost discharging and dropping my own gun. When I had recovered from the shock, I said, as quietly as possible: "Never do that again, for you will more probably kill your companion than the bird, which would be his shot both from courtesy and safety. Never forget either rule."

On another occasion I had out a young, partly trained setter, which started and ran after a rabbit past my companion, placing the three in line. Up went the gun. I yelled: "Don't shoot! don't! don't!" The gun and rabbit went off, the dog howled, and both men made an end of the hunt and my comradeship. They had no self-restraint, and something else, in the field at least. Thank heaven, they were exceptions also.

Moral: Hunt, shoot, fish and boat only with sportsmen.

Conclusion: That the definition of "A True Sportsman" was not made very lucid in the discussion of the FOREST AND STREAM fraternity; also, that our Fred, boy and man, has delineated the true sportsman so distinctly that every boy and man who has the elements in his soul recognizes the ideal and living picture. From Old Port up, every one of Fred's friends—our friends now—have stamped all over them gentle boy or man.

No doubt Gen. Miller would have captured that giant negro quietly if he could have done so; but as the giant was neither born nor schooled to gentle ways, and Mat had to capture, he took him "on the wing, on the ground (mostly, I suppose) or any way." The giant appears quite gentle when Fred introduces him to the company of FOREST AND STREAM. He had one schooling from a master.

The deduction is, that a gentleman is not necessarily a sportsman. That a true sportsman must be a gentleman, unpolished as Old Port or refined to the utmost delicacy in courtly manners. The gentle manhood permeates every descendant of the gentle Izaak, and every good hunter was certainly a fisherman before "Johnny got his gun."

PENNSYLVANIA. JUNIATA.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

BOSTON, Oct. 1.—Never has the opening of the big game season in Maine started off with so much enthusiasm as it has to-day. The old hunters are about all going, and the novices all want to go. Every man I have met on the streets to-day at all interested in shooting has remarked, "Thought you were down in Maine; when are you going? I want to go; shall go on the first snow," etc., etc. The railways are all making great calculations on the shooting travel, and they are likely to realize much. The newspapers are full of hunting reports and reports of game. Many of these reports are unreasonable and absurd in the extreme. A dispatch from Bangor the day before the open season gave an account of a big bull moose that tackled the engine on the Bangor & Aroostook road and was killed. The trains frequently kill deer, if these reports are to be believed.

In one day this week the Boston & Maine sold twenty-five tickets to sportsmen at its office on Washington street, and other days the sales have been very large. The sportsmen seem generally to expect tracking snows, which sometimes come in October. In the region of the White Mountains snows have already fallen, but it is too early to count on snow for tracking. Mr. R. D. Jones, of the Boston & Maine office, starts Friday for the Penobscott region on a hunting trip. His wife will go with him. A deer and a moose or two are expected. Mr. A. H. Proctor has recently returned from his fall fishing trip to the Rangeleys.

Oct. 5.—Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Talcott have just returned from a fishing trip to Eustis, Me., where they visited Big Spencer and other lakes and ponds. They had good luck with trout while the season lasted. Mr. A. F. Breed was at the Rangeleys in company with Mr. Abel H. Proctor, mentioned in my former letter. Senator W. P. Frye and Mrs. Frye have paid their beautiful camp on Cupsuptic Lake their usual fall visit. The Senator tells a friend that the fishing at the Rangeleys is doomed. He finds it especially hard to get even a few trout, where in former years they were abundant. The fishing cannot stand the strain of the past three or four years, especially the last year. "Whoever lives ten years will see the Rangeleys worse played out for trout fishing than are the Adirondacks to-day." Such are the ideas of a man who has visited the same camp in the Rangeleys almost every season for twenty or thirty years. Legislation should take a strong hand before it is too late.

I have it from undeniable sources that partridges are positively scarce in Androscoggin and Oxford counties in Maine. Lewiston and Auburn gunners, even with the help of some of the best dogs in the country, have had very little success with partridges, while as for woodcock the season was a failure. Reports also indicate a scarcity of partridges in Penobscot county.

The Maine woods are full of hunters, and therein lies the terror. A gentleman remarked in the office of the Boston & Maine Railroad the other day, as he purchased his ticket for a hunting trip: "If I had not arranged with a party to go, I would not go one inch. I am positively afraid of my life. There are too many green gunners in the woods; they shoot at everything that moves. I dread some terrible accident. Our party is made up of men who will not shoot till they are sure of what they are firing at; but not so with the greenhorns that are rushing to the Maine woods." I learn that more Maine people will hunt moose, deer and caribou this year than ever before, and hence the sportsmen from outside the State will meet with greater competition.

SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Good Times Now.

CHICAGO, Oct. 3.—There are good times now. The jacksnipe have come in all over this country in good numbers, and the weather is such that it is likely they will stay and offer two or three weeks of good shooting. All the wet sloughs just west of the city are offering good fun, and the wet ground near Auburn Park has held a lot of birds lately, though this fact is not widely known. In the Fox Lake region of upper Illinois the birds have come in a very good flight. But it is along the good old Kankakee that they are most abundant, and there the boys have been having great sport for two weeks, and will have for two weeks more. This is the best year on the Kankakee there has been for a long time, both for ducks and snipe. The water is extremely high, and this has drawn the birds in something like the old numbers. Water Valley, Koutts, Momence, Davis, and other points on the river have yielded fine bags. Last week the Crown Point, Ind., shooters, among them Mr. Morton, county clerk for that county, had very nice sport on the marsh below Fuller's Island, above Water Valley and Shelby. Here there was a large section of the marsh burned out, so that a series of pond holes and mud banks were formed, at which the birds came in regularly, so that bags of a couple of dozen to the gun daily was about a fair size. On last Wednesday, however, there came a very heavy rain which lasted two days and completely flooded the entire country. Acting on Mr. Morton's advice, I ran down to Shelby to have a look at this Fuller's Island country, but found it all afloat and out of the question for shooting anything but ducks or snipe with legs 8ft. long. I therefore went on north to the edge of the marsh, and here blundered into a little patch where there were about fifty snipe monkeying around, biting the dust. Here I had a bit of good shooting, and killed a dozen in as many minutes, the bag netting up about twenty-five fine jacks for the day to my own gun, though the shooting did not last long. At one time I had five birds down before I had time to pick up any of them. This little bit of high ground was almost the only place where I could find any number of birds, though they were widely scattered over a strip of country three miles across, a few here and there. The wet weather had entirely unsettled them, and it was too soon after the rain to get them located anywhere satisfactorily.

Billy Mussey has been having very fine jack shooting at the old reliable Maksawba Club. In two trips to that ground (near Davis, Ind.) he brought back ninety-seven birds, averaging I presume a couple of dozen on each day of actual shooting. Billy had solemnly promised to go shooting with me next week, but sneaked off the day I had sneaked off. I am sorry he proved untrue to me, and shall rebuke him when he comes back, but I don't believe he will have any more birds than I got on my little lonesome shoot. We have got plenty of meat hung up in this office for a while now, anyhow till next week, and by that time Billy will want to go again. Billy tells me that John Watson, Roll Organ, L. R. Brown, Mike Petrie and others shooting at Maksawba the past week have had fine fun, killing all the birds they cared to get. Mr. Mussey himself was lucky enough to kill a fine specimen of a bird rarely seen in this country, the robin-breasted snipe.

The heavy rains of this week will not hurt the snipe shooting, for though the marsh is very wet, the bulk of the surface water will soon run down and the feeding grounds will be in great shape. I would advise a look at Momence this week, and can say that Water Valley country, especially around Fuller's Island and the edge of the marsh near the Monon tracks, will in all probability be good, at least they were good this week. It is not desirable to hunt near the town of Shelby, as that region has had too much water over it lately and will not soon be dry enough to make feeding grounds. The famous strip of marsh near Koutts should be in good shape this week. There are a great many rail (the lesser rail) all over the wet marsh of the Kankakee, these birds being away out half a mile into the country further than they have been seen for years, and over jacksnipe ground, which of course is no longer good jacksnipe ground when it is wet enough for rail. The shooters of Chicago are lucky just now.

In Dakota.

Mr. F. R. Bissell, secretary of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, has gone to Dakota for a long shooting trip. Mr. Bissell is the kind of man everyone wishes to have a good time when he goes shooting.

From Cincinnati.

I missed a visit I did not willingly let go this week when I failed to meet two friends who called on their way from Cincinnati, none less than Col. Bill Peabody and Bob Burton, whom I have tried to tell people all about in the story of a certain trip to Texas a couple of years ago. The city of Cincinnati, I must critically admit, may not be able to furnish quite as high a grade of choice breakfast bacon as Chicago, but she does raise some mighty nice men.

Squirrels Ate the Cow.

I am grieved to see in the daily dispatches the news that the squirrels are so thick in the neighborhood of Vanceburg, Ky., that they are killing off the cattle. The dispatch in this case is as below, and I have no doubt it is true if the facts are stated correctly. But methinks this story would sit more seemly did it come from the weird region of the Maksawba Club grounds, where white blackbirds, pink muskrats and the like are betimes discovered in the act of unusual and extraordinary performance. The details read as follows:

"VANCEBURG, Ky., Sept. 27.—[Special.]—John S. Parks, of Triplet, heard a piteous lowing of his fine Jersey cow in the field near his house this morning. He went out and found it literally covered with squirrels, which were biting and gashing it. The cow died an hour later from loss of blood."

Preserved.

Mr. Ferd W. Peck, of Chicago, is reported as adding largely to his already extensive holdings of shore property on Lake Koshkonong, Wis., where he has for some years had a fine summer home. Lake Koshkonong is justly famous for its canvasback ducks, than which none of the United States are more delicate of flavor. It is a wild celery lake and will hold these birds so long as any continue to cross on this line of migration.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Reed Birds and Mud Hens in New Jersey.

THE reed bird, which is the bobolink of the North and the rice bird of the South, comes to the tide meadows of New Jersey about Sept. 1, clad in his yellow and brown livery, to fatten on the seeds of the wild oats which ripen at that season. The bird is of the size and general appearance of the English sparrow, and takes on fat at a wonderful rate, and is considered a great table delicacy. There is no sport in shooting it. Now and then a rail bird shooter will waste a load on a passing reed bird, but it is the prey of the market gunner only. It is never found on salt marshes. It is most abundant in Salem county, there are a few in Cumberland, none in Cape May. In Salem, the shooter during the summer builds a blind near the tide meadows and plants lines of millet radiating outward like a star. When the season begins the shooter enters his blind and waits until a line of millet is covered with reed birds, when he fires a big gun loaded with dust shot, and then picks up a hundred or more birds, brings them to his blind, cleans them, ties them in bunches of a dozen each, and waits for his millet to attract more birds, and so continues during the day until he has made $10 to $15.

This scientific destruction of the reed bird is confined to Salem county. Cumberland county is where the rail are most abundant.

The mud hen, clapper rail (*Rallus crepitans*) or salt-water marsh hen, is as large as a small chicken; in countless numbers it covers the salt marshes along the coast; nests in May and June, and has its young full grown and ready for autumn migration when the first hard frost comes.

There are always high tides late in September which are taken advantage of by numerous shooters. The mud hens are driven up upon sandbanks and drift stuff and the gunner is pushed up to them. If shot on the wing they are taken singly, but often a half dozen or more are killed sitting on the drifting dead reeds. It is contemptible "sport." The young birds are good to eat, and securing them is on a level with reed bird shooting, but the old birds are sedgy and worthless. I don't think any tears should be shed over the demise of the mud hen. He is not a game bird, he is not good to eat, and he can be secured with an oar or stick almost as well as with a gun; he is not pretty nor musical.

There were very large bags made a day or two this season. At Anglesea more than 1,000 were killed at a single tide. One gentleman got 147 and ran out of cartridges.

F. S. J. C.

Uniform Game Seasons.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reading an article relative to the New Jersey game law in a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM, my attention was directed to that which I have always held to be the keynote of the whole business of preserving a reasonable game supply, viz., prohibit the killing of game of any kind except from Sept. 1 to Dec. 31 of each year; this done, you will have to a great extent solved the problem of game preservation in this State. Within the limits named, open seasons for the several sorts of game may be fixed, as for instance: deer, from Sept. 15 to Nov. 1; quail, from Nov. 1 to Dec. 25; grouse, from Sept. 15 to Dec. 31, and so on; but have all close on or before Dec. 31.

So long as the open seasons lap over each other, as under the provisions of the existing law, we have practically for the law breakers a season of "excuse for hunting" extending from Aug. 15, and in some localities even from July 1, to May 1 following. While it is possible that no special harm would arise from extending the duck season on Long Island to March 1, there is certainly no excuse for any provision of law that permits any kind of upland shooting except from Sept. 1 to Dec. 31.

While the law of excuse continues to exist game will be illegally killed by the pot-hunter and the amateur sportsman, honest perhaps under ordinary circumstances, but whose desire to kill something gets the better of his judgment when prohibited game gets in the line of sight.

There is no possible sense in having a series of open seasons slipping over one another like the points of a telescope and extending through the entire year; three months is an amply sufficient season for any and all legitimate shooting, and ought to be long enough to satisfy even the game hog.

In conclusion permit me to add a plank to the platform: "Prohibit the killing of any sort of game in the Northern States except between Sept. 1 and Dec. 31."

S.

TROY, N. Y.

Mississippi Game Notes.

BLUE MOUNTAIN, Miss.—We have not had enough rain in this immediate section to run in a ditch since the middle of May, consequently our crops are very short, not a half crop of cotton, something over a half crop of corn, sweet potatoes almost a failure, peas no good, and hay one-fifth of a crop. I do not know of anything that is plentiful but quail. The dry season just suited them. There are some squirrels, but there will be less in two weeks, for there is but little mast, and in that time they will have eaten up all there is. There are but few wild turkeys here, and the few there are get killed before they are well feathered. There are no ducks.

S. N. R.

St. Mary's Mountain Goats.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Rocky Mountain goat is generally considered such a trophy by those lucky hunters who have been so fortunate as to secure one, that I am tempted to tell your readers where they are sure to get it.

In August of this year I joined a party of cavalry officers at Fort Assiniboine, Mont., and we made up a party at that post with the avowed intention of getting goats and sheep if they were to be had.

We went 150 miles west from Fort Assiniboine by rail to Blackfoot Station on the Great Northern R. R., and from there struck out northwest to Norris Cabin in the St. Mary's Lake country, about forty miles from Blackfoot.

Here we made our permanent camp. From this point we made short hunting trips of two or three days' duration into the surrounding country, having good success every time. The "lick" on Kootenai Mountain, four hours' climb from our permanent camp, yielded one or more sheep every time any of our party went up, and we went frequently. There were no goats on this mountain.

No finer trout fishing is found in the Rockies than that in St. Mary's Lake and river. Speckled trout run up to 4lbs., and lake trout certainly over 10lbs., and in almost limitless quantities.

There appear to be very few deer in this country, but grizzly bears are very plentiful. They tell me that May is the best bear month, as they will then come to a bait (usually a horse killed for the purpose, near a platform blind).

This country is on the Blackfoot reservation, and as it will be thrown open to settlement within a year, and the best hunting will then be a thing of the past, I would advise those who want to try for a goat to move quickly.

Outfits can be had at Blackfoot Station, and wagons can go as far as Norris's cabin, on St. Mary's Lake. Beyond the lake pack animals must be used.

I have hunted big game in many sections of the West, but have never seen a more attractive country than the St. Mary's Lake region. H. E. HAYWARD.

[Our correspondent mentions Billy Jackson as a good guide, and we add the name of Jack Monroe. They may be addressed at Kipp, Mont.]

Barnegat Shooting.

BARNEGAT INLET, N. J., Oct. 1.—There has been a great flight of snipe of all kinds at North Point of Beach, Sea Dog Shoals and Sedge Islands during the past few days; the yellow-legs making the air resound with their plaintive whistling. I learn that a nice lot of golden plover and large yellow-legs were killed by a gentleman while standing on the porch of Sedge Island Lodge.

Last Saturday I caught some very fine bluefish just over the bar, at the inlet, some weighing over 7lbs. Captains report good sport with large weakfish and croakers outside the bar. They use a cabin yacht and when the fish are located the sheet is "eased off" and they drift; using hard clams for bait, and a No. 6.0 snelled hook with a 2oz. sinker. The fish average from 4 to 8lbs. Each yacht taking from twenty to forty in a day.

The bass have been biting very well during the past week in Mud and Sedge channels; the sportsmen using a spoon and trolling from a rowboat, also still-fishing, using crab for bait. I saw some weighing 6lbs. each which were caught in Sedge Channel, near Buster Island.

SEA DOG.

Kentucky Game Abundant.

FULTON COUNTY, Ky., Sept. 29.—On the sandbars of the Mississippi River, below Cairo, Ill., wild geese have already made their appearance in goodly flocks. This is not usual so early in the season.

Mallards are also coming into the lakes and bayous, and as there is splendid feed and a much better supply of water than for years past, it is likely that the shooting will be exceptionally fine this season.

I have never seen such flocks of doves as we have this year. They fly in droves like wild pigeons use to do. Some of our shooters have been having fine sport in shooting them.

The quail are also very abundant, and there has not been so many squirrels for many years as during the summer, and fall sportsmen in this section will have good sport this season. J. N. HALL.

Abundance of Snipe.

WINNIPEG, Sept. 29.—We are having a spell of Indian summer which will delay the aquatic birds in leaving us for a more congenial clime. It, however, lengthens our sport with them. Mr. Hough may look forward to the best snipe shooting of years. I never saw them so plentiful. I had a party of friends out last Saturday afternoon and they made a hole in a thousand cartridges, but the bag was not so large as it might have been.

THOMAS JOHNSON.

Duck Shooting from Launches on Long Island Waters.

THE New York law permits duck shooting from boats propelled by hand and from sail boats in Long Island Sound, Gardiner and Peconic bays; but it does not permit shooting from naphtha nor steam launches, which is reported to be practiced extensively.

Maine Big Game Hunters.

NEW YORK, Oct. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Messrs. John J. Sullivan and John W. Phillips, of the New York Health Department, leave for Greenville Oct. 10 for a hunting trip of two or three weeks in the Moosehead region. Mr. A. H. Isbell, who is a crack rifleman and pistol expert, went into Darling Camps on Sebois last week.

Dogs Deadheaded in Virginia.

DURING the hunting season, *i. e.*, from Oct. 1, 1896, to March 31, 1897, the Norfolk & Western Railroad Company will take free in baggage cars, when accompanied by owner, and at their risk, the dogs of sportsmen or hunting parties, not exceeding one dog to each man.

W. B. BEVILL, General Passenger Agent.

New Hampshire Small Game.

BRISTOL, N. H., Sept. 28.—I have been having a few days of fine sport with the grouse and the grays in this vicinity, and find both very plenty. J. W. B.

Game and Fish Protection.

MARYLAND ASSOCIATION WORK.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Thinking that it might be interesting to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM to know of the work that is being done by the Maryland Game and Fish Protective Association and the State game warden, I will encroach upon the columns of your valuable paper for a little space.

At the last session of the General Assembly of Maryland the Game and Fish Protective Association obtained some valuable additions to the game and fish laws. The enactment of a law providing for the appointment of a game warden with power to appoint deputies *ad libitum* was the most important legislation enacted in the interests of sportsmen. The game warden's department and the Game and Fish Protective Association are practically one and the same, they go hand in hand and are in perfect harmony. Mr. J. Olney Norris is the game warden, and has appointed over 100 deputies. Since the organization of the department last June a great many offenders have been arrested, and in every instance the guilty ones were convicted. Several interesting cases are now pending trial. The most important case to be tried is the one which which will come up during the present term of the Circuit Court of Baltimore county, in which James F. Butler and Robert Smith are charged with having perpetrated the dastardly crime of poisoning 3,000 English pheasants at the Bowley's Quarter game preserve, a full account of which was given in the FOREST AND STREAM last week.

The preservation and propagation of black bass in the Potomac River is a matter in which the Association is deeply interested. No stream in this country is better adapted to bass than the Potomac, and with proper restrictions and enforcement of the fish laws it will be utterly impossible to exhaust the supply of bass in the Potomac by legitimate angling. According to a tri-party agreement on the part of representative sportsmen from Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia, who met at the Blue Ridge Rod and Gun Club, near Harper's Ferry, last November, recommending a uniform law for the three States, prohibiting the taking of bass in the Potomac in any manner save only with hook and line, the time is near at hand when the Potomac River will become the best bass stream in this country. The Legislatures of Maryland and Virginia passed the law last winter, and West Virginia will do likewise at the approaching session of its Legislature. This law will do away with all fish traps, outlines, seining, etc., which have been very destructive agents in depleting the Potomac for years.

Bass are abundant and fishing is very fine at this time. My friend Dr. W. S. Harban, of Washington, and a number of the Blue Ridge Club caught twenty-three fine fish one day last week and twenty-two the day following, the largest weighing 4½lbs. It was my good fortune to catch a fine string myself during a recent visit to the Blue Ridge Club as Dr. Harban's guest.

I have just returned from a tour of inspection in my official capacity, consulting the deputy wardens along the Potomac and the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, from Harper's Ferry to Williamsport, with a view to carrying out a scheme that will put at least 1,000,000 bass into the Potomac. The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal contains great quantities of bass. At the close of the season in December the water is drawn from the canal, but there are large and small pools all along the canal which hold considerable water; in these the fish congregate by the thousand, and it is the determination of the Association to seine these pools, putting all the bass into the Potomac, and to destroy all the German carp, for they are regarded as the worst nuisance ever dumped into American waters. Thousands upon thousands of small bass die in these pools every year, and barrels upon barrels of large bass have been taken from them with seines for years; but, thanks to Col. G. L. Nicholson, general superintendent of the canal, this has been stopped. Col. Nicholson has issued orders prohibiting any one from seining in the canal. We have the assurance that Col. Nicholson will assist the Association in every way he possibly can in consummating our plans. The Blue Ridge and Woodmont clubs and sportsmen in general will also lend a helping hand.

Deputy Game Wardens Armstrong, Bowers and Webb, of Hagerstown, were particularly attentive to me, and I am under many obligations to them for much assistance and good advice, and the Association will find them ready to coöperate with us in every way they possibly can. The same may be said of all the deputy game wardens in western Maryland along the Potomac. These facts are mentioned to show how harmoniously the Game and Fish Protective Association and the game warden's department fraternize. GEORGE W. MASSAMORE,

Sec'y-Treas. and Assistant Game Warden.

War Begun in Massachusetts.

BOSTON, Oct. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed please find a clipping from the Boston *Herald* in reference to the war which has commenced on poachers in this locality. The Rod and Gun Club is a new club which has been recently formed, and they propose to take care of the game in New England and see that the game laws are strictly adhered to. ROBERT SMITH.

The Rod and Gun Club is taking active measures to enforce the fish and game laws of the State in behalf of legitimate sport, and a war has been begun on poachers which will be kept up, it is said, until the treasury of the club is exhausted. As its membership includes some of the wealthiest men in the State, this will not be for some time to come.

Game commissioners, appointed by the State, are on the pay rolls of the club, and for the past three weeks they have been actively engaged in looking over the ground.

The first arrest was made Sunday, when Clarence Hattenburg was caught at Easton with two partridges. He was taken before Judge Fox, of Taunton, yesterday morning. He pleaded guilty, and, it being a first offense, a fine of $20 was imposed.

Commissioner Wm. O. Quggle, who made the arrest, said to a reporter of the *Herald:* "Since I started out three weeks ago to enforce the game laws, I have found plenty of evidence of law breaking. At Easton and North Easton particularly men have been going out day after day, and if this sort of thing is kept up it would not be long before there would be no game in the State worth talking about.

"As it is now, sportsmen who go out find very little, while the trappers simply set their snares during the day, go home for the night and in the morning come for the game.

"The case to-day was the first of many I expect to have in court before long, for I have already secured evidence enough to secure convictions. It is the determination of the Rod and Gun Club to push every case to the full extent of the law." BOSTON.

A New Jersey Month.

IN his report to the Fish and Game Commissioners for the month of September, Protector Charles A. Shriner says of the game law and its working:

The past month has added materially to the ever increasing volume of evidence that the laws regarding game passed by the last Legislature are wholly inefficient for the purposes for which they were enacted and that a continuation of these laws cannot but result in the total extermination of game in this State. With the yearly increase in the number of gunners has come a material elongation of the periods in which game of different kinds may be lawfully taken; in only one instance was the period made shorter, being the season for the killing of reed and rail birds, this being fixed so as to prohibit the killing at a time when the birds are the most numerous and in the best condition for the table. But the extending of the seasons for the lawful killing of game is not the worst feature of the present game laws; the most obnoxious feature is that the law permits the killing of some kind of game during many months, thus giving pothunters and poachers a warrant for being seen with guns in the woods and fields at almost all times of the year. Temptations to violate the game laws were thus afforded by statutes intended to secure an observance of the laws.

As the past month afforded opportunities for the killing of song and insectivorous birds and other violations of the game laws to a greater extent than during the summer months, the wardens were instructed to be more vigilant than ever, and if possible to secure the punishment of every violator of the law. To apprehend all the offenders would be a manifest impossibility, but the result of the work of the wardens has been gratifying as far as their vigilance is concerned.

The record of prosecutions during September comprises not less than seventy-two cases, most of them for the illegal killing of insectivorous birds, many for Sunday gunning, others for taking bass of unlawful size and use of set lines.

Pennsylvania Game Law.

THE Legislative Committee of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association met Sept. 30 at Harrisburg. The attendance was small and the chairman of the committee, in calling the meeting to order, said that the showing made by the members of the committee was decidedly disappointing.

The business transacted was of a preliminary nature. The meeting passed a motion that a committee be appointed to draft a bill for presentation at the next meeting of the Legislature, fixing the open season for all game from Oct. 1 to Dec. 31. There was quite a difference of opinion upon this point, and it is more than probable that when the committee finally acts upon such a bill its contents will be much modified.

The questions of the sale of game and also of the non-exportation of the same were discussed, and a committee appointed to look into such questions.

J. F. O'Neill was elected secretary of the Legislative Committee, and will act in that capacity at all meetings of the committee. The meeting adjourned to meet again at the call of the chair.

Sea and River Fishing.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XV.—Charles Guyon.

THE little mining town of Potosi lies in the southwest corner of Wisconsin. It has three streets in the only possible places for streets; the three narrow valleys which meet in the center of the village afford outlets for travel. Some two miles to the west one valley leads to the Grant River, near its mouth, and here a Mississippi steamer came for freight occasionally. A stage came from Galena down another valley, and thus Potosi was connected with the outside world. Here I drifted in the spring, and found good fishing and shooting. My friend Loeser had gone a few miles further north to Fennimore Grove, near Lancaster, where he settled down into a farmer's life.

Charley Guyon was one of the French-Canadian colony which formed the largest portion of the village. There was a settlement of Cornish miners in one of the outskirts called British Hollow, but the two peoples mixed very little except in the way of trade and in the gambling rooms, which were then run wide open. Charley was a strong young fellow about my age, and he proposed that we should go jacking for fish some night.

"I don't know the first thing about jacking, Charley. I'll go and try it. Tell me all about it."

"Well, it's this way," said he (very few of the French-Canadians spoke anything like a dialect). "We have a jack light on one side of the bow and it hangs over the water, so that no fire drops into the boat. One man paddles and the other stands in the bow, and when he sees a fish he gigs it."

The jack was a cresset made of strap iron—a 12in. ring to which half a dozen strips were riveted to form the bowl, which was fastened to an iron staff long enough to bring the bowl above a man's eyes as he stood in the boat. Charley had gathered a lot of bark from the shell-bark hickory, which he said made the best of all lights, and we got a ride to the landing with our traps. The "gig" was a spear of some six or eight prongs, with a wooden handle about 8ft. long, to which a small cord was attached to the upper end to recover it by.

As soon as it was dark enough we lighted the jack and started. The boat was a light-bottomed scow and I used the paddle. Guyon stood in the bow and gave orders; he did not use nautical terms, but said "right" or "left" as

he required the boat to go. Soon he said, "Steady, left, hold up," and then after a pause, "Go on slow, there's a big pike about here, but he was shy and I couldn't get a crack at him. Hold on, right a little," and he poised his gig and sent it buzzing into the water. "A clean miss. I didn't strike low enough. Go toward that tree top out there, there may be some buffalo near it."

Surely I must have misunderstood; he could not mean that buffalo might be grazing in that tree top, but I was in a strange land, and my new friend might be having a little fun at my expense, so I kept still. Soon the orders came, and as the spear left his hand it struck and gave a little tremble, and my companion yelled out: "I got him!" and taking hold of the string which was tied to the gunwale he pulled the gig staff to him and then landed in the boat a huge fish of about 20lbs.—huge to me. "There's your buffalo," said he.

I looked at the great ungainly fish, with a hump on its back and a mouth like a sucker, and asked if it was good to eat.

"Oh, yes, it's better than red-horse, but not as good as bass and pike. Here, you take the gig and I'll paddle. Now you've got to put the gig into the fish and not in the place he looks to be at. If he's nearly under you throw right at him, always with the gig across his body and not in line with him. The further he is away the more you must throw under him, because he's deeper than he looks to be. You know how a board appears to be bent when half of it is in the water, the lower end seems to be higher than it is. Well, it's just so with a fish; unless he's right under you he's deeper than he looks, and the further off he is the deeper under him you must strike."

I took the gig, with some doubt of my ability to gauge the depth of a fish and judge his true position, for I knew what Guyon said was true, only I had never thought of it before. I did think of his names of fishes; we had a buffalo and he spoke of red-horse. I had seen dogfish and catfish, but where was this kind of nomenclature to end? Soon I saw several large fish. There had been plenty of small ones seen, but with a 20lb. fish in the boat as a pattern my ideas were no doubt enlarged. Soon I said: "Steady, stop!" and plunge went the gig and missed.

"I knew you wouldn't touch that fish," said Guyon; "you threw too far from the boat, and it went clean over him by two feet. Next time aim two feet below where he looks to be at and you may get him. It's very seldom that a man throws the gig under a fish that lies ten feet away from the boat. Try it again."

At the next chance I was bound to miss the fish by throwing under it, if I missed it at all, and I plunged the gig in the water at what seemed an absurd low point and struck a pike of some 5lbs.

"There," said the man at the paddle, "I knew you could do it if you could only believe the fish was a foot or two below where he looked to be at." This use of the word "at" was new to me then, but I found it common in the West and South. Lately it has had attention called to it by its use in Congress. It sounds odd to those who hear it for the first time.

And so we passed the first half of the night, and returned to the warehouse and slept in it, for Charley had the key; but we took the precaution to take our fish inside too, for he said: "The moon will be up in an hour and she'll spoil the fish, and then we don't want minks and wildcats carryin' 'em off or chewing them up. We'll get a ride up in the morning, for Joe Hall's going to bring down some potatoes and there'll be teams down with lead."

Morning came and we went back with the first empty wagon, taking over 200lbs. of fish—bass, pike, buffalo and big red-finned suckers, which proved to be the "red-horse;" and I had been initiated into the mysteries of jacking for fish, handling a gig, had received a lesson in practical optics, and knew positively that a fish in the water was not always in the place which it appeared to be "at."

Somewhere in an omnivorous course of reading I remember a statement that "Man shall not live by bread alone," and in the practical every-day life it began to be painfully evident that no matter how desirable it might be to hunt and fish forever, there were needs other than what the chase afforded. There was a man who really demanded pay for letting me live in his house. Of course the house was built, and I did not hurt it by living in it; but he had put a man out because he did not pay. Then there came a day when a really serious bit of thinking over the sordid spirit of man had been indulged in for fully ten minutes, when Charley Guyon came along.

"Say," he began, "you ain't doin' anything, an' I want a pardner to sink a shaft. I think I know where we can make a strike, an' I've got all the tools. What d'ye say, will you jine me?"

"Well, Charley, I was just thinking that it was about time that I went at something; but I don't know the first thing about lead mining. Tell me all about it; how do you do it?"

"It's just like this: A man owns a piece of land and he throws it open for mining or he keeps it for other purposes. Suppose he throws it open; then any one can dig and he takes one-tenth of the mineral for rent. A windlass, rope, bucket, pick and spade are all the tools we use. Mineral may be struck at ten feet, or it may be at sixty, but we go down until we come to hard pan; it never lies below that. You may get some "drift" that will pay or may not; it's all chance. You may work a week and not get a dollar, and you may strike a lead*, and then you drift in and follow it. You see there are lots of abandoned shafts which were sunk ten years ago, when mineral was worth only ten dollars per thousand. Now it is worth thirty dollars and two men can make wages if they get a thousand pounds per week."

"And a fellow has to work down there under ground like a mole to do this?"

"Yes, but pardners take turns, one in the shaft and one at the windlass, and of a hot day you'll prefer to be below. There's men here who hire other men to 'tend windlass, and they take the chances—make it all if they strike it big, or lose their time and the man's wages. It's all chance, just the same as when you go into Coons's and sit in a keno game; you may win or you may not. But all business is chance anyway, just like gambling; the only man who's got a sure thing is the man who works for wages, and he gets left sometimes."

* This is pronounced leed in the mines, and is a corruption of lode.

Behold the mighty hunter, with a band and candle socket on his hat, grubbing away like a well-digger, and assorting an occasional lump of "drift," with its white coating, from the earth and clay, and depositing it in a "hen's nest" until there was a bucketful—always hoping that the next stroke of the pick would cut into a bright bit of galena; or at the windlass waiting for the word "up," and dumping the earth on the down-hill side and keeping an eye out for stray bits which had escaped the eyes below. So passed the summer, with occasional fishing trips with Henry Neaville and his brother Frank, for Guyon cared little for the sportsmanlike methods of fishing, gigging and netting them in quantities was his delight, yet the fun of it was ever uppermost in his mind. He thought fishing with a hook and line was too slow work; his mind was active and required more exciting sport.

In considering what constitutes sport, a question on which the doctors disagree, it might be well to allow a little latitude for individual notions; I was about to say idiosyncrasies, but if Guyon was living he would ask: "What's them?" and so we will let it go at "notions." Please remember that this was forty years ago, and none of us had given thought to the possible exhaustion of a source of fish supply which seemed only to invite the slayer by appearing next year in undiminished numbers. This is the only excuse I have to offer for our destruction of life in those days of its plenty, and an excuse seems necessary to-day. If it is sufficient, well and good; it is all I have, and I throw myself on the mercy of the court. We all needed education in the matter of fish and game preservation in those days, and I hope that I have atoned for the misdeeds of my youth by both precept and example in later years.

In sketching Charles Guyon, who was an honest, sturdy fellow, not averse to a fight if it was forced upon him, but not a quarrelsome man, it is only fair to him to say that, having been reared in a mining town, gambling came as a natural thing, just as luck in mining did, and if his week had been successful Saturday night found him at the keno table staking the last sovereign that he had earned. The smelters sent wagons to weigh and gather the mineral every Saturday afternoon, and the pay was in British sovereigns, which passed for $5, for no miner would accept paper money for his mineral, although he sometimes did in exchange for his gold.

Saturday nights the gambling places and the drunkeries kept open until morning, and the Cornish miners from British Hollow rested from their labors by drinking, gambling and fighting. These were the highest forms of sport known to them, and in fact to the majority of men who work underground all the week in all parts of the world. One night I dropped into Sam Coons's to look on. Here I want to say that I have never won or lost $1 in any form of gambling except at the house of a gentleman in Germany, where a small stake was the custom, and there was no escape. I don't claim any special credit for this because I never had a desire to gamble—was too cowardly to risk my wealth, if you wish to put it in that way. Plenty of good men gamble, and I have other faults, but am not one of those of whom Byron says they

> "Compound for sins they're not inclined to
> By damning those they have no mind to."

I have occasionally played cards in a perfunctory way, without caring for them, and have engaged in games to decide who should pay for oysters, cigars and such other goods as an army sutler possessed, but a book always suited me better. Speaking of games in connection with Potosi wakes me up. In the sketch of Gen. Martin Miller, No. XI., the fact was recorded that Herr Driesbach, the great lion tamer, used to come to my father's house to play chess, and to my great surprise Bill Patterson pointed out a finely-built, powerful man whom we had just passed and said: "That's Driesbach, the lion tamer." I hurried after him and the result was that I often went out to his farm of an evening and had a game of chess, the only game that I ever thought worth the candle. Chess players were very scarce in Potosi, and Driesbach and I were out of practice, but if I won one game out of five it was sufficient.

One evening he said: "You aren't one-half the man your father was, he must have been over 6ft."

"Yes, 6ft. 2in. and no spare meat."

"Well, I remember once when we crossed the river to Albany in a small boat and a 'longshoreman was smoking a pipe in the faces of two ladies who sat in the stern. Your father spoke to him about it and got an impudent reply, and he then jerked the pipe from the fellow's mouth and threw it overboard. Then threats of vengeance came when we should get on shore. Your father hurried up and ran up the steps to the dock and waited. Then he said: 'My friend, you were going to lick me when you got on shore. I'm in a hurry to go to business and have only got a few minutes to spare, and I would like you to do it now?' The man looked him over and said: 'Be jabers, it isn't worth while for the likes of us to be foighten' about an ould poipe.' Now, Fred, that 'longshoreman would have cleaned you up in about two seconds. Why, you ain't a bit like the old man." I learn from my old friend, Hon. J. W. Seaton, who still lives in Potosi, that Driesbach died something like fifteen years ago, and the vest made from a pet leopard skin was given by Driesbach to Judge Seaton, who has it now.

There was a feeble game law in Wisconsin at this time, and once when Guyon and I had been up the Grant River looking for a place to sink a shaft where there was a prospect of several lodes, meeting and forming a mine of wealth, we met a party who had killed a deer out of season. It was Sam Coons and a professional gambler called Coachee. "Now, boys," said Coachee, "we killed this over in Iowa, where there is no law against it, but we don't want to have any talk about it. We ain't goin' to sell it; just brought it over for our friends, and if you'll take a quarter home, here it is. We took the quarter, Guyon and I. We knew that the deer was killed in Wisconsin, but—we let it go at that. We would only have made fools of ourselves if we had been Quixotic enough to have complained, and there would have been no venison for us. Put yourself in his place. These things, no doubt, are different in Grant county to-day, but I have not been there since 1857—time enough to bring all the changes in game protection which have been wrought in other parts of the country.

When we went to work in the woods near the river I took my rifle as soon as Sept. 1 came around and it was lawful to use it. This was the one that father gave me. I only remember that the barrel was half round and half octagon, an unusual departure from the general make of rifles, which were generally all octagon, and were stocked to the muzzle, although short stocks were coming into fashion. Caliber was a word little used in connection with hunting rifles, but we reckoned them by the number of round bullets to the pound. Squirrel rifles ran as small as 120 to the pound; mine was thirty to the pound, and that was considered very large. I never used any large bullets in it—"slugs" we called them—for the theory was that they were only good in the open country, and that contact with a twig would deflect them more than it would round bullets. A modern rifleman would not know how to tell the caliber of a rifle by our measure, and I can't inform him. I only know that with such guns, and many smaller, the old-time hunters killed the biggest animals on the continent, often when the first shot must disable a grizzly or a panther, for it took time to measure powder and reload.

I had to go to the village for something, and left the rifle loaded, also the powder horn and box of caps. The bullets and patches were in a leather box on my belt, which I wore. On returning I heard several shots some distance from our shaft. Guyon and the rifle were gone. The shots kept up, and I started at a lively gait until I came in view of the shooting match. There was Guyon in among the branches of a fallen beech tree, crack went the rifle, and a big buck charged into the branches, but could not reach him. His back was toward me and I hailed: "Hello, Charley! What are you doin' to that deer?"

He turned and said: "You are a great fellow to go off with all the bullets. Got any with you? If you have, throw me one. Don't come in here too close or that deer will kill you; he's fightin' mad now."

I did go in on a run and got into the tree top just in time to avoid the charge of the buck, and handed Guyon a bullet, which he rammed down without a patch, and planted it in the deer's frontal bone and dropped him.

Such a looking deer I never did see. Guyon's only bullet had broken one antler close to the head and angered him. The treetop was fortunately at hand and made a natural abattis, behind which the man could carry on the offensive and shift to avoid the enemy as occasion required. But the deer! His head was literally skinned all around his eyes and from his forehead to his nose.

Charles said: "When he came for me and I was safe in this treetop I whittled green beech plugs for bullets, and thought if one took him in the eye it would drop him. Every time a plug hit him he would snort, shake his head and come at me. See how he has wet me. I think I shot more than twenty plugs at him, and I don't know how I would have got out of this brush if you hadn't come."

The story was too good to keep. He didn't hear the last of it for some time.

Bill Patterson said: "Charley, that venison was very good, but there was a taste of beechnuts about it. It isn't late enough for the nuts to drop; how do you suppose it got that flavor?"

Joe Hall hailed him with: "Hey, Charley! That venison tasted as if he had broken into Darcy's shop and had eaten his shoe pegs. What d' ye s'pose he'd been feedin' on?"

The multitude of islands between Wisconsin and Iowa at this point renders it difficult to tell where Grant River ends or loses itself in the Father of Waters. It is several miles from shore to shore, and channels of many depths and widths separate the islands. These waterways, the "kills" of New York and the "bayous" of the lower Mississippi, are here called sloughs, pronounced sloo. One of the beauties of our language is that this word may be pronounced sluff, slouw or sloo, each having a different meaning. In a recent letter from Mr. Seaton he says, in reply to a question, "The inland island waters, most of which go dry in summer, I think, are properly called sloughs, and the name is not a provincialism peculiar to this part of the Mississippi valley. Webster gives the pronunciation 'slou,' and here it is spelled sloo and means a sink or depression in the islands in which the water gathers and in some cases remains all the time, and in others it signifies channels or sluiceways in which part of the waters pass from one stream to the other, *i. e.*, the over-swollen Mississippi to the depressed Grant River and *vice versa*, hence we have 'Swift sloo,' 'Hay sloo' and several others known to the fishers and hunters. They are the natural habitat and breeding places for frogs, reptiles and mosquitoes, as well as a great resort for ducks in the spring and fall. During the spring freshets the fish gather in them in large quantities and are entrapped when the water falls, which is usually in August and September. This year a large number of German carp and black bass were taken in willow woven nets by the boys, although this is prohibited by law. The upper waters of the Mississippi were stocked a few years ago with these fish by the Government. It is in April and May, when the 'spring rise' overflows the banks and spreads over the bottoms, that the fat catfish, buffalo and other fishes are found out of the channels and main streams feeding in the grassy bottoms. Then the boys wade in and have their fun catching them. Sloughs are creations of the great river and are part of it."

The domesticated hog ran wild on these islands and once a man said to me: "Now, you will want some pork, and you ought to buy a claim o' hogs. I've got five marked sows on the islands and I'll sell you a claim in 'em fur a dollar."

On inquiry Charley said: "That's all right. There's about ten claims o' hogs on the islands. It's this a-way: a man turns out a sow with certain ear marks, and all the pigs found with her in the fall are hers if there's a hundred. Give him a dollar and you can kill all the pigs you want, only don't kill an old one with marks in its ears." I bought in and was part owner of all pork on the hoof that had two Vs in the right ear and a round hole in the left.

Guyon, Bill Patterson, Henry Neaville and I went for pork about the middle of September. Charley and Bill skinned theirs, and this was the usual custom, but I agree with Neaville that a properly dressed pig looked best, but "How can we dress them on these islands?" I asked. Henry said, "I'll show you," and we pulled the scow up high and dry, filled it with water, made a roaring fire and heated a lot of stones which had been brought to the island for the purpose, and boiled the water to scald the pigs. How easy it is to do things if you know how! Fresh pork was cheap in those days, and I have seen where a hog had been killed and only one ham taken and

the rest left in the woods, perhaps by some fellow who never paid his $1 to "buy into a claim o' hogs."

Once, while alone going down to the marshes with my rifle to get a duck or two for dinner, for it was the only gun I owned, I went a little way up the side of the bluff to get a view of the overflowed lands, and make a reconnoissance of the flocks of ducks and of such cover as might conceal an approach to them. I sat on a log to view the scene and recover some lost breath. It was early in the afternoon, and the log was so comfortable that I sat some time. Four half-grown foxes were playing in the leaves like kittens, and a move would have spoiled the show. Suddenly there was a shot close by and the foxes vanished; a pig squealed, an old hog grunted and a boy screamed. I jumped at the shot and started slowly to see who was shooting, but ran when I heard the boy. There he was on his back, and a big sow chewing his arm. Quicker than I can tell it I shot and fortunately hit the hog in the eye and she dropped dead. Then I became excited at what might have happened if I had missed the hog or killed the boy. He had fainted, and, having no water, I fanned him until he came to. His arm was badly torn, but no bones were broken and the doctor soon had him repaired. A hog will charge a man any time if he makes a pig squeal, and then they are dangerous animals. On telling this pig scrape to Charley he showed me some great scars on his legs where he was bitten under similar circumstances, only that he seized a hanging limb and drew himself into a tree, and fortunately some strangers heard his yell and came to his rescue, or he would have bled to death.

Charley Guyon inherited the taste of his countrymen for the violin, and he and another noted fiddler named Montpleasure had played with a traveling minstrel troupe which went up through Wisconsin and Iowa, and some of his experiences were laughable. Said he: "We struck a little town in northern Iowa just in time for a late supper and to get to the hall. The box of burnt cork couldn't be found and there wasn't corks enough in the single hotel to make 'paste' for the troupe of ten. Yes, we had ten, all good men too if we did take in small towns, but what was to be done? The hall was filling and we had small boys out looking for corks and coming back saying, 'Mother says she ain't got no corks,' or 'Pap says he'll get you a cork ef you'll give him six tickets.' The hall was full and the people began to get uneasy, when in came the landlord to the dressing room with four boxes of shoeblacking and asked if that wouldn't do. Charley French thought it would, and we wet it up and used it and rushed on the stage. The overture went off well and the opening chorus was half through when the boys began to feel uncomfortable. The stuff had stiffened and we felt as if we were varnished, and soon it began to peel off. Such looking niggers you never did see. We got laughing and the audience roared; our tenor tried to sing 'Swanee River,' but it was uphill work; he looked like a darky with the small pox; we shook our sides and the people screamed until he got mad and left the stage. It was well for us that it hit the audience as being funny, but we got through somehow, and as they wanted to dance we played for them until morning, after we washed up. They had never had such dance music, and they wanted us to promise to come again, which we did and had a grand reception."

Once when we were discussing the chances of sinking a shaft in a new place he burst out laughing. I waited to hear what the cause of this hilarity was and as soon as he could pull himself together he tried to say, between shrieks: "Bones asked why this troupe of minstrels was like a gang of burglars which had been discovered. Ha, ha! ho, ho!—O, I can't tell it. But the answer was because we—he, he! O, my!—because—because we're spotted!" And then he couldn't stop. A roll on the ground and a kicking of heels was the only sedative, and it always got in its quieting work if no one started a laugh; if they did it took longer.

I think Charley never tired of this yarn, for he would laugh all the time until he cried; it was the great event in his uneventful life.

He was as happy as that happy race, the French-Canadian, usually is—happy if it rained or if the day was bright; happy in luck of any kind, if he had strings for his fiddle and rheumatism and the toothache kept away. Mr. Seaton does not know the date of his death, but thinks it happened about twenty years ago. It matters little; those who knew him know that he died happy, and if he indulged in any retrospect of life at all, that night when shoe-blacking was substituted for burnt cork took a prominent place, and I can imagine his last words to be: "It was the best thing we could get." FRED MATHER.

For Fly-Fishing only at the Upper Dam.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the last issue of the Phillips (Maine) *Phonograph* I find in "Fly Rod's Note Book" the following item: "Great will be the rejoicing among the fly-fishermen to hear that the grand old pools at Upper Dam are not for the plug fisherman after this. The Fish Commissioners held a hearing Sept. 9, when it was asked that 'From the gate-house to open water in Mollychunkamunk Lake should be for artificial fly only,' and there is no doubt but what this will become a law." Now let every fly-fisherman pure and simple, from the Provinces to California, drop on his or her marrow bones and pray (each after his or her fashion) that this petition may be granted. It will be one of the grandest things the Commissioners ever did (and they have done many) and will everlastingly redound to their credit. Just fancy the smiles that will wreath the faces of those 8-pounders when they realize what the Hon. Board is doing for them. Congratulations, please.

J. W. B.

Large Black Bass.

MESSRS. WILLIAM MILLS & SONS show in their window at No. 7 Warren street a mounted small-mouth black bass, caught at Lake Mahopac, in Putnam county, New York, by Reuben Miller. The fish was weighed by proprietor Dean, of the hotel at the lake, and was found to score 8lbs. It measures 24in. in length, 7½in. depth, spread of tail, 7in. (8in. when taken). The bait was a yellow perch. If you would see a handsome black bass specimen, go and look at this big fish.

James A. Patterson, Jr., of this city, has the credit of another large bass taken in the same waters; it weighed 6½lbs., and is to be seen in the window of the United States Net and Twine Co., at 316 Broadway.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

More About Minnetonka.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 14.—The more one sees of the great State of Minnesota, the more one becomes impressed with its beauty and extent of resources. No part of the West is to-day more full of interest to the lover of rod and gun, and I repeat that it is sure to be the case within a few years that Minnesota will absorb a great deal of travel which now goes beyond it or stops this side of it.

Minnesota is a land of prairies and of forests, the one intermingling with the other. Up in the north the big pine woods run in a long wilderness into the far cold country, and here there are moose and deer and bear and elk even to-day, and muscallonge fishing such as there is nowhere else in all probability. Yet quite as far to the north the prairie runs also, and the "sand ridge" country of the extreme northwest corner of Minnesota and the northeast corner of Dakota is one of the best grouse grounds left. It would take a world of exploration and a dozen volumes of writing to describe the many grand angling waters of the east and northeastern part of Minnesota, or indeed those of the western side where the lakes lie in prairie or hardwood timber country. Many of these prairie lakes have the rankest growth of wild rice, and are not better for fish than for fowl. No section ever offered finer duck shooting than Minnesota in its prime.

Long years ago, as I imagine a great many readers will remember, the glories of the Kandiyohi Pass and the Coronas country were graphically described in the monthly magazines by that old-time expert, Mr. C. A. Zimmerman. Readers of FOREST AND STREAM will remember Mr. Zimmerman very well by his pictures of duck shooting. "A Side Shot," "A Lost Opportunity," "Stopping an Incomer," "Shooting over Decoys," "A Tight Shell," etc., are more than household words. Mr. Zimmerman—who has led a varied career as soldier, war correspondent, war artist and business man—knew his Minnesota well, and chose as the best part of it the lower end of the "Big Woods"—that great section of hardwood timber which sweeps down the center of the State to the southern edge, acting as a many-fingered clasp to the gems of Minnetonka. Here, on an island in the lake, cut off from the world at will by a drawbridge of his own invention, Mr. Zimmerman has built him a lovely cottage on a commanding site and is spending his riper days as much in the heart of nature as he could ask. He is superintendent of the entire water transportation on Lake Minnetonka, which numbers a goodly fleet of steamers, and has besides the pleasant task of handling a large photograph gallery and studio; for with matters of art Mr. Zimmerman has always been entangled, and besides his use of the brush has never had his hands off from lenses and slides since he was a boy, almost a generation before the amateur photographer of to-day. He made his own cameras and arranged his own lenses, being first a scientist and then an artist and then an experimenter. Naturally an artist, a sportsman, a traveler, an observer and a writer all in one offers interest to the passer-by, and in these ways Mr. Zimmerman belongs to the public and cannot complain if he is rated as one of the attractions of Minnetonka. Mr. Zimmerman's warmth of heart, his rich fund of experience, his deep kindliness of nature, belong only to his family and friends.

It happens that Mr. Carrington Phelps, the host who was struggling to keep up with my Minnetonka appetite at the time, was the old-time friend and shooting companion of Mr. Zimmerman. Mr. Phelps can be recognized in portrait as the figure in one of the shooting scenes, just as Mr. Zimmerman has painted a portrait of himself in another. The two setter dogs, which figure in another picture, were actual and much beloved dogs, and both Mr. Phelps and Mr. Zimmerman have shot many ducks over them. Mr. Zimmerman was very fond too of Mr. Phelps's famous old Chesapeake Bay dog Darby, and speaks of him even yet as possessed of human intelligence. Of the same strain is Mr. Phelps's retriever Poule d'Eau (happy name), who besieges every visitor with a chip carried continually about and a beseeching look in the big brown eyes that asks very plainly that one throw the chip in the water for a sample of Poule d'Eau's retrieving. But let not the stranger be wheedled by Poule d'Eau, for she will keep him busy throwing sticks for her all day, and never tires of swimming for chips, diving for stones and disporting in the water so long as she can coax any one to play with her. Poule d'Eau is the only dog I ever really saw that would dive for an inanimate object for the fun of the thing. We often noted her to stay for several seconds under the water. She is a grand duck dog, though both Mr. Phelps and Mr. Zimmerman contend she does not equal old Darby. It is one of the pleasant things one likes to remember that these two shooting friends, Mr. Phelps and Mr. Zimmerman, both have their homes now on Minnetonka, and continue to live as neighbors at least, though they have both been very remiss of late years about taking their fall hunt for ducks. This fact I pointed out to them for sake of Poule d'Eau, who came always when we three sat on the lake bluff together and held up her chips reproachfully, looking up with soft eye pleadingly and plainly begging to be taken out duck shooting this very fall. At sight of which we all dreamed dreams about loading the old camp outfit into the wagon and taking a trip this very fall to some of the old lakes and having an old-time shoot, with Poule d'Eau as impersonator of Darby and the setters. So strongly did I urge upon them this duty to the dog that I left them both feeling very uncomfortable and promising all kinds of wild things if I would come out in October.

One day, in order that we might see something of Minnetonka and perhaps get a line on some of the fish besides, Mr. Phelps and his son Carrington pulled us out for a cruise among the islands. That was a very pleasant boat ride, and, I imagine, an exceptional one. Mr. Phelps is an old Yale man, and was captain of the Yale boat in 1870. He can show pennants and cups (trophies in the single and double sculls) dating back to his college days, and can, moreover, pull an oar which is its own certificate. His son Carrington has certainly had good training on the inland sea of Minnetonka, and some day maybe he too will pull an oar in the Yale boat—I am sure it will be a good one. Far be it from a scrub oarsman to row in such company as the above, and I did not. I only watched the ease and beauty of perfect rowing as the two, father and son, hit her up with the Yarra-Yarra stroke for a mile or so just for the fun of the thing. A crew like that make a very fine trolling motor, and naturally it was not long before I had a strike on the trolling spoon which we had out. Alas, the line broke and I lost my fish after a brief moment of fun with him, whereat I said: "Oh, dear!" That is what I said. "How unfortunate," said I, "oh, dear!"

The loss of this fish was indeed unfortunate, for we needed a fish for lunch. At length, seeing that the casting rod was not going to do much for us, Mr. Phelps fell back upon his Minnetonka trolling rig, a vast bamboo with no reel, but with a stout linen line as long as the pole, and attached thereto a No. 8 spoon, the latter baited with a big frog. We anchored our boat just at the mouth of one of the deep channels between two arms of the lake, which make a feature of Minnetonka navigation. This channel was 200yds. or so in length, 10 or 15ft. deep, and debouched into a great circular hole, which was over 30ft. deep in the middle. This spot Mr. Phelps had often found good for a pike or so, and we concluded that we must stay there until we caught something to eat, for we were making believe of living chiefly by hunting and fishing. I kept on casting, viewing with amusement the vast sweeps of Mr. Phelps's lure, which was about the size of a dishpan as it swirled and eddied and ripped through the water. It seemed very likely he would scare some fish to death or desperation with it, but it never occurred to me that he would catch anything. But just as I was making a nice little cast with my brass rig I heard an exclamation from Mr. Phelps, who was standing up and working his dishpan from the bow of the anchored boat. "I saw him," he said; and then as he cast again: "I've got him." And sure enough he had a great, lashing whale of a pike, which after long coaxing and maneuvering we discovered to weigh 7¼lbs.

"Well, we've got enough to cook," said Mr. Phelps, "but before we pull up just you try over in there toward the mouth of the channel."

I tried, but got no strike; and then Mr. Phelps tried with his dishpan and got a strike, and missed hooking the fish. "Cast right in, quick," he said, and obeying I got a heavy strike, and soon was at work with my first Minnetonka pike. Much to my delight, he did not prove one of the snake sort of pickerel, but he was a fighter and a stayer. He went out of water like a muscallonge once, and rushed and sounded and sulked for quite a long time, and was so heavy that my wrist tired in holding him up. At last we got him after a fight much longer than the big bamboo had offered, and we found that my fish weighed 6¾lbs. I think I never have seen pickerel (pike these should be called) fight so long and hard as these did. It would be in very bad taste not to call fishing for such fish good sport, whatever may be the habits of the same fish in other waters or at other times.

How to Broil a Pike.

We now went ashore to prepare our fish for cooking, and here again I had my notions about pike changed materially. I had never believed they were really good to eat, but this was simply ignorance on my part. They are good, and mighty good, if you know how to prepare and cook them. In this I had a lesson. Mr. Phelps first skinned the smaller of the pike, leaving a vast white carcass of yellow-white, firm flesh, showing all the interlacing muscles which had been making trouble for the little bass rod an hour before. Then he very deftly cut apart the flesh along the back line—the fins had already been removed—and the first thing we knew there lay two long strips of the flesh, almost entirely boneless, the backbone and nearly all the ribs being left attached to the skeleton, which was attached to the head. These two long strips of pike tenderloin he carefully washed, and taking about one and a half of them—for our fish was almost too large to be eaten outright—he led the way up to a certain grassy knoll that he knew very well, and proceeded to show me still more about the possibilities of the pickerel.

"Get me some wood," he said to us, "and I will show you a broiled fish pretty soon. Don't pick up just any old wet wood or rotten sticks you see lying about, but get me some clean, dry sticks, broken off from a tree that is dead and seasoned, but not lying down on the ground. You will find a dead ironwood tree just yonder, and that is the hardest, heaviest and best wood to burn that grows in these woods. I want my fuel from that tree, because the art of broiling depends first of all upon the fire."

We brought an armful of this stubborn, tough, close-grained hardwood, and Mr. Phelps built a fire of it, and then calmly sat down and waited. In a quarter or half an hour he had a bed of glowing coals several inches deep. The fire had made no smoke and the coals made no smoke, but they were red hot. Over this bed of coals Mr. Phelps adjusted his broiler, with his tenderloin of pike clamped firmly therein. First he seared the surface at the heat, and after the cooking had well begun he put on abundance of pepper and salt, and as the surface began to brown he began to baste it with butter, not poor butter, but good fresh sweet butter. Gradually the color of the tenderloin began to turn brown, dark brown, deep brown, deeper brown. Carrington and I protested that the fish was done, and that he was trying to kill us by such delay; but inexorably he broiled on, never adding a stick to the bed of redhot coals, which held heat enough for all that was demanded of them. Meantime, with one hand, Mr. Phelps had made at the edge of the fire a pot of coffee, which was sending up a most gracious aroma. I recognized in him at once that rare and precious being—a good woods cook. Stern as fate was he about his tenderloin, heeding no importunities. The brown surface began to crack apart and flake open, though never a bit of burning occurred. At length Mr. Phelps sighed and took away his broiler from the fire. We all sighed, and fell upon the tenderloin, exulting. Boneless, flaky, delicious was this tenderloin of pike. Still with one hand Mr. Phelps went on with his cookery, and soon had toasted in the broiler a number of slices of bread, each done to a nicety, and none burned or disfigured. Herewith we ate our tenderloin of pike, our big basket furnishing forth sundry and divers other articles for outdoor lunch made and provided. Let no man scoff more at pike, either upon the rod or upon the table, for by so doing he but proclaims his ignorance, even as I did before this memorable day.

How to Make a Pike Bait.

While upon the subject of pike, let me tell of something else I learned that day on Minnetonka. "I will show you the best pike bait on earth," said Mr. Phelps, when we had finished cleaning our big pike. So saying, he took up the discarded head of the fish and began a careful dissection of the white, pearly, tough skin which covered the

lower jaw. He began at the base of the gills and peeled this white skin off carefully clear to the point of the lower jaw. He then had a forked bit of white substance about 6in. long, dimly suggestive of a frog with its spread legs.

"You put this bait on the hook of a big spoon and troll or cast with it," said he. "I have always found a frog on a spoon hook the best bait I could use for pickerel, and this is equally as good or perhaps better, and has the further merit of being indestructible. I shall take these two baits home with me and pickel them in brine. This will not destroy their brilliance at all, and these two baits will last me all the season. It makes no difference how many fish you take on this bait, it never is hurt by the teeth of the fish, for it is tough as leather."

Of course everybody has used the "throat latch" of the wall-eyed pike as a bait for a trolling spoon, or has used the same bait or a fin for a trout bait on the single hook, but this was not the throat cover of the fish, but the skin of the lower jaw. Mr. Phelps did as he said with his baits, and five days later, when I dropped off at the lake on my way home, he used one of the baits and caught on it the only fish we took on a lazy afternoon of fishing. On the same afternoon that we caught the two big pike he used this bait on his big spoon and had two strikes to my one all the time, I casting with spoon and frog beside him. We took no bass on this bait, as it was probably too large, but for a lure for big pike I doubt if it can be beaten. At the time of our fishing the bass had apparently taken to the deep water and we got but one, which Carrington took, nicely casting frog. This fish weighed 3½lbs. and was a fighter also. It might have been the season of the year, or the depth of the water, or what not, but surely the Minnetonka fish gave us a lot of sport. Without exception they were clean, bright, healthy looking fish, and far superior to fish taken in shallow and weedy waters.

A Double Fireplace.

After our lunch we went over to Mr. Zimmerman's island, effecting a landing without opposition, for the inhabitants were all away. None the less we went into the house and saw all Mr. Zimmerman's pictures, some the originals of his well-known ducking scenes, others of which he keeps at his studio in St. Paul. And we also made open exploration of Mr. Zimmerman's fireplace. When he built this fireplace the stone masons thought Mr. Zimmerman crazy and at first refused to do the work, which they executed at all only with many shakings of the head. In short, this fireplace is a double one and serves for two rooms. It therefore has no back at all, so that if you want to see the back of the fire in one room you can go into the next room, where the back of the fire is the front of the fire in the other room. This is plain, I hope. If there is no fire burning you can go into the next room right through the fireplace, which is only the expansion and cutting away of a wide section of the bottom of the big chimney. Of course, theoretically this sort of an open-faced fireplace must smoke and be troublesome to the last degree, but the perversity of things is shown in the fact that it does nothing of the kind, but is just a great big, smokeless, comfortable camp-fire in the middle of the house. It requires a great deal of courage and insistence to really have an idea which is new, people are so hostile about it. There are so many stone masons in the world.

On another time Mr. Phelps and I rode all over his domain—a couple of miles across, all timbered with the primeval forests and as wild looking as though it were in the wilderness of upper Minnesota instead of at the door the great Twin Cities—and had still further opportunity of becoming acquainted with the beauties of lovely Minnetonka. From the high bluffs along the curving shores, which some day will hold hotels and cottages, I suppose, we could see the great lake stretching away to every point of the compass, arm on arm and wide sea after sea. This seems to be the southernmost of the big Minnesota series of fresh-water lakes, though I am told the Mille Lacs are larger. Minnetonka seems held back by some sort of ledge which dams it back and up from the level of the Mississippi River Valley, its outlet being the Minnehaha Creek, which has to take a big drop to get to the level of the great river. It is a singular fact that the small-mouthed black bass and the wall-eyed pike are not found in Minnetonka—more shame to the fish commission—the game fish there being represented by the pike (*Esox lucius*) and the large-mouth bass. The small-mouth bass, the wall-eyed pike and the muscallonge are all found in the Mississippi waters of that region. I am disposed to think the big-mouth bass and the pike are glacial in their origin like the niggerhead boulder and the church sociable Anyhow, in Indiana, which is glacial in the upper tier of counties, there are no wall-eyes or small-mouthed bass, though many sociables and boulders.

Wild Rice.

All the shallow bays of Minnetonka are filled with the wild rice which makes the great attraction for the myriads of wildfowl in all the great system of lakes over the State. The many ducks which used to make such fine shooting when Mr. Phelps and Mr. Zimmerman first moved in on Minnetonka have now gone the way of all flesh, but the wild rice grows as tall and beautiful as ever. On one of the islands of the lake live a half-breed and his family who do a good business in selling the wild rice, which they retail, if memory serves me rightly, at 25 cents a quart, or a pint, or a gallon, I don't know which. But I do know that wild rice is exceedingly good to eat, for Mrs. Phelps had some cooked for us, and it was delicious. It is the correct thing with mallard or teal in a Minnesota duck camp. The Indians knock off the long-bearded heads into their boats as they push through the tall rice, and afterward parch away the beards of the grain. It then is ready for sale or for the cooking pot. It has the shape of long, dark covered cylinders a trifle larger around than a needle and perhaps half an inch or so in length. When cooked these grains swell up even more than those of the domestic rice, though the result is a dish of not pure white, but dirty brownish and white grains. It is very sweet, and far more delicate than the tame rice, and there is no husk to it at all, contrary to appearance. When Mr. Phelps and Mr. Zimmerman and I pitch our mallard camp—when dreams come true—we are going to cook wild rice with our mallards every day.

Ways of a Tame Fox.

At Mr. Phelps's home camp on Minnetonka there were of course a number of pets about, including Poule d'Eau, a litter of seven puppies, a rattle-headed retriever called Buffalo and a faithful old pointer called Tige, now almost upon the verge of dissolution after a long life of glory in the open country. Poor old Tige! It is one of the saddest things of sportsmanship to have to see a favorite bird dog grow old and helpless. Tige was so helpless he could not walk far, but was anxious as ever to go when he saw us start out along the woods road. He would walk a little way and then give in, lying down in the road and whining pitifully at realizing that his strength was gone forever.

But most interesting of all the home menagerie was the red fox called Roxie, one of the oddest pets I ever saw. Roxie is about two or three years old, but much smaller than an adult red fox should be, thanks to a life of captivity. In her youth Roxie would bite any hand extended to her, but her owner whipped her so conscientiously that he broke her entirely of that habit; so that she is now harmless. Roxie is, however, too wild by ineradicable nature ever to be on terms of close friendship with many. Mrs. Phelps can pick her up at will as though she were a kitten, but no one else can catch her without pulling her in by the chain to which she is attached. Sometimes I would thus get her up to reaching distance and would scratch her ear, an operation much relished by her, and sometimes she would eat from one's hand; but always she did this under protest, with little whines and grunts of protest and contempt. As nearly as I could tell, that was just the feeling Roxie had for human beings—one of contempt. Sometimes she would stand and look at one with her eyes half closed, in the most unmistakably cynical fashion one ever saw, showing plainly enough what was her estimate of humanity. All day long Roxie was rarely still, but was running full length of the chain most of the time, and very often carrying in her mouth a chip or bit of wood, which was her fashion of play. She would dig holes in the earth to some depth, but preferred to hide in her hollow log, which served as a kennel. With the retriever puppy, a round, curly little fellow a few weeks old, she was on the best of terms, and would play with it by the hour, never hurting it in the least, though often its sharp teeth must have hurt her ears. At night, when shut up in her log house, Roxie would utter a loud wail of protest, a curious indescribable whining howl, blended with a snuffle and cough. None of the dogs about the house ever troubled Roxie, and they seemed included in her general contempt for all things mundane. Roxie was always busy with her own thoughts, and it was impossible to evade the conviction that her constant thought was of freedom. It is curious that this animal was always willing to be taken away from the house into the woods, but never willing to come back again. Mrs. Phelps often took her qut in the woods for a walk, or carried her along in her arms; but Mrs. Phelps says that no matter how long the walk or how devious, the fox always knew when the turn was made for home, and would then invariably lie down on the ground and utter a loud and pitiful cry of protest at being taken back.

One night after my visit the fox managed to break away with her chain dragging and escaped into the woods, much to the sorrow of the family, who value the little creature very much. Several hours elapsed before anything was done toward her recovery, and then Mr. Phelps bethought him of a neighbor a few miles away who had a pack of foxhounds. A grand fox hunt was at once put in operation, and the dogs trailed about over the big tract of woodland on Mr. Phelps's peninsula for some time, often apparently running a hot scent. The fox seemed to have made not for the high grounds, but for the meadows and edges of the rice swamps beyond the timber, for here was where the hounds clung. Nothing came of it the first day, and on the second day it was dry and hot and no success was had. At length Mr. Phelps saw a faint trail in the dust of the road which looked like the drag of the chain, and the young foxhounds here took up the running and soon began to bay. Running in to them, Mr. Phelps found Roxie tangled by the chain in the high grass, saved only by the youth and inexperience of the hounds from an ignominious death. Roxie was taken up and carried home, still grinning as contemptuously and cynically as ever.

The Rails n the Rice.

When we were about the lake on our fishing trips at Minnetonka we could always hear the merry voices of myriads of rails in the wild rice, and often would make some sudden noise or rap on the boat for the purpose of hearing the noisy chorus they would set up after the fashion of their kind. "I love to hear those little fellows," said Mr. Phelps, "for they remind me of the old mallard days in the up country. They were there in the wild rice as they are here, and their note is one of the familiar and pleasant sounds always associated with those days. People ask me if these rails could be shot here as they get them in the East, but I don't suppose a boat could be pushed through the rice here, and besides I would not think of shooting these little fellows. I keep them for my orchestra. Hear them chatter, day and night! Always there is a cheery sound to a rail's voice, some way."

It was pleasant to idle about Minnetonka, to row, to sail, to watch boat races, to catch big fish and eat them, to wonder about the big Indian mounds (many of them dotted with trees as thick as a man's body, and all of them to be found upon the highest and most sightly points about the lake), to study geology, and ichthyology, and forestry, and cookery, and natural history and many other useful things; to listen to rail birds in the rice, and to wish you could see Poule d'Eau carrying a mallard instead of a stick. Minnetonka is a sermon and a lesson. All this leisure, all this wealth, all this longing to be with nature in spite of all the hurry and worry of business life, is proof enough of the pleasant dogma of FOREST AND STREAM. The people of America need rest and realize it. Minnetonka is a great resting place for thousands of people. All through the summer thousands of folk come here and rest, to depart when winter comes for the intense struggle of the American business life. At the time of my trip there the season was just drawing to a close. As old Tige lay by the smouldering camp-fire on the morning of my departure, a brown leaf, broken from its stem, whirled and fluttered down like a crippled bird and fell close by his gray muzzle. Evidently the end of things was to come again. But after the end is the beginning, and next year Minnetonka will be there as young and a cheerful as ever, and as openly proclaiming the dogma o FOREST AND STREAM.

E. HOUGH.

ANGLING NOTES.

Red Mascalonge.

ON my way to the Metabetchouan River, at Lake St. John, for ouananiche, I spent a little time in Montreal, and called on my friend, Dr. W. H. Drummond, president of the St. Maurice Club. He told me that a friend had sent him the day before a red mascalonge, and he wished that I might have seen it before it was cooked. A red mascalonge was something new to me, for I had never even heard of such a fish before, and while we were talking about it the friend who caught it came in. He is Mr. J. Stevenson Brown, of Montreal, and he told me that the fish was caught in a tributary of the Ottawa River called Back River, as it runs back of the city of Montreal. The red mascalonge are uncommon and it is only occasionally that one is taken, although "black mascalonge" are common enough. The red mascalonge has a red tail and red fins, "the red being the color of a maple leaf in autumn or the red of the setting sun." In every other particular except the red coloring they resemble the "black mascalonge," but they are considered a rare fish, and because of its rarity it was presented to his friend. In saying it was a rare fish I was not to get the impression that it was a freak fish, for they were recognized as distinctively a variety of the ordinary mascalonge. All the pike family are inclined to highly colored fins at some seasons, but a mascalonge with pure red tail and fins is new to me.

Black Mascalonge.

The use of the term black mascalonge led me to inquire about the fish, and I found that the ordinary mascalonge of the Ottawa River was unspotted, like the Wisconsin mascalonge and Kentucky pike, although both are structurally the same as the spotted mascalonge of the St. Lawrence. Dr. Drummond and Mr. Brown informed me that the spotted mascalonge was not known in the Ottawa or its tributaries, but the black fish was abundant, probably more abundant than in any tributary of the St. Lawrence. At Isle Perrot, about fifteen miles above the city of Montreal, it is not uncommon to take half a dozen fish per boat in a day, and they run as high as 50lbs. each in weight.

The black mascalonge are probably the same as the unspotted mascalonge of the West and the Kentucky pike. The common pike, the fish that is generally called pickerel in New York State, is caught with the mascalonge, but both the red and black mascalonge have the proportionately shorter upper jaw characteristic of the mascalonge, and their heads are fuller in front of the eyes. This Mr. Brown mentioned to show that the mascalonge had not been confused in any way with the pike, for his catch in one day consisted of red and black muscalonge and pike.

The Red Ibis Fly.

There are times when trout will take the red ibis fly to the exclusion of other artificial flies, and anglers have often wondered what there was in nature that the trout could mistake the red ibis for, as there seems to be no red fly as red as the artificial red ibis. Mr. Brown, who is an entomologist of repute, told me that he had found a beetle that in the water was as red as the red of the red ibis, but when the beetle was taken from the water it assumed a brick-red color. His idea was that this beetle, which is not common, was known to trout in some waters as a rare tidbit, and in such waters when the red ibis was cast on the water it was taken by the trout for the red beetle.

Within two weeks after talking with Mr. Brown in Montreal, I was fishing for trout in Lac des Passes, of the Triton Club's preserve, and for the first time in years I put a red ibis fly on my cast, for I have never been partial to the red ibis for trout, and the trout took it that day in preference to anything else I could or did offer them. Later when I put a Parmachenee-belle and a red ibis on the same cast the belle had the call with the fish. This result was pleasing to me, for I argued that I had not been wrong during all the years that my fly books were barren of red ibis trout flies. But every one with whom I talked, who had fished the Triton Club waters, said that a fly in which red predominated was the more killing fly. To satisfy myself I one day put a Parmachenee-belle and a Marston's fancy, which has no red in it, on the same cast, and the first fish that I hooked were a brace of trout weighing 5lbs., one of 2¼lbs. and the other 2¼lbs. One had taken the Parmachenee-belle and the other the Marston's fancy, while the third fly, a professor, attracted no attention from the fish. The trout seemed to take both the flies first mentioned impartially and yet the largest trout I hooked was on the professor. Except for one afternoon, when the red ibis was the favorite, no flies that I used were taken so readily as the Parmachenee-belle and the Marston's fancy, and there seemed to be little choice between them; but when these two flies were taken I would sometimes get a third trout on the third fly, whatever it happened to be, until I fished with two flies only.

"The Biggest Fish Gets Away."

It has come to be a saying that the largest fish gets away after it has been hooked. Certainly it is not in the nature of things that the smallest fish should get away. It's natural for the largest fish, if any, to get away, for it has the best right to get away. Never, I believe, have I told in cold type of losing my largest fish, for that is a part of angling that is understood without explanation or diagram, but I will tell of losing one large fish because it was through my own stupidity and it will do me good to confess it, and will explain one cause of losing the biggest fish. One afternoon at the Triton Club, the present month, the lake was smooth as glass, but here and there a trout could be seen breaking the surface. I was using a fine leader, but my flies were rather large for the leader when the lake was so still, being Nos. 3 and 4 old scale hooks, and I changed the two upper flies; one that I put on was a professor on a No. 10 hook, as I had none in my book larger. During the afternoon I caught a number of trout up to 2¼lbs. in weight on this fly, as the canoe was paddled around the lake for me to cast wherever I could see a rising fish. I was really killing time until the evening fishing, when the big trout might be expected to come on the shallows to feed. The professor had become somewhat worn, for Tomah did not remove it from the mouth of a fish with the gentlest hand, my chief desire being to put the fish back in the water as quickly as possible uninjured, and I said to him that before the evening fishing

commenced I would take the professor off and put on a fly with heavier gut. About 5 o'clock I came to the mouth of the pass where my friend Mr. Rathbone was fishing, and he said there was nothing there over 1½lbs. and he was going to the next pass for the evening fishing, and I told him I would remain there, for I thought the big trout would be coming in in about an hour, judging from my experience in the same place the evening before. Mr. Rathbone started through the pass and I put my rod down in the canoe to fill my pipe, still talking with Rathbone as his canoe was disappearing in the bend in the pass. The pipe lighted, I took up my rod; I had really no intention of doing any real fishing for an hour, as Rathbone had been on the spot two hours, but with the rod in my hand I made a cast, when there was a boil on the water, and I struck. The next moment the line was disappearing from my reel at a rate which told me I had hooked one monster fish or two big ones, and I thought what an ass I was to leave that professor, with its thin, worn gut, on my cast. With his paddle Tomah backed the canoe toward the middle of the lake in the direction that the fish had already taken. After some good fighting I reeled the fish up near the stern of the canoe and Tomah exclaimed: "Two: one big one—six pounds!"

"Which fly is the big fish on?"

"Can't see; but the big fish is on top."

That was not encouraging, for the stretcher fly was all right, and "on top" might mean the second or third fly, and they were not all right. A moment later Tomah announced to me, "Big fish on middle fly."

Shades of my piscatorial ancestors, who will rise up and call me an angling chump; the middle fly was the professor! I soon got a sight of the fish, and they worked like a well-broken team, swimming together like two souls with but a single thought—to get away together in the same direction. Two or three times I brought them near to the canoe, and Tomah took one hand from the paddle to grasp the landing net. "Don't try to net them until I tell you, and then save only the big fish; let the other fellow go if he will."

I drew them along parallel to the canoe, with their dorsal fins out of water, and saw clearly that one was nearly twice as large as the other, and concluded that Tomah was a good judge of the weight of a fish in the water. The smaller fish turned on its side, and the larger acted as though he had about enough of it, and then in my own mind I determined to save them both. Slowly I reeled and drew them toward the canoe, and they came together so nicely, the big fish, a female, showing her white belly, and the smaller fish dressed in red that the males assume when the autumn leaves begin to fall, and I thought this is too easy! Nearer and nearer they came, and I had to restrain Tomah, who wished to put the net in the water, for I was not cock sure that the trout were ready for it, although both were turning on their sides and righting themselves again 10ft. from my face. I swung them gradually toward the stern of the canoe, yet still prepared for a last run, when suddenly there was a splash and a boil in the water, and two hearts no longer beat as one; for in the last frenzy the trout had darted in an opposite direction, and by sheer force of weight the larger fish had parted the thin gut above the professor and was gone at the very moment I had about decided that she was my fish. The male fish was soon in the net, and when placed on the scales weighed 3½lbs., and I told Tomah that he made a good guess at the weight of the big one that got away. As a rule, I do not turn a hair at the loss of a big fish, for I have been through the operation too many times, and have become philosophical, or hardened, or indifferent, whichever is the right term, and usually go through it without missing a puff on my pipe; but here was a case where I lost the biggest fish through my own stupidity, when I knew well that disaster was sure to follow the retention of a weak fly on my cast, and ever since that moment when the big trout disappeared with a final flirt of its tail in the direction of my face, while its head pointed toward the bottom of the lake with the broken professor in its jaw, I have been trying to convince myself that I was glad of it. Certainly if any one else should lose a big fish through tackle that he knew was defective when he put it in use, at a time when he had plenty of sound tackle to replace it, he would not get much sympathy from me, and I know of no good reason why, under similar circumstances, I should have any sympathy for myself; and perhaps I am glad that I lost Tomah's 6-pounder, for if I should hook another it will not be on a defective fly of which I have been forewarned by personal examination.

If I wished to excuse myself, which I do not, I might say that I was not expecting a big fish, for my friend had been fishing the place for two hours and he said there were no big fish there, and further, I did not expect any big trout to come in for an hour. The answer to that is that under such circumstances, if I believed what I thought I did, I should have kept the rod and the weak fly in the canoe and not have monkeyed with it on the water where big trout were liable to be at any moment. If a man puts his flies on the water he must put them there in a proper condition to take the kind of fish that are known or supposed to inhabit the water. I knew I was fishing for big fish, knew that big fish were in the lake, and Rathbone and I had agreed to kill no trout under 2lbs. in weight. I knew that I had over and over hooked two and three fish at a time, and knowing all this I deliberately presented a fly that was so weakened that while it would hold a 6lb. trout alone delicately handled, it would not hold such a fish if one of the other flies should be taken by a big fish not in accord with the first one. Any one who will do this sort of thing deserves to lose his big fish.

How Pike Came to Long Lake.

Last summer, when the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission and a special Legislative Committee were going through the Adirondacks to the John Brown farm, which was to be turned over to the keeping of the Commision, the party passed through Long Lake. It was a day's journey from the Sagamore Hotel on Long Lake to Wawbeek Lodge on Upper Saranac, with no hotel between, and it was decided to have a guide's dinner at Racquette River carry. An extra guide was sent down from the Sagamore early in the morning with provisions and cooking utensils, and when my boat reached the carry I found this guide to be Jeremiah Plumley, brother of "Honest John" Plumley, made famous by Murray in his Adirondack Wilderness.

Jerry Plumley was born sixty-two years ago in what was then known as St. John's Clearing, now the town of Long Lake, and he was the first child born in the clearing. He says that when he was a boy Long Lake was like a vast spring hole filled with trout, and in raspberry time no other bait was required for trout than one of the berries on the hook, as the trout took them readily.

I asked Jerry if he could tell me the exact date of the introduction of pike, the so-called pickerel, into Long Lake, and the circumstances surrounding it. He said the pike were brought from Harris Lake in Newcomb, and were brought to Long Lake and planted by Lysander Hall, Robert and William Shaw, but he would send me the date and other particulars when he returned where he could consult some records. I had fished Long Lake and Racquette River, particularly the foot of the rapids above Mother Johnson's, before the advent of the pike, and knew that they must have been planted within the last thirty years. Jerry thinks Hall was instigated by spite against a fishing club that formerly fished near Mother Johnson's, of which David Banks (then David Banks, Jr.) was a prominent member, although he claimed with the two Shaws that trout fishing was no longer of sufficient importance to attract visitors, and it was desirable to have fishing of some kind in the lake. Years ago I talked with David Banks about the Lysander Hall incident, but the particulars have all gone from my memory; still to the best of my recollection Hall was discharged from the employ of the club for cause, and was instrumental in procuring the pike more for the injury they would do the trout fishing than from any good they would do; but I never heard that this was the motive of the Shaw brothers, particularly Robert Shaw, whom I knew as a minister, justice of the peace and all-round pooh bah of Long Lake.

Jerry Plumley writes that he was in error about the pike coming from Harris Lake (by the way, Harris Lake is now a good black bass lake), that they were caught in Woodruff Pond by Richard Parker and by Hall and the Shaws, as stated; they were brought to Long Lake and planted in April, 1867, and this was the beginning of the end of trout fishing in Long Lake and even in adjoining waters, where the pike have found their own way or been transplanted by man through ignorance or malice. Long Lake in its primitive condition must have been a perfect lake for trout, for both the lake and brook trout found therein were noted even in my day for their perfection of quality and their rich red flesh, showing the highest possible food conditions.

This was the case in Indian Lake, now given over to pike, and it is the case still in the Seven Chain of Lakes.

To think that such a lake as Long Lake and tributaries should now be infested with pike, and that the trout should be exterminated, is sufficient to make one execrate those who are responsible for this state of affairs, provided they really did it through malice.

But to this day waters are being stocked with fish wholly unsuitable for them, and it is done with a desire to improve the fishing, not through spite, but errors of this kind are as difficult to undo as the spiteful planting of predaceous fish and the result is the same.

A. N. Cheney.

LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE FISHING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent, who writes to inquire about the food of Lake Winnepesaukee bass, is quite right when he concludes that there is an abundance of natural food in the lake which rather detracts from its attractiveness as an angling resort. The lake has been abundantly stocked with smelt from the Lakeport fish hatchery, and while this is no doubt a good thing for the fish, it is rather a poor thing for the angler. Too much fish food quite often deteriorates angling waters as much as over fishing; however, the first is preferable to the latter, and let us be thankful that it is so instead of being fished out, as some other waters are.

Black bass are fastidious fish under the best of circumstances, and, as every angler knows, there is no lure which is sure to attract them any one day. In Lake Winnepesaukee, however, they seem to have reconciled themselves to a diet of young smelt almost exclusively, and they merely take a fly or spoon occasionally, with the idea of having a romp with it and perhaps to keep "their hand in," as one fisherman expressed it. I have fished this lake quite industriously for the last two years, and my luck on bass has been such that I would be ashamed to have it known how many I didn't catch. Of those which did manage to measure their length on the bottom of my boat I invariably found that their stomachs were filled with smelt about 1 or 2in. long, and there was little, if any, trace of any other food.

The smelt are wonderfully numerous in the lake; in the winter and early spring shoals of thousands and thousands may be seen through the ice on almost any sandy beach along the shore. When the ice goes out in the spring the smelt run up the brooks to spawn, and at such times the natives around the lake go out with dip-nets in the night time and dip them out of the brooks by the bushel. I know of a party of four men who went to the Sandwich Brook last spring and in one night filled six bushel baskets with smelt, and claimed that they would have got as many more if they had had baskets to put the fish into. These smelt are not nearly as large as the salt-water smelt, although I have no doubt that they would grow quite as big if given the chance.

Another fish recently planted in the lake supplies a large amount of food to the lake trout. This is what is locally known as the "shad waiter," but in reality seems to be the whitefish, or whiting, of the great lakes. I have never had a satisfactory explanation of the exact identity of this fish, and perhaps some one else may be able to enlighten me on the subject. They are caught mostly in the winter time, and in deep water, 50 to 70ft. Some of the local fishermen claim that they are not the whitefish, and are not fit to eat—only fit for trout bait—but I know that the contrary is true, as I have relished them on many an occasion.

Winter fishing for lake trout is quite a—I was going to say "industry"—sport on Lake Winnepesaukee. It includes many discomforts and few fish in return, but it gives one a good excuse for an outing at a time when the surrounding mountains are clad in white and crowned with glistening, pearly diadems. A sunrise on a frosty morning on Lake Winnepesaukee is a rare treat.

Ice-fishing for lake trout consists in "bobbing" a piece of cut fish at the end of about 40 or 50ft. of silk line fo an indefinite period or until you have a strike. As soon as a strike is felt up shoots the arm and the line is hauled in hand over hand without a stop until the trout lies floundering on the ice. There is no playing of the fish, and if you average one or two bites a day you are doing well. One man usually has from two to six holes which he fishes at the same time, going from one to the other and bobbing a little while at each. Snow or brush is piled up on the windward side to secure some comfort, but withal it is rather poor sport unless one is endowed with a large share of the virtue of patience and is fond of winter scenery. Most of the fishermen are local parties and few sportsmen have hardihood enough to expose themselves to the rigors of a Winnepesaukee winter, but there are a few who go there regularly every winter and enjoy it. The local men sell their fish almost entirely to the storekeepers, who ship them to the market outside of the State, which is against the New Hampshire law. At one of these stores I once tried to buy a copy of Forest and Stream, when the worthy owner told me that he did not keep it and would "not give it house room." He said that if it was not for that blankety sheet they would not have to be so careful about shipping their trout, and all buying of trout out of season was ruined by the agitation of that blankety sheet. Verily, Mr. Editor, we love you for the enemies you have made. Matterhorn.

Wells River, Vt.

DELAWARE RIVER SALMON AND OTHER SALMON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the editorial columns of Forest and Stream for Sept. 26 the statement is made that planted salmon are appearing in the Delaware River, and the sentiment is expressed that "it is preposterous that the enterprise should be defeated by the lawlessness of the gang of spearers who infest these waters." I fear that the enterprise will be defeated by the combined forces of the spearers and the shad netters. We are to judge of future history by past history. By consulting past history we learn that each individual salmon is a fine prize easily captured by the stupidest fisherman, with spear or net; and the temptation to catch him is too great to be resisted by the people who live near the streams and who have no difficulty in discovering the resting pools and the shallow-water spawning beds of these great active acrobats. In the European countries, where poachers are promptly and severely dealt with, salmon poaching cannot be stopped. In this country the Province of Quebec has the best salmon regulations, because leases of salmon property give a large annual income to the Government, and yet I have heard natives boast of spearing salmon on the spawning beds in such well-protected streams as the Bay Chaleur waters—and in the streams down east on the Gulf coast nets are set in the resting pools almost without regard for the authorities. The population is small, the people are all loyal to each other in poaching matters, and the Government inspector's approach is heralded long in advance of his coming. There are many rivers which the inspector does not visit anyway.

On the eastern Quebec coast the herring nets capture great quantities of the smolts; and in some places the cod traps, which pay no salmon license, catch many more salmon than the licensed netters. It is said that the cod trappers are allowed to ruin the codfishing and the salmon fishing because they belong to the influential class which has the strongest pull with the politicians. In Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Cape Breton most of the salmon rivers have been poached until they have become unattractive to the rod fisherman, but the worst poaching at the present time is being done in Newfoundland. Last June I counted eleven salmon nets in the first half mile of one river (Coal River), and four of the eleven nets barred the stream. A very few salmon manage to get by such obstruction by jumping over the nets. The inhabitants on that river told me that a few years ago the stream furnished annually ten barrels of salmon to two short nets, and they could not understand why the fishing this year was a failure and no one caught a barrelful. On two other salmon streams I found nets at the only resting pools, and the big resting pool in the north branch of the Humber River is netted as a matter of course by natives who have no hesitation about telling of their catches. The authorities are not likely to catch any of the poachers, because they go at it in a ponderous way with war ships. One might as well "hunt ducks with a brass band." No sooner does the man-of-war appear at any part of the coast than the nets are expeditiously stowed away by the natives. I have talked with natives from North Labrador to Codroy River and they all say that the salmon resting pools in the rivers are netted and speared as a matter of course. The population is increasing as the salmon are decreasing, and the future for salmon fishing is pretty dark. Almost all of the Newfoundland streams would yield a good income to the Government, but the salmon fisherman who goes up there and looks over the streams decides not to invest his money. The Codroy River is an exception in that its salmon are protected, because there are summer visitors camped on the pool during a greater part of the season.

While there appears to be no doubt that the Atlantic coast rivers from the Delaware to Maine could be restocked with salmon, but in these rivers the white fisherman has shown his superiority over the Indian by his ability to catch the last salmon in the river and thus cut off his supply. If salmon reappear in the Delaware they will be speared on the shallow-water spawning beds as in days of yore, but the greatest obstacle will probably be in the shad nets. Salmon run into shad nets freely because they have confidence in their ability to smash any kind of net, but the gauntlet is too long in our shad rivers. I have known a good many shad fishermen and none of them were strongly addicted to the habit of putting captured salmon back in the river. Robert T. Morris.

New York.

Black Bass Stocking in New Jersey.

I have received during the past month a considerable number of applications for black bass and pickerel, but investigation shows that in only a very few instances were the waters sought to be stocked adapted for that purpose. The United States Fish Commissioner has complied with the requests of a number of our citizens for black bass in suitable waters. Under the circumstances I would respectfully suggest that no attempt be made this year of transferring fish from one water to another, the number of applications entitled to favorable consideration being

altogether out of proportion to the cost of instituting the work.

As a favorable opportunity presented itself for obtaining small-mouthed bass in Sussex county, 188 of these fish were placed in Culver's Lake, making a total of 236 adult small-mouthed bass placed in that water during the past year.—*Protector Shriner's Report for September.*

"POPSKINNY."

IN FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 12 Mr. A. C. Stott, of Stottville, N. Y., kindly corrects my phonetic spelling of the name of the creek where we boys fished, and gives it "Popscheny," as taken from an old map published in 1776 "by act of Parliament." He writes me under date of Sept. 18 as follows: "I have been much interested in looking up the earliest recorded spelling of this word. In the 'History of the City of Albany, New York,' by A. J. Weise, published in Albany in 1884, I find a full account of the early Dutch settlement of that part of our State. * * * Again, quoting Weise's own words: 'In order to possess an extent of land on the east side of the river equal to that which he [Killian Van Rensselaer, the original Patroon] had purchased on the west side, the Patroon instructed Jacob Albertyen Planck, the first sheriff of Rensselaerwyck, to buy from the Indians the tract of land called Papsickenekas, extending southward from a point opposite Swack Island. This additional land was purchased on the 30th of April, 1637.' According to Weise, Castle Island is the one directly in front of Albany, on which the warehouses now stand. This being correct, the distance from a point opposite Castle Island to a point opposite Swack Island, on the east side of the river, covers the present site of East Albany and Greenbush. As Papsickenekas was the name by which this tract of land was then known, is it not more than probable that your 'Popskinny' and the English 'Popscheny' are derived from the original Indian or Dutch name? The name does not appear in the 'Index to Documents Relating to the Colonial History of the State of New York.'"

Now enters into the field my lifelong friend Col. David A. Teller, of Greenbush, whose ancestral estate lies upon the banks of the water with the disputed name. He had been invited to look up the old titles and see if any of the lawyers who drew the deeds for his family in the long ago could spell a word of three syllables. His answer was delayed so long that I began to think he would not reply because of a certain transaction in apples some years ago. He claims that John Atwood and I did feloniously and with premeditation despoil his favorite apple tree of its fruit in A. D. 1847. Generously overlooking private animosities, he writes: "I have been so crippled with rheumatism that I could not hold a pen to write you until now. * * * As to that creek, concerning which there has been a discussion about the spelling of its name, I will try to settle the point for all time. You are wrong. You always did march left in front and I am not surprised that you did not get this right.*

"After a thorough and exhaustive search through the old deeds of my farm I find that all who have engaged in this spelling match are wrong. It isn't a creek at all and never was one. It is a 'kill' pure and simple, and this is the way it is spelled in all of our old papers: 'Papskanee Kill.' Paste this in your hat to preserve in case you put your reveries in book form."

There you have it! Who shall decide when doctors disagree? It is safe to say that when Col. Teller's mind is entirely diverted from apples he would pronounce the name "Popskinny," as I have used it; but if he should have that valuable fruit in mind he might say: "The name of that kill—it is not a creek, sir—is Papskanee, sir! Emphasis on the 'pap,' sir."

Here in the hands of these eminent investigators of musty records I will leave the question, only to be renewed when Col. Teller and I fight our battles over in his mansion on the banks of the Popskinny. F. M.

* The apple transaction is evidently in mind.

AT LAKE WEBB, ME.

BOSTON, Oct. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I reported my luck a few weeks ago, and pretty poor luck it was, too. I now report that of a friend. Mr. J. S. Duncklee, the chairman of the Boston board of assessors, is an expert with both rod and gun, and I have passed many enjoyable days with him following the streams in Maine and New Hampshire. He is one of the few men hereabouts who always get several messes of trout in the early spring from the brooks within a dozen miles of the gilded dome on Beacon Hill. In 1887 he made his trip with me to Ward's camps on the Dead Diamond River, and he liked the region so well that he went there half a dozen successive years. Last year and this, however, he passed his vacation at Lake Webb, 'way down in Maine, taking Mrs. D. along. It is of the trip of this season I propose to speak. The weather was not of the best for camp life in the woods, but he always got trout when he went out for them.

On the last day in camp, however, Sept. 22, he had a short period of excitement that was alone worth the journey. Toward night he and Mr. Chase, the proprietor of the camps, took the little steam launch and went up to one of the favorite pools to try for the speckled beauties. They had hardly got the anchor down before the wind began to blow and a young gale was soon making whitecaps all over the lake. Mr. Duncklee used three flies—a Montreal, a coachman and an Alexandra—with a light bethabara rod of his own make. Of course with a wind such as he encountered casting was difficult, but he soon had a strike and brought a pound trout to the net, and for the next three-quarters of an hour he had more sport than he ever before experienced in double that time. He caught five trout that weighed as follows: 1lb., 2lbs., 2lbs., 3lbs., 3¼lbs.; total 11¼lbs. He was satisfied, and he ought to have been. During his stay he caught one landlocked salmon that gave him plenty of excitement before he was brought to the net.

By the way, let me say how pleased I was to read in the FOREST AND STREAM of July 25 Mr. Barney's brief account of his trip to Ward's old camp on the Dead Diamond. It brought vividly to mind the many happy days I had spent there with Mr. Duncklee and my old camping partner, Jack Riedell, of Manchester. For eight successive years the latter gentleman and I, with Peter Bennett as guide, boated up the river to that beautiful spot, where we caught all the trout we wanted, and where we found all the enjoyments that any reasonable men could expect or desire. WM. B. SMART.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY Park, N. J., Oct. 3.—It would be a relief to record something of interest in relation to surf fishing. Never has September been so devoid of results. The most experienced have been unable to make any catch worthy of note. The bays and rivers have, however, given good results, particularly is this true of Barnegat. Whenever night fishing has been prosecuted weakfish, kingfish and sheepshead have been plentiful; and now the striped bass are working in from the ocean and are biting freely.

Much the same course should be pursued in taking the bass as I have recommended for night weakfishing, with this difference: the bass is best taken along the sedges where the channel runs close in; pay off to the tide with line but little loaded, and results are nearly certain.

Charles Atkins, proprietor of the Ocean Hotel, has just returned from a week's trip at Harvey's Cedars, a favorite fishing resort along Barnegat, and succeeded in taking four red drum or channel bass, of 24½, 32, 35 and 42lbs. respectively. He reports that fishing for all other varieties is pretty poor yet, as the fish are still in the upper portion of the bay.

The cool evenings have started the pickerel biting, and some good catches are being made from the lakes. This usually lasts until freezing weather and gives good sport with proper tackle. White perch, too, are now at their best and are taking the hook freely. LEONARD HULIT.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 1 to 4.—City of the Straits Kennel Club's local show, Detriot, Mich. R. H. Roberts, Sec'y.

Dec. 8 to 11.—Augusta, Ga.—Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association. J. W. Killingsworth, Sec'y.

Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 19.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual hound trials, Barre, Mass. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y, Roxbury, Mass.

Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.

Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.

Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.

Nov. 2.—Carlisle, Ind.—Union Field Trial Club's inaugural trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 10.—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.

Nov. 10.—Leamington, Ont.—Peninsular Field Trial Club, Leamington, Ont.

Nov. 10.—Waynesburg, Greene County, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's trials. L. O. Seidle, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—National Fox Hunting Association's third annual trials, Bardstown, Ky. F. J. Hagan, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.

Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y, Huntsville, Ala.

COURSING.

Oct. 21.—Altcar Coursing Club's meeting, Great Bend, Kan. T. W. Bartels, Sec'y.

Oct. 28.—Kenmore Coursing Club's annual meeting, Herrington, Kan. C. A. Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 13.—American Coursing Club's annual meeting, Huron, S. D F. B. Coyne, Sec'y.

1897.

Jan. —.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Jan. 18.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

C. F. T. C. DERBY ENTRIES.

THE entries to the Continental Field Trials Club's Derby on quail number fifty three, of which twelve are pointers. All were born in 1895:

ROBERT EMMETT—J. P. Green's b., w. and t. English setter dog (Sam Gross—Bess R.).

SARSFIELD—J. P. Green's b., w. and t. English setter dog (Rodfield—Opal).

POTOMAC—Fox & Blythe's b., w. and t. English setter dog (Antonio—Countess Rush).

CAROLINE—Fox & Blythe's b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Antonio—Countess Rush).

ROWE F.—John T. Mayfield's lem. and w. English setter dog (Antonio—Nellie Hope).

ANTHONY F.—John T. Mayfield's lem. and w. English setter dog (Antonio—Nellie Hope).

JOSIE FREEMAN—Mayfield & Gude's b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Antonio—Nellie Hope).

RODFIELD'S BOY—John T. Mayfield's (agt.) b., w. and t. English setter dog (Rodfield—Sue Gladstone).

STELLA HOPE—John T. Mayfield's (agt.) l. and w. English setter bitch (Antonio—Nellie Hope).

BILLY T.—W. R. Holliday's b. and w. English setter dog (Revenue—Daisy Bondhu).

KENO N.—C. E. Nathurst's b., w. and t. English setter dog (Count Lucifer—Dashing Mamie).

SARAGOSSA BELLE—P. M. Essig's b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Gleam's Pink—Maud E.).

DAVE EARL—Theo. Goodman's b., w. and t. English setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady).

ALBERT LANG—Theo. Goodman's b., w. and t. English setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady).

TARTAR—S. L. James's b., w. and t. English setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Rod's Sylph).

GLEAM'S ROY—J. J. Kinnane's b., w. and t. English setter dog (Gleam's Sport—Marie Avent).

FLORENCE GLADSTONE II.—J. D. Poston's b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Antonio—Florence Gladstone).

ABDALLA CRESSA—J. B. Turner's liv. and w. pointer bitch (Rex—Tinney Kent).

ROD'S PELL—H. R. Edward's b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Rodfield—Opel).

MINNIE P.—A. C. Peterson's o. and w. English setter bitch (Antonio—Nelly Bly).

PIN MONEY—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' b. b. English setter bitch (Count Gladstone IV.—Daisy Croft).

SHADOW—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' l. and w. English setter bitch (Count Gladstone IV.—Daisy Croft).

SAHIB—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' liv. and w. pointer dog (Delhi—Selah).

RUPEE—Charlottesville F.T. Kennels' liv. and w. pointer bitch (Delhi—Selah).

DEACON—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' b. and w. pointer dog (Rip Rap—Dolly D.).

SAM HILL—Dr. Jas. McDowell's b., w. and t. English setter dog (Rodfield—Indiana Belle).

AGNES WICKFIELD—H. S. Bevan's b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Whyte B.—Rosa Bevan).

DINGLEY DELL—H. S. Bevan's b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Whyte B.—Rosa Bevan).

JENNY WREN—H. S. Bevan's b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Whyte B.—Rosa Bevan).

RIPPLE—H. S. Smith's liv. and w. pointer bitch (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot).

MERRY MAIDEN—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Eugene T.—Maiden Mine).

LUTA L.—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Eugene T.—Beryl).

OLIVETTE—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Eugene T.—Beryl).

COUNT GLOSTER—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. English setter dog (Eugene T.—Gloster Girl).

MAID'S LAD—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. English setter dog (Eugene T.—Maiden Mine).

TYRONE—Edward A. Burdett's b., w. and t. English setter dog (Cincinnatus Pride—Gossip).

ABBOTSFORD MARION—Edward A. Burdett's b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Cincinnatus Pride—Gossip).

FIREFLY—Jas. S. Crane's liv. and w. pointer bitch (Rip Rap—Clipaway II).

ALICE B.—W. H. Beazell's b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Whyte B.—Rosa Bevan).

WALTER GLADSTONE—H. B. Ledbetter's b., w. and t. English setter dog (Gladstone's Boy—Nat's Queen).

ALLOYSIA—Dr. C. I. Shoop's liv. and w. pointer bitch (Rip Rap—Dolly D.).

FAIRY KENT—Paul H. Gotzian's liv. and w. pointer bitch (Lad of Beaufort—Daisy Kent).

ALLIE W.—Del Monte Kennels' b. and w. English setter bitch (Prince Lucifer—Clare).

TICK TICK—Del Monte Kennels' liv. and w. pointer dog (Tick Boy—Lula K.).

MOERLEIN—T. W. O'Byrne's b. and w. pointer dog (Rip Rap—Belle of Ossian).

RED SKIN—T. W. O'Byrne's liv. and w. pointer dog (Louis Kent—Fleety Fay).

RODSTONE—N. B. Nesbitt's (agt.) b., w. and t. English setter dog (Cinch—Rod's Florence).

HURSTBURN ZIP—D. E. Rose's (agt.) b., w. and t. English setter dog (Tony Boy—Dimple).

COUNT ODUM—D. E. Rose's (agt.) o. and w. English setter dog (Count Gladstone—Marie Avent).

CHRISTINA—D. E. Rose's (agt.) b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Blue Ridge Mark—Lou R.).

GUENN—D. E. Rose's (agt.) b., w. and t. English setter bith (Blue Ridge Mark—Lou R.).

ALABAMA GIRL—D. E. Rose's (agt.) l. and w. pointer bitch (Von Arrow—Lady Mull).

ROD GLADSTONE—Wm. Pollard's b., w. and t. English setter dog (Rodfield—Sue Gladstone).

P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas.

CHICKEN TRIALS.

WITH the admonitory and expensive experience of the Continental Field Trials Club in giving trials on chickens at Kennedy, Minn., recently—an experience which, it is safe to say, will deter it, and all other clubs whose members are non-residents of the chicken country, from ever giving a trial on chickens again, at least on any financial policy which contemplates guaranteed purses—a lesson may be learnt. The club paid a large deficit out of its treasury in settling the chicken trial accounts.

The guaranteed purse, given so many years and so disastrously by most of the field trial clubs, gave the Continental Club one of the discouraging blows which such purse sooner or later, generally sooner, gives to any club which guarantees it.

Speaking generally, there never was at any time any sound financial reason for giving the large guaranteed purses which have been given. Most of them were the outcome of club rivalries, and the large purses, so engendered, reduced the policy and action of the club to the purely commercial, instead of being an institution for the encouragement of wholesome field sports with dog and gun and the improvement of the dog, as the clubs professed their purposes to be. For when the secretary was confronted with a fixed amount of club liability on the one hand and a vague and erratic support on the other, he had to devote all his energies to securing a revenue. In some successful years the club might have a few hundred dollars to its credit, and after several successful years there might even be a few thousand; but the faultiness of the system in the end was sure to work a harm, and not infrequently ruin.

There is no reason why a body of men should guarantee a fixed amount in purses. The field trial clubs are not money-making concerns, and none of them own any property, so that when a member joins, the assets are simply the enthusiasm and good-fellowship of the members, and a common interest and purpose in sport with dog and gun, and the better improvement of the dog.

FOREST AND STREAM pointed out some years ago the fallacy of the field trial clubs' financial policy, but at that time, as the troubles were not directly at hand, the morrow could care for itself. At present all the great clubs of the United States are confronted with possible deficits, and have faced others to the damage of their treasuries—so much so that there is very little treasury left.

It is folly to ignore such important matters on the assumption that they are but temporary and will soon pass away; on the contrary, the clubs pass away and the trouble is constant.

A few years ago, when there was a boom in field dogs, and the swift-galloping dog was eagerly sought because such a dog was the fashion, and his brothers, sisters, cousins and aunts sold at high figures because they had the same blood and color as the dog which had the swift gallop, a large support was brought in by the commercial possibilities. The dog which ran fast was many times found to be an imitation dog, which had the appearance of seeking wide and fast, when, as a matter of fact, he was running because he felt in high spirits; and moreover those times have passed away. The boom has had its rise, progress and decline, and it is the part of common sense to accept the situation as it is.

Field trials should be encouraged, but it should be done on a sound basis. Make them a sweepstake. The competitors then make their own rewards.

The club under such system gives prestige to the event, conducts the competition under orderly conditions and affords impartial arbitration to the competitors. The club members, having paid their dues, have done all that the sport, its intrinsic value and their own personal enthusiasm should require. There should be no financial policy tolerated which will require an assessment.

Of course it will be difficult for those who have encouraged field trials on a commercial basis, and whose interest is in taking the money instead of contributing it, to see the matter in the light herein presented, but it is better to have field trials on the sweepstake plan than not to have any at all. Every club which disbands is so much loss to those who follow the business professionally, for while the club may be in public action but one week of the year, that week does much in making the year's interest permanent throughout the country.

In the great Northwest, in the chicken country where so many thousand sportsmen live and where so many good dogs are owned, the local sportsmen should organize on the sweepstake policy and make trials of their own. Secretaries can be found who will do the work for the good of the cause free of expense, and local judges would officiate at a reasonable compensation. At all events we feel certain that it will be a long time before a club whose members are non-resident will give a field trial on chickens, and unless a different financial policy is adopted there will be fewer to give them on quail.

Aberrations of Fancy.

NOT having been in either Paris or London for some years, I was somewhat startled to see a paragraph in a daily paper in which the various items of a dog's tailoring bill, amounting to £13 odd, were set down; and still more so when I saw, on reading a magazine article on the subject, that this was no isolated case of folly, but that there were a sufficient number of people, who appear to find a difficulty in spending their incomes on sensible or charitable objects, to support a very fashionable canine toilet club in London, and another, on a still larger scale, I believe, in Paris. Now, sir, England being a free country, of course all have the right to spend their own money as they like within certain limits, but surely those limits are exceeded when, to gratify a stupid desire to be conspicuous, or in mere general inanity, they put a noble animal like the dog to such an amount of suffering and humiliation as this craze must cause those unfortunate members of the canine race who happen to possess masters, or rather mistresses, with more money than brains. I pass over the daily bath, or rather shampoo, as it is called, which certainly cannot be good for the dog, and must be so repugnant to his feelings as to make him regard the entrance to the toilet club with much the same feelings as a lost soul might look on the portals of Dante's Inferno. But what can one say of wedding garments, of theater costumes and, for aught I know, ball dresses. Everyone who has kept dogs knows that they are most keenly alive to ridicule, and the amount of canine chaff which a poor little over-dressed Lulu, in tight boots, must undergo during a walk with its mistress, must be more than enough to embitter the rest of its existence. One can only hope that common sense, not to say humanity, will soon step in, or that some new and harmless eccentricity may create a diversion in favor of the poor lap dogs, who henceforth may be allowed to run about in a natural state and not as dressed-up puppets.—*C. H. W. in Field (London).*

Montreal Show Matters.

NEW YORK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Permit me through your widely-read columns to express my sincere thanks to those exhibitors who stood to their guns while a malicious and wholly unwarranted attack was being made upon the management of the Montreal dog show. Because the worthy secretary of this Montreal show neglected sending advertisements and news to certain kennel papers one of the "disappointed" advised exhibitors to not make entries. These same dog owners were also asked to believe that the Association, whose list of officers included the names of Sir Donald A. Smith, Sir Joseph Hickson, Samuel Coulson, Esq., Dr. W. H. Drummond and other esteemed citizens, was not "right." In other words, they were given to understand that a prize winner would be paid with nothing more substantial than blue ribbon. The exhibitors responded by rolling up a splendid entry of nearly 500, which for quality was never equaled in Canada. This entry is the more remarkable because Toronto, which was boomed for months and enriched to the amount of many hundreds of dollars by the specialty clubs, did not succeed in getting 520 entries and had a falling off of over 200 since 1892, as well as a reduction of $1 on each fee for entry.

It is a healthy sign that no kennel paper can judge, report, manage shows, deal in dogs and dictate to exhibitors where they shall exhibit; but I thought this was made clear some years ago, and that there would be no further necessity for illustrating the utter folly of the "killing" process when applied to properly conducted dog shows and their judges.

The exact number of entries at Montreal was 478, of which the following were the largest classes: twenty-one St. Bernards, fourteen wolfhounds, seventeen greyhounds, twenty-three foxhounds, twenty-one Irish setters, fifty-three spaniels, thirty-five collies, thirty-three bull terriers, twenty-seven dachshunde, sixty-three fox terriers, twenty-four Irish terriers, fourteen toy spaniels.

CHAS. H. MASON.

The Monongahela Valley Trials.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Oct. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* During the field trials the headquarters will be at the same place as last year, Richard S. Scott's, Khedive, Pa. The drawing will take place at 8 o'clock P. M., Tuesday, Oct. 27, at which time the starting fee of $5 must be paid.

The preserve can be reached by boat to Rice's Landing, and there livery accommodations can be secured at Love's livery stable, or by rail to Waynesburgh, where excellent livery service can be obtained at Ganiear & Sayer's livery stable. The boat leaves the wharf, foot of Smithfield street, at 3 P. M. week days and 9 A. M. Sundays. Trains for Waynesburgh leave the Union station at 7:30 A. M. and 2:55 P. M., city time, arriving at Waynesburgh at 10:45 A. M. and 7 P. M. There is no Sunday train. I shall leave for the preserve Saturday, Oct. 24. Any communications after that date will reach me by addressing me at Homeville, Green county, Pa.

S. B. CUMMINGS, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

A somewhat complicated case was decided recently by General Customs Appraiser Wilkinson, at Philadelphia, the case being an appeal from the decision of the local customs appraisers of that port. All the trouble arose over the invoice, which showed that one dog had been shipped from Germany by ex-Postmaster-General Wanamaker, whereas three arrived in port, the bitch having whelped *in transitu*. While in Germany Mr. Wanamaker saw a fox terrier bitch in Hagenbeck's Circus, the bitch in question, whose intelligence and tricks so won his admiration that he bought her for 500 marks. The manager informed him that the bitch was in whelp to a dog of excellent breeding, and that her progeny would be of a kind to swell his bosom with pride. The local appraisers had valued the puppies at a figure which called for a duty of $2 per pup; but as it was apparent that the father was all a mistake, an intruder of irrelevant breeding, the duty was reduced one-half. But it is a strange phase of human nature abroad which will permit men to perpetrate frauds in dog matters.

Blanks for the All-Age Stake of the International Field Trials Club can be obtained of the honorary secretary, W. B. Wells, Chatham, Ontario, Can.

The Aberdeen Coursing Club's Meeting, Aberdeen, S. D., scheduled for Sept. 29, ended on Oct. 2. The judging and slipping were good and the jack rabbits were fast. Glenrosa won the Aberdeen cup. In the last day's coursing there were five puppies left in the Derby, named Cashier, Snowbird, and Lady Aberdeen, belonging to Nichols and Ladd, of Mitchell, S. D.; Moonshine, belonging to A. P. Slocum, of Oakes, N. D.; and Lucky Colors, owned in Aberdeen by R. H. Woods. Lucky Colors, being the odd dog, took the bye course. Moonshine beat Cashier, and Snowbird beat Lady Aberdeen. In the next round Moonshine beat Lucky Colors and Snowbird got the bye. Then in the final course Snowbird beat Moonshine. Nichols and Ladd won $200 in first money with Snowbird, besides fourth and fifth moneys with Cashier and Lady Aberdeen. Mr. Slocum got $100 as second money, and Mr. Woods won $50 with Lucky Colors.

The Brunswick Fur Club has sent out invitations to its eighth annual field trials, to be held at Barre, Mass., beginning on Oct. 19. The club headquarters will be at the Hotel Barre. The trials will be judged by Messrs. S. B. Mills and William Jones, Needham, Mass.; Eugene Brooks, Vernon, Vt.; Nathan Stewart, Gorham, N. H., and Bradford S. Turpin, Roxbury, Mass. The Derby, open to all hounds whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1895, will be run on Tuesday, Oct. 20. Entries close on Monday evening, Oct. 19. Fee to start, $2. The All-Age Stake will be run on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Oct. 21–23. Entries close on Tuesday evening, Oct. 20. Fee to start, $3. The winner of the Derby will hold the R. D. Perry cup for one year. The winner of the All-Age Stake will hold the *American Field* cup for one year and receive the club medal. Silver medals donated by members of the club will be given to the first prize winners in the hunting, trailing, endurance and speed classes of the All-Age Stake. In addition to these special prizes, a percentage of the entry fees will be given to the first, second and third prize winners in the Derby and in the several classes of the All-Age Stake. Comfortable quarters for the hounds will be provided near the hotel. The shooting of foxes during the trials will be prohibited. The trials are open to the world and promise to be unusually interesting.

Mr. T. Farrar Rockham, secretary of the American Pet Dog Club, writes us under date of Sept. 30 that there will be a regular meeting of the club held at the Hoffman House, New York, Oct. 7, at 2 o'clock. He mentions that there is business of much importance to transact, as well as the election of new members, so that it is important for members to be present.

Mr. P. T. Madison, secretary of the Continental Field Trials Club, informs us that he intended to start for Mississippi on Monday or Tuesday of this week to make arrangements for the club's forthcoming trials on quail.

The *Collie Club Chronicle* reports the following new members elected during the past month: G. G. Haven, John J. James, J. A. Finlayson, all of New York; Felix Flannigan, Providence, R. I.; Louis Fackler, Paterson, N. J.; Fred Holdsworth and Gheub Holdsworth, Westerly, R. I.

In our business columns, P. O. Box 566, Scranton, Pa., offers for sale a broken pointer. Wm. P. Pickett, Brooklyn, offers trained English setter. Forrest W. Forbes, Westboro, Mass., wants broken setter. J. Hope, Philadelphia, offers Russian wolfhound. R. E. Smith, Afton, N. Y., offers rabbit dog and beagle. Dr. E. B. Fletcher, Erie, Pa., wants broken bird dog. Jess. M. Whaite, Agricola, Ga., will train dogs.

The second annual sale of the Rancocas Kennel will take place at Durland's Riding Academy, New York. The list includes dogs and bitches of famous blood and performance, young shooting dogs and untried puppies. More particulars are given in the advertisement of this sale in our business columns.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address. Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Mr. W. H. Worth claims the name
Lawn Nestle, for Gordon setter bitch, whelped Aug. 10, 1896, by Pilot of Lorain—Lawn Nola.
Lawn Bonnie Belle, for Gordon setter bitch, whelped March 3, 1896, by champion Rexmont—Lawn Pretty Belle.
Lawn Button, for Gordon setter dog, whelped Sept. 24, 1896, by champion Rexmont—Lawn Pretty Belle.
Lawn Busy, for Gordon setter dog, same litter.
Lawn Blade, for Gordon setter dog, same litter.
Lawn Brownie, for Gordon setter bitch, same litter.
Lawn Bright Eyes, for Gordon setter bitch, same litter
Lawn Blanche, for Gordon setter bitch, same letter.

BRED.

Mr. G. G. Williamson's Dan's Lady, English setter bitch, Sept. 19, to champion Count Gladstone IV.

WHELPS.

Mr. G. G. Williamson's Belle of Piedmont, Jr., English setter bitch, whelped, Sept. 21, five (two dogs), by champion Antonio.
Mr. W. H. Worth's
Lawn Nola, Gordon setter bitch, whelped, Aug. 10, seven (four dogs), by Pilot of Lorain.
Lawn Pretty Belle, Gordon setter bitch, whelped, Sept. 24, nine (six dogs), by champion Rexmont.

SALES.

Mr. W. H. Worth has sold
Lawn Nettie, Gordon setter bitch, to Mr. J. T. Trayes.
Lawn Pilot, Gordon setter dog, to Mr. J. T. Trayes.
Lawn Prize, Gordon setter dog, to Mr. E. L. Dunn.
Pilot of Lorain, Gordon setter dog, to Mr. J. C. Crate.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

THE VALUE OF GOOD ROADS.

THE subject of good roads is one that appeals to every wheelman. If he has never before noticed the character of the roads in his neighborhood, he is bound to do so when he rides over them. The bicycle is responsive to almost imperceptible grades, and to the rider the topography of the country assumes a new importance. He is surprised to find how much chance has had to do with the laying out of highways, and how many needless ascents and descents are made where slight detours would have assured an easy grade.

But the character of the roadbed itself is what most interests him. Hard, smooth roads give a sense of pleasure of a high order, while rough, sandy or muddy roads leave an indelible impress of disgust.

Because of his practical experience, the wheelman is quick to appreciate the economic value of good roads. He understands the tremendous handicap a horse labors under in hauling over bad roads to a degree that is incomprehensible to the man who travels on foot or in a carriage, and who has never had the thing impressed upon his physical senses.

But while good roads are desirable for everyone who passes over them on wheels, be he cyclist or horse owner, it is often a very difficult thing to show how they return the money spent for their improvement. Examples where the dollars and cents figure are therefore desirable arguments.

In an article in the *Independent* Professor Fernow gives a very interesting account of the results achieved by road improvements made by the little municipality of Goslar, in the Hartz Mountains of Germany. This old town owns a forest of 7,500 acres which its citizens treasure as one of their best investments, because it not only furnishes them outing grounds and good sport in the way of hunting, but also a sure and constantly increasing revenue. Under conservative management the annual cut is 350,000 cubic feet of wood, from which a net income is derived of $25,000 a year, or $3.50 per acre; a surprising return from soil unfit for agriculture.

The part that good roads has to play in this result is considerable. Previous to 1875 the forest was without good roads, but in that year the manager secured an appropriation for road improvement, and each year since then money has been spent for that purpose.

In 1891 $25,000 had been invested in roads, and the district had 141 miles of good roads. The manager kept an account of the direct influence of this improvement on the cost of his forestry operations, with the result that he was able to show a reduction in the annual cost of logging of $2,450, and in the cost of hauling of $2,520; while owing to the fact that much formerly unsalable material could now be disposed of, his sales were increased by $3,255. From these three sources the annual profit of the forest was increased $8,255, or nearly 33 per cent. of the entire amount invested in road improvements.

One road which was singled out for an example showed the following result: It had been macadamized and maintained one year at a cost of $7,440. Previous to improvement, 4,273 loads of wood measuring 110 cubic feet each were hauled each year at a cost of $3.60 per load, or a total of $15,282 for transportation. On the new road this same bulk of wood was moved in 2,652 loads of 177 cubic feet each. The cost, at the uniform price of $3.60 per load, was $9,547, so that the saving in the item of transportation alone was $5,735, or 75 per cent. of the cost of the road in one year.

THE CARE AND USE OF BICYCLE CHAINS.

IT is perhaps needless to say that the chain is the most important part of a bicycle to have in good order, and after a great deal of experiment I have concluded that my method gives the best results with the least labor.

I have tried various processes, such as boiling in various materials and other operations; all good in their way, but objectionable on account of time required, and general dirt and muss. What is required is an operation that will keep a chain in average good order with the least amount of work and annoyance; not like the usual way of at one time an excess of cleaning, polishing and oiling, succeeded by long periods of neglect.

My method is as follows: Procure a wide-mouthed bottle with a tight stopper or cork, holding say 8 to 12oz.—I use a Vichy salts bottle—put in it a piece of paraffine candle 4 to 6in. long, and fill the bottle with benzine. In a day or two the paraffine will dissolve and remain liquid at a temperature of 60° and over. Take 4oz. castile soap and dissolve in as little boiling water as will thoroughly dissolve it, and while hot stir in an equal bulk of the finest graphite. Put in a tin box with a tight cover; when cold it will be solid. As it dries and becomes too solid, add a little water from time to time. Procure one or two of the cheapest nail brushes, costing 5 or 10 cents each, and a couple of tooth brushes; old ones will do if not too much worn.

This is the outfit. To use it, after each run of say ten or twenty miles, turn the wheel over on its handles and slowly revolve the chain, brushing thoroughly outside and inside, also removing any dirt or dust from the sprockets, using the nail brushes. Then with one of the tooth brushes dip in the paraffine liquid and brush the inside of chain, working the liquid into the joints. It will flow into the joints and lubricate them, and in a few

minutes the benzine evaporates and leaves the paraffine. Any excess that may run through to outside of chain can be removed with a rag. Then with the other tooth brush apply the soap and graphite mixture on inside of chain and sprocket teeth. By inside of chain I mean that portion than runs against the sprockets.

A chain treated in this way does not gather dust, the pins or rivets are lubricated, and the surface of chain and sprocket teeth acquire a glassy surface and do not wear.

The entire operation requires but a few minutes. One of my wheels has run some 4,000 miles under this treatment; the sprockets are not worn, the chain is in good order and has not stretched to an amount to impair its efficiency.

If the soap and graphite mixture is applied to chain and sprocket when new the graphite appears to more readily adhere to the metal.

One word of caution: do not open the paraffine-benzine mixture near a light or fire. Also, it is best to have both chain and mixture at a temperature of 70° or over.

LOW GEAR.

SECOND-HAND BICYCLES.

THERE is much to be said on both sides of the subject of buying a second-hand wheel, and a great deal depends upon the individual requirements of the rider. Second-hand bicycles are often sold for ridiculously low prices, and many people are tempted by this consideration alone to buy them. Such purchases frequently turn out poor bargains, and after a little while it will be found that the wheel is only fit for the junk dealer.

As a general principle it is safe to assume that there is a reason for a bicycle becoming second-hand, which reason if known would not tend to enhance its value. The number of persons who part with good bicycles on account of some whim, or from straitened circumstances, or for any reason other than that the wheel is not up to mark, is not large.

As a rule, the bicycle is very heavy and old-fashioned, or the bearings are worn and the wheel runs hard, or the fork has been bent and is liable to break, which consciousness does not have a soothing effect on the nerves of the rider when going down a bad hill; or the frame is racked and shaky, or none of the nuts will stay in place, and the whole thing is on the verge of disruption. The unsuspicious buyer is sure to learn these facts sooner or later, and he will then wish that he had paid more money and gotten a reliable wheel in the first place.

However, the second-hand bicycle has its uses, provided it has no dangerous defects. It is useful for the rough and tumble struggle of learning to ride, and it is useful to lend to the kind of people who borrow.

It insures more exercise than a new bicycle, and if you want to get good and tired you can do so in half the time it would take on the other.

The second-hand wheel does not require to be cleaned, as does a first-class bicycle, and one need not worry if it is left out over night in the rain, or if the baggage man finds a position for it near a pile of trunks.

While some second-hand wheels go to pieces on the slightest provocation, others are practically indestructible. From time to time one sees old relics of ten or fifteen years ago that have been in hard service constantly.

These old wheels are heavy and hard-running, but they are proof against the thank-you-mams, ruts and stone walls, and point to a moral in bicycle construction that some of the manufacturers of "strictly high grade" bicycles would do well to reflect upon.

The Mather Wheelmen.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The very flattering notice of my articles made by a Matherite on page 274 is the cause of the pink tint in this ink; it was so strong that it even made my ink stand. Seriously there is no offense in his speaking of me as "old," for it is a joyful fact that I was born in time to get more fun out of this world than seems possible to be extracted now, unless a boy has a rich father who will shell out the shekels to let him go to the far-off game country which was close to my boyhood door. But as to naming a bicycle club after me, that is a serious matter. I shall insist on knowing how he pronounces my name before consenting. The mail carrier who serves me insists on calling me "Mayther" and the law says I must not kill him. If my young friend will solemnly promise to pronounce the "a" as in "father" or in "fat" in naming his bicycle club, I will be happy to sit on the fence and review the parade; but if he follows the example of the postman he may not have the approval of F. M.

Yachting.

THE last number of *Le Yacht* to hand, that of Sept. 19, contains an interesting article on the 15ft. class in America, by Mr. L. More, the well-known French writer. Following the bad example of *The Yachtsman*, *Le Yacht* neglects to state that the lines of El Heirie which help to illustrate Mr. More's article are reproduced directly from the FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 22. We have no objection to such a use of our illustrations, but as we make a custom of crediting to its rightful owners everything which we reproduce from another journal we look for the same courtesy in return.

ONE of the strongest arguments we have yet seen for the Payne bill is the new counter which has been carried through the season by one of the principal steam yachts of the New York fleet. This counter, of which a good deal has been said by the daily papers, was put on during the winter in the laudable attempt to modernize the yacht, in view of the higher standard of taste in such matters now prevailing in this country. The original counter, put on when the yacht was built, a dozen years ago, was of what may be called the Tweedle Dee type, modeled mainly after that homely but useful article, the dish pan. The new and presumably *fin de siècle* counter may be called, to distinguish it from the other, the Tweedle Dum type; further than which, no description of the details is necessary. The only gain is in deck room, and both in design and construction the work calls for only adverse criticism; the joining of the old and new work is visible at a great distance, a careless piece of handiwork, and the sheer is carried out so badly that the taffrail has the appearance of having dropped at its after point.

That such work as this *needs* all the protection from the competition of the Clyde shipyards that a paternal government can bestow upon it, is too plain to be disputed; whether it *deserves* such protection is another question which the yacht owner, who pays the bills, should consider carefully.

THE victory of Quissetta over Amorita is one of the remarkable events of the yaching year, and from one point of view at least is a matter for congratulation on the part of all old fogies who still cling to the nearly extinct notion that there are certain standards of beauty in naval architecture to which all craft other than car floats and garbage scows may and should conform without undue detriment to speed and other essentials. Though the work of an expert designer with many handsome craft to his credit, as well as a marine artist by profession, Amorita was designed in up-to-date fashion directly counter to this theory. The one end in view was extreme speed under the conditions that prevail on the Sound in summer, and to attain this end under the rule as it stood, the topsides were spread out beyond the under-water body to an extreme degree, especially at the ends. The bow in particular is quite as ugly as anything that even the smaller classes have yet produced.

The winning yacht, a smaller craft than Amorita, is first and foremost a very handsome vessel, in appearance much like her single-stick sister, Norota, one of the handsomest yachts in the fleet.

We have no great love for the type to which both of these schooners belong; a draft of 12ft. on a waterline of 70, or of 11ft. on 66ft., unfits them for all work but racing in the waters where their lives are spent, and they are not of a type for offshore work. At the same time we have a strong preference for the handsomer of the two, and consequently take pleasure in her victory in racing.

IT is now reported that the Emperor of Germany will take up the matter of the Meteor-Isolde collision and push the investigation further, with a view to settling the responsibility on the proper person. From some of the comments on the disaster it might be inferred that the Emperor was personally concerned, and that vital international issues were involved. All this is absurd; the ownership and nationality of the different yachts involved do not affect the matter in the slightest degree, and so far as the Emperor is concerned, as he was in Germany at the time and his yacht in the hands of an expert and properly qualified skipper, no blame whatever can attach to him, even though the responsibility be ultimately fastened on Meteor II. We hope that the report is true, and that the whole matter will be thoroughly and impartially investigated.

ONE of the silly rumors of the silly season is to the effect that Defender is to be purchased and converted into a schooner for the regular racing of next season. Such a use of the yacht is manifestly impossible on account of her great draft, 19ft. as she now is, and even more as a schooner with interior furnishings. With such a draft it would be practically impossible to sail her over the course of the New York, the Larchmont and most of the other yacht clubs; she could find very few safe harbors; she could not haul on any of the yacht railways, but would have to be docked at great expense in the Erie Basin Docks. Colonia is the extreme limit of practicable use, with her 15ft.; another 5ft. in addition is out of the question; and it is equally impossible to lessen Defender's draft without sacrificing her speed.

ONE of the minor incidents of the destructive cyclone which tore up the Atlantic coast on Sept. 29-30 was the destruction of the 15-footer Ethelwynn, at her moorings, off Bath Beach. The yacht had been for three weeks in the charge of the United States Marshal, having been libeled by Thos. Manning for a bill of $56 for storage and fitting out. She was advertised to be sold at auction on the afternoon of Sept. 30. At about 2 o'clock in the morning of that day she parted her mooring lines and went into the wooden pier at Avoca Villa, Bath Beach, where she was very badly smashed up. In the afternoon the wreck was bought in by a junk dealer for the sum of $11.50, and after reserving the sails and gear the hull was resold by him for $5. The report is now in circulation through the American and Canadian papers that she cost last year the magnificent sum of $2,500.

The Niagara Tanks.

DURING the past week the following letter was cabled from London to New York:

"SAVOY HOTEL, London, Sept. 26, 1896.—*To the Council of the Yacht Racing Association:* Gentlemen—The yachting season of 1896 is now at an end, and we are returning to my home in America, but before departing from England I feel it my duty to send you this communication. I had hoped all summer to receive a letter from your Association which would have made this communication unnecessary.

"My yacht Niagara, which has two small water tanks of 30 gallons each for the ordinary supply of her crew, was in 1895 measured by one of the official measurers of the Yacht Racing Association for a racing certificate, and entered in the races of that year, sailing some fifty or more. These tanks were constructed by Herreshoff in accordance with the original plan of the vessel solely for the above mentioned purpose. The manner in which the tanks were constructed was visible to the eye, known to many of the members of your Association, and was no secret. The Niagara was in a like manner measured in 1896. These tanks were not altered.

"After the race of the Royal Thames Y. C., on May 22, 1896, in my absence, without any previous communication with me, without any notice to me—although such notice could easily have been given—and without any prior knowledge on my part, a committee of your Association suddenly boarded the Niagara and made certain examinations. Notice of this visit was made to me five days later in the following letter from the secretary of the Yacht Racing Association:

"'YACHT RACING ASSOCIATION, 24 Sussex Gardens, Hyde Park, London, W., May 27, 1896.—Dear Sir: A report was made to the Council of the Yacht Racing Association that your yacht Niagara was fitted with a tank under the seat on each side of the cabin, and that these were connected by a pipe so as to make it possible, by merely turning a cock, to run water from one tank into the other, and thus use them as shifting water ballast, which might be advantageous in certain cases.

"'Three members of the council were in consequence requested to inspect the tanks, which they did immediately after the race of the Royal Thames Y. C., on May 22, and in your absence were offered every facility by Capt. Barr.

"'The members of the council do not wish to convey any idea on their part that the tanks were used for the purpose indicated. On the contrary, their impression is the other way. But I am requested to suggest, in order to place the matter beyond suspicion, that it is desirable to make impracticable the run of the water from one tank to the other, which could readily be done by a small alteration in the pipes.

"'I should be glad to hear, for the information of the council, that this will be done at once. DIXON KEMP.'

"I repeat that this communication was the first notice I had from the Yacht Racing Association of this extraordinary action on their part. I was never informed who constituted the committee, who failed even to leave their names with my sailing master. I answered this communication on June 2, expressing my sense of the discourtesy shown and implied by such procedure. My answer follows, which was not to my knowledge included in the correspondence given out to the press:

"'NIAGARA, Harwich, June 2, 1896.—Dear Sir: I beg to acknowledge the receipt of yours of May 27 regarding the Niagara's water tanks. I greatly regret not having had the courtesy of notification of the intended visit of the committee, as it would have afforded me much pleasure to have been present and personally shown them over the yacht, but I am pleased to hear from you that the investigation was satisfactory. Any report that the tanks were used for shifting water ballast is absolutely false, and upon reading the Yacht Racing Association's rules carefully, I fail to see that they in any why conflict with them.

"'However, for the sake of harmony I am willing to make any change to meet the approval of the council, providing such change shall not increase the weight to be carried. As it is, she races with every possible pound of weight out of her, and I do not wish any alteration that would make her any heavier. In order that the question cannot again arise, kindly let me know exactly how the council suggest making the change and still leave three days' water carrying capacity for the needs of the crew in making passages. Yours very truly, HOWARD GOULD.'

"I append herewith the reply to the above:

"'YACHT RACING ASSOCIATION, 24 Sussex Gardens, Hyde Park, London, W.—Dear Sir: Your letter of June 2 was placed before the committee of the Yacht Racing Association council yesterday. I am directed to state that the committee received with satisfaction your assurances that you will carry out their suggestions. These suggestions are that the pipes and cocks connecting the water tanks under the sofas be removed at once, and that a separate supply pipe service be provided for each tank. The change will involve about 10lbs. additional weight. When these are carried out please cause Mr. A. E. Payne to be informed of the same, and he will inspect the tanks and make a formal report that the suggestions of the committee of the Yacht Racing Association's council have been complied with. I am faithfully yours, DIXON KEMP.'

"Had I been communicated with prior to this discourteous and unusual visit I would gladly have established the following facts: First, that the Niagara was measured with her water tanks empty; second, that the water in the tanks had never been used, and was not used in any instance as shifting ballast; and third, that it was impracticable to make advantageous use of the tanks for such a purpose had I desired to do so. The report that the tanks were connected by a pipe so as to make it possible, by merely turning a cock, to run the water from one tank into the other, and thus use them as shifting water ballast, which might be advantageous in certain cases, conveyed an unjust reflection, and it is not true that advantageous use of the tanks for such a purpose could be made.

"My objection is not to the fact that the examination of the tanks was made, but to the mode of proceeding adopted. Despite this action on the part of your committee, and to prevent further unjust suspicion, and in the interest of harmony, I made certain alterations in severing the pipe connection between the tanks, much to the discomfort of the crew, lessening thereby their water supply. I am surprised that I never received any explanation of the course pursued in boarding the yacht without communicating with me, although I characterized such action as discourteous at the time.

"In the absence of such explanation or disavowal on the part of the Yacht Racing Association, I consider the course pursued not only discourteous, but personally offensive and essentially destructive of the amicable relations which lie at the very foundation of the existence of international contests of this character, which should be founded upon gentlemanly intercourse, fair and open dealing, and high and scrupulous honor.

"Certainly, self-respecting yachtsmen of other countries will not hereafter voluntarily subject themselves to similar treatment if the course pursued toward me is held and declared by the Yacht Racing Association to be according to its ideas of what is proper, fair and just. As the matter has received so much publicity, I am sending a copy of this communication to the press. Faithfully yours,

"HOWARD GOULD."

The following interview with Lieut.-Col. Sir George Archibald Leach, K. C. B., of the council of the Y. R. A., has been cabled from London:

"Mr. Gould's letter is absurd. It really raises a tempest in a teapot.

"I know nothing about the report of the measuring of Niagara in 1895. Anyhow, the rule was changed after 1895.

"I was on the committee's steamer Tilbury, accompanied by other members of the council. Dixon Kemp suggested that inasmuch as it was the first time enough members of the sailing committee had gathered together to form a quorum it would be advisable to hold a meeting to consider matters awaiting the action of the committee.

"Among these matters was the subject of Measurer Payne's report upon the measuring of Niagara, in which details were given in reference to the tanks used. It was decided that a sub-committee of three be appointed to inspect the tanks, as all the members of the committee were unwilling to act simply on the measurer's report, which alleged nothing, but reported the tanks to be unusual in form of construction. Anything unusual concerning the construction of a yacht the measurer is bound by the rules to report.

"Three members of the committee, Dixon Kemp, Col. Wilkinson (who is almost the father of yachting on the Thames), and myself, went on board Niagara as soon as she went into her dock. We supposed Howard Gould was on board, as he was aboard during the race. However, we found him gone. We told Capt. Barr of our official capacity and what we wanted.

"Capt. Barr replied: 'Certainly.' He showed us the tanks, and we measured them. They were 4ft. long and about 1ft. wide at the top and 1ft. deep, doubtless sloping at the bottom. I should say each contained about 7cwt. of water.

"The sub-committee reported to the committee, which decided to send a letter to Howard Gould. This letter was written to Mr. Gould by the secretary. Mr. Gould replied to this letter, and we certainly did not understand that Mr. Gould expressed any displeasure because of our action.

"This is the entire story of what happened.

"Mr. Gould says we ought to have given him notice. That was impossible. We do not do that when inspecting yachts for the purpose of seeing if there is anything which might be unfairly used during the racing. Our inspection had no relation to the fact that Niagara was a stranger yacht.

"We should do the same thing to-morrow if a measurer furnished a similar report concerning any English yacht. In fact, we did precisely that thing a few years ago with an English yacht which we had reason to believe was not sailing with the same ballast as reported on the day of measuring.

"We did not go on Niagara for the purpose of catching Mr. Gould at any trick. We never believed he would do anything of that sort.

"Many hasty rumors were flying about. We did not pay any attention to them whatever, but acted solely on the report of our measurer. The inspection was quite as much for the purpose of protecting Mr. Gould by relieving him of any suspicions of this nature as for the purpose of protecting the Yacht Racing Association.

"Anent the matter of leaving our names when we inspected Niagara, it should be remembered that we inspected the yacht officially, and not personally. Capt. Barr knew Dixon Kemp, if he did not know any of the other members of the sub-committee.

"If Mr. Gould considers our letter discourteous, I don't. As to disavowing our action in this matter, the council will do nothing of the sort. At the next meeting of the council we will send Mr. Gould a courteous letter deeply regretting the incident which has given rise to so much feeling, and sincerely deploring the friction caused by these international contests. As for the remarks about cads, etc., that is simply scurrilous. We can afford to ignore discussion of this character."

Without discussing the propriety of the committee's action in visiting Niagara in the absence of her owner and giving him no opportunity whatever to defend himself from some sort of indefinite accusation, we are of the opinion that the committee has acted most foolishly and unfairly in doing anything else than to indorse the whole arrangement of the tanks and connecting pipe as perfectly legitimate and proper. Though not known in British yachts, such tanks and pipes are almost universal on this side, and no case has ever been known where they have been used for shifting ballast. According to Mr. Gould's statement, each of the two tanks is of 30 gallons capacity, or capable of holding when full 300lbs. of water. Any theory of the improper use of the tanks is based on the assumption that one, the lee one, is always empty and the other full, so that the total weight involved cannot be more than 300lbs. It should be evident to expert yachtsmen and intelligent men that this weight of water could not pass through a ¾in. pipe, the size as we understand of the connecting pipe, in such a way as to permit the shifting of the water from the weather to the lee tank in tacking, and that such a use of the tanks and pipe was practically impossible. Further than this, even if the pipe were large enough to admit of an almost instantaneous shifting of the water, the effect of 300lbs. in a vessel of Niagara's size, of a dozen tons displacement, and with more than half this weight disposed in her bulb at a draft of 11ft., would not be worth considering.

If all the circumstances were totally different, if Niagara were a shoal centerboard boat with a moderate weight of ballast and with a large watertank in each bilge connected by a pipe of 2 or 3in. diameter, the committee would have been justified in condemning the arrangement as at least open to suspicion. As the facts are, with two small tanks capable of holding a weight that is insignificant compared with the displacement and ballast of the yacht, connected by a very small pipe, the committee and council have shown themselves in a

most unfavorable light, both as regards their technical knowledge and their ideas of fair play.

If he is reported correctly in the above interview, Sir George Archibald Leach is certainly not qualified to serve on such a committee; according to his own figures he believed that a weight of 7cwt. (nearly 800lbs.) of water could be stowed away in a space very much less than 4cu. ft. in capacity, so that the weight of water per cubic foot would be considerably over 200lbs. According to the figures given by him, 4ft. long and about 1ft. each in height and breadth, the tanks must hold even less than thirty gallons, as they are fitted to the form of the bilge and consequently are more nearly of a triangular than a rectangular section. That the whole affair is a tempest in a teapot is very evident, but we differ from Sir George Archibald Leach as to who raised it.

Miramichi Y. C.

CHATHAM—MIRAMICHI RIVER.

Thursday, Sept. 24.

The yachting season was closed on Sept. 24 by a race for the Watt cup and club prizes. The entries were Maude, Oriana, Avis and Learig. The course was a triangular one of 6 miles, twice around, but owing to the fact that the river is less than a mile wide at Chatham the triangle was a very obtuse one. It was practically one-half running and one-half windward work, the latter against the tide. The yachts had 4m. to cross the line. A 10-knot westerly breeze was blowing. Avis, Learig and Maude crossed together, and Oriana crossed 2m. 10s. later. She gained 40s. on Learig, the largest boat in the race, in the first leg, 1½ miles to windward; 60s. on the next leg, a 3-mile run, and 1m. 10s. on the next, a 3-mile beat to windward, passing Learig and rounding the windward mark 40s. ahead. Learig gained on the second run down and ran into Oriana as the latter was swinging around the mark. Her bowsprit tore a big hole in Oriana's mainsail, and it was fully ten minutes before the yachts were separated. It was Oriana's race by over 6m. corrected time when she was fouled. Avis, which had been far behind, went ahead and won the race. Oriana, with a large piece of her mainsail flapping, was second.

Oriana had an allowance of 4m. from Learig and 2m. 40s. from Avis, besides her 2m. 10s. start and her lead. She won the final race of the season in a gale, with double reefs tied down. In the second she was dismasted early in the race while she was within her allowance. The third she won, and the fourth was easily hers when she was fouled. Oriana was designed by H. C. McLeod, now of Chicago, who is widely known as a successful amateur designer and all-round yachtsman. She is a comparatively deep and narrow centerboard; loadline 25ft., beam 7ft. 2in., draft 2ft. 9in. Her lines are round and easy, and her sail plan small. She has 1,000lbs. of lead on her board and 2,000lbs. of iron and cement inside. She was not a success in her first season, but since then has been first in two-thirds of the races and second in the rest. Her owner, Vice Com. Stewart, does a good deal of cruising in her without changing her canvas, and considers her a safe boat in any weather. She is a remarkable all-round yacht, being a safe and handy cruiser, with cabin accommodations for four, and fast in light, moderate and heavy winds.

ETHELWYNN.

(*Continued from page 276, Oct. 3.*)

Before describing the construction of Ethelwynn, it may be interesting to recall the details of her designing and the manner in which the design was worked out. When the match with Spruce IIII. was first arranged in the spring of 1895, the present 15ft. class was not thought of, and there were neither 15-footers nor half-raters in America. The only boats that could come under the latter designation were two fin-keels: Trust Me, built in 1894 by the Herreshoffs, a duplicate of their successful half-rater Wee Winn; and Sagamore, a handsome half-rater designed by Arthur E. Payne, and carried at the davits of the steam yacht of the same name. Neither had ever raced here, and nothing was known of them. There were many boats in different parts of the country of 15 to 18ft. waterline, built exactly to or close copies of Scarecrow, or La Gloria, as originally published in the Forest and Stream. Although the Scarecrow design was intended for a bulb-fin, some of these boats were, as a matter of convenience, fitted with metal centerboards. Many of them were of fairly good construction, and some were neatly rigged; but none were of real racing construction or rig.

The challenger was at the time new, just sailing her first races, and very little was known about her in this country. The problem set before American designers was to produce a yacht of not over 15ft. racing length as measured by the Seawanhaka rules and special conditions of the match, to meet the new and unknown English boat in certain known waters—that portion of Long Island Sound adjoining Oyster Bay. The crew was limited to two men, a fixed weight of 300lbs. being placed aboard to represent the crew in measurement, and the time limit was five hours over a twelve-mile course.

In the case of Ethelwynn, the question of bulb-fin or centerboard was decided after a brief mental calculation; the bulb-fin involved an added displacement of some 400lbs., for the purpose of carrying something over 200sq. ft. of sail. In a racing canoe one man can carry a sail plan of 150 to 160sq. ft. on a sliding seat of 6ft. length, on an extreme beam of 30in. In the assumed 15 footer, while the sliding seat was barred, the beam was unlimited; and there were two men, or double the live ballast, to carry only about 50 per cent. more sail. With ample beam both for stability of the hull and for a seat for the double crew in hiking, there seemed no good reason for using some 400lbs. of lead to aid in carrying the limited sail plan.

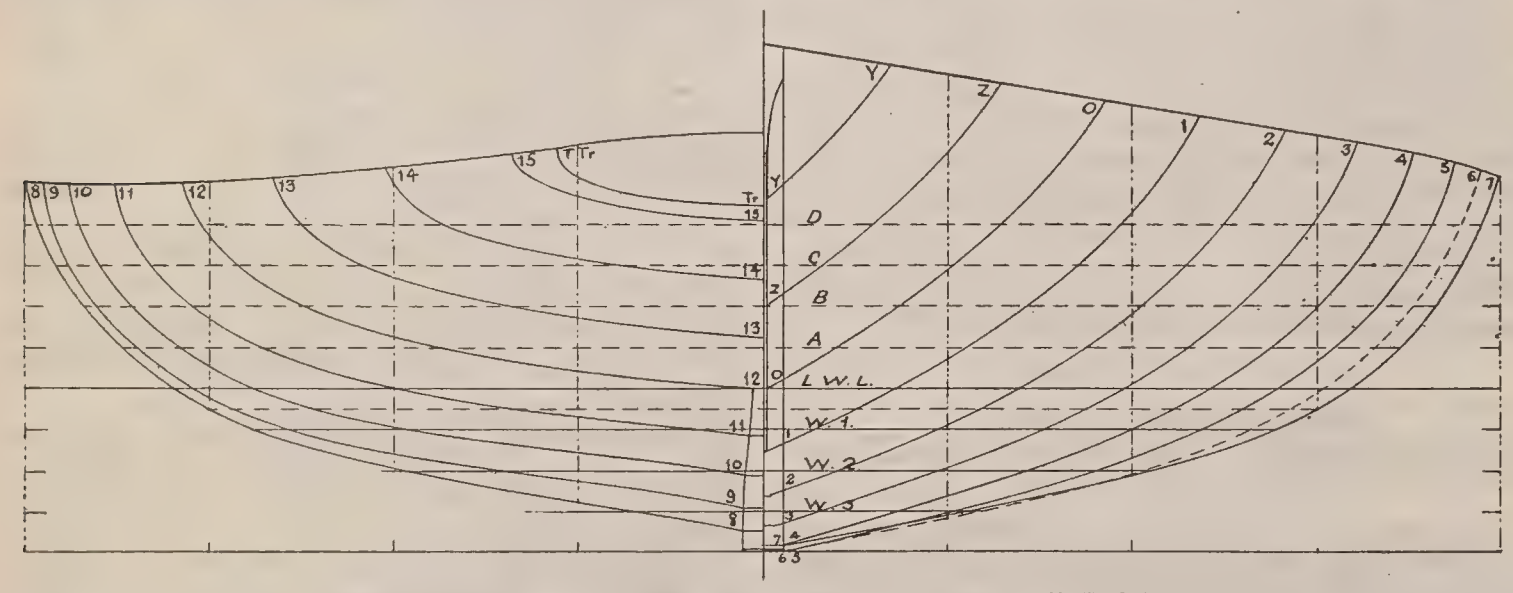
The question of type being disposed of by the selection of the shoal centerboard type of considerable beam, the next point was the displacement, and a rough estimate of weight was made, as follows:

	Pounds.
Crew	300
Hull	350
Rig	75
Board	70
Rudder	10
Total	805

ETHELWYNN—TABLE OF OFFSETS.

Stations spaced 1ft. 3in. Level lines spaced 2in. Bow-buttock lines spaced 9in. Dimensions in feet, inches and eights of an inch. All measurements to outside of hull.

Stations.	Heights. Keel. Bottom	Keel. Top.	Rabbet.	Deck. Side	Deck. Center.	Half Breadths. Deck.	Level Lines. D	C	B	A	L.W.L.	W.1	W.2	W.3	Keel. Rabbet	Keel. Bottom
Stem	2 0⁴	2 0⁷	2 0⁷	2 1	2 1	1	0¹	0¹	0¹	0¹	0¹	0¹	0¹	0³	1	1
Y	1 1³	1 6⁶	1 6²	1 11⁷	2 0⁵	6	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1	0¹
Z	1	1 1³	1 0⁵	1 10⁷	2 0²	11³	5²	2⁷	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1	0¹
0	8	9³	8³	1 10¹	2	1 4⁴	11⁴	9³	6⁵	3⁵	.....	.....	.....	.....	1	0¹
1	5	6³	5²	1 9³	1 11⁵	1 9²	1 5³	1 3³	1 0⁷	9⁷	6⁴	2⁴	.....	.....	1	0¹
2	2⁶	4³	3	1 8⁵	1 11²	2 1⁴	1 10³	1 8⁵	1 6³	1 3⁵	1 0⁴	8⁴	3⁴	.....	1¹	0³
3	1²	3²	1³	1 8	1 11	2 5	2 2⁶	2 1¹	1 11²	1 8⁵	1 5⁵	1 1⁵	8⁴	2⁵	1²	0⁵
4	0³	2⁵	0⁴	1 7⁴	1 10⁶	2 7⁵	2 6¹	2 4⁶	2 3¹	2 0⁵	1 9⁶	1 6	1 0⁶	6⁵	1³	0⁷
5	.....	2⁵	0¹	1 7¹	1 10⁴	2 9⁵	2 8⁵	2 7²	2 5⁷	2 3⁶	2 1	1 9³	1 4¹	9²	1⁴	1
6	.....	2⁶	0¹	1 6⁶	1 10²	2 11¹	2 10¹	2 9¹	2 7⁶	2 6	2 3²	1 11⁶	1 6³	10⁴	1⁴	1
7	0³	2⁷	0⁴	1 6³	1 10	2 11⁷	2 11¹	2 10¹	2 8⁷	2 7¹	2 4⁵	2 0⁷	1 6⁶	9⁶	1⁴	1
8	1¹	3¹	1²	1 6¹	1 9⁶	3	2 11³	2 10⁴	2 9¹	2 7²	2 4⁶	2 0⁷	1 5²	6	1⁴	1
9	2¹	3⁶	2²	1 6	1 9⁴	2 11²	2 10⁵	2 9⁷	2 8⁴	2 6⁴	2 3⁶	1 11¹	1 0⁶	.....	1⁴	1
10	3⁶	4⁷	3⁶	1 6	1 9²	2 9⁷	2 9³	2 8³	2 6⁷	2 4⁴	2 0⁷	1 5³	2¹	.....	1³	0⁷
11	5⁵	6⁶	5⁶	1 6	1 9¹	2 7⁵	2 7¹	2 5⁶	2 3⁶	2 0²	1 6	3³	.....	.....	1²	0⁸
12	8	9	8¹	1 6¹	1 8⁷	2 4³	2 3³	2 1⁵	1 10³	1 3⁶	.....	.....	.....	.....	1²	0⁵
13	10⁴	11³	10⁴	1 6³	1 8⁶	2	1 10⁴	1 7⁴	1 0¹	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1¹	0⁴
14	1 1²	1 2¹	1 1²	1 6⁷	1 8⁵	1 6⁴	1 3⁴	6⁶	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1	1
15	1 4²	1 4⁷	1 4²	1 7⁴	1 8⁴	1 0³	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1	1
Transom	1 5	1 5⁶	1 5	1 7⁶	1 8⁴	10	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1	1



ETHELWYNN—BODY PLAN. SCALE, 1 INCH TO THE FOOT.

The data for this estimate were very inadequate, no actual weights of hull, spars, rigging or rudder could be had, and there was no guide as to the probable soakage, a very important factor in a close calculation of waterline. It was finally decided to allow about 900lbs. displacement at the designed waterline as a safe figure, provided that no inside ballast should be found necessary.

The question of relative waterline and sail area was then taken up. After due consideration of the lengths of the English half-raters, 15 to 16ft. and over, it was decided to work for a final measured waterline of about 14ft. 6in., with its accompanying sail area of 240sq. ft. as a safe ratio for the average conditions of very light weather, with possibly a hard breeze in the course of the series of five races. At the time there was nothing between the one-man canoe on the one hand and the length class 15-footers, with large crews, on the other, on which to base the comparisons of power for the new class.

By way of guide to the hull dimensions, of beam, freeboard, sheer, etc., there was nothing better available than the design of the 21ft. bulb-fin Koko, as published in the Forest and Stream of May 2, 1896. The original design was made to a scale of 1½in. to the foot, but on inspection it appeared that a scale of 2in. to the foot would reduce the dimensions to fit the 15ft. class. The dimensions were taken off with a 2in. scale, as follows:

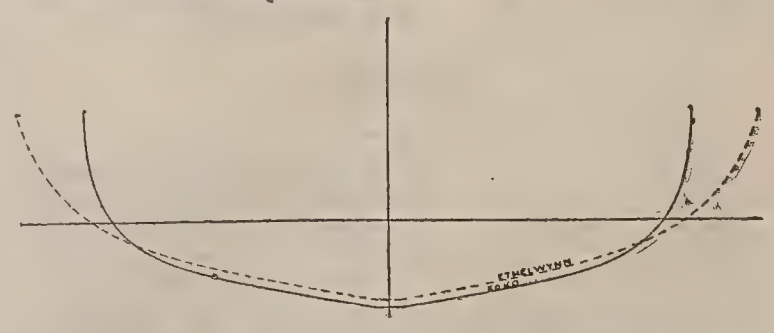
	Koko reduced.
Length over all	21ft. 4½in.
l.w.l.	14ft. 7½in.
Overhang, bow	3ft.
stern	3ft. 9in.
Beam, extreme	4ft. 10½in.
l.w.l.	4ft. 5½in.
Draft of hull	8½in.
Freeboard, lowest	10⅝in.
Sheer, bow	9in.
stern	3in.
Area of midship section, sq. ft	2.11
Displacement, lbs	1,088

In spite of the difference in size and type, Koko, as a well-proportioned craft in sheer, freeboard, etc., offered the best available guide, and the working sketch of the new craft was started on the basis of her reduced dimensions, as above. The design was started on a waterline of 15ft. as the extreme limit, with 8in. extreme draft, 10in. lowest freeboard, and a displacement of about 1,000lbs. at these maximum figures. The sail plan, of the Scarecrow type, was made by Mr. C. J. Stevens, calling for 7ft. 6in. from the fore side of the mast to the tack of the jib, thus determining about the length of the fore overhang, the mast being located at 3ft. 9in. from the fore end of the l.w.l. With the ends of the waterline located, 15ft. apart, and a depth of 8in. laid off at No. 6 station, a batten was bent to make a fair curve through the three points thus located, this curve being kept rather round and full forward, but flatter and easier aft. The fore end above water was carried up to give a freeboard of 20in. forward, and a sheer line was drawn with a minimum freeboard of 11in., giving a little higher side in proportion than in Koko, but this was reduced after several trials, the final result in the way of a sheer plan being 4ft. forward overhang, 19in. freeboard at bow, 10in. at the lowest point, well abaft the midships and about 12in. aft.

The length and shape of the fore end were easily settled, the only considerations were the length required to dispense with a bowsprit, a reasonable amount of freeboard for such rough water as would certainly be encountered at times, and a fair sweep which would admit of the use of a single length of wood for the keel and stem, without the introduction of a knee at the stemhead.

The length and form of the counter were much more difficult to determine; as the simplest, lightest and easiest construction, involving little chance of a blunder on the part of a careless workman, the ordinary dry goods box stern of so many racing craft, a short, broad counter ended by a square transom made of a single thin plank, either vertical or with a slight rake, as in nearly all the Herreshoff boats, El Chico, Olita, Wenonah and Dacotah, had much to recommend it; however, after some deliberation, it was decided to make some small sacrifice to appearance and to at least the externals of yacht designing, and to carry out a regular yacht's counter with rounded transom and archboard. This part of the work was well executed by the workmen, the result being a counter that, if a little heavier, was certainly far handsomer and more shipshape than on any other of the fleet. The sheer plan as thus completed showed that at a lighter load waterline, of 7in. draft, the length would be reduced to 14ft. 1½in., owing to the small angles between waterline and keel line, especially aft.

The midship section was then taken in hand; that of Koko to the reduced scale being 2.11 sq. ft., with a proportionate displacement of 1,088lbs., or more than desired. A piece of tracing paper was laid over the body plan of Koko and a new midship section was sketched in freehand, of slightly smaller area, retaining the same angle of deadrise, with the flat of the floor about parallel to the water at the assumed sailing angle, but with one very important alteration. The beam at the deck was greatly increased, from 4ft. 10½in. to 5ft. 10in., not for purposes of stability, but as a seat for the crew to windward. The line of the floor was carried up in a fair and easy sweep and a light turn to the bilge, to this point, of 5ft. 10in. beam and 10in. freeboard, giving as a consequence a beam of 4ft. 9in. at the waterline, or an increase of 4in. over Koko. In the final running in of the lines this beam was increased to an even 6ft. The section thus drawn showed when measured by the planimeter an area of 1.92sq. ft. to the 8in. waterline, and an area of 1.52sq. ft. to the 7in. waterline.

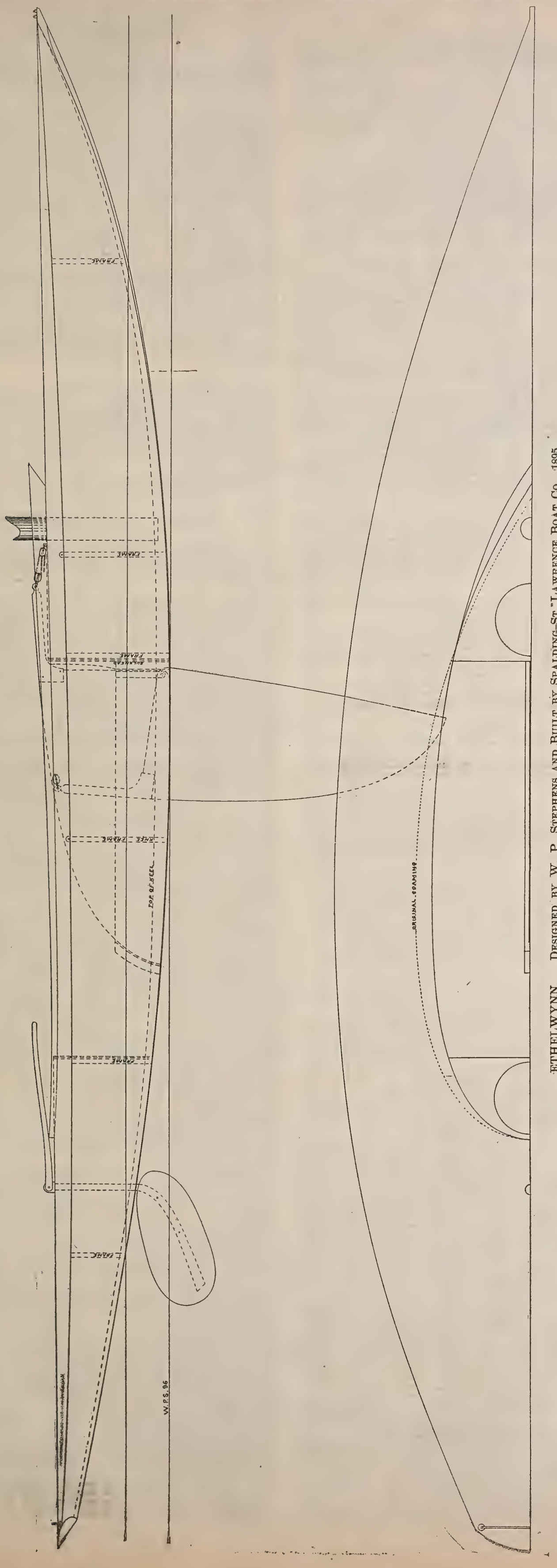


In all small craft of this general type, with absolutely no deadwood or keel, the cylindrical coefficient of the displacement, or the coefficient as computed from the area of the midship section, is .55 or .56—that is, the actual displacement of a vessel in cubic feet is about 55 per cent. of the contents of a solid of the length of the waterline and of a uniform cross section of an area equal to that of the midship section. This imaginary solid is, for convenience, usually assumed to be a cylinder of the same length as the waterline, its section or end being a circle equal in area to the midship section. In this case the following calculations were made:

To 8in. waterline: 15 × 1.90 × .55 = 15 67 cu. ft. × 64 = 1,014lbs. Dis.
To 7in. waterline: 14 12 × 1.52 × .55 = 11.80 cu. ft. × 64 = 755lbs. Dis

Thus a weight of about 260lbs. would lighten the draft 1in. and lessen the waterline by 10½in.; or a weight of 65lbs would make a difference of ¼in. in the draft. From these figures it seemed that the yacht could be sailed at about the proposed l.w.l. of 14ft. 6in., and with 240sq. ft. of sail.

The next stage of the work, the completing of the lines, was necessarily done very hurriedly, as the builders were writing for the plans and all ready to begin work. While



the many details of type, form, dimensions, rig, weights, construction, etc., were fully and carefully worked out at odd times while the design was pending; after the main points were settled the lines were quickly drawn, being run in as fairly as possible to suit the eye, particular attention being paid to the buttock lines and to the sections of the bow. The areas of the sections were taken off with the planimeter and the displacement calculated as a check on the first rough estimates, but the curve of areas was not plotted until a long time after; no diagonals were run in, as the bow-buttock lines and the numerous level lines showed the form to be reasonably fair. With a little more time over the final fairing some of the hard spots that show in the lines could have been worked out, but not to an extent that would have improved the boat.

As soon as the lines were completed in pencil and the displacement and position of C. B. ascertained, the final sail plan was begun and worked out in connection with the locating of the centerboard and rudder. The mast was shifted a little from the position first proposed; the centerboard was located in about the only place that it could well go, having in mind the proper balance of sail, various structural necessities and space for the lifting arm to clear the mast and boom. After the sail plan was completed and the board and rudder located, the offsets were measured from the scale drawings and the entire lines were reproduced of actual size on a large sheet of detail paper laid down on the floor of the drafting room. Very little fairing proved necessary, owing to the number of stations and level lines, and the number and accuracy of the offsets. The six sawn frames were shown full size without planking; the rabbet, top of keel, details of transom, and the sizes and positions of frames, head ledges, deck beams and all other beams were drawn to the full scale. As soon as this work was completed and the drawings shipped to Clayton, the sail plan was finished and a number of blue prints made for the sparmaker, sailmaker, etc. The last work of all was the making of a full-size templet for the centerboard plate, of the patterns for the bronze lifting handle, rudder frame and other parts, all of which were made by the designer; and of wooden models, full size, of the hanging gear for the board, the chain plates, deadeyes, and similar details to be made of sheet metal. This was done as the surest and quickest way of having every part so that it would fit when finally assembled at Greenwich, as there was not time to send spars, sails, board, etc., to Clayton to be fitted complete before shipment.

The construction of the hull was decidedly lighter than that of any of the older Scarecrows, and was an experiment; but in no detail was strength sacrificed to lightness. The keel was of clear spruce, sided 4in. amidships and tapering to 2in. at the ends, being moulded to 2¾in. for the length of the trunk amidships and thence tapering quickly, being 1¼in. deep at the fore end, the stem head, and ⅝in. at the transom. In working it out the bottom was left flat for a breadth of 2in., forming a corner about ¼in. deep outside the rabbet amidships; then, after the planking was completed, this corner was planed off so that the bottom of the keel faired into the planking for its whole length, The fore edge of the stem was lined out to ¼in. and, with the whole bottom of the keel, was finally shod with a sheet of $\frac{1}{16}$in. brass. The keel was steamed and set on a form shaped from the lines on the floor to the exact keel contour and set up on the stocks. The main frames, six in all, at the fore end of the waterline, abaft the mast, at each bulkhead, abreast the trunk and at the after end of the waterline, were cut from hackmatack knees of the required sweep, being sided ⅞in. and moulded 1¼in. at heels, 1in. at bilge, and tapering to ⅝in. at heads. Between them, and spaced about 6in., were bent frames of rock elm, ¾×⅝in. from end to end. The heels of all the frames were jogged into the keel from below and well fastened, after the fashion of racing shell construction. Cross floors were used fore and aft, and the frame at station 15 was solid, of ½in. butternut, in one piece with the deck beam.

The planking was double, the inner skin of white cedar ⅛in. thick, running diagonally from the keel to the wale, the upper hood ends being fastened to the clamp or inwale. The outer skin was of $\frac{3}{16}$in. Spanish cedar, running fore and aft, and between the two was a thickness of Union silk, laid in paint.

The two bulkheads were of $\frac{3}{16}$in. cedar, also double, with silk between, the two layers crossing diagonally. Some consideration was given at first to the idea of omitting the bulkheads and building a very light hull, open from end to end, but stiffened by two full-length bilge clamps on each side of the keel; but this was abandoned in favor of the fixed water-tight bulkheads. The question of a high water tight floor, as in the Scarecrow, was also considered and dismissed in favor of the deep well, the floor being merely light slats on the frames. Another idea that was discussed and rejected was that of a plate centerboard of rectangular form and of considerable depth, not pivoted, but movable fore and aft, as well as vertically, in the trunk, as has since been done in Vesper, Olita and several other 15 footers. While this plan had much to recommend it in the absence of positive data as to the proper length, breadth and position of the knife centerboard in the new type of boat, and offered inviting opportunities for experiment, it was rejected in favor of the simple, fixed and pivoted board of the Linton Hope pattern. Arrangements were made for shifting the board a certain distance aft if necessary, but they were never used in practice, as the board proved in the proper position.

The deck beams were of butternut, ⅝in. by 1in., but made deeper at the ends to meet the clamp. The deck was of $\frac{5}{16}$in. white cedar covered with canvas. The hull was thoroughly braced in many ways, the mast in particular was very strongly stepped, and in all her racing no signs of wringing or weakness were ever visible. The weight of the hull, as already stated, was 355lbs. when put on the cars at Clayton, which included all the woodwork, but no fittings except the brass stem and keel bands, brass plate and eyebolts at stemhead, four chainplates, two for the runners, and the rudder tube. Unfortunately we have never been able to obtain the complete weights of all parts, but when officially measured, after over four weeks' immersion and consequent soakage, she trimmed to an average immersion of about ¼in. over the 8in. waterline. The displacement to this waterline was 1,022lbs., and when this measurement was taken she had on board, in addition to the 300lbs. representing the crew, a weight of 100lbs. of lead to be carried as fixed ballast. Allowing 78lbs. for the added displacement due to the immersion below the designed line, the total displacement would be in round numbers 1,100lbs., and deducting the weight of lead ballast there remains 1,000lbs. for the loaded displacement with crew, and 700lbs. for the weight of hull, spars, sails, fittings and gear. We shall give next week the sail plan and some further details of construction.

A Successful One-Design Class.

During the past season the Cohasset Y. C., of Cohasset, Mass., has held a number of races for the one-design class, of which ten boats were built last spring. These boats were built by James McIntyre from the designs of the original Scarecrow, as published in the Forest and Stream, but were rigged with the gaff mainsail instead of the Scarecrow leg o' mutton. Apart from the actual racing, they have proved most serviceable for sailing. The following account is by W. E. Robinson in the *Boston Globe:*

Although the Cohasset half-raters are not speedy enough to compete successfully with El Heirie, Glencairn, and the fastest of the class, they are still fast and handy little boats, and have admirably served the purpose for which they were built. The racing of the season at Cohasset has been even more interesting than was anticipated when the boats were ordered, and the members of the syndicate which built them are to be congratulated on the successful carrying out of the "one class, one-design" idea.

Club sport has been promoted, no little amateur talent in skillful helmsmanship and handling has been brought out and improved, and a foundation has been laid for even better sport in seasons to come.

Interest in the class and in its racing was not very great at the first of the season, but it increased very rapidly until boats were at a premium and the entire fleet of ten boats were found competing in the races. Since the boats were built from the same set of moulds, and were in every way exactly alike when delivered from the builders' hands, the question of winning has been largely one of good handling and attention to details. And in this fact has largely lain the interest aroused. It has been a contest of skippers as well as boats to more than the ordinary degree, yet the best of feeling has prevailed in the friendly rivalry, while at the same time no racing points have been neglected.

Built from designs by W. P. Stephens, after his well-known Scarecrow model, the boats were first intended for centerboards, but were afterward fitted with fin-keels, making them practically non-capsizable, and better fitting them for use in the frequently rough waters of Cohasset and its vicinity. The fins were made to hoist, so that the boats might lie easily on the flats in the harbor at low tide, but in racing all hoisting of the fins has been barred, so that all have sailed on an equality in the matter of draft, etc.

When fairly in trim the boats proved themselves easily handled, well balanced and decidedly attractive craft to manage, and the sport was in no way lessened by the possession of these and other good qualities.

The racing of the boats, while under club auspices, has been controlled by the association formed by the owners, and special care has been taken that no undue advantage has been given one over another. Thirteen races in all have been sailed, and the accompanying tables show what has been accomplished. The racing has been accompanied by the usual good and bad fortune to individual boats and owners, but the interest has never flagged, and no boat in the class could be reckoned a sure winner in a given kind of weather.

A championship trophy of some kind will be awarded the winning boat, and in the award of that championship the percentage system of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts has been adopted by the owners' association. The first table gives the boats in their order under this system, showing starts, percentage, number of times fifth place or better was secured, etc. No boat is recorded as securing a place unless she defeated a competitor. The table speaks for itself:

	Starts.	Firsts.	Seconds.	Thirds.	Fourths.	Fifths.	Last place.	Did not finish.	Ruled out.	Per cent.
Swallow	11	6	0	0	2	2	1	0	0	.545
Hoodoo	13	4	3	2	0	1	1	0	0	.461
Mermaid	11	1	3	1	1	0	3	1	1	.250
Scooter	11	1	1	3	1	0	0	1	1	.204
Blink	12	0	3	2	1	1	1	1	1	.166
Seagull	8	1	0	0	0	1	2	1	0	.100
Jap	13	0	1	1	3	1	3	2	1	.075
Honey	6	0	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	.075
Mungo	8	0	0	2	1	1	0	1	0	.050
Bee	5	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	.050

For a better comparison, however, of the work of the boats, a "cross" table, as used by the writer for several years in the records of the knockabout and other classes, has been prepared. This shows just the number of times each boat has beaten or has been beaten by every other boat in the fleet. A boat's wins over other boats show in the horizontal columns, her losses in the vertical ones. The comparison is thus a very close one, and enables the owner to see just what his boat has done.

In this table the boats are ranked in the order of the number of series won or lost with each of their competitors. The order would be the same on a percentage of wins to losses. The winning, losing or tieing of the various series is as follows:

Swallow won 9; Hoodoo won 7, lost 2; Mermaid won 6, lost 2, tied 1; Scooter won 6, lost 3; Honey won 4, lost 4, tied 1; Bee won 4, lost 5; Blink won 3, lost 4, tied 2; Mungo won 2, lost 6, tied 1; Jap won 1, lost 7, tied 1; Seagull lost 9.

With these explanations the table will speak for itself:

	Swallow.	Hoodoo.	Mermaid.	Scooter.	Bee.	Blink.	Honey.	Mungo.	Jap.	Seagull.
Swallow	..	7	5	9	5	7	4	4	9	6
Hoodoo	4	..	7	5	3	10	5	7	10	6
Mermaid	4	4	..	6	3	5	3	6	8	5
Scooter	1	6	4	..	3	7	3	4	9	6
Bee	0	2	2	2	..	3	2	2	3	2
Blink	3	2	5	3	1	..	3	5	7	6
Honey	1	1	2	1	0	3	..	2	5	3
Mungo	2	1	2	3	3	2	1	..	4	3
Jap	2	3	3	2	2	5	1	4	..	5
Seagull	1	2	2	2	1	2	1	2	3	..

When the racing of the boats has been of so friendly a character, it is perhaps just as well not to institute invidious comparisons. The owners have raced for sport alone, and have taken their chances of good and bad fortune as they came. The racing has not discouraged anyone, but has stimulated ambition to hold a better place in next season's record if possible.

A continuance of the class and of its racing is already assured. Several new boats are in sight, and they will be built after the same style as the others, and probably from the same moulds, which McIntyre still has in his shop.

A different sail plan may indeed be found on the boats next season, but if one has it all will have it. In the last race the owner of Honey tried a mainsail similar to that on Glencairn, Spruce IIII. and other racers, a modification of the lug and a great favorite for small craft in British waters.

With its high peak the sail proved a better one for windward work than the old one, as well as being in several ways a much handier one, and it would not be surprising to see this rig adopted for the class.

For the award of the championship next season, plan has already been proposed which will put a high premium on entering in every race, and this, with other things the owners have in mind, shows that their interest in this class is a genuine one.

Club Elections.

Sodus Bay Y. C., Sodus Bay, N. Y., officers for 1897: Com., Spencer Meade; Vice-Com., Thomas E. Elliott, of Newark, N. Y.; Fleet Capt., W. H. Cook, Sodus Point; Sec'y and Treas., F. J. B. LeFebvre, Sodus Point; Surgeon, Dr. N. E. Landan, Newark, N. Y.; Meas., Dr. F. L. Wilson, Sodus Point; Chaplain, Rev. D. W. Cavanaugh, of Lyons; Trustees: C. H. Perkins, A. C. Bartle, J. M. Pitkin, Jr., C. H. Stuart, C. P. H. Vary, all of Newark. The regatta committee is to be appointed by the commodore, and also a committee of ten to raise $200 for the racing expenses next year. The annual report shows the club in fine financial condition. A new dock has been built and a new flagstaff has been presented to the club by Com. Mott, of the Oswego Y. C., and Com. Meade has decked it with a new 16ft. flag.

Shelter Island Y. C., Shelter Island, N. Y. Officers, 1897: Com., James B. Edson, yacht Palos; Vice-Com., James Weir, Jr., yacht Tigress; Rear-Com., J. N. Kalley, yacht Truant; Sec'y., C. Pliny Brigham; Treas., W. H. Bedford; Meas., C. P. Brigham; Fleet Surgeon, J. Lester Keep. Trustees: J. B. Edson, A. B. Lynch, Rev. J. A. Aspinwall, John Cassidy, J. Lester Keep, W. H. Bradley, Charles Otis, James Weir, Jr., D. P. Hathaway, H. L. Coe and T. A. Schroeder. House Committee: J. Lester Keep, W. H. Bradley and W. H. Bedford. The Regatta Committee will be appointed at a later date.

Oceanic Y. C., Communipaw, N. J. Officers, 1897: Com., E. Henkel; Vice-Com., Frank Van Winkle; Treas., J. Golden; Sec'y, J. Smith; Meas., E. Mesereau; Fleet Surgeon, R. Hawthorne; Steward, George Davidson. House Committee: James Pray, W. Rigmaiden, Benjamin Dubois and Daniel Hurlburt.

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Rochester Y. C.

CHARLOTTE, N. Y.—LAKE ONTARIO.

Saturday, Sept. 26.

The Rochester Y. C. sailed the last race of the season on Sept. 26 over a 12-mile triangle in a moderate breeze, the day being rainy. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Nox	11 30 06	2 05 43	2 35 37
Iris	11 31 40	2 31 34	2 49 54
Facile	11 31 09	2 32 14	3 01 05
Carita	11 30 22	2 32 34	3 02 12
Kelpie	11 32 21	Not timed.	

Small Yachts.

From Com. C. H. Rockwell, United States Navy.

U. S. Naval Station, Port Royal, S. C., Oct. 2.—"Small Yachts" came yesterday. It is far and away beyond my most fervent hopes. I am an old-fashioned sailor, and the book is a great delight to me. My daughter says that no one can get an answer from me now until I get through poring over the book.

I am just now engaged in turning a fine sailing launch into a perambulating house-boat and shall get many wrinkles from that admirable book.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The second race of the series between Vencedor and Siren was sailed on Sept. 22, the pair starting in a gale. Vencedor gained a great advantage at the start and at last won by thirty-eight minutes, having outsailed Siren fairly. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vencedor	2 15 00	4 44 30	2 29 30	2 29 20
Siren	2 15 00	5 22 55	3 07 55	3 07 55

Wanda, steam yacht, Henry S. Henry, of Philadelphia, has been libelled by the Harlan & Hollingsworth Co. for charges of $12,135 for repairs. She is laid up at Manning's Basin, where she was seized on Sept. 24 by a deputy marshal. She has since been libelled by J. R. Hudson for the sum of $319.

The New York Y. C. will in the future have a triangular course off Newport, Lieut. James H. Bull, U. S. N., having at the request of the club just laid off a new course with ten-mile legs. It will probably replace the old Sow and Pigs and Block Island courses of the club, sailed for so many years. It will be known as Course No. 6.

The new name of the steam yacht Unquowa is Buccaneer, given her by her new owner, W. R. Hearst. The yacht is now at Tebo's, under the charge of Chief Heilbron, formerly of Vamoose when Mr. Hearst built and owned her. Buccaneer has been thoroughly refitted and very much improved; the main saloon has been handsomely fitted up in carved oak. The yacht will make a cruise to the West Indies in a short time.

The annual handbook for yachtsmen, "Who Won?" compiled by Capt. J. C. Summers and published by Edward Yeomans Thorp, is now out for 1896, with the usual amount of useful information as to yachts, yacht clubs, signals, records, etc. The yacht list contains dimensions of over 5,000 American yachts, and 2,000 private signals are shown in the colored plates, besides the many club flags. The miscellaneous tables contain much information pertaining to yachting and nautical matters, making a very convenient and valuable reference book.

A new steam yacht has been designed by C. D. Mosher for C. R. Flint, and will be built this winter. She will be 122ft. l.w.l. and 12ft. 6in. beam, and intended for a speed of 38 miles.

Almy, steam yacht, Frederick Gallatin, passed Cape Race, N. F., on Oct. 1, bound west, and reached New York on Oct. 5.

Triton, schr., now owned by Mayor W. A. Wilkins, of Waynesboro, Ga., went ashore in the cyclone of Sept. 26 on the Georgia coast, but will be saved.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

First Battalion Trophy Shoot at Paterson.

Paterson, N. J., Sept. 26.—The First Battalion trophy was shot for to-day at Sall's Haledon Park. The four teams competing for the trophy were Companies A, B and C, from this city, and Company D, from Passaic.

In 1894 Company A won with a score of 267; in '95 the same team won the trophy, but with a higher score, its total being 278. To-day the team of Company C came out ahead with a total of 273, the Passaic (Company D) team crowding the winners so closely that the final result depended on the scores of the last two men on those teams. Company D is one of the latest additions to the regiment. Lieut. A. S. Jones acted as referee; Major Henry Muzzy, of the Second Regiment, was judge, and Sergeant Joseph B. Mills official scorer. Below are the scores:

Company A.		Company B.	
Pvt J W Foster	0453443—23	Pvt J H Twist	2253020—14
Sergt Andrew Hall	3443424—24	Pvt B F Chandler	0325443—21
Pvt W S Newboy	4443445—28	Pvt Joseph Niblo	3334555—28
Pvt T Robson	3344445—27	Pvt W H King	3234444—24
Corp John Early	3454333—25	Pvt Kurpick	2334433—22
Sergt J L Holmes	4444443—27	Sergt C Reynolds	4445553—30
Sergt T Blake	4435444—28	Corp J Reynolds	3444344—26
Pvt F Rebbeck	4544444—29	Pvt E McCarthy	4445444—29
Pvt F Lambrecht	2544344—26	Mus O F Ludwig	3335523—24
Pvt J Fairhurst	4444454—29—266	Corp Wm A Holt	4344444—27—245
Company C.		**Company D.**	
Pvt J Ranson	4444444—28	Sergt Hubschmitt	3454344—27
Pvt W S Brooks	4444444—28	Sergt F Briggs	4343444—26
Capt J Parker	3343424—23	Pvt J Wickware	4343334—24
Pvt A Drummond	4355434—28	Sergt R Yerberry	2444453—26
Mus J Vonan	5534444—29	Pvt J Malcolm	4444253—26
Pvt R Chankalia	3544554—30	Lieut J T Parker	5344444—28
Corp VanWalrav'n	5334432—24	Corp J Rush	4534445—29
Sergt J Nolan	4454444—29	Capt H M Ross	4444443—27
Corp C Knibbs	4442343—24	Pvt W Hayes	4444454—29
Sergt A Deitrick	4454445—30—273	Lieut J Doremus	4443455—29—271

Dutcher.

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

Erie, Pa., Sept. 30.—Below is the result of this season's shooting in the medal handicaps. The three winners are: J. G. Germann, first; John Stidham, second, and George Shafer, third:

	Total Scores.	Total Points.	Average.	Handicap.	Grand Av.
J G Germann	127	8,864	69.842	0	69.842
John Stidham	177	11,287	66.005	2	68.005
Geo Shafer	123	8,107	65.829	2	67.829
Dr A C Wheeler	70	4,320	61.714	6	67.714
Capt J Bacon	133	8,303	62.428	5	67.428
Dr R Strangways	25	1,476	59.04	8	67.04
W B Patten	82	4,633	57.719	9	67.719
G C Rahn	126	7,068	57.689	9	67.689
W J Leyer	117	6,981	59.666	6	65.666
W F Treiber	99	6,384	64.515	1	65.515
Chas Van Etten	40	2,460	61.5	4	65.5
Chas Froese	18	1,076	59.77	5	64.77
Chas Curry	23	1,325	57.609	7	64.609
J R Brown	14	831	60.785	3	63.785
J F Leyer	97	5,436	56.042	7	63.042
Dr W R Hunter	14	798	57	6	63
F Lynch	1	63	63	0	63
F Derby	57	3,072	53.895	9	62.895
W Wilkins	11	592	53.818	9	62.818
A Olvette	15	806	53.733	9	62.733
E S Noyes	77	3,289	42.714	14	56.714
G Ormsby	46	1,888	41.043	12	53.043
O G Riblet	6	318	53	0	53
J H Hunt	7	334	47.714	0	47.714
F Sharp	5	223	44.6	0	44.6
J Thomas	2	89	44.2	0	44.2
F Lermmence	1	43	43	0	43
H Thompson	5	201	40.2	0	40.2
C Shenk	3	116	38.666	0	38.666

J. Bacon, Captain.

Calumet Heights Rifle Club.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 26.—In the weekly shoot of the Calumet Heights Rifle Club, Spaulding won in Class A and Miss Ervin in Class B. Scores:

Class A, 200yds., standard target, off-hand:

Spalding	5433443344—37	Harlan	3024334244—29
Paterson	3343455433—37	Davis	0333204344—27

Class B, 100yds., Creedmoor target reduced, rest:

Miss Ervin	5454454444—43	Mrs Chamberlain	4345333343—35

Patty.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Oct. 8-10.—East St. Louis, Ill.—Tournament of the King's Smokeless Gun Club.

Oct. 10.—Hackensack, N. J.—Team race, Maplewood Gun Club versus Bergen County Gun Club.

Oct. 14-15.—Greensburg, Ind.—Second annual tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club. Targets only. Web. Woodfill, Sec'y.

Oct. 16-17.—Tacoma, Wash.—Tournament of the Washington State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Tacoma Rifle, Rod and Gun Club. G. H. Garrison, Sec'y.

Oct. 17.—Hackensack, N. J.—Fifth monthly shoot of the New Jersey Amateur Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Oritani Field Club.

Oct. 23-24.—Marion, N. J.—Merchandise shoot of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. Entries in 100-target handicaps close Oct. 22, to A. R. Strader, 371 New York avenue, Jersey City, N. J., or to Carl von Lengerke, 8 Murray street, New York city. Entries to be accompanied by $2 forfeit.

Oct. 27-28.—Elizabeth, N. J.—Eighth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club. First day, targets; second day, live birds.

Oct. 28-29.—Liberty, Ind.—Tournament of the Red Owl Gun Club. Live birds and targets. R. A. Creek, Sec'y.

Oct. 28-29.—Ironton, O.—Third annual tournament of the Iron City Gun Club. Targets.

Nov. 7.—Hackensack, N. J.—Cup contest, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club. C. O. Gardiner, Sec'y.

Dec. 1-3.—Trenton, N. J.—Proposed contest for live-bird championship; 100 live birds per man, $100 entry. Under the management of Charles Zwirlein.

1897.

Jan. 4-5.—Prescott, Arizona.—Fourth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Prescott Gun Club. Roy Hill, Sec'y.

January.—San Antonio, Tex.—Second midwinter tournament, under the management of Oscar Guessaz, etc.

March 23-25.—New York City.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

April 15-17.—San Antonio, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

June (third week).—Cleveland, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Trap-shooters in Richmond, Va., are said to need some stirring. Below is a brief account of a shoot held there Sept. 26, furnished us by a correspondent in that city: "The biggest shooting event ever held here took place at the West End Baseball Park, Saturday, Sept. 26. Many of the most prominent shooters in this city took part. Shooting commenced at 1:30 P. M. and continued until dark. Two hundred and twenty-five live birds and many targets were released, but only a few succeeded in making their escape. The first event was at 25 live birds, 30yds. rise, 70yds. boundary. The winner of this event scored 22, which must be considered a good score for an amateur. The second event was at 10 live birds, same rise and boundary. The winner scored 10 straight. Messrs. T. W. Tignor's Sons, sporting goods dealers of this city, donated as a prize a handsome gun case. Everybody wanted to win it, but only one man was able to lay claim to it, and he carried off most of the prizes that day. The shoot was a success in every respect except that the public took little interest in it. The managers of the affair hope to have a larger crowd present to witness their next efforts."

The ninth annual tournament of the Iroquois Rifle Club, of Pittsburg, Pa., will be held Oct. 12-15. The programme for trap-shooters is not extensive, but the rifle programme is a good one. For the trap-shooters who are not members of the club Thursday, Oct. 15, is the only day. On that date there will be twelve events shot; ten of them will be at 15 bluerocks and two at 10 bluerocks. The 10-target events are $1.20 entrance; the 15-target events are $1.50 entrance. There will be a handicap for shooters, which runs as follows: "Class A will shoot from known traps and unknown angles; Class B will shoot from known traps and angles. Shooters in Class B winning or dividing first money will be advanced one class, and shooters in Class A failing to win in one event will shoot from the next lower class. Money divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Shooters dropping for place will be barred. Lunch will be served, and shells will be for sale on grounds. Trains for Howard leave Union Depot at 10 and 11:40 A. M., and 1:05 and 3:20 P. M.

The dates for the tournament to be held at Ironton, O., under the auspices of the Iron City Gun Club, have been changed to Oct. 28-29. Mr. H. E. Norton, of that club, writes us under date of Oct. 2 as follows: "The dates for the Iron City Gun Club's tournament have been changed to one week later, owing to the Louisville tournament being held on the same dates as those we had chosen. Programmes will be mailed Oct. 8 and the tournament will take place Oct. 28-29. Quite a number from Marietta, Cincinnati, Columbus, Dayton, Portsmouth and Huntington will be present, and the club has every reason to believe that the shoot will be a success in every way. The live-bird match between Messrs. West and Verges vs. Stevens and Clarke will be shot the last afternoon for a purse of $400, and will be well worth seeing."

George Cubberly did some capital shooting at Charlie Zwirlein's grounds, Yardville, N. J., Oct. 2. He shot in 7 miss-and-outs, $5 entrance, and scored 55 out of 57. He divided 5 of the events, running at one time 40 straight. Winston also did good work; he shot at 41 birds and scored every one of them except the last one. Among those who took part in the sweeps was Jack Brewer, Bland Ballard, James Timmons, Eddie Hill, I. W. Budd and Charlie Zwirlein.

The W. Fred Quimby Co., the New York end of the Hunter Arms Co., the Empire Target Co. and the Hunter bicycle, has removed its headquarters to 300 Broadway, three doors above its old stand at 294. Fred will be found for a short time at least in the rear of the store at the above number. The cause of this removal is the plan for erecting one of New York's sky-scrapers on the site of his old location.

Noel E. Money, secretary of the American E. C. Powder Co., was unlucky enough to run a nail into his foot on Sept. 25. The wound was not only painful, but a severe one, Mr. Money being unable as yet to wear a shoe on the injured foot. The accident came at a bad time, as it has delayed his starting on a trip to Maine to school his foxhound puppies on Maine foxes prior to the trials of the Brunswick Fur Club.

The Rose system was given a good trial at the Pennsylvania State shoot at Harrisburg last week, and stood the test very well. That shooters know a good thing when once they have tried it is plainly shown by the fact that few programmes reach us now that do not include the sentence: "The Rose system of dividing purses will be used at this tournament."

The series of interclub team races that was gotten up by the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League, of Chicago, has proved even more successful than its promoters had hoped for. Nothing booms the sport better than friendly team races between clubs conveniently located for such gatherings.

Mr. E. A. Worthen, president of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club, Burlington, Vt., says in a personal letter to us, dated Oct. 3: "Mr. B. H. Norton, of the Hazard Powder Co., was here this week and made one of our party at the Cambridge tournament. We made a great effort, but the wind played the dickens with the scores."

The return match between J. L. Winston, of the Austin powder, and Gustave Langen, who shoots under the name of Count, which was arranged to take place last week at Yardville, N. J., did not come off owing to Langen having hurt his arm. It will take place, however, some day this week at the same place.

The programme for the Marion merchandise shoot, to be held by the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., Oct. 23-24, is one that should attract a lot of shooters of the amateur class. The management of the club is making strenuous efforts to have the affair a complete success.

Paul Litzke writes us that, though the South has had a lot of tournaments this year, trap-shooting is scarcely on the wane, several tournaments being on the list for the next few weeks. There is very little going on in the way of trap-shooting in the South that Paul does not get wind of.

A correspondent writing to us from St. Johnsbury, Vt., under date of Sept. 30, sends us the following interesting item: "Some of the sportsmen of St. Johnsbury have become interested in trap-shooting, and last night formed a temporary organization, with J. W. Titcomb as president, and H. A. Belknap secretary and treasurer. The club has been practicing for some time, but as the interest increased it seemed best to have a permanent organization and adopt a form of constitution and by-laws, which will be presented at a subsequent meeting."

The conditions of the cup contest, offered by the Bergen County Gun Club for competition at its grounds on Nov. 7, have not yet been decided upon. President Bell, of that club, is busily engaged taking a census of the opinion of the local shooters on that point.

Live birds at Baltimore, and targets and live birds at Newburgh, N. Y., will keep the shooters busy in this section this week. It is a pity that Baltimore did not choose next week for its shoot, and thus give shooters a chance of attending both tournaments.

It is within the bounds of possibility that the Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club may decide upon giving one of its old-time tournaments. The Van Gilders, John Connor, Judge Lindsay, etc., are good material to work on when it comes to giving a shoot that the boys like.

Rolla Heikes will be in this city some time time this week. He will make a short stay in the East, but expects to get to Swan Creek, Mich., in time to stop a few snipe and some ducks on their way to spend the winter in the South.

The team race between the Maplewood (N. J.) Gun Club and the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J., which takes place Saturday, Oct. 10, on the grounds of the Bergen County Club, will be an interesting affair.

The Red Owl Gun Club, of Liberty, Ind., will hold a tournament at live birds and targets, Oct. 28-29. The secretary, Mr. R. A. Creek, will be pleased to furnish all information desired by inquiring correspondents.

Jim Elliott is not the only person who is wondering where all those people are who seemed so anxious to shoot him a race or two at live birds less than three months ago.

Oct. 6. EDWARD BANKS.

Position of the Gun versus Sportsmanship.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am a reader of about all the prominent sporting papers (I should perhaps say "sportsmen's papers") published in the country. I read them as a rule from end to end, advertisements and all. It may be that I do so because I love sport and all that pertains to it, or it may be that I do it because I have plenty of time on hand, or again it may be both of the above reasons. Anyhow I've got some time to spare just now and my bosom needs unburdening, so I'm going to make you my victim.

A few weeks ago I read some letters in a paper urging the adoption of some more "sportsmanlike" method of holding the gun at the trap. It seemed to me when I read those letters that the writers had missed the mark about as badly as they probably would have done had they tried their hands at live birds or targets under the present conditions at shoots of any kind. They did not consider that the two branches of shooting, trap and field shooting, are as widely separated by natural conditions as they possibly can be. The trap, as a means for teaching a man to handle his gun in the field, is useful only in so far as it accustoms a man to handle a gun freely and easily, teaches him what his gun will do, familiarizes him with the use of powders, and above all, and often by bitter experience, teaches him that he must lead crossing birds—something that it takes him some time to learn if he only does a little field shooting each season, and only finds the usual quantity of game our woods are blessed with nowadays.

In the field—that is, both in brush and open meadows—I have done a great deal of shooting in my time. Speaking from experience, I would say that nine-tenths of my game has been killed at distances varying from 15 to 30yds. from my gun; the other one-tenth has been stopped sometimes under 15, but rarely over the 30yds. limit. Quail when pointed by a dog lie close enough at times for one to step on them; occasionally, where they have been shot at much, they rise wild. My position when going up to a dog on a point on quail is this: I grasp the gun easily with both hands, the left hand holding the gun just about the end of the fore end and the right hand just behind the trigger guard, with the first finger ready and itching to feel the trigger; my right forearm lightly touches the comb. If a quail jumps wild my gun comes up easily without loss of time, and my left arm is slightly bent (I do not and cannot believe in the stiff left arm business); in brush, where one has to shoot quick, my position and motions are just the same. In the open, when birds lie well, he is a poor sportsman who snaps his birds. Sneaking up to a dog on a point with an old cock partridge (ruffed grouse) before him, I get my gun a little nearer to my shoulder, for one needs all the time one can get on a gentleman of that kind. The above is how I do it, but I don't say that it necessarily follows that it is the right and the only way. When I learned to shoot I wanted meat, and I chose the way that came naturally to me and which seemed to get me most meat.

Now for the trap. Who has not heard some old-timer say: "Look at that fellow with his gun glued to his cheek! He'd be a pretty sight in the field, wouldn't he, if he acted like that?" That sentence, with variations, has doubtless greeted the ears of many of your trap-shooting readers. My answer invariably is: "Circumstances alter cases." Another remark one hears often is: "Why don't they hold the gun below the elbow like we used to do? That's a sportsmanlike way of shooting." Now I don't believe there is a single man who habitually shot "gun below the elbow" matches who would ever think of putting himself into the ridiculous figure-of-four position assumed at the trap on such occasions if he was walking up to a dog on point. If that is a sportsmanlike position I'm no sportsman, and never will be, I'm afraid. The one-barrel business was cruel, to say the least. Many birds shot at in matches where "one barrel only" was allowed escaped badly maimed, when a second barrel would have put them out of their misery. If we are bound to impose suffering on birds, let us at least put them out of their pain as soon as possible. The skillful use of a second barrel on a hard bird, whether in the field or at the trap, is to my mind the height of skill in shooting. How many men can place their second barrel effectively?

The "gun in any position" rule was probably made not through any sympathy with the birds, but simply because it was impossible for any referee, however good, to decide accurately all the time whether the bird *was* on the wing before the gun was put to the shoulder. It is pretty hard to keep your eye on two things, both of which need watching. With an inefficient or dishonest referee there was plenty of room for trickery, and plenty was practiced.

As trap-shooting is carried on nowadays, the conditions are generally hard enough. Live pigeons are usually liberated from 28 to 30yds. from the shooter. He has to be very quick and accurate to stop his bird within bounds; there is a big difference between 21yds. rise and 28 or 30yds. rise; there is also a big difference between the conditions of game shooting and trap-shooting as at present practiced. Then take shooting at clay targets. Ruffed grouse and quail get up and away very quickly, but none of them get away for the first 20yds. as fast as a bluerock or empire leaves the trap. Experts show us by their work, and as a result of their experience, that the gun to the shoulder is the best position for making good scores, and that is what the boys are after. I have noticed that many thoroughly good sportsmen soon adopt the gun to the shoulder when they start in trap-shooting. They want to excel and they take what they have learned is the best position.

There is also another phase of this matter that needs a little notice. A bird lost in the field through slow work with the gun does not amount to much. Frequently it can be followed and flushed again. A clay target lost, or a pigeon lost at the traps, means dollars out of pocket and ultimate defeat. Don't lose sight of the fact that it is victory and dollars, or dollars and victory, at the traps as a rule. There are exceptions to the rule, but those exceptions occur only at the home shoots of gun clubs, never at tournaments, be they large or small.

Now, gentlemen, I have had my say, and I should like to hear what the other side has got to say. Don't put this in the waste basket and I will be grateful to you, because I rather like it and want to find out whether I am right or not. 43 GRAINS.

Calumet Heights Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 26.—Below are the scores made to-day in the regular weekly shoot of the Calumet Heights Gun Club. A strong wind blew in from the traps and all targets were hard to get, many sky-scrapers among them. Paterson won in Class A, Metcalfe in Class B and Black in Class C. Scores:

Class A.

Paterson.....11101111111111111111111111—24
Lamphere.....11001111110111011111111101—20
Wescott.....11011011100011111111111111—20
Ferguson.....10001111110110011011101111—17

Class B.

Norcom.....01111100001100011111111111—17
Greely.....00100010111011001011111101—14
Metcalfe.....01101100011111011111111011—18

Class C.

Black.....11110011111001111101111101—19
Harlan.....00011000010110001101110100—12
Davis.....11011111010000001101100011—14

PATTY.

Cook County Trap-Shooters' League.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 3.—The eighth and final shoot of the series of interclub matches of the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League for the year of 1896 came off at Garfield Club grounds to-day, this finishing a pleasant and important feature of the season's shooting record at this city. The previous dates of these League shoots were April 25, May 16, June 20, July 18, Aug. 5, Sept. 5 and 19, results of which have appeared in these columns. The attendance to-day was hardly what was deserved by so prominent an event. It is likely that the presence of the field shooting season had much to do with the absence of many devotees of the trap who are connected with the League. To-day only two clubs, Eureka and Garfield, filled A Class teams. Eureka B Class was alone. No club filled C Class team, Calumet Heights being nearest with five men. Lack of interest may have perhaps also been due to the fact that the competition was really over before his shoot, and the main places already foregone in conclusion. Eureka Club A Class kept up her strong lead, and lands first on the season club total. As was predicted, Garfield B Class had a cinch on the season club averages, and Calumet Heights landed first in C Class. This is a good club distribution of the League Grand Prizes. The beautiful Mussey Trophy (which was long ago fully described in these columns) offered by the representative sportsman, Mr. W. P. Mussey, goes to Eureka Club, which lucky association will have a bit of silver of which they may justly feel very proud, for there are few more genuinely worthy sporting trophies out in the country than this one. The second grand prize, the Montgomery Ward & Co. silver cup, deserves almost as high praise as can be accorded the capital prize, and shows the enterprise and taste of the well-known and powerful house. The set of Expert Blue Rock traps and pull are standard goods which Calumet Heights Club will use and enjoy every week in the year.

In the season individual averages a surprise was in store. Dr. Shaw had a bit of reserve speed up his sleeve in the homestretch, and landed the first open-to-all individual prize, the L. C. Smith ejector shotgun, which is a joy forever also, because it will last forever, sure. Eddie Steck dropped back to second place and won a split-bamboo fishing rod, with which he can break targets when it is folded up. In third place there was an interesting tie between Stannard, of Eureka, Lanphere, of Calumet, and Kuss and Hicks, of Garfield, who shot even on the season's totals. Really Mr. Steck shot for Mr. Lanphere to-day, the latter being obliged to leave, but the totals at the end of the 25 tie birds showed Hicks in the lead with 22, Stannard next with 21. This tie was shot at the three center traps, traps unknown, fixed angles, 5 down. The prize so pluckily won by Mr. Hicks is a fine big refrigerator, which will come handy this winter. It is a cold refrigerator when Mr. Hicks gets left. The consolation prize for low men in the club at each contest, a keg of Du Pont smokeless powder, was won by J. Church, of Douglas Gun Club. These are the more important prizes, and the only ones on which results can be figured at this date, the club record needing long figuring before all the results can be established by the League secretary. Of these there are six prizes in each class of A, B and C. The first in the A Class is the E. C. challenge cup. The first in B Class is a Remington shotgun. The first in C Class is a Marlin rifle. The other prizes hold out in equal scale of value, the total scale of merchandise prizes being the most uniformly appropriate and valuable one has ever noted offered in a competition at the traps of a nature similar to this. The League shooters may feel themselves very well appreciated and very well rewarded for their faithfulness.

FOREST AND STREAM offers besides to-day's scores a table showing the record of every man of the League in the club contests for the entire season, which is really the news of the League's work in a nutshell:

	April 25.	May 16.	June 20.	July 18.	Aug. 15.	Sept. 5.	Sept. 19.	Oct. 3.
Paterson	21	17	17	14	22	23	21	20
Goodrich	20	18	18	13	15	8	17	16
H Carson	20	19	..	17	21	18	18	..
Steck	22	24	21	22	19	24	19	21
Bingham	20	..	..	17	..	..	..	18
F Stannard	23	22	22	20	21	23	22	22
Dr Shaw	24	19	20	14	23	23	23	24
W Palmer	21	19	..	15	..	..	..	..
Dr Hodson	17	19	20	..	18	19	19	20
Bowers	17	..	..	15	21	..	..	..
Hicks	22	24	21	17	22	20	23	19
Von Lengerke	22	21	18	13	17	17	17	21
Dr Meek	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fehrman	19	22	20	17	20	20	21	..
Buchanan	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ferguson	..	..	20	..	..	16	18	21
Hinkins	..	..	14	18	..	..	..	..
Morton	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..
Cleaver	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..
De Wolf	..	..	20	14	..	..	12	14
Coppernoll	..	..	..	20	13	21	20	..
Steiger	..	..	..	13	11	..	..	..
Kurz	..	..	..	21	..	..	..	..
Mrs Carson	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..
F E Adams	..	..	21	22	..	20	19	..
Dr Hobbs	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
Kimball	..	..	14	..	13	..	..	..
Goldsmith	..	..	14	11	..	..	..	..
Levy	..	..	14	12	17	14	10	6
Cheesman	17	..	..	14	15	..	..	17
Kettlest'ng	16	20	..	22	..	..	..	..
Cutler	15	17	16	..	18	..	..	..
Rexford	13	9	18	19	19	20	21	15
Kemp	21	13	..	..	22	19	11	14
Amberg	21	18	13	18	19	16	..	..
Knowles	15	..	..	12	..	..	..	..
Drake	18	18	..	..	..	..	..	..
Marshall	16	18	16	9	19	18	..	11
Metcalf	14	17	20	11	17	20	14	..
Turtle	20	19	16	..	..	..	..	..
Booth	17	18	16	14	21	10	13	20
Lamphere	19	23	20	23	22	24	18	19
F S Lewis	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Thacker	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Church	..	17	18	17	..	18	..	13
Johnson	..	..	12	16	8	17	18	..
Matthews	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Barnard	14	11	..	7	..	..	..	..
Weed	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lawler	20	..	..	..	13	..	..	..
Goetthe	18	18	..	16	..	..	..	..
Cheesman	16	..	..	14	11	..	15	..
Wescott	19	22	14	17	23	..	17	15
Davis	10	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
Black	..	..	..	..	12	15	15	16
Harper	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Greeley	16	19	19	14	18	15	14	19
Van Platten	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..

	April 25.	May 16.	June 20.	July 18.	Aug. 15.	Sept. 5.	Sept. 19.	Oct. 3.
S Palmer	12	..	17	9	18	15	14	12
Dr Liddy	18	18	22	19	..	21	17	17
Kuss	17	23	20	20	24	23	16	22
Richards	19	23	20	18	19	21	23	16
J Lewis	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Buck	16	20	15	15	..	..	16	..
C W Carson	18	15	15	19	15	..	..	..
Glover	23	16	20	23	19	22	15	20
Sheppard	18	..	..	..	21	..	..	..
Deering	18	19	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fox	15	..	..	15	..	..	16	9
Lourey	18	17	..	9	21	15	17	..
Knott	12	13	..	..	17	17	17	7
E Norton	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..
Pitz	..	..	..	13	16	..	..	..
J J Smith	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..
Wilcox	..	..	..	13	22	19	..	..
J Ruble	..	..	..	23	24	23	22	20
Hart	..	..	..	11	20	..	..	..
Houston	..	..	..	..	16	17	8	..
Norcom	..	..	..	..	13	11	17	9
Harlan	..	..	..	7	..	12	..	..
Russell	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	2
Halligan	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..
Ludlow	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..
Hilliard	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..
J M Young	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..
Metcalf	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14
Cooper	12	16	..	16	17	..	..	..
Airey	19	15	..	..	..	..	..	..
Miller	23	21	..	..	..	..	..	..
N Stannard	17	22	19	20	19	21	20	19
W A Jones	12	..	..	..	..	..	7	..
J L Jones	14	15	15	..	..	..	..	..
Carter	24	19	18	12	22	20	..	..
Murphy	20	10	13	..	12	..	..	..
Petrie	16	..	..	..	13	..	..	..
Maloney	17	..	..	..	..	15	..	..
Barto	20	19	23	16	22	20	..	15
Eich	21	19	22	20	22	17	15	19
H Morgan	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	11
T Eaton	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9
J Robbins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11
Spreyne	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17
Einfeldt	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..
Whitman	5	21	15	..	16	21	14	13
Talbot	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..
A W Adams	22	17	22	19	..	17	19	..
Wilbur	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..
W Morgan	..	22	..	16	19	21	..	22
S Young	..	19	14	16	15	20	8	..
Copelin	..	14	13	..	..	..	..	..
Bissell	..	18	19	18	16	..	9	..
Antoine	..	20	20	18	21	18	21	13
Vasampaur	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..
Abel	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rochelan	..	23	..	..	..	..	..	..
Skinner	..	..	..	..	..	16	20	..

To-day the crowd of non-shooters was better than that of the shooters, a goodly number of spectators being on hand, in spite of the horribly muddy condition of the grounds, due to the late heavy rains. Among the ladies present were Miss Kelley, Mesdames Hicks, Russell, Kuss, Richards and Rowe. Mrs. Hicks acted as cashier, and did it so pleasantly that a man who only drew down 47 cents felt entirely satisfied with the world. Among the visiting sportsmen was Mr. E. S. Rice, of Du Pont shoot fame. All went off very smoothly, including the magautrap, which turned out copy for the entire push with great regularity and ease and with one hand tied behind its back. At the close of the regular events sweepstakes shooting was taken up and followed until pitch dark, the shooters stooping down on their knees at times to catch sight of the birds in the darkness.

It may be said that the season closed with the trap-shooting enthusiasm at as keen a pitch as that which marked the first shoot of the year. The League organization was a grand idea, and has added to the interest in the sport at Chicago to a very great extent. It has been of distinct benefit in increasing the feeling of comradeship among the different clubs, always a most desirable thing. It is certain that next year's record will have an equal and possibly a greater interest to the lovers of the sport of the traps. Following are the scores of to-day's events:

A CLASS.

Eureka.

F P Stannard.....11110111101111111111111011—22
A W Adams.....11101011111010111111111100—19
A C Patterson.....11111101111111111011110001—20
E M Steck.....11111101111011110011111111—21
Wright.....11111111101011011111111111—22
Ed Bingham.....01110111101110111110101101—18—122

Garfield.

T P Hicks.....01111011110111010111111101—19
J M Young.....11001101111101111110110011—18
D Russell.....10000000000100000000000000— 2
O von Lengerke.....11111001011111101111111111—21
Thos A Eaton.....01001000100011001111000000— 9
Dr Liddy.....10011101111111010111100011—17— 86

B CLASS.

Garfield.

S Shaw.....11111111111110111111111111—24
R Kuss.....10111011111110111111111111—22
J P Richards.....01111011110001011101100011—16
S Palmer.....00101010101011001001110—12
Steiger.....11101111110111111101000010—17— 91

Eureka.

W D Stannard.....11101110111111111110000111—19
J T Glover.....11010111101011111101111111—20
L H Goodrich.....00101011110011110101111110—16
W F De Wolf.....01001001010010011111111100—13
Spreyne.....11111001111011001100101111—17
H P Morgan.....10010010100001100110101010—11— 96

Douglas Gun Club.

B Barto.....00110101101111101111001010—15
J Church.....11000101111001001010101110—13
M J Eich.....01101111010110111111101111—19— 47

Calumet Heights.

Norcom.....10101011010000000010100000— 9
G C Lamphere.....11111010101110111111101011—19
F A Hodson.....00111111111111110011111101—20
C D Wescott.....01111000100010101111111011—15
H A Ferguson.....00111111101111111111101010—19
S M Booth.....11011110111101111111011111—21—103

Garden City.

J Ruble.....11011101111011111011110111—20
O C Kemp.....10111100110101001110101100—14
Antoine.....01010000101101011011111001—13
Rexford.....11011011101101101110000100—15—62

Cicero.

W Cheesman.....10101111111111001100101101—17
Fox.....01010000101001000110110000— 9
Knott.....00110100100100100000000100— 7—33

C CLASS.

Calumet Heights.

Greeley.....11111011111001111111010110—19
Metcalf.....11101011101010111111000000—14
Marshall.....01010010011001111100011000—11
Whitman.....11001111101000011100000110—13
Black.....01010101100011101100011101—13—70

The scores made in the sweeps shot during the day were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	10	20	15	15	25
Glover	7	4	7	..	17	..	11	..
Wright	8	6	10	..	16	13	14	20
Kuss	8	9	9	..	17	..	15	23
Bradley	7	6	6	7	11	..	11	..
Hicks	6	..	9	..	16	..	12	..
Bingham	..	9	..	8	..	..	..	..
Ruble	..	10	8	10	14	14	13	..
Adams	..	7	7	..	17	..	13	19
Barto	..	9	6	..	15	11	10	..
Cornwall	..	8	..	..	..	7	..	..
Steck	..	9	..	..	..	12	13	23
Young	..	7	..	..	..	8	..	8
Paterson	..	5	..	..	..	11	12	..
Palmer	..	..	..	9	..	..	9	..
Liddy	..	..	..	5	..	10	9	17
Church	..	..	..	6	..	6	..	..
Neal	..	..	..	8	..	10	..	17
Morgan	..	..	..	3	..	6	..	..
Cheesman	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..
Russell	..	..	..	0	..	..	..	3
Lockie	..	..	..	7	..	5	..	16
Shaw	..	..	..	3	..	11	..	19
Robbins	..	..	..	7	..	10	..	14
WStannard	..	..	..	7	..	11	13	22

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	10	20	15	15	25
Wescott	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	15
Metcalfe	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..
Black	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	14
Goodrich	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..
Steiger	..	..	..	..	3	..	6	11
Booth	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..
Lamphere	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..
Rice	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..
Hodson	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	9
Thomas	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..
Davis	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..
Richards	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..
Spreyne	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..
Eich	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..
O von Lengerke	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..
Ferguson	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..
Prickett	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..
Antoine	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sunder-meier	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Buchta	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Eaton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Copeland	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago. E. HOUGH.

In New Jersey.

MISS-AND-OUTS AT ZWIRLEIN'S.

Oct. 2.—Nine shooters, all of them top-notchers, had a good day's sport at Yardville to-day. Some excellent shooting was done by some of those present, particularly by George Cubberly and J. L. Winston. Seven miss-and-outs were shot, $5 entrance, the results being as given below:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
B Ballard	222221121220	21220	220	21112120
I W Budd	12112212112	222222	0	122220
J L Brewer	2122210	0	220	221220
J Timmons	212110	0	1110	1110
G Cubberly	1111221112	21110	1211	11111121122
C Zwirlein	221212222221	212221	0	20
Eddie Hill	.....	212220	2112	2122211210
147	.....	.....	....	12212221222

	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.
Ballard	12211122210	2121122220	.....
Budd	2121122212	21211222220	.....
Brewer	22220	2222222222220	2212221222
Timmons	111211220	20	.....
Cubberly	1121111111	122221122222	12120
Zwirlein	10	1120	1220
Hill	1212220	1121120	212111121
147	1221222122	1212212222222	122222220
Welles	.....	2222220	22222220

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

Oct 3—Twelve members of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., took part in the monthly handicap shoot. Eddie Collins shot in great form, breaking 49 out of 50, losing his 38th target. Scores:

Gray (0).....10111111111111111111111111
11111111111111111111101101—46
Adams (0).....11110111100111111011111111
11111111110111110111111111—44
Collins (0).....11111111111111111111111111
11111111111101111111111111—49
Huck (0).....11111111101101111111111011
11111000101111100 w — 32
Jeannerite (0).....10111011111100000011101011
10101111111111010101000010—31
Frank (0).....10111011001111101111101111
11111111111111111111010111—42
Paul (0).....11110111101011101111111101
11111110111011101111111111—42
McAlpin (0).....11101111111111101111101101
11111011111011101100001001—38
Hall (0).....11110110111111111111111001
11111111111101111101111111—44
James (8).....10110111011010111110100101
10101110110101111111011011—34
100111110 — 6—40
Marvin (19).....01011100110011001110100010
01011101100001001110111101—29
00111110101100000l — 9—38
Broshart (15).....00100011000011010101000010
00000001000100001111111011—29
110011100111011 —10—39

W. H. HUCK, Sec'y.

Team Race at Fort Dodge, Iowa.

FORT DODGE, Iowa, Sept. 21.—Below find scores made to-day in a match between the Dayton and Fort Dodge Gun Clubs. Conditions: five men on each team, 20 live birds per man, five unknown traps, A. S. A. rules. The birds were a fine lot, good flyers and strong. A northwest wind, blowing about forty miles per hour across the traps, carried many birds out which would have been scored on a calm day.

Fort Dodge.		Dayton.	
J F Drake	21●●20210212012012—14	C F Cole	22?●12221222222222232—19
R Christen	11102212222112●●01●?—15	O Norman	12222212200●212●2122—16
A Reynolds	12212211211112●1212—19	M E Curtis	20201011272001000120—10
C Bryant	21212212●12●222●10?2—16	F Corey	2122122●021●02●22002—13
C Minton	00022010211?0●2?2001—11	J B Paxton	11101110222?02?02232—16
	75		74

C. A. BRYANT.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Oct. 1.—The regular weekly shoot of the Lynchburg Gun Club was held to-day, the scores made by those present being as below. No. 3 was the shoot for the Silverthorn badge, Miller winning the badge with a score of 20. Scores:

No. 1:
Terry.....11111011011101111011111010—19
Dornin.....11111111110111111111011111—23
Scott.....11110111011001111100110010—17
Miller.....11100110011011001010111111—16

No. 2:
Terry.....10111011110100110010101111—16
Dornin.....11110111111110011110111101—20
Scott.....10111110101111101101110111—20
Miller.....10011000111110011100111111—16

No. 3:
11101110110011101111110111—19
11100111101110101101011111—18
11011111111000110101110011—17
11111010110111101111011111—20

No. 4:
11111111111110111111101111—23
11110110101100011011010111—16
11111111.01111011100111111—21
11101101101100101100111011—16

F. M. D.

Pennsylvania's Sixth Annual.

The Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association's sixth annual tournament was held at Harrisburg, Tuesday-Friday, Sept. 29-Oct. 2. The shoot was given under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association, one of the most influential organizations of the kind in the State of Pennsylvania. The club is a strong one, and numbers among its members some of the most active and most prominent men in the State Association.

Of this tournament, and of the treatment received by the guests at the hands of its hosts, it would be hard to find anything to cavil at. The tournament was certainly a successful one, although the attendance was not up to what it has been in years past; that, however, is due more to hard times than anything else. Empty pocketbooks are bad things to go to a shoot with, and it's empty pocketbooks that most people have nowadays. The programme could not have been at fault, because the programme of events was so arranged that it did not require a large outlay of money to get along with. The tournament, therefore, must be classed as a success as times are now. As for the treatment of the visitors, surely that was all right. What reception could have been warmer than the one Harrisburg gave her guests on Tuesday? Seven fires and a cyclone don't get around together every day, and it's few cities that can afford such luxuries anyway! That cyclone was a dandy, too. It commenced about half an hour after midnight, what may be said to be the shank of the evening for trap-shooters! Some of the early birds, such as Winston, Justus von Lengerke, Dick Swiveller, etc., had gone to bed and to sleep. When the storm burst on the city the racket it made aroused the three above named, each of whom, we are credibly informed, at once rose up and made for the fire escapes. Our reception in Harrisburg was certainly warm and wet, for if ever rain fell on the earth it fell that Tuesday afternoon. The last two events were shot off that afternoon in a rain that came down in sheets, driving right into the faces of the shooters, wetting them through and through. A glance at the scores in those events will help to tell the tale.

The question as to how far rain drops deflect shot was raised and argued freely. We never remember having seen prior to that afternoon the course of a charge of shot through the rain. The shot cut a swath through the sheets of rain, its course being plainly marked by the scattered rain drops. The dark background of woods probably helped to make the course of the shot plainer than it would have been had there been no such background. It was a curious sight, but it made the wetting none the more pleasant. As to the background, the less said about that the better; the Harrisburg boys know that it is about as bad as it could be, so we will say no more, save to state that at present they can't get any other. The traps faced to the east of north; in front, some 300yds. away, was a rise in the ground that might by a stretch of imagination be called a hill. It was not a high hill, not in the least, but it was clothed with a lavish growth of hardwood trees that made the background about as hard as it could be. To make things worse, the foliage on these trees was turning and taking on the tints of fall; there was just enough yellow in the color of the leaves on the trees to make the paint of the targets about a match for them. But strangely enough the black targets, that is, those without any paint at all, and there were any quantity of such trapped, were worse to see than those that had a little paint on them. It was hard shooting, and only strict attention to business, together with a straining of the eyes, that gave one almost the fixed look that properly belongs to the bicycle face, made good scores possible.

Elmer E. Shaner was in charge of the shoot, and had things very nicely fixed. There was plenty of room for all, had the attendance been twice as big as it was. The cashier's department was in charge of Harry Gough; all shooters who have taken part in previous tournaments of the Harrisburg Shooting Association know Harry Gough and know what he can do in his department. No. 1 set of traps was used for the State events. The officials at this set were: Referee, David McCormick; puller, John Conway; manifold man, Wellington Jones; blackboard, C. C. Fickle. At the open-to-all set of traps the officials were: Referee, J. B. Ready; puller, Harry Stroh; manifold man, Ellwood Barns; blackboard, Joe Braire. B. S. Smith was "extra," and was on hand to do anything there was to be done. The position of referee was not a pleasant one, as it required very earnest attention to his work to enable him to do it properly. As it was, the strain on the eyes must have been very severe, and we are only astonished that there were not more mistakes made and more kicks registered. Both mistakes and kicks were very few and far between—very agreeably so.

Fuller Worden and his brother, Jim Worden, could not both get away from business at the same time, so they took it by turns to be chained to business and shared the days off. Brewster, Sullivan (one of the staunch supporters of Forest and Stream, and one who has been taking it ever since it was first offered to the public), Harry Dill, Wellington, etc., all active members of the home club, were on hand all the time and shot through the programme. The mention of the above six names brings up the question as to whether there are no new shooters of note in Harrisburg? Is there no young blood in such a large city?

From out of town came a strong contingent: Rolla Heikes and B. A. Bartlett, experts, representing the Winchester Repeating Arms Company; Justus von Lengerke, of the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold, of New York, the agents in the United States for Schultze Powder Company, of Englan ; J. L. Winston, representing the Austin Powder Company, of Cleveland, O.; Captain A. W. Money, of the American E. C. Powder Company, Oakland, N. J.; Howard and Du Pont Collins, of Baltimore, the latter representing both the Du Pont and Hazard (Blue Ribbon) Powder Companies; J. S. S. Remsen, of Brooklyn, N. Y., one of the best young shots in that part of the States; E. H. Kniskern, formerly with the Wilkes-Barre Gun Company, but now a representative of Schoverling, Daly and Gales, shooting a Daly gun and Walsrode powder; W. L. Colville (Dick Swiveller), of Batavia, N. Y., the Eastern end of the United States Smokeless Powder Company, of San Francisco; etc.

We have omitted purposely all mention in the above paragraph of the representative of King's Smokeless. We did it with malice aforethought, being of the opinion that Mrs. M. F. Lindsley should have a small paragraph all to herself. The King Powder Company is a wise corporation; it keeps Milt Lindsley at home making powder, while Mrs. Lindsley comes East, visits her old friends and makes new ones for the powder her husband compounds in the mills along the banks of that little river in Ohio It is Milt's loss, but it is our gain.

The shooters of the State did not turn out as they should have done, or rather as we hoped they would have done. Among those present were: John Shaaber, Brooke Harrison, John Coldren, John Ritter and Moore, of Reading; John Thurman, Harry Thurman, W. H. (Billy) Wolstencroft, H Landis, David H. Ridge, D. Longenecker and Joe Leaming, all members of the Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia; George Anderson and John Burton, of the Florist Gun Club, of Philadelphia; W. H. Stroh, George Addison and George F. Nesbitt, members of the Luzerne County Sportsmen's Club; A. L. Hoffmeister, Hartmann, Moyer and J. O'H. Denny, all from Pittsburg: William Brennan, of Hatboro, who shot under the name of Duke; Krueger, Corcoran and W. H. Burnham, of York, the latter the ex-champion of the State at targets; E F. Slear, of Sunbury; J. M. Runk, of Chambersburg; M.M. McMillan, of Mahanoy City, ex-champion of the State at live birds; Anderson, of Lancaster; etc.

The above list causes us to wonder where were the following: the King brothers, Bessemer and John Shafer, of Pittsburg; Bill Clark, Kotty, Killits, Clover and Sands, of Altoona; Millspaugh, Nelse Hughes and Abercrombie, of Williamsport; Billy Fieles, of Christiania; Schmeck, of Reading; Fen Cooper, etc.? There were a lot of them marked absent when it came to roll call.

As regards the running of the shoot, there was nothing left undone that could have added to the smoothness with which everything moved along to a conclusion. The traps worked well, Al. Hebbard, of the Empire Target Co., looking after them in conjunction with Elmer Shaner. The traps used were bluerock expert traps and empire traps, empire targets being thrown during the whole tournament. The rest of the story of the tournament, its ups and its downs, together with a complete record of the scores made in all the events, are given below under separate heads for each day's work.

FIRST DAY, SEPT. 29.

The wet weather of to-day was against good work in the late hours of the afternoon. This will be noticed particularly in Nos. 4 and 5 of the open events. Below is a table of the events open only to residents of the State:

STATE EVENTS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	*15*	*20*	*15*	*50*	*20*	*20*	Targets:	*15*	*20*	*15*	*50*	*20*	*20*
Fuller	9	12	10	35	11	16	S P Life	14	17	10	..	..	..
Henry	10	15	10	44	14	16	Landis	13	17	12	45	15	17
Sullivan	12	15	13	43	17	17	Hoffmeister	11	11	11	32	..	12
Brewster	12	19	12	41	17	14	Hartman	11	13	9	44	..	13
Duke	10	18	13	..	12	19	Udick	12	10	7	..	..	7
Burnham	12	15	9	35	15	16	W H W	..	17	13	43	20	18
D Longnecker	10	14	..	..	17	13	Moyer	..	..	6	..	..	..
J O'H Denny	12	9	13	35	16	10	Krueger	..	..	8	36	..	..
J A Wilson	14	18	12	37	15	14	Kinzer	..	..	11	..	..	..
Wellington	10	18	13	40	18	18	Runk	..	..	..	..	11	18
G F Nesbitt	14	15	15	47	17	14	Stroh	..	..	..	..	13	10
Thurman	13	17	12	44	19	16	Addison	..	..	..	..	14	..
Leaming	10	11	10	..	16	13	Ritter	..	..	..	..	..	13
H Ridge	4	18	6	..	14	14							

For the open events on this day there was only a limited programme. The list included four 20-target events and a 50-target event, the details of the latter event and its conditions being given elsewhere. The scores of the above five events were as below:

OPEN EVENTS.

Events:	1	2	3*	4	5	Events:	1	2	3*	4	5
Targets:	*20*	*20*	*50*	*20*	*20*	Targets:	*20*	*20*	*50*	*20*	*20*
Moyer	14	13	43	16	13	Landis	19	18	46	19	16
B F Smith	14	13	41	12	14	147	15	14	37	..	..
J A Wilson	17	17	43	15	..	Swiveller	16	14	45	14	..
J O'H Denny	17	19	44	12	..	Duke	16	16	45	15	..
Thurman	19	20	46	19	17	W H W	19	18	48	18	18
Fuller	12	14	42	14	17	Capt Money	15	17	42	12	..
Heikes	20	20	48	17	20	J S S Remsen	16	14	35	..	..
Bartlett	17	17	44	17	17	Coldren	19	16	48	18	17
Edwards	17	18	47	14	15	Leonard	17	15	48	..	..
Howard	18	19	50	18	19	Gagnon	12	9	..	..	..
Von Lengerke	18	19	48	15	19	Henry	..	..	..	13	12
H P Collins	6	18	21	8	15	Burnham	..	..	..	11	..
Brewster	14	14	49	16	17	Shaber	..	..	..	13	..
Sullivan	14	13	49	17	12	Ritter	..	..	..	15	..
Nesbitt	20	19	45	..	..	S P Life	..	..	49	..	..

*The totals in this column include the scores made on the extra targets allowed the shooters.

INDIVIDUAL INANIMATE TARGET STATE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The main event on the programme for shooters of Pennsylvania only was the individual target State championship trophy donated by Wm. Wolstencroft & Sons. This was shot at 50 targets, known traps and angles. George Nesbitt, the popular shooter from Wilkesbarre, carried off the trophy with 47 breaks. He ran 33 straight before dropping a single target. The detailed scores are as below.

Fuller.....11111111101101111001001110101011111010100011111010111—35
Henry.....01111111111111101111111111111001111101111111110111—44
Sullivan.....11011111111111111111111101110111011101111111010111—43
Brewster.....11111111111001111111011110110101111111000111111111—41
Krueger.....11110110111111101010111011111100110110101101110110—36
Nesbitt.....11111111111111111111111111111111101011101111111111—47
Burnham.....11100010000101001111111111011111111011111111110111—35
Denny.....01101111111010111101101100110101001101101011111111—35
Wilson.....11111110101101101010101101010111011110111111111111—37
Wellington.....01111111011111101111011111101011111011010011111—39
Thurman.....11111101011111101111111111101101011111111111111111—44
Landis.....01111111111011011111111101011111111111111111111111—45
W H W.....10101111110111100101111111111111111111111111111101—43
Hoffmeister.....11100101010110111111101111010011000101101111001011—32
Hartman.....11111111011110111111111111111011101111111110101111—44

(This trophy was won at Philadelphia last year by W. H. Burnham, of York.)

THE GOLD DUST EVENT.

This event was a handicap shoot at 50 targets, with extra allowance of targets. The entrance fee for this event was $1.50, with an optional sweep of $2. The United States Smokeless Powder Company donated 20lbs. of Gold Dust powder and $10 in cash; F. R. Leib, of Harrisburg, also donating $15 to this event. Howard shot well and won with 50 out of 54. There were four others close after him with 49 each, Rolla Heikes rolling up the excellent total of 48 out of 50. The detailed scores were as below:

Heikes (0).....10111111111111111111111111 11111111111111111111111011—48
Bartlett (0).....11111111100111111010111 11111110011111111111111111—44
Edwards (2).....11101111111111111111101 11111101111111111111011111 10 —47
Howard (4).....11111110111111111111111 11110101111101111111111 1111 —50
Von Lengerke (3).....00111111101111111110111110 11111111111111111111111 111 —48
H P Collins (10).....10001000010111000010110101011010001101000000100 00110w —21
Moyer (10).....10000001111010111111001111 11111011101111010101111111 1101101111 —43
Smith (6).....11100111111010110110011100 01111111010111111111111111 000101 —41
Fuller (6).....10101000110011011111100110 01111111011111111111101111 111111 —42
Sullivan (4).....11110111111111111111111111 11101110101111111111111111 1011 —49
Thurman (3).....11011011111111111100111111 11111110011101111111111111 111 —46
Landis (3).....11111111111101101111111111 11111111101111111101100111 011 —46
Duke (6).....11011011011011110011001111 01111110111111111111111111 111110 —45
Swiveller (7).....11111110110111111100110000 01111111111001111111111111 1111011 —45
Capt Money (6).....10010111111111101110101011 00101111010111111110101111 111111 —42
J S Remsen (6).....01111011001111101000011101 01102101011110011001100111001 110111 —35
Coldren (4).....11111111111111111011101001 11111111111111111101111101 1111 —48
W H W (5).....11110011100011111111111111 10111111111111111111111111 11111 —49
Brewster (5).....11111111111111111011111111 11111111111011010111011111 01111 —49
Sporting Life (6).....11111111011111101011100111 01111111111111111111111011 111111 —49
Greenberg (7).....10110101000011111111011101 11111111110100101111111101 1100100 —39
Winston (2).....11111111011100111110111001 01111110101011111101100111 00 —37
Nesbitt (3).....11101111111111100111111111 11111111110001111111111011 11 —45
Leonard (10).....11101101111110101111111111 11101011111111111111001110 1101110011 —48
Denny (10).....11111111111011111110011111 10011011101011101110101011 1110111011 —44
Wilson (8).....00010111111111110110101011 01011110101111111101111111 10111011 —43
Wellington (5).....11010111101101111110111011 10111111111111110111110111 11001 —44

SECOND DAY, SEPT. 30.

Nos. 4 and 6 in the table below were respectively the team races for the Reading and the Harrisburg trophies, the details of which are given in full elsewhere. Scores:

STATE EVENTS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	*15*	*20*	*15*	*25*	*20*	*25*	Targets:	*15*	*20*	*15*	*25*	*20*	*25*
Duke	10	15	14	..	15	..	Landis	14	14	12	22	14	23
Leaming	10	13	11	..	12	..	W H W	13	17	12	23	17	23
Denny	10	17	14	..	12	..	Stroh	13	15	11	..	13	..
Shaaber	11	18	10	22	14	22	Hoffmeister	8	13	7	..	..	..
Burnham	12	13	9	..	17	..	Hartman	9	15	7	..	16	..
Brewster	12	15	11	21	15	21	Runk	12	15	10	..	17	..
Henry	10	16	6	22	12	22	Udick	7	..	..	..	..	..
Longnecker	10	17	13	..	16	25	Harlow	7	14	14	19	13	19
Wade Wilson	12	14	11	21	14	18	Sullivan	11	18	14	22	19	23
Ridge	13	13	15	24	17	24	Moyer	10	..	..	..	..	..
Kinzer	10	11	9	..	10	14	Coldren	11	15	13	24	16	23
W Stevenson	12	15	..	..	16	..	W J N	..	10	8	..	..	..
Wellington	13	17	15	18	17	21	Addison	..	..	14	..	16	..
S P Life	10	15	9	..	19	..	Esterley	..	..	4	..	..	17
Nesbit	13	15	14	..	15	..	Harrison	..	..	..	17	18	24
Anderson	12	19	12	..	16	..	Essick	..	..	..	17	11	16
Burton	11	17	12	..	14	..	A Stevenson	..	..	..	..	16	..
Ritter	12	17	12	22	16	22	Archibald	..	..	..	..	11	..
Thurman	13	16	15	19	17	23	George	..	..	..	..	12	..

READING FIVE-MEN TEAM TROPHY.

The Reading five-men team trophy contest was productive of some close shooting, as will be shown by the scores given below, each man shooting at 25 targets, known traps and angles:

Keystone Shooting League.

W H W.....1111111111111111110111011—23
Ridge.....1111111111011111101111111—24
Landis.....1110111111011111111111110—22
W Wilson.....1111111111101111111100101—21
Thurman.....1111110011101111111010110—19—109

Independent Gun Club, of Reading.

Shaaber.....0111111111011011111111111—22
Essick.....1010100111110110111011110—17
Ritter.....1101111011111111111111011—22
Coldren.....1111111111111111011111111—24
Harrison.....0100110111011101011011111—17—102

Harrisburg Shooting Association.

Sullivan.....1111111101111111100111111—22
Brewster.....1110010111111111101111111—21
Henry.....1111110111110110111111111—22
Wellington.....1111011101011011111100110—18
Harlow.....0111111011011111111010110—19—102

HARRISBURG SIX-MEN TEAM TROPHY.

The scores for the six-men team championship trophy donated by the Harrisburg Shooting Association for annual competition are given below, each man, as in the Reading trophy contest, shooting at 25 targets per man:

Keystone Shooting League.

Longenecker.....1111111111111111111111111—25
Landis.....1111111111111111010111111—23
W H W.....1110111111111111111111110—23
Ridge.....1111111111111111111011111—24
Wilson.....1110101110110001111111110—18
Thurman.....0111111101111111111111111—23—136

Harrisburg Shooting Association.

Henry.....1111111101111111111011101—22
Wellington.....1111101011111111011011111—21
Sullivan.....1011111111101111111111111—23
Brewster.....0110111111101100111111111—21
Kinzer.....0000001010011111111101011—14
Harlow.....0111101011101111111101111—19—120

Independent Gun Club, of Reading.

Essick.....1101011111000011001101101—16
Coldren.....1111111111111111111011101—23
Shaaber.....1111011111111111011011111—22
Harrison.....1111111111111111111111111—22
Ritter.....1111111111111111111010011—24
Esterley.....0100110111011111110100111—17—124

In the schedule for the open-to-all set of traps there were three 20-target events and one 100-target handicap race for the E. C. cup, donated by the American E. C. Powder Co. The details of this event appear elsewhere, together with an account of the race itself. The scores made in the three other events were as follows:

OPEN EVENTS.

Events:	1	3	4	Events:	1	3	4
Targets:	*20*	*20*	*20*	Targets:	*20*	*20*	*20*
Heikes	18	18	19	Swiveller	16	17	12
Bartlett	18	19	17	Wellington	18	..	..
Edwards	17	18	18	Henry	16	..	..
Howard	19	19	20	Burnham	15	..	18
Von L	19	17	20	Harlow	16	18	18
Capt Money	18	18	18	Coldren	16	19	16
Duke	17	19	18	Remsen	18	18	19
Brewster	14	19	18	E H K	16	15	17
Denny	18	16	15	Kinzer	14	..	..
Collins	11	7	15	Wanda	..	14	..
Sullivan	16	16	19	Ayres	..	12	..
W N Stevenson	17	..	17	Hoffmeister	..	17	16
Nesbit	15	16	17	Harrison	..	16	15
B F Smith	16	19	17	Ritter	..	15	19
Shaaber	18	14	..	Schultze	..	16	17
Thurman	19	18	15	Leaming	..	17	16
Landis	19	20	19	Runk	..	..	16
W H W	19	18	18	A C Stevenson	..	..	14
147	17	17	18	Moyer	17	..	..

THE E. C. CUP CONTEST.

There were 28 entries in the 100-target handicap race for the cup presented by the American E. C. Powder Co. The conditions were: 100 targets, unknown angles, handicap allowance of extra targets to shoot at, $3 entrance, optional sweep of $2, $30 added by the Harrisburg Shooting Association.

The highest score made on the first 100 targets, that is, without the handicap allowance, was one of 93 by Howard. Heikes and 147 were next with 92 each. There were a whole lot of 91s, among them Remsen, who proved to be the ultimate winner, with 100 breaks and three more targets to shoot at. He shot to-day in far better style than yesterday; in fact, he shot what we consider to be his true form, as anywhere from 90 to 92 should be his average for four 25-target events. Those who finished close behind him were W. H. Wolstencroft (8), Brewster (12), Hoffmeister (14) and Moyer (16), both of Pittsburg, all the above scoring 98. In the 97 hole came Howard and 147, both with 5 handicap, and Thurman (6); Landis (8) broke 96; Edwards (5), Coldren (8) and Duke (12) broke 95 and managed to secure a portion of fifth money. In the optional sweep the money in the purse was divided on the scores made in the first 100 targets shot at. Howard took first money for his 43; Heikes and 147 second for 92; Bartlett, Edwards, Remsen and Thurman, third, with 91 each. Fourth money went to Justus von Lengerke and W. H. Wolstencroft with 90; fifth to Landis with 89.

The detailed scores given below tell the story of the race. Some idea of the difficulty of the shooting may be gathered from the fact that no straight 25 was made in any but the third round. In that round Bartlett, Landis and Coldren each went straight; 24s and 23s were plentiful all the time, but 25s were hard to get.

Squad No. 1, termed "the awkward squad" by Elmer Shaner, broke just 540 targets out of the 600 shot at in this race. The totals for each string were 131, 136, 135 and 138 respectively out of the 150 targets shot at in each round. In the last round the 138 was composed of two 24s, two 23s and two 22s; this round was shot on the No. 1 set of traps on which the State events had been decided. Scores were:

Heikes (0).....11111101111111111111111111 11011111111111111111110101—46 11111111111011111111101110111 11111111111101111111111111—46—92
Bartlett (0).....00111101111111111111111110 10101111111111111111110111—43 11111111111111111111111111 11111110110111111111111111—48—91
Edwards (5).....11111111111111001001111110 11111101111111111111111101—44 11111111111101111111111101 11111111111111111101111111—47 10111 — 4—95
Howard (5).....11111110111111111111111111 11111011111111111111011111—47 11111101111111111110111111 10111101111111111111111111—46 01111 — 4—97
Justus von Lengerke (6).....11111111111101111111111010 10111111101111111111111101—44 11111111111111111111101111 10111011111111111110111111—46 111100 — 4—94
Capt Money (12).....11111111111101101011110011 11111110111101111111111111—43 01111111111100101101101110 10111111111111111011110111—40 101100001011 — 6—89
J O'H Denny (20).....11111111111101111111110001 11111101111110101101001l0—39 11111011110110111111101111 10100111101111101000101101—36 11011111101111111110 —17—92
W H Burnham (10).....11001111110111101011111101 11111011111111111111111111—43 11011111110111111111101110 11111110111101011111110100—40 1111110001 — 7—90
Brewster (12).....11111111001111111111100111 00111101101110111111111111—41 11101111001111111111111111 01111111111111111111111111—46 111111110111 —11—98
H P Collins (20).....01101011111111111011111101 01111110110000001111111001—36 11110001111011101011111101 11010111100011010111110l—35 11100011101111110101 —14—85
Sullivan (7).....11101011101111011111111011 01111111101111111111111111—42 11111010111111101111110111 00111111111111111111110101—42 0111111 — 6—90
B F Smith (13).....11111111101011101111111111 11011101111111111111001111—43 11111011111111111111111111 10100010111010101011111111—39 1101111111111 —12—94

Hy Thurman (6).....1110101111110111111111111
1111111111111010111111111—45
1111101111111111111111101
1111111110111111101111111—46
111111 — 6—97

Landis (8).....00111111C1110011101111111
1111111110111011111011111—41
1111111111111111111111111
1111111101110111111111111—48
11110111 —7—96

W H W (8).....0110111111111111110111111
1111111111111100101110111—43
1111101111111111111111101
1111111111111111111101111—47
11111111 — 8—98

Harlow (14).....0011111111110111110111001
0111101101101111111011011— 38
1111111110111111111111111
1101011000101111111111111—43
11111101110111 —12—93

Swiveller (15).....1111101111111111111111111
0110111101100110110011101—39
1001111101001111011100110
1011111111111111101111101—38
111110111011111 —13—90

Duke (12).....0111111101111111110111111
1011000111110111101101110—39
0111011111111101111111111
1111111111111111110101111—45
111111011111 —11—95

Coldren (8).....1110101111011111111101111
1111100011101111111110101—40
1111111111111111111111111
1111111011101111111011111—47
11111111 — 8—95

Remsen (12).....0111111111111110111111011
0111111111111111111111111—46
1111110110111111011110111
1111111111111111111110111—45
111111111w —9—100

147 (5).....1110111111111111111111111
1111111111110011111111111—47
11111101111 0011111111111
1111011110111111111111111—45
11111 — 5—97

Burton (10).....1111111110111011111111010
1111101110101101101111111—41
1011111101111110111011101
0111110111110111101111011—41
11111011 — 8—90

Anderson (10).....0011110111101101110111011
1111010111111111111111111—42
1111101110111110111111111
1111111000111001110111101—40
1011111100 — 7—89

Kinzer (15).....1111101111001110101011101
1111111011111110110101111—39
1111111011111111011101111
0001001111100101001010101—34
110100111111011 —11—94

Moyer (16).....1111111110111101111011111
0111011111011111011110111—42
1111110111111111111111111
1011110100111111111111011—43
11111001111111110 —13—98

A L Hoffmeister (14).....1111001111101111111111101
1111101011111110111111111—43
1111111111111111111110010
1111111110111011111011111—44
01100111111111 —11—98

G F Nesbitt (6).....0111111110111101111111111
0011111111111111101111101—43
1111101101111101111101111
1010111011001100101010111—35
111101 — 5—83

Wellington (11).....1111110101111111111111111
1111110101110101110101111—42
1111101111011011011111111
1111111011100110110111011—40
11111111111 —11—93

THIRD DAY, OCT. 1.

This was a day of periods of warm sunshine interspersed with cold and threatening skies that made the target shooting harder than ever. Rolla Heikes's work in the Parker Brothers' event, the 100-target race in which he scored 97, was something that could hardly be duplicated. That event is given special notice below.

In the State events the American Wood Powder trophy for three-men teams was the main event. In the table run below No. 5 was a merchandise event.

The team race is treated of elsewhere. No. 5 was a merchandise prize event. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	20	15	20	25	Targets:	15	20	15	20	25
Duke	13	15	13	19	20	Slear	15	13	11	..	17
Wellington	9	17	11	17	22	Henry	..	15	10	18	24
Corcoran	8	16	11	13	21	Ritter	..	19	12	18	20
Brewster	11	18	14	16	22	Fry	..	13	..	..	20
Leaming	6	15	14	18	15	Denny	..	14	9	17	21
Burnham	11	16	14	14	22	Fuller	..	14	13	10	23
S P Life	12	16	11	14	22	W H W	..	18	13	20	24
Burton	12	14	13	14	19	Stroh	..	..	..	..	23
Nesbit	12	16	12	19	20	Addison	..	..	..	..	21
Anderson	12	16	12	17	20	Conway	..	..	..	..	16
Landis	13	17	12	16	22	Moyer	..	..	..	..	20
Thurman	13	18	14	15	21	Coldren	..	..	..	..	21
Sullivan	12	17	12	20	25						

THE THREE-MEN TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP.

The contest for the trophy donated by the American Wood Powder Co. for the three-men team championship of the State was a pretty one, four teams entering for the event. The Keystone Shooting League continued its good team work of the previous day and walked off with this trophy also. That young member of the State Sportsmen's Association, the Florist City Gun Club of Philadelphia, went to the score and took second place, being defeated by only 5 breaks for the trophy. The conditions of the event were: 25 singles, known traps and angles, and 5 pairs. Detailed scores were as follow:

Keystone Shooting League.

W H Wolstencroft.....1111111111111111011111111—24
11 11 11 11 10 — 9—33

Landis.....1111111101111111111111111—24
11 11 01 11 11 — 9—33

Hy Thurman.....1111101011111101110110111—20
11 11 10 10 01 — 7—27—93

Florist Gun Club.

Anderson.....1111110111111111101111101—22
11 11 11 10 11 — 9—31

Burton.....1111111111011110111111111—23
10 10 10 10 11 — 6—29

S P Life.....1110111111111011001111101—20
11 11 10 10 11 — 8—28—88

Harrisburg Shooting Association.

Sullivan.....1101111011111101111111111—22
11 01 11 11 11 — 9—31

Brewster.....1101111111111111011011101—21
11 11 10 10 11 — 8—29

Wellington.....0111111011101110110111101—19
11 11 10 10 10 — 7—26—86

Luzerne County Sportsmen's Club.

Stroh.....1111101111111011111111111—23
11 11 11 11 10 — 9—32

G F Nesbitt.....1111001111111111101110111—21
10 11 10 11 11 — 8—29

Addison.....0111100110111110101111011—17
00 01 11 01 11 — 6—23—84

The programme for the open-to-all set of traps was the same as yesterday's. The 100-target race and its special features are mentioned elsewhere. Below is a table of the scores in the

OPEN EVENTS.

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	20	20	20	Targets:	20	20	20
Heikes	18	18	19	Coldren	20	18	18
Bartlett	18	18	17	Wellington	13	..	..
Edwards	14	20	18	Remsen	19	17	19
Howard	16	15	18	Denny	..	15	14
Von L	18	19	17	W H W	..	18	19
Money	15	18	17	Ritter	..	15	16
Duke	20	15	14	Wanda	..	10	11
E H K	12	13	..	Fuller	..	19	17
Brewster	18	17	19	Malone	..	15	16
Sullivan	20	17	17	Longnecker	..	16	16
Smith	12	18	18	Henry	..	17	19
Collins	12	12	12	Macbeth	..	15	..
Thurman	18	17	19	Corcoran	..	..	15
Landis	18	19	19	Runk	..	..	16
Swiveller	18	18	15	Stroh	..	..	18
Nesbit	16	15	18	Burnham	..	..	15

THE CONTEST FOR THE PARKER GUN.

The 100-target handicap event for the ownership of the gun donated by the firm of Parker Bros., of Meriden, Conn., was a special feature of the programme of open events for this, the third day of the shoot. The handicapping committee was the same as that which officiated in a like capacity yesterday and also on Tuesday; it was composed of two members, Jacob Fentz and Elmer E Shaner, both being non-contestants. The rule that no shooter could score more than 100 targets was adhered to, and as a result there were four ties for first place and the gun. The shoot-off of the tie was a very pretty piece of target-shooting, the four men breaking the targets in great shape.

The feature of this race was Rolla Heikes's 50 straight on his first 50 targets, and H. P. "Du Pont" Collins's 25 straight in the third round of 25. When Collins broke his last target in the 25, pandemonium reigned for a few minutes, all who were not shooting having come up to witness the finish when it began to be rumored around the grounds that "Collins is going straight down there." His startling change of form was a fruitful source of conversation for the balance of the day and a great part of the night, while his right hand must have ached as a result of the handshaking he had to go through.

Squad No. 1, Elmer Shaner's "awkward squad"—Heikes, Bartlett, Edwards, Howard, Von Lengerke and Capt. Money—did some good team work in this race, breaking 544 out of 600 shot at. The squad lost only 10 targets out of the first 150, and only 12 out of the second 150, breaking 278 out of 300. In the second half of the race the squad lost 34 targets of the 300 shot at, breaking 266, an average of 88 6, and making an average for the whole 600 of 90 6. Rolla Heikes's 97 had a good deal to do with it, the rest of the squad finishing their 100 targets as follows: Bartlett and Von Lengerke 91 each, Howard 89, Capt. Money 88, with Edwards low man with 87. Harry Dill (Henry) broke 93 out of his 100, and attributes his ultimate loss of the gun to his having to change loads owing to his running out of shells. Remsen shot well again to-day, and was second to Heikes at the end of the first half with 48 out of 50. He fell down on the last 50 just when he looked like a sure tie man, breaking only 43 and, with his handicap, landing 3 targets short of 100. Fuller Worden made good use of his handicap of 20 targets, and came within 1 of making 100.

The result of the handicap race, in series of 25 targets, unknown angles, is given below, the figures in the column marked "handicap" giving the totals broken out of the handicap allowances:

	1st 25.	2d 25.	3d 25.	4th 25.	Hcp.	T'l.
H Landis (8)	23	23	23	25	6*	100
Henry (14)	23	24	24	22	7*	100
Capt Money (14)	24	20	23	21	12	100
Dick Swiveller (18)	23	22	23	21	11*	100
Fuller (20)	20	22	19	20	18	99
J S S Remsen (7)	24	24	22	21	7	98
R O Heikes (0)	25	25	23	24	..	97
J von Lengerke (6)	24	23	22	22	6	97
John Coldren (8)	22	23	21	24	7	97
W H W (8)	23	23	22	20	8	96
Duke (13)	22	23	18	23	10	96
Hy Thurman (6)	21	22	22	24	5	94
Sullivan (7)	23	20	23	22	6	94
Howard (4)	23	24	22	20	4	93
W H Burnham (12)	21	20	21	22	9	93
B F Smith (15)	21	18	19	22	13	93
B A Bartlett (0)	23	24	21	24	..	92
F S Edwards (5)	21	22	23	21	5	92
Wellington (11)	20	20	22	19	11	92
Brewster (11)	21	16	21	20	11	89
J O'H Denny (20)	23	17	17	20	11	88
Burton (11)	22	21	17	20	7	87
Anderson (12)	18	17	21	20	10	86
Fry (20)	20	18	18	16	14	86
H P Collins (20)	17	12	25	20	10	84
Slear (14)	17	16	18	18	13	82

* Landis only shot at 6 of the 8 extra targets, Henry at 9 of the 14 allowed him, and Swiveller at 11 out of the 18 he received as his handicap allowance.

The four men tied with 100 each shot off at 25 targets per man, with no handicap allowance. As will be seen, Henry lost his 25th target, thus tieing again with Landis, the latter winning on the second shoot-off. The scores made in the first shoot make the excellent total of 93 out of 100:

	1st tie.	2d tie.
Landis	1101111111111111111111111—24	1111111001111111011011111—21
Henry	1111111111111111111111110—24	0011111111010110110111101—18
Money	1111011111111111111011111—23	.....
Swiveller	0101111111111111111101111—22	.....

FOURTH DAY, OCT. 2.

This was the last day of the shoot, and as usual it was devoted to live birds, the two State events—the L. C Smith trophy for three men teams and the Williamsport trophy for the individual championship of the State—being the main features of the programme. On the open set of traps a series of miss-and-outs, $2 entrance, were shot off, the failure in the supply of birds alone putting a stop to the shooting.

It was a lovely day, with a wind that aided the birds. The fine weather tempted a great many people to leave the city and come out to the grounds, the result being that there was one of the largest crowds present that we have ever seen at a shoot. There were not many ladies among the crowd, the comparatively inaccessible location of the grounds having probably a good deal to answer for in that respect.

The contests for the two trophies above mentioned were watched with great interest, the enthusiasm reaching a high pitch in the prolonged shoot-off for the Williamsport badge between J. Thurman and Brewster. The

L. C. SMITH TROPHY FOR THREE-MEN TEAMS

was competed for by four teams, representing respectively the Luzerne County Sportmen's Club, the Harrisburg Shooting Association, the Keystone Shooting League, and the Independent Gun Club, of Reading The Luzerne County men won the trophy with the score of 39 out of 45, each man shooting at 15 birds; the Harrisburg team and the Philadelphia team tied for second place. W. H. Stroh, of the winning team, was the only man of the twelve who shot in this contest to score his 15 birds. The scores in detail are given below, the flight of each bird being shown by FOREST AND STREAM'S trap score type. We are enabled to show the flight of the birds through the courtesy of G. Wellington Jones, managing editor of the Harrisburg *Call*, who acted in the capacity of official scorer in the State events, and who furnished us with a duplicate of the scores, showing the results as follows:

Trap score type—Copyright 1896 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Luzerne County Shooting Association.

W H Stroh.....↖↗←↑↖↖↗↑↗↖↖→↘→↓
2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 1—15

G F Nesbitt.....↖↙↑↖↗↙↗↖↗↖↑↗↗→↗
1 1 1 0 1 1 2 0 2 1 1 1 1 2 0—12

George Addison.....↖↑↑↙↖↗↑↙↗↖↑↙↑↙
1 2 1 0 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 0 2 2 1—12—39

Harrisburg Shooting Association.

Harlow.....↘↗↘↙↘↖↙↖↖↓↖↗↖↗←
2 1 2 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2—14

Brewster.....↘→↙↓↖↗↙→↘↙→↙↑↗↙
2 1 2 0 2 1 0 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2—13

Henry.....↑↶↷↘↗↙↙↘↙↗↗↓↗↘↖
2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 0—11—38

Keystone Shooting League.

W H Wolstencroft.....↘→↖↘↖↖↖↖↖↑↓↙↖↩
2 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 0 2 2—14

Landis.....↙↖↑↖↖↗↖↗↖↖↑↘↗↖↗
2 1 1 1 1 • 1 2 0 2 2 1 2 1 2—13

Hy Thurmnn.....↘↖↘↖↗↖↑↖↖↑↗←↓→↙
2 1 1 2 2 • 2 0 1 2 0 2 1 0 2—11—38

Independent Gun Club, of Reading.

John Coldren.....↗↖↑↙↘↑↗↖↖↘↘↑↖↖↑
2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 1 2—14

B Harrison.....↳→↗↑↓↖↙→↑↙↘↳↗↙↑
0 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 0 1 2 2—13

Moore.....↖↗↗↙↑↘←↘↓↙↙↶↖↙→
0 0 • 2 0 0 0 0 • 0 0 0 0 • 0— 1—28

Team races do not attract quite as much interest as individual matches do. There is something in a man-to-man contest that is not to be found in a team race, and that something seems to catch the crowd, the contest for the individual championship attracting much more attention than the above race.

Sixteen entries were made for

THE WILLIAMSPORT TROPHY,

and of that 16 two—Joseph Thurman, the father of Harry ("Father Time") Thurman, of the Keystone Shooting League, and Brewster, of the Harrisburg Shooting Association—were the only ones to make 15 straight. The birds were a good lot as a whole, more than half of them being excellent flyers that made the boys do their best work to score them. At times one came across a crate of birds that were only medium, but as a rule there was nothing to complain about. Under such conditions, therefore, it was somewhat a matter of luck as to what sort of a bird one drew. We noticed instances of the sort more than once. W. H. Burnham, of York, drew a succession of three or four hot ones, chocolate-colored birds, that put an extinguisher on his hopes of wearing the diamond badge. E. F. Slear, of Sunbury, was another instance of the same kind. He is only a beginner at the sport, as we were informed, but his work was that of a more experienced man. His first loss was caused by a dark-blue bird that was calculated to beat many a crackerjack; he hit it hard with his first barrel, but failed to locate it soon enough with his second barrel to enable him to use his shell effectively. M. M. McMillan, of Mahanoy City, the winner of the badge last year, again shot well, and only fell down on a bird that anybody might have treated just as he did.

The shoot-off was a long one, but was full of exciting incidents. The two shooters were types of different styles of shooting; Mr. Thurman being a slow shot and very effective with his first barrel; Brewster was quicker, and *needed* his second barrel much oftener in the early part of the tie than his sixty-three-year-old opponent. It often happens that people who are interested in a shooter are so deeply engrossed in his work and the birds he draws that they do not form as accurate an opinion of the run of the birds as an impartial spectator might be expected to be able to do. We heard several remarks made that Brewster drew much the hardest birds in the shoot-off, and it is a fact that he drew a larger proportion of outgoing birds than his opponent did. But the difference in the run of the birds was really very slight, and much of the apparent easiness of some of Mr. Thurman's birds was due solely to the deadly effect of his first barrel, which time after time closed up his birds without leaving a kick in them. The score of the shoot-off shows 11 one-barrel kills for Thurman and 10 for Brewster, but Thurman used his second barrel seven or eight times when it was really unnecessary.

The tie was shot off at 5 birds. The first series resulted in a tie, each man killing his 5. The second bird of the next series of 5 that fell to Brewster's lot was an easy one, a circling incomer to the left; much to the surprise of everybody, he lost it, and put Thurman one ahead. The next two rounds resulted in kills for both men, and then Mr. Thurman got up to kill to win. As he rose from the campstool he was sitting on he said: "This settles it." As it turned out he was wrong, his bird getting away from him; Brewster then had to kill to tie, and he did it in good style. The next two series of 5 birds were shot and the score was still a tie, with the destination of the diamond badge an uncertainty. Each man had a narrow escape in those rounds. Brewster had a bird that fell within 15in. of the open boundary, but was safely gathered by the shooter. A few rounds later Thurman had a much narrower escape, his bird dropping almost on the line, where it stood facing outward, with lots of life in it, and its head cutting an imaginary line drawn between the two boundary flags; Thurman walked the bird in a little to make more sure of it, as although its wing was gone, it was a lively pigeon yet; he then gathered it in, and the crowd cheered the veteran as he came back to the score.

Brewster's 22d bird in the ties fell dead out of bounds, and cost him the badge and the title of champion live-bird shot of the State of Pennsylvania, both of which are now the property of Joseph Thurman, a member of the almost invincible Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia. To win those honors he had to score 39 out of 40 birds, Brewster losing two, one of them dead out of bounds, out of the same number shot at. The scores in this event were as below:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

J Thurman.....↖↖↑↘↖↖←→↖↘↑↗→↗→
1 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2—15

H Brewster.....→←↗→↑↖→↖↖↘↖↗→↖↖
2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—15

M M McMillan.....↖↗↖↗←→↘←→↑→↖↑→↖
1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2—14

Hy Thurman.....↘↗→↘↗↗↖←↗↙↖↳↓↖←
1 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 • 2 1 1 2 2—14

J M Runk.....↗↖↗↙↖↑↖←↘↖↘↗↘↖↘
2 2 1 2 2 1 0 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2—14

E F Slear.....↗↑↗→→↗→↙↶↖←↗↑↗→
1 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 0 1 2 1 1 1—14

John Coldren.....↘↖↖↗→↘→↖↘↘↖→↗↙↙
2 0 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2—14

W H Burnham.....↶↘↗↘↖↘→↖↘↖↖↗↘↑↓
2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 2—13

*G F Nesbitt.....↑↖ ←→↓↑←↖↑↙↗↗↘↑
1 1 0 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 0 2 2 2—13

W H Stroh.....↗↖→→→↑↖↘↖↑↗↖↓↶↗
• 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 0—12

E J Adams.....→↗↖←↴↑→↑↑↗→↓↗↖↗↖
2 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 0 2 • 2 2—12

George Addison.....↙↑↖↙→↗→↑↗→↓↗↙→↓
2 1 2 2 • 0 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 0—12

J O'H Denny.....↖↴←↖↖↖↶↓↖↗↗↖←↗↓
2 0 1 2 2 2 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 2 0—11

Harlow.....↘←↙↗←↙←↘↶↖↗↗↘↘↳→
2 1 2 2 1 0 1 1 0 0 0 1 2 2 2—11

Wellington.....↴↗↖↖←↖↗↖↘↖↖↙←↖↖
2 2 2 1 1 0 0 0 1 1 0 1 2 2 2—11

B Harrison.....←→→→→↑↑↑↖↙↗↘↖↗↘
2 2 2 0 2 0 0 0 1 0 2 2 0 2 2— 9

* Nesbitt's 3d bird was lost, owing to the safety catch of his gun not being adjusted properly.

The tie was shot off in series of 5 birds. It took 25 birds per man before the tie was decided. Scores and flight of birds were as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
	↗↙↖↓↘	↘↑↗↘↑	↑↗↘↗→	↖↘↘↗↖	↘→↘↗↗
J Thurman	2 1 1 1 1	2 2 1 2 0	2 1 2 2 1	2 1 1 2 2	2 1 2 1 2
	↖↖↑↘↗	↖↙↖↗↗	↗↘↑↖↗	↗→↖↑↓	↖↖↖↑↘
Brewster	2 2 2 2 2	2 0 2 1 1	2 1 1 2 1	2 1 1 1 2	2 • 1 1 2

THE MISS-AND-OUTS.

Some excellent work was done on the upper set of traps, where $2 miss-and-outs were shot all day. The boys would have kept on shooting an hour and a half longer had the supply of birds not been exhausted. Harry Thurman did some good work, running 42 straight on this set. Hayward and Howard, both Baltimoreans, shot well in the morning, while Denny struck a streak in the afternoon:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Duston	110	20	10	1110
Money	0	12212211112220	10	21110
Wellington	1122•	2221111112220	2112112	2111110
Bartlett	211122	12111120	2111111	2•
Henry	0	.....	.....	.....
Harry Thurman	0	12122211111121	.....	.....
Hayward	12110	21221111121112	1221121	1111110
Macbeth	20	2122221110	.....	.....
Howard	212112	21211222222222	1221110	1122212
Brewster	10	.....	.....	.....
Heikes	222222	22111110	.....	22210
Malone	211120	0	.....	.....
Smith	20	2•	2222220	•
Denny	.....	2•	.....	.....
J Thurman	.....	1221•	.....	.....
Du Pont	.....	222220	.....	20
Runk	.....	•	.....	.....
Coldren	.....	2121122122112	0	122222
Harrison	.....	2222210	.....	•
Nesbitt	.....	11110	.....	110
Moore	.....	.....	0	0
Adams	.....	.....	2220	2220
Henry	.....	.....	22220	222220
George	.....	.....	0	.....
Ayres	.....	.....	.....	•

	No. 5	No 6.	No. 7.	No 8.	No. 9.
Money	1220	111120	20	.....	.....
Duston	120	111211	2211211	10	21111
Denny	20	222122	2222222	1220	22222
Coldren	2110	.....	.....	2122	20
Macbeth	20	2111120	.....	.....	.....
Hayward	1222110	120	120	0	.....
Smith	1222222	2220	222220	.....	.....
Hy Thurman	1211212	112122	2121211	1121	12121
Moore	20	.....	.....	10	.....
Howard	0	110	1220	2120	.....
Burnham	1220	.....	.....	.....	.....
Bartlett	21210	.....	.....	.....	.....
J Thurman	10	.....	.....	.....	.....
Malone	2211121	110	.....	.....	.....

Wellington	112120	.....	.....	.....
Nesbitt	22210	11220	1122	1220
Adams	2120	2222222	0	.....
Runk	.....	.....	2212	.....
Slear	.....	.....	....	11120

In No. 3 Duston, Coldren, Smith, Moore, Henry and George all missed their first birds and re-entered, with the result shown in the above score.

In No. 4 Hayward, Bartlett and Howard missed their first birds and re-entered, with the result shown above.

Those who missed their first birds and re-entered in No. 5 were Smith, Howard, Burnham, J. Thurman and Wellington.

The re-entries in No. 6 were Money, Duston, Adams and Nesbitt.

Smith re-entered in No. 7, Moore in No. 8, and Denny in No. 9.

A FEW PICKUPS.

The three members of the Florist Gun Club, of Philadelphia, Messrs. Burton, Anderson and Will K. Park, were properly puffed up with pride at the result of the race for the Wood Powder trophy in which they came out second to the Philadelphia champions, from Holmesburg Junction. The Florists are only youthful members of the State organization, having been admitted to membership on Tuesday, Sept. 29. As the name of the club signifies, most of its members are florists by profession.

The Keystone Shooting League didn't do a thing in the way of capturing trophies! It took back with it to Philadelphia the trophies emblematic of the State championships at targets for six, five and three-men teams, while one of its oldest members, Joseph Thurman, carried off the individual live-bird championship.

Luzerne County shooters took back with them all the trophies left by the Keystone Shooting League. George F. Nesbitt, of Wilkesbarre, won the individual championship of the State at targets, and helped his fellow clubmates, W. H. Stroh and George Addison, to win the three-men team championship at live birds.

Oil City was chosen as the location for next year's State shoot. John A. Wilson, of Franklin, secured the shoot for the western part of the State, after having fought for it to cross the Alleghanies at every meeting held during the past three or four years.

It is a pleasure to note that the daily press is awaking to the fact that many of its readers like to see what has been done at the traps. The Philadelphia *Ledger* had a special representative present on each day of the shoot and gave full accounts of every day's work.

G. Wellington Jones, managing editor of the Harrisburg *Call*, acted as official scorer at one set of traps on each day of the shoot and did good work for his paper. The scores appeared in the *Call* in the proper shape, and what is better still, they were absolutely correct, something that cannot always be said about the scores which appear in the columns of the daily press, especially in those of cities much larger than the capital of Pennsylvania.

Where was U. M. C. Thomas? The red caps with long visors used by his company, the U. M. C. Company, of Bridgeport, to advertise its goods, were worn by all the trapper boys, but they only served to make U. M. C.'s absence felt the more severely. H. P. Collins said on Thursday afternoon, a few minutes after he had made 25 straight, that it was perhaps just as well that U. M. C. was not present, as a man of his age would have found it hard to stand such a severe shock to his system!

Brooklyn, N. Y., has good reason to be proud of the showing made at the traps by its representative, J. S. S. Remsen, who, young as he is in the trap-shooting world, showed his heels to most of the older shots in the majority of the events shot on the open set of traps. In both the 100-target handicap events he broke 91 out of his first 100. His work was watched with interest by all present, but by no one more closely than his father, who was congratulated many times on his son's success in the shoot for the E. C. cup.

Justus von Lengerke was tickled at the way Remsen shot. The young man from Brooklyn, N. Y., was shooting Schultze, d'ye see?

Jim Denny (it seems absurd to give him his full title) and Moyer were among the Pittsburgers who showed up at the shoot. It is a shame to couple the name of such a good fellow as Denny with that of a man who makes a public accusation of wrongdoing against a handicap committee, and then runs away when he is about to be brought face to face with the men he has slandered.

Captain Money and B. F. Smith shot a small race at live birds on the last day of the shoot; the conditions were 25 birds, $25, A. S. A. rules. Smith won by 1 bird, the Captain losing his last 2 birds. The scores were 23 to 22 in Smith's favor.

Refereeing a live-bird contest is pleasant enough until a close decision or a knotty point comes up. In the contest for the live-bird championship J. Thurman, the ultimate winner, went to the traps to kill his last bird to give him a straight score of 15. The bird flipped up and settled again, the shooter having to kill it with his second barrel to make it a "no bird." Mr. Jacob Pentz was helping the Harrisburg Shooting Association out of a hole by doing some work as referee at the time, and decided it a no bird. In our opinion the decision was absolutely correct, and none other could have been rendered. The silence that followed the killing of the bird on the ground with the second barrel, a silence broken by only a few hand clappings, showed that the vast majority of the spectators were very much in doubt as to the result of the shot.

Three sets of target traps were in position, but only two were used for the programme events. On the last two days for target shooting one trap of the vacant set was kept fully occupied throwing targets, unknown angles, for those who wanted to shoot in 50-cent miss-and-outs. Those who fell down at the other sets would often come down to try and "get even." Sometimes they did, and sometimes they did the other thing.

Altoona seems to be dead to the world of trap-shooting. Not a single representative of the gun club of that city was on hand during the shoot, with the exception of E. J. Adams, and he only put in an appearance on the last day. What has become of the Wopsononockians?

The handicap on the experts, coupled with the Rose system of dividing purses, is a little too severe. The Rose system in itself is a sort of a handicap, as it reduces both winnings and losings, giving the small fry a show.

B. A. Bartlett, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., gave two capital exhibitions of what he can do with the repeating shotgun. Bartlett has introduced some new features in his trick shooting, and does them as neatly as he performs the old ones.

Mrs. M. F. Lindsley (Wanda) was present at the tournament and watched with interest the work of those who shot King's Smokeless and Peters's reinforced shells. Mrs. Lindsley says she is fully satisfied with the showing made, the Parker gun and the State championship at live birds being among the many good things credited to the powder made by Milt Lindsley at King's Mills.

Jack Winston was in evidence on the first two days of the shoot, shooting Austin powder, talking matches and making artistic designs out of Winchester shells, Leader and Repeater, loaded with his powder. The boys had lots of fun with him, changing his designs and altering the lettering of some of his "hand-painted" signs, but they never succeeded in ruffling his temper.

W. L. Colville, the Eastern representative of Gold Dust, did some good shooting on the last target day of the tournament. He made a big bid for the Parker Gun, and showed the boys that Dick Swiveller and Gold Dust are not an effete corporation. He tells us that Jack Fanning is back on the Pacific slope, but that we will see him East again next summer in all probability. If a snoring match can be arranged between Fanning and the "Mayor of Sutton, Mass.," Will Park and Charlie Budd will put up the stuff for the Western man. Capt. Money backs the Eastern representative.

George F. Nesbitt, of the Luzerne County Sportsmen's Club, who hails from Wilkesbarre, was in great form on the first day of the shoot. He made some excellent runs, and landed the Individual State Championship at targets with 47 out of 50.

Howard is the name under which one of Baltimore's best shots concealed his identity. Howard shot in form that made him decidedly warm company, and stamped him as an A No. 1 man at targets. He was well to the front when it came to miss-and-outs at live birds on the last day.

While his father was hard at it, trying to outshoot Brewster for the live-bird championship of the State, Harry Taurman was busy raking in the profits at the miss-and-out set of traps. He ran something like 46 straight, and only quit when the birds gave out.

H. P. Collins got off a good one on Howard on the first day. He met Howard coming out of the club house and asked him how he was getting on. "Not very well," said Howard. "What have you done so far?" said Collins. "18 and 19 out of 20 and two 23s," said Howard. Collins looked at him and said: "I thought this was a gentleman's shoot; I had no idea that hogs were admitted."

The Harrisburg shooters have a bad case of what may be termed the "*nom de fusil* fever." Fuller, Harlow, Brewster, Sullivan, Wellington and Henry are names which are prefixed to the scores made by H. M. Fuller Worden, J. Harlow Worden, H. Brewster Shoop, W. Brensinger, G. Wellington Hepler and Harry Dill.

Rolla Heikes shot as well as ever he did in his life, and that's saying a great deal. Those who look at his scores may not think they are much out of the way—for Rolla, but then you should see the background, and have shot in the wind and rain that prevailed on the first day, to thoroughly appreciate the work of "the daddy of them all."

The cyclone that struck Harrisburg on Tuesday night just tore things up around the shooting ground. The club house was about all that was left standing when Elmer Shaner got to the scene of the tournament on Wednesday morning. As the street cars could not get out along the line that runs to the shooting grounds, it was rather late before shooting began that morning.

H. P. Collins went in for low average every day; 25 per cent. of the average money fund was his share each evening. He had a cinch on it, and said that it was the only chance he had to get even. When asked why he was losing so many targets, he replied: "So as to win low average, and get on a match with Jack Winston. If I show my form he won't play!"

Heikes, as instructor for the beginner, would be a success if all his efforts resulted as satisfactorily as the short course of instruction he put Du Pont Collins through on Wednesday afternoon. Collins had just succeeded in making three 12s in the three 20-target events, and 28 out of 50 in the first half of the Parker gun handicap. Heikes took him up to the miss-and-out trap, which was idle for a few minutes, and gave him some instructions how to shoot. Collins then went down to No. 1 set of traps to shoot his third string of 25 in the handicap, and didn't do a thing but break 25 straight. He followed that up by making 20 in his last 25, thus scoring 45 out of 50 shot at. And he has only been shooting six months at the longest! EDWARD BANKS.

Annual Meeting of the State Association.

THE annual meeting and election of officers of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association was held, Sept. 29, at Harrisburg.

The clubs represented by proxy or by delegates were: Harrisburg Shooting Association—M. H. Brensinger, H. A. Dill, H. B. Shoop; Reading Shooting Association—Henry Rambo, John Shaaber, George Ritter; Pittsburg Gun Club—E. E. Shaner, J. O'H. Denny, John A. Wilson; Keystone Shooting League—J. R. Leaming, W. H. Wolstencroft, David Longenecker; York City Gun Club, W. H. Burnham; Germantown Gun Club, Harry Thurman; Spring City Gun Club, Harry Thurman (by proxy); Independent Gun Club, of Reading—J. Shaaber, Henry Ritter, Henry Rambo; North Side Gun Club, E. E. Shaner (by proxy); Franklin Gun Club, John A. Wilson; Independent Gun Club, of Philadelphia—W. H. Wolstencroft, J. Wolstencroft, H. L. David; Wilkes-Barre Gun Club—G. F. Nesbitt, J. F. O'Neill, Geo. Anderson; Herron Hill Gun Club, J. O'H. Denny; Springfield Gun Club, H. Thurman (by proxy); Iroquois Gun Club—H. S. Hartman, W. J. Udick, A. C. L. Hoffmeister; Farmers' Gun Club—M. M. McMillan, M. T. O'Conner, Harrison Bell; Huntingdon Gun Club—Isaac Greenburg, G. G. Harman, M.D.; Oil City Gun Club, J. A. Wilson; Florist Gun Club—John Burton, Geo. Anderson, W. K. Park.

The following clubs were elected: Oil City Gun Club, an organization of sixty-eight members; Huntingdon Gun Club, Carbon County Game and Fish Protective Association, of Mauch Chunk; Florist Gun Club, of Philadelphia.

The legislative committee reported progress. Mr. John A. Wilson stated that there were several important questions now before the legislative committee, and it would be unwise to make public just at present certain matters now in its hands.

The choice of a location for next year's annual meeting brought forth a contest. John A. Wilson spoke earnestly in behalf of the interests of sportsmen in the northwestern part of the State, and said that it would be for the best interests of the Association to hold the annual meeting and tournament of 1897 across the Alleghanies. He nominated Oil City as the place for the meeting and the Oil City Gun Club as the club in whose hands next year's shoot should be placed. Elmer E. Shaner seconded the nomination.

John Ritter asked on behalf of the Independent Gun Club, of Reading, that the year's shoot be held there.

J. F. O'Neill placed in nomination the city of Wilkesbarre.

Oil City was chosen, the ballot cast being: Oil City 27, Reading 6, Wilkesbarre 5.

Harry Thurman moved and John A. Wilson seconded, that the representatives of the sporting press be made honorary members of the Association. The motion was carried without a single nay.

The election of officers resulted: President, J. O'H. Denny; Vice-President, Harry Thurman; Recording Secretary, John A. Wilson; Corresponding Secretary, Harry Reeser; Treasurer, James H. Wolstencroft (sixth consecutive term); Board of Directors: George F. Nesbitt, H. M. F. Worden, John Shaaber, W. H. Wolstencroft, Elmer E. Shaner and W. H. Burnham.

The report of the treasurer showed a cash balance in hand of $194.

On motion of Elmer Shaner the chair appointed the following committee to revise the shooting rules of the Association: Elmer E. Shaner, chairman; J. O'H. Denny and W. H. Wolstencroft.

Fall Tournaments in the South.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Oct. 1.—Notwithstanding that this has already been the most successful tournament season in the history of the sport, a number of tournaments are yet to be held this fall. While none of them can be classed with the large tournaments held earlier in the season, at all of them substantial inducements are offered, and doubtless all of them will be well attended.

ROGERS GUN CLUB.

The Rogers, Ark., Gun Club will hold a two days' tournament Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 14-15. This will be a target shoot exclusively, and the club will add $100 to the purses, $45 on the first day and $55 on the last day. The programme calls for 8 events each day; the first 7 events each day are 20-bird races, $2 entrance and $5 added, 4 moneys. The eighth event on the first day will be a 25-bird event, $2.50 entrance, $10 added. The same event on the last day will be a two-men team race, 50 targets per team, entrance $5 and $20 added; in each of these events there will be 5 moneys.

Mr. W. J. Bryant, one of the club officials, writes me that they have already received assurance from sportsmen at Galena and Weir City, Kan.; Joplin and Springfield, Mo., and Fort Smith, Ark., who express their intentions of attending this shoot. Altogether it should prove quite an interesting little tournament.

KENTUCKY GUN CLUB, OF LOUISVILLE.

The Kentucky Gun Club, of Louisville, Ky., will hold its regular fall tournament on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 22-24. The first day targets only will be shot; the remaining two days will be devoted to live birds exclusively. The principal event on the second day will be the Kentucky Handicap, 15 live birds, entrance $10, birds extra. On the final day the championship of Kentucky will be decided. This will be a 25-bird race, $10 entrance, birds extra. The trophy emblematic of the championship also goes to the winner of this event, which is a handsome silver cup valued at $200, and at present held by Mr. W. W. Watson, of Louisville, who won it last year. Additional information concerning this event can be obtained from the club secretary, Mr. J. S. Phelps, Jr., Louisville, Ky.

HILL CITY GUN CLUB, OF VICKSBURG.

The Hill City Gun Club, of Vicksburg, Miss., also announces a tournament for this fall, and the dates chosen are Nov. 4-5. As an inducement the club will add $200 to the purses. This will be a target tournament. Although this shoot will not be under the auspices of the Interstate Association, I understand that Mr. Elmer E. Shaner will have charge of the affair. This should prove an additional drawing card, as Mr. Shaner knows how to manage a shoot if any one does. The weather during the month of November is most delightful in Mississippi, while quail are reported exceptionally numerous in that State this fall.

Therefore those who attend the tournament could also spend a few days in the field. I can assure them the customary Southern hospitality and a delightful time, should they visit Vicksburg at this season of the year. Mr. J. J. Bradfield, the secretary, will cheerfully furnish any information to those who contemplate attending.

MEMPHIS ALSO IN LINE.

Memphis too will hold a tournament this fall, a two days' affair: one day targets, and one day live birds. The feature of this shoot will be a live-bird handicap at 25 birds, and the shoot will be for amateurs only, while the purses will be divided by the Rose system. Particulars will be announced as soon as the dates have been definitely settled on, which will be some time in November. PAUL R. LITZKE.

On Long Island.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Oct. 3.—The New Utrecht Gun Club held a shoot at live birds this afternoon on its old grounds at Woodlawn, L. I. The traps and pulling apparatus have been put in shape, but the members have to be contented with a tent for a club house, their house having been destroyed a few weeks ago by fire, which was started by lightning. New grounds have been selected near the old ones and a club house will be erected in a short time. Until those grounds are ready for occupation shoots will be held every two weeks at Woodlawn. Dr. Wynn and C. Furgueson, Jr., tied in the club shoot for the class A badge, Furgueson winning on the shoot-off. Morfey and Conny Furgueson tied for the E. C. cup, Morfey winning on the shoot-off. Scores:

	Club Shoot.	E. C. Cup Shoot.
L T Davenport (A, 31)	0212121220—8	(AA, 30)....2122021022— 8
T W Morfey (A, 31)	2000221222—7	(AA, 30)....2122222222—10
C Furgueson, Jr (A, 30)	2222222202—9	(AA, 30)....222•202222— 8
W Wynn (A, 29)	0221222221—9	(A, 29)....2222122102— 9
Dr Littlefield (A, 28)	0222202122—8	(A, 29)....0212212222— 9
247½ (A, 28)	022022200w	(A, 29)....2200w
Conny Furgueson (B, 27)	222•022222—8	(B, 29)....2222222222—10
J E Jones (B, 29)	222222•222—9	(B, 29)....2•22220220— 7
J Gaughen (B, 28)	2001100201—5	(B, 29)....0010110221— 6
W S Allen (B, 28)	222•1210w	(B, 29)....210w
A Eddy (B, 29)	21•11121w	(B, 29)....121w
D Deacon	.....	(A, 29)....1202211112— 9

Cambridge Gun Club Tournament.

CAMBRIDGE, Vt., Sept. 30.—Cambridge held her first tournament today. Our grounds were ready for practice Aug. 20. The Burlington Rod and Gun Club kindly came up and gave us points and encouragement. Later came the Interstate Association aid and now we hope with our favorite guns and nitro powders to be pounding down our share of the bluerocks with the rest of them in the near future. Clubs were not very well represented here to-day owing to the terrific storm of last night, which abated late this morning. The Burlington Rod and Gun Club, Jeffersonville and Johnson clubs were our only visiting clubs. Mr. Norton, the representative of Blue Ribbon, was with us distributing circulars, mirth and good-fellowship.

The contest was for 50 targets, divided into three events (2, 3 and 4), and were won, first, silver water set, by Ellsworth; second, silver fruit dish, by Spear; third, sole leather ammunition box, by Pease; fourth, silver napkin ring, by Morgan; fifth, gun cleaning set, by Hatch; sixth, silver souvenir spoon of Cambridge, by Partlow. The Burlington Club put up a very nice pipe to be contested for by Cambridge boys, which was won in event No. 5 by Ellsworth. Other events followed for practice: Event No. 1, known angles; 6, unknown angles; 7, 5 pairs; 8, unknown angles, unknown traps; 9, unknown anles.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9			Per
Targets:	10	20	15	15	10	10	5	10	10	Shot at.	Broke.	cent.
Ellsworth	8	17	10	12	8	5	..	..	..	80	60	75
Spear	5	16	10	12	..	9	4	7	8	100	71	71
Pease	8	13	13	10	6	7	6	..	7	100	70	70
Morgan	5	16	9	9	..	6	6	8	6	100	65	65
Worthen	6	13	11	9	..	10	3	5	4	100	55	55
Hatch	6	15	11	7	5	5	3	6	5	110	63	57
Flemings	..	15	9	8	6	5	..	..	..	70	43	61
Kittell	..	11	11	9	7	7	4	..	7	90	56	62
Dr Colvin	3	13	9	7	..	8	..	7	7	90	54	60
Norton	5	15	7	7	..	3	3	6	3	100	49	49
Brown	..	11	8	7	6	5	..	..	..	70	37	52
Dr Briggs	4	9	7	7	5	..	..	..	..	60	32	53
Backum	3	7	5	9	1	..	..	..	..	60	25	41
Nathen	4	8	5	8	5	..	..	..	..	60	30	50
Gray	2	4	8	8	2	..	..	..	..	60	24	40
Thomas	..	7	4	6	4	6	..	..	..	60	27	45
Simonds	..	7	4	5	5	4	..	..	..	60	25	41
Bartlett	..	6	1	9	..	..	..	..	..	50	16	32
Jones	..	5	6	5	..	..	..	..	..	50	16	32
Partlow	..	6	2	3	..	2	..	..	..	60	13	21
Horner	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	10	5	50
Monett	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	10	3	30
Cutting	..	12	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	30	17	56
Flentom	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	10	1	10
Sanborn	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	10	3	30

E. C. ELLSWORTH, Sec'y.

North Greece Rod and Gun Club.

GREECE, N. Y., Sept. 29.—Inclosed are the scores made at a shoot held by the North Greece Rod and Gun Club on Sept. 25:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11		
Targets:	10	10	15	15	10	15	15	10	10	15	10	Shot at.	Broke.
L V Byer	9	10	15	15	9	12	14	10	10	15	10	135	129
Sim Glover	9	10	14	15	9	14	15	9	10	14	9	135	128
C Lane	10	8	14	14	9	15	14	10	9	15	9	135	127
L W Davis	9	8	13	12	8	14	15	10	9	13	9	125	120
Dr Weller	8	9	11	11	10	10	13	10	9	15	7	135	113
A Rickman	7	8	12	13	8	12	13	8	..	12	..	115	93
Geo Borst	8	7	10	13	10	14	10	7	9	..	10	120	98
Wm Richmond	7	9	10	11	7	12	14	10	10	..	9	120	99
B East	6	7	10	..	..	10	12	8	9	..	..	80	62
J M Louden	..	..	13	11	7	..	..	..	9	..	..	50	40
Theo Lane	..	..	4	9	4	9	13	..	9	..	..	80	48
J Hogan	..	..	13	..	7	..	..	..	6	..	..	35	26
B Stowell	..	..	..	12	8	..	..	8	8	..	..	45	36
J Burns	..	..	..	..	9	..	13	..	8	9	..	50	39
J Hadlock	..	..	..	..	..	12	9	..	8	14	..	50	43
J Lewis	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	15	11

BERT RICKMAN, Sec'y.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

New Pullman Service to Texas, Mexico and the Pacific Coast.

COMMENCING Oct. 1, the Southern Railway "Piedmont Air Line" will inaugurate a new Pullman buffet sleeping car line between New York, Birmingham, Alabama and Washington, and Galveston, Texas. Connecting at New Orleans with the trains of the Southern Pacific R. R., carrying Pullman buffet sleeping cars, New Orleans to San Francisco and City of Mexico. The new sleeping car service will be operated on the "United States Fast Mail," leaving New York 12:15 midnight, and Washington, D. C., 11:15 A. M. The famous Washington and Southwestern Vestibuled Limited continues to leave New York daily at 4:30 P. M., carrying dining cars and Pullman drawing-room sleeping car, New York to New Orleans, Memphis, Tampa and Hot Springs, N. C. For further information call on or address General Eastern Office, 271 Broadway.—*Adv.*

Game Pictures.

WE have received from Mr. Edwin Hawley, E. P. A. Southern Pacific, 349 Broadway, New York, a handsome little book of 64 pages, called "California Game Marked Down."

The book describes some famous Western game covers, and contains a valuable collection of fish and game pictures. It will be sent free on application to Mr. Hawley.—*Adv.*

All about Texas.

IF you wish to receive a 200-page handsomely illustrated book telling all about Texas and her advantages, send 7 cents postage to D. C. Price, A. G. P. A., I. & G. N. R. R., Palestine, Texas, and the book will be sent to you by return mail. Texas is now attracting a great number of settlers by reason of her cheap lands and mild climate. You will not regret the amount. When writing mention this paper.—*Adv.*

The Latest in Winchesters.

THE Winchester Repeating Arms Company, New Haven, Conn., issues a four-page illustrated folder of new goods, dealing with smokeless cartridges, the "Repeater" shot shell, model of 1895 rifle, etc.—*Adv.*

Wild Rice Seed.

CHARLES GILCHRIST, Port Hope, Ontario, writes that after several poor seasons he has at last been able to secure a good supply of wild rice seed, and is now prepared to fill all orders.—*Adv.*

Sporting Goods Catalogue.

JOHN WOOD, JR., publishes a handsome hundred-page catalogue of guns, fishing tackle, and sportsmen's goods in general. His line is very complete, and the catalogue well worth having.—*Adv.*

Wild Rice and Celery.

NORTHRUP, KING & Co., Minneapolis, Minn., seedsmen, are prepared to fill promptly large or small orders for wild rice and wild celery. Notice prices in another column.—*Adv.*

U. M. C. Price List.

THE Union Metallic Cartridge Co. has issued a new price list of cartridges, shot shells, gun wads, primers, etc., dated Sept. 1.—*Adv.*

TO LEASE.—Good shooting grounds, New Jersey. See advertisement.—*Adv.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. L., Milwaukee, Wis.—I own a Newfoundland puppy eight months old. He seems to be very weak and does not eat much. His eyes are running constantly and his coat is very thin and rough. All the hair on his back came out, and his skin is covered with scabs. I gave him some medicine for distemper, but without effect. What kind of illness is it, and what will cure it? Ans. Give 10grs. four times a day of "Reed & Carnrick's special protonuclein." Bathe the eyes three or four times a day with a saturated solution of boracic acid. Feed dog well; give raw meat, milk, cream, fish et

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY
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NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING
Present Entrance on Leonard Street

AUDUBON BIRD PLATES.

THE first subject of the series of half-tone copies of Audubon's famous bird portraits was that of the Black Duck, in the issue of Sept. 26. The second one will be of the Prairie Hen (pinnated grouse), next week, Oct. 24.

These reproductions are exciting great interest and are received with gratifying appreciation, as many letters coming to us testify. Among others, one which gives us special pleasure is this:

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Sept. 26 I notice your beautiful picture of the Black Duck and the announcement you make that it is one of a series to be published. * * * The reproductions are to me most satisfactory; they lack color, of course, but in every other respect are the best we have ever seen, and I think I may say that those of the Audubon family still remaining are much gratified with the first of the series.

M. R. AUDUBON.

CONCERNING THE EXTERMINATION OF THE DOG.

A DISTINGUISHED essayist of England advances the proposition, and defends it at length, that the dog should be exterminated from the face of the earth. She concedes all that the dog is as man's best friend; full account is made of his utility and value as guardian of home and flock and person, as draft animal and beast of burden, as adjunct of the chase, as affectionate companion; but against all this is put the terrible and unanswerable indictment that with the dog originates the scourge of rabies and hydrophobia, and the verdict reached is that the woe thus brought upon the human race by the dog outweighs a thousandfold all the good there is in him. The dog and rabies are inseparable; Pasteurism has not stamped out the dread disease and gives no promise of ever stamping it out. Nothing is more certain than that so long as there shall be dogs there will be rabies, if rabies hydrophobia, and if hydrophobia then human death caused by it. Human life is worth more than all the dogs in the world; better the dog exterminated utterly than that the lives of men and women and children should be sacrificed by reason of it.

If we shall grant all that is here premised as to the ravages of hydrophobia, and if we assent baldly to the proposition that the dog does keep alive in the world and transmit from generation to generation of humanity the disease of hydrophobia, if indeed the dog be altogether as black as he is painted, the proposition to exterminate him will yet have no general practical interest, and the alarmist who would ring the universal death knell of the canine race will be heard with indifference or at the best will be looked upon curiously as a faddist. The reason of this is found in the fact that the world at large knows nothing of the dog as a rabid creature and an agency of human disease and death. For one individual who in his personal experience or observation finds reason to dread the dog as possibly subject to madness and potentially fatal to human beings, there are a million who know the dog only as a friend, companion and the playmate of children, a creature not only harmless, but lovable, loved and loving. Thus in the popular estimate, which is the estimate made up of the million individuals, the dog does not stand for a menace to the well-being of mankind, but on the contrary for a useful and beneficent factor in civilization. This, we repeat, is because popular knowledge and experience are of the dog as a blessing, not as a curse. Men have been gored to death by vicious bulls, yet the world at large regards domestic cattle as a valuable and harmless possession, and the bovine race is not doomed to extermination. Men are killed by horses, but the popular estimate based upon the common experience with the horse does not demand the obliteration of the equine race as dangerous to mankind. More than 7,000 persons are killed annually by the railroads of this country, and 40,000 others are injured; but the popular estimate of the safety of railroad travel in general is based upon the experience of the 500,000,000 passengers who travel annually on railroads in security, and he would be considered a candidate for an insane asylum who should advocate the abolition of railroads by contending, after the manner of this woman who wants us to do away with the dogs, that so long as we shall maintain railroads there will be accidents and deaths caused by them.

The question of dog extermination therefore is in no degree a practical one, but is purely academic, and as such to be discussed only theoretically and speculatively. It is a theme which would have delighted Sir Thomas Browne, who might well have employed in its consideration some of the speculations advanced by him in his "Enquiry into Vulgar and Common Errors" (published in 1646), in the chapter devoted to the phœnix. "That there is but one phœnix in the world, which after many hundred years burneth itself, and from the ashes thereof ariseth up another, is a conceit not new or altogether popular, but of great antiquity," he writes; and then he proceeds to an examination of the writings of the ancients—Greeks, Romans, Jewish rabbis, Arabians and Egyptians—and to a refutation of the stories of antiquity concerning the fabulous bird, bringing all the resources of his speculative philosophy to bear to disprove its existence, and carrying the argument back finally to the days of Noah and thence to the Garden of Eden and the Creation. As for the assertion that there is but one phœnix in the world at a time, each successive individual rising from the ashes of the one that lived and died before it, this, he says, "seemeth not only repugnant unto philosophy, but also Holy Scripture, which plainly affirms there went of every sort two at least into the ark of Noah." Moreover he argues:

> "It infringeth the benediction of God concerning multiplication. God blessed them, saying, 'Be fruitful and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas, and let fowl multiply in the earth;' and again, 'Bring forth with thee every living thing, that they may breed abundantly in the earth, and be fruitful and multiply upon the earth,' which terms are not applicable unto the phœnix, whereof there is but one in the world, and no more now living than at the first benediction. For, the production of one being the destruction of another, although they produce and generate, they increase not and must not be said to multiply, who do not transcend an unity."

This was a sockdologer for the phœnix, and it would be a sockdologer for the impious advocate of dog extermination who would kill off the tribe of dogs and thereby "infringe the benediction concerning multiplication."

Practically, however, should man as lord of creation make up his mind to do for the dog, he would not be restrained from putting his purpose into execution by any regard for "the divine benediction" to the canine race to increase and multiply. Alexander Ross, who believed in the existence of the phœnix, and undertook to reply to Browne, accounted for the fact that no one had ever seen the bird by its exercise of that instinct which taught it to keep out of the way of man. "For had Heliogabalus, that Roman glutton, met with him, he had devoured him, though there were no more in the world." Whatever may be said of Ross's faith in the phœnix, he certainly understood human nature. If the profligate Heliogabalus could have secured the brain of the phœnix for a tidbit he would have gobbled it up, and with the greater gusto that it was the only one left.

History has demonstrated again and again that when man, "the great tyrant of the creatures," has the opportunity to destroy an animal, though there be no more in the world, he surely does so. It is only the species whose instinct teaches them to keep out of the way of man, and which are fitted successfully to flee before him, that can keep their place on the earth. Creatures like the great wingless birds, which men can get after with a club, fall before him and perish from the land. Where is the dodo? Clubbed off the earth. Where is the great auk? Clubbed, the very last one. Where are the seals? Clubbed from most of the earth's surface; and we have been discussing in international boards of abitration—ten or twelve bound volumes of talk—and appointing investigating commissions, and taking statistics, and dickering over the *modus vivendi*, and nevertheless all the time keeping up the clubbing, until who knows what the seal supply is today and what it will be next year, or how short the time when there will be no supply at all? Does any one believe that the man who shall have the fortune to club to death the last seal is going to feel anything but brutish joy at the thought of such a feat to brag about? And if Alexander Ross were writing to-day, would not his opinion of the old Roman Emperor hold good as to the human wolves who are slaughtering the buffalo of the National Park?

The extreme rarity of a bird or other animal, instead of being accounted a reason for protection, is regarded as affording an added stimulus to its capture and destruction. Let a bird stray from its customary range, and, diverging from the limits laid down for it in the books, adventure new haunts, it has crossed a dead-line and flies to certain death; the collector, man or boy, awaits it with gun and powder, and a museum ticket labeled "Rare." The rarer the species, the more eager the pursuit of it; if a pair were thought to be the sole survivors of their kind, the collectors would shoot one another in their mad scramble to bag the last one.

Heliogabalus has been dead these two thousand years, but his spirit of remorseless, cruel, unsparing selfishness is alive in the world to-day, as the record of one and another obliterated species of animal life demonstrates.

RAIL FROM FROGS.

THERE is a widespread belief that the immense numbers of sora or Carolina rail which make their appearance on the marshes all of a sudden come from frogs. Before the skeptic shall scout the notion, let him consider the evidence in its support. This is what the defenders of the theory say: In the first place, rail and frogs are found in the same marshes, but not together. One day it is all frogs and no rail, and the next all rail and no frogs. Where then did the frogs go to if they did not turn into rail? and where did the rail come from if they are not transmogrified frogs? Rail are poor flyers, as every one knows who has flushed them on high tides; and it is clearly impossible for them to have come by flight from a distance to the grounds where they appear so suddenly and without warning. If there was not the frog theory to fall back upon in explanation of their origin we might assume that, like the mice of the Nile fields, they come from the mud; in which case it would be with the rail as Théophile Gautier said of certain insects which are hatched from eggs, that knowing no parents they may thin themselves the direct children of the earth. Moreover, th frog-rail theory has all the dignity of age. Alexander Wilson, the father of American ornithology, recorded that the belief was current in the early years of the century, and he tells a story of a planter who dug out of the mud a creatur half-frog and half-rail—nothing less, that is to say, than th frog turning into the rail. Wilson also asserted that the people in his day believed that the birds buried themselves in the mud, although, as he pointed out, while ditchers and dredgers frequently carried on their operations in this mud, none of them was ever known to dig out any of the birds. Mr. Lowry, however, whose notes in another column have brought this subject to attention, tells us of guides living at points far distant from one another, who while digging for muskrats in the marshes have exhumed quantities of rail. Those who contend for the frog origin of the birds have at least grounds for their theory as substantial as those upon which are based the long-standing beliefs that swallows bury themselves in the mud for the winter and that some snakes sting with their tails.

The belief is likely to hold for another hundred years. It is purposeless to cite against it the perfectly well-known facts of ornithology which have been determined with respect to the rail, that it is a migratory bird passing to and from north and south, from the British Possessions to Central America, nesting in northern latitudes from Massachusetts to Fort Rae, building nests and laying eggs, which nests and eggs are perfectly well known to naturalists; and that as to its powers of flight it is so good a bird on the wing as to pass annually in spring and autumn to and from Bermuda, a distance of more than 500 miles over the Atlantic; and moreover, that it has been taken on ships at sea 300 miles from land. These facts might be printed in every journal in the land regularly, year in and year out, but they would not shake the confidence of the native in his frog theory; he has it firmly fixed in his noddle that rail come from frogs, and this he will stick to. Of him it may be said as Sir Frederick Thesinger said to the man who addressed him as "Mr. Smith, I believe." "If you believe that," was the retort, "you would believe anything."

The Sportsman Tourist.

FISHING IN ICELAND.

After our long day's ride it was a relief to see, across a waste of black sand, the parsonage farm of Sirra Arni. The grassy roofs and low walls of turf and stone could hardly be distinguished from the surrounding "tun" or home fields, but the little black church stood boldly outlined against the distant tracts of lava. No other house was in sight; to the north lay Myvatn ("lake of midges"), surrounded by five scarred craters, and dotted by many islands, volcanoes in miniature, where thousands of wildfowl were circling and screaming. On the east and south was the great desert of the Odadahraun, and still beyond the snowy heights of Askja—Iceland's largest volcano—could be dimly seen.

My arrival was attended by some confusion. Five sheep dogs rushed down the trail to meet us, and barking furiously assailed the heels of the ponies; they promptly kicked and shied, and in a disorderly tangle of animals we reached the farm just as Sirra Arni's pleasant face appeared in the low doorway. Fifteen minutes later the packs were removed, the ponies grazing in the wild pastures, and the pastor and I, seated on the churchyard wall, were discussing the prospects of plant collecting and fishing.

His report of the latter was discouraging. In the lake were plenty of char, but they could be taken only by nets; there might be a few trout in Gronavatn—a small river a mile and a half away—but he had never fished in it; indeed the only good fishing he knew of was in the upper waters of the Laxa, several miles from its source, in Myvatn. To reach the river a guide and two ponies would be needed, and as these were difficult to hire in the midst of haymaking I decided to be content with Gronavatn.

The principal object of this visit to Myvatn was to collect flowers, and not until the third morning did I treat myself to a half day's fishing. I found Gronavatn a charming little river, whirling with many a rapid through the old lava fields. The air was calm, sweet and so clear that long after the parsonage was out of sight I could hear the haymakers' voices, and the singing of a small Icelander, who was driving the milking ewes to pasture.

As I tied on a March-brown and a butcher I saw a trout rise near some rushes across the stream, and felt that my fishing line was to fall in pleasant places.

A ¼-pounder was hooked at the third cast, and a double catch of pound trout quickly followed. As I was fishing and having "a beautiful time," a rough-looking man on a pony came ambling up, stopped, smiled a broad, benignant smile, dismounted and came toward me. In America I would have been disturbed had a dubious character accosted me in a lonely place a mile and a half from home, but not here with these honest, kindly Icelanders. I only said: "Godan daginn" and awaited developments. He took the rod from my hand, examined it with a critic's eye, and without a word began to fish. Four trout he caught in rapid succession, the look of content deepening on his countenance, then said: "Tak! tak!" returned the rod and, leaving the trout, mounted and trotted briskly away.

At the end of two hours I had taken fourteen fish, weighing from ½lb. to 1½lbs. There is such a thing as being too successful when one is far from home. At noon the farm people saw across the moor the spectacle of a sunburned, disheveled "Ameriku kona" lugging a botany box, sketch book, fishing tackle and a string of eighteen trout, and sitting down every few minutes to rest on a piece of lava. A relief expedition was dispatched by the kind-hearted pastor, consisting of a small boy with a box for the trout strapped on his back.

They were all of the same species: the *Salmo fario*, or river trout of Great Britain. But here in these clear, swift waters they have much lighter colors than those of England. I did not see a single yellow brown fish at Myvatn; all were silvery below and halfway up the sides, while the back was a dusky green or blue-black with many small black spots. The flesh was a light pink, and delicious eating.

That delectable morning at Gronavatn was the last of our fine weather. A cold storm followed, turning the distant hills white with snow; then came dense fogs rolling in every afternoon from the desert and inclosing us in cold mists until noon of the following day. The guest room of an Icelandic farm has no fire and no place for one. The accumulated chill of years is in it, and only the eider down puff on the bed keeps the traveler from perishing untimely. At night he can be comfortable, however he may shiver in the daytime. I found that even extinct volcanoes can be utilized for warming purposes. Every morning after breakfast I scrambled briskly up to the summit of a cone near the house, down to the bottom of the crater, and then trotted around the rim half a dozen times; this put me in quite a glow, and I was then in a mood to rest on the deep red slag and admire the strange beauty of Myvatn seen through the rising mists.

Several times I returned to the stream for an hour or two of fishing, once capturing a 3½-pounder. My stock of flies was getting low, and the day before I left Sirra Arni's I manufactured one with a large bait hook, a snipe's feather, a piece of red Liberty silk and a scrap of tinsel from the top of a whisky bottle. It was a wonderful production, tied with shoe-button thread, and I was really ashamed to put it on the leader. But it pleased those simple-minded Icelandic trout; one jumped for it at the first cast and several followed in quick succession. Then a fish rose languidly, took the fly and turned down under the bank. At first I thought it a small one and tried to kill it in short order, but I soon found out my mistake. Feeling himself hooked, he darted out again, broke clear from the water and dashed across the stream. Seeing how large he was, I gave one anxious look around me for some one who could help me land him, as I had neither gaff nor net. No one was in sight, and there was nothing to be done but tire him completely out, in much anguish of spirit lest he tear out the hook. Then when he lay motionless, his broad side turned up on the water, I led him cautiously to a shallower place, put down the rod, keeping the line taut in my hand, waded in and scooped him up in my dress skirt. Five pounds was the verdict an hour later, when he was solemnly weighed by fifteen of the family, and voted to be the finest fish they had seen taken with rod and line. I shall always regret that I did not spend some time on the Upper Laxa. While at Myvatn I heard a story of a small boy at the farm of Helluvad, on the river, who went fishing with the fly one evening after supper and caught 120lbs. of fish that averaged 3lbs. apiece. This is truly a remarkable tale, but we must bear in mind that Helluvad is a noted place for big trout; there is no darkness in an Icelandic summer and we are not told at what hour that boy went to bed.

From Sirra Arni's farm I went to Reykjahlid, on the eastern shore of Myvatn, a place interesting from the many mud wells, hot water and sulphur springs in the neighborhood. There is the Stora Gjá, too, a great rift made by an earthquake, which I explored by the aid of Jon, the farmer's big son. In some places one looks down to unknown depths, in others the rift is partially filled up with fallen fragments and the action of the weather, and here grow deep beds of ferns, tall buttercups and crane's-bill, which instead of being a crimson pink, as with us, has the most vivid purple hues.

I visited also some of the islands in the lake, where immense numbers of birds have their nests. Never have I seen so many babies tumbling about, and so many anxious



THE STORA GJA.

mothers. There were scaup ducks, long-tailed ducks, red-breasted mergansers, black scoters, mallard, teal, gulls and snipe.

The peasants guard these islands carefully from intrusion, and the young birds were quite fearless. I caught a baby snipe in my hand, and when released it trotted away as calmly as possible. Great numbers of eggs are taken for food, and while at Reykjahlid my fare consisted principally of hard-boiled ducks' eggs and char from the lake. These when fresh are good enough fare, but the Icelanders, like the Norwegians, prefer their food fermented and a little tainted.

One learns to venture on new strange dishes in the far north. I have eaten the eggs of eider and scaup ducks, gulls, guillemots and four other kinds unknown to me,



ICELAND PACK PONIES.

raw salmon and wild goose slightly smoked, raw herrings sliced with onions, sheep's milk and butter, "skyr," or sheep's milk curdled by rennet, sheep's head pickled in whey, blood and meal sausages, angelica roots, and later, in the Faroe Islands, I graduated proudly on whale. Puffins, I am glad to say, were out of season.

One morning Jon called me to see a fine lot of char which they had taken with gill nets during the night. I was faily startled by the brilliant tints. Fifteen great fish lay in the bottom of their boat, the lower part of their bodies gleaming with the most brilliant orange and yellow. Above they varied from a soft gray to a very dark green, almost black. All had faint gray spots on the sides, with here and there a red one, while the lower fins were reddish bordered with white. In weight they ranged from 2 to 9lbs. Filled with enthusiasm at this sight, I went trolling with Jon, using a small spoon which I had found very taking in Canada for black bass and lake trout; but not a bite did I have. Jon, indeed, had assured me that it was useless to try, that the char are only taken in nets; but as Jon spoke no English, only a little Danish, and I still less, I had not felt sure that I understood him correctly.

Reykjahlid is a fair type of an Icelandic farm. In front are five little wooden gables connected by thick walls of turf and stone. One is used as a guest room; in three tools, harness and stores are kept; and the fifth, the central one, opens into a long, dark passageway which extends to the family living rooms at the rear of the house. Here is the "eld-hus" or kitchen, the milk and skyr rooms, and the general living rooms, where men, women and children eat, and sleep in open bunks about the walls. The people are very reluctant to have a foreigner explore these rooms. He is conducted on his arrival to the spare room, which is seldom wanting, and there he eats, sleeps and lives during his stay.

The Icelanders are kind, honest and hospitable, and I never had the least fear about traveling alone among them. I went very slowly, made short journeys, and so dispensed with relays of ponies. Nor did I have a regular guide. On my arrival at a farm where I was to spend several days I sent back the man and ponies, taking others from the place when I resumed my wanderings. Many English tourists complain of extortionate charges, but I did not meet with a single instance during the nine weeks of my stay. Perhaps my simple outfit and shabby, weather-worn appearance had a lowering effect upon prices. Usually I paid 2 kroner (56 cents) a day for board and lodging, and at Reykjahlid, where I remained nine days, the farmer flatly refused to accept more than 49 cents a day, for he said, "You have eaten very little."

After leaving Reykjahlid I took a week's excursion with a friend of Sirra Arni's as guide to the great waterfall Dettifoss, the Speaking Rocks, Asbergi, and over the mountains to Laxamyri, near the seaport of Husavik. Here is one of the finest farms in Iceland. Two causes of its prosperity are seen in the carved and painted wooden figures of an eider duck and salmon over the front doorway. Above the farm the Laxa (the same river that flows from Myvatn) rushes in fierce rapids and little falls, then widening divides into many channels, eddying deeply about low, grassy islands, where the eider ducks breed. From Myvatn north to the Arctic Sea the river abounds in trout. Salmon are plentiful in its lower course, but lava pillars about twelve miles from the farm prevent the fish from ascending beyond that point. Five farmers have the right to fish in the neighborhood, but only two avail themselves of it—Sigfus, the farmer at Laxamyri, and Thorgrimur, at Næs. The latter place is the better for rod fishing. One year two Englishmen spent six weeks there, taking about 125 salmon. Another season only four were caught, but this was one of the cold years which occur about once in every ten, when the pack ice from Greenland drifts southward, shutting in the north coasts of Iceland. The ice does not actually enter the rivers, but blocks the fjords and the fish do not seem to run. The keen north winds check the growth of the grass, snow falls even during the summer months, and much misery is caused. In Iceland the farmers' flocks are their mainstay, and when the scanty hay crop fails most of the sheep must be killed. This last summer, however, was a good one for the Icelanders. Young and old, all were at work gathering in the short, fragrant grasses. And while the men worked late into the light nights, the nets in the river gathered a harvest of trout and salmon. Not only were the gill-nets used, but once, at midnight, the farmers' sons with a seine took fifty sea trout. Beautiful fish they were, weighing from ½lb. to 5lbs., and shining like burnished silver. The sea trout run to about the first week of August, while the salmon begin about June 1 and continue until the last of September.

The largest trout I caught at Laxamyri was only 2½lbs. The water near the shore in many places was shallow and weedy. I had no waders, and my rod was too heavy for me to cast far with it. The wind too blew almost a gale during most of my stay, fairly whisking the fly from the water. I hoped that some properly equipped and skillful angler would happen along, that I might at least see the capture of a salmon. I had had a faint, wild hope that I might capture a small one, but this was too great an ambition to be realized. Still, there might have been a chance for it had I gone to the best places further up the river, but there a bull was roaming at large. Several times I started in that direction, but my courage failed me before I reached the spot. It is astonishing how many black bulls the feminine eye can see in the strange, dark forms of the lava fields.

One day, after catching two fish of 2lbs. each, I hooked one which went the way of many big fish and escaped. The manners of salmon are unknown to me, and I have often wondered if it could have been one. I had cast a grilse fly at the head of a rapid when something took the fly, and as I struck the line looped itself around the tip of my rod. I could not reach it, for the fish dragged heavily and positively refused to yield an inch. There was nothing to be done but to await the final catastrophe. Four times the fish went up and down, the dripping line slowly cutting the surface of the water, and being jerked reluctantly out, inch by inch. Then with a rush he went down the rapids; the tackle was strong and the hook tore out. Could it have been a salmon or was it a giant trout? There are big fish in the Laxa. The very next morning Joannes, the farmer's son, called me out to see a 10lb. trout taken in a net near the fjord, with three fine grilse. It looked at first glance like a female salmon, having the same small head, thick body and silvery sides. The best of all was a 32lb. salmon—the largest, Joannes said, that had been taken, in his recollection, on the farm.

In looking at a large map of Iceland, fifteen rivers called Laxá are to be seen. These are or have been salmon rivers, as the name indicates—"Lax," salmon, and "á," river.

Trout abound in all rivers which do not drain glaciers, but the best fishing is in the Myvatn Laxa, the Sog near Lake Thingvellir, the fishing lakes of the Arnavatnheidi, in Svinavatn, and in the tributaries of the western Hvita.

On our homeward journey some Englishmen showed me their salmon flies. The Jock Scott and silver doctor were the favorites, though the Childers, snow-fly, butcher and Durham were also used.

For trout I found a grilse Jock Scott was a favorite at Myvatn and Laxamyri; in fact, most of the grilse flies would be good, and a large March-brown should be included.

The Icelandic fishermen on the Laxa make their own flies, and use almost altogether one with a rather dark brown wing and red body.

During my week at Laxamyri there were few hours when the weather was even reasonably good. A bitterly cold, high wind blew from the Arctic Sea, bringing a dense sea fog, while a heavy rain continued for four days. It was impossible to fish. My numbed hands

could not feel the rod or manage the reel. Not until the day I was to take the Thyra at Husavik did the storm cease, and I rode away under serene sunny skies, looking back with keen regret at the beautiful river, where those big fish lay that I didn't catch.

That evening the fog closed in again, and at 10 o'clock the waiting population of the little settlement heard a faint muffled voice somewhere out at sea.

"Thyra kommer!" cried an old fisherman seated on the beach, and "Thyra kommer!" went from mouth to mouth as slowly through the fog loomed a shadowy vessel, to be shut from view in another moment by the inrolling mists.

Three hours later we were steaming cautiously to the westward *en route* for Reykjavik by the north and western coasts of Iceland. ELIZABETH TAYLOR.

"Forest and Stream's" Contributors.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Oct. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Words fail to express my regret when, as I opened my FOREST AND STREAM last night, the first thing that met my eyes was the announcement of the death of O O. S. I cannot add to your own expressions of the charms of his contributions to your columns for many years, but to my own mind he was one of the most delightful of your correspondents, and I always anticipated pleasure when I saw his initials at the bottom of a letter. How the old ranks thin out! "Nessmuk," "Ned Buntline," "Ufford," "Wells" and now "O. O. S." are gone, while "Bourgeois" and others seem to have dropped their pens. To be sure, you have plenty of fresh contributors, and the dear old paper is as interesting as ever, but I miss the old signatures at the foot of the columns. Let me add my word to the general expression of delight at the letters of my old friend "Fred Mather," if he will allow me to call him so, in which I recognize much of the same quaint fun which used to crop out in our occasional correspondence on fishculture in years past.

I have had no adventures to chronicle myself this summer. Local laws, which I helped to instigate, have closed our trout streams for a time, and the leaves are too thick in the woods yet for my old eyes to distinguish either a ruffed grouse or a gray squirrel, though both are said to be plenty, and some of my young friends have brought in their game pockets full of the latter game. I have confined my rambles t flower hunting, and have just thrown away the wilted remains of a glorious bunch of fringer gentians, which have opened their blue eyes to the sunshine in my window for more than a fortnight.

I hear good reports through the boys of the young trout we planted in our brooks this spring, when I secured 10,000 fry from Commissioner Wentworth, and hope if I live till the spring of '98 to wet a line in some of my old haunts again.

It is the first sunny morning for sixteen days, and I wish you and some of my other "chained to business" friends in the city were here to enjoy the glory of the hillsides with me. VON W.

Natural History.

WOODLAND BIRD NOTES.—IV.

The Migrants Return.

"The fern was red on the mountain,
The cloud was low in the sky,
And we knew that the year was dying,
That the wintry time was nigh."

IN musical phrase, the period from January to July is a crescendo—that from July to January, a decrescendo. In many ways the record of the last six months is the same as that of the first six, read backward. Nature shows a grand climax and anti-climax as the sun annually creeps up from its low southerly circuit to the zenith and back again, making the coldness, desolation and stillness of January culminate in the warmth and the full chorus of birds in June, only to relapse again into the frozen and dreary silence of midwinter. It is the balmy breath of spring that wafts the migrants from the South, the sharp chill of autumn that recalls them from the North. The fall transit is in the mood of the season, and the volume of life suddenly but faintly swelling and disappearing is like the last expiring brightness of the candle, except for the few species that are with us in winter. In taking a poetical view of the matter the bird life of June is at a greater advantage than that of September or October, the birds being in full song, brilliant in plumage and appearing more willing to stay with us longer than in the fall, and everything is brisk and cheerful then too. From a scientific standpoint, however, the fall is the best, for though the birds are silent, yet they come down in large numbers, they are tamer, and can be easier seen than in the spring and in a suitable locality on a fine day in the fall, a scientific collector can secure numbers of specimens, whereas in the spring he might not be able to secure any.

During September this year the migrants were very slow in appearing, it being only in the latter part of the month they were at all abundant. On the 19th of the month I saw the first return flock of the warbler family, consisting of a large flock of magnolia and golden-winged warblers. With the returning warblers in the fall come the young males and females of the summer, and on account of their nondescript plumage, which has none of the characteristics of their species, they are hard to identify and are apt to mix one up. On the 21st the migrants became more numerous, appearing in white-throated sparrows, juncos and flocks of migrant thrushes, among which were the gray-cheeked, olive-backed Picknells and hermit thrushes. The 25th, which was somewhat stormy, brought down the migrants in large numbers. The flocks of warblers were of different varieties, consisting of the migrants and the summer warblers that were still lingering behind. Among the flocks the parula, black-throated blue and the rare Connecticut and mourning warblers were the most abundant. With the warblers was associated the Canadian or red-breasted nuthatch, which appears to be quite abundant this year, and our tiny, hardy, little winter friend, the golden-crowned kinglet. Now too comes back our monotonous friend, the brown creeper, who with the perseverance of the saints has begun his winter's work just where he left off, at the bottom of the ladder. This bird is generally solitary, and is seldom found in the company of other birds unless it is the chickadee or white-bellied nuthatch, but you never find him with others of his own kind. There is always an exception to a rule, however, and that I found on the 30th, for I came across a large flock of creepers in a grove of oak trees. There were dozens of them in every tree, and with the noise they were making you might judge they were enjoying each other's society immensely.

The bluejays are very abundant this fall, and I have never observed them here (New Rochelle) before now. So far this fall I have found the female and young warblers abundant, while the brightly plumaged males are rare. Evidently they do not travel with their families. Birds are short-lived little creatures, they fall like the leaves from the trees, but where no one knows, or how they die and what of. Science is growing fast, and still there is much to learn, and it will be many a day before man has come to learn to a fine point the habits and customs of nature's children, and that day is probably far down the misty aisles and paths of the future, and then perhaps never. EDWIN IRVINE HAINES.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., Oct. 1.

HORNLESS DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think I can throw some light on the subject of hornless deer. In Scotland the red deer (*Cervus elephas*) is called as follows: The male is called a stag, the female a hind, a barren female a yeld hind, the young a calf, a gelded stag a havier; and there is another class of stag—rare, but still existing—without horns, though a perfect male, which is called a hummel stag.

I have shot both hummel stags and haviers.

The haviers are either gelded by accident (by a bullet or in fighting) or else are found by the forester when just born and gelded by him. These latter are ear-marked generally, so as to know how old they are. The idea of gelding is to make them better venison.

A stag never grows any horns if gelded as a calf. If gelded when he has horns, the horns remain as they were at that time, do not grow any more, and if in velvet at the time remain so always. (These fact were told me, not from my own observation.) Also, if a stag is gelded on one side only the horn on the opposite side is affected. When I shot any stag with a malformed horn, I always looked to see if he had been injured on the opposite side by an old wound; but I was never able to verify this from actual observation, but I think it is a proved fact.

The hummel stag is a hornless stag, born so, perfect in every other way. I shot a very large one and kept his skull for some years, but have now lost it. The pedicels for horns were very rudimentary under the hair, just as F. T. describes it in your paper of Sept. 12. The foresters say these hornless stags drive away horned stags in fighting, and keep all the best hinds to themselves. In looks he was just an ordinary, very fine stag, without horns and rather a prominent forehead; I think his skull was thicker on top than normal.

A havier does not look so stag-like, but is more round and sleek like a very large yeld hind, is apt to put on fat and has no fight in him. As perhaps you are aware, in England there are packs of hounds kept for hunting "carted deer," that is deer taken out in carts and hunted with hounds, and when taken not killed, but kept for another hunt; the hounds do not hurt them.

With the Queen's stag hounds, which run over a country with very large fences, which require good jumping and resolution in horses, the deer hunted are generally haviers; and with Baron Rothschild's hounds, always haviers, as they are considered to go bolder. But with the pack I hunt with, the Surrey stag hounds, we use yeld hinds, as haviers are apt to turn crusty and refuse to run, and hinds can get over our fences well enough.

You will see from the foregoing that in Scotch deer forests, where the deer are naturally more under observation than in a really wild country, hornless male deer are known and even have a name. WALTER WINANS.

A RATTLESNAKE'S STRANGE END.

FT. MEADE, S. D., Sept. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having always been an ardent admirer of your valuable paper, I take great pleasure in presenting your snake editor with the head of a rattlesnake, the unhappy bearer of which committed suicide a week ago at the foot of Devil's Tower by drowning himself in the Belle Fourche River. Please note the three-fangedness of the head. I have been somewhat puzzled in this matter, as I do not know for certain whether all rattlers in that section of Wyoming are equipped with an extra fang, though I am inclined to believe that nature in its omniscience has made such a provision on account of the toughness of the natives, whom just a common, every-day, two-fanged snake could not possibly undertake to vaccinate successfully. Yet this can hardly be her plan, as even a three-fanged strike would hardly be of any great shakes against the local precaution of three fingers of S. S. G. (Sundance Sealed Goods).

As to the suicide of the creature, I am forced to ask for an explanation. The snake, at first sight, coiled up in the usual manner for a prime strike, made a vicious lunge at my legging, then drew back and closely scrutinized me from hat to shoe. Instantly a change of expression came over his features, and ferocity gave way to a look that might have been born of disgust and resignation. I watched him closely, not knowing what might be his next move. He suddenly astonished me by plunging headlong into the Belle Fourche. Motionless he sank, and lay at full length at the bottom. I continued to watch him until the last vestige of his reptilious breath had risen to the placid surface in a pearly bubble, and then with the aid of a stick I raised him from the water, placed him in the sunshine and satisfied myself that life was extinct. I had never known or heard of a rattler taking to water, and here I was confronted by the plainest case of suicide by drowning in broad daylight. I have since then lost all faith in snakes. I have adopted and discarded every theory that might offer a solution in this case and am now driven to believe that this snake deliberately suicided because it had committed the blunder of wasting a well-meant three-fanged strike on an United States Cavalryman. Hereafter I shall travel *incognito* in those parts.

WM. GAULDT, Troop K, Eighth Cavalry.

[The three fangs observable in the head which accompanies our correspondent's note are, we think, not unusual. As the long fangs are very liable to injury, they are frequently shed and replaced by others pushed forward from the groove in which the partially grown teeth lie. There is thus a regular procession of teeth running from the minute germs which have not as yet taken the shape of teeth up to the long and perfect one in use. This method and its order are explained in Miss Hopley's book on snakes, and in other works. Often the second fang, that is to say, the one behind the most prominent one, makes a puncture as well as the large one.]

Mexican Rattlers.

SAN LUIS POTOSI, Mexico.—On a recent trip to a high range of hills, bordering on the east the dry mesa in which San Luis Potosi is situated, I found and killed two rattlesnakes. The hills I have mentioned are often enveloped in fog, and their dense green vegetation is in striking contrast to the drought-stricken country of the plain. The timber is almost entirely oak, and the slopes are covered with sward, and in protected corners with high weeds. The snakes were the darkest in coloring I ever saw, almost black. This seems to be out of adaptation to their surroundings, the weeds and decaying oak boughs.

Did you know a rattler's music box would not perform if wet? It stands to reason, as the saying is, but I never happened to run up against the fact before.

I have just read Ransacker's account of the Chinaman that did not die. I was surprised to learn from my Mexican guide that the bite of the rattlesnake was not usually considered fatal in the section alluded to. He mentioned a man whose arm had decayed and sloughed off from a bite in the finger, but said it was because he had not had it treated immediately. I inquired about the treatment, knowing no drugs were to be had and hoping to get on track of some interesting plant. But he knew nothing except cauterizing with heat. He had not heard of sucking or ligature, nor even, what is passing strange, of that "snake-bite remedy" which fishermen and hunters so generally carry in flat bottles. Could there be any better exhibition of pristine simplicity? AZTEC.

The Woodcock's Whistle.

MAINE, Oct. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At various times during the past few years I have read with much interest discussions in FOREST AND STREAM as to how the woodcock makes his whistle, that delicious ripple of melody so fascinating to the ear of the sportsman who hunts this shy and handsome game bird.

While shooting woodcock recently in company with a friend this question was discussed, my friend at once asseverating that the whistle was made by the bird's wings and not through the bill by aid of the throat, at the same time saying to me, "When next you shoot a woodcock without injuring his wings and without killing it, simply making a body shot sufficiently hard to bring the bird to the ground, call your dog to heel, retrieve the bird yourself, hold him by the bill suspended in the air at arm's length, and in fluttering to escape from your hand the whistle will be made by the bird's wings."

While shooting a few days later with another friend I was fortunate enough to make a body shot on a woodcock, which came to the ground with the wings unbroken. The dog caught the bird, which had attempted to fly after it struck the ground. I took it from the dog's mouth, and seeing its wings were unbroken I determined to make the test then and there.

After telling my friend what I was about to do I held the bird by its bill at arm's length, and the result was that it made the whistle three times, each time by executing a rotary movement of the wings and body while fluttering.

If any sportsman doubts this statement I wish he would do as I have done and all doubt will be dispelled from his mind as to how this enchanting whistle is produced.

W. H. HARRIS.

Coyotes Catch Cats.

SHIRLEY BASIN, Wyo., Oct. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For many years I have been a reader of your paper and I have never asked you a question, but now I want some help.

I live on a ranch, and we are somewhat troubled by field mice and mountain rats, and so we must have cats. We have them, but we do not keep them long because they are caught by coyotes. Within a few months I have lost four cats in this way. The one I have now, however, I have had for some time. Why she has escaped the enemy I do not know, for she often goes 200 or 300yds. from the house on her hunting excursions. I fear, however, that she will go the way of the others before long. How can I protect her? Don't suggest killing off the coyotes. I have been trying to do that for, lo, these many years, and without success. E.

Our Audubon Bird Plates.

SPEAKING of birds, the FOREST AND STREAM is showing much appreciated enterprise by presenting reproductions of Audubon's bird portraits chiefly for the purpose of affording its readers an opportunity for seeing for themselves the pictures of which every one has heard, but which few have ever been privileged to see in the original because of the extreme rarity and inaccessibility of the work. The copies of Audubon now in existence are confined to a few libraries and fewer individual possessors; and when the work falls upon the market, as it does now and then, it sells at prices ranging from $2,500 to $3,500. The series of pictures are and will be of full-page size, and the first reproduction (black ducks) has remarkable artistic excellence. The engraving is by photographic process direct from the original.—*The Easy Chair in Syracuse Herald.*



Game Bag and Gun.

SOME AMERICAN GAME BIRDS.*

III.—The Quail.

From the personal point of view, each one generally has his own preference in respect to the bird which he prefers to shoot to secure the greatest pleasure, and this preference in turn determines the shooter's opinion in that such bird is therefore the best of all birds for the purposes of sport. Thus one prefers ducks, and not considering that his own personal idiosyncrasies, or greater success, or habit and long association, or what not, may have much to do with his preference, he solemnly affirms that duck shooting is the best of all shooting. And so with him whose choice of sport is the shooting of some other bird—that bird is sure to be exalted above all others.

But from the standpoint of the greatest good to the greatest number, quail shooting for many reasons is the best of all shooting. It is a kind which affords such mixed shooting—open and cover, slow and swift—that parts can be found to meet the skill and fancy of all, be the former little or great, and the latter fastidious.

There is much of the open shooting which is not so difficult as to dishearten him of moderate skill, while, on the other hand, in cover the shooting tests the skill of the most expert sportsman. And again, taken all in all, whether in open or cover, the shooter of good average skill can compass a good showing in results, having the consequent pleasure which comes from reasonable success. And in this connection it may not be amiss to maintain that a certain degree of success is essential to the shooter's pleasure. Many writers deprecate the consideration of the bag, treating it as an irrelevant gross incident, or one so dominated by the beauties of nature and the ethics of shooting in the abstract that it should be mentioned in hushed tones or viewed with eyes askance. The beautiful and the useful should go hand in hand. Each is a part of the great whole, and as such should be equal factors in sportsmanship. To the sentimental, which ennobles and adorns the useful of life, there must be added the material and the practical; to the shooter there must be reward for his efforts. It has often been said that it is not all of shooting to shoot, nor all of fishing to fish, forgetting the converse that all of shooting or fishing being absent there is no shooting nor fishing at all.

Moreover, now as to quail shooting in respect to quantity, there is more of it than there is of any other kind of shooting, hence each shooter can better satisfy his longings for sport if it be measured by the size of the bag or the number of opportunities offered. And there also more of it when measured by the matter of time, for it extends through a season of about five months, taking it as it is in the North and the South. Thus the man whose business cares leave him but a few days for shooting, and these at no definite time, has more possibilities of sport on quail than on any other bird. But the very abundance of the bird seems to have checked the proper appreciation of it. Not that it is treated with neglect, but there seems to be a lack of the enthusiasm and lavish use of the superlatives, as is often to be noted when writers are discoursing on the ruffed grouse, or woodcock, etc. Nevertheless it is not uncommon to have a keen relish for what is rare, even if it be not of the best, while the good may be so common as to escape notice.

The quail is more uniformly and widely distributed throughout the United States than is any other game bird. Its habitat generally comprises both open and cover (though to this whole districts are exceptions, as will be touched on later), thus, besides giving the sportsman a mixed style of shooting, is added the charm of constant variety and the testing of his skill in woodcraft. It differs in this respect from the ruffed grouse, whose habitat is in the woods, and therefore in a much smaller section of the United States than is that of the quail; the former being strictly a bird of the forest, it in practical shooting never can be the bird of the people, though it be a bird whose qualities win the most admiration, qualities equal to testing the skill of the best sportsmen.

All works on natural history, so far as I know, teach that the quail's habitat comprises conjointly both open and cover, and while such is true in a general way, there are important exceptions to it—so much that a work devoted to the habits and habitat of the quail as they are in one locality might be distinctly erroneous if applied to the quail of some other locality. In this respect it differs from the prairie chicken and the ruffed grouse; for of the one it may be said without qualification that it is a bird of the prairie, of the other that it is a bird of the woods; and such saying of them will be found to be true wherever those birds may be found. The quail thrives wherever it can obtain a food supply, in open or cover. It readily adjusts its habitat according to the dominating circumstances of food and cover, whether it be in prairie or woods, or a country comprising both open and cover.

In the country north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi rivers it frequents the open fields largely, preferring such as have a good food supply, with hedges or old walls and fences fringed with brush, or nearby woods and thickets to which it can run or fly for shelter or safety. In these sections it rarely goes far into the woods, preferring to skirt along the outer edges of them merely for protection and shelter, as the hawks are its deadly enemies and it needs to be ever alert in avoiding them.

Flights.

Often the flight of the quail is a compromise between cover and open, it including both, so that on the other hand it is never so easy a prey to mediocre skill as is the bird of the open, the prairie chicken, the bird of slow wing, little given to strategy in evading its enemies, and trusting for safety to open flight, which is neither swift in itself nor puzzling to the shooter. As the ruffed grouse is so difficult as to be discouraging to most of shooters as being beyond their skill, patience or endurance, so the prairie chicken, being at the other extreme, soon dulls the sportsman's interest from the monotony of the sport which is afforded and the ease with which the bird may be killed. The chief merit of chicken shooting consists in that it is summer shooting, coming at a time when the zest of the sportsman is keen from months of deprivation from sport with dog and gun, and when the outing has the charm of the prairie in its most beautiful adorning and the novelty of the shooting season's beginning. There is a monotonous sameness to chicken flights which begin and end in the open, thus lacking the spirit which pervades the sport wherein is a variety of flights in cover and open, and wherein the trees and brush force the shooter to time his shots and to quick decision to take advantage of the opportunities offered. Such combinations of obstructions and flights, combining curves and straight lines, require a style of shooting differing in every particular from the spiritless and calculating shooting so commonly practiced by the methodical chicken shooter. When the chicken becomes very wild, as it does late in the season, flushing at long ranges, it is difficult to shoot it, though shooting then is a test of the gun quite as much as it is of the shooter, and it is at a time when nearly all shooters have finished their shooting on the prairie, hence late chicken shooting is not worthy of much consideration as a sport of the many.

Roosts and Shooting.

It oftenest roosts in the open fields where there is at least a few inches growth of grass, or stubble, or weeds for concealment, and it uses the same place many times if not constantly disturbed, as indicated by the grass or other vegetation being beaten down in the small circular opening—the roost—about 2ft. in diameter, and the pile of droppings in the center of it. The birds roost on the ground, bunched up close in a circular form with their heads outside; thus all facing toward the outer circumference of the circle, which cannot be approached without coming to the view of some bird; and thus the arrangement is said to provide for the safety of the whole. In theory it seems an admirable arrangement; in practice it works very faultily. They often fly reluctantly when they have comfortably adjusted themselves for a night's rest, and the pointer or setter can draw very close to them then, generally doing it with greater precision than when they are more scattered about, the evening hours also being more favorable for stronger scent. Were not dogs trained to such stanchness as is required in shooting, they could easily at such juncture spring in and capture, as indeed some partially trained dogs will do under the circumstances.

In the States of greatest bird abundance, as in Arkansas, Mississippi, etc., and where there are many ragweed fields, in them very destructive shooting often takes place near the twilight hours, when the birds have settled themselves for their night slumbers. When the dog points, the shooter fixes himself at a good distance from the roost to obtain the best scatter of the shot. Then the birds being flushed, they swarm up loosely all together for 3 or 4ft., where the shooter snaps them and often does nearly as much damage as if he had potted the birds on the ground. It is hardly necessary to add that this practice is disapproved by all true sportsmen.

In the Prairie Region.

In Minnesota, Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas and other prairie States the quail readily adapts itself to the local peculiarities of the different sections, utilizing such slight advantages as may offer, as hedges, fences, the cover with which most streams are fringed, high weeds, etc., in this respect the habitat of one bevy being quite distinct from that of another even in the same immediate locality.

Its Enemies.

It sadly needs cover for its protection, its enemies being both of air and earth—hawks, foxes, dogs, etc.—and the eggs too fall a prey to the rapacious appetites of some of its enemies. In the South the cur dogs of the negroes—every family owning from one to as many as they can possibly maintain, and all kept in a kind of half-famished condition—prowl through the fields seeking for food, and they are the very worst of egg destroyers. Were it not so hardy and prolific a bird its fate would be swift and certain extermination. The negro dogs seem to be almost omnivorous. In the fall they may be seen making daily visits to some persimmon tree, where they eat the fallen fruit with great apparent relish, and the ones which have some claim to hound blood are not averse to making a meal in the cornfield on corn when it is in the milky stage. With such rapacious enemies to contend against, the destruction of the quail must be great, but in addition to all that, many are trapped and netted, methods which destroy whole bevies at a time.

Quail of the Woodland.

But to return to the matter of the quail's habitat—in certain parts of the South, as in the oak woods in sections of Alabama, Texas, Arkansas, or in the pine woods of Louisiana, Mississippi, etc., the quail may live wholly in the woods, food being therein secured in abundance, and food is always a first consideration. In cover some of the shooting is easy and some of it very difficult, though hardly ranking in the latter count with ruffed grouse, in respect to which bird the quail is neither so wary nor so wild. Shooting in some parts of the pine woods is almost as easy shooting as is that of the open, the ground being bare except for its covering of dry pine needles. The smooth trunks of the pine trees standing several yards apart and free from limbs upward of 30 or 40ft. offer no serious obstacle to the shooting. In other sections of the pine woods, where the growth of the trees is more stunted and the limbs grow from near the ground up, the difficulty of the shooting is second to none, and in some sections almost impossible.

Prairie Quail.

Again, there are sections wherein the quail lives on the open prairie, as in parts of Arkansas, and that being strictly open shooting it much resembles chicken shooting, excepting the difference in the size and speed of the two birds, the quail being much the quicker to get away at the start. It makes its flight in the open prairie, lighting near any little bit of shrubbery, be it no more than a bush or two of sumac, which by the way grows here and there on the prairie in Arkansas. In the woods when pursued it frequently takes to the tree tops for safety, where it is safe indeed. On the warm days, or when there has been a long spell of pleasant weather, it is far less wild than when the weather has been stormy, or when there has been a sudden change from warm to cold. Such changes add to the difficulties of the shooting immeasurably.

Northern Shooting.

In the North it makes its habitat where some buckwheat or other grain field will be available for a food supply. It so arranges its haunts that it has some cover within easy flight, to the densest part of which it flies for safety when flushed, not refusing the heavily timbered swamps if too much persecuted by the shooter. In such places it has an excellent chance to foil its pursuer by simply running away, or if pressed to take flight it has many chances to escape owing to the difficulty of shooting accurately in the dense cover.

New England shooting is the most difficult of all quail shooting, excepting perhaps shooting in the dense pines of some sections of the South, the shooting being difficult in itself, and to have any satisfactory success the scattered birds must be diligently followed and sought in the thickets, be they ever so dense. In this respect it differs from shooting in the sections of more abundance, where such close attention to the scattered birds is unnecessary either for sport or the interest of the bag.

In the South, where there is an abundance of birds comparatively, the sportsman rarely tarries with a bevy which gives him any special difficulty. It is much easier and more satisfactory to go on and seek more birds. For this reason, even under favorable opportunity, the scattered birds are never as a rule hunted till the last one is flushed and marked down, and flushed again when it is possible, the limit to seeking them in the North being generally when there is no hope of finding the birds at all. These are good reasons why the birds of the North should be wilder than the birds of the South, and why there should be differences in the methods employed in shooting them.

In New England buckwheat fields are the choicest resorts for food, and any adjacent brush or long grass of swamp or upland or the skirts of woods afford them the shelter and protection that they need or seek. No doubt the birds become wilder in the North than in the South, for first of all the inclement weather of the North tends to make them so, and there is a much more relentless pursuit of them by the shooter. The birds being scarce, after the bevy is scattered the search continues while there is a hope of finding a single remaining one, and if success with them has been unsatisfactory the shooter may return later to catch them, when they are whistling to each other in their attempts to come together as a bevy.

Quail Dogs.

In the broad plantations of Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, etc., a dog of reasonably wide range is necessary—much wider than would be either desirable or

* The first paper of this series, the Woodcock, was printed in issue of Sept. 12. The second, the Ruffed Grouse, Oct. 10. Others to follow will be devoted to the Quail and the Snipe.

useful in New England or similar sections in respect to cover, for there is much of the country in the South, open and cover, which everywhere affords a bountiful food supply, and therefore the birds are to be found in the most unexpected places, the cover and cultivated fields not aiding the hunter's judgment to the degree that they do in New England shooting. In the latter place there are comparatively few areas in which the birds can get both food and cover together, or even food alone, and the sportsman soon learns to distiguish the favorable places; in the South there is food in abundance everywhere, in cover and open. There are vast fields, some of which are overgrown with sedge grass, others with weeds, with fields of cotton and corn interspersed, any part of which is a fit habitat for the birds; thus the dog working out such ground in the South can beat out all parts of it with probable success. In the more open grounds of the South the dog can be seen at long distances, so that a wide range is not detrimental in that respect, providing that the dog is really working to the gun and not self-hunting or semi-self-hunting.

As to the manner in which the dog should hunt, no hard and fast rule can be laid down which would apply to all sections. Whatever may be the habitat of the quail, it learns to make the most of its surroundings in promoting its own safety and interests. It learns whether it is better to fly or run in evading its pursuer, and the best strategy to attain that end. If good cover is conveniently near it may trust to its wings at once for safety, and to its legs and wings if followed into the cover.

If the country is open or with narrow and insufficient cover, as in parts of Louisiana and other sections where the ground is thoroughly cultivated, it trusts a great deal to its legs and cunning devices. In working on such birds the dog must learn to govern his work by the circumstances of it. He might be an excellent performer on quail in the North and a poor one in the South, or he might be a good one in Mississippi and a poor one in Louisiana, though the presumption is that if he was good in one section he would soon be so in any other after the necessary experience.

Dogs in Louisiana.

Many of the plantations of Louisiana are drained by open ditches running parallel at reasonably equal distances from each other, though the distances may vary greatly one field with another, and may be 50 or 200yds. more or less apart, while other ditches of like arrangement intersect them at right angles; thus a plantation may be cut up with more or less regularity into small squares surrounded by ditches. Some plantations may be irregularly ditched, while others with a fair degree of watershed may not be ditched at all. The heavy rains round the banks of the ditch and its bottom, and a fringe of weeds and brush thick and thin in places string along the banks and make a fairly good shelter for the quail. On the squares are grown cotton, or corn, or nothing, as the case may be, though if not cultivated there is always certain to be a good crop of weeds. There is always plenty of quail food. When flushed in such places, the quail may fly a few yards to the first ditch, or may cross over two or three ditches before finding a place to its liking. As mentioned elsewhere, the state of the weather may greatly affect its habits. Then the bevy having gone to the ditch for safety, the dog to be useful must have great superiority in roading in the ditch or in the open. When in the ditch, the birds run swiftly along the bottom. It is almost impossible at first to induce the dog to go into the ditch, or being in it is impossible to make him remain therein, though it may not be over a foot deep and dry at that. He will cross out from one side to the other, missing the scent and accomplishing nothing useful. He does not know what is required of him. But once he catches the idea he soon improves on it, following carefully along the bottom of the ditch and pointing the scattered birds here and there every few yards apart in ones and twos, the shooter having a good opportunity from his position on the outside to kill as the birds whir out. The shooting is not so easy as one might imagine. Sometimes the birds run swiftly several hundred yards or more in the ditch and may then cut across to other ditches, giving work which may try the most experienced dogs in following the puzzling trail. If the birds happen to be near a cotton or corn field, where the ground is bare and no ditches for concealment, they may run so fast and far that the dog may never get near enough to them to secure a point, and the shooter who is inexperienced in this work will think that his dog is surely deceiving him. When near the woods or switch cane the birds often take shelter therein, and when in the latter it is well to give up further pursuit of them.

In the sugar country, where there may be cornfields here and there among the broad levels of the sugar cane, the character of the shooting again changes. Many birds will be found in and around the cornfields, and then it is very pretty shooting. It may not be amiss to mention, for the benefit of those who shoot about sugar cane fields for the first time, that they should keep their dogs out of such fields as much as possible. The cane in harvesting being cut diagonally across with a knife, the stump has an edge which will cut a dog's foot almost as a knife would, and it is a common matter for a dog to split his toes or heel if run in a sugar field, with the result of a crippled dog and no more work for the time being.

Winter Shooting in the South.

In Mississippi in the midwinter season the birds stay in the woods mostly. Good shooting may be had in the South from the middle of November to the first of March, though many of the Southern States have a much longer open season, but the dense cover and warm weather make a natural limitation to the sport. The weather is mild, the birds are strong and the sport is at its best in the winter months of the South.

Guns for Quail Shooting.

Quail shooting is close shooting as to the ranges at which the birds are killed. Most birds are killed within 25yds., some much nearer than that distance. A gun weighing from 6½ to 7½lbs. is of ample weight, and the 12-bore is most commonly used, though the 16 and 20-bores are excellent and preferred by many sportsmen, and of course the smaller bores may be much lighter than the 12-bore. The 16 and 20-bores being smaller, their killing circle is less, though they shoot with quite as much force as the 12-bore. Closer holding is required to shoot them well. Whichever is used, the gun should be a cylinder. There is no need of a choke-bore in quail shooting. Some shooters use a .44cal. shotgun.

It is an extremely difficult matter to induce the average shooter to use a cylinder-bore gun. Its use seems to be construed as reflecting on his ability to shoot a close gun instead of being accepted as a matter concerning the gun fit for that particular kind of game. It requires time to effect a cure in the use of choke-bores in quail shooting. One has to treat indulgently the emotional attacks, sentimental and practical, which appertain to shooting, from the romance of it which requires that the landscape be bathed in mellow sunlight, the prairie bespangled with flowers, the breezes laden with the fragrance of the wild woods, the glories of nature coloring all, to the attacks in the practical details which require the closest of guns in shooting quail and woodcock, the heaviest of loads when the lightest are better and what common sense dictate, or that a point, be it ever so well done and so accurate withal, is sporting heresy unless made by a black, white and tan dog. The sportsman should go forth equipped for his sport according to its needs and not to the whimsicalities of senseless fashion. He should not take a full-choked gun in cover nor a cylinder-bore gun to shoot ducks. There should be intelligent adjustment of means to ends. Industry and skill and woodcraft should not be balked by inappropriate theories and weapons.

The foregoing is written of the quail as it refers to man's pleasure afield with dog and gun. It naturally is not fearful of man and rather prefers to dwell near his haunts, not from an affection for him, but from the fact that near the cultivated sections there is always more food to be found than in the uncultivated. The matter of providing food for itself and its young is quite as constant and insistent in the life of the quail as it is in the life of man.

It often nests close by the cultivated fields. Its cheery, ventriloquous whistle reiterating its favorite utterance "Bob White" may be heard about the farms here and there particularly in the morning hours, and the name "Bob White" has come into use to designate the bird itself. Sometimes the call is uttered with a short introductory note, and these, with a few alarm calls, or calls of inquiry when the birds have become scattered, seem to be about all the calls these birds have.

In many parts of the South, where the birds are in greater abundance, their sweet notes may be heard in many directions in the early morning and evening hours, and work great harm to it, for the shooter hears them and thereby learns of the whereabouts of all the birds in his neighborhood and "locates" the haunts of every bevy. In the fall the notes of the quail often serve to inform the sportsman as to the best course for the morning's hunt. In the South it is called "partridge."

In the fall when the shooting opens the quail soon learns of its danger, and its habits thereupon change quickly to conform to a life of greater safety, compromising on the dangers, the food supply and the thickets as places of refuge from danger, for the quail will run many risks to be near an abundance of food. However, when danger is impending it avoids the open much more than when danger is not, and is more alert, quicker to suspect mankind and quicker to take alarm.

When spring returns the birds seem to lose their fears of man, and they breed with little reference to concealment from him. Their confidence is unimpaired till fall approaches, when there is a repetition of all the fears and troubles and dangers of the preceding years.

He who can average three kills out of five shots is an excellent marksman. The shooter may make a run of ten or twenty straight kills, but there are soon sure to come misses if he does not pick his shots, and in winter the shooting is much more difficult than in the fall. Of course the man who never misses might do better, but the man who never misses is of the parlor and not of the field.

B. Waters.

ARKANSAS GAME.

Little Rock, Ark., Oct. 5.—One by one the bars of restriction have been taken down, until now it is lawful to shoot all kinds of game in the State, with the exception of pinnated grouse, which are protected.

Aug. 1 it became lawful to shoot deer, and from then until Feb. 1 deer may be hunted without restriction. Notwithstanding that opening day was an extremely hot one—the thermometer registering 103° in the shade—a number of parties were out. Encouraging reports concerning the deer come from all parts of the State, and though the weather has up to the present time been very unfavorable for hunting, quite a number of deer have been shot by local hunters, and our commission merchants have also received quite a number. Friday I saw a consignment of six that came from Winchester, Drew county, a little station on the Pine Bluff branch of the Iron Mountain road.

Sept. 1 the opening season on turkey began, and for the next eight months a war of extermination will be waged on this noblest of game birds; a season entirely too long by three months. If the bird was only given a chance to mature he could manage very well to hold his own with the majority of hunters; in fact, better than any of our other game. With the exception of gobbling time in the spring it takes a skillful and crafty hunter to meet with anything like success when in quest of this bird. In gobbling time he who is well up in the art of calling will find it no difficult task to lure the then bent on love-making gobbler to destruction, and it is at this season of the year that most of our turkeys are shot. This bird, I am pleased to say, is reported in increased numbers from all parts of the State, and not a few have already been shot.

Oct. 1, the opening day on quail, dawned bright and clear, just as every shooter desired; but the breeze that had been blowing from the north was succeeded by a calm, and the sun shone down with a summer fierceness that soon took all the hunt out of man and dog, and also added to the difficulty of finding birds. For in such weather they only remain in the opening for a short time, going into the woods and thickets, where they remain until about 5 o'clock in the evening, when they again come out into the opening to feed and roost. This they continue to do during the hot days of early fall, but on cloudy days they generally are to be found in the openings all day, while later on in the season just the reverse is the case. For when the weather gets cold and it is clear they always seek the sunshine, while in cloudy weather they take to the woods or just skirt them.

Though the conditions were altogether unfavorable to success, I could not resist the temptation to at least make one effort for a quail supper. Having some six weeks previous found four coveys in a little pasture just below the city, I thought I would have no difficulty in bagging a half dozen, which was all I desired. A start was made at 7 o'clock, and when I arrived at my little pasture you can judge of my inward disgust when I found that some of my friends had already preceded me, and were working over the field with their dogs, but without success. Not satisfied with their showing, I made my dog work carefully over the whole field again, and also the adjoining woods, but all to no avail; several other fields were hunted over with like results, and while the dog several times showed signs of game nothing was found until about 10 o'clock, when he found two scattering birds in some high ragweeds. These proved to be very strong and entirely too swift for me, so I quit in disgust, as it now was very warm. I never saw so many shooters out as on this day, yet a careful inquiry failed to find any one who had met with anything like success; sixteen birds to two guns was the best bag I heard of, and that was the result of a hard day's hunt. Though the open season has just begun, the netter is already plying his vocation.

To-day the sportsmen of the city were treated to the disgraceful spectacle of a whole bevy of quail being displayed in a show window of one of our restaurants. That these birds were netted is beyond the shadow of a doubt, for in this season of plenty it would be next to impossible to catch them in a trap. The most aggravating part of the whole matter is that the sportsmen are powerless to take any action against it. Under our existing statute it is legal to trap quail on one's own premises, and furthermore to shoot them at any season if in the act of destroying fruit or grain. This perhaps was the transgression these birds were guilty of; very likely digging up the farmers' sweet potatoes. As the burden of proof is on the prosecutor, it is impossible to convict any one for trapping or netting quail, no matter where they are caught.

Nor is this the only thing the sportsman has to contend with here. From all reports it is very evident that quail have been shot for a month or more past. Six weeks ago there were numbers of coveys to be found in the fields on the outskirts of the city, then nearly grown. Yet of all of the coveys that had been located by the sportsmen at that time few were to be found on the 1st, and these only in broken and depleted number, while from their extreme wildness it was apparent that they had been hunted. To-day I was told by a gentleman whose integrity cannot be questioned, that on Sept. 26 he saw a man walk up one of our main streets, right in the heart of the business center, with five quail, which were displayed in full view. Yet no one had the courage to arrest him, and if any of the officers saw him they evidently did not understand or did not want to do their duty. What's everybody's duty is nobody's. Despite these discouraging circumstances I still believe this will be one of the best quail seasons we have had for a long time, though to get good shooting one will have to go to a less populated district. The vegetation is quite rank and there is plenty of cover, so that a fair estimate of our quail cannot be made until we have had several frosts, which will enable one to go thoroughly over the ground. This will likely not occur before November.

The prospect for good duck shooting is not brilliant. Wood duck shooting in this vicinity has been a failure, and really so all over the State, with a few exceptions. The slaughter of this beautiful bird began as early as June, when the early brood was scarcely able to fly. It was at this time that the market hunters on the Sunk Lands in the northeastern part of the State, near Paragould, Greene county, resumed operations, and this will continue into May next year. Nothing like the usual bags were made here this year. Some of our local shoot-

ers began shooting what few wood ducks there were in this neighborhood in July, and since then they have kept persistently at it, but six is the largest bag I have heard of. Wood duck shooting in the summer time is a most unsatisfactory sport. The flight never lasts longer than an hour in the morning, and about the same length of time in the evening, and frequently much less. About 50 per cent. of the birds shot are lost, as no effort is made to retrieve them until after the flight has ceased, during which time all the cripples have made good their escape. The shooting is generally where the water is covered with buckbrush, lilypads or flags, where even the dead ones are difficult to find, while on the evening flight the retrieving must be done after dark. Imagine a man pushing his boat through such obstructions seeking his dead ducks with a torch, with millions of mosquitoes buzzing around and very likely the temperature up to 90°. This is what some people call sport. This handsome duck, once so abundant in our neighboring marshes and lakes, has almost disappeared. Yet some of our shooters are at a loss to account for its departure, for only five short years ago a bag of forty in an evening was no extraordinary feat. To me the solution of this problem is very apparent.

For the past ten days there has been a good flight of these ducks near Cache, a small station on the Helena branch of the Noble division, which is a part of the Iron Mountain system.

Our prospects for fall duck shooting are not any brighter. The extreme and prolonged drought of the past summer has dried up many of our lakes, sloughs, bayous and marshes, so that unless we have a great rainfall within the next two weeks I fear this sport will be of a rather inferior quality here. Some few teal have already arrived, and our first flight is now about due. Teal are reported to be quite numerous on the lakes near Van Buren, in the northwestern part of the State. A bag of thirty-eight was made on the Sunk Lands last Tuesday, Sept. 29.

A tidal wave of squirrels seems to have struck the State, as though to overrun it. Everywhere large bags are made daily, and without any visible diminishing of the supply. At Wilmot, in Ashley county, there is a market hunter who first ascertains how many squirrels he can dispose of, and then kills just that number; no matter how many, he always fills his orders.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

WILD TURKEYS.

I HAVE killed wild turkeys. But there came a day when I was entering my 'teens and living on the farm that I saw more wild turkeys than I ever saw before or have seen since, and I did not kill any of them either, though I was armed with father's favorite rifle. Where those turkeys came from and where they went after the chasing I gave them is not plain to me, for I did not hear of them before nor after that day.

It was my habit in those days of boyish irresponsibility, whenever a leisure hour afforded me the opportunity, to take down the old muzzleloading rifle and make a bee line for the woods. I did not have far to go and kept the family table pretty well supplied with squirrels. In this way I became a tolerably sure shot even before I had the strength to hold the long-barreled piece off-hand. I usually kept the rifle in order and the old shot pouch supplied with everything needed. So on this day I slung shot pouch on shoulder, took down the gun from its rack, and crossed the highway that separated our farm from a neighboring wood. I reached the corner of the wood about 100yds. from our house, walked along the fence a few rods to find a top rail that would not roll, climbed to the top of the rail fence and took a look at the woods. I would not have been surprised to see one or more gray squirrels going up trees or running on logs, but imagine my feelings when I counted just twenty-five full-grown wild turkeys on a large oak log not 150yds. distant. One would have been enough, but twenty-five all in a row, and not over 250yds. from our house. By the time I had recovered from my surprise the turkeys were off and going, some walking, others stopping to pick a bit of nut or look at me, then running to catch up. Of course some of those turkeys were mine. I concluded that two would be about the right number, so slipping off the fence I started to sneak within rifle shot.

It was impossible to keep behind trees from all of them, and when the turkeys saw that I was following them they just laid themselves out to have fun with me. One would raise himself on his tiptoes and flap his wings, and just as I pointed my gun around a tree at him another one would say quit and my intended victim would move on. Thus for half a mile I followed, dodging from tree to tree, and trying for this one, then for that, but never being able to get a bead on one before it moved. Finally, after they got me so rattled I could not have hit a flock of barns, a fine gobbler stepped on a small log and gave me the first fair chance for a shot; of course, I missed. The turkeys flew a short distance and went to scratching for their dinner.

Blowing through the gun to open the tube, if perchance burnt powder had lodged therein, I poured the powder home, then fished out bullet and patching and placed them on the muzzle. Next I felt for my knife, with which to start the ball and cut the heavy drilling. No knife there. Could I tear the drilling with my teeth? Of course, I must. And I did succeed in getting a portion torn off large enough for half a dozen loads, and rammed the charge home. The turkeys were no doubt looking for me and gave me the same old "song and dance." I fired at the first one that came in range, but missed; and with much flapping of wings the twenty-five turkeys flew over me and back toward the place where I had first seen them. Again I chewed at the drilling and enveloped the bullet with a goodly portion, then wiping the perspiration from my brow started after my turkeys. When I reached the edge of the woods, the turkeys had crossed the highway and were running across our farm. I went to the house and got my knife, then started to get my turkey. I had concluded that I could get along with one turkey. They seemed a little shy when I tried to approach within easy gun shot, so I took the first chance and fired. Twenty-five turkeys arose and sailed away, and that was the last I ever heard of wild turkeys in the vicinity of my old home.

During the winter of '69 to '70, while getting my first experience in pedagogy near where the Wabash River enters the State of Indiana, I took a stroll in the neighboring forest one evening, and for a companion took along a rifle belonging to the gentleman with whom I was boarding.

I did not expect to kill anything; simply had to work off some of that pent-up wildness that was not allowed to assert itself in the schoolroom, and to draw on my imagination for the rest.

After going some distance into the timber I stopped by accident, facing a large dead oak tree that stood some fifty paces distant and towered head and shoulders above its neighbors. I scanned this once mighty oak from base to branch, meditating the while on the ravages of time. But what is this? Perched high upon a branch and looking out over a sea of gentle swaying tree tops stood a lone wild turkey. What a fitting *finale* to my meditations. The decaying oak, once the monarch of the forest, now hoary and withering, the worms gnawing at its trunk, and its roots mouldering in the earth, and supporting with one of its lifeless arms what was the last specimen I have seen in eastern Indiana of the noblest game bird known to America.

I have never forgiven myself for killing that bird.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

RHODE ISLAND GAME INTERESTS.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Just at the present time the members of the sporting fraternity of this State are more or less interested in the ultimate results of the prosecution of Allen Stone, who was captured red-handed during the close season with nineteen partridges in his possession. The details of his arrest and the technical quibbles whereby his lawyer has endeavored to secure his liberty have been given at length in these columns. Last Friday the matter again occupied the attention of the court, when something of a surprise was given by the discontinuing of these cases, it being deemed unwise to prosecute on the warrants in those cases, because of technicalities involving the legality of the appointment of the game warden who made the complaint, and the manner in which the several warrants were issued. Lawyer F. W. Tillinghast, who has been called into the case by the Rhode Island Game Protective Association since the first calling of this case, advised this discontinuance after a careful examination of the authorities. He said:

The statute clearly intends to punish the offender for every bird found in his possession, but it does not follow that a separate complaint must be made for each bird. It is the having in one's possession that constitutes the offense, and whether it be one or many birds, the offense is the same, only the penalty is changed. For the nineteen birds found in the possession of the defendant Stone, he may be made to suffer the penalty prescribed in the law of paying a fine of $20 for every bird, but it should all be alleged in the indictment.

He also argued that the intent of the word bird was the act which constituted the offense, and he quotes a case in point, that of State vs. Prescott, 153 Mass. 396, in which it was alleged that the defendant did unlawfully take 1,000 smelts. The court held that but one offense had been committed and that the number of fish was of no consequence except for the purpose of determining the penalty to be imposed.

Mr. Tillinghast said that when the birds, however, were separated the case ceased to hold. However, the matter of W. L. Plaisted's qualifications to serve the warrants was not a consideration, as the intent of a warrant was to get the offender into court, and after once appearing and pleading it would make no difference if a seven-year-old boy had served them.

As to Mr. Stone's once having been in jeopardy, he stated that in the lower court it was not possible that he be in jeopardy unless he had been tried and sentenced.

Stone was immediately arraigned again on a warrant including the nineteen birds in one. He pleaded not guilty, and was placed under $500 bonds to appear for trial next Friday, Albert Burgess being his bondsman. The warrant was sworn out by Game Warden Thomas W. Penney, of Providence, to avoid mistake. H. F. Thompson is counsel for Stone.

John Comstock and George L. Keach were tried, following the above case, for each having a partridge in his possession unlawfully during the close season. Fines of $20 and costs were imposed and both men entered appeals.

Efforts to Stock Warwick Neck.

The Warwick Neck Game Association was organized in September, 1895. It is composed chiefly of summer residents who are interested in field sports and are desirous of protecting the game in the depleted covers of the Neck.

The club has a small number of members, and they are allowed a limited number of days shooting during the season. If they start to hunt on a day and spend but an hour, that counts as a complete day. They are limited to ten birds to each gun, and are fined 30 cents for each bird above that limit, and must not shoot more than fifteen in all. No birds may be sold. The officers of the association are: President, F. H. Peeham, Jr.; Vice-President, H. N. Campbell, Jr.; Secretary and Treasurer, C. A. Nightingale.

Warwick Neck is favorably situated for the experiment, as it is surrounded on three sides by water and has continuous cover which is congenial to quail. Leases of the land were readily obtained from the owners, who preferred that the shooting on their premises should be done by responsible parties, who would use due care and not injure the property. These leases were carefully prepared by a prominent Providence attorney and contain provisions authorizing the taking of such measures as they may deem necessary for the protection of game on their premises and to bring suit against any trespassers.

It being too late for stocking when the association was organized, the grounds were posted and pains taken to preserve what native game birds there were on the Neck, and it is stated that there never was so little shooting as during the fall of 1895.

In March, '96, about 400 Kansas quail were purchased of Charles Payne, of Wichita, Kan., and liberated on the preserves of the association. Kansas quail were chosen, as they were considered more hardy than other birds and are of larger size. Of the 400 quail purchased by the association, only about a half dozen died in the transportation of 2,000 miles.

Care was taken to feed the birds after they were liberated, and as the season advanced they spread out all over the Neck and wandered over the lawns and meadows, piping their cheerful notes in all directions. Many nests were found in quite unusual places. One containing twenty-seven eggs was placed in some weeds not 10ft. from high water mark. Another was located beside a large rock in a pasture where blasting was going on within a few rods. The mother quail continued to "hold the fort" through it all, and brought off seventeen lively chicks. One of the residents put off for two weeks the cutting of grass, until the quail could be hatched from several nests that were in the field.

The association proposes to care for the birds that are left over, and in the close season have them fed and cared for. This is in a measure necessary, for the quail will go where they can get food. And as they are dependent upon seeds and the like for their sustenance, when the ground is covered with snow, they will go long distances in search of food. To avoid this and keep them on the Neck an effort will be made to induce the farmers to throw out a little grain at such times as may be necessary.

Another game bird which this association is to have on the preserve is the English pheasant. The organization has received 158 eggs, and from these some fifty birds were hatched. There is a peculiarity about the pheasant, for she will continue to lay some fifty or sixty eggs if they are taken from her as fast as they are laid. As soon as these eggs were received they were placed under twelve setting hens within one week from their leaving the other side. As soon as they were shipped a wire was sent which gave notice to have the setting hens ready, and they were secured. The hens were set in small houses especially prepared. Unfortunately they were placed too near the ground, and during the heavy rains which occurred about that time some of them became wet and were chilled, so that only fifty hatched, or possibly they were made weak by the journey. As it resulted only twenty-six birds lived to maturity. It is a question whether these birds will be able to take care of themselves in this climate and find food, but at all events the association will see that they are cared for. The young birds required a special kind of meal and they have grown very rapidly.

The members will refrain from shooting them this season, and application will be made to the General Assembly to place a close law on English and Mongolian pheasants until Oct. 1, 1397. The club feels much encouraged by the results of these efforts to propagate the pheasant, and propose another season to enter upon it on a much larger scale.

All these experiments cannot but prove beneficial to the sporting interest of the State, and these birds will help the shooting all over the vicinity.

The association has posted a notice to sportsmen: "The land on Warwick Neck is posted, and shooting rights have been acquired by the Warwick Neck Game Association. Sportsmen will kindly take notice and avoid trespassing on these grounds."

Notes.

Stray deer have been reported as having been seen in different parts of the State during the past fortnight or so, but with one exception I have seen no reports of any having been shot. Edward Underwood, seventeen years of age, shot one a few days ago in the Buck Hill woods, near Pascoag. It weighed about 150lbs.

John D. Tiplady and Joseph E Oates were recently fined $20 and costs each for shooting quail in the close season in North Providence. W. H. M.

THE SORA OR RAIL BIRD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 10 you have an article entitled "Some Queer Ways of Game Birds," it has occurred to me that it would be a good thing if any reliable information can be obtained as to the habits, etc., of the sora or water rail. I have hunted them in the marshes of Maryland and Virginia for many years, and the queer stories about these birds and their habits are legion.

The negroes and many white sportsmen down their positively say that they originate from frogs, and assert that there is nothing more strange in this than "that butterflies should come from caterpillars and frogs from tadpoles." At first thought this seems ridiculous, but in a recent rail shooting trip away up on the Rappahannock River, in Virginia, I found any number of the natives who stuck to this story, and in another location in Maryland, fully 200 miles away, they one and all made the same assertion. One thing is certain, that if the hunter goes on to the marsh one day and is deafened by the croaking of frogs, his guide will quickly say, "No birds to-day," and diligent search will fail to find any. The next day if he visits the same spot, and the frogs are silent, the guide will say, "The birds are here, sir," and sure enough they will be found on hand.

Now everybody knows that the water rail is a poor flyer. When he first appears he can fly but a few hundred yards at the utmost; toward the latter part of the season, when he becomes fat, he cannot fly any distance at all. In the September *Outing* there is a very interesting article on the rail bird, in which the writer says that the birds "arrive in the marshes in May and depart at the first frost." How could they do this when they can't fly? I have made diligent inquiry, and have never found anybody who ever saw them in May or found their nests or young. Men who have spent their lives in the vicinity of the marshes ridicule the assertion that the birds ever appear there until August or September, and I have been repeatedly told by these very men that the birds do not entirely disappear at first frost, but have been seen and killed even as late as Christmas.

Several guides at points far distant from each other have even asserted that "in digging out muskrats, they had dug up the birds out of the mud in a state of torpidity," and the same has been said of the house martin. I once overheard one of them telling a group of his friends that in turning up his nets one winter day near a muddy spot they found a house martin in them, "torpid and sort of gummed up." They wiped the bird dry and laid it in the sun, and in a few minutes it became lively, rose in the air some 50ft. and then dove straight down into the mud and disappeared. At any rate this is a most interesting subject, so much so that I have heard it discussed for years by rail hunters everywhere I have been, and the natives one and all agreed that the birds "came from frogs." I know of a marshy place in a valley in the mountains of West Virginia where rail birds have fre-

quently been killed, and the mountains are so high that it would be a physical impossibility for them to surmount them when they are fat, which is always the case later in the season. How did they get there? How could they get away?

At 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon of Tuesday, Sept. 15, I left Baltimore on Weems Line steamer Westmoreland, and after a pleasant trip down the Chesapeake Bay and up the Rappahannock River I arrived at the pretty little town of Tappahannock, Va., at 1 o'clock P. M. the next day and was met on the dock by Capt. A. F. Bagby. He is a sportsman and also is mine host of the Hotel Bagby, and a mighty good host is he. The hotel is pleasantly situated and well kept. They get their drinking water from an artesian well 720ft. deep, from which the water flows under a natural pressure. This water supply business is an important item, for most of the country towns get their water from nearby wells too often infected from surface drainage, which results in more or less danger of typhoid and malarial fevers. Tappahannock was troubled some in this way until they used artesian water, and is now one of the healthiest of towns.

Capt. Bagby is a sportsman and good fellow, and had most kindly made every possible arrangement for me, so that when he drove me out to the marsh (three and one-half miles distant) the next day we found boats and pushers ready, and as soon as the tide served he and I went at it and bagged fifty-one rail birds, which was doing pretty well, as the tide was not high enough to enable us to get to the best parts of the marsh.

The weather was too hot and tides too low for the next three or four days, so he supplied a nice team of horses and on Tuesday, Sept. 22, he and I rode twenty miles across the country to the Matapany River, and he located me at the hospitable old colonial house of W. T. Henley, Esq.

Mr. Henley owns a marsh of some twenty or thirty acres in extent, located directly opposite his place, and as the tide served about noon we gunned on it and bagged forty-four birds, and Capt. Bagby returned home that afternoon. I remained two days longer, but tides were too low for much sport and I got only twenty rail birds there; we could not get at them on account of low tides. If the sportsman can happen along there just after a big easterly gale toward last of September or early in October he is sure of fine sport in rail bird shooting, for there are two marshes near Tappahannock of considerable extent and they are swarming with birds, and Capt. Bagby will always make arrangements for boats and pushers. And so ended my rail bird shooting for the season of 1896.

ROBERT C. LOWRY.

ACROSS THE OLYMPICS.

SEATTLE, Wash., Sept. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Frank Reid, of Buffalo, N. Y., and Roland Hopper, of Orange, N. J., have in their possession two sets of magnificent bull elk horns, a trophy of their eventful trip over the Olympic Mountains from Hood Canal to the Pacific Ocean, a trip which has not been taken previously except by two parties—one the Government expedition in 1890, and the other a press exploring venture about the same time. The little party of which Reid and Hopper were members traveled more miles, endured more hardships, and had more genuine pleasure and saw more grand sights than any other hunting party which has yet had its experiences in western Washington given to the public. The trip was planned about a year ago, while Frank Reid and a party of friends were camping at Clifton, which is the extreme head of Hood Canal. Reid had been anxious to visit the practically unexplored portions of the Olympics for some time and briefly outlined his plan, which included a trip over the Olympics, through the stamping ground of the elk, blue grouse and bear, to the headwaters of the Quinault River on the western slope, and then down the river to the lake of the same name. After a hunt and fish at the lake he proposed to secure the services of Indians and shoot the rapids of the lower Quinault River and land at the Quinault Indian reservation on the Pacific Ocean. From there he suggested a trip either along the shore or by canoe to Cape Flattery, and then up the Sound to Seattle, making a trip of 265 miles. He found kindred spirits in Roland I. Hopper, of Orange, N. J.; Fred Church, son of the famous painter, who lives on the banks of the Hudson River; and Edward Munn, who was manager of the Princeton football team in 1895. Reid had been "holding down" a claim on the shore of Lake Cushman for two or three years, but his home is in Buffalo, N. Y.

Every member of the party was living near Lake Cushman, that beautiful little body of water which lies in a deep valley at the eastern base of the Olympics, surrounded by forests of giant firs and within hand-shaking distance of Mount Rose and Mount Ellinor, which tower 5,000ft. above it. In preparing for the journey it was calculated that six weeks' provisions would be necessary. Each man was allotted a 40lb. pack in addition to his firearms and ammunition, which all hunters will recognize as no small burden in itself. Only four rifles were taken along—one .30cal. new Savage rifle, two .45-90 Winchesters and one .38 55 Marlin. The camping outfit and provisions were put on three small but strong and sure-footed cayuses. The combined weight of the loads carried by the cayuses was about 500lbs., and great care was taken to see that these burdens were securely fastened to the beasts, because the shifting of a pack on a narrow, mountainous trail not only means hard work, but possibly the loss of both animal and luggage as well. On the evening of July 24 everything was ready for the start, and the next morning witnessed the assembling of a picturesque party at the west side of Lake Cushman, where the Government trail, made in 1890 by Lieut. O'Neil's party, has its beginning. Each one of the party wore the toughest looking wide-brimmed sombrero ever seen, coarse shoes with hobnails, and a pair of overalls and undershirt. In fact, each one had aimed to cut the weight of his outfit to the minimum and still keep it serviceable. To a person who has never plodded through a Washington forest or clambered up a mountain side in pursuit of a deer it is hard to convey an adequate idea of the wear and tear on clothes and footwear. If a person not acquainted with the Olympics becomes lost, even though a short distance from his friends, he will ofttimes find his clothes in shreds when at last he hears a response to his "whoo-hoo."

At the end of the second day out from Lake Cushman the little party found itself at the head of the Skokomish River, twenty-five miles from home. Many people speak of this place as the "First Divide," and although the Lake Cushman boys looked upon it as a comparatively easy part of the journey, a man unaccustomed to such jaunts would involuntarily remark, "Deliver me from any harder work with this pack on my back."

The rain came down in torrents now and there was a great hustling to make camp and get a fire started. The camp having been made and the coffee-pot set to boiling and the bacon to frying, all gathered around and calculated which would get the lion's share. Out camping in the Olympics a man unconsciously arrives at that stage when he figures on the size of each piece of bacon and amount of coffee left in the pot after the first round.

They talked that evening of the trip up the Skokomish and congratulated themselves that they still had three horses, because it was a wonder that one of the beasts had not been killed while it was rolling down the mountain side. It is truly wonderful how near a man or beast will come to death on a mountain journey, and yet escape with a few bruises and scratches. If one of those three cayuses could talk, its story of a roll down the mountain would be interesting. What caused the outbreak is still a mystery, but without the slightest warning this animal commenced plunging, and a moment later cleared a 4ft. log at the side of the trail and went rolling down the steep decline to the river below, carrying with it a pack weighing 150lbs. Fifty feet below the trail a friendly log that was propped slightly above the ground stopped the cayuse in its mad flight, and the startled hunters had the "pleasure" of gazing down upon a conglomerate mix-up of a big pack and a small animal, whose four feet were pawing the air in a wild manner. With some misgivings the hunters worked their way down to the scene of disaster and cut the pack loose to effect a rescue.

Along the river at stated points may be found the places where Lieut. O'Neil camped. Each camp has a number, and even to this day the ranchers who live in the Lake Cushman country speak of them as Camp No. 3 or 4 or 5. The last-mentioned would afford a writer material for a clever story. At this point the restless waters jump and tumble over ragged rocks that form the bottom of a cañon. From bank to bank it is fully 100ft., and from top to bottom 80ft. A log not more than 3ft. in diameter spans this chasm, making a convenient footwalk for any one who desires to cross. Sometimes hunters walk boldly out on the rough surface and after reaching the middle suddenly think of home and mother, and make the remainder of the journey on their stomachs, while the waters roar below them in vain efforts to induce a fall. Tradition has it that Lieut. O'Neil used to drill his men on that log in order to cure them of any disposition to look right or left. Did this party walk the log? Oh, no; they had horses to get across, so all went up stream to a ford and crossed in safety. Roland Hopper tried to walk the log two or three years ago with a heavy pack. When he was part way across the pack shifted, and for a moment it was a life and death balance act with him. Finally he effected a compromise by embracing the log. Hopper says he is glad he was not one of O'Neil's soldiers.

After four days of almost incessant rain camp was broken and the party made its way over a rough country to the headwaters of the Duckabush. This point is called the second and sometimes the main divide. It is the point that separates the rivers which flow into Hood Canal from those that make their way down the steep western slope to the Pacific Ocean. On a clear day a magnificent panorama stretches itself in all directions before the eyes of the adventurous hunter. Within a quarter of a mile is the Duckabush glacier, a sight in itself worth traveling miles, and from its base creeps the stream that finally loses itself in the salt waters of Hood Canal. At the left hand, far away, can be seen Gray's Harbor, while down below stretches the beautiful country of the Quinault Indians. To the northwest towers Mount Olympus, its jagged head 8,000ft. above the level of the sea. In the northeast another mighty sentinel, Mount Constance, blocks the way, raising itself into the clouds as if to rival Mount Olympus. Close at hand lies Lake Marmot, whose waters are cold as ice; and in all directions peaks, some large, some small, rise up like barriers against the inquisitive hunter.

The main divide is about 5,500ft, above the sea's level, but from it more of the rugged beauty of the Olympics can be seen than at any other point. When the party pitched camp near Lake Marmot and commenced the construction of a cabin, they were compelled to dig down into deep snow banks. Before the end of a week, however, much of this had disappeared, and the valleys became transformed as if by magic into gardens of paradise. As the hot rays of the sun beat upon the snow and drove it back foot by foot, rich, luxuriant grass made its appearance and grew like mushrooms. The valleys glowed with a carpeting of wild flowers. There would be immense patches of red here, blue there, white somewhere else, and yellow further on. Fir trees had disappeared, and in their place could be found Alaska cedar and shrubs. During the three weeks that the party camped in this country of flowers, valleys, glaciers, mountain peaks and big game, the weather was hot and there was no call for heavy clothing. The moonlight nights were wonderful to behold, and Reid became sort of moonstruck until one evening he saw a shadow stealing steadily across its surface. He looked and looked, and rubbed his eyes and rubbed them harder. A horrible idea entered his mind. He could not bear to think of it, but yelled to his companions to come and look at the most wonderful sight the heavens had yet shown them. Some one remembered that there was to be an eclipse of the moon Aug. 23 and mentioned that fact, which gave Reid instant relief.

It was four days from the time camp was first made that Reid and Hopper were able to take their first hunt for elk. A heavy fog had hovered over the mountains, making it out of question for an extended trip over the "hogbacks," down steep snow slides, or through deep and narrow ravines. Probably this enforced delay made them all the more eager and determined when they did shoulder their rifles and take to the woods. They had not gone far from camp when they discovered signs of big game. They tramped nearly all day with the alluring track before them, but not a horn was seen. Finally they stopped on a ridge and were discussing the best direction in which to turn their steps, when they caught sight of some moving objects coming down a steep slide.

"Sure as you're born, we've got 'em at last," whispered Reid in smothered excitement.

"There is elk dead certain," replied Hopper, "and they will work right along down the cut at the base of this ridge. We've got 'em at last."

The elk, unconscious of danger, came down the snowy road, sliding and jumping, the herd being led by a magnificent young bull. The declivity was so sharp that when they would take a step forward their bodies would swing around, but this did not seem to worry them in the least, and they trooped along. The hunters watched them for several minutes before taking to cover and commencing the arduous journey to a position of vantage. It is impossible to detail here all the difficulties encountered in working to and around the herd. At last it was accomplished and the hunters were within 100yds. of forty fine specimens of the Olympic kings. Some were stretched out on the snow resting, while others were standing peacefully or browsing. Hopper unslung his kodak and moving up a little nearer took a snap shot at the herd. This interesting piece of work accomplished, each man picked out a young bull and moved up. A twig snapped and the sound, slight though it was, reached the ears of two cows that were slightly separated from the main herd and nearer the hunters. The cows jumped to their feet, and instantly the whole herd was aroused. The hunters lost no time, but moved rapidly into the open. With this forty elk sprang up in alarm and made off up the mountain, but not before two sharp, ringing reports were heard in the crisp mountain air, and the two young bulls had been won.

No time was lost bringing horses from camp to pack in the prizes of the chase. More pictures were taken, and this developed the fact that the curtain string had been broken when Hopper snapped at the herd.

One day after this Reid and Munn were out in the mountains when they came upon a large black bear asleep at the base of a tree. Reid stopped short and threw a shell into the chamber of his rifle. As he did so the bear awoke with a grunt and made off only to fall dead with a bullet in his head. The same day Munn killed a fine specimen of the fisher. This ended the hunting. Of fishing there was none to be had. Lake Marmot furnished an abundance of fine frogs' legs, but so far as the party discovered there was not a fish in the lake.

On the morning of Aug. 25 camp was broken and, according to previous arrangements, Munn started back for Lake Cushman with the horses and the greater part of the outfit. Church, Reid and Hopper each took a pack of 60lbs. and started for the Pacific Ocean, intending to follow the O'Neil trail, which has a course along the bank of the Quinault River. On the downward journey the first object of interest is the Lindsley glacier, which is about 6,000ft. above the level of the sea. It is a huge mass of ice, easily discerned from a long distance, and rivals in grandeur many of the already famous glaciers. It gives rise to a small stream of water, which after flowing a short distance is known as the Quinault. The water is white and, although it flows with great rapidity, it is not difficult to cross owing to its narrowness. The hunters soon discovered that the O'Neil trail was overgrown, and that in many cases the blazings made on the trunks of trees had disappeared, and could be found again only by the closest scrutiny. Indeed it would have been a difficult matter to follow the trail at all had it not been for the knowledge of Church, who acted as guide for Lieut. O'Neil. The party worked along for a considerable distance through dense thickets and over large windfalls. Such slow progress was made that it became a matter of policy as well as expediency to resort to another method of reaching the lowlands. The forest was literally covered with elk trails, and it was to this kind of a road that they trusted their footsteps. A great difficulty lay in keeping on a straight course, because at frequent intervals cross tracks would lead out into new feeding grounds. On many an occasion, when the trail appeared to be clearly defined and certain of an extended course, it would suddenly stop in the midst of some dense thicket or against a windfall. Any hunter who has attempted to make his way over a moderately rough trail with a 40lb. pack on his shoulders, cartridge belt around his waist and a rifle in his hand will recognize the actual hardships endured by these hunters. At night they slept by a small camp-fire, rolled up in blankets, and, after the trials of the day, were not troubled by sleep-disturbing dreams. Their sleeping bags are ordinary blankets folded lengthwise, then sewed at one end and up the open side. At night they crept in, pulled the upper edges close around their necks, rolled over and thus found themselves as snug as if they were in a weather bed.

On the second day the fishing began to be good. In fact, they did not have tackle strong enough to hold the trout that were eager to grab the fly which struck the riffle or eddy. It was an easy matter to step out into the river and in five minutes kill enough trout for a meal. It took five days to reach Lake Quinault, a beautiful little body of water about five miles long. The journey could have been made in a much shorter time, but the pleasure of spending a half day upon the banks of the beautiful stream could not be passed. There were signs of bear, elk and cougar everywhere, but the actual game did not put in its appearance.

It was surprising how many fine farms, with good improvements, are located around Lake Quinault. The farmers were invariably hospitable, and did everything in their power to give the visitors from the other side of the mountain a good time. Many pictures were taken, and it was with regret that the little party got ready for its exciting trip through the rapids of the lower Quinault River. Before going one morning was spent in watching the Indians catch salmon. It is claimed that the Quinault salmon are superior to every other variety known except those taken in one part of Scotland. The Quinault salmon do not exceed 7lbs. in weight. They are called blue-backs. Their flesh is very red and of a very fine grain, oily and rich.

The trip through the rapids of the Quinault is certain to become famous within a few years. There are fifty shoots and in many cases life is in danger. Our hunters' estimation of George Underwood, the Indian guide, who sat nonchalantly in the stern of the canoe, avoiding a rock here, gracefully skirting a curve there, and heading through a sea of foam, went up several points. Ten miles from the ocean the sound of the surf could be heard. At first the sound resembled that from a great battle, and as it came nearer it seemed as if volley after volley was being fired from immense guns.

After resting a day at the reservation the hunters

walked sixteen miles along the beach to the Queetz, where the Indians held them up for every cent they had for a ferry across. They camped on the beach that night, and along toward morning were awakened by a fierce fight close to their camp-fire. Every man grabbed his gun and rushed out, only to find that a lot of Indian dogs had stolen all their bacon. They tramped twenty miles more over what is known as the Ruby Sands to the Hoh River, where they found an Indian family consisting of thirteen people, which was about to embark for Port Angeles. Arrangements were made with the head of the family to take them along. The canoe was 42ft. long with a 6ft. beam. It was made at St. George Island and was one of the finest of its kind, capable under the hands of the Indians of riding a severe storm. It was a great experience to watch the Indians work the canoe through the breakers into deep water. It took four days to reach Port Angeles, and the experience of going outside Cape Flattery in rough weather was novel and exciting. Once during the trip the Indians put the canoe out of sight of land and ran in with the sealing schooner Viva, which had been seized in the Behring Sea. As the canoe hove in sight the first words asked by those on board the schooner were: "Where is Cape Flattery?" The schooner Sutherland, with a big load of disappointed Alaska miners, was also hailed near the cape.

From Port Angeles the party took a steamer for Seattle, arriving Sept. 14. A trio of tougher looking objects have not struck the city for a long time. Their whiskers resembled tules and their clothes made every policeman suspicious. When they walked into Jim Sheehan's place on Second avenue and made themselves known, Sheehan remarked: "Begorra, boys, you look tough, but you can have anything in the house." The invitation was accepted and for a couple of days the heroes of the greatest hunting trip ever taken in western Washington had a glorious old time. Having their acquaintance with the world, they returned to Lake Cushman and are now leading the lives of every-day ranchers.

PORTUS BAXTER.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Reed Birds.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 10.—The sportsmen of Chicago have heretofore never included the reed bird in their list of game birds, although they may have frequently seen the reed bird upon the menu at hotel or restaurant. There is a tradition, which I am sure is an altogether unjust one, which goes to the effect that my friend and companion Italian Joe, the famous upland market shooter of Chicago, kills and sells reed birds in this country all through the winter, delivering them ready picked. Of course in the winter time the reed birds have all gone South, though the English sparrows still remain. Very few shooters of this region know that the bird they call the bobolink is good to eat, but he is. There is a place down on the Calumet River where for the past few weeks countless numbers of these birds have been passing over, and numbers of them have been shot by duck hunters from their blinds. The shooters, who are also *cognoscenti*, have had some sport and plenty of eating out of this flight of bobolinks. On the platter before cooking the reed bird is a corpulent little beast, about as big as an unshucked butternut. On the platter after cooking he is not much bigger that your thumb, but good all the way through. A good relish for broiled reed birds is to make an orange salad, with a dressing of lemon juice, olive oil, salt and pepper. At least I saw this in a Sunday paper once.

Rail Birds.

In the East the tiny rail is looked upon as a game bird, and the time is coming when he will be viewed in like manner in the West. No snipe shooter of this country would ever pay any attention to a rail, and the bird has had neither a market nor a sporting value attached to it. Yet it is good to eat and does well enough to fill up the corners of a bag which does not carry as many jacksnipe as one has hoped. This fall the great Kankakee marshes are unusually full of water, and where last year there were good snipe grounds there are good rail grounds this year. The snipe hunter, splashing along in the shallow water, very often puts up one of these singular, heavy flying little birds, and sometimes does not resist the temptation to cut down the sluggish creature. If he only marks the bird down in the grass without shooting at it, and then attempts to put it up, he will find that he is rarely ever able to do so, for the rail is first a runner and then a flyer. The lesser rail is not shot for the market, but some of the hundreds of market shooters who haunt the Kankakee bottoms make a business of shooting king rail for the market. These men sometimes kill some of the small rail for their own eating purposes. The native rail shooter who is successful needs a dog, not to point the rail, but to chase it. This dog is usually a cur, and his duty is to follow the rail to its alighting place and then to run after it as hard as he can go, chasing it out of the grass and forcing it to take wing. There may be hundreds of rail all about one on a marsh, which the shooter will never see or hear if he hunts without a dog, whereas with a well-trained cur dog he can kill 100 rail a day if he likes, and at times can make a bag of three or four dozen of king rail, which bring a very good price on the market. The king rail flies about like an ice wagon, and so cannot be called difficult to hit. He is much more difficult to eat, especially in respect to his hindlegs, which constant exercise has developed into a toughness similar to that of the nether limbs of a bicyclist. There never was a season on the Kankakee when rail were as abundant and as easy to kill as this fall. Of course they cannot be shot at all in the Eastern way of hunting them from a boat, but have to be walked up on the marsh. In this way they can never be exterminated, as the spots where they are most abundant are in the deep and heavy cover of the wet marsh, where they cannot be reached on foot or in a boat.

"English Partridges."

There is another native industry on the Kankakee, which I venture to say is unknown to the public. I learned of it through a local hunter, who thought I was a good kind of man to keep it quiet. It seems that the market hunter is a lot wiser in his day and generation than he is sometimes considered. So far from being reckless and prodigal, he is thrifty and prudent to the point of conservatism. I presume that every man who ever went on a marsh anywhere in this whole wide world has had the big brown bitterns, locally called "fly-up-the-creeks," "squawks," etc., etc., fly up under his feet and flap heavily off, with long neck extended and legs hanging back in dragging helplessness. These birds are held in disrespect of the public, and though many are shot, few are ever eaten. Yet I am told in confidence that they are not bad to eat—if you are hungry. More than that, I am told and believe it to be true, that at the time of the World's Fair there were several market shooters on the Kankakee marshes who shot these bitterns regularly for one of the big restaurants at the Fair, where they were sold as "English partridges." Let visitors take counsel of memory, and declare if they ever ate any English partridges at the World's Fair. The shooters got from $3 to $6 a dozen for their birds, and I presume the restaurant man got about $3 apiece for them. Those were golden days. If I should lose my job, I think I would avail myself of this professional secret and go into the business of killing English partridges, at which one should make about $50 a day with one hand tied behind his back.

The Arrival of the Mud Hen.

The above references to lately unknown or generally despised game birds reminds one of yet another fowl whose portion was once humility, but which now has risen to recognition, none less than the mud hen, of gregarious and accessible nature and habits. Not long ago the man who would bring a mud hen home with him would have received the contempt of the fraternity, but not so to-day. The native of the Kankakee eats the mud hen and declares it good as any duck, and many sportsmen there be who are fain to make the same admission. Bags of mud hens at some of our swell clubs are not unknown, and more than one shooter has this fall surreptitiously brought home to the city a few of these birds, in the hope that he might find something upon the table which would warrant him in pursuing the birds upon the marsh, from which, as in the case of Casabianca, all but it has fled. It is an easy prophecy that we shall see the time when meadow larks, blackbirds, bitterns and sparrows will all be classed as game birds.

Shooting Notes.

Mr. H. J. Root, of Omaha, Neb., writes regarding game prospects in his State as follows:

"I returned a few weeks ago from a chicken hunt in the northwestern part of the State, and while I had very good sport and was successful in bagging something like 150 birds in a week, at the same time I am afraid it is only a matter of a short period before this magnificent game bird will be a thing of the past.

"I have visited this particular part of the country more or less for the last eight years, and while this season chickens were more plentiful than they had been for years, I can readily see that they are gradually disappearing. This, I believe, is caused by the laws. From inquiry I found that they had been shooting them since July 1, not only the people in the small towns, but parties from Sioux City. They were shot before they were hardly able to fly.

"I believe that under the enforcement of the laws in this State the birds would be plentiful for years to come, as when the law is out they are plenty strong of wing to take care of themselves.

"Jacksnipe have commenced to come in good numbers, and we are looking forward to some good shooting on marsh and lake this fall, as there is plenty of water and no reasons why game should not be plentiful."

Mr. F. R. Bissell is back from North Dakota, where he took out a State license like a little man. He says the shooting he had was worth the license. He bagged 280 birds, ducks, geese and cranes, and had a delightful trip.

Joel Kinney bagged fifty-six jacksnipe a week ago Thursday on Maksawba marsh, and says that if he had shot as well as some men do on snipe he could have killed a hundred.

It was Mr. Kinney's report that sent Mr. W. P. Mussey down to the marsh in a hurry, but meantime had come the heavy rains and high water mentioned earlier, and the birds were scattered. Mr. Mussey and Mr. John Watson together only got twenty-seven birds in two days. From now on the chance for a good day's sport at the jacks will be less than it was two weeks ago, as the water may flood the bottoms of the Kankakee country all fall. Other country is not so good, and I hear only of small and scattering bags.

At Lake Koshkonong, Wisconsin, ducks are coming in at this writing in good numbers, and there are also a good many jacksnipe reported there. This is a good place to keep an eye on for the next three weeks.

I do not get word of any good duck shooting in this country at all this fall. W. W. McFarland killed forty ducks opening day, Sept. 15, at Hennepin Club, and I am not sure this is not near the top for the vicinity this season. A few scattering bags of small numbers and no general interest are reported here and there, from Poygan to Kankakee, but no shooting of which it is safe to make mention as worth looking into. The flight of fowl has begun down the Mississippi River, but shooting there is better in the spring, when shooting should not be done. So far as I can learn, Dakota and Minnesota are the nearest field of much interest for October.

W. L. Wells is at Momence shooting snipe to-day, having gone down on a report that he thought indicated a cinch for a bag of fifty birds or so. Momence has some excellent snipe ground near it, and in the past it has offered as good shooting as was to be found in this vicinity.

A party of Chicago shooters, which included Messrs. R. R. Clark, C. D. Gammon and their friends Messrs. Pease and Kelly, are back from Colorado, where they had a big game hunt. They brought back to this place for mounting twenty-three heads of blacktail deer and three elk heads, so it would seem they had meat enough.

Mr. W. B. Mershon, chief of the Saginaw Crowd (the Forest and Stream Co., Ltd.), left his card for me one day this week when I happened to be out of the office, and stated, all too briefly, that the special car conveying himself and party to their hunting fields in the Northwest was then lying at the depot, due to start in a few hours. I regret very much that I could not meet Mr. Mershon and his friends, and see the famous car of which readers of FOREST AND STREAM have heard so much and so pleasantly.

Messrs. H. B. Start and Ernest Bell, of Elgin, Ill., leave soon for Dallas, Ark., where they will stop and hunt and fish for about six months. They go by rail to St. Louis, and then finish the journey on horseback from that city. They should meet some very interesting experiences.

National Association.

The annual meeting of the National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association will be held Feb. 10, 1897, instead of the second Wednesday in January, as formerly announced in the literature of the Association, this change being made by consent of the committee having the executive matters in charge.

Game Prospects.

So far as can be determined at this date, the shooting season for this vicinity this fall will be nothing extra for ducks. For snipe it has been beyond the average. For plover it has not been so good as usual. For prairie chickens it has not been good, on account of a great deal of early illegal shooting. Quail will be unusually abundant in this State and in Indiana this fall. Woodcock are not much included in the plans of shooters of this place, nor is the ruffed grouse, although there are many points not far distant in Wisconsin where very fair ruffed grouse shooting can be had. These birds are about as abundant as they have been for the past few years. In general there is a marked settling back of this country into the inevitable times of a permanent game scarcity. Our shooters are hunting all over the West and South for country where they can get something to shoot. The few remaining good game countries cannot take measures too strict to keep what game they have out of the markets and out of the game pockets of the sportsmen. Yet we have game enough, even now and even here, to give everybody good shooting if each would be willing to stop at a fair divide, and not want the whole cake for himself.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

TENNESSEE QUAIL.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Oct. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As the season advances and the leaves begin to turn my hunting fever rises, and I feel as though I would die if I did not have the glorious privilege of making my complaint to some sympathizing ear. I received a letter from my old hunting chum in Chattanooga the other day and I inclose it to you. It simply tells of the abundance of game in East Tennessee, and I can vouch for it being plentiful in West Tennessee, if the people out here tell the truth, and I believe they do. Quail are more plentiful this year than I ever knew them to be before in this State, and I hear that these conditions prevail all over the South. I asked an old farmer who chanced to come into our office to-day how the "crap of patridiges" was out in his country and his answer satisfied me.

But the cable that is welded around my leg is larger and stronger than the one which held poor Prometheus captive, and I fear the "patridges" will not be hurt by my shot this year. Business! that is a terrible word when a fellow wants to go hunting. I saw a deer hanging up at one of the commission houses to-day, and I could hardly persuade my legs to go by it. My eyes were riveted on it, my legs refused to move, and my mind went back to many a happy scene in bygone days. Will some sympathizing fellow sportsman answer one question for me? Why is it that a fellow who cannot hunt, who is absolutely anchored to business—why is it that he cannot get the notion out of his head and forget all about it? If some kind person will give me a recipe to cure the hunting fever without going hunting I will look upon him as a benefactor. A. B. WINGFIELD.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Oct. 1.—*Dear Mr. Wingfield:* * * * I am beginning to take the hunting fever, and think I will have a pretty bad case by Nov. 1. I think there are more quail than usual this year; there are at least ten coveys in one mile of my home on the ridge, and in all of our usual hunting ground in Tennessee and Georgia I hear there are more than ever before. I went squirrel hunting Labor Day, Sept. 7, at Flintstone Tannery. I left home at 6 A. M. in my buggy and got to Flintstone about 8:30 o'clock. Found a man and dog, and went up on the side of Lookout. We spent an hour after a groundhog and got him, and killed six squirrels by noon. I only saw seven, and only shot seven times. The little sixteen is the gun for squirrels as well as quail.

If I had had a sportsman with me that day I think we could have killed fifteen or twenty; the dog treed at least twenty-five, and they were not in holes either. The negro never saw one that day until I had shot him (the squirrel, I mean), and *I* got too lazy to look up in the trees.

I don't think I will go after quail until next month, though the dogs, Billy and Mack, are dead anxious to go now. White and Cowart are arranging for a deer hunt, and it is booked for me to go with them. John Ridge has killed forty-two wild turkeys this fall. He brought me two last week. He killed seven in one hour the day before. W. C.

Better Game Protection in Bergen County, N. J.

HACKENSACK, N. J., Oct. 8.—The largest meeting that has been had for some time of the Farmers' Game Protective Association was held at Cherry Hill on Tuesday last. Discussion on the subject of the present game laws showed that they are regarded as weak and insufficient, the various open seasons on the different game rendering it difficult to properly protect the game and enforce the laws. The constables reported that a number of convictions had been obtained and fines imposed, and it was the sense of the meeting that the laws should be vigorously enforced and maintained, and an endeavor made to obtain better laws next year.

The association offers a reward of $10 for the arrest and conviction, or information leading to the arrest and conviction, of any person killing rabbits or quail before the 10th day of November, or for trespassing on lands posted by the association, and the association will waive all its rights to the fines imposed for the violation of game laws to the person securing the arrest, which is $20 for each bird or rabbit so killed. It also intends to vigorously enforce the law against shooting on Sunday, or the killing of insectivorous birds. Fish and Game Warden Geo. Ricardo is also on the alert and will prosecute all cases brought before him either by members of the association or by the farmers.

SENTIMENT IN MINNESOTA.

STATE OF MINNESOTA BOARD OF GAME AND FISH COMMISSIONERS, St. Paul, Minn., Oct. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There are some amendments to our game laws that we hope to have passed at the next session of our Legislature, and one of them will be to stop the sale of all game, and brook trout and black bass fish. We believe this is the essence of game protection, and the FOREST AND STREAM has always aided us in our efforts in this respect. Of course, we will have to fight, but this is the only way we will ever preserve our game, because as long as there is something in it in the way of money men will be tempted to go out and kill it. The effect of our law last winter, in stopping the transportation of venison by any common carrier, commission man or sale market, had a wonderful effect, and not 35 per cent. of the venison was killed in Minnesota last year that was killed in '94 and previous years, and it was all on account of their not being able to ship it for sale to any great extent.

Of course, they avoided the law in some respects, as it is almost impossible to stop it in every case. The Minnesota transportation law was carried up to the Supreme Court on a test last fall, mention of which was made in the FOREST AND STREAM, and it was decided in our favor. The Supreme Court decided that the Legislature had the right to say what should become of the game of the State, and all the decisions we have ever gotten from our Supreme Court have been along the same line; so if we get legislation to stop the sale of game altogether, it will surely be declared constitutional by the Supreme Court.

We believe we have more game in Minnesota at the present time than has been in the State for a good many years, and that people are taking a deeper interest than ever before in the matter. Numerous clubs have been formed all over the State to aid the Game and Fish Commission in enforcing the law and creating public sentiment, and this movement has had great effect. People look upon the game and fish of our State as worth something in dollars and cents, and this is a vital matter with people when anything touches their pocketbooks. We have noticed the effect of it this year in so many men coming from other States to fish and hunt in Minnesota. They all leave a great deal of money in our State, which is just so much richer by the transaction. We welcome everybody to come and fish and hunt here, but they must obey our law the same as our own citizens. We limit the amount of game that can be killed and the catch each day, and we allow no game to be taken out of the State. If this policy is carried out in the future, we believe we will have game and fish in Minnesota for all time to come.

Thanking the FOREST AND STREAM for the great assistance you have given the Game and Fish Commission, and the cause of game and fish protection all over the country, I remain yours very truly,

SAM. F. FULLERTON, Executive Agent.

HUNTING RIFLES AND CALIBERS.

TOLEDO, O., Oct. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been a very interested reader of the discussion which has been going on in the columns of your paper upon the subject of hunting rifles, and thinking that a little experiment which I recently tried might be of interest to others, I write concerning it.

I have used rifles of the .32-40, .38-55, .40-65 and .44-40 calibers, and as an all-round gun for use on game from the size of a deer down I like the latter best.

In testing the .32-40 and the .44-40 together I found that with both guns sighted to shoot center at 100yds. each shot under about as much as the other at 200yds., so that in elevation there was practically no choice between them. However, the .32-40 had by far the greater penetration. Now, the bullets commonly used in the .44-40 cartridge are of pure lead and flatten out very easily upon striking any hard substance, and desiring to see if the penetrating powers of this cartridge could not be improved by hardening the bullet, I cast some containing about one-tenth tin, and then to test the matter I fired first a lead and then a hardened bullet into a seasoned chestnut post 6in. in diameter.

The hardened bullet went clear through the post and cut its way cleanly, but the lead bullet only penetrated about 3in., and when recovered was a flat, thin piece of lead nearly 1in. in diameter, and the wood was a good deal slivered for a considerable distance each side of the track of the bullet.

I have never used hardened bullets in a .44-40 on game, but from having seen what it will do on game with a lead bullet, and then in seeing how greatly the penetration can be increased by hardening the bullet, I am inclined to think that very few of the latter bullets would fail to go through a deer at any distance up to 200yds. Next month I am going out to look for a deer, and hope to give the matter a practical test. AUTOKEE.

Indians and Game in Jackson's Hole.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On my way to Jackson's Hole this fall I saw Bannock Pete with a party of eight Indians. He was extremely happy, saying, "Mebbe so come 1st of September killum elk." Four days after their arrival nine residents of the Hole, with Constable Manning at their head, arrested five Indians, three not showing up, and allowed old Pete with the squaw to return to the reservation. The five Indians were taken to Evanston and a penalty of thirty days apiece was imposed for hunting without a license.

During their four days' sojourn in the Hole they had killed eighteen elk. In view of this slaughter and the abundance of game this season, it is but just to the residents of Jackson to allow their claim that the performance of last year was entirely justifiable.

J. J. NALL.

Quail in an Illinois City.

MACOMB, Ill., Oct. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A fine bevy of quail made their appearance in the Court House yard to-day in this city. They took refuge in the tops of the large elms in the yard. The boys got after them with their little BB rifles and shot every one of them. Evidently they had got lost and bewildered or they never would have come here, as this city has a population of 6,000, and the Court House yard is surrounded with business houses. W. O. BLAISDELL.

Texas Game Notes.

PETTY, Tex., Oct. 4.—The quail crop in this section is larger than usual. In walking a mile or so, I flushed two large coveys of about twenty-five birds each. The weather has been favorable to nesting and brooding this season, as in wet seasons the chigres are a very dangerous foe to the young chicks.

The scarcity of water during the long dry spell has caused some of the birds to migrate to the watercourses, but the recent rains have replenished the water supply and the birds are returning to the prairie again. The present crop of young birds is about grown, and the birds are in good condition apparently.

Shooting will be fine by the 15th of this month, when nearly all the cornstalks will be out of the way.

The cold snap about Sept. 27 brought a considerable flight of waterfowl. A good many teal were seen in the pools and ponds, but very few were shot that I heard of; there were also several large bunches of geese seen to pass over on their southward journey to the Gulf. The indications are good for another cold snap in a few days, when the flight will be renewed.

From Grand Saline, Tex., comes the report that the quail crop this year is good; the young ones are about grown, and seem to be strong on the wing. The duck season has about commenced; several have been killed already. The snipe marsh is not in good condition, as there has not been rain enough to cause them to stop; it is rather too early yet for a flight of jacksnipe.

We hope to get plenty of rain soon, and if so we will have good shooting of both ducks and jacksnipe from Nov. 1 to 15. PROVO.

The .303 Smokeless.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Oct. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have lately returned from a hunting trip in Wyoming, and before setting out purchased a Savage repeating rifle, .303cal. I had no doubt as to its trajectory and penetration, but feared the shock of the small bullet would not be sufficient for big game. My first trial was at a bull elk, 80yds. off. The ball, a metal patch with soft nose, struck him through the foreshoulder, ranged up and back, penetrating the backbone, and stopped just under the skin on the opposite side. Instead of making a small hole at entrance and a large one near the exit, the place of entering was large enough to thrust my thumb in, and it was even larger inside. The bull was dropped flat in his tracks, and never got up. My next was at a buck antelope, and was a very lucky shot. I shot from an elevation of about 100ft. at the buck on a slow trot. I made no allowance for drop, but shot point blank in that respect, only allowing 1ft. in front. At the report he dropped dead. I paced the distance, with my brother following, and it was 480 paces. The antelope was a splendid specimen, and shot directly behind the foreshoulder, and showed the same large bullet hole and perforation as the elk at the short range. This may be interesting to your readers, as it is practice, not theory. C. P. S.

Geese at Sweetwater Lake, North Dakota.

J. E. N. writes of a goose-shooting trip to Sweetwater Lake, in North Dakota. The route was from Langsdon over the prairie, twenty-two miles. "Soon after leaving our camping place we noticed thousands of geese feeding on all sides, and we wasted some time in trying to get a shot. An hour later the lake came in sight, with geese everywhere roaming, screeching and flapping their wings as only thousands of geese do congregated on a sheet of shallow water one mile square. Our shooting started during the afternoon, but not until next morning did the guns get heated up to anything like full working temperature. I did not keep the individual score, but the aggregate bag after six days' shooting consisted of 253 geese, 60 ducks, 5 chickens and some rabbits. The weather during the week was most disagreeable and very much against our shooting. We had a wagon come to meet us to convey our game, and the return trip over the prairie was uneventful. Excepting six deer, nothing was encountered."

Sea and River Fishing.

THE SCIENTIST SPEAKS.

I KNOW all the electrical and mechanical lore
Of Roentgen's rays, Tesla's oscillator, and more,
Even some things scientists must not tell;
But, best of all, I know (and treasure well)
Of a brook which runs where the crickets sing,
And the pool where the black bass is the king.

W. H. B.

FARMERS AND THE TROUT LAW.

A FRIEND has sent me two editorial clippings from the New York *Farmer*, and asks me to say in FOREST AND STREAM what I think of them. This I cannot do, for if I should say all I thought FOREST AND STREAM would not print it. The articles are so irrational, illogical and prejudiced that to any one who really understands the subject of which they treat they contain their own answer, which is, that they are based upon an unintelligent knowledge of the objects of the game law complained of and what has caused it to become a law of the State.

The articles seem to be an attack upon what the writer terms "the cranks who preside over our State fisheries" for the passage of laws to which he objects. From my knowledge of the Commissioners, I seriously doubt if any one of them would dignify the articles with a reply of any sort. They do not make the laws and are not responsible for their passage, except as they may recommend certain measures and oppose others (a privilege granted to every citizen in the State as well as to the Commissioners), which their official experience teaches them are best to advocate or combat, and in their capacity of advisers they are far more competent to make suggestions, from the very nature of their official positions, as to what the laws should provide than one who shows his utter ignorance of the subject and his unfitness to write of it without prejudice, when he speaks of "the Fish Commissioners, who think it high treason for any one but a sport to capture such a specimen"—referring to a fish.

The tenor of the whole article makes it read like a grand-stand play on the part of some interested party to capture the farmer for some purpose or another, but I believe the farmers are much too intelligent to be fooled by any such gold brick game; for I must assume that the very small number of farmers who could in any way be affected by the statute complained of have no desire to wipe out a law which would result in the extinction of a food product which in the seeking by the people is the means of healthful recreation to thousands. But here is the article to speak for itself under

A Law that Greatly Injures the Farmer.

There are times when brook trout sell readily in the New York market for prices ranging from 50 cents to $1 per pound. In many parts of the State, especially in counties like Delaware, where springs abound, trout could be artificially propagated and grown for market purposes, and the business could be made to yield a desirable addition to the farmer's revenue. But he cannot do this business under the existing laws. He may build his pond and, by stealth, may stock it, but he cannot take the fish from it save by hook and line, though the pond is his own, and the fish are as much his own property as the fowls in his poultry yard or the cattle on the hillsides. No other human being has any right to them, no one else may catch them. The law forbids him to take them with a net or by drawing off the water, so it destroys a possibly lucrative business. But if he were allowed to catch them he must keep them at home or throw them away. Parties in the city might and probably would be glad to pay him $1 a pound for them, but the law steps in and says emphatically "No." In order that our readers may see the odious character of the law, we transcribe Section 109 of the game Law. [Here is printed the law which forbids the transportation of trout of any kind unless the fish are accompanied by their owner.]

There you have it. The city fisherman may come up in the mountains for a day's fishing and in most cases he is welcomed. When he has filled his creel he may give it to the expressman on the train on which he himself returns or he may carry it with him undisturbed by the law. When he gets the fish to the city he may sell them, eat them or throw them into the sewer. On the other hand, the farmer may catch his own trout, not from public streams, but from his private pond, but he cannot send them nor may the express company carry them for him. It does not need a profound intellect to see that such laws are outrages, that they are tyrannical and unjust. The instance quoted is only one of a multitude of phases of the law which must be mitigated. The trout in a private pond are the property of the owner and he has a moral right to catch them when he pleases, eat them when he pleases or send them where he pleases, unhampered by the law. That is obvious to any one with a spoonful of brains.

The conditions described in this bid for the farmer's support are, aside from the quoted law, it seems to me, wholly imaginary, for I do not believe there is a farmer in the State who can, as an adjunct to his farming, build a trout pond, rear trout artificially, feed them till they reach a marketable size and make a dollar at the business, provided the statute complained of was wiped from the books.

It has been tried by trained fishculturists who have given their entire attention to it, and as one expressed it, he hauled his food for the fish to his ponds in a two-horse wagon and carried his trout to market in a basket on his arm. There are a number of successful fish farms in operation in this country, but they are not a side issue to raising wheat and corn, and they are under the direction of competent fish breeders trained to the business, who devote all their energies to the work of fish rearing.

I am not sure that any one of them, even under the most favorable conditions of water, temperature, situation, and natural food, would be successful financially if they aimed only to raise trout for the table, to be sold in the open market. The chief objects of these fish farms are to furnish impregnated ova, fish fry, yearlings or older fish for stocking or restocking other waters, but this requires more skill and more training than it does to plant a hill of beans. If a farmer has a natural trout pond, all his very, very own, which is self-sustaining, and he desires to dispose of surplus fish, he finds the best market for the fish at his own door. Not to the "sport" mentioned, for sports are gamblers and prize fighters—and I never heard of one of these being an angler—but to the sportsman from the city or the country (is it not funny that some people have an idea that all sportsmen come from the cities?) who will pay a good price for fishing a wild trout pond; or, if the farmer prefers to catch his own fish and then sell them, he will find a better market and deliver them in a better condition in his market town.

One dollar a pound for trout is very alluring to some people when they see it in type a long way from the market place, but as yet there are no free pneumatic tubes by which trout can be shot to markets, and ice and express charges make a hole in the price of each pound. Furthermore, the extremely high prices given for brook trout in the New York market are given for live fish. A writer upon culinary topics in a recent issue of a New York city newspaper said: "The black bass, brook trout and lake trout cannot be found in their best condition in our markets because they lose flavor in every hour they are out of their native waters. To be properly served they must be cooked in the simplest manner as soon as they are caught, and their fine flavor left undisguised by sauce of any kind."

If I were a farmer who desired to try the experiment of a private fish hatchery on a private trout pond in rearing fish for city tables, I would hesitate about accepting advice from one who intimated that the first thing to do after building the pond is to break a law of the State and rob the people before I could commence business.

The people of the State are taxed that the public trout streams may receive contributions of State fish to maintain the supply, and Section 103 of the game law makes it a misdemeanor, with penalty attached, to rob the people of their fish and place them in a private pond, and yet the farmer's advocate in his editorial says to the farmer that he may build his pond and "by stealth he may stock it," and then goes on to prate of fish thus stolen from the taxpayers of the State as belonging to the farmer as much as "the fowls in his poultry yard or the cattle on his hillsides."

No matter what he said after that, I would be afraid that his purpose was to land me in jail while he professed to be my friend, and was trying to sell me an elegant gold brick in the shape of a chimerical trout pond to sink my money in that I had made from my corn crop.

This would-be reformer of our laws that have not a spoonful of brains in their construction, according to his idea, says that "the trout in a private pond are the property of the owner, and he has a moral right to catch them when he pleases, eat them when he pleases or send them where he pleases, unhampered by the law."

Not so; and for the same reason that we have laws which protect the people from bob veal and milk from swill-fed cows. A trout after spawning is a poor, miserable, slimy creature, no better for food than bob veal, and no one has a moral or legal right to send such fish to market for human food, and the people are guarded from such an imposition by the close season for trout. Trout cannot be caught or possessed during this breeding

season, nor for a sufficiently long time after to enable the fish to recover from the exhaustion of spawning and to regain their normal, healthful condition. The people attended to that matter without having to resort to the boards of health for action, and "it does not need a profound intellect to see" that it would be an abominable outrage to exempt the farmer or men of other vocations from the operations of such a righteous law simply that they might profit financially because they happened to own a trout pond that no other human being has a right to approach. Why should the farmer or the minister or the horse editor of an agricultural newspaper have a law enacted for their individual and imaginary benefit when such a law would work injury to the rights of the rest of mankind?

Let us see what led up to the passage of the law complained of, a law which has been in operation for seven years, a just and reasonable law, favored evidently by a large majority of the people or it would have been repealed before this. In this State laws that are "tyrannical and unjust" do not remain for years on the books, for the people have a way of expressing themselves through their representatives in the Legislature when it is known that a bad bill has become a law. Sometimes they are a little slow to act, as in the case of the law which permits the sale of game at all seasons and puts a premium on crime in our neighboring States, a condition of things similar to that advocated by our agricultural friend for the sale of trout, but they will arouse themselves over this game matter as they have already aroused themselves over the sale of trout when they fully understand the injustice of it.

The natural history of the brook trout is unlike that of any other fish in the State, and the trout requires peculiar conditions to exist at all. It will not live in warm water like the pike; it is not a fish of civilization like the black bass; it is not a spring spawning fish like the pike-perch, and it is the least prolific of our food fishes. The smelt, the pike-perch, the pike, the mascalonge, the pickerel and the shad may produce from 50,000 to 600,000 eggs for each female fish, and all are spring spawning fishes, which means that it requires but a few days, comparatively, for the eggs to hatch, and the fry can swim away and disperse through the water as soon as they leave the egg, or within a few days after. The black bass is also a prolific spring spawning fish, but I did not mention it, as it is the one so-called game fish that broods its young after they are hatched. All the fish mentioned will thrive in waters where trout cannot live because of the high temperature, and they will thrive in waters of commerce where trout will not stay if they can get away. The trout is a shy fish, a fish of remote mountain streams and ponds removed from the ordinary haunts of mankind. A two-year-old trout may yield 150 eggs or it may yield twice as many. The average yield of two and three-year-old trout may not be over 500 eggs, and when they get to be four and five years old they may not yield more than twice as many. The eggs may hatch in fifty days or it may take 156 days to hatch them, and after the little fish are hatched it will be another thirty days or more before they are relieved of the burden of the umbilical sac and are able to swim unhampered. During all these days, from the time the eggs are deposited until the fry swim freely, they are the helpless prey of countless enemies. In a state of nature comparatively few of the eggs deposited by the fish are impregnated—in one case where the eggs of the salmon were counted in a Canadian salmon river only two per cent. were found to be impregnated. All these facts combined, that the trout is not as prolific as other fish; that only a small percentage of its ova is unpregnated; that it requires months to hatch the eggs, and that the eggs and fry are subjected to unusual casualties, and are surrounded during the entire period of helplessness by a horde of enemies, make it necessary to surround the fish with every safeguard that the law can provide, and at the same time do everything that the science of artificial propagation can suggest to keep the species from extermination. Because trout waters are remote from ordinary observation, they are the more easily despoiled, and it is simply impossible for the force of protectors furnished by the State to watch over them all at all times. There is a poetic halo about the very name of the trout not shared by any other fish. A boy does not feel that he is a full-fledged fisherman until he has caught trout, and men will eat trout simply because they are trout, when a fresh bullhead would be much better and cost much less.

Under the circumstances it is not at all remarkable that the fish command a high price and are sought in season and out of season by various kinds of law-breakers, some tempted by the price and some by the desire to possess trout.

It was not possible to protect the trout streams and ponds for the reasons given, and they were netted by night and by day and shipped by express to market—generally a summer hotel. Once in the possession of a netter, it was out of the question to prove how he caught them and he openly boxed and shipped them. There was one way to reach this class of offenders and that was the transportation clause. He might go to the innermost recesses of the forest and net trout free from observation, but when he brought them into daylight for transportation to market he was met by a law that stopped the business in a great measure, and the same law was afterward applied to deer and game birds with beneficial results.

Admit, for the sake of argument, that there were fifty or more private trout ponds in the State, the owners of which might make a profit from the sale of their trout if the transportation clause should be repealed, would it be just to all the rest of the people in the State to remove this safeguard and permit the old order of things to come in and open every trout water in the State to those who have no fear of the law provided they can get their fish to market after they are netted? It is not imagination on my part that this would be the result of a repeal of Section 109 to benefit a favored few, for if the farmer was allowed to ship trout at any time the poacher would do. Before this section became a law I was at a summer hotel for two seasons and saw the boxes of trout received there from the Adirondacks. The proprietor received and paid for more than he could use because, as he explained to me, if he did not take what was sent the supply would go to some other hotel. It was a moral certainty that every trout so received was netted, and the hotel-keeper and I both knew it, but it could not be proven in court. The trout came such a distance and were so long on the journey that no one who knew what a fresh trout was would care for them, but there was a demand for them all the same. I know positively that the law stopped that traffic, as it did similar traffic elsewhere in the State, and nothing but the transportation clause could stop it. If it is repealed, artificial propagation and all that nature can do to keep up the stock of trout will not save them in public waters for any great length of time.

A. N. CHENEY.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XVI.—Corporal Henry R. Neaville.

HENRY had the taste for observing the habits of beasts, birds and fishes which leads a man to study them, a taste which may, if not checked, cause him to count the fin-rays of a fish or the scales on the tarsus of a bird and then inflict his fellow man with a monograph on fin-rays and scales. Henry never reached that stage, but loved the woods and waters just the same, and was a very quiet companionable fellow of my own age. His father kept the only hotel in Potosi at that time, and Henry and his younger brother Frank were kept by the hotel. Few things troubled Henry; with him "it was always afternoon" and pleasant visions floated in his mind; yet he was not indifferent to the passage of time if aroused by something which interested him. In still-hunting deer he was tireless and no amount of fatigue dulled his ardor. If, however, wood was to be cut for the house Henry somehow never took an absorbing interest in it, and it soon turned out that Henry and I had many traits in common.

We fished for crappies, another fish new to me and one which I considered the best pan fish in the Mississippi. This is the fish, or brother of the one, called "strawberry bass" in western New York, and if my youthful judgment was correct it is a fish worthy of more attention from fish-culturists than it gets. There is a chance that my more mature palate would confirm the verdict of forty years ago, for I never did care to eat a black bass if perch could be had, and residence by salt water has intensified this preference. My friend, Prof. Jordan, says the crappie should be called *Pomoxys*, and in his "Manual of Vertebrates" gives what he thinks the word means in Greek; but I guess the name comes from the Latin *Pomum*, fruit, for the crappie is, in the argot of the day, "a peach"; a few years ago it would have been "a daisy," and so in the process of evolution the fruit succeeds the flower. Darwin, "thou reasonest well!"

A tree top was a favorite place to find the crappie and incidentally to lose fish-hooks. We used short rods, cut in the woods, but not over 7ft. long, for fishing in the tree tops, and the crappies were flat as a pancake and sometimes a foot long. In a tree top if one of them was allowed a bit of line the angler was lucky if he saved the hook. They fought fairly well too, of course not to be compared to the fight of a black bass nor of some perch, but it was sport to take them. We strung the fish through the gills and hung them in the water to keep alive. Once while pulling in my string to add another it pulled heavily and a catfish, which looked to weigh 10lbs., came to the surface. It had swallowed one crappie, but let go when it saw us. Soon after this Henry put his hand in the water and a big catfish seized it and tore the skin badly, causing him to make remarks calculated to hurt the feelings of all catfish which heard them.

As my mining partner, Charley Guyon, never objected to having a holiday, it happened that Henry and I fished frequently in the summer, and hunted for ducks, deer and other game in spring and fall. Shortly after Guyon's adventure with a buck, related last week, Henry and I were following deer up the Grant River, and I saw three of them cross to my side within easy shot. There was a buck and two does. As they came out of the water I dropped the buck, and like an echo of my shot one of the does fell. Henry took off his clothes and swam over and found me talking with a man about fifty years old who had killed the doe. He proved to be a French-Canadian named Antoine Gardapee, with whom I struck up a friendship which will be related "in our next." He was a trapper, and like my old friend Port Taylor was a "character." We dressed our deer, and Henry and I swam the river with it and took turns with the heavy saddle wrapped in the skin and the lighter forequarters.

Gardapee came to town with us and sold his venison. In those days many men threw away the forequarters of a deer. I asked Antoine to come to my house for dinner, and he did, but he insisted that a rib chop out of a fat deer was the best portion, and we had them broiled. He was right, and to-day I follow his advice when venison is in season and buy rib chops. He took a fancy to me because our tastes were in common and I had education enough to write his letters to his friends, and would talk to him on subjects in which he was interested. I looked up to him as a combined Port Tyler and Natty Bumpo rolled into one. It was a sort of love at first sight, or like that of Desdemona for Othello, of which he says:

"She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I lov'd her that she did pity them."

Henry Neaville had that keen sense of humor which often accompanies a poetic temperament and permits one to both enjoy a sentiment and to burlesque it at the same time. This is a possibility unknown to solemn souls who think burlesque or travesty irreverant or disrespectful, which it is not always intended to be. Byron had this faculty in perfection, and lets you down from a poetic flight with a d. s. thud. Shakespeare turns from heroic Hotspur to fat Jack Falstaff—and Henry Neaville, who had a considerable knowledge of Shakespeare, often paraphrased him. This is what called up the above quotation. Henry once said:

"She lov'd me for the fishes that I caught,
And I lov'd her that she did pickle them."

Frank Neaville, Henry and I one summer day went fishing, and we rowed up against the current of Swift Sloo and around into more quiet waters, made fast to a tree top and dropped our lines. Tree tops in these waters were abundant where the freshets had washed the soil from the roots, and the tree toppled into the water; usually it kept on growing, or at least in full leaf during the season, and afforded a good place to tie a boat and fish either among the branches or further out. A queer tapping noise came from the boat's bottom. I suspected Frank of making it because he was full of tricks of that kind, but they kept up and he did not seem to be the cause.

"Are there spirits among us seeking communication with mortals?" I asked.

"Yes," said Henry, "and I'll try to call that particular spirit from the vasty deep, and find out why he knocks on our boat."

"He wants to come in," Frank explained, "and he's too polite to do it without knocking first."

Henry put on a plump worm, took off the little bullet which served for a sinker, and let his line drift under the boat. In a short time it was evident that something was tugging at his line, and his little rod bent as the spirit, or whatever it was, struggled to get loose. Soon a large fish was pulled from under the boat, and made several kicks and splashes before it was flopping at our feet, showering water and scales. It was a "red-horse," and would weigh about 2lbs., guess weight.

"Is that the cause of the spirit-like raps on our boat?"

"Yes, he was sucking off snails and water worms. Did you never see 'em do it?"

"No, never heard of such a thing before."

"Here's another at it now; come over this side and you can see it. Come still and don't rock the boat, or you'll scare it."

I went and saw about half of the fish extending beyond the boat. It was on its back and its red fins looked bright against its white belly and straw colored sides. At every tap on the boat a slight contraction of the body was observed as he sucked his food from the boards. Frank thought he could capture the fish with his hands and tried it, but had to fish his hat from the water instead. "Golly," said he, "that fish was quick. He jumped when I touched him and slipped through my hand like an eel." After this the drumming of the red-horse was often heard, not only on the boat, but upon logs that were several feet from us. This sucker is the "mullet" or "red mullet" of western New York. It is eatable in cold weather if it is the best you can get.

Henry threw the fish overboard, saying: "Might as well let it go; we never eat 'em in summer. I only hooked it for fun and to show you what made the tappings on the boat. Don't you have red-horse where you've fished? There! Look over on the bank of the sloo. Keep still, Frank, sh!"

A queer-looking object was rolling about on the shore in a singular manner. It grew large and then small. Sometimes it was the size of a small cat and then would increase until as big as an old Thomas. It twisted, rolled sideways and back until it reached the water, where it kicked up a great bobbery.

"I'm durned if I know what that is," said Henry, "I never saw such an animal before. What do you think it is?"

"It's a coon rolling in the dirt and then washing himself off," said Frank.

Henry sneeringly replied: "Coon! yer granny! A coon's got a big bushy tail and is gray. Frank, you don't know a coon from Driesbach's pet leopard."

By this time the splashing ceased and one animal crawled out of the sloo dragging another. Henry and I said in chorus: "It's a mink!" So it was, but he had a muskrat with him, and musky was dead. Our exclamation startled the mink, and it jumped into the grass with its prey. I said to Henry: "That sight is worth more than all the fish we have caught and all the mineral Charley Guyon and I might have dug to-day, or for a week. I knew that mink were fond of muskrat meat, but a fellow might fish for a lifetime and never see a mink kill one."

"What made the mink hurry off so?" asked Frank, "he wasn't in any hurry about killing the muskrat. I'd like to have seen him eat it.

"Frank," said Henry, "that mink had several good reasons for hurrying off. It was dinner time and Mrs. Mink and all the little minks were wondering why papa didn't come home from market with the dinner. Then Mr. Mink may have thought his family might mistrust that he was lingering at Sam Coons's bar and would forget to bring any dinner at all; but the chances are that when we spoke he looked over at us and thought: 'It's best to hurry home before that durned fool, Frank Neaville, asks me a whole mess of questions.' That's the reason he went off so suddenly. Frank, he took one look at you and saw your mouth wide open ready to ask him a question and he sneaked."

Frank looked at me and said: "Henry knows a heap o' things, but somehow nobody seems to realize it but himself. He knows just why that mink hurried off as well as I do, but he won't tell the truth. Now, I'll tell you why he skipped out: the mink was so interested in his fight that he did not notice us until Henry called out. Then he looked over here and said to himself: 'There's that mean Henry Neaville and he'll take my musquash if I don't get out. That fellow is mean enough to take acorns from a blind sow.' And so that mink, which would have been delighted to have eaten his dinner in decent company, sneaked off with it into the woods for fear he would be robbed."

I had taken my rifle along because the boys thought it would be well to kill a pig on our return, and as I had "bought into a claim o' hogs" we went ashore, and after some work among these very wild animals I got a shot and dropped a "likely shoat" that would dress about 60lbs. After skinning the pig we laid it across the bow and rowed around into Swift Sloo about sundown. The strong current was taking us along toward home when Frank saw a wounded pelican near shore and grabbed a tree top to hold the boat. Quicker than it can be told the sudden check in the swift current filled the boat and it left us in the water. Henry was in the stern steering with one oar and fortunately grabbed the painter and held on. Frank and I got out from the tree top and struck for the nearest shore. A bend hid the boat and Henry from sight by the time we landed and then Frank began to cry: "Henry is drowned, I know he is, and all on account of my foolishness!"

I consoled him as well as possible by saying that his brother was a good swimmer and must be on land below the bend, and then we heard his yell, "Yee-e-e hoo-ooo," and answered it. We went down to him, and found that the boat and one oar was all there was left, except the three strings of fish which were tied to the gunwale.

"Well, we might as well go on home," said Frank.

I thought a moment and said: "You boys can go if you like, but my rifle is in the sloo near the tree top and I'm goin' to stay on this island and try to get it when morning comes."

The boys decided to remain after I produced a little bot-

tle of matches, a trick learned from my old preceptor, Port Tyler. Said Port: "You don't never want to go a-shootin' nur a-fishin' with yer matches loose in yer pocket, nor in one o' them metal match boxes; they leak, an' if ye get caught in a rain or tumble in the crick yer matches are all wet when ye want 'em most." The lesson had been firmly implanted by a neglect to follow it on one occasion, and here was proof of the wisdom of the old woodsman. At such a time, when wet, cold and hungry, one good match was worth a king's ransom, and I had it. Dead wood was plenty, and the little breeze which kept the mosquitoes from the open sloo was not felt in the underbush. Before the fire we stripped and spread our clothing on poles cut for the purpose, and then—there is a dim remembrance of three fellows trying to keep their bodies in the smoke and their eyes out of it.

This was a mosquito paradise, for them. For us the term might be reversed, and it would require the pen of Dante to describe the place. Still, most readers of FOREST AND STREAM have sat in smudges and have wondered whether it were nobler in the mind to suffer the stings and poisons of tormenting 'skeeters or by smudging end them. "Smoke follows beauty," is the adage; but when sitting in a smudge of dry fungus we old campaigners know that we are not beautiful because the smoke dodges us. Sometimes it is a question whether the insects are not to be preferred to smarting eyes, but eventually the ayes have it, and more smudge is made.

Our lunch was saved and there was plenty of it—but the bread was soaked too much to use, the pies which Mrs. Neaville had put in the basket had disintegrated, and the ham and chicken had been eaten. We slapped mosquitoes and roasted fish and shifted to keep in the smoke. When the fish were cooked we ate supper.

"Where's the salt?" asked Frank.

Henry looked up and quietly said: "Frank, look in the basket; you'll find the salt tied up in a rag; bring us some;" and he never cracked a smile while his brother held up the soaked rag, looked at it, and threw it down. "I never like salt on fish," said Henry, "it makes me think they're not fresh." Frank and I ate fresh fish and made no comment. After dinner Henry took his felt hat and went to the sloo and brought it up full of water. Said he: "I always want a drink after a fish dinner, and of all the drinks in this world there's nothing like Mississippi River water; it's rich, food and drink too, and there's no better place to get it than from Swift Sloo! Boys, here's fun!"

It was desirable to get our clothes on at the earliest moment, so that there would be a minimum of cuticle exposed to the enemy, and after dressing we could dry the garments from the inside as well as by the fire, so we dressed and dragged the boat ashore, turned it over and slept the sleep of the just under it, leaving the hordes of mosquitoes to sing us a lullaby on the outside, while only a few of them found entrance from the ground.

Frank said: "I've had enough of this, and I'm going to get up!" And it was morning—broad daylight! The dawn had been obscured by the heavy timber and the overturned boat. A breakfast which somehow was much like the supper, in the presence of fresh fish and the absence of salt and everything else, was satisfactory to all but Frank. He said: "If I only had a cup of coffee I wouldn't care."

"Frank," I replied, "you are not an epicure. There is no more delicious breakfast known than roasted crappie cooked without salt and washed down with water from Swift Sloo. Your palate is not educated; coffee just now—hot coffee, I mean—would spoil the combination; you don't want coffee, nor anything else."

"Coffee!" exclaimed Henry, "why, coffee would spoil the taste of those delicate crappies, which all epicures eat without salt." And then he added: "Coffee would queer the whole show," a remark which made me ask if he had gone off with Charley Guyon, Montpleasure and the others on their trip into Iowa, and he admitted that he had been the treasurer of the troupe. How little things serve to show what will "queer" a larger thing! I asked: "Henry, what was it that 'queered' our trip?" And he simply answered: "Frank."

Don't think that Frank was any sort of a "hoodoo" because we guyed him in this way. He was a good, honest boy, but had no taste for camp life—hunting, fishing and mosquitoes. He afforded plenty of sport to his brother and I because he was green at these things. He wanted to know what there was interesting in seeing a mink kill a muskrat.

Henry replied: "Why, you bloomin' idiot, you might live in the woods for fifty years and never see such a thing but once.

"Well," drawled Frank, "after you've seen it what does it amount to? You knew that mink killed muskrats and what more is there to it?"

Henry was dazed at this practical question, and no one replied to Frank. What could you say? If a man has no liking for a thing, what can be said to prove that he ought to like it? We could only feel sorry for a fellow who had no care to observe animals in a state of nature when they were unaware of the presence of man. If a man doesn't care for literature, science or art, there's no use talking to him about them. This may be illustrated by the following story: Two fellows had journeyed from New York to see Niagara Falls, of which they had heard much. As they came in sight of the mighty cataract one said: "There, Jim! them's the falls!" The other asked: "Is them the falls?" and added: "Them's nice falls; now let's go and get some beer." That, I think, puts the case fairly—perhaps as strongly as that of "casting pearls before swine," but not in such an offensive manner. If Henry Neaville was alive to-day he would spend a week to see that solitary animal, a mink, capture and kill his prey in the manner one did when we were fishing near Swift Sloo. Frank had no interest in such things.

We cut a stiff pole, and with our remaining oar poled and paddled back to the tree top, where Frank capsized the boat in order to look at the wounded pelican. After a survey of the bottom we found the spot where the rifle lay, and I undressed and brought it up at the first dive, for the water was not more than 6ft. deep, there was no mud to cover the gun in the swift water, and it lay within 3ft. of where the boat upset. We then saw where a board had lodged in the last freshet, and as our loose seats were gone I proposed to replace them with the board.

"But you have no saw. How are you going to cut that board to make two seats?" asked Frank.

I showed him how to cut a board off square with a pocket knife by taking the measure and following the mark with the point of a knife. Then slightly bending the board at the mark and drawing the knife in the cut, taking care not to bend it too much; the fibers separated with a snap under the point of the knife and we had two seats with ends as square as if sawed. It was done so quickly that he was surprised and I showed him how a small tree could be cut by a sharp-pointed knife if the tree could be bent so as to strain the fibres, and he very ungrammatically remarked: "Well, I'm be blowed!"

Henry Neaville was one of those rare fellows who are charming companions in camp—one of those cheerful men who never grumble no matter what happens. It might rain and wet him to the skin when there was no chance to make a fire; he might lose his fishing tackle when no more could be had and he would joke about it. He would be happy when it was a choice between being eaten alive by mosquitoes or being smothered and blinded by smoke. Mark Tapley could not have been jollier under adverse circumstances than was Henry Neaville. I was with him a year and a half later in camp in northern Minnesota with a surveying party and saw him come in with both feet frozen so badly that I feared amputation might be necessary, and as I dressed his feet afterward when they were swollen almost to bursting he said: "If you should have to cut these feet off just box 'em up and send 'em back to Potosi and write father to tell the girls that I'm not dancing this winter." That I loved such a cheerful companion is not strange; any sportsman would have taken him to his heart, for if there is a disagreeable quality in a man it will show itself in camp. If he is cranky, cross or grumbly it will come out in time, and if he is a hog who will take the choice corner of the tent every time, or the best fish in pan, it is soon known, and right here let me say I have met many such: men who seemed to think that no one was wet and cold but themselves, nobody tired and hungry except their own carcasses; one trip with them is always enough. They are the fellows who will shoot across you at your birds, throw out their lines alongside yours if they see you have a nibble, and in many ways, beside bragging of their personal prowess, make themselves disagreeable. You've all met 'em and dropped 'em. I will tell you more about Henry two weeks later.

We drifted down Swift Sloo and poled and paddled to the landing, made the boat fast, and marched through the partly deserted villages of Lafayette and Van Buren to picturesque Potosi. Mr. Kaltenbach, who had been postmaster for some twenty years then and who recently died in office, the oldest postmaster known to the service, hailed us with: "Hello! boys, did you get so many fish that you couldn't carry 'em?" But Henry told him that several wagons were on the way with our catch. John Nicholas and Bill Patterson wanted to know if we forgot to spit on our bait, but they got no reply. We had enjoyed the trip, that is, Henry and I did—it was not certain about Frank, and it was useless to try to explain it to people who measure your fun by the amount of game brought back, a most false measure and one that should come under the supervision of the State "sealer of weights and measures."

In the fall Pete Loeser, who you will remember came from Albany with me, sent an invitation to go up some fifteen miles to Fenimore Grove and shoot prairie chickens. Henry went along and was enthusiastic about the sport, which could not be had in the heavily timbered district near Potosi.

On the drive to Lancaster Henry learned that I had never seen a prairie hen alive, and he gave me an account of the habits of the bird and how they went in flocks like quail, and while scattered about feeding would rise by dozens, by twos and threes and single birds, affording a chance to use both barrels and often to load again before the last bird took wing. Said he: "I've heard you talk about partridge shooting, but it beats that all hollow. Why, the partridge is not to be named the same day when we talk of prairie chickens." Such talk naturally raised my expectations of great sport with a new and untried game bird which was said to excel the ruffed grouse as an object of pursuit, and when we met Pete and he said, "The tay vos yust ride, und dere was t'ousands of bra'rie shickens in de wheat stubble und de cornfields," we were elated.

We had no dog, but we spread out at proper distances to take in cross shots without interference, and walked the birds up. The ease with which they were dropped surprised me after being wrought up by Henry's extravagant talk. On our return with big bags of this fine bird, Henry asked what I thought of the sport and I summed it up in about this style: "Henry, the prairie chicken is a fine large bird and a good game bird, but as a bird to shoot it is easier than the little quail; it flies in the open, and in such a way that a duffer could hardly miss it if within range. It doesn't compare with woodcock shooting in a thicket as a test of skill, and as for partridge, I tell you that there is a feeling of triumph in downing a wary old bird, which starts like a rocket and puts a tree between you and himself before he has gone 10ft., if the tree is there, that the killing of 100 prairie chickens cannot equal. Come with me some day and try them back of the river bluffs toward Cassville, and if you don't agree with me when we return I'll eat my hat." [Since this was written I have read the excellent article on ruffed grouse by Mr. Waters in last week's paper, and he and I agree on this point.]

Since that day I have shot prairie chickens in Kansas and in other States, and still adhere to my opinion concerning the merits of the two birds from the standpoint of a sportsman whose object is to bag a difficult bird regardless of whether he gets two or twenty. For the table I prefer the dark-meated prairie fowl, but that is another question. Also I would say that up to that time I had never seen nor heard of the practice of treeing partridges with a dog. It is only in sparsely settled districts where this can be done, and it was many years after that I had practical knowledge of this method of shooting. About the thickly settled districts of New York, where I learned to shoot, the ruffed grouse would never take to a tree for a yelping spaniel; they crouched for a spring at the approach of man or dog, and often the thunder of their wings was the first intimation the gunner had of their presence, and he was lucky if he could flesh his shot before the swift bird had put a tree between them. It was largely snap shooting, and, as I have said, the feeling of triumph in dropping one under such conditions was great, and there were men in that day and there are men to-day who will agree to every word of this. At the risk of calling down a host of antagonists who will go for my scalp, I will say that the grandest game bird of America is the ruffed grouse, called "partridge" in New York and New England, and "pheasant" in Pennsylvania and the South. The wild turkey is a wary bird and carries more meat about his person, but an experience in shooting both makes me put the turkey in the second place.

This talk has led me from Henry Neaville, whom I wanted you to know, but a vagabond pen wandered from the subject. I will tell you something of him later on, for he and I joined a party of Government surveyors a year later that explored a portion of northern Minnesota; but before we get to that I must, in the natural order of events, tell you about a winter spent in trapping for fur with Antoine Gardapee, whom you met in the first part of this article. Henry was my intimate companion on the surveying trip and afterward; we had so much in common that we could not keep apart if we had tried.

In gathering information about my old-time friends I was pleased to find that Hon. J. W. Seaton is still living in Potosi. During the time of which I write he published a weekly paper there and was afterward a member of the State Senate for several terms. He writes me as follows: "Bill Patterson is living at Portland, Ore. All your other friends are dead except Thomas Davies, who went with you on the surveying trip. Henry and Frank Neaville went out with Company C, 2d Wisconsin Infantry, afterward part of the famous 'Iron Brigade.' Henry was made a Corporal and Frank was First Sergeant. Frank was killed at Bull Run Aug. 28, 1862, and Henry was killed at Antietam nineteen days later."

"The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past;
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight."

FRED MATHER.

GEORGE DAWSON'S LETTERS.

LANSING, Mich., Sept. 26.—I have just returned from a visit to my old home in the State of New York. Before I started for the East I read Mr. Fred Mather's article on George Dawson, and it reminded me of a circumstance. When I was a lad, living on a farm near Batavia, N. Y., the Albany *Journal* was one of the papers which came to our house regularly for many years. Mr. Dawson was at that time in the prime of life, and every season for many years he took his outing in the Adirondacks. Every week while he was in the woods the *Journal* would contain a lengthy article giving a detailed description of his doings, and I need not tell you that I looked very anxiously for the coming of the *Journal*, which would tell me all about Paul Smith's, and the big trout, and the wonders of life in the big woods. Every week for some years I would cut out these articles, roll them together and put them away, with the expectation of some day making a scrap book. But the war came upon us and I left my home, and when events brought me home again I was a bigger boy and had other hopes and aspirations, and I drifted away, never to return nor to know what a pleasant reality my early home life had been.

During all of these years I have often thought of that big roll of clippings, and when I was at our old farmhouse home a few weeks ago I hunted the house high and low, from cellar to garret, in hope of finding the articles, but it was all in vain; I could get no trace of them. To be candid—it seemed to me but yesterday that I could pick them up, read them over and carefully roll them up again and put them away in the big drawer, but thirty-five years have passed since then. Do you wonder that I want to thank Mr. Mather for his articles, and to say to him that I enjoy reading them very much?

Mr. Genio C. Scott, another of Mr. Mather's fishing friends, was also an early time acquaintance of my own. This was some years before he wrote "Fishing in American Waters," and he was making notes at the time for his book. I spent three days with him at Silver Lake, in western New York, about that time, and I well remember the talks we had about the book and what he was going to say in it. One thing about his fishing I shall never forget: at Silver Lake the fishing in those days was all done by trolling except an occasional cast with a crab after bass, but Mr. Scott insisted upon standing up in the front end of the boat and with a heavy bass rod and small spoon cast among the lilypads for hours, and I do not recall that he took a single fish. He laughed about his bad luck and said that the only trouble was that the fish at Silver Lake were not educated and did not know a good thing when they saw it. So Mr. Mather has again freshened my memory and taken me back to pleasant days in early life. I wonder how many men in this country can appreciate the articles which Mr. Mather is writing, and draw upon memory for something of actual fact to illustrate the days that are past and gone.

JULIAN.

Some Iowa Fishing.

CHARLES CITY, Ia.—Pike fishing has proven exceptionally good below the dam on the Cedar River this the first few days in October, the writer and one other party having secured fourteen wall-eyed pike weighing 42¾lbs. The five largest weighed as follows: 7¼, 6½, 4, 3½ and 3lbs., the other nine averaging 2lbs. apiece.

Seven miles above here, on Sept. 30, Dr. Sitzer caught six of the largest small-mouthed black bass taken (at one time) from these waters in years, the lot weighing 18½lbs., the largest one 4¼lbs.

While fishing three miles below this place, some few weeks ago, one young man of the party caught a monster snapping turtle, with a strip of brass securely fastened through a hole in the back part of the top shell. When removed and cleaned the following inscription was found upon it: "A. W. Cook—1866." This was the name of a prosperous farmer (long since dead) who lived only a short ways from where this fellow was caught.

A few years ago, while fishing in Spirit Lake, Iowa, I caught a croppy that weighed 2lbs. 2oz. Will some one of the many readers of FOREST AND STREAM state about how large croppies grow?

V. V. S.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Comparative Anatomy of Fish.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 3.—This fall one day two Chicago gentlemen, Messrs. Jim Donnell and Charlie Jurnagin, were fishing for muscallonge up near State Line, Wis., and they had an awful strike and fought a tremendous muscallonge all over the country for an hour or two, the struggle being one worthy of an Iliad with two Homers and a full set of Siberian bloodhounds. At last they got the monster up to the boat and Mr. Jurnagin struck the gaff into its heaving sides, from which the rainbow spray was flying like suds in a laundry on Monday morning. The fish broke away with a mighty effort and escaped, with the gaff hook hanging in his side. The two fishermen looked at each other with pale faces and gasping breath, and then slowly wended their way back to camp. Conservative estimates placed the weight of the fish at not less than 40lbs., and it was thought to be one of the mossbacks which are so rarely seen nowadays. The next day two guides out on the lake found the fish, which had come ashore dead, with the gaff hook still fast to it. It weighed just 6½lbs., gaff hook and all.

Among the Anglers.

Gov. Wm. Pitt Kellogg, of Louisiana, passed through this city for his home in the South this fall, after a long trip to the grand fishing waters of Canada. The Governor is a hale and hearty-looking gentleman, with white hair and a clear eye, who appears good for many more trips to the woods.

Mr. Graham Harris has been having some late fly-fishing for bass, taking ten nice ones one day last week in the Kankakee river, near Davis, Ind. He used the scarlet-ibis.

Fishing Notes.

Muscallonge are biting the hard, glittering, unreal spoon hook up in Wisconsin this month, but no big fish have been taken and no number of small ones worth special mention. The Fox River west of town has been yielding some nice catches of small-mouth bass. Paul Bielenberg, of Elgin, last week got two small-mouths on the same day which are said to have crowded 5lbs. each very closely, and had four whose total was 16lbs.; certainly a very fine day's take.

Mr. C. W. Stansell has returned from a pleasant fishing trip with a yachting party of Detroit gentlemen who went out to the St. Clair Flats. They met not the best of wind and weather, but Mr. Stansell had thirty-seven small-mouths to his own rod in one day, which is good enough for anybody.

Richmond Rod and Gun Club.

Richmond Rod and Gun Club, of Richmond, Ind., are doing a notable work in stocking waters with the small-mouth black bass. Their fine club preserve is gradually coming to be well supplied with this admirable fish, owing to an intelligent selection and breeding of the fish. The water this club preserves is, as I understand it, tributary to the White River of Indiana, a famous bass water. It is the wish of the club that the U. S. Fish Commission should help them in their efforts to stock thoroughly the waters in question with the small-mouth bass. Surely the Commission might do worse than aid so worthy an enterprise, keeping meantime quite within its prescribed duties. The cars of the Commission pass not far from this region, and the club would probably not ask a contribution for private purposes alone. Mr. C. P. Holton is president of this active body of sportsmen, Mr. M. B. Craighead treasurer, and Mr. W. S. Iliff secretary. The membership holds strong at about thirty, and the club is something more than a trap-shooting body. The shooting clubs of the country can do a lot of good when they try.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Salt-Water Fishing Near New York.

NEW YORK, Oct. 12.—The fishermen who frequent Sheepshead Bay and that vicinity are having their first good fishing since the fluke fishing early in the summer. The snappers, whose arrival everybody awaited with impatience, didn't arrive at all. The porgies, too, were very scarce. Nobody seems able to account for this state of affairs. Last season the snappers and porgies were very thick, and catches of fifty to 100 were not uncommon. On Labor Day of last year Will Fox and George Gatje caught 180 odd snappers and porgies, while on the same day this year Will Fox and myself got seven porgies.

But while the snappers and porgies proved disappointments, the blackfish and sea bass, especially the former, are doing nobly, from a fisherman's standpoint, and striped bass are being caught as they never were before in that vicinity. There are not many fish in the bay, but one can catch a good mess in a short time at the "stone pile," which I described in FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 19 as being off the Oriental Hotel on Manhattan Beach, but which is really off the Manhattan Hotel.

John O'Neill, who keeps the boat house at Sheepshead, caught eighteen striped bass off Manhattan Beach last week. Most of these weighed from 3 to 6lbs., and one weighed 18lbs. This is the season's record striped bass for that vicinity, I believe. He uses blood worms for bait and trolls for the fish. Most of the fishing boats are put up for the winter. The owners report a profitable season despite the poor bluefishing.

The route to Sheepshead Bay is by trolley car from Brooklyn Bridge or ferries, or steam cars from Atlantic avenue depot.

G. F. DIEHL.

As They Esteem It.

MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Inclosed find check for renewal. This has been my first year with FOREST AND STREAM, and I never expect to try to do without it. I admire its sportsmanlike tone. C. P. S.

THOMPSONTOWN, Pa.—I desire to tender my thanks for the spotless purity of FOREST AND STREAM, free from anything coarse or bitter. Also for nice discrimination in selections for publication. T. S. T.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 1 to 4.—City of the Straits Kennel Club's local show, Detriot, Mich. R. H. Roberts, Sec'y.

Dec. 8 to 11.—Augusta, Ga.—Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association. J. W. Killingsworth, Sec'y.

Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 19.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual hound trials, Barre, Mass. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y, Roxbury, Mass.

Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.

Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.

Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.

Nov. 2.—Carlisle, Ind.—Union Field Trial Club's inaugural trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 10.—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.

Nov. 10.—Leamington, Ont.—Peninsular Field Trial Club, Leamington, Ont.

Nov. 10.—Waynesburg, Greene County, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's trials. L. O. Seidle, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—National Fox Hunting Association's third annual trials, Bardstown, Ky. F. J. Hagan, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.

Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y, Huntsville, Ala.

COURSING.

Oct. 21.—Altcar Coursing Club's meeting, Great Bend, Kan. T. W. Bartels, Sec'y.

Oct. 28.—Kenmore Coursing Club's annual meeting, Herrington, Kan. C. A. Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 13.—American Coursing Club's annual meeting, Huron, S. D F. B. Coyne, Sec'y.

1897.

Jan. —.—Tupels, Miss.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Jan. 18.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

FIELD TRIALS AND FIELD DOGS.

CONSIDERING the time, attention and money expended on the field trial dog, he has not won his way into the permanent good opinion of sportsmen, nor improved in his manner of doing the work required in field shooting. He has not come up to the sportsman's standard as he should have done, and as the sportsmen, whose interest and support make field trials possible, had a right to expect that he would do.

Aside from any consideration of hard times, the field trial dog as such has steadily lost ground in the opinion of most sportsmen who once supported him, and he has not added to the list of his admirers to any noteworthy degree. There is no sound reason why the field trial dog of the correct stamp should not be the accepted field dog of all sportsmen, one to delight them in actual shooting as well as being successful in competition.

There have been, however, some constant features of field trials which are repugnant to the sportsman's standard of a field dog. Bad breaking has been one of the most constant, for there is never an important trial held which has not dogs in it which are remarkably disobedient, or which require laborious effort, offensively loud continuous whistling and orders loudly shouted, all to keep them within reasonable bounds and all very much of an exhibition of how a dog should not be handled. Indeed, dogs which are practicably uncontrollable from the standpoint of what is required of a dog to give pleasure to a sportsman in every-day shooting are not so rare as one might think they are. There has been a kind of understanding that bad breaking was in some way useful in trials. Some trainers permit their dogs to be disobedient on the score that the opposing handler's whistle or the work of the opposing dog may not deter the partly broken dogs from getting all they can, though there have been suspicions that this plea has been advanced to cover up an imperfect and neglected training, and to make all training easier from the lower standard thus set.

However much such imperfect training may have been of use in field trials, and it was of use as a means to win money so long as field trial clubs and judges accepted it, the sportsman could only derive ill success and disappointment from it in actual shooting. Too often the imperfectly broken dog for field trials was not finished as he should be for field shooting. The fact that the dog had the stamp of field trial approval was set forth to the owner as proof of the dog's good training, so that the rule worked both ways and the both ways worked anyhow—the dog needed to be partly trained for field trial competition from a field trial view, and having run in a field trial he was all right to return to the owner as a dog for field shooting. Not only did the field trial dog fall into disfavor, but the field trial style of breaking likewise fell into disfavor, and very properly so.

The bad breaking, fostered so long by field trials, was not all. The wide-ranging dog, the dog of transcendent merit when he is really seeking birds and working to the gun, had many imitators and shams. Some dogs will range wide and appear to be seeking birds when in reality they are not, as a greyhound or a cur might be ranging wide and still have no thought of birds. The distinction between the wide ranger which was really seeking birds, and the wide ranger seeking amusement and exercise, was not properly observed. They were classed too much as being alike. In actual work afield the field trial estimate was worthless.

Again, an impossible style of speed was encouraged. Instead of the steady, trained, swinging gallop which denotes the dog of real working ability for all day or part of a day, a nervous slam-bang sort of speed, the overflow of restrained energies, the dog whose speed has been timed for an hour's sprinting and which not infrequently falls short of it, was fostered and established. Thus came about the hit-or-miss sort of dog work over which was thrown the glamour of style and dash, both of which seemed to transcend in merit the really useful instead of being subordinate to it.

As if all these things were not enough in themselves, some of the trainers made an invidious distinction between the field trial dog and the dog for field shooting, designating the latter as a "plug shooting dog," as if there was some stigma on the dog over which a gentleman could really shoot birds for no other reason than that such dog was useful to the gun. If field trials are to have a new support now that the commercial incentive is waning, it must be by returning to the principles of real usefulness for field work instead of a quick means of winning prizes.

That dogs can be well broken for field trial use, and handled quietly and skillfully when so broken, was demonstrated by Mr. Thos. Johnson, of Winnipeg, in the last Continental Club's field trials in Minnesota, and in several of the members' stakes in recent years, where the absence of shouting and the incessant tooting of the whistle was a pleasure to note. If owners would insist that their dogs be broken properly to obey orders and work to the gun, discarding all field trial excuses, they would have better trained dogs and field trials would be relieved of much that a field trial dog should not be.

ALABAMA AND FOX HUNTING.

HUNTSVILLE, Ala.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Court adjourned here two weeks ago, and finding a few days' leisure I hied myself to the dear old County of Limestone to mingle with those congenial spirits and peerless gentlemen, Dr. Ike De Loney, J. W. Tillman, Clarence W. Spiers, Capt. W. N. Richardson, and a host of other magnificent men. Arriving at Athens at 12 o'clock P. M., after seven hours' rest I betook myself to the residence of Mr. Tillman, who greeted me with that incomparable cordiality peculiar to those who love the chase, and after the compliments of the day were exchanged we prepared to dine at Dr. De Loney's. Behind his smart roadsters, the drive of six miles through a hunting country that even pessimists must allow is splendid, the distance was lessened by his interesting conversation, and the thrilling manner of relating the incidents of a fox chase.

Arriving at the Doctor's residence, our coming was made known by the salute of some thirty hounds. Among the number I recognized the peculiar type of the strain worshiped by that prince of modern chevaliers, Wilford Ivanhoe Spiers, Esq., of Willis fame, and when that gentleman came out and extended his noble and honest hand my happiness was complete. Mr. Spiers had come up to visit Dr. De Loney and his nephew Clarence, and expected to jolt the foxes up and down the beautiful serpentine stream of Sevan Creek, but, the drought still being on, could do aught but hunt, jump and lose the fox.

"Say, boys," I said, "are there any foxes around here?"

"What are you talking about, John, Jr.? Don't you know foxes are thick in Limestone county?"

"I know, Wilford Ivanhoe! I never have been hunting in this section in my life, when favorable conditions of weather prevailed, and failed to start game."

"John, Jr., I'll tell you candidly, Clarence and I went hunting yesterday morning after that little shower, and started two foxes. That evening we ran another, and last night we had a chase that lasted until 12 o'clock."

Dr. De Loney then spoke up: "Gentlemen, I am of the sincere opinion that in a radius of five miles from where we sit there can be started fifty foxes. Just across Round Island Creek there are three dens, which at least would represent twelve foxes, and all of them are reds too."

The conversation then turned to the next meet of the Dixie Red Fox Club. I told the gentlemen of the large increase of members and of the interest manifested by the sporting fraternity in the welfare of the club, and called the names of many well-known hunters who had expressed their intention of attending our next meet. All present were extremely hopeful and confident that from the point of attendance our meet in December would eclipse our last, and any one familiar with the climate of north Alabama knows that the middle of December is always the most propitious season we have for hunting.

After partaking of a sumptuous and elegant spread Mr. Tillman and I bade our friends a fond adieu until the ides of December shall be thrilled and mellowed by the hunting horn.

At Athens the young men insisted on taking their old bachelor friend to see the ladies. And the women of old Athens, with the first bloom of youth tinting their dimpled cheeks, their magnificent Di Vernon beauty, flashing black eyes and flowing tresses, which can only be rivaled by their patrician lineage and the high culture bestowed on their minds, were glad to see me, and promised that on Friday night, Dec. 18, a leap year ball would be given at the City Hall, complimentary to the gallant knights of the horses and hounds who attend the meet in Dixie. May their immaculate lives be lengthened and may their ability to charm and entertain never be diminished!

JOHN, JR.

C. F. T. C. Trials.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just returned home from the South and have located the quail trials of the Continental F. T. Club at Tupelo, Miss., where I have secured 15,000 acres of the finest field trials grounds that I have ever seen. Mr. N. B. Nesbitt drew the grounds for me with champion Jingo, and although the conditions were not favorable, the dog found and pointed plenty of birds. There are as many birds at Tupelo as at any place in the South, while the grounds are of easy access, and the hotel and livery accommodations are ample and first-class, at reasonable prices. The hotel rates are $1.50 per day; double teams with driver, $2.50 per day; saddle horses, $1 per day. I found the citizens of Tupelo hospitable to a fault and anxious to have the trials at their town, they promising to do all in their power to make our stay pleasant and the trials a success. I am satisfied that they will keep their promise.

Mr. N. B. Nesbitt, of Chesterville, Miss., will take pleasure in locating in desirable places all handlers who write to him.

I desire to publicly return thanks to the citizens of Tupelo for the attention paid to me while there, and also to especially thank Mr. Nesbitt and Mr. J. N. Seale, superintendent of the Mobile & Ohio R. R., for courtesies extended.

I ordered posters printed while at Tupelo and the grounds will be posted at once. The time for holding the trials will be determined in a few days.

I see that I failed to mention Fishback & Baughan's black, white and tan English setter dog Vim Gladstone, by Gladstone's Boy out of Gath's Belle, in the list of Derby entries in the Continental Field Trials Club's quail trials. Please make correction. P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas.

TECHNICAL TERMS.

Elbow out.—The elbow, it need hardly be said perhaps, is the joint at the top of the forearm. A dog is said to be "elbow out," or "out at elbows," when this joint, instead of being carried just free of the ribs, as it should be in a well-made dog, sticks outwardly. This may be the result of weakness in a young puppy; but in an adult dog, except in the case of the bull dog, in which it appears to be accepted, is a decided malformation.

Faking—Is the term used when a dog's natural appearance is dishonestly interfered with for the purpose of making it appear otherwise than it naturally is. For instance, dyeing white on a retriever's or Irish terrier's feet or chest, or coloring a Dudley nose, or performing an operation to make a fox terrier's ears fall correctly, and similar practices are called "faking." Trimming a dog's coat, such as the coat of a Bedlington or wire-haired fox terrier, is not, however, considered "faking." A dog is said to be "faked" when some illegitimate operation has been performed. A "fake" is the action taken.

Feather.—The fringe of hair on the legs, ears or tail of some breeds, such as setters and spaniels.

Felted.—When the hair of some long-hair breeds becomes matted through neglect it is said to be felted.

Filled-up.—A dog is said to be well "filled-up" below the eyes when there is no falling away or undue narrowing of the face at this point. The term is frequently used in describing terriers. A well "filled-up" face is a good point.

Flag.—A term for the tail; in use when describing setters and wavy or flat-coated retrievers.

Flews.—The chops or hanging upper lips of a dog; the bloodhound, for instance, has very pronounced flews.

Freckles.—The specks of color on the face and legs of some dogs, such as the spaniel.

Frill.—The fringe of hair on the chest of a dog; a marked feature of the collie.

Froggy-faced.—A term used in the case of the bull dog to denote a level-mouthed or overshot dog. A bull dog should be considerably under-shot; a "froggy-face" is therefore a bad point.

Furrow.—A deep line extending from the brow upward to nearly the occiput, in the bull dog.

Go-bye.—A term used in greyhound coursing. A "go-bye" is when one dog, starting a length behind another, passes him in the straight and gets a length in front.

Gooseberry-eyed.—Yellow-eyed.

Grin.—A dog is said to "grin" when the skin of upper and lower jaws do not meet in front, and so disclose the teeth.

Hare-footed.—See also *cat-footed.* A dog is said to be "hare-footed" when its feet are long, narrow and projecting in front, like the feet of the hare.

Hare-pied.—A color; hare-color and white; fairly common in beagles.

Harlequin.—A harlequin dog is one colored with large or small spots of black, gray, liver or red on a white ground. Harlequin Great Danes are not uncommon.

Haw.—The red inner eyelid of the dog; generally hidden, but very prominent in the bloodhound, and to a less extent in the St. Bernard, otterhound and old Southern hound.

Huckle-bones.—The tops of the hip-joints.

Kinks—Are congenital dislocations in the joints of the tail, very commonly seen in the tails of bull dogs.

Kissing spots.—The tan spots on the faces of Black and Tan dogs, such as the Manchester terrier, King Charles spaniel and others. The moles on the cheeks of the pug are also sometimes called "kissing spots."

Landseer-Newfoundland.—The black and white Newfoundland.

Lay-back.—A term used in bull dogs to denote the facial angle, or the slope back from the under jaw.

Leather.—The skin; a term especially applied to the skin of the ear. Thus, an ear is said to be thin in leather.

Level-jawed—Signifies when a dog's teeth meet properly, and the jaws are neither over nor under shot.

Lippy.—A term which is generally applied to a dog with hanging lips, of a tight-lipped breed, such as, for instance, a bull terrier. The term is therefore not a compliment.

Mane.—The heavy coating on the neck and shoulders of some dogs, such as the collie and the schipperke.

Monkey-faced.—A term used in bull dogs when there is not sufficient depth through the muzzle.

Occipit.—The prominent bone at the back of the skull; particularly noticeable in the bloodhound.

Over-shot.—A term applied when the upper teeth project beyond the lower. A fault in any dog.

Pear-shaped.—This has already been described under the head of "Chippendale." It signifies that a dog's chest, viewed from the front, is very wide; and below the chest the legs curve in toward the pasterns to form what is called a "pear-shaped" front. The "pear shape" is more or less out of fashion in bull dogs at present, but at one time it was a much admired point.

Pencil-marks.—The black marks on the toes of the Manchester terrier. A point of beauty.

Pily.—A quality of coat consisting of a short, woolly growth next the skin, through which grows the longer, coarser hair which is visible, such as the coat of the Dandie Dinmont terrier.

Pinched-faced.—A term used in bull dogs when the face is not sufficiently broad in proportion to the width of the skull.

Pin-wire.—A term descriptive of the hard, wiry coats of some wire-haired terriers.

Pig-jawed.—When the upper teeth project beyond the lower. An overshot jaw in a pronounced form.

Ring-tailed—Signifies when the tail curls into a ring at the end.

Roach-backed—Means when the back rises from behind the shoulders in a curve, which reaches its summit at the loins and then falls away again to the stern. This form of back, called roach or wheel, is the correct shaped back of the bull dog.

Rose-ear.—The form of ear which folds at the back, turning backward and downward, and showing the inside of the ear, as the ear of the bull dog and greyhound.

Rump-high—Is when the back curves up from the shoulders, as in the case of a "roach-back," but does not fall away again from loin to stern. "Rump-high" or "stern-high" is considered a bad point in the bull dog.

Self-colored.—A "self-colored" dog is one that has no black shadings or white markings, but is one uniform color. It is an objectionable point in the St. Bernard.

Septum.—The division between the nostrils.

Snipy.—Denoting a long, narrow muzzle, falling away below the eyes. A "snipy" face is the reverse of a face "well filled up" below the eyes.

Splay-foot.—A foot that spreads out flat, with the toes well separated. An undesirable form of foot in any dog.

Stern.—The tail.

Stern-high.—See rump-high.

Stifle joint.—The hip-joint.

Sting.—A tail is said to be "sting-like" when it tapers to a fine point, like the tail of the pointer.

Stocky.—A bitch is said to be "stocky" when she appears likely to be a good breeder. The term is not always confined to bitches; a strongly-built, lusty dog may also be said to be "stocky."

Stop.—The hollow or indentation between the eyes of some breeds of dogs, such as the bull dog, the pug and the King Charles spaniel.

Thumb-mark.—A dark mark above the forefoot of the Manchester Black and Tan terrier; like the "pencil marks," a point of beauty.

Throatiness.—A certain looseness of the skin of the throat, not necessarily amounting to pronounced dewlap.

Tick.—Small flecks of color in the white coat of a dog; common in spaniels and setters, and not rare in fox terriers and other breeds.

Tiger-dog.—See Harlequin.

Tight-lipped.—A dog is said to be "tight-lipped" when it is free from lippiness or flews, as the bull terrier, the white English terrier and the Manchester.

Trip.—A term in greyhound coursing, and signifies when a dog gets hold of the hare, but fails to kill.

Tulip-ear.—An erect, upright or pricked ear like that of the Scottish terrier.

Turn.—A term in coursing, and means when the hare is turned at an angle, not less than a right angle, from her course.

Twisted-jawed.—A dog is said to be "twisted-jawed" when the lower jaw has the appearance of being distorted. The deformity is peculiar to the bull dog; it does not exist in the bone of the jaw, but merely in the soft structures, and is due to congenital injury.

Under-shot.—A dog is said to be "under-shot" when the lower jaw projects beyond the upper, as in the bull dog.

Up-turn.—See "lay-back."

Well broken-up.—A term used to express the loose and wrinkled skin on the face of the bull dog.

Wheel-back.—See "roach-back."

Wrench.—A term in coursing, signifying when the hare has been turned at less than a right angle from her course.

Wry-faced.—See "twisted-jawed."—*John Brown in the Asian Sporting Newspaper.*

Western Massachusetts Fox Club.

THE Western Massachusetts Fox Club contemplate holding their ninth annual hunt Nov. 11 and 12. It is expected to make this gathering the most enjoyable of any thus far. With genial George W. Roraback at the head, nothing will be lacking for those participating in the forthcoming hunt to have an exceedingly pleasant time, providing the weather is more conciliatory than in the past three seasons, which have been handicapped by decidedly unpleasant weather, which interfered very much with the pleasure of those gatherings.

As usual the hunt will occur on Wednesday and Thursday, affording those who come from abroad sufficient time to come, participate and return home in the same week.

The reputation the club has gained in the past for its cordiality, good cheer and its splendid hunting facilities is well known to nearby fox hunters and others who have attended the past gatherings of the club. To all interested in fox hunting I can safely bespeak a hearty welcome. They will find the latch string ever ready to respond to their demands.

I have every reason to believe that every one who participates in the hunt this season will ever refer to it with feelings of gratification and pleasure. WORONOCO.

Eastern Field Trials Club.

GREENFIELD HILL, Conn., Oct. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Eastern Field Trials Club's eighteenth annual field trials will begin at Newton, N. C., Nov. 13, with a sweepstake for pointers and setters owned by members of the Eastern and Philadelphia Field Trials Clubs.

Dr. J. Spencer Brown, member of E. F. T. C., has donated a valuable oil painting, value $100, to be awarded to the winner of the stake.

The Derby stake will begin Monday, Nov. 16.

The entries closed June 15 with twenty-eight setters and twenty-one pointers entered; of these entries six setters and five pointers dropped from the list Sept. 1, leaving sixteen pointers and twenty-two setters to compete for Derby honors.

The prospects for a good meeting at Newton are very encouraging. Handlers report birds plentiful, dogs doing good work, and with such desire as is known to exist for field trial honors the sportsmen of this country may expect to see a grand exhibition of field work.

All dogs entered in the Eastern or United States will be returned free of charge.

Further details of the meeting will be given you next week. S. C. BRADLEY, Sec'y.

Central Beagle Club.

SHARPSBURG, Pa., Oct 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Central Beagle Club's headquarters during their first annual trials will be at the Downey House, Waynesburg, Pa. Special rates have been secured, and also good places for the dogs. Trains for Waynesburg leave Pittsburg, Union Station, on the P. C. C. & St. Louis R. R. at 7:30 A. M. and 2:55 P. M., city time, arriving at Waynesburg 10:45 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. The annual meeting will be held on Tuesday evening, Nov. 10. The drawing will take place on the evening of the 9th. Entries close on the 20th of this month. L. O. SEIDEL.

In response to the call for a meeting of the Bull Terrier Club, to be held in the A. K. C. rooms on Monday of this week, but three members responded, namely, Dr. R. S. Huidekoper, Messrs. James Mortimer and F. F. Dole, and as there was no quorum present no meeting was held.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address. Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

WHELPS.

Rochdale Kennels'

Marton II., fox terrier bitch, whelped, Sept. 26, three bitches, by Stipendiary II.

Rochdale Starlight, fox terrier bitch, whelped, Oct. 2, four (one dog), by Stipendiary II.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

THE BICYCLE IN CHICAGO.

CHICAGO is one of the greatest bicycle towns in the United States or in the world. If the amount of capital invested in the bicycle trade in this city were carefully estimated, it might be found that no city in this country has so much claim to be called the greatest bicycle town, for there are centralized here for a large part of the West a number of factories which would be distributed over an entire State in the East, where manufacturing points are scattered more widely. At any event, it is certain that this city has an enormous number of factories and shops which make wheels, parts of wheels or sundries connected with the wheel. The distributing trade of the city is enormous beyond easy comprehension, and the retail trade bears its own proportion of the big figures of the wheel trade. It is literally true that not enough stores could be rented this spring in the central part of the Chicago business section to accommodate the firms wishing to sell and display bicycles. It is not an unusual thing to-day, even after these matters have more or less adjusted themselves, to see bicycles displayed in the windows of tailor shops, boot and shoe stores, furnishing goods places, etc. Add to these sales places the number of concerns offering in their windows bicycles as prizes, premiums or guessing contest incentives, and the result would convince the most casual street observer that the wheel was in the plans of all Chicago and had come to stay.

The vogue of the wheel in Chicago is entirely a natural affair. It is a natural wheeling town, and has about it a natural wheeling country. Chicago does not lie upon a long and narrow island, as does the great city of New York, but has room to spread in every direction, so that the congestion of traffic will never be so intense as in New York. The wheelman of the latter city has a serious time ahead of him when he undertakes a spin out into the country, and the wheelman of many much smaller cities has a still more serious time. The crowded city streets are no place to ride, and that city is most fortunate, from a wheeling standpoint, which makes it possible for the rider to get out upon the boulevards and roads with the least loss of time.

The FOREST AND STREAM office in Chicago is located almost exactly in the center of the business district of Chicago. Here, as all over the greater portion of the city, the streets run at right angles, and here, as all over the city and for twenty miles around it, the ground is absolutely level. From the FOREST AND STREAM office one only needs to ride across the river—about six blocks—to reach the head of Washington boulevard, along which he can ride into many pretty suburbs. Following the well-known Aurora century course, he can ride on out twenty, twenty-five or thirty miles over streets that are practically boulevarded or paved, for all that country is practically Chicago. He can get out to Wheaton, Glen Ellyn, and many other beautiful places, and by the time he is that far out he will be in a land of black dirt and many wet bogs and sloughs, where very good jacksnipe shooting is often had. He can swing to the northwest more and get into another good snipe and plover ground with equal ease.

Starting from the FOREST AND STREAM office, in the center of the city, the rider can cross the river to the North Side by a ride of about a quarter of a mile, where he then strikes a series of paved streets which will take him in a few blocks directly upon the Lincoln Park boulevards. He can ride through that park and on north along the lovely lake shore boulevards until he strikes the famous Sheridan road, one of the great bicycle ways of the entire world. He can follow this fine boulevard to its end and strike pavement and macadam for miles on out, and so come to Fort Sheridan, Lake Forest, Lake Bluff, Waukegan, Racine, and any number of a whole string of towns which lie along the side of blue Lake Michigan. This is a good direction to take for a ride out of Chicago. It also brings one into a possible shooting country. Some of the best snipe grounds near Chicago are along the little prairie sloughs west of Glencoe, and there are one or two spots not far west of Evanston where very often nice bags of woodcock are made by shooters of those suburbs. Along this northern run the native forest still stands, and there are at spots well north some steep and picturesque hills. One of these is so steep and winding and dangerous that the local authorities have forbidden bicyclists to coast it. Two men have been killed there this season, and a great many serious accidents have occurred there.

Starting again at the FOREST AND STREAM office, one can within three blocks get to Michigan avenue, one of the great boulevards of the world. This is the best place to see the swell riders of Chicago. This boulevard leads straight south, into the residence part of town, and spreads out into several others—Grand, Drexel, etc.—all arriving at the great South Park system, one of the show grounds of Chicago, and in no way less than in the display of bicycles and riders. Thence it is but a step to Jackson Park, the site of the World's Fair grounds, and the course is directly along the famous Midway, which now shows no sign of its former riotous tenancy, but is smooth as a billiard table. Still further south the smooth streets and roads go, macadamized and rolled and paved for miles and miles, to the bathing beaches and other places of enjoyment below the city. Here the shooter who is also a wheelman is close to the marshes of the once famous Calumet Lake, whose glories have now departed. If he be careful, he can once in a while get a good day with the snipe in the wet swales not far from here.

If he swing to the right at Washington Park, turning over on Garfield boulevard for a way, and thence riding

south through the edge of Englewood into Auburn Park, he is on the edge of a snipe marsh on which hundreds of snipe are killed every year. Here are located the shooting grounds of the Eureka Gun Club. A great many of the attendants at the fine weekly shoots of the Eureka Club come to the shoot on their own wheels, and one sometimes sees two or three dozen wheels piled about at a meeting. At Watson's shooting park also, which lies over toward the lake from the Eureka grounds, but easily accessible by means of the electric car tracks, which make a fair bicycle road, one very often sees a great many wheels on hand at a shoot. This is off the regular nickel-plated boulevard system of the park runs, but is not difficult for a rider who can do fifteen or twenty miles without grumbling at a loose paving block or two.

Starting again at the FOREST AND STREAM office, one is eight blocks from Jackson street bridge, from which it is only a step to the fine Jackson boulevard. This opens up yet another way out into the country and connects with another series of boulevards, Twelfth street, Ashland, etc., etc. Here one may ride out into Douglas Park, and thence cross over along the boulevards to Garfield Park. Here he can take Washington boulevard, or go on north to Humboldt Park and Humboldt boulevard. Riding a few cross streets, mostly of cedar block, he can get over to the Lincoln Park system, and strike the Sheridan road above mentioned; or if he does not care to turn toward Garfield Park when he leaves Douglas Park, he can follow on out along Western avenue and presently strike the Garfield boulevard, along which he can ride a few miles and come out upon the South Park and Michigan boulevard systems. Of course, the lake lies on the east side of Chicago, the heart of the business district being only two blocks from the water front, so that no riding can be done in that direction; but by reference to the above it will be observed that all the great boulevard systems of Chicago, to the north, the west and the south, are practically connected. One can ride on the smooth asphalt and rolled boulevards for something like fifty miles, I should say, thus skirting the edge of the thickly settled parts of the city, though he will find fine residences and practically city life many miles further out than his furthest point of such travel. It is said that no city in the country has so fine a boulevard system as Chicago, and from the above it may be seen how singularly easy of access these systems are to the rider starting from even the very business center of the town. The three great boulevard series of the city—of the north, south and west sides of town—are separated in the down-town portion by an ugly strip of some eight or ten blocks of rough granite pavements. The best way to get across from the west side to the south side is over Jackson street bridge. The allied forces of the Chicago bicyclists are beseeching the city council to set aside Jackson street and boulevard it, reserving it for the use of the carriages and bicycles alone. It is very likely that this will be done. Then indeed Chicago will be the luckiest city in the world so far as bicycle riding is concerned.

So perfect are the surfaces of these Chicago boulevards, and so absolutely level, that after a little while the rider, at least the athletic rider, tires of them. It is absolutely no exercise to ride along such roads. But it may be seen that they lead at once directly to the country roads. Along these the lover of the rod and of the gun may ride with purposes not consecrated to the wheel alone. In other words, he can make of the bicycle what it should be and what it will be, a vehicle, and not a toy. This is the future of the bicycle, and here lies the surest foundation for the permanancy of the bicycle trade. People tire of toys, but they will always use the best and readiest and cheapest vehicle. They will not let go of a vehicle which gives them sport, offers competitive athletics and takes them out of doors. The Chicago shooter or angler who goes on his wheel to the Fox River or to the snipe meadows twenty miles from town would not go if it were not that he could ride there. He would not pay a liveryman $4 for a team to take him there. But since he can step into the saddle at no expense and no loss of time, he does go, and he walks and is out in the fresh air a whole day, to say nothing of the exercise he has from the wheel. Therefore he is just one day ahead in life. He has been out of doors, whereas otherwise he might have been in a room, breathing city air, which men endure, but which never did any man any good as compared to the air of the country. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Military Wheelmen.

THE English *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* of Aug. 29 has a picture of the 26th Middlesex Cycling Volunteers uniformed and equipped for the field. This corps was raised in February, 1888, and numbers 118 effectives out of an authorized strength of 121. They are armed at present with the Martini-Henri rifle, but hope soon to exchange this for the magazine rifle, as the latter has the advantage of a shorter bayonet, which is less apt to catch in the spokes of the wheel. The rifle and a hundred spare rounds of ammunition are carried in the bicycle. The "Lintot equipment," whatever that may be, has been adopted, and is found to answer well. If this has to do with the manner of carrying the rifle, the equipment apparently consists of a large leather-wrapped ring permanently attached to the head-post, into which the muzzle of the rifle is inserted, and a U-shaped device on the rear fork which catches the rifle at the grip. The rifles are carried on either right or left side of the wheel, and hang as a rule some distance below the upper brace tube, top uppermost. The officers are armed with sword and revolver carried on the machine.

These cycling volunteers are daring riders. In their recent evolutions at the Volunteer tournament in the Crystal Palace they picked up and rescued wounded men and performed other similar feats.

They carry their bugler into action sitting on one of their members' shoulders, with his feet on the handle bars.

As Regards Comfort.

THERE is a pronounced reaction from the racing models of bicycles toward more sensible road wheels. Brakes will be more in evidence next year than they have been for a number of years, and we may expect to see many other improvements designed for safety and comfort. Willis Troy, who is back in this country after a trip to France as manager of a racing team, is reported as saying:

"Many riders will yet buy 25 or 28 or even 30lb. wheels, fitted with stronger and more expensive tires, gear cases, brakes, and everything necessary for comfort and safety. Where the ball bearings and the various parts of a wheel are made and adjusted properly, road riders will get far more satisfaction out of a 30lb. wheel than out of one weighing much less. In England a few years ago the bicycle market was in precisely the same condition that it occupies here to-day, but it readjusted itself and good wheels over there again bring top prices."

Regarding tires *Bearings* says:

"The days of the shoestring tire are numbered, and next year will see the big tire in use—not universally, but here and there—and the leaven will work to the end that within another year 2in. pneumatics will be as common as the small tires which are fitted to-day. 2½in. tires were ridden by the winner of the Chicago road race on Labor Day, and although the condition of the roads was bad, and the rider a man out of training, he covered his 100 miles in a trifle over seven hours. The same rider, under the same conditions, could not ride the course in that time with 1½in. tires, and it is pretty certain that the winner of the time prize in this race could have lowered his mark with the big tires as an aid. Several men have tried the machines refered to, and although it is 2 or 3lbs. heavier than the usual run of light roadsters, they say it handles well and is fast on all kinds of surfaces. Car tracks are not noticeable, and rough cedar blocks become as asphalt. The tires are even easier to the feel on macadam than small pneumatics, and seem quite as fast. It is an open question if they are not even faster for track work than a small tire, granting, of course, that the tread and side walls are of the same thickness. The tires which we have seen are single tubes, of the road-racing weight, and are made for 26in. rims, holding the rider about the same distance from the ground as a 28 by 1½in. tire."

Regarding gear cases the same authority says:

"A gear case provides for a protection of the lubricant covered chain and sprockets, and contributes more to the comfort of the rider and the life of the machine than any attachment which could be added to our American wheels."

The Mather Wheelmen.

NEW YORK, Oct. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I beg to assure Mr. Mather that if any member of the club pronounces the name in any other way except with the "a" as in "father" or "mat" he shall be immediately requested to get out until he has learned to pronounce it properly. I hope that this will overcome all of Mr. Mather's scruples and that he will now consent "to sit on the fence and review the parade." The Mather Wheelmen are going to do their namesake proud, and he shall hear from us yet in a way that will not make him regret that he is our godfather; and I as the captain wish to say that Mr. Fred Mather has and always will have a warm spot in the hearts of the MATHER WHEELMEN.

Comments.

BROOKLAND, D. C., Oct. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of the 3d inst. I notice that you speak of the cactus as being a detriment to hunting the antelope on a bicycle. In reply would like to state, there are various tires manufactured now which are perfectly impervious to cactus or any other thorn, or even glass and nails. One of them is a single tube made wholly of rubber and fabric, and is very light.

Just a few words in conclusion. It is a pretty hard matter to ride a wheel on the ice, as I have found by experience. The least turn or wobble will send the rider sprawling. Last, but not least, it is next to impossible to mount by one's self on the ice. A. W. RIDGWAY.

Dog, Wheel and Rabbit.

IN the absence of live rabbits the Presidio Club inaugurated a new sport which is quite likely to supersede the original game. It is the running of a stuffed hare by the dogs. To do this an inverted bicycle with the tire off one of the wheels was located at one end of the field. A string, wound around the tireless wheel, stretched 125 yards off, where it was tied to a stuffed hare. The "winder" or wheelman waited for the signal and began turning the wheel so as to haul in the string and the rabbit, which the dogs tried to overtake. In one instance only did the terriers reach the game.—*San Francisco Call.*

Yachting.

THE last serious agitation of the measurement question was in 1889, the first season of the 40ft. class, when the FOREST AND STREAM, with the aid of a number of experienced yachtsmen, made a hard fight for a change of the then universal classification by waterline length to the present basis of racing length. Though excellent reasons were advanced in favor of the proposed change, it was opposed, as other progressive movements had been before, by some influential yachtsmen; some of the then prominent Eastern yachtsmen were very strongly against it, as was Mr. Burgess; and nearly all of the daily papers of New York and Boston were with them.

On account of this opposition, the matter was dropped for a time, but since then it has come forward of itself; without serious effort on the part of those who first opposed it, the opposition has dwindled away, and the change has been made, with only good results; none of those dire calamities predicted in the event of its adoption having thus far presented themselves after several years' trial.

The conditions which prevailed in 1889 are materially altered now, and for the worse; the demand on the part of a few for extreme speed at any cost has introduced the bulb-fin, the shallow hull and a construction that is both costly and lacking in durability. The present movement, in its several different forms, is directed primarily to the correction of these salient evils and the production of yachts of more moderate draft and sail area, added displacement and greater durability. To this general end several means are proposed, the simplest being the placing of certain arbitrary limitations on draft and sail in each class, and ranging from this up to the construction of a new formula, in which shall appear such factors as draft, depth, displacement, area of midship section, etc. This is the same task that has been twice attempted of late years by some of the ablest and brightest of British yachtsmen and designers, with a lack of success that is very close to an utter failure; and we have no very strong hopes that American yachtsmen will succeed in finding any one formula which will attain the end in view and bring back, in connection with some modern improvements, the generally usable yachts that made the racing in the old 70ft. and 40ft classes.

From the discussions we have heard thus far, we believe that the clubs concerned in the work are now ready to answer definitely the question that has been almost invariably evaded, as by the British Y. R. A. for years, but which is the foundation of a successful movement for a good measurement rule. "What do the clubs want? Speed without regard to cost, safety and similar wholesome requirements, or an average of good qualities in which speed, even if the first, shall not overshadow all others?" With Defender rusting at her moorings, with Wasp sailing alone for year after year in the smaller division of ths single-stick class, with Amorita and Quissetta plowing deep ditches in the bottom of the regular Sound racing courses, and with the comparatively wholesome 15-footers of 1895 completely outclassed by Glencairn and Sothis, we believe that the clubs, the racing owners, and yachtsmen at large would now not only accept, but welcome a rule that, even though it clipped off some seconds per mile as compared with the bulb fin racing machine, would produce certain types in the various classes which would be of durable construction, of practicable draft, reasonable accommodation, and above all, which could not be outbuilt in their first season by the mere use of greater draft and sail area on the part of newer adversaries.

In the one large class in which the America's Cup races have been held for some years the attempt to introduce the slightest restriction on speed would be at once strenuously opposed; but this matters not at all, as the class has no place in the regular interclub racing, and only comes into existence at odd intervals, it need in no way be considered in discussing a change of the rules. In all the other classes, of both rigs, there seems to be an opinion that unhampered experiment in draft, in sail area and in light and costly construction has finally outrun the natural limit, and that little or nothing is to be gained by continuing to seek further extremes. The experiment of Defender, for instance, has been most interesting and instructive, showing the possibilities of the great keel cutter, long a matter of dispute. The yacht is, however, so obviously useless for general yachting and racing that there is no room for argument over the demerits of the type. It would be a decided gain to American yachting if, from the knowledge gained in the experiments with Defender, Vigilant, Colonia, Volunteer, Lasca and Emerald, under one or two masts, the schooners of the 95ft. racing length class, the old 90ft., could be limited to an extreme draft of not over 14ft. This, of course, would mean a discrimination in favor of the centerboard type, but a long experience has shown that, even though a little slower in racing, this is by all means the most desirable type for Sound racing and the 'longshore work between Sandy Hook and Bar Harbor, about all that is required of these yachts.

In the smaller class of schooners the conditions call for a centerboard craft, and one of moderate draft, as in all ways most desirable; it is easy to see that about Long Island Sound a Quickstep of 7ft. draft is a far better yacht than an Amorita or Quissetta, of about the same accommodation, with 11 to 13ft.

In the single-stick classes from 36 to 75ft. racing length everything points to the keel type as the most desirable, both in speed and accommodation; and it is important that while extreme draft, such as nearly 10ft. in a 42-footer, should be prevented, the keel and centerboard be placed as nearly as possible upon equal terms.

In the classes from 25ft. downward there is little need of considering the question of internal space and accommodation; the shoal hull is permissible and the bulb-fin must be recognized, but at the same time some limitations to extreme draft and sail area are imperative.

Even though a suitable rule be found for the decked yachts in the classes from 30ft. upward, it by no means follows that the same rule will apply to the smaller classes with a larger ratio of live ballast, and it is possible that an entirely different rule may be found necessary.

THERE is some encouragement for next season in the fact that four new racing boats are already ordered, and that too in the same class. What is still better is the fact that the class is a good one, and there is reason to hope that the new yachts may be less of the machine type than any that have lately been seen. The 51ft. racing length class, to which the boats will belong, is the legitimate successor of the old 40ft. length class, and will show a longer hull of about the same beam, and a smaller sail plan than the racing forties of 1889–90. Just what the draft will be is dependent on the action of the clubs, in fact the proposed action on the rule, if any immediate results are reached, will have much to do with the shaping of the class; but the main idea seems to be to produce a fast racing yacht of moderate form and sail area, and of sufficient accommodation for owner and crew through the season. Two of these yachts will be designed by Gardner & Cox, one for F. M. Hoyt, owner of Norota, who has just sold her to D. B. Burnham, of Oyster Bay. A third will be designed and built by the Herreshoff Manufacturing Co., and a fourth, for J. B. Mills, late owner of Infanta, will be designed by Will Fife, Jr. The certainty of these boats in the racing is likely to bring out others before the season begins.

THE question of the meaning of the "mutual agreement clause" in the new deed of gift is revived by a proposal on the part of Sir George Newnes to challenge for the America's Cup, which proposal the Royal London Y. C. has declined to forward on the ground that it had no reason to alter the position which it took when the deed was first made public in 1887. In this the Royal London Y. C. sets an example in consistency and self respect that is in bold contrast to that of the Royal Yacht Squadron a little more than a year ago When the first copies of the new deed were received by these two clubs, each took much the same grounds as previously taken by the FOREST AND STREAM, substantially that the tampering with a trust was in itself illegal; that the manner in which the change was made was also illegal and contrary to club usage; and that the specific demands of the deed were unfair to all other clubs and contrary to the expressed intentions of the original donors.

After nine years of constant controversy, we have seen nothing to induce us to change the opinion which we expressed the week after the new deed appeared; while in the meantime some of the most objectionable points, such as the demand for the dimensions, have been disclaimed by the men who made them, and generally condemned as unfair by yachtsmen who at first defended them. In the effort to

repair the hasty and foolish work of 1887, an attempt has been made to place upon the clause mentioned an interpretation which is contrary to common sense and directly contradicted by the whole history of the three deeds and of the various negotiations between defender and challengers.

The mutual agreement clause must be interpreted in one of two ways: either as referring—as we have always claimed—to the immediate details of the races, after a challenge has been tendered and the dimensions of the challenger have been filed with the holder, or else as applying to all conditions of the possession, challenging and racing for the Cup. If this latter construction be the correct one, as now urged by those who made the deed, all its elaborate restrictions are as useless and unmeaning as the legal verbiage in which they are enveloped, and any future holder of the Cup may put it up for a race of 15-footers. In this connection Sir George Newnes's opinion of the new deed is important; he says, "The deed of gift can be altered yearly if the New York Yacht Club pleases."

If the new deed was bad in 1887 and 1889—and we believe that both the Squadron and the Royal London Y. C. stated the case very mildly in their condemnation—it was not a whit better in 1893, after the silly device of the mutual agreement had been arranged to quiet the scruples of the Squadron. The Royal London Y. C has done well to profit by the misfortunes of its fellow, as the cases are very similar. Like Sir George Newnes, Lord Dunraven was a novice in yachting, knowing nothing of its laws and usages, in utter ignorance of the history of the America's Cup, of the long struggle against the unfair conditions on which it was held, or the way in which those conditions had only recently been made worse for the challenger. The result, both to Lord Dunraven and to the Squadron, is enough to deter any club from fostering a challenge from a non-yachtsman and under the new deed.

As to Sir George Newnes, we know nothing save that he is one of the comparatively few men who can afford the luxury of racing for the America's Cup; he may be a good sportsman and he may make a good yachtsman; but for a task like this, requiring to-day the highest technical skill in yachting, joined to much good sense and diplomacy, we should like to see only a man of reputation in the yachting world.

THERE is one very important matter to be settled by the holder of the Cup before it accepts another challenge: that the challenging club shall give an ample voucher for the standing of its representative. It is not fitting that the holder should be compelled to ask who or what the challenger is; but the responsibility for all of his actions must be assumed by the club which not merely forwards but indorses his challenge. In the case of Lord Dunraven the Royal Yacht Squadron was able to escape all responsibility for his actions as the representative of the club, and the very unpleasant task of dealing with him was thrown upon the New York Y. C.

Without reference to this special case, it will be seen that it is only in accordance with the usage in all sporting clubs that the individual contestant should be known personally only to the club he represents. The contest is in no sense individual, but between two clubs, and each tacitly guarantees that his representative shall be in all respects a proper party, and in the event of any failure of the representative, the club must assume the responsibility of atoning for him.

This matter has never come up before in connection with the America's Cup, the long series of squabbles with the late Mr. Ashbury were very different from the case of Lord Dunraven; but now that attention has been called to the matter, it must be made a part of a distinct understanding in any future challenge.

ONE of the details of Sir George Newnes's proposal, which, by the way, he has not abandoned, but will keep in reserve, is that the races be sailed off Halifax. However grateful such a change might be to Lord Dunraven and some of his American friends as a vindication of their efforts to take the races away from Sandy Hook, the proposal is too absurd to call for serious discussion.

THE committee of the Royal Canadian Y. C. having in charge Com. Berriman's challenge for next year has notified him that the club is unwilling to accept a challenge from a yacht of the proposed size, the reasons being, as given last spring, that such a yacht would be of no use save for this special series of races. In accordance with this decision, Com. Berriman has decided to build in the regular 42ft. class. The new yacht will be designed by Poeckel and built by the Racine Boat Manufacturing Co.

IT is reported that W. K. Vanderbilt, the principal owner of Defender, will not sell her for conversion to a schooner, but that she will be kept under the cutter rig for service in case of a challenge at any time.

DURING the hurry and bustle of the racing season it has been impossible to continue from week to week the series of articles on Yacht Designing which were begun last winter. In answer to many inquiries we may say that we shall resume the publication of the articles very shortly; just at present we have in hand several more designs of modern yachts, such as those of El Heirie and Ethelwynn, which must appear first.

IT now seems probable that the 20ft. class will be adopted in several localities to supersede a larger and more expensive class with crews of six to ten men. The expense of racing these latter boats is in itself no small objection to many, and apart from that is the serious difficulty of getting and keeping together a properly trained racing crew, and the uselessness of the boats for pleasure sailing when not racing. With the modern 20-footer and a crew of three, many of these difficulties disappear, the racing is quite as keen and the speed as great.

We note with regret in the discussion of the new class a disposition to adhere to the obsolete and incorrect term, "one-rater," just as the 15-footers are frequently termed "half-raters." There is no good reason whatever for applying the English term to an American yacht when it does not fit in any way; not only has the rating rule been abolished, but even if in existence the yachts of the 20ft. class would not measure to one-rating, nor would the 15-footers measure to one-half rating. Even the few yachts of these rating classes imported from England have been canvased out of their home classes after arriving in America. The new boats are in no sense "raters," and it is a foolish affectation to call them so; let them have their proper names, as 20-footers or 15-footers.

The case is entirely different in another instance, that of cutter and sloop. For some years the sloop rig has been obsolete in America on all yachts of over 30ft.; it is found to-day only on the special 30-footers, the special 21-footers, the 20 and 15-footers and yachts of the older types of 30ft. downward. Not only all of the Cup defenders, but all smaller single-stickers, old and new, have been rigged as cutters, and should be classed as such. So far from this being the case, even the largest clubs continue to class such yachts as Queen Mab, Uvira, Jessica and Minerva as sloops, apparently for no better reason than that they are not schooners. It is not a little absurd and confusing to see these yachts, or even such cutters as Wasp, Gloriana and Gossoon, regularly classed as sloops.

A BROKEN TILLER.

WHEN the little Roamer came into existence she was looked upon by few friendly eyes. She was born amid the turmoil of a fierce yacht designing controversy, for it was in the early 80s when she first slid into her natural elements—back in that time when, gallant and alone, the FOREST AND STREAM stood boldly forth and championed the principles of scientific design.

This was the time when the brilliant but unfortunate C. P. Kunhardt was even slandered by some opponents, who were as weak in argument as they were strong in abuse, and for no other reason than that this powerful writer expressed his honest convictions. His opponents were blind to sound scientific ideas on yacht building. Theirs was blindness in its very worst form; they would not see.

Inch by inch, step by step, was the battle fought; surely it was a mighty battle too. It was the cause of the first adoption of those features which thorough trial has long since demonstrated to be correct, the lead keel and full cutter rig first introduced to the American yachting public by the FOREST AND STREAM. They have been the direct means of preserving to this country, on five different occasions, the much coveted America's Cup.

Arrayed against the FOREST AND STREAM, in this great fight, were what may properly be termed the hysterical forces of a patriotic delusion. These forces were composed of a mixture of sharpie and other shallow, centerboard "death-trap" advocates, who innocently imagined that the centerboard was an American something that must not be attacked, even though lives might be saved by introducing better ideas. These persons were compelled to abandon their first line of breastworks when, to their false patriotic indignation, progressive Americans came to the front and demonstrated, with both time and money, that the imported lead keel was superior to the originally imported centerboard.

This was the first decisive victory for reason, and to the FOREST AND STREAM belongs the journalistic credit for the same. When it was further demonstrated, however, that, in order to study (from a distance generally) the beautiful lines of the graceful, symmetrical overhanging sterns of the much-abused "lead mines" (especially in a heavy weather race), it would require almost superhuman exertions on the part of the retrogressive contingent to get their skimming dishes near enough, even in the first part of a race, then their indignation changed to consternation, and the FOREST AND STREAM had won progressive victory number two.

How this lead keel innovation (combined sometimes with the centerboard) was followed by still other new ideas in yacht designing, advocated by the FOREST AND STREAM, such as flush decks, housing topmasts, pole bowsprits and the full cutter rig, is an old story and a matter of true yachting history.

It must be admitted by the conscientious truth seeker, however, that there are still narrow-minded individuals who will stubbornly persist in calling a cutter a sloop if she wins a race, and who will just as stubbornly pronounce the same boat a cutter if she should lose the next race The truth seeking yacht historian of the future, however, will not tolerate nor be controlled by such stupid prejudice as this, but will properly classify boats with cutter rigs as cutters, whether they have centerboards or keels; and he will also give to the FOREST AND STREAM full credit for its gallant fight, and the good it has accomplished.

About the time when this controversy had reached a boiling point, there appeared in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM the lines of a small yawl named Windward, if I am not mistaken, designed by W. P. Stephens It was from this design that I had constructed the little Roamer, which took part in a race from New Haven to and around Block Island and return, an account of which appeared in a former issue of the FOREST AND STREAM.

Unlike Windward, however, Roamer was rigged as a sloop. While I think that, on account of her small size, she would have given better satisfaction rigged in a less complicated manner, still Roamer proved herself on many occasions an honest and able little cruiser. Many a time have I taken a dash on the Sound in her under single reefed mainsail and jib when the sails of no other yacht could be seen.

Roamer's length over all was exactly 22ft.; waterline, 18ft.; beam, 6ft ,and she drew 4ft. 6in. Her least freeboard was 20in. She had a lead keel of 2,000lbs. in weight, and her inside lead weighed 1,800lbs. and was cast to fit. The cabin roof was raised 12in. above the deck aft and 9in. forward. This roof allowed 5ft. 6in. headroom. The cockpit was a small self-emptying well 4ft. in diameter. There were two bunks, so constructed as to allow sleeping accommodations for four persons if needed. Back of and under the companion stairs there was placed a galvanized water tank, which filled through a lead pipe that led from the cockpit rail. The water was drawn from the tank through a small brass faucet in the cabin. There were plenty of lockers and a small table. This table was hinged to the side, and swung up and buttoned when not in use. She was constructed of cedar, oak, mahogany, and white and yellow pine. Her fastenings throughout were of copper and galvanized iron. She carried two anchors: one 45lbs., the other 35lbs. Her tender was a small, handy skiff, 9ft. long and 3ft. beam.

I had owned alone or had been part owner of a number of boats of different kinds before Roamer was built; but I never realized the amount of real solid comfort that it is possible to extract from a cruise in a small boat until I experienced the same aboard this little lead keel craft.

Now that I have given a rather long description of Roamer and the causes that led to her construction (the lines of Windward in the FOREST AND STREAM, and the lead keel controversy), I will tell of a short cruise taken in her in the month of August, 1885. On this cruise we met conditions that I feel sure would have resulted disastrously to us had we been compelled to depend on a turn-turtle skimming dish. Especially am I sure that such would have been the result if I had had anything to do with the handling of such a boat. I confess that I do not like them, and to a feeling of insecurity when aboard of one. I have myself succeeded on one or two occasions in getting their bottoms where their decks should be.

It was a warm morning and the faintest of zephyrs breathed out of the hazy southwest, barely ruffling the bosom of New Haven Harbor and the Sound. Under mainsail, topsail, jib and jibtopsail, Roamer slowly made her way, with the assistance of the ebb tide, in the direction of Southwest Ledge Lighthouse. Although we made slow progress, we did not mind that much, as it was still early morning.

Our ship's company consisted of three—Thomas Humphreys, George Humphreys and myself. We were jolly and contented; why should we not be? Each one of us was captain and we were all members of the crew at the same time. Under this arrangement individual members of the crew could sass the captain to their heart's content, yet there could be no mutiny.

Past the mounds of old Fort Hale we slowly drifted. It took nearly two hours to reach the mouth of the harbor, and it was six bells before we passed Southwest Ledge Light. From here to Pond Point Buoy it was nothing but drift. The Sound appeared like a huge glaring mirror, encircled by a smoky halo of mist. Out of the edge of this mist would creep now and then a serpentine-like string of coal barges, or perhaps a stray steamboat or steam yacht would put in an appearance. By this time the sun was making deep impressions on our memories, for his greetings were warm.

George has a reputation for improving opportunities, so took advantage of this chance to manufacture large quantities of claret lemonade. I like to take advantage of some opportunities too, so I drank large quantities of George's manufactured article, while Tom blasted his eyes and whistled for wind. We lay motionless halfway between Pond Point and Charles Island from four bells A. M. until seven bells P. M. before we were favored with any wind. When the wind did come, however, it was with a rush and out of the S.W. By two bells the conditions that had existed up to within an hour of that time were completely reversed. Instead of there being no wind there was more than a sufficiency of it. The sea, too, rose so considerably that we were soon pounding our way laboriously through it against the tide under mainsail and jib.

We had thrashed out through the white-crested seas, five miles to windward, and were off Stratford Point, one mile out; George was at the tiller, and Tom and I were hanging on with fingers, toes and eyelids, while we kept a vigilant watch to windward, ready to dodge any stray sea that might be inclined to take a "snap shot" at us over the weather bow. Suddenly there was a sharp snap, and George tumbled into the cockpit with the broken tiller in his hands

Tillerless, of course any boat is at the mercy of wind and wave. This time, however, there was to be no sacrifice of human life to Davy Jones. That we were in a dilemma, however, goes without saying. Had we been compelled to face such conditions with a bob-tailed, triangle-shaped trap we undoubtedly would have had to swim for it. We had hardly time to think, let alone act, when Roamer came up into the wind of her own sweet will and swung off on the other tack; as the wind then hit her with all its force she went down, down, down, until her sails were nearly flattened on the water.

Neptune and his legions found this time, however, a little antagonist fully capable of meeting them in a contest. This was no sandbagger to turn turtle and sink! Gradually eating her way into the wind, she slowly righted until her sails were ashake, then as she fell off she received another knock down like the first one.

The wind and sea toyed with our little vessel in this manner until we managed to disentangle things forward, so as to allow us to lower the sails and let go the anchor. Then as she swung to her cable and bowed defiantly to each oncoming billow, as though challenging them to continue the contest, we realized what we owed to the lead keel.

Six fathoms of cable ran out before our 45lb. right bower found the bottom. As Roamer plunged heavily into the seas, she dragged her anchor and drifted steadily in the direction from which she had come. The tiller had broken off close up to the rudderhead, and in spite of every effort on our part we found it utterly impossible to drive the broken end out. After considerable trouble we managed to lash the boom crotch in such a manner to the rudderhead as to answer for a tiller.

It was after four bells, and we were pretty thoroughly drenched by the time we succeeded in getting our anchor and were away once more, making the spray fly on our way to windward. The tide was running ebb again and the wind came as hard as ever out of the southwest, so we were a good half hour pounding our way back to where the tiller had broken. Although awkward and clumsy, our boom crotch served very well as a tiller. The sun cast long, lance-like shafts of gold aslant the white-crested seas of emerald, or shimmered on schooners' sails and sandy beaches in soft glimmers of light, ere we reached a position that enabled us to start sheet and lay our course for Bridgeport Light. Out on the Middle Ground the lantern of Stratford Shoal Light twinkled in the sun's rays like a far-off star. Gayly we swung in rhythmic time, quartering each snowy crest as we raced over the turbulent billows half a mile off the sandy shore of Long Beach. Out of the golden western horizon rolled masses of snow-white clouds, which, as they mounted the purple vault, burned with all the hues of the rainbow in the rays of the westering sun.

It was nearly eight bells, and the red and white eyes of the lighthouses were silently peering through the dusky night shadows, when Roamer passed the inner beacon in Bridgeport Harbor and cast anchor to the southeast of the long wharf that makes out from the west side of the harbor. After partaking of a substantial supper we retired for the night.

A glance out of the companionway next morning revealed no sign of wind. When breakfast had been disposed of we set to work on the rudderhead, and after considerable trouble we managed to remove the broken tiller end. Taking the two pieces of tiller, we set out in the skiff for a boat-building establishment on a wharf on the west side of the harbor. Here I had constructed, from the toughest piece of wood I had ever seen, a new tiller. I do not remember to what variety this wood belonged, but distinctly remember that it took the edge off the tools which were used in turning it out. When the tiller was finished we went aboard and

got up our sails preparatory to taking advantage of any wind that might stray our way.

The Sound lay as smooth as glass under the sun's scorching rays until nearly eight bells. With a faint west wind we then slipped out of the harbor against the flood tide under mainsail, jib, topsail and jibtopsail. After passing Bridgeport Light we received the benefit of the tide, which now favored us, and made excellent progress in the direction of Penfield Reef Light, passing it at one bell M.

By the time Penfield Reef was two miles astern the wind died entirely out again, and we were left to fry in the doldrums. A heavy haze now settled on the water and before long objects became indistinguishable outside a radius of two and a half miles or so. The sun's rays, however, managed to penetrate this haze and it was so oppressively hot as to impart to us a sense of suffocation. The only object to meet our gaze was Penfield Reef Lighthouse, which, on account of the wavering heat that filled the air, seemed to rise out of a bed of molten copper. To make matters doubly interesting, we were regaled now and then by the heavy grumble of thunder in the southwest. Much to our gratification our expected thunderstorm did not materialize. At five bells we were once more bowling merrily on our way under full sail and over a surface that was wrinkled by a flattering, southerly breeze. The tide had been running ebb for over an hour before the breeze came, consequently we had been carried fully two miles astern. With a fair wind it took but a short time to regain our lost ground, however.

Under the wind's persuasive influence the haze soon departed and the atmosphere became perfectly clear. There was just sufficient wind to put our lee rail within 2 or 3in. of the water's surface under started sheet. Under these favorable conditions we enjoyed those ecstatic sensations of freedom to be experienced only aboard of a boat when on its most perfect sailing point, reaching. With graceful leaning courtesyings, Roamer slid easily over the undulating swells. Meeting the approaching seas, her knife-like stem parted their olive crests in soft furrows of creamy foam. Off Pine Creek Point we passed a number of menhaden seines, they were being hauled by the crews of three or four menhaden steamers that lay rising and falling on the waves near by.

We proceeded in the above manner until six bells, when the wind left us once more, and we lay idly rolling on the waves to the south of the red buoy which marks the Cows Rocks, off Shippan Point.

Like a lusterless copper ball, the sun sank in a sky of dull, hazy yellow. At eight bells the lighthouses were once more sending forth their warning gleams. Night was spreading her sable blanket over the waters; still we lay idly rolling in the same place and there was no prospect of us reaching a harbor. This being the first time we had ever cruised to the westward on the Sound, we were therefore entirely ignorant of the harbors and were naturally anxious regarding our situation.

By two bells we became disagreeably aware of the fact that we might have our hands full of business before long. At that hour a heavy thunderstorm had begun to concentrate its forces in that most fickle quarter, the southwest. Dull flashes of lightning, followed by surly, muttering thunder, trembled at regular intervals athwart the inky sky in that direction. A mile and a half to the north the steady, red glare of Stamford Light peered through the darkness. From its elevated perch in the southeast Eaton's Neck Light sent white warning shafts over the somber waves. Norwalk Island Light too flashed alternating danger gleams of red and white out of the ebony-hued eastnortheast.

Higher and higher climbed the black-robed legions of the storm in the starless sky; fiercer and fiercer the lightning sent its dazzling bolts; deeper and deeper boomed the thunder's mighty voice; the timbers of the little Roamer trembled, and we—well, we would rather have been at home in bed about that time; at least I would.

We had taken in the topsail and jibtopsail and were anxiously awaiting, under close-reefed mainsail and jib, the contest that seemed inevitable. Being unacquainted with the neighborhood, we were undecided as to the best course to pursue, but finally decided to run before the storm for the Norwalk Islands. We had hardly gotten Roamer's bowsprit pointed in that direction before, with a blinding flash and deafening roar, the storm was upon us.

I have often wished for a picture of that scene. Excepting Roamer and the ghostly gleam of the rain-lashed sea, revealed at regular intervals by the lightning's flash, everything was completely hidden from view. Tom and I were in the cockpit handling the boat. The companion slide, open an inch or two, revealed the dimly lighted interior of the cabin and George, with chart and compass before him, coolly directing us how to steer. Although Roamer yawed at a frightful rate, still, considering her small size, she made excellent weather of it and rose and fell on the heavy seas as buoyant as a rubber ball.

Although it remained very dark and cloudy, and the wind and sea continued heavy, we were greatly relieved when the rain ceased to behold the welcome gleams of the lighthouses once more. We were also pleased to find that George from the cabin had directed us correctly in our steering.

After passing a lot of breakers on the port hand which we could plainly hear, but not see, it was not long before we observed a dark object rising and falling on the waves off our starboard bow. By the sound of breakers roaring for a long distance to the east, we judged this object to be the buoy that marks the west end of Green's Ledge. Giving the breakers a wide berth, we ran well to the north of Sheffield Island, then trimming sheet we kept the lead line going and slowly felt our way close in back of the lighthouse; here we anchored in two fathoms of comparatively smooth water. Once more had the little Roamer demonstrated her ability to easily cope with Neptune's briny forces. It was nearly five bells when, after furling our sails, we hung out the riding light and went below. We tackled a late but substantial supper that night with that hungry aggressiveness imparted by hard work in the open air. While it was not raining when we turned in at eight bells, still the sky had a dirty, threatening appearance.

Morning broke with every indication of settled rain. Gray clouds scudding out of the southwest completely covered the sky and banked themselves in heavy masses in the gloomy northeast. When we had disposed of breakfast we hauled our anchor aboard, and at six bells we were once more thrashing our way to windward under mainsail and jib, and against a heavy, lead-colored sea which rolled out of the southwest.

We had gone but a short distance when a disagreeable drizzle set in, compelling us to don oilers and rubber coats. We were fully two hours bucking the heavy sea before we arrived at the place from which we had been compelled to run the night before.

It was three bells in the afternoon when we rounded Greenwich Point, and we anchored in Indian Harbor at four bells. Here we met friends, and our run to the westward ended.

While it took three days for Roamer to cover fifty miles, that is no proof that she was slow, as she covered the same course in eight hours afterward. The able manner in which she behaved under adverse circumstances, however, demonstrated that, were all small cruisers constructed on such safe, sensible lines as hers were, there would be few sailing fatalities to chronicle each year. The greenest, least experienced novice couldn't possibly capsize such a boat.

WILLIAM H. AVIS.



ETHELWYNN, SHOWING "WILSON" JIB.
From Photo by J. S. Johnston, New York. Copyright, 1895.

ETHELWYNN.

(*Concluded from page 295, Oct. 10.*)

IN working under a length classification the designer has an easy task, as the sole limitation is that the yacht shall not exceed in waterline length the limit of the proposed class, and even if she does many clubs have in the past been weak and complacent enough to remit the just penalty by passing each year an exemption clause. The waterline disposed of in this easy way, the designer is free to put on or cut off sail as he pleases, until he has a sail plan that is not only suitable for the stability of the yacht, but that balances as perfectly as is possible. Under the racing length classification and the rules as now rigidly enforced by the leading clubs, the problem is far more difficult; not only must the sail plan be fitted to the power of the hull, but it must be of a certain definite area, as there is no allowance to be had in the event of measuring under the class, and the yacht is certain to be disqualified if she measures over. In addition to this, and no less important, is the balance of sail—one of the first essentials to good windward work.

The proposed figures for Ethelwynn, as already stated, were: l.w.l. 14ft. 6in., sail area 240sq. ft., making 15ft. racing length. Though sailed in some of the races with no ballast, as it was intended that she should be, the yacht was never measured with less than 100lbs. of ballast aboard, with this weight going just over 15ft. l.w.l. Had there been any object in so doing, she could have been brought to about 14ft. 6in., but there was little to be gained by this, as she had not sail enough to make it necessary. The sail plan as first drawn had the same mainsail as shown in the present plan, of 189sq. ft. and a jib of 50sq. ft., that nearly filled the whole fore triangle, the luff nearly parallel to the mast and the clew very low, with a light club on the foot, the single jib sheet working on a traveler across the deck. With a new and unstretched mainsail the yacht balanced very badly, having too much lee helm, although the C.E. was placed well aft of the C.L.R. The mainsail at the same time set poorly and was recut, making it still smaller, and to balance it the original jib was discarded for a smaller one without the club. A new mainsail was made which also proved short on the hoist, but being a good sail, it was carried in the trial and cup races. The final result in the way of head sail was a very small jib cut after the peculiar fashion devised by Mr. Gilbert Wilson. The boat was very sensitive, and while she worked admirably to windward under this odd little sail, she performed indifferently with one to all appearances as good in cut, but half a dozen feet larger.

The dotted lines show the sails as officially measured by Mr. Hyslop, by pegging them down on a lawn, the day preceding the first cup race. The area of mainsail is but 168.6sq. ft., and that of the jib 29.5sq. ft., or 198sq. ft. in all. With the longest measurement of the waterline, with 150lbs. of ballast, the allowance of sail would be 218sq. ft., or 20ft. in excess of that actually carried. While this deficit of over 10 per cent. was a serious handicap in the light winds that prevailed, there was no help for it under the circumstances. The larger jib shown in the plan, of 35sq. ft. area, was drawn later as of the proper size to balance such a mainsail as would fill the spars and at the same time to give the amount of sail which the waterline allowed.

In planning the spars there was little to go on as to the diameters for hollow sticks; the matter was discussed with the spar maker, Mr. Young, and Mr. C. J. Stevens, and the result was a 4¼in. mast. Mr. Fraser, of the Spalding-St. Lawrence Co., advocated strongly a much smaller spar, but was overruled, as it was decided to be on the safe side as far as the stiffness of the mast was concerned, the jib being set flying. The experience of this past year has shown that the spar was far too heavy, even for the rig as originally planned, and more so for the small sails finally carried. With just 100sq ft. more sail, the mast of Glencairn was, we believe, but 3¼in. diameter at the deck. As it was, the runners were not required, but it would seem now that for the sail plan as it actually was a hollow stick of 3in. and of about one-half the weight would be fully strong enough. The boom was also hollow, of about 2¾in. diameter in the slings. The rigging was of phosphor bronze wire rope, headstay $\frac{3}{32}$in. diameter, shrouds $\frac{3}{16}$in. diameter and runners ⅛in. Both main and jib halyards were of the same material, ⅛in. diameter. The main halyard ran over a 2in. sheave in the masthead, a single part with a whip tackle at the deck. The jib halyard was double, with a jig. The running rigging was of imported English cord.

The centerboard was of manganese bronze, of $\frac{3}{16}$in. thickness, weighing about 65lbs. It was, we believe, of a sheet of the metal rolled for the plating of Defender. It was fitted with a lifting arm, a separate casting of bronze, with a tackle to the forward deck just abaft the mast. The board was hung from two brass straps, one on each side, with a pin through the lower ends, as frequently illustrated in connection with canoes. As it proved, the board was too light, bending badly during the cup races and taking a permanent set that could not be removed with the appliances at hand at Oyster Bay.

The rudder construction was something of a novelty; the stock was cast in one piece with an oval rim about 1½in. wide and ⅝in. thick, tapering to a sharp edge on its outside, of the outline shown in the drawings. The main part of the blade, in the center of the rim, was to have been filled in with mahogany, in two thicknesses riveted together. A very good casting was procured, but the rudder was spoiled in the making, being filled in with oak fastened only with a few brass wire nails. The result was that after a couple of days in the water the wood swelled and buckled so badly



SAIL PLAN.—ETHELWYNN.

Designed by W. P. Stephens and built by the Spalding-St. Lawrence Boat Company, 1895.

that the rudder could not be used. In this emergency an old rudder was procured, originally made for an 18ft. Scarecrow, and of rough construction, the two plates being poorly fitted and riveted, the edges being bent and anything but smooth. This was fitted to the boat and carried through the trial and cup races, proving to be of the right size.

In thus minutely describing Ethelwynn we have endeavored to show the boat exactly as she was, with all of her imperfections and defects. These were numerous enough, and perhaps may be considered as not to the credit of her designer and others connected with her, but it must be remembered that the whole work of designing, building and racing her was done in a hurry, and even where mistakes were apparent there was little opportunity to rectify them. Of all connected with her there was no one with the necessary time to give his undivided attention to her proper trial and working up. It is easy enough to see where she might have been materially improved, with larger sails, much lighter spars, and better centerboard and rudder.

Among the many criticisms, mostly, be it said, of a friendly nature, are two that may be properly noted here: one to the effect that Ethelwynn was but a copy of the English half-raters; the other that it was but a small task to defeat Spruce IIII. We have already mentioned our obligations to Sorceress for the idea of the knife board, and the performances of this exceptionally fast yacht, as described in the English journals during her first season, demonstrated the merits of this general type in the small classes. At the same time Ethelwynn is in no sense a mere copy of Sorceress or any other boat, but represents a carefully worked out design with many individual features.

As for the merits of defeating the English challenger, as far as the boat herself is concerned, they were little enough, and we have never claimed to the contrary. In weight of construction; in clumsy and useless fittings, such as the oak tabernacle; in complicated rig, to say nothing of her actual form, Spruce IIII. was not a formidable opponent for any boat of fairly good design and construction. With equal handling Ethelwynn should have sailed away from her every time they met, and probably would have done so. When it comes to comparing crews the case is altered; Mr. Brand had grown up with the half-rating class, sailing year after year from forty to sixty races in a season, and he had with him an exceptionally smart professional who had served as his crew for four years. Spruce IIII. had been planned and built during the winter and had sailed a number of races before coming to America, being tried against the best English boats of the year and changed in many respects to improve her speed; in fact, the conditions of her ownership and handling were such as to bring out everything that was in the boat. Under the Seawanhaka, as compared with the Y. R. A. rule, Spruce IIII. gained in being able to increase her sail area for her American races.

How hastily Ethelwynn was designed and built, with no exact idea of what her antagonist was to be, has already been told. Her helmsman in both trial and cup races, Mr. B C. Ball, though a skillful sailor, was accustomed only to a larger and very different type of yacht; he had never seen a modern boat of the 15 or 20ft. classes prior to sailing Ethelwynn, and being in business and living at a distance from the Sound, he was aboard of her only a few times before the trial races, thus having small opportunity to learn the boat and to improve her. As crew in all but two of the races he had a novice, with no experience in racing, and lacking that practice so essential to the quick handling of sails in these little craft. In the last two races he was very ably seconded by his brother, a skillful sailor, but entirely unacquainted with Ethelwynn, not even knowing the lead of the gear when he went aboard her. As compared with Mr. Brand, with his weight and physique, his long racing experience and his professional crew, the odds were entirely against Ethelwynn in the very important matter of handling, and while she might easily have done more, it is very much to the credit of both Mr. Ball and the boat that they did enough in successfully defending the Seawanhaka cup.

Canada and the Cup.

We can understand how the following letter might be written and sent to the *Field*, as very few of those who discuss the America's Cup on either side of the Atlantic ever take the trouble to study the different deeds under which it has been held. What we cannot understand is, how anything so silly found its way into print, the editor of the *Field* being perfectly conversant with the whole subject, and knowing very well that the barring of the Canadians was done fourteen years ago, and not within a few weeks. This being the case, Mr. Gretton's heroics only serve to make him ridiculous.

Editor, the Field:

It is worth drawing the attention of English yachtsmen to the compliment recently paid to the chief designers in the empire by the New York Yacht Club. That extremely wary body of sportsmen have announced within the last week or so that they will refuse to accept a challenge for the America's Cup from a Canadian yacht club.

Their decision comes treading on the heels of the success of the Canadians in winning the Seawanhaka challenge cup with a ½-rater built and designed in Canada, and the more important and striking success of their champion in winning the International challenge cup of the lakes on Lake Ontario. The latter vessel was designed by Mr. Fife, Jr., and built in Canada.

Every one who has a practical knowledge of yacht racing under the present rating rule knows what an enormous handicap it is to have to construct a vessel on this side of the 3,000 stormy miles of the Atlantic and to sail her over before competing with a vessel specially constructed in America for the purpose of winning two or three special races in American waters. This handicap, it would appear, the New York Y. C. are unwilling to forego, for a vessel might easily be built in Canada designed by the most distinguished British experts, which would escape the heavy handicap of an ocean voyage, and so by courtesy of the captains of American excursion steamers a British yacht might meet the American champion in some future contest on equal terms.

English yachting men will not fail to appreciate this compliment to the skill of British yacht designers. John Gretton, Jr.

Niagara's Tanks.

The recent letter of Howard Gould to the Council of the Y. R. A. was considered at a meeting of the Association on Oct. 12, and the following reply was decided upon:

"Sir: I am directed by the Council of the Yacht Racing Association to acknowledge the receipt of a letter from you dated Sept. 28. I am to reply that the visit of their committee was made in the usual course, solely in consequence of the official measurer having in May, 1896, in the execution of his duty, reported to the Council that the yacht's water tanks were constructed together in such a manner that they might be used in shifting ballast.

"Notice of such visits is never given. The committee expected to find you on board, but hearing from the captain that you had gone to London a few minutes previously, they requested permission to inspect the water tanks, which was readily given. Their observation confirmed the report of the measurer, and they recommended to you, in writing, that the tanks should be disconnected, at the same time expressly disclaiming any imputation that the tanks were actually put to improper use.

"The Council fail to perceive that any discourtesy was displayed toward you; certainly none was intended. It is not necessary to enter into discussion of the other points raised by your letter. As you have thought fit to make your grievance public, it is proposed that this reply pass through the same channel. Dixon Kemp."

The case of the Earl of Dunraven's twenty-rater Audrey, which won the Dunraven challenge cup in the races held at Calshot under the auspices of the Castle Y. C. on Aug. 10, and was disqualified by the Castle Y. C. on the ground that the yacht was not qualified to race for a prize offered by her owner, was taken up and disposed of. The Association upheld the ruling of the Castle Y. C. and awarded the cup to Niagara, which finished second in the race.

The Association also decided that centerboards in future shall be measured at their greatest depth, so they will count in girth measurement the same as a fixed keel.

The rules for measuring yachts over 36ft. lineal rating were not changed, but the rules for the measurement of yachts under that length were altered.

The Improvement of Racing Rules.

It is one hopeful sign of the times in yachting that at last a general movement has set in for the amendment of racing rules, especially the measurement and classification rules; and that the agitation in this latter detail has at last taken the form of a proposal to limit in some way the extreme features which are doing so much to hurt yachting and yacht racing. The Larchmont Y. C. has already taken steps to impose arbitrary limits to draft and sail area in all classes, and the Seawanhaka, the New York and the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound are engaged in the consideration of the best changes that may be made.

A meeting of the race committee and several members of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. was held last week at the suggestion of Com. Rouse; the result of a long discussion of various proposals being a determination that the most desirable end was the amendment of the present rule by the addition of some factor tending to produce an increase of displacement and depth of body. The subject will be continued at future meetings.

Among the various proposals for temporary measures tending to promote racing among existing boats next season is one set forth by Irving Cox, of Gardner & Cox, the designers of Norota and Quissetta, as follows:

I understand that the race committee of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club have at present under consideration the advisability of reformulating the rule known as the Seawanhaka corrected length rule, governing the time allowance received by a smaller yacht from a larger one. I also understand that the proposed change is in no way on account of any failure of the rule between boats of the same general type as Colonia, Emerald, Amorita, Quissetta, representing the latest advance in design and construction, or as between Marguerite, Sachem, Mayflower, Sea Fox and Iroquois, representing the cruising class; but when boats of both types are raced together in one class a system of time allowance, based solely on waterline length and sail area, is manifestly inadequate and favors the boats of excessive draft and over all length.

When the formula, load waterline length, plus the square root of the sail area divided by two. equals the racing length, was evolved, racing yachts were radically different in model from the present canoe form, with weighted fin-like underwater body, and in order to bring the two types together in a race we must tax the excessive proportions of the newer boats, not to the extent of forcing any reversion of type, but simply to bring about a fair race between boats of practically equal size, although of unequal dimensions. Furthermore, the present type of racing yacht, while undoubtedly fast, has some very undesirable features. Comparing the models of the Iroquois and the Amorita, the former gives a good cruising boat, easy in a seaway and with proper distribution of weights to make her so. She also, thanks to her large keel line, will be steady running and will lay to well. She will have more cabin room than the other on very much less draft of water, and will cost a third less at least. The Amorita type is faster, it is true, but at what a cost. She has so great a metacentric height, in other words, her righting lever is so long and the weight at the ends so heavy, that she is practically dangerous in a seaway. Her lateral resistance is so centralized that when hove to there is danger from broaching to with every wave that strikes the long overhanging ends, and finally, she is in danger of grounding in most of our home ports, and cannot make Southern cruises on the same grounds.

As a result of comparing all the forms of the best known cruising and racing schooners of to-day, together with their records in races, I have evolved a formula, or rather an addition to the existing formula, which seems to fit the purpose I have had in view, namely, to encourage yacht racing without unduly taxing any element either of seaworthiness or of speed. I simply add to the present racing length a proportionate amount for every increase above the normal in draft, over all length and sail area. I find that a modern racing schooner's draft varies as 1.4 multiplied by the square root of the load waterline, and that a mean of existing boats gives a proportion of over all to load waterline length of 100 to 75, or for allowable over all length take 1.33 multiplied by load waterline length, and that a fair mean of the square root of the sail area is 1.05 multiplied by load waterline length, or, in other words, that the square root of the sail area is on the general average 5 per cent. more than the load waterline length.

Now, my contention is that up to these limits boats are fair and normal, and should pay no penalty for excess in dimensions, but that above these proportions boats are machines and abnormal, and should pay an extra penalty when racing with a normal and sensible type of boat. My formula for obtaining amount of said extra tax is as follows:

Let A equal excess of draft on 1.4 multiplied by the square root of the load waterline.

Let B equal excess of over all length above 1.33 multiplied by load waterline length.

Let C equal the excess of the square root of the sail area above 1.05 multiplied by load waterline length.

Then A multiplied by 3, plus B, plus C, plus the load waterline length, and the square root of the sail area divided by 2 equals the racing length.

Excess of depth has a value of six as against the value of one for excess of length and excess of the square root of the sail area, because depth and length are as six is to one, and inversely the square root of the sail area is supposedly equal to length in speed value.

To illustrate this point, compare the dimensions of Amorita and Iroquois. Amorita is, roughly speaking, 99ft. over all, 70ft. on the waterline. 13ft. draft, and 80 square root of the sail area. Her racing length is 75ft. Iroquois is 97ft. over all, 80ft. on the waterline, 10ft. draft, 84 square root of sail area, racing length 82ft.

The new formula for Amorita will be A equals excess of draft over 1.4 of the square root of the waterline equals 13 minus 1.4 multiplied by 8.367 equals 1.3. B equals excess of over all length above 1.33 multiplied by load waterline equals 99 minus 1.33 multiplied by 70, equals 5.90. C equals excess of square root of sail area above 1.05 multiplied by load waterline length equals 80 minus 1.05 multiplied by 70 equals 6.50.

Then the formula will work out as follows:

$$\frac{3.9+5.90+6.50+70+80}{2}=83.15=\text{racing length.}$$

The Iroquois has no excess of length over the dimensions that are suggested to get taxed and her racing length is the same under both rules.

On Oct. 8 a meeting of the council of the Y. R. U. took place, at which the following changes were proposed, to be submitted later on to the union:

That no special classes be recognized for the coming season, it being desirable to reduce the number of classes, which action, if adopted, will have the effect of making the 34ft. raters sail in the 36ft. class of sloops, the 30-raters in the regular 30ft. class, the 21-footers in the regular 25ft. class, the 1-raters in the regular 20ft. class, and the ½-raters in the regular 15ft. class.

That there be no time allowance from other yachts in their classes for yachts launched after Nov. 1, 1896, in order to encourage the building of yachts to the full limit of the classes.

That one-gun starts be generally adopted.

That if practicable a uniform starting hour be generally adopted, and that this hour be not later than noon.

That Wednesdays be accepted as racing days as well as Saturdays on account of the large number of races given on the Sound and the inadvisability of holding more than one race on the same day.

It was also decided to offer the following amendments to the racing rules:

An addendum to be added to the measurement rule providing for the measurement of yachts using jibheaded mainsails.

All yachts in the 30, 25, 20 and 15ft. classes to be measured with an empirical weight of 150lbs. aboard for each man aboard allowed for crew, but any yacht increasing her measurement beyond her class limit by the application of this rule to be considered as in her class, but time to be allowed on her actual racing length.

That the 80ft. class of sloops be abolished.

That the provision for allowing the use of shiftable ballast in certain classes of open yachts be done away with.

That there be no classes for open boats over 25ft. racing length, and no classes for cabin yachts of 20ft. racing length and under.

That the allowance for crew in the 36, 30 and 25ft. classes be reduced to seven, five and four men respectively, and that the allowance for crews in the schooner and large sloop classes be somewhat increased.

That racing numbers be placed upon the leech instead of the luff and near the peak of the mainsail.

That instead of allowing ten days for a yacht to file her official measurement, all yachts be officially measured and hold measurement certificates before being allowed to start.

That the signal for sailing the course in a reverse direction shall be flag "B" of the code displayed above the preparatory flag.

A. C. A. Membership.

Applications for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the Forest and Stream.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
John R. Blake	Galt, Ont.	—

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

On Sept. 25, during a gale on the English coast, Mr. J. A. Brand's 20-tonner Tina had a narrow escape from shipwreck in Portland Roads. On the preceding day she left Dartmouth with Mr. Brand aboard for Wivenhoe, on the east coast, to lay up, but was caught by the storm and put into Portland Harbor. With the wind from S.W., she was on a lee shore next morning, and when her second cable parted she was in great danger of drifting on the breakwater, but after much difficult work she was taken in tow by a tug and safely moored in Weymouth Harbor, having met with but trifling damage.

Margarita II., steam yacht, A. J. Drexel, is now at Cramp's yard for docking and painting, preparatory to a long cruise to the Mediterranean, thence through the Red Sea to China and back, in time for the spring regattas on the Riviera. The steam yacht May, recently purchased by Mrs. Sarah G. Fell, sister to Mr. Drexel, has fitted out at the Erie Basin dry docks, and will sail in company with Margarita for an extended cruise. Mrs. Fell's former yacht, Barracouta, has been laid up on the sale list at Tebo's.

Gnome, the Herreshoff 15-footer built this year for F. M. Hoyt, has been sold to Harold M. Faxon, of Quincy, Mass., who will refit her with a larger rig and race her in the class of 15 to 18ft. in the Massachusetts Y. R. A. As a 15-footer Gnome was a complete failure, but it may be that she is capable of improvement by alteration. Her weak point, like her older sister, Olita, was in windward work.

Seabury & Co., now of Morris Heights, will begin at once a steam yacht for Chas. Fleischmann, owner of the Hiawatha, built last winter by the firm. The new yacht will be 178ft. over all, 140ft. l.w.l., 21ft. beam, and between 11ft. and 12ft. draft, with steel hull. The yacht and her machinery will be designed as well as built by Seabury & Co.

At a meeting of the governors of the Penataquit Corinthian Y. C., of Bay Shore, L. I., it was decided to offer a cup costing $100 for the 15ft. class next season, to go to the yacht winning the greatest number of races in a series of seven, only club boats being eligible.

The suit of J. Montgomery Strong against the Atlantic Y. C. has been discontinued upon the consent of all parties and the injunction vacated. The matter has not yet been settled in the club.

Intrepid, steam yacht, Lloyd Phoenix, while at Southampton on Sept. 24, was fouled by another yacht during a gale, sustaining some damage. She is now, from all reports, on the Atlantic, bound for New York.

Arcturus, steam yacht, Rutherford Stuyvesant, was in a heavy gale off the English coast on Sept. 24, losing her lifeboat and jib, and damaging her cutter.

Sanibel, steam yacht, Rutherford Stuyvesant, has been sold through Manning's Agency to Chas. R. and Wallace B. Flint, who will use her at once in the Chesapeake.

The Racine Boat Manufacturing Co. has contracted to build a sixteen-mile steel steam launch for Gen. J. T. Torrance, to be 45ft. long and 8ft. beam.

Tacoma, sloop, has been sold by S. N. Small to Melbourne MacDowell, former owner of Cleopatra.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

Cincinnati, O., Oct. 4.—The members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association made to-day the scores given below on two separate targets. The conditions were: 200yds., off-hand, standard target, and 200yds., off-hand, at a 20-ring target, with 1in. rings counting from 1 to 20, the center ring, 2in. in diameter, counting 20. Some creditable scores were made on this target, and it seemed to give very general satisfaction. Scores:

Standard target:

Gindele.

6 6 10 6 9 8 9 10 9 10— 83 — 7 6 9 6 9 10 10 7 10 9— 83
9 9 8 9 7 8 8 7 10 10— 85 — 10 7 7 9 6 7 9 9 9 8— 81

Payne.

8 9 9 10 4 9 6 10 6 8— 79 — 10 8 7 7 8 9 10 7 6 5— 77
5 10 9 7 7 8 7 7 6 7— 73 — 6 8 10 8 8 6 5 7 5 8— 71

Trounstein.

5 9 5 5 7 5 6 9 5 8— 61 — 7 8 6 4 3 5 6 9 5 5— 58
7 4 5 6 8 4 4 6 4 8— 56 — 1 7 10 7 6 6 3 6 5 4— 55

Hake.*

8 5 8 5 6 6 4 4 5 9— 60 — 7 5 8 8 5 3 10 9 9 7— 71
5 4 8 5 6 6 5 7 4 7— 57 — 5 6 7 5 9 7 5 4 3 5— 56

Topf.

3 7 6 6 6 3 7 7 5 9— 59 — 6 5 8 4 7 7 8 6 2 4— 57
7 6 4 3 5 4 6 7 6 8— 56 — 5 10 3 5 3 6 5 6 2 7— 55

Strickmeier.

6 5 9 4 3 9 3 9 3 10— 60 — 4 9 5 4 6 9 3 8 7 4— 60
6 5 9 7 6 4 7 4 3 7— 58 — 6 5 5 3 7 8 4 5 0 5— 57

Hasenzahl.

8 8 6 7 10 7 5 9 7 9— 74 — 6 9 7 9 7 8 5 9 9 6— 74
5 6 10 8 7 7 6 7 6 10— 72 — 8 9 8 6 6 8 6 6 8 5— 70

Twenty-ring target:

Gindele.

17 18 19 19 17 15 20 20 18 19—182 — 17 18 19 19 14 19 20 18 18 17—179
18 19 20 16 16 14 17 18 20 17—175 — 18 18 16 16 16 16 14 18 18 15—165

Payne.

16 17 16 18 19 19 19 16 16 18—176 — 16 19 19 20 19 18 17 20 19 17—184
16 16 14 18 17 16 20 16 17 17—169 — 17 17 14 20 17 17 16 15 18 18—169

Topf.

18 10 13 14 12 8 9 20 10 17—132 — 6 17 10 10 19 15 14 17 7 13—128
14 8 16 11 13 17 16 9 17 4—123 — 5 15 10 8 10 5 4 14 16 7—100

Hasenzahl.

11 17 17 20 20 13 17 19 20 11—165 — 17 16 9 15 12 11 18 13 17 18—147
9 16 11 14 4 18 17 17 20 18—150 — 17 13 12 17 15 12 10 17 17 15—145

Strickmeier.

9 17 11 11 14 20 16 15 10 14—137 — 14 10 15 17 16 10 14 20 10 17—143
10 17 18 16 15 9 12 13 13 10—133 — 10 19 19 3 15 18 19 17 4 12—136

Lux.

10 14 16 15 15 13 19 13 7 16—138 — 17 19 15 16 11 17 9 17 16 12—147
9 15 18 17 17 12 12 15 10 14—139 — 8 15 20 20 6 14 17 11 14 13—138

Gibson.*

9 17 4 6 4 10 11 11 11 1— 84 — 7 19 15 16 10 15 8 4 18 18—130

Trounstein.

10 15 19 12 18 18 14 13 15 1—135 — 1 11 20 18 9 13 16 19 15 18—140

Hayes.*

19 1 7 1 10 6 1 10 8 8— 81

* Military rifle.

Revolver Shooting in New York City.

New York, Oct. 9.—The revolver contest which has been held at the gallery of the Knickerbocker Club, Forty-fifth street and Madison avenue, during the past ten days, has been brought to a conclusion. The prize was a hunting scene, by A. B. Frost; it was won by Dr. R. H. Tozier, who made 50 out of a possible 60. The conditions were: 40yds., standard target reduced for this distance, best 6 shots to count. Dr. J. A. Boyken was second with a score of 47. Other scores were: A. A. Cohen 45. W. J. Furness and H. E. Westberg 44, G. E. Grey 43, J. L. Ivey 41, H. J. Smith 40.

Mr. A. A. Cohen fired 40 shots with a .40cal. revolver, at 20yds.; the 4 targets of 10 shots each showed as follows: 91, 90, 91 and 92. This is the best on record so far as I know.

The revolver club shoots every Thursday evening. J. S. Conlin.

Calumet Heights Rifle Scores.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 3.—The rifle shooters of the Calumet Heights Gun Club shot their scores to-day in the regular weekly shoot, Norcom winning the medal in Class A and Miss Ervin in Class B. Scores:

Class A.—200yds., off-hand, standard target:

Paterson.....2032433222—23 Spalding.....0333033023—20
Norcom.....3344244430—31 Lamphere.....4233333433—31

Class B.—For ladies, 100yds., Creedmoor target, with rest:

Mrs Marshall.....3332353333—31 Miss Ervin.....5444434544—41

Patty.

Trap-Shooting.

FIXTURES.

Oct. 16-17.—Tacoma, Wash.—Tournament of the Washington State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Tacoma Rifle, Rod and Gun Club. G. H. Garrison, Sec'y.

Oct. 17.—Hackensack, N. J.—Fifth monthly shoot of the New Jersey Amateur Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Oritani Field Club.

Oct. 23-24.—Marion, N. J.—Merchandise shoot of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. Entries in 100-target handicaps close Oct. 22, to A. R. Strader, 371 New York avenue, Jersey City, N. J., or to Carl von Lengerke, 8 Murray street, New York city. Entries to be accompanied by $2 forfeit.

Oct. 26-27.—Liberty, Ind.—Tournament of the Red Owl Gun Club. Live birds and targets. R. A. Creek, Sec'y.

Oct. 27-28.—Elizabeth, N. J.—Eighth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club. First day, targets; second day, live birds.

Oct. 28-29.—Ironton, O.—Third annual tournament of the Iron City Gun Club. Targets.

Oct. 29.—Macon, Ga.—All-day shoot at live birds, under the auspices of the Macon Gun Club. F. C. Etheridge, Sec'y.

Oct. 29-30.—Dexter Park, L. I.—Tournament under the auspices of the Emerald Gun Club, of New York. First day, targets; second day, live birds.

Nov. 7.—Hackensack, N. J.—Cup contest, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club. C. O Gardiner, Sec'y.

Dec. 1-3.—Trenton, N. J.—Proposed contest for live-bird championship; 100 live birds per man, $100 entry. Under the management of Charles Zwirlein.

1897.

Jan. 4-5.—Prescott, Arizona.—Fourth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Prescott Gun Club. Roy Hill, Sec'y.

January.—San Antonio, Tex.—Second midwinter tournament, under the management of Oscar Guessaz, etc.

March 23-25.—New York City.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

April 15-17.—San Antonio, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

June (third week).—Cleveland, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The programme issued by the Iron City Gun Club, of Ironton, O., for its tournament, Oct 28-29, is not only artistically a success, but contains a schedule of events that ought to draw out all shooters in the vicinity of Ironton The Rose system of dividing purses will be adopted; in all 10 and 15-target events there will be three moneys; in all others there will be four moneys. Targets will be thrown at 2 cents each. The club's grounds are at Fifth and Oak streets. The programme for the first day consists of four 10-target events, $1 entrance; three 15-target events, $1 50 entrance; two 20-target events, $2 entrance, and one event at 25 targets, $2.50 entrance; a total of 150 targets, $15 entrance. On the second day, Oct. 29, there are only six events—a 10, two 15s, two 20s and a 25-target event, at an average entrance of 10 cents per target. The programme states that on this day "at 2 o'clock the match race will be shot between Capt. A. W. West and C. E. Verges, of Ohio, vs. Levi Stevens and Robert Clarke, of West Virginia, 50 live birds per man, for a stake of $400." Considerable interest is evinced in the outcome of the above match.

Mr. C. O. Gardiner, secretary of the Bergen County Gun Club, sends us the following communication in regard to offer of a silver cup, emblematic of the championship of New Jersey at targets: "A handsome silver challenge championship cup has been offered in the interest of trap-shooting in the State of New Jersey by G. O. Shields, editor and manager of *Recreation*. This trophy will represent the championship of the State of New Jersey, and members of all New Jersey clubs will be eligible to compete for it. The cup will be shot for under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club. At a meeting of that club held very recently it was agreed to hold the shoot for the state championship Nov. 7, notice of which date has already been given in Forest and Stream. The cup, which is a very handsome one, will be exhibited in a few days at Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 302 Broadway. Several of the well-known shots of the State have approved this method of deciding who is the real champion target shot of the State, and several representatives of leading clubs have promised their hearty support of this movement. The full conditions will be announced in a few days."

The postponed annual meeting of the Cobweb Gun Club, of New York city, was held on Friday evening last, Oct. 9, in the club's rooms, 2277 Third avenue. There was a fair attendance of members. The chair was taken by Vice-President P. F. McKeon at the request of President George Barker, who was also present. The officers elected for the ensuing twelve months are: President, A. C. Bage; Vice-President, Hon. R. Arnow; Treasurer, R. Hughes; Secretary, G. W. Thompson, Jr.; Captain, P. F. McKeon; Assistant Captain, M. B. McDonnell. The board of directors will be chosen at the next regular meeting of the club. A committee of three was appointed to consider the advisability of holding a tournament during the week of the Sportsmen's Exposition, the week commencing March 17, 1897, the committee to report at the next meeting. The club showed its appreciation of the services rendered the club in the past by its late captain, Fred L. Train, now of Boston, Mass., by unanimously electing him an honorary member of the club, an honor shared by only three members.

Jack Rogers, a resident of Newburgh, N. Y., makes an able assistant cashier and a capable newspaper man. He also has some of the essentials of a diplomat; he can remember faces; his failing is that he has a poor memory for names and doesn't know it. We were standing in the office of the United States Hotel at Newburgh, N. Y., talking to Byer, of Rochester, when in walked Mr. Rogers. "Hello, Robbins," said he, wringing our right hand warmly, "when did you get in?" Our look of distress warned him that he had made a mistake, so he hastened to apologize, adding: "I'm afraid you'll not feel complimented at my error?" Then the conversation lagged a moment while he thought again. This was the outcome of that thought: "How's the magautrap?" "It's all right," said we, somewhat mystified. "Got one with you?" was his next query. Then it flashed across us that we were Paul North! Jack Robbins and Paul North can settle this thing between themselves. We settled it with Rogers.

A two-days' tournament will be held at Dexter Park, L. I., Oct. 29-30. The first day's programme consists of ten events at targets; the total number of targets on the programme is 175, the entrance money being $17.50. A certain sum of money, ranging from $1 up to $6 in each event, is added to the purses, the amounts being graduated according to the number of entries. Targets will be thrown at 2 cents each; the Rose system of dividing purses will be adopted. On the second day there are three events at live birds. No. 1 is at 5 birds, $3, 28yds. rise, birds included in entrance fee; No. 2 is 7 birds, $5, birds included, 28yds. rise; No. 3, called for 12:30 P. M., is the Dexter Park handicap, 15 birds, $10, birds included, handicaps 25 to 31yds. If fifteen entries in this event, $10 added; if twenty entries, $15 added. Purses in all live-bird events will be divided on the Rose system. The shoot is given by Mr Lippack, proprietor of Dexter Park, under the auspices of the Emerald Gun Club, of New York city.

Mr. Fred E. Atkins, secretary of the gun club organized at Waterbury, Vt., on Friday, Oct. 9, sends us the following clipped from a daily paper of that city: "At the business meeting of the gun club last Friday evening the following officers were elected: President, Dr. G. S. Bidwell; Vice-President, Dr. J. T. Wheelock; Secretary and Treasurer, Fred Atkins. Directors: John Deal and C. M. Griffith; Captain, George Dumas. A practice shoot is to be held every Saturday afternoon." Mr. Atkins adds: "Above is a result of two of our members attending the Interstate Association's tournament at Burlington, Vt. We are a small club, but hope to grow."

Jack Fanning, the expert shot who left the Pacific slope last spring to come East and show us what he could do with Gold Dust powder, has returned to his home in the far West. Since he arrived in California he has made things very warm for those who had been left behind. At the annual tournament of the California State Sportsmen's Association he carried off pretty nearly everything in sight. On Oct. 2 he killed 41 live birds straight, winning the Gold Dust diamond medal with a score of 20 straight. Crittenden, Robinson and Feudner were next to him with 19 out of 20, Robinson losing his twentieth bird.

The Macon (Ga.) Gun Club will hold a shoot at live birds Oct. 29 The events, three in number, are open to all. No. 1 is at 5 birds, $3, 2 moneys, birds included; No 2 is at 10 birds, $7.50, birds included, 3 moneys; No. 3 is a 25-bird handicap, birds extra, 4 moneys, handicaps from 25 to 32yds. The Butt's gold medal, emblematic of the live-bird championship of the Macon Gun Club, will be awarded to the winner in this event. Only members of the club are eligible to compete for the medal. For any further particulars address F. C. Etheridge, secretary Gun Club, Macon, Ga.

W. G. Sergeant, of Joplin, Mo., sends us the following account of a shoot between two-men teams from Weir City, Kan., and Joplin, that took place recently: "We take off our hats to Weir City. You will notice that I gracefully brought up the rear. Conditions: 100 targets per man, unknown angles, $50 per team. Scores: Weir City—C. H. Calhoun 96, W. W. McIlhany 95—191; Joplin—Cox 92, Sergeant 85—177." Sergeant now knows how it feels to be at the tail end of a procession. It is very seldom that he gets a chance to have such an experience.

J. L. Lequin, secretary of the Hazard Powder (Blue Ribbon) Company, tried his 'prentice hand at targets at the Newburgh shoot. His scores do not appear in our tables—for cause After shooting in two 20-target events he withdrew, expressing his intention of holding a tournament by himself and for himself, donating as a special prize a full-fledged incubator.

Shooters in the vicinity of New York should not forget the prize shoot of the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., to be held on the Marion grounds, Oct. 23-24. The management of the club is working hard to make the shoot the success it should be, and the inducements it offers ought to draw a large attendance of amateurs. Entries for the handicap events (a 100-target handicap event each day), accompanied by $2, the price of the targets, should be made not later than Oct. 22 to Carl von Lengerke, 8 Murray street, New York city, or to A. R. Strader, 371 New York avenue, Jersey City, N. J. Either of the above named gentlemen will be glad to furnish any further information that may be asked for.

On Saturday, Oct. 5, the 5-men team of the South Side Gun Club, of Milwaukee, Wis., tried to beat the high total already put up by the Waukesha team in the contest for the Burnham medal. The trial took place at the Lake Station grounds, but was unsuccessful, the scores only aggregating 123 out of 150, a good team total, but not high enough to set a new record for the medal. The scores were: Johnson 28, Holtz 27, Seefeld 25, Drought 22 and Milbrath 21. Each man shot at 30 targets.

At the weekly shoot of the Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo, N. Y., held on Saturday, Oct. 5, 18 members took part in the club shoot. C. S. Burkhardt won the badge in Class A with 22 out of 25. The winners in the B and C classes were respectively J. J. Reid, with 19 breaks, and McCarney, with 21. The Audubon Club's grounds are now under the management of Mr. Garby. The annual prize shoot of the club was held on Saturday last, Oct. 10.

Fixtures for next season come in slowly. It begins to look as if we were to have a respite from big tournaments in 1897. Probably one of the largest affairs of the kind to be held next year will be the one at Syracuse, N. Y., to be held under the auspices of Mr. Jenkins, of the Syracuse *Herald* Mr. Jenkins is already planning great things for this shoot, and it may be taken for granted that no mistake will be made in drawing up an attractive programme.

Attached to a copy of the score of the Claridge-Malone match for the Du Pont trophy, sent us by H. P. Collins, of the Du Pont Powder Co., was the following note: "Claridge accepts Roll's challenge, and 147 challenges the winner of that race." That means that George Roll, of Blue Island, Ill., will have to come to Baltimore to shoot Claridge for the trophy, and that John L. Winston, of the Austin Powder Co., will tackle the winner of that match.

Elmer E. Shaner has been considerably under the weather since the State shoot at Harrisburg, having been confined to his bed for several days. In a personal letter to us, written Oct. 8, he says: "This is my first appearance at my desk since my return from Harrisburg" Mr. Shaner was far from being a well man at the commencement of the shoot, and the heavy rain that prevailed on Sept. 29 undoubtedly had a good deal to do with the above attack of sickness.

The fifth shoot of the New Jersey Amateur Trap-Shooters' League will be held on Saturday next, Oct. 17, on the grounds of the Oritani Field Club, Hackensack, N. J. Sweepstake shooting will commence at 10 A. M., League team race at 2 P. M. sharp Take trains from Erie depot to Central avenue, Hackensack, or New York, Susquehanna & Western to Hackensack. Two sets of traps will be in position.

In the programme issued for the tournament at Dexter Park, L. I., to be held under the auspices of the Emerald Gun Club, of New York, a mistake was made in the names of the officers of the club. The officers who look after the welfare of that club are: President, Louis Schortemeier; Vice-President, Frank Lawrence; Secretary, Dr. G. V. Hudson, 9 Madison street, New York City; Treasurer, John H. Moore.

On the second day of the Paris, Ill., tournament, Oct. 2, the team race between teams from Paris, Terre Haute, Maitoon and Charleston resulted in a win for the teams in order named above. The Paris men scored 105 to 99, 92 and 88 respectively. The scores of the Paris team were: Draper 24, Smith 24, Davis 23, Kerns 20, Postner 14; total 105.

On his return from the shoot at Baltimore last week, Elliott expressed himself in regard to Claridge's capabilities as a live-bird shot as follows: "They rather underrate that young man's capabilities. He's a rattling good shot on live birds, and can make anybody hustle to beat him."

A short time ago Adrian C. Anson and McPherson, the latter a member of the Pittsburg (Pa.) Gun Club, shot a race at 50 live birds on the Davis Island grounds, at Pittsburg. McPherson beat the ball player by the score of 47 to 44. McPherson ran his first 25 straight.

The Independent Gun Club, of Reading, Pa., will probably hold a big tournament at targets and live birds some time early in the spring of '97. A substantial sum of added money will be hung up for the boys to go after.

The Elizabeth (N. J.) Gun Club's eighth bi-monthly tournament will be held on Oct. 27-28. Targets the first day and live birds on the second day.

Oct. 13. EDWARD BANKS.

Martinsburg Shooting Association.

MARTINSBURG, W. Va., Oct. 7.—The Martinsburg Shooting Association held a tournament yesterday and to-day. There was a good attendance at the shoot, and much interest was taken in the decision of each event. To-day a special event at 25 targets was on the programme; the winner in this event was to be entitled to the honor of claiming the championship at targets of Frederick and Washington counties, Md., and Jefferson and Berkeley counties, W. Va. The event, which is No. 1 in the table of scores given below, resulted in a well-earned victory for C. A. Smith, a member of the Frederick Gun Club, with the score of 23 out of his 25. A strong wind blew over the traps during the day, making high scores extremely hard to secure. The scores made to-day were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	*25*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*10*	*15*
W H League	14	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	9
C J Weaver	16	..	..	7	7	..	..	..	10	8	7
E P Mantz	22	13	18	..	14	14	14	14	10	6	12
J Hanshew	11	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	6	..
H W Ankenny	16	..	..	6	11	..	9	..	12	9	..
R Burkhart	13	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	11
J T Miller	9	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	3	12
*F M Phoebus	22	12	15	8	11	17	14	14	..	..	..
J Custer	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..
R Gibson	20	..	14	7	..	..	14	8	..	5	14
C A Smith	23	15	20	8	11	15	11	10	12	8	13
H L Smith	13	11	13	6	10	..	..	9	..	3	..
A Oden	18	..	..	3	8	..	..	..	5	6	6
W A Spickler	11	11	7	5	..	7	3	10	..	7	..
Harry Little	14	13	15	..	13	14	10	..	11	..	11
Capt M J Billmyer	..	13	17	..	11	14	..	8	..	..	..
R L Trimble	..	..	16	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Oct. 7.—The regular weekly shoot of the Lynchburg Gun Club was held to-day. The contest for the Silverthorne badge was event No. 3. Moorman won the badge with 22 out of 25. Scores:

	No. 1:	No. 3:
Nelson	1111110111011011010011011—18	1011110101101011011111100—17
Terry	1111001110011011101101110—17	0111111011001111001101111—18
Dornin	1111111011011011111101110—20	1111111111101111101011110—21
Scott	1101111011001101011111111—19	1001111001010111011111111—18
Moorman	1111110101101111101110111—20	1111110111111111101111011—22
Miller	1011001110100111011110111—17	1001100111100110101101111—16
	No. 2:	No. 4:
Nelson	1111101110011111001010011—17	1111111101111001100111110—19
Terry	1011100111101010101101101—16	1111101011111101101111110—20
Dornin	1111111111101010111111111—22	1101111111001110111111110—20
Scott	0101101101010011011111111—17	1110011101011101011111111—19
Moorman	1111011110101011111111111—21	1011100111110101011111111—19
Miller	1011110101011101111111111—19	1100011100101010101111111—16

F. M. D.

Cobweb Gun Club.

NEW YORK, Oct. 10.—Below are the scores made to-day by members of the Cobweb Gun Club in the contests for the club medals and the President's cup:

	Class A. Medal shoot.	Tie.	President's cup.
E Miller	01112—4	202222—5	202222 w
C Zorn	22220—4	202202—4	202202 w
G Nichols	00212—3	.....	1212222—7
F A Kerker	01200—2	.....	.....
	Class B.		
McDonnell	1111•—4	.....	010 w
A Elliott	01021—3	.....	011211—5
	Class C.		
Purdy	10210—3	.....	.....
	Class Z.		
Bage	12101—4	.....	.....
R Hughes	00001—1	.....	.....

GEO. W. THOMPSON, JR., Sec'y.

In New Jersey.

AT ELKWOOD PARK.

Sept 30.—There was only a small gathering of shooters at Elkwood Park to-day, but those who put in an appearance got all the shooting they could ask for. Nine events in all, besides a match at 10 birds, were decided. All the 10-bird races were $10 entrance, and all the 5-bird events were $5 entrance; each event was "high guns." Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Birds:	*10*	*7*	*5*	*5*	*5*	*5*	*10*	*10*	Birds:	*10*	*7*	*5*	*5*	*5*	*5*	*10*	*10*
P Daly, Jr.	9	6	..	..	..	..	7	7	A Loening	6	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
W Patten	8	5	2	3	5	5	..	6	Seymour	..	..	..	4	5	5	5	5
E G Murphy	7	7	..	..	..	..	9	10	B W Singer	..	..	..	3	3	3	3	..

In another event at 10 birds Murphy and Daly divided with 9 kills each

Walter Patten and B. W. Singer shot a match at 10 birds, Singer winning by 4 birds.

ORITANI FIELD CLUB.

Oct. 10.—No withstanding reports to the contrary the Oritana Field Club held their monthly shoot Saturday for the club cup. This is a handicap event of 50 targets. The following gentlemen entered: Messrs. Sloan, Henderson, Blauvelt, Snyder, Banta, G. P. Ricardo Wm. Ricardo, G. Ricardo, Smith, Conklin and Holberton. Mr Banta, with a handicap of 9, and Holberton, with 10, tied for first place with a total of 50. The tie will be shot off on Saturday, Oct. 24. The following sweeps were shot during the afternoon:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*	Targets:	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*
Smith	8	..	..	..	R Snyder	10	9	6	6
G P Ricardo	15	9	10	..	T Barow	11	8	6	..
J Conklin	11	9	..	..	B auvelt	..	5	7	8
J H Sloan	10	..	..	..	G Ricardo	..	..	6	7
J W Holberton	11	7	7	7					

During the afternoon John L Brewer gave an exhibition of target breaking, scoring 49 out of 50 targets. The targets were all well centered. This expert shooting was loudly applauded by those present. The day was most unfavorable for good scores, as there was a strong northeast wind, amounting to almost a gale, blowing in the face of the shooters.

The club shows its progressive spirit by providing two sets of traps for its next league shoot, which occurs Saturday, Oct. 17. This will enable those who do not shoot on the team to continue sweepstake shooting while the team shoot is in progress. J. W. HOLBERTON.

FORESTER GUN CLUB, OF NEWARK.

Oct 10.—The Forester Gun Club, of Newark, held its regular shoot to-day. The scores made by the seven members present were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Jewell	7	8	7	8	8	8	7	..	Dr Cummi'gs	6	7	5	9	7	9	8	7
D Fleming	6	8	6	7	6	8	..	..	Wambold	..	..	..	8	8	..	..	..
Winans	3	6	..	..	2	3	3	5	C Smith	..	..	..	..	8	7	7	8	9
T Smith	10	8	7	8	6	7	7	8									

Nos. 1 and 4 were at known angles; Nos. 3, 5 and 7 at unknown angles; Nos. 2, 6 and 8 at reversed order. H. E. WINANS.

ARLINGTON SHOOTING ASSOCIATION.

Oct 7.—Inclosed are scores made by members of the Arlington Shooting Association at their regular monthly shoot held to-day. Didn't I tell you that Tony Schuler would be all right when he shot a good gun and W-A powder? Scores in the club event were:

A Schuler	01101	11011	11010	11111	11110—19
M Herrington	11011	10110	11100	10111	11111—19
W W Keyler	01101	11010	11100	11110	11011—17
J Sickles	11010	01110	01010	11100	11101—15
J L Simpson	11001	11010	11010	11110	01000—14

M. HERRINGTON.

BERGEN COUNTY GUN CLUB.

Oct. 10.—The shooters of the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, were disappointed to-day when, at 3 P. M., Capt. Smith, of the Maplewood Gun Club, appeared with a four-men team to shoot the first of a series of three races, twelve men a side. The Be gen County men had a full team on the grounds and expected a hard brush with their guests. Captain Smith found it impossible to muster his men, so many had gone game shooting. The race was postponed and will probably be shot next month. Notwithstanding this mishap a pleasant afternoon's shooting of sweepstakes was enjoyed by the twenty or more who took part during the afternoon. Near the close of the day two teams were chosen by Louis H. Schortemeier on one side and T. Bell on the other. Shorty's team won by several birds.

During the entire afternoon the wind blew half a gale, and the targets were thrown fast and low, making the shooting very difficult.

Several of those present congratulated President Bell on behalf of the club in securing a handsome silver challenge cup, which will represent the championship of the State of New Jersey.

The team race above mentioned resulted as follows:

Schorty's team: Schorty 24, Brewer 24, Canfield 21, Smith 19, Banta 18, Drake 16—122.

Bell's team: Apgar 20, Dallett 19, Bell 18, Griffiths 18, Capt. Money 16, Beatty 15—106.

Capt. A. W. Money and President Bell shot a race at 25 targets, the result being a tie with 23 breaks each.

Scores in the sweepstake events were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*10*	Targets:	*10*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*10*
Dudley	7	14	7	9	17	..	..	Canfield	..	..	..	8	15	10	6
Beatty	8	9	9	11	14	11	8	Drake	..	..	..	11	..	11	3
Capt Money	8	12	8	10	11	10	..	Dallett	..	..	..	7	10	6	4
Cruger	3	9	2	4	..	..	8	Smith	..	..	..	10	14	11	5
Bell	8	14	7	14	15	13	9	Lewis	..	..	..	7	..	..	..
Schorty	8	9	8	13	15	12	8	Lefferts	..	..	..	8	..	..	..
Apgar	10	13	8	14	16	13	7	Ellison	..	..	..	..	16	..	..
Remsen	7	11	6	9	18	..	..	Banta	..	..	..	..	..	10	9
James	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	Wanda	..	..	..	..	..	10	..
B Johnson	..	..	6	3	10	3	4	Edwards	..	..	..	..	..	11	8
Linson	..	..	3	6	..	..	..	Brown	..	..	..	..	..	15	..

C. O. GARDINER, Sec'y.

On Long Island.

EUREKA ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Sept. 29.—The Eureka Rod and Gun Club held its first live-bird shoot for this season on the Bay Side grounds, L. I., this afternoon. The weather was rather wild, there being a strong wind across the traps that aided the birds very much. Beaumont, Worthley and Wunderlich made clean scores in the club event, which was at 7 birds. On the shoot-off for the badge, miss-and out, Beaumont won on the second round. Scores:

J J Beaumont (27)	2222222—7	Dr Jelliffe (26)	0220222—5
H Wunderlich (27)	2111211—7	W H Rydesburg (25)	0022110—4
J G Worthley (27)	2122122—7	H A Nolan (26)	1011000 3
C P Herbert (28)	2210111—6	A J Reinecker (26)	1020200—3
P Ulrich (27)	1110212—6	J Anderson (26)	0010002—2
C T Morrissey (28)	1022102—5		

BERGEN ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Oct 3.—The fourth competition for the trophy offered by the president of the Bergen Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, for competition among the members of the club, took place this afternoon on the club's grounds at Flatlands. The event is a handicap, 15 live birds per man. Capt. Hamilton, R. J. Frazer and R. W. O'Brien tied for the trophy on 14 kills each. On the shoot-off, miss-and out, Capt. Hamilton won on the 5th round. Scores:

Capt. James W. Hamilton (28) 14, Robert J. Frazer (26) 14, Richard W. O'Brien (27) 14, Robert J. Valentine (30) 13, Philip H. Myles (29) 13, Andrew T. Morrey (26) 11, Louis G. Jenkins (26) 9, Thomas L. Murphy (26) 7, Nelson T. Ellery (26) 5.

CONEY ISLAND ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Oct 7.—Twelve members of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club took part in the regular monthly live-bird shoot of the club, held to-day at Dexter Park. Henry Knobel, Jr., won the club badge with the only straight score. Ex-Judge James B. Voorhees was second with 6. The fact that only 2 out of the 12 shooters could score better than 5 out of 7 speaks volumes for the quality of the birds supplied to the club. Scores:

H Knobel, Jr (30)	1211221—7	Dr Raynor (26)	2021210—5
J B Voorhees (29)	2012222—6	H McLaughlin (27)	0002211—4
T Lewis (30)	2220102—5	W Hughes (27)	2000212—4
W Rial (29)	1100112—5	Dr Van Ord (27)	0232001—4
W R Allen (28)	0202222—5	F McLaughlin (27)	2002021—4
J Lotersen (28)	1120210—5	J E Lake (28)	0011001—3

WOODSIDE ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Oct. 7.—The Woodside Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, held its club shoot to-day. The club event is at 7 live birds. J. W. Colgan, J. J. O'Brien and S. P. Schleuter tied for first place with straight scores. On the shoot-off, miss-and-out, Colgan won on the fourth round, scoring 4; O'Brien scored 3 and Schleuter 2. Scores:

James W. Colgan (28) 7, Edward V. Kent (29) 6, Henry P. Smith (26) 5, James J. O'Brien (28) 7, Ulysses V. O'Connor (26) 5, A. J. Henderson (26) 5, James R. Semon (26) 3, James W. Heaney (26) 4, Henry P. Cummings (26) 6, Samuel P. Schleuter (28) 7, Edward S. Morris (26) 6 William H. Hunt (26) 4.

UNKNOWN GUN CLUB.

Oct 3.—The Unknown Gun Club, an organization that is getting to be quite formidable in numbers, met to-day at Dexter Park for its regular monthly live-bird shoot. The club event is at 7 live birds, handicap rise. In this event E A. Vroome and A. C. Rankin tied for first place with straight scores. Below are given the scores of the 21 members who competed in that event:

E A Vroome (28)	2111111—7	Louis Kolb (25)	0101111—5
A C Rankin (23)	2122111—7	Robt Smith (25)	0121220—5
Wm Sands (29)	2202222—6	Richard Tinke (25)	1010120—4
J B Vorhees (27)	1101211—6	John Bohling (26)	0101001—3
A B Jennings (27)	2111022—6	John Vogt (25)	0021001—3
P J Sweeney (27)	1011111—6	John Akhurst (23)	2100010—3
J Knebel (25)	1211102—6	H von Staden (23)	0010101—3
Ed Kane (25)	2101112—6	Wm Quick (23)	1100002—3
M Brown (28)	2011110—5	Ed Hauff (25)	0020020—2
H Boemmermann (28)	1101101—5	Wm Roth (23)	010w
W A Skidmore (25)	1201220—5		

THE CUCKOOS AT ROCKAWAY PARK.

Oct. 9.—A few members of the Cuckoo Social Club, of Rockaway Park, together with some friends, opened the trap-shooting season at the club's grounds this afternoon. Eddie Bourke, the captain of the club, was on hand, and with his inimitable good humor, together with his capacity for executive work, kept the boys shooting until it was time to take the train for the city or stop all night at Rockaway Park. Five events were shot, the first being at 15 targets "for love." The next was a 50-target handicap, an allowance of misses as breaks being awarded the less expert shots. In this event Edwards was placed at scratch, the others receiving the following allowances of misses as breaks: Lewis 1, Dudley 2, Heyer 8, Bernard and Law 10, E. Bourke and Stone 12, Coleman 13 and Jones 15. These figures, added to the totals in the table below, give first money to Lewis with 46, second money to Law and Heyer with 43, and third money to Dudley with 42.

The third event was similar in conditions to the above. The handicaps were revised as follows: Edwards and Lewis, scratch; Dudley 2, Heyer 7, Law 9, E. Bourke 13, Bernard 14, Coleman 20. With his handicap Bourke won first money with a total of 46; Edwards and Law divided second with 45; Lewis and Bernard third with 43. Scores in all events were as below, each event being at unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5			
Targets:	*15*	*50*	*50*	*25*	*25*	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
T Lewis	13	45	43	..	..	115	101	87.8
Edwards	14	41	45	21	24	165	145	87.8
W Bernard	6	28	29	10	20	165	93	56.3
F Law	7	33	36	17	..	140	93	66.4
E Dudley	13	40	39	..	..	115	92	80
E Bourke	9	29	33	..	..	115	71	61.7
J Stone	6	27	..	..	..	65	33	50.7
H Meyer	10	35	32	..	..	115	77	66.9
F Coleman	9	19	17	..	..	115	45	39.1
J Jones	..	26	..	..	..	50	26	52

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Oct. 10.—Only six members of the New Utrecht Gun Club put in an appearance at the Dyker Meadow grounds this afternoon. Donley Deacon did some good shooting, winning the Hegeman badge with 15 straight and the club shoot also after a shoot-off with M. Van Brunt. In that shoot both Deacon and Van Brunt scored 23 each; shooting off the tie Deacon broke 24 to Van Brunt's 22. Scores:

	Club Shoot.	Hegeman Badge.
D Deacon (A)	11101011111111111111111—23	111111111111111—15
M Van Brunt (A)	11111101110111111111111—23	111111011110011—12
P Adams (A)	11111011110011011101111111—20	101110111111110—12
J Gaughen (A)	01101100111111111010110 11—18	111011101011001—10
A A Hegeman (A)	01100111111100100101101 01—15	111001111000100— 8
C Cowperthwait (C)	00100000100111000011000110— 9	001000001100100—*4

* Did not shoot his handicap allowance.

The following sweeps, all 10-target events at unknown angles, were also shot:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Deacon	7	9	5	9	..	..	Hegeman	5	3	4	3	6	7
Adams	9	8	8	7	6	6	Van Brunt	9	10	7	7	8	5
Gaughen	8	7	9	6	..	..	Cowperthwait	5	5	4	4	..	..

G. E. POOL, Sec'y.

Dr. Tiffany's Powder.

THE following letter from the American E. C. Powder Co. was received too late for publication in our issue of Oct. 10. In his answer to Dr. Tiffany's communication, in our issue of Oct. 3, the secretary of the E. C. Powder Co., Noel E. Money, quotes from two letters, the originals of which he incloses for our perusal. Mr. Money's letter is as follows:

OAKLAND, Bergen County, N. J., Oct. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Dr. Tiffany begins by quoting a proverb about lies, but fails to point out where any lie comes in in our letter.

We inclose Dr. Tiffany's first letter of Aug. 12, where he says in substance that if we will kindly send him a can of powder he will introduce it to the members of his gun club if he likes it, and then enumerates his powers as a shooter and "introducer" of powder; but there is nothing about "ordering in quantity."

This bleeding of the manufacturer and the sportsmen's newspaper by puffing or condemning goods over a *nom de plume* has gone on long enough.

Dr. Tiffany calls it a "legitimate business transaction," for reasons which are rubbish, when he says: "Few trap shots buy a new nitro until they have a chance to try it." If that were the case, trap shots would indeed be fortunate, for with the number of new nitros that have come out during the last two years they could get enough powder for nothing to last them the season; Dr. Tiffany is wrong there, for most amateur trap shots prefer to pay for what they use. If Dr. Tiffany carries out this rule with equal success at drug stores, he could get enough medicine to last his lifetime, and ought never to pay for anything at all except beef and mutton, which are not manufactured in new grades at present.

We must congratulate Dr. Tiffany on his success as a powder puffer and trust that he will not give "E. C." many black eyes over his *nom de plume* when he next writes powder articles.

THE AMERICAN "E. C." POWDER CO., LTD.
NOEL E. MONEY, Sec'y.

As a matter of fact, Dr. Tiffany's principles in regard to the testing of new powders would, if carried into other lines as suggested by Mr. Money, lead to something entirely new and profitable to all consumers, but equally unprofitable to manufacturers. For instance, Huyler receives a note in his mail to the following effect:

"Dear Sir—Please send me a box of your best candies. I have never tried them, but am willing to give them a test. I have considerable standing at church sociables, and will, if suited, be able to do you much good and probably will be able to send you orders for candy in quantity later. Yours truly," etc.

A similar letter reaches Horton, asking for ice cream. Both letters of course are considered favorably, and the recipient has a free blow-out with results that necessitate the instant dispatch of the following note to the nearest drug store: "Please give bearer a box of your best pills. If I find on trial that they are all you represent them to be, I shall be glad to recommend them to my friends, and will unquestionably, owing to my social and political standing, be able to do you much good, and in all probability will be sending you orders for pills in bulk before long. Yours truly," etc.

In a day or two the same drug store receives a note to the following effect: "Please give bearer at once some plasters suitable for stomach trouble. Your pills were everything you said they were, and I have been able to give them favorable mention when speaking of my present trouble to my friends and family. If your plasters prove half as satisfactory as your pills, you will have no cause to complain of lack of advertisement and pecuniary benefit through neglect of mine. Yours truly," etc.

Suppose that "Yours truly" does not get the better of his attack, but succumbs to the inevitable. Caskets and tombstones might be obtained by the stricken family on the same lines as "new nitros" are said to be obtained by trap shots. "Orders for caskets in quantity if the sample sent is satisfactory" would make an undertaker smile—something he should never do.

But Dr. Tiffany seems to ignore, or to be unconscious of, the fact that to send in an advertisement to a journal under the guise of a public communication is a deception. That it is, in short, a dishonest action. Without any reference to any one in particular, we know such things have been done, and it always impressed us as a peculiar phase of such transactions that to the principals it seemed all right that a man should, under a deception, work off an advertisement and collect the remuneration therefor.

The other gentlemen to whom Dr. Tiffany would recommend the powder between times, when not busily engaged using samples, have just as good right to ask for samples as he has; *ergo*—all men have a right to ask for samples.

A consideration of the depths into which this "sample" idea might lead us induces us to break off the point of our pencil and quit work.

In the report of the Cambridge, Vt., tournament which appeared in our issue of Oct. 10, an error was made in the total of breaks made by Mr. E. A. Worthen, of Burlington, Vt. The scores show 61 breaks, not 55. Mr. Ellsworth asks us to make the above correction.

Pawtuxet Gun Club.

PAWTUXET, R. I., Oct. 1.—The following scores show the result of the last eight weeks' shooting of the Pawtuxet Gun Club, and practically winds up the trap-shooting around here until next year, when we confidently expect to see a better trap-shooting season than we have had here in twelve years, although we are barred from shooting live birds in this State.

Eight weekly shoots for 12 Frost shooting scenes, 25 targets, unknown angles; best 4 to win; 2 classes, 3 prizes in each:

Class A.	Aug. 8.	Aug. 15.	Aug. 22.	Aug. 29.	Sept. 5.	Sept. 12.	Sept. 19.	Sept. 26.	Total.
W H Sheldon	17	20	24	23	21	19	17	20	88
E C Whitaker	..	20	20	19	..	22	..	18	81
S F Wilson	14	19	23	..	..	17	18	19	79
S D Greene, Jr	15	..	..	15	18	19	19	13	71
W H Waterman	17	17	16	..	17	13	10	..	67
W H Mooney	18	13	..	16	16	10	..	..	63
L P Chapman	16	13	..	8	..	..	..	..	37
F Hammond	13	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	24
C Adams	..	.	14	19	..	..	..	..	33
P H Randall	..	..	18	..	..	..	..	..	18
H B Randall	..	..	18	..	..	..	..	..	18
J C Lamb	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	14
F L Cory	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	17
S A Tucker	..	..	..	..	21	..	..	..	21
W Brown	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	16
H M Heflin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	15
R Levaley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	10
T Brown	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8
S Brownell	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	16	33
Class B.									
A B Hawkins	15	13	..	17	15	22	21	13	75
F Graves	16	14	16	20	16	..	..	15	68
F Arnold	16	8	14	12	15	8	16	20	67
H Badmington	8	15	8	15	13	13	12	14	57
J Armstrong	15	..	15	12	7	10	8	..	52
W O King	9	15	..	11	12	10	12	10	50
W Hawkins	5	6	8	8	..	..	14	..	36
A L Andrews	8	..	..	11	..	..	6	..	25
H H Horton	13	9	10	8	..	..	..	..	40
J Cann	8	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	12
F Sherman	4	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	8
G Cann	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	12
J Horton	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	7
H B Bain	..	..	11	10	12	9	10	10	43
C E Kenyon	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	8
D B Dennis	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	6
E L Fuller	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	11
Fessenden	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	8
F Barber	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	6

The club will hold an all-day shoot on Thanksgiving Day.

W. H. S.

The Newburgh Tournament.

THE annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association, of Newburgh, N. Y., was held Oct. 7-9. The club was favored by excellent weather for the time of year. The air breathed at the grounds, about two miles out of the city, had in it a touch of the woods that made one's thought turn at once to ruffed grouse and woodcock. It is quite likely that the open season on these birds did something toward keeping down the attendance. Nobody should be blamed for preferring a day in the woods with a good dog to a day's sport at the traps with either inanimates or live birds.

On the subject of the attendance at this shoot, something should be said as to how the "professionals barred" clause in the programme worked. Running over the list of names in the tables of scores given below, it is hard to find any new ones; they are all, or nearly all, regular habitues of the Newburgh tournaments, and come there to shoot twice a year, spring and fall, just as regularly as the canvasbacks make their trips north and south at the same seasons of the year. Outside of L. V. Byer and Dr. Weller, of Rochester, and, we believe, Mr. Cutler, the names of those who shot on the first day in any number of events are names of shooters whose faces are as well known at tournaments on the Newburgh grounds as those of David Brown, the president of the club, and George "Boxer" Taggart, the referee, whose size precludes any idea of disputing his decision.

On the other hand, where were Glover and E. D. Fulford, Jim Elliott, Bartlett and Van Dyke? The "professionals barred" clause can be quoted as reason enough for their absence. Heikes was there on both days, making many new friends and cementing old ties by shooting through the entire programme of 400 targets without the shadow of a chance of coming out a cent to the good, but on the contrary of paying $2 per hundred for his targets. The latter expense he was not put to, the club inviting Heikes to break as many targets as he could out of the 400, without a cent being taken from him for those targets. Jack Winston came up on the second day, but rather late, and shot along "for birds" in the balance of the events undecided when he came on the grounds.

The Rose system of dividing purses was used, and gave the most thorough satisfaction. It has come to stay in this section of the country, and will, if given a fair trial, always come out on top. President Brown of course acted as cashier and paid out the moneys as promptly as ever. In speaking about the Rose system Mr. Brown said that it was so much easier to figure out the purses under that system than under the old one that he hoped never to have to tackle the old one again. On a hook in front of his desk in the cashier's office hung a copy of FOREST AND STREAM of July 11, well thumbed, but still in the ring. It was opened at the page on which is given in full the only description of the workings of the Rose system, with an example, that has ever been given in the columns of any sporting paper. "That's what makes it so easy," said Mr. Brown, pointing to the page above mentioned. The assistant cashier, entry clerk, squad hustler, etc., was Jack Rogers, of the staff of the *American Angler*, familiarly called Whiskers by his chief, Dave Brown. The scoring, pulling and refereeing was divided up among many hands, and it was only right that it should have been done that way, as it was far too cold to ask one man to stand out all day and perform any one of the duties referred to. The trappers of the club are a first-class set of men, active, strong and well able to take care of the traps; under the leadership of Gil they kept the empire traps and targets going fast enough to please everybody. Balks were nothing like as numerous as we have often seen them at small tournaments.

The catering of Jake Gedney was nothing new. Mr. Gedney never gave one of his guests a poor meal; he has a rule that the best is none too good for them, and he acts up to that rule in a manner that puts to shame nine out of every ten men who cater for trap-shooters at tournaments. A good pair to draw to would be Jake Gedney, of Gedney's Hotel, and Nate Astfalk, of Oakwood Inn, Elizabeth, N. J.; we could easily make it "trips" by adding Charlie Zwirlein, of Yardville, N. J., to the above pair.

Among those present at the shoot were: Rolla O. Heikes, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company; Ed Taylor, of Laflin & Rand Powder Company; Mrs. M. F. (Wanda) Lindsley, of the King's Smokeless Powder; Justus von Lengerke, of Von Lengerke & Detmold, the U. S. agents for Schultze; J. L. Lequin, secretary of the Hazard Powder Company; John L. Winston, representing the Austin Powder Company, of Cleveland, O.; J. A. H. Dressel, of the U. M. C. Company, and of Bartley & Graham's, New York City; U. M. C. Thomas, the Union Metallic Cartridge Company's expert, of Bridgeport, Conn.; W. L. Colville, who, under the name of Dick Swiveller, showed the boys that he could make a straight or two with Gold Dust, etc. The lay brethren were represented by J. T. Mascroft and V. D. Kenerson, members of the Worcester, Mass., Sportsmen's Club; L. V. Byer and Dr. Weller, of Rochester, N. Y.; J. Ogde , of Warwick, N. Y.; Dr. Mason and John B. Halsted, of Peekskill, N. Y.; L. H. Schortemeier, of New York City; Arnold, of Albany; M. F. Roberts, M. H. Clark; C. F. Lenone, of Passaic, N. J., etc. The home club was represented by Jas. F. Taylor, W. M. Stanbrough, G. H. Wood, captain of the club; Dickson, Harry Higginson, Billy Gibbs, Rogers, Rhodes, etc.

As to the success of the shoot there can be only one thing said: Of its kind it was as nice a shoot as anyone ever went to. There was any amount of shooting, plenty of good-fellowship, no kicking and everyone given a show for his white alley. We believe, however, that we can safely make the following prediction: Future tournaments of the Newburgh Club will be "open to all," with the Rose system of dividing purses in all events. "Barring professionals" can scarcely be said to have been a success in point of drawing out more shooters of lower caliber; this, of course, only applies to tournaments the size of this one at Newburgh. How the scheme would work in a large tournament, with plenty of added money, it is hard to say. An actual trial on that basis would have to be made before a definite answer could be given.

Ed Taylor gave the club a pleasant surprise when he arrived on the grounds on Wednesday morning. Unpacking two small cases, he produced a couple of drums of Laflin & Rand's W-A powder; the drums were silver-plated and bore the well-known Laflin & Rand wreath surrounding the letters "W-A," presenting a very tasteful appearance and making a nice souvenir to take home from the shoot. Mr. Taylor announced that his company would donate one of the drums each day to the shooter making the highest average in all programme events, Rolla Heikes barred. No shooter could win both drums. James Taylor, of the home club, carried off the trophy on the first day; Byer working hard for the second drum on the next day, and succeeding in taking it home to Rochester, winning it by a margin of four targets.

The club gave $50 in average money, the above sum being divided into six moneys as follows: $18, $11, $8, $7, $6 and $5. As it happened, only six men shot through the entire programme of 400 targets, consequently the $50 went to them, their records being as below:

	1st Day.	2d Day.	T'l.		1st Day.	2d Day.	T'l.
J F Taylor	182	177	359	W Stanbrough	169	164	333
Edwards	177	171	348	G H Wood	158	150	308
L V Byer	167	175	342	M H Clark	152	154	306

The percentages of the above six shooters were: 89.7, 87, 85.5, 84.2, 77, and 76.5 respectively.

Heikes made a general average of 89.5, breaking 358 out of his 400. It is only fair to state that he was shooting a strange gun, one that was entirely different from his old favorite, now so well known to the boys, and one that bothered him a good deal in the matter of trigger pull. Each day's scores follow:

First Day, Oct. 7.

The heavy rain that fell during the night, or rather during the early morning hours of to-day, cleared the atmosphere and made the scenery that surrounds Newburgh even more beautiful than usual. There was enough force in the wind to make the targets hard to get on to all the time. Standing at the score, it was difficult to realize just how strong the wind was blowing; in addition to this it was fitful; at some times it would swoop down and send the targets off down wind like scared teal; then again it would die away and no better chances for a good score could be asked for.

J. S. Taylor, of the home club, won the handsome prize donated by the Laflin & Rand Powder Company to the shooter making the highest average in all the programme events. He shot consistently well during the day and finished with the excellent total (all conditions considered) of 182 out of 200 shot at. Edwards was second, 5 targets behind, while Heikes, who shot a strange gun and who had very little incentive to "get down to his knitting," was third with 88 per cent. It is hard to say just what average Heikes would have made had he had Old Betsy at his shoulder every time he called "pull." His presence at the shoot, where he could not possibly win anything, being barred from all events, and his shooting along with the boys through the programme, made many more friends for him than he probably realizes. The scores to-day were as below, Nos. 1, 4 and 8 being at known angles; the balance at unknown angles:

FIRST DAY'S SCORES.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
J S Taylor	19	19	20	18	18	20	16	17	17	18	200	182	91
Edwards	19	16	17	17	18	18	18	19	19	16	200	177	88.5
R O Heikes	19	17	16	18	20	16	18	17	19	16	200	176	88
W M Stanbrough	16	19	13	18	17	15	18	17	16	20	200	169	84.5
L V Byer	17	17	16	18	18	16	14	16	18	17	200	167	83.5
U M C	18	17	14	17	18	14	18	17	16	..	180	149	82.7
Carroll	..	..	..	..	..	15	16	18	16	..	80	65	81.2
Ed Taylor	16	15	16	19	12	..	19	18	15	14	180	144	80
G H Wood	16	11	17	14	16	17	17	16	18	16	200	158	79
H G Higginson	..	19	16	16	14	14	15	16	..	..	140	110	78.5
Dick Swiveller	11	18	13	20	13	16	16	13	20	15	200	155	77.5
M H Clark	15	13	13	14	16	11	17	17	16	20	200	152	76
Dr Mason	..	..	..	11	14	17	17	..	..	..	80	59	73.7
J B Ogden	14	13	14	17	14	..	..	..	..	..	100	72	72
C F Lenone	17	17	13	16	11	12	16	13	11	..	180	126	70
Dr Weller	..	15	..	15	15	9	19	15	13	11	160	112	70
Fayette	13	..	..	..	15	13	16	..	10	..	100	67	67
Cutler	11	12	12	13	8	13	15	17	13	13	200	127	63.5
Wanda	..	..	..	..	10	11	10	13	..	..	80	44	55
Cramer	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	10	..	..	40	21	52.5

J. Rogers shot in No. 10 and scored 10 out of 20.

Including 5 extra events at 10 targets, each a total of 3,440 targets were thrown during the day.

Second Day, Oct. 8.

There was a snap to the morning air to-day that made it very pleasant to find a sunny nook out of the wind, so that one could sit outside the club house without feeling that there was a possibility of freezing to death. The colors of the autumn foliage that shone brightly in the sunlight made more than one of the shooters fall a victim to the "woods fever." Everything spoke eloquently of ruffed grouse.

The starting of the shoot to-day was a late one, too late for this season of the year, when one cannot see a target leave the traps after 5:30 P. M. The programme was only just completed when night fell, and those who shot in the extra 10 target event gotten up at the close of the programme did a lot of guessing as to when a target left the trap and as to where it went when it did go.

Justus von Lengerke, J. L. Winston and L. H. Schortemeier arrived on the scene when the programme was nearly half shot through. Von Lengerke gave a good account of the 120 targets he shot at, beating "147" by 1 target and Schortemeier by 3. "147" shot as an expert, and only entered the events he shot in "for the birds." Heikes, who again shot through the programme "for birds," was high for the day with 91 per cent. James Taylor was next to him in all programme events, Byer being third. The latter won the Laflin & Rand prize, Taylor being barred, as he won it on the previous day.

U. M. C. Thomas was taken sick to-day in the first event, and was forced to drop out of the shoot. Besides the 26 names which appear in the table given below, Blauvelt shot in No. 4, scoring 9 out of 20, and Rogers shot in No. 5, making 10. Events Nos. 1, 4 and 8 were at known angles, all the others were at unknown angles.

SECOND DAY'S SCORES.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
R O Heikes	19	18	18	17	19	18	17	20	18	18	200	182	91
J von Lengerke	..	..	..	..	19	16	17	20	17	19	120	108	90
147	..	..	..	..	18	19	17	19	17	17	120	107	89.2
J S Taylor	17	18	19	20	18	17	18	18	15	17	200	177	88.5
L V Byer	19	18	18	16	19	16	17	17	20	15	200	175	87.5
L H Schortemeier	..	..	..	..	17	19	16	17	18	18	120	105	87.5
Edwards	19	17	17	16	16	17	16	18	18	17	200	171	85.5
V D Kenerson	15	16	20	18	14	15	18	18	18	17	200	169	84.5
J B Halsted	..	15	16	18	..	..	..	..	16	18	100	83	83
W M Stanbrough	17	18	15	16	20	15	15	15	17	16	200	164	82
H C Higginson	..	17	14	20	..	..	..	..	14	..	80	65	81.2
Dr Mason	15	13	19	19	16	19	12	..	..	..	140	113	80.7
Fayette	17	..	16	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	60	47	78.3
M H Clark	16	17	13	19	15	14	14	16	15	15	200	151	77
Ed Taylor	16	17	16	16	10	14	15	17	16	..	180	137	76.1
G H Wood	17	18	12	16	15	15	18	15	12	12	200	150	75
Arnold	..	..	..	..	13	14	15	18	..	..	80	60	75
J T Mascroft	16	16	18	14	16	12	16	12	16	13	200	149	74.5
Rhodes	..	..	..	..	15	15	13	18	13	..	100	74	74
Dickson	..	16	..	15	16	10	13	..	..	..	100	70	70
Dick Swiveller	12	14	14	17	12	13	11	12	12	..	180	117	65
Cutler	14	9	8	13	17	14	15	..	..	..	140	90	64.2
C F Lenone	14	..	..	17	11	8	13	18	15	6	160	102	63.7
Guild	..	..	9	..	..	17	10	15	..	..	80	51	63.7
Wanda	9	..	..	..	14	13	..	10	..	..	80	46	57.5
W J G	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	2	..	..	60	14	23.3

Third Day, Oct. 9.

There was not a large entry list in any one event, yet 18 shooters in all took part in one or other of the three programme events. Jas. S. Taylor, of the home club, kept up the good record he made the past two days on targets, making clean scores in all the above events and scoring during the day only 3 lost out of 54 shot at. The wind was unfavorable for the birds, blowing directly from the traps to the score. Scores in the programme events were:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
J S Taylor	22112—5	1112121—7	1111222221—10
M Herrington	11002—3	1122212—7	2122211221—10
C F Lenone	12010—3	0010100—2	1100010100— 5
Blauvelt	22111—5	.....	.....
Arnold	01101—3	2102011—5	.....
M F Roberts	21121—5	1212211—7	.....
Dickson	22111—5	2102222—6	1021221112— 9
H C Higginson	22222—5	.....	.....
G H Wood	20121—4	.....	.....
V D Kenerson	02120—3	0222022—5	.....
J T Mascroft	22221—5	2220121—6	.....
G H Taggart	01112—4	0122211—6	.....
Owen	21012—4	.....	.....
Schorty	....	2221112—7	1222222202— 8
Coyle	....	0122220—5	0122020220— 8
Stanbrough	....	2022022—5	.....
Heikes	....	2220222—6	.....
H C H	....	1202222—6	2222220222— 9

MISS AND-OUTS.

Seven miss-and-outs were shot as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Stanbrough	3	6	7	..	..	..	..	Blauvelt	..	3	..	..	..	..	..
Roberts	4	5	9	..	..	..	..	Dickson	..	0	..	..	..	..	..
Arnold	0	2	9	..	..	..	..	Wanda	..	1	..	..	..	..	..
Taylor	4	4	9	1	4	4	8	Lenone	..	1	..	5	8	4	2
Mascroft	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	Taggart	..	2	..	2	1	5	1
Kenerson	..	1	..		..	..	..	Wood	..	0	..	0	..	..	..
H C H	..	1	9		0	5	3	Schorty	..	..	..	4	4	0	..

EDWARD BANKS.

At Baltimore.

DURING the past week there has been a good deal of shooting on the grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association. All events have been at live birds, and some interesting matches have been witnessed. The first event of the kind to be noticed is

THE ELLIOTT-CLARIDGE MATCH.

This match was shot on Monday, Oct. 5. The following extract from the Baltimore *Sun* of Oct. 6 tells the story:

"The sport at the Baltimore Shooting Association's grounds yesterday, which was introductory to the club tournament beginning today, had as its main attraction the match between the handicap champion, Bertram W. Claridge, possessor of the Du Pont trophy, and J. A. R. Elliott, the crack shot of Kansas City. A number of miss-and-out events were shot by the assembled marksmen.

"The wind blew from the shooters toward the traps, thus having a tendency to carry the pigeons away from the guns. The birds were only a fair lot of flyers, and the lucky men got easy ones.

"The Claridge-Elliott match was for $50 a side at 50 birds each, Claridge to shoot from the 28yds. mark and Elliott at 30yds. Elliott was a favorite in the betting before the race, though little betting was done.

"Elliott used a single-barrel repeating gun and won the match, killing 49 out of 50 shot at. Claridge used a double-barrel gun and killed 47 birds.

"Elliott missed his 2d bird, a right-quartering driver. Claridge missed his 1st bird, a slow-flying right-quartering bird. He also missed his 29th and his 40th birds. Claridge had possibly the hardest birds to shoot at. He killed the very hardest and lost the match on the 'duffers.'

"When the match was made Elliott was visiting friends in Easton, Talbot county, Md., and was a guest of his brother, J. M. Elliott, who, with Dal Hayward, Edward Hardcastle, Harry Covington, A. L. Pascault and others, came across the bay to see the match. They will take a few dollars back with them if they do not get on the wrong end to-day and to-morrow.

"In the sweepstakes of the day, all miss-and-outs, at $2 entrance, the moneys were divided. Among those who shot were: Smith, Claridge, Elliott, Macalester, Hawkins, McComas, Jones, Bonday, Sims, Simon, Johnson, Howard, Franklin, James, Brewer and Clark.

"The tournament proper will begin this morning, and the Claridge-Malone race for the Du Pont cup will take place this afternoon. Much interest centers in the first challenge issued to the present holder of the cup."

CLARIDGE-MALONE MATCH.

The next event in order of sequence, though more important in fact, is the match shot on Oct. 6 between Claridge and J. R. Malone, captain of the Baltimore Shooting Association, for the Du Pont trophy. It will be remembered that Malone challenged Claridge for the trophy immediately after the latter's victory at the Du Pont shoot in Chicago last August. The match itself, outside of the final result, did not give much cause for any excitement; Claridge took the lead in the first round, and was never in any danger of losing it. He shot well, centering his birds, and running out an easy winner by 47 to 43. As soon as the match was over J. L. Winston, who shoots under the name of 147, challenged the winner of the Claridge-Roll match for the trophy, George Roll, of Blue Island, Ill., being next on the list to challenge for the trophy.

The full score of to-day's match, with the number of trap and the direction of each bird's flight, is given below:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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                3 2 5 3 4 1 2 4 1 1 5 2 1 5 2 4 5 4 5 2 2 4 5 2 5
                ↘ ↖ ↗ ↑ ↓ ↑ ↗ ↗ ↗ → ↗ ↖ ↖ ↗ ↖ ↗ ↙ ↓ ↘ ↕ ↖ ↗ ↗ ↓ ┬
B W Claridge..1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 • 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1—24

                1 1 1 2 5 2 1 5 5 4 1 5 5 5 1 5 1 2 2 1 4 2 2 2 1
                ↶ ↙ ↗ ← ↛ ↓ ↑ ↙ H ↗ ↖ ↖ ↴ ↘ ↖ ↴ ↶ ↶ ↑ H ↖ ↑ ↑ ↗ ↗
                1 1 1 • 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1—23—47

                2 5 4 2 2 3 5 3 5 3 1 3 5 3 2 3 5 1 2 1 4 2 1 4 4
                ↗ ↖ ← ↓ ↓ ← → ↑ ↴ ↗ → ↴ ↛ ↗ ↖ ↗ ↖ ↙ ↴ ↶ ┬ ↓ H ↖
J R Malone.....0 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 • 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 0 0 2 2 2—20

                2 2 4 3 1 3 2 1 2 3 3 2 5 1 4 2 3 3 4 1 5 1 3 4 2 1
                ↙ ↖ ↘ → ↙ ↶ ← ↶ ↗ → ↖ ↘ ↗ ↗ ↙ ← H ↴ ↖ ↴ ↓ ↶ ↗ ↓ ↓
                2 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 0 2 2 1 1 1 0 2 2 1 1 1—23—43
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The shoot ended on Oct. 7. On this day there were eleven events decided. The first was at 7 birds, $7, three high guns; this event resulted in Phil Daly, Jr., and C. A. Macalester dividing first and second moneys, Brewer and Malone cutting up third money. There were ten entries in the event. The other ten events, which were all $2 miss-and-outs, resulted as follows:

No. 1 was won by Claridge, Brewer and Malone, with 7 straight.
No. 2 was won by Cubberly, Winston and Thurman, with 7 each.
No. 3 was won by Winston, Elliott, Cubberly and Thurman, with 7 each.
No. 4 was won by Hayward, Cubberly and Brewer, with 10 each.
No. 5 was won by Claridge, Brewer and Cubberly, with 7 each.
No. 6 was won by Macalester with 4.
No. 7 was won by Simon and Hood, with 8 each.
No. 8 was won by Simon, Macalester and Sims, with 5 each.
No. 9 was won by Thurman and Howard, with 10 each.
No. 10 was won by Thurman and Howard, with 6 each.

Calumet Heights Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 3.—The weather was bright and clear to-day, with a light south wind blowing. In the trophy contest Paterson won in class A, Metcalf in class B and Wilde in class C, the latter having no competitor. Scores:

Class A.

```
Paterson.....101111111111111111111111—24
Booth.....111111011011111011111101—21
Lamphere.....111101111111111111111110—23
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Class B.

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Hinkins.....001110001101111101100110—15
Metcalfe.....111111111111111101111111—24
Marshall.....111111111100001011011011—18
Norcom.....011101111101111011111101—20
Greeley.....011101111001111111110111—20
Carlisle.....111010011111110010000001—14
```

Class C.

```
Wilde.....111001110110011111011100l—17
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Other events were as follows:

No. 1, 10 targets: Lamphere 9, Booth and Metcalfe 8, Norcom and Hawkins 7, Paterson 6.

No. 2, 10 targets, unknown traps and angles: Paterson 9, Booth 8, Norcom, Metcalfe and Hawkins 6, Lamphere and Marshall 5, Greeley 2.

No. 3, snipe shooting, 10 targets: Booth 9, Metcalfe 8, Paterson and Greeley 7, Norcom, Hawkins and Marshall 6.

PATTY.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. H. W., Turkey, N. Y.—No new powder tests like those by Armin Tenner have been conducted.

C. F. W., Atkinson, N. H.—1. Is a whippoorwill and a night hawk one and the same bird? 2. Do male deer and elk shed their horns annually? Ans. 1. No, though they are somewhat similar in appearance. 2. Yes.

H. H., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Please tell me a good place for fishing from the shore near New York for flounders, tomcods and striped bass. Is Spuyten Duyvil good for striped bass or flounders? Ans. Spuyten Duyvil is considered but a moderately good place. Also try the sod banks on the south shore of Staten Island.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Remington Arms Co.

THE following letters are self-explanatory:

OFFICE OF THE WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, Conn., Oct. 1.—Dear Sir: We desire to inform you that we have sold our entire interest in the Remington Arms Co., of Ilion, N. Y., to Messrs. Hartley & Graham, of New York city. Yours respectfully,

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.

OFFICE OF HARTLEY & GRAHAM, NEW YORK, Oct. 1.—Dear Sir: Referring to the above letter of our friends, the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., we take this occasion to inform you that the business of the Remington Arms Co. will continue as heretofore, but under our sole management and control. Yours respectfully,

HARTLEY & GRAHAM.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE

346 Broadway

NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING

Present Entrance on Leonard Street

The reproductions are to me most satisfactory; they lack color, of course, but in every other respect are the best we have ever seen, and I think I may say that those of the Audubon family still remaining are much gratified with the first of the series. M. R. AUDUBON.

AUDUBON BIRD PLATES.

THE first subject of the series of half-tone copies of Audubon's famous bird portraits was that of the Black Duck, in the issue of Sept. 26. The second one, the Prairie Chicken (pinnated grouse), is given to-day. Others which will follow on dates to be announced are:

SHOVELLER DUCK.
REDHEAD DUCK.
CANVASBACK DUCK.
AMERICAN WHITE-FRONTED GOOSE.
PURPLE SANDPIPER.
AMERICAN GOLDEN PLOVER.
WILLOW PTARMIGAN.

The illustration pictures the combat of two rivals for the possession of a hen, as described in the text; it is one of those incidents in bird life which Audubon had noted in his close and patient study during the many years spent in the wilderness. In keeping with Audubon's practice in his bird plates, the illustration is more than a mere portrait of the birds depicted; it gives us a picture of the prairie chicken country "of our original Western meadows," and there is a drawing of the tiger lily. Audubon's great work is thus rich in delineations of natural scenery, trees, and shrubs and flowers, for it was always his aim to show not only the bird, but its surroundings.

Hardly less interesting than the illustration is the naturalist's written account of the ways of the prairie chicken as he had observed them; and very suggestive too are his notes upon the disappearance of the bird from Kentucky. Even so early as his time the work of destruction had been begun, with a force and rapidity which were significant of the extermination which was to be wrought within the century.

Audubon writes of the prairie chicken and the heath hen as the same bird, although they have since been classed as distinct forms. The heath hen, which in his day was common in the Eastern States, has been obliterated save for that remnant on Martha's Vineyard of which recent numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM have contained some notes. The spring and summer shooting "by persons such as in England are called poachers" has long since done its perfect work. No fact impresses itself more constantly and forcibly upon the reader of Audubon's volumes than his accounts of former abundance and reports of the diminution of the game bird supply, which was proceeding at such a startling rate even in his day, and he lived in a time which we are disposed to regard as the golden age of American game. The contrast between that time and this is brought out with startling distinctness, when these chapters which he has written and the facts recorded therein are compared with the conditions which exist in our experience at this day. The Audubon who wrote in the early decade of the nineteenth century would be an impossible personage in these closing years of the same century. An Audubon of to-day might possess equal enthusiasm and devotion and skill; but the rich abundance of material for his study has long since passed away, and with the meager supply remaining he could neither draw the pictures nor write the chapters which should charm the world as have these. Audubon, the ornithologist and artist, was one of the rich gifts of his time to the generations which have followed. It should be to us an occasion of abiding gratitude that such a man was found, while the opportunities were yet afforded, to depict with pen and pencil the birds of the continent.

YELLOWSTONE PARK ENLARGEMENT.

THE proposition to enlarge the Yellowstone National Park, brought forward by Mr. Cowan's letter, printed in another column, ought to receive the support of every one really interested in this National preserve. A good many years ago such enlargement was advocated by the FOREST AND STREAM—at a time indeed when very few people knew much about the Yellowstone Park, and long before its buffalo had been destroyed or its mountains burned over. At that time nothing was done, for the Park had but few friends in Congress, though those few were earnest and untiring. Only a few years ago the Park was practically enlarged on the east, and to some extent on the south, by the establishment of the Yellowstone Park Forest Reservation, which the Secretary of the Interior put in charge of the Superintendent of the Park. The upper part of the Jackson's Hole country so far south as to include the southernmost of the Tetons ought to be within the Park, and the same may be said of much of the country on the west as far as Henry' Lake. Much of this region contains surpassingly fine scenery, and it is all of it a natural range for game. As Mr. Cowan suggests, the extension of the Park would protect the few remaining buffalo ranging on the borders of the Park or in eastern Idaho. The matter, however, is one that ought to be taken up by the residents of the States adjoining the Park. No portion of our people have so real an interest in the Reservation as those who live about it. It is to their interest more than to that of the people of any other section to protect it and all that it contains. We have little doubt that the time will come before very long when such an enlargement will be made, and the sooner it comes the better for all of us. We urge Mr. Cowan to endeavor to interest the people of his own section in this subject, and assure him that there will be hearty and earnest support for such a project among those best qualified to express an opinion about the matter.

This is something which, if to be done at all, should be done quickly, for every year adds to the obstacles which stand in the way; more settlers are moving in, and with them antagonistic interests are growing; the game range is narrowing, a vast area has been ruined this year by the sheep men taking their herds over the new trail; and so in one way and another the park scheme is being hampered with new embarrassments.

FLUCTUATIONS OF THE GAME SUPPLY.

REPORTS from different sections of the United States and Canada indicate that quail, ruffed grouse, ducks and other birds dear to the sportsman's heart are in greater abundance this year than they have been in several years, though as a matter of course, owing to local advantages and disadvantages, some sections are more favored than are others in this abundance.

And in this abundance the sportsman will find much cause for rejoicing; in it the alarmist, who, when his forebodings are excited in the years of dearth and who is then impelled to foretell the quick extermination of all game, will find much in refutation of his teachings, since there seem to be years of abundance and years of dearth alternating at irregular periods, independently of the destruction caused by man.

The shooting in each year may be accepted as a constant factor in bird destruction. Yet the quantity of birds killed by sportsmen in any one year and the birds left to breed are very imperfect data from which to estimate the next year's game supply. Shooting of course lessens the birds' numbers, but the extent of the shooting does not explain the fluctuating abundance of one year and the dearth of another.

There are laws governing the propagation of animal life of which we know but little. We may explain that the season was a good breeding season for birds because it was dry and that the eggs or birds thereby escaped destruction from wet, but that does not explain the cause, because a dry season does not always produce an abundance of birds. A coincidence is often mistaken for a cause. In some wet seasons game birds are abundant, though if it be too wet in the nesting season many eggs and young birds may be destroyed.

Above all conditions of weather, in the consideration of abundance and scarcity, is the astonishing fertility which a species may exhibit at the beginning of a season, regardless of weather conditions. In the whole length and breadth of the continent this fertility may be uniform while the weather and climatic conditions are distinctly different and variable.

Why there should be this natural impulse toward a rapid multiplication of a species in one season, and extraordinary fertility and a loss or moderate gain in numbers in other seasons, is a matter of speculation.

This intermittent manner of reproduction is not confined to the animal world. No farmer counts on growing a good crop of wheat, or cotton, or corn, etc., each year; yet in certain years, in sections widely distinct in climate, soil and weather conditions, there will be general abundance of a certain crop and a flooded market. The farmer explains that the season was wet or dry, according to which is coincident, but that in no wise explains why there should be the universal natural impulse, at the outset of a season, toward the unusual multiplication of a species, though it may coincidently affect multiplication for better or worse.

This of course is considering species in a general way. There may be local conditions in certain sections which affect the local game supply, as there may be too many persistent gunners in a locality who exterminate its game; or the ground in a certain locality may have so little watershed that a heavy rain will drown or drive out all small animal life, as it may man and beast if the overflow becomes too great, but special local conditions do not affect the great whole.

Many men, earnest in game protection, see but one cause for the scarcity of birds, and that is the gun and dog. That is a cause and should be governed by wise restrictions, as it legally is in most States, but it is but one cause of many, and of these there are some concerning which sportsmen can only speculate with such philosophy as they may have.

SNAP SHOTS.

Among those who have been mentioned as possibly to succeed the late Dr. Goode as Assistant-Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution in charge of the National Museum are President Jordan, of the Leland Stanford University; Dr. C. Hart Merriam, ornithologist of the Agricultural Department, and F. W. True, curator of mammals, and now in temporary charge of the museum. The appointment will probably be made in January.

Given a camp site set amid scenery of inspiring loveliness, a camp equipped with all that heart could ask for, waters full of magnificent fish, camp equipment, fishing tackle—every material thing that an angler could ask for to make certain the success and pleasure of a woods vacation—and could he enjoy it all if won at the cost of conscience? An useless by speculative question, you say. Not a bit of it. A direct and practical question it was for one angler in Massachusetts not long ago. This fisherman was a member of a school text-book committee; and there came to him an opportunity to win a fishing trip to Vermont, with all expenses paid, if he would give his vote in the board for the adoption of a particular text-book. He did not accept the proposition. If he had earned his vacation in this manner, would he have found any satisfaction whatever in it, even if he had caught more fish and bigger fish than ever in his whole life before?

The constitution of New York forbids absolutely the disposal of any of the forest lands now owned by the State. For the purpose of exchanging certain pieces of State lands outside of the Adirondack Park limits for other pieces within the limits, but owned by private holders, it is proposed to modify the constitution by an amendment authorizing such exchanges. The question will be voted upon at the coming election. The Genesee Valley Forestry Association, of Rochester, has given voice to its opinion in resolutions declaring that it regards the proposed amendment as inopportune and fraught with danger to the forests of the State; and that the existing provisions of the constitution relating to forestry should not be changed until the forests of the State can be placed under expert forestry administration.



AUDUBON'S PORTRAIT OF THE PRAIRIE CHICKEN.

The Sportsman Tourist.

CAMP SIXTEEN.

At the foot of what is known as the Sixteen-Mile Level of the St. Regis River, near Spring Cove, N. Y., is located a permanent camp, consisting of two substantial log houses, well roofed and lighted, and fitted up with enough conveniences to insure the pleasures of camp life without its discomforts. It is the center of a region famous for deer, and friends of mine who had just vacated this camp had killed five. Having failed as yet to bring in any meat, we had left Camp Saints' Rest, as chronicled in a previous paper, and transferred our duffle to this spot.

About a mile below the camp there is another short level, on which, so far as I know, no boat had ever floated, and as the signs of deer were plentiful here we decided to give the longer level a rest, and put our Saranac boat on this one. The trail was fairly good, and Martin's tough muscles made light work of getting our craft to this quiet bit of water, where we intended to jack that night. Thus far we had confined ourselves almost exclusively to still-hunting, but with the end of our vacation near at hand, no meat in camp and the possibility of a blank score staring us in the face, things seemed sufficiently serious to warrant us in taking all the chances there were. We paddled up the winding river for the purpose of studying geography a little, when, on rounding a turn, we came to a big fallen spruce whose roots were imbedded in one side of the river and whose top lay in the bushes on the other side. Here was a serious barrier to our proposed night hunting; but necessity is said to be a near relative of invention, and after putting half a dozen .44 bullets through the trunk a few feet from the shore we were enabled to break off the top and make space enough for the boat to run past. Then we took the rifles and went still-hunting, intending to return after dark and run the level. But fate had decreed otherwise, for at dusk the flood gates of heaven were thrown wide open, and Jupiter Pluvius was the only one who fired any guns that night.

The next day we pulled the boat up through the rapids to the Sixteen-Mile Level, caught a fine mess of trout, harvested some frogs' legs, cut some firewood, and prepared for the night's work. I say "work," because jacking comes pretty near being that. It is a novel and exciting experience—especially for the beginner—and there is a weird beauty and strangeness about the woods and waters at night which one sees at no other time; but to sit motionless for hours in a boat with no back to the seat you occupy, to go through all the incipient stages of curvature of the spine, to feel the jack gradually taking on weight until you suspect that your backbone will ultimately be driven through the bottom of the boat; and, above all, to feel the cold night air soak through your clothes and clutch your very marrow—these are the things which the man who jacks will recognize as akin to work. Nevertheless we went jacking. Salt pork is good fare for a week or more, but after that venison tastes good.

It wasn't Martin's fault that we neither saw nor heard a deer that night, for his paddle was as silent as the grave, and we covered a good many miles before we finally started homeward in the small hours of the morning. A gentleman from the West—Beecher by name—with his guide, Wes. Davis, was also hunting the river that night, and we had heard a shot from him, fired, as we afterward learned, at a big buck that is still roaming the woods unharmed. As we neared the foot of the level this party came down behind us, and the slight sound of Davis's paddle caused both Martin and me to turn at the same moment and look backward. Then a funny thing happened—that is to say, it strikes me *now* as being funny! The cranky Saranac boat, which possesses all the merits and the one fault of the best boats made, responded to our simultaneous movement with uncalled-for suddenness and startling results. Martin and I had been thinking for a day or two that we needed a bath, so we took one then and there. I do not, as a rule, wear a jack on my head when I bathe, and I am not addicted to the habit of diving with a gun in my hand and with heavy clothes and wading boots on; but it suddenly occurred to me that these were eminently proper things to do, and Martin seemed to coincide with my views. If either of us hesitated about going overboard, the other didn't notice it. We had been working in concert for two weeks, and there seemed no good reason why we shouldn't act together now. Besides, we were cold, and the water was warmer than the air. For these and other good and sufficient reasons we vacated the boat.

Although our mishap was plainly visible to Beecher and Davis, they made no move to assist us, but commenced telling about the big buck they had missed, as though that information possessed any interest to men overboard in the middle of the night in 15ft. of swift water. Whether their bad luck had warped their judgment, or whether they feared a submarine explosion from the gun I was trying to save, it is hard to say, although they did relieve me of it when I swam to their boat and handed it in. We worked our boat toward the shore, and after getting a foothold righted it and rocked the water out. The seats and paddle were picked up in an eddy below, and we finally got back to camp, shuddering with cold, but none the worse for our accident. Imagine our surprise on taking the cover from the jack to find that it was still lighted, although I had twice been under water with it. So far as I am able to learn, that is the only absolutely waterproof jack in the Adirondacks. There was white frost on our clothes when we got in, but Luques had a good fire going, and we were soon laughing at what might have been a tragedy, but turned out to be merely a comedy. In speaking of the deer he missed, Mr. Beecher said he wished to have it distinctly understood that he came into the woods not to kill deer, but to gather gum!

We then turned our attention once more to still-hunting. Near Camp Sixteen there is a large tract of burnt ground, something more than 1,000 acres, and here the deer come out at dusk to feed, returning to the green timber and the mountains early in the morning. Two or three old log roads and several deer trails run through it, and this burnt ground is one of the best hunting grounds in Franklin county. Luques and Mrs. R. struck in on the north side, and here the former got his first shot at a deer. It was a long and difficult shot, however, and he ailed to hit, much to his disappointment.

Martin and I went into the edge of the green timber on the south side, and just before sundown posted ourselves where we could look over considerable ground. It was almost dark when there was a crackling in the brush, and a small buck and a doe came out of the woods within easy shooting distance from me. These were not the big deer I had been looking for, but this was my last day in the woods and no time for sentiment. Three shots laid both of them down. The first bullet went through the buck's head, the second was a clean miss, and the third went through the doe just back of the shoulder.

By that time it was dark and we were in a nasty piece of country, half a mile from the trail and three miles from camp. We cleaned the deer, made packs of them by slitting the forelegs and thrusting the hind feet through them, slung them on our shoulders and started out. Through bog and brush, over rocks and fallen trees we scrambled, and I was soon reconciled to the fact that the deer I was carrying was not a very large one. Dripping with perspiration, we finally struck the trail. The road through the burnt ground was plain sailing, but the last mile to camp was through thick woods, and the only way we could keep in the trail was by lighting birch bark which we stripped from the trees. It was 10 o'clock when, tired, wet and famished, we saw the welcome glimmer of lights from the camp. But we had gotten what we went after, and a big meal and a smoke soon put us in that blissful state of relaxation which only the tired and successful hunter knows.

The next day I pulled out of camp, leaving Luques and Martin to make one more trial. Luques got a shot at a fine buck and wounded him, but it was then too dark to follow his trail, and a heavy rain during the night washed the signs away and they never found him. A little later Martin paddled Mrs. R. up to a big doe on the river bank, and she succeeded in putting the lead where it would do the most good. With the exception of one large buck this doe was the biggest deer brought in to the hotel up to Sept. 23.

Thus ended our Adirondack outing, and this meager chronicle by no means portrays the pleasures of our experiences among the woods and waters of that glorious country.

The time spent at the primitive little hotel was scarcely less enjoyable than that passed in the woods. Most of the guests were congenial people, and Darwin J. Day, the good-natured and accommodating giant who keeps this place under the shadow of Blue Mountain, has a heart as big as an ox, and not only likes to see people enjoy themselves, but insists that they shall.

From now until next spring we shall feast on reminiscences of the woods, and from then on to the hunting season of '97 we shall indulge in the pleasures of anticipation.

Arthur F. Rice.

TOMAHAWK LAKE.

I had been contemplating a trip to the Tomahawk Lake in northern Wisconsin the past summer, ever since the first appearance of spring had gladdened the heart of the fisherman and naturalist, so that when I received word from my brother B. in Chicago that he had been thinking of the same trip and asking me to accompany him, it was an easy matter to decide. Early in June we started, going to Milwaukee by boat and getting a foretaste of the pleasures to come in the sparkling, blue waters and clear, bracing air. What a relief it was to be away from our routine of office work in the crowded city, those who have experienced can alone tell.

From Milwaukee we traveled to Oconomowoc, that beautiful little watering place, with its sparkling lakes, Fowler and La Belle, their bosoms flecked with picturesque fleets of pleasure craft and waters well stocked with fish, certainly an alluring spot for the tired business man and of easy access.

From here we went to Kilbourn City to visit the world-renowned Dalles of the Wisconsin, of which it has been truly said: "For wild and picturesque scenery they far excel anything else so near to civilization," and while this was considerably off our road yet we felt amply repaid.

Our next stop was at the beautiful island city Minocqua, surrounded by beautiful lakes well stocked with bass of different kinds, pickerel and that magnificent game fish which we were now to "tackle" for the first time, the spotted muscalonge, and well do I remember my first capture as I was trolling from a rapidly propelled boat—the strike, the fight for supremacy and final landing of my captive, which proved to be a handsome 10-pounder; how we held him up and surveyed his shining sides while our heart beat with ecstacy and our pulses bounded with joy; but you all know the symptoms, so why continue. After that it was our pleasure to make several fine catches, but none could take the place of that, our first muscalonge. Doubtless in the years to come we will look back to that pleasant June day on the lake, surrounded by towering forests of pine, the sleepy village nestling on the island and the numerous fishing craft cutting the transparent waters, with the same thrill, and wish for the moment that we were there again with line in hand and landing net ready for the final effort.

We had not yet reached the end of our journey, however; so one morning we took our way northward fifteen miles to the village of Tomahawk Lake. Here we camped out for a few days, and such delightful days as they were seldom come in this busy, toiling world. Lulled to sleep by the dreamy lapping of the waves upon the shore, the soughing of the winds through the dark pines, and the noisy although not altogether unmusical piping of the myriads of frogs, rising with the sun, bathing in the translucent waters, and fishing to our hearts' content. Such appetites as we developed and such capabilities for long wanderings naturalizing and botanizing, and here were good opportunities for each.

The Fourth of July we spent in Minocqua participating in some of the numerous games and observing the sports of the lumbermen, such as log rolling, tub racing, swimming races, etc., and very interesting and novel we found them.

Upon some of our rambles we met with coveys of grouse, composed apparently of the parent birds and their numerous progeny, while along some of the rivers squirrels appeared quite numerous. One morning upon going outside the tent we found a flock of geese circling around the lake, upon other occasions we saw small flocks of summer ducks, and the surrounding marshes were alive with herons, bitterns, red and white-winged blackbirds and rail. The latter were very noisy, and we sometimes amused ourselves by tossing in pebbles and listening to the hoarse cries that arose from the hundreds of startled throats.

At last came the time to return, and with a farewell ramble and a swim in the lake we bade good-bye to our pleasant summer camp and started upon our return down past the rivers filled with floating logs and their accompaniment of loggers, steering pikes in hand, guiding them on their winding way down to their destination—the great lumbering camps; on down till we leave the pines behind us, on and on past lovely lakes, sleepy towns, until the conductor shouts "Milwaukee!" Here we leave the train for another breezy trip down the lake, and so our trip ends.

Chas. K. Muchmore.

Indiana.

Natural History.

THE PINNATED GROUSE.

BY JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.*

It has been my good fortune to study the habits of this species of grouse at a period when, in the district in which I resided, few other birds of any kind were more abundant. I allude to the lower parts of the States of Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri. Twenty-five years and more have elapsed since many of the notes to which I now recur were written, and at that period I little imagined that the observations which I recorded should ever be read by any other individuals than those composing my own family, all of whom participated in my admiration of the works of nature.

The Barrens of Kentucky are by no means so sterile as they have sometimes been represented. Their local appellation, however, had so much deceived me, before I traveled over them, that I expected to find nothing but an undulated extent of rocky ground, destitute of vegetation and perforated by numberless caverns. My ideas were soon corrected. I saw the Barrens for the first time in the early days of June, and as I entered them from the skirts of an immense forest I was surprised at the beauty of the prospect before me. Flowers without number, and vieing with each other in their beautiful tints, sprung up amidst the luxuriant grass; the fields, the orchards, and the gardens of the settlers presented an appearance of plenty scarcely anywhere exceeded; the wild fruit trees, having their branches interlaced with grape vines, promised a rich harvest, and at every step I trod on ripe and fragrant strawberries. When I looked around an oak knob rose here and there before me, a charming grove embellished a valley, gently sloping hills stretched out into the distance, while at hand the dark entrance of some cavern attracted my notice, or a bubbling spring gushing forth at my feet seemed to invite me to rest and refresh myself with its cooling waters. The timid deer snuffed the air as it gracefully bounded off, the wild turkey led her young ones in silence among the tall herbage, and the bees bounded from flower to blossom. If I struck the stiff foliage of a black-jack oak, or rustled among the sumacs and brambles, perchance there fluttered before me in dismay the frightened grouse and her cowering brood. The weather was extremely beautiful, and I thought that the Barrens must have been the parts from which Kentucky derived her name of the "Garden of the West."

There it was that, year after year, and each successive season, I studied the habits of the pinnated grouse. It was there that, before sunrise or at the close of day, I heard its curious boomings, witnessed its obstinate battles, watched it during the progress of its courtships, noted its nest and eggs, and followed its young until, fully grown, they betook themselves to their winter quarters.

When I first removed to Kentucky the pinnated grouse were so abundant that they were held in no higher estimation as food than the most common flesh, and no hunter of Kentucky deigned to shoot them. They were, in fact, looked upon with more abhorrence than the crows are at present in Massachusetts and Maine, on account of the mischief they committed among the fruit trees of the orchards during winter, when they fed on their buds, or while in the spring months they picked up the grain in the fields. The farmer's children or those of his negroes were employed to drive them away with rattles from morning to night, and also caught them in pens and traps of various kinds. In those days, during the winter, the grouse would enter the farmyard and feed with the poultry, alight on the houses or walk in the very streets of the villages. I recollect having caught several in a stable at Henderson, where they had followed some wild turkeys. In the course of the same winter a friend of mine, who was fond of practicing rifle shooting, killed upward of forty in one morning, but picked none of them up, so satiated with grouse was he as well as every member of his family. My own servants preferred the fattest flitch of bacon to their flesh, and not unfrequently laid them aside as unfit for cooking.

Such an account may appear strange to you, reader; but what will you think when I tell you that in the same country where twenty-five years ago they could not have been sold at more than one cent apiece scarcely one is now to be found? The grouse have abandoned the State of Kentucky and removed (like the Indians) every season further to the westward, to escape from the murderous white man. In the Eastern States, where some of these birds still exist, game laws have been made for their protection during a certain part of the year, when, after all, few escape to breed the next season. To the westward you must go as far at least as the State of Illinois before you meet with this species of grouse, and there too, as formerly in Kentucky, they are decreasing at a rapid rate. The sportsman of the Eastern States now makes much ado to procure them, and will travel with friends and dogs, and all the paraphernalia of hunting, an hundred miles or more to shoot at most a dozen braces in a fortnight, and when he returns successful to the city the important results are communicated by letter to all concerned. So rare have they become in the markets of Philadelphia, New York and Boston that they sell at from $5 to $10 the pair. An excellent friend of mine, resident in the city of New York, told me that he refused $100 for ten braces, which he had shot on the Pocano Mountains of Pennsylvania.

* From the "Ornithological Biography," Vol. II., Edinburgh, 1834.

On the eastern declivities of our Atlantic coast, the districts in which the pinnated grouse are still to be met with are some portions of the State of New Jersey, the brushy plains of Long Island, Martha's Vineyard, the Elizabeth Islands, Mount Desert Island in the State of Maine, and a certain tract of barreny country in the latter State lying not far from the famed Mar's Hill, where, however, they have been confounded with the willow grouse. In the three first places mentioned, notwithstanding the preventive laws now in force, they are killed without mercy by persons such as in England are called poachers, even while the female bird is in the act of sitting on her eggs. Excepting in the above-named places, not a bird of the species is at present to be found until you reach the lower parts of Kentucky, where, as I have told you before, a few still exist. In the State of Illinois, all the vast plains of the Missouri, those bordering the Arkansas River, and on the prairies of Opellousas, the pinnated grouse is still very abundant and very easily procured.

As soon as the snows have melted away, and the first blades of grass issue from the earth, announcing the approach of spring, the grouse, which had congregated during the winter in great flocks, separate into parties of from twenty to fifty or more. Their love season commences, and a spot is pitched upon to which they daily resort until incubation is established. Inspired by love, the male birds, before the first glimpse of day lightens the horizon, fly swiftly and singly from their grassy beds, to meet, to challenge and to fight the various rivals led by the same impulse to the arena. The male is at this season attired in his full dress, and enacts his part in a manner not surpassed in pomposity by any other bird. Imagine them assembled to the number of twenty by daybreak, see them all strutting in the presence of each other, mark their consequential gestures, their looks of disdain and their angry pride as they pass each other. Their tails are spread out and inclined forward to meet the expanded feathers of their neck, which now like stiffened frills lie supported by the globular orange-colored receptacles of air from which their singular booming sounds proceed. Their wings, like those of the turkey cock, are stiffened and declined so as to rub and rustle on the ground as the bird passes rapidly along. Their bodies are depressed toward the ground, the fire of their eyes evinces the pugnacious workings of their mind, their notes fill the air around, and at the very first answer from some coy female the heated blood of the feathered warriors swells every vein, and presently the battle rages. Like game cocks they strike, and rise in the air to meet their assailants with greater advantage. Now many close in the encounter; feathers are seen whirling in the agitated air, or falling around them tinged with blood. The weaker begin to give way, and one after another seeks refuge in the neighboring bushes. The remaining few, greatly exhausted, maintain their ground, and withdraw slowly and proudly, as if each claimed the honors of victory. The vanquished and the victors then search for the females, who, believing each to have returned from the field in triumph, receive them with joy.

It not unfrequently happens that a male already mated is suddenly attacked by some disappointed rival, who unexpectedly pounces upon him after a flight of considerable length, having been attracted by the cacklings of the happy couple. The female invariably squats next to and almost under the breast of her lord, while he, always ready for action, throws himself on his daring antagonist, and chases him away never to return. Such is the moment which I have attempted to represent in the plate which you will find in the second volume of my "Illustrations."

In such places in the Western country as I have described the prairie hen is heard booming or tooting not only before break of day, but frequently at all hours from morning until sunset; but in districts where these birds have become wild in consequence of the continual interference of man they are seldom heard after sunrise; sometimes their meetings are noiseless, their battles are much less protracted or of less frequent occurrence, and their beats or scratching grounds are more concealed. Many of the young males have battles even in autumn, when the females generally join, not to fight, but to conciliate them, in the manner of the wild turkeys.

The pinnated grouse forms its nest, according to the latitude of the place, between the beginning of April and May 25. In Kentucky I have found it finished and containing a few eggs at the period first mentioned; but I think, taking the differences of seasons into consideration, the average period may be about the first of May. The nest, although carelessly formed of dry leaves and grasses, interwoven in a tolerably neat manner, is always carefully placed amidst the tall grass of some large tuft in the open ground of the prairies, or at the foot of a small bush in the barren lands. The eggs are from eight to twelve, seldom more, and are larger than those of the *Tetrao umbellus*, although nearly of the same color. The female sits upon them eighteen or nineteen days, and the moment the young have fairly disengaged themselves leads them away from the nest, when the male ceases to be seen with her. As soon as autumn is fairly in the different families associate together, and at the approach of winter I have seen packs composed of many hundred individuals.

When surprised, the young squat in the grass or weeds, so that it is almost impossible to find any of them. Once, while crossing a part of the barrens on my way homeward, my horse almost placed his foot on a covey that was in the path. I observed them and instantly leaped to the ground; but notwithstanding all my endeavors the cunning mother saved them by a single cluck. The little fellows rose on the wing for only a few yards, spread themselves all round, and kept so close and quiet that, although I spent much time in search for them, I could not discover one. I was much amused, however, by the arts the mother employed to induce me to leave the spot where they lay concealed, when perhaps I was actually treading on some of them.

This species never raises more than one brood in the season, unless the eggs have been destroyed, in which case the female immediately calls for her mate and produces a second set of eggs, generally much smaller in number than the first. About Aug. 1 the young are as large as our little American partridge, and are then most excellent eating. They do not acquire much strength of wing until the middle of October, and after that period they become daily more difficult to be approached. Their enemies are at this season very numerous, but the principal are the polecat, the raccoon, the weasel, the wildcat and various hawks.

The pinnated grouse is easily tamed and easily kept. It also breeds in confinement, and I have often felt surprised that it has not been fairly domesticated. While at Henderson I purchased sixty alive that were expressly caught for me within twelve miles of that village, and brought in a bag laid across the back of a horse. I cut the tips of their wings and turned them loose in a garden and orchard about four acres in extent. Within a week they became tame enough to allow me to approach them without their being frightened. I supplied them with abundance of corn, and they fed besides on vegetables of various kinds. This was in the month of September, and almost all of them were young birds. In the course of the winter they became so gentle as to feed from the hand of my wife, and walked about the garden like so many tame fowls, mingling occasionally with the domestic poultry. I observed that at night each individual made choice of one of the heaps in which a cabbage had grown, and that they invariably placed their breast to the wind, whatever way it happened to blow. When spring returned they strutted, "tooted" and fought as if in the wilds where they had received their birth. Many laid eggs, and a good number of young ones made their appearance, but the grouse at last proved so destructive to the young vegetables, tearing them up by the roots, that I ordered them to be killed. So brave were some of the male birds that they never flinched in the presence of a large turkey cock, and now and then they would stand against a dunghill cock for a pass or two before they would run from him.

During very severe weather I have known this species to roost at a considerable height on trees, but they generally prefer resting on the ground. I observed that for several nights in succession many of these grouse slept in a meadow not far distant from my house. This piece of ground was thickly covered with tall grass, and one dark night I thought of amusing myself by trying to catch them. I had a large seine and took with me several negroes supplied with lanterns and long poles, with the latter of which they bore the net completely off the ground. We entered the meadow in the early part of the night, although it was so dark that without a light one could hardly have seen an object a yard distant, and spreading out the leaded end of the net, carried the other end forward by means of the poles at the height of a few feet. I had marked before dark a place in which a great number of the birds had alighted, and now ordered my men to proceed toward it. As the net passed over the first grouse in the way, the alarmed bird flew directly toward the confining part of the angle, and almost at the same moment a great number of others arose, and, with much noise, followed the same direction. At a signal the poles were laid flat on the ground and we secured the prisoners, bagging some dozens. Repeating our experiment three times in succession, we met with equal success, but now we gave up the sport on account of the loud bursts of laughter from the negroes, who could no longer refrain. Leaving the net on the ground, we returned to the house laden with spoil, but next evening not a grouse was to be found in the meadow, although I am confident that several hundreds had escaped.

On the ground the pinnated grouse exhibits none of the elegance of manner observed in the ruffed grouse, but walks more like the common hen, although in a more erect attitude. If surprised it rises at once with a moderate whirring sound of the wings; but if it happens to see you at a distance, and the place is clear, it instantly runs off with considerable speed and stops at the first tuft of high grass or bunch of briar, when it squats and remains until put up. In newly plowed grounds I have seen them run with all their might, their wings partially expanded, until suddenly meeting with a large clod, they would stop, squat, and disappear in a moment. During the noontide hours several may often be seen dusting themselves near each other, either on the plowed fields or the dry sandy roads, and rearranging their feathers in a moment, in the same manner as the wild turkey. Like the common fowls, they watch each other's motions, and if one has discovered a grasshopper, and is about to chase it, all the rest within sight either fly or run to the place. When the mother of a brood is found with her young ones she instantly ruffles up her feathers, and often looks as if she would fly at you; but this she never ventures to do, although she tries every art to decoy you from the place. On large branches of trees these birds walk with great ease, but on small ones they require the aid of their wings to enable them to walk steadily. They usually, if not always, roost singly within a few feet of each other, and on such little eminences as the ground affords. I have found them invariably fronting the wind, or the quarter from which it was to blow. It is only during the early age of the young birds that they sit on the ground in a circle.

The flight of the prairie hen is strong, regular, tolerably swift, and at times protracted to the distance of several miles. The whirring of its wings is less conspicuous than that of the ruffed grouse or "pheasant" (*Tetrao umbellus*), and its flight is less rapid. It moves through the air with frequent beats, after which it sails with the wings bent downward, balancing itself for a hundred yards or more, as if to watch the movements of its pursuer, for at this time they can easily be observed to look behind them as they proceed. They never rise when disturbed without uttering four or five distinct clucks, although at other times they fly off in silence. They are easily shot down by a calm sportsman, but are very apt to deceive a young hand. In the Western country they rarely stand before the pointer, and I think the setter is a more profitable dog there. In the Eastern States, however, pointers, as I am informed, are principally employed. These birds rarely await the approach of the sportsman, but often rise when he is at such a distance as to render it necessary for him to be very prompt in firing. Unlike other species, they seldom pass over you, even when you surprise them, and if the country is wooded they frequently alight on the highest branches of our tallest trees, where they are usually more accessible. If shot almost dead they fall and turn round on the ground with great violence until life is extinct; but when less injured they run with great celerity to some secluded place, where they remain so quiet and silent as to render it difficult to find them without a good dog. Their flesh is dark and resembles that of the red grouse of Scotland or the spotted grouse of North America.

The curious notes emitted in the love season are peculiar to the male. When the receptacles of air, which in form, color and size resemble a small orange, are perfectly inflated, the bird lowers its head to the ground, opens its bill and sends forth, as it were, the air contained in these bladders in distinctly separate notes, rolling one after another from loud to low, and producing a sound like that of a large muffled drum. This done, the bird immediately erects itself, refills its receptacles by inhalation, and again proceeds with its tootings. I frequently observed in those prairie hens which I had tamed at Henderson that after producing the noise the bags lost their rotundity and assumed the appearance of a burst bladder, but that in a few seconds they were again inflated. Having caught one of the birds, I passed the point of a pin through each of its air cells, the consequence of which was that it was unable to toot any more. With another bird I performed the same operation on one only of the cells, and next morning it tooted with the sound one, although not so loudly as before, but could not inflate the one which had been punctured. The sound, in my opinion, cannot be heard at a much greater distance than a mile. All my endeavors to decoy this species by imitating its curious sounds were unsuccessful, although the ruffed grouse is easily deceived in this manner. As soon as the strutting and fighting are over the collapsed bladders are concealed by the feathers of the ruff, and during autumn and winter are much reduced in size. These birds, indeed, seldom if ever meet in groups on the scratching grounds after incubation has taken place; at all events, I have never seen them fight after that period, for, like the wild turkeys, after spending a few weeks apart to recover their strength, they gradually unite, and as soon as the young are grown up individuals of both sexes mix with the latter and continue in company till spring. The young males exhibit the bladders and elongated feathers of the neck before the first winter, and by the next spring have attained maturity, although, as in many other species, they increase in size and beauty for several years.

In the Western country at the approach of winter these birds frequent the tops of the sumac bushes to feed on their seeds, often in such numbers that I have seen them bent by their weight; and I have counted more than fifty on a single apple tree, the buds of which they entirely destroyed in a few hours. They also alight on the high forest trees on the margins of large rivers, such as the Mississippi, to eat grapes and the berries and leaves of the parasitical mistletoe. During several weeks which I spent on the banks of the Mississippi, above the mouth of the Ohio, I often observed flocks of them flying to and fro across the broad stream, alighting at once on the highest trees with as much ease as any other bird. They were then so abundant that the Indians, with whom I was in company, killed them with arrows whenever they chanced to alight on the ground or low bushes.

During the sowing season their visits to the wheat and cornfields are productive of considerable damage. They are fond of grasshoppers, and pursue these insects as chickens are wont to do, sometimes to a distance of 30 or 40yds. They drink water like the common fowl when at liberty, and, like all other species of this family, are fond of dusting themselves in the paths or among the earth of the fields.

I have often observed them carry their tail in the manner of the common hen. During the first years of my residence at Henderson, in severe winters the number of grouse of this species was greatly augmented by large flocks of them that evidently came from Indiana, Illinois, and even from the western side of the Mississippi. They retired at the approach of spring, no doubt to escape from the persecution of man.

It would not perhaps be proper that I should speak of the value put on the flesh of these birds by epicures. All that I shall say is that I never thought much of it, and would at any time prefer a piece of buffalo or bear flesh; so that I have no reason to regret my inability to purchase prairie hens for eating at $5 the pair.

The Frog-Rail Theory.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The beliefs that frogs turn into sora rail, that horsehairs become hair-snakes, that barnacles breed brant, that eels spring from clams and that a dead greaser becomes a burro, are all interesting to the anthropologist as indicating a primitive type of mind in methods of searching for knowledge. Compare the horsehair snake mythologist, for instance, with the naturalist who traces the gordius through all of its immature stages, and we have a valuable object lesson in types of mind. How easy for a frog-rail theorist to turn to any authoritative book and learn all about the rail, and yet our educators in a proud land have not succeeded in teaching the average laboring man how to teach himself in such a very simple matter. The belief that deer do not eat lilypads represents the sort of mind that does not wish to acquire knowledge. The possessor of that sort of a mind need not go very far to learn that almost any hunter looks at cut lily stems to see whether they were bitten off at one nip by deer or by two or three nips by muskrats. He may argue that the deer do not hold the lily pads down and that they step behind a tree and spit them up, but almost any deer hunter who is quick has managed to kill the deer before they could spit up a whole paunchful of lilypads and buds. The frog-rail theorist represents a man who cannot learn because his methods are incomplete. The man who deprives deer of their reputation for good taste in diet represents the type that will not have knowledge because he prefers not to have it. R. T. M.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Seeing the article written about the rail bird in this week's issue, I thought I would send you a clipping cut from the Philadelphia Sunday *Times*, June 21, 1896, which may throw a little more light on this mysterious bird:

LOWER ALLOWAY, June 20.—It has always been the general belief among sportsmen that rail birds do not breed in this section of the country, but the finding of a rail bird's nest with three eggs in it proves the falsity of the belief. Howard Harris, of this place, has the nest, and as he saw the mother bird fly from it there is no doubt but they occasionally rear their young in these parts. The nest and eggs are on exhibition in this place and are quite a curiosity.

A friend of mine killed a rail bird in Christmas week, 1895, on a fairly cold day—too cold for a frog to come out of the mud, much less a bird of this species to be this far North; the bird was shot on the marsh above the Philadelphia Gun Club's grounds, on the Pennsylvania shore, Delaware River. A READER.

Migrating Bluebirds.

SHELDON, Vt., Oct. 10.—During the past week both night and day flocks of bluebirds have passed here southward from their more northern breeding places. Those observed during the day a portion of the flock was going on at a steady flight, while the others, evidently the young birds, were flying along, chasing each other in a frolicsome kind of way, as though they considered this migrating business a great lark. As these are the first bluebirds seen here this season, the spring flight northward must have passed here in the night, otherwise we would have been sure to have seen or heard some of the birds. A day or two before the last big storm we saw high in the air a flock of sea gulls going south. STANSTEAD.

Audubon Copper Plates in the Smithsonian.

WASHINGTON.—There are in the Smithsonian six of the original copper plates of Audubon's birds: the Virginian partridge, whooping crane, "hooping crane," scarlet ibis, chuck-will's-widow and the American robin.

Besides the copper plates there are a number of the prints.

The plates were presented by a Mr. Stuart, of New York, and a patron of the American Museum of Natural History. B. A. BEAN.

Cats and Coyotes.

BOSTON, Oct. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* E., writing from Shirley Basin, Wyo., in your last number, wants to know what to do with the coyotes that kill his cats. I would suggest the sending them to large cities and towns to be turned loose in back yards at full moons. If they are good jumpers they might possibly end a long-suffered nuisance and sleep-disturbing cause in thickly settled communities. REIGNOLDS.

Game Bag and Gun.

Our readers are invited to send us for these columns notes of the game supply, shooting resorts, and their experience in the field.

SOME AMERICAN GAME BIRDS.*

IV.—The Snipe.

ACCORDING to the writings of ornithologists, the breeding grounds of the snipe begin from about 42°, which would be from a parallel drawn through the northern part of Nebraska, Iowa, etc., thence north to the Arctic Circle. It migrates leisurely southward as the winter season approaches, feeding on the available grounds, ultimately going as far south as the West Indies and northern South America. It is a bird of the wet lands, and, as with the woodcock, the available area entire for a food supply is small as compared with the earth's surface; such area being the places which are soft enough to be bored with its sensitive bill, and also containing food to its liking and enough of it to supply its needs. As much soft and wet land may also be gravelly, or sandy, or clayey, etc., either unfit to sustain the animal and vegetable life on which the snipe subsists, or from its refractory nature being impervious to the delicate weapon with which nature has provided the snipe for the capturing of its food, it is apparent that of all the wet land there are only certain parts which are available to the bird in securing a food supply. Of the places which afford it food, some are permanently good throughout the whole season, as, for instance, the sloughs and marshes and parts of river valleys of the prairie country wherein it makes its summer habitat; while other places are but temporarily available, as land made soft and wet by heavy rains, though such places may serve it well for many weeks, as in Louisiana and Texas in the fall and winter months, during the rainy season, which in those States is largely the equivalent of winter. It may seek its food in places which are quite wet, as in some of the large marshes—places too wet for the shooter to venture into without rubber boots if he value dry feet—and again in some other sections it may make its haunts on land so firm and dry that the hunter may walk on it pleasantly and dry shod in ordinary shoes.

While the woodcock, its long-billed brother, is a bird of the covert, the snipe is a bird of the open; and on both birds nature lays a more severe restriction on a late stay in the North than she does on any other game bird, for a snipe or woodcock attempting to gain a subsistence in a frozen country would be a pathetic sight indeed.

Its food is said to be the larvæ, tender roots of plants and worms, which it secures by boring, and such insects and other eatable food as it can secure on top of the ground.

To the local sportsman its habits in the shooting season—which is mostly the migratory season—seem erratic and unknowable, if its unstable characteristics may be called habits at all. It is in one place to-day, another to-morrow. To-day there may be an abundance, to-morrow not one. Or it may go contrary to its erratic reputation and remain a number of days about the same grounds. Still, the shooter is largely in ignorance of what the snipe will do next. The weather and food conditions may be the same so far as observation can determine them, and yet the birds may come and go in their own whimsical way regardless of conditions. Apparently some mysterious impulse seems to seize the birds of a certain locality either to come or go, though not in the manner of birds which go in flocks wherein all fly as a part of the flock. Snipe fly mostly in ones or twos or threes, sometimes more, but always in small numbers, and being thus independent in flight it is difficult to understand how the common impulse to seek other grounds is at the same time felt and acted on by all the birds of a certain neighborhood, or at least most of them, there being many exceptions as a matter of course, as for instance in a section where there are birds in abundance on a certain day they may not all leave at the same time, and indeed some scattered birds may be found on certain ground throughout the whole season. However much the exception may affect the few, the greater part of the birds are erratic and lawless most of the time.

No doubt that which seems whimsical and mysterious in the life of the snipe is really in harmony with the needs of nature. The bird being largely nocturnal in its habits, it is difficult to learn its ways, and it is specially difficult for the resident of one locality to observe its habits with any degree of precision. Seeing it in but one small corner of its habitat, the local sportsman can at best gain but a fragmentary knowledge of its needs and its habits, though he may infer that the small part which he sees is really the whole.

Being swift of wing and enduring of flight, the snipe undoubtedly feeds over vast areas in grounds many miles apart, twenty or thirty miles being of no more moment to it when in search of food than twenty or thirty rods between wheat fields would be to the prairie chicken. Moreover, when snipe invade fields in vast numbers, as is frequently the case, the ground is soon thoroughly bored, and no doubt all the food within reach near the surface is consumed, and thus it may be a necessity for the snipe to seek food elsewhere till the grounds have had time to rest and to replenish.

Many writers lay great stress on the difficulties of the shooting of snipe, treating of it as a bird of phenomenal swiftness and erratic flight, and the shooting of it as requiring something extraordinary in the matter of skill. Such savors of limited experience as to number of birds shot, the brief part of a season in which they were shot, and the limited opportunity in which to observe their habits. As a matter of fact, snipe shooting at certain times is the easiest of shooting, as on warm days, when the birds are fat and lazy, flying slowly and tamely, with pendulous bills, as is often the case in the fall in the South when they are in good feeding grounds. They are then disinclined to move, and indolently lie to the dog's points till the shooter walks them up.

The books teach that the snipe rises with a zigzag flight against the wind, darting to right and left with such rapid flashes of speed that the best of shooters are puzzled, and often miss. The snipe, it is true, rises against the wind when there is a wind, and zigzags a few times to get up speed and a straight course. Many writers on snipe shooting lay it down as correct that the shooter, to take advantage of the snipe's peculiarity in rising, should shoot down wind, or advance to the dog's point down wind, so that when the snipe is flushed it will fly toward him. All such savor of the novice, or of a skill which needs nursing; and all the difficulties are greatly exaggeratéd—zigzag, swift flight and all. No bird of the open is so difficult to shoot as is the bird of the covert. The zigzag of the snipe is in the beginning of its flight, and nothing is easier than to wait on it a moment till it straightens out on a straight flight before shooting at it; and then it is a matter of shooting on the wing, as other wing shooting is.

As to walking down wind to secure a better shot, the sportsman need not concern himself about it in the least, excepting perhaps on such days as are cold and windy, and days when the birds are very wild and rise at the extreme range of the gun. As with pigeon shooting, the really good shot does not let his birds get hard if they rise within range. He doesn't care a sou whether they zigzag or not, for he snaps them as soon as they are on the wing; or being well on the wing, he permits them to get into steady flight and then delivers his fire. There is on the part of the experienced shot no particular attempt to reach the bird from a weak quarter. He takes the shooting as it comes. Snipe shooting is open shooting, and there is nothing whatever about the bird or its flight which makes it a phantom.

On windy days, or when it is cold weather, it may be very wild and rise at extreme ranges, and shooting then is quite as much a test of the gun as it is a test of the shooter's skill; though few writers pay any heed to the distinction, and consider it all, far or near, as a matter of skill alone. At best, walking down wind on snipe is an uncertain advantage, for be it known that a snipe can fly down or across wind with a swiftness and ease which disposes very quickly of any trifling advantage of a few yards taken up wind for a start.

The habits of snipe as oftenest described are their habits when they are lean and wild, or wild from a change from warm to cold, or from still to windy weather. But to teach that such is their regular manner of flight would be on a par with teaching that quail live in the tree tops because they sometimes take refuge therein.

Even when lean and wild, on a calm day the snipe does not strain the skill of a good shot, but on a windy day the wild, lean snipe can dart very swiftly across or down wind, and if to this be added rises at long range the shooting is then really difficult, though then, as mentioned before, it is also a test of the gun. When thus wild, the snipe is exceedingly restless and moves about a great deal. It then takes alarm quickly, flies with its bill extended straight ahead, flying so high as mostly to be out of range. It can pitch to the ground from its highest flight, darting to the ground with stiffened wings and lighting with the greatest ease.

In the course of migration the birds stop in favorite places where food is abundant, and sometimes remain till the weather becomes too unpleasant to remain longer. As a rule they arrive in the South in a lean condition, and in such condition the snipe is at its best as a flyer.

Shooting experience limited to times when the snipe are wild is an experience with the snipe in its most difficult moods. But, as mentioned before, such parts of snipe shooting are not all of snipe shooting. When the birds are lean they are also wilder, regardless of weather conditions.

Snipe shooting as to quantity varies one locality with another more than does any other kind of shooting, for one locality may contain but a few birds to reward the shooter's efforts, while in other localities they may fairly swarm, as in parts of Louisiana and Texas in the fall and spring months, when the birds are migrating, where they generally remain several weeks enjoying the food abundance and becoming very fat, and some scattered ones may be found all through the winter. The heavy rains of fall and spring, frequently a downpour of days, soften the fat alluvial prairie lands so that hundreds of square miles are fitted for the snipe's habitat. In particularly favorable sections of the prairie, cotton, corn and sugar fields, they may at times be found in thousands. A dog in such shooting is in the way except to act as a retriever. There is no woodcraft necessary in such shooting. The shooter walks along till the birds fly up, and so rapidly will he sometimes flush them that at every step or two it is fire and load and fire and load again. At such times the gun becomes too hot to hold in the hands, and the shooter must perforce stop till it cools sufficiently to handle.

Enormous bags have been made on snipe, particularly in Louisiana and Texas, where the greater part of the snipe of North America congregate for a few weeks in their period of migration. One of the greatest, and I believe that it is referred to now as the greatest, was made many years ago by Mr. Pringle, a wealthy sugar planter of Louisiana, who had great fame as a sportsman of rare skill, and who bagged 400 and some odd snipe in a day. This is a large bag indeed, but it is but one of thousands of others large in themselves, but so common as to excite no special comment in that section.

I have told of these matters to gentlemen in the North, whose success was measured by a dozen birds, more or less, as the result of a day's shooting, and such being outside of their personal experience they have been pleased to consider it an idle tale, assuming a ludicrous astuteness in respect to what should be true the world over from their narrow experience in shooting a few birds over a few acres of ground each year.

In regard to the big bag made by Mr. Pringle, it may be added by way of explanation that he had negroes to assist him, some to carry his spare guns, others again to carry the ammunition and retrieve the dead birds. I have been told by men who have hunted with him that he is a most indefatigable walker and possesses extraordinary quickness and accuracy in the use of the shotgun, snapping the birds almost on the instant that they take wing. In that land of abundance at that day it was not considered unsportsmanlike to kill all that the sportsman was pleased to kill, for after all were done shooting there was no apparent diminution in the abundance of the birds. If they killed many, their neighbors derived the benefit of it; and the killing was at irregular intervals, differing from the steady drain made on the bird supply day after day by those who shoot for market. This circumstance of the record bag was a happening of many years ago, when the sentiment concerning game preservation was different everywhere North and South from what it is to-day.

As to snipe shooting and the way of it, the proper manner to shoot them is to go forth and shoot them—in other words, the set manner of doing this thing and that thing as taught by some writers is all very well if they can do no better. There is no rule whereby snipe shooting can be made soft and easy, and there is no sportsman with proper ambition who will care to have his skill less than the best test that the bird can offer. If it is unequal to the test, practice will improve it; and if it will not, there is at least the pleasure of trying to cope with the bird. The proper skill is that which takes the shooting as it comes instead of picking out the easy shots or easy combinations to secure them.

The difficulties of snipe shooting in general have been greatly exaggerated. The lightning zigzag up wind at the start and the swiftness at all times as set forth in print would lead the novice to believe that it was almost beyond the skill of any one without a special "gift" to

* Other papers of this series were: The Woodcock, Sept. 12; Ruffed Grouse, Oct. 10; Quail, Oct. 17.

kill snipe. The books prescribe that the shooter should walk down wind, so that when the snipe rises it will come toward the shooter, and the zigzag is dwelt upon as a thing to make much of. As a matter of fact, the true snipe shooter walks in any direction which seems favorable to find snipe, regardless of the wind, and he shoots with no more heed of the zigzag than that it is but a momentary flurry of the bird in starting its flight, and if it zigs too long he just snaps it in its zigging. On the raw, windy days, particularly when the snipe are lean and wild, and flush at long ranges, it is then hard shooting, and success is, as it may happen, regardless of rule or no rule, though a small matter of skill is much more successful than is a large matter of rule.

The best gun for snipe shooting one day with another is one that is moderately choked or one which is a true cylinder bore, though, as it is all open shooting, and therefore not so difficult as shooting in the covert, good work may be done with a full choke, since the shooter can pick his distance to shoot his birds. However, it is not every man who can wait on his bird or estimate distances at a glance, so that it is better to have a gun which will be available for instant use when the bird rises if one can have it. A 12-bore is most commonly used, and as for the size of shot, No. 8s or 9s or 10s are good, the latter being quite large enough when the birds are fat and lazy. As snipe shooting is open shooting, the length of the barrels is of no importance in the manner in which it is important in shooting in covert.

As a bird to shoot over dogs the snipe is inferior; decidedly so. Sometimes it is in such abundance that a dog is unnecessary. At other times it is so wild that it will not lie to the dog at all; or being fat and tame, it may lie too well. Again it will be in marshes so wet, cold and rank with marsh grasses that it is impossible for a dog to do satisfactory work, however good his intention may be and however good his ability. Very few dogs have a natural fondness for work on snipe. It is acquired in most instances, and some dogs, good on upland game birds, so thoroughly detest the snipe that they will refuse to recognize it. On the other hand, some dogs like the snipe very much as a bird to work on, though such are the exception.

Considered strictly as a bird of the open, the snipe affords the best of all open shooting, since there is something to test the sportsman's skill in it at times, though there is never the weird uncertainty about it that some writers have discovered in its shooting; no doubt an easy and safe explanation of the difficult shooting being found in the manner in which the shooter handles his gun rather that in the manner of the bird's flight.

When the birds are in such great abundance and can be bagged with little effort by walking them up and shooting them, the sportsman soon tires of it. It is too easy and certain to be a sport. On the other hand, when they are scarce and wild, and the weather is windy and the birds will not lie to a dog, it is too difficult and uncertain. The dog is eliminated then as a factor, and the shooting is largely a matter of taking chances. When the happy medium is found, the birds not too plentiful, neither too wild nor too tame, lying fairly well to the dog, it is excellent sport indeed, though in Louisiana I noted it as a remarkable fact that where there were an abundance of both snipe and quail, the sportsmen tired soon of snipe shooting and gave the quail the preference. Yet all sections are not so fortunate, for all the game birds combined afford but a moderate opportunity for sport in some sections.

B. Waters.

Game in Central New York.

Ithaca, N. Y.—Prime ruffed grouse shooting may be had in this part of central New York at the following points: Peruville, West Groton, East Homer, Freeville, Harford Mills, Danby, Enfield, Hector, and along the east side of Cayuga Lake between Lake Ridge and say Union Springs.

The sky is now of the deepest blue, the landscape in its loveliest attire, the atmosphere is softly tempered with influences which make men healthy and happy, and every condition is perfect for the enjoyment of ideal sportsmanship. And the grouse, ah me! how like a thunderbolt in gray do they flash across one's vision. Unfortunate indeed is the man who never goes afield in quest of the intrepid grouse.

The black and gray squirrel, hare and rabbit season, which opened to-day, the 15th, bids fair to nicely reward the sportsman who fancies this kind of shooting. Rabbits abound all around this city in covers easy to reach, and eight or ten miles out in almost any direction will disclose them in plenty. Near White Church, and in cover not far south of Caroline Depot on the D., L. & W. R. R., a good number of hares—big, white, bounding fellows—may be found. Gray squirrels have been unusually plentiful, but it is charged that a good deal of illegal shooting has been persisted in on this game, with the result that in some sections, notably near Genoa, eighteen or twenty miles north of here, the supply has been tremendously reduced. I have this on the authority of a well-known resident of that town. Other localities furnish reports of illegal shooting on both squirrels and rabbits. Gray squirrels should be found near Caroline, Speedsville, Etna, South and West Danby, in the vicinity of Mecklinburg, along through the western part of the town of Lansing and extending well into Cayuga county, parallel with the lake. Woodcock shooting has not been up to the average.

M. Chill.

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

SHOOTING PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

From boyhood I have been a great sportsman, and have enjoyed many a pleasant trip through the West with rod and gun. Many a day I have tramped across the great stubble fields behind my well-trained dogs in search of a covey of chickens, or a stray one to knock down in front of my gun. I have also wandered through the wild forest laying in the northern part of Minnesota, where the historical Lake Itasca lies sleeping in its beauty, filled with fish of the choicest kind and swarming with wildfowl of all descriptions, and whose shores are alive with otter, muskrat and mink.

On Sept. 14, 1895, in company with my brother Bob, fully equipped with our hunting traps and two finely broken dogs, we left our city of St. Paul at 8:30 in the evening on the Great Northern train, and after a journey of eleven hours reached our station, Ada, Minn., a stop well known to the sportsmen of that State, as the country surrounding this town is said to be the best chicken fields now known on the continent.

We were there provided with a team and wagon to haul us to our camping grounds, and soon had our outfit, consisting of a boat, tent, and a fair supply of provisions and other things necessary to the hunter, piled on the wagon, and in a few minutes later we were making our way along the road. An hour and a half of steady traveling along the muddy road brought us to the Marsh River, where we camped.

After breakfast Bob suggested to paddle down the river and take a look at our neighborhood before tramping the fields for birds. I sat in the bow with the paddle, steering the boat as it cut down the current, while Bob was placed in the stern with his trolling line. The boat went drifting along with the current, winding in and out between the narrow channels as smoothly as an arrow.

Now and then from in front of us would jump from beneath the tall rushes that were thickly set around the shore a flock of jacksnipe and go darting away, sending out their little call, *swack-swack*, as they quickened their flight. Now and again in front of us would rise from the water a duck or two and go quacking away, frightened by the sight of the boat. Hundreds of large gray hawks went sailing over our heads, with their cruel, sparkling eyes fixed upon the water, and their curved bill pointing downward, searching for a wounded duck or a dead fish to make their prey.

The everlasting cawing from the crows rang through the woods, and the humming of the partridge mingled with many other sounds that come upon the ear from the forests.

After drifting down the river about six miles we turned and started back against the current, and after a long struggle landed our little boat in front of where our tent loomed up among the trees; it was about noon, and we had a handsome string of fish. Bob and I soon had a hot fire of dry pine, and in a few minutes there was ready a delicious meal of the fresh fish we had just drawn from the stream.

After stretching out on the grass and finishing our smoke, we loosened the two setters and started through the woods for the stubble fields, making our way stumbling over fallen trees and winding in and out through the thick underbrush until we finally reached the edge of a big wheat field, where we set the dogs working, much to their delight. Old Cap, a big, staunch English setter, was soon on his old natural run, backed up by my fine little Lewellyn bitch Quail, searching for the scent that seems so pleasing to a good dog; they soon separated and began covering more ground, with their noses trailing and their tails waving like the wind to see who could strike the first stand.

Bob and I spread apart, and tramped along with our guns ready to bring to the shoulder at the sight of the first bird. After walking about a mile over the prairie, we came to a road which led along through the field; this we followed up while the dogs covered the stubble beside us.

Just as Quail was moving off of the wheat on to a strip of flax she suddenly stopped with the scent of game, and old Cap, who was ranging a short distance off, caught sight of the crouching dog and came like a streak of lightning toward her till he finally slackened his pace, lifted his left front leg from the ground, and stretching his long nose forward proudly backed up the little bitch.

Bob and I were soon behind the dogs ready to try the first bird. I spoke to Quail to go forward and she rose from her crouching position and worked nervously on about 4yds. and started a big bird that rose wild and flew straight away, giving us both a good shot. Crack! went my gun, knocking out a few tail feathers, but failing to bring her down. Then Bob's gun spoke twice and with the second shot sent her spinning to the ground.

The dogs then moved up again and finally flushed three more that jumped up wild and started in different directions, one coming my way and two going Bob's. I sighted mine as it screwed its tail sideways and sent the left load after her, which failed to score, but as the right barrel was discharged she let go and cut her way head over heels to the ground. I quickly whirled around and saw Bob drop one bird, but miss the other clean. We then marked her down about 200yds. off, and after failing to start more and finding our three dead birds after considerable skirmishing around in the stubble, Bob called Cap with him and I took Quail, and we started with both dogs searching far and near for the scent of the stray chicken which we had marked down.

We were watching the setters work some little distance off until they finally drew near the spot set for the bird. Suddenly the little bitch whirled around, pricked up her ears, and straightening out her wavy tail placed the bird in a small bunch of willow bushes growing on the side of a little stream that went rippling through a deep ditch.

We backed up the dogs, and soon the bird started from under Quail's nose, giving an elegant shot; I sighted it, but to no use, as it fell to Bob's shot before I could pull my trigger.

After we found the bird we started down the little stream to find out where it went to and see if we could bag a duck or two on our way.

The dogs were hunting nicely on the field, hunting gayly to strike another covey of chickens, while we continued our tramp along the bank of the stream. We had gone scarcely a half mile when the little river began to widen and flow more freely. This brightened up our thoughts and encouraged us on our way, and after three or four miles of hard trudging we came to a marshy piece of ground filled with tall rushes. Thinking a lake or pond must be near, we pushed eagerly on, with the dogs close at our heels, for about eight rods, and gazing out through the tall, thick reeds we beheld a fine little pond, covering about an acre of ground and an ideal place for ducks. Nor was it long thereafter that the dogs had occasion to retrieve four large fat mallards, increasing our string to eight birds.

As we were about to turn to leave we heard the call *quack-quack*, and looking around saw two pintails headed for the pond. "Mark!" said Bob, as he drew back the hammers of his gun. In less than a second the ducks were overhead and the guns cracked four times, but only bringing one to the ground.

We now started through the reeds to gain the prairie and move back toward camp, as we only had an hour's shooting before sundown, and were over six miles from our starting point. We put the dogs working on the field and started back over the same ground we had came. The sun was just setting in the western sky, throwing out its crimson light, which met the top of the stubble, giving a beautiful look to the great field which stretched away for miles.

We tramped ahead earnestly for the big woods where our tent was placed, hoping to gain the edge before the dark night set in.

The dogs ranged freely on in front searching for birds, our eyes following them closely all the time, hoping to see them make one more stand while it was still light enough to shoot.

They ranged steadily for nearly an hour, not getting a whiff of a bird; but as old Cap was just advancing on a bunch of bushes he suddenly dropped like a shot, while the little bitch backed him closely up.

We advanced, Bob on one side and I on the other; two birds started from under the dogs and sailed away at an exceedingly rapid gait for a pair of chickens. Bob's gun rang out twice and killed them both, but by as fine a shot as I ever had the pleasure of seeing a sportsman make. Then four flushed wild and spread apart. I sighted one, fired, and had the satisfaction of seeing her fall to the last shot. Bob killed one of his, and we marked the others down a good way off.

As the sun was now sinking rapidly behind the hills, we decided not to follow them, as we might happen to lose our way by the extra turns across the fields, and had three long miles before us to reach our tent.

We soon found our birds, and struck up a rapid walk for camp. After tramping along the prairie a short distance the sun slowly disappeared, and we were left to make the remainder of our journey by the misty darkness which comes between sundown and moonlight.

After a long walk through the cool evening air our path was lighted by the moon as it stole from beneath the clouds and rode calmly across the sky.

A long walk across the fields brought us to the edge of the woods, and we started through them for the tent.

The moon's reflection spread down beneath the trees and guided us as we picked our way through the tall, thick brush.

After succeeding in getting many a hard fall over stumps and other things in our path, we reached the tent thoroughly bruised, but with eight chickens and five ducks—not a large string by any means, but enough to satisfy a sportsman's gun for an afternoon hunt.

P. C. Heard.

TWO WEEKS AT BIG MOOSE LAKE.

At promptly 6 A. M., Sept. 4, the train pulled out from the New York Central station with our party on board, consisting of Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Leake, Mr. and Mrs. B. V. Covert, with guns, ammunition, fishing tackle and my pointer Sank.

We had planned for weeks previous for a trip to the Adirondacks, and a look of delightful anticipation shone on each face as in fancy we seemed to see Club Camp on Big Moose Lake, our destination, welcoming us. At 4:15 we reached the station, and after loading our belongings on the buckboard that was in waiting we started on foot to the lake, a distance of about two miles. As this was the first experience any of our party had ever had in the woods everything was enjoyable. Now and then a chipmunk or a squirrel would dart across our path, and in the distance the song of some wild bird would break the stillness.

As we reached the little lake the sight that met our eyes was beyond description. There was not a ripple to disturb the surface of the water, and the huge mountains surrounding it all lighted by the sun as it was disappearing over the western hills, there came to each one a feeling of awe and admiration.

We were quickly taken to our camp by our guide, who had met us at the landing, and there settled ourselves for the two weeks of solid comfort.

The following morning at about 9 o'clock the Doctor and the guide started out for a little tramp, saying they would be back at noon, while I took the dog with me for a go at the partridges, etc., which we had been informed could be found in plenty here, but I was disappointed, and I may here add that we never saw a game bird while there except some ducks in the distance. You may imagine our surprise when at about 1 o'clock we beheld our Doctor coming into camp with a nice big deer on his back. It had been feeding about half a mile back of our camp when he shot it with his rifle. The writer then decided that if deer were so plentiful he would not go out to get his deer until a day or so before breaking camp, as we wished to take one home with us, so for the next few days we contented ourselves with sight-seeing and shooting red squirrels (the only game we could find), for even the fish refused to bite the tempting bait we offered them.

By this time we heard of many who were out jacking night after night and were not very successful, so I decided I had better take a deer any time I could get one; and nearly every night after this found us floating for deer. Although we frequently heard them, we were not destined to see one. We spent two days on Sister Lakes, a distance of seven miles from camp, hoping to find there some less wise, but were disappointed again. On Monday night previous to our departure we started for West Pond "to do or die," as the floating season only lasted another night. On a previous trip to this little lake we had heard

several feeding at the shore. The deer must have known that some one of their number must be sacrificed that night, for we had been out on the lake only about twenty minutes when by the shore we saw our game, and one shot from my gun won me my first deer. Upon investigation we found a small doe, and concluded that the smallest one of the herd had been given simply to appease my wrath. We returned to camp at once and informed the sleepy occupants that now honors were to be divided.

The remainder of our stay was spent in looking for a buck; but we as well as about fifty other sportsmen were disappointed, though one was seen near the station in daylight.

We broke camp on the 17th and reluctantly started for home, well satisfied that Big Moose Lake is an ideal place for entire rest and comfort. As for game, one could not ask for better luck at shooting deer, as there were only five deer shot by people on or near our lake, and we had the honor of capturing two of them. We all returned feeling thoroughly rested, and found our good clothes (which we had left at home) entirely too small for us.

B. V. COVERT.

LOCKPORT, N. Y.

QUAIL NETTING IN INDIAN TERRITORY.

LOCO, I. T., Oct. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have lived three years in the Indian Territory, and my chief motive for moving in here was the abundance of game. Since I have been here I have enjoyed the finest shooting I have ever had. I have never yet gone out for game and returned without, and although I might have made good wages by shooting for market, I have never yet sold a head of game of any kind. True, the price of what I might have sold at various times would have been more than acceptable had not pot-hunting always appeared to me too heinous for serious contemplation.

Now, however, there seems to be quite a different sentiment from what I have always entertained existing, not only in my mind, but also in those of most of my shooting brothers hereabouts. Market shooting and netting seems to be the order of the day—very largely the latter. I know of nets that have been running steadily for six weeks. I also know of many more who contemplate netting a little later in the season. As every one acquainted with the Indian Territory knows, quail are our chief game. The country from end to end is a veritable breeding ground for quail. They abound by millions, and always have, but they cannot endure this strain. The netter is a personage entirely void of the element of sportsmanship. He cares nothing for the devastation he is working, but day by day follows the creeks and ravines, sweeping up covey after covey, never dreaming of liberating a pair, as used to be the custom when an entire flock was captured.

On the other hand, the shooter only kills about one-half of a flock before they become so badly scattered that he begins to look for another flock. Then, too, netters tell me that when a covey is once properly "shot up" it is next to impossible to net them.

Now, while I scorn market shooting, it seems to me that what we need is more shooters, of the two evils choosing the least.

I have always understood that it was a violation of federal law to ship game, but I consulted an attorney a few days since, and his counsel was that there was no statutes existing to prevent either hunters or commission merchants from shipping game after Oct. 1.

Will you please enlighten me through your most excellent journal if this is the truly the case? L. D. W.

[The only law given in the *Game Laws in Brief* relative to Indian Territory game is this: Revised Statutes of the United States, 1878.—Sec. 2137. Every person, other than an Indian, who, within the limits of any tribe with whom the United States has existing treaties, hunts or traps, or takes and destroys any peltries or game, except for subsistence in the Indian country, shall forfeit all the traps, guns and ammunition in his possession used or procured to be used for that purpose, and all peltries so taken; and shall be liable in addition to a penalty of $500.]

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Extension of the Yellowstone Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 11.—Mr. John F. Cowan, a prominent sportsman and business man of Montana, long identified with the fortunes of the giant city of Butte, Mont., is a man whose words are entitled to respect. Mr. Cowan is thoroughly conversant with every detail of the environments of the Yellowstone National Park, and has for a long time been well advised in regard to the execrable destruction of the Park big game, which has been so often described in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. It is his belief that the natural surroundings of the Park and the adjacent big game country are such that the game of that great region can best be protected by an enlargement of the boundaries of the Park, so that the lattershall include also the great hunting grounds of the Henry's Lake and Jackson's Hole country. Such a movement is not at first sight to be called impractical, and Mr. Cowan is a man of actions rather than of words himself. An act such as he advocates in his appended letter, which is given in full, would at once create a vigorous opposition upon its first promotion. It would shut out many hunting parties from a favorite ground, and excite the wrath of many local game exterminators. It would, in short, consolidate the harpy element which has always longed to break down the barriers of the Park even as they now stand. But the movement itself is not impossible of success. What its success would mean can be best understood by sportsmen whose experience, in common with that of members of the FOREST AND STREAM, has taught the wealth of the country mentioned and the reckless squandering of that wealth which has been steadily going on. It is a singular fact that Yellowstone Park has had its most earnest champions in the East. Now comes intelligent and thoughtful representation of the actual state of affairs from a man who lives almost at the gate of the Park, who is thoroughly well posted on the condition of the game supply in the Park and the adjoining sections, and who, himself a conservative and careful business man, is of the belief that the Park should not only be guarded, but enlarged. He asks the aid of FOREST AND STREAM thereto. Should it come to pass that Mr. Cowan and his friends, aided as might be by FOREST AND STREAM, should really be able to bring about this enlargement of the National Park, adding to it the great game grounds of which he makes mention, it would be an achievement so considerable as to give cause to every one concerned therewith to look back upon it with a satisfaction not to be measured with that consequent upon ordinary successes in affairs. It would seem to be something to be proud of for a decade, for a generation, and something whose benefits would accrue compoundly to coming generations perhaps more provident than this. Mr. Cowan's letter follows:

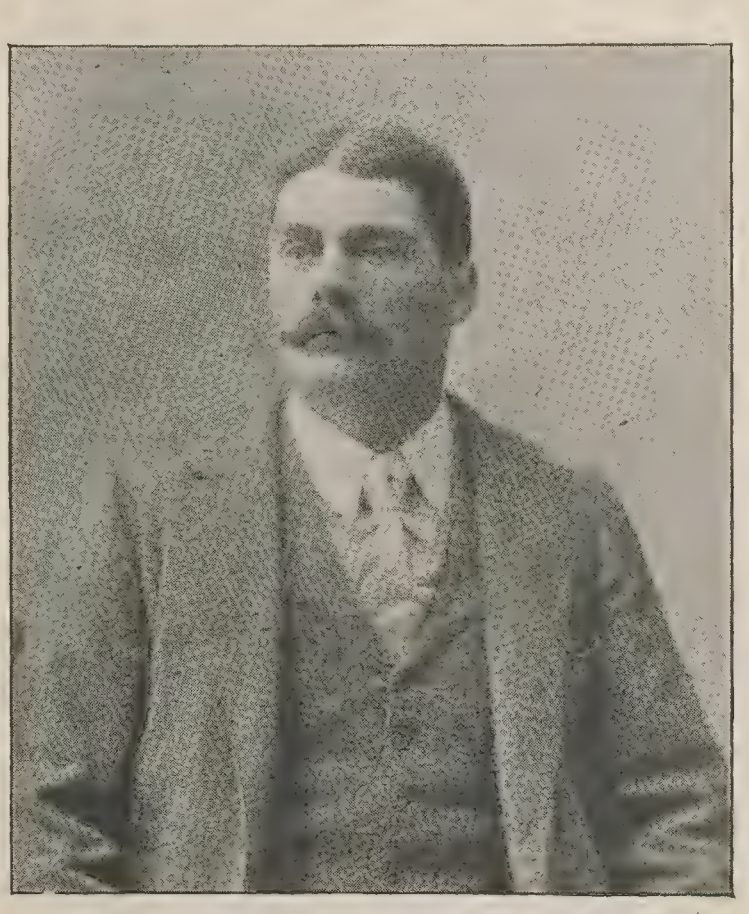
"OFFICE OF PHŒNIX ELECTRIC COMPANY, Room 1, Owsley Building, Butte, Mont., Aug. 29.—Having just returned from a tour of the Yellowstone National Park, I thought I would write you regarding a few things which suggested themselves to me while up there. You have been through the Park and are as well posted as any one as to its advantages as a game country. The sections southwest of the Park are really better game countries than the Park itself, as there is where most of the game winters. You will remember that I told you last June when I was in Chicago that I thought the herd of buffalo in the Park was practically wiped out. While up there I made inquiry of the soldiers as to the size of the herd, and they say there are only twelve of them left. This war of extermination has been waged by a band of game pirates who live along the boundary of the Park. I believe if the matter is taken hold of in earnest that Congress could be induced to take into the boundaries of the Park both the Henry's Lake and Jackson's Hole countries. This would afford the game a winter range, and would put a stop to the catching of elk in the deep snows of winter. There would be no great expense, too, in taking in both of those sections, as there are not more than five or six ranches located on Henry's Lake, and they are of no great value. The owners live off of the Park tourists and what game they can kill. Jackson's Hole, I am informed, is in about the same condition. They naturally belong to the Park, and the sooner they are put under Government control the better for our large game.

"The good which would be done toward permanently preserving our large game by such an extension of the boundaries of the Park can hardly be estimated. I have traveled through the mountains north and west of the Park, and the hunters universally through that section go near the boundaries of the Park when they want to kill game. We have all seen the game disappear so rapidly that no argument is necessary to convince any one of the necessity of game protection. By this move I think that the cause of protection would be benefited more than by anything we could do. It would add a vast area to the Park and give the game a chance to live through the hard winters. It would do away with the practice of chasing elk down in the deep snows, as all of that section where they are caught would then be under Government control.

"If FOREST AND STREAM would take this cause up and get the real sportsmen throughout the country interested in it, we could succeed in getting Congress to pass such a bill as we want. I can count on the assistance of our own representatives in Congress, and will take the matter up with those from Idaho, Utah and Wyoming, if you favor such a move. JNO. F. COWAN."

Live Western Wardens.

FOREST AND STREAM prints this week the portrait of Mr. George E. Bowers, State Game Warden of North Dakota, a man eminently qualified to be added to the list of live Western wardens who have been given mention in these



STATE GAME WARDEN GEO. E. BOWERS, NORTH DAKOTA.

columns. Mr. Bowers resides at Fargo, N. D., where he has long been known as an enthusiastic sportsman of the highest type, and devoted to the protective side of sportsmanship. He is a Western man in every sense of the word. He was born in Michigan and at an early age moved to Iowa, where he lived in the years when game was abundant. When he left Iowa, in the year of 1880, to move to his present home, the game was very scarce where once it had been so plentiful, and this decrease gave Mr. Bowers reason for thought. He writes that when he came to Fargo there was very much more game in that region than there is to-day, and he says that he can plainly see it decreasing year by year there, as it did in Iowa and Michigan. Mr. Bowers only received his appointment as warden this spring, but is already entering ardently into the duties of his office. He will not have so much to do until toward the middle of summer, when the violators of the grouse law begin their work. The writer has had the pleasure of shooting in the field with Mr. Bowers and is sure of his earnest desire and his personal ability and fitness to stop illegal and destructive shooting and fishing in his State. With proper enforcement of the game laws of Dakota, that great storehouse of game would offer sport to residents and visitors for years to come, and to this end FOREST AND STREAM will surely wish Mr. Bowers all success in his work.

Early Snow in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 17.—Without any warning or premonitory symptoms, snow began falling in Chicago this morning and has continued to fall throughout the greater part of the day. It is clammy and moist, and where it came from no one can tell, as it was not due here for nearly thirty days. This may be taken as ending the snipe season and beginning the duck season. There should be a good flight of birds to-day and to-morrow, and one would expect to hear of good bags on those marshes which still offer occasional shooting. So far we have had no wildfowl shooting of any consequence anywhere in this vicinity this fall. Should the storm of to-day have driven the birds down from the North, and should there be a clear and warmer spell following this cold freak here, as is very likely to be the case, the result may be that the birds will hang about this latitude for a time and offer a little shooting—a state of affairs much to be wished, for times have been very dull among the duck shooters hereabouts for some time.

Confusion of Wisconsin Deer Law.

There is a kettle of fish up in Wisconsin just now over the deer shooting law, it being claimed that the recent decision of the Wisconsin Supreme Court has invalidated the game laws of 1895, and left standing only such laws as were valid before 1895. This means that the statutes of 1893 govern in Wisconsin, unless the efforts of the supporters of the Buckstaff law for a rehearing be successful, in which case the law of 1895 might possibly be again made valid. Game Warden J. F. Ellarson takes the ground that the law of 1893 is now in force, and under that law the deer hunting dates were Oct. 1 to Oct. 30, instead of Nov. 1 to Nov. 21. The decision, coming as it does this week after half the month of October has passed, has been an involuntary protective agency, for half the open season was gone before anyone knew it was so shortened. Yesterday's dispatches told of great commotion among the Wisconsin deer shooters, and it is said that over fifty deer hunters went out from the city of Ashland alone for the fall hunt. There will be a swarm in the woods this coming week, and upper Wisconsin will be a good place to stay away from till the smoke of battle clears away a bit.

The attorney-general of Wisconsin yesterday wired the representative of the Buckstaff law, Col. Harshaw, of Oshkosh, that the court had granted a rehearing. It is difficult to tell how soon this may be gotten through with, and meantime the public must be uncertain just what the limitations are on Wisconsin deer this fall. Of course it is not safe to shoot after Oct. 30, for if the old law does hold it is as valid as any. If it does not hold the public may know of it just about the time when it is too late to make any difference. There is no real cause for regret over this action of the court, for the shorter a deer season is the better it is in these days. Whichever way the law may go, it is quite sure there will be plenty of deer killed.

About Town.

Mr. C. E. Willard, of the Colts Co., of Hartford, Conn., is in the city this week on his Western trip for the firm. He says business is fair. Mr. Willard is in better health than for years.

Mr. O. von Lengerke, of this city, was out last Saturday and bagged twenty-three snipe and two woodcock at the favorite grounds at Koutts, Ind., after riding over a great deal of country.

Mr. O. H. Hampton, of Indiana, well known in the FOREST AND STREAM columns, has gone home to his old shooting grounds for a time and expects to be busy having a good time.

Mr. W. L. Wells, of Chicago, mentioned as having gone to Momence, Ill., on the Kankakee River, for a snipe hunt, reports that he himself and party bagged ninety-seven birds, of which sixty-eight were jacksnipe. Mr. Wells, who is an artist by profession, is very fond of marsh shooting, and in depicting shooting scenes among the wildfowl has no superior in the country. He paints whereof he knows.

From Dakota.

Advices just at hand from the Devil's Lake country of North Dakota state that the geese are in by thousands. The Southern migration begins early this fall. Ducks are already far to the south of here and even in Texas. The flight seems much scattered this fall. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Maryland Quail and Ducks.

STOCKTON, Worcester County, Md., Oct. 10.—We were all pleased here with our last fall's quail shooting, which was the finest in years. This year it is even better. I know already of many more coveys on the same ground in the early morning. It is almost one continuous whistle from any direction you may choose to turn. I have asked friends from all over the county how the bird supply is with you? The reply is always, "Plenty, plenty; come over and bring your friends." All the coveys I have flushed are large ones, with big strong birds that make a good flight. I had several here shooting last fall who had been to North Carolina. They pronounced our birds larger and stronger on the wing. There is no doubt we are to have a great quail season.

Last year we had very little grass on the flats, but this year it is up to the top of the water at low tide, so heavy that it keeps these big stretches of water almost as flat as mill ponds. We look for large flights of geese, brant, redheads and bluebills, and if feed is any indication of their movements, expect to have good shooting all winter. There are numbers of black ducks now in the ponds on the marshes and some few shell ducks flying out in the bay. Some few bay birds still here. My son and a friend killed over 100 on the marsh one morning last week, all yellowshanks and graybacks. O. D. FOULKS.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

THE LONG ISLAND DUCKING LAW.

A NOTE in these columns the other day stated that "the New York law permits duck shooting from boats propelled by hand and from sail boats in Long Island Sound, Gardiner and Peconic bays; but it does not permit shooting from naphtha nor steam launches, which is reported to be practiced extensively."

The statement of the law as to naphtha and steam launches was only partially correct; that is to say, while the text of the statute does specifically permit the use of row or sail boats, and does not by direct declaration permit naphtha and steam launches, it does in effect permit the employment of these latter by .omitting any prohibition against them. We have been led to look into this law by a letter from Mr. Francis Hoag, Jr., editor of the *Suffolk County News*, who wrote:

Editor Forest and Stream: Please accept my thanks for your very valuable little book, *Game Laws in Brief*, received a day or two ago. I intend to quote from it this week the special laws relating to Long Island, but in preparing the copy I am surprised to find that, although it does not expressly say so, it implies that the shooting of wild ducks from sail boats is prohibited. I am the more surprised because this is the common way of hunting ducks down here, and I can hardly think that all our sportsmen are intentional violators of the law. Why should gunners be allowed to kill ducks from sail boats in Long Island Sound, Gardiner's and Peconic bays and not in the Great South Bay? I cannot understand. I am not at all anxious to criticise your book, nor is it my object to claim a reward for finding a possible error, but I am anxious to publish the law exactly as it is, and if it has been recently amended in this particular I think the people should know it. If you could set me right you would be conferring a great favor.

FRANCIS HOAG, JR.

As Mr. Hoag has already been advised, the *Game Laws in Brief* states the law correctly and as it appears in the original. The trouble is not with the *Brief*, but with the law itself. As to the apparent application of the law to some waters and not to others, that was probably the intention of the Legislature; the framers of the statute undoubtedly meant to forbid the use of sail boats except in Long Island Sound, and Gardiner and Peconic bays. But as a matter of fact there is no prohibition of the use of craft of any character whatever or of floating devices of any kind in Long Island waters. Here is the law, all of it that bears on this point: Sec. 71, of general application to all other parts of the State, reads, italics ours:

Web-footed wild fowl shall not be pursued, shot at, hunted, killed or caught in any way, save with gun raised at arm's length and fired from the shoulder without other rest; nor from any boat other than a boat propelled by hand or floating device; nor by the use of any boughhouse at a greater distance than 50ft. from either the shore or a natural growth of grass or flags. Such fowls caught or killed in any manner prohibited by this section shall not be brought to the shore, sold or possessed. *The provisions of this section shall not apply to Long Island and Long Island Sound.*

But this by its express statement has no application to Long Island Sound and Long Island waters. The section relating to these is Sec. 162, the text of which runs:

Floating devices may be used for the purpose of shooting web-footed wild fowl therefrom in Long Island Sound, Great South Bay, west of Smith's Point, Shinnecock and Peconic bays, and in any part of said counties said birds may be pursued and killed from boats propelled by hand, and from any sail boats in Long Island Sound, Gardiner and Peconic bays.

While this section says that floating devices and row and sail boats may be used in certain specified waters, it does not say that they shall not be used in other waters; nor does the entire game law anywhere make any such prohibition as to Long Island and Long Island Sound. The conditions are precisely what they would be if this Sec. 162 were not in existence; it is permissive only, and permissive of something which is not prohibited. Sail boats, naphtha launches, steam launches and floating devices are lawful in Long Island waters.

The Legislature undoubtedly intended to have Sec. 71 apply to Long Island "except as provided in Sec. 162," and this was formerly the wording; but the present phraseology does not carry over to Sec. 162 the prohibitions of Sec. 71.

THE OHIO SUNDAY DUCKING LAW.

From the Cleveland Leader.

ONE of the most trying subjects for the average legislator to understand seems to be the proper protection of game and fish. Other States have the same trouble in this matter that has existed in Ohio, for the incongruities of almost all of the game laws of the various States are notorious. But the experience of the Ohio Legislature in trying to prohibit the hunting of ducks and wildfowl on Mondays and Tuesdays of each week so as to strengthen the law against Sunday shooting is ridiculous in the extreme.

In March, 1887, the Legislature passed a game law which made an attempt of this kind for the first time, and it was published correctly in the book of laws for that year. For several years previous the farmers living in the neighborhood of St. Mary's Reservoir and other inland lakes had been greatly annoyed by the hunters from the cities flocking to these places to shoot ducks and other game on Sunday. When on these trips a great many depredations were committed. The Legislature was finally appealed to, and in March, 1887, passed a game law which provided for the seasons in which game should be killed, and, after prohibiting the destruction of nests and eggs of game birds and wildfowl, the following complete sentence was added:

Excepting in the waters of Lake Erie and the estuaries and bays thereof, no person shall, in any place, catch, kill or injure, or pursue with such intent, any blue-winged teal, mallard, wood duck, or any other duck, on Sunday, Monday or Tuesday of any week, between the 1st day of September and the 1st day of April of any year.

The prohibition of Sunday shooting was thus made a part of the game laws of Ohio, and in order to aid in its enforcement the hunting of ducks and wildfowl was also prohibited on Mondays and Tuesdays of each week excepting in Lake Erie and the contiguous marshes, the latter being owned largely by clubs which do not hunt on Sunday.

At the legislative session of 1888 some member of the Legislature had another amendment to make to the game law, and, as is usual in such cases, cut out the old law, and after putting in his amendment or addition had it printed and passed. The printer, however, made a mistake, and the words "excepting the waters of Lake Erie and the bays and estuaries thereof" were added to the clause prohibiting the destruction of eggs or nests of ducks and wildfowl, the law appearing as follows:

No person shall destroy or disturb the eggs or nests of any birds named in this section, excepting in the waters of Lake Erie and the estuaries and bays thereof; no person shall in any place catch or kill, or injure or pursue with such intent, any wild duck on Sunday, Monday or Tuesday of any week between the 1st day of September and the 15th day of December of any year.

In effect then it was unlawful to destroy the eggs and nests of any duck or game bird except on Lake Erie and contiguous marshes.

During the last session of the Legislature, however, some new fellow saw a point in the game law that he thought needed tinkering. After making the desired tinker he came across the peculiar combination of blunders dating back as far as 1888. He therefore rewrote a part of the section, and after the usual prohibition regarding the destruction of eggs and nests the new law says:

No person shall kill any wild duck on Sunday, Monday or Tuesday of any week on any of the reservoirs belonging to the State of Ohio or in or upon the waters of Lake Erie and the estuaries and bays thereof.

As the law reads now it is unlawful to hunt on Mondays or Tuesdays on the reservoirs of the State or upon Lake Erie and adjacent marshes if they are considered estuaries of Lake Erie, but nothing is said about other parts of the State. In reality, therefore, as great a blunder is made by this new law as was made in 1888, because the inland lakes, rivers and creeks needed this restriction. In all probability the Legislature intended to only correct the blunder in punctuation in the old law, and restore the part relating to Monday and Tuesday hunting as it was in 1887, and it is likely that residents and members of clubs along Lake Erie marshes will continue to hunt on those days as usual. It is very singular, however, that some one cannot be found in our Legislatures who can frame an intelligent and just game law.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

MR. H. M. F. WORDEN, chairman of the legislative committee of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, has issued the following circular to the members of that committee:

HARRISBURG, Pa., Oct. 16, 1896.—The following committees have been appointed by the chairman of the legislative committee of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association to draft the various acts suggested at the last annual meeting, held at Harrisburg, Pa., Sept. 3, 1896:

An act to provide for the appointment of a game and fish warden, and prescribe his powers and duties: Jas. H. Worden, Harrisburg, Pa., chairman; F. P. Abercrombie, Williamsport; I. H. Harter, Bellefonte; Hon. J. Ross Thompson, Erie; Thomas S. Dando, Philadelphia; H. W. Nair, Beaver Falls; Hon. Henry D. Green, Reading; Hon. A. F. Thompson, Lykens; C. F. Emerson, Titusville; John M. Kelley, Montrose.

An act, or acts, to make more uniform the game season: J. F. O'Neill, Wilkes-Barre, chairman; James Scarlet, Danville; Samuel M. Downs, Mauch Chunk; W. F. Dittrich, Towanda; Jesse O. Allen, Uniontown; C. F. Brownell, M.D., Stroudsburg; C. J. Jessup, Kittanning; W. H. Burnham, York; H. M. Brackenridge, Natrona; Thomas Nelson, Chambersburg.

An act to regulate the possession, use, transportation and sale of fish and game: J. F. O'Neil, Wilkes-Barre, chairman; James Wolstencroft, Frankford, Philadelphia; John A. Wilson, Franklin; R. E. Shearer, Carlisle; Norwood Johnson, Canonsburg; C. K. Sober, Lewisburg; J. F. Bell, Carmichaels; Hon. R. J. Baldwin, Chadd's Ford; A. D. Sutton, Indiana; R. Van Gorder, Dingmans; J. O. H. Denny, Ligonier.

When the committees have completed their work the bills will be printed for distribution to the various clubs and associations forming this Association and all members of the legislative committee for their indorsement. We trust that all members of the Association will interest themselves in seeing that they are properly circulated and brought to the attention of all classes of our State's citizens. Let us unite for once on an object which affords all classes of our citizens both remuneration and recreation.

There is no subject so generally misunderstood by a large class of our people as that of game and fish as a food supply, it being generally looked upon as belonging to a distinct class of lovers of the rod and gun. It should not be so considered. There are many who never stop to calculate that every acre of waste land within the State is capable of providing food in the shape of game. The hundreds of thousands of acres in this commonwealth now barren of game are the most natural breeding and hatching grounds for certain periods of the year. The results cannot but prove beneficial to all classes of our citizens, and the same is true of our inland lakes and streams.

Liberal as have been this State's appropriations to its fish interest specifically, it is not very creditable to those interested in game to be compelled to admit that it is not a matter of record where one dollar has ever been specifically appropriated for game protection; it is therefore but just and fair to assert that the information and data now in the possession of this committee warrant us in asserting that the value of our game taken annually, and that too without any protection or appropriation for the same, is far in excess of that of the valuation of the fish taken from the waters of the State; the question naturally arises: What would its value be if properly protected?

It would appear to me to be no fault of those intrusted with the affairs of State that these conditions exist, but rather with those who should be interested in preserving our game, that the rich and influential State of Pennsylvania should stand alone among its sister States failing to recognize that its people have a game interest needing protection.

This Association is not an advocate of foisting on the State a system of protection entailing unlimited expenses or leaving a loop hole that they may be created, but does claim that one combining the protection of both our fish and game interests can be inaugurated, and both effectively and successfully carried out, at no greater expense to our State than at present for fish specifically.

I would respectfully refer all doubters of the above assertion to the system now in most successful operation in the State of Michigan; under date of July 27, 1896, I quote from a letter of the State game and fish warden: "I have held the office just a year and a half. So far this year we have prosecuted about 350 cases, making the total record of the office during my administration about 850 cases prosecuted. I cannot give you the exact number, as the reports for this month are not all in."

To perform all this work the State warden is limited to a clause in the act creating his office which reads as follows: "But the number of deputy wardens shall not exceed ten, and the total amount certified by the game and fish warden, and approved by the auditor-general, for compensation and expenses of deputy wardens in any one year shall not exceed the sum of $2,000."

Having every confidence in the good judgment, sagacity, as well as knowledge of the situation by the gentlemen composing these various committees, I shall deem it the part of wisdom not to commit them further or to anticipate their deliberations.

H. M. F. WORDEN,
Chairman Legislative Committee.

RHODE ISLAND SPORTSMEN.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Allen Stone, of Foster, who has created quite a stir in Olneyville, and in fact throughout the State, by his alleged violations of the game laws in the town where he resides, was in the Eighth District Court a few days ago adjudged probably guilty and bound over to the December term of the Court of Common Pleas, bail being fixed at $500. Franklin P. Owen appeared as his counsel, lawyer H. F. Thompson having acted in that capacity heretofore. The reason of this change was, it is said, a matter of fees. The case was beyond the jurisdiction of this lower court in consequence of the combining of the nineteen cases first put against Stone for having that number of partridges in his possession.

Had the question of W. L. Plaisted's eligibility to serve the warrants upon Stone been argued before lawyer Tillinghast's recommendation that the entire number of case warrants be discontinued, Judge Phillips would have rendered a decision declaring that all elections of game officers by the town councils of Johnston had been illegal, owing to the non-conformance with statutory law, which provides for election in the month of April of four such officers. Mr. Plaisted, by virtue of his legal election in 1892, would have held over, his successor having never been appointed. Plaisted was elected at that time, and having duly qualified, he, under the statute, was still a constable, because it provides that such officer shall hold office until his successor is duly elected and qualified.

The farmers in various parts of the State say that rabbits have not been so plentiful in the woods on their farms for years as they are this fall, and they are now in considerable numbers within a short distance of houses and much-traveled highways. They have become so bold as to visit fields of cabbage, and in some cases have done considerable damage.

Officer Hart B. Pierce, of the Fourth Police Station, one of the best-known coon hunters in this vicinity, returned last week from a ten days' furlough, which he spent in the Green Mountains, Vermont. In company with his brother, George W. Pierce, of Brattleboro, Vt., and another sportsman, they spent a little more than a week in the mountains, with five nights that were suitable for hunting. They were successful in capturing just twelve coons, the largest weighing 34½lbs.

Numerous hunting parties from different parts of this State have been enjoying shooting down in Maine. J. R. Caswell and Messrs. Hay and Wallington, of Warren, shot five deer; John Booth, of Central Falls, got a moose; James Andrews and Charles D. Wood, of the same place, also secured a moose.

Councilman Frank L. Budlong, of Auburn, with his party, consisting of Councilman W. Dean and R. M. Dean, returned last week from a most successful hunting trip in the wilds of Maine. They were gone about a month, and their party is said to have been one of the most successful of the season. Among the trophies of the chase Mr. Budlong has a moose and a caribou, Councilman Dean a caribou, and R. M. Dean a moose, a caribou and a deer. Each man shot two deer, but the one brought home was the only one having a good set of antlers. Mr. Budlong has many souvenirs of the chase about his home and office. He has hunted in many parts of the United States, and is considered one of the best shots in Cranston.

Charles H. Sparks, H. W. Eddy and Irving W. Bliss, of the Maine hunting party from Warren, returned Tuesday. The only deer secured was shot by C. H. Sparks and was brought home. One of the members of the party was hunted by a ferocious moose while experimenting with a new bark moose horn, which proved more successful than desired. The huge animal dashed out of the brush toward the hunter, who fled for the cabin and security. Both the animal and hunter escaped. Dr. Nelson R. Hall, who returned Saturday, shows as one of his trophies a very handsome red fox skin.

W. H. M.

THE RUSH TO MAINE.

BOSTON, Oct. 17.—Never has the big game season in Maine started with such force as this year. Before the opening the reports of game seen were wonderful, but since the opening the number of deer taken has been perfectly marvelous. The season is not of the best for hunting deer, and yet a great many have fallen to the hunters' rifles. Every train from Maine brings deer. The American Express Co. is reaping a harvest in forwarding them. The express train that reaches Boston at 9:30 P. M. is a popular train for sportsmen to return on. That train Wednesday evening had on board twelve deer and a fine caribou head. The same train a day or two before had sixteen deer, and it is very seldom that it does not have two or three. One evening a few days ago there were landed at the Union Station a number of deer, a moose and a bear. The moose is reported to have been killed at the Megantic Preserve by a lady. The bear is claimed to have been fairly shot in the woods and not from a trap, as is too often the case. A number of sportsmen are in the woods after moose, but the number reaching Boston is small thus far. One has been purchased by a well-known market house and cut up for the trade.

The Bangor & Aroostook Railroad is, of course, the great thoroughfare taken by sportsmen, but other roads are getting their share of the sporting travel and big game transportation. The Portland & Rumford Falls and the Rumford Falls & Rangeley Lakes roads have opened a comparatively new route to the Rangeleys, and sportsmen are going in by that route. The other day there were three deer on the down train, with even more on other days. These came from Billy Soule's and the vicinity of the Upper Dam. The blacksmith at the Upper Dam is a good deal of a hunter. He has killed his deer, and John Chadwick's boy has brought down his deer with a .22cal. rifle. The blacksmith went out the other day to get his second deer. Working very carefully, he suddenly came

upon not a big buck, but a big black bear. The beast reared on his hind feet and showed fight. The hunter took good aim and fired. The bear fell and rolled over, but was up and off again in a few minutes. He was followed by the blood 'way up the Cupsuptic Stream, but finally given up. Mr. Swett, the owner of Swett's camps at the Big Richardson Pond, has killed his deer. His son, hunting with him, has also killed his deer.

Over the Sandy River and the Phillips & Rangeley railways the deer are being brought in good numbers. The Franklin & Megantic also opens up one of the best big game sections in the State. When it is considered that all the big game mentioned above has been taken without a particle of snow and at a season when the forests are carpeted with leaves that rustle as only dried forest leaves can rustle, the killing is all the more remarkable, and speaks a good deal for what will be done on the first tracking snows. A deer is a remarkably wary animal, and hard to approach within either sight or gunshot, and for so many to be taken it only shows how abundant they are. It is true that not every hunter who goes into the Maine woods shoots a deer. On the contrary, not more than one hunter in ten succeeds in shooting big game himself. The hunters are numerous as well as the game being transported to Boston and beyond. On the Boston & Maine train, with twelve deer, mentioned above, it occurred to me to count the number of guns and rifles in sight. A friend, to whom I made the suggestion, counted thirty-six. Not satisfied with this count, we numbered again, and the result was over fifty gun cases being transported. There is one feature peculiar to the present hunting season: the guides and Maine hunters are all spending a great deal of time after deer and other big game. At almost every noted camp there is a large deer or two hung up, possibly a moose or a caribou. No sooner does the hunter get into camp than he is offered a deer to take home for a rather moderate price. If the weather is bad and he does not care to hunt, the game is to be had for a little money, and all the honors of shooting big game can be carried home. The unsuccessful hunter has his remedy offered to him at every hand.

Speaking of Maine guides and hunters, their name is legion. Every man and boy is a hunter now. The sale of rifles in Maine is something remarkable. The agents of manufacturers are traveling through the State with rifles for sale. These they offer on the installment plan, selling the rifle for an exhorbitant price, of course. By this means the farmers and farmers' boys get hold of the guns and rifles and the big game must suffer. It scarcely seems possible that the game can stand up under such exaggerated hunting, not only from the citizens of Maine, but from the practiced and amateur sportsmen of almost every other State in the Union. The railroads—the Boston & Maine, the Maine Central, chiefly—are pushing the fish and game interest of Maine to its utmost and the increase in passenger traffic on these roads is remarkable. Even after the summer vacation season is over there is a big sporting traffic going on, and it promises to last this season till the close time on big game. SPECIAL.

A party of Boston sportsmen left Oct. 17 for the Maine woods to spend two weeks in camp at Chase Pond, near Eustis. The following gentlemen were in the party: Hon. H. S. Milton, Col. William Roberts and O. H. Hallett, of Waltham; Chas. Riekenberg and Chas. B. Locke, of Boston; Harry E. Haynes, Wm. H. Butler and Dr. A. Kettembeil, of Brookline.

Ducks at Havre de Grace.

HAVRE DE GRACE, Md., Oct. 5.—The ducks have commenced to visit us. There is quite a number on the Susquehanna Flats, and the prospects for sport look better than they have for many years. If any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM would like to come the 1st of November to have a few days' sport shooting out of a box or sneakboat on the Susquehanna Flats, and if they will drop me a letter to that effect, I will kindly hire them an outfit for one, two or three days' sport, as we have nearly all sizes of gunning yachts that will accommodate from two to six, with double and single boxes. The box-shooters generally bag from eighty to 150 ducks the first gunning day, and I have known as many as 500 ducks to be killed by one man in one day; but that was many years ago, when ducks were plenty. If any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM would like to have a few days' sport shooting on the Susquehanna Flats I will use every effort to make them as comfortable as possible in our yachts; and if they will write to me I will charter them an outfit very reasonably, as I know all the owners of the gunning outfits in and around Havre de Grace.

CAPT. E. B. GALLUP.

Stirs to Memories of the Old Days.

A CHANCE issue of the FOREST AND STREAM has fallen into my hands; and reading the relations of the sports of different hunters fires me with the enthusiasms of years gone by. Forty years ago, when I lived in the State of Illinois, the country was a wilderness of prairie; and wild ducks, geese, sandhill cranes, swans, prairie chickens, quail, rabbits, deer and wolves were numerous. Then I was young and full of life, and had glorious sport with the gun.

In 1865, when I came to Iron county, Missouri, game was still plenty—deer, wild turkeys, pheasants, squirrels, and quail by the ten thousand.

But alas! this is 1896. There is no game any more in the former supply. The old-time associates have gone. Old friends are dead or have moved away, and nothing now is left but an old man with a heavy heart.

And yet I thank the FOREST AND STREAM for the pleasant reverie of this hour which its pages have prompted, as they have carried me back to the old, old days.

C. T.

MISSOURI.

Snaring in Massachusetts.

MR. HENRY J. THAYER, secretary of the Massachusetts Rod and Gun Club, writes: "May I, with your permission, take exception to that portion of an article in your last issue referring to a prosecution by the new rod and gun club as for a violation of the Sunday law? The case was for snaring ruffed grouse, and is, I believe, the first successful prosecution in this State; and it was accomplished only after about three weeks' persistent work."

We trust that this may be only the first entry in a long list of successful prosecutions by the club for snaring.

Call Ducks.

MURPHYSBORO, Ill.—I live where for thirty years we have enjoyed the best duck shooting in the world, until the drainage district was organized three years ago. I have hunted Big Swan Lake and Little Lake and the glade land below them, commencing with the old muzzle-loader soon after the war and now with the best improved guns and methods of wildfowl shooting, and I believe I can give some information about call ducks.

Don't you ever think that you have to import ducks to make callers? On the contrary, put $3 in your pocket, stroll down through the market and look at the coops of ducks exposed for sale, and if you know a mallard duck when you see it you will have no difficulty in picking out eight good representitive drakes. Then look out for four hens, getting those as near the color of the wild duck as possible, and if you can find any small rather light brown hens, with a white stripe on the cheek, don't fail to secure them. Here in Illinois we have plenty of them, and I suppose you will find them in almost any market. They have proved to my knowledge the best and most incessant callers that I ever handled. But no great matter if you don't get them; it is all in handling decoys.

After you get on the shooting grounds it will be necessary at first to confine your ducks for a few trips; that is done in various ways, some by anchoring by the leg, others by a collar around the neck, depending upon the nature of the ground. After you have all your drakes and two of your hen ducks placed in a conspicuous and at the same time natural position, take your two hens that you have left and anchor them behind a log, or tuft of grass, or brush blind where they cannot see the drakes, and they will call whenever they hear the drakes or see wildfowl or even a woodpecker fly over. After a few times out you can turn loose all the drakes and only confine the hens.

Mr. Mather asks who ever heard a pin-tail or sprig-tail call. Well, if he will come to southern Illinois in March or February I will convince him that they not only call, but are fully capable of making themselves heard.

BUCKSHOT.

Game in Western Pennsylvania.

BURGETTSTOWN, Pa., Oct. 10.—Squirrels are the only game in season at the present time, and they are very plentiful; bags are made from five to twenty-five to one gun in a day. Signs for rabbits and quail are very bright. The ruffed grouse is nearly a thing of the past in western Pennsylvania, one or two in a day's travel being all a man can start in the same country where ten years ago one could start them up with from ten to twenty in a bunch. The fishing in the vicinity of Burgettstown this fall has been exceedingly good. Two men caught 25lbs. of bass in four hours, ranging from 1 to 3lbs.; this is good for this stream.

Why cannot the sportsmen of Pennsylvania have as good game laws as they have in Maine? We could have just as many deer if we had the laws. Deer preservation has been argued pro and con in the FOREST AND STREAM, and the only solution is to quit killing and marketing of does. Over 100 deer were brought to the markets of Pittsburg last season, and 90 per cent. of them were does. There are plenty of deer in the mountains of Pennsylvania for stocking purposes if given any opportunity, and they would soon become very plentiful. If there were a law to prohibit the killing of does for five years we could get deer within three hours' ride from Pittsburg.

If anything is to be done for the ruffed grouse in this part of the State it must be done soon, for there are not enough left to stock the covers. We hope that this will be the means of having some one with more ability than we have take it up where we leave off. We would like to hear from some old hunters of their experience in Pennsylvania in late years. Let us see what we can do toward getting better game laws before it is too late.

Ruffed grouse and quail have already made their appearance in Pittsburg market. The law is supposed to protect them until Nov. 1. J. K.

Minnesota Game and Fish Protective Association.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Under the revised constitution of this Association, Section 3 of Article 3 has been inserted in order to secure the support of all local rod, gun and protective clubs for the Minnesota Game and Fish Protective Association, in order to further protect the game and fish of this State.

As a sportsman you will recognize the value of concentrated effort. There is more to be gained by educating our citizens as to the real value of our game and fish products as a food supply, and in having local protective clubs to deter persons from violating our game and fish laws, than attempted prosecutions in some districts where it is hard to get a conviction because of present public sentiment.

The secretary of every local club allied with this Association is made a corresponding secretary and may be called upon to act at any meeting of the State Association.

We ask you to bring this matter of co-operation before your club at an early date. WM. L. TUCKER, Sec'y.

Newfoundland Deer Seasons.

THE Newfoundland open season for deer (caribou) as given in the current edition of the *Brief* is divided into two parts, the first extending from July 15 to Oct. 7, and the second from Nov. 10 to Feb. 1. This, Secretary Emerson, of the Game Society, writes us, "is looked upon at present as merely experimental, as a wide difference of opinion existed among experts and others who gave their testimony before a select committee of the House of Assembly as to the time when the rutting season really commenced. After this year we shall probably be in a better position to know whether the present law on the statute book is the best we can get for the preservation of the caribou."

The season before had been from Sept. 15 to Feb. 15. The new schedule will of course be more inconvenient for foreign sportsmen.

An Adirondack Guide in Canada.

ELIZABETHTOWN, N. Y., Oct. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Horace Braman, well known as a Keene Valley, N. Y., guide and a successful deer hunter, has gone to Upper Canada to spend a month hunting moose.

G. L. B

Vermont Game Birds.

SHELDON, Vt., Oct. 10.—A few fall ducks have arrived, but no wild geese. The flight of woodcock has been a light one. Our native-bred birds migrated before the season had fairly opened, so our woodcock shooting has been so far nearly nothing. There are plenty of ruffed grouse. They stick during the middle of the day to the swamps and dense thickets, so while we have had plenty of shooting, no heavy bags have been made.

STANSTEAD.

Sea and River Fishing.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XVII.—Antoine Gardapee.

IT is possible that there may be another way to spell this name. Antoine never spelled it, but then he couldn't spell any other word; so we just take it as it sounded. After the time when he killed the doe that was with my buck we often met. Early in October I dropped into his cabin and found him overhauling a lot of steel traps, putting in a rivet here and there, filing the catch to hold the pan stiffer or to make it go off easier, as seemed best. His back was to the open door, and I watched him a few minutes before announcing my presence by knocking on the door frame of his little log shanty. He whirled around on the box which served as a bench and said: "Come in! You jess a man I want for see. Whar you be'n so long tam? I was go for look you up."

"I've been working hard for the past week and have not been up the river until to-day, when my partner, Guyon, wanted a day off; so I thought I'd drift over your way and see if I couldn't get a deer, but haven't seen any fresh sign this morning. About a mile down the river a big flock of geese got up and came over my head very low, and if I had had a shotgun I might have got three or four, they were so thick; but here's one that dropped."

"You don' eat heem, he's a t'ousan' year ol'; look a here," and he tried to tear the skin under its wing with no effect. "I'll tole you, give a-heem to ol' Miss'r Knight; he's tough too. How much a-mineral Charley an' you clean up dis a-week?"

"Oh, we had a big week and cleaned up about fifteen hundred. Why?"

"Yas, all drif'; nex' week you don' get noding, hey?"

"Perhaps so, but that's miner's luck; we can't expect to get as much every time. It's the biggest week we've had, and only five days at that."

"You like-a dat work—no?"

"No, I don't like it; but it helps a fellow to live."

"I tole you. You go 'long o' me dis winta an' trap. You haf good time an' make more dan dig fur de lead. I no dig fur lead."

And so it happened. He was getting ready to spend the winter in the wilds of the Bad Ax county to trap. After hearing his scheme I agreed to go with him and we started in to get ready. He had all the steel traps necessary for small animals and was an expert at making dead-falls for the larger ones. We drifted down to Dubuque, where we put our boat and other things on a steamer for Prairie du Chien. From that place we took a supply of provisions, mainly of flour, coffee and sugar, for Antoine said we would not need pork nor lard because we could get fat from coons, ducks and perhaps other animals. Our outfit was simple, but it loaded our boat and two heavy tarpaulins protected the provisions. It was a hard pull up the Wisconsin River some twenty miles to the mouth of the Bad Ax River, but we took it easy and the second night we camped a mile or so up the Bad Ax. This camp is memorable because of a storm which wet us to the skin, but the provisions and the ammunition were kept dry.

We went on up the little river some fifty miles, more or less, hauling over or around falls, when we hid our boat and a portion of the provisions and started on foot to some spot which Antoine seemed familiar with, for he said he had been over the ground before. The way he stored the provisions was curious. After dragging the boat back from the river we hung it bottom side up between two trees and then put out lines from each side to prevent it turning over. Then we cut poles and made a shelf on the seats, covered these with a tarpaulin and stored our provisions in the boat.

"Now," said Antoine, "Miss'r Bear, Miss'r Coon and Miss'r Mouse, you doan git no flour and you doan git no sugar, an', Miss'r Rain, you doan spile noding."

We took our rifles, a frying pan, axe and some flour, coffee and salt, and started up the river into the Bad Ax country, which some man with no regard for historic names has had re-christened "Vernon county," a change that destroys the individuality of the county, for there might be forty Vernon counties in the United States, but there would be only one having the old name which savors of the settlement of the region by the whites and had the merit of being unique. I have no idea how the old name came to the river and afterward to the county, but will predict that some man with a little poetry in his soul and a love for originality will arise and have the historic and beautiful—I say beautiful advisedly—name of "Bad Ax" restored to the county. I really don't know if the river has been renamed, but hope not.

We selected our camping spot some few miles above the fork of the river, on the east branch, where several small streams came in. There are, no doubt, names for all these now; we had no map and no name for anything but the main river, yet we named them for our own purposes, that was necessary in order to be understood, and I elaborated a map on my powder horn which showed all the streams, swamps and hills to the best of my ability. This horn was left in Potosi, as of no further use. Just what I would give to see it hanging on a wall of my den to-day I cannot say. We measure the things of the moment by their utility or their cash value, but those of the past which formed a part of our lives become treasures beyond price when they serve as links to connect us with a time far removed. A sword that was "held by the enemy" for over a quarter of a century is on my wall. It may be sold for old junk, but not before I am put to bed with a spade and sodded over.

Let's see; we were talking about an old powder horn. It cost only the time to bore out the tip, fit the bottom and to polish the thing—a mere nothing—but it's so easy to get off the track. I was only going to say to the boys to-day Never throw away anything that you can keep.

A trifling thing becomes priceless after forty years have passed. That's all!

When the old trapper threw down his load and said, "We make here our house," his partner, who had begun to think that there was no end to the journey, rejoiced. On a little knoll we laid the foundation for the cabin. Antoine was one of those men who are so handy with an axe that you wouldn't be surprised to see a clock made by him with that tool alone, and he measured and notched the logs and showed me how to put the small ends, that made the sides, to the rear and so help the slant of the roof. He split the long 3ft. shingles, a few "puncheons" for part of a floor, on which we slept, and also for the door frames and the door. We chinked the logs and plastered them with clay mixed with coarse grass, made a fireplace and stone chimney, and then we were in a 10×12 cabin with a shed roof on which was piled a lot of grass kept in place by weight poles. A stone oven was made in the fireplace where we could not only bake bread, raised with cream o' tartar and soda, but could also roast a goose or a venison ham.

Not until we began to build our camp would the old man let me kill a deer, although we saw plenty of them, because he said that we could not carry any part of it; so we had lived on partridges, rabbits and a coon on the journey, and a change to venison was good. The bed was made with hemlock boughs on the puncheons, and covered with a tarpaulin and blankets. A swinging shelf was made to hold the remaining provisions secure from rats or other intruders, and we started down stream for supplies, taking only one rifle, an axe and enough salt, matches, etc., to last a week, for we had been three days going up from the place where the boat was left. After a two days' tramp we found our provisions as we had left them, and loaded up again and started for camp. Just how it happened, no one knows; my rifle had only one trigger, and that could be "set" by pushing it forward, and the "set" was so light that a breath would almost let it off. Of course it could be used without the "set," and then it took about a 2lb. pull to let it go. I had started ahead, and in my pack was the frying-pan, which projected over my shoulder alongside my head. Suddenly a shot startled me close to my ear, and on looking around at Antoine he said: "What for he go so easy? I t'ought I kill one pa'tridge on de tree yonder, an' I on'y make a hole in dat fry-pan; de t'ing go off too quick, an' I mos' kill you, hey?"

The grouse had not stirred, and I loaded the rifle, showed Antoine how a single trigger could be set to a "hair," and he picked the head off the partridge, saying: "Ba gosh! he go so easy as a gun wit' two trigger; I doan on'stan' dat." He learned the trick, and after beating down the edges of the hole in the frying-pan and putting in one of the trap rivets and battering it down with the poll of the axe we went on. It took four trips to get all our plunder from the boat to the camp, and the snows had fallen before the last one was made, and our snowshoes were worn instead of being carried, for without them we would have been there until spring, for the snow was 2ft. deep and still falling when we reached our cabin. To our surprise there was smoke coming from the chimney, and when we opened the door there was an Indian cooking a rabbit by the fire.

He arose, shook hands with Antoine and then with me, and the Frenchman and he sat down and talked in the Ojibwa tongue for a while, and then my friend explained the matter in this way: The red man was an old acquaintance who had found our camp and entered, as was their custom; he knew Antoine's rifle, saw that the camp was new, and waited for our return. He tapped his breast and said to me, "Nidgee," which I understood to be his name and so called him, although I afterward learned that the word meant simply "friend."

It is difficult to get at the way these Indian words should be spelt; for instance: They call themselves O-*jib*-wah and the white man first twists it into Ojibway and then into "Chippeway." The word which I spell "Nidgee" is sometimes given as "Nitchee," and so it goes; it's a question of how it sounds and how it may be twisted at second hand. When I was among them they pronounced the tribal name with an almost imperceptible "O" and the accent on the second syllable, as given above. Our red friend came and went at intervals all winter, never saying a word at leaving and only giving a salutary grunt on arriving. Antoine explained that his friend's name was Ah-se-bun, or Raccoon, and that he was a good man to know; I gave him a big plug of tobacco and we were friends.

After getting settled in good shape and the cabin well fixed for the winter we started to put out a line of traps up a branch of the little stream, which was to be my line. We were gone three days, and had good dry weather, and only covered about thirty miles in all—fifteen up one stream, then over a divide and down another, which came into the first one near our shanty—but we set about forty steel traps of different sizes for otter near falls and rapids, for mink under tree roots and other covered places, and for "black cat," pine marten and ermine in their haunts. We made many dead-falls for some of these animals where it was possible to drive stakes or arrange them on stumps, and for these we carried bait of venison and fish. This was my first three days on snowshoes, and the weight of them, added to the unusual gait which they require, made some muscles that had not been used to a loping gait very sore. But the truth came out when we reached the cabin and hung the snowshoes up, for Antoine asked: "You tired, hey? I t'ink t'ree day' on snowshoe' pooty good fur fust time; he make me sore fust, but, like de skate, you git used to dat kine, an' bime-by you t'ink de snowshoe de best fur de walk. Jess so me w'en I be in de wood all winter. W'at you say, hey? S'pose we res' two, t'ree day' an' fish, den I go put my line o' trap an' you run yours; what you say, hey?"

"Well, Antoine, I do feel tired in my legs, and if you are tired too I'll do just as you say. We'll fish a day or two and get a change of feed and then you go and lay out your line and I'll run over mine."

This put it in such shape that the tired feeling was mutual, as indeed it was, for the first skating or snowshoeing of the season strains muscles in an unusual way. And we rested and fished. We used bits of venison for bait, and laid in a stock of trout and some other small fish, which we stored in the snow when frozen.

A portion of a deer had been hung on the north side of the cabin, and it had been torn and picked in a way that neither dogs, wolves nor bears could nor would have mutilated it, because the tearing had been done from the upper side. I called my partner's attention to it and suggested that ravens had found us out.

He looked at the meat and said: "Miss'r Raven he doan lak come near shanty, but dem mis'able meat hawk he come an' take de meat out yo' mouf. I hate dat cuss, de meanes' bird in de wood 'cause he no 'fraid. You keep a' eye out an' see how I fix him wid a flip."

I saw the bird the same day. It was the "Canada jay," "meat hawk," "whisky jack," etc., a relative of our blue-jay, but not so noisy. As I have since known this Northern bird on its extreme Southern limit in winter, in Michigan and Minnesota, it is of an ashy gray color with black and white markings, and so unfamiliar with man as to be impudent, and therefore very interesting. This is all very well when a bird visits you in a winter camp where birds are scarce, and one drops down by your feet, hops around and swipes a venison chop or a fish which has been laid out ready for the pan; but when it invites all its sisters, its cousins and its aunts to a feast on a saddle of venison which you have left out for safe-keeping entirely for your own purposes, the familiarity of the bird breeds a feeling which differs from contempt. Somewhere back in memory the word "flip" seemed connected with some sort of a beverage, and I imagined that Antoine intended to give "whisky jack" a drink that would paralyze him; that was a natural conclusion, although we had no whisky.

"I tell you; come see me fix de flip; he come here for heat my meat an' he'll get de flip; I fix him." He removed the chinking from between the logs for a foot and ran out a long shingle and put a piece of meat on the outer end. Soon the enemy alighted on the shingle, when down came the ax on its inside end, and a dead "meat hawk" was tossed in the air. "I tole you he got de flip—he want no more, an' now all hees brudder got to get de flip an' den we got no trouble no mo'." During our three days' rest we killed about twenty with the "flip," and went our rounds of traps knowing that there were a few less meat hawks to prey upon our stores.

I stayed in camp alone for three days after our rest, while Antoine went over his line and set his traps. The first trip was the greatest labor of all, for it involved selecting places and building dead-falls, but I was getting my tired muscles into condition by a rest which was merely a change of occupation. The rifle was to be cleaned and oiled, knives were to be sharpened, wood to be cut, bullets to be moulded from bar lead, and other things to be done, besides cooking and washing underclothing.

While fishing in the stream on the third day after Antoine left, there suddenly appeared seven Indians in company with my friend Ah-se-bun. None of them could or would speak English, and after a repetition of the word "Tah-so-je-ge" and some gesticulation I began to understand that they were asking for Antoine. Later I learned that "je-ge" meant "he who does," and that "tah-so" referred to traps. As I gradually picked up some of their words and tried to use them, I often began a sentence to Antoine with "Nidgee Tah-so-je-ge, would you like fish or venison?" etc. That day when I was found fishing my red friend had named me "Kego-e-kay," or he who fishes, and I arranged with Antoine to always use the native tongue when possible; and before spring it was our common camp talk, he helping me over the hummocks. I entertained our red friends as well as possible, and their appetites were enormous. Antoine had fully informed me on all the points of Ojibway etiquette, and when I offered tobacco the exact amount was cut off and handed to each individual, or he would have considered that the whole plug was given him; and the same circumspection was necessary when a loaf of bread was cut.

I tried to get our visitors to follow Antoine's trail and meet him, as the prospect of feeding eight hungry Indians was not pleasant, but they waited. I had two loaves of bread: one for me to take next morning when I ran my line, and one for supper when Antoine came. A venison ham was boiling in the fireplace to have for supper and breakfast, and to keep me three days if necessary; but when I got ready to set it out to our guests Antoine came in. There was a grunting salutation, and then Antoine said: "I don't bin hungry, but ba gosh if I'll bin starve; it was good I come now 'fore dey heat all dat grub we got. You don't know w'at happetite dey got, I'll tole you." And I certainly didn't know. Antoine first cut bread and meat for himself and me, and then divided the rest into eight portions, which were hardly chewed, and had disappeared before we had fairly begun.

Antoine then told me: "Dey ha'n't had half plenty, but dey all say 'nish-ish-shin,' dat means 'good.' We doan got much meat, on'y for you t'ree day, an' I doan cook no more."

A smoke followed, and then it transpired, as Antoine translated it, that one of their friends had somehow broken his leg and they wanted him to go and set it. The distance to their camp was only five miles, and if I didn't mind he would go at once. It seems that he had a reputation for surgery among these people, and I had three good reasons for wishing him to start immediately. Of course the humanity of fixing the man's leg was one reason, keeping on good terms with men who could rob and destroy our traps and drive us out of the country was another, and I fear that the third was to get rid of guests who would devour our small stores and breed a famine was as strong a reason as the other two.

After the exodus I cooked a partridge and some venison chops to take on the line, baked two more loaves of bread, and had the kettle boiling to make coffee when Antoine should return. A light rain the night before had made a crust upon the snow and snowshoes were not needed. It was long after dark when his step was heard crunching in the crust, and in he walked with his rifle and a coon. I told him that it was well that he had the coon, for I had cooked all the meat in sight, and there was only enough for our supper and for me to take on my trip. There were fish enough for breakfast and now there was coon fat enough to fry them in. In the words of that old hunting song of Mr. Raynor's: "Why should the hunter lack?"

Antoine said: "Dat make no diff'. W'en I'll got hunger I'll catch de feesh or I'll kill a deer or pa'tridge, or I'll go hunger. It makes no diff', I'll come along, you doan min' me, no."

After supper we smoked in silence. I had said all that could be said about the camp larder in order that he might not put off replenishing it before he got hungry, and was anxious to know all about the broken leg and why so many Indians were so close to us. Not a question would I ask of the old man. He would tell it all in his own way if left alone, and would be better satisfied to do it in that way. We sat in front of the log fire on three-legged stools which his axe had fashioned, and smoked in silence until he said: "Han' me that plug tobac." I passed him the tobacco, and he slowly sliced a pipeful, ground it in his palms, filled his pipe and lighted it with a sliver from a dry pine stick. I emptied my pipe and followed suit. As he contemplated the smoke curl up and mingle with that of the fire, he removed his pipe and said: "Dese Injun jess lak w'ite man, some smart an' some tam fool." He was thawing out, and to assist the process I kept silent and let him go on thinking until he got ready to tell as much as he wished.

After a few more puffs he said: "De big fella dat was here hees name was 'She-kog,' an' dat mean de skunk, but he ain' got no sense like a skunk. All dese men dey go on up on a Flambeau riv', dey no stay on a Bad Ax riv', an' She-kog he go fur to break a stick an' hit O-ge-ma, the head man, an' broke his bone in his O-bwam, w'at you call dat bone here?" indicating his thigh. "Well, when I foun' ole O-ge-ma he say 'ugh'* an' I feel hees laig. Sho 'nuff she was broke. I get some wood f'um dry pine an' make splits an' tear up blanket, an' den I take hees foot in bote han's an' put ma foot in hees crotch an' I pull lak de dev' till bones slip togedder an' I feel 'em all rite. Dan de woman win' hees laig in blanket an' I put on some split wood an' more blanket an' hees laig it get all rite. Dey go 'way in mornin' an' carry O-ge-ma 'longside. Gimme dat tobac."

In the morning I started to run my line. Two days would do it easily if the weather was good, but rations for three was a wise provision. A rifle and ammunition for a dozen shots was also needed. Matches in a vial, blankets, some strong twine and a belt axe completed the outfit, except the snowshoes, which were slung on the back in case of need, for the crust might soften or fresh snow might fall, and snowshoes were now in the same category as the traditional pistol in Texas. This made a fairly good load for a novice and it was increased by several skins before noon.

Night came; and as I ate supper by a little fire and crawled under my blankets with my feet to the fire and the upper half of my body in the hollow of a big tree there came a sense of loneliness that is indescribable. Perhaps there was some fear, but as near as I can recall it the main feeling was one of helplessness. The night was still, cold and clear. The stars shone through the top of the leafless, hardwood trees. I looked over the rifle. It was a big and tolerably accurate one; the cap was sound and—"Pshaw!" I thought, "a man armed as I am is the most dangerous animal in these woods, now go to sleep." That was truly philosophical but—philosophy and sleep are not identical. Not a twig or an acorn dropped within hearing that escaped my over-sensitive ear. The fire was replenished several times and it seemed as if day would never come.

If I lost consciousness for a moment that night it must have been the briefest of moments. Camping out with Port Tyler and the boys on that creek—whose name I dare not spell since the dispute—was one thing, but this was different. Every owl that ventured a remark seemed to be making reference to me. If a rabbit ran on the hard snow and cracked his joints as a call or challenge I heard it—but then the fact is I was not sleepy. No man can sleep when he isn't sleepy, there's nothing queer in that.

Near daylight I was startled by the tramp of some animal and I sat up and listened. The sound came from the stream below, which glinted in the starlight, and I made out a moving form going down stream. I thought it must be a bear and if I could kill it then life would be worth living, if only to tell of it. I stood up in the hollow of the great tree and tried to get the rifle sights in line with the animal's forequarters, but the diffused light from snow and stars made it seem impossible to tell where the gun was sighted. The thing stopped; it had probably scented my camp, and partly at random I fired. A mingled cry and growl, a floundering in the snow and a hasty reloading of the rifle followed. On reaching the spot, not more than 50yds. distant, blood could be seen on the snow and I followed. Morning was visible in the east and by the time the sun was up I had run down my game, which was weak from copious bleeding. It turned at bay. It was not a bear, but what could it be? It made a feeble charge on me, which I dodged, and then dropped it with a bullet in the head. Now that it was dead I had no idea what it could be. With lions, tigers, elephants and other animals of Asia and Africa I had knowledge, but here was a beast in an American forest of which I had never heard nor read of in my school books. It was bear-like, but not a bear. Its body was heavy, its legs thick and clumsy, its tail bushy and it had a round head with eyes wide apart. The hair was shaggy and thick, the color being almost black, with a light stripe along the sides which met at the insertion of the tail. It was about 3ft. long and might have weighed 150lbs. This is how I remember it, and under such circumstances a young fellow with tastes of the naturalist notes such things. I skinned the beast, and the smell of the meat said plainly that whatever this thing may be there is a flavor to it that you would rather starve than eat. It was an odor like that of mink, weasels and other beasts of prey, or rather those which live on flesh exclusively—for the flesh of the bear, coon, hog and other *omnivora* have no such smell. One hindleg had been broken and the other injured, a most fortunate shot in the uncertain light and one of pure and unadulterated luck.

After a toilet in the brook and a good breakfast—such a breakfast as only one with an appetite such as I had, after the morning's work, can appreciate—I crossed the divide and struck the other stream, which led homeward; yes, that's the word; it was home now. Soon I came to a dead-fall which had been wrecked; the back of it had been broken into and the bait taken. I thought that some animal had approached it from the rear, and in ignorance that the other side was open and that the trigger held a hospitable log, which would induce him to remain by falling and breaking his back, had considered that the only way to get at the desired bait was to break in from the side he first came to. After finding a dozen or more dead-falls entered in the same manner I began thinking. The more I thought of the matter the further I was from any conclusion. The crust on the snow was

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* This Indian salutation has been anglicised into "how" and further polluted into "here's how."

now too hard to show any tracks except of deer, whose small hoofs cut through it and often left bloody marks where the crust had retailiated.

When I reached camp, Antoine had just finished his laundry work and was hanging it up. Here I want to tell the young boys that a trapper's life is a hard one aside from the exposure in running lines of traps. With two it is lighter because of a division of labor, but to run a line two or three days, skin, stretch and then flesh the skins so that particles of fat do not injure them, cook for yourself and partner, wash your underclothing, mend clothes, moccasins or shoe packs and snowshoes, besides cleaning guns, running bullets and doing the hundred and one things that must be done, keeps one busy every hour of daylight and often afterward. It is an independent sort of life, free from being bossed, but it is hard work in a healthy climate and full of adventure to one who loves it.

Antoine looked over my skins. They comprised one otter, two mink, one ermine or white weasel, one fisher or "black-cat," which he called o-jig, and is a strange animal of the mink or weasel family which the naturalists know as *Mustela canadensis*, but is also called "pekan" and other names. There was also a foot and part of a leg, saved for Antoine's identification, which he called sable, an animal better known as pine marten. Then came the skin of the unknown beast. When he saw that he jumped up and yelled. Then he shook hands with me and said: "You b'en done it; you killed de ole dev', old Carcajou; he break all de trap you set; he know all 'bout trap an' he go in on hin' end and steal bait. He follow all you' track to all you' trap, and w'en he fin' he break 'em mebbe he steal 'em. Oh, he spile our trap all a time, but you got-a heem. Shake."

A day spent in stretching and fleshing skins, and then Antoine started to run his line. Our bake oven had fallen in and I brought better stones from the brook and built it anew in the fireplace, cooked my dinner and supper from the carcass of a deer which Antoine had killed and dressed, sat by the fire, smoked a while and turned in and slept the sleep of the just. Tired and worn out, acorns might fall, rabbits might snap their legs and wolverines might prowl around. I had killed a wolverine, a stealthy night prowler that from pure deviltry destroys the work of the trapper, and that was glory enough for a first trip. I have no remembrance of any dreams that night. I could have said with Sancho Panza:

"Blessings light on him who first invented sleep! it covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot; in short, money that buys everything; balance and weight that makes the shepherd equal to the monarch and the fool to the wise; there is only one evil in sleep, as I have heard, and it is that it resembles death, since between a dead and a sleeping man there is little difference."

The sun was high when I awoke and by my side stood Ah-se-bun; but I'll tell you about that another time.

FRED MATHER.

PENNSYLVANIA ASSOCIATION.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 17.—The regular monthly meeting of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association was held on Tuesday evening, Oct. 13, 1896, at the rooms, 1020 Arch street, Philadelphia.

The report of the executive committee showed commendable progress in suppressing several infractions of the fishery laws reported, efforts to promptly correct same being retarded through the difficulty of obtaining direct information. The committee have under consideration several measures for more effectually dealing with such cases in future.

A special committee will shortly proceed to Baltimore to confer with the Maryland State Game and Fish Protective Association with a view of urging the enactment by the Maryland Legislature of more stringent laws for the protection of fish in the Susquehanna River, the Maryland Association being in perfect accord with this Association in desiring the river cleared of all obstructions.

Mr. Wm. P. Ogelsby was unanimously elected a member of the executive committee to fill the vacancy caused by the decease of Henry C. Ford.

Through the aid and influence of the Association, organizations of kindred character were successfully formed in several counties of the State.

The following resolution was adopted, ordered to be spread upon the minutes and a copy forwarded to the family of the late Hon. Henry C. Ford:

This Association with sincere regret makes this minute of the death of the Hon. Henry C. Ford, late President of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, and ex-President of the American Fisheries Society, and who was also one of the original and charter members of this Association.

His continued interest and efficient co-operation in our work made his services invaluable, both as a member and as chairman of our executive committee.

In his death this Association loses one of its most valued members, and the loss of his services to the fisheries interests of our State and nation will be deeply felt and regretted by all who have made the improvement of those interests their serious and earnest thoughts.

We desire therefore to testify our deep feeling upon the decease of our friend and associate, and make this minute in accordance therewith.

M. G. SELLERS, Sec'y.

Bass in Central New York.

ITHACA, N. Y.—Anglers are having a splendid turn of sport with the elusive black bass at present, some very handsome scores coming almost daily to hand. The favorite local bass grounds until cold weather sets in with a lasting icy grip will be along the east shore of Cayuga Lake, extending northward as far as Esty's Lookout. Minnows are the most effective bait, although Mr. Arthur Miller, of this city, a real, Simon pure descendent of dear old Uncle Walton, tells me that he has lately taken black bass with the plebeian worm as lure. And as Miller speaks the truth of Anglers' Alley, both worms and minnows may be recommended as bass bait from now until the season closes. Some big carp have lately been taken, but as a whole the autumn carp angling has not been A No. 1.

M. CHILL.

Salmon Rivers and "Muck-a-mucks."

Editor Forest and Stream:

IN your issue of Aug. 29 a Mr. Woodle, of Boston, gives a glowing description of the angling on the St. Marguerite, a branch of the Saguenay, by Mr. Blanchard, the owner of some high pools. I wish to call your attention to one paragraph of Mr. Woodle's. He declares the St. Marguerite equal and quite as productive of good sport as the Restigouche and its tributaries, "where the nobles of England and the high muck-a-mucks of Canada wet their lines."

Times were when such Canadians owned or leased the river as Sir H. Allen, Sandford Fleming, C. T. Brydges and Lord Mount Stephen. We had Lorne and Louise, Argyle, Elcho, Beaufort, St. T. McNiel wet their lines in the famed old river. But times are changed. Riparian rights enabled the American millionaires of New York and Boston to buy and lease nearly all available spots upon it, and the only poor muck-a-muck Canadians who have a foot upon it are Dr. Campbell, W. McPherson, I. H. Starnes and Mr. Ives. But I am proud to say the gentlemen forming those clubs are very generous to a stranger, either of noble or plebeian blood, with a day's fishing.

This Billingsgate slang to us Canadians shows his breeding and animus, and could only emanate from some disappointed tail-twisting Fenian. No American gentleman would use it. I am, sir, yours, etc., etc., a Scot and Canadian, JOHN MOWAT.

[We regret extremely that Mr. Mowat should have taken what appears needless offense at the expression "high muck-a-muck," which, by the way, is not in Mr. Woodle's note, but in the account he sent us taken from the Boston *Globe*. We do not find "muck-a-muck" in the dictionaries, but confess to having heard the expression used, not as a term of derision, contumely or reproach, but as a slangy (and perhaps—but not necessarily—irreverent) appellation for one high in position or authority. It may be Billingsgate in origin, but we are rather inclined to account for it as pure Bostonese; and it is likely enough a corruption of the Algonquin *mogguomp*, chief, which we have in English also as mugwump.]

Who Owned this Fish?

MICHIGAN CITY, Ind., Oct. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is a common occurrence for two gunners to bring down a bird whose ownership it is difficult to decide because they fired at the same instant, but never until a recent experience of my own have I known of two anglers catching the same fish.

I was recently at Star Lake, Wis., having a taste of about the last bass fishing of the season in that locality. My friend, Mr. A. F. Merrill, of Chicago, accompanied me, and we were both fishing from one boat, casting with minnows in toward an old tree top near the shore, letting our bait sink for a few moments after each cast. I had a bite and after waiting a few seconds struck, hooking my fish, as I could plainly feel. The boatman immediately began backing the boat out into deeper water to clear the submerged tree top, while I worked my prize in the same direction. Mr. Merrill, fearing his line might foul mine, concluded to reel in. While doing so he felt a fish take his bait, and I heard him exclaim: "Halloo! I have one also."

We each worked our respective fish toward the boat, but when they came within reach of the landing net, behold, it was one and the same black bass. I had him securely hooked on one side of his jaw, and my friend's hook was just as firmly fastened in the other side.

It is plain that while I had him hooked he saw Mr. M.'s minnow drawn by as it was being reeled in, and could not resist the temptation to seize it, even if he had an annoying little piece of steel in his jaw at the time. He weighed a little over 2lbs.

Star Lake is a pretty sheet of water at the terminus of one branch of the C., M. & St. P. Ry. in Vilas county, Wis. There is a good log hotel and in the season the fishing is excellent. GREENHURST.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A series of ten fly-casting contests is about drawing to a close, and when completed I will see that a synopsis of the work done during the series is forwarded to you.

In each contest there are three events: 1. Distance; 2. Distance and accuracy; 3. Accuracy and delicacy. The rules governing the contests will soon be printed and I will take pleasure in forwarding to you a copy of the same.

On Nov. 7 the San Francisco Fly-Casting Club will hold an annual tournament, open for all, which tournament will consist of the three events above mentioned. A championship medal of gold in each event will constitute the first prize. A Leonard, a Kosmic and a Malleson, each donated by the makers, will constitute the second prizes in the events. The third and fourth prizes to be made up of donated newspaper subscriptions and merchandise donations. W. D. MANSFIELD, Pres.

Did not Buy Him a Ticket.

CARRABASSETT, Me.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Allow me to make a correction of the sketch "They Bought Him a Ticket to Get Out," in your issue of Sept. 12. The party represented as "trout butchers" numbered four. There was no ticket bought, nor talk of buying one, nor had it been mentioned in any way till it came out in your paper. The story probably originated in the fertile brain of the man who told Dr. Criado that two years ago he had shot twelve deer, and the truth of the matter is that he has never been known to fire at one. It seems a pity that such stories are told to people who know nothing of the truth of them, as it tends to drive people away from places where there is really good fishing and hunting.

MRS. J. P. PRESCOTT.

Striped Bass in the Sound.

LAST Friday Mr. P. E. Sanford, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, received at the store, at 312 Broadway, New York, a striped bass weighing 22lbs. and measuring 36in. in length.

This fish was caught by his son, Mr. A. D. Sanford, trolling with white worms off Saugatuck, Conn. Mr. A. S. Wheeler, who was in the same boat with Mr. Sanford, caught another bass weighing 24½lbs.; and the total catch for the boat weighed 58lbs. J. B. B.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 1 to 4.—City of the Straits Kennel Club's local show, Detriot, Mich. R. H. Roberts, Sec'y.

Dec. 8 to 11.—Augusta, Ga.—Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association. J. W. Killingsworth, Sec'y.

Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.

Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.

Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.

Nov. 2.—Carlisle, Ind.—Union Field Trial Club's inaugural trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 10.—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.

Nov. 10.—Leamington, Ont.—Peninsular Field Tria Club, Leamington, Ont.

Nov. 10.—Waynesburg, Greene County, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's trials. L. O. Seidle, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—National Fox Hunting Association's third annual trials, Bardstown, Ky. F. J. Hagan, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.

Nov. 20.—Thomasville, N. C.—Philadelphia Kennel Club's trials. Dr. Alexander Glass, Sec'y, 2125 Sansom street, Philadelphia.

Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y, Huntsville, Ala.

COURSING.

Oct. 28.—Kenmore Coursing Club's annual meeting, Herrington. Kan. C. A. Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 13.—American Coursing Club's annual meeting, Huron, S. D F. B. Coyne, Sec'y.

1897.

Jan. —.—Tupels, Miss.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Jan. 18.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

The Dog and the Picture Again.

ALLOW me to succinctly recapitulate the contents of the letter from the Rev. Peter Claude Creveling, upon which I based the claim that a dog can cognize a portrait—the publication of which letter, with comments from me, in FOREST AND STREAM some months ago, brought on, the reader will remember, quite a controversy, which was very pleasant to me.

Mr. Creveling took Tiger (Mr. Creveling's dog) into Mrs. Creveling's studio, where she had placed upon an easel a just finished crayon portrait of her husband. The dog cognized it at once, and attempted to lick its face, in which attempt he failed, because the portrait was covered with glass. The failure surprised him. He tried again. Again he failed. Then he lay down upon the floor, placed his head between his paws, and whined piteously. This was his first experience with a portrait, and he evidently mistook it for his master. But the mistake was corrected by his master's speaking. Turning to his master, he recognized him, and though he (Tiger) weighs 105lbs., he leaped upon his master's lap and almost smothered him with kisses.

It is evident that Tiger cognized the portrait; it is also evident that he recognized his master; and it is just as evident that he cognized the difference between the portrait of his master and that master himself. But I did not take up my pen to call attention to these facts of cognition and recognition; I did so to say that, on the 30th of September and the 1st of this current month, I was with Mr. Creveling at the Diocesan Convention. As soon as I saw him I asked him about Tiger. His reply was: "My wife says that I am in great danger of becoming as much of a crank about dogs as Adams!" This was said more to the surrounding clergy than to me, of course. They laughed, I joined in the laugh. I am willing to be the butt of any sort of a joke, the tendency of which is to give me a chance to teach biophilism. The laugh over, I recapitulated Mr. Creveling's letter to me, as I have done in this paper, and asked him if that letter was not simply a statement of facts. He replied that it was, and then went on to say that Tiger has since cognized portraits over and over again. He instanced as objects of Tiger's cognition the portraits of a couple of little children—whom he sees frequently—the children of the janitor of the church of which Mr. Creveling is rector. Why Mrs. Creveling crayoned these children, unless it is because she is fond of them, as Tiger is, I do not know; but they are good subjects, and she succeeded in making speaking portraits of them. When Tiger saw these portraits he wagged his tail, snapped his chops, looked at them lovingly, then at Mr. Creveling, then back at them, and did so over and over—giving every evidence that he knew them. There was glass over these portraits, as glass was over the portrait of Mr. Creveling. But Tiger had learned from experience. He did not lick this glass. So again Tiger has cognized not only one portrait, but two portraits. And that is not all.

It will be remembered that up to this I have never claimed that a dog can recognize a portrait, though I believe that I have said that I thought that he could. Now I know that he can, for I asked Mr. Creveling whether when Tiger saw the portraits of the children again he knew them, and he answered, "Yes, time and again."

So Tiger has not only cognized a portrait; he has recognized two portraits—and has done so "time and again." A wonderful dog, that Tiger! It is no wonder that when Mr. Creveling leaves home with his family he does not leave Tiger behind. The death of such a dog would be a calamity, not only to his master, and to those who know him, but to other dogs and to humanity; for he has illustrated many things held to be true by biophilism.

I do not say that other dogs have the power of cognizing and recognizing a portrait, I only say that Tiger has that power; and if one dog has it other dogs may have it. Which is equal to saying that it is essential to the dog mind. Which is saying much for the dog as to both time and eternity. CHARLES JOSIAH ADAMS.

ROSSVILLE, Staten Island.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

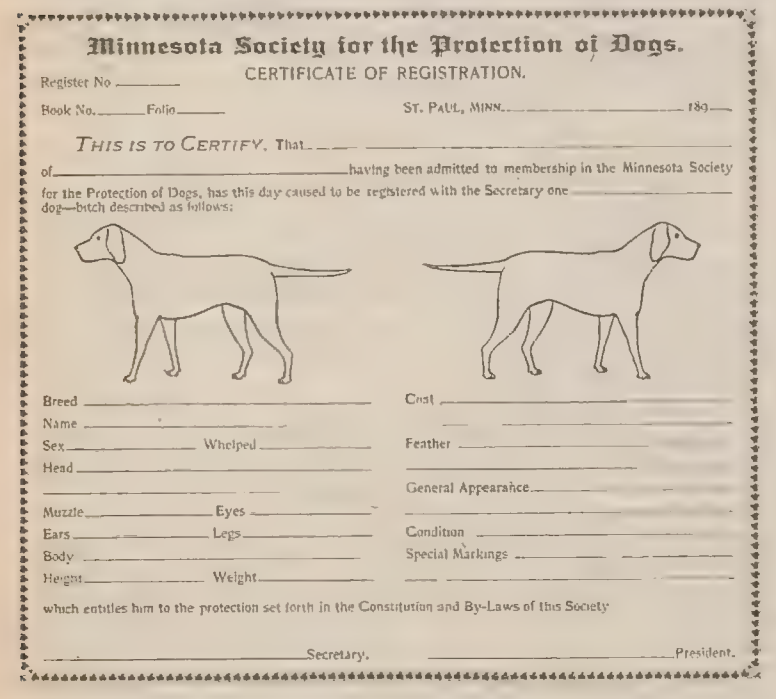
A SOCIETY FOR DOG PROTECTION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In giving you a brief review of the Minnesota Society for the Protection of Dogs, its organization and its workings, it will open up a new field for the attention of sportsmen and owners of hunting dogs throughout the length and breadth of this great country, and must meet the approval of dog owners everywhere.

In a game country, several months before the open season every owner is conditioning his dog for the hunt, and every fellow who doesn't own a dog is figuring how he can either borrow or steal the canine property of the other fellow.

The formation of our own society, the pioneer of such a protective movement, was brought about in this way: Toward the close of last year's open season five gentlemen who had been enjoying the sport met by chance at the railway station of a little Minnesota town. In the party was that genial sportsman and correspondent, Mark Biff. The comparison of shooting notes was the foundation of a catchy article in a St. Paul daily by the newspaper man, and in it the good qualities of their dogs were extolled. Now, this article must have engaged the attention of an organized gang of St. Paul dog thieves, for within two weeks from that date each of these gentlemen lost his dog. Then the need of a dog protective association was agitated, and a representative crowd of Twin Cities dog owners met at the Windsor Hotel on Dec. 2 and effected what is now an organization. Your correspondent, from his connection with the Game and Fish Protective Association, was asked to take the secretaryship of the new movemnt. Our membership has grown to more than 300, and we are protecting nearly 500 valuable dogs in the North Star State at this writing. We have had nineteen losses and seventeen recoveries, but not one chance for a prosecution, as our methods of advertising and procedure make it almost impossible for any dog thief to retain possession or to ship such dog from the



Minnesota Society for the Protection of Dogs.

CERTIFICATE OF REGISTRATION.

Register No. _____

Book No. _____ Folio _____ ST. PAUL, MINN. _____ 189—

THIS IS TO CERTIFY, That _____

of _____ having been admitted to membership in the Minnesota Society for the Protection of Dogs, has this day caused to be registered with the Secretary one _____ dog—bitch described as follows:

Breed _____ Coat _____

Name _____

Sex _____ Whelped _____ Feather _____

Head _____

General Appearance _____

Muzzle _____ Eyes _____

Ears _____ Legs _____ Condition _____

Body _____ Special Markings _____

Height _____ Weight _____

which entitles him to the protection set forth in the Constitution and By-Laws of this Society

_____ Secretary. _____ President.

State. Consequently the dogs have been returned to us within a day or so after loss, and we have paid but one $5 reward for such service. The society is decidedly a popular one. Our forms for application and registration, together with metal tag, are far ahead of those in use by any city in the country in its methods of dog licensing. If you have the space for publishing one of our inclosed forms it will be more self-explanatory than a long worded description.

The results of our work are these: On inquiry of our daily papers we find that the number of lost dog "ads." has fallen off 50 per cent. since we entered the field, for since dog thieves can neither dispose of nor keep their property, there is no longer any incentive for stealing them. We put no premium on dog stealing by offering rewards for the return and no questions asked, but our rewards are payable for information and conviction of person detaining or stealing the dog, and in some cases reasonable expenses for their care and safe return.

I have mailed our forms and caused the organization of like societies at Nashville, Tenn., and Winnipeg, Man. The one at Winnipeg is in an exceptionally flourishing condition, having for its patron General Superintendent Whyte, of the Canadian Pacific Railway; and as secretary the successful barrister and sportsman, R. Masson Smith, of Winnipeg.

The objective point for which we are working is to see every State with its protective society, and from these to form a national association; thus making it impossible for anyone to steal a dog in one State and dispose of it in any other. It must be considered that thousands of dollars are invested in hunting dogs annually, and such protective work is the demand of the hour from every owner of a first-class dog.

I regret that my own time is so fully occupied by office work that I will be obliged to relinquish the secretaryship at our annual meeting. While I have all the heartfelt interest in my nature for things that appeal to a sportsman's fancy, and at the same time will conserve our game and fish supply from an economical standpoint as a good product for a general public, I am not in a position to give up my private interests in other lines to carry out all protective measures I would see put in practice,

WM. L. TUCKER, Sec'y.

Protective Societies.

THE letter of Wm. L. Tucker, secretary of the Society for the Protection of Dogs, St. Paul, Minn., published elsewhere in our columns, is deserving of the most earnest consideration of all dog owners and fanciers. The moral effect of that society on the dog thieving classes, and the material success in the recovery of lost, strayed or stolen dogs which is shown by the secretary's report, establishes the fact that the society has the ability to carry out its purposes.

Every large city is afflicted with numbers of dog thieves, some of which are well organized, with branch organizations or business connections with similar organizations in other cities. By such business arrangements, a valuable dog stolen in one city may at once be shipped to some other large city, to be disposed of by confederates, and stolen dogs may thence be sent back in exchange, thus affording a much safer system in every way for the sale of the dog and freedom from detection than if the dog were disposed of in the city in which he was stolen. In fact, without any protective organization there is not one chance in a thousand for an owner to recover a stolen dog without the offer of a reward large enough to satisfy the cupidity of the thieves.

It is possible to form city and State organizations which would reciprocally work for each other's benefit, and such organizations would make profitable dog stealing almost impossible.

The constitution of the Minnesota Society sets forth its mission as follows: "The purpose and business of this Society shall be to protect its members in the possession and ownership of valuable dogs; to secure the return of the same when astray or stolen, and to prosecute and by all legitimate means assist in the punishment of dog thieves." Again: "The membership fee, which shall include the payment upon initiation, shall be $1 per year. A further fee of 25 cents per dog shall be paid, for the registration thereof, to the Secretary."

For exact information in case a dog be stolen or lost, a blank form, with two outline drawings of dogs, on which can be filled in all the markings of the dog registered, is furnished members, and this, kept on file in the secretary's office, affords all needed information for describing the lost dog.

In case a member's dog is lost or stolen, the Society immediately sets all its machinery at work to recover him. That the organization is a success in its practical workings is shown by its records.

A similar organization which existed some years ago and which probably still exists in the West and South, but which was organized to prevent horse and cattle thieving, had a membership over a wide territory and did much to make horse and cattle thieving a dangerous and unremunerative occupation.

EASTERN F. T. C.'S ENTRIES.

All-Age Stake.

GREENFIELD HILL, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Thirty entries: twenty setters, ten pointers.

MOLLIE B.—Dr. J. Spencer Brown's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Roderigo—Lilly B.).

VON GULL—Ashford & Odum's liv. and w. pointer dog (Kent Elym—Fannie V. Croxteth).

GLEAM'S RUTH—Manchester Kennels' b., w. and t. setter bitch (Count Gladstone—Gleam's Maid).

LEO NOBLE—A. L. Shonfield's b., w. and t. setters dog (King Leo—Minnie T.).

SAM T.—George Croxteth's b. and w. setter dog (Luke Roy—Bettie B.).

TORY JESSAMINE—F. R. Hitchcock's liv. and w. pointer bitch (Duke of Hessen—Westminster Blonde).

TORY LILY—F. R. Hitchcock's liv. and w. pointer bitch (Duke of Hessen—Westminster Blonde).

FAIRY KENT—Paul H. Gotzin's l. and w. pointer bitch (Lad of Kent—Baski).

RANIE II.—Irving Hoagland's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Bonnie Vista).

CINCINNATUS PRIDE—E. A. Burdett's b., w. and t. setter dog (Cincinnatus—Albert's Nellie).

NABOB—Charlottesville Kennels' b., w. and t. pointer dog (Rip Rap—Dolly D.).

INDIA—Charlottesville Kennels' l. and w. pointer bitch (Rip Rap—Dolly D.).

GEORGE CROXTETH—W. D. Henry's liv. and w. pointer bitch.

BLACK RODS—S. D. Ripley's b. and w. setter dog (Ray of Hope—Lulie).

LOU—Dr. G. G. Davis's red Irish setter bitch (Finglas—Currer Belle).

MAUD NOBLE—N. Wallace's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Rowdy Rod—Pearl Noble).

JOE GLADSTONE—Piedmont Kennels' l. and w. setter dog (Gladstone's Boy—Buena Vista).

ODD SIDES—W. A. Wimsatt's l. and w. pointer dog (Lap of Pearl—Graceful II.).

LADY GRACE II.—W. A. Wimsatt's b., w. and t. pointer bitch (Roger Williams—Graceful II.).

WANG—Geo. S. Saylor's l. and w. pointer dog (Roger Williams—Graceful II.).

TONEY'S GALE—Fox & Blyth's b., w. and t. setter dog (Antonio—Nellie G.).

FORZANDO—Fox & Blyth's b., w. and t. setter dog (Gath's Mark—Countess Rush).

HAROLD SKIMPOLE—W. H. Beazell's b., w. and t. setter dog (Whyte B.—Nellie Bevin).

HARWICK—H. R. Edwards's b., w. and t. setter dog (Topsy Rod—Opal).

HARVARD—H. R. Edwards's w. and t. setter dog (Dan Burgess—Opal).

MARIE'S SPORT—H. B. Ledbetter's b., w. and t. setter dog (Gleam's Sport—Marie Sport).

DOMINO—D. E. Rose's (Agt.) b., w. and t. setter dog (Antonio—Ruby's Girl).

GREENWAY—D. E. Rose's (Agt.) b., w. and t. setter dog (Antonio—Ruby's Girl).

ARAPAHOE—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter dog (Eugene T.—Maiden Mine).

RUSH MARK—Piedmont Kennels' b., w. and t. setter dog (Gath's Mark—Countess Rush).

Eastern Subscription Stake.

Open to all pointers and setters. Fifty per cent. of subscription, payable Oct. 1, entitles the owner to start any dog he pleases, whether his property or not. It is transferable to any person not objectionable to the club. Following is a list of the subscribers, eight entries: Messrs. Ashford & Odom one entry, Del Monte Kennels two entries, Edward A. Burdett one entry, Charlottesville Kennels one entry, H. R. Edwards one entry, H. B. Ledbetter one entry, N. T. Harris one entry.

S. C. BRADLEY, Sec'y-Treas.

Continental F. T. Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Owing to the fact that the Champion Field Trials Association ran its trials last year at West Point, Miss., following the trials of the U. S. Club, and not wishing to interfere with their date, the Continental Field Trials Club has decided to start its trials at Tupelo, Miss., Monday, Jan. 11, 1897.

P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas.

UNION F. T. C. ENTRIES.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Herewith find list of entries to the Derby and All-Age Stake of the Union Field Trials Club's annual trials. The trials will begin at Carlisle, Ind., Monday, Oct. 26. Mr. J. H. Johnson writes me that birds are very plentiful, therefore I anticipate a very pleasant meeting.

All the Derby entries were born in 1895.

Derby Entries.

SARAGOSSA BELLE—Philip M. Essig's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Gleam's Pink—Maud E.).

TARTAR—S. L. James's b., w. and t. setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Rod's Sylph).

POTOMAC—Fox & Blythe's b., w. and t. setter dog (Antonio—Countess Rush).

SARSFIELD—J. P. Greene's b., w. and t. setter dog (Rodfield—Opal).

DAVE EARL—Theo. Goodman's b., w. and t. setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady).

ALBERT LANG—Theo. Goodman's b., w. and t. setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady).

SPOT—Albert Lieber's b. and w. setter dog (——— ———).

SAM HILL—Dr. Jas. McDowell's b., w. and t. setter dog (Rodfield—Indiana Belle).

EASTER LILLIE—Charles Fox's b., w. and t. setter dog (Dan R.—Bonnie Doo).

FLORENCE GLADSTONE II.—James D. Poston & Co.'s b., w. and t. setter bitch (Antonio—Florence Gladstone).

RIPPLE—Hampton S. Smith's liv. and w. pointer bitch (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot).

BILLY T.—Frank Richards's (agt.) b., w. and t. setter dog (Revenue—Daisy Bondhu).

KENO N.—John T. Mayfield's (agt.) b., w. and t. setter dog (Count Lucifer—Dashing Mamie).

GLEAM'S ROY—John T. Mayfield's b., w. and t. setter dog (Gleam's Sport—Marie Avent).

RODFIELD'S BOY—John T. Mayfield's b., w. and t. setter dog (Rodfield—Sue Gladstone).

KING LEE—L. W. Blankenbaker's liv. and w. pointer dog (Kent's Joe—Lad's Lady).

NEVA GLADSTONE—Richard Merrill's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Paul Gladstone—Lady Lucy).

NORA GLADSTONE—Richard Merrill's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Paul Gladstone—Lady Lucy).

RUDGE GLADSTONE—Richard Merrill's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Paul Gladstone—Lady Lucy).

ROD GLADSTONE—Wm. Pollard's b., w. and t. setter dog (Rodfield—Sue Gladstone).

JOSIE FREEMAN—John A. Gude's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Antonio—Nellie Hope).

VIM GLADSTONE—Fishback & Baughm's b., w. and t. setter dog (Gladstone's Boy—Gath's Belle).

ÆOLIAN REX II.—C. P. Mingsh's b. and w. English setter dog (Antonio—Columbia).

COLUMBIA—C. F. Hartinetz's c. and w. English setter bitch (Gath's Mark—Queen Blade).

TONY'S GALE—J. H. Johnson's (agt.) b., w. and t. English setter dog (Antonio—Nellie G.).

FORZANDO—J. H. Johnson's (agt.) b., w. and t. English setter dog (Gath's Mark—Countess Rush).

MARK OF IGHTFIELD—Joseph Bicker's b., w. and t. English setter dog (Ightfield Rhivillis—Queen Regent).

LADY PEY II.—Richard Merrill's liv. and w. pointer bitch (Rip Rap—Lady Pey).

DAISY RIP RAP—Richard Merrill's b. and w. pointer bitch (Rip Rap—Lady Pey).

STRIDEMORE—Richard Merrill's liv. and w. pointer dog (Strideaway—Hops II.).

NOBLE—Richard Merrill's liv. and w. pointer dog (Spotted Boy— ——).

CINCINNATUS PRIDE—E. A. Burdett's b., w. and t. setter dog (Cincinnatus—Albert's Nellie).

ANNE OF ABBOTSFORD—E. A. Burdett's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Bohemian Girl).

CRACKER JACK—J. L. Adams's liv. pointer dog (Lad of Rush—Cyclops).

CYNOSURE—Norvin T. Harris's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Roderigo—Norah II.).

BONNIE BELL II.—Norvin T. Harris's b. and w. setter bitch (Thiers—Lilly B.).

PRINCE—Norvin T. Harris's b. and w. setter dog (——— ———).

ANTO GLADSTONE—Jas. D. Poston & Co.'s b., w. and t. setter dog (Antonio—Florence Gladstone).

P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas.

The Philadelphia Kennel Club.

WE have received the following announcement of the policy and stakes, etc., of the club, as follows:

The Philadelphia Kennel Club is the only organization in the kennel world that combines in its membership those interested in field trials as well as bench shows. The Philadelphia Kennel Club has always been run on the broad-gauge policy, and counts among its members those who have been for years prominent in field trial matters, as well as those who patronize the bench shows.

It is an open secret that bench shows of this club have always been an expensive luxury, but there is that—shall we say—*esprit de corps* among the members that secures from the field trial men financial support for the bench shows. As a fact, many of the members whose interests lie only in the field trials annually go down into their clothes to help pay the deficit in the bench shows.

This organization of sportsmen are welded together in the strong ties of good-fellowship and a fondness for man's best friend. The meeting at the field trials of the Philadelphia Kennel Club have a charm all their own. The members as a rule have their special car, and all start as near as possible in a body, and have their quarters and arrangements all perfected in advance. With few exceptions the members handle their own dogs and the trials are run, as we have contended trials should be run, as a friendly, sportsmanlike competition between good dogs. The judges are secured usually from their own members, and up to quite recently the trials have been only open to members of the club.

A meeting was held on Tuesday, Oct. 13, when the date for holding the next trials was fixed, which will commence with the running of the Members' Stake on Friday, Nov. 20. This stake is open to all members of the Eastern Field Trials Club, and the entries are closed the night before the running. Professional handlers are barred.

The prize will be the famous *Item* bowl, which has been

contended for many years, and which has as often been filled by the owner of the victorious dog at the annual meeting the following January at the Aldine Hotel.

The Derby and All-Aged Stake is open to members of the club only. The club has secured 11,000 acres of the very best shooting ground at Thomasville, N. C., and has, it is conceded, one of the best stocked shooting preserves in America.

Blanks and other information relative to the running of the stake mentioned can be had by addressing Dr. Alexander Glass, Secretary, No. 2125 Sansom street, Philadelphia.

TROOPING COONS.

CALIFORNIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was raised on the banks of the Columbia River, and for youthful companions I had none but the young Siwashes of the Cathlamets, and the Wahkiakums, and for good times none had better. Among the Cathlamets were two mighty coon hunters, Gull and Tick by name, and from them I learned the ways of the coon, and I tell you he has more than one way. If he is hard pushed there is no telling where or what his cunning will call into play. You no doubt have been a party to a fox hunt, and know from experience that the sly old fox will double his trail or leap a brook three or four times to baffle the hounds. A coon can stick his nose in his fur and laugh at the best tricks of the fox.

A fox is nothing if not a sneak at his best, while a coon is bold and fearless, and all his movements, whether by day or night, are characteristic of that of every animal in the green forest.

I must now take you away with me on one of our coon hunts along the banks of the Columbia.

Most coon hunts are conducted by moonlight, with rifle, aye, and hounds, but our way was just the reverse of all others on the river. We would hunt down our coons by broad daylight. We did not break our necks or bark our shins tumbling over fallen timber before a fat pine torch, or work like beavers cutting down a treed coon; but we took to our canoes and paddled noiselessly up the river about four or five miles, and just at break of day two of us would land. The third man, as agreed upon beforehand, would paddle the canoe down the river again about one or two miles, then land and work on up until we met. The coons had been running all night, and to find a "sign" is as easy as falling off a log, and there the trail commences; but to keep that trail is what calls in all the faculties, and the knowledge and habits of the animal in pursuit of, not saying anything about the lay of the land, for thickets of briar and bramble are met with on every river bottom. "Direction" is the main trail to success on this coon hunt. The parent coons together with the young coons have been out on a forage all night; they have left no stone nor leaf unturned in their efforts to satisfy the cravings of an empty stomach. They have been up and down the margin of the river catching minnows in the shallow eddies. They have been by the silent pool dispatching the innocent frog. They have rambled far and wide, and in their playful moods have chased each other among the tree tops until the gleam of breaking day told them by instinct to gather for their home. In a troop they travel on in their well-worn path to their home in a hollow tree, or among the roots of a prostrate pine.

To follow the "sign" of coons takes good judgment, especially so at different times of the seasons. In the fall and winter they are trooping; it is so called among trappers, because you will find the male and female together, and often one will come across a troop of coons in broad daylight. The females will lead, with the males coming on behind, fighting, snarling and tumbling for supremacy nearest the females; if one has got his eyes and ears open, and is in a position to the windward of their approach, he will have some fun by blazing away on the leading coon. As soon as the shot is fired every male coon will take to a tree in the near vicinity and every female coon will take the back track until their fright be over, then double and take for home. Now, if one be a good rifle shot, he can get the last one of those coons that treed. I have shot as many as nine coons out of one troop in that peculiar manner. Of course, it takes a good man in the woods to trail up a troop of coons, and I believe that there are not ten men in 1,000 that can do it, for the coons have a cute nose, a fine ear and a pair of keen eyes, and will surely detect the babe in the woods.

Gull, who was the chief of the Cathlamets, and old Tick, chief of the Wahkiakums, and I, have bagged as many as twenty-five coons in one hunt.

I believe, to make a success of trailing a troop of coons, one must know every inch of the country he is hunting in, and have a natural instinct for trailing just as a hound has, otherwise he will spy never more than two or three coons at one time. I have tried trooping coons away from large river banks, but with indifferent success. The Columbia River, I believe, is the only stream, because of its sparse settlements along its banks, where trooping coons can be followed with any success by a good trailer.

The coons come from far and wide to the banks of the river to gather the food, which a river of so large a volume can only give.

This mode of hunting coons may seem strange to you or your readers; but it is nevertheless true, as any one who has studied the habits of the coon will attest. I have followed hunting and trapping ever since I was a boy, and I can give you facts that seem yet stranger than this. The best part of my hunting days are over, game is no more as plentiful as it was; but memory lends a charm, and we must fight our battles over again.

HANK PETERSON.

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

At a meeting of the Metropolitan Kennel Club, held Oct. 17 in New York, the following resolution was passed: "The executive committee considered it to the interest of the club to hold a bench show in Brooklyn Thanksgiving week, and would urgently request the presence of all members at Rockwell's, 140 Lexington avenue, New York city, on Wednesday, the 21st inst., at 4 P. M."

The Armstrong *Republican*, of Kittanning, Pa., mentions an extraordinary large litter as follows: "A female St. Bernard owned by A. C. Bailey, the well-known merchant of Ford City, recently gave birth to nineteen pups. This is the largest number ever known to have been born at one time, and is exciting considerable curiosity among dog fanciers."

Mr. P. T. Madison, secretary-treasurer of the Continental F. T. Club, is deserving of the thanks of all field trial patrons for his forethought and energy in arranging a scale of prices favoring visitors at Tupelo. With hotel rates at $1.50 per day, double teams with driver at $2 50, and saddle horses at $1 per day, the expense account of the trial will be materially reduced to all concerned. What Mr. Madison has done other directors can do if they choose to try. FOREST AND STREAM years ago called attention to the unjust discrimination against sportsmen at field trials, where it seemed that the more that attended and the longer they remained, the higher the rate charged. Hotels having weekly rates would abolish such rates so far as field trial patrons in the field trial season were concerned, though a patron might be seated beside a local patron who was paying but little more for a week's board than the field trial man paid for a day's.

Mr. Joseph H. Hunter, the well-known sportsman, whose skill at the traps, in the field or with fishing rod, are well known, writes us the unpleasant information that he will not give field trials much attention in future. Some scoundrelly fellow poisoned his favorite shooting dog recently. Black Wonder was famous in field trial records and was of extraordinary high merit in field shooting. The Messrs. Hunter brought to the competition many times dogs of the highest merit, the best perhaps being Daisy Hunter, and she was among the best ever brought to a field trial. Sad to relate, she disappeared in a neighborhood with which she was familiar and nothing was heard of her afterward. It is no wonder that such hard luck should be discouraging.

The Boston Terrier Club Book, Vol. II., 1896, is replete with information concerning club matters and matters concerning the Boston terrier. It contains a list of officers and members, and constitution, standard, trophies, produce stakes, prize winners, registrations, etc. Secretary, F. G. Davis, Boston.

The prices at Mr. Lorillard's sale ruled low. Antevolo sold for $20; Rancocas Belle, $210. Others from $35 to $5 and $2, mostly the smaller prices.

We learn that there is much interest in the superintendency of the prospective Brooklyn show.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

"BICYCLE REPAIRING."

"BICYCLE REPAIRING" is a book of 160 pages of solid mechanical facts, from the press of the *Iron Age*, New York. All the various bicycle ailments are touched upon and directions given for setting them right. Special chapters are devoted to the most important parts of the bicycle, such as the handle bar, tire, wheel, valve, fork and frame; and enameling, brazing and nickel plating are treated of from the standpoint of the repair man. The chapter on "Miscellaneous Hints," however, contains perhaps the greatest amount of useful information in compact form.

The methods of repair described are, as a rule, the simplest possible compatible with good workmanship, and a considerable amount of space is given to simple home-made contrivances designed to perform the work of more expensive machines. For instance, a case-hardening furnace, suitable for use where small objects only are to be treated, is constructed from an old fruit can and a tin tobacco box in combination with a Bunsen burner, while a brazing furnace is made from half a dozen joints of ordinary gas pipe.

The book is designed for the use of professional repair men, but there is much in it that will prove of interest to the wheelman who is of a mechanical turn. Even if the wheelman attempts no repairs himself, it is just as well for him to have a general idea of the various processes employed, as the knowledge will be of service when his wheel is placed in the hands of a professional. The unprecedented growth of the bicycle trade has resulted in many inferior mechanics and botchers taking up the business of repairing, and it is easily possible for these men to ruin a good wheel while attempting a simple repair. If the owner knows exactly what is wanted himself he will be better able to judge of the capacity of the man to whom he intrusts his wheel. A little knowledge of its mechanical construction is never wasted. As a case in point, a wheelman took his bicycle to a repair shop to have an eight-tooth rear sprocket replaced by a seven-tooth one. He waited for his wheel, and as the job seemed to take an unnecessarily long time, walked back into the work shop to find out what the trouble was. He found the repairer armed with a large wrench wrestling with the check piece, which was screwed into the axle on the outside of the sprocket. The man mopped his brow, and asserted it as his belief that check nut and sprocket were brazed on the axle.

The owner recollected that he had heard that in that particular make of wheel the check nut was a left-hand screw, and here was a mechanic, professedly acquainted with the bicycle in question, who had spent twenty minutes trying to ruin an axle for him. He told the man that he had better leave the sprocket on, and took it to a repairer that a friend had recommended a few days before. This man had no trouble in completing the job satisfactorily, but he had to get a new check nut, and a minute more of the first man's work would have made a new axle necessary.

In the introduction to "Bicycle Repairing" the author remarks:

"The wonder is not that the bicycle occasionally breaks down, but that it lasts as well as it does. When we consider the relative weight of the wheel and its rider, and think of its apparently frail construction, and then remember the severe strains to which it is subjected in service, we are compelled to admire its design, the strength of its parts and the perfection of its workmanship. When a machine of this character, so delicate in its component parts and so finely adjusted, is in need of repair, it should evidently be taken to one who will understand the difficulty and who knows how to apply the proper remedy.

"This seeming delicacy of the bicycle has been of the utmost importance to the bicycle trade as a whole. To it, and to it alone, can be ascribed the wonderful scarcity of really poor wheels. The bicycle is a chain, and every part constitutes a link which must of necessity bear its portion of the strain. To weaken one of these links or parts by the introduction of inferior material means the speedy destruction of the wheel. To keep up the strength by using a greater quantity of cheap metal would meet with no demand, because the rider of to-day will not mount a heavy wheel, and the bicycle itself is the best safeguard against imposture."

INGENUITY OF TWO FARMER BOYS.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Oct. 8.—One day last June, during the time the National Bicycle meeting was in progress here, L. W. Wheeler, a farmer boy nineteen years of age, living in Grant county, about thirty-five miles from this place, rode into the city on a wheel constructed of wood, made by himself with such tools as are generally found on a farm in Arkansas. The advent of this juvenile wheel manufacturer in the city at a time when the cyclists from all over the State were gathered there naturally created quite an excitement among them, and he at once became the center of attraction. One of our local dealers saw a good thing in this wheel as an advertising medium, and offered to exchange a modern high grade safety for the farmer boy's crude and cumbersome machine. And it is needless to say that his offer was promptly accepted.

After several days spent in the city he returned to his home on the farm, the proud possessor of a modern wheel, and the envy of all the boys in the neighborhood. His fame and success had preceded him, and he was pointed out with pardonable pride by all the people in his county. His wheel was constructed on the principle of the machine of to-day. The wood used was native timber, and no little ingenuity was displayed in the construction of the wheels, which were wrapped with thin strips of split hickory, and of course were puncture proof.

To-day saw the advent in our city of the second one of the wooden home-constructed bicycles, the maker and rider of which was J. J. Mooney, also of Grant county, a lad seventeen years old. This boy, unlike his predecessor, did not ride his wheel from home to the city, but brought it the thirty-three miles on his father's wagon with a load of cotton, after which mounting it he proceeded to view the city. He too attracted considerable attention, not only by his wheel, but also by his attire. When approached on the subject of disposing of his machine, he was very modest, and thought that an exchange of a $100 wheel would be a fair trade—thinking doubtless that if his neighbor found no trouble in disposing of his on such terms, he should be equally as successful. In this he was disappointed, however; for the bicycle season is now about over, and the novelty of such a machine having worn off, there was little in it as an advertisement. He lives within three miles of the inventor of the first wooden cycle, and was doubtless spurred on by the success of his neighbor, imagining that he would encounter no difficulty in effecting a similar exchange.

This machine was constructed on the lines of the old ordinary, and though considerable ingenuity was displayed by its youthful maker, and it was also better finished, it was hardly up to the high standard of skill shown in the construction of the other wooden wheel. To the first undoubtedly belongs the credit of originating this style of wheels, while the other was only an imitator. Both were unsophisticated country boys, who lived where few bicycles are to be seen, and the tools used to construct their machines were very crude. PAUL R. LITZKE.

Mother Shipton's Prophecies.

PORT HAMMOND, B. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Under the heading devoted to Wheeling there is an article in your paper of Aug. 15, "The School for all Ages." The writer states that Mother Shipton may have preseen the locomotive engine and some of the uses of electricity, but the bicycle was beyond her ken. I send you a clipping from a local paper in which I claim the riding astride refers to the bicycle.

The quotation is as follows:

"In those wonderful far-off days
Women shall get a strange, odd craze,
To dress like men, and breeches wear,
And cut off their beautiful locks of hair,
And ride astride with brazen brow,
As witches do on broomsticks now."

R. C. BROOKE.

NOTES.

Evidences of the adaptability of the bicycle to new uses continue to multiply. The bank robber who is up to date dashes up to his bank on a wheel, and when he has looted it departs in the same way. Scorchers are so common almost everywhere that the robber "hitting it up" to escape his pursuers does not attract a quarter the attention that he would if mounted on a foam-flecked horse. Then, too, the bicycle leaves a misleading trail, and from this alone it is impossible to say which way the rider went. Jesse James would turn in his grave to see the way the thing is done nowadays, but the modern robber knows that the use of the bicycle adds largely to his chances of escape.

In the Adirondacks the bicycle is responsible for such paragraphs as the following:

"Charles H. Palmer, foreman in the office of the *Post and Gazette*, is out on his annual deer hunting vacation. He left town on his bicycle yesterday, bound for North Hudson, his face beaming with happy anticipation. We await the realization, hoping and trusting that his fondest expectations will come to pass."

In Maine, according to the Bradley, Me., correspondent of the New York *Sun*, a thrifty skunk trapper uses the bicycle to hunt skunks. He formerly hunted them at night with a dog. Now he lights a lantern and mounting his bicycle rides through the mown grass fields, and whenever he sees a skunk dismounts and kills it with a club. On his first bicycle hunt he is reported to have killed eighteen. He likes the new method, and says that for results a good bicycle is away ahead of any dog he ever saw.

Circumstances alter cases. An old horseshoe with nails in it is not considered a lucky find by wheelmen.

In the matter of good roads New Jersey is one of the foremost States in the Union. Hundreds of miles of fine macadam roads have been constructed within the last ten years, and the results of this progressive movement now serve as an object lesson for less enlightened communities. The story of one of the small towns in a farming and trucking locality will serve as an example. Originally the roads were about the average of country roads, and at certain seasons of the year were practically impassable. As a rule the maximum load for four horses was fifty-five bushel baskets, or about two and one-half tons of produce, on a wagon weighing 1,900lbs. Two men accompanied this to market and it took a day to make the round trip. Under these conditions farms were a drug on the market, and there were no buyers for real estate.

A few years ago, however, the community woke up. The town issued $4,000 worth of bonds and applied the proceeds to building good roads. As a result the neighborhood experienced a new prosperity. Two horses are now able to do more work than four on the old roads and with greater ease. Ninety to 125 bushel baskets are not considered too large a load for two horses, and it is a common thing now for one man with two horses to take four and a half tons of produce to market on a wagon weighing 2,300lbs., or about double the old four-horse load, and instead of one trip a day he makes four.

According to these figures one horse on the improved stone roads does the work of sixteen on the old mud roads. A remarkable commentary on the value of road improvement.

The tabulated report recently issued by the Illinois State Board of Equalization, compiled from the returns of the assessors of 102 counties, shows a heavy decrease in the valuation of horses, due to the influence of the bicycle and electricity on the market. In 1895 the returns showed the number of horses in Illinois listed by the local assessors to be 1,169,360, valued at $15,014,342, or on an average $12.84 per head.

The returns for 1896 show the number to be but 1,112,094, valued at $12,599,782, which reduces the average valuation per head to $11.32. From these figures it will be seen that in a single year the number of horses in Illinois decreased 57,266, while the loss in valuation was $2,414,560. With fewer horses in the State, each horse is worth $1.51 less than it was last year.

Yachting.

THE movement now under way about New York for the improvement of racing rules is of special importance as indicating a feeling on the part of the clubs and of individual yachtsmen that some change is imperatively necessary, and also an evident disposition among all concerned to work in harmony toward the desired end. At the present time three important yachting bodies are engaged in the same task—the Yacht Racing Union, the New York Y. C. and the Larchmont Y. C. While the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. has taken no individual action, it is closely identified with the Yacht Racing Union, and will in all probability accept the amendments adopted by it.

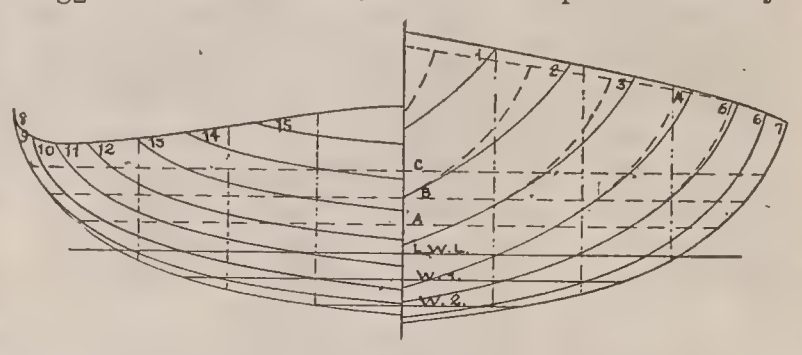
The movement as a whole is not only being carried out with that unity and harmonious action which is in every way desirable, though often lacking in the past, but it has been inaugurated at the proper time, immediately at the end of the racing season, and not in the spring, as has been too often the case, at so late a date as to prevent any action for the next season.

The changes proposed in the New York Y. C. rules, which we print this week, show the general details of the movement, most of which will be recognized as desirable. The classification will be uniform in all of the clubs in the Yacht Racing Union, including the Seawanhaka and Atlantic, in the New York Y. C. and the Larchmont Y C. The various special classes, such as the misnamed "34-raters," etc., will be abolished, the yachts finding their places in the different regular classes; the allowance table will be uniform; time allowance will be abolished among yachts built after the present season; the crew limit and the class designations will also be uniform. In this latter detail a very good plan has been adopted, of allotting a letter of the International Code to each class as a permanent signal for the class; the answering pennant being pressed into service as "A" for the largest class.

But one result can follow these changes. Yacht racing will be made more thoroughly systematic, the last traces of the old haphazard, go-as-you-please methods will be eliminated, and the sport will be far more interesting and exciting, with greater inducements to owners to follow the races regularly through the season.

THESE changes, important as they may be, are after all matters of detail. The one main point of the present movement involves a question which must exert a very strong influence on the yachts which it is confidently hoped may be launched in the near future—the limitation of draft. Yachtsmen the world over have recognized for the past three or four years the mischievous tendency of modern designing, the increase of dimensions and the decrease of displacement, the substitution of the long lever and light weight for the shorter lever and greater weight as the means of carrying sail; the extreme light construction, the faulty lateral plane and the increased sail plans. Many remedies have been suggested, and one has even been tried with small success. That some remedy must be found is indispensable; in spite of the fact that the practicable limit of draft has already been passed, it is still possible to outbuild the most extreme of new yachts by others a little deeper in draft and of reduced displacement. At the same time it does not follow that the case is now so bad that it cannot be made very much worse, or that any change must be for the better. In studying carefully the important step now proposed by the clubs mentioned, the imposition of an arbitrary limit of draft, we cannot avoid the conclusion that the work has been carried on too hurriedly, that very important considerations have been ignored, and that if any general revival of building takes place under the rule, the resulting type will be most undesirable and detrimental to yacht building and racing.

The proposal, as elsewhere stated, is to place an arbitrary limitation on the draft of yachts in each class, with a certain penalty for any excess. The very first idea that would suggest itself in this connection is the imperative necessity



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of protecting both the keel and the centerboard types from unfair discrimination, in accordance with the whole policy of American yachting in the past, permitting fair play to both. That this point has not been considered in framing the proposed limitation is very evident upon inspection; and it is equally plain that any competition under the rule must produce one type of yacht, and that, we believe, a very undesirable type.

Taking first the single-masted classes, which in all clubs but the New York Y. C. run from 15ft. racing length to 70ft., not including the unlimited class, the limits of draft proposed are plainly derived from actual practice, as found in existing yachts, and for keel boats they are very satisfactory. If they applied solely to the keel type, with a separate provision for the centerboard type, no fault could be found, but they do not; the only proviso is that the centerboard shall not be measured in the draft. One need not look ahead very far to see what the result must inevitably be; the rule is a direct premium on what may be called the "Jubilee" type: the canoe hull, the narrow fin, with the bulb carried at the extreme limit of draft, and in addition a plate board of more or less weight housing in the fin. The rule in its intent does not go far enough in penalizing the fin type and promoting the yacht of greater body, even as applied only to keel boats; but with such a limitation it could do little harm. With the centerboard thrown in free, there can be no chance for the restoration of such a type as yachtsmen are now looking for, of reasonable dimensions and accommodation, and yet fairly fast.

It may be that in some classes the conditions will result in a keel boat—for instance, something between the Wasp and Uvira types—and not in the centerboard-bulb-fin, but we doubt it; and we do not look for any healthy development of the keel yacht.

At the same time it is still more certain that under such a limitation there is no chance whatever for another useful type; the deep centerboard boat of good body, such as may be designated as the "Harpoon" type—such a yacht of say 9ft. draft for a measurement of 60ft., would have no chance whatever against a craft of 11ft. 6in. draft, and also equipped with a centerboard.

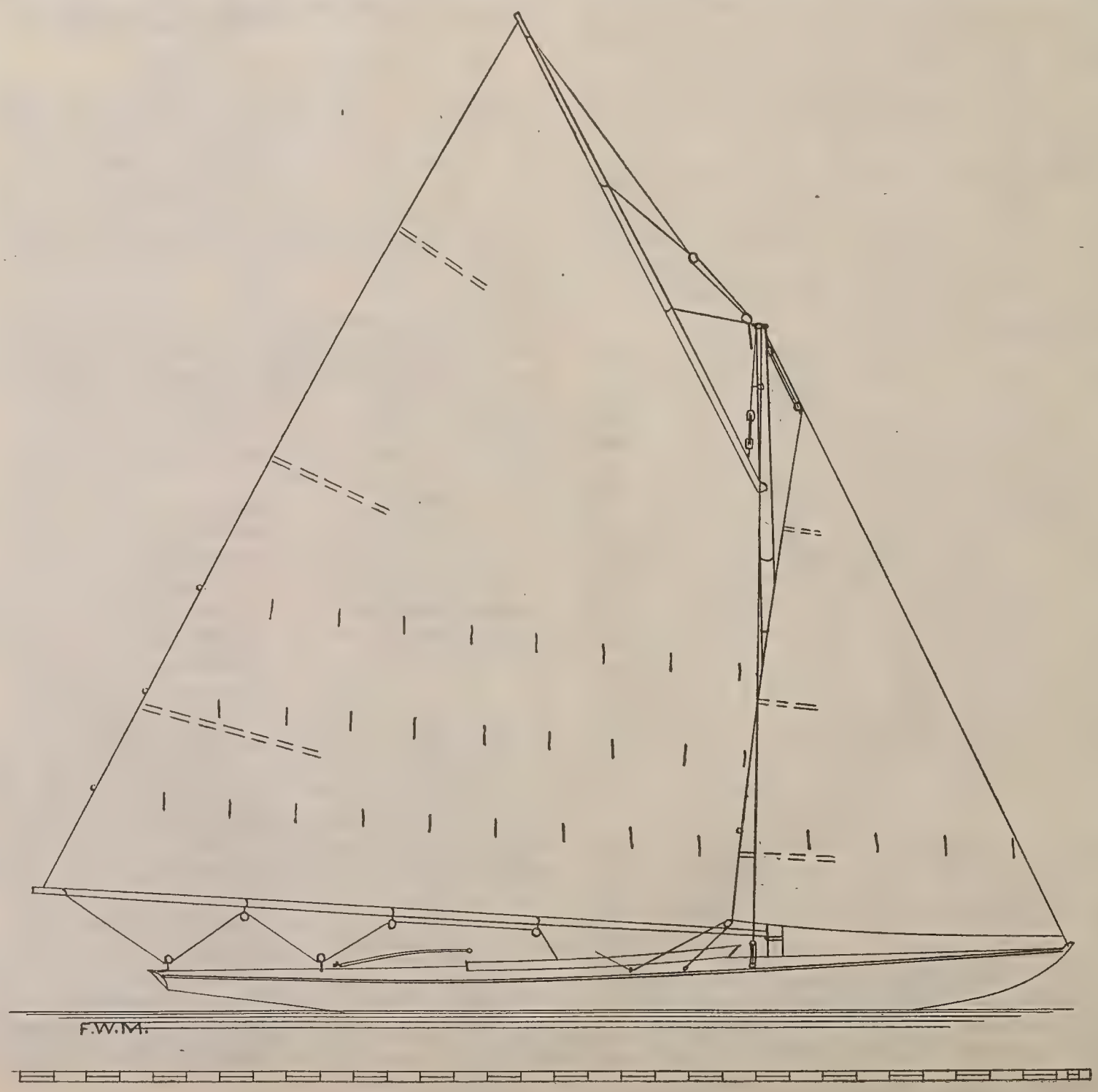
If it is desirable either to encourage the keel boat alone of such general type as indicated by Minerva, Uvira and Gloriana, or to encourage side by side with it the moderately deep centerboard boat of the type of Nymph and Harpoon, then a different plan must be adopted. The limits as already set will answer well enough for keel boats, but it should further be provided that centerboard boats shall not exceed in draft a certain fraction, say 70 per cent., of the limit for keel boats in the same class. Such a limitation as this would recognize and estimate at about its proper value the difference of draft existing in actual practice prior to the introduction of the bulb-fin, as in the old 30ft., 40ft., 46ft. and 70ft. classes; it would be unfair to no one, and would undeniably exercise a radically different influence on designing, as compared with that of the proposed rule.

In the schooner classes the general result is the same, though under somewhat different conditions. The schooner is less of a racing boat than the cutter, and has never reached the same point of development in speed, while more has always been expected of her in cruising and general all-round use. Owing to her greater size, the proportionate limit of draft has been kept below that of the single-stickers, and the centerboard has been used in all racing schooners. In this rig, whatever the class, the centerboard has been proven far more valuable and practicable than the keel type for racing, just as the reverse has been the case with the single-stickers. If the tendency of the proposed change were merely to bar the keel schooner, we should make no objection to it, as we recognize the superiority of the centerboard type as exemplified by such yachts as Quickstep, Iroquois, Ariel, Lasca and Volunteer. Such, however, is very far from being the case. Under the rule as it is proposed there is no possibility of the restoration of this general type in a modernized form; but it must give place to the "Jubilee" type, the centerboard-bulb-fin, with all of its disadvantages. It is obvious that, while in the single-stick classes the figures are based on existing practice in keel craft, in the schooner classes nothing has been considered but the most extreme point yet reached in the centerboard type—Quissetta, Amorita and Colonia. The limitation in the 75ft. class is the designed draft of Amorita, about 3in. less than her present draft; that of Quissetta being about in the same proportion, 11ft. on 66ft. l.w.l.; and in the 95ft. class it is but little under the draft of Colonia as a schooner.

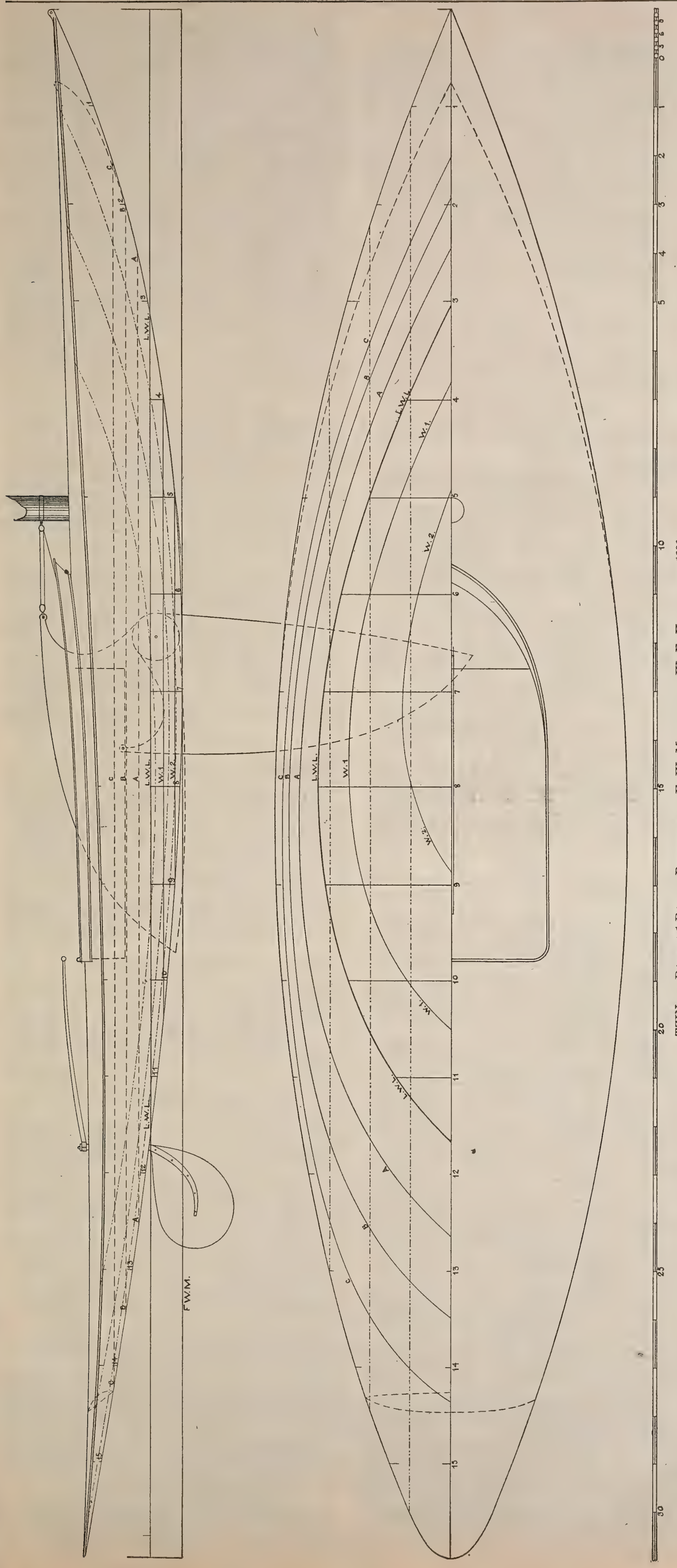
The result of the rule in the smallest schooner class is something for yachtsmen to contemplate, a boat of about 62ft. l.w.l. for her class limit of 65ft. racing length, and drawing 11ft. In the next class come Amorita and Quissetta, with 12ft. draft. What chance is there for the once popular and useful all-round schooner such as Shamrock or Quickstep?

If the end in view is not the direct encouragement of a bastard fin type, but the general good of yachting, and the promotion of yacht racing by inducing men to build and race yachts of moderate types, then the limits in the schooner classes might better begin at 7ft. in place of 11, and end at 12ft. in place of 14, with intermediate figures of 9ft. for the 75ft. and 10ft. 6in. for the 85ft. classes; while in the single-stick division the present limits should apply solely to keel craft, with a decrease to 70 per cent. for centerboard boats.

If it be decided that such a change is desirable, there is



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little in the way of vested interests to interfere; in the single-stick division the field is practically clear, there are none but old boats in the racing; in the schooner division are Colonia, Amorita and Quissetta, all of which may be rated by some arbitrary arrangement against any new yachts built to the lessened limit.

At best the limitation of draft is a very inadequate attempt at the solution of the present difficulty, and the good which it can do is limited to two details. In the first place, with the limits as now set, it can prevent the building of anything more extreme than Amorita and Quissetta, but these two are so far beyond what is good and desirable that it makes little difference whether the next new boat is worse or only as bad.

In the second place, if the limit of draft be made small enough in each class, it will discriminate to a certain extent against the fin type and tend to promote a better and roomier type; the lever being shortened to an appreciable extent as compared with the extreme fin, the designer must take more weight, in the form of displacement, in order to carry an effective sail plan, unless, indeed, he chooses to take more length and less sail with an easier form. It will be seen, then, that the good results of the proposed change are but doubtful at best and of limited extent, while the possibilities for evil, in the placing of a direct premium upon the bulb-fin type with centerboard added, are almost unlimited.

THE new idea of allotting a designating number to each class, based on the Commercial Code, is an excellent one; but as it is proposed to apply it the objection arises which we have so often made in the past against the prevailing system of class nomenclature. The proper designation for a racing class is not an abitrary symbol of any kind, but the figure denoting the upper limit of the class, as the "40ft.," "10 ton," "20-rating," etc. This is exact, definite and self-explanatory, and it is not necessary to commit to memory a list of twenty or more classes. The practice in the past has been as bad as it could be; a yacht might be in Class IV. in one club, in Class F in another, in Class 7 in another, and so through the list, a few clubs, as the Seawanhaka, using the proper designation, 40ft. class. The case is not quite as bad under the proposed system; there being but one set of arbitrary designations instead of a dozen, yachtsmen will be able to commit them to memory more readily; but it would be better in every way if each class were known by the figure of its upper limit.

THE arrangement of the classes, with graduated intervals, is now very satisfactory, far better than has before existed, and one or two useless classes have been dropped. It is still the case, however, that there are two many classes on paper; and now is the time to remedy the matter before the same trouble is materialized in wood and steel. The matter is a very easy one to deal with; all that is necessary is an announcement on the part of the clubs that they will give prizes only in certain classes, to which men who would race must build. In the smaller sizes there is a need for numerous classes, and the very large number of yachtsmen of limited means can support these classes. In the larger sizes, however, there is every necessity to concentrate the building on a small number of classes, as better prizes can be given and there will be more entries in a given class. Looking at the question with a view to actual figures, all of the smaller classes, 15ft., 20ft., 25ft. and 30ft., should stand as at present, as they will find ample support among the numerous smaller clubs. The 36ft. class (the old 30ft. l.w.l. class) might be retained; then the next, 43ft., might be allowed to lapse; the proposed new boats of the 51ft. class (a modification of the old 40ft.) will establish it; and the next, 60ft., may well be dropped, tending to revive and strengthen the 70ft., a far more desirable class.

Similarly, in the schooner division there is no need whatever for the creation of the proposed 65ft. class, in which no boats now exist; the 75ft. class has already two new yachts, Amorita and Quissetta, and of course will stand; the 85ft. class may well be dropped, leaving the 95ft. as the largest regular schooner class. A look at the list of yachts which raced this past season will show that this change will affect unfavorably but very few, these few being liable to outbuilding in any event by new boats in their classes. So far as new yachts are concerned, there can be no objection to such action on the part of the clubs; given, for instance, the three sizes, 36ft., 51ft. and 70ft, a yachtsman intending to build for racing should welcome an arrangement which tended to strengthen both in entries and prizes these classes, rather than the old system of innumerable classes, inadequate prizes and few entries.

TZIN.

Racing One-Rater.

THE present development of yachting in the middle West is marked by two interesting features. The sport is growing strongly and rapidly on the numerous small fresh-water lakes in the States of Wisconsin and Minnesota, being supported by many wealthy residents of Chicago, Minneapolis and other Western cities who make their summer homes about these lakes. Competition is very keen, not only on each lake, but between the clubs of different lakes, the leading cracks being sent by wagon or rail to other localities for match races. On these lakes are found racing craft by all the leading designers—Herreshoff, Linton Hope, and others equally well known—while in competition with them, and often defeating them, are boats by local designers.

This large fleet was originally almost entirely of the sand-bag type, imported from Long Island Sound and Boston, first the noted New York boats being purchased, and later orders being sent East for new boats by the same designers to beat them. Within the past season a marked change has taken place in the partial abandonment of the old type, with shifting ballast, and large if not unlimited crews, in favor of yachts of 15 to 20ft. racing length, much the same as the old English one-raters and half-raters, and sailed with fixed ballast and crews of three or four at most. While different rules for the new class have been made by the various clubs, the boats are approximately of 15ft. and 20ft. measurement by the Seawanhaka rule.

The design here illustrated, for which we are indebted to the designer, F. W. Martin, superintendent of the Racine Yacht and Boat Works, was made for the new class of the Green Lake Y. C., of Dartford, Wis.; being owned by W. E Haseltine, secretary-treasurer of the club. She is one of a number of 20-footers and 15 footers built by the R. Y. & B. W. last winter at their works at Racine Junction, Wis. the others, with one exception, Pleasant Pain being

double-skin mahogany construction, with hollow spars, silk sails and very elaborate finish. Tzin, however, was built of Michigan or Canada white cedar, an inner diagonal skin of $\frac{3}{16}$in., and an outer fore and aft skin of $\frac{1}{4}$in. There were no frames, only a few hackmatack floors at mast and abreast the trunk, but the bilge was stiffened by two bilge clamps of cedar $\frac{1}{4}\times\frac{3}{8}$in., while the main clamp was of American elm, $\frac{1}{8}\times1\frac{1}{2}$in. The keel was of elm, rabbeted; the diagonal planking was copper-nailed and riveted to the keel, the clamp and the bilge clamps; it was coated with a mixture of rosin, beeswax, pine tar and linseed oil, worked on hot; then a thickness of Egyptian cotton cloth was laid on, and the mixture sweated through. The outer strakes were each treated with the hot mixture before being fastened in place, being finally copper-nailed and riveted over a special make of burr adapted to the soft nature of the cedar.

The centerboard trunk was made of $\frac{1}{8}$in. cedar in two whole pieces, tapering to $\frac{1}{4}$in. at the top, which was stiffened by a ledge to carry the floor beams; no headledges were used, one-half of the slot being worked out of each plank, the two being then riveted together at the ends. Where the pin of the centerboard passed through, the cedar was reinforced by a piece of oak dovetailed in across the grain.

The deck beams are of cedar, $1\frac{1}{2}\times\frac{1}{2}$in., spaced 30in. apart, with two light, bent carlins spaced between each pair of beams. The deck planks are of $\frac{3}{16}$in. cedar, 6in. wide, and under each seam is a ribband of cedar $\frac{3}{4}\times\frac{1}{4}$in., gained in flush with the tops of the main beams and lying on top of



TZIN.

the carlins. The deck is covered with wide sheeting, sweated down into the mixture already mentioned, and then painted, three coats being put on, each well sandpapered down, finishing with varnish. The outside of the planking was finished in English white enamel.

The watertight, self-draining cockpit was built with a cedar floor, the seams battened; but from the swash through the trunk when under way and the drying when at anchor the floor shrunk and could not be kept tight. At the middle of the season, after the yacht had raced for a time, Mr. Martin fitted a copper lining to the cockpit, the sides being carried up and made watertight under the coaming, with a light wooden grating to protect the bottom. This proved perfectly watertight and very satisfactory. Small hand-hole plates, as used for hatches in canoes, were placed to ventilate each compartment. The centerboard is of $\frac{1}{4}$in. steel, of the shape shown. The original design called for a 300lb. board, but the thin one was finally decided on, and two pigs of lead were shipped and lashed amidships to make up the loss in weight. The rudder has a steel stock and a wooden blade. The deck fittings are all very light, including two forged steel travelers and a stem band. The tiller is of second growth hickory, bent to shape, and stepped in a bronze socket which fits the rudderhead. The rudder trunk is of steel bicycle tubing, flanged and brazed into a special bronze plate at the bottom of keel, and counter-bored into a bronze bearing on deck. The chainplates are bent steel straps, with special deadeyes at deck, running down to the keel and there fastened to the mast step. The mast, boom and gaff are of balsam pine, solid, but very light and strong. The sails are of Egyptian cotton. The blocks are of wood, rather large, but light. The standing rigging is of steel, set up by lanyards. The entire weight of hull, without centerboard and rudder, was 470lbs. in the shop.

The yacht was originally designed with an over all length of 32ft., as shown in the plans, but at the annual meeting of the club in Chicago last winter it was decided to prohibit more than one-third of the waterline length in overhang as a means of protection to the old-time boats with short ends and great beam, with accompanying big sail plans. As it happened, this step proved fruitless, the newer and smaller boats outsailing the old sandbaggers by about one minute to the mile over the club course, 12 miles.

Owing to this restriction on the overhang, Tzin was built to the dotted lines shown, the ends of the original design being reduced considerably. Another yacht, however, was built to the full length, 32ft. over all, for Signor S. P. Fachutar, of the Pewaukee Y. C., being named Carmula. She is one of the finest yachts built by the Racine Yacht and Boat Works last season, both skins being of mahogany, as well as the planksheer and partners; while the deck, of $\frac{1}{2}\times\frac{3}{4}$in. pine, was bent to shape and blind-fastened. The centerboard was of phosphor bronze, 300lbs. weight; the spars were hollow, and the sails were of Union silk, the rig being a lug with roller jib. The deck fittings were very elaborate, including a light rail around the entire deck. Though fast, she is rather overweighted with fittings, etc., for the class.

Tzin's dimensions are:

Length over all	27ft.	7in.
l.w.l.	17ft.	
Overhang, bow	4ft.	9in.
stern	5ft.	10in.
Beam, extreme	7ft.	3½in.
l.w.l.	5ft.	6in.
Freeboard	1ft.	
Sheer, bow		10½in.
stern		2in.
Mast, from stem at l.w.l.	4ft.	
deck to hounds	18ft.	10in.
Boom	22ft.	
Gaff	16ft.	
Mainsail, area, sq. ft.	336	
Jib, sq. ft.	76	
Total sail	412	

Tzin's record for her first season is:

July 4, Revel cup race	Fouled buoy.
July 18	First.
July 25, Commodore's cup	Second.
Aug. 8, Oakwood cup	First.
Aug. 17	Second.
Aug. 22	First.
Aug. 29	First.

Total, four firsts, two seconds and once disqualified for fouling mark, giving her the championship pennant of the club. Her owner states that she is good to windward, but does her best work reaching and running, and in a moderately strong breeze. She is a good sea boat, and not specially wet for a racing boat in rough water.

The America's Cup.

A CORRESPONDENT of *Engineering* (London) writes to that paper as follows, outlining a new and definitely organized scheme for the regaining of the America's Cup:

Editor Engineering:

I think that if the America's Cup is to eventually come here, as I feel sure it ultimately will, the conditions under which a yacht, built for the purpose of securing it, is constructed should approximate those prevailing on the American side.

I want to see the Cup won on the old course first, and then to insist on neutral ground being fixed equally distant from both shores, so that the labor of reaching the scene will be fairly apportioned to each of the competitors.

The suggestion I wish to make is that you invite public subscription for the purpose of building say four racing yachts of the length limited by the "deed of gift," designs for such yachts to be thrown open to the designing talent of the country. These could be referred to a committee composed of scientific men assisted by expert yachtsmen. The designs considered best to be the basis of the building, and might carry a premium.

The boats when built to be tested separately and together, interchanging the skippers to eliminate the personal element.

The best out of three contests to be considered the winner.

I am convinced that it is only when the talent of the country is brought into requisition the "event" can be fairly considered "international;" otherwise it is merely a private trial of rivals. The public at large, by entering into the scheme, having direct personal interest in the issue, would thus stimulate the designers to their best efforts.

Without desiring to prescribe the names of the "committee," I venture to express the conviction that it would be incomplete without the inclusion of Mr. Yarrow and Mr. Froude, provided they are willing.

The former gentleman, by his great experience in high-powered, light-scantlinged vessels, and the latter by his deservedly high place in researches on resistance and forms of vessels, would be invaluable in determining the merits of the designs.

This suggestion is made sincerely, conveying no reflection on the present designers of yachts. It is made in no one's interest, but on public scientific grounds alone. I am certain there are many in this great maritime country who merely want the chance of exhibiting their talent to prove that the supremacy of this nation, both practically and theoretically, in every field covered by the term "naval architecture," when it is awake, can be maintained just as proudly and easily by the children of Nelson in this day as their ancestors showed so brilliantly, under entirely different conditions, that it could in the past.

J. J. O'NEILL.

Sept. 21.

Varuna.

THE new steam yacht Varuna, designed by Watson for Eugene Higgins, of New York, is described as follows in the European edition of the New York *Herald:*

"I fancy she does credit to her builders," said Mr. John Inglis modestly, adding, "and of course to her designer. She's indeed a bonny boat, and her owner will be satisfied with her. We have, of course, kept strictly to Mr Watson's designs, and it may be there are some details with which I should not agree had I been the designer of the boat myself. But that's neither here nor there. If he and Mr. Higgins are satisfied so am I."

Undoubtedly the most striking figure of the Varuna is the vastness of her accommodations. Apart from the owner's suite of rooms and saloons, there are two large and three somewhat smaller staterooms below the main deck, besides a room intended for bachelor guests extending right across the ship. Mr. Higgins need not stint himself in the matter of company on board his new yacht.

Of 1,520 tons, Thames measurement, the Varuna, which is built of steel throughout, the top sides being flush plated, with continuous edge strips fitted inside, has the following dimensions: Length on l.w.l., 260ft.; length over taffrail and figurehead, 300ft.; extreme breadth, 35ft. 2in.; depth (to bridge deck), 28ft.

It is to the size of her bridge deck that the Varuna owes, in greatest measure, the exceptional character of her accommodations. This deck is 168ft. in length. For 40ft. at either end it is supported on stanchions at the ship's sides, while the remaining portion, nearly 90ft. in length, is covered in.

Here are the chief rooms: The owner's suite, dining room, fencing room, chart room, drawing room and two large staterooms.

The dining room also extends across the ship, lying between the boiler and engine rooms, from which latter the two sets of triple expansion engines, with which the Varuna is supplied, can be viewed at work. The measurements of the dining room are about 18ft.×34ft. It is fitted up in paneled oak, and will possess all the requisite furnishings.

From the dining room entrance can be had to the library, with an area of some 187sq ft., and a total wall length of over 50ft., quite enough to allow of bookcases containing a plenty of literature

This library is aft of a series of rooms for maids and valets, and lavatories and bath rooms for guests arranged alongside the casing on the starboard side, and alongside the after end of the dining room is a vestibule floored with rubber tiling.

Here is to be seen a novelty—a watertight gangway, with an accommodation ladder, by means of which entrance can be had to the vestibule when the ship is afloat.

Passing abaft the engine room, you come to the drawing room and what is called the fencing room, which together form an after deckhouse on the main deck. The former is 18ft. square, while the latter measures 16ft by 17ft., and is provided with cabinets, racks for foils, dumb bells, clubs and other accessories for physical exercise.

The floor of this gymnasium is of rubber tiling, while the walls are paneled in wainscot oak, above this dado being covered with neatly painted Tynecastle canvas. By the way, the same material is used for the ceilings of the dining, drawing and owner's rooms, painted and gilded in harmony with the other fittings. The walls of the drawing room are in mahogany.

Light and ventilation are amply provided for, there being no less than twenty-two large square ports in the drawing room and fencing room alone, while altogether the number of sidelights fitted to rooms under the bridge deck is fifty-seven, inclusive of the fourteen already mentioned as opening on the owner's suite.

Furthermore, a large circular skylight is fitted over the fencing room, and in this is placed an electrically driven Blackman ventilating fan.

Finally, to conclude this enumeration of the accommodations under the bridge deck, there are two large staterooms fitted up in mahogany, and painted enameled white. These rooms measure 15ft. by 14ft., and 12ft. by 14ft., respectively.

Going below, there is further accommodation for guests all abaft the machinery space. On this lower deck are two large staterooms, respectively measuring 14ft. square and 11ft. by 17ft.; and also three others about 10ft. by 11ft. All these are paneled in mahogany.

In addition there is the large bachelors' cabin already referred to, and extending right across the ship.

Here there are two bath rooms, with tiled floors and dadoes of tiling; while contiguous is the doctor's room, and abaft accommodation for valets in a room measuring 9ft. by 17ft.

When it is added that these guests' rooms will be upholstered in some cases in luxurious fashion, and in all in a manner providing sound, solid comfort, and that the latest ideas in the matter of conveniences and fittings will be utilized, a number of well-known firms being engaged to supplement the work of Messrs. Inglis it is apparent that Mr. Eugene Higgins's guests will be favored individuals.

Between the bridge deck and the forecastle deck there is a break deck, level with the rail, and underneath which are the storerooms, clothes lockers and magazine for the ammunition for the rapid fire guns and other ordnance the Varuna will carry.

It is scarcely necessary to say of a modern steam yacht that she will be lighted throughout by electricity. The Varuna carries two engines and dynamos, coupled together, for this purpose, and there are also storage cells in the after hold for requisition when the dynamos are not running.

Electricity is also the motive power for fans that are placed in the owner's rooms, the saloons and all the guests' rooms, while there are electric bells throughout the vessel.

Going up to the bridge deck—by the way, a peculiarity of the Varuna is that all her gangways run athwart, instead of, as is usually the case, with the ship—we find, immediately in front of the funnel casing, a deckhouse built entirely of teak, and comprising a wheelhouse, chart room and entrance way to the main deck.

This deckhouse is 21ft in length and 13ft. in breadth. Its various divisions are all paneled in oak and the floor laid with rubber tiling.

Then, on the bridge deck, but abaft the funnel casing, is a second deckhouse 2ft longer than its counterpart forward, the measurement being 23ft.×13ft., and, like the other one, built entirely of teak This second deckhouse consists almost wholly of a room described as a breakfast or smoking room, the walls of which are paneled in mahogany and the floor laid in feather or groove-jointed oak, elaborately planed and waxed. Here is an entrance way to the after rooms on the main deck.

The Varuna is a twin-screw vessel, carrying two sets of triple expansion engines, four cylinders, 22½, 38, 40 and 42in. in diameter, each set, and two boilers 11ft. 9in. long and 17ft. 6in. in diameter, placed back to back in the center of the ship.

New York Y. C.

AN important meeting of the New York Y. C. will be held on Thursday of this week, as will be seen from the following notices of proposed amendments to the racing rules.

The fifth general meeting of the club will be held at the club house, Thursday, Oct. 22, at 8:30 P. M. The committee to nominate officers and standing committees for the year 1897 will be balloted for at this meeting. The following amendment to Chapter IV. of the by-laws, passed at the second general meeting, and laid on the table at the third general meeting, will be taken up for final consideration:

Add at the end of first paragraph: "Yachts complying with the foregoing conditions, except as to capacity, but having a capacity of less than 15 tons and not less than 10 tons, ascertained and certified as herein provided, shall be entitled to representation for all purposes except voting at meetings."

The following amendments to the racing rules will be presented:

RULE I.

Sec. 2, to read: Schooners—Class A, all over 95ft. racing length. Class B, not over 95 and over 85ft racing length. Class C, not over 85 and over 75ft. racing length. Class D, not over 75 and over 65ft. racing length. Class F, not over 65ft. racing length.

Single-masted Vessels and Yawls.—Class G, all over 70ft. racing length. Class H, not over 70 and over 60ft. racing length. Class J, not over 60 and over 51ft. racing length. Class K, not over 51 and over 43ft. racing length. Class L, not over 43 and over 36ft. racing length. Class M, not over 36ft. racing length.

Sec 3, to read: The regatta committee, with the approval of the commodore, may establish special classes for any regatta.

Sec. 4, to read: Limit of Drafts.—The maximum draft of any yacht when in racing trim shall not exceed that specified for her class in the following table, exclusive of centerboard, except as hereafter mentioned.

Schooners.—Class A, over 95ft. R. L.; draft, no limit. Class B, not over 95ft. R. L; draft, 14ft. Class C, not over 85ft. R. L; draft, 13ft. Class D, not over 75ft. R. L.; draft, 12ft. Class F, not over 65ft. R. L.; draft, 11ft.

Single-masted Vessels and Yawls.—Class G, over 70ft. R. L.; draft, no limit. Class H, not over 70ft. R. L.; draft, 13ft. Class J, not over 60ft. R. L; draft, 11.5ft. Class K, not over 51ft. R. L.; draft, 10ft. Class L, not over 43ft. R. L.; draft, 9ft. Class M, not over 36ft. R. L.; draft, 8ft.

Any yacht whose draft exceeds that allowed in her class shall be eligible to race in such class, but the amount of excess shall, in computing her measurement for racing length, be multiplied by two and added to the L.W.L.; provided, however, that in no case shall such excess be more than 10 per cent. of the draft allowed in her respective class. On all yachts launched after Nov. 1, 1896, there shall be placed upon the hull, and immediately over the point of greatest draft, a metal plate or other distinct mark. Such mark shall be placed over the L.W.L., and within 6in. of it; and the owner shall furnish to the regatta committee a certificate of the vessel's draft to such mark, signed by himself, the designer or the builder of the yacht.

Change Sec. 4 to Sec. 6.

New Sec. 5. To read: Any yacht launched after Nov. 1, 1896, except in classes A of schooners and G of single-masted vessels and yawls, shall not be entitled to any time allowance from other yachts in her class, except as provided in Sec. 3 of Rule IV. and in special races, when it must be so stated in the notice of the race.

RULE II.

In third line, change the word 94 to read 93 per cent.

RULE IV.

Sec. 3. To read: The regatta committee may refuse or accept any entry made after the time of closing.

Change present Sec. 3 to Sec. 4 and to read: At least two yachts must start in each class to entitle a yacht to a prize. Any yacht alone in her class may sail in the class next above, but in such class such yacht shall assume and be entered as of the minimum racing length specified for the class in which she so enters; but this shall not be so construed as to permit a single-masted vessel or yawl to enter in a schooner class.

Eliminate the present Sec. 4, as it is provided for in the proposed Sec. 3 of Rule I.

RULE VI.—BOATS AND LIFE BUOYS.

Sec 1. To read: All yachts shall carry at least two serviceable life buoys on deck ready for use.

Sec. 2. To read: Classes A, B, C of schooners and G of single-masted vessels and yawls shall carry on deck a serviceable round-bottom boat with oars and rowlocks or tholepins lashed in, not less than 14ft. in length, and classes D and F of schooners and H of single-masted vessels and yawls a boat as above not less than 12ft. in length.

RULE VII.

Sec. 1. Add at the end of the third line after the words "kept on board," to read: All yachts, except in classes A of schooners and G of single-masted vessels and yawls shall keep their galley and forecastle fixtures and fittings on board and in their proper places.

RULE VIII.—CREW.

To read: The number of men permitted on a yacht during a race shall not exceed that given by the following table:

Schooners—Class A: 1 man to every 2ft. of R. L. or fraction thereof. Class B, 95ft. R. L, 35 men. Class C, 85ft. R. L., 30 men. Class D, 75ft. R. L, 25 men. Class F, 65ft. R. L., 20 men.

Single-masted Vessels and Yawls.—Class G, 3 men to every 5ft. of R. L or fraction thereof. Class H, 70ft. R. L, 20 men. Class J, 60ft. R. L, 15 men. Class K, 51ft. R. L, 12 men. Class L, 43ft. R. L., 9 men. Class M, 36ft. R. L., 7 men.

RULE IX.

Sec. 3. On the second line, after the words "and display her" to read, racing number above the reef points at an equal distance from the luff and leach on both sides of the mainsail.

RULE XVII.

Sec. 3. To read: If a yacht, after having been officially measured, makes changes in her trim, causing an increase of l.w.l., or makes alterations in her sail plan, should enter a race without remeasurement or notifying the regatta committee in writing that alterations have been made, and a request for remeasurement, she shall be disqualified.

Change Sec. 3 to Sec. 4, and the fourth word of said section to read "shall" instead of "may."

Page 163, under table of time allowance, on the eighth line change the words 50 per cent. to read 60 per cent., and the table of time allowance to be changed in accordance therewith.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

THE new consolidated firms of Gas Engine and Power Company and Charles L. Seabury & Company, Morris Heights, N. Y., have up to the present date the following contracts in hand: Steel steam yacht for Charles Fleischmann, 170ft. long, 138ft. l.w.l., 21ft. beam, 8ft. draft, with a "Seabury" triple expansion marine engine of most approved

design, and a "Seabury" patent safety water tube boiler of latest type. The guaranteed speed is eighteen miles. The yacht will be lighted by electricity and heated by steam throughout, and will carry a 25ft. naphtha launch on davits. She will be fitted with steam windlass, deckhouses on forward and after decks, and will be ready for service by June 1, 1897. The next yacht is for E. S. Woodward, of New York; 85ft. over all, 72ft. l.w.l., 13ft beam, 5ft. draft. With a flush deck she will have very fine accommodations for cruising. The owner's quarters will be aft, including two large staterooms, main saloon, toilet room, large wardrobe, wine locker, etc. The dining room will be in deckhouse forward, with dumbwaiter from galley below. The machinery will include a triple expansion engine of "Seabury" design and "Seabury" safety water tube boiler. The guaranteed speed is 15 miles. She will be ready for delivery by May, 1897. The next is a 65ft. twin screw naphtha yacht for the U S Lighthouse Department, which is to be used as tender at the Charleston (S. C.) district. This boat will be fitted with two 12 h. p naphtha motors, twin screw, and will have a pilot house, saloon, toilet, galley, crew's quarters, engine room, after cockpit, etc. She will be copper sheathed on bottom, and will be ready for delivery in three months. The firm have also in hand a 40ft. steam launch for Messrs. Flint, Eddy & Co, for export, to be finished by Nov. 15, 1896 This boat has 6ft 10in. beam and draws 2ft. 6in.; fitted with a simple engine and a "Seabury" safety water tube boiler arranged to burn wood; the speed being 10 miles. She will be shipped to Mexico. There is also on the stocks a 40ft. cabin naphtha launch for a private party and several smaller launches for customers.

The firm are also building a number of the famous "Seabury" boilers and engines for yachts and launches.

Marvel & Co., of Newburgh, N. Y., have in hand a steam yacht of peculiar design for a New York yachtsman. The yacht was designed by H. C Wintringham, and will be of steel, with twin screws, the dimensions being: Over all 125ft., l.w l. 116ft, beam 30ft., depth 10ft. 3in., and draft 5ft. The pilot house will be 13ft.×9ft., and the main deckhouse 34ft.×13ft. The interior arrangements are very convenient. The engines will be of triple expansion type, 6¼, 10 and 16×10in. The yacht will make a cruise to the South as soon as completed.

The Almy Water Tube Boiler Co. has issued a very neat catalogue of its boilers, which are now in high favor with yachtsmen. The firm has now in hand a new boiler for the yacht Puzzle. It is also making a new feed water regulator for stationary and marine boilers.

The Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. has just leased a large city house on the north side of Twenty-second street, east of Broadway, and will soon be once more established in permanent town quarters. The house will be fitted up specially for the accommodation of the club, with billiard room, meeting and lecture rooms, etc., and, in addition, the rooms on the upper floors will be rented to members.

The Lincoln Park Y. C. has joined in the general movement for a consolidation of all the Chicago yacht clubs. At the regular monthly meeting at the Sherman House on Oct. 13 a committee was appointed to confer with the committees from the Columbia and the Chicago clubs to take steps toward that end. The committee consists of Geo. Warrington, Thos. Simpson and C. O. Andrews. At present no definite plans for consolidation have been evolved, but it is hoped to unite under the common name of the Chicago Y. C if the charter can be procured. Little other business was done except the election of the following new members: Gen. J. T. Torrence, F. L. Danforth and F. Matherson. The committee will report on the matter of consolidation at the next monthly meeting.—*Chicago Record.*

On the morning of Oct. 11, while the big northeaster was at its height, the steam yacht Oneida, with ex-Com. Benedict aboard, arrived at Greenwich to lay up. During the morning the sloop Addie O., of Greenwich, with her owner, W. B. Owens, and four others aboard, started out for a sail, and when off Captain's Island she was completely overpowered by the sea, her crew losing all control of her. Seeing her danger from the shore, Com. Benedict called his captain and one of Oneida's crew and put out in the small vapor launch to the rescue. After much difficulty and danger a line was finally passed to the sloop and an attempt was made to tow her into Greenwich, but in the face of the gale and with the sloop partly waterlogged, the launch was unable to make way, and both boats were in danger of going on the rocks. Their position was seen by the crew of the Oneida and the larger launch was sent out, a second line was passed to the sloop and the two launches towed her into the harbor.

Canoeing.

THE proposals for amendment of the A. C. A. rules which we publish this week suggest that this work is now in order, and that all having proposals to be laid before the executive committee next month at the annual meeting should submit them immediately to E B. Edwards, chairman of the regatta committee, Petersborough, Canada. In order to be acted on at the meeting, such proposals must be incorporated in the report of the regatta committee and published in the FOREST AND STREAM for two weeks previous to the meeting. Through neglect on one hand or the other, this is seldom done, the work of amending the rules being left to a mail vote.

We would suggest to all who have proposals to submit that they look up the Year Book and make their proposals in the form of a carefully worded amendment to the proper rule, instead of a mere general suggestion that a change be made.

A. C. A. Racing Rules.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. R. O. King, of the Toronto C. C., now residing in Cambridge, Mass., suggests the following changes in the rules governing paddling races:

Referring to A. C. A. Year Book, 1896:

I. For events 15, 17, 19, 22, 23, 24, 25, 27, 28 and upset race, canoes not to be more than 16ft. long, nor less than 30in. beam, nor less than 12in. deep. Weight not less than 40lbs. Single blades only to be used.

N. B.—In the upset race double blades might be allowed if decked canoes enter.

II. For Event 4 canoes must not be more than 16ft. long, nor less than 28in. beam, nor less than 8in. deep. No limit to weight. Single or double blades.

III. Events 26 and 18—Canoes not to be more than 20ft. long, nor less than 12in. deep, nor less than 30in. beam, nor less than 70lbs. in weight.

Rule I. has been in force in Montreal and vicinity for a number of years and has given great satisfaction.

Rule II. has not been changed except to be made more definite. In fact, very few changes have been made that will rule out any existing canoes. The whole has been made definite, which, as will be admitted by those reading the present rules, is a very desirable thing.

J. W. MCKENDRICK.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Calumet Heights Riflemen.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 10.—The scores made to-day by the members of the Calumet Heights Gun Club that use the small-bore were as follows:

Class A: 200yds., off-hand, standard target:

	No. 1.				
Paterson	2000204014—16		Black	0000000245—11	
Hobbs	4544444448—40—2—38		Harlan	3544544444—41—2—39	
Davis	3404444458—35		Lamphere	4345342334—35	
Norcom	2333400044—23				
	No. 2.				
Paterson	2203233022—19—2—17		Norcom	5230232332—27	
Hobbs	4344344444—38—2—36		Black	5342300443—28	
Davis	4244454254—38		Harlan	4340334433—31—2—29	
	No. 3.				
Paterson	3280340200—17		Davis	3302344333—28	
Hobbs	3332444544—36		Harlan	2434448455—39—2—37	

Class B: Ladies, 100yds., Creedmoor target reduced, rest:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Miss Ervin	3545544424—40	43	39	..
Mrs R B Carson	4454454545—42	40	40	38
Mrs C W Carson	5454455554—44	41	45	41
Mrs A W Harlan	4443323345—35	..	..	..

PATTY.

Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 12.—Many marksmen visited Shell Mound Range yesterday. The weather conditions were only fair until late in the afternoon, when they improved. The most notable score made was that of F. O Young. With a Sharps military rifle on the circular 8in. bullseye he made 49 out of 50 possible.

Enthusiasm among the members of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club was at a high pitch. In this club there is a lively contest among the ladies for the trophy presented by William Glindemann; and it was acknowledged that the score of 26 made two weeks ago by Mrs. M. J White would be very hard to beat. Mrs. Crane started out yesterday with the determination to better the score, which she did, by Creedmoor rules. She tied Mrs. White's score on points and beat it with a 3, where in the other score there was a 6. Mrs. C. F. Waltham has also entered the competition, and promises to put up a good score before the year is over. Mrs. L. D. Adam and Mrs. J. P. Cosgrave are also among the most enthusiastic of rifle shots, and give promise of becoming experts ere long.

The scores made yesterday by members of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club on the Columbia target were as follows:

Rifle, for class medals—Champion class, 10 shots: A. Strecker 62, F. O. Young 76, D. W. McLaughlin 87.

First class: A. Gehret 84, A. B. Dorrell 92, F. E. Mason 94, George Schultz 141.

Second class: E. Jacobson 79, E. H. Bushnell 100, G. Bailey 113, A. H Hess 134, M. J. White 145

Unfred diamond medal, 3 shots: D. W. McLaughlin 13, A. H. Pape 15, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 15, F. O. Young 17, A. Strecker 17.

Rifle, record medal, 10 shots: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 59, F. O. Young 58, A. B. Dorrell 68, D. W. McLaughlin 70, H. R. Crane 84, F. E. Mason 94

Glindemann musket medal, 10 shots, Columbia target, Creedmoor count: F. O. Young 49, Ed Hovey 47, Col. S. I. Kellogg 45, F. H. Bushnell 44 P. Robertson 42.

On the pistol range, 50yds., Columbia target, the following scores were made on the club's class medal record:

Champion class, 10 shots: Ed. Hovey 49, J. E. Gorman 51, F. O. Young 53, S. I. Kellogg 56. A. H. Pape 55, C. M. Daiss 59.

First class: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 51, F. E. Mason 56, F. Baumgartner 62, A. Gehret 63, D. W. McLaughlin 68, A. B. Dorrell 69, M. J. White 80

Second class, 10 shots: G. W. Barley 66, F. H. Bushnell 68, O. A. Bremer 91, J. P. Cosgrave 123, A. H. Hesse 138.

Open to all comers, re-entry, 3 shots, pistol. Blanding medal: C M. Daiss 8, F. O. Young 8, A. H. Pape 9, J. E. Gorman 10, F. H. Bushnell 15

All-comers, re-entry, .22cal. rifle, medal, 5 shots: E. Jacobson 11, Mrs. L J. Crane 13, Mrs. M. J. White 19, Mrs. C. F. Waltham 21.

Glindemann ladies' trophy, 10 shots: Mrs. L. J. Crane 26, Mrs. C. F. Waltham 39, Mrs. M. J. White 57.

GERMANIA RIFLEMEN.

The members of the Germania Schuetzen Verein made the following scores to-day in the monthly contest for the club medal; 20 shots, German ring target:

First champion class: First prize, Dr. L. O. Rodgers, 481 rings; second prize, A. Mockn, 436. First and second classes not filled. Third class: First prize, H. Helbing, 402; second prize, J. D. Heise, 378. Fourth class: First prize, D. Solfield, 287; second prize, William Garms, 239 Best first shot, Dr. L. O. Rodgers, 24. Best last shot, F. P. Schuster, 23.

SAN FRANCISCO SCHUETZEN VEREIN.

In to-day's contest for the club's medal, members of the San Francisco Schuetzen Verein made the following scores on the German ring target, 20 shots, 200yds. range:

Champion class: A. H. Pape 426 rings. First class not filled. Second class: George Schultz 396. Third class: J. Gefkin 390. (Gefkin becomes the permanent owner of this medal.) Fourth class: John Tiedemann 367. Best first shot, D. B. Faktor 24; best last shot, H. F. Linkendy 24.

NORDDEUTSCHER SCHUETZEN CLUB.

The scores of the Norddeutscher Schuetzen Club in to-day's shoot were as below:

Bullseye contest, 20 shots, bullseye target, best centers measured by a machine: F. Rust 755 points, F. P. Schuster 853, A. F. Weyer 841, J. de Wit 977, H. Huber 1,087.

ROEEL.

Revolver Shooting in England.

LONDON, England, Sept. 25.—On Sept. 22 the South London Rifle Club had its usual weekly shoot at Staines's ranges The wind blew half a gale, and made revolver work very uncertain. Early in the day it was calmer, and Mr. Howe took advantage of the lull to put on a 41 at 20yds.; and a few hours later Mr. Winans, during a lull, made the best on record score for the two ranges, 20 and 50yds, as follows:

50yds.....677667—39 20yds.....777676—40—79

He put on four more bullseyes after he had finished the score. The rest of the day the wind utterly prevented any accuracy in revolver shooting. Below are details of score:

	Stationary target, 20yds.	50yds.
E Howe	777776—41	665567—35
Walter Winans	777676—40	677667—39
Clementi-Smith	764757—36	.....
Capt T W Heath	655566—33	354664—29

The scores for the revolver championship of the club now stand as follows, Mr. Winans's scores standing first, as he has the best scores to add to them in case of a tie. Sept. 29 is the final shoot.

	20yds.	50yds
Walter Winans	41 41 40 40 40	39 33 37—316
Capt T W Heath	42 41 41 40 40	38 37 37—316
E Howe	41 41 41 40 40	37 37 36—313
C Knapp	40 39 39 39 38	36 35 35—301
Clementi-Smith	38 38 37 37 36	38 35 34—293
Malsinger	38 30 29 27 26	29 25 24—228
W B Reid	36 35 34 34 31	35 33 ..
Lieut J Howard	38 33 36 36 35	25 .. ..
Mrs Simmons	25 21 20 18 16	16 .. ..
A Wilson	35 33 33 29 ..	.. .. ..
C F Lowe	41	.. .. ..
F Rand	29	.. .. ..
A W Simmons	17	.. .. ..

On Sept. 23 a gale of wind was blowing, and the North London Rifle Club's revolver competition in consequence did not give any scores worth anything.

Fifty-yard target:

C Knapp	047777—32	Holmes	337455—27
Capt T W Heath	654465—30	Britton	054445—22
Capt Evans	746464—31	T H Howe	202244—14
Tilbury	463546—28	Lieut Curley	534232—19

Scores for revolver championship of the club now stand:

	Series 1.	Series 2.	Series 3.	Series 4	Total.
Walter Winans	42 41 41 40 40 40	38	39	37 36	—394
A W Carter	40 38 38 36 36 36	31	35	34 34	—363
C Knapp	39 37 37 36 36 34	39	31	33 33	—355
Holmes	38 37 36 35 33 30	38	34	34 33	—348
Lieut Howard	41 38 38 38 36 34	36	24	34 29	—348
Capt W Evans	38 36 36 36 35 34	32	29	33 31	—347
W Luff	37 37 36 35 35 34	38	30	31 31	—344
Maj H Palmer	41 40 39 38 37 ..	..	..	.. ..	

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Oct. 23-24.—MARION, N. J.—Merchandise shoot of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. Entries in 100-target handicaps close Oct. 22, to A. R. Strader, 371 New York avenue, Jersey City, N. J., or to Carl von Lengerke, 8 Murray street, New York city. Entries to be accompanied by $2 forfeit.

Oct. 26-27.—LIBERTY, Ind.—Tournament of the Red Owl Gun Club. Live birds and targets. R. A. Creek, Sec'y.

Oct. 27-28.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Eighth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club. First day, targets; second day, live birds.

Oct. 28-29.—IRONTON, O.—Third annual tournament of the Iron City Gun Club. Targets.

Oct. 29.—MACON, Ga.—All-day shoot at live birds, under the auspices of the Macon Gun Club. F. C. Etheridge, Sec'y.

Oct. 29-30.—DEXTER PARK, L. I.—Tournament under the auspices of the Emerald Gun Club, of New York. First day, targets; second day, live birds.

Nov. 7.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Cup contest, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club. C. O. Gardiner, Sec'y.

Dec. 1-3.—TRENTON, N. J.—Proposed contest for live-bird championship; 100 live birds per man, $100 entry. Under the management of Charles Zwirlein.

1897.

Jan. 4-5.—PRESCOTT, Arizona.—Fourth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Prescott Gun Club. Roy Hill, Sec'y.

January.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second midwinter tournament, under the management of Oscar Guessaz, etc.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK CITY.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

April 15-17.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

May 11-14.—OIL CITY, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Reeser, Sec'y Oil City, Pa.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., has issued the following circular in regard to its two days' shoot, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 23-24: "We, the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., herewith beg to notify you that we are about to give a two days' shoot for merchandise prizes, for the benefit of amateurs. We fully appreciate the desire for a shoot of this kind, and have therefore set about to obtain prizes for this occasion, and our success has been far beyond our anticipations. Among the many prizes received up to date (Oct. 1) are two handsome silver cups, a repeating shotgun, a pearl scarf pin, a case of wine, bicycle tires, paintings, carving sets, hunting shoes, shooting jackets, clothing, and other valuable prizes too numerous to mention here. The main event each day will be a 100-bluerock handicap shoot, in which every amateur trap-shooter will have an equal chance to win a prize. The entrance fee for these events will be the cost of targets only. If you are a 50 per cent. man you will be allowed to shoot at enough extra targets to put you on an equal basis with the best man in your club; thus we will give you a chance to win as good a prize as your neighbor. Besides the 100-bird event, two extra events of smaller size will be shot, in all of which we offer nice and suitable prizes for sportsmen. Our programme, which will give a full list of prizes, will be ready about Oct. 15, and can be had for the asking. Entries for the 100-bird event must be in by Oct. 22, and shooters must be on the grounds ready to shoot at 12:30 each day or forfeit their right to shoot. We will also give prizes each day to the club sending in the largest number of entries for the event. Remember that all this shooting will mean an outlay to you only for the price of targets at 2 cents each. Remember the dates, Friday, Oct. 23, and Saturday, Oct. 24, at Marion, N. J."

It is hard luck to lose a good story. Good stories are hard enough to get anyhow, and it's tough to have to give one up. Harry P. Fessenden, one of the shooting stars of the Emerald Gun Club, of New York, has just returned from a camping trip with one of the best moose stories we have ever heard. We had written that story up in our best style, making up by elegance of diction for the loss of action with which the story is replete when told by the hero. The story, however, will never see light in these columns now—but it's not our fault. The following postal card is the cause for its consignment to oblivion and the waste basket: "NEW YORK, Oct. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Dear Sir—Mr. Ed. Banks has some information in regard to a moose hunt I had in ——. Please instruct him to publish *nothing about it*, and oblige H. P. FESSENDEN." Such is fate, and posterity, as well as ourselves, suffers.

The Endeavor Gun Club, of Marion, N. J., and the East Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., have arranged a series of the best two in three matches at live birds. The conditions of the races are 15 birds per man, 6 men to a team, 28yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, A. S. A. rules to govern except as to boundary, losing team to pay for the birds. These matches were the outcome of an informal meeting that took place after the team race at targets between the two clubs, which was shot on the East Side Club's grounds Thursday afternoon, Oct. 15. Capt. Piercy, of the Endeavors, won the toss for choice of grounds for the first shoot; as a result the first match will be shot on the Marion grounds, the probable date being Thursday, Nov. 19.

The Austin Powder Co., through its agent, J. L. Winston, has donated to the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., a cup to be competed for on Nov. 3 on the grounds of that club. The shoot is to take place at 1 P M., the conditions being 50 targets per man, expert rule. The winner of the cup is liable to challenge every thirty days, but the cup finally becomes the absolute property of any one successfully defending his title to the cup for a period of six consecutive months. The entrance fee for the above 50-target race is only $5, which sum includes the price of the targets and shells to be used in the shoot. The "147" load must be used by all contestants.

Mr. C. J. De Roo, secretary of the Holland (Mich.) Gun Club, sends us the following item of news: "The Holland Gun Club, of Holland, Mich., has accepted a challenge from the Valley City Gun Club, of Grand Rapids, Mich., to shoot for State team championship and *Shooting and Fishing* silver trophy on Friday, Oct. 30, 10 A. M., at the Holland Gun Club grounds. A programme has been arranged for sweepstake shooting to come off after the main event, and shooting men are invited to take part."

FOREST AND STREAM has always advocated team races between local clubs. Such meetings are of the utmost benefit, not only in keeping up the enthusiasm of club members in trap-shooting, but they also do much good by bringing together men who would otherwise probably never meet, but who, having a mutual bond in their love of the gun, form friendships that outlast the days when they "break 'em all."

The new club house and grounds of the Herron Hill Gun Club, of Pittsburg, Pa., have proved an entire success. A large sum of money has been laid out on them, but every penny is stated to have been well spent, while all of the appointments are of the very highest order. The members find no trouble now in being able to shoot a live-bird match on the shortest notice, while the target shooting members have also been well looked after.

Five tournaments are scheduled for next week: Oct 26-27, Red Owl Gun Club, of Liberty, Ind.; Oct. 27-28, Elizabeth, N. J., Gun Club's eighth bi monthly; Oct. 28-29, Iron City Gun Club's third annual, at Ironton, O.; Oct. 29, Macon, Ga., Gun Club's all-day shoot at live birds; Oct. 29-30, tournament at Dexter Park, L. I., under the auspices of the Emerald Gun Club, of New York city.

Charles Zwirlein, of Yardville, N. J., has been making some big improvements in his pigeon coops, having built them 30ft. longer, with a cage of wire netting, in which the birds can take all the exercise necessary to keep them in good health and condition. He writes us that he has a lot of fine birds on hand, and only wants some one to come down and try them.

The Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N J., defeated the East Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J, in the second team shoot between the two clubs, making the score 2 straight for the Endeavors. The conditions were 25 targets per man, known traps and angles, 6 men to a team. The Endeavors won by 14 breaks. The best scores made for the winning team were Collins and Edwards 24 each, Schortemeier 23

Preparations for Charlie Zwirlein's big live-bird shoot at the Interstate Fair Grounds, Trenton, N. J., Dec. 1-3, are progressing favorably. The large majority of those to whom letters have been sent asking them to take part in the shoot have not as yet had time to answer the questions put to them. Jim Elliott, who has left for the West, stated positively that if the championship event was a go he would come from Kansas City to take part in it.

It seems a hard matter to galvanize that slumbering organization the New Jersey State Association, into life. We have, however, better hopes now of seeing New Jersey once more in line. A meeting will be called at Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, in the near future, at which a solid movement will be made with a view to holding a State shoot in Jersey under the auspices of a State organization.

The Endeavor Gun Club's merchandise shoot on Friday and Saturday of this week should be well attended. Experts are to be heavily handicapped, which means that the weaker brethren will have every chance to win a good prize on a small investment. It is worth $2 anyhow to see how many targets you can break out of four 25-target events.

In regard to a Driver and Twister that appeared in last week's issue Paul North writes us as follows: "If anybody mistook you for the writer, or got the writer mixed up with Jack Robbins, we do not see any necessity for heralding the fact broadcast throughout the trap-shooting fraternity. The writer has some little reputation left, and wishes to have it carefully guarded. Any more breaks of this nature will be thoroughly revenged."

There will be a 25-bird race at the grounds of the Elizabeth (N. J.) Gun Club on Wednesday, Oct. 21, the second day of the club's bi-monthly shoot. The conditions are: 25 live birds, $10, birds extra, handicap rise. Under 12 entries, 2 moneys; over 12 entries, 4 moneys.

Oct. 20. EDWARD BANKS.

In New Jersey.

AT THE ELKWOOD PARK TRAPS.

Oct. 10.—There was some good shooting to-day at the traps in Elkwood Park. Fred Hoey was in great form, and shot more like his old self than he has done in many moons. The wind, which was blowing strongly from the east, made things unpleasant for the shooters, and in a measure assisted many birds to get away. The most important event on the programme was the Little Silver handicap. The conditions were 15 birds per man, $15 entrance, handicap rise, Elkwood Park boundary, high guns. This event resulted in Hoey and Al Ivins tieing for first and second moneys with 14 kills each. Winston was third with 13 kills. The scores were:

Hoey (30).....222212222202222—14 Daly (30).....222211202222200—12
Ivins (30).....122021122221222—14 Patten (28).....222012201222022—12
Winston (30)....220222222222220—13 Woolley (27)....121222020202022—11

The second event was 5 birds, $5. The money went to Hoey and Winston on 5 kills each. The scores were: Hoey and Winston 5, Phil Daly, Jr., 4, Ivins and Woolley 3, Daly and Patten 2.

Charles Woolley, who is a member of the Central Gun Club, of Long Branch, won the third event, a $5 miss-and-out, with 3 straight kills. The other scores were: Daly and Patten 2, Hoey, Winston and Ivins 1 each.

Woolley was also to the fore in the next event, same conditions as No. 3. Scores: Wooley and Daly 7, Hoey and Patten 6, Ivins 3.

Event No. 5 was at 10 birds, $10 handicap rise. As in the Little Silver Handicap, Hoey and Ivins took first and second moneys, but this time they had 10 straight kills to their credit. Scores:

Hoey (30).....1222212222—10 Woolley (28).....2122221220— 9
Ivins (30).....2112221122—10 Patten (28).....0110102022— 6
Daly (30).....2002220112— 9

The sixth event was another miss-and-out, $5 entrance. It was not a long contest, Hoey and Daly dividing the pot on the second round. Scores: Hoey and Daly 2, Patten, Woolley and Ivins 1.

CLIMAX GUN CLUB, OF PLAINFIELD.

Oct. 14.—The attendance at the regular monthly shoot of the Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield, held this afternoon, was very small. Those who put in an appearance did some good shooting, as the following scores will testify.

Club shoot, 25 targets, unknown angles, extra targets as handicaps:

M Herrington (3).....1111111011111111111101011111 —25
J Goodman (7).....1101101100111111111111111110110—25
T Brantingham (0).....0111111011111111111111111 —23
R Manning (1).....1111011111111111111110110111 —23
Scott (3).....0110111111110111111111001110 —22
J Darby (7).....1011000110011011010101010101000110—17

RIVERTON GUN CLUB.

Oct. 17.—The two days' shoot of the Riverton Gun Club, of Philadelphia, Pa., was held on the grounds of the club at Riverton, N. J. There was an excellent programme of events, the attendance of shooters being proportionately good. On Friday, Oct. 16, the first day of the shoot, the number of spectators present was proof of the interest taken in the shoot. To-day, Oct. 17, the attendance of spectators was very large. The birds provided by the club were of extra good quality, many being as good as ever left a trap.

First Day, Oct. 16.

The 25-bird handicap resulted in a division of first and second moneys between J. H. Davis (30) and H. Yale Dolan (29) with 24 each. Four men tied for third money on 23. The shoot-off, at 8 birds, then miss-and-out, ended in a division between Count and Macalester. The conditions of the race were:

Twenty-five live birds per man, $25, handicap rise, ties to be shot off at 8 birds, then miss-and-out; cup and 50 per cent. of the purse to the winner; 25 per cent. to second; 15 per cent. to third, and 10 per cent. to the club. Half the birds to be shot at on the "old grounds," balance on the "new grounds."

		Tie for third money.
J H Davis (30)	2221112212221212011121112—24	.....
H Yale Dolan (29)	2211220122122121121122112222—24	.....
Count (27)	1212112112222222222200222212—23	21121212
C A Macalester (30)	2011022112121221212112222—23	22121211
P Daly, Jr (29)	0222222221122222222120222—23	22222220
E H Godchalk (29)	2112202021122222222112221—23	22210
D A Upson (29)	2•121112•2222222111222•21—22	.....
Barker (29)	2•22222222222222022222201—22	.....
Hazard (30)	2002222222222202221121222—22	.....
Toland (27)	1211110112221110222120111—22	.....
J Denny (27)	2011020212222•2111120w—18	.....
George Work (30)	2112221112122•11022•0w —17	.....
C Dolan (29)	2201202220222200021212w —16	.....
Hoey (29)	0222022202021210w —11	.....

The 10-bird race resulted in five ties for the three moneys. Ties had to be shot off at 5 birds, then miss-and-out; Barker and Upson divided first and second at the end of the fifth round; Work took third money. The conditions were:

Ten live birds per man, $10 entrance, handicap rise; cup and 50 per cent. of purse to winner. 25 per cent. to second, 15 per cent. to third, and 10 per cent. to the club:

		Ties.	
J Barker (28)	2221111222—10	21222—5	.....
D A Upson (29)	2212312222—10	22112—5	.....
G Work (30)	2221221211—10	12101—4	21212—5
Count (27)	2221222122—10	01212—4	2222•—4
Denny (27)	1222121222—10	22120—4	.....
L Hazard (30)	0222222222— 9	.....	.....
H Yale Dolan (29)	2120122211— 9	.....	.....
J H Davis (30)	2211012112— 9	.....	.....
P Daly, Jr (29)	0122111222— 9	.....	.....
E Godchalk (29)	0102222110— 7	.....	.....
C Dolan (29)	0111•••111— 7	.....	.....
Toland (27)	10111•0 — 4	.....	.....
C Macalester (30)	11210 — 4	.....	.....
Johns (27)	12000 — 2	.....	.....
Hoey (29)	200 — 1	.....	.....

Second Day, Oct. 17.

This was the day set for the 50-bird race. In some respects it was a poor day for live-bird shooting, a strong wind blowing right in the face of the man at the score, and consequently all against outgoing birds. Half the match was shot on the "old grounds," the other half on the "new grounds." First money went to T. S. Stokes with 47 out of 50; Macalester lost his 50th bird, a left-quartering incomer, dead just out of bounds over the wire. Conditions:

Fifty live birds per man, $50 entrance, handicap rise. Cup and 50 per cent. of entrance moneys to the winner, 25 per cent. to second, 15 per cent. to third, and 10 per cent. to the club:

T D Stokes (29)	121210222•2212222222122222—23
	12122221222212022222222222—24—47
C A Macalester (30)	1212122112111222210122021•—22
	21122222211112121211111122•—24—46
J H Davis (29)	1112121•1111222222222122—24
	11211121121112C0221120212—22—46
C Dolan (29)	22•22222222201122202221122—22
	22202212212212222222122222—24—46
Count (27)	0112120222222220122211222—22
	22222222222112222120021212—23—45
L Hazard (30)	2022220222222222••222•2222—20
	22212222222222222222•22222—24—44
D A Upson (29)	2212222222211210102121200—21
	20222122211211021221121121—23—44
Clarence (28)	1120111020111002211011200—16
	22202011201211010220202•02—16—32
G Work (30)	2001222222222012122201222—21
	22022212211211110210121221w—21—42
P Daly, Jr (29)	1012212122202220220200222—18
	22122222221201222010211 1w—21—39
Barker (29)	2220202022222002222222002—18
	20221222221022222220222w—21—39
J O'H Denny (27)	000210100122220 w — 8

NEW JERSEY AMATEUR TRAP-SHOOTERS' LEAGUE.

Oct. 17.—The fifth shoot of the New Jersey Amateur Trap-Shooters' League was held on the grounds of the Oritani Field Club this afternoon. Each club composing the League was represented by a team of six men in the team race, the members of the teams making a goodly muster of shooters on the grounds. Those present had all the shooting they wanted, the management of the shooting department of the Oritani Field Club having placed an extra set of traps in position in order to give their guests all the chance possible to fire as many cartridges as they brought with them. As a result, very few carried any cartridges away with them.

The weather was unfavorable, being dull and threatening rain all the afternoon. The traps did not work as well as usual, and this combined with the bad light made shooting hard and straights scarce.

The team race resulted in a close finish, the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, coming in first from scratch with 140 breaks out of 180 shot at. The Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, also a scratch team, tied for second place with the team of the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, the members of the latter team shooting at 3 extra targets per man; both clubs scored 138 breaks.

The teams were split up, squads being made up with men from different teams. Each squad shot first at 15 targets, known traps and angles. After every man had shot at this 15 targets the squads were called up in rotation to shoot at 15 targets, unknown angles, the handicap allowances being also shot off at unknown angles. It will thus be seen that the final result was in doubt until the last shots had been fired. The optional sweep gotten up in connection with the team race was divided as follows: Schortemeier first money with 29 out of 30, Edwards second with 28, Gus Greiff and C. R. Wise third with 26 each. The optional sweep only went on the first 30 targets, handicap allowances not being counted.

[Contrary to custom, and to our expectations, we have received no copy of either the scores in the team race or in the sweeps up to the time of going to press.]

On Long Island.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Oct. 17.—Only four members of the New Utrecht Gun Club turned up at Woodlawn to-day, but they had a treat. The 174 birds used were the finest lot I have seen trapped in some time, being quick to start and lightning when on the wing. President Furgueson was called away on account of sickness at home in the 4th round of first miss-and-out. Dr. Littlefield and J. E. Jones kept shooting until their shells gave out. Scores:

Club Shoot.		Ties.
C Furgueson, Jr (A, 30)	1222222221—10	.....
Dr Littlefield (A, 28)	1001•21212— 7	.....
J E Jones (B, 29)	2120202122— 8	22222•—5
Conny Furgueson (B, 27)	220221122•— 8	222222—6

Two team races were shot as follows:

	No. 1.	No 2.
C Furgueson, Jr	22220222•w—7	22122—5
Conny Furgueson	102022021w—6—13	1•212—4—9
J E Jones	21222222• —8	2220•—3
Dr Littlefield	22•223222 —8—16	22220—4—7

Miss-and outs, $2 entrance:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
C Furgueson, Jr	2122			
J E Jones	2210	0	20	2122222210212
Dr. Littlefield	2221	2	22	1122222220110

In a match, 5 birds, L. I. rules, 30yds. rise, Dr. Littlefield won by scoring 2 out of 4; his opponent, Jones, losing 4 out of 5.

G. E. Pool, Sec'y.

Position of the Gun vs. Sportsmanship.

Paterson, N. J., Oct. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am a constant reader of your paper, and I, like many of my fellow townsmen and brother sportsmen, have been very much impressed for some time past by the way in which things pertaining to sport in general and trap-shooting in particular are taken up and discussed in your columns.

Hardly a week passes but some fresh subject of interest to shooters is noticed, and week by week I find myself opening my Forest and Stream and glancing through to see what new matter it has brought forward.

In your issue of Oct. 10 there is a most interesting letter from "48-grains" which contains a great deal more than 48grs. of common sense. I am a trap-shooter myself, as well as a game shot, and I can thoroughly indorse all that "48-grains" says. The advocates of "gun below the elbow" forget that this was originally the position with all trap-shooters. The change of position came as an improvement on the old, and for good reasons. It must be remembered that trap-shooting is of English origin.

The old rule calling for use of one barrel and gun below the elbow also placed the shooter at 25yds. from the trap only. At that time but one trap was used, or if more than one, the shooter knew which trap he was going to have pulled. The change was then made to using five traps, 5yds. apart, and the shooter not to know which trap he was going to get. The use of both barrels was allowed, and the usual distance for the shooter to stand at from the center trap was 30yds. These changes were made chiefly for the following reasons:

First, to stop cheating, which had in some cases become very common under the old rule. Second, to more nearly assimilate the conditions to those of shooting in the field, where the use of both barrels is allowed, and when you do not usually know exactly from what point a bird will spring. Third, to make the shooting more varied and less mechanical, for it has been found that any man who practiced the one barrel and gun below the elbow position could beat the game shot, if the latter faced the traps, far more than can be done when holding the gun as at present and using both barrels.

The change was first made to "gun below the shoulder," and for many years that was the position used at all the best clubs, but it was found that even that position was open to the same old objections, *viz:* That it was almost impossible for a referee to say exactly whether the gun was being held properly or not at the moment of firing, especially if a man was shooting in a loose-fitting coat, as then the butt of the gun could scarcely be seen by the referee unless he stood in front of the shooter, which was out of the question.

Also a field shot or a new pigeon shot was kept thinking whether he had got his gun right or not, and did not in consequence do himself justice. Then, too, an appeal would sometimes be made to a referee as to the way in which the gun was being held, simply in order to distract or worry the shooter. For these and several good and sufficient reasons the man who had the control of pigeon shooting on such grounds as the *Cercle des Patineurs*, at Paris; Monte Carlo; the Gun Club, Notting Hill; and at Hurlingham, decided to allow a man to hold his gun in any position he chose, as can be done in the field.

The advocates for going back to the old rule, I find, are generally under the impression that a man who has practiced the position which so many men use of gluing the gun to the shoulder before and after the word "pull" is given, has an advantage over the man who does not do so.

In reply to this, I would say that the best amateur pigeon shots in this country, and I believe abroad as well, do not keep the gun up to shoulder, but throw it up on calling pull; this is certainly the case with George Work, Edgar Murphy, Fred Hoey, Chas. Macalester, Lou Thompson, Joe Knapp, Bobby Welsh, etc., etc., etc.

An Old-Timer.

Limited Gun Club's Tournament.

On Oct. 6-8, at Indianapolis, Ind., the Limited Gun Club gave one of its mammoth tournaments. Those who failed to attend lost a treat, for nowhere can one have a more enjoyable time than at the said grounds.

Frequent reference has been made to the manner of trapping the targets here, so that any further mention is not necessary. Suffice it to say that every newcomer at once falls into the style and admires it correspondingly.

I reached the grounds on the day before the opening one, and on looking about found the pilot and mainstay of the club away down in one of the pits busily engaged fixing up the traps and pulls. Any one who has been to these grounds knows very well of whom I speak, but for the benefit of those who have the misfortune of not having been there I will state that the man is Royal Robinson, and that's enough, for no one can go to those grounds and come away without having under his vest a very warm side for that gentleman.

Owing to a pretty stiff breeze on all of the first day the scores are not as high as one generally sees on these grounds, and then again the reverse pull system is hard to catch on to, as many aspirants have found out. The scores therefore of Messrs. Rattle, McDonald, McVey and Clark are really very good, while Mr. Robinson made a great effort in the Grand Hotel cup match when he tied Mr. Eblesisor.

To say that the sparrows were lively and artful on the third day does not in any sense cover the case. I have never seen sparrows trapped as well as in Indianapolis, and Mr. Hill, the purveyor, is certainly an adept as well in catching as in trapping these little chaps. By an ingenious method he places 15 traps in a line, so that 5 men are called up at a time, each one facing three traps, 2½yds. apart. This system allows the shooting to go on much faster, as the 15 traps are loaded by five boys all at one time and one shoots in squads as in target shooting. Some great shooting was done here, notably by Messrs. Chadwick, McDonald and McVey, who centered the little rascals "coming and going" and every other way.

It is a real pity that the shooting of sparrows is not more universal, as it affords great and difficult sport, and actually teaches a man something that afield may benefit him in the handling of his gun. The man who can score 90 per cent. on Hill's sparrows from three unknown traps, 25yds. rise, is a very good shot indeed, especially on a windy day and in the autumn, when the color of the grass and that of the birds blend so well together.

In the first few rounds the pigeons were slow to start and offered very easy marks; later on they improved, and good shooting was had. In this nine traps were used, 2½yds. apart, 30yds. rise, traps pulled all at once. One man up in the middle, unknown traps, 5 birds to the round; hence in the 10-bird event one went to the score twice and in the 15 three times. There being nine traps even after firing the fifth shot, there were still four traps full; so it was just as much unknown traps as from any other way of shooting. To avoid the bird's suffering when one was shot, but not killed outright, it was dispatched by some one detailed for that purpose, while all doubtful birds were instantly gathered before being scored.

Mr. McDonald went out in flying colors, having scored his 25 straight, followed closely by Chadwick with 24, and Lyons and Voris with 23. The pigeons in the 15-bird event proved good, strong flyers, and Messrs. McDonald and Chadwick deserve special mention for their good work, both men making brilliant kills.

Should the Limited Gun Club, with its convenient, cozy club house and beautiful grounds, give during the winter a live-bird tournament, it would doubtless be a most attractive affair, as very few places could offer as many advantages, both as to location and arrangement of the grounds. I hope that such may be done in the near future, as certainly no club is deserving of better patronage, nor can any offer such comforts or advantages.

The scores made in the three days of the tournament follow:

First Day, Oct. 6.

CLASS A.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*15*	Shot at.	Broke.
McVey	14	13	17	11	15	11	11	17	11	150	120
Partington	13	12	18	9	..	9	10	..	..	95	71
Clark	13	13	18	12	14	12	..	18	10	125	110
Rattle	13	14	19	15	19	14	15	19	15	150	143
McDonald	11	13	17	9	19	13	10	18	13	150	123
Dando	12	12	15	..	..	..	..	18	14	85	65
Tripp	..	..	..	8	15	13	..	..	..	50	36
Robinson	..	..	..	11	16	12	..	..	..	50	39
Du Bray	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	15	8
Norton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	35	25

CLASS B.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*15*	Shot at.	Broke.
Parry	12	13	16	12	18	13	13	18	12	150	127
Tripp	15	13	19	..	..	..	12	19	12	100	90
Bacon	12	13	16	14	17	10	11	..	..	115	93
Norton	8	14	16	11	18	13	15	..	..	115	95
Waddell	12	14	19	13	14	14	13	15	15	150	129
Robinson	13	13	19	..	..	..	13	..	..	65	58
Rip	10	10	..	..	18	15	11	..	..	80	64
Lockwood	14	13	18	13	18	14	14	16	..	135	120
Thomas	..	..	12	12	13	..	..	..	..	55	37
Head	..	..	18	12	16	13	13	12	..	105	84
Du Bray	..	..	14	10	17	11	..	..	..	70	52
Kiley	..	..	..	12	16	12	11	18	11	100	80
Griffith	..	..	..	13	13	11	..	..	..	50	37
Dietrich	..	..	..	12	17	10	14	16	13	100	82
Link	..	..	..	13	15	12	14	15	15	100	84
Buckley	..	..	..	13	17	14	12	17	11	100	84
Dando	..	..	..	11	11	10	7	..	..	65	39
Cooley	..	..	..	..	13	12	15	15	14	85	68
Livenguth	..	..	..	..	18	13	10	16	14	85	71
Slow	..	..	..	..	15	12	13	18	12	85	70
Whistler	..	..	..	..	10	4	13	15	..	70	42
Rosenbaum	..	..	..	..	16	6	12	17	11	70	62
Forbis	..	..	..	..	13	12	12	11	10	70	58
Gleckner	..	..	..	..	12	11	..	..	..	35	23
Buck	..	..	..	..	10	13	9	14	9	85	55
M Thompson	..	..	..	..	19	14	13	18	13	85	77
Williamson	..	..	..	..	19	11	11	14	12	85	67
Bender	..	..	..	..	18	14	8	14	13	85	67
F Thompson	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	14	14	65	50
Mullen	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	15	8
Tack	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	17	13	65	50
Grube	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	15	10
Clark	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	15	12
Winchester	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	..	35	24
Myers	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	14	12	50	33
Smock	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	..	35	18
Socwell	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	15	9
Coons	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	15	..	35	25
King	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	11	..	35	25
Anson	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	15	10
Deschler	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	..	35	22
Kraft	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	20	15
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	15	9

No. 6 was for the Grand Hotel cup. Conditions: 50 targets, unknown angles, no handicap: Eblesisor 46, Robinson 46, Norton 45, Tripp 42, McVey 41, Bacon 40, McDonald 40, Partington 40, Coolidge 38, Thompson 38, Clark 38, Kiley 37, Dando 37, Comstock 37, Waddell 36, Parry 35, Bender 34, Lockwood 34, Grube 32, Williamson 31, Livenguth w, Tutewilder w, Du Bray 28.

Eblesisor won from Robinson in shooting off the tie.

Second Day, Oct. 7.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12		
Targets:	*15*	*20*	*20*	*20*	*20*	*25*	*15*	*20*	*25*	*20*	*15*	*50*	Shot at.	Broke.
McDonald	13	19	18	16	18	20	15	18	19	18	15	46	265	235
Dando	12	18	18	18	19	23	12	16	20	20	13	43	265	227
Norton	13	16	18	18	20	24	10	14	23	19	11	41	265	227
Tripp	13	18	17	17	18	18	11	12	21	17	12	39	265	213
Clark	10	17	19	17	19	25	11	17	23	17	13	41	265	229
Parry	11	16	15	16	13	20	13	14	22	14	..	..	200	154
Thomas	10	11	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	50	31
McVey	10	15	14	12	17	22	10	13	22	17	12	41	265	193
Partington	13	17	19	16	15	24	12	18	22	17	13	39	265	225
Kiley	12	15	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	55	40
Corbett	13	17	16	..	14	..	11	16	..	16	13	..	145	116
*Dietrich	9	19	15	11	17	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	120	90
Bacon	12	16	16	20	19	18	13	14	22	16	..	39	250	204
Foy	6	13	13	19	10	19	10	..	..	..	..	..	135	90
Rattle	12	17	16	20	17	20	14	19	24	18	15	45	265	237
Robinson	10	13	11	17	..	20	12	..	..	..	7	42	180	134
Bender	..	18	13	12	18	..	12	18	..	..	..	..	115	91
*Rip	..	18	17	..	12	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	55	47
Deschler	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	13	..	..	60	42
Griffith	..	18	16	18	19	19	15	15	19	..	..	..	180	139
Link	..	15	14	16	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	80	61
Lockwood	..	15	17	16	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	80	62
Livenguth	..	..	20	15	17	22	13	18	..	17	15	38	205	175
Du Bray	..	..	17	13	6	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	75	45
*Albert	..	..	15	..	..	..	13	15	..	10	6	..	90	59
Burr	..	..	12	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	26
*Buck	..	..	..	11	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	18
*Long	..	..	..	..	18	16	12	16	..	..	..	..	80	64
Tack	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	17	23	16	14	..	95	82
J Snipe	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	16	..	..	..	..	35	26
Coons	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	16	..	..	35	25
Hearsey	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	15	..	13	11	..	70	52
Anson	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	16	13	15	14	42	145	112
Mullen	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	20	14
Kraft	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	24	16	12	60	52
Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	20	6

*Known angles. All others shot unknown.

Third Day, Oct. 8.

	Pigeons.		Sparrows.					
Birds:	*10*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*15*	*20*
J Snipe	8	10	..	14	14	8	..	..
Dando	8	13	8	9	17	9	14	16
Chadwick	10	14	7	15	14	10	..	..
Lyons	10	13	9	8	..	..	..	..
Riggs	7	10	7	11	..	..	..	..
McDonald	10	15	7	12	18	10	13	18
McVey	9	12	9	12	17	9	11	16
Rattle	9	13	8	13	19	8	..	..
Du Bray	8	14	8	7	13	9	13	19
Robinson	9	11	..	..	17	..	..	16
Adams	6	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
Voris	10	13	..	..	13	9	15	..
Stillwell	8	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cromwell	9	13	..	..	..	8	13	18
Roberts	8	14	8	12	15	..	14	..
Webster	..	13	..	..	..	7	14	15
Webb	..	7	..	..	..	7	8	..
Clark	8	..	..	..	16	5	..	15
Burr	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Frost	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Norton	7	..	..	..	..	7	12	..
Mullen	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hearsey	..	..	..	..	..	8	11	14
Burt	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	18
H Vories	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..
Holliday	..	..	..	..	..	8	13	..
Deschler	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..

Gaucho.

The Oil City Gun Club, of Oil City, Pa., under whose auspices the seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association will be held, is early in the field with the following announcement: "May 11-14, 1897.—Oil City, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds, $25 entrance, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries with $10 to H. C. Reeser, secretary, Oil City, Pa." The above announcement does not state whether the special event is to be handicap or not. We are also left in doubt as to what day of the shoot the above event will be started.

Programmes and Tournaments.

In the course of a year FOREST AND STREAM receives some 250 to 300 programmes of tournaments for trap-shooters. As a matter of course, and in accordance with the old proverb of "Many men, many minds," there is a great variety of styles in these programmes. We are not speaking of typographical or artistic styles; with them we have nothing whatever do, and outside of some little benefit to advertisers in those programmes it really matters very little how the programmes are gotten out. A neat little book or pamphlet, good paper, clean and artistic presswork—such things go a long way toward making a programme attractive, and therefore of more intrinsic value to advertisers who have paid so much a page for a notice in the programme. What we are about to deal with is the variety of styles in the composition of a programme.

When a club first decides on holding a tournament it generally appoints a tournament committee whose duty it is to carry that club safely through the quicksands and shallows of a shoot, much as a pilot is taken aboard an ocean steamer for the purpose of bringing it safely into port. If the ship is wrecked, the pilot is blamed; and in like manner, if the tournament is a failure, the tournament committee is given fits by the balance of its fellow-members. There is a saving clause in both instances: If the elements—an act of God, as it were—are the cause of the wreck or failure, mitigating circumstances may be pleaded.

TOURNAMENT COMMITTEES APPOINTED WITH CARE.

Gun clubs, as a rule, recognize the importance of the duties of the tournament committee, and the chairman of the meeting at which a motion is made to appoint a tournament committee is careful to appoint only such men as are well known to be in sympathy with the movement and full of enthusiasm for the good cause. Gun clubs, like kindred organizations, are unfortunately too often the victims of cliques. In such cases the appointment of a tournament committee is a ticklish matter, and the chairman of that committee should be a man of tact—one capable of handling the body of men he is chosen to control. The size of the committee depends largely on the size of the club, and the tournament it contemplates holding. As a rule a committee of from three to five members is large enough, but we would suggest the latter number in all cases wherever possible. Three make a quorum to five, and such a number is almost always easy to get together.

We will suppose that a committee has been appointed "to report on the advisablity of holding a tournament at the next regular meeting" of the club. The duties of each member of this committee would be to see personally all the members of the club he can call on or meet and ascertain their views on the point; then get together, compare notes and prepare a report. If it is favorable and is adopted, a motion would be in order, under the head of new business, to appoint a committee to carry out the views of the above committee. This would be a "tournament committee."

CONFLICTING DATES.

When deciding upon dates for your tournament, scan carefully the list of forthcoming events in our Fixtures column and avoid all possible chance of a conflict of dates. Claim your dates well ahead; be first in the field and thus, by courtesy, obtain a prescriptive right to those dates.

During the past twelve months we have had more than one instance of the unfortunate results attached to a conflict of dates. Of course, it is perfectly right and proper that two gun clubs, with 1,000 or 1,500 miles between them, should hold shoots on the same dates. Such tournaments would not affect the attendance at either the one or the other; that is, not to a serious extent, unless one of them happened to be one of the large tournaments on "the circuit."

The months of May and June are favorites with promoters of tournaments. While there is always a danger of conflicting dates in any month of the year, there is far more danger of such a mishap occurring during those two months than in the whole of the other ten. Our advice is: Watch the Fixtures column closely and avoid trouble.

Passing over for the present all the other duties of this tournament committee, such as arrangements for holding the shoot, the soliciting of advertisements to pay for the cost of printing the programme, etc., we will now deal with the most important duty of all—the composition of the programme.

A CHANCE TO GET EVEN.

The old days, when it was only necessary to state in FOREST AND STREAM that such and such a club was going to hold a shoot in order to get a crowd of shooters together, have gone by. The boys get a lot of shooting nowadays, and are very chary of going far away from home to meet others in front of the traps. Gun clubs were scarce then; they are numberless now, and all of them hold weekly or fortnightly shoots which afford lots of sport. Times were good then; they are hard now, and the boys have to stick to business very close, with but few five-dollar bills to throw away without a chance to get even. That's the point: The chance to get even! To draw a good attendance at any shoot you must give the boys a chance to get even. The outlay of a man who is not paid to attend tournaments is considerable, even before he gets his gun out of its case and fires a shot. First there is his railroad fare; he should always get a return ticket, so that he may be sure he won't have to walk home. Next, there is his hotel bill and other daily expenses, which cannot be figured at less than $3 per day, or say $10 for a three-days' shoot. His shells are a big item; he will require 600 or 700 for a shoot of this size. At $2 per 100, a low figure, there's $12 to $14 gone again. If the programme calls for 175 or 200 targets, he must put aside from $17.50 to $20 more for each day. Taking the lowest estimate in each case, and figuring his railroad fare at $10, we have an outlay of $84.50. To get even he figures that he must draw out of the purses at least $30 per day to cover contingencies. Unless he shoots an abnormal gait (that is, for him), say over 90 per cent. each day, he cannot hope to do it unless there is a substantial sum of added money to shoot for. The consequence is that when there is no such sum of added money offered he stays away, and lots more do the same, with the result that the tournament is a practical failure.

THE OBJECT OF THE TOURNAMENT.

Another point for a tournament committee to consider is the object for which the tournament is being promoted. We hold that no tournament should be given with a view to making money for the club. Individuals, as a matter of speculation, can do such things; but we are of the opinion that it would be worse than *infra dig* for a club to attempt to do it. For a gun club to go to work, get up a programme, invite shooters to their grounds, talk about giving them a good time and lots of shooting—in fact, jolly them along, with the ultimate view of making money out of them—would be something more than an error of judgment; at least, that's our way of looking at it. As we said before, "Many men, many minds," or, as the French trap-shooter would say, "*Chacun a son gout.*"

A club run on economic principles, with weekly or fortnightly shoots bringing in a steady revenue, added to the yearly dues, ought to be sufficient income to carry a club along from year to year, make all necessary repairs and renew stock, etc. Cut loose from all ideas of making money out of your tournaments, and you will then stand a good show of taking rank among the best clubs in the country. The shooters who have been your guests will go away with the knowledge that they have not been up against a brace game, and you will have little trouble in the future in getting them to came again. There is also a certain pleasure in acting host that is yours, but remember it always costs money to act the part of a host when business interests are attached to it.

THREE CLASSES OF TOURNAMENTS.

That brings us to the next point. The size and wealth of a club will have a good deal of weight in deciding the question as to what sort of a tournament shall be given. There are really three classes of tournaments: the "open-to-all, no handicap," the "amateurs only" and the "open-to-all, experts handicapped." The inducements held out to draw a good attendance of shooters at tournaments of the first and of the last class should be on the same lines. Tournaments for amateurs only are hard things to handle, and few men have the capacity for carrying such shoots to a successful termination.

Of the first class of tournaments we can recall many instances of really successful shoots: Knoxville, the inaugurator of large added money shoots; Memphis, the E. C. tournament at Guttenberg, the Du Pont shoot at Cincinnati, the midwinter shoot of the Big Three at San Antonio and a host of others. At all of these a big amount of added money was hung up; the boys thought they saw a soft thing and went to these shoots time after time; there was a chance to get even. A few got big money, some got even; but the large majority got it in the neck! Yet they'd go there again—every time. They know very well that everybody cannot win, but they are willing to take chances of being among the chosen few. If no big amount of added money had been offered at such shoots, the attendance would have dwindled down to the usual "three squads, more or less."

BIG MONEY—BIG SHOOT.

If you want to hold a big shoot, therefore, don't run away with the impression that it is only necessary to advertise your shoot in the columns of the sporting papers, announcing a moderate sum of added money. Tournament shooting on a large scale is a business as well as a sport, and you must handle it in a business-like manner if you wish success. Tournaments for sport only are touched on later.

If a tournament has ever been held where a large amount of added money was announced, that was not a success in point of attendance, we have yet to hear of it. Whether such tournaments do as much good to the cause of trap-shooting as smaller ones do is another matter altogether outside the question, and cannot be discussed here. The fact remains that if you hang up solid inducements you'll get the boys to come and shoot. They'll come a long way too. You remember the old story about the way the vulture drops apparently out of the skies when a head of stock dies? That's its meat! Well, it's much the same thing with a good purse of added money and trap-shooters, only the division of the spoils is not so equitable in the latter case as in the former.

Tournaments of the third class, "open-to-all, experts handicapped," really require more thought and care in preparation than the simple "open-to-all, no handicap." The Hazard tournament at Cincinnati and Paul North's tournaments at Cleveland belong to this class. At the Hazard tournament held last May shooters were divided into two classes, experts and amateurs. The former class was composed of shooters who had made a record of 85 per cent. or better in a tournament; these men shot at unknown angles from known traps. "Amateurs" were those who had never made a record of 85 per cent. or better in a tournament; these shot at known traps and angles. At Cleveland this year Paul North introduced a new handicap, one devised by Judge Lindsay, of Knoxville, Tenn. This was the scheme, shooters classifying themselves: In the first event each day everybody paid in $3; winners of first money in this event paid $4 as entrance money in the next event they shot in; winners of second money paid $3.50; winners of third paid $3; winners or fourth paid $2.50; winners of fifth and all who had not made a place in the event, $2. This handicap was a sliding one, shooters classifying themselves in each event according to their shooting in the previous race. The handicap is a good one, but is somewhat complicated for rapid work in a cashier's office, until the cashier becomes thoroughly acquainted with the system.

The above are two methods of handicapping that have been adopted at recent large tournaments. At both shoots there were solid monetary inducements to attract the boys. At Cincinnati the Hazard Powder Co. added $2,000 in cash to the purses; at Cleveland Paul North (the Chamberlin Co.) threw all bluerocks free of charge, practically an addition of $600 to the purses if 20,000 targets were thrown during the three days of the shoot. A sum of $770 was also added to the purses.

From the above figures it will be seen that neither R. S. Waddell, of the Hazard Powder Co., nor Paul North, of the Chamberlin Co., were of the opinion that a crowd of shooters could be gathered together without adding money to the purses; in other words, they realized that a handicap alone would not make a shoot

If, then, you want to hold a big tournament, you must add cash to the purses, remembering that the attendance will be in exact proportion to the amount of added money.

RAISING ADDED MONEY.

There are different ways of raising added money. First to be considered is the sum that may be obtained from the sale of targets. This of course will vary, but if you decide to add $1,000 in cash and to run two sets of traps, 30,000 targets for a three days' shoot would be a very moderate estimate, especially if you take into account the 2,500 to 3,000 targets that should be thrown on "preparation day." At 3 cents each the 30,000 targets would bring in $900; of that sum $350 or $400 should be taken as cost of targets and expenses of the shoot. This would leave fully $500 for added money. You will then have to consider the raising of the additional $500. It is customary to figure on "making" a good sum out of the advertising in programmes. We don't like that idea at all, and have heard many manufacturers and dealers of sporting goods speak of it in unfavorable terms. Several firms, however, put aside a certain sum of money every year to be expended in "taking a page" in programmes of large shoots, and as long as this is done we suppose that the advertisements in programmes will be looked upon as a source of revenue Many programmes that we have received this year have undoubtedly been the source of much profit to the clubs that issued them. We know of one that netted $350 as per the report of the tournament committee. This programme, however, was the result of energetic work on the part of the sub-committee appointed to solicit advertising, the efforts of the sub-committee being most generously met by the different members of the club that had anything that could be advertised. In other words, many of the members of the club opened their purse strings and donated so much to the fund for added money. Advertisements in programmes of tournaments calling attention to certain brands of powder, shells, different makes of guns, etc., probably do bring a return to the advertiser; we believe that in a measure this is unquestionably so. It is also to the interest of sporting goods dealers and manufacturers to foster trap-shooting tournaments, and on that ground alone the soliciting of advertisements for programmes may be excused. Still it does look as if the request for an advertisement was somewhat after the order of a request for a rake off on the profit of shells, powders, etc., consumed at this shoot.

Suppose that you decide not to solicit any advertising, desiring to get out a plain programme that will just tell the facts and call attention to the "$1,000 added." The club's exchequer should be good for something and could be counted in; remember "it's the club's treat!" A canvass of the club members should also result in the addition of many $5 bills to go into the added money fund. Certain parties who will be directly interested in the coming of the visitors will no doubt subscribe to this "entertainment fund" more liberally than others who have only the welfare of the club and the success of the shoot at heart. Add the $500 calculated to be raised from the price of the targets to the amounts from the club's exchequer and the members' subscriptions. If this does not amount to $1,000, secure the raising of the balance required by "guarantors"; that is, ask any members of the club who may be willing to do it to "guarantee to pay a proportionate sum of the balance of the $1,000 added money not raised by the sale of targets and the funds above mentioned." If $1,000 is added to the purses in any shoot, there'll be little, if anything, for the guarantors to make good; the 30,000 targets would be increased by some thousands if that amount of money is offered.

The above would be the method of raising added money that we should suggest to a club asking information on that subject. We don't expect that many people will agree with us on this point, as it is a hard matter to break away from all old ties. We do think, however, that thousands of trap-shooters will agree with us that visiting shooters should be treated as guests, not as breadwinners for the benefit of the home club.

THE 3-CENT TARGET A STUMBLING BLOCK.

The 3-cents-a-target will probably be a stumbling block to some of our critics They will say possibly: "If you treat visiting shooters as guests, why rob them of nearly 2 cents more than it costs to trap and buy the targets?" Gentlemen, this is no robbery; every shooter who comes to such a tournament as above suggested knows that 3 cents a target will be deducted from the purses; the programme tells him so. He also knows that it will take every cent of profit derived from the sale of targets to make good the amount of added money. The charge of 3 cents a target may therefore be described as a compact between the club and its visitors.

It may be urged: "Why not charge 1½ cents per target and add no money?" Our answer is: "To a man who goes to shoot through a programme of 200 or 175 targets the extra charge of $1.50 or $1.25 per day for targets cuts no figure in comparison with the larger amount of added money offered in lieu of targets at half price."

So much for added money as a factor in securing a good attendance at shoots of the "open-to-all" kind. For an amateurs' shoot, experts barred, you will have to add money to draw a crowd; for, say what you will, the amateur is after the long green just as much as his more expert brother; the only trouble is that he doesn't get it so often or in such quantities.

EXPERTS OR AMATEURS.

Trap-shooters may be divided into two classes—experts and amateurs. Mr. Waddell's definition of the two classes is a good one: All who have a better average than 85 per cent. in any tournament are experts; the others are amateurs. Both classes contain men who are considered as professionals by many shooters, though to our mind men who can be rightly classed as professionals are found only in the expert class.

The most important duties to be performed by the tournament committee are the question of, and raising of, the amount of money (if any) to be added; and the sort of shoot to be given, whether open-to-all or not. Once these matters are fixed, the rest is comparatively easy work.

The style of shooting has to be determined. We believe in a varied programme of events at known traps and angles; at unknown angles; and at traps pulled in reversed order. Our idea in advocating a variety of styles is to do away with the monotony of pounding away at one style of shooting. Then again, known traps and angles lets all the boys in; many shooters who are not quick-sighted enough to make a good score on unknown angles can come to the front when a known angle event is started. We are well aware that many people will say at once: "I can't shoot known angles as well as I can unknown." Perhaps that is so in some cases, but we assert that nine out of ten men can make better, that is, higher scores at known traps and angles than at unknown angles, if they will only pay as strict attention to their shooting at one style as at the other. Known angles are more monotonous than unknown angles; one has to plug away all the time; once relax the tension and the fatal skip comes. Reversed order is good practice for crossing shots, while the start which the straightaways get from Nos. 2 and 4 traps makes a shooter learn to be quicker on that most deceptive of all targets, the straightaway. How often one hears it said after a man has broken a straightaway: "I could break 1,000 like that." How many shooters can break 100 straight, or 50, or even 25?

MAKE THE SHOOTING VARIED.

Our advice therefore is: Make the styles of shooting varied, and do away as far as possible with the reproach on target-shooting that it is so mechanical and monotonous. A good scheme is to run on a side set of traps a few extra events at expert rule and at pairs. We don't believe in incorporating such events in a programme where there is average money offered, as it is hard to get one's fellow members at practice shoots to do anything in this line. The styles of shooting are too hard for them; they don't make big enough scores at them, and they are slow, delaying the game; in fact, a fellow can't shoot often enough to please him if there are many of such events shot during the afternoon's practice.

The length of a programme is an important matter to consider, and much depends on the amount of added money and the number of sets of traps already decided upon. If a large entry is expected, that is, if a large amount of money is added to the purses, 160 to 175 targets is ample for a day's work. If there are more than 175 targets on the programme it would be fair to except the last affair from consideration in the matter of average money. This would be particularly so in tournaments held early or late in the season when the days are short; otherwise those who shot in squads No. 1 and No. 2 would have a great advantage over those who shot in the last squads, when the light would be manifestly poorer and the targets harder to locate than an hour previous.

AVERAGE MONEYS SHOULD BE "HIGH GUNS."

The mention of average money brings us to a most important feature, perhaps the most important feature in the whole programme, yet one that is too often overlooked. Average money for each day's shooting and average money for general averages bring the boys out early and keep them shooting. Daily averages we consider a wise provision because a good man may fall down one day and shut himself practically out of all chance for the general average moneys. If there are daily averages as well, he will go to bed and dream of straights without end, and be on deck early next morning, anxious to redeem himself and "get a place."

In apportioning average moneys be sure and always state plainly that they are for high guns. A division of average moneys on the old and inequitable system in use for class shooting prior to the advent of the Rose system should not be thought of. Under that system we should again have the anomaly of a man who had broken more targets than another receiving a less reward for doing so. Make the average moneys, therefore, high guns all the time.

"INFORMATION FOR SHOOTERS."

To make your programme complete the page of "Information for Shooters" should always include the following items: Where to ship guns and shells; how to reach the grounds; the headquarters for shooters—that is, the hotel for the boys to stop at where a special rate has been secured. A commercial rate, if nothing better, can always be secured for shooters, especially where the distance of the grounds from the hotel precludes the chance of going to the hotel for dinner or lunch.

If possible go to work and obtain a special rate over the railroads running into your town or city and state that fact in your programme. A matter like that has quite a bearing on the attendance at your shoot. It is just so much saved from the original outlay referred to above.

The secretary's name and address should always be given, in order that any inquiries in regard to further information that may be desired can be sent to him. This is perhaps a small matter, but like many others it helps to make a harmonious whole.

We have about disposed of the programme and can now turn to a few hints on the preparatory work for the tournament.

AMPLE ACCOMMODATION IS NECESSARY.

If the weather is likely to be warm you can scarcely have too much shade in the shape of tent flies, etc. If the tournament is to be held in weather that is doubtful take care to have plenty of warm shelter for the shooters. There is nothing more disagreeable than to have a crowd together into a small space where the air is bad, and where non-smokers have to swallow tobacco smoke second hand. Chilly hands and damp, cold feet make poor scores, and poor scores make the boys disgruntled and apt to kick. Shelter them well from heat, cold or wet, and they'll not forget you. Don't leave anything to chance, but cover your retreat, as it were. At the scores have a good solid platform, or something that is equally good, a well-beaten track, and shelter the shooters at the score from the rays of the sun or from the rain. The expense of these luxuries is not much, while the luxuries themselves mean a great deal to your guests.

OFFICIALS MUST BE CAPABLE.

Your referees should be men with good eyesight, a thorough knowledge of the shooting rules, and backbone enough so as to do away with all chance of their being "worked." Members of your own club, men who are fond of shooting, but who perhaps do not shoot well enough to attempt shooting through the programme, are the very best material you could select from which to choose your referees. Blackboards as well as manifold scores should be kept. Instruct your referees that "the blackboard goes all the time," and see that it does "go." Shooters can see their scores being chalked up on the blackboards, while no one except the manifold man himself knows what he is doing to the scores; he may be one or two men behind, and no one any the wiser. The positions of blackboard scorers and manifold men can be easily filled with suitable parties.

The trappers are a very important feature at all tournaments. We recommend the employment of men in the place of boys all the time; they cost a little more, it is true, but they soon pay for that extra cost by better work. It is a severe strain on a boy to set him to trapping targets for two or three days, and sooner or later boys become careless and full of the old Harry. They are harder than men to keep in order, and the balks that often result from their work are very trying to everybody's temper. Employ no trapper under nineteen or twenty years of age, and put each set of trappers in charge of a member of that set. Make him a kind of captain over the others, and make him responsible for the good behavior of his regiment. Premiums for good work at a tournament often go a long way toward insuring good and quick trapping.

The cashier's department should include the following staff: Cashier, assistant cashier and entry clerk, and a squad hustler. A good manager knows that one of the secrets of success in running a tournament is to have the cashier's office in the hands of capable men. A "ball-up" in that department is something that must be avoided at all hazards. The cashier and his assistant should therefore be men who can keep their heads, take entries correctly, and pay out promptly and accurately. This sounds easy, but ideal cashiers are scarce. For a squad hustler we would suggest that you pick a man with a strong voice, tireless feet, a good memory for faces, and, if possible, an acquaintance with a majority of the shooters whom you expect at your tournament. He should also be good-natured, with plenty of it! There is nothing more annoying than to go down a line of shooters calling for one man, and on your return to the end you started from have a shooter look you mildly in the face and ask: "Are you calling me?" And this happens every day.

GOOD MANAGERS ARE FEW IN NUMBER.

The position of manager is the hardest post of all to fill properly. He is the general who directs everything, and who should have complete and absolute control in all matters pertaining to the running of your shoot. Managers are born, not made; and unfortunately there are very few good managers of tournaments on top of the earth. If you have nobody in your club who is capable of taking charge of the shoot, and of denying himself all the pleasure that may be derived from taking part in the sweepstakes, go elsewhere and secure the services of some outside party. A manager who shoots can run a tournament, and run it well; but there are one thousand and one things that are constantly demanding his attention, and if he shoots at all he nearly always shoots poorly. We assert this as an axiom: No man can do both things well at the same time—work and shoot.

The question of paying your help is another thing. We say: pay all the help you can, and pay it well. A paid man has to be attending to his business, and you have control over him; a volunteer is another article altogether. He requires delicate handling, and that's something he won't always get at a shoot, large or small.

LUNCH AN IMPORTANT FACTOR.

Before leaving for good the subject of large tournaments, we would call your attention to one other point—the luncheon provided at the grounds. As a rule, the privilege of serving lunches, and too often the privilege of running a bar, is farmed out to somebody, the club receiving a stated sum for the same. Just as sure as that somebody pays something for the privilege, just so surely is he going to try and get even, as he has a perfect right to do. Shooters do not mind paying a high price for an article so long as it is worth the money, but they do object to paying Delmonico's prices for something on the Bowery order of things. Select your caterer for qualities that endear him to the hearts of your epicurean citizens, and ask him to take charge of that part of the tournament that relates to the satisfying of your guests' inner man. This is another little matter, but it counts largely in the ultimate success of your shoot.

MERCHANDISE SHOOTS.

So far we have treated only of matters concerning the running of large tournaments. By large tournaments it must be understood that we mean tournaments where a good amount of cash is added to the purses. There are other large tournaments, such as those promoted annually by Lou Erhardt, of Atchison, Kansas, where a great proportion of the purses are merchandise, and where amateurs alone are allowed to compete for those prizes. In conjunction with the amateur programme, a schedule of events open to all was a feature of these shoots. The successful running of such tournaments re-

quires considerable executive ability, while the programme itself admits of far more variations than can be introduced into the programme for a crackerjacks' tournament pure and simple.

The planning and preparing for a tournament at which it is not proposed to add much money or to give merchandise prizes is really quite anxious work. A tournament with a large sum of added money can be made a success by carefully planning beforehand everything that will add to the comfort of the shooters or to the smooth running of the shoot. Add the money and the boys will be there; you can depend on that. But how are you going to figure on the attendance where there is little or no added money or merchandise prizes? You may be able to muster three squads if the weather is good; if it is bad and stormy, it's 10 to 1 that your shoot is a fizzle and the club out of pocket. There is, however, one thing to be said in favor of the small local tournaments: In good weather there is far more sport, more good-fellowship and real genuine fun at shoots of this nature than at one of the big tournaments.

WHY CHARGE 2 CENTS FOR TARGETS?

In connection with such tournaments we would point out that, in our opinion, the charge of 2 cents a target is excessive. What do you want to charge 2 cents for anyway? If you have grounds and a club house that will accommodate twenty-five or thirty shooters, the expenses of a tournament of this sort are very small. Five trappers, a cashier, referee and puller are all the help you will require. Say that your targets cost you $6 a 1,000 delivered on the grounds (many clubs are put to far less expense than that); if you throw only 3,000 targets at 2 cents each there is $60 return for $18, a profit of $42, out of which you have to pay less than $20 for your help. Club secretaries and members of tournament committees will bear us out in the statement that at 1 cent a target a tournament can be made to clear itself; 3,000 targets for a day's shoot is a very small number indeed. Many clubs in New Jersey that we know of often throw more than that number in an afternoon's shoot. Examine the scores in each week's issue of FOREST AND STREAM and you will find that we have based all our calculations on the very lowest estimates.

SOME OF "FOREST AND STREAM'S" GOOD THINGS.

The trap columns of FOREST AND STREAM are open to all and any criticisms on the foregoing. We do not pretend to have discussed every point thoroughly, but we do claim to have done our best to cover each point and to meet every objection. What we have written has been put on paper with the intention of giving trap-shooters a few new ideas on old matters We have trodden on no one's toes intentionally, and we have no axe to grind. FOREST AND STREAM was the first and only sporting paper to advocate the use and adoption of the Rose system; the others fell in line when they had to do so. FOREST AND STREAM was the first to adopt the tabulation of the scores—the only intelligible way of giving the news of the tournaments. FOREST AND STREAM gives reports of important live-bird events in a nutshell; the trap score type, showing the flight of each bird, photographs the man and the bird so accurately that a match can be followed bird by bird by a shooter who is sitting in his smoking room, with his feet on the mantel, a cigar in his mouth and a copy of FOREST AND STREAM in his hands.

The above is a partial list of some of the good things FOREST AND STREAM has done for trap-shooting. Some of our stands have been sneered at when first taken, but succeeding events have vindicated us satisfactorily. And now we take another stand, one that will, perhaps, meet with still less approbation when first considered, but one that we feel perfectly satisfied to leave to the good sense of trap-shooters. The stand is this: No tournament should be given by any club with the idea of filling the club's coffers with the proceeds of that shoot. If you add money, raise it at home; don't go abroad for it. If you don't add any money, don't charge 2 cents a target, or you will lay yourselves open to the charge of being after the boodle.

Now, gentlemen, we are ready for you to talk. EDWARD BANKS.

A Crack at the Shore Birds.

PORTLAND, Me., Oct. 12.—Jack is a member of the New Utrecht Gun Club and a royal good fellow. He struck Portland one day on board the yacht Susquehanna, and wandered out to the grounds of the Portland Gun Club and proceeded to wipe the boys' eyes in grand style.

Jack and I struck up an acquaintance, and shot a little race at targets, in consequence of which I was badly beaten.

Three weeks later Jack sailed up the beautiful harbor of our city and immediately started for our grounds, and when I arrived there I found him waiting to take my scalp once more; but this time I succeeded in getting his by the narrow margin of one bird in a 30-bird race.

After we got through shooting we arranged a little trip to a neighboring marsh for a forenoon's shooting at snipe, rail and yellowlegs.

We left Portland on the 7 A. M. train over the Grand Trunk, and reached our destination, Falmouth, about twenty minutes later, and struck down on to a promising bit of snipe meadow, which, however, was drawn blank.

In the next strip of meadow we had better success, and Jack succeeded in stopping two snipe to my one.

"Keep down! keep down!" and a bunch of teal that ventured too near our 12-bores paid toll to the extent of three nice, plump birds. Splash!—away goes a black duck out of a salt pond—crack! crack! splash! Down he comes within 10ft. of where he started, stone dead, a beautiful drake resplendent in his fall plumage. But we did not spend much time in admiring him, as we had other worlds to conquer—or at least we thought we had—but the shooting dropped off now, and beyond stepping into occasional pond holes or ditches, for which the Dyke (as this marsh is called) is noted, nothing served to vary the monotony except the pangs of hunger, which were soon appeased by lunch.

As the forenoon was pretty well along now, we started to work back toward home, as Jack had to be back by noon. The walk home was covered very quickly, so deeply interested were we in our discussion on guns and loads. (Jack swears by the Smith gun and E. C. powder, and I shoot a Francotte and Schultze powder.) And when I left him it seemed as though I had known him for ten years. I have not seen him since that day, but I shall always treasure that short forenoon's work with the scatter gun among the marsh birds of the old Presumpscot River and Casco Bay. Verily "The freemasonry of sport is a peculiar thing." MEDICUS.

The Atlanta Tournament.

THE Fulton Gun Club, of Atlanta, Ga., gave on Sept. 23-24 a most enjoyable tournament.

Atlanta has not heretofore gone in for very much trap-shooting for some reason or another, but now that a well organized gun club exists there you are pretty sure to hear of many events being brought off. From its geographical position, Atlanta possesses many advantages over other cities.

The principal work of the whole affair devolved on Mr. Hal Morrison, who was untiring in his efforts, and who succeeded so admirably that at the close of the programme he was given three hearty cheers and a tiger from the shooting men present.

The shooting of Mr. John Conner, of Knoxville, was splendid, with Judge Lindsay, his formidable running mate, not far behind. The Judge has a knack of accurately pointing the old Parker gun, with which Mr. Conner scored 98 out of 100 at New London, Conn., some years ago, that is quite artistic, and shows conclusively what two full-sized heavy-weights can do when properly matched. In the Peters Cartridge Co. contest Mr. Clarence Everett shot beautifully, grinding out his 25 targets like a veteran.

Two sets of traps were used throughout, and so painstaking was Mr. Morrison that but few balks occurred. The grounds were those occupied by Buffalo Bill's Wild West at Exposition Park, and although the background was none of the best, good shooting was done.

The live-bird events on the second day drew forth a good entry list and many spectators. Several of the latter no doubt went away fully convinced in their own minds that had they been shooting never a pigeon could have got away. Strange how one gets upset in such theories by actual experiment.

Mr. Alston made his debut at this shoot as a representative of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., and shot splendidly, using their gun and ammunition. Atlanta being Mr. Alston's home, he naturally wished to make a good showing and in this he certainly succeeded most admirably.

The shooting was all at known traps, unknown angles, for the targets, and from five King traps, 28yds. rise, for the pigeons. Owing to the supply of the latter giving out the 12-bird event was cut down to 7.

THE DAILY AVERAGES

On the first day John Connor was far and away ahead of all his competitors, breaking 129 out of 135 shot at. Holt was next to him with 120 breaks, Peterman being third with 118. The following table shows the number broken by each man who shot through the programme of 135 targets, and also gives his percentages:

	Broke.	Av.		Broke.	Av.
Connor	129	95.5	Desmond	113	83.7
Holt	120	88.8	Swann	108	80
Peterman	118	87.4	Greene	108	80
Lindsay	116	85.9	Hamilton	106	78.5
Ford	115	85.1	Costello	101	74.8
Rawson	113	83.7	Van Gilder	89	65.9
Etheridge	113	83.7			

On the second day Knoxville was again to the front, Connor tieing with Etheridge for first honors with 68 breaks out of 75. Alston, who missed the first two events on the previous day, but who broke 102 out of 110, again shot well to the front, and was in second place with 67 breaks. Peterman was in the third hole with 66 breaks. The following table gives the record of each man who shot in the five regular programme events:

	Broke.	Av.		Broke.	Av.
Connor	68	90.6	Bizzell	62	82.6
Etheridge	68	90.6	Swann	61	81.3
Alston	67	89.6	Ruble	61	81.3
Peterman	66	88	Rawson	60	80
Lindsay	65	86.6	Ross	60	80
Baker	65	86.6	Hamilton	59	78.6
Byrd	65	86.6	Greene	59	78.6
Desmond	64	85.3	Van Gilder	56	74.6
Angier	63	84	Costello	52	69.3

THE GENERAL AVERAGES.

Eleven shooters shot through the entire programme of 250 targets. Connor, of course, after the work he did on the first day, was well in the lead. Peterman's steady gait landed him in second place, Judge Lindsay taking third place with Etheridge, only three breaks behind Peterman. Below are the general averages:

	Broke.	Av.		Broke.	Av.
Connor	197	93.8	Swann	169	80.4
Peterman	184	87.6	Greene	167	79.5
Lindsay	181	86.2	Hamilton	165	78.5
Etheridge	181	86.2	Costello	153	72.8
Desmond	177	84.2	Van Gilder	145	69
Rawson	173	82.3			

Each day's scores are given below:

First Day, Sept. 23.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	15	10	20	10	15	15	15	10
Connor	9	14	15	9	20	10	14	15	15	8
Lindsay	8	14	14	9	19	8	11	14	13	6
Hamilton	8	13	12	8	15	7	11	10	13	9
Van Gilder	4	12	9	8	11	7	14	10	9	5
Rawson	8	10	12	9	17	9	13	14	12	9
Peterman	9	12	13	10	17	10	14	13	13	7
Etheridge	8	9	12	9	17	9	12	14	13	10
Holt	8	13	10	9	20	9	15	14	13	9
Greene	8	13	9	10	13	9	10	14	14	8
Desmond	6	12	13	7	16	10	12	15	13	9
Ford	9	14	12	10	17	8	12	12	11	10
Swann	7	13	12	7	17	8	12	11	12	9
Costello	7	13	12	6	13	9	9	12	12	8
Hook	8	13	10	6	..	6	12	9	10	6
Mynert	9	11	10	8	..	10	..	12	..	..
Black	6	11	..	10	..	10	13	12	..	9
Du Bray	6	13	13	9	14	8	..	12	12	5
Crabb	6	13	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Setze	..	10	..	5	..	7	..	..	..	7
Bourne	..	7	8	2	..	8	..	..	..	..
Byrd	..	10	13	9	18	10	13	13	..	9
Elliott	..	13	14	..	..	..	12	14	13	9
Richards	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Clark	..	9	8	..	..	0	..	..	..	..
Alston	..	..	14	9	18	10	13	14	14	10
Day	..	..	11	6	..	8	9	8	..	4
Bourne	..	..	8	2	..	8	..	..	..	..
Hammond	..	..	..	9	..	7	8	..	..	..
Hall	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Holland	..	..	..	9	17	9	14	10	12	9
Woodruff	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Haynes	..	..	..	9	16	..	..	..	..	..
Angier	..	..	..	..	..	8	13	14	11	8
Everett	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	15	14	10
McRae	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	13	7	5
Williams	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	11	..	9
Reddington	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	9	..	..
McCune	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..
Arnold	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..
Bizzell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	w	8
Nash	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	8

Second Day, Sept. 24.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	10	15	25	25
Connor	9	14	9	13	23	..
Lindsay	7	14	7	13	24	..
Hamilton	7	15	7	11	19	..
Van Gilder	7	14	7	8	20	..
Rawson	8	15	5	11	21	23
Angier	8	13	10	11	21	21
Etheridge	8	13	8	15	24	w
Baker	7	14	9	14	21	23
Greene	8	11	9	10	21	..
Desmond	7	14	8	10	25	21
Peterman	9	13	7	15	22	..
Swann	7	13	8	12	21	..
Costello	7	11	5	10	19	..
Hook	7	11	7	10	..	14
Byrd	9	13	8	14	21	20
Ruble	8	11	8	13	21	..
Crabb	4	13	8	12	..	21
Ross	7	13	8	12	20	..
McRae	8	..	8	7	..	20
Williams	7	..	7	..	..	21

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	10	15	25	25
Callender	6	9	5	11	..	..
Bizzell	10	14	6	13	19	23
Alston	10	12	8	12	25	22
Wilson	..	9	5	..	22	..
Woodruff	..	..	3	..	..	11
Du Bray	..	..	6	9	..	..
Richards	..	..	3	..	..	..
Holland	..	..	..	9	19	19
Mitchell	..	..	..	12	21	18
Haynes	..	..	..	12	21	..
McCune	..	..	..	..	11	..
Orme	..	..	..	..	10	11
Polhill	..	..	..	..	..	21
Styles	..	..	..	..	..	19
Blanton	..	..	..	..	..	23
Hall	..	..	..	..	..	20
Arnold	..	..	..	..	..	10
H N Hall	..	..	..	..	..	20
Everett	..	..	..	..	..	25

The programme closed with a couple of events at live birds. The results given below show that targets are not the only things they can make good scores on down here:

LIVE BIRD EVENTS.

No. 1, 5 birds, $5, $15 added:

Angier	22211—5	Haynes	10222—4
Holland	21212—5	Alston	22202—4
Connor	22222—5	Callender	22202—4
Crabb	21211—5	Williams	02211—4
Lindsay	21221—5	Van Gilder	01111—4
Etheridge	22222—5	Baker	21201—4
Bizzell	21111—5	Hamilton	1••22—3
Desmond	12221—5	Wilcox	222•0—3
Ruble	22212—5	Swann	02220—3
Du Bray	11222—5	Grant	00101—2
Peterman	22122—5	Rawson	000•1—1
Clayton	22212—5		

No. 2, 7 birds, $10, $20 added:

Etheridge	2222222—7	Meyer	0212221—6
Angier	2221222—7	Crabb	1110112—6
Du Bray	2212222—7	Callender	•222220—5
Holland	2221222—7	Lindsay	0212202—5
Clayton	1112221—7	Baker	2220022—5
Wilcox	2222221—7	Desmond	102111•—5
Ruble	2222211—7	Rawson	12•0102—4
Peterman	1121212—7	Van Gilder	001•1•1—3
Connor	1222021—6	Alston	•22•100—3

GAUCHO.

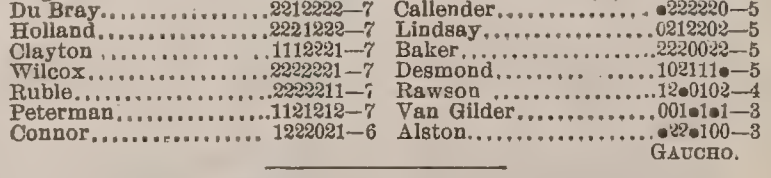
Team Race at Farmersville, Tex.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Oct. 16.—One day last week K. M. Moore, of Farmersville, Tex., wrote F. M. Faurote, of Dallas, Tex., the 20-bore crank, to come over and bring his friend Worden, adding that he and his running mate, Hope, would shoot them a race at live birds. He further stated that he had a fine lot of birds on hand, and could guarantee him a game that would be plenty hard enough.

Live birds are Faurote's forte, and naturally he could not resist so pressing an invitation, while Worden, too, said he felt that he could shoot the race of his life.

As though to help Moore make his prediction good, the day that the match was shot was a cold, bleak, cloudy one, with plenty of wind blowing directly away from the shooter. This aided the birds materially, but all of the contestants were in excellent form, and each put up a good score. In fact, so well did they shoot that only 3 of the 100 birds shot at escaped; the other birds scored lost were dead out of bounds. Faurote, with his little 20-gauge, topped the list with 24; Moore was second with 23, his 2 lost birds falling dead out of bounds. Worden and Hope each scored 22. This gave the race to the Dallas team by a score of 46 to 45 The loss of Hope's last bird, dead out of bounds, prevented a tie. The conditions were 25 live birds per man, American Association rules:

Trap score type—Copyright 1896 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.



PAUL R. LITZKE.

Calumet Heights Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 9.—The weekly trophy contest of the Calumet Heights Gun Club took place to-day. The wind was blowing right in the shooters' teeth and made hard shooting. Lamphere was the winner in class A, Metcalfe in class B and Black in class C. Scores:

Class A.

Paterson	110101101010011w
Lamphere	11111111101111111111110101—22
Knowles	11110111111101111111011110—21

Class B.

Metcalfe	01110111111111101111111111—22
Norcom	10101101100101110101111100—15
Houston	10101101100101110111010101—16
Greeley	11111111111001111111110011—21

Class C.

Black	11101110110110011011111011—18
Harlan	10110111101010000101101100—13
Chamberlain	00010110111111111011010111—17
Davis	10100101100001110000101100—10

Two team races were shot during the afternoon. The conditions were five men to a team, 15 targets per man, unknown angles. The scores in No. 1 were:

Norcom's team: Metcalfe 14, Lamphere 13, Norcom 12, Black 8, Harlan 8—55.

Houston's team: Paterson 13, Knowles 12, Greeley 12, Houston 9, Chamberlain 8—54.

The second race was just as close an affair as the first, Norcom's team winning again by a single break. Scores:

Norcom's Team: Lamphere 14, Norcom 13, Metcalfe 12, Black 9, Harlan 6—56.

Houston's Team: Knowles 15, Patterson 13, Greeley 11, Chamberlain 9, Houston 7—55.

The results in the four other sweeps were:

No. 1, 10 targets, unknown traps and angles: Lamphere 9, Paterson and Black 8, Knowles, Houston and Chamberlain 6, Metcalfe, Norcom and Greeley 5, Harlan 1.

No. 2, same conditions: Lamphere 9, Metcalfe and Norcom 8, Paterson and Knowles 7, Greeley and Harlan 4, Houston and Chamberlain 3, Black 2.

No. 3, 15 targets, unknown angles: Norcom 14, Metcalfe 13, Greeley 12, Houston 10, Harlan 6.

No. 4, 15 targets, snipe shooting: Metcalfe 12, Houston and Greeley

PATTY.

Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Oct. 10.—The Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo, held its annual merchandise shoot and field day at Audubon Park to-day. The attendance of members was all that could be asked. Forty-one entries in the 50-target events, and twenty-nine in the badge shoot, make a goodly showing for any club, even for the Audubons.

In the 50-target race, the merchandise event, E. C. Burkhardt and Harry Kirkover tied for first place on 45 out of 50. In the club badge contest Johnson was the winner in Class A, Ward in Class B, and Hankins in Class C. The scores in the two events were as below:

MERCHANDISE SHOOT.

E C Burkhardt	45	Bird	37	Schneider	30
H D Kirkover	45	C S Burkhardt	36	Squires	30
Norris	44	Frieze	36	Downs	30
Hawks	43	Ward	36	U E Storey	28
F D Kelsey	42	J P Fisher	35	Scott	28
McArthur	41	Krotz	35	Hankins	28
McCarney	41	E Smith	34	Rider	23
Brandle	41	Jaeger	34	Dr Pierce	23
Hammond	39	Dingens	34	Hoyt	23
Johnson	39	Dr Sauer	33	A Coombs	22
W R Eaton	38	Rossiter	33	Swartz	19
Tom Tidler	38	J J Reid	33	Ueblehoer	19
L W Bennett	38	Oehmig	32	Gebhard	12
A Forrester	38	Middaugh	32		

CLUB BADGE SHOOT.

C S Burkhardt	23	Frieze	20	McCarney	17
L W Bennett	23	E Smith	19	Dingens	16
F D Kelsey	23	Bird	19	Dr Pierce	16
Forrester	23	McArthur	18	Krotz	16
H D Kirkover	23	W R Eaton	18	A Coombs	15
Johnson	23	J P Fisher	18	Rossiter	13
Hawks	22	Tom Tidler	18	Dr Sauer	11
Hankins	22	Oehmig	18	Swartz	9
Brandle	21	Norris	17	Schneider	9
E C Burkhardt	20	J J Reid	17		

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

H. V. H., Reading.—Try Barnegat.

C. S.—See article in our Shot columns bearing on your inquiry about the Long Island ducking law.

W. H. S., Philadelphia, Pa.—Address Price Bros. or D. M. Crane, Canadensis, Monroe county, Pa.

W. R., Plainfield, N. J.—We think that you could find such shooting as you desire near Cold Spring, L. I. Address John Walford, of that place, for information.

C. E. L., N. Adams, Mass.—What will stop a young dog from having fits? He is very weak afterward, froths at the mouth and stiffens right out. Age eight months. Ans. Treat for worms. Give 5grs. of bromide of ammonium and 10 drops of the fluid extract of cannabis indica twice a day.

R. C. B., British Columbia.—The animal you describe as being of "the size of a small rabbit, as fond of water as a muskrat, of an iron-gray color, fine, soft fur, with no tail, and caught on a small creek on top of a mountain in Dry Belt, and from description very much resembles a guinea pig," is probably a sewellel.

J. S., Detroit, Mich.—My dog was scratched by a squirrel in the white of the eye last week. The eye has been all swelled and sore for several days, and now there is a sort of white web over it. I have been washing it with cream and blowing sugar into it, but it does no good, it only relieving the eye so that the dog can keep it open for a while. Ans. Bathe the eye four or five times a day with hot water in which has been dissolved some crystal boracic acid, half a teaspoonful to two pints of hot water. Also put one or two drops of the following in the eye twice a day: Atrophine sulph. 2grs., water ½oz. Mix.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Towards the Setting Sun.

'Tis said that every land has its season, a time when nature smiles in all her scenic beauty. Mexico and California have opened their doors for the winter travel that seeks a milder and more genial clime. The Southern Railway, "Piedmont Air Line," in connection with the Southern Pacific, via New Orleans, offers the most attractive route. Taking a southerly course, no snow or ice, where the winds are soft and mellow, and the very air coaxes one to revel among the thousand charms of nature. The Southern Pullman Vestibuled Limited, operated solid between New York and New Orleans the year round, is one of the finest equipped vestibuled trains, carrying dining and sleeping cars, and, after Nov. 9, the Sunset Limited will resume its schedules to connect, thus giving the most superb service between New York and the Pacific Coast. For further information call or address General Eastern Office Southern Railway, 271 Broadway.—*Adv.*

Woven Wire Fencing.

THE Page Woven Wire Fence Co., Adrian, Mich., publishes a monthly illustrated paper called *The Coiled Spring Hustler*, which gives a lot of breezy information regarding the merits of their product. This will be sent free of charge to farmers or others interested in fencing.

From various articles in the September issue it appears that neither buffalo, elk, cattle, horses, mules, fallen trees, fire, freshets nor battering rams can get the better of this wonderful fence, which gives to the onslaught only to spring back into shape immediately afterward taut as a bow string.

The Page people believe that the Iron Age has passed, and that only steel is good enough for progressive property owners nowadays.—*Adv.*

Wild Rice.

R. VALENTINE, Janesville, Wis., has a good supply of wild rice seed his year.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page x.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

THE FORESTRY AMENDMENT.

IF the people of the State of New York shall vote away the integrity and security of the Adirondack Forest Preserve now guaranteed by the Constitution, it will be because the voters fail to realize what they are doing. Important as are the other issues at stake in the election, let us not be blinded as to this one, nor be deceived into the thought that it is not of momentous concern.

Section 7 of Article VII. of the new Constitution reads:

"FOREST PRESERVE.—SEC. 7. The lands of the State, now owned or hereafter acquired, constituting the Forest Preserve as now fixed by law, shall be forever kept as wild forest lands. They shall not be leased, sold or exchanged, or be taken by any corporation, public or private; nor shall the timber thereon be sold, removed or destroyed."

That declaration of the sentiment of the State was adopted with an unanimity which broke into applause in the Constitutional Convention; the measure was accorded a reception such as for warmth and enthusiasm and unqualified indorsement was given to none other of the thirty-three amendments adopted. It was the deliberate, definitive, determined decision of the citizens of the State—who had seen their trusts betrayed, their birthright sold for a mess of pottage, their woodlands given over to vandals, robbers and despoilers, to be felled by the axe, drowned out by back-waters, scourged by fire, inclosed in vast areas in wire fences and shut off by trespass signs—that from that time forth the betrayal and robbery should cease; and that as for the Legislature, it should no longer have the power to yield to the demands and persuasions of private and corporate greed. The act of rescue came fifty years late; but when the people did adopt it they meant it; and they meant it for just what it says and for all it says, that "the lands of the Forest Preserve shall be kept forever as wild forest lands They shall not be leased, sold or exchanged "

That declaration embodies public opinion and represents the public interest. But, needless to say, it does not suit the scheming individuals who are hungering for their old-time license to use public property for their own personal advantage; and these intriguers have now come forward with a cool proposition that the people of the State shall retract their will, as expressed in the forestry section of the Constitution, by amending that section to read as follows:

"SEC. 7. The lands of the State, now owned or hereafter acquired constituting the Forest Preserve as now fixed by law, shall be forever kept as wild forest lands. Except as authorized by this section, they shall not be leased, sold or exchanged, to be taken by any corporation, public or private; nor shall the timber thereon be sold, removed or destroyed. The Legislature may authorize the leasing for such term as it may by law fix of a parcel of not more than five acres of land in the Forest Preserve to any one person for camp and cottage purposes. The Legislature may also authorize the exchange of lands owned by the State situate outside the Forest Preserve, for lands not owned by the State situate within the Forest Preserve The Legislature may also authorize the sale of lands belonging to the State situate outside the forest preserve; but the money so obtained shall not be used except for the purchase of lands situate within the Forest Preserve, and which, when so purchased, shall become a part of the Forest Freserve."

The end sought to be gained by this amendment is wholly and purely private, personal and selfish in character, and contrary to the rights of the public in the public's own possessions. The intention is to open the way to hand over the choice locations of the Adirondacks for camp and cottage purposes. It contemplates a free and unrestricted leasing of lands, in a ratio of 5 to 1—five acres to one person. The number of leases is unlimited; in practice it will be restricted only by the number of choice locations to be picked out and the number of people who are willing to take something for nothing and pick them out. There is no limit as to the duration of the leases; they are to run for such terms as the Legislature may fix; and there being nothing in this proposed amendment to forbid, the Legislature may fix them for one hundred years. The whole intent and effect of the amendment is and its practical effect would be again to place the conservancy of our forest lands in the hands of the Legislature, where again and again experience has shown such interests to be unsafe. The teaching of the past, as exemplified in repeated instances, is that if left to itself the Legislature cannot be depended upon to preserve to the people their right in the public lands when such rights are invaded by individuals or corporations for their own personal aggrandizement.

President Amsden, of the New York Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, in his protest against the adoption of this amendment, likens the proposed invasion of the Adirondacks by individuals to a giving over of the city of New York's Central Park to private squatters. The history of the Central Park shows what is to be expected from the Albany Legislature when it comes to a question of protecting park for the people. On more than one occasion the citizens of New York have had to take the Legislature by the throat to prevent its giving over Central Park to uses other than public; the last occasion was only last year, when if left to themselves the Senate and Assembly would have given permission to a company of showmen to cover the lower end of the park with exposition buildings.

It was precisely because the Legislature had connived at legalized despoiling of the North Woods that the citizens of the Commonwealth determined once and for ever to take from it by this constitutional enactment the power for further mischief. Security of the people's heritage in the Adirondack forests is to be preserved only by keeping intact the constitutional prohibition of selling, exchanging or leasing the public lands. The amendment proposed to nullify the section should be overwhelmingly defeated next Tuesday. Every vote will count; it will not be enough to avoid casting a ballot; a negative vote should be registered. Mark the "No" of the forestry amendment space on the ballot. Save the forests. Preserve them to the people, to whom they belong. Repeat again and with the emphasis of a full vote the former declaration that the wild lands of the Forest Preserve "shall not be leased, sold or exchanged."

It is not in the least an occasion of surprise that the President of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission should favor the proposed amendment. The same official signalized his coming into office by advocating the pernicious bill, which became a law, to permit the sale of game the year around. His advocacy of the measure, he tells us, is prompted by a belief that "the forestry interests of the State require the adoption of the amendment," but the only "forestry interests" set forth in his special pleading are the private interests of individuals who are already intrenched in occupancy of the public domain, and for whom he urges that, having already been granted special privileges in the past, they should continue to enjoy them in the future. The counsel of President Davis in this instance is not a whit less unsafe than was his counsel as to the all-the-year-around sale of game amendment; and his opinion should be given no weight in an intelligent consideration of either one subject or the other.

That part of the proposed amendment which relates to the sale and exchange of lands "within the Forest Preserve" and lands "outside the Forest Preserve" is a hocus-pocus. There is nothing now in the Constitution to forbid the sale of lands "outside the Forest Preserve," nor anything to forbid the acquiring of lands "within the Forest Preserve." There is therefore no necessity of any amendment in this respect. The only effect of the amendment if it should be adopted would be to throw the public lands into the possession of individuals, and to multiply the trespass signs which already confront the Adirondack visitor at almost every turn. The provision might well be entitled "An Act to Shut Out the People from their Own Lands." If the voters understand this job for what it is, they will defeat it next Tuesday for all time.

THE HEATH HEN AGAIN.

IN response to an inquiry by Mr. C. H. Ames for information respecting the heath hen of Martha's Vineyard, a Boston correspondent gives us as the fruit of his own observation some particulars respecting the present condition of those birds. In connection with his very interesting communication we print also an account sent to the naturalist Audubon in the year 1832, describing the heath hen as then found in the same haunts. In these letters, written thus with an interval of more than sixty years, a noteworthy parallel is found in the fact that each writer records that within the term covered by his own observation the supply of the game was lessening.

As we have remarked before, the persistence of the heath hen on Martha's Vineyard is one of the most interesting phenomena in the history of American game birds. The total number of these grouse on their circumscribed island home must always have been comparatively insignificant, and they appear to have been pursued by man from the beginning, with an at least periodically recurring reduction of the supply by over-shooting; and yet they have maintained themselves, and are found to-day in a stock which gives promise of surviving indefinitely if it shall be given fair opportunity.

One condition which unquestionably contributed to the security of the heath hen was found in its immunity from destruction by vermin. This favorable circumstance no longer exists; for within recent years foxes have been introduced into Martha's Vineyard. They were liberated on the island out of revenge; and are likely to prove as mischievous as did the foxes of ancient time which that other avenger, Samson, let go with firebrands tied to their tails in the corn of the Philistines; or as the pickerel which a malevolent Adirondack guide planted in the trout waters of his enemy.

Nature is kinder than man to her children. By a merciful provision the birds adapt themselves to changed conditions; learn how to evade new agencies which menace their existence, and to maintain their race in the face of unaccustomed perils. Thus ground-nesting species confronted by prowling vermin may learn in course of time to build their nests in trees, and there lay their eggs and rear their young in security. But against man—the pursuer who walks on the ground, digs into the earth, climbs into the trees, floats on the water, reaches with his missiles into the air—no creature, be it swift footed or winged, can maintain itself; that is to say, if it be good to eat and will fetch a price in the market. When one comes to study the history of the heath hen in America no fact presents itself more distinctly and irrefutably than this, that the bird was exterminated from its old-time ranges by no other agency than market-hunting. There has been preserved for us very explicit testimony concerning this fact in one particular section, the brush plains of Long Island. "From one learn all."

A letter written by Dr. Samuel L. Mitchill, of New York, to Alexander Wilson in the year 1810 records than the heath hen of Long Island then inhabited chiefly a district of from forty to fifty miles in length and not more than six or seven in width, in Queens and Suffolk counties, which country, being covered with a growth of pitch pines, dwarf oaks and shrubs, was commonly known as "the brushy plains." In Dr. Mitchill's time thousands of cords of firewood were brought annually from these barrens to New York city, and experience having proved that in a term of forty or fif years the new growth of timber would be fit for the axe Dr. Mitchill prognosticated that the city would "probably for ages derive fuel from the grouse grounds," and that "the reproduction of trees, and the protection they afford to the heath hens, would be perpetual, or, in other words, not circumscribed by any calculable time, provided the persecutors of the latter would be quiet."

To be quiet, however, was the very last thing in the world the persecutors of the birds proposed for themselves, as Dr. Mitchill himself appears to have realized. They had not the slightest interest in "perpetual protection" for the heath hens; there was money for them in the birds dead; and they were influenced as little by sentimentality as by the law. For there was law enough to protect the birds even then, if the law had been of any avail. In 1795 the Legislature enacted a law which forbade the killing of heath hens in Suffolk or Queens counties between April 1 and Oct. 5 under a penalty of $2.50. But by 1810 the market price had risen to from $3.75 to $5 per brace; and so eager was the pursuit, Dr. Mitchill records, "that a large proportion of those they kill are but a few months old, and have not attained their complete growth." He adds:

Notwithstanding the protection of the law, it is very common to disregard it. The retired nature of the situation favors this. It is well understood that an arrangement can be made which will blind and silence informers, and that the gun is fired with impunity for weeks before the time prescribed in the act. To prevent this unfair and unlawful practice, an association was formed a few years ago, under the title of the Brush Club, with the express and avowed intention of enforcing the game law. Little benefit, however, had resulted from its laudable exertions; and under a conviction that it was impossible to keep the poachers away, the society declined. At present the statute may be considered as operating very little toward their preservation. Grouse, especially full-grown ones, are becoming less frequent. Their numbers are gradually diminishing and, assailed as they are on all sides almost without cessation, their scarcity may be viewed as foreboding their eventual extermination.

The Long Island Brush Club must have been one of the pioneer game protective societies of this country. When we consider how feeble in supply was the heath hen, how precarious its hold on existence, how unique its place among the game birds of the continent, we may well regret the lack of success which attended the club's efforts in its behalf.

The Sportsman Tourist.

IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

In November of 1856 I sailed from Edgartown, Mass., on a whaling voyage to the Indian Ocean. We proceeded on our way without unusual incident (save the capture of a few small sperm whales in the south Atlantic) until we reached the Crozett Islands, 46° south latitude, 52° east longitude, in the southern Indian Ocean.

While cruising in the vicinity of those islands for right whales we approached so near the land one day that a small herd of sea elephants were discovered, hauled out on a sandy beach in a sheltered nook on the otherwise bold and rocky shores.

We killed a few and took the blubber to the ship. It was decided to return the following day to kill the remainder, about 100 in number, which task would take two days to accomplish; we would then raft the blubber, tow it off shore (the ship standing close to land for this purpose) and take our catch on board. With this understanding we were on the following morning landed with thirteen men, provisions for three or four days, and implements for killing the animals and caring for the blubber.

After we were put on shore the boats on returning to the ship encountered a whale, which was killed and taken to the ship and cut-in, while we of the shore party were busily engaged in killing and removing the blubber from the large seal-like creatures. Soon after a dense fog came on, and this was succeeded by many furious gales, which drove the ship far to the eastward, while we of the shore party looked for the ship's return and looked in vain for twenty-two days. On the morning of the twenty-third day the joyful sound of "Sail, ho!" was heard from the hill top. The ship was far away and the wind was light, but we at once began to make ready to save the blubber for which we had worked so hard. The day was far advanced when the ship rounded the island, and boats were sent ashore to assist in saving our catch. Darkness was rapidly coming on, and with it a storm arose, and before the ship could reach us we were compelled to abandon our raft of blubber to the sea birds and devote all energies to the task of saving our own lives. Unfortunately the lanterns, such as are carried in whale boats, had been removed during the late storms, and we had no means of letting the people on the ship know our position. It was a critical moment; and at last as the ship was approaching we saw that she was luffing off shore. I now told the men our only chance of life was to make those on the ship hear us and make known our presence. The order was given and all united in one prolonged cry, which was happily heard, and an answering call came faintly over the foaming billows. The ship was kept off and came to under our lee (which made it easy for us to get on board), the maintopsail was hauled back to check the ship's progress, and soon we were treading the deck of our ocean home.

The sea elephant which we found at this island was about 16ft. long, with a thick, heavy skin, covered with short, dark-brown hair, the eye full and bright, the forepaws or pectoral fins short and fleshy, the lateral or propelling flippers like those of the sea lion, walrus and some other cetaceans; powerful jaws, and strong, large canine teeth. The appearance of the creature denotes great strength. Its movements on land are sluggish, yet in the water they are very active and rapid swimmers. Our method of killing was by shooting. The creature was pricked with a lance, when it would raise its head to a height of 7 or 8ft. and with mouth wide open utter a hoarse, guttural cry. When it was in this position a ball was shot through the brain, entering the roof of the mouth and coming out the top of the head. Death was instantaneous, the head falling to the ground like the fall of a trip-hammer.

When lying on the beach the elephants formed a compact mass, in many instances one overlapping another; in this position, it seemed, their desire for sleep was intense. When we had shot as many as we wished at one time the rest would lie down and contentedly sleep while we were at work only a few feet away. Even the sound of the gun would only disturb those nearest, and not a single attempt to escape was made, although they were unguarded by night. The name of sea elephant was probably given these animals because of a loose membrane which lies folded across the nose halfway to the eyes, and which can be relaxed and dropped down below the nose like a short proboscis; but the usual appearance of the appendage is as if folded across the nose, and when the beast is irritated the membrane is inflated there and the breath can be expelled through it, making a peculiar noise.

The herd which we found on the island were all males, and had come to land to shed their hair, and kill the vermin which infest all the inhabitants of the sea that have a covering of hair or fur; all the sea birds suffer too, for they cannot escape the parasites which lie in wait for every living thing; the whale kind, having a smooth cuticle, suffer the least of all the inhabitants of the great deep.

In the stomach no food was found; they had been on land so long that all the food had been digested; doubtless squid and fish form their principal diet.

Previous to my visit, large vessels were fitted expressly for the South Seas to capture the sea elephant for the oil. Kerguelen Land, Hurds Island and many other localities were the breeding grounds for vast herds; and when we remember their great bulk and the large amount of food required to sustain the life of a single individual for one year, then we can calculate the enormous amount of fish, and what fishing banks there must be in those regions. For the last twenty-five years the sea elephants have been but seldom disturbed, and they are now doubtless increasing in numbers; but man, the relentless destroyer of animal life, when he finds a further use for these animals (either their oil or pelt), will again begin the crusade, and cease not until he has girdled the earth in his search.

At the time of my visit multitudes of penguin were congregated on the island in the moulting season, and it seemed as if every available spot was literally packed with these strange birds. To pass through the masses of penguin it is necessary to brush them aside with one's foot, for not an inch will the penguin yield to the approach of man; but stand their ground and pick at him with their pointed bills, uttering hoarse though loud cries, repeated by tens upon tens of thousands of penguin voices. Should the intruder's legs be not well protected, the flesh will often be wounded by the persistent attack of the squalling hordes. It tries the nerves of the strongest man to pass through an army of these birds.

I have never visited the home of the penguin at nesting time, when it is said they lay out the ground like a city with streets and squares; yet it seems more than likely that something of the kind may be practiced; for when the birds come from the cold waters of the ocean and crowd through the nesting ground, the cold water dripping on the warm eggs would destroy them; therefore they have learned that streets are a necessity where such multitudes are coming from and going to the ocean, which is at all times cold. It is said that the male bird brings food to the female during incubation, but I cannot vouch for this.

As is well known, these birds cannot fly, since there are no feathers on their wings, but a tough black skin instead. But they are like fish in the water, and it was very interesting to watch their landing when they come ashore through the huge breakers. As the wave comes rolling landward, the penguin swims before it until the broken water comes close; then it faces off shore, dives under the comber, and like a flash comes up on the billow and rides swiftly to land on the top of the wave. When on land the penguin stands so erect that he has the appearance of being in danger of falling over backward.

On the island we also found a small white land bird, variously named the sheath-bill, white Paddy, and by us 2:40, because they were so fleet of foot. When we first went on shore they would run before us with scarcely an attempt to fly unless hardly pressed, and then only for a short distance; yet we often saw them coming from seaward, though they are not web-footed. Their cry is like the peep of a lost chicken. They were very inquisitive. Once, when far from camp I sat down to rest beneath a shelving rock which projected a little over my head, in a few moments the peep of the little sheath-bill was heard overhead. I looked and there were the red eyes looking inquiringly down upon me. Quietly raising my hand, I caught it by the legs. Its cries soon brought more, which were caught in the same way, until I had as many as I wished to carry over the rough road I had to travel.

After leaving this island we kept on our eastward course to the islands of St. Paul and Amsterdam, which lie about midway of the Indian Ocean on the old track of vessels bound from the Cape of Good Hope to Australia, and more than 2,000 miles of longitude from either and 700 miles from Kerguelen Island to the S.W.

St. Paul is a most lovely spot. It is in reality a volcano thrown up from the great depths of ocean. On the eastern side is a large crater, the wall of which has worn away by the action of the sea until a passage has been made for the ebb and flow of the ocean tide. At the period of my visits there was sufficient water on the bar at the narrow entrance (about 6ft. mean tides) to allow the passage of small vessels into the crater basin, where a perfectly safe shelter is found. This is utilized by the sturdy fishermen of the isles of France and Burbon for headquarters of a fishery. The harbor is about two miles in circumference and nearly circular in outline, having a depth of more than thirty fathoms in the center, gradually shoaling to the shore. The walls of the crater rise to a height of over 700ft., and form the highest part of the land. The island is two and one-half miles from north to south by one and one-half miles wide, is triangular in form, with its longest angle facing the east, midway of which is situated Crater harbor. The entrance to the harbor is only about 90ft. wide. As one stands in the crater of this volcano the thought comes to us that it once vomited forth sulphurous flame, molten lava and ashes of earth's internal fires, yet now it has become the seat of a peaceful industry. Hot springs are numerous along the shores of the basin; one tested by us gave a temperature of 212° F. On the right of entrance stands a rock called Nine-pin Rock. The early navigators report seeing fire issuing from the seams and rifts in the walls of the crater at night, and when this island was last visited by me steam was constantly rising from this same place.

Kelp and other seaweeds, as they are commonly called, grow in profusion around the island, and this dense growth of marine vegetation is the home of a variety of fine food fish. Crayfish were so abundant that an iron hoop, with netting stretched over it, baited with fish and let down on the bottom for a short time, would when drawn up contain a bushel or more of these crustaceans piled one upon another.

The Island of Amsterdam, situated sixty miles to the north of St. Paul's, is much the largest of the two, and has an elevation of over 2,000ft. It rises abruptly from the sea on the west, a perpendicular wall for 300 or 400ft., then rises gradually to its highest point, then slopes toward the east, where it is not much above the sea level.

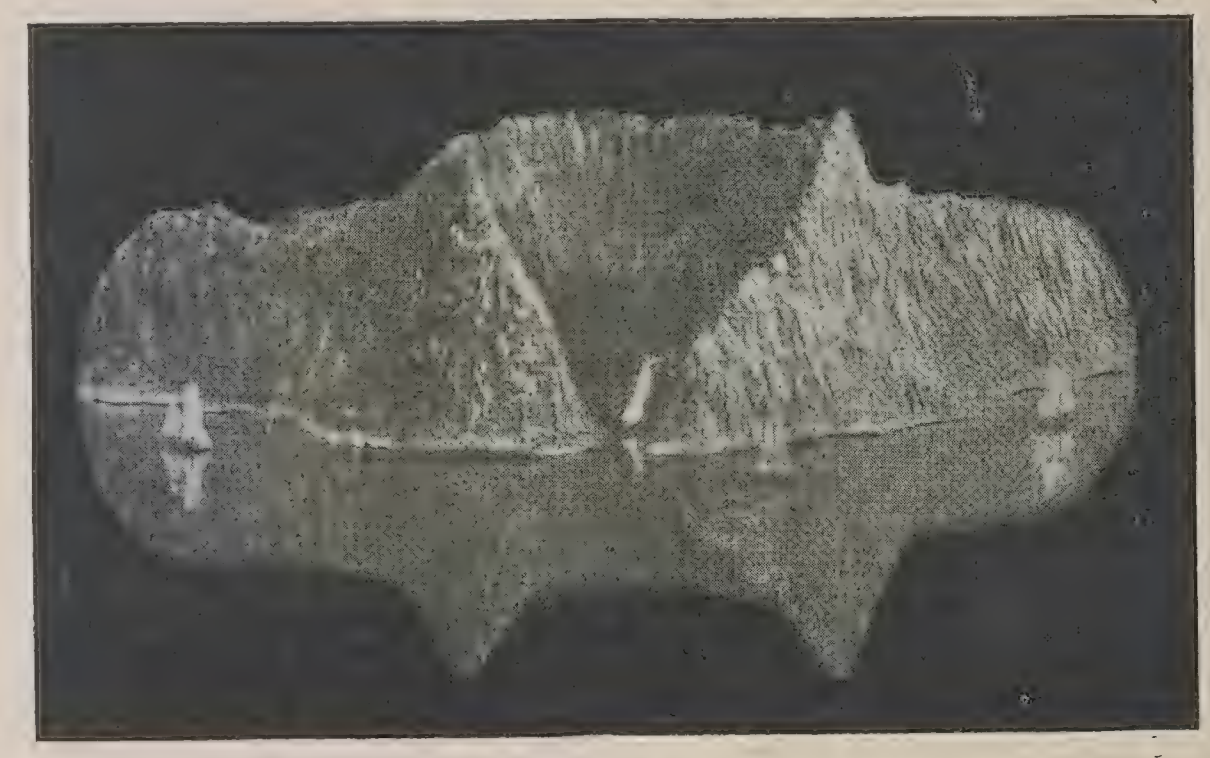
Fish are very abundant in the shallow waters around the island. The seaweeds here, as elsewhere, are a remarkable growth; in many instances they are several hundred feet in length, yet not larger than a common lead pencil is the stem which reaches down and grasps the bottom. It is quite strong, and we always tied our boats to it when fishing instead of using an anchor.

This island, just before my first visit, was the scene of a very remarkable shipwreck. In the year 1851 or 1852 an emigrant ship from England bound for Australia ran ashore on the west end in a dense fog. The weather was boisterous and the ship quickly broke up, yet every one on board got on shore, where they found themselves on a shelf (as it were) of rock, with a perpendicular cliff of solid stone before them more than 200ft. high.

To scale the cliff was impossible, and they had no boat. On either hand the cliff jutted out into the sea. There was no way to get around the point but by swimming. Two men volunteered to make the attempt, and succeeded, taking with them a quantity of small line. The brave fellows at length reached a place where they could get on the top of the island, then they went back to the cliffs that imprisoned their comrades. Their appearance on the precipice above was hailed with shouts of joy, and when the little line was lowered down, and communication was established between those above and those below, what a burden of suspense must have been taken from them. There was glad activity among them all; the small line drew to the top a larger one, more men were drawn to the top, more ropes were raised and more appliances got in position, and the work of rescue went happily on, and at last on the second day all were rescued from their perilous position. Some provisions too were saved and raised to the top.

On the third day a sail was seen approaching. Now, if they could attract the attention of those on the ship they would surely be rescued. Large quantities of grass and brush were gathered and set on fire, a great smoke rose heavenward, and after a while it was seen that the ship had changed her course directly for the island, and at last she approached near enough to see the flag which had been raised. The colors on the ship were dipped in encouragement, and all knew that their rescue was now a matter of detail. The women and children were taken to the low part of the island, where they could be embarked to the rescuing ship, and the entire company was saved.

I am sorry to have forgotten the name of the wrecked ship or her rescuer. The number of people was between 300 and 400, crew and passengers. Five years later we saw the ropes dangling from the cliff, marking the spot where once so many lives had been in peril, yet fortunately without the loss of a single one. Taking into account the position of the shipwreck, the isolated part of the world in which it occurred, and all the circumstances, I count it as the most fortunate shipwreck that ever came to my knowledge.



CRATER HARBOR—ST. PAUL ISLAND.

From model prepared under the direction of Capt. Herendeen.

The fur seals were found on these islands before man made war upon them so effectually that scarcely a specimen can be found where they were once abundant. The whalemen also found lucrative employment in the capture of the whale in this vicinity, but at present the hardy fishermen alone visit the place to prosecute their vocation.

The albatross of these high southern regions is a most interesting bird. Its great size and magnificent, soaring flight make it an object of continual interest. The seaman when he looks over the broad expanse of ocean and sees these winged wanderers of the deep, the only sign of life for many days in succession, at length begins to look upon them as companions which are not to be molested, or at least not injured. Many ship masters will not allow them to be caught at all. So persistent is their attendance on a whale ship that the individual birds often become known by some marks and are given names. When the ship is becalmed the albatross is easily caught with a hook baited with a piece of pork or blubber. This floats and is eagerly picked up by the bird; a quick pull on the line fastens the hook in the curve of the horny beak, and the bird is not hurt at all. The sailors rob the birds of some very pretty feathers, of which there are but few, found under the wings, and the bird is then set free.

My sister, Mrs. Lake, who sailed with her husband for fourteen voyages, relates the following incident as witnessed by her: One day after a long continued gale there were a great many birds around the ship, albatross, petrel (or Mother Cary's chickens, as the sailors love to call them), and many other sea birds. One huge albatross sat on the water for a long time with a Mother Cary's chicken sitting contentedly on its back. No one on the ship had ever seen such companionship before; neither

have I witnessed such a sight in several years' cruising in the southern oceans. The petrel is a strange little fellow, always on the wing during the hours of daylight—and in those high southern latitudes the days are long in summer—yet I have never seen one sit on the water to rest or for any other purpose. It holds its position near the ship in the strongest gales and hovers near the water with its little web feet, constantly treading the water with the lee foot, which helps it to hold its position against the force of the wind. It seems impossible that any living thing can do without rest or sleep, yet certainly this little bird can do with the least of either of any creature known to me.

The whale ship is a veritable storehouse of good things for the ocean birds. When a whale is taken and cut-in, a thousand choice morsels are cut off and float around for them to pick up. The albatross does not hesitate to attack the carcass and to fight for his share; and often in such numbers as to be a source of annoyance to the officers using the spades. Again during the process of trying out the oil from the blubber, quantities of scraps and lean cut from the blubber are thrown over the ship's side into the water, and this is a continual feast for the birds. The albatross gathers up the largest pieces, the mollemokes and haglets take all the larger, while the little petrel, hovering here and there on tireless wing, seems content with the finest particles that float upon the surface of the water.

There is another reason why the birds congregate around a whale ship. When on cruising ground at night the ship is put under short sail, so that very little headway is made; and the birds can sit on the water and often swim along as fast as the ship moves, or at least a few strokes of the wings will bring them alongside. Every tub of refuse thrown overboard is a signal for all to come to the feast, and it is remarkable how well they know the sound of dumping gurry. During the night a large, bright light is kept burning to light up the deck to facilitate the work, and this lights up the sea around as well. I have often seen the albatross, when the ship was hove-to, hover or rather soar very near the ship, peering down upon the deck as if seeking to learn if there was any blubber on board, often passing very near the yardarms. There is not a movement of the wings as the great birds scale along, and one can but watch and admire their graceful movements.

When one remembers the vast expanse of ocean in this southern part of the world it is very evident that we of northern latitudes can scarcely comprehend the great difference between the two hemispheres.

In the south the parallel of 40° passes to the south of the Cape of Good Hope, Australia, the North Island of New Zealand and all of South America, excepting Patagonia, Tierra del Fuego and adjacent islands. South of the parallel of 50° south latitude, with the exception of a small fragment of Patagonia, Tierra del Fuego and the adjacent islands, Falkland Islands included, not a human being has an habitation and home. How great an expanse of ocean is found to the south of 40° south latitude is readily seen by referring to the map of that region. If there be a body of land in the south it lies almost entirely within the Antartic Circle.

A little south of the parallel of 50° one can sail entirely around the globe with the exception the south end of South America—Patagonia—without seeing land. In contrast to this, in the northern half of the world to the north of 50° some of the greatest capitals of Europe are found: London, Brussels, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Christiania, Stockholm, with Paris not one degree to the south of this parallel, and man is found almost as far as land extends.

Such a contrast as this cannot fail to impress one with the vastness and solitude of the great circumpolar southern ocean. If there be a continent within the Antartic Circle it has been reached by few and only in isolated places, where it was difficult to determine if the land was a group of islands or a large body of land. Such enormous fields of ice guard the approach to high southern latitudes that navigation is extremely perilous. But high volcanic peaks have been seen beyond the verge of this unknown region, and these alone proclaim the fact that land does exist beyond the farthest point reached by man.

E. P. HERENDEEN.

Florida Protective Interests.

SPORTSMEN in Jacksonville will make test cases of violations of the game law. This is the only proper way to make the law effective. It is unlawful to trap quail during any season of the year, or to have live birds of this species in one's possession, yet they are openly offered for sale in this city. In extenuation of this fact, excuses have been made that the birds in certain instances were shipped from Georgia, the season in that State opening fifteen days before the Florida season; but it is doubtful if this subterfuge will hold in the courts, as the mere fact of possessing the living or dead bodies of game constitutes a misdemeanor in the eyes of the law until the open period begins, and subsequent to its close.

The State of New York found itself compelled to close the game season entirely for a period of years, and to strictly enforce the prohibitory law during its operation. Unless trapping, pot-hunting, and shooting out of time is suppressed in Florida, a similar enaction must ultimately be made in this State. The true sportsman desires the preservation of game, and the shorter the open season the better he is suited, because he realizes the necessity for providing against the rapid extinction of the species embraced in the laws.

The present statute is incomplete, and at the last session of the Legislature amounted to simply a temporary compromise accepted rather than the total death of the measure. Next year it is hoped that the lawmakers will realize the gravity of emphatic action in the premises, and perfect measures that will insure the protection of the game birds and animals of the State.

The press of Florida is unanimously in favor of stringent game statutes, and every paper published in the State should take up this matter and present it to the people in a light that will convince them of the necessity for concerted action.—*Jacksonville Times-Union.*

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

IN THE CASCADES.

The Waldo Lake Country.—I.

IT has been said that years and experience bring wisdom. While this may be true as a general proposition, observation will hardly warrant such a presumption in favor of the sportsman. At least he is prone to forget the admonitions of sad experience, and while always promising reformation continues to plan new trips into remote and untrodden regions. Some of the greatest gillies within the limited range of my acquaintance are old, rheumatic, worn-out sports. One of these is sitting right here at this desk now reviewing unnecessary hardships and privations endured by himself and certain other less aged but equally guileless sports on a recent trip for big game in the Cascades. One would naturally think that nearly forty years of almost incessant hunting and fishing ought to make a fellow just a little bit discreet about undertaking these arduous mountain trips, even if his general sense and judgment have not been benefited. On the contrary, it seems that we old sports get fooler and fooler as the years roll by.

In other words, nature has coquetted with us fellows so long that we have come to imagine that she loves us as well as we love her, and that a dream so sweet, so long enjoyed, can never, never be destroyed; and so we hang on like a puppy to a root, shutting our eyes to the consequences. What makes old age so sad is not that our joys, but that our hopes, cease.

However all this may be, Sept. 19, 1896, found four Portland sportsman: J. Roberts Mead, S. M. Mears, Jim Christy and the writer, not by accident, but premeditatedly and with malice aforethought, on board a Southern Pacific flyer bound for the happy hunting grounds about Mt. Jefferson in the Cascade range. We were to go first to Albany, eighty miles south; thence by the Oregon Central to its eastern terminus, Detroit, some sixty miles; thence find our way as best we could to Waldo Lake, somewhere up in the mountains fifteen or twenty miles northeasterly. Christy and Mears had only a month before returned from the headwaters of the Clackamas by way of Waldo Lake, and while their ideas were not of the most definite character regarding the way back to that country, and while each seemed to regard it as his bounden duty to antagonize the other's views and opinions about every other possible proposition, there was a pleasing if not rather remarkable unanimity in their expressions regarding the bounteous game and fish possibilities of the Waldo Lake country. Mead and I had it for breakfast, dinner and supper, and the fact that a proposition had been presented about which these two worthies fully agreed dispelled all doubt in our credulous minds.

We had left Portland soon after daylight in the morning and arrived at Detroit as the shades of night were settling down and over the "roaring Santiam." A wonderful country this! but then all mountain countries are wonderful, and one never tires of the kaleidoscopic phantasmagoria which nature delights here to present. But the Santiam, even in this country of wonders, is known far and wide as the "roaring Santiam," which of itself raises the presumption that it is rather unusually large and weird.

The end of telegraphic communication is at Gates, twenty miles short of Detroit, which indicates something of the character of the country.

You know it is a pretty ambitious railroad these days that can go where a telegraph line cannot accompany it. A railroad that can stick to the Santiam for fifty miles right up into the Cascades ought to be well sudsidized, for it is not likely to be very well patronized. But some day this line will push on through the great Cascades and become part of a great continental line which will need no subsidy.

My hair seemed to sit up a little uneasily at some points on the road, and I am quite sure that it doesn't come up on as small provocation as it used to. I asked the conductor about accidents on the road. "Oh, yes," he replied, "we have accidents every now and then, of course, but we fellows have got out without a scratch so far. The other day the jar of the engine brought down a cliff upon us, mashing the engine all up, but we fellows didn't get hurt." After a pause he added: "The great danger isn't so much from rocks as from trees. They start down from somewhere over in Clackamas county, I guess, and when they get down here they knock this railroad into a pretzel, I tell you, and we have to make a report to headquarters." All this was encouraging to a nervous temperament. I relapsed into silence, mentally soliloquized upon my past deeds and misdeeds, and wished that the infernal old engine wore moccasins, and that the peregrinating Clackamas trees would be "chained to business" at home, for that day at least. Resignedly I awaited our arrival at Detroit, or the arrival from Clackamas county, as the case might be.

But we reached Detroit all right. We knew that we were there, for the engine whistle had blown long and loud and we had come to a full stop.

I wonder if the hotel proprietor at Detroit properly appreciates the value of whistles in his business and feels duly thankful to the inventor. It was the whistle more than anything else that convinced our crowd that we had arrived at Detroit. We looked out of the car windows at the roaring Santiam on the right and the hurricane decks of the lofty mountains on the left. Then we looked inquiringly at each other.

The engine had cut loose and hitched up a rod or so, as if just a little bit ashamed to be caught asleep in company with the solitary, dilapidated, superannuated appendage occupied by us, and all hands seemed to have taken to the woods. Nevertheless we found an excellent supper awaiting us, and later on we found good beds—all but Christy.

The supper suited him all right enough, but he was touchy and finical about little things he found in his bed to an extent hardly becoming so thorough and accomplished a mountaineer. When reminded of this weak spot in his otherwise manly character he roared out the rejoinder that he would rather fight a bear by day than a bug by night. This fighting business is simply a matter of taste, and Mears, just to be contrary of course, said that he preferred to exhibit his courage at the hotel and would take his in bugs. Mead and I, accustomed as we were to the attacks of the Molalla experts, paid little attention to these rural amateurs. We are still ready to back the Molalla fleas and bugs.

Of course the hotel was crowded to overflowing with timber men, cruisers and the like, and the evening was spent in a general discussion of the Waldo Lake country. To the best of my recollection, no two agreed about the distance to the lake, its size, or the best way to reach it.

It is doubtful whether two men in the room outside of Mears and Christy had ever seen the lake, but there wasn't one in the room that couldn't, in his own estimation, give all the rest cards and spades on any proposition concerning it. A Mr. Fox, an elderly, observing, quiet gentleman, had helped to survey the west line of the Warm Springs Indian reservation, and undoubtedly knew more about the lake country than all the others combined, except Christy and Mears. Neither of these gentlemen took issue with Mr. Fox on any important point, for obvious reasons; but they made it very tropical for each other, and as they both insisted that they never made a mistake in their lives, and each entertained a diametrically opposite view of the situation in all its details from that entertained by the other, we were treated to a marvelous exhibition of linguistic landscape painting which none enjoyed better than Mead and myself. He and I were treated as ignorant noncombatants, and we quietly absorbed the doubtful benefits.

Now, if there is any one particular thing that Christy plumes himself upon it is his Irish ancestry, and if there is any one particular thing that Mears dearly loves to taunt him about it is that same. So it need not be surprising that the philological wind-up, or, as they say in pyrotechnics, the final piece, arose out of this fact. A question had arisen, been heatedly discussed and finally submitted to Mr. Fox for decision. Mr. Fox decided the vexed question in Christy's favor and braced his decision by some reference to a gentleman with him at the time he made his observations. The temptation was too strong for Christy and he jumped to his feet and proudly exclaimed: "I'll bet that that man was an Irishman." Of course all eyes were turned to Fox and he felt called upon to say something, and he mildly answered: "No, he was a white man!" To say that Mears rolled upon the floor in exultation would be an insult to his dignity, but we all thoroughly enjoyed the situation except Christy and poor Fox. The latter readily perceived that he had made a box of it and added, in his quiet way: "I am an Irishman myself, boys!" The blaze in Christy's eyes died down, the laughter subsided and all went to bed in good humor.

S. H. GREENE.

PORTLAND, Ore.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Natural History.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD HEATH HEN.

HAVING visited Martha's Vineyard every season during the past twelve years, and during the time spent there a large portion has always been devoted to my rod and gun, I will endeavor to give such information as I possess in reply to the inquiry of Mr. Ames in FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 12, as I have failed to notice any answer thereto save the concise and interesting one by the editor.

Opportunities to observe the habits of the heath hen were more frequent several years ago than they are at present, but I seldom took notice of the birds then, except that when they were startled by the roadside I would mentally calculate the chances of success or failure to bring them down with a gun. During the past five years, since the ruffed grouse became more abundant and inclination directed my footsteps to the field rather than to my boat, I realized that the bird was rapidly becoming extinct, as I could not fail to notice while walking or driving that fewer and fewer of the birds were seen in each succeeding year.

I frequently took my dogs for company on a Sunday, and selecting some old, unused wood road, have followed it to that part of the island locally designated as the "plains," the home of the heath hen.

Arriving at an open spot, the dogs would be ordered to "get away." With a bound they obeyed; with head high in air and every evidence of enjoyment they ranged as wide as they could see the signals given for their direction. A point would sometimes be rewarded by the starting of a belated woodcock apparently out of his element; but frequently the heath hens were found. As they lie very close for the dog, it was an easy matter to approach very close, where I would remain several minutes to observe their actions—as long as I considered prudent for the patience of the dogs. When they were flushed away they flew, generally alighting together an eighth of a mile or so away. The growth in the more open country consists of huckleberry and sweet fern bushes, wild cranberry and checkerberry vines. The heath hens are extremely fond of the cranberries and checkerberries.

The larger part of the plains is covered with a tangled growth of scrub oak from 3 to 20ft. high and is almost impenetrable, in which the heath hen takes refuge when pursued too closely.

One Sunday afternoon nearly four years ago I took those then well-known pointers Spot Dash and Belle Randolph out for a run, following a neglected path for a mile or more. Suddenly I was confronted by one of the dogs pointing directly in my path. The attitude and suddenness of the action left no doubt that the birds were very close; but I failed to see them, although the scattered sweet fern and golden rod afforded scanty cover. Advancing slowly, I flushed them scarcely 20ft. distant—nearly a dozen of them, their plumage matching their surroundings so closely as to escape detection.

During the afternoon I had an opportunity to see pointers' work such as I have seldom seen, the open country enabling me to observe their every motion, which was the personification of canine beauty and strength; their foam-flecked mouths, rigid muscles and the exquisite grace of their posture making a picture that could not be transferred to canvas. Possibly I may be pardoned for the thought that I wished for—the possession of my Lefever and a change in the game laws for the moment. Nevertheless that bright October afternoon will always be remembered as one of the most enjoyable in my memory. Possibly we flushed fifty or more heath hens, in most instances in flocks of from five to ten birds.

During the same year, while hunting the ruffed grouse some distance away, I shot two birds, which on examination proved to be heath hens, though they seldom inhabit the heavy timber, and I presume they had forsaken their home on the plains for the shelter of the forest.

The birds were given to a friend, who had them mounted.

In coloring, the heath hen is considerably darker than the pinnated grouse; the legs are feathered less, and, if I remember correctly, comparison indicated fewer feathers in the tail. The flight is the same as with the Western bird; there is no decided whir-r-r, such as the ruffed grouse has when started. The heath hen is indigenous to the island probably, not an importation, nor have any pinnated grouse been liberated to the knowledge of the residents. I have heard well authenticated stories of the bird's existence here from the time of the early inhabitants, and gentlemen with whom I have talked well remember the tales of its abundance as related by their ancestors; also when the first law was passed for their protection; again when it was rescinded and an open date of ten days allowed, which law lasted but a short time.

A few weeks ago, after reading the article within referred to, I took the train for the Vineyard, accompanied by my pointer Kentwood, with the idea of getting some fresh information; and though I searched the grounds thoroughly, or such portions as I considered the best, I saw no evidence that any of the birds remained, though friends who are residents of that section (than whom none are more mindful of the game laws) tell me that occasionally one is seen, where but a few years ago they could be found in almost any of the roads leading to the southern part of the island. Year by year the flock has diminished, until now but a remnant of it remains. I am in doubt as to the cause, though I am aware that the heath hen is hunted by gunners who, while pretending to be out for rabbits, are always accompanied by a setter.

It is a sad commentary on the avarice or thoughtlessness of the sportsmen that this noble bird, the finest game bird in New England, should be allowed to pass into oblivion, which will surely be its fate before many years. I doubt if there are 100 heath hens on the island at the present time.

I noticed with pleasure on my last trip the rapid increase of the beautiful pheasants placed on the island through the generosity of one of the residents, and provided they are properly protected we shall have as suitable a substitute as could be found for the Martha's Vineyard heath hen. KENTWOOD.

We quote from Audubon's "Ornithological Biography" the following interesting letter describing the heath hen on Martha's Vineyard; it was written to Audubon by his friend David Eckleiy:

"*Dear Sir:* I have the pleasure of sending you a brace of grouse from Martha's Vineyard, one of the Elizabeth Islands, which for many years past I have been accustomed to visit annually for the purpose of enjoying the sport of shooting these fine birds. Nashawenna is the only other island of the group on which they are found. This, however, is a sort of preserve, as the island being small and the birds few, strangers are not permitted to shoot without the consent of the owners of the soil. It would be difficult to assign a reason why they are found upon the islands above named and not upon others, particularly Nashann, which, being large, well wooded, and abounding in feed, seems quite as favorable to the peculiar habits of the birds.

"Fifteen or twenty years ago, I know from my own experience, it was a common thing to see as many birds in a day as we now see in a week; but while they have grown scarcer, our knowledge of the ground has become more extended, so that the result of a few weeks' residence of a party of three, with which I usually take the field, is ten brace of birds. Packs of twenty to fifty are now no longer seen, and the numbers have so diminished, in consequence of a more general knowledge of their value—the price in Boston market being $5 per brace—that we rarely see of late more than ten or twelve collected together. It is often observed, however, that there is very little encouragement to be derived from the circumstance of falling in with a large number, and that the greater the pack the more likely they are to elude the vigilance of the sportsman; though it must be acknowledged that it is a most exhilarating yet tantalizing sight to start a large pack out of gunshot. To watch them as their wings glisten in the sun, alternately sailing, fluttering and scooming over the undulating ground, apparently just about alighting, but exerting their strength and fluttering on once more, some old stager of the pack leading them beyond an intervening swell, out of harm's way, beyond which all is conjecture as to the extent or the direction of their flight; in such a case it is best to follow on as quick and as straight as possible, keeping the eye fixed upon the tree or bush which served to mark them, and after having proceeded a reasonable distance in the direction which they should have flown, if a clear or cutting place should lie in the course, the birds may be confidently expected to have alighted there. They never in fact settle down where the woods are thick or the bushes close and tangled, but invariably in some open place, and often in the roads; neither do they start from thick foliage or briary places, but seek at once to disengage themselves from all embarrassment to their flight by attaining the nearest open space, thus offering to the sportsman the fairest mark of all game birds. It frequently happens that not one is killed on the first flight of a pack, as they are often very unexpectedly started, but on approaching them a second time with greater caution success is more likely to follow, particularly if they have become scattered.

"Toward the middle of November they have attained their average weight of nearly 2lbs. each, and nothing can be fuller, richer or more game-like than their plumage. At this time of year, however, in sportsman's phrase, they seldom 'lie to the dog,' but are easily started by every sound they hear. Even loud talking alarms them, for which reason a high wind, which drowns the approach of danger, is the most desirable weather. A calm, drizzly day is also favorable; for the birds, being less likely to be disturbed by the glare of objects, venture into the old rye fields, the low edges of the wood and the bushy pastures to feed.

"It is seldom that we start a bird a second time in the exact spot where he has been seen to hover down, for no sooner do they alight than they run, and frequently into thick cover, from which they often attempt in vain to disentangle themselves. A dog is then necessary to scent the bird, which alternately runs and squats, until, being hard pressed, it rises, and frequently with a sound which resembles the syllables *coo, coo, coo*, uttered with rapidity. One good dog is better than two, and, though sufficient, is absolutely necessary; for, besides the enjoyment of observing his action generally, his challenging cheers and his pointing prepares you. But more than all a dog is required in recovering those which are winged or not fatally wounded, which but for his tracking them would be entirely lost.

"The barberry, which abounds in many parts of Martha's Vineyard, is the principal food of the grouse, particularly such as grow on low bushes, near the ground, and easily reached by the birds. They also feed on the boxberry or partridge berry, the highland and lowland cranberry, rosebud, pine and alder buds, acorns, etc. In summer, when young, they feed on the more succulent berries.

"We frequently meet with the remains of such as have been destroyed in various ways, but more particularly by the domestic cat, which prowls the woods in a wild state, and which often receives a very unwelcome salute for the mischief it does. Owls, hawks and skunks also do their part toward the destruction of these valuable but defenseless birds. In these ways they are thinned off much more effectually than by the sportsman's gun. They frequent no particular soil, and, like all other hunting, wherever the feed is there is the likeliest place for the game. In addition to this rule as a guide, we look for their fresh tracks among the sandy barberry hillocks and along the numerous paths which intersect that remarkable part of the vineyard called Tisbury Plain. Into this, should the birds fly from the edges, as they sometimes do, it is almost impossible to start them a second time, as there are no trees or large objects to mark their flight. Being mostly covered with scrub oaks of a uniform height, with occasional mossy hollows, it affords them a place of refuge into which they fly for protection, but from which they soon emerge, when the danger is past, to their more favorite haunts.

"I have only seen them in the month of November, but I am told that in the spring of the year, previous to the season of incubation, they congregate in large companies in particular places, where they hold a grand tournament, fighting with great desperation and doing one another all the mischief possible. In these chosen spots, it is said, the cunning natives were accustomed to strew ashes, and rush upon them with sticks when blinded by the dust which they had raised. In later times the custom of baiting them has proved more destructive to the species. In this way very great but very unsportsmanlike shots have often been made. Another practice has been that of stealing upon them unawares, guided by that peculiar sound for which they are remarkable in the spring of the year, called tooting. By these and other means, to which I have adverted, the birds were diminishing in numbers from year to year; but it is to be hoped that they will revive again, as they are now protected by an act of the State of Massachusetts, passed in 1831, which limits the time of shooting them to the months of November and December, and imposes a penalty of $10 each bird for all that are killed except in those two months.

"BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 6, 1832."

DEER AND LILYPADS.

LANSING, Oct. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Oct. 10 I note the remarks of Dr. Henry Skinner, of the Academy of Natural Sciences, of Philadelphia, to the effect that he has seen miles of lily stems sticking out of the water, and that the lilypads had been snipped by deer. Also that he had seen deer swim in the water and eating the lilypads as they went along. If Dr. Skinner has seen what he says he has, he has seen what no other man ever saw before, and what no man will ever see again. No man ever saw miles of lily stems sticking out of the water, or ever saw a lily stem sticking out of the water and could say positively that a deer snipped off the pad. When a deer accidentally breaks off a stem he does it down under the water, and when he is feeding on the water weeds that grow among the lily plants never snips them off on top of the water. No man ever saw a deer snip off a lilypad or break off a stem on top of the water purposely. When a deer accidentally pulls off a stem he will show at once that he has something in his mouth that annoys him and he wants to get rid of it, and he will spit it out just as soon as he can. He may chew it a little, particularly if he also has some weeds in his mouth at the time that he likes, but he never has a stem, or pad, or any part of the lily plant in his mouth without some other article of food is taken with it; and he will not swallow the lily plant or any part of it, but he will separate the stem from the other food he has in his mouth and he will spit out the stem or pad just as soon as he can get it out.

As to deer being able to swim in the water and snip off the pads as he goes along—well, such a statement is too absurd to even call for an answer.

When lilypads are in a condition to be snipped off, the deer is in his short coat, and when he is off his feet in the water he has something else to think of besides feeding. He has all he can do to keep his head above water.

No man ever saw a deer swim and snip off lilypads as he went along. Such a thing is an absolute impossibility. Late in the fall, when the coat of the deer is fully developed and the hair long and thick, he can float to a certain extent, but not enough even then to enable him to feed as he swims along; and at that time of the year nature has nipped the lilypads so closely that the deer, even if he was so inclined, could not find a lilypad in going a hundred miles.

There are many things in this world which pass for facts, but which have no foundation whatever, and one of the greatest errors is this mistaken notion about deer eating lilypads. If one should say that the deer feed among the lilypads, that would express the matter as it actually is; but to say that deer eat lilypads or any part of the lily plant is misleading and such a statement is not correct. JULIAN.

BOSTON, Oct. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your recent issue a communication on "Deer and Lilypads." I think I might as well set that matter right. Deer do not eat lilypads, but they do eat the tuberous root of the water lily and are exceedingly fond of it. They put their heads down under the water and pull up, not, as suggested by the writer of that article, delicate leaves and sprouts, but the root of the lily. That is why you so often see a lilypad hanging from the mouth of a deer; they are separating it from the root. I have very frequently during the past summer started deer from the water among the lilypads and found a dozen or more roots which it had secured from the bottom floating on the top, some of them being bitten in halves. I had the curiosity to taste one of these roots and found it was exceedingly acrid, almost as much so as alum. I know the pucker remained in my mouth for an hour. My guide told me at the time that a man was lost in the woods a year before, and that he had subsisted for three days on these roots. Therefore there must be considerable nourishment in them. I think this will explain the movements of the deer mentioned in the previous article. C. S. COOK.

NEW YORK, Oct. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have usually examined the stomach contents of deer killed by myself or by friends in the same camp. In the late summer or early autumn I have found the paunch to contain large quantities of the leaves and stems of various water plants, among them the leaves and buds and flowers of the yellow water lily, but chewed so fine that it required a rather close examination to determine the species. The lilypads when finely masticated turn an unnatural brown color, but even the little bits of pieces show the peculiar glaze of the under surface of the leaf. The largest fragments of food that I have found in any deer's stomach were halves or quarters of leaves of the striped maple and mushrooms. ROBT. T. MORRIS.

The Call of the Pintail.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I note what Buckshot says about the call of the pintail. This is a duck of which I know little in a wild state and I asked for information about their calling. I kept them in confinement for years and bred them, but only once did I hear a sound from them, and I was not sure then but it was some other duck that made it, for I had many species. I could not say now what kind of a sound it was, and Buckshot does not say.

I note what he says about call ducks. If he had some of those which I used to breed he would be surprised. None of our wild or tame ducks are such persistent callers as these little pets that are bred in Holland. I don't know of anyone who has them now; my stock went to Georgia and were killed by mink. They are valued as bantam fowls are, the smaller they are the more they are prized.

I did not know but the pintail might be as silent as the giraffe, which never makes a sound of any kind, at least not in confinement. FRED MATHER.

Game Bag and Gun.

Our readers are invited to send us for these columns notes of the game supply, shooting resorts, and their experience in the field.

PARTING SHOTS AT MAINE MOOSE.

BANGOR, Me., Oct. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When the Maine Legislature meets next January it will be asked to put a close time on moose for ten years. The men who make the demand for such a law are the foremost hunters, guides and naturalists in the State. They have discussed the matter among themselves and through the papers for a number of years, and have come to the conclusion that moose will soon become extinct in the Maine woods unless stringent laws for their protection are enacted at once.

The reasons presented in favor of such legislation are powerful, and of such a nature as should demand immediate attention. Except during the two years between 1891 and 1893, it has been unlawful to kill cow moose since away back in 1877. The belief was that, as the bull moose are polygamously inclined, they could be killed freely without endangering the production of offspring. While the law was enacted for the purpose of maintaining a supply of these lordly animals, and while it looked all right in theory, its practical application has been followed by many disappointments.

The first object of the hunter who goes to the woods for large game is to get a set of moose antlers which he may keep as a trophy. Moose hunting is no doubt a lordly sport, but no one can make complaint against the pleasures of shooting deer or caribou. Even the much-praised moose steak, while good as a bill of fare oddity, cannot compare with beefsteak for a steady diet. For these reasons the antlers are the most prized portions of the moose. As cow moose grow no horns of any kind, the bulls have been patiently and persistently hunted in Maine for many years. Another reason why bull moose of more than two years of age are getting scarce in Maine is that all the large males can be called in the love-making season, at which time they lose all fear, and rush out to give battle to railroad trains or anything that is capable of locomotion. Of the 1,000 or more bull moose that were slain in Maine last year more than one-half were lured to their destruction by guides who called them with birch bark horns. Of the remainder nearly all were still-hunted by tracking them on the snow of December.

Men who are familiar with the habits of big game have noticed that large male moose have been growing scarce for several years. As soon as they said so in print, however, the railroads that looked for travel, the hotels which sought guests, and many of the guides who needed paying employment, all came forward and said that moose were gaining in numbers every year. The legislators, who formed their opinions from a majority of witnesses rather than from the facts in the case, voted as the railroads and hotels desired, and the killing of moose was unchecked. No one can tell how much the moose herds of Maine are endangered by the present law, though the evidence of a few men who ought to know may assist one in forming a conclusion.

Dr. G. Gilmore Weld, ex-mayor of Old Town, Me., has been a devoted hunter from boyhood, and has passed nearly half of his life in the woods. In December, 1892, he dissected eleven cow moose that were brought down by hunters, and of these only four had promise of producing offspring in the spring. If the same ratio held good throughout the Maine forests—and there is no reason why it should not—nearly 70 per cent. of the females were

barren from killing off the males. During the past summer Game Warden Cummings, of Presque Isle, Me., has spent most of his time between the mouth of the Allegash, on the St. John River, and Chamberlain Lake, 150 miles away in the Maine woods. Moose are said to be more plentiful here than in any other part of the world. Of the nearly 500 moose counted by Mr. Cummings between June 20 and Oct. 1, he did not see over seventy-five males, and half of these were yearlings. Bela Fowle, of Milo, one of the oldest and most experienced guides in Maine, has seen herds of from fifteen to thirty moose this summer, and there was seldom a bull among them. Other good guides, who care more for truth than they do for getting money by practicing deception upon their patrons, complain about the scarcity of large male moose; and they say that moose hunting will soon come to an end in Maine unless more stringent laws are passed.

Two years ago of the 10,000 men who sought moose in Maine about one in forty captured the game he sought. Of the nearly 18,000 men who hunted moose in Maine last year not one in fifty saw what he wanted to kill. It is estimated that about 25,000 hunters will seek moose in the Pine Tree State between Oct. 1 and Dec. 31, 1896. Ninety per cent. of those who passed a week or more in the woods in October returned home to tell their friends that nobody can kill a bull moose in Maine while the ground is bare.

GROWLER.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Wisconsin Deer Law.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 23.—Rarely have sportsmen's circles in this part of the country been more excited than they have this past week over the sudden news of the change of the Wisconsin game law. This change cuts down the possible shooting season on deer in 1896 to seventeen days total, and that a month earlier than had been fixed upon by hundreds, and indeed probably thousands, of deer hunters for a trip into the Wisconsin woods. By all odds the story of this singular state of affairs is the most important sporting news of the season. The facts were mentioned briefly in these columns in last week's FOREST AND STREAM, nothing definite at that time being known by anybody as to what would be the result of the tangle made by this sudden and unannounced action of the Supreme Court of that State. Day by day since then the interest in the news has grown, and meantime very many letters have been received at this office asking definite news as to what will be the legal deer dates in Wisconsin. I am now in position to give authentic and thorough statement of the case, and also to show something of the extent of the annual migration of deer hunters to Wisconsin, a traffic which will this year be cut down probably one-half at least.

Game Warden J. T. Ellarson has published a circular giving the status of the game laws since this decision of the Supreme Court, and in his circular says that the wardens will stand on the dates of the law previous to the law of 1895, namely, that of 1893, in which the deer season is Oct. 1 to Nov. 1. To avoid confusion in regard to dates of open seasons on other varieties of game, the dates given by Warden Ellarson are here given: Deer, Oct. 1 to Nov. 1. Brant, Sept. 1 to May 1. Grouse, goose, mallard duck, partridge, prairie chicken, plover, quail, snipe, teal duck, wood duck, woodcock, Sept. 1 to Dec. 1. Duck (other than mallard, wood and teal), Sept. 1 to May 1. Rabbit (with dogs), Nov. 1 to Oct. 1.

How the Trouble Happened.

The manner in which the blunder over the Buckstaff law (or the law of 1895) occurred is thus set forth in a letter from Col. H. B. Harshaw, of Oshkosh, who had the interests of that law in charge in the matter of execution at Oshkosh and other points, and was well advised of the intents of the law and instrumental in its passage. From Col. Harshaw's clear exposition of the case it looks certain that the deer will get a good chance in Wisconsin this fall, for the season will be up Nov. 1. The Supreme Court will not reconsider in all probability. What the results will be for the sportsmen who were diligent in the enforcement of the Buckstaff law in good faith during the time it was considered the law of the land will make a very interesting study in law. The fishermen have been very vindictive against the sportsmen for confiscating their nets and breaking up their illegal and pernicious traffic in the game fish of Winnebago and other large lakes of the State, and it is sure they will attempt retaliation by damage suits for loss under the late prosecutions. The sportsmen interested in that should, however, not be troubled in mind yet awhile, for the whole affair is apt to end in bluster, and it is sure the courts would be very lenient with the sportsmen if any such case came up, for there was no intent or supposition of any illegal action on their part, and the law had never before been tested or passed upon in any way. The fishermen will not do much by way of retroactive revenge, and the sportsmen will soon be after them again with another and better law. Anyone acquainted with Mr. Buckstaff and Col. Harshaw will hardly expect them to quit the matter at this interesting stage. Col. Harshaw writes as follows:

E. HOUGH, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* Answering yours of yesterday regarding the decision of the Supreme Court handed down on the 13th, whereby they hold that what we had supposed to be our fish and game law of 1895 had never passed (legally) the Legislature, and was therefore a nullity, I would say that I have very little hopes of the court changing their decision. Should they do so it would come too late to be of any avail this year.

You ask for my views on the present tangle of the Wisconsin game law and any light I can give you on the matter. Our Supreme Court held in February of this year that the law was constitutional, and that the Legislature had the power to pass same and provide for its enforcement, the question as to whether the law had properly passed or not not being raised in that case. Another case was subsequently appealed to that court on the question as to whether the printed law ever legally passed, and they decided as above stated.

The whole blame for the failure of the bill to become a law lies with the Senators who were respectively chairmen of the Committee on Fish and Game and Enrolled Bills. A bill that did not pass both houses was enrolled, certified to the Governor and approved by him. A portion of another bill which did pass was certified to him and also approved. The bills contained a repealing clause of all prior game laws passed. This being no law leaves the game law of 1893 in force. By the law of 1893 the open season for shooting deer is Oct. 1 to Nov. 1, and, as I understand, will be enforced. This gives the deer this year the benefit of thirteen days.

Beyond any doubt the Legislature will pass a law substantially the same as the 1895 law. As soon as that law was passed the people adjacent to Lake Winnebago took its enforcement in hand. We had wardens appointed, and the State having made no appropriation for paying any expenses of enforcing same, raised money for payment of deputies, hired a steamboat and enforced the law vigorously from June, 1895, to Oct. 13, 1896, taking and destroying nearly if not quite 100 miles of nets and many thousands of set hooks and lines. The result was the best fishing in these waters with hook and line for the past ten years.

The rivers and lakes are now filled with nets, and thousands of pounds of fish are being shipped from our waters every day and will be until we can get a new law. When we get a new law you may be assured it will be a good and valid one, and it will be enforced.

OSHKOSH, Oct. 21. H. B. HARSHAW.

Extent of the Deer Travel.

Another very great factor in favor of the deer this fall is the fact of the Presidential election now so near at hand. I learn from the three great railroad systems which go from Chicago into the Wisconsin deer country that a very large number of parties—especially from Ohio and Indiana—had made arrangements to go to Wisconsin immediately after election. Many of these will now not go at all, as they are in the habit of going for the full season, and would not now have time to get ready and come back for election. So far as I can discover, all these different facts coming together will lessen the number of deer hunters at least one-half, and if more than that, so much the better for the deer.

The hunters who will go into Wisconsin this fall will be largely from points near Wisconsin. Chicago will send a good number. Of course, the resident hunters will not be so much affected. I think that there are probably at this writing about 2,000 deer hunters out in Wisconsin. There would be relatively about 4,000 this fall if the game law had not changed. The number will be increased to probably 2,500 before the end of next week. I do not think 3,000 to 3,500 is an outside estimate of the non-resident hunters who will go to Wisconsin each deer season now, since the Michigan license law. This estimate is far more apt to be too small than too large, but I make it conservatively.

The general passenger department of the Chicago & Northwestern R. R. tell me that they will send three parties, comprising twenty-one men, to Wisconsin next week. They sent ten Chicago men up Wednesday. They think Chicago alone will send from 150 to 200 deer hunters over their road this month. At the hurried opportunity given them to get at figures, they could not state positively much about their deer traffic this fall, especially as the matter was still in confusion, as they were answering telegrams and letters from all over the country in regard to the change in the law, which was widely spread by the daily press, in some respects incorrectly. The Northwestern road, however, state to me that they carried between 1,800 and 2,000 deer hunters, non-residents, over their road alone into Wisconsin last fall, and that almost all of these came from Ohio and northern Indiana. This sudden jump in deer traffic was the unmistakable result of the Michigan license law. The figures are authentic. A great many of these parties were large ones, and it was the custom of the road, in common with other railroads, to send special cars down into Ohio and Indiana for the accommodation of these parties, which ran from half a dozen to twenty-five men, usually under the leadership of some one acquainted in Wisconsin. The cars were sometimes "combination" cars, with a baggage compartment, so that the parties could be put through to their camping grounds without any change or trouble to themselves at all, taking their camp dunnage along at no expense or annoyance. The Northwestern folks say that this fall the State to have the deer traffic will be Minnesota, whose dates are Nov. 1 to Nov. 20. A large number of these Ohio parties have signified their intention of going out after election, crossing the State of Wisconsin and going into Minnesota, along the Duluth, Mesaba & Northern and the Duluth & Winnipeg railroads. Nov. 4 will see an exodus of probably 1,500 deer shooters from Ohio alone. A great many of these men are reported to be farmers, who make this fall hunt their big yearly trip and rarely leave home for any other sort of hunting. Of course, there are hundreds of others of all professions.

The Wisconsin Central R. R. reports a similar state of affairs to the above in its deer traffic arrangements for this fall. All the railroads deplore the misunderstanding regarding the law, as it costs them many thousands of dollars, all these parties being "long hauls" whose round trips figure up toward $20 apiece. One man, Phil Miller, of Eaton, Ohio, had a party of seventy-nine men made up to go to Wisconsin this fall immediately after election. He was in town this week bound North, and says that only three of his party came with him. The Wisconsin Central think they will lose about one-half their deer traffic this year. They carried about 300 men from Ohio last year, and expect 150 to 200 at the outside this year as it is. Their total last year was about 600, or at least they know they had that many, perhaps more. This year they expect not over one-half or a third of that number, from 300 to 450. The bulk of these men scatter out between Medford and Glidden, there being small choice for location in that region. Fifield receives much traffic of that sort, and is reported good.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R. is the third line which runs into the deer country of Wisconsin, and it carries a great many hundred men annually in this business. This month it reports knowledge of only about forty men who have gone up from Chicago. More are expected as the understanding of the case grows more general. This road does not expect over half its usual quota on this traffic.

The vicinity of the Gaylord Club catches a good many deer hunters, and another very popular point is Star Lake, to which the new spur of this road was extended two years ago, and where deer are accessible at reasonable distances. Many persons go in at Minocqua, Squirrel Lake and other points closer to the beaten paths, but where good deer country is near at hand. Manitowish, Turtle Chain and other localities are also good. Coon's Camp on Trout Lake is open for the deer season this year. The Bucks at Manitowish are no doubt ready to guide parties, and they are reliable men who will find game.

Snow in Michigan.

Deer hunting matters are still further complicated by a heavy snowstorm this week in the upper peninsula of Michigan, which it was thought might block railroad travel, 4in. having fallen at the time of the report, with more following fast.

The Express Companies Act.

The deer law matter has come to the notice of the express companies running to Wisconsin. The National Express Co. has a circular to-day in the hands of all its agents and also the railroad companies interested, advising all of the change of the law, and stating that the law of 1893 is now in force. The circular states that under that law no deer can be shipped or carried out of the State, whereas under the law of 1895, now nullified, two deer could be brought out in possession.

Deer Hunters Numerous in the Woods.

Under any ordinary circumstances it is no sinecure to go hunting for deer in the State of Wisconsin. There are a good many deer, but also a good many hunters, some of whom are the usual touch-and-go, hit-or-miss sort. I have stated that the death roll of victims of these hunters last year was thirteen, that many men being known to have been accidentally killed by deer hunters who took them for deer. Probably a great many more were killed whose deaths were never reported in the newspapers. Last year, between Iron Mountain and Champion, on a strip of country about forty miles long and half that wide, there were 500 deer hunters at one time. At least a railroad man told me he knew of that many who bought tickets for the points on that strip of country. There are a great many chances that a sportsman hunting deer in such a goodly company will not get killed. Indeed, the great majority of shooters who went in there were not killed, or even fatally injured or crippled.

One hundred men got off at the station of Rhinelander, Wisconsin, last Sunday morning, all bound for deer hunting, according to reports received here through a party of muscallonge anglers who have just returned from Wisconsin this week. They say that there is great excitement among the local hunters, and all are pressing into the woods.

This local traffic is to be added to the vast number of non-resident shooters, whose numbers I have tried to arrive at above. The grand total of deer hunters out in Wisconsin during the deer season is something which is hard to get, and outside these columns I have never seen it attempted. With the help of the railroads, as above quoted, I should say there may probably be 5,000 to 6,000 men, residents and non residents, who hunt deer in Wisconsin. This is in the legal season. Not all these men hunt legally by any means. Many of the large Ohio and Indiana parties take in dogs with them openly. It is known by the railroads that the non-resident hunters nearly all—I will not say all—smuggle out venison wrapped up in the tents or baggage when they go home. The railroad men tell me that they do not think the hunters average a deer apiece, though some parties of good hunters kill twenty, thirty or forty deer in the season, sometimes two or three dozen men hunting with various luck for a week or two weeks, rarely for a less time.

On top of this influx of shooters, who shoot in legal season and with more or less regard to legal methods, there must be added the large amount of illegal shooting practiced by local shooters all through the summer, and by city parties of fishers who take in rifles as a matter of course. The game laws in Wisconsin are not as well observed as they are in Maine. I am not familiar enough with that State to know how the amount of hunting territory or the number of hunters compares with the same in Wisconsin, and I do not know how the deer compare in numbers; but it seems to me that the big and hospitable Western State might well take counsel of its Eastern sister and begin early to look sharply after its game. I do not think the case is much the same in the two States as to revenue from non-residents. Nearly all the big parties I have mentioned are camping parties, and these do not spend much money in the woods region. The local storekeepers complain that they do not even buy bacon or ammunition of them, and many local men complain of the non-residents on one ground or another, whereas in Maine this sort of travel is much sought and valued, and makes a regular and well estimated source of revenue to many men aside from those of the railroads. There are guides in Wisconsin, but not so many as in Maine, and the guiding industry is not cultivated to the same extent. I should take the character of the Maine trade to be largely of city men with money, and that of Wisconsin to be made up more of men who do not care to spend $1,000 for a deer, but who like to kill and eat one just the same. As times go by the condition in Wisconsin will come more and more to resemble the condition in Maine. It is wilder and less regulated in the Western State. I confess it never seemed attractive to think of being tagged and checked all through the woods, as they seem to do with a fellow in Maine; but after a while we will do that out here. I think a good system of tags should be established for Wisconsin. I would not think of going into Wisconsin myself without a serviceable metal tag made of some non-corrosive material attached to my person, which would serve as a means of identification for my remains if found a year or so later. As to the deer, in either Maine or Wisconsin, it seems obvious that they would better learn how to climb trees, for they will have to get off the earth if they stay on the ground. Yet so far as can be learned at this early writing, the wily white-tail is taking care of himself so carefully as to be as abundant this year as it was last in some parts of the State of Wisconsin.

Michigan License.

There are several Chicago gentlemen who pay their license and go to the Michigan south peninsula this fall, thinking the hunting will be better there. One party of four, whose names I could not get at the time, will leave this city together for the south peninsula. The number of non-residents will, however, be very small in Michigan this year. As Wisconsin has no license law, it will be interesting to compare the game supply in the two States during the ensuing years, and perhaps additional light can in this way be obtained, though all such comparisons are more or less vague and unsatisfactory, and only to be arrived at in the most general form. I have no advices as to how the license law of Michigan is liked by the local hunters, but it certainly is cordially hated by the non-resident hunters. Meantime there are some thousands of men who wish this week that the date of election did not conflict with the date of deer.

Notes of the Shooters.

Messrs. J. A. Kline, H. Kline, C. Hess, G. Wertz and W. F. Williams, all of Youngstown, O., called at the FOREST AND STREAM office this week on their way to Conover, Wis., where they will hunt deer for the remainder of the season.

Messrs. F. S. Wheeler and C. E. Rollins, Jr., of Chicago, with their friends Messrs. Johnson and Gobel, also of Chicago, started yesterday for Minocqua, Wis., for a deer hunt.

Mayor Swift, of Chicago; Corporation Counsel Beale, of Chicago, and Mr. Robt. Summerville, of the same city, also started yesterday for the Gaylord Club, of Wisconsin, for a deer hunt which will last several days. A number of other gentlemen go into the same neighborhood, which is near Wasusaukee, on the Pike River.

Mr. C. N. Souther, of the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, with his friends, Prof. J. H. Long and Mr. C. B. Wright, all of this city, started Friday for a duck shooting trip to the big marsh near Lauderdale Lake, a few miles from Elkhorn, Wisconsin. There are several lakes in there which offer a combined shore front of thirty or forty miles, with a big extent of marsh adjoining. This is the first marsh below Koshkonong Lake on the line to the Fox Lake district, and Mr. Souther has it figured out that there ought to be some game in there, although he says there does not seem to be much hunting in that locality. He and his friends will explore and report results.

Messrs. J. L. Jones, J. C. Corbet and Bob Bruin, of Chicago, and their friend, Mr. John Howley, of New York, this year made their annual chicken hunt with very poor success. They went to Minnesota, above Crookston, and in nine days' shooting only got forty birds. The local shooters said that the spring had been too wet, so that the birds were drowned out. Yet one young man admitted that he had gone out before the opening of the season and killed seventy-two birds one day. The shooters found the birds scattered and broken up, a cock here and a stray bird or so there, but had no real shooting.

Sheriff James Pease, of Cook county, left this week for a ducking trip to the Poygan marshes of Wisconsin, where there should be some shooting unless it be true that the ducks have moved further south. No good bag of ducks reported anywhere this fall so far as I can learn.

Mr. Harry Loveday, of Chicago, and his friend Mr. E. Hughes, of Chicago, are absent in Minnesota hunting ducks. They are in Ottertail county, where at times the shooting is very good even in these days among the many lakes and marshes of that favored region, but they send back word that they have had no sport to mention and believe the ducks are south of them. They report the weather very warm this week.

M. J. Carl Hunt, of Elmira, N. Y., who is at present visiting with relatives here, is back from a duck trip to Big Stone City, South Dakota. He says he shot in his shirt sleeves for two weeks and had no shooting of much interest, getting only a few ducks and no snipe at all. He did not know where the birds were, but the weather was not right for finding them where he was. There were a good many geese in there. The water shut up there very suddenly in the cold snap and he thought the season was over.

Mr. Dorsey Burgess, of Spokane, Wash., is in Chicago visiting friends and acquaintances. Mr. Burgess says that there is a bit of exceedingly good wildfowl country about 125 miles northwest of Spokane in the Grand Coulee country, which is a desolate corner of the world, a good way off from anywhere. The Grand Coulee is a vast scooped-out river bed, once thought to be an old bed of the Columbia River, but now declared to be a glacial channel. In this strange country there is a river which comes up out of the ground, runs ten miles and then disappears, after making a good water course and establishing a big marsh. Here the ducks and geese breed in vast numbers. Mr. Burgess says that he and a friend once got in there, and had more shooting than they cared to take. It is a very remote section, and no use could be made of the birds.

Mr. J. D. Suggs, of Sugden, Indian Nations, is in the city. Mr. Suggs is one of the best known cattle men of the Nations, and he and his brothers have been engaged in ranching practically all their lives. At one time their ranch was the center of a magnificent game country, one probably never surpassed on the continent for deer and turkey. Then the railroad came through, and within the last five years the game has been wiped up completely. Mr. Suggs told me there was not a deer nor a turkey to be bad in his entire part of the Nations, about 100 miles north of Ft. Worth, Texas, in the southeast corner of the Nations; and says that the only game left is the quail, which continue abundant.

Mr. A. E. Cook, of Odebolt, Ia., is in Chicago this week outfitting for a long trip through the West, in which his wife accompanies him. He will be out six months, and will visit Texas, California and Oregon.

Messrs. C. S. Dennis, Geo. B. Walker, Frank and George Wells are back from their long trip after muscallonge in the Manitowish waters and vicinity. They took a great many fine fish, and had sixteen 'lunge which averaged 17lbs. Several of their fish went over 20lbs., and they returned to the water all fish under 12lbs. They report magnificent sport.

Better Water in Wisconsin.

The rains of the season have raised the water in the Northern Fox River, of Wisconsin, so that the mill men at Menasha now have all the water they need and to spare. The U. S. Government was very rigid during the low water season, and strictly enforced the saving of the water for navigation purposes. The Fox is now, by reason of the Government improvements, navigable from Green Bay to Portage, and there are fishways in all the dams. The low water of last season was unprecedented in the State of Wisconsin.

Animals for the Washington Zoo.

Billy Hofer, the Yellowstone dweller, well known in these columns as guide and correspondent, is also well known as field agent for the National Zoölogical Gardens, of Washington, D. C. His story of how he caught the beaver alive is about as good stuff as ever got into the paper, and he always has meat in what he writes about the Western country and its game. Mr. Hofer writes me now that he is just back from a long trip, in which he saw a great abundance of game of all kinds except bears. He adds that he will be coming through Chicago before long, on his way East, with some more animals for the Zoo, among which will be some antelope. He states that the weather for three weeks preceding Oct. 15 had been extremely fine.

The Mazama Club, of Oregon.

Fifty members of the mountain climbing club, of Oregon, the Mazamas, made a trip out to the mountains the latter part of last summer. They climbed Mt. Pitt, near Ashland, some 350 miles south of Portland, from which city the party went by rail. Mt. Pitt is 9,760ft. in height, and little known by mountain goers. It has one glacier. The party, which included a number of ladies, had no especial difficulty in reaching the summit. Miss May Fuller, vice-president of the club and a resident of Tacoma, was the first woman to ascend Mt. Rainier. The Mazamas made many interesting studies around Crater Lake and other points of attraction, which are published this week in the Portland *Press*. Crater Lake was visited by the United States Forestry Commission, not long ago returned from their tour of inspection of the Western reserves, as mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM. Members of the Mazamas joined the Commission on this visit to the lake. In the party of the Commission at that time there were: Professor C. S. Sargent, of Harvard; Professor William H. Brewer, of Yale; General H. L. Abbott; Mr. Arnold Hague, of the United States Geological Survey; Mr. Gifford Pinchot, the forestry expert; and John Muir, of California. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

DEFENDS DEER ROPING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now that the season is nearly over and our lawmakers will soon commence business again at Albany, there seems likely to be a strong effort to enact more laws to restrict the sport of deer shooting in the Adirondacks by prohibiting jacking and hounding, because it is claimed that the game is becoming scarce and needs protecting. Such things are always urged by a lot of fancy shooters with their high-toned ideas of still-hunting, wing shooting, long range rifle practice, etc., and not by real, old-fashioned hunters who go out for game and want a fair chance to get it.

Now, I don't care for bird hunting, but go in for big game. They say deer are becoming scarce; and yet over 5,000 were killed last season and probably as many more this year. This does not look as if they were scarce. I am interested in a fine bit of deer country in the Adirondacks and when we go to our lake in the season we are sure of good sport; and under the present laws I don't see why the game won't last for the rest of our lives. Of course, we go at it in a scientific way and with the best of appliances. Our boats are light and swift, our guides are men of experience and our dogs are trained to drive the game to the water. We start the dogs out in the morning and then sit around in comfort and wait until the "music" comes our way, then jump into a boat with a guide and watch for the deer to come into the lake. Soon he dashes in and starts to swim across, and away we go as fast as a pair of oars can drive the boat, and I have yet to see the deer that can swim as fast as one of those guides can row. The excitement of such a chase is intense and only big game hunters enjoy such sport. Overtaking the straining buck, the guide drops his oars and with a long, forked sapling and a bit of rope deftly slips a noose around the head, and then the good old 10-gauge gun with a charge of buckshot makes the supply of venison sure. It is great sport and no error; and the man who is cool-headed and a fair shot is sure to kill the game. Why, my boy, who is a chip of the old block, and only twelve years old, killed his deer the first time he went out. Quite a number of deer have been shot on our preserve by ladies of the party.

Now I venture to say that the majority of the big game hunters who go into the woods would have no pleasure or success without the jack light or the hounds; and why talk of making laws which will deprive them of the noble sport of deer hunting? We have plenty of game in sight and let us "let well enough alone." DEERSLAYER.

ROE DEER HUNTING IN GERMANY.

SCHÖNEBERG-BERLIN.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* And now comes Mr. Thomas Elmer to the rescue of his friend Joe and sees it proper to pronounce my remarks on Joe's description of a German "deer hunt" an "uncalled-for criticism." Reluctantly, but in duty bound, I shall now attempt to convince Mr. Elmer that he is guilty of what he pleases to charge me with.

Joe's letter was, in my opinion, intended to create various erroneous impressions among the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, at least among those, like Mr. Elmer, not versed in German sportsmen's practice and rules. From Joe's letter could be inferred that (1) roe deer are hunted in the Fatherland with 16-bore shotguns loaded with buckshot; (2) that roe deer are extremely scarce in this country; (3) that a 16-bore was not a fit weapon for field shooting anyway, and (4) that the German sportsmen are very poor shots, etc. In short, Joe's letter was misleading. He labored under an erroneous impression upon all the points here enumerated.

Joe was not invited to take in a "deer hunt," as Mr. Elmer puts it; he was asked to participate in a *Treibjagd, i. e.*, a "drive" for hares. There is a wide difference between the two. Hares are shot all the world over with shotguns, principally with 16-bore guns, which answer their purpose fully as well as those of a larger bore. Shotguns are never employed in a deer hunt. Roe deer are by no means scarce hereabouts; they can be found in large numbers in most parts of Germany. The does have ten months sparing season in the year, the bucks only two, but true sportsmen never shoot a doe. Joe killed what? A doe with her calf, a fawn. Joe not only innocently sinned against the sacred rules of sportsmanship; he also sinned against the written law. The shooting of a fawn is punishable with a heavy monetary fine and, as a rule, with the withdrawal of the individual hunting permit for a number of years. His German friends did not turn him over to the State prosecuting attorney, as they would have done with one of their own countrymen; they made allowance for his ignorance of the law, took all in good humor and, to quote Joe's own words, invited him to drink a barrel of beer.

Had Joe simply stated his experience in FOREST AND STREAM, without his general remarks before alluded to, I should not have felt the least call for any comments upon his letter. But he colored matters a little too strongly. Joe's shooting of a doe with her calf was a mistake, but one readily excusable under the circumstances. I should not have censured him for that, for we all have sinned similarly when we were beginners and younger. But Joe should not have felt so proud on his "double on deer." The circumstances did not warrant it.

I agree with Mr. Elmer that "When in Rome you should do as the Romans do," but Joe did nothing of the kind. Unintentionally he has done quite the contrary, and this notorious fact I wanted to go on record among American sportsmen through their recognized medium, the FOREST AND STREAM. ARMIN TENNER.

NEW YORK FORESTRY AMENDMENT.

ALBANY, Oct. 24.—The Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission deem it proper to furnish some information regarding the forestry amendment to the Constitution, which will be submitted to the voters at the coming election. The proposed amendment did not originate with this Commission, its preliminary passage through the Legislature having occurred in 1895, before the present Commission was appointed. Neither did it originate with our predecessors, the former Forest Commission, whose attention was not called to it until after the first passage of the act. Still, the members of this board, with their abundant opportunities for informing themselves in the matter, believe that the forestry interests of the State require the adoption of this amendment to the State Constitution, and respectfully ask that all our citizens vote affirmatively for the same.

If adopted, the leases thus authorized will conform to the provisions of Chapter 332, Laws of 1893, under which several leases were granted, all of which are still in force, and a source of revenue to the State. This provision is:

SEC. 120. To lease from time to time, for a term not longer than five years, land within the forest preserve, not more than five acres in one parcel to any person, for the erection of camps or cottages for the use and accommodation of campers. Such leases shall contain strict conditions as to the cutting and protection of timber and the prevention of fires, a reservation for travelers of the right of passage over the land leased at all proper and reasonable times, and a covenant on the part of the lessee to observe all ordinances or regulations of the Forest Commission theretofore or thereafter to be prescribed; and no exclusive privilege of fishing or hunting shall be granted to any person. All revenues received from such leases shall be paid into the State Treasury, and shall be placed to the credit of the special fund established for the purchase of lands within the Adirondack Park.

Owing to the immense territory owned by the State in the Adirondack region, now unoccupied by campers, the comparatively few leases that may be granted will in no way restrict or interfere with the wants or privileges of the public. There is plenty of room for all. But invalids desirous of a more permanent location and who are liable to be dispossessed by squatters can secure the accommodation necessary to life and health.

There are also a large number of cottagers on the preserve who were there before the Forest Commission came into existence in 1885. It does not seem right to issue writs of ejectment against these people and seize their buildings, especially as they are willing and desirous of paying rent. We prefer that these tenants-at-will should be made subject to some definite, business-like tenure, and that the State be permitted to accept the revenues thereby obtainable, as such funds are available for the further purchase of forest lands.

By the terms of our printed leases only five acres can be leased to any person. Such lease is available only as a cottage or camp site, and forbids the use of the premises for a hotel or any business, or for the sale of liquor. It prohibits, under a severe penalty, the cutting of any trees, and makes the lessee responsible for any forest fire on his premises. It gives the public right of way over the land so leased, and denies any exclusive right for fishing and hunting.

We believe the amendment a desirable one, and officially recommend its adoption. We ask every citizen to vote on the question and vote for it.

BARNET H. DAVIS,
President Fisheries, Game and Forest Commision.

ROCHESTER, Oct. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The proposed amendment to the forestry provision of the State Constitution, to be voted upon at the coming election, is opposed by the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, and the following open letter, signed by the president, Frank J. Amsden, of this city, and approved by the eleven members of the Association's executive committee, has been given out:

"The New York Association for the Protection of Fish and Game urges all people who have ever visited or may hereafter wish to visit the Adirondacks or Forest Preserve to vote against the proposed amendment to the Constitution permitting the selling or leasing of forest lands belonging to the State.

"The Forest Preserve, or State Park, was created for the benefit of the public at large, and not for the individual benefit of a few lessors. If permitted, the best localities for fishing and hunting would be speedily leased for an indefinite term of years, the public excluded, and the purpose for which the preserve was created would be destroyed forever.

"Several persons could combine under separate leases and control large tracts for their exclusive use and benefit, or could erect 'summer hotels' without number upon every available spot, stream or pond, and the beauty of the woods and the entire face of nature would be changed forever.

"Some people urge that this would protect the woods. Every one of these lessors must have fuel. Wood only is available, and the axes and saws would speedily cut firewood year after year until the woods would become only a timber slashing.

"What would the residents of New York or Brooklyn say if it was proposed to lease Central or Prospect parks in parcels? The people should vote against any leasing of parcels of forest preserve. It is not a question of a small income to the State from its rentals, but it is a matter of public rights. The rights of the public should be protected as well as those of State lessors."

The Sportsmen's Exposition.

THE Sportsmen's Association announce that the third annual exposition will be held in the Madison Square Garden, March 13 to 20, 1897. Spaces may now be reserved.

The Association also announces the preparation of a sportsmen's hotel directory, indicating all hotels located in game and fish regions. Particulars respecting such hotels will be given to members of the Association, and there will be also a bureau of complaint, to which may be referred all cases of ill treatment at such hotels.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

BOSTON, Oct. 16.—Edwin D. Bell, Wilfred Bolster, James A. Bailey, Jr., and Ralph E. Sawyer, are absent in the Aroostook region hunting big game. Judge Bolster has just returned with a party from the same region. They obtained a couple of caribou and one or two deer. N. G. Manson, of Camp Leatherstocking, was due in Boston Tuesday evening with his brother.

A gentleman, uninitiated, who went down to the Union Station Monday evening to meet a friend expected from a gunning trip in Maine, was astounded by the number of guns he saw come off the trian. There were also a number of deer in the car of the American Express Co., but probably twenty guns for every deer.

Mr. Frazier, of Sudbury street, with a friend, was out Saturday in the woods near Reading after partridges, getting four birds. This is better than they could have done in the woods of Maine, almost anywhere, for partridges are very scarce there. Mr. Alonzo S. Harriman, Chief of Police of Arlington, has been on a shooting expedition for partridges not far from Bangor, Me. He returns with a good showing of birds, but does not give away his hunting location.

A very happy hunting expedition has recently returned from a camp ten miles from Schoodic Lake, on Endless Lake, that is managed by Mr. Richards. In the company were also Messrs. E. D. Van Tassel, A. R. Van Tassel, John E. Toumlin, president of the Shoe and Leather National Bank; Mr. Wood, and last, but not least by any means, Mr. Richards's son, Edwin L., thirteen years of age. He was the boy of the party, but all are proud of him, for the reason that he brought down with his own rifle a very fine buck, and the finest deer of the whole five brought out by the company. Mr. J. L. Richards has shot two moose in the region of the camp that bears his name, though none of the party obtained a moose this year. Two were seen, a bull and a cow, both of which kept well out of the way, the cow behind in such a way that the bull could not be shot without endangering his mate, which the law of Maine says must not be shot. Mr. Richards thinks that moose are falling behind in that part of Maine at least, and believes that a close time of five or more years should be put upon all moose in the State.

George H. Lanphier, who handles the FOREST AND STREAM for a number of subscribers in Boston, with R. D. Jones, of the Boston & Maine ticket office on Washington street, are out of the woods at Norcross with a deer apiece. Mr. Lanphier's deer is mentioned as one of the smallest he ever caught. Mr. Eugene Gibbs and Mr. A. A. Howard have returned from a hunting expedition in the neigborhood of Mount Katahdin. Their headquarters were at Tean Moore's, in Brownville. They shot four deer, one of which was white.

A movement is on foot to improve the fishing in Taylor Pond, in Auburn, Me. A petition has been signed and forwarded to the Commissioners by all the citizens around the pond, and each pledges himself to help protect the fish. Special contributions of fry are asked for, with such restrictions for a term of years as are needed.

Mr. Wm. H. Haley, of Wilmington, but who comes to Boston daily, in the iron business, is a pickerel fisherman. He enjoys the sport as only a true angler can enjoy it. He owns a number of acres on the shore of Martins Pond in his town. He does his fishing there. Last year he built a fishing lodge of logs, sided out at the mill, with a brick fireplace in the sitting room. But alas, for the best part of what he has hoped for! Fire got into the woods and completely destroyed his beautiful oak grove, though the camp was saved. The carelessness of some campers destroyed what it will take half a generation to restore. Mr. Haley greatly regrets his loss, but says that second growth has already started and he hopes that his grandchildren may enjoy what he is to be deprived of. Still his pickerel record for the season, beginning May 1, this year, and ending Oct. 1, is a source of pleasure. He has taken fairly, with baited hook, line, rod and reel, 1,100 pickerel. Some were of excellent size, and all were fairly good. All were saved and used except one, a small one, thrown over the bushes by the spring of the rod and lost. Note the satisfaction that even a pickerel pond affords a true lover of the angle. Tired business men are beginning to appreciate what they have left untried for years and years, and the FOREST AND STREAM is aiding in the good work by calling attention to what can be done and is being done.

SPECIAL.

A Moosehead Lake correspondent, writing from the Mount Kineo House, at Kineo, Me., reports: "The hunting in this section of the country is excellent this fall, and although it has been only two weeks since the season for killing large game opened, there has been an unusual number of deer, caribou and moose horns brought into Kineo. A partial list of some of the game that the guests of the Mount Kineo House have killed includes eleven moose, five caribou and numerous deer; but deer are so plenty about here that no one considers they have had a successful hunt unless they bring out a nice set of caribou or moose horns. J.

MASSACHUSETTS ROD AND GUN CLUB.

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 20.—The last bulletin was mailed on Aug. 25. The club warden began work on Aug. 24, and has plenty to do. Places visited have been Topsfield, Boxfield, Middleton, North Andover, Andover, Wilmington, Tewksbury, Needham, Norwood, Walpole, Canton, Sharon, Foxboro, Easton, Milford, Norfolk, Uxbridge, Franklin, Bellingham, and parts of Dover and Billerica. A condensed report of his work is given below:

The Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game promptly responded to the club's request for a commission as deputy, and your warden duly qualified Aug. 28. The club is indebted to Commissioner Brackett, Chief Wade and several members of the club. A warden has much to learn.

In the North Easton snaring case (believed to be the first successful prosecution in the State for that offense) your warden deserves much credit for hard and successful work. The effect has been very apparent in all the adjoining towns, and his work in the case was helped much by a certain member of the club.

Several expeditions, it will be noted, are apparently without result. In some of them the complaints were not founded on fact, and in others it is hoped that the time will not prove wasted.

A short bulletin regarding Massachusetts game is also inclosed; and, if acceptable to the members, will be enlarged upon. Members desiring special information regarding good shooting localities might get good advice by inquiring of the warden and he will give what information he can to members.

The secretary thanks those who have sent in new proposals for membership, and it is hoped that more will soon be added. With membership raised one-half it would be almost safe to engage another warden, and with a membership of 200 we could enforce the laws in eastern Massachusetts.

The policy of the club is to work on practical lines, rather than theory of what might be done if conditions were different, and to use the funds in practical work. Ten dollars will do much work, but there can be much done. Please hand in at least one name to help.

In response to many inquiries, 600 copies of the fish and game laws were printed; there are about fifty left for distribution. HENRY J. THAYER, Sec'y.

Report of Warden.

Aug. 20 to 26.—In Boston learning duties and gathering information. Also each day took a short trip in the country, and sent home six persons who were out with guns. Could not arrest, not having qualified.

27.—Wilmington and Tewksbury. Sent home one gunner seen shooting, not being qualified to arrest.

28.—Qualified as deputy. Went from Canton Junction to Dedham. No gunning heard or seen. 29.—Rain.

30.—Dedham, Needham, West Dedham to Dedham Road. Stopped party fishing with set lines, and sent home four men with guns.

31.—Winchester, to see Commissioner Brackett.

Sept. 1.—Boston, getting information.

2.—Sharon to Canton Junction, Dedham Road and Dedham.

3.—Sharon and Readville.

4.—Dedham. Sent home one man with gun, but no evidence of shooting, so could not arrest.

5.—Canton and Dedham. (The past four days being used to put a stop to a party of three men who make a practice of shooting before the law goes off. Found them in the woods, but no evidence to convict or arrest.) 6.—Rain.

7.—Sharon. Complaint of quail shooting unfounded. 8.—Boston. 9 and 10.—Rain.

11 and 12.—Middleton, Topsfield and Boxford after snarers; found old snares, but not set this season.

13.—Canton. Heard one party shooting, but could not find him.

14 to 18.—Easton, on snaring complaint; about 200 snares in the town. Saw one person set snare, but did not arrest, preferring to wait till arrest could be had for the bird.

19.—Back to Boston for a few days, as it had become known that enforcement of the snaring law was to be made. 20, 21.—Rain.

22 to 25.—Easton; and took help to act as witness. Went over all the country, locating snares, and found two birds in a hedge of seven snares. Lay all day, from daybreak to dark, with witness also.

26.—Lay from daybreak till about 1:50 P. M., when a person (Clarence Hattenburg) came, took both birds out and reset the snares, when he was arrested. Took him to North Easton, swore out warrant, and he was put under bail to appear at Taunton on 28th.

28.—Took witness and appeared at court in Taunton, where Hattenburg pleaded guilty, and was fined $20.

29.—Walpole and East Walpole. Complaint of quail shooting unfounded.

Oct. 2 to 12.—Walpole, part of Foxboro, Milford, Norfolk, Bellingham and Uxbridge. At last place some snaring is done.

Texas Game Notes.

PETTY, Tex., Oct. 19.—The weather of the past week has been comparatively uniform in temperature for this season of the year. A light rain caused the mercury to drop to 43° on the 10th, and in consequence of this cool wave we had a considerable flight of ducks, geese and brant, but owing to some unexplainable cause fewer fowl than usual stopped on the pools. One party killed a half dozen teal and two mallards, and besides this I have not heard of any other bags. The condition of the atmosphere to-night indicates another cold spell, and I also heard a considerable flight of brant. This is almost an infallible indication of an approaching cold wave.

The season for quail shooting has not yet opened in this part of the State, and in fact there is very little interest shown in out-of-doors sport in this country. Occasionally one can hear of a party of hunters having been out for a day shooting quail, but as a rule there is very little quail shooting done in this immediate locality, and it seems that the supply of this wary and toothsome bird ought to be more abundant than it actually is; but any one who understands the habits of Bob White (and he is a very simple bird) can get a good day's sport any time during the fall and winter if he has a good dog and will go out into the country a couple of miles from the village.

The grain fields are a great attraction for the wild geese as they pass on their annual trip to their feeding grounds on the Gulf coast, and it is a very common sight to see immense flocks of this shy and watchful bird settle down in the cornfields in plain view of the town. But it is not an easy task to stalk them. About the only way a shot can be secured is to go to the cornfields before daylight and secrete yourself in a patch of weeds, and wait for them to come in for their morning meal (which they do just as it is sufficiently light to enable them to see well), and as they circle around over the field, getting a little lower each time the circuit is made, take your chances for a shot as they are a little past you. (They are very difficult to kill as they are coming toward you.) I have known of a great many having been killed in this way. PROVO.

Rhode Island Notes.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 24.—That stray deer continues to be reported in different parts of the State, but no one seems able to obtain a shot at it, although it is strongly recommended that the animal be allowed its liberty.

William P. Morton, of Wickford Junction, has received 3,000 small trout from the American Trout Co., of Shannock, to be used in stocking the streams of Exeter and North Kingstown.

Frank A. Richmond, of Washington Village, seems to be among the most expert raccoon hunters of his section this season up to date. He lately secured one weighing 14lbs. and one weighing 20¼lbs.

Barber Brothers' fishing gang, of Westerly, caught a bass weighing 56lbs. in a net off Noyes Beach on Saturday, the 3d inst.; 5 to 8lbs. weight is considered good size for a bass. This was as large as a ten-year-old boy, and when found in the net just as lively.

Edward Balmer, of Whitinsville, Mass., while gunning a few days ago shot an albino red squirrel that was as white as snow.

Frank B. Reynolds and Charles H. Fuller have been enjoying a hunting trip for three weeks in northern Maine. They returned home last Monday night, highly pleased with their vacation. Game being plentiful, both gentlemen were successful and brought back trophies of their trip. Mr. Reynolds has a very handsome pair of stag horns. They each secured two deer, one of them the largest buck (as the old guides say) that has been shot in the Maine woods for many years. It weighed over 400lbs.

W. H. M.

FUN IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some of the fun recently narrated in your colums has been so enjoyable that I am moved to send you an account of other some. For obvious reasons names and localities are withheld, but the incidents are true happenings in the Adirondacks.

NO. I.

LOCI.—A backwoods hotel, a beautiful lake, the surrounding forests.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Ductor*—A fun-loving fellow, who will make you laugh at the pain of an operation in his office by the twinkle in his eye as he protests the innocence of his intentions, or divert you from the pain by some story of sporting adventure; a lover of fair play, a true-hearted, whole-souled gentleman, "a true sportsman."

Caupo—Keeper of the aforesaid hotel.

Nobiles—A party of young fellows from town, aristocratic in feeling, but not above rudeness in conduct.

Plebes—A party of honest, manly young fellows from the country.

Spectators—Ladies and gentlemen, guests at the hotel.

ACT I.

The Plebes "get up a hunt," and being good fellows gives the Nobiles an invitation to join them. The invitation is accepted, the hunt takes place and is successful.

ACT II.

The Nobiles "get up a hunt," and being selfish do not invite the Plebes in return, which slight is keenly felt by the Plebes.

ACT III.

Ductor takes a hand. Being a lover of fair play, he thinks the Nobiles should be taught a lesson; thereby the Plebes shall be comforted. He knows that Caupo has an old deer head, moth-eaten and worthless, in the barn, and his plan is quickly formed. Caupo is consulted, and readily gives consent to the proposed use of his deer head. Then Ductor proceeds. The head is mounted on a box, which is weighted with stone enough to sink it partially, thus giving the head the appearance of a buck swimming in the water. The box is taken out toward the middle of the lake, a string is attached and run several hundred feet to a pile of logs on the shore, a man to pull the string is placed behind the logs, and the entire apparatus is ready. Everybody is warned not to go out on the lake, as it may be dangerous; also to be around the piazzas about the time for the hunting party to return, as there may be some fun. The time arrives, and there comes the little fleet of Adirondack-guide boats, each with its aristocratic, selfish "sport," and guide to row him. Soon the foremost boat is seen to dart forward rapidly, then another, and another, and another, till they all seem madly contesting for first shot at the swimming deer. (The string is working well.) After a few minutes' hard rowing one of the rear boats opens fire at long range, then another; at once there is a regular fusillade, each hunter being determined to draw first blood. Presently the leading boat is near enough to detect the cheat, and drops to quiet rowing, others soon follow suit; then one after another they reach the dock, the mighty Nimrods stalk grimly and silently past the assembled spectators, and amid a shout of derisive laughter the curtain falls. The Plebes are avenged.

NO. II.

The joke was practical, but cannot rank as classical, for it lacked the element of retributive justice which appears in No. I.

A quartette of young bloods were in the woods for a good time. One had never killed a deer, but was exceedingly anxious to do so. The trip was nearly over when the joke was arranged. On a certain night none of the quartette nor other guests would hunt, but the anxious one was urged to do so, as the night was favorable and his time was short. He went, and everybody at the hotel remained up to see it through.

By and by the boom of his gun rang out on the night air, and the plotters knew their ruse was successful. They waited; he came, and without a word stood his gun in a corner and himself by the stove, for the night was cold and so was he. Then questions came.

"What did you shoot?"

"Nothing."

"Why, we heard you?"

"No, I haven't fired my gun to-night."

"Why, we heard a gun and thought surely you had something. Are you not fooling us?"

"No, if you heard a gun it must have been down river.'

"No, it wasn't; it was up river and must have been yours."

Then he walked over and began a conversation with the landlord.

"Have you any young stock on the place?"

"Nothing but a last fall's calf."

"What will you take for it?"

"Oh, it isn't for sale."

"Well, what'll you take for it?"

"Why, I can't sell it at any price; it belongs to my wife."

"Well, what's it worth, anyhow?"

"It's worth $25, but I tell you I can't sell it."

"Well, I've shot your —— calf! Here's your money."

The calf had been tied in good position on a point up river—the guide was of course in the secret—the plan worked; the joke was out, and the resultant treating was said to have cost the victim over $100 before he reached home.

JUVENAL.

A Philosophic Question.

I OBSERVE in Sunday's *Sun* a brief article on the growing practice of the exhibition of photographs of big kills of game and big catches of fish by huntsmen to convince persons of the truth of their statements, and *The Sun* seems to think this is convincing proof. In view of this I should like to ask *The Sun* if it has ever seen the artistic and appropriate collections of "scenery" possessed by photographers who have galleries in the small towns adjacent to hunting and fishing grounds?—*Maine Correspondence, New York Sun.*

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

The Tennessee Quail Supply.

GRAND VIEW, Rhea County, Tenn., Oct. 19.—I desire to say a word of caution to the quail shooting members of the FOREST AND STREAM family. Do not allow anything you may read in the papers to persuade you that you can find quail anywhere in this State where you may choose to look. My personal experience this season is confined to the counties of Rhea and Cumberland, where the birds are scarce on both mountain and valley.

The people seem disposed to preserve the pitiful remnant which still exists from their former abundance.

I have heard of a very few flocks, but have seen none. An intelligent boy told me yesterday that he had heard them whistle, but had seen none for a year. Yet they were very numerous three or four years ago. The damnable practice of netting them for sale, the huge bags made by shooters from Kentucky and elsewhere, and lastly the freezing weather of two winters ago have almost exterminated them.' I am credibly informed that Meigs and McMinn counties are in the same fix.

Will write you more at length later. KELPIE.

National Park Extension.

CHILLICOTHE, O., Oct. 23 —*Editor Forest and Stream:* I note in FOREST AND STREAM of 24th inst. letter of Mr. John F. Cowan, of Butte, Mont., relative to and advocating territorial extension southerly of Yellowstone National Park, and your editorial concerning Mr. Cowan's letter and its subject.

I am most heartily in favor of the proposed enlargement. It should be done by all means, and I believe we can do it. Kindly urge the matter in the columns of your powerful journal and call on the boys for help. I am sure you will get a hearty response. I will gladly do any and everthing I can, and will cheerfully place myself under the commands of any one who will take the matter up. I am anxious to see the Three Tetons, the most majestic mountains in this country, added to the National Park. If FOREST AND STREAM will take the matter up I believe the thing can be accomplished. I believe the time is ripe for the movement, and it is now or never, so far as the game is concerned. I trust that you will father this matter, and pledge my feeble support.

L. B. YAPLE.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE RESTIGOUCHE AS IT WAS AND IS NOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Dr. R. T. Morris, in your issue of the 10th inst., says it is of little use to restock the Delaware with salmon, as the white man, the Indian and shad net forbid it. We all know that the poached salmon, moose or caribou is sweet simply because they may be forbidden at certain seasons and under certain restrictions, and any salmon river settled along its banks will be sure to have a good quota of poachers. Most of our best Canadian rivers are only settled for a few miles above their mouths. The mountainous nature of the country and soil prevents agriculture, and the poacher has difficulty in bringing his catch down should he make it and in getting a market.

Dr. Morris says that the rivers in Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Quebec and New Brunswick are badly poached and netted, nets barring the streams and set in the resting pools in defiance of authority. So far as Nova Scotia rivers are concerned for angling purposes, the game is not worth the candle. True, a few salmon frequent them, but the water and bottoms are not suitable, any spawning grounds there are are covered with saw dust and mill rubbish. I believe they are free to all or nearly so, although the riparian ownership exists in Nova Scotia as well as in the other provinces. The trouble is that they are of no value. One pool on the Restigouche would sell for more money to-day for angling purposes than the whole Nova Scotia rivers put together. There are only two or three rivers in New Brunswick (barring the Restigouche) worthy of the name: the Tobique, Miramichi, Jacquet and Nepsiguit. The last named is the best; but the angling limits are very short, the falls are a stopper to the salmon.

Dr. Morris says he has been told and has heard the natives boast of spearing the salmon on well-protected streams on the Bay Chaleur waters. On this subject I am at home, having had charge of the Restigouche River as well as of the estuary netting from 1869 to 1882. Previous to 1869 the Indians (300 of whom lived on a reserve at tide head) speared salmon at their own will, having a right, as they said, from God, who made the fish for their use. They would follow up the first run for a couple of days, and having a canoe full would sell them for 3 cents per pound at Campbellton to traders for rum, biscuit and pork. As the fish got further up the rivers they followed, on their way down, five and six canoes abreast, so a fish could not escape them. The Fisheries Act forbade all spearing (in '69). H. Peter Mitchell, then Minister of Fisheries, told me I would have to stop this spearing. I said: "Sir, unless those Indians are granted some equivalent, to which, I think, they are entitled, I will not do so." A very large station of nets was procured and set out for them on their own grounds in lieu of the spear. This they refused; drove the men off; cut down pickets, destroying the nets; and the same night ten canoes started spearing. I took the whole, destroying some, taking out the fish, and the next morning had the whole band before Commander Larise; tried them under the drum head and sent six of them to goal. This ended the Indian spearing on the Restigouche.

At this time every settler on the Bay Chaleur and estuary who owned 200 acres of land could, if so minded, set a salmon net in front of his property. At this time it was not a paying business. Salmon were scarce and low in price, and twine was dear. The Fisheries Act provided a remedy, viz.: No man could set a net without obtaining a license, which the department alone could grant.

At this time it was proposed to establish a hatchery to restock the river. I pointed out to the minister the necessity of controlling the netters or we would be simply benefiting them, and the nets would increase tenfold. The trouble was it had to be made universal. The minister knew well that his own constituents would kick dead against it, but he ordered me to try it on the Restigouche, giving me arguments to use in its favor; and it was enforced in 1872 successfully. At the same time, as the Federal Government had not recognized riparian rights, and had leased for nine years the river and its tributaries, and all settlers who claimed a right to set a salmon net in fresh waters were prohibited from doing so—any one who considers what those changes meant to a fishery officer to carry them out against the long usage of netters and spearers must think it was no sinecure. Often my life was threatened, but I am still to the fore.

Let me give you a view of what the Restigouche's capabilities really are as a salmon river. A bark canoe can ascend it with a fair load two and one-half miles per hour. Horses can tow barges from one end to the other. There are no roads after the first ten or twelve miles, no settlers. It is a pristine wilderness. There are 148 miles of open angling water, nearly all under lease or purchased from riparian owners. There are 125 miles of branches set apart for the natural propagation of salmon, on which the finest spawning grounds in the world exist; lastly a hatchery that turns out a couple of millions of fry yearly. No doubt 100 rods are on it yearly. The fad now is to buy a pool worth $30,000 or so; but there are none of those for sale now; such have been sold, I may say they were the choicest on the river. JNO. MOWAT.

THE McCLOUD RIVER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reading the recent numbers of your journal, which lay over uncut during summer vacation, my attention is attracted by the pleasant article of your correspondent Ransacker in the number of Aug. 22, in which he sings praises due this most beautiful of the tributaries of the Sacramento. Strictly speaking, it is a tributary of the Pit, into which it pours its volume, and the Pit then empties into the Sacramento about five miles further down.

Thinking possibly something might be added to the history of this section of interest to some of your coast readers, the writer has refreshed his memory from the leaves of an old note book. In earlier years, before the railway was laid through the cañon of the Sacramento, stage lines transferred the travelers from Redding, in California, to Roseburg, in Oregon; these towns being at that time terminal points of the railways then constructed. The upper Sacramento was a paradise for sportsmen, and the fountain of youth for healthy invalids. Allen's, on the McCloud, the first stop after crossing the Pit River ferry, not a great way from the U. S. Fishery; Southern's, now Sims Station on the railway; Bailey's or Lower Soda Springs, now Castle Crag Tavern; Fry's or Upper Soda Springs; and Sisson's, the shrine to which pilgrims flocked who worshiped the hoary old mountain: these were the popular resorts for seekers of health and for lovers of rod and rifle. No outing was complete if the visitor failed to rest under the shadow of Shasta, and lacking that experience he failed to take away true inspiration. Not to have camped, too, on the upper waters of the McCloud, at the Horseshoe Bend or other favorite resort, or to have felt the thrill and rapture of strife in the struggle to capture and safely land *irideus*, or to have won the antlers as a trophy and tribute to skill with his Ballard, was for the faithful to have visited Mecca without kissing the Kaaba Stone; health would not have dwelt in his bones.

The writer spent many happy, restful hours in visiting camps on the banks of these rivers, and not unfrequently interviewed the elder Indians of the tribe which once inhabited the section, now nearly passed away, with the hope of gaining some knowledge of a fading race that would be of interest. There was not much to learn from them. They were inferior mentally and physically, comparing unfavorably with the tribes once of the Atlantic coast. They developed little native art, only enough to meet the simple wants of savage life, such as hunting and trapping wild game and fish of forest and stream. Their lodges, which gave protection from extremes and rigors of the seasons, were of simple structure, models doubtless unchanged for countless generations passed. As to their dialect, a few words expressed their ideas or wants, which were limited. Impressions of them formed since having opportunity for comparison is that they were inferior to the tribes further north in Oregon, Washington and British Columbia.

They named the Sacramento River Wymim, the McCloud Winnimim, and the Pit Pooimim. Attracted by the analogy in the naming, which was suggestive, and questioning some of the more intelligent of the tribe, we soon found it plain that Wy meant North, Winni or Winne Middle, and Pooi East; and so we had Wymim, Winnimim and Pooimim—North River, Middle River and East River; Mim being in their dialect a generic word for river.

The writer has never seen any early map of California, referred to by your correspondent, on which the streams are laid down as West, Middle and East forks of the Sacramento; but has in his possession an early map on which the so-called or written McCloud River is laid down McLeod, and such is without question the correct way of spelling the true name of the river. So much for the aboriginal names of these upper waters of the Sacramento.

The name of the McLeod River as now spoken, but not as now written, originated out of the following circumstances: In 1828, nearly a score of years before the International Boundary was settled by treaty with the British Government, the Hudson's Bay Company had its headquarters for the Pacific coast at Fort Vancouver, on the right bank of the Columbia River, now Vancouver Barracks and headquarters of the Military Department of the Columbia. Dr. John McLaughlan was then resident agent. The Rogue River Indians at that time had given trouble massacring a party of trappers and robbing it of furs. The resident agent, finding it necessary to punish them, dispatched Alexander Roderick McLeod, a factor of the company, in the command of a party of men to the scene for that purpose. McLeod had just returned to headquarters, having executed a commission against the Clallam tribe at the north near Port Townsend, punishing them for depredations they had committed. After settling matters with the Rogue River tribe, he continued on further south according to his instructions, crossed the Siskiyou Mountains and explored the headwaters of the Sacramento in the interests of his company and in search of fur-bearing animals. After exploring the Pit River which he named, he made his way along the Middle or McLeod River, for so we will now write it, and was returning after a successful hunt with his furs; but not heeding the warning of some of his experienced associates remained too late in the season, was caught in a severe storm in the mountains, unfortunately camped on the summit and was snowed in. He lost all his horses, but cached his furs and with difficulty worked his way down to lower levels. The furs were recovered the next spring, much damaged through insecurity of the cache, and resulted in great loss. His men, some of whom were Canadian French trappers, named the river La Rivière de Monsieur McLeod, and McLeod's River it is; for it is certain that the old officer of the Hudson's Bay Company who in 1830 had charge of the California department, with headquarters at Yerba Buena (San Francisco), in a letter to the writer, dated May 3, 1879, speaks by the record of his company when he writes with interesting detail: "This is the origin of the name of the river, being frequently written McCloud's River, this being the pronunciation of McLeod." G. B. C.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XVIII.—Antoine Gardapee.

(Continued.)

I WOULD ask all such "tenderfeet," in whose ranks I was then a recruit, although the term had not been invented, how they would feel to awake in a cabin in a forest where there was no white man within forty miles, except a partner who was off running a line of traps, and find an Indian standing silently by the bed? Just put yourself in his place.

After the choking sensation which comes with such a scare, and a partly paralyzed heart had begun its regular work, the firelight, which, by the way, the intruder had replenished, showed the features of our friend Ah-se-bun, who gave a saluting grunt and turned toward the fire, where he sat until I arose, washed and dressed, and prepared to get breakfast. The door had been held shut against wind and snow by a prop, for there was no fear of animals where there was a man and a fire, and our guest had somehow removed that without disturbing my sleep, but how long he had been in the cabin was unknown. He held down a stool by the fire, while I cooked breakfast, and he sat there and ate enough for half a dozen laboring men, and drank coffee until there was none left. Antoine had taught me never to betray any curiosity, and so I handed over a pipeful of tobacco and waited. Old Raccoon looked at me inquiringly, and I at once filled my pipe, although I never could endure tobacco in the morning, and I took a few puffs and awaited his pleasure, curious to know why he had made such an unconventional call at so early an hour. He smoked his pipe out, emptied it, and sat for what seemed a long time before he spoke.

After some repetition and much gesticulation, it appeared that he had met Antoine, and that the latter had killed a bear, and I must go with him and help get it to camp, and after arranging things in the cabin I took down my rifle to start, when my guest shook his head and said, "Kowin," and I replaced it at the door. I understood then that there would be load enough without a 10lb. rifle, and we went off to bring in the bear.

Enough snow had fallen during the night to make hard traveling without snowshoes, so we tied them on and started—Ah-se-bun in the lead—up a stream on the west side where I had never been, but where my partner's line of traps began. A short tramp of some five miles brought us to the place where Antoine had killed the bear, about a mile off his line. He was there cooking his breakfast when we arrived, for he had been up and had the bear skinned and dressed before he started in to cook. It happened that he had run his first line of traps some fifteen miles and was crossing the divide to his homestretch when he found a fresh bear track in the snow, which had begun to fall late in the afternoon, and he turned and followed it. The track led him back toward camp and he came upon bruin about sunset and killed it where we found him.

When we came up to him he said: "I t'ink you better come up and take ole Afum to camp an' I'll go on an' run my trap, hey? What you want? Bre'kfuss? I t'ink yes."

I said to him: "I have been to breakfast, but can eat a little more after the long tramp on snowshoes, but if you'll only let our friend the Raccoon have a fair whack at that bear the load will be lighter to carry. He's had one big breakfast, about five times as much as I could eat, but just let him fill up on bear meat and our load home will be light."

Antoine thought a minute and replied: "I'll tole you. I'll doan lak bear leever, but a Injun he lak him bes' of all. I'll cook-a heem dat leever an' you'll heat my col' pa'tridge w'at I roas' las' night w'en da bear was warm. I'll tole you I'll have long chase for Afum, an' I t'ink I'll loss him in a dark, but he stop to look roun' an' I get him.* He good an' fat an' w'en he freeze I lak heem jess so good as de pork, an' he make some good fat for fry de feesh an' roas' de pa'tridge."

Antoine rigged a couple of light, flexible poles to a piece of bark, on which we placed the hindquarters of the animal wrapped in its skin. A short, light rope was attached to the poles, and with the rope as a breast collar and a pole under each arm a man could haul quite a load over the snow where a sled would have cut in. The front edge of the bark was rolled up sled fashion, and by following the stream and trail it was mainly a down-hill haul, with the exception of a few knolls. When all was loaded Antoine went his way over his line, and I pointed to each load and then to Ah-se-bun to take his choice, the hindquarters and skin being the heaviest. Which do you think he took?

It has been said of a man who is so unfortunate as to have to carve at his own table: "If he takes the best cut for himself he's a durned hog, and if he doesn't he's a durned fool." Now, in making choice of loads—as well as in some other things—I will bear witness that my red friend was not a "durned fool." There was a sort of straightforwardness among the Indians whom I met that I've never been able to acquire. They knew what they wanted, and they went for it without being hampered by etiquette. If there was carving to be done they could never be ranked with the d. f.'s, and when the choice of

* That word "Afum" bothered me for years. At first I naturally supposed it to be Ojibwa or French for bear. The former is "muckwo" and in later years I have learned that Western men call the grizzly bear "Ephraim," and now believe that this was the name that Antoine tried to use.

loads was offered I got "the lion's share." With more experience in the ways of "Mr. Lo," he would not have been offered the choice of loads; at the risk of being thought a d. h. I would simply pick up the poles of the lighter load and leave him to choose the other.

It was quite a pull, and our freight had to be unloaded several times to get it around the bad places on an Indian trail, for an old path ran along this stream which somehow was indistinctly visible even in winter by marks, such as fallen trees which showed where they had been worn by being stepped upon or by having lodge poles dragged over them, clumps of bushes which had been avoided, and the many things which an observing eye notes. At times it required both of us to take hold of one load and lift or drag it over or around an obstruction and then do the same with the other. I gave my companion frequent opportunities to exchange, but he didn't take them. I was too polite to pick up his poles, but Antoine said afterward: "By gar! W'en you want for change load, you mus' change. He t'ink you big fool w'en he gotta da light one all a tam. Nax tam you tak-a de small load. He lak-a de big one w'en dat's w'at he got. He gotta lak heem."

When we came to the cabin the sun was well past meridian. Clocks and watches had been left far behind us. "We took no note of time but by its loss." Ah-se-bun, the Raccoon, was hungry. What does half a dozen pounds of bear's liver eaten in the morning amount to half a day later after hauling part of a bear five miles over crusted snow that often had a sidelong slope toward the stream, and over a crooked and log-barred path? I was hungry also, but had never got into the Indian habit of eating enough in one day to last for three, and so I started in to get dinner. I plucked up courage and told Lo to go and get some dry wood. He pointed to a pile in the corner that was kept for such an emergency as severe weather and intimated that there was plenty. I was tired, hungry and cross, and just in the humor to lay aside all notions that I must treat an Indian as a gentleman, and I then put away the bear steak, hung up the frying-pan and merely said "Nish-ish-shin" [good] and lighted my pipe and sat down; in other words, I "struck." I thought it out something like this: Here was a lazy, gormandizing Indian who came and went at pleasure, and could eat as much as four hard-working white men and then sleep for a week after it; who would probably stay by me as long as the bear lasted and eat the greater part of it, after shirking the heaviest load on me, and now he was too lazy to get wood to cook his dinner because there were a few sticks in the cabin which were kept for bad weather. After smoking a few minutes and feeling no less angry I lay down and slept as only a tired man can sleep. A noise awoke me, it was my red friend bringing in wood. It was dark outside, he had thought the matter over and had concluded that he wanted to get some wood and had got it. This was comfortable to me, and I cooked a great lot of bear steaks, baked some bread and we had dinner. He cared nothing for bread unless soaked with fat, but the amount of meat he could secrete was enormous. It is surprising what an amount of animal food a white man can consume in the clear, cold winter air of the woods, whether in Wisconsin, Maine or the Adirondacks, especially if he is running a line of traps or hauling half a big bear over a trail that is covered with crusted snow, but an Indian can discount him. From that time forward I had no fear of asserting myself and of bossing the ranch when our guest and I were left alone. I dropped all my civilized notions of etiquette and got along nicely. This, of course, does not apply to Antoine, for he and I vied with each other in doing camp work, and he had all the consideration for a companion that could be expected of a man who had been reared among different surroundings; but for an Indian I began to entertain different feelings. I understood and appreciated them better afterward, but just then I was in the transition state of being disillusioned.

When Antoine came, two days later, he had some skins and a woeful tale of broken dead-falls and of traps carried off. Ah-se-bun had gone. A wolverine had struck Antoine's line and the old man was tired and cross. He sat with his head in his hands before the fire, while I made him some coffee and broiled him some venison chops on a grill made from some wire we had brought for tying traps or other purposes, and then I fried some fish in bear fat, and set out the tin cups and plates and we ate in silence. It was a good dinner, fit for a hard-working trapper who had come in tired and angry at having lost the fruits of his labor. I would not use the hackneyed phrase, "Fit for a king," because it was too good for most of the kings who have come to my notice—the dinner was good for Antoine and for me, two American kings of the forest, who held dominion over all the beasts and exacted tributes of fish, flesh and fur from them. And another marauding wolverine was invading our realm!

By some unwritten law my stool was always at the left of the fireplace and Antoine's on the right. The tobacco bag hung on my side, and when we were in executive session it was my duty to hand out "the weed of Ole Virginny." So after we had removed our stools from the table, which was half an oak log with legs set in holes made by an inch auger, we sat down in our places and I handed the old man the plug. After his pipe was filled and emptied he said: "You stop here till I keel de dev'. I go watch for heem. My trap all fix, all right—he come to-night an' I keel a-heem, he keel a-me, it make no dif'. He run my line all a-tam an' I no git heem; he break all our trap like hell a'most. Gimme some tobac."

Tobacco had a soothing effect on Antoine, as it has on many men, and a second pipe quieted his anger, but did not interfere with his determination. I filled his haversack with provisions, and with blankets and snowshoes on back and rifle on shoulder he started on his mission of revenge. He did not say with Shylock:

> "If I can catch him once upon the hip,
> I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him."

He had never heard of Shylock, but he had in his heart all the revengeful feeling that the poor persecuted Jew felt for his enemies.

It was well along toward sundown when he left, and I cleaned up our table and got in the night wood, and spent the evening in the unpoetic work of darning my woollen socks, filling the box in the stock of my rifle with greased patches of proper size, putting new strings on the ear-laps of my cap, overhauling my mittens, examining suspenders and buttons, and doing all those little things which men wholly cut off from the deft hand of woman must do for themselves in their own bungling way—or have a breakdown when there is neither time nor opportunity for repairs. It is wonderful what a man can do when thrown on his own resources, when there is the same imperative word "must" which always confronts the soldier. He must, or—

Rolling up in my blankets, I fully expected some adventure or visitation before morning, but nothing happened. Three nights passed in this way. I fished, cut fire wood and busied myself with other things, but always with a thought of Antoine. He was a long time coming, perhaps he might be caught in a bear trap—there was a big one on his line—or perhaps he might be crippled by some accident and be starving! He did not come, and these thoughts by repetition became probabilities. I filled my sack with provisions and shouldered my rifle. I would meet him on the back track, and I followed his returning trail all day and crossed the divide between his two streams and crawled into his camp at night. His trail was plain, although I had never been over it before. He had rigged a sleeping place beside a huge log and had made a shelter with poles and brush. A bed of leaves was inviting and I rolled into my blankets and slept until morning.

He had not left the trail so far, that was plain. After breakfast I started down his line on the other stream and after a few miles found one of his dead-falls broken. Here was the first evidence of the robber. Further on I found where Antoine had left the trail and gone off to leeward, and had made himself a sort of breastwork camp in good range of the rear of a trap, and on examining the latter there was evidence of a tussle and some blood, but about an inch of snow had fallen in the night and the affair had occurred at least twenty-four hours before, but Antoine was still missing. I saw where he had left the trail and where he had returned to it 100yds. below, and again where he had stepped on the stones in the creek which led a long way down as well as across and I took the trail down the valley home. He was not there and it was nearly night of the fourth day. He had been out four nights and I was alarmed—perhaps "scared" would express it better. Here I was hundreds of miles in the wilderness alone. The feeling was not entirely one of selfish helplessness now. I could care for myself fairly well in the woods and did not mind its solitude, but I found that I had a feeling of love for my companion which had been latent and only brought out by his long absence, which it seemed must be caused by some accident. I ate supper and tried to sleep, but for the second time in the woods I was tired, but not sleepy.

Morning came. I cooked enough to last me several days on a trip after my companion. I would go back to the stepping stones where I had lost the trail, and find it. Dead or alive, I must know where Antoine was. He had not been hurt in a dead-fall, that was sure, for I had seen them all, but, if living, he would surely have been back before this. I slung my haversack and blankets, and started back on his outgoing trail, determined to find him if possible, and to look closer along the banks of the stream, where the new snow might have covered his track for a short distance. I had hardly got 100yds. from the cabin when I heard Antoine call: "Hello! where you go now? Come back here, I want some grub for to heat. You run 'way w'en I come lak you doan want a see me. W'at for you go off dat-a way?"

He had come in on my branch of the stream, and if I had got out of sight or hearing before he arrived there would have been a long and useless tramp for me—and perhaps one for him to find me. Who knows but we both might still be going the rounds in the wilds of Wisconsin on each other's trails. I made him hot coffee, while he unslung his pack and washed, and then it was good to see the old man "heat." Slices of cold boiled bear ham, hot broiled venison steak, tin cups of coffee, and more bread than I dare tell, went in quantities, and it seemed a long time before he pulled his stool to the fire and said: "Gimme dat tobac'."

It took three pipefuls before he felt like talking, and then seeing that I betrayed no curiosity he said: "I got dat ole dev'," and then paused. I knew him too well to make any reply or ask a question. He had taken his first liking to me because I had happened to betray no curiosity, and I knew that if he was questioned he would give short answers, but if let alone he would tell it all in his own way and be anxious to do it. His pack of skins lay on the floor unopened. I sat and looked at the fire, for I could not smoke as much as he, and when the spirit again moved him he said: "I got hees skin dere in de pack, w'en I hopen it you see heem. He make me hard run all-a night after I break his laig f'um where I hide by my trap, an' it was his front laig, so he go 'long good, an' I'll run all de night w'en I can see heem or hees track, an' I shoot-a heem t'ree time on a run an' I no hit heem. W'en day come I see da track plain, an' I stop for res' an' heat my grub. Ole Carcajou he no lak-a daytam for be hout, an' I t'ink me he fin' some hole for lay hup in. So I go 'long slow for give heem tam to fin' hole, an' he go all-a day 'way off to nor'eas' lak he go to-a Wiscons' Riv'. Nex' night I fin' hees hole an' I make fire an' sleep by heem. Mornin' I see it was all a rock an' not hees deep hole in a groun' for to have to smoke heem hout, so I pull some rock down and see heem, an' he growl, an' I shoot. He was too much tire to go on to fin' deepes' hole. I'll tole you, hees skeen a'n't wort' much, but w'en I no getta heem we no do more trap in dis part. Dat was good hunt. W'at you say, hey?"

That was a long story for Antoine, but he felt proud that his enemy's hide was in his pack; for this wolverine, sometimes called "glutton," seems to take delight in destroying traps or in befouling the bait if he does not care to eat it, and the trapper who finds one on his range must kill it or go elsewhere. It is very cunning and has great strength, a combination of bear and fox, and is well characterized by Antoine as "de ol' dev'." The skin has some value for robes and rugs, but to the trapper whose line it has discovered its hide has a greater value than any fur dealer would give for it—a hundred times more.

When Antoine unrolled his pack he had a lot of skins, mainly from one of my lines which he had come down. In the lot was a silver fox, the first I had ever seen, and several pelts of the white weasel which we call "ermine." It was my turn next day, but as one of my lines had been recently run by my partner the work was light because there were few traps to reset.

In the morning I thought to make a quick run, and as there was only a couple of inches of snow on top of the hard crust I left my snowshoes in the cabin, but Antoine called me back, saying: "I'll tole you, w'en I'll see da ring on da moon las' night we go gat some snow bambye, and you'll want some ah-gim for walk home. I'll tole you." So I went back and slung my snowshoes and started again.

About a mile from camp a fox had killed a rabbit, and left the story of the tragedy recorded in the snow. There was the track of the rabbit, with its three holes in the snow made at each jump, but as the leaps were only 1½ft. apart it was evident that it was not frightened. The ambush of the fox was plain where it had crouched in the snow, and the hole scooped out where it had struck its prey; and then the single line of footprints where it had trotted off with the rabbit, all the feet set in one straight line, fox fashion.

I amused myself in picturing the midnight scene by the evidence of the snow and went on to the first trap. It was a strong double-spring steel trap set under a log in a place which a mink or fisher would be likely to take on its way to or from the creek. The snow had drifted lightly over the pan, concealing it, and in the trap was the foreleg of a fox and a rabbit lay near it. Here was another story of the woods, briefly told. I reset the trap, smeared rabbit blood about it, took the rabbit for bait for other traps and went on. About noon it began to snow and I ran the rest of the line in haste, taking out a mink or a fisher, resetting traps and rebaiting some, and pushed on for my old resting place. I had improved my first night's camp with poles and bark and now had a good warm shelter, free from the snow, which now came thick and fast. Antoine was right. If the storm kept up all night no man could move next day without ah-gim on his feet, and I thought myself in luck. The intense stillness of a snowstorm we have all noticed. How every sound is muffled and all nature seems hushed by its white mantle!

> "Lo! sifted through the winds that blow,
> Down comes the soft and silent snow,
> White petals from the flowers that grow
> In the cold atmosphere.
> These starry blossoms, pure and white,
> Soft falling, falling, through the night,
> Have draped the woods and mere."

The night was grand for sleeping, for it is never very cold when the snow comes in big flakes, and the morn was also grand. The snow had ceased falling and the air was bright and clear. The same silence brooded over the woods and was only emphasized by the tapping of a woodpecker or the hoarse croak of a raven. I would cross the divide and run the line down the other stream after all, for it only meant a few more miles, and then the week's work was done. It was in heavy timber all the way; my old trail was hidden, but I knew the bearings and had only to keep the sun on my right until I struck the stream and then follow it eastward. After breakfast I started. The sun was bright and dazzling, too much so for comfort. The traps were under 20in. of snow, and I dug most of them out with a snowshoe and got a few skins and set things in shape as well as possible. When I stopped for a noon lunch my eyes were so inflamed that they were painful. My soft cap was pulled down in front and I went on in the bright sunshine and the drip of the trees, using one eye at a time, until I could no longer see. I could not be more than two miles from home, but could not avoid logs or choose my steps, and I was in despair. I shot off my rifle and yelled. Surely Antoine should hear a shot that distance in such clear weather. I shot again and again, perhaps a dozen times, and then I heard an answering shot down the valley. My eyes were streaming, and I could not have gone a rod further. It seemed hours before I heard Antoine's inquiring yell and then he found me.

"So you gone snow blin', hey? Why, you don' take some sof' inside bark an' make some spectacle an' make leetly hole in him w'en de ole sun come on a snow, hey?"

"O, Antoine! get me into camp! My eyes are ruined, and I'll never see again! I felt 'em getting weak and sore, but never thought I'd get stone blind, but maybe if I get a chance to rest I'll come out all right."

"Yes, you com-a all right. I t'ink you was got ketch in dead-fall or got into some hole an 'break you laig w'en I hear you shoot nine or 'leven tam. Gimme you' pack an' you' gun, an' keep hol' dis string an' come 'long o' me. Dat snow blin' make no dif' w'en you keep in camp ten day. Come 'long."

And so he towed me into camp by a string, stopping and helping me over a fallen tree or other bad place, for he had bandaged my eyes and all was dark. When we reached the cabin he sat one of the wooden troughs, which his handy axe had made, by me and told me to bathe my eyes with the cool and soft snow water it contained, and not to look at the fire or anything else. A fever came on, and for the first time in my life I knew what it was to be perfectly helpless in a wilderness. Coming into it in the full strength of youth and health, no idea of anything that could disable me ever came to mind. Here I was, laid up and despondent. There was no belief that youth and an iron constitution were sufficient to cure my ills; all I knew was that I was a wreck and a hindrance to my partner.

"I'll tole you dat make no dif'," said Antoine, "you doan min' a-me, keep-a still, I'll got some bark an' stop dat feve', an' you come 'long all rite. I'll tole you, you lie down an' doan min' noding. Keep-a eye shut—dat snow blin' he make no dif', I'll tole you he'll be all right in ten day."

This was consoling, and might be true. Antoine cared for me like a mother. He steeped some bark—perhaps white oak, I knew at the time—and my fever left me in a few days, but my eyes could not even bear the fire light. Ah-se-bun came into the cabin. He was hungry, as usual, for I never saw an Indian that wasn't, and after filling himself with bear meat he rested, and Antoine said: "Ole Miss'r Coon, he says he stay here an' take care you, an' I'll run my trap. Ba gosh, day hain't been run in long tam, I'll guess. I'll tole you der is plenty for heat, an' Miss'r Coon, he mus' cook w'en he got hunger. All you got for do is keep-a eye shut an' wash heem in snow water. I'll be back in t'ree day, an' dere is plenty for heat, an' you eye he make no dif', he come good w'en you doan' go on de snow."

The Ojibwa tongue had seemed very easy to use with Antoine, who could translate what I did not understand. It seemed to be merely to learn another name for a thing, and I had only learned some nouns. To talk with a native was another thing. Ah-se-bun wanted the axe

and came to me and said "Au-gua-kwet?" I answered: "Au-gua-kwet is over behind the pa-que-shi-gun," but in my mixture of English he failed to understand the last word to mean wheat flour, bread or anything else. That kind of talk did first rate with Antoine, but the Raccoon did not understand his own language. That was very queer.

The light in the cabin was very dim when the fire was not bright, for our "windows" consisted of two holes, one in the door and one opposite, over which were stretched the dried "caul," or what surgeons know as the *peritoneum*, of a deer. When the fire was not bright this gave "a dim religious light," such as steals into some silent crypt through stained glass in an old cathedral, and my eyes improved daily. After some days I could get about the room and do a few things, such as washing out my rifle and oiling it, and it was a surprise to see the Indian eat and sleep. He would rouse up and get wood to cook. The provisions were unlimited, as part of the bear was left, and Antoine had buried a deer in the snow. So it was a picnic for our friend, and he did not even have to hunt nor fish.

When Antoine came he whittled a huge pair of spectacles for me out of dry spruce. They were solid except a small longitudinal slit for each eye, through which one could see all that was necessary and all lights from points outside the range of vision were excluded. They were fitted to my eyes with exactness, and where glasses would be in ordinary spectacles there were hollows which were blackened with charcoal, and with these I could venture out even in strong sunlight, and next day I ran my line of traps with them, seeing perfectly everything that I wished to see, unharmed by the light on the snow. The only unusual event on this trip was seeing where several deer had crossed my trail on the jump, followed by some wolves, as shown in the snow. As the deer were yarded up during such deep snow, the wolves must have stampeded some of them; but we had not seen nor heard a wolf in our part of the woods all winter.

Returning to the cabin the day afterward, Antoine said: "I'll tole you, Chris'mas he come to-morrer and we stop home an' heat good Chris'mas dinner; what you say, hey?" and he showed me where he had kept a record of the days on a stick. I had not given a thought to the matter further than to note that it was midwinter by the sun being at its southern limit, but my partner was a more devout man and told his beads at proper times, kept count of the days, and knew that this was Christmas eve. And so it was settled that we should not hunt nor fish on the morrow, but would observe the day in a civilized manner, just as the folks at home were doing. Antoine had hung some evergreens over the fireplace and over the bed, and with thoughts of those at home we crawled under our blankets, and morning came. FRED MATHER.

Words from Old Friends.

POTOSI, Wis., Oct. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The sketch of Charles Guyon, formerly of this place, was much appreciated here, where he was well known, and it is a subject of comment in this small place; the few copies taken here were soon worn out and others brought from Dubuque and Galena. Judge Seaton has read all the stories of "Men I Have Fished With," and we have talked them over, for we both knew the author in years gone by when he was a youth seeking adventure. I believe the Judge has kept up an occasional correspondence with Major Fred since he left here, and has followed his wanderings in Kansas and his career in the army and in the more peaceful field of fishculture.

John Lyons remembers the boy whose arm was lacerated by the hog which Mr. Mather shot; his name was Marquette. John also saw Charley Guyon's leg after it was torn by the hogs on the island, as related in the story. As the author of these sketches spent a good part of three years in this place, and hunted and fished with many of the men and boys who are well known here, we are wondering who comes next. He trapped one winter with old Antoine Gardapee, and the next winter he went with a surveying party with James McBride, now living in Washington, D. C.; Henry Neaville, who was killed at Antietam; and Thomas Davies, who now lives in the adjoining village of British Hollow. No doubt he will tell of all these trips.

Since writing the above the last FOREST AND STREAM has come, with the admirable sketch of Henry and Frank Neaville. It is even better than the other. D.

A Record Bass for Kentucky.

SOMERSET, Ky., Oct. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In order that your readers may know something regarding the fine bass fishing which abounds in this immediate vicinity, I give you the result of four days' angling last week by a club of four gentlemen from this city. The entire catch was made in the Cumberland River, seven miles distant from Somerset: On the first day they caught 34, second day 38, third day 64, fourth day 17; total 153. This gives an average catch of 38¼ fish to each man.

These fish run in weight from 1½lbs. to 7lbs. 1½oz., very many of them weighing from 3 to 3½lbs.

Col. R. H. Bartells caught the big bass, and was fourteen minutes engaged with him before he was landed. He made a terrific fight, but he was in the handling of an expert angler and escape was impossible. Col. Bartells is naturally very proud of the catch, as well he may be, for it is the largest black bass ever caught by any angler in these waters. The fact is, I never heard of a larger black bass being taken from any running stream in Kentucky or elsewhere. The fish can now be seen alive and swimming in Col. Bartells's aquarium, this city. S. M. BOONE, SR.



ANGLING NOTES.

Habits of Salmon.

IT was a great pleasure to me to receive a letter from my old friend Mr. John Mowat, in which he tells me of the prospects of his restoration to health. I have told in this column of the serious accident which happened to Mr. Mowat on the Restigouche River as he was returning from salmon fishing and stopped to visit with Mr. Archibald Mitchell, since which time Mr. Mowat's recovery has been slow, but since a visit to Montreal for a consultation with physicians he feels that by another season he may be able to kill a salmon on his favorite river.

I am not alone in thinking Mr. Mowat to be the best-informed man in this country regarding the habits of the sea salmon in Canadian rivers, for I recently heard this opinion given of him in Montreal by a well-known salmon fisherman, and what he knows about the fish was acquired on the rivers and not from books.

With his personal letter Mr. Mowat sends me the following for publication in FOREST AND STREAM:

"The Glens Falls *Sunday Republican* contains an interesting account of salmon fishing, written by Mr. Eugene McCarthy, from his experience on the St. Anne des Monts River (Mr. Hogan's), on the south shore of the St. Lawrence. The article is good, and well describes the fishing from the point of view of a novice, who no doubt believed a good deal of what his guides may have told him.

"I may be in error in correcting some of the statements made by Mr. McCarthy, but my experience of sixty years entitles me to opinions respecting the habits of salmon which I cannot get over. Mr. McCarthy says the salmon spends ten months in salt water, the other two months of the year in fresh water spawning; therefore the salmon is a salt-water fish. Now we know that a salmon will ripen its ova in salt or nearly salt water, but it must have fresh water to deposit the eggs in. Why, sir, only for this peculiarity we would never see a salmon, and the necessity for having fresh water in which to spawn brings every fish back to its own river, another wise provision; for if the fish took the first fresh-water stream they came to, many rivers would be crowded with fish and other rivers would have none. Salmon run in June, less in July, few in August in our north Atlantic rivers.

"Our climate, ice-bound streams for six months, do not permit of autumn fish, 'stragglers' such as they have in the Tweed and Tay in September and October. They are just late fish running up to spawn, almost at the gravid stage. Now the salmon, irrespective of the time of their entering the river, spawn in a week, generally the last week in October, so a June fish is five months in the river getting ready to spawn. In the Restigouche this June fish will be probably 150 miles above salt water at spawning time, and here he will remain until next June, when he makes his way to sea, meeting the new spring fish going up as he goes down. He is then a good-looking kelt, bright as a dollar, but a little lanky; takes the fly well, and shows good fight. I have landed as many as twelve in a day early in June—of course liberating them. Now, sir, from all experiments I have made, those fish do not return that year; keep them, if you wish, in salt water for six months and there will be no signs of ova, only a sediment will appear. There may be a few fish that will return after spawning to sea; they may return, but there is no certainty of their doing so. No salmon ever leaves a river until after spawning, and you can't prevent him from going up. Nets, falls, rapids or rocks will not stop him; but our rivers generally are so easy of ascent that the fish sustains little or no injury. This fact, along with artificial propagation, has made the Restigouche the very best salmon river for sport on this continent. Just think of 100 rods on seventy miles of angling water (the branches reserved for breeding grounds), with average scores of 60, 70, 100 and 120 fish to a rod. I am glad to say the clubs here have restricted their members to eight fish per day. Our grilse here never run over 4lbs. I think an 8lb. fish is a stunted fish. Some rivers only produce 8 and 10lb. fish. Many rivers have no grilse, in that case the returning fish may be four years old. Another strange fact is that any grilse that I have ever seen were males, and seemed always ready to perform their share of duty at spawning time.

"I think when Mr. McCarthy goes again he would better give his fish a little more butt; anything fairly hooked should come to gaff in twenty-five minutes, even with a 3lbs. strain. Always remember to never let your fish get below you; make him fight your rod and the current, with no resting behind rocks. I trust Mr. McCarthy will not take amiss my views on the noblest of sports—fad, if you will—the feel of a 30-pounder when he strikes."

The "Island Pool."

When I started, the very last of August, this year, for Lake St. John, with the intention of fishing the Metabetchouan River for ouananiche, I recalled to memory a description I had read of the road to the Island Pool. My companion, Mr. Rathbone, said the description was given by Dr. Van Dyke in his book "Little Rivers," but I was obliged to confess that I had not read the book, so I did not get my idea of the road from that, and I could not tell where I had read it or heard of it until this morning. I was looking at the file of FOREST AND STREAM for something a correspondent referred me to when my eye caught the note of my friend Chambers in the same issue, Aug. 29, and there it was. Mr. Chambers writes: "In Dr. Van Dyke's 'Little Rivers' is a description of a somewhat difficult route by which he reached the pool, driving by buckboard for nine miles from St. Jerome over an exceedingly rough and hilly road, and then scrambling down a steep hillside 500ft. high."

If Dr. Van Dyke or Mr. Chambers could know how we pictured that road in our minds, from what one had written and the other had quoted, they would give us credit for some courage for undertaking it, particularly when Mr. Beemer wired from Roberval to Quebec that the ouananiche were not yet running up the river and our visit to the Island Pool would in all probability be fruitless of fish. I was not going to the pool for pleasure alone, for I wished to find out something about the fish and their habits at spawning time, and I voted to go if we had to walk. Perhaps that road has been improved since it was described, or perhaps I do not know a bad road when I see it, but I found it to be a very decent road, an for fear some one will get the idea of it that I had before I tried it I wish to say that we dined at Roberval and the same evening went by train to the mouth of the Metabetchouan and slept at the house of the guardian of the river. The next morning Maurice Boivin, the guardian, secured a buckboard attached to a horse a size larger than a sheep, with a driver to take us to the pool. In a little more than two hours' time the little horse hauled three men and the luggage to the shanty where we were to stay, just above the pool. True, the road is hilly, and the last mile or so after leaving the highway it is rough, but it is not a road to be dreaded in the least. I was expecting to find a road after the pattern of some of the log roads in the North Woods of this State, that are deemed extra hazardous in insurance policies, instead of which the road was very good, and returning to St. Jerome with a larger horse we were less than two hours on the road, including a stop to mend the buckboard.

The scramble down the 500ft. to the pool, and more particularly the long haul up, is another matter, and my pen cannot do it justice. One thing is certain: no one with heart trouble should attempt it until a derrick is erected to lift the angler up from the pool. One can get down all right enough, for one has only to let go and he will land at the bottom fast enough, but it is getting back that tests the bellows and the joints. It was raining when I first went down to the pool, and the first time I fell I went down a good part of the way on my back. There is one thing about the pool which gives the descent a redeeming quality, rough and steep as it is, and that is if the ouananiche are there and feeding the angler has no desire to climb back.

Our guides followed the trail up the river and were at the pool when we reached it, and the guides were the guardian and his son. I made the mistake of taking an Indian and a birch canoe from Roberval to the river, but he knew nothing about the stream and I sent him back with his birch before we started up the river. There is a boat on each of the three pools in the river, and the guardian and his sons are the best guides to be obtained.

Ouananiche Flies.

When I was putting my flies on my leader Maurice told me they were too small, and took from his hat what he considered a fly of proper size. His fly was a Jock Scott on a No. 1 hook, and mine were a Jock Scott, silver-doctor, and a fly I got in Quebec under the name of fairy, but which was really an Alexandra, all on No. 10 hooks. I was satisfied that my flies were rather small, but they were the only silver-doctors and Jock Scotts I had except salmon flies as large as those Maurice showed me, and I did not wish to put such flies on a fine leader. We killed fourteen ouananiche that averaged 3lbs. in weight and returned half a dozen or so of small fish to the water. We fished the afternoon of Sept. 1 in the Island Pool, the next day in the Second Pool, and the morning of Sept. 3 in the Island or Third Pool. Sept. 1 and 2 every fish but one was killed on a silver-doctor, whether on Rathbone's rod or my own. The exception was a 3¾lb. ouananiche on an improved Alexandra. The third day every fish was killed on a Jock Scott. Rathbone and I both tried various other flies, and except for a small fish on the alleged fairy which I returned to the water all were taken as I have stated.

There was a brown drake rising on the water and I put on its counterpart, but the fish would not notice it. I caught but one trout in the river and that was on the fairy, and Rathbone caught none. The ouananiche had May fly (drake) larvæ in their stomachs, though they would not touch the fly. Twice I lost flies, or rather the points from them, by the fish taking one of the upper flies and dragging the lower flies around the pool over the rocks, and another time I would not use more than two flies on my cast.

Jumping Ouananiche.

The first ouananiche I hooked, a 2½lb. fish, did not jump once or show above the surface of the water. I knew it was a ouananiche from its play, but it was my first experience with one that did not leap when hooked. The next morning when fishing the second pool Maurice told me of a fish caught there the year before that jumped fourteen times. In the afternoon I hooked a ouananiche of 3¾lbs. in the pool that jumped fairly above the water twelve times. Mr. Rathbone and his guide were below me, and each counted the leaps, one counting aloud in English and the other in French. Besides the clean jumps the fish rolled out of water two or three times. Within half an hour Rathbone hooked a fish of 3½lbs. in the rapids and it did not jump once.

Temperature.

On my first visit to Lake St. John for ouananiche I satisfied myself that the fish remained in shallow water or at the surface, because the water was cold and they were not driven to the depths by warm surface water. I had no thermometer, but I judged from putting my hand in it that it was not above 54°. Mr. Chambers has quoted in his book, "The Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment," what I said of it at the time. This was at the Grand Discharge the last of August. This year on Sept. 1 I tried the water in the Island Pool at noon, and it was 55°, while the air temperature was 50°. While I was testing the water and air a hailstorm passed over, and it was not a fair test of the air, for two hours later it was 54°; but 55° was correct for the water during our stay. The fish that we killed had hard roe and milt, and would not have spawned under six or seven weeks at the least.

Mending a Fly.

After the ouananiche had broken the point of one of my flies by dragging it round the pool behind him, and the fish was netted, I took off the broken fly and threw it on the ground. It was a new fly, but the point of the hook was gone. Maurice picked up the fly and put it in his hat, saying that he would mend it. I asked how such a fly could be mended to be of service, and he took a mended fly from his hat to show me. The broken hook was filed off just above the bend, leaving a small piece of the shank exposed below the body, another hook of the same size was placed along the fly and the end of the shank whipped with waxed thread to the end of the shank of the broken fly, and again the hooks were whipped together just below the body. It made a strong, serviceable fly, and the fact that a bare hook was lashed on alongside the broken fly was not at first discernable. The thing was new to me, but well worth knowing when an angler

is far from a tackle shop and the fish are taking one particular fly, of which the supply in the fly book is limited.

Cooking Ouananiche in Bark.

One evening I said to Maurice, in the shanty: "Can you cook a fish on the river to-morrow if we get one?" "Oh, yes; cook it in bark."

The next morning, while we tumbled, slipped and fell to the bottom of the gorge where the pool holds court, Maurice remained behind to prepare for cooking a fish, but he appeared soon after we got the rods together. My first fish was too large for two people to eat, he said, but the next was just 2½lbs., which Maurice thought would be just right. Evidently he had confidence that we would kill fish that morning, for he started a fire before he had been on the island five minutes. The fire was in a trench in the sand, the trench being 2½ft. long and 2ft. wide, and about 1ft. deep. The fish was cleaned and scaled, and crimped with one long cut lengthwise of the fish above the backbone, and sprinkled with pepper and salt. It was then wrapped or rolled in a square sheet of birch bark and the ends of the bark folded over on the fish, and thus rolled it was placed folded ends down on a second square of bark, and again rolled in it. The folded ends of the second sheet of bark were tied down with roots, and the fish was wrapped about with root strings at intervals between the head and tail. The burning sticks were taken from the trench, and with his paddle Maurice dug a place in the hot sand to receive the fish and its wrappings of bark. The hot sand was drawn over the fish and the wood was replaced and fanned to a blaze over the fish. He said it would take twenty minutes to cook the fish, and I held the watch on him, as he had no watch, and I wondered how he would know when twenty minutes had elapsed. In twenty-three minutes he said the fish was done, and again he removed the wood, drew the ashes (few, by the way) and sand from around the wrapped fish, and exposed a dirty-looking package. Cutting the roots, he removed the outer bark and the ends, and picked and cut and turned the package between two paddles until he revealed the fish in its inner wrapping of clean bark, and placed it on a box before us. The bark formed a platter for the juices of the fish. The skin was removed, and butter, salt and pepper spread and sprinkled over the fish, and Rathbone began at one end of it with knife and fork and I at the other with similar tools, and we ate until we met in the middle of the fish and there was nothing left but bones. Then we wished that Maurice had cooked a larger fish, for I never ate a better one of any kind anywhere on this beautiful green earth.

Ouananiche and Grasshoppers.

Maurice was preparing our luncheon at the Second Pool and I saw a break in the *brou* just above our landing and took my rod with me to see what it was. After a few casts I hooked a chub, which ended my fishing, and I sat down on a rock near the water where I could talk to Maurice.

A larvæ of the brown drake crawled up on a stone at my feet, split its encasing skin and spread its wings, and just then the water washed a little higher on the rock, bringing with it some *brou* which enveloped the poor little beggar of a drake and flattened and stuck his wings to the rock. I tried to help him out of his troubles and put him up on a log to dry where he would not be entangled in the foam. Maurice said it was something he could not understand, but ouananiche would not eat what other fish esteemed a delicacy. He tried them with grasshoppers on one occasion when the fish were feeding, but he could not get a single strike, and when finally he emptied his box of kicking, struggling grasshoppers on the water, and they floated down where the ouananiche were jumping, not one was taken by a fish.

Pike-perch run up to the Island Pool of the Metabetchouan, and this pool is just below the falls which bar even the ouananiche, but the rapids which the pike-perch overcome in reaching the Third Pool prove a barrier to the pike and none have ever been seen in any of the pools. Crayfish I found in abundance in the river and chubs are plentiful. Rathbone caught one very large chub at the Second Pool and did not kill him. Maurice says that when the ouananiche are spawning in the Third Pool the chubs fairly swarm on the beds and eat the spawn, and the ouananiche pay no attention to them, while at other times if a chub approaches a ouananiche the latter fish will drive him away.

We saw many young ouananiche in the pools jumping for flies, and we caught several as small as half a pound each or about that weight. These little fish could not have been down to the lake and must have been two years old, but they must have had an abundance of superior food to attain the size they had grown to in that time, for I have seen two-year-old sea salmon not more than half as large. The climb down to the Second Pool is not so difficult as that to the Island Pool, but for the sake of fishing from the island I would make the descent if it were even steeper.

Later Fishing on the River.

We were early for the best fishing in the Metabetchouan, and when we got back to Roverval I found a note from Mr. Merritt E. Haviland, of New York, who, with Dr. Hamilton, went up on the train with us from Quebec, asking if I would advise him to go to the river when they returned from the Saguenay. I left a note for him, advising him to go, as I thought he would just about hit the run of ouananiche. Since my return home I have received the following letter from Mr. Haviland:

"Dr. Hamilton and myself were very much obliged for the note which you left at the Hotel Roberval, and were also pleased to learn of your success on the Metabetchouan.

"We stayed there several days, but our average was not as good as yours, except as to weight of fish, which was about the same. Dr. Hamilton killed thirteen and I killed thirty-six ouananiche. He was there six days and I eleven. He left me, and I went to Lake Kenogami for trout. There I had fairly good success. The number few, but the average good, although my heaviest fish was only 4lbs. The day before I left the Metabetchouan Dr. Van Dyke, of New York, and his friend arrived and spent one night there. They had just come from Kenogami, and reported good success, so I went there. There were plenty of fish, but they would not rise freely to the fly, and were logy. As compared to ouananiche it was tame sport. We did try the First Pool, notwithstanding Mr. Rathbone's suggestion that the road to it was practically impossible, and we had very good luck there.

"Dr. Hamilton and I noted the emphasis which you placed upon the statement of your having landed all the ouananiche you hooked. We appreciated this later when we were not as successful."

If I placed emphasis upon the fact that I landed all the ouananiche I hooked I have forgotten it. When I first went to Lake St. John I was informed that if I saved two or three or four fish out of five hooked (I cannot now tell the proportion), I would be lucky. When I did not lose a single fish hooked on a fly (I did lose some when I trolled for the fish with a spoon in the lake, and a man who fishes for ouananiche with a spoon deserves to lose them) I thought I was particularly favored, and this year neither Mr. Rathbone nor I lost a single fish that we hooked, and we considered ourselves particularly fortunate. But after my short experience, I do not know why a fisherman should lose a ouananiche properly hooked, if his tackle is sound, any quicker than any other game fish; still I may find out the next time I fish for them.

A. N. CHENEY.

Honeoye Falls Anglers.

HONEOYE FALLS, Oct. 23.—The annual banquet of the Honeoye Falls Anglers' Association was held in the Wilcox House last evening. Covers were laid for 100 members and guests. The large dining hall was finely decorated with flags and the various implements employed in hunting and angling. After the feasting was over the reports of the officers of the Association were given by President Mather and Secretary L. E Gates. It was stated that the object of the Association was the propagation of fish and game in this vicinity and the suppression of illegal fishing and hunting. Secretary Gates stated that during the past year there had been placed in the waters of this vicinity the following fry: Honeoye Creek, 120,000 wall-eyed pike; Lima ponds, 20,000; Mendon ponds, 40,000. Five thousand brown trout fry and 250 yearling trout had also been placed in the Mendon ponds. In addition to this work the Association had brought about the arrest and conviction of a number of illegal fishermen.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 1 to 4.—City of the Straits Kennel Club's local show, Detriot, Mich. R. H. Roberts, Sec'y.

Dec. 8 to 11.—Augusta, Ga.—Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association. J. W. Killingsworth, Sec'y.

Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.

Nov. 2.—Carlisle, Ind.—Union Field Trial Club's inaugural trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 10.—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.

Nov. 10.—Leamington, Ont.—Peninsular Field Tria Club, Leamington, Ont.

Nov. 10.—Waynesburg, Greene County, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's trials. L. O. Seidle, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—National Fox Hunting Association's third annual trials, Bardstown, Ky. F. J. Hagan, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.

Nov. 20.—Thomasville, N. C.—Philadelphia Kennel Club's trials. Dr. Alexander Glass, Sec'y, 2125 Sansom street, Philadelphia.

Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y, Huntsville, Ala.

1897.

Jan. 11.—Tupela, Miss.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Jan. 18.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

ME AND THE PUP.

OMAHA, Neb.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A pup is a curious critter—almost as much so as some men I have had the good fortune to meet, and I have had lots of experience with both. With the four-legged variety it has covered the entire range from very good to very bad, sometimes, in truth, worse than very bad, and candor compels me to state that most of them come under the latter heading.

I once owned an Irish setter of unimpeachable ancestors—a regular swell, so to speak—and when I first brought him home great was the rejoicing. Well, we took him out hunting, just to make the other fellows who thought they owned good dogs feel sorry for themselves; but somehow it didn't have the desired effect, while those common meat dogs who didn't have a paternal ancestor among them that they cared to introduce in polite society just humped themselves around the stubble fields and found all kinds of birds. My beautiful sprig of gentility walked disdainfully under the wagon and carried his nose very high in the air; still, I had faith in him. Perhaps he was just waiting for them to show their ignorance, and then intended to start in and show them how the thing should be properly done; perhaps those were his thoughts, but if so, he never had a chance to show us, for just about that time some one shot a chicken close to the wagon, and there was an indistinct red streak seen going over the top of the hill, and we found him brooding over his grievances under the front porch when we got home. Two days later he followed a farmer's wagon off, and we haven't seen him since. That was three years ago, and I suppose he is still my dog, though I never hunted for him hard enough to find him.

My next was a pointer bitch. She had, and still has, her good and bad points, for I own her still. She is a fair quail dog, but for other birds she—but she is a lady, and I'll say no more.

But I started out to tell you about the pup. He's great. Such a pedigree was never before seen. All the blue blood and greatness in the English setter race is concentrated in this precious pup of mine. I saw him when with his brothers and sisters he had just opened his eyes on this cruel world, and as I looked over the kennel fence (his mother was a little quick-tempered) my heart yearned for him, and I bought him then and there. On account of his youth I left him with his mother for a time, but the other day, being in the place of his nativity, I concluded that as he was six months old he had better come home and begin his education. The man who raised him suggested that we had better put him in a crate and ship him by express, but I was afraid to trust such a valuable package to the tender mercies of an express company, and as I expected to be home in a couple of days, I thought the occasion good to make his acquaintance and get used to each other's little idiosyncrasies. The first part of the journey was by stage, and by the way he curled up on the mail sacks and made himself at home I erroneously concluded that he was a philosopher. His breakfast had consisted of mush and milk, mostly milk, I think, and as we progressed the jolting of the stage seemed to have a disturbing effect. It made him seasick, and the driver was tickled to death.

The next part of our route was by rail, and we stood on the platform patiently waiting for the train. Pup was still feeling slightly indisposed, but he kept his weather eye open for emergencies. Presently the train came rushing in, steam escaping and whistle blowing, and it scared the pup almost to death; and as the rope I held was strong, instead of bolting he went straight up in the air about 4ft. It was with the utmost difficulty that we got him on the train, but I did at last, and fondly thought the worst was over; but it wasn't. We made him a nice bed in the basement for the night, gave him his supper and tucked him in. He kept reasonably quiet, for a wonder, though he did howl once in a while.

The next day was Sunday, and for the purpose of getting him used to his surroundings he spent the day *en famille.* During the afternoon it clouded up and began to rain and we had to come in the house, and for fear he would run away brought the pup in too. There is where we made a mistake, for when his bedtime came, and we put him back in his quarters, he refused to be comforted and set up the most dismal howling ever heard. During the day a member of the family had had a dangerous surgical operation performed and the doctors enjoined perfect quiet, and that pup wouldn't do a thing but howl. We tried all sorts of expedients. We even got another dog to keep him company; but it was no use—the only place he would stay was at the top of the basement stairs, and there his high tenor notes rang out loud and clear. This would never do, for it drove the sick man frantic, and to add to the general discomfort a heavy thunderstorm came up, and at every peal of thunder the pup raised his voice the louder. He craved society, and the only way in which we could quiet him was to admit him to the family circle. There he became as docile and lamblike as our fondest hopes could wish, and he settled down and slept the sleep of the righteous.

Bedtime finally came, but do you think Jerry would consent to sleep alone? Not much. I had dark thoughts of taking him out and losing him, but it was raining too hard, and I didn't, and to pacify him finally admitted him to the bedroom. When I finally retired, after putting out the lights, and sank to repose, I imagined that my troubles were over for the night, but I failed to consult the wishes of our canine friend. He didn't like the darkness, and wandered around like a lost soul, bumping his head into every piece of furniture in the room, and capping the climax by pushing his damp, inquiring nose into the face of my sleeping spouse. After her fright was over she said some very severe and uncomplimentary things about pups in general and this one in particular. Then I rose in my wrath and yanked that pup up by the scruff of his neck into the next room and lit the gas for his benefit. That seemed to suit him better, and I left him to his own reflections. He made himself a soft bed in my wife's silk couch pillows and settled down. She doesn't know it, and I fervently, oh, so fervently, hope she never will.

Daylight at length came and with it renewed activity on the part of the purp; in his tour of investigation he concluded to get into bed with my young son, and as the kid didn't wake up and the pup kept quiet, I let him alone.

Promptly after breakfast I tied a string to his collar and led him down town, where he had difficulties with electric cars and bicycles, and wanted to bolt into every open door he saw. After much search I found a colored gentleman who consented to take his education in charge for a consideration; he didn't know what a contract he undertook. I saw him again the other day and he looked very sad; he informed me incidentally that the job was worth more money, and broke it to me gently that my blue-blooded Jerry was about the worst gun-shy dog he had ever seen.

W. R. HALL.

Field Trials and Field Dogs.

SHERRILL'S FORD, N. C., Oct. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I think the article in last week's issue under "Field Trials and Field Dogs" just a little bit rough, in making the statement that field trial dogs have not improved in their manner of doing the work required in field shooting, or come up to the sportsman's standard, as he should have done.

Is it the dog himself who has lost ground in the opinion of those who once supported him? or is it the expense and uncertainty of winning at a field trial? or perhaps, as is often the case, the simple tiring of a hobby that has been taken up and dropped?

I claim and always shall believe that the field trial winner is the best and most perfect of all shooting dogs; that is, that he will give you more shots in one day and do it in better style than the ordinary dog. In cases where this does not happen so, the so-called plug shooting dog would be a winner if run in competition. I will mention a few of the winners of last year that I can remember, and the writer, who evidently follows field trials, must admit from what he saw of them that anyone would make a most charming shooting dog, and furthermore, I will venture to say, all of them can be handled with only a toot of the whistle and wave of the arm when the dog throws up his head to locate his handler. What more perfect dog than Jingo (who was sold as a shooting dog), Minnie T., Count Gladstone IV., India, Nabob, Rip Saw, Delhi, Tamarac, Jr., Von Gull; and if old Rip Rap is not a good rough-and-tumble shooting dog that will give you every shot possible, then I never saw one.

All that is said of bad, improper breaking and unnecessary whistling at field trials and the advantages and disadvantages obtained therefrom is perfectly true, but there is no reason whatever for any of it. The rules and regulations amply provide for all of this, and it rests with the

judges entirely to put their feet down. (Bradley need only put down one foot.) Few care to do this, as the position of judge is not a pleasant one at any time. However, I honestly think these abuses are seen much less than in former years, and if the judges will exercise their authority a little more I predict the competitors will be better broken and handled more quietly.

C. E. BUCKLE.

BRUNSWICK FUR CLUB'S TRIALS.

THE Brunswick Fur Club held its eighth annual field trials at Barre, Mass., Oct. 19 to 23. The entry list was larger than it was in 1895, and the attendance was excellent. Among those present during the week were: A. C. Heffenger, W. A. Bragdon, Portsmouth, N. H.; O. F. Joslin, Oxford, Mass.; E. W. and F. W. Gill, Princeton, Mass.; A. B. F. Kinney, G. A. Goddard, Guy C. Whidden, C. L. Kinney, J. H. Sewell, G. R. Manderson, Worcester, Mass.; J. E. McFadden, Ohio; E. L Brooks, Vernon, Vt.; Chadwick Shaw, Indian Orchard, Mass.; W. C. Carr, Ludlow, Mass.; B. P. Williamson, Green Harbor, Mass.; G. E. Carr, Holliston, Mass.; H. L. Aldrich, Sheldonville, Mass.; J. B. Miller, Diamond Hill, R. I.; Noel E Money, Oakland, N. J.; A. B. McGregor, Poland, Me.; N. Stewart, F. W. Sadlier, Gorham, N. H.; J. W. Slattery, Geo. H. Sargent, Boston, Mass.; J. William Jones, S. B. Mills, Needham, Mass.; R. D. Perry, E. J. Hill, Phillipston, Mass.; James Cotton, Athol, Mass.; J. H. Taylor, Concord, N. H.; Allen Chamberlain, E. H. Garrett, Winchester, Mass.; T. S. Winston, Virginia; C. L. Wellington, Waltham, Mass.; E. Clark, Lynn, Mass.; Bradford S. Turpin, Roxbury, Mass.

The quality of the hounds as a whole in both the Derby and All-Age stakes was better than ever before. The record made by Flash was phenomenal. In the Derby this youngster did not show to advantage, and this was probably due to the fact that she had been crated for a number of days. Her work in that stake, however, put her in splendid form, and in the All-Age she ran like a whirlwind, showing nose, speed and endurance. She is by Lead—Imported Clara, and was bred by Walker & Hagan.

Torment, the winner of second honors, was bred by the Bourbon Kennels. He is a hound that can win on the bench, and in the field showed wonderful speed and great endurance. Clay and Dan are well known. Marquis is a good example of the rough Welsh hounds. He was bred by John Lawrence, the M. F. H. of the Llangibby Hunt. He showed great courage and endurance, running throughout the three days' hunt with a badly cut foot, yet he was always working and was invariably found in at the finish.

Fleet, the Derby winner, was bred by Mr. Decatur, her owner. She is a well set up, handsome hound, but not the equal on the bench of Trim, the winner of second. The latter is a Walker hound, and is strong in the blood of the celebrated Scott.

The judges were kept busy throughout the week, and though their task was a hard one their decisions were received without adverse criticism. Two of the judges were on horseback, and were thus able to cut off the pack frequently when the chase crossed the roads. Indeed, had it not been for the stone walls, there was but little of the country that could not have been ridden. Foxes were easily found.

The hounds were distinguished from one another by letters painted upon their sides in red. This added nothing to the beauty of the pack, but was a great aid to the judges in their work. The country about Barre is a beautiful one to hunt, and the week was one of glorious sport.

Entries for the Derby closed on Monday evening and were as follows:

Derby Entries.

JOE FORESTER, JR.—Dr. A. C. Heffenger's b., w. and t. dog, 12 mos. old (Joe Forester—Annie Dance).
WALKER'S LOUIS—B. P. Williamson's b., w. and t. dog, 19 mos. old (Brewer—Molly).
FLIRT—Diamond Hill Kennels' b. and w. bitch, 14 mos. old (Commodore—Belva).
FLY—Diamond Hill Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch, 14 mos. old (Commodore—Belva).
BEN HUR—O. F. Joslin's b., w. and t. dog, 15 mos. old (Rock—Juliette).
TRIM—A. B. F. Kinney's b., w. and t. dog, 17 mos. old (Big Strive—Erminie).
LOBO—S. Decatur's b., w. and t. dog, 21 mos. old (Duke—Kate).
FLEET—S. Decatur's b., w. and t. bitch, 21 mos. old (Duke—Kate).
JET—Walker & Hagan's b. and t. bitch, 18 mos. old (Brewer—Sall).
FLASH—Walker & Hagan's b. and t. bitch, 16 mos. old (Lead—Imported Clara).

The Derby—Tuesday.

The morning was cool and cloudy, with no wind. The Derby entries were cast off at 6:30 o'clock on the Rowell farm, and at once struck a cold track. They trailed at speed for a mile or more, and within fifteen minutes jumped the fox. In working up to the fox the hounds packed well and worked eagerly, but Fleet and Trim did the best and showed the greatest judgment. The start was an unusually pretty one, the hounds being well packed and the fox running within a few yards of the spectators when he broke cover. From the first the chase was a hot one, and the fox was glad to seek refuge in a large swamp, where the hounds could not press him so hard. Before the swamp was reached Joe Forester, Jr., Ben Hur and Walker's Louis were thrown out at a check and did not get in again for an hour or more. Meantime the youngsters were put to a severe test in the swamp, and did work of which experienced hounds might have been proud. In working the losses Trim, Fleet, Flash and Fly all did well, and indeed there was not a bad hound in the pack. At last the fox was driven from the swamp, and with all ten hounds at his heels returned to his starting point. The pack was still running beautifully, Fleet and Jet doing the greater part of the leading. The fox had now run for two hours and a half, and the pace was telling on him. His brush was lowered, and he was looking only for a place of refuge. So hard pressed was he that he ran close by two of the hunters, paying no heed to them, and at 9:45 he went to earth.

This was by far the best Derby race in the history of the Brunswick Fur Club. Where all the hounds were so well matched it was not easy to decide upon the winners, and the task of the judges—Noel E. Money, R. D. Perry, S. B. Mills, J. W. Jones, N. Stewart, E. L. Brooks and Bradford S. Turpin—was a difficult one.

After careful consideration they gave first prize to Fleet, second to Trim, and divided third between Jet and Lobo. Fleet by winning first prize became the possessor of the R. D. Perry cup and N. Q. Pope's handsome medal.

SUMMARY.

BARRE, Mass., Oct. 20.—The Derby, open to all foxhounds whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1895. Entry fee $2. First prize 35 per cent., second 25 per cent., third 15 per cent. of entry fees; ten starters.

Winners.—1. Fleet (Duke—Kate). 2. Trim (Big Strive—Erminie). 3. Jet (Brewer—Sall) and Lobo (Duke—Kate). Special prizes—The R. D. Perry cup and N. Q. Pope's medal to Fleet.

In the evening the entries for the All-Age Stake were made as follows:

All-Age Stake.

DOCK—W. A. Bragdon's b., w. and t. dog (Strive—Rate).
TORMENT—A. C. Heffenger's b., w. and t. dog (Redstone—Nell).
GEORGE—R. Seely's b. and w. dog (Wheeler—Kate).
DAN—O. F. Joslin's b., w. and t. dog (Boston—Nell).
SIM—O. F. Joslin's b., w. and t. dog (Jake—Cricket).
BEAUTY—Diamond Hill Kennels' b. t. bitch (Hunter—Belva).
MARQUIS—Noel E. Money's w., l. and g. dog (Manager—Dainty).
ROCK—George E. Carr's b., w. and t. dog (Smitha's Logan—Muse).
CLAY—White Oak Hill Kennels' w., b. and t. dog (Scully—Bessie).
DUKE—White Oak Hill Kennels' w., b. and t. dog (Rabbit—Fanny).
POPE'S STRIVE—White Oak Hill Kennels' w., b. and t. dog (Clay—Sunmaid).
POPE'S SAMSON—White Oak Hill Kennels' w., b. and t. dog (Clay—Sunmaid).
SONGSTER—Bragdon & McGregor's w., b. and t. dog (Shamrock—Dutiful).
LOBO—S. Decatur's b., w. and t. dog (Duke—Kate).
SHINE—B. P. Williamson's w. and l. dog (Grant—Shiny).
HUSKIE—R. D. Perry's b. and t. dog (Troupe—Blinkey).
SPRAGUE—A. B. F. Kinney's b. and t. dog (Clinker—Fan).
KING—Chadwick Shaw's br. and w. dog (Cull— ——).
JET—Walker & Hagan's b. and t. bitch (Brewer—Sall).
FLASH—Walker & Hagan's b. and t. bitch (Lead—Clara).
OSIE—Walker & Hagan's b. and t. bitch (Sam—Mag).
CROOK—Walker & Hagan's b., w. and t. dog (Jake—M'Liss).

The All-Age Stake—Wednesday.

When the line left headquarters at 6 o'clock thick clouds covered the sky, and before the hounds were cast off rain began to fall. Heavy showers followed one another in quick succession and most of the party were thoroughly drenched.

The judges in the stake were: Guy Whidden, Jas. W. Slattery, S. B. Mills, J. Wm. Jones, N. Stewart, E. L. Brooks and Bradford S. Turpin. The hounds were sent away at 6:45, and worked for an hour or more in the heavy rain before they found a track that could be carried. By that time the pack was widely scattered, and most of the spectators had sought shelter in barns and farm houses. At 8 o'clock Judge Mills saw a fox break from cover, driven by Clay, Torment, Flash, Shine, Jet, Pope's Strive, and one or two other hounds. The pack was in full cry, and driving well despite the heavy rain. Other hounds harked in, and soon a pack of fifteen hounds were sending reynard along at a great pace. He made a wide circle, and in an hour returned to his starting point. The pack was then led by Torment, who was only about 50yds. behind the fox, and in the open caught sight of him. The coursing match was a brief one, for a convenient stone wall and bushy pasture saved the quarry. The race was a furious one till the fox went to earth not long after.

A meeting of the judges was held in the afternoon, and it was decided to order out all the hounds in the All-Age Stake on Thursday morning.

Thursday.

The storm was over. The morning dawned still, clear and cold, but a stiff breeze arose not long after sunrise, and somewhat marred the enjoyment of the day.

As usual, the hounds were cast off on the Rowell farm at 6:35. Two trails were found before the hounds had gone a quarter of a mile, and while two or three of the hounds carried one, the rest of the pack picked out the other. Both foxes were started, and both ran across Smith's swamp to the hills beyond. One recrossed the southern end, and was then driven by ten or a dozen hounds, with Pope's Samson and Flash in the lead.

When this chase had gone far to the east, Marquis, Sim and Torment followed a cold trail into Smith's swamp, and after some good work put up their fox and drove him evenly and prettily till he went to earth in the vicinity of Sherman Hill.

Not long after that pack had gone out of hearing Clay and two other hounds jumped a fox which crossed the Petersham road and disappeared in the woods on the west side of Smith's swamp. Another fox a little later in the day was seen running over the same course and ten minutes later a number of hounds widely scattered came swiftly along on his trail.

Hardly had they reached the woods when Jet, Rock and Flash drove a fox within easy hearing distance of the scattered hounds. They harked in at once and a pretty chase was on immediately. The fox was driven beyond the reservoir, where he was lost or went to earth.

In the evening the judges held a meeting and spotted out George, Beauty, Duke, Songster, Lobo, Shine, Sprague, King, Osie, Crook and Huskie.

Friday.

Friday was an excellent hunting day, cloudy, still and damp. The pack consisted of nine hounds. Eleven were eligible to run, but Flash and Jet had not come in from yesterday's hunt and all efforts to find them had failed.

The hounds were cast off at the Rowell farm at 6:30, and almost at once found a cold trail. Carefully they worked it along, sometimes at speed, but usually with difficulty. There were many checks, but the track was never lost for long, and after trailing for many miles the fox was jumped at 9:15. Scent lay well and the running was furious from the very start. After an hour's driving Torment led the pack, with Dan second and far behind. Then came Clay and the others well strung out. After running an hour a bad check occurred and the hounds got together. Then with a wonderful burst of speed and with some of the finest music of the week they forced the fox to earth within an hour and a quarter of the jump.

In the afternoon the judges made the awards as given below in the summary. Under the running rules of the club Flash was given credit for the work done on the first two days of the trials, though she had not run on the third day.

SUMMARY.

BARRE, Oct. 21–23.—All-Age Stake, open to all foxhounds. Fee to start, $3. First prize 35 per cent., second 25 per cent., and third 15 per cent. of entry fees. Twenty-two starters.

Hunting Class.—1. Torment (Redstone—Nell). 2. Clay (Scully—Bessie). 3. Marquis (Manager—Dainty).

Trailing Class.—1. Walker & Hagan's Flash (Lead—Clara). 2. Dan (Boston—Nell). 3. Torment (Redstone—Nell).

Speed Class.—1. Walker & Hagan's Flash (Lead—Clara). 2. Torment (Redstone—Nell). 3. Jet (Brewer—Sall).

Endurance Class.—1. Marquis (Manager—Dainty). 2. Clay (Scully—Bessie). 3. Torment (Redstone—Nell).

Tonguing Class.—1. Clay (Scully—Bessie). 2. Flash (Lead—Clara). 3. Marquis (Manager—Dainty).

Special Prizes.—*American Field* cup and highest general average medal to Flash. A. C. Heffenger's hunting medal to Torment. W. A. Bragdon's trailing medal to Flash. O. F. Joslin's speed medal to Flash. A. B. F. Kinney's endurance medal to Marquis.

A club meeting was held in the evening, Dr. Heffenger in the chair. The definition of trailing in the running rules was changed so as to read: "Trailing shall be considered the manner in which a hound follows a track before the fox is jumped." It was also voted to change the name of the Speed class to Speed and Driving class.

Resolutions of respect to two deceased members, Dr. N. Rowe and Geo. P. Berry, were passed and ordered placed in the club records. R. D. Perry, W. A. Bragdon and Geo. E. Carr were appointed to decide on time and place for the winter meet. James Cotton, Athol, Mass., was elected to membership and the meeting adjourned.

Most of the sportsmen left Barre on Saturday morning and the trials of '96 were a thing of the past. J. A. B.

NEW ENGLAND BEAGLE CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following special prizes have been donated, to be competed for at the fourth annual field trials of the New England Beagle Club:

A. D. Fisk offers framed picture, "A Sporting Scene," for best 13in. Derby entry. H. S. Joslin offers $10 in gold for best combination of speed and nose; also pair of zebra skin hunting shoes for best Derby entry owned by non-member; also engraved silk ribbon for the most wonderful story told during the trials. Awashonk Kennels offer service of Baronet to best trailer. Thomas Shallcross offers shipping crate for best pair field beagles owned by one exhibitor or kennel. Geo. F. Reed offers service of Harker to the best bitch marking her game in the ground or wall by giving tongue; also service of Colonel Lee to the best handler. Robert Hindle, Jr., offers hunting coat for best 13in. All-Age entry. Dawson & Co., dealers in sporting goods, Providence, R. I., offer leather-tipped gun case for best 15in. entry owned in Rhode Island. Howard Almy offers box of cigars for best combination of speed and nose. W. S. Clark offers a half dozen regulation bench chains for best 15in. Derby entry. W. E. Deane offers seven-shot double action revolver for best in Class A. C. O. Smith offers service of Laick's Roy for best 13in. bitch. Henry Hanson offers assorted lot of Spratts dog medicines for best All-Age 13in. bitch.

The regular club specials are as follows: An engraved silk ribbon to the best starter, best trailer, best voice, best Derby entry bred by owner, most stylish worker, and greatest sustained speed.

Entries to the fourth annual field trials of the New England Beagle Club closed Oct. 15, with twenty-eight nominations, as follows:

Class A: For all-age dogs and bitches, 15 to 13in. in height, that have never won first prize at a recognized field trial in the All-Age class.

BARONET—Awashonk Kennels' b., w. and t. dog (Daunter—Racklass).
SNYDER III.—H. S. Joslin's b. t. dog (Snyder II.—Nancy).
PHANTOM—A. D. Fisk's w., b. and t. dog (Clyde—Brummy).
DIXIE R.—E. C. Cook's b., w. and t. bitch (—— —— ——).
LEWIS—Howard Almy's w. and t. dog (Bannerman—Parthenia).
NELL R.—Geo. F. Reed's w., b. and t. bitch (Ned—Haida).
SCORCHER—Geo. F. Reed's w., b. and t. bitch (Wanderer—Triumph).
FANNEY—Geo. E. Williams, Jr.'s w., b. and t. bitch (—— — ——).
TWEED—Geo. A. Clark's c. and w. dog (Jack—Fannie).
DIME—William Saxby's b. t. bitch (Judge—Babey).

Class B: For all-age dogs and bitches 13in. and under in height. Same conditions as Class A.

TRILLESS—Awashonk Kennels' b. t. bitch (Laick—Sweet Fern).
DRUMMER BOY—Deane & Smith's b. t. dog (Rove—Wenonah).
BLOSSOM—A. D. Fisk's w., b. and t. bitch (Fitzhugh Lee—Lady Novice).
NANCY LEE—Howard Almy's b., w. and t. bitch (Fitzhugh Lee—Jude).
SKIP II.—Howard Almy's b., w. and t. bitch (Buckshot—Jute).
TOPSY GLENWOOD—W. E. Deane's w., b. and t. t. bitch (Rove—Wenonah).
SNIFTER R. D.—Geo. F. Reed's b., w. and t. bitch (Wanderer—Triumph).
BESSEY—William Saxby's b., w. and t. bitch (Judge—Babey).

Class C: Derby for dogs and bitches, 15 to 13in. in height, whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1895.

STARLIGHT—Awashonk Kennels' b., w. and t. dog (Zeno—Fanny Reed).
TRICK—H. S. Joslin's b., w. and t. dog (Clyde—Lady Novice).
WHALER—H. S. Joslin's b., w. and t. bitch (Wanderer—Triumph).
MISS QUINN—Howard Almy's b., w. and t. bitch (Diamond—Nancy Lee).
SCORCHER—Geo. F. Reed's b., w. and t. bitch (Wanderer—Triumph).

Class D: Derby for dogs and bitches 13in. and under in height. Same conditions as Class C.

TRILLESS—Awashonk Kennels' b. t. bitch (Laick—Sweet Fern).

IDA NOVICE—Mr. A. H. Morse's w., b. and t. bitch (Clyde—Lady Novice).

GLENWOOD—W. E. Deane's w., b. and t. dog (Little Corporal—Frances).

CLARINET—Howard Almy's b., w. and t. dog (Clarion of Glenrose—Trill).

TOPSY GLENWOOD—W. E. Deane's w., b. and t. t. bitch (Rove—Wenonah).

SNIFTER R. D.—Geo. F. Reed's b., w. and t. bitch (Wanderer—Triumph).

MINNIE—Robt. Hindle, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. bitch (Laick—Sweet Fern).

DIME'S DOLLEY—William Saxby's b., w. and t. bitch (Clyde—Dime).

W. S. CLARK, Sec'y-Treas.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Mr. S. C. Bradley, secretary of the E. F. T. C., informs us that in respect to the Subscription Stake the whole of the entry fee was due Oct. 1, instead of 50 per cent., as stated in last week's issue.

Mr. S. C. Bradley, secretary of the E. F. T. Club, has been reëlected to the office of first selectman in his town, which goes to show that the popularity of Mr. Bradley is not confined to field trials men and affairs.

The Metropolitan Kennel Club has decided to hold a show in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Nov. 24, 25, 26 and 27, which will be held under A. K. C. rules and under the management of Mr. Jas. Mortimer.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

THE NEW BOY IN AN EMERGENCY.

TOLEDO, O., Oct. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It used to be said of the Comanches that they spent so much time in the saddle that their leg muscles became gradually enfeebled and shrunken, so that, while they were admirable horsemen, they were of very little account on foot. With the enormous increase of the bicycle a process of a somewhat similar nature, but opposite in kind, is taking place among the palefaces, so that in the course of another generation we shall probably see a race of beings who are all legs and weak in the arms and back. We of adult years have managed to acquire the use of the bicycle after many tribulations, and even now we are never quite certain that some new and unheard of trait of the beast may not develop and find us entirely unprepared to meet it. But the children, Lord bless them! no one can tell when they learned to ride, and in a very little time their adaptability to every motion of the wheel and their perfect ease in its manipulation make even a duck on the water seem like a very clumsy kind of fowl. And it will not be at all surprising if children twenty-five and thirty years from now are born with the instinct of balancing so fully developed that they will take to the wheel without any preliminary training as soon as they are old enough to stand alone.

I did not, however, start out with the intention of philosophizing, but of citing an incident which tends to show whither we are drifting. There are seven souls in the Beebe family (not counting the domestic), all of whom ride the wheel, from the mother of the family down. The youngest Beebe, now in his twelfth year, is the adept of the name, and keeps his father busy when they go out for a breather on the country roads. A few days since the juvenile aforesaid, with some companions of his own age, was climbing about a tree some distance from the family residence, and managed to get a fall which bruised his feet so that he was temporarily unable to stand upon them, much less to walk. Did he set up a wail for his mother, or beg some one to go for a doctor? By no means. As soon as he could sit up comfortably he instructed one of the other boys to go to his house for his bicycle, so that he might ride home upon it.

If the horse is a drug on the market and the four-wheeled vehicle a superfluity in 1896, where will they both be in another decade? JAY BEEBE.

A MORNING SPIN.

NOW that the leaves have begun to fall and the air is full of ozone, a ride through one of our northern parks is particularly delightful. A spin through Central Park, for instance, is an unsurpassed bracer for both mind and body. One inhales the surging air in great, deep-drawn drafts with a keener satisfaction than that with which the old shadow gods on Olympus quaffed their nectar, and each drop of blood in the veins is stirred and set a-coursing as merrily as the water in a mountain stream.

The tardy sun sends its shafts through the trees that now make it blush by comparison with their own gorgeous coloring, and in the road along with the flying wheelman the fallen leaves dance, and race, and tumble over each other in ecstatic hurly-burly.

The spirit of the season is infectious. Everything is hurrying and happy. It is no time to idle now, with the days growing so short. Scampering over the leaves like wind-tossed fragments, or resting momentarily in some friendly eddy, are the gray squirrels, sleek and fat, and full of ginger. The nut crop in the park, as elsewhere, was a poor one this year, and now that the acorns and chestnuts have gone, and that favorite of them all, the hickory, is wanting, the squirrels are driven from the trees to the ground to seek their food. On a two-mile ride through the upper end of the park the other morning twenty-two grays were sighted, most of them out in the open, digging or nosing around in the grass for roots or seeds. These park squirrels present an interesting problem in domestic economy. They inhabit an area of about a square mile, surrounded on all sides by a wilderness of houses and paved streets, and must necessarily get all their food within the limits of their domain. Other squirrels migrate when the supply fails, but we have never heard of the park squirrels following this course, though sometimes they are seen on nearby streets a block or two from their native trees, or for that matter any trees whatever, and it may be that they are then looking about for an avenue of escape.

What then keeps the squirrels from increasing beyond all proportion with the food supply? We are sure we cannot answer. Perhaps they do so increase and die off without attracting attention till a natural balance is restored; but we have never, even in winter, observed the squirrels in poor condition, nor ever heard of a dead one being found.

We are only acquainted with one cause that would tend to restrict the increase, and that is the predatory attacks of cats and dogs—particularly the former—that are frequently to be seen still-hunting in the park. The one thing that ruffles the even tenor of a park squirrel's ways is the approach of one of these prowling marauders, and it is also the only things that makes him bark.

On several occasions we have heard these squirrels cussing away in a temper not at all compatible with their pleasant surroundings, and generally the cause has been some old split-eared and outcast cat.

Man has no terrors for these squirrels, and generally they pay little or no attention to well-conducted dogs who follow the paths.

But, as we said before, there is nothing like a morning ride in the park just now for a bracer. The animal life one sees adds interest to the ride, and by the time you are home for breakfast you are ready to fall to on the meal with an appreciation and zest that no late riser ever experiences. Truly October is the month of months, and cycling the best of sports—when you can't go hunting.

J. B. B.

CHAINLESS BICYCLES.

WHEN it is necessary to locate the seat of the development of power in a bicycle at a point remote from that of its application, much of the success of the design depends upon the means by which the power is transmitted. In the old high bicycle the power acted directly, but, though there were manifest advantages in this method, it was one which did not lend itself to employment in machines in which small wheels were used. Various contrivances have from time to time been experimented with, but all these devices were eventually discarded in favor of the chain. This was at once simple, effective, and easy of application to the machine, whether bicycle or tricycle, and it is now so universally used that it has come to be looked upon as the best communicant of power, so much so that inventors have practically ceased their efforts to discover any superior contrivance. It has been the subject of many improvements, and we have block chains, roller chains, pivot chains, and lever chains. There is no doubt, however, that, while the chain fulfills its office satisfactorily and absorbs but a small fraction of the propulsive force passing through it, there are various objections inherent to this means of transmitting power.

The wear is, of course, much more rapid if the chain be exposed to the dust and dirt accumulated in riding. To guard against this gear cases are used, and in this country are regarded as almost indispensable. In addition to increasing the weight and cost of a bicycle, these shapeless coverings are great disfigurements, and it is only because riders have become accustomed to them that they are tolerated.

As we have said, all the other methods of transmitting power, so far as they were known at the time, were discarded in favor of the chain when, some ten or twelve years ago, the present type of bicycle was adopted. The bevel gear method of communicating power was well known, but, as far as our knowledge goes, was the subject of few experiments, and was either condemned without any fair trial of its merits or was not regarded as being capable of useful adaptation to a bicycle. We remember to have seen at the Stanley show of 1892 a chainless safety, as it was called. This was an application of bevel gearing, but we have not heard or seen anything of the machine since. During the past two years a firm in Paris has been manufacturing a machine known as the chainless safety, and during the present season special attention has been called to this by reason of its having been used with success, both on the road and path, by Rivierre, the noted long-distance French professional rider.

As our readers are aware, we dissent altogether from the deductions it is customarily sought to make from the successes of racing men, as we consider them calculated to mislead and deceive those who require bicycles for other purposes. It is permissible, however, to draw certain conclusions from phenomenal feats, not so much with the object of extolling the merits of a machine as of adducing testimony to show that it cannot possess any serious defect. Rivierre's great ride of 533 miles on the path in twenty-four hours, and his Bordeaux to Paris race, when he practically ran a dead heat with the late A. V. Linton, are incompatible with the employment of inferior appliances, and to that extent we are prepared to admit that an inference may be drawn in favor of the chainless gearing used by him on those occasions.

Bevel gearing is a common means of transmitting power in many kinds of machinery, and its application to the bicycle is clearly shown. A hollow shaft is furnished at each end with a gear wheel, the cogs of which are cut on the bevel. One of these engages the wheel on the pedal shaft, the cogs of which are also cut on the bevel, while the other engages the wheel fixed on the axle of the driving wheel. The speeding up of the mechanism is mainly effected by the disparity in the size between the wheel on the pedal shaft and that in connection with it, but a variation in the sizes of the other wheels causes a slight additional gearing up. The hollow shaft runs upon ball bearings situated under the gear wheels at either end. A means of adjustment is provided, to take up any looseness that may arise from wear. A plentiful supply of a special preparation, having the appearance of crude vaseline, is placed on the wheels, and this acts as a permanent lubricant. The gear presents a particularly neat appearance. This is due to the fact that the stay on the right hand side of the machine passes through the hollow revolving shaft. So perfectly is the idea worked out that many people are at a loss to comprehend how the communication between the pedals and wheels is effected.

We have had the opportunity of trying the chainless gearing on a light machine of French construction. The ingenious simplicity with which it has been applied cannot fail to please the eye, and on this account alone it is sure to prove attractive. There is no emission of oil to soil the dress or attract the dust, and the ease with which it can be cleaned will commend it to many. A couple of weeks' riding has impressed us very favorably with its merits, and as far as that experience permits us to form an opinion we have no reason to regard the chainless gearing as in any respect inferior to the chain. The gear we used was about 70in., and it seemed quite capable of developing any speed required with more than the customary persuasion. We rode up Woodcock Hill, near Barnet, with as much ease as we have ever ascended it on a machine of equal gear; so we do not think it will exhibit any deficiency as a hill-climber. The questions of weight and cost often determined the fate of useful devices, but in the case of the chainless gear we are assured that the machine complete will not cost more than a chain-driven safety of equal quality that is furnished with a gear case.—*London Field.*

Bicycles Baggage in Missouri.

UNDER date of Oct. 12 a press dispatch from St. Louis states that circuit Judge Russell decided to-day that the Missouri Railroad Company must carry J. R. Bettis's bicycle from Webster Grove to St. Louis and return without charge above the cost of Mr. Bettis's transportation ticket. The case was instituted last April as a test. The railway company filed a motion to quash the alternative writ of mandamus secured and Judge Russell overruled the motion. The decision applies to all railways in Missouri.

Yachting.

A FOOLISH report has lately been in circulation through the daily press to the effect that the new triangular course off Newport, just laid off for the New York Y. C. by Lieut. Bull, U. S. N., is intended for future races for the America's Cup. There is no foundation whatever for this report; the course is intended only to supersede the old Sow and Pigs and Block Island courses, neither of which were satisfactory, and the special triangle sailed at times by the New York Y. C. Such a course has long been needed for the regular races of the club off Newport, especially for the Goelet cups. The bearings of the new course are: From Brenton's Reef Lightship ten miles southwest, thence ten miles east-southeast, three-fourths east; thence north by west ten miles, to finish at Lightship.

THE *Yachtsman's* version of the visit of the special committee of the Y. R. A. to Niagara places the whole matter in a very different light from that in which it at first appeared, as reported at the time. It would seem that rumors as to some improper use of the tanks were in general circulation, though it does not appear just how they originated; and that the visit of the committee, arranged in advance, might easily have been timed so as to meet Mr. Gould on board. In this same connection we may mention that at the time when the matter was first reported, early last summer, we wrote to the president of the company which built Niagara, requesting information as to the capacity and location of the two tanks and the size of the connecting pipe. No reply whatever was received to this letter, or to a second, written within the past three weeks to the company, repeating the request. At this late day, after the yacht has been for two seasons in England, her dimensions and construction being of course open to British designers, there can be no reason for withholding these particulars, especially as their publication could only tend to show the absurdity of the action of the Y. R. A. The refusal to furnish them is only in line with that spirit of secrecy and discourtesy by which the builders have done so much to win the ill will not only of the press, but of American yachtsmen.

THE action of the New York Y. C. last week in amending its racing rules is one of the most extraordinary in the history of the club. In the many agitations of the past fifteen years for the improvement of the measurement rules, the position of the New York Y. C. has been conservative to an extreme degree. Its standing as the oldest and largest of the metropolitan clubs has given it a preponderating influence, and this influence has always been thrown against new propositions, however moderate. The adoption of the length and sail area rule in 1883—a mild measure of reform—was only accomplished after much hard work in the face of general opposition, and even then the rule was made to bear as lightly as possible on length. The change of the factors of this same rule some years later was only made after a number of clubs had adopted the "Seawanhaka rule," in which length was taken but once instead of twice. The movement for a classification by racing length in 1889–90 was but a moderate step in advance, infringing no vested interests and promising no startling novelties of the freak species, but in spite of many earnest advocates the New York Y. C. set itself resolutely against the change, and the other clubs, for the sake of uniformity and harmony, abandoned the proposal until the New York Y. C. in its own good time, five years later, was ready to accept it. These are only a few instances out of the many cases in which the club has shown its conservatism, and its disinclination to accept anything new or untried.

The measure lately laid before the club is in no sense moderate, but radical in the extreme; the arbitrary limitation of draft is something that yacht clubs the world over have looked at with reluctance, and coupled with it were certain details that must have a powerful influence over all yachts built under the rule. Whether intentionally or ignorantly, the changes were so framed as to bar entirely the moderate types of yacht in use until the advent of the bulb-fin, and to promote a combination of bulb fin and centerboard, which has nothing to recommend it but speed in racing. The class of yacht which is most severely outlawed by the new rule is one that has always been deservedly popular, one of the distinctive national types of American yachts, the deep centerboard schooner, including such yachts as Lasca, Ariel, Emerald, Sachem, Iroquois, Shamrock, Volunteer, Merlin, Sea Fox, Mayflower, Puritan, Loyal, Dagmar, Quickstep and such older boats as the once famous Montauk, Grayling, Peerless, Idler, Comet, Halcyon, Magic, Columbia and others by the score. As the result of forty years of experiment, a type has been evolved that offers a maximum of advantages, both for general yachting and for racing, on a minimum of draft; and in its way is as nearly a perfect type as has yet been produced in any size or rig, and by any nation. Of course we do not assume that the yachts named actually represent vested interests to-day, or that any injustice has been done to them or their owners individually by the change, but they represent a type whose

value has been long established, and which is capable of still higher development under the modern ideas of form and construction. The proposal to bar this type from racing and to replace it with the fin type, such as Quissetta and Amorita, or possibly something more extreme, is far and away the most radical one that has ever been laid before the New York Y. C.; beside it the measurement and classification by both length and sail were mild and conservative in their day. And yet, where these latter evoked the fiercest opposition and were only passed after successive trials, the proposal to limit the draft, to bar the moderate type, whether keel or centerboard, and to discriminate in favor of the extreme fin-centerboard type, has passed the New York Y. C. without a shadow of opposition.

THE exact results of a new rule can never be predicted short of a season's building under it, at least, and it may be that we are wrong in our surmise of what is likely to come in the present case; but it would seem certain that, looking as he must to speed first, the designer will take the full limit of draft. This same limit is, as in all classes, such a generous one that, having availed himself of it in full, the designer will still have a great length of lever, and will not be compelled, to any material extent, to add to the displacement in order to obtain power. In the smallest schooner class, for instance, such a useful boat as Loyal draws 7ft. 6in. on a waterline of 61ft. and a measurement of 65ft. The draft allowed for a new centerboard yacht of the same measurement is 11ft. The necessity for a minimum of wetted surface is likely to lead to a narrow fin; and it is likely that the lateral plane will be augmented by a centerboard working through the fin, as in Jubilee. It does not follow that the boats will be fin-keels in a structural sense, with a fin that may be detached at will, as in Niagara; but they will be essentially of the fin type, with all of its marked disadvantages.

The matter has gone further in the schooners than in the single-stickers, as none of the latter are really up-to-date. Under the rule Quissetta stands as the ideal of to day, only to be beaten by something equally extreme.

NOT the least surprising thing in connection with the change of rule is the celerity with which it has been made. The same question has engaged the attention of British yachtsmen for at least four years. In 1892 a long and exhaustive inquiry was instituted as to the faults of the existing rating rule and its possible remedy. The services of all the British designers, of the members of the Y. R. A. Council and of yachting experts were enlisted, and much time and labor expended without result, the search for a satisfactory formula being for the time abandoned. Again in 1894 the same lengthy process was gone through with, this time with a positive result; though, as it has proved, an unsatisfactory one.

In marked contrast to this is the action of the New York Y. C. The whole matter was taken up hardly a month ago, at the end of the racing season; in three weeks it was discussed, a satisfactory solution of the knotty question was discovered, a meeting was held, and—Presto—the proposal is a law under which, it is hoped, many thousands of dollars will be expended in the construction of racing boats. The world's record for prompt action made by the club when it adopted the new deed of gift in 1887 still stands unbroken; but a new record has been made in measurement legislation, and the club can no longer be stigmatized as slow, conservative or non-progressive.

THE same limits of draft, extended in like proportion to the smaller classes, have been proposed in the Larchmont Y. C., and will be acted upon at a special meeting on Oct. 28, with other amendments in harmony with those of the New York Y. C. As a matter of course these amendments will be carried in the younger club as they have been in the older. In both clubs, however, there is a serious omission; one important detail that goes hand in hand with the best of the proposed changes being entirely left out. This is the requirement for measurement with crew aboard in all classes. This is done by special agreement in the Defender class in racing for the America's Cup, it is done of necessity in the smaller classes, and it should be done in all classes as the best possible means of checking the evasion of waterline and the freak keel contour. When so many and such radical changes are in hand, we cannot understand why this point has been ignored, as it has been generally discussed by yachtsmen for the past year, and opinion is quite strongly in favor of it.

THE amendment made in the course of the meeting of the New York Y. C. leaves matters in a most undesirable condition, as nearly as we have been able to understand what was evidently a very hurried and faulty piece of legislation. All yachts built after the present date will be limited in draft; but this limit does not apply to existing yachts. This may be interpreted to mean that the owner of an existing yacht has full liberty to rebuild her, adding as much as he pleases to the draft; in fact, making the yacht over entirely into something even more extreme than is possible in a nominally new yacht. This proviso may add materially to the value of existing yachts if made of steel, as this construction can be readily rebuilt in any form without that addition of weight which results with wood construction.

NIAGARA'S TANKS.

THE statement of Sir George Archibald Leach, K.C.B., which we published on Oct. 10, also appears in all of our English exchanges. *The Yachtsman* in its issue of Oct. 8 devotes its leading editorial to the Niagara matter, in particular to this same statement, and places the meeting of the committee and the visit to Niagara in the absence of her owner in a very different light. While we have no means of knowing the exact facts, *The Yachtsman* speaks as though it were certain of its position in making a positive contradiction of the quasi-official statement of a member of the special committee. The editorial is as follows:

Mr. Howard Gould's letter to the council of the Yacht Racing Association has not, of course, been officially answered yet. But Sir George Leach has broken the silence that the *Field* would seem fain to maintain in the meantime by comments which appear in another column. Sir George Leach is reported to have said: "I was on the committee steamer at Tilbury with other members of the council when Mr. Dixon Kemp suggested that, as it was the first time that a sufficient number of members of the sailing committee [*sic*] to form a quorum had come together, it was advisable that a meeting should be held to consider matters awaiting action." Sir George Leach, however, by the above utterance conveys an impression (which no doubt existed in his mind at the time, and may exist still) that it was a purely fortuitous circumstance that the necessary quorum of the council had met on the club steamer on that particularly inauspicious day. It must surprise him, then, to know that a meeting of the council was specially convened for that day, and that the club steamer was the rendezvous—the business being to consider the report on Niagara's tanks. Nay, more, the council meeting was made no secret aboard the club steamer, and whispers went round highly derogatory to the honor of Mr. Gould. Can Sir George Leach honestly blame Mr. Howard Gould for writing his letter to the council in view of these facts and in view of the facts mentioned in that letter? We know enough of Sir George Leach to at once acquit him of any *suppressio veri;* but then, how are we to understand the fact that he was not so well informed in regard to the business of the council of the Y. R. A. on May 22 as many other people—"outsiders"—on board the R. T. Y. C. club steamer, who, as the event proved, derived their information from authentic sources? Are we to suppose that Sir George was purposely kept in the dark as to the convention of the council on that day? If so, we feel sure that he will require to know the reason of such a curious procedure. One can hardly doubt, after reading his reply to Mr. Gould's letter, that Sir George Leach was one of the councillors who boarded Niagara for the purpose of examining the tanks. Yet he must have come away with somewhat hazy ideas as to their nature and dimensions, if we are to believe the interviewer to whom he has delivered his soul on this subject. "They are 4ft. long, about 1ft. wide at the top and 1ft. deep, doubtless sloping at the bottom." Yet each of them, in Sir George's opinion, is capable of containing 7cwt. of water. The word "doubtless" is specially significant when used by one who may fairly be expected to state nothing but what he knows to be absolutely accurate. Was Mr. Manning another of the visiting triumvirate and "a leading member of the Yacht Racing Association," the third?

There is another view which the patriotic portion of the British press has not yet taken of Mr. Gould's letter, viz., that he is certainly justified in saying that he was entitled to some explanation of the conduct of the council. Here we may mention for the benefit of the *Daily Graphic* and other daily papers that on May 22 the club steamer arrived at Gravesend Pier just abreast of the first-class yachts. Niagara did not finish until twenty-four minutes later. A considerable time then elapsed before Niagara could take up her berth in Tilbury Dock, and after she had done so, and Mr. Gould had had time to prepare for his journey to London, another thirty minutes were allowed to elapse before the special investigating committee thought fit to board the yacht. One would think that the object before the committee would have been more thoroughly achieved had they boarded her just after she had crossed the finishing line. They had twenty-four minutes to prepare for such a maneuver (which would have avoided much unpleasantness). Did "tea and shrimps" prove more attractive than Mr. Gould's society?

Now with regard to the duty of official measurers. We all know that anything suspicious must be reported by them to the secretary of the Y. R. A. But the word "suspicious" does not embrace everything that even an official measurer finds to be new or unusual. Surely in order that a man should be worthy of such an appointment it is essential that he must (1) be possessed of an ordinary knowledge of yacht racing; (2) be prepared to use extraordinary care in the examination of anything new or unusual which he may see on any yacht before reporting the same to the council; and (3) being debarred by the rules from measuring yachts designed or built by himself, he should be more than usually careful in his examination and measurement of any vessels which are to race against his own creations before reporting anything suspicious. It would be absurd to say that Mr. Payne is not sufficiently skilled to see at a glance that the connecting pipe of Niagara's two tanks was absolutely useless for the purpose of shifting ballast, for that must have been patent to everyone who saw the arrangement (and this seems to have been grudgingly admitted by the special committee of investigation). We should be glad to known in what way Mr. Payne considered these tanks worthy of suspicion, and therefore of report. But it is quite unfair, as our remarks above amply show, to fasten the whole blame of this incident on Mr. Payne—he is really the scapegoat of more blameworthy persons.

In the face of the above detailed statement it would seem that an explanation is in order from Sir George Leach, if the facts are as represented by *The Yachtsman*. Sir George Leach's ignorance of the current business of a body with which he was most closely connected is even more extensive than his ignorance of such simple technical matters as the weight of water and the construction of tanks in the bilge of such a boat as Niagara. Up to the time of writing the *Field* has refrained from commenting on Mr. Gould's letter, but as the meeting of the council is now over the matter will doubtless be discussed at length by it.

In its issue of Oct. 15 the *Yachtsman* continues the subject as follows:

At the peril of being considered by the *Daily Graphic* as being without the pale of "reasonable men," we venture to once more correct that journal which, we must in fairness say, has all through last season supplied its readers with thoroughly good, if brief, reports of the chief yacht racing events day by day. The *D. G.* has seemed of late, however, to hold a brief for the Y. R. A. Council, and its well-known pluck has seldom been so conspicuous as now, when it defends the Council in the case of Niagara's water tanks. The following is one of its leading articles in the issue of 13th inst.:

It is naturally much harder to kill a phantom grievance than a real one, and we can hardly hope that the spirit of discord, which escaped from the Niagara's tanks in "London River" last May, and has since spread itself across the Atlantic, will be completely and finally laid by the letter which the Council of the Yacht Racing Association yesterday addressed to Mr. Howard Gould. The letter should, however, set at rest in the minds of all reasonable men in this country any lingering doubts as to the straightforwardness and courtesy of the manner in which the Council acted upon the report of their official measurer. The *Yachtsman*, never very friendly disposed to the Y. R. A., recalls this week "for the benefit of the *Daily Graphic*" the fact that the committee appointed to investigate the question did not board the Niagara for an hour or so after she had crossed the finishing line, and seems to suggest that they purposely waited until Mr. Gould had had time to leave his vessel. We do not doubt the word of Sir George Leach that the committee boarded the yacht at the earliest possible moment, and in view of what has since happened, we regard it as a matter for congratulation that that moment did not arrive until Mr. Gould had left for London. If the committee had gone on board the instant the Niagara crossed the line, Mr. Gould might conceivably have had some reason to regard their haste as implying strong doubt of his honesty, and as an attempt to catch him, so to speak, *in flagrante delicto*. As it is, his complaint was unreasonable, and—after the exceptional favor granted to him last year—ungracious. The fact is that a good many American yachtsmen have yet to learn that if they race over here they must submit to the same conditions as the princes, peers and commoners of Europe.

Our leading article last week did not (nor was it intended to) convey any doubt as to the veracity of Sir George Leach. It stated plain facts which cannot be denied by any member of the Y. R. A. Council. But we fail to see how, after reading it, the editor of the *Daily Graphic* can still think that the committee boarded the yacht "at the earliest possible moment." We deny most emphatically that the earliest opportunity was seized, and last week we showed clearly that such was not the case. It was common talk under the guise of secrecy, aboard the club steamer *before* the meeting of the Council, that Niagara was to be boarded immediately on the conclusion of her race, in order, as one councillor remarked at the time, that there should be no repetition of "the Defender business." That was the object in view at the time. Why then was so much valuable time wasted by this dutiful triumvirate?

What the "exceptional favor" was that "was granted" to Mr. Howard Gould last year we do not know. Probably the *Graphic* refers to the Vigilant's visit the year before last. If so, we may point out that Mr. George Gould is the owner of the Vigilant. It is hardly to the credit of the Council that the best defense for its conduct in the matter of Niagara's tanks is that it failed in its duty two years ago! The Dunraven pamphlet was not published at that time, to be sure, and the Earl was not then a vice-president of the Y. R. A.—merely a candidate for the America Cup.

The *Field* of Oct. 17 has very little to say:

We published on June 6 last Mr. Howard Gould's statement of his opinion of the action of the committee of the Y. R. A. in inspecting the water tanks of his yacht Niagara. His letter to the press a fortnight ago threw no fresh light on the matter and omitted altogether to state that the subject of the tanks had been common gossip, both in 1895 and this year. It now appears from the letter the Council of the Y. R. A. has addressed to Mr. Gould through his adopted channel of the press, that the official measurer made a special visit to the yacht to inspect the tanks, and reported the result of his visit to the Council. This visit must have, in the ordinary course of events, come to the knowledge of Mr. Howard Gould, as it suggested there was a possibility of the tanks being used for the purpose of shifting water ballast. The Y. R. A. committee did not, however, act hastily on the report, but determined to inspect the tanks themselves. This they did on May 22, and according to Mr. Howard Gould's published statement the committee expressly stated that in their opinion the tanks had not been used for the purpose of shifting water ballast. The committee suggested that the tanks should be disconnected, so as to remove all cause of suspicion as to their use. Mr. Howard Gould consented to do this, and, in fact, wrote to the Council stating that the tanks had been disconnected at Southampton. It should be mentioned that the late Baron von Zedtlitz, when he heard of the objection to the water tanks under the sofas, immediately had his removed from the Isolde, not being content with a simple disconnection.

Massachusetts Y. R. A.

A MEETING of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. was held on Oct. 15, at which some very important changes were made in the rules, as follows:

The measurement for classification and time allowance shall be a yacht's length on the waterline.

The waterline length shall be taken from point of immersion forward to point of immersion aft. In cases where any portion of the rudder or rudder post projects above the water such portion shall not be included in the waterline length.

The waterline shall be determined by putting the boat in proper trim in still water, as directed by the measurer, with the maximum weights of crew and ballast which the owner may elect to carry in any race. The weight of crew shall be averaged at 150lbs. per man, and placed amidship at the point of the greatest beam on waterline, or in such position as to put the yacht in proper trim.

All racing spars, sails, rigging and racing truck, and at least one anchor and cable, and such other articles as are needed for ordinary sailing, shall be on board and placed where they are usually stowed when not in actual use, and centerboard up.

Existing yachts may race in their 1895–96 classes, if forced above the limit of their classes by this rule of measurement, provided they were properly in their former classes.

After season of 1897 the measurement of all existing yachts shall be assumed to be the maximum limit of their classes.

So far as the waterline is concerned these changes are all beneficial; the former plan of measuring 3in. above the actual waterline is abandoned, and in place of it the waterline itself is measured, and that with the crew aboard; no attempt being made to tax overhangs. All this is in the right direction, but we cannot say as much for the selection of waterline alone as the sole factor in both measurement and classification; the experiment of unlimited sail has been tried too often in the past, with the uniform result of the production of a bad type, to warrant any further trials. It may be that local conditions as they exist to-day about Boston will prove a sufficient limit to the abuse of power. With a large number of races at different points about Massachusetts Bay, there is certain to be encountered more or less hard weather both in the races and in the necessary passages across the bay that will favor the moderate boat; but we look to see the development of a type that fortunately is about extinct in New York, and is rapidly dying in the West. The change of measurement calls for a new classification, which will probably be made at a future meeting. The Association has fared well during the year, receiving general and well-deserved support from all the clubs about Boston.

TRIAL TRIP OF THE DORY.

This shall be the true history of the trial trip of the dory. She was a home-made dory, begun upon what the builder alleged to be the correct lines, but altered therefrom from time to time to oblige some interested friends. As completed she was rather a pretty boat, 18ft. over all, 4ft. 6in. wide from rail to rail amidships and 2ft. 8in. wide on the bottom, sharp at both ends, with an overhang, bow and stern, of 19in. Then she was decked over fore and aft, and taken altogether she looked like a very serviceable craft. K. built her. He told me some enormous stories about how staunch dories were in wind and sea, which I had to believe or laugh at; and as he was rather larger than I, and of a somewhat warm temper, I of course believed the aforesaid stories. I sometimes helped him in his work on the dory, and the Saturday we completed her he invited me to take a little run up the lake over Sunday. In an evil moment I consented and departed to get my luggage.

When I returned, about two hours later, the dory was in the water and equipped with a tall mast and a very large sail. I objected to that sail from the start, and told K. that it was too large, but had to defer to his overwhelming wisdom; he knew all about dories, and I didn't know port from gun'l. Consequently if I get names and things a little mixed in this narrative I trust that my readers will pardon my ignorance; it is really because I don't know any better.

Having deposited our luggage in the bow we—that is, K. —shoved out into the river, eased off the sheet, and we proceeded on our eventful voyage. No sooner had the sail filled than I began to feel uncomfortable and changed my position a trifle. Instantly the boat careened, and but for a lively maneuver on my part we had suffered shipwreck then and there. I at once received a long lesson, admirably expressed, upon the art of sitting in a dory, at the end of which we had rounded the Oswego light and bore away for Fair Haven, fifteen miles up the lake.

Off to the west a heavy bank of clouds obscured the horizon, and out of it came occasional flashes of lightning and muttered peals of thunder. The wind, which was zephyr-like on the river, began to come by strong puffs from the southeast, and at every puff I had to shuffle to windward to keep the dory from capsizing; so soon as the puff eased, however, I had to move again or dump her the other way. I asked K. if that was what he meant when he talked about "shifting ballast," but he only frowned darkly and I subsided. Before we had gone two miles I was lame and weary, but under the masterful seamanship of K. we kept afloat and sailed on.

Sailed? We fairly sung through the water; in one respect, at least, K. had not overdone the merits of that little skimming-dish, for she went like a witch. Indeed, under the powerful influence of that big sail and the big wind, she had to go on like a demon or go down. The trouble I had predicted from that great spread of canvas soon materialized; in spite of the alacrity of the "shifting ballast," K. had to keep luffing her. Thus we lost time, and were over three hours in arriving off Fair Haven Harbor light. We made ready to come about for the run in. Then we made another discovery, and this time a startling one: the dory, so utterly different from most of her sex, refused to go in stays! We tried it a dozen times, and each time she would shove her nose within a point or two of the wind and then fall off and go tearing away up the lake. The wind had at this time hauled to the south, as though to get a better slant at us. Seeing that we could never make the harbor at that rate, I took command of my end of the boat for a moment, and the next that big sail lay flapping in the dory. K. was mad; but feeling comparatively safe, for the big fellow dared not move about much, I rejoined with full vocabulary. I found the oars, shipped them and straightened her up for the harbor.

Now, Fair Haven Harbor is a natural bay running inland about three miles; the piers extend out from the shore due north for 1,800ft. I shall never forget that pull as long as I remember anything. The wind swept down the bay, carrying a big sea before it, and it fairly screamed out between those straight, long, high piers, which are only 200ft. apart. I laid on blisters thick and fast; but it was a struggle for shore, with a disagreeable alternative, and I stuck to it. The wind howled in my ears: "No you don't, no you don't," but inch by inch I did it. I must have been a good hour pulling that 1800ft.; it seemed like ten.

As I passed the inner or shore light, I called to K. to get ready to take the oars. Before he could do so, however, we struck upon one of those abominable little shoals which infest Fair Haven Harbor, and for the second time that night we nearly came to a conclusion. Things looked squally. K. made some exasperating comments upon my skill as a pilot, which only lack of breath prevented my replying to with vigor. The sea in that contemptible little bay was really wicked, and before we got off into deep water again we had shipped a goodly cargo of big rollers. At last K. got into shape to do some rowing, and I lay down in the stern a good deal the worse for wear. I hadn't seen much fun in it yet. I soon revived, however, to witness the magnificent struggle K. was making against wind and wave. A weaker man never could have done it, but in an hour and a half he had us in easy water near the head of the bay, and at just midnight we landed to get supper and sleep.

We carried the mast and sail to a sheltered nook and improvised a tent, under which we put our baggage. Stones for a fireplace and wood for a fire were plentiful, and in a short time we had stowed away a generous lunch, washed down with a cup of hot coffee. The full moon had smiled upon us for some time, and by her kindly light we spread our blankets under the little tent and composed ourselves to sleep. About 2 o'clock I was awakened by a tremendous peal of thunder and found it was raining in torrents. Never have I seen the lightning so vivid and seldom heard such stunning concussions of thunder as greeted my senses that night. A number of severe storms seemed to have centered in that vicinity and the uproar was fearful. I suppose it must all have been very sublime, but as nothing will stampede me quicker than a good healthy flash of lightning, I didn't appreciate it. This time I couldn't stampede; it was a plain case of lie and take it. I did, but trembled like an aspen leaf, expecting every moment to be my last. The only thing necessary to complete my discomfort would have been a stream of water running down under the tent; but we had unwittingly pitched our camp on just the spot to afford good drainage, and the new canvas protected us perfectly from the rain. We didn't take a drop—of rain.

For two hours the storm raged with incessant violence. At every flash I could see a puzzling, dazzling blue fire close to my feet, and finally I called K.'s attention to it. He said, "Why, there's a piece of barbed wire from the fence lying there." How I enjoyed myself then!

Sunday morning broke clear and cold, with the wind from the west and blowing half a gale. We spent the day until 3 o'clock eating our limited supply of provender and tramping about to keep warm. At that hour the wind lulled a trifle and we packed up, loaded our duffle into the dory, and started down the harbor toward the piers to see what the prospects were for getting home that night. We found them very poor.

Now, there is a large bay just east of Fair Haven Harbor, separated from the lake by a narrow sand bar. Stirling Creek flows into this bay, and a small opening in the beach admits the passage of boats having considerable draft to and from the lake. This opening is in the lee of the piers, and is only a short distance from the harbor. By hauling the dory across a narrow strip of beach between the piers and the mainland into the lake we could get up into the smaller bay, and this we did without having to go out through the piers. It is a pretty spot about there, plenty of woods and still water inviting many sportsmen every year to visit the place. We landed on the east shore of the bay and at once discovered a party camping in the woods. Our personal appearance was by this time somewhat against us, but neither of us were beauties anyhow, and we finally ventured to call on the campers. I found them old friends of mine, and that was the first bit of good luck we had thus far had. We paid for it dearly before night.

At about 4:30 K. suggested that we rig the sail on the dory again and venture out into the still water to try and discover, if possible, why the confounded boat wouldn't go in stays. We did so. Our first reach was a long leg out by the opening in the bar, and just as we got abreast of it K., by some inspiration of fool judgment, suddenly straightened her for that opening. In five seconds we were through it, in five seconds more we were running like lightning before the wind for Oswego, and in five more we were both scared half to death. I don't even yet believe that K. had the remotest idea of trying the run home until just an instant before he ran her out into the lake. The sea was very heavy and the wind had begun to freshen again. Had I only known what he would do, one minute before he did it, he would have gone it alone. But in sixty seconds after we had passed the bar all the horses in York State could not have pulled us back into Stirling Bay again. That is just it: one never realizes the full meaning of a step until he has taken it. We were, as I have stated, running free.

The tiny little dory fairly flew through the water, for all that the enormous pressure of her big sail almost buried her in the waves. The further we went the further we passed from the friendly lee of the piers, and the sea, as we both saw, must soon prove too much for her. She steered wildly too, and even all K.'s great strength was hardly equal to the task of keeping her on her course. All at once the long boom struck the top of a particularly big wave. The next instant something gave way overhead, there was a general mix-up of ropes and canvas, and then a great crested roller over-topped the dory and fairly swamped her. The next thing I knew I was slashing those ropes with my pocket-knife, and in a little less than no time the sail was down and the ropes cleared.

Grabbing the oars, I headed for shore without waiting to select a suitable spot to land. K. bailed for dear life. We were half a mile out, but this time I had wind and sea with me and we were soon close in. Then we saw a sight which made our hair stand straight up. Breakers were rolling in on the shore, big enough to kill us if we happened to be thrown on the rocks. Nothing for it though; in we went, and the first breaker wrenched the oars from my grasp without half trying and cast us broadside to the sea. The second came toppling clean over us. I had to laugh, even at that serious moment, to see how imploringly K. threw his hand back, as though to push off that great wall of green water which hung for one-half second right over our heads, and the next buried us out of sight. The third breaker threw us up, with a sickening bang, upon the beach. There was some pretty tall scrambling done then; by efforts which taxed our combined strength to the utmost, we succeeded in getting the boat out of water; sorry the day she ever went into it! Our blankets were soaking wet, our food all ruined and unfit to use, while K. and I were sopping.

A large piece of woods about a quarter of a mile down the beach offered us some shelter from the driving wind, and to it we plodded over the stones, pretty well discouraged. The catastrophe meant a night, at least, on shore with no grub. Fortunately our matches were dry, and selecting a spot in the woods which had evidently been used as a camping ground before, we soon had a rousing fire going. Three long and weary trips to and from the boat for our baggage followed; the sail was again utilized for a tent, and stripping off our wet clothes, we hung them around the fire to dry out. Ugh, but that was a chilly evening!

About 7:30 we heard somebody driving a cart through the woods a little below us, and shortly a small boy put in an appearance. He said that he had seen us go ashore, and with his mother had driven down to learn what they could do for us, if anything. After a few minutes' talk the lad called for his mother. Being *en deshabille*, I sloped into a thicket and waited, shivering. K. seized a wet blanket, wrapped himself in its folds and stood his ground. He soon made an arrangement for something to eat and at 9 o'clock two boys brought us a big basketful of supper. Oh! but it was a delicious feast, everything being steaming hot, and plenty of it. We handed back nothing but empty dishes. The lads then urged us strongly to go to the house and spend the night. We reflected, but finally decided to stay by our camp.

As our visitors rose to leave us one said, "Well, I hope the bull won't bother you."

"Bull!" exclaimed I, "what bull?"

"Well, we have got a bad bull here in the woods, and the last time a party camped here he attacked their tent and drove the boys up a tree."

That was news of an important character.

"But," he added, "maybe he won't disturb you; if he does, knock him down with a stone." When the boys had gone I said to K., "That bull racket was only a scare to get us to go to the house; I am short of money, and it would probably cost us all we have in case we are compelled to stay there two or three days." K. agreed with me. As precaution, however, we stretched a rope around one side of the tent and barricaded the other side with rails. We also laid some clubs and stones handy, and I loaded my revolver and small rifle, and we concluded that if any bull put in an appearance we could make it interesting for him. Then we turned in and went to sleep, thoroughly tired out.

At 2:30 the full moon had sailed over into the west, and shining through the open tent into our faces woke us up. In a few moments I heard a sound that I recognized. It was a deep-toned roar which filled the woods. I dove out through the tent, crying to K., "Get out of that; that d— bull is here."

K. hadn't heard it, and thought that I was only nervous. "*B-o-o-o-o!*" again sounded through the recesses of the woods.

"Don't you hear that?" I demanded. No, he did'nt hear it; the breakers were booming on the beach, and that immense roar of our bovine friend so nearly resembled the noise that K.'s unpracticed ear couldn't detect the difference.

Now K. knows a lot about dories that I don't; but when it comes to bulls I am away ahead; I had been ahead of bulls on several occasions, and not any too far ahead either. It was the curious "boo" of a surly bull that had startled me, and no mistake. I got K. out of the tent. Again the deep roar. K. became convinced. We armed ourselves with clubs and stones, and I laid the revolver where I could get it quick. The woods were dark in spite of the fact that the moon was full and the sky unclouded; but I knew that the critter was coming head on, and coming fast. I also knew from the volume of sound that he emitted that he was a big one. I told K. that as long as the bull only "booed" we were all right; but that if he bellowed out it showed anger, and in that case I was going to take no chances, but should make for the bluff and go right over it regardless. K. said he should not stay to face him alone, and should go along with me. I applauded his discretion. We yelled at the bull and fired the gun and pistol in his direction, but he only stopped for an instant, and then came on again; we couldn't see him, but we heard him. At the critical moment, just as my courage had all run out at my toes, K. got another inspiration: he whistled, and cried to some imaginary dog, "Sick him!" That did the business; we heard a tremendous stamping and snorting, and then old Boo Hoo trotted away.

We didn't sleep any more that night, and at 4:30 o'clock, the wind having subsided, we broke camp for home. This time that mighty sail was rolled up and snugly stowed away, and K. seated himself at the oars. We had not beeen afloat ten minutes when the wind again sprang up, the sea commenced its old monotonous boom upon the distant beach, the dory began to pitch and toss, making rowing almost impossible, and in a few minutes we decided to go ashore again. The same circus was gone through in getting to land that had amused us on the previous evening; we got wet, and so did everything in the boat. We began to grow anxious. At this rate it would take about ten days to return to Oswego, and our families would worry. We began to think about breakfast, and seeing a house far up in the country concluded to go and ask for something to eat. K. knocked at the door and dodged around the corner of the house; he was always supersensitive on the grub question. A young farmer opened the door and inquired what he could do for me. I told him, and we were invited in to breakfast. The moment K. showed himself he was welcomed with open arms; he was well acquainted with the family, and we were warmly entertained. All that day we hung about the house waiting for the wind to change; it didn't. But the next morning was perfect, and bidding good-by to our friends, we got under way for home.

This time we fetched it. It was only a little row of twelve miles, but the way we made that dory spin was creditable. We reached the landing from which we had departed so full of vigor somewhat crestfallen. Friends helped us to get the boat out of water, and then K. seated himself alongside of her and propounded the query, "Well, what do you think of her?"

I replied, "If what you told me about the performances of dories was all true, then this craft is not a dory." K. got hot right off. "She is a dory," he snapped out.

The next time I saw the boat he had painted a name on her stern, Isadoré.

But I don't believe it even yet. D. F. H.

Oswego, N. Y.

The British Y. R. A.

A meeting of the council of the Yacht Racing Association was held at the Langham Hotel, Oct. 12. There were present Sir G. C. Lampson (in the chair), Major Percy Hewitt, Baron von Knoop, Mr. W. B. Paget, Mr. Herbert Crossley, Mr. W. Baden Powell, the Hon. G. C. Colville, Mr. Peter Donaldson, Mr. T. B. C. West, Mr. Fred Cox, Mr. G. E. Lake, Mr. A. Manning, Mr. R. E. Froude, Mr. Frank B. Jameson, Col. Villiers Bagot, Mr. Philip Perceval, Mr. C. Newton-Robinson, Mr. W. G. Jameson, Col. Fitzroy Clayton and Mr. G. B. Thompson.

The meeting was mainly held to consider suggested alterations to the rating rule. After a very long discussion the council decided to recommend that the rule remain as it is for the classes above 36ft. rating, and that for ratings of 36ft. and under it be altered in accordance with a suggestion of the yacht designers to length plus 1.2 beam plus whole girth plus half square root of sail area, a suitable constant divisor to be chosen, and readjustment of the classes of 36ft. and under to be left to the rating rule committee, who will meet forthwith.

$$L. + 1.2\,B. + \text{Girth} + 0.5\,\sqrt{\text{Sail area}}.$$

It was decided to recommend that centerboards should in future be measured as fixed keels, and that the time allowances from 90ft. rating upward be increased 10 per cent. for every foot of linear rating. Also that the lowest rating for first-class yachts be 79ft.

Some correspondence was read from Mr. Howard Gould relating to the action of the council with regard to the water tanks of his yacht Niagara. The secretary was directed to reply as follows:

"Your letter of Sept. 28 is hereby acknowledged. I am to reply that the visit of the committee to the Niagara was made in the usual course solely in consequence of the official measurer having in May last, in the execution of his duty, reported to the council that her water tanks were connected in such a manner that they might be used for shifting ballast. Notice of the visit was not given, as the committee expected to find you on board, but hearing from your captain that you had left for London only a few minutes previously they requested permission to inspect the tanks, which permission was readily given. The observation of the committee confirmed the report of the measurer, and they recommended to you in writing that the tanks should be disconnected, at the same time expressly disclaiming any imputation that the tanks had actually been put to an improper use. The council fail to perceive that any discourtesy was displayed toward you; certainly none was intended. It is not considered necessary to enter into a discussion of other points raised in your letter, but as you have thought fit to make your grievance public, this reply will pass through the same channel."

The council next considered a protest referred by the Castle Y. C. relating to the entry of Audrey in a race in August. The club disqualified Audrey, and the council now upheld the decision, so Niagara will get the prize.

The Royal Albert Y. C. addressed a letter to the council, stating they did not intend to refer the case of the Meteor-Isolde collision for adjudication.—*The Field.*

In the storm of Oct. 11 the small yacht Elsa, with her owners, George Leonard and Frank Freeman, was anchored off Squantum, Mass. The tender broke away and the men could not reach the shore, and they ran short of food. They were found by friends on Monday night, Oct. 12, both lying on the floor of the yacht and completely exhausted.

Mon Reve, schr., formerly the sloop Thetis, has been sold by E. P. Baugh, Jr., to Dr. Chamberlain, of Boston.

The Isolde Disaster.

MR. RICHARD G. ALLEN, the representative of the Emperor of Germany on the cutter Meteor II., writes to the *Field* as follows concerning the unfortunate collision between Meteor and Isolde. Mr. Allen's side of the case is quite different from that presented by the testimony of other witnesses, as he declares that Meteor had a positive overlap on Britannia, and could not have passed to leeward; and also that there was room for Meteor between Britannia and Isolde, had not the latter been thrown from her course by Saint.

Editor Field:

On the day of the unfortunate collision been Isolde and Meteor I was on board the latter as the owner's representative. Till now I have refrained from making any statement on the subject, being informed, on what I considered good authority, that an inquiry into the whole matter would be held by the R. A. Y. C. or the Y. R. A. It appears, however, from last week's *Field* that no such inquiry is to be made.

Although the coroner at the inquest quite exonerated Meteor, the tone of the articles in the *Field* has been, whether intentionally or not, adverse to her. I therefore desire to state the facts as I know them. The collision took place at the commencement of the second round, shortly after rounding the committee boat, which was anchored off the Spit Fort. Britannia, Meteor, Isolde and Saint all approached the committee boat on a broad reach, the wind being on their starboard quarters. Meteor was then a little to windward of Britannia, and was overhauling her steadily. Before rounding the committee boat Meteor had established an overlap, her bowsprit being well up on Britannia's counter. This being so, Britannia was bound to give Meteor room, and she did so.

The official timing of the yachts on passing the committee boat proves that the overlap had been established. This timing shows that Britannia rounded the committee boat at 12h. 7m. 26s., and Meteor at 12h. 7m. 30s., a difference of only four seconds. At that time I do not think that Britannia was going as fast as ten knots an hour, but supposing she was, in four seconds she would only go about 6ft. Over all Britannia is about 160ft. long, so that although she may have been going a little faster than ten knots, it would still leave an ample overlap to Meteor. Having established an overlap, Meteor was perfectly entitled to go to windward of Britannia; in fact, she could not have gone to leeward had she so desired.

On approaching the committee boat Isolde and Saint were both ahead of Meteor, a little to windward, Isolde leading, but Meteor was catching them fast. Meteor ran up alongside Saint to leeward of her and rounded the committee boat outside of her. The official timing gives the same time for Meteor and Saint, 12h., 30m. 7s. We gave Saint plenty of room, and she rounded to windward of us, that is, between us and the committee boat. On rounding, Britannia luffed to windward of her course, which compelled Meteor to set a course parallel to that of Saint and Isolde, but there was ample room between Meteor and Saint.

Had Saint and Isolde only held their courses there would have been no collision. Meteor had a clear passage to leeward of Saint, and as Isolde was to windward of her there would have been still more room to pass Isolde. Saint, however, now luffed. It has been stated in a letter to the *Field* that this was done in order to get clear of Meteor. It is impossible that Saint could have been in any danger from Meteor, as the latter was alongside Saint before she commenced to luff. We took it for granted that she was luffing simply to get to windward of Isolde.

In luffing Saint's topmast stay caught the lee side of Isolde's boom. Isolde's bow at once began to fall off to leeward, that is, toward Meteor's course, and after Saint cleared the boom of the Isolde the latter continued to bear away right across Meteor's bow. The Meteor's bowsprit went through her mainsail from to leeward, and her bobstay cut Isolde's rail, about 8ft. from the end of her counter. This swung Isolde round and her bowsprit and about a foot of her stem were knocked away against Britannia's side.

Very little time elapsed between Isolde first altering her course and Meteor's bowsprit going through her mainsail. Meteor could not possibly have luffed round her stern, for there never was room to do so. On the other hand, had Meteor borne away she would have hit Isolde amidships and jammed her against Britannia, but in any case there was no time to alter Meteor's course.

It is no business of mine to lay the blame on anyone in particular; all I am interested in is to remove the impression, which may have been produced by your articles, that the collision was due to any fault on the part of Capt. Gomes, of the Meteor.

RICHARD G. ALLEN.

25 BOTHWELL STREET, Glasgow.

This letter has brought out the following replies in the *Field* of Oct. 17:

Editor the Field: As the letter of Mr. Allan in your last week's issue is calculated to produce an entirely erroneous impression on the public mind regarding the lamentable collision to which he refers, I feel it my duty, and a simple act of justice to the captain and crew of Britannia, to indicate how very far from accurate is Mr. Allan's description of the occurrence.

I also had refrained from alluding to this matter before in the same hope that Mr. Allan had expressed, that the Y. R. A. would institute a full and searching inquiry into the causes of the disaster; but as the council have not thought fit to undertake such an investigation, I must ask you to permit me the use of your columns to expose the inaccuracy of Mr. Allan's statements, and to enable disinterested persons to form a just opinion as to which vessel was responsible for the melancholy incident.

On the truth of Mr. Allan's statement, that "before rounding the committee boat Meteor had established an overlap," his whole case depends, and when this statement is proved to be utterly untrue, as it is conclusively proved to be by the most incontrovertible evidence, namely, an instantaneous photograph and the observation of onlookers, the attempt of Mr. Allan to exonerate Meteor entirely fails. The photo to which I refer was taken some distance after the two vessels had rounded the committee boat, and clearly shows that even then no overlap had taken place, neither was "the bowsprit of Meteor well up on the counter of Britannia."

That an overlap had been established at the time of the collision is, of course, indisputable, but Meteor was certainly most ill-advised in thus attempting to force a passage to windward of Britannia. The result of this reckless maneuver was almost inevitable, having regard to the position of the two twenties at the time.

I most distinctly assert that in my opinion, and in that of others well qualified to form an opinion, Meteor was solely responsible for the deplorable disaster.

In conclusion I may say, however, that I would not have made this statement had not Mr. Allan seen fit to make a direct and unjustifiable attack on the captain and crew of another vessel while endeavoring to shield the boat on which he was sailing from the blame which rightly attached to it.

WM. G. JAMESON.

Editor the Field:

Mr. Allan in his letter to the *Field* last week makes some assertions about the position of Meteor when rounding the flagboat just before the accident occurred on Aug. 18 last, and tries to prove them by deductions taken from the timing of the yachts round the flagboat.

This timing, I maintain, was inaccurate, as by it Meteor and Saint passed the mark at the same second. That this was not the case is clearly shown in the photograph published in the *Field* some weeks back, which was taken after the flagboat was passed, and after the foul had taken place between Saint and Isolde, and this photo shows Meteor still to be distinctly behind Saint, which position would have been impossible if they had rounded together, Meteor being so much the faster boat.

This, I think, is sufficient proof that the timing was inaccurate, and Mr. Allan's deductions therefrom are consequently worthless.

F. B. JAMESON.

New York Y. C.

THE regular meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on Oct. 22, with Com. Brown in the chair. The following nominating committee for the annual election was elected: C. Oliver Iselin, George L. Rives, Seymour L. Husted, Jr., Henry F. Lippitt, Frederick G. Bourne, Edward E. Chase, John G. Beresford, Chester C. Griswold, William Butler Duncan, Jr., and Oswald Sanderson.

The proposed changes of the by-laws and racing rules, as published last week, were passed with an amendment providing that in the 60ft. single-stick class a 10ft. boat should be carried, and another amendment as follows: The maximum draft of any yacht when in racing trim shall not exceed that specified for her class in the following table, exclusive of centerboard; but this limit shall not apply to any yacht in existence at the time of the passage of these amendments when racing in the class in which she was classified prior to this time.

A letter was read from C. Oliver Iselin thanking the club for the cup presented to the Defender syndicate, which has been presented by W. K. Vanderbilt and E. D. Morgan, the other members of the syndicate, to Mr. Iselin. The following new members were elected: Lieut. Louis J. Magill, U. S. Marine Corps; John McClintock; Dr. Joseph A. Guthrie, U. S. N.; Emile L. Boas, Frederick Lothrop Ames, Charles Lane Poor, J. M. Hartshorne; Past Assistant Paymaster G. W. Simpson, U. S. N.; Commander F. W. Dickens, U. S. N.; Lieut. O. W. Lowry, U. S. N.; Harry B. Tolley; Pay Director L. G. Billings, U. S. N.; Francis M. Scott, John T. Williams. The amendment to increase the dues from $25 to $35 was lost.

Miramichi Y. C.

MIRAMICHI RIVER—CHATHAM, N. B.

Monday, Oct. 12.

AVIS, Oriana and Learig sailed a twelve-mile race off Chatham on Oct. 12 for sweepstakes. Half the race was windward work. Thomas Currie's Learig led all the way, followed by J. L. Stewart's Oriana, and covered the course in 2h. 24m 25s., Oriana finishing 4m. 27s. later. Learig was awarded the race by 27s., corrected time. Oriana broke her spinaker boom and could not carry that sail in the last leg, a run of 1½ miles.

The club sailed five races during the season. On July 1, with two reefs tied down, Oriana won the Stewart pennant against Maude and the larger Learig on elapsed time. On July 23, in the race for the Governor's cup, Oriana was dismasted and Learig was an easy winner. The new yacht Avis, a skimmer, was capsized. On Aug. 27 Oriana won the Adams cup for the second time, by 30s., corrected time. On Sept. 24, for the Walt cup, Oriana was run into while rounding the last mark, and put out of the race when she was a sure winner. She had an allowance from the others, and was leading them on elapsed time, with only a mile and a half to go.

Oriana was designed by H. C. McLeod, now of the Minnetonka Y. C., whose reputation as a designer is known to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Avis has surprised everybody by proving herself a failure in light winds, as her light draft was supposed to make her easily driven. She has been fitted with a steel centerboard hanging 6ft. below her keel, and with 500lbs. of lead on the bottom of it. She will have this board hinged next year, and the after part widened to admit of the housing of the lead, which is 2in. thick and 14in. high. She was built by Albert Henderson, and is owned by M. R. Benn.

St. Louis Y. C. Annual Regatta.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

THE St. Louis Y. C. held its second annual regatta on Oct. 8 on the Mississippi River, off the city, with races for the 15ft. class, 18ft. class, 24ft. class and launches. The wind was very light all day. The winners were:

15FT. CLASS.

	Elapsed.		Elapsed.
Marion	1 40 00	Phantom	Withdrew.
Monitor	1 41 53		

18FT. CLASS.

Grace	0 46 30	Luella	1 10 40
Myrtle	0 54 31		

24FT. CLASS.

Teaser	0 47 38	Lucille	0 48 00
Evelyn	0 51 36	La Czarina	Withdrew.
Marywood	0 47 32		

Marywood and Lucille were disqualified for turning the stakeboats from the wrong side.

Three launches were entered for the St. Louis Y. C. challenge cup and the Medart challenge cup, but Virginio failed to start, and El Rio Rey, a new boat, was unable to secure a Government inspection in time for the race, so only Ouatoga started, she being awarded both cups.

Yacht Race at Peoria.

ON Oct. 10 a yacht race was sailed on the Illinois River at Peoria, Ill., in a fresh easterly breeze, the times being:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mary Adams	15.00	11 21 00	1 01 00	1 40 00	1 40 00
Growler, cat	21.00	11 11 00	1 02 00	1 51 00	1 41 00
Cinch	15.00	11 09 00	1 03 00	1 54 00	1 42 00
Gentle Breezes	15.00	11 09 00	1 06 00	1 57 00	1 45 00
Trilby	15.00	11 16 00	1 15 00	1 59 00	1 54 00
Racer	15.00	11 18 00	1 16 00	1 58 00	1 55 00
Idler	15.00	11 02 00	1 22 00	2 20 00	2 01 00
Alice, sloop	18.00	11 06 00	Withdrew.		

The course was two rounds of a 15-mile triangle.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Lincoln Park Y. C. is not to have things its own way in the matter of fighting next season to recover the international trophy so ingloriously wrested from it by the Royal Canadian Y. C. last month. Toledo and Cleveland have both entered the lists, and the yacht clubs of each of those cities have announced their intention to build boats during the winter for the purpose of competing in a series of trial races for the honor of challenging the Canadians. As the Lincoln Park Y. C.'s challenge has been refused by the Canadians, the field is now open to other clubs, and the plan of a series of trial races between boats representing the two upper lake associations will be urged by the Lake Erie people. In this connection the Interlake Yachting Association of Lake Erie and the Lake Yacht Racing Association of Lake Ontario are urging a speedy solution of the uniform racing rules question. Æmelius Jarvis, of Toronto, has written the officers of the other associations asking that an early date be set for a conference between delegates of the three associations, to consider this question and establish a uniform basis of measurement and racing rules. The Interlake Association, of Cleveland, has left this matter entirely in the hands of E. W. Radder, of the Cleveland Y. C., who was appointed a committee of one to formulate a plan. He is now ready to propose a basis that will be satisfactory to his association, and it is announced a call for a conference will be sent out in a few days by Com. George H. Worthington to the officers of the other two associations. So far the Lake Michigan Yachting Association has not taken any steps toward appointing a committee for this purpose, but such action will be taken as soon as the call is received. The L. M. Y. A. will favor a committee of three from each association, in order that both sides of the overhang tax question may be represented.—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

The Larchmont Y. C. will hold a special meeting on Oct. 28 to consider a number of amendments to the racing rules, of similar tenor to those recently adopted by the New York Y. C. The classification, carried down further than the New York Y. C., is as follows:

Schooners—Series A.—Class A—All over 95ft. racing length. Class B—Not over 95 and over 85ft. racing length. Class C—Not over 85 and over 75ft. racing length. Class D—Not over 75 and over 65ft. racing length. Class F—Not over 65ft. racing length.

Sloops, Cutters and Yawls.—Class G—All over 70ft. racing length. Class H—Not over 70 and over 60ft. racing length. Class J—Not over 60 and over 51ft. racing length.

Series B.—Class K—Not over 51 and over 43ft. racing length. Class L—Not over 43 and over 36ft. racing length. Class M—Not over 36 and over 30ft. racing length. Class N—Not over 30 and over 25ft. racing length.

Series C.—Class P—Not over 25 and over 20ft. racing length. Class Q—Not over 20ft. racing length.

Mainsail Yachts.—Class S—All over 25ft. racing length. Class T—Not over 25 and over 20ft. racing length. Class V—Not over 20ft. racing length.

The limits of draft are:

Schooners—Class A—Over 95ft.; draft, no limit. Class B—Not over 95ft.; draft, 14ft. Class C—Not over 85ft.; 13ft. Class D—Not over 75ft.; 12ft. Class F—Not over 65ft.; 11ft.

Sloops, Cutters and Yawls—Class G—Over 70ft; draft, no limit. Class H—Not over 70ft.; draft, 13ft. Class J—Not over 60ft.; 11ft. 6in. Class K—Not over 51ft.; 10ft. 3in. Class L—Not over 43ft.; 9ft. Class M—Not over 36ft.; 8ft. Class N—Not over 30ft.; 7ft. Class P—Not over 25ft.; 6ft. Class Q—Not over 20ft.; 5ft.

Mainsail Yachts—Class S—Over 25ft.; draft, 7ft. Class T—Not over 25ft.; 6ft. Class V—Not over 20ft.; 5ft.

The following is also proposed:

There shall be a spring regatta to be sailed on the third Saturday in June of each year.

An annual regatta on the Fourth of July of each year.

A race week, commencing the third Saturday in July and ending the fourth Saturday in July of each year.

A special race on the Saturday previous to the first Monday in September.

A fall regatta (on Labor Day) the first Monday in September.

A special race on the second Saturday in September.

Ralph N. Ellis, of the New York, Seawanhaka, Larchmont and other clubs, former owner of the sloop Regina and the schooner Iroquois, and this year owner of the successful 30-footer Hera, was badly injured on Oct. 22 by a fall from a horse while hunting at Hempstead, L. I.

The Council of the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound will meet on Oct. 29 to consider a number of proposed amendments to the racing rules which will be submitted to the Union in December.

Mr. A. Cary Smith is at work on a design, for a Larchmont yachtsman, of a yawl after the general type of Audax, but wider, her dimensions being: over all 46ft., l.w.l. 30ft., beam 12ft. 6in. She will be handsomely finished and comfortably fitted up. Like Audax, she is intended for cruising, with good head room, and also for occasional racing.

Marietta II. has been sold by H. B. Moore to Alfred Carr, of New York.

Vanessa, the 21ft. fin-keel, has been sold by A. Bigelow, Jr., to Mr. Merriman, of Providence.

Canoeing.

Important if True.

THE *Yachtsman* is answerable for the following statement, which cannot fail to interest American canoeists; we hope that it will not discourage entirely the planning and building of new canoes and the refitting of the old racers: "According to a calculation made by Mr. Howard, the R. C. C. challenge cup winner this year, he finds that had he raced Yankee at the A. C. A. meet he would have beaten any canoe there, basing this calculation on the time he occupied in sailing the R. C. C. course at Burnham, and the conditions of wind and tide as compared with the A. C. A. course and the time occupied by the winner of the trophy over it."

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
Edward D. Taitt	Gouverneur, N. Y.	——
Robert G. Dodge	Gouverneur, N. Y.	——
A. D. Du Bois	Springfield, Ill.	——

Rifle Range and Gallery.

RIFLE MATCHES IN THE TYROL.

UNTIL quite lately rifle shooting was a national amusement in the German-speaking portion of Tyrol. In the most remote and poorest mountain hamlet the *Scheibenstand* (rifle range) was one of the three never absent attractions—the church, with its melodious chime of bells, and the inn, with its sturdy *Kellnerin*, sharing to an equal measure the *fête* day leisure of the entire adult male population. For centuries rifle practice held a foremost rank in the minds of the patriotic Tyrolese, and the skill they acquired at their little village ranges made them, as history has proved, most formidable foes in time of war. Although the formation of the country undoubtedly assisted its defenders, their deadly marksmanship was one of the chief factors of their extraordinary success. A handful of choice shots ambushed in the pass or gorge through which the invading enemy was obliged to pass enabled them to score a victory on many occasions when the odds against them were as heavy as ten to one. Every peasant owned his rifle, handed down to him from his father, who in turn had inherited it from his sire. Many rifles which I have myself handled in bygone years at village rifle matches were of venerable age and surprisingly unwieldy shape; the rough handiwork of the village blacksmith plainly betokened that the weapon had once been a "wheel-lock," had been subsequently turned into a flint-lock, and only recently had been furnished with the more modern percussion lock. Indeed, when first I began to take part in these country matches, twenty-five years ago, several of the white-haired old guard, then still alive, were using flint-locks, in the loading of which the belief in charms and superstition had considerable weight. They invariably shot spherical balls of large caliber; for the conical cannelured ball of about .400 bore came into general use only about thirty years ago, and then only among the younger generation of marksmen. With the latter very good shooting was made at short ranges, the ordinary distance being 130 meters, or 142yds. The firing position was then, as it is now, the standing one, without artificial rest of any kind. The old match rifles had not only a hair trigger, but were furnished with a knob a couple of inches behind the hammer connected with the trigger arrangement, so that the latter would only work when this knob was pressed down, which was done by the thumb of the right hand. The trigger guard, which reached far back, had indentations into which the three disengaged fingers of that hand were laid, giving one a firm grip, corresponding to the pistol grip on modern rifles. The heel plate was not straight or slightly curved, but was concave, and thus fitted the marksman's shoulder. A fine peep-sight and equally fine bead in a short tube were the ordinary sights for target shooting, no middle sight being used. If the rifle was wanted for warlike purposes—a use to which many of the old arms were put—a coarse front and middle sight were substituted for the target sights. It was a heavy rifle, weighing from 9 to 14lbs. As a rule only stationary targets were fired at, the whole arrangement of targets, marking and scoring being primitively simple, yet, as will be seen, sufficient for the purposes. To catch the bullets a section of a hardwood tree or well-seasoned larch, some 3ft. in diameter, and of about the same thickness, was firmly fixed on a pile driven into the soil, so that the center of the block was about 4ft. from the



TYROLESE TARGET.

ground. On the face of this block was fixed the board upon which was fastened the target—a piece of cardboard 9½in. square, with the bull printed on it in black. The bull, as it presented itself to the marksman, measured 7in. in diameter, but the diameter of the real mark that had to be hit in order to score at all was considerably smaller, being 5$\frac{1}{10}$in. (English) in diameter. This inner bull was again subdivided by three rings into four spaces. The innermost circle, ¾in. in diameter—about the size of a sixpenny piece—counted four points; the next ring, 1$\frac{7}{8}$in. in diameter, counting three points; the next, 3$\frac{3}{4}$in. in diameter, scoring two; while the outermost ring, measuring, as already mentioned, 5$\frac{1}{10}$in. in diameter, added one point to the marksman's score.

The principle that governs the scoring at Tyrolese rifle matches is not the same as that in use with us; it favors the tyro and amateur rather than the professional crack shot—at least so far as the prizes are concerned; while our English method prevails in respect to the money pools. The prizes are gained not by the best averages or by the best string of shots, but by those individual single shots which chance to be nearest the mathematical center of the bull. This center, called centrum, is the point of intersection of two lines at right angles to each other—see illustration. By adopting this principle, luck is allowed to play a *rôle*, so that the merest beginner who is lucky enough to fluke a shot into the centrum of the bull may win one of the prizes, and thus feel encouraged to go on practicing, with the result that he finally becomes a first-class shot. At first glance this principle appears contrary to common sense, but experience has amply proved that in view of the practical utility of encouraging rifle shooting as a national sport, which can only be achieved by encouraging the beginner, its advantages cannot be denied.

To understand its working let me describe how one of these village rifle matches is managed. The giver of the prizes is almost invariably the village innkeeper, near whose house the rifle range is usually constructed; at least in the remoter valleys, where suitable open spaces with rising ground at the back can be found in the middle of the straggling village. With mine host this prize-giving is a mere matter of business, and the £3 or £4 he spends in the gaudy silk handkerchiefs and ribands, on which the silver or gold pieces of money are securely sewn, he receives back by an increased consumption of his liquor, and by certain incomings, the details of which will be presently given. The cost of the markers and of the scorers he likewise bears, or they are covered by retaining a small percentage of the pools. These details are arranged between himself and the *Schützenmeister*, or master of the village rifle-shooting guild, who is elected by the enrolled rifle shots belonging to that particular community. The latter is treasurer as well as judge in all matters in dispute, and his decision cannot be challenged, and, as he has to divide the pools, his arithmetic has to be up to date. The match, in the case of a small one day's shoot, has been announced by a placard nailed to the door of the inn, or if it is a larger match it may have been deemed important enough to warrant an advertisement in the one weekly newspaper taken in by the innkeepers, so that the news would reach quarters to which the gossip of the valley would not penetrate in the ordinary course of events. But we will confine ourselves to a match of the former description; for these small shoots, occurring every second or third Sunday throughout the summer, were the real school in which young peasants learnt to handle their rifles. Even the smallest village rifle range had two targets; but, however great the number was, the nature of the events which they helped to decide remained the same. The principal match was the *haupt* or chief match, to which one of the two targets was exclusively devoted. The shots fired by the competitors in this event were limited in number, usually four or six. Each of these shots cost from 1s. upward, the total forming a pool, which was divided in the following manner: Say that mine host had given three prizes for the *haupt* event, and that thirty marksmen competed, who each fired six chief shots, so that there would be 180 shots on the target. The three prizes would be won by the three shots that were nearest the centrum, and as probably all three had struck the mathematical center, a new bull had been fixed on the block after each of these events so as to prevent mistakes. Some very close measuring with an instrument capable of ascertaining $\frac{1}{250}$in. was often necessary to decide the sequence of the three prize shots.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Election Day at Cypress Hills Park.

We have received a circular describing the fourth grand annual rifle championship match, which will be held at Henry J. Bookman's Cypress Hills Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Election Day, Nov. 3. The programme promises some grand sport for riflemen.

The main contest is for the championship trophy presented by Gus Zimmermann, the trophy to be won by the man making the highest 100-shot score. Mr. Bookman also presents a trophy to go to the man making the best 10-shot score in the match, with the proviso that in case the winner of the Zimmermann trophy makes the best 10-shot score, the Bookman trophy shall go to the man making the next best 10-shot score.

The conditions of the shoot are: Open to all, 100 shots per man, German ring target, $5 entrance. No entries received after Oct. 31. Entries should be made to Charles G. Zettler, 219 Bowery, New York city, each entry being accompanied by a forfeit of $2. No entries will be received after the above date. After deducting the expenses of the targets and the suppers for the contestants, the balance of the entrance fees will be divided half winners and half losers.

The targets will be open for practice at 9 A. M., the match being started promptly at 10 o'clock. Ten sighting shots will be allowed all contestants not present when the match commences. There will be an intermission of half an hour, 1 to 1:30 P. M., for lunch.

The match will be shot under the management of the following committee: Gus Zimmerman, chairman; B. Walther, Ignatz Martin, Henry D. Muller and Geo. W. Plaisted; Chas. G. Zettler, Treasurer, and Bernhard Zettler, Shooting Master.

Rifle Match at Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 16.—A match took place this evening between the employees at the George V. Cresson works and the employees of the Midvale steel works. The shoot was held on the range of the Wahnetah Rifle Club, 3935 Germantown avenue, this city. There was a large attendance of spectators, who watched the shooting with much interest. Scores, 25yds. range, 20 shots per man:

Midvale Team.		Cresson Team.	
A Wagner	64	P F Yost	64
C Briney, Jr.	62	Hubbard	49
J Yost	62	Butler	41
T O'Hara	53	McFarland	38
W Uttley	50	Halligan	37
E Hansberry	43	Kolb	33
J Sparks	39	Reihl	31
F Ryall	36	E Mack	31
T Wallace	31	Watson	30
W Shomo	24—464	Weisse	11—365

J. S. Sheets.

Revolver Shooting in England.

London, England, Oct. 8.—Below is the latest news on revolver shooting contests in this city:

At the North London Rifle Club on Sept. 30 the revolver competition was for alternate hands at a stationary target at 20yds. Results below:

Holmes	756776—38	Chicken	765745—34
C Knapp	766667—38	Britton	407777—32
Capt Evans	767466—37	Denyer	575554—31
Capt T W Heath	735777—36	Ward	455463—27
Lieut J Howard	665747—35	Franzmann	223456—22
W Luff	667547—35	T H Howe	452404—17
Andrews	755476—34	Roberts	326040—15

Oct. 7.—Disappearing target, 20yds:

Capt W Evans	776542—31	Brading	764432—28
W Luff	766542—30	Lieut Richardson	766532—29
T Knapp	775432—28	T H Howe	865530—24
Britton	754442—26	Chicken	554322—21

The scores for the revolver championship of the club now stand as below. There are only two more weekly shoots, both at 20yds., stationary target, so that Mr. Winans cannot now be beaten, and he does not intend to shoot any more this year (as seen by reports for some weeks back, he has had such a lead that he does not have to shoot).

20yds.—Series 1.		Series 2.	Series 3.	Series 4	Total.
Walter Winans	42 41 41 40 40 40	38	39	37 36	394
A W Carter	40 38 38 36 36 36	31	35	34 34	363
Capt W Evans	38 36 36 36 35 34	35	31	33 31	353
C Knapp	39 37 37 36 35 34	39	33	33 33	357
Holmes	38 37 36 35 33 30	38	34	33 33	348
Lieut Howard	41 38 38 38 36 34	36	24	34 29	348
W Luff	37 37 36 35 35 34	38	30	31 31	344
C T Britton	35 31 30 29 29 28	26	23	22 ..	284
T Andrews	32 32 30 29 27 21	14	26	24 ..	269

At the South London Rifle Club the revolver championship has been decided as below:

	20yds.	50yds
Walter Winans	41 41 40 40 40	39 38 38—317
Capt T W Heath	42 41 41 40 40	39 38 37—318
E Howe	41 41 41 40 40	38 37 37—315
C Knapp	40 39 39 39 38	36 36 35—302
E Clementi-Smith	38 38 38 37 37	38 35 34—295
W B Reid	36 35 34 33 33	35 33 29—274
Malschinger	38 33 30 29 27	32 29 25—243

New York Militia Arm.

Gov. Morton has declined to approve the report of the commission on an arm for the National Guard in favor of the Savage rifle. He says:

"During the interval since the passage of this law I have given the subject attention and have been favored with the opinions of many persons of high authority in military affairs, and I am advised that even the Remington rifle now in use by our National Guard, and particularly the Springfield rifle in use by the National Guard of other States, are much better for the use of the Guard when called into active service in the State in maintaining peace or suppressing disorders than a magazine gun such as is perhaps contemplated by the statute and the report of the examiners. * * *

"I am also advised that the United States Government has on hand about 240,000 Springfield rifles; that they are available for use by the militia, and that a movement has been initiated to furnish them to the several States as desired. * * * In view of the probability of the distribution of arms by the national Government, and especially at a time of great business depression and a continued unsettled condition of financial affairs, it would be unwise, I think, to approve a report which would require a contract for the purchase of arms at a possible expense to the State of $300,000."

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

Cincinnati, O., Oct. 18.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at their range to day. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target, 7 ring black. Capt. Gindele is making some very creditable scores with his new Zischang .32-40 barrel. He is well pleased with its work thus far.

Gindele.

10 8 7 10 8 10 10 10 10 7—90 — 10 7 9 9 8 10 8 9 9 10—89
8 9 10 9 7 8 10 9 9 8—87 — 6 8 10 6 10 10 10 6 8 10—84

Payne.

7 7 8 10 8 1 8 6 10 7—79 — 6 8 6 9 9 6 10 8 8 6—76
6 7 7 9 8 9 9 7 9 10—81 — 10 7 10 9 10 8 4 8 7 7—80

Topf.

4 6 4 4 6 8 6 9 8 5—61 — 8 10 5 6 4 4 8 7 3 4—59
10 5 4 4 5 0 4 5 5 9—54 — 8 5 4 8 6 8 5 2 5 6—57

Roberts.

6 7 6 10 7 10 8 8 10 10—82 — 9 10 7 6 9 9 6 8 10 7—81
9 4 6 8 10 9 8 9 6 9—78 — 8 9 6 7 6 9 8 5 9 8—75

Strickmeier.

9 10 9 10 9 8 8 5 8 6—82 — 7 9 5 7 8 8 9 10 7 6—76
9 7 7 9 7 7 10 7 6 9—78 — 6 9 6 8 7 10 8 7 4 5—70

A. Lux.

8 6 10 5 3 7 5 8 10 10—74 — 10 10 9 7 6 8 7 6 3 6—72
6 9 8 4 4 7 10 6 8 5—67 — 8 7 6 4 9 8 6 4 6 7—65

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Oct. 29-30.—Dexter Park, L. I.—Tournament under the auspices of the Emerald Gun Club, of New York. First day, targets; second day, live birds.

Nov. 3.—Marion, N. J.—Contest for the Austin Powder Company's trophy for the tri-State (New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania) championship at expert rules. Match commences at 1 P. M. prompt.

Nov. 7.—Hackensack, N. J.—Cup contest, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club. C. O. Gardiner, Sec'y.

Dec. 1-3.—Trenton, N. J.—Proposed contest for live-bird championship; 100 live birds per man, $100 entry. Under the management of Charles Zwirlein.

1897.

Jan. 4-5.—Prescott, Arizona.—Fourth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Prescott Gun Club. Roy Hill, Sec'y.

January.—San Antonio, Tex.—Second midwinter tournament, under the management of Oscar Guessaz, etc.

March 23-25.—New York City.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

April 15-17.—San Antonio, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

May 11-14.—Oil City, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.

June (third week).—Cleveland, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Chic, a weekly paper published in Cincinnati, O., in its issue of Oct. 10 runs as a frontispiece a reproduction from a photograph of the familiar features of Lieut. Peter Gibson, of the O. N. G., and also gives the following account of the lieutenant's latest appointment—chief of the Signal Service: "In the last Ohio Legislature there was passed a bill which created a new office in the regiment, the chief of the Signal Service. The signal service implies a communication between distant military points by means of the sun, heliograph, lanterns, torches and flags, with a skillfully arranged alphabet of signals. For this important office Lieut. Peter Gibson, assistant inspector of rifle practice, a position which he held for five years with much credit to himself, was recently chosen by Col. Hunt, an appointment which has met with general satisfaction in the regiment. Lieut. Gibson has devoted much time to the study of firearms as used by the armies of all civilized nations. During a sojourn in Europe he collected specimens of military firearms of the latest and most modern patterns, which no doubt will be utilized in the wars of the future. His collection is complete and is assorted in an especial apartment in the armory. Lieut. Gibson became a member of the bar in the year 1878, and has been practicing law since that time. He has been admitted to practice in the United States District and Circuit Courts, and also in the New York Supreme Court."

The Stockton, Cal., Gun Club closed a successful season on Oct. 11 last. The San Francisco *Examiner* of Oct. 12 gives the following item in regard to the club's record for 1896: "The last shoot of the Stockton Gun Club for the season of 1896 was held this afternoon in a heavy wind. H. G. Balkwell won the championship class medal by a score of 197 out of 240; average 821. George E. Ellis won the first class medal, score 187 out of 240, average .777. Geo. P. Schaefer won the second class medal, 167 out of 240, average .695. W. E. Johnson won the third class medal, 142 out of 240, an average of .591. The best scores of to-day's club shoot were: H. Ralph 19, H. Loujars 17, W. E. Johnson 17, H. Condy 17, W. Jensen 17, G. E. Ellis 17, C. Merrill 16, H. G. Balkwell 15, G. P. Schaefer 15, E. Gample 15, George Ditz, Jr., 15."

The Parkway Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, has opened new grounds at the corner of Miller and Wortman avenues. The new grounds are said to be a portion of the Bennett-Selover farm. Mr. Bennett is ex-president of the club, and Selover is its present field captain. For years past the club has been in the habit of holding its monthly shoots at Dexter Park, but until now was unable to secure a suitable piece of ground for a club house and set of traps.

Justus von Lengerke is answerable for a diminution of the ruffed grouse and woodcock supply of this State since the season opened. Justus is a good man at the traps, but we are told he is a much worse man to stack up against when he gets you in the woods. A man who had been shooting with him once said to us the other day: "You just ought to see that Dutchman walk and shoot! Whew!"

The cup offered by the Austin Powder Company for competition on the grounds of the Endeavor Gun Club, Nov. 3, is to be the Austin Powder Company's tri-State championship cup at expert rules. The States named are Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York. The entrance fee is only $5, and that sum covers the cost of the 50 targets shot at and the cost of ammunition, as the "147" load will be furnished free of charge to those entering as above.

Winston's win of two out of his three matches last week at Elkwood Park stamps him as a good shot, better perhaps than many people imagine. We have heard several opinions expressed lately as to his capabilities as a live-bird shot, and there seems to be just as much difference in those opinions now as there was ten days ago. His victory over Ivins was a genuine surprise to us, as Ivins is looked upon as a man that is hard to beat on any kind of birds.

It looked like old times to see Ferd. Van Dyke, of the Winchester Company, cracking targets at the Endeavor Gun Club's tournament, at Marion, N. J., on Oct. 23-24. Van was, perhaps, not in his best form, but then the targets on both days were hard to locate. His 48 out of 50 in the 2d and 3d strings of 25 each in the 100-target handicap race on the last day was a capital piece of shooting, the strong northwest wind making the shooting very hard.

From what one hears, and if what one hears is true, Zwirlein's big shoot on Dec. 1-3 is going to be rather bigger than he wants it to be; that is, if he only wants ten or twelve shooters to compete for the championship. There are a whole host of champions here in the East who want a whack at the big purse, and we expect to hear something to the point from the Westerners before many days.

Mr. W. F. Parker, a son of one of the members of the well-known gun firm of Meriden, Conn., was a new face at the Jersey traps during the Endeavor Gun Club's merchandise shoot at Marion, N. J., Oct. 23-24. Mr. Parker, while perhaps not an expert yet, showed that he was not only fond of a gun, but knew how to handle one. The way the targets flew on the above dates was not calculated to make a new hand show his best work.

Everything points to a good entry list for the Tri-State cup shoot at Marion, N. J., on Nov. 3. The only trouble is that targets thrown at expert rules are so seldom shot that very few people know what they can do at that style of shooting, and are therefore afraid to come and try their skill. This will be a good chance for any such to measure their skill against some of those who are supposed to "know it all" at a comparatively low figure.

The last two days of this week, Oct. 30-31, will see some good shooting at Dexter Park, L. I., if the weather is anything like favorable. The tournament to be held on those dates will be under the auspices of the Emerald Gun Club, of New York, one of the leading organizations of the kind in this city. Friday, Oct. 30, will be target day, live birds being trapped on Saturday.

Charlie Budd has not forgotten how to shoot. On the second day of the Des Moines, Ia., Gun Club's tournament, Oct. 21, he shot at 36 live birds and scored them all; he then shot at 105 targets, losing only one, his 104th. His average for the day, animates and inanimates, was better than 99 per cent. for 141 shot at. Budd used a Parker gun, E. C. powder and U. M. C. factory-loaded ammunition.

The cup presented by the Austin Powder Company as a "Tri-State championship cup" is a handsome trophy and well worth winning. The "147" load must be used and will be furnished with the 50 targets shot at, for the $5 entrance fee. Balance of entrance fees divided into three moneys. The date of the contest is Nov. 3 (Election Day) at 1 P. M. prompt.

The information we give elsewhere in regard to the new shooting grounds now in course of construction at Elkwood Park should prove interesting reading to trap-shooters in general, and to all those in particular who took part in the Grand American Handicap of 1896. When finished, these grounds in point of equipment will compare favorably with any in the world.

Ed. Taylor, of Laflin & Rand, has just about gotten acclimated. Mr. Taylor told us on Saturday last, whether for publication or not we cannot say, neither do we care much, that he is liable to cause trouble any time anybody talks "match" to him. "If only Peter Gibson were here now!" he said; and he shook his fist at the imaginary Peter.

Frank Butler and Mrs. Butler (Annie Oakley) are taking a hunting trip through Arkansas. Mrs. Butler, now that Buffalo Bill's Wild West show has closed for the season, is thoroughly enjoying her well-earned holiday. Frank Butler writes that they will be in New York some time in December.

With Fred Quimby out West on a business trip and Charlie Hebbard down East trying his best to scare moose in Maine, life around Fred's desk in his new location, 300 Broadway, has been decidedly dull, except when Tom Keller was on hand. There was life then, and plenty of it.

In a personal letter to us on trap-shooting matters, W. L. Colville (Dick Swiveller) adds as a postscript: "Look at our change of 'adv.' if you want to see what Gold Dust has been doing on the Pacific slope."

L. T. Duryea, the well known amateur pigeon shot of this city, has started on a trip to the Pacific slope. Mr. Duryea will probably not be back in this vicinity again until some time in December.

The Hill School, of Pottstown, Pa., has organized a gun club and commenced practice shooting at targets. The first shoot was held on Oct. 22.

Oct. 27. Edward Banks.

Warren Gun Club.

Warren, O., Oct. 21.—Inclosed find scores made at our club shoot held this date. We had with us Mr. R. O. Heikes, of Dayton, O., who gave a nice exhibition of fancy shooting by breaking 5 targets thrown into the air at one time. He also broke 50 targets in two minutes and twenty seconds, using three repeaters and shooting fifty-nine times.

This was Mr. Heikes's first appearance among us, but we will all be pleased to see him again at any time. Scores:

No. 1.	No. 2.
R O Heikes..0100111111111101111111011—20	11111001111111111111111110—22
R W Ewalt..0110111111100011111111111—20	11111111001111111111111111—23
Schoonover.1101100001101111001101111—16	11110011110110111111011111—20
I Nonneman 0101111101111011111001111—19	11001111111111111111111110—22
E A Bury...1011100111100011111110010—16	10111111000011111001011110—16
A J Sutcliffe000010010101010101011100000—10	11001101001001111111110111—17

No. 3.	No. 4.
R O Heikes .1111111111101101011111111—22	11110111111111111111111110—23
R W Ewalt..1110111111111111111111111—24	11111111111111111111111111—25
Schoonover.0011101100111111011111111—19	11011111111111011101011111—21
I Nonneman.0111101111111111010111111—21	11111010111111111101111111—22
E A Bury...0110101010100101111110010—14	11011110001111111110110111—19
A J Sutcliffe.0011011011111010100111101—16	10011110110000101010011—13

R. W. Ewalt, Sec'y.

Washington Park Gun Club, of Kansas City.

Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 23.—Following are scores made by the Washington Park Gun Club, Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 14, at the club's monthly medal contest:

A F Rickmers	0011211202111121—12	C C Smith	1011212211112010—12
W W Herman	1121111112210121—14	Dave Elliott	1111111111111111—15
N Jarrett	0012221121221122—13	W B Cosby	2121122002120111—12
W A Laidlaw	0102112112211122—13	T A Fernkas	0212121102110121—12

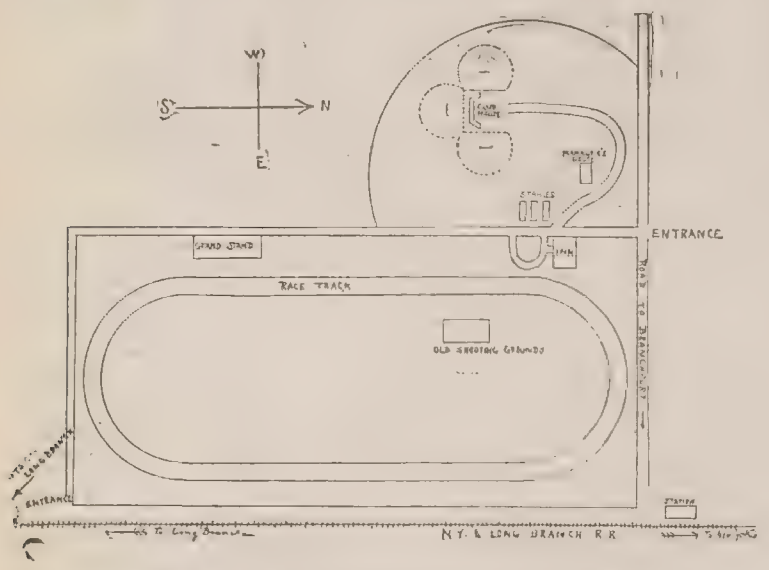
Dave Elliott, Sec'y.

Elkwood Park's New Shooting Grounds.

Our visit to Elkwood Park on Tuesday, Oct. 20, was extremely well-timed. We had started originally with a view to witnessing the Winston-Hoey match, and incidentally looking over the plans for some new shooting grounds at Elkwood, which we had been told were about to be laid out by Phil Daly, Sr., of Long Branch, N. J. We had no idea that the grounds were so far advanced in course of construction that nothing, practically speaking, beyond the erection of the new club house is needed before live-bird shooting can be pursued on the best planned grounds in this or any other country. We say "best planned" advisedly, for, barring one small item which we shall refer to later on, the new grounds at Elkwood Park will be perfect, nothing having been left to chance.

THE "CLOVER-LEAF FIELD."

In Forest and Stream of Aug. 29 our Chicago correspondent, Mr. Hough, gave under the head of "Three New Ideas" a plan for laying our three sets of traps in the shape of a clover leaf. The publication of this plan, together with the cut illustrating the idea, was undoubtedly a prime factor in the present movement at Elkwood Park. The idea was not altogether a new one, for a similar scheme, only for a four-leafed system of grounds, has been mooted many times during the past few years. The promoters suggested a club house in the middle of four sets of traps, one on each side of the house, thus insuring a straightaway wind on one set, no matter from what quarter of the



ELKWOOD PARK AND ITS NEW SHOOTING GROUNDS.

heavens the wind blew. Members of the club and their guests, whenever a match was in progress, were to reach the club house by means of a well-lighted tunnel.

There is also, we believe, a diagram of some such scheme hanging now, where it has hung for years, on the walls of the Riverton Gun Club's house at Riverton, N. J.

The above schemes, however, brought forth little else than talk. It has remained for Mr. Phil Daly, Sr., and his son, Phil Daly, Jr., to be the first to go to work and lay out a real clover-leaf field after the plan so graphically described in Forest and Stream of Aug. 29 of this year.

A FIFTEEN-ACRE LOT PURCHASED.

The proprietors of Elkwood Park realized that some such shooting grounds were needed, and that when once established there would always be a chance for any one desiring to shoot a match to get a suitable place for deciding it at the shortest possible notice. Around New York there are not many such places. As a matter of fact, shooters from this city and vicinity are none too well provided for in this respect. To lay out such a set of traps on the clover-leaf plan requires ample space; it actually takes about fifteen acres to do it properly. Accordingly Mr. Daly spent a good many dollars in getting possession of a plot of fifteen acres that lies to the west of Elkwood Park, but adjoining that property. It is on that fifteen acres that is now located the "clover leaf."

The accompanying diagram will explain thoroughly to those who were present at the last Grand American Handicap, held in March, 1896, at Elkwood Park, the exact location of this tract of fifteen acres. On it will be noticed the grand stand, the old shooting grounds where the Grand American was actually decided, the Elkwood Inn, and other familiar landmarks, such as the stables for trotting stock, etc. We do not boast that the plan is drawn accurately—that is, so many feet to the inch—but we do brag that it will convey an excellent idea of the present new grounds and their location to any one who has visited Elkwood Park.

THE CLUB HOUSE.

Although the grounds are not in working order, and although it is not proposed to open them before Dec. 1 at the earliest, they are so far advanced that every little detail can be seen. No start has been made on the club house, but probably before this reaches our readers ground will have been broken for its foundations. The building itself will be absolutely perfect, every desire of a shooter having been thought out and provided for. We were amazed when we realized the completeness of detail with which the Messrs. Daly, Sr. and Jr., and Harry Chanfrau had planned the interior fittings of this large building. The total floor space of the building, which is to be two stories high, will be about 10,280sq. ft.! That is 5,140sq. ft. on each floor. In addition to this there is ample space left for a wide piazza, to run the entire length of the building, facing the three sets of traps. The front of the building will practically be all glass. There will be a wide exit on each side immediately in front of the score at each set of traps; the distance from these exits to the score respectively in front of each door will be just 40ft., scarcely enough for a shooter to get moist in a heavy downpour. Gun racks and lockers will be a prominent feature on the first floor, plenty of accommodation in these respects being supplied, however large the attendance.

Retiring rooms for ladies and for gentlemen; lavatories fitted with the best sanitary plumbing; telephonic and telegraphic communication with any point on the world's surface; press room, restaurant, baths, a cashier's office, with a railing in front of it, like a well-appointed ticket office in one of the trunk line stations of America's great railroad system; in fact, everything that can be thought of has been arranged for on the plans. On the second floor there is ample accommodation for spectators. So much for the club house.

NO DELAY IN FILLING TRAPS.

The method that will be adopted for trapping the birds will astonish anyone who has never seen the underground system adopted at Kansas City, Mo. All the birds will be trapped from underneath by trappers who will be unseen by the shooters or spectators. A deep trench, some 6½ft. deep by 4ft. wide, has been dug under the line of each set of five traps. This trench has been carefully boarded up, both top and sides, with stout planking. In this trench is located the trapper or trappers, supplied with several crates of birds. Down in this cellar-like place both trappers and birds will be actually warmer in winter and cooler in summer than if placed above the ground. The filling of each trap as soon as sprung, even if No. 1 is sprung immediately No. 5 has been filled, takes such a short space of time that 150 birds an hour is not an impossibility if the shooters can only be gotten to the score to shoot as fast.

THE DOG AND THE DEAD BIRDS OUT OF SIGHT.

To the right of each score is another cellar-like excavation. In this, sheltered from the view of shooter or spectators, stands the handler and the dog that is to retrieve the dead birds. The ground in front is cut away, making a grade, enabling the dog to get out easily, and also permitting it to see the bird as soon as it leaves the trap. After retrieving the bird the dog comes back to the handler, and the dead birds are laid out to cool off before packing, out of sight of spectators, etc.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN TRAPPER.

By a series of strong railings, everyone except referee, scorer, puller and shooter is kept well away from the score. An automatic pulling apparatus will be in position, and each shooter as he steps to the score will give the wheel a turn, thus setting the combination, which is absolutely unknown to him or the actual puller.

It will thus be seen that the Messrs. Daly and their manager, Harry Chanfrau, have thought of and provided for everything that can be devised to make pigeon shooters happy and sure of a fair deal and quick trapping. The only unfortunate thing in the whole matter, the item which we referred to earlier, is the fact that it was impossible, owing to the lay of the ground, to face one set of traps to the north instead of to the south. This, however, is a small matter; much smaller than it would be usually, as the prevailing winds in the fall, winter and spring are favorable to driving birds from traps that face slightly to the south.

THE APPROACH TO THE GROUNDS IS SAFE.

It will be noticed on the diagram that the road to the grounds from the inn takes a turn to the right in front of the manager's house, and then follows the northern boundary fence until it is in a straight line with the north end of the club house. By following this road shooters and their friends will be out of all danger of being peppered, as a rise in the ground acts as a natural screen from all stray pellets of shot.

To make access to the Elkwood Park grounds as easy as possible, all trains on the N. Y. & Long Branch R. R. will stop to set down or take up passengers on the trains that run over this line. A platform and a shelter, perhaps a station, will be built to accommodate such passengers.

Thus are the shooters of New Jersey being provided for.

Edward Banks.

Greensburg Gun Club.

Greensburg, Ind., Oct. 22.—The Greensburg Gun Club, one of the strongest as well as one of the most popular organizations of the kind in this State, held its second annual tournament on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 14-15, at its park to the northwest of the city. The weather was fine for shooting, with the exception that a portion of each day the wind blew quite hard. Taking it all in all, the bright October sun, shedding its warmth and glory over the beautiful landscape, made the ground a scene of surpassing beauty, and furnished an excellent background for the sport. The club had made perfect arrangements. Two sets of expert traps and electric pulls were used, and here was the only trouble. One of the pulls, although new, having just been received only a day or two before, worked very poorly from the beginning and finally had to be discarded. This was quite annoying to the club, but the shooters seemed to take it with the best of feeling, all seeming to recognize that such accidents will happen, and that the club had done all that was in their power to do in the matter. The programme for the two days contained twenty events, and these, together with a number of extras on the first day, were disposed of in regular order, there being as many as thirty shooters in a number of the events. The interest of the participants and spectators centered in the badge event on the second day. In this event there were twelve entries, and some fine scores were made—C. D. Tillson, of the Greensburg Club, winning with a score of 49 out of 50. This badge is a handsome $100 trophy, emblematic of the amateur championship of Indiana, and is contested for annually on the Greensburg Gun Club grounds under the following rules and conditions: "The contest for this badge is open to all amateurs of the State. The contest will take place annually on the grounds of the Greensburg Gun Club, and will consist of 50 targets per contestant, known traps and known angles, the club to receive 40 per cent. of the entrance money, the balance to be divided 40, 30, 20 and 10. Ties for first place will be governed by the American Association rules. No charge will be made for targets in this event, except for shooting off ties."

The fact that the trophy was won by a home man was the cause of general rejoicing upon the part of the local club, and the visitors all were delighted with the splendid showing made by the victor.

Among the visitors were the following: H. T. Hearsey, George Beck, Royal Robinson, E. H. Tripp, J. W. Cooper, Dr. Charles Everts, of Indianapolis; H. E. Norton, of Ironton, O.; R. L. Trimble, of Cincinnati, representing the Du Pont Powder Company; Frank Smith, Brookville; George Schwartzkopf, Jr., F. Thomas and Dr. Rolland, of Columbus, Ind.; J. B. Stipps, Bedford; Jacob Kirsch, Aurora; Frank Wilson and H. Harcourt, Rushville; Charles Gilchrist, Harris City; Charles Sturgis, Horace; G. Roll, F. K. Adams, J. G. Deprez, Frank Nuckols, W. Webster, Shelbyville; J. Vogler, Hope; H. M. Scott, Kentucky. Space forbids any extended mention of the individual work of the participants, but the following scores speak for themselves:

```
Beck.....1111101111111011011100111111111011111111111110111110—42
Robison..1111111111111111111011111111101111011110111111101101—44
Cooper...1110111111101111111111101111111111111111111111111011—46
Tripp....1111110101111101111101111111111111011111111100111011—42
Winchester.....1111111111011110111110010101111111111111001111111—42
Tillson..1111101111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—49
C P......1111011101111110111111111101110111111111101111111111—44
Stipp....1101101111011110101111111101111111001111110001101—38
Foy......1111111111111111111111111101111110111011100011l011—43
Everetts.1111111110110110001110111111111111111111011111111—43
Trimble..1110011110011111011111111111111111111111111111111110—44
Norton...1111011110011111011101101111011111011111111111111—42
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The scores made in the sweeps were as below:

First Day's Scores.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	10	15	20	15	20	15	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	15
Granger	9	11	12	13	..	6	10	14	9	..	10	..	11	16	11	7
Everetts	2	8	16	6	..	..	..	..	11	17	8	12	12	17	14	13
Wilson	4	5	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	7	..	..	..	..	..
Buck	9	10	19	11	..	10	14	17	12	..	13	..	..	..	..	12
C Jay	8	13	15	12	14	9	..	..	13	16	11	..	..	..	12	11
Schwartz	8	8	16	11	16	10	12	15	14	..	10	..	12	19	12	13
Tripp	9	14	19	12	17	13	13	15	12	17	11	15	13	16	11	11
Norton	9	11	17	10	15	13	15	15	13	18	12	15	13	17	12	9
Cooper	7	12	13	12	14	12	13	17	11	19	14	16	11	19	10	9
Stipp	9	12	12	10	11	11	14	17	13	17	..	17	..	13	..	..
Trimble	10	12	16	15	17	10	14	18	12	17	14	17	14	17	12	13
Foy	7	13	12	10	13	10	12	13	11	17	10	20	10	17	11	11
Harcourt	4	5	..	5	..	..	..	7	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
Tillson	10	12	20	12	16	9	11	..	15	..	..	..	12	..	15	11
Winchester	10	10	11	12	..	..	..	..	9	17	13	19	..	..	..	..
J K	..	11	14	9	12	13	13	20	10	14	14	14	..	..	..	..
C Pea	..	12	17	14	..	..	..	..	14	..	14	14	14	18	..	..
Link	..	..	13	11	15	..	..	..	12	16	9	15	..	..	..	..
Myers	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	..	17	..	13	10	..	13	6
Woodfill	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	8	..
Meek	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	11	..	11	..
Sturgis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	11	..
Roll	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..

Gilchrist and Vogler shot in No. 1, scoring 6 and 4 respectively; Minear, Willoughby and Alexander shot in No. 15 and scored 9, 7 and 6 respectively.

Second Day's Scores.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	20	15	20	50	15	20	15	20
Beck	7	13	17	13	18	44	13	17	12	16
Robison	7	8	16	13	16	44	12	19	15	15
Cooper	7	12	17	14	17	46	12	17	10	14
Trimble	8	12	18	14	16	44	13	20	15	19
Norton	8	11	18	10	18	42	12	16	13	17
Seedy	9	15	19	..	16	49	11	16	..	..
Tripp	10	13	16	12	14	42	13	17	10	18
Stipp	9	13	17	15	16	38	10	..	..	..
Hersey	7	10	13	12	..	..	9	..	..	12
Link	8	13	15	11	16	..	11	16	..	..
Du Bray	..	..	15	9	15	..	10	16	10	15
Foy	8	10	11	14	14	43	8	10	..	..
Stegmain	6	9	..	..	..	..	9	..	12	..
Everetts	7	11	13	10	..	43	10	13	..	..
Myers	4	..	9	..	..	..	13	..	14	..
J K	6	10	17	10	..	..	13	..	..	..
H Myers	..	10	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..
Winchester	..	12	..	..	..	42	10	15	..	..
F M	..	7	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Scott	..	8	17	7	..	..	8	..	..	..
C Pea	..	..	..	14	17	44	13	17	10	18
Thomson	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	..	..
C Jay	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	10	16

De Prez shot in No. 1, scoring 3; E. K. scored 3 in No. 2; Willoughby and Minear scored 8 in No. 4, and Webster scored 7 in No. 7.

C. Jay.

Des Moines Gun Club's Annual.

Des Moines, Ia., Oct. 22.—The annual tournament of the Des Moines Gun Club, Oct. 20-22, closed to-day. The attendance was not large in numbers, but was made good by the interest taken by those who were present. The weather was fine and the shooting by a number of the contestants was well up. Two sets of target traps were used; one set threw known angles and the other unknown angles. The targets were thrown about 60yds. Those who reached 90 per cent. were few in number.

Among the noted shots from abroad were: S. A. Tucker, representing the Parker gun; Herman C. Hirschy, of the Robin Hood Powder Co.; C. M. Grimm, Fred Gilbert, Dr. Kibby, J. Kibby, Deusel, Abbott, Lane; Woodbury, from Marshalltown; Parmelee and Brucker, Omaha; J. Van Emmon, Geo. Peterson, Harkins, Cottrell, Gittens, Hoffman, Geo. Hughes, Taylor, Day, Cole, Correy, Frankie and Schales.

The best averages for the three days were: Budd first, with 95.1; Gilbert second with 94.1, Grimm third with 91.1, Parmelee fourth with 88.1. On the second day of the shoot C. W. Budd shot at 141 targets and live birds, losing his 104th target, making an average of better than 99 per cent. for the day.

The last day Marshalltown and Des Moines had a team shoot for the *Shooting and Fishing* State championship cup, 5 men on each team, 30 singles and 10 pairs to each man. Marshalltown won by 1 bird. Their many friends congratulated them on their success. One of the features of the tournament was Tucker vs. Hughes, or gold and silver. Hughes is a large, strong man, but Tucker landed him in the 42d round. Every one knows that Tucker is a talker from 'way back, and the writer never saw him put out but once, when Ed Rike put him out in the 51st round at Atchison, Kan., last April.

First Day, Oct. 20.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8*			
Targets:	10	20	20	15	10	15	15	8	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Grimm	9	20	17	14	10	13	15	8	113	106	93.9
Catrell	10	15	13	11	7	12	12	7	113	87	77.1
Budd	8	19	20	15	9	15	14	8	113	108	95.6
Harkins	10	17	16	14	10	12	14	7	113	100	88.5
Hoffman	9	16	14	12	6	..	..	7	83	64	77.2
Parmelee	8	15	18	12	8	15	14	8	113	98	86.8
Deusel	9	15	17	13	6	13	12	5	113	90	79.9
Peterson	6	15	18	13	5	12	..	6	98	75	77.5
Milner	8	17	13	13	9	11	11	8	113	90	79.7
Brucker	8	18	17	11	9	10	13	7	113	93	82.3
Gilbert	8	19	17	15	10	14	15	8	113	106	93.9
Robin Hood	8	19	19	14	6	13	14	6	113	99	87.6
Woodberry	7	13	13	13	8	14	14	7	113	89	78.8
Taylor	10	11	14	10	9	14	15	7	113	90	79.7
Dr Kibby	..	13	16	10	5	12	12	8	103	76	73.8
Tucker	..	..	19	11	7	14	12	..	75	63	83.7
Cole	..	..	16	11	9	14	12	..	75	62	82.5
Bradley	..	..	..	8	7	..	..	..	25	15	60
Kirsher	..	..	..	..	6	13	10	5	48	34	70
Van Emmon	..	..	..	..	8	12	15	7	48	42	87.3
Bruce	..	..	..	..	8	12	12	..	40	32	80
Hughes	..	..	..	..	6	12	13	7	48	38	79.8
Gittens	..	..	..	..	10	11	13	5	48	39	81.2
Hicks	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	..	30	19	63.3

* No. 8 was at 8 live birds.

In addition to the above Burris shot in No. 1, scoring 4; Day in No. 3, scoring 15; Franklin in No. 5, scoring 4; Haller in No. 6, scoring 11, and Kessler in No. 7, scoring 9.

Second Day, Oct. 21.

Events:	1*	2*	3*	4*	5	6	7	8	9			
Targets:	10	10	8	3	10	20	15	15	15	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Dr Kibby	9	8	7	8	8	17	13	13	12	111	110	99.1
Budd	10	10	8	8	10	20	15	14	15	111	110	99.1
Grimm	8	10	6	7	10	16	15	14	14	111	100	90.1
Milner	8	10	6	7	10	19	11	14	11	111	96	86.5
Van Emmon	10	8	6	7	8	18	12	13	11	111	93	83.8
Hughes	9	8	6	7	6	13	..	13	11	96	75	78.1
Parmelee	10	9	6	8	10	16	13	12	15	111	99	89.2
Bucker	7	9	5	..	6	16	13	13	..	88	69	78.3
Gilbert	9	10	6	7	9	19	15	15	15	111	105	94.6
Hoffman	8	7	8	8	9	20	13	13	13	111	99	89.2
Woodbury	5	..	..	..	6	16	8	..	..	55	35	63.6
Tyler	9	10	8	5	7	17	14	12	..	96	82	85.4
Correy	8	9	7	..	6	17	10	10	..	83	67	76.1
Peterson	8	9	..	6	5	17	11	11	..	88	67	76.1
Robin Hood	9	10	7	7	8	18	12	14	12	111	97	87.4
Harkins	..	10	8	5	9	19	14	13	12	101	11	89.1
Kersher	..	..	5	3	..	..	12	11	12	61	43	70.3
Cottrell	..	..	5	..	6	15	13	11	12	83	62	74.5
Tucker	..	..	..	..	9	18	13	12	13	75	65	86.5
Gittens	..	..	..	..	9	17	7	12	..	60	45	70
Cole	..	..	..	..	9	18	13	13	..	60	53	88.2

* Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 were at live birds.

In addition to the above Schales shot in Nos. 5 and 6, scoring 6 and 8 respectively; Bruce shot in Nos. 7 and 8, scoring 9 and 12, while Haller in the same two events scored 12 and 10. Prouty shot in No. 9 and scored 5.

Third Day, Oct. 22.

Events:	1	2	3	4*	5*			
Targets:	15	20	15	10	5	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Brucker	13	..	12	3	3	45	31	70
Gilbert	14	20	13	10	5	65	62	95.2
Robin Hood	13	19	13	8	5	65	58	80
Dr Kibby	14	19	13	9	4	65	59	90.5
Cottrell	14	17	10	..	..	50	41	82
Tucker	14	14	13	..	..	50	41	82
Hoffman	13	17	13	10	3	65	56	86.1
Van Emmon	12	14	13	7	4	65	50	77.5
J Kibby	13	18	14	9	4	65	58	89.1
Abbott	13	11	11	8	4	65	47	72.2
Lane	8	10	10	10	3	65	41	63.5
Harkins	14	17	13	..	5	55	49	88.6
Kersher	9	14	12	..	3	55	43	78.1
Milner	13	17	12	10	4	55	46	83.3
Parmelee	14	19	13	9	4	65	59	90.5
Budd	12	20	13	8	4	65	57	87.4
Grimm	14	18	12	10	5	65	59	90.5
Peterson	14	16	11	10	..	60	51	85
Densel	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	....
Whitney	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	....

* Nos. 4 and 5 were at live birds.

Taylor shot in No. 1, scoring 7 breaks; Densel and Whitney took part in No. 5, scoring 4 birds each.

In the team race the scores were:

Marshalltown.	Singles.	Pairs.	Des Moines.	Singles.	Pairs.
Fred Gilbert	27	14—41	C W Budd	27	15—42
J Kibby	23	14—37	C M Grimm	23	19—42
Abbott	21	14—35	Harkins	17	14—31
Densel	19	13—32	Milner	22	9—31
Dr Kibby	20	11—31	Kirsher	20	9—29
		176			175

Des Moines.

Calumet Heights Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 18.—The regular weekly shoot of the Calumet Heights Gun Club was held to-day. In the club shoot at 25 targets Paterson was winner in class A with 22 breaks. The winners in class B and class C were respectively Metcalfe with 20 and Harlan with 20. Scores:

Class A.

```
Paterson.....1101011111111011111111111—22
Lamphere.....1101010011011111101111111—19
Hodson.......1111110101110110010111101—18
Marshall.....1111111100001011010001111—16
Norcom.......1011111101111011011001000—16
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Class B.

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Metcalfe.....1110110011101101111111111—20
Greeley......1111111111010111001101101—19
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Class C.

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Harlan.......0101110110111110111111111—20
Davis........0111101011001111101111001—17
Carson.......1010111010100001110111110—15
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A series of four team races was also shot to-day. The conditions were: four men to a team, 10 targets per man, unknown traps and angles. In each of the four shoots Greeley's team was too strong for Metcalfe's team, the following scores telling the tale:

Metcalfe's Team.	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 3.
Metcalfe	1010100111—6	1000110101—5	1000010011—4	0111001011—6
Paterson	1001110100—5	0110000001—3	0101011101—6	1111011111—9
Harlan	0101100010—4	1000100000—2	0100000001—2	1100010011—5
Marshall	0100000000—1	0100011010—4	0101000101—4	0010010110—4
	16	14	16	24
Greeley's Team.				
Greeley	0000111010—4	0110110001—5	0000011101—4	0010111100—5
Lamphere	1011011111—8	1011111111—9	1101011111—8	1111111111—10
Norcom	1100111010—6	0111001111—7	1010010110—5	1111111011—9
Carson	1000010011—4	0000101100—3	1101011001—6	0011001100—4
	22	24	23	28

The other sweeps were: No. 1, 10 targets—Lampere 9, Paterson 8, Hodson and Carson 7, Metcalfe and Greeley 6, Norcom and Harlan 5, Marshall 4.

No. 2, 15 targets: Paterson 14, Metcalfe 13, Norcom and Carson 10, Harlan and Marshall 9.

No. 3, 5 pairs: Metcalfe, Norcom, Paterson and Harlan, 5; Greeley 2.

Patty.

Hill School Gun Club, of Pottstown.

Pottstown, Pa., Oct. 22.—The first practice shoot of the Hill School Gun Club, of this city, was held this afternoon on the Hill grounds. The targets were thrown from two unknown traps at unknown angles and unknown elevations, 18yds. rise, use of one barrel only. Scores:

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Spear.....1111011011111011111001111—20
Van Denburg.....0111011111001110101101111—18
Fox.....0001010111000110111100011—13
W Plankington.....1001110001000001011100111—12
Saylor.....0100000111001010100001001—10
Ashenfelter.....0011011001000000010001000— 7
J Plankington.....011101111011101 —11
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J. K. V.

In New Jersey.

AT ELKWOOD PARK.

John L. Winston, who is representing the Austin Powder Co., of Cleveland, O., has established for himself in the past quite a record in Western trap-shooting circles. If he desired new fields to conquer he has certainly found them here in the East. Making certain exceptions, he came to New York city and expressed himself as willing to meet in individual matches any and all comers. The exceptions are, so far as he has told us, George Work, Louis Duryea, J. P. Knapp, Edgar Murphy and John L. Brewer. There may be others, but at present we do not recall their names.

Since his arrival he has been a busy man. Scarcely a day has gone by but what he has been out showing what he can do, and trying to find out what others can do. Several small matches have been shot, in which he was not by any means invariably victorious. He lost two small races, a 25 bird race with Charlie Zwirlein and a 50-bird race with George "One-barrel" Cubberly, both matches being shot on Zwirlein's grounds. He tied in a 100-bird race with "Count" Langen, of New York, on 77 each, but eventually won on the shoot-off at 25 birds per man by the score of 22-21. While speaking of the birds in the East and of those he shot at on Zwirlein's grounds at Yardville, N. J., in particular, Winston said to us: "Eastern birds, so far as I have seen them, outclass our Western birds more than I ever imagined could be possible. You told me I should see good birds at Zwirlein's, and I did. So good were they, and so much better were they than any I had ever shot at, that I missed 6 out of the first 14 I shot at in my match with Cubberly!"

The birds he shot at in the match with Fred. Hoey, the score of which is given below, were another fair sample of what sort of match birds can be provided for anybody who wants to shoot a race in New Jersey. The match with Hoey was the first of a series of three to be shot the week commencing Oct. 18. The feature of these three matches was the condition that all should go or none, that is, the forfeit for all three was to be posted before the first was shot. The matches were as follows: Vs. Fred. Hoey, Tuesday, Oct. 20; vs. Phil Daly, Jr., Thursday, Oct. 22; vs. A. L. Ivins, Saturday, Oct. 24. Another feature was the fact that Phil Daly, Jr., was willing to bet $200 against $150 that he could beat Winston; this bet, of course, Winston did not let slip by him.

THE WINSTON-HOEY MATCH.

Oct. 20.—The first of the above series of three matches was decided to-day at Elkwood Park. When we left New York by the 9 10 train over the P. R. R. for Branchport, the station for Elkwood Park, the wind was blowing very strongly from the southwest, with prospects of rain before night. There was a moist look about the sky in the south, and the weather bureau did not hold out very much hope of a good afternoon for live-bird shooting. As a matter of fact, the afternoon proved as satisfactory for that purpose as one could wish; the wind held up well, and rain kept off until all the early birds at least had gone to bed. A little rain to settle the dust around Elkwood Park would have been more in the nature of a blessing than a curse. As it was, dust in clouds rolled across Elkwood Park; so thick were these columns of dust and sand at times that the sun was almost shut out from view. The force of the wind varied, a conservative estimate being that it never dropped below fifteen miles an hour, while occasionally it went up to thirty miles. As its direction was favorable for good birds, guesses at the probable score were decidedly low. Anything over 82 was considered good work. (Brewer, who was present, said that he could kill in the neighborhood of 94 or 95, but then—)

The birds were a "specially selected lot." They were provided by Gilbert, of Philadelphia, Mr. Gilbert, Jr., coming over to trap them himself. They were all blue, but the blue on some of them was almost an ebony black; and some of those black ones escaped too. Left-quarterers were very numerous, but that was only to be expected, as the traps face slightly to the north of east, while the wind was from the southwest; birds that faced the wind, as some of them tried to do, were hoverers when it came to taking the direction of their flight; they could not make any headway against the wind when it was blowing its best. Under all these circumstances—wind, good birds, and, we must add, poor pulling—Winston's score of 85 was a good one, and stamps him as a dangerous man in a match, no matter who his antagonist is.

THE FORM OF THE TWO MEN.

The form displayed by the two men was as different as light from dark. It was our first experience with Winston as a match-shooter at live birds, and we were just as much pleased with his form as we were disappointed with that displayed by Fred Hoey. Of course, at the score Winston was deliberate; he is always that way when shooting matches or sweeps. To-day he stepped to the score, looked at the traps before raising his gun; then jammed the comb sharply against the cornplaster he wears on his right cheekbone to protect a sore spot, doing this, as nearly as we could count, five times before calling "Pull." It should also be noted that he omitted purposely, and so informed the puller prior to the match, the cautionary signal "Are you ready?" Once the trap was opened and the bird in the air, he was quick enough, and used his second barrel many times both rapidly and effectively. There was nothing slow about him then.

Fred Hoey, on the other hand, was almost careless in the manner he handled himself at the score. He would step up to the mark, ask "Are you ready?" receive the reply "Ready," and follow it up with a sharp "Pull." Over the sore place on his cheekbone he wore no cornplaster; when spoken to about that sore spot and being told that it was bleeding, he remarked: "Let it bleed. When I was shooting in my best form it was always bleeding." Somehow or another, whether the cheek bled or whether it didn't, Fred Hoey was clean off in his shooting; his score shows that. His time was ragged in the extreme; in fact, he can hardly be said to have had any time at all. Occasionally he would brisken up and shoot in something like his old form, bringing down the fastest birds with his first barrel and planting the second with good effect before the bird reached the ground. On other birds, fast or slow, he would apparently give them lots of time to become hard, with the result that they went away altogether. We noticed in particular that he held on to his second barrel, even on driving birds, with a persistency that sometimes made it useless when discharged. He was slow in his swing too, shooting palpably behind many of the fast quartering birds, being seemingly unable to get ahead of them, although he knew his fault as well as anyone. There was one other point we noted in regard to his change of form; that was a peculiar way he had of putting his gun tight to his shoulder as he called "Pull" and then taking it away, dropping it a little as the trap was opening. That little motion unquestionably gave the birds a start that, in the old days, they never got when he was at the score. Two years ago a score of 77 by Fred Hoey, no matter on what class of birds, would have been something for the boys to laugh at.

THE LUCK OF THE BIRDS.

In many matches the "luck of the birds" cuts quite a figure. To-day it had no effect at all on the result, except perhaps to lessen Winston's total; the latter had, if anything, the worst of the birds. Our trap score type shows that Winston had 44 left-quartering birds, direct and out-going; 11 drivers; 16 right-quartering birds, direct and out-going; 27 with an incoming tendency and 2 hoverers. Hoey also drew 44 birds with a left-quartering tendency, 5 drivers, 12 with a right-quartering tendency, 30 that were incomers and 9 hoverers and towerers. Incomers were not all "puddings" to-day; left-quartering incomers were across the deadline in a flash, while birds that left the traps with the intention of becoming direct incomers, and then curved quickly off into left-quarterers, managed to get away time and time again.

The birds lost by each man were: Winston: 6 left-quartering, 3 drivers, 3 right-quartering and 3 incomers; 15 in all. Hoey: 10 left-quartering, 2 drivers, 4 right-quartering, 6 incomers and 2 hoverers; 24 in all.

The traps fell as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	Total.
Winston	28	18	14	23	17	100
Hoey	17	22	16	25	20	100

Winston drew No. 1 trap 12 times in his first 50 birds, and lost 4 out of those 12 birds; Fred Hoey in the same 50 rounds drew No. 1 trap 13 times and lost 5 of the 13 birds. The combined totals show 9 lost birds out of 25 liberated from No. 1 trap in the first 50 rounds. During the entire match Winston lost 5 from No. 1, 2 from No. 3, 3 from No. 4 and 5 from No. 5; Hoey lost 6 from No. 1, 4 from No. 2, 2 from No. 3, 7 from No. 4 and 4 from No. 5.

HOW THE MATCH WAS SHOT.

Winston won the toss, and of course elected to lead off. The first to lose a bird was Hoey, who dropped a good bird in the 3d round. Winston tied the score by losing a good one in the next round. Hoey lost a twister in the 5th round, putting Winston again ahead by one bird. Winston's 7th was an extraordinary kind of a bird. It left No. 5 trap on the jump, turned sharply to the right as Winston's gun went off; then dipped to the ground and circled sharply to the right, but straightened out in time for him to make an easy kill with his second barrel as the bird made its way up wind. In the 10th round both men lost their birds, Winston undershooting his bird from No. 5, while Hoey let a towering right-quartering driver from No. 1 get away from him. Hoey's 12th started very slowly, but suddenly quickened into a remarkably fast bird, being well stopped with the second barrel. Winston's 13th was an easy miss of a circling incomer from No. 4, tieing the score. Hoey's 14th and 15th were stopped in his best style (old style), but his 18th was lost by a piece of careless work; the bird was a sitter and had three balls thrown at it before taking wing; it flew up wind and was an easy bird, black as a crow as it sat in the air, making slow progress against the wind. It looked so easy that Hoey undershot it, the result being a goose egg on the score sheet. Winston then lost a slow towering bird in the 20th round, the score again being a tie. Hoey's 22d bird gave Winston the lead, the shooter slobbering with his first, and holding his second so long that the load of shot that missed the bird must have been like a bullet. Result: dead out of bounds. Winston hit his next bird hard with both barrels, but too far back, the bird reaching the boundary before dropping. The score was thus again a tie. The 25th round saw Hoey lose a very fast bird from the fatal No. 1 trap. The score at the quarter pole stood 20 for Winston, 19 for Hoey.

The second quarter saw the score a tie at the end of the 50th round. Winston's 27th was a low-flying bird that was hit with the first barrel, but never touched with the second, the load plowing up the dust a yard or two behind it. Another tie! Then Hoey lost his 30th, a deceptive bird that jumped in toward the shooter as the trap opened, the first load going well over its back; it then simply sat in the air, while the second load went apparently as much below it as the first had gone over it. Winston again evened matters up by losing a bird dead out of bounds in the 32d round; it was a very fast left-quartering driver, missed with the first, which was behind it, hit hard with the second, but reached the boundary. Hoey lost a bird in the 35th round, but once more Winston tied the score in the 37th round. His loss of this bird was the result of a poor piece of judgment, the shooter holding his second barrel much as Hoey did in the 22d round, the result being the same—dead out of bounds just over the wire. Hoey spoiled the tie in the 38th round by losing a fast driver from No 2 that was hit hard with both barrels. This miss Hoey followed up with 7 straight kills. The 41st round saw the score tied with the loss by Winston of a hard twister from No. 1, missed with the first, but hit hard with the second. The 42d round saw Hoey one ahead, Winston drawing the counterpart of the bird just lost, but from No. 5 trap; this time it was centered with both barrels, but the wings being good it went over the left field wire before dropping. Hoey tied the score in the 46th round by losing a fast, low-flying incomer from No. 4. Winston's 46th and 50th were both extra good birds, but not good enough to get away from the shooter, who was using much better judgment now than in the previous rounds. Thus at the close of the first half of the match the score was a tie on 40 kills, only an 80 per cent. gait!

Again Winston gave Hoey a chance by losing his 53d and 56th birds. His 53d bird probably confirmed the shooter in some of his superstitions. If any one will notice Winston he always fills his pockets with carefully selected shells before going to the score. In this round he got to the score and found that he was underweight, as it were, being short in ballast by just five shells. Turning to the referee, he said: "Will you kindly hand me five shells out of that box?" (designating the particular box he meant) "I am slightly superstitious, and would rather not turn back from the score now." The shells were handed to him, pocketed, and the bird, an extra fast one, went away to the coop. His 56th was a poor piece of work; it was hit with the first as it made its way upward, but was decidedly undershot as it almost hovered in the breeze. Hoey's chance of a lead of 2 was instantly squashed by his missing his 56th bird with both barrels. Both men killed straight up to the 60th round, when Hoey tied the score for the last time in the match with the loss of a right-quartering bird that was hit with the first, centered with the second, then towered to the left, the strong wind carrying it several feet over the wire in the left field. Hoey's 63d was another black crow that was too fast for both loads, the shot from both barrels reaching the ground some feet behind the bird. This put Winston 1 to the good. Hoey made it two when he lost a very fast bird in the 66th round, shooting behind the bird again with both barrels. Winston was placed 3 in the lead when Hoey lost a honey-cooler in the 72d round. This bird started as a direct incomer from No. 5 trap, flying like a streak; it swerved just as the first barrel went off, the gun apparently pulling off, as the charge of shot plowed up the ground some distance from the bird; the second barrel was thrown away, as the blue streak flashed across the line of traps. Hoey never touched his 75th bird, and the result was a lead of 4 for Winston at the three-quarter pole.

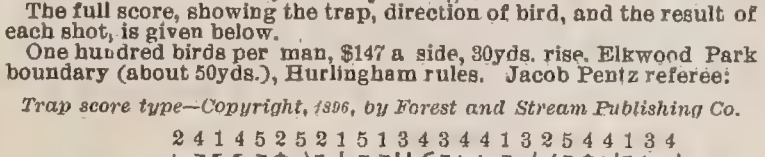
Winston lost 3 birds in the last 25. His 79th put an end to the high run of the day—22 straight; it was not a hard bird at all, but the shooter managed to place both his loads too low to do any good. He then ran 15 straight before losing another. This was his 95th, a fast driver from No. 1. His 98th was a driver from No. 3 that fell 20ft. over the boundary in center field. He thus finished the match with a total of 85 and 5 dead out of bounds.

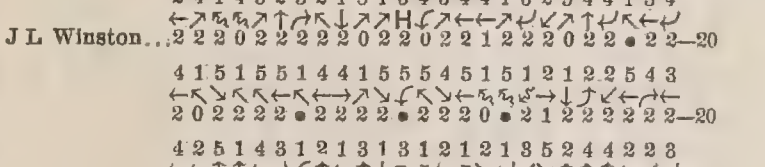
Hoey's last 25 was his poorest string, the score showing 18 kills to 7 misses. On his 82d bird he again pulled his gun off to all appearances, the charge of shot hitting the ground some feet away from the bird; as on his 72d bird, this seemed to unnerve the shooter, the second barrel being thrown away as the bird flew across the line of traps. Between the 87th and 94th rounds inclusive he lost 5 birds, only one of them dead out of bounds. His total of 77 shows plainly enough that he was not the Fred Hoey of two years ago.

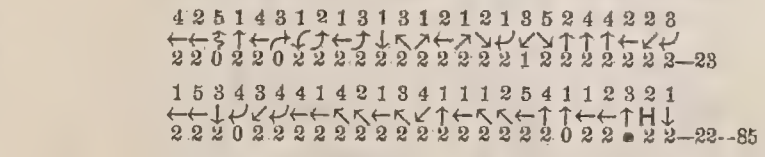
The full score, showing the trap, direction of bird, and the result of each shot, is given below.

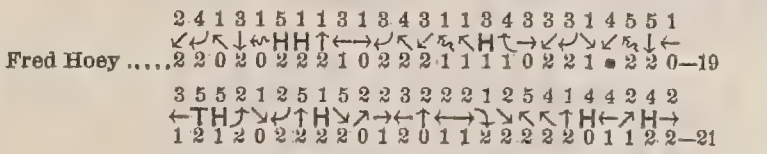
One hundred birds per man, $147 a side, 30yds. rise, Elkwood Park boundary (about 50yds.), Hurlingham rules. Jacob Pentz referee:

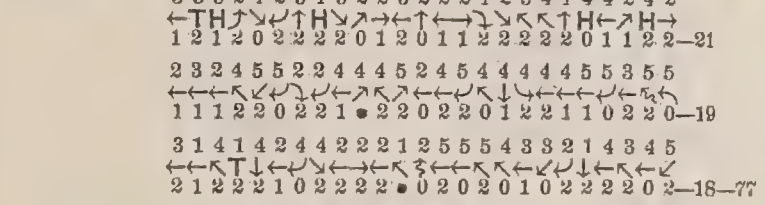
Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.











THE WINSTON-IVINS MATCH.

Oct. 24.—Winston made it two out of three to-day by defeating A. L. Ivins, of Red Bank, N. J., over the Elkwood Park traps. The race was shot under precisely the same conditions as to number of birds, etc., as were the other matches against Hoey and Daly. The consideration was, of course, the sum of $147 a side.

The birds were the best lot trapped this week, and this means quite a good deal, as those trapped on Tuesday were a first-rate lot of birds. Winston was in the lead nearly the whole match, but Ivins caught up to him close to the finish, Winston winning by 2 birds. Ivins had a score of 85, with 8 dead out of bounds; while Winston scored 87, with 3 dead out of bounds. The strong northwesterly wind helped the birds very much, and caused the shooters to use good judgment or get left.

Winston's next, and only other match so far, is on Tuesday, Oct. 27, with "Count" Langen, of New York, a shooter whom he has already defeated over these traps. In the former match, as stated above, Winston won by one bird after tieing on 77 each out of the 100; the tie was shot off at 25 birds, Winston scoring 22 to 21.

EDWARD BANKS.

AT CARTERET.

Oct. 21.—The Wednesday afternoon shoot at the Carteret Club was well attended, eight shooters putting in an appearance at the club's grounds, Bayonne, N. J. Six events were shot during the afternoon, all miss-and-outs, $5 entrance. Some good shooting was done by Messrs. McAlpin, Wright, W. W. Watrous, Ellison and Mackay, the latter a guest of the club. The scores given below speak for themselves:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
G S McAlpin	2222	21222120•	122222•	21221	12•
H B Wright	220	20	2222222	22•	20
W W Watrous*	20	2222222222	0	12222	12222
J B Ellison	2212	2110	10	110	22210
W H Stafford	220	20	2122222	2222•	20
Mackay*	2222	121222222	212•	12122	122•
C W Dolan	2220	2220	1211220	10	21111
Heoner	0	122222112	21222•	12•	21212

* Mackay and Watrous missed their first birds in No. 5, but re-entered with the result shown in the above score.

The last event was a miss and out for a gun. The shoot-off was a long one, the result not being certain until the thirteenth round, in which Wright and Hooper both lost their birds and left Ellison the possessor of the gun. Prior to the commencement of this shoot Mr. Ellison told his opponents that he never lost a shoot for a gun, and added that this was to be another win for him. His prophecy proved perfectly correct. The scores were: Ellison 13, Wright and Hooper 12, Dolan 5, Stafford 4, McAlpin, Watrous and Mackay 1.

THE ENDEAVOR'S MERCHANDISE SHOOT.

The Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City held a two days' merchandise shoot on its grounds Marion, N. J., Oct. 23-24. A purely merchandise shoot has, so far as we are aware of, never been tried in this vicinity. This tournament must therefore be looked upon in the nature of an experiment, and as such it proved a success. In the list of entries for the 100-target handicap races are many names of shooters who have never showed up at a tournament prior to these dates. They came to shoot for merchandise prizes at remarkably low entry fees. The cheapness of the shoot, the entrance fees for each day amounting to only $3 70, as well as the desire to see what they could score out of 100 targets shot at in four 25-target events, drew many to the Marion traps who would not have been there had the tournament been one simply of sweeps for cash, no matter how low the rate of entrance might be made.

Owing to this shoot being an experiment, the management was handicapped from the start. It had not figured on the trouble caused by having to shoot off ties, and there was consequently much delay in this respect. It was also sadly short-handed in the matter of help. The absence of Carl von Lengerke, one of the promoters of the shoot, who was detained at home on account of the serious illness of his wife, was much felt. As it was, the bulk of the work, in fact, the running of the shoot, devolved on the shoulders of A. R. Strader and G. H Piercy, both of whom did very well under the circumstances. There was on the first day an unfortunate ball-up in the cashier's office in regard to getting out the squads for the 100-target race that caused quite a lot of delay. This was rectified on the second day, and the precision with which the 100-target race was shot off on Saturday, Oct. 24, was a pleasant contrast to the delays that marked that of the previous day. This goes to show that a little practice is all that is needed when it comes to running a shoot of this nature.

First Day, Oct. 23.

A late start was made in the programme events shot to-day, it being apparently a matter of impossibility to get the Jersey boys out to the traps before 11 or 12 o'clock. This fact seems to have gotten so well known that no matter what time the programme calls for the first event to be started, whether it be 9, 9:30 or 10 o'clock, shooters figure much on the following lines: "I don't suppose they'll begin the programme before 12 o'clock; at any rate there'll be nobody there before that hour. What's the use of my being early and having to wait around?" All this is the natural result of education. Instead of starting the programme on schedule time, it has grown to be customary to shoot small extra events until two or three squads are on hand. It would not be a hard matter to get the boys back into the old track again. Advertise your shoot to commence promptly at 10, 10:30 or 11 A. M., and state that you mean it. Commence punctually at the hour mentioned, whatever that may be, and however many shooters are on hand. Those who come late have then only themselves to thank for it, and they will soon learn to be on time, if they want to shoot through the programme. Just at present it is useless to commence much earlier than 11:30 for a one day or two days' shoot, with no added money for averages.

To-day, the first of the two days' shoot, was far from a pleasant one in point of weather. Before the day closed rain fell heavily, while the light after 3 o'clock in the afternoon was very bad indeed. When the ties for the first four places were shot off it was so dark that a target against the sky line was a cinch as compared with a low-thrown one. The entry list for the 100 target handicap was a large one, 39 shooters taking part in the event. The handicaps were awarded by Jacob Pentz and Maj. J M. Taylor, who based their handicaps on each man's percentage as they knew it, and then added enough targets to bring him as nearly to the 100 mark as possible. Of the four men who tied on 100 each (the highest possible), Schortemeier shot at 11 of his 12 extra targets; Dutchy at 10 of his 15 extras; Sinnock at 14, and Stanbrough at his whole allowance of 12, the latter having to break his last 3 targets to get into the 100 hole. The scores in this event were as follows:

WINSTON VERSUS PHIL DALY, JR.

Oct. 22.—The Winston-Daly match was shot to-day under favorable auspices. The air was clear, with quite a touch of late fall in it; it was, in fact, more like a day in November than an October one. The wind blew from the northwest, making birds quarter strongly to the right.

The birds shot at to-day were nothing like so good as those trapped on Tuesday, but still they were by no means a poor lot. The match was close and exciting throughout, and plenty of money changed hands during the race. The finale was a startling one: Winston, when apparently a sure winner by one bird, dropped his last two (the 100th pigeon falling dead out of bounds) and landed one behind Daly, who thus pulled out of the fire his first wager of $200 to $150 that he would win the match.

As on Tuesday, both men were tied at the half, each having 41 out of 50. In the first 50 rounds the score was tied no less than 5 times; in the 4th, 15th, 21st, 37th and 50th rounds, while in two rounds, the 16th and 27th, both men lost their birds. Winston never got in front of Daly until the 40th round, Daly also dropping his 42d bird, and giving Winston the lead by 2 birds. Out of the next 8 birds each, Daly dropped 1 and Winston 3, the score, as above stated, being a tie at the end of the 50th round.

Daly was the next to lose a bird, his 52d getting over the boundary before dropping. This again gave Winston a lead of 1, which he quickly reduced to nothing by having his 55th bird scored dead out of bounds. From this point (the 55th round) Winston never got in front of Daly until the latter dropped his 96th bird, giving Winston a lead of 1, with only 4 more to shoot at. Then came the surprise at the finish! During the last half of the match the score was tied three times—in the 55th, 94th and 99th rounds. For a brief space Daly led Winston by 3 birds—in the 74th and 75th rounds; this was quickly reduced to a lead of 1 when Daly lost his 76th and 77th birds.

In the matter of luck of the birds Daly was, we are told, much favored, the luck running steadily against his opponent. We state this on the authority of a thoroughly impartial spectator, a gentleman specially retained to take down the full score of this race, so that readers of FOREST AND STREAM's trap columns might be able to follow the match intelligently.

The traps fell in the following manner:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	Total.
Daly	15	21	17	27	22	100
Winston	19	24	16	22	19	100

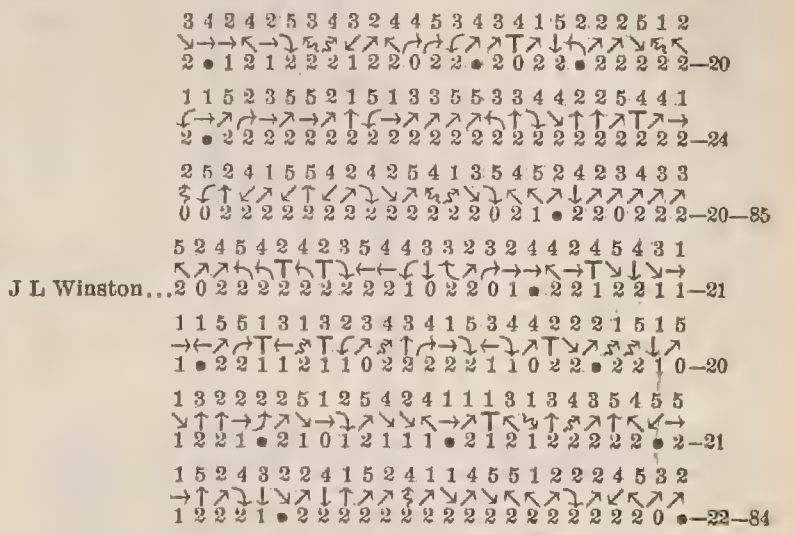
In the matter of birds, Daly had 13 with a left-quartering tendency, 46 with a right-quartering tendency, 9 drivers, 6 towerers and 26 with an incoming tendency. Winston's birds were 15 with an outgoing tendency, 42 with a right-quartering tendency, 10 drivers, 7 towerers and 26 with an incoming tendency. It was evidently not the difference in the direction of flights that made the difference in the draft of the birds so marked; it was the quality of the birds themselves drawn by the two shooters.

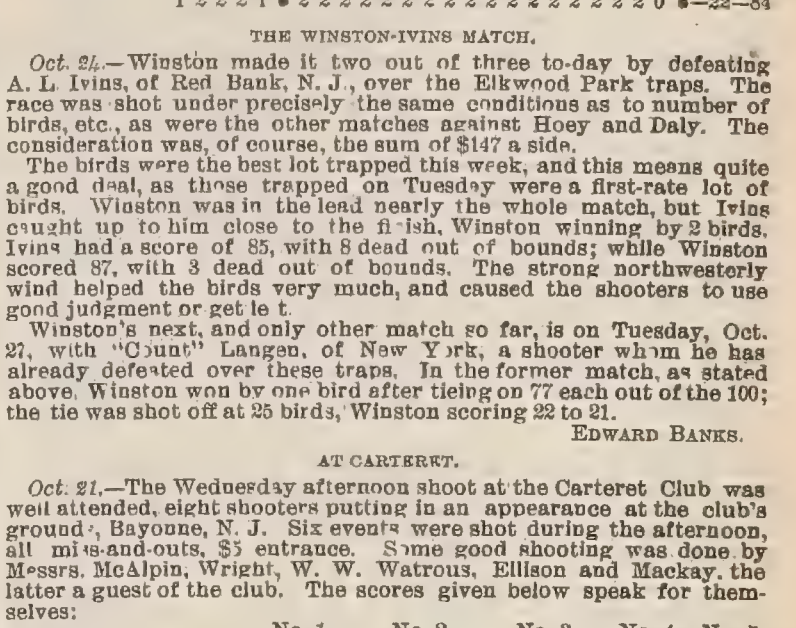
With scores so low as 85-84, long runs were bound to be scarce. Daly's double-figure runs were 23, 13 and 10; Winston's 17 and 10. A curious coincidence is the fact that this match began at exactly the same time that the match on Tuesday was started, viz., 1:58 P. M., and that it was finished on the same minute, viz., 4:20 P. M. To-day the strings of 25 each were shot in the following time: first string, 40 minutes; second string, 35 minutes; third string, 37 minutes; fourth string, 37 minutes also. On Tuesday the respective times were: 32, 36, 37 and 37 minutes.

Below is the score in detail:

One hundred live birds per man, 30yds. rise, Elkwood Park boundary, loser to pay for the birds, and Daly betting Winston $200 against $150.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.





One-hundred-target handicap race, unknown angles, allowance of extra targets:

	1st 25.	2d 25.	3d 25.	4th 25.	Handicap.	Tl.
L H Schortemeier (112)	22	24	22	23	9	100
F Sinnock (120)	21	22	25	21	11	100
W M Stanbrough (112)	23	23	24	19	11	100
Dutchy Smith (115)	22	23	24	23	8	100
J S S Remsen (112)	17	25	21	23	12	98
Neaf Apgar (110)	21	23	23	21	9	97
Ed Taylor (116)	23	24	20	21	9	97
G E Greiff (112)	21	22	23	20	11	97
F S Edwards (110)	22	24	22	20	8	96
J L Winston (110)	23	22	21	19	10	95
G H Piercy (115)	21	20	23	20	11	95
F Van Dyke (107)	23	21	21	24	4	93
E Collins (114)	21	19	22	21	11	93
E Ingram (115)	19	22	21	23	8	93
W F Parker (122)	16	20	18	19	19	92
J A Wood (116)	19	21	21	17	13	91
Bristol (122)	15	21	20	20	14	90
W Bernard (130)	16	16	13	23	21	89
Williams (117)	21	18	23	15	11	88
McAdam (120)	17	20	16	22	13	88
A Woodruff (112)	17	19	17	22	11	86
R S Williams (114)	19	21	19	19	7	85
N H Astfalk (116)	20	23	14	17	11	85
L Piercy (115)	19	19	16	18	12	84
E Sickley (112)	22	20	19	15	6	82
P Adams (114)	20	17	16	19	9	81
M Herrington (115)	15	21	16	17	11	80
Wanda (130)	14	12	16	13	23	78
Jewell (123)	15	17	16	17	12	77
J Fleming (115)	16	15	18	17	9	75
J Gaughen (112)	14	20	18	14	8	74
W Hughes (120)	18	9	17	19	10	73
D Fleming (115)	18	16	16	12	10	72
Al Heritage (120)	22	14	13	18	5	72
Dr Mulvaney (120)	19	14	15	15	..	63
Agneau (120)	12	10	15	10	14	61
A R Strader (118)	9	16	22	12	..	59
Wood (116)	17	7	9	15	..	48
B James (120)	8	14	9	11	..	42

On the shoot-off of the ties for the first four places Schortemeier was first with 14 breaks, and thus won first choice, taking the E. C. cup, presented by the American E. C. Powder Co. Sinnock, a shooter from the Forester Gun Club, of Newark, gave Schorty a good race and did not drop out until the 14th round, thus winning second choice and choosing a breechloading double gun donated by Herman Boke & Co. "Doc" Stanbrough, of Newburgh, N. Y., was third, and Dutchy Smith, of Plainfield, N. J., was fourth. Remsen, of Brooklyn, was fifth, and chose the silver keg of W-A powder presented by the Laflin & Rand Powder Co. Twenty-five prizes in all were offered, the assortment being as varied as is usual at such shoots.

Three other small events were shot prior to the main event, the results in these being as follows:

No. 1, 15 targets, unknown angles, for three merchandise prizes, all ties to be shot off miss-and-out: Edwards 10, "147" 12, Taylor 10, G. Piercy 13, Bristol 11, Thomas 13, Ingram 13, Astfalk 6, Williams 7, Sinnock 12, Sickley 11, McAdams 7, Hollister 8, Schortemeier 14, Jewell 9, Remsen 12, Stanbrough 11, Van Dyke 13, Wood 9, Kallers 10, J. A. W. 9, Gaughen 13, Schmidt 13, Bernard 9.

No. 2, 20 targets, known angles, 4 prizes; ties shot off as above: Edwards 13, "147" 17, Taylor 16, G. Piercy 11, Bristol 16, Thomas 15, Ingram 15, Astfalk 18, James 6, Sinnock 17, Sickley 13, McAdams 15, Hollister 11, Schortemeier 17, Dr. Mulvaney 16, Remsen 13, Stanbrough 16, Van Dyke 17, Wood 10, Kallers 14, J. A. W. 12, Gaughen 16, Schmidt 15, Broward 13, Hughes 14, Herrington 12, Grant 12, Collins 18, Platt Adams 11.

No. 3, 15 targets, unknown angles, 3 prizes, ties miss-and-out: Edwards 12, "147" 11, Taylor 13, Bristol 16, Thomas 9, G. Piercy 13, Astfalk 13, Ingram 13, Van Dyke 13, Sickley 12, Stanbrough 11, Schortemeier 13, Gaughen 11, J. A. W. 12, McAdams 9, Remsen 14, Wood 8, Dutchy 14, Bernard 9, Sinnock 11, J. Fleming 7, D. Fleming 6, Greiff 12, Dr. Mulvaney 11, Platt Adams 12.

The Second Day, Oct. 24.

The strong northwest wind that swept across the Jersey meadows caused lots of trouble when it came to locating the bluerocks as they scooted and dipped before falling to the ground. Ciphers were especially numerous in many scores to-day, while very few could lay claim to a good average. It was real, downright hard shooting.

An early start was made, the two events left over from the previous day, as well as the five events scheduled to be shot prior to the commencement of the 10-target race, being shot off by a few minutes after the noon hour; all ties too had been decided. With twenty-five entries and two sets of traps, it was an easy matter to run off the main event. No. 1 squad shot its first 25 targets on No. 1 set of traps, and then moved up to No. 2 and shot its second 25 while No 2 squad was shooting its first string on No. 1 set. As soon as No. 2 squad had shot its first string it took No. 1 squad's place at No. 2 set of traps, No. 3 squad shooting meanwhile its first string at No. 1 set of traps. By this means, continuing the rotation, there was no break and no delay, the twenty-five shooters finishing their strings of 25 targets in a comparatively short space of time. The handicap allowances were all shot off on No. 1 set of traps. When all was over, it was found that there were very few ties to shoot off.

Dr. Mason, of Peekskill, N. Y., was high with 97, so the cup presented by the Schultze Powder Co., through its agents in the United States, Messrs. von Lengerke & Detmold, went up the Hudson River to stay. The Doctor broke 84 out of his first 100 and then broke 13 out of his allowance of 15 extra targets. Ed Taylor, of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., again shot well to the front, and scored 83 out of his first 100, breaking 13 out of his allowance of 15 targets. He took second prize, the Winchester repeating shotgun, presented by the W. R. A. Co. Ferd Van Dyke, who has lately been quite a stranger at the traps, made the best score on the first 100 targets—87; he then broke his allowance of 8 extras and landed in third hole with 95. He chose the pearl scarfpin donated by Jacob Pentz, and also carried off the Remington ejector gun put up as an extra prize in an optional sweep. Remsen, of Brooklyn, as in the previous day's handicap, occupied fifth place on the list with a total of 92, scoring 85 out of his 100, but losing 3 of his 10 extras. Edwards was sixth with a total of 91, breaking 83 out of the 100 and then scoring all his extras, 8 in number. L. Piercy (122), Dr. De Wolf (125) and E Collins (112) tied for seventh place on 90 each; on the shoot-off, miss-and-out, the boy from the Endeavor Gun Club outshot his opponents, De Wolf taking eighth place from Collins. George Piercy, of the home club, was ninth with 89. The others finished in order named below, the chief surprise being the low score made by Schorty, who was clear off in his form, something that very seldom happens to him. Below are the scores, the event being shot under precisely the same conditions as the event of the previous day.

	1st 25.	2d 25.	3d 25.	4th 25.	Handicap.	Tl
P H Mason (115)	20	19	23	22	13	97
Ed Taylor (115)	18	22	22	21	13	96
Ferd Van Dyke (108)	19	24	24	20	8	95
J S S Remsen (110)	21	20	20	24	7	92
F S Edwards (108)	20	20	22	21	8	91
L Piercy (122)	19	18	19	19	15	90
Dr De Wolf (125)	18	17	14	20	21	90
E Collins (112)	19	20	18	21	12	90
G Piercy (115)	21	19	19	18	12	89
Dennis (120)	19	21	18	13	17	88
Capt Money (115)	19	18	21	19	13	87
W F Parker (125)	19	16	16	20	16	87
Kallies (120)	19	19	13	19	15	85
L H Schortemeier (108)	16	22	19	19	4	80
E Ingram (115)	16	19	14	19	12	80
W Jones (120)	15	16	15	12	19	77
T Baron (115)	14	18	17	16	11	76
Page (125)	11	19	13	17	15	75
M Herrington (115)	17	15	11	22	7	72
F Sinnock (114)	15	18	14	15	9	71
R C Beatty (118)	17	16	16	15	6	70
Mulvaney (130)	9	14	12	11	21	67
Chambers (125)	12	11	10	14	11	58
G C Gunther (135)	13	8	10	14	12	57
Wanda*	12	13	16	12	..	53

* Mrs. Lindsley did not shoot off her handicap of 30 extra targets.

The seven merchandise sweeps shot during the morning—this number including the two sweeps left over from the programme of the previous day—were decided as shown in the following table of scores, all events except Nos. 2 and 6 being at unknown angles; Nos. 2 and 6 were at known traps and angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	20	15	15	20	15	20	Targets:	15	20	15	15	20	15	20
G Piercy	11	16	11	13	16	15	20	Jones	..	..	..	..	14	..	13
Hollister	10	13	..	..	..	..	..	Taylor	..	..	..	..	15	10	17
L Piercy	10	16	12	12	14	..	..	Page	..	..	..	..	16	11	..
D Fleming	9	13	..	..	13	..	..	Kallies	..	..	..	..	..	13	17
Williams	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	Remsen	..	..	..	..	..	10	16
Sinnock	..	13	10	14	14	13	..	Greiff	..	..	..	..	..	10	..
Capt Money	..	..	..	14	9	12	12	Edwards	..	..	..	..	..	14	16
W F Parker	..	..	..	..	9	14	12	Collins	..	..	..	..	..	13	..
J Fleming	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	Ingram	..	..	..	..	..	12	..
Van Dyke	..	..	..	..	18	13	17	De Wolf	..	..	..	..	..	17	
Dennis	..	..	..	..	8	13	..	Mulvaney	..	..	..	..	..	17	
Herrington	..	..	..	..	17	12	10	Schorty	..	..	..	..	..	12	

EDWARD BANKS.

FORESTER GUN CLUB, OF NEWARK.

Oct. 24.—The Forester Gun Club, of Newark, held a live-bird shoot this afternoon. Although this is the first shoot of the kind the Foresters have ever had, some good scores were made:

F Sinnock	0111111212—9	Theo Smith	0011211220—7
Wambold	02111•2211—8	Williams	2110110002—6
Dr Cummins	0011111111—8	D Fleming	01000w
H Smith	1121121110—9	Beecher	21221w

The next shoot will be at artificial targets, Saturday, Nov. 14. This will be a merchandise prize shoot, for members only. Following this will be a number of 10-bird sweepstake events, open to all amateurs. Members of all clubs will be made welcome.

H. W. WAMBOLD, Pres.

On Long Island.

ENTERPRISE ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Oct. 15.—The Enterprise Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, held its regular monthly live-bird shoot this afternoon on the grounds at Bayside, L. I. Eleven members entered the club event, which is shot at 7 live birds per man. L. G. Schwartz was high with 6 out of his 7, three others tieing for second place on 5 out of 7. Scores:

L G Schwartz (26)	1112202—6	G R Samuels (26)	1202001—4
H L McTammany (28)	1002212—5	L J Harper (26)	2201020—4
D G Longman (28)	222•021—5	J V Broidey (26)	1020100—3
R V Bolton (26)	1020112—5	P H Henderson (26)	2001100—3
C L Nelson (28)	1020120—4	F F Dillon (25)	0120010—3
S G Hennessey (26)	122100•—4		

DOWN TOWN GUN CLUB.

Oct. 16.—The members of the Down Town Gun Club, of Brooklyn, held their last shoot for the season at Wissel's Ridgewood Park this afternoon. There were only three members present, a very meager representation. The club shoot is at 10 live birds, 28yds. rise. Goetz and Joost tied for first place on 7 out of 10. Scores:

	Club Shoot.	Sweepstake.
Adam Goetz	0110111022—7	0111100101—6
Wm Joost	1111100101—7	1011212211—9
Chris Steencken	1101100100—5	0212101011—7

EXCELSIOR GUN CLUB.

Oct. 19.—The shoot of the Excelsior Gun Club at Bayside, held this afternoon, was well attended, 14 members taking part in the club event at 7 live birds per man, 12-gauge guns at 26yds., 10-gauges at 25yds., for the club's diamond badge. Thomas L. Henderson won the medal by scoring his 7 birds straight. The scores were:

Thos L Henderson	2221221—7	David J Kingsland	10•2210—4
H K Helmberger	12•1222—6	Wm H Archer	2220010—4
Geo W Orton	2111101—6	David G Nelson	1022010—4
Thos E Richards	2112021—6	Anton Seegal	0021002—3
Benj C Williams	1201222—6	Wm H Wellson	011200•—3
Rich E Deegan	1022210—5	J W O'Dell	0002002—2
Sam R Williams	1222001—5	Henry K Jackson	1020000—2

IDLE HOUR GUN CLUB.

Oct. 19.—The Idle Hour Gun Club opened up the proceedings for a busy week at the Dexter Park traps this afternoon; five clubs will hold their shoots there this week. The Idle Hour Gun Club was poorly represented, only 4 members putting in an appearance. The club shoot is at 7 live birds per man, 23yds. rise for 12-gauge guns, 10-gauge guns going back 2yds. Henry Boemmermann, who tied for first place with John Bamberger, stood on the 25yds. mark, as he shoots a 10-bore; all the others were at 23yds. Scores:

Henry Boemmermann	0111111—6	J F C Elfers	0•22011—4
John Bamberger	2011121—6	Henry Hoffman	00•0111—3

EMERALD GUN CLUB, OF NEW YORK.

Oct. 20.—The regular monthly shoot of the Emerald Gun Club, of New York city, was held at Dexter Park this afternoon. As usual with these monthly gatherings of the Emeralds, there was a capital attendance of members, 29 entries being obtained in the club event at 10 live birds per man. Of that number only two—Gus E. Greiff and E. F. Dudley—killed their 10 birds. Four others scored 9 each, while two guests of the club—J. S. Remsen and A. B. Coulter—made 9 each. The birds were good ones, and were considerably helped by the strong southwesterly wind that blew across Dexter Park.

A special feature of to-day's shoot was the contest for a silver drum filled with W-A powder, donated by the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., through its representative, M. Herrington, who is a member of the Emerald Gun Club. This trophy was to go to the man making the highest score in the club race. Owing to Dudley being called away before the shoot was over, the ownership of the drum cannot be decided until some future date, Greiff having a half share in the trophy.

The scores in to-day's race were:

Gus Greiff (A, 29)	2222222222—10	G Nowak (A, 28)	1002210122— 7
E F Dudley (A, 28)	2222222222—10	W Amend (A, 28)	1022210102— 7
T Short (A, 28)	1112201221— 9	N Maesel (B, 25)	1001221012— 7
G E Loeble (A, 28)	2112011121— 9	Dr Hudson (A, 28)	1122011•00— 6
H Fessenden (A, 28)	0112211222— 9	B Amend (A, 28)	02222•0120— 6
J Maesel (A, 28)	111111111•— 9	G K Breit (B, 25)	1020112200— 6
R Phister (A, 29)	20•2222222— 8	R Regan (A, 28)	01121•0100— 5
W Sands (A, 28)	1202221022— 8	W Colton (B, 26)	1020102010— 5
C Stuetzle (A, 28)	122011•212— 8	G B Hillers (B, 25)	1002100202— 5
E A Vroome (A, 28)	2211021102— 8	C Maesel (B, 25)	1021000120— 5
J H Moore (A, 28)	1121011120— 8	T Codey (B, 26)	2•10200100— 4
Jos Banzer (A, 28)	1221002112— 8	W Jaeger (B, 25)	01200•1020— 4
P Butz (A, 28)	012111121•— 8	Dr Richter (B, 25)	1021000•70— 4
E Weiss (B, 25)	1021111012— 8	J S Remsen* (28)	2012222222— 9
Schorty (A, 29)	1011101101— 7	A B Coulter* 28)	1112211102— 9
M Herrington (A, 28)	1022210210— 7	* Guests.	

RIDGEWOOD GUN CLUB, OF BROOKLYN.

Oct. 20.—The annual meeting and the monthly live-bird shoot of the Ridgewood Gun Club, of Brooklyn, completed that club's programme for to-day. The shoot took place in the afternoon at Wissel's Ridgewood Park, the badge being won by William Sands, of Flushing, who tied with three others—C. L. Wissel, John Welz and Lee Helgans—on 6 kills each. Sands was awarded the medal, as each of the other three above named had wins to their credit and therefore were barred in to-day's contest. Gus Diem, for the second time, won the leather medal designed by himself as a trophy for low score. The full scores were:

C L Wissel (30)	1110111—6	J J Young (25)	0022220—4
John Welz (30)	2101111—6	J J Bermel (30)	1010002—3
Lee Helgans (30)	2220222—6	John Gardes (30)	0100101—3
William Sands (25)	1111021—6	Chas Zerweck (25)	0100010—2
Peter Eppig (30)	1111010—5	John Niederstein (25)	0001100—2
Ignatz Martin (30)	2110202—5	Gus Diem (25)	0001100—2
A J Newburger (25)	1101110—5		

The Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting was presided over by President Deckelmann, Secretary Newburger being also present. The treasurer's report showed $200 in the treasury and $100 of outstanding accounts easy of collection. Charles C. Wissel, who made the best record during the past season, was presented with a diamond badge, emblematic of the club championship; his record was 53 out of the 63 birds shot at in the nine club shoots. John Welz was second with 46 out of 56 shot at in eight shoots; he was presented with the "Wissel badge." Gus Diem was presented with his own leather medal, having won it twice during the season, and being the only one to accomplish that feat. The next shoot of the club will be in February, 1897.

NEW YORK GERMAN GUN CLUB.

Oct. 21.—Dr. Hudson was the hero of to-day's shoot of the New York German Gun Club at Dexter Park. The doctor had his eye with him, and never a bird escaped him until after he had scored 25 straight. The bird that did not count to him was the last bird he shot at, and it fell dead out of bounds.

In the club shoot at 8 live birds per man, all at 28yds., handicap allowance of points for yearly prizes, three men tied on 8 straight—Dr. G. V. Hudson, John Wellbrock and John Leopold. On the shoot-off, miss-and-out, Leopold dropped out in the fourth round; Hudson and Wellbrock kept it up until the latter let his eighth bird get away; Hudson having killed, won the badge for the monthly shoot. During the afternoon Wellbrock killed 20 out of 21 shot at. The scores in the club shoot were:

Dr G V Hudson	12112212—8	H Thomford	21201111—7
J Wellbrock	21211211—8	M Bondon	11210210—6
J Leopold	12121112—8	H Oehl	02022200—4
F Sauter	12021112—7	F Kronsberg	22100000—3
H Nebel	11110111—7	J Bissinger	00000002—1

Sweeps were shot as follows:

No. 1, 5 birds: Hudson, Sauter and Wellbrock, 5; Oehl and Nobel, 4, Kronsberg, Leopold and Bondon, 3; Bissinger 2.

No. 2, same thing: Sauter 5, Hudson 4, Kronsberg and Nobel, 3.

FOUNTAIN GUN CLUB.

Oct. 22.—The Fountain Gun Club, of Brooklyn, held its monthly live-bird shoot this afternoon at Dexter Park. The attendance was good, 14 members taking part in the club shoot, at 10 live birds, for the Brixey cup. Dr. Wynn and Louis Duryea tied for the cup on 9 each; instead of shooting off the tie, Duryea withdrew in favor of the veteran. The birds were an excellent lot, as good as any ever trapped on these grounds. Scores in the cup race:

L T Duryea (30)	2112022111—9	W R Brixey (28)	0221110021—7
Dr Wynn (30)	2111102211—9	A Crook (28)	0012101221—7
Wm Lair (30)	120211112•—8	J E Lake (28)	0000122221—6
Dr A Eddy (29)	0011111211—8	H McLaughlin (28)	2000120120—5
H Spratley (29)	2112100121—8	W R Allen (29)	0001011022—5
A Botty (29)	2022111022—8	Robt Grace (29)	0002011001—4
W R Selover (30)	0102110211—7	John Wye (28)	0110100020—4

Sweeps were shot as follows:

No. 1, 3 birds, $2, club handicap, one money: Wynn, Lair, Spratley, Allen and Brixey 3, Duryea, Selover, Botty and Crook 2, Grace 1.

No. 2, same thing: Wynn, Duryea and Lair 3, Botty and Brixey 2, Spratley and Crook 1.

No. 3, 3 birds, 32yds. rise: Wynn 3, Duryea 2.

ERIE GUN CLUB, OF BROOKLYN.

Oct. 22.—The monthly shoot of the Erie Gun Club, of Brooklyn, took place at Woodlawn, L. I., this afternoon. Ten members competed in the club event, which is at 7 live birds per man, handicap by classes. The scores made count in yearly averages for prizes. To-day's scores were:

Class A, 29yds. rise:

Harry Blackley	2222220—6	Fred Gref	•100202—3
Chas Detlefsen	1120110—5		

Class B, 28yds. rise:

Henry Muller	1112102—6	John Schmadecke	1100200—3
C H Luhrssen	021121•—5		

Class C, 27yds. rise:

Harry Jankowsky	1120100—4	M J Elsasser	100200•—2
Chas Nicoll	0210103—4	Wm Roberts	0100020—2

FALCON GUN CLUB OF BROOKLYN.

Oct. 23.—The monthly shoot of the Falcon Gun Club, of Brooklyn, held this afternoon at Dexter Park, was marked by some excellent shooting. Only four members of the club were present, but those four took part in the club event, which was at 10 live birds per man, and accounted for every one of the 40 birds shot at. Three made clean scores. J. N. Meyer being unlucky enough to lose his 9th bird dead out of bounds. In these club shoots a kill with the first barrel is counted as a point, a second barrel kill scoring ½. Bohling stood on the 25yds. mark, the others at 27yds. Scores:

				Points.
C M Meyer	11111	11111	10	10
John Moller	21111	11111	10	9½
John Bohling	11111	12112	10	9
J N Meyer	12111	111•1	9	8½

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Oct. 24.—This was target day for the members of the New Utrecht Gun Club, but the attendance at the Dyker Meadow grounds of the club was only small. In addition to those who shot in the club races, the secretary, Dr. Pool, was on hand to run the shoots for the club. In the main event, the club shoot at 25 targets, known traps and angles, Donley Deacon was first in the A class with 20 out of the 25. Dr. O'Brien, the only C class man present, won in his class without a contest. In the contest for the Hegeman badge Platt Adams cinched his hold on the badge by securing another creditable win with 14 out of 15 at known traps and angles. His nearest opponent in point of wins for this badge, D. Deacon, could do no better than 9 out of 15. The strong northwest wind that blew all day caused the targets to fly very erratically, and made low scores the rule instead of the exception. Scores in the two main events were as below:

	Club shoot.	Hegeman badge.
D Deacon (A)	111111111110111111010101—20	101011101001101— 9
J Gaughen (A)	111010110111111101100111—19	111101011111111—18
P Adams (A)	110011110101110110111111—18	111111111111011—14
Dr Littlefield (A)	111011100001111000100011—14	001110w
M Van Brunt (A)	010010111011001111000101—13	111111101010011—11
Dr O'Brien (C)*	111010011101101100110101—16	10010w

* Class C men have an allowance of two extra targets in the Hegeman contest.

Other sweeps were shot as follows:

No. 1, 10 targets, unknown angles: Adams 9, Van Brunt 9, Gaughen 8.

No. 2, same: Adams 8, Van Brunt 8, Gaughen 8.

No. 3, 10 targets, reversed order: Gaughen 9, Adams 8, Van Brunt 8.

No. 4, 15 targets, unknown angles: Dr. Littlefield 12, Adams 10, Dr. O'Brien 9, Gaughen 8.

DURYEA USES ONE HAND.

Oct. 24.—Louis Duryea did some good one-handed shooting this afternoon at Dexter Park. The match was the outcome of some talk at the monthly shoot of the Fountain Gun Club, held at the same place on Thursday afternoon, Oct. 22. A match was made that afternoon for Duryea to shoot at 75 live birds, using one hand only, his score to go against the combined totals made by W. R. Selover, W. R. Brixey and Abel Crook, each of these men shooting at 25 birds, using both hands. This afternoon, Crook being unable to be present, Henry Spratley took his place on the team of three. All the men stood at the 28yds. mark. The match was an easy win for Duryea by 7 birds, with a total of 59 against 52. Duryea's total is by no means a low one for that style of shooting, but he has done much better work than that in the past. The scores were:

L T Duryea	12020211121111•1031102212—20
	2212012•2120212111211010—20
	2121202002212012l0•111111—19—59
W R Selover	1111021211200202020220121—18
W R Brixey	1210121201020111110011220—18
Henry Spratley	1211100021200111•10121100—16—52

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Hunting the Wild Goat.

THE white goat, or Rocky Mountain goat, as it is indiscriminately called, is a species of big game rarely hunted by sportsmen. This is not so much because of the difficulty of killing the animal, nor because of its actual rarity. It is a stupid animal, easily shot when once found. It is not, however, shot in the usual hunting grounds, as are bears, deer, elk, etc. It is remote from the common localities, but where found is in goodly numbers. It ranges very high up in the mountains—above the timber line, usually—among the rocks and cliffs. This requires great labor to get to it, but once there the hunter will get his game nine times out of ten.

If you care to read of a goat hunt made in the Bitter Root Range in Montana, in the fall of 1895, send 6 cents to Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger Agent, Northern Pacific R'y, St Paul, Minn., for "Wonderland, '96," which recounts such a hunting expedition.—*Adv.*

Florida and Western North Carolina.

THE climate is nearer perfection than that of any other place on earth. The time is fast approaching when numbers will desire to seek a milder climate. Where shall you go? The Southern Railway, "Piedmont Air Line," the great Southern trunk line, offers numerous attractive resorts located upon and reached by this great system of railways, all reached from New York in Pullman's finest vestibuled trains, giving all the comfort and conveniences that are required by the demand of the traveling public. If you are contemplating a trip and want descriptive literature or any information regarding the winter resorts South, call on or address General Eastern Office of the Southern Railway, 271 Broadway, New York.—*Adv.*

The Favorite Gun Cleaner.

THE "Favorite" Gun Cleaner, manufactured by the Bridgeport Gun Implement Company, is an extremely handy tool, used in connection with any B. G. I. cleaning rod.

It is adjustable by means of a set screw to fit any gauge from 8-gauge to 16-gauge, and is provided with broad blades of brass with sharp edges, which remove rust, lead caking, etc., without injury to the finest gun barrel.—*Adv.*

Could have Sold the Dog Many Times Over.

MR. J. H. BELL, treasurer of the Automatic Lifting Machine Co., of Boston, writes under date of Oct. 26: "Please discontinue my ad. for pointer dog ordered for one more insertion. I have already sold the dog, and the answers to ad. are coming in so as to bother me, showing well the merit of your paper as a medium."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. D. B., New York.—1. When is the law off of quail in Union county, N. J.? 2. Also, is the 1892 model Winchester rifle—.44-40-200—heavy enough to give accurate shooting up to 125yds. with the above cartridge; I believe the rifle weighs 6¾lbs.? Ans. 1. Nov. 10. 2. Yes, the rifle is accurate for all ordinary hunting ranges.

A. M. D.—We do not publish in book form the series of papers on hunting without a gun.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE WIZARD. By Rider Haggard. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page x.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

THE WATER KILLING OF DEER.

THERE was not room to say all that was to be said, nor some things which should have been said, on this page last week; among others that the letter signed Deerslayer and defending the water killing of deer was printed for a purpose. That purpose was to put the plea on record as a deer hounder's own description of one phase of Adirondack deer hounding.

We have heard so much of the chivalry and the sportsmanlike qualities said to distinguish the practice of water killing deer as carried on in the North Woods that it is well worth while to have such a frank, if brutal, exposition as this letter affords of just what Adirondack hounding means as followed by one class of hunters. The description, it is true, does not differ essentially from others which have been given by critics of deer hounding, but the significant point of this communication of Deerslayer's is that it comes from a participant in the sport, an advocate and defender of it, who makes a plea in defense of his pet method, because he is apprehensive lest the Legislature shall interfere to prevent his further enjoyment of it. When those who are opposed to deer hounding have written of roping the swimming game and killing it with clubs or with firearms at close range they have been met with the answer that such statements were libels on true sportsmen deer hounders, and that the ropers and muzzle-end shooters belonged to a past generation. But here comes a man who admits all that the critics have said, who rejoices in those very methods whose practice has been so strenuously denied, and who upholds and defends such ways of securing the game.

The first essential to an intelligent discussion of Adirondack deer hounding from the standpoint of sportsmanship is an established basis of fact as to what deer hounding as there conducted actually is and what it involves. If the several parties to the discussion were to tell all they knew, it would probably be shown as to the facts that a certain proportion of deer killed by hounding are killed on land and under conditions which could be defended as fair and complying with accepted rules of sportsmanship; while the rest are killed in the water by strategems closely allied to those described by Deerslayer, and by methods which no one except, of course, the perpetrators of them would ever dream of defending as sportsmanlike. Moreover, we believe that it could be demonstrated beyond controversy that the horrible brutalities and outrageous cruelties incident to and inseparable from hounding are so many and so atrocious that, were game laws based upon the consideration of these facts, hounding should be prohibited. But the protective statutes take no cognizance of methods, save as to the relation of these to conserving the game supply. The law knows nothing of sportsmanship; it does not concern itself with the methods of wing-shooting versus potting on the ground, fly-fishing versus netting, water killing versus still-hunting. The statutes prohibit snaring game birds, not for the sentimental reason held by sportsmen that wing shooting is a better way of getting game than snaring it, bu for the purely economic reason that snaring cannot be permitted because, as demonstrated by experience, it exterminates the game. All the limitations prescribed by the game laws are in theory at least founded on this basis. The lawful seasons of shooting and fishing are designed to be so fixed as to insure that each species may have opportunity to rear its young to maturity; and the regulations which relate to liming streams, netting trout night shooting, use of big guns for wildfowl, killing moose in their yards, taking more than a specified amount of game or fish, sale, transportation and export—all these have the one purpose of so limiting pursuit that the stock may yet be perpetuated. And so it is with the law governing deer hunting. In almost all the States where the deer supply is recognized as a valuable resource to be preserved and continued, the use of hounds, or at least the practice of killing in the water, is strictly forbidden. It is forbidden on the ground that hounding is destructive to a degree in excess of the power of nature to make good. If a similar restriction shall be provided to apply to the Adirondacks, it will have a similar reason; and apart from maintaining the deer supply will not concern itself with the merits of deer hounding, The province of game laws does not include a determination of what is sportsmanlike and what is not. Apart from the economic considerations involved the statutes can have nothing to do with Deerslayer's approved method of noosing the game in the water and blowing its head off with "the good old 10-gauge gun with a charge of buckshot." The influences which restrain a man from that style of hunting should have been implanted while he was yet a child at his mother's knee, and fostered and developed and strengthened into a controlling force by all the surroundings of civilized society in this age of the world's progress when we are soon to write 1900.

THE ADIRONDACK BLUE LINE.

ONE gratifying feature of the discussion of the proposed amendment of the forestry section of the New York Constitution was the unanimity of the press in denouncing the proposition as unwise and iniquitous. If there was a single advocate of the measure among the exchanges which come to this office we failed to notice it. United and emphatic as was the press in opposition to the amendment, and thus reflecting as it did the public opinion of the citizens of the State at large, there was yet shown a prevailing want of information respecting the Forest Preserve and the Adirondack Park. These were commonly spoken of as identical, whereas they are distinct. The confusion thus fallen into was perhaps due to the text of the amendment, and it appears reasonable to assume that the author of that measure himself confounded the Preserve with the Park; his use of the term Forest Preserve would indicate as much.

The Forest Preserve is thus defined by the Constitution, Sec. 7 of Art. VII.:

"FOREST PRESERVE.—SEC. 7. The lands of the State, now owned or hereafter acquired, constituting the Forest Preserve as now fixed by law, shall be forever kept as wild forest lands. They shall not be leased, sold or exchanged, or be taken by any corporation, public or private; nor shall the timber thereon be sold, removed or destroyed."

The law fixing the Preserve being the act of 1885, as amended in 1893, and enforced at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, reads as follows:

100. FOREST PRESERVE.—The Forest Preserve shall include the lands now owned or hereafter acquired by the State within the counties of Clinton—except the towns of Altoona and Dannemora—Delaware, Essex, Franklin, Fulton, Hamilton, Herkimer, Lewis, Oneida, Saratoga, St. Lawrence, Warren, Washington, Greene, Ulster and Sullivan, except

1. Lands within the limits of any village or city, and
2. Lands—not wild lands—acquired by the State on foreclosure of mortgages made to the commissioners for loaning certain moneys of the United States, usually called United States Deposit Fund.

The Forest Preserve then includes all the wild lands in the counties designated. While the Constitution forbids the sale of such lands within the Preserve, it does not forbid the sale of lands outside of the Preserve; there was, therefore, no call for an amendment forbidding the sale of such outside lands; nor can we suggest any reasonable surmise as to the motive or intention of the proposed amendment, which with respect to this point reads:

The Legislature may also authorize the exchange of lands owned by the State situate outside the Forest Preserve, for lands not owned by the State situate within the Forest Preserve. The Legislature may also authorize the sale of lands belonging to the State situate outside the Forest Preserve. * * *

But there are no wild lands owned by the State situate outside of the Forest Preserve, for the law of 1893 and the Constitution declare all wild lands to be the Forest Preserve. Every plot of wild land, therefore, is included in the Forest Preserve and cannot be situate outside of it. An amendment authorizing the Legislature to sell wild lands owned by the State situate outside of the Forest Preserve would be an amendment empowering the sale of what does not exist, and nothing more can be made of such a proposition than that it is hocus-pocus, as we said last week.

The only lands situate within the Forest Preserve to which the amendment can refer are those tracts owned by private individuals and surrounded by tracts of State land. In many cases it is highly desirable that such tracts should be acquired by the State for the purpose of solidifying its holdings, but as there is now nothing in the Constitution forbidding the purchase of such lands by the State, no necessity exists of amending the Constitution to grant permission to make such purchase.

It is reasonable to assume that the intention of the author of the amendment was to provide for the exchange of lands within the Adirondack Park for public lands outside of the Park. The Adirondack Park is something entirely different from the Forest Preserve. It is a district set apart by the law of 1885, as amended in 1893, to include the territory thus described in the statute:

120. ADIRONDACK PARK.—All lands now owned or hereafter acquired by the State within the county of Hamilton, the towns of Newcomb, Minerva, Schroon, North Hudson, Keene, North, Elba, St. Armand and Wilmington, in the county of Essex; the towns of Harrietstown, Santa Clara, Altamont, Waverly and Brighton, in the county of Franklin; the town of Wilmurt, in the county of Herkimer; the towns of Hopkinton, Colton, Clifton and Fine, in the county of St. Lawrence; and in the towns of Johnsburgh, Stony Creek and Thurman, and the islands in Lake George, in the county of Warren, except such lands as may be sold as provided in this article, shall constitute the Adirondack Park. Such park shall be forever reserved, maintained, and cared for as a ground open for the use of all the people for their health and pleasure, and as forest lands necessary to the preservation of the headwaters of the chief rivers of the State and a future timber supply, and shall remain part of the Forest Preserve.

The Adirondack Park territory thus defined is marked on the official map of the Adirondacks by a blue line. The territory comprised within this line consists of parts of the Forest Preserve, that is to say, wild lands owned by the State, and of other land owned by individuals and corporations. The public possessions in the Park are broken up into numerous irregular and disjointed tracts separated by lands over which the State has no control. It would unquestionably be for the public interest if many of these private holdings could be added to the public lands; and the proposition has been advanced that advantageous exchanges might be made of State lands lying outside of the Adirondack Park (not outside the Forest Preserve) for private lands within the Park bounds. This probably was the intention of the author of the amendment; at all events, such a proposition would be intelligible, whereas no sense can be made of the amendment as printed.

But if the amendment had read that State lands outside of the Adirondack Park might be exchanged for private lands within the Park, even that proposition should be rejected; for the whole history of Adirondack public land transactions demonstrates that such deals are always engineered and put through with a sacrifice of the real interests of the public, and for the advantage of land speculators and lumbermen. To authorize Adirondack land exchanges and sales would be to open the way once more to jobs and betrayals of public interest. Under existing conditions the only sure way of keeping what we have in the North Woods is to maintain the safeguard afforded by the Constitution as it stands.

GAME SUPPLY FLUCTUATIONS.

IT is a noticeable fact in the evolution of the sports of field and stream that an over-abundance of a species of game depreciates or destroys its value either as a means of sport or as an article of food. Audubon recounts that in earlier days the prairie chicken was in such common abundance that no effort was required to secure it, so common indeed was it that it was considered unworthy of the value of the powder consumed in shooting it. This is a distinct contrast to the high esteem in which the bird is now held by the epicure, and the change shows that in matters pertaining to the palate and stomach prejudice or whim or education may be the dominant factor in determining what is best to eat. It was a long time before the terrapin gained fashionable approval and was thereafter considered a rare delicacy.

As an over-abundance will depreciate the value, so will a scarcity of a species of game enhance the value of it for sport or food. Scarcity multiplies the difficulties of pursuit and capture, and the obstacles to be overcome are the soul of all sports. They are what make skill, woodcraft and pleasure possible. They exact the highest and best physical and mental equipment of the individual for his best success.

As there may be too great an abundance for sport, so there may be too great a scarcity for reward of diligent effort, and yet the scarcity tends to broaden sport in a general sense, since the sportsman seeks other special fields, adding to what he already fancies; or, indeed, the new sport may have its own distinct and enthusiastic following. Rabbit hunting, for instance, which now is done largely with beagles, is a form of sport which a few years ago was considered largely as belonging to boys. It now has grown into the favor of men East and West, and has its conventional tenets of sportsmanship instead of the primitive methods of a few years ago.

Fox hunting too is growing in favor and gaining a broader field, so that sport is derived from it by constantly increasing numbers year by year.

And thus if one branch of sport is overcrowded to a degree which produces unsatisfactory results, or if there is a dearth of game material, it tends to the stimulation and development of other forms of sport, so that what may on the surface appear to be a particular loss may after all in a way be a general gain.

The Sportsman Tourist.

OLD HAUNTS IN NEW GUISE.

FROM the Vermont mainland in the township of Charlotte, a long cape, toothed with minor points and indented with small bays, reaches far westward toward the bald promontory of Split Rock. The cape is fringed with woods, and terminates in a bold cliff, crowned with cedars, pines and deciduous trees.

In it is embalmed the name of a man otherwise forgotten. No one knows who Thompson was, but it is probable that he was the first settler here, and that a scraggy orchard, intergrown with cedars, and the barely traceable foundations of a house, were his, and that some crumbling lines of stone wall mark the divisions of his sterile fields.

Doubtless the poverty of this soil prevented a succession of occupants and the consequent succession of names which so many of our points and bays have undergone. Thompson's Point is not a good name for a noble headland, but it is better that it should have borne it for a hundred years than half a dozen that are no more significant.

The Waubanakees called it Kozoapsqua, the "Long Rocky Point," and the noticeable cleft promontory opposite Sobapsqua, the "Pass through the Rock," names which might well have been retained, and perhaps would have been if our pioneer ancestors had not so bitterly hated the Indians and all that pertained to them. There was cause enough for this hatred, but one wishes it had not been carried so far when the poverty of our ancestors' nomenclature is considered, and the few surviving names of Indian origin remind us how easily we might have been spared the iteration of commonplace and vulgar names that cling to mountain, river and lake.

Sobapsqua and Kozoapsqua make the gateway to the broader expanse of water stretching thence to Canada. It is one through which many memorable expeditions have passed—unrecorded war parties of Iroquois and Waubanakee, the brave and devout Champlain on his voyage of discovery with his Indian allies, the predatory bands of French and Indians marching over the ice-bound lake, the armies of France bearing her banners to victory or trailing them homeward from defeat. Here passed Rogers and his rangers to wreak vengeance on those scourges of New England, the Waubanakees of St. Francis, and then Amherst's army passing from lesser conquests to the final and crowning victory. A few years later the little army of Americans went through these portals to its disastrous campaign in Canada, and the ensuing winter saw Warner and his rangers march down the frozen lake to the succor of their hard-pressed brethren; the summer, the same brave commander bearing homeward the feeble remnant of the Northern army.

Here Arnold's flotilla passed on its way to the bloody battle at Valcour, and here the escaping vessels were overtaken by Carleton's fleet and the running fight began which ended at Arnold's Bay. Through this broad gateway came Burgoyne's unreturning host. Ticonderoga fell, and henceforth till the close of the war British warships passed and repassed in undisputed possession of the ake whose waters mirrored no flag but the red cross of England. Then it vanished from them till it reappeared when Captain Pring's flotilla made its unsuccessful assault on Fort Casin, at the mouth of the Otter, in which McDonough's unready fleet lay moored. Next day the stars and stripes flashed past these headlands as the gallant fleet sailed down the lake to its eventual glorious victory in Plattsburgh Bay.

Thus, for two centuries, such shifting scenes of war passed in broken succession before these steadfast sentinels. Then came the peaceful sails of commerce, white-winged schooners and sloops, the single square canvas of Canadian craft; immense lumber rafts, coaxed slowly northward by sweep and sail; the first clumsy steamboat, making tortoise-like progress, followed in a little while by majestic successors, tearing the still waters asunder and casting the torn waves against either rocky shore.

In the later, pleasant days of autumn canoes of the Waubanakees reappeared, like apparitions of the old days, rounding the ancient headland, and making into the great "Bay of the Vessels" straight for Wonakakatukese, Sungahneetuk or Paumbowk, the old trapping grounds of the wild fathers of these peaceable men, coming now with no bloodier intent than warfare against the musk-rats, while their women made baskets and moccasins to hawk about the country side. The oldest men could repeat the legends of ancient wars with the Iroquois and knew the old names of rivers, mountains and lakes, and still made offering to Wojahose, the invisible deity of the lake, as they paddled in awed silence past the lonely rock wherein dwelt the master of storms.

Fifty years ago some one discovered that the reefs off Thompson's Point were good fishing ground for pike perch, and they became a favorite resort of anglers. To take advantage of the late and early fishing it was a common custom to camp on the Point over night. For the most part the fishermen camped in primitive fashion. They slept on beds of cedar twigs under rude shelters of cedar boughs and cooked their simple fare, with few utensils, over an open fire. Occasionally a party brought a tent and lived more luxuriously under canvas during a longer outing. At last a goodly guild of honest anglers built an unpretentious but comfortable club house with two rooms on the ground floor, one of which was kitchen, dining room and living room, the other a sleeping apartment fitted up with two tiers of bunks, which were supplemented by others in the loft. There were a cook stove, a big coffee-pot, kettles, and more than one capacious frying-pan, also a table and seats, but the primitive character of a genuine camp was still maintained. Everything was conducted in a free and easy manner, without any attempt at style or luxurious living.

To supply the demands of the frying-pans and for sport, which, though dull as watching a runway for deer, quite satisfied their modest desires, these men anchored their boats on the reefs and fished from daybreak to nightfall with the philosophical patience of honest anglers. When the fish were biting well there was lively work hauling in the 60 or 100ft. of line hand over hand, with a stout pike perch and a strong current to fight against, but when there was a long time between bites it was dull enough. A stiff cedar pole with wire guides and a cleat at the butt to wind the line on was the approved tackle by which the fish was brought to boat in the briefest possible time.

If the fishing was not conducted in the finest style of the art it fulfilled all the requirements of these anglers, and there were jolly gatherings around the camp-fire, whether it blazed in the free air or roared within the rusty iron walls of the stove.

In those days the Point afforded good fox hunting, as in days long before, when Uncle Bill Williams and the old Meaches hunted there with their gaunt, melodious-voiced, old-fashioned hounds and were succeeded by Uncle Bill's son's, John Thorpe and others of a generation of Nimrods, who, in turn, have departed to happier hunting grounds than these are now.

We who came later had excellent sport, for at least one litter of foxes was sure to be raised there every year, and besides these residents transient visitors were likely enough to be started.

A fox running before hounds would keep a course conforming to the shore line and thus make the circuit of the Point, crossing from one side to the other near the heads of the two bays, and so repeated the circuit till killed, run to earth or run off the Point along one or the other shore to the Cove Woods, McNiell's Point or the hills. A single hunter stood a reasonable chance of getting a shot, while if there were two or more, properly posted, one of these was almost sure of a chance, though by no means so certain of the fox, who sometimes safely ran the gauntlet of half a dozen guns and left as many chopfallen hunters, each excusing himself and blaming the others.

I have painful recollections of being more than once a member of such an awkward squad, mingled with pleasanter memories of occasions when fortune favored us; but somehow the misadventures stand forth most prominently. I well remember one dull-skied November day when I tramped to the Point with no companion but my old hound Gabriel, and ranged the woods almost to the end without finding a track till he came to the old orchard, I being a little behind him, when he sounded such a melodious blast of his trumpet as at once raised my waning hopes and set me all alert. In a moment he had a fox afoot and going around the end of the Point from the south side to the north at a lively rate. There was a bare chance of my getting over to that side in time to intercept him, and I tried my best for it, running *ventre a terre* beside an old wall that crossed the pasture till I came to the belt of woods above the shore. I had not time to catch breath before the fox was seen among the thick shadows of the trees, in black relief against the light beyond, and I made a snap shot at him. He tumbled all in a heap into a clump of cedar trunks, but before I could get to him he picked himself up and staggered into a thicket, whither I followed close at his heels and making futile snatches at his brush, a foot or so beyond my reach. Having the advantage of slipping through intricacies that I floundered against, he was gaining on me a little, when Gabriel overhauled us and pounced upon him with a grip that took the life out of the poor fox, yet not soon enough to prevent one vengeful nip in the nose of his slayer. Gabriel's angelic name came of his voice, not of his temper, which was so kindled by this last thrust of his foe that the handsome skin was in danger of being spoiled before I could get the fox away from him. When I began taking off the pelt he curled himself up for a comfortable nap, but a fresh twinge of his wounded nose suddenly rekindled his smouldering wrath, and snatching the fox out of my hands he gave it another violent shaking, and I had to be severe with him before he would let me finish.

This done, we set forth in the homeward direction along the belt of woods on the north shore. We had not gone far before Gabriel found a track that engaged his earnest attention, whereof he made loud proclamation while it led him across the wide pasture to the woods of Cedar Point, which is the southernmost headland of the cape and the largest piece of woods upon it. In a moment the woods were filled with quick reverberations of the hound's melodious voice. Assured that the fox was afoot and that there was no time to lose, I put my best foot forward for the corner of a fence which ran across nearly to the woods and divided the pasture from a meadow. The desired point was scarcely reached when I saw the fox break cover, a tawny dot in the woodside, now growing and growing into distinctive form as it rapidly drew nearer along a cowpath that ran close beside the fence. Now he was not more than two gunshots from me, the butt of the gun was at my shoulder, my finger touching the trigger, and I could almost feel this fellow's pelt in my right pocket comfortably balancing the one in my left, when a herd of young cattle discovered him and charging in a mad stampede drove him through the fence into the meadow, across which he took a diagonal course, well out of my range. I fired with a forlorn hope of crippling him, but only increased the velocity of the ruddy streak which vanished in an instant and left the world a blank.

Presently the leaden sky came closer to the earth, and then became one with it in a dense snowfall, and muffled in its thick veil Gabriel's trumpet notes sounded faintly far away, as he pottered over the blotted scent. The six miles tramp home was leg-wearying, as all can testify who have taken so long a walk in the first snow, but my luck had been good enough and I should have been satisfied, yet the vanishing form of that fox stood forth then as it stands even now in unpleasant distinctness, clearer than aught else in the day's events.

Immense flocks of ducks used to cruise along the shores and come out on the shelving rocks, sometimes in very dangerous places, where ambushed gunners lay in wait to rake the huddled throng with a charge of BB shot. In some cases a dozen or more were killed by a single discharge. Frank Brady got eighteen with two barrels. Old Justin Cyr killed as many with one discharge of his ancient Queen's arm. This was very unsportsmanlike, and in nowise to be compared with the exploits of men who kill a hundred ducks on the wing in a day's shooting and are still unsatisfied. Our pot-hunters fired but one shot and went home quite content with the result, and from year to year there was no noticeable decrease in the numbers of water fowl till the generation of "true sportsmen" with improved weapons began to increase and multiply.

It is not to be denied that there is a degree of excitement in the stealthy approach to a flock of wary dusky ducks, or in lying in wait, silent and motionless, for them to swim within range, meanwhile observing the autumnal beauty of earth and sky out of the corners of one's eyes, sniffing the fragrant odor of ripe leaves and listening to the pulse of lazy ripples, and undeniably there is a satisfaction in the successful shot. Nevertheless it was pot-hunting that one should blush with shame for having indulged in, yet somehow I do not, only as the recollection of some inexcusably bad shot comes back to me.

I am glad I do not know how a man feels after shooting 100 ducks that have flown past his stand or stooped to his decoys in one day. It seems to me that one should feel remorse rather than exultation for such a feat.

The beautiful island in the north bay which was called Birch Island when I first knew it, clad then with a thick growth of white birch and cedar, was a beloved resort of ducks, and its secluded shores were seldom disturbed by gunners. By change of ownership its name became Yale's, then Holmes's, and is now Putnam's after the present owner, who has a handsome summer house there and has so improved the place that the wild ducks have forsaken it.

I think this may be the place where the devoted missionary, Isaac Jogues, ran the gauntlet and suffered other tortures from his savage captors while he and his fellow captives were being carried to the Mohawk country, for though by no means situated on the southern part of the lake, it is the southernmost island which answers at all the description given of the halting place of the war party, by Parkman, in his "The Jesuits in North America":

"On the eighth day they learned that a large Iroquois war party, on their way to Canada, were near at hand; and they soon approached their camp, on a small island near the southern end of Lake Champlain. The warriors, 200 in number, saluted their victorious countrymen with volleys from their guns; then, armed with clubs and thorny sticks, ranged themselves in two lines, between which the captives were compelled to pass up the side of a rocky hill. On the way they were beaten with such fury that Jogues, who was last in the line, fell powerless, drenched in blood and half dead. As the chief man among the French captives, he fared the worst. His hands were again mangled, and fired applied to his body; while the Huron chief, Eustache, was subjected to tortures even more atrocious. When, at night, the exhausted sufferers tried to rest, the young warriors came to lacerate their wounds and pull out their hair and beards."

One can hardly realize that scenes now so steeped in the serenity of peace should ever have witnessed such barbarities.

The shores of this island can no longer tempt me, as they once did years and years ago, to steal a boat wherewith to get close to the congregation of ducks assembled in and about them on that October Sunday. My companion and I broke two commandments and were not penitent, but I trust heaven forgave us, for we were only boys and returned the boat just as we found it, and got nine lusty, dusky ducks, half as big as geese.

John Hough, an old man whose memory ran back to the last days of deer hunting here, told me that the deer, started on Mt. Philo, used to run to water at Thompson's Point, as the lay of the land would lead one to guess.

Here the relentless slayers of the last deer lay in wait for their prey, while, faint and far away, the hound's first notes drifting down the wind-blown crest of Mt. Philo, then swelling to a jangle of echoes in the nearer woods, the hunted deer plunged into the lake and the rifle spat out its spiteful charge, or the long smooth-bore belched forth its double charge of ball and buckshot, and the rocky steeps of Sobapsqua, offering life and safety, faded out of the glazing eyes.

The days of the deer were long ago when the Point was still a half wilderness, and the days of the fox and the wild duck are almost fallen into the past, for the place has become a fashionable resort, and is populous with deluded people who imagine themselves to be camping out. In fact, they live luxuriously in furnished cottages, with carpets on their floors and cushioned chairs, and have dinners of divers courses, with napery of fine linen and service of choice ware. I am told that they not only undress to go to bed at night, but that the women folk actually change their elegant apparel two or three times during the day. Poor souls! little they know of the freedom of real camp life, the comfort of one shabby suit that does service day and night, the disenthrallment from the care of tableware, and the cleansing of many utensils from over-neatness and punctilious etiquette, but yet not from true politeness.

Scaffolded on mattressed bedsteads over carpeted floors, how shall they so much as guess what restful sleep comes to him who lies close to the bosom of mother earth, with naught between but a blanket and a litter of fragrant cedar twigs. What poor comradeship must there be among those who gather around a black stove, compared with such as encircle the genial blaze of a camp-fire, and how shall those feel themselves near to nature who are shut from the sky and the woods by wooden walls and roofs?

The best of camp-life is in escaping from the wearisome burdens of civilization and in some measure renewing the old relationship with nature.

The change has been even greater on the other side of the north bay at Cedar Beach, which has undergone a change of name as well as of character since the time when we followed fugitive foxes from Thompson's Point thither, or made fresh starts among the vulpine residents of its wild seclusion. It was known as McNiell's Point then, after its pioneer owner, who established a ferry just north of it, which was continued by his descendants with various craft—sloops, horse boats and a natty little steamboat. It was a famous thoroughfare until the building of the railroad, which revolutionized everything. Then there were no more great droves of cattle making leisurely progress toward Boston on the hoof, nor any longer much faring to and fro across the ferry on the business of traffic or visiting, and the idle ferryman and the guestless publican lounged on the rotting wharf in mutual condolence.

Yet the little wilderness on the Point, seldom invaded by human kind except the infrequent woodman, the more infrequent meditative woods lounger and the hunter, and throbbing in springtime with the beat of the partridge's drum, ringing all summer long with the songs of a multitude of birds, echoing in the golden days of autumn with the melody of hounds, still preserved its sylvan seclusion and kept its homely name, till it was discovered by some "hey duc" explorers, who rechristened it and made it fashionable.

Spick and span cottages, even elegant residences, are built upon its heights; a steamer comes to it regularly twice a day during the summer, and the thronged woods are noisy with gay pleasure-seekers.

It is all spoiled for us old-fashioned camp dwellers, but no more perhaps than our barbarous modes would spoil it for these dainty folk. I can imagine how their sensibilities would be shocked at the sight of our uncouth living, our lairs of boughs and blankets, our unnapered table, with the frying-pan serving for platter and common plate, no less than our sense of the fitness of things is hurt by this flaunting of fashion in the face of nature.

They wonder at our ways, we at theirs, being unable to understand what they can find in all that they enjoy to compensate for what we have lost—the freedom from care and conventionalities that were ours in these wild corners, when the click of the croquet ball, the incongruous jingle of pianos and the babble of human voices did not overbear the whispers of the wind in the trees, the songs of birds and the soft laps of waves on quiet shores.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

IN SAVAGE WILDS.

CIMARRON, Kan.—Dear reader, I want you to go with me in spirit to the banks of an almost unknown cañon near the Rocky Mountains. I want you to smell the soft, health-giving odor of the pinon and cedar in those rocky wilds; to sit in a nook and look down half a mile at what looks like a little brook at the bottom of that tremendous cañon; to feel the soft kiss and life-giving warmth of the glowing sun; to see the gray buck as he springs from his bed and, bounding off a few jumps as elastic as a rubber ball, pauses and looks back to snort defiance at his enemy, the dim, grass-colored hunter; to see the lordly old wild turkey, his feathers glistening in the rising sun like bronze armor, as he struts on his roosting limb and gobbles till the gloomy cañons ring again, and there from afar comes like an echo the distant notes of more than one rival, showing that you and I are rich in our heritage yet of God's best gifts to man. Yes, my friend, it's 1896 and they are not all gone yet, and will last our time. My boy can hunt in South America in years to come if all my old places are barren, so I don't despond even for him. There—I've taken a pretty big contract when I endeavor to make you see all that I have written of, but I'll try to fill it.

Every fall I grow uneasy. I sometimes try to fight it off—for I can't afford to lose a month from my business—but it steals over me more and more strongly, till I find ice on the pools in the morning and the old gray geese go calling away up in the sky like a pack of spirit hounds; and I can't stand it any longer. I must go. I must sleep on the ground. I must fry meat over an open fire. I must see my sheep (the deer) again.

It was November. My old hunting buggy—commonly called "Dick's mud wagon"—was thoroughly overhauled and repaired. Nothing short of a cyclone could faze it, so the blacksmith said. My .45-90 Winchester was resighted with Freund's sights, and I had made three shots into a dollar with it at 100yds. The tent is overhauled and mended. The horses are reshod. They are smooth and fat, and the spirit of mischief gleams from their eyes as they look at me when I step into the stable. My twelve-year-old boy looks at me with dreamy, retrospective eyes, and is so contented he doesn't talk much; for he is going too. He loves to hunt really better than I do; and it does me good to see how handy he is with a gun, and how he can dress game; to see him crawl like a cat when in pursuit of it, and how he gets there every time. God bless him! he will hunt many a lovely day when I am at rest.

Nov. 10 we started from Cimarron by buggy for a 300 mile drive to Miguel's ranch on Rita Azul—southwest over the sandhills and over miles and miles of prairie, arid, dun-colored and cold. The horses are kept at a steady jog trot. Willie lay awake pretty much all last night, he was so excited; and now he has curled down in a nest of blankets and sleeps, warm and cozy as a kitten, while the ponies tug at the bits and try to go faster all the time as we roll gayly along over the smooth hard road. At noon we stopped, and I took the bridles off the horses and had turned them loose to drink. We camped near a pool on the prairie, and while they cropped the sweet, crisp curly buffalo grass, I made coffee and warmed up some roast chicken from provision box No. 1, which is for the road. Will woke up when he heard the coffee-mill, and stretching out his head like a squirrel from his hole, inquired, "Where are we, father?"

"Thirty miles from Cimarron and nowhere in particular is all I can tell you, Will. Get out and fetch me some bread, the butter and some pickles, and we will eat dinner."

"That's real good chicken," said Will after he had eaten about half a big one. "Mother's an awful good cook, but I had rather eat deer meat and kill it myself."

After dinner Willie fed the horses a few oats while I washed up the dishes, and we started again. Will took his Winchester (a .44cal., model of '73) out of its case and looked at it lovingly. He had never killed anything but jack rabbits with it; and a shade passed over his face. "I'm afraid I can't kill deer with this."

"Don't worry, Will. You can and will kill a deer within two weeks with that gun. I have killed a carload with one just like it when I was a cowboy."

"Were you a real cowboy, father?"

"Yes, I think I was. I owned a stock of cattle for seven years, and was so successful with them that my Texan neighbors did not always love me as warmly as they might, if they had wanted to. We are going now straight to my old stamping ground, and I'll tell you a story every night after I get there of what we used to do."

And we trotted on till almost dark, and arrived at one of the most woebegone-looking little Kansas prairie towns that I ever had the misfortune to see. The little cluster of houses looked as if they had strayed off and got lost out there, and yet it had a kind of a don't-care-a-cent look about it after all, as if it wasn't much afraid to be out there all alone. Its name is Santa Fe.

We drove in and put our buggy in the stable, and then Willie and I carried our guns over to the hotel and also two pairs of blankets, for these frontier hotels are generally scarce of bed covers. Then we went back and covered the wagon sheet over the buggy and load, and tied it down tight so as to discourage inquisitive strangers. When we got back to the hotel supper was ready, and a wretchedly poor one too for a hungry man and boy; but Bill didn't grumble, and I was ashamed to. But the landlord was a gentleman, and owned up like a little man that the supper was poor. He said that we should have a better breakfast or that he would kill the cook. I told him not to do that, for I didn't believe that he would be good to eat if he did, for he looked thin and tough. Bill inquired of me privately, after we went to bed, about the cook. If that man killed the cook wouldn't they do anything to him out here, or was it too far from court? I explained to him that the landlord was only joking, and Bill seemed disappointed.

We went to bed early and I didn't sleep much; the bed was hard and nubbley. The wind rose soon after dark and the old barn of a house rocked and pitched and creaked like a ship at sea. I was nervous and longed to get up; but there was no stove in the room and I hated to go down-stairs and thump around in the office, so I lay and squirmed till toward morning, while Willie slept like a kitten. Finally I dozed off and Will woke me up, saying: "That man wants us to come to breakfast, and says he has got the best of that cook this time. Let's go down and see what he has done to him."

We found a nice breakfast awaiting us cooked by a master hand: Ham omelet, Saratoga chips, milk toast, stewed dried beef on toast and good strong coffee. "How did you make him cook like this?" I wonderingly inquired of the landlord, who beamed upon us coffee pot in hand. "Oh, I fixed him. I let him sleep and cooked this myself." I love that landlord. He is a good cook and a gentleman, and when he charged me $2 a few minutes later I told him that his breakfast alone was worth that. He looked at me candidly and said: "I wish I had charged you more, but I thought you would kick at $2." He gave me a cigar that I lit and almost immediately threw away, for it was not nice.

In ten minutes more we were rolling along toward the West. Another day over almost barren prairie, and we camped in a roofless sod house and drank water from a water hole. It was Will's first night in camp. We put up the tent inside the house and cooked a nice supper; and as he looked around at our cozy quarters he said that he didn't want to stop in hotels any more this trip.

We slept soundly, and it was late next morning when we started and drove southwest. Just before we reached the head of Two Butte Creek, Will called my attention to six objects about two miles ahead. Stopping and looking at them with the field glass, we saw that they were antelope. They were on a side hill sloping toward the east, near the trail that we were driving on.

The wind was blowing straight from us to them, and though I could have got a shot by driving straight for them, for an antelope won't run down wind when you scare him, yet Will was not strong enough to hold the horses after I had got them excited by running, so I had to employ different tactics. I drove south about two miles, and then drove west down into Two Butte Creek Valley, then north till I reached the trail. I knew that we were then west of the antelope and not over a mile from them. We picketed out the horses, which were steaming from their fast six-mile drive, unskinned the rifles, put on our leather pants to crawl on, and away we went. Will was trembling with excitement, and looked as if he was scared. I told him to crawl beside me 6ft. away, and shoot as soon as he saw the game, if they were within 200yds.; to aim sure and not to mind me.

We crawled to the top of the ridge, and there they were, about 150yds. away. Will shot the nearest, but too low, and I shot her as she gathered to run, and then I stopped, for I didn't want to carry much game on the road. I might have killed more, but what was the use? We ran to the doe, who was stone dead when we reached her—shot through the brisket by Will, and both shoulders smashed by my .45-90 ball. "I can hit them, can't I, papa? said Will, as he looked at the pretty two-year-old with glowing eyes. "I would have hit her if you hadn't shot, don't you believe so?" And I told him yes, and truthfully; for his first shot was a good one.

Will packed the guns and I the antelope to the buggy, and when I got there it felt as if it weighed 250lbs. We hitched up and drove to water, and soon you could have smelt the savory odor of fat antelope ribs as they sputtered over the fire. They smell even better than they taste.

That night we camped at Milligan's sheep ranch on Freeze-out Creek. No one was there, and the house had a board over the door with the following legend:

"BEwaIr oF sMaL pOx."

I am satisfied that it was a bluff, but I didn't want to camp in the house, and we passed a comfortable night in our tent. At daybreak we were on the move for the last day's drive, and with only a short stop at noon at last passed a little Mexican plaza, where more than one gave a Comanche yell of recognition as they saw me. Two miles from there we approached the foot of the Raton Mountains, went over the last ridge, and then Miguel's house was in sight. It looks like a big mud-wasp's nest. Luis, his son, came out and darted back into the house when we were yet a mile away, and I saw the gleam of the field glasses as Miguel inspected me. They both came out and as I drove up Miguel smiled a broad smile. He said, "By the grace of God, I am contented to see you once more. The deer are fat and plenty. The horses are doing well. Many colts."

Then Luis saw the antelope, and Willie said: "I killed that!" and from that time on the boys had a time. Will couldn't talk Mexican, and Luis, a boy of sixteen, small for his age, couldn't talk English; but they could understand each other somehow, generally; and when they didn't Miguel or I had to interpret. Before I fairly had the horses unhitched Will had got a long box out of the load and extracted a .44cal. Winchester for Luis, and the boy had got it in his hands and looked at it as if in a dream. Will took a belt full of cartridges from the gun box and Luis put it on—I never saw him without it in his waking hours. "The gun and belt are yours, Luis, and you and Will can hunt together when you please." I told Will what I had said, and those ridiculous boys got up ponies and started at once for the hills. As they rode away I told Luis to get in by dark, and they came back in about two hours and both talking at once. Will informed me that he could outshoot Luis. They had gone off into a valley up in the hills and shot at a mark most of the time.

Inez, Miguel's mother-in-law, cooked us a fancy supper of broiled antelope and eggs with chili, and we settled down for the night.

The next day we branded colts and straightened up our business affairs. Then commenced preparations for a camp hunt into the Trinchara Pochet, a piece of country that lies straight south of Las Animas, and which it is hard to beat as a game country, but is very r ugh. The next day we struck out—I with my buggy, and Miguel, Will and Luis on horseback. Twenty-five miles north landed us on the east bank of the Purgatoire Cañon, in a little valley near a beautiful spring. Not a soul lived within twenty-five miles, and the game is tame, comparatively speaking.

The horses were fed and picketed with long ropes on good grass, the tent was up and supper was soon going. We ate at once, and then all started for a little evening hunt, Will and I together, for he is a little fellow and I feel somewhat like a hen with one chicken when I have him out. We were on the high land on the east bank of the Purgatoire Cañon. The country is rolling and park-like; there is timber in clumps, then a little prairie, then a hollow with a fringe of timber on each side of it, and so on. We went south and sneaked up-wind through the scanty timber like ghosts. Both wore rubbers. When we came to the fringe of timber on the edge of the hollow a big buck rose up quietly on the other side and walked behind a cedar tree. We were only 50yds. from him, but we couldn't see him. I sat down and told Will to sit and get ready. I could hear Will quiver with excitement, but I dared not look at him, for I feared that the buck would break cover on the jump, and I meant to get him if I could. But no; he at last got curious and stepped out in full sight, turned breast toward us, and looked at us with his head on one side out of one eye; and William shot him twice in the sticking place and once through the nose before he could fall down, and then he turned flipflops like a big rabbit, and the main thing I had come to Colorado for was accomplished. Will wanted to shoot him some more, but I stopped him with "Don't shoot, Will, you have killed him," and we went down and I let Will bleed him; and Will crowed and talked like a mill-race. I left Will to guard the game and I went to camp, got the buggy and went back to the deer. It was a big lift to get him into the buggy; but I finally got him in and we went to camp. Miguel had got in with Luis. They had some rabbits which they were frying, and we ate another supper. They had killed another deer.

The next morning the boys went hunting and saw deer, but didn't get any; and Luis promised the Virgin Mary 2½lbs. of candles of good quality and not to cost less than 50 cents if she would let Will and him kill two deer apiece that morning. Miguel told me privately that he didn't believe the Virgin could or would do such a big thing so cheap.

Will went with me at 3:30 P. M. and we saw several deer, but didn't get a shot, and I came to camp and made a canned peach pie and fried 8lbs. of Miguel's doe; and then Miguel came in and they had another deer that Luis had shot. He said that he was a boy of his word and would burn 15 cents' worth of candles in honor of the Virgin when he got home. Which he did; and I played casino with Miguel by the light of them.

We started for home the next morning and got there with steaming horses before noon.

The day after we got back to the ranch I concluded to go over into the Cimarron Cañon, a distance of about ten miles, and get some buckskins, which I had heard that a Mexican had got together by purchase, barter and otherwise. Will preferred to stay at the ranch and go turkey hunting with Luis. Miguel stayed at home to go with the boys and take care of them, and I struck out alone with the buggy and my ponies. I found my man all right, and bought 64lbs. of buckskins, well tanned and smoked, for a three-year-old horse and $14; loaded them into the buggy and started back. As I was driving slowly past a Mexican house on my return a woman came to the door and looked out. It was a white woman and I thought I knew her. I stopped, got out and walked up to her. "How do you do, Mrs. Wagner?"

She drew herself up and said: "My name is not Wagner and I don't know you."

"Didn't you cook for me in Cimarron four years ago?"

"No, sir, my name is Jones and I am from Missouri." And she turned and walked into the house.

I got back into the buggy and rode off, and found out that I was mistaken and that the woman was named Jones; but it was a disappointment, for I know of over $700,000 that is waiting for Mrs. Carrie Wagner, formerly of New York State, who came to Kansas about eight years ago and cooked for me. She disappeared or rather went away, and I could never hear of her whereabouts or her heirs since. Well, this world is a large one, and we may get lost ourselves some day. But it was she, I think.

Miguel and the boys were gone when I got in and Inez fed me chili and beans and a great, thick, juicy broiled venison chop broiled over live coals. It was getting dark and she made a curious figure as she sat looking into the open fire. Her seat was a sheepskin on the floor, and she tore the broiled meat from a deer rib with strong white teeth and looked into the fire with wicked, bright, black eyes, seeming to forget that she was not alone. "What are you thinking of, Inez?"

"Of the boys. I can feel that they are almost here and they have game."

In a few minutes, sure enough, in they came with two big old gobblers, and both of them talking at once, Luis to his grandmother, who looked at him proudly, Will to me. "You ought to have been with us to-day; we had such a good time. It smells so good up in the cañon in the pines, and we saw two flocks of turkeys. Luis killed his out of the first flock and I got mine at the roost after dark. Isn't he a beauty?" And he was indeed. We weighed him at once and he pulled down 24½lbs. Luis's bird weighed 20lbs. flat. Miguel soon came in and they made the beans and meat suffer. I think my boy Bill is hollow clean down to his toes. Luis had used my Winchester shotgun after the turkeys, but said that he preferred his rifle.

Soon we were all settled for the night, every one asleep but me, and I dropped off too.

Well, we hunted more, and at last telegrams found me and I had to go home, and the road was long, and I drove fast; and at last I saw my wife in the door, and the other children were glad to see me, and I put on the derby hat and the chain harness of civilization and took up the burden of life once more. *Au revoir. Hasta la manana.*

W. J. DIXON.

IN THE CASCADES.—II.

The Waldo Lake Country.

(*Continued from page 343.*)

CHRISTY had made previous arrangements by letter for pack horses; but "the best laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft a-gley," and in this particular instance Christy's scheme for pack horses went sadly a-gley. The man with whom he had contracted lived six or seven miles up or down the Santiam. It mattered little to us whether he lived up or down or at all, for the horses did not materialize and Christy was correspondingly mad. Mears took advantage of the opportunity, of course, to even up with Christy on some previous proposition, and caustic and unseemly remarks were freely indulged in by both. The natives all looked for a scrap, but they didn't know the boys as well as Mead and I did, and when Christy commenced to air his literary attainments by quoting from some old author, "Be it your unerring rule ne'er to contradict a fool," and Mears had responded, Mead closed the argument by cocking his gun.

Horses we must have, and Christy, as usual, was equal to the occasion. Luckily he soon found a skookum young fellow by the name of Ed Myers who had a fine brown mare, and he in turn found a little roan cayuse about as big and about as useful as a goat; the packs were adjusted, and we were soon on our way to Waldo Lake. Myers accompanied us to look after the horses and the packing. He had never seen the lake, and he probably wishes now that he had never been induced to go. I have been through and through the Black Hills, pretty thoroughly investigated the Rockies, camped for weeks in the Coast Range, hunted and fished for many years in various parts of the Cascades, but in all my experience I have never before seen such a trail to take pack horses over as the upper part of the trail into the Waldo Lake country. A man or set of men that would take a horse over that trail, knowing its character, ought to be prosecuted for cruelty to animals, and I hereby tender my gratuitous services to the prosecution. Fox told us to go by way of the hot springs. He said it was a little longer trail, but that we would gain by it, and besides he didn't think it possible to get a horse in by the shorter trail. But Christy had decided to go in by the shorter trail, and, as Mead put it, he would go in that way even if he had to carry the horse in on his back, while Mears declared that such obstinacy and perverseness ought to be punished in some way that would not involve the innocent.

The first part of the trail over to and along the Brightenbush was more than an ordinarily rough mountain trail, but Christy's only answer to our unfavorable comments was: "Boys, this is a sidewalk compared with the P. Warmer above Stink Creek." This was encouraging to fellows already dripping with perspiration when they were not shivering with fear. We took those horses along precipitous trails, where I would not want goats to go if they were worth more than a nickel a head. Stink Creek! P. Warmer! Euphonious names surely, and evidently founded on fact, and we kept wondering what the facts were. But an all-wise Providence had decreed that we should remain in blissful ignorance of Stink Creek and the P. Warmer for that day. All that day we traveled up the Brightenbush, sometimes along the stream through the finest timber I ever saw, except at the head of Deep Creek in the Coast Range; sometimes along shelving walls so far above the stream that we could hardly hear its roar; and sometimes, well, somewhere in ethereal space between earth and moon. Christy had announced the previous evening that by taking this shorter route we would get through in one day. Doubtless it was a case of the wish being father to the thought. At any rate, night overtook us just as we reached the mouth of Stink Creek, and we camped right in the deep forest. An acre of that timber standing in Iowa would make any man rich.

The only serious trouble with this camp was the fact that there was no provender for the horses, and they must have been tired and hungry both, for they had been heavily packed and had had a hard day of it jumping logs and keeping their feet in dangerous places.

When Mead went for water he instinctively went over to Stink Creek instead of the Brightenbush. Curiosity will be the death of that boy yet. Doubtless he wanted to find out what gave it the name, even if it choked the whole crowd to death. Of course he found only the very finest of mountain water, and when he returned he reported the fact. "Well," said Myers, "I'll tell you what gave it the name. Some time ago a party of fellows camped about where we are camping to-night, and one of them shot an elk just a little way above. It fell in the creek and he dressed it right there, and when one of the tenderfeet went to the creek he found a condition that suggested a name for the creek, and that name has stuck to it to this day, except that when they came to put the name on the map they modified it a little and just called it Stink Creek."

"I understood that we were to be at Waldo Lake for our camp to-night," said Mears with an emphasis and inflection only used by him when his remarks were intended for Christy.

"Well," said Christy, "we are here and we can't be any herer," and the general silence that followed this wise declaration only seemed to emphasize it.

Night shut down quickly, and we had scarcely unpacked the horses and swallowed a quick supper before it was pitch dark. Then came the camp-fire, pipes, stories, and lastly blankets, just as of old, and which always have been, are now and always will be the most enjoyable parts of mountain trips. And when the camp-fire has burned low, and quiet repose is restoring sorely taxed energies, how natural it is to lie there looking up at the peeping, half hidden stars, listening to the commingling voices of the forest and contemplating the marvelous symmetry and wondrous beauty of nature and her works. The giant pines and firs seem whispering stories to each other of the past, and you vainly try to hear. The gurgle of the stream and the sigh of the night wind modestly vie with each other in soothing your weary brain and softening the voices of the night that are singing their sleepy lullabies in your drowsy ear. Gradually the eyelids fall, imperceptibly the nerves relax, and sleep "dims the sweet look that nature wears."

No time was lost next morning in getting under way, for we were all anxious to reach the lake, for many reasons, more particularly for the reason that the poor horses would have nothing to eat until they arrived there. But it was nearly night before Christy's shorter route brought us to our destination. And let me assure the readers of FOREST AND STREAM that we found out all about Stink Creek and the P. Warmer before we got there. If I felt in my heart that I was forgiven for the wrong that I was partly instrumental in perpetrating upon those poor horses on that trip, I would take a solemn oath that—well, that I am likely to do the same thing again the next time that some idiot asks me to. It was a hot day—yes, a very hot day—and whenever we left the shadows and got out on the precipitous mountain sides, where the sun could strike us, I imagined that I could smell brimstone. Possibly Stink Creek got its name from some other fool that went by Christy's shorter route to Waldo Lake on a very hot day. If the creek had never been named until now, I could tell you easily enough how it got its suggestive appellation. Christy is very fond of Worcestershire sauce. We had all objected to any such encumbrances, but he had sneaked a bottle into Mead's fish basket, and we carried our baskets to relieve the horses. Mead and I were bringing up the tail of the procession and sweating like butchers. Every now and then Mead would wipe the perspiration from his manly face and with a sort of saintly resignation declare that in all his life he had never sweat so before. He kept asking me if I observed any peculiar odor. I thought I did, and after a while it became so pronounced that we concluded that he might be in a serious condition, and an immediate investigation was decided upon. Then we proceeded to investigate. On one side his pants were in a condition that suggested that something might be wrong in the fish basket, and so we examined the contents. The stopper had come out of Christy's Worcestershire bottle and the peculiar odor was easily accounted for.

We arrived at the foot of the P. Warmer early in the afternoon. It was all and even more than we had anticipated. Geographically it was about three miles high, semi-perpendicular, and the last and loftiest step to Waldo Lake by the Christy shorter route. Geologically it was loose shale or what is commonly known as broken shell rock. Meteorologically it was the hottest climb on earth. If it derived its name from some old settler, the present generation might find some relief if his first name had been written in full. Of course, the P. could not have stood for Pity, Patience, Piety, or any of those gentler feminine names, but it might have stood for Peter'd, Pedestrian or some such name. If it derived its given name from physical characteristics, it is entitled to all the alliterative P's descriptive or even suggestive of such an infernal place. The boys think, however, that its name was the result of spontaneous combustion in Christy's over-heated imagination, and has no particular significance. At any rate, the P. Warmer is a Jim Dandy and no mistake.

Before commencing the ascent we left all the packs except a few blankets, a little grub and the fishing rods, all of which were strapped on Ed's big brown mare. The little roan had to be helped up without any pack.

There is an element of suffering in sympathy, and I shall spare FOREST AND STREAM readers the sympathetic pains of our ascent. The big brown mare fell once and rolled over five times—some of the boys said six, but a turn or two doesn't matter—and brought up against a rock fifty feet below. We all thought she was surely killed; but she hadn't a scratch, and her fall didn't even start a ferrule on the rods. But the bread box bursted and left ample evidence of some kind of catastrophe. After three long hours' climbing we reached the summit, looked over among the shadows beyond, whence came a breath of refreshing coolness, and we appreciated the fact that at last we were at Waldo Lake. S. H. GREENE.

PORTLAND, Oregon.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIFE ON THE KANKAKEE.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 16.—In these days of literary and artistic activity there is continuous search for new fields where there may perchance be obtained those indefinite things vaguely called types, color and atmosphere. So ingenious have been the writers and artists, and so judicious the editors of the great thought mills, that at times, the conviction is forced upon one that all the fields, types, colors and atmospheres—except the good ones—must long ago have been exhausted. Local dialect and local realism have done a great deal for the literature of this country, because they have made everybody want something else. At times this realism is so unreal as to be grotesque, but it goes just the same, because the people who do the reading don't know anything about the new "field" which is exploited, and the people of the "field" do not do the reading. Any one must at different times have seen in the monthly magazines of the land bits of local color which were things for wonderment. Any old new field is worth a hundred dollars if one can add a guarantee that no former pen has ever tilled it. On this basis it seems to me that "Chicago and the West" ought to be worth $100 this week to anybody, or perhaps, more accurately speaking, worth an additional $100 to anybody on account of the literary tip it contains about a new field.

It is a great deal nicer to be a newspaper man than it is to be anything else, as of course everybody knows; but what I want is a partner, a writer, a man who wears kid gloves and unbagged trousers, and who has the *entrée* to the literary chutes which lead on to fame and plunks. Such a man I am willing, for the sum of $50—a fair divide—to take into a half interest in my new field, in which I promise him a good line of types, an assorted lot of color and atmosphere a plenty. He can make his own dialect. They usually do, you know.

In order to show good faith on my part I presume I should give some more specific mention of my field. It is no less than the great Kankakee country of Indiana. So far as I know, there has never been any literary handling of this unique and distinct field, which, as is so often the case with good things, has been right at hand all the time.

The Kankakee Marsh country is a bit of the world entirely apart from the rest of the universe. It is inhabited by a class of people out of the ordinary—uncommon, peculiar. This class has held its own peculiarities for generations, after the waves of other days and other customs have swept by and entirely surrounded it. We might expect to find types so strong a thousand miles away in an undiscovered country, in the mountains in Carpathia, in Africa, in the valleys of the Rockies, or the pine woods of the far unsettled South; but who would look for them within fifty miles of the second city in the whole country, where a gathering of the wonderful and beautiful things of the civilization of the world remains a fresh memory? In the middle of affairs, in the path of cities, on the edge of world's fairs, the Kankakee country has held its own, very much less changed in the same time than have been Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, California. The marsh dweller of the Kankakee has indeed been a type for you. He has not changed. He has stuck to his environment, and the environment has been stern enough to keep out the world, including writers.

Very far be it from me to ridicule in the least way the typical marsh dweller of the Kankakee country. One might laugh at a wealthy city man, who has achieved all the failures which go with what is called success, but never, if he understood his man, would he laugh at the marsh man, for here he would have a character enduring and bold and manly enough to stand up by itself, a character of strength and independence enough to command the respect of any one who saw it well enough to understand it. The city man is afraid of a policeman, and has a dread of the law. The marsh man is afraid of no one, and does not know what the law is. The city man is solicitous of fashion plates, but the clothes of his fathers are good enough for the marsh dweller. The city man would know always what are the ways of others. The marsh man cares not at all, for his own ways are good enough for him. He does his own thinking and is himself all the way through. This he has been for many years, in the meantime there having passed quite away such types as the Western hunter and trapper and scout and explorer, now applauded as belonging to the picturesque past, when men had to be men to make a living.

Life on the Kankakee was never exactly a bed of roses. The baby that opened its eyes first upon the wide seas of grass and the low blue ridges of timber land could not have had the gift of prophecy or it would never have been satisfied, and would have hustled back home on the trailing cloud of glory with which Mr. Wordsworth tells us babies come hitherward. Perhaps the baby hustled back anyhow before long, for the malaria of these swamps was ever potent against the young. The father of the family bought quinine by the bottle when he sold his game in town, and whisky according to his lights on the questions of domestic economy. At night the cold white mist of the malarious river region lay like a blanket of death over the land. He who survived this for a lifetime was lean, wrinkled, toughened and yellowed. His children were suggestions leading up to that conclusion irresistibly, according to their different ages.

The genuine Kankakee Marsh man never did any work. Of course, since the days of modern sportsmanship on those marshes he has been the boat pusher for sportsmen at the clubs or elsewhere, but it never was any work for one of these men to push a boat. Oars or a paddle he despised, but though you watched him all day long pushing his boat up the swift rush of the stream or over the marsh where it seemed a boat could not go, you could never see any distress in his movements or any hurry in his steady sweep of the long push paddle. That was no work, for he was born to it. His environment meant that he must learn it. The little house he had on the high ground near the river cost small labor to put up, and once up it lasted for a long time. Its furnishing cost little, for never was life more primitive than here. Perhaps there was a cow or two, more or less amphibious and web-footed creatures, but these required no care to speak of, nor did the swine which made their company about the yard. A little hay was made, but this not strenuously. A little wood was cut when the fire was out. A little food was on hand when meal times came, or if it was not it was easily to be had with net or spear or gun. Work as we know it there was not. The "farm" could not be farmed. Everywhere was the river, the marsh, dominating all with its monotone of theme. Even, flat, uneventful, yet strong, was the flow of life on the Kankakee. The marsh man dwelt apart, and so had time to think, as does the settler of the mountains or the plains. So he gained individuality, vigor of character, strength of type, if you will. He troubled not the schools with his children, for it was far across the marsh, and he did not wish his kind to mingle very much with those who dwelt upon the high ground and who thus were objects of suspicion. Churches he had none. At times he and his sons went to a dance, and there danced or perhaps cheerfully fought, as was made necessary by the ethics of the marsh. It is the attitude of folly to say off-hand that the ethics of the marsh are wrong and ours are right. Nothing is actually right when you catch it outside its own dooryard. The dooryard of the marsh man was the same for generations.

There never was at any time or in any country a class of men who more truly lived off the gifts of wild nature than did and do the native dwellers of the Kankakee. In earlier days they were accused of taking a few horses now and then, and the marshes at that day no doubt harbored many bands of lawless men who might better have been out of the country, though nowadays all that is changed. The marsh man of the Kankakee is not dishonest. He might fight a little if you transgressed his notions of etiquette at a dance, but he was not actively bad. He would not steal from his neighbor, because, partly, his neighbor had nothing worth stealing. He would not grow angry easily, but if you had committed what to him seemed the great crimes he would calmly kill you perhaps. Certainly he would not have you arrested, for with the law he had no concern. These men had their own notions about law. I say it with no disrespect and with no wish to deride them, but rather with a feeling of admiration, that probably no more lawless a class of men ever lived in the land than these marsh men of the Kankakee. Yet they were not troublesome, they were not criminals, they were not openly endangering the rights of others. They wanted nothing the outside world might have, but they insisted that the outside world had no right to tell them what they should do. For law, as law, there never was any respect or awe whatever on the Kankakee, nor will you to-day find it there. Yet you may find a simple-minded and straightforward people, generous to the last degree, hospitable as any of the country, free with what little they have and not in the least churlish or disobliging. The marsh man is contented to let you live as you like. He does not worry about you at all. He is not looking for types. He only asks to be let alone.

The Kankakee native was always a hunter, a fisher and a trapper, and such he is even to-day. No better shot at wildfowl ever lived. He began in youth to shoot and so

had that perfect skill which never comes to the late beginner. He did not kill his ducks part of the time, but all the time. If a bird was too far to kill he did not shoot at it. Never was there a man who more perfectly understood the animals he pursued. He was as much at home on the marsh as they. Where the city shooter would not dream of venturing on the quaking bog he trod with fearless heart, knowing just what spot was safe to step upon and what was not. He was as weatherwise as the wild goose. He knew by instinct which way the wind would blow, what day the ducks would fly, which way they would feed. Cunning and secretive and politic withal in these later days, he pushes you now wherever you prefer to go; but he does not tell which way he would go, if it were in the old days, and if the flight were coming in, and if the wind were as it is to-day, and if he himself were alone out on the marsh. Never in his heart of hearts has the Kankakee River pusher learned any actual respect for the city men he takes out shooting. He takes their money and endures their advice or orders and does his day's work faithfully, and stands the torture of witnessing bad shooting, but down in his heart he must be always thinking "What a duffer this fellow is!" Externally he is always polite. Without his aid would half the good bags be made we read about? I trow nit. It is the pusher who gets the boat into the mallard hole, and it is his eye that marks to a hair the place where the dead birds fall, and who goes out to them, walking on his paddle laid down sometimes, and springing on and forward always just ahead of the line of sucking bog that chases his feet hungrily. While the sportsman shivers bundled up in his sweater, the pusher is warm with his shirt collar open. He does not mind the rain or a bit of snow or ice now and then. This sort of man I admire. On many and many an occasion, when the boats start out over the marsh from the club houses, the sportsman is the man in the stern of the boat.

In the days before the sportsmen came on the marsh the marsh man was a market shooter, and he remains such to-day. He has not and never will have any respect for the laws alleged to protect fish and game. He does not tell you what laws to make about your sheep and cattle, and he does not care what laws you pass about taking care of his fish and game. There has come down to him from his ancestors the American feeling of ownership in the wild game of the country. Heredity has given him the sense of rightfulness in his intention of taking the game and fish when his necessities dictate. He does not farm or labor for hire, and he must live, and here is all this means of living about him upon which his father lived, and his father before him. Who shall say him nay? The marsh is wide. Detection is impossible. The law is something very far. There is no argument about this.

There are many ways of making a living along the strange Kankakee country which are not known to the city dwellers. Our marsh man, now grown, let us say, into a slender, sallow-faced, stooped, sinewy and strong young man, knows every secret of the earth and water of his country, and so he lives, representing the fittest, who have survived there. In the spring he shoots ducks, of course, as long and late and as early and steadily as he can. Meantime he meets the first run of the pike and the wall-eyes as soon as the ice is out, and diligently spears and nets them to his great satisfaction. He has a few set lines out all the time he is along the river. He also nets turtles steadily—something you never heard about, perhaps, but which he finds remunerative. He traps muskrats till the weather gets too warm, of course, and knows all the ditches and river bends and cut-offs where these animals are best to be found. He shoots jacksnipe when they appear in the spring, and big yellowlegs, and all birds that bring any price in the market—none which do not sell well. He has a bad time in the summer for a while, but then he goes to gathering mushrooms—another thing the city man does not know, though this is quite an industry too along the Kankakee. The marsh man eats dogfish now, in tender faith that the Kankakee will not betray him, but bring to him only things fit and good for him. The stranger that visits him when he has dogfish for dinner will perhaps not be happy, for unless dogfish is well cooked it tastes like a mouthful of raw cotton and feels like a piece of sponge.

By the end of June or earlier the marsh man is out shooting woodcock, and making one of his best harvests of the year—one of which he is always very slow to talk, for it is well to be careful about giving away a gold mine. Incident to the woodcock shooting is that of killing the young wood ducks which breed along the river. These illegal birds bring the best prices.

By July the young prairie chickens are big enough to shoot, and these bring great prices too in the city. There are a good many chickens still along these great marshes, and in regard to them there is very little law in force. There are wild grapes of a fine sort ripe by summer time, and many berries. There are frogs to sell too, and sometimes the marsh man sells these, though not often, except the big bullfrogs, which of course he hunts, because they always bring a good price in the markets.

By August the young illegal teal are ready to shoot, and by September the plover are about, and also the jacksnipe again, and the rails and some ducks. I have told in another article how the marsh man hunts rails with his cur dog, and how he sometimes sells bitterns for "English partridges." He hunts now regularly for snipe and ducks especially. When he goes out on the marsh to shoot he takes his lunch with him—bread covered with honey. The honey he got out of a bee tree, of which there are many along the Kankakee River, though you do not hear the native dwellers say much about it. In the fall also there are many mud hens, and these the marsh man eats as steady diet. At times he has a bit of raccoon, for the cur dog is a good one to trail a coon or a squirrel, as well as a crippled duck or a king rail on the marsh.

In the late fall, when the ducks have gone South, the marsh man may get a few shots at quail along the thickets, sometimes killing a dozen or so at a shot. He begins now to trap for skunks, raccoons, and the like in the woods. At rare times he sees signs of an otter, and if the otter is to live through the winter he will live it at another part of the country. Trapping for muskrats of course goes on out on the marsh all fall. Then comes cold weather, and only the current of the river or the ditches keep the ice from covering everthing over the marsh. The native hunter knows yet another thing or two. He knows that the big marshes of the Kankakee are famous grounds for mink, and he takes the faithful cur dog and goes out after mink, hunting along the ditch banks and under turned sods, where some man has been foolish enough to plow a bit. Last winter he killed 125 mink this way, he tells you, and the winter before eighty-five. This winter the old dog is getting a little old. He does not know whether he will do so well as 100 mink or not, but he hopes so.

In the winter time a wolf may come in over the frozen marsh, and if he does he is sure to be trapped. The thousands of cottontail rabbits make an easy source of food supply, but they do not bring anything in the markets or they would all be shot. The white egrets which used to come to the roost in the heart of the swamp were long ago shot off. Anything which can be sold in the markets is shot, no matter what the season, and many birds, it is sure, are used for the city markets, of which the reticent pusher does not always tell you. If the prairie chickens band up and roost in the timber in winter they are shot, and if they roost on the grass lands they are trapped. There is no sort of wild game whatever, or of wild creature or product having available quality for the table or market, which is not laid under tribute constantly by this sharp-eyed marsh man from season to season of the whole year. Sharp indeed must be his eye, and sure his hand, and keen his faculties, thus to live at this day of the century. Yet it is no romancing to say that many of these men do live thus, and with little or no other work from one end of the year to the other. They count more or less upon the sportsman trade that comes to them. Some of them keep rude little hostelries, where sportsmen can put up, and here the head of the family 'tends house when too old to shoot. He may charge a dollar a day for board, and his son will charge two dollars or so a day to push you on the marsh, and a boat is rented now and then, or a horse and wagon hired to a shooting party, so that in one way or another the marsh man makes a living. He will tell you with pride that one year he took in $300 at his place. Some of the most independent of the marsh men are the boat pushers who live near some of the shooting clubs. For three or four months in the year these men have fairly steady work at $2 to $3 a day and their board. These men are very often manly and intelligent fellows, with a smattering of experience and life, and open, pleasant manners. They are gradually losing type and becoming changed to the humdrum of workaday existence. They may chop wood in winter, which certainly an old-time Kankakee man never would have done. Of farming they cannot do much, for the land does not permit it. What could such a man do in the hot competition of modern town life? He feels his fitness for the life on the marsh, his unfitness for any other life, and it is small wonder if he views with a growing sullenness the encroachments of the farms and fences which now begin to hem him in.

Without over-drawing or exaggeration, we may say a large class of men have long lived as above described on the marsh country of the Kankakee, a strip of ground say 150 miles by 5, 10 or 25 in width, as it overlaps into other marsh country. If my friend, the writer, would find his field and his types, let him not delay too long. All this must change. Within the last ten years the big land companies have been buying up the cheap marsh lands along the Kankakee. At first they were laughed at, but there now appears the craft and waiting ability of the capitalist. Great ditches cross the marsh in many ways. Hay making is followed as a regular industry, and hundreds of cattle have been ranged on these marshes in the last few years.

This month yet a new place seems to have been found for the wild Kankakee marsh land in the products of civilization. The dispatches say this very week:

"Chicago capitalists have secured options on several thousand acres of land in La Porte and adjacent counties, this large area being located in the Kankakee region, for establishment of an industry that promises to revolutionize a branch of the paper-making industry.

"It is said that experiments have demonstrated that by a new process an excellent quality of binding twine and building and roofing paper can be made out of the long grass that stretches away for miles in the Kankakee swamps.

"The process is controlled by a syndicate of capitalists, and it is proposed to develop a new industry on a large scale by the establishment of a number of plants."

No other body of wild land could have been in the entire country found so near a big city. The land was bound to be used. Many railroads now cross the marsh, of course, and now telephone lines are building over it, and pipe lines from the oil fields of Indiana. The tilled farms come down to the edge of the marsh, and more and more they eat into the wide sea of waving grass which for so long has been uncrossed by the craft of modern ways, which has held within its secret places a people who were of themselves, a class distinct and notable. These people to-day look on with their hands in their pockets as they see these things coming on, apathetic, in a way also sullen. I have heard them ask bitterly, "What chance has a poor man to-day?" And indeed what is his chance? What are his prospects as he looks into the America of to-day—this man, this American pure and simple?

This year the old Kankakee went back to the customs of other days. The floods came over the land again and the ditches were futile. Where last year there were tons of hay standing, this year the rail and snipe are flying. On the edge of the marsh the eager plows of the farmers last year had been turning the earth, seeking for a place to put a seed which should bring forth an ear or so of food. Last year there were cornfields where this year the tall, rank marsh grass has sprung up and covered the earth again, so that only here and there, over the tops of the strong, red rushes and broad-leaved grasses can there be seen a faint and faded white tassel of corn, held up like a hand beckoning distress out of a sea of despair. One year of water eats up a dozen years of drought and ditching. The marsh creeps and crawls and grasps for itself strongly, always thinking of the past it once knew and cherished.

One of these marsh friends of mine and myself were looking out over the marsh together a few days ago, both of us silent. At last I said: "The old river is claiming her own again, isn't she?" Something like a gleam of satisfaction and triumph crossed his white-brown face as he said slowly: "She holds her own." E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Natural History.

HUMMINGBIRDS IN THE WINDOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Akenside painted the "Pleasures of Imagination" in glowing colors and thereby gained his only moiety of fame. Now let some one who is hankering after that elusive stuff take for his theme the "Pleasures of Lying," and if his genius is equal to the task he has an equal chance for immortality.

Some scribblers seem to think that if they haven't sound material to build a story with they are privileged to manufacture what they need to make it interesting, and this innocent lying is indulged in so very freely that I imagine there must be lots of pleasure in it.

Some time ago I was wicked enough to chuckle over a bit of work in the Natural History column of FOREST AND STREAM, wherein it was stated that a pair of tame hummingbirds had a little disagreement about bathing, and that the bather would take the other by the hindleg and drag him into the saucer of water! If inventing it gave the writer as much pleasure as the story gave me I do not blame her in the least for writing it, though as an instructor in natural history I hardly think she's "in it."

And now comes another, from the *Home Journal*, which in its flights of fancy fully equals it. It is headed "Hummingbirds can be Tamed," and then relates two cases, one of which was that some of them were kept for some time in the window of Mr. Taylor's restaurant on Broadway, and that they drew a constant crowd.

This was so improbable that the temptation to investigate it was irresistible, and I asked Mr. Taylor whether he served up hummingbirds at his tables. He blandly smiled when I told the story and said that no such attraction was ever in his window.

The other part is not so easy to investigate, as the lady's name and address is not given. It states (not under oath) that she kept the little imaginative creatures in her parlor, and that among their other wonderful doings they built their nests in her lace curtains and hatched out lots of young ones! What could be more interesting? I regret that the little rascals spoiled her curtains, but there need be no loss in such a case. If she had taken her scissors and cut out the piece of curtain with the nest attached she might have sold the curiosity at almost any price. It may be that she has preserved it, and if so I hereby offer to contribute $100 to the "Society for the Promotion of Lying" if she will merely let me feast my eyes with a look at it.

I read in one of our magazines some months ago a chapter on "Hummingbirds" by a writer who showed a thorough knowledge of her subject in every line, but she could have enjoyed none of the "pleasures of imagination" in writing it. DIDYMUS.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J., Oct. 13.

THE HORNSNAKE.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For many years I have taken great interest in trying to find exactly what underlying truth there is for the many stories of the horned snake which survive in tradition and occasionally appear in the daily papers, often with apparently ample authentication.

The father of all the stories (not the snakes) I found in an old "Report to the Lords Proprietors of the Carolinas," published in London over two hundred years ago. This able-bodied progenitor of myths stated that this country was the habitat of a snake whose tail was a poisoned horn or spike; that it took its tail in its mouth, and, making a hoop of its body, rolled after its victim; but the victim always escaped by jumping behind a tree, into which the snake drove its horn so that it could not draw it out, and snake and tree died together, the tree shriveling up to a sapling.

Of course, that story is a little robust for this century; but I have met a number of educated and intelligent persons who profess to have themselves seen snakes with one or more of the following peculiarities: (a) With horn tips to their tails; (b) with disposition to strike with this horn as a weapon; (c) with a sting like a bee's in the horn.

Now, it is a fact that no recognized naturalist has ever described in this or any other country any true snake with a true horn on its tail, or with any sting in its tail, horn or no horn. And if there is no true horn or sting the motions interpreted as efforts to use the tail as a weapon lose all significance and must be set down as accidental contortions.

Chambers's Encyclopedia does indeed describe two snakes as having tails "terminated with a spine instead of a rattle." They are called the *Trigonocephalus rhodostoma* of Java and the *Lachesis mutus* of Tropical America. But, on the authority of Prof. True, of the National Museum, it may be stated that the so-called spines are only the usual harmless horny caps found on nearly all snakes, and that that on the Java snake is about the same as that on our common copperhead, to which both the other snakes are related. That on the *Lachesis* is the longest on any known snake, but is only the harmless scaly cap after all—not used as a weapon or capable of such use.

But while there is no true snake with any true horn, there are true snakes with apparent horns, and there are also apparent snakes with true horns; and in every apparently authentic story of a horned snake which I have ever been able to trace either the horn or the snake turned out to be only apparent. Of course I bar young rattlesnakes, the sprouting of whose rattle is a horny button, but not a horn in the sense of this discussion.

Now let me explain the apparent horns and apparent snakes which have deceived casual observers, and your readers can then each investigate for himself any case he meets or hears of, and determine whether or not he has discovered something new in natural history. And if anyone is so lucky, do let him put it in whisky and preserve it, lest it be forever lost—like the cause of the aurora borealis, which a college student once told his professor that he did know, but had forgot. If you ever find the true horned snake don't let him be lost.

The apparent horn sometimes found on true snakes will only impose upon one who has very small ideas of horns. The scales of a snake are true horny substance, and where the tail tapers down to a fine point the last tenth

of an inch or so is indeed nearly all solid horny material of overlapping scales. But such a merely scaly tip is not properly to be called a horn in the ordinary sense of the word. I once had in my possession for a month a snake said by its captor to have not only the horn, but a sting in it. It had no more the one than the other. It was only a common *Farancia abacura*, bluish black, with some red bars across the abdomen. It came from Louisiana, and that species, both there and in Florida, is popularly supposed to have the horned tail, and perhaps a sting in it. Consequently many persons who see them imagine they see the horn and sting, just as those who believe in planting by the moon always see results to confirm their theories.

So much for true snakes with apparent horns. Now as to apparent snakes with true horns. I call them apparent for short, because they differ so much from all our ordinary snakes. In fact, however, anatomically they are as good ophidians as any other family of the four into which naturalists put all the serpents. I refer to the *Scolecophidia* or worm snakes. These are snakes which burrow in light soil, under old leaves and logs, and live upon insects and their larvæ. They are nearly blind and almost destitute of teeth. Their bodies are rather stiff and their scales exceedingly smooth and glossy, as it is plainly much better for a burrowing body to be. And several of their varieties have a real solid horny end to their tails, evidently intended to give them a good purchase in their burrowing. They have no large "ventral" scales running across the abdomen and giving the purchase for crawling to our ordinary snakes, and briefly it may be said "they are not in it" at all with every-day snakes. They are practically big scaly worms. But they have the horn tail and they are the only snakes yet described in any natural history with an honest horn.

They are not very common, I think, for I have never seen but one, though I have had them hunted for a good deal. The one seen was on North Island, Wingate Bay, S. C. It was about 15in. long and about the last inch of its tail was apparently solid horn tapering to a point, but too blunt for use as a weapon. Its coloring suggested a reddish Scotch plaid. But any reader finding any snake with a real horn can readily tell whether it is a *Scolecophidia* or worm snake by the presence or absence of the broad ventral scales by which our ordinary snakes crawl. If his horned snake has none of these, but only small smooth scales alike on back and abdomen, then he has found only the well-known worm snake. But if it has a good, honest, indisputable horn with big ventral scales he has something which no museum possesses and no naturalist has ever described. E. P. ALEXANDER.

WOODLAND BIRD NOTES.—V.

Amidst Autumn's Woods.

"Now half the birds forget to sing,
And half of them have taken wing,
Before their pathway shall be lost
Beneath the gossamer of Jack Frost."

NO ONE perhaps realizes so strongly as the naturalist the characteristic mood of the several seasons, a mood and atmosphere so peculiar to itself as to give to each of the seasons much of the dignity of personality. October has a mellow, ripened glow distinctly its own, and is considered the most glorious month of the year, though in this respect we may say it is perhaps rivaled by June. To the artistic eye it is truly beautiful; the foliage of trees and bushes of lovely tints of scarlet to various shades of red, orange, yellow or brown. The atmosphere is clear, bracing, and "puts life into one's self," so to speak, which the air of June does not do.

To the ornithologist, however, it is a sad season, for as the leaves are disapppearing from the trees so are our beautiful summer birds from our woods, fields or orchards; in fact, we are like a boat in a storm, drifting helplessly upon the rugged and sharp months of winter. How commonplace the robin or song sparrow seems, among the gay procession which throng our woods in summer, but how welcome they are when all the other birds have gone, and how soon forgotten when they return in the spring. The throng of transient visitants is slowly disappearing, though some are still here. The first birds to come to us in the spring are the last to go in the fall. So the myrtle warblers, hermit thrushes, purple grackles, red-winged blackbirds, phœbes and many others that arrive in March and April are still here, and in all probability will be here for another month yet. It is strange to note the mingling of the different species at this time of year. Summer and winter residents and migrants will be found in the same flock. It is well to note how the plumage of the birds agrees with the seasons. In winter the birds with dull and quiet plumage are found, as for example snowbird, chickadee, nuthatch and winter wren. With the approach of spring the plumage becomes brighter, as in the red-winged blackbird and meadowlark in early spring, and as summer approaches very gay and bright colors prevail, as in many of the migrants and most of the summer residents. During this recent warm spell the migrants and some of the summer birds are still lagging, while the cold weather in the North are driving the winter birds southward. Many of the migrant thrushes have gone southward, but the hermit is still here. The Canadian nuthatch, black-throated green and myrtle warblers are here, but in small numbers, and in a few days will probably follow their brethren to warmer climes. Those tiny midgets, the ruby-crowned kinglets, are still extremely abundant this fall, but they are only a passing visitor and will soon be gone. In winter birds the white-throated sparrow, junco, winter wren, brown creeper, etc., are very numerous and become more abundant each day. Yesterday (Oct. 15) I saw a large flock of pine finches, redpolls and purple finches. These birds are distinctly boreal birds and are rather rare here even in winter, and then only of local distribution.

In spring the ornithologist is ravenous for the sight of bright colors. There is starvation in his eye that has lived the winter long upon a diet of black and white, gray and brown. How it absorbs the ruddy tinge of the first robin and the delicious hue of the early bluebird. Variety is not half so essential a spice of life as expectancy. Indeed, from the cradle to the grave anticipation is more than a spice; it is a larger part of the very subsistence of life. We all live more in the fairer to-morrow than in to-day, and find more exhilaration in reaching forth for new fruit than enjoying the fruit in the hand. One of the best things to be said about immortality is that it means a future never drawn upon. EDWIN IRVINE HAINES.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., Oct. 17.

QUEER WAYS IN BIRDDOM.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read with great interest the letter by Robert C. Lowry about the "Sora or Rail Bird" in the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 17, more especially the part that touched on this bird's diving into the mud and remaining there during the winter, hibernating. That this seems impossible, that it would be miraculous if a bird did survive burial in mud for weeks, at once appeals to the ordinary student of bird habits and forms. But when it is considered that this story is related of the house martin as well, that people hundreds of miles apart hold the same belief, from, as they claim, personal observation, naturalists would better have a case before they cast ridicule on a marsh-folk's belief. More than once men have laughed at the tales of simple folk. One time a group of naturalists in an Egyptian hotel laughed uproarously when a man said small birds rode on the backs of large ones, yet any ten years of the FOREST AND STREAM'S volumes of Natural History columns would prove beyond a doubt that small, weak birds ride on sturdy birds' backs during migration.

The observations of a German scientist on the house swallow that builds its nests on the sides of houses seems to prove that birds hibernate. We know that woodchucks and many other warm-blooded animals fall into a torpor in the fall that lasts many weeks, with scarcely any interruption.

We learn to-day of things that seemed impossible a year ago, or yesterday. There must be some one among the FOREST AND STREAM'S readers who could tell of birds in mud apparently asleep. I say "must be" because I have read in a great many articles, mostly FOREST AND STREAM ones, about this belief. In an old history of Vermont, published about 1812, appears the author's statement of a friend's story to the effect that the swallow sometimes hibernates in mud. He believed the friend's story. There are other similar tales. The reason many most extraordinary tales are suppressed regarding doings of birds is that the observers fear being laughed at. I venture to say that within ten years the man who states in the FOREST AND STREAM that the swallow and rail never hibernate will be laughed at, as I would be if I said a wren never rode on a goose's back.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

NEW YORK CITY.

Migrating Hawks in Kansas.

SWARTZ, La., Oct. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While on a visit to western Kansas recently I found that long suffering State, besides containing grasshoppers, thousands of hawks—hawks of all kinds, little hawks, big hawks, middle-sized hawks, sparrow hawks, chicken hawks, some as large as small eagles.

My friend and I started out early Monday morning from Great Bend for the Cheyenne Bottoms, famous as the meeting place for a number of seasons of the Altcar Coursing Association. With any water on the bottoms, as there is this season, there is usually plenty of ducks, and the object of our trip was to bring back a few.

We found scarcely any ducks, but in their stead the prairie was literally covered with hawks, and in our opinion this was the cause of there being no ducks. I shot a colossal specimen; he merely thought I was feeding him and had missed his mouth, so my friend came to the rescue, shot and winged him. After he fell he was quite as formidable a wounded enemy as one would care to encounter; and I wished for a kodak to immortalize my friend as he threw rich Kansas soil and sandbur stocks at the gaping mouth and outstretched wings of this bird. It was finally dispatched with another load of shot. We found it measured 5ft. from tip to tip.

Just before we entered the bottoms we were joined by a young man, a resident of the vicinity, who informed us that hawks collected in this manner every autumn, evidently preparing for migration, as it was for only a short time they are so numerous.

The three of us devoted the remainder of the day to shooting hawks. They had grown very bold around the farm houses, where they were rarely shot at; we were not real sportsmen, as we took them from fence posts and not always flying. They have a habit of lazily sailing in the air out of shotgun range; but should they spy a mouse or bird in the grass and no gun about they swoop down with jacksnipe rapidity and seize their prey and off.

On our return home I winged a plover and endeavored to catch it under my hat; it was my friend's turn to wish for a kodak, as my method of capturing birds somewhat resembled the old game of leap frog.

I hope to return later in the season and find geese as plentiful on the bottoms as hawks were. E. G. D.

Live Elk in Massachusetts.

MR. B. R. ADAMS, proprietor of Moose Head Ranch, in Uintah county, Wyoming, has delivered to Mr. W. C. Whitney, Lenox, Mass., thirty elk for Mr. Whitney's game preserve on October Mountain.

Good Things Appreciated.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Oct. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish to compliment you on the appearance of the latest number of your valued paper. The Audubon plate looks especially fine.

I have long been a regular reader of the FOREST AND STREAM, and look as regularly to the day on which it is received as I do to meal time. In fact, I think I could go without a meal occasionally with less dissatisfaction than I should experience if the paper came not regularly.

Myself and wife have been especially interested in Mr. Rowland E. Robinson's writings, and we feel that we are very well acquainted with Uncle 'Lisha, Antoine, Sam and all the other characters that appeal so strongly to the average New Englander. We also have taken great interest in the reminiscences of Col. Mather, and are glad to note their regularity.

Wishing you the continued success that your labors so richly merit, Gratefully yours,

C. J. HALPEN.

Game Bag and Gun.

Our readers are invited to send us for these columns notes of the game supply, shooting resorts, and their experience in the field.

THE DEADWATER MOOSE.

Two men stood on a railroad platform and one of them said to the other as he held aloft his rifle: "This is the only genuine moose gun in all the world. This is verily the Harbinger of Death."

To which the other man replied, as he displayed his own favorite weapon: "And this is Death."

It was in such sportive and sanguine frame of mind that Mr. Fred Irland, of Washington, and the writer left the train at Boiestown on Sept. 16 last bound for a region called the Crooked Deadwater, where it was said that the bull moose, even Tim Lynch, the monarch of all moose, was roaring and roystering on the mountain side, shoveling his rivals into the lake and pawing up the black muck on the barren in sheer insolence of strength. We desired to arbitrate with Timothy.

The guide, who met us at Boiestown, was none other than Henry Braithwaite, of whom a certain red man, Jim Paul, once remarked: "Dat man Birthright got a turrible repytation, but, by gorry, I kin call a bull moose half a mile furder off 'n he kin." Jim Paul was right. Where Henry accumulates the deadwood on Mr. Paul is that he can call the bull moose half a mile "furder up."

The life of a woodsman offers little opportunity for brilliant or striking deeds. The best he can hope for is thoroughly to master all the multitudinous details of his calling; to face hard work and hard weather manfully; to glean from nature, by careful watching of her ways, as many of the secrets of the wilderness as he may; to learn the habits of all the wild children of the forest, and the uses and properties of tree and plant. I take little stock in heroes and less in hero worship, yet I feel like adding my word of tribute to what has been said by others of Henry Braithwaite. It is a liberal education in woodcraft to wander in the woods even for a few short weeks with him. He is a past master in every branch of forestry—a sort of rough and ready Nessmuk, who loves the woods as Nessmuk did—who cannot endure for any length of time the restraints of artificial life; who feels in the forest, not its poetry perhaps, but at all events its peace, its freedom and its majesty. It would take a great deal of the strongest kind of evidence to induce any one who knows him to believe that his superior as a woodsman can be found. Whether it is calling a moose, running down a caribou, trapping an otter, stringing a snowshoe, building a canoe or traveling on a bee-line through an unknown forest, Henry beats the Indian at his own game. In a land that is full of hunters and cruisers, red as well as white, the keenest of critics in their line of work, no one for a quarter of a century has ever disputed his preëminence.

We tarried at the hotel of the impassive, impersonal Mr. Duffy that night, and in the morning started with all our "stuff" for Pleasant Ridge, nine miles away, where the portage road enters the forest. Henry said as we were loading the wagon: "Now, we've got to forget something. Let us try and forget something we can do without." Whereupon Henry straightway proceeded to forget, of all things in the world, his axe, which Mr. Duffy, the silent, went back for while the team stood waiting in the road.

Just where Pleasant Ridge subsides, in the arms of the forest, lives a thrifty farmer named Mr. Holt, who keeps a sort of wayside house. Here we paused for provender and met our teamster, Mr. Tom Hunter, who was to pilot our luggage over the thirty odd miles of rock and root, hill and dale, brook and barren that lay between us and Fullerton's camp on the south branch of the Dungarvon River. Mr. Hunter was an old friend of ours. Two years before he had transported our traps by the old Dungarvon portage to Pond's camp on the memorable occasion when Fred got his first moose. We found that advancing age had not diminished the vocal powers of Mr. Hunter. He still faced the terrors of the "portash" without fear, enlivening the way with wit and humor, and encouraging the team with sulphurous remarks. Our route to the Deadwater wound steadily northward and somewhat to the west of the one we had taken two years ago. The old portage road to Pond's camp had not been used of late and was reported to be blocked with fallen trees. When we questioned Mr. Hunter as to the qualities of the new road he put it all in a nutshell: "The furder the wusser."

Our rate of progress, after the luggage had been transferred to a wooden-shod sled and the portage fairly entered upon, was very slow, owing to the weight of the load and likewise the tendency to pause displayed by the "off" horse. We had only made two miles when darkness, accompanied by rain, set in and it was necessary to camp. Henry soon had the tent up, the hand-junks cut, and various and sundry rampikes piled thereon, and we listened to the patter of the rain with supreme indifference.

The 18th was an ideal autumn day. Mr. Hunter employed his vocabulary with force and freedom and we made ten miles, reaching Richards's depot camp near Salmon Brook Lake. The "off" horse looked very solemn as he stood in the yard in the moonlight and thought of Mr. Hunter. In the morning Fred and I visited the lake, which we found to be three-quarters of a mile long and nearly as wide and very characteristic, in all its scenic features, of New Brunswick inland waters. On the west it was overlooked by a beautiful hardwood ridge that glowed with the gorgeous tints of autumn, the remaining sides were flanked with evergreens and bordered by tawny strips of barren. The comely tracks of moose and caribou were quite abundant on these barrens and large flocks of geese and ducks were feeding in a cove at the southern end of the lake.

The controversy between Mr. Hunter and the sorrel was resumed with violence next day. Our hopes of making substantial progress, however, were dampened and finally drowned out by a drenching rain that began early in the afternoon. We were now on the Rocky Brook portage, and the traveling was smoother than it had been; but the rain became so unpleasant that, after making a total of eight miles, we were glad to seek the shelter of a bark

lean-to that we found on the side of the road. Fred expressed a desire for a big fire, and I think he will admit in confidence that he got it. Henry and the teamster soon started a conflagration that bade fair to drive us out of the lean-to completely. At first the water found its way somewhat freely through holes in the roof, but when these were plugged with strips of bark and the small tent thrown over all, the roaring of the wind and the ceaseless fusillade of the rain gave us no concern. Henry argued stoutly that a fire would burn better on a wet night than a dry one.

In the morning the rain had abated. The route was a new one both to the guide and teamster. We wandered over a variety of very rough and very wet roads, went several miles out of the most direct line of travel, and finally one of the shoes of the sled gave out. It took the men just an hour to shift the load, make a new shoe and place it in position. We encountered a porcupine in the road, which Henry promptly dispatched with the axe, as he considered it a destructive animal. He remarked that about the only animal that would deliberately tackle the porcupine was the black cat, into whose anatomy the quills do not seem to have their usual power of penetration.

At 4 o'clock we reached Richards's main depot camp on Forty-nine Mile Brook and remained there for the night. Late in the evening a small digitigrade animal, black in color, with white stripes down his back and a white-tipped tail, meandered freely over the floor of the camp, inspected our provisions, and incidentally traversed the lower bunk where Mr. Hunter was executing a trombone solo. Fred and I lit the lantern and watched the movements of the intruder with some anxiety. We aroused Henry from his slumbers in the hope that he would take vigorous measures, but that worthy surveyed the scene with an air of impartial equanimity. He remarked as he curled his blanket again about him that he would "fix that chap in the morning." Before we left the camp Henry constructed a dead-fall similar to that which he sets for the sable and pine marten. When Mr. Hunter returned to the camp on his way out to the settlement he found the animal in the trap. Mr. Hunter found this to be the case when he was about two miles from the camp.

It was early in the forenoon of the 21st that we reached Fullerton's camp, the terminus of the portage. There was a large quantity of logging supplies at this camp, as well as at Forty-nine Mile Brook, in charge of a man named Patchell. For months at a time during the summer season Patchell never saw a human face. He was cheerful and contented with his lot, and showed every disposition to render us any aid in his power. He gave encouraging reports as to moose in the locality, also informed us that we could haul our luggage three miles further over a winter logging road which led in the direction of the Deadwater. This was important, as it would shorten the distance the men would have to pack the supplies upon their backs. Acting on his advice, we tackled the logging road, but found it so rough and the footing so treacherous for the horses that after going about a mile we decided to dispense with the team and pack our traps from that point forward to the Deadwater. While preparing for dinner we were joined by Henry's assistant, Dave Douglas, who had been for some days on the lookout for us, and also cutting trails in various directions, preparatory to Henry's winter trapping. We wrote a few short letters to the absent ones over the horizon's rim, and intrusted the same to Mr. Hunter, who at once set out upon his long and toilsome voyage to the settlement. It was pitiful and yet amusing to see the sturdy old gentleman light his pipe, board his chariot and resume his everlasting battle with the rocks and snags of the portage. A portion of our effects was placed under the big tent; the smaller tent we carried to the end of the logging road, about two miles north, and camped there for the night.

The next morning Henry and Dave carried up two more loads from the big tent, and as Fred and I were impatient to reach the hunting grounds a dash was made for the Deadwater through the trackless woods that afternoon in a storm of rain that soon developed into a liquid blizzard. Henry had never before attempted to reach his camp on the Deadwater from the Fullerton logging works, and did not know the exact distance we had to go. He endeavored to find a route on the high grounds, which afforded easy footing as compared with the barrens, and this made our tramp somewhat circuitous. From time to time he consulted his compass, and all the while the cold rain fell in torrents, drenching us to the skin. In some places we had to clamber over slippery, moss-covered rocks which threatened the integrity of our limbs at every step; in others we had to fight our way through a riotous tangle of water-laden whitewoods, and then a dense growth of firs would bar the way. I certainly could not recommend that aquatic excursion to the Deadwater for dudes and invalids. It was the hardest four hours' travel I ever experienced in the woods. We made few stops for rest, plodded steadily on, every particle of our clothing soaked with water, and still no signs of the camp. For a time the wild idea possessed us that Henry had lost his way. At last the guide turned abruptly to the left, we forded a swollen stream, and found ourselves at once within the shelter of the Deadwater Camp. Never was haven of rest more welcome to storm-stricken mariner than this homely trapper's camp to us that night. A rousing fire soon sent the sparks hissing through the smoke hole into the watery gloom, and after the kettle was boiled and a substantial meal of woodland fare stowed away, that terrible march over the trackless mountain side became a thing to joke about. It is these abrupt translations of light and shadow, storm and calm, vacuity and venison, that give to life in the woodlands its everlasting charm.

On the morning of the 23d there was a partial clearing of the sky. Dave left for Henry's camp on Little Sou'-west Lake to bring up a load of provisions. Henry has twelve of these camps in all, stretched over a distance of eighty miles upon his trapping grounds. In the afternoon Fred and I accompanied Henry down the trail about half a mile to a point on the shore of the stream, where he had a dug-out canoe nearly completed. She was about 25ft. in length, and would accommodate three persons with ease. Henry devoted an hour to grubbing her out with axe and adze, then launched her and poled her up through the rapids to the landing in front of the camp. Right across the stream from the landing Henry showed us the spot where, three years ago, he called up two bull moose and shot them, as late as Nov. 15.

Henry never calls moose after dark, relying upon his marvelous skill with the birchen horn to outwit the animal in the daytime; but as it was a beautiful moonlight evening he consented, at Fred's suggestion, to give us a taste of calling moose by night. After supper we took our places silently in the canoe and proceeded up the Deadwater. We had gone about a mile and a half when the guide, with that inimitable art which has made him famous, gave the call of the cow moose. The night was still and very cold, the fog rose in ghostly wreaths from the glassy surface of the water, and the thick palisades of spruce and fir on either side of us were traced in jet against the moonlit sky. The muskrats were out in force swimming around among the lilies, and in front of their house on the western bank a pair of beavers dived at our approach. The call rolled up the level expanse of the Deadwater, and returned to us in scarce diminished volume from the far-off southern hills. At once a wave of excitement swept over the stolid features of the guide, and he exclaimed in a hoarse whisper, "Hark! by thunder, there's an answer!"

Sure enough, we could plainly hear off to our right, up the west branch of the Deadwater, the oft-repeated and never-to-be-forgotten sound, "Oo-wah, oo-wah, oo-wah, oo-wah!"

The moose was probably not half a mile away and we could hear every intonation of his note with the utmost distinctness. Henry picked up the paddle and shoved the canoe swiftly and silently toward a rocky point covered with hardhacks that jutted out into the stream from the eastern shore. Fred and I tumbled out of the canoe as best we might and took up our station on the point. Then arose from the opposite shore, but further up the stream, a long, loud, weird, wailing cry that eddied and echoed from bank to bank and died away in a low, convulsive sob. We heard the guide as he sat like a statue in the canoe mutter between his teeth: "Listen to that cussed cow!"

Fred and I laughed silently to ourselves, but it was evident that the guide failed to regard the matter as a joke. He did not relish having to compete against the real thing. We remained at our post for perhaps an hour, and if ever we had any doubt that we were in a genuine moose country our experience in that space of time effectually removed it. Not only did the old bull up the branch continue to grunt at intervals, and the cow up the stream to lament her lonely state, but another bull away up the Deadwater commenced a solo on his own account. His notes sounded like the distant strokes of an axe upon a hollow tree. There was scarce a moment's intermission in the programme. Henry said there were plenty of moose around; all he was afraid of was that the larger bulls were mated and hence would not respond to the horn. Just as we entered the canoe to return to the camp we heard still another sound—surely the most awe-inspiring that ever is heard within the wild woods of this continent—the hoarse, angry bellowing of bull moose close at hand engaged in mortal conflict for the mastery. We heard their roars at intervals long after we had reached the camp.

Within a stone's throw of the rocky point aforesaid the Deadwater, whose ordinary width varies from 50 to 100yds., forms a narrow pass which is very appropriately called the Jaws. By reason of its narrowness and the shoalness of the water, which runs over a rocky ledge into the deep basin below, this is a favorite crossing point for moose and caribou, and, as we afterward ascertained, a path worn deep and hard in the solid turf by the traffic of many generations of animals, comes down to the water's edge on either side of the Jaws. While we were listening to the moose concert all around us we heard the rustle caused by some heavy animal making the passage there. We could not see what it was, though it was within easy rifle shot, and, taking our experience as a whole, we were united in hearty condemnation of the practice of calling moose by night. Had Henry continued to call and succeeded in bringing up a moose, either upon the opposite shore or at any point within reach of our rifles, we were satisfied that the prospect of our missing or maiming the animal was almost a certainty, and that even if we killed him the glory to be derived from such chance shots was very limited. We returned to the cheerful warmth of the camp-fire greatly impressed with the Deadwater region as a moose country and satisfied to take our chances for a shot in the daytime.

A slight flurry of snow greeted us in the morning, the earliest on record for this country. Henry employed himself in making a paddle and knees for the canoe. In the afternoon we embarked upon the Deadwater again, and as we followed its windings realized that it would have been a serious mistake to call it anything else than "Crooked." It was about three miles and a half from the camp to the head of navigation, while a straight line between the same points would not have exceeded a mile in length. To the north of us as we left the landing stood the towering peak of the County Line Mountain, where the counties of York, Northumberland and Victoria converge, and where Will Chestnut and Henry in December last started sixteen bull moose in one day. As we paddled up the stream the wind was blowing from the northwest. Henry called at the Jaws and got a distant answer, but after waiting for some time gave it up, and we continued on our course. From a barren to the west of us we heard two bulls fighting furiously, their roars of rage resounding through the woods for miles around. Fred and I suggested a still-hunt, but Henry said: "Better take it easy or we'll all run out of a job. We will tackle those fellows later."

We used to wonder afterward whether Henry's decision was dictated by reason, instinct or luck. The next turn we rounded revealed to us, in full open sight, on the left bank of the stream, a trifle over 100yds. away, his head facing inland, a monster moose, motionless as the hills—a statue of ebony against a wall of green!

I was in the bow, and as the canoe glided around the point was the first to see the moose. His ears showed that he was on the alert, but he did not see us. Apparently he had heard Henry's call at the Jaws and was pondering whether he had better desert the faithful partner of his bosom who was peacefully browsing in the bushes near at hand and go in quest of the phantom maid. His ponderings were brief. The wind was blowing from us toward the moose, and as it would have been hazardous to attempt to work any closer, Henry turned the canoe, with a silent sweep of the paddle, broadside to the animal, so that we had both a chance to shoot. Fred was very rapid on the pull and the Harbinger belched forth 550grs. of lead propelled by 120grs. of powder. The spiteful crack of the Martini followed immediately. The moose at this time seemed to think the locality was unhealthy. He surged inland through the hardhacks, looking neither to right nor left, and was evidently hard hit. Another broadside from the canoe and the moose sank to the ground within 40ft. of where he had stood when we first saw him. We paddled ashore and Henry proceeded to dress the carcass with about as much visible concern as he would have displayed over the skinning of a partridge. He was evidently proud, though, of the kind of stock he raised on what he called his "farm."

A great deal has been written by those who are wise, as well as otherwise, in the ways of the woods, as to the weight of moose. I will freely confess that I do not know what this moose weighed. I know he was so heavy that the three of us with a united pull could not shift him a foot in any direction. Henry is not a man who exaggerates, and he thought this moose would weigh at least 1,100lbs. We took a few measurements. He was 7ft. 3in. high at the shoulder. The neck, where it was severed from the trunk, measured between 5 and 6ft. around. The length of the moose as he lay stretched on his side on the ground, from the tip of his nose to the point of his hind hoof, was 12ft. 1in. The horns, which had twenty-four points, were 52½in. across and the palms 13in. wide. The length of the bell was fully 20in. He had a hole in one of his horns and another in his side, produced by fighting, and two of the brow prongs were injured from the same cause. Of the four shots fired two had passed through the moose—one just back of the shoulder and grazing it, the other midway between hip and shoulder, about 8in. below the spinal column. The first-named bullet struck no bone, and after it went through the moose, hit a fir tree about 5in. in diameter and went through that also. The other bullet was flattened by contact with the ribs, and made a very ragged wound as it passed out on the other side. Whether Fred hit that moose twice or I hit him twice or each of us hit him once will never be known upon this earth. It's a toss up between us, I think, as to which is the better shot. Sometimes I make life miserable for Fred; sometimes he makes it miserable for me. We took the situation very coolly when Henry steered us into action, but it is one thing to shoot straight on dry land and another to shoot straight from a small canoe on a windy day. I tried to make Fred disgorge the frozen fact and tell me who shot that moose, but he couldn't. My own mental refrigerator was equally out of repair. The best guess we could make was that I missed the first time and Fred missed the second. We returned to camp in a happy frame of mind.

Now, the Deadwater fleet comprised not only the new canoe, but two long, narrow rafts, known as "ramcats," which were moored in a "bogan" at the head of the stream. On Friday morning, the 25th, Dave was dispatched overland to this point, with instructions to bring down one of the ramcats with a load of meat. Henry and Fred and I again went forth upon the shining bosom of the Crooked to find another moose. We passed Dave two miles up coming down stream with a full head of steam, at the rate of at least one mile per two hours. Near the head of navigation a small brook oozes out through the black marsh mud. As we were passing this point we found the remains of a bull moose, which had evidently succumbed to wounds received in battle. The horns measured 44½in. and were perfect in every way. The carcass bore evidence of having been pulled about by a bear. Henry deplored the fact that the stock upon his farm were becoming so unruly.

"It was just about here," said Henry, "that one of my moose and a bear got in a snarl two winters ago. I was coming over from Renous on snowshoes, and I saw the track of a moose pursued by a bear. There was hair scattered along in places where the bear had clawed the moose on the run. By and by I came to that little spruce knoll yonder, and to my surprise Mr. Bear was up a tree, looking mighty sick. The moose had turned on him just there, and made it so hot for him that he took to the tree and was in such a hurry that he never stopped till he got to the top of the tree. I dropped the bear out of the tree with my gun. If I could have overtaken the moose I'd have given him a feed of oats."

We landed and went over to the edge of a small barren a few yards away, and Henry gave a call. He had hardly lowered the horn from his lips when we heard two shots fired away down the Deadwater. There could be no doubt that Dave and the ramcat had sailed into action. Dave had with him Henry's express rifle as well as his express injunction not to fire at anything unless he had a sure enough chance for a fine set of horns. We decided to postpone our calling operations and proceed to the scene of war. We saw no sign of Dave until we approached the landing in front of the camp, where he was just in the act of beaching the ramcat.

Dave was not in a cheerful frame of mind. He said that while passing a point known as the Island, which rivals the Jaws as a crossing place for game, he was confronted by a large bull moose. The ramcat apparently had no terrors for the moose, for he stood in the thoroughfare, shook his horns at Dave, humped up his back and emphasized his disapproval by snorting "ooff! ooff!" Dave reached for the rifle, fired and missed. The moose then stepped out on the point of the Island and threatened to shovel Dave into the water. Dave had serious thoughts, he said, of ramming the moose with the ramcat, but concluded to try him again with the rifle, this time at a range of about 40ft. He fired and apparently missed, for the moose, with a final "ooff! ooff!" deliberately crossed the Island and walked into the woods. Now, Dave is a man with plenty of pluck and experience: he has frequently shot moose under difficult conditions; how he came to punch holes around this particular moose he is entirely unable to state.

At daybreak Henry and Dave started for the big tent, to bring over more supplies and to spot a line for swamping a road to Fullerton's works by which to take out the moose head. Fred and I agreed to meet them at 4:30 at the head of the Deadwater. We put in the day idly drifting around the stream, reached the rendezvous at the appointed time, waited until after dark, saw no signs of the men and returned to camp, threading our way safely down the Crooked through the pitchy darkness. We heard the moose grunting and roaring as usual on all sides of us.

Next morning Fred and I paddled up as far as the Jaws, where I remained and amused myself watching the big trout fanning themselves in the pool below the run, while Fred kept on up stream in search of Henry and Dave. Luckily he met them just as they reached the stream with their packs and they all returned to the Jaws. As it was then 12 o'clock, Henry shoved the canoe ashore below the Jaws at the junction of the west branch and the main Deadwater and prepared to "bile the kittle." Fred and I were sitting on the shore discussing the silver question when suddenly the guide appeared and said: "Moose! moose! I heard him grunt twice right across the branch."

We hustled through the hardhacks until we reached a point opposite where Henry said the grunts came from and hid behind the tussocks. Henry called and was answered twice from the woods on the opposite bank, the noise being different from anything I had ever heard proceed from a moose, and resembling a blast of steam from the safety valve of a locomotive. In less than a minute a cow moose and calf emerged from the firs and walked out on the narrow strip of barren that lined the shore. We expected to see the bull loom up next, but he failed to appear. Henry said the bull was there all right enough, but probably had another mate, and the cow we saw was running away from him. It was a case of Hagar and Ishmael, and they were on the move. We noticed that both the cow and calf wore the neck ornament known as the bell, and it gave the latter a look of sagacity much beyond his age and size. They walked leisurely along the shore in plain sight of us for about 50yds., the cow looking back occasionally as though in fear of being followed, then silently forded the stream to the side we were on and trotted off through the brush. It was a sight worth coming many miles to see. Of course, the camera was at the camp.

After dinner Fred elected to return to camp with Dave, and Henry remarked to me: "Suppose we take a stroll over the farm."

Such a stroll and such a farm! For three or four hours we tramped over ridge and lakeside and barren, almost every acre of which exhibited fresh signs of game. Once we heard a crash in a thicket of alders, and found where a family of moose had taken flight. It is one thing in a densely wooded country like this to find fresh signs of game, it is quite another to see the game line up complacently in front of your gun. Henry referred to a statement he had once seen in FOREST AND STREAM to the effect that moose never peeled the trees upon which they feed clear around, and thus did not kill the tree. He pointed out several maples, mountain ash and sapling birch from which the bark had been stripped off completely round. The favorite browsing trees of moose, he said, were whitewood, moosewood, willow and cherry; they will, however, eat any kind of hardwood and most of the evergreens, especially fir. Spruce or cedar they will not touch unless hard pressed by hunger. He had never discovered that moose ate any kind of grass except a thin, flat grass that grew principally in the beds of streams or ponds or in marshy ground. It is sometimes called deer grass. Moose will often go clear out of sight for it in the water and remain under a surprising length of time. At two of the lakes we visited Henry gave a casual call, but received no answer. We saw the "works" of a moose, however, near the west branch which Henry said were made by a specimen even larger than the one we had shot. On our way to the Jaws we heard a partridge drumming. Henry said when this was heard in the fall of the year it was a sign of wet weather and a late open season.

On the 29th Fred went up the stream in the morning with the guides, while I patrolled the trail leading to Henry's camp on Little Sou'west Lake. Half an hour after their departure I heard a shot, which could only mean that Frederic had uncorked the Harbinger. I was watching a very promising pond at the time, and delayed my return to camp until the dinner hour. There I found, pinned to the blanket door of the camp, a diagram very cleverly drawn on birch bark by Fred in the Indian picture language, indicating that he had shot a moose. Soon afterward the canoe arrived and I learned what had happened.

Just above the Island they had heard a moose grunting in the woods near the western bank. Henry turned his canoe down stream so as to get to leeward of the moose, and paddled cautiously up a long, narrow bogan that made into the barren. His first call was promptly answered, and as they reached the terminus of the bogan they could hear the moose coming. Two men with axes, Fred declared, could not have raised a bigger racket. Fred stepped out of the canoe and stood upon a tussock.

"Now," said Henry, "if I get a frog in my throat we're ruined."

Henry then gave the low call or coaxer, and the bull promptly appeared through an opening in the firs. He was clearly in the best of spirits, and as he swaggered toward the bogan hooked the bushes first with one horn and then the other. At a range of 75yds. he stopped and gazed with unfeigned astonishment at the apparition of Fred and his indigo Mackinaw shirt. As Fred let loose the Harbinger the moose turned sharply to the left, and for a moment was lost to sight; but when Henry rushed through the bushes he found him lying dead not more than 30ft. from where he stood when the shot was fired. The bullet had pierced his heart, lungs and liver, and lodged in the rump close to the hide. This moose was about two-thirds the size of No. 1. His horns, which had fourteen points, measured 43in. across and were perfect in every respect. Henry, as usual, jacked the meat up so that it would be available for future use. With the warm and uncommonly wet weather that prevailed, the preservation of our meat proved to be a difficult matter. Portions of both carcasses were brought to the camp and smoked.

On the afternoon of this day I watched at the Jaws for caribou. These animals, while we sojourned at the Crooked, seemed to be few in number, or else too wary to show themselves. A good moose country is seldom a good caribou country, as the moose drive the caribou out. Toward sundown, as Henry and Dave were nearing the Jaws with the canoe, the noise of the paddle evidently attracted the notice of a large bull moose on the right bank. He grunted frequently and showed a disposition to come to the shore. It would have been an easy matter for Henry to have called him and for me to have shot him from the opposite shore, but we had decided to kill no more moose. We had each a fine set of horns to take home, and the difficult task still remained of cutting about three miles of road by which to carry the heads and scalps to the Fullerton road. Fortunately our carrying crew was reinforced that evening by the arrival at the camp of a man named Fred Swift. A Vermonter by birth, Swift had been spending his time for some weeks past in the precarious occupation of "gumming," or gathering spruce gum for the American market. He was a fine, strapping young fellow, quick to learn the "lay of the land" in a new country, and readily agreed to help us out with the heads.

The remainder of our stay at the Deadwater was uneventful. Douglas and Swift were employed for several days in cutting out the trail and Henry often lent a helping hand. It might be mentioned that as Henry officiated on the trip as cook, and as our appetites were not of a delicate sort he had not much time left for hunting. He was also greatly handicapped by wet and windy weather. However, we had been fortunate enough to secure our two moose with very little expenditure of time and effort, and this left nothing to be desired. Commencing with Sept. 30 it rained almost continuously for a week, not heavily as a rule, but hard enough to confine us most of the time to the vicinity of the camp. So ended our gun-boat days on the Crooked.

On Oct. 1 we moved back to the small tent, where we tarried for five days, taking occasional cruises to some of the surrounding lakes for photographic purposes when the weather would permit. We often started moose in our wanderings, but made no effort to add to our trophies. One of the most enjoyable of these trips was over to Lost Beaver and Renous lakes, where we saw beavers at work and where Fred succeeded in taking the picture of a saple in a tree. We shot a few partridges nearly every day for the camp larder. This bird has many foes in the deep woods, and finds the shotgun a far less formidable foe than the owl, the blue hawk, the saple, the fox, the skunk and the weasel.

One of our chief sources of amusement while in camp was that precocious rascal, the Canada jay or gorby. Fred conceived the idea of trapping some of these birds and trying to domesticate them, and he succeeded, by means of a box and figure four, in capturing no less than seven. Such was the gorby's greed for grub that immediately upon being taken from the trap and held in the hand he would seize any food that came within his reach, and as he struggled for a time against the bars of the cage he seemed to be unable to decide whether the chief aim of life was to escape or to carry off the pork that was in the cage. Fred had great hopes of making a success of gorby culture, but what with the wet weather, the filthy condition to which the birds soon reduced the cage and the severe shaking-up they received on the portage they soon became reduced to a caricature of their former saucy selves. On one occasion the cage slipped from the load and rolled down a hill. Henry said, as he looked at them: "Well, I did not think I could ever get up the slightest particle of sympathy for a gorby, but I'm hanged if I don't feel sorry for them." So Fred opened the cage and let them go. They were unable at first to fly in their dazed and bedraggled condition, but even as they hobbled off, squawking and chattering through the brush, the instinct of seeking to devour everything within their reach still remained with them. Henry maintains that a Canada jay has no feathers. He says, "It's just a kind of a fog that sticks to them."

On the afternoon of Oct. 7 Mr. Hunter and the bull moose express reached us from the outer world at the lumber camp on Forty-nine Mile Brook, and as he had secured another and a better horse in place of the sorrel we had a speedy and altogether pleasant journey to the settlement. We did not succeed in laying low the famous Tim Lynch, the monarch of moosedom, whose throne is somewhere in the region of the Crooked, but we did succeed in bringing out two heads that have not been equaled, it is said, by any hunting party in New Brunswick in recent years.

FRANK H. RISTEEN.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Fair Disciples.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 29.—At the Calumet Heights Club, of Chicago, whose grounds are along the Lake Michigan shore and in the region of the famous Calumet system, there is more fun to the square inch than anywhere else on earth. At the close of each week three or four dozen members gather there and put in a day or two at unmitigated and unlimited enjoyment in shooting, fishing and living. Among the devotees of the rod and gun in this popular club are many fair disciples of the art of wing and trap shooting. The fever of shooting, it seems, is extending to the gentler sex, and they take little urging to lay aside the needle and take up the gun. A few days ago, the morning of the heavy snowstorm which was mentioned as having surprised this part of the world, Mrs. Elbert Gould, of the Calumet Heights Club, was at the club house and determined to have a duck hunt, just like a man. She arose at 4 o'clock in the morning, donned suitable shooting costume with rubber boots, took gun and shells, and departed in the gray of dawn after the time-honored fashion of duck shooters since time immemorial. She chose her own point of the river shore, getting into her blind in good season. There was a little flight, and Mrs. Gould actually bagged three teal to her own gun, all killed flying in regular style. Her return to the club house was in the nature of a triumphal procession, and so elated was she at her good fortune that she declared she was going to start at once for the city with her ducks and show them to her friends forthwith. This is the largest bag of ducks to a lady's shooting at this club this fall.

Mrs. Gould is not alone in her ability to kill a duck on the wing. Miss Erwin killed a big fat mallard all by herself, and on the wing, as it crossed a point not far below the club house one day this fall, and came in holding it at arm's length by the bill, exulting very much over her good fortune. The wife of the club keeper, Mrs. Starr, killed a pintail on the wing not long ago, and her daughter also has killed her duck, but confesses honestly that she shot it on the water and not flying. All of these ladies and others shoot at the trap and make creditable scores, and it is not likely that any other organization of this city can produce so many lady members who are entitled to the name of wing shot.

No one has had a great deal of shooting at the Calumet Heights ground this season, and no one seems to have worked very hard for it, it being preferred to loaf and have good times taking it easy. Messrs. Patterson and Lamphere on a joint trip last week got the mixed bag of three teal, one mallard, one widgeon and one bluebill. Rifle shooting is much practiced at this club and a number of long-range rifles are kept there by members, the sand beach offering one of the best rifle ranges to be found anywhere adjacent to Chicago.

Bags of Ducks.

The present season has been the poorest for ducks of any known here for a long time, and no good bags are mentioned by any one. Probably the best local bag was made by Messrs. A. P. Harper and F. S. Lewis, who were down at Water Valley on the Kankakee the day of the storm. They put their boat on a wagon and drove to the Brown ditch, and pulled into a hole where the birds were crowding in out of the storm. They got sixty ducks together, and also got a good wetting by means of a capsize from the boat. They shot together, and to get a better seat had chairs arranged on a board on top the deck of the boat. As they swung after a flock of mallards that passed the recoil of the guns upset them into the mud and water, and gave them a good bath.

At Water Valley Sam Booth, of Chicago, had a duck hole all picked out, and his pusher, Dick Cox, watched it for him, one day going and getting twenty-five birds there himself. When Mr. Booth came down to shoot, the birds were feeding at a hole above there, and the two went up to that place to shoot. Then they saw the birds begin to drop in behind them, at the place they had left, and went back to see how it would go again. The flight thereupon stopped entirely, and they got only a very few shots the rest of the day.

Messrs. Geo. Marshall, J. Morgan, of the Chicago Metal Boat Co., and their friend Mr. Prickett had a camp hunt last week on the Kankakee, at a point below Water Valley and nearly half way to Momence, they expecting to get some duck shooting. In this they were disappointed, but they got about three dozen jacksnipe, which pleased them almost as much.

Messrs. John Cody and Mike Begley, of Chicago, went up to Peckaway Lake, in Wisconsin, a week ago and happened to meet the flight. Mr. Cody to his own gun got ninety ducks, and reports the sport all that any man could wish.

Mr. Cody's success was the best I have heard of in this region, and indeed the heaviest shooting I have known anywhere in the country. Two Milwaukee hunters, who went to Melette, S. D., had good shooting three weeks ago, getting eighty ducks in one day at some lakes near there. I could not get the names of both these men, but was told that one was Mr. Leidersdorf, of that city. My informant advises me that there was very good chicken shooting this year at points near Melette. In the same indefinite way I hear that a club of Dubuque, Ia., sportsmen, who go every year to the North Dakota ducking grounds, this fall went to a point west of Jamestown, probably Dawson, and had extremely fine sport, bagging 800 ducks and geese. They made a large party, about twenty men, as I was told.

Mr. F. A. Howe, the veteran and beloved president of the Tolleston Club, of Chicago, has this season not had as much sport at his favorite grounds as he could wish, but one evening went out and bagged twenty-one ducks, a very decent bag for a place only thirty miles from the city. Mr. Howe is one of the oldest shooters of Chicago, and one of the most respected, and his favorite form of sport is shooting ducks.

A friend tells me that he saw a shooter from Koshokonong Lake last week who was just coming home from the depot in a cab at the close of his visit to that famous lake, and in this cab he had actually in hand a bag of thirty-six fat canvasback ducks, the product of one day's shooting. My friend could not give the shooter's name, as he was a stranger; but there was no doubt about the ducks, and he said they did look mighty nice.

A Grand Texas Trip.

Mr. Jos. Leiter, of this city, with a couple of Eastern friends, will start about Nov. 13 for a notable duck trip to Texas. They take a steam yacht from New Orleans and skirt along the Gulf coast of Louisiana and Texas, making a voyage of over two months on the best wildfowling country left in the United States. The yacht is now on its way to New Orleans from New York city, and all the outfit is purchased. At Van Uxem's, this city, I saw a pack of five of Dan Kidney's best push paddles, which go aboard the yacht. Best of all for the success of the party's effort at getting ducks, the entire party is to be under the guidance of the famous duck slayer, Billy Griggs, known in these columns through description of shooting had with him in Texas, near Galveston. If anybody on earth can get ducks it is Billy Griggs, and it is a very fine prospect that is ahead of these cruisers in the summer seas of Texas. Billy Griggs is now in this country, and yesterday went to his home at Browning, Ill., on the Illinois River. He will return here next week, and finish plans for this trip with Mr. Leiter's party.

Numbers of Wisconsin Deer Hunters.

To-day I saw members of the general passenger department of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, and asked what was their opinion on the amount of traffic they would pull into Wisconsin for deer hunting this fall. The reply was that they considered the season practically lost by the late trouble in the deer law, and thought they would not carry more than a few hundred shooters into the region. They had contracts made for a number of very large parties, some numbering over fifty, most of these parties coming from the same old precincts of Ohio and Indiana, but nearly all had now given up the trip. It is a singular thing, but all the roads regret that the great majority of the deer shooters come from Ohio and Indiana, the men of those States having apparently a great predilection for this form of sport.

When asked how many deer hunters the road carried into Wisconsin last year, the representatives of the Milwaukee & St. Paul said that they thought they took over 1,000 and perhaps nearly 2,000 to the pine woods of Wisconsin last fall for the purpose of deer hunting. They thought it quite within bounds to say that there are 6,000 deer hunters in the Wisconsin country every fall—possibly more than that. This I am quite disposed to think the case, for thus I have statements from two railroads which alone took nearly 4,000 men there last fall. This leaves out all the other railroads, all the unknown parties who bought tickets and left no record, and all the

resident deer hunters. These figures are very large and very interesting, showing as they do what an industry even a single line of sport may becomewhen developed and defined.

The end of this week will close the deer season for 1896, and it is safe to say that the deer will be much increased in numbers by the hitch in the law.

Messrs. Walter Dupee and C. S. Wilcox, shooting from the same blind on Horicon Marsh last week, got eighty-seven ducks one day, and on the next morning bagged twenty-one before 9 A. M. This is top bag for that locality so far as known.

Mr. Dupee was at Swan Lake Club just before the late warm spell struck this region, and though the birds had been in there by the hundreds, he had to bear the sight of their getting up and going elsewhere, back to the North, as he supposed.

L. R. Brown got sixteen ducks at Maksawba one day the past week, the highest bag one remembers for that club this fall.

It is believed by old duck shooters of this country that the ducks are changing their habits and before long will feed almost entirely at night. This would make duck shooting even more difficult, but is a natural result of the constant harrying the birds have all the time.

Personal.

Mr. R. B. Organ, of this city, well known among shooters of the country, goes to New York and a number of New England points on business week after next and will visit friends in the East.

Mr. W. P. Mussey, of the sportsmen's rendezvous, the well known billiard hall at 106 Madison street, is lying at home sick at this writing, and will hardly be down at business for some days. Hunting on the Kankakee marshes gave him an attack of fever and ague, which threatens to turn into something worse by way of fever. His friends hope he will not be long confined to his bed, but may shake off the indisposition, so to speak.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

CONFESSIONS OF A DEERSLAYER.

IT is unfortunate that the candid individual who signs the name Deerslayer to a communication in this week's FOREST AND STREAM should have suppressed his name. We would like to exhibit the sportsmanlike prowess of the owner of the name to an admiring world. He thus laments the probability of more restrictive laws this winter designed to regulate the practices of human fiends like himself:

"Now that the season is nearly over and our lawmakers will soon commence business again at Albany, there seems likely to be a strong effort to enact more laws to restrict the sport of deer shooting in the Adirondacks by prohibiting jacking and hounding, because it is claimed that the game is becoming scarce and needs protecting. Such things are always urged by a lot of fancy shooters, with their high-toned ideas of still-hunting, wing shooting, long range rifle practice, etc., and not by real, old-fashioned hunters, who go out for game and want a fair chance to get it."

This cheerful assassin is opposed to all measures which might restrict his sport. Here is his idea of "sport:"

"Of course we go at it in a scientific way and with the best of appliances. Our boats are light and swift, our guides are men of experience, and our dogs are trained to drive the game to the water. We start the dogs out in the morning, and then sit around in comfort and wait until the 'music' comes our way, then jump into the boat with a guide and watch for the deer to come into the lake. Soon he dashes in and starts to swim across, and away we go as fast as a pair of oars can drive the boat. The excitement of such a chase is intense, and only big game hunters enjoy such sport. Overtaking the straining buck, the guide drops his oars, and with a long, forked sapling and a bit of rope deftly slips a noose around the head, and then the good old 10-gauge gun, with a charge of buckshot, makes the supply of venison sure. It is great sport and no error; and the man who is cool-headed and a fair shot is sure to kill the game. Why, my boy, who is a chip of the old block and only twelve years old, killed his deer the first time he went out."

There could be no more powerful argument for the enactment of laws for the prohibition of inhuman practices in deer hunting than the bland confessions of the diabolical Kurd who writes this letter. It is nothing but the presence in the woods of such creatures as this, whom an inscrutable Providence permits to live, that makes stricter regulations necessary. The true sportsman is a gentleman. His idea of sport is that which has characterized venery in every age; to match woodcraft and skill against the keen scent, the intelligence and fleetness of the hunted animal; to give the quarry a fair chance for its life, and to bring it down, if at all, by one of those "long range" feats of marksmanship which this deerslayer affects to despise. For such "high-toned" sportsmen no restrictions whatever would be necessary. But when a brute like the correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM finds "noble sport" in hounding a deer into a lake, chasing him as he swims until the animal is exhausted, getting a guide to lasso him with a noose and hold him quiet while the "sportsman," at 3ft. distance, fires a charge of buckshot into the deer's panting body—it is for such butchers that laws are enacted, and against such that the laws must be enforced.

For four successive sessions *The Mail and Express* has caused to be introduced, and has strenuously and persistently advocated, a bill to prohibit the killing of deer, either from boats, by the practice known as "jacking" or "floating," or by chasing and killing the animals while swimming in the water. It has been a long fight, and against a powerful lobby composed largely of "Deerslayers" and their abettors and entertainers, and the fight is not yet ended. Last year we scored a partial success, that is, the legal season for "jacking" was cut down from ten weeks to two. Senator Malby, Assemblymen Sanger, Laimbeer, Husted and others made a brave fight for the total prohibition, but were compelled to accept a compromise which gave them so nearly what was sought by the friends of game protection.

But this is not enough, and the fact that the Adirondack forests are still infested with gangs of deerslayers of the type of the correspondemt of FOREST AND STREAM makes it necessary that the next Legislature should abolish entirely not only "jacking," which, while destructive and unsportsmanlike is still indulged in by gentlemen, but it should also put a stop to those atrocious butcheries in which "Deerslayer" and his precocious cub so delighted themselves. Such a bill will be introduced early in the next session, and we shall ask of FOREST AND STREAM, and of the intelligent and humane press throughout the State, to give it their hearty and vigorous support.—*New York Mail and Express.*

SUNDAY SHOOTERS IN RHODE ISLAND.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Throughout this State the Sunday gunner is not regarded with favor. There is a law which makes him subject to a fine, and several successful prosecutions have been made under its provisions. Just at this present season the matter is being agitated, and the better class of sportsmen are in favor of a more rigid enforcement by the constables of the towns and the police. In rural towns there is no doubt about the strength of the sentiment against the man who shoots on Sunday, for many of the farmers are of the church-going class. The General Laws read, Chapter 110, Section 3: "Every person, not being at the time under military duty, who shall discharge any rifle, gun, musket, blunderbuss, fowling piece, pistol, air gun, spring gun or other small arms, or any contrivance arranged to discharge shot, bullets, arrows, darts or other missiles, except upon land owned or occupied by him, or by permission of the owner or occupant of the land on or into which he may shoot within the compact part of any town or city, or not being at the time on military duty, shall anywhere discharge any of such arms or contrivances on Sunday, shall be fined not exceeding $20."

This matter should be looked at not only from a Sabbath standpoint, but also from the point of view of the true sportsman. The game is not over plenty and in the open season is worked pretty hard by the hunters, and in behalf of legitimate sport it will be found to be advisable to give the birds one day's rest in the seven. Yet another point in the enforcement of this Sunday law is that the Sunday gunner is, as a rule, a man who knowingly violates this law, and one, moreover, who will shoot at any season, in defiance of the close law; so that he is deserving of but little sympathy on the "only day" plea. More than this, he is robbing the man of sport who does observe the law and does not shoot on the Sabbath. The prominent clubs that are interested in shooting and the preservation of game are heartily in favor of this provision, and next season it is hoped to make Sunday a "close day" on game birds by the enactment of proper legislation.

W. H. M.

FOREST PRESERVE RESOLUTIONS.

AT a largely attended meeting of the Brooklyn Democratic Club Thursday, Oct. 29, Hon. Harrington Putnam presiding, the following address, presented by A. H. Eastmond, was unanimously adopted and issued to the voters of the State:

The Brooklyn Democratic Club, always zealous for the welfare of the people, now appeals to all citizens, irrespective of party affiliations, to vote against the proposed amendment to Section 7 of Article VII. of the Constitution of the State.

In the Constitutional Convention of 1894, but thirty-three proposed amendments were deemed worthy of adoption, and that relating to the protection of the State forests was the only one unanimously adopted.

We invite the careful attention of all voters to the following facts:

First—That the adoption of the amendment permitting the leasing of the land within the State forest preserve will lead to the destruction of the timber, the selection by clubs and a few wealthy individuals of the choice locations, to the exclusion of the public.

Second—That the only advocates of the amendment are those actuated by selfish motives in securing parcels of these lands for their private gain.

Third—That the preservation of the forest is absolutely necessary to the agricultural pursuits of the State and the industries that depend upon the canals and rivers for transportation. The destruction of this great watershed will rapidly decrease the supply and force of water throughout the State, thereby increasing the danger from fire and the cost of insurance.

Fourth—That the amendment now submitted to the people was considered when the whole subject was before the Constitutional Convention of 1894, and was then defeated on its merits.

Fifth—That the selfish projectors of this amendment have selected a Presidential campaign in which to bring it before the people in the evident hope that the unsuspecting public's attention will be diverted by the important questions to be settled, and vote "Yes" upon a question upon which they are not informed.

The Brooklyn Democratic Club trust that when the people are made aware of the bidden purposes of this amendment they will not fail to mark an X in the "No" square in the ballot reading: "Shall the proposed amendment to Sec. 7 of Art. VII. of the Constitution, relating to forest preserves, be adopted?"

News from the Nation.

LOCO, I. T., Oct. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The weather remains very dry here, and we shall have no duck shooting to mention, although there are occasional flocks passing over every day. A few geese are stopping on the prairies, but they are so wild that it seems useless to try to shoot them. I was out on Saturday last with a companion after quail. The cover is so dense that one's percentage runs very low. The birds were all found in the cornfields, but sought the thickets immediately upon being flushed. We only succeeded in bagging thirty-two, twenty-four of these falling to my 16-gauge Parker.

I am informed that we at last have a law that will afford all the protection necessary to our game here. It is strictly a non-export law, and I have no doubt it will be vigorously enforced. It is likely the work of the several gun clubs hereabout, and while it will prevent any visiting shooter carrying any game out with him, it will not hinder anyone from coming here and having a good time camping and shooting. (I inclose clipping from a Denison, Texas, paper, giving the essential points of this law.)

An idea of the depletion of game birds here may be drawn when I tell you that one day last week the marshal at Duncan liberated thirty-seven dozens of quail for one lone netter. This has had a telling effect on netting here.

L. D. W.

The Chickasaw Legislature has just enacted a very stringent game law that will knock hunters out. The law provides that no person whomsoever shall be permitted to go to the Chickasaw nation and kill any game whatsoever and carry, ship or convey it beyond the boundaries of that nation. No person whomsoever shall kill, net or ensnare any game whatsoever only for the immediate necessities of the person or persons named. This law goes into effect at once and the punishment for breaking it is a fine of not less than $25 nor more than $100. The terms of the law are such that all manner of hunting in the Territory where the game is to be shipped or carried away is positively forbidden.

That Moose.

THE pleasures of life are all in the anticipation. Any one will acknowledge that the anticipation of killing a moose is way ahead of the reality. Consequently the man who has gone moose hunting and failed to bag his moose is a happier man than the one who meets with success, for he may still enjoy the pleasure in anticipation.

Mr. G. H. Haulenbeek, who is head of one of the most successful advertising agencies in New York, is confessedly of this opinion. He has returned from Maine without his moose, and should not be a bit sorry that the world still contains for him an exquisite sensation with which he is not familiar.

Besides Mr. Haulenbeck, the party consisted of George F. Durgin, of Concord, N. H., and R. T. Supple, of Middleboro, Mass.

For guides they had Arthur Hackett, Algy Spearin and Frank Chase.

Their headquarters were on Spider Lake on the Allaguash watershed, three days' journey from Ox Bow up the Aroostook River, via Munsungun, Chase and Echo lakes. They had to combat a swift current most of the way, and setting poles were in constant use. They saw a great deal of fresh sign, but the rainy weather which characterized the first part of the season this year ruined their sport.

Up on Leadbetter Pond the tracks of moose and caribou were so thick that the shores looked like a well-traveled towpath or the floor of a pig sty, and when coming back over carries at night they frequently saw the tracks of large moose that had traveled the carries since they had passed in the morning. Deer were abundant, and when the party returned to the railroad they saw several moose that had been killed. In Mr. Haulenbeck's opinion there is better hunting nearer the railroad than way back in the big woods.

"Why, we took the best part of two weeks going and coming," said he, "a length of time that would have been amply sufficient to put us on hunting grounds in the Rocky Mountains, and saw no moose; while, on the other hand, plenty of moose were killed right on the railroad. I am going up again in December for a moose, but this time I shall take a place that is easier of access." B.

New Brunswick Game.

THE Rev. E. A. Slack and E. B. Holmes, Esq., of Brookline, Mass., were in St. John on Friday on their way home from the hunting grounds of the Miramichi. Both gentlemen were in the best of humor. They were able to show as a result of a few weeks' cruise not only well-browned countenances and a generally rugged appearance, but they also brought with them the largest pair of moose horns which ever left that part of New Brunswick. They had each equal luck, each killing two bull moose and three caribou, and they were greatly charmed with this part of the country.—*St. John Globe, Oct. 17.*

It is to be hoped that Mr. Holmes or Mr. Slack will favor the readers of FOREST AND STREAM with some account of their adventures. They may fairly claim to have broken the record on New Brunswick big game. They had with them the well-known guide, Arthur Pringle, who would appear to have at his disposal not only the finest caribou grounds in this Province, but an excellent moose country as well. It is said that the two largest moose were adorned with horns measuring 54 and 51in. respectively; that one of them required seven .45-90 bullets to give him his quietus, and enlivened the proceedings by charging his foes, while the other after four bullets went away and was accidentally found lying dead in a lake three days afterward. All of this ought to make very interesting reading if set forth in detail in the comely pages of FOREST AND STREAM. But what do the people who favor pop-guns for moose think of the above additional evidence of the insufficiency of the .45-90? A well-known sportsman gave me a harrowing account recently of his efforts to kill a bull moose with a .40-44 repeater. He emptied twelve shots into the animal and then had to go to camp for more ammunition. He got his moose, but he wasn't very proud.

FRANK H. RISTEEN.

FREDERICTON, Oct. 26.

Maine Big Game.

BOSTON, Oct. 30.—Mr. E. Frank Lewis, of Lawrence, is again out of the Maine woods from his fall shooting trip. He was hunting about three weeks, and brings home his full legal quota of two deer. He was accompanied by Mr. Homer Sayer and another friend or two. They went to their usual camp, to Lincoln, on the Aroostook Railway, and from thence to Lee. Mr. Lewis's daughter was the first lady to bring out a Maine deer this season, and while in the woods had an experience not usually falling to the lot of women. The gentlemen of the party were ahead, following up an old tote road, Miss Lewis and a lady friend were following behind a half mile or more, and the tote sled with their camping outfit was behind the ladies. Looking to one side, they beheld, but a few rods away, a huge bull moose, with tremendous horns, eyeing them closely. To say that the ladies were frightened only half expresses their sensation. They stopped, and suppose that they turned pale, though no one was near to accuse them of this womanly weakness. The big fellow stood his ground till the team came up, and even then moved rather deliberately away. The ladies were unarmed. This time Miss Lewis did not have her hand camera, for it was on the sled, but the desire for it was great. The moose stood in a very fair light, and would have given some excellent snap shots.

The accounts of big moose slain begin to be more frequent. A Bangor report says that Dr. Grey, of Lynn, has secured the largest moose antlers on record. The moose was shot in Aroostook county, and brought to Bangor to be mounted. On one of the antlers there are twenty-one points, and on the other seventeen points. It is said that the antlers belonging to the Prince of Wales, which are now the second largest in the world, have sixteen and eighteen points. The length of the blades of the antlers of Dr. Grey's moose is 3ft. 2in., and each is 15in. in width. The spread of the antlers is 57in.; not a very remarkable measurement. Dr. Jones, of Lynn, was with Dr. Grey, and also brought out a moose. SPECIAL.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Ducks in Barnegat Bay.

BARNEGAT INLET, N. Y., Oct. 29.—At the present moment there are more ducks and geese in Barnegat Bay, in the vicinity of the Inlet, than has been known for many years past, and best of all they are of good quality, red-head, cub-head, widgeon, teal and broadbill, and in excellent condition owing to the abundance of young mussels and other food. For several days past I have seen an almost unbroken line of wildfowl, "bedded," as we call it, from abreast of Cedar Creek to the Clam Islands. Tens of thousands would feebly express their numbers, I might better say solid acres of them.

Occasionally, as a passing boat approaches them, they rise in clouds, and as they wheel and turn in the sunlight the flash of their breasts and wings are bewildering and beautiful to look upon. It makes the gunner rub his hands and think of what sport there is in store for him as soon as the wind freshens. The Great Sedge Islands are certainly getting their share of the sport this fall, as I have talked with several parties who have gunned from these points and have seen their bags too, and all report fine sport and ducks of good quality.

At Harvey Cedars they report only fair sport, as the birds are at present out in the bay or bedded to the east of the Sedge Island and north of Buster Island. Geese are arriving daily in flocks of twenty-five to seventy-five and soon we shall have fine sport with these noble fellows. Brant are rather backward in making their appearance this fall, as I have seen and shot only a few to date. Very few canvasbacks are shot here, but I saw two last Saturday which were killed by a Mr. Culbert, of New York, from northwest point on the Great Sedge, near the Inlet. SEA DOG.

Long Island Deer Shooting.

DOWN on Long Island the deer season opened Wednesday with a salvo of artillery. With a good strong east wind blowing the noise of battle might be heard almost to New York. Travelers unacquainted with the cause no doubt ascribed a political significance to the muttering reverberations that shook the heavens, but even a Presidential election is of slight consequence to Islip and Hauppauge, Smithtown and Ronkonkoma, Stony Brook, St. James or Patchogue compared with the opening of the deer season.

Long before daylight the hunters assemble, coming in ghostly train from all quarters of the compass. Their dogs are put on tracks found by lantern light, and with the first pink tinge of dawn the game is afoot. By sunrise the fun has become fast and furious, and guns are heard booming in all directions, now singly, now in vollies, till the brimstone smells to heaven and the dim cloud of battle envelopes the scene.

The hunting territory lies on three sides of the grounds of the South Side Sportsmen's Club and the lands belonging to Messrs. Vanderbilt, Roberts, Cutting and Fraser, which adjoin, and under the most favorable conditions is very limited in extent. All the lands named are posted, and this year the free territory is still further contracted on account of the closing to the general public of various tracts that formerly were open to all.

The Bohemia Club, the Fur, Fin and Feather Club, a hotel-keeper named Mucklewitz, and others, have leased the best portions of the adjoining territory, and appointed deputies to keep outsiders off. Already several arrests for trespass have been reported, and aside from the railroad track and public roads there are few stands open to outsiders. This means that the hunters will be more concentrated than ever, and that the danger to human life will be just so much greater than in former years.

Queer Things in Camp.

TEMPE, Ariz., Oct. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "What strange things we see, etc."

Have just returned from a six weeks' camping trip, during which we visited the Natural Bridge (said to be the largest in the world), the Ice Cave, the Cliff Dwellings and the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. We had plenty of venison—blacktail deer—turkey, antelope, squirrels and quail. I caught 140 fine trout. Ice caves and trout in connection with torrid Arizona may sound strange to many, but it is nevertheless true.

On the trip we met with a camping party who had a box of "silver gloss" starch. What for? we naturally asked. No answer, when the small boy came to our relief with "I don't know what for. It ain't good, though, 'cause pa tried it in his bread this morning."

We left them without finding why they had it with them.

One of the first things I did after getting settled at home was to pick up dear old FOREST AND STREAM. The first thing I saw was "A Moose Hunt in Maine," by Capt. Taylor. We note the Captain's menu: "2lbs. Kenso pilot bread, one-half bushel potatoes, * * * a flour sieve." In the name of all that's good in politics, what for?" If the good Captain will tell I'll try to find out why they had the starch. G. A. SCROGGS.

Game Laws of Newfoundland.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see a notice of this in your issue of the 24th. The law as it stands is a farce, and if meant to hamper and keep out foreign sportsmen is likely to be successful. No sportsman of course cares to kill a stag unless his horns are hard. But he, the shooter, may begin to shoot on July 15 and continue until Oct. 6, when there is a close time till Nov. 10. The greatest nonsense was talked in the House of Assembly at St. John's as regards the rutting season and other habits of the caribou. As a fact, the horns of the caribou are hard about Sept. 7, and the rutting season begins about Sept. 15 and lasts till near the end of October. But in Newfoundland the big stags don't show up but rarely before the 4th or 5th of October, the best time to get them being from the 7th to 25th. But the unfortunate sportsman is stopped shooting on Oct. 7 and not allowed to commence again before Nov. 10, by which date the big stags have dropped their horns.

Then begins the wholesale slaughter by the settlers. A gun is also reduced to three stags and two does. Why not to five deer if he likes all stags? A more absurd bill has never passed into law. But then on the part of some people in Newfoundland there is a great jealousy of outsiders. RICHARD L. DASHWOOD.

A New Hampshire Side-Hunt.

LEBANON, N. H., Oct. 27.—It is the custom of our local sportsmen to engage in an annual hunt. Sides are chosen, and a day is spent in the woods and fields looking after the birds and squirrels. The hunt for this season occurred last week, and although the weather was very unfavorable for such sport the result was quite satisfactory. The following list of game was brought in: Four foxes, ten coons, twenty-one partridges, forty-six grey squirrels, five quail, one woodcock, one duck, two owls. New Hampshire has rightly gained the reputation of being an ideal summer resort on account of her grand mountains and beautiful lakes, but the tourist with a taste for sporting, who lingers until the autumn days, will not only enjoy the bracing air and fine scenery, but will find game enough to interest him in the old Granite State. W. S. C.

Back from the North Woods.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Fred Sauter's hunting party has returned from the Adirondacks, bringing with them four deer. Of these Valentine Schmitt killed two, F. Siegler one, and Fred Sauter, Jr., one. The party hunted at Paradox Lake and Johnson Pond, finding the best hunting in the latter neighborhood. Their headquarters were at Laymond's Riverside Inn, Severance, N. Y.

On their return Mr. Schmitt entertained a large number of his friends, including many prominent people, at a venison supper in his Brooklyn hotel. B.

Moose are Protected in Ontario.

DUNNVILLE, Ontario, Can., Oct. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you kindly allow me through your columns to ask your correspondent G. L. B., of Elizabethtown, N. Y., to go one better in pointers, and tell us where "Horace Braman, the well-known guide," has gone to in Ontario to hunt moose for a month? As we do not allow any one to kill or hunt moose in Ontario until 1900, we would gladly send one of our wardens up to help him.

DR. G. A. MACCALLUM,
Ontario Game and Fish Commissioner.

Wild Ducks Breeding in South Carolina.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Have any of your correspondents of the last two years noted that the mallard and black ducks are beginning to stay South all summer and breed in our large marshes?

We have noted it for three years, and increasing numbers about the mouth of Santee River and Wingate Bay, which is perhaps the greatest winter resort of these ducks in the United States, owing to the proximity of so many rice fields. E. P. ALEXANDER.

Vermont Grouse.

PUTNEY, Vt., Oct. 20.—I send you a picture which shows the result of a day's outing after ruffed grouse in southern Vermont, and while the string is not large it ought to satisfy any sportsman. The birds were killed over Mr. Willard's English setter Ned, only eleven months old. Grouse are very plentiful here, and a party of three with a good dog can easily bag from eight to fifteen or twenty in a day's shooting. W. E. AYRES.

Sea and River Fishing.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XIX.—Antoine Gardapee.

(Concluded.)

THE Christmas sun was not too bright for a winter day and there was no wind. I was roused by the loud tapping of the great northern woodpecker on one of the logs of our house. This large bird is almost extinct to-day and few young men have seen it alive. Its length was 18in. and its tappings were in proportion. Antoine had been up some time and was smoking his pipe by the fire, for he was one of those who can smoke before breakfast. When he saw me up he rose and with a hearty shake said: "Merry C'ris'mas, I'll hope you'll be all well," and he prepared the breakfast. As I went to the spring to wash I looked at my unshaven face in its glassy surface and wondered what the good people at home would say if such an apparition should walk in on them, for we had no razors nor mirrors, and had been all winter in the wilds of Wisconsin, with only an occasional Indian visitor to look at us.

The spring near our cabin was the head of a bit of marshy ground which was so filled with springs that it never froze nor was even covered with snow, as it soon melted and drained off into a tributary of the Bad Ax. But on this Christmas morning of 1855 there was a woodcock feeding in that marsh. I saw it plainly, flushed it, and know that it was a woodcock. Those who have followed these sketches will credit me with knowing this bird when I see it. Why it was there is a question. It could fly well.

After breakfast, and the meditative smoking which seemed part of Antoine's religion, I thought of fleshing some skins, but Antoine said: "Let da skin res' to-day, all res', all man he res' on C'ris'mas; you doan do no work w en he come in you' home; no, sare, you doan do not'ing but res', all a peep' da res'. W'at you say, hey?"

"I say that I can't sit by this fire all day just because its Christmas, I wouldn't sit down that way if I was home among my people, I'd walk around, and if I'd been at hard work all the week I might go and spear eels through the ice. A live man can't sit like a lump on a log all day. There's no place to go here and these last skins want fleshing and I want something to do, that's all."

"You go spear da heel on C'ris'mas, hey? Well, he's all right in da hafternoon, but I go in da church on a C'ris'mas mornin', and mebbe I'll got drunk in a hafternoon, I'll doan work on no ole skin an' Ill doan spear no heel; on'y res'."

"Do you ever go to church any other day in the year, Antoine? I'll bet fifty mink skins you don't, and the chances are that you go to a dance on Christmas Eve and sleep all the next morning and don't get to church at all."

"W'at you talk? Did you say some prayer w'en you got hup dis mornin'? No! I'll bet nine or 'leven mink you ha'n't said prayer all da wint'. I'll count all-a my bead 'fore you'll git hup. I'll tole you I'll got s'prise wot make you' eye bung hout. Dat make no dif' w'en I'll go in da church, I'll show you some C'ris'mas dinna till you bu'st you' belt, you bet. I'll been look hout all-a wint' for see da day come w'en we res' an' heat jess lak' da peep' way down da riv' by Potosi."

Our food had been simple, but always in plenty. Venison, coon, bear, rabbit, partridge and fish prepared in several ways, as boiled, fried, broiled or roasted; and we had good bread, coffee, sugar and an occasional bean soup. The fat of the bear and the coon was as good as lard and often our stale bread was soaked and fried. So we had a good substitute for butter and lard, and the only thing that might have been lacking was the potato, which would be difficult to keep and was too bulky to carry. Surely this was good living for healthy men in a wilderness in winter. But from hints which Antoine dropped from time to time this profusion might not last. This was the first idle day of the winter, and as my partner had intimated that he was going to surprise me with a Christmas dinner I left him to arrange it and wandered out with my snowshoes and snow-blinders.

Heretofore I had always gone up the several little streams which formed the east and west branches of the Bad Ax River, where our traps were set. To-day I would go down the stream, which I had not seen since we brought our provisions up its valley in the fall. I had gone about two miles when a log invited me to rest. The winter landscape was beautiful; the bluish tints of the twigs against the sky and along the stream relieved the whiteness and the day was perfect. A rabbit came slowly jumping along and passed within 20ft. of my log and soon a fox appeared following its track, but took the alarm at several times 20ft. and trotted off over the hill, with an occasional glance over his shoulder to make sure that the man on the log was not following. I fell to thinking how animals differ, just as men do: one dull and unperceiving, and another alert and watchful. A child could have shot the rabbit, but only a rifleman could have touched reynard.

Then came a thought that food might be scarce with us, as what Antoine had said was recalled. As I understood the case, the deer were in "yards" where they had trampled the snow so that the crust did not cut their legs, and as they could not forage far they were getting poor. And these yards were some distance off, so that a special trip of twenty miles or more would have to be made to get venison. Bears had gone into winter quarters, and would not stir out for a couple of months. Partridges found food scarce, were poor, and were eating bitter buds, which made them unpalatable. Coons were laid up, like the bears, and there was a prospect of scant rations. Antoine said that some trappers ate the flesh of the pine marten, or sable, and the related species called pekan, fisher, black cat, etc.; but Antoine wouldn't eat them, and very naturally I refused them. I should think that a man would have to be very hungry to eat any of the tribe to which the mink and weasel belong. We do not care to eat the animals whose diet is exclusively flesh—such as the cats and dogs—whether we call them tigers or wolves, but the deer and the sheep are vegetarians, while the bear and the hog eat similar food, and we eat them. It looked as though we must live on rabbit and our present store of venison and bear the rest of the winter, and rabbits were not plenty.

While engaged in such thoughts a gray squirrel came in sight and I watched it run up a tree and jump into another, and then it stopped at a hole in a tall tree and seemed to want to enter it, and then appeared afraid and would draw back and then peer in again. The tree was an oak, and the hole was small, like a woodpecker's. I noted that the bark on it was torn, and as the sun was high I went back home.

"Hello!" said Antoine, "I'll t'ink you go got los', an' I mus' heat a C'ris'mas din' all 'lone. Jess in tam, an' glad for see you! *Bon jour!*"

We shook hands like old friends long parted, and he motioned me to my seat at table with courtly grace, and it began to dawn upon me that I was, for this occasion, not his partner, but his guest. He had prepared the dinner alone, as he had intimated he would, and he was host, *chef*, *garcon* and companion all in one on this Christmas Day in the wilds of Wisconsin. The first course was a soup of deer shanks with the marrow-bones cracked; but I will try to put that memorable dinner in the shape that some *chef* of to-day would put it, when it would be like this, with my translation:

MENU.

POTAGE.

Consommé du bois. (Deer shank soup.)

POISSON.

Saumon du font, au naturel. (Brook trout fried.)

RELEVÉ.

Tranches d'agneau montebello. (Venison steak with sweet sauce.)
Aqua pura. (Bad Ax water.)

ENTRÉES.

Poularde á la chevreuse. (Boiled partridge.
Haricots. (Baked beans.)
Vin du Bad Ax.

ENTREMETS DE DOUCEUR.

Pouding de ris au fruites. (Rice pudding with raisins.
Café. Tobac.

Now I ask you—I mean you sportsmen old and young—how does that seem to you for a Christmas dinner either in the woods or in the wildest restaurants of New York city?

Most of these things we had cooked in one shape or another, but never such a lay-out as that at one feed. The great surprise came with the rice pudding with raisins, for I had no idea that these things were in camp, but Antoine had smuggled a handful of rice and a few raisins among the things bought at Prairie du Chien for just such a treat, and the old man enjoyed my surprise. The whole dinner was a surprise, for that matter; but the rice and raisins, well, they more than filled the bill. The "tobac" was burned by the fire, and after such a gorge we laid ourselves down and slept until dark.

We were awakened by the entrance of Ah-se-bun, the raccoon, who accepted the invitation to dinner, and he not only cleaned up what we had left, but he put a polish on every bone until he could work no more. There was a big lot of the rice pudding left, but when he finished the last of it he grunted, "Nish-ish-shin," and curled up to sleep.

As Antoine and I sat by the fire while the Indian snored I told him about the oak tree and the squirrel

which I had seen in the morning; seeing that I might not have thought of it again but for the fact that the tree was so scarred, as by some large animal climbing it.

"Ba Gar," said he, "ole pard, I'll tole you what. Shake! You done foun' a bee tree an' we'll gat da honey. Whoop! I'll tole you we'll got no bear meat no mo' w'en da las' one he all heat up an' da deer he all in da yard an' poor, I'll tole you da honey he come in good an' I'll cut da bee tree w'en da day come. You do good t'ing w'en you go down da riv'. Shake!"

I was curious to know why Ah-se-bun was the only Indian who visited us except the party which once came with him, and why he seemed to be wandering up and down, and never carried a gun. Antoine told me that there was an encampment of Indians about 150 miles north on the Flambeau River, a branch of the Chippewa; another some sixty miles due east on the Wisconsin River, and a third one thirty miles southeast on the same stream. Our friend was a sort of messenger between the three camps, and our cabin was a convenient point for him to stop, eat and rest. As Antoine put it, our guest did not carry a rifle because he always started with some "grub," but would prefer to go hungry for a few days, if necessary, to carrying a rifle and such game as he might kill. Then it was all plain. Ah-se-bun could go hungry for two or three days, eat enough to last a week and go on, and he was too lazy to hunt and carry his gun and game. Afterward I learned that he was not peculiar in all this, but that they were the common traits of his race. As near as I can make out from the map of Wisconsin in a school atlas of to-day we were on the fork of the Bad Ax River in what is now Vernon county, and just north of Readstown; but there was no town, village or settlement on the river that we saw or heard of when we went up it in 1855. At any rate, we were near the main forks of the river and our cabin was between the streams.

Our Christmas festival was ended. The morrow would bring the regular routine work, only varied by the conditions of weather.

"We ring the bells and we raise the strain,
We hang up garlands ev'rywhere
And bid the tapers twinkle fair,
And feast and frolic—and then we go
Back to the same old lives again."

It was a happy Christmas because all our simple wants were filled. We were warm and well fed; every wish had been gratified as far as we had wishes, for we could say with Biron, in "Love's Labour's Lost:"

"At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows."

And so with minds at peace and bodies prepared for rest we stepped over the sleeping Indian by the fire and crawled into our own blankets, and if there were any visions they were of the loved ones at home.

In the morning Antoine used a file on his axe while I prepared the breakfast, and then Ah-se-bun went down the stream with us as far as the bee tree, and continued his journey without even a good-by grunt or the slightest expression of interest in our work. This sort of thing had ceased to exasperate me, and I was getting used to what Antoine termed "Injun unpoliteness," for said he: "Dem Injun he t'ink it smart to be unpolite, but he lak you an' he doan lak you, an' he doan tole you how much. Hit make no dif'. Ole Ah-se-bun he say, 'Kego-e-kay nish-ish-shin,' an' he mean you good man."*

"That may be all right, Antoine, but when the hungry cuss comes into camp he is polite and gives us the *bon jour*, which he learned from your people; but when he's got his belly full he goes off and never gives us a grunt—which is the salutation of his people. It may be all right, but I don't like it. Your people and mine give as warm a shake at parting as they do at meeting, and when we have been entertained we say 'good-by' if no more."

"W'en you know Injun better you fine heem hout more, an' you doan mind. You know w'at make da scratch all-a bark f'um da bee tree an' roun' da hole? I'll tole you. He's a bear, an' he'll clam hup for getta da hun' an' fine da hole too small. Da bee he on'y come las' year, 'cause da bark on'y scratch hoff dis a-wint'."

Antoine cut down the big oak without help. I was fully as strong as he was, but when it came to handling an axe my wild blows counted but little, while not one of his was wasted. I could strike once in a place, but Antoine's stump was a level one; and the tree, if straight, would be weakened to the proper point on the side he wished it to fall before the other side was touched. An expert axeman is a mechanic in a broad sense. I never was an expert with the axe like Gladstone, Len Jewell, Antoine and other great men.

The great oak fell, and limbs which kept the trunk from the ground were cut, and then the question was: Is the store of honey above or below the small hole, which was not large enough to admit a man's hand? A careful examination of the hole showed that a dead limb had left a place which woodpeckers had followed into the heart of the tree, and the rains and the frosts had helped them to enlarge their excavations in the decayed heart, but the yearly growth of sap-wood had kept the outer hole small. The bees had so closed the hole with wax that the rain was shed outwardly, and when we cut off a section 2ft. above and a like distance below the hole, and split it, we found a store of honey that made us cut poles in order to carry it home in a roll of bark. It not only helped us out through the season of scant game, but we took some honey home to Potosi. What's that? You want to know what became of the poor bees which had laid up this store to keep them through the winter? In the name of man, what do you think? They simply died from cold and hunger; what's that to us? You fellows who think that because a bee had laid up a store for the winter by hard work he is entitled to use it to preserve his life make me tired. What is the suffering or death of any animal to man, if he wants the product of its labor to tickle his palate, or its fur to supply the demands of fashion? What is the suffering of his fellow man to him if he fills his coffers? Yet this spirit of selfishness exists throughout all nature; the fox eats the rabbit, but there are men who have sacrificed self for principle, a motive beyond anything that is possible for one of the "lower animals" to do, and after all there are men who are really honest as the world goes who will rob a hard-working bee of the fruits of its summer labor and leave it to perish in the winter.

A month later there was a thaw and I got caught in it. The thongs in the snowshoes softened and stretched, and in places where the shade of hills or trees preserved the temperature the snow packed and froze on the thongs until it was severe work to lift a foot. Frequent recourse to the stream removed the snow, but it was only a temporary relief, and progress was slow and painful. The crust had softened, and without snowshoes a man would sink down at least 20in., which was knee-deep for me, and in snow packed by laying all winter this made travel impossible without snowshoes, while with them a thaw like this clogged them so that they were of little use. It was evident that I must make a camp for the night before the regular camping place could be reached, and before nightfall I had a shelter constructed against a huge log by means of poles and brush, and a bed of balsam boughs kept my blankets from the snow. I was out three nights on this trip, and was lame and sore on reaching the cabin. The stream was so high and rapid that it would have involved some extra miles of travel to find a crossing place if Antoine had not felled a great oak across the swollen brook at the point where he knew I would reach it.

Antoine had a severe toothache. It had troubled him a little for some weeks, but now it was raging. Tobacco had no effect upon it, and he suffered in silence except when an extra twinge forced a *sacre* or a big D from him. He ate little, but sat by the fire and thought. Pipe after pipe was filled and emptied, and still he thought. My sore muscles kept me still until it was about time to turn in, and as I moved Antoine looked up and said: "I'll tole you. You gat pull dis toot'. I'll can't stan' heem no mo', you mus' pull-a heem. W'at you say, hey? I'll t'ink I'll wait till you come back, but he hurt lak da dev'."

Here was a strange job indeed. In the course of my short experience I could remember going down the Greenbush bank to Dr. Getty and seeing him wrap a handkerchief around what he called a "turnkey," and then I nearly fainted when he told me to open my mouth while he applied that villainous thing, which was like a "cant hook" which lumbermen use to roll logs, or like a stump puller, and twisted a molar out of my jaw by turning such a handle as a corkscrew has. Later, Dr. Frisbee had used the more modern forceps on one of my incisors, and these recollections were vivid, as they called up the sensation of nerves pulled until they snapped like a harp string. I ran these things over rapidly and said:

"Antoine, I hav'n't got a tool to pull a tooth with and wouldn't know how to pull it if I had. I've seen the loose teeth of children pulled with a thread, but that tooth of yours is solid in your jaw. I can't do it, no use of talking about it."

"I'll gat da t'ing all plan," said he, "I'll tole you. 'Fore you come I'll run up all da lead in bullet for you' big gun an' mine. Dan we gat no use for da mole. You'll tak da mole an' pull da toot', hey?"

"Antoine, I can't pull that tooth with a bullet mould, it isn't the right shape, and it won't hold. I'll only torture you and you'd better wait until we get back to civilization. The tooth may be better in a few days. Try and bear it, we'll be home in a few weeks, and then if it troubles you there will be a chance to have it pulled by some dentist; I can't do it, and that is all there is about it."

"Now look-a here. See how I'll fix da mole for pull-a toot'." And he showed me how he had ruined a good bullet mould to make a poor pair of forceps. He had taken one of the files which we brought to sharpen our axes and had filed off the outsides of the mould into the cavity until the thing resembled a blacksmith's pincers. Then he had roughened the tips to make a grip for them, and had actually hollowed the edges to fit his tooth. I looked the thing over with conflicting emotions. Here was an instrument of torture which in expert hands might relieve suffering, but in mine seemed sure to increase it. One thing was certain, Antoine was in earnest; he was desperate; no suicide was ever more so. He watched my face and after a while said: "W'at you say, hey?"

"I say that I want to help you out of your agony, but I don't believe I can do it."

"You 'fraid you hurt me, hey?"

"Yes, Antoine, that's just it, I'm afraid I will hurt you and not do you any good."

"I'll tole you, he mak' no dif'. I'll gat all da hurt. W'at for you 'fraid? You no getta hurt; come on, I'll tak' da chance; you tole how you want me for set down so you pull da bes'."

Putting fresh logs on the fire and bringing in some brush to make a bright light, for the old man would not wait until morning, I looked at the offending tooth. For the benefit of my dentist friends who have given me the most exquisite form of torture applied to man in modern days, I will say that the offending tooth was a pre-molar on the right side of the lower jaw.*

Antoine laid himself on the floor and I sat with my back to the logs of the cabin. If they did not give way I was all right. I pulled him up to me, put a wooden plug between his molars to keep his mouth open, planted both feet on his shoulders, put the improvised forceps on the tooth and pulled. There was a howl as I pulled with arms and pushed with legs, but the "pullicans" slipped from my hands. They were all right as far as a grip on the tooth went, but they were not made for a strong pull on their handles.

Let us pass over, in a spirit of charity, any remarks that Antoine made. No doubt the recording angel blotted them from the book, as he did the one made by "my Uncle Toby," and I have no desire to go behind the record further than to say that Antoine really did say something when his tooth was started from its socket, but still throbbed with violence.

Antoine arose and looked at me, "more in sorrow than in anger," and I hastened to say: "The mould slipped in my hand, there is no grip on the handles, but if you can stand another go of this I will fix the thing so that the tooth or the bullet moulds will break or I will bring out the tooth or your jaw bone. What you say, hey?"

Antoine merely nodded assent and I put the handles of the bullet mould in the fire and then turned them outward so that they could not slip through my hands. Something must come now if Antoine had not had enough. I was not sure that I could have stood another such a trial if our positions had been reversed, but it is easy to stand it when the other fellow does the suffering. When the handles were cool and all was ready I looked at Antoine, who had resumed his seat by the fire with his jaw in his hand. He arose and said:

"W'en you ready I'll come one odder tam. Mebbe you'll t'ink da ole Frenchman got no game an' he no stan' da gaff.* Come on, I'll be all a-ready." And he lay on the floor in the proper place. His nerve gave me confidence and again I put the plug in his mouth, braced my back against the logs and my moccasins on his shoulders. Carefully pushing the "pullicans" down as far as I could get them, I gripped the handles, straightened my legs and with a snap the tooth came out and my head made a tunk on the log behind that seemed hard enough to have left a dent in either head or log. Antoine jumped up and yelled with joy, He took the tooth and threw it in the fire, saying a verse in his French patois which I did not understand, and after a comforting pipe we went to bed.

Spring came. The melting snows filled the streams. The drumming call of the woodpeckers on a dead tree sounded frequently and the thunder of the cock partridge or ruffed grouse was frequent. Ducks flew up and down the stream and the snow in places was not a foot deep. Antoine said: "I'll tole you. W'en you go on you' line it's las' time to-morrer, an' you bring in all-a steel trap an' let down all-a dead-fall. Da fur he get loose an' begin for to shed an' it's no use to stay here longer w'en you no get da prime skin. We go home. I t'ink; yes?"

I ran my line for the last time and came in and packed up for the home trip. Our packs were arranged and were not as heavy as on the up trip. The provisions were about gone and the furs were dry and light, so we only had to make two trips instead of four from our cabin to the boat.

Our provisions and cooking utensils with one rifle were taken on the first trip and the furs on the second. The otter skins had been stretched on long "shakes" split by Antoine's axe; the other skins, except those of the two wolverines, the deer and bear skins, were "cased" and had been stretched on forked twigs, and therefore the flat hides made a large, broad pack, which was more difficult to get through the forest than the more valuable furs which were cased. Just here it has occurred to me that there are technical terms used in the above that a small boy in the back seats might not understand, and for his benefit I will say that a "flat hide" is one that is split on the belly as a butcher skins an animal. Fine furs are "cased," *i. e.*, only cut on the hinder edge of the hind-legs and the skin drawn off over the head, leaving it like a mitten without a thumb and wrong side out, that is, with the fur inside.

There was a feeling of regret at leaving the cabin, even though it was for home. It had been a home to us, and Antoine fastened up the door, saying: "S'pose we'll come nex' wint'. Who knows? W'en we come we gotta da good ole shanty. Come on." And we turned our backs to our winter home. We stopped a day at the boat to soak it up and swell the seams, and stowed our furs and provisions under the two tarpaulins and cast loose. The Bad Ax was swollen and the current was swift. There was no expenditure of muscle in rowing, but there was an anxiety lest pole or paddle should fail and wreck us on a bend or a riffle. Some of the latter, which we had to make a portage around in the fall, we could shoot now, with more or less risk. When we reached the Wisconsin River we camped and felt that all danger was over. It was plain sailing after this. We killed five mallards with our rifles, and that gave us plenty of fresh duck, and we caught a large pike by trolling a minnow. Next day we merely guided our boat down the river and into the Mississippi, and after one more night out the Father of Waters brought us to Dubuque, some eighteen miles below Potosi, where Antoine had a bachelor's cabin and I had dearer ties.

When we tied up at the wharf at Dubuque and went ashore we met Frank Neaville and learned that all our loved ones were well. Frank went home that night and carried the news of our arrival. There were several fur buyers about Dubuque and they came to see us. I was for selling to the first one, but Antoine would not have it. The buyers came down and handled our furs and bid on them, and finally they were sold for cash one morning. There was a steamer to go up in the afternoon which would run up the Grant River to Potosi. I would go on that, but Antoine had struck some Canuck friends and had got drunk, and I did not want to leave him with the chance of his being robbed by those thieves which then infested the river towns and I went in search of him. I got him on board the boat with one of his friends and gave the steward a good tip to entertain them, and before Antoine knew where he was he found himself ashore at La Fayette, the landing for Potosi, with the major portion of his winter's earnings in his pocket.

Once during the next summer Antoine came to me and made me a proposition to go down in Louisiana and trap next winter. He said that fur was plenty there and in the spring we would take our skins to St. Paul and sell them to some green fur buyers who would think they were Northern furs. I did not do it, but will tell you where I went the next winter later on.

My good friend Hon. J. W. Seaton, of Potosi, Wis., whom I knew in the days of which I am writing, sends me this note in response to a question: "I can give you but little information about Antoine Gardapee, the French trapper you went North with the winter you write about. I remember you both very well and the fact of your going up on the Bad Ax the year before Tom Davies, and you went with the surveying party when Henry Neaville froze his feet, but I can't recall what became of Gardapee further than this: He ran a private ferry on the Mississippi River from Cassville, Wis., to the mouth of Turkey River, Ia., some years after you left Potosi. The generation in which he lived has passed away—the trapper, hunter and Indian have gone to the happy hunting grounds and have left scarce a trace behind them; their names, places, kindred and friends are alike forgotten, and the pall of oblivion hangs over their resting places.'

There seems to be nothing to be added to the very good obituary note of Judge Seaton.

FRED MATHER.

* Kego-e-kay means "the man who fishes," Kego being the Ojibwa word for fish, and nish-ish-shin is simply a long word meaning good. In the foregoing sketch it may be remembered that I had been named Kego-e-kay by a party which had found me fishing.

* I hereby serve notice on Dr. Nash, who has tortured me in his chair, that if I write up our fishing trip to Blooming Grove Park he need expect no more mercy than I have got from him. Even "the worm will turn," and when I write up that bass fishing on Lake Laura it will be my time to get square and pay up old grudges. I merely quote: "Don't squirm, it ain't a-going to hurt." All things come to him who waits.

* The expression "stand the gaff" was a relic of Antoine's cock-fighting days in Canada, and when he wished to imply that a man had no grit he would say, "He no stan' da gaff."

ANGLING NOTES.

The Father of Fishculture.

STEPHEN LUDWIG JACOBI was born April 28, 1709, upon his ancestral estate of Hohenhausen, in the duchy of Lippe, Province Varenholz, northwestern Germany.

When Jacobi was a youth of seventeen he conceived the idea of artificially fertilizing the eggs of fish for the purpose of restocking lakes and streams, and began a series of painstaking experiments. In 1741 he succeeded in hatching trout artificially, although the discovery was not made public until 1763, but he is known to this day as the father of artificial fish propagation, as Dr. Garlick is known as the "Father of Fishculture in America."

On July 4, 1896, the anniversary of American Independence (as I learn from the London *Fishing Gazette*), a monument was erected to the memory of Jacobi at Hohenhausen by the representatives of the German fisheries' associations. The *Gazette* reproduces a photograph of the memorial and says: "The stone, or rather the huge heap of rough boulders, stands on the site of Jacobi's hatchery, the spot where this modest country gentleman carried out his experiments 150 years ago, on the banks of the Kolle, the beautiful little stream where nature taught him his first lessons in trout breeding, and where, after years of observation and careful scientific labors, he succeeded in raising artificially both trout and salmon very much in the same way as nowadays in England and the States.

"The monument was unveiled in the presence of the Prince Regent of Lippe and his consort princess Victoria, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, who throughout has shown the greatest interest in the researches which culminated in the idea of raising a monumeut to Jacobi on the very site of his labors, and vindicating for him the right of being called the originator of trout breeding, as now understood the world over. * * * The notes published by Jacobi in 1765 show him to have been an extremely accurate observer of nature, and of *Salmonidæ* in particular. His instructions as to spawning, hatching and rearing fish might be followed even to-day with advantage.

"The hatching box used by him was very much what American fishculturists use nowadays, and would form a very excellent redd for incubating and hatching trout or salmon ova. At the unveiling of the monument one of these boxes, which has more than a historical interest, was shown. The box is 12ft. long, 18in. wide and 6in. deep, with movable lids and a grating at top and bottom to exclude enemies and protect the young fish. The eggs were hatched on a gravelly bed, and the fish partly planted as fry, partly transplanted to small ponds and planted as yearlings.

"The old nursery ponds used by Jacobi can still be traced, but do not exist any longer as ponds, having been made into water meadows; but not very far from the site of the hatchery at Steinbergen, near the hunting seat of the Prince of Bückeburg, some beautiful trout ponds, engineered by Jacobi, are still working, and supply an annual stock of yearlings for adjoining streams."

The picture of the memorial shows a pile of boulders six courses high rising from the bank of the stream, surmounted by an upright flat-faced stone, bearing an inscription; while on the front of the pile is a tablet, evidently the coat of arms of the man for whom the memorial is erected. A half score of great wreaths, ribbon-tied, are spread on the ground before the monument.

A few years ago, in preparing a Lyceum paper upon the "Progress of Fishculture," I had occasion to look up what was known of Jacobi as a fishculturist (securing material aid from my friend, the late Prof. G. Brown Goode), and when I had completed my search I could not understand how it was possible to question the fact that Jacobi was the first to hatch trout artificially. His discovery was announced in a Hanoverian magazine in 1763; was indorsed by German naturalists in 1764; his memoir was published in Paris in 1770; his discovery was recognized by George III. in 1771, who granted him a life pension; the first public demonstration of the principles of fishculture was in Paris in 1772; the translation of his memoir into English was done in London in 1788; the beginning of fishculture in Italy dates from 1800; in Bohemia from 1824; in Great Britain from 1837, when John Shaw hatched and reared salmon to two years of age; and yet Gehin and Remy are correctly credited with being the fathers of fishculture in France between 1842–44.

French authorities say that Joseph Remy was an illiterate fisherman, but he made known his alleged discovery of artificial fish propagation in a formal letter to the Prefect of the Province in which he lived, and the next year he was a candidate for an award from a scientific society, and he and his colleague, Gehin, received a premium from a provincial society of emulation. If Remy could write in French he must have been able to read in French, and at the time he claimed to have made his discovery Jacobi's experiments had been published more than seventy years in the French language in various popular treatises on fish and fishculture.

Furthermore, it is of record that twenty years before Remy local experimenters in his own district had succeeded in hatching trout eggs. It has seemed to me that Remy simply borrowed Jacobi's ideas, and after all in this country the first experiments in fishculture are traceable to the influence of Remy, the imitator, rather than to Jacobi, the originator; for Dr. Garlick got his idea of hatching trout from the publication of Remy's experiments in Paris in 1850. Perhaps 150 years hence the people of this country will erect a monument to Dr. Garlick for inaugurating artificial fishculture in America.

It will be noticed that the *Gazette* says of Jacobi's early operations: "The eggs were hatched on a gravelly bed, and the fish partly planted as fry, partly transplanted to small ponds and planted as yearlings." This is entirely new to me, as it is the first mention of the fact, so far as I have been able to discover, that the father of fishculture was also the first to realize the importance of rearing trout to yearlings before planting them in wild waters, and for this alone he should have an additional wreath on his memorial.

Black Bass Length Limit.

It is reasonable to suppose that the framers of Article XV. of the game law of New York, which makes special provisions as to the waters of the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence River, when they wrote section 325 of the law, had good reasons for so doing, and the Legislature must have believed that the reasons were good or it would not have made that section a law of the State.

The section reads: "No black bass less than 10in. in length shall be intentionally taken alive from the waters of the Thousand Islands, nor shall the same be killed or possessed, and in case any such fish is caught or taken the person taking it shall immediately place such fish back in the waters from which it was taken without unnecessary injury." Then follows a penalty of $25 for violating this law.

Section 111 is similar in all respects to section 325, except that the limit of length of black bass is 8in., that the provisions apply to all the waters of the State (excepting the Thousand Islands) and the penalty is $10 instead of $25.

Why should the black bass in the St. Lawrence River have better protection than the black bass in other State waters? There is no reason why they should, but the people of the St. Lawrence River region are more alive to the necessity of something like adequate protection for these fish than the people of other parts of the State, and have procured a law limiting the catch of bass in a day to twelve fish, and increasing the limit of length from 8 to 10in. This will do a little something toward preserving a fish that is not protected by law during its breeding and brooding season.

Last winter a bill was passed providing for a fishway in Rock Bottom Dam in the Susquehanna River at Binghamton.

Last month I went there with the Division Engineer of the State and Mr. W. H. Rogers, the builder of the Rogers Fishway, to locate the fishway in the dam. The water was low and clear, and as we stood on the dam we could see schools of little black bass in the water below it. There were eleven men and boys on the dam fishing for these little bass. Some one in the interest of fish preservation had placed a large sign on an old mill at one end of the dam calling attention to the law which forbids the killing of black bass under 8in. in length. From one end of the dam to the other I did not see a bass in the water that would weigh ½lb., but the boys and the men were catching fish all the time. I examined the strings of fish that they had and they consisted of small bass just 8in. long and a little more, and of sunfish. I saw one fisherman land a small bass which looked to be under 8in., and as he was about to string the fish I went to him with the tape line with which I was measuring the dam, but he anticipated me by pulling from his pocket a piece of a foot rule as he said, "I measured this fish and it is just 8in. long." It was just 8in. long, and when it was dressed for cooking it would not make a decent mouthful. There were a number of small bass dead in the water, and I discovered that their death came about through the measuring process; for each fisherman, man and boy, had either a foot rule or 8in. marked on his fishing rod. When in doubt the bass was held down by the fisherman's foot against the apron of the dam and the infant bass was measured. If it could not be squeezed to measure 8in. it it was put back, generally, I fear, to die. I was informed that 500 to 600 bass a day were caught from the dam, all little things 8 or 9in. long, and I did not see a single bass on any of the strings that would measure 10in. in length. If the fishway when it is completed serves no other purpose than to stop the slaughter of baby bass from the dam it will be worth all that it will cost, for all fishing is prohibited within fifty rods above and below a fishway.

Shad and Sawdust.

While we were at Binghamton, Mr. Rogers told me that on one occasion the shad netters in the Bay of Fundy complained that the sawdust was working injury to the shad fishing. Mr. Rogers was sent there by his father, who was Inspector of Fisheries of Nova Scotia, to examine into the matter and report.

In Cumberland Basin, at the head of the bay, shad poles are set while the extremely high tide is out, and after a flood tide wagons are driven down to the nets and the shad removed. Mr. Rogers says it is a curious sight to see the shad hanging in the gill nets, their silvery scales shining in the sun, with no water beneath them, as the fishermen gather the fish into wagons. He examined the contents of the stomachs of many shad and in some he found what under a microscope proved to be small particles of wood, but that this was not the cause of the shad being driven away was proven the very next year, when they returned as plentiful as ever.

Scratching a Salmon's Back.

At one of the retaining ponds in Canada, where salmon are confined and held until their eggs are ripe to be hatched artificially, Mr. Rogers one day put his hand and arm down between the grating into the water to see what the salmon would do. At first they swam as far away from his hand as the limits of the pen would permit, and then curiosity seemed to be aroused and one big salmon swam up to his hand and touched it with his side. At the least motion of the hand or fingers the fish would dart away only to return. Little by little the fish gained courage and permitted the hand to rub his sides and back, and finally Mr. Rogers scratched his back as he would scratch the back of a pet dog, and the salmon seemed to like it, for it did not move away unless some unusual motion was made by another part of the man's body, and if the fish did move away it returned very quickly to have its back scratched again.

Transporting Crayfish.

A correspondent writes: "Will you describe in FOREST AND STREAM the best method of shipping crayfish long distances and have them arrive alive and in good condition."

Crayfish may be shipped in any vessel that will hold water, from a bait bucket to a fish can. In the bottom of the can or bucket place a quantity of sand, gravel and a few stones as large as a hen's egg. The crayfish will burrow in the sand and gravel under the stones, but unless they are furnished with material to construct a hiding place they will destroy or maim one another. The cans should not be overcrowded with the crayfish to insure perfect success in transportation. Over the sand and stones pour water until it is 6 or 8in. deep in the can. On a long journey in warm weather the water will need to be changed by drawing it off with a siphon and adding fresh water. Crayfish do not require water as cool as young trout, nor does it require to be as frequently changed; but they will not live in warm, foul water. They cannot be moved with safety when they are shedding, for their shell is then very soft; but when the shell is hard they can be moved if the water is reasonably fresh and cool, and they are not crowded to the point where they will injure one another.

"Getting Even."

It is not unusual for violators of the game and fish laws, when caught and fined, to desire to get even with somebody for having brought them to justice. It is this very state of things which often deters a man from making a complaint against a neighbor who has violated the law. I have found this to be so over and over again. A man knows that some one has violated a game law and he wishes to have him punished, but he will not appear as complainant for fear the guilty one will "get even" with him in some way. An amusing case of this sort recently occurred in New Hampshire, and a friend has written me about it.

At Sunapee Lake there are two brooks flowing into the lake called the Pike brooks, because they flow through land once owned by a man of the name of Pike. A State hatchery is situated on one of the brooks, and both are used by the State as nursery streams for young trout and salmon, and as such are closed to all fishing; and Col. Nathaniel Wentworth, when he puts up a sign to protect his baby trout and salmon, means that the warning shall be obeyed, for he is fond of his fish, and desires that they shall have a fair start before they are caught. Well, somebody had been fishing one of the Pike brooks contrary to law, and Col. Wentworth had no other business to attend to until he had found out with reasonable certainty who that somebody was. Evidence was secured that led to the arrest of one Frank Kemp, and he was fined; but while Commissioners Wentworth and Hughes were hunting Kemp down they found evidence implicating Charles Barron, who was brought before Judge Shurtleff. Barron was not quite sure that he could be proven guilty, but as it began to look as though he were to be "put away" for a season, he told Judge Shurtleff that he would plead guilty and pay his fine if the name of the complainant in his case was disclosed to him. He did not say how he intended to get even with the complainant, whether by burning his barn or maiming his stock, but he just wanted to know who the man was. Judge Shurtleff agreed to the proposition, and Barron counted out $25 into Commissioner Wentworth's hands, who put it into his pocket. Barron then wished to know who the man was that had caused him to give up his money, and Judge Shurtleff put the complaint before him and he read: "Nathaniel Wentworth, of Hudson Center, Fish Commissioner of New Hampshire."

A. N. CHENEY.

An Arkansas Bass and Game Point.

I HAVE had some fine fishing this summer. I had to hold court as special chancellor in Chicot county for ten days. Lake Village, the county seat, is situated on Lake Chicot, which is twenty-five miles long, a mile wide and of unknown depth. The water is as clear as the sky, and the fishing is fine. One morning Mr. Garland Streett and I caught forty-seven striped bass, black bass and white perch before court time, and on another I caught forty-five by myself. Shooting is said to be fine in the winter and fall, but I have never tried it. The easiest way to get there is to go to Greenville, Miss., and then take a boat either to Luna Landing or Vaucluse, from which places transportation can be procured to Lake Village.

Quail shooting is good this fall. The season has been horribly dry and no birds got drowned. For that reason duck shooting may be correspondingly poor, as water is scarce, and lakes and streams are dry that were considered perpetual. They have not come in much yet, so I cannot say as to them.

J. M. ROSE.

Striped Bass in New York Bay.

ON Friday, fishing at night at Liberty Island, Charles S. Derby, of Rod and Gun department New York *Press;* James Reithel and Dan McCarthy, caught ten striped bass. The largest weighed 10lbs. They hooked two larger fish, but did not land them.

It was a disagreeable, stormy night, which probably accounts for the unusual catch for that vicinity, as the water along shore was stirred up, and the bass came in there to look for feed.

The Kennel.

UNION FIELD TRIAL CLUB'S TRIALS.

THE first annual field trials of the Union Field Trial Club were held at Carlisle, Ind., commencing Monday, Oct. 26. The weather was a little warm and the ground dry, but taken all in all the event was quite a success, and the club feels very much encouraged. At the annual club meeting Tuesday evening the same officers were re-elected for the coming year, and the second Monday in November, 1897, was the date claimed for the next trials, and Carlisle the place for holding them.

Now, without any exaggeration, your reporter is going to make the assertion, based on his own experience and from what he has heard others remark: The grounds on which was run the All-Age Stake are the finest in the United States for holding field trials. Spectators can sit in a buggy on the public highway and witness considerable of the competition. The farms are in large tracts, houses few and far between. In fact, the grounds could not be made to order to suit the purpose any better. Birds were found sufficiently numerous.

The judges were Royal Robinson and S. H. Socwell. Among well-known sportsmen present I noticed Norvin T. Harris, J. L. Adams, Mr. Churchill, of Louisville, Ky.; Edward A. Burdette, Chicago; C. P. Mingst and C. F. Hartwitz, Evansville, Ind.; Richard Merrill, Milwaukee, Wis.; P. T. Madison, J. T. Kerr, Joseph Becker, Indianapolis; Charles Fox, Bicknell, Ind.; and several others, whose names I did not learn. The winners in the Derby were a good lot of dogs.

Winner of first, Josie Freeman, is by Antonio out of Nellie Hope, and is owned by John Gude, Bruceville, Ind. She is a medium-sized black, white and tan bitch, is put up on the lines of a goer, is easily handled, goes at a good pace, has good range and stays out at her work.

The winner of second, Ripple, is a very handsome liver and white pointer bitch by Rip Rap out of Pearl's Dot, and is owned by Hampton S. Smith, and handled by J. H.

Johnson. She is a nice-going dog, and well deserved the honors conferred upon her.

Rod Gladstone, by Rodfield out of Sue Gladstone, owned by Mr. Pollard and handled by Geo. McLin, captured third money. This dog was only four weeks in the hands of his trainer, or the writer predicts he would have hustled his more fortunate competitors. Rod has a happy way of going as though his life depended on his getting that covey point first. This pup is the first of Rodfield's get to start in field trials, and the writer prophesies a great future for the sire if this puppy is a fair sample.

Fourth prize went to Dave Earl, a black, white and tan English setter dog, by Count Gladstone IV. out of Don's Lady.. He is owned by Theo. Goodman and was handled by John Johnson. Dave is an excellent worker in every respect, but seemed to be off on nose and hard-headed.

The Derby.

After the drawing Monday a start was made two miles from town. Unfortunately the ground selected was not adapted for field trials.

The first brace, Albert Lieber's black and white dog Spot, handled by Harvey, and Charles Fox's black, white and tan bitch Easter Lily, handled by Geo. McLin, were cast off in a woods pasture. After running perhaps thirty minutes and not finding birds, the dogs were ordered up and a move made to a more favorable place.

Keno N., a black, white and tan dog, handled by Mayfield, and the black, white and tan bitch Rudge Gladstone, owned by Richard Merrill and handled by Tom Richards, were next. After drawing a field of heavy corn blank, the dogs were worked through standing corn with the same result. Returning to road, a bevy was flushed by spectators and settled in ragweeds. Neither dog showed much merit, and after flushing three or four birds were ordered up. Down 43 minutes.

The next brace, Josie Freeman and Ripple, cut out their work in a pleasing way, both getting away at a clipping gait—range and pace a little in favor of Josie. Birds were found in very unfavorable places to do good work, heavy undergrowth and briers making it impossible for dogs to show to the best advantage. The pointer was game and faced the needles on bushes as well as any setter could do. After a long run in the hot noonday sun they were ordered up and a move made to refresh the inner man.

After lunch Rod Gladstone and Dave Earl were cut loose in a big ragweed field. Pace and range were equal to the best. Dave Earl did not distinguish himself on point work, and at one time got beyond the control of his handler and made a flock of turkeys take to the trees. In the meantime, with Johnson yelling, whistling and saying pretty things to Dave, Rod Gladstone made a long cast in a hill and made a beautiful point in rather a bare place. McLin flushed; Rod was steady to wing and shot. Sent on, he directly drew on an outlying bird, and to flush conducted himself in a becoming manner. Dave now being ready to attend to business, the dogs were sent away. The sun shone hot, and the dry ground made it anything but favorable to find birds. However, the dogs proved their staying qualities and hunted as industriously and with as much earnestness as though the weather was just right. Down 40 minutes.

Men, horses and dogs were hot and tired, and a break was made for a cool, shady place. After a rest Mr. Johnson consented to run Dave Earl again and he was sent away with Josie Freeman. Dave kept up his slashing way of going until he was ordered up, which speaks well for his courage and endurance. It took 55 minutes to satisfy the judges as to the relative qualities of this brace. Josie acquitted herself favorably, as she had done in her previous heat. Dave minded somewhat better, but seems to be off on nose.

Ripple and Rod Gladstone in a big field with cover just right cut out a pace and range that was delightful to see. After drawing ten fields blank Ripple whirled on a point in a gully. Rod, going at a race-horse gait down the bank, could not stop in time to back, but almost fell on the birds. At flush of birds both dogs were steady under very trying circumstances. The dogs were then worked around to covey marked in heavy cover. The birds rose wild and neither dog got a point.

The judges now held a consultation and decided to allow Keno N. and Easter Lily another trial. Suffice to say they were ordered up after awhile, as neither had shown himself worthy of a place.

In the evening the awards were pasted on blackboard at hotel: First, Josie Freeman (setter); second, Ripple (pointer); third, Rod Gladstone (setter); fourth, Dave Earl (setter).

Grand Rapids Show.

THE Butterfly Bench Show Association, Sec'y Grace H. Griswold, 184 N. Lafayette street, Grand Rapids, Mich., will hold a show under A. K. C. rules Dec. 8, 9, 10, 11.

MONONGAHELA VALLEY GAME AND FISH PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION'S TRIALS.

THE second annual trials of the M. V. G. and F. Association began Oct. 28. There was a good attendance of sportsmen, who displayed an enthusiasm to a degree seldom seen at the more pretentious trials. The following list of names includes most of those who were present: G. O. Smith, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mr. Boyd, Indianapolis; Dr. Ross Foster, Crafton, Pa.; A. C. Peterson, R. C. Stenger, Dr. Geo. Gladden (president of the Association), W. H. Beazell, Homestead, Pa.; C. E. Shirley, G. W. Lang, R. S. D. Hartrick, S. B. Cummings (secretary), T. H. Havocotte, L. O. Seidle, T. B. Hutchison, Geo. Mesta, W. B. Brush, Wilmerding; Frank Kreuse, Joe Kelley, Pittsburg; Hervey Christ, Belmont, O.; K. P. Beattie, East Liverpool, O.; Geo. Battison, Youngstown, O.; R. V. Fox, Harrisburg, Pa.; Dr. S. W. Hartt, J. Schaumm, McKeesport, Pa.; J. Gladden, Charleroi, Pa.; F. D. West, Brownsville; J. F. Bell, Carmichaels, Pa.; Maj. J. M. Taylor, New York; and there were a number of others—resident sportsmen—who were in daily attendance, so that the numbers all told made quite a following each day.

Messrs. W. S. Bell, of Pittsburg, and S. C. Bradley, of Greenfield Hill, Conn., judged both stakes, and it is hardly necessary to add that their part was done skillfully, industriously and satisfactorily. Mr. Cummings, the secretary, was untiringly energetic in his attention to all details of the trials.

The conditions were unfavorable from several causes, chief of which are that the trials are held too early, so early that it is impossible to give the dogs the needed training and conditioning; the vegetation is rank and green, the frosts and storms having had but little effect on the shorter cover. Many of the birds were but half grown or less and made but little effort to escape from the dogs. The weather was too warm, being more like that of the summer than of the fall. If the Association could so fix its dates as to run its trials at a later period, when the frosts have killed the vegetation, but still at a time before the freezing weather of winter sets in, such would be a gain to the competition in every respect. The birds would be stronger and wilder, the scent and the conditions for scenting would be better, the dogs could run without any of the distress which comes from overheating; in short, as every important factor would then be more in season, all of the competition would be of a higher order. No handler can make satisfactory progress in warm weather on half-grown birds so far as it refers to competition. The dogs have but a lukewarm interest in the work at such times, and it is not to be expected that they will make a better showing in the competition than they will out of it.

The trials were run on the Association's preserve of 7,500 acres in Greene county, six miles from Waynesburg, reached by a winding narrow-gauge road, as crooked a twenty-eight miles of road through the hill country as could well be imagined by a normal brain, and Washington in turn is about thirty miles from Pittsburg, on a branch of the Pennsylvania R. R. The entire party was cared for by the farmers whose homes were conveniently near by the grounds.

The preserve is very hilly, some of the hills being of majestic size. As the search for birds led the party from one hill top to another, picturesque scenes of valley and hill were unfolded to the view—long sweeps of deep valleys winding far away, with a few farmhouses nestling here and there on hillside and valley, made so small by distance that they seemed to be dwellings in miniature; oak woods in irregular patches gave a rich coloring to the great picture, besides filling the more useful office of sheltering the quail, and the coloring was variegated by the wheat, corn and weed fields, which were on hill and valley everywhere. In the distance a glimpse of the Blue Ridge Mountains standing far up against the sky in the horizon in deeper blue than the sky itself could at times be caught, and their height made the nearby hills dwindle into insignificance in comparison. Notwithstanding the hilly character of the country, the soil is very fertile, and there is consequently an abundance of food for the birds everywhere. Their greatest danger is from the severe winters. On the hillsides and valleys farms flourish, even on the sides of hills so precipitous that the manner of plowing them must remain a conjecture to those who have not seen it done, as it must likewise remain a mystery how the soil when wet defies the laws of gravity and does not slide down into the valleys, as one could imagine it could easily do.

And thus the walking was of the kind in which the walker either steps very high or down very low, as he may be going upward or downward. The judges and reporters rode on horseback, as did also some of the spectators, and the walking when so done vicariously was much easier, and the hills lost their formidable appearance. The birds were mostly young, in size from squeakers to half grown, the full-grown ones being the exception, but whatever their size they were lacking in gamy qualities, as is common of all birds too early in the season. They were tame and slow to take wing and unsuspicious of danger. The vegetation was rank and green. All the conditions were unfavorable for good handling of the dogs, yet it was done with much less trouble to the judges than is commonly the case at the larger trials. The handlers were much more obedient, and also there was much less noise in the handling than there is at the more professional events. It was all done with commendable quietness.

The utmost good-fellowship prevailed. All enjoyed themselves thoroughly. The Association's trials are good ones for any sportsman to attend, both for the direct enjoyment and the knowledge to be gained in respect to the manner of running a club so that it will be a pleasure to all concerned. It is worthy of note that a large number of the dogs were handled by their owners. On Friday night, the day of the close of the trials, the Association gave a banquet, at which the affable and popular president, Dr. Geo. Gladden, presided. Several speeches were made and warmly applauded; but the speech of the evening, made by Mr. S. C. Bradley on field trial matters and the business relations of owners and handlers, was the most instructive.

The trials thus ended as they began, in good-fellowship and kindly feeling among all. The representative of FOREST AND STREAM is indebted to the Association's officers and members for a generous welcome and a courtesy which never wearied, and to Mr. W. S. Bell in particular for hospitality extended. Mr. Bell made the visit very pleasant for the press, and it was as novel to them as it was gratifying to be treated at a field trial as worthy of some consideration, instead of as a matter of course or a necessary infliction.

The Derby and All-Age stakes were both sweepstakes, 10 per cent. retained for expenses (which was far from paying expenses) and the balance being divided into 50, 30 and 20 per cent., first, second and third respectively.

Wednesday.

The morning was warm, with an overcast sky, the signs portending rain. There was no breeze, and the far-away sounds were so distinct that they seemed near-by. But the stormy signs soon disappeared. The sun broke through the clouds, making an uncomfortable warmth and weather conditions unfavorable either for searching or pointing, and very trying to the dogs' endurance. The work throughout the day was full of errors, and what work was done lacked proper finish. Several of the dogs showed quality, but were palpably lacking in the discipline and experience necessary for skillful performance, as was to be expected so early in the season.

The forenoon was almost a blank so far as the finding of birds is concerned, and of those found in the afternoon a large part were only half grown, and some were but little larger than squeakers, and some were squeakers.

The start was a little late owing to the multitude of detail to be arranged, but once started the trials were soon going with the regularity of clockwork.

The Derby.

There were nine starters, run in the following order:

O. V. Porter's b. and w. tkd. pointer bitch Strictly Business (Kent's Priam—Belle Fauster), H. Christ, handler, with S. W. Hart's b., w. and t. English setter bitch Fannie Allen (Beaconsfield—Bessie), J. Schaumm, handler.

G. Battison's red Irish setter bitch Kildare Dot (Finglas—Ruby Glenmore II.), owner, handler, with K. P. Beattie's b., w. and t. setter bitch Loretta (Gladstone's Boy—Rill Ray), A. B. Ferguson, handler.

G. Wm. Lang's (agt.) Irish setter dog Lang (Finglas—Kildare Gladys), Geo. Battison, handler, with G. Mesta's b., w. and t. setter dog Don (Wordsley Ben—Amy Robsart), J. W. Phillips, handler.

S. B. Cummings's b., w. and t. setter dog Doctor C. (Galert C.—Nan C.), J. W. Phillips, handler, with W. H. Beazell's b., w. and t. setter bitch Allie B. (Whyte B.—Rosa Bevan), Jack F. Bell, handler.

G. Gladden's b. and w. setter dog Muck, J. Gladden, handler, a bye.

The winner of first, Loretta, made an inferior showing on birds so far as pointing and locating are concerned, though she showed quality which will improve with experience. With her, as with others, the judges could only make the best of the unfavorable circumstances of warm weather, young birds, and rank vegetation and short preparation.

The work of Allie B. was very ragged, and that of Strictly Business was both meager and ragged.

STRICTLY BUSINESS AND FANNIE ALLEN were cast off at 8:40 and ran till 9:53. No birds found. Both dogs kept diligently at work within a middling range, the pointer showing the most skill in searching, though unsuccessful. Fannie was ranging fairly well, but showed many puppyish ways. The temperature was uncomfortably warm and no dog could make a good showing under the circumstances.

KILDARE DOT AND LARETTO began at 9:57. Each had a narrow range, though at the start Dot was a bit the wider. At the finish both were working slow in narrow limits. Up at 10:51. The heat was a poor one aside from the absence of birds.

LANG AND DON ran forty-four minutes, ranging narrow without finding.

The running was discontinued while the party went to lunch.

DOC C. AND ALLIE B. started at 12:52 and were ordered up at 2:04. Both showed some puppy traits and their work was short of finish. No birds found.

MUCK, the bye dog, ran thirty-seven minutes, beginning at 2:10. The temperature was still warmer. He started slow, but coming on a bevy he roaded it to a flush and chased. Then he pointed on the scattered birds repeatedly, chasing each time he pointed, which was what put him out of the stake. Sent on, he ranged out well. He showed a keen interest in birds, but was lacking in experience and discipline. However, his owner ran him in place of a dog he originally intended to run, and as Muck is a puppy with a limited experience his showing was commendably good. He did more point work than any other dog in the stake, though it may be added that he had better opportunities. Had he been steady to wing he undoubtedly would have been in the money.

STRICTLY BUSINESS AND DOCTOR C. were cast off at 3:15. Doc in open field made game on a single bird, which he flushed. Next he flushed a bird and was inclined to chase. Working on scattered birds marked down in a thicket, Strictly Business flushed and chased a single. Doc flushed a single in briers. He then worked on a half-grown bird in weeds, which was flushed excusably. Up at 4:24.

FANNIE ALLEN AND ALLIE B. began at 4:47 and had the best hour of the day for good work, and better and more opportunities for work than had any other brace, but they failed to take advantage of their opportunities to a regrettable degree. Fannie flushed a single of a bevy, moved on, and then Allie came around and flushed the bevy, all this in good ground under favorable conditions for good work. The birds were followed into a thicket, where several were flushed, but owing to thick cover it was impossible to note the circumstances of the flushes. Allie in the open flushed a bevy riotously. In the thicket Fannie pointed a single. Both dogs lost a number of good opportunities on singles.

The judge announced that all dogs should be on hand in the morning.

Thursday.

The morning opened warm and the temperature increased as the sun mounted skyward till it reached a point of warmth which seemed of the summer time. It was again too warm for good work to be possible, yet more birds were found than on the preceding day, though, as then, they were tame and indolent and small, as were most of those found during the trials. The work was limited so far as it referred to points and range and finding.

Third Round.

LORETTA AND LANG were started at 8:30. After awhile a quail was seen calmly sitting on a fence and the dogs were worked toward it. Loretta caught scent of the bevy close by, was over eager and flushed unintentionally and was steady. Next she pointed a single. Lang flushed a single in corn. Lang's range was too narrow to be of use and he loafed a good bit. Loretta made a fairly good showing, better than that of the previous day, though her work was still lacking in finish. Up at 9:05.

FANNIE ALLEN AND DOC C. worked diligently without finding from 9:32 to 10:08, Doc showing the better judgment, Fanny being puppyish.

Fourth Round.

ALLIE B. AND LORETTA were cast off at 10:31. Loretta roaded to a flush on a bevy in the open. The birds were followed. Allie showed riotous inclinations. Loretta flushed and was steady to wing. Allie was taken up for a few minutes to give Loretta chance to point birds. She flushed a single. Allie was again put down. Next Allie flushed a bevy in woods. Both ranged moderately well. Up at 10:58.

STRICTLY BUSINESS AND FANNIE ALLEN began at 11:15. Some birds were marked down. Fannie made a point on two or three birds and afterward refuse to go from heel, seeming to be timid. The work was far short of the opportunities. Up at 11:43.

This heat completed the competition of the Derby.

The All-Age Stake.

There were fifteen starters drawn to run in the following order:

Richard V. Fox's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Gath's Mark—Countess Rush), owner, handler, with L. Craven's b. b. setter dog Spot (Noble Sting—Snowball), H. Christ, handler.

S. B. Cummings's liv. and w. pointer dog Scott C. (——— — ———), owner, handler, with F. D. West's l. and w. pointer dog Max (Swart's Duke—Polly G.), owner, handler.

G. O. Smith's b., w. and t. setter dog Whyte S. (Whyte B.—Moses Clara), J. W. Phillips, handler, with Herman Straus's o. and w. setter dog Flash B. (Dion C.—Galatea), S. B. Cummings, handler.

Richard V. Fox's b., w. and t. setter dog Iroquois (Antonio—Can Can), owner, handler, with G. Wm. Lang's b., w. and t. setter dog Roger O'Mara (Roger Boy—Nancy Mahoning), Geo. Battison, handler.

W. H. Beazell's o. and w. setter bitch Hoosier Girl (Dad Wilson—Daisy Hunter), J. Bell, handler, with G. O. Smith's liv. and w. pointer dog Spot Gold (King Pedro—Ridgeview Venus), owner, handler.

W. D. Hewey's liv. and w. pointer dog Geo. Croxteth (Don Croxteth—Mollie Scott), W. D. Henry, handler, with Anderson Bros.' l. and w. setter bitch Bev. R. (——— — ———), H. Christ, handler.

S. B. Cummings's o. and w. setter dog Galert C. (Duke of Princeton—Ione), owner, handler, with Henry Christ's liv. and w. pointer dog Roy Croxteth (Shot Masher—Croxteth Nellie), H. Christ, handler.

S. W. Hart's b. b. and t. setter dog Beaconsfield (Gladstone's Boy—Bessie Marshall), J. Schaumm, handler; a bye.

Iroquois, the winner of first, was far away the best ranger in the stake. He beat out a great deal of ground, though he received much directing from his handler which he would have been better without. In cover he was particularly difficult to handle, and his finding and point work were not deserving of any special praise, considering his opportunities. Still, as mentioned before, it was a difficult task for a dog to make a good showing under the existing conditions of rank cover, tame young birds and hot weather. To make his record fuller, it might not have been amiss for the judges to have put him down alone among scattered birds when good opportunities offered, and thereby added to his score of points, for though pointing is not everything, it is a very important part of a field performance, whether in or out of competition. Had there been any dog near his class in other qualities, it would have been necessary to have had more point work.

Scott C., second, did some reliable point work, and while he did fair work in other respects, it was far below expert performance.

Accelerando and Geo. Croxteth divided third, and both made a good, commonplace showing, and their winning was more from the absence of good competition than the merit of their performance.

ACCELERANDO AND SPOT began at 12:59. The former pointed some tame chickens and the latter backed to order. On some scattered birds, which were marked down, Accelerando pointed well on a single and Spot backed to caution; the former was not steady to shot. Spot was a narrow ranger. Accelerando had good speed and a moderately good range. 1:43.

SCOTT C. AND MEX began at 1:53. Scott pointed a bevy nicely. Mex joined in the point. On the scattered birds, Scott flushed one, then pointed a remaining one, and sent on, he pointed again well. On birds of another bevy marked down, Scott was first to point. The birds were running slowly and their low, musical whistle could be heard plainly. Mex crossed the fence and pointed the birds; Scott backed. The birds flew to the roadway close by. Scott pointed and Mex flushed the bird ahead of the former. Moved on, Scott pointed, Mex went by, roaded rapidly down a furrow by the roadside and caught the half-grown bird. Up at 2:37. They had a middling fair range and good speed, though it was more in being well sustained than in swiftness.

WHYTE S. AND FLASH B. started at 3:10. Flash pointed a bevy nicely and steadily. Up at 3:58. Both were moderate rangers, but worked diligently, though they showed some fatigue toward the close of the heat.

IROQUOIS AND ROGER O'MARA began at 4:08. Roger pointed a single bird stanchly and nicely, Iroquois backed; both were steady to shot. Iroquois showed good speed and range, but as both handlers were walking as if in a walking match it is difficult to say what the dogs might have done had they been hurried less. Time 5:22, and the day's work ended.

Friday.

As the start was made from headquarters rain set in and there was little hope for a good day, but soon after the dogs were started the clouds broke away, the sun shone clear and bright and what seemed a summer temperature again prevailed. Coats were strapped to saddles and costumes lightened, yet the company flushed and perspired, particularly those who were afoot.

HOOSIER GIRL AND SPOT GOLD began at 8:53 and ran 47 minutes, nothing found. Neither one showed any particular merit.

BEV. R. AND GEO. CROXTETH began at 9:52. Croxteth roaded to a bevy and pointed it in an open field, Bev. joining in the point. The birds were followed into woods, where both pointed. Bev. was unsteady to shot. Bev. flushed a bevy. Up at 10:48.

GALERT AND ROY CROXTETH started at 10:53. Galert made a bad flush on a bevy. The birds were followed. Roy pointed a single, at the same time Galert in bushes flushed. While his handler was getting a cartridge out of some tangled recess in his clothes Roy moved on and the bird was flushed afterward where he had pointed. Galert pointed a single and was steady to shot. Next he pointed a single alongside a fence in corn and Roy refused to back. Galert made two more points stanchly. His range was close. The pointer's work was poor. Up at 11:30.

BEACONSFIELD ran a bye, beginning at 11:35. In corn he pointed a bevy and was steady to caution. He flushed a bevy, and on the scattered birds he stopped to a flush and pointed a remaining single, and at the report of the gun he broke in. He was tired when ordered up at 12:29.

After lunch the judges called for four dogs, as follows:

Second Round.

IROQUOIS AND SCOTT C. were cast off at 1:13. Iroquois pointed a single in briers. Scott pointed a small bevy in an indifferent manner in the open. Iroquois showed far away the best speed and range. Though Scott was diligent, his range was hardly middling, and he needed attention to keep him out at his work. Iroquois, however, was disobedient and hard to handle, particularly so on single birds. He carried himself with dash, and was swift of pace and covered a great deal of ground.

ACCELERANDO AND GEORGE CROXTETH were cast off at 2:05. It was a heat of lost opportunities on a bevy and scattered birds. The pointer had a moderate range, Accelerando something better in that respect. Up at 2:32.

Third Round.

GALERT C. AND WHYTE S. began at 2:55. Down 31 minutes. Both made game and moved on. They were hurried on and one of the judges flushed a bevy near where the dogs made game. Galert pointed one of the scattered birds and Whyte S. flushed one and chased it in a calm manner. This heat ended the running.

FIELD TRIALS OF THE NATIONAL BEAGLE CLUB.

HEMPSTEAD, New York, was the scene of the seventh annual field trials of the National Beagle Club. They were held Oct. 26–30 and were very successful, both in the number of entries and the quality of the beagles entered. The judges were Charles Quynn, Frederick, Md., and Bradford S. Turpin, Roxbury, Mass. Their awards were well received. Rabbits were hard to find, but those that were put up were excellent runners and never went to ground. The club headquarters were at Roth's Hotel, where all were well taken care of. Hot lunches were daily served in the field.

Among those at the trials were H. F. Schellhass, J. W. Appleton, G. W. Rogers, New York, N. Y.; John Bateman, Gravesend, N. Y.; A. D. Lewis, J. L. Kernochan, Hempstead, N. Y.; G. B. Post, Jr., Bernardsville, N. J.; Geo. F. Reed, Barton, Vt.; N. A. Baldwin, East Orange, N. J.; D. F. Summers, Thorndale, Pa.; A. C. Pickhardt, Massapequa, N. Y.; G. M. Wharton, East Islip, N. Y.; Howard Almy, Providence, R. I.; C. Staley Doub, Chas. Quynn, Richard Cramer, Frederick, Md.; H. S. Joslin, Oxford, Mass.; H. L. Kreuder, S. Z. Demarest, Nanuet, N. Y.; G. Muss-Arnolt, Tuckahoe; N. Y.; F. Hoyt, H. A. Purrington, Stamford, Conn.; Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y.; A. P. Vredenburgh, New York, N. Y.

Monday.

The day was clear and cool. The morning was occupied in measuring the hounds and the field work did not begin till afternoon. Class C was finished, but the work was uninteresting, as scent did not lie and game was hard to find.

CLASS B.—BEAGLES 13IN. AND UNDER.

The drawing for the first series resulted in running Hempstead Beagle's g. and t. dog Leader (Monitor—Lawless), handler, J. L. Kernochan, with Howard Almy's b., t. and w. bitch Skip II. (Buckshot—Jute), handler, owner.

George F. Reed's b., w. and t. bitch Snifter R. D. (Wanderer—Triumph), handler, owner, with Howard Almy's b., w. and t. bitch Nancy Lee (Fitzhugh Lee—Jude), handler, owner.

The bye was drawn by Waldingfield Beagle's b., w. and t. bitch Imported Blue Bell, handler, D. F. Summers.

LEADER—SKIP II.—Down in a weed field near the Lewis place at 2:00. Two rabbits were started during the race and Leader proved himself superior to Skip. There was a short sight chase in the open, but the work was mostly dull and uninteresting. Down 30 minutes.

SNIFTER R. D.—NANCY LEE.—Down in a brush field at 2:34. Nancy did some uneven driving, but Snifter was thinking of the Vermont hills and the white hares and would not condescend to notice the conys. Up at 3:34.

BLUE BELL.—The bye was run with Leader for half an hour, but the little lady was handicapped by her owner's absence and would not hunt. Leader, however, did some creditable driving.

Second Series.

LEADER—NANCY LEE.—These were the best two dogs in the stake, and were put down to run for first and second prizes. Nancy hunted out her ground better than her competitor and was under excellent control. Three rabbits were started, but none of them were driven for any distance. Down one hour.

The judges awarded first prize, $25, to Nancy Lee, and second, $15, to Leader, and reserve to Skip II.

Annual Meeting.

President Schellhass called the meeting to order at 8:20, with twelve members present. H. S. Joslin, Oxford, Mass.; H. T. Peters, New York; E. W. S. Pickhardt, Cambridge, Mass., and A. J. Burrington, Stamford, Conn., were elected to membership. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, H. F. Schellhass; Vice-Presidents, J. W. Appleton, G. B. Post, Jr., A. W. Post; Treasurer, Geo. Laick; Secretary, G. W. Rogers; Executive Committee, John Bateman, G. M. Wharton, N. A. Baldwin; Delegate to A. K. C., H. F. Schellhass; Official Judges, John Davidson, Geo. F. Reed, W. S. Clark, Geo. Laick, H. F. Schellhass, G. B. Post, Jr.

A die for a handsome club medal was presented by a member of the club and accepted with thanks. Adjourned.

Tuesday.

The day was as beautiful as the hunt was unsatisfactory. The first series in Class C was completed.

CLASS A, BEAGLES 15 TO 13IN.

The nine entries in the class were drawn to run in the first series as follows:

Somerset Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch Imported Bownby, handler, J. W. Appleton, with Rockland Beagle Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch Blanche (Frank Forest—Ina), handler, H. L. Kreuder.

Howard Almy's w. and t. dog Lewis (Bannerman—Parthenia), handler, owner, with Wharton Beagle's b., w. and t. dog Stocky (Fitzhugh Lee—Parthenia), handler, G. M. Wharton.

Geo. F. Reed's b., w. and t. bitch Nell R. (Ned—Haida), handler, owner, with Hempstead Beagle's b., w. and t. bitch Purity, handler, Thos. Gibson.

Hempstead Beagle's b. and w. dog Messenger (Monitor—Graceful, handler, J. L. Kernochan, with Pottinger Dorsey's b., w. and t. dog Pilot (Imported Chimer—Belle of Woodbrook II.), handler, owner.

D. F. Summers's b., w. and t. bitch Lucy S. (Frank—Tip) drew the bye.

BOWNBY—BLANCHE.—The latter was easily the better of the couple, and in a short drive had it all her own way. Down 45 minutes.

LEWIS—STOCKY.—This brace had a long and tedious hunt for fur, but not a trace of it was found. Two cats were started by Stocky, and later he went off on a fox, and also tongued on squirrels. The hounds were put down three times in the attempt to get them on a rabbit together. At last success crowned our efforts, and Lewis quickly showed himself to be the better hound, working the losses with care and judgment, while Stocky was wild in his work. Down in all, 3½ hours.

NELL R.—PURITY.—Two rabbits were put up, and Nell ran both prettily. Purity backed to her, but did not tongue, and when put down alone refused to hunt. Down 45 minutes.

MESSENGER—PILOT.—Two rabbits were found, and Pilot won with ease. Messenger, however, proved to be a stylish, ambitious worker, and a very promising hound. Down 30 minutes.

LUCY.—The bye was ordered down with Nell R. as a running mate. A rabbit was soon found, and in the open both did some pretty trailing. Working into the swamp, scent lay well, and a great race was run. The music was fine, but that was the only part of the run on which judgment could be passed, for it was impossible to follow the hounds. Down 2 hours.

Wednesday.

A fine hunting day. New grounds were tried and they proved to be very good, with a fair supply of rabbits. The 15in. class was finished and four braces in the Derby run off.

NELL R.—LUCY S.—A hot race was run by this lively pair. Lucy was a trifle quicker in catching the turn, and during the last of this chase did most of the leading. Down 45 minutes.

Second Series.

LEWIS—BLANCHE.—They were closely watched and ran a pretty race. Blanche was a little the faster and in other respects fully the equal of her rival.

PILOT—LUCY S.—Another hot race and one of the best of the day. Pilot was in better condition for hard running than Lucy and won after a splendid exhibition of beagle work.

Third Series.

NELL R.—BLANCHE.—Nell outran Blanche and won easily.

This finished the work in class A and the judges gave first prize, $45, to Pilot; second, $30, to Lucy S.; third, $20, to Nell R.

The Derby.

The first series in this stake was drawn as follows:

H. S. Joslin's b., w. and t. dog Trick (Clyde—Lady Novice), handler, owner, with George F. Reed's b., w. and t. dog Scorcher R. D. (Wanderer—Triumph), handler, owner.

H. S. Joslin's b., w. and t. bitch Whaler (Wanderer—Triumph), handler, owner, with Howard Almy's b., w. and t. bitch Miss Quinn (Diamond—Nancy Lee), handler, owner.

Rockland Beagle Kennels' b., w. and t. dog Buckshot, Jr. (Buckshot—Blanche), handler, H. L. Kreuder, with D. F. Summers's b., w. and t. bitch Belle S. (Clover—Lucy S.), handler, owner.

D. F. Summers's b., w. and t. bitch Minnie S. (Clover—Lucy S.), handler, owner, with J. O. Frost's b., w. and t. bitch Gladness (Blue Jacket—Cheerful), handler, J. W. Appleton.

D. F Summers's w. and t. bitch Summers's Fly (Clover—Lucy S.), handler, owner, drew the bye.

TRICK—SCORCHER.—Two rabbits were put up. Neither hound hit the track of the first, but Trick drove the second well. Scorcher harked to him, but did little work and lost the race. Down 55 minutes.

WHALER—MISS QUINN.—The former was under no control and the latter was unwilling to leave her handler till a rabbit was put up. Then she drove very well, but at a slow pace, for some distance. Whaler did not get on. Down 1¼ hours.

BUCKSHOT, JR.—BELLE S.—The latter proved to be a flyer, and ran altogether the fastest and best race of the trials up to this time. Three rabbits were put up. The first was lost almost before he started. The second was driven at a killing pace for a long distance, when the fun was spoiled by a boy who deliberately fired at Belle with a small rifle. Fortunately he missed her, but richly deserved to be brought before the police court, which, however, was not done. The last rabbit led a splendid chase in cover. Belle was altogether too fast for Buckshot, and she was an easy winner. Down 1½ hours.

MINNIE S.—GLADNESS.—At first Gladness did the better work, trailing prettily across an open field when Minnie seemed unable to lift the scent. Then Minnie struck the trail in cover far ahead of Gladness, and the latter was not in the race thereafter, as she refused to hark. Down 30 minutes.

In the evening the club was entertained at a dinner party given by Mr. Pickhardt at his residence in Massapequa. It goes without saying that the evening was a jolly one.

Thursday.

The day was clear and very warm. The running in the Derby and Futurity Stakes was completed.

SUMMERS'S FLY.—BUCKSHOT, JR., was put down to run with Fly. The latter did most of the work, and showed keen nose and greater speed than her running mate. Down 1 hour.

Second Series.

BELLE S.—TRICK.—These youngsters ran one of the prettiest races of the trials on a rabbit which ran straight away for a mile or more. The hounds were very evenly matched, and there was but little to choose between them. A second rabbit was put up and driven beautifully for some time, and the hounds were ordered up while still running. Down 1 hour.

Belle S. was given first prize, $20, and Trick second, $10.

The Futurity.

In the first series the beagles were drawn to run as follows:

Rockland Beagle Kennels' b., w. and t. dog Buckshot, Jr. (Buckshot—Blanche), whelped Jan., '95, handler, S. Z. Demarest, with Geo. F. Reed's b., w. and t. dog Millard R. (Millard—Haida), whelped July, '95, handler, owner.

D. F. Summers's b., w. and t. bitch Belle S. (Clover—Lucy S.), whelped March, '95, handler, owner, with Geo. F. Reed's b., w. and t. bitch Scorcher (Wanderer—Triumph), whelped April, '95, handler, owner.

D. F. Summers's b., w. and t. bitch Minnie S. (Clover—Lucy S.), whelped March, '95, handler, owner, with Howard Almy's b., w. and t. bitch Miss Quinn (Diamond—Nancy Lee), whelped Aug., '95, handler, owner.

BUCKSHOT, JR.—MILLARD R.—The latter proved to be the better hound in hunting out his ground and driving his game. He is also the possessor of a sweet, tuneful voice, a point which is overlooked by most of our breeders. Down 1 hour.

BELLE S.—SCORCHER.—The former was an easy winner. Scorcher appeared indifferent. The small rabbits are new game to him, as he has always been hunted on white hares. Down 45 minutes.

MINNIE S.—MISS QUINN.—The latter gave a pretty exhibition of trailing and won without difficulty. Down 48 minutes.

Second Series.

MILLARD R.—MISS QUINN.—Millard had more speed and as good a nose as Miss Quinn and won. Down 12 minutes.

MILLARD R.—BELLE S.—A pretty race in full view of the spectators was run by this fine brace. Belle won. Down 25 minutes.

The value of the stake was $75.50. The judges gave first prize, $30.20, to Belle S; second, $18.88, to Millard R.; third, $11.32, to Miss Quinn; reserve to Minnie S. Ten per cent. of the Futurity, $7.55, went to D. F. Summers, the breeder of the first winner.

Champion Stake.

There were but two entries in the stake: Pottinger Dorsey's b., w. and t. dog Pilot (Imported Chimer—Belle of Woodbrook), handler, owner; and Rockland Beagle Kennels' blue-ticked dog Buckshot (Deacon Tedd—Daisy), handler, S. Z. Demarest.

PILOT—BUCKSHOT.—They were put down for fifteen minutes, and as no start was made were ordered up to go down again.

Friday.

A good hunting day. The trials were finished.

PILOT—BUCKSHOT.—Neither hound was under good control. Two rabbits were started, and Pilot proved himself to be the better hound in casting and hunting his ground. In speed they were about equal. Down 1 hour and 23 minutes. The judges awarded first prize to Pilot, and second to Buckshot.

Pack Stake.

Three packs were run, and the stake was an interesting one.

HEMPSTEAD BEAGLES.—Tyrant, Trueman, Messenger and Leader made the pack. They were under good control, and had the best voices heard at the trials. A rabbit was started and quickly lost. Down 45 minutes.

SUMMERS'S PACK.—The pack was composed of Lucy S., Minnie S., Belle S. and Summers's Fly. The drive was a long, hard one, and a fine example of beagle work. The hounds packed well, worked merrily, and were snappy and active. Down 1 hour and 25 minutes.

ROCKLAND BEAGLE KENNELS' PACK.—In the pack were Buckshot, Buckshot, Jr., Blanche and Zillah. A rabbit was quickly put up, and after a short run was lost at a road. Down 30 minutes.

The judges gave first prize to Summers's Pack, second to Rockland Beagle Kennels, and reserve to Hempstead Beagles.

The conclusion of this stake brought to an end a very successful trial. J. A. B.

Continental F. T. C.'s Trials.

OCT. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Continental Field Trials Club and the dog owners and handlers of America are placed under renewed obligations to the Mobile & Ohio Railroad as the letter herewith inclosed, just received from its efficient General Passenger Agent, Mr. E. E. Posey, will show. In all of my dealings with and trips over the road I have invariably found the officials and employees gentlemen in every sense of the word; I have found the road bed first-class and the train service perfection. It always appeared to me that the trainmen considered it a pleasure instead of a duty to cater to the wishes and comfort of their passengers. I therefore take pleasure in recommending the Mobile & Ohio road to the traveling public. P. T. MADISON.

COPY.

MOBILE, Ala., Oct. 20.—*P. T. Madison, Esq., Sec'y-Treas. Continental Field Trials Club.*—Dear Sir: I am advised by Mr. J. N. Seale that you recently favored him with a few days on our line, and that you have selected Tupelo, Miss., and vicinity for the field trials of the Continental Club next season.

I regret exceedingly that I was not advised in advance, so that I could have joined you and Mr. Seale on your trip of investigation, as I would have enjoyed greatly not only the outing, but the pleasure of meeting you, and would have been pleased to have had an opportunity to show you some personal courtesies.

I congratulate you upon having selected Tupelo as a location for your field trials, and predict that it will mean not only permanent location with you, but success, pleasure and satisfaction to your members and those interested in your trials. You will find the people hospitable, and the railroads (the Mobile & Ohio prominently) are willing to do everything they can to afford your members, friends and other visitors to your trials every facility and accommodation that we can in rates and service. You will also find birds as plentiful in this section, if not more so, than in any other, which is the most important point, and a country that is just suited to the sport at the proper season of the year.

In making your arrangements for your field trials, be certain to advise me fully in advance, giving particulars, and we shall be glad to coöperate with you in any way we can to properly take care of your people. Have trainers and handlers communicate with us in advance, so we can arrange to take care of them in good shape. I shall make a special effort to be present at your trials this winter, and hope sincerely to have the pleasure of meeting you.

Again congratulating you and assuring you of my great pleasure at your selection, and extending to you our heartiest welcome, and an earnest assurance of coöperation on the part of the Mobile & Ohio R. R. in all details that go to make field trials a success, I beg to remain, Yours very truly.

E. E. POSEY, G. P. A.

The Water Fowl Club of America.

EAST ORANGE, N. J., Oct. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* By same mail under separate cover I send you a copy of the Water Fowl Club catalogue. You can gather from it that the membership is not a large one, still they are a pretty nice set of fellows and are banded together purely with the hope of doing something for the industry generally. I therefore trust you will help us as much as possible by giving us any publicity within your power. T. FARRER RACKHAM.

No Thanksgiving Show in Newark.

WILL you please announce that after the most strenuous efforts to hold another show at Newark Thanksgiving week, it has been finally decided to abandon it for the present. EDWIN H. MORRIS, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Under date of Oct. 30 we have received from Mr. Oldham, sec'y of the Metropolitan Kennel Club, a report of the club's meeting held on Oct. 21, but while such promptness is most commendable it still is too late to be of value.

Mr. S. C. Bradley, secretary of the E. F. T. C., informs us that he will arrange for the entertainment of visitors at the club's forthcoming trials (Nov. 16) aside from the main interest, the competition; and for that purpose will have traps and clay pigeons for those who care to test their skill in that manner, so do not neglect to take your gun. Other diversions will also be provided. On behalf of the club, Mr. Bradley extends a cordial invitation to sportsmen to visit the club's trials. It is the oldest club in the country, and has weathered all the ups and downs of field trials through all the years.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address. Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

SALES.

F. L. Cheney has sold
One dog puppy to Mr. Jas. B. Blossom.
One dog puppy to Mr. Jas. Wrinkle.
One bitch puppy to Mr. Jas. Wrinkle.
Alice Kent to Mr. Jas. Wrinkle.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

WHEELING NOTES.

In the United States Signal Service a number of bicycles are in use, principally among the linemen. Though Gen. Miles has spoken so strongly in favor of the wheel for army use and recommended the equipment of a regiment, no official purchases have been made. The cycle corps of the Twenty-fifth Infantry were equipped with wheels secured by Lieut. Moss from a public-spirited manufacturer, and those used in the courier service and cross-country runs are the property of the individual riders.

While the sentiment is distinctly in favor of the bicycle for army use, our Government apparently does not propose at present to follow the example of foreign Governments in the matter of outlay for this purpose.

It takes the spur of emergency to make the Government cognizant of any good thing, and in ordinary times that red-taped abstraction is content to let others experiment, justified, no doubt, by the knowledge that when the emergency comes the nation will rise equal to it.

At the annual field day of the Second Regiment of the Massachusetts Militia at Sugar Loaf Mountain, South Deerfield, Mass., the bicycle was put to a severe test under unfavorable weather conditions.

A reconnoissance was made by corps from three companies with a total strength of ninety men. Fifty-four of the men were under command of Capt. McDonald, of Company B, of Springfield, while the other detachments included twenty-four members of Company C under Lieut. Gilmour, and twelve men from Company D under Lieut. Field.

The soldiers made a very rapid scout through the surrounding country, and in a short time reported on its condition topographically, and with reference to its ability to sustain troops by means of foraging. From these reports Capt. McDonald was able to make a very fair map of the region.

The reconnoissance was completed in much better time by the wheelmen than it could have been accomplished by cavalry, and the results were so eminently satisfactory that Adjutant-Gen. Dalton will probably have similar maneuvers introduced in the field days of other regiments.

The French soldiers just now are developing the possibilities of their folding military bicycle, and the general verdict is that the wheel is a complete success. In the recent army maneuvers the bicycles were packed and loaded on the soldiers' backs fifty seconds after the order for dismounting had been given, and at the end of a march on foot the wheels were ready for use in forty seconds. On one occasion a company of bicyclists were dispatched to turn the flank of opposing cavalry by using a hilly path through woods, impassable to the latter. They made their way successfully to the place assigned, surmounting or clearing away obstacles to their progress, and opening fire on the opposing cavalry force, forced it to abandon the position it was holding. The use of bicycles for the rapid transportation of troops to the flanks of an enemy's army will undoubtedly be one of the features of modern warfare, and no general can afford to leave it out of his calculations.

The old lines affectionately descriptive of G. W. might almost be applied to the bicycle—first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of our nineteenth century civilization.

The bicycle corps will be the future military commander's right bower, a flying power for offense or defense, bringing its men on the field fresh and spirited where infantry would be fagged and worthless, easily handled because the same number of men can be gotten under way in a tenth part of the time that it takes with foot soldiers.

In peace the bicycle leads by reason of the magnitude of the industry from a financial point of view, and concerning the affectionate regard in which it is held there can be no question as to its supremacy.

Babies nowadays cry for bicycles. Children demand them for Christmas presents, where they used to ask for watches or other less necessary things that they are now content to dispense with, and older people of all ages, sexes and conditions are its devotees.

Redress for Wheelmen.

JOHN P. HAINES, the President of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, has mailed an open letter to all New York State bicycle clubs, calling the attention of wheelmen to Section 661 of the Penal Code, which reads as follows:

"A person who willfully throws, drops or places, or causes to be thrown, dropped or placed upon any road, highway, street or public place, any glass, nails, pieces of metal or other substance which might wound, disable or injure any animal is guilty of a misdemeanor."

The S. P. C. A. seeks to secure the coöperation of wheelmen throughout the State in the suppression of attempts to injure animals as well as bicycles; and Mr. Haines points out that this section makes it possible to fine violators $500, or to impose a sentence of one year in the penitentiary, or both. He adds:

"The original purpose of the law was to protect animals from wanton or needless injury, and more particularly horses, which traverse the public roads and streets by the hundreds of thousands, and are exposed not only to needless suffering, but also to a frightful death by lockjaw by the practices which this law is intended to suppress. It is evident that the throwing upon public places of any substances which might wound or disable an animal may result in injury to the pneumatic tires now in universal use as a necessary part of the bicycle; but I would call your attention to the fact that, under the general law, there is no adequate or certain remedy for injury to the owner of a wheel which may be injured in that way, since it is always necessary for the injured party to prove that the injurious article or substance was placed upon the road or street with malicious intent to injure property, while the court may go so far as to require proof of an intent to injure the particular wheel which has been damaged. The result of this difficulty is that many wheelmen submit in silence to a malicious wrong which interferes with their pleasure and injures their property rather than undertake the trouble and expense of doubtful prosecution."

Hare and Bicycle.

WHILE galloping through a bottom along the North Platte River in 1886, my horse stepped on and killed a small cottontail rabbit that did not get out of his way quick enough. One of the late issues of the London *Field* tells of a hare being run over and killed by a bicycle rider, and another instance is given where the same thing was only averted by the quickness of the animal. The latter incident is described as follows: "On Sept. 30 a hare was running toward me, in a straight line with my bicycle, jumped into the air with a side wriggle, and cleared my front wheel, landing just at my pedal as I swept past. I was just prepared to see my wheel, and perhaps myself, go over it when it achieved this wonderful performance." B.

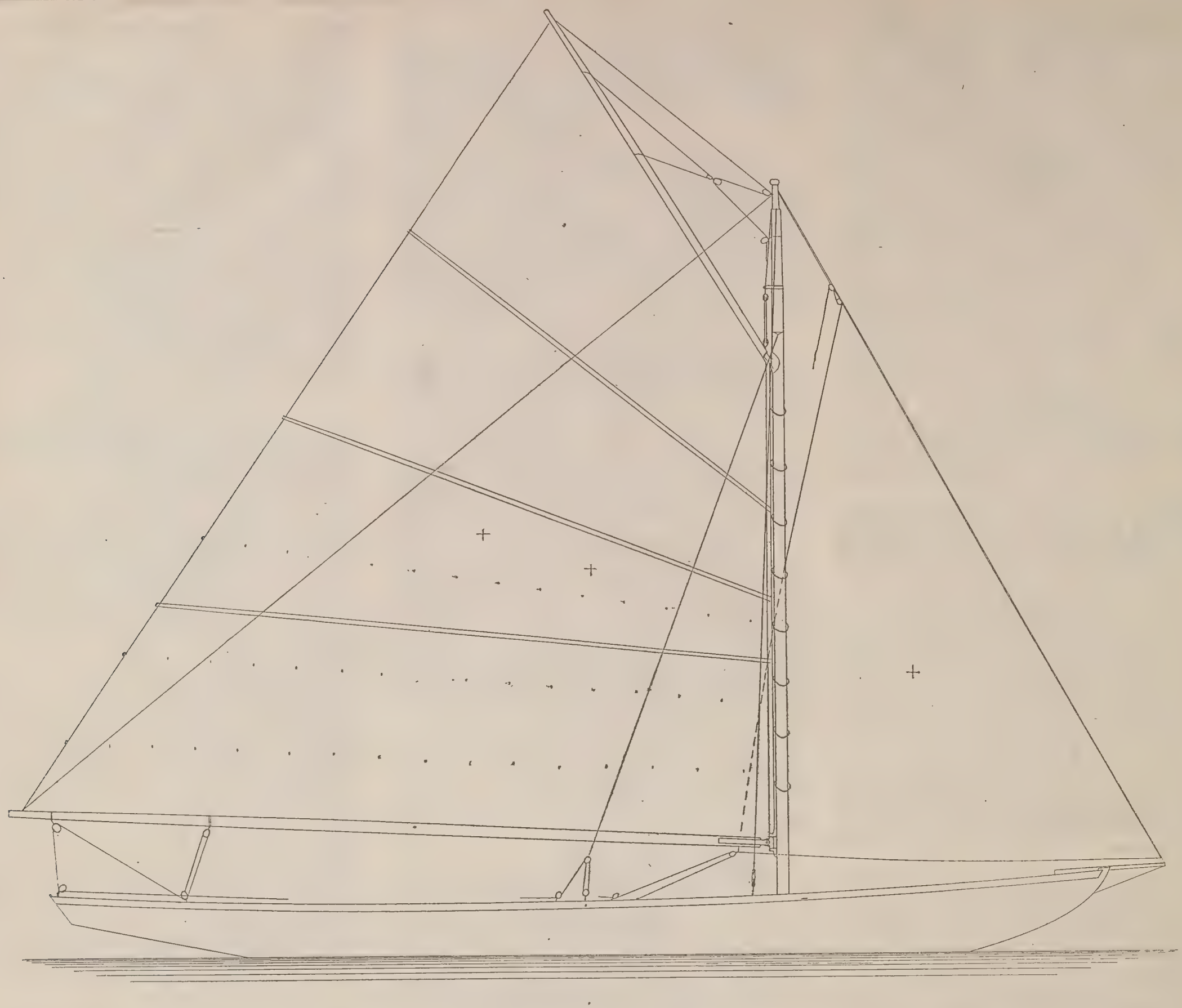
Yachting.

A SPECIAL meeting of the New York Y. C. will be held on Nov. 5 to pass for a second time upon the amendments to the racing rules accepted at the last meeting. A new amendment will be introduced providing that existing yachts, while exempted from the draft limits as they stand, shall not be allowed to increase their draft by alteration beyond the limits.

ON Oct. 30 the steam yacht Intrepid, Lloyd Phœnix, returned to New York after a voyage of some 18 000 miles to the Mediterranean and European ports, having left New York on March 20. The voyage is rather a remarkable one for a large steam yacht, in that both owner and captain crossed the Atlantic both ways in the yacht instead of in an "ocean greyhound."

THE present time is the most favorable opportunity for the enactment of new and improved rules that has ever existed in American yachting since racing was established. In the classes above 30ft the old boats are so completely outclassed, and have so generally withdrawn from the racing, that they cease to represent that bugaboo of progress, vested interests. In the single-stick classes the only boats that have kept up a pretence of racing are Queen Mab, Wasp, Uvira and Norota, not one of which will have a fighting chance against a new boat built to the limit of her class. In the schooner classes are just three boats which can be said to represent live vested interests as being new and still in the racing: Colonia, Amorita and Quissetta. The other schooners, Ariel, Lasca, Merlin, Iroquois, Marguerite, Quickstep and Volunteer, no longer represent vested interests in that they have no chance of winning from the three named; and Emerald may probably be included in the latter lot rather than the former.

The various measures for the improvement of the rules now before the various clubs are all based on the assumption, which we hope and believe is well founded, that there is to be a marked revival of building this winter; among the new yachts confidently promised are at least one or two schooners, some new cutters of 70ft. racing length, and four or five of 51ft. It is in every way essential that the new boats should



WENONAH.—SAIL PLAN.

be considered above all the old ones in making new rules, and on this occasion, at least, there is no reason why they may not be. As we have shown, there is nothing in the single-stick class which can reasonably claim to represent a vested interest, and the three schooners can be provided for by special legislation, if necessary, in order to allow them to race for a season or two against the new boats.

To those who have followed the slow course of improvement in American yachting the changes of the past two years are indeed wonderful; the sandbagger has disappeared so quietly that its demise has passed unnoticed, fixed ballast and limited crew and sail area have been universally adopted, the old reaching courses have given place to short triangles sailed several times over, with provisions for stopping a race at the end of a round, and even the one-gun start, so long decried as impossible, has been adopted.

It is impossible to consider the questions of overhangs and waterline measurement without being forced to the conclusion that they are most closely connected, and that the former must be greatly simplified by that solution of the latter which is clearly inevitable—the measurement with crew on board. There can be no question that this must shortly be done in all classes in America just as it has long been done in England, and as it is done here now in the races for the America's Cup and in all the smaller classes.

The only reason urged against it is most inadequate: that existing yachts would have to be remeasured, causing much work, and might come out of their classes. Against this we would urge that if new yachts are built they must be designed under the new rules to the extreme limit of their classes, and the designers will do some very close figuring in the matter of weights and waterline in order to waste nothing that is of advantage. It makes no difference whatever to owner or designer whether the new boat be designed for measurement with crew or without crew, so long as the rule is fixed one way or the other; but it will make a very great difference if the rule be changed in the near future, as it plainly must be, and the owners of new boats, built already to the limits of their classes, are obliged to conform to it.

There has been entirely too much hasty and ill-considered legislation of late in yachting, and we hope that before it is too late those who are in a position to exert any influence by vote or otherwise will consider seriously this important question at least. Measurement with crew aboard is inevitable; it must come as surely as uniform classification, uniform rules, one-gun starts and triangular courses have come. Any attempt to ignore it now can only work trouble in the future after new yachts have been built, as it is beyond question that such yachts will be designed to the limits of their classes when measured without crew.

IT is not necessary at this late day to go into lengthy arguments to prove that the only proper way in which to measure a racing yacht is with weights of all kind aboard, in the ballast, and as nearly as possible in the trim in which the yacht actually sails. No other method is so fair to all yachts, so reasonable in itself, or so sure a preventive of evasion or "cheating" of the length measurement. Whether it is enough in itself, or whether it should be supplemented by a measurement at a stated distance above the actual loadline or by some other tax on overhang, is a secondary question, and one that can only be properly discussed on the basis of measurement of waterline in actual sailing trim.

WE publish this week the announcement of the fourth annual meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers. As usual, a number of valuable papers will be read, and the two days of the meeting will give opportunities for a social reunion that is as useful in its way as the papers themselves. It is gratifying to note the success of an institution which was long needed in this country, and which, now that it has come, is each year giving new evidence of its practical value.

THE Council of the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound has nearly completed the work in which it has been engaged since the ending of the racing season—the thorough overhauling of the racing rules. Though adopted on short notice and in an experimental way, with many concessions to the varying customs of the many organizations which it was proposed to unite, the rules thus far have worked admirably through two seasons of regular racing. So great has been the change of public opinion during that short time in such matters as measurement with crew on board, one-gun starts, etc., that it is not only possible, but absolutely necessary, to revise the rules, and to incorporate some features heretofore unknown in American yachting. In some points, such as the remodeling of the list of classes, the abolition of allowance within the classes, etc., the general nature of the desired improvement has been plainly discernible, and the Council has had only to deal with details. In others, such as the question of limiting draft, overhang and sail, and that of a material alteration of the measurement rule, it has proved very difficult to lay out any general plan that promises to be satisfactory, and as yet no action has been taken.

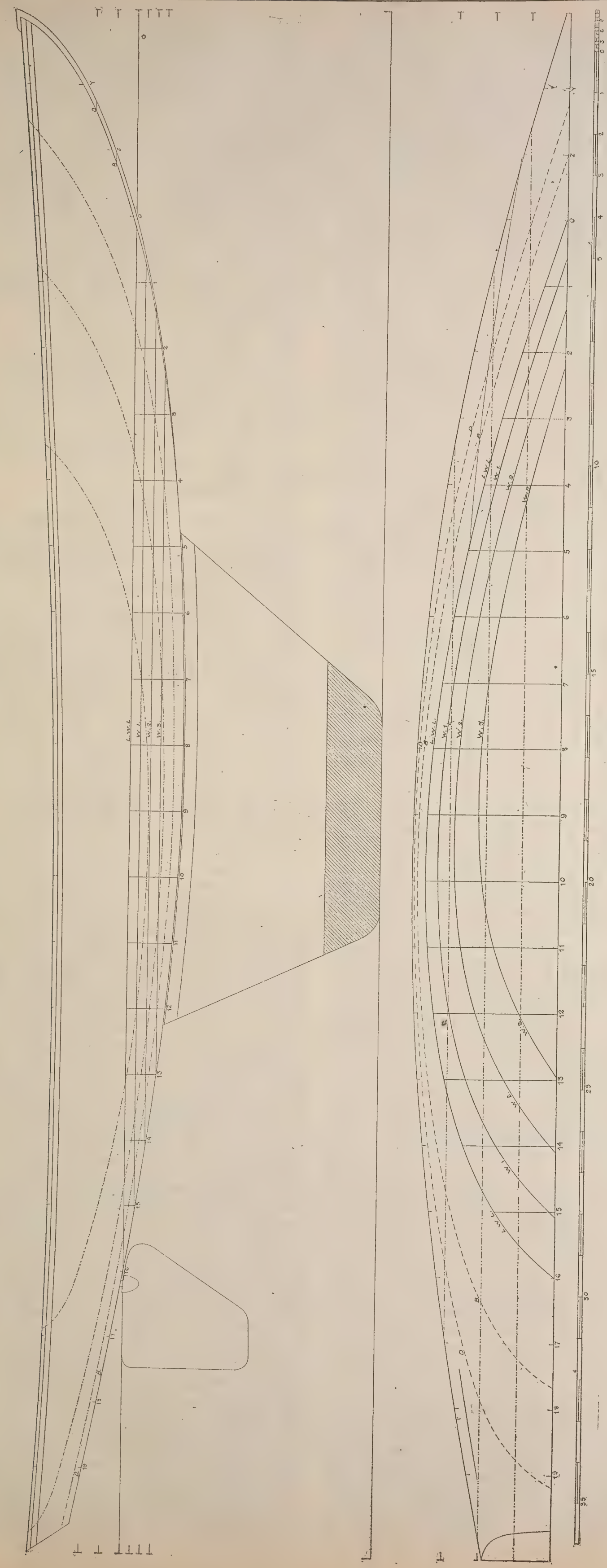
So far as it has gone, the work of the Council in the form of amendments to many of the rules is most satisfactory. The main ends in view have been the lessening of the number of classes, the strengthening of such classes as have been retained as permanent, the abolition of time allowance and the encouragement of owners to build to the full limits of the classes, and the further perfection of the details of actual management of races. The work has been done to a certain extent in concert with the Larchmont and New York clubs, though neither is a member of the Union, and all of the good features of the changes proposed in those clubs have been utilized; but the Union is prepared to go considerably further than the two clubs, especially in such important points as the measurement with crew on board in all classes and the limiting of yachts to the classes in which they belong, and prohibiting them from racing in others. The changes recommended are now nearly completed and will shortly be published, prior to being submitted to the Union for ratification.

On some of the more important points, the proposed limitation of draft and the possible alteration of the present formula with a view of producing a better type of yacht, the Council has as yet reached no positive conclusions.

WENONAH-GUDRUDA.

IN spite of the large amount of information which it contains, the average yacht club book is not specially interesting or even valuable outside of a very limited field. The Imperial Y. C., of Germany, has for some years made its handsome year book of permanent value to yachtsmen, whether directly interested in the club or not, by the publication of yacht cruises and also of the designs of prominent yachts, both racing and cruising, each book containing three or four complete designs. It is through this medium that we are enabled to publish the lines of one of the earliest of the Herreshoff fin-keels, the first American yacht to make a notable record in British waters since the days of the old America. The first experimental bulb-fin, Dilemma, was designed by N. G. Herreshoff and built at the works at Bristol for his own use, being launched in October, 1891. The results of her successful trials being widely heralded, two orders were placed for similar yachts for the following season. The first order was from Henry Allan, of Glasgow, one of the younger members of the famous yachting family of the Clyde, who had raced the Watson lugger Elfin in the 2½-rating class in 1891. The new yacht, to which Mr. Allan gave the Indian name of Wenonah, was built to the same class, then in its prime on the Clyde. The other boat was ordered by H. Maitland Kersey, a young English yachtsman who had recently made his home in New York, and was intended for the then existing 25ft. racing length class on the Sound, of which Smuggler and Nameless were the first boats. El Chico, as Mr. Kersey named his boat, was practically a sister of Wenonah, with the exception of a slight difference in rig, she having no bowsprit, the jib being set with a club on the foot, this club swiveled to the stemhead and projecting forward of it for 2ft.

Wenonah's success was remarkable from the start, and in two seasons' racing she made a record of thirty-three prizes in forty-six starts, her total winnings being about $750. At the end of her second season she was purchased by His Royal Highness, Prince Henry of Prussia, brother to the Emperor, an enthusiastic yachtsman and owner of such crack yachts as the half-rater Niny, the forty-rater Irene, and later the cruising cutter L'Esperance. She was shipped



WENONAH.—2½-RATER.

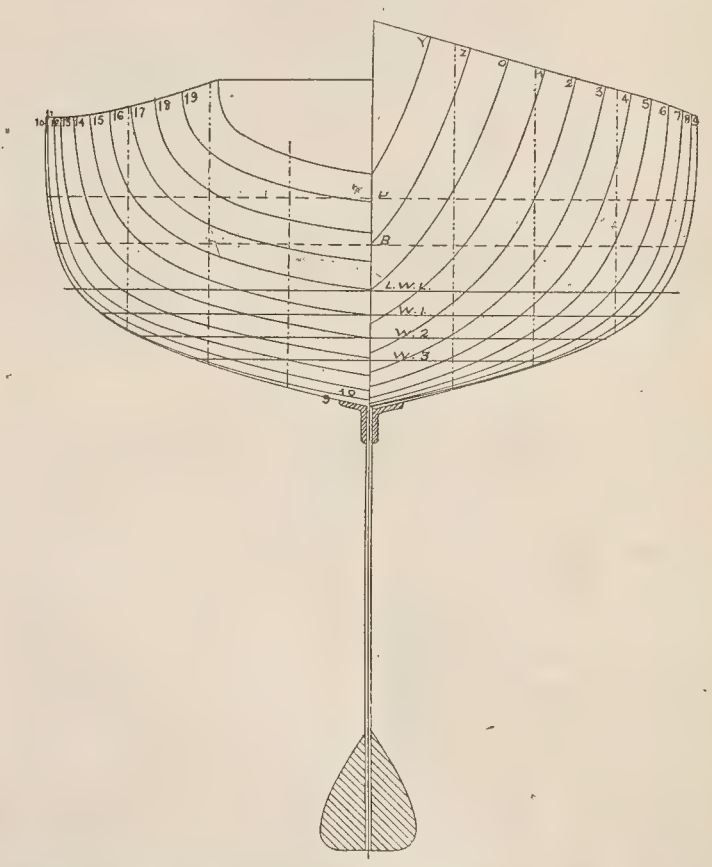
Redrawn from lines in Year Book of the Imperial Yacht Club of Germany.

by steamer from Glasgow to Stettin, and in the seasons of 1894–5 she was raced with much success by her royal owner under the name of Gudruda; her advent doing much to stimulate the interest in the class in German waters and to promote the building of new yachts.

The lines of Gudruda, as here given, have been enlarged and redrawn from the small drawing in the year book of the Imperial Y. C. We presume that they are accurate and reliable, as in the cases of such noted yachts the lines are usually taken from the boat herself by an officer of the German navy. The dimensions of the yacht are as follows:

Length over all	37ft. 5in.
l.w.l.	25ft. 6in.
Overhang, bow	5ft.
stern	6ft. 11in.
Beam, extreme	7ft. 2in.
l.w.l	6ft. 6in.
Draft, extreme	6ft. 2in.
hull only	1ft. 3⅛in.
Freeboard, least	1ft. 10in.
Sheer, bow	1ft.
stern	5½in.
Fin plate	717lbs.
Bulb	1,500lbs.
Mast, from fore end, l.w.l.	6ft. 6in.
deck to upper hounds	25ft. 6in.
diameter, deck	5in.
greatest	5½in.
Bowsprit, outboard	2ft.
Boom	27ft.
diameter	4in.
Gaff	14ft. 5in.
diameter	3in.
Mainsail, area	434sq. ft.
Jib	142sq ft.
Total	576sq. ft.
Y. R. A. Official S. A., 1892	599sq. ft.

The construction and rigging of both Wenonah and El Chico is thoroughly original, the work of N. G. Herreshoff. The construction was more or less a matter of gradual evolution, the firm having built many steam yachts of increasing size year by year with steamed and bent frames of light scantling and double-skin planking. The rig, a most radical departure from the conventional details of both American and English yachts, was less of a gradual evolution than of a



speedy invention. The building of Gloriana in 1891 marked the return of the Herreshoffs to the field of sailing yachts, in which they had once been noted, after some years of practical retirement from it while engaged in steam yacht and torpedo boat work. The rigging of Gloriana was no less original than other of her prominent features, and was very far ahead, both in strength and lightness, of anything yet seen on either American or English cutters. The same characteristics were visible in the sloop rigs of the two smaller yachts.

Wenonah is built with a flat keel of oak about 12in. wide and 3in. thick, sprung to the proper sweep, the extreme fore end being formed of an oak knee where the curve is most abrupt. The frames are also of oak, sided 1in. and moulded 1⅛in., spaced between 9 and 10in. These frames after steaming are bent on solid moulds of the proper shape, each pair of timbers being secured to its mould with iron dogs and the moulds being then set up on the floor of the shop with the heels of the frames upward. The keel is then bent over the moulds, and the heels of the frames fastened. The wales are of white oak, in single lengths where the size of the yacht permits, with a heavy moulding worked on the upper outer edge, just under the plank sheer. After the wales are in place and the garboards, also of a single thickness, are fitted, the inner skin is laid fore and aft, of white cedar about ⅝in. thick; and over this is laid the outer skin of mahogany of about the same thickness. The planks are always narrow, not over 4 to 5in. The two skins are fastened to the oak frames by brass screws.

After the bottom is finished off the hull is lifted by overhead traveling cranes and turned over, the clamps, deck frame, etc., being put on. The clamp is of oak, 1⅝ by 1⅝in. The floor construction, to carry the bulb-fin, consists first of a series of oak cross floors, one on each frame, sided 1¾in. and about 3in. deep where they cross the keel. On top of these floors at each end of the hull are two pairs of keelsons. These are of oak, sided 1¾in. and 4in. deep amidships, tapering toward the ends. The after pair are parallel, 6in. apart. The forward pair converge until they meet at their fore ends. The mast step is a stout piece of plank bolted on top of the forward keelsons. For a distance of about 7ft. amidships there are no keelsons. The fin, which is of Tobin bronze ⅝in. thick, is fitted on its upper edge with two angles of the same metal, 3½×3½×½in., the two riveted through the fin. These angles fay against the bottom of the oak keel, to which they are fastened with ½in. Tobin bronze bolts, through floors and keelsons.

There is a deck beam to each frame, main beams 1×1¾in.,

other beams ⅜×1¾in. The deck is of white pine, narrow and ship lapped, the edges fastened with a U-shaped staple riveted below. The hull is well strengthened by knees, diagonal straps, etc., but the peculiar side trusses between bilge and deck introduced in 1895 in Mr. Allan's larger fin-keel, the 10-rater Dacotah, are not found in these earlier and smaller boats.

The accommodations are necessarily very limited, the extreme height from the top of the keel to the under side of the deck beam amidships is barely over 3ft. The "main saloon," with this head room, has for furnishing a shelf 16in. wide in each bilge, which, when cushioned, makes a sofa, though, as there is but 2ft. between it and the deck, one cannot sit upright. The deck is flush for the whole length, with a fore hatch about 2ft. 6in.×3ft., a companion 2ft.×2ft., and a watertight cockpit 2ft. 4in. wide and 3ft. 6in. long; it is 1ft. deep, with a bottom of ⅜in. plank, two thicknesses. There is room forward for a hammock cot, and there are shelves and pantries for food, a single paid hand being carried to look after the boat at all times. The finish of the hull is very attractive, with white pine and mahogany in contrast, and good joiner work in all parts. The transom, as shown in the plans, is merely a straight flat plank, strong, simple and unsightly; apart from this boxy end the yacht is very handsome on the water.

The 2½-rating class at the time of Wenonah's debut was rigged with the mongrel combination of gunter and leg-o'-mutton rig known as the lug; but Wenonah carried the ordinary gaff mainsail, with hoops on the mast. The mast was solid, 5in. in diameter at the deck and 5½in. from the middle to the hounds, above which was merely a conical point. The shrouds, of ⅜in. wire rope, ran to the hounds, where a shoulder was worked to carry them; the forestay of the same size rope, also going over the head, but higher up, just below the truck. The blocks were of brass, of the open shell pattern, with pin fast in sheave, and those on the mast were shackled into eyes which were riveted into flat brass plates, secured to the spars by brass wood screws. The jib halyard block hung from the masthead by a strap of wire rope, and the throat halyard block, instead of being hung from the ordinary fixed iron bracket, also hung from the hounds by a single part of ⅜in. wire rope, 3ft. 6in. long. At its lower end this pendant was spliced into an eye in a band made of 1½×$\frac{3}{32}$in. brass, which played freely on the mast, the upper throat block being also fast to a lower eye in the same band. In this way the throat halyard blocks might be set up block and block, leaving a minimum of halyard for stretching; and yet the gaff, swinging from the extreme top of the mast, was free to work without strain on the jaws.

The shrouds and forestay served to hold the top of the mast in place, but to provide for the forward buckle of the mast caused by the strain of the gaff the pendants were placed just above the jaws of the gaff when fully hoisted. Each went over the mast with an eye splice, and was prevented from slipping down by a bit of $\frac{3}{32}$in. sheet brass cut out and bent to form a hook, the flat part being fastened to the mast by wood screws. This same light piece of sheet brass was made to serve another purpose; two projecting ends were turned at right angles to form a pair of lugs, and to them was fastened with ⅛in. split pin the spreader for the shroud, of ½in. tubing 1ft. long. This same idea of fittings made from light sheet brass was carried out in other parts, and though ridiculously light to the eye accustomed to heavy forgings, they apparently served their purpose admirably. The boom gooseneck was of a peculiar pattern, partly shown in the drawings; the jaws of the gaff were made of sheet metal, as were many other small parts.

The mainsail of Wenonah had three battens, as shown, very flexible on the forward ends. The working jib was sheeted to a traveler forward of the mast. The lead of the main sheet was peculiar; there were two travelers, as shown in the picture of the yacht under sail; on the forward one, just abaft the rudderhead, was a single block to which the end of the sheet was made fast, leading up and through a block on the boom, thence down and through the first block and aft up to another block on the boom, thence down to the single block on the after traveler and forward to a cleat just abaft the well. In this way the sheet could travel back and forth across the deck without jamming against the rudderhead, as it must have done if led from the forward traveler.

The rudder was a single plate of ¼in. Tobin bronze, with a wooden tiller about 4ft. long, shipping in a socket on the brass ruddercap.

The owners of both Wenonah and El Chico have spoken in the highest terms of the good qualities of the boats—fast, weatherly and seaworthy in the extreme for their small size.

IN ALL WEATHERS.

A 15-footer* on Lake Ontario.

For two summers we had been looking forward to taking such a trip, and at last when it seemed within our grasp we could scarce realize that our expectations were now on the verge of fulfillment. Many a time since the August evening when last we waved a silent farewell toward its sandy beach and the green encircling hills of its little lake had we talked of Jordan and planned to pay another visit to its quiet beauties.

I talked of the bass and perch to be lured from its weed beds and old deserted cribs, or grew enthusiastic over starry lilies, music-making trees, glowing sunsets, and the pleasures of lying afloat in the little haven below the bridge, with the cool arms of night about us, the heavens above us spangled with stars such as no city ever sees, on all sides the clear water mirroring the stars above and the mystery of trees along its shores, and within us an inexpressible content that we were once in harmony with nature.

To this my *Fidus Achates* added his reminiscences of well-kept fruit farms, pretty farmhouses, quiet country roads, and luscious, freshly picked fruit, to be had for the asking.

Yet, despite our earnest efforts, one arrangement after another fell through, till I imagined "the stars in their courses" fought against us as they are said to have fought against Sisera.

Now, on the afternoon of Aug. 8 we were actually afloat on the waters of Lake Ontario, with our bow pointed S.½W. and three days' provisions in our lockers.

The crew, Vic by name, sat with his back against the coaming on one side and his feet against the coaming on the other and hummed snatches of a song, the refrain of which seemed to be, "No other pleasure can compare with drinking, drinking, drinking;" as he is a strict cold-water man I am at a loss to explain this, unless it is an example of hereditary depravity not entirely suppressed. It does me good to see how that boy enjoys his sailing, bubbling over with enthusiasm till his happy face is a veritable panacea for the blues and all other kindred ailments.

A light east wind was blowing, which kept us moving at the rate of about two knots. As we had left our moorings at about 1 P. M. with thirty-two miles of water before us, this did not promise well for reaching Jordan before morning. Still, hour after hour we slipped gently along, till the features of the northern shore and the spreading city became indistinct with haze and were gradually swallowed up by the thickening of the atmosphere. By 6 o'clock the wind had drawn almost dead ahead and remained as light as ever, while to the northwest the sky was darkening ominously and the sinking sun plunged out of sight behind the cloud veil with startling suddenness.

But later, as we lounged at ease sipping our coffee after a hearty supper, the sun's glowing disk appeared once more just above the horizon, flashing a fiery river across the lake to our quietly moving craft. When at last he disappeared again, the whole northwestern sky blazed into a lurid glow with the life blood of the dying day. The crimson glory tinted with the softest pink, the sails and deck and the spreading ripples from our bow were as crimson ribbons streaking the dark blue lake. Magnificent indeed was that blaze of color, and one watched breathlessly its deepening tints; but there was a menace in it that failed not to impress us and made me turn to Vic with a muttered comment as he watched with parted lips and earnest eyes.

Darkness fell rapidly, for the whole sky was clouded and no stars appeared to cheer the gloom. The night was warm, though not oppressive, for the clouds seemed to act as a blanket and the freshening southwest wind was as balmy as a tropical breeze. Soon lightning was flashing in the north and the southwest, following the heavy clouds that seemed to work west along the northern shore.

For hours we sailed, working in long tacks toward the southern shore, where twinkled the lights of Niagara and Port Dalhousie.

The lightning was constant, but thunder was seldom heard, so seldom indeed that we hoped to pass by Port Dalhousie's range lights before the storm could reach us.

Carefully we watched the western horizon when lit by the electric flashes, for we dared not be caught napping with all our canvas spread, and yet it seemed wise to carry on to the very last minute, so as to reach a haven as soon as possible. Suddenly a roll of thunder seemed to vibrate through the boat and then a few drops of rain splashed down upon us. The oilskins were quickly got out and donned, but after a few minutes the shower ceased and again we hoped to miss the storm.

Vic, peering out to windward, saw a lifting of the clouds and said cheerfully, "No more rain." While he spoke I swept the western horizon and saw there well abeam the grim black clouds stooping down and sweeping the water with misty trailing vapor wreaths.

"Do you see that?" I said. "There's the rain!" "Down with the mainsail!"

He jumped for the halyards, already cleared, and in a trice the mainsail was dropped, leaving us jogging slowly along under mizzen and jib, watching carefully the sea and sky to anticipate the next move of the enemy.

A coil of halyard had gone aloft when the mainsail came down, and as I watched the crew getting it clear my eyes traveled to the main truck. A thrill ran through me as I looked, for the mast head was glowing with lambent light, appearing as the little vessel rocked like a finger of fire inscribing mystic symbols on the dark clouds above.

Look! quick! St. Elmo's fire! A corposant!" I cried, and Vic gazed in wonder at the uncommon sight.

'Tis a good omen, the sailors say, and yet it is an eerie sight to see that intangible flame lapping to the masthead, dimming to the brighter glare of the lightning, and glowing out again more clearly when the darkness of sea and sky again reigns unchallenged.

Now there came a lull in the wind. "Ah!" I said, "this means mischief. Down with the jib." The crew judged there was no time to lose, and indeed the sail was hardly down ere the squall was upon us. Then by the glare of a lightning jag I saw Vic's yellow-clad figure drop flat on the struggling folds of the jib as he lashed it to the bowsprit, the white and yellow silhouetted on a background of black sky and greenish water lashed to spume by wind and rain.

Incessantly the lightning flashed, striking the eyeballs with a shock that hurt; while the crash of thunder, the hiss and beat of the rain, and the rush of wind through the rigging and around the straining and fluttering mizzen, made a pandemonium beyond description.

The fury of the wind drove us astern at such a rate that the most careful attention had to be given to keep the helm amidships, and prevent the boat swinging broadside to the rising sea.

And what a sight it was as we crouched in the cockpit to gaze at the seething water, scourged by the flail of the wind into hissing ridges, from whose flanks the driving rain flashed in a snowy veil.

In the heart of the storm we drove along, shut out by its sweeping mist-garments from all sight of friendly lights and indications of other existences than our own. At such a time one is impressed with a strange sense of loneliness, of utter aloofness from all humanity that would become oppressive were it not tempered by a feeling of pride in the proved capabilities of the boat beneath you, and a knowledge that one's crew could be relied upon to the utmost in steadiness and skill.

For five minutes the squall did its worst, and lightened up only to return a few minutes longer with all its pristine fury.

As suddenly as it came the furious west wind ceased, and once again our old friend from the southwest resumed his sway.

In the southeast over Niagara the storm was now apparently raging, for zigzag streaks were there flashing down in sheafs and streams so constantly that the eyes ached with the brilliancy.

Overhead the clouds were rolling away, and ere long the Pleiades were beaming on us from the east, and over in the west the great Northern Cross was bending to its setting, shining on us like an omen of safety as it sank.

Once again we picked up the twin lights of Dalhousie and the brighter glare of Niagara, and soon were plunging shoreward again with all our canvas set. The wind had left a moderate sea, and a pretty sight it was to watch the occasional spray clouds flying over the forward deck change to crimson and green as they dashed across the path of the rays from the triangular skiff lantern lashed to the mast.

I looked at my watch. It was twenty minutes to 4, and already the stars were dimming and a brightness creeping into the eastern sky. The dawn was so near that nothing was to be gained by running into Port Dalhousie; so after working in well toward the land we went about, and passing it to port stood along shore directly for Jordan, which we made without further incident at 8 o'clock.

An early cup of coffee had banished the sleep from my eyes; so after landing some wet stuff to dry, I got out the fishing tackle and tempted a few sunfish and bass to take my bait. Vic tried also for a while, but soon tired of it, and lay down for a sleep.

Jordan proved to be all we remembered and anticipated, and more pleasant memories will now be added to our store. Ask Vic if he will ever forget the swim in the clear, cool, deep water of the outlet; the dinner eaten lying in the grateful shade of the old dock and elevator, among whose piles and cribs the water trickled and gurgled; the big-hearted fruit farmer and his acres of plums and large thimble berries in which we reveled, or the well-earned repose that night under the cockpit tent, with a lulling wind singing incessantly through the trees.

We met there too a regular "old man of the sea," who proved a veritable incubus; for he seemed to be afflicted with a monomania regarding a Mackinaw boat some Toronto men had offered to sell him. Twenty times if once he approached me in regard to the boat, his inquiries generally taking some such form as these:

"You don't know Lang?"

"No."

"Likely you'd know the boat if you heard the name."

"Probably I would."

"Mackenaws are good fishing boats, ain't they?"

"Yes. They use nothing else on the Upper Lakes."

"Right smart sailors, I guess?"

"Yes, they sail very well, though not so good as a sloop to windward."

"Lang lives on Churchill avenue."

"Yes?"

"He says she's rented to a man down at the Thousand Islands and comes to Toronto every two weeks."

"Oh!"

"You don't know Lang?"

"No."

"What boat comes up from the Thousand Islands every two weeks?"

"Don't know."

Here follows a pause of five minutes as I move further along to drop my line in a fresh place.

Presently he sidles up and begins again.

"Pretty good fishing boat, a Mackinaw?"

A grunt (from me).

"Not so good as a sloop to windward, though?"

Grunt.

"You know most of the yachts at Toronto, I guess."

"Yes."

"I wisht you knew her. Lang says he rented her to a man and she comes up to Toronto from the Thousand Islands every two weeks."

Silence again.

"You don't know Lang?"

"No," explosively,

"They carry a lot of canvas, I guess?"

Another grunt.

"Lang says he will let me have her for $40."

"Oh, d—— Lang!"

Then he subsides into injured silence for some minutes while I pulled out a fat sunfish and put on a new worm. Not for long does he remain quiet and begins again:

"I wisht I knew her name, then likely you'd know her."

No answer.

"Lang says she's 28ft. on the keel. Do you think it likely she'd hold a couple o' mile o' net?"

"Look here, my friend," I said, "if you want to know anything about Mackinaws, you go and talk to my friend over there. He's just come back from Parry Sound and knows all about them."

He stumped over to Vic with his curious wooden-legged walk, and I watched with great interest the cheerful alacrity with which Vic imparted all he knew about Mackinaws gradually fade into saturnine impassiveness; then I knew misery had company, and was happy. There was no escaping him till we went for a swim, and there he did not follow us. After we came out I said to Vic, "We'd better clear out of this and go over to the elevator on the Lake Shore unless we want to be bored to death with this old nuisance." We went and stayed at the old storehouse till an approaching thunderstorm drove us to shelter again in the creek.

Next morning I crawled out of the tent and stood on the counter with night robes fluttering in the morning breeze, while I prospected on the weather. There that inspired idiot stood on the bridge and in response to my nod withdrew his pipe from his mouth and waved it in the direction of the lake. "There's a boat standing in here," he said; "she looks like a Mackinaw. Likely it's Lang come over from Toronto. I'd like to have you look at that boat."

In despair I plunged below again and got into my clothes, refusing to indulge in further conversation.

All night long the wind had been very strong, but as morning advanced it quieted down so much that we deemed a start both safe and advisable. At 10 o'clock A. M. we hoisted our jib, cast off our bowline from the bridge and swung down stream lakeward, getting in our anchor, which had been let go astern, as we passed it. I waved a good-by to the Jordanites on the bridge, and the last words I heard from land were: "If Lang's Mackinaw comes from the Thousand Islands, I wisht you'd take a look at her." I mentally consigned Lang, his Mackinaw and the "old man of the sea" to everlasting perdition, but remained outwardly calm. As we cleared the sunken cribs projecting the mouth of the creek we hoisted the reefed mainsail, running awhile under it and a whole jib with a fresh and quartering breeze.

Gradually the wind lightened till it seemed advisable to shake out our reef. When that was done the mizzen was next spread to the breeze; then a balloon jib followed.

For some time the wind continued to drop, and then gradually freshened again, at the same time drawing more into the south, till at 1 o'clock it was almost dead aft, enabling us to set the spinaker.

Now indeed we began to have hopes of making a record run, for the sheets were tugging harder and harder, a stronger note was in the voice of the wind, and an increasing swirl and swish made music to the ear as the rising waves passed underneath. Vic laughed happily, and a curious exhilaration went tingling through my veins.

The horizon was rather hazy, but soon we picked up the tall "Power House" chimney, belching out great clouds of smoke, and the white tower of the Island lighthouse clear and distinct against the smoky background of the city.

*The little yacht Lynette was illustrated in the Forest and Stream of April 6, 1895.

Still faster and faster we flew, tearing through the wave crests with a rush that sent them driving off in a foamy curl that rose clear above the leeward deck and yet touched it not. Then when we were caught on the advancing front of a swell the wave motion seemed to carry us forward with such a breathless rush that the spinaker would momentarily fall into a bag and the water boil under the counter with a note of distant muffled thunder. The exhilaration of the rushing, swooping motion and the sparkling life of the lake acted on us like strong wine, and we laughed and shouted and sang like very schoolboys let loose on an unexpected holiday.

As we passed the lighthouse and the holiday makers on the point the waves and wind were still increasing, and I said to Vic: "We can't begin to carry this canvas on the wind; we'll go down the bay with a flowing main sheet or I'm no prophet."

He glanced at the canvas, then over the stern to windward and said: "We'll be lucky to reach our mooring without dropping it altogether or else reefing. But what of that? our record's to the Western gap."

The Queen's wharf was made at 3:20 P. M., which meant a run of thirty miles in five hours and twenty minutes.

As the breakwater bore abeam we clipped the wings of our flying sea horse by dropping the spinaker, and then waiting for a smooth went about, not daring to jibe with such a strong wind and in the midst of the pyramidal jump of water caused by the back wash from the piers. The wind from the lake had rolled back the smoke from the city, and old Toronto in the fresh, clear air, bright with her waving trees and holiday bunting, looked indeed the Queen City of the Lake. Many white wings dotted the expanse of the bay, but no craft seemed able to carry all lower canvas, and single and double reefs seemed in general favor. As for us, we were glad to run down the bay with main sheet well eased off, then lower mainsail, and run into our boat house slip under mizzen and jib. After canvas had been stowed and dunnage landed, I turned to Vic and said: "Are you satisfied with the run?"

He replied: "It was the sail of a lifetime," and I agreed with him.

J. EDW. MAYBEE.

Larchmont Y. C.

A SPECIAL meeting of the Larchmont Y. C. was held on Oct. 28 at Delmonico's, with Com. Gillig in the chair, the object being to adopt the proposed amendments to the racing rules. All of the proposals were adopted, though several changes of detail were made in the course of the meeting. The rules in use for the past two seasons have been changed in many ways that experience has shown desirable, and the proposed amendments covered a large number of details. The classification has been revised, the limits having already appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM. This classification is practically uniform with the New York Y. C. and the Yacht Racing Union. The 15ft. class has been dropped, the smallest being the 20ft., and all of the special classes, the 34ft., 30ft., etc., have been dropped, the boats henceforth taking their places according to measurement in the regular classes. This is a good change. Whatever the special classes may have done for racing in the past few seasons, it is apparent that their usefulness has departed, that much more is to be gained by strengthening and building up a number of regular classes. The plan of designating each class by a letter of the commercial code has been adopted, but with it the old and confusing system of arbitrary names for the classes has been retained. The practical result of this system is apparent in reading over the rules; the statement that a yacht in Class G shall do one thing and a yacht in Class Q shall do another conveys of itself no information whatever unless a man has memorized the whole list or has it in his hand. It would have been quite as direct, concise and simple to use the terms 70ft. class, 30ft. class, etc. In connection with the classification it is provided that the regatta committee, with the approval of the commodore, may establish special classes for any regatta.

The limitation of draft is identical with that previously adopted by the New York Y. C.; in fact, though the proposed limitation was first actually adopted by the New York Y. C., the idea originated within the Larchmont Y. C., and that club is entitled to all of the credit for it. The following proviso, however, was added to avoid the blunder made in passing the rule in the New York Y. C.:

"But this limit shall not apply to any yachts in existence at the time of the passage of these amendments when racing in the class in which she was classified prior to this time."

"This exception, however, shall not be so construed as to permit a vessel launched prior to Oct. 22, 1896, to increase her draft beyond the limit allowed for her class.

As already noted, the rule as passed by the New York Y. C. is so worded as to allow the deepening to an unlimited extent of an existing yacht; for instance, it would be possible, so far as the rule goes, to rebuild Emerald, making her a bulb-fin of any extreme draft.

The allowance for rig and the measurement rules are both unchanged; except for the proviso that in classes P, Q, S, Y and V, which we find by reference to page 4, are the 25 and 20ft. classes of sloops and the three catboat classes, over 25ft., 25ft. and 20ft., the measurement shall be taken with a weight on board equal to 150lbs. for each man allowed for crew. Unfortunately this excellent regulation is not extended to cover the larger class and all rigs, as might easily be done at the present time, but is left to the future, when it will be infinitely more difficult. Provision is now made for the deposit of the lines of winning yachts with the club, with the privilege of making models therefrom for the club's collection. The privilege of copying such lines or models is accorded to "the United States Naval Constructor."

The allowance table stands as it was, but three very important stipulations have been added: one that no new yacht launched after Nov. 1, 1896, shall be entitled to time allowance in her class, except the largest and unlimited class of each rig; another that in the case of old yachts going up a class they shall assume the mean racing length of the class; and a third designed to keep existing yachts in their present classes. The first proposition is an excellent one, long advocated by the FOREST AND STREAM in connection with the one-gun start; all times taken from the gun and the first yacht over the line at the finish being the winner. This will do much to strengthen the classes and to improve the quality of the racing, as it will effectually bar the building of yachts well under the class limit for the sake of the allowance. The second proviso is worded as follows: "Any yacht alone in her class may sail in the class next above, but in such case such yacht shall assume and be entered as of the mean racing length specified for the class in which she so enters; but this shall not be so construed as to permit a sloop, cutter or yawl to enter in a schooner class." This new section is merely in accord with the idea of class racing without time allowance; it puts a heavier penalty than ever before imposed on a smaller yacht which goes up into a larger class.

It is a question whether the rule might not well be made even stronger, so as to prevent entirely a smaller yacht from going above her own class and possibly spoiling some very good racing in a larger one. In the past, with an infinite number of classes between the numerous clubs and comparatively few yachts in any one class, it was desirable to encourage racing by allowing a yacht with no competitor in her own class to go into a larger one. In one way no harm was done, as every yacht in the larger class gave or took time as well as the outsider. It is an open fact that this privilege of sailing in one class or another at will was not infrequently abused in one of several ways. The underlying assumption on which all the present changes of rules are based is that with fewer and more sharply defined classes and no time allowance, with a thorough system of starting, timing, signaling, etc., and with a large number of races under uniform rules, there will be enough entries in certain favorite classes in almost every race to provide good sport within these classes. This being the case, it is well to put a stop to the practice of going up a class, by which one outside yacht, with her allowance, may break up the racing of half a dozen boats of the same measurement in the larger class. It of course follows that with the withdrawal of the old privilege there must be a provision for a "sail-over" prize, as a matter of justice to the owner who comes to the line ready to start and has no competitor; but whatever may be urged against sail-over prizes as meaning nothing, the use of them is preferable to the alternative of disturbing a number of yachts properly in a class for the sake of one that is not in it.

A new addition to the same rule is as follows: Any yacht that increases her measurements for the purpose of sailing in a class above that in which she would sail according to the last official measurement taken prior to Nov. 1, 1896, shall not be entitled to any time allowance from other yachts in that class. In practice this, for instance, would prevent one of the special 30ft. class going into the 36ft. class, as it stands to-day, with only old or semi-cruising boats, and destroying all racing in the class. It serves, in the transition from old rules to new, to keep existing yachts in the classes which they naturally fit, even though exceeding, through intention or otherwise, the exact limit of the class.

In the rule relating to entries a very important change was made, as an amendment to the original proposal: The racing measurement of a yacht must be filed with the regatta committee before 10 o'clock on morning of race, and not ten days thereafter, as was at first proposed. This rule, if rigidly lived up to, as it should and probably will be by the Larchmont officials, will work hardship now and then in individual cases; but it is a necessary and an excellent one.

The members in charge of the new amendments are not landsmen, but practical yachtsmen with experience both in sailing and in the management of regattas; and we do not understand why they have used the term "walk-over" in preference to "sail-over," as follows: "At least two yachts must start in any one class to entitle a yacht to a prize of full value. Should a yacht be obliged to sail alone in her class, and shall go over the course of her class, she shall be entitled to a prize of one-half the value of the regular prize, and upon same shall be inscribed 'Walk-over Prize.'" The obvious intent of this rule is excellent in connection with the penalty imposed on yachts going up into a larger class.

As to boats, it is provided that every yacht in the 60ft. class and those above it shall carry a boat on deck.

The new courses of the club are described at length in the rules, as heretofore. After several years of trial the arrangements for signaling the courses, starting, stopping a race at any time, etc., have been brought to a very satisfactory stage of perfection by the club, and but few changes have been found necessary.

One small detail which has been improved is the locating of the number and letter above the upper reef points and midway between leech and luff. In the matter of crew, there are no restrictions save as to number in the classes from J upward, but the smaller classes must be steered and manned by amateurs; yachts in classes K, L, M and N being allowed to carry their regular crews, and yachts in classes P, Q, S, T and V being allowed one professional. The total number of crew is limited in each class, some changes being made from the old limit allowing more men. On yachts in classes N, P, Q, S, T and V not more than one lady may be carried.

One of the most important changes is in the manner of starting: "All starts for each class shall be what is known as one-gun starts." Arrangements are made for starting each class separately with a five minute interval by the successive display of the code signals; for instance, the letter N indicates the start for the 30ft. class, and also the preparatory for the 36ft. class, which starts five minutes later on the display of the letter M; also a preparatory for the 43ft. class.

In the racing rules of the road (Rule XXIV.), Sec. 7 has been amended by the following addition: "In order to prove beyond question that an overlap has been established the owner or representative of the overtaking yacht shall hail the overtaken yacht, stating that he has an overlap, and that he shall maintain his rights." Most yachtsmen will be able to recall instances within their personal experience in which the owner or representative of an overtaking yacht has imparted in terms more forcible than polite the information that he has an overlap and intends to maintain his rights, but we know of no instance on record in which such an assertion, however emphatic, has been accepted as proving beyond question that an overlap had been established. The new rule introduced a year ago to govern maneuvering at the start is retained, though open to very serious objection, and not yet accepted by any other club.

The rules as to protest, disqualification, etc., remain unchanged, but there is one rule which may work serious injustice, as now worded: "A yacht which shall be disqualified twice in one season shall be debarred from sailing in club races for the remainder of the season." There is in this wording no recognition of the fact that a yacht may innocently disqualify herself in a way that does no injury to any other yacht, as by the technical fouling of a mark in touching the flag on it; or she may even do so by actual contact with another yacht through circumstances for which she is not morally responsible. It is certainly not the intent of the rule that two such mishaps early in the season should bar a yacht for the remainder of the year. If, as would appear, the intent of the rule is to cover only such cases as disqualification on protest, or by the regatta committee for cause, some change of the wording is necessary.

There are two points in the rules which, in our opinion, are open to serious criticism: the failure to discriminate between the keel and centerboard types in fixing the limits of draft, and the failure to measure with crew aboard in the larger classes. Except in these points—and unfortunately they are important ones, in which a mistake now cannot be easily remedied next year or the year after—the changes are desirable and likely to prove of great benefit to yacht racing, both within the Larchmont Y. C. and throughout the Sound.

Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers.

THE fourth general meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers will take place in New York city at 10 A. M. Thursday, Nov. 12, 1896. Through the courtesy of the president and managers of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the meetings will be held in the auditorium of No. 12 West Thirty-first street, the sessions continuing through Thursday and Friday, Nov. 12 and 13.

There will be a banquet at Delmonico's at 7 P. M., Friday, Nov. 13, to which members and their guests are cordially invited. Tickets, exclusive of wine, will be $5 each, and they can be obtained, after Nov. 10, by applying to the secretary.

In order that suitable arrangements may be made, the executive committee requests that members will notify the secretary as early as practicable of their intentions as to the banquet, and also as to the probability of their attending the meetings of the Society.

Members intending to propose candidates for membership are requested to notify the secretary in order that the necessary blank forms of application may be forwarded and properly filled out.

The papers to be read are as follows:

THURSDAY, NOV. 12.

1. Test of an Experimental Turret of the U. S. Battle-ship Massachusetts, by Com. W. T. Sampson, U. S. N., Chief of Bureau of Ordinance, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.
2. Steel Canal Boats, by Lewis Nixon, Mgr. Crescent Shipyard, Elizabeth, N. J.
3. Trial Performance of the Grand Duchess, by S. N. Smith, Mgr. Newport News Ship-Building and Dry Dock, Co., Newport News, Va.
4. Naval Practice in Ship Rivets and Riveting, by Naval Constructor J. H. Linnard, U. S. N.
5. American Fire-Boats, by H. DeB. Parsons, Marine Engineer.
6. Corn-Pith Cellulose, by H. W. Cramp, Vice-Pres. Wm. Cramp & Sons, Philadelphia, Pa.

FRIDAY, NOV. 13.

7. The New Battle-Ships, by Chief Constructor Philip Hichborn, U. S. Navy.
8. Speed Trials of a Screw-Propelled Ferryboat, by F. L. Du Bosque, Engineer Floating Equipment, Pennsylvania Railroad.
9. Hydraulic Sheers for Lifting One Hundred and Twenty-five Tons, by Frank B. King, Marine Engineer and Naval Architect.
10. A Method of Calculating the Stability of Ships, adapted to the use of Standard Curves of Stability, by Hugo Hammar, Naval Architect.
11. Stability of a Ship in Damaged Condition, by James Swan, Massachusetts Institute of Technology.
12. Damaged Conditions as Affecting the Stability and Fighting Efficiency of Battle-Ships, by Assistant Naval Constructor T. F. Ruhm, U. S. Navy.
13. Screw Propellers, by Prof. Geo. R. McDermott, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

A. C. A. Executive Committee.

THE annual meeting of the executive committee of the American Canoe Association will be held on Friday, Nov. 13, in Toronto.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Calumet Heights Riflemen.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 25.—The scores made by the members of the Calumet Heights Gun Club in the rifle contests held on Oct. 18 and to-day are given below:

Class A, 200yds., Standard target, off-hand:

	Oct. 18.		Oct. 25.	
Davis	4333534424	35+2=37	5343354344	38+2=40
Harlan	4442342445	=36	4454533344	=38
Norcom	4000234323	22+2=24	.....	
Hodson	2222333333	=26	.....	
Paterson	4540345334	33+2=35	4543443324	36+2=38

Class B, four ties; 100yds., rest, Creedmoor target:

Mrs C W Carson	4545451544	=44	4444444554	=42
Mrs Marshall	5444344345	40+2=42	3342334444	34+2=36
Mrs R B Carson	5443445454	=41	.....	
Miss Ervin	5444443445	=41	3544444454	=42

In Class A Davis was the winner on both dates. Mrs. C. W. Carson was also the winner in her class on both occasions.

PATTY.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Nov. 7.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Cup contest, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club. C. O. Gardiner, Sec'y.

Dec. 1-3.—TRENTON, N. J.—Proposed contest for live-bird championship; 100 live birds per man, $100 entry. Under the management of Charles Zwirlein.

1897.

Jan. 4-5.—PRESCOTT, Arizona.—Fourth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Prescott Gun Club. Roy Hill, Sec'y.

January.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second midwinter tournament, under the management of Oscar Guessaz, etc.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK CITY.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

April 15-17.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

May 11-14.—OIL CITY, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

H. G. Wheeler, one of the best target and live-bird shooters in Massachusetts (and that is saying a good deal, as there are some fast ones in that State), stopped off for a few days last week on his way South for the winter. Mr. Wheeler's health is not of the best, and the changeable climate of our Northern winter is too severe for him to run any risk by stopping among us for the cold season. He is an enthusiastic wheelman as well as shooter; he rode from Marlboro to New York on his bicycle, and expects to make a great part of his journey South by means of the same method of locomotion. The form he displayed at the Jersey traps during the Elizabeth tournament showed us that "Gil" has not forgotten how to break targets since we last saw him face the traps in the Hazard tournament at Cincinnati last May.

On the afternoon of Election Day the Independent Gun Club, of Plainfield, N. J., and the Dunellen, N. J., Gun Club will shoot the fourth match of a series of five arranged between these two clubs. As matters stand at present, the Plainfield club has won two of the three already decided. On the same date Henry Weidmeyer and Valentine Swody will shoot a match at 50 targets for $25 a side.

The Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, Ind., is considering the question of holding a tournament at sparrows during the week preceeding the annual shoot at San Antonio, Texas. The idea is to give the Eastern shooters a chance to stop off at Indianapolis on their way South and try their hands at the Indianapolis specialties—smoothly run tournaments and a sparrow shoot.

B. W. Claridge, of Baltimore, holder of the Du Pont championship trophy, has named Nov. 10 as the date for his match with George Roll, of Blue Island, Ill., the challenger for the trophy. The conditions are 50 live birds per man, the shoot to take place on the grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association. It will be remembered that after the decision of the Claridge-Malone match on Oct. 6 J. L. Winston challenged the winner of the Claridge-Roll match, posting a forfeit to bind the challenge.

As Election Day comes on Tuesday, FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Monday instead of Tuesday, and a number of scores are held over in consequence. Among them is the score of the McIlhany-Calhoun match for the live-bird championship of Kansas, which was won by McIlhany by a score of 46 to 41.

Nov. 2. EDWARD BANKS.

On Long Island.

HELL GATE GUN CLUB.

Oct. 27.—The monthly shoot of the Hell Gate Gun Club, held to-day at Dexter Park, was well attended, 29 members taking part in the club event at 25 live birds per man, club handicap rise. Gus Nowak and John Schlicht were the only two to score straight, while Ed Paynter and Eugene Doeinck won second place alone on 9 out of 10. Dr. F. M. Bauer shot along with the members of the club as their guest, scoring 8 out of 10. Each man's score in detail is given below:

Gus Nowak	2221222212—10	H W Voss	1001002111— 6
John Schlicht	2112111221—10	Emil Petersen	2210202010— 6
Ed Paynter	1112221220— 9	Chas Schaefer	1012110010— 6
Eugene Doeinck	2121102122— 9	Emil Metz	2202100202— 6
John H Voss	1•212211122— 8	Adam Knodel	1201200010— 5
Frostel	1211111020— 8	Henry Foster	1210000202— 5
Dr Bauer	0120121222— 8	John Fairboter	0010222001— 5
L C Muench	0110211112— 8	Louis Stetzle	0010101010— 4
Emil Steffens	2022220221— 8	Joseph Newman	•0010201•2— 4
William Sands	2222200220— 7	John Sehm	0022100002— 4
Richard Regan	0122111200— 7	Henry Gunter	0002000112— 4
John Krebs	1220111022— 7	Emil Marquardt	1100021000— 4
Adam Stern	2010002212— 6	George Breit	2002102000— 4
Jacob Himmelsbach	2011020110— 6	Conrad Weber	0200010100— 3
August Schmitt	0202020222— 6	Chas Lang	0002200001— 3

EMERALD GUN CLUB TOURNAMENT.

Oct. 29.—The tournament of the Emerald Gun Club was held at Dexter Park to-day. Fifteen shooters participated, among them some of the best shots in this vicinity. Wheeler, by some excellent shooting, finished ahead, closely followed by Van Dyke and Remsen. Event No. 8 was a match at 50 targets, expert rules, between Winston and Wheeler, which the former won by one bird after a close race. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	20	15	25	10	15	20	20	50	10	10
Remsen	20	14	24	..	15	17	20	..	10	..
Wheeler	20	15	24	10	14	20	18	44	..	..
J von Lengerke	20	13	21	10	13	20	16	..	..	..
Phister	20	11	17	9	13	17	..	..	..	..
Van Dyke	19	15	24	10	12	18	20	..	..	..
Schortemeier	19	14	21	9	13	19	18	..	7	9
Bristol	17	10	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Winston	16	12	23	9	13	17	20	45	..	..
C Smith	15	14	20	10	14	19	16	..	..	..
Wood	14	11	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wanda	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	3	..
B Amend	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	4
Hudson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..
Short	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	6
W Amend	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	2

Elliott Challenges Riley.

THE following letter has been received from J. A. R. Elliott:

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I herewith inclose copy of challenge issued under this date to J. E. Riley, holder of the Kansas City Star Championship Wingshot Cup. By common consent, it was agreed that any Kansas City man winning the cup at the Missouri State shoot should not be harassed by challenges from local people until ample time and opportunity had been accorded the numerous championship aspirants to challenge the cup holder. About six months have elapsed since Mr. Riley has held the trophy, and no challenge having been issued him, I consider that it is high time the trophy should be called in competition, and accordingly have issued the subjoined challenge to Mr. Riley and await his pleasure as to time and place of contest. Respectfully, J. A. R. ELLIOTT.

James Whitfield, Esq., Sporting Editor Kansas City Star, Kansas City, Mo.

DEAR SIR: I herewith inclose you forfeit, and challenge Mr. J. E. Riley, holder of the Live-Bird Wingshot Championship of America, subject to the conditions and rules governing same. Respectfully yours, J. A. R. ELLIOTT.

Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

BURLINGTON, Vt., Oct. 21.—Below are the scores made at the monthly shoot of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club. The weather was unfavorable for good shooting, the wind blowing strongly across the traps all the time. The attendance of members was small. Scores:

No. 1, 25 targets, unknown angles: E. A. Worthen 19, H. E. Spear 19, Dr. H. E. Colvin 17, W. S. Stone 12.

No. 2, same conditions: Dr. H. E. Colvin 17, W. L. Stone 10.

No. 3, same again: Dr. Colvin 14, W. L. Stone 12. VERMONTER.

Programmes and Tournaments.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Oct. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read, re-read and read again the article "Programmes and Tournaments" in current issue of FOREST AND STREAM, and I am now cogitating as to why the salient features so clearly stated in same, which are necessary to the success and welfare of trap-shooting tournaments, have not been presented to the shooting public a long time ago. The article in question so thoroughly covers the ground that it would not be amiss for every gun club that contemplates giving a tournament to have a copy of your issue of Oct. 24 before their members, so that they may carefully digest the "meat" contained therein.

The concluding paragraph, "No tournament should be given by any club with the idea of filling the club's coffers with the proceeds of that shoot. If you add money, raise it at home; don't go abroad for it. If you don't add any money, don't charge 2 cents a target, or you will lay yourselves open to the charge of being after the boodle," meets with my earnest and hearty approval. It is conceded that trap-shooting is among the very few clean sports, and that gun clubs are not primarily organized for the purpose of making money; therefore the annual dues, membership fees, and residue derived from practice contests should serve to meet the running expenses of the club and keep the treasury intact. This being the case, when a tournament is given, the meeting of friends, the social features connected therewith, the friendly strife for supremacy at the traps, and the knowledge that the club's guests have been fairly dealt with and honestly treated, should be sufficient reward, especially if the club's treasury is not called upon to make up a deficiency.

The business people of the city in which a tournament is given are the people who derive pecuniary gain from same, and if added money is to be raised by subscription it is well to solicit at home donations of money or merchandise from those who will directly profit by the holding of the tournament. It is a recognized fact that for advertising to bring in any return it must be the result of wisely directed effort, and a patronage of such mediums as will place the advertisers' wares directly before the consumer at a cost which is recognized as fair and just in the business world. In this connection the method employed by some gun clubs in raising added money might be touched on lightly. With some organizations their first thought when a tournament is spoken of is that the sporting goods manufacturers should contribute and cover almost the entire expense of the shoot. They do not ask for the money direct, but for its equivalent in the way of guns, shells, powder, or, as is generally the case, from $10 to $50 per page for an ad. in the programme, which in many cases does not circulate outside of their own particular locality, and as an advertising medium is money thrown away. The manufacturer, no doubt, feels like refusing many of these appeals, but recognizes that his position is a delicate one, and that his refusal might be construed as a personal affront to the members of the club, so he, for business reasons, pays the exacted tribute. This method or system of raising money should be discountenanced by all gun clubs. They ought not to ask or levy tribute on the manufacturer as a club or organization when they would not have the "nerve" to do it as an individual. The refusal of a manufacturer to contribute should be accepted in a businesslike way. I have received dozens and dozens of letters from clubs asking how they shall proceed in order to secure a donation, advertisement, etc., from the manufacturers, and I am thus in a position to know to what an extent this is carried on.

It must be admitted that the adding of large sums of money attracts the shooters from far and near, and that it is impossible for the great majority of clubs to offer these large purses without resorting to the means just outlined. How are we going to have large tournaments then, and not raise money in this manner? Personally I am of the opinion that tournaments where large sums of money are added should be left entirely to the sporting goods manufacturers, who will, no doubt, derive great benefit from the advertisement gained through giving same. It is well known to those who attend tournaments that it is the smaller shoots, where from $200 to $500 is added, that the greatest amount of pleasure, social courtesies and good fellowship is to be derived; so I am in favor of gun clubs holding tournaments of this kind.

I am not in favor of adding merchandise prizes, and in my opinion they should be entirely eliminated from a programme. By this I do not mean that medals and cups should be done away with, for I believe they add to a programme and attract shooters, but it is the "plunder" prizes (as the boys call them) that should be left out. In almost every case merchandise prizes prove a bone of contention as to the method of disposal of the ties for same after the event is shot. Ties are very rarely shot off, and of the many tournaments I have attended where merchandise prizes have been offered I can recall but few instances where the prizes have been disposed of according to the programme. The ties have been eventually settled by some one of the contestants purchasing the interests of the others, or by deciding them by chance or lottery, such as placing the names in a hat and drawing for same. This is radically wrong and seldom gives satisfaction to the shooters; although they do not say much about it at the time, they afterward give vent to their dissatisfaction in no uncertain manner.

The stand you have taken in regard to charging 3 cents for targets when there is added money, and less than 2 cents when there is no added money, should meet with the approval of all gun clubs that give tournaments for sport and good fellowship, and not for the ultimate end of making money. Where there is no added money 1½ cents per target will put more money in a club's treasury than where 3 cents per target is charged and $100 per day, the usual sum, is added. This may seem strange, but it can be easily demonstrated by a few minutes' figuring on the part of interested parties. For example: suppose a club adds $100 and traps 5,000 targets at 3 cents each, or $30 per 1,000, thus receiving $150 for targets, this will leave a balance of $50 after added money is deducted. Now suppose this same club without adding any money had trapped 5,000 targets at 1½ cents each, or $15 per 1,000, they would receive $75 for targets, an amount $25 in excess of what they would have received had they added $100 and charged 3 cents for targets.

In regard to the practical work connected with the giving of a tournament: When a tournament committee is appointed, vested with full power to act, and a date selected that does not conflict with any other proposed event in that vicinity, then the real work of the committee commences, viz.: the arrangement of a proper programme which will serve to attract shooters. The preparation of a programme is generally looked upon as a matter of minor importance, and one that should not occupy much of its time. While this point, apparently, may seem an easy task, it is one of its hardest duties, and upon a correct arrangement of the details depends, to a certain extent, the successful issue of a shoot. It is quite easy to prepare a programme of a certain kind, but can it be carried to a successful issue? "Aye, there's the rub." Can it be? Events should be so scheduled and consist of such number of targets as will permit the running of two or more events at one time, if necessary, without interfering one with another. The proper way to do this is when your programme is arranged go over it carefully, shooting it out, imaginarily, with the greatest number of entries anticipated (entries are seldom underestimated, they are nearly always overestimated), in order to learn if each day's programme can be finished in due season. You will thus be enabled to amend or eliminate any events that may interfere or conflict with the smooth working of the programme. I call to mind at the present writing that the parties who were intrusted with the arrangement of the programme for the late E. C. tournament spent a great deal of time in a preliminary review of the work. The ashes had fallen from many a Perfecto, much seltzer-and-lemon, as well as other brain food, had been devoured for mental inspiration, and the gray dawn of the morning was peeping through the window blinds when the copy for that programme was finished and, with a sigh of thankfulness and relief, marked o k. That programme, with over 100 entries, four sets of traps, and a schedule of varied events was, with but a single exception on the first day, owing to inclement weather, carried out as arranged. The programme arranged for the Pennsylvania State shoot at Altoona was another instance similar to the foregoing. At the late State shoot held at Harrisburg, Pa., the programme, although given the most careful and conscientious preparation, was so arranged that it was with considerable difficulty that the many different kinds of events were kept moving.

When the programmes are ready for mailing, advance copies should be sent to the sportsmen's journals, giving them ample time to place same before their readers. The notice received is read by many thousands, and in return for this courtesy the scores should be promptly mailed at the close of the tournament.

Prior to the commencement of the shooting on the opening day it is the bounden duty of the tournament committee to have all the necessary paraphernalia on the grounds in proper position, as well as to have, by all means, a paid and efficient force of assistants on hand ready to commence the programme at the appointed time. The cashier's office is the mainspring of a tournament, and the best force obtainable is none too good. Appoint competent referees, who are just and firm, and the tournament committee should uphold them in their decisions. The duty of keeping the traps in perfect running order should be assigned to an individual member of the tournament committee, who should also see to it that the trapper boys do not take the targets out of the barrels and place them in piles around them; hundreds of targets are broken at tournaments by the trapper boys through carelessness in piling targets around them. The proper way to do is to open a barrel and place it on its side, having the trapper boy take out one package at a time and just as he needs it. Where at all possible, have a squad to lead off with who come to the score promptly when called and shoot rapidly, as they will set a good example to those who are dilatory and hard to get to the score. The suggestion presented as to the squad hustler is a good one, and he can often be excused if he retires to the rear of the club house and communes with himself profanely for a few minutes. Daily average money brings the shooters to the ground early and induces them to enter all events. High guns should always win this average money.

In presenting this article I am guided solely by a desire for the advancement and betterment of trap-shooting, and bringing it to the high plane where it, as a sport, deservedly belongs.

ELMER E. SHANER.

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your article in the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 24 has interested me very much, as you know tournaments, tournament programmes and handicaps have been a hobby with me for some years, and any discussion in that line appeals to me with a great deal of force.

In the majority of the points made by you I agree entirely, but in some I must differ, and for the following reasons:

The main point you make is that a club should not give a tournament with the expectation or for the purpose of making money out of it. That I do not think is a defensible position, as in giving a tournament a club takes a large risk, if it adds any amount of money to draw a crowd, in having bad weather or a small attendance, and not being able to throw enough targets to make up a portion of the money they have added to the purses, and in consequence they will sustain a loss. I do not think there should be a chance of a loss without the compensating chance for a gain, and that no club should be asked to take these chances of loss for the benefit of the manufacturers of the goods consumed, or for the amusement of the shooters in attendance.

There is a great deal of hard work in connection with running a tournament, and a club should have a chance of making a small amount of money out of a shoot to pay for the trouble and extra expense they have been put to, in order to encourage them to give other tournaments.

THE 2-CENT TARGET CRITICISED.

At the present price of targets there is no question but that a charge of 2 cents for targets where money is added is too much, and that 1 and 1½ cents should be the outside charge in such cases. To my mind it is much better for a club giving a large tournament to make a small charge or no charge at all for targets rather than add $1,000 to the purses and then charge 3 cents each for targets.

At the Chamberlain tournament last year we threw the targets free of charge, 35,000 of them, which at a charge of 3 cents each was equal to adding $1,050 to the purses. I will admit that few shooters had figured out what throwing targets free of charge meant, but after their experience last year I know they realize it is equal to large added money.

Now a club can give a tournament of this sort, depending upon advertisements in programme and guarantees from club members to pay for the targets and running expenses, and not run any such chances of losing a large amount of money as they will where they add $1,000 or more and charge 3 cents each. We threw all targets, programme events, preliminary day events and extras, and made no charge; but a club could not be expected to do more than throw programme events free and make a charge of 2 cents for all other targets. In that way they could derive quite a revenue, as a great many targets would be shot outside of programme events.

THE LINDSAY HANDICAP FAVORED.

As to handicaps: To my mind the Lindsay handicap is the best and fairest ever used, and, if at all tournaments it will give the satisfaction that it gave the majority at our tournament, it will be very popular as it becomes better known. As you say, it makes extra work in the office, but a system can be devised that will lighten and quicken the work and not be much more troublesome than the ordinary methods.

A very good scheme was used by the Cleveland Gun Club at a small shoot given by it a short time ago that consisted of giving every shooter in attendance from out of the city a rebate of his railroad fare up to $3, provided he shot the two days' programme through. There were 300 targets on the programme and a charge of 2 cents each was made, so that in cases where they paid $3 rebate they only received 1 cent each net for targets. Under this system almost every man from out of town shot the programme through in spite of the fact that it rained in torrents for both days.

AVERAGE MONEY SHOULD BE PRO-RATED.

As to averages: I believe in making a large number of small averages, to be divided pro rata among all that have shot the programme through, as a better plan for holding the attendance than in giving it to a few who have been winning all the money anyhow and would stay if there were not any averages at all. In fact, I think if the idea of adding money to the purses is to draw a crowd that will stay and shoot the programme through it will prove far the better plan to divide all the added money pro rata among those that have stayed the programme through rather than add it in small amounts to the purses. Take the large tournaments of the last few years and in every instance almost you will find that most of the added money has been carried off by not to exceed ten men, and that nine out of the ten were paid to be at the tournament and should not have had a cent of the money at all.

PAID MEN AT TOURNAMENTS.

In your article you have said nothing at all in regard to the paid tournament shot, and I think the time has come when that matter must be taken up by the trap-shooting fraternity, the same as it has been by the bicycle riders, and settled in some more satisfactory way than at present. My idea would be to let all these paid shooters attend as many tournaments as they chose, shoot at all the targets they wished, paying for them at actual cost of trapping, which would amount to about 75 cents per 100, but not to allow them to contest for any of the purses or average moneys. If they wished to get up sweepstakes among themselves and let as many of the amateurs in as chose to go in, that is all right; but bar them from the regular programme events. These sweepstakes of course would be figured from the scores made in the regular events and would be run by themselves entirely; that is, the money part of it, the office having nothing to do with it.

This would give them an opportunity of showing the goods they represent to the shooters present, but would not drive away many ordinary shots who are fast finding out that where there are so many good shots in attendance at all the large tournaments, who are paid to be there and who follow the circuit week after week as it were, there is no chance for one that has to pay his own way to break even with the game.

Take any of the large tournaments of last year, and fully 40, if not 50 per cent. of the shooters in attendance were paid in one way or another to be there.

DOES NOT FAVOR THE ROSE SYSTEM.

You know I am not in favor of the Rose system, so there is no use in saying anything on that score. I think if at least one-half of the events were arranged so that contestants would have to shoot out the ties until at least entrance money could be realized, it would put more life in the game and make better shooters out of us than the present way of dividing, no matter what you get out of an event.

There is no question but what your article will be of a great deal of interest and value to your readers, and I hasten to criticise same in hopes that some one will criticise me also, and in that way stir up a healthful agitation that will result in the good of one of the best of outdoor sports.

PAUL NORTH.

Calumet Heights Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 24.—Seven members of the Calumet Heights Gun Club took part in the regular weekly shoot of that club held this afternoon. In class A Paterson was the only contestant. In class B there were two competitors, Metcalfe winning with 20 breaks. Messrs. Black, Harlan, Davis and Grey fought for first place in class C, Black winning easily with 17 breaks, losing 4 out of his last 5 targets. The shoot is at 25 targets per man, unknown angles:

A C Paterson (A)	1111111101101011100100001—16
Metcalfe (B)	1101011111111101111110110—20
Norcom (B)	0001110111110110101111111—18
Black (C)	1010111101111011111100100—17
Harlan (C)	0100001110101100011101010—12
Grey (C)	0001101011011001110001010—12
Davis (C)	1100011101000111000101001—12

Five sweepstake events were also shot during the afternoon. No. 2 was at 5 pairs, No. 3 "snipe" shooting; all the others were at unknown angles. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Paterson	11	..	..	12	10
Metcalfe	10	4	7	13	8
Norcom	10	2	4	11	..
Harlan	7	4	7	10	5
Black	..	..	10	14	5
Grey	..	4	3	12	..
Davis	..	1	7	..	..

PATTY.

Winston had an easy thing of it last Tuesday, Oct. 27, in his match with Langen, of New York. The "Count" stopped shooting in the 69th round, Winston leading him then by 9 birds, and shooting in too good form for there to be any chance of defeating him with only 31 more birds to shoot at.

In New Jersey.

ELIZABETH GUN CLUB'S BI-MONTHLY.

THE Elizabeth (N. J.) Gun Club held its eighth bi-monthly tournament on Oct. 27-28. The club was favored by exceptionally fine weather, but it requires more than fine weather nowadays to draw out the shooters of New Jersey when once the game season has opened. The attendance was extremely small, while the purses on the target (first) day were even smaller, only a few of those taking part in the sweeps putting up for anything besides "the birds." President R. E. Chetwood acted as entry clerk throughout the shoot; W. M. Parker, the old cashier of the club, occupied his accustomed position in the cashier's box. Mr. Parker is now in the employ of the W-A shell-loading department, but still makes his home at Elizabeth.

First Day, Oct. 27.

About 1,500 targets were thrown during the day, the programme of 12 events being shot out before 4:30, although the first event was not started until just about midday. The weather was simply perfect, not a breath of air stirring at times. Had the background been as perfect as the day some tall scoring would have resulted, as H. G. Wheeler, of Marlboro, Mass., and Ferd. Van Dyke, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., were in excellent trim. Wheeler made one run of 70 straight, all at unknown angles. The background at the Elizabeth grounds is a hard one, while the high board fence that surrounds the property of the club makes low-thrown quartering targets extremely difficult to get on to, unless the shooter catches sight of them the instant they top the screen.

Among those present were W. F. Parker, son of the inventor of the Parker gun, and late president of the firm of Parker Bros., of Meriden, Conn.; Mrs. M. F. Lindsley, who was much pleased with the showing made by Wheeler, who shot both King's Smokeless in Peters's shells, and U. M. C. factory-loaded smokeless shells loaded with E. C. powder, and landed with high average. M. Herrington, of the U. S. Smokeless Powder Company, was also present and came on the ground late; he usually shoots well on these grounds, but on this occasion he was clearly out of form.

The programme consisted of 175 targets divided into twelve events. All these events, with the exception of Nos. 4 and 6, were at unknown angles. No. 4 was at traps pulled in reverse order; No. 6 was shot expert rules, rapid fire, use of both barrels. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12			
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*25*	*10*	*15*	*10*	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
H G Wheeler..	9	10	14	8	18	12	19	15	25	10	15	9	175	164	93.7
F Van Dykke..	10	9	13	10	19	15	20	12	24	9	12	10	175	163	93.1
Edwards.....	9	9	13	10	17	14	18	13	24	10	15	9	175	162	92.5
N H Astfalk...	9	9	..	..	18	..	17	15	23	..	..	..	100	91	91
J L Brewer....	6	10	9	10	16	15	19	14	22	..	..	..	140	121	86.2
R S Williams..	..	..	..	..	17	..	16	12	..	9	..	10	75	64	85.3
A Woodruff...	..	..	14	..	15	13	18	10	..	10	11	9	120	100	83.3
W F Parker...	8	6	13	..	17	..	16	..	.	7	..	..	85	67	78.8
Dr Jackson...	8	7	..	8	..	12	14	12	..	9	..	..	90	70	77.8
Wanda.....	5	6	..	6	..	..	..	10	..	7	..	..	55	34	61.8
M Herrington.	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	14	7	7	7	95	58	61
Waterbury....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	5	9	..	40	22	55

Dackerman shot in No. 10 and scored 7.

Two extras were also shot, the first being at 5 pairs. In this event the scores were: Edwards, Van Dyke and Woodruff 8; Wheeler and Williams, 7; Herrington 6.

Extra No. 2 was at 25 targets, unknown angles. Scores: Edwards 22, Herrington 20, Astfalk 19.

INDEPENDENT GUN CLUB, OF PLAINFIELD.

Oct. 20.—The Independent Gun Club, of Plainfield, held a shoot this afternoon, both live birds and targets being trapped. The scores in the live-bird event (8 live birds per man, 23yds. rise, $5 entrance, three moneys) were:

Codington	2222210121—9	Pierson	01101•0011—5
Wheeler	01211•1211—8	Smalley	1010011•0•—4
Haurand	1111101•22—8	Smith	010•100010—3

Three events, all at 10 targets each, unknown angles, were also shot during the afternoon. The scores in these events were:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Dr Cooley	3	2	..	Lister	4	6	..
Wheeler	9	7	9	Codington	4	6	10
Smalley	8	6	4	McCullough	..	5	8
Hui	7	5	..	Pierson	..	6	10
Smith	6	4	4	Reed	..	..	5
Haurand	8	9	7				

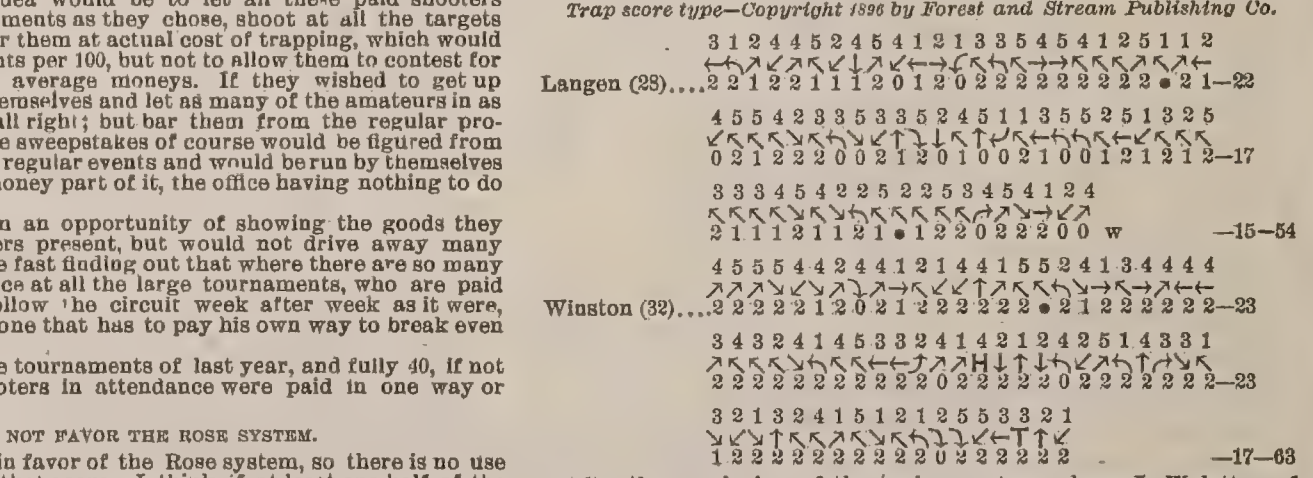
AT ELKWOOD PARK.

Oct. 27.—The return match between J. L. Winston and Langen, of New York, took place at Elkwood Park. The day was not a good one for the birds, as not a breath of air was stirring. Winston scored the easiest kind of a victory, Langen withdrawing after losing 15 birds out of 69 shot at. Winston found the birds to his liking, and scored 63 out of 68 from the 32yds. mark. The conditions of the match were 100 live birds per man, $147 a side, Hurlingham rules, Elkwood Park boundary, Winston at 33yds., Langen at 38. The traps fell as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	Total.
Langen	10	14	13	14	18	69
Winston	14	13	11	20	10	68

Langen's longest run was 15, although he scored 22 out of his 25. Winston made runs of 19 and 18. The match started at 1:37 and was finished at 3:20. The first 50 were trapped in 38 minutes, second 50 in 42 minutes, the other 37 were trapped in 23 minutes. Full scores follow:

Trap score type—Copyright 1896 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.



After the conclusion of the main event as above, L. Finletter, of Philadelphia, shot a couple of 25-bird races with Langen, both men using one hand, Finletter stood at 30 and Langen at 28yds. rise. They broke even on the two matches, Finletter winning the first by 23 to 21, Langen winning the second by 21 to 20.

Three miss-and-outs, $10 entrance, were also shot, as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.*	No. 5, 10 birds, $10.
Langen	2	1•	10	1121220	000w
Ivins	0	12	12	1212222	221 } Divided.
Finletter	2	11	22	20	222 }

* In No. 4 Langen missed his first bird and re-entered; he then missed two more in succession, his third re-entry resulting as above.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Hunting the Wild Goat.

THE white goat, or Rocky Mountain goat, as it is indiscriminately called, is a species of big game rarely hunted by sportsmen. This is not so much because of the difficulty of killing the animal, nor because of its actual rarity. It is a stupid animal, easily shot when once found. It is not, however, shot in the usual hunting grounds, as are bears, deer, elk, etc. It is remote from the common localities, but where found is in goodly numbers. It ranges very high up in the mountains—above the timber line usually—among the rocks and cliffs. This requires great labor to get to it, but once there the hunter will get his game nine times out of ten.

If you care to read of a goat hunt made in the Bitter Root Range in Montana, in the fall of 1895, send 6 cents to Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger Agent, Northern Pacific R'y, St. Paul, Minn., for "Wonderland, '96," which recounts such a hunting expedition.—*Adv.*

Sunday Service Discontinued.

THE Fall River Line announces the discontinuance of their Sunday boat service, the last Sunday trip for the season having been made on Oct. 25.

Commencing Nov. 2 the boats of this line will leave New York at 5, instead of 5:30 P. M., as at present.—*Adv.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. E. B.—For quail and rabbits on Long Island go to Lindenhurst (Glister's Hotel), Eastport (H. J. Rogers), or Mt. Sinai (L. A. Turner). You would do well first to write to the addresses given.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page x.

FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE

346 Broadway

NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING

Present Entrance on Leonard Street

THE FOREST BELONGS TO THE PEOPLE.

THE proposed amendment of the forestry section of the New York Constitution, to permit the leasing of the State's wild lands in the Adirondacks to private parties, was rejected on Tuesday of last week by an overwhelming vote. The official figures have not yet been given out, but the majority against the amendment is estimated at three hundred thousand.

If any one has been cherishing a lingering doubt of public sentiment respecting the Forest Preserve, he must have had his uncertainty dispelled by such a verdict. We should think that even the president of the Forest Commission himself might now have some slight inkling of how the people regard their forest possessions and how they mean to defend these possessions. "We believe the amendment a desirable one, and officially recommend its adoption," wrote President Davis in his officious manifesto. The people's answer to that was given in their vote of three to one against the impudent job. Under ordinary conditions, with public attention not so thoroughly engrossed in great national issues, the three hundred thousand would have been a million; the vote would have been practically unanimous.

The question of who is to own, occupy, control and enjoy the Forest Preserve may now be considered settled for this generation at least. The safe rule, which before the election was embodied in the Constitution, remains unchanged to-day. It is worth while reading that declaration again; here it is:

Forest Preserve.—Sec. 7. The lands of the State, now owned or hereafter acquired, constituting the Forest Preserve as now fixed by law, shall be forever kept as wild forest lands They shall not be leased, sold or exchanged, or be taken by any corporation, public or private; nor shall the timber thereon be sold, removed or destroyed.

FATE OF THE FUR SEALS.

A CRISIS has come in the life history of the fur seals of the Pribylov Islands. The United States and Great Britain having failed to come to an agreement for an adequate system of protection, and the report of the investigating commission sent out by the United States showing that under existing conditions the seals are doomed to extermination, three courses are now open. The first is to permit the slaughter to go on as it is now proceeding, the seals being killed on land and at sea; this means the certain extermination at no distant day. The second course is the heroic solution, proposed in Congress at the last session and not yet acted upon, to kill off all the seals on the islands, male and female, sell the skins for what they will bring, and so have done with the seal problem now and forever. As we have said before, this would be nothing short of a humiliating confession that the most advanced civilization of the day is not competent to deal with the simple problem of protecting a wild species. The third course is by renewed effort and in the light of the latest investigations to come to an understanding by which the United States, Great Britain, Russia and Japan shall unite for common protection of their sealing interests and to devise and abide by a system which shall conserve the parent supply.

All that has been charged against pelagic sealing is substantiated by the investigations made by Dr. David S. Jordan and the other members of the Behring Sea Commission for the study of the seal question. A statement of the results of the work of the Commission, given out by Dr. Jordan, says:

Dr. Jordan and Mr. Lucas report that they are well satisfied with the work of the summer. Every phase of the life and history of the fur seal has been critically studied, and all points heretofore in dispute have been settled beyond cavil. The first detailed census of fur seals has been made and the first complete examination of the various causes of their death. The conclusions reached last year by Mr. Townsend in the study of killing seals at sea have been confirmed in every particular. A detailed report of the work of the summer will be sent at once to the Treasury Department.

There is still a vast body of fur seals on the islands, more than the Commissioners were first led to expect, but the number is steadily declining. The only cause of this decline is the killing of the females through pelagic sealing. The females are never molested on the islands, but three-fourths of those killed in Behring Sea are nursing females. The death of the mother causes the death of the young on shore, so that for every four fur seals killed at sea three young pups starve to death on shore. As each of those females is also pregnant, a like number of unborn pups is likewise destroyed.

Pelagic sealing as an industry has already cut its own throat, as the fleet this year will not pay expenses. The killing of surplus young males, as provided for by law, has always been a benefit to the herd. The Commissioners believe that the way is open to an honorable and amicable settlement of this question in a manner highly satisfactory alike to the United States and England and to Canada. There can be no longer any difference of opinion as to any facts in question.

The high character of the gentlemen selected by the British Foreign Office and their unquestioned ability give reason to believe that England will favor a prompt and equitable adjustment which will give ample protection to the fur seal herd. But the duty of the present Commission closes with the statement of facts in question.

It is announced that Russia and Japan will join the United States and Great Britain in any efforts that may be made to secure protection for the seals. With the co-operation of these four powers, pelagic sealing could be stopped, and unless it shall be stopped it is clear that the seals must perish.

A TEXAS CRAZY QUILT.

WHEN the newly organized Texas Game Protective Association was forming, we suggested that it could perform a valuable public service by securing the repeal of those special exceptions by which more than one hundred counties are exempted from various provisions of the law. The most serious of these exemptions is that relating to the netting of quail. This constitutes an extensive industry, and is tremendously destructive. As our columns have reported, the outlook for quail in Texas was extremely bright at the beginning of the season. Now, as a direct result of netting, in certain localities where these birds were then most numerous scarcely any are to be found. They have been sent to market. The Association's secretary, Mr. Turner Hubby, reports that his efforts to enforce the law against the netters are seriously impeded by the difficulty of proving that netting was done in counties where it is illegal, and not in adjoining counties exempt from the law. The State of Texas, says Mr. Hubby, is checkered like a checkerboard with exempt counties, and it is almost impossible to disprove the netter's claim that he took his birds where the law says he may.

The checkerboard figure is a happy description. We have looked up the exempt counties on a map of Texas and have indicated them roughly in a diagram printed in another column, the portions of the map in black indicating the territory to which the game law, as to some of its provisions, does not apply. The result does not look very much like a checkerboard; it is more of a crazy quilt.

Checkerboard systems of game protection can never amount to much. A crazy quilt system is more worthless yet. We trust that the Protective Association may be so successful in its efforts to break up present conditions in Texas that the FOREST AND STREAM may be privileged to print a new diagram of the State which shall be white throughout.

TECHNICAL TERMS.

"PARADISE" is the conventional designation employed to signify a region rich in game or fish when spoken of in the rosy, superlative and flamboyant language of the sportsman. No term significant of perfection in a less degree will answer the requirement. Paradise it is, and nothing short of it. We reckon that the word is used in the FOREST AND STREAM more frequently than in all the lay papers put together; we guess that no other word will be found to take its place; and we calculate that its use will grow rather than diminish.

"Boss fisherman" is an expression enjoying still wider vogue, although of infrequent occurrence in the FOREST AND STREAM. It is terse, robust, vigorous, and more expressive than elegant. There are occasions when no less significant term would take its place. One such instance was the meet of the Fremont Fishing Club, of Maryland, the other day, when the members took part in an oyster eating contest, Mr. Patrick Baylis eating five pecks to his highest competitor's three pecks. If Mr. Baylis is not the "boss fisherman" of the Fremont Club, and of Maryland for that matter, by what other and more fitting title shall we herald his name and fame?

"Porcupine fishing" and "angling." Porcupine fishing is a term given official recognition by the Vermont Fish Commission in their report for 1896. It is used to describe the method of fishing whereby one man uses from four to twelve poles in one boat. The practice has been forbidden by law in Vermont, as in New York and elsewhere, by limiting the mode of fishing to angling, and defining angling to mean, as the New York statute reads, "taking fish with hook and line and by rod held in hands, and does not include set lines. In fishing from boats, rods and lines not exceeding two in number may be used by any one person."

WHO OWNS THE GUIDE'S GAME?

WHEN a sportsman hires a guide, and the guide takes part in the shooting or the fishing, to whom does the game or the fish secured by the guide belong? The question has just come up in a case related by a correspondent who returned last week from a ruffed grouse shooting trip. He tells us that he cut short his intended stay, although birds were abundant, because of a misunderstanding respecting the disposition of the birds killed by his guide when in company with him in the field. The guide being in his employment and being paid by him, he had assumed that in conformity with the unvarying custom followed elsewhere throughout his shooting experience of thirty years the birds killed by the guide would belong to the employer. It appears, however, that this was not the understanding held by the host, who advised his guests that the birds killed by the guides belonged to the house and would be sold at so much a pair if the sportsmen wished to retain any of them for taking home. This was regarded as an imposition, and our correspondent's stay was thereupon terminated.

We believe it to be the invariable rule that, unless a different understanding is had in advance, the product of a guide's services in the field, as of a boatman's on the water, belongs to the man by whom he is employed and paid. We have never heard of an instance before this one where a sportsman was expected to pay wages and then in addition to buy the game secured by the guide while in his employ. We would be glad to hear from any one who has knowledge of a contrary custom.

GOOD THINGS EVERY WEEK.

WE would be perfectly willing to abide by the estimate of the merits of FOREST AND STREAM as a sportsman's journal if the finding were to be based upon the record of the latest six issues, or of the six before those, or of any six still further back. The fact is that we have been providing in these pages every week the most generous, varied and entertaining literature of the field ever put into print in a single publication.

And there are just as many good things to come in the weeks that shall follow. Mr. Fred Mather will continue to entertain us with his charming reminiscences of the men he has fished with. Mr. S. T. Hammond, the not forgotten Shadow of earlier years, will write of some companions he has hunted with in famous covers of Massachusetts. Kingfisher is under pledge to tell of some of the recent camps, or forever after to hold his peace. There will be given, under the title of Stories of the Heroic Age, a series of chapters of adventure on the frontier in the Indian days. The next Audubon plate, that of the "Canvasback Duck," will be contained in the issue of Nov 21.

Thus the FOREST AND STREAM has in store for its readers good things every week.

WHY DOES THE BOY TAKE THE FLY?

COLUMNS and columns of space have been consumed in the angling journals in an endeavor to show why the salmon takes the fly. Some say that he does it because he is hungry, others because he is in sportive mood, and others again because he is enraged and snaps at it in anger as the bull dashes at the red flag. After all have had their say, we can only fall back on the one certitude, that the salmon takes the fly because it is salmon nature to take flies.

Why does the small boy take the fly? Let a butterfly, moth or miller venture into the plaza of City Hall Park or into any of the down town streets where boys congregate, and on the instant caps come off, arms are wind-milling in air, and there is the wildest excitement to capture the insect. Why and what for? An idle question. There is no reason. It is just boy nature. We have humane societies engaged in well-meant endeavors to educate the boys not to chase butterflies; they may achieve their most commendable purpose in individual cases, but the boy will go on chasing butterflies as long as boys are boys and butterflies fly.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A TENDERFOOT IN COLORADO.

THIS is an attempt to describe an expedition after elk, deer and other game to the extreme northwest corner of Colorado. It is not intended as a manual for experienced sportsmen, nor to take the place of Van Dyke's "Still Hunter" or Roosevelt's graphic books, nor will the skilled Western hunter find in it any suggestions by which he may guide his future career. It is a record of the personal experience of a tenderfoot, who had shot some deer and caught some trout in less favored regions, and who writes with the earnest desire, which will doubtless prove fruitless, to give his own kind of sportsmen some idea of the charm of the wild portion of the Western country, and of the pleasures which may still be found there. A portion of my experiences have been already published, "Impressions of a Tenderfoot," FOREST AND STREAM, December 8, 1894, but I hope that a more detailed account will not be uninteresting. Should it prove so, the fault will be in my lack of ability as a word painter and not in the real charm of the things I am trying to depict.

It was in the fall of 1894, and I was invited to join a party already established in Routt county, Colorado, and reported to be camped on the eastern slope of "Anita" or "Bear's Ears" Peak in the Elkhead Mountains. My personal outfit, which proved entirely satisfactory, was about as follows:

One Winchester repeater, model 1886, with Lyman sights.
Two hundred cartridges, .45-90-300, solid ball.
One stout jackknife. One compass.
One suit heavy woolen clothing.
One pair heavy woolen trousers, extra.
Two pairs of heavy shoes, with soft hob-nails.
Lot of heavy and medium weight flannels.
Two heavy sweaters, much more useful than an overcoat.
Heavy flannel shirts and worsted socks.
Brown slouch hat.
One pair canvas leggings.
Two pairs heavy dogskin gloves for riding.
Camp mattress, with cover and straps to roll.
Two pairs heavy blankets; one pair made into a sleeping bag.
One small feather pillow.
Cigars, matches, etc.
One canvas war bag, about 2ft. 6in. × 4ft. 6in. Catch all.
One possible sack, 1ft. × 2ft., for small articles.

There were to be three of us in the field and we had contracted with Mr. J. W. Baxter, of Glenwood Springs, Col., for the general outfit needed; this consisted of about the following, and was all furnished at a fixed and very reasonable price per day:

Mr. Baxter himself as chief guide.
Wallace Baxter, guide and horse-wrangler.
Cale, cook—I do not know his last name.

These men were admirable in their respective departments, and were individually a fine lot of fellows. They were as free and equal as the Declaration of Independence. Ready, able and willing to do the work they had contracted for, but not considering that they were in any way inferior to the other American citizens who formed the party of the second part (and they were exactly right), faithful, untiring, experienced, good-natured, quiet and soft-spoken, not one using liquor or tobacco, on the whole as good men as could have been found, if not better than any others. Cale is worthy of a chapter to himself. A big, burly fellow, with a great red mustache hanging over his mouth, white slouch hat on the back of his head, leather-fringed chapparejos and Mexican spurs. When he bestrode a broncho, swung a riata in his right hand, held the reins high in his left, cowboy fashion, and sent his bucking, squealing mount over logs, brush and rocks, he looked more like a bandit than one of the peaceful profession. But how he could cook! Shall I ever forget his blacktail steaks, his elk soup, and last, but not least, his flapjacks—just the size of the long-handled frying-pan, and turned over by a toss into the air. Nothing was ever better, if so good.

But I have got away from the outfit, and must come back to business again.

Three tents, about 10×8ft.; sheet iron cook stove, four folding chairs, two camp-stools, table (this consisted of only the top and cross pieces, the legs being cut anywhere and driven into the ground until level). Pots, pans, kettles, etc., packed in stove. Knives, forks, plates, cups, etc., for six. One hundred dollars worth of supplies, which we paid for. Pork, flour, potatoes, canned goods, jellies, spices, caviar, pickles, beef extract, etc. No whisky; you do not want it at that altitude, except for medicine. The beef extract is much better.

Twenty-four bronchos, with saddles, pack-saddles, etc. Of this lot of horses six were constantly in use under saddle, fourteen carried packs and four were extra horses.

No feed is carried. At night the horses are simply unpacked or unsaddled and turned loose. They find their own food and rest. One of them carries a bell, and the bunch can generally be trusted to stay pretty close together and not to stray very far away. This trust, in the latter particular, is not always deserved, and then the guides have a big job on hand and traveling must be suspended until the drove is found and driven back into the corral. These horses are half wild and will rarely submit to be caught singly; so the first job after going into camp, when the tents have been pitched and the fire lighted, is to build an inclosure of brush, limbs, ropes and other obstacles, into which the herd may be driven when wanted.

The pack horses when traveling carry about 150lbs. each, sometimes more, and string out into a long line in Indian [illegible] At the head of the procession goes the chief guide, [illegible] way, with a keen eye for known landmarks [illegible] bilities of wood, water and grass. After [illegible] train, each horse following in the [illegible] nding, and making the same turns and tw[illegible]mes the horse-wrangler, driving up the [illegible] looking out for accidents, and only too apt to [illegible] ounded by a blue and glittering cloud of strong langu[illegible]ge, which would seem censurable to a novice, but is soon realized to be the almost necessary accompaniment of the position, human and horse nature being such as they are. At varying positions in the line are the "cook and the crew of the captain's gig," helping over difficult places, galloping ahead after game or delayed in its pursuit, but never very far from the main body. The train goes at a walk, and makes no detours for hills or valleys, but crosses everything as it comes. It will travel about twenty-five miles a day over rough and trackless country, and do but little more on a road, if it ever gets to one, which it does not often do, for there are no roads in this country except along certain main lines of communication and very far apart. It is an absolutely wild region, in which the only paths are those made by the game in their journeyings for centuries. So over every divide and along every stream and valley you generally see a well-trodden and distinct path, often beaten down some inches below the surface of the ground, and this follows the easiest course there is to be found. Perhaps there is no easy course at all, but the trail can be depended upon to take the best there is to be had.

But this has been a tremendously long preface, and I fear the personal adventures will be a small tail to so big a kite; still perhaps the preface may be useful while the main work will be neither useful nor ornamental; in any event let me come back to my story.

From Colorado Springs we, my brother Wolcott and myself, took the evening train West on the Denver & Rio Grande, and early next morning landed at Wolcott, in the cañon of the Eagle River, and on the western side of the Continental Divide. Having some hours to wait for the stage, we got out our fly-rods and succeeded in extracting a few trout from the beautiful river; these I dressed and the obliging landlady cooked them for our dinner. This was my first introduction to the black-spotted Rocky Mountain trout (*Salmo purpuratus*, Goode)—and he is a fine fellow and worth knowing. Quite different in his habits from the *Fontinalis*, at least in my small experience, both in the parts of the stream he is found in and the character of his rise to the fly; but a dashing and vigorous fighter and very good on the table. We got nothing of any size here, but afterward, in the Cañon of the Yampa below Steamboat Springs, took plenty of them up to 2lbs. in weight, and were sure that longer effort than we could give would have developed mighty ones from the magnificent pools of that glorious trout stream.

At noon we climbed into the stage which was to take us to Steamboat Springs, about eighty miles due north, and to consume a day and a half in doing it. The vehicle was what is called a mud wagon—seats for six, a cotton top, the bottom filled with mail bags and our own traps, until places for feet were hard to find, and harnessed to two bronchos. Following a small creek valley, we slowly climbed for hours until the divide between the Eagle and Grand rivers was surmounted, and then rattled down to the Grand Valley at a speed and over roads which seemed to me anything but safe. Realizing my greenness, I had self-control enough to hang on and keep my mouth shut, while the driver whirled us down the grade and around curves with a clear drop of 100ft. (and it looked like 1,000) on the outer side of the road and within a few inches of the wheels. I am pretty sure that fellow knew he had a tenderfoot on board, and wanted to extract an appeal for more care; if so, he did not do it, mainly because I realized that we must all go together, if anybody went, and that he was probably no more anxious to be smashed than I was. We crossed the Grand River at the end of this trying grade, and then followed its course downward for several miles, over a succession of ups and downs, as we crossed little valleys at right angles to the stream, finally bringing up about 6 o'clock at a little hotel on a small lateral creek. I hurried to get my rod together, and, walking some distance up the stream, managed to get four nice mountain trout before dark, though the last one was taken after the stars were well out. These made a capital breakfast next morning, and were a good preparation for the long and slow climb to the top of the divide between the Grand and Yampa (or Bear) river valleys. Once over this summit, we followed the Yampa from almost its first beginnings until at Steamboat Springs it makes a great bend to the west, being then a full-grown river. We were constantly tempted along its course by glimpses of most entrancing trout holes, growing finer as the stream grew larger; but had self-control enough to resist temptation and keep on. This was a great mistake, and I here want to lay down the general principle that when a trout fisherman finds good trout water his highest duty is at once to fish that water. Any other course will bring only sorrow and unavailing remorse to his declining years, and, like Kipling's "Mugger of the Ghaut," he will be always haunted by visions of the prey that escaped him.

Somewhere about noon, as we were traveling through Egeria Park, came our first sight of big game—a series of black points on the sky-line of a ridge a mile or two off, which the glass showed to be a band of some dozen antelope. It was hopeless to get near them in that commanding situation, so we did not try it. The country along our entire journey was decidedly arid, having few trees except close to the stream, and the low hills being boulder-strewn and as little cultivable as an ash pit; but the river was beautiful, the odd buttes of trap rock were striking, and now and then we caught a view of rugged and distant mountains to the westward, which were grand. The air was glorious, the sunshine superb, and the little bronchos behaved pretty well for bronchos, so the day's ride was a pleasure, and never tedious.

Steamboat Springs, which we reached about 6 o'clock, lies just west of the main divide of the Rockies, and we could see the trail along and over the mountains to the eastward by which North Park is reached. We were too tired to try the famous hot baths of natural spring water, and a rather poor supper and very hard beds were most welcome. A very large and fine elk head hung in the hotel office, but the horns did not look just right in color, and, after some inquiry, I found that they had been picked up in the woods, stained to about the proper color, and fitted to the scalp of a cow elk; and was told that preparing heads for sale in this manner was a regular and profitable business, especially since elk with fine heads were so much more rarely shot of late years.

At Steamboat Springs Baxter met us, bringing saddle horses for ourselves and a couple of pack horses for the luggage, and we started at 6 o'clock the next morning on our forty-mile ride to camp. That ride is one of the most pleasant and one of the most painful of my memories. Until toward noon we occasionally followed what might by extreme courtesy be called a road, and might in places be traveled by wheeled vehicles without extreme danger; then we took to the woods, to game trails, to fallen timber, to precipitous hillsides covered with boulders, logs and brush, and to all sorts of places which, to my ignorance, were absolutely impassable to horses. Riding, as I had understood it, was out of the question, the only things to do were to let your reins loose, hang to the high pommel, balance as well as possible and pray. All these I did, as well as several other things. But no ground seemed to make any difference to our bronchos. They climbed, jumped and slid with perfect success and apparent unconcern, doing as many impossible things and as easily as a trick bicycle rider. All this could not be done without fatigue to the rider, especially if, as in my own case, he had not touched a saddle for two years, and about the middle of the afternoon I was ready to sit down (no, I had had sitting enough and to spare), to lie down and rest. But there was no hotel in that wilderness, the only supper and bed to be had were at the camp, and I had to bear it, though past grinning. Now the region was really mountainous, the higher ridges clothed with timber and the stream valleys luxuriantly green, even the lower ridges were covered with scrub oak, and we frequently saw deer. About 4 we came out into California Park, an open, sagebrush-covered oval, about ten miles by five, through which the Elkhead Creek flows. Here antelope were abundant, and we must have seen a hundred while crossing the park. On its northerly side we came to a wall of timber, abruptly bordering the desert plain, and beyond it could see the double summit of the peak to which we were bound. I have not any very definite recollection of that last six miles through the trees. They were rough, tangled and tedious, and I was too tired to talk or think. When at last the welcome tents showed white through the trees and the journey was over I was almost too tired to know that rest was possible. If any man thinks me a weakling, let him try thirteen hours in the saddle and forty miles over mountains, and then send me his revised opinion.

Camp Buckhorn, as we named it, was pitched on the edge of a glade about 200yds. in diameter and of irregular shape, traversed by a tiny mountain brook and surrounded by magnificent red spruces, some of them 3ft. through and over 100ft. high. To the west the ground rose on a rapid slope for a mile or so, from which there soared the twin summits of "Bear's Ears," a precipitous mass of purple brown trap, with only a few cedars clinging to its crevices. The peak is supposed to be 10,500ft. in altitude, and our camp was somewhere near 1,500ft. below the top.



BUCKHORN GAME.

All around the peak was forest, regions of spruce alternating with the more open aspen trees, and all permeated by a maze of open glades, or "parks," of all sizes and shapes, and connected more or less. The air, rarefied by our near approach to heaven, and perfumed with the fragrance of evergreens, was a constant cocktail; and the sun, through that clear atmosphere, had a radiant glory which made one want to shout and sing. I found no disagreeable symptoms result from the great altitude, except that one couldn't stop breathing, say to whistle a bar, without having to gasp a little to catch up with his supply of oxygen. The stimulating air made one feel equal to any exertion, but experience showed that uphill work must be taken slowly to avoid extreme though temporary exhaustion.

A good supper and the heavy and dreamless sleep of fatigue made another man of me next morning. Baxter himself was assigned to take charge of the tenderfoot and insure him a shot. There was an inch or so of snow on the ground when we started, though it did not lie there long. Following the stream downward for half a mile, we turned to the west, climbing the mountain through a succession of beautiful little parks. Not a mile from the camp we came on the first game, a blacktail doe and fawn cropping the grass at the edge of a little glade. The breeze blew from them to us, for one must hunt up wind, and we stood for two or three minutes and watched the pretty things at not over 50yds. off, and the clearness of the air made them seem much nearer. I do not shoot does myself, and even a less scrupulous hunter would have found it hard to pull trigger at that family party; so, after having gazed our fill, we started them with a shout, not a shot, and they bounded off none the worse for us. We kept on into a heavy spruce forest, and I soon lost all sense of direction, and followed blindly in the guide's footprints. Soon he began to seem interested, but said nothing, which was one of his habits, till he beckoned me up, pointed to the left and said, "There's an elk. Shoot it." I could not make out anything that looked like an animal in that chaos of tree trunks and fallen logs, all gray and brown, but strained my eyes in the indicated direction and finally made out that a grayish-brown ridge, just showing over a fallen tree, was the back of a cow elk, and that a dark knot just beyond was an eye turned full on us. The rifle went to my shoulder; I took one step to the left for a clearer view; the ridge and knot vanished; there was a tremendous crash in the timber, and I had missed my first chance. How I did mentally kick myself all the way back, for we saw no more elk, nothing but blacktail does and fawns, and that day's hunt was a failure. It was some consolation, however, to find that the others had done no better.

The next day the guides took care of the other two hunters, and I only tramped round near the camp, trying to catch some trout out of the little stream, which falls below prevented, as I afterward discovered. Within half a mile of home I saw a dozen or more deer, all does and fawns, for the bucks were lower down, as we found later. The day after was one of great experience. Baxter and I traveled over nearly our former course and struck the trail of quite a band of elk. I was sent off to one side, leaving my horse with the guide, while he followed the trail. Presently came the crash among the trees, and a whole band of elk passed me at about 100yds. off, giving no chance for a fair shot. I determined not to let them go without an effort, and started to follow the trail, which was very distinct, and led me down the mountain for a mile or so through dense forest. This ended at a little brook at the foot of the slope, bordered by a wide park, at the other side of which I made out a solitary cow elk. There was no cover for a stalk, and I had to try the shot, though the distance was fully 600yds.; and I made a clean miss. Now, with all the confidence of a greenhorn, I determined not to again climb the mountain, but to follow the little stream until it intersected that on which our camp was located, as I knew it must, and then follow the latter home. This was well planned, but I did not know that the two streams ran nearly parallel, divided by a ridge, and came together five or six miles below the camp; so I started down the valley. It was a delightful walk through a succession of parks, but began after an hour or so to seem pretty long, and I anxiously looked out for the home stream. Suddenly, from among some fallen timber to the left and above my trail, there sprang to his feet a splendid buck aroused from his day sleep, and stood looking straight at me. In an instant the rifle was swung into position, and at the shot the buck simply let go everything and dropped in his tracks. It did not take long to cover the 80yds. of hill that lay between us, and I found him stone dead, with the bullet mark just between his eyes. It took some time to bleed him and tie a white handkerchief in a conspicuous place to find him by, and, when I had got started again and finally found the stream sought for, daylight had nearly gone and a strange country was all around me. It was evident that to get to camp in the dark was practically impossible, so reconciling myself to the inevitable I picked out a knoll where there was a supply of fallen aspen timber and prepared for a solitary camp. The first requisite was a fire, and I found only two matches in my box. These must be made to do the work. So I got together a lot of deadwood, carefully cut shavings and arranged the pile, lighted the first match with the greatest care, and made a success at the first try.

Soon there was a fine crackling fire, and it was good company as I perched on a pile of bush and began to figure things out. Here we were a long way from camp, but on the right stream, and able to get home when daylight came again. Good. There was no supper, but a couple of cigars were still on hand, and the buck would make a good breakfast, after which I was sure camp could be reached all right. Good again. There was abundance of fuel, and a big pile was soon gathered, a lot of bushes cut and piled for a bed, and into a mound to keep off the wind, and I settled down for the night. The sun went down and the stars came out, and there is no denying that it was lonesome, and that there seemed to be a great deal of space all around me. One could not help thinking that his proper place was in civilization, and what a fool he had been to travel 2,000 miles just to get lost in the Rockies; but the thing was done, there was no help for it, and one must just make the best of it. The hours crawled along, and the fire made me drowsy, so that somewhere about 11 o'clock I was at least three-quarters, possibly entirely, asleep. A little distance up hill from me ran a deep-trodden game trail, and suddenly I was started broad awake by a loud "Woof" from that direction. Nothing could be distinctly made out, but a big black mass a few yards away gave another "Woof" and then made off into the shadows. Did I investigate him? Not much! I hugged my rifle and my fire, and was only too glad to give him the rest of the State, and thankful that the grizzly did not need me also.

It was only a little while after this that I heard a rifle shot far up the valley and answered it; before long there was another and it was again answered, but when the third came, now not more than a mile away, my hammer clicked idly, for the cartridges were out. This was the lonesomest thing of all, but it was not long before my friends got within shouting distance, and Baxter and Percy arrived with horses and took me back to camp, which we reached somewhere about 2 in the morning.

It might only be tedious to describe the succeeding days, though they were far from tedious to us, being most delightful and fairly successful, both with deer and antelope, though we were soon met with the difficulty that we had all the venison we could use, and that killing any more meant useless slaughter. So, though the deer fairly forced themselves on our notice, we stopped killing them and devoted ourselves to the greater and rarer game. We were not lucky in striking elk for several days. Finally Wallace, Wolcott and I had climbed the mountain and were circling the peak when we heard a bull whistle below us and not far away. Instantly we were off our horses, let the reins trail on the ground and started on foot toward the sound, finally coming to the edge of a little park, when I heard Wallace give a sudden low call. Just in front of me was an opening like a port-hole through the last trees, and through this I suddenly saw, standing still in the middle of the glade, and under the full light of the sun, the most magnificent thing I had ever beheld. Imagine an animal with all the grace and beauty of a deer, and five or six times as big. He had heard a strange noise and was standing at attention, every muscle tense, and his head lifted until his splendid antlers seemed, allowing for excitement, to touch the sky. I did not stop long to admire, and my rifle boomed the instant the white bead showed against his shoulder. The smoke hung in the foliage so as to conceal everything in front, and I heard a second shot as I dashed through it. There was the elk in full run straight away from us, with our dog Queen close at his heels; but before I could shoot again there was another shot close beside me, and the great bull came down on his haunches, the ball having struck the spine and paralyzed the hindquarters. The dog leaped at his throat, and he struck at her with his forefeet and antlers. I do not know exactly how we got there, but just as we arrived the splendid head went down and the grand animal was dead, my first shot having struck just back of the shoulder and gone clear through both lungs. That was a grand moment; and, by the way, the very best seat in the world is the flank of a bull elk which you have just killed yourself, and the first one is much better than the second.

I have already told of the much larger head which fortune sent to me at the very end of our vacation, and will not try to give further details of our experiences, though I might go on indefinitely with tales of our later doings. How we chased the antelope over the plain, which is rather barren amusement; how I stalked a big buck, and he saw me through a hill and a grove of aspens, spoke contemptuously of me in antelope language, and cut his stick. How some bear hunters camped below us without advertising their presence, turned their yellow burros into the timber, and I took one for an elk, shot it, and had to pay for it. How the bronchos bucked when we came to break camp and of the means taken to subdue them. How we went down into cañons so steep that the horses had to sit down and slide, and how we climbed out again. How we fished the Yampa at Steamboat and got back to civilization. But all these details I spare the unfortunate reader, only urging him to go and try it all for himself.

I claim for this history the one merit that it is free from fine writing and poetry. The subject deserves them both, but is too large for any one but an essayist and a poet. If you doubt me, go and see.

A. ST. J. NEWBERRY.

CLEVELAND, O.

OREGON NOTES.

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 20 —There is sorrow in the FOREST AND STREAM household. One of its brightest and most beloved members has passed over to that unknown and silent shore from whence no traveler has ever returned.

Osmond O. Smith and the writer were warm personal friends for many years and that friendship had ripened into an almost brotherly love.

On two different occasions he had gone far out of his way to spend a few weeks with me, and no one can now deplore his sad ending more than myself. I had been cognizant of his serious condition almost from the first and had urged him to come to Portland, where possibly he might have better medical treatment and the unselfish care and attention of those who loved him. But Smith was a very peculiar man and preferred to bear his burdens and distresses alone. And yet he was not alone, for, as I am glad to say, since his demise I have learned that there were those near him until the end came that had learned to know him and therefore to love him.

O. O. Smith was one of the most conscientious, honorable, manly men it has ever been my good fortune to know, and as a sportsman we must all concur in the sentiment of FOREST AND STREAM'S editorial estimate of him: "He came as nearly as did any one we ever knew to the actual winning of what is best in field sportsmanship."

Years ago I knew all about the salmon and trout of the Pacific coast, in my own estimation. I was spoken of by my admiring sporting friends as "an authority" upon all such matters, and I almost felt that I was entitled to the distinction. I was always ready with an opinion backed up by quotations from all the best authorities, and particularly with copious references to the reports of the United States Fish Commission. But the boys commenced o ask me hard questions, and they seemed to derive so much satisfaction from my discomfiture that they have kept it up until I have about concluded that I don't know anything in particular, in fact, that I haven't even fair horse sense concerning these matters. First they embarrassed me with this interrogatory: "If all the various kinds of trout become salmon trout when they get into salt water and the salmon trout grow into steelheads, have we any true trout?" Then they wanted to know why it was that we caught 1lb. and 60lb. salmon out of the same pool on the same day at Willamette Falls if they all matured at two years and then returned to fresh water to spawn and consequently to die.

Now Mead is asking me to explain why it is that among the rainbow trout of exactly the same size in Waldo Lake, on top of the Cascade Range, part are white-meated and part red or pink. Will Judge Cheney kindly come to the rescue of my fast fading reputation and answer Mead's question, and oblige?

After more than a dozen years of good, honest, conscientious attention to business my poor old dog Mike has gone the way of the world.

He had become nearly blind and deaf, was a rheumatic sufferer, and a burden to himself. So his old friend Billy Newman took him out among the hills he loved so well and shot him. I couldn't. He was a good dog, and I fear that no other can ever take his place in my affections.

It does beat all how close an attachment will grow up between man and a faithful dog, to be augmented by the rolling years and cemented by death.

We have been doing a rushing business in albinos in this neck of the woods lately. Three pure white crows out of a nest of four found near Corvallis, now in a bird store here in the city and properly authenticated. Also a pure white buck and a pure white fawn, killed in southern Oregon, and now on exhibition in the show window of one of our local drug stores.

Only fair shooting is reported by our duck hunters, except at the Jewett Lake on Sauvie's Island. There the shooting has been almost phenomenal and can be traced to a generous and judicial distribution of Oregon wheat—a temptation not easily resisted by the trash ducks. But canvasbacks are no longer killed hereabouts. Last Sunday at the Jewett three sportsmen killed 190 trash ducks, of which J. R. Mead got eighty-eight shooting alone.

Old FOREST AND STREAM is unusually interesting here of late, and while every line of it is entertaining from my standpoint as an angler, it seems to me that Fred Mather's "Men I Have Fished With" is remarkably fine. Permit me to compliment Miss Elizabeth Taylor also on "Fishing in Iceland" in the last number. It was unique and most delightful.

S. H. GREENE.

ANTLER.

GRAND VIEW, Tenn., Nov. 4.—The rain clouds drifted, dark and heavy, across the headlands of the beautiful Grand Traverse Bay, when we boarded the train and sped away southward. It rained all the way to Cincinnati, where I at once proceeded to look up the circumjacent Kingfishers. I had not met them for more than three years. I hoped last summer to "hear their faithful steel clash once (or more) around the board," but the fates were against it, and I submitted as gracefully as possible.

Then I had the further pleasure of shaking hands with other good fellows, including Br'er Starbuck, Ned, Capt. Tinker and Dr. Dewey, whose consummate skill as a naturalist and taxidermist of the first order is well exemplified in the magnificent collections at the rooms of the Cuvier Club; second, as I think, to none outside the Smithsonian.

Well, the boys made me free of the Cuvier Club, and would have treated us right royally had we given them a chance; but other engagements forbade our longer stay, and we were not long in reaching the glorious old Tennessee hills (mountains, as Old Hickory says of them, if one has not climbed the Rockies).

Eventually we "hived up" alongside our mutual friend Antler, who is as fine an example of the old-time hunter as one might wish to meet.

Now, Antler is one of the most modest of men, and would scarce thank me for saying about him all the good things that come to mind. No man is more respected than is he in the community in which he lives, and notwithstanding his eighty-five years he can still descend and climb the steep and rocky sides of a 100ft. gorge without assistance, and throw a tomahawk into a tree with unerring skill.

His memory is stored with a rich and varied fund of hunting incident and story, dating back even past the time when in the "twenties" he hunted with the old Seneca chief, Tanda Jimison, and it was estimated that during the first week of our stay here he and I told each other about 16,000 stories.

Mrs. Kelpie, being asked how long since she had heard me talk so much, replied, "About forty years."

She and I, while sitting of evenings before the great stone fireplace and listening to Antler's stories, have often wished that we could have present the coterie of good fellows we met at the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit at the World's Fair, and who gathered with us around the tables at Costa Rica and Brazil. If Reynolds, and Hough, and Hofer could only step in, wouldn't we have a jollification!

Well, we hadn't even a stenographer, so that I fear that most of these precious reminiscences will be lost to the world, though I may perhaps manage to preserve a few.

This place is situated on Walden Ridge, a spur of the Cumberland Mountains. It used to be a famous locality for game, but that was long ago. Deer are rarely seen; turkeys are not very plentiful; hares and squirrels seem to be the principal game. I have seen but one bevy of quail as yet, and hope no one will shoot them. There are a very few ruffed grouse here, and why they are not plentiful no one seems to know.

My wife asked Antler if there were many snakes about, to which he replied, "No, we've hardly got enough for our own use."

KELPIE.



IN THE CASCADES.—III.

The Waldo Lake Country.

WALDO LAKE was, on first impression, something of a disappointment to Mead and me. It was not so large superficially as we had anticipated, being little more than a mile long and half as wide. But a more intimate acquaintance increased our respect for it vastly. We found it very deep—no one knows how deep—and our observations inclined us to the belief that it was longer perpendicularly than horizontally. The rugged and stupendous surroundings, too, had a tendency to make it appear smaller than it really was, as we found by drawing our hats down low over our eyes, so that we could see only the lake itself. I hardly think that it is of crater origin, although it may be. It was encircled by bare, rugged peaks except on the east, where a tiny outlet crept off, we know not whither, while another tiny stream came in from the west, from whence we know not. Between these peaks and the lake was a strip of sloping ground perhaps a couple of hundred yards wide, covered with gigantic trees. Near the head of the lake is a pretty little meadow probably five acres in extent, where the poor horses found an abundance of sweet grass. A gentleman at Albany told us that not long ago he had counted fifty-seven deer grazing there at one time, but they told us both at Albany and Detroit that the deer had left these high altitudes for the lowlands, that the bears had left for the huckleberry patches, and that elk were at all times uncertain, all of which proved only too true. On the way up and even about the lake we saw tracks of elk, cougar and bears in abundance, but we saw very little deer sign, and at the lake we found some other sign that about dispelled our hopes of getting elk. We found that a small party of Indians, presumably Warm Springs, had but recently passed that way, and elk and Indians don't neighbor much. There were the beautiful, fresh tracks of a band of fourteen elk that had passed the lower end of the lake recently, and there were the correspondingly ugly, fresh tracks of a band of five Indians that had passed over the same trail more recently. There was but one really profane man in our crowd and even he wasn't able to do the subject justice.

Of course we had no dogs and the weather had been dry so long that still-hunting was a misnomer. Even when Mears and Christy passed the lake in August it was too dry for successful still-hunting. It had continued dry and our crowd had figured on striking the lake at the September full moon. You know that all weather sharps are ready to bank on full moon storms any month of the year. And then too Mead had discovered that the autumnal equinox and the September full moon traveled hand in hand, and everybody knows all about the certainty and severity of the autumnal equinoctial storms. Just think of it! full moon Sept. 21! Is it any wonder that our party should arrive at Waldo Lake on the evening of Sept. 21? It was simply because we were more shrewd and cunning than other hunters and kept track of the moon and the autumnal equinox—another exhibition of the superiority of mind over matter. We give the snap away now, for the reason that we are not at all selfish and desire to benefit the rising generation of sportsmen, give them the benefit of our superior knowledge, observation and scientific attainments. Of course it isn't often that you can catch the full moon and the autumnal equinox exactly together as we did, but they will doubtless be near enough together for all practical purposes.

The fact that it continued as still as death and as clear as a bell all the time we were there, and still continues so at this writing (Oct. 20), proves nothing except that there are exceptions to all general rules, and Mead insists that the September full moon storm and the great autumnal equinoctial storm will both yet put in an appearance if people will only be patient and not try to hurry nature.

There could be no prettier camping place than ours right at the head of the lake where the little stream came in. The giant pines, cedars and firs grew as thick as they could conveniently stand right up to the water's edge, as they did all the way around the lake, and so, with plenty of feed for the horses, plenty of good water and plenty of game sign, we were all disposed to be very happy and forgetful of trouble and hardship, even of the P. Warmer itself.

Having been compelled to leave most of our packs on the way in, there was no great variety of eatables for supper, but we swallowed our beans, bacon and coffee without a murmur. Mention of the P. Warmer made us all feel thankful enough for even what we had.

The lake was like a sheet of glass, and the boys said they had found it in the same condition when they were there in August and that they then fished by moonlight with black flies. So we decided to wait until the full moon got up where it could look down into the lake and then try the experiment. In the meantime we set everything to rights in camp, prepared our beds and lounged around smoking and telling yarns in that easy, happy-go-lucky way, the full enjoyment of which is only appreciated by a set of congenial spirits in the mountains.

When the boys were there in August they had for guide a young fellow by the name of Jim Wright, born and raised at Molalla. He still lives there. I know him and his people well. He is a thorough mountaineer and a great talker. What he can't tell you of the past history and future prospects of the Molalla country will never bother its historion.

Molalla is noted far and wide for the numerous personal encounters that have taken place there, and its death roll from violence is a stain upon its otherwise fair name. Jim proudly rehearsed all these to the boys and among other things reviewed in detail a recent encounter wherein Billy Patterson was the hero. "Billy Patterson! Are you quite sure that it was Billy Patterson?" asked Mears and Christy in the same breath. "Oh, yes," replied Jim. "You see it was like this;" and Jim proceeded to give them the story all over again of how Billy had cleaned out the whole gang, although pretty well used up himself. "Now, Jim," said Christy, "you may not be aware that the whole world is anxious to know the name of the man that struck Billy Patterson; can you tell us positively who struck Billy Patterson?" "Of course, I can tell you," said Jim, "you see, it was like this;" and then he would tell the story over again and implicate a half dozen toughs, but he couldn't just exactly tell which one actually struck Billy Patterson. Jim told the story a great many times in his attempt to fasten upon the guilty man and thought they were all more or less guilty, but he finally settled down upon Jack Maloney as the man who actually struck Billy Patterson. "All right," said Christy, "be sworn." Jim hesitated, and preferred to affirm. "Very well," said Christy, "you, Jim Wright, do solemnly affirm that Jack Maloney was the man who struck Billy Patterson, and this you do under the pains and penalties of perjury." "What is the penalty?" inquired Jim, now on the anxious seat. "Hanging by the neck until you are dead, dead, dead, and may God have mercy on your soul!" responded Christy. Jim weakened. He was pretty sure, but didn't propose to set either his foot or his neck in it for a doubtful notoriety, and so the world may never know positively who the man was that actually struck Billy Patterson. Jim is a conscientious boy, and for my part I think it was Jack Maloney.

By 9 o'clock the moon was on the lake. It was an entrancing sight. The lake looked like a sheet of molten gold fringed with emeralds and set among gigantic uncut stones—a fair and radiant jewel in sweet nature's imperishable casket. We had watched the lunar gilding of the jagged peaks from the rising of the moon; had seen it gradually—almost imperceptibly—melt along down the rugged walls and spread its spectral light out over the narrow valley, and doubtless every man of us appreciated the novelty of our environments and the beauty and romance of the occasion. It seemed as if nature was trying to entertain us with an unusual exhibition of gentle and pleasing effects, but we could not forget that, possibly, for thousands of years nature had thus silently and serenely amused herself in these solitutes and blushed unseen of mortal eyes, as the modest maiden toys with her charms and blushes at her own lonely loveliness in the reflecting glass. Oh, ephemeral man! how prone you are to appropriate nature's beauties and bounties as creations for your especial happiness and edification; forgetful of the fact that they were when you were not, and that they will be when you are mouldering, insensate dust!

Out upon the placid lake we stole in pairs, appropriating the log rafts which previous anglers, possibly Warm Springs, had conveniently left at our service. And never in our lives had we enjoyed finer sport with the finny denizens than we found that night on the silent waters of moonlit, spectral Waldo Lake. It was delightfully entrancing, such as I imagine the true angler sees when he dreams that he is dead and fishing over on the other side. I have fished for nearly forty years, but never before had I fully realized or appreciated the delights of ghost fishing.

We used dark flies. My string was made up of black gnat, black hackle and the Mead. The Mead, of course, is a light fly, but I desired to experiment a little, and while ordinarily the Mead is a very taking fly, the trout of Waldo Lake seemed to prefer black flies by moonlight.

They were all rainbow trout and run from 8 to 18 in., very gamy and fine. An hour and a half filled our baskets to overflowing, and we went to camp well satisfied with the prospects so far as trout were concerned.

S. H. GREENE.

PORTLAND, Ore.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

O. O. S.

Wife and daughter had gone on a visit, the house was empty and silent—save for the ticking of the clock—when I unfolded the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 3, preparatory to enjoying my treat alone and without a fear of interruption.

Turning quickly to see who among the "Men I have Fished With" was to be my companion for the day, my eye fell upon the inimitable sketch of Geo. Raynor. From the tragedy of his introduction into the great world beyond his childhood home, I followed on with bated breath along the story of his sad life's journey, through all the record of his unfailing courtesy and patient heroism, and when the final leave was taken of the dear old gentleman, and he was left to the

"Calm for those who weep,
The rest for weary pilgrims found,"

I was glad indeed that no one was present to note critically whether my eyes were wet or not.

This is a story to cause one to think better of his kind, and to prompt him to resume his load and the journey of life more uncomplainingly. And how shall we thank this modern wizard who weaves so potent a spell? Name a bicycle club for him? Certainly. And count me a member, though I never mounted a bicycle.

And then came, like a bolt from a clear sky, the word of the passing of O. O. S. I had hardly the heart to break the news to my wife and daughters, to whom he had, a few weeks previously, sent a collection of the most beautiful sea mosses I ever saw, mounted on cardboard. Need I say how, henceforth, they will be prized in our home?

I had for a number of years been in occasional correspondence with him, and had learned to regard him as one of the truest members of the great FOREST AND STREAM family. We had begun to wonder at not hearing from him for some weeks, when all so unexpectedly the sad news came.

"For what is your life? It is even a vapor which appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away!"

ORIN BELKNAP.

Two Deer Apiece.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I returned last Tuesday from two weeks spent with Jock Darling at Saboois Grand Lake, and found Darling, although a sick man, a genial host during the time we spent at the home camp. After three days of bad weather we left the home camp, and taking tents, spent the balance of our time, on the 3d, at Grand Lake. We (Mr. E. D. Hall and myself) got what deer the law allows, but no moose or caribou, although signs were plenty and fresh. I saw some moose, but failed to get a shot at a bull.

Altogether I consider my first experience in Maine an entire success, though I did not get the coveted moose horns. Our guides, good fellows both, were courteous, skillful and indefatigable. In fact, hotel proprietors, teamsters and every one with whom we came in contact were of a very different stamp from men I have met with on some of my hunting trips in the West and in our own State.

PAUL E. BONNER.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

Natural History.

LIVING MASTODONS OF ALASKA.

MINERS and Stick Indians who have come out this fall from the headwaters of the White River, in Alaska, where they have been prospecting for gold, bring almost conclusive evidence of the presence of living mastodons in that isolated region. For instance, the testimony of such veracious witnesses as those residents of Denver, Colo., who were interviewed as recently as Oct. 15 by editor Eugene C. Stahl, of the Juneau *News*, himself a conscientious naturalist of no mean abilities, is not to be flippantly disregarded; nor the collateral testimony, which is more than circumstantial, furnished by traders and intelligent Indians who profess to have seen the animals and their massive footprints. These Indians, who are indomitable hunters, have been stimulated of late by the demands for fresh meat by the 1,000 miners, who are now working the Yukon tributaries, to pursue their quests for game into isolated and inaccessible regions hitherto unknown to man, and until this year repeated attempts of prospectors to penetrate the country have failed.

The location of the Mastodon country, according to the sketch map of Wm. Ogilvie, of the Dominion Survey, is about midway between Mt. St. Elias and the Yukon River, and 100 miles due north from St. Elias, and less than that from old Fort Selkirk and the mouth of Stewart River and Forty Mile Creek, where hundreds of gold miners have been prospecting for ten years or more. The White River is an affluent of the Yukon, whose course is due north. That it should never have been visited is not remarkable, unless the trappers and wood-runners of the old Russian-American Fur Co. may by possible chance have gotten there in years gone by, and that mastodons may have chosen this inaccessible seclusion as their final stamping ground and still survive is also not improbable. Indeed, their actual living existence at the present day is essentially necessary to explain the phenomena of the numerous buried deposits of remains of this animal which have been discovered in Siberia and Alaska, not only of bones and tusks which Eskimos have made articles of barter for generations, but of well-preserved carcasses so fresh that the sled dogs of overland Arctic explorers have repeatedly been fed upon the flesh—carcasses which were supposed to have lain refrigerated and undecayed for centuries, but which it is more reasonable to believe, under the new testimony and revelation on the White River, have been buried within a comparatively recent period of historical time. Washouts along the deltas of the Lena, Mackenzie and other Arctic rivers are constantly revealing masses of mastodon tusks and bones; and deposits are often found in just such bogs as overlay the country adjacent to the White River headwaters, where the animals have been drowned and mired by hundreds by some flood or cataclysm which has overwhelmed them. On the heights of land which separate the tributaries of the Yukon from the affluents of the Pacific Ocean they would be quite exempt from such a catastrophe; and as they have moss, grass, browse and fodder in unlimited supply in their present habitat, and a temperature cold enough to suit and plenty of water to drink, credulous scientists will be ready to believe, from the evidence adduced, that a remnant of this huge creature, long supposed to be extinct, still exists within possible access of human habitations and a resident population of at least 1,000 miners, traders and furriers.

These are not empty fabrications or frivolous suppositions, forsooth, because the Stick Indians, who are the most wide-awake and intelligent aborigines on the border of British Columbia, have averred that not later than five years ago such animals had been seen by them. One of the Indians said that while hunting one day in that unknown section he came across an immense track, sunk to a depth of several inches in the moss, which was larger around than a barrel. Upon striking it he followed up the unusual trail, which to all appearance was very fresh, and tracking it from one gigantic stride to another for a distance of some miles, he came in full view of his game! And what game! In dismay the hunter gave one single look, and then fled as if pursued by the evil one.

Now the Stick Indians as a class are the bravest of their race, and with no other weapon than a spear have been known to attack and slay the St. Elias grizzly. But the immense proportions of this new kind of game, as told by the adventurer himself to one of the Denver prospectors already referred to, both startled the hunter and filled him with great fear, brave as he was, and he imagined that his only safety lay in swift and immediate flight. He described it as being larger than Harper's, the post trader's, store near Forty-Mile Creek (Harper & McQuestions), with great, shining, yellowish tusks, and a mouth large enough to swallow him at a gulp. He said the animal was undoubtedly the same as were the huge bones scattered all over that section. Mr. Harper says there is no reason to doubt the narrator's veracity, and he himself confirms the statement. Manifestly the whole Yukon country was inhabited by these animals at a very recent period. Hundreds of their massive skeletons are found along the creeks, projecting partly from the sands and mingled with jams of floodwood, with which they were no doubt simultaneously engulfed when the flood came. Below Forty-Mile Creek the skeletons are very numerous. Hundreds of tons of tusks have been carried from Alaska to Siberia by the Eskimos in the course of trade, and the deposits are by no means exhausted. The intense cold freezes the banks solid, and renders their exhumation a tedious task.

CHARLES HALLOCK,
Member of the Alaska Historical Society, and author of "Our New Alaska."

American Ornithologists' Union.

THE fourteenth congress of the American Ornithologists' Union convened in Cambridge, Mass., on Tuesday, Nov. 10. The reading of papers formed a prominent feature of the meetings. We shall have a report of the meetings next week.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

Game Bag and Gun.

Our readers are invited to send us for these columns notes of the game supply, shooting resorts, and their experience in the field.

WATER KILLING DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the issue of this week my eye reverts again and again to Deerslayer's article under the caption of "Defends Deer Roping." At each returning glare the aforesaid optic grows wilder and more inflamed, for this communication is like the red flag to the bull to me, and must be so to thousands of my fellow readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

It is refreshing to learn from Deerslayer something of the true standard of gentlemanly sport in the effete East, where we are told that enlightenment and the ethics of sportsmanship are advancing in an exact ratio with the decrease of game.

We of the Middle and Western States are to be congratulated that our game supply is still so plentiful that we can afford to give the deer a fair chance for his life in the open, and we do not require our victims to be driven into ponds by hounds nor led up to us on the end of a string in order to be shot. Deerslayer assures us that "it is great sport and no error." If this be so he cannot have told us all; he should have dilated upon the invigorating excitement of the tyro who has never hunted in this way before. He could make another story of the mental strain undergone during buck fever. He makes it clear that after the exhausted deer has been roped and drawn up to within a reasonable shooting distance (in the case of Deerslayer I should think 6ft. would be about right), then "the good old 10 gauge" in the hands of "a man who is cool-headed and a fair shot" is sure to kill. Why, his "own boy, who is a chip of the old block, and only twelve years old, killed his deer the first time he went out." Now, I haven't any chip of the old block, but if I had, and if under similar circumstances he couldn't kill his deer the first time, I would disinherit him, but—I'd disinherit him if he did.

Ours is a new country and we have much to learn from the East. When we find dogs running deer in our woods we shoot the dogs. If killing 5,000 deer every season will increase the supply, we can let the dogs alone and bend our energies toward the deer. And further, to be consistent, when we have any feelings in this matter which we wish to express in public we will do so over a *nom de plume* of Deerslayer or Deer Butcher, or some equally euphonious synonym. FRANK CONGER BALDWIN.

MICHIGAN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"The man who is cool-headed and a fair shot is sure to kill the game." So says one of our "big game hunters" in your last issue, who tells us of his manner of killing deer—by roping and killing with a charge of buckshot. Need a man necessarily be a "fair shot" to murder a roped deer at a distance of a few yards? If this article in FOREST AND STREAM is perused by some of the "lawmakers at Albany" there will be some more laws to restrict such cold-blooded murders.

How a man can call this "sport" is beyond my comprehension. If you do not receive a good many letters condemning such practices I shall be very much mistaken. Bird hunting has no fascination for this man, for the reason, no doubt, that wing-shooting is too difficult, and the pleasure experienced in knocking down an old cock grouse is unknown to him.

He wants a "fair chance," but what kind of a chance has the deer got? None whatever.

Such men ought to run a slaughter house and kill cattle, as there is just as much pleasure in that as in killing a tethered deer. W. N. TAYLOR.

MAINE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As a general thing I don't approve of a cross-fire argument unless carried on in a proper spirit, but once in a while somebody will advance ideas which, while they may keep within the game laws, are wholly at variance with the laws of humanity. This, I think, is the case in the article by Deerslayer in your last issue. The methods of killing deer described by him are lawful (in some States), but there is a difference between butchery and sport. My boast is not how many deer I have killed, but how few. Those I still-hunted. I despise hounds, jacks and butchery, and will somebody with the same views answer Deerslayer as he should be answered? I can't put it strong enough. W. L. SKINNER.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been a reader of FOREST AND STREAM for nearly twenty years, and for many years have hunted every fall and have killed game, large and small, and thought I was qualified by years of experience to set myself up as a sportsman; but Deerslayer's article knocks the wind all out of my sails, and I find I must begin all over again in order to kill my deer in a "scientific way and with the best of appliances." Now, I learned years ago from Nessmuk and the other grand old sportsmen whom the old readers of FOREST AND STREAM are familiar with, that the best way to kill a deer was to still-hunt them without dogs, or watch for them on runways when hunted with dogs, and shoot them with a rifle. There is nothing I like better than being up to date, so I am always on the lookout for ways and means to improve myself. Being a mechanic, I find it necessary to be up with the times in doing my work, and I know of no reason why we should not avail ourselves of modern ways and ideas when the time comes to take our trip into the woods after deer. I have thought as I read the aforesaid article over and over that if the deer could only understand that they were going to be killed with "the best of appliances" it might be that they would not act so blamed wild and make such long jumps as they cross my runway. Then again, being a mechanic, the matter of dollars and cents enters largely into all my plans for deer hunting, and I discover that if I hunt my deer by this new and "scientific" way I may have more money in my pocket and stay longer in the woods, as I have owned for many years a shotgun, and for the "scientific" killing of deer a shotgun is necessary and not the new Marlin which I purchased this fall. And if one wished to economize still further he might leave out the shotgun and buy a good knife for $1, and after the "experienced guide" had overtaken the straining buck and secured him with a twitch-up he could cut his throat, and still the supply of venison would be sure.

Deerslayer says he does not care for bird hunting. I suppose the reason is, he has not been trained to hunt them in a scientific way If he will purchase the September number of *Scribner's* he will find an article on moose hunting; and one of the illustrations is that of a man with a fish pole, on the end of which is a noose; on a tree sits a partridge, and the "scientific" bird hunter slips the noose over the head of the bird, gives a yank, and the supply of birds is sure. I simply put this in, thinking that if Deerslayer would only hunt his birds in a scientific way he might come to enjoy the sport.

Fancy shooters are able to kill their deer with a rifle ball put where it will do the most good, and having got used to that way, and having provided myself with such an old-fashioned weapon as a 38 55 Marlin, I shall continue to follow the teachings of Nessmuk and others of that stripe. But as for the young hunter who has yet to kill his first deer, I wish to assure him that for a successful deer hunt, conducted in a scientific manner, that combination of strong and "experienced guides," "forked sapling," "bit of rope," and "10-gauge shotgun and buckshot" is hard to beat when the object is to make the supply of venison sure; and if I had a boy of twelve years who under such circumstances could not kill that deer I would have him study for a dressmaker. BULLETS.

MECHANICSVILLE, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In an issue of FOREST AND STREAM of October last I noticed an article alluding to deer roping as "sport." What conception can Deerslayer have as to the meaning of that word? To rope a deer in the water from a boat is most brutal, if indulged in short of actual necessity. There is no sport where the animal has no chance for its life; it is natural for the deer to seek safety in the water when hounded and it would be a poor oarsman that could not catch a deer with a boat, and a poor man that could not kill it at a short rope's end by means of a 10-bore double gun. If Deerslayer thinks it sport, why, there is an opportunity for plenty of sport of like nature that could be had at the Union Stock Yards of Chicago, could he get an engagement there. He would have in lieu of the lake the vast slaughtering pens; in place of the boat the plank walk over the stalls and pens; to remind him of the unsteadiness of a boat would be the planks, just wide enough to walk with ease; the 10-bore gun would give place to a stone sledge with which to hit them on the head; the rope, though used, would not be required in the narrow pen, though the actual work would have been accomplished by the "guides" (the boys on the plains). In place of hounds to drive he would have men to drive the "deer" (cattle) into the pens as fast as he could kill, and would that not be sport in his mind?

CLARENCE BARCLAY WARD.

LONG ISLAND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My spirit has been refreshed and my soul uplifted by Deerslayer's letter in your issue for Oct. 31. From my boyhood up I have been a great admirer of Deerslayer. I met him in the pages of Fenimore Cooper, and at once knew him for a friend and brother; a sportsman who killed only so much game as he needed, and whose voice, even away back in the last century, was raised against the wanton killing which he saw going on all about him. You can imagine, therefore, the pleasure with which I discovered that my old friend was still living and still roaming the familiar woods. To be sure, Deerslayer's sentiments, as advanced in his letter, are not quite what I had expected from Cooper's hero, but surely some consideration is due to age and infirmity

Deerslayer doubtless is right. A "strong effort will be made to enact more laws to restrict the sport of deer shooting in the Adirondacks by prohibiting jacking and hounding." "Such things are always urged by a lot of fancy shooters with their high-toned ideas of still-hunting and wing-shooting," and "not by real old-fashioned hunters who go out for game and want a fair chance to get it."

No one can doubt for a moment that Deerslayer is a "real old-fashioned hunter" His letter shows that he "goes out for game" and wants a chance to get it. Who would have the heart to deny him that right? I may seem radical, but I go even further than Deerslayer. I would have the laws materially modified for the benefit of the "real old-fashioned hunter" and his friends, and I believe that the true sportsmen are with me.

Picture to yourself what these fancy shooters would do. They would take away poor old Deerslayer's "10 gauge shotgun loaded with buckshot," and give him a rifle. They would compel him to still-hunt his deer in the woods—compel him, perhaps, to walk several rods where there are no macadamized roads, no beer saloons, not even electric lights; compel him—but I will not pursue the subject. It is painful.

The pathetic thing about it is that Deerslayer, in his old-fashioned, honest simplicity, seems satisfied with the present laws. He seems to think that his rights are protected now, and he fails to see the difficulties by which he is surrounded. He says that when the guide has slipped a noose over the head of the swimming deer the sportsman "with the 10-gauge shotgun loaded with buckshot makes the supply of venison sure," and that "if he is cool-headed and a fair shot he is sure to kill the game." The dear old man seems not to know that all men are not, like himself, cool-headed and fair shots.

Now, certain slight changes in the game laws in the direction of greater license would undoubtedly be of distinct benefit to Deerslayer and the other old-fashioned hunters, whose rights ought not to be overlooked. The modifications I would suggest are these:

First—That all the deer be caught and painted with luminous white paint, so that they may be equally conspicuous by day or night.

Second—That a large cow bell be attached to each deer, so that his presence may be made known even before he comes in sight.

Third—That a conspicuous bullseye with concentric rings be painted on the side of each deer behind the shoulder, so that Deerslayer and other old-fashioned hunters may tell at a glance where to strike.

Fourth—That the deer be inclosed by barbed wire fences in small patches of woods near the camp.

Fifth—That when the hunters are ready the woods be set on fire, and Deerslayer and his friends furnished with axes. They can then stroll quietly up to the deer and have thrilling and healthful sport, with the risk of losing the game reduced to a minimum.

Sixth—That when other game grows scarce Deerslayer be allowed to take his old grandmother, or any other person unable by reason of age or infirmity to resist, chain her to a post, saturate her clothes with kerosene, set her on fire and then whang her with a crow bar. If he "have a cool head and take fair aim" she cannot escape.

Finally—That the State of New York offer a bounty of $1 000 on Deerslayer and all the "old-fashioned hunters" of his party, with no close time.

These few simple changes in the game laws, Mr. Editor, would doubtless afford our old friend Deerslayer much satisfaction, and the last one I have proposed would greatly please all the rest of us.

EDWARD WILLISTON FRENTZ.

BOSTON, MASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been a reader of FOREST AND STREAM for a number of years and have never written anything for its columns, but I must have something to say in reply to Deerslayer's defense of deer roping. I sincerely hope the time is near when every State in our glorious Union where the noble deer ranges will see the necessity and wisdom of prohibiting all hounding and jacking, and put a heavy penalty in the statutes for the benefit of those who persist in following deer with dogs and killing them after they have taken to the water for safety. No hunter, be he old-fashioned or otherwise, in this learned and enlightened country would be guilty of such work, and I hope Deerslayer is not sincere in what he writes, but does so simply for the sake of argument. I cannot see where any science is brought into use in sitting around and waiting until the game is driven into the water, and, worst of all, literally tied up to wait the pleasure of the butcher. It is nothing more nor less than butchery, and how any man can become a participant in such an unsportsmanlike act is a mystery to me.

Now, Deerslayer, let me offer you a piece of advice: When you visit your preserve again, lay aside your shotgun; if not already in possession of a good, reliable rifle, purchase one; and if you understand still-hunting, go alone; if not, get the services of a guide who can still-hunt and trail deer. Take to the woods. Match your skill and cunning against that of your game. You may not get sight of your quarry so soon nor with as little fatigue; but, let me assure you, when you do look through the sights of the genuine deer hunter's weapon, the rifle, and when its report sounds the death knell of a noble buck, and you stand over him with the knowledge that his chances of escape were equal to yours of securing him, it is a moment that will bring to you the supreme joy of your life. I for one cannot agree with you that there is no pleasure in deer hunting except with the jack light or hounds. W. R. CLINE.

ILLINOIS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The leading article on the editorial page of last issue of FOREST AND STREAM was somewhat of a surprise to me, inasmuch as I learned thereby that the contribution in a recent issue of your paper signed Deerslayer was anything other than the product of some sarcastic sportsman inclined to write in a jocular vein.

The statement that "a cool head, a 10-gauge gun and a good load of buckshot" are requisites to kill a roped deer at a 5ft. range is quite humorous, to say the least. It strikes me that Deerslayer, if an adept in the business of water killing, ought not to have entirely ignored the glittering axe and the festive club, and let us hope that the twelve-year-old "chip of the old block" will not neglect the use of these handy weapons when he reaches the age of discretion, since much valuable ammunition may be saved thereby. If the party who signs himself Deerslayer really means what he says in his communication to FOREST AND STREAM, he can without doubt secure a steady job and good wages by applying at any abattoir in need of the services of a first-class butcher, one who is frank enough to let the world know that he is not above his calling. I did, however, and do still believe that Deerslayer is merely a candidate for a place on a funny paper, and trust that my view of the case may be a correct one and that the pages of your excellent paper have not been defiled by the real sentiments of any such a creature as the article in question would indicate its author to be. S.

TROY, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

So the New York *Mail and Express* took Deerslayer seriously. I was going to do so too, but after reading the article over the second time I said "Pshaw! There is no human being could have your sentiments," and I concluded it was a little sarcasm sent FOREST AND STREAM to stir up activity in favor of abolishing hounding. Really, do you want us to believe that a man wrote that article and that he wished his son to follow in his footsteps? I have heard of sportsmen who have hired guides to paddle them up to within a few yards of a deer swimming in the water to be shot at with a rifle, and I know of many cases of boasted moose hunting by calling and then shooting at the big fellow, who does not know enough to run when hit. I have heard of your ex-president out jacking and of other folks crusting, hounding in deep snow and all other questionable methods, but for supreme brutality this man Deerslayer takes the lead. Oh! Mr. Deerslayer, let us have your real name, that it may be emblazoned on the pages of the history of brave men. Ugh! Have your guide noose a deer in the water and hold him while you place your 10-bore shotgun at his head and fire slugs into him. Ugh!

I am glad to inform you that in Ontario we have laws that prevent all shooting in the water, jacking, etc., and we hope to do away with the dogs next year. There is a license fee of $25 asked of foreigners who hunt, and I am sure it was caused by our being imposed upon for so long by a class of which Deerslayer is supreme grand master.

ONTARIO. F. E. GALBRAITH.

MILITARY RIFLES AS BIG GAME GUNS.

ST. PAUL, Minn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The introduction of the long-range military rifle into use as a hunting rifle—a purpose for which it was never intended—has added a serious menace to life and limb in such sections of country as are both hunting grounds and the abode of man whenever the long-range military rifles are used therein. When used as a hunting rifle it is not only a deadly danger to all hunters within the great circle of its range, but to all others whose business or pleasure takes them into the highways and byways of the woods and fields, and to those also who may be following their peaceful vocations of life anywhere within the deer region, or even within three or four miles of it. And bear in mind that the deer region is not necessarily in the wilderness. It may be in a settled community. Deer may be and often are killed within short rifle shot of houses, and such is the great power of the military rifle that its bullet will pierce a tree or a house, so that against it the ordinary safeguards avail nothing. It will pierce about 50in. of pine.

In Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan earnest protests have been made against its use on the ground of its terrifying power and great danger; while others, more passive, say that they will remain at home, foregoing their big game hunting, rather than run the risk of death or wounds where the military rifle is used. Of these it is said that many are old hunters, men who valued their vacation for the pleasure it afforded them; for the relaxation from business and the recreation to be found in the great woods where roam the big game, but who, knowing the dangers to be run where the military rifle is used—dangers put therein by their fellow men—decline to take the chances. And it is a real danger, not an imaginary one.

The military rifle, having a range of about three miles in every direction from the shooter, which is the radius of a circle of about six miles in diameter, commands an area of about twenty-eight square miles—surely a most startling danger scope all centering about one man; and if we multiply this by hundreds of others (as we may readily do, the weapons being alluring and exceedingly cheap, and therefore within the means of all hunters), the danger area would be many times multiplied, and as the hunters would be constantly on the move the danger area would be constantly shifting as the hunters moved about, and would necessarily include many dwellings, schoolhouses, towns and people.

But it may be retorted that the shooting of deer is done in the woods; that the trees would stop the bullets before they could go far, thus preventing them from reaching the extreme ranges, and the trees being so numerous would act as a constant safeguard to the people.

By way of rejoinder it may be said that the trees are no more numerous than are the spaces between them, and the spaces are much greater in magnitude than are the trees. Any one in the woods can see long distances between the trees, the view never appearing as a mass of wall, and the bullets will pierce where the eye cannot. Even if the bullet at last strikes a tree, such is its power that it may pierce it and even then go on a long distance in its flight.

But deer are not always shot in woods. Many a deer has been shot in places where the woods have been cut away and a second growth of tender trees have started. Shots are fired at deer from within the edge of woods toward the open fields when opportunity offers, or on the margin of lakes, and again the rifle may be fired at a deer as it skips nimbly over a hill; and if the shooter shoots from a hollow his bullet may go soaring over the hill and tree tops and strike miles away from the firing point.

Nor is this objection against such weapons without good and sound precedent. The firing of all firearms, even those of the extremely short range, as pistols, is strictly prohibited by law in all corporate communities, for the reason that such firing endangers the life and limb, and disturbs the peace of mind, of the members of the community. Now consider that the long-range weapon, commanding such a vast area of the country, is a deadly menace to the dwellers in the country, and disturbs their peace of mind and threatens their safety, and you will have a case in which the precedents fit like a glove to the hand, waiving for the moment the common sense of the matter, the fundamental principle of self-preservation and peaceful enjoyment. The long-range weapon used in the country is more of a deadly menace than is the short-range weapon of the city, the latter being prohibited therein, and therefore is harmless.

I write in opposition to the use of the military rifle as a hunting rifle because it is an improper rifle to use on big game, since, having a flat trajectory of about 800yds., and a range of about three miles, it shoots much further than any hunter could see a deer; and seeing a deer, no hunter would shoot so far as he could see it; yet the people in all the superfluous distance it flies through are in danger from it.

Its long range is particularly unnecessary when it is considered that the average ranges at which deer are killed are from 50 to 150yds., and that there are numbers of other rifles of approved makes, styles, sizes and calibers, all sufficiently deadly and fit for the purpose, and so proved by years of trial. Indeed, many of these rifles have an unnecessary long range and are therefore a danger to a community too, but so weakly so when compared with the military rifle that the danger from them sinks into insignificance. These rifles, moreover, are too deadly—in fact, when it is considered that no more deer should be killed than what is the surplus not needed for breeding, and with the rifles already used and approved, there is danger that the needed numbers of deer will not be maintained. Therefore, whether the matter is considered from the standpoint of the sportsman or that of the market shooter, the exceedingly long range of the military rifle in deer hunting is unnecessary.

Now as to sportsmanship, let us understand first of all that these small caliber military rifles are designed for military purposes, to wound or kill men far away or near by. No consideration of sportsmanship enters into their design, purpose or use, as originally contemplated. To kill or wound an enemy by design or by accident is the purpose of the gun, and the longer the range and the flatter the trajectory the better the purpose is served; for it is self-evident that a bullet going several miles through the enemy's country will command a greater field and do more damage than will one whose range is measured by yards.

But it also has been demonstrated that the killing powers of their bullets are not instantaneous enough for sporting purposes. The high velocity and small caliber do not communicate the necessary shock to kill or bring down the game, so that much of it will escape sorely wounded, to die a lingering and painful death, or fall a prey to ravenous wolves. Aside from the cruelty of it, no sportsman would use a weapon which disturbed the peace of mind or safety of a neighborhood or of his fellows by creating fears of bodily harm or loss of life. A true sportsman would not take pleasure in a sport which caused fears of loss of life or maiming to others, or which endangered life if the danger was unknown to anyone but himself.

No doubt but what the novelty of the gun and its long range are the qualities which attract so many, rather than its fitness for practical work. It serves to excite wonder amongst those who have not seen it, and the owner gains a distinction by the ownership and parade of it which he might never have as a hunter.

Again, there are many who are thoughtless, and take for granted that a gun which will shoot further than any other gun is the gun for all purposes.

Even with the best of care, lamentable accidents are constantly happening from the use of firearms; and it seems like tempting fate to make a departure which has in it so much of jeopardy to the lives and limbs of others, without the shadow of reason or necessity to justify it.

The annual report of Gen. Flagler, Chief of Ordnance of the United States, criticises adversely the stopping power of the .236 and .303cals. of the navy and army rifles, a matter of much more consideration to the hunter than it is to the soldier, since the purpose of the hunter is to secure absolute possession, while that of the soldier is to put his enemy out of the fight, a very severe wound serving the purpose quite as well as one that is fatal. The report mentions that the small caliber and high velocity of the new bullets do much less damage than the old .45 bullets. When the small-caliber bullet hits a man, so great is the velocity that it makes a clean round hole, imparting no shock, and even bones are drilled as if bored with a gimlet, instead of being smashed, as the older and larger calibers acted, with of course a greater corresponding shock and stopping power. The report further mentions that medical men have demonstrated that small bullets, regardless of velocity, are not so effective as the larger ones.

The attempt to secure the effects of the larger bullets by using a soft pointed small-caliber bullet, so that it would mushroom when it struck an object, proved unsatisfactory, since accuracy was impaired. And as to accuracy, when the new guns were first put in the hands of the troops they did inferior work with them and questioned their accuracy, for while they would shoot accurately a few times, there were wild shots betimes.

Now, as the stopping power of a rifle is a vital consideration in its purpose and use on live game, and as the highest authorities in the army admit its lack of stopping power, and as in actual use on big game many writers who have tried it complain of its inferiority in this respect, it is no doubt very weak in the very feature that it should be strong in, that is, stopping power.

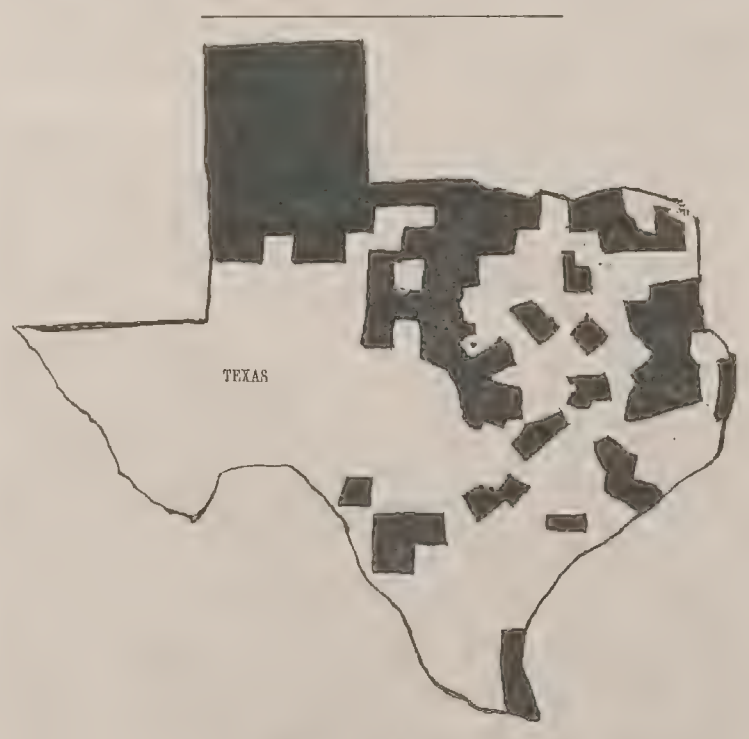
It is yet unsatisfactorily tried in all the other conditions to which rifles are subjected—high and low temperatures; wear and tear from use, the hard metal jacket being very destructive to the rifling; economy of expense, etc., so that any claims for its excellence are more speculative than real.

To sum up, the military rifle is an unfit weapon for big game shooting in an inhabited country, since it endangers the lives of people in the country in which it is used.

It is an unsportsmanlike weapon, since it wounds much game without killing it and therefore inflicts a lasting loss and cruelty; and, more important yet, it destroys the peace of mind of a neighborhood and deters sportsmen from hunting in a country in which such dangerous guns are used.

Lastly, it is not necessary to use it at all, as there are many kinds of rifles already perfected which are much more effective and far less dangerous to the community. The gratification of the individual is as nothing compared to the safety of the community. A single life is of far more importance than the pleasure of all the hunters in the land, and the peace of mind of a community far transcends the importance of any man's pleasure.

That accidents do occur with deplorable frequency with the less powerful guns of shorter range, even when used with the greatest care, we all know, and it is a certainty that guns with such extreme ranges as the military rifle will when shot recklessly add greatly and needlessly to the death list if their use is tolerated. .44.



A Texas Crazy Quilt

Sketch map of the State. The black portions indicate the sections exempt from the game law.

Two Stays.

FOREST AND STREAM is my "mainstay," and taken in connection with my "stay in Maine" manages to pull me through the year. C. H. A.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Down in Arkansaw.

CHICAGO, Nov. 6.—Mr. Joseph Irwin, of Little Rock, Ark., advises me that bass fishing is very good in the "old river," near the mouth of Scott's Bayou. Messrs. Bateman Bros. and Alvin Johnson took seventy-five bass Oct. 31, and Mr. King and his party, all of Little Rock, fished there three days, using spoons and live bait, and had very good luck indeed. Mr. Irwin says:

"Quail shooting has been limited owing to the warm prevailing weather, and few large bags have been made. The ducks are here in limited numbers, but only a few have been bagged so far.

"Large numbers of deer came into market three weeks ago during a cold snap—mostly yearlings, however.

"I expect Harvey McMurchy here this month some time. Nancy, the old pointer, is still able to do good work on quail. I have an English setter in training that I expect great things from."

Game Law Matters.

The members of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association have never for years been satisfied with the statutes covering fish and game protection in this State. The disgusting fiasco over the Blow bill is still fresh in the mind of the public, and it is the intention of the sportsmen to make further effort in the way of legislation of the proper kind. The secretary of the Association, Mr. F. R. Bissel, is sending out the following circular to the members of the clubs composing the Association:

"It is the intention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association to present at the next meeting of the State Legislature a fair and equitable game bill, one which will commend itself to all who desire to see the game, game birds and fish protected from extermination—a point not very far distant under present conditions.

"Every true sportsman should co-operate with us in our efforts, and we beg to ask if you will appoint a committee of say three members from your club and have them interview your Member of the Legislature, whoever he may be, and bring such influence as they may be able to aid in insuring the passage of the bill.

"This bill will soon be drafted by our law committee, and we will endeavor to have a copy sent you for your perusal and approval."

Meantime we are to have a change of governors and possibly a change of wardens in the State of Illinois. So far as the condition of the game of the State is concerned, no change could exist which would not be for the better, for there has been no intelligent conservation of the game of this State for the past ten years.

The short season for deer in Wisconsin has now been ended for nearly a week, but I hear that hunting is still going on in parts of the State in spite of the fact that the legal season is closed. It is too often the case that the so-called sportsman gives himself the benefits of all the doubts, and there are a few of these persons who construed the trouble in the Wisconsin law to mean that they should go out as early in October as they heard of the change in date, and hunt as late in November as was allowed by the old and invalid law. I hear that there will be an attempt made at the next session of the Wisconsin Legislature to establish a license law.

Speaking of license laws brings up for attention the stringent measure recently passed in Louisiana which bars the parish of Caddo absolutely to non-resident hunters. It is thought by some residents of that parish that the police jury of Caddo Parish had in passing this law some animus against the Shreveport Rod and Gun Club, and there are some discrepancies pointed out in the law, which it is claimed is passed for reasons other than those of rigid sportmanship. For instance, it is pointed out that in eighteen States of the Union the hounding of deer is prohibited, whereas it is left wide open in Caddo Parish. The more interesting points of the law are Section 7, which reads: "It shall be unlawful for non-residents to hunt within the limits of the parish of Caddo, or to carry out of the limits of said parish any game for sale or otherwise after same has been killed;" and paragraph 3 of Section 5, which states "that it shall be unlawful in the hunting of ducks, geese, brant, swan or any other wild water fowl, to use as decoys any live ducks or live geese, or artificial decoys made of canvas, rubber, wood, cork or any other material."

The startling decrease in the game supply of the country must be keenly felt indeed when such startling measures as the above come from the hospitable South.

Small-Bore Rifles.

Sportsmen have been much interested in the question of the utility as sporting weapons of the modern small-bore smokeless rifles, and there has been the most interesting diversity of opinions in regard to the merits of these arms. Some say that the .30cal. is the most deadly and destructive weapon on game ever devised, and others say they would not have it as a gift. This week I have two reports from Chicago hunters in regard to the effect of these weapons. Mr. E. C. Carter, assistant engineer of the Northwestern Railroad, recently returned from a hunt in Colorado near Pagoda Peak and along the West Fork of Williams River. He killed a very large number of blacktail deer, but got no other game, though he saw some elk and bear sign. In his shooting he used a Winchester .50cal. single shot, with 140grs. of powder. This weapon would kill a deer like a rabbit. He varied its use with a .45-90 rifle. One day he killed a big buck, and his companion, a ranchman of the country, discovered on skinning the animal that it had been shot through the shoulders with a small caliber bullet. This shot passed directly through both shoulder blades, a location which should have dropped the deer at once. At the point of entry the bone was shattered but little, the hole being but about ½in. across. On the opposite side the ball passed out, leaving a clean, small hole. The flesh about the wound was green and unwholesome, but the wound was healing and the deer was lively and able to run. Several Männlicher rifles had been used on deer in that vicinity earlier in the fall, the guide said.

The second case of the use of one of these small-bore rifles is reported to me by Dr. C. B. Sayre, of this city, who recently returned from an elk hunt in Montana. Dr. Sayre, being advised that one of the small calibers was the correct thing, took along one of them and did not take any other rifle. He killed three elk with this gun, using in all cases the soft nosed bullet. The first elk he shot was struck in the neck, and it fell as if hit by

a thunderbolt, the wound being very large and deadly in its nature. Seeing the killing of this animal, all of Dr. Sayre's friends wished that their rifles were the same as his. Before the trip was over they were glad that they were not the same, and Dr. Sayre reports that he considers that the weapon is absolutely unfit to shoot such large game on account of the irregularity in action of the bullet. His next elk was shot several times with his small caliber rifle, but no shot stopped it. It was shot in all twenty-two times, being finally finished with a six-shooter. Dr. Sayre told me that he wanted to kill a bear, and that had he stayed a week longer he could undoubtedly have had a shot at a bear, as they saw signs of bear feeding at some of the elk carcasses, but he said he had so little confidence in his gun that he was afraid to tackle a bear with it and so came out of the mountains. This report is quite contrary to the glowing accounts given by some hunters who have had nothing but good luck with these guns. Dr. Sayre says that the mountain men advised him to shoot a .45-70 Government cartridge. All big game hunters will know that was good advice. He was advised against the .45-90, and again wisely, for there are very few old hunters who would not tell him that the .45-70 is by far the better arm for big game than the .45 90, facts being much better than theories.

The party of which Dr. Sayre was a member consisted of himself, Dr. J. P. Letts, William Gee and Charles H. Whitcomb, of Chicago, and Mr. T. A. Caauthers, of Lincoln, Neb. They went to Red Lodge, Mont., and hunted north of the park, having the well-known hunter, Ed. Van Dyke, as their guide. They were out seventeen days and got nine elk, all good specimens. Dr. Sayre killed three, Mr. Whitcomb three, and the others killed one each, Mr. Whitcomb getting also a deer and Mr. Gee two deer. They met fifteen inches of snow the first week they were out, and had to lie in camp two days. They had a pack train of seventeen horses.

Luck of the Chase.

It is reported that the party among which were numbered General Miles, Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Webb, of New York city, returned from the West without having killed a deer or any other head of game.

Mr. J. V. Clark and Charlie Spalding have returned from a short deer hunt in Wisconsin, Mr. Clark with a 200lb. buck.

Mr. F. H. Lungren, the well-known artist of New York city, whom I mentioned lately as having gone for another trip to his favorite field, the Navajo country of Arizona and New Mexico, has returned from that region and is spending a little time in Chicago prior to his return East. He reports a trip full of hardships of the physical sort, but also full of artistic results. Mr. Lungren says that the big tribal hunt of the Navajos, their annual antelope round-up, did not take place as scheduled last month, as the weather was unsuitable; so the body of native hunters, something like 400 or 500 of them in all, moved off to other country where the game was more abundant. He describes these great annual drives of the Southwestern Indians as grand spectacles of life and action, but disastrous to the antelope, which are nearly cleaned out over the country by such a hunt. They are driven into pens or over cañon walls, much after the fashion the Northern Indians had of hunting the buffalo.

Among the Wildfowl.

We have had a second snowstorm here this week, and as a result the flight of ducks is the best seen here this fall. It is now thought by some of the old shooters here that the birds have not been down at all before this, the weather north of here being too warm and mild. This storm no doubt means the closing of the waters above here, and will end up the Northern wildfowling within the next ten days.

At Koshkonong the ducks are reported in abundance this week. Mr. R. B. Organ and Mr. B. Dicks go up as guests of Eddie Bingham on the old Bingham homestead on Koshkonong, leaving here to-night. They should have shooting.

At Water Valley the duck shooting has been better the past week than at any time for years. Mr. R. W. Rexford last Monday, shooting on the Kankakee Marsh, near Lowell, Ind., bagged twenty-seven mallards at one hole, and came out, saying he had enough, though he thinks he could have killed seventy-five had he cared to do so.

Mr. F. R. Bissell, of this city, goes to Water Valley, Ind., to-morrow for a try at the ducks, and should have some shooting. Mr. Bissell has a nice little cottage at Water Valley, and he and his wife have frequent shooting trips there.

Mr. J. J. Dickey, superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Co., at Omaha, Neb., reported a very good week of sport on ducks in South Dakota east of the Rosebud country on a series of lakes he and his friends have discovered. They got 150 ducks of different varieties, but only one canvasback.

Mr. Harry Loveday is back from his Minnesota ducking trip, which he thinks was planned for too early a date. On the last day he shot the birds worked better than at any other time, and, singularly enough, it was on a northbound flight that they got their shooting then. On that day Mr. Loveday got forty fat mallards, and his friend, Mr. Ed Hughes, got twenty-eight mallards. Other members of the party were Maj. Sanborn and Messrs. C. D. Gammon, S. M. Sutherland and John Grey, of this city, and Mr. R. R. Street, of New York city. Of these the high bags, all however of mixed ducks, were: for Mr. Street fifty-one, Maj. Sanborn and Mr. Grey fifty-three each. In the last few days of their shooting they bagged 326 birds—not a very great number, they thought. Last year the same party killed 1,500 on their fall hunt, and four years ago the party killed 2,900 ducks. They shot in each case in Ottertail county, on Dead Lake, the headwaters of the Red River of the North. In this locality they found a great many sharp-tailed grouse migrating from the North to the timbered region near by, and of these they killed a number.

Messrs. Fuller and Morris, of the English Lake Club house on the Kankakee River, came very nearly entirely redeeming the reputation of the old river a little over a week ago, for between them they bagged 103 mallards in one day, which certainly is enough to satisfy anyone on earth.

Mr. T. P. Hicks is back from his trip to Redwood, Minn., where he did not work hard for shooting, but got 150 ducks at odd times.

Mr. Bissell, secretary of the State Sportsmen's Association, says that his trip to North Dakota, at Dawson, was most satisfactory. He had fine shooting at ducks and geese, as earlier mentioned. He saw the weird dance of the sandhill cranes for the first time on this trip. He reports no chickens in that country, and the local hunters say the extensive fires of the last spring entirely burned out the birds.

Mr. Walter Dupee, who has hunted every week until this week since the first of the season of this fall, says that the duck shooting has been very poor over this part of the country. He has been going out into North Dakota for several years along the Soo line, and says he saw a great many ducks at Kenmere, on that road, though at that time he was not out after ducks, but chickens. He thinks that was the best chance for ducks he has seen this year.

Shooting at Swan Lake Club this fall has been very rocky, though one does not know nowadays what a night may bring sorth in late mallard shooting, for which these waters are noted.

Mr. Abner Price has been out for a little trip at Duck Island Club, below Peoria, but at this writing we do not have word of any very great shooting at that locality as yet this fall. It is very likely that this week and the one just past are to be the record weeks of this year for this vicinity.

Among the Quail.

It is a trifle early as yet to speak of the quail shooting for this season, but it is already clear that we are to have the best shooting in Illinois and Indiana that has been known for some time. No one who can take time to run south of this city over night need lack for opportunity to enjoy the pleasant sport of quail shooting. Of course, it is always desirable to know good country. It is a mistake to think that one is obliged to go south of the Ohio River to get good shooting on quail, but really the closer one can get to the Ohio the better are his chances. In Illinois anywhere down the Illinois Central R. R., say as far as Champaign, one is sure this year of finding birds. If he go to Mattoon, better yet to Effingham, on that road, he will be in the center of the best sort of quail country, and can moreover get cross roads to take him east and west into the little towns lying in that part of the State. As far south as Vincennes the birds are abundant this year. If one go to Newton, Ill., he will be well located, or at Mt. Vernon he will have splendid country. Any of the little country towns of that part of the State, such as Dubois, Ashley, etc., will be good headquarters. Around Centralia there is good country, and near Arcola. In fact, anywhere below the upper half or two-thirds of Illinois the quail are numerous enough this year to offer all the shooting any one need want. Moreover, the water is abundant this season, so that the birds are well scattered and offer a varied day's sport in a walk across country, not being confined to the water-courses, as they have been in the last few dry seasons. These points on the quail I have from my friend Charlie Antoine, who shot all over that part of the country last year and the year previous, and so knows what the situation is; so the news can be held safe as any advice can be on shooting grounds, always subject of course to local conditions of change such as too much market shooting.

Mud Hens and Rail.

The veteran duck shooter, Abe Kleinman, answering the queries of some novices the other day in my hearing, said that in his belief mud hens were as good to eat as mallards, and that before long all the shooters would be glad enough to get mud hens to shoot. He was explaining that the mud hens migrate by night, coming down in big flocks from the North, and he added that the rail migrate in the same way, always by night. He says a rail can fly as well as any bird when it tries.

Mixed.

Mr. C. N. Souther, city ticket agent of the Milwaukee & St. Paul road, did not get any ducks on his trip to Wisconsin a week ago, but found some good squirrel shooting. He and his friends killed fifty-one fox squirrels, and moreover discovered what they state to be some very good ruffed grouse country.

The largest deer killed in Wisconsin this season, so far as I have record, is one killed by Mr. Boyce, of this city, near Ashland, Wis., a buck which weighed 264lbs. dressed.

Mr. H. D. Nicholls, a member of the Cumberland Gun Club, a shooter well known in Illinois State Association matters, has just been elected to the State Legislature. The sportsmen are therefore sure of at least one solid friend in the house, and an effort will be made to use Mr. Nicholls's influence in the passage of a better game law.

Mr. N. H. Harris, of this city, has recently returned from a trip to Arkansas, where he killed a deer and a turkey and had a very pleasant time.

Mr. J. W. Upsall, of Watseka, Ill., tells me that his father and some friends went to Arkansas for a shooting trip, but never unpacked their stuff and turned around and came back home. They found they would be obliged to pay a license, and would not be allowed to ship any game out of the State.

Messrs. Walter Dupee and Oswald von Lengerke, of this city, started yesterday for Trenton, Tenn., where they will have a week's quail shooting with W. B. Stafford, who handles Mr. Dupee's dogs.

Although it is very late in the season, the bass fishing in the Kankakee River is better now than it has been any time this year. The small-mouth bass are biting finely, and large strings are being taken at different points of the river from Koutts on down.

For woodcock shooting in season I am advised by one who knows that the country along the Mississippi River, above La Crosse, Wis., is as good as any in the West. Take the train at La Crosse and run up one or two stations. This to be borne in mind for next year.

On his last trip to the Kankakee Charlie Antoine made the mixed bag of fifteen jacksnipe and four prairie chickens. He also saw three bevies of quail, though the law was not yet up.

A bull pup belonging to Mr. J. G. Bushnell, of this city, went on the war path this week and bit four persons—Joseph Whitford, Marcus Smith, Edward Howe and Dr. Thwaite. On the supposition that it was a mad dog it was killed. It would have been the making of the pup if they had let it alone.

Luck of the Colored Hunter.

While in my office this week, my friend Tom Divine, of Memphis, was looking over the various bear trophies from Mississippi, and blowing all the horns in the office, including Tom Glover's E flat Texas horn, all of which reminded him of big game matters in Mississippi; and he told me a story, which has the merit of being true, in regard to the luck recently had by a negro hunter in the canebrake country south of Memphis. The negro, it seems, was watching at a water hole for a shot at a bear, and was lucky enough to get it. He killed the bear, which weighed 450lbs. He sat down and waited for his partner to come up, and while sitting there quietly he heard a cracking in the cane not far from him. Thinking this might be another bear, he kept still, but in a few moments found the animal was not a bear, but a panther. The latter seemed to think he could make a square meal off the bear, but as he began to snuff around the bear the negro shot and killed him also, the two animals lying close together. A few moments later the negro's partner came over that way, following two hounds, which were trailing. As luck would have it, the hounds put their game up a tree near the water hole. It was a big wildcat, and the same negro killed it almost from the same place where he stood when he shot the bear and panther. It must have been his busy day. Mr. Divine personally saw the panther, which was shipped entire to Memphis, and says that it measured 8ft. from tip to tip, one of the largest he ever saw. If I should see this story in any paper but FOREST AND STREAM, I should think it wasn't so, but the odd part about it is that it is true.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

The Neaville Boys.

AN old friend from Ashland, Wis., sent me a copy of FOREST AND STREAM containing the sketch of Charles Guyon, not knowing that we get the paper here. He writes: "I send it because I know it will interest you very much, as you know all the characters mentioned in the story and I can imagine you reading it to a group of friends, who will also enjoy it because it is so well written."

I am not surprised that he was pleased with that article, but what will he think when he reads of Henry and Frank Neaville? This last is fine; it is a perfect portrait of each of the boys and their manner of speech at that time. Frank was a bright young man, and was a clerk in a store until he enlisted and went in the army. Henry, as Mr. Mather says, was not so bright on the exterior, but was a sort of "singed cat, better than he looked;" and lazy! Oh, my! He was the perfect picture of ease and present enjoyment. No doubt he enjoyed having his feet frozen, as it gave him rest, and had they been taken off would have insured him perfect felicity. He could work and endure discomfort, and the heroic words he expressed about his frozen feet are a key to his character. I liked him very much. He was a noble boy, and his early pathetic death in his country's service proved his devotion to his friends, flag and country.

Mrs. Neaville, mother of the boys, thought she had a presentiment of their death that summer. After her roses had all faded two more white ones came upon the bush, one after the other, bloomed for a time, then drooped and fell. The old people never recovered from the loss of their two good boys. Mrs. Neaville died last year, near Brodhead, Wis. She was an excellent woman, and Mr. Mather's article would have comforted her if she could have lived to see it.

I hope the author, who was well known here forty years ago, may live long and continue his interesting articles on "Men I have Fished With," and put them in book form, so that when he is taken from the stream of time his friends may receive a royalty from them that will be sufficient to rear a monument that will perpetuate his name and fame as a second Izaak Walton to all time.

W. S.

POTOSI, Wis.

A Successful Maine Trip.

CAPT. JOSEPH B. TAYLOR, of the Albany-Bath ferry line, has returned from his annual hunting trip to the Maine woods, and reports a glorious time and game galore. During his stay in the woods he saw several moose, many caribou and deer without number. Joe Francis, the well-known guide, looked after his welfare, and the results of the hunt are a huge moose with 53in. spread of antlers, with very broad palms, showing him to have been an old-timer; one caribou and two deer. The dilapidated condition of the ears of the moose, including a bullet hole through one of his ears, shows that the old fellow had had many a brush and at least one hairbreadth escape. Crosby, the Bangor taxidermist, who has the heads, pronounced the caribou head one of the finest Maine heads he ever handled; in fact, says that it is seldom equaled by any brought from Newfoundland.

The party arrived in the woods in the last few days in September, and enjoyed several days of excellent trout fishing before the hunting season opened.

Capt. T. reports that lumbering operations have been begun in the forests of the West Branch waters on lands that were lumbered about twenty-five years ago, the dilapidated dams are being rebuilt, and operations will be prosecuted on a large scale for the next few years. This will be unwelcome news to very many of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, but let us hope that the vigilance of the Maine game warden will be equal to the occasion, and that we shall not have a recurrence of the wholesale butcheries of a quarter of a century ago.

Judging from the number of very fine negatives obtained, the Captain seems to have been quite as successful with the camera as with the rifle.

My congratulations on the result of the vote on the forestry amendment.

S.

TROY, N. Y., Nov. 4.

Moose in the Ox-bow Country.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4.—We have just returned from a trip to Ox-bow, Me. Got a fine 1,000lb. bull moose and several deer. Had the best guide and moose caller in the woods, Ed. Junkins. He did what many claim to be impossible, called up a moose on a hardwood ridge at noon on Oct. 17. That's rather late in the season for calling too. Deer we could have got almost any day. Caribou signs very plenty, but didn't get a chance at any. We only hunted nine days. Am going again next year and stay longer. If any one wants Ed for the first snow he could make arrangements, I think. If one is a pretty good shot and can stand hard traveling all day, I'll bet a hat he can get a moose in two weeks with good tracking weather.

F. W. K.

THE LONG ISLAND DEER SEASON.

IT is estimated that at least 150 deer were killed on Long Island Wednesday, Nov. 4, which was the first day of the open season. Twenty-nine deer were brought into Sayville as a result of this one day's shooting, and about forty are credited to Patchogue hunters. This of course does not include the deer killed by the Smithtown, Hauppauge and other parties who came down from the north of the deer grounds, and it is safe to say that the large estimate given above is not exaggerated. This is a remarkable showing, and it is a question whether, from the standpoint of numbers, there is any better deer hunting in the United States. The entire deer country only occupies an area of about twenty-five square miles, and much of this is included in the grounds of the South Side Club and those of Messrs. Vanderbilt, Cutting and Roberts, where no shooting whatever is permitted. The open territory is therefore extremely limited, and at the best points twenty or thirty deer are killed in a day. On a good stand the hunter will see more deer before 8 o'clock in the morning than he will see in open season in a month in some parts of the country that have reputations as deer hunting sections. But whether he kills a deer or is killed himself is beyond human forethought to predict.

There are three more days of open season on Long Island this year, the 11th, 18th and 25th. Judging from previous experience it is safe to predict that the total bag of these three days will not exceed that of last Wednesday. No doubt some deer will be killed in the close season which intervenes, and local papers hint that there were hunters who did not wait for the opening day to begin the slaughter.

But the main reason why the other open days will not be so good as the first is that most of the deer that were then started were killed. Very few indeed escaped to the refuge afforded by club grounds or posted property, and those killed hereafter will be animals that were on safe ground when the first gun was fired. J. B. BURNHAM.

With the Quail on Long Island.

NOV. 2 dawned bright and clear, an ideal day for the first of quail shooting. After a hearty breakfast at Harrison Rogers's, my guide and I jumped into our wagon and with guns and dogs hastened to our shooting ground, about a mile and a half east of Eastport. We were accompanied by a well-broken English setter, over anxious to get in the field again after a lazy summer. Upon arriving at our destination we tied the horse in the woods and started out with high spirits for our first quail of the season.

Unfortunately we found that a party of sportsmen had already covered the ground near by and had flushed a bevy only a short while before. Our luck during the forenoon was rather discouraging, as we only flushed three single birds, killing two of these in spite of the dense woods in which they rose.

By 12 o'clock the bracing air had put a keen edge on our appetites and we decided to lunch. After emptying a good-sized pail of good things and enjoying a cigar we drove a mile further on and started out with fresh hopes to try another section. After covering considerable ground with no success our dog came to a grand point at the edge of a field of stubble. We flushed a bevy of about thirty birds and surely it was a sight worth going miles to see. We killed three as they rose and marked the rest down in an adjoining field of low brush.

During the remainder of the afternoon we had fine sport, flushing singles and pairs all around us, with very little walking, as the birds lay very close. I soon had my hand in again and made good scores, including two very neat doubles. The birds were all large and fat, and with a bag of seventeen quail and one partridge I was well content.

I had to return to New York next morning to vote, but hope to have another day or so with these fine game birds before the season closes. G. P. GRANBERY.

Our Native Fur.

LANSING, Mich., Oct. 18.—Yesterday a young man from Delhi called at my office and showed me several skins of the fox squirrel and rabbit and woodchuck, which he had tanned himself, and I was greatly surprised to see such fine large skins, and find them so tough and so strong and well furred. In Europe the skin of the squirrel is used extensively in the fur trade, and in this country the rabbit of Australia is used largely in the manufacture of caps and gloves and mittens under the name of Australian bear. It is a wonder to me that there is no home market for such fur as that of the fox squirrel and the different rabbits which are so abundant in this country. Certainly the skins of the Northern squirrels of the larger variety, and the rabbit, especially the big white rabbit of Michigan, is as fine for manufacturing purposes as any animal's of its kind in the world. And then, too, they are so abundant and so many of them are killed that if the fur could be used it would be a matter of great commercial importance. Can you give us any light upon this subject, and its relation to the fur trade?

JULIAN.

[Tame rabbit skins average 2 cents, wild 1 cent; woodchuck and American squirrel skins have no market value.]

In Ontario Covers.

PETROLIA, Ontario, Oct. 26.—Ten years ago everyone said there would soon be no partridges around here to shoot; but this year there are more than there were ten or twelve years ago. Last summer was a good season for everything around here; the rain came on about June 1, and we had nice rains all summer which seemed to suit the rearing of young birds. That is the only reason I can give for such an abundance of birds. I was very much interested in your article on the ruffed grouse; I have had many of the experiences mentioned therein. Quail are scarce in this locality for some reason unknown to me.

A friend while out one day last week for partridge shot a white red squirrel; it was pure white all over. One of my men informed me that his little boy also saw a white squirrel. Please let me know if they are common or not. By the way, coons appear to be quite plentiful this fall, also black squirrels. Shot what I thought to be a gray squirrel, others said it was a fox squirrel, but I do not know what the difference is between a fox and gray squirrel. I know I never saw anything like it in this locality and I have shot here for years.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

[White or albino squirrels have been recorded. The fox squirrel was not named for Ontario in the recent report of the special game commission.]

BELLEVILLE, Ont., Nov. 7.—Ducks have been quite numerous, but so shy that hunters have done poorly.

Plover have been with us in large numbers and many good bags were made.

Squirrels—black and gray—and partridges have been more than usually plentiful this season and afforded fine sport. Partridges are generally got in this district by treeing them with dogs.

Deer hunters have gone forth to the woods in legions, but the weather has been too warm and wet for sport, and reports are consequently unfavorable.

I imagine that Antoine Gardapee, of whom Mr. Mather has written so entertainingly in your columns, was named "Gardapui"—a name quite common among our French-Canadians and the metis of our Northwest. R. S. B.

A Maine Game Record.

BANGOR, Me.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you the record of game shipped over the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad during the month of October, 1896:

Shipped from	Deer.	Moose.	Caribou.
Fort Fairfield	1	1	..
Easton	..	..	1
Mars Hill and Blaine	1	..	..
Island Falls	5	..	..
Crystal	2	..	..
Patten	41	7	7
Sherman	21	3	1
Stacyville	52	4	9
Grindstone	71	6	4
Millinocket	34	2	3
Twin Dam	28	4	2
Norcross	230	12	4
Perkins's Siding	22	..	..
Ingalls's Siding	39	1	..
West Seboois	32	1	..
Schoodic	19	1	..
Brownville	15	..	..
Milo	2	..	..
Lagrange	2	..	..
Ashland	17	1	2
Masard s	27	14	9
St. Croix	6	1	..
Katahdin Iron Works	35	..	..
Brownville Junction	7	..	..
Monson	6	..	..
Greenville	306	20	15
Shirley	6	1	..
Guilford	1	..	..
Sebec	1	..	..
Total game shipped	1,029	79	57

The totals for October of this year compared with the same month in 1895 and 1894 are as follows:

	Deer.	Moose.	Caribou.
Total for October, 1896	1,029	79	57
Total for October, 1895	669	53	37
Total for October, 1894	479	24	10

The above statement, compiled from records kept by station agents, comprises only game shipped by visiting sportsmen, and does not include that killed by native hunters, nor the large quantity consumed in camps.

There were also shipped during October, 1896 eleven bears, one lynx and a large number of ducks and partridges.

GEO M. HOUGHTON,
Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.

Deer in Southern New Jersey.

EGG HARBOR CITY, Oct. 31.—The deer season opened Oct. 25. My brother, myself and four others placed our dogs in the wagon and drove to Reed's Neck, where signs of deer were plenty. As soon as the men had their stands the drive was commenced, one man working the dogs until game was started. This was not done until near noon, when the deer were started in a point of a large cedar swamp. The wind began to blow pretty hard in the afternoon, making it impossible to hear the dogs; but one doe headed straight for the water about five miles from where she started, Lake Lenape, near May's Landing, where were another party of hunters, who shot some ten or a dozen times at the deer, but failed to kill her.

This ended our first day's hunt, all the rest of the week being too dry to do anything with them. Another party killed a nice buck, this buck being one of the largest killed here in several years.

Our next trip was more successful. We started a fine large doe, and after a pretty long chase it was killed by Jacob Green. This ends deer shooting in New Jersey, as our season was only ten days long. R. B. P.

Rhode Island Notes.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 6.—Officers Smith and Tobin, of Georgiaville, arrested last Sunday a band of hunters, equipped with ten hounds and a keg of beer, for hunting on Sunday, and with ferrets at that. The man who had a ferreted rabbit in his pocket paid a fine of $5.

It is probable that other arrests will follow, as the remainder of the party are known, and the town authorities are determined to put a stop to further infringement of the laws in regard to Sunday hunting within its borders.

Two gunners started off a few days ago, guns in hand, to shoot gray squirrels. Having arrived in the woods and tramped the entire forenoon without any success, they sat down to eat dinner. While they were busily engaged in satisfying the inner man their attention was called to some object away from the log on which they sat, and they went to investigate. When they returned to their dinner, behold their surprise at seeing the only squirrel of the day running away with one of their doughnuts, which they had laid by the side of the lunch pail. W. H. M.

Black Game and Capercailzie for Vermont.

SHELDON, Vt., Nov. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have received from Sweden twenty black game and fourteen capercailzie for distribution in this State. We believe that our Green Mountain forests are specially adapted for this kind of game.

We are trying to get a law passed making a penalty of $20 for Sunday-shooting, which will put a check to the work of the Sunday shooting young French pot-shooter who shoots everything that comes in his way with his cheap breech-loading shotgun. W. P. LEACH.

Massachusetts and Maine.

BOSTON, Nov. 6.—Mr. C. H. Cook and Mr. A. J. Norwood are off for a moose hunt. They will go to Big Fish Lake, in Upper Aroostook county. Orcutt's camps are their destination. A. S. Sleeper, of Chelsea, and Arthur Bucknam are at home from the neighborhood of the Katahdin Iron Works with a deer apiece, for which they had to work very hard indeed. The leaves were particularly bad in the rustling qualities, and but little rain fell in the section they visited. They were absent for nearly three weeks, and it took two weeks of hunting to get their game. E M Gillam started on his annual vacation and hunting trip to-day. He will go to Vineland, N. J., there meet his brother, and hunt quail and partridges in the best section of that State and Pennsylvania. They also talk of a trip to North Carolina for more quail, or to Maine for a deer.

Late Bangor reports seem to show that more big game is coming, though there has been a lull in the slaughter, with the hunting reported to be bad by reason of the fallen leaves. The report says that the shipment of game on Monday was the largest ever received in that city. There were sixty-three deer, two moose and five caribou. The largest previous shipment was on Monday, Oct. 19, when sixty-five deer and four caribou were received. I learn from the express people that nearly one-half of it does not go out of the State. A good deal goes beyond Boston. But after all Boston sportsmen get their share of Maine's big game. It is easy to make up the following record of big game brought here: H. B. Wellington, F. H. Talcott, two deer; Oliver P. Hoyt, one deer; G. K. Russell, one deer; N. S Manson, one deer; Edward Salley, F. P. Smith and John Martin, six deer; G. H. Lanphier, one deer; R D. Jones and E. Dana, two deer; F. A. Mann, one deer; H. A. Wood, A. R. Van Tassel, E D. Van Tassel and J. L. Richards, seven deer; N. M. Conant, one deer; D J. Flanders, one deer; W. S. Coggin and S. Matherson, Jr., two deer; L D Cameron, of Amesbury, one deer; James Sargent, of Waltham, one deer; C. S. Thrasher, of Taunton, one deer; S. Elmer, of Sherbern Falls, two deer; A. H. Sargent, of Haverhill, two deer; Geo C. Basson, Jr., of Lawrence, and E Frank Lewis, two deer; H. E Eustis and A. P Hendrick, of Brookline, three deer; E C. Whitney, of Orange, two deer; N. A. Belcher, of Brockton, two deer; N. M Jones, of Ipswich, two deer; Dr. F. A. Townsend, of Worcester, a moose; L L Martin, of Winchester, a caribou.

H S Fisher and E. J. Mitton are out of the Maine woods with a moose apiece. This is Mr. Fisher's second moose, and his many friends among sportsmen are pleased with his remarkable success. Mr. Fisher and Mr. Mitton are both interested in the Dry Goods Club at Sebago Lake. SPECIAL.

Ruffed Grouse and Rifle Range.

STATE OF WASHINGTON, Oct. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In an article in FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 26 you speak of the ruffed grouse being able to take care of themselves in Minnesota and Wisconsin. They can also do so here in this northwest corner of Uncle Samuel's possessions, as was proved to my satisfaction the other day, when I took my .22 rifle to go up the creek and get a few ruffed grouse. My old dog Frank is at a neighbor's some 125 miles away, and I have a youngster I call Dick, who is good for ruffed and blue grouse, but of no account for the sharp-tails.

We had not gone more than 100yds. before Dick flushed a grouse; but he could not tell where it went, and he will not bark unless he sees the bird alight; then if he flushes the bird by his barking he will quit unless he can locate it. We could not start the bird the second time. We kept on up to the base of Mount Bonaparte and hunted for over an hour before we started another, and it was like the first. Then I turned and came down the main creek, and soon flushed four, not one of which treed. Soon I flushed a single, but it went off down the creek for at least a quarter of a mile. I marked it down and we flushed it again. I kept count of those I flushed until I came to where the cows were, which I had to drive home, as it was nearly sundown. There were nineteen birds, and not one could I get a shot at; so you see they are pretty well educated even here in the backwoods of Okanogan.

LEW WILMOT.

Florida Game Season.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Nov. 2.—Ducks were reported numerous at Ft. Thompson, Lake Flirt, on the Caloosahatchie River, Oct. 19. They were the first flight from the North, which always pass over the upper part of the State and settle in South Florida. A few bluebills or raft ducks are reported in the creeks around Jacksonville, but none stay on the river at this season. Later in the season there will be plenty of them on the river.

The open season for quail and turkeys commenced on the 1st inst., and they promise to be very plentiful, especially the former.

The hammocks are full of squirrels. I shot thirteen last Saturday afternoon, with a dog, and a boy to shake the vines on the trees. In this State the squirrels hide in the luxuriant Spanish moss that fills the tree tops, and it is very difficult to see them after the dog has treed them; but with a boy to shake the vines that generally cover the the trees they run out of their hiding places, and can be seen and shot. Without a good dog, a person might hunt all day and hardly see one. J. F. LE BARON.

Maine and her Game Resources.

BOSTON, Oct. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In looking over the pages of the November issue of the *Maine Central* I was astounded at the quantities of large game now passing through Bangor almost daily. It seems almost incredible, and it just made me wonder how long, even under the most fostering conditions, this region could stand such a tremendous drain. I quote from the above journal items picked up at random from Oct. 1 to 15, giving a general idea for the whole month: Monday, Oct. 12, was a record so far as the amount of game which passed through Bangor is concerned. The exact figures for the day were 63 deer, 6 moose and 3 caribou. Tuesday: 51 deer, 3 moose, 1 caribou. Wednesday: 36 deer, 2 moose, 3 caribou. Friday: 58 deer. 10 moose, 1 caribou. Saturday: 67 deer, 4 caribou. Total: 275 deer, 21 moose, 12 caribou. And that is only a five days' record of what passed through Bangor.

Well may Maine legislators and conservative sports

men ponder over these figures. The good Lord and artificial propagation combined will be powerless against such slaughter as this. Unless more stringent measures are speedily enforced the child is born who will roam this vast tract and not encounter a deer, moose or caribou. Mr. E. C. Farrington, secretary of the Maine State Fish and Game Association, sizes up the problem well when he says: "If the State is to retain its great game preserve and keep it adequate to the demands that surely will be made upon it, something must be done more far-reaching and effective than ever has been in the way of legislation."

Now then as to remedies. First and foremost FOREST AND STREAM'S platform plank: Stop the sale of game. Second, have the open season for all kinds of game the same date; have its close the same. Third, limit each sportsman to one moose, or one deer, or one caribou for the season. Fourth, make it an offense, under penalty of seizure and confiscation, for any one to carry rifle or shotgun into the woods during close season. J. W. B.

In New Jersey.

ASBURY PARK, N. J.—Advices from the game quarters of this (Monmouth) county are most encouraging. I am in receipt of a letter from a friend, who writes: "Be sure and come on the first day, which is Nov. 10; I have plenty of quail and more than enough rabbits on my grounds." Perforce I will lay aside my work and make a ten days' trip through old Monmouth covers, and will report what I find to our paper, FOREST AND STREAM.

LEONARD HULIT.

The Arkansas Outlook.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Oct. 27.—The weather is too warm and cover too heavy for quail shooting. A big flight of ducks passed South last Friday, few remaining with us. In November and December we shall have plenty of sport.

J. W. IRWIN.

Quail Around Omaha.

OMAHA, Neb., Oct. 28.—Quail are quite plentiful this fall in the Missouri valley. With a few hard frosts to lay the weeds and thin out the leaves, there will be good sport to be had near this city.

W. D. KENYON.

Sea and River Fishing.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XX.—First Sergt. Frank Neaville.

THE snow had left the south side of the hills and there were evidences of spring overhead and underfoot when I parted with Antoine, he to visit some friends up the river and I to settle down in Potosi to a civilized life. To get shaved again, to sleep in a bed and renew acquaintance with a potato after a winter in the woods, was an agreeable change. Few men who have once lived the life of a hunter and trapper ever care more for civilization than to keep on its outside edge, and they move on as it drives them to seek new fields. I imagine such men find it dull in summer, for they are seldom reading men, and when fur is not in season their lives must be monotonous. I soon dropped into my old way of life in the quaint little mining village of Potosi.

"Goin' a-fishin'?" asked Frank Neaville, as he saw me selecting some fishing tackle in one of the stores. "Henry has a new boat and he's goin' to take it down to the landing soon, maybe you can get him to go to-morrow; you know he's always ready for a fish or a hunt, no matter what's goin' on."

We walked down to the hotel kept by the father of these boys and found Henry in the back yard putting a painter into a ring in the bow of a new boat and making a neat eye-splice in it, for Henry could do many such things when he chose. "Hello, Henry!" said I, "you've got a nice sharpie there, but in our talks since I came down from the Bad Ax you haven't mentioned it."

"What's that name you called the boat?"

"A sharpie. What do you call it?"

"I call it a skiff, and it is a skiff; sharpie is some of your New York language, I suppose; did you ever hear of a skiff?"

"Yes, and they are two different boats in the New York language, but we won't fight about that. I want to go fishing to-morrow, and if you want to try the new shar—skiff, I mean, just fill her full of water to swell the seams and get her on the wagon in the morning, that's all."

Frank called attention to the fact that there was room for three, and intimated that he would go if his company was earnestly desired.

"Frank," replied his brother, "you know that you're the durn'dest fool in a boat that lives in Wisconsin. Last year you upset us when we were coming down Swift Sloo by grabbing a branch to look after some wounded bird and we had to stop all night on the island and be eaten by mosquitoes because Fred's rifle was in the bottom of the sloo. We don't want any more of that funny business and you had better stay home." Then turning to me, Henry explained: "Frank's all right to weigh out sugar and coffee in a grocery and he can figure up how many papers of tacks would balance a pound of nails, but you had a sample of him last year; he hasn't got good, sound sense, like a mule, for a mule can take care of himself any time and wouldn't dump us all in the drink to look at a pelican. If you can stand him, all right, I won't object."

Then it was Frank's innings. He was the younger but larger of the two, and he replied: "Henry is the bright boy of the family, and very few families have more than one bright boy, if they're so fortunate as to have even one. He is the oldest and there are several little fellows growing up, and if I'm not as brilliant as Henry I can't help it, but I hope some of the little fellows may come near his high standard. I don't want to go if I'm not wanted." And he turned off and went into the house.

This was the first time that I had seen Frank resent Henry's good-natured chaff, and I hurried after him and brought him back. Said I: "Henry, I want Frank to go with us, and, confound you, you want him to go, but your temptation to roast him over that upset is fun for you, but Frank doesn't like it. As a student of Shakespeare, you will remember that somewhere he says that a joke requires a good listener, or something of the kind, to make it go. Frank thinks you are bearing too hard on him for his mistake and it's time to let up."

Henry laughed and said: "Frank never knows a joke when he hears it; wouldn't know one if he found it in his soup. That thing of Shakespeare's just fits him; he said something about a joke being lost in the ears of some men, I cant recall it now.*

"Of course, if Frank wants to go fishing with us, all right, I've no objection, and in fact would like to have him go; but since the time when we slept out on the island I have gone fishing a dozen times and he has never asked to go. I think he likes your company. Come along, Frank, I only wanted to knock a little fun out of you and you go off mad." Frank winked at me; he was not angry the least bit, but this was his joke on his brother.

In the morning we walked behind the wagon which carried the boat to the river, for it had a load of lead. I took my rifle along because I wanted some meat either of duck or hog, or both. As related in my sketch of Henry four weeks ago, there were hogs on the islands and I had bought an interest in them. I also had several cane "poles," as we called them, and loaned one to each of the boys. I was inclined to be a "dude" sportsman in that early day, if we interpret that abused term to mean a man who likes to own the best things that he can get and who will pay a quarter of a dollar for a light natural cane in preference to using a heavy sapling cut in the woods to be thrown away after using. In fact, I would to-day, if not then, rather be a "Sunberry Fisher" than his opposite. The London *Punch* created "Ye Sunberry Fisher" many years ago, and in order that a generation which has grown up since its publication may know just what kind of a fisherman he was I copy from my scrap book the poem from *Punch* and send it to the editor, who may possibly think fit to print it. In these days of game hogs and of men who fish for count and brag, I say with due deliberation and with full knowledge of the ridicule to which a man with fine fishing tackle is subjected if he is unsuccessful in a day's fishing, that I would rather be in his place and own tackle to be proud of than to be the proverbial boy with an alder pole, a "letter in the post-office," and a big string of trout.

With the man who loves fishing for itself and not for the fish, the capture of a record-breaking string is of no consequence. The old story of the "funny man" catches the popular fancy. To-day when I fish for trout I use a rod which cost $35, and it is worth every cent of it. My reel, line and book of flies cost as much more, and on a trout stream there is no bare-footed farmer's boy with his alder pole and worm who can, day after day, take more trout than I or thousands of other anglers can. He might on an odd day where he knew all the trout holes—but not as a rule. And if he did? Still I say: I would prefer to be the Sunberry Fisher who "caught nothing at all," for why do we prefer a gold watch to a silver one? It may keep no better time. We like elegant harness on our horses, but they pull the carriage no better than if tied to it with bits of rope! Now you young anglers can see just what I mean. There is pleasure to the sportsman in cleaning and caring for his rod or gun; he has a feeling of companionship for it—he gets to love it for the memories it brings, and to throw it aside after a fishing or shooting trip would be base ingratitude. There is a high and noble affection for old companions in the forest and on the stream, and the man who truly loves the sport for sport's sake, and not for the amount of meat he gets, cherishes the implements which aided him. Even a savage will ornament his pipe and his war club—but my pen is straying again and has led me off from the story of this particular fishing trip. Let it go; the editor will probably "blue pencil" all the extraneous matter, and so we get back to the mouth of Grant River, Wis., in the spring of 1856, with the Neaville boys.

Henry watched the boat after it was launched and seemed satisfied with its balance in the water, and we rowed off to one of the islands which are so numerous along the great Mississippi at this point. When we pulled up on the island Henry asked: "Where do you want to fish? Here you can get swift water or still water, just as you want it." A bend where water plants were just struggling to get to the top of the water caught my eye, and it looked like a good spot for pike, so I replied, "I've got some small minnow hooks, and if we stop right here and get about fifty small fish, we may get some good pike over in that bend among the weeds. The result was similar to that recorded in sketch IX., "The Brockway Boys." Skittering for pike or pickerel was a new thing, and all new methods are distrusted. The old woman who saw a patent machine for milking cows looked at it and declared, "The old-fashioned way is the best;" and in this case she was right. Henry did not say a word against it, but, like William Brockway, he thought there might be a thing or two that he had not learned, but Frank said:

"When you put one of these little fish on your hook, and let it down in the water where the big fish live, you may get one; but to 'skitter' a little fish over the surface and scare all the big ones below looks like foolishness, but if you say it's a good plan we'll try it. Mother will expert some fish for breakfast, and I want to go over in a tree top and get some crappies. I don't want to go back without a thing."

Henry had listened to all this, and after some deliberation said: "Let's land Frank in a tree top, and then go over and try for the pike. Mother can't have any of our fish for breakfast to-morrow, because we've got provisions for two days and we propose to stay and eat 'em up if Frank doesn't see another wounded pelican and upset the boat. Yes, Frank, you get in that tree top and fish for crappies, and we'll stop and get you day after to-morrow. We'll leave you grub enough, and there's a good big limb to straddle, so you'll be comfortable until we come back. The mosquitoes are not out yet, and you'll be very happy. If the limb gets to be uncomfortable, you can change and sit on it side-saddle fashion."

Frank looked at me and asked: "Are you going to stay out to-night and not go home until Saturday morning?"

"That was our arrangement and I thought you understood it; when the axe was put in the wagon you asked what it was for and Henry told you it was to cut wood for camp, and we would not need a fire if we were going home to-night; I'm sorry if—"

"No, don't be sorry about me, I'll stay out as long as any of you if you'll only make Henry let up about that accident last summer. If he doesn't stop it I'll duck him again when I can do it without wetting you. Every man, woman and child in Potosi knows about that upset of the boat and that's enough. I don't care about it since I said I was sorry, but all winter, while you were away, he would grin as he passed me and quote from Byron:

"Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave;
Then some leap'd overboard with fearful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave."

"He used to spout that in school and he thought it would annoy me, but it didn't—well, not as much as he thought it did."

Frank was more sensitive to Henry's exasperating nagging than he would own. It was not so much Henry's quotation from Don Juan as the "grin" which accompanied it, and by constant repetition Frank had become sensitive, as "the touched needle trembles at the pole," and this sort of thing is not conducive to congenial fishing. I told Frank that Henry would find some other outlet for his humor. When Henry came back with some minnows, after we had landed, I took him one side and Frank's peace of mind about the upset was undisturbed afterward.

We caught some minnows and skittered for pike, or "pickerel," as we called them in New York, and took six or seven that day—fish that would weigh from 3 to 6lbs. We had no reels, we weren't up to that in those days, but we had a ring on the top of the rod and gave line, or hauled in through it. Once Frank struck a big one. He yelled: "Come and help me! He'll get away! The line is cutting my hand," etc., and I took his coat-tail in my palm and checked the fish. When it was safe in the boat Frank drew a long breath and said: "Well, I'll be durned if that fish won't weigh 20lbs. If you hadn't helped me he would have broken something or I would have been pulled overboard. Yes, by Jing! He'll weigh 25lbs.!"

My own estimate was that the pike might weigh about 10lbs., but what was the use of putting a damper on the boy's enthusiasm? My new mode of skittering a minnow on the surface had won, his skepticism had vanished, and it was a triumph for both. We went ashore, rolled a log down to the water and dug out a basin behind it, where our fish could be kept alive, their splashings in the water serving to circulate it through the small openings at each end of the log; for we didn't want to kill our game until we started for home.

The day was a fine one and the fishing was fair for those days; it would be called excellent, grand, to-day, and considering the high state of the river we did well. The bend where we fished was comparatively still water, just the place for pike, which prefer quiet nooks and ponds and avoids the quick waters. The geese had passed North, and so had the great bodies of swans and pelicans; but to our surprise a small flock of sandhill cranes went over us, high in the air and glistening in the sun. Most likely the last flock of the season. Frank called attention to them and wondered what they were.

"Sandhill cranes," said Henry.

Frank grinned and replied: "I never saw such a fellow to know everything as Henry is. That flock of birds are too high up to see their shape and he'll tell you just what they are. He thinks he can play anything on me. What do you think they are?"

"Just as Henry named them. Henry is more of a hunter, naturalist, or whatever you are a mind to call him," said I. "He notices things which you don't see. Watch the flight of that flock. See! They all flap their wings in unison and then all stop at once and sail, seeming to follow the 'stroke oar.' Did you ever see any other birds do that?"

"I never noticed them. It is queer, though, how they all work together that way. Don't geese fly like that?"

"Oh, no; a goose is a heavy-bodied bird that couldn't sail a minute up there; it's hard work for a goose from the time it starts until it stops. If you watch the flight of different kinds of ducks and the way they flock you will soon be able to tell what they are. There goes a dozen mallards; see how differently they fly from the bluebills coming up behind them. I can't tell you the difference, but you can see it."

"Well, by jing! That's so. I thought all ducks flew alike. I can tell ducks from crows by the way they fly, but never noticed them as close as that. Henry, old boy! you know a heap more than people think you do; they haven't found you out yet."

Henry made no reply to this, but suggested that it was time to go ashore and make camp. It was quite a job to find a camping spot on the island. It had been well soaked in the spring freshets, and the lower leaves of the underbrush were covered with dried sediment where they had been submerged. Henry knew these islands well, and led us to a knoll near a pond which was dry in summer, but was filled now, and afforded a good feeding place for ducks. We had hauled the boat well up and tied it fast in case the river should rise in the night. We made a little bough house and a bed of dry leaves, made a pot of coffee and ate supper before dark.

As I remember the geography after an absence of forty years, it is some five or six miles from shore to shore near Potosi, the main channel of the river being on the Iowa side. On the Wisconsin shore the Grant River came in and there was a lot of wooded islands along there with channels of all degrees of swiftness between them. In the days of which I write the ducks congregated here in great numbers in spring and fall. We were well out and preferred to stay on the island than to row over to the main land. After supper I told Henry that I had never slept on any of these islands in duck time, and if he did not object we would not light our night fire until after dark, so that we could see the ducks come in. It was about half an hour before sundown, and some of the flocks began to arrive, and such a babel! The heavy mallards would come in, back wind with their wings and drop down with a splash, and then the loud-voiced females would raise a din. Swift bluebills and butterballs would rush over our heads, circle around and settle down. The swiftest of all ducks, the little green-winged teal, would suddenly appear from nowhere and splash down into the water without circling about, coming into it much as a

* We could not quote from memory. The sense of the thing had been retained, but the words would not come at call. What we were skirmishing around was the speech of Rosaline, in "Love's Labour's Lost," when she says:

"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him who hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it."

A man with a keen sense of humor meets this truth—oh, so often!

stone would. The high-voiced widgeon, the bass of the frogs, the heavy quack of the mallard and the lighter one of the bluewing, which sounded like an echo, and the curious *burr!* of the bluebill made a concert to be remembered. The pond might have covered three acres, and 2,000 ducks, at least, rested on it that night. We did not try to shoot any, for we thought we could get what we wanted any time. After dark we lighted our fire, but it did not seem to disturb the ducks. Our talk was not heard in the racket they kept up, and we turned in on our bed of leaves. Frank said that several birds or flocks flew around our fire in the night, but Henry and I slept too soundly to hear them. Such life was new to Frank, and he didn't sleep much.

A rifle shot awoke me in the morning and there was a thundering sound of rising ducks. Henry had killed a mallard, and then the problem was to get the bird. The shore was soft black mud, deep and treacherous, and although the duck was not over 30ft. away, and stone dead, it was no easy matter to get it. Frank and I advised him not to attempt it, but he vowed he'd have that duck "if it took a leg." He began to gather driftwood, brush and limbs and threw them in to make a bridge, and as he was in earnest we helped him. When he thought his bridge was long enough, so that from its end he could reach the duck with a pole, he started. I whispered to Frank a caution not to speak to him, and we watched. The passage was a success; he reached his pole for the duck, something rolled and he was floundering in the mud. There was only a couple of inches of water where he was, and as he struggled he sank to his waist. We could not tell how much further he might sink if he struggled.

I called to him: "Don't move or you may go deeper; keep perfectly still and we'll get you out. Is there a grapevine on this island?"

"Not a vine," said he, cool as a cucumber. "Take your time, I won't stir."

He was over 20ft. from sound footing, and we cut a sapling and shoved the end to him and pulled until he could hold on no longer. He let go so suddenly that we sat down. He had bent forward so that the mud covered his breast. Frank began to fear for his brother, but I had another plan. I cut a green cottonwood, or perhaps it was an aspen, which had a fork at about 25ft., and these two limbs were of an inch or more in diameter. These limbs I crossed and twisted, making a loop big enough to go over Henry's shoulders, and lashed them firmly together with strips of bark at several points. With this around him and the grip of his hands, together with the use of his legs, we pulled him to solid ground, the mud being plowed up by his shirt collar so that his clothing was filled inside and out. I remained to get breakfast, while Frank went with Henry over to the cleaner waters of the sloo, where he washed himself and his clothes, while Frank returned for breakfast for himself and brother. When we reached him his garments were all hung in the sun, but he was shivering, for the morning was cool. Frank gave him his trousers and sat in his drawers, and I loaned a coat.

After he got some hot coffee and breakfast he said: "The hogs gobbled all our fish last night, Frank's big pike and all," and we found it to be so. Hogs' tracks were numerous in and about our pool and portions of fish were scattered about. Frank said: "Well, I'll be durned! That pike would weigh about 40lbs., and was bigger than one Bill Patterson shot up in Grant River last fall."

"Yes," said Henry, "Bill's fish weighed 11½lbs. on Mallet's scales; I saw it weighed, and if yours weighed 40lbs. there was a little difference of 28½lbs.; not much, to be sure, but still a difference."

"Don't you think my fish was as big as Bill's?"

"Not quite," said Henry. "I think your pike would weigh nearly as much as his if you fed him half a dozen pounds of shot when no one was looking."

Frank appealed to me. I replied: "I am not as good a judge of the weights of fish as Henry is, and I didn't see Bill Patterson's pike. I am of the opinion, however, that if your fish was bigger than Bill's the scales would show that it weighed more, but as the hogs have eaten it there is nothing left but the memory of it, and you know that we can't weigh memory. Still I remember thinking at the time that your fish would go full 20lbs. if he had been left to grow for a few years."

"I see," said Frank; "if Henry was as wise as Daniel Webster he would know just as much. All right! We are three great sportsmen and have fished one day and shot a duck the next morning, and have only our memories to show for it. Not a scale nor a feather; 'though I s'pose Henry will count the duck he shot and the duck he had in the mud as two ducks, and both were lost. No; I'll be durned if we don't take home that mallard, for Henry said he'd get it or lose a leg. How's that, Henry, which leg will we take off if you don't get that duck?"

Henry was busy getting into his half-dried clothes and said: "Frank, you may have that duck."

We fished that day and shot ducks with my rifle in the evening, slept out next night and took home in the morning eight mallards and all the pike and crappies we could carry.

I regret that we cannot print portraits of these boys. I have daguerreotypes of them, taken in 1860, sent me by their younger brother, Carlos E. Neaville, now living at Brodhead, Wis. The photo-engraver says that they cannot be reproduced with any effect because of the lack of shadows. Henry was about 5ft. 6in., broad-shouldered; a long, oval face, with a profuse head of dark hair which came down to a point in the middle of his forehead. Frank, the younger, was larger. His forehead was broader and his ears were lower. What I mean by this is that my frequent comment on the picture of a man is: "There is much (or little) of his head above his ears." Just what ethnological value this has let others say. Frank did show evidences of the mercantile instinct, for Judge Seaton, now living in Potosi, speaks highly of him as an employee of his during the few years that he was a merchant. But Henry, he was the companionable fellow, no business for him if he could help it. He and I were alike in this respect. The woods and the streams were good enough for us, and the habits of their denizens were of more importance than dollars. What poet has ever written in praise of the slave to lucre? There I go again, off the track. A dollar is a big thing when you don't own one, it's like the boy who said, "Salt makes your potatoes taste bad when you don't put any on."

Once a drunken miner lost his purse in the streets of Potosi and Frank found Henry John Nicholas, Frank and I were talking about it with the old postmaster, Mr. Kaltenbach, when the miner came up asking if anyone had found his money. "Yes," said Henry, "we found it. How much was there in it?" The man called Henry a thief and struck him. About the same instant Frank handed the miner one under the left jaw that paralyzed him. We took the man into Jo. Hall's livery stable and it took Dr. Gibson over an hour to bring him around. Henry scared Frank into thinking he had killed a man and Frank went over to Constable Darcy and gave himself up.

As the summer waned and the first chill days of September approached Frank asked me: "Did you ever eat a pawpaw?"

"No, what is a pawpaw?"

"They are a fine fruit and grow on a small tree. They are shaped like a cucumber and are like custard. There is a pawpaw grove down by the river. They'll be ripe now in a few days and we'll make up a party and go coon hunting. Coons like 'em and you can always start one in the pawpaws when they're ripe."

I had seen the trees when out after wild plums, which were plenty in that part of Wisconsin, and were large and excellent, but the pawpaws were merely wondered at and passed. I think there was a dozen in our party when we started for coons on a moonlight night. Except Frank and Henry, Charley Guyon, John Clark and Bill Patterson, the names are forgotten. Half a dozen dogs, some of no particular breed and others that seemed to be of all breeds mixed without regard to proportion, went along as a necessary part of the outfit.

I tasted my first pawpaw, but have yet to taste the second one. The others ate them with a relish. All I remember is that the fruit was shaped something like a banana, but shorter; and had the taste of a raw potato ground into a paste; its seeds were as large as a lima bean. Of course I might learn to like them, but Potosi boys acquired the taste in infancy.

Soon the dogs remarked that a coon had gone off, because it did not care to eat pawpaws while such a noisy crowd invaded the woods; for in hunting coons the more noise the better, as it puts them afoot, while if you are still they will squat on a limb at your approach. The coon soon treed and hid so that it could not be shot. John Clark's axe on one side and Henry Neaville's on the other soon dropped the tree and the dogs made a rush. We had a fire started to light up the conflict, but couldn't see a thing in that tree top but a mass of fighting dogs. Cheers and yells from the men encouraged the dogs. "Go in, Tige!" "Shake him up, Skip!" "Hang to him, Buster!" and such cries cheered on the dogs. "There's two of 'em!" yelled John Clark, as two knots of dogs were seen, but it turned out that one knot was merely a little scrapping of a couple of dogs among themselves, perhaps occasioned by one dog's jealousy of the other fellow. The coon broke away and ran up a limb, and a rifle ball dropped him. And then such a row! Every dog had hold of him, and a man had hold of every dog's tail, and each dog got a kick in the ribs to admonish him that a fallen foe should be respected. I thought of the old story: "Never strike a man when he is down," said Mulcahy. "Never," replied O'Hooligan; "just sock the boots to him."

The coon was not badly mangled after all this, the dogs were chewed up much worse. It reminded me of Corny Lannigan, one of my father's ship carpenters, when father said to him one morning: "Cornelius, you must have had some trouble last night; your eyes are blacked and your nose is all plastered over."

"Yes, Captain," said Corny, "there was a little misunderstanding, but you ought to go up to the hospital and see the other fellow," and I then remembered reading that the great General, Pyrrhus, once said: "Another such a victory and I am ruined."

Another coon was started, and was finally found in a tree by the water whose base had been so washed that it leaned out over Grant River. After lighting a fire and consulting as to the mode of attack, Frank offered to go up the leaning tree and shake the coon off, while the dogs were to be held so as to see him drop, and then be loosed to tackle him in the water. The plan worked well. The coon dropped at the first shake, and so did Frank. The dogs rushed in, but no man dared shoot, and after a short fight in the water and on the other shore the dogs came back and we went home.

"I tell you," said John Clark, "it takes an almighty good dog to whip an old he coon, and not one in a thousand can do it. Sometimes a little she coon will give a dozen such ornery dogs as we've got a good tussle and get away."

"Look a-here, John Clark," said Charley Guyon to his brother-in-law, "do you call my dog ornery?"* And so we talked on the way home.

In sketch No. XVI. I told how Frank and Henry went out with the Second Wisconsin Infantry, and both were killed in Virginia.

"Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

FRED MATHER.

* "Ornery" is Wisconsinese for "ordinary," but has no such meaning. It implies baseness, it is a term of reproach. An "ornery cuss" means a low-down fellow, and an "ornery dog" is one of no possible account. If a man in New York should describe me as an ordinary man, he would hit it right; an every-day sort of man, not distinguished for anything in particular; but if a Wisconsin man stigmatizes you as "ornery" he means another thing, and if he is not a corn-fed fellow you should "let go your left and follow it up with your right."

Will the correspondent who wrote of the Mather Wheelmen kindly send us his address.

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

YE SUNBERRYE FYSHER.

"Ye Sunberrye Fysher" appeared in London *Punch* about 1875. We reprint it from a copy supplied by Mr. Mather, who writes: "He was a mighty good fellow, I believe, and I'd rather fish with him than with those who sneer at him. He had a mine of pleasure in his outfit which is unknown to the man who says: 'I can catch just as many trout with an alder pole as the dude can with a $10 pole.' These fellows always call a fine rod a pole."

Ye Sunberrye fysher uprose with ye day,
When ye meadows were sweet with ye smell,
And ye hedges were white with gossamere veils,
And ye gardens were livelie with slugs and with snails,
And ye birds did sing, and ye fyshe did leap,
And ye river was oilie with too much sleep;
Till glorious and golden the sun uprist,
And gentlie ye cheek of ye water kissed,
Which, modest and coy from its bed of rushes,
Sent forth a mist to hide its blushes,
A cold, gray mist; but it would not do,
For ye sun kissed ye mist and ye river too;
And crimson and rosie ye stream flowed on,
Crimson and rosie ye gray mist shone,
Redder and redder, higher and higher,
As if he had set ye Thames on fire.

Ye Sunberrye fysher to fyshe begins
For every fish that has scales and fins;
Nothing to him is out of its place—
Perch, eel, barbel, or bream, or dace,
Big-headed chub with crimson tails,
Red-eyed roach with their silverie scales,
Ravenous pike of fabulous weight,
Bleak and gudgeon, and minnow for bait;
Even a trout he would not despise,
If onlie a trout would happen to rise—
About as likelie, truth to declare,
As to rise a sturgeon in Sunberrye weir.

Ye Sunberrye fysher has all kinds of hooks,
In all kinds of boxes, in all kinds of books—
Limerick, Kendal, Kirby and Hammond—
All kinds of names by which fyshes are gammoned;
Broad and narrow, and oval, and round,
All sorts of shapes which ever were found.

Ye Sunberrye fysher has bait, live and dead,
Pellets of paste and pellets of bread;
Milk-white gentles, wriggling and fat,
Worms black and red, with tails spiral and flat,
Swivels and trimmers, and spinners and gorge,
Glass minnows, brass minnows, fresh from the forge,
And spoon bait, of course, which—I mean no offense—
Ye fysher provides without any expense.

Ye Sunberrye fysher has flies of all feathers,
For all sorts of seasons, in all sorts of weathers:
Flies when ye springtime is blusterie and showerie,
Flies when ye summer is grassie and bowerie,
Flies when ye autumn is golden and granie,
For hot weather, cold weather, mistie or rainie;
Red-spinner, Palmer, black-peacock and gray,
Yellow-dun, golden-dun, March-brown, and May,
Sand-fly and stone-fly, and alder and gnat,
Black midge and marlow bug—all round his hat.

Ye Sunberrye fysher has rods not a few,
Rods with a joint and rods with a screw,
Short top and stiff top, to spin and to troll,
Hollow butts, solid butts—rods in ye whole;
Twisted lines, spun lines, of hair, silk and twine,
Hair and gut casting lines, tapering and fine;
Double reels, single reels, quill float and cork.
Ye Sunberrye fysher is up to his work.

Ye Sunberrye fysher arose with ye day,
He fyshed and he fyshed when ye morning was gray;
He fyshed and he fyshed when ye noontide was frying,
He fyshed and he fyshed when ye evening was dying;
He bobbed and he jerked, he spun and he threw,
He tryed all ye dodges as ever he knew;
He fyshed till ye dews on ye river did fall—
Ye Sunberrye fysher caught nothing at all.

SMELT FISHING IN BOSTON HARBOR.

BOSTON, Oct. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Nowadays one meets a good many men with a short cane rod, a small basket, a pair of rubber boots and an old suit of clothes, and it's long odds that man is going or has been smelt fishing somewhere about Boston harbor, and for the purposes of that kind of sport all the waters adjacent to Dorchester, Quincy, Hull, Hingham and Nantasket come under the head of Boston harbor. It is great sport too, when smelt are plenty, as has been the case this season, and for several weeks the waters named have been thick with boats containing all the way from one to four fishermen. A friend told me that one day last week there were seventy boats out on the waters of Dorchester Bay from Thompson's Island up to the mouth of the Neponset River, and that same day that friend and a companion caught thirty-one dozen of the dainty little fish. A piece of luck came to me the other day in the shape of an invitation from Com. John N. Roberts to go down to his place on Peddick's Island, opposite Hull, and have a try at the smelts. I had been there before and knew all the charms of the place as well as the lavish hospitality of the owner.

Mr. Roberts is a sportsman from way back, an ex-commodore of the South Boston Yacht Club, a member of the Fish and Game Protective Association, and for many years chairman of the committee on the enforcement of the fish laws, in which he did excellent work, as I know, for I served with him. He was the first to obtain evidence and prosecute a party for illegally seining smelts, and it was his promptness in following up that case that put a stop to the practice for several years.

Formerly the Commodore designated his place "the shanty," but now it will have to be called "the cottage," in consequence of its enlarged and improved appearance. A large addition has been put on; the kitchen, dining room and chambers are models of neatness, and the beds are so comfortable that one is reluctant to leave them at the summons of the alarm clock, which was set for 4 o'clock the days I was there, as the Commodore is always on the fishing grounds with anchors down and everything ready for business by the time the sun is seen coming up out of the Atlantic in the vicinity of Minot's Light, as it looks to us. But to the fishing. There seemed

to be a scarcity of smelts just then. To be sure, we got what I was ready to call fair fishing, but it was tame compared to what they had enjoyed a week before. In fact, Capt. Seth Hartford, the Commodore's companion at the cottage, said it was very poor. That same Capt. Hartford, being a Provincetown man, is also an inbred fisherman and a very handy man to have around a camp. The Commodore went to the city to join a party of friends on a coon hunt in Middleboro, while I remained with Capt. Seth, who was always ready to go fishing whenever I desired. I made two trips to the island. We had all sorts of weather—too rough to go out one day and beautifully warm and pleasant the next—and altogether I put in some very enjoyable days; got some fish every time we went out; heard with satisfaction the Commodore's story of the coon hunt when they didn't get any coons, and came home with a firm determination to go again the next time I was asked. WILLIAM B. SMART.

VERMONT FISH COMMISSION.

COMMISSIONERS John W. Titcomb and Horace W. Bailey have submitted to the Vermont Legislature the thirteenth biennial report, ending with June 30, 1896. The document is illustrated with a set of the colored portraits of fishes prepared by Mr. F. S Denton, under the direction of Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, for the Pennsylvania Fish Commission; the plates were here supplied by the Vermont Fish and Game League.

The work of the hatchery shows for 1895 a planting of 195,000 brook trout. 210,000 lake trout. 35,000 rainbow trout; and for 1896 600,000 brook trout, 285,000 lake trout, 10,000 Von Behr trout.

In the spring of 1895 Hon. A. W. Hyde, of Sudbury, seined from Hinkum Pond 2.844 small-mouthed black bass and placed them in Lake Hortonia, with a loss of 68 fish. Of the 2,776 planted in good order one-third were 3 to 6in. long, one-third 6 to 8in. long, one-sixth 8 to 10in. long, one-sixth somewhat larger. He also took with rod and line 17 adult bass weighing from 1½ to 2lbs., and planted in the larger lake. From Lake Champlain he purchased of a fisherman, under authority of the Commissioners, 111 adult bass and transported to Lake Hortonia. In the spring of 1896 Mr. Hyde took 506 bass from Hinkum, from 4 to 10in. in length, and planted them in Lake Hortonia. Hinkum Pond, the source of supply, was formerly inhabited by bullheads and perch. It was subsequently stocked with bass some years ago, but being of too small area for bass, the latter ate the smaller fish, exhausting their source of supply, and do not now grow to full size in the smaller pond. Hinkum Pond is for this reason used as a source of supply for stocking other waters. In the autumn of 1895 Ralph Garfield and others secured about 25 black bass from Wolcott Pond and planted them in Big Pond. These fish averaged about 1lb. in weight.

On May 27, 1896, F. H. Crandall, superintendent of the Burlington City Water Works, obtained from the Winooski River and planted in the city reservoir 38 wall-eyed pike.

April 26, 1895, Hon. Ira R. Allen and others obtained from Lake Champlain 110 wall-eyed pike, which they placed in Lake Bomoseen. In May, 1896, the same parties placed 58 wall-eyed pike in Lake Bomoseen from the same source.

The citizens of Berkshire and Franklin, being interested in the stocking of Franklin Pond, obtained from Lake Champlain adult wall-eyed pike to the number of 10 in the spring of 1895, and 52 in the spring of 1896.

With respect to other fishes handled by the Commission we quote from the report.

A table is given which shows fines and costs as paid by the offenders amount to about $2,000, with many cases pending in the county court. Violations are not increasing in number, although the table may indicate that more offenders have been brought to justice the past term than heretofore.

The case against Adalbert Bundy, who was arrested by Fish Warden Kipp with 244 short trout, has attracted considerable attention from the fact that Bundy was employed by several citizens of Hyde Park, who owned a private pond and wished to stock it by taking trout from the public waters of the State. The Commissioners have always maintained that, inasmuch as it was not lawful to use fish propagated at the State hatchery for the purpose of stocking private waters, and inasmuch as it was also unlawful for individuals to take fish less than 6in. long from public waters of the State, it is not proper or lawful to permit the taking of trout except of legal length and by lawful methods for the purpose of stocking private waters.

Referring to the case of State vs. Johnson and Waite, one justice refused to try the case. The accused plead guilty to catching 96 trout under 6in. in length and received a fine of only $5 and costs, or about one-hundredth part of maximum penalty. There were no extenuating circumstances in the case. The trial justice made the remark in court that "it is a very foolish law, but so long as it is on the statutes I suppose I must take notice of it."

The 6in. Trout Law.

The main argument in favor of a law placing a limit on trout as to length is in the fact that by thus protecting the small trout they have at least one opportunity to spawn and reproduce. This law is well observed by sportsmen throughout the State, although there are communities where sentiment is very generally opposed to the law, and where fishermen who fish for numbers rather than size, and regardless of sport, utterly disregard the law. It has its objectionable features in that the careless fisherman, not in sympathy with the law, will maintain that a small trout, once hooked, almost invariably dies. That this statement is not true may be substantiated by the fact that several thousand short trout were caught for stocking the breeding ponds at Roxbury, with no noticeable mortality as a result. Nearly all the New England States have followed the example of Vermont in placing a statutory limit upon the trout to be legally caught.

There has been a misunderstanding among many fishermen who were of the impression that it is legal to take trout of less than 6in. in length from public waters for stocking private waters. In cases of this kind the owners of the private waters have been allowed to restore the short trout to the public waters again without further action.

It is a notable fact that in communities where public sentiment upholds the law better fishing prevails than in more rural communities, where the fishing should be the best.

Sawdust.

It always has seemed strange that the farmers should oppose legislation against the pollution of streams, inasmuch as they individually suffer more than any other class of citizens. There are instances in various parts of the State where the riparian owners have secured injunctions against the pollution of the streams adjacent to their lands with sawdust during high water. A notable instance of the utility of such an injunction may be mentioned in connection with Moose River. This stream had been practically depleted of trout, but since the mill owners have begun to take care of their sawdust the trout have steadily increased from natural propagation with but little assistance from artificial propagation, and in spite of the fact that the stream has been fished almost daily during the open season. It is a notable fact that large mill owners, or those who operate most extensively, take care of their sawdust and refuse either by burning it or selling it. It is the smaller mills that do the most damage to the trout streams. [The Commission refuses to supply trout to sawdust-plagued streams.]

Landlocked Salmon.

This valuable variety of food and game fishes is not known to be indigenous to any of the lakes in Vermont. It is fast becoming one of the most popular varieties in Maine and New Hampshire, both as a food and game fish. Some years ago Lake Morey was stocked with them by the United States Fish Commission, and a few of good size have been caught there the past two seasons. In all probability the larger part of the salmon from the plants above referred to have escaped into ponds below Lake Morey, and thence into the Connecticut, and possibly some of them have returned into the ocean. In order to have some of the inland lakes of Vermont stocked with this valuable variety, Peacham Pond, or Onion River Pond, as it is properly named, has been stocked and closed by the Commissioners, the fish having been received from the United States Fish Commission and turned over to the State Commission before being deposited in the lake. It is designed that this lake shall be used as a source of supply for stocking other waters, if the first deposit proves a success. The United States Fish Commission will obtain spawn from the fish when mature for further work of propagation. It is not contemplated to keep Peacham Pond permanently closed, but simply long enough to give the salmon a foothold in the lake. After that time the lake will be restocked from time to time, by returning to it annually a portion of the fish produced from eggs previously taken from it and artificially hatched.

While these fish are naturally river spawners, it has been shown that they will spawn in lakes supplied by streams too small to admit of their use as spawning grounds. In such cases the salmon spawn on gravelly bottoms in the lake, very much like the lake trout. In such cases they select a spot where a spring bubbles up through the gravel. The brook trout of Caspian Lake have the same habit, as well as the brook trout of many other lakes not so well known.

In considering the suitability of our lakes for the introduction of the salmon, the question of fish food is of first importance, as it is in the attempt to increase the product of any water by the introduction of any other variety of fish. Many of our lakes are now well stocked with minnows. These make good food for the *salmonidæ*, but not so valuable as the smelt. State Fishculturist A. N. Cheney, of New York, recommends the round whitefish, called in New York frost fish.

Lake Trout in Lake Champlain.

To the older inhabitants of Vermont it will be recalled that Lake Champlain was once inhabited by lake trout, commonly called longe, and also Atlantic salmon, which entered Lake Champlain by way of the St. Lawrence and Richelieu rivers during their migratory period for the purpose of spawning, also that salmon entered the various rivers and tributaries to spawn. At that period the waters of the lake were undoubtedly colder than at present, and the condition of the rivers in which the fish spawned was also better. The water was not polluted with sawdust refuse or other sewerage; although the conditions have been much changed, the experiment has been made to restock the lake with lake trout, and in place of the Atlantic salmon, which is now prevented from entering the lake by dams and other obstructions, landlocked salmon have been introduced. Whether these fish will thrive and multiply is entirely an experimental question, which only time will decide. An occasional salmon has been taken in Lake Champlain. About one mile from Port Kent, N. Y., a salmon was taken which weighed about 12½lbs.; it was taken with a spear probably near the mouth of the Au Sable River. Hon. A. N. Cheney, fishculturist of New York, states that the fish above mentioned was probably a sea salmon from fry planted on the New York side of the lake; and the New York Fish Commissioner also states that a number of salmon were captured near Plattsburg, N. Y. He also makes mention of salmon being taken weighing 20lbs. The United States Fish Commission in 1894 planted 9,770 fingerling salmon under the direction of Mr. Cheney in some of the streams on the New York side of the lake. A lake trout weighing 15lbs. was taken on a smelt hook in Shelburne Bay, in April, 1895. Other trout are said to have been captured, of smaller size, but the reports have not been verified. These facts go to show that fish of the salmon family can still live in Lake Champlain, but it has not yet been proven that they can reproduce in sufficient numbers to make stocking of the lake a success. During the year 1895 the United States Fish Commission sent two shipments of fingerling steelhead trout to Lake Champlain from the station at St. Johnsbury. One consignment was planted in the vicinity of Isle La Motte, the other consignment around the reef off Colchester Point and Stave Island. The steelhead trout is indigenous to the waters of California, and resembles very much the salmon trout. It is believed that this variety will stand warmer water than ordinary lake trout. The steelheads above referred to were fingerlings of good size, and well able to take care of themselves.

The Rainbow Trout or California Trout.

Salmo irideus has been distributed to some extent with very satisfactory results. The Commissioners do not advise stocking natural trout waters with rainbow trout, but rather select streams which were formerly the natural haunt of the common brook trout, but in which the latter no longer thrives, owing to changed conditions which result in a warmer temperature of water than is agreeable to the speckled trout.

The lower and deeper waters of some of the large trout streams prove very acceptable to the rainbow variety. The cutting off of the forests has resulted in marked changes in the nature of many streams, and the rainbow may be the means of preserving the fishing in some of these streams. The following is an extract from a letter showing what the rainbow has done in four years:

"RANDOLPH, Vt., Aug. 24, 1896.—The rainbow trout that I put into Mad River four years ago have been heard from this season. I have heard of about twenty being caught, weighing from about 2 to 2½lbs. each.

J. E. ELDRIDGE."

Black Bass.

The law protecting black bass until June 15 was framed with especial reference to the spawning season of this fish. The bass protects its spawning beds and afterward its young. They do not leave their spawning beds in many instances before July 1. During the period of spawning the bass do not usually eat, but they are easily captured, because they will seize baited hooks dropped on their beds or dragged slowly over them, in an evident attempt to protect the latter.

As a matter of information, the following data are given respecting the size and weight of bass: A bass 10in. long weighs about 10oz.; 11in. long, 12oz.; 12½in. long, 14oz.; 17in. long, 3lbs. 1oz.; 19in. long, 4lbs. 2oz.

The figures will of course vary with the condition of the fish and in different waters, some bass being more stocky than others.

Pound Netting Disaster.

ASBURY PARK, N. J.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Ruin to some, financial embarrassment to all, is the story of the pound fishery of our coast for the season of 1896. Unheeding the advice of men of experience and opposing all law looking to the better condition of affairs, these men have persisted in their exterminating course until Nemesis has overtaken their affairs. Men who have heretofore been wealthy now stand with property assigned, or so badly in debt that years of hard work will be essential to their betterment of condition. Unmindful of the fact that fishes like chickens come home to roost, they have persisted in stripping the seas by their enormous nets of the early spawn-bearing fish, and against the warning of the men in the same pursuit off the coast of the Eastern States, they have used nets of so small a mesh that in the autumn the fingerlings of the season's hatching have been used as bait to entrap the fish of larger size. The extermination has been of the most pronounced type. In consequence the crews of the pounds have been discharged without their season's pay and have just cause to lament their employers' folly. Added to this condition of affairs the late heavy storms demolished every pound on the coast, causing a loss of at least $100,000 to the syndicate, for be it known the entire system of pound fishery of our coast is controlled by a trust, who fish and dictate terms to our legislators at their will. LEONARD HULIT.

A Trout Netter Fined.

DR. WILLETT KIDD, the fish and game protector, won another victory at Chester yesterday, and recovered the full penalty. The case was that of Stephen Garrison, an old guide, of Greenwood Lake, who was charged with netting a trout stream, Seeley's Creek. Garrison must pay $100, the usual penalty for such violation, besides costs of court. The waters of Seeley's Creek have been netted again and again by reckless violators along its banks. Dr. Kidd's victory will have a salutary effect upon them.—*Newburgh (N. Y.) Journal.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES

BENCH SHOWS

Dec. 1 to 4.—City of the Straits Kennel Club's local show, Detriot, Mich. R. H. Roberts, Sec'y.

Dec. 8 to 11.—Augusta, Ga.—Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association. J. W. Killingsworth, Sec'y.

Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

1897.

Feb. 2 to 5.—New England Kennel Club's annual show, Boston.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 16.—National Fox Hunting Association's third annual trials, Bardstown, Ky. F. J. Hagan, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.

Nov. 20.—Thomasville, N. C.—Philadelphia Kennel Club's trials. Dr. Alexander Glass, Sec'y, 2125 Sansom street, Philadelphia.

Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y, Huntsville, Ala.

1897.

Jan. 11.—Tupela, Miss.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Jan. 18.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

Nov. 8.—Carlisle, Ind.—Union Field Trials Club second annual trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Brooklyn Show.

MR. JAMES MORTIMER writes us that the first annual dog show of the Metropolitan Kennel Club, to be held in the old 13th Regiment Armory on Nov. 24 to 26, will have 140 classes provided, of which the open classes will have three prizes, $8, $4 and $2; while the challenge classes will have a prize of $8 to first, and a prize of $10 will be given to the best exhibit of four of a number of the more important breeds. Nearly all the specialty clubs have taken an active part in the contribution of cups and medals.

The judges are as follows, namely: Mastiffs and bloodhounds, Mr. H. W. Lacy, Boston; Great Danes and poodles, Mr. Charles D. Bernheimer, New York; St. Bernards and Newfoundlands, Mr. Alexander McKenzie Hughes, Brooklyn; Russian wolfhounds, deerhounds and greyhounds, Mr. H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn; pointers, Mr. Chas. Heath, Newark, N. J.; English foxhounds, English setters, Irish

setters and Gordon setters, Mr. John Brett, Closter, N. J.; Irish water spaniels, Clumber, field and cocker spaniels, Mr. A. Clinton Wilmerding, New York; beagles and American foxhounds, Mr. Herman F. Schellhass, Brooklyn; collies and sheep dogs, Mr. Jas. Watson, New York; bull dogs, Mr. E. K. Austin, New York; Boston terriers, Mr. C. F. Clarkson, New York; dachshunde, Mr. G. Muss-Arnolt, Tuckahoe, N. Y.; pugs, Yorkshire terriers, toy terriers, toy spaniels, Italian greyhounds and schipperkes, Mr. T. Farrer Rackham, East Orange, N. J.; bull terriers, fox terriers, Irish terriers, Scottish, Bedlington, Skye, Dandie Dinmont and Black and Tan terriers, Mr. T. S. Bellin, Albany, N. Y.

The club will open classes for any recognized breed of dogs not already classified in the premium list, provided there be not less than five entries of such breed. It will also make novice classes for any breed should there be three or more entries, and will divide by sex any breed for which but one class has been made, provided there be not less than five entries of each sex. The entry fee is $2. Entries close Nov. 16 with James Mortimer, Superintendent, Hempstead, L. I., to whom all checks must be made payable.

NEW ENGLAND BEAGLE CLUB'S TRIALS.

THE New England Beagle Club held its fourth annual field trials at Oxford, Mass., Nov. 2 to 6, and the meet was one of the most successful ever held in Massachusetts. The hotel accommodations and the hot lunches served in the field were all that could be desired. The beagles were well provided for, and each owner had a box stall for his hounds, so that it was not necessary to keep them on chain.

The judges were Charles Quynn and Bradford S. Turpin. They worked hard, as all judges must in such a country as Oxford, where the cover is heavy and the rabbits go quickly to earth. The awards were well received.

The entries were of a high order of merit, and the 13in. All-Age class was a particularly fine one. Most of the All-Age winners are well known from their work in former trials. The Futurity and Derby winners are all promising hounds and bred from the best field trial stock.

Among those present at the meet were: H. S. Joslin, O. F. Joslin, Geo. Appleby, Oxford, Mass.; Wm. Saxby, Ilion, N. Y.; Thos. Shallcross, Robert Hindle, Jr., Providence, R. I.; W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass.; C. J. Prouty, Scituate, Mass.; H. B. Tallman, Greene, R. I.; Herbert Merriam, Weston, Mass.; C. W. Quynn, Frederick, Md.; Geo. F. Reed, Barton, Vt.; G. A. Clark, Lowell, Mass.; Geo. E. Williams, Jr., Danvers, Mass.; Guy Whidden, A. D. Fiske, Worcester, Mass.; A. H. Morse, Quinnebaug, Conn.; H. W. Lacy, Boston, Mass.; E. C. Clark, Bradford S. Turpin, Roxbury, Mass.

The officers of the club were present throughout the week and did much to make the meet the success it was.

Monday.

The day was clear, but a stiff wind interfered with the sport. The judges measured the entries in the morning, and transferred Dixie R. to Class B and Drummer Boy to Class A. The Derby was the first stake run, and all the entries filled except Minnie and Whaler.

The Derby—13in. and Under.

First Series.

In the first series George F. Reed's b., w. and t. bitch Snifter R. D. (Wanderer—Triumph), handler, owner, ran with Mrs. A. H. Morse's b., w. and t. bitch Ida Novice (Clyde—Lady Novice), handler, A. H. Morse.

Wm. Saxby's w., b. and t. bitch Dime's Dolly (Clyde—Dime), handler, owner, with Awashonk Kennels' blue ticked bitch Trilless (Laick—Sweet Fern), handler, Thos. Shallcross.

W. E. Deane's w., b. and t. bitch Topsy Glenwood (Rove—Wenonah), handler, Thos. Shallcross, was to run with Howard Almy's b., w. and t. dog Clarionet (Clarion of Glenrose—Trill), but Clarionet failed to appear and was ruled out.

W. E. Deane's w., b. and t. dog Glenwood (Little Corporal—Frances), handler, Thos. Shallcross, drew the bye.

SNIFTER R. D.—IDA NOVICE.—They were put down in a brushy pasture on the Shepardson farm at 9:50. Neither was under control, and they were soon widely separated. Each holed a rabbit, and then with difficulty they were drawn together to a hot scent. Ida drove prettily, showing good nose and judgment, but Snifter would not hark, and took no part in the race. Up at 11.

DIME'S DOLLY—TRILLESS.—Cast off at 11:09 in a pasture. A rabbit was soon up and in the run Dolly caught two turns and Trill one. This rabbit was lost in a swamp, but another was soon afoot and Dolly drove well through the scrub oaks to a stone wall, leaving Trill far behind. Down 1 hour.

As Clarionet had not yet arrived, the bye was now run.

GLENWOOD.—Snifter was put down to run with him in the alder field near the Shepardson barn. Glenwood made a pretty run, but Snifter would not hark. Down 30 minutes.

The first brace of the 15in. Derby was next run and is reported below. This finished the field work for the day.

Annual Meeting.

President Joslin called the annual meeting to order at 8:15. Wm. Saxby, Ilion, N. Y., and H. F. Shellhass, Brooklyn, N. Y., were elected to membership. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, H. S Joslin; Vice-President, A. D. Fiske; Secretary-Treasurer, W. S. Clark; Executive Committee, Thos. Shallcross, C. J. Prouty. Adjourned.

Tuesday.

A fine hunting day. The Derby was finished and the All-Age 15in. class begun.

TOPSY GLENWOOD.—Clarionet, Topsy's running mate, was not at hand and was ruled out. Trilless was put down to run with Topsy. The latter was a babbler, very wild and unsteady, and Trilless was badly confused by her noisy rival. Down 30 minutes.

Second Series.

IDA NOVICE—GLENWOOD.—The race was a pretty one for some time. Then Glenwood took the back track in full cry and ruined his chances for winning. Down 25 minutes.

IDA NOVICE—DIME'S DOLLY.—Both were stylish, busy hunters, but Ida had the keener nose and was able to carry the trail where Dolly could not find it. A very pretty race in Ida's favor.

First prize was given to Ida Novice, second to Dime's Dolly, third to Trilless, and reserve to Glenwood. Ida also won A. D. Fiske's picture, "A Sporting Scene," and H. S. Joslin's pair of hunting boots, which were offered as special prizes.

The Derby—15 to 13in.

There were but three entries in the first series. George F. Reed's b., w. and t. bitch Scorcher (Wanderer—Triumph), handler, owner, ran with Awashonk Kennels' b., w. and t. dog Starlight (Zeno—Fanny Reed), handler, Thomas Shallcross.

H. S. Joslin's b., w. and t. dog Trick (Clyde—Lady Novice), handler, G. W. Appleby, drew the bye.

SCORCHER—STARLIGHT.—This brace ran several short, indecisive races, and were then put down one at a time and given a chance to show what they could do singly. Scorcher did not drive as well as Starlight, and was not under as good control.

TRICK.—Starlight was cast off with him, but was not quite as quick in catching a turn and was outfooted in a straight drive. Down 2 hours. Seven rabbits were run in this race.

First prize was given to Trick, second to Starlight, and third to Scorcher. W. S. Clark's special prize of a half dozen regulation bench chains was also won by Trick.

All-Age—15 to 13in.

The eight entries in this class ran in the first series as follows:

Geo. F. Reed's b., w. and t. bitch Nell R. (Ned—Haida), handler, owner, with Geo. A. Clark's cin. and w. dog Tweed (Jack—Fannie), handler, owner.

Awashonk Kennels' b., w. and t. dog Baronet (Daunter—Reckless), handler, Thos. Shallcross, with Wm. Saxby's b. tic. bitch Dime (Judge—Baby), handler, owner.

A. D. Fiske's w., b. and t. dog Phantom (Clyde—Brummy), handler, A. H. Morse, with H. S. Joslin's b. tic. dog Snyder III. (Snyder II.—Nancy), handler, Geo. Appleby.

Deane & Smith's b. tic. dog Drummer Boy (Rove—Wenonah), handler, Thos. Shallcross, with Geo. E. Williams, Jr.'s, w., b. and t. bitch Fannie (—— — ——), handler, owner.

NELL R.—TWEED.—The former was merry and stylish; the latter slow and indifferent. Three rabbits were run and Nell was an easy winner. Down at 2:27 and up at 4:20.

BARONET—DIME.—The latter won handily in a long chase. She was faster on a straight drive and quicker in catching the turn. Down at 4:29 and up at 4:55.

Wednesday.

A cloudy day and an excellent one for hunting.

PHANTOM—SNYDER III.—The latter was too slow for Phantom, and though true was outclassed. Down 30 minutes.

DRUMMER BOY—FANNIE.—Both were babblers and both ran heel during the race. Two rabbits were up and the beagles shifted from one to another. Fannie had the best of the heat, but was not thought good enough to go in the second series. Down 50 minutes.

Second Series.

BARONET—PHANTOM.—The first rabbit started by this brace was a "creeper," and could not be driven for any distance. The second, after running to a wall and being bolted, ran well and finally was put into the stone heap. The race was an even one, without advantage to either hound.

DIME—NELL R.—Both are snappy, quick workers, but Nell ran better than ever before, and won with something to spare. Down 24 minutes.

First prize was given to Nell R., second to Dime, third divided between Baronet and Phantom, and reserve given to Fannie. Nell R. also won a seven-shot revolver offered by W. E. Deane.

All-Age—13in. and Under.

But four entries in this stake filled, and in the first series Wm. Saxby's w., b. and t. bitch Bessie (Judge—Baby), handler, owner, ran with Awashonk Kennels' blue-ticked bitch Trilless (Laick—Sweet Fern), handler, Thos. Shallcross.

E. C. Cook's b., w. and t. bitch Dixie R. (—— — ——), handler, owner, with A. D. Fiske's w., b. and t. dog Blossom (Clyde—Brummy), handler, A. H. Morse.

BESSIE—TRILLESS.—The former was wild and under no control. After the rabbit was put up she used her eyes more than her nose. Trilless is a pretty little thing, and won the race without much difficulty.

DIXIE R.—BLOSSOM.—This brace ran a long, hard race, and finally drove the game to earth. Blossom was too fast for her competitor. Down 15 minutes.

Second Series.

DIXIE R.—TRILLESS.—This brace was put upon a rabbit which had been run to earth and dug out. Dixie gave a splendid exhibition of cold trailing, jumped the game, which had been given two minutes' law, and led in the longest race of the trials.

First prize was awarded to Blossom, second to Dixie R., third to Trilless, and reserve to Bessie. Two special prizes—Robert Hindle, Jr.'s, hunting coat and Henry Hanson's assorted package of Spratts dog medicines—were won by Blossom.

Champion Class—15 to 13in.

Geo. F. Reed's w., b. and t. bitch Nell R. (Ned—Haida), handler, owner, was the only entry. She made a pretty run and was awarded first prize and title of field champion.

Thursday.

A severe southeaster swept over New England and the rain put an end to field work for the day.

Friday.

A good hunting day. The Futurity stake was run off and proved very interesting. The trials were finished.

The Futurity.

There were six starters in the stake, and in the first series Joe Lewis's w., b. and t. dog Ringwood (Ringleader—Spinaway), handler, W. S. Clark, ran with A. D. Fiske's w., b. and t. dog Clyde II. (Clyde—Lady Novice), handler, A. H. Morse.

Awashonk Kennels' b., w. and t. dog Starlight (Zeno—Fannie Reed), handler, Thos. Shallcross, with George F. Reed's w., b. and t. bitch Scorcher (Wanderer—Triumph), handler, owner.

Geo. F. Reed's t. and w. bitch Mag R. (Zeno—Nell R.), handler, owner, with H. S. Joslin's b., w. and t. dog Trick (Clyde—Lady Novice), handler, Geo. Appleby.

RINGWOOD—CLYDE II.—They were an evenly matched brace in driving, but in hunting Clyde was the better. Down 35 minutes.

STARLIGHT—SCORCHER.—The latter ran in better form than he displayed at Hempstead, and won after a long, tiresome race. Six starts were made and five of the runs ended at the nearest burrow. The other gave an opportunity to judge the hounds, and Scorcher was found to be quicker on the turn and faster on a straight drive. Down 3 hours.

MAG R.—TRICK.—At first the former did some fast, beautiful work, while Trick was evidently having an off day and worked poorly. Then, at a loss, Mag grew tonguey and babbled here and there. Down 1 hour.

Second Series.

MAG R.—The judges thought it best to give Mag a chance to show what she could do alone. In a long race she drove prettily and holed her game. She was, however, too tonguey.

CLYDE II.—SCORCHER.—Scorcher's superior speed made him a winner over Clyde II., who is only 12in. in height. The little fellow ran well and in his proper class will make a good showing. Down 25 minutes.

STARLIGHT—TRICK.—The latter had the advantage in a long race, but neither hound did the best work of which he is capable.

SCORCHER—MAG R.—Merely a formal heat to comply with the rules.

First prize, $43.20, to Scorcher; second, $27, to Mag R.; third, $16.20, to Trick. To breeder of the winner, C. Staley Doub, $10.80; to N. E. B. C., $10.80. Total value of stake, $108.

Special Prizes.

Nell R. won $10 in gold offered by H. S. Joslin, and a box of cigars offered by Howard Almy, for best combination of speed and nose. She was also judged to be the most stylish worker, to have the best voice and to show the greatest sustained speed.

Wm. Saxby won the ribbon for most wonderful story told during the trials, with Geo. F. Reed, reserve.

Dixie R. won service of Baronet, offered by Awashonk Kennels for best trailer. She also took club special for best trailer.

Clyde and Blossom won the shipping crate offered by Thos. Shallcross for best brace of field beagles owned by one kennel.

Starlight won service of Harker, offered by Geo. F. Reed, for best marking his game to earth. He also carried off the gun case offered by Dawson & Co. for best 15in. beagle owned in Rhode Island.

Blossom won service of Laick's Roy, offered by C. O. Smith for best 13in. bitch.

Scorcher was judged to be the best starter, and Dime's Dolly the best Derby entry bred by owner. J. A. B.

UNION FIELD TRIALS CLUB'S TRIALS.

THERE were sixteen dogs entered in the All-Age stake, and thirteen started.

The winner of first, Awline Rex II. (Antonio—Columbia), owned by C. P. Mingst and handled by J. T. Mayfield, is a dog any sportsman ought to be proud of. His range and pace are first class. He uses good judgment in seeking birds, and very seldom comes in to handler. He maintains a uniform pace, is under good control. A great dog to go shooting over or win a field trial with.

Cracker Jack, placed second, is a liver-colored pointer (Lord of Rush—Cyclops), owned by J. L. Adams and handled by Blankenbaker. He hunted under a great disadvantage, owing to an accident to his foot. He, however, ran a game race.

Forzanda, black, white and tan, third, handled by J. H. Johnson, is a rapid worker; ranges and hunts with good judgment, but is somewhat inclined to do as he pleases.

Daisy Rip Rap ran a good race. She is a handsome pointer bitch of medium height, and very stylish on point. She was trained and handled by Tom Richards, and her owner, Mr. Richard Merrill, thought she deserved higher honors.

All-Age Stake.

Tuesday morning, about four miles from town, the first brace was called. Chance, an orange and white setter, owned by Mr. Churchill and handled by Mr. Blankenbaker, and Forzanda, described above, were put down in a big field. Chance started off at a gait which he very likely expected to maintain for a day at least. He is a pretty hunter and undoubtedly a good shooting dog. Forzanda ranged wide and fast, but not finding birds in 40 minutes they were taken up.

Anne of Abbotsford, black and white setter bitch, owned by Edw. A. Burdette and handled by Frank Richards, and Lady Peg II., liver and white pointer bitch, owned by Richard Merrill and handled by Tom Richards, were cast off in an open field heavy with ragweed. Both dogs showed good range and pace, but failed to find birds. Down 35 minutes.

Toney's Gale, black, white and tan English setter dog (Antonio—Nellie G.), J. H. Johnston, agent and handler, and Jos. Becker's black, white and tan English setter dog Mark, handled by Harvey, started out to try conclusions. Mark had cut his foot and did not go out at his accustomed pace, consequently Tony made rings around him. Tony went at an extraordinary pace, but was hard-headed. He started in by a false point, was lost from handler, and when discovered was hunting a subble quite a distance away. Brought in, he made two more false points. Mark's handler now called point in a gully thickly grown up with weeds. Tony pointed same bevy, and was steady to shot. Mark broke shot. Sent in direction of scattered birds, Tony pointed new covey; steady to shot. Tony pointed single. Brace ordered up. Down 35 minutes.

Norris T. Harris's black, white and tan bitch Bonnie Bell (Thiers—Lillie B.), handled by Blankenbaker, and C. F. Hartmetz's cream and white bitch Columbia (Gath's Mark—Queen Blade), were put down on scattered birds, and the spectators were treated to a sight worth going to see. It was point, back, steady to wing and shot, both

dogs demonstrating that they were well broken, but lacked pace and range to get in the money.

After lunch Cracker Jack and Daisy Rip Rap were launched forth as usual in a big field covered with ragweed. Both dogs hunted wide and fast, perhaps a little in favor of Jack. After quite a run the judges discovered Jack on a point with Daisy backing, and right here is where the owner of Daisy takes issue with this statement, he claiming that Daisy found and pointed and that Jack came up and stole the point, but spectators who were within a few yards of the dogs say that such was not the case. Birds were flushed, but not followed. Jack, ordered on in opposite direction, pointed about 30yds. from his first point; his handler, thinking it was the trail of the bevy just flushed, took him by the collar and pulled him away. Jack took a cast to one side and came right back to same place and resumed his point. Blankenbaker then went back and flushed a covey of birds. This little act of Jack's won him many friends. Down 30 minutes.

Prince, black, white and tan dog, owned by N. T. Harris and handled by Blankenbaker, and Awline Rex II. were next. Rex soon demonstrated he was not an ordinary dog. Prince might have shown up better if he had not been in such hot company. After drawing two big fields blank the judges ordered the handlers to work south. Mayfield replied that Rex was working on birds and if given a few seconds' time would locate them, which he did 100yds. in the woods in fine style. A few more points by Rex and the brace was ordered up. Down 30 minutes.

Cincinnatus Pride, black, white and tan setter, owned by Edw. A. Burdette and handled by Frank Richards, and Forzanda were now put in a field to show their pace and range. Pride is a beautiful dog, is a great bench winner, is of good size, evenly marked, and in the pink of condition. His owner evidently believes that a dog can be a field trial dog and a bench winner too, as he has entered Pride in other trials. With more work Pride will very likely push to the front. He made a point on covey and was steady. Forzanda made two points on singles. Down 38 minutes.

Columbia and Lady Peg after running thirty-two minutes were ordered up, neither having shown merit enough to win. Toney's Gale and Anne of Abbotsford went their usual rapid gait. Toney, after repeatedly false pointing and disobedience, was ordered out of the race, and Anne given a trial on some scattered birds, where she dispelled all chances of winning. With more handling she will be a good dog.

Wednesday morning Cracker Jack and Rex II. came together. In very heavy cover Jack acted a little unruly, finding a bevy and not standing as stanchly as was his wont. Drawing a large field blank, Rex jumped the fence and pointed a bevy stanchly, then moved and pointed again. The birds were evidently running. Jack pointed the same bevy from the opposite side. Down 20 minutes.

Pride and Daisy Rip Rap were the last brace called. In orchard Daisy was found pointing, with Pride backing.

Heavy growth of grass and weeds hindered dogs from doing good work on scattered birds.

Across the fence Daisy pointed a rabbit, backed by Pride. Circling in woods, Frank Richards called point as some birds flushed out of briers. The dogs were now worked toward the road, and not finding any more birds were ordered up and the trials declared ended.

The secretary was handed the decision of the judges and posted the same on blackboard at hotel.

In conclusion, I will say that the hotel accommodations were very good, plenty of horses, reasonable charges, and a clever lot of people.

First, Awline Rex II. (setter); second, Cracker Jack (pointer); third, Forzanda (setter); fourth, Daisy Rip Rap (pointer). X.

Union Field Trials Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A meeting of the members of the Union Field Trials Club was held at Carlisle, Ind., Tuesday evening, Oct. 27, with the President, Mr. Norvin T. Harris, in the chair, and the following named officers and members present: Vice-Presidents Royal Robinson, J. L. Adams and Richard Merrill, and S. H Sowell, Joseph T. Akin, G. T. Kerr, Charles Fox and P. T. Madison, Secretary.

The inaugural trials proving so successful, the club decided to hold trials again next year at Carlisle, beginning Monday, Nov. 8, at which two stakes will be run: First, a Derby for all pointers and setters born on or after Jan. 1, 1896; second, an All-Age stake open to all pointers and setters that have never won a first prize in an all-age stake in any recognized field trials in America.

The forfeits in each stake will be $5, with $10 to start. After deducting the actual expenses the balance will be divided 40 per cent. to first, 30 per cent. to second, 20 per cent. to third, 10 per cent. to fourth.

The entries to the Derby will close Sept. 1, and to the All-Age stake Oct. 1. In former years objections to trials in Indiana have been raised on account of the small fields and the early date selected for holding the trials; the date now chosen (Nov. 8) and the location (Carlisle) overcome these objections, as the date will enable handlers to get their puppies ready; and the grounds are not surpassed by any in America, as the fields are large enough to test the range of any dog that ever started in a field trial.

The Union Field Trials Club is entirely social in its character, there being no membership fee or annual dues. Gentlemen desiring to become members can do so by having a club member present their names to the secretary.

All the officers, members and judges serve without compensation, and it remains with the dog owners and handlers to make the prizes as large as they wish.

The following named new members were admitted at this meeting: George D. Maxfield, of Indianapolis, recommended by Mr. G. T. Kerr; N. T. De Pauw, C. W. De Pauw, New Albany, Ind., Peter Lee Atherton, S. P. Jones and W. C. Churchill, Louisville, Ky., recommended by Mr. Norvin T. Harris; Allen Huston, Louisville, Ky., recommended by Mr. J. L. Adams.

P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas.

In our advertising columns the Metropolitan Kennel Club announces its first bench show, under the skillful management of Mr. James Mortimer. The premium list is now ready for distribution.

Central Beagle Club.

SHARPSBURG, Pa., Oct. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following entries were placed in nomination for the first annual field trial of the Central Beagle Club, to be held at Waynesburg, Pa., commencing Nov. 10:

Derby—Class A.

For dogs and bitches 15 and over 13in., whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1895:

Theodore Bolljes's b., w. and t. bitch Lady (Driver—Topsy).

D. F. Summers's b., w. and t. bitch Miney S. (Clover—Lucy S.).

D. F. Summers's b., w. and t. bitch Bella S. (Clover—Lucy S.).

D. F. Summers's b., w. and t. bitch Summers's Fly (Clover—Lucy S.).

Derby—Class B.

For dogs and bitches 13in. and under, whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1895:

A. C. Peterson's b., w. and t. dog McKinley (champion Frank Forest—champion Snow).

Dr. S. W. Hartt's b., w. and t. bitch Madge (Streamer—Blossom).

Open—Class C.

For dogs and bitches, all ages, 15 and over 13in., that have not been placed first in any all-age class in field trials:

James McAleer's t., b. and w. bitch Pannic (Doc—Peg).

James McAleer's b., w. and t. bitch Kitty S. (champion Roudy—Music).

D. F. Summers's b., w. and t. bitch Lucy S. (Frank—Jip).

Dr. S. W. Hartt's b., w. and t. bitch Birdie S. (Spotty T.—Judy W.).

Frank Gollie's b., w. and t. dog Doc Weller (Dick Weller—Belva Loackwood).

A. C. Peterson's t. and b. dog Sailer (Royal Forest—Beauty C.).

Dr. George Gladden's b., w. and t. dog Ramroad (Black Joe—Flora).

Open—Class D.

For dogs and bitches of all ages, 13in. and under, that have not been placed first in any all-age class in field trials:

J. W. Simpson's b., w. and t. bitch Judy S. (Jack—Zoe Reed).

Dr. S. W. Hartt's b., w. and t. bitch Blossom (Spotty T. —Judy W.).

L. O. Seidel's b., w. and t. bitch Mollie Dean (Sam—Baby Dean).

Open—Class G.

For Bassets and dachshunde, dogs and bitches, all ages, 15in. and under, that have not been placed first in any field trials:

L. O Seidel's liv. and t. dog Jay S. (Jay—Princess).

C. Klocke's red dog Bismarck K. (Jay S.—Lovely K.).

C. Stearn's tan bitch Flora S. (Jay S.—Flora K.).

Continental F. T. C.'s All-Age Stake.

THE entries to the All-Age Stake number twenty-three, of which nine are pointers:

ROD'S CHAFF—Del Monte Kennels' b., w. and t. setter dog (Roderigo—Gladstone's Girl).

GLEAM'S RUTH—Manchester Kennel Co.'s b., w. and t. setter bitch (Count Gladstone—Gleam's Maud).

NOBLE LEO—A. L. Shonfield's b., w. and t. setter dog (King Leo—Minnie T.).

TONY'S GALE—R. V. Fox's b., w. and t. setter dog (Antonio—Nellie G.).

FORZANDO—R. V. Fox's b., w. and t. setter dog (Gath's Mark—Countess Rush).

ANTON GLADSTONE—J. D. Poston & Co.'s b., w. and t. setter dog (Antonio—Florence Gladstone).

NABOB—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' b. and w. pointer dog (Rip Rap—Dolly D.).

INDIA—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' l. and w. pointer bitch (Rip Rap—Dolly D.).

FAIRY KENT—Paul H. Gotzian's l. and w. pointer bitch (Lad of Beaufort—Daisy V. Kent).

MARIE'S SPORT—H. B. Ledbetter's b., w. and t. setter dog (Gleam's Sport—Marie Avent).

HARROLD SKIMPOLE—W. H. Beazell's b., w. and t. setter dog (Whyte B.—Nettie Bevan).

HARWICK—H. R. Edwards's b., w. and t. setter dog (Topsy's Rod—Opal).

HARVARD—H. R. Edwards's c. and w. setter dog (Dan Burges— ———).

VIRGINIA—H. K. Devereux's liv. and w. pointer bitch (Little Ned—Pearl's Dot).

DAME DURDEN—H. S. Bevan's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Eugene T.—Dell Rivers).

SISTER SUE—N. B. Nesbitt's (Agt.) liv. and w. pointer bitch (Jingo—Rooney).

ARAPAHOE—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter dog (Eugene T.—Maiden Mine).

VON GULL—D. E. Rose's (Agt.) liv. and w. pointer dog (Kent Elgin— ———).

DOMINO—D. E. Rose's (Agt.) b., w. and t. setter dog (Antonio— ———).

FIREFLY—J. S. Crane's liv. and w. pointer bitch (Rip Rap—Clipaway II.).

GEO. CROXTETH—W. D. Henry's liv. and w. pointer dog (——— — ———).

CRACKER JACK—J. L. Adams's l. pointer dog (Lad of Rush— ———).

ÆOLIA'S REX II.—C. P. Mingst's b. and w. setter dog (Antonio—Columbia). P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas.

Western Massachusetts Fox Club.

THE ninth annual hunt will be held at Westfield, Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 11 and 12. The hunters' horn will sound at 5 o'clock on Wednesday morning for breakfast. At 6 o'clock carriages will be ready at the Park Square Hotel to carry the hunters to the grounds.

The annual club dinner will be served to members and guests at Beethoven Hall, Parks' Block, at 6:30 o'clock on the evening of the first day's hunt.

C. M. GOODNOW, Sec'y.

WESTFIELD, Mass.

Dogs in the City.

COMMISSIONER WARING, of the Street Cleaning Department, New York, took the initiative about a year ago against dogs running at large, with the result that recently the Board of Health passed a resolution which may be the beginning of a legal restriction compelling owners to keep their dogs on their own premises:

"*Whereas*, Complaints have been received from physicians and citizens in respect to the defilement of the sidewalks and streets of the built-up portions of this city by dogs, and dogs led and running at large, as well as the danger to life and health from the bite of dogs, and urging this board to take such action as may be necessary to abate the alleged nuisance; therefore

"*Resolved*, That the sanitary committee be requested to give due consideration to this subject, and to report whether in its opinion the uncleanliness of the sidewalks and streets is of sufficient importance to require the action of this board and the adoption of an ordinance requiring that dogs be kept upon and within the premises of their owners, and not be allowed to run at large upon the public streets and sidewalks, or to be led in any public street, without a permit from this department."

Mange Cure.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Oct. 27.—I heard recently of a cure for mange in dogs that I thought might be of benefit to brother sportsmen and worth trying. Two of my sporting friends here have tried it and they claim it a sure shot. They take the hot blood of any animal, obtaining it at the slaughter houses, and rub it into the dog's hair thoroughly, and let it dry on him for an hour, when they give him a bath, repeating the application twice or three times three or four days apart, and in less than three weeks the dog has a beautiful new coat of hair.

Clement Schaer has a dog that was given him by our mutual friend Jacques, of Buffalo, that he sometimes leaves at home when going to his business, and he will telephone his wife to put the dog upon a table where the trumpet will reach the dog's ear. Calling to him, the dog instantly recognizes his voice and jumps from the table and whines to be let out. Mrs. S. opening the door out goes Jack and makes a bee line for the office, ten blocks away, as fast as his legs will carry him, much to Schaer's satisfaction on showing this dog's trick to friends.

J. T. IRWIN.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Mr. James L. Little, Sec'y of the Bench Show Committee of the New England Kennel Club, informs us that the club claims the dates Feb. 2 to 5, 1897, for its bench show, which will be held in Mechanics Hall, Boston, and that Spratts Patent will feed and Mr. Oldham superintend it.

The *British Fancier* closed its journalistic career about the middle of last month. Though a bright and readable journal, of value to fanciers, it failed to win the support so essential to existence.

Our correspondent X. corrects an error as follows: "In my report of the heat between Rod's Gladstone and Ripple, Union Field Trials Club's Derby, your types make me say 'ten fields were drawn blank'—it should be two fields."

At the adjourned meeting of the Advisory Committee, held in the A. K. C. office on Oct. 2, the Metropolitan Kennel Club and the Butterfly Bench Show Association were admitted to membership. The Code of Procedure of the Pacific Advisory Board was adopted, which is a set of rules governing the actions of that body as a subsidiary body of the A. K. C.

The *Collie Club Chronicle* mentions the addition of three more members to the Collie Club, namely, Dr. A. F. Webster, Messrs. J. E. De Puyster and C. M. Thompson. The Lottery and Futurity Stakes will be left open till the next issue of the *Chronicle*.

In our advertising columns H. B. Vondersmith, Lancaster, Pa., offers setters. The Fashion Kennels, Hawarden, Ia., offer bull terrier pups. H. L. Kreuder, Nanuet, N. Y., offers beagles. P. O. Box 1314, Philadelphia, wants setter dog. Trainer, care FOREST AND STREAM, wants position. George L. Barnes, Otis, Mass., offers beagles. J. G. Morris, Easton, Md., offers Chesapeakes. Pacific Coast Kennels, Smithville Flats, N. Y., offer setters, pointers and foxhounds. Donald Cameron, Hillsboro, N. C., offers to train and board dogs. J. S. Paul, Waterville, Me., wants pointer puppy. Charles R. Coombs, Belfast, Me., wants Irish setter puppy. Muckross Kennels, Springfield, Vt., offer trained beagle bitch.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to t he sportsman is particularly desirable.

Which Wheel Goes Furthest?

A SUBJECT which is sure to provoke discussion among wheelmen, and to find ready advocates for both sides of the argument, is that of which wheel of a bicycle makes the greatest number of revolutions in going a certain distance, or, in other words, which wheel goes furthest?

Many riders argue that the rear wheel covers the most ground, because the propelling force is applied directly to that wheel, and slipping or lost motion allow it more revolutions than are taken by the front wheel. These men adduce as proof of the correctness of their deductions the fact that carefully registered cyclometers placed on both wheels show a margin in favor of the rear wheel.

But they overlook the fact that this result is due to an entirely different cause, which is that the rear wheel for all practical purposes is smaller than the front wheel, owing to the fact that most of the weight of the rider is carried on it, and the tires therefore flattened out and their periphery reduced.

When riding, the front wheel turns in larger circles than the rear wheel, and consequently must cover more ground.

BEFORE TAKING A RIDE.

When a new rider gets a new wheel he is often at a loss to know just how to keep it in the best condition. At the first introduction there is something alarming about a new bicycle. It is such a perfect piece of mechanism, so finely finished and delicately adjusted, and with such a "touch-me-at-your-peril" look about it, that it seems almost to belong to another world, free from the finite imperfections of this. However, the new soon wears off, and with each scratch or rust spot or dent which appears the rider gets on more familiar terms with his wheel, and soon he begins taking liberties that he would not at first have dreamed of.

He experiments with the adjustment of the wheels, takes the bicyle to pieces to examine the bearings, and tries all kinds of cleaning and lubricating compounds on the chain.

To paraphrase the Greek philosopher's favorite axiom, it is well to "know your wheel," and the man who has acquired a practical knowledge of the mechanism of his mount is sure to derive a greater amount of pleasure from his cycling experience than the other fellow who, through incapacity or laziness, or because he does not have to, knows nothing about his bicycle.

A beginner when starting out for a ride should attend to three things. He should see, first, that every nut is tight, as on a new wheel especially nuts sometimes work loose without much apparent provocation, and a loose nut may mean a bad fall or a crippled wheel. The screw that clamps the handle bars in position is perhaps the most important one to see to, for any looseness here is sure to result disastrously. Then it is just as well to see that all is right about the saddle clamps and cranks. But next to the handle bars the wheels deserve the most attention, for not only is there danger from loose nuts here, but the life and easy-moving qualities of the bicycle itself depend in great measure upon the attention paid them. When once the rider has assured himself that the nuts are tight, he has guarded against accident so far as is possible beforehand. Next he should ascertain whether the running gear works freely. A good way to do this is to lift the bicycle clear of the ground, watching the wheels meanwhile. If everything is right, they will both roll backward and forward several times till the center of gravity is equalized. The front wheel naturally revolves more easily than the rear, which has the additional friction of the chain to overcome; but if either wheel is sluggish and halts before the backward swing has begun, something is wrong. It may be that the bearings need oiling, and incidentally it may be as well to remark that one cannot oil his wheel too much, while it is comparatively easy to err on the other side of oiling too little. Too much oiling causes an overflow which collects dust, but this is easily wiped off, and aside from appearances is of no consequence whatever. It is said that once a week is often enough to oil a bicycle that is ridden short distances daily, and a few drops of oil carefully applied in the oil hole, and not around the outside, are sufficient in any case.

After the wheels are oiled, if they still refuse to revolve easily, the trouble may be due to a faulty adjustment. In the case of the front wheel, which is not hampered by the drag of the chain, it is sure to be due to this cause. The nuts should be loosened and the cones eased up till the wheels run freely; but care should be taken that the bearings are not too loose, in which case the wheel will have more or less play and the wearing surfaces of the bearings will suffer. The test for play, however, should be made after the nuts are tightened, as with the bearings properly adjusted there will always be play before this is done.

If the rear wheel shows no life now the trouble is with the chain, and this should be taken off and cleaned and each joint oiled, and the inner surface lubricated with some good preparation, such as graphite, till it loses its kinks and stiffness and runs over the sprockets as if it was a pleasure.

The novice now is sure of two things, for he knows that the parts of his bicycle are securely held together, and that the running gear is in proper working trim. Before setting off, however, it is just as well to put a little more air in the tires, provided they need it. Even new tires will not hold air under pressure for any great length of time, for no one has yet succeeded in making an infallible valve that cuts off the escape completely.

Regarding the proper amount of air to put into the tire there is a wide diversity of opinion. The manufacturers and professional repair men generally pump the tires about as hard as if they were solid rubber, and the benefit of the air cushion is altogether lost. At the other extreme are the riders who keep their tires so flabby that any sudden jar throws the shock on the rims. The happy medium lies somewhere between. As a general rule it will be found that soft tires make more comfortable riding, while hard tires will last longer and are faster.

Soft tires are not more liable to puncture, but wear on the inner edge next the rim.

The rider who has gone over his wheel something after the manner indicated knows that everything is in good working order, and he is sure to derive more pleasure from his ride than if this assurance was lacking.

Almost as Dangerous as a Porcupine.

First Cyclist—I always get nervous when I see a woman crossing the street ahead of me.

Second Cyclist—So do I. They have so many pins in their clothes that if a fellow collides with them he is almost sure to puncture a tire.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

REPORT YOUR LUCK
With Rod or Gun
To FOREST AND STREAM,
New York City.

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

As Others See Us.

The New York *Sun* makes the following extracts from a review of cycling and the cycle trade which appeared in the London *Times:*

"In many respects this is one of the most surprising developments that has ever taken place in the manufacturing industry of the United States within the same length of time. When it is remembered that less than eleven years ago there were only six firms engaged in the business, with an output of a few thousand bicycles, where there are now more than 500 leading firms, with a product of 1,000,000, and innumerable smaller ones, which will probably add 200,000 more, comment seems hardly necessary. As nearly as can be known, more than 3,000,000 bicycles are already in use in the United States, and some authorities make the number greater than this by nearly 1,000,000. Even the smaller estimate shows that nearly one person out of twenty-four of the 70,000,000 people have already taken to the cycle as a matter of business, amusement or health. In France, where the number is known because of the collection of a tax, the proportion is thus far only one in each 250 of the population. As the mountainous districts of the United States are not generally thickly populated, and the country as a whole is more level than in Europe, it is not difficult to understand the rapid development of the cycle as a means of travel; on the other hand, the fact that in many parts the roads are ill adapted to the use of cyclists during a considerable part of the year would seem to have a discouraging effect on this development. * * * In spite of the large domestic demand, such an unlooked-for growth as this is certain to have an effect upon the bicycle industry in other countries. The high price of labor, which some think a drawback, is really an advantage, because high-priced labor is so efficient, and its ingenuity in the devising and manipulating of machinery is so highly developed that the labor cost of the completed article is less than it is with lower-priced labor working under less favorable circumstances. * * * It would be idle to make predictions about the future of what is really a new industry, but in any event it is plain that whatever the result may be, the United States must be reckoned with as an element in it. Unless there is some check in the demand, it seems likely from the activity shown by transatlantic manufacturers that from 40,000 to 50,000 cycles of high quality and of American make throughout will be offered in the English market before the close of the season of 1897. * * * The one question of interest in a way to the user of the cycle, but of absorbing interest to the investor is, 'How long will it last?'"

A Sportsman's Bicycle.

New York, Oct. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Why don't some first-class firm get up a sportsman's wheel? I will try to explain what I mean by that. There are a few friends of mine who are old at gunning, but new to the wheel, or quite so, who claim that the large tire, say 2in., is best for country roads. I am too new a rider to give an opinion, but should think that their argument holds good. They also claim that a gear case is absolutely necessary for rough country riding, as, for instance, on Long Island, where the roads are mostly sandy.

I have a cheap wheel with 1⅝in. tires, and find it not quite to my taste when I run off the path into the ruts along the roads. Next spring I want to get the best wheel in the market for just such riding.

George E. Jantzer.

Yachting.

The new rule of the road originated by the Larchmont Y. C. last spring, and just adopted by the New York Y. C., is a most peculiar one, heretofore unknown in yachting. One direct result is to give official recognition to a practice that has heretofore been recognized as both unsportsmanlike and dangerous, that euphoniously known as "hogging the line." According to the new rule, in the case of a start down wind any yacht which may be so fortunate as to get a berth at one end of the line has the right to run the length of the line, no matter what risk or delay she may cause to the fleet at large. While nominally devised to prevent fouls and disputes in maneuvering, it is a direct means of producing them. While it is most difficult to frame a rule that will cover all the possibilities and contingencies involved in the start of a race, it seems to us that the new rule is entirely in the wrong direction, and that a far safer and more reasonable solution of the difficulty would be that advanced by us in connection with the Vigilant-Defender protests last year. This was nothing more than that some official declaration should be made to the effect that the rule now in force to govern the passing and rounding of marks applies as well to the marks at the starting line as it now does by inference. By this construction a yacht which is on her proper course to cross the line has the right of way over another yacht that is further from the mark than she is, whether the latter be close hauled or free.

Unless this new rule be passed by the great majority of American yacht clubs, and we see no reason why it should be save to preserve uniformity with the two clubs that have adopted it, a most undesirable degree of confusion must exist, a yacht sailing under one rule one day and another the next; a state of affairs which yachtsmen have labored for some years to escape from.

Even if the rule were good beyond question, it was a mistake for one club to adopt it; a rule of this kind should be adopted by at least a majority of the clubs, else matters should be left as they are. There was no pressing necessity for the passage of the rule last spring by one club without consultation with others, and the presence of two rules of a contrary nature in the same locality is plainly wrong. The whole tendency of the clubs about New York for some years, in the absence of an association or any specific agreement, has been toward uniformity and harmony in the rules, to the benefit of yacht racing. Any attempts of individual clubs at independent legislation are steps in the wrong direction.

A FIRST ATTEMPT AT YACHT BUILDING.

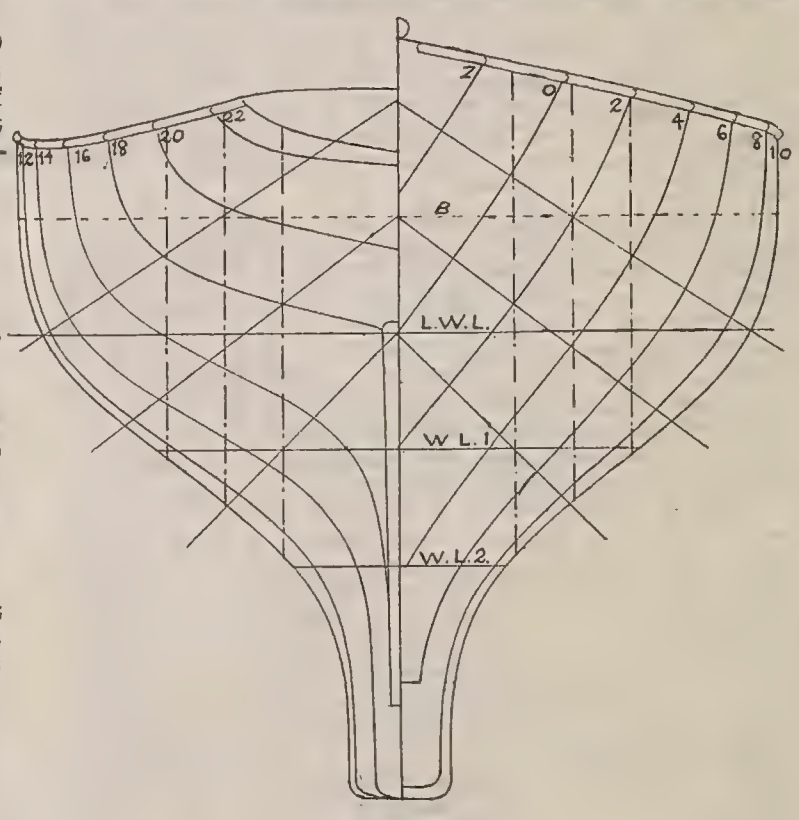
By E. P. Morris.

It has been for some years my special ambition, outside of the serious purposes of life, to own a boat of my own design, and, so far as it was possible, of my own construction. This summer the ambition has been realized, and I have thought that an account of the process and the result might be interesting to the readers of the Forest and Stream who may be touched by a like ambition.

For the work of designing my only equipment came from Kunhardt's "Small Yachts" and from the columns of the Forest and Stream, though before the boat was finished I read Dixon Kemp's "Manual of Yacht and Boat Sailing," and used some formulas from his larger "Yacht Architecture." I knew at first very little about mechanical drawing, but had perhaps a better acquaintance with mathematics than most men retain after leaving school or college.

I followed the course with which many readers of the Forest and Stream are doubtless familiar, copying published designs on a different scale and making the calculations to see whether I could get results agreeing with those given in the books. I tried model making also, taking off the models and working backward and forward—that is, using the drawing to correct the model and the model to correct the drawing. For body plans I found it worth my while to make a complete set of curves, miniature frame patterns, which were cut out of ⅛in. pine and worked down the edge with sandpaper into true curves. This method, which would be too slow for an expert designer, has two advantages: it enables one to get the exact curve by successive approximations, which can be tested by drawing on a separate bit of paper until all the curves are harmonious, and it also makes it possible to ink the body plan more neatly than I at least could do with battens. In these ways I worked out several designs, one of which I submitted to the yachting editor of the Forest and Stream, with many questions as to the probable behavior of the boat. This was the only help I had, except from books.

When I came to the design from which I hoped to build, I redrew it half a dozen times, making slight changes each time and going through all the calculations, even to the amount and location of the ballast. I also used different scales, ½in., 1in. and 3in. The last was a waste of labor, for I could not get far enough away from my drawing to tell whether the curves were fair or not. The plans as they were made were pinned up on my walls, and this test frequently showed errors which had passed unnoticed before. For this plan also I made a complete set of moulds on a 1in. scale, and I went over the calculations two or three times, using Dixon Kemp's tables, the formulas in "Small Yachts" and a rough method of my own devising.



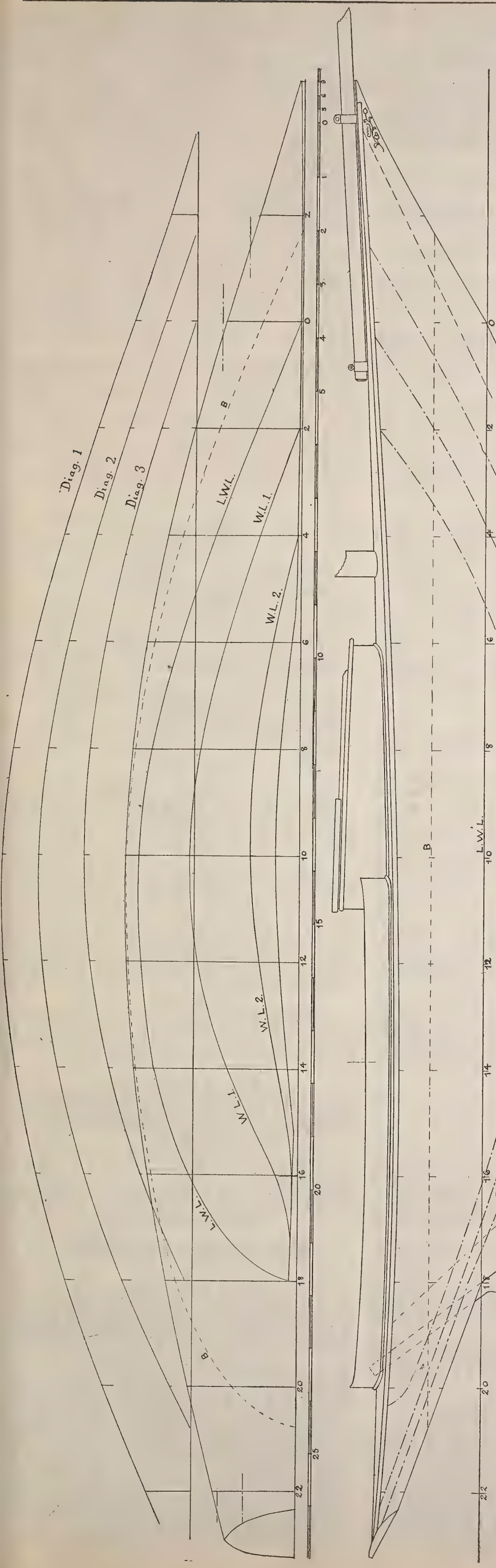
LAPWING—BODY PLAN.

Finally a table of offsets was made and the body plan was enlarged to the full size. I had no convenient means of drawing a full-sized sheer or waterline (half-breadth) plan, and this enlarged plan was used for bending and setting up the frames without having been faired up. But it is easy to draw within $\frac{1}{60}$in. and even closer, and this when enlarged would be correct to ¼in. There was some risk in it, but in fact the work proved to be entirely satisfactory.

On the large drawing the planking was taken off and the bevels were drawn. For the latter I used a simple method, suggested by an acquaintance, which I have not seen described in the books. The frames were sided 1⅛in., which is about one-seventh of the distance from frame to frame. For so short a distance as 1ft. the curves of waterlines and diagonals are practically straight lines. If then the distance, for example, between No. 6 and No. 5, measured along a diagonal in the body plan, is 3in., the distance from one edge of No. 6 to the other on the same diagonal would be $\frac{3}{7}$in. By establishing a number of such points I fixed the curve of the beveled edge and, to avoid confusion, marked it in red ink. This saved all bother with angles and was very accurate.

The dimensions were chosen after much comparison of designs and boats. The measurements are as follows:

Length over all	27ft.	9in.
l.w.l	18ft.	
Overhang, forward	4ft.	6in.
aft	5ft.	3in.
Beam, on deck	6ft.	7in.
l.w.l	6ft.	1in.
Draft	4ft.	
Least freeboard	1ft.	8½in.
Sheer, forward		10in.
aft		4in.
C. B., from bow	9ft.	9in.
C. L. R., from bow (without rudder)	9ft.	9in.
C. E., from bow	9ft.	5in.
Displacement	6,425lbs.	
Ballast, iron on keel	2,440lbs.	
inside, about	500lbs.	
Sail area	404sq. ft.	



LAPWING. DESIGNED AND BUILT BY E. P. MORRIS, 1895-6.

I attempted to calculate also the center of gravity of the hull and spars, but the task was too much for me, and I had to content myself with locating the iron ballast in such a way that its center of gravity would be directly under the C. B.; this gave exactly the right fore-and-aft trim when she was launched.

About the various problems of construction and size of timbers I felt so much in doubt that I again applied to Mr. Stephens for advice; without his full and careful directions I am sure that I should have fallen into error. As to rig and deck plan there is nothing unusual about the boat. Two jibs were chosen rather than the single jib, not because of fashion, English or American, but because it saves reefing; a rig that is largely used by fishermen is sure to have practical advantages. The floor of the watertight cockpit is 14in. below the deck and the space under this floor is ample for a wide berth. The two other bunks are 20in wide and 7ft. long. The seats are made by setting the coaming back on deck about 15in. from the cockpit. The headroom is about 4ft. 5in. and there is a large space for storage.

The boat was built at Pemaquid Point, Maine, during the summers of 1895 and 1896. The distance of this place from Boston, Portland and Bath, whence the materials were to be ordered, made it necessary to provide more than enough of everything and somewhat increased the expense and trouble. I had, for example, nearly enough planking left to cover another boat, and nails enough to build a schooner. Of oak, on the other hand, I had no piece left large enough for a tiller and scarcely for an extra cleat. I had a shed put up beforehand—which paid for itself ten times over in convenience and saving of time—and I built a long bench against one side. It had been my hope that I could do all the work myself, but the first lesson I learned was that the building of even an 18ft. boat is a long operation. It took me, I think, a week to shape the keel and cut the rabbet, and a whole day to fit the sternpost to the keel. This was partly because of my inexperience, but the heavier work would be slow even for a good workman. I remember one day when everything worked beautifully and I put up three pairs of frames and fastened them to the keel and floors.

I have always worked at cabinet making as a recreation and I enjoy hard manual labor as a change from my ordinary occupation, which is sedentary and bookish, but with my best efforts I seemed to advance very slowly. I wonder how many of my readers have ever bored a $1\frac{1}{8}$in. hole through 20in. of tough oak or a $\frac{1}{2}$in. hole through 38in. My equipment of tools was sufficient in most respects, but the bits and augers were poor and my muscles not yet hardened, and I think I spent half a day on some of the longer holes.

A fortnight's experience and a little calculation showed me that I must have help if the boat was to be finished within two summers, and eventually I had two men working with me. One was a very skillful carpenter, but with no knowledge of boat building; the other, though he was not a trained boat builder, had built some small boats and was a man of great natural ingennity. During the first summer I was at work about six weeks, one man about four and the other two; with this work we set up the frame and planked her. The spars and rudder were made during the winter of 1895–6, and the caulking done early in the spring. With this start we began work July 20 and launched her Aug. 19. I suppose this would seem very slow work to a professional builder; to me it seemed very hard work.

As to the other side of building, the art of setting up a frame and fitting planking, I found that much easier than I had anticipated. There is no real difficulty in getting the frames right by the help of a line from sternpost to stem piece and the use of a spirit level, if one has an accurate full-sized drawing. The taking of a spiling can be learned from Stephens's book, "Canoe and Boat Building for Amateurs," and is really simple if one is patient and determined to be accurate. The planking, except the oak garboards, bent without difficulty.

It is true that one of my helpers had some experience, which was of great value to us, and it is true also that we had to do a good deal of thinking and planning, but that is a part of the pleasure, and I think I may fairly say, as the second lesson of my experience, that the art and mystery of boat building is a very easy art and a very small mystery. If I had the thing to do over again I should get some instruction from the nearest boat builder, paying him for the privilege of asking questions. I should watch carefully the plumbing of the keel, the setting up of frames, and the marking out and cutting of planking, but I should pay even more attention to the boring for rivets and bolts and the driving and heading up. Especially I should want to understand thoroughly the use of mechanical appliances like wedges and clamps for bending the pieces and holding them in place for fastening. Then I should practice with some odd pieces of stuff until I could clinch a nail and head a rivet

Perhaps I am too sanguine and underestimate the difficulties, but I am sure that the three of us together knew less when we began than one trained workman, yet we did not split a plank or spoil a timber, or find ourselves obliged to undo or patch up a single piece of work except a place in the deck where three or four strips had to be taken up in order to plane out a lump, and I think the boat has a very neat and well-finished look.

I ought not to forget our difficulties with varnish and glue. The "Directions for Use" sent with such things are always inadequate—sometimes absurdly so—and our varnish ran very badly in the first rain. I do not know the reason, but I suppose we put it on wrongly. As to the glue, which we used for the deck seams, the directions told us many interesting things which we did not want to know, but we were obliged to invent a number of ingenious ways of pouring it—none of which worked—before we found out that it made no difference how much we spilled over the seams, because the warm glue could be cut off with a chisel and melted again.

To an observer with an eye for boats it is pleasant to notice how frequently local types have survived or have been worked out in different places. The Block Island double-ender, the Connecticut River boat, the New Haven sharpie, are proof that we are not yet reduced to a dead level of monotony. The Pemaquid type is an able boat of about three beams to the over-all length, usually a centerboard, and about as long on the keel as on deck.

To men who knew no other type, and who were accustomed to judge a boat by length and beam on deck, and by length of keel, my boat was a strange experiment; all the stranger and more doubtful because she was planned by a man whose business is rather distantly removed from boat-building. She was inspected with many shakes of the head—even with much wagging of the head—by most of the men on the Point. They evidently wished me well, and they were too polite to discourage me by expressing an unfavor-

able opinion; but I caught a little of the talk and wished I could hear more.

"No bilge to her," "too short on the keel," "never 'll carry her sail," "she'll go straight to the bottom with all that iron on her," were some of the comments. The location of the iron at the forward end of the keel was a matter of frequent criticism, and it was generally prophesied that she would be "all down by the head." One old sea captain, who I am sure wished me all success, said, after seeing her launched, that he "wouldn't go to Portland in her for all the gold she would carry, for she wouldn't stand up under her sails, let alone any breeze."

One of my helpers, to whom I had loaned some copies of the FOREST AND STREAM, and who has a great deal of intelligence, "stuck to it," as his brother afterward told me, "that Mr. M. had got hold of something." I fancy he had to endure some friendly joking from his neighbors, and if his faith was firm all the time it was more than I can say for myself.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

The Y. R. U. Rules.

THE following amendments to the racing rules have been recommended by the Council of the Y. R. A., and will be passed upon at the general meeting next month. The original proposals have been materially modified in some cases in order to avoid a conflict with the new restrictions recently adopted by the Larchmont and New York yacht clubs. On this account the original proposal to measure all yachts with crew on board has been modified, the limit being placed at the 30ft. class, as in the other clubs, as only harm could result from any conflict between different clubs in the form of two methods of measuring the same yachts.

As the small yachts will hereafter be included under the regular rules, a new method of measurement for jib-headed mainsails has been proposed, permitting of the direct application of the Seawanhaka rule to this rig, as well as to the gaff mainsail. The classification is identical with that of the two clubs, being in fact the same as the Union has used for two years.

The abolition of time allowance between new yachts, with other of the proposals, we have already commented on in connection with other clubs.

RULE II.—MEASUREMENT.

Add to Section 2: All yachts in the 30ft. and lower classes shall be measured for l.w.l. length with the same number of persons on board as are allowed for crew in the yacht's class, and whose average weight shall not be less than 150lbs. each, or with a dead weight placed on board equivalent thereto.

Section 3, new par. 7: In yachts having jibheaded mainsail, the upper point of measurement in taking the perpendicular shall be the under side of the sheave in the highest jib halyard or spinaker block, and 80 per cent. of the distance from this point to the under side of the sheave in the highest halyard block on the mast, or, when a yard is used, to the end of the yard when hoisted in place, shall be added to the base line.

SUBSTITUTE FOR RULE III.—CLASSIFICATION.

1. All yachts shall be classified by racing length and shall be divided into classes as follows:

Schooners.—First class, all over 95ft; 95ft. class, B, not over 95ft. and over 85ft.; 85ft. class, C, not over 85ft. and over 75ft; 75ft. class, D, not over 75ft. and over 65ft.; 65ft. class, F, not over 65ft.

Sloops, Cutters and Yawls.—First class, G, all over 70ft.; 70ft. class, H, not over 70ft. and over 60ft.; 50ft. class, J, not over 60ft. and over 51ft.; 51ft. class, K, not over 51ft. and over 43ft.; 43ft. class, L, not over 43ft. and over 36ft.; 36ft. class, M, not over 36ft. and over 30ft.; 30ft. class, N, not over 30ft. and over 25ft; 25ft. class, P, not over 25ft. and over 20ft.; 20ft. class, Q, not over 20ft. and over 15ft.; 15ft. class, R, not over 15ft.

Catboats.—30ft. class, S, not over 30ft. and over 25ft; 25ft. class, T, not over 25ft. and over 20ft.; 20ft. class, V, not over 20ft. and over 15ft; 15ft. class, W, not over 15ft.

2. Open yachts shall not be classed with cabin yachts.

3. Yachts launched prior to Nov. 1, 1896, in the 30ft. and lower classes not exceeding the class length by 5ft. and that have not increased in measurement since that date, shall be eligible to sail in their respective classes.

SUBSTITUTE FOR RULE IV.—TIME ALLOWANCE.

Time allowance shall be calculated on racing length according to the appended table, but yachts launched after Nov. 1, 1896, except in the 1st class of schooners and the 1st class of sloops, cutters and yawls, shall not be entitled to time allowance, and no yacht that has been increased in measurement for the purpose of sailing in a class above that in which she sailed prior to that date shall receive time allowance from other yachts in that class.

RULE V.—ALLOWANCE FOR RIG.

Change 94 per cent. to 93 per cent.

RULE VII.—ENTRIES.

Add to Sec. 1: "Entries must also state whether yacht was launched prior to Nov. 1, 1896."

Strike out Sec. 3.

RULE IX.—SAILS.

Add to Sec. 1, par. 2: "and clubtopsail."

Add to Sec. 1, par. 3: "and in the 1st, 70ft. and 60ft. classes, clubtopsail also."

SUBSTITUTE FOR RULE X.—BOATS AND LIFE BUOYS.

Section 1.—Yachts in the 1st, 95 and 85ft. classes of schooners, and in the 1st class of sloops, cutters and yawls, shall carry on deck a serviceable round-bottomed boat measuring not less than 14ft. in length, with oars and rowlocks or thole pins lashed in; and in the 75 and 65ft. classes of schooners, and in the 70ft. class of sloops, cutters and yawls a boat as above not less than 12ft. in length, and in the 60ft. class a boat as above not less than 10ft. in length.

RULE XI.—FITTINGS, WATER AND BALLAST.

Add to Section 1: "All yachts, except in the 1st class of schooners and 1st class of sloops, cutters and yawls, shall keep their galley fixtures and fittings on board and in their proper places. All yachts must carry one serviceable anchor and cable on board."

SUBSTITUTE FOR RULE XII.—CREWS.

1. The total number of persons on board a yacht shall not exceed the allowance in the following schedule:

Schooners.—1st class, 1 person to every 2ft. of R. L. or fraction thereof; 95ft. class, 35 persons; 85ft. class, 30 persons; 75ft. class, 25 persons; 65ft class, 20 persons.

Sloops, Cutters and Yawls.—1st class, 3 persons to every 5ft. of R. L. or fraction thereof; 70ft. class, 20 persons; 60ft. class, 15 persons; 51ft. class, 12 persons; 43ft. class, 9 persons; 36ft. class, 7 persons; 30ft. class, 5 persons; 25ft. class, 4 persons; 20ft. class, 3 persons; 15ft. class, 2 persons.

Section 3. In Corinthian races, except in the schooner classes, and in the 1st, 70 and 60ft. classes of sloops, cutters and yawls, each yacht must be steered by the owner or other amateur, and must be manned by amateurs; but any yacht may carry and use her regular professional crew. Yachts in the 30ft. classes and under shall not carry more than one professional.

SUBSTITUTE FOR RULE XVI.—PRIVATE SIGNALS AND NUMBERS.

Each yacht shall carry the owner's private signal at the main peak, and display her racing number above the reef points at an equal distance from the luff and leach on both sides of the mainsail.

RULE XIX.—STARTING AND FINISHING SIGNALS.

Sec. 1.—Add to 4th par.: "A red and white ball for a fourth division, a white and blue ball for a fifth division, and a blue and red ball for a sixth division." Strike out 5th par.

RULE XXII.—SHORTENING OR REVERSING COURSES.

New Sec. 2: Should the regatta committee deem it desirable, on account of the direction of the wind, to order the course sailed in a reverse direction from that specified in the instructions, flag "B" hoisted over the blue peter (the preparatory signal) shall be the signal for so doing.

RULE XXIX.—DISQUALIFICATION.

Sec. 5: Strike out the words "or within ten days thereafter."

NEW RULE.—LIMIT OF DRAFT.

The maximum draft of any yacht when in racing trim shall not exceed that specified for her class in the following table, exclusive of centerboard, except as hereinafter mentioned; but these limits shall not apply to any yacht launched prior to Nov. 1, 1896, when racing in the class in which she was classified prior to that time. This exemption, however, shall not be so construed as to permit the increase of the draft of such a vessel beyond that allowed for her class.

Schooners.—First class, no draft limit; 95ft. class, 14ft draft; 85ft. class, 13ft. draft; 75ft. class, 12ft. draft; 65ft. class, 11ft. draft.

Sloops, Cutters and Yawls.—First class, no draft limit; 70ft. class, 13ft. draft; 60ft. class, 11.5ft. draft; 51ft. class, 10 25ft. draft; 43ft class, 9ft. draft; 36ft. class, 8ft. draft; 30ft. class, 7ft. draft; 25ft. class, 6ft. draft; 20ft. class, 5ft. draft; 15ft. class, 4ft. draft.

Catboats.—30ft. class, 7ft. draft; 25ft. class, 6ft draft; 20ft. class, 5ft. draft; 15ft. class, 4ft. draft.

Should a yacht's draft exceed that given for her class, the amount of excess shall, in computing her measurement for racing length, be multiplied by 2 and added to the length of the l.w.l.; provided, however, that in no case shall this excess be more than 10 per cent. of the draft given for her respective class. On all yachts launched after Nov. 1, 1896, there shall be placed upon the hull, and immediately over the point of greatest draft, a metal plate or other distinct mark. Such mark shall be placed above the l.w.l. and within 6in. of it, and the owner shall furnish to the regatta committee, if required, a certificate of the vessel's draft to such mark, signed by himself, the designer, or the builder of the yacht.

RULE XXX.—PRIZES.

Substitute for Section 1: Prizes shall be awarded in all classes in which one or more yachts sail the course.

DEFINITIONS.

New paragraph: Sloops and Cutters.—A yacht to be considered a sloop or cutter shall have not more than 80 per cent. of the sail area aft of the mast.

The Principles of Yacht Measurement.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The new measurement formula recommended by the Council of the British Y. R. A. furnished a good illustration of the defects in the type of measurement rules in general use to-day. This formula was made by the best yachting experts, the same class of men who have heretofore made several other similar formulæ which have been failures.

It must be assumed that they have a definite object in view; and it may not be a violent assumption to state it substantially as follows:

"Our purpose is (1) to make a rule by which we can fairly measure yachts of different form which race together; (2) to encourage the building of wholesome yachts. The proportions of the ideal yacht of this Association lie within the following limits, viz: beam, from — to — per cent. of l.w.l.; over-all length, from — to — per cent. of l.w.l.; draft, from — to — per cent. of l.w.l.; $\sqrt{\text{sail area}}$, from — to — per cent. of l.w.l.; immersed area of mid-section, from — to — per cent. of circumscribing rectangle, etc.

"Yachts hereafter built for competing in the races of this Association shall be within the foregoing dimensions."

If this be the intent of the rule, why was it not better to say it in language that anyone can understand, with a certainty of receiving precise results, instead of making it impossible to foresee the results by putting the building specifications or restrictions into the body of the following complicated mathematical formula, which it is also proposed to use for figuring out handicaps or time allowances, viz.:

$$L.+1.2\ B.+\text{Girth}+0.5\ \sqrt{S}?$$

This type of formula is by its nature especially designed to encourage the building of freaks and monsters by allowing any dimensions to be enlarged to any extent by cutting down others. It does not effectively control, within reasonable limits, all the main elements of size, but instead thereof regulates the aggregate of these elements.

SEXTANT.

Thus far no yachting body has been willing to indorse such a statement as is set forth by our correspondent, that it believes in the restriction of the elements of design within certain fixed limits, maximum and minimum. This is done in certain special classes, and the New York and Larchmont clubs are now dealing with one element on this principle; but the position of the clubs of this country and Great Britain has always been against this type of rule and in favor of one in which the individual factors are unlimited and only the total is limited.

Which of the two methods is the better may be an open question. In spite of the failure of so many of the latter type, with unlimited factors, we have not yet seen any feasible proposition advanced for a formula of the former type, though a suggestion in this direction was made by the British designers in 1894.

New York Y. C.

A SPECIAL meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on Nov. 5, at which the amendments to the racing rules adopted at the previous meeting were finally ratified. The following new amendments were also approved:

Rule I., Section 4.—On the fifth line after the word "time" add: "This exemption, however, shall not be so construed as to permit a vessel launched prior to Oct. 22, 1896, to increase her draft beyond the limit allowed for her class."

Section 6.—Any yacht that increases her measurement for the purpose of sailing in a class above that in which she would sail, according to the last official measurement taken prior to Nov. 1, 1896, shall not be entitled to any time allowance from other yachts in that class.

Section 6 to be changed to section 7.

Rule IV., Section 3.—On the first line after the word "prize" add the following: "Of full value." Should a yacht be obliged to sail alone in her class and should go over the course of her class, she shall be entitled to a prize of one-half the value of the regular prize, and upon same shall be inscribed "Walkover prize."

Make a new section for the balance of section 4, to be known as section 5, and on the third line of same change the word "minimum" to "mean."

Rule XVI., Section 8.—At the end of the section add: "In order to prove beyond question that an overlap has been established, the owner or representative of the overtaking yacht shall hail the overtaken yacht, stating that he has an overlap and that he shall maintain his rights. The owner or representatives of an overtaking yacht intending to claim an overlap shall notify the overtaken yacht to that effect by hailing her."

Sec. 14.—On the fourth line, after the word "mark," add "except as provided in Sec 15."

Sec. 15.—Make a new section, to be 15 and to read: "When two yachts in maneuvering for the start, both on the same tack, one to the windward and one to the leeward, and the weather yacht, being freer than the leeward yacht, should the leeward yacht be close hauled on the wind, and before an overlap has been established, the leeward yacht shall have the right to hold and maintain her course, even if thereby the windward yacht should be forced on the wrong side of the starting mark."

Change the present Sec. 15 to 16, and Sec. 16 to 17.

Sec. 16.—On the tenth and eleventh lines strike out the words "or bear away."

These latter amendments must be ratified at a later meeting.

Massachusetts Y. R. A.

AT a meeting on Oct. 29 the Massachusetts Y. R. A. adopted the following class limits, to conform to the new measurement:

First Class: Cabin yachts, 24ft. and under 29ft. sailing length (existing open yachts of first class, 1896, may sail in this class).

Special Class: Open yachts, 20ft. and under 24ft. sailing length.

Second Class: Cabin yachts, 20ft. and under 24ft. sailing length.

Third Class: Yachts 17ft. and under 20ft. sailing length.

Knockabout Class: Yachts of the Association complying with the restrictions of the Knockabout Association.

Fourth Class: Yachts under 17ft. sailing length.

The measurement of any yacht launched after Dec. 31, 1896, shall be assumed to be the larger limit of her class, so long as the present measurement and classification are in force. The special class may carry no more than six men.

Other amendments were adopted as follows:

Entries must be made to the secretary of this Association, and must specify name, owner, rig, amount and kind of ballast, crew, sailing length, etc., and the club to which she belongs. Such entry shall answer for all races sailed under the rules of the Association for the season. A new entry must be made each year.

A cabin yacht shall be defined as either an entirely flush-decked yacht with suitable cabin accommodations below deck, or a decked yacht with a permanent fixed cabin house, with sides not less than one-half the yacht's sailing length, and in breadth not less than two-thirds of yacht's beam on deck, and shall have watertight cockpit with its deck above the load waterline.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Full many a large and handsome yacht has lost her owner because he has tired of her, or again because a reduced income forced him to abandon the extravagant luxury; but here is one that, losing her master by his untimely death, has been specially provided for in her declining years. Steadfast unto the end, she was not sold off at half price to get rid of her, but, like a faithful dog or horse that has outlived its days of usefulness, has been allowed to finish out her life in quiet repose. It is only a few years ago that the schooner yacht Dauntless was one of the very stanchest boats afloat. Now, with sails forever furled, with pennants hauled down for the last time and house canvased over, she tugs at an anchor that seems destined never to rise again. Her master was in life Com. Caldwell H. Colt, the only child of the late Col. Samuel Colt, the arms manufacturer. He died at Punta Gorda, Fla., about three years ago, while on a cruise. His fondness for the yacht led his wealthy mother to preserve her, though no longer of use, just as others lay away in a drawer the toys of dead children. So it is that the yacht idles her life away—a silent memorial. In further remembrance of the dead man's yachting career the new Colt memorial house in Hartford costing several hundred thousand dollars, bears on its facade a beautiful reproduction of Dauntless in sculptured stone and many other suggestions of the sea. Anchored off Essex, a few miles up from the mouth of the Connecticut River, the good old yacht is now living out her life of ease. It is said that she will never again go into commission—certainly not so long as the mother lives. The spot is quiet, secluded and all that a retired favorite could ask for in her old age, and the same waters that lap her side flow, forty miles up stream, within a stone's throw of the celebrated factory whose machinery produced the wealth that purchased and maintained the boat.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Daimler Motor Co., of Steinway, Long Island, is making very extensive additions to its plant in consequence of the expansion of its business in two directions. The building shops of the company have been located some distance from the water, but they will be now given up entirely to the manufacture of horseless vehicles and stationary engines, two lines of which the company make specialties. To accommodate the launch department of the business an entirely new plant will be erected at once, the ground having a frontage of 300ft. on Bowery Bay, with a depth of 275ft. The new building shops will be on this property, and will afford facilities for constructing power yachts and launches up to 150ft. In connection with them will be a yard for winter storage of yachts, with ways and transfer tracks operated by the company's motors. There will be a secure basin for small yachts, with a draft of 6ft. at low water, and for the winter mooring of large yachts a bulkhead will be built out 400ft into Bowery Bay, with an L at the end affording every protection, the inclosed space being dredged to a depth of 10ft. at low water. The firm has now orders for two launches of 30ft. length, one of 42ft., two of 35ft., three of 30ft. and two of 33ft. Chas. S. Desmond, formerly with the Racine Boat Mfg. Co., is the superintendent and designer of the Daimler Co.

The two yacht clubs of Toledo, the Ohio Y. C. and Toledo Y. C., have recently consolidated under the name of the Toledo Yachting Association, and the charter of the old Ohio Y. C. The new organization numbers 300 members, with a fleet of fifty yachts. Its formation is likely to do much for yachting on the lakes, Toledo being favorably located for a yachting center.

Gen. Joseph T. Torrence, of Chicago, who died on Oct. 31 after a brief illness, was greatly interested in steam yachting, and had just placed an order with the Racine Boat Mfg. Co., builders of the successful Pathfinder, for a steel steam yacht of 200ft. length, 19ft. beam and 10ft draft, with a speed of 26 miles.

The steam launch Gem, formerly of Flushing Bay, has been purchased by Com. Edw. Spott, and will be enrolled among the fleet of the Rockaway Point Rod and Gun Club's (the Cuckoos) yachting department.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1896-97.

Commodore, John N. MacKendrick, Galt, Canada.
Sec'y-Treas., John R Blake, Galt, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. W. Fleischman, 1611 N. 21st St., Phila., Pa.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Francis H. Mannee, Kingston, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

The A. C. A. Executive Committee Meeting.

THE date originally set for the meeting of the executive committe of the American Canoe Association, Nov 13, has been changed to Saturday, Nov. 21, the place being Toronto, Canada. The meeting will be called to order at 10:20 A. M. at the house of the Toronto C. C. While there is little business of importance outside of the ordinary routine of arrangements for the next meet of the Association to come before the meeting, it is very desirable that all of the divisions should be represented, and also that a majority of the Association officers should be present to take part in the discussions. In spite of the long journey, we hope that the different members of the Division committees may make an effort to be present, and that those who cannot will try to find proxies qualified to represent them. All visitors from the States may be sure of a hearty welcome at the hands of the Toronto canoeists.

MR. JOHN R. BLAKE, of Galt, Ontario, has been elected secretary-treasurer of the American Canoe Association, by a mail vote. No candidate for the office was presented at the meet in August, the election being thus deferred.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
Wm. A. Cumming	Quebec	Cookshire.
Wm. W. Alexander	Ontario	Toronto.
Charles E. Brittion	Ontario	Gananoque.

Associate members: Miss Maud Bigland and Miss Ethel Wilkerson, Cookshire, Quebec; Miss Eleanor Loetitia Phillimore, North Berwick, Scotland.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Pacific Slope Riflemen.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 25.—The riflemen who visited the Shell Mound Range to-day had some difficulties to overcome before making good scores. The shifting shadows caused by clouds passing over the face of the sun, together with a varying wind, made the conditions somewhat unfavorable.

COLUMBIA PISTOL AND RIFLE CLUB.

Members of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club were out in force, and kept the markers on four targets busy all day. The majority of the matches were re-entry contests, so that owners of both rifles and pistols kept banging away until it was time to go home. The contest for the Glindemann medal for military rifles has received a boom, several members of this club expecting a challenge from another organization, and military rifles being a weak point with the Columbias. J. E Gorman made his first effort with the musket to-day, and ran up two strings of 44 and 45, military count. F. H. Bushnell shot well, scoring 45, 46 and 48 with the military arm.

The cash prizes on flags (inch centers) were valuable this month, a flag being worth over $6; F. O. Young had two of them, while Adolph Strecker had another.

In the 50yds. range, .22-caliber rifles, the competition is very spirited. The leaders for the men's medal are E. Jacobson and Ed. Hovey; Mrs. L. J. Crane is well to the front for the ladies' medal. To-day Mrs Crane did some capital work, bringing out three flags consecutively for inch centers, scoring 9 points.

The scores in the different contests were as follows:

Rifle, 200yds., Unfred diamond medal, three shots, re-entry—W.

Glindemann 11, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 12, F. O. Young 13, D. W. McLoughlin 15.

Military rifle, Glindemann medal, 10 shots—F. H. Bushnell 48, F. O. Young 47, E. Hovey 47, J. E Gorman 45.

Rifle record, 10 shots—F. E. Mason 70. F. O. Young 81.

Most flags during the month—F. O. Young 2, A. H. Strecker 1.

Pistol, 50yds., Blanding medal, 3 shots re-entry—J. E. Gorman 8, 12, 14; F. H. Bushnell 9, 11, 14; F. O. Young 9, 11.

Pocket revolver, Carr medal, 5 shots, re-entry—A. H. Pape 65, 66.

All-comers, .22-caliber rifle, Rogers medal, 5 shots, re-entry—E. Jacobson 9, 10, 11; Mrs. L. J. Crane 9, 11, 12; Mrs. C. F. Waltham 23, 41; Mrs. M. J. White 12 17.

All-comers, revolver trophy, 6 shots—J. E. Gorman 41, 47, 48; H. J. Wicker 66.

Glindemann ladies' trophy, 10 shots, .22-caliber rifle—Mrs. C. F. Waltham 51; Mrs. L J. Crane 32, withdrawn; Mrs. M. J. White 36, withdrawn.

NORDDEUTSCHER SCHUETZEN CLUB.

The members of the Norddeutscher Schuetzen Club had some lively competitions in the class medal contests. W. Glindemann was the winner in the champion class and now becomes the owner of the medal. Scores:

Champion class: W. Glindemann, 420 rings. First class: Not filled. Second class: A. Hagerdorn, 362 rings. Third class: D. Schnikel, 358 rings. Fourth class: Ed Stehn, 302.

Best first shot: D. Schnikel 24. Best last shot: W. Glindemann 22.

GERMANIA SCHUETZEN CLUB.

The members of the Germania Schuetzen Club held their regular bullseye contests for cash prizes to-day. The winners, with their best bullseye as shown on the measuring machine, were:

1. C Thierbach	438	5. F H Bushnell	941
2. F P Schuster	502	6. D B Faktor	943
3. R Finking	640	7. W Garms	1094
4. Dr L O Rodgers	794	8. L N Ritzan	1165

SAN FRANCISCO SCHUETZEN VEREIN.

The bullseye contests decided to-day by the members of the San Francisco Schuetzen Verein resulted as below, the winners being given in order of merit, together with their best bullseye as shown on the measuring machine:

1. A H Pape	113	11. C Thierbach	609
2. J Tiedemann	372	12. H Stelling	685
3. C F Rust	402	13. H Zecher	707
4. F Koch	406	14. D B Faktor	758
5. H Huber	467	15. F P Schuster	758
6. A Mocker	538	16. Otto Lemcke	792
7. W Garms	540	17. H H Burfiend	839
8. L Haake	558	18. A Browning	841
9. R Finking	565	19. G A Schultz	953
10. A Jungblut	584	20. H G Hagerdorn	982

ROEEL.

Ross again Wins the Championship.

THE attendance at Cypress Hills Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Election Day, Nov. 3, was decidedly flattering to the management. It was not only a great shoot in point of numbers; the caliber of those who took part in the contests was beyond question. Ross again vindicated his claim to the championship by beating out all his opponents, although he was closely followed home by M. J. Dorrler. The Brooklyn *Eagle* of Nov. 4 gives the following account of the shoot:

"F. C. Ross won the 100-shot individual rifle championship which took place at Bookman's Cypress Hills Park yesterday under the auspices of the Zettler Rifle Club. All the local cracks were in evidence, including champion Fred C. Ross, Ignatz Martin, Geb. Krauss and M. B. Engel, while the New York contingent included Gus Zimmermann, Henry Holges, C. G. Zettler, B. Zettler, H. D. Müller, Dr. Boyken and Bernard Walther. New Jersey was looked after by G. W. Plaisted and M. J. Dorrler.

"The contest took place at the ring target, 200yds. range, off-hand shooting, and the number of entries was just twenty-six. The entrance fee was $5 and this money was divided half winners and half losers. As there were twenty-six entries, thirteen divided the money and thirteen got nothing The two prizes offered were a handsome trophy, presented by Gus Zimmermann, and another by J. Bookman. Zimmermann's trophy was for the best score for 100 shots and Bookman's for the best 10-shot score. Another condition was that if the man winning the Zimmermann trophy also made the best 10-shot score, then the Bookman trophy should go to the man making the next best 10-shot score.

"The targets were thrown open for practice at 9 A. M., and an hour later the match began with M. A. Brendel at the score. Without any break the shooting was kept up till 5 o'clock, and then it was found that Frederick Ross had again won the championship and the Zimmermann trophy with a total of 2,225 out of a possible 2,500 points. Michael J. Dorrler was second with 2,184, while George Schlicht, the Guttenberg crack, finished third with 2,157. The other scores of those who finished were: George W. Plaisted 2,134, H. M. Pope 2,112, Chas. G. Zettler 2,099, Henry Holges 2,096, Bernard Zettler 2,066, H D. Spencer 2,053, L. P Hanson 2,051, Gustave Worn 2,015, H. D Müller 1,998, Sam Scott 1,975, R. A. Busse 1,959, Joseph Blumenberg 1,954, A. Kromberg 1,922, G. P. Williams 1,837.

"In the contest for the Bookman trophy for the best 10-shot score, Ross headed the list with 231 points out of a possible 250, but as he had won the Zimmermann trophy the Bookman prize went to Mike Dorrler, who made 230 points, the next best score for 10 shots."

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 1.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association to-day. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the Standard target, 7-ring black:

Wellinger.

9 10 10 6 8 9 9 7 5 8—81 — 9 7 9 7 10 7 9 8 7 7—80
8 7 8 6 9 6 6 9 10 5—74 — 7 8 6 7 8 7 6 8 8 9—74

Gindele.

10 9 7 7 9 10 10 8 9 10—89 — 8 8 9 8 8 10 9 10 8 10—88
8 8 8 7 9 7 10 10 9 10—86 — 9 8 7 8 8 8 9 9 9 10—85

A. Lux.

8 9 7 5 4 6 10 8 7 5—69 — 7 6 9 7 10 6 4 8 4 6—67
6 5 5 4 6 8 5 4 8 8—59 — 8 6 7 5 4 5 6 4 8 4—57

Topf.

7 10 4 10 6 7 4 10 9 7—74 — 8 10 8 9 7 6 5 5 5 6—69
7 7 5 9 7 10 9 7 5 3—69 — 3 5 6 7 5 5 9 8 8 8—64

Payne.

9 7 9 8 7 9 9 7 7 10—82 — 8 7 7 9 10 10 7 7 10 4—79
9 6 9 8 8 6 7 6 7 7—73 — 5 9 10 7 6 7 8 6 8 7—73

Hasenzahl.

10 5 8 10 8 8 9 8 9 9—84 — 7 9 8 5 8 6 9 6 8 10—76
10 7 7 5 7 8 6 7 8 8—73 — 7 9 8 7 8 5 5 10 7 5—71

† Herman.

7 4 6 6 8 3 8 5 6 4—54 — 5 6 4 4 6 10 6 3 9 7—60
5 5 8 5 10 6 5 6 8 3—61

* Hake.

6 7 6 5 8 6 4 4 7 6—59

* Pieper.

5 6 4 6 6 4 3 3 2 0—39

Frank.

8 7 4 7 6 4 5 6 6 6—59

† Rest.
* Military rifles, .45-70-500.

Dinner to the Team of the 13th Regiment, N. G., N. Y.

CAPTAIN J. A. H. Dressel, I. R. P. of the Thirteenth Regiment, N. G., N. Y., entertained as his guests on Saturday night, November 7, the members of his team in the recent matches shot at Creedmoor. The dinner took place at Wilson's, Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y., covers being laid for twenty. Of the twenty, all showed up except "U. M. C." Thomas, the expert of the U. M. C. Company, of Bridgeport, Conn., of which company Captain Dressel is president.

The list of guests present included the following officers, non-commissioned officers and privates of the Thirteenth Regiment: Col. W. L. Watson, Lieut.-Col. C. H. Luscomb, Captains J. T. Jennings and H. P. De Forest; Lieutenants J. T. Ashley, S. Fahnestock and T. Austin; Sergeants T. M. Harvey, Val Werner and William Donaghy; Privates James McNevins, F. P de Vigne, George G. Constable, A. Gripel and W. T. Crane. Among the citizen guests was Ed. Taylor, of the Laflin & Rand Powder Company.

Lieut.-Col. Luscomb was toastmaster, and saw to it that nobody whom he called upon to speak was allowed to sit down without saying something. The tone of the speeches was decidedly complimentary to the Inspector of Rifle Practice, to whose efforts and attention to the work he undertook was attributed the better showing made in recent matches by the members of the Thirteenth Regiment's team. As usual with similar gatherings at Wilson's, the proprietor left nothing undone to make everything pass off pleasantly. To Lieut. Austin much also is due for the accomplished way in which he handled the piano. Taken altogether it is hard to realize a pleasanter gathering, or one more likely to create and foster good feeling among the members of the team, officers and men. If one-half the promises of assiduous attention to practice made on that night are kept, the opponents of the Thirteenth Regiment's team at Creedmoor will have to look to their laurels next year.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Nov. 18.—HAVERHILL, Mass.—Fifth tournament of the Massachusetts State Shooting Association.

Dec. 1-3.—TRENTON, N. J.—Proposed contest for live-bird championship; 100 live birds per man, $100 entry. Under the management of Charles Zwirlein.

1897.

Jan. 4-5.—PRESCOTT, Arizona.—Fourth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Prescott Gun Club. Roy Hill, Sec'y.

January.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second midwinter tournament, under the management of Oscar Guessaz, etc.

February-March.—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—The Arkansaw Traveler's first grand annual live bird tournament; $10,000 in purses and added moneys. Souvenir programmes ready Jan. 1. Address all communications to John J. Sumpter, Jr., Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK CITY.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

April 15-17.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

May 11-14.—OIL CITY, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

It seems that the present system of not allowing contestants in target handicap races to know their handicap until they have shot at the last target of their allowance has its parallel in certain bicycling races in Australia. The New York *Evening Sun* of Nov. 5 has the following item in its column of news for bicyclists: "The 'loafing' methods adopted by some contestants in cycle races," says a cyclist, "and notably in long events, where the real race does not begin until the last quarter is entered upon, when it is a dash for the tape, are frequently unfavorably commented upon by spectators at race meets. The leading event at a recent cycle meet held in Australia was a 'secret distance race.' The distance of the race was known to the track officers only, and was decided upon after it was started. The men raced around the track, and when the starter's gun was fired the race ended. The man in the lead at that point was the winner, and the other men obtained prizes according to their places. In a race of this kind the men are bound to keep sprinting from the start, each man striving to maintain the lead, as he can never tell when the race will end. The racing is therefore bound to be interesting to the crowd, as it does away with all pacing and time limits." The "secret distance bicycle race" is closely allied to the "secret handicap allowance target race."

We have received the following notice from the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J., regarding the conditions under which the "amateur championship" cup, donated by *Recreation* Publishing Company, is to be competed for: "Contestants for the cup must be members of New Jersey gun clubs in good standing There will be seven contests for the cup, held every other month, the first to take place Dec. 12, 1896. All contests shall be on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club, at Hackensack, N. J. The person winning the cup the greatest number of times shall be the champion target shot of New Jersey, and the cup representing the same shall be awarded to him. All contests will be at 100 targets, 50 at known traps and angles, and 50 at unknown angles. Ties may be shot off at the option of the club. $5 shall be awarded at each shoot to the second gun. The price of the birds will be remitted to third gun. Entrance $2, or price of birds. Optional sweep on each 50 targets may be arranged as desired. Gentlemen regarded as absolute professionals will be debarred, and their names will be announced in time to avoid any inconvenience." The trials of a trap editor are many! Up to date we have had professionals—expert and semi-expert. Here's another class—"the absolute!" The next should be the *Ultima Thule*. Trot him out.

We have received a programme of Charlie Zwirlein's big shoot at the Interstate Fair grounds, Trenton, N. J., Dec. 1-3. The first event is a 25-bird handicap, $25 entrance, birds extra at 25 cents each, handicaps ranging from 28yds. to 32yds.; three moneys, 50, 30 and 20, a forfeit of $10 to accompany each entry. Two sets of traps will be in operation, and extra events will be arranged to suit contestants. On the second day will be shot the championship event at 100 live birds, $100 entrance, birds free, 30yds. rise all, A. S. A. rules to govern, one money (high gun to take all). The Austin Cartridge Company will donate a challenge trophy to go to the winner. In regard to the purse in the championship event, we have grave doubts as to the wisdom of making only one money. One thing is sure, however: one money in such an event makes a purse worth winning.

A match is being shot to-day on the Westminster Kennel Club's grounds, Babylon, L. I., between George S. McAlpin, of the Carteret Club, and John L. Winston. The grounds of the club are as fast as any in the country, while George S. Mott, the club's manager, has the reputation of selecting and trapping remarkably fast birds; the boundary also has been reduced to one of 30yds. McAlpin has lately been shooting in much improved form, and his friends are confident of his success; he has done some good work on the Westminster Kennel Club's grounds, and in that respect will have a slight advantage over his opponent, who has never visited them. A lot of interest is shown in the match, Winston's victorious career since his arrival in the East having attracted much attention from the club men in this part.

Pigeon-shooters who aspire to championship honors should not forget that entries for Zwirlein's 100-bird race at Trenton, N. J., close on Nov. 20. If, as we are informed, Dr Carver is shooting in such great form, he will not jeopardize his claims to the championship "of the world" by coming East and taking part in a race with such a solid money prize at the end of it. The prize in cash would be well worth winning, and the Doctor could shoot the race "under protest" so far as his championship was concerned. If he wins he will have further vindicated his right to that title. We have little doubt too that he could arrange a match or two on the side, if he will only come and spend a week or two in the East.

Nate Astfalk and Aaron Woodruff, both of Elizabeth, N. J., went to Class's grounds at Morristown, N. J., Nov. 6, to shoot a race with James S. Timmons and Hathaway, both of Morristown. The conditions of the race were 25 live birds per man, $20 a corner. Astfalk and Woodruff won by 2 birds. On the same day Winston shot at 25 specially selected birds, Class betting him the price of the birds that he could not kill 20 out of the 25; Winston made Class pay for the birds by scoring just the requisite number. The outcome of this race was an agreement between the two men that a similar race should be shot in the near future at 50 birds, Class to furnish them. A bet of $50 depends on whether Winston can score 40 out of the 50 birds. A forfeit was put up to bind the match.

Drivers and Twisters were a little scarce in our last issue, and we know just whose fault it was. One can't go climbing up and falling down the Jersey mountains in pursuit of ruffed grouse for a few days without running the risk of our pet column getting into disgrace. And anent those same ruffed grouse: It's no joke trying to get the best of a Jersey grouse on a Jersey mountain when the rocks are slippery and the leaves as dry as a chip, owing to two or three days of as fine Indian summer weather as ever fell to the lot of a hunter. No wonder Drivers and Twisters were scarce.

Bland Ballard, who won the championship of Kentucky a few days ago, did some good shooting before he became entitled to the name of champion of Kentucky. He ran 24 out of 25 live birds, and then ran 15 straight in the ties. He used, we believe, the old Greener with which he helped A. L. Ivins to defeat the Hoey-Murphy team at Elkwood Park about 14 months ago.

The annual meeting of the Interstate Association will be held at Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, N. J., on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 17. The Association will have a lot of important business to consider, as its efforts in the line of creating interest in trap-shooting by giving a series of tournaments "for sport" have passed the elementary stage. The choice of a circuit for 1897 will be a hard nut to crack.

A. W. du Bray is bubbling over with joy at the way in which the Parker gun came to the front at the Kentucky Gun Club's shoot at Louisville, Ky., and at the Macon, Ga., Gun Club's all-day shoot at live birds. And, by the way, the boys at Macon seem to have the support of the shooters of that district; an entry list of 18 in a 25-bird race is not to be sneezed at.

Rolla Heikes has made a new record, breaking 100 targets out of 105 shot at in 3m. 7s. The feat was accomplished on the grounds of the Cleveland, O., Gun Club, and was made on targets thrown from a magautrap.

We have received a very interesting communication from Roger Van Gilder, the popular secretary of the Knoxville, Tenn., Gun Club, giving in full his ideas as to "Programmes and Tournaments," and also telling in detail how to run one. Owing to the great pressure on our trap columns this week we are unable to give our readers the benefit of Mr. Van Gilder's experience in the current issue. By the way, there's a comet on the trap-shooting sky; it's headed toward Knoxville, and will, if our calculations are not in error, reach there some time in May, 1897. That comet has a long tail, composed entirely of crackerjacks—about 150 of them too!

We understand that Winston has posted a forfeit to shoot Carver a race when the Doctor comes East on his way to Europe. Winston wants Carver to shoot him a race on the first Saturday in December at 100 live birds on Zwirlein's grounds at Yardville, N. J. If Carver accepts this offer Winston states that he will wager $147 to $100 that Carver will not take the "cast iron badge" to Europe with him if the ownership of that badge depends on the result of the above match.

John J. Sumpter, Jr., proposes to hold a big live-bird tournament at Hot Springs, Ark., during the months of February and March. The idea is a capital one, and Mr. Sumpter's efforts in this direction should meet with great success. In another portion of these columns we give Mr Sumpter's letter to us in detail. It is well worth reading by all shooters.

W. H. Wolstencroft, of Frankford, Pa., has challenged Dutchy Smith for the Austin Tri-State cup, won by the latter at the shoot at Marion, N. J., Nov. 3. Dutchy has named Nov. 25, 2 P. M., and the Climax Gun Club's grounds at Fanwood, N. J., as the date, time and place for the shoot to take place. The conditions are 100 targets, expert rule, one man up, $25 a side, winner to take the cup and the $50.

Trap-shooting is on the boom in Richmond, Va., the efforts of some enthusiastic lovers of the sport having been successful in creating quite a lot of interest among the shooters of the capital of Virginia. A shoot was held in that city on Oct. 17, at which both English sparrows and pigeons were trapped; the attendance was sufficiently large to hold out hopes of better things to come.

The fifth tournament of the Massachusetts State Shooting Association will be held at Haverill, Mass., Nov. 18, under the auspices of the Haverill Gun Club. In addition to a long programme of 10-target events, there are also the 3-men team race and the individual prize match to be decided.

The second shoot for the cup presented by the American E. C. Powder Company to the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J., took place on Saturday, Nov. 7. The cup was won by T. Bell, the president of the club.

The first of a series of three races between the Endeavor Gun Club of Jersey City, N. J., and the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J., ten men to a team, takes place on Saturday, Nov. 14, at Hackensack.

Dr. Wynn, one of the veteran members of the New Utrecht Gun Club and Fountain Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and also a member of the Larchmont Y. C., made a record for the grounds of the latter club on Election Day by scoring 50 straight live birds from the 30yds. mark.

In the Yale-Princeton-Harvard team shoot held on Saturday, Nov. 7, on Soldiers' Field, Yale was the winner, Princeton being second, with Harvard third. The scores were respectively 67, 57 and 46.

There will be at least 10 entries in the main event at Zwirlein's tournament, according to figures furnished us. Zwirlein also writes us that he has to date (Nov. 6) 20 entries for the handicap.

Nov. 10. EDWARD BANKS.

Future Tournaments in the South.

VICKSBURG TOURNAMENT.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Nov. 6.—Some time ago the Hill City Gun Club, of Vicksburg, Miss., announced that it would hold a tournament on the 5th and 6th of this month. At the last minute the club decided to change the dates, owing to their close proximity to Election Day, and therefore chose the 16th and 17th. The programmes for this tournament are now out, and from the amount of advertisements contained in the same it is evident that an abundance of local interest is manifested in this shoot. The programme calls for ten events each day, 20 targets each, with a uniform entrance fee of $2 50; $10 added in each event makes up the $200 added money which the club promises. All events will be known traps and unknown angles; the Rose system of dividing the purses will be used, but how many moneys there will be it fails to state, though likely not less than five; 10-gauge guns and black powder will be barred, and Mr. Elmer E. Shaner will have charge of the traps and grounds. This assures those who attend that everything will pass off smoothly, and everybody knows how essential this is to help make things pleasant. This is the club's fifth tournament, and all the previous ones were enjoyable and successful affairs. Present indications are that this will be but a repetition of the former ones.

HOT SPRINGS BIG HANDICAP.

The commencement of the new year will doubtless see a revival of big tournaments. The Grand Midwinter will take place in January at San Antonio, Tex. In February there will be a big live-bird tournament at Hot Springs, Ark., the feature of which will be a big handicap race, 25 birds each, $25 entrance, and $12 50 added for each entry; if there should be 100 entries in this event the added money would amount to $1,250, and this with the entrance fees would make quite a nice purse—one well worth striving for. There will be four other handicap events, all with the same number of birds and the same entrance fee, and any number of sweeps. The shoot will last ten days or two weeks, which will probably be the last two weeks in February. The management of the affair will be in the hands of Mr. John J. Sumpter, Jr. (the only Arkansaw Traveler); this alone should insure its success, as all those who are acquainted with John know that he is thoroughly familiar with all the details of this great game of ours.

ANNIE OAKLEY AT HOT SPRINGS.

Miss Annie Oakley and her husband are now stopping at Hot Springs, Ark., as the guests of Mr. John J. Sumpter, Jr. They will remain until about the end of the month. On Thanksgiving Day Miss Oakley will give an exhibition at Hot Springs, and in addition to her fancy trick shooting she will give John J. Sumpter, Jr., an object lesson in the art of killing pigeons. They will shoot a little race, 25 birds each, and John had better look out for his laurels, or Miss Annie will walk off with his scalp. This is no phantom. PAUL R. LITZKE.

Country Club, of Westchester, N. Y.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—The Election Day shoot at the grounds of the Westchester Country Club was well attended. A full day's sport was enjoyed by those present, nineteen miss-and-outs being decided during the day. One or two of the events were allowance handicaps, those who stood at 28yds. or back of that mark shooting miss-and-out, 27yds. and under receiving a miss as a kill. Mr. Seaver Page, who has done very little trap-shooting since his severe illness last winter, was on hand and did some good shooting, especially toward the close of the day. The scores in the different events were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
W G Brokaw (29)	3	1	11	1	5	2	4	1	0	6	8
J Seaver Page (28)	2	3	3	1	1	5	5	1	4	0	8
W H Stafford (27)	2	4	9	4	1	5	0	3	3	2	8
A Hooper (28)	1	4	5	0	5	5	0	1	3	1	7
H B Gilbert (29)	3	3	11	3	4	2	5	2	4	5	3
H S Redmond (26)	..	3	1	4	0	2	3	3	1	3	1
P H Adee (27)	..	..	..	..	..	0	..	..	..	1	..
W S Edey (28)	..	..	..	..	..	0	3	..	..	..	..
H A Butler (28)	..	..	..	..	..	3	5	2	2	6	2

Other sweeps, all miss-and-outs, were divided as follows:

Stafford and Redmond divided the 12th event, Gilbert and Hooper divided the 13th event, Stafford, Hooper and Gilbert divided the 14th event, Page and Stafford divided the 15th event, Hooper won the 16th event, Page, Stafford and Hooper divided the 17th event, Page, Gilbert and Butler divided the 18th event, Stafford and Butler divided the 19th event.

Country Club, of Hanover, N. H.

HANOVER, N. H., Nov. 2.—The sweepstakes shoot of the Hanover Country Club brought out but few shooters, as the weather was very threatening. The scores made were poor, owing to the heavy wind that blew across the grounds. Mr. M. R. Beaudoin-Bennett, who acted as referee and scorer, is also an expert with the gun. Mr. Deas Murphy holds the club record of 96 out of 100, 21yds. rise, unknown angles. The club, although a young organization and devoted to fox hunting, polo, golf, etc., has also a large number of members who are much attached to the trap-shooting department. The shoots are held regularly on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 1 P. M. To-day's scores were as follows:

Thirty targets, 21yds. rise, unknown angles:

Deas Murphy ..... 1011111111111111100011111111101—25
1111110110110011110000111101111—21—46
W Boetzkes ..... 1110101111101111111110110111100—23
1110011011100101011001111111011—20—43

In a 15-target race, same conditions, Murphy defeated Boetzkes by he score of 14 to 9.

Tournament at Ironton.

IRONTON, O., Oct. 28.—Yesterday, the first day of the Iron City Gun Club's tournament, opened in anything but an auspicious manner as far as the weather was concerned. A cold, steady rain fell during the morning and made shooting decidedly unpleasant. After dinner it cleared up nicely and enabled the club to throw about 2,500 targets.

Shooting was very difficult on account of the dark background and the rapid flight of the bluerocks. The excitement of the approaching election had the effect of keeping away dozens of sportsmen who had signified their intention of attending, but taking all things into consideration the shoot was a most decided success. All appointments were of the best, ample protection having been provided in the shape of a commodious club house and two large tents, one being used by the caterer and the other by that most efficient, handsome and obliging treasurer, George H. Gray. Everything passed off without a hitch of any kind, and too much credit cannot be given to those whose services and close attention in managing the shoot elicited so many profuse and complimentary remarks. Ezra Dean and Joe Rogers were constantly on hand working hard, but to Howard E. Norton belongs the greatest credit, he having visited numerous tournaments and individually invited his hosts of friends to attend this shoot. During the entire time he did yeoman work, always alert to the comfort and enjoyment of the visitors, among whom were: R. L. Trimble, of Covington, Ky., representing the Du Pont and Hazard powder companies; Milt. F. Lindsley and John H. Mackie, representing the King Powder and Peters Cartridge companies, of Cincinnati; Frank Alkire, of Woodlyn, O.; Dr. William Shattuck, of Cool Grove, O.; Capt. A. W. West, A. M Glockner and P. Conley, of Portsmouth, O.; P. Schlicher and C. E. Verges, of Marietta, O.; L. P. Stevens and Robert Clark, of Parkersburg, W. Va.; E. E. Douthit, Dr. Vickers, Dr. Sample and L. A. Wolcott, of Huntington, W. Va.; F. Bibbee, of Elba, O., and others from this city.

The live-bird match between Capt. A. W. West and C. E. Verges on one side and L. P. Stevens and Robt. Clark on the other (for $200 per team) proved the drawing card of the second day, hundreds of spectators being present. Special attention must be called to the perfect work done by Verges; he made some difficult shots and succeeded in scoring 25 straight, landing his side easy winners. During this match all four gentlemen used Du Pont powder loaded in Winchester Leader cases. Mr. Verges also used a Winchester repeating shotgun, which he handled with judgment.

Of those present 7 used Winchester guns and did the most vigorous and effective work, viz.: Trimble (who won high average both days and killed all the pigeons he shot at), Norton, Wolcott, Glockner, Bibbee, Conley and Verges. All excepting 3 used Du Pont and Hazard Smokeless loaded in Leader cases. Following are the scores for each day:

First Day, Oct. 28.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		
Targets:	10	15	20	10	15	25	10	15	10	20	Shot at.	Broke.
Trimble	8	15	18	10	12	23	6	14	10	20	150	136
Alkire	9	14	18	8	13	21	8	13	9	18	150	131
Norton	10	14	15	9	13	24	7	13	8	18	150	131
Wang	6	13	17	6	12	22	8	11	9	17	150	121
West	7	15	17	6	11	17	5	12	8	15	150	113
Shattuck	9	11	18	6	10	18	6	12	7	10	150	105
Mackie	10	10	17	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	55	43
Pierce	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	6
Lindsley	6	11	..	7	11	..	6	12	8	15	105	76

EXTRA EVENTS.

Targets:	15	15	10	10	10	15	15	15	15		
Trimble	11	12	9	8	10	14	13	12	13	120	102
Alkire	11	14	10	9	8	14	15	13	14	120	108
Norton	13	12	..	8	..	..	..	13	..	55	46
Shattuck	11	7	7	9	5	8	7	9	9	120	72
West	12	13	8	10	5	12	12	11	13	120	96
Wang	8	12	8	7	7	13	6	9	10	120	80
Truby	..	..	7	8	5	10	8	8	..	75	46
Schlicher	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	10	7	60	34
Bibbee	..	..	..	..	..	11	9	12	7	60	39
Skinner	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	10	7	60	38
Verges	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	12	12	60	48
Clarke	..	..	..	..	..	13	7	7	7	60	34
Mackie	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	11	30	25

Second Day, Oct. 29.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13		
Targets:	10	15	20	15	20	25	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Trimble	10	15	19	14	19	23	7	10	13	10	10	13	9	185	172
Alkire	9	14	16	12	17	24	9	9	13	8	10	13	10	185	164
Shattuck	10	14	19	14	17	17	9	8	11	9	5	15	4	185	152
Norton	10	13	18	13	17	24	10	9	14	10	9	12	..	175	159
West	10	13	17	13	17	22	6	..	13	9	8	12	10	175	150
Lindsley	9	11	11	13	16	21	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	125	96
Verges	8	11	17	11	14	21	7	10	12	9	10	9	10	185	149
Mackie	7	9	16	13	18	..	6	4	13	10	7	..	..	135	103
Bibbee	7	6	14	9	10	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	90	52
Schlicher	8	10	12	12	10	17	6	9	11	..	..	..	..	140	95
Wang	9	9	13	..	..	..	9	8	10	..	..	..	..	80	58
Skinner	7	9	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	5	45	27
Clarke	7	14	16	12	13	19	7	..	..	9	..	..	..	125	97
Wolcott	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	6	..	7	..	..	..	35	21
Vickers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	7	..	..	..	20	13
Douthit	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	8	..	..	..	20	16
Glockner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	5	6	..	..	45	32
Conley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	7	..	..	35	22
Thompson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	..	..	..	25	14

The live-bird scores shot to-day were as follows:

Match: Verges and West vs. Clark and Stevens, 25 live birds per man, $100 a corner:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

C E Verges.....↘↙↘↙↖↙↓←↙→→↘↙↘↗↙↘↓↘↙→↑→↘↘
2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2—25

West.....↘↗↙↘↓→↙↙←↙↞↓↓↙←↗↘↙←→↙↓↘↙
2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 • 2 2 1 0 2 2 1 1 2 2 1—21—46

Clark.....↙↗↙←↖↓↙↘↘↙↘↑↖↗←↗↙↙↓↗↙↙←
1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 0 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2—22

Stevens.....↙↙↙↙↙↘↙↙↙→↗↓↙↑↙↗↘↗↘↖→↙↖↘
2 1 2 1 1 2 2 0 1 • 1 2 1 • 1 • 1 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 2—20—42

Two sweeps were shot, as follows: No. 1, 7 birds, $7, three moneys, Rose system. No. 2 was same, except that there were only two moneys:

	No. 1.	No. 2.		No. 1.	No. 2.
West	2120222—6	2202121—6	Trimble	2112111—7	2221112—7
Skinner	2212122—7	2121211—7	Norton	1111221—7	1120201—5
Verges	2212022—6	1222212—7	Lindsley	2222222—7	2022222—6
Alkire	1122210—6	2221222—7	Shattuck	2002112—5	.....

CLAY BIRD.

Macon Gun Club.

MACON, Ga., Oct. 29.—To-day the Macon Gun Club gave a shoot at pigeons that was greatly enjoyed by the participants and proved beyond question that such events can be brought about wherever there is a leading spirit to steer. In this case Messrs. Baker and Etheridge were the pilots, and very creditably did they acquit themselves.

The weather was splendid, with a good breeze to help along a lot of birds that needed no great assistance. The arrangements were good in every particular, and no complaint was heard at or of anything during the day, excepting perhaps chagrin may have been expressed at the short duration of all good things mundane; but for that Mr. Baker can't very well be held responsible.

Well, some one must put his shoulder to the wheel and do some grinding to successfully give a tournament, so in this case Messrs. Etheridge and Baker locked horns, as it were, and in double yoke went at it in earnest, and so well and faithfully did they pull together that not a single hitch occurred during the whole day.

Mr. Tom Callender, of Nashville, who occasionally converses in whispers on the merits and excellence of W-A powder, was there to show how nicely he and it work to a charm in stopping pigeons. Mr. Porterfield made some original and playful remarks about Du Pont Smokeless, and from the way in which he smashed his first ten birds there really wasn't much to be said in corroboration. Then Mr. Irby Bennett riddled a lot of pigeons very deftly, even to plugging them with his second shot, and accurately too at that.

But Mr. Baker worked and sawed wood, and Mr. Etheridge labored and hoed corn, and when one conscientiously saws wood and honestly hoes corn it is hard to shoot pigeons all at the same time, especially good pigeons, chocolate-colored chaps (not coffee-coaters), but good, swift, lively birds; so please remember these little incidents while looking over the scores.

Macon does not give very many tournaments, nor does it attract men from great distances, as no purses are hung up, but if anyone happens to be in the vicinity of that place when a shoot is given, it is just as well to go because then you will be well received by the sportsmen of the town. By the way, the Hotel Lanier is kept by Mr. Sperry, a thorough sportsman, who will cheerfully and most agreeably entertain anyone who happens to drop in. One sportsman soon knows another, so just say dog or gun in Mr. Sperry's hearing and forthwith you are most welcome.

Mr. Ruble did splendid work all along, winning the Butts medal given to the man making the highest score in handicap event for members of the Macon Gun Club; his gun and load did great work all along.

Should these lines meet the eye of anyone undecided as to whether he will go to the Vicksburg tournament, let him rest assured he can make no mistake in going to it. Vicksburg is peopled by a lot of hospitable, good-hearted souls who will gladly welcome any stranger that enters their gates, and no one, if of the right stripe, can ever regret having been there. Like dear old beloved Natchez, it is a Mississippi River town, and a word to the wise is sufficient. Some of the best and most important tournaments ever given in the South were held at Vicksburg, and that is saying a good deal when we remember how well the South stands in that particular.

Macon Handicap.	No. 1.	Miss-and-out.
T Callender (28) 1122222111220122122211202—23	0222222222— 9	0
A W du Bray (30) 1111222•10211222122222221—23	2011112122— 9	12120
Ruble (30) 11112•21112221211021202221—22	2121121112—10	12111
Butts (27) 2101212041002121121121110—20	0101101202— 6	120
Wardell (27) 2120121211010012011211110—19	0022001120— 5	220
Harris (28) 2222221222011020211220•1•0—19	.....	22122
Holt (30) 2011222•2210122122200212O—19	•101102122— 7	.....
Hamilton (27) 2101202•2202222211022200222—18	000•211020— 4	0
Bennett (29) 2202022222202222022002220—18	2120222202— 8	.....
Burr (28) 0102221022110•01022100121—16	.....	.....
Deen (26) 0012000000010•201•2221220—11	1112100000— 5	1120
Etheridge (30) 2222210220210200222 1•20	2222202121— 9	.....
Porterfield (30) 1010022111211011 2•21100	2112121221—10	11111
Aderholt (28) 101202•1•221220•1221120	•211012222— 8	0
Clayton (30) 0002221211•02•12110	1222022110— 8	.....
Shinholser (26) 1•0001002212111012O	.....	.....
Moore (26) .....•022210012202010	.....	.....
Baker (28) 0220022•02•110	0010200111— 5	.....

GAUCHO.

Omaha Gun Club.

OMAHA, Neb., Oct. 28.—You will find below the records made by the members of the Omaha Gun Club at the regular shoots held this season:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.		Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
Blake	525	431	.820	Montmorency	450	342	.760
Bingham	50	32	.640	McFarlane	450	325	.722
Brucker	500	405	.810	Parmelee	350	322	.920
Bryant	50	25	.500	Peters	225	142	.631
Bates	300	168	.560	Reynolds	50	26	.520
Carmicha'l	525	421	.801	Read	325	239	.735
Cavanaugh	25	14	.560	Randlett	250	185	.740
Coleman	200	71	.355	Stubbs	25	13	.520
Cole	50	42	.840	Salisbury	200	147	.735
Dickey	350	255	.728	Smead	250	203	.812
Gwinn	25	15	.600	Towle	25	15	.600
Hughes	375	313	.834	Smiley	25	9	.360
Hawks	25	13	.520	Whitener	475	399	.840
Johannes	550	434	.789	Young	75	8	.106
Kenyon	200	146	.730	Nason	50	38	.760
Loomis	425	345	.811	Townsend	25	14	.560
Learned	300	188	.626				
Marsh	350	259	.740				

With indifferent duck shooting in this locality, many of our local shooters are still at the traps, and friendly live-bird matches are shot almost daily. Below find some of the more important of recent date:

Oct. 9.—Fifty live birds, $20 entrance, one money:

Montmorency.....2022212221222022222222222•—22
222•122122221212222211111—24—46
Gardner.....1100200121211212211121011—20
122120212221211211211212O1—23—43
Read.....121101022•22221•221200110—18
12221202•21110112•21112•1—20—38
Burgess.....2112001112221l2•112122•01—20
2200122012111••1201210201—17—37

Oct. 17.—Twenty-five live birds per man:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Burgess.....5 2 1 4 4 3 2 3 4 5 2 5 4 1 4 5 1 5 2 1 3 1 5 2 4
↗↑↖↗→→↙↙↘↓↖↘→↖↓↙↖↗→↓←↑↙↑
1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 0 1 1 0 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 2—23

Gardner.....4 2 3 1 3 2 2 4 5 2 3 3 1 2 5 3 3 4 3 4 4 2 4 1 5
↘↓←↘↗→←↙↘→↑←↙↗↖←↙↰↙↑↗↖↑↗↗
1 0 1 2 0 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 0 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2—22

Burgess shot a Smith gun with 3¼drs. Du Pont in a Smokeless shell; Gardner, a Smith gun, 3¼drs. Schultze in a Smokeless shell.

Oct. 24.—100 live birds, $100 a side:

Trap score type—Copyright 1896 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Samaha.....1 2 5 3 3 2 5 1 3 4 4 1 4 2 1 2 1 5 3 3 4 2 4 4 5
↗↗←↗↘↙↗↓↗↙↗↷↗↙↘↙↓↙↷↑→←↑↖↙
1 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 1 1—24

4 3 2 3 3 3 2 3 1 4 4 1 4 4 2 3 4 5 2 4 2 4 1 3 1
↑↙↗↙↑↘↗↓↙↗←↗↗↓↙↗→↰→↘↘↘↑↗
1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 2—23

4 5 4 1 2 4 1 5 2 4 3 3 5 1 1 3 2 5 3 2 1 5 1 2 3
↙↗→↙↷↘→←↘↑↗↓→↶↙↓↘↑↓↶↖↙←↙↘
2 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 0 2 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 0 2 • 2 1 2 1 1—21

4 2 3 4 1 2 4 2 4 3 1 4 2 4 1 3 2 3 5 4 2 5 3 5 4
↑↗↘↰←↘→↙↘↗↷→↗↘↘↓↶↖↘↓↘↑↑↖↖
2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 0 2 1 0 0 2—22—90

4 3 5 3 1 3 5 1 3 5 2 3 5 3 1 1 4 4 2 3 5 1 3
↙↶↗↖↙↓↗↙↗↙↙↗↗→↓↙↗↗↙←→↰↗
1 1 0 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 0 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 0 1 0 1—21

H F Ekalb.....

3 4 5 3 1 1 2 3 4 3 2 5 2 3 4 1 1 1 3 1 3 5 5 2 4
↑↗↙↓↙↗↗↓→↴←↙↗→→→↘↰↗↗↘→↙↗↑
2 • 1 1 2 1 0 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 0 2 0 0 0 1 2 1 • 0—17

1 2 2 3 3 2 5 1 5 1 4 5 5 2 3 2 5 3 4 3 4 3 3 4 1
↗↙↙↗↘↓→←→↘↰↗↑↗→↑↖↗↖↗→↖↙→↖
0 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 0 1 1 2 2 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1—22

5 2 1 1 3 5 1 3 1 2 4 3 3 2 3 2 3 3 1 2 3 4 1 2 3
↗↙↙↖←↗↰→↖→↗↓→↓↙↘→→↑↘→↑→↗↗
2 1 0 2 2 0 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 2 0 1 0 1—19—79

Samaha shot a Greener gun, 3½drs. E. C. in Trap shells; Ekalb shot the same make of gun with precisely the same load.

W. D. KENYON, Sec'y.

Trap at Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 7.—Below are some of the scores made recently at Watson's Park:

Oct. 30.

Geo Roll.....2•20222210210112•11121222—20
021011•221121012•221222•2—19—39
Dr Carver.....0222022220211l2•2222222•2—20
222•022012222220•2222220—19—39

Nov. 3:

Geo Roll.....12•022210211200202l202•11—17
11211011212220121111221111—23—40
Dr Carver.....12111002211102221211011111—21
12021122222111221224122222—24—45

Practice shoot, same day:

Rehm.....1102122110100210221222011021l1—23
Carver.....2222122021222222221221 —19
Bourman.....1222021011111212120211122 —22
Roll.....0221112221 — 9

Nov. 7:

Dr Carver.....2221222222212121222•0220—22
21222222221222022222122220—23—45
Geo Roll.....2220222220220•2221222220022—22
22120221222212212121121122—24—46

RAVELRIGG.

At the Larchmont Traps.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—The opening of the season at the Larchmont Yacht Club's shooting grounds to-day was marked by some excellent work on the part of Dr. Wynn, of Brooklyn, who scored 50 live birds straight. Only three shooters were present, the scores in the two 25-bird races, 30yds. rise, being as follows:

No. 1:

Dr Wynn.....2222111121222221121122212—25
A C Marshall.....0211220111112211121112201—22
E M Lockwood.....1111102111102111121101111—23

No. 2:

Dr Wynn.....2222222222222222222222222—25
A C Marshall.....2211122222112121212111211—25
E M Lockwood.....1111011222111021112111022—22

McIlhany still Champion of Kansas.

WEIR CITY, Kan., Oct. 26.—C. H. Calhoun, of this place, to-day endeavored to wrest the trophy emblematic of the live-bird championship of Kansas from W. W. McIlhany, also of this city. It will be remembered that McIlhany won the trophy from Calhoun on May 5, and has since defeated Ben Best, of Columbus, who challenged for it.

The weather to-day was absolutely perfect for an event of this kind, and a large number of spectators were on hand to witness the match. The race itself was scarcely an interesting one. Calhoun began to lose birds early in the race, and after the fifteenth round the result was hardly in doubt. The first round of 25 found McIlhany four birds in the lead, as he was shooting in great form, while on the other hand Calhoun was badly off, his work being very ragged. In the next string of 25 he improved somewhat and made a run of 16 straight, but this piece of good shooting was spoiled by some hard luck, for when it looked almost certain that he would run out straight he lost two of his last three birds dead out of bounds. This, however, could not have had any bearing on the ultimate result of the match. While Calhoun was making a fast pace McIlhany was even exceeding it; he ran 17 straight and went out with 22, exceeding his opponent by one bird on the string, defeating him by five birds, the total score standing, McIlhany 46, Calhoun 41. Only one of McIlhany's birds escaped, as three of his lost birds fell dead out of bounds; Calhoun lost the same number under these conditions. The birds themselves were an ordinary lot, some few were exceptionally fast, while others again must be classed as duffers.

The conditions of the match were: 50 live pigeons, A. S. A. rules, challenger to put up $25 against the trophy, winner to take trophy and money, loser to pay for the birds. W. G. Sergeant, of Joplin, Mo., acted as referee. McIlhany shot a Parker gun, Smokeless shell and Schultze powder; Calhoun shot a Greener gun, Smokeless shell and Du Pont powder.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

McIlhany.....3 3 3 3 2 5 1 4 3 3 2 5 1 4 1 4 4 5 1 4 2 3 1 2 5
→←←↗↑→↓↗→↙↓↘↖↖→↗↗←↖→↙↘↙↗↖
1 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 0 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 1—24

Calhoun.....2 3 4 1 2 1 3 2 5 5 1 2 1 4 1 2 2 2 5 5 4 1 5 5 5
↙↖↘↙↘↰↰↖↙↗↘↙↗↗↖↗↗←↖→↙↘↳↙↙
2 • 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 • 2 • 2 2 2 - -22—46

2 2 2 4 2 2 4 3 4 4 1 2 4 4 1 1 5 3 1 4 1 2 3 4 5
↗↙←→↘↙↗↗↘↓↓↗↙←↙↙←↘→↓↗→↖↷
2 2 0 1 2 1 0 2 2 • 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 0 1 1 2 2 2—20

1 3 4 5 3 3 1 2 3 3 2 5 3 4 5 4 2 4 5 1 3 5 2 5 5
↗↖↖↰↘↖↓↷↖↙↷↗↖↗→↗↗↑↑↓↙↘↖
2 2 2 • 2 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 • 2—21—41

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Heikes Makes a New Record.

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 30.—Rolla Heikes has been here on his round of exhibitions with Bartlett that these two have been giving in this State, and we gave him a chance to see what he could do in the way of fast shooting over a magautrap. Bartlett was, unfortunately, called home from here on account of sickness at home, so we failed to see him in his specialties.

The Cleveland Gun Club had its regular shoot yesterday and in addition a handicap merchandise shoot. I inclose the scores of the club contest, but have not the scores of the merchandise race. There were twenty-four entries in each race, and in the two races and ties between 1,500 and 1,600 bluerocks were thrown from a magautrap in two and one-half hours, which is very fast work.

It was quite late and very dark when the shooting was over, and Heikes did his shooting, but in spite of the darkness he shot at 75 bluerocks and broke 65 in 2 minutes and 40 seconds. On account of the darkness he could not make as good time as usual, and at the request of several of the members he stayed over another day to make another trial.

This morning at 10:30, everything being ready and having four Winchester repeaters all loaded, with Mr. Jenkins, inventor of the magautrap, and Mr. Baker to help to load the guns, Mr. Morris to score and myself to time and pull the trap, which was run by Wm. Cottshott, the club's trapper, Heikes called "Pull" and the race commenced. For some reason he missed three of the first four shot at and stopped and made another start.

Everything being ready, again Heikes called "Pull" for the first shot. I counted 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, pulling the trap at the same time, and repeating the count each time he took up a new gun, so as to keep him posted as to the number of shots fired and not cause delay by his getting confused by not emptying the magazine or trying to shoot after it was empty.

The trap was pulled regularly and at the rate of about six targets in four seconds, and the machine-like way in which Heikes picked up and emptied the magazines of the four guns was a marvel. The bluerocks were thrown 45yds., slightly left-quartering on account of that being the best direction to throw, considering the very high wind that was blowing. The first 63 were simply smothered before a miss occurred, all within what seemed to be about a foot of the same place, and the 100 were broken out of 105 shot at in exactly three minutes and seven seconds. The magautrap, the guns and the man worked without a balk of any kind, and all seemed to be a piece of the same machine.

It seems almost incredible that any one could shoot so rapidly and accurately under the strain necessary to perform such a feat, and it is certain there is not another man in the country or the world that can equal it.

Mr. Heikes shot Winchester factory-loaded ammunition in Leader shells, with 42grs. E. C. powder and 1¼oz. 7½ chilled shot.

PAUL NORTH.

A Good Programme at Hot Springs.

JOHN J. SUMPTER, Jr., known to the boys as "The Arkansaw Traveler," has been doing some thinking at his home in Hot Springs, Ark., with the following result, which he has put on paper in a letter to FOREST AND STREAM: "In your trap columns will you kindly announce: 'February and March, 1897. The Arkansaw Traveler's First Grand Annual Live-Bird Tournament at Hot Springs, Ark.; $10,000 in purses and added money. Souvenir programmes ready January 1, 1897. Address all communications to John J. Sumpter, Jr., Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.'"

In explanation of his scheme, Mr. Sumpter further writes: "I expect to have two weeks or more of strictly live-bird shooting, with four events of twenty-five birds each, $25 entrance, and $500 guaranteed. These events will be handicaps, and will be known respectively as the Arlington Hotel handicap, Southern Club handicap, Eastman Hotel handicap, and the Arkansaw Club handicap. As an inducement for shooters to remain until the finish, I propose to wind up with a 'Grand Hot Springs Handicap,' twenty-five birds, $25 entrance. For every two entries who shoot the entire twenty-five pigeons in this event I will add $25 in cash (silver or gold).

"I will write you further, giving full particulars and exact dates. At this time I think it best to commence the last week in February, continuing until the first week in March, or as long as the boys want to shoot. This is going to be a strictly dead square shoot (like the Du Pont-Chicago one, for instance); a gentleman's shoot; where a shooter can use any kind of a gun or powder he chooses (except black). Black powder will have to be barred, as deer and turkey are plentiful near by, and we do not like to have 'soft coal fiends' scare them all out of the country. The programmes will be the finest ever gotten out by any club or association, and we expect to have 15,000 run off. They will be sure enough souvenirs and don't you forget it."

The above outlines Mr. Sumpter's ideas on the subject of a big shoot for Hot Springs. The schedule of events seems to us likely to prove a very drawing one. The time of year suggested by the "Arkansaw Traveler" is a very good one. Southern shooters in particular can go to Hot Springs and make enough money to come up to New York, see the Sportsmen's Exposition in Madison Square Garden, and then make expenses the following week by winning the Grand American Handicap. The same applies to Western shooters, especially the shooters of the famous "Indian squad," whose prowess with the gun at the "circuit tournaments" of 1896 is not forgotten by any of those who attended the said tournaments. The North and East will unquestionably be represented at Hot Springs. They will come back to shoot in the Grand American even if they have to "hoof it." In short, we have seldom seen a programme that seems on its face to be as sure of ultimate success as this production of Mr. Sumpter's thought.

C. J. De Roo, secretary of the Holland, Mich., Gun Club, writes us as follows under date of Oct. 30: "The match which was to have come off to-day as the result of a challenge issued by the Valley City Gun Club, of Grand Rapids, to the Holland Gun Club, of this city, for the State team championship and *Shooting and Fishing* cup representing same, did not take place, as only two members of the Grand Rapids team appeared on the grounds. The cup therefore remains with our local club. Those present shot six 10-bird sweepstake races, but owing to the high wind and cold weather scores were very low, and only one straight 10 was made during the day; this was made by Mr. A. E. Ferguson, of the local club. Messrs. Bush and Vosburgh, of Kalamazoo, and M. K. Walton, of Grand Rapids, were among our visitors.

In New Jersey.

ELIZABETH GUN CLUB.

Oct. 28.—The second day of the Elizabeth (N. J.) Gun Club's eighth bi-monthly tournament was favored with fine weather. There was also a satisfactory attendance of shooters, all things considered.

The three events on the programme were: No. 1, 7 birds, $5; No. 2, 10 birds, $5; No. 3, 25 birds, $10, birds extra. In event No. 3 three men killed their 25 straight. These men were Brewer (32), Class (31) and Woodruff (30). Wheeler fell in for second money alone on 24 out of 25, while Ferd. Van Dyke and M. Herrington divided third money on 23 each. The scores in the different events were as follows:

No. 1, 7 birds: Baker 7, Class 7, Timmons 7, Winston 6, Saunders 3.

No. 2, 10 birds: Winston 10, Astfalk 10, Timmons 9, Zwirlein 9, Baker 8, Class 8.

No. 3:

C Zwirlein (30).....1201111121111220110 0w
J Erb (29).....2212212200221101112121112—22
F Class (31).....2122212222222222221222122—25
J Timmons (28).....1212222222222212202222200—22
F Van Dyke (29).....2122221112222222001211222—23
A Woodruff (30).....2111122122122222211221122—25
J L Brewer (32).....2222222112122222221122222—25
Saunders (26).....0122230022212111020w
H G Wheeler (29).....1111221221221211110121122—24
Baker (27).....1022210122022102000w
M Herrington (28).....1011211112212111211222012—23

ORITANI FIELD CLUB.

Oct. 31.—The following scores were made to-day at the traps of the Oritani Field Club, of Hackensack, N. J.:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	Targets:	*10*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*
Holberton	7	12	7	8	9	8	Smith	10	9	7	..	..	..
Blauvelt	10	9	7	9	9	9	Conklin	5	8	..	..	..	..
G Ricardo	7	12	6	8	..	..							

MATCHES AND SWEEPSTAKES AT ZWIRLEIN'S.

Oct. 30.—J. L. Winston, the Eastern representative of the Austin Powder Company, of Cleveland, O., shot a couple of small races to-day on Charlie Zwirlein's grounds, at Yardville, N. J. The first match was with the proprietor of the grounds himself, Charlie Zwirlein, the conditions being 25 live birds per man, $25 a side. In this match Winston was an easy winner, Zwirlein being out of all form and retiring at the end of the 20th round, 5 birds to the bad. In the second match, 50 birds per man $50 a side, Winston met George Cubberly, one of the most reliable pigeon-shooters in this part of the country. On the first 25 Winston led by 2 birds, but in the last string Cubberly pulled up on him and only met defeat by the narrow margin of 44 to Winston's 45.

Winston's shooting to-day was remarkable, as, in addition to scoring 63 out of 70 birds in the above two matches, he was a winner in every sweep shot during the day, making a straight score of 64 kills in the eight sweeps. The scores in the matches were as follows:

Winston vs. Zwirlein.

J L Winston.....2200222222222222222—18
Chas Zwirlein.....0102020022210222201 2—13

Winston vs. Cubberly.

J L Winston.....2222202222122222222202122—23
1122221012121111201221220—22—45
George Cubberly.....1121111210222111012202120—21
0112112221222111122110121—23—44

Sweeps were shot both before and after the Winston-Cubberly match. Nos. 1 and 2 were at 5 pairs, $5; the others were all $2 miss-and-outs. Scores as below:

	No. 1:	No. 2:	No. 3:	No. 4:
Winston	2211222222	221111221	2221222	2222121211
Brewer	2112112222	222112122	1120	.....
Cubberly	2010	.....	.....	.....
Hill	212222120	220	1112111	1212122210
Zwirlein	11120	1211220	1121210	1221222122
T W Roebling	12010	1010212	111220	.....
C Roebling	12121120	0120210	120	.....

	No. 5:	No. 6:	No. 7:	No. 8:
Winston	222222	2222222222	22222	1122122
Zwirlein	221112	2111122212	22220	220
Cubberly	110	211122220	12121	1112121
Hill*	.....	20	10	2222210

* Hill missed his first birds in both Nos. 7 and 8 and re-entered, with result as shown above.

TWO INTERESTING EVENTS AT MARION.

Nov. 3.—Two interesting events were decided to-day on the grounds of the Endeavor Gun Club, at Marion, N. J. The first was an individual match, 100 targets per man, expert rules, one man up, $25 a side, the principals being 147 (Jack Winston) and H. G. Wheeler, of Marlboro, Mass., now on his way to spend the winter in the South. Both men shot poorly, Winston finally winning by 6 breaks with the score of 75 to 69. It is true that the light was very trying and that the targets were thrown very low and fast, but it seems odd that both men should shoot so far below their true form. Wheeler had a hoodoo that prevented his breaking the target from No. 4 trap, whether it was pulled first or last. We have an idea that he missed that one target about 16 times out of the 20 it was pulled for him. The scores in this event were as below:

Winston .....1110101111110101111110110110110110110111111110011—38
1110011111111000101110000011111111111101111111110—37—75
Wheeler.....1101110011100110111111010110100111111100101001011—33
1100010111010111110190111101101101111111011111011—36—69

Platt Adams acted as judge for Wheeler, H. S. Welles watching the targets on behalf of Winston. Carl von Lengerke occupied the dual position of referee and scorer. Tominy pulled the traps and worked the indicator.

Several sweepstakes followed, all at unknown angles, and then came the real event of the day,

THE TRI-STATE CHAMPIONSHIP AT EXPERT RULES,

for a silver cup donated by the Austin Powder Company, of Cleveland, O. While the cup is taken as emblematic of the tri State championship at expert rules, it loses part of its prestige as such from the fact that contestants for the cup must always shoot a certain powder, the "147" load. It is a handsome trophy and can only become the absolute property of the holder when one defends his title to it successfully for six consecutive months. It is subject to challenge every thirty days, thus a man may have to defend it five times before becoming owner of the same.

The number of entries for this event was small, but this was only what one could expect, duty to one's country keeping many a would-be contestant away from the traps to drop a ballot in the box for McKinley or Bryan. Among those who took part were Charlie (Dutchy) Smith, of Plainfield, N. J.; Billy Wolstencroft, of Philadelphia, Pa; Eddie Collins and Ferd Van Dyke, both good men at this style of shooting; Neaf Apgar, Dutchy Smith's fellow townsman; W. M. Stanbrough, from Newburgh, N. Y.; J. L. Brewer, of New York city; Platt Adams, Duston, Welles, Carl von Lengerke and Edwards. Winston and Mr. Harding, a gentleman from Boston, Mass., a friend of Charlie Budd's, but a beginner at trap-shooting, shot along for "the birds," neither being eligible to compete for the trophy. The conditions of the shoot were: 50 targets per man, expert rules, one man up, $5 entrance, open only to residents of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

Scores in this event again ruled remarkably low, Winston being on top (but not for the cup) with the score of 39 out of his 50. Dutchy and Brewer tied for the cup on 38 each; Van Dyke and Collins tied for second place with 37, Wolstencroft being third with 35. Collins made a remarkably poor start, scoring only 15 out of his first 25; he then pulled himself together and ran 22 out of his last half, thus landing within 1 of the cup after all. Dutchy and Brewer were tied at the end of the 40th round with 30 breaks each. Out of his next 5 the Plainfield man lost 1, while Brewer broke them all; the latter was thus 1 to the good with only 5 more to shoot at. Dutchy scored all his last 5 and then everybody waited to see what Brewer would do; he broke No. 5, the first trap pulled, and followed it up by smashing into dust the target that went from No. 1. With the two outside ones gone and broken, it looked as if he had the cup sure, but the unexpected happened; his 3d target was from No. 4, Wheeler's hoodoo, and it "got away." He broke the last 2 and tied, as stated above.

The tie was shot off at once at 25 targets each, Dutchy scoring only 19, but winning easily, as Brewer fell down to 15. As stated elsewhere, Wolstencroft at once deposited a forfeit of $10 with FOREST AND STREAM, and issued a challenge to the winner.

The scores in this event were:

C Smith.....0101011111101111101110010111111101100111101111111—38
J L Brewer.....1111100111011111110100011111001101011101111111011—38
E Collins.....1000101011111011101100101111111111110111101111101—37
F Van Dyke.....1101111111101110110100101110110001111011111011111—37
W H Wolstencroft1011111001111111101010011111101011011010011110110 01—35
P Adams.....0011111111011011101100110001010011011011111110111—34
Neaf Apgar.....1011111101000110111111101101100101110101010111111—34
H S Welles.....0100101011011011010110101001001100111100110111111—30
C von Lengerke...0000110001101011001101001111111110010001110111111 01—29
J S Duston.....0010111111001010111110011111100110010010000100111—29
W M Stanbrough.0111100101010100011001011111011010000111011100111—29
Edwards.....0001100011011101001111001100011110100111w —22
Winston .....1111111111111001111111110091111001101011101111101—39

Mr. Harding broke 9 out of 50.

Shoot-off for the cup:

Smith.....1111010111111011111001110—19
Brewer.....1111001010110011110001110—15

Mr. Henry Febiger, a prominent member of the Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia, kindly consented to act as referee. The traps were again pulled by Tommy, while Max Herzig performed the duties of indicator. The latter phrase may sound a little obscure, so a few words explaining the method of using an indicator in this race will not be out of place: Two empty shell-boxes (the usual twenty-five-shell size) were used, a hole being cut in the top of each large enough to admit a hand. Inside one box were placed five wads, numbered respectively 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5. As each man stepped to the score for his five targets Mr. Herzig put his hand in the box and pulled out a wad, showing the number on it to the puller, who pulled that trap when the word was given. This wad was then dropped into the other box if the target was a fair one; if it was a broken target and not accepted by the shooter, the wad went back into the first box and a fresh shake-up given. This method was pursued until all of the five traps had been pulled. Thus a man did not necessarily get the same trap after a balk, although it might happen so. This made the pulling absolutely fair, and eliminated as far as possible all element of chance in the way of balks. The scheme was FOREST AND STREAM'S.

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

Nov. 7.—The monthly club shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, was held this afternoon. The weather was as nearly perfect for trap-shooting as one could wish, hence good scores were the rule. The club event is shot at 50 targets, extra targets allowed the weaker shots. The first 25 is shot at known angles; the second 25 and the handicap allowance at unknown angles. The scores count at the end of the season, a cup being put up by the club, and the man winning it the greatest number of times to become its owner; the club will also divide about $90 in cash among the other winners. The Laflin & Rand Powder Company also put up for competition this afternoon one of its silver kegs of W-A powder, the keg going to the high man in the club event. Baron, with an allowance of 5 extra targets, won the event with a score of 48 out of a possible 55. Huck, the secretary of the club, was second with 46, scoring 21 at known angles, but running 25 straight at unknown angles. Edwards and Winston (147), the latter a guest of the club, broke 45, both making 24 out of the 25 targets at unknown angles. James, one of the veterans of the club, shot well and landed with 45 out of a possible 55. Mrs. M. F. Lindsley, who is a member of this club, paid it a farewell visit this afternoon, it being her intention to return to Cincinnati, O., in a few days. The scores in the club shoot were as below:

T Baron (5)...1111101101111111111111011111111110111111111110111111—44
11011 — 4—48
W H Huck (0).0111111110101111110111111111111111111111111111111111—46
147 (0).....1011010111111111111011111111111111111111111111111011—45
Edwards (0)..1011111111111000111111111111111111111111111111111011—45
B James (5)..0111110011111111111010111101100111111111110111101—40
11111 — 5—45
K Frank (0)..1111111001111110111101111011111111111111110011111111—43
G E Greiff (0).1101011111101111101111111111001111111111101111101—42
Wanda (12)...0110111100011011111110100111111010111010110110110 34
111101000110 — 7—41
Faile (12).....1011101111101001011010110111100001111101100011110 0—31
111011001111 — 9—40
Marvin (10)...0111011100111111011101000101001111101010101111111—33
1100111001 — 6—39
Jeanneret (0).0111100111000011110111110011111001101111011100110 1—33
Berg (15).....1000010010110110111011100111100000101000010000110 0—22
000011110111101 — 9—31
Brown (15)....0001110110101111010110000001100000100011001001010 0—21
001010111100011 — 8—29

Winston and Edwards shot a couple of little races at 25 targets each, unknown angles, loser to pay for the targets, with a small consideration thrown in to add to the interest. The result of these matches is given below:

	Twenty-five targets, unknown angles:	Same:
147	.....0110111111111111111111101—22	0110111111111111111111111—23
Edwards	...1111101111111111111111111—24	1111111101011111110110011—20

Sweeps were shot as below, all at unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*15*	*10*	Targets:	*10*	*10*	*15*	*10*
Edwards	8	10	11	9	Marvin	..	5	..	..
Greiff	8	10	13	9	Brown	..	..	3	..
Huck	8	10	14	8	E A Jeanneret	..	..	11	7
147	9	9	13	9	Baron	..	..	12	7
Berg	6	7	7	..	Frank	..	..	13	..
Faile	6	..	8	..					

JEANNETTE JAGD CLUB.

Nov. 3.—The Jeannette Jagd Club held its Election Day live bird shoot on the Guttenburg race track. The attendance was very good, 20 members taking part in the club event at 10 live birds per man. Of the 7 men in Class A, 4 made clean scores and shot off, miss-and-out, for the trophy for that class. Brunie fell out in the 7th round, but the other three killed 10 straight; in the 11th round a singular piece of shooting was witnessed, each man losing a bird. As the supply of pigeons was exhausted, the three men drew for the trophy, with the result that Charlie Steffens took it home with him. In Class B Henry Nobel, who is also a member of the New York German Gun Club, and Henry Gerdes tied for the medal; they drew for the trophy, Nobel winning it. The scores were:

Class A, 28yds.:		Shoot for badge.
Chas Meyer	2222111112—10	22222121110
Chas Steffens	1211111111—10	22112111110
C N Brunie	1111121112—10	1212110
Herman Otten	1111112122—10	22111111110
Chas Offerman	2121111011— 9	.....
Wm Rinckhoff	2020111012— 7	.....
A C Chester	1220001001— 5	.....

Class B, 25yds.:			
Henry Nobel	1211111121—10	Nick Gerdes	0111010121— 7
Henry Gerdes	2112112111—10	Wm Rolfs	0202020111— 6
Wm Packer	0111011122— 8	Fred Kastens	1201010102— 6
John Hainhorst	1111010221— 8	Nick Crusius	1002022012— 6
Chas Bohling	1111001120— 7	Frank Barr	0110100112— 6
R Debasher	0221100112— 7	Fred Ehlen	2020201101— 6
Wm Rothmann	1102200122— 7		

EDWARD BANKS.

On Long Island.

PHŒNIX GUN CLUB.

Oct. 28.—Nine members of the Phœnix Gun Club took part in the club's regular monthly shoot, held to-day at Dexter Park. The birds were a good lot of flyers, and although the club mark is 25yds., all on the same mark, 13 out of 15 was the best that any of the shooters could do. "Uncle Billy" Hughes, David Freileigh and E. H. Madison tied for first place with the scores below:

David Freileigh.2201211101121111—13
E H Madison...1111111111111010—13
Wm Hughes....2011101121211122—13
James Smith...0211121022110121—12
Moses O'Reilly.0110012211111112—12
John Akhurst..1110111021211102—12
A Rutan.....0111111121001110—11
J H Chasmer...2010012111101110—10
Peter Gardner..1102100100100000— 6

THE DEXTER PARK TOURNAMENT.

A tournament was given at Dexter Park, L. I., by its proprietor, H. Lippack, on Oct. 29-30, the shoot being under the auspices of the Emerald Gun Club, of New York, an organization that has held its regular monthly shoots at this park for many years. In point of numbers the attendance at this shoot was about an average for small tournaments in this vicinity. The added money was very small, while the races were nearly all 15 and 20 target events, rather too long for the poorer shots to hope to get in for money. In addition to all this, the open season for game is now on and many trap-shooters from New York and Brooklyn are out in the woods after ruffed grouse and woodcock.

First Day, Oct. 29.

Some rattling good scores were made at the target traps to-day. H. G. Wheeler, of Marlboro, Mass.; Ferd Van Dyke, Justus von Lengerke; J. S. S. Remsen, of Brooklyn; J. L. Winston and L. H. Schortemeier, all making high averages. The special feature to-day was an individual match, 50 targets per man, expert rules, one man up, $10 a side, the principals being J. L. Winston and Wheeler. Winston won the match by 1 target, although at the end of the 25th round he was 3 behind Wheeler, and was still 2 behind at the end of the 29th round. The scores were as below:

Winston.....1101110111110111111111101111101111111111111111111111—45
Wheeler.....1111111111111111111101100110111111110011111111111—44

The scores made in the sweeps are given below in tabulated form:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	*20*	*15*	*25*	*10*	*15*	*20*	*20*	Targets:	*20*	*15*	*25*	*10*	*15*	*20*	*20*
Remsen	20	14	24	..	15	17	20	Smith	15	14	20	10	14	19	1
Van Dyke	19	15	24	10	12	18	20	Wood	14	11	17	..	..	..	..
Wheeler	20	15	24	10	14	20	18	Bristol	17	10	20	..	..	..	..
Von Lengerke	20	13	21	10	13	20	16	Phister	20	11	17	9	13	17	..
Schortemeier.	19	14	21	9	13	19	18	Wanda	..	..	..	..	7	..	..
Winston	16	12	23	9	13	17	20								

Extra targets were shot as below:

No. 1, 10 targets: Remsen 10, B. Amend 8, Schorty 7, Hudson 5, T. Short 4, Wanda 3, W. Amend 1.

No. 2, same: Schorty 9, T. Short 6, B. Amend 4, W. Amend 2.

No. 3, same: Wheeler, Schorty and Bristol 10, Van Dyke, Wood and Remsen 9.

No. 4, 15 targets: Van Dyke 15, Remsen 14, Schorty 12, Bristol 10.

Second Day, Oct. 30.

The weather to-day was extremely fine and warm for the time of year, and the natural consequence was that the birds were not as fast as are usually seen on these grounds. Some big scores were made, Schorty leading with a record of 36 straight (every bird he shot at); Woodruff scored 30 out of 31, and Herrington 24 out of 25. Remsen scored 24 out of 26 shot at. The scores show the results in each race. The Dexter Park Handicap was at 15 live birds, $10 entrance, three moneys; Nos. 1, 2 and 3 were 5-bird sweeps, $3 entrance, and No. 4 a $1 miss-and-out, all at 30yds. The 5-bird sweeps were shot at the 28yd. mark. Scores:

Dexter Park Handicap.	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Brewer (31).22222212222112—15	.....	.....	.....	.....
L H Schortemeier (28).221122222212222—15	22222—3	21122—5	11121—5	121222—6
Wheeler (29).1211212111211110—14	.....	.....	.....	111222—6
VanDyke(29)2221222222122220—14	.....	.....	12211—5	2220
Woodr'ff(29)1222112211101222—14	.....	21222—5	21221—5	222222—6
Remsen (28).2222222222111102—14	.....	10222—4	.....	121121—6
W H Lair(27)2122112012212211—14	.....	.....	.....	210
Herr'gt'n(26)1112222121121201—14	.....	12221—5	12122—5	.....
R Phister (28)2222212210221 20—13	.....	.....	.....	.....
F Green (26).2222012220112222—13	21022—4	.....	.....	.....
Dr Hudson	22111—5	22220—4	02000—1	.....
Dr Wynn	22200—3	.....	.....	.....
C Oberg	.....	20212—4	20211—4	.....
J B Voorhees	.....	01212—4	10202—3	.....
J Bender	....	00011—2	20101—3	220

AN IMPROMPTU SHOOT AT WOODLAWN.

Oct. 30.—Three members of the New Utrecht Gun Club held an impromptu shoot at the club's grounds, Woodlawn, L. I., this afternoon. The main event on the afternoon's programme was a three-cornered race at 25 live birds per man, all at 30yds. Dr. W. W Wynn was an easy winner with 22 out of 25. His opponents, Dr. Eddy and W. R. Allen, only scored 17 and 15 respectively. The scores were as follows:

Dr Wynn.....1221120121112101221220121 -22
Dr Eddy.....2121201110022202011220210—17
W R Allen.....1022001210220101020220020—15

HAPPY DAY GUN CLUB.

Oct. 30.—The scores made by the members of the Happy Day Gun Club, of New York city, at their monthly live-bird and target shoot, held this afternoon, were as below:

	No. 1, 8 live birds.	No. 2, 15 targets.
C Rieger	12111112—8	011101011111110—11
Dr Richter	11211222—8	110110110100012— 8
E Weiss	11201111—7	100100110101111— 9
L Boehme	1•212212—7	.....
F Passe	02222011—6	101000000100011— 5
G Moyer	20010021—4	101110101100110— 9

Team race:

Rieger's Team.		Moyer's Team.	
C Rieger	101010111101110—10	G Moyer	010101010110010—7
E Weiss	100011101111000— 8	L Boehme	110001001011010 —7
Dr Richter	1111111000110000— 8—26	F Passe	101000010100011—6—20

E. WEISS, Sec'y.

CONEY ISLAND ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Nov. 4.—Four members of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, put in an appearance at Dexter Park this afternoon to take part in the club's regular monthly live-bird shoot. The club event is at 7 live birds per man; this was won by Henry Knebel, Jr., who scored 6 out of his 7. He also won a match at 20 targets, shot after the club race. The scores in these events were as follows:

	Club shoot.	Sweep at 20 targets.
H Knebel, Jr.	1121102—6	11111110111111110110—17
J B Voorhees	1022202—5	.....
H McLaughlin	1221010—5	10010000110011110100— 9
Dr Raynor	2210000—3	00011000000011000100— 5

CRESCENT CLUB, OF BROOKLYN.

Nov. 3.—Nine members of the Crescent Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, took part in a small shoot to-day on the club's grounds, the occasion being the formal opening of the shooting grounds for the season of 1896-97, the scores made on targets being as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
G C White	19	19	21	..	..	..	19	F U Gregory	3	..	..	..	..	..	..
D G Geddes	16	16	22	21	19	21	17	L C Hopkins	..	9	13	11	..	13	9
G A Street	10	4	..	..	..	..	..	T W Stake	..	8	8	..	..	14	8
W K Kitchen	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	J S Remsen	..	..	..	..	21	24	19	19
H A Growtage	3	7	7	..	..	11	11								

All events were at 25 targets.

Nov. 7.—To-day was the first regular shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, the club shooting every Saturday afternoon during the winter and spring months. The attendance was very light, and Remsen had things all his own way, doing some good shooting, scoring 96 out of the last 100 targets he shot at. Scores:

J S S Remsen.1111111111011011110111111001110011001101111111111—40
01111111101111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48—88
George White.1111111110010011100111101101010111111111011111110—38
01111010001110010001010001010101101001101010111101—26—64

Fifty targets:

Remsen.....1111111111111111011111111111111111111111111111111101—48
I Richards.....0011101111001001111110010001001101110011001110100—28

Twenty-five targets:

D G Geddes.....1111101111111110011110101—20
G Notman.....1011110011110010100011111—16

MATCH AT FLATLANDS NECK.

Nov. 3.—Messrs. L. B. Hooper, Philip Atchley and J. M. Eggler shot a three-cornered match at 50 targets per man for $25 a corner. Under the conditions Hooper stood at scratch, while Eggler and Atchley had respectively 5 and 10 extra targets to shoot at. Atchley won the race by 1 break, scoring 44 out of 60 to Hooper's 43 out of 50. Scores:

P Atchley (10).1111110011011011110001111001111111101110110—37
0110110111 — 7—44
L Hooper (0)..1111111110111111111011001111100111111111111111111110—43
J M Eggler (5).1011110000011111110111011110111011101111001101 0—35
11111 — 5—40

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Nov. 7.—The target grounds of the New Utrecht Gun Club, of Brooklyn, at Dyker Meadow, were practically deserted this afternoon, notwithstanding the fact that it was the day for the club shoot and the contest for the Hegeman badge. Dr. Pool, a Class B man, was high in the club shoot with 20 out of 25 targets, known traps and angles. In the Hegeman badge contest, also known traps and angles, A. E. Purdy, of Class C, with 2 extra targets to shoot at, landed an easy winner. This victory for Purdy really gives the badge to Mr. Adams, who has won the badge so often that his nearest competitor, Donly Deacon, cannot equal his record were he to win all the contests for that trophy that yet remain to be shot. Scores:

	Club Shoot	Hegeman Badge.
Platt Adams (A)..0111110110111010011111111—19		111100111010110 —10
Dr. Littlefield (A).1001111001011111111101101—18		1110010000011010 — 7
Dr. G. E Pool (B).1101101001111111111101101—20		0110010100111000 — 7
A E Purdy (C)...1101100000101011011101001—13		001101111011011111—12

Sweeps were shot as below:

No. 1, 10 targets, unknown angles—Dr. Pool, 9; Dr. Purdy, 6; Platt Adams, 5; Dr. Littlefield, 5; John Hardy, 2.

No. 2, same—Dr. Purdy, 7; Platt Adams, 6; Dr. Pool, 6; Dr. Littlefield, 6; John Hardy, 6.

No. 3, same—Platt Adams, 6; Dr. Littlefield, 5; Dr. Pool, 5; John Hardy, 3.

At Audubon Park.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Oct. 29.—A live-bird shoot was held to-day at Audubon Park under the management of Mr. Garbe, its present proprietor. The day was remarkably fine and pleasant for the time of year, but the attendance was by no means up to the usual standard, only eight shooters taking part in the three events at live birds. The scores in these events were as below:

	No. 1:	No. 2:	No. 3:
Krotz	01112—4	12112—5	1022112—6
16-gauge	01102—3	11122—5	1011120—5
McArthur	112•—4	02112—4	1221212—7
Sandy	2•222—4	02212—4	1210210—5
Du Pont	22222—5	12010—3	2012021—5
Rossiter	101•0—2	.....	.....
Nitro	.....	12012—4	2010102—4
E W S	.....	.....	2120020—4

Two events at targets were also shot, each being at 10 targets, 75 cents entrance, two moneys. The scores were:

No. 1: Krotz 9, Du Pont, McArthur and Sandy 8, 16-gauge and Nitro 7, King 6.

No. 2: Du Pont 9, Krotz and McArthur 8, 16-gauge, Sandy and Nitro 7, King 6.

Kentucky Gun Club's Tournament.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Oct. 24.—The Kentucky Gun Club, of Louisville, Ky., closed its annual autumn tournament to-day after three days of continuous shooting. The first day all events were at targets; second day, Kentucky Handicap and sweeps at pigeons; and third day, Kentucky State championship at pigeons.

On the opening day the weather was beautiful, but so awfully hard is the shooting made on these grounds that low scores generally prevailed. J. D. Gay carried off first average, Harry Lyons and Bland Ballard tied on second, while Cooper took third. Mr. Cooper's record is remarkable, as this gentleman had never before shot on these very difficult grounds, or rather at the swift, low, record-breaking targets which have puzzled so many of the best shots.

On the second day the weather was simply vile. It rained and drizzled all the time, and had the pigeons been anything but first-class the shooting must have been very tame, but so good were they that the dampness did not seem to interfere with them much, and out of 18 entries in the Kentucky Handicap only four were fortunate enough to go out straight, which captured all the money, this event being at high guns. On this day again did Mr. Gay show off to splendid advantage, scoring 57 out of 58 pigeons shot at, a feat any man may well be proud of.

To-day (Oct. 24) the weather was bright and clear, with a slight breeze blowing from left to right directly across the traps. When twenty-one men had made their entrance time was called, and the match for the championship of dear old Kentucky was on.

The most remarkable feature of this affair is that out of this number of entries seven should reach the 24 notch, showing clearly how well so many of the contestants were shooting.

Chadwick, who had the match fairly and snugly won by scoring his last bird, had the misfortune to undershoot a rising, drifting right-quarterer with his first barrel, and to do very little apparent damage with his second. He thus had the mortification of finding himself changed in one instant from the absolute possession of the cup to a mere competitor in a well-filled tie—a tie which was bound to be difficult to win owing to the skill of the men who composed it. This was all the more aggravating, as Chadwick had scored 24 last year and also had landed in for first place, so that in spite of his having killed and scored 48 pigeons out of 50, fate decreed that he should have nothing to show for it.

Lyons, with his never-let-go style, after losing his 2d bird made a run of 33 straight—quite a good many when one has to kill them one at a time. He can flatter himself that he was the last man to cling to Bland Ballard, who, after he once got into the tie, could not be shaken off. Ballard shot to-day at 45 pigeons, including 5 in a miss-and-out, and killed them all, but lost one dead out of bounds—his 20th bird. So one can readily see the form he was in, and no further comment would elucidate. He shot a dead game match and won it on his merits, and that is just what one may expect of him whenever called on to show his colors.

Clay and Woodstock had the misfortune to each lose a bird dead out of bounds. So, in such company, when a fellow wins out he may consider himself a very fortunate man, sure.

The shooting of Norvin Harris was excellent; 23 out of 25 is away up, and when one considers how little practice he gets at the traps, one marvels at his success.

But those modest men in their quiet way perform wonders at times, and the charming part of it all is that they always delight in praising the exploit of a friend, but are forever silent on their own achievements; and that is refreshing.

Shipp, who started in with a dead bird out of bounds, pulled himself well together and landed well in the money, making several beautiful kills; but luck will kill any one. Phipps had his share on that day.

Trimble shot splendidly all along, losing an awfully fast quartering to the right little blue hen that went out like a rocket, but did not come down like a stick. He duplicated his Chicago score of 24 out of 25, but on this occasion on vastly harder birds.

Jim, the purveyor, was in his glory, and a merry little twinkle danced in his blue eyes when some ambitious youngster came to grief on a specially hard twisting driver. And well he might, for he secured for this occasion a great lot of birds.

The Parker gun was strictly in evidence in the hands of Messrs. Gay, Lyons, Chadwick, Woodstock, Cooper, Page, Clay and many others; while Schultze, Du Pont, E. C. and Hazard powders were very generally used. Bland Ballard used V. L. & D., U. M. C., Schultze hand-loaded shells, and so did Woodstock. Gay shot U. M. C. Smokeless shells and Du Pont, while Lyons shot Smokeless shells and E. C.

First Day, Oct. 22.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	15	20	15	20	15	15	15	15	20	20
Gay	15	14	20	13	18	12	14	19	11	17	10	14	12	15	20	..
Dodge	10	11	13	12	15	11	10	13	10	15	9	..	..	.	.	..
Lyons	13	12	16	13	17	13	12	20	14	15	12	11	..	..	..	..
Woodstock	12	11	17	12	15	12	12	15	13	16	11	10	..	..	..	..
Snipp	7	7	13	11	15	8	9	16	9	16	9	..	9	10	..	..
Coyle	6	14	14	8	11	10	13	15	7	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
A Clay	13	14	15	13	17	9	14	17	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Trimble	13	13	16	12	19	9	11	17	10	18	12	13	14	12	..	..
Mackie	13	11	16	13	14	11	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Beck	10	13	16	11	18	12	9	4	11	16	13	..	..	..	..	..
Robinson	11	10	10	12	17	9	13	17	14	16	10	..	..	..	..	..
Cooper	14	13	17	12	18	13	9	16	13	14	..	10	..	..	..	..
G Clay	10	11	14	12	15	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ballard	12	10	18	14	16	14	13	16	14	18	18	11	13	14	14	..
Rattle	7	12	15	11	16	6	10	17	10	16	11	..	..	..	..	..
Chadwick	12	11	13	9	11	12	10	15	10	15	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hook	8	8	..	..	..	12	11	..	11	19	12	14	12	..	..	..
Rip	10	7	16	9	18	12	11	16	10	18	15	9	14	8	16	16
Meaus	..	..	..	10	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lindsley	..	..	..	10	12	..	12	16	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
Conner	..	..	..	12	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tripp	..	..	..	..	15	11	11	14	14	16	6	..	..	..	..	..
Cox	..	..	..	..	..	11	7	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
Clegg	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Riggs	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	12	10	..	..	..
Fawcett	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	..	..	..	..	13
Du Bray	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	9	11	..	..	..
Boddie	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	1	..	..
Page	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	8	..	..	..
Beard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	9	..	..
Moore	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15

Second Day, Oct. 23.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4, Kentucky Handicap.
Gay (30)	22222	2211121	1220	12122211122222—15
Chadwick (30)	2220	1222222	220	•2220
Hook (25)*	22120	0	.....	22112•22111221—14
Ballard (30)	0	22220	121220	2•12212222222221—15
A Clay (28)*	11212	.....	.....	212222222222222—15
Rip (23)	0	0	121122	222222222•22222—14
Churchill (25)	20	210	111110	2•12221012112•1—12
Schweitzer (25)	2120	2212120	221221	22•2110
Fawcett (25)	22210	0	212222	20212122212111 2—14
Harris (28)	....	.....	.....	122222112•1•112—13
Du Bray (30)	....	.....	.....	0•
Shipp (27)	....	.....	.....	1220•
Lyons (30)	....	.....	.....	2222222212•0
Lindsley (29)	....	.....	.....	222222022•
Page (27)	....	.....	.....	112211111212122—15
Boddie (26)	....	.....	.....	112211122212222—15
White (25)	....	.....	.....	21•201
Smith (29)	....	.....	.....	022•

* Hook shot at 27yds. and Clay at 29yds. in the Kentucky handicap.

	No. 5.	No. 6.
Ballard (30)	21112121222•—11	2212222222—10
Harris (28)	•	22•10222•
Churchill (26)	2111211•	22221•2122— 9
Du Bray (30)	221112121221—12	2•12212210— 8
Gay (30)	22211222222—12	1221222222—10
Chadwick (30)	22121111222•—11	212•212212— 9
Shipp (27)	122121111221—12	22212112•0— 8
Page (30)	•	2•11122111— 9
Boddie (30)	220	22212•2201— 8
Rattle (28)	0	2202222222— 9
White (26)	111221•	22•0122•1
Schweitzer (26)	21•	.....
Lyons (30)	211221222222—12	.....
Fawcett (27)	11120	122112•022— 8
Rip (28)	222222222222—12	.....
Winter, Jr.	.....	1122211112—10
A Clay	.....	2022222111— 9

Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 5 were $2 miss-and-outs; No. 4 was the Kentucky handicap, 15 birds, $10, four high guns; No. 6 was 10 birds, $5, class shooting, three moneys.

THIRD DAY, OCT. 24.

Kentucky championship, 25 birds, ties at 5 birds:

		Ties at 5 birds.		
Ballard	1122122222122•2222222222—24	22221	12222	22222
Lyons	2022222122222222222221—24	12222	22222	0w
Woodstock	2222222222222•2222222212—24	21222	220	
Gay	2202222221222211112122122—24	22211	10	
Clay	2122222112112222•1221121121—24	210		
Chadwick	1222222222222222222222 2220—24	20		
Trimble	1220222211112222222222121—24			
Hook	1122211112212221112021201—23			
Harris	1222122222221021121022222—23			
Boddie	2122222222222220222222020—22			
Shipp	•2122022111220212212211111—22			
Means	2210212122120122210212121—22			
Churchill	1012122121122120221220222—22			
Page	2222122221202022022202222—21			
Smith	2222101112222022221201111—21			
Ochsner	2122222222110211021022110—21			
Watson	222112•202122022210211•112—20			
Du Bray	1•12211121210122 1••112220—20			
Fawcett	0211012202202•100222220222—17			
Rigger	2220020101022001002212121—16			
Winter, Jr.	0102122005200101000221112—14			

A miss-and-out, $1 entrance, with 8 entries, was divided between Ballard and Chadwick, who scored 5 straight. GAUCHO.

Curious Decision of a Referee.

WE have often been asked to decide the following point that sometimes occurs in a live-bird match: A and B are shooting a match; it is B's turn to shoot. He goes to the score, calls "Pull" and kills his bird. A then discovers that when B called "Pull" only four of the five traps were loaded. What should be the referee's decision? We have invariably replied: It is a no bird; B must shoot at another bird from the *five unknown traps*. That is our interpretation of Rules 4 and 5, A. S. A. rules (revised 1893).

It was with some surprise, therefore, that we read the decision of a referee on this point in the following clipping from a sporting paper mailed to us by a correspondent, with the request that we pass upon it in our columns for the benefit of himself and others interested in such things.

"A singular happening took place during the shooting; it occurred just after Winston went out to gather a knocked down bird. Naturally, every one watched the retrieve closely. The trapping lads were as much interested as Winston himself. Thus it happened that No. 4 trap remained unfilled when Count went to the score and called 'Ready, pull!' He killed the bird nicely. Winston turned toward the referee and said:

"'Mr. Referee, should not Count shoot at another bird? The rules call for five traps.'

"The reply of the referee was: 'Yes, they do call for five traps, and technically you are right. As it is the referee's business to see that the traps are filled, I fail to see how I can penalize the shooter for the fault of that official.' The bird, having been killed, was scored a credit for Count."

As in all similar cases, so in this one, we say that it was a no bird, and that Count should have been made to shoot at another bird from *five unknown traps*. We think the error in judgment in the decision quoted above lies in putting the duties of a referee, specially referred to in the A. S. A. rules, above that duty which is not specifically mentioned, but which is just as surely his, viz: the interpretation of those rules. It is perfectly true that the rules say (Rule 2): "The referee shall see that the traps are properly set at the beginning of the match and kept in order to the finish, and that they are kept properly filled." It is also perfectly correct that the rule says nothing about the interpretation of the rules; but if the referee is not to interpret them, who is?

Rule 4 says: "'* * * All traps must be filled before the shooter calls 'Pull.'" As we look upon that rule, it is just as incumbent on the shooter at the score to see that the traps are properly filled as it is the duty of the referee. Arguing on that line, we would say that had Count lost that bird he would have had to abide by the result of the shot; the principle is on all fours with the Hurlingham rule (No. 22): "Should any member kill a bird at a distance nearer than that at which he is handicapped, it shall be scored no bird, but should he miss, a lost bird." The advantage to a shooter in having to cover only *four* loaded traps as against five, especially if the empty trap is an outside one, is surely as great as shooting from a mark closer to the traps than his original distance.

In the Winston-Count case, above quoted, the referee does not seem to have realized that he was actually penalizing Winston by giving a decision favorable to Count. Quoting the referee's own words: "As it is the referee's business to see that the traps are filled, I fail to see how I can penalize the shooter for the fault of that official." As we look at it, the shooter was just as much to blame as the referee, under Rule 4, A. S. A., and he should have been penalized for his own *fault*.

Take it another way: Suppose the referee's decision in the Winston-Count case was allowed to stand as a precedent, it would be possible for a shooter by collusion with a trapper to get only four unknown traps some time or another, just when he needed a bird badly perhaps. With all due deference to the referee, who is a gentleman of considerable experience in the character of a referee, we must state that in our opinion his view of the matter was erroneous, his reasoning fallacious and his decision bad law.

In Western Pennsylvania.

EAST PITTSBURG GUN CLUB.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Oct. 27.—The East Pittsburg Gun Club held a shoot to-day, 13 events at targets being decided. Among the 14 shooters present were some good shots, Mack, Sharrard, Athos, Gelm and Oliver doing good work, while to Old Hoss belonged the honor of being the only man able to make a straight score of 15 breaks; this he did in event No. 9. The scores are given below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	15	15	15
Mack	9	14	10	8	9	9	8	7	12	10	14	14	14
Sharrard	7	11	9	9	7	8	9	5	14	8	13	12	10
A hos	10	13	9	7	8	9	10	9	12	8	13	12	12
Reno	6	9	5	5	7	7	8	5	14	7	12	13	14
Old Hoss	7	11	7	8	7	8	9	9	15	9	12	12	..
Gelm	8	9	8	8	9	9	7	8	12	9	9	14	13
Deniker	8	10	8	8	6	9	6	7	12	8	10	11	13
Oliver	5	12	9	6	8	7	..	10	13	7	14	11	..
Moyer	..	9	9	5	8	5	7	10	9	6	12	10	..
Nimrod	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	11	8	..
McPherson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	7	12	11	11
Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	11	12	..
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..
McKinley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11

SHOOTERS AT LIGONIER.

LIGONIER, Pa., Oct. 29.—The brothers Denny, Jim and Frank, entertained as their guests some eight shooters who were anxious to try their guns on Ligonier live birds. The shoot was a sporting one and some good scores were made. W. S. King and Jacque tied for first honors in the four events tabulated below, each man losing 3 out of 39 shot at; Alex. King scored 34 out of the same number. Nos. 1 and 4 were $5 entrance; No. 2, $15, and No. 3, $10 entrance. The scores made in all the sweeps were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Birds:	7	15	10	7	Birds:	7	15	10	7
W S King	7	13	9	7	Jacque	6	14	9	7
F H Denny	7	4	9	7	J O'H Denny	5	8	8	6
McPherson	6	11	10	w	Stahl	2	..	..	..
A H King	6	14	7	7	Witherow	..	..	..	5
T Laughery	6	..	..	7	Reno	..	..	..	2

Two miss-and-outs, $2 entrance in each event, were also shot. The first, with 7 entries, was divided between J. O'H. Denny and A. H. King. The second, with the same number of entries, was won by Laughery.

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Oct. 31.—To-day was the last of the regular practice shoots of the Haverhill Gun Club. The day was perfection for trap-shooting, but only seven members of the club faced the traps. Below is a record of the scores made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Lambert	5	2	8	2	2	4	7	3	6	5
George	7	7	7	5	5	6	7	8	7	9
Dr Sherman	5	2	3	..	4	7	2	4	2	2
Miller	5	7	7	5	7	3	7	4	5	2
Webster	..	7	4	7	3	7	7	2	7	4
Holden	7	3	3	5	..	..	..	3	8	4
Stevens	6	..	..	7	10	3	8	..	..	..

Nos. 1, 4, 5, 8 and 9 were at known angles; Nos. 2, 3, 6 and 7 at unknown angles; No. 10 was at reversed order, with traps 2, 3 and 4 set at unknown angles. GEORGE F. STEVENS, Sec'y

Calumet Heights Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 31.—I herewith hand you scores of target contests held to-day on the grounds of Calumet Heights Gun Club. These events, together with our rifle contest, which show under the head of rifle shooting, were participated in by the club's members and friends. There were present some 64 persons. Halloween, after supper, all adjourned to the spacious cottage of the genial Mr. Spalding, which was illuminated by pumpkin faces of varied expression and otherwise decorated. The assembly were entertained with recitations by Miss Scribner, Dr. Shaw, Miss Knowles and others. Ducking for apples, and other games usual to Halloween, were indulged in to the hour of midnight. The evening's enjoyment ended with a lunch of chicken salad, coffee, etc. The day was considered one of the most enjoyable of the year, the weather being perfect.

Thanksgiving Day, which ends the shooting season of the club, a programme of similar nature will be arranged for, when live birds, targets and rifle shooting for prizes will take place, also the regular annual turkey shoot for both ladies and gentlemen.

The scores in the trophy contest follow. Lamphere won the class A medal, Houston the class B medal and Boedke the class C medal:

Class A.

Paterson	11101011111011111111111111—22
Lamphere	11111111111110111111111111—24
Shaw	11111111101111111101101110—21

Class B.

Norcom	11111111110001110011111111—20
Houston	10111111111111111011111100—21
Marshall	00011100110111111111111100—17
Metcalfe	10011001100111001111111101—16
Wilde	01010011101010101010110—13

Class C.

Chamberlain	01111010011110010111101111—17
Harlan	10011111011100001011111111—17
Mumford	11000001001111011111111111—15
Davis	11101000000000100000111000— 8
R B Carson	10100110100111111100001110—14
Boedke	00011111111111001001111111—18
McMichaels	01110001011010110001001101—12

In the 100-target handicap race G. C. Lamphere was first with 93 out of the 100; A. C. Paterson second with 89; third money was divided between Drs. Shaw and Harlan; Houston won fourth money. Class A men shot from scratch; class B at 108 targets; class C at 120 targets. Scores:

	1st 25.	2d 25.	3d 25.	4th 25.	Handicap.
G C Lamphere	25	21	25	22	..—93
A C Paterson	21	24	23	21	..—89
Dr Shaw	21	23	21	22	..—87
Dr Harlan	16	20	19	16	16—87
Houston	17	18	21	22	8—86
W Mitchell	20	18	18	17	3—76
Boedke	11	15	16	19	15—76
P Norcom	17	17	18	14	5—71
G Marshall	17	16	18	13	..—64
Mumford	10	8	9	7	8—42

PATTY.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Growth of the Tourist System.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company, through its personally conducted tourist system and the unexcelled standard of high service, has won an enviable record for itself. These tours have grown to be thoroughly appreciated in this age of luxurious travel, and the series announced for the season of '96 and '97 admirably illustrates the progress of the times.

First comes a series to the Golden Gate, starting from New York, Philadelphia and Harrisburg, Jan. 27, Feb. 24 and March 27. Tourists will travel by superbly appointed special trains of Pullman compartment, drawing-room sleeping, dining, smoking and observation cars, under the supervision of a Tourist Agent and Chaperon.

Next in importance comes a series of four to Florida—Jan. 26, Feb. 9 and 23, and March 9. The first three admit of two weeks in the sunny South, while tickets for the fourth tour are good to return by regular trains until May 31.

A series of short tours to Washington from New York, Philadelphia and adjacent points will be run on Dec. 29, 1896; Jan. 21, Feb. 11, March 11, April 1 and 22, and May 13, 1897.

Old Point Comfort, Richmond and Washington tours will leave New York and Philadelphia Dec. 26, 1896, Jan. 23, Feb. 20, March 18, and April 15, 1897.

Handsome illustrated itineraries will be issued by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, containing full information as to how these tours may be pleasantly and profitably made. These itineraries may be procured on personal application or by addressing Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 860 Fulton street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad street, Newark, N. J., or Room 411, Broad street Station, Philadelphia. —*Adv.*

Water Tube Boilers.

THE Roberts Safety Water Tube Boiler Co. was incorporated Nov. 1, 1890. It has built nearly 900 boilers, ranging from those suitable for small launches up to installations of nearly 2,000 horse power in one vessel. The capital stock of this company is $250,000, and the sixth consecutive annual dividend of 10 per cent. was declared on the first day of this month by the Board of Directors, notwithstanding the fact that the last three years have been years of unusual business depression. It is claimed that the works of this company are larger than any other plant in the United States devoted exclusively to the construction of marine water tube boilers. The tools are of the most modern type, nearly $30,000 having been expended in adding to same during the past year. Although the Roberts Co. are the owners of a number of patents on water tube boilers, they have found that, all things being taken into consideration, the original type gives the best satisfaction, with some slight improvements in construction and material.—*Adv.*

Hunting the Wild Goat.

THE white goat, or Rocky Mountain goat, as it is indiscriminately called, is a species of big game rarely hunted by sportsmen. This is not so much because of the difficulty of killing the animal, nor because of its actual rarity. It is a stupid animal, easily shot when once found. It is not, however, shot in the usual hunting grounds, as are bears, deer, elk, etc. It is remote from the common localities, but where found is in goodly numbers. It ranges very high up in the mountains—above the timber line usually—among the rocks and cliffs. This requires great labor to get to it, but once there the hunter will get his game nine times out of ten.

If you care to read of a goat hunt made in the Bitter Root Range in Montana, in the fall of 1895, send 6 cents to Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger Agent, Northern Pacific R'y, St. Paul, Minn., for "Wonderland '96," which recounts such a hunting expedition.—*Adv.*

Sold Out.

CHAS. GILCHRIST, of Port Hope, Can., orders his advertisement canceled, and adds:

"I have sold nearly all my rice. I sold between six and seven thousand pounds. I have about fifteen hundred pounds left, and expect an order for that to-morrow. A great many of the orders said they saw my ad. in your valuable paper."—*Adv.*

Arms and Sporting Goods.

THE catalogue of the John P. Lovell Arms Company, of Boston, contains 180 large pages of practical information relating to sporting goods. A discount sheet which is published along with it gives net rates on a number of different lines. This catalogue will be sent free of charge to any one mentioning FOREST AND STREAM.—*Adv.*

Finds It Pays.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 5.—*Forest and Stream Pub. Co:* Replying to your favor of the 1st inst., please continue my advertisement for one more year.

I have received a great many replies to my adv., which has appeared in your paper in the past year, and am well satisfied with the results in that respect.—FRED MEDART, Fine Boats and Launches. —*Adv.*

THE Empire State Express of the New York Central is the fastest and most famous train in the world.—*Adv.*

TAKE the magnificent North Shore Limited of the New York Central for Chicago and the West.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1896.

VOL. XLVII.—No. 21 No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

Forest and Stream Water Colors

We have prepared as premiums a series of four artistic and beautiful reproductions of original water colors, painted expressly for the FOREST AND STREAM. The subjects are outdoor scenes:

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FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., New York.

FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE

346 Broadway

NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING

Present Entrance on Leonard Street

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

AUDUBON BIRD PLATES.

The reproductions are to me most satisfactory; they lack color, of course, but in every other respect are the best we have ever seen, and I think I may say that those of the Audubon family still remaining are much gratified with the first of the series. M. R. AUDUBON.

THE first subject of the FOREST AND STREAM series of half-tone copies of Audubon's famous bird portraits was that of the Black Duck, in the issue of Sept. 26; the second, of the Prairie Chicken (pinnated grouse), was given Oct 24. To-day we print the Canvasback. Others which will follow on dates to be announced are:

SHOVELLER DUCK.
REDHEAD DUCK.
AMERICAN WHITE-FRONTED GOOSE.
PURPLE SANDPIPER.
AMERICAN GOLDEN PLOVER.
WILLOW PTARMIGAN.

In connection with the plate we give Audubon's account of the bird, which was famous in his day, as it is in ours, for its excellence on the table. The chapter is from the fourth volume of the Ornithological Biography, published in 1838. We have not the date of the Cabinet of Natural History from which the description by Dr. Sharpless is taken; but the "some years ago" would give it a place among the early years of the century. One of the most common, as it is the most impressive, reflections which we indulge in when reading of men and events and human ways in the distant past, is the likeness of the human nature of those days to the human nature as we know it and manifest it in our own day and in our own selves. The material conditions of canvasback shooting then prevailing were not dissimilar from those which exist to-day, barring perhaps the richer abundance of the game and the ruder implements of its pursuers. Then, as now, Carroll's Island, Maxwell's Point and other peculiarly favored shooting grounds were held at high figures; and there were in vogue all the methods of taking the game now practiced, openly or under a ban, including big guns, night-shooting and netting. The human nature of the men who went out for ducks, whether for sport or for market, sitting-shooting or flying-shooting, in the early thirties was much of a piece with that of the sportsman and market-shooter of our times. There is a similarity even between the ducking dogs of that day and of this, tolers and retrievers.

The men who went duck shooting in those times were after ducks; and the man of sixty years later may thank his stars that they did not then have breech-loading magazine guns and factory-loaded cartridges. The canvasback shooter of the nineties should have more than antiquarian interest in the powder horn, shot bag and ramrod of the thirties; he may well regard them with a lively sense of gratitude for the slowness of reloading they compelled even in the coolest hands, the fumbling of excited fingers, the not infrequent pouring in of the shot before the powder, and at best and always the opportunity they gave the game to get out of range. To the sportsman of old the muzzle-loader was a source of huge satisfaction, despite its qualities of tardiness and mischance; in its possession of these very characteristics is found our chief admiration of the ancient trusty.

SUNDAY SHOOTING LAWS.

THE Sunday shooter is much in evidence this year. We have chronicled numerous instances of his discomfiture at the hands of vigilant and vigorous game wardens. He has fared particularly hard in the jails and lock-ups of New Jersey, and we have reported his undoing in many other States where the laws forbid gunning on Sunday.

There are two view points from which to regard such statutes: one is the moral and religious, the other the purely economic one of game protection. To keep the two considerations distinct is not always more successfully accomplished than in a recent Sabbath observance question which arose in St. Augustine, Fla., in connection with a projected Sunday excursion to that city of the Jacksonville Rifles. A St. Augustine clergyman having publicly protested against their coming on that day, the militia desisted, and the published announcement explained the double-barreled reason for their decision in these words:

From a moral point of view the Jacksonville Light Infantry decided not to go on the excursion. Another reason was that the company's football team usually has a practice game on that day, and the excursion would seriously interfere with the practice.

With the moral point of view a sportsman's journal has properly no concern; the economic reasons may be discussed freely. Six days of the week, in settled precincts, allow as much pursuit as the game supply should be subjected to during the open season; and it ought to have given to it the benefit of one day a week of freedom from alarm. As for the close season, in many districts the Sunday shooter is the game law violator most defiant, most reckless of the farmer's rights, ruffianly, and most difficult to cope with.

In the interest of better game protection, should not Sunday shooting be forbidden, and the prohibition of it made effective by a statute providing that possession of firearms in the field on Sunday should constitute *prima facie* evidence of a violation of the law?

FROG FARM PHILANTHROPY.

THE latest frog farm story comes from New Jersey. A schoolmistress fallen into ill health, and obliged to give up her school, found herself without means of support. Friends rallied to her assistance, contributed funds sufficient to buy a piece of land and set her up in business as a frog farmer, which lucrative pursuit she is now following, with much satisfaction to the New York *bon vivants* and profit to herself.

It is a story not unpleasing; there is in it only one doubtful element, and this has not to do with the humanity involved. Schoolmistresses do fall ill; the world is full of sweetness and light and ready willingness to assist the unfortunate, and purse strings loosen at the call of distress. But who ever heard before of a frog farm as a philanthropic enterprise? For that matter, who ever heard of a frog farm at all outside of the newspapers? Do the Stars and Stripes float over a single frog farm in all of Uncle Sam's domains?

We have investigated many of these stories of men and women who were farming frogs on a large scale, but we have never yet got within hearing of their melodious live stock. We believe that the only frog farms in existence are those laid out, stocked and attended by Dame Nature. If any person has information of the artificial culture of frogs anywhere on this continent, he will kindly advise us of the particulars in behoof and for the benefit of inquiring correspondents, who, about one in six months, request to be told how to go to work to make a fortune by frog farming.

THE GROWTH OF A SENTIMENT.

WE have heard it hinted that, undismayed by the recent tremendous vote in condemnation of the proposed amendment of the Forest Preserve section of the New York Constitution, the plotters against the Adirondack wild lands intend to continue their agitation of the question and their efforts to break down the constitutional safeguards of the forests. We advise these misguided brethren to possess their souls in patience and resignation to the popular decree. If there was not a living chance of carrying through their schemes in 1896, there will be no living chance in this generation. They may agitate and scheme and contrive until they are white haired and palsied with age, but the forestry section will stand as it is.

This emphatic repelling of Adirondack invasion illustrates a distinct period of our civilization in its attitude toward the forests. We have come at length to a point where we can see something better in the woods than mere raw material incontinently to be hewn down and converted into firewood, tan bark, lumber, charcoal and the all-compelling wood pulp. We have passed beyond the stage when woodlands were to be cleared for the sake of clearing and just because they were woodlands; and now we have come to regard the forest as something to be protected and preserved and guarded and cherished because it is forest, and because we have a more rational recognition of the place of wild forest tracts in the great scheme of union and interdependence which holds between man and nature. Having destroyed in our folly, we now in our reason stay the hand of destruction; having wrecked without ruth, we now are concerned to save what we may from the wreckage. The people of the State have declared and do declare and will declare, "We shall keep the forests because they are forests, for our enjoyment of them as forests, and for their enjoyment by our children and children's children." This was the spirit which animated tens of thousands of voters the other day who have never seen the Adirondacks nor expect ever to see them. The vote was a vote of sentiment, a sentiment which is gaining every year, which will be stronger next year than now, and the year after than then; and which is not to be overcome by specious schemes of lumbermen and permanent camp-site grabbers.

DEATH OF JAMES BOYD NIXON.

ANOTHER one of the FOREST AND STREAM's circle of contributors has passed over to the majority. James Boyd Nixon, of Bridgeton, N. J., who was a frequent correspondent over the signature F. S. J. C., died on Thursday of last week, at the age of forty-nine. Mr. Nixon had spent a number of winters in the South, whence he wrote vivacious and well-received sketches of Florida tarpon fishing and the other outdoor pursuits in which he took part for their health-giving influences. It was the privilege of members of the FOREST AND STREAM staff to have met Mr. Nixon personally, and by such intercourse to have shared the esteem for him which was entertained by his fellows. "No man in this part of the State," says the Bridgeton *News*, "was more universally liked or more popular among an unusually wide circle of acquaintances. He was actively interested in all branches of sport, and was an acknowledged authority on many, especially that of angling. He was a desultory, but always acceptable, contributor to various papers and magazines, and had his inclination turned him into distinctively literary paths his success would have been notable. In him our city has lost a capable lawyer, an honorable citizen and a cultured gentleman."

REPEAL SECTION 249.

THE next convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will be held in Syracuse on Jan. 13, when proposed amendments of the game laws will be considered.

The most important subject to be discussed will be the repeal of Section 249, the iniquitous provision which permits the sale of game the year around, and is working the injury of the game interests of New York and of every State tributary to its market. The Association can accomplish no greater public service than the modification of this law. Repeal Section 249.

STORIES OF THE HEROIC AGE.

UNDER this title we shall begin next week the publication of a series of chapters out of the lives of certain men on the Western frontier. The incidents are worth the telling, and we promise that they shall be worth the reading.



AUDUBON'S PORTRAIT OF THE CANVASBACK DUCK.

Natural History.

THE CANVASBACK DUCK.*

(*Fuligula valisneriana*, STEPHENS.)

THE range of the celebrated duck with the history of which I commence the fourth volume of my Biographs may be considered as limited on the one hand by the mouths of the Mississippi and on the other by the Hudson or North River. Beyond the latter it is rarely seen at any season on our Eastern coasts; and this circumstance, conjoined with its being now and then observed on the upper waters of our Western districts, and its breeding in great numbers on the borders of Bear River, which flows into the salt lake of Timpanajoz in upper California, as well as in the marshes and along the banks of streams in many parts of the Rocky Mountains, induces me to believe that the individuals of this species, instead of proceeding along the shores, pass overland toward their breeding grounds, however far northward they may be situated. According to Dr. Richardson, it breeds in all parts of the fur countries, from the 50th parallel to their most northern limits.

While in our Atlantic districts, it is found in much greater numbers on the Chesapeake and the streams that flow into it than anywhere else. Indeed, it is not more than twenty years since its regular appearance and sojourn on the waters of the Southern States has been observed or at least acknowledged. Although at New Orleans, where it goes by the name of *Canard cheval*, it has been known to the oldest duck shooters now alive, from their earliest recollection, it is not more than about fifteen years since it began to rise from a very low price to $2 the pair, at which price it sold during my visit in March, 1837.

This enhancement of its value I look upon as having arisen from the preference given to it by the epicures of our Middle districts, who have strangely lauded it as superior to every other duck in the world. This alleged pre-eminence has indeed become so deeply impressed on the minds of many of our Southerners that they have on various occasions procured the transportation of numbers of canvasbacks from Baltimore to Charleston in South Carolina, and even to Savannah in Georgia, although this species is by no means uncommon within a few miles of the latter city, as well as on the Great Santee River. I well remember that on my pointing out to a friend, now alas dead, several dozens of these birds in the market of Savannah he would scarcely believe that I was not mistaken, and assured me that they were looked upon as being poor, dry and very fishy, in short, not half so good as mallards or blue-winged teals. With this I cordially agreed, for there, at that season, they are not better than represented.

I found this species in considerable numbers on and about the numerous inlets and rivers of east Florida; but did not see a single individual on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, along the coast of Labrador, or on that of Newfoundland.

It arrives in the neighborhood of New Orleans from Oct. 20 to the end of December, coming in flocks of eight or twelve, probably the members of a single family, and, unlike many other species, keeping in small groups during winter. At the approach of spring, however, they flock together, and about the first of April depart in large bodies. During their stay they are wont to alight in wet prairies and muddy ponds in all open places, feeding on the seeds of various plants, of which may be particularized the wild oat and the water lily.

According to Alexander Wilson, who first described this species, their arrival in autumn in the Middle districts takes place about Oct. 15; but more recent writers say that, "unless the weather of the North has been severe, the canvasback rarely appears till the middle of November." With this I fully agree, being convinced that their journeys to and from their breeding places are performed across the country. Were this perfectly ascertained, it would prove that this species, unlike most other ducks, instead of removing further southward in autumn and winter, takes what may be called a lateral march toward our Eastern districts, in which it remains until the weather has become too cold for its constitution, when it is forced a second time to migrate and betake itself to warmer parts of the country, where it continues during the rest of the winter.

The flight of this species, although resembling that of our larger sea ducks in having the appearance of being rather labored, is strong, rapid, at times very elevated, and well sustained. It swims deeply, especially when under apprehension of danger, and this probably the better to enable it to escape by diving, at which it is almost as expert as our sea or diving ducks. But, although its speed on the water is considerable, it moves rather heavily on land. Its food varies according to the season and locality. The plant called *Valisneria*, on which it is said to feed when on the headwaters of the Chesapeake, is not found equally abundant in other parts, and even there is at times so reduced in quantity that this duck and several other species which are equally fond of it are obliged to have recourse to fishes, tadpoles, water lizards, leeches, snails and mollusca, as well as such seeds as they can meet with—all which have been in greater or less quantity found in their stomachs.

Nothing is known of its manners during the breeding season; and we are equally ignorant of the changes of plumage which, like other species, it may undergo at that period.

As I have not had very good opportunities of making myself acquainted with the modes in which the canvasbacks are obtained for the markets, I here present an account of duck shooting on the waters of the Chesapeake, published some years ago in the "Cabinet of Natural History," and of which a copy has been transmitted to me by its author, Dr. J. J. Sharpless, of Philadelphia, to whom, for this and other marks of attention, I offer my best thanks:

"The Chesapeake Bay, with its tributary streams, has from its discovery been known as the greatest resort of water fowl in the United States. This has depended on the profusion of their food, which is accessible on the immense flats or shoals that are found near the mouth of the Susquehanna, along the entire length of Northeast and Elk rivers, and on the shores of the bay and connecting streams as far south as York and James rivers.

"The quantity of fowl of late years has been decidedly less than in times gone by, and I have met with persons who have assured me that the number has decreased one-half in the last fifteen years. This change has arisen, most probably, from the vast increase in their destruction, from the greater number of persons who now make a business or pleasure of this sport, as well as the constant disturbance they meet with on many of their feeding grounds, which induces them to distribute themselves more widely and forsake their usual haunts.

"As early as the first and second weeks in October the smaller ducks, as the buffelhead (*Anas albeola*), south-southerly (*A. glacialis*), and the ruddy or heavy-tailed duck (*A. rubidus*) begin to show themselves in the upper part of the bay; and by the last of the month the blackhead (*A. marila*), widgeon or bald pate (*A. americana*), redhead (*A. ferina*), and the goose (*A. canadensis*) appear, and rapidly distribute themselves down the bay. The canvasback (*A. valisneria*) and the swan (*Cygnus americanus*) rarely, unless the weather to the north has been severe, appear in quantities till the middle of November. All these fowl when first arrived are thin and tasteless, from their privation during their migration and perhaps preparatory arrangements, and require some days at least of undisturbed repose to give them the peculiar flavor for which some of them are so celebrated. During the low tides succeeding their arrival the birds sit on the flats far from the shores, and rarely rise to the wing unless disturbed; but when the spring tides render the water too deep for feeding they commence their career, and pass down the bay in the morning and return in the evening. Most of these fowl feed on the same grass, which grows abundantly on the shallows in the bay and adjacent waters, and has been called duck grass (*Valisneria americana*). It grows from 6 to 18in. in length, and is readily pulled up by the root. Persons who have closely observed these ducks while feeding say that the canvasback and blackhead dive and pull the grass from the ground and feed on the roots, and that the redhead and bald pate then consume the leaves. Indeed, although the bald pate is a much smaller bird than the canvasback, it has been seen to rob the latter, immediately on its return from under the water, of all its spoil.

"All these larger ducks are found together when feeding, but separate when on the wing. That they feed on the same grass is evident from the similarity of flavor, and those most accustomed to the article have a difficulty in deciding on the kind of duck from the taste. Indeed, the bald pate is generally preferred by residents.

"By the middle of December, particularly if the weather has been a little severe, the fowl of every kind have become so fat that I have seen canvasbacks burst open in the breast in falling on the water; and, spending less time in feeding, they pass up and down the bay from river to river in their morning and evening flights, giving at certain localities great opportunities for destruction. They pursue even in their short passages very much the order of their migratory movements, flying in a line or baseless triangle; and when the wind blows on the points which may lie on their course the sportsman has great chances of success. These points or courses of the ducks are materially affected by the winds, for they avoid, if possible, an approach to the shore; but when a strong breeze sets them on these projections of the land they are compelled to pass within shot, and often over the land itself.

"In the Susquehanna and Elk rivers there are few of these points for shooting, and there success depends on approaching them while on their feeding grounds. After leaving the eastern point at the mouth of the Susquehanna and Turkey Point, the western side of the Elk River, which are both moderately good for flying shooting, the first place of much celebrity is the Narrows, between Spesutic Island and the western shore. These Narrows are about three miles in length, and from 300 to 500yds. in breadth. By the middle of November the canvasbacks in particular begin to feed in this passage, and the entrance and outlet, as well as many intermediate spots, become very successful stations. A few miles further down the western shore is Taylor's Island, which is situated at the mouth of the Rumney, and Abbey Island at the mouth of Bush River, which are both celebrated for ducks, as well as swans and geese. These are the most northerly points where large fowl are met with, and projecting out between deep coves, where immense numbers of these birds feed, they possess great advantages. The south point of Bush River, or Legoe's Point, and Robbin's and Rickett's points, near Gunpowder River, are fruitful localities. Immediately at the mouth of this river is situated Carroll's Island, which has long been known as a great shooting ground, and is in the rentage of a company at a high rate. Maxwell's Point, as well as some others up this and other rivers, and even further down the bay, are good places, but less celebrated than those I have mentioned. Most of these points are let out as shooting grounds to companies and individuals, and they are esteemed so valuable that intruders are severely treated.

"It has been ascertained that disturbing the fowl on the feeding flats is followed in most cases by their forsaking these haunts and seeking others; hence, in the rivers leading to the bay near flying points, they are never annoyed by boat shooting, either by night or day, and although the discharge of guns from the shore may arouse them for a time, they soon return; whereas a boat or sail in chase a few times will make them forsake a favorite spot for days.

"From the great number of ducks that are seen in all directions one would suppose that there could be no doubt of success at any one of the points in the course of flight; but while they have such correct vision as to distance and wide range of space, unless attending circumstances are favorable a sportsman may be days without a promising shot. From the western side of the bay—and it is there the best grounds are found—the southerly winds are the most favorable; and if a high tide is attended by a smart frost and mild south wind, or even calm morning, the number of birds set in motion is inconceivable, and they approach the points so closely that even a moderately good shot can procure from fifty to 100 ducks a day. This has often occurred, and I have seen eight fat canvasbacks killed at one discharge into a flock from a small gun.

"To a stranger visiting these waters the innumerable ducks, feeding in beds of thousands, or filling the air with their careering, with the great numbers of beautiful white swans resting near the shores, like banks of driven snow, might induce him to suppose that the facilities for their destruction were equal to their profusion, and that with so large an object in view a sportsman could scarcely miss his aim. But when he considers the great thickness of their covering, the velocity of their flight, the rapidity and duration of their diving, and the great influence that circumstances of wind and weather have on the chances of success, it becomes a matter of wonder how so many are destroyed.

"The usual mode of taking these birds has been, till recently, by shooting them from the points during their flight, or from the land or boats, on their feeding grounds, or by toling, as it is strangely termed, an operation by which the ducks are sometimes induced to approach within a few feet of the shore, from a distance often of several hundred yards. A spot is usually selected where the birds have not been much disturbed, and where they feed at 300 or 400yds. from and can approach to within 40 or 50yds. of the shore, as they will never come nearer than they can swim freely. The higher the tides and the calmer the day the better, for they feed closer to the shores and see more distinctly. Most persons on these waters have a race of small white or liver-colored dogs, which they familiarly call the toler breed, but which appear to be the ordinary poodle. These dogs are extremely playful, and are taught to run up and down the shore in sight of the ducks, either by the motion of the hand or by throwing chips from side to side. They soon become perfectly acquainted with their business, and as they discover the ducks approaching them make their jumps less high till they almost crawl on the ground to prevent the birds discovering what the object of their curiosty may be. This disposition to examine rarities has been taken advantage of by using a red or black handkerchief by day and a white one by night in toling, or even by gently plashing the water on the shore. The nearest ducks soon notice the strange appearance, raise their heads, gaze intently for a moment, and then push for the shore, followed by the rest. On many occasions I have seen thousands of them swimming in a solid mass direct to the object; and by removing the dog further into the grass they have been brought within 15ft. of the bank. When they have approached to about 30 or 40yds. their curiosity is generally satisfied, and after swimming up and down for a few seconds they retrograde to their former station. The moment to shoot is while they present their sides, and forty or fifty ducks have often been killed by a small gun. The blackheads toll the most readily, then the redheads, next the canvasbacks, and the bald pates rarely. This also is the ratio of their approach to the points in flying, although if the canvasback has determined on his direction few circumstances will change his course. The total absence of cover or precaution against exposure to sight, or even a large fire, will not turn these birds aside on such occasions. In flying shooting the bald pates are a great nuisance, for they are so shy that they not only avoid the points themselves, but by their whistling and confusion of flight at such times alarm others.

"Simple as it may appear to shoot with success into a solid mass of ducks sitting on the water at 40 or 50yds. distance, yet when you recollect that you are placed nearly level with the surface, the object opposed to you, even though composed of hundreds of individuals, may be in appearance but a few feet in width. To give, therefore, the best promise of success, old duckers recommend that the nearest duck should be in perfect relief above the sight, whatever the size of the column, to avoid the common result of over-shooting. The correctness of this principle I saw illustrated in an instance in which I had toled to within a space of from 40 to 70yds. off the shore a bed of certainly hundreds of ducks. Twenty yards beyond the outside birds of the dense mass were five blackheads, one of which was alone killed out of the whole number by a deliberate aim into the middle of the large flock from a rest by a heavy well-proved duck gun.

"Before I leave the subject of sitting shooting I will mention an occurrence that took place in Bush River a few years since. A man whose house was situated near the bank on rising early one morning observed that the river had frozen except an open space of 10 or 12ft. in diameter, about 80yds. from the shore, nearly opposite his house. The spot was full of ducks, and with a heavy gun he fired into it. Many were killed, and those that flew soon returned and were again and again shot at, till, fearful that he was injuring those already his own, he ceased the massacre and brought on shore ninety-two ducks, most of which were canvasbacks.

"To prevent the dogs, while toling, from running in, they are not allowed to go into the water to bring out the ducks; but another breed of large dogs of the Newfoundland and water spaniel mixture are employed. These animals, while toling is in progression, or at a point, take apparently as much interest in success as the sportsman himself. During a flight their eyes are incessantly occupied in watching the direction from whence the birds come; and I have frequently seen them indicate by their manner the approach of a flock so distant that the human eye would have overlooked it. As the ducks come on the dog lies down, but still closely observing them, and the moment the discharge occurs jumps up to see the effect. If a duck falls dead they plunge to bring it, but many of them wait to see how he falls and whither he swims, and they seem to be as aware as the gunner of the improbability of capture and will not make the attempt, knowing from experience that a bird merely winged will generally save himself by swimming and diving. These dogs usually bring one duck at a time out of the water; but a real Newfoundland, who was with me and my company this autumn, was seen on several occasions to swim 20yds. further, and take a second in the mouth to carry on shore. The indefatigability and ambition of these animals are remarkable, and a gentleman informed me he had known his dog bring in the space of one hour twenty canvasbacks and three swans from the water when the weather was so severe that the animal was covered with icicles, and to prevent his freezing he took his great coat to envelop him. Some dogs will dive a considerable distance after a duck, but a crippled canvasback or blackhead will swim so far under the water that they can rarely be caught by the dog, and it often has been observed that the moment one of these ducks, if merely winged, reaches the surface he passes under, and however calm cannot be seen again. To give an idea of the extreme rapidity with which a duck can dive I will relate an occurrence which was noticed by myself, and a similar one was noticed by another of the party the same

* From "Audubon's Ornithological Biography," published in 1838.

day. A male south-southerly was shot at in the water by a percussion gun, and after escaping the shot by diving commenced his flight. When about 40yds. from the boat he had acquired an elevation of a foot or more from the surface. A second percussion gun was discharged and he dived from the wing at the flash, and though the spot of entrance was covered by the shot soon rose unharmed and flew.

"Canvasbacks, when wounded on the streams near the bay, instantly direct their course for it, and there nestle among the grass on the shores till cured or destroyed by eagles, hawks, gulls, foxes, or other vermin, that are constantly on the search. If a dead canvasback be not soon secured it becomes a prey to the gulls, which rarely touch any other kind. I have seen severe contests take place between crippled canvasbacks and gulls; and although a pounce or two generally prevents further resistance, sometimes they are driven off. If the bird is remarkably savory the gull makes such a noise that others are soon collected, when possession is determined by courage or strength.

"Another mode of taking ducks consists in placing gilling nets under water on the feeding grounds, and when they dive for food their head and wings become entangled in the meshes and they are drowned. This plan, though successful at first, soon drives the bird from these places, and in some cases a few applications have entirely prevented their return for some weeks. Paddling upon them in the night or day produces the same effect, and although practiced to some extent on Bush River is highly disapproved of by persons shooting from points. For the last three years a man has been occupied on this stream with a gun of great size, fixed on a swivel in a boat, and the destruction of game on their feeding flats has been immense; but so unpopular is the plan that many schemes have been privately proposed of destroying his boat and gun, and he has been fired at with balls so often that his expeditions are at present confined to the night. Sailing with a stiff breeze upon the geese and swans, or throwing rifle balls from the shore into their beds, is sometimes successful.

"Moonlight shooting has not been a general practice, but as these birds are in motion during light nights they could readily be brought within range by 'honking' them when flying. This sound is very perfectly imitated at Egg Harbor, and I have seen geese drawn at a right angle from their course by this note. They can indeed be made to hover over the spot, and if a captive bird was employed the success would become certain.

"Notwithstanding the apparent facilities that are offered of success, the amusement of duck shooting is probably one of the most exposing to cold and wet, and those who undertake its enjoyment without a courage 'screwed to the sticking point' will soon discover that 'to one good a thousand ills oppose.' It is indeed no parlor sport, for after creeping through mud and mire often for hundreds of yards, to be at last disappointed, and stand exposed on points to the 'pelting rain or more than freezing cold' for hours, without even the promise of a shot, would try the patience of even Franklin's 'glorious nibbler.' It is, however, replete with excitement and charm, and to one who can enter on the pleasure with a system formed for polar cold and a spirit to endure 'the weary toil of many a stormy day' it will yield a harvest of health and delight that the 'roamer of the woods' can rarely enjoy."

Although this far-famed bird was named by its discoverer after the plant *Valisneria americana*, on which it partially feeds when on fresh water, its subsistence is by no means dependent upon that species, which indeed is not extensively distributed, but is chiefly derived from the grass wrack or eel grass, *Zostera marina*, which is very abundant on the shallows and flats along the whole sea coast. Its flesh seems to me not generally much superior to that of the pochard or redhead, which often mingles in the same flocks, and both species are very frequently promiscuously sold in the markets as canvasbacks.

In the plate are represented two males and a female. In the background is a view of Baltimore, which I have had great pleasure in introducing on account of the hospitality which I have there experienced, and the generosity of its inhabitants, who, on the occasion of a quantity of my plates having been destroyed by the mob during an outburst of political feeling, indemnified me for the loss.

AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGISTS' UNION.

THE fourteenth congress of the American Ornithologists' Union convened in Cambridge, Mass., Nov. 9, and continued until Thursday, the 12th.

The evening or business session was held at the residence of Mr. Charles F. Batchelder, the public meetings, commencing Tuesday, Nov. 10, being in the Nash lecture room of the University Museum.

The active members present were: Dr. J. A. Allen, Dr. Jonathan Dwight, Jr., Frank M. Chapman and William Dutcher, of New York city; Dr. A. P. Chadbourne, Charles B. Cory and H. A. Purdie, of Boston; C. F. Batchelder, William Brewster and Montague Chamberlain, of Cambridge; Ruthven Deane, of Chicago; Drs. Elliott Coues and C. Hart Merriam, of Washington; and John H. Sage, of Portland, Conn.

The associate members present during the sessions were: Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller, Miss Florence A. Merriam, Miss Helen A. Ball, Miss Harriet E. Clarke, Louis Agassiz Fuertes, George H. Mackay, G. S. Miller, Jr., Outram Bangs, Judge John N. Clark, O. W. Knight, Rev. H. K. Job, Dr. William C. Rives, F. B. Spaulding, William H. Phelps, J. D. Somborger, Edward A. Preble, Prof. F. E. L. Beal, Bradford Torrey, F. H. Kennard, Edward H. Forbush, Arthur C. Bent, Vernon Bailey, H. D. Eastman, Reginald H. Howe, Jr., George L. Toppan, Charles E. Ingalls, Joseph S. Bigelow, Jr., C. E. Bailey, John F. Ferry, F. Apthorp Foster, John M. Nichols, Philip J. McCook, Charles T. Carruth, Dr. Louis B. Bishop, Frank H. Hitchcock, W. W. Brown, Jr., Ralph Hoffmann.

William Brewster, of Cambridge, was elected president; Dr. C. Hart Merriam and Robert Ridgway, of Washington, vice-presidents; John H. Sage, of Portland, Conn., secretary; William Dutcher, of New York, treasurer; Charles F. Batchelder, Maj. Chas. Bendire, Frank M. Chapman, Chas. B. Cory, Drs. Jonathan Dwight, Jr., A. K. Fisher and L. Stejneger, members of the council.

Dr. Walter Faxon, of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, Cambridge, was unanimously elected an active member of the Union. Seventy-seven associate members were elected.

Mr. Wm. Dutcher, chairman of the Committee on Protection of North American Birds, read an interesting and most valuable report of the work done by his committee during the past year. This report will be published in *The Auk*, the official organ of the Union, and reprinted as a separate pamphlet.

The Union was honored during its entire session by the presence of Miss Maria R. Audubon, granddaughter of the renowned naturalist. In her behalf Dr. Elliott Coues laid before the Union some recently discovered manuscript journals of John James Audubon, including the one giving an account of his famous trip up the Missouri River. A vote of thanks was tendered Miss Audubon for her kindness in allowing the manuscripts to be exhibited.

Mr. Abbott H. Thayer's open-air talk, demonstrating his theory of the principles of protective coloration, was one of the features of the meeting. He was given a vote of thanks.

Resolutions were passed thanking Prof. Geo. L. Goodale and the Geological Department of Harvard University for the use of their respective lecture rooms for a meeting place of the Union, and thanking the Nuttall Ornithological Club for the cordial welcome and generous hospitality extended to the visiting members.

There was a good attendance of members and visitors.

It was voted to hold the next annual meeting in New York city, commencing Nov. 8, 1897.

The following is a list of the papers read at the sessions:

1. Original Manuscript Journals of John James Audubon. (On behalf of Miss M. R. Audubon.) Elliott Coues.
2. Ornithological Publications, Present and Prospective. Elliott Coues.
3. The *Fringillidæ* of Dodge County, Wisconsin. Will Edwin Snyder.
4. An Ornithological Tour in Yucatan and Mexico. Illustrated with lantern slides. Frank M. Chapman.
5. Some New England Birds' Nests. Illustrated with lantern slides from original photographs. William Brewster.
6. The Philadelphia Vireo (*Vireo philadelphicus*). Jonathan Dwight, Jr.
7. The Moult of the Song Sparrow (*Melospiza fasciata*) and of the Red-eyed Vireo (*Vireo olivaceus*). Jonathan Dwight, Jr.
8. Notes on the Black Rail (*Porzana jamaicensis*) in Southern Connecticut. John N. Clark.
9. Exhibition of Drawings of Birds, from Life. Louis Agassiz Fuertes.
10. Notes on the birds of Oregon. C. Hart Merriam.
11. A Demonstration of the Principles of Protective Coloration. Abbott H. Thayer.
12. Some Notes on the Nesting Habits of the White-tailed Kite (*Elanus leucurus*). With exhibition of eggs. Chester Barlow.
13. Two Curious Birds' Nests. William Brewster.
14. A Series of Redpolls. William Brewster.
15. On the Terns of Penikese Island, Massachusetts. George H. Mackay.
16. On the Terns of Muskeget Island, Massachusetts. George H. Mackay.

Adirondack Beavers.

WHEN the law was passed by the last Legislature to protect the beavers remaining in the Adirondacks, many considered that the time had gone by when any beavers were to be found alive requiring protection. That the theory was erroneous was shown yesterday. Hon. Jos. W. Russell, of the Saranac Iron Association, has forwarded to the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission a branch of a tree which unmistakably shows that beavers have been at work upon it. Colonel Fox, superintendent of State forests, received the branch yesterday, and found that the industrious little animals had peeled the bark from the stick and trimmed off with their teeth all the little branches. The limb was found, a part of a dam built by beavers, in Gross Pond, Township 20, in Franklin county, near the Adirondack hatchery and the Saranac Inn.—*Albany Argus, Nov. 10.*

Opossum in Niagara County.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Nov. 8.—A few nights ago J. S. Hollenbeck, of the town of Royalton, a few miles east of this city, was awakened by the barking of his dog. Thinking that some one was trying to carry off a few hundred barrels of his apples, Mr. Hollenbeck went out in the orchard and found that his dog (which Mr. Hollenbeck claims to be the best coon dog in Niagara county) had caught an animal which he at first thought was a coon; but found was an opossum. Mr. Hollenbeck brought it to me yesterday still alive, and although he has had it since Wednesday night it has not eaten anything. He thinks that the dog must have hurt its throat. Mr. Hollenbeck thinks it is an old animal, but I think it is a young of this year, as it weighed only about 8lbs. In color it is silver gray, much lighter than a coon. This is the first occurrence of this species in Niagara county that I have any record of. Is it not unusually far north? J. L. DAVISON.

Buffalo at Van Courtland Park.

TWENTY-FIVE buffalo from the herd of the late Austin Corbin were shipped from Blue Mountain Park, N. H., Nov. 15, to Van Courtland Park, in the upper part of the city of New York. In view of the scanty feed within the inclosure constructed for them it was deemed unwise to ship more at this time, but there is a possibility of fencing in additional land north of the present inclosure, in which case more buffalo will probably be brought on.

Dark-Colored Rattlesnakes.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Having seen the melanotic variety of our rattlesnake in Intervale, N. H., last September, I am interested to obtain more particulars regarding the dark-colored ones Aztec observed in the mountains near San Luis Potosi. Have any of your correspondents ever seen other dark varieties of rattlers elsewhere? No American author has noticed them apparently. A. S. PACKARD.

A Snake in a Grouse.

RUTLAND, Vt.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Dr. C. A. Gale, of this city, on Oct. 17 dressed a ruffed grouse that was shot Oct. 12 that contained in its crop and gizzard a green snake fully 14in. long. About 2in. of the head end was in the gizzard. The rest was in the crop and the tail was still wiggling. The Doctor is preserving the snake and gizzard in alcohol. DALG.

Deer and Lilypads.

WE have several communications on this subject, which will be given next week.

The Sportsman Tourist.

IN THE CASCADES.—IV.

The Waldo Lake Country.

IT was late when we turned out Tuesday morning. All except Christy were more or less tired from the previous day's exertions, and as for myself I was pretty well knocked out. Physically Christy is a most remarkable man; in fact about the toughest, hardiest man I ever went with into the mountains. Mears insists that he is just as tough intellectually, and a whole circus under one tent, including acrobats and trick mules. But Mears is prejudiced. Christy seems to delight in physical exertions that would kill anybody else. If there is anything in the doctrine of transmigration of souls Christy may at some time in the future find himself bell-wether in a flock of mountain goats.

I believe that Mead was about *hors de combat* also, but he prides himself on his endurance and wouldn't give in. He is nearly as obstinate as Christy.

Being somewhat the oldest and fattest of the crowd, I claimed the privilege of looking after the camp and providing the fish. The fact that we had caught enough trout the previous night to last the camp for two days inclined the boys to the belief that I intended to put in the day sleeping, and I guess they were about right. However, the boys were generous and made no objection. The fact of the matter was that I had fully made up my mind that the country was entirely too rough for fat men to hunt in and that I wouldn't hunt unless I had to.

The boys struck out, but returned early empty handed. They all reported plenty of sign. Christy declared that in all his long and varied hunting experience in this country and British Columbia he had never seen more, but the dryness and roughness made it next to impossible to approach game. Bear tracks were innumerable and of all sizes.

At several places we encountered one in particular as large as the crown of an ordinary man's hat and with toe nail marks that looked decidedly grizzlyish. It is claimed and generally believed that there are no grizzlies in the Cascades. No reason has been given, to my knowledge, except that it is too wet a country. But Mr. Fox, the surveyor at Detroit, whom I mentioned in my first paper, told me afterward, when I spoke to him of the track we had seen at the lake, that he and his partner had on two different occasions seen an immense grizzly near Mt. Jefferson; once within a few rods. It is a pretty well-known fact that a grizzly has made his home at the headwaters of the Molalla for years, and a Mr. Clark, of Oregon City, told Mead and I recently that a young grizzly was killed there this summer and brought into Oregon City.

Undoubtedly there are grizzlies in the Cascades—not many, but some. The bald or mealy face has been killed both in the Coast and Cascade ranges. Brown and black bear, particularly the latter, are very abundant all through this country.

This was an uneventful day. Myers brought in the packs that had been ignominiously dumped at the foot of the P. Warmer, which completed the comfort and convenience of our camp. We fished some, but the fish declined to respond to our most seductive casts, so we spent most of the afternoon sitting around camp, taking it easy and watching the maneuvers of the mischievous camp robbers or whisky jacks. As all mountaineers only too well know, they are the most impudent and yet the most entertaining of all mountain life, and I for one never tire watching them.

When night came we went out and repeated our experience of the previous night with the trout, except that we went later and returned to camp earlier with somewhat less trout. But we had fished slowly, and returned the smallest to avoid waste. These moonlight trouting experiences at Waldo Lake were among the most delightful of my whole sporting life, and, as Mead remarked, leaving out the P. Warmer, one night on that lake was worth all the expense and discomforts of the whole trip.

I wish that I could describe one of those moonlight excursions as we saw and felt it, but I can't. Of course, I have fished by moonlight before, but never under such novel conditions. Standing upon a frail log raft of scarcely sufficient dimensions to sustain our weight, we would slowly drift out like specters upon the placid bosom of the pretty lake and cast our black flies upon its dark, unfathomed waters. No mirror ever reflected more truly than did Waldo Lake reflect every peak, every tree, every twig of its surroundings. Through the pure, rarefied air the stars and planets looked unnaturally large and luminous. They too were reflected back in all their splendor and we were made to feel that we were suspended in ethereal space, with stars above and below us, and that we were beyond the reach of the law of gravitation. Continuing the comparison, the surface of the lake was like the face of a polished mirror, hardly discernible except when some greedy trout came up from the depths and struck at some real or imaginary fly. Then silvery ringlets would spread away and die in tremulous light and again the stars would look up at us from below. The mountain peaks, bright in the moon's clear, full light; the lower forests, dark in the gloom of their own somber shadows; the starry lights above and below us; the all-pervading, death-like stillness—all made us feel that we had in some unaccountable way been spirited away from earth to those occult regions of nature's domain from whence no traveler returns. Then the sharp, vicious tug of some big rainbow would bring us back to a realization of our mundane environments. Our casts had to be made toward the moon, for behind us our shadows were indeed frightful to behold. They looked like ogres, wielding immense clubs with hawser attachments.

Next day Myers wounded a big buck which got away, and Christy killed three black bears within two miles of the camp. So we had plenty of fresh meat, such as it was; but b'ar meat—even such as this, berry fed—is not a meat that I hanker after to any great extent. We all carried .38-55 guns, Mears and Christy Marlins, Mead and myself Winchesters. Either make is good enough, and no better guns are made for all-round work in the mountains. I let Myers use my rifle and I did nothing but fish, and so we spent our time at Waldo Lake. We had all the game and fish that we could possibly use and more, but

the boys jerked some of the meat and dried some of the fish. Nothing was wasted.

The time came when it was necessary that I should return to Portland. I came home a few days in advance of the others. I dreaded the trip out, but Myers and I took the two pack horses and started. The little roan cayuse got out all right, but poor Flora, Ed's big brown mare, fell over a precipice and we had to shoot her and let her go on down into the Brightenbush, where the bears have doubtless found her ere this and feasted upon her poor carcass. Ed felt her loss sorely, for she was all he had, and besides, as he said, she had been a kind, faithful animal.

He actually shed tears—but they were manly, sympathetic tears.

I deeply sympathized with him, and told him that when the boys came out we would see what we could do for him. But when generous, kind-hearted Mead heard of Ed's loss he promptly paid him her full value as fixed by Ed himself. Only those who have hunted and fished with Mead for years, as I have, know how generous and sympathetic he is, and although he sometimes gets a little off color when he can't have his own way about everything, he always follows the good old Bible doctrines of do unto others as you would that others should do unto you, and let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth in charitable matters. He will kick when he reads this little tribute from his old sporting friend, but it will be too late then, and I am glad of an opportunity, for once, to tell on him.

The loss of the mare compelled Ed and me to lie out in the mountains one night, and so I missed the train at Detroit next morning and had to put in the whole day there. Politics was the all-absorbing topic, and strange but often forcible arguments did I hear. One old fellow clinched his argument for McKinley and protection with the following broad but doubtful assertion: "When Harrison was Pres'dent you could go right down to the Santiam hyar a'most any time and cotch a 2ft. trout; now you sca'cely ever see one over 1ft. long." Whether he meant that our good Democratic President had been fishing the Santiam, or that its trout needed Republican protection on principle, each reader can determine according to his political bias or education.

At Gates, twenty miles below Detroit, I observed over a saloon door this rather novel and suggestive name, "Gates Ajar Saloon." The hotel proprietor at the same place had neatly worked the word "hotel" in moss over his door, and an old timber cruiser who had been sitting near me and trying to entertain me all the way down took advantage of the circumstance to remark that while these people were all kind-hearted and generous, they were as a rule powerful ignorant. "Jist look at that hotel feller," he remarked, "he's spelled hotel with one l." Yes, we do meet some rather peculiar characters in the mountains, but no better people live on the face of the earth.

There is lots of game with plenty of fish in the Waldo Lake country, but the trail is too rough to ever make it a popular resort—for fat men.

Christy and Mead are already planning another trip to the same country. They have my sympathy unless they attempt to take horses in. In that case my sympathies are transferred to the poor horses. I shall never forget those delightful moonlight fishing excursions, and now whenever I look at the moon some way I can't help thinking of Waldo Lake.

Oh, lovely lake, deep buried in the hills,
Enshrouded in clouds! And in your jeweled grave
Lie secrets, too, which fickle nature gave
To your safe care from Time's relentless mills,
That grind full slow, but grind as nature wills.
Far down where your unfathomed waters lave
The walls of precious stone and emerald cave,
Where silence deep the heart of nature stills—
Yes, deep down in that grave of mystery
Lie buried secrets of the hoary past
That wrinkle Time, and in whose history
The elves and sprites in terror stand aghast.
But calm in this, your dark consistory,
Dame Nature hides her secrets to the last.

S. H. GREENE.

PORTLAND, Oregon.

THE RANGELEY LAKES IN OCTOBER.

RANGELEY LAKES, Me., October, 1896.—The past fishing season has been favorable both in number and size of trout, and fully up to the usual standard. A notable increase of visitors was occasioned by the completion this spring of the railroad from Rumford Falls to Bemis on the great lake, and the road is expected to run all winter in connection with logging interests.

While the State of Maine since Oct. 1 has been credited with a large influx of sportsmen with shooting irons, the Rangeleys have not in this respect been overcrowded, although the number is in excess of that of previous years.

Not a large number of deer have been slain thus far, although thirteen deer and part of a moose are at present hanging on the porch of the principal camp on the large lake, where fourteen hunters are domiciled.

Directly about the two Richardson lakes perhaps a dozen and a half deer have been shot so far, of which the writer with two companions shot three during the first week of the month.

Since the first week the condition in the forest has been unfavorable for stalking, owing to the great fall of leaves, which have been dry and crisp, and has made it almost impossible to get up within sighting distance. With a good, soaking rain and some following misty weather the condition would again become favorable, as the carpeted ground would become soft and noiseless for the stalker. This condition can be the only one expected favorable for still-hunting until the snow comes.

With the approach of cold weather deer become more timid than at any other season of the year.

During the summer, while the deer have been seen daily about favored localities on the lake and pond shores, they have been easily approached, and have allowed boats to come within a hundred feet or so without exhibiting much alarm. I have repeatedly during the summer approached within very short distance of them, finding them sometimes feeding along the shores and at other times well out in the water.

In some instances they would go off in a bounding, frightened manner when too nearly approached, and at others with a slow walk, and in some instances simply to retire in sight behind the fringing bushes of the shore and remain peeping through until the intruder departed, and then return to the water.

At one fishing place near a lilypad growth, which I frequented during the summer, I always found two or three deer about, and one doe with her fawn became conspicuous by her constant frequenting of the spot, and would allow a very close approach; but when I ventured too near would simply retreat a short distance, and as I retired return to the pads and grasses.

So for a number of days I had her company at my fishing, and on two occasions she brought out her fawn for inspection—a tiny kid, which paddled about the shore while its mother grazed in deeper water.

We often notice the inclination of animals and birds to frequent the immediate vicinity of human beings, and invite their companionship, evincing a disposition to be friendly if they could, but, alas, too often compelled to pay the penalty of death for their temerity.

One might consider, from the advertising of game in the State of Maine, that the woods swarmed with deer; they may in some parts, but not about the Rangeley lakes. They have visibly increased in the past few years, and the occasional visitor in the summer, by often seeing deer in the water at the retired ponds, might assume that the woods were full of them, but such is not the fact, as many sportsmen during the past few weeks who have been out daily will attest. A large proportion of the deer come to the water in the summer, and it may be doubted if they are much in excess of one to the square mile of forest. At this season they are doubly cautious and shy, and if observed browsing in the woods appear to be on the closest guard, and steal off upon hearing the slightest crackling of twigs or rustling of leaves, and generally before being observed by the sportsman. When lying down, they will often rest until sighting the intruder, sometimes allowing a close approach, expecting possibly to be unobserved, and when rising will immediately bound off at a rapid rate, and most adroitly take advantage of shielding trees or bushes to cover the retreat. Rarely they will stand a moment or so before the sportsman or bound off in the partially open forest, and occasionally, under favorable conditions, they are first observed. These are the opportunities sought for by the sportsman, and fortunate he is if his shot is a stopping one; for often, although fatally wounded, they will travel for miles.

It is undoubtedly owing to the rigid Maine laws that deer are increasing about the lakes, for the practically enforced regulations against shining and crusting give an opportunity to increase, and they do so slowly but surely when protected and free from wolves, as in this locality.

The feed is prodigal, as evinced by those killed, which are invariably fat and full, and there is room for many times more than those already about.

Trout are also well protected and plentiful, and no season has been better than the last, and if the fishermen who displayed their skill at the Upper Dam during the season could see the large trout on the spawning beds now they would hardly expect any diminution of the noble fish in the immediate present. The water below the Upper Dam has been drawn down about 2ft. since Oct. 1, and the shallows below are covered with large trout of 4, 5, 6 and 8lbs., who make great commotion and exhibit their immense backs and tails with prodigal profusion. Ornamented as they are now in their highest colors, they present a most fascinating sight; now swimming along in pairs at a slow pace, then whirling in great eddies, then plowing across reaches with speed and streaming wakes.

With cautious steps they can be approached to within 10 or 15ft. and most closely observed, and if disturbed and driven away to deep water will speedily return.

I have never in many seasons seen the beds below the Upper Dam more fully occupied by large trout than now. Many believe the trout to be less plentiful than before, and prophesy that in a few years trout fishing at the lakes will be a feature of the past, but I do not agree with either opinion, and my annual experience extends over nearly forty seasons, and I have been here during the last season from its commencement in May to the end, and short enough it has seemed.

Particular fishing places do undoubtedly become more or less depleted, as notably that below the Upper Dam, which has been constantly occupied, not only during the day, but far into the evening. The boats about the pool have been so thick that one could hardly fish any time there without being entangled.

Although many trout come in there, they bear but a small proportion to those in the lakes. They are well distributed, and the favored fishing localities but few. Probably nine-tenths of the trout have their spawning beds in retired places, in comparatively still water and entirely unknown to the average visitor. The larger proportion are already upon the beds or through, but many families and tribes will come on later and spawn beneath the ice in December, and as late as January. I have watched them many seasons through the ice.

I think next to man the blue heron (*Ardea herodias*) is the greatest destroyer of trout at these lakes. This bird is an incessant nocturnal as well as daily feeder, and of inordinate appetite, and although its principal food is chubs and frogs it destroys a great many trout and will get away with ¼-pounders, if not larger. They will have no hesitancy in striking and fatally wounding trout of over 1lb. in weight. Yearly I see trout swimming about which have been struck and pierced by this bird, and this year I caught two which were unfit for food, each over 1lb. in weight, having holes in the back nearly through them as large as pipe stems. It may be a question if this bird, of which hundreds frequent the shores of the lakes from the early spring to the ice, do not in the aggregate kill more trout, principally small ones up to ½lb., than all the fishermen. Aided by the loons, kingfishers and mink, they undoubtedly do. The latter, the mink, is a voracious feeder, and will destroy large numbers with the greatest ease from congregating pools and the breeding streams which feed the lakes.

A mink will kill a dozen 1lb. trout in a day when they are easily accessible, eating only the heads and leaving the bodies to decay. If one can get into a fisherman's car it will strip it clean of trout in a single night, even if there are several dozen, and carry every one off.

I had a car, which was accidentally left open, stripped one night last month of a dozen trout weighing from 1 to 2lbs. It was a very large car, having but a small opening in the top of about 8in. square, and was but half submerged, leaving fully 1ft. of raise from the water to the exit aperture. I could hardly see how so small an animal as a mink could haul out trout weighing more than itself; but a few days after, when I had replenished the car with ten or twelve more trout, one or two of which pulled above 2lbs. and one nearly 3lbs., I saw how it was done. I was sitting upon the shore when I observed a commotion in the car scarcely 40ft. from me. It was covered, but the trout were splashing about at a great rate; and presently I saw a mink appear on one side of the box, swimming about and beneath it, endeavoring to find entrance. I watched him for some minutes with great interest and amazement. He would swim around the box several times, then beneath, then crawl up the sides and inspect the top, then dive down beneath again and appear up on the other side, then hesitate apparently on top for reflection, and then in the most active manner commence his journey around and about the box again. He paid no attention to me whatever, as I remained perfectly quiet. He finally dove into the water and disappeared. Interested to know how he would act in taking the trout, I took advantage of his absence to go to the box and remove the cover, and returned to my previous sitting place. In a few moments I saw him appear at the box again; he swam about several times before mounting. On top he immediately discovered the opening, down which he disappeared. At first I thought I would run up and replace the cover, but then it occurred to me that I should perhaps catch a tartar; and besides I wished to see how the work was done, as I had been the victim of several losses of this character. The splashing in the car indicated his entrance, and in half a minute he appeared at the top dragging out a struggling 1lb. trout. But the struggles were comparatively faint, as the mink had evidently given the fish a distinctive quietus. Down into the water he slid and disappeared. I saw him soon appear along the shore above, when I lost sight of him. In less than three minutes he appeared again at the box and repeated his first act with a second trout, which he disappeared with as before, and returned after about the same lapse of time. The third act was more prolonged, as he attacked the largest trout in the car, heavier than himself but finally dragged it out and carried it off. I concluded it time to put the cover on the box and end the play, well satisfied that otherwise all the trout would soon disappear.

Now, the latter part of the month the blueback trout (*Salmo oquassa*) are spawning, and swim in large quantity in the shallows below the Upper Dam. They are not visible during the day, but at night come on in large numbers, and do not appear at any other season of the year. They are said to be an Arctic trout, and not found, that I am aware of, south of the region of the Rangeley lakes. They never take the fly or bait, and when taken at the spawning grounds are invariably with empty stomachs. They are very handsome, with very pretty heads and large eyes, are swallow or forked tailed, and carmine spotted, with blue backs. They average about 7in. in length, and about five to the pound. Occasionally one weighs ¾lb., and one has been caught this season of ¼lb. and 11in. in length. They are caught by wading in the shallows with a lantern and dip-net. They are much more tenacious of life than the ordinary trout. I have had them out of the water an hour, and apparently lifeless, and resuscitated them by putting in the water again, and a number will live in a barrel of water without change for weeks, which would be fatal to the ordinary trout. For food they are passably good, but not superior. Their teeth are very fine and plentiful, and they evidently live on ground feed and the variety of infusoria which are so plentiful in the lakes. The large trout feed on them more or less, and they are occasionally found in them.

They undoubtedly inhabit the deepest water in the lakes. The only one I ever saw out of season I picked up some years ago on the surface, which was in a dying condition, having been wounded evidently by a loon, as evinced by a large hole through its body.

They remain on the spawning beds during the nights of about a week in the latter part of October, and sometimes swarm in such quantities that barrels full could be taken if nets were used.

J. PARKER WHITNEY.

MASSACHUSETTS AND MAINE.

BOSTON, Nov. 14.—Some remarkably good shooting has been enjoyed right in Massachusetts by those well posted on the grounds, and having good dogs and the opportunity to go after birds when the weather has favored. A number of coveys of quail have been located in Dedham, and Boston hunters have got some of them. G. H. Smith got half a dozen the other day. In Reading also a number of quail and partridges have been taken lately. In Byfield the shooting has been excellent. C. H. Tarbox and the Baileys have had their share of them. The other day they started several bunches of quail, with thirty or forty in a bunch. One day last week Mr. Tarbox, with the aid of his dog, started seven partridges at one outing, and within a short distance of his home. He was fortunate enough to get four out of the seven. Black duck shooting is also good in that section. A local gunner got twenty or thirty birds out of one flock the other day. The Plymouth county lakes and ponds are being worked for both ducks and geese, and with considerable success. The clubs having shooting camps, blinds and other privileges are the best off. Some Boston club sportsmen got twelve wild geese at Pleasant Lake the other night.

Dr. Heber Bishop, who has the best moose record of any sportsman in New England, if not in the world, is out of the woods again from the Moose River Valley. He was accompanied by a friend, Mr. Arthur Wilson. They brought out four buck deer and a bull caribou. One of the deer was the largest on record, Dr. Bishop thinks, and his opinion is good, coming from much experience. It weighed, bereft of everything but meat, hide and horns, 282lbs., the exact weight the American Express Co. charged for the transportation of it. In its state as killed it must have weighed over 350lbs. Dr. Bishop is skeptical about the weight of deer as well as moose, having found the latter oftener under 150lbs. than over. Frequently a large deer is killed. The guide declares that it will weigh 250lbs., but put on to the scales the sportsman is disappointed at finding that it barely tips 150lbs. The weight of moose the Doctor finds to have been greatly exaggerated. He has killed a large number and seen a large

number, but scarcely ever seen one on the scales above 475lbs. He says that a moose weighing 900lbs. is a big one.

George Cherry, of Essex street, is out of the woods with a fine moose, which was displayed in the window of his restaurant. It was shot at Cherryfield, Me., or in the vicinity of that town. He has in his refrigerator a number of deer and four bears. Speaking of bears, the number coming in to the Boston markets is unusually large this fall. Two were sent in for sale to Messrs. Hyde & Wheeler the other day. They were from Bethel, Me., and killed in that vicinity. The shipper informs Mr. Wheeler that some twenty bears have been killed already in the vicinity of Bethel or north of that town. They have visited the apple trees near to the forests or on abandoned farms, and have actually broken down great limbs in order to get the apples. They are generally taken in traps.

Mr. James B. Jones is another sportsman who has been remarkably successful near home. Early in the season he had several broods of quail located in the town of Topsfield. The first day of the open season he could not get away; but the second day he was there, with a friend and dogs. Twelve quail and a woodcock resulted from the day's shooting. Mr. Jones says that he never had better sport in his life. He will try the same location again at Thanksgiving.

From 4 to 6in. of snow in the woods of Maine and New Hampshire has started a number of sportsmen after big game, but the weather is too mild and the snow is likely to depart before the moose, deer and caribou suffer too badly.

A Worcester, Mass., party, consisting of F. M. Harris, Calvin Macomber, Ralph Morgan, Samuel Alden and O. C. Ward, returned Saturday night from the Moosehead Lake region, where they killed in three weeks ten bucks and three does. Moose were seen and a shot got at a bull, but he escaped. SPECIAL.

Game Bag and Gun.

Our readers are invited to send us for these columns notes of the game supply, shooting resorts, and their experience in the field.

WATER KILLING DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Deerslayer claims that the gentlemen who wish to prohibit hounding are fancy shooters, etc., while he is an old-fashioned hunter. This phrase suggests to me the species (rapidly becoming extinct, praise the Lord!) whose habit it was to shoot two dozen partridges in one shot as they sat on the ground in a bunch. Deerslayer claims that 5,000 deer were killed in the Adirondacks last year, and that therefore they are not becoming scarce. This is an absolute reason that the deer are becoming scarce; no circumscribed piece of country can stand such a drain. Deerslayer says that they will last his time. It is hardly necessary to suggest his sublime disregard for posterity, even for that courageous chip of the old block who succeeded in slaughtering a deer after a guide had it tied up for him to murder.

By his own account the deer has absolutely no chance, and the method has wonderful advantages, for it could be executed by an infant or an invalid. The sportsman-butcher has absolutely nothing to do except to point a shotgun and pull the trigger. The guide rows after the deer, ropes it and holds it while it is shot. Mind, the imbecile is not even expected to use a rifle.

One suggestion would not be out of place. This is that Deerslayer confine his sporting instincts. If he would shoot calves in his back yard, we are sure it would be more pleasant for all concerned. PINEHURST.

SOUTHERN MASSACHUSETTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My hunting days have long been over, for I am past four score and my sight has failed so that I can no longer shoot, and reading is so difficult for me that I rarely attempt it, and I have become so deaf that no one can read to me for any length of time. Occasionally, however, when my son meets with anything of special interest he brings it to me, and he has just called my attention to the letter of Deerslayer in your paper of Oct. 31.

It has stirred my blood to such a degree that I cannot restrain the expression of my indignation that anyone who pretends to be a sportsman should advocate such a sneaking method of killing deer, worthy only of the meanest pot-hunter. Such a man would shoot barn-door fowls in a barnyard and think it legitimate sport; and then to assume the pseudonym of honest old Natty Bumpo—that model of a sportsman! It's enough to stir his bones in their grave!

He asserts that game laws are needless; that there is no danger of exterminating game; that all the talk about "still-hunting" and "shooting on the wing" is nonsense. If one wants real sport let him put his dogs into the wood and lie close till they drive a deer into the lake, then chase him in a boat and put a rope over his antlers and hen put a charge of buckshot into him! The man who would kill a deer in such a way is no better than a murderer, a sneak thief or a pickpocket. He is precisely the kind of cockney sportsman who make game laws necessary. A mere sensualist, whose only object is to gratify his palate. In reply to his assertion that there is no danger of deer becoming exterminated, I need only point to notorious facts. Have they not become exterminated from all the settled portions of New England except a few preserves? Have not the buffalo which once roamed in countless millions on the prairies been so completely exterminated that the only representatives left are the few that have been domesticated in private herds? And finally have not the Indians themselves—the wild men of the forest—been exterminated, with the exception of the few scattered remnants of tribes that have adopted the dress and habits of the white men?

Writing has become so much of a task for me that it has taken me two days to write these few lines, and this is probably the last contribution I shall ever make to your columns. But with my latest breath I would denounce the man who would resort to such unsportsmanlike shifts, and I trust there are men enough left who share my feelings who will cry out against such contemptible theories as are advocated in the letter of Deerslayer. H. W. S. CLEVELAND.

CHICAGO, Ill.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In am somewhat surprised at the reception given my note respecting the hounding of deer. The character of the responses is not at all what I had anticipated. Just review the epithets that have been bestowed upon me. The *Mail and Express* editor calls me a human fiend, a cheerful assassin, a diabolical Kurd, a creature whom an inscrutable Providence permits to live, a brute, butcher, deer butcher. My son is called a precocious cub. I am advised to run a slaughter house, to take a place in the Union Stock Yards at Chicago, and one correspondent exhorts me to set my old grandmother afire and kill her with a crowbar. (This, naturally enough, comes from the grand old Commonwealth of Massachusetts, with its record of twenty human beings, mostly old women, and two dogs executed for witchcraft.) Another writer, more humane perhaps than the rest, would annihilate me at a stroke by calmly denying to me any existence at all; he appears to think me a myth. The whole thing reminds me of what I've read of the old days, when you put into the pillory the writer whom you didn't agree with, and cropped his ears and plunked him with rotten eggs.

I beg to extend to all these kind critics assurances of my most distinguished consideration. I shall not return their compliments, not on such short acquaintance. A true deer hounder will not resort to blackguardism. He is able to conduct a discussion in a gentlemanly way. But does it not occur to you that this reverting to the old system of putting in the stocks one who does not agree with you is a very poor makeshift for real argument? And is it surprising that I am not converted by your calling me bad names? That I fail to find in any of the communications printed any one thing which could possibly be dignified as an argument to appeal to sensible men?

Let us consider some of the propositions advanced by the advocates of the system of still-hunting. First comes the grotesque notion of the *Mail and Express* man that the only truly sportsmanlike way to hunt deer is to shoot at them from long range, and he implies that he thinks that the longer the range the more sportsmanlike the act. Now if there is any one thing in the whole realm of sportsmanship which disgusts me for the diabolical cruelty it involves, it is this very same long range shooting at game. It stands to reason that the longer the range the greater the opportunity to wound without killing, and the more then is the cruelty involved. Long range shooting is not sportsmanlike; it is the kind of work indulged in by novices and greenhorns who are making their first warfare against game. These long range fellows have more to answer for than all the rest of the sportsmen community put together. It is they who pump lead at fleeting bands of elk and bunches of antelope, hurling after the game their bullets, where they can do nothing but to maim, with not the slimmest chance of recovering their victims. It is the tyro who shoots at ducks or quail at distances where no man with any brains in his head could expect to do anything more than to wound. These are the maniacs, who shoot without sense or reason. All through the woods you can find the disgusting evidences of their work in the game "shot down and left to taint the blessed air," as Nessmuk puts it.

Now, Mr. *Mail and Express* man, the next time you have wounded your game at long range and have followed it for awhile, and then, becoming tired of the weary pursuit, abandon it to its fate, while you sit down on a rock to exult over your only truly true sportsmanship, and to swell up with pride in your self-adulation at being so much exalted above the fiendish deer hounder—just let your conscience talk to you about the poor beast which has escaped from you, sorely wounded, and to suffer for no one knows how long, and then—but why talk about this? The long range hunter probably is blessed with a long range conscience. If the deer could talk they would probably tell us that from their standpoint the practice of the man who makes short work of them with guide and boat (and noose, if you please) is a less terrible being than the long range hunter who wantonly wounds to gratify his idiotic pride in fluke marksmanship.

Another thing that makes me tired is this still-hunter's cant about "giving the game fair play" and "pitting one's skill against that of the deer." What is this much vaunted fair play? Why, a still-hunter simply sneaks up on his game and kills it before the poor thing suspects his presence. Did you ever hear of a still-hunter, when he had come up on his deer, whooping and hurrahing and waving a red flag, and getting it on the jump, to give it "fair play" before he shoots? Not much. Of all sportsman's cant, say I, this of "fair play for the game" is the thinnest, silliest and most pharisaical.

Yet this talent for sneaking possessed by a few they present as the only simon-pure, correct and refined sportsmanship, and this in language foreign to sport, by denouncing the other fellows as fiends and Kurds.

And what does "pitting your skill against the game's cunning" actually mean? It means that you put not your skill against that of the game, but the skill of the man who made your gun, of the boy who loaded your cartridges by machinery, of the guide who takes you to the woods and puts you on the trail, and who, if you are a moose hunter, calls up the game for you and tells you "Now shoot." It is pitting not your "skill," but fire and lead against the game. You might as well talk of pitting the skill of a commander of a warship against the cunning of the helpless women and children in the town he is bombarding with dynamite guns. If the deer too had a gun and knew how to use it, there'd be some "pitting" for sure—that is, if your valiant still-hunter ever ventured in the woods looking for "fair play."

What rubbish to talk of the cunning of a deer when it is sneaked upon by the still-hunter, and when it is shot without even knowing it is in danger. What rubbish to talk of an equality between the cunning of a deer and the cunning of a man armed with a repeating rifle. Can the deer have a cunning equal to that of the man? No. Were it a thousand times more cunning, man is more so; and yet we are told that the deer's cunning opposed to the infinitely greater cunning of man, reinforced with a rifle, is an equality.

Now don't you think that you are overworking dear old Nessmuk when you quote him as a patron saint of your style of still-hunting? If I remember rightly, Nessmuk used to go into the woods with just three bullets. He said that that was enough for him. Is there one among you who would follow his example? Why, in this same issue of FOREST AND STREAM containing your letters I find a story from a correspondent who went into the Rockies and took with him 200 cartridges. Not long ago some one else told about his party taking 500 rounds of ammunition apiece. In heaven's name, for what? To give the game a chance? Nessmuk was a little man, not a giant; honest now, wouldn't he have staggered helplessly under the modern up-to-date still-hunter's load of 500 cartridges? My notion is that he would have fallen down. Faugh! what would Nessmuk (honor to his memory) say to your calling him to witness for you? It reminds me of a story I read the other day about a dramatic company's playing of Hamlet. "We could settle the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy right now," said one who was present. "How?" "Just go and see which one turned over in his grave last night." Poor Nessmuk!

Do not misunderstand me. I am not criticising your methods in the least. If you prefer to sneak up to your game as an assassin on his victim, that is all right—so long as the game holds out and there is enough to go around, so that we can all take some in our own approved ways. For my part, I like the music of the hounds, the exultation of the chase (particularly if there are half a dozen boats heading for the same deer), and the satisfaction of knowing after I have gotten my game that it was taken expeditiously and without flummery, and that there is no chance for it to go off in the woods and lie down in prolonged agony, as it might have done if wounded by one of you long range sportsmen. Moreover, after I take my one shot and kill my deer I do not feel that I am less of a sportsman than he who goes about with a gun stuffed from end to end with cartridges, whose belt around his waist is stuffed with many more and whose baggage is overweighted with hundreds more.

Now, I repeat that in all the letters printed in the reply to mine there is not one word of argument to show why the Legislature should forbid the hounding of deer in the Adirondacks. You surely do not expect the Legislature to be influenced by your wholesale denunciation of me as a bogy man. I am not likely to appear in the eyes of the men at Albany such a monster that they must needs enact a special law to deal with my particular case. The whole substance of your argument is that you kill your deer differently from how I kill mine, and that the ego and the right are the same thing.

The editor himself concedes that game laws are not passed to require so-called "sportsmanlike" methods of game killing. Game protection is only a question of keeping up the supply. It rests therefore with the opponents of deer hounding in the Adirondacks to show that deer hounding decreases the deer beyond the recuperative powers of the stock. We deer hounders have on our side the authority of Chief Fish and Game Protector Pond, that hounding is not injurious in its effect upon the deer supply, and I cite his opinion as worth more than all the hysterical statistics given out by the men whose arguments are four-fifths emotional denunciation and one-fifth statistics. Horace Greeley once said that there were three kinds of lies—lies, blank lies and statistics.

Most deer killed in the Adirondacks are killed by hounding. The same is true of Maine. And yet in both regions the game is on the increase.

To sum it all up, deer hounding is more humane than still-hunting; it gets the deer without unnecessary cruelty; it does not ruinously deplete the supply; it is a method in which more hunters can take part than in any other. There may be two hundred hunters out about a body of water where only one deer is killed. Hundreds and thousands can take part in deer hounding who cannot still-hunt. The rights of the majority should be respected in this as in other things. That is the true American doctrine. The deer hounders can as justly claim that their rights and privileges shall be protected as can the still-hunters.

Now, gentlemen, just one last word, more in sorrow than in anger: Denunciation is not argument.

DEERSLAYER.

The *Record*, of Wells, Hamilton county, declares that 1,000 deer were shipped through that village during the last week of the hounding season.

THE MAINE MOOSE SITUATION.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Oct. 31, under the head of "Parting Shots at Maine Moose," is an article which I have read with much interest. Growler is very much to be commended for the interest he takes in the preservation of the moose, but I cannot agree with him that it is necessary to make a close time for ten years, or for anything different from the law as it stands to-day. If the present law was enforced to the letter, moose would be well taken care of, and in my judgment would rapidly multiply. In making this assertion I desire to say that I am casting no reflections on the Game Commissioners or their Assistants, or on the work that they have done, and from what I have been able to learn this work has been more thoroughly done this year than ever before, and they should receive nothing but praise from all sportsmen.

The hunting grounds of Maine cover many miles, and I imagine that the Commissioners have not sufficient funds at their command to thoroughly cover all the points as they should be for a proper protection of game.

Growler says, "Another reason why bull moose of more than two years of age are getting scarce in Maine is that all the large males can be called in the love-making season," etc.; but he neglects to say that this love-making season is in close time when game is protected by law. The rutting season is at its best early in September and is practically over by the first of October, and my own experience, with one of the best moose callers in the State as a guide, is, that it is next to impossible to call out a large bull after that time; and if my experience is the same as that of other hunters there seems to be no occasion for a closer season for this reason given by Growler, as October first is the earliest time when game can be killed lawfully.

The assertion that few large bulls are seen is accounted for by the fact that a larger part of the hunting is done in canoes, and while small bulls and cows frequent the streams and meadows, the large bulls usually are back on the bogs and out of sight; thus giving the impression to anyone who has not carefully looked into the question that, while there are plenty of cows and yearlings, there are no large bulls. I have just returned from a two weeks' trip in the Maine woods and have seen more evidences of the increase in moose than on any trip I have

before made. I had the good fortune to run across two bulls who were quietly feeding. I found them quite tame, but inclined to dispute my right to land from the canoe, but they finally concluded not to do so, and leisurely trotted off. I could have shot them both without difficulty, but as I had already killed one, I refrained from doing so, although the temptation was strong.

On my way home I met a gentleman who run on to three bulls together, and leisurely picked off the largest. These two experiences will show that there are a few bulls left.

It is undoubtedly true that there have been many bulls killed this year, probably more than were killed last year, but I claim that the larger part were killed in the close season. I have hunted in Maine for many years, and have an intimate acquaintance with many of the best guides, and they all assure me that it is a fact that nineteen out of every twenty bulls that are killed are killed in September during the rutting season, the "sport" remaining in camp over into October long enough to be able to claim, if questioned by a game warden, that his bull was taken in that month. To confirm the assertion that I have just made I desire to state a case that came to my notice this season. I started into camp Oct. 2, and my first day out I met a party on the way home with a head, and the skin and particles of flesh on the skull were as dry as though baked in an oven; the hair was of a very peculiar color, different from any that I had seen before. Two days after this time, while hunting in the locality where this bull was shot, I was attracted by a strong smell coming from a certain point, and on an investigation found portions of a moose hanging in a tree, hide on, and with this same peculiar colored hair as seen on the head, showing that they without doubt came from the same animal; the meat had been taken possession of by maggots, showing conclusively that the animal had been shot in September, and during the early part at that.

It is a fact that is unquestioned that many thousand dollars are spent each year in Maine by sportsmen which would not be spent if there was a close time on moose for ten years or less, and this fact alone should be enough to induce the Maine Legislature to appropriate money enough to enable the Commissioners to properly enforce the present law; and if this was done, in my judgment, the problem of the increase of game would be solved.

I have thought for some time that if the Commissioners could devise some plan to interest the guides in the protection of game, they would receive very valuable assistance from them. At present, however, the average guide looks upon a game warden as his enemy, and is therefore indifferent. This has been largely brought about by the employment in the past of incompetent wardens; but I am inclined to think that the weeding out process has commenced and that more intelligent men are now employed and probably in time. When the guides realize that the warden instead of being his enemy is his friend, and is working for that which will benefit his pocket, he will prove a valuable assistant to the Fish and Game Commissioners.

In conclusion I desire to repeat what I have said before, that in my judgment, if the present game laws are enforced, they are strong enough to protect game and to allow it to increase; but to do this the Commissioners must;

First—Have sufficient funds to carry on and enlarge the good work that they are now doing, and

Second—Interest the guides and secure their co-operation. X.

[We have further a communication from Mr. Jonathan Darling on this type.]

HUNTER'S LUCK.

I SEE from the various reports in your columns that the sportsmen are returning from their trips, and as a matter of interest to all of your readers their experience and successes are being recorded. Let me add my quota:

Mr. H. S. Clark, first teller in the Lincoln National Bank, of this city, who last year had such good luck with caribou, securing two fine heads to his own gun, being anxious to add an elk or big-horn to his fine collection, started with a party under fine auspices for the big game region of Colorado, as we mentioned in a former article in this paper. They went some fifty miles by buckboard and then forty more on horseback and on foot up the mountains beyond civilization to a substantial camp. They report a delightful time in camp, plenty of antelope, some blacktail, and grouse without number, but no elk antlers adorn Harry Clark's dining room this season. They saw several herds of elk (one quite large one), but not a horn among them all; all had been thinned out by market or head hunters. Clark will try it again next season.

Dr. P. W. Levering, Dr. Z. P. Fletcher, John Polhemus and James Earl, of Jersey City, sojourned around Porter's Lake, some fifteen miles up the mountain in Pike county, Pa. They brought back a box of grouse and one of the finest four-year-old does we ever saw, very fat, weighing 168lbs. when paunched. We had some of the steaks and they were delicious. The party were met at Canadensis by Geo. Crane with his double team, who introduced them to Mr. Aug. Rabourdin, of Mount Hope, the hunter and guide of the wilds to be prospected. Mr. Rabourdin is an old French soldier, a man of more than ordinary intelligence, loves the woods and is posted in regard to its localities, and is a very companionable man.

The first day they secured several grouse only. The second day (and how singular things turn out!) Mr. Polhemus owed his lucky shot to tumbling off a log into the river. At the Bushkill River a tree had fallen across, over which the party had crossed in safety with the exception of Mr. Polhemus; for some reason or other when in midstream he lost his equipoise and went over. Dr. Levering rushed back and helped him back on to the frosty log, only to see him go over again; but he finally reached the other shore a very wet and demoralized individual. Hunter Rabourdin, after taking the party up some distance on a ledge that overlooked considerable country, said: "This is a fair runway for deer. I expected to put Levering here and you further on; but as you are so wet, you had better stop here; build a fire and dry yourself, as it may be a couple of hours before we start a deer." Polhemus had got nicely dried, had a good smoke, and was feeling on good terms with himself and mankind in general, when he heard the hound's full tone bearing up the ravine, and a doe came bounding along which he stopped eautifully. Moral: If you want to get the best runway for deer tumble into the brook for it. Don't believe it, and don't want to try it.

The best episode in the whole trip was Doc Levering's bear experience. The guide had come around and posted the different stands that there was a bear in the swamp, and the dog might drive him out by either one of their stands. The guide had with him when he first started out a large black Newfoundland dog, which he kept in leash beside him.

Levering, having eaten his lunch, was taking things coolly when he happened to look over toward a large rock some 40 or 50yds. away, when he saw the guide's black dog stick his head above the rock, his paws in front, gazing at him. Levering with his Winchester at his shoulder, his elbow on his knee, took deliberate sight between the eyes of the dog, saying to himself, "Oh, if you were only the bear, how I would spoil those eyes!" The dog dropped back out of sight. Soon the hound came bellowing along that way; then the guide followed. "Didn't you see anything of the bear?" "No," says the Doctor, "I saw your black dog over there by that rock." "Why, my dog has been with me all the time." On investigation the mark of the bear's paws with the black muck from the swamp was plainly discernible on the rock. Levering don't like to hear this story told, but then you know, history is history. He says it is bosh, that he knows the difference between a dog's and a bear's ears.

Richard Dyne, of Jersey City, has just returned from Pike county. He went for grouse. Dyne is, we think, one of the best if not the best brush shot (for grouse especially) in the whole State of New Jersey; and we will not bar Jack Brewer, Sam Castle, Big Terrell, or any one else. We got the cartridges for Dick. He said he wanted no boy popguns; that when he went for grouse in the brush he wanted something that he could depend upon to kill. We got him from Squires some Winchester reinforced-base shells, loaded with 3¼drs. Walsrode and No. 7 chilled shot. Dick expected to bring back from fifty to 100 grouse, but alas! upon arriving at the grounds up the mountain (they drove some twenty-five miles from the railroad) they found miles of the best hunting ground a blackened waste. Some fool hunter had carelessly or intentionally fired the forest, and of course the birds had left. They only put up nine, eight of which they secured. In the swamp where the fire had not reached they found a few woodcock, and knocked over a half dozen of what Dick calls jack rabbits (big fellows). They were, we suspect, the northern hare (*Lepus articus*), as we have no jack rabbits wild around here.

Dick made a double shot which is worth recording. He had followed a big cock grouse some distance, the wary bird not lying for the dog, but getting up with a whir beyond shot range, but at each rise lying closer. At last Dick marked it down to a nicety and his dog drew and then came to a stand; the bird got up and was promptly knocked over, when to Dick's amazement at the crack of the gun a buck deer sprang up and bounded off, giving him a fair side view, some 20 or 25yds. distance. Dick is always cool and he held for just back of the shoulder and down came the animal, a spikehorn buck, the No. 7 chilled cutting the heart in two, and the shot going through the body even to the skin in the opposite side. The deer weighed 158lbs. when dressed. Dick has great faith in Walsrode powder for penetration.

And lastly, as to your subscriber, who essayed to try the swales of Dutchess county, where he had such sport last fall, an account of which appeared in your paper. We were met at the depot by Coz Will Boardman. After supper we were heartily received by the boys at Numan's, the sportsmen's headquarters of that region. They thought there were some birds around. We were much disappointed to learn that we could not secure the services of Jack Fitzpatrick, who was engaged night and day running the engine of a cidar mill in the neighborhood. This is a great year for apples, and it did seem too bad to see thousands and thousands of bushels rotting on the ground; it would not pay to gather and barrel them for market. This cider mill, with a 15 horse-power engine, would cider up from 100 to 250 bushels of apples in a day. Connected with the mill was an "evaporator" they called it—a commodious house where apples were pared, cored, sliced and dried with the aid of some half dozen bright-eyed lassies and as many boys. We regret that we have lost our notes, but we thought at the time it was all very interesting, if not really connected with sport. But then, you know, sweet cider is awful good.

Bright and early, with Mike Fitzpatrick (Switzer, the boys call him) and his dog Cute, we climbed the hills. We found the birds few and very wild; would not lie to a dog until after having been put up several times; and it was hard work climbing those ledges. Mike didn't seem to mind it a bit, but Jacobstaff's three-score years and five told on him after the first few hours, and he was glad to take to the squirrel woods, where he had some good old-fashioned sport with the bushy tails. They are quite plenty around there this year and they make an elegant pie; beat a hare or rabbit all hollow.

The next day Mr. W. H. Bartlett, ex-Sheriff of the county, and one of the proprietors of the Amenia brick yard, very kindly took us in his buggy up the mountain some eight miles to the gold mine recently discovered, and from which good things are expected. The shaft is now sunk some 150ft. (116 perpendicularly), and they expect to strike the mother vein of rich gold-bearing quartz at about 300ft. The ore that they are taking out now contains, among other things, iron pyrites and what they call arsenical gold, assaying from $10 to $60 a ton, averaging so far about $27 per ton. We lost all our notes during the excitement of the election and regret we cannot recall the very lucid explanation given us of ore veins, etc., by the practical miner, an experienced man from Denver, sent for by the company. He has great hopes of the future development of gold in Dutchess county, as several of the farmers have, as claims are being made and staked out; but all are waiting for this first experiment.

Among our trophies bagged by Jacobstaff was a big black woodchuck. We wished we had him home, for we recall that in our boyhood days baked woodchuck was not bad. But Cousin Kate didn't seem anxious to cook the animal and Coz Will didn't urge the matter very hard, so we presented it to friend Numan, which I don't believe he really appreciated either.

Well, we had a good visit, made some desirable friends and got some game, not much; but, as Shakespeare says of the wound, "Not as deep as a well or as wide as a door but will do," or words to that effect; and so ends trip second to Amenia.

What capital articles Fred Mather is giving us! His notes on trapper life are graphic and to the life; we know, having been there, and his article on Chas. H. Raymond, whom no one knows but to love, was peculiarly felicitous. I trust he will keep up the series down to modern days, when we can recognize familiar faces in his splendid portraits—Gen. Arthur and others. JACOBSTAFF.

PROTECTION IN ALABAMA.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Nov. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last night in the Commercial Club a number of well-known gentlemen of this city gathered pursuant to a call, and steps of an initial nature were taken to have laws drafted and carried out, whereby the fish and game of this State will be better protected. Mr. H. K. Milner was elected temporary chairman, and Mr. John B. Rosenstihl temporary secretary. The chairman stated the object of the meeting, and the matter was discussed with an earnestness which indicated success.

On motion of Dr. J. H. Allen, a committee of five was appointed to draft general laws and plans whereby they might be carried out, looking to the preservation of fish and game in the State. They were Dr. J. H. Allen, Judge W. W. Wilkerson, H. Perry, J. T. Glover and Dr. Alf Eubanks.

On motion of Dr. Allen the chair appointed as a committee of three to request the press of the State to let the citizens know of the meeting, its objects, etc., and to add a request that all in sympathy with the movement signify their willingness to participate in it by communicating with the secretary, Hon. F. P. O'Brien and W. A. Porter and Dr. George Eubanks.

Major W. J. Milner moved a committee of three, the chair included, be appointed to draft suitable constitution and by-laws and report permanent officers to a subsequent meeting. The chairman named T. T. Ashford, Dr. R. G. Jones and himself as the committee.

The meeting adjourned subject to call.

We are very much in earnest over this question. Our State is in a deplorable state in regard to its game; in brief it is virtually without protection, as there is no officer whose duty it is to look to the enforcement of the laws now in existence, and one citizen will not inform against another for many personal reasons. Hence the old axiom holds good, "What is every one's business is no one's." The sentiment is such that I don't think it possible to create officers for the special purpose of game protection and pay these officers out of the State fund as it now stands, and we would be sure to raise a howl if it should be tried to raise this fund by ever so slight an increase. I can see but one way, which is to make these dual. Invest the Commissioner of Agriculture with State wardenship, and one constable in every beat with the office of deputy warden; these to be paid only a nominal salary by the State and half of the fine through any conviction they bring about. J. H. ALLEN, Chair. Com.

THE .30CAL. SMOKELESS HUNTING RIFLE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The newspapers lately have with their customary acumen discovered a chance for a sensation in the exploitation of the dangers of the small-bore smokeless powder rifle as used by hunters.

I confess that I should not care to hunt on the Long Island deer grounds with such rifles in use, but for that matter there is no pleasure in hunting there anyhow. Under ordinary hunting conditions, however, I do not believe that the use of the small bores adds greatly to the dangers of the woods, and given an equal number of hunters I doubt if it actually makes any difference as far as danger to human life is concerned whether they be armed with the small bores or black powder rifles, or for that matter shotguns loaded with buckshot. Theoretically it can no doubt be satisfactorily proved that the .30cals. are 50 or 100 per cent. more dangerous than the other guns, but then expert arguers have frequently proved that this same rifle has no killing power at all, and that, as was actually stated, a man can "walk off with seven bullets through his body."

If seven bullets didn't phase the man whose body received them, one bullet would be a trifle hardly worth noticing. But such argument is of course foolish, and as an actual fact a single .30cal. bullet at ordinary ranges kills a man as dead as one of Zalinsky's dynamite guns.

It never settles any question to debate upon it, and practical experience is the only final court of appeal. The small-bore rifles are winning many advocates among hunters, and I have yet to learn of anyone who has been accidentally killed by a rifle of this character at long range.

Following the line of argument adopted by those who condemn on this score the small bores, it would naturally appear that long range rifles of any pattern are vastly more dangerous to human life than short range rifles, and that both are more dangerous than shotguns. This is theoretically unanswerable, but to descend to actual fact, how many men are accidentally killed at long range? Can a single instance be mentioned aside from accidents occurring in rifle ranges? Then consider the number of men killed each hunting season with buckshot and you will acknowledge that the shotgun is actually the most dangerous weapon of the two. By the most dangerous weapon I do not mean "theoretically most dangerous." The ghosts that our nurses used to scare us with were to us theoretically more dangerous than the buzz saws that our infant fingers monkeyed with; when I say most dangerous I mean the guns that actually kill people, not the guns that scare them when they read about them in the papers.

My wife read one of the sensational articles the other day and said:

"John, I don't want you to go on that hunting trip. I am afraid you will be killed by one of those guns that carry four miles and a half."

"Don't you worry, my dear," I replied. "Every man who has been killed where I am going has been shot with buckshot."

If I had wanted to still further allay her fears I might have added that hunters in wooded countries are never killed by stray bullets at long range. Whether they are hit by rifle or shotgun it is always at short range, and in

nine cases out of ten by men who aim to kill, imagining that they are shooting at four-footed game.

These newspaper alarmists gravely affirm that the range (and when they say range they apparently refer to point blank range) of the small-bore smokeless powder rifles is four and a half miles.

As a matter of fact the extreme range is about 4,000yds., or two and one-third miles. This great range, however, is only obtained by elevating the muzzle of the rifle at an angle of 45°; and owing to the resistance of the atmosphere and light weight of the bullet, which soon loses its velocity, the bullet strikes the ground almost vertically, the fall being much more rapid at the latter part of its trajectory than at the start. It then has a striking force about equal to that of a spent bullet fired by a .32-20 rifle, which is very trifling.

But as a matter of fact very little big game is shot at in trees or on any rise that would necessitate such an elevation, and firing point blank over level ground without obstructions the bullet would not be apt to go more than 200yds. Accordingly the statements of Mr. Johnson and W. W. Leonard (I wonder if he is the man of the bullet-proof coat) that there is danger to human life at a distance of three miles from the firing point is unqualifiedly absurd; as absurd, in fact, as if they should assert that the guns with steel-jacketed bullets—which, by the way, are of no earthly use for hunting—would shoot through three miles of standing timber. And some of their remarks seem to admit of such a construction.

Steel-jacketed bullets should never be used in hunting, in the first place because they do not have the stopping powers of the soft-nosed bullets except within limitations; and also because in a flat, open country, such as some of the antelope ranges, they would ricochet and would actually prove dangerous. The lead soft-nosed bullet is not open to this objection, and in a wooded country neither bullet will go a rod further than the ordinary bullets fired by ordinary hunting rifles.

Aside from antelope, there is practically no game in the United States to-day that is commonly hunted with rifles in a flat, open country.

In a mountainous country bullets are stopped by the ground within very short distances of the game at which they were fired. And similarly in a wooded country the flight of the bullet is checked by the trees around or behind the game. When shooting in a wooded country I have sometimes hunted up my bullets for one reason or another, and I always found them within a few rods of the point where the game stood. Of course there are cases where bullets will travel long distances without bringing up, as along lakes or streams; but a stray bullet has a big piece of the atmosphere in which to seek a resting spot, and the chances are that it will not find a place in a human being. Just for the sake of theorizing a little, there are about 28,000,000 square feet in a square mile, and the chances of a bullet fired at random by a man within that square mile hitting another man situated say half a mile from him are proportionately infinitesimal.

Any kind of gun is dangerous under certain conditions. Rifles are not adapted for hunting near cities. Where large game is killed, however, they become a necessity. Here the smokeless powder rifle has its proper sphere, and its use is not to be condemned simply because it has a flatter trajectory than the black powder guns, and a greater striking power than any other gun of similar caliber.

The small-bore smokeless powder rifle has decided advantages in several respects over any of the black powder rifles. Some of these advantages, such as freedom from smoke and fouling, and flatness of trajectory, are well known and admitted. Some of the more important points of superiority are, however, frequently overlooked. The two distinctive advantages possessed by this class of weapon are, first, the high velocity secured at ordinary hunting ranges, and secondly the greatly reduced recoil.

The first of these permits the use of a much smaller bullet for effective killing of game, and the second the use of a lighter gun. Weight of metal is no longer necessary, as it is in black powder rifles, to compensate for the excessive recoil of a charge sufficient to kill big game.

As an instance in point it may be stated that I shoot a .30-30 smokeless weighing but 6lbs., which has not one-quarter the recoil of my last black powder rifle, a .40-82 weighing 9½lbs. I not only save a great deal in the matter of weight, having a gun easier to carry and easier to shoot where quick shots are necessary, but I also can kill cleaner with it because I am not afraid the tang sight will take out one of my eyes at the moment of recoil. I have never shot more than 90grs. of black powder, and I have no wish to try 140, which some of the black powder exponents seem to think necessary.

To return to the first point, namely, that the high velocity of the full-strength smokeless powder permits the use of a smaller bullet than can be effectively used with black powder. The stopping power of a bullet depends to a considerable degree upon its velocity. A .22 short will frequently pass through a squirrel without killing it. The .22 long rifle, however, with increased velocity, kills cleanly in most cases.

Take all the powder but a few grains out of a .45 90 shell and shoot a partridge with it. The bird will not be torn; but shoot the same bird with the standard cartridge and little will remain besides the feathers. Of course these are rudimentary principles, and every rifleman knows them.

Now turn to the .30cal. rifle. Load the shell with black powder and the steel bullet, and try the result. The effect will be less than if a .32-40 black powder rifle was used. Replace the black powder with the regular smokeless load, which doubles the velocity, still using the steel bullet. At short ranges, if bones or anything offering great resistance are struck, the effect will be exactly as if an explosive ball had been used, and the wound will be a shocking one. When the Cubans were using similar ammunition at short range the Spaniards thought they were firing balls filled with fulminate, and their surgeons reported that they had never seen such wounds.

But try the steel bullet at longer ranges, where it has lost something of its initial velocity and settled to a regular flight without the buzz-saw motion that it first possessed, and the small, cleanly punched holes so frequently mentioned will result.

Now make a still further change. Load the ammunition with a soft-nosed bullet, in which the steel jacket covers not more at most than that part of the bullet where it bears on the rifling, and try the effect. This ball expands when it first strikes the game, and imparts to what is hit the whole force of the tremendous velocity behind it as well as its tremendous rotary force. The bullet where it passes out on the other side frequently makes a hole that a man could put his hand and arm in. As Ira Dodge expresses it, when the inwards are taken out of an animal struck by this bullet "you can see daylight through."

One reason why we see so many conflicting statements about these small bores is that unsuitable bullets have been used. Frequently steel bullets have been tried, with the result that little shock was imparted in most cases, while once in a while a terrible wound would result. (These latter were always at short ranges.) Later, before our own cartridge companies began loading the ammunition on a large scale, cartridges used on tough-skinned animals in India or Africa were tried. These had a hollow in the front end filled with wax, and were not suitable for our game because they passed through too easily and required too much to make them expand.

The ammunition as loaded by our American companies at present seems to have obviated this difficulty so that the great velocity of the bullet's flight is fully utilized, and imparts a shock to the game that is hit fully as great as most of the black powder hunting rifles now in use.

I would not have taken up so much space in writing about this matter but for the fact that I see so much plausible nonsense printed on the other side of the question, apparently written by men who never saw one of the guns they condemn.

Take, for instance, the case where a correspondent argued that the rifle lacked accuracy. He based his statements on the tests of the New York Board for the Selection of a Militia Arm, and gravely quoted results obtained on the target in a test of rapidity of fire, as though they had been made for accuracy. His deductions from his false premises were that the gun was inferior in the point of accuracy to any black powder rifle. Later he must have discovered his mistake, for one of the rifles criticised won an unusual showing of prizes at Sea Girt in competition with black powder rifles fired by some of the finest marksmen in the country, but he failed to come to the scratch and acknowledge his mistake.

There are undoubtedly better hunting rifles for certain uses than the new small bores, and guns that will kill more surely, but for a gun that I am willing to carry and shoot the .30cal. is away ahead of anything I have seen.

J. B. B.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last issue I notice a statement signed .44, toward the close of which the writer affirms that the modern small-bore smokeless powder rifle is n. g. for game shooting. In support of his theory he says that Gen. Flagler in the ordnance report shows that the steel-jacketed bullet has no stopping power as compared with the .45cal. Springfield rifle, and that the soft-nosed bullet lacks accuracy. Therefore, the writer argues, the gun is not a desirable hunting weapon, lacking the deadliness of the larger calibers.

Judging from these remarks, it is safe to assume that the writer has not seen Gen. Flagler's report, but bases his remarks upon some newspaper summary. He falls into the error, which is common with those who have had no practical experience with the arm in question, of assuming that because the rifle with steel-jacketed bullet lacks stopping power at long ranges, this also applies to short ranges, including the distances at which game is commonly killed. In this he is mistaken, for Gen. Flagler expressly acknowledges the great tearing qualities of this bullet at short ranges, specifically mentioning its well-known "explosive effects." It is only at mid range and long distance shooting, which in the army means a great deal more than the same terms applied to the hunting world, that the cartridge and weapon are found to lack stopping power. And it was for these ranges that the army experiments with soft-nosed bullets were made. The half mantled bullets were found to have ample stopping power at any range, but conversely they lacked penetration, and were useless for dislodging troops behind fortifications, and for this reason it was deemed better to stick to the full mantled bullet as the standard for service ammunition.

Thus it becomes evident that what is in reality a strong argument in favor of the use of the small-bore smokeless powder rifles for hunting has been perverted to do duty for the other side of the argument.

The fact of the matter is that these small bores, with the soft-nosed bullets—for no one who hunts thinks of using the steel bullets—have a stopping power sufficient for any game on the continent, and tear worse than the larger calibers. It is easy enough to argue theoretically that they are all wrong, but I have noticed that men who take this side of the argument generally change their opinions when they actually come to use the gun.

.30-30.

The Bowley's Quarter Pheasant Poisoner.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It will no doubt be interesting to the many readers of the FOREST AND STREAM to know that James T. Butler, charged with poisoning 3,000 English pheasants at Bowley's Quarter Ducking Club, was pronounced guilty and sentenced by Judge Burke, of the Circuit Court of Baltimore county, to three years in the House of Correction. House of Correction sounds rather mild for so diabolical a crime. Let me say to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM that the House of Correction is the most despised prison we have in Maryland, not excepting the Penitentiary. The treatment is just as severe as in the Penitentiary, and the prisoners are made to work. Under the statutes of Maryland Butler could only be tried for cruelty to animals, which is a misdemeanor. Judge Burke imposed the severest penalty that could be imposed.

GEORGE W. MASSAMORE,
Sec'y-Treas. Maryland G. and F. P. A.

To Whom Does the Guide's Game Belong?

UTICA, N. Y.—It has been my experience in shooting with guides that they considered the game shot as the property of the employer. But some guides I know have two prices for their services. For one price you have all the game shot and for the other you only have what you yourself shoot. If this fact is thoroughly understood when you start out, it makes little difference which plan you follow; in either case you are not apt to get too much game.

MODERATION.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

In Old Mississippi.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 6.—Years ago, when I was just starting out in life, I was taught that it was one of the duties of a gentleman never to use in any public way information which he received in his private correspondence. Some years since, however, I gave up the business of being a gentleman, because I found there was nothing in it, and since then as a newspaper man I have used information whenever I got hold of it, this being as I understand it a very cheerful and pleasant way all around, especially since it is all in the FOREST AND STREAM family, where there are no secrets. These words of apology I do not consider strictly necessary as prelude to a good slice stolen out of a letter from Mr. T. A. Divine, of Memphis. Should he object he must remember that to be great is to be public. It seems that Mr. Divine made a visit to his old friend, Capt. Bobo, the bear hunter, and in the absence of the owner went wandering over the place as is the custom of the land. He says:

"I got to thinking that it was on the 25th day of October, 1883, that I met Bobo for the first time, within 200yds. of where his house is now located. I was with an engineering party who were then locating the present Mississippi Valley R. R. Like all good railroad men, we were keeping the Sabbath, when Bobo rode up on a little country-raised horse, with a bear's leg dangling down on either side of his flank. He deposited the bear in our camp, and we sat there together. That was the beginning of the acquaintance of Bobo and Divine, and as I walked over these grounds and looked at the acres in cultivation I couldn't help noting the difference between the present picture and the picture as it was shown to me on that same day nearly fourteen years ago. Where I was walking on that glad October day was a dense thicket of vines and cane, and struggling up through this the most magnificent gum, ash and hickory man ever looked upon. Under this grew grapevines and muscadime vines festooned from tree to tree. There was no sound save the woodpecker's tune on the dead limb above us, and the sigh of the great swamp. To-day these trees and vines have all gone, and in their stead is growing the most magnificent corn, cotton, potatoes, barley, rye and wheat that one ever saw.

"I stood on the eastern end of his house and gave one blast of the horn, and Jas. Fitz. James may not have been more surprised at the response which greeted the whistle of Bob Roy than I was when from the gardens came and greeted me about 100 tried and true bear dogs. This was a singular picture; the garden overgrown with beautiful roses, neglected so much as to leave the ground covered with soft grass, in which the hounds were lazily enjoying themselves, waiting for the sound of the horn they know so well.

"Bobo returned at night and we talked over the various things of our lives, the many changes that had taken place, and spoke particularly of you and Money. You know, Noel Money sent Bobo several fine English hounds. Among the lot were some young puppies, two of which died before they were christened. The others' names were respectively Hough, Money, Foster and Divine. Dear me! I wish you could see Hough and Foster! They may be fine hounds, but they are the sorriest looking ones I ever saw; and somehow I consoled myself with the fact that the one named for me had died, and I feel sure that Money will be glad to know that the one which was named for him went mad and had to be killed. Foster, like the man he was named for, seems to be willing to do a great deal of sleeping, and when he was called up by the blast of the horn he put down one leg and carried three, or tried to do it. Bobo says that Hough is a very fine dog! The following dogs of this pack which you knew are still there: Bad Eye, Good Boy, Ball, Jolly, Fly, Ronco, Dan, Dollar, Ben and Alcorn. Strange to say, Alcorn's jaw is entirely well and he is able to go in the chase as good as ever. In fact, in a big bear fight which they had last week, where they killed a 400-lb. bear, Bobo tells me that Alcorn showed himself to be as good as ever he was in his life. (Alcorn is the dog that had his jaw shot off last year in our bear hunt.)

"'Bill Bobo,' our colored hunter, is here. Bill has more clothes than a New York dude, of various colors and fit, because they comprise a part of yours, mine and Money's wardrobes. The next morning Bobo and myself concluded to have a little drive for deer, and as I was not prepared with hunting clothes, I asked Bill if he couldn't fix me up. He said he had a pair of breeches belonging to Mr. Money. I said, 'Well, Money's pants fit me exactly, except the legs are too long.' He said, 'By Gad, sir, they are knee breeches.' I told him to bring them in, and they were fine white English corduroy knee pants, that fitted me to a T, full length, and Bob Bobo was unkind enough to say to Bill, 'Negro, you had better watch your pants or that fellow will take them home with him,' and Bill laughed his great horse laugh and said, 'That's what they said he wanted to do with Mr. Money's buckskin pants.'

"All this comes, you know, from bad association. In fact, between you and Money, I have very little reputation for veracity left; but thank God! there are millions of people who do not read your articles and do not follow your footsteps.

"James Whitcomb Riley makes one of his characters somewhere say, 'I just like to go in the kitchen and sit by the fire and see them make batter cakes, like your mother used to make them—it rests you so!' That thing kept running through my head all day. 'Great God, we thank Thee for this beauteous land, this birthright of the free,' where we can just go right out in the country, sit on the kitchen stool and watch Lula make cakes, and Lord! how it rests you, how it rests the heart, after the cramped streets of the city. Your heart throbs with a new vigor, and your mind is fresh. Excuse me, I am only trying to make you feel badly.

"Come and see us. We are with you, like all true Mississippians, whether you are right or wrong, and I want to say that if you do not come to Bobo's this fall you are an ingrate of ingrates. Come down here in December, and we will go up to Dr. Taylor's and shoot a day or two, and then go to Bobo's and kill a bear. Easy, nice work, and the music of the hounds will make you a young boy again.

"Irby Bennett will be here Sunday. On the 20th he leaves for New Haven for good. Too bad! I am ruined. Such a companion I will never have again.

"On Nov. 20 the following go into camp twenty miles west of Canton, Miss., for a week's bird hunt: Dr. John E. Owens, of Chicago; Mr. James, of Maryland; Gen. Fred Myles, of New Orleans; Mr. E. Hough, Chicago; Mr. J. M. Aldrich, Michigan City, Miss.; Mr. R. W. Foster, New Orleans; Mr. L. J. Lockwood, Memphis, and T. A. Divine, Memphis. I wish Roll Organ would come. Tell him to steal off."

Now, the odd part about the above letter is that before I had finished my thefts from it there came into my office the writer himself! It snowed yesterday in Chicago, but immediately on Tom Divine's arrival the snow began to melt in front of his beaming smile, and at this time is entirely gone in the vicinity of the city. Mr. Divine says that quail shooting has begun in his State of Tennessee, and that last week he and a friend had a nice day's sport. The birds were full grown and strong of wing. He reports that Capt. Bobo is now absent on a two weeks' bear hunt further down in Mississippi. Mr. Divine promised to send up large quantities of venison, wild turkey and quail for the Thanksgiving dinners of his Chicago friends. He insists that the camp hunt mentioned in his letter is going to be the most pleasant affair which he and his friend Foster have ever pulled off. There will be no shooting at all, except on quail (called in the South partridges), and a daily limit will be put on each man's gun, so that the camp will not be over-supplied with birds at any time. It would be hard to devise a more pleasant or sportsmanlike way of passing a week than these gentlemen will have. Mr. Divine is in Chicago on hurried business, but will remain here a couple of days until he has melted all the snow off the upper portion of Illinois.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 14.—The tarpon fishing on the Texas Gulf coast, near Aransas Pass, has this fall been exceptionally good. The fame of this new tarpon locality has gone swiftly abroad since it was first called to the attention of the angling public in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. Hundreds of anglers have come from all parts of the country to enjoy the sport of tarpon fishing, and so great has been the demand upon the supply of tarpon that it has been thought necessary to take early steps for protecting the fish against the too ardent anglers. It is asserted that over 400 tarpon have been taken in Aransas Pass waters this season. One party in a few days killed forty-two tarpon. These Texas fish are gamy as any of their kind, and it is estimated that not one fish is brought to boat out of every ten hooked. The Aransas Pass Railway Company is making consistent efforts to bring this Texas coast country into popularity among the sportsmen of the United States, and it would be very wise of the management of this road to aid in all ways in its power every protective effort which shall look to a conservation of the sporting riches of this wonderful country. The railroads of this country have destroyed the game. Yet the railroads of the country are able to preserve the game to a greater extent than any other one agency if they cared to do so. It would seem an easy proposition that a species of traffic enduring for twenty years is of more value to a railroad than a trifle heavier traffic lasting only four or five years. It is presumptuous to undertake to tell another man how to run his own business, and I do not recall that the personal opinions of one man ever changed the business policy of a railroad company. Yet for one who has seen the havoc in Northern game and fish in the recent past the prospect is not a pleasant one of the havoc which will be wrought upon the game and fish of the South in the early future.

Death in the Water.

Jack Paynter, a trapper plying his vocation on the waters of Lake Koshkonong last week, had the misfortune to capsize his boat, and was unable to get ashore. He clung to the overturned boat for over an hour, and his cries were heard by another trapper, who paid no attention to them. Some members of the Blackhawk Shooting Club finally pulled Paynter out of the water in a frozen and exhausted condition, but he died soon after they got him to the club house.

Dove Slaughter in the South.

The daily papers of the South are beginning to agitate the question of action against the senseless and beastly butchery of doves indulged in by some shooters whose ammunition credit is greater than their store of brains. From a daily paper in Chicago I take the following:

"In a recent interview Judge Fish, of the Southwestern Georgia Circuit, expressed the hope that the Legislature at the present session would do something to protect doves from indiscriminate slaughter. Judge Fish has called attention to an abuse which demands immediate attention. He tells of one party which killed 12,000 doves in a few days last season. On the day after this slaughter the negroes picked up in the vicinity over 300 doves which had been wounded and died near the baited field in which they were shot. In South Georgia fields are frequently baited, and when great droves of doves get used to feeding in them it is easy for a few hunters to kill thousands of them. Many of the birds thus slaughtered are left on the ground. A rivalry has grown up among those who indulge in this cruel business. Single hunters have been known to kill 500 in a day."

Milwaukee Hunters.

A number of Milwaukee sportsmen met at No. 701 Chestnut street this week to talk over protective matters, and a little society was organized for the purpose of protecting hunting dogs. The Wisconsin Legislature will be memorialized to this effect by the sportsmen. A bill will also be introduced prohibiting the use of ferrets in rabbit hunting. The wiping out of the Wisconsin game laws for 1895 gives the sportsmen of that State a grand opportunity to frame a model game law. They have in plain view all the mistakes in the game statutes of other States, and moreover have the benefit of the most modern enlightenment in protective matters. Certainly the new Wisconsin law, whatever it shall be, should abolish all spring shooting whatever, and should prohibit absolutely the sale of game at any season. These two measures alone, if enforced, would insure a splendid permanancy in the Wisconsin game supply, which is one of the most considerable in the entire West.

Ducks.

Mr. A. C. Patterson and his friend, Mr. Lamphere, on last Tuesday and Wednesday, at the Calumet Heights Club, had the great good fortune to meet the south-bound flight of fowl, and made the tidy bag of sixty-five ducks between them; certainly a very satisfactory showing, since the shooting was less than thirty miles from the Chicago post office and main store.

On Tuesday word was wired from the Lauderdale lakes, of Wisconsin, that the ducks were there in thousands, and several parties departed for that point or others of that vicinity. At Koshkonong Lake on Monday it was thought the birds were leaving for the South, as the weather was very cold and ice was forming. It is possible that some of the Koshkonong birds had dropped into this series of waters, the first below Koshkonong; but no doubt the bulk of the flight there was made of birds fresh down from the further North, part of which dropped also into Koshkonong. It seems now sure that the birds are all in this latitude or south of here, and that they are scattered from here to Arkansas and Texas. I should look for heavy shooting on the Texas waters within the next week following.

Dogs.

This week Chicago had a little fire out in the packing house district, in which the gallant firemen showed their skill and their humanity alike by saving the lives of five creatures, not human beings, but dogs. These dogs belonged to the owner of the building, and had been imprisoned in the house by the swift spread of the flames. All of the dogs were overcome by the smoke, and were carried out by the firemen in their arms and later revived after patient effort, *à la* heroine in the novel. A singular part of the story is that the entire building and also neighboring ones would have been destroyed but for these same dogs, which attracted attention by their barking, and so led a neighbor to turn in an alarm. The dog is man's best friend.

Quail.

Mr. E. H. Bisby, of Deer Park, Tex., a very successful and practical handler of shooting dogs, writes to Mr. Wm. Werner, of this city, for whom he has been training some dogs, to the effect that Mr. Werner would do well to pack his grip sack and come to Texas for a quail shoot. He says: "I will show you more quail than you ever dreamed of, and the greatest duck shooting in America, not 1,000 miles away from where I am. At times there are thousands of snipe. To show you how abundant the quail are I would say that yesterday I found with four young puppies twenty-nine different bevies of quail within a mile of my house. Come down and have a Christmas hunt." If Mr. Bisby can get Mr. Werner down into that promised land I can assure them both that they will both be glad of the trip and the meeting.

Mr. Bisby, by the way, mentions the fact that he lately had a young puppy bitten by a moccasin snake, one of the Southern poisonous snakes. He states that the swelling was severe for about two hours, and that the dog then got better, and never stopped hunting at all.

Deer.

Messrs. John Densmore and John Henry, of Tomak, Wis., two weeks ago killed near City Point, Wis., a deer which is thought to be one of the largest of the season. It was a fine buck, weighing 263lbs.

Leopard.

Sportsmen who attended the Sportsmen's Exposition two years ago, and who of course saw the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit there, may perhaps remember the fine specimen of taxidermist work shown in the mounted deer head known as the "Challenge." This was the work of one of the very best of the Western taxidermists, Mr. Carl Akeley, at that time of Milwaukee. Mr. Akeley afterward came to Chicago—where all good people go after they die, if they are not happy enough to get there before that time—and became the taxidermist for the great Field Columbian Museum. He was with the African expedition of that concern, which within the year went to the Dark Continent for a complete set of specimens of the African big game. Of all this we are to have a story, but I cannot refrain from mentioning a little adventure which a current Milwaukee paper mentions as having befallen Mr. Akeley during his African trip. It seems he was out hunting one day with a native hunter, and while taking a rest under a guava tree heard a rustle in the underbrush and the next moment saw a leopard in the act of springing upon him. Quick as a flash he fired his rifle, but only wounded the beast in one of its hindlegs. The next moment the hunter and the beast were engaged in a death struggle, Akeley finally coming out victorious by simply strangling the animal to death, though the leopard lacerated Akeley's arm with his teeth.

Change.

Mr. H. B. Jewell, mayor of the pleasant little city of Wabasha, Minn., writes as follows in regard to the change of habits sometimes shown by wildfowl of late years. Mr. Jewell is a close observer of the habits of birds and what he says has interest. I recall also in this connection a mention I made some years ago at the instance of a member of the Nee-pee-nauk Club, of Wisconsin, who said that the shooters on Puckaway Lake were confident that the mallard ducks there had so far changed their habits as to cease to a great extent their usual feeding system on the marshes, and to take to the open water, where they could not be disturbed. This gentleman said that the mallards of those waters would dive in 3 or 4ft. of water like the deep-water ducks. Of course all shooters know that the mallard is not a diving bird by natural habit, usually feeding in water shallow enough to allow the bird to reach its food by simply plunging its head and neck under water, and never diving unless wounded or closely cornered, or when its wings are frozen fast so that it cannot rise quickly. As to his mallards Mr. Jewell says:

"Your mention in a late number of FOREST AND STREAM about mallards changing their habits is true. I have been noticing it for several years back. They roost daytimes on sand bars and other exposed or inaccessible places, and fly in to the feeding places after dark, and the first gun in the morning scares them out, and they don't come back until night. Duck shooting has been very poor in the Mississippi Valley this fall."

Out.

There are some deluded folk who train up their children, or try to train them up, in the belief that there is no such thing as luck, whereas even a common gambler knows better than that. If there were nothing in luck, I should be pleased to know why it is that I am always in my office when the crippled beggars, and match peddlers, and widows with seven children, and life insurance people, and Salvation Army girls peddling the *War Cry*, and also hobos just in need of a plain drink happen along, and how I always manage to be out of it at the time when good people—for instance, like Harvey McMurchy, of the Hunter Arms Co., whose card I find on my desk just now—chance to come in. I am sure Mr. McMurchy does not classify under any of the above heads, and therefore I should have been glad to see him. Or I should have been glad anyhow, without any therefore. There is something in luck.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

HOW THE NEW JERSEY LAW WORKS.

TURNERVILLE, Gloucester County, N. J.—I wish to say a few words in condemnation of the New Jersey game law. As it is to-day it will only be a few years when the game will be a thing of the past. What we want and what is needed is a uniform law. I have noticed in the beginning of August and September quite an increase of quail and rabbits; but the season coming in for gray squirrels and pheasants has given all a chance to roam the woods and fields with dog and gun; and all kinds of game birds have been shot. Rabbits have been killed by parties coming from Philadelphia on Sunday with their dogs, as many as a dozen after one little rabbit. This happens almost every Sunday; and not only these, but others from Grenloch and Turnerville. Box traps have been set along the swamps and springs a month back by people who pay rent for a farm and say they have a right to set them. A deputy should be appointed to look after this part of Gloucester county, and also Camden county. Yesterday I could hear the hounds running and the report of the gun. It is not the people who live here, but people who come here and think they have a right to do as they like when they get in the country.

Again, all this summer dogs have been running at large and eating up the young rabbits.

The laws should open for all kinds at once, at then no one would have a right to go out with his gun before. Again, the season opening, as it does this year, ten days after the Pennsylvania law, gives them a chance to kill off their own game and then flock across the river and slaughter what is left of ours after the pot-hunter has had his share. I hope the law will be changed this coming winter so it will help some of these evils. It is the same way with trout, bass and pike.

S.

[You should communicate your information of game law violations to Fish and Game Protector Chas. A. Shriner, Paterson, N. J.]

Carp and the Tolleston Marsh.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Tolleston Club, of Chicago, of which I am a member, has a most admirable natural duck marsh containing about 2,500 acres near the town of Tolleston, Lake county, Ind. Up to within a few years there has been on this marsh an exceedingly rank and heavy growth of wild rice and other natural food for all varieties of ducks. Unfortunately by some means carp have gotten into it and have nearly ruined the feed, having eaten out all of the wild rice, wild celery and much of the smart weed. They grow to an enormous size, and have increased in numbers to an incredible degree.

The Little Calumet River runs through this marsh, and when the water is low the river seems to be absolutely full of them. When the water is high they spread over the marsh and eat everything that comes in their way. I write this in the hope that it may lead to some information as to the best means of getting rid of them. They are a nuisance of the worst possible description, and if every carp in the United States could be annihilated it would be a matter of congratulation to everyone who is fond of shooting. I have heard of their destroying other marshes as they have ours, and it seems to me that there ought to be some method of exterminating them.

I have been a subscriber to FOREST AND STREAM for several years, and hope that I am not asking too much in requesting information on the above subject.

EDWIN T. DANIELS.

[We can suggest no remedy, for no practicable method of exterminating carp has been devised except in ponds or streams which it is possible to drain off, when the fish can be pitchforked out, or in private waters, where they may be limed. A marsh such as that of the Tolleston Club, with a river flowing through it, is at the mercy of these water vermin.]

As Many Hunters as Ducks.

WALKER, Ia.—I have been on a shooting trip through Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota. Game in these States is not what it used to be. Many of the small lakes and sloughs are dry on account of dry seasons. Another great drawback in the game country is that there are so many hunters. I have been at several lakes where hunters were as thick as the ducks, one especially, Lake Geneva, in southern Minnesota; at a narrow place in the lake there were upward of fifteen tents of campers, and the shooting in the morning and at night sounded like the rattle of musketry when a flock showed that way. Hunters say that the supply is steadily decreasing.

K.

A Maine Ruffed Grouse Dearth.

BREWER, Me.—In over fifty years of gunning I have never known ruffed grouse so scarce over so large a part of our State. Sometimes they are locally scarce, but this season the same reports come in from everywhere. It takes extra luck for a man and dog to average one a day and more than three-quarters are old birds. We never had any snaring here, and no market gunning worth mentioning. Hawks and owls are also always scarce near here.

M. H.

Michigan Partridge Shooting.

SAGINAW, Mich., Nov. 11.—The partridge shooting is fine around Saginaw. I have been out three times since the season opened, Nov. 1, hunting a day or part of a day each time, and have brought in just thirty birds, averaging about ten for each trip. Not bad, is it? Besides, the bag has been sweetened up with half as many quail.

Our Dakota trip was a grand success; more birds than I have seen before in years. We had splendid goose shooting, and any quantity of ducks to be had for the asking.

W. B. MERSHON,

Proposed New York Game Sale Seasons.

Editor Forest and Stream:

THE New York (city) Association for the Protection of Game have met with the president of the Marketmen's Association and have drafted a law to suit both parties. The main features are: Leaving the seasons of killing game as at present; extending the season for having quail, grouse, woodcock, venison, rabbits and hares and squirrels until March 1; permitting sale of plover and bay birds all the year; of wildfowl from Sept. 1 to April 1; and sale of quail in addition during the month of October. All possession after the closing of the open season to require proof of lawful killing during the open season or without the State. The restricting of the spring wildfowl selling to April 1 is a gain of a month, if the open season can be restricted also, as it should be. The marketing of qual in October, in my opinion, ought to be followed by permitting the shooting within the State from Oct. 1 to Dec. 31, otherwise our birds will be killed and marketed before lawful sportsmen can go after them. The repeal of Section 249 is what we get for these concessions, and I think it a decided step in the right direction. It will be a great gain to have the marketmen with us. MANHATTAN.

A Justice of the Peace who Breaks the Law.

EAST HAMPTON, N. Y., Nov. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* May I ask if it is legal to ship quail, partridges, rabbits, gray squirrels, etc., from here to parties in New York city. Game such as above is being shipped almost daily. One party in town, by name of A. M. Payne, is shipping. Also one of our (worthy?) justices of the peace, John Mulligan, is shipping. Mulligan shipped a box yesterday afternoon to a certain commission house in New York city.

As I'm in business, I don't care to have my name in this. But I do think they ought to be stopped if it is against the law, as I think it is.

Any of this you may publish if you wish, but not my name.

[It is against the law to ship quail and partridges unless they are accompanied by the owner. We have advised our correspondent to communicate with Chief Pond.]

Currituck.

NEW YORK, Nov. 5.—A few lines in regard to reports from Currituck may be of interest. The outlook is simply immense for wildfowling. Letters to hand from Leon White report the ducks and geese in large numbers, with a good many of the different clubs' members down enjoying the sport. Jacksnipe have been unusually plentiful, also wood duck, while the bay birds, principally winter yellow-legs, are still with them—later than usual. White has an entire new outfit of live decoys and says they are acting well. He reports over 500 geese since the opening of the season, and other letters from natives confirm this. I am getting anxious to be there. Have four already for my party and want two more. Are there not two readers of FOREST AND STREAM who will join me? I will gladly give any one all information and guarantee them a royal good shoot. We propose to start Dec. 10 to 15, so as to be late enough for the swan. W. E. SAWYER.

Barneget Bay Ducks.

TOM'S RIVER, N. J., Nov. 13.—Gunning in Ocean county is excellent. Old-timers say that never in their recollection were there such large flocks of ducks on Barnegat Bay as during the past week. A sail boat would make them rise from their feeding ground in great clouds. However, but little luck attend the gunners, as the fine weather allows the birds to stay in the middle of the bay, where they are comparatively safe. Large flocks are also seen in the ocean, outside the surf line.

Some very good bags of quail are made by the gunners of the island, the largest being made by Longstreet Irons, of Jersey City, who bagged twenty-seven in half a day's outing. Rabbits are also very plentiful.

South Carolina Quail.

ROCK HILL, S. C., Nov. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in the office of the Carolina Hotel a placard reading: "Report your luck to FOREST AND STREAM." In compliance with this request, and for the information of those who are fond of quail shooting, I beg to say: I left the hotel about 10 o'clock on the morning of the 4th and reached the hunting grounds about 10:30; found birds plentiful and bagged thirty-five, returning in time for supper. I would have had no trouble in making a bag of fifty had I been on the grounds in time for the morning shooting. ROBT. B. JONES.

Some New Jersey Covers.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Nov. 14.—I have just returned from a tramp through some of old Monmouth's famous covers and find game of all kinds fairly abundant. Particularly is this true of quail; not in years have they been so plentiful, and all we found were good, strong, well-grown birds, tasking the skill of the shooter to the last degree, as the foliage is too much on tree and bush to make shooting easy. Still we secured enough of both fur and feather to satisfy the average mortal, not to speak of the gloriously bracing effect on mind and body which woodland rambles always bring. LEONARD HULIT.

New York Association.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 12.—The annual meeting of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will be held in the city of Syracuse, Thursday, Jan. 14, 1897, at the Yates House.

I trust that every club will send a good representation.

If you have any proposed amendments to the game laws to secure consideration at this meeting, a copy of same must be in the hands of each member of the legislative committee on or before Dec. 14.

F. J. AMSDEN, Pres.

Ducking in Wisconsin.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 11.—Duck hunting at Shawano Lake, Wis., is good. Mr. Theodore A. Thomas, of Milwaukee, in three days this week shot 255 bluebills and redheads; weight, 485lbs. W B. K.

Sea and River Fishing.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XXI.—Tay-bun-ane-je-gay.

WE named him—Henry Neaville and I. We had to call him something to distinguish him from other Indians who begged about our camp, and we did not think the name he gave as his own, Ah-mik-wash, "a beaver house," described him as well as the one we concocted, which means: "He takes so much at a mouthful." Ours was a perfect fit and before long I'll tell you how he got it.

Mr. James McBride, then living in Potosi, Wis., but now in Washington, D. C., had a contract to subdivide some townships in what is now Crow Wing county, Minn. The township lines had been run, each township being six miles square, and these were to be crossed by lines a mile apart into square miles, with the half miles marked on both north and east lines. The northern line was near where Brainerd now stands, the Mississippi River was the west boundary and the survey took in the village of Crow Wing, which was then an Indian trading post.

The party included Thomas Davies, now living at British Hollow, Wis.; Pierre Gibbs, of Dubuque, Ia.; —— Crosby, I think originally from Boston; Henry R. Neaville and the writer, both of Potosi. We started by steamboat from Dubuque, in September, 1856—I forget the day, but Tom Davies thinks it was the 12th—with two horses, wagon, pack saddles, tent and camp equipage and a supply of provisions that surprised me: Half a dozen barrels of flour, 3lbs. pork, a 10-gallon keg of molasses, 1-gallon keg of vinegar, sugar, beans, rice, grain for the horses, and all in profusion. At St. Paul half the provisions were stored and we took a wagon load, all but the driver walking up the big military road that led to Fort Ripley, about 100 miles north of St. Paul. Our first night out we camped on Rum River and Henry Neaville tasted it and said: "Hum! it's nothing but water." From Fort Ripley to Crow Wing the road was not so good. Making a base of supplies at the trading post, we struck into the woods and afterward Tom Davies drove back to St. Paul for the food left there. We took camp and grub on our backs. At the place to begin work I made camp and Neaville went back for more supplies. There was about 4in. of snow and this lay without thaw or addition until we left the woods late in December.

I had expected to furnish game for camp and took my rifle, naturally thinking that this far-off region abounded in game as the Bad Ax country, where I spent the previous winter, did. I lugged that rifle for two months and only killed four ruffed grouse. I saw one deer and two rabbits, but did not get a shot at them. The country was destitute of game. Indians swarmed all over it. At Crow Wing the great trail of Lake Superior crossed the one coming down from the Red River of the North, and the trading post was visited by scores of Indians every day from each of the four branches of the trails.

It was on the second day out. Henry had returned quickly, as we were not yet far from our base, and I was baking bread and getting dinner for two, as the linemen had theirs with them and would not return until night, when in walked the American whose name heads this chapter. As before stated, that was not his name then, but he didn't know it. He squatted by the fire and grunted: "*Bon jour*, Nidjee," a salutation of mixed French and Ojibwa that all those Indians used. Henry returned his salute and said to him in Ojibwa that he was welcome.

"Where did you learn to speak that?" I asked.

"Off up the Wisconsin River with a logging party one winter. Why?"

"Nothing, only I was surprised, that's all. If I'd known you spoke it we could have knocked lots of fun out of your brother Frank on our fishing trips. But you have made this man welcome, and that he will interpret to mean free feeding, perhaps all winter, and as I am camp keeper, McBride will ask questions if we feed too many. He doesn't like an Indian and told me not to have them hanging around camp, so don't do this any more."

"All right," said Henry, "I spoke without thinking. If there's lots of pork boiled let's fill this fellow up and see how much he can hold."

I told him that I had boiled enough pork for all hands to have cold to-night, but if his guest ate half of it I would boil more.

I made all ready, and our aboriginal American announced himself as Ah-mik-wash or "Beaver House." Henry remarked: "He differs somewhat from a beaver house, and as to the last part of his name I'll bet he hasn't washed in ten years."

"Henry, keep quiet!" then tapping my breast I said: "Kego-e-kay," and then touching Henry, introduced him as Ke-tim-ish-ke (He-is-lazy). Old Beaver House grunted, and I served an equal portion of bread, baked beans and pork to each. There was enough for Henry and me at the first serving, and long before we had finished I piled another big chunk on the plate of our guest.

"Henry," said I, "your friend's doctor has recommended him to take something for his appetite, and he s struck the place to get the prescription put up. Just see what he takes at a mouthful, and how he swallows it without sticking a tooth in it! I'll limit him to the pork and bread, for I'll be dingswizzled if I'll boil and bake any more beans."

Henry thought a minute—he was a meditative man and therefore a born angler—and said: "He is filling his beaver house for the winter, but he can swallow chunks of pork that would choke a deerhound. He must have a new name. These Injuns don't get a name early in life as we do, and when they get one it never sticks through as ours do, and we must name him anew. See that last chunk go down! Give him what there is left of the pork and put the rest away, and let's see him get away with what you had provided for six men to-night, in addition to what he has eaten."

I will publicly confess to being a sinner if that Ojibwa, or "Chippewa," as his name has been corrupted into, did not clean up every bit of the pork. There was no such discrimination between the component parts as was made by Jack Spratt and his wife. He removed the plate from his lap and said: "Koo-koosh, nish-ish-shin," or "Pork very good."

While our guest sat by the fire in full enjoyment of physical comfort Henry and I concocted the new name for him, and this is the way we christened him. I said, leaving out as much of his tongue as possible: "You no Beaver House no more, you Tay-bun-ane-je-gay (He-who-takes-so-much-at-a-mouthful). This name, which we evolved in a spirit of ridicule, was accepted by our simple-minded friend as a tribute to his prowess after he had scanned our faces and found no trace of levity; and he was so known, not only by us, but by his tribe.

He had caught Henry's name and smiled as much as an Indian can smile, but seemed in doubt about mine. Perhaps my pronunciation was at fault, for "kego" means fish, and also is a negative, as "do not," "never," "beware of saying," etc. Henry said: "We have many words which mean the same thing, and so have they. Old Swallow-'em-slick is in doubt. Show him your fish lines and he will know that you are a fisherman."

When our guest had seen my tackle he pointed to me in pride at his understanding and touched my shoulder, saying: "Kego-e-kay." Then he proceeded to tell what great pike, "kinoje," could be caught in a small lake a short distance away, and we arranged to try it next day after the men had gone on the line.

The ice was not thick, but would bear us well, for it was about the last of September or the first of October in that cold country, and this reminds me that McBride wanted to know about the winters in that region and asked a half-breed who spoke English how the weather was likely to be. He replied: "October, he pooty cole; November, he cole as de dev'; and December, he col'er 'an —." I had heard the name mentioned as a comparison for heat frequently, and wondered what kind of a place the half-breed thought it might be. The snow had fallen since the lake froze, and we could not see the depth. I asked old Mouthful where there were springs and he showed us one, where we caught a lot of minnows.

We cut holes and rigged about a dozen lines with tip-ups and waited. The holes froze over and we cut them open, but no fish came to our lures. It was noon, and not a pike, big or little, had sampled our minnows. We were like "Ye Sunberrye Fysher," our tackle was correct, but the fish were either absent or—something else. It was time to eat.

I asked Henry: "Do you think that old Mouthful, as you call him in shorthand, has brought us out here on a fool's errand? This lake should contain pike, lake trout, brook trout or perch, but we get no bites. The water is not very cold or the ice would be thicker, the springs below keep the ice from getting too thick. Perhaps our friend is only playing it on us for his grub."

"If I was sure of that," said Henry, "I would advise that we leave him, and go back and eat ours at camp or sit down here and eat, and only give a little bite, so that he could not take so much at a mouthful."

The luncheon was fairly divided. One of the tip-ups showed the flag, and Henry jumped and ran for it. The hook was bare; a minnow had been taken. Old Mouthful had probably divined our thoughts, for he arose and said: "Kego-e-kay-e-mah," there are fish there. We let our lines lower down, but got no fish. It was time to go back to camp to prepare for the hungry linemen. Our new friend went with us; it was evident that he was fond of our company—or our pork—it was not easy to tell which. He saw the men come in and eat their dinner, but got no invitation to join, for our chief did not wish to encourage Indians to hang round the camp. Two such men as He-who-takes-so-much-at-a-mouthful would breed a famine in our commissary in a short time. They would eat more than our six healthy white men who had the abnormal appetite that comes with a life in the woods and active exercise in cold weather. The farmer's expression, "I'm as hungry as a hired man," fell short of our appetites.

We had a tin bake oven made in flat sections for packing on a man's back, which when set up before a campfire flared out so as to reflect the heat from top and bottom on a bread pan in which we not only baked bread, but beans, pork and coons. Imagine a yawning front of 18in. sloping to a back of 5in., in the middle of which was the pan, and you have the idea. Mixing soda and cream of tartar with the flour and then wetting it up—well! If you don't believe that I made the best bread that was ever baked on this planet just write to my *companion du voyage*, Thomas Davies. Mark the letter "private," because Tom has been married since that time and he might not wish Mrs. Davies to see his reply; he is eating her biscuits now. Married men will appreciate this caution.

Four men went on the line—McBride, the chief or compass man; one axe man to clear a place for him to see through and to blaze the line, and two chain men. There was then an extra man to bring supplies from our base, and he was in camp with me a great deal. Henry Neaville did most of this work, because he was a very good woodsman and could find me when I moved camp. Sometimes we stayed several days in a place, and lines would be run in all directions. In the morning I would get an order to "Keep camp here to-day," or to move it. If moved, it might be "two miles east and one mile north," and then before sundown I would clang the cow bell which we sometimes used on the horses when hobbled. We used the horses to pack our camp at first while in the country of solid ground, but sent them to Crow Wing when we got into the swampy country, where the springy swamps were frozen enough to permit a man to travel safely without snowshoes, but would not hold the greater weight of a horse with its smaller foot. It would have been almost impossible to run these lines before the swamps were frozen. I saw all the corner stakes set and "witness trees" marked, and when the man removed his hand from the top of the stake it fell. There were no stones to be found for markers; but the trees told the story, and the exact place of the stake could be found.

I can't say when it was that we met a train of Red River settlers on their way from Pembina,* perhaps it was on our way up, but it was an event. We heard the creaking of their carts for at least ten miles before we met. There were eighteen carts in the train drawn by

* Will the "gentle reader" oblige my educated ear by pronouncing this name with the accent on the last syllable, as Pem-bi-*naw*? I ask this because the tendency is to mispronounce Indian words like this. If they will favor me in this instance they will never say Man-i-*to*-by, but Man-i-to-*bah*, bringing all the force on the ultimate, and they can't slur the first three syllables too much for correct Ojibwa ears. Why not? That's the way the natives speak these names.

ponies, and not a bit of iron in the whole outfit! Not even a nail. The wheels had wooden tires held by wooden pins, and if one gave out there was the forest to furnish material. Some of the carts had a ham rind under the axle, but that was a foolish concession to the god of silence. The others shrieked and wailed like lost spirits, and miles before we met them we were wondering what could make such unearthly sounds. We halted and talked with the priest who was in charge of the expedition and seemed to be the only man in the party who could speak English. The other men were French, Indians and half-breeds, and they spoke such a *patois* of mixed Ojibwa and Canadian French that Crosby couldn't understand a word, and he spoke Boston French fluently. The priest was a jolly old fellow, a well-read man who, it seemed to me, was wasting his life among a very dirty lot; but if he was contented we should be. I listened to him talk of his mission work and of his hope that there would be a weekly mail up from St. Paul into his frozen region before many years. His people had sold their furs; the Hudson's Bay Company had a monopoly of the trade in British America, and they brought nothing to sell. They were going to St. Paul to buy coffee, sugar, clothing, garden seeds and other things; but why they didn't buy of the company I don't know. His great good nature and hopefulness made him very interesting, for he was a good and lovable old man. Ah me! If the camera and dry plates had been invented in those days and I had owned an outfit, what treasures I would have to-day!

Tom Davies went to St. Paul for the rest of the provisions early in October and was gone ten days. Henry froze both his feet by riding on the hind end of the wagon with his feet hanging out after he had met Tom at Crow Wing, for we were still in a country where the wagon could be used. It was night and Henry had told Tom that Crosby was lost in the woods, and he hurried on at once because there were but three men on the line. They reached camp while we were breakfasting, but Henry could not stand. He had foolishly worn leather boots, while the rest had shoe-packs of elk-skin, soft and warm in dry weather. This reminds me to say that the Indians about us wore moccasins of buffalo which cost $1 a pair at Crow Wing, but did not wear well. After the men were gone on the line I took Henry's boots off and put his feet into snow and by chafing them got the blood started. He joked about my cutting his feet off and his missing the dancing that winter, as they swelled so that there seemed to be danger, but in a week he was able to walk and by cutting one boot for a favorite toe he was soon ready for duty.

I kept up half-hourly rifle shots and cow-bell ringing for Crosby and he came into camp, having been out one night without matches or blankets. He had kept from freezing by walking and had got turned around and followed the blazed lines the wrong way. Hunger had made him colder and he had thrown a stick at a bird, probably a Canada jay, hoping to kill it and eat it raw. He had an appetite of great length, breadth and thickness, one worthy of the man whose name heads this article.

Gibbs was very fond of staying in camp with me when Henry went on the line and he could do it. An excuse to mend his trousers or other clothing served. He was the youngest of the party and fresh from school. He knew all about Indians, for he had read about them, but was curious to study them in the woods. He was a gold mine to old Mouthful or any other Indian. When he offered a pipeful of tobacco he handed over a whole plug of Navy or such part of one as he had, and when the Indian cut a pipeful and kept the rest Gibbs thought that he didn't mean to do it, but couldn't ask for its return. He continually gave me advice on the subject of getting on with them, and I enjoyed it. Once as we sat down to a midday bite Gibbs passed the pan of hot biscuit to old Mouthful, who dumped the lot in his dirty blanket. I had frequently told him that an Indian always understood that what you handed to him was his, but there the biscuit were.

"Explain it to him," said Gibbs, "I can't speak his lingo, but we've got to have some bread for our dinner, and I don't really fancy getting it back after he has handled it and had it in that blanket."

"Gibbs," I replied, "there is no need to explain it. You gave them to him; of course you didn't intend to give him the whole output of the bakery, but you did. Now the only thing to do is to go and take what you want without any more ceremony, replevin them; use force if necessary, but get back our biscuit. We need not eat the outside of them, there's a lot of good bread inside which his dirty hands haven't touched."

He looked at the bread and then said: "I don't like to be impolite to him. Why can't you tell him that it's all a mistake; what's the word for mistake in his patter?'

"Oh, just say to him: 'Nidgee, pungee iskoodah wabo,' and it will be all right."*

The red man had not paid much attention to our talk, which he could not understand, but my last words must have had a familiar sound, for he turned his head and looked at me.

Gibbs arose and repeated the words in his purest Chippewa. Old Mouthful also arose, as befitted such an important occasion, grunted, shook hands and replied in fairly good Ojibwa that he "didn't care if he did."

"What's that he says?" asked Gibbs.

"He says that he begs your pardon and hopes that he has not offended; and he begs that you will take the bread and give him such a portion as will not rob yourself."

Gibbs struck an attitude and exclaimed: "Now, by my halidome! Our guest is a gentleman of right courtly manners. I tell you, Fred, you don't know these people if you have been around a few of them long enough to pick up some of their talk. I've read up on 'em, Scoolcraft, Cooper and these authors; have studied, 'em and the noble red man has all the high-bred instincts of the most chivalrous knight, but these men who come among them to trade are not sufficiently educated to see and appreciate it." He then took up the bread, broke off a third of it and gave it to our guest.

Old Mouthful looked surprised. Evidently he didn't mind the bread as long as there was whisky in prospect. After a pause he looked at Gibbs in a way that the Governor of North Carolina might have done at that historic meeting with the Governor of South Carolina, and merely remarked: "Pungee 'scutah wabo?"

"What's that he says?" asked Gibbs.

"He asked you for some whisky, and he thinks you promised him some in exchange for the bread. I begin to think so myself, since I compare your pronounciation of Ojibwa with his and mine. There are some very nice shades of inflection in Ojibwa which make a word mean several things. You have told me how revengeful an Indian is, and you have mortally offended this man, and unless you give him what you have promised it may go hard with you—and in fact with all our party, for we are only six."

"What will I do? I haven't any whisky, and there's none in camp."

"He won't believe that. He has seen a 10gal. keg of molasses, but you don't suppose for a moment he believes it to be molasses? The kegs he has seen with white men have always contained whisky. I don't know how you can square it with him. You've got yourself into this scrape, but I'll help you out if I can."

I told our guest that Gibbs had not understood, "gowin kendun," but that instead of whisky he meant to offer tobacco. That was satisfactory—it had to be—and Gibbs gave up a whole plug of Navy, and there was peace in the land. Gibbs felt that I had successfully arbitrated the case and averted a calamity. What our guest thought was impossible to tell, but Henry and I enjoyed the thing by ourselves, and afterward Henry guyed Gibbs about it at every chance.

We had left civilization early in a presidential campaign. The Democratic party had nominated James Buchanan, and the newly-formed Republican party had named John C. Fremont as its candidate. Our little party of six was divided in its choice and in the evenings the argument waxed warm, but always in respectful shape. The date for the election had passed, but we knew nothing of the result. But what hundreds of bushels of oysters were bet! It would have required several smacks to have carried all these oysters if the stews, fries and raws had all been eaten. The fact is that no records of bets were kept, and each night the old score was forgotten and new bets were made. When we got back in the vicinity of Crow Wing—about Dec. 20—we first heard the result, and the Buchanan men were jubilant. It served us well as a topic of interest, for it was not a jolly crowd, and what it would have done for amusement without the election is a question.

Unless Henry or Gibbs was in camp I did not dare leave it. These Indians might be honest enough, but in our case it was well not to take any risks on our provisions. One day, while out with my rifle, I came to a lake of which I had a glimpse through the trees. Standing awhile, there came a faint whining sound which I at once diagnosed as the talk of a bear. Here was a chance to get a shot at bruin, and perhaps some fresh meat. Carefully looking at the cap on the rifle, I cautiously worked down into the marshy ground and underbrush in the direction of the sound. The marsh was frozen or the passage would have been impossible. The sound came from one direction, but did not seem to increase as I advanced; but it was a bear, sure. Getting near the edge of the lake, as could be seen off to the right, the game must be close, and that creepy, trembling feeling came on. I halted and listened; it was but a few feet away. Through the brush a dark object could be seen on a log, and the whining kept up. If it was a bear I wanted to see how it stood in order to plant the bullet right; but in stepping one side I made a slight noise, and an Indian boy about six years old turned around. He dropped, crawled behind the log, and then jumped into the brush and out of sight. Probably it was the first white man he had ever seen. Then I knew that what I mistook for the whining of a bear was the boy's low singing. The story he told his mother would be interesting, if we knew it.

Getting back to the higher land again, I sat awhile on a log enjoying the clear, cold air and the glimpse of the frozen lake. After awhile there was another sound of life, and I saw a sight which I never have seen recorded by any writer of the woods. Below, in an open spot in the underbrush, perhaps of 20ft. diameter, and not over 20ft. away, came a troop of about thirty ruffed grouse or partridges of the Eastern States, and they were clucking and chattering at a great rate. The males were strutting with tails spread out like turkey cocks, or more like tame pigeons. I was in plain sight, and tried not to breathe for fear of disturbing them, for it was the treat of a lifetime. Among these birds was a male, I had no doubt the same species, which was black. Of course I can't at this late day, and in view of my very slight knowledge of such things at that time, be certain that this was a case of melanism in Bonasa, but I believe it.

Later I saw several ptarmigan, which I then thought to be white ruffed grouse, but did not kill any. Something alarmed the partridges and they flew into the trees, and I picked off three. The shots brought an Indian, a stranger, who begged for a bird, and I gave him one. These men were persistent beggars; they thought every white man was wealthy. They seemed to roam the woods without either gun or bows, and I afterward learned that they lived mainly on fish, which they dried for winter. No doubt they knew how scarce game was, and that it was useless to hunt for it. I was greatly disappointed; I had left the East two years before because of the scarcity of game, and here I was in a primeval forest where there was no game, hardly a rabbit. Disappointed hardly expresses it. Why, we could go out from Albany in that day, in most any direction during the winter, and bag a few ruffed grouse, some rabbits and a squirrel or two; I began to think the far West a fraud; Minnesota was then "far West." The biggest lot of game I saw in northern Minnesota that winter was four young coons that Tom Davies killed with an axe as they huddled near a tree on an extra cold morning. I parboiled and baked them, and—oh, my!

Our friend, who possibly might bite off more than he could chew, but never more than he could swallow, had ceased to be interesting. He found our camp at every move, and seemed to regard himself as part of it, or at least one of the volunteer staff. Neaville and I paid little attention to him, but his eye brightened when he found Gibbs in camp. Gibbs was curious about him, wanted to learn his language, and would touch objects and ask their names by looking up and saying, "Ojibwa?" Then, of course, he could do no less than "divy" on pork and tobacco—a very good arrangement for his friend. Speaking of tobacco, we once found old Mouthful with the native article, the "killi-ki-nic," or inner bark of the red willow. Henry and I tried it once. It was most pungent, and I can only compare it to smoking rattan and elm root, which we schoolboys used before we aspired to tobacco, and it almost burned our tongues off. I think some of the old boys, and perhaps some of the younger ones, will recall their brave attempts to smoke things, no matter how pungent, which did not upset and invert their youthful stomachs. Fifty years ago most boys in America thought it smart to chew tobacco, and they acquired the disgusting habit, but the younger ones would get licorice ball, and spit in imitation of a tobacco chewer, and then some unbeliever would challenge him with, "That ain't tobacco you're a-chewin', it's on'y lickorish!" Yes, I was a boy once.

These Northern Indians must smoke, but tobacco was an exotic which positively declined to grow so far North, and, like the boys, they found a substitute. After they found the Southern weed it was too costly to use alone, and they mixed it with killi-ki-nic merely for economy; but preferred pure tobacco when they could get it.

"This reminds me." In my young days, when I was particularly fond of negro minstrelsy and burlesquing things, and shortly after the time of which I write, Longfellow published "Hiawatha," a poem which I never tire of reading, but one whose meter urgently invites burque; and with hundreds of others I essayed it. Elsewhere I have said that some people seemed shocked at seeing a thing which they love burlesqued. That means that their sense of humor is only partially developed. Then and to-day I regard "Hiawatha" as the great American epic, but I wrote:

"Should you ask me whence I got them,
Got these yarns of old James River;
With their flavor of tobacco,
Of the stinkweed, the mundungus,
And the pipe of Old Virginny,
And the twangle of the banjo;
Of the banjo, the goatskinnit,
And the fiddle, the catgutta,
And the noisy marrow-bonum,
I should answer, I should tell you:
By one John-smith they were written.
John-smith, soldier, sailor and explorer,
Editor of his own adventures
In the land of Po-ca-hon-tas,
In the realm of Pow-ha-tan,
Where old John-smith had a big time,
Filled the red man full of whisky,
Stole his daughter and sailed eastward
To the far-off land of John-bull," etc.

There were yards and yards of this stuff, but we will content ourselves with that. It's easy to write, any boy can do it, and the grandest of themes are the easiest to burlesque. That is a fact that human owls fail to understand. What is easier to travesty than "Chronicles"? And it is often done without intending irreverence; the humor of the thing is the only thought of the writer; but "a jest's prosperity," etc.

Here you see the evil effect of tobacco, how it will lead a man off the track to talk about Pocahontas and other irrelevant things. It's fortunate for some one that my pen did not go off after Sir Walter Raleigh and the story of his weighing the smoke which came from Queen Elizabeth's pipe, but every schoolboy knows all about that.

We found another thing that the Indians used; it was the "man-o-min," or wild rice. This is mighty good feed for wild ducks or Indians, but, as they ate it, there was a grit in it which detracted from its value to men who don't like to eat the hulls of grain. Hardly a night but half a dozen Indians slept by our fire and cooked their wild rice over it, but if they could get our Southern rice they were glad. It's many a day since I ate the man-o-min, but the impression now is that if it had been properly hulled it would have been good.

Along the streams we saw where the wild rice had been tied up in bunches to keep it from bending over and being eaten by the wild ducks while it was in the milky state or after. Then, later in the year the women paddled up the stream, bent the heads of rice over and with a light stick threshed them into a canoe.

Gibbs was always curious to taste their food; he had the true instincts of an investigator and got more information in that line than we, who were more cautious of getting too intimate with the aborigines, for fear of our stock of provisions.

We came out all right on the rations and had all we wished to use, but the story of the winter is too long for one telling.

FRED MATHER.

* These words mean: "Friend, will you have a little whisky." "Iskoodah" is a word meaning a fire, comet, lightning, etc., and "wabo" or "wabah" is water.

New Jersey Trout Planting.

CHIEF FISH AND GAME PROTECTOR CHARLES A. SHRINER reports to the New Jersey Commission for October: The principal features of the work of the past month consisted in delivering trout and in the large number of prosecutions for violations of the fish and game laws.

The trout were obtained from Plymouth, Mass., under an agreement by which the Plymouth Rock Trout Co. agreed to deliver to your Commission 50,000 trout in New York city. Wardens were placed in charge of the trout at this point, and the fish were distributed to persons having applied for the stocking of suitable streams. The work has been nearly completed and has been very successful, the trout in all but one instance arriving safely at their destination. One can, sent to Englewood, contained a large number of dead fish; all the others were delivered without the loss of a single fish or of only a very few. The trout were between 2 and 3in. in length and were shipped in cans each holding 500.

Lake George Pickerel.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. D. C. Dean, of the American News Company, spent much of his time fishing while at Lake George this summer. He caught a number of bass and some very fine pickerel. One of his pickerel weighed 12lbs. and another 9lbs., while several weighed 7lbs., and a number of 5 and 6lbs. were taken.

Mr. Dean thinks the pickerel deserves a high rating as a game fish and that it should have better protection than it now enjoys. He says that as things are at present hundreds of fish are slaughtered in the early spring at the expense of the summer fishing, and that the interests of the numerous summer visitors are sacrificed to those of a few early fishermen.

B.

ANGLING NOTES.

English Angler in America.

READERS of this journal will remember Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth, who furnished the sinews of war for the Jackson-Harmsworth Polar expedition that found Dr. Nansen; but he will be remembered by anglers chiefly for the tarpon article which he wrote for FOREST AND STREAM and for the Badminton Library, as he came to this country on a fishing expedition, and after trying the tarpon in Florida waters pronounced it the finest fishing to be obtained anywhere. Lately the New York newspapers have stated that Mr. Harmsworth was about to establish an edition of one of his many newspapers in New York city, and on this subject he writes me from London as follows:

"Your letter explains a mystery. Several letters have reached me asking for work on some proposed journal. Having so far retained my mental equilibrium, I have no intention of rushing in where angels fear to tread, and my eighteen newspapers over here occupy my time fully. I have, however, managed to get a very good ten days' angling this year. I had about four days—single days—with the trout, and did well always. I have just got back from Scotland. But I am not yet a good salmon angler. My best fish was 23½lbs. The tremendous casting and the cold wading of the Tay are more than I can stand. It is veritable labor of the worst kind. I am still trying to get to your side and the tarpon again, and will let you know if I have any chance of getting across."

Mr. Harmsworth has been good enough to offer to send me a collection of English fishes, mounted, of his own catching, trout, pike, roach, perch, bream, etc., for the purpose of comparison with our own fishes, and already some of the fishes have been prepared. It will be a valuable collection and serve as an object lesson, and for this reason I will share it with fellow anglers in some way, perhaps by putting it on exhibition at the New York Aquarium when it is opened to the public. I think English anglers are much more given to mounting specimen fish than we are, although the custom is growing in this country, and it is one to be commended. A young man brought me last year the outline of a yellow perch on wrapping paper. The fish weighed 2lbs. and was by far the largest perch ever taken from the waters of Lake George, where the perch are fine flavored, but do not grow to ½lb. except in rare instances. It was glad of the outline of the fish on paper, but would have been much more pleased to have had the fish for mounting, but it had been eaten. The young man's father once caught what was reported to me to be a record black bass of the smallmouth species. I drove hastily to his house only to find the fish in the oven being cooked for dinner.

Fish Distribution in New York.

The State of New York during the year ending Sept. 30, 1896, hatched and distributed in the waters of the State 190,519,218 fish of all kinds. In addition the U. S. Fish Commission contributed to the waters of the State a total of 27,417,533 fish, so that the State waters received during the year a grand total of 217,936,751 fish.

In 1895 the total distribution of fish in the State amounted to about 191,000,000, of which the United States Fish Commission contributed about 17,000,000 (these figures are from memory), so that for the year ending Sept. 30, 1896, the State hatched and distributed from its own hatching stations nearly as many fish as the total from its own stations and the United States combined for the previous year. The fish hatched and distributed by the State from its own stations were as follows: Trout, 7,675,060; pike perch, 41,315,000; mascalonge, 1,815,000; black bass, 43,458; ciscos, 27,500,000; whitefish, 11,250,000; frost fish (round whitefish), 9,700,000; shad, 8,690,200 (probably twice as many as ever before hatched in one year by the State from eggs taken in the Hudson); bullheads, 1,500; tomcods, 44,000,000; smelts, 34,000,000; lobsters, 4,414,000; fresh-water shrimps, 115,000. From these figures it is plainly to be seen that the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission is devoting its attention more to the so-called food or commercial fishes than to the so-called game fishes. Many of the fish contributed by the United States Fish Commission were contributed in the form of eggs, which were hatched and planted by the Commission and do not appear in the table given above, which consists of fish hatched and planted from eggs taken from stock fish at the hatching stations, or from eggs taken in State waters. For instance, the total plantings of shad in the Hudson amounted to 13,285,200, the grandest plant ever made in this river since the beginning of fishculture in the State. The Commissioners erected a new shad hatchery at Catskill, where the eggs were hatched in jars under cover instead of the old-fashioned shad boxes operated in the river with the sky for a roof, but I presume they will describe this work in detail in their annual report.

Bullheads.

There was a note in this column about bullheads recently, since which time I have learned something new concerning them. I was visiting a friend who has a camp on a trout lake which he owns in the Adirondacks. The time was during the last of the month of September. Bullheads were schooling at the surface of the lake, "bulling," the natives called it; when a school of the fish were seen at any part of the lake a rap with a paddle on a boat would cause the school of bullheads to jump from the water. It was not necessary to see the fish, for a blow on the timbers of the boat landing would cause the fish to jump in the middle of the lake. One sharp blow on the gunwale of boat, canoe or boat landing, the timbers of which run down into the water, was all sufficient to cause the fish to jump if they were at the surface, and the whole school jumped as if frightened.

Silkworm Cocoons.

Dr. Theodatus Garlick, the "Father of Fishculture in America," gathered the cocoons of American silkworms, reared the worms, and from them drew gut that was "9ft. long and equal in size and strength to the best salmon gut"—that is, such gut as is used in salmon fishing. Gut from the Chinese worm is not 2ft. long in the size used for salmon fishing, and if leaders could be produced in one price, free from knots, it would be a boon to anglers. Mr. C. F. Orvis has reared the worms and drawn the gut, but it lacked strength, probably because the worms were not furnished with suitable food. No one seems to know what the food of the worms should be to produce strong gut from the silk sacs, although Dr. Garlick and Dr. Sterling both mentioned to me that the button bush was the natural food of the worm in Ohio. It remains for some one to discover the proper food of the American silkworm to produce the requisite strength in the gut when the silk sacs are drawn.

Some time ago I cut from a New York *Tribune* an article describing a cocoon hunt, from which a collector could distinguish the cocoons of the different moths, and resolved to quote from it when the time came to gather the cocoons, hoping to interest some one who has the time and inclination to experiment in producing long gut for angling purposes.

The moths producing the greatest amount of silk are *Atticus cecropia, Polyphemus* and *Prometheus*, although the *Atticus luna* may produce a large strand of gut; but it is a rarer moth than the others, as a rule. The article I have mentioned says of the *luna:* "The caterpillar of this moth lives on the walnut and hickory, on which it may be found, fully grown, toward the end of July and during the month of August. It is of a pale and very clear bluish-green color: there is a yellow stripe on each side of the body, and the back is crossed between the rings by transverse lines of the same color; on each of the rings are about six minute pearl-colored warts, tinged with purple, and furnishing a few little hairs, and at the extremity of the body are three brown spots, edged above with yellow. When about to retire for its winter sleep it draws together with silken threads two or three leaves of the tree, and within the hollow thus formed spins an oval and very close and strong cocoon about 1¾in. long, and immediately afterward changes to a chrysalis. The cocoons fall from the trees in the autumn with the leaves in which they are enveloped, and the moths make their escape from them in June.

"A moth whose caterpillar is much like that of the *luna* both in coloring and habits is the *Polyphemus*. He makes his cocoon in the same manner and drops to the ground in the autumn. To find the cocoons the searcher must turn over the dropped leaves of the oak and birch.

"The caterpillar of the *Atticus cecropia* anchors his winter home longitudinally to the side of a twig. It is on an average 3in. long and 1in. in diameter at the widest part. Its shape is an oblong oval pointed at the upper end. It is double, the outer coat being wrinkled and resembling brown paper in color and thickness; when this tough outer coat is cut open the inside will be seen to be lined with a quantity of loose, yellow-brown strong silk, surrounding an inner oval cocoon composed of the same kind of silk, and closely woven, like that of the silkworm. The caterpillar feeds chiefly on the apple, cherry and birch trees, as well as on currant, alder and barberry bushes, and its cocoons may be found where they grow.

"The caterpillar of *Atticus prometheus* has a particular love for the leaves of the sassafras and wild cherry, though he may also swing his hammock from the twigs of the elder bush, the azalea, the swamp pink and the buttonball. A few brown and curled leaves may frequently be seen hanging from a tree or bush when all the other leaves have fallen off. If one of these leaves is examined it will be found to be retained by a quantity of silken thread which is wound around the twig to a distance of ½in. or more on each side of the leaf-stalk, and is thence carried downward around the stalk to an oval cocoon which is wrapped up by the sides of the leaf. The cocoon itself is about 1in. long, and so strong is the coating of silk that surrounds the leaf-stalk and connects the cocoon with the branch that it cannot be severed without great force, and consequently the chrysalis swings securely within its leaf-covered envelope through all the storms of winter."

There is another moth, the caterpillar of which spins silk, which is comparatively new to this country. Like those already mentioned, which have been called American silkworms (although the writer I have quoted says of the *cecropia* that the cocoon is "composed of the same kind of silk, and closely woxen, like that of the silkworm," as though the worm were not a silkworm), it is a large moth and may produce as much gut as any of the worms mentioned. This moth is the *Atticus cynthia* and came to America from Japan with the ailanthus tree, on which it feeds exclusively and on which it spins its cocoon. The cocoon is larger than that of the *Prometheus* and is spun with a whiter silk. "Like the *Prometheus*, the cocoon is chained, if not to the rock, at least to the twig, and a hurricane would only rock the chrysalis into a lullaby. The moth expands from 5 to 5½in., has pale olive-green wings, bordered by a pale lilac and white streak on its upper and lower wings."

I have a friend who is an enthusiastic collector of cocoons and he gathers many of them, but I cannot induce him to rear the worms and draw gut from the silk sack, for he is not an angler, and he prefers to impale the moths on pins and put them in a case. It is not unusual to find the moths about the electric street lights, but the *luna* is rare as compared with the other big moths. However, it is not the moths that the collector must seek if he desires to experiment with silkworm gut. When the moths escape from the cocoon they mate and live but a short time after depositing their eggs, which hatch into caterpillars.

Birch Bark Cup.

Birch bark serves many purposes in the woods, and this year one of my guides in Canada made a drinking cup from birch bark that was to me entirely new in form. Coming over a portage, the men took the canoes first, leaving the pack with all the drinking vessels behind. A cup was needed, and one of the guides procured a piece of birch bark, made a cornucopia of it, cut off the pointed end, split a green twig, inserted the lower end of the cornucopia in the cleft, pinched the open ends of the cleft twig together with his fingers and presented it to me. It was better than a hat or your hand, and almost as good as a tin cup.

A. N. CHENEY.

Transporting Crayfish.

IN last week's FOREST AND STREAM Mr. Cheney suggests for transporting crayfish to place them in water, changing the water occasionally, etc. My experience has been that many will die when kept in water, and that the greatest success is attained by placing grass sod in a box, with a cover having holes bored in it; moisten the sod somewhat and keep the cover on the box to prevent crayfish from crawling up and out. I have kept a supply for several weeks in that way with no loss. The crayfish will be found when wanted by pulling the sods apart. They can be transported any distance if kept cool.

SPENCER M. NASH.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Nov. 14.—The destruction of the fishing pounds along the coast has brought a season of conditions which give joy to the angler. Surely not in years has fishing been better than for the past two weeks. The catches of plaice or fluke have been something enormous; tons have been taken by rod and reel, while weakfish, ling and what is something of a phenomena, the codfish, are taken directly from the beach. Never before have I known the cod to be so close inshore; they are attracted by the sand eel or sand lant, which is a favorite food for all fish at this season of the year, and they are now on the coast in enormous schools. They are distinctly a cold-water fish, rarely sojourning further south than Cape May, where they apparently leave the coast and pass out to sea, where they are pursued and greedily fed upon by the cod and other carnivorous fish. Their place in nature is quite similar to that of the menhaden, being a bait fish. I have frequently known the weakfish to scorn all other baits and take the sand eel greedily at every cast. If there is any better sport than taking weakfish from the surf when they are in a biting mood I have never yet discovered it.

LEONARD HULIT.

Sunapee Saibling for New York Waters.

LAST week State Fish Commissioner A. N. Cheney brought from Lake Sunapee, N. H., forty-five saibling which were put out in Lake George, with ten for the Caledonia hatchery and four for the New York Aquarium. He germed also 6,000 saibling eggs, which went to Caledonia.

This is the first time saibling have been taken out of New Hampshire for stocking purposes; it may be regarded as the beginning of an important enterprise of adding the formed fish to many of the waters of this State.

The saibling has always been claimed by New Hampshire as an unique possession, shared by none of her sister States. It will be remembered, however, that some years ago Mr. James Annin, Jr., the present Superintendent of Hatcheries of New York, suggested that there might be saibling in Sterling Lake, which is in Orange county, fifty miles from New York city.

Florida Fish and Game.

BROOKSVILLE, Fla., Nov. 12.—In the bay at Bay Port, Fla., last Wednesday, a fisherman caught in his net a tarpon measuring 4ft. Three fine deer were killed near Brooksville by Col. Martain and A. N. Chef. Quail are in abundance in this county.

J. WATKINS LEE.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 1 to 4.—City of the Straits Kennel Club's local show, Detriot, Mich. R. H. Roberts, Sec'y.

Dec. 8 to 11.—Augusta, Ga.—Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association. J. W. Killingsworth, Sec'y.

Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

1897.

Feb. 2 to 5.—New England Kennel Club's annual show, Boston.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y, Huntsville, Ala.

1897.

Jan. 11.—Tupela, Miss.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Jan. 18.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

Nov. 8.—Carlisle, Ind.—Union Field Trials Club second annual trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

DOGS IN TOWN.

HARTFORD, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read with some pleasure the contemplated action of the Board of Health of the City of New York in the matter of dogs running at large in the streets of the city. Although I am a dog owner myself, I realize that those who are not dog owners have rights which are bound to be respected, and those who are dog owners have rights too—of which they have a right to the enjoyment of their property in dogs, but they have no right to make their dogs a nuisance to others or the public at large. Many people are so blinded by their personal affection for their dogs that they seem to consider any objection to them as a personal affront aimed at themselves and resent it as such. They do not consider that their dogs may be an annoyance or intrusive or even a nuisance to others.

In the great cities especially are dogs a great nuisance, and their offensiveness is greatly aggravated by the doings of the owners, either from neglect on their part by allowing their dogs to run at large and thereby giving them an opportunity for all kinds of offensive liberties, or by turning them into or leading them in the street for the sole purpose that they may relieve their animal needs.

It is not an uncommon occurrence for dogs to soil ladies' or gentlemen's garments in the streets if the wearers are stopped in conversation, and the soiling of food and groceries displayed in front of stores and markets is a very common occurrence, a most exasperating imposition and a cause of direct loss to the tradesmen.

Many people take their dogs with them when they go shopping or to market, giving the dogs the freedom to overrun the place and in a way presuming on the tradesman's fear of the loss of trade to restrain him from resenting the gross imposition. The proper treatment would be to kick the offending dog into the street. No tradesman, however, cares to take such initiative, as not only would force make a spectacular disturbance of his business, but there would be such a gross perversion of the facts and such an exaggeration of its importance that it really might make a scandal and a consequent serious disturbance to his business.

It is a strange phase of human nature that so much of imposition will become almost a custom when those who are imposed upon cannot resent it. Suppose that the tradesman in delivering his goods to his customers was to take his dog with him and let him overrun the house, soiling such articles as pleased his fastidious fancy, stick

ing his nose everywhere in cupboard and kitchen, the customers would soon be in a state of rebellion, an appropriate action, and yet what are their rights are also ours, and we should have them by the courtesy which is supposed to be accorded to all in society.

However, strange as it may seem, some of the most constant offenders are people of wealth and breeding, who know better than to let their dogs become a nuisance, but take advantage of the tradesman's dependence on their custom to inflict the imposition upon him. It is ungenerous, unkind, wrong and injurious, and I for one will welcome the day when the law will interpose and afford us a protection which we now cannot obtain.

That the abuse of the public rights is widespread is proved by the contemplated action of the Aldermen in the city of New York. That it is an intolerable nuisance to tradesmen I know to my personal loss and my personal indignation. That the public health is menaced by making a sewer of the public streets is too apparent to need argument to maintain it. If the dog owners will not respect the rights of the public (and experience proves that they will not), then the public, by virtue of legal enactment, should force them to do so, and thus secure for the public the rights which the dog owners are so insistent upon for themselves whenever their rights are invaded to the slightest degree.

I write this to FOREST AND STREAM, of which I am a constant reader, in the hope that it may tend to bring about a spirit of decency among those who own dogs; and I assure them that they will be much better liked by their grocers, their butchers, their marketmen and their neighbors, if they will keep their dogs at home or even kill them on any pretext.

It may be said that the tradesman derives a benefit from the greater purchases made in behalf of the dog. Such trifling gain is of a thousand times less importance than the annoyance, even if there were such gain; but as in most instances dogs are fed on the scraps that would otherwise go into the garbage box, or on the scraps which are begged from the butcher or wheedled from him as a make-weight to a trade, the tradesman cannot charge himself with much ingratitude to the animal, which he detests as a most unmitigated nuisance.

The tradesman suffers all the loss. Be the injury what it may, the dog owner affects obliviousness of it. He or she will affect the greatest urbanity and evidence of good faith in making a purchase by way of diversion from the dog's offense, and at last concluding with some trifling purchase of a value whose total is less than the injury inflicted by the dog, to say nothing of the irritation of mind produced by such gross imposition.

I hope others will take up this subject, and so hold up the offenders to public opinion and exposure that it will accomplish what a sense of decency has so far failed to do.

AFFLICTED TRADESMAN.

ALBANY, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I understand that it is proposed to procure such legislation as will prevent the appearance of dogs, under any circumstances or restrictions, on the streets of New York. Will you allow me an additional suggestion? Namely, that horses should also be prohibited. It is well known that now electrical conveyances of various kinds can be procured, and certainly horses do more toward the defilement of the streets than dogs. Also, would it not be well to have such laws enacted that would prevent the fall of snow in New York during the winter?

CLARENCE RATHBONE.

THE PENINSULAR FIELD TRIALS CLUB'S TRIALS.

OUR trials began here, at Leamington, Ont., on Tuesday, Nov. 10. There were three stakes: a Breeders' Stake, a Derby and an All-Age Stake. Major J. M. Taylor, the well-known field trial authority, judged and gave good satisfaction, though there was not the ready finding of birds which we would like to have seen; no fault of the dogs entirely if at all, for the birds were not plentiful enough for the dogs to make plenty of points and finds upon, and the grounds not proving up to expectations.

The Breeders' Stake.

The trials opened with the Breeders' Stake, five starters, and the winners were: Brighton Joe, first; Blacksie won second; Heather Bloom, third; and Joe Handy won fourth.

The first two dogs were Brighton Joe and Heather Bloom, the first a white pointer owned by T. G. Davey and handled by James McGregor, and in breeding by Plain Sam—Beppo's Mollie. The other was a black, white and tan setter bitch (Dash Antonio—Bly), owned by H. Marshall Graydon, handled by J. Spracklin; and they began the heat a few minutes before 9 o'clock, and the weather was raw and cloudy. They were running only a short time when Joe flushed a bird and in a moment he flushed the rest of the bevy. They were taken then to the scattered birds in the woods, and Joe made a very good point on a single bird and Bloom made a flush. They were then sent on to find a new bevy, and after working out a few fields Joe found one and pointed it in grand style and Bloom did the backing honors. The bevy was flushed close by the fence and the dogs were then worked on scattered birds, and Joe got two very nice points on them, and this work ended the heat. Time was about 9:40. Joe was the best hunter and his point work on birds was excellent. There was not very much difference in their speed and range. Bloom had some good opportunities to make a good score on points, but did not take advantage of them.

The next brace was Leamington Pointer Kennels' liver and white pointer dog Joe Handy (Plain Sam—Blondie), handled by H. Milliken, and N. Stewart's black and white dog Blacksie, bred the same as Joe is, and handled by his owner. They got the word at 9:45. They were not successful in finding game for a long time, nearly an hour. They came to a bevy and both made game, Joe discovering the scent first; but they seemed to be uncertain, not to say inefficient, in locating the bevy, which was in a good place for pointing, near a fence; but they did make a poor point where they ought to have made a good one, for they had the wind of the birds and were not far from them. Then on the scattered birds Blacksie made a point, but they seemed to be poor workers on the scattered birds, for they went time and again where the birds were without getting a point. They were under good control, but were different in their ways of hunting; for Blacksie was more cunning in beating out his ground, though not so pleasing in his way of ranging. Blacksie made another point, but did not hold it long enough, and when he moved the bird flushed. The heat ended at 10:59.

The bye dog, J. B. McKay's Irish setter dog Drenagh (Finglas—River Rose), handler, James McGregor, started about 11 o'clock, and the judge gave him a good trial of an hour and he had good opportunities to point on a bevy and some scattered birds, but he made all flushes instead and the grade of his work was very poor.

Second Series.

Four dogs were taken in to try further for the prizes, and after lunch Joe Handy and Heather Bloom started at 1:28. There were some marked birds on which the dogs were worked with no good results, Joe in particular losing a chance or two to point single birds. They ran nearly an hour.

Brighton Joe and Blacksie ran the concluding heat. After Joe made a false point both made game, Blacksie first; Joe first to the birds, for he was the quickest in locating. Blacksie did not respect the point, for she went by and the birds flushed. They started at 2:22 and ended at 3:01.

The Derby.

This stake was practically a repetition of the Breeders' Stake, and there was not a keen interest to see the same dogs run over again. There were four starters: Joe Handy and Brighton Joe and Drenagh with Heather Bloom. The cloudy and threatening weather settled into a rain toward night, about 4:30, and stopped the work sooner than was expected; but as it was near night not very much time was lost.

Drenagh and Heather Bloom started at 3:05. There were some marked birds kept in mind and the dogs were worked on them. The work of both was poor, for though they seemed to be able to recognize the scent they were poor at locating, and flushed instead of pointed. They were given about an hour's trial and then were ordered up.

Brighton Joe and Joe Handy were put down at 4:03 and they were run an hour, and had the misfortune to find nothing, though they were busy workers. The rain then stopped the work.

Conclusion of the Derby.

Wednesday opened bright and pleasant, but there was a lot of water standing on the ground as the result of the floods which had poured down through the night. The result was that only five bevies of birds were found during the Derby running and in the All-Age Stake, so that the merits of the dogs had to be determined from what they did aside from pointing.

The third series began with Heather Bloom and Joe Handy. These were put down at 3 P. M., when a large bevy flushed from Marygold took to the woods. The only bird flushed by the dogs was a single one put up by Joe, although the puppies hunted faithfully. They were ordered up at 3:30. Heather Bloom did the best work and covered most ground.

Brighton Joe and Heather Bloom were put down for five minutes at 4:42. This wound up the Derby, and at supper the awards were announced as follows:

Brighton Joe first, Heather Bloom second, and Joe Handy third; Drenagh the diploma.

The All-Age.

First Series.

The entries in the All-Age stake were:

LUCY—MISFORTUNE.—Thomas G. Davey's liver and white pointer bitch Lucy (Ridgeview Faust—Peggy), handled by owner, and Marshall H. Graydon's black, white and tan English setter bitch Misfortune (Cincinnatus—Canadian Queen), handled by Joe Spracklin.

LOCK—BRIGHTON DICK.—Richard Bangham's black, white and tan English setter dog Lock (Locksley—Liddersdale), handled by Joe Spracklin, and T. G. Davey's black and white English setter dog Brighton Dick (Brighton Tobe—Brighton Lady), handled by owner.

DASH ANTONIO—LUKE.—Richard Bangham's black, white and tan English setter dog Dash Antonio (Antonio—Lady Lucifer), handled by Joe Spracklin, and W. B. Wells's black, white and tan English setter dog Luke (Toledo Blade—Cambriana), handled by A. Wells.

COBWEB—MARYGOLD.—A. Harrington's b. and w. tic. pointer dog Cobweb (Plain Sam—Pope's Trixey), handled by owner, and Leamington Pointer Kennels' liv. and w. pointer bitch Marygold (Count Graphic—Beppo's Mollie), handled by H. Millken.

The first of the eight went down at 8:15. They were Lucy and Misfortune. Both went well and the birds were being flushed by the judge and scattered, the dogs were worked along a fence row, where Misfortune made a strong point, but Lucy refused to honor it. In the open field Lucy pointed a single, and subsequently put it up. Then in the woods Misfortune flushed a single, after which both dogs pointed, but without locating the game. Both showed good training and obedience; Lucy made the best impression, for she covered more ground and was superior in range and speed.

Lock and Brighton Dick were put out at 9:22 and ran for an hour and a quarter, finding nothing, although both worked and covered the ground thoroughly. Dick appeared to be the better of the two in his hunting, although they were practically equal in speed and range.

Dash Antonio and Luke ran from 10:48 to 12:10. Luke started the ball by flushing a bevy into the woods, where he followed, but although the dogs made strenuous efforts only one bird could be found, the ground being wet and difficult to make any record on. Afterward Dash did better work on dry ground, finally passing into the woods and disappearing for thirteen minutes. Luke was hunted on open ground until 12:10, when he was ordered up. Shortly after his handler brought in Dash.

Cobweb and Marygold were hunted for some time after lunch before anything was done. Millken claimed a point for Marygold, although she was not seen at the time of claiming the point. Moving in the direction four birds had taken, one of these she flushed. Subsequently in new ground Cobweb pointed two pigs, although Marygold knew better than to honor such a point. Subsequent to this there was a claim put in by Millken that Cobweb was sitting down. The judges did not accede to this, but took the ground that the dog was standing and in good position. In a field of corn Marygold, having gone through the standing rows to the lower end, again started around into the corn and flushed a large bevy, although the wind was favorable to her. The brace was ordered up at 2:01, and the second series followed.

Second Series.

Lady and Lock went down at 3:20, Lock soon making game along a weedy fence. Lady working off into the corn. Afterward Lock pointed a single and then following it up pinned the rest of the bevy, Lady also making game, but scoring a flush. The brace was taken up at 3:47.

When Dash Antonio and Brighton Dick were sent out after a bevy which had settled in a wood near by, Dash scored the first point on a bevy and again pointed on a blank or a bird, it could not be determined which. He showed a superiority in range, pace and general hunting, and won the heat. They were taken up at 4.18.

Then Luke and Misfortune worked for twenty minutes without any result, although Luke showed good hunting, particularly in pace and range. The awards were Dash Antonio first, Brighton Dick second, Lock and Luke equal third.

BEESWAX.

E. F. T. C. TRIALS.

The Members' Stake.

THE stake devoted to the competition of the members was run Saturday, Nov. 14, and there were six starters, drawn to run in the following order:

Dr. G. G. Davis's red Irish setter Lou (Finglas—Currer Bell), handled by F. H. Fleer, with Dr. Spencer Brown's b., w. and t. bitch Mollie B. (Roderigo—Lillie B.), owner, handler.

Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter dog Shad (Eugene T.—Lou), owner, handler, with Prof. Edm. H. Osthaus's liv. and w. ticked pointer dog Watt (———— ————), owner, handler.

Theo. Sturgis's b., w. and t. setter bitch Vivian (———— ————), owner, handler, with Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter dog Loris, owner, handler.

Mr. S. C. Bradley judged all classes, and all were thoroughly pleased with the judging.

LOU—MOLLIE B. were put down at 10:55, and ran till 11:35. In about five minutes Lou pointed a bevy; Mollie backed; on the scattered birds Lou made two points and Mollie one; both steady to wing and shot. Lou next pointed a bevy in ragweed field, and was held on point for Mollie to back; birds flushed wild. Mollie made a single bird point and Lou flushed and chased. Sent on, Mollie was found on a point; no birds. In cornfield near ragweeds Mollie again was found on point; Lou backed; the birds were not found then, but were flushed after the dogs were put on chain. Lou had better range and speed, showed good judgment, and her work was of a good class.

SHAD AND WATT were put down at 11:45 and ran 45 minutes. It was a bad time of day for work. Several fields were searched without finding. A bevy was flushed by spectators and marked down in cane. Watt flushed and broke. Shad made a point and the bird flushed wild. Both ranged close at times and took casts at times. The pointer was better in speed and style.

VIVIAN AND LORIS began at 12:50 and ran till 1:45. After some time a bevy was flushed by a handler. On the scattered birds in pines, Vivian and Loris each scored a good point. Sent on in pines, Loris pointed; rabbit probably. On birds marked down in cane and ragweed Loris pointed, and both were steady to shot. The rest of the birds flushed wild and were followed. Vivian made a good point on one; next Loris pointed and Vivian backed.

Lunch was next in order.

MOLLIE B. AND WATT were put down at 2:50. In open fields Watt made a good point on a bevy. They were marked down in open brown sedge. Both made a point at the same time on different singles and were steady to shot. Sent on down in a cornfield, Mollie made a good point on scattered birds. Next Watt made a good point on a single. They ranged about equal, Mollie the better in speed.

VIVIAN AND LORIS were given a better chance as to time of day; time 3:32. Both flushed a bevy together on dry leaves. On the scattered birds Loris made a point, and a few steps further on Vivian made a point also. Next Vivian flushed, and shortly after the dogs were ordered up. 3:50.

LOU AND WATT were cast off at 4:00. Lou flushed a feeding bevy scattered about, then moved on, whirled to a point on footscent and Watt backed. In pines she made three points in quick succession, and Watt made a point on a single. Up at 4:15.

MOLLIE B. AND VIVIAN started at 4:20. Vivian pointed in pines, and a short distance further in open ragweeds Mollie was found on point on a bevy. Both were steady to shot. Sent on, Mollie dropped to two good single bird points. Vivian pointed a single. Sent on, both in pines were found side by side on point on a wounded bird. Down about 15 minutes.

LORIS AND WATT were started about 4:45 in a large stubble field. Neither showed much disposition to hunt. Down about 15 minutes.

The winners were: Lou first, Mollie B. second, and Vivian third.

Lou has a merry way of going; head up and good tail action; has an easy stride, good range and speed; is well broken.

Mollie B. is a diligent worker, good tail action and a sweet disposition; is under good control, and on point she is very snappy.

Vivian is a moderately good ranger, good style on point; was short of conditioning; good speed, moderate range, pleasant disposition.

Mr. Lorillard's dogs showed the effects of hard work, they being a little stale from hard field work prior to the trials.

The handling was excellent. All felt that it was a most pleasing, enjoyable day, and the stake one of the best of the meeting. Mrs. Dr. Brown followed the trials throughout.

It was a sweepstake, $10, 35, 15 and 10 per cent.; first receiving also a water color—a game scene donated by Dr. Brown, a beautiful work of art.

Mr. H. T. Payne, editor and proprietor of *Field Sports*, made FOREST AND STREAM a pleasant call on Thursday of last week. He reports kennel and shooting interests on the coast as being of steady growth and with encouraging prospects. Mr. Payne will attend the field trials at Newton, N. C., thence returning to California to continue the good work.

WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS ANNUAL.

THE ninth annual hunt of the Western Massachusetts Fox Club opened auspiciously at Westfield, Wednesday, for despite the showers that fell during the afternoon a vast amount of excellent sport was enjoyed. In fact, it was one of the most successful and thrilling hunts ever held by the club, even though the number of brushes secured has perhaps been exceeded. The pelts brought in number six. The finest sport of the day was enjoyed in the morning, and the hills about Pochassie, when the dogs were set loose, resounded all the morning and during a portion of the afternoon with the excited tones of a score or more of hounds intent upon running down the sly creatures. The morning was quiet and the ground was just damp enough to hold well the scent of the foxes. The territory hunted over is an ideal one and the foxes shifted about all day within a radius of a few miles, so that the sport did not become tiresome. As soon as one fox was bowled over another would soon be started and the "driving" would begin. In some instances only one or two hounds would be on the scent, while at other times over a dozen would be running together on the scent. The noise of a dozen or fifteen hounds in full cry after a fox must be heard to be appreciated. It is exciting and almost terrifying to the novice, for the jumble of yelps, snarls, barks, whines and the baying makes one almost believe they have gone mad and are engaged in a free fight among themselves. A dozen will make noise enough to cause the uninitiated to be ready to swear there are no less than fifty in the pack. To the old hunter, however, the noise is a pleasant one, for he knows that there is sport ahead and that with such driving the fox cannot be far away.

The start was made yesterday morning at 6 o'clock after bugler Fowler had routed out the hunters by a trip through the streets. The grounds were reached at 7 o'clock, and the teams and 'buses were cared for at the hospitable farm house of William Moore, where dinner was also served. The blood of the hunters was at the boiling point, for on the way to the grounds a fox passed only a few rods in front of the first 'bus, and Charles Brace, of Lee, and his dog Hilda went in hot pursuit. The hunters separated and chose points of advantage both in the valley and on the hill tops. Favorite positions near what were thought to be "runways" were sought, and there all waited for the dogs to get at work. The animals knew well what was going on, and in ten minutes several of the sly reynards were on the run. The popping of guns began, and if all the reports heard meant a dead fox there would have been several score to record. There were many disappointed ones who missed fire and then witnessed some other fellow get the much-desired brush and bear his trophy to the headquarters. It is a fact that nearly all of the hunters yesterday either had a shot at a fox or else saw one or more on the run.

The first pelt was secured by Harry Stiles, of Westfield, at 7:15, but the honor of getting the largest number of "brushes" went to out-of-town guests. As usual, Ben Babb, of Southwick, was on hand and of course got a fox. Others who shot them were A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester; John M. White, of Millbury; Charles Owen, of Granby, Conn.; and Charles S. Davis, of Meriden, Conn. One fox was shot at by at least half a dozen persons, and it is believed still retains his hide. O. M. Ball, of Worcester, injured a fox on the mountain, but did not follow it up to see if the dogs run it down. In shooting he barely missed a cow. However, Logan, the famous Worcester hound, followed up the fox and must have killed it, for he returned showing the effects of a hard tussle. He was well besmeared with blood and marks on his nose showed where the fox had once had a good grip. The hounds ran splendidly, and of course every man that had a dog in the hunt tells with assurance that "several" foxes were killed before his dog or dogs.

Among the hounds in the field were Logan, Buck, Rock, Fly and Sprague, of the celebrated Kinney-White pack, of Worcester; Burt R. Holcomb's Prince, Betsey, Ben, Fancy and Spot; C. H. Bryant's Buck, Ben Babb's Jack, Tom Montjoy's Fanny and Sancho, Ned of the Chicopee Fox Club; Peter Robinson's Queen and Bingo, of Chicopee Falls; Rock and Rye, Hunter and Trixie, belonging to E. L. and W. N. Walling, of Auburndale; W. W. Holmes's Tolland and Ranger, of Waterbury, Conn., and Charles Brace's Hilda, of Lee.

The annual banquet was served at 6:30 o'clock in Beethoven Hall, and about 125 sat down to the repast that had been prepared by caterer Tyler. An excellent programme of music was furnished by the theater orchestra. Suspended from the chandeliers were three of the foxes that had been shot during the day. The toastmaster of the occasion was E. W. Dickerman, of Westfield. The speaking was the best ever heard at Westfield on a similar occasion. Among those who responded to toasts were: George W. Roraback, of Westfield; Charles L. Holmes, of Waterbury, Conn.; President-elect John T. Way, of Westfield; A. B. F. Kinney, Congressman J. H. Walker, O. M. Ball and E. S. Knowles, of Worcester; W. H. Jones and J. H. Willey, of Boston; H. B. McNulty, of Rochester, N. Y.; Charles L. Holmes, president of the Waterbury, Conn., Fox Club; M. L. Fuller, of Chicopee Falls; D. F. Allyn, John F. Chase and Mark Carpenter, of Holyoke; and F. M. Dillon, of Fitchburg; Charles L. Young, of this city; James H. Bryan, A. S. Kneil, H. W. Ely, L. F. Thayer and William H. Foote, of Westfield; and Charles F. Davis, of Meriden, Conn. Mr. Holmes presented Mr. Roraback with a specially engraved Waterbury watch; and Mr. Dickerman, the toastmaster, was presented with an immense wooden gavel, and a vote of thanks was passed for his services as presiding officer.

Among the out-of-town guests present were: Leander Herrick, G. A. Goddard, Fred Coulsar, Arthur Estabrook, G. W. Barnes, A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester; John M. White, of Millbury; E. S. and W. N. Walling, of Auburndale; Charles Thompson, of Chicopee; M. F. Slattery, of Lenox; Henry F. Rice, of Sutton; Bradford S. Turpin, of Roxbury, secretary of the Brunswick Fox Club, and representative of the *American Field;* Charles S. Davis, of Meriden, Conn.; Judge Huber Clark, of Willimantic, Conn.; W. W. Holmes, of Waterbury, Conn.; Charles Owen, of Granby, Conn.; W. H. Perkins, of North Grafton, and Gurdon Bill, of this city.

The bugler did not make his appearance Thursday morning and consequently the townspeople were not notified of the start in the second day's hunt. Not as many ventured out as on Wednesday, but there were enough to make things lively and plenty of dogs to rout out the foxes. The sport was rather tame in the morning, but in the afternoon there was some good driving. The success of the last day was small compared with the first, for only one brush was secured. This went to A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester, who also got one Wednesday. It was reported last night that a second fox had been shot, but this could not be verified. Several foxes were shot at, but escaped, while one or two went into their burrows for safety. The present officers of the club are: President, John T. Way; Vice-Presidents: N. A. Harwood, of Chester; Thomas Hazelton, of Westfield; Secretary, C. M. Goodnow; Treasurer, L. P. Lane.—*Springfield Republican, Nov. 12 and 13.*

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The following taken from the Chicago *Tribune* may be of more than passing interest to our readers: A pathetic incident occurred on the North Side last Wednesday which gave a curious illustration of the friendship animals sometimes have for each ether. In the neighborhood of the corner of Dearborn avenue and Erie street two very common-looking little dogs might have been seen any day for the last month or two romping and playing with each other or lying in the sun. Wherever one was the other could be found close by. Apparently they shared each other's joys, sorrows, bones and everything else. Some time on Wednesday morning one of the little dogs came to an untimely end. At noon its dead body might have been seen lying in the gutter on the east side of Dearborn avenue, just north of Erie street. From the marks on its head and neck it had doubtless been run over by a wagon. The body lay in the street until Thursday afternoon. During all the time the dog that had been its companion never left the spot. All day long the faithful little cur sat beside its dead playmate. Occasionally it got up to lick the dead face, whining pitifully. It looked the picture of misery. All the coaxing of the people in the vicinity failed to induce the animal to leave its dead friend. At midnight it might have been seen curled beside his dead companion. In this manner the poor little dog remained until about 4 o'clock, when a garbage wagon came along and the carcass was thrown in. The misery and rage of this faithful little animal knew no bounds when it saw its playmate taken away. It had to be driven away by force before the body could be touched. It followed the wagon for some distance, but finally returned to the spot where the body had lain. Ever since the faithful little creature has wandered back and forth, returning always after a short time to the same spot, a very miserable, woe-begone looking little cur. There was something almost human in the whole episode, and nearly every one in the block took a deep interest in it.

Mr. E. Hough, FOREST AND STREAM'S Western correspondent, writes that the beagle trials of the Northwestern Beagle Club were declared off, there not being enough support to make the trials of sufficient interest to run them.

Mr. W. H. Ritchie desires that we mention that the loving cup offered by him for competition in the forthcoming Brooklyn show is not restricted to the competition of members of the Metropolitan Kennel Club, but is open to all.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

TANDEM NOTES.

Why is it that tandem cranks are commonly placed so that the riders pedal in unison? No doubt it is because it looks better to see them keeping step than if their legs were in different positions at the same time. But is not a material advantage sacrificed to this adherence to consideration of appearances? With one set of cranks attached at right angles to the other, the dead point that bothers new riders who lack ankle motion and old ones on bad hills would disappear, and the actual work of propulsion would probably be lessened. On engines with more than one set of driving wheels the centers to never correspond.

Which rider should do the steering on a tandem? Frequently the responsibility rests with the rear rider. One reason for this is that when ladies ride they generally occupy the front seat, and it is natural that the man should look after the safety of both. Where two equally skilled riders go out together, however, it would seem as if the steering should devolve upon the front one, as he is in the best position to judge of the road and has a clearer view of wagons and obstacles. We should like to have the subject discussed by those who have had practical experience.

A question of interest to tandem riders is the proper construction of combination machines. In America we are accustomed to place the lady in front, while on the continent her position is generally in the rear. Some of the more recent models here are constructed on the European plan, and it seems that certain riders prefer the arrangement. The advantages of the European method are that all responsibility for steering, signaling with bell and manipulating the brake rests with the man, and in case of collision he also takes the brunt of the shock. On the other hand, it is a fact that a tandem runs better with the heaviest rider in the rear, and this is especially noticeable in hill climbing. Under similar conditions, a tandem also steers easier, on the same principle that an ordinary wheel can best be ridden "hands off" when the rider throws his weight as far back as possible. It is an advantage also to have the stronger rider of the two behind, as he seems to be able to apply his force better in that position, and as it is human nature for the rear rider to do most of the work. Then too this arrangement is easier on the machine, as the chains and crank hangers are saved the work of transmitting the major part of the power.

But most potent of all reasons in favor of our present custom is the fact that the lady likes to ride in front, and naturally chooses that position. In summer she gets most breeze and least dust there, and she also sees better than if the broad shoulders of her friend or lover cut off the view. Her shoulders do not interfere with his view, and if she wears a suitable hat he has no cause to complain in this regard, and if a stray lock of her hair once in a while floats round behind and brushes his face he thinks tandem riding all the better for it.

It seems good and fitting that the lady should ride in front. There she can see and be seen. If she is pretty people coming toward her want to have a look at her, and her companion also feels a little easier to have her where he can keep his eyes on her than riding in his rear along with the flying dust. It is more companionable too to ride that way, and you feel, to quote a writer on the subject, as if you were "taking her out," whereas if she rode on the rear seat you would be merely "letting her go along."

TOURING ON THE CONTINENT.

AT some of the European watering places bicycles are not allowed on the roads at the particular hours of the day when it is customary to visit the springs. Restrictions, especially in Germany, are very rigorous, and the public roads are only open to wheelmen under fixed regulations.

For the benefit of tourists, United States Consul Sawter, at Glauchau, cites some of the stricter rules which wheelmen are called upon to observe throughout the empire.

Particularly in Saxony cycling on public streets and roads is subject to minute and carefully enforced police regulations, and in many cases the use of brakes is obligatory.

Every machine must have an open plate or shield affixed to the brake rod or handle bar, and be provided with a spring lid on which is engraved in clear lettering the name, profession or rank, and residence of the rider.

This rule is mandatory, but for convenience the Consul suggests that the rider's card with address be attached to the handle bar, which would comply with the law and temporarily answer all requirements.

The alarm bell is of course demanded everywhere.

The law requires that the lamp be rather highly placed on the wheel and be kept lighted from within half an hour after sunset to half an hour before sunrise. Furthermore, that the light must shine through uncolored glass.

The brake attached to the bicycle must conform to a certain type, capable of being applied quickly and powerfully. Cycling on roads intended exclusively for pedestrians or on the elevated footpaths and highways is strictly prohibited.

Two bicyclers may ride side by side when it can be done without blocking the thoroughfare or annoying other riders or vehicles; otherwise, single file is the rule.

More than two machines abreast are not permitted under any circumstances. When meeting other bicycles or overtaking them, or when approaching passages of the road where it is not possible to see a long distance, or when reaching a steep descent, the cycler is obliged to give frequent signals with his bell as a matter of strict precaution in avoiding collisions.

Moderate speed must be maintained at all times. Scorching is forbidden on all German highways. At very steep down grades the cycler must dismount and guide his wheel until the descent is passed before remounting.

Cyclers are also required to dismount at any time if called upon by police officials to do so, and are obliged to give such officials any information they may demand. For disregard of any of these regulations a fine not exceeding sixty marks, or $14.28, with imprisonment in jail for not more than two weeks, or both, may be inflicted for each offense.

Consul Sawter says that the German roads are as a rule perfect, and that wheeling is smooth and easy. On account of the rainy weather which prevails most of the year, however, he advises the use of gear cases.

Riding under Difficulties.

NEW YORK, Nov. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On the last day of October a forest fire burnt over a large part of the Palisade woodlands lying back of Tenafly, N. J. Such fires are of common occurrence in this locality and do little damage besides killing off the smaller underbrush. They start in the carpet of fallen leaves either in the late fall or early spring, and, unlike similar fires in pine or evergreen forests, do not eat their way into the ground and consume the fibrous stratum of decomposed vegetable matter. Consequently they do little or no damage to the trees, and are apparently of more benefit than harm, for they kill out the weeds and leave the woods clean as a lawn for the time being.

Recently I tried the experiment of riding through a portion of this woodland on my bicycle and found that it was possible to do so, though harder than riding across a newly mown pasture field.

At first glance the ground was apparently perfectly level, but as an actual fact it was full of hollows and inequalities that made very choppy riding. The smooth burnt surface was also very soft and crackled, and gave way as the bicycle passed over. On a down grade things went very well, but when there was the slightest rise to climb the pedaling was hard. It was necessary to take a very circuitous course to avoid the worst inequalities and pass around fallen trees or branches. But despite all these drawbacks it was surprising how quickly I passed through that piece of woodland as compared with previous trips on foot. I suppose there was considerable danger of punctures from the half-consumed sticks that lay in my course, but fortunately I had no trouble from this source.

There are a few squirrels left in these woods, but not nearly so many as there should be in view of their abundance at the close of the first half of the open season, Sept. 30. They have been persistently gunned during October, which was close season (the second part of the open season began Nov. 10), and last Sunday a number of men were hunting them in defiance of the statute, which forbids shooting on that day, as well as in defiance of the game laws. J.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Yachting.

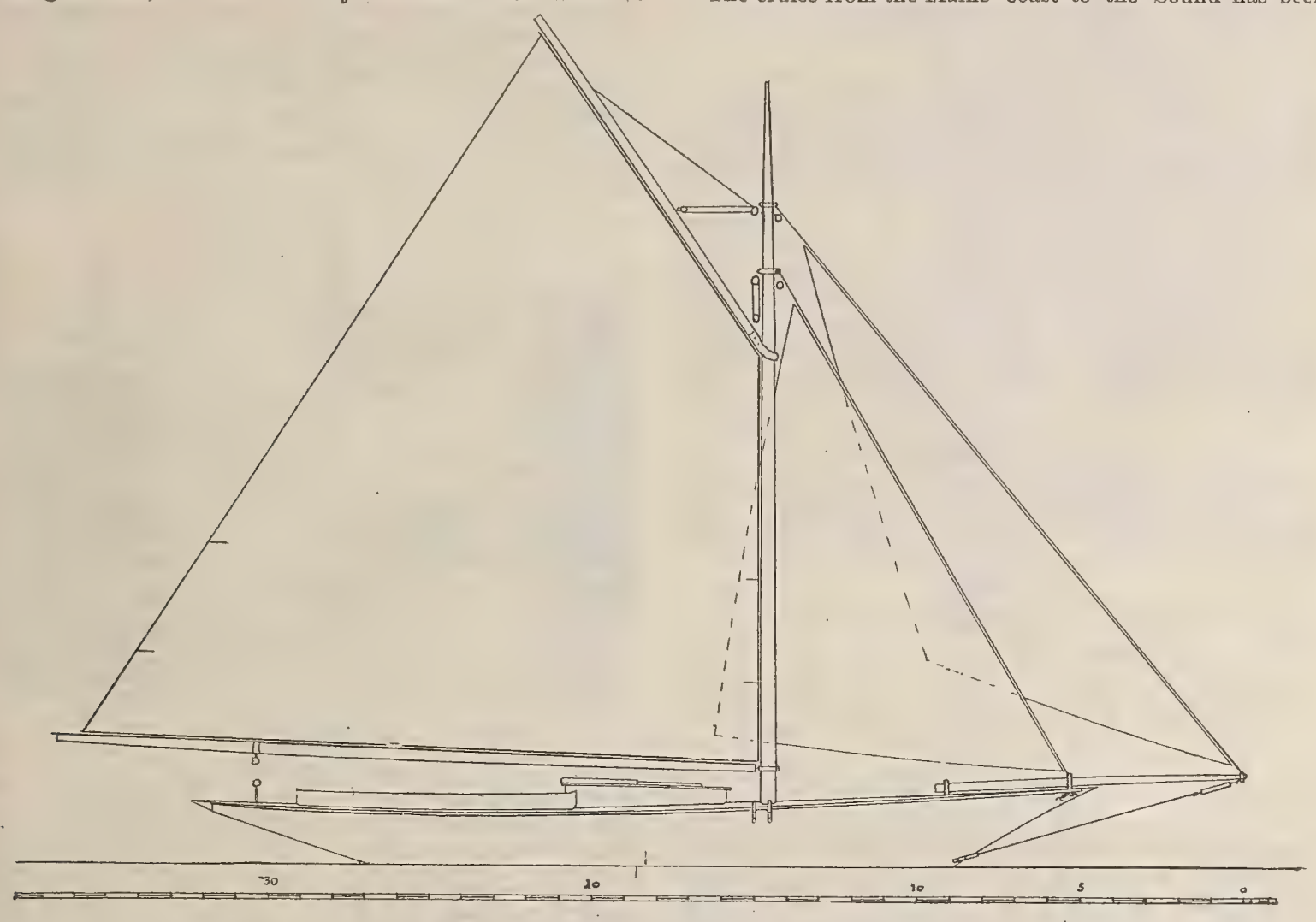
A FIRST ATTEMPT AT YACHT BUILDING.

BY E. P. MORRIS.

(*Concluded from page 396.*)

TIME of launching approached. Those fears which no doubt many a builder of boats has felt beset me by day and by night. By day there was the horrible dread that a mistake in addition might have misplaced the ballast or that some radical defect in the plan would turn my work into ignominious failure. By night I dreamed of her, and I rose feverish one morning after having seen a vision of her in the water turning slowly over, lifting her ton of iron lightly into the air and fairly waggling it in my face before collapsing into a mass of splinters. It is, I think, just here that the amateur designer wishes for a kind of information which the books do not, perhaps cannot, give. He would like to know that a boat whose lines and sail plan are before him on a certain day, with a wind of twenty-five miles an hour, went to windward under jib and single-reefed mainsail and heeled down to within 3in. of her deck; or that another boat, also fully described, was found to roll her boom under in running before a heavy sea. In other words, if to the immense service which the designers have already done us they could add the further service of more precise data as to the performance of boats it would be a great relief to the anxious beginner. My relief came, however, when we got the boat into the water and she actually floated; and when I heard a friendly shout from the shore, "Her waterline's all right," I was triumphant.

She was tried for a few days around Pemaquid, and about 500lbs. of ballast put inside to bring her fully down to her designed lines, but she was really an unknown boat when we started, on the morning of Sept. 2, from Pemaquid bound for New Haven.



LAPWING. DESIGNED AND BUILT BY E. P. MORRIS, 1895-6.

Safety, comfort and speed, in that order, were the qualities I had aimed at. I wish I could give such accurate data as I have just been calling upon the writers of books to furnish, but our tests were made in actual sailing, not as experiments under known conditions. I ought to say, also, that we were towing a 14ft. dory, which I wanted to bring to New Haven. My companion, M. B., was a fisherman of twenty years' experience on the Maine coast and the best boat sailor I ever saw. As to safety, I think the boat could not be capsized, though this is rather an inference than a matter of direct knowledge. Just out of Portland Harbor and off the Highlands of Cape Cod, she took some heavy puffs without becoming in the slightest degree unmanageable. We crossed from Scituate to Provincetown on Sept. 8, as the easterly gale of Sept. 9-10 was beginning, sailing with sheets a little off, under two-reefed mainsail and jib or staysail. The sea was heavy, the heaviest I have ever seen, and, what is more to the purpose, the heaviest M. had ever met in a small boat. She took this sea very easily, shipping not more than a pailful of water and keeping under perfect control. As the sea rose we thought of running for Plymouth. I am quite sure that she would have rolled her boom under in the heavy sea, but M. felt sure that she would ship no water if we ran under staysail alone.

As we drew under the shelter of the cape the sea decreased to a surface chop, but the wind seemed to rise, making a very high note in the wire rigging and blowing off the heads of the waves, as it does in a fierce puff. I have not had experience enough to estimate the velocity, but the boat carried staysail and two-reefed mainsail—about 210sq. ft.—without heeling down to the deck.

On the evening of Sept. 19, just after the second squall, we worked her to windward under staysail alone. Her motion in a sea is very buoyant and easy, a fact which I attribute to the freeboard and the easy body lines. On the coast between New York and Maine, where one is never more than fifteen miles from a port except in rounding Cape Cod, I do not think a sea could rise high enough to overpower her before she could make a harbor. As to safety, therefore, I feel well satisfied.

On the other hand, as might be expected, she heels more than a wider and shoaler boat. We were not at any time in the company of boats as small as ours, so that comparisons were somewhat to our disadvantage. Twice we were under two reefs when other boats of 25 to 30ft. were carrying a single reef. Once we had a single reef when a boat near us had full sail. In general, though she is not tender, I think I shall need to reef somewhat sooner than others. But this slight disadvantage is inseparable from the other good qualities of a low powered boat.

Speed is a relative thing, and in putting it into the list of desired qualities I meant only that I did not want to be at the tail of the procession which moves down the harbor every pleasant afternoon. Speed in comparison with a racing fin-keel was of course impossible. The tests to which we were able to put the boat in cruising from Maine to New Haven were necessarily accidental and inconclusive, but they showed in a general way that she would not be left behind even by much larger craft of the kind one meets in an afternoon's sailing. In one harbor, where we lay for some days, we tried conclusions with two larger boats, about 24 to 28ft. waterline, and easily beat them in going to windward. Before the wind they beat us, but very little.

On Sept. 4 we ran from Portland Harbor to York, forty nautical miles, between 5:35 A. M. and 3:05 P. M., a little over four knots an hour, part of the time with light wind. We left Provincetown at 3:40 and passed Nausett Beacons at 10:10, twenty-six miles in 6h. 30m., part of it to windward. We got up anchor in Newport Harbor close to the small stone beacon at 5:35, reached down to Point Judith and sailed close-hauled to the red buoy off Watch Hill, twenty-eight and one-half miles, at 12:10, having made three short tacks inshore. We made seven runs of thirty-eight to forty and one half miles, nautical, anchoring always before dark and only once being more than twelve hours under way.

Four knots an hour looks small to people who do not measure distances on a chart, but for an average of a day's sailing in an 18ft. boat I think it satisfactory, though certainly not remarkable. I have no doubt that some of the fast catboats in New Haven Harbor will beat me very nicely, but I feel sure also that my little boat will not be at the tail of the procession.

The cruise from the Maine coast to the Sound has been made so often that it is not worth while to copy the log of one who was making it for the first time. We started on Sept. 2 and reached New Haven on Sept. 20, eleven days under way. In some respects the weather could hardly have been worse. It rained in seven of the ten harbors; but, happily, not once while we were under sail. We were held at Provincetown Sept. 9 to 14 by the heavy gale and the thick weather which followed it. It was during this time that the Italian bark came ashore on Peaked Hill Bar and the captain and two sailors, with a despair which is almost incomprehensible to Anglo-Saxons, killed themselves in preference to taking the slender chance of rescue. When we passed inside the bar a few days later only a few ribs were left, and the beach was still strewn with wreckage.

My companion, M. B., knew the coast as far as Provincetown, and I knew something of the Sound; and with a full set of charts we found no difficulty in getting along. Our only mishap was a slight one, though it had an unpleasant look at the time. We were running for the breakwater at Duck Island on the afternoon of Sept. 19, hoping to get in before the squall which was threatening in the west should come down. By my careless reading of the chart, we ran aground on the gravel spit which puts out from the N.E. end of the island. The tide was running fast, fortunately the flood, and it was evident that less than half an hour would float us free. But it was also evident that less than half an hour would bring the squall, and in fact we were still hard and fast, broadside to the wind, when the storm broke upon us. Those who were out in that squall, which did much damage along the southern New England coast, will know that our position was disagreeable. But all things come to an end. During the first dash of wind and rain we floated off, but the tide still held us broadside on through the second and larger edition of the squall. Before the third puff, however, we sailed her up under staysail to a comfortable berth behind the breakwater.

One must indeed be dull to the beauty and pleasure of life if he does not retain from such a cruise pictures and memories which become a permanent possession. We got up one morning in Provincetown Harbor long before daylight, hoping for a westerly wind to carry us around the cape. We had a dead calm instead and the disappointment was great, for I was obliged to be in New Haven before Sept. 22; but I sat on deck from 3 o'clock to 5 watching a sunrise, which seemed to me the most splendid spectacle I had ever seen, It was well worth the two days of waiting which the calm cost us.

Our sail across the bay from Scituate was a lonely one, with not a vessel in sight. The boat had never been tried in such a sea, and I was at first nervous about her behavior, while M. was afraid that I had laid out a wrong course, which would carry us to leeward up the bay. We were both keeping a somewhat anxious lookout for the end of the cape, and we sighted first the stand-pipe of the Provincetown water works. Neither of us knew it, and my picture for that day is of that town on the horizon, looking very far away over heavy seas against a dark gray background.

At Gloucester we got in just before a hard squall, and went into the small basin called the Cowyard. As we lay there the big fishing schooners, as fine in their models as yachts and with an air of power which few yachts have, came rushing into the harbor under reefed sails or mainsail and jib. One of them came into the basin where we lay and put out warps to stop her way. Somehow one of the men, who was handling a warp, was dragged overboard, and I can still hear the sharp, quick orders and see the almost furious haste with which the men launched a dory and pulled around to the stern. It was a fine exhibition of skill and experience, working at high pressure, and I could watch it the more calmly because I could see the man hanging on to the bight of the warp that had dragged him overboard, perfectly serene all the time.

Even our Duck Island squall is pleasant in the retrospect. A tug had come in with some barges and perhaps had seen us aground; at any rate, they steamed slowly over toward us after the barges were anchored, and I am glad to believe that it was with the kindly instinct to offer help which one meets so constantly among sailors. With every sharp flash of lightning the tug stood out like a black silhouette against the grayish white water, while the waves in the momentary flash seemed scarcely to be in motion at all, and over to the west the barges were huddled together as if in terror. When the flash was over nothing could be seen but the red and green lights of the tug, near enough to look down into our little cabin.

It is perhaps too optimistic to consider a cruise of 375 miles in an 18ft. boat an easy and simple matter. A wider experience may lead me to regard it with other feelings, but with my present light I should say to any one who was disposed to try it under like conditions—that is, with a safe boat and a good boatman—that it was an easy cruise. A delightful one it certainly is, and I am hoping to go back next summer with my wife as my only companion.

A One-Design Class.

THE following regulations for a one-design class have recently been adopted by some yachtsmen at Bembridge, Eng., the first home of the half-rater class. Special classes of this kind are admirably adapted to many localities in this country.

RULES.

1. A one-design small boat class has been established in the Solent, with the object of affording class racing that is not expensive, and giving the owner of a boat an opportunity of exercising his skill in designing her sails and rig. Sail area is limited to 200sq. ft., actual measurement of sails only. No spinakers are allowed in class racing as separate sails, but jibs may be boomed out.
2. Each owner will be provided with the sheer plan of the boat, with the C. L. R. marked.
3. Each owner will have to pay £1 a year to defray necessary expenses, any balance being devoted to the prize fund. There will be an entrance fee of £1 after twelve boats are ordered, which will also go to the prize fund. Applications for boats and for membership are to be addressed to the hon. secretary, and the names of applicants will be submitted to the members of the class for election. In such elections one black ball in five to exclude; five owners of boats to form a quorum, one vote one boat.
4. In all cases of voting there shall only be one vote per boat, except in committee, and no alterations or additions to these rules shall be made without a two-thirds majority.
5. A captain of the class shall be elected annually, who shall undertake the duties of hon. secretary.
6. The committee of management shall consist of seven owners or joint owners of boats; two to retire annually, who shall not be eligible for election for one year. They shall be responsible for the entire management of the class, and their decisions shall be final and binding on all owners. Two shall form a quorum to decide minor questions which may arise, and all vacancies shall be filled by general meeting.
7. There shall be no limit to the number of persons on board, but no paid hands are allowed in class racing.
8. The committee shall be responsible for the measurement of sails, and also that the sails are made of uniform material, which has been selected by the committee and is of red cotton; the hon. secretary wil give information as to where it may be obtained.
9. No boat is allowed to have any alteration made to her hull or bal last, and any alteration rendered necessary by change of rig must be notified to the captain of the class.
10. No boat shall be allowed to start unless her sail area is certified by the committee.
11. Each boat shall carry when racing an anchor weighing 20lbs., and not less than twenty fathoms of 2in. grass rope cable and sufficient life-saving apparatus for her crew.
12. The following form the committee: Col. Moreton, Mr. F. Hardcastle, Capt. du Boulay, Mr. Gerald Fitzgerald, Mr. G. H. Harrison, Mr. H. C. Sutton. Mr. B. O. Cochrane, captain and hon. secretary, "Oakleigh," St. John's Park, Ryde.
13. The ownership of boats will be decided by lot.

SPECIFICATION OF BOATS.

Planking, yellow pine, ½in. full when finished.
Keel, English elm, 4in. thick, about 8in. wide.
Stem, English oak, 4½in. moulded, 3in. sided.
Stern timber, English oak, 3in. moulded, 4in. sided.
Bent timbers, American elm, ¾in. moulded, ⅞in. sided.
Clamp yellow pine, 3½in. moulded, 1½in. sided.
Beams, white pine, 2½in. moulded, 1½in. sided.
Cockpit carlines, 2¼in. moulded, 2in. sided.
Coamings, English elm, 4in. above deck, fitted with outside capping.
Stern finishing chock, pitch pine. Covering boards, teak, ½in. thick.
Deck, white pine, ½in. thick, painted, and covered with unbleached calico painted two coats.
Six wrought iron galvanized floors.
Twelve oak beam knees, mast partner 3ft. long, and all timbers in this length to be 1in.×1¼in., to take chainplates where required. One knee to be fitted where required for chainplates.
Rudder, English elm, blade with wrought iron straps and stem working in iron tube. Galvanized tiller fitted to head of rudder stem, with nut and screw.
Cast iron keel, 10cwt., fitted with 1in. and ¾in. through bolts, with nuts inside. Topsides and inside to be painted three coats, and bottom black varnished. All fastenings of copper.
White pine platform to be fitted where required.
Eyebolts each end of keel for hoisting out.
Boats to be delivered afloat in Portsmouth Harbor.
Length over all 22ft. 1in., length l.w.l. 16ft., beam 5ft. 5in., draft 2ft. 11in. Price £45.

The Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers.

THE fourth annual meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers was held, as per programme, on Nov. 12-13 at the house of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, in New York. President Griscom occupied the chair, and a number of members and associates were present from various parts of the country. The proceedings began with the annual meeting of the Society, President Griscom being re-elected for the fifth term, and Naval Constructor Francis T. Bowles being re-elected sec'y-treas. The reports showed a very satisfactory condition of membership and finances, and a number of new members and associates were added to the roll.

The papers and their order were as follows:

THURSDAY, NOV. 12.

1. Test of an Experimental Turret of the U. S. Battle-ship Massachusetts, by Com. W. T. Sampson, U. S. N., Chief of Bureau of Ordnance, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.
2. Steel Canal Boats, by Lewis Nixon, Mgr. Cresent Shipyard, Elizabeth, N. J.
3. Trial Performance of the Grand Duchess, by S. N. Smith, Mgr. Newport News Ship-Building and Dry Dock Co., Newport News, Va.
4. Naval Practice in Ship Rivets and Riveting, by Naval Constructor J. H. Linnard, U.S. N.

5. American Fire-Boats, by H. DeB. Parsons, Marine Engineer.
6. Corn-Pith Cellulose, by H. W. Cramp, Vice-Pres. Wm. Cramp & Sons, Philadelphia, Pa.

FRIDAY, NOV. 13.

7. The New Battle-Ships, by Chief Constructor Philip Hichborn, U. S. Navy.
8. Speed Trials of a Screw-Propelled Ferryboat, by F. L. Du Bosque, Engineer Floating Equipment, Pennsylvania R. R.
9. Hydraulic Sheers for Lifting One Hundred and Twenty-five Tons, by Frank B. King, Marine Engineer and Naval Architect.
10. A Method of Calculating the Stability of Ships, adapted to the use of Standard Curves of Stability, by Hugo Hammar, Naval Architect.
11. Stability of a Ship in Damaged Condition, by James Swan, Massachusetts Institute of Technology.
12. Damaged Conditions as Affecting the Stability and Fighting Efficiency of Battle-ships, by Assistant Naval Constructor T. F. Ruhm, U. S. Navy.
13. Screw Propellers, by Prof. Geo. R. McDermott, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

Owing to delay in the completion and trials of the ship, Mr. Smith's paper upon the Grand Duchess was not read; the others, however, were read in order, with the discussion filling completely the four sessions of the two days. As will be seen, they covered a wide range of subjects connected with both naval and commercial work. All of them showed care in the preparation and were listened to with interest.

The papers evoked a fair amount of discussion, but it was by no means so general or so thorough as is desirable in a case of this kind. In nearly all cases, as in preceding years, the preparation of the papers has been delayed until the last possible moment, so late, in fact, that they were only printed in time to be distributed on the morning of the meeting, and were not sent out in advance. Valuable as the meetings now are, they would be more so if it were possible to secure the papers from the writers in season to permit them to be printed and sent out to members at least a couple of weeks before the meeting, in order that those specially familiar or interested in any of the subjects treated might be able to make arrangements to be present and to prepare themselves thoroughly for the discussion. Unless this is done the discussions must be necessarily limited in extent; the nature of a paper is not known until it is read in the meeting, and there is then no time for its careful consideration and the preparation of material for its discussion. A thorough discussion is hardly less valuable than the technical excellence of the papers themselves, and it is desirable in the extreme that the time of the meetings be devoted more to the discussion than the actual reading, to attain which end it is necessary that the papers should be read and studied by the members in advance of the meeting. There were indications at the present meeting of results that were clearly attributable to the discussions of previous years.

Apart from its technical merits, the paper of Chief Constructor Hichborn was most important in that both in the text and plates it treated fully and openly of the various features of the new battle-ships of the Alabama class. The information disclosed by it is probably no more than is already in the possession of foreign governments and other interested parties, and its open publication now can do no harm, and at the same time is likely to prove of interest to many who would otherwise have no access to it. At the same time, it is the almost universal practice in connection with this same sort of information, both among governments and private firms, to maintain a pretense of secrecy, which is merely farcical so far as actual rivals are concerned; and merely keeps the information from the general public. The question of the free and voluntary publication of this class of information was discussed during the meeting, the general opinion being that no possible harm could result, and only good could come, from a reasonable and liberal policy.

The annual dinner of the society was held at Delmonico's in the evening of Nov. 13, the large dining hall being crowded. The chief guest of the evening was the Secretary of the Navy, who came from Washington for the occasion, returning the same night. A number of speeches were made and the affair passed off very pleasantly.

That everything ran smoothly during the two meetings and the dinner as well was due to the labors of Secretary-Treasurer Bowles. Very fortunately, as it happened, the former secretary-treasurer. Naval Constructor Capps, now stationed at San Francisco, is in the East on a short visit, and was present during the entire meeting. In the enforced absence of Mr. Bowles during the docking of the Texas on Friday Mr. Capps took charge of the affairs of the society with his old-time energy and enthusiasm.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

THE regular fall meeting of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was held on Nov. 10, and was in an informal way a house-warming, the new house, at 19 East Twenty-second street, being thrown open to the members for the first time. For nearly ten years the town house has been an important factor to the prosperity of the club, and last winter the need of one was felt severely. The one so long occupied in Thirty-second street was given up in May, 1895, on account of the refusal of the owner to make necessary repairs; and though several schemes for a new and better house were at once set on foot, it was found impossible to provide other than temporary quarters in the old Jockey Club building for last winter. These quarters failed to afford the necessary conveniences and were but little used by the members. Within a month past it became possible to secure a fine old-fashioned city house that from its arrangement and the size of its halls and parlors is specially adapted for the uses of a club house; and by some rapid and energetic work on the part of the house committee this house has been fitted up in time for the meeting. With a frontage of over 33ft., the house has two large parlors and in the rear of them a specially large dining room, the three being thrown into one when desired for lectures and entertainments. On the second floor is a committee room and a billiard room, and abve are chambers that will be leased to members. Next door to the house is an excellent restaurant, and arrangements have been made to furnish meals to the club, a window having been cut between the kitchens of the two buildings. Breakfast and lunch will be served through the day and a *table d'hote* dinner at a very reasonable price will be ready every evening. In this way the club avoided the expense' risk and trouble attendant upon fitting up a restaurant service of its own, and much room is saved in the house; all the cooking being, of course, done next door.

Arrangements have already been made to revive the navigation and rigging classes that were so popular and successful in the old house, the former under the able instruction of Capt Howard Patterson. The terms for the course are specially low. Classes will be held both in the afternoon and evening if found more convenient to members. The entertainment committee will also arrange for a series of lectures during the winter.

In the absence of the flag officers ex-Com. G. H. B. Hill presided, Com. Rouse being represented by a telegram from the South, congratulating the club upon its new home. The trustees announced the election of the following members: George J. Gould. Ernest Flagg, Edward Wetmore, James A. Stillman, John O. H. Pitney, Robert F. Ballantine, Caius C. Bragg, William Allen, Samuel T. Hubbard, Jr., George Ogden Gordon, William G. Boyle, Dr. Walter B. James, Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., William Crittenden Adams, Clifford Richardson, Horatio W. Adams, Otto Ahlmann, Henry C. Hopkins and Dr. Morton R. Peck.

The race committee reported informally on the recent proposals and changes of racing rules in other clubs and the subject was discussed, but no action was taken. The club voted to confirm the challenge issued in its name by Com. Rouse, the yachts to be of 20ft. racing length, with a limit of 500sq. ft. of sail and 5ft. extreme draft of keel or fin. The arrangements with the holders of the cup, the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., have not been fully completed, but both parties are agreed to the above limits. Other regulations proposed are that the mainsail shall not exceed 80 per cent. of the measured sail area, the head triangle shall be measured instead of the windward jib, the spinaker shall not exceed twice the area of the head triangle, and the spinaker boom shall not be lashed or guyed over the stemhead, nor shall the tack of any sail be set forward of the forward point of measurement.

The subject of a bridge across Mill Creek, to shorten the land route from Oyster Bay to the Center Island Club house, was discussed and referred to the trustees.

The Lake Yacht Clubs.

A VERY important meeting was held in Buffalo on Nov. 7, there being present Com. Brower, of Buffalo; G. T. Bliss, of Erie, Pa, and E. W. Radder, of Cleveland, representing the Interlake Yacht Racing Association; President Æmilius Jarvis, of Toronto; J. E. Burroughs, of Rochester, and E. H. Ambrose, of Hamilton, Ont., representing the Lake Yacht Racing Association of Lake Ontario.

The meeting was called for the purpose of forming a union of the many clubs on the fresh-water lakes; a matter that has been very favorably discussed since the races between Canada and Vencedor last summer. Representatives were expected from Lake Michigan, but none were present. However, it is hoped and expected that the action taken will be ratified by all the lake clubs. The representatives decided that it would be advisable to retain, as nearly as possible, the classification now used on Lake Ontario, with a uniform code of rules in harmony with those of the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound. The proposed classes will be 50ft. or 48ft. R. L., to include the largest of the new Chicago boats, Vanenna, Siren and Vencedor, 42ft., 37ft., 32ft. and 27ft. It is also proposed to place a limit to the area of the midship section, which must be at least 35 per cent. of the product of beam and draft. The various proposals were put in definite form and will be submitted to the lake clubs for adoption. The meeting was in session from 7:30 P. M. to 4:15 A. M.

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

A VERY large special general meeting of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. was held on Nov. 11, in the Windsor Hotel, Rear-Com. Fitzgibbon occupying the chair, and Secretary W. A. C. Hamilton ready with his minutes. The objects of the meeting were to consider the advisability of holding a ball during the winter. There was very little discussion and it was unanimously resolved on motion of Mr. De Sola, seconded by Mr. Richardson, that a ball be given. The question of date caused some discussion, but it was eventually decided to name the second Monday in January in the Windsor Hall. The executive committee were empowered to add to their number as they thought proper.

The next question had relation to the International Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. Challenge Cup. Mr. Duggan, in explaining the question, pointed out that the Seawanhaka men had been very generous. They were willing to sail in any class above 15ft. and less than 25ft. It was therefore decided to work on the 20ft. class, with some slight differences from previous rules, viz.: limited sail area, 500sq. ft.; draft, 5ft. Measurement of waterline to be with crew on board, or 450lbs. to represent crew.

Mr. Duggan thought it was high time that those members who intended to build should come forward immediately and place their orders. There would probably be fifty or sixty antagonists to pick from, and the Royal St. Lawrence would probably only have twelve or fifteen. The date that had been decided on was some time during the full moon of July. The rest of the matters were of minor detail, and Mr. Duggan thought they could be arranged without any difficulty whatever.

The question next discussed was that of accommodation for the visitors from the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. This matter is still in embryo, but it was made apparent that there would be no lack of accommodation. Mr. Duggan thought that a new club house was most desirable, but that an adjournment be made until the commodore should return from Europe.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Josephine, steam yacht, P. A. B. Widener, is at Harlan & Hollingsworth's yard, Wilmington, where her bulwarks will be raised and other alterations made.

The announcement is just made that J. Gardner Cassatt, of the New York Y. C., has ordered a steel steam yacht of large size from Mr. Watson, and the vessel is now building by Ramage & Ferguson. Leith, Scotland. Mr. Cassatt has for some time been a part owner of the steam yacht Anita with S. M. Prevost.

Mr. John R. Purdon, the Boston designer, has now in hand the designs of two yachts of 24ft. l.w.l., one for racing and one for general work. The former is for A. H. Higginson, of Manchester, owner of Exit. She will be 32ft. over all, 8ft. 6in. extreme beam, 7ft. 6in. beam at l.w.l. and 7in. draft., with a centerboard of 400lbs. The construction will be very light. The other yacht will be a keel boat of the new type, with reduced midship section, her dimensions being: Over all 36ft. and draft 5ft. 6in. The sail plan will be of the knockabout type.

The executive committee of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. has overruled the decision of the judges in the Dorchester race of June 20 in the Katydid-Elsa protest, which was appealed as allowed by Association rules. Elsa was defaulted by the judges for non-appearance at the hearing. It was shown to the committee that notice of the hearing was given too late for appearance, so the default was removed and the protest heard on its merits. The final decision was in Elsa's favor. This gives her the Association diploma for the yacht winning the highest percentage in any class, her average being 72.5 per cent., as against 68.2 for Gleaner, the next best boat.—*Boston Globe.* [Elsa is owned by D. H. Crane, the "crew" of El Heirie.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
Charles J. Halpen,	Haverhill, Mass,	
Gardner B Williams	Boston, Mass	Boston Athletic Ass'n.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

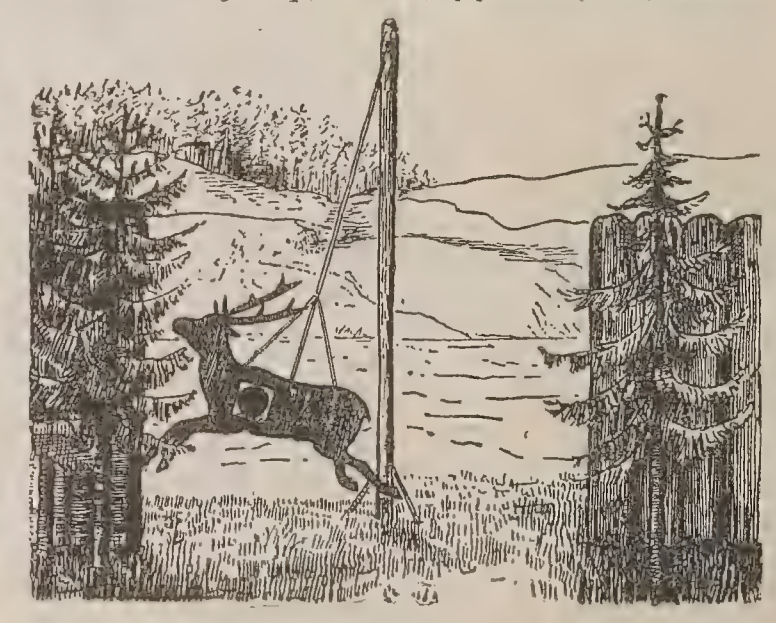
RIFLE MATCHES IN THE TYROL.

[*Concluded from page 357.*]

THE money in the pool was divided among those shots only that hit the bull, and here again the nearness to the mathematical center rewarded the closest shots. Thus the fourth best shot (the three prize shots never shared in the pool) received generally about four times as much as the shot had cost, while the worst pool shot, just grazing the bull, received less than half what the shot had cost. Shots outside the bull did not receive anything. This division of the pool, of course, favored the crack shot, none of whose six shots would, we may be sure, be outside the charmed black circle; indeed they probably would be well within the "two" ring, or within a circumference of 3½in. He would thus receive his entrance money back three or fourfold, though possibly all the prizes, or one or two at least, had been won by some lucky young chaps who had fluked one of their six shots into the very center, while against the other five an ominous row of "0" was marked on the scoring sheet. The monetary value of his prize would in such cases hardly cover the cost of his six chief shots and the other outgoings, but the delight of winning that longed-for prize made him forget the sad hole in his slender purse. At the dance, which in the old days almost invariably concluded the day's revelry, his prize would be proudly pinned to his best girl's hat or dress, and from thence on no rifle match in his own home or in any of the adjoining valleys would come off without his being among the competitors. From thenceforth his dearest ambition would be centered upon an exchange of his grandsire's antiquated arm for one of the new-fangled small-bore rifles shooting the conical bullet of which mention has already been made. In a word, the rifle-shooting fever had in its irresistible grip another victim, but before that youngster would be able to hold his own in the pool shooting, and could slap his breeches pocket covering the proof, in the shape of hard cash, that his skill with the rifle was above the average, many a week's hardly earned wages, or the returns of months of hard toil in the forest, would melt away in smoke. But withal, that man's substance, earned in nine cases out of ten very literally in the sweat of his brow, was not wasted; for a more useful and patriotic form of national pastime it would be difficult to introduce. How many of the defeats suffered by our pioneer armies, one might ask, would have been turned into victories were more attention paid to the marksmanship of the British forces? Certainly such disasters as occurred at Majuba Hill would not have stained the flag.

So far I have spoken of the chief event, where the number of shots was limited. The second event, where this last restriction did not prevail, was the *Schlecker*, or unlimited target. There the shots cost a mere trifle, generally a halfpenny each, which went to mine host, the giver of the shoot, who, in consideration of it, provided also the prizes for this event, generally five or six in number, though slightly inferior in money value to the chief prizes. They were also won by the shots nearest the center, and as the distance as well as the bull was exactly the same as in the chief event, one used to practice first at the unlimited before moving to the principal range. Very often there was an arrangement which permitted the good shots to indulge also in pool shooting at the unlimited target, in which case the shot cost 4d. or 6d., which formed the pool. This, at the termination of the shoot, was divided, according to the total number of rings of the combined score. Thus, if six men competed, firing 100 shots at 6d. each, so that 50s. were in the pool, the total score or number of rings would be added together. If there were say 150, each ring would get 4d. Or in other words, to hit at every shot the $5\frac{1}{16}$in. circle of the bull was not enough to put money in one's pocket, This was called *Würgen*, or "choking off," not an inappropriate term, for, of course, only good and sure shots would compete and the tyro was effectually choked off.

The arrangements for marking at such village rifle matches were of a most dangerous simplicity for the unfortunate marker. The two targets would be about 20 or 30ft. apart; in the middle between them there was the marker's hut, duly provided with a stone wall facing toward the roofed-in rifle range from whence the shots were fired in as quick succession as the marking permitted. As signal for the marker there was either a wire with a bell at the end out to the marker's hut, or, what was far more frequent as well as dangerous, a cowbell stood in each "stand" from whence the men fired. This bell the marksman would vigorously toss after delivering his shot, and the tone of the two bells being different, this was all that indicated at which target his services were required. To do so he walked perfectly unsheltered and in the open to the target, where, during his search for the bullet hole, he would stand right in front of it, so that his body covered for the time being the bullseye. I have shot at very many of these matches, where not even such essential precaution as screening the target at which one was not shooting was taken. In consequence of this, and the fact that the difference in the tone was the only thing that guided the marker, fatal mistakes on the part of the marksman shooting at the wrong target, or equally disastrous errors on the part of the marker going out to the wrong target at the moment a shot was being fired at it, were lamentably frequent. Every year two or three such



THE DEER TARGET.

accidents occurred at one or the other of the hundreds of these Tyrolese rifle ranges. So numerous did they finally become that the Government took steps to obviate such careless sacrifice of life by prohibiting all unprotected marking at rifle ranges. The marker was compelled, generally very much against his wishes, to remain invisible in his hut and mark the shots from thence on the targets, which for this purpose were moved close up to each side of the shelter. This did away with many of the quaint old customs that heretofore had given color and life to the scene. Thus, it was the custom that the marker, who was dressed in a clown-like dress, should cut the funniest capers in front of the target when the "four" ring was hit. On perceiving where the shot had struck, he would creep back to his hut and fetch a huge pair of wooden spectacles, and after fastening them on his nose he would return to his target and institute a make-belief search for the shot, which he would finally mark in the usual way, and dance four times round the target. If the centrum itself was hit he would turn somersaults and cut the strangest capers till the lucky marksman could send him by the *Kellnerin* a flask of the country wine or a foaming beaker of beer. If, on the other hand, some shot hung fire, or from other cause the unfortunate man missed the target altogether, the frolicsome monkey tricks of the marker were equally amusing; his great spectacles would come out again, and he would look about the heavens as if trying to find whither the straying bullet had wandered. That such gambols and offerings of liquor, if often repeated, did not tend to make the marker or, for the matter of that, the marksman more careful, can be imagined. High time as it was that safer means of marking should be introduced, one's satisfaction was not unmingled with regret at the unavoidable disappearance of the many amusing incidents which had made these country rifle matches such pleasant meetings.

Rifle shooting is to-day far more neglected in Tyrol than it used to be even ten or fifteen years ago. One cause of the waning interest I have just touched upon; the other was the general introduction of breechloading rifles, against which the old-fashioned muzzleloaders, particularly at the increased distances which the Government attempted to force upon the people, could no longer compete. To purchase new breechloading rifles as well as the more expensive ammunition was beyond the frugal minded Tyrolese peasant's purse, and so it has gradually come to pass that the old village range is less and less used. The effort of the Government to revive this pastime by distributing army rifles and ammunition was also less of a success than might be wished, for the coarse sights and heavy pull-off of the military arm, as well as the long ranges at which they had to be used, were all conditions to which these exceedingly conservative mountain people could not accustom themselves.

In the towns where the wealthier burghers enjoy the

means to provide expensive breechloaders, rifle matches are still quite frequent, but for many reasons their surroundings are less attractive and picturesque than at the old village shoots, to which I shall always look back with sincere pleasure, while the seventy odd prizes I managed to capture at such meetings will always form a pleasing memento of scenes that have gone never to return. Not the least cherished among these often very trumpery prizes is the very first one I ever gained. It rewarded one of those lucky flukes into the centrum that have lured so many young shots into the marksman's guild. It happened at the very first Tyrolese match I attended, and it was the very first shot at the chief target. Needless to say, my unexpected success made me so nervous that I had as clean a string of ducks' eggs alongside my name after that as ever befell the first trial of a tyro. More honest success came by and by, and, with almost proverbial luck, that pin's point of the centrum fell to my flukes no doubt much oftener than I deserved.

Between the inhabitants of the larger valleys of Tyrol there existed a healthy spirit of rivalry, which came to the fore at the great annual matches held in the capital of the country, which lasted a couple of weeks, and at which prizes, given by the Emperor, worth hundreds of pounds, came to be shot for on these occasions. Our English principle of rewarding the best string of shots had necessarily to be enforced, but not for all events, some of the most important prizes being won by the best centrum shot, however difficult it might be, even with the finest mathematical instruments, to decide which of the hundreds of centrum shots that had been obtained was really the best. At these great shoots the professional crack shots made a rich harvest. Of these there were quite a number, and I can recall the names of at least nine or ten who were to the fore during the ten or twelve years that I competed at Tyrolese matches. Their steadiness of hand was simply wonderful. Their rifle seemed as if screwed into a vice, so perfectly tremorless was it held, and as these men made their living by rifle shooting, and generally turned gunsmiths when once their reputation as first-class shots was made, their arms were, of course, exceedingly true. I have seen one of them—Prem by name—hit the sixpenny bit of the "four" in the bull six times running at 142yds., shooting a new rifle he had turned out off a rest. And, indeed, I have seen this man accomplish very nearly the same feat without a rest, two "threes" being the worst shots in a string of eight shots I once saw him make off the shoulder. As rifle matches were open to all comers, such "pirates of the rifle range," as they were called by the populace, were of course dreaded visitors, and the larger the prizes the greater was their number. In little village shoots, such as I have described, there was generally "too little money" to tempt pirates living at a distance. Many an ambitious young marksman's heart would be set trembling when, after getting a centrum early in the day, and thus having a good chance of winning a prize, the news would spread that Prem or Ritzel was to be seen in the distance approaching the village, the rifle over the shoulder. To have at the last moment wrested from those eager young hands that dearly wished for prize was only too often the result of such unwelcome visits. These professionals were invariably very quiet men, who observed great abstemiousness, and, what was perhaps a more curious coincidence, their eyes were invariably of that peculiar light gray-blue color that is said to mark the crack rifle shot all over the world.

Hitherto I have referred only to stationary target shooting, which, as I have said, was the usual form. In some parts of Tyrol, however—chiefly in the mountain country adjoining the Bavarian Highlands—running-deer target shooting was popular among a people who were ardent sportsmen themselves. The skill some of these people attained, considering how limited were their chances to practice, would have done credit to the best marksmen in any part of the world. A friend of mine who takes great interest in rifle shooting at home, and who has often visited the region I am alluding to, has suggested to me that I should give some details of one of these running-deer shoots to illustrate how simple and cheaply such a target can be improvised.

In carrying out this suggestion I cannot do better, perhaps, than give details of a running-deer match which I gave in 1876, and of which I happen to have put by the scoring sheet and some of the actual targets used at it. They will serve the purpose as well as any I could lay my hands on. In the first place, it is necessary to rectify the term "running-deer target." As will be seen from the accompanying sketch, the target did not move as does the deer at Bisley, and formerly at Wimbledon, but simply swung pendulum fashion from a high mast firmly set into the ground. The target was made out of two 1½in. thick planks of sufficient width, upon which the life-size outline of the deer's body was drawn in charcoal, and then cut out by the village carpenter. Four legs and rough antlers of equally primitive construction, and a coat of brown paint, finished the job at a cost of a few shillings for each of the four stags I had provided, but of which only two were in use at the same time, one serving as chief, the other for the unlimited event, with which latter was combined, for the more practiced shots, the "choking off" pool precisely as described for the stationary target. To make it more interesting, I gave a special prize for the best average, *i. e.*, the most rings in fewest shots. I must still mention the dimensions of the target. In order to enable a fresh bull to be inserted when needed, I had a square a trifle larger than the bull cut out in the wood to a depth of ¾in. Into this depression fitted a panel of wood upon which the target was pasted. The target measured 12in. across, and, as will be seen from the accompanying reduced facsimile, was subdivided into the usual four spaces, the value of which began with four for the innermost circle (3in. in diameter), three for the next, and so on, as shown in the sketch. The distance was 130 meters, or 142yds. The screens consisted of stout beams, in front of which some young firs were stuck into the ground. The deer was hung up when at rest some 4ft. from the ground, and it was released by a simple mechanical contrivance connected with a wire with the stand where the marksman stood. He released the target himself by treading on a pedal, a movement which increased the difficulty, for it disturbed one's steadiness of aim. The shot had to be fired at the first swing of the target, otherwise a cruel duck's egg disfigured the scoring sheet. The boards of which the target was made being fairly heavy, the speed of the swing was about that of a running deer.

The number of competitors was, on this occasion, not great, only twenty-one; for, of course, only those who had some practice at this kind of shooting attended. They fired 416 shots, the total of the rings being 362. Some of the better individual scores may be mentioned to show the class of shooting, though in fairness to the other marksmen I have to acknowledge that probably none of them had quite so much practice at this kind of shooting as I had enjoyed. Prem, then by far the best shot at the stationary target in Tyrol, but almost untried at the swinging deer, fired sixty shots and got just 100 rings. Holzer, an older shot, pulled off in eighty-nine shots ninety-four rings; while a young fellow, Fried. Karl, obtained in eight shots fourteen rings, when, unfortunately for him, a mishap to his rifle threw him out of the competition. My own score, by which I secured the "best average" prize, was fifty-five rings in thirty shots, out of which I missed the bull four times. Luckily for me, some of the "fours" I made were closer to the centrum than others, and so I carried off the first chief and the second, third and sixth unlimited prizes, but this was less a matter of skill than of luck. These details will have shown that a few pounds suffices to rig up in private grounds such a swinging-deer target, and though it is not as useful for the game shot as the running deer at Bisley, it nevertheless affords a useful chance to practice at movable objects. Very useful did I find my practice when, not long afterward, I was asked to compete in an "England *versus* America" rifle and pistol match at Salt Lake City, where I happened to pass some of the winter months after a shooting expedition to the Rockies. Six of the thirteen events in this match were at moving targets, and as the Americans beat us hollow at most of the stationary targets it was an uphill fight, though we eventually triumphed by our superiority at moving objects.—*W. A. Baillie Grohman in London Field.*

At Calumet Heights on Halloween.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 1.—Below you will find the scores of rifle contests made on the rifle range of Calumet Heights Club on Oct. 31, the same being a part of our Halloween programme. Some sixty-four persons were in attendance, quite a number of whom, both ladies and gentlemen, participated in the contests. Unusual interest was manifested in the competition for prizes; also in the contest for the medals which are shot for weekly, on account of the closeness in the scores of some of the contestants. The following is the programme:

The regular medal contests will take place in the morning under the usual conditions. Class A, 200yds., 9 A. M. Class B, 100yds., 10 A. M. Following this the programme events will be shot.

Event 1: Ladies only; 10 shots, 100yds, .22cal. rifle, any position; open sights allowed 2 points; entrance fee 50 cents; 3 prizes.

Event 2: Open to all; 10 shots, 200yds., any caliber rifle, off-hand; open sights allowed 2 points; entrance fee 25 cents; 3 prizes.

Event 3: Open to all; 5 shots, off-hand, any caliber; open sights allowed 1 point; shooter to advance 20yds. from shooting stand and fire his 1st shot at 180yds.; 2d at 160yds.; 3d at 140yds.; 4th at 120yds., and 5th at 100yds.; score to be counted after last shot; one man up; entrance fee 50 cents; 3 prizes.

Event 4: Ladies only; 5 shots, .22cal. rifle, 100yds., off-hand position; open sights allowed 1 point; entrance fee 50 cents; 3 prizes.

Event 5: Open to all; 15 shots, 200yds., off-hand position, any caliber rifle, open sights allowed 3 points; entrance fee 50 cents; 3 prizes.

Event 6: Open to all; revolvers, any caliber, 20yds., off-hand position, 10 shots; entrance fee 25 cents; 2 prizes.

Event 7: Open to all; revolvers, 5 shots, 30yds., any caliber, off-hand; entrance fee 50 cents; 2 prizes.

Ties will be determined by shooting 1, 3 or 5 additional shots, at the discretion of the committee.

Class A.

	No. 1.		No. 2.	
Harlan	5444444454	—42	4444444444	—40
Davis	4304535444—36+2	—38	2354453053—34+2	—36
Hobbs	4442444343—36+2	—38	.....	
Paterson	4443434045—35+2	—37	4452235435—37+2	—39
Spaulding	4333333342	—31	.....	
McMichaels	0032533435	—28	5343444444	—39

Class B.

Mrs C W Carson	4545435445	—43	4454544454	—43
Miss Ervin	5484545455	—45	4443555434	—41
Miss Harlan	4553443440	—38	.....	

No. 1, ladies only: Mrs. C. W. Carson first, Miss Ervin second, Mrs. Lamphere third:

Mrs C W Carson	5455555444—46	Mrs Harlan	3433352335—34
Miss Ervin	4444454455—43	Mrs Marshall	3333343433—32
Mrs Lamphere	5344353444—39	Mrs Gillespie	3344332000—22
Miss Gillespie	3444444444—39		

No. 2, open to all: Hobbs, Sr., first; Hobbs, Jr., second, Dr. Shaw third:

Hobbs, Sr	4544444445—42+2—44	Spalding	4342440444 —33
Hobbs, Jr	5345433444—39+2—41	McMichaels	4243352442 —33
Dr Shaw	4344434455 —40	Lamphere	0323533424—29+2—31
Davis	4344545424—39+2—41	Paterson	0223240342—22+2—24
Harlan	4444505544 —39		

No. 3: Paterson first, Harlan second, Dr. Shaw third.

Paterson	54444—21+1—22	McMichaels	33455 —20
Harlan	55432—19+1—20	Davis	34444—19+1—20
Dr Shaw	44245 —19	Hobbs, Sr	44333 —17

No. 4, ladies only: Mrs. C. W. Carson first, Mrs. Lamphere second, Mrs. Marshall third.

Mrs C W Carson	24444 —18	Miss Gillespie	44422 —16
Mrs Lamphere	23335 —16	Miss Ervin	32400 — 9
Mrs Marshall	32322—12+1—13	Mrs Harlan	00030— 3+1— 4

No 5: Dr. Shaw first, Lamphere second, Paterson third:

Dr Shaw	344445444444444 —60
Lamphere	345344444434344 —57
Paterson	433343034544430—47+3—50
Davis	334543343454453—57+3—60
Harlan	042045444350342 —44

No. 6, revolver: Hobbs, Sr, first; Hobbs, Jr., second:

Hobbs, Sr	5443333332—33	Harlan	3332200000—13
Hobbs, Jr	4444443320—32	Paterson	3300000000— 6
Dr Shaw	2233335000—21	Davis	2200000000— 4

No. 7: Edwards first, Dr. Shaw second:

Edwards	22000—4	Hobbs, Sr	00000—0
Shaw	30000—3	Paterson	30000—3
Harlan	30000—3	Davis	00000—0
Hobbs, Jr	20000—2		

PATTY.

Greenville Rifle Club Wins.

GREENVILLE, N. J., Nov. 14.—The first match of a series arranged between the Greenville Rifle Club and the Cottage Rifle Club was decided to-night on the range of the latter club. The conditions of the race were: 10 men on a team, 10 shots per man, off-hand, German 25-ring target, 75ft. range. Scores:

Greenville R. C.		Cottage R. C.	
Michael Dorrler	243	Samuel J Russell	236
Charles Scheeline	243	P J O'Hara	235
George Purkess	240	W A Tewes	232
Colin Boag	239	A P Alexander	230
Wm J Charlock	237	J Lambour	225
James Boag	236	W McKinley	223
W C Collins	234	J Miller	217
J Filoramo	232	C Walls	209
J Herig	230	(Two men, names not given, aggregate scores equal)	460—2267
C Agneau	211—2345		

Milwaukee's Police on Top.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Nov. 9.—The South Side Police and the Flambeau Rifle Club, of this city, shot a match to-day at August Tabbert's, 511 Sixth avenue. The policemen won by 22 points after a very close match all through; the scores were 1,285 to 1,262 out of a possible 1,540. Scores:

South Side Police.		Flambeau Rifle Club.	
A Neidner	192	G Barmeister	192
M Carroll	186	Leo Melms	190
W Harman	186	Dr Alexander	182
J Dallinger	182	A Klotz	178
J Heyer	180	J Witt	176
Rayman	180	H Koenig	172
F Maldczenski	178—1284	W Koenig	172—1262

The Revolver Championship.

WE have received the following announcement under date of Nov. 9.

"An open competition for the revolver championship of America will be held under the auspices of the Knickerbocker Revolver Club at the Athletic Club Range, Madison avenue and Forty-fifth street, New York city.

"The contest will begin on Nov. 30, 1896, at 10 o'clock A. M., and will close at 11 o'clock P. M. on Dec. 5, 1896.

"Any revolver, of which barrel and cylinder do not exceed 10½in. in length; any ammunition, any trigger pull, may be used.

"Distance shall be ten (10) and twenty (20) yards. Total of the best two 6-shot targets at each distance to count.

"Targets shall be Standard American Decimal, reduced for each distance. Bullets must visibly touch the line to count.

"Entrance fee shall be $1 (one dollar) and a charge of 25 (twenty-five) cents for each target shot. Re-entries unlimited.

"Silver cups will be awarded to the three contestants making the highest scores. The competitor must sign his name to each target before shooting. Every shot fired shall count. Targets shot shall be the property of the club, and shall remain in the hands of the keeper. On receipt of entry, a card of admission to the range during the shooting week will be issued. Competitors present must shoot in rotation, one target each.

"No competitor shall be allowed to load his revolver until he arrives at the firing point; and no person shall be allowed to annoy or talk to the competitor.

"When loading, the revolver muzzle must be pointed toward the target; and when firing, the revolver must be held in one hand only and with arm extended.

"In case of a tie it must be shot off; six shots at 10yds. and six shots at 20yds.; total to count. All disputes shall be settled by the shooting committee, whose decision shall be final. The contestants may use the gallery ammunition free of charge or furnish their own.

"By order of the shooting committee.

"DR. H. E. WESTBAY, Chairman."

This will do well enough for a shooting match except in one particular—that it is ridiculous to call it a competition for "the revolver championship of America." There is already "the revolver championship of America," won in open competition against all comers in the FOREST AND STREAM'S Winans trophy match, by Wm. E. Petty, of this city. Champion Petty's possession of the title is as clearly recognized as is his undisputed ownership of the well-won trophy itself. Before the Knickerbocker Rifle Club can assume to confer the championship title upon any one else it must first, in fair fight, wrest that title from the man who now holds it. In other words, the Knickerbockers cannot give something they have not got to give.

If the promoters of this Madison avenue enterprise want to do the square thing by the competitors who shall pay their dollars to shoot in it, let them entitle the series of matches an Open Competition to Determine a Candidate who shall Challenge Champion Petty for the Revolver Championship of America.

San Francisco Riflemen.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Nov. 8.—The riflemen of San Francisco turned out in force to-day at the Shell Mound ranges. Taken as a whole the light was good, but in the earlier part of the day there was a stiff west wind blowing that kept the marksmen busy shifting their wind gauges. The scores made by members of the

COLUMBIA PISTOL AND RIFLE CLUB

in the different club competitions were as below:

Rifle, 200yds., Unfried diamond medal, 3 shots, re-entry: A. Strecker 10, D. W. McLaughlin 10, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 12, F. O. Young 15.

Military rifle, Glindemann medal, 10 shots, re-entry, Creedmoor count on Columbia target: F. O. Young 45, F. H. Bushnell 45, A. H. Brod 43, P. Robinson 43.

Rifle, record medal, 10 shots, re-entry: Dr. Rodgers 57, H. R. Crane 66, D. W. McLaughlin 68, A. B. Dorrell 73.

Club Class contests, for members only, 10 shots, champion class: D. W. McLaughlin 52, A. H. Pape 67, F. O. Young 69.

First Class: F. E. Mason 66, A. B. Dorrell 71, H. Hellberry 85, O. A. Bremer 89, H. R. Crane 102, G. Schultz 111.

Second Class: J. E. Gorman 77, E. Jacobson 96, M. J. White 102, G. Barley 112, F. H. Bushnell 118.

Pistol, 10 shots, 50yds., club contests for members; Champion Class: J. E. Gorman 47, F. O. Young 53, C. M. Daiss 57, A. H. Pape 27 (withdrawn).

First Class: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 54, M. J. White 58, F. E. Mason 72, D. W. McLaughlin 73, A. B. Dorrell 76.

Second Class: G. M. Barley 61, E. Jacobson 66, H. J. Wicker 81, O. A. Bremer 92, F. H. Bushnell 93.

Re-entry pistol matches, open to all comers, Blanding medal (three shots to score): C. M. Daiss 4, 7; A. H. Pape 6, 7; J. E. Gorman 7, 7; F. O. Young 7, 8; F. H. Bushnell 17, 17; H. J. Wicker 15, 17.

All comers, .22cal. rifle, 50yds., 5-shot medal: E. Jacobson 10 11, Mrs. L. J. Crane 12 18, Mrs. M. J. White 15 18, Mrs. C. F. Waltham 16 17.

Glindemann ladies' trophy, .22cal rifle, 10 shots: Mrs. L. J. Crane 33, Mrs. C. F. Waltham 34, Mrs. M. J. White 42.

GERMANIA SCHUETZEN CLUB.

The class medal winners of the Germania Schuetzen Club, together with their scores for 20 shots each on the German ring target, were:

First champion class: F. P. Schuster, 422 rings. Second champion class: L. Bendel 417.

First of the first class: G. Alpers 435. Second of the first class: R. Finking 377.

First of the third class: F. H. Bushnell 392. Second of the third class: A. Jungblut 387.

First of the fourth class: E. Salfield 339. Second of the fourth class: Wm. Garms 319.

Best first and last shots: G. Alpers, 25 rings.

SAN FRANCISCO SCHUETZEN VEREIN.

The winners in medal contests of the San Francisco Schuetzen Verein, together with their scores for 20 shots on the German ring target, were:

Champion class: A. Mocker 435 rings.

First class: F. P. Schuster 425.

Second class: Not filled.

Third class: Frank Koch 394.

Fourth class: J. D. Heise 385.

Best first shot, F. Koch 24; best last shot, Otto Lemke 25.

Revolver Shooting in London.

LONDON, Eng., Nov. 1.—The revolver championship of the North London Rifle Club has again been won by Mr. Walter Winans, this being his fourth win of that title in as many consecutive seasons. Corp. Carter, who finishes in second place, with Trooper C. Knapp, both scoring a total of 363, met with a serious accident in the middle of August, and has been unable to attend the ranges since that time. The report of the committee of the North London Rifle Club in regard to the revolver championship above mentioned reads as follows:

"Mr. Walter Winans has again secured premier honors with the revolver, winning the club championship for the fourth consecutive year. His total is less than last year, but he has nevertheless finished an easy winner by 31 points, his aggregate being 394 points out of a possible score of 420 points. Although he has been unable to attend the ranges so frequently, he has had no difficulty in upholding his reputation as the finest revolver shot of the present day. As a matter of fact he was only able to put in just the requisite number of shoots in Series I., viz.: six, so that he had no score to count out in that series.

"The full details of prize winners and their scores are now appended, and cancel all that have appeared before."

REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIP.

	Series I.	Series II.	Series III.	Series IV.	Total.
Walter Winans, Esq., the gold championship jewel and £2.					
	42 41 41 40 40 40	38	39	37 36	394
†Corp A W Carter, 3d Middlesex V A, silver championship jewel and £2.					
	40 38 38 36 36 36	36	35	34 34	363
†Trooper C Knapp, Middlesex Yeo Cav, bronze championship jewel and £2.					
	39 39 37 37 37 36	39	33	33 33	363
Capt W Evans, Honorable Artillery Co, £1.					
	38 38 36 36 36 35	36	31	33 31	350
Pvt W C Luff, London Rifle Brigade, £1.					
	37 37 37 36 35 35	38	30	31 31	347
Sergt C T Britton, 1st Essex V A, £1.					
	37 35 31 30 29 28	33	26	25 22	296
Lieut P W Richardson, London Rifle Brigade, £1.					
	34 33 31 30 29 28	26	29	25 25	290

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Nov. 21,—WORCESTER, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club. Targets.

Nov. 21.—ELKWOOD PARK, N. J.—Blackbird shoot, commencing 1 P. M. Events to suit contestants.

Dec. 1-3.—TRENTON, N. J.—Proposed contest for live-bird championship; 100 live birds per man, $100 entry. Under the management of Charles Zwirlein.

Dec. 22-23.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Ninth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club. First day, targets; second day, live birds.

1897.

Jan. 4-5.—PRESCOTT, Arizona.—Fourth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Prescott Gun Club. Roy Hill, Sec'y.

January.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second midwinter tournament, under the management of Oscar Guessaz, etc.

February-March.—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—The Arkansaw Traveler's first grand annual live bird tournament; $10,000 in purses and added moneys. Souvenir programmes ready Jan. 1. Address all communications to John J. Sumpter, Jr., Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK CITY.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

April 15-17.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

May 11-14.—OIL CITY, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

June 16-17.—FARGO, N. D.—Third annual tournament of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association. Targets. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

In reply to a query from us as to the status of Winston's challenge to the winner of the Claridge-Roll match, Mr. H. P. Collins, of the Du Pont Powder Company, writes us as follows, under date Nov. 13: "Replying to yours of the 11th inst., Winston is the next aspirant for the cup. Before the match between Claridge and Roll was called, acting as referee and representing Messrs. Du Pont & Co., I informed each of the contestants privately that Winston had posted his forfeit with *Shooting and Fishing* challenging the winner, and that under the precedent established in the case of Roll's challenge, the winner of their match would have to entertain Winston's challenge under the usual conditions. I consider, in view of the precedent established in the Roll challenge, that Winston has complied with all the requisite conditions, and that his challenge is in good form."

By special invitation of the New York Athletic Club, a three-men team race will be shot on the club's grounds, Traver's Island, on Saturday next, Nov. 21. Invitations have been issued to certain clubs to be represented by teams on this occasion. The idea is a new departure in trap-shooting circles in this vicinity, and should be the means of providing a good day's sport for the members and their guests, as well as creating fresh enthusiasm among the trap-shooters of New York and her suburbs. The New York Athletic Club's shooting committee deserves special commendation for the sporting conditions of this race.

In regard to the apparent run of luck in the matter of easy birds that fell to the lot of Roll in the recent match for the Du Pont trophy at Baltimore, the Baltimore *Herald* of Nov. 11 has the following note: "The birds were an easy lot of duffers in the main, though those that made any attempt at swift flying usually got off. There is a peculiar kind of luck attached to trap-shooting. One man will draw a lot of easy birds, while the man shooting beside him will draw all difficult birds. This run of luck seemed to be against Claridge yesterday, and to his sorrow, though he made many beautiful kills."

Referring to a Driver and Twister in our last issue, anent the "absolute" professional and an *Ultima Thule*, Elmer Shaner writes us from Pittsburg as follows: "What shell, powder, wadding and shot (chilled or soft) would you recommend me to use on *Ultima Thules?* Am I right in my supposition that they are some new target, or is it the name of some new nitro powder? Old Hoss and I have been discussing the question and as usual we cannot agree."

Charlie Budd is shooting live birds out West in something like his old form. During the Dayton, Ia., Gun Club's tournament, Oct. 27-28, Charlie took part in 6 live-bird events, the number of birds in each being respectively 5, 10, 15, 7, 7 and 7, or a total of 51 birds all told. He killed straight in all but the last, losing 1 bird, making his score for the two days 50 out of 51. Fred Gilbert was clean out of form, losing 12 birds out of 51 shot at.

George Roll, the champion from Blue Island, Ill., won the Du Pont trophy on Nov. 10 by scoring 48 to 45, made by B. W. Claridge, the holder. The shoot took place on the grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association, Claridge being a member of that organization. In Claridge, Hood, Waters and Hawkins, the Baltimore Shooting Association has a trio of young shooters hard to beat in any company.

The race between Charles Smith, of Plainfield, N. J., better known as Dutchy, and W. H. Wolstencroft, of Frankford, Pa., for the Austin tri-State championship cup has been postponed from Wednesday, Nov. 25, to Friday, Nov. 27. The time and place are left the same, viz., 2 P. M. on the Climax Gun Club's grounds, Fanwood, N. J. A call to serve his country as a juryman caused Billy Wolstencroft to ask for the postponement of two days.

Charlie Hebbard, of the W. Fred Quimby Co., and of the Empire Target Co., is back again at his desk "chained to business," after a delightful trip in Maine. The privations (!) of camp life have not caused him to loose much flesh; he looks better than ever. His temper too is excellent, provided you don't mention "moose" to him. He did, however, score two deer.

Neaf Apgar will sever his connection with the shell-loading department of the W. Fred Quimby Co. on Saturday of this week. On Jan. 1, 1897, he will blossom out as a full-blown representative of the Austin Powder Co., of Cleveland, and will attend all the important shoots in '97 as representative of that company. With Jack Winston and Neaf Apgar booming things, the Austin Co. ought to make a straight score.

Elmer E. Shaner was unable to take charge of the running of the Vicksburg, Miss., tournament, as previously announced, owing to sickness. We are glad to say that one or two letters received quite recently from Mr. Shaner are written in his old vigorous style and with the familiar blue ink that he affects; we augur from this that he is fast becoming convalescent.

What rules do they shoot under in Minnesota? A correspondent from that State writes: "Of the principal winners at nearly all the tournaments in this State last year there were four men, residents of the State, using 10-gauge guns, who won more than any other four men in the State when the whole thing is averaged up, and they stood at the same distance as the 12-gauge men in every shoot."

Bob Snyder, of Schoverling, Daly & Gales, is a deer hunter. The deer of Long Island have recognized that fact and have paid him tribute, a fine doe falling to Bob's gun on Wednesday, Nov. 4. His party secured six deer that day—three bucks and three does.

Jack Halstead and Richmond, both members of the Peekskill, N. Y., Gun Club, were in this city on Monday, Nov. 16. Jack did not have much to say about ruffed grouse or woodcock, but he knew something about "live birds and targets."

Mr. C. E Robbins, President of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association, sends us the following notice of that Association's annual gathering for 1897: "Third annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association, at Fargo, N. D., June 16-17. Targets. W. W. Smith, Secretary."

The contest for the E. C. cup at the New Utrecht Gun Club's grounds, Woodlawn, L. I., on Saturday last, Nov. 14, was the 23d competition for the same. As C. Furgueson, Jr., had prior to that shoot 4 wins to his credit, his victory on that day gave him absolute ownership of the cup and a purse of $50.

The result of the last medal shoot of the Joplin, Mo., Gun Club shows that W. G. Sergeant is shooting all right. The scores in this event, which is at 100 targets, unknown angles, were: Sergeant 95, H. T. Leeman 89, C. M. Sumner and Taylor Cox 80 each.

On Saturday, Nov. 21, a live-blackbird shoot will be held at Elkwood Park, N. J. The shoot will commence at 1 P. M. Phil Daly, Jr., will have 500 blackbirds on hand for the occasion. Events will be shot to suit the contestants.

The Elizabeth, N. J., Gun Club announces its ninth bi-monthly tournament, Dec. 22-23. First day, targets; second day, live birds. The tournament is open to all.

George McAlpin defeated John L. Winston by 2 birds in their match last week. The scores were 93-91.

The Worcester, Mass., Sportsmen's Club will hold an all-day shoot at targets on Saturday next, Nov. 21.

Nov. 17. EDWARD BANKS.

The "Vena-Contracta" Guns.

THE London *Field* had lately made an exhaustive test of the merits of the Vena-Contracta guns manufactured by an English firm. The results of these tests it has just given to its readers, and without doubt American shooters will be just as much interested in the statistics given as our English brethren of the gun.

At first sight, reducing a 12-bore gun at the breech to a 16, 18 or 20-bore gun at the muzzle is rather a startling innovation. As a matter of fact the bore of these guns is reduced from its original gauge—12—to its final dimensions of 16, 18 or 20-gauge in the first 6in. of the barrel from the end of the chamber; from that point to the muzzle the barrel is similar in all respects to that of a 16, 18 or 20-gauge gun. Thus the wads and the shot are compressed in the early stages of their departure from the barrel when the velocity is comparatively slow.

The *Field* says: "The *raison d'être* of the contracted method of boring is to provide strong guns of light weight without shortening the barrels, as is often done with light-weight guns. By reducing the size and weight of the barrel forward greater thickness of metal can be at the breech and less weight is required in the stock in order to balance the gun."

In considering the figures given below it will be well to call attention to the fact that the size of shot used in the trials was the English No. 6, 1oz. containing 270 pellets, and an 1⅛oz. containing 304 pellets.

Summarizing the results of its series of trials, the *Field* says:

"When the Vena-Contracta was first brought out it was suggested that the reduction of the bore as it proceeded up the barrel would considerably increase the pressure of the powder gases. This seemed a not unnatural conclusion; but some experiments then carried out in our own 12-bore crusher-gauge (with certain modifications made therein to adapt it to the alteration of circumstances) did not show that there was any material increase in the pressures as compared with those of ordinary 12-bore barrels. We have been glad, however, of the present opportunity of investigating the subject more thoroughly, as Messrs. Joseph Lang & Son, the makers of the three guns, have placed at our service three new crusher-gauges, which they had constructed for their own use, and these have been made in exact accordance with the interior of the guns, viz.: 12-20, 12-18 and 12-16-gauges respectively, their internal parts having been bored with the same tools as were used for the guns. That is to say, the barrel is reduced to its final dimensions in the first 6in. from the end of the chamber; so that the shot and wads are gradually compressed, while their velocity is comparatively low; and thence forward the barrel proceeds to the muzzle in similar form to that of an ordinary gun of 16, 18 or 20-bore, as the case may be.

"The records obtained by firing ten rounds in each of the three new crusher gauges with 1⅛oz. of shot, and the pressures given in our own 12-bore crusher-gauge with some of the same batch of cartridges, were as follows:

Bores.	Pressures in Tons per square inch.									
12-20	1.79	1.91	1.91	2.10	1.79	1.87	1.95	2.00	1.79	2.14
12-18	2.00	1.78	1.73	2.00	1.88	1.73	1.63	1.88	1.92	1.73
12-16	2.00	1.88	1.68	1.92	1.83	2.04	1.63	2.04	1.78	1.96
12-bore	1.63	1.78	1.53	1.92	1.53	1.88	1.92	1.76	1.73	1.53

"The charge of powder used in the 12-20 gun was 38grs., but in the other three guns it was 1gr. less. The reason of this difference was that 37grs sufficed to give the standard velocity of 1,160ft. per second in the 12-18 and 12-16 bores, but was not enough in the more contracted barrel, and consequently 38grs. were used.

"As may be seen above, the most contracted barrel exhibited the highest amount of pressure, and the ordinary 12-bore showed the least amount; but the facts are not quite so apparent in the foregoing tables as in the following summary, where we give the lowest and highest rounds in each series of ten, together with the averages. We also state the pressures with 1oz. of shot as well as with 1⅛oz., except in the 12-bore, in which the smaller charge was not tested. With the 1oz. of shot the powder was reduced by 1gr.

PRESSURES IN TONS PER SQUARE INCH.

Bores.	With 1⅛oz. Shot. Lowest round.	Highest round.	Average of ten.	With 1oz. Shot. Lowest round.	Highest round.	Average of ten.
12-20	1.79	2.10	1.92	1.62	2.10	1.82
12 18	1.63	2.00	1.82	1.53	1.96	1.70
12-16	1.63	2.04	1.88	1.47	1.96	1.74
12-bore	1.53	1.92	1.72	....	....	....

"The averages of pressure in the Vena-Contracta guns are a little higher than in the ordinary 12-bore, but the difference between the highest average and the lowest is not nearly so great as the variations that occur with successive cartridges fired from the same gun, and which variations are apparently due merely to differences in strength of the caps.

"Next we give the patterns. Here it may be observed that the three contracted guns differ somewhat in their boring. The 12-20 is a cylinder in the right barrel and medium choke in the left; the other two are medium choke in both barrels. The ordinary 12-bore record is copied from a trial of the same powder published in the *Field* of the 4th of July last. The gun is a rather full choke in the left barrel, which alone was used, and one wild shot will account for the small pattern in the lowest round; the rest were pretty regular.

PATTERNS IN 30IN. CIRCLE AT 40YDS.

Bores.		With 1⅛oz of Shot. Lowest round.	Highest round.	Average of ten.	With 1oz. of Shot. Lowest round.	Highest round.	Average of ten.
12-20	R.	102	137	127	105	149	135
	L.	143	165	154	145	168	159
12-18	R.	140	177	165	126	158	145
	L.	144	170	161	122	145	138
12-16	R.	128	192	172	118	170	159
	L.	142	226	183	134	171	162
12-bore	L.	76	230	193	...	...	...

"Now we come to the velocities, which are as follows:

VELOCITIES IN FEET PER SECOND.

Bores.	With 1⅛oz. Shot. Lowest round.	Highest round.	Average of ten.	With 1oz Shot. Lowest round.	Highest round.	Average of ten.
12-20	1136	1167	1151	1132	1172	1154
12-18	1149	1186	1168	1145	1190	1170
12-16	1132	1186	1166	1146	1190	1169
12-bore	1141	1195	1171	....	....	....

"In these records the velocities do not vary so much with the contracted guns as with the ordinary 12-bore. But we do not think that any importance is to be attached to this circumstance, as we believe that variations of velocity from round to round depend not so much either upon the gun or the powder as upon the strength of the caps. There is one remarkable fact, however, in connection with the most contracted gun—the 12-20—and that is, that although it had 38grs. of powder, instead of 37grs., as in the other three guns, this increase did not bring the velocity quite up to the standard of 1,160ft. per second; and when the powder was further increased, there was practically no increase in the velocity.

"The recoil records also show some interesting results. At the first glance it would appear as if the recoil with the .12-20 bore is much the same as that of the ordinary 12-bore, but the fact has to be taken into consideration that the weight of the 12-bore is 7lbs., whereas that of the .12-20 is but 6lbs. 5oz., and the other two are unfinished guns that have not been reduced to their ultimate weight, which will probably be about 6lbs. In order to compare the results fairly the weights should be alike, and we have therefore recalculated the records on the supposition that the four guns weigh exactly 6lbs. each. The *raison d'être* of the contracted method of boring is to provide strong guns of light weight without shortening the barrels, as is often done with light-weight guns. By reducing the size and weight of the barrel forward greater thickness of metal can be given at the breech, and less weight is required in the stock in order to balance the gun. But a light gun must necessarily give more recoil than a heavy one, when charges and velocity are the same; and to test these guns on their merits it is requisite to show what is the full amount of recoil with their regular weight. Accordingly we have taken 6lbs. for all four guns, whatever the bore, and on that basis the recoil records stand as follows:

RECOIL IN FOOT-POUNDS (GUNS, 6LBS. EACH).

Bores.	With 1⅛oz. Shot. Lowest round.	Highest round.	Average of ten.	With 1oz Shot. Lowest round.	Highest round.	Average of ten.
12	28.6	31.3	30.3	24.7	26.1	25.5
12	28.9	31.0	29.9	24.7	27.2	26.2
16	28.4	31.0	30.1	24.9	27.5	26.5
12-bore	31.8	33.9	33.2	....	....	....

"Here it will be seen that the ordinary 12-bore gave about 10 per cent. more recoil than either of the Vena-Contracta guns with the 1⅛oz. charge of shot. (There was no trial of the smaller charge in the 12-bore. The three contracted guns gave results which were close together; and although the 12-20 showed a little more recoil than its two *confrères*, that may be accounted for by its having a rather large charge of powder. With the 1oz. charge of shot, the 12-20 gave least recoil; and it may be inferred that the higher recoil with the other two was due to their barrels being less contracted, as the greater the amount of friction, and consequent check to the forward movement of the shot, the greater would be the retardation to the backward movement of the gun.

"The general conclusions which we draw from the foregoing records are that, taken on the whole, the results are very good, especially with the 12-18 bore. These trials have brought to light the fact that the original 12-20 bore is rather too small in gauge. The friction in the barrel necessitates the expenditure of an additional grain of powder, and even then the velocity is not quite so high as in the 12-18 or 12-16; and the patterns also are not so good as in Messrs. Lang's modifications. Besides in the 12-18 there are all the advantages of the Vena-Contracta system, viz.: extreme lightness of the barrel forward and massive breech ends, thereby insuring great safety and a very handy weapon.

"Ordinary wadding may be used in these guns with good results, but the best shooting is obtained with wadding as follows: Card over powder, ⅜in. felt, then the shot and a card over the shot. There is no need for a greater amount of wadding than this, because the felt wad is compressed in the contracted part of the bore and by itself acts as a thoroughly effective gas check. We may also mention that, although upward of 500 cartridges have been fired from these guns, not the slightest sign of leading in the barrel or balling of the shot has been perceived."

Another Effort to Find the Champion.

WITHIN the past few days we have received a letter from the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association through its president, Mr. J. L. Porter, that will be of interest to many of our readers. The communication, which, by the way, "has been forwarded to all of the well-known wing shots in America," deals with a proposition on the part of the Association for a big live-bird event to decide who is the champion live-bird shot of the United States.

Just at present we are overwhelmed with both claimants of that title and schemes for finding out who has the best right to it. The suggestion made by the Missouri State Association is worth considering, and could be made practicable without in any way conflicting with Mr. Zwirlein's efforts in the same direction. The trophy to be given to the winner at Trenton, N. J., next December could be the trophy referred to in the second paragraph of Mr. Porter's letter.

We thoroughly agree with the Missouri State Association's plan for having the trophy and title contested for each year in open competition. Such is the method pursued in many other branches of sport, and we believe such an idea would be welcomed by shooters in general. In this respect we would suggest that it would not be necessary for the holder of the title at the time of such annual competition to shoot in such a contest. The competition would be rather for the purpose of selecting some shooter, the winner of the competition, who would shoot against the then champion for the trophy and the title as in an individual match. The letter of the Missouri State Association will surely attract lots of attention to this vexed subject, and it is quite within the bounds of probability that something tangible may result. The latter itself is as follows:

"KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The directors of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association are at work formulating a programme for their twentieth annual tournament, which is to be held here during the month of May, 1897.

"Among the events proposed is one to be known as the 'American Championship Event' on live birds, provided we can get the coöperation and the good will of the several shooters of the United States who have a trophy which has been offered by some publisher, manufacturer or dealer, and which at the time of being contested for was known as an American championship trophy. It is our desire to have all claims of this character relinquished; in other words, we propose, in order to settle this question, to make an event, the money to be guaranteed, not less than $3,000 and not more than $5,000, and in addition to have a gold plate, say 4×6in., suitably engraved to be emblematic of the American championship, the conditions of which have not yet been formulated. One of the plans suggested is to have this plate contested for in open contest once each year, and at such time and place as may bid and offer the largest purse for competition. The contests to be at 50 live birds, entrance $50, including the price of the birds.

"Our object in addressing you is to ask: Are you willing to relinquish all claims you may have to the title of American champion and participate in this proposed shoot? What suggestions have you to offer as to the number of birds an event of this kind should be contested for? We would also appreciate any other suggestions or information on the subject.

"As to our sincerity, we wish to say that our Association now has over $1,000 in cash on deposit in the First National Bank, of this city, and that the movement is in the hands of a class of gentlemen who will vouch for its successful termination. Kansas City being almost the geographical center of the United States, and situated in a territory where a majority of the pigeons used in live-bird matches are raised, and having the distinction among sportsmen of being as large a live-bird center as any city in the United States, we feel warranted in asking that our claim for the final settlement of American championship honors be recognized.

"A copy of this letter has been forwarded to all of the well-known wing shots in America, and if you have in mind any one that should be notified, that perchance may have been overlooked, we would thank you for the information.

"Kindly let us have your reply at as early a day as possible, as we desire to close this matter and make our formal announcement not later than Nov. 15. Awaiting your early reply, and in order that your letter may not be miscarried, we inclose you a self-addressed and stamped envelope for answer. Yours very truly,

"J. L. PORTER, President."

A Tie Match at Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 6.—A live-bird match between two well-known local experts, who conceal their identities under the assumed names of Rickey and Wawa, drew a large gathering of shooters to the grounds of the Herron Hill Gun Club to-day. The match was at 100 live birds per man, $100 a side, loser also paying for a banquet for eight and the price of the birds. Rickey conceded his opponent 8 misses as kills, a handicap that was entirely too heavy for him to-day. Wawa shot like a veteran and actually tied Rickey's high total of 92; this score with his handicap gave him a clean score of 100 kills! Rickey looked like a possible winner when the match was half over, as he had scored 49 out of a possible 50, and was still at work with an unfinished run of 43 straight. In the last half, however, he fell away, and Wawa improving and leading him by 3 birds on the 50, their scores were a tie at the close of the match. Rickey's single double-figure run was 49; Wawa made the following runs of over 9: 28, 19, 14, 10 and 10. Scores:

Rickey	2221220121112122212112222—24	
	1221122112222222122222222—25	
	2222222022220022222022222—21	
	2122022122220220122222222—22	—92
Wawa	1211112111111221112001112—23	
	1212210112111121102212122—23	
	2221211001211221102122121—22	
	1222211112122221111210222—24	—92

Elliott Defeats Riley.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Nov. 6.—Jim Elliott defeated J. E. Riley, of this city, this afternoon in a contest for the cup donated last May by the Kansas City *Star*. Elliott shot in good form, scoring 92 out of 100 on birds that were above the average, six of his lost birds falling dead out of bounds. Elliott's double figure runs were: 11, 15, 20, 14 and 23 unfinished; Riley's single double figure was 27, made on his first 27 birds. Elliott shot a Winchester repeating shotgun, 48grs. E. C., Leader shell; Riley shot a Greener gun, 3½drs. Schultze in a Trap shell. Scores were:

J A R Elliott	2222●022222222222●2222222—22	
	22222222●2220222222222222—23	
	22223222●2222222222222●2—23	
	2●2222222●22222222222222—24	—92
J E Riley	1222111122122122122122211—25	
	22●2122212●22010●22221122—20	
	0200020012121121200202222—16	
	0202122122●02112211220222—20	—81

The Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, will have an all-day sparrow shoot Thursday, Nov. 26, Thanksgiving Day.

ROYAL ROBINSON, Sec'y.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

PROGRAMMES AND TOURNAMENTS.

ROGER VAN GILDER SPEAKS TO THE POINT.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Nov. 2.—It was with great interest that I perused in your issue of Oct. 24 the best article ever published in the trap columns of the FOREST AND STREAM on "Programmes and Tournaments." In the following remarks on that article I do not pretend to attempt to set forth any brilliant or new ideas, but rather to arouse others to think about such matters for the development of something that will induce results for the up-building of the sport of the trap.

Gun clubs have been organized during the past two seasons all over the country. They are new workers in the field. Whether they "cometh up as a flower and are cut down," or flee "as a shadow," will depend largely upon the true sportsmen's feelings of loyalty to a worthy cause, inducing them to work in their labors upon a basis of unity.

HOW THE KNOXVILLE GUN CLUB GREW.

To all new clubs thus organized a short history of the Knoxville Gun Club might be of interest. Also a brief mention of how the club conducted its tournaments and became "the inaugurator of large added money shoots," as your trap editor says in compliment to the club.

The Knoxville Gun Club was organized in the spring of 1881 by a few enthusiastic lovers of rod and gun. Its first president was Dr. Matt G. McClung, than whom no truer sportsman and lover of rod, gun and dog ever lived. The club beginning with great enthusiasm numbered some thirty members, meeting once a week. The medal contest at the Ligowski clay target was a source of much pleasure and excitement. The writer well remembers a contest of special interest at a match of 25 Ligowski clay targets between its first president, Dr. McClung, and its present president, Col. S. B. Dow, resulting in the score of 20 to 25 straight in favor of our now honored and venerable president. Twenty-five straight in those days was considered phenomenal shooting, as all the other boys were well pleased to make 16 to 20 out of 25.

INTEREST BEGAN TO WANE.

Like all organizations of a similar character, the interest in shooting began to wane, until at the present time only some half dozen of the old guard are left in the present club. During these past years the club has had its vicissitudes of contentions, disputes and cliques, the most unfortunate conditions that can assail any club. But there were a few sober-minded members to take the reins of the runaway horse, and by gentle persuasion and good counsel for unity and concert of action the club was held together by the faithful few, reorganized, blossomed, bloomed and bore fruit. It has gradually developed from the small club of '81, unknown outside of its immediate neighborhood (as many other clubs just born), into one of the leading and foremost gun clubs organized for the pleasures of the sport of the trap.

BY-LAWS ARE IMPORTANT, AND MUST BE LIVED UP TO.

Past experience demonstrated the fact to the faithful few that to succeed as a club they must have a complete set of by-laws to move under, and must make the members live up to them. "Unity of purpose and concerted action in all things" was their motto. The drones of the club were killed by the live working bees and the hive prepared to store the honey for winter use. The working force of the club was and could be relied upon to do what was apportioned it upon any and all occasions, under the direction of an executive committee with full power to act, consisting of president, vice-president, captain, secretary and treasurer.

Thus organized, it bought a full and complete equipment, with the latest improved traps and targets. It selected its grounds to give a background of sky for the flight of targets. As the marches of improvement continued the grounds were changed several times, until at last the club leased the present area of ten acres, reached after a delightful ride on a street car line that runs near it, thus avoiding walking and the carrying of shells and guns.

THEY GAVE SMALL TOURNAMENTS AT FIRST.

Here the Knoxville Gun Club labored and overcame seemingly insurmountable difficulties in the work of building up the sport of trap-shooting. Many small tournaments were given to the neighboring clubs, with more or less degree of success. No elaborate programmes were issued then, only very simple statements of a club tournament of such a date with special contests to *suit the views of* the attending shooters. Medal shoots were the great inducement. Championship medals, both team and individual, for all sorts of things were the rage, but, like all prize contests, these soon lost their attraction and the meetings began to dwindle in attendance and the 50-cents-entrance sweeps at 10 targets were little incentive to produce a gathering of the clans. Then a 10-straight was rare indeed, but the 6, 7 and 8 holes were always full, while a few 9 men were the heroes of the hour.

HOW THEY CAME TO "ADDED MONEY."

Matters progressed thus until the executive officers said that some radical change must be made if the interest in trap-shooting was not to be buried. What was required to create new vitality? The idea flashed upon us suddenly; it was *added money*. The idea was "cussed and discussed" in all its bearings upon the question that a rupture in the family seemed imminent. Past experience had demonstrated the fact that to draw together the trap-shooters of the country it was necessary to offer some inducement in place of the old system of prizes and guaranteed purses. The members of the other clubs could shoot targets then at 2 cents each, and were sickened of medal contests. There was no reason or incentive for them to go away from home and shoot the same old string and the same old system.

Thus it was with much earnestness of purpose and some timidity at the audacity of the enterprise that the club fired a big salute and invitation to the shooters of the country at large to chase dull care away for a while and enjoy the pleasures of a good, *first-class* meeting and divide out among themselves *the then* enormous sum of $500 in cold cash added to the purses. The club had held one or two meetings with *guaranteed purses*, but the actual adding of cash to the purses was theretofore an unheard of undertaking.

THE "$500 ADDED" TOURNAMENT.

"How can we get out?" exclaimed the members. "We will be bankrupt and a disgruntled club when this shoot is over," seemed to be the prevailing opinion. A few nervy brethren in the good old fold were put at the helm to steer the old ship through (as Brother Banks has it). Three members, tried and true, with full power to act, were chosen by the club. A neat, simple invitation, without advertising matter, announcing so many events of so many targets, and so much cash added to the purse of each event, were sent out to the shooters of the country. The cover stated prominently that $500 in cash would be added to the purses by the Knoxville Gun Club.

One set of traps, an old wire pull and "Knoxville blackbirds" (the beginning of the now developed bluerock and empire) were used. They were manufactured here, and at a former exhibition were wondered at largely.

The arrangements to entertain the visitors were simple; nothing then that suggests the present elaborate arrangements; the club and shooters taking the chances of the weather, old 10 gauge guns at 18yds. and black powder, with a few using "wood" powder "that cracks like a rifle," as the boys said, but smashed the target the same as the old cannons with the smoke of 5 drams of FFFG and 1¼oz. of No. 9 chilled shot from the 32in. barrels of the 10-gauge guns. What changes meet the eye and ear at up-to-date meetings of to-day!

THE CLUB CAME OUT AHEAD.

Among the shooters from abroad are recalled Mr. Perry, of Boston, shooting a 10-gauge 32in. barrel gun and black powder, dubbed the Rain Maker, and others of equal shooting caliber. The meeting was a success both in attendance and pleasure, and also financially. The club came out whole as to the cash added, a small balance in the treasury showing a nest egg for future meetings. This meeting gave the club members renewed life and fresh enthusiasm, and a new feature had been carried out to a successful issue. The success of the club was assured from this on, as all who attended the shoot went away pleased with the business conduct of the shoot, the fairness displayed and the treatment received at the hands of the club members.

THE TOURNAMENT OF 1893.

Now we come on to the tournament of 1893, when the club took upon itself the task of adding $1,000 in cash to the purses. A committee of "the old guard" was duly chosen, consisting of three men, with full power to act. Dates were claimed well in advance, so as not to conflict with other shoots. The time was chosen to give the nicest season, when rain was less abundant and early vegetables were in their prime! A neat programme was gotten out (elaborate programmes do not pay); a shooter will read everything, anyway, in a programme—a few chosen friends among the shooters were written to to "talk up" on their travels this tournament of ours. The manufacturers, ever alert to their interest, and seeing the enterprise of this club, cheerfully added their dollars when solicited for advertising.

A modified handicap was finally chosen. It was left to a man's honor as to whether he should shoot known traps and angles or known traps, unknown angles. The expert, so-called, stayed in his class, while the amateurs, based on a sliding scale, 85 per cent. (17 out of 20), went as their scores indicated for each succeeding event.

Two sets of five traps with electric pulls were used. Rapid fire, squad shooting was adopted. Several improvements introduced in handling the squads and in the cashier's office were successfully tried. These are detailed later. Those who attended this meeting went home satisfied with the successful conduct of this great meeting. The sporting papers had special reports of the shoot, and every shooter in the country was aroused to action. They began to cast around in the cities for good timber out of which to organize a club and give added money tournaments. So much good was done by the meeting that clubs began to be reorganized and new ones to organize—in fact, a new era in the shooting world began, and the Knoxville Gun Club had assumed by hard work and enterprise a high standing among shooters for business conduct of its affairs and fairness to all, with courteous treatment.

ANOTHER BIG SHOOT IN '94.

Then the season of '94 opened up, and the club decided again to add $1,000 in cash at its tournament. The sliding handicap was dropped; the shooters of the country were improving both in quality and quantity, so that after much deliberation it was determined that all who came should shoot on some basis that was no handicap at all in any way. Each man should be the judge of his ability, and all stand up "flat-footed" and shoot on their merits.

Experience in the previous tournaments had taught the club a few new desirable changes in the management of shooters. A simple programme was gotten out, and, as formerly, the manufacturing friends of the club (some even unsolicited) came forward and bought advertising space, as they desired to show in a liberal way that the enterprise of the club was appreciated. It had instilled new blood into some almost defunct clubs, and had, by its example of progressiveness, created unbounded enthusiasm in new club members to reach out and hold national meetings in place of local ones.

KNOXVILLE'S EXAMPLE FOLLOWED.

May 23, 1894, dawned bright and beautiful. The congregation of shooters from all over the country was ready for the events and eager to measure their skill. The club had previously invited as their guests the trap editors of FOREST AND STREAM and other sporting papers. They came, they saw, and were conquered. Never before in the history of trap-shooting had such a gathering of the "cracks" been gotten together. All those who were present at this great tournament can attest its unqualified success.

Then it was that other clubs, their members being present and seeing and knowing the success, financial and otherwise, attending such meetings, began to realize that they too must add cash as an inducement if they wanted to hold large national meetings. Hence the "fixtures" in the papers for the season of 1895-96 showed larger added money than ever before in the history of the trap. This was due to "the inaugurator of large added money meetings," as your trap editor calls us. Small local affairs will not incite that degree of enthusiasm like the larger ones. A shooter can stay at home and shoot targets at 1 cent and small sweeps without the attendant extra expense of a trip from home.

RECOMMENDS SMALL SWEEPS AT HOME WITH HIGH GUNS.

Just here I would advise more home sweepstake shooting, if only 10 cents entrance and high gun to win. Get used to shooting for money and to shoot high guns all the time; then when you do go away you will not think about "that $2 and the purse I will win if I make a 20 straight," nor lose simply because you try too hard and get into an unnatural condition and position. Shoot just like you did at home and don't think about anything but "break that target." You will be astonished at your improvement in shooting.

A NEW IDEA IN 1895.

A new idea was talked of for the season of May, '95. It met with the instant favor of both manufacturers and shooters. It was as follows: The club added $1,500 in cash. The manufacturers were given a full advertising space as supporters in the programme; there were twelve of them and they added $600 in cash. Then all the shooters who attended put in an extra $10, which made a total purse of cash added to the meeting of $3,000. The sum was large indeed, and there passed through the cashier's office in entries and added money about $15,000; divided out among the winners at this the greatest meeting ever held and the greatest assembly of the best shots the country could produce. First money in some of the events ran as high as $150. Glancing over the record of some of the fortunates who struck it all alone (oh! mamma!) I find: McDonald, of Dayton, $150; Glover $140, Budd $117, Maury $85, Noel E. Money $86, Trimble $134, Easton $83, Mitchell $83, Heikes $126, Wagner $69, McKelden $69, Bartlett $68, etc. Many divides of anywhere from $20 to $60 each man. (Those were great days at a great shoot).

SHOULD IT BE HARD SHOOTING WITH BIG CHANCES?

The question now arises: Would a shooter rather take chances at hard shooting to win large money? For example, take the events in which McDonald, of Dayton, won $150 on 24 out of 25; Glover $140, first on 25, and Budd $117 on 24 out of 25. The purses were as follows: First money, $140; second, $117; third, $93.95; fourth, $58.72, and fifth, $58.72, making grand total $468. More in one single event than some clubs add in two days! This is a question which I believe is open to debate, but with a preponderance of weighty facts that a shooter would rather shoot to win a large purse than divide out a small one and get less than his entrance. Of course in the fourth and fifth classes ties will occur that brings the premium low, but if the added money is none and entrance small he has no chance "to get even," while the above gives him that chance. The shooters who attend trap shoots to-day are those *who think they have a chance "to get even."*

Formerly they had this sort of feeling: "Well, here it costs so much money to attend that shoot. If I 'get even' all right; but I will have a good time and see the boys anyway."

THE OLD CONDITIONS NO LONGER EXIST.

The meetings of to day are run under changed conditions. A few go for the sport, but the majority go for *both* sport and to win and get even, with thoughts of "would like a little more." They know they must shoot well to get even, and the consequence is at home they keep up their practice and their clubs have regular contests for such purposes, and in fact offer premiums to the members. Keep your home club talent practicing by *added money* premiums and see how it brings out the boys the same as at tournaments. The large sum of $3,000 added money brought them from all over the country to our tournament of 1895, and there were assembled on our grounds the finest lot of fellows ever gathered together—gentlemen all in all, and one toward the other. How to handle such a crowd was a serious question. Many days of thought developed the plans now practically used at the large gatherings that followed those in '95 and '96.

HOW "THE COMMITTEE OF THREE" DID ITS WORK.

The committee of three, with its chairman as chief promoter, was chosen. The questions before it were many and varied, and were considered in about the following order: Get reduced rates on all railroads on the certificate plan; meet the shooters at the train and conduct them to the hotel where special rates and headquarters had been assigned and post them how "to get around town;" introduce them to the citizens of our home; select a caterer for his known ability to furnish a good meal at 50 cents and provide comfortable means to rest the shooter while eating; give the caterer the privilege free to furnish a good meal (please a shooter internally and he is yours forever); issue a programme *inexpensive, but neat*, as it is a waste of money to put out elaborate programmes; give it to the purses if you have it to squander; state plainly that the shoot will commence at such an hour (and mean it in execution and they will be there); advertise nothing but what you can do and carry it out to the letter; state to whom to send your shells; how to get to the grounds, and if on a car line, where the cars run.

EQUIPMENT OF THE GROUNDS.

Now comes equipment of the grounds. Locate your traps for a sky background and in one continuous line; place them down to stay with large screws or bolts; select men for traps, and appoint the middle trapper captain and make him responsible for good work and pay a premium for same. Trappers should take their lunches in the pit with them; provide a water boy for each set of traps. Select a paid referee for each set of traps to call dead or ring a bell if lost to attract shooter's attention to it and also scorers. Erect in plain view a public double score board, end to end, spaced for 25-target events—ruled and numbered for same, and in blank "Event —, Squad No. —." This is the record board and no change can be made from same. Have at the board a scorer, also on the platform a table and *pad scorer* who takes the duplicate scores, calling one to the other each man's score. Also have one man who takes these pads, checks them by the board score, turns them into the office, gets a new pad (several) in advance of squad entries, puts them on the *other end* of the board ready for next change. Thus checked the record is very accurate and complete, even in so great a number of scores.

Pay your men well. Don't let as a rule club members or visitors score, as trouble may arise and cause unpleasantness.

LOOK AFTER THE COMFORT OF THE SHOOTERS.

The shooter should stand on the ground, as it is easier to shoot from. Either a canvas or wood awning should protect shooters from sun in hot weather and rain if any should come up; thus the shoot could go on without interruption. Now place 6ft. in rear of each score-peg chairs *tied* to a stake that is driven into the ground and covered with large wagon umbrellas (good sign places for sale!) Rail off all this, including score-boards, etc., to keep shooters and spectators away, and allow no one inside this inclosure but contestants shooting and waiting.

STARTING THE SHOOT.

To start the shoot having three sets of traps and 100 entries: Number the sets 1, 2 and 3 respectively. Commence on set No. 1 with squad No. 1 at the score to shoot and squad No. 2 *in the chairs ready for their turn.* Shoot through four full squads on set No. 1. When squad No. 5 commences to shoot (on traps No. 1) have squad No. 1 commence event No. 2 on No. 2 set of traps, and squad No. 2 in the chairs waiting their turn and continue as before. When squad No. 5 comes to the score for event No. 2 on No 2 set of traps, then squad No. 1 begins to shoot event No. 3 on set of traps No. 3. Thus they follow around all day and each man shoots in the same event on the same set of traps, and has enough shooting to keep him going and does not wait around half a day. The squad hustler should be a man popular and good-natured, but firm. He should see that the shooter is in *his chair* without exception. To make 100 men wait on one man who is not ready is simply bosh. He must be there and ready to shoot when his turn comes.

SOME GOOD HINTS FOR CASHIERS.

The office work should be attended to by a quick-figuring and pleasant, level-headed fellow—a combination hard to find. The cashier should take in and pay out all moneys. The entry clerk should take the name and issue a squad ticket properly numbered as to squad and position of the holder in that squad. The shooter getting such ticket shoots there all day. He then *knows* when to shoot and where to shoot by watching the public score board, which is a duplicate of event and squad number. The cashier should take *all-day* entries from each contestant. Any event not contested can easily be refunded on application; this greatly simplifies matters, and each contestant when he does *not* shoot must report to the office and get his credit ticket. The entry clerk can easily tell from duplicate pad scores in the office who shoots. No event should be paid off until after the 3d event is shot. This will give the office work a chance to get ahead, and no time is then lost. The shooters would all do well to follow the example of a great many and leave their accounts standing, settling up that night or next morning. If they have made or lost, check out or pay up extra for the next day's entry.

DUTIES OF THE ENTRY CLERK.

The entry clerk should be a very careful accountant, as upon him depends a great deal for errors in paying out purses to winners. He should have a paper or small book marked *each one* Event No. 1, Event No. 2, etc., separately, ruled into columns (if shooting say 20 target events) numbered 20, 19, 18, 17, etc., etc., at the head of each column. As each squad pad duly checked comes in he places A in column 20, 19 or 18, as his score shows on the pad, and so on for all the shooters. This gives a complete record to figure daily on three days' averages. If shooting class shooting, 5 moneys, it shows at once how 20s or 19s, etc., are in for 1, 2 or 3 money, and so on. Over each column place the net purse in the event; at the bottom of each column, each shooter's *pro rata*.

PAYING OFF THE WINNERS.

To pay off, either use envelopes or shooter's ticket showing his score and his *pro rata*. He can compare with his own record, or else merely call it off and figure it up and pay him in money. If the Rose system is used, the FOREST AND STREAM has ably set forth how to work it in detail. By following these outlines, with changes to suit other ideas, we believe a shoot can be made a success. Remember one thing, the shooters make or mar a shoot just as much as the management. Get the shooters interested as if it were their own shoot, and see how much better things move off and how smoothly it runs. Good feelings are, beyond question, much to be desired, as your future meetings will depend upon how the majority were treated. There always will be a disgruntled few. Treat these as gentlemen and they will be ashamed of themselves. It is human nature for the winner to be jovially inclined and the loser grumpy—all cannot win, but *all hope* to win.

EXPENSES REGULATED BY THE SIZE OF THE SHOOT.

The expenses attendant on giving a large meeting are proportionately increased; actual ground fixed charges means $350 *extra money*, so that a charge of 3 cents on targets is only right to help pay this, as all who shoot are deriving the pleasure and benefit. Besides, say you pay the extra 2 cents above cost of trapping on 20 targets for seven events, it amounts to each one individually only $2.80; but if 100 men pay it, it equals $280 per day. Divided into five moneys means that for first money, say 30 per cent.=$84, one has a chance to *divide or win $9* per event for the putting in of *only 40 cents*

Now figure a little more. Say you have 100 men *average* for three days, shooting six events at 20 targets each; this would equal 12,000 targets per day at 2 cents=$240, or three days=$720, or just enough to pay twice expense, leaving say $400. Now add $2,000 or $3,000 cash, less *this profit;* that is $1,600, or $2,400. Where is your money coming from?

RAISING ADDED MONEY.

This brings up the question of raising added money. I believe in a proportionment to all who derive the benefit. The club, the shooters, and the manufacturers and dealers—all should contribute. Tournaments are not given for fun. They are now reduced to a business basis. If there were no tournaments to incite practice shooting, clubs would die with the exception of some one or two members who would go out "just to see how it goes." The manufacturers and dealers would soon feel the loss in trade. There is no doubt about this idea, as the enormous increased sales of ammunition and guns of the last few years show.

The club, of course, will gratuitously give its share and do all the labor for love of the sport and entertainment of the visitors. I unhesitatingly affirm that the dealers and manufacturers are the large gainers and the poor shooter is the loser. A shooter is a guest of a club upon its invitation to come and shoot, the club making all arrangements. *He* pays all his own expenses, pays all his entries and takes all he wins, and stops at a public hotel. He is not a guest in the sense we understand it by receiving one into one's home, but at the same time he is or ought to be treated with all courtesy due from one gentleman toward another. Hence we say that a shooter or manufacturer can be solicited to help on the cause for their own pleasure or profit in all good taste and all due propriety.

DON'T GIVE MIXED TOURNAMENTS.

One word more and we are done. Don't make the mistake of giving both merchandise and added money. Do one or the other, but not both. More trouble can arise and more enemies made over merchandise events than in any other way. A shooter likes to take something tangible home to show his dear wife and boys how he beat them all. But alas! for the money. "Are you there, Moriarity?" and "Thus the world goes round and round."

KNOXVILLE MAY SURPRISE US IN 1897.

The Knoxville Gun Club may have a surprise in store for May, '97. Do the shooters want a shoot? How would they like to put in each $20 to get up the daddy of them all? I would like to hear from them by private letter on the subject.

R. VAN GILDER,
Sec'y Knoxville Gun Club.

Roll Takes the Du Pont Trophy.

BALTIMORE, Md., Nov. 10.—The shoot for the Du Pont trophy took place to-day on the grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association. As a result of the shoot the trophy again goes West, George Roll, the champion from Blue Island, Ill., defeating B. Claridge by the score of 48 to 45.

Roll shot in great form, losing only two birds, his 12th and 32d birds, making runs of 11, 19 and 18 straight. Claridge drew somewhat the hardest birds, but shot a good game race, scoring 24 out of the last string of 25. He made runs of 10 and 17. The official score was kept by Dr. Samuel J. Fort. Below in detail is the complete score of the match:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	1	3	5	4	5	2	3	5	2	2	5	1	5	3	5	5	1	3	3	4	2	2	4	3	5	
Geo Roll	2	1	1	1	1	2	2	1	1	2	1	0	1	1	2	2	2	1	2	2	2	1	2	2	2	—24
	3	1	5	3	1	4	1	3	1	3	5	3	4	1	2	1	4	1	3	1	3	3	4	3	4	
	2	2	2	2	1	1	0	1	2	1	2	1	1	1	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—24—48
	1	4	2	4	4	5	1	1	5	3	4	5	4	1	1	2	4	3	3	3	3	5	1	1	2	4
B W Claridge	1	1	2	1	2	1	1	1	•	1	•	1	0	2	1	1	1	2	2	2	2	1	2	1	0	2—21
	3	5	3	3	2	2	5	2	5	3	4	2	2	2	4	5	2	3	1	5	3	3	3	2	3	
	1	2	1	1	2	2	2	2	1	1	2	1	2	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	—24—45

Saccarappa Defeats Westbrook.

WESTBROOK, Me., Nov. 7.—An interesting team shoot took place this afternoon on the grounds of the Westbrook Gun Club between teams of the home club and the Saccarappa Gun Club. There is considerable rivalry between the two clubs in this city; the shoot this afternoon was, in consequence, interesting from start to finish. The weather was perfect for trap-shooting. Scores:

Saccarappa.	
E T Mayberry	1000111111111101011101111—19
W B Boothby	1000111110101011111000111—16
Norton	1111110101101011011101110—18
R O Boothby	1100111101011101011010111—17
Hopkinson	1111101111111101111110111—22—92
Westbrook.	
Mitchell	1101111111111101111101000—19
Spiller	1111110111001100111111101—19
Sawyer	1110100110101101100110011—15
Lewis	1101000000011111000110000—10
Clark	0100111110001011011000011—13—76

E. T. MAYBERRY.

In New Jersey.

A BIG TEAM RACE AT NEW BRUNSWICK.

Nov. 7.—This was a field day at the grounds of the Brunswick Gun Club, of New Brunswick. The occasion was the four-cornered team race between teams representing the home club and the clubs organized at Freehold, Dayton and Keyport. The conditions were nine men to a team, 50 targets per man, unknown angles, entrance $10 per team, winning team to take 60 per cent. of the purse, second team to take 40 per cent. A stong wind was blowing across the grounds, but nevertheless some good scores were made. Sperling, of New Brunswick, was high with 48; Ferd. Van Dyke, of the Dayton team, being second with 47; Campbell and Burtis, both Freehold men, tied for third place on 45 each. The teams finished in the following order: Brunswick 371, Freehold 346, Dayton 338, Keyport 312. The team averages were: Brunswick 82.4, Freehold 76.8, Dayton 75.1, and Keyport 69.3. Scores:

Brunswick.		
Sperling....48	Oakley....42	Pettitt....38
Hoagland....44	Blish....41	Voorhees....38
Stevens....43	Booth....40	Boarem....37
		371

Freehold.		
Campbell....45	Hess....41	Sherman....34
Burtis....45	Dennise....39	Snyder....32
Hance....43	Buck....37	Davis....30
		346

Dayton.		
Van Dyke....47	Groendyke....38	Barclay....35
M Farr....44	D Emmons....36	Blackwell....33
McDonald....38	Carroll....35	Snook....32
		338

Keyport.		
Cramer....42	Dr Hoagland....34	Walling....32
Watts....41	Ackerson....33	Perrine....31
Vigne....35	Emmett....33	Carhart....31
		312

BERGEN COUNTY GUN CLUB, OF HACKENSACK.

Nov. 7.—To-day the members of the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, competed for the E. C. cup, donated by the E. C. Powder Co. This was the second shoot for the cup, the winner on the first occasion having been L. H. Schortemeier. In to-day's contest T. Bell, the president of the club, was the winner. Sweeps were shot during the afternoon as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	15	20	Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	15	20
G Piercy	9	4	9	9	13	12	16	Herrington	..	..	..	..	3	8	.. ..
Wise	8	6	9	5	13	..	..	T Bell	..	..	..	..	..	10	w ..
L Piercy	7	7	8	7	14	8	..	W Lefferts	..	..	..	..	..	..	11 13
Capt Money	7	6	9	8	12	11	17	Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	..	3 ..
J Banta	..	..	8	7	..	..	..								

CLIMAX GUN CLUB, OF PLAINFIELD.

Nov. 12.—The monthly shoot of the Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield, was held this afternoon at the grounds of the club, Fanwood, N. J. In addition to the club event, a 25-target event, club handicap allowances, was shot for a silver keg donated by the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., one of its W-A kegs. Dutchy Smith won it from scratch with 23 out of 25, none of the others being able to tie him if they broke all their allowance. The scores were: Dutchy (0) 23, Brantingham (1) 22, Manning (1) 20 out of 24; Henry (2) 18 out of 25, Herrington (3) 16 out of 25, Scott (5) 12 out of 20, J. Darby (7) 15 out of 25. The scores in the club race were:

Club shoot:

Goodman (7).....11111111111100111111100110110111 1 —26
Scott (5).....11111101011001111111111111111101 —25
Singer (9).....01111000111101111011111101110011101—24
C Smith (0).....11101111111111111111111011 —23
Brantingham (1).....10111110111111111111101111 —23
Herrington (3).....10101111100100111101011101111 —19
Henry (2).....10011011100110111101011111 —19
J Darby (7).....00000011111001010111101110011110 0 —18
R Manning (1).....11101010110000110111111010 —16

THE ENDEAVORS DEFEAT THE BERGEN COUNTYS.

Nov. 14.—The teams which represented the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, and the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, this afternoon on the grounds of the Bergen County Club were mere apologies, so to speak. The conditions of the series of three tournaments as originally made called for 10 to 12-men teams. The cold north wind that swept across the Hackensack Meadows had no doubt a good deal to do with keeping shooters from the traps, but the pleasures of a day or two in the woods after ruffed grouse, quail and a few belated woodcock had a good deal more to do with the mustering of only 7 men on a side.

The Endeavor team was the strongest, the veteran Uncle Billy Hughes and Duff being the only ones whose names do not regularly appear on the score sheets of team races in which that clnb takes part. Mr. Hughes is one of the oldest live-bird shooters in the vicinity of New York, being over seventy years old, and his target-shooting is only of comparatively recent growth. Mr. Duff is an active member of the club, and only needs more practice to crawl up into the company of the top-notchers. To-day's conditions as regards weather, etc., were very hard on beginners. The wind blew a gale and caused the targets to take all sorts of flights, besides varying the elevations very much. This made quick and accurate work a necessity if a good score was to be made. In addition to the wind, the club trapped a lot of black targets that were very hard to see when the wind made them fly low. The average of targets painted yellow as against "all black" was about 20 per cent.; at one time there were only 4 with yellow on them out of 25 by actual count. Is it any wonder that high scores did not prevail?

The home club were hard put to it to make up a team of even 7 men, and as a consequence it suffered defeat by 19 targets out of 210 shot at. The conditions handicapped the home team even more than it did the visitors, the latter having more men of experience on its team. This meant a good deal to-day. W. Ricardo played in hard luck, shooting well up to the 10th round, when the right barrel of his gun became useless through the breaking of some of the mechanism; this drove him to use the left barrel, and the consequences were fatal to his chances of a good score. Rhodes shot a capital race, breaking his last 15 straight.

The conditions of to-day's race were: 7 men to a team, 30 targets per man; the first 15 to be shot at unknown angles, the last 15 at known angles. Scores were:

Endeavor Gun Club.

Edwards.....111101111110111111111111011111—27
C von Lengerke.....110111101101011101111111111111—25
L Piercy.....111010111111110111101111011101—24
G H Piercy.....011101111110111111101101011110—23
J S Duston.....011010110100111101011111101110—20
W Hughes.....011011100000101111101101010—18
Duff.....001111101000000010101111001000—13—150

Bergen County Gun Club.

Rhodes.....001111111111001111111111111111—26
G Ricardo.....011110010111110111110111110111—23
T Bell.....111101011100111111001010110 11—21
H P Fessenden.....000001101011111111101111111011—21
W Ricardo.....111101101000011011101100101 00—17
Ely.....110111011100011001010010000000—13
Jackson.....100100110111010000000001001000—10—130

The following sweeps were also shot, all at unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	15	10	20	25	Targets:	10	15	15	10	20	25
T Bell	7	10	12	..	..	..	Williams	..	6	8	..	..	..
L Piercy	6	9	12	..	..	..	Blauvelt	..	9	7	..	..	..
G Piercy	9	12	10	7	18	20	Fleischman	..	..	5	..	..	..
Edwards	..	10	12	9	16	22	C von Lengerke	..	..	13	9	14	..
Duston	..	10	12	6	.	..	Brackett	..	..	6	..	7	14
Hughes	..	4	..	..	..	..	Duff	..	..	11	8	12	..
Rhodes	..	7	11	7	..	..	Van Keuren	..	..	..	..	7	..

The annual meeting of the Richfield Springs Gun Club was held on Nov. 9. The officers elected were: President, Walter Yeoman; First Vice-President, I. D. Peckham; Second Vice-President, C. B. Wilder; Secretary-Treasurer, M. E. Barker. The Richfield Springs *Mercury*, in commenting on the above annual meeting, says: "The club is in the most prosperous condition in its history. It has a membership of twenty-five, possesses a comfortable shooting house, a good set of traps and has money in the treasury. New wire pulls are being added to the trap equipments and coverings are to be erected for shooters and trappers. Several friendly matches are being arranged with neighboring clubs, and a committee, consisting of Messrs. E. E. Cole, C. E. Caney and I. D. Peckham, appointed to arrange for a turkey shoot about Thanksgiving." We understand that the above committee has decided to hold the "turkey shoot" on Monday, Nov. 23, all members of the club being handicapped according to their records.

Don't forget that entries for Charlie Zwirlein's big shoot, Dec. 1-3, close on Nov. 20.

On Long Island.

ROCKAWAY PARK GUN CLUB.

Nov. 9.—The second monthly shoot of the Rockaway Park Gun Club was held to-day on the club's ground. Ten members of the club put in an appearance, and a pleasant day's sport resulted. In addition to the scores given in the following table, Jo Blotz and E. Dudley shot a series of little matches, all at unknown anglea, Blotz winning the series by three out of five. The scores in these matches were: No. 1, 10 targets: Dudley 9, Blotz 8. No. 2, 30 targets: Blotz 27, Dudley 24. No. 3, 10 targets: Blotz 8, Dudley 7. No. 4, 25 targets: Dudley 23, Blotz 21. No. 5, 10 targets: Blotz 9, Dudley 7. The other scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	10	10	15	15	10	10	Targets:	15	10	10	15	15	10	10
McKenna	5	1	8	6	5	3	2	Stoney	10	7	..	..	3	4	5
Steffens	8	7	4	6	9	5	7	Woods	10	6	9	10	13	9	5
Otten	11	9	6	6	8	4	3	Spott	10	6	..	..	..	..	..
Loeble	11	5	8	..	..	8	8	J Jones	8	4	..	..	..	..	..
Dudley	11	8	8	14	14	7	9	Jo Blotz	14	10	10	15	12	9	9

M'ALPIN DEFEATS WINSTON.

Nov. 10.—The match shot to-day between G. S. McAlpin and John L. Winston resulted in a defeat for the Western man by the score of 93 to 91. McAlpin lost 3 birds dead out of bounds, Winston losing 4 in the same way. The high runs were: McAlpin, 26, 24, 16 and 15; Winston, 36, 19 and 17. After losing his 1st bird and giving McAlpin the lead at the start, Winston ran straight up to the 38th round; during this long run McAlpin lost 3 birds, his 5th, 30th and 33d, the last 2 dead out of bounds. Below is the score:

G S McAlpin.....22220221211222221221222222—24
2222•22•22221022122122222—22
21221222222222210202211222—23
21111222l•1222222211212222—24—93
J L Winston.....02122222122221222222222222—24
22222222222•222202•22202—21
22222222222222222222•220222—23
22212212•22222•2220221222—23—91

PARKWAY ROD AND GUN CLUB, OF BROOKLYN.

Nov. 11.—So bad was the weather to-day that only four members of the Parkway Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, made the trip to the club's new grounds, foot of Miller avenue, this afternoon. The scores in the club event at 7 live birds per man were as below:

James Bennett (30).....2112112—7 Lee Helgans (30).....22222•2—6
Henry J Selover (25).....1112122—7 Henry Bramwell (30).....12002•1—4

ERIE GUN CLUB, OF BROOKLYN.

Nov. 11.—The members of the Erie Gun Club, of Brooklyn, celebrated the club's return to the Dexter Park grounds by turning out in good force at to-day's club shoot, notwithstanding the wretched condition of the weather. The scores in the club shoot at 7 live birds per man were as follows:

Chas Plate (AA, 29).....1111121—7 Fred Gref (B, 27).....1202021—5
W H Lair (AA, 29).....1215212—7 H Janowsky (B, 27).....2101102—5
H Dohrmann (AA, 29)..2012120—5 W Roberts (B, 27).....2211020—5
J F Schmedke (A, 28)....1110201—5 B H Plate (B, 27).....1110220—5
H Muller (A, 28).....0021011—4 D J Lynch (B, 27).....0110200—3
M J Elsasser (A, 28).....0100101—3 C H Luhrsen (C, 26).....1110210—5
H Blackley (B, 27).....1111111—7 Jno H Plate (C, 26).....0210210—4

UNKNOWN GUN CLUB.

Nov. 13.—The Unknown Gun Club held its regular monthly shoot this afternoon at Dexter Park, fifteen members taking part in the club event, at 7 live birds per man. Four men tied for first place with 7 straight. Of the six men who scored 6 Henry Knebel won second money on the shoot-off, miss-and-out. In the shoot-off, miss-and-out, for third place, John Bohling withdrew, leaving Dr. Schwartz and Dr. Moore to fight it out. This was Dr. Moore's first attempt at live-bird shooting from traps, and to the surprise of everybody he shot out his veteran antagonist in the eighth round, scoring 8 to his 7. Scores were:

Isaac Hyde (30).....2112121—7 W J Skidmore (25) .. ...2220111—6
J B Voorhies (28).....2112212—7 A C Rankin (23).....2111210—6
Moses Brown (28).....1121112—7 John Bohling (28).....1100120—4
P J Sweeney (28).....2221122—7 Dr Schwartz (28).....1011001—4
E A Vroome (30).....0111112—6 Dr Moore (21).....2100110—4
Henry Knebel (28).....1122210—6 Henry von Staden (23)..1001001—3
Howard Houseman (28) 1211201—6 John Radecke (21).....0101010—3
Robert Smith (25).....1112201—6

HAPPY DAY GUN CLUB.

Nov. 12.—To-day the Happy Day Gun Club held its initial shoot at Woolsey's Point, L. I. This club is only a reorganization, and is an off-shoot of the Hell Gate Gun Club, but is not in any way opposed to that club; the cause of the organization of the younger association was a desire on the part of certain members of the Hell Gate Gun Club to indulge in their favorite sport oftener than once a month. The club shoots at both live birds and targets. To-day's scores were:

Charles Rieger.....12111112—8 Louis Boehme.....1•212212—7
Dr Richter.....11211222—8 Fred Passe.....02222011—6
Emil Weiss.....11201111—7 George Moyer.....20020021—4

An event at 15 targets for practice resulted as follows: C. Rieger 11, E. Weiss 9, G. Moyer 9, Dr. Richter 8, F. Passe 7.

A three-men team race was also shot, the conditions being 15 targets per man; score: Rieger's team: C. Rieger 10, Weiss 8, Richter 8 —26. Moyer's team: Moyer 7, Boehme 7, Passe 6—20.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Nov. 14.—To-day proved to be the last on which a contest for the E. C. Powder Company's cup will be held at Woodlawn, L. I. The American E. C. Powder Company donated the cup many months ago, the conditions being 10 live birds per man, handicap rise, 5 wins to entitle to possession of the cup. Prior to to-day's contest C. Furgueson, Jr., and T. W. Morfey were each credited with 4 wins; if either won to-day the cup became his property. It was Cornelius Furgueson, Jr.'s, day; he couldn't lose a bird in either the club event or in the E. C. shoot. The consequence was he took away with him the E. C. cup. Morfey was close up with 9 kills, his lost bird being his second, which fell dead out of bounds. Scores were:

	Club Shoot.	E. C. Cup.
C Furgueson, Jr (A, 30)	2222222222—10	(AA, 30)..2222222222—10
D Deacon (A, 30)	2122121211—10	(A, 29)...212220•12w
Capt Money (A, 30)	2121211212—10	(AA, 30)..0212200212— 7
W F Sykes (A, 30)	2221•12122— 9	(B, 28)....22122w
Dr Parr (C, 25)	2011210221— 8	.....
Conny Furgueson (B, 27)	22•222•200— 6	(B, 28)....222222•202— 8
T W Morfey (A, 30)	0122020w	(AA, 30)..2•22222122— 9
G E Nostrand (A, 30)	2002200w	(A, 29)....22212••222— 8

Sweep, 5 birds, $2, birds extra, 2 high guns: Capt Money and Conny Furgueson 5, C. Furgueson, Jr., 3, Morfey 2.

Miss-and-out: C. Furgueson, Jr., 3, Money 2, Morfey 1.

Election Day at Audubon Park.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Nov. 3.—The Election Day shoot held to-day by the memoers of the Audubon Gun Club was very well attended, 32 shooters taking part in the target events. Nos. 1 and 2 were at 10 and 15 targets respectively; No. 3 was the club shoot at 25 targets. In this event E. W. Smith won the Class A badge, P. G. Myers was high gun in Class B, Don C. Sweet capturing the badge in Class C. No. 5 was a contest at 25 targets for one of the W-A (Laflin & Rand) silver kegs of powder. L. W. Bennett, who shot consistently well all day, won this trophy with the score of 23. Below are the results in the target events and also the scores made in the different live-bird events shot during the afternoon:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
McArthur	7	10	22	12	22	Brandle	10	8	18	..	18
Bird	6	10	..	..	21	Heinold	7	..	..	..	..
Reid	8	11	21	7	18	E C Burkhardt	10	11	21	11	21
Hanks	10	15	23	11	22	L Frieze	..	11	22	..	..
Stacy	10	14	22	..	22	Dr Daniels	..	8	15	10	..
Krotz	9	12	17	9	17	Kelsey	9	11	24	13	24
Norris	8	13	19	7	19	Bennett	..	12	..	..	..
C W	7	13	..	12	..	Brown	..	12	12	11	12
Dr Woodbury	4	9	..	8	..	Sauer	8	8	18	7	18
Rossiter	7	..	..	..	..	P G Meyers	9	..	24	10	24
Williams	8	3	12	11	12	D C Sweet	..	..	17	..	17
C S Burkhardt	6	13	22	11	22	A Coombs	..	..	15	..	..
Alderman	9	14	21	12	21	Johnson	..	..	23	..	23
McCarney	8	7	21	13	21	Forrester	..	..	21	..	25
E W Smith	6	10	24	..	24	Kirkover	..	..	20	..	20
Bennett	7	..	23	11	23	Tom Tidler	..	..	18	..	18

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
H D Kirkover	1221212—7	1122—4	10 —1	1210 —3
E C Burkhardt	1201221—6	2220—3	12120—4	20 —1
Krotz	1201212—6	....	.....	.....
Dr Daniels	1202012—5	....	.....	.....
Rossiter	2122012—6	.....	.....	.....
C S Burkhardt	2212002—5	2220—3	12222—5	21222—5
Heinold	2012021—5	....	.....	.....
F D Kelsey	.....	2220—3	12121—5	12222—5

Tournament at Dayton, Ia.

DAYTON, Ia., Oct. 28.—The tournament of the Dayton Gun Club closed to-day, after a successful shoot. About 30 shooters were present, among the number being: S. A. Tucker, of Parker Bros.; Hirschy, the representative of the Robin Hood Powder Co.; C. M. Grimm, C. W. Budd, Fred Gilbert, the Kibby Bros., Densel, Abbott, Allison, Peterson and Bradley.

The weather was rather unpleasant on both days, a strong wind blowing across the grounds. The club's grounds are first-class; the background is clear sky, with no tree or building of any kind to prevent a fair view of either targets or live birds. The live birds trapped were an extra good lot; many of them fell out of bounds after being hit hard with both barrels. The members of the Dayton Gun Club laid themselves out to give the visiting sportsmen a good time, and they certainly accomplished what they were after, all the boys present on this occasion being ready to attend their next annual gathering. Below are the scores made on live birds and targets, events of both kinds being on the schedule for each day:

TARGET EVENTS.

Events:	1	2*	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	15	20	10	20	10	10	20	15	25	10
Grimm	10	14	19	8	16	8	9	19	14	25	8
Corry	8	12	17	9	16	10	10	17	12	22	..
Collison	8	11	19	9	18	8	8	17	13	..	9
Budd	..	11	17	10	19	9	9	17	13	23	7
Robinhood	..	11	16	9	16	6	10	17	10	24	6
Tucker	..	12	17	9	..	9	..	..	..	..	8
C F Cole	10	14	18	7	16	8	9	17	12	23	8
O W Norman	6	..	17	6	13	8	6	14	13	18	6
Taylor	7	13	17	6	..	10	8	14	9	..	2
Gilbert	..	..	20	9	19	9	6	18	15	21	10
Waterbury	7	..	15	5	14	5	3	..	..	19	..
Mortenson	8	14	17	9	15	8	5	17	12	..	6
Peterson	..	..	16	6	17	9	8	17	14	22	7
Paxton	..	..	16	6	7	..	..	..	..	23	..
Galtry	..	..	..	4	2	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kreig	5	..	..	6	..	..	10	..	..	..	..
Curtis	..	..	..	4	7	6	..	..	..	..	..
Bradley	..	..	..	3	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lindberg	..	..	..	4	..	7	5	..	..	..	..
F L Norman	7	..	..	7	..	7	6	..	13	22	..
Hamilton	.	..	..	7	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
Densel	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	10	16	..
Dr Kibby	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	14	10	21	..
J Kibby	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	16	12	23	..
S G Cole	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	19	8	21	..
Abbott	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	14	12	19	..
Dr Wilson	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	13	14	..	..
Kenney	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..
Hamaker	..	..	..	9	19	7	8	14	15	23	9

No. 2 was at 9 singles and 3 pairs.

LIVE-BIRD EVENTS

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Live Birds.	5	10	15	7	7	7	Live Birds.	5	10	15	7	7	7
Grimm	4	10	10	7	7	6	Paxton	2	..	..	..	4	..
Corry	5	5	14	4	5	7	Galtry	2	..	..	..	..	..
Collison	4	8	..	..	5	5	Kreig	3	..	..	..	6	..
Budd	5	10	15	7	7	6	Curtis	2	..	..	..	..	..
Robinhood	3	10	13	5	5	6	Hamaker	..	10	10	..	..	4
Tucker	5	..	..	..	..	5	Densel	..	..	11	3	..	..
C F Cole	3	8	..	..	..	6	Dr Kibby	..	..	13	6	..	..
O W Norman	3	..	12	5	6	6	J Kibby	..	..	12	6	..	..
Taylor	5	9	12	7	6	6	Abbott	..	..	12	6	..	..
Gilbert	5	7	13	6	4	4	F L Norman	..	..	..	6	..	..
Waterbury	4	..	9	..	..	..	S G Cole	..	..	..	2	..	..
Mortenson	3	8	12	3	7	6	Bradley	..	..	..	..	..	5
Peterson	4	8	13	6	5	5							

DES MOINES.

Cobweb Gun Club.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—Below find score of the monthly club shoot of the Cobweb Gun Club, held to-day on the Baychester grounds. The inclement weather caused a poor attendance. Miller won Class A medal, McDonnell won in Class B, Dittmar in Class C and President Bage in Class Z. In the sweep (handicap) shot after the club race Knight and Zorn divided first money with 5 straight; Miller and Dittmar tied for second place, McKeon and Brady tieing for third. Scores:

	Tie.	Sweep.
Class A, 30yds.		
E P Miller.....21211—5	112	(32) 02111—4
Brady.....12112—5	210	(32) 20022—3
Zorn.....10011—4	...	(30) 11222—5
Hendricks.....01111—4	...	.....
McKeon.....20011—3	...	(30) 12020—3
Class B, 28yds.		
McDonnell.....22220—4	...	(28) 00210—2
Knight.....00011—2	...	(27) 21222—5
Class C, 27yds.		
Dittmar.....12011—4	...	(27) 21021—4
Meyer.....20001—2	...	(25) 00022—2
Class Z, 25yds.		
Bage.....01111—4	...	(26) 21002—2
Thompson.....00100—1	...	.....

G. W. THOMPSON, JR., Sec'y.

Boston Shooting Association.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 11.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Boston Shooting Association and their guests at the club's grounds, Wellington, Mass.:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	15	15	20	20	20	20	20	25	15	10	10	10	20
Dickey	8	8	14	13	18	20	20	17	17	24	15	10	10	9	19
Allison	3	6	8	13	16	16	15	16	17	20	11	7	8	6	9
Jones	9	8	10	12	14	16	18	16	18	21	14	10	8	9	14
W L Davis	7	9	7	12	18	15	15	16	19	23	13	7	6	7	17
Kenerson	9	8	13	11	16	18	19	18	17	17	12	8	9	7	14
Alexander	9	7	9	13	14	18	17	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Puck	6	3	7	8	12	14	14	11	12	18	6	9	8	8	13
Whiting	7	6	12	6	9	10	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Herbert	9	6	12	15	15	16	17	19	17	20	11	8	1	..	..
Howe	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	15	19	16	21	12	8	5	7 18
Martin	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	13	15	12	21	10	9	..	7 9
Forbes	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	..	9	..	..	..	..	1 ..
Mason	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	16	7	15	18	..	3	5	4 ..
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	14	..	9	17	..	..	..	.. ..
Sanborn	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	10	4	6 8 ..
Putnam	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	2 ..

Annie Oakley, who is at present making acquaintance with the natives and visitors, feathered and unfeathered, at Hot Springs, Ark., is going to give an exhibition of what she can do with shotgun, rifle and pistol on Thanksgiving day, Nov. 26. In addition to a programme of interesting events, Annie Oakley and Jno. J. Sumpter, Jr., will shoot a race at live birds against G. W. Hughes and A. U. Williams; the conditions are 50 live birds each (one can scarcely say "per man").

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. A. B., Mingo Junction, O.—Is our common pheasant—or, as I claim, ruffed grouse—identical with the same bird in the Eastern States? My friend claims they are not the same as the birds he saw exposed for sale in the Eastern markets as ruffed grouse. Also, in a few words, your interpretation of the law in Ohio this year on the same bird. Ans. 1.—The bird is the ruffed grouse, identical with the Eastern bird. 2. There is no specific provision of close season for shooting ruffed grouse in Ohio, but the law forbids possession except between Nov. 10 and Dec. 15. This amounts to a close season, for if it is not lawful to have in possession it is not lawful to shoot them.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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AUDUBON BIRD PLATES.

The reproductions are to me most satisfactory; they lack color, of course, but in every other respect are the best we have ever seen, and I think I may say that those of the Audubon family still remaining are much gratified with the first of the series. M. R. AUDUBON.

THE FOREST AND STREAM'S reproductions of some of Audubon's famous bird portraits in half-tone from the rare first edition are as follows, with dates of those already printed: That of the Willow Ptarmagan will be given in the issue of Dec. 19.

BLACK DUCK, Sept. 26, 1896.
PRAIRIE CHICKEN, Oct. 24.
CANVASBACK DUCK, Nov. 21.
WILLOW PTARMIGAN, Dec. 19 (to come).
SHOVELLER DUCK.
REDHEAD DUCK.
AMERICAN WHITE-FRONTED GOOSE.
PURPLE SANDPIPER.
AMERICAN GOLDEN PLOVER.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK IN 1896.

THE last report of Capt. Geo. S. Anderson, the acting superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, gives a very clear idea of the condition of things in the Park during the past summer. Captain Anderson has now been in charge of the Park for more than five years, during which time he has managed its affairs with remarkable discretion and judgment. For a number of years his efforts were to a great extent baffled by the failure of Congress to enact any legislation to protect the Park, but since the passage of the act of 1894 his task has been easier, though this passage came almost too late to save the buffalo.

The travel to the Park each year is very small in proportion to the number of persons who might naturally be expected to visit it, and the increase in this travel from year to year is very small. Of those who go there, by far the greater number are "campers," or persons who travel with their own or hired outfits, and do not patronize the hotels, but camp along the road when night overtakes them. Many of these are ranchers or farmers from the neighboring country. The light travel of the past summer is attributable in part to the financial depression and in part to the political campaign.

There are two manifest causes for the neglect of the National Park. One is the expense connected with a trip there, which in view of the distance at which the Park lies from thickly-settled regions is considerable; the other is the ignorance which prevails—even among well-informed people—of the wonders of the Park and the comfort with which it can be seen. This ignorance must account for the failure to go thither of people who visit Europe each year by hordes, and who at a less expense of time, trouble and money could see here in their own country natural wonders far exceeding in beauty and interest anything in Europe. The American people are said to be quick to grasp new ideas, but their appreciation of the attractions of the Yellowstone Park has been slow.

The summer of 1895 was the driest known there for a long time. By July the grass was completely dried up, and it was feared that destructive fires might occur. The unceasing vigilance of the patrols, however, and the constant watching and warning of camping parties, prevented any serious fires. In a few cases, campers who had been careless about extinguishing their fires were arrested, brought before the United States Commissioner, tried and sentenced, and the effect of this on others was most excellent. This year the rainfall has been greater than usual, and no important fires occurred. The United States Forestry Commission visited the Park and requested the superintendent to inform them as to his methods of preventing forest fires. This he did.

But one plant of fish has been made in the Park within the year. It consisted of 1,000 rainbow trout, which reached there in December, when the thermometer was near zero, and there was deep snow on the roads over which they were transported. They were deposited in De Lacy Creek, from which they would naturally make their way into the deep waters of Shoshone Lake. The lake trout placed in that body of water in 1889-90 have thriven and are abundant, as are also the brook trout put in Shoshone Creek two years ago. Nothing has been seen of the black bass planted here, although they were looked for last July. But as the plant numbered only 500, and they were distributed over four large lakes, the failure to find them proves nothing. All the streams stocked by United States Fish Commissioner McDonald are now full of fish, their abundance being very great. Capt. Anderson, however, wisely suggests that there ought to be a size limit fixed, and suggests six inches as a minimum length.

The story of the destruction of buffalo this year by the Henry's Lake poachers, which has already been given in FOREST AND STREAM, is told here at length. Although Courtenay was acquitted, his prosecution had an excellent effect, as the trial was so expensive to Courtenay that neither he nor his neighbors care to run the risk of another. The fines of $50 each imposed on four men convicted of killing elk in the two-mile strip north of the Wyoming line also had a very good effect on the lawless element in Montana. It is gratifying to learn that the authorities in Wyoming and Montana now appear desirous of co-operating with the superintendent of the Park in the matter of game protection. In Idaho nothing has been done, though high officials of the State have promised to secure the passage of proper laws.

Except the bison, game of all kinds seems to be increasing in the Park. Elk are extremely abundant. Deer wander through the military post, often passing close to the men who are at their work. As usual, mountain sheep and antelope winter on Mt. Everts, and their numbers are increasing. With the protection of other animals there has been a great increase in the number of the carnivores, such as the bears and the coyotes, as earlier stated in these columns. The coyotes especially have become so numerous that Capt. Anderson has caused some of them to be destroyed by the Government scout. Little is known of the few remaining buffalo in the Park, though individuals and tracks accounting for about thirty specimens have been seen during the summer.

At the request of Capt. Anderson, the War Department detailed an officer of the Corps of Engineers to the work of surveying and marking the boundaries of the Park, and this is now being done. Capt. Anderson recommends the appropriation of at least $100,000 per year until the road system that he has laid out is completed, and the continuance of this appropriation until the roads shall have been macadamized; the extension of the military post at the Hot Springs to accommodate another company, and the completing of the survey and marking of the boundaries of the Park. All these matters are of prime importance, and the superintendent's recommendations ought to be favorably acted on.

DEER AND LILYPADS.

THE somewhat protracted discussion in our natural history columns respecting the deer and the lilypad is interesting, chiefly because it affords an example of a negative assertion stoutly stuck to in the face of overwhelming direct evidence. Our Michigan correspondent, Julian, has declared that deer do not eat the pad, stem, bud, flower, seed or root of the water lily. His contention appears to be based not upon personal testimony, but upon what has been told him by Michigan hunters and woodsmen, in whom he has such confidence that he has been ready to accept their denials as an offset to the positive statements of quite as many others who aver that they have seen water lilies that had been cropped off by deer, and deer eating the water lilies, and had found water lilies in the deer after the deer had eaten them and been killed. The evidence collected and printed to-day must impress a candid mind as of such convincing nature as to leave no further room for discussion. That deer do eat lilypads is established.

One would think that for ascertaining facts in such a simple matter as this resort would be had to practical test; that is to say, if the question were, as here, whether or not deer would eat lilypads, the simplest thing in the world would be to take a deer to the lilypad or to take the lilypad to the deer, and note what followed. This is precisely what was done by the FOREST AND STREAM last week. Procuring some pads and stems of the water lily, we presented them to a white-tail buck and saw him eat them—take them in his mouth, chew them and swallow them. The pad and stems were eaten also by the European fallow and red deer in the deer paddocks in Central Park.

SNAP SHOTS.

Prof. D. G. Elliot has returned from his expedition to Somaliland, whither he went for the purpose of collecting African mammals for the Field Columbian Museum. He reports very gratifying success, having obtained specimens of the wild ass and of Swaine's hartbeest and Clarke's antelope; both the latter are now very rare, and their acquisition by the Field Museum would in itself well repay the enterprise of Prof. Elliot. There are in the collections brought back for Chicago more than three hundred specimens of birds, fishes, insects and reptiles.

The condition of the New York game law with respect to ducking on Long Island is nothing less than an outrage. The fowl are being killed in wholesale by netters who set their nets expressly for the purpose of capturing ducks, and not as in former times under the subterfuge that they were intent upon netting fish only, and that they were not to be blamed if the ducks would get into their nets. The birds are killed also by gunners who approach them in naphtha launches and steam craft, and there is under the existing law no way of stopping this practice. Shooting for sportsmen who like to take their ducks in a decent way has been ruined for this season. Whether the law as it now stands is a result of the slovenly carelessness which characterizes so much of the legislation that comes from Albany, or whether the statute was with deliberate intent made ineffective we cannot say; but there should be no delay in remedying the existing condition of affairs at the next session of the Legislature.

An interesting contest is going on in the waters of Meacham Lake, in the Adirondacks, where Mr. A. R. Fuller is waging a warfare against the pickerel which some years ago invaded the lake and threatened the utter ruin of the famous trout fishing. Provision was made at Albany empowering the Commissioners of Fisheries to license the netting of pickerel in specific cases in trout waters. Availing himself of this dispensation Mr. Fuller made war upon the water vermin, and while it was beyond his hope to exterminate them he has so far succeeded in lessening their numbers that the lake and brook trout fishing has improved, and until now it is reported as unusually good.

Strictly speaking, there is no age which may be set apart from all others as heroic, for every age has its heroes and its heroism. And yet, as the present is always prosaic, not until the lives and deeds of men are seen through the magnifying glamour of the receding past do we recognize clearly the heroic qualities of their doing and achieving, and come to count their age heroic. Measured by the daring of individuals who had part in it, the life even of such humble characters as the wolf trappers on our Western frontier in the Indian days had in it the true elements of heroism. Some insight into such lives is afforded by the chapter taken out of one of them which we print to-day.

The twenty-third annual banquet of the Cuvier Club, of Cincinnati, was held at the club house, on Longworth street, on Friday evening of last week. President Alex. Starbuck welcomed the guests. One hundred and sixty-three sat down to a feast which was not less notable for the elaborate menu than for the sparkle of wit and flash of sentiment which played about the board.

The official election returns of New York on the forestry amendment, so far as received up to Tuesday of this week, showed for fifty counties an adverse majority of 271,827. The (unofficial) majority in Kings is estimated at 71,000, which would make a total of 342,827. Nine counties were yet to be heard from.

The Sportsman Tourist.

STORIES OF AN HEROIC AGE.

I.—IN THE WAR BELT.

SANDY was a Missourian of about forty years of age, red-bearded, freckled-faced, blue-eyed, and with that undefinable, gentlemanly instinct and breeding that comes from courting nature and resenting guile and selfishness.

It was a winter's day in 1875, at a little trading post on the upper Missouri River, that I first saw Sandy. He was going about with his arm in a sling, telling whoever would listen the story of the night attack of the Sioux the time he was shot in the neck with slugs and George Horn was killed. It had happened as I shall relate:

North of the Missouri River the broken plains of Montana extend to the foot of the Little Rockies (an isolated group of mountains), and beyond to the Bear's Paw. This region formed a sort of debatable ground between the Sioux and the Crows. It was a famous game country, the resort of buffalo, deer and antelope, and fairly swarmed with big gray wolves. It was dangerous territory for white hunters—for the Sioux kept watch from their mountain fastnesses against the inroads of Crow war parties from the camps south of the river. The Sioux was an enemy to be fought or avoided. The Crows might not kill you, but it was a part of their religion to set you afoot. As the tribesmen rarely trespassed upon this territory except by stealth or at night, the buffalo and other game increased and waxed fat upon the rich bunch grasses of the foothills.

Sandy had a great eye for wolf pelts. So had his partner. They knew the best places to lay out a buffalo carcass to attract wolves, the proper amount of strychnine to salt a bait, and all the smallest details of disposing of the frozen wolves and thawing them out in the spring. In short, they were experienced wolfers.

They decided to invade the "war belt," as they termed the region, and to string out a line of baits a few miles apart from the mouth of Cow Creek to the Bear's Paw, thence back by the Rockies to the river. Having perfected their plans, they one morning saddled their riding and pack ponies and struck up the river for the mouth of Cow Creek. Their destination reached, the two hunters redoubled their caution. No shot was to be fired except to put out a bait. Camp was to be made after night by leaving the direct course and going up some side ravine into the hills.

As they proceeded up the creek they noticed that the buffalo were very numerous, also that there were many old war houses. These are built by war parties for accommodation in cold weather, and are made of poles and slabs in the shape of a lodge; the lower part chinked tightly, the top being left open for egress of smoke. The houses are not only comfortable to camp in, but the light from the fire cannot be seen more than 30yds. away. Hunters sometimes occupy them when assured there are no hostile Indians in the neighborhood.

Soon they saw a band of cows feeding on a side hill close to the creek, and decided that it was a favorable location for "wolf medicine." Riding a little closer, they allowed the ponies to graze while they crawled to the edge of the hill to reconnoiter. Sandy thought it was close enough for a shot, so after waiting a moment George Horn raised his Sharps rifle and after a quick aim fired. The band stampeded at the shot, but it was noticed that one cow "bucked" a little and ran wild. Getting their horses together, they soon found the cow (a two-year-old) stretched out near the main trail. Now this was not exactly what the hunters wanted. It was a good location for wolves, which infested the main trail, but was too easy of discovery by traveling war parties. Nevertheless they concluded to poison the carcass. Taking the packs off the ponies, they quickly took the tongue and some choice pieces of meat for their own consumption, and then proceeded to prepare the bait by putting into it the necessary amount of strychnine. Then the two hunters packed the ponies and resumed their journey.

The bait was ready for the wolves, which, like the ravens, had probably scented it from afar. In cold weather hunters generally flag the bait the first night, in order to give it a chance to freeze solid. It sometimes happens that a wolf receives a weak dose of medicine and recovers from it. He is apt to be a trifle "shady" on baits ever after. He will snuff suspiciously around a bait with a can't-fool-me air, and then perhaps devour some miserable coyote that has had the temerity to eat of food that was placed for his larger and more valuable kindred. If he touches the meat in the coyote's stomach it is his last meal. It was not uncommon to find twenty or more dead wolves around a bait, besides a few coyotes, foxes, an eagle or two, ravens and magpies.

Cow Creek runs between rugged, cedar-clad ridges, covered with scant grasses. Where the valley opens a glimpse may be had of the gloomy mountains, the source of the stream. As they proceeded on their way a fresh moccasin track was discovered on the trail which had not been wholly obliterated by the herds of buffalo passing along. In winter the Sioux usually go to war afoot. It is not only saving of horseflesh, but economical as well, as they ride home on horses belonging to the enemy.

Along toward evening they halted near an old war house which showed signs of having been occupied recently. The doorway was contrived to overlap the main structure, affording in this way protection while leaving between the walls a tortuous passageway, through which the Indian effected an entrance. Peering in through the aperture, Sandy discovered some strips of fat buffalo meat stretched over some poles to dry, and pretty conclusive evidence that four Indians had occupied the place the night before.

They noted the fact of the meat as proof that the party intended to return. Not a sign of a track could be found 10ft. away from the house, so thoroughly had the passing buffalo wiped out all sign.

The two hunters unsaddled, built a fire and made preparation for a quick meal. In addition to his skill as an all-round hunter and fisherman, Sandy prided himself as a breadmaker, and he always had the bread ready before the coffee was boiled. As soon as the fire was under way Sandy had flour in pan with baking powder and salt, and mixed to as soft consistency with water as could be easily handled. The long-handled frying-pan was then placed on the coals for a moment, a pinch of flour sifted in it and a cake of dough ¼in. thick placed therein. The pan was then propped up at an angle in front of the fire with coals behind it, and as soon as the dough had "set" it was whisked out of the pan and propped up by itself in the heat, while another installment was being prepared. "Hurry up with that coffee!" he would cry, and then turn his attention to the cooking of a steak.

After dark the hunters saddled up again and, going a short distance, turned abruptly to the left into the hills, and, selecting a retired spot in a little valley, made preparations for an all-night camp. The ponies were turned out to shift for themselves, and after cutting an armful of cedar boughs and dried grass the tired travelers spread their blankets, piled saddles and packs at the head, were soon wrapped in slumber undisturbed by the yelping of coyotes and deep-mouthed chorus of wolves that at intervals gave voice to the night.

At dawn they were on their way again, and early killed and poisoned two more buffalo. The Bear's Paw was now close at hand, and later in the afternoon they stopped near the head of the creek, unpacked and turned the horses loose, and started for the foot of the mountain with the intention of putting one bait on high land, an experiment they had not yet tried north of the river. Mountain lions were numerous, and they calculated that if they did not catch any wolves there was a chance of lions and cross foxes.

A light snow was falling as they started up the ridge. Arrived at the foot of the mountain, they did not have to skirmish long to find a desirable cow for bait, near a a point where several game trails crossed each other from various water holes. The shot was fired, the sound echoing with a sullen boom along the damp cliffs and rocky cañons.

It was dark before the hunters finished their work and turned their footsteps toward camp. They did not suspect that a war party of Yanktonnai, returning from an unsuccessful foray against the Crows, had noted the running buffalo, and later the shot, and were waiting for complete darkness in order to follow the plain footprints in the snow.

Sandy and his partner made their way in a bee line for the little hollow where they had left ponies and packs. They reached the place hungry and tired, and ill disposed to make their usual move to a secure camp.

They found that the ponies had strayed away in search of grass, and the hunters proceeded at once to light a fire and make themselves comfortable for the evening meal.

The hollow was near the creek. Just back of the campfire stood a huge dead cottonwood, upon whose white



THE PICTOGRAPH.

surface some Indian had sketched in bold outline with a piece of charcoal a rude pictographic story representing Lean Wolf and Running Antelope attacking Slow Bear, a Crow.

After supper Sandy said: "George, there is no use in moving camp; if there are any Indians in the country they can track us in the snow. I propose that we build a fire to see to shoot by, and have a pleasant night of it for once."

"All right, Sandy," said George, "if you can stand it I can." So they rolled a pine drift log on to the fire, put a couple of buffalo tongues in a pot to boil and seated themselves on another log in front of the fire, with their backs to the tree.

It will appear plain from the above disposition of the hunters, the camp and surroundings, that a certain war party of Sioux, returning home empty-handed, would not be slow in availing themselves of the opportunity presented to count a coup.

Leaving Sandy and his partner smoking their pipes and discussing their prospects in seeming careless ease by the camp-fire, yet within reach of their rifles, we will turn our attention to the Sioux.

This party of seven had been on a horse-stealing raid. Traveling in the Crow country at night, they had stumbled upon a camp and were discovered before they could get away. Considering it the part of wisdom to retire from that particular territory until things had quieted down, they had traveled all night, and about daylight doubled a short distance on their trail and lay concealed in a gulch until late in the afternoon, when they resumed their journey along the timbered ridges. They saw the buffalo stampede, as the hunters, though not showing themselves, approached the mountain. Later they watched with considerable interest the elaborate preparation of the wolf bait.

It was long after dark when the leader of the party knocked the ashes from the red stone pipe that had been in circulation for some time, arose and, placing the pipe in the beaded sack attached to his belt, said simply, "*Won-ah*" (now), and strode silently down the slope, followed in single file by the others. With their robes turned hair side out they looked, a short distance away, very much like buffalo. Following the trail of the hunters, they had not proceeded far before they distinguished the glow of the camp-fire reflected on the trees in the creek bottom. Consulting together a moment, they turned suddenly to the right, striking the creek some distance above the camp. Here they ran across the tracks of the ponies, which they followed, and finally secured the stock without much difficulty, as they had been hoppled before being turned out.

Driving the ponies into a gulch, the Indians turned their attention once more to the hunters' camp. The fire was burning very brightly as they approached it, and from a little ridge the position of the hunters seated on the log was clearly made out. After satisfying themselves that there were only two white men in the party they stole silently in the direction of the big cottonwood that stood back of the hunters, at less than 50ft.

Sandy was relating to George some incident of the troublous times in Missouri during the war period, when a flash, followed by a report of firearms, seemed to knock them both over. But the two men instantly recovered themselves, and springing up with rifles in hand fired point blank at the Indians, who at once took to ignominious flight as soon as they saw the result of their fire.

George Horn fell back helpless after firing one shot, for he had received a bullet through the body ranging through the lungs. Sandy, although shot in the neck with roughened pieces of bullets, continued firing and advancing in the direction of the Indians until George Horn called to him, when he desisted, and returning to his companion assisted him to a place near the fire, making a bed of blankets and giving all the care possible, risking his life of course by remaining exposed near the fire.

The war party had kept on going, taking the ponies with them. Sandy did not know this, however, and was in constant apprehension of being fired on again. His wound did not hurt him any as yet on account of the numbing effect of it, and the excitement prevented him from paying much attention to it. His partner now complained of feeling cold, and his voice grew fainter and fainter. Soon he was dead. Sandy covered him up with the rest of the bedding, cached as well as he could the extra rifle, and prepared for a quick retreat from the locality. Putting a piece of bread and meat in his pocket, he stepped quickly away from the firelight, and stopped in the shadow of some brush for a moment to ponder on the situation. "No use to look for the ponies," he soliloquized, after listening intently awhile, "the best thing I can do is to pike out of this while I am able to travel."

Suiting the action to the word, with his trusty rifle resting on his arm he strode down the creek and disappeared in the gloom of the night.

Break of day found him nearing the Missouri River. It was snowing lightly, which made travel more difficult, added to which his wound now pained and weakened him. Fortunately, about the middle of the afternoon, he met a couple of men with a sled traveling on the ice, going after supplies. They carried him to the trading fort, where his wounds received attention. A party was formed headed by "Liver-eating" Johnson, who went after and brought in the body of George Horn.

LUTHER SAGE KELLY.

NEGATIVE SOUP.

THE immortal Shakespeare tells us:

> "Oft expectation fails, and most there
> Where most it promises."

Columbus set sail for the Indies and discovered a new world; Ben Franklin toyed with a kite and tamed the lightning.

The story of our adventure has nothing in common with either, and yet it was as truly the unexpected. The consequences may or may not be as momentous, but this the future alone can determine, as sufficient time has not elapsed since the occurrence to permit of more than very indefinite generalizations.

The bright, sunny days of a not distant June threw their enchantment around a trio of congenial spirits, who left the cares of business and the perplexities of life behind and hied them to the mountain peaks and sylvan retreats of northwestern Maine, where grosbeak and Canada thrush trilled their sweetest notes, and kindly nature perfumed the air with the fragrance of summer flowers.

Dainty trout rods of split bamboo and feathered lures of most seductive hue ministered to their pleasure, and taught many a lordly trout the folly of dallying with temptation. As in every well-regulated sportsman's outfit, so in this, a camera occupied distinguished prominence. As a moral agent it is indispensable in this doubting age. It not only serves to while away many a pleasant hour, and secure prized remembrances for future inspection and pleasure, but it also authenticates the story of the big fish with all the force of "Sworn to, signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of."

All this on the supposition that you do not make negative soup in transit.

We had taken unusual precautions on this trip to get good results. We carried a large camera of high quality and four dozen plates, instead of the uncertain but more convenient films.

We had taken the grave and its surroundings in the wilderness at the Chain of Ponds, near Mount Pizgah, of the Indian girl Natanis, who was brutally murdered there by a deserter from the Union army during the late war of the rebellion; we had followed Indian Stream to its mountain source and captured many of its glistening cascades in their forest home, where they unceasingly break over huge boulders and send up clouds of finest spray as they dash themselves down the mountain side; the dams of beaver, the lean-to of the trapper, the camp of the tourist, the iron post, where none should be, which proclaims that different flags float over contiguous territory; these and many other choice tidbits of mountain lake and sky were already ours, the plates carefully packed and jealously guarded against mishap when the day of our departure dawned.

We had planned to make the trip out to the settlements in canoes, and a thoughtful member of the party had obtained permission from the owners to hoist the gate in the dam on the headwaters of the Dead River, which materially augmented the volume of water as it went seething and surging onward over the rapids and boulders to its confluence with the Kennebec.

Our guides, being expert canoe men, proposed to run over Scammous Falls rather than portage, as nearly everyone does, and while they were making ready for our departure, which would take about thirty minutes, having two unexposed plates left, I took the camera and hastened down the trail so as to have everything in readiness for a snap as the three canoes shot over the falls. I had covered about half the distance and arrived at a point where the river makes a bend at nearly a right angle to its former course and flows directly toward the trail. Looking upon this beautiful panorama, I saw a splendid doe quietly feeding upon the lilypads about 30yds. away. She was to windward of me and facing up stream, and as my moccasined feet softly touched the ground she was undisturbed by noise or scent.

Quickly setting up the camera in such protection as a

convenient bush afforded, I waited anxiously for her to afford me a better view. She greedily snapped the succulent food, first here, then there, eyes and ears constantly on the alert for danger. Finally she turned and advanced toward me, and suspecting or perceiving danger she threw her head high in air, posing in such artistic manner as would rejoice any photographer's heart.

Instantly the click of the shutter was heard on the still morning air, a splashing in the water, a white streak vanishing in the bushes—and another prized plate was secured.

Hastening on, I had just focused the camera when the three canoes shot around the bend, each stalwart guide standing erect and looking a veritable Triton; and, oh, the beauty of the picture as they shot over the falls in the morning sun!

Another click and another prize—worth hardship and toil to secure, and that would be the envy of many a less fortunate mortal.

The canoes were soon beached, loads readjusted, and away went the expedition as light and graceful

"As a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

A tremor of trepidation took possession of me at first, but having one of the very best canoemen in Maine, with whom I had made many a hazardous trip without mishap, I was soon lost to all sense of danger, and minutes of superlative pleasure ran quickly into enchanted hours.

The guides had but to use the paddles to keep the frail canoes in mid-stream, and let them shoot onward with the swollen and quick-flowing current.

A keen eye and skilled hand was at all times needed to steer the craft clear of derelict logs and concealed boulders which made powerful eddies that would quickly swamp a canoe in unskilled hands. Rapidly traveling without effort, the oscillation of the canoe as it rode the swells and smoothly glided to lower levels, it seemed as if we were borne through space in the kindly arms of some mighty giant, and unconsciously I reveled in the many pleasant sensations evoked by the varied experiences of the past few weeks, and exulted over the many and varied picturesque and novel subjects which my forty-eight plates would enable me to share with my friends at home.

Again my thoughts would turn to other days and other themes, and pleasure came in recalling the fact that down this very stream plowed the canoe of the red man bearing the sainted Fr. Druillette on his mission of Christianity and civilization to the Abenakis 250 years ago.

Persecution born of ignorance and fanaticism had destroyed the missions along the coast and driven hence the devoted missionaries, and the dusky sons of the forest were unconsolable. A deputation was finally sent to Quebec in 1646, which returned with the beloved black gown, who erected his mission cross at Norridgewock where he made his home for several years. He was the first white man who ever crossed the trackless forest from Quebec to central Maine.

His ascetic form seemed to rise before us, and the soughing of the summer breeze in the tree tops seemed as the dying cadence of his Ave Marie Stella.

And anon the martial music of fife and drum, the stern command and noisy bustle of the forces of the Continental army under Benedict Arnold, which laboriously urged their crude batteaux against this self-same current *en route* to attack Quebec, seemed to break in as a note of discord as it must have done more than 100 years ago.

And again the words of Byron seemed wedded to the scenes and surroundings:

"How often we forget all time when lone,
Admiring nature's universal throne,
Her woods, her wilds, her waters—the intense
Reply of hers to our intelligence."

Onward we sped as a feather through space and pleasure kept pace with our speed. Delight grew with our progress, little dreaming we that

"Violent delights have violent ends."

I noticed that the canoe some 100 or 150yds. in advance made a detour and hugged the shore, and soon the reason was obvious. A huge boulder lay concealed beneath the surface, and the water foaming about and above it made great eddies on either side. My guide did not make sufficient allowance for their volume and force, and soon we were caught in the trough, and over we went in an instant.

"Look out!" shouted the guide, but before a sound fell on my ears we were floundering about in the water—duffle, camera, plates and all!

"Hold on to the canoe! Hold on to the canoe!" shouted I, while making a desperate effort to secure the fly-rods and camera; but my plates, alas! the prizes of the trip went quickly to the bottom!

My guide secured the wearing apparel, but away shot the canoe down stream, as if glad to get rid of its burden. Our noise attracted the attention of those in the other canoes, and they came quickly to the rescue, our canoe being captured and returned to us by those in advance.

We soon reached shore, wrung the water from our clothes and resumed our journey, but our thoughts were diverted from the fascinations of our environment, its history, poetry and sentiment. Our spirits, like our bodies, were dampened, imagination refused to undertake a lofty flight, so we reconciled to the utilitarian and prosaic. Would *Salmo oquassa* or *Salvelinus fontinalis* know the value of their find and turn it to good account? Would their sages assemble in intellectual convention and with becoming condition discuss the action of light upon a sensitized plate? Would they take them to a dark room in the depths and develop them only to have some old croaker of their number with more stomach than brains break in with *Cui bono?* Would the intellectual triumph over the base and selfish? Would the future angler, when doing his best for distance, delicacy and accuracy, be startled in his pleasure by seeing in the waters before him a camera fiend in the act of taking a snap shot? or would he be able to relate to his wondering friends on his return how he captured and landed a swimming photograph gallery? Or would all their possibilities sink to the level of the gormandizer and be swallowed simply as so much negative soup? Who can tell?

GEO. MCALEER.

WORCESTER, Mass.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

Natural History.

DEER AND LILYPADS.

THE habits of deer with respect to feeding on lilypads have been discussed at some length in these columns. The question was brought up by the assertion of a Michigan correspondent, Julian, that deer do not eat water lilypads. To quote his statement, as reiterated after several writers had recorded their observation of deer eating the lilypads, Julian's contention is this, in his own words:

"They do sometimes pull off a stem perhaps, but not often, and when they do pull off a stem or leaf it is by accident, and the leaf or stem always comes up with a mouthful of other tender water weeds that they feed upon. They never swallow a lily leaf or lilypad or a stem of a lily plant. They sometimes take them into the mouth with other food, but they spit them out, and never swallow the pads or any part of the lily plant."

In further comment upon the statement of a correspondent who wrote that deer ate the root of the lily, and the testimony of Dr. Robt. T. Morris, of this city, that he had found partially digested fragments of water lilies in deer killed by him, Julian writes as follows:

LANSING, Mich.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was in hopes that I had so far established the fact that deer do not eat lilypads that I would not be obliged again to trespass upon your space or weary your readers by an overproduction of proof upon the subject. Mr. Cook, of Boston, however, has entered the field, and states that the root is the part of the lily plant eaten by deer. Mr. Cook is mistaken; or, to state it better, he has been imposed upon by his guide. Deer do not eat the root of the lily, and you cannot starve a deer and make him eat it; nor can you fix up a root, or any part of it, and entice a deer to eat it. Audubon states that moose will eat the root of the lily, but no man on earth ever before set up the claim that deer eat the lily root. During the past week I have talked with at least twenty of the most experienced woodsmen in Michigan regarding the subject, and every one of them states positively that deer do not eat the root of the lily or any part of the lily plant. On any lake where lily plants abound you can find plenty of pieces of the root of the lily floating on the surface of the water at any time of the year, and more particularly so in the fall of the year. Nature in plant life has a way of casting off portions of unnecessary root growth; and aided by aquatic animals of high and low degree the work of root exfoliation is oftentimes carried on to a considerable extent. But deer are not root eaters, so far as the lily plant is concerned. They never assist in this work of root pruning, nor in any way manifest a desire to disturb the growth of the lily plant, except accidentally when engaged in feeding upon water weeds, which always grow abundantly among the lily plants. You cannot get a deer to eat a piece of a lily root in any way, shape or manner that you can fix it. Mr. Cook may be honest in his statement, and actually believe what his guide has told him; but he and his guide are both mistaken in the matter.

Dr. Morris, of New York, is a gentleman for whom I have the greatest respect. I know that he would not make any statement he did not believe, and only then after a very careful investigation. If Dr. Morris will take his microscope with him when he again visits the woods and will make a study of the lily plant, fresh from the water, and will compare the lily leaf with what he finds in the stomach of the deer and now believes to be fragments of the lily plant, he will at once see the mistake that he now labors under. He will at certain seasons of the year find plenty of water plants in the stomach of the deer, and if taken when the deer are feeding there is no great difficulty in determining the plants that they are feeding upon. The plants will not be chewed so fine nor the contents of the stomach sufficiently changed to render identification by the microscope impossible. If he will dissect a lily plant, fresh from the water, under a glass of low power and compare the lily plant with the contents of the stomach of a deer that has been killed while feeding among the lily plants, and do this immediately after the deer is killed, he will see at once that what he now believes to be fragments of the lily plant are really of some other plant.

JULIAN.

DARTMOUTH MEDICAL COLLEGE, Hanover, N. H., Nov. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the "Deer and Lilypads" discussion it would seem as though the disinterested testimony of even a few witnesses who say they have seen deer eat lilypads ought to outweigh the testimony of any number of persons who declare to the contrary, for the simple reason that deer are not constantly, nor even for a series of meals, under observation in the wild state. How can any one be sure deer do not eat lilypads?

It has been the writer's good fortune to meet Dr. Henry Skinner, of the Academy of Natural Sciences, of Philadelphia, referred to by one of your correspondents in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 31, and the opinion formed of him while in camp in the Maine woods was that he is a remarkably well informed man, and a very careful and accurate observer.

If more witnesses were needed to establish the fact the writer would like to add that in the summer of '93 he watched a doe wade into a small pond from the opposite shore at a distance of not over 200yds. from him and feed on the leaves and stems of the yellow water lily. She was in sight for at least fifteen minutes, and fed from the surface of the water about her for about a third of that time. In this instance the deer did no immerse her head.

GRAPHO.

THE ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES, OF PHILADELPHIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in FOREST AND STREAM of late issue that the gentleman under the name of Julian contradicts everything I said about deer eating lilypads. His remarks read like a papal bull in the sixteenth century, or the vaporings from the oracle of Apollo at Delphi. When the oracle was to be consulted the priestess sat upon a tripod which was placed over a chasm in the ground, from which a certain gas or vapor ascended which affected the brain, and the words uttered in this excited condition were supposed to have great authority, but were really equivocal or obscure. The credit of the oracle continued long unimpaired.

Mr. Julian assumes the position that what he has not seen no one has. He must think that Dr. Robt. T. Morris did not really find fragments of lilypads in the deer's stomach, but what he saw were buckwheat cakes. The gentleman also says: "There are many things in this world which pass for facts, but which have no foundation whatever, and one of the greatest errors is this mistaken notion about deer eating lilypads. If one should say that the deer feed among the lilypads, that would express the matter as it actually is, but to say that deer eat lilypads or any part of the lily plant is misleading and such a statement is not correct." Just under these lines Mr. C. S. Cook says: "Deer do not eat lilypads, but they do eat the tuberous root of the water lily and are exceedingly fond of it." Does Mr. Julian also assume that Mr. Cook mistook eels for lilypad roots and that the deer were eating them?

Our gentleman also says: "When lilypads are in a condition to be snipped off the deer is in his short coat, and when he is off his feet in the water he has something else to think of besides feeding; he has all he can do to keep his head above water." Now, there are many readers of FOREST AND STREAM that know something about the swimming capabilities of deer and probably mildly doubt that "he has all he can do to keep his head above water." In Maine in June and July the ponds are veritable natatoriums for deer, and in the small lake in which I saw a doe and a fawn swimming and feeding sixty deer have been seen during the middle hours of a single day.

Mr. Julian can see about three miles of water and lilypads in the long box at Spencer, Me. I would advise Mr. Julian not to attack credible witnesses who have no desire to distort the truth, and also learn that one man does not know or see all the facts of nature.

Now, to sum up, I have seen deer eat lilypads, Dr. Morris has found them in the deer's stomach and Mr. Cook has seen them eat the roots. Doubtless others of your correspondents have also published similar facts. Have we all been hypnotized and is Mr. Julian correct, or what is the matter?

HENRY SKINNER.

HOLLYWOOD, Adirondacks, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I saw in the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct 31 a statement by Dr. Henry Skinner, of Philadelphia, that he had seen where deer had fed on lilypads along the bank of a river for a long distance, and that they would go in the water and swim and feed on the pads. Later, a gentleman signing himself Julian claimed that the statement was untrue. I would state that it is true. I have watched them for hours at a time feeding on lilypads, and have seen them swim out in a lake and eat pads for an hour at a time. Julian says it is impossible for a deer to swim and eat pads. They seem to do it very easily. They commence to feed on pads about June 1, according to the depth of water where the pads grow, and continue to feed on them until November. Late in the fall I have cut acres of pads, and let them drift ashore with the wind for the deer. If any man who thinks deer do not eat lilypads will call on me in June, July, August, September, October, or the first ten days in November, he can see them eat lilypads.

HENRY DAY,
Supt. Kildare Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It seems rather strange that there should be any contention on this subject, as the matter is one of such general knowledge among people of experience that it is hard to imagine that it can be doubted for a moment. It is always unfortunate to have inaccurate information given on subjects of this character, especially those so susceptible of solution. If our friend Julian will hie himself to one of our beautiful lakes any time during June, July, or the early part of August, and watch the timid subjects of this controversy feed, all doubt will be dispelled from his mind. In an experience gained from ten successive seasons in the Adirondacks and the Maine woods, I have never failed to find indubitable evidence that proved beyond all peradventure that deer do eat lilypads. Not only have I seen the pads partially eaten, and also the stems entirely denuded of leaf; but on numerous occasions I have actually seen the deer tear the pad from the stem, either partially or wholly, and masticate it. I have seen them feeding in the shallow water on the edges of the lake, and watched them for many minutes nipping the pads and chewing them.

I have also seen large and small deer swim out into the comparatively deep water feeding as they swam, with apparently very little effort to keep afloat, this being in places where the pads in the shallow water had been devoured and nothing but the stems remaining sticking up above the water. I remember one bright moonlight night seeing two fawns swim out into the lake, all the time feeding on the pads exclusively. They did not discover our presence and kept on feasting until fully satisfied, then swam back to shore and we lost sight of them.

In the course of my travels I have, of course, met many sportmen and professional guides, and never heard one of them question that deer eat lilypads.

Toward the end of August the pads become tough and then the deer cease to eat them, but do feed on a short bright tender grass that grows on the bottom, and in pulling this grass up I have frequently noticed the lilies pulled out by the roots, but otherwise untouched. Indeed, when looking for "signs," the first search is among the pads, and if you do not see evidences of their being eaten, there is very little chance that deer have been there. I could name lake after lake and bog after bog, covering miles, where it would be impossible to go during the summer and not find absolute proof of this question by ocular demonstration. Of course, the feeding of all animals is dependent somewhat on the locality in which they are found, and conditions have some influence on their habits. The statement that deer do not eat lilypads (where lilypads are abundant) can only come from a lack of experience and observation.

C. H. GUILBERT.

BLUE MOUNTAIN LAKE, Adirondacks.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I do not profess to be an authority as to what deer do or do not eat in Michigan, as I have never hunted them nor studied their habits in that State; but, from observation during thirty years of hunting, trapping and guiding in the Adirondacks, I am prepared to state as a fact that our Adirondack deer do eat lilypads—both kinds—and also a certain fine grass which grows on the bottom of certain lakes and ponds near the shore. I have often seen deer while in the act of eating them both by night and by day, and if any person in this region should dispute the fact it would be taken for granted either that

his opportunity for investigation had been neglected or that he never had had any. C. W. BLANCHARD.

KEENE VALLEY, Adirondacks.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Those who hold that the deer eats lilypads of the yellow water or pond lily are right; unless they allow Julian to hold them technically to the broad leaves that lie on the surface of the water being pads. I cannot say they eat those, but I do know that deer eat the blossoms and stalks of the yellow pond lily, as I have killed them feeding on them, and their stomachs were filled with them. I have known it for years as a sign of deer having been there a short time before, new or old signs of cropping.

Now, you may tell your correspondent that old Mountain Phelps says that deer feed on yellow pond lilies quite profusely the latter part of June and most of July (leaving pads out of the question). ORSON S. PHELPS.

EUSTIS, Me.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will say in regard to deer, they do not eat the pad, but they do eat the bloom and also the roots of the water lily.

A. S. DOUGLASS.

BREWER, Me.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Regarding deer eating lilypads, one to be sure must either examine the contents of stomachs or else be very close or have a strong glass. As I never approved of killing deer to waste in warm weather, I have never even tried to kill one when feeding in the water, and never was near when one was so killed; but to the best of my knowledge and belief deer do eat pads.

My son (now nineteen years old and a very close observer) was this summer away from me in the woods four days on an up-river trip. In this time he saw some fifty deer. On his return he told me of seeing deer eat pads. I asked him yesterday if he was certain. He says that he was close to one and saw her pull and chew and swallow lilypads. That she did not spit them out, nor have anything else in her mouth. Also that another deer, which they came upon suddenly just as she had pulled a leaf, ran ashore, carrying it in her mouth with the long stem dragging.

I can speak more decidedly from personal knowledge regarding Julian's statement that a deer cannot swim and eat lilypads. He says, "This is too absurd even to call for an answer." This shows that he does not know his A B C's about deer. A deer can swim and feed just as well as a muskrat. He says that a deer when in the short coat has all he can do to keep his head above water. If he had chased them in a light canoe as much as I did for fun this July he would think differently, and they were old bucks, with large, heavy horns to weigh them down. I have seen a deer in October when the water was cold lie out in the middle of a lake with only head and rump showing for at least an hour. A deer when shot in the water almost always floats. Of many hundreds I have known killed in the water I have never heard of but two sinking, and both these were bucks having large horns, and both were wounded and took in water. One of these rose and was recovered the same afternoon; perhaps only kicked under and rose again and was not seen till afterward.

I know surely that moose both can and do swim and feed on lilypads when swimming. Moose wade a great deal, and when so doing feed both on pads and also on the immense roots of the yellow water lily, which they tear from the bottom and eat as cattle eat turnips, leaving great pieces which drop when eating. But when they swim and feed they only crop the pads.

It is foolishness for Julian or anyone else to state that a deer cannot swim and feed. I will also state positively, what many will dispute, that a deer can dive and swim under water. The hounds of my old friend Rod Parks drove a deer in near the foot of Phillips Lake, nine miles east of here. The deer swam down toward the boom at the outlet, and on reaching the boom dove and swam under the boom, and was seen when he did it.

Moose often when wading deep and reaching down after lily roots are entirely under water for quite a while. In your last issue Henry Braithwaite speaks of this and he is correct, as also when he tells of bear killing moose. I have for many years had sure proof that both of these things were done. MANLY HARDY.

BREWER, Me.

TWIN DAM, Me.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have seen deer pull up the roots and eat the small branches from the roots. I have also seen them eat the buds before the lilies blossom, and I have seen them eat the flowers when in blossom; but I have never known them to eat the pads. As a proof, we find so many of the pads lying in the lakes and the roots and flowers gone. I have asked some old guides who have hunted, trapped and guided for the last thirty years, and they all confirm my statement. L. M. GERRISH.

LOWELL, Me., Oct. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Oct. 31 I notice the statements made by Julian, that if Dr. Skinner has seen what he says he has he has seen what no other man ever saw before and what no man will ever see again. I do not like to squarely contradict Julian, but in this case I can't help it, for I have seen lily stems sticking out of the water, the pads having been nipped off by deer, and have seen deer feeding on them, and I have seen deer swimming and feeding at the same time.

I have just returned from my camps on the Sebois Lakes. While I was there the dead water streams froze over. After they thawed out I was paddling my canoe up one of them when I saw what I at first thought were ducks, but on getting closer I saw it was three deer. They were in the middle of the stream, which was some 40ft. wide. Their backs were a little out of water, and I think their feet were on the bottom most of the time. I watched them but a short time, when they went near the shore and their bodies came out of water. They were feeding on lilypads and I noticed the new stems that they took the pads from. I know that at least one of them was surely a deer, for I took him into my canoe and carried him to camp. JONATHAN DARLING.

BETHEL, Me.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have always found it a difficult job to approach a deer while feeding in the water in daytime near enough to make a successful shot, let alone seeing what he was eating; still I am persuaded that the lilypad is part of the diet of the red deer in summer—I mean the yellow pond lily, "spatter dock (*Nuphar advena*). I have never noticed their eating the white water lily, as that plant is not so common in the Maine woods.

The lower Richardson Pond—situated about one mile north of the head of the Mollychunkemunk Lake (one of the Rangeleys)—is a famous place for deer to feed, and it is covered with the yellow lilypad, almost obscuring the water, and it is easy to see where the deer have fed the tops off; and it is just as easy to see that no other animal did it, as a sand beach reaches the whole length on the east side of the pond and no other tracks have we ever seen there except of deer; and they have deep trodden paths leading to this pond from various directions.

Again, all woodsmen and hunters know that deer frequent that part of lakes and ponds where there is abundance of lilypads, and not so much where there are only grasses.

And such has been my observation in all my hunting life of twenty-five years in the woods of northern Maine; and when I wanted a deer, before we had game laws, I went where there was abundance of lilypads, not dreaming of such an absurdity as that deer did not eat lilypads and lilies too. J. G. RICH.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In looking for deer signs early in the season when traveling through the woods I always examine the cut ends of yellow lily stems sticking out of the water. If the pads and flowers have been cut off by muskrats the end of the stem is torn and rather ragged. If a deer has cut them off the end of the stem is clean-cut. One soon learns to tell at a distance of several yards whether a deer or a muskrat has been at work among the lilies.

I have often seen deer eating lilypads and flowers, but do not remember to have seen a deer do this while swimming along, as one correspondent states. A deer could do it easily enough, for he is nearly as much at home in the water as a muskrat is. Muskrats are fond of the large, fleshy root of the yellow water lily, and they often depend largely upon this food supply in winter when ice covers the water. Some of the land rats and mice swim out to the lilies in summer and cut off the buds and flowers, which they eat after towing them ashore.

ROBERT T. MORRIS.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have frequently found lilypads in the stomachs of deer, as it has been my practice to examine the stomachs of all deer killed by myself, or by others when I have been present. These deer were mostly killed at Tupper Lake, in the Adirondacks. D. N. MCCADDEN, Taxidermist.

MASTODONS IN ALASKA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Our honored friend, Mr. Charles Hallock, judging from a recent article in your paper, apparently takes considerable stock in the stories of miners and Indians relative to the existence of the mastadon in the interior forests of Alaska.

I sincerely trust that these rumors showing that the animal still exists may not prove unfounded, and that we may be enabled to add this noble beast to our list of American game.

I would not, however, advise a general exodus of our sportsmen to Alaska with the sole object of bagging a mastodon, as I imagine that disappointments would be many and successes few and far between. I do not believe that there is the slightest probability that any of the giant proboscidians living or extinct would thrive or even exist in any portion of Alaska (some of the islands perhaps excepted), under the climatic and other conditions that obtain there at this time, and would quite as soon expect to encounter a plesiosaurus in an Alaskan stream as to find a mastodon in an Alaskan forest. While there are undoubtedly instances where the remains of this mammal have been found under conditions that would seem to indicate that man was "in at the death" and possibly took a hand in the killing, it is also quite as evident that the game had been bagged very many moons prior to our grandfathers' days. Admitting that the mastodon was one of the last of the giant mammals to leave us, the date when the last one took his departure from the shady groves of Alaska may be safely placed at thousands of years ago. The flora and fauna of Alaska in the days when the mastodon was in the flesh were wholly unlike those there at present, and the structure and habits of this animal were such that it could probably exist only in a warm or at least temperate climate and corresponding environment.

The excellent state of preservation in which many mastodonic remains are found in the Arctic regions is no proof of a recent demise of the animal, but is rather accounted for by the conditions and surroundings that have prevented decay. However, it is not proof positive that the missing link does not or did not exist, because we have not yet discovered it or its remains; and the same line of reason may be adapted to the problem of the existence at this time of the mastodon in Alaska. A careful study of existing conditions will, I believe, incline ninety-nine out of every hundred of us to the negative side of the question in this Alaskan case; nevertheless, in the interest of science, let us hope that the Stick Indian upon whose story the existence of at least one mastodon depends may have been of the George Washington order in the matter of veracity. If it should transpire that this one, as the sole survivor of his race, still roams the wilds of Alaska, may the kindly offices of FOREST AND STREAM be invoked to counsel sportsmen and Alaskan hunters to spare that beast, touch not a single limb, nor hew a chip from its trunk. S.

TROY, N. Y., Nov. 14.

An Early Snowy Owl.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Nov. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* To-day a Mr. Whitcomb, of the town of Somerset, this county, brought to me a live snowy owl (*Nyctea nyctea*); this I think is an early arrival for this species. I have a number of records, the earliest of which is Nov. 29. Noticing that the bird did not seem to be hurt, I asked Mr. Whitcomb if he caught it in a trap, and was surprised when he told me that it was sitting on the fence and that he walked up behind and caught it by the legs. The bird seemed to be in good condition and Mr. Whitcomb assured me "that it eats freely of meat and scraps from the table." As he wished to sell the bird, I gave him the address of three zoölogical associations.

Mr. W. thinks that he can make more picking owls from the fences than picking apples and driving them to market to sell for 50 cents per barrel, when he has to pay 28 cents for the barrel he puts them in.

Nov. 17.—Mr. C. L. Westerman, of Royalton, just brought to me another snowy owl alive, but with broken wing, and like all others wants to sell it. I will not encourage them to shoot the birds by buying when they bring them to me. They often ask how much it would cost to "stuff them," and when told $5 or $6, but that I do not do it, they think that is more than they would care to pay.

I saw a Northern shrike (*Lanius borealis*) this morning, which is also earlier than any record I have.

J. L. DAVISON.

Game Bag and Gun.

WHERE TO GO.

ONE important, useful and considerable part of the FOREST AND STREAM'S service to the sportsmen's community is the information given inquirers for shooting and fishing resorts. We make it our business to know where to send the sportsman for large or small game, or in quest of his favorite fish, and this knowledge is freely imparted on request.

On the other hand, we are constantly seeking information of this character for the benefit of our patrons, and we invite sportsmen, hotel proprietors and others to communicate to us whatever may be of advantage to the sportsman tourist.

AN INDIANA SQUIRREL SHOOT.

REPEATED frosts, rains and a succession of windy days had stripped most of the trees of their leaves, and kept the squirrels pretty closely indoors, but as yesterday morning the day came with bright sunshine and promise of no wind, it was sure to be a good squirrel day, and the squirrels were sure to be good for a Sunday breakfast too, if they could be brought to bag. So after the frost had melted from the sunny spots and the sunshine began to feel a little warm, I drove a couple of miles to a patch of woods that were known to be good squirrel country. There were 100 acres of the woods, level, except that along one side and across the corner ran a little creek, and where the land was sloped toward the creek it was divided into ridges by a number of ravines. This made an excellent lay of the land, for by walking along the ravine it was easy to get close to any game that might be just over the ridge. But this morning they were not there. It was plain that they were not on the ground now, for none were to be seen, and if there had been any they could have been heard for 100yds. rustling the newly fallen leaves. A sharp lookout was also kept for squirrels running in the tree tops. A half hour's quiet stalking did not show one.

Knowing that these squirrels were very shy from being hunted so much, and also knowing they have no fear of a stationary object even though it be a man with a gun, I sat down and kept motionless. Now it is a squirrel peculiarity, that if he sees a man moving, and the man sits down and keeps still, the squirrel wonders what has become of the man, and often expresses himself by barking. It was so in this instance, for in less than five minutes one set up a vigorous barking a hundred yards away. Then I began a very stealthy approach toward the barking. It ceased before half the distance had been covered, but I kept on until near where the noise had been and waited again.

In a few minutes one was heard running over the rough bark of a nearby ash. There were two, and they seemed to have forgotten about me, for they were chasing each other over the big limbs. They were within fair range, and presently one of them offered a fair shot, which I took advantage of and missed, or at least did not kill, for the squirrel instantly ran down to the ground, keeping on the further side of the tree. The other one came to my side of the tree and a snap shot killed it. By this time the first one was on the ground and running away. The ejected shell was no more than thrown out of the gun till a fresh one was in, and I was trying to shoot the running squirrel, but so many bushes and bodies of trees were in the way that no shot was possible before the squirrel was on a rail fence 50yds. away. It jumped from the fence to a tree and quickly made its way up the other side and into a hole.

Walking forty rods further, I sat down on a log near to and overlooking the creek valley, a hundred yards wide, covered with grass, with here and there a tree, but no underbrush. Presently a fox squirrel began barking in a suppressed way and not far off; but some beech trees with lots of leaves were in the way, and nothing could be seen. While cautiously trying to get nearer, I caught a glimpse of one running up the body of a tree within 20yds. I dropped upon a nearby log and kept still, but not long, for another squirrel began barking within 50ft., but could not be seen. The barking put confidence in the one up the other tree, and he ran out on a dead limb and squatted there for a sun bath, but instead got a shower bath of lead. Keeping perfectly still after this shot soon restored confidence in the one that had been barking, and he began it again. He was still invisible, but a third one now ran up to the top of a broken limb, and squatting on the end of the limb proceeded to adjust his tail so it would show to good advantage. This one was promptly brought to bag. The barking one jumped on to a shell bark hickory and scurried up its further side. I could hear his sharp nails scratching the bark and see small pieces of bark falling, but got no glimpse of the squirrel. After waiting fifteen minutes, and having no sight nor sound from the squirrel, I took out the opera glasses and carefully scanned the tree. Away up yonder, 80ft. high, could be seen a foreleg and just a little glimpse of a hindfoot as he lay on a horizontal limb. Thinking a club thrown on the other side of the tree might bring him in plainer view, I tried it, but it only drove him into a hole.

I walked away and along the rail fence that ran through the woods, going very slowly and quietly, hoping to find some just over the little hill ahead of me. But none were visible, so I turned off across the woods at a right angle to the fence, and had got 100yds. when a fox squirrel began to bark, apparently just where I had

left the fence, and I presently saw him lying on a little beech limb not half so thick as his body. He was stretched at full length, his tail hanging down, and his barking was of the quiet, lazy sort that denotes a full stomach and a nice, comfortable morning. The foot of the tree was hidden by bushes, and as I tried to get nearer he ran down the tree and was seen no more. So I strolled through the woods toward the buggy, not caring very much whether any more were seen or not, for I was a bit lazy and had three as nice young squirrels as ever climbed trees. Beech nuts impart a finer flavor to squirrel flesh than any other food does, and these fellows had had abundance of these nuts and but little else for six weeks past. We found them "complete eatin'."

It was 10 o'clock when I got home. Old Joe stood round and growled at the waiting cats while I skinned the squirrels. If they came too close, he would make a savage lunge at them and they would retreat; but they knew he would not hurt them, and were back almost as soon as he was. In cool weather he lies on the grass, and the cats get on top of him and lie there to get the warmth from his body, and he and they drink new milk together from the same pan twice a day. At noon we had dinner. Fried squirrel, bread and butter that was never excelled, sweet potatoes, and boiled apple dumplings with thick cream "dip." There may be better dinners, I know there are worse, but the man not satisfied with this one is hard to please. After dinner we went to the post office, and from there Mrs. H. drove me to a patch of woods that has lots of squirrels in it, but the brush is so thick it's no use to hunt them; have just to sit down and keep quiet. If one comes along you get him. If he doesn't come along you don't get him. I sat there three hours and saw a dozen or more, and got five of them. O. H. HAMPTON.

WHO OWNS THE GUIDE'S GAME?

WHEN a sportsman hires a guide, and the guide takes part in the shooting or the fishing, to whom does the game or the fish secured by the guide belong? The question has just come up in a case related by a correspondent who returned last week from a ruffed grouse shooting trip. He tells us that he cut short his intended stay, although birds were abundant, because of a misunderstanding respecting the disposition of the birds killed by his guide when in company with him in the field. The guide being in his employment and being paid by him, he had assumed that in conformity with the unvarying custom followed elsewhere throughout his shooting experience of thirty years the birds killed by the guide would belong to the employer. It appears, however, that this was not the understanding held by the host, who advised his guests that the birds killed by the guides belonged to the house and would be sold at so much a pair if the sportsmen wished to retain any of them for taking home.—*Forest and Stream, Nov. 14.*

Editor Forest and Stream:

In my opinion a man who hires a guide to help him shoot ruffed grouse with the intention of gobbling up and counting as his own all the birds they both kill is not entitled to call himself a sportsman at all. A man who has been shooting for "thirty years" ought to have learned that hiring a market-hunter guide to do his shooting, or any part of it, is outside of genuine sportsmanship. I belong to two first-class shooting clubs, and a rule in each, rigidly enforced, is that guides shall not be allowed to shoot at all except at wounded birds. In one of them a prominent member, who persistently refused to obey the rule, finally resigned to avoid expulsion. SHAGANOSS.

PITTSBURG, Pa.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Seeing an article in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 14 where certain guides claimed that game killed by them (when in the employ of sportsmen) belonged to the guides reminds me of a dodge which guides in some parts of the Adirondacks tried to work some twenty years ago on my first trip to the Adirondack region. Our party learned that the guides in that section from where we went into the woods claimed that all game, whether killed by them or their employers, belonged to the guides. Fortunately one of our party had been on quite a number of similar hunting trips, and he cautioned us to make no agreement with our guides as to any game we might kill.

We were in the woods something over a month, and each one of the party had a guide. When we left the woods we were some three days' journey from where we went in. We had killed five deer, and when we settled with our guides we allowed so many days extra to allow them to get back to our starting point. We used our guides well and paid them well, and they all said it was the best trip they ever made. We made them each a few presents of clothing, hunting knives, etc., and said: "Now everything is settled." The oldest guide began to wriggle about (we expected what was coming) and said: "There is one thing we have not settled. You men have killed five deer while we were with you, and you have the skins. Now, those skins belong to the guides, and if you want to take them home you must give us $2 for each skin."

I said at once, "I have one deer skin in my pack, which is the only deer I shot at on this trip; and if my guide thinks he has not been paid enough for his time he can go home thinking so." The rest of the party said the same; and when the guides found it would not work they dropped it, and we parted good friends.

While on this trip I met a young man in camp who was expecting to spend two or three months in the woods, and had a guide engaged for the whole time. The guide had an easy time of it, and he had impressed upon his employer that all game belonged to the guide and was to be paid for when settling. Now this guide was getting the regular guide's wages, but his employer thought that what the guide said about game was the regular thing, and that all hunting parties did the same. I told him he could if he liked to be imposed upon, but that our party did not agree to any such arrangement.

Some years later, while in Florida, I went out with a party after deer. We hired a guide who furnished a pack of hounds and a horse for each member of the party. As we were starting, something was said about the deer we expected to kill, and the guide said, "All the deer belong to me." Now as we were each paying him a pretty good price I objected to his arrangement, saying that should I kill a deer it belonged to me. As it happened, I killed the only deer of the day. That night I told the guide he could have it, but made him understand it was because I had no use for it and not because I considered he had any claim.

The instances I have mentioned happened a number of years ago, and I did not suppose that anything of the kind would be tried by guides of the present time. The Micmac Indians of the Provinces will "work a sucker" for all they can when they get a chance, but I never heard of any of them trying to claim the game that was killed by parties that they worked for. Possibly such a thing never occurred to them.

For my part, I do not believe in a guide's carrying a rifle or doing any shooting while in a sportsman's employ. When I have hired a guide, it was to find the game; if there was to be any shooting I proposed doing it. I cannot see why a man calling himself a sportsman should go after game, and hire a guide to shoot it for him. It would be fully as satisfactory to me to stay at home and write and engage a guide to kill a certain amount of game, and to give me the credit of it.

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H.

SHOOTING TRESPASS AND LOW WATER MARK.

WE find in the Vermont Fish and Game Commission report the text of the decision in the case of Charles McBurney *et al* vs. James Young for trespass. The question of trespass turned upon the meaning of the term low water mark in its application to Lake Champlain. We quote:

The plaintiff was the owner of marsh lands upon the border of Lake Champlain, and had posted notices upon such lands prohibiting shooting, trapping or fishing on said lands, in accordance with No. 79, Acts of 1884. The defendant Young was camping upon the shores of Lake Champlain, and was at the time in question in a boat in company with McCarty for the purpose of shooting and fishing. McCarty was rowing the boat and the defendant Young shot at a flock of ducks flying over his head. The plaintiff claimed that the place where the boat was when the shot was fired was upon his land, while the defendant Young contended that it was upon the waters of Lake Champlain, and this was the question.

The referee reported that the water at that point was about 8in. deep at the time; that the bottom underneath the boat was a firm mud bottom; that the bottom at that point was at all times of the year covered with water to a depth of at least 6 or 8in. in ordinary seasons, and that therefore it was below ordinary low water mark; that in the season of 1882, which was an exceptionally dry one, the water so far receded that the bottom of the lake at this point was uncovered, and that therefore the point was above low water mark in exceptionally dry seasons; that the plaintiff had sowed wild oats and wild rice in that vicinity, upon which fowls, both tame and wild, and the cattle pasturing upon the adjacent lands fed to some extent.

The referee found that the plaintiff was entitled to recover of the defendants, if anything, the penalty of $10 and nominal damages, which he assessed at 6 cents.

The case went to the Supreme Court on appeal. Young's counsel contended that Lake Champlain is a public water, and the title to the land below low water mark is in the public and is not subject to private ownership. By "low water mark" is meant the ordinary low water mark (Am. and Eng. Enc.). For the plaintiff it was argued that "low water mark" means the lowest point to which the water recedes.

THOMPSON, J.—The plaintiff's land is bounded by the waters of Lake Champlain. Both parties concede that by the law of this State the plaintiff's land does not extend beyond the low water mark. Such is the law of this State. The contention is over the meaning of the term "low water mark" as used by the courts and law writers. The plaintiff insists that it means the lowest point to which the water has ever receded. The defendant says that it means ordinary low water mark.

By the common law, all that portion of land on tide waters between high and low water marks, technically known as the shore, originally belonged to the crown, and was held in trust by the king for public uses, and was not subject to private uses without a special patent or grant. In Maine the common law was changed by an ordinance of 1641, which declares that proprietor of land adjacent to the tide waters "shall have propriety to the low water mark, where the sea doth not ebb above a hundred rods, and not more wheresoever it ebbs further." In Gerish vs. Proprietors of Union Wharf, the court was called upon to define the meaning of low water mark as used in that ordinance, and in passing upon the question said:

"It evidently contemplates and refers to a mark which could be readily ascertained and established; and that to which the tide on its ebb usually flows out would be of that description. That place to which the tide might ebb under an extraordinary combination of influences and of favoring winds, a few times during one generation, could not form such a boundary as would enable the owner of flats to ascertain satisfactorily the extent to which he could build upon them. Much less would other persons employed in the business of commerce and navigation be able to ascertain with ease and accuracy whether they were encroaching upon private rights or not by sinking a pier or placing a monument. It would seem to be reasonable that high and low water marks should be ascertained by the same rule. The place to which tides ordinarily flow at high water becomes thereby a well defined line or mark, which at all times can be ascertained without difficulty. If the title of the owner of the adjoining land were to be regarded as extending, without the aid of the ordinance, to the place to which the lowest neap tides flowed, there would be formed no certain mark or boundary by which its extent could be determined. The result would be the same if his title were to be limited to the place to which the highest spring tides might be found to flow.

"It is still necessary to ascertain his boundary at high water mark in all these places where the tide ebbs and flows more than 100 rods for the purpose of ascertaining the extent of his title toward low water mark. It is only by considering the ordinance as having reference to the ordinary high and low water marks that a line of boundary at low water mark becomes known, which can be satisfactorily proved, and which having been once ascertained will remain permanently established."

Sir Mathew Hale in his treatise De Jure Maris, c. 4, says "the shore is that ground that is between the ordinary high and low water mark." He remarks also:

"It is certain that that which the sea overflows, either at high spring tides or at extraordinary low tides, comes not as to this purpose under the denomination of *littus maris*, and consequently the king's title is not of that large extent, but only to land that is usually overflowed at ordinary tides."

This treatise has been received by judicial tribunals and by distinguished jurists, both during the earlier and latter years of the law, with unqualified approbation and commendation. The authorship of this work has been questioned, but it has often been recognized in this country by the courts, and has become a text-book. Houck on Rivers, s. 30.

In Storer vs. Freeman, 6 Mass. 435, 4 Am. Dec. 155, it was in effect held that low water mark as applied to the seashore is ordinary low water mark.

In Canal Coms. vs. People, 5 Wend. 423, cited in Gould on Waters, s. 82, Chancellor Walworth, while holding that the common law rule was applicable to the navigable fresh rivers of New York, said:

"The principle itself does not appear to be sufficiently broad to embrace our large fresh-water lakes, or inland seas, which are wholly unprovided for by the common law of England. As to these there is neither flow of tide or thread of stream, and our local law appears to have assigned the shores down to the ordinary low water mark to the riparian owners, and the beds of the lakes with the islands therein to the public."

In Sloan vs. Bienviller, 34 Ohio St. 492, low water mark is defined to be ordinary low water mark; and in Seaman vs. Smith, 24 Ill. 521, it is said to be the line where water usually stands when unaffected by any disturbing cause. The question of what is meant by low water mark as a terminus of boundary was discussed and passed upon in Stover vs. Jack, 60 Pa. St. 339, 100 Am. Dec. 566, and it was held to be the ordinary low water mark. While the opinion of the court disclaimed the application of any law except that of Pennsylvania to the question, the reasoning of the court is very satisfactory. It said:

"To adopt any other rule than low water mark, unaffected by drought, as the limit of title, would carry the rights of riparian owners far beyond boundaries consistent with the interests and policy of the State, and would confer title where heretofore none has been supposed to exist. * * * Ordinary high water and ordinary low water each has its reasonably well defined marks, so nearly certain that there is not much difficulty in ascertaining it. The ordinary rise and fall of the stream usually finds nearly the same limits. But to bound title by a mark which is set by an extraordinary flood, or an extreme drought, would do injustice and contravene the common understanding of the people."

The suggestions as well as the others quoted apply with great pertinency to the case at the bar. Lake Champlain is a public, navigable water. It does not appear that at any other time in its history its waters have receded to the point to which they did in the exceptionally dry season of 1882. We think that upon reason and authority low water mark as a terminus of boundary must be held to mean ordinary low water mark. This being so, defendant Young did not enter upon the premises of the plaintiffs, as the referee finds that Young's boat, from which he fired at the ducks passing overhead, at the time of such firing was at a place in the lake below ordinary low water mark. To dispose of the case it is not necessary for us to determine what right, if any, the public has to sail over lands bordering Lake Champlain between ordinary high and ordinary low water marks, when such lands are covered with water; nor is it necessary to decide in respect to the right of the inhabitants of this State under ch. 11, s. 40, of our State constitution, in seasonable times, "to hunt and fowl on the lands they hold and on other lands not inclosed," nor in respect to the constitutionality of St. 1884, No. 79, and we do not consider either of these questions.

Judgment reversed as to defendant Young, and judgment that he recover his costs.

WATER KILLING DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Most deer killed in the Adirondacks are killed by hounding. The same is true of Maine. And yet in both regions the game is on the increase."

The above is a verbatim quotation from Deerslayer's last letter. He also says no arguments have been offered to show why the Legislature should forbid the hounding of deer in the Adirondacks, advancing the assertion that game is on the increase there in support of his arguments.

Any fair-minded sportsman will at once concede the falsity of his position in regard to hounding deer in Maine, and if the increase in the Adirondacks is from the same causes as that in Maine that fact of itself is argument enough why hounding should be forbidden, as hounding in Maine is a thing of the misty past, as is well known by all who are conversant with the state of affairs there. Bad luck to skin butchers and pot-hunters.

CAMPEROUT.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Nov. 20.

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of this date the individual who calls himself Deerslayer, but who should be named Deerbutcher, refers to the fact that I took with me into the Rocky Mountains on my trip recently described 200 cartridges, and seems to regard this as in some way an argument in his favor.

I did take 200 cartridges on a journey into the mountains which lasted three weeks, and to a camp which was at least two days' journey from any source of supply. I used many of these cartridges in sighting my new rifle, target shooting, trying to cut the heads off of grouse, etc., and brought back 125 of them unused.

The chorus of reprobation and denunciation which this person's original letter has aroused is trifling compared with the general abhorrence which it created. His second letter shows him to be so ignorant of the feelings of a sportsman and so bigoted in his ignorance that discussions with him would only be wasted. We can only hope that his "good old 10-gauge" may shortly burst and blow his head off, or that some one of his gang in the "half a dozen boats heading for the same deer" will providentially put his charge of buckshot where it will do the most good. Certainly the possibilities of accident in D.'s expeditions are extremely gratifying to all true woodsmen.

A. ST. J. NEWBERRY.

What Happened.

THE pack of hounds were soon on the trail of a "cottontail," who wearied shortly after the chase, and hied himself to the depths of Smithfield soil. When the hunters came up a ferret was brought into requisition and the rabbit was soon ensconced in the depths of a hunting-jacket pocket.—*Providence Journal.*

In other words: The dogs holed a hare, the ferret drove it out, and the hunter put it into his pocket.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE .22.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having made a discovery that I consider well worth making a record of, I resort to words which are hereby tendered to FOREST AND STREAM and after times.

The discovery I have made has undoubtedly been made before; but that doesn't greatly matter, for even Christopher Columbus only found this side of the world some ages after it had been inhabited and explored. I am inclined to think that either any one can make a discovery or that no one can. Discoveries are, after all, something rarer than they seem. When the North Pole is found probably there will be an Esquimau, a Chinaman or a native of the aurora borealis astride of it.

However, permit me to record that the modern .22cal. rifle is one of the things not thoroughly known and comprehended. The .22 is quite too generally looked upon as a toy gun or a sort of pea-shooter, suited to pistol galleries or parlor target practice. The .22, if its merits and virtues are to be recognized, has a large and obese future directly in front of it.

In my domain I have been annoyed with hawks, ground squirrels and gophers; gray squirrels, grouse and quail, jack rabbits, jays, skunks and numerous other small deer. When I had occasion to deal harshly with them I have had to resort to such weapons as an ordinary shotgun or Winchester rifle. My present haunt is in a wooded scope of mountains, and it is not often possible in such localities to get wing shots at either birds or skunks or rodents, while it seems like driving nails with a pile-driver to fire the guns of ordinary caliber at small game in the trees or on the ground.

I cultivated the acquaintance of a .22 and made it my own. The one I selected is a Marlin, shooting the rim-fire cartridges, short and long. I had it fitted with Lyman peep sight and bead, and I am now able to break a squirrel's neck at 50yds. and not make much noise about it either. I can surprise a hawk at 50 or 75yds. so that he never gets over it. Gophers, skunks, etc., just simply manifest their astonishment with a handspring or two and a few kicks at the sky.

My greatest satisfaction, however, is in the scientific style in which I can gather a quail or two in out of the wilderness, and do it in a sportsmanlike kind of a way. It is something of an achievement to any one who aspires to accuracy in shooting to break a quail's neck with a single pellet from a .22, and it is further a very satisfactory thing to know that the bird is either killed instantly or escapes uninjured.

I have merely touched upon a few of the good qualities of this model little gun, and in order to be brief I will make the sweeping assertion that it is the best arm in existence for genteel and proficient sportsmen, hunting for game smaller than bears or elk, and shooting distances under 100yds.

In open country, at wildfowl larger than a quail, an expert should kill three out of five birds a-wing. He should be able to kill further than with a shotgun, and he would rarely lose a cripple. To my mind the use of a shotgun, after using a .22 rifle, is much like catching trout with dynamite or exterminating ducks with a yacht cannon.

I venture to predict that what we now cherish as true sportsmanship—say the quality of being a good wing-shot with a shotgun, putting 1,000 pellets into a circle 1yd. in diameter at 40 or 50yds.—will be considered barbarous twenty years hence. In 1917 the genteel gunner will bring in ducks, grouse, squirrels, deer and the other trophies of his skill; but they will not be filled with pellets of No. 6 or No. 8 shot, or bear the fearful evidence of a .44 or .45-caliber rifle ball. If now and then such a gunner shows up, he will be looked upon as a pot-hunter from some backwoods swamp or the bad lands.

Sportsmanship is bound to keep pace with the times, and the true element of true sportsmanship is likely to crystallize into skill and accuracy rather than in the destructiveness and annihilation of game. Isn't it about time that our crack clubs should shoot bluerocks or live birds with a single pellet? RANSACKER.

SHASTA MOUNTAINS, California, Nov. 1.

THE MAINE MOOSE SUPPLY.

LOWELL, Me.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I noticed the statements of your Bangor correspondent Growler about what would be asked for at our next Legislature in regard to putting a close time on all moose in Maine for a term of years. He says that this matter has been discussed for years, that moose will soon become extinct, etc. At the same time our moose have been on the increase, and I think his own statements show it.

He says that large moose are getting scarce in Maine; that all the large males are so easily called in the love-making season, at which time they lose all fear and rush out to give battle to railroad trains, etc. I never but once saw a bull moose show signs of giving battle, and that one was with a cow when I came upon him. I shot him down on the start, so I can't say what he might have done. They can be called to the hunter quite readily through September; the first half after the 6th is the best, as then they have not many of them got a mate. But even then they are very cautious how they advance, and if they scent the hunter he loses his game. If this moose calling business can be well looked into it will be found that most of the moose called out and shot have been killed in September. October, as of late years, is a hard month to call out a bull moose. The principle reason is this: There are without doubt more cows than bulls, but not so many as some may suppose. A cow moose and a doe deer in most cases have two young at a birth, and in most cases a male and female.

Let us now see what he says about Game Warden Cummings, who has spent most of his time the past season in the Chamberlain Lake region. He actually counted nearly 500 moose. Does this look as though moose were nearly exterminated? Seventy-five bulls he counted (which were enough for the cows), but he did not see the average p oportion of the bulls; for, as a rule, while their horns are growing they keep on higher open grounds, the same as the male caribou and deer. He also speaks of Beal. Fowls, of Milo, one of the oldest and most experienced guides in Maine, seeing herds of moose the past season from fifteen to thirty. Then again several hundred moose this season have migrated from this section southeast and into Hancock and Washington counties.

From what I have seen and learned, the parties of hunters that went into the moose regions in September came out early in October with big moose heads, and I believe that if the State can send wardens into our moose sections in September and ahead of the hunters, it will make a big difference in regard to so many moose being killed the first part or first day of October. If the law we have can be enforced I believe it is well enough as it now is.

About my camps and the headwaters of Aroostock River the moose signs are as plenty as they have been for several years. Two bulls were killed near Grand Lake and two more wounded. None were called out, but were still-hunted, and the prospect is good for tracking when snow comes.

I think moose every season come to Maine from the Northwest. J. DARLING.

P. S.—In making a reply to Growler's statements about Maine moose, I thought I would not mention what he said about Dr. Weld, ex-Mayor of Old Town, Me., making an examination of eleven cow moose, where the Doctor found only four of the eleven that had promise of producing offspring in the spring. It is a foolish statement that a doctor examined dead moose after being dressed by the hunters and brought to market. When a hunter dresses a moose he removes everything that would show signs of offspring at that season of the year.

J. D.

BOSTON MEN IN MAINE WOODS.

BOSTON, Nov. 20.—The Harry Moore party is out of the woods with reports of good luck and a fine time. In the party were Messrs. E. Noyes Whitcomb, David McIntosh, Leroy S. Brown, George C. Moore and Harry B. Moore. They went to Camp West, St. Croix, Me., 388 miles from Boston, leaving that city Friday, Nov. 6, and getting back Saturday evening, Nov. 14. They had for guides Louis Bell, Robert S Porter, Fred. Shoulder and Jim Ireland. Much stormy and unpleasant weather was experienced, 2in. of snow falling on the night of the 11th. The log says that the party arrived at camp Saturday, the 7th. George C. Moore shot an owl, and Harry B. Moore jumped a buck; otherwise no hunting would have been done by the party that day. The next day, Sunday, "devotions" were held at the camp by a part of the company. George C. and Harry B. strolled fourteen miles, with Louis and rifles, to see the woods. They were much impressed by the density of the virgin forest. Neither would fire his rifle to break the stillness of the Sabbath. E. Noyes W. and Leroy S. B. sauntered out four miles with their rifles for defense. Monday a general survey of the forest was made by all of the party; saw many signs of deer and caribou. George C. M. and Harry B. M. walked up the track six miles. E. Noyes W. returned to camp with a portion of a rabbit. David McI. and L. S. B. also returned. Tuesday, Nov. 10, the party saw nine deer. Two were shot at and one was killed. Those seen were many miles from camp, hence only one was killed. Snow fell the next day. David McI. shot a doe, and a fat doe was killed by George C. M. He was also given an opportunity to kill a large buck, but politeness on the hunter's part lost him the chance. Three other deer were shot at, making seven seen that day. Thursday, Nov. 12, two deer were seen, but none killed; too much crust and too much noise. E. Noyes W. saw fresh moose signs. Friday, Nov. 13, five deer were seen and two killed. Leroy S. B. killed a magnificent buck with five horns. It dressed 183lbs. B. was naturally hilarious, but actually quiet. He fired two shots at the buck, only one of which was necessary. The first took effect in the buck's kidneys, located 65yds. away; the other in a log. This was the day that H. B. M.'s doe was shot, and she was too small to make much mention of. Dressed, she weighed 108lbs. The last night in camp the house cat had not returned. She disappeared Tuesday; sausage nearly every meal since. Saturday, the 14th, all took departure for home on the 8:05 train, with the exception of David McI. He had decided to stay until either a moose or buck fell to his rifle. E. Noyes W. suggests sending him all his winter clothes. The trip home was uneventful, except that the reporter of a daily paper came on at Bangor. He took the names of the party and their luck. His paper came out the next day with Leroy S. B.'s name down as "Annie S. Brown, one buck deer." The boys suggest that the deer must have been killed by Brown's aunt.

Nov. 23.—Tracking snows have not yet been much of a feature in favor of the Maine big game hunters. A few inches have fallen in some sections, giving fair hunting for a day, but followed at night by freezing and the consequent crust. But the slaughter of deer is great enough, doubtless all the supply can stand. The number can be accounted for only under the fact that the number of hunters has been much greater. Then the idea with certain guides to hunt about all the time during the open season and have deer ready killed for their patrons is being practiced more than ever this season. Legislation will have to stop this hunting if the game supply is to be kept up in that State. I have talked with sportsmen who have been into the Maine woods a good deal of late, and it is suggested that at least seven deer out of every ten have been killed by guides this fall.

Among the latest successes of Boston sportsmen may be mentioned H. S. Wilson, two deer, from Eustice; Dr. H. Kimball, two deer; H. M. Adams, one deer; C. A. Sanborn, one deer; H. Hallett, one deer; W. H. Butler, one deer; Dr. R. W. Tinker, one deer; Mrs. S. J. Maxton, one deer. SPECIAL.

LEDGE HOUSE, Dead River, Me., Nov. 18.—Mr. Fred. G. Feldhus, with a party of fourteen, have been here for the past week. They had very good success, getting a dozen deer and a big bull moose. Frank Place and B. L. Fowler, of Long Island, also got their deer and went home well pleased. Fred. Ash, with a party of five, are here now. They have got eight deer, some very fine bucks. Mr. W. H. Barns had very good luck, getting two nice deer. Mr. J. D. Wilkens while out hunting last week with Ed. Donahew, guide, got a big bull moose. He reports seeing seven other moose the same day.

Four times as many moose and deer have been shipped from the Ledge House this season as ever before, and all the guides report them far more plenty than ever before.

J. G. HARLOW.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

THE MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION

BOSTON, Nov. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Once more we count the season for outdoor sports and camp life over; to be sure, many sportsmen are yet in the woods trying for big game, but to a large majority the season of 1896 has gone into history. Of course we haven't ceased to talk over our experiences, good, bad and indifferent, and so far as I am concerned I am continually reminded that I wasn't alone in experiencing poor bass fishing in Lake Winnepisaukee last summer. I have heard of several experiences very like unto the one I explained in FOREST AND STREAM several weeks ago. They also all agree with my conclusion as to the cause for the poor fishing there—the abundance of natural bait in the lake, filled as it is with smelt, shiners, etc., giving the bass all food he wants without depending upon shiners, hellgramite, grasshoppers or any other lure that may be attached to a hook. So that it is perfectly natural that as others, no doubt better fishermen than I, didn't get many bass, I am more reconciled to my poor luck.

The first regular monthly meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association after the summer holidays was held at the Copley Square Hotel on the evening of Wednesday, 18th inst. It was also a subscription dinner and there were about fifty members seated around the well-filled tables, including President B. C. Clark, Secretary Kimball, ex-President George W. Wiggin, ex-President E. A. Samuels, Dr. Heber Bishop, Dr. E. M. Branigan, Warren Hapgood, Ballin Jones, J. S. Duncklee, E. E. Small, Charles G. Gibson, Loring Crocker, Dr. W. G. Kendall, W. B. Hastings, Walter Brackett, A. W. Robinson, J. Russell Reed, Dr. J. T. Stetson, H. B. Reed, Dr. W. A. Morris, George O. Sears, Dr. Wm. A. Read, Albert N. Parlin, Walter C. Prescott, Dr. B. B. Howe, Dr. A. R. Brown, J. Q. A. Field, D. C. Heath, Louis Prager, Wm. Reed, and others. After an excellent dinner President Clark spoke briefly, expressing the hope and belief that the members had passed a pleasant summer and were ready to take hold of the work of the association with renewed vigor. Several new members were elected and half a dozen names were proposed and referred to the committee on membership. The following committees were appointed: To nominate officers for the ensuing year: Dr. E. W. Branigan, Charles Stewart, Dr. J. W. Bull, Alexander Pape, Ivers W. Adams, W. B. Hastings, Loring Crocker. On annual dinner: Dr. Heber Bishop, Walter M. Brackett, C. J. H. Woodbury, Robert S. Gray, Charles F. Sprague, George W. Wiggin, Wm. B. Smart, Secretary Kimball. Dr. Bishop, for the committee, at once reported progress by saying that he had recently returned from Maine and that the best parts of a bull caribou were in the cold storage waiting the annual event. He also said he had located a couple of moose which he was going after later. Mr. Charles H. Ames was then introduced and gave a most exhaustive and interesting address upon "The Preservation vs. Extermination of Animal Life." He referred to the rapid decrease of wild game in the forests of the country; many specimens are already practically extinct and others are becoming so very rapidly. He knew that the slaughtering instinct in man was strong, and he also knew from personal experience that it could be repressed. This with a proper enforcement of wise and stringent laws would do much to save what game we have and encourage its increase. Mr. Ames's address was interspersed with instances of his personal experiences with the big game in almost every part of this great country, and held the closest attention of an audience entirely in sympathy with his conclusions. WM. B. SMART.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Beagles and Grouse.

It has always been one of the earnest ambitions of my life to become a dog man, although the inner circles of that cult have been barred against me for many years. The chief objection to my success is alleged to exist in the fact that I don't know anything about dogs, though there are a good many dog men who have none the best of me in that respect. Such are the inequalities of life. Well, anyhow, I was going to report the beagle trials this week up at Columbus, Wis., and I had me a new note book and a very knowing pair of leggings, and was on hand at the break of day on the appointed date. Consider the inequalities of fate yet again! The instant that it was discovered I was to report the trials the management declared the trials off, and not a beagle man was there. So I turned the affair into a grand *chasse au pied* and went rabbit hunting and squirrel hunting and grouse hunting in company with Ed. Graut and Geo. Berry. We had two beagles, one Irish setter and a rattling good time; and barring the failure of my ambition I was very much content with the arrangement.

We killed a few rabbits and a number of squirrels, and, best of all, got into some good grouse country, so that I had a touch of sport of most interesting sort. We hunted in a country which has been settled for forty or fifty years and which is highly cultivated and thickly inhabited. Here and there over this farming land we found strips and patches of woodland, some of it second growth, perhaps thirty, forty or fifty acres in a body, and in a number of these bits of woodland we found these magnificent game birds, the ruffed grouse, sometimes two or three, sometimes five or six. On our second day we put up about a dozen birds in all, and by hard work managed to bag six of them during the day, to say nothing of something like a dozen squirrels and three or four rabbits which got in the way while we were chasing the grouse around and tiring them down so we could accomplish their undoing. The merry little sawed-off hounds made our grouse shooting harder, as they put the birds up into the trees, where we could not see them till they were off like a flash from above or behind us. If a man can kill a ruffed grouse going out of a tree through scrub oak and a thicket, he can kill any animate thing that flies. Both my companions did this, but none of us did it all the time, and I think each bird cost us an average of a half dozen shots. I never got mixed up with more exciting sport. Each bird brought to bag meant a triumph after long effort, and even my friends, who were old and callous grouse shots, exulted with me over each bird as we picked it up.

One old cock afforded us especial trouble. We started him no less than six times during the day, and each of us had from three to six shots at him. It was well toward evening when Graut and I got him up again, and marked

him down closely near the edge of the wood. We thought we had him sure then, and arranged to meet him when he rose with a salvo rapid enough to stop him, but try as we might, we could not start him for a long time. At length the wily old fellow sprang out directly at my feet, where he had lain while we walked all round and over him. He went like an arrow for the open, and I shot at him before he had gone 10ft., but did not touch him. Inside of 20ft. he was around behind a big oak which was covered with heavy leaves, and there I could only guess at his whereabouts. To make the story complete I should say that I killed him anyhow, but the fact is I didn't touch him at all, and only shot a hole through the leaves, to show him there was no coldness.

Graut did not get a shot at him that time, and we both marked the bird, as we thought, across the road and into a bit of open wood, where we were sure he would take to a tree, as there was no cover on the ground. With more or less profane admiration for the old veteran who had fooled us so often, we followed on, feeling sure we would get him this time. Yet though we spent three-quarters of an hour looking in the trees and kicking brush piles we could not put him up. He had vanished! We could not believe that the bird had departed from the one foolish custom the ruffed grouse has, that of flying in a straight line nearly always, but at length gave him up as a spirit bird. A little later we blundered over him within 20yds. of the place where we had first found him, and then knew that he had circled far around to the left and gone back on his own trail, crossing the road and then coming back again out of our sight. Berry got a shot then, but could not stop him, and again we lined him up and followed after. This time the cunning of the old cock forsook him and he flew straight. In a thicket we found him once more, as full of fly as ever. Out he went with a roar, and Graut called out "shoot" to Berry, who was nearest. The latter did so, and so did Graut, who had a side shot at about 40yds., Berry being further than that when he fired. As the guns cracked, three barrels in all, I saw the old cock pitch forward, bounding clear of the ground as he struck, and tearing off a bunch of feathers with the soundness of his impact. One big pellet of No. 6 shot from Berry's gun had caught him in the back and killed him stone dead. He was a handsome bird, and we made a group of admirers about him, but we could not help feeling sorry we had killed the gallant creature which had made so good a fight. Indeed, it was a shame to do so, and in a way unsportsmanlike; for I am satisfied that if it had not been for that stray pellet of shot the bird would have afforded us several days more of shooting, and might perhaps have lasted over till next year. I am sure I should have been entirely contented to hunt him all the rest of the season, for a warier quarry never was pursued by man. If each shooter of the United States had one of these indestructible fowls to shoot at as he liked, I am sure we should hear less of the big bag butchers, and less of complaint about poor shooting at the end of long trips. A bird like that is a useful member of society.

In extenuation of the unfortunate ending of our pursuit of him, I should like to add that it was not my hand which slew him, and that I consider his death to have been accidental. I had shot at the bird a number of times, but had not injured it in the least, and we were having a good time together and understanding each other perfectly, until Berry ended the fun by killing the chief actor in the play. This is the way we held the beagle trials, and I submit that they were very successful in every respect this year. But we nearly ruined two beagles by going away after ruffed grouse and leaving them to run rabbits patiently and tunely by the hour, with no game killed ahead of them to give them a bit of encouragement. We saw nothing in the club rules forbidding the use of ruffed grouse as the game upon which the beagles were to be tested. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Some Non-Residents in Wisconsin.

PORTLAND, Ind., Nov. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have word from the east section of Wisconsin through some of our men just returned from Wausaukee, on the C., M. & St. P. R'y.

A party of eight left here at noon on Oct. 21, expecting to camp on the Menominee River, the boundary line between Wisconsin and Michigan. When they arrived at Wausaukee they were advised that hunters were hounding deer all along the river. They therefore took the advice of a guide and located on Bass Lake, sixteen miles from the station. They were either illy advised or did very poor work, for they got neither fish, fowl nor flesh. They saw a camp of native hunters, who had several deer strung up which had been killed before the open season was changed by the recent decision of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin.

There is hardly a question but what the Legislature at its next session will pass a game law similar to that of Michigan. The result will be to deprive the railroads of considerable revenue from parties who make a trip for the recreation, men who are not hunters, who never kill anything but pine squirrels and rabbits. The men who can and do kill deer will pay the license fee and then woe to the game that shows itself, for the non-resident will feel that he has been discriminated against, and human nature is human nature the world over. However, the number of deer taken in the Northern States by non-residents is a small item. I have seen enough to know that it is the men who hunt out of season, and those who hunt with dogs, that will be responsible for the destruction of the deer supply in these United States of America.

Nov. 10.—The remnant of the hunting party that went to Wisconsin from here came home this morning. They got one buck—a party of eight, at an expense of about $240. So much for the destruction of deer by non-residents. G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

Off for Maine.

LAST Friday a party consisting of Dr. G. H. Wright, of Plainfield, N. J.; C. M. DuBois, of Essex, N. Y.; W. A. Hoisington, of the Page Fence Co., Adrian, Mich., and J. B. Burnham, of FOREST AND STREAM, left New York for a two weeks' hunt in northern Maine.

They entered the woods from Patten, which is now connected with the B & A. R. R. by a short side line, and went into camp north of Katahdin and no great distance from Sourdnabunk Lake, at a point selected by Jock Darling.

Notes from Illinois.

CHICAGO, Ill.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Nov. 14 I notice that there are a good many who have the same opinion of Deerslayer that I have myself. There is only one fault in their criticism: they do not bear down half hard enough. I remember that when I was quite a small boy, living on a farm with my parents about fifty miles southwest of Chicago, it was no uncommon sight to see in a ten-mile drive from ten to fifty deer. Now we have nothing larger than the prairie chicken.

Chickens are fairly plenty this fall, but are very wild and but few are shot. I have had a little experience that surprised me. My son and I started about sunrise for a day's fishing. We also took a Stevens .32 rifle. When about half way we saw some chickens sitting on a fall plowing about 160yds from the road. I told my son to watch where the ball struck the plowed ground. I expected the ball to fall a little short, for I had only the short cartridges. The rifle cracked; no dust flew; but the chickens rose to a standing posture, but did not fly. Slipping in another cartridge, I raised the sight to shoot about 2in. higher. When the gun cracked, the chicken rose straight up for about 40ft. and in a wobbling way flew about 75yds. and dropped in a cornfield. After some time we found it stone dead. One leg was broken about 1½in. below the thigh at the first shot; there was also a bullet hole as near the center as possible. When we got home I was surprised to find that the last shot had passed through the heart about ½in. from the small end and the liver was torn to mince-meat. Now, I have heard of bears being shot in that manner and making a good fight for fifteen minutes after; but a bird living long enough to fly after being shot through the heart is something I cannot understand, and I suppose I have shot 1,000 chickens in my lifetime. L. P.

Some Tennessee Bird Notes.

GRAND VIEW, Tenn., Nov. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The folks have gone over to Possumtrot, and I improve the opportunity to write you a few lines.

This has been a very warm day, and the song birds are jubilant in the thickets. This ridge (which is a span of the Cumberland Mountains) seems to be a favorite resting place for many of the migratory birds. About the 6th of October the house cat brought in a meadowlark. I did not at the time know that it was a migrant, but it appears that these birds do not remain here during the summer months, but merely pass back and forth. Since the time when I saw the first one they have been moving southward in small flocks of five to twenty-five, and for about a week none have been seen.

The robin's first note was heard Oct. 24, but we saw none—in fact, I have seen not one. Yet they were said to be in the woods Oct. 31 in large numbers. I am told that they usually move southward in detached flocks, but come north in February or March, when they feed on the berries of the holly—probably also on seeds, etc. A good many of the smaller birds—warblers, etc.—have passed over us high in air within the past ten days, and there are many little finches about the clearings.

Ducks and geese were reported a week ago as coming into the Tennessee River. I have seen several nuthatches about of late. Antler says they used to be very numerous here, but that he has seen but few in a long while.

KELPIE.

Posting in New Jersey.

ASBURY PARK, N. J.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The observant man has but to take such a trip to realize how greatly the sphere of the sportsman is narrowing. Everywhere the warning signs against trespass meets the eye, even on grounds where I have tramped since my early boyhood and which have always been free the proscription is general. While the owner of real estate has the right beyond question to regulate the matter to his own liking, prompted in many cases no doubt by gross carelessness on the part of gunners, who, disregarding all property rights, break down fences and otherwise destroy property, still there is no excuse for conspiracy which at present is a matter of common comment. Certain sportsmen band themselves together, wait upon the farmers and agree to pay for the printing and posting of the notices provided that they, the sportsmen, shall have the sole privilege of shooting over his grounds. Many of the farmers are men of liberal minds and care but little in reference to the matter, but are easily pursuaded, especially as Mr. Jones on the right and Mr. Smith on the left are willing. I hope this is true of but a small territory and that such a custom will never become prevalent. LEONARD HULIT.

Ducks on the Ithaca Marsh.

ITHACA, N. Y., Nov. 20.—Snow and a rattling strong wind blowing stiff and ugly from out the north ushered in Saturday, Nov. 14, and it witnessed a splendid flight of ducks sweeping over the Ithaca Marsh. Wildfowl gunners regarded it as one of the best flights in years. An army of shooters occupied every available inch throughout the big stretch of marshland and enjoyed the fast cannonade. A local daily credits the best individual score as consisting of thirty-five ducks. Cayuga Lake is at present occupied by a good-sized army of wildfowl which the storms from the North will promptly set in motion. And then list you to the boom of the guns!

M. CHILL.

A North Carolina Quail Center.

MOUNT AIRY, N. C., Nov. 20.—There are more birds this year in this vicinity than have been known for several years. I have been driving through the country adjacent to Mt. Airy and have seen many large coveys of full-grown, fat birds. Mr. Fred G. Johnson went out about a week ago and killed thirty-two in one day. You can get out in the morning from three to five miles from town and find plenty of birds, have all the sport you want to have, bag from twenty-five to fifty birds and get back to town by 6 o'clock in the evening. Fine open fields for shooting in. SAMUEL G. PAGE.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

Sea and River Fishing.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XXII.—We-nen-gway.

AFTER a while we got into a swampy region which was frozen, or we couldn't have run lines through it. Lakes were frequent and we saw many wigwams where there were high frames for drying fish. Crotches about 10ft. high held poles, and across these were laid others, forming a rude platform, on which the fish were dried for winter use. As near as I can remember the fish were whitefish, lake trout and either pike or mascalonge, for I then knew as little of the differences between the two latter species as an Adirondack guide or the average fish dealer does. Now I could trade bread, flour, pork or sugar for an occasional fish, but McBride always wanted to be assured that they had been thoroughly scrubbed, for he was a little shy of eating anything which an Indian had handled.

Our old friend, whom we had named He-who-takes-so-much-at-a-mouthful, still followed us up, and I had become more than tired of him, and was wondering how he could "be shook." Some little things had been missed, such as forks and spoons; there was no evidence that he had taken them, but when I once left a jackknife sticking in a log where I had been using it and it was gone an hour afterward I suspected Mouthful because he was the only man around camp besides myself. I said nothing about it, but resolved to keep an eye out for him. If, after feeding him for over a month, and sharing my tobacco with him, he would steal from me I wanted to know it. I began to hate him, and he soon saw that he was not welcome; but he rejoiced when Gibbs was in camp. One day when Gibbs stayed in I put a new handle in a little belt axe and then began sandpapering a handle for the larger camp axe, for we had extra ones. The little axe lay by the fire and I was sitting in the door of the tent when old Mouthful came up and grunted his salute, and sat down so that his blanket covered the axe. I noted that fact and said to Gibbs, "Go talk to him, give him a pipeful of tobacco, anything to keep his mind off his appetite, and when I smooth up this axe helve I'll play you a game of euchre."

While we were playing cards old Mouthful arose, wrapped his blanket about him, and walked off. The belt axe was gone. I called after him, "Nidgee!" several times, but he didn't look around, and I grabbed the axe helve and started after him. He was in a well-worn path, bordered with prickly ash, and when he found me close behind him he sprang into the bush, but not in time to escape a whack on the shoulders with the hickory helve, and he dropped the hatchet. When I returned to camp Gibbs was indignant. Said he: "If I was where I could get out of these woods I'd go. You are always knocking the Indians around, shoving them out of the way if they crowd around the fire, and now you've struck one of them and we may all be murdered. These Indians are revengeful, and that man will remember you if he meets you ten years from now."

"You think he will remember me as long as that?"

"Yes, he will; he'll treasure that up against you as long as he lives, for their memories are long and they never forgive an injury."

"Well, Gibbs," said I, "when I ask him to forgive me it will be time for him to do it. Just now I'm not asking any favors of him, and as for his remembering me, that's all right. I hope he will, and I'll remember him, and if he ever comes to this camp or I meet him in the woods I'll lick him again. I'm just as mad as he is, and I've suspected him of stealing from us all winter and now I've caught him in the act. I don't want to argue this case, but what I've told you is just what I'll do, and you can bet on it."

"Suppose a dozen of his friends take this thing up, and come down on us in the night and kill us all. What can six men do in such a case?"

"I tell you," said I, "the case is not a supposable one. You know that their head chief, Hole-in-the-day, lives near Crow Wing, and that he told McBride, through an interpreter, that if any of his men molested us in any way he would punish them, and every Indian from this place to Lake Superior has been notified of this. There is a whole mass of stuff in your head about Indians that I don't suppose you could get out with a fine-toothed comb; but you will never find that fellow around our camp again; he is a lazy, thieving beggar, who can't have any standing among his people"

Just how far this satisfied Gibbs is a question. His mind was filled with romantic ideas of the red man which he had obtained from books, and he had no idea of the degraded ones who hang around a trading post, too lazy to hunt, trap or fish. I saw many Indians that winter who were too proud to beg, and this only proves that the red man is human and differs in mental make-up as other men differ. A very different man was We-nen-gway, whom I met on the border of one of those immense cranberry marshes which were common where we then were. Some of these marshes might have contained a thousand acres, and were red with frozen berries. As we had sugar in plenty you may imagine what an agreeable sauce we had with our boiled pork, roast pork, baked beans, etc. His name meant Dirty-face and he looked it. I wondered if he took pride in his name and kept his face in that condition by some vow to abstain from washing, but on closer acquaintance it was evident that the dark spots were birth marks, for which he was not responsible. He watched me gather a quart of berries and accepted a piece of tobacco in a dignified sort of way. He was evidently a superior man to Mouthful and one not disposed to look too favorably on the invasion of his ancestral domain by the white man, but his tribe had sold this land to the long knives and that settled it. I took a fancy to this man; here was the ideal man that Gibbs had read of!

Some days afterward he visited our camp, which was moved a few miles most every day to one of the cardinal points of the compass, and he brought me a fine lake trout. It was a fresh one and I was interested at once. There was no game in the country and my rifle was a useless burden in moving camp, but there must be fish near by.

I asked Dirty-face to eat, and set out some cold boiled pork and cold beans, as well as hot coffee. This was a treat to him, but it was evident that he had eaten during

the previous week and was not filling up for the week to come. We naturally talked about the fish, and he told me that over by his wigwam was a lake with plenty of fish; and as our move next day would bring our camp near his, he would show me where and how to catch some o-gah. This was a new name, and after drawing pictures of fish as well as I could on a piece of birch bark, I drew a pike or pickerel and said "Ken-o-shah;" he said it was the same. "O-gah" I never met before as a name for pike; but kenosha, kenoje or kenozha was the more common name for the fish. If those who wish to trace the derivation of the names of fish as used in popular nomenclature will take down their volumes of FOREST AND STREAM and look at the articles on the name of mascalonge, maskinonje, etc., they will find all that is known of the Indian name from which the various spellings are derived. See Vol. XXVI., page 149, March 18, 1886; and Vol. XXVI., page 268, Oct. 28, 1886.

From our new camp on the shore of a nameless lake I could see the wigwam of my new friend on the other side, about half a mile off; and after getting things in shape I went over to him. His wigwam was a typical Ojibwa residence, made of skins laid over many poles which came together at the top, where there was an opening for the smoke to go out. It was circular in form, much like the cumbrous Sibley tent which some of our troops used in 1862. On the outside there were records of hunts or fights in black and red pigments, which could be read by those versed in their pictorial histories, but which were a huckleberry beyond my persimmon. A skin flap kept out the cold, a small fire in the middle diffused all the heat it had to spare, and a goodly portion of it went out with the smoke. They made small fires of twigs and squatted over them, freezing one side while warming the other, and said that ours were so hot that a man could not get near them to warm himself; but I noticed that many nights our big fires were patronized by traveling Indians to sleep by, instead of making small ones for themselves. Did you ever notice that man is the only animal which lies with his feet to the fire? If you haven't observed this, just look at your dog bake his head under the stove.

I was invited inside. Besides the flavor of smoke from burning wood there were several other perfumes which you never smelled in a barber's shop. Mentally I quote a couplet from Tennyson's "Maud" as I recall the combined odors:

"The woodbine spices are wafted abroad
And the musk of the roses blown."

The family consisted of Mme. Dirty-face and two girls of sixteen and eighteen, and three young boys. By a most convenient arrangement the parlor, sitting-room, bedroom, dining-room and kitchen were all on one floor, with no partition nor stairs to climb when the head of the house came home with a load. I took this all in at a glance—the architectural beauties, I mean—the odors came in through a different sense. When I described it to Henry Neaville I could only compare it to a flavor met in boyhood days when I dug up a nest of young woodchucks.

"Yes," said Henry, "I've been in a wigwam in winter, but the flavor, as I remember it, was more of an ornithological character and seemed to resemble that of a nest of young woodpeckers."

Dirty-face took down a couple of spears and an axe, and we went up the lake to an open air-hole where it was probable that a spring boiled up from the bottom and kept the ice from forming over its warmer waters. He advanced cautiously and sounded the ice with the poll of his axe until it broke; he chipped off the edge which would not bear us and we had firm footing at the margin of the water. His spears were not like the gig which Guyon and I used in sketch XV., but were made with a single point with two barbs, like an arrow-head; they appeared to be made from saw blades and were fastened in clefts in the handles, which were of some heavy wood. Our ice cutting had scared away any fish which might be near, so we waited and smoked. The snow on the ice prevented our seeing into the water except where it was open, and it also shielded us from being seen by the fish. Once I stamped a foot and my friend said "Kego," and as the word means both "fish" and "don't," it was a caution either way. Soon we could see an occasional fish of good size in the clear water, but too deep to be reached with a spear.

His patience exceeded mine, and it began to be monotonous to see the fish swimming below out of range in the clear water, and I said to him: "Kego-de-me," the fish are very deep. He grunted an assent and pulled out a thin white stone not unlike a fish in general shape, and tied it to his spear with a few feet of string. This he moved gently about and several fish gave it respectful attention without being impertinent, and then a large lake trout rose and I struck and missed it; its tail was toward me, and my spear went on one side. I knew that my friend must be more expert, and I took his spear and played the lure in the water, drawing it near the surface if a fish rose. Soon he plunged his spear into a fish which stood broadside and was about to seize the decoy. The cord ran out rapidly, but the flight was soon checked and a fine nay-may-goos lay upon the snow. I spell the name as I learned to speak it. Scientists call the lake trout *Salvelinus namaycush*, softening the original word. Dirty-face insisted that I should try it again and I did, for I wanted to learn how to handle this new kind of spear; a large pike came up to the lure and I sent the steel into it and secured it. We took three more fish, and then it was time for me to go to camp to get things in shape for the return of the linemen. I went back by way of the wigwam and stopped awhile and gave Mrs. Dirty-face some tobacco, and she ordered the girls to clean the fish for me. I took two—enough for our supper with the rice and beans—and would take no more. I have always been in doubt whether her action was genuinely generous or not, for the whole party visited me next day, and again when we moved to the upper end of the lake, and if a balance was struck between those two fish (which may have weighed 12lbs.) and an unknown quantity of bread, beans, rice, coffee and sugar—really, I don't know if there would be any balance.

I have remarked on the absence of game and other animal life. The snow which fell in September and had lain without addition or melting had become too hard to record the passing of small animals such as mink, rabbits or even the heavier coons, but I saw a mink and a fox and heard the great gray timber wolf several times. The Canada jay and the raven were the most common birds, and I saw the little chickadee and a bird which I did not know, but now think might have been the shrike, or butcher bird. I never ceased to be surprised at the absence of life in this wilderness.

December came and the cold increased. One morning the trees were bursting with a sound like rifles and Gibbs thought we were attacked. He and Crosby jumped up out of bed before daylight, but soon returned when the rest of the party laughed at them, for we knew what the noise meant, having heard it before. After reaching Crow Wing we learned that the thermometer had been 40° below zero on several occasions. There was no wind in the heavy timber and we were warmly clad and could hardly realize how cold it was. Coats were discarded, but no man knew how many flannel shirts he had on; and as long as the body part of a pair of trousers held together the legs of them were reinforced by cylinders made of bed ticking fastened at top and bottom; these were not removed when worn out, but other reinforcements were added outside them until a cross section of a leg might have shown half a dozen strata of bed tick above the original deposit of trousering.

We had now reached the northern line of our survey at its eastern end, over by Mille-lacs, and were working the upper tier of townships toward the Mississippi. One day I was out with my rifle in the hope of finding game when I came across a wigwam by a small stream. I entered without ceremony, in accordance with Indian etiquette, and found a party of perhaps a dozen, bucks and squaws, seated on the ground around a small fire in the center, over which a sheet iron camp kettle was boiling and sending forth a savory odor. I was hungry after the tramp, although I had bread, pork and beans in plenty, but had not eaten. After giving the mixed French and Indian salute which they commonly used, I invited myself to sit down, and this was also correct Ojibwa form. There was an oppressive silence, oppressive to me at least.

"The silence of the place was like a sleep,
So full of rest it seemed; each passing tread
Was a reverberation from the deep
Recesses of the ages that are dead."

How different these people were from a party of white men waiting for a feast. There was no chat, jest, song or story. For idle men they take life seriously, and yet they are like children in many of their moods. I could never learn to live their way; that impassive, self-contained manner seems to be a continual sort of dress parade, so to speak, for they can be roused to enthusiasm by war or the hunt. I can't say that I like such people; they are not cordial, and seem to be sitting in cold and unsympathetic judgment on not only you, but every other thing on earth. During the winter it had been evident that I was not a favorite with the native American. He-who-takes-so-much-at-a-mouthful evidently preferred Gibbs to me, and some others whom I had bounced out of camp because of persistent begging had no great love for me, and so there was no amount of love lost between us. I stood, as the commissary of our party, the custodian of its supplies, which would have melted away in a week if all comers had been regaled as our friend Gibbs would have entertained them. They would have stayed by him as long as the provisions lasted; they liked Gibbs.

In this party in the wigwam I recognized Dirty-face and others who had been at our camp and had eaten of our pork, their great dainty which they called koo-koosh; but there was no cordial handshake, only a nod and a grunt, which is their limit of welcome. A squaw arose, thrust a stick into the kettle and brought up meat; she was satisfied that it was sufficiently cooked, and took the kettle from the fire and went outside with it. I had curiosity enough to get up and follow. She put the kettle in the snow and scraped up snow about it to cool it. I asked her what meat she was about to serve to her guests, at the same time giving her what pork I had. We were friends! Pork was good, and she had only muskrat to offer. Muskrat was not fat like pork and bear meat, but it was warm and she hoped I would like it.

Away back in the fourth article of this series I told of Bill Fairchild's experience with the muskrat as food, as he related it at a seance in Port Tyler's cabin, in Greenbush. If you remember, Bill could follow the Frenchman's advice—could "skin da mus'rat, bile him a leetle, den fry a-heem an' eat him, an' oh!" Also that Bill said he could come it all but the "oh!" Right here I wish to record my first experience with the musquash as an epicurean dish. I ate it years afterward from choice while camping with Mort. Locke, John Fish and Wm. Downey on Cayuga Lake, N. Y., as the two last named, now living at Honeoye Falls, N. Y., will testify, if they have any regard for the truth; but that is another story, and there's no use telling how we played it on one of the party for something else in the way of game.

When the contents of the camp kettle were cool, the squaw brought it in and a group formed around it on one side of the fire. I was not only hungry, but was curious to taste muskrat, which is a very clean feeder; but somehow the cook and the surroundings were not conducive to much appetite, but they asked me to join and I joined. They dipped their hands in the kettle, and it is doubtful if they had been manicured recently. Dirty-face handed me a piece, and I wondered if any in the party might be named Dirty-hand. I wasn't hungry now and said so, but felt a delicacy about refusing to eat with these friendly folk, and also felt a delicacy about eating food served in this manner. They omitted napkins and finger bowls, and somehow didn't seem to miss them. I ate a little, very little, said it was good, but I wasn't hungry just then and went out. The air outside was excellent.

I could have said with Petruchio:

"Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?"

Gratiano, in "The Merchant of Venice," asks a question to which he evidently expects no answer:

"Who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?"

I pungled off and ate my little cold luncheon beside a spring on the lake side. There were no napkins nor finger bowls there, but there was that satisfying knowledge that the hands which handled the food had been bathed since they skinned the last muskrat. On relating this to Henry Neaville he remarked:

"I don't care what any of these writers on health say about too frequent bathing being injurious, I believe that a man ought to wash his hands once a month, whether they need it or not."

Our surveys were nearly finished and nothing was left to be done but to meander the river and figure the fractional sections which it cut, and to do a little work around Crow Wing. Henry Neaville and I were to pack up and get back to the trading post and meet the party there. An Indian, a stranger, came to camp and begged for whisky. I told him we had none, but he saw the molasses keg and kept on begging until Henry said: "Give him some pepper sauce." I had put the liquor from several of the bottles into one and had thrown away the peppers, and taking up the bottle Henry and I pretended to drink, and then he was wild for some. I showed him with my thumb on the bottle how much or how little he must drink, and he grunted assent, seized the bottle with both hands, and such swallows as he took before it burned him I never saw. If one swallow doesn't make a summer, those he took made it hot enough for him. He drew a long breath and snorted "woof," like a bear, and started for the river. Three times he stopped and snorted and then ran out of sight. Henry roared, rolled over and roared. When he got his speech he said, between spasms: "Golly, but that Injun thinks there was more fire than water in that 'scutah-wawba; oh, dear! he's gone for a doctor; he thinks you've poisoned him. Oh, if Gibbs was only here to tell you how Mr. Lo will remember that drink!"

We stopped a couple of days at Crow Wing, and I became acquainted with the brothers who kept the trading post. I think their name was McDonald, but am not sure, and Mr. Davies isn't. They told of an Indian who died there some winters before when the ground was frozen too hard to bury him, and how they stood him up all winter against the north side of the house and buried him in the spring, and some other cheerful stories of dead Indians. A Mr. Morrison lived there, one of the leading men of northern Minnesota, for whom the county below Crow Wing is named. He had married an Ojibwa woman and had two grown-up daughters, who had been educated in St. Louis, and they played the piano for us and our visit was an event in Crow Wing life. Bishop McElvaney was there and preached on the birth of Christ in Morrison's house, while Davies and others sang. I didn't sing; when I sing the police always pull the house, thinking there must be a dog fight in the back room.

I went up to see Hole-in-the-day and he showed me a Colt's rifle, made like a revolver, inlaid with gold, which was given him by President Franklin Peirce a year or two before. I understood that it was taken from the Patent Office by consent of Col. Colt. He talked about trading it for my rifle, if I added enough dollars to suit him. He was poor, or pretended to be, and I wanted that rifle very much, but thought best to consult with the brothers at the post. One of them said: "It's against the law to trade with these people without a license, and if you trade with him for the gun he can send a man after it, and you will lose both rifles and all you've paid, and then may have some trouble with the law." That settled the trading, but when I saw the old chief again he wanted to know, in confidence, if we had any whisky left. I doubt if a single Indian believed that six white men who had so many things they thought to be luxuries spent half the winter in the woods without whisky. To them it seemed an absurd proposition. The Indians who hung around trading posts were not of the best class, and had readily copied all the vices of the white man from a class whose virtues were not so apparent. They had not then adopted the white man's dress except the calico or the flannel shirt. The wore the breech-clout and leggings, a shirt and the invariable blanket.

When we were up along the river we were near the great northern trail from the Red River of the North, and Henry said that the mail was due in a day or two, so he had heard from a half-breed. "This mail," said he, "comes down in a dog sledge, and if we can put out some pieces of pork in the snow you'll see some fun."

That did seem the proper thing to do, and in fact it was the only way possible to extract any fun out of a dog train, and we planted pieces of pork at intervals of 100ft., more or less, and waited. It was next morning before we heard the driver calling to his dogs a long way off, for sound travels far in the cold and over snow. On he came, with five wolfish-looking dogs harnessed tandem, with rawhide traces and soft collars, to a flat-bottomed sled make of thin birch boards turned up in front and lashed together with thongs and covered with a skin tied over all, and without runners. The driver ran beside the team, touching a dog here and there with a long lash fastened to a handle about 1ft. long. The leader struck a piece of pork, and in a moment four dogs were on him fighting for it and the harness was all tied up. He plied the whip and made appropriate remarks while doing it. Some dog bolted the meat, for the fighting stopped and there was no pork in sight. The half-breed muttered something, evidently not a prayer, while he put each dog in its place and on he went in no pleasant mood, and the scene was soon repeated. He was near us this time and we could see that the second dog won the prize, while the rest had to be contented with a bite of or from his neighbor. It was fun for the dogs and for us, but from what the half-breed said I doubt if he enjoyed it. If he had seen us he might have indulged in more oratory, but he had to waste his eloquence on the dogs. It was fun to do this at that time, because we thought it fun. To-day we wouldn't do it, because there would be no fun in it. Thus we view things at different periods of life. The fire-crackers we shot off half a century ago don't sound as joyful as they did and we go into the country to avoid them; so we go.

McBride sold our provisions—I think there were two barrels of flour and one of pork left—and if memory serves he got about $20 per barrel for the flour, and twice that for the pork. Long prices; but transportation from St. Paul over 100 miles away over a winter road, and no way of getting from St. Louis to St. Paul except by teams when the river was frozen, made things come high. The wagon was sold and a bob-sleigh bought, the box filled with straw and blankets, and on Dec. 22 we started for home. Two days later we stopped just outside St. Paul. It did seem good to get in a bed again, but we couldn't stand a room with windows closed. We had slept in the pure, cold air too long for that. We left the river at Red Wing and took the west side, avoiding the hotels in the large towns, stopping at country taverns, and we had

what Henry called "dead loads of fun." At these rural hostelries we struck a dance most every night. At a small place not far from Rochester, Minn., the fiddler didn't show up and some country roughs proposed to wreck the hotel, and the landlord appealed to us for protection. We were at a late supper, and Tom Davies finished first and went out and talked with the turbulent spirits; but he was only one man, and he came back for reinforcements. We went out in a body at the landlord's suggestion, and after he had said a few words in a conciliatory way I winked to Henry and he came; we took the leader of the gang one side and I said to him:

"This party of ours has just come out of the woods, and they're peaceable enough if there isn't any fighting going on; but if there's any fighting you can't keep 'em out. We don't know any of the people here, but the landlord is a white man, and if a fight is started we're with him. Do you see that dark man over there? Well, he's a Welshman; look at the build of him, he can kill a steer with one blow of his fist," and I pointed to Tom Davies.

"I've seen him do it three times down in Wisconsin," said Henry.

"It's just here," said I. "There isn't going to be any fighting in this house to-night unless we all take a hand in it, and if we do I tell you as a friend to keep away from that Welshman."

"Buried was the bloody hatchet;
Buried was the fearful war club;
Buried were all warlike weapons,
And the war cry was forgotten;
Then was peace among the nations."

Just what delayed the fiddler is lost in memory's fog, but the lads and lasses were impatient; a thought struck my old bosom-block Henry. Could the landlord get a fiddle? The landlord could, and did. Behold Henry seated on a chair on top of a table, tuning up! Such tuning and such playing! He was not Ole Bull, but he came as near to him as he could. I can see him now, beating time with his boot—which had been cut open to allow his frozen toe to expand—and calling off: "First two forward!" etc. After a while the missing fiddler arrived and relieved Henry without any perceptible improvement in the music, but there was an era of good feeling, and it was

"On with the dance!
Let joy be unconfined!
No sleep till morn,
When Youth and Pleasure meet."

We went through Pleasant Grove, where we met Hiram Gilmore, of Potosi, who gave us late news of our families, and on the 28th we stopped at Decorah, Ia.; we struck the Mississippi at Clayton City, with sick horses; they would neither eat nor drink, and what the matter was I don't know, only that we were delayed. From there we took the ice to Cassville, Wis., where we stopped all night and then struck out for home, which we reached just after sundown on the last day of the year, and, as the King says in Hamlet:

"At night we'll feast together:
Most welcome home."

FRED MATHER.

ALVAH DUNNING.—Can any one tell where a letter will reach Alvah Dunning, the old Adirondack guide? His headquarters have usually been about Racquette Lake and the Fulton Chain. On Oct. 13 I mailed a letter to him at Old Forge, with a request to the postmaster to forward it. This is a common thing to do in the case of well-known Adirondack men, and letters are taken in the woods by the first guide going that way. The letter was returned to me last week, unopened. I wish to write Alvah up some time. Few men in that region are better known than he, and no doubt some kind angler will see this and put me on his moccasin tracks, if he is still in the land.

F. M.

Concerning a Bull.

THE PACIFIC-UNION CLUB, San Francisco.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For a double-distilled "bull" please see Fred Mather's article in your issue of Nov. 7, third column, where he says Biron wrote "Love's Labour's Lost." It's a good thing, perhaps, that Byron and Shakespeare are dead! Always your reader, nevertheless, but in pain,

[Mr. Mather does not say that Byron wrote "Love's Labour's Lost." He quotes something said by Biron, one of the characters in "Love's Labour's Lost." The San Francisco writer appears to have heard of Byron and of Shakespeare, but to be insufficiently unfamiliar with the latter to set up in business as a critic.]

Codfishing Near New York.

CODFISHING, the like of which has never before been known to exist in this vicinity, is at its height at the present time. Never before in the memory of the proverbial oldest inhabitant have the cod been caught in such large numbers or so near inshore. In former years the boats went to the Fishing Banks or beyond for cod; this year they are caught in immense numbers from rowboats in Rockaway Channel, less than half an hour's row from Sheepshead Bay and Rockaway, while at Broad Channel and the other fishing stations on the Rockaway trestle a few can be picked up.

This unusual fishing has attracted many fishing parties to these waters. One party of six came all the way from Peekskill, N. Y. They were out with Jerry Greenwood on the Annie C. last Thursday, and in less than two hours caught 79 cod and a number of ling. On Wednesday, with a party of two, Jerry got 61; and on Sunday, with five in his party, he caught 41. On Election Day, while J. R. Keatinge, Will Fox and myself were shooting from a rowboat, the Greenwood boys fished less than a quarter of a mile away, and in about one hour caught 39 cod. These fish were all caught in Rockaway Channel, east of Rockaway Shoals, easily reached by row or sailboat from Sheepshead Bay and Rockaway.

Skimmers are used for bait, and a good way to keep the fish around a boat is to smash a few skimmers and throw them overboard. This attracts the fish and keeps them around. Codfishing is not bad sport at all if one is warmly dressed and on board one of the fishing boats, which are large and comfortable. These boats can be hired at Sheepshead Bay for $8 per day.

Considerable shooting can also be had here, if one is not too particular. Enormous flocks of gulls fly from one bar to another, and occasionally flocks of ducks can be seen.

G. F. DIEHL.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY, L. I.

ANGLING NOTES.

"Getting Even."

A WEEK or two ago I referred in this column to the desire of game law violators, when convicted, to "get even" with those who bring them to justice. There have been cases where barns have been burned and farm stock mutilated in the process of getting even with some faithful officer who has done his sworn duty; but never in the wildest flights of my imagination did I dream that a grand jury could be prostituted and used as a vehicle in an attempt to get even with a faithful, efficient and honest game protector.

The Grand Jury of Warren county, New York, last week handed in the following recommendation:

"LAKE GEORGE, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1896.—The Grand Jury of the County of Warren, by a majority vote of its members present at the November term of the Supreme Court for said county, recommend that William H. Burnett be removed from all public office in the county of Warren.

"GEORGE W. BRAYTON, Foreman."

For the first time in my life I am ashamed to admit that I live in Warren county, if such a recommendation can be handed in by its Grand Jury without a protest from the people, who know the history of affairs leading up to the recommendation.

A newspaper editor asked the clerk of the court what the recommendation meant, and the reply was "that it was an old grudge of the foreman against Burnett."

Who is Wm. H. Burnett and what has he done that the foreman of the Grand Jury should have a grudge against him?

Nineteen years ago Burnett was elected game constable of his town, qualified by swearing to do his duty, and from that time to this he has been doing his duty honestly and conscientiously as game constable, deputy sheriff, agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, special State Fish and Game Protector, etc. Before his day no one dared to attempt to enforce the fish and game laws in his town, and the first arrest that he effected showed the stuff he was made of, for his prisoner assaulted him with a gun; but he brought the man and gun to justice's court, where the prisoner was convicted and fined.

From that day to this the fight has been going on—Burnett and law and order on one side, the game law violators and disorder on the other side. Among the first of the game law violators to fall into Burnett's hands for taking black bass on their spawning beds out of season was George W. Brayton, whose name is signed to the above recommendation as foreman of the Grand Jury. Brayton pleaded guilty before Justice Runger and promised to obey the law in future, whereupon he was fined $10 instead of $40, as he might have been; and according to his own declaration to officer Burnett, repeatedly made, he has been breaking the law ever since and assuring Burnett that he is not smart enough to catch him in the act. Burnett has come so near catching him on two or three occasions that Brayton has escaped only by the skin of his teeth. A year ago last spring Burnett found Brayton fishing on the shore of Canoe Islands in Lake George. At least he saw somebody through his field glasses, and from the position of the boat he concluded that it was Brayton, for his favorite method of breaking the law is to snatch bass from their spawning beds, the most contemptible of all game law violations. Burnett, with assistants in another boat, reached the island and rowed around it in opposite direction to catch whoever might be between them. The boat they were in search of proved to be Brayton's and Brayton was in it, but he rowed away rapidly as soon as he saw the first of his pursuers.

Where Brayton's boat had been, a bamboo fishing pole was found bobbing in the water with a 4½lb spawning black bass on the end of the line. The bass was unhooked and released by the protector. From the bank a similar pole projected, the line hanging near a bass bed and the hook baited with a mass of worms. Burnett captured the fishing tackle and was morally sure that it belonged to Brayton, but he could not swear to the fact, as he did not see it in Brayton's hands. Brayton's boat was the only one anywhere near where the tackle and hooked bass were found. Only this last season Burnett saw Brayton's boat anchored near a bass bed and rowed to him; Brayton rowed away. That morning Burnett had seen two big bass on a spawning bed at the point where Brayton's boat had been, and after Brayton departed he looked for the bass and they were gone too. The officer had no power to search Brayton's boat, and once more he escaped.

Several times Burnett has chased Brayton to his cottage in his boat, positive in his conviction that Brayton had bass in his possession illegally (once he threw the bass overboard and Burnett got the fish as he followed, but he did not see them leave Brayton's boat), but he lacked the power to search the boat. At the landing Brayton called to his cottage to have hot water brought, that he might scald Burnett. His usual method of threatening Burnett is with a club—but Burnett would care neither for clubs nor hot water if he had the legal right to search Brayton's boat when he found him fishing in the close season.

Brayton has other methods than the one adopted as foreman of the Grand Jury. Norman Brown, a Lake George guide, complained to Burnett that he saw Brayton take bass from the spawning beds and carry them away in a bag. Brayton heard of it, and calling Brown to his dock as he was rowing past, he denounced him as an informer and struck him in the face with his fist. Brown is over sixty-five years old, but he returned the compliment by striking Brayton over the head with an oar, felling him to the ground.

Burnett's offense consists in doing his sworn duty as a special officer of the Lake George Fish and Game Protective Association. He is absolutely honest, conscientious in the extreme, would not misrepresent for all the wealth of the world, a model, fearless, faithful officer, who has done his duty all these years as no other man could do it under the circumstances, absolutely just to all and enforcing the law as he finds it, and this is his reward at the hands of the Grand Jury—to further the malice of its foreman, who has been a persistent game law violator.

How is it possible that such a recommendation could be spread on the court records? We do not know the secrets of the Grand Jury room, but we do know the witnesses called to see if something could be raked up against Burnett, and all, with but a single exception so far as known, were men that Burnett has at some time or another arrested or had trouble with in connection with the game laws. A fine lot of witnesses to call to testify concerning an officer! Burnett will continue to do his duty as a special game protector, for this is only a new phase of the annoyance he has been subjected to for years because he fearlessly enforces the laws without favor. I have often told him that figuratively he takes off his hat and makes a salute every time he mentions the laws of the State, so great is his respect for them. He has been threatened with all sorts of bodily injury, and perjury has been resorted to in order to disgrace him in the eyes of the people; but to-day I doubt not that he stands higher in the estimation of all law-abiding people in the community than those who have attempted to besmirch him, although one of them happens to be foreman of the Grand Jury. I have treated the matter at considerable length, that those who are not familiar with the rough road that our fish and game protectors are obliged to travel may see that it is not a path of roses.

This particular case is an outrage, pure and simple. Burnett is not in the least vindictive, and never bears malice for those who try to injure him because he does his duty. Once the law is vindicated, he will treat game law violators to the best he has, and employ them and aid them in every way when, as he says, "they have turned from the errors of their ways." There is no man living with whom life, property or reputation would be safer if placed in his keeping than with William H. Burnett.

The foregoing had been written when I met ex-District Attorney H. A. Howard (six years district attorney of Warren county) as I was going to the post office. He asked me if I was going to take notice of the outrage upon officer Burnett, and I replied that I had written an account of the recommendation and what led to it for FOREST AND STREAM. I returned home and soon Mr. Howard sent me the following letter. I have no doubt if I should take the letter to every prominent business man in this town he would read and indorse it. Also since writing the note about Burnett a judge of one of our courts informs me that the recommendation of the Grand Jury is a criminal libel, and the foreman has by his act subjected himself to indictment therefor.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y., Nov. 16.—*A. N. Cheney, Esq.*—Dear Sir: I have been personally acquainted with William H. Burnett for nineteen years last past, during which time at different periods he has held the office of game constable, deputy sheriff and an officer in the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. During these nineteen years I have had occasion to employ him in a great many civil and criminal cases and have ever found him earnest, honest and fearless in the discharge of his duties. In my judgment we never had a more upright, able and hard-working official in Warren county. Respectfully, etc. H. A. HOWARD, ex-District Attorney Warren Co.

An 8lb. Brook Trout.

The last big brook trout from New York waters that I recorded in this column was one of 7¼lbs. from a pond in Essex county.

This fall a trout of 8lbs. was picked up dead on Loon Lake, in Franklin county. The fish had been killed evidently by an animal, probably a mink, as a hole was eaten in the side of its head. The trout has been sent to be mounted, and will then be placed in the Loon Lake House, where there is now a mounted trout of 6½lbs., also picked up dead on Loon Lake. This last-mentioned fish was for some years the record trout of the State.

Sunapee Smelts.

Last week I was at Sunapee Lake, New Hampshire, the home of the Sunapee trout, landlocked salmon, brook trout and landlocked smelts. Walking on the beach with Commisioner Wentworth, we picked up a number of smelts thrown up on the sand by the high winds and water. There were two sizes, one from 1¼ to 2in. long, the others 3 to 3½in. long. The first seemed to be fish hatched last spring, and the others hatched the spring of 1895. The latter had undeveloped spawn, and they would have spawned next year or when two years old.

A. N. CHENEY.

Speckled Trout in California.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Nov. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In 1890 Mr. Geo. Stiles obtained some Eastern brook trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*) fry from the Nevada Fish Commissioner. They were planted in Webber Lake and Lake of the Woods, in Sierra county. Another plant was made in the latter lake by the California Fish Commission in 1891.

Some of these fish weighing 1½ and 2lbs. were taken in 1893, and in 1895 specimens weighing 5lbs. were taken.

The California Fish Commission sent a messenger to Lake of the Woods in September last in order that large specimens of this variety might be obtained for the aquaria of the Home Products Exposition, held in this city at that time. He was assisted in taking the fish by Capt. S. F. Burton, of Webber Lake Hotel, a seine being used for their capture. Forty-five fish were taken, averaging over 4lbs. each. No small fish were taken. The largest specimen was a male weighing 6½lbs. and measuring 19½ in. This large male and four females were transported to San Francisco and shown at the exposition.

Lake of the Woods is a small body of water, covering only a few acres. It is located one and a half miles from Webber Lake, at an altitude of 7,000ft. The lake is fed by springs, the only overflow being a small stream during the early summer months. There are no other fish in this lake.

The Eastern brook trout have been generally introduced in Nevada and California. They have not thrived in the immediate coast streams of this State, but have done very well in the mountain lakes and streams of both States. They seem to have done especially well and afford the best sport in the waters of the Yosemite National Park.

H. F. EMERIC, Pres.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Nov. 21.—Surf fishing still attracts a great number of anglers daily. No matter how inclement or boisterous the elements, the more enthusiastic of the fraternity are sure to be on hand. Although the season is extremely late, still-fishing for plaice, ling and codfish is good. What matters it though hands become numb and noses red, the assurance of the presence of the finny tribes is sufficient stimulus to keep the boys in line. Two nights during the present week I, in company with others, have fished until after midnight, with the pier glistening in the bright moonlight with frost till as long

as the tide served right and fish were on the feed. Not a man left his post. On both occasions we made fine catches of codfish and ling, neither of which is to be despised when taken with rod and reel. How long the sport will continue is of course mere conjecture; one thing, however, is certain, they will receive our best attention as long as they shall consent to favor us with their presence.

LEONARD HULIT.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 1 to 4.—City of the Straits Kennel Club's local show, Detriot, Mich. R. H. Roberts, Sec'y.

Dec. 8 to 11.—Augusta, Ga.—Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association. J. W. Killingsworth, Sec'y.

Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

1897.

Feb. 2 to 5.—New England Kennel Club's annual show, Boston.

FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y, Huntsville, Ala.

1897.

Jan. 11.—Tupela, Miss.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Jan. 18.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

Nov. 8.—Carlisle, Ind.—Union Field Trials Club second annual trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

E. F. T. CLUB'S TRIALS.

THE annual trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club began on Nov. 14 at Newton, N. C., the public competition coming after the Members' Stake, and therefore commencing on Monday. There was an encouraging awakening of interest in the competition, the latter itself being exceptionally good considering the unfavorable weather conditions, which affected all details of the competition up to Thursday night.

The judges were: Col. A. Merriman, Memphis; Secretary S. C. Bradley, Greenfield Hill, Conn., and Mr. Theodore Sturgis, New York. The judges managed the competition admirably, and in particular there was noticeably absent the undignified and harmful scrambling of handlers and stampeding of judges which so often mar field trial competitions. When the handlers perceived that a proper observance of deliberation was absolutely required they fell into line nicely and the result was that the competition was orderly, free from hustling, wild deportment, furious riding and undue excitement. When handlers find that they must go a certain course and conduct their duties in a proper manner or be ignored, the most fractious soon learn what is demanded by their own self-interest. It was the quietest and fairest professional trial ever run in the States.

The club held its annual meeting Wednesday evening, Nov. 18. Eight members were present. The Board of Governors was re-elected, namely: C. H. Phelps, Jr., W. A. Coster, E. Dexter, H. B. Duryea, F. A. Hodgman, W. S. Bell, Bayard Thayer, Theo. Sturgis, F. R. Hitchcock, Joseph H. Hunter, Pierre Lorillard, Jr., S. C. Bradley, Edmund H. Osthaus, J. E. Orr and W. B. Meares, Jr.; President, P. Lorillard, Jr.; Vice-President, C. H. Phelps, Jr.; Secretary-Treasurer, S. C. Bradley. New members elected: George C. Crocker, California; Edward A. Burdett, Chicago, and Hobart Ames, Boston. Next year's trials will be held beginning the third Monday in November, the other conditions, stakes, place, etc., being same as those this year. The treasurer's report showed that after paying all indebtedness there would be still a good balance on hand in the treasury.

There was a good attendance, some new acquisitions to the ranks, most all the others were the regular following which has never wearied with the years. There were present Dr. J. S. Brown and wife, Montclair, N. J.; A. C. Waddell, Waverly, Miss.; Prof. Edm. H. Osthaus, Toledo; F. H. Fleer, S. Murray Mitchell and Col. H. K. Nichols, of Philadelphia; J. Corbett, Lynchburg, Va; F. R. Hitchcock and Maj. J. M. Taylor, New York; H. T. Payne, editor of *Field Sports*, San Francisco; J. E. Orr and J. F. Schmadeke, Brooklyn; W. Tallman, Thomasville, N. C.; Edw. A. Burdette, Chicago; W. B. Meares, Linwood, N. C.; John White, Mount Vernon, N. Y.; W. B. Stafford, Trenton, Tenn.; C. W. Zimmerman, Mobile; D. E. Gould and wife, Boston; Pierre Lorillard, Jr., New York; Dr. R. T. Mead, Manistee, Mich.; Irving Hoagland, Franklin Park, N. J.; Dr. Delano Fitzgerald, New York; Joe H. Wilson, Lowersville, S. C.

The Eastern Subscription Stake.

This stake was open to all setters and pointers. First prize $300, second $150, third $50 subscription was $50, payable Oct. 1, 1896. Each subscription entitled the owner to start any dog, whether his property or not, and it was transferable to any person not objectionable to the club. The heats of the first round were of two hours duration, afterward the running was at the discretion of the judges.

There were eight starters. All but three of the dogs ran in the All-Age Stake, and their descriptions, etc., are given therein.

Of these three, Tony Boy, black, white and tan, is by Antonio—Ruby's Girl, and was handled by D. E. Rose. He proved to be the winner after an extraordinary display of sound field work, his range being wide, speed fast and judgment excellent. He showed rare ability in finding and pointing, all his work had reference to the gun and he was most pleasingly obedient. He is a dog of rare ability.

Del Monte Kennels' Tick Boy (King of Kent—Bloom), black and white in color, won second. He was handled by C. Barker. His first heat was an excellent one, so good indeed that he had a good competitive chance for first, but his second heat was of a much lower grade than was his first.

Marie's Sport, winner of third, made a good competition, though he was not so finished in his work as the other winners, and being lost twice in his last heat did not add at all to his chances.

Charlottesville Field Trials Kennels' pointer dog Delhi (Rip Rap—Queen III.), handled by C. E. Buckle, was the other of the three dogs whose description is not given in the All-Age Stake.

Friday.

The weather had turned much cooler, much to the improvement of the work in general, and in particular the comfort of men, horses and dogs. A gentle easterly wind prevailed throughout the day. The competition was so even and excellent that it maintained its interest throughout the day, and at the end of the day there was much room for speculation as to the winner.

SAM T. AND VON GULL were cast off at 8:21. Von pointed a bevy in a hollow and was steady to shot. Of the scattered birds Sam pointed one in pine woods. Sent on, Von pointed a bevy at the edge of woods, and on the singles Sam pointed one; Von called up to back pointed one. Sent on, Von in the open pointed a single and was steady to order, and afterward made one or two points on singles, and Sam flushed one. Sent on, Von took a cast in the field and pointed a single bird well. Both dogs were not precisely loafing at this period, but they were not showing the industry they should, though Von Gull was rolling up a good score on bird work. Next Sam pointed up wind of a bevy some 60yds., whether on footscent or something else is not known. However, if he was on footscent he had ample time to locate the birds. Von pointed a single nicely. Sam pointed several times on footscent or false scent while the heat was being run, and he beat out his ground with poor judgment, though often directed by his handler. Von Gull was not so steady to shot and wing as he should be, though not breaking away from control. His point work was sound. His range and sustained industry could have been improved upon, though he displayed good, useful searching power.

TICK BOY AND MARIE'S SPORT were started at 10:28. Sport apparently flushed a bevy in a ravine and Tick made a good point on the scattered birds. The flush is presumptive, as sport was out of sight in the ravine when the birds came out, and rests on that circumstance. Tick was sent in on the scattered birds and made a point. Sent on, Sport pointed nicely a bevy in a hollow, and on the scattered birds Tick made three points and a flush, Sport two points. Sport next pointed in dense briers, and Gray cried out that he thought the point was on a possum, which caused a stampede of negroes and hasty scrambling through the painful briers to be first to win the treasure. It suddenly sprang up and ran away. It was a house cat, and joyful anticipation ended in blank disappointment. TICK pointed a bevy in corn; good work. On dry leaves in woods Tick seemed to be careless and flushed three times. Sport made a good point on a single. Tick made two finds and points on bevies and a point on a single. Both dogs ran an excellent heat, their range and pace were well sustained, conducted with good judgment, and they showed training, experience and bird sense to a pleasing degree. Tick's work was the superior, and had he been more precise in work on singles it would have been excellent.

A few brief minutes were devoted to lunch.

TONY BOY AND DELHI began at 1:00. Tony pointed a bevy in corn. Delhi pointed and was backed; probably larks, as several had flushed close by. In pines Delhi pointed a bevy and was backed. Tony next pointed, moved forward to locate better and the bevy flushed; good find, inaccurate point. On the scattered birds in pine woods Tony made two points on singles, Delhi three; then Delhi sent on, made a point on a bevy in the woods. Tony Boy had the wider range, and speed enough to cut out the work, both going fast. They covered a great area of ground in their two hours' run.

ODD SIDES AND HAROLD SKIMPOLE started at 3:04. Odd soon found and pointed a bevy in corn, Harold backed or pointed. The birds were marked down on a side hill in weeds. Sent on, the dogs went quickly to them and pointed them; then Odd pointed nicely two birds, and made a flush on a single. Sent on for another bevy, Odd found and pointed it. Harold pointed in a cornfield, nothing found; next he pointed a single. Odd drew nicely to a point on a bevy at the edge of woods. On the singles Odd pointed three times, Harold twice. Sent on, Harold pointed a bevy in pine woods; Odd backed; Harold showed a disposition to break in when the bevy flushed. Soon thereafter the heat and day's work ended.

Saturday.

There was a stormy weather appearance in the morning, the sky being solidly overcast with clouds, and there were indications of rain. A tinge of rawness was in the atmosphere, all of which was more favorable for the competition.

Second Round.

Four dogs were kept in, and this round ended the stake.

TONY BOY AND TICK BOY began at 9:09, and it was apparent a few minutes after the start that the setter was making much the stronger of a strong competition. Tony pointed a bevy, making a good find on it; Tick not backing so promptly as he should, drawing close up instead and stopping to caution. The work on the scattered birds was ragged. Each pointed, Tick moved on, roading, and the birds flushed. They were sent on to find another bevy. In open field Tony found and pointed one nicely. Sent on, Tick found and pointed a bevy in open weeds. Tony next pointed, roaded in open cornfield skilfully and by a brier run pointed a bevy; at the same time Tick had come up and pointed near by across fence, Tony having completely outworked him on this bevy. In pine woods Tick pointed twice on singles and Tony once; as Tony came up to Tick on one of his points Tony steadied to back, caught scent, feathered, drew up and joined in the point. It was claimed by many that he refused to back, but no intelligent dog backs when he catches scent. Tick flushed a bevy, and soon afterward Tony flushed a bevy also, though his birds went rather easily, seeming to be wild. In hedge Tick pointed a bevy. Each pointed single birds. Sent on, Tony found and pointed a bevy nicely, and secured another good point in woods on the scattered birds. Tick Boy's heat was inferior to his first one. Up at 10:18.

MARIE'S SPORT AND DELHI were cast off at 10:35. Sport took a cast and pointed a bevy. On some scattered birds Sport pointed, Delhi backing or pointing, and the dogs were steady to wing. On single birds Delhi made two points, Sport one. The heat was lacking in finished performance. Sport was lost some minutes during the race. Up at 11:55.

The Derby.

This stake had sixteen starters, a fairly good showing considering the unfavorable conditions affecting field trial matters; that is, the lack of the old-time support, a condition in part attributable to the hard times.

The stake had an exceptionally good lot of puppies to contest for the honors, though they were cramped in their performances by the warm weather. The temperature was high and there was the gentlest of breezes at best, and most of the time none was perceptible. The range and speed of the dogs were excellent, and the indications were that this Derby would have rated very high had the weather conditions been nearer those of fall than of the summer time.

Hurstbourne Zip added another win to his list, his success being due to his superior point and bird work, superior in showing judgment and knowledge, excelling in the qualities called "bird sense;" but withal his point work abounded with errors, and was good only as compared with that of the others; still his greater knowledge was apparent. He has fairly good range and speed, beats out his ground with judgment and is under good control.

Pinmoney, second, was the most pleasing ranger in the stake, going wide and fast in a merry manner, working faithfully to the gun and was easily controlled. She pointed some of her birds prettily and sharply, but was puppyish, therefore lacking in the mature "bird sense" of Zip, and she was better on bevies than on singles. Though a fast ranger, she uses her nose constantly, and only lost to Zip by his greater experience. She is a bitch of excellent promise, and will improve with time.

Count Gloster, third, improved steadily as the trials progressed, and was going stronger and better every way at the finish than at the start. On the score of better knowledge on bevies and singles he was superior to Pinmoney, though she far excelled him in speed and range and natural possibilities. Nevertheless, while he showed experience, his locating and pointing were far from being free from errors and were short of the opportunities offered.

In all these matters it is but what is justly due to keep in mind the unfavorable weather conditions.

Following is the order of drawing:

Hobart Ames's b., w. and t. setter bitch Guenn (Blue Ridge Mark—Lou R.), D. E. Rose, handler, with Del Monte Kennels' b. and w. pointer dog Tony Works (Tick Boy—Lulu K.), C. Barker, handler.

S. P. Jones's b., w. and t. setter dog Hurstbourne Zip (Tony Boy—Dimple II.), D. E. Rose, handler, with F. R. Hitchcock's b., w. and t. setter dog Tory Rustic (Count Gladstone IV.—Rhoda Rod), J. M. Avent, handler.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter dog Count Gloster (Eugene T.—Gloster's Girl), C. Tucker, handler, with Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' b., w. and t. setter bitch Pinmoney (Count Gladstone IV.—Daisy Croft), C. E. Buckle, handler.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter bitch Luta L. (Eugene T.—Beryl), C. Tucker, handler, with Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liv. and w. pointer bitch Rupee (Delhi—Selah), C. E. Buckle, handler.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter bitch Merry Maiden (Eugene T.—Maiden Mine), C. Tucker, handler, with W. J. Love's liv. and w. pointer bitch La Dolle (Love's Kent—Fritz's Fan), N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

F. W. O'Byrne's b. and w. pointer dog Moerlein (Rip Rap—Belle of Ossian), N. B. Nesbitt, handler, with Del Monte Kennels' b. and w. pointer dog Tick's Kid (Tick Boy—Lulu K.). C. Barker handler.

Avent & Thayer's b., w. and t. settler dog Peconic (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Phryne), J. M. Avent, handler, with F. W. O'Byrne's liv. and w. pointer dog Redskin (Love's Kent—Fritz's Fan), N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

Hobart Ames's b. and w. setter bitch Christina (Blue Ridge Mark—Lou R.), D. E. Rose, handler, with G. Ubank's b., w. and t. setter dog Rodstone (Cinch—Rod's Flounce), N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

This stake was for all setter and pointer puppies whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1895. Three prizes: First $300, second $200, third $100. First forfeit $10, additional forfeit $10, $10 to start.

Monday.

Although the start was late, there were stretches of white frost to be seen everywhere, in the shadows of the trees and in the valleys, though where the clear, bright sun had touched there were only remnants of it on the vegetation, which glistened brightly. There was hardly a breath of air stirring, and the calm prevailed throughout the whole day. The hot sun soon dissipated the coolness of the morning, and the weather became oppressively warm. There was much discomfort to man, horse and dog from the heat. The horsemen had the flushed appearance and heavy movements of summer time. Birds were difficult to find and still more difficult to point, all no doubt due to the warmth and stillness of the day. With but few exceptions all the puppies showed excellent range and speed, and the competition was so indecisive on birds that many of the dogs needed to be run again. The start was made at the Sherrill place, and the course was toward Conover, where the work of the day ended. The competition was conducted skillfully.

First Round.

GUENN AND TONY WORKS ran 1 hour and 14 minutes without finding, starting at 8:36. Guenn had a fairly good range and much the better judgment in beating out the ground, and was more diligent. They were taken up to have a chance later on birds.

HURSTBOURNE ZIP AND TORY RUSTIC were cast off at 9:53; down 51 minutes. Zip pointed nicely a bevy in open weed field and Tory backed; a good piece of work. On the scattered birds in weeds and bushes on side hill Zip pointed some birds well; good work again. Zip pointed a single which flushed wild. Working on some other marked birds in woods, Zip pointed indecisively, moved on, and a single was flushed to the rear of the point. Tory pointed a moment, moved on, and handler and dog flushed the bird, and Tory was steady to shot. Zip had much the better of the heat in all particulars.

COUNT GLOSTER AND PINMONEY started at 11. Down 46 minutes. Count had been in field work some days before the trials and ran stale, and besides he had a sore ear. Pinmoney on the other hand was a merry, free worker, skimming over the fields cheerfully and fast, ranging wide and staying out at her work constantly. She did not beat out the ground with the best of judgment at times, but this was from youth and not from a desire to pick the easy routes for comfortable running, as is too often the case. Count pointed a bevy and the birds were followed into woods. Count half-pointed on some scattered birds

and the others then flushed wild. Pinmoney pointed a single sharply and was steady to shot and wing. Next she made game in weeds, pointing and moving on, and a single flushed behind her; then the rest of the bevy, which seemingly was scattered about feeding, flushed right and left. On the scattered birds in woods Count pointed indecisively, a single flushing, then others also.

An intermission was taken for lunch.

LUTA R. AND RUPEE began at 12:55. A bevy was seen coming along a ravine from Luta's direction and was marked down in the same ravine. The dogs were worked toward the bevy and Luta pointed it. Sent on, in the open field Luta flushed a bevy and Rupee had made game near the same place, but did not locate. Rupee on the scattered birds pointed a single, moved on and unintentionally flushed it, and a moment later flushed another. Across a creek Luta pointed a single, held her point some time, then moved on and the bird flushed. In open weeds Rupee pointed nicely, but wiggled on to locate and the bird flushed. Luta, though showing puppyish ways of work, had the better judgment in beating out her ground and her point work was better and more accurate. She had a merry, pleasing manner and good range. Rupee's nose seemed to be dull, and she fell short of taking advantage of her opportunities. She too ranged wide and fast, though using but indifferent judgment.

MERRY MAIDEN AND LA DOLLE were cast off at 1:57, and ran one minute over an hour. Maiden drew to a point in weeds and briers; nothing found. Next she pointed near the edge of a hollow and a single flushed afterward some yards away. She roaded and pointed, at last securing a true point on a single. La Dolle showed little ability on birds and poor judgment in beating out her ground. She showed signs of weariness before the heat ended. Maiden was over-fond of pointing, yet she had the better of the heat.

MOERLEIN AND TICK'S KID started at 3:04. Kid pointed; nothing found. Kid pointed a single in the open and was steady to shot. In woods he pointed a single. Moerlein failed to take advantage of several opportunities, and his performance on birds was therefore poor. He had good speed, but his range was irregular and conducted with poor judgment, and there were moments when he loafed a bit. While Kid did some good work, it too fell short of the opportunities. The heat of the run had lessened and the weather conditions were more favorable during this heat.

PECONIC AND REDSKIN started at 4:12. Peconic crossed over to the opposite side hill about 200yds. away, pointed, roaded accurately, and located the bevy nicely with the assistance of his handler, and was steady to shot, a fairly skillful piece of work, and his best by far. Next he flushed a bevy in corn. On the scattered birds in woods he pointed a single nicely. Redskin had opportunities, but showed little sign of knowing of them. Peconic pointed in woods; nothing found. In crossing a fence in order to take a new course, Redskin in a few steps came across a bevy and pointed it. As a find it had no merit; as a point it was well done. He was but fairly steady to shot. The birds were marked down in open corn and followed. Peconic made a stanch point. No bird. Next Peconic drew 5 or 6yds. straight and close on a bird and stopped the instant it flushed; a stop to wing, though some thought it a point. Peconic was far better in point work, was diligent and a fair ranger. Redskin seemed to have no settled purpose in ranging, and was sloppy on singles. Up at 4:55.

CHRISTINA AND RODSTONE ran from 5 till near dark. Rodstone ran fast, but did not seem to use his nose at all. He flushed a bevy and on the scattered birds Christina made three points on singles. Christina was much the better in every way save the one matter of range.

Tuesday.

The day opened clear and pleasant, with indications of another unfavorably warm day. It was exceedingly warm till noontime, when light clouds and a haze modified the temperature and improved the conditions for work in the afternoon. Many more birds were found than on the previous day, and the character of the work was of a higher grade.

GUENN AND TONY WORKS were put down again to display their ability on birds, something they had not done in their first heat. They were started at 12:22, and though they had ample opportunities on birds they made a poor showing.

Second Round.

TICK'S KID AND LUTA L. started at 8:51. Some horsemen flushed a bevy which Kid had passed near to without recognition. In woods Kid made an inexcusable flush and behaved badly to wing. He was recklessly rank. He flushed twice more on the scattered birds and lost several opportunities to point besides. Next he pointed stanchly in the open and Luta refused to back; nothing found. The same performance in another place was repeated a few minutes later. Sent on, Kid pointed up wind of a bevy; Luta was near one which flushed, and the bevy then flushed. On the scattered birds in the woods Kid was lawless and hard to handle. Up at 9:28, with no possible chance for either in the winning.

PINMONEY AND REDSKIN ran from 9:36 to 10:11. Pinmoney pointed a bevy at the bank of a ditch, and Redskin refused to back, and though passing close by did not catch scent. On some scattered birds marked down in woods Pinmoney made three points, the pointer two points. Pinmoney was far superior in range, speed, style and finding and pointing ability. The pointer's work was ordinary.

HURSTBOURNE ZIP AND COUNT GLOSTER started at 10:19. Zip opened the work by pointing a bevy nicely, and was steady to shot. On the birds in pines Gloster pointed a single and made a point to which there was nothing found. Zip flushed a bevy in sedge down wind. Next Gloster in woods pointed a bevy, and was steady to shot. Gloster was running in decidedly better form than he was on yesterday. He flushed a bevy. On scattered birds in woods both pointed about 40yds. apart, but no bird was found. Zip next wheeled prettily to a point on a bird which flushed wild an instant afterward. Up at 11:13. The heat was a close one, though the point work was much less than the opportunities. Both ranged fairly well.

PECONIC AND CHRISTINA started at 11:21. A bevy was marked down in open weeds. Christina flushed a single, then pointed some tail birds. Sent on, Peconic made a point and two flushes, and Christina made two good points and was steady to shot. Up at 12:15. Christina was the better in every particular, though not up to winning form.

The party went to lunch.

Four were kept in the third round.

Third Round.

PINMONEY AND HURSTBOURNE ZIP started at 2:50. Pinmoney soon flushed a bevy, and Zip pointed some remaining birds. In weeds in open Zip pointed a bevy and was backed; both steady to shot. Sent on, each pointed a single. Zip made two points, apparently on footscent. Zip flushed a bevy. Pinmoney flushed a tail bird, then pointed and the bird flushed wild to one side; she next flushed a single. Zip pointed a single and next roaded to an excusable flush. He pointed a bevy by the edge of a creek. Sent on after the birds, and Pinmoney pointed them; Zip backed. Zip made three more points on birds, doing good work, and was ordered up at 3:38, and Pinmoney was sent on alone to work on some scattered birds. She flushed some and failed to score on others. Up at 3:45.

CHRISTINA AND COUNT GLOSTER started at 3:56. Count pointed on the bank of a creek about 200yds. away; nothing found. Christina in the open pointed a bevy. On the scattered birds Christina flushed one and the rest flushed close about her. In pines each pointed a single. In the open Gloster next pointed a bevy and was backed. The birds were followed. Gloster again pointed a bevy and was backed; both were steady to shot. Up at 4:49. Christina fell off in speed and range, and her point work was lacking in accuracy and diligence. Gloster was running in better form steadily.

This heat ended the stake.

The All-Age Stake.

This stake contained some excellent dogs, ones of superior abilities in respect to range and speed; no poor ones of the really poor sort, such as generally appear in every field trial. The hot weather, however, materially changed the possibilities, for the sultriness and the dry grounds required that a successful dog should have specially good endurance and physical powers of resistance to the heat, and he should possess a delicate, rare nose. If he did not possess the former he could not sustain his speed and range, or sustaining them he might become so heated and blown that he could not recognize the scent of birds; and if he did not possess the delicate nose the other powers would accomplish but little toward successful competition. It therefore was a specially difficult competition.

The winner, Odd Sides, is colored with heavy patches of liver color on one side and liver ticked on the other. He made an admirably sustained competition, ranging fairly wide at good speed, running well within his powers and exercising good judgment in beating out his ground, in drawing to his birds and in pointing them, the latter not possible to other than a nose of most delicate sensibility and training, combined with a good disposition and intelligence. He worked nicely to the gun and was easily handled.

Marie's Sport made an excellent competition, ranging well and fast, finding fairly well, but was not of the uniform ability in bird work as first-prize winner.

Tony Gale's strongest features of work were excellent speed and range and good judgment in beating out his ground, but his work on birds was not extensive. He, however, was a good third.

The dogs were drawn as follows:

D. E. Rose's (agt.) b., w. and t. setter dog Greenway (Antonio—Ruby's Girl), D. E. Rose, handler, with A. L. Shonfield's b., w. and t. setter dog Leo Noble (King Leo—Minnie T.), N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

Ashford & Odom's liv. and w. pointer dog Von Gull (Kent Elgin—Fannie V. Croxteth), D. E. Rose, handler, with H. R. Ledbetter's b., w. and t. setter dog Marie's Sport (Gleam's Sport—Marie Avent), George Gray, handler.

H. R. Edwards's b., w. and t. setter dog Harwick (Topsy Rod—Opal), George Gray, handler, with Fox & Byth's b., w. and t. setter dog Tony's Gale (Antonio—Nellie G.), J. H. Johnson, handler.

George Crocker's b., w. and t. setter dog Sam T. (Luke Roy—Bettie B.), C. Barker, handler, with W. H. Beazell's b., w. and t. setter dog Harold Skimpole (Whyte B.—Nettie Bevan), George Gray, handler.

W. A. Wimsatt's liv. and w. pointer dog Odd Sides (Lap of Pearl—Graceful II.), Luke White, handler, with Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' b., w. and t. pointer dog Nabob (Rip Rap—Dolly D.), C. E. Buckle, handler.

Dr. G. G. Davis's Irish setter bitch Lou (Finglas—Currell Bell), E. O. Whittle, handler, with F. R. Hitchbock's liv. and w. pointer bitch Tory Jessamine (Duke of Hessen—Westminster Blonde), J. M. Avent, handler.

Fox & Blyth's b., w. and t. setter dog Forzando (Gath's Mark—Countess Rush), J. H. Johnson, handler, with Manchester Kennel Co.'s b., w. and t. setter bitch Gleam's Ruth (Count Gladstone—Gleam's Maid), N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

E. A. Burdett's b., w. and t. setter dog Cincinnatus Pride (Cincinnatus—Albert's Nellie), Frank Richards, handler, with Irving Hoagland's b., w. and t. setter bitch Ranee II. (Gladstone's Boy—Buena Vista), W. W. Boyce, handler.

This stake was for all setters and pointers that had never won a first prize in an All-Age Stake at the Philadelphia, United States or Southern trials. First prize, $300; second, $200; third, $100. Forfeit, $10; $20 additional to fill.

Wednesday.

The sun followed its course through a cloudless sky, and till afternoon there was a dead calm. A mild breeze improved the conditions after lunch. It again was a day of the summer time, and this no doubt was the cause of the ragged point work displayed by some dogs of known excellence. Nevertheless more birds were found than on preceding days, birds enough for all field trial purposes. There was a good exhibition of range and speed considering the performance as a whole, good success in finding, but imperfect exhibitions of locating and pointing were many times conspicuous.

First Round.

GREENWAY AND LEO NOBLE started at 8:57. Leo flushed a bevy in the open field. On scattered birds marked down in weeds they were worked. Leo half pointed, moved on and both pottered on footscent. Leo roaded awkwardly to a flush. Sent on, Greenway pointed a bevy in open weeds and was steady to shot. Sent on, he pointed another bevy, and Leo called up to back flushed an outlying bird and dropped to wing. Up at 9:36 Leo was a weak performer.

VON GULL AND MARIE'S SPORT started at 9:43. Von made a good find and point on a bevy in the open. The dogs were then worked on scattered birds in dense briers, in which Sport made a point, but his handler could not force his way through to flush. A single, however, flushed in the open a few yards away from the point. Von near the same place pointed a single. Von pointed a single, but Rose failed to flush. Von was ordered on; he took a small turn back to the same place and the close-lying bird was then flushed to the point. Sent on. Soon in the open Von pointed, drew on and pointed again; a few yards away in the sedge Sport was then seen on point; both were pointing the same bevy. On scattered birds in woods each made three points, and their competition was very even. Both had good range, speed and judgment, and their bird work was superior in accuracy. Up at 10:32.

HARWICK AND TONY GALE, starting at 11:14, made a fine exhibition of wide, fast, well sustained ranging, covering a great deal of ground. Harwick pointed; nothing found. Tony was lost for a few minutes in pines where some birds were flushed, but whether by handler or dog is not known. Harwick pointed near a creek; Tony joined in the subsequent roading, and both shared the point on the bevy; a good piece of work, with the advantage of the find in favor of Harwick. Each next made a single-bird point, and Harwick next flushed a single.

Further running was in abeyance till after lunch.

SAM T. AND HAROLD SKIMPOLE began at 12:52, and the warmth was oppressive. Sam pointed a bevy inaccurately in open sedge. Harold refused to back, but pointed the bevy accurately. On the scattered birds in woods Sam made two flushes, and whirled to a point on a single at the moment the bird flushed. He was very much blown and was too warm for good performance in pointing. Harold was less distressed, but did not succeed in scoring on birds. Both were swift, wide rangers, covered a great deal of ground. Up at 1:41.

ODD SIDES AND NABOB, the latter suffering from bowel trouble, started at 1:55. A gentle breeze was rising, which was refreshing and also a better condition for work. Nabob started fast and wide; Odd Sides going out to the former's lead. Odd Sides found and pointed a bevy, and Nabob backed. On the scattered birds Nabob pointed a single; next he pointed at the same instant a single flushed, and next he flushed one. Odd Sides flushed a bevy in open. On the marked birds Nabob pointed two singles. Up at 2:34. After the first few minutes Nabob gradually fell off in range and pace till at the finish he was going slow and close. Odd Sides maintained his range and pace well to the finish.

LOU AND TORY JESSAMINE began at 2:43. Lou flushed two bevies. Jessamine did not succeed in making any showing, good or bad, in respect to points or flushes on birds. Their range and speed were fairly good. Up at 3:20.

FORZANDO AND GLEAM'S RUTH commenced at 3:45. Ruth pointed a bevy; Forzando refused to back. Sent on, Forzando pointed on a side hill in woods; moved on roading, but failed to locate. A bevy was afterward flushed close by where this flush was made. Ruth in the valley at the same time pointed a bevy. Up at 4:35. Ruth ran a fair heat; Forzando made a poor showing in every way.

CINCINNATUS PRIDE AND RANEE II. were cast off at 4:52. Pride pointed a bevy and Ranee coming up backed or pointed. Nothing found. Sent on, both ranged well, Ranee the better, the latter going wider. At the same time some yards apart each pointed a distinct bevy by the side of a ditch. The heat ended about 5:33.

Thursday.

Though the previous days had all been hot, they were better for work by comparison than was this day. The morning opened warm and calm and clear, and there was a burning, sweltering heat to the sun seemingly more like August weather than that of November. Considering this unfavorable circumstance, one which affected alike the endurance, nose and performance of the dogs, the latter did well. Undoubtedly, had the weather conditions been cooler, the whole results of the trials would have been changed, for the heat affected some good dogs far more than others, and, moreover, there were not many noses which could stand the test of overheating and light scent.

Second Round.

Eight dogs were kept in, and of these Sam T. could readily have been spotted out, and if kept in Harold Skimpole, with better judgment and range, and nearly as good speed and more endurance, and Gleam's Ruth, a pleasing bitch, worked not so speedy nor wide in range as Sam, but sounder in bird work, should both have been kept in.

TONY GALE AND SAM T. started at 8:47. Sam pointed a bevy, Tony not near to back, and a moment later about 200yds. away he pointed; footscent probably; nothing found. On the scattered birds both lost opportunities, Sam flushing a single. Sam ran too hard and fast, extending himself to his utmost, so that when he came on birds he was so blown he was off his nose. Up at 9:30.

HARWICK AND ODD SIDES started at 9:42. After ranging a few minutes, Odd disappeared and was soon found stanchly pointing on a bevy; he was steady to shot. The dogs had separated, and at the same time Harwick pointed a bevy. On the scattered birds Harwick pointed a single and was backed nicely; the flushed bird passing over Odd, he broke shot mildly. Harwick pointed a single, and on another on rather bare ground in pine woods he pointed, moved on, and the bird was flushed afterward. At the same time Odd pointed, roaded, and his handler, leading, flushed the bird. Sent on, Harwick next bolted and was lost some minutes, and when found was self-hunting, all of which injured his chances. His point work lacked accuracy, he pointing too often without satisfactory results. Odd Sides's work was strong in all details, though not brilliant. Up at 10:45.

VON GULL AND CINCINNATUS PRIDE began at 10:05. Von pointed; nothing found. Pride pointed a bevy in a cornfield. Von flushed a single down wind excusably. Next he pointed twice on scattered birds in woods; Pride pointed once, all of which for both was a very good bit of work. In open Pride pointed, then moved on, roading, and flushed several birds. Up at 11:33. Von fell off in range and was going at a more comfortable rate of

speed, though not loafing. Pride was industrious, but did not maintain a uniform range and was going but fairly fast. The sun was shining with burning intensity, and while it was uncomfortable to the horsemen it must have been still more trying to the dogs, running as they did in the grass and cover near the ground.

MARIE'S SPORT AND RANEE began at 11:47. Sport by good searching found and pointed two bevies nicely—a most creditable performance in the severe midday weather. His range, speed and endurance were superior. Ranee ranged wide and fast, maintaining her search well, but seemed to be unsuccessful in finding. In open weeds a bevy was seen to flush near where she was at the time, but whether or not she was the cause of the flush no one could tell. The heat ended at 12:35, and the party then went to lunch.

Third Round.

TONY GALE AND HARWICK were cast off at 2:12. Tony made a good point on a bevy in a cornfield and behaved well to shot and wing. Both ranged well, Tony the better. Harwick worked badly to the gun, being out of sight too much and not beating out his ground with sufficient reference to his handler. Up at 3:03.

MARIE'S SPORT AND ODD SIDES were started at 3:12 to run for first and second places. Odd pointed a bevy and was backed by Sport, then moved on to locate; both joined in the roading and both pointed, though the credit of the find clearly belonged to the pointer. On the scattered birds Odd pointed one nicely, and excusably flushed another which he had pointed a moment before, but was cautiously trying to locate better. Sent on, Odd pointed nicely an outlying single of a bevy, and all the birds flushed wild to the flush of the single. At the same time Sport was on the trail and pointed 20 or 30yds. away. Odd made another good point on a single, and the heat soon thereafter ended. Up at 3:54. Sport was going better at the finish than was the pointer, but the latter had thoroughly outworked him in locating and pointing birds.

SAM T. AND CINCINNATUS PRIDE were cast off at 3:59, though it was difficult to perceive the drift of the judge's purpose in running them further, as they had no chance in the money. A bevy was seen to flush, but the cause was unknown, both dogs being out of sight at the time. Both behaved badly on the scattered birds, each flushing twice and each pointing presumably on footscent. Both were blown too much for point work. Sam ran too fast for his nose, he being much blown from the exertion.

VON GULL AND RANEE began at 4:26. Down 25 minutes. Ranee again ranged well, but she had no success in finding. Von Gull worked diligently within a limited range, though making it easy for himself by slacking his speed.

This heat ended the stake. B. WATERS.

THE INTERNATIONAL TRIALS.

CHATHAM, Ont., Nov. 20.—The season of 1896 has thus far been one of disappointments in field trial matters, the entries running very light and the attendance small. In these latter points alone can it be said that the seventh annual meet of the International Field Trials Club, of Chatham, Ont., follows the trend of dog matters for the year. The entry might have been larger, but it could hardly have been better, and the same should be said of the attendance. The trials as run were a success of unqualified sort, and very well worth the emulation of clubs of more pretentions. It is to be doubted if in any all-age trials of the country a higher average of performance was ever seen. There were only ten starters, but out of the ten there was not a duffer, and hardly a dog which would not be a killing bird dog. The character of the breaking was high, the handling was quiet and pleasant, and the whole spectacle of the trials was one exhibiting high-grade dogs in the act of finding birds and working to the gun. The "speed and range' fallacy seems about to die the natural death which has long been due, and while each of these dogs had all the range that should be asked, there seemed a pronounced leaning toward the more rational and practical features of dog work whose absence has been a curse to the trials and to the dogs of the country, inasmuch as it has led to false standards, false qualities and false theories of what a hunting dog should be. It would seem that we have had quite enough of that professional side of trials work which seeks to distinguish the good field trial dog from the good shooting dog, and which puts stud fees and the sale of puppies quite above the question of finding birds for shooting, which latter is the real use and purpose of hunting dogs. It would seem, to a plain man, that the proper purpose of a field trial should be not to find the dog which can run fastest for an hour, but to select out of the whole entry that dog which would be the pleasantest and most effective servant for the amateur shooter in the field. The art of judging should, in the opinion of a plain man, be that of weeding out the poor dogs, the rattle-headed dogs, the weak and foolish and unintelligent dogs, and getting at the best bird dog of the lot. This is about what the judges did at Chatham trials. They picked out the four best shooting dogs in the lot. At the close of the trials I shot over two of these dogs, and will say that better meat dogs a man never saw. And this I conceive to be the highest praise that can be given a bird dog, setter or pointer, in a field trial or outside of it.

The trials thus had a distinct and valuable amateur character, and seemed rather like a party of gentlemen out for a few days of mutual enjoyment in the field. Not the slightest thing occurred to destroy this pleasant illusion, and if all trials were run as nicely as these the dog world would be one of peace and good will. The judges, Messrs. T. Guttridge, of Chatham, and Tom Hallam, of Smithville Flats, N. Y., did their work carefully and well, hurrying none and slighting none. They gave each brace a chance in the open and in bevy finding, and then a trial on the singles, and left nothing to guesswork. The result of their conscientious and careful efforts was satisfactory to all, and not a murmur was heard. There was a unanimous belief that they got out the four best dogs, and the only difference of opinion was in regard to their award of first and second. Some thought that on the showing of work done Cleopatra, Mr. Wells's game little bitch, should have had first, and Dash Antonio second. A careful review of the runnings inclines me to this belief, for the scale of points for the brilliant little one is clearly larger, and her heat of Thursday morning was far and away the best of the trials. I am openly prejudiced against so small a dog, however, and our prejudices blind us in spite of all. It was very likely a personal admiration for the size and "sand" and determined courage of the dog Dash Antonio which led me to overlook the mistakes he made—which latter should be laid rather to a faulty training than to the dog himself. He is so headstrong and stubborn—traits which I like in a dog—that his handler has had to keep him down a great deal, or in the attempt to steady him has made him over cautious. The fault of false pointing, or of not going directly on to his birds, is a serious one in a bird dog. I believe we should attribute to old John Davidson the wise remark, "I have often killed birds over a flush, but I never have killed one over a false point." Devoid of charitable extenuations, Dash Antonio did some rank false pointing. Yet I should rather own him for a shooting dog, day in and day out the year round, and in all sorts of weather and conditions, than any dog at the trials, and therefore the decision of the judges jumped well with my prejudices, though one must admit it did not tally with the record of the work done here. A short time before the trials Dash Antonio was badly bitten in the foreleg by an angry sow, and he ran a cripple, but had abundant courage to go. This quality is all too rare in the latter-day setter, and it should be recognized in common sense if not in the rules, even though we be unable to logically connect false pointing with a sore leg.

Mr. Bangham, of Windsor, Ont., the owner of Dash Antonio, Lock, and the gallant puppy Millbrook, is an accession of the most valuable sort to any club. He is the type of a quiet and pleasant sportsman, able to accept either a victory or a defeat. Mr. W. B. Wells, the mainstay of the International Club, was of course on hand all the time. He is a good wheel horse to have, and most of the success of the meet depends upon his enthusiasm, his care for details and his thorough knowledge and belief in good bird dogs. Mr. Wells trains and handles his own dogs, and does both well. The only criticism which could possibly be offered upon his handling is that his legs seemed about 3ft. too long for the majority of the field party who followed him as he strode over the country. Mr. Wells never notices a log or a fence, and braided cornstalks are to him a joy and pleasure. A practical sportsman and the best shot of his town, Mr. Wells is not only an owner and fancier of setters, but also a user of them. He is a consistent shooter, and nearly always has a bit of game on hand in season. On Monday evening Mr. Wells handsomely entertained the field party and other friends to the number of twenty-five at a game dinner in town, which was a very pleasant affair and one much appreciated.

The trials were run off on grounds near Mitchell's Bay, about sixteen miles from Chatham, the party stopping at the post office, store and hotel of Mr. C. W. Raymond, who made all comfortable. This was far better than a long ride in and out daily, though it cut down the attendance of spectators somewhat. The field party, all of whom followed the good, sturdy, Canadian fashion of going on foot, numbered in all from fifteen to twenty-five, among whom one noticed besides the gentlemen above mentioned: Messrs. Chas. Allen, of Bothwell; Jos. Spracklin and son, of Sandwich (the latter handling, as was also James McGregor, of London,); Chas. Stone, of Toronto; Geo. Kime, Alphonso Wells and Dr. J. Kime, of Chatham. Mr. T. G. Davey, of London, was of course in the proceedings at every stage, for this club is with him a home institution and bound to receive his loyal support. One regrets to state that Tommy this year blinked a bit of the walking, and sneaked off home after his own dogs were done with their running.

The weather was suitable and birds quite numerous enough for all purposes. It was matter of general comment that everything was extraordinarily satisfactory and pleasant throughout. The result of this fall's meeting cannot fail to have beneficial effect for the club next year. Nor is it a negative significance which should be attached to this season's meet of the International Club. It has distinctly a character of positive interest. This club is working on the right lines. It is time that field trials ceased in the persistent effort to find the wrong dog, and followed the example of the semi-amateur international organization, which sought to find the right dog, namely, one which should be a practical day-to-day shooting dog, suitable for the service of a gentleman sportsman and not for the purposes of a dog merchant. Such a type should naturally have traits and constitution to transmit to its offspring, and its offspring should sell on this account, not on account of the meretricious and fortuitous circumstance of a winning in an hour's race of ill-directed effort. The winners of the Chatham contests were practical shooting dogs, and to repeat, there can be no higher praise adduced in their favor or in favor of the club which bred and trained and ran and selected them.

Tuesday—International Derby.

Of the twelve nominations there were four starters, drawn as follows:

Mr. S. Holmes's (Chatham) l. and w. pointer dog Spotted Star (Lord Graphic Star—Spotted Girl) with Mr. R. Bangham's (Windsor) b., w. and t. English setter dog Milbrook (Dash Antonio—Patty).

Mr. T. G. Davey's (London) b. and w. pointer dog Joe (Plain Sam—Beppo's Mollie) with Mr. H. Marshall Graydon's (London) b., w. and t. English setter bitch Heather Bloom (Dash Antonio—Bly).

Very mild and pleasant weather marked the opening day of the trials, and it was a pleasure to be afield. The party walked out from Mr. Raymond's hotel at Mitchell's Bay, and needed to go only a mile or so before work was begun. Birds were abundant (seven bevies being found), and the country proved in every way suitable and pleasant for field trial purposes. The Derby entry was not imposing in numbers, but included good timber, the work of the nine-months' puppy Milbrook being of exceeding high class for a dog so young. Mr. Bangham could not ask so youthful a dog to win first, but if the young 'un comes on as fast for the next year he will prove dangerous company for his sire, Dash Antonio. Moreover, he is a very handsome puppy, with great promise for his mature appearance. The first brace down were:

SPOTTED STAR—HEATHER BLOOM.—The latter was handled by Joe Spracklin. She proved faster and better in range. Star soon slowed up and came to heel. Heather flushed a partridge a couple of times and then flushed a bevy of quail. She flushed a single and failed to score several points which were natural. Down 35 minutes.

MILBROOK—JOE.—Spracklin handled Milbrook, J. McGregor handled Joe. Tried on stubble. In cover Joe put up a partridge. At a creek he pointed a single. He pointed again, but no bird could be found. On a weed field he pointed footscent of a bevy. Milbrook came up, flushed and chased. Milbrook broke after a single. Milbrook in range and speed and quality of action astonished all through a heat of over one hour. His bird work was of course crude, as he was still a puppy and short of experience.

JOE—HEATHER BLOOM.—They were tried out over stubble, and drew to a hedge row. Joe got a bevy point, and later made two single points and two flushes. Heather Bloom could not handle her singles and was scored several flushes. Down 30 minutes.

MILBROOK—HEATHER BLOOM.—Several fields blank, and at length Milbrook pointed in the corner of a cornfield. He left his point, went back, then returned, and roaded on to a bevy point. Heather Bloom seemed deficient in nose. Down about 25 minutes.

The judges announced their decision to be: Joe first, Milbrook second, Heather Bloom third, Spotted Star fourth.

Joe is of fair range, a fair bird finder and a useful puppy. Milbrook showed phenomenal determination and dash, and has a good though uneducated nose.

Wednesday—The International All-Age.

Mr. H. Marshall Graydon's (London) b., w. and t. English setter bitch Misfortune (Cincinnatus—Canadian Queen) with Messrs. W. B. Wells and A. Wells's (Chatham) b., w. and t. English setter bitch Daphne (Toledo Blade—Cambriana).

Mr. R. Bangham's (Windsor) b., w. and t. English setter dog Dash Antonio (Antonio—Lady Lucifer) with Mr. W. B. Wells's (Chatham) b., w. and t. English setter bitch Cleopatra (Mingo II.—Cambriana).

Mr. W. B. Wells's (Chatham) b., w. and t. English setter dog Luke (Toledo Blade—Cambriana) with Mr. T. G. Davey's (London) blue belton English setter dog Brighton Dick (Brighton Tobe—Brighton Maud).

Mr. R. Bangham's (Windsor) b., w. and t. English setter dog Lock (Locksley—Liddersdale) with Mr. T. G. Davey's (London) l. and w. pointer bitch Lucy (Ridgeway Faust—Peggy).

Mr. W. B. Wells's (Chatham) b., w. and t. English setter bitch Iris (White B.—Luna) with Mr. T. C. Stegman's (Toronto) b., w. and t. English setter bitch Maud (Banker—Belle).

The weather on Wednesday, the first day of the running in this stake, was extraordinarily warm for the season, indeed almost oppressively muggy, so that man and dog were somewhat distressed with the going. As before, the party walked afield from Raymond's place and got to work at 9 A. M. The first down were:

MISFORTUNE—DAPHNE.—The former was handled by Spracklin. Mr. Wells, of course, handled his own dog, and also of course kept the field party in a free perspiration in following his slashing walk. Both dogs showed abundant range and both were under good control. Daphne needed the less handling, and went about her work in an independent and experienced style, seeming a level-headed and steady field dog, of not so much style as reliability. The brace had 30 minutes blank, and were then led 10 minutes over to better country. On a naked field Daphne pointed, Misfortune backing nicely, but the birds had left. In the bush Daphne made a good bevy point at a brush pile, Misfortune backing or pointing irresolutely and suffering in the comparison in bird work. Both steady to wing. On the singles Daphne was first to stop, but was hurried on, the birds having scattered over dry leaves. Misfortune could not establish a point, and indeed both dogs might have done better here, though they were given too little time to work out the puzzle. Daphne pointed after they were ordered up. Down 1 hour and 8 minutes.

DASH ANTONIO—CLEOPATRA.—The former was handled by Spracklin. Mr. Wells handled Cleopatra. They were tried out on stubble, and both showed abundant range and speed. Dash showed a wide and independent range with a head of his own, and Cleopatra evinced the sense of the true bird dog. Hunting diligently at the edge of a thicket, Cleopatra was making game when Dash, fully 300yds. away, was casting over an open meadow toward a bit of bush. While still away from the fence he caught scent and worked rapidly up to a bevy point. Spracklin fired and he was steady. Dash was now brought over to Cleopatra and at once began stopping and roading in tall weeds, followed and cautioned by Spracklin. Not establishing a point, he was cast back, as the birds were evidently running. At this moment Mr. Wells fired from a point in the bush, and Dash dropped to the shot. Meantime Cleopatra had roaded rapidly 75yds. down wind and had established her point on the bevy in a very businesslike way, Dash having stopped at this back scent. It was at this bevy rise that Mr. Wells had fired, some 80yds. from Dash. While Dash had showed great range and sagacity on bevy work, he lost by comparison in the work on running singles, seeming if anything over cautious or overtrained, perhaps the latter. On the singles Dash pointed, probably on footscent, but the bird went out. Further on in open wood Dash pointed again, but no bird was found. For a third time he pointed firmly, but no bird could be materialized. Cleopatra also stopped, but went on, then pointed firmly at a brush heap, but no bird was put up. On these running singles neither dog got much glory. They were down 50 minutes. Cleopatra kept to her work, but seemed distressed. One could not avoid admiring the courage of Dash, who ran without paying attention to his crippled foreleg, which was in bandages.

LUKE—BRIGHTON DICK.—Mr. Wells handled Luke, Mr. Davey Dick. The judges put them on stubble and both showed range and independence enough, Luke under better control. As they crossed stubble and ragweed, Luke put up a bird just as he jumped into a bevy point. Dick was aside, but dropped to wing. At a ditch, both roaded. Dick came up and jumped into a point just as a bevy went up, all the judges and handlers being close in a bunch. On the singles, Luke pointed and moved on to locate, two birds going out. Dick pointed and moved on at command, and a bird rose. Luke pointed and moved on, and Dick did also, locating a bird which was put up in the bush. Dick was now plainly growing wild and was out of control, his handler using whistle and voice very much. Luke made game and recognized his bird, but did not stiffen, though the wind favored him. At the rise, Mr. Wells fired; both steady, Luke dropping. Dick flushed a bird at a log as he sprang over it. This was on leaves,

and neither dog was too brilliant. Dick stopped and moved on, and again did so, but not pointing. At a fence, where part of the earlier bevy had gone down, four birds went up, disturbed as the party got over the fence. The dogs were hardly at fault here, and both were steady. Along the fence Mr. Davey called a point for his dog, which was at a distance. The judges demurred, and he asked, "Do you want me to go and put the bird up?" This caused a laugh, for it was pretty plain to all that there was no bird there. He whistled hard for the dog, which came back, no bird being found. Down 1 hour and 3 minutes. This heat was by no means a startling one. Luke showed himself what he has long been known to be—a consistent shooting dog, of regular quality, always up to himself. Dick was said to have been a grand dog last year, and he went in with many admirers this year; but candor compels one to say he ran a rotten heat to-day. He was wild and intractable, and quite out of control, stubborn, hard-headed, and not productive of results when allowed his own way of working.

A good lunch was served in the woods by Mr. Raymond at noon, and at 1:21 P. M. the next brace was put down.

LUCY—LOCK.—Mr. Davey handled Lucy, and Joe Spracklin Lock. Both dogs showed speed, independence and obedience in the open. At a hedge row Lock made a bevy point, Lucy rose too steady to wing as she came running up, possibly flushing. In a dense thicket Lock pointed and Lucy came up. Just as she was about to stop her handler called to her to steady her, and she, so to speak, blinked her back, falling to the rear some yards and stopping, not with much quality of positiveness. On the stubble Lock ranged out and pointed a single, Lucy not seeing him in the tall weeds. The party now had a long walk. At a ditch and fence Lock drew up on a running bevy and stopped, but Lucy drew ahead and got the bevy. She had passed the bevy twice within 12ft. with the wind in her favor, and though she had made game there once, had run 100yds. beyond. Lock had really done better, for he showed that he would have located his bevy at the first draw along this likely cover. When Lucy was called back to try for a back she found the bevy, which was a few yards ahead of Lock. Thus Lucy technically got a point, though she had showed far less bird sense and generalship than Lock. Brought around to back, Lock did so handsomely, his tail trembling. The bevy was large and strong. The brace were taken up. Down 1 hour 20 minutes.

IRIS—MAUD.—Mr. Wells handled Iris, J. McGregor handling Maud. These dogs made the most unsatisfactory heat of the day. They showed the much-vaunted field trial quality of speed, but this without method or intelligence, Maud evidently racing about without any understanding of her duty. She was three years old before she ever saw a bird and can hardly be blamed for a lack of education. The judges followed their previous wise course and put the dogs first on the open, wishing each brace to find their own bevy. The dogs were led three-fourths of a mile, and then had a long and tedious run. Finally on a strip of ragweed Iris pointed. Mr. Wells ran up and Iris moved on, trailing badly. Maud meantime located these birds, which had gathered into a bevy. McGregor ran up. Maud was evidently scared, but McGregor walked in with her and the bevy went up. Iris was far behind and still roading as the birds went up. The singles went down in an open meadow, and though the footmen flushed several here, the handlers wisely declined to risk their dogs on such dangerous cover, and so passed on. No work of merit was done, though both dogs seemed to get trace of a bevy which was walked up on some stubble a quarter of a mile further on. Down 1 hour 20 minutes. This was the poorest work yet seen, and it was evident that neither of these would get further on in the runnings. Their heat ended the first series.

Second Series.

LUKE—DASH ANTONIO.—It was 4:12 when they went down, and there was a rapid tramp till dusk. They ran a bit on stubble, but no work was had of decisive quality till they crossed into a bare field near a barnyard. Here, on a plain, hard road, Dash came to a magnificent, stylish point, with his head high up. Luke, who was distant 50yds. or so, ran toward him a few yards and then stood in an equally stylish back, both dogs facing each other. It made a very pretty field scene, but alas! there was no bird to make the necessary character, and it was forced upon the judges that Dash was probably pointing the foot-scent of barnyard fowls, though not even one of these could be found. The dog seemed far too quick to stop at scent, and seemed weak here, though strong in every other quality. Moving on across slashing and corn some way further on, Luke pointed at the edge of corn. He here displayed a quality useful in actual shooting, though perhaps not fully appreciated in field trial work. He knew the birds were running, and so he left his point and ran around to head them off, as he does in hunting partridges, on which bird he is accounted a grand performer. As Luke thus cast to the left into the corn to pick up his trail further on, Dash came up and pointed in the ditch near the fence, the wind being against him and in favor of Luke, who now ran in a step or so from the left, caught the scent and fell into a grand point. Spracklin came up, put his hand on the dog after the English fashion of training, and then put up the bevy. After this there was a long walk over slash and meadow and dry marsh. In a little ditch both dogs divided the honor of a bevy point, both being a trifle out of view at the time. At 5:10 they were taken up and the party went home. They were down an hour and had a hard run, but both kept up their range perfectly. Luke is a muscular and well-seasoned dog of much field work, and is always good on his legs and even in his work. Dash did not let down in his work on account of his bad leg, and his pluck won him much admiration. The day's running throughout had averaged of very high character indeed, and rarely indeed will one find together ten dogs of equal quality with these. Especially noticeable was the perfection of breaking shown. The handling was pleasingly quiet and clean, and the day was quite free of the noisy and disagreeable features too often attendant upon running fractious and ill-broken dogs in field trials. It was a model trials day, and on the record of it alone the club might feel very proud. Birds were abundant, eleven bevies being found.

Thursday.

A sharp change in the weather took place during the night, and Thursday morning dawned sharp and cold. The weather was clear and not stormy, however, and really better for dogs and men than the warmer weather of the preceding day. Running was resumed in the second series of the All-Age Stakes, the first brace going down at 9:10 A. M.

BRIGHTON DICK—LOCK.—Cast loose on a small stubble, both went out well, and Lock soon located birds, pointing a small bevy at a brushy fence. Dick backed, dropping flat, both dogs steady to wing and to shot. Dick now broke out again and continued stubborn, handling very badly. On a few of these single birds which were on leaves in the open bush, Lock flushed a bird and dropped to wing, two other birds going up as he faintly and confusedly acknowledged them near his nose. As these birds had just alighted and had probably not run, it is likely they gave out little scent. A long walk followed this. At a ditch Dick pointed, head down and squatting, possibly on fur. Lock backed and moved up. Dick left his point. No bird was found. Further on a bit of tall ragweed was met, where both dogs made game, Dick the earlier, he trailing along the hedge. Lock hit the bevy scent better, pointed and moved up. Cautioned back by Spracklin, Dick then left the hedge and came out into the weeds near Lock, where he also pointed. It is possibly a fault of Spracklin's handling, if he will allow the suggestion, that he seems not to have confidence sufficient in his dogs to turn them loose and let them go to their birds themselves. He fairly called Lock away from his point, Lock turning back and backing him or pointing, his tail quivering and he plainly feeling the birds. Both dogs were now in the bevy, which went up about then to Spracklin's flush. The dogs here did quite as skillful work as their handlers. Moving on, at a fence, Mr. Davey claimed a point for Dick. Lock backed. Dick moved on. Lock jumped the fence and thus flushed the bird. The dogs were here taken up. Down 1 hour. Not a brilliant heat, and Lock made a less favorable impression than on the day previous. Dick was very much of a disappointment, and seemed out of training. This may be due to the fact that he has been used by his owner part of the time and part of the time left with his trainer.

CLEOPATRA—DAPHNE.—Mr. Wells handled both his dogs, if they could be said to need handling. The two had hunted together ahead of him often before, and they gave the field a touch of practical bird work all too foreign to many field trials, where it seems a demerit for a dog to be guilty of finding and pointing a bird to the gun. This was by all means the banner heat of the entire trials, and rarely indeed at any trials would one see it equaled by any dogs whatsoever. A curious reversal of form was apparent as between these dogs. On the day previous Daphne had shown much to one's fancy, and Cleopatra had not made so favorable an impression. To-day the reverse was the case. Daphne continued at about her consistent level, whereas Cleopatra outclassed her earlier performance and was fairly brilliant, showing in speed, style, dash and positiveness all that a field trial dog should be and all that a shooting dog also should be. On any rational basis the standard should be the same for both, and history will yet see it so.

Both dogs went away merrily over the open stubble, their work being both brisk and intelligent. On the stubble both made game. Cleopatra pointed and Daphne backed. Cleopatra worked up cautiously and Mr. Wells put up the bevy, shot and killed; both dogs steady. On the singles along a hedge Cleopatra got the first point, jumping into it in a most handsome, stylish manner, Daphne again backing when she came up. The bird was walked up on the other side near Daphne, who was steady to order. Daphne got the next point, and three birds were walked up. Cleopatra pointed again further down the hedge, and a bird was found, both dogs remaining steady. This keen single-bird work was the snappiest and best seen so far in the trials, and the party grew enthusiastic over it Cleopatra was the favorite, owing to her snappier and more stylish work.

The dogs now cast wide in the stubble and were lost to sight in the tall ragweed. Mr. Wells hunted for them in the wrong direction and it was some minutes before the judge found them. Cleopatra was standing rigid in as handsome a point as one ever saw, old Daphne backing her mate solidly and sturdily, sitting down in the stubble some yards away in her characteristic fashion. As the dogs had stood thus for some time, the birds had run, but Cleopatra now rapidly cast off to the right. Daphne was first to point, but not snappily, Cleopatra backing. In a thicket near by both pointed, face to face, on a bevy under a grapevine, making a pretty bit of work of it. They were then tried out further on the open to see how they would stand a longer run, but their range remained unbroken. At a grassy ditch Daphne pointed, sitting on her haunches with her head high, as usual. Cleopatra backed, trembling. They stood there for 5 minutes while the judges and Mr. Wells were talking. The reporters and the rest of the footmen were back of a hedge and were called up to see the dogs. Mr. Wells then put up the birds, shot and killed, both dogs perfectly steady. The judges now took the dogs up, they having been down 50 minutes. The heat was a grand one, high class in each particular, more especially for Cleopatra, whose stock was now at premium.

Third Series.

DASH ANTONIO—BRIGHTON DICK.—These cast into the bush and made game, but materialized nothing. They were put on leash, and while walking along a field road near a grassy ditch the party walked into a big bevy, which scattered well over adjacent stubble and were followed. Dick again needed abundant handling. On the singles Dash got the first point in a hedge row, Dick at one side. The latter came galloping by, turned his head and glanced at Dash, not 10ft. away, but declined to honor his point, and going on after one of his own. Spracklin put the bird up and killed it, Dash steady. Further on Dick made game, but moved up, putting up his bird. Dash now came over into the stubble and pointed and both stood pointing. Dash moved off a bit and dropped in the middle of a bunch of birds, five going out, close about him, Dick being then beyond and ahead of the birds, and none too sober and steady. Dash had located the birds, it is true, but the work of neither dog was brilliant here, and both suffered in comparison with the work done in the heat just previous. Down 25 minutes.

DASH ANTONIO—CLEOPATRA.—The judges were now evidently nearing a decision, for they asked for Dash Antonio for the fourth time and Cleopatra for the third. They were cast off in the stubble last mentioned, and Dash shrewdly went back to the old trail and pointed, and Spracklin put up the bird. On this point Dash was none too positive and steady. Moving on, at a fence Dash came to a decided point, Spracklin again cautioning him. He moved around and again came to an irresolute point. There may have been birds about, yet Cleopatra came bustling by, got no scent, and declined to back so uncertain a point. No bird could be found. It was further made clear that false pointing was Dash's worst fault, and again it seemed that this was the fault also of a too restraining system of handling. The dog is naturally a slashing, self-confident fellow, and has a good nose, and if let alone would soon get in the habit of going to his birds and pointing only when he did get to them.

No bird work was had by these of consequence, though birds were evidently running along the hedge. Cleopatra took the trail and swiftly roaded into a point. Dash backed when brought up, but the bird had apparently run on. Cleopatra pointed again further along the hedge, but no bird was put up, the dogs being hurried on. They were soon ordered up, being down only 10 minutes. As they were led away in leash they both tugged at their collars, whirled and pointed in the stubble near the hedge, Dash thus pointing twice.

LUKE—LOCK.—These had a long, hard go, and for a long time without results. It was clear they were down for a decision as to third place, but they made an even enough showing. Luke got a faint scent at a fence and stopped, Lock backing, but no bird was found. An hour of blank work over fields and slashing followed, until finally in a heavy slashing Luke came to a point at a brush heap, pointing in the singular fashion of holding up one hindleg, and so standing some moments. Lock backed, and though no bird could be found at once Luke moved on, again pointed, and Mr. Wells put up a bevy at a log within 20yds. of the first point. Mr. Wells shot, feathering a bird; both dogs steady. A few minutes' time was given the birds to run, and the dogs were taken on into the slashing where the birds had been marked down. They did little enough here. Luke flushed a bird at a log, it going out behind him. Another bird went up wild, put up by footmen. Lock pointed a bird at a brush pile, where it had been marked down on a short flight; probably the bird crippled by Mr. Wells. Luke also stopped here, but was called away. The bird was not gotten out of the brush heap, but was heard chirping inside the heap. Down 1 hour and 22 minutes.

The judges now announced their decision: Dash Antonio first, Cleopatra second, Luke and Lock a divided third.

Dash Antonio, first (Antonio—Lady Lucifer), is a grand, up-standing dog, a belton, marked black, white and tan, weighing 52lbs. He is of a heavier, larger-framed type than is ordinary to-day among English setters, and shows in head and frame the determined, courageous, sturdy dog he is. It is very likely that had most of his competitors suffered the injury he did they would have quit in the first heat instead of running through four heats at undiminished speed. When the bandages were taken from his leg it was seen that a deep hole was in the upper part of the forearm muscle, the ankle joint was much puffed and swollen, one dew claw was bitten loose and a toe nail was loose, while above the ankle-joint a deep, unhealed wound was sunk into the leg. He showed the highly desirable quality of grit in running so well when thus crippled. Mr. Bangham may well be proud of him.

Cleopatra, second (Mingo II.—Cambriana), is the reverse in type of Dash Antonio. She is a highly modern vest-pocket English setter, weighing less than 30lbs. (27lbs. when last weighed) and is a bundle of wire and nerve. Not always the same, when she is at her best she is a stinger, and well nigh enough to convert one to the belief that no dog can be good unless exactly of her weight and sort. She is extraordinarily stylish and snappy in her work.

Luke, divided third (Toledo Blade—Cambriana), is a big little dog, high-headed and very muscular, a day-to-day dog which one can depend upon. In color he runs more to black than most English setters. He stands inspection as a running machine, and trial as a shooting dog. He would weigh about 40lbs.

Lock, divided third (Locksley—Liddersdale), is a handsome fellow, well furnished and of about 45 to 47lbs. weight. He is of good, free action and of endurance. We should hear further of him.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The E. F. T. C. meeting closed with a smoker on Saturday night last, the secretary, Mr. S. C. Bradley, Prof. Edm. H. Osthaus and Mr. Theo. Sturgis doing the honors. Nearly all the handlers were present and were unanimous in their satisfaction with the decisions, and bestowed much praise on the skill and industry of the judges. Mr. Bradley made twenty-one speeches of introduction, besides others in spare moments, and Dr. Luke White was but a speech or two short of a tie with him. It was one of the pleasantest gatherings ever held at a field trial and did much to promote a good understanding between all present, and also a general good-fellowship.

Tony Boy and Tick Boy never ran so well in their public competitions before. Both are greatly improved dogs.

Messrs. P. Lorillard, Jr., and F. R. Hitchcock left Newton on Friday night for a shoot on Mr. Lorillard's preserve at High Point, N. C.

Mr. W. S. Bell, Pittsburg, arrived on Saturday night, and Mr. Jos. H. Dew, of Tennessee, arrived on Sunday morning, the 22d inst., on time for their duties as judges of the U. S. F. T. C. trials. There will need to be a third judge engaged to fill the place of Mr. A. M. Young, Manchester, Tenn.

Mr. A. C. Waddell, manager of the Del Monte Kennels, the oldest of field trial men, was an interested spectator throughout the trials. He was at the first field trial held in America and was actively engaged in promoting and managing it.

CENTRAL BEAGLE TRIALS.

SHARPSBURG, Pa.—The inaugural field trials of the Central Beagle Club were held at Waynesburg, Pa., beginning Tuesday, Nov. 10, and continuing until Thursday, Nov. 12.

The best of harmony reigned from first to last; not a word of dissatisfaction was heard. The hunting ground was very good; but it was hard to follow the dogs and handlers on account of the hills, which made it difficult for the judges.

The judges were: Dr. W. E. Johnston, of Etna, and Harry Lewis, of McKeesport. The decisions were well received, though the task was a difficult one. The number was not so large, but there was not a poor beagle started. Most of the winners are already known from previous records made at other trials.

Among those present and interested in the trials were: D. T. Summers, A. C. Peaterson, Dr. W. E. Johnston, Frank Golla, James McAleer, C. Klock, J. W. Simpson, Dr. J. A. Phillis, Dr. S. W. Hartt, J. A. Schaum, Theo. Bolji, H. Lewis, L. O. Seidel, J. F. Bell, J. Phillips and quite a number from Waynesburg.

At the annual meeting, Nov. 10, these new members were elected: D. T. Summers and James McAleer. It was voted that these same officers remain for the next year: Dr. S. W. Hartt, McKeesport, President; A. C. Peaterson, Homestead, Vice-President; L. O. Seidel, Sharpsburg, Secretary-Treasurer. Dr. W. E. Johnston, of Etna, was elected delegate to the A. K. C.

Tuesday was clear and cold in the early morning, with a heavy frost and some ice; it became pleasant by noon. We left the hotel at 6:30 and were on the grounds at 7:20 A. M. First on the list was the membership cup, with four entries in the 15in. All-Age class.

SAILOR—RAMROD.—Went down at 7:30. Sailor, owned by A. C. Peaterson, handled by J. F. Bell. Ramrod, owned by Dr. George Gladden, handled by J. Phillips. Sailor (run as Taylor in the National Beagle Club Trials last year, winning second in Derby class) was out of condition, lame with a sore foot and in bad shape. Both handlers urged their dogs too much to do good work and got them rattled. A rabbit was started by one of the handlers and both dogs were called to where it started. Sailor took the trail first, but both lost in a brier patch. Up at 8:10.

BIRDIE S.—DOC WELLER.—Second brace was called. Birdie S., owned by Dr. S. W. Hart, and Doc Weller, handled by owner, Frank Golla. Both done some cold trailing. Birdie S. was giving tongue on cold trails. Doc Weller would harken; took quite a time to find her out. A rabbit was started in the high weeds, and was driven to a hole. Ordered up at 9:45.

DOC WELLER—RAMROD.—Down for the second series at 9:15 in the edge of the woods. It was not long before there was a rabbit on the go. Doc Weller was doing the best trailing; both were doing some very nice work. Three rabbits were started and holed in this heat. Up at 11:05. The judges awarded the membership cup in this class to Doc Weller.

BLOSSOM—MOLLIE DEAN.—In the 13in. membership cup there were only two entries: Blossom, owned by Dr. S. W. Hart, handled by J. A. Schaum; Mollie Dean, handled by owner, L. O. Seidel. Down at 11:25. In the last run a rabbit had been caught by one of the handlers, and was let loose in the large field. Mollie Dean sighted it first and caught it. They were then cast off into a thicket, but could not find, Blossom doing the best work. Ordered up at 12:05 until after lunch; down again at 12:55 at the edge of the woods. It was very warm, and Mollie Dean was too fat and worked slow. Ordered up at 1:15. Blossom was awarded the cup.

The Derby.

MCKINLEY—MADGE were called, Class B, 13in. and under. McKinley, owned by A. C. Peterson, handled by J. F. Bell, and Madge, owned by Dr. S. W. Hartt, handled by J. A. Schaum, were only put in by the owners to fill the class, and they did some great work considering that they were only a little over six months old. Down at 1:17. McKinley took the trail and carried it like a dog twice his age. There is surely a great future for this dog; his work was phenomenal; one could hardly believe that a puppy could do the work he did. They were ordered up at 1:30. McKinley first, Madge second. Class G was called for bassets and dachshunde.

JAY S.—BISMARCK K.—Jay S., handled by owner, L. O. Seidel; Bismarck K., handled by owner, C. Klock. Put down in the edge of the woods. A rabbit was started by a spectator, and dogs called up to where it started. After a few minutes of careful searching by both dogs they took the trail. Jay S. being the speedier of the two, drove the rabbit to a loss in a dense brier patch. Moving on to new grounds, it was very difficult to find game, and the judges were much confused by terms and words used by the handlers, as "*Such, geh, Bismarck, such, such.*" The judges, believing that the handlers were taking undue advantage of each other, ordered the dogs up at 2:20, awarding the heat to Jay S. It was explained through an interpreter afterward that the terms are used by handlers of these hounds in their native land. This brace created quite a favorable impression, and no doubt next year's meet will have many entries of this gamy little dog.

The Derby—15 to 13in.

BELLE S.—LADY.—Belle S., handled by owner, D. T. Summers, and Lady, handled by owner, Theo. Bolji, went down at 2:30. A rabbit was soon started that proved a runner. Belle S. at once took the lead at a fast clip and worked the turns quickly without loss of time, driving the rabbit far from its feeding ground. Lady was doing very nice work, but the pace was fast and seemed to surprise her at first. Judges and handlers were run to a standstill following this pair. At last bunny threw them off a while in a large tree top. Lady pushed him out, and Belle S. being some distance away was only able to catch up with Lady when she had driven the rabbit to earth in full view of the judges, handlers and spectators. This was decidedly the best race so far in the trials. Dogs ordered up at 3:20.

MINNIE S.—SUMMERS'S FLY.—Both handled by owner, D. T. Summers. Down at 3:25 near a weed field, where a rabbit was soon started and driven in and through this field to the woods, where a nice exhibition of trailing was seen. Fly, driving the rabbit in a large log pile, brought up to the field again. A rabbit was soon started, but good trailing was impossible, owing to the density of the grass and weeds and the number of rabbits; there seemed to the judges and handlers a dozen going at once. Dogs were ordered up at 4:20, Fly having the best of the race.

Second Series.

BELLE S.—LADY.—Owing to the superior work done in the first series, the judges decided to run them in this series for first and second places. Down at 4:30; Belle S. showed superior ability to hit off the turns. This was a pretty race, Belle S. having the best of it; up at 5:30. First prize was given to Belle S.; second to Lady; third, Summer's Fly; reserved, Minnie S.

Wednesday opened with a driving rain, but at 7:30 the clouds began breaking and a start was made for the grounds. All were anxious to see a start made in the All-Age Class C, 15 to 13in., between such well-known dogs as those drawn for the first race, as both had won honors in the National and Northwestern beagle trials.

PANIC—LUCY S.—Panic handled by owner, Jas. McAleer; Lucy S. handled by owner, D. T. Summers. This brace was cast off at edge of woods at 8:35; a rabbit was soon started by Panic. Both dogs took the trail; scent seemed to lay poor owing to the extreme dampness of the ground, and the innumerable brush piles in the vicinity prevented good trailing. Both dogs seemed rattled by the short runs of the rabbit from one brush pile to another, but bunny, at last, was driven from cover to open woods and here began a very close and exciting race. Panic settled down to business, running fast and catching the turns well, although inclined to use her eyes as well as her nose. Lucy S. was now doing better work than at the beginning, trailing fast and true. Both abandoned their jealous desire to be in front. They were ordered up at 9:55.

DOC WELLER—KITTY.—Doc Weller, handled by owner, Frank Golla. Kitty, handled by owner, James McAleer. Down at 10:05. A high wind with a little rain and snow now began, but did not last long. A rabbit was started by one of the handlers and both dogs called on. The work of both dogs on this rabbit was slow, owing to the high grass and weeds, and the game was finally driven into a log pile. Moving to the woods, another rabbit was started, which offered to those who were able to see part of it the hardest race of the trials; both dogs hit off the trail together, and from that to the end a harder killing race has not been witnessed, down through the woods on a steep hillside to a small stream. Here the rabbit turned up creek, the dogs losing no time catching the turn, and away like mad far beyond hearing distance. Both handlers and judges, who were completely outdone, took a position on a high ridge, hoping they might come back that way. After a short wait the faint and far-away sound of the hounds could be heard growing louder, faster and faster; soon the rabbit was seen coming up the slope with both dogs neck and neck, not 50ft. behind, through the fence and to the earth in a dense weed field. This was the fastest race of the meet and both dogs seemed glad that it was over. Ordered up at 11:45.

BLOSSOM—MOLLIE DEAN.—Owing to the absence of the next brace the 13in. All-Age class was substituted. Only two filled: Blossom, owned by Dr. S. W. Hartt, handled by J. A. Schaum, and Mollie Dean, handled by owner, L. O. Seidel. Down at 11:48. A rabbit was started by one of the handlers. Called up to where bunny started from, both dogs picked up the trail and carried it well, Blossom having greater speed, doing most of the leading, Mollie being too fat for fast work. The rabbit, after trying several times to throw off the dogs by running through water, was finally driven to a ground hole. Ordered up at 12:30, and the heat awarded to Blossom; Mollie Dean second.

SAILOR—BIRDIE S.—After lunch the third brace in 15in. All-Age class was called. Sailor, owned by A. C. Peaterson, handled by J. Bell; Birdie S., owned by Dr. S. W. Hartt, handled by J. A. Schaum. Down 11:26. A rabbit was started in a brier patch, and both dogs were called up by their handlers. Sailor, catching scent first, did some nice work, and had he been feeling well, and not lame, would certainly have been well up for place. Sailor did most of the leading in this race, both finally losing in a cornfield, Sailor having the best of the heat. Up at 2:29.

RAMROD—KITTY.—The bye dog Ramrod, owned by Dr. Geo. Gladden, handled by J. Bell, and Kitty, handled by owner, James McAleer, went down at 2:32. Dogs worked up to where a rabbit had been seen by a spectator. Ramrod hit off the trail at once and dove into the woods to a loss. Kitty worked carefully, and picking up the turn drove singly to cover. Moving on, another rabbit was finally driven to earth. Ordered up at 3:12.

LUCY S.—DOC WELLER.—After a conference the judges decided to run Lucy S. and Doc Weller for place. Down at 3:15. A small rabbit was soon started, but as quickly lost. Moving on for some time, a rabbit was at last started. Both dogs caught on, when another of those killing races to dogs and judges began; up through a steep wooded hillside out of hearing, so quick none could follow; back again and into a high grass field, where bunny hoped to throw them off; but it was no use. Both dogs seemed determined to do their best, although Weller was over fat and lacked work. They drove back to the woods again and into an old, unused field, in full view of all, back and forth among the whitethorn brush, and do all he could the rabbit could not throw them off; and soon he sought his city of refuge, the dogs but a few feet behind, so far exhausted that as they passed the judges and handlers Summers said, "Lucy, you haven't enough wind to bark." Ludy S. did most of the leading, reaching the hole 3 or 4ft. ahead of Weller; both too far gone to growl at each other. Dogs ordered up at 4:23. The judges then awarded Panic first, Lucy S. second, Doc Weller third, and Kitty res.

PANIC—KITTY.—In brace stakes the first down were Panic and Kitty, owned by James McAleer, handled by owner. A rabbit was soon started by Panic, and both the bitches worked well, trailing true and fast. The rabbit was soon driven to a tree, from which it was taken uninjured and started ahead of the dogs. They again caught on and the rabbit made several large circles, and after being hard pressed entered a ragweed field; but there was no escape for him there, for Panic was after him, and before he could emerge again Panic caught him. This pair of bitches can hardly be praised too much. Their work was excellent as a brace, and any man should feel proud to be their owner.

LUCY S.—BELLE S.—On Thursday the second brace was put down at 7:58; Lucy S.—Belle S., owned by D. J. Summers. This was altogether the nicest work seen; trailing was good and the rabbit ran well, almost too well, and though down only five minutes with three long chases, they holed three rabbits, marking each hole. Ordered up at 8:55.

BIRDIE S.—BLOSSOM.—Third brace, Birdie S.—Blossom, owned by Dr. S. W. Hartt, handled by J. A. Schaum. Down at 9. After quite a while a rabbit was started, Blossom doing most of the driving, and her work was creditable considering her size, and her mate, Birdie S., giving tongue at all times and places, which I think worked an injury to her running mate. Blossom finally drove the rabbit into a tree and the brace was ordered up at 10:05.

There was another brace, but owing to Sailor's condition he was not run. The judges awarded D. T. Summers first, James McAleer second.

All hats went up and three cheers were given for the judges. This ended the first field trial of the Central Beagle Club. S.

A Late Continental Entry.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am in receipt of a communication from Mr. T. T. Ashford, of Birmingham, Ala., dated Nov. 10, asking why I had not acknowledged the receipt of and forfeit on the entry of Mr. F. W. Dunham's lemon and white pointer dog Elgin's Dash, in the Continental F. T. Club's All-Age stake, Tupelo trials, sent in Oct. 1. I also received by same mail the entry and forfeit above mentioned, the check covering forfeit being dated Oct. 1. Both envelopes bear the postmark date Nov. 16. P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas.

The Bull Terrier Club Entries.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The secretary of the Bull Terrier Club respectfully calls the attention of the secretaries of the various kennel clubs to the fact that in the event of their holding bench shows they can without prejudice to themselves accept entries from members of the Bull Terrier Club with the exception of Mr. J. O. Horne, acting president of the Bull Terrier Club, and Mr. W. D. Brereton, secretary, who have both been illegally disqualified by the advisory committee of the American Kennel Club.

The United States Field Trials.

NEWTON, N. C., Nov. 23.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* The United States Field Trial Club's Derby for setters had ten starters and was finished to-day. Winners: First, Charlottesville Kennels' Pinmoney; second, P. Lorillard's Count Gloster; third, F. R. Hitchcock's Tony Rustic. Weather raw. Competition inferior. Pointer Derby next. Judges, S. C. Bradley, W. S. Bell, Joseph H. Dew, Nashville. B. WATERS.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

RUBBER FOR TIRES.

THE London *Evening Standard* gives some interesting statistics regarding the India rubber trade in its special bearing on the tire industry:

The cycle boom, which has given such an impetus to the rubber trade, may wax or it may wane—the former is the more likely—but the demand for India rubber will, in all probability, go on forever, like Tennyson's "Brook," only more so. Already every up-to-date cabby has his rubber-tired hansom, and in the silent time coming, when Jehu will manipulate a handle instead of driving a "gee," the motor cars and brakes and broughams will be tired with rubber—if the supply holds out. For aught we know, the twentieth century coster will hawk his vegetables from a rubber-tired motor barrow, and the trains roll along on rubber wheels. There isn't much doubt about the demand, but will the supply be equal to it?

At present the bulk of imported rubber may be called "wild." It is collected in the forest and jungles. The cultivated plantations may almost be counted on one's fingers. In Chontales, Nicaragua, there is a small one, visited by the writer in March, last year. Mexico can boast of two or three, worked by American and English companies. A species of rubber tree (Manihot) has been introduced into India and Ceylon from its South American home, but it is not being cultivated, except on a small scale. In Brazil there are said to be a few plantations, but the produce of these is a mere drop in the ocean.

The outer tube of a cycle tire may be "Mbungu" rubber, from East, Central or West Africa; "Hule," from Central America or Mexico; "Mangabeira," from Pernambuco; or it may have come from Madagascar, or Borneo, or Perak. But the inner tube is almost invariably made of the best Para rubber, obtained from various species of Hevea, in the great forests which border the river Amazon and its many branches. Brazilian rubber-gatherers go into the woods with proper utensils, comprising axes, bowls, paddles and a small stove. When a tree is discovered, circular incisions, extending from the branches to the ground, are made in the bark, and the white milk runs down the channels into a bowl at the bottom of the trunk. It is then poured over the blade of a paddle held in the smoke of the stove, when the milk coagulates and forms the black rubber of commerce. The Huleros, or rubber-gatherers of Nicaragua, generally Indians or Caribs, aim at getting rubber with as little trouble as possible. Instead of using bowls, they dig holes for the milk at the foot of the trees, and, in a happy-go-lucky Nicaragua way, leave the necessary evaporation of water for nature to perform. Consequently, rubber derived from the *Castillo elastica* in Central America is commonly mixed with grit, and is worth from 6 pence to 8 pence a pound less than Para rubber from Brazil.

It is in the systematic cultivation of rubber trees, however, that huge fortunes are to be made. The Mexican Minister to the United States calculates that each six-year-old tree will have cost 4d. for land and cultivation, and will produce, in its sixth year, 4lbs. of rubber, worth 2s. 4d. per pound. Every year, for an indefinite time, the yield increases. In Nicaragua, where the writer has made a special study of the subject, a bounty of 10 cents, native currency, is paid by the Government for every tree

planted, and land may be purchased at 5s. an acre. Each acre will bear 193 trees planted 15ft. apart. But the trees should not be tapped until the eighth year, by which time, according to the writer's calculations, they will have cost 9d. each, and will yield 5lbs. of rubber, worth 11s. 8d., or 14s., if the milk is gathered and coagulated, as in Brazil. For the sake of convenience, let us value the rubber at 2s. per pound, and see what will be the profit on a plantation of 100 acres. The land will cost £25; surveying, £20; clearing, £200; collecting seed and planting, £100; eight yearly weedings, at £40 each. £320; implements, £60; cost of living for eight years, at £50 per annum —ample in Nicaragua—£400; gathering the eighth year's crop, £300; total, £1,425.

Now for the profit. Government bounty on 19,300 trees, £252; produce at 2s. per pound, £9,650. Deduct the capital invested, and the net profit is £8,477. The average increase is 1lb. of rubber for each year of the tree's life. so that the ninth year's profit would be. roughly, £9,870; the tenth, £11,500; the eleventh, £13,160; the twelfth, £14,800, and so on. It is pretty clear that if the demand for rubber should continue to increase, and the area in cultivation were judiciously extended, the planter would soon be able to write himself down "millionaire." At present the demand shows no sign of falling off; quite the contrary. During 1895 the imports of rubber into the United Kingdom aggregated 17,077 tons, of the value of £3,766,643. In the first five months of 1896 the imports increased by 1,300 tons, owing, doubtless, to the cycle boom.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

EXCESS in anything is to be avoided, whether it be excess in eating, drinking or bicycle riding.

Judging from casual observation, it would seem that most riders at times do more than is good for them, and it is the exception to find a wheelman who knows enough to stop when he is tired. After one is healthily fatigued additional riding is sure to do harm, and the lassitude and irritability and disordered digestion that follows is good evidence that too much has been attempted. To be benefited by bicycle riding one should feel brighter and fresher the day after the ride than the day it was taken.

After a long ride a bath is often very refreshing, but judgment should be used in determining its character. Hot baths are enervating, and cold baths dangerous under conditions where a speedy reaction does not follow. If one is very tired a warm bath is perhaps best—especially if taken just before retiring.

If one expects to go out after a warm bath it is, of course, advisable to finish with a hasty sponge over with cold water to close the pores, as a precaution against taking cold.

Cold water alone, however, has a tonic power and should be used in cases where the rider is not too much fatigued and where the bath is taken immediately after the ride. Either a very quick bath or a shower with the water as cold as can be borne will do, and in either case it should be followed by long and vigorous rubbing with rough towels.

If water with a little salt or alcohol in it is used the advantageous results are increased. It is not necessary to plunge entirely into the water, a thorough sousing with a large sponge being sufficient. The cold water and subsequent rubbing tones and refreshes the skin, while the feeling of exhilaration that follows lessens, if it does not entirely remove, the sense of fatigue.

Men who have been carefully trained or who are naturally endowed with strong systems may safely continue their exertion long after it would be injudicious for others to do so. Each man must judge for himself when his limit has been reached, and, if wise, he will keep his riding well within that limit.

Professionals when racing are not exempt from the bad results of over-exertion. These results are naturally most pronounced when the effort is of long duration. Rivierre, the winner of the Bordeaux-Paris and Bal d'Or races, broke down when he came to meet Huret in a twenty-four-hour competition, Oct. 11, as a direct result of the strain of the previous contests, and Arthur Linton lost his life as a consequence of too continuous application to the cinder path. Linton was a man of tremendous pluck and stamina, and he did not know what it was to stop pedaling in a race while consciousness and the physical capacity to move his limbs remained. He began the season in fine physical condition in March with a six days' race, and continued racing without a week's rest from long-distance competitions till the time of his fatal illness. In most of these contests he rode till he was completely exhausted. At the Bal d'Or twenty-four-hour race in Paris he was compelled to stop from illness. He disregarded this warning, however, and with no rest for recovery returned to England and took part in the race for the Catford gold vase, in which he rode extremely well on the first day but was compelled to stop on the second by the onset of the illness which had so unfortunate a result. Linton seemed unable to realize that while his muscles were capable of any demand made upon them his vital system could refuse to respond, and so he kept at it till he had burned his candle and died like any drunkard dies from excess.

Dr. E. B. Turner has contributed the following opinion of Linton's death, which we take from the *Australian Cyclist*. He says:

"I write this in ignorance of the precise symptoms of his malady, which is stated in the press to have been enteric (or typhoid fever); but one thing is certain, and that is that for weeks his whole system must have been poisoned by the 'ptomaines' engendered by his all but continuous exertions. The blood of any man who has competed in a distance race on foot or on a cycle is found afterward to be full of poisonous substances, produced by the forced combustion of his tissues, and this poison is gradually excreted from his system during the next few days, but it takes a more or less long time to get free from it. Now if a man before he has recovered from these effects of one race rides in another, he adds a fresh dose of poison to the dregs of that remaining in his tissues, and in a short time he simply becomes a storehouse of waste material. This is the condition of young, unseasoned soldiers in a hard campaign, who die like flies after forced marches from fatigue fever, an illness whose early symptons directly simulate those of typhoid. Now poor Linton gave himself no rest to get rid of this poison, and whether his fatal ailment was true enteric, or acute fever from long-continued over-evertion, which (writing in quasi-ignorance) seems to me possible, it is certain that being full of poison he was in no case able to resist the onset of any serious illness, and his death may be directly attributed to over-racing. In an experience of twenty-six years of all kinds of sport, this is the first instance in which I can attribute a fatal result to athletic competition, and I hope it may be the last.

"Man is not a machine; he must rest after prolonged exertion, and to trade on his pluck, and compete again before he has recovered, is simply to court disaster. I write this not as an anti-athletic faddist, but as a man who has a strong and firm belief in training and racing, and the good it does when properly indulged in; but I wish to point out the danger of excess, and warn the modern school of distance racers that nature must be obeyed, and that one twenty-four hours' race in a year is about enough for most men, and I address this warning particularly to those riders who have their living to make out of the sport, lest in the present pursuit of fame they may ruin their whole future health, or even put an end to their lives by thoughtless over-competition."

Squirrel and Bicycle.

"IN a recent issue of the L. A. W. *Bulletin*," says a correspondent, "a rider in or near Philadelphia told how he was thrown from his bicycle by rabbits running between the wheels at night. I do not doubt it, as I had a similar experience one morning riding through a little wood in Montclair, N. J. A squirrel started across the road and ran through my front wheel. I expected to see it killed and to be upset myself, but it was only caught in the wheel enough to throw it about 10 or 12ft. in the air, brushing my ear as it described a circle, landng on same side of wheel. A little ahead it again ran through the wheels and up a tree on the other side of the road—by no means a dead squirrel."

For a Tonic.

IRON has long been considered an excellent tonic, but it has remained for the fag end of the century to demonstrate the tonic qualities of steel. Taken in the form of a bicycle, steel has a power for regenerating run-down humanity that no other tonic has ever approached.

Yachting.

MASSACHUSETTS YACHT RACING ASSOCIATION.

NO BETTER evidence of the good work done in a short time by the Massachusetts Yacht Racing Association is needed than the pamphlet recently sent out by Secretary Bliss, containing the records of the season's racing. The book gives a most interesting summary of the season's work, the complete record of each race sailed under the auspices of the Y. R. A., and the tabulated record of each yacht in each class, showing the starts, the places down to third, and the percentages as calculated by the Association method, as follows:

First place, 100 per cent.; second place, 50 per cent.; third place, 25 per cent.; the total amount of percentage to be divided by the number of starts, the result giving the championship percentage. Only open races scheduled under the Y. R A. rules to count; at least 50 per cent. of the total percentage to be won within limits indicated on the Association chart; no percentage to be allowed to a yacht which has not defeated a competitor, and every yacht to be assumed to have started in at least ten races. With this system of computation of performances a championship diploma is given for the highest percentage in all classes, and also a championship medal and pennant to the yacht with the highest percentage in each class.

The winners of the year are given on the first page of the book: Diploma, Elsa, H. M. Crane, in the 15ft. class, Mr. Crane being also the "crew" of the champion of the 15ft. R. L. class in New York. The winner in the first class is Ida, J. F. E. Beekman; second class, Gleaner, F. O. Wellington; third class, Arab, W. F. Scott; fourth class, Alpine, C. J. Blethen; fifth class, Elsa, H. M. Crane; knockabout class, Cock Robin, Chas. S. Eaton. A record such as this and the accompanying lists of the yachts in each class in the order of their percentages is of far more value in encouraging racing than any amount of money in cash prizes under the old haphazard system. From the beginning of the season each racing owner is now working not for a few valuable prizes, or for empty honors in walkovers or in a class with little against him, but for the first place in percentage in a large class of racing yachts. The official record shows percentages for 11 yachts in the first class, 17 in the second, 18 in the third, 18 in the fourth, 6 in the fifth, and 11 in the knockabout class.

Accompanying the book is a sheet containing the recent changes in the racing rules, already published. Most of these are decidedly for the better, and should result in increased interest in the racing of 1897. Considering the widespread—in fact, almost universal—use of the Seawanhaka rule throughout the country, and the fact that it has given better results than any other rule ever tried, and that its disadvantages are equally shared by other rules, it seems unfortunate that the Massachusetts clubs could not retain it and remain in unity with the New York and Sound clubs, especially as these now form a strong union It is quite certain that in New York waters a simple waterline measurement, such as was so long in use, has at best no advantage whatever over the length and sail area rule; and it has not yet been shown how the conditions about Boston differ from those in so many other localities. No proof seems necessary of the desirability of one common rule throughout the country, and the rule now generally used is at least better than anything proposed to replace it.

The naming of the Asscciation classes is also of a haphazard description: First class, special class, second class, knockabout class, third class and fourth class.

Taken altogether the Association has done wonderful work in but two years, not only bringing excellent order out of what was little better than chaos, but making good rules as well as uniform rules. The measurement of the actual waterline with crew on board, the abolition of time allowance, the establishment of the percentage system, simple and manifestly good as they all are, seemed hardly possible but three years ago.

The following notice is sent out to all clubs with the book:

"The success of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts having been established, through uniform rules and the support given it by the yacht clubs comprising it, the executive committee would call attention to the amendments to sailing rules (copies of which please find herewith), which rules will be changed as little as possible in the future.

"While this Association does not presume to dictate in club matters, it would recommend the revising of club sailing rules to conform, as nearly as possible, to the Association's rules, as a matter of convenience to themselves, regarding measurements, etc., to prevent yachts being forced out of their usual classes, and that they may sail their club races on up-to-date rules, which cannot fail to benefit the club's racing.

"As it is an established fact that open races are more interesting and beneficial to the sport than club races, it is hoped that clubs will give a liberal share of their appropriations to open races."

THE CRUISE OF THE CRICKET.

MANY yachtsmen may not be aware of the fact that there is a navigable inside channel from the Great South Bay of Long Island through to Shinnecock and Peconic bays for craft of humble draft. To such the log of the sloop yacht Cricket on her September cruise may be of interest. Cricket is a centerboard jib and mainsail boat, 15ft. 6in. l.w.l., 18ft. over all and 14in. draft. She was designed and built complete at Amityville, L. I., by her master and navigator, Master Robbie Haight, at present a student at Stevens College, Hoboken. He even cut her sails—which were made with the aid of the maternal sewing machine—and bent them when made. "I knew she was strong enough," said Capt. Haight, "so I didn't hesitate to take her anywhere I could pilot her." With the assistance of a young friend who eagerly volunteered to act as "crew," the voyage, of which the following is the log, was safely accomplished:

Sept. 8.—Got under way from Amityville at 1:25 P. M. Wind, N.E. by N. Course, E. by N. Double-reefed fore and aft. Anchored at Cherry Grove 5:30 P. M Distance, 16 miles Time, 4 hours 5 minutes Lay all night on a lee shore. Wind increasing. At 1 A. M. let go large anchor, but it proved unnecessary.

Sept. 9.—Cloudy; blowing half a gale. Weighed anchor 5:35 A. M. Wind, N.N.E. and dead ahead. Beat across bay to Sayville under three-reefed mainsail and "bob" jib Anchored 9:20 A. M. Crew wore leaky oilers and was wet through Lay storm-bound all day at Sayville Dock. At 9:30 P. M. left dock, let go both anchors and paid out cable to bare ends.

Sept. 10.—Cloudy; good whole-sail breeze, N.W by W. Got the anchors and started with everything set at 9:10 A. M. Passed Patchogue 9:45 A. M., Howell's Point 10:10 A. M.; distance 7⅛ miles; time 1 hour Black squall from N.W. Dropped everything and scudded for Smith's Point under jib Passed Moriches 12 M under double-reefed mainsail and full jib. Catboat chased us about 3 miles, unsuccessfully. Entered canal at end of Moriches Bay. Passed under four bridges at West Hampton and Quogue. Had to pull and pole through between the bushes. Reached Shinnecock Bay and ran for Shinnecock Light Reached light 7 P. M. Landed accidentally right in lightkeeper's duck yard. Day's run 30 miles; time 9 hours 50 minutes.

Sept. 11.—Clear; wind light S.S.W. Under way 5 A. M. Entered Shinnecock Canal and unstepped mast. Passed under two bridges and through canal. Tide running through with us about 5 miles per hour. In most places could find no bottom with 11ft. oar. In Great Peconic Bay at 9 A. M. Becalmed for one hour. Breeze from S W. Ran from Robin's Island Buoy to Jessup's Neck Buoy in one hour; distance 6 miles. Reached Greenport 3 P. M Day's run 18 miles; time 10 hours

Sept. 12.—Good breeze from eastward. Under way with everything set 6:30 A. M. Beat down to Hay Beach Point, then laid course through Gardiner's Bay for Ram Island. Wind and tide against us. Ram Island to Montauk Point under jib and mainsail; wind still ahead. Caught three large bluefish in tide rift off the Point; landed one and cooked him for dinner Fog shut in at 3 P M, but drifted slightly 5:05 P. M Montauk Light bore due north. Laid course W. by S. for Fire Island; wind S E. Clubtopsail aloft. Lookout forward and helmsman aft; one hour watches At 9 P. M. wind dies out. Crews gets two hours below. 11 P. M. no wind; skipper gets two hours below.

Sept. 13, 1 A. M.—Light breeze from W. dead ahead. 5 A. M, no wind. Day breaks foggy, 6:30 A M, fog lifts. We are off Shinnecock Life Saving Station. Made about 25 miles during the night. Wind comes E. by N right aft. Shinnecock Light bears N at 7:58 A. M. Wind increasing. Still going wing-a-wing with topsail aloft. Passed Tianna L. S S. 8:17 A. M. Passed Quogue L. S. S. 8:54 A. M. (3¾ miles, 37 minutes). Passed Petunk L. S. S. 9:30 A. M. (3½ miles, 36 minutes). Passed Moriches L. S. S 10 A. M. (3½ miles, 30 minutes). 10 A. M. blowing two-reef breeze. Clubtopsail spars would not stand, so hauled the sail down and set it tack upward as a spinaker. Passed Forge River L. S. S. 10:47 (5½ miles, 47 minutes). Passed Smith's Point L. S. S. 11:17 (3⅛ miles, 30 minutes). Passed Bellport L. S. S. 11:45 (3¼ miles, 28 minutes). Passed Blue Point L. S. S 12:55 (5⅛ miles, 50 minutes) Passed Lone Hill L S. S. 1:02 (3 miles, 27 minutes) Passed Point o' Woods L. S. S. 1:35 (2½ miles, 33 minutes). At 2:15 P. M. Fire Island Light bore N. Dropped mainsail and scudded for bell buoy under jib while double-reefing mainsail. Beat into the inlet against full ebb tide under two-reefed mainsail and "bob" jib. Wind still E. by N. Gave her the full jib at Wa-wa-yanda. Rounded Whirlpool Point 5 P. M. and eased off sheets for home. Dropped anchor at Amityville 6:45 P. M. Day's run about 55 miles; time 12 hours.

From Greenport to Amityville, about 105 miles, the run was made in 36 hours without a stop. The best time was made on Sept. 10, from Sayville to Howell's Point, 7⅛ miles, time 1 hour, with wind on port quarter.

When the antecedents of skipper Haight are considered, it is no wonder that he has developed a penchant for nautical sport. He is a grandson of Capt. Samuel Samuels, the famous master of the old clipper ship Dreadnaught, the pioneer transatlantic yacht racer and now president of the *Marine Journal* corporation. Mrs. Haight was born at sea on the old ship Manhattan, on the voyage home from Batavia, under Capt. Samuels's command. When at the City of New York College Mr. Haight took the prize two years in succession awarded by Harper & Bros. for superior workmanship.

THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF YACHT MEASUREMENT.

THE general recognition of the defects of existing systems of measurement in this country, and desire for a remedy, have as yet produced nothing in the way of suggestions or amendments that can be classed as more than local or superficial. One set of proposals deals with the limitation of draft, another with the limitation or taxation of overhang, and a third goes no further than to prohibit the bulb-fin type so far as mere construction goes, while recognizing it in actual form.

At best but little good can come from such partial measures of reform; as a matter of fact, those of this sort recently enacted are likely to prove positive elements of evil. If the measurement question is to be dealt with successfully and finally, so far as the latter term applies to the reverse of the long existing conditions of dissatisfaction and change, it can only be done by starting at the very foundation of the subject and building up properly from the bottom. That this is likely to prove a most difficult task, all familiar with measurement legislation will admit; but there are many yachtsmen who are at least competent to discuss it intelligently if the way could be opened to a general and thorough inquiry under the auspices of the yacht clubs. Of course, the season is now too far advanced for any positive action to take effect in 1897; but if anything better is to be done next November than has just been accomplished by the Larchmont and New York yacht clubs, a year is little enough time for discussion and deliberation.

Just what the situation will be at the end of the racing season of 1897 it is impossible to forecast, but it is safe to say that the work of framing and passing amendments to the measurement rule will be far more difficult then than at present. Any yachts built during the winter, and some fairly large ones may be looked for with confidence, must recreate the "vested interests" that do not now exist, but which are such formidable bars to all changes and restrictions of a salutary nature.

The following are a few of the propositions that should form the basis of any thorough discussion of the measurement question:

Yacht racing as it has existed for the past five years in America and Great Britain is marked by many features which are generally deprecated as to the disadvantage of the sport; the winning yachts being of great cost, limited life, liable to be quickly outbuilt, and of little utility other than as racers.

This state of affairs is due to two prime causes: the general conditions of modern sport and the defects of existing measurement rules. The first cause, the readiness of a small number to expend large sums in order to win prizes, regardless of all other considerations, is almost entirely independent of the question of the measurement rule, and is likely to exist to an undesirable extent under the most perfect formula. It can only be made inoperative by supplementing the measurement formula proper by rigid restrictions on light construction, specially expensive materials and an extravagant outlay in the racing. To illustrate, supposing that a rule were enacted that would produce a yacht similar to the old 40-footers, and a dozen such craft of modern but not extreme construction, reasonable accommodation and comfortable furnishing, were built and raced as the forties were, the owners living on board and sailing from port to port as the racing required. Should any one owner be tempted to come into the class with a yacht of equally good design, but of aluminum or other extreme light construction, using a steam yacht for his home and a tender for the racing yacht, ordering three or four suits of sails in a season and employing a couple of the crack racing skippers as first and second captains; it is plain enough that he would soon take all the prizes and kill off the class. It is difficult, if not altogether impossible, for the clubs to draw the line between legitimate and commendable enterprise on the part of the racing owner which raises the general standard of yacht racing, and that selfish spirit which looks only to the winning of the greatest number of prizes in a season, no matter what the result may be on the class in the future. It is the case at present, both in America and England, that the measurement rules are unjustly blamed for evils that they are not responsible for and that might have come under the most perfect of rules. This particular phase of the measurement question must be considered at the start, as it will prove only a waste of time to attempt to find a formula which of itself will correct evils that are due to some external cause.

Coming to the formula itself, the first questions are: the ends to be obtained by a formula of measurement and the general nature of such formulas. The first point we have frequently discussed and need not touch on now. Suffice it to say that yachtsmen are universally agreed that the function of a rule is to produce the best possible yacht; and as generally at variance as to what constitutes the "best," one man preferring the open skimming dish, one the little lead mine, a third the fin-keel, and a fourth the tub cruiser.

The second point, the proper nature of the measurement rule in the abstract, is one that has received very little attention when it is considered how many barrels of ink and reams of paper have been expended, not to say wasted, in discussing the secondary question, of the number and values of the factors in the formula. The question was suggested in a letter in our issue of Nov. 14, and is further discussed in the following from the same writer:

Editor Forest and Stream:

If I get the drift of the editorial comments on my letter of last week concerning measurement rules, it is:

(1.) That I entirely mistake the purpose of the makers of such rules, and that they do not believe in the restriction of the principal elements of design within fixed maximum and minimum limits.

Permit me to say in reply that, aside from the matter of regulating handicaps, I can conceive of but one purpose in making or amending measurement rules, viz.: to encourage the building of what the makers of the rules deem to be a desirable type of yacht. Yachts cannot be classified as belonging to desirable and undesirabe types without the fixing of definite limits to the variability of the proportions between the principal dimensions. In other words, the conception that a yacht has or may have an undesirable form is impossible without the prior fixing in the mind of maximum and minimum limits to the principal dimensions of the ideal yacht with which she is compared. The limits may be tolerably wide apart, but there can be no type unless there is a limit to the diversity of form between individuals composing a class.

That ideal type may be directly and certainly developed in two ways: by at once stating the limits to the fundamental proportions, and requiring all yachts to be built within those limits; or by attacking the problem piecemeal, by special legislation directed to each abnormal feature as it is evolved. The former method is the more economical, and produces the desired results more quickly.

The same results may possibly be reached by indirection, but with much uncertainty, and, if we may judge by experience, with little likelihood of ultimate success; that is to say, by means of complicated formulæ like this: L+1.2 B+Girth+$\sqrt{S}$.

This I contend is a clumsy way of confining the evolution of the yacht within certain desired limits, that it might almost be deemed a clever contrivance to hinder and delay the production of the ideal yacht.

(2.) To the objection that no possible formula has been suggested for a rule based upon absolute and definite limitations of the principal elements of design, it may be said that when formula makers have clear and definite ideas respecting the type of yachts they wish to develop, it will certainly be as easy to describe that type in terms that directly make a maximum and minimum limit to each of the principal dimensions as to describe it by the single term of an abstract number which is the sum of sundry numbers of concrete units of different kinds, representing individual dimensions, any one of which may be varied indefinitely.

The foregoing formula seems to be constructed upon the principle that there will be no inducement to unduly enlarge any of the dimensions named at the expense of others, because 1ft. of l.w.l., .83ft. of beam, 1ft. of girth and the square root of 1sq. ft. of sail are approximately equivalent factors in producing speed. It would be interesting to know by what process of reasoning this conclusion was reached.

SEXTANT.

It is a mere matter of history that practically all measurement rules up to the present time, with such exceptions as are found of late in certain special classes like the 40-footers, have been based upon the theory combated by Sextant of a summation of certain unlimited factors. It has at least been assumed that there were certain natural limitations to the extreme use of any one or more factors, though experience shows that such a natural limit is often far beyond what is generally accepted as desirable, as in the case of draft in the last few years.

We do not yet understand how a satisfactory formula, permitting different types to race together on a fair basis, can be made on the plan which Sextant suggests. It is quite obvious that by means of absolute restrictions one stereotyped model—and that a very good one—may be produced; but there seems to be no elasticity or opportunity for experiment under such a system. The result must inevitably be the production of one type, and past experience shows that the chances are in favor of the type being a bad one. Had British yachtsmen acted upon this theory in 1880 they would have taken as the ideal on which the formula was to be based the extreme narrow cutter; had American yachtsmen taken up the matter at the same time the whole field of American yachting would have been closed to anything other than the sandbag model in various sizes, from 100ft. downward. Had the experiment been tried in this country just before Minerva raced, in 1889, the ideal model would have been the deep, powerful and overrigged 40-footer. What such a movement would result in to-day can be imagined from the recent faulty legislation in the effort to apply this same principle to one factor alone—draft.

There is no disputing the fact that the present system of formula, as embodied in the Seawanhaka rule, the Y. R. A. rating rule or the present linear rating rule, to say nothing of the French and German rules, has failed to bar the racing machine and produce a desirable type of yacht whenever put to the extreme test of keen competition and the outbuilding contest which accompanies it. At the same time we cannot see that anything more is to be expected from the system advocated by our correspondent, or even how his suggestions are to be put into practical shape. We shall, however, be glad to hear from him and others in the matter.

British Canoeing.

THE following comments on the condition of canoeing in England to-day are from the *Field*. It is very unfortunate that, at best, there has always been an utter lack of harmony between the Royal Canoe Club, which after all is but a club and a local one in spite of its high position, and the British Canoe Association, which is not a club, but a national association. Curiously enough, to Americans, the racing legislation is entirely in the hands of the local club and not of the national association; and canoeing manages to exist in some way under such anomalous conditions. The real racing events are not those of the B. C. A. meet, but of the R. C. C. race meetings:

Of all the months in the year, probably November is the least utilized afloat; on the other hand, this month on shore witnesses the shaping of the mould and the casting of next year's chief canoeing events. The Royal Canoe Club meets in London on the 24th of this month, and after the annual dinner the autumn general meeting will be held. At that meeting almost anything may take place, and it is therefore impossible to say for certain, until after the meeting, as to how or in what lines canoeing may grow during the coming year.

Possibly some local club man of some outport club may think we exaggerate the importance of the R. C. C. meeting when we suggest that it moulds and casts the chief canoeing events; but let him for a moment consider the effect of a clash between the R. C. C. fixtures and the meet of the British Canoe Association as one instance. Such a thing is possible, but let us hope highly improbable. However, there are those, and we have heard from several lately, who desire to see the Royal C. C. hold a cruise, a camping cruise, in Scotland or North Ireland late in the summer, and thereat to hold the club's sailing races and cup race. It is needless to point out that if this were to take place, no matter whether the dates clashed or not, the two events would clash, and one of them would fall through; it would immediately become a question of which programme and locality was the most captivating. Few men could afford two distinct terms of holiday, and the extra expense of trans-shipment between the two meets would be a further damper on the possibility of attending both.

In the present state of canoeing as a sport, the senior club will be far better advised to stay at home; indeed there are many canoemen who think the club went too far afield this last season in holding its sailing races at Burnham-on-Crouch; but, like most things, there are two sides to that particular question. Viewed from the recruiting point of bringing new blood into the club, of binding members together in solid comradeship, and of making the club agreeable to its members besides the mere cup hunters, there can be no shadow of doubt but that the old Hendon Lake arrangement was the truest obtainable near London.

Hendon was slowly but surely poisoned by the advent of the racing machine; off-day pleasure sailing on the lake, which attracted men down on mid-week evenings, and company sailing on many fine Sundays was all knocked on the head by the influence of the rolley-over racing machine. Sailing became an arduous task, a gymnastic performance under most uncomfortable circumstances, with a considerable dash of real danger; hence the majority sought the comforts of ½ raters and other small yachts.

From the other point of view Burnham on-Crouch was expected to do, and has done, its powerful duty toward killing the poisonous insect which was lowering the vitality of canoeing. The Thames at Greenhithe last year showed up the wretched state to which canoe models had driveled, and Burnham has this year put, we sincerely hope, the finishing touch to the downward dragging of the will-o'-the-wisp. The whole Burnham chapter speaks eloquently to those who can look ahead; Burnham is no place for the novice, no place for recruiting; it is a perfect place for the racing man, but a poor place for the club member or cruiser who wants to at least see his club's money sailed for. The experience is that it is an expensive place to get to for either canoe or man; it is a long and expensive journey for visitors, practically out of the question for those who do not sleep at the place. The question of the best course for the club to take is indeed one difficult to answer, but as the motions relating thereto have to be sent in to the secretary on Tuesday next, Nov. 10, we draw the attention of canoemen to the subject, hoping that some brilliant idea for the coming season may be timely put upon the agenda of the general meeting.

This general meeting of the R. C. C., in addition to the business above mentioned, is the only meeting at which rules affecting classification for racing purposes can be altered so as to be effective during next season; it is therefore to be hoped that the agenda paper will contain some clear amendment of the racing machine rule. We have often mentioned one important alteration—absolutely important in the present circumstances. It is not the abolition, but the restricting of the sliding deck seat. The deck seat is already restricted in the cruiser class to the limit of the width of the canoe when it is rigged in; if such restriction is fairly acted upon the slide-out board cannot exceed half the canoe's beam; that is, in the cruiser class, 21in. The result of extending this restriction to the other class would be simply that the extreme racing machine could not be successfully sailed in a breeze. Now if that were so the present scare of the hawk (the 5ft. slide machine) would be off, and many old-time canoe sailors would come back into sailing, and novice recruits would have a chance, at least, of a pleasant sail, if not of a prize or two. Another, but less important amendment, would be the abolition of permanent foot-bath or bucket wells; such a contrivance as a canvas bucket well, fitted so as to be removable, is quite a proper fitting, and it can be used by a cruiser or a racer; but the canoe built without any well, or with a sort of soapdish or shallow indentation of the deck, curiously termed a well—such a craft is a machine, and is a standing enemy to the fair future of canoe sailing.

One other drawback to racing at Burnham was experienced last season, namely, the perishing strains suffered by the canoes in the roundabout, disconnected railway journey and carting. If Burnham is to be retained, carriage by water must be arranged for, and here an item of no small expense must be accepted and apportioned between the club and the competitors.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Peregrine, steam yacht, R. H. White, is at Lawley's for alterations to the cabins.

The New York Yacht Racing Union has proposed a conference with the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts with a view to the adoption of uniform sailing measurement and classification rules. The sailing rules of the two organizations are now practically the same, but uniformity on other points is impossible so long as one organization has a length and sail area rule and the other a simple waterline with crew on board. With uniformity in sailing rules more practical knowledge of the value of the respective measurement rules can be had by allowing each association to build and develop under its own rules for several seasons and then comparing results.—*Boston Globe.*

The "Segler's Taschenbuch" (Sailor's Pocketbook) was first published in 1891 by our enterprising contemporary, the *Wassersport*, of Berlin, the German yachting journal The little book was notable, not only for its technical value, but as marking another step in the successful growth of yachting throughout the German empire. The new edition that has just come to us, considerably enlarged and improved, is in turn a memorial of the progress of the past five years, during which time the older yachts which marked the infancy of the sport in Germany have given place to many new yachts of the most modern type, from the great Meteor II. down to the little Bubble. The book, as its title indicates, is a guide for the young yachtsman; it is carefully arranged and written and very well illustrated with explanatory diagrams. It treats first of the different types and sizes of sailing yachts, then of gear and rigging, ballast, rudder, ground tackle, life saving. The second part, seamanship, deals with the small boat under sail, the yacht under sail and cruising in small boats. A chapter is also devoted to the German Sailing Union. One important addition includes a number of designs of small yachts, centerboard, keel, and bulb keel; such craft as are best suited to the use of the novice and the young Corinthian generally. Those who are familiar with the German language will find the book both interesting and useful.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1896-97.

Commodore, John N. MacKendrick, Galt, Canada.
Sec'y-Treas., John R. Blake, Galt, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. W. Fleischman, 1611 N. 21st St., Phila., Pa.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass
Northern Division, Francis H. Mannee, Kingston, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

American Canoe Association.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Toronto, Saturday, Nov. 21, 1896.

THE fourteenth annual meeting of the executive committee of the American Canoe Association was held at the house of the Toronto C. C. on Nov. 21, with Com. J. N. MacKendrick in the chair. The executive committee was first created in the fourth year of the Association, 1883, previous to which time all legislation was carried on at the general meeting of the members, held during the annual meet, each member voting in the election of officers and the amendment of constitution, racing rules, etc. Under the existing system the members of each division elect their division officers, who, with the commodore, secretary-treasurer and librarian, constitute the executive committee of the Association.

A meeting of the committee is held each year at the meet, but the principal business of the Association is conducted at the annual meeting of the committee in November, at a place selected by the new commodore. The various meetings have been held as follows:

1883, Albany.	1890, Boston.
1884, Albany.	1891, Albany.
1885, Oswego.	1892, Kingston.
1886, Albany.	1893, New York.
1887, New York.	1894, Albany.
1888, Toronto.	1895, Rome.
1889, New York.	1896, Toronto.

The central location of Albany has led to its frequent selection in preference to other cities.

Mr. John R Blake, the newly elected secretary-treasurer, called the roll after the meeting was called to order, the representation being: Com. John N. MacKendrick, Sec'y-Treas. John R. Blake, Librarian W. P. Stephens.

Northern Division: Vice-Com. R. Easton Burns, Purser F. H. McNee; Ex. Com: W. T. Lawless, by proxy; D'Arcy Scott.

Atlantic Division: Vice-Com. Joseph E. Murray, Rear-Com. W. E. Barlow, Purser H. W. Fleischman; Ex. Com.: Thomas Hale, Jr., J. K. Hand.

Central Division: Vice-Com. H. M. Stewart; Ex. Com.: H. C. Morse.

Eastern Division: Not represented.

Mr. R. J. Wilkin, president of the board of governors, was present, and on motion of Mr. Stewart, seconded by Mr. Fleischman, was accorded the privileges of the floor.

The minutes of the meeting of the committee in August were read and approved, with a motion to amend them by adding a minute of the election of Sec'y-Treas. Blake by a mail vote. A letter was then read from ex-Com. Huntington, inclosing the bond executed by Mr. Noyock, winner of the paddling trophy, and stating that the winners of the sailing and Dolphin trophies had promised to furnish similar bonds. On motion of Mr. Haud, seconded by Mr. Murray, it was resolved that a regular form of bond be adopted, to apply in the future to the three cups, the amounts for the A. C. A. sailing and paddling trophies being in each case $500 and for the Dolphin trophy $250, two sureties approved by the commodore being necessary in each case.

Invitations were read and accepted with thanks from the Toronto C. C., the Toronto Camera Club and the Toronto Athletic Club. The following report of the retiring secretary-treasurer was then read and accepted:

SECRETARY-TREASURER'S REPORT, 1895-96.

Receipts.

Sec'y-Treas. Cragg as per report	$761 60
Board of Governors, advance	250 00
Central Division, balance 1895	3 26
Northern Division, balance 1895	2 10
Central Division, full income 1896	189 07
Atlantic Division, 30 per cent. income 1896	85 50
Eastern Division, 30 per cent. income 1896	120 90
Northern Division, 30 per cent. income 1896	27 60
Year Book, receipts	282 76
Year Book, postage	44 48
Camp Site Committee	450 34
Transportation Committee	207 40
Regatta Committee	5 25
Camp dues	194 00
R., W. & O. R. R. Transportation 1895	18 96
Code books	1 31
	$2,644 53

Disbursements.

Transferred to Board of Governors	$761 60
Office expenses	22 20
General expenses	18 22
Camp expenses	159 94
Year Book	208 25
Year Book postage	44 58
Camp Site Committee	608 75
Regatta Committee	125 85
Transportation Committee	351 10
Board of Governors loan repaid	250 00
Board of Governors balance transferred	84 04
	$2,644 53

There are no unpaid debts of the Association. In addition to the cash transferred to the Board of Governors there has been turned over to the Association for use another year the following property:

Uncollected accounts—tent floors	$11 04
West Shore R. R. transportation	40 00
Tents	81 94
Floors, mess tent and headquarters	130 47
Dock	40 00
	$303 45

A portion of this, viz., West Shore transportation $15; tents $43.78, was reported on hand last year. In addition to the property turned over to the Association as above, there has been held and stored on the island, in charge of Mr. W. L. Delaney, tent floors and docks belonging to the members and for their use another year to the amount of $372.29, making the total property turned over for the Association and members $675.74.

Heretofore it has been customary to dispose of the tents and lumber in the camp floors, and augment the receipts from the sale of the same at the end of the meet, from which source the officers of the present year would probably have realized in the neighborhood of $200, and the cash receipts would have been swelled to that amount, in lieu of which the Association and members realize more substantial value in the property reported. One item of extraordinary expense appears in the sec'y-treas.'s accounts this year, viz., the purchase of prize shields, $119.25 Ordinarily the flags for prizes have been donated by members of the Association, without expense to the Association. This year, under the amendment to the Constitution, metal shields were given for prizes, the cost of which was paid by the Association. All of which is respectfully submitted.

T. H. STRYKER, Sec'y-Treas.

The undersigned committee, appointed by Com. MacKendrick to audit the accounts of T. H. Stryker, Sec'y-Treas. A. C. A., 1895-6, hereby certify that they have examined the same, and find above correct and properly vouched for. JOHN S. WARDWELL, No. 1013,
ROME, N. Y., Nov. 5, 1896. J. G. BISSELL, No. 1235.

The reports of the regatta committee were then read and accepted. The principal report consisted almost entirely of the report of the races as published last August in the FOREST AND STREAM, there being no recommendations as to changes of the rules.

REGATTA COMMITTEE REPORT.

Owing to absences on the committee, Mr. H. D. McVean was appointed a member of the regatta committee and acted as clerk of the course. To him we wish to tender many thanks, as well as to Mr. and Mrs. Post, of Ogdensburgh, for the use of their yacht Vailima. The entries for the races were very pleasing in numbers and have proved the policy of the last year's reduced limit in sail area. We would recommend to the following regatta committee that a sailing course be laid out in each bay, if possible, as the winds that prevailed during the last camp were more or less irregular, due to their blowing over Grindstone Island. The prizes or shields are a delight to every winner.

(Signed) E. B. EDWARDS, Acting Chairman,
BUTLER AMES,
H. D. MCVEAN.

REGATTA COMMITTEE, FINANCIAL REPORT, 1896.

Disbursements.

Prize Shields, Dominick & Haaf	$119 25
Megaphone	5 25
Rope for halyard and buoys	1 35
	$125 85

Receipts.

Donated for megaphone	$5 25
Balance, excess of expenditures	120 60
	$125 85

Respectfully submitted, W. C. WITHERBEE.
PORT HENRY, N. Y., Oct. 26, 1896.

The following was then read:

CAMP SITE COMMITTEE REPORT, 1896.

Disbursements.

Labor	$178 00
Carpenters' board	10 50
Lumber, nails, etc	420 00
	$608 50

Receipts.

Camp floors and labor	$450 09
Balance excess of expenditures	158 41
	$608 50
Uncollected accounts	$11 04

Property turned over to the Association for use next year:

Floor, men's tent	$108 00
Floor, fleet surgeon's tent	14 72
Nails	7 75
	$141 51

In addition to the above there was stored on the island for the use of members, in the charge of W. L. Delaney, individual floors and docks to the value of $372.29; making a total of property returned by the committee of $513 80.

Respectfully submitted,
J. R. ROBERTSON,
Chairman Camp Site Committee.
AUBURNDALE, Oct. 24, 1896.

Objection was made to the form of this report in that the property of members was presented as an asset of the Association for which the incoming officers would be responsible. On motion the report was accepted with the understanding that this private property was in no way chargeable to the new officers.

The following report of the transportation committee was read and accepted:

TRANSPORTATION COMMITTEE REPORT, 1896.

Disbursements.

Charter of scow for baggage	$9 00
Charter of steamer Pastime	337 50
Mail bag	2 50
Express, refunded	2 10
	$351 10

Receipts.

Steamer Pastime, cash	$207 40
Balance excess of expenditures	143 70
	$351 10

Respectfully submitted,
JAMES K. HAND,
Chairman Transportation Committee.
NEW YORK, Oct. 29, 1896.

The transportation committee begs to report as follows: Apart from the concessions obtained from the various railroads, steamboat lines, etc., which it is believed were satisfactory, the local transportation to and from Clayton was arranged for by the charter of the Pastime, which gave excellent service, so that the question of local transportation at A. C. A. camps has for once been satisfactorily demonstrated. The cost of the Pastime is shown in the accompanying report, the details of which are in the hands of Secretary-Treasurer Stryker; also vouchers and substantiating papers.

Receipts.

Aug. 15, cash, Captain	$20 20
Aug. 16, cash, Captain	10 35
Aug. 17, cash, Captain	10 15
Aug. 18, cash, Captain	5 01
Aug. 19, cash, Captain	14 45
Aug. 20, cash, Captain	10 15
Aug. 21, cash, Captain	8 65
Aug. 22, cash, Captain	14 10
Aug. 23-24, cash, Captain	19 65
Aug. 25, cash, Captain	8 70
Aug. 26, cash, Captain	9 50
Aug. 27, cash, Captain	13 38
Aug. 28, cash, Captain	86 40
Aug. 28, account Vernon	75
Aug. 28, scow fixtures	7 71
Aug. 28, Burgess, fixtures	4 00
Aug. 28, McElveney	10 00
Sept. 16	4 25
Balance	143 70
	$351 10

Payments.

Aug. 15, scow	$4 00
Aug. 28, scow	5 00
Aug. 28, Pastime	337 50
Aug. 28, mail boy	2 50
Aug. 28, express	75
Aug. 28, express, Hyatt	1 35
	$351 10

The report of the Librarian was then read and accepted.

LIBRARIAN'S REPORT.

To the Commodore and Executive Committee of the American Canoe Association:

Gentlemen: The Librarian has the pleasure to report that as to the main end for which the office of Librarian was established, the care for certain properties of the Association which are used at each annual meet, the same are now in good order except for small repairs to the large ensigns, that they are each year forwarded to the camp in season for the meet and returned at its close; the total expense for insurance and expressage averaging about $6 per year. In this connection the Librarian desires to call attention to the very thorough and careful manner in which the late Signal Officer, Mr. H. M. Stewart, discharged his duties as temporary custodian of the flags, signal codes, etc.

The name Librarian naturally suggests a much wider field than the care of flags, racing numbers, etc.; but up to the present time there appears to be no possibility for the establishment of a collection of books and charts and general bureau of information. The demand for information is but small, and the offers of aid in this direction from canoeists are even smaller and fewer. To follow out the excellent plan devised by Mr. N. H. Bishop, the founder of the Association, for the systematic collection of information relating to American waterways would require practically the entire time of one individual, and certainly cannot be attempted by any one Association officer without an allowance for clerical aid.

If any such plan is to be put in practice in the future it must be through a systematic sub division of the work, with one officer in each division, aided by local officers in the different clubs. There is no question as to the value of the work that might be done in this field, of a similar nature to that now conducted by the Naval Militia in studying closely the neighboring coasts and collecting information; but such work could only be of value to the country at large, and not to canoeing as a sport. So far as canoe cruising is concerned, the demand for such information is not sufficient to justify the expense to the Association of collecting and distributing it.

Respectfully submitted,
W. P. STEPHENS, Librarian, A. C. A.

The following report of the Central Division was then read, and on motion was ordered returned for correction in the amount turned over to the secretary-treasurer, to be accepted if approved by the commodore as correct.

Pursers' Reports, 1896.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Receipts.

1895.		
Nov. 27, cash from W. S. Hackett		$412 47
1896.		
June 1, interest on bank account to date		8 37
Sept. 30, interest on bank account to date		5 92
1893, dues paid	$ 3	
1894, dues paid	9	
1895, dues paid	17	
1896, dues paid	176	
Initiation fees	26	231 00
		$657 76

Disbursements.

1895.		
Dec. 17, paid T. H. Stryker, Sec'y-Treas., balance due A. C. A. from Purser W. S. Hackett, 1895		$1 34

Expenses paid by Purser W. H. Martin to March 16, 1895.

1896.		
March 16, collection on checks deposited	$1 82	
Printing, stationery, etc	14 45	
Postage	9 00	$25 27

Purser George J. Keyes, March 16, 1896, to Oct. 1, 1896.

June 27, T. H. Stryker, Sec'y-Treas., postage on Year Book	9 92
Aug. 1, T. H. Stryker, Sec'y-Treas., on account receipts for year	150 00
Aug. 14, express charges on books sent to camp	30
Sept. 30, T. H. Stryker, Sec'y-Treas., balance postage Year Book	88
T. H. Stryker, Sec'y-Treas., balance receipts for year	39 07
Collection on checks deposited to date	1 50
Postage to date	7 00
Stationery, printing, etc	11 35
Oct. 1, balance cash sent L. C. Woodworth, Purser	411 13
	$657 76

Membership.

Members as per last report	203
New members	26
Reinstated	9
	238
Dropped for non-payment of dues	52
Resigned	11
Died	3— 66
Present membership	172

OCT. 1, 1896. GEO. J. KEYES, Purser Central Div., A. C. A.

OCT. 5, 1896.—Audited and found correct.
J. R. STEWART, C. P. MOSER, } Committee appointed by Vice-Com. H. S. McVean.

The report of the Atlantic Division was not at hand, but the reports of the Eastern and Northern Divisions were read and accepted.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Receipts.

Balance Oct. 1, 1895	$142 03
Dues, 1894	3 00
Dues, 1895	9 00
Dues, 1896	329 00
Camp dues at Division meet	85 00
In fees	62 00
	$630 03

Expenditures.

Stationery, printing, postage	$41 80
Postage on Year Books	17 32
Prizes, Division meet	58 65
Expenses, Division meet	153 20
Thirty per cent. paid A. C. A. treasurer	120 90
Balance Nov. 5, 1896	238 16
	$630 03

Membership.

Number of members per last report	321
New members	62
Reinstated	7
	390
Dropped for non-payment	51
Resigned	9
Died	1
Transferred to other divisions	2— 63
Present membership	327

R. H. HAMMOND, Purser.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Receipts.

Amount forward from former purser	$78 19
Dues, 1895	5 00
Dues, 1896	73 00
Initiation fees	14 00
	$170 19

Expenditures.

Printing and stationery	$8 50
Postage and circulars and on Year Book	11 15
Sundries	7 45
Thirty per cent. to T. H. Stryker	29 70
Balance on hand	113 38
	$170 19

Membership.

October, 1895	77
Reinstated	6
New members	14—97
Dropped	23
Present membership	74

D. H. MACDOUGAL, Purser.

The following was then read and accepted:

BOARD OF GOVERNORS' REPORT.

1895.		
Nov. 15. Balance in Brooklyn Savings Bank		$877 93
1896.		
Nov. 7. From Sec'y-Treas. Stryker, loan repaid		250 00
Nov. 7. From Sec'y-Treas. Stryker, account 1896		84 04
July 11. Interest on deposit		25 02
Nov. 11. Balance in Brooklyn Savings Bank		$1236 99

R. J. WILKIN, Pres. Board of Governors.

Audited and found correct.
M. T. BENNETT, Auditor.

Nov. 16, 1896.

A letter was read from the owner of Stave Island offering to the Association the privileges of camping there; also a letter from Mr. Delaney and one from the caterer, Mr. McElveney, offering to take charge of the mess at Grindstone. It was moved by Mr. Burns, seconded by Mr. Stewart, that the meet of 1897 be held at Grindstone Island, provided satisfactory terms could again be made with Mr. Delaney; the date to be from Aug. 6 to Aug. 20.

A proposal was introduced by Mr. D'Arcy Scott, seconded by Mr. Burns, to limit the one-man paddling races to 16 by 30 canoes, at least 12in. deep and of 50lbs. weight; in other words, to abolish the paddling racing machine. As the motion had not been advertised in advance, no action was taken.

The term of office of Mr. W. P. Stephens as Librarian having expired, he was renominated by Mr. Murray, seconded by Mr. Barlow, and re-elected. Mr. Stephens brought up the question of the Librarian's position as a member of the executive committee entitled to a voice in the meetings and a right to vote, suggesting that the nature of the office was not such as to carry with it these privileges; but after discussion it was decided by the committee that under the constitution the Librarian is entitled to a vote as a member of the committee.

Mr. Hand proposed to amend Art. VI., Sec. 5, of the constitution by striking out the words "regatta or," and the amendment will be voted on in the future.

The meeting adjourned at 1:55 P. M., after a very brief but satisfactory session.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 15.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, Standard target, 7-ring black. Capt. Gindele is still making 90s with his new Zischang rifle. He also has two clean scores to his credit to-day. A very tricky wind blew all day long; so much so, in fact, that it was hard to tell just what o'clock it did come from:

Gindele.

9 9 9 10 9 8 9 9 9 9—90 9 10 8 9 10 8 10 9 7 10—90
8 8 8 9 10 8 9 9 10 9—88 8 9 8 10 9 6 10 9 7 8—84

Wellinger.

10 10 8 9 10 9 9 7 8 9—89 10 6 6 6 10 9 6 7 8 10—78
5 6 9 8 10 9 5 8 9 9—78 7 7 6 7 8 8 8 6 8 10—75

Heidkamp

5 4 5 7 4 7 8 8 6 9—63 9 4 8 3 8 4 5 10 6 6—63
5 5 4 6 7 5 9 5 7 6—59 6 5 9 6 6 7 5 5 5 5—59

Hasenzahl.

8 8 10 9 7 9 6 10 9 10—86 7 8 9 8 8 8 6 9 7 9—79
10 8 7 8 8 9 7 8 6 7—78 10 8 9 5 9 10 8 6 7 9—78

Topf.

6 4 7 7 6 7 7 10 5 9—68 9 7 8 4 8 4 7 6 6 7—66
10 3 6 4 8 7 5 6 8 8—65 8 8 7 7 3 5 5 5 5 9—62

A. Lux.

10 3 8 9 4 6 10 4 6 10—70 6 7 5 5 7 5 9 6 6 4—60
7 9 6 7 5 6 7 6 5 6—64 6 5 7 8 7 4 6 6 7 4—60

Payne.

7 6 9 10 10 9 10 8 7 10—86 7 7 10 9 6 10 10 7 8 10—84
9 5 8 8 8 7 10 9 10 7—81 7 9 9 8 8 4 10 9 7 8—80

Strickmeier.

7 10 6 9 9 7 8 7 8 10—80 9 9 7 7 9 6 8 6 5 9—74
6 8 9 9 7 8 3 7 4 9—68 6 7 8 8 10 4 6 5 6 7—67

Calumet Heights Riflemen.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 17.—Below are the rifle scores made by members of the Calumet Heights Gun Club on Nov. 8 and 15:

Class A, 200yds., off-hand, standard target, open sights allowed 2 points:

Nov. 8.	No. 1.	No. 2.
Harlan	4444244334—36	.....
Hobbs, Sr	4335451434—39+2—41	5344434344—38+2—40
Hobbs, Jr	4342433343—33+2—35	2444454543—39+2—41
Spalding	5344454444—41	.....
Peterson		0333550423—28+2—30
Davis		5054354454—39+2—41
H B Black		4455344354—41+2—43

Class B, ladies, 100yds., Creedmoor target:

	Nov. 8.	Nov. 15.
Mrs C W Carson	4445454445—43	5444454445—43
Miss Ervin	4334444444—38	4444554444—42
Mrs R B Carson	.....	4443445444—40

In the A Class on Nov. 15 the following scores werre made:

Dr Hobbs*....5445454454—44 Dr Davis.....4044345533—35+2—37
Spalding.....4444323444—36 C L Hobbs....4545454445—44
H B Black....4344542534—38+2—40

* Dr Hobbs won on the shoot-off by 45 to 44.

PATTY.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Dec. 1-3.—TRENTON, N. J.—Contest for live-bird championship; 100 live birds per man, $100 entry. Under the management of Charles Zwirlein.

Dec. 12.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Amateur championship of New Jersey, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club.

Dec. 22-23.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Ninth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club. First day, targets; second day, live birds.

1897.

Jan. 4-5.—PRESCOTT, Arizona.—Fourth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Prescott Gun Club. Roy Hill, Sec'y.

Jan. 20-25.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second midwinter tournament, under the management of Oscar Guessaz. $200 added.

Feb. 27-March 11.—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—The Arkansaw Traveler's first grand annual live bird tournament; $10,000 in purses and added moneys. Souvenir programmes ready Jan. 1. Address all communications to John J. Sumpter, Jr., Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK CITY.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

April 15-17.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

May 11-14.—OIL CITY, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

June 16-17.—FARGO, N. D.—Third annual tournament of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association. Targets. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Paul R. Litzke, of Little Rock, Ark., writes us under date of Nov. 20 as follows: "Oscar C. Guessaz writes me under date of the 12th inst. that active preparations are now being made for their second annual tournament, and that the dates selected for it are Jan. 20-25, 1897, while the added money will be the same as last year, $2,000. In addition to the money there will also be a trophy contest for the Schmelzer Cup, at present held by Mr. James W. Sexton, of Leavenworth, Kans., who has generously consented to put the trophy up for open competition. This is only one of the many kind offers made by the sportsmen all over the country, showing how much interest there is taken in the approaching shoot. The railroads are going to make liberal concessions, and there will be greatly reduced rates as a special inducement to the sportsmen. Game of all kinds is unusually abundant this season in Texas, and not only are quail, turkey and deer plentiful, but the duck shooting is also excellent, as the lakes are full of water, something not found everywhere in the South this fall. The holding of the shoot two weeks later than last year is also a good move, as one can now take in the Midwinter and then spend two weeks game shooting, and then return to Hot Springs in time for the big live-bird handicaps which John J. Sumpter, Jr., will pull off. How is this as an opener for '97? The Memphis Club has abandoned the idea of holding a tournament this fall."

The members of the Calumet Heights Gun Club, of Chicago, Ill., are singularly blessed. Read the following note from Patty, explaining the absence of target scores made by members of that club: "Bluerock shooting has been indulged in but little for the past two weeks on account of members spending the mornings on the river (Grand Calumet) killing ducks, returning for dinner and in time for rifle shoot. On Tuesday and Wednesday of last week Messrs. Lamphere and Paterson bagged fifty-eight, most of which were bluebills; on Saturday last they brought in nineteen; others had strings of fourteen, nine, and so on. While we do not look for great shooting so near the city, we believe we get our share. Thanksgiving Day ends the shooting year of the club and a programme has been arranged for shotgun and rifle contests for prizes."

We have sent out during the past week several copies of proposed new rules for target shooting. We have done our best to mail them to parties who seemed to us as likely to study the same carefully and to be able to give us more hints thereon. The rules now in use, good as they are, have been proved time and again to be lacking in certain particulars, and we have done our best to cover all points in plain language. Of course, there are defects, but, with the aid of our friends, we hope to be able finally to offer a set of rules that will be nearly perfect. Proposed new rules for live-bird shooting are now in type, but they will have to undergo the same scrutiny as the above before being declared O. K.

In another portion of our trap columns we give the body of the annual review issued by the Interstate Association. These annual reviews are always interesting, marking, as they do, each step in the Association's career as a trap-shooting foster-mother. The season of 1896, judging from the contents of the review, has been in reality its most successful season since its organization, about seven years ago. There is one feature about the Association's methods which we especially appreciate: It goes where it will do most good, not where it will have the largest attendance. The banner tournament held under its auspices in 1896 was that given by the Portland, Me., Gun Club, July 22-23, with an average entry the first day of 35½, and on the second day of 30⅔.

Mr. Swenson, secretary of the East Pittsburg (Pa.) Gun Club, sends us the following note: "The E. C. Powder Co. has, through Mr. C. M. Hostetter (Old Hoss), presented the East Pittsburg Gun Club with a handsome silver cup, to be shot for by the members of the club. The shoots will be held every second and last Saturday for four months, everyone to shoot at 100 targets per month, best shooter to keep the cup for the month following. The final will be a 400-target race, best shooter to become owner of the cup."

Friends of Jas. F. Taylor, the popular member of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association, will be sorry to learn that he was unable to shoot on the Blooming Grove Park Association's team at the team race at the N. Y. Athletic Club's grounds last Saturday, owing to an attack of sickness. Taylor is one of the best shots at either live birds or targets in this section, and recently won everything before him at the Blooming Grove Park Association's tournament for members only.

At the Vicksburg (Miss.) tournament, Nov. 17-18, H. G. Wheeler, of Marlboro, Mass., won first average each day. The magautrap was used, and Wheeler broke 182 out of 200 shot at on the first day; 189 on the second day. This was a most successful *début* for him as a full-blown representative the King Powder Co., for that's what Gil is now. He's out for blood, and says that he will shoot King's Smokeless to the top of them all.

We wrote a letter to Jack Parker about four weeks ago and have not to date received a line from him. Of course we realize what he is doing to the ducks on Lake Erie in the vicinity of Mouille Point, and can therefore partially excuse the apparent neglect of his less favored friends. We've been to Swan Creek ourselves, and can yet, in imagination and with closed eyes, see those flocks of mud hens that made our mouth water until we knew what they were.

Thanksgiving Day shoots will be as numerous as usual. There will be sweepstake shooting at Dexter Park all day, while at Oakwood Inn, Elizabeth, N. J., Nate Astfalk has provided an excellent bill of fare. The Boiling Springs Club, of Rutherford, N. J., holds its annual turkey shoot for the members of that club and its friends. The Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., also holds an all-day shoot at its Marion grounds.

The Lockport, N. Y., Gun Club holds a tournament to-morrow (Nov. 25) at its grounds in that city. This is the first annual shoot of the club, and it is making special efforts to achieve success in this line. A six-men team race is a feature on the programme. The Rose system of dividing purses will be used. The appointments of the club are up to date, expert traps with electric pull being a portion of its equipment.

Charlie Zwirlein writes us that he has received a letter from Jim Elliott stating that he leaves Kansas City for Trenton, N. J., immediately after his match on Nov. 27. He also states that there are over 30 entries for the handicap, and adds that entries will be received up to the conclusion of the second round on Dec. 1. He has plenty of excellent birds on hand, and says that the boys won't complain of their quality.

Charlie Budd has been doing some excellent work on live birds lately, and now comes into the field and challenges Jim Elliott for the cup he won recently from J. E. Riley, of Kansas City. The trophy was presented by the Kansas City *Star*, and was won by Riley at the Missouri State shoot last May. Both Elliott and Budd are shooting well, so the match should prove a good drawing card and a hard one to win.

Neaf Apgar and Jake Blendermann left for Washington, Ind., the home of Jack Winston, on Nov. 22 for a week's quail shooting. The two above named, accompanied by Tom Keller, had a great day's rabbit hunting last week on a farm in New Jersey owned by Mr. Blendermann. The party had lots of fun and got a fair supply of rabbits, bringing home a total of 14 head.

"Fixtures" for the season of 1897 come in very slowly. Does this mean that it is going to be an off year for target shooting tournaments? We understand the Cobweb Gun Club, of New York, is considering the advisability of holding a big tournament at its grounds, Baychester, N. Y., during the week of the Sportsmen's Exposition. A big event at live birds is suggested as part of the programme.

The Forest Gun Club, of Philadelphia, Pa., advertises a shoot at its grounds on Thanksgiving Day. All events will be at targets, popular prices, and all purses will be divided on the Rose system. The grounds are located at Twenty-seventh street and Lehigh avenue, Philadelphia.

The membership of the Interstate Association has received a great acquisition in the shape of the Du Pont Powder Co. There is every prospect that before the annual meeting of the Association, Dec. 17, one or two more firms will come into the fold and help on the good cause.

Shooters in the vicinity of New York should not forget that Friday, Nov. 27, is the date set for the Dutchy Smith-Wolstencroft match at the Fanwood, N. J., grounds of the Climax Gun Club. The match is at 100 targets, expert rule, one man up, for the Austin Powder Co.'s cup and $25 a corner. The match commences at 2 P. M.

The dog got in its deadly work on the Trap department this week, and several interesting reports of shoots have had to be held over until next week. B. Waters's chuckle as he scans this week's issue in his quarters at Newton, N. C., will be more than a ripple.

The invitation three-men team race shot on Saturday last, Nov. 21, on the grounds of the N. Y. Athletic Club, was a most successful affair, despite the unpleasant character of the weather. The scores were low, but the shooting was hard.

The contest for the *Recreation* cup, Dec. 12, on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J., should prove an interesting affair. The cup is open to non-professional members of all New Jersey clubs.

Oscar Guessaz announces that the San Antonio Midwinter Tournament will be held Jan. 20-25. This will satisfy many of our correspondents who have been writing us on this point.

Mr. C. A. Dammann, the gentleman upon whom the mantle of Irby Bennett, as representative of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., has fallen, is a brother-in-law of Mr. Bennett. Mr. Dammann bids fair, judging from what Paul Litzke says, to rival his brother-in-law's claim for popular favor.

We are informed that Dr. Carver has posted a forfeit to shoot George Roll for the Du Pont trophy. Winston, however, if he makes good his expressed intention, will have the call, as he has had his forfeit up to shoot the winner of the Claridge-Roll match ever since Nov. 7.

Shooters, crackerjacks or otherwise, who want a shoot at Knoxville, Tenn., next May, should hasten to let Roger Van Gilder know what they think about such a scheme. A letter addressed to Mr. Van Gilder at Knoxville will have no difficulty in reaching him.

The second match of the series of three arranged between the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., and the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J., will take place at Marion Dec. 3. The team race will be shot at 2 P. M., sweepstakes commencing at 12.

What has become of the proposed resuscitation of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association? Why does not its president, "Uncle Al" Heritage, call the promised meeting at Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City? New Jersey needs its State Association badly.

Nov. 24. EDWARD BANKS.

The Vicksburg Tournament.

VICKSBURG, Miss., Nov. 18.—It is a significant fact that all the tournaments in the South are successful and enjoyable affairs, and the fifth annual tournament of the Hill City Gun Club proved no exception to the rule. Here in the South one receives such open-handed hospitality, and the welcome that is accorded makes one always anxious to attend such gatherings. The announcement of an approaching tournament carries with it a gleam of anticipation and a desire to attend that is almost irresistible. This is the whole secret of the success of the Southern tournaments. The Hill City Gun Club offered no great inducements, as $200 added money in these days of big tournaments is not considered much of a drawing card. Under these conditions the club could not expect a large attendance, nor did they look for one; a tournament of this kind must naturally look for its visitors from the neighboring cities, for it is not to be expected that shooters can be drawn any great distance with the inducements above referred to. Then it must be remembered that this is the height of the shooting season, and it has been a long time since all game native to the South has been so plentiful. These conditions and the fact that it has been a year of numerous tournaments, both large and small, all over the country, doubtless kept the attendance down.

When gauging the success of this shoot by its attendance all the above facts must be taken into consideration. Comparing this shoot with any similar one, it will be found that the entries ran nearly up to the average; 25 to 40 shooters is what one generally finds at gatherings of this kind. Not one of those present will say that they had anything but a pleasant time, and that the shoot was not a success, nor that they failed to enjoy their visit, or regretted their trip to Vicksburg. The club made no money, it is true, but this was not the club's object, as here in the South few tournaments are conducted for revenue only. Trap-shooting has been on the wane in Vicksburg, and it was principally to try to rejuvenate the sport here that this shoot was given. No little credit is due Messrs. Bradfield, Wright, Miller, Pinkston and Porterfield for their efforts in this direction, and it is safe to assert that should they hold another shoot, as they contemplate doing in the spring, the attendance will be much larger; for all of those who were present this time will return and will endeavor to have others come.

VISITORS' ROLL.

There were present during the shoot the following: W. A. Bonner, Duncan, Miss.; Dr. Forsythe and Harry W. Stevenson, Monroe, La.; J. L. White, Memphis, Tenn.; Frank J. Arrighi, H. L. Baker, James Pipes and E. L. Wilson, Natchez, Miss.; Henry Dinkins, Anguilla, Miss.; Hugh L. Foote, Rolling Forks, Miss.; Alex. P. Smith, Van Meter and Arnold, Greenville, Miss.; H. C. Morris, Mayersville, Miss.; E. L. Sharkey, Refuge, Miss.; and J. C. Morris, Brunswick, Miss. There were also the following trade representatives on hand: A. W. du Bray, representing the Parker Gun Company, Meriden, Conn. Paul North, working the magautrap, and talking bluerocks for the Cleveland Target Co., of Cleveland, O.; H. G. Wheeler, making his debut as a representative of the King's Smokeless Powder Co., of Cincinnati, O., explaining the merits of the powder and Peters's reinforced shell. Popular Tom Callender, of Nashville, Tenn., was also there, taking care of Laflin & Rand's interest, and their new W-A powder. Dave Porterfield, whose home is Vicksburg, was saying something about Du Pont's and Hazard powder. Last, but not least, there was C. A. Dammann, a Winchester Repeating Arms Co. representative, who has lately stepped into Irby Bennett's shoes; all indications are that he will fill his predecessor's place with equal ability.

THE GROUNDS.

The programme stated that the shoot would be held at the Exposition grounds, and the club anticipated no difficulty in securing them for this purpose; but when they attempted to make arrangements to this effect the directors only asked the modest sum of $50 per day for the use of them, also retaining the privilege of serving refreshments and lunch. This of course the club could not consider, and had to look elsewhere for grounds. They finally selected a piece of land just opposite the city, on the sandbar near the Louisiana line, quite easy of access, and with a fair background. It was only a few minutes' ride from the hotel; or, if one chose to walk, it was about 10 blocks. The river formerly ran along here, and during the seige of Vicksburg many an important engagement took place here between the Federal gunboats and the Rebel forts that overlook the river. Traces of these are still visible, and one of the most important ones, known as the Devil's Backbone, could be seen from the shooting grounds. Here in the old river bed the club had arranged a temporary grounds, and a shelter had been erected to protect the shooters in case of a rain, and plenty of chairs had been provided. All kinds of refreshments were served on the grounds. The weather throughout the shoot was fine, and the only thing absolutely necessary for the comfort of the guests were the seats.

The club had made arrangements with Elmer E. Shaner to manage the shoot for them, but owing to illness Mr. Shaner was unable to attend; so Paul North, who was present to show off his new magautrap, took charge, and conducted the affair in a most excellent manner. The club at first intended to use a set of bluerock expert traps, but Paul put up his magautrap, and so well did it work that the club never regretted the change.

The first day shooting did not begin until 10 o'clock, and the programme events were started about 11:30. So well did the trap work that all events were finished before dark, and very little shooting can now be done after 5 o'clock. It required about 400 targets for the programme events, and when shooting is begun at 8:30, as is usually the case in the summer time, it will be possible to throw about 7,500 targets a day from this trap, and the cost of trapping should not be over $1 50. The company will put them on the market by the first of the year. The trap seemed to work much better than when I first saw it at the Cleveland tournament, where it was operated by experienced hands, but here by green boys.

Mr. C. J. Wright acted as cashier, while Messrs. Miller, Bradfield, Pinkston and Porterfield looked after the welfare of the guests. The Rose system of dividing the purses was used, and as usual gave entire satisfaction and made a number of new converts. Wheeler did not think much of it before the shoot, but afterward expressed himself to the effect that he was now convinced that this was the only absolute fair system. There were five moneys, and the points established were 7, 5, 4, 3 and 2. All events were at unknown angles.

FIRST DAY.

The opening day of the shoot was bright and clear, with a good stiff breeze blowing from the score, which added to the difficulty of the shooting. The magautrap too was as puzzling to the shooter, with its deceptive curves, as are those of a pitcher in a baseball game. Though there were a number of good shots present, only two reached the 90 per cent. mark. Owing to the difficulty referred to above in regard to securing grounds, shooting did not commence until 10 o'clock, when a 15-bird extra was shot to give those present a line on the new trap. The programme proper was not begun until an hour and a half later, and though it called for 200 shots, and the entries averaged 20, the trap was equal to the occasion, and the entire programme was shot through by 5:15.

When the averages for the day were computed it was found that Wheeler was in the van with 91 per cent. Then came Miller with 90, closely followed by Dr. Forsythe with 89. White, however, made an average of 90, but shot only in one event, a number entirely too small to base an average on. During the day 26 shooters participated in the shoot, the largest number in any event being 22 and the smallest 16. The extra event had 20 entries, and of this number one only, Miller, made a straight. This shooter also made two straights in the regular events, a feat that none of the other contestants were equal to. The table below shows the standing of all those who participated:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Wheeler	19	18	19	17	19	19	18	16	19	18	200	182	91
Miller	16	17	18	19	18	19	17	20	16	20	200	180	90
Forsythe	20	17	17	17	18	19	18	18	18	16	200	178	89
Porterfield	18	19	17	18	20	17	17	19	15	16	200	176	88
Stevenson	16	15	18	13	17	19	17	18	18	17	200	168	84
Arrighi	16	15	17	12	20	16	19	18	17	16	200	166	83
Smith	17	17	18	13	17	17	17	15	18	13	200	162	81
Dinkins	15	16	12	14	17	16	20	19	18	14	200	161	80.5
North	15	16	18	16	15	15	15	17	17	16	200	160	80
Bonner	16	13	15	14	19	17	14	18	16	17	200	159	79.5
Sharkey	17	17	17	15	14	20	17	18	15	19	200	159	79.5
Du Bray	14	15	16	15	15	16	17	18	17	15	200	158	79
Pinkston	15	12	14	16	18	15	16	16	17	17	200	157	78.5
Baker	16	17	17	14	14	14	14	18	16	16	200	156	78
Katz	14	15	16	15	17	15	16	11	15	14	200	148	74
Arnold	13	17	17	12	..	15	14	..	..	..	120	88	73.3
Wilson	12	16	15	14	14	14	..	..	..	..	120	85	70.8
Hayes	..	..	..	..	..	14	14	13	15	..	80	56	70
Searles	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	17	..	60	42	70
H C Morris	12	13	14	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	80	51	63.7
Wailes	..	..	..	..	13	10	..	..	..	..	40	23	57.5
Van Meter	12	11	12	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	80	44	55
Dammann	8	11	15	9	13	15	..	..	..	..	120	63	52.5
Pipes	..	..	12	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	40	21	50.5
Brad	7	8	11	10	10	..	13	8	9	11	180	87	48.3

SECOND DAY.

During the early part of the morning it was hazy, but by noon it had cleared off, and the day was even warmer than yesterday; there was no wind blowing, however, and the experience of the previous day had familiarized the shooters with the work in hand, so averages ran much higher. With the exception of Stevenson, most of the contestants improved their percentage; Stevenson, for no apparent reason whatever, was clearly 'way out of form, as he stood fifth on the first day. The entries ran very uniform, the fewest being 18 and the most 21; 28 shooters participated in the programme events of the day, two more than on the first day.

Wheeler again led the procession with the excellent percentage of 94.5. He made no less than three straights in the regular events and one in the extras. Dr. Forsythe kept up his fine work, and to-day he landed second with 93 per cent., Miller being third with 92 per cent., just exchanging places as compared with their standing of the day before. There were also two extra 15-target events shot. In the first one Miller, Porterfield and Wheeler made straights, while in the second Smith and Paul North made straights.

The table below gives the standing of all those who made an average of 60 per cent. or better. The following failed to reach that per cent., or shot in only one event: Callender, Folkes, Kline, Lee, Wailes and Searles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av
Wheeler	18	19	18	20	19	17	20	19	20	19	200	189	94.5
Forsythe	19	18	20	19	17	19	20	17	18	19	200	186	93
Miller	17	20	19	20	18	17	18	17	19	20	200	185	92.5
Smith	19	19	16	18	14	19	20	19	17	19	200	180	90
White	19	18	17	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	71	88.7
Porterfield	16	18	17	14	18	15	19	20	16	18	200	171	85.5
North	17	19	15	18	17	17	18	16	18	16	200	171	85.5
Foote	16	19	19	20	16	17	17	15	17	14	200	170	85
Du Bray	..	..	17	14	18	16	18	18	14	18	160	133	83.1
Arrighi	14	18	18	15	18	16	17	14	16	18	200	162	82
Dinkins	13	15	15	17	14	17	18	16	15	17	200	157	78.5
Baker	13	14	16	17	14	16	13	15	15	15	200	148	74
Pinkston	17	16	14	13	16	17	10	17	13	13	200	146	73
Wilson	17	16	13	10	..	..	17	14	..	..	120	87	72.5
Katz	15	11	14	15	17	..	..	..	..	..	100	72	72
Bonner	10	14	14	16	14	18	16	15	15	11	200	143	71.5
Dammann	12	11	13	15	..	..	..	..	14	18	120	83	69.1
Stevenson	9	13	10	17	11	12	16	16	15	16	200	135	67.5
J C Morris	10	12	16	15	9	18	16	12	14	9	200	131	65.5
Fredrick	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	..	40	25	62.5
Brad	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	14	40	25	62.5
Hayes	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	14	11	..	80	50	62.5

PAUL R. LITZKE.

In New Jersey.

FORESTER GUN CLUB, OF NEWARK.

Nov. 14.—The Forester Gun Club, of Newark, held its regular monthly shoot this afternoon on its grounds, near the Lehigh Valley Railroad's coal shutes in that city. The wind blew very strongly from the north and swept across the meadows, making the shooting quite hard. The attendance of members was very good, the main attraction being a special prize in the shape of one of Laflin & Rand's silver kegs of W-A powder. This prize was competed for at 50 targets per man, 25 known traps and angles, and 25 expert rule. Sinnock was the winner with a score of 43, made up of 23 at known angles and 20 at expert rule; Hayes ran him close with 42, after making only 19 at known angles. W. Smith and Wambold scored 41, and landed in third place. The scores in this event were as follows:

F Sinnock.....1111101111111011111111111011101111011111101110111—43
Hayes.....1101110111110001101111111101011111111111111111111—42
W Smith.....1111111111111010111101111111100111111011110101101—41
Wambold.....1111110011110111111101111111110111110011111111001—41
Dr Cummins.....1011011010111111111110101001111111011101111011111—39
Jesse James.....1110111100110001101111110011101111110111111101001—37
M Herrington.....0100101111110010000111111011111111111101101101111—36
T Smith.....1011110100111110110111101101111111011010101011101—35
D Fleming.....1111111101101111111111010110010011001111110010111—34
Jewell.....0101011100111111011110100100110101110110101011—32
C Smith.....1111111111110011000001000011101011001101111111000—31
Winans.....1101001101101011011001101110110101101100111000—31
Young.....1001011111110000111111111w
Hedden.....1111111101110110111010010w
Dawson.....1101111011001110111101110w

Practice sweeps were shot as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
D Fleming	8	4	5	..	Dr Cummins	..	8	..	..
Sinnock	7	9	7	7	T Smith	..	9	..	..
J James	3	5	..	..	Hayes	..	6	8	..
C Smith	4	6	7	..	Herrington	..	6	6	9
Winans	3	..	..	..	Wambold	..	10	9	9
W Smith	7	7	..	..	Dawson	..	..	6	5
Jewell	..	7	5	6					

Nos. 1 and 4 were expert rules; No. 2, known traps and angles; No. 3, reversed order.

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Nov. 20.—On Wednesday, 18th inst., the Haverhill Gun Club held an all-day shooting tournament on their grounds at Hoyt's Grove, in this city.

The weather conditions looked anything but favorable in the morning, the sky being overcast and a strong southeast wind blowing, with an occasional slight fall of rain. Many of the expected out-of-town visitors failed to put in an appearance, doubtless on that account. But the day proved to be fairly good, no rain falling after the shooting commenced, although the sky remained overcast, which made the light rather bad, especially in the afternoon. The following are the scores made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	20	10	10	10	10	15	15	15	10	10	10
Wilder	6	9	7	6	5	6	6	5	7	9	8	13	5	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jones	7	9	6	8	7	3	8	6	6	10	6	14	5	5	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sawyer	8	6	8	6	6	5	6	8	8	6	4	17	9	7	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Puck	10	6	3	7	9	5	4	7	9	7	6	13	7	4	4	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dickey	9	9	10	9	9	7	9	6	10	10	9	19	6	5	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Snow	9	6	6	5	6	6	8	6	7	7	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stevens	5	7	6	9	8	6	7	3	6	6	5	14	..	..	5	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wright	8	..	6	6	6	5	7	5	4	6	4	17	8	..	7	7	12	12	..	7	..	..
Leighton	7	5	6	3	4	6	4	2	4	4	7	10	..	..	4	..	7	11	6	5	..	..
Miller	6	..	..	6	..	..	..	2	..	4	5	5	..	..	8	6	7	8	4	..	8	5
Brown	3	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	3	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
Short	9	6	4	7	5	5	4	4	7	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	7	7	11	6	..	9	7
George	..	5	7	5	8	4	9	7	7	5	6	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Sherman	..	..	..	3	..	1	..	..	6	..	..	..	4	2	..	..	..	..	8	..	2	2	2
Merritt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	3	5	3	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..
Hilliard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fox	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..
Webster	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	4	4	6	9	8	12	9	9	6
Lambert	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Blake	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	4	..	..	7	3	..	..	6	7	..	..	5	1	7
Holden	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	5	..	3	3	3	..	

GEO. F. STEVENS, Sec'y.

Pittsburg Shooters at Work.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 16.—The birds trapped to-day at a shoot held on private grounds were a rattling good lot of flyers. The best work of the day was done by W. S. King, who scored 28 out of 30 from the the 30yd. mark. Alex. King and Sandy McPherson made the next best records, each accounting for 26 out of 30. The scores were as below:

	No. 1	No. 2.	No. 3.
McPherson (28)	1111111111—10	1111011111— 9	1100111110— 7
W S King (30)	1111111110— 9	1111111110— 9	1111111111—10
Old Hoss (28)	0111111111— 9	0011101011— 6	1111110011— 8
Anson (28)	0111111111— 9	1111111111—10	1110111110— 8
A H King (30)	1101111110— 8	1111111111—10	0101111111— 8
E E Shaner (29)	1011111011— 8	1010101111— 7	.....
J G Messner (30)	0111011101— 7	1011111110— 8	1110111010— 7
Strong (28)	0101011110— 6	0111110111— 8	0111101101— 7

The Interstate Association's Annual Review.

THE Interstate Association has forwarded to us a copy of its annual review, a work always full of interest to those trap-shooters who have any cognizance of the good which the Association is doing in the trap-shooting world. During the season of 1896 it held seven tournaments, one at live birds, the others at targets. Each of these tournaments is treated of so fully in the review that we have seen fit to use copious extracts from that work. The

Introduction

is a good thing to begin with, even if it is one long "krow":

"'I luv a rooster for tew things—one iz the krow that iz in him, and the other iz the spurs that air on him tew bak up his krow with.'—*Josh Billings's 'Essay on the Rooster.'*

"The sixth year in the history of the Interstate Association closes with the issuance of this Review. In the period over which this brochure extends tournaments have been given at many points; and, notwithstanding the long period of depression from which the country is now emerging, the work of the Association during 1896 compares favorably with that of former years—surely an emphatic testimony to substantial worth. The object of the Interstate Association is 'the encouragement of trap shooting,' and ever since its organization the attention of its management has been largely directed toward that purpose, as well as improving and simplifying the methods of conducting tournaments. The changes of the past years, in line with the policy mapped out by the Association, would indicate that the future will bring forth even better results.

"The usual custom of confining its labors to one particular section of the country for the entire season was departed from, the Association at its last annual meeting having deemed such a course advisable. After mature consideration it was decided to devote the first part of the season of 1896 to the South, and the latter part to a hitherto untried field—the far eastern New England States. The wisdom of this movement and the success resultant therefrom will be apparent to the reader by a glance at the interesting data and summary of the work accomplished.

"Prior to 1896 all tournaments given under the auspices of the Interstate Association were conducted in accordance with certain rules and regulations adopted at the beginning of each season. This year a departure was made from the old-established rule, and clubs were permitted to select such handicap, system or method of dividing purses as they deemed most advantageous for their particular tournament; consequently some of the clubs adopted the well-known method of dividing purses—40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; others selected a handicap—using the expert rule—while the majority selected the Rose system. The division of moneys in accordance with the Rose system seemed to meet the general approval of the shooting public—the expert as well as the amateur—and in order to familiarize our readers with this system it is fully explained elsewhere in this review.

"Nothing so pointedly emphasizes the great good accomplished by the Interstate Association as the fact that wherever tournaments have been given under its auspices many new gun clubs have been organized, numerous devotees of the sport were enrolled as active members, and an increased stimulus given to the pastime which to-day stands preëminent in the list of outdoor sports. So, while we admit having indulged in a little 'krowing,' it's because our 'krow' is justified not by expectancy, but by solid results. We have the 'spurs' not only to 'bak up our krow with,' but to continue our mission on the lines laid down."

After indulging in the above preliminaries, the Association takes up each of its tournaments in detail, the first being

The Grand American Handicap.

The inaugural tournament was the fourth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds, which was decided at Elkwood Park, near Long Branch, N J., March 24, 25 and 26. The Interstate Association guaranteed $1,000 (and all surplus added) in the main event, which was shot under the following conditions, viz.: 25 live birds, $25 entrance, 50yds. boundary, with a dead line at the 33yd. mark, handicaps ranging from 25 to 33yds., high guns to win, and moneys to be divided in accordance with the number of entries received, as follows:

$500 for first high gun, $300 for the second high gun, $200 for the third high gun. No more, no less, no matter what the number of entries may be. Should there be more than 40 and not exceeding 50 entries all money in the purse in excess of the $1,000 to be divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. to the fourth, fifth and sixth highest guns. Should there be more than 50 and not exceeding 60 entries all money in the purse in excess of the $1,000 to be divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. to the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth highest guns. Should there be more 60 and not exceeding 70 entries, all money in the purse in excess of the $1,000 to be divided 25, 20, 15, 12½, 12½, 10 and 5 per cent. to the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth highest guns. Should there be more than 70 and not exceeding 100 entries, all moneys in the purse in excess of the $1,000 to be divided 12, 12, 12, 10, 10, 10, 8, 8, 8, 5 and 5 per cent. to the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth highest guns.

There were 109 entries, of which 98 were regular entries at $25 each; 6 were penalty or post entries at $35 each, and 5 were forfeits, making the total purse amount to $2,710. The handicaps were so eminently fair and just, and the birds proved to be such a superb lot of flyers, that there was not a straight score of 25 made—yet there were 8 scores of 24 and 13 scores of 23.

The ties on 24 shot off for the first eight places, and the ties on 23 shot off for the remaining 6 places. In order to have an honest shoot-off for every place from 1 to 14, the Interstate Association supplied the shooters with their tie birds free of charge. The result was a very pretty struggle as follows:

TIES ON 24.

O R Dickey (29yds)	222222	1st.
Sim Glover (30yds)	2222202222222222	2d.
G W Coulston (28yds)	2222202.2211220	3d.
R O Heikes (30yds)	22220	4th.
F W Cooper (28yds)	222•	5th.
E F Thomas (28yds)	20	6th.
Geo Cubberly (28yds)	0—222211211	7th.
Carl von Lengerke (28yds)	0—222222120	8th.

TIES ON 23.

T J Ely (29yds)	12111122221121	9th.
Le Roy (28yds)	212221121121l0	10th.
J G Messner (29yds)	121111211•	11th.
Neaf Apgar (30yds)	1122221•—2	12th.
J Hood (28yds)	21211210—0	13th.
Fred Gilbert (31yds)	21221•	14th.
B A Bartlett (28yds)	220	
W C Price (28yds)	20	
Chas Zwirlein (28yds)	•	
E M Cooper (28yds)	•	
B W Claridge (29yds)	0	
J F Paddleford (27yds)	0	
Ed Hill (30yds)	0	

In addition to first money the winner, Mr. Orrin R. Dickey, was presented with a beautiful silver cup, donated by Messrs. Phil Daly, Sr., and Phil Daly, Jr.

One hundred and twenty-seven shooters took part in the tournament, and $5,955 50 was divided in different purses. The total number of live birds trapped was 4,435.

In the Palmetto State.

The second tournament was given at Charleston, S. C., April 14, 15 and 16, under the auspices of the Palmetto Gun Club.

BEST AVERAGES FIRST DAY.

B H Worthen, first	88	per cent.
D M Porterfield, second	80	" "
G H Peterman, third	78.8	" "

BEST AVERAGES SECOND DAY.

B H Worthen, first	88.5	per cent.
Irby Bennett, Geo Swan, second	81.7	" "
G H Peterman, third	79.4	" "

The third day was devoted to the shooting of a 100 to 125 handicap target race and a three (3) men team race. In the first event contestants were handicapped according to percentage made during the previous two days' shooting. In the second event teams were composed of three (3) men from a State; more than one team permitted. The results follow:

HANDICAP TARGET RACE.

John W Todd (110 targets), John Rocker (120 targets)	scored 100 and won first money	$44 00
H C Bridgers (118 targets)	scored 99 and won second money	39 60
L W Bicaise (118 targets)	scored 97 and won third money	35 20

THREE MEN TEAM RACE.

South Carolina Team, No. 1, scored 133 out of 150 and won first money	$33 20
North Carolina Team scored 125 out of 150 and won second money	24 90
South Carolina Team, No. 3, scored 119 out of 150 and won third money	16 60

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 31. Average entry first day, 21 1-10; average entry second day, 21 3-10; average entry third day, 21. The total amount of money divided in purses was $1,590.50. 13,175 targets were trapped during the tournament. $400 was added to the purses by the Palmetto Gun Club.

The Land of Cotton.

The third tournament was given at Birmingham, Ala., April 29 and 30, under the auspices of the Birmingham Rod and Gun Club.

BEST AVERAGES FIRST DAY.

Irby Bennett, first	74.1	per cent.
Alex Smith, C L Gunn, second	73.5	" "
D M Porterfield, third	70.3	" "

BEST AVERAGES SECOND DAY.

Irby Bennett, E Vass, first	76.1	per cent.
D M Porterfield, second	75.4	" "
R H Baugh, Alex Smith, third	71.6	" "

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 36. Average entry first day, 18½; average entry second day, 13 2-5. The total amount of money divided in purses was $971. 6,150 targets were trapped during the tournament. $200 was added to the purses by the Birmingham Rod and Gun Club.

Natchez on the Hill.

The fourth tournament was given at Natchez, Miss., June 3 and 4, under the auspices of the Gaillard Sporting Club.

BEST AVERAGES FIRST DAY.

U M C Thomas, H L Foote, Wm Miller, first	91.2	per cent.
D M Porterfield, second	90.6	" "
Irby Bennett, T A Divine, third	86.2	" "

BEST AVERAGES SECOND DAY.

H L Foote, first	90.6	per cent.
Wm Miller, second	88.1	" "
D M Porterfield, third	81.3	" "

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 43. Average entry first day, 22 3 10; average entry second day, 18 1-10. Total amount of money divided in purses was $1,164.50. 10,700 targets were trapped during the tournament. $110 was added to the purses by the Gaillard Sporting Club.

Among the Pine Trees.

The fifth tournament was given at Portland, Me., July 22 and 23, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

BEST AVERAGES FIRST DAY.

Noel E Money, L H Schortemeier, J S Fanning, first	90	per cent.
O R Dickey, H M Fedderen, Arthur Randall, second	88.2	" "
J von Lengerke, third	87	" "

BEST AVERAGES SECOND DAY.

O R Dickey, first	90.3	per cent.
J von Lengerke, second	88.4	" "
Noel E Money, third	86	" "

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 55. Average entry first day, 35½; average entry second day, 30 2-5. Total amount of money divided in purses was $1,003.55; 14,085 targets were trapped during the tournament.

With the Green Mountain Boys.

The sixth annual tournament was given at Burlington, Vt., Aug. 26 and 27, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

BEST AVERAGES FIRST DAY.

O R Dickey, first	93.1	per cent.
S A Tucker, second	90.8	" "
C O Barrett, J S Fanning, third	87.4	" "

BEST AVERAGES SECOND DAY.

O R Dickey, S A Tucker, first	91.3	per cent.
F S Edwards, second	89.3	" "
J von Lengerke, third	88.6	" "

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 46. Average entry first day, 22 3 10; average entry second day, 20 3 10. The total amount of money divided in purses was $706 35. 9,055 targets were trapped during the tournament. $100 was added to the purses by the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Near the Metropolis.

The seventh tournament was given at Marion, N. J., Sept. 7, 8, and 9, under the auspices of the Endeavor Gun Club.

BEST AVERAGES LABOR DAY.

J A R Elliott, first	91.1	per cent.
E D Fulford, second	90.2	" "
F S Edwards, third	89.6	" "

BEST AVERAGE FIRST DAY.

J von Lengerke, first	89.4	per cent.
E D Fulford, second	87.8	" "
L H Schortemeier, third	85.2	" "

BEST AVERAGES SECOND DAY.

J A R Elliott, first	88.9	per cent.
T V Van Dyke, second	88.4	" "
J L Brewer, third	87.3	" "

The total number of shooters taking part in tqe tournament was 47. Average entry Labor Day, 15 1-5; average entry first day, 19 1-5; average entry second day, 16 1-10.

The total amount of money divided in purses was $1,351.

13,535 targets were trapped during the tournament.

$150 was added to the purses by the Endeavor Gun Club.

Recapitulation.

In the table as outlined below will be found a summary of the work accomplished during the season of 1896. Noting the fact that the tournaments were given in relatively far distant points, and as a rule in the smaller cities, the results are indeed very gratifying:

Shooters taking part	385
Live birds trapped	4,435
Targets trapped	66,700
Money divided in purses	$12,742 40

The Grand American Handicap at live birds will mark the opening of the season of 1897. As usual, it will take place at New York, March 23, 24 and 25. It is our intention to perfect arrangements for giving the most interesting series of tournaments for the coming season yet proposed in the history of the Associaton, and clubs contemplating holding tournaments should make early application for the same.

J. A. H. DRESSEL,
Secretary-Treasurer, 313 Broadway, New York.

Not a Personal Matter at all.

IN our issue of Nov. 14 we had occasion to lock horns with a decision made by the referee in the recent Winston-Langen match at Elkwood Park. Our attention had been called to the decision by a correspondent, and a clipping from one of FOREST AND STREAM'S contemporaries, *Shooting and Fishing*, giving the referee's decision in full, was sent with a request that we give our opinion thereon. We gave our opinion on the merits of the case, little dreaming of the weight of trouble that would fall upon us for our temerity.

It is now made plain in the issue of that same publication for Nov. 19 that its shooting editor was not only reporter of the shoot between Winston and Langen, but was also the referee in that match. We were not unaware of that fact at the time we questioned the decision; on the contrary, we paid the referee personally a courteous little tribute at the close of our remarks. But now that his position in the affair has been made clear, we can take it for granted that his statement of the conversation which took place between Winston and the referee is correct. In order that we may be quite plain in our discussion of this case—a discussion, by the way, that should not be marked by any bitterness of feeling—we again give the clipping referred to:

"A singular happening took place during the shooting; it occurred just after Winston went out to gather a knocked down bird. Naturally, every one watched the retrieve closely. The trapping lads were as much interested as Winston himself. Thus it happened that No. 4 trap remained unfilled when Count went to the score and called, 'Ready, pull!' He killed the bird nicely. Winston turned toward the referee and said:

"'Mr. Referee, should not Count shoot at another bird? The rules call for five traps.'

"The reply of the referee was: 'Yes, they do call for five traps, and technically you are right. As it is the referee's business to see that traps are filled, I fail to see how I can penalize the shooter for th fault of that official.' The bird, having been killed, was scored a cred for Count."

In the issue of Nov. 19 above referred to, in an article entitled "Purely personal," we are taken to task for treating of the matter on "hearsay evidence." An extract from the article itself will best explain what we mean by this:

"The many years of my career, both as sportsman and journalist, have taught me one thing; that thing is never to criticise the decision of a referee in a shooting contest unless I had been present at such contest, and, therefore, familiar with all the circumstances which led up to such decision. It is a matter of regret, of course, but it is a fact nevertheless, that the passions and prejudices of men so mould their opinions that hearsay evidence is the worst thing imaginable upon which to base an argument or to form a judgment. My critic was not present, and knows nothing of what took place save as it has been told by some spectator."

Now *our* critic is surely wrong. We judged of the question on th best *direct* evidence at our disposal. We used the very words writ ten by the referee-reporter over his signature, practically an affi davit that purported to give a *verbatim* report of a conversation that passed between our referee-reporter and Winston. If that is hearsay evidence, and therefore "the worst thing imaginable," then there i an irreconcilable difference between the sayings of the same man a referee and as reporter. As a matter of fact, the paragraph abov quoted is a palpable attempt to evade the real issue by implying tha the criticism was due to "passions and prejudices," when not th slightest trace of either was felt or manifested. This is not a personal matter at all.

The argument that the words "All traps must be filled before th shooter calls 'Pull,'" because they occur in the A. S. A. Rule 4, which refers to the duty of a puller, by implication make "him the one to see that the traps are filled," seems to us rather weak. It looks much more like a positive statement of what must be done before the puller comes into play. It means, or it does not mean, that all five traps *must* be filled before the shooter calls "Pull." It is a part of a rule and therefore just as valid and binding as a whole rule; and as such it cannot be revoked by any action or any negligence on the part of puller, trapper or referee.

The "purely personal" article then tackles Rule 5, A. S. A., and says that it "simply refers to the number and position of the traps, saying simply that all matches shall be shot from five traps, and arranging their position." If the rule says that "all matches shall be shot from five traps," how can a referee take it upon himself to let one man shoot from five and another from four, unless both contestants are agreed that such shall be done?

Next comes A. S. A. Rule No. 2, which, according to *our* critic, "makes it obligatory upon the referee to see that the traps are filled." The rule refers to the duties of a referee and says: "The referee shall see that the traps are kept properly filled." Is the word *shall* in this rule as strong as the word *must* used in the sentence: "All traps must be filled," etc.? Our interpretation of Rule 2, A. S. A., is that the referee shall look after the trappers; do the best he can to prevent one contestant gaining any advantage over another unfairly even unwittingly; possess eyes in the back of his head; preserve un varying good temper; and above all remember that he is there not to make rules, but to decide knotty points upon their merits and according to the rules under which the contest is being shot.

It appears after all, that while we were arguing the question from the A. S. A. point of view, the match was not shot under those rules at all. It was shot under Hurlingham rules, with one exception; that exception was an agreement that Winston might go and gather his own birds if he chose to do so. Winston availed himself of this privilege, for we read: "It was this action on the part of Winston that made him the sole cause to which may be attributed the negligence of the trappers and the remissness of the referee." It was Winston, then, after all, who was to blame in the matter! It is only fair to presume, however, that he was the innocent cause; so why penalize him?

We were therefore in error when we supposed that A. S. A. rules governed the contest. The fault was not ours, but that of the referee-reporter, who says. "Yes, they do call for five traps, and technically you are right. As it is the referee's business to see that the traps are filled, I fail to see how I can penalize the shooter for the fault of that official." After such a positive statement that *the* rules called for five traps, and that it was the referee's business to see that the traps were filled, no conclusion was possible other than that A. S. A. rules governed the contest, because, to use the words of the shooting editor in the issue of Nov. 19: "I would mention here that in no copy of Hurlingham rules that I am cognizant of is a word said regarding th number of traps, their position or the filling of them. That in so fa as any printed rule is concerned, a match may be shot with one, two, three, four or five traps. Hurlingham rules presume that a referee has some knowledge, and very much is left to the judgment of that official."

Now, Hurlingham rules are a set of special rules gotten up for a private club. They do "presume that a referee has some knowledge, and very much is left to the judgment of that official," and for cause—the referee at Hurlingham is, we understand, the club's secretary, a man with an intimate knowledge of everything pertaining to trap-shooting, and thoroughly capable of settling every question that may arise under his club's rules.

Our argument was therefore wrongly based on the assumption that A. S. A. rules governed the Winston-Langen match. Argued in the light of those rules—rules which do call for five traps and which do specify that "all traps must be filled before the shooter calls 'Pull,'" and that it is the referee's duty to "see that they are kept properly filled"—we leave it to the good judgment of our readers as to what should be a referee's decision in such a case, merely reminding them that if "the rules do call for five traps," no dereliction of duty on the part of any referee can abrogate that rule.

Coming down then to Hurlingham rules—the rules which governed this contest—how could Winston be said to have been "technically" correct in his claim when there is not "a word said regarding the number of traps, their position or the filling of them?" If the agreement was to shoot *five* traps, that agreement was broken if one of the shooters was allowed to score a dead bird from *four* traps. The penalty for the referee's neglect of his duty actually fell on an innocent man—Winston; Count Langen was undoubtedly just as innocent as Winston, but he seems to us to have been in error when he called "Pull!" with only four traps filled instead of five. Was he complying with the rules? What rules?

We see no reason at all to alter our opinion af the case. As we look at it, the bird was a "no bird" if killed; a "lost bird" if missed.

In the closing paragraph of our note on this question in our issue of Nov. 14 we referred courteously to the referee as "a gentleman of considerable experience in the character of a referee." In his comment on our criticism that gentleman objects to our passing him over in such a brief manner. Since he objects to our description of him, we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity to give his own estimate of his own capabilities as he sees them (we quote again from *Shooting and Fishing* of Nov. 19):

"Why not be fair and state that the gentleman who rendered the decision questioned by his critic has had a longer, larger and more varied experience than any living man in the United States; that his services are in constant demand much against his wishes, and that his decisions are and have been most universally respected."

All of which is irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial, as there are thousands of men who are older than thousands of other men. But age does not always bring wisdom, nor experience skill, and all combined in this age do not constitute an oracle. If the decision was a sound one it could be shown to be so by the rules, usage, or by common sense, rather than by the plea of many years of personal experience and popularity. When a truth is uttered, we do not ask: "How old was the man who said it?" and there are many things so simple that a man does not require a lifetime to learn, the simplest of all being the principle that in a competition of skill each contestant shall have equal protection and an equal chance.

Hot Springs' First Annual.

THE great live-bird tournament promoted by Jno. J. Sumpter, Jr., and his friends is to take place at Hot Springs, Ark., Feb. 27-March 17, just the time of year when Hot Springs is, as Mr. Sumpter puts it in a letter to us dated Nov. 16, "at its 'high-water mark,' being full of people from all points of the globe, and when the weather is just simply sublime." Mr. Sumpter goes on to state: "We do not expect to have shooting all day long every day, but will commence about 1 o'clock every afternoon, thus giving the contestants plenty of time for baths and recreation in the forenoon. We will have plenty of good birds on hand, and no one can go away saying they did not have enough shooting. Matches can be shot in the forenoon, or in fact at any time, for we will have two different grounds in readiness."

The magnitude of the scheme undertaken by Mr. Sumpter and his friends is something stupenduous. His advisory board, however, is a good one, and should prove of the very greatest assistance to him. There are three members of that board: First, Phil Daly, Jr.; second, Frank E. Butler; and last, but by no means least, FOREST AND STREAM'S especial friend and ally in the South, Paul R. Litzke, of Little Rock, Ark. In the hands of this trio, backed as it will be by the knowledge and experience of Mr. Sumpter himself, mountains of trouble will become delectable little molehills.

We are promised advance copies of the programme at an early date; in fact Mr. Sumpter has started to work on it a week ago.

On Long Island.

EMERALD GUN CLUB, OF NEW YORK.

Nov. 17.—The Emerald Gun Club, of New York, held its regular monthly live-bird shoot at Dexter Park, L. I., this afternoon. The weather was far too warm for the time of the year, and there was not a breath of wind stirring. As might be expected, the conditions were all against the birds. But Mr. Lippack, the proprietor of the grounds, had some good birds on hand, and straight scores were by no means as numerous as one would suppose. Of course the birds were not all good; there were a few slow flyers among them that made the draw of the birds decidedly uneven. Some of those duffers spoiled straight scores too. Woods and Gus Nowak will both remember for many a day the easy ones they missed. Job Lott also has cause to keep in mind a driver that went over the line before being gathered. G. B. Hillers made some good kills of some fast birds and landed with 9 also.

Four straight scores were made: Gus Grieff, E. J. Clarke, Tom Short and G. E. Loeble. So far as Gus Grieff is concerned, he doesn't seem able to lose a bird on these grounds in the Emerald Club's monthly shoots. Out of the last seven shoots he has attended, he has scored 69 out of the 70 shot at. E. J. Clarke made his first appearance at the traps since he met with the accident that broke his collarbone and caused his retirement from the shooting world for some months. Tom Short is a member of the club who seldom, if ever, misses one of this club's monthly gatherings, and almost as seldom misses one of the birds trapped for him; to-day he added a few more points to his record for the yearly prizes. Loeble has only recently returned from a trip after the ruffed grouse of the State of Vermont. His brush-shooting has done him no harm, as his score of to-day testifies; he handles himself like a shooter when at the trap, and centers his birds well; the only slobber he made to-day was on his last bird and that bird didn't get very far after all.

Among the 8s were Dr. Hudson, B. Amend and J. Woelfel. The Doctor is shooting a new Smith gun that he is not accustomed to as yet; it shoots very close and its owner will probably astonish his friends at Eden, N. C., when it comes to tackling the country birds at the annual shoot that always comes off when the Doctor gets down there for the quail shooting. We understand that he purposes leaving this city for Eden on Saturday, Nov 21, and has expressed his intention of bagging his own Thanksgiving turkey, and doesn't care much whether it's a wild one or not. B. Amend, another of the 8s, is a shooter who has improved both in style and execution during the past twelve months. J. Woelfel, another 8, drew some hard birds and made some good kills.

To J. H. Moore, one of the old members of the club, and its present treasurer, belongs the honor of making the star kill of the day. He drew an outgoing bird and missed it with his first shell; ordinarily this wouldn't matter much, but Mr. Moore is now shooting a Winchester repeating shotgun, a shotgun he is new to, and which consequently he sometimes forgets to "pump." That's what happened on this bird; when he remembered what was the matter and had got the second shell into the chamber, the bird was almost to the boundary line (an 80yds boundary at that); but distance doesn't worry Moore; he pulled and the bird fell dead. The Emeralds (an organization that Schorty says is now composed of more frankfurters than "spuds") gave a good imitation of a college yell when they saw the feat of their treasurer. T. Codey, one of the regular shots of the club, tried a new gun to-day with disastrous effect. The trigger pull and bend of the stock are both entirely different to his old-time weapon, with which he has rolled up some good scores at these monthly contests.

The system of handicapping the members is of two kinds—rise and points. The members are divided into two classes, A and B; each of these classes is subdivided again into several different sub-classes, a member scoring the number of points in each shoot by which his score exceeds the number of his handicap points. The divisions are as follows:

Class A, 29yds., 7 points: Greiff, Clarke, Lott and Woods.
Class A, 28yds., 7 points: Dr. Hudson and T. Short.
Class A, 28yds., 6½ points: Loeble, Nowak, Sands, Fessenden, Vroome, J. Maesel, Moore and Place.
Class A, 28yds., 6 points: R. Regan and P. Butz.
Class A, 28yds., 5½ points: B. Amend, W. Amend and P. Thiele.
Class A, 28yds., 5 points: J. Woelfel.
Class B, 26yds., 5½ points: T. Codey.
Class B, 25yds., 5 points: Dr. Richter, E. Weiss and G. K. Breit.
Class B, 25yds., 4½ points: C. Maesel and G. B. Hillers.

From the above list it will be seen that Hillers, a Class B man, added 4½ points to his record by scoring 9 kills, his handicap points being 4½; Loeble's straight added 3½ points to his total. The scores in to-day's shoot were:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Gus Greiff (29)	↙↗↘↖→↗↖↗↘↓	2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 1—10
E J Clark (29)	→↠↗↙←→↑↓↗←	2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2—10
T Short (28)	↙↘↖↗↖↗↙↙→↖	2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1—10
G E Loeble (28)	↓↗↗↙↗↓↙↓↖↖	2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2—10
Job Lott (29)	↖→↗↑↖↖←←↘↗	2 1 2 • 1 2 1 2 2 2— 9
G B Hillers (25)	↙↗↘↗↗↖↙↗↠↘	2 1 2 2 1 2 2 • 1 1— 9
R Woods (29)	↖→→↶→↙↗↘→↓	2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2— 9
W Sands (28)	→↗↗↠↗↙↘←↗↗	2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2— 9
Gus Nowak (28)	→←→↴↖↖↴↗↗↘	1 2 1 1 1 1 0 1 2 2— 9
Dr Hudson (28)	↘→↘↙↗↘↗←↗↗	1 0 1 1 1 2 1 2 0 2— 8
J Woelfel (28)	→↶↠H↖↙↑T←↖	1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 2 1— 8
B Amend (28)	↖←↘↖↖↖↗↖↓↗	• 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 2— 8
H P Fessenden (28)	↵↘↗↖↖↙↓→→↓	2 2 1 • 0 2 2 0 2 2— 7
E A Vroome (28)	↘↴↓↖↖→↓↙↴→→	1 0 2 0 1 2 2 1 2 •— 7
J Maesel (28)	↙↗←←↗↗↗↗→↗	2 2 2 2 2 0 0 0 2 2— 7
J S Remsen* (28)	↗↑↗↙↗↘↘↘↗↖	2 0 2 2 0 2 2 0 1 2— 7
W Amend* (28)	↗↗↙↠↑↘↙↘↘↘	0 1 2 2 0 2 2 2 • 2— 7
P Butz (28)	←↘↖↖↘↙↙↓↘↘	0 2 • 1 0 2 2 0 1 1— 6
J H Moore (28)	↘↗↙↗←↗↖↗↗↘	2 2 1 0 0 1 1 2 0 •— 6
R Regan (28)	→↖↖←→↖↘↘↖↴	2 1 0 1 2 0 0 2 1 0— 6
Dr Leveridge* (28)	↙↑→↗↗↘↗↖→↖	2 1 0 2 2 1 0 0 1 0— 6
E Weiss (25)	↙↙↙↗↙↵↗↘↙↗	0 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 1— 6
F W Place (28)	←↖H↓→↶↗→↙↓	0 0 1 0 2 0 2 2 2 0— 5
P Thiele (25)	↙←←↗←↗↗↘→↓	2 0 2 0 0 0 0 2 2 2— 5
Dr Richter (25)	↵↷↙↗↗↗↘↗↷↙	2 2 0 2 0 2 0 1 0 0— 5
C Maesel (25)	↑↓↖↙→↙↗↗↗→	2 0 2 0 2 • • 0 2 2— 5
G Breit (25)	↷↘↗↙↗↖↷↙↓↗	0 0 2 2 0 0 0 0 1 2— 4
T Codey (26)	↑↕↗↑↗↘→↗↖↶	0 0 0 2 2 0 0 0 1 1— 4

* Remsen and Dr. Leveridge shot as guests of the club. W. Amend's score does not count in the competition for yearly prizes.

We are indebted to Job Lott for his courtesy in furnishing us with the above score in detail. EDWARD BANKS.

IDLE HOUR GUN CLUB, OF BROOKLYN.

Nov. 16.—The Idle Hour Gun Club, of Brooklyn, held its monthly shoot at Dexter Park this afternoon. The attendance was very small, H. Knebel, Jr., and H. Boemmermann being the only members of the club that put in an appearance. These two gentlemen tried their hands in three separate matches, and in each case the result was a tie. The first was at 15 birds, and each scored 11. The second was at 5 birds, and again they tied, neither man losing a bird. Five more were then shot at, and each scored 4.

REMSEN IN GOOD FORM.

Nov. 18.—J. S. S. Remsen is fond of shooting targets and has rigged up a little trap house in the orchard at Remsen Hall, Flatbush, that gives him and his friends plenty of practice. The trap house is small, but accommodates a trapper and three traps. This afternoon F. S. Edwards journeyed to Remsen Hall to try the traps and targets. A little 100-target race was shot, Remsen winning easily by 8 breaks with 93 to 85. The conditions were practically unknown angles, the three traps being set at regular angles—No. 1 a left-quarterer, No. 2 a straightaway, and No. 3 a right-quarterer. The puller, Mr. Remsen, Sr., pulled whichever trap he chose, and could pull one trap alternately if he liked; all that was necessary was to give the trapper time to load the trap. The traps being close together, it was just about the same as one trap, unknown angles. The light in the afternoon is a little hard, as the traps face nearly due south with a tendency to the west of south. The ground too slopes up hill from the score to the trap, making the shooting rather deceptive. Remsen's shooting was remarkably good, as he ran 36 straight and 32 straight, a total of 68 out of 69 shot at. In shooting the race each man shot at 5 targets and retired. The scores were:

Remsen.....10111 11111101101111111111111111111111111111111111—47
1101111111111111111111111111111111111101111101111011—46—93
Edwards.....10111101011011111111111111101111011111111111011101—41
01111111111110111011111111011111111111001110111111—44—85

FOUNTAIN ROD AND GUN CLUB, OF BROOKLYN.

Nov. 19.—The Fountain Rod and Gun Club held its monthly shoot this afternoon at Dexter Park, L. I. Eight members contested for the Brixey cup, W. H. Lair being the winner with 9 out of 10. This cup was presented several months ago by William R. Brixey, a member of the club, who stipulated that the cup should be shot for at eighteen of these monthly competitions, and should ultimately become the property of the man who made the best average during that time. To-day's score, added to his previous records, make it look very much as if W. H. Lair would become the owner of this valuable trophy. The final shoot for the cup will be held on the third Thursday in December. Scores:

W Rial (30)	0211222222— 9	A Crook (27)	2222010110—7
Dr Wynn (30)	11221012•1—8	H McLaughlin (27)	12101(•012—5
Dr Eddy (29)	0102111210—7	S P Giglio (25)	10101020•—5
W R Allen (27)	0200111221—7	W R Brixey (28)	•0021002•1—4

INDIAN GUN CLUB.

Nov. 21.—The Indian Gun Club, a new organization, shooting at Dexter Park, held its regular shoot this afternoon. The club event is at 10 live birds, and this event was won by James Lydecker with a clean score. Below is the result of the main event:

J Lydecker	2222222211—10	L Lilienthal	2200113102— 7
J C Adams	1101211122— 8	S Porter	0121101022— 7
A B Solomon	2112010111— 8	H Renner	1100020020— 4
J Smith	2111010211— 8		

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Nov. 21.—The attendance this afternoon at the target grounds of the New Utrecht Gun Club at Dyker Meadow, L.I., was decidedly slim. Only two men put in an appearance: J. Gaughen and the secretary, Dr. G. E. Pool. The latter did not have a gun on account of his not feeling well. Gaughen consequently had a walkover in the club event, scoring 20 out of 25.

An Invitation Shoot at Travers' Island.

THE New York Athletic Club gave a most enjoyable shoot at its grounds, Travers' Island, N. Y., on Saturday, Nov. 21. Notwithstanding the wretched weather, for the day was one of the most depressing November days it is possible to imagine, it is a hard matter to recall a day's shooting that has passed off more smoothly and more pleasantly than that at Travers' Island last Saturday. To Mr. J. D. Foot, the moving spirit in the N. Y. A. C.'s target-shooting circles, the credit of the whole affair really belongs. He was here, there and everywhere, keeping things moving and doing his share toward entertaining the club's guests, and as a natural result his scores suffered; no man can work and shoot.

To reach Travers' Island, unless you can swim, possess a boat or are fond of walking, the best way to go is to take the Harlem River branch of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. at the terminus of the Third avenue Elevated. The run to Pelham Manor, the station for Travers' Island, is about 25 minutes; but it doesn't seem quite so long when the company one is traveling with is as congenial as that with which we were blessed on the above date. All trains were met by stages from the club house, so there was not the slightest trouble in transferring shells, guns and shooters to the club's grounds. A drizzling rain from the east was coming down very steadily when a start was made with a 10-target event at about 11:45, while a thick fog that hung over Long Island Sound kept the siren at one of the nearby lighthouses busy warning vessels off its rocks. Its melancholy, weird cry was jokingly attributed to a sick sea cow in the Zoo on Glen Island, about 1,000ft. distant from the shooting grounds, but some of the boys maintained that it was the lamentation of the mate of one of H. P. Fessenden's bull moose, the heroes of his moose story.

The accommodation at the score was capital, the platform being covered by an awning that kept off the rain. A tent to the rear of the score was kept well warmed by a stove that made many friends during the day. It was a small affair, but—oh, my! Harry Dain and Jack Halsted both went into raptures over it, and paid it many compliments: "Just the thing for us in the Bad Lands! How Ben O. Bush, of Kalamazoo, would love it!" said they. As a matter of fact it was a Government campaigning stove loaned for the occasion. In shape it is like an inverted funnel, about 18in. in diameter, with a stovepipe running up through the peak of the tent. The funnel is set on the ground, draft being furnished by a 2in. space between the "funnel" and the ground in front of the stove. Of course it is fed through a door, and with charcoal a very hot little stove is the result.

The trap house is an excellent one, the trappers being able to do their work with absolute freedom. Gil came down from Newburgh to help the local boys, and he gave it as his opinion that the trap house was about perfect. The electric pull worked well, bluerock expert traps and targets being used, with North's electric pull. About 2,500 targets were thrown in less than five hours, with a generous allowance of 45 minutes deducted from that time for the enjoyment of the lunch provided by the club's able steward, Mr. Schwind. Two 10-target events and a 25-target event were shot off before lunch, and were amply sufficient to furnish the guests of the club with a topic of conversation in regard to "the way those targets go."

Something should be said about the way the targets were thrown. Being thrown over the water, lost targets and broken pieces falling into Pelham Bay, there was absolutely nothing by which to gauge their speed. They went far and fast, while straightaways were comparatively scarce. "Shooting behind" was the trouble with the scores, while slow shots were outgunning themselves time and again. Nos. 4 and 5 traps too threw a little high, targets from these traps being frequently undershot. A tree to the right of No. 5 trap caused trouble on sharp right quarterers, it requiring quick work to break them before they got out of sight. For this reason shooters were allowed to stand well to the left of No. 5 score to abate the trouble. In practice Edwards stood slightly to the right of No. 5 score and drew a sharp right-quarterer and—the tree got the load of 7½ chilled shot.

Dr. Kennedy officiated as referee, being assisted during the team race by C. H. Taggart, of Newburgh, who stood at one end of the platform and acted as judge in case of a disputed target. It is only fair to Dr. Kennedy to state that Mr. Taggart's office was practically a sinecure. The cashier's department was in charge of Mr. Gregory, who, though new to the business, soon caught on to "the mysteries" of the Rose system, and divided up the purses and paid out the moneys as soon as each event was over. Carl von Lengerke had charge of the traps and acted as manager of the shoot.

The team race was started immediately after lunch was over, about 2 P. M. The first round ended with the Newburgh team, who were the favorites at the start, two targets in the lead with a score of 67 out of 75; the Endeavor team was second with 65, and Boiling Springs third with 62. The second round showed a lower average generally, 22 being high and only two men making that number: Huck and Loomis. At the close of the match the totals showed the Endeavor Club ahead by 3 breaks, with a total of 127 out of 150, an average of a fraction over 84 per cent. In order came Newburgh 124, Boiling Springs 123, N. Y. A. C. 112, Blooming Grove Park Association 110.

Mason, of the Newburgh team, was high with 44; Carl von Lengerke, Loomis and Huck coming next with 43 each; Adams, Apgar, Edwards, Piercy and Stanbrough scored 42 each. The above totals tell plainly enough that there was something about the shooting that the boys had not fathomed. Or, may be, it was the lunch! So easily and smoothly did the team race pass off that there was time enough after it was over to shoot a couple of 20-target events. Some of the shooters, however, had had enough of it, and preferred to go over the grounds of the club and take a look at the famous single-sticker, the Defender, which lay at anchor, topmast housed, between Travers' Island and Glen Island.

The scores in the different events were as follows:

Team race, three-men team, 50 targets per man, unknown angles, $10 per team, one money:

Endeavor Gun Club.

C von Lengerke	11111011111111111011111110111110010111011111111111—43
G H Piercy	11100111111111111111101101110111011111101111011111—42
F S Edwards	11110110111111111111001110111110101110111111111111—42
	127

West Newburgh G. and R. Association.

P H Mason	11011111111111101111111111111101111111100111111110—44
W M Stanbrough	11111110011111111111101111011011111111101111010111—42
H P Dain	01111111111111111010111111111111011110110000011100—38
	124

Boiling Springs F. and G. Club.

W H Huck	11101110111111111110011110111111111011011111111111—43
Neaf Apgar	11111011011110111111111111001101111111111101111011111—42
G E Greiff	11011110111100011111111101110111111011111110101111010—38
	123

New York Athletic Club.

Platt Adams	11111101001111101111111111111101101101101111111011—42
J E Bradshaw	10111011111001011100111111111101011010111111101110—37
G E Ponvert	11111110100101011000110010011111101001111111100111—33
	112

Blooming Grove Park Association.

L Loomis	11111111111111111011010101111011101110111111111111—43
H C Higginson	00001100111011111011011101111011111001101111101111—35
J D Foot	10011000010011111011111011111111000101001011110111—32
	110

The following "unattached" shooters shot along to fill up the last squad, Halsted and De Wolf entering in the optional sweep decided in connection with each string of 25 targets:

J B Halsted	11111010110111111111111111101011101011101111111101—41
Dr De Wolf	11011101111101101111111111011111100101000111—38
L Piercy	00000110010111111111010111011111111111111010111111—37

Sweeps were decided as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	25	20	25	Targets:	10	10	25	20	25
Edwards	8	9	20	15	22	C V L	8	7	19	11	..
Dain	8	8	20	..	..	Adams	9	5	16	14	..
Halstead	9	10	15	..	..	Ponvert	5	6	17	10	..
G Piercy	6	9	20	18	18	Bradshaw	..	..	15	11	..
Higginson	6	8	15	..	..	De Wolf	..	..	13	11	..
Mason	9	7	16	19	..	Greiff	..	..	17	..	..
Loomis	10	5	16	..	..	Huck	..	..	19	14	..
Foot	6	8	19	8	..	Apgar	..	..	..	17	..
Stanbrough	7	6	22	11	..						

Another 20-target event was also shot. This event had three squads, Piercy being top score with a 20 straight. EDWARD BANKS.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

C. P. P., White Plains.—Deer shed their horns annually during the season from December to March.

C. McN, Providence.—No King Charles spaniels are advertised, and we are unable to refer you to what you are seeking.

CONSTANT READER.—There is no law forbidding use of batteries in any Long Island waters. See issue Oct. 24, page 328, relative to the Long Island law.

BOSTON, Boston, Mass.—I am stocking an island on the coast of South Carolina with pheasants and other game, and as hawks are very plentiful in that section, I am anxious to get the best possible advice as to the best possible way of destroying these hawks. Could they be trapped? If so, how? Ans.—Hawks are commonly trapped by fastening an ordinary steel rat trap firmly on top of a pole standing in a field. The birds alight on the open trap and spring it. This method would not be likely to be successful in a thickly timbered country. The hawk chooses the top of the pole as a vantage point from which to overlook his surroundings. Of course no bait is needed for the trap.

J. A. R., Bay St. Louis, Miss.—1. How may deer feet be prepared for gun racks? 2. By whom is the best book on dog training written? Ans.—1. The feet should be cut off at the "knee"—which is really the wrist—in front and just below the hock behind. Split down the back to between the hoof and turn back the skin down to the edge of hoof. Remove all tendons and fat, and rub inside of skin and the part above the hoof with a mixture of one-third by weight of powdered alum to two-thirds white arsenic. Turn back the skin and sew up the seam with strong white thread, taking care that the stitches shall be concealed by the skin and hair. Bend back the toes at right angles to the metapodial (leg) bone, and tie them there to dry. Do not use fine string for this, but rather strips of cloth, or else wrap the foot and leg loosely in paper before tying in position. In two weeks the leg should be dry. Then the shank must be fixed in the wood which is to support the rack. Any carpenter can make a neat job of this. 2. To train a pointer or setter get Hammond's "Training vs. Breaking;" to train a spaniel, Mercer's "The Spaniel and its Training." These cost each $1. "House and Pet Dogs," paper, price 50 cents, is the best book for training house dogs.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1896.

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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE

346 Broadway

NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING

Present Entrance on Leonard Street

"THE PASSING OF COLORADO."

As timely and appropriate comment upon the communication of Mr. H. G. Dulog, respecting the passing of the game of Colorado, may be cited the report of State Game Warden Gordon Land, who has recently returned to Denver from a trip into the White River country to investigate the reported wanton slaughter of elk and deer in that region. This statement shows that there is yet a great supply of game in Colorado, but that it is "going," as Nessmuk used to say. In company with the sheriff of Rio Blanco county and three deputies, Warden Land went to the headwaters of the White River, where he found numerous camps of Indians, who, he says, were off from their reservation without a permit; and all were prepared to stay in the mountains through the winter to hunt deer and elk for the skins. In some of the camps were found great stacks of hides, many of them already tanned. No arrests were attempted, the warden's party being insufficient to compel the Indians to accompany them. Three of the Indian police, who had been sent out from Fort Duchesne to bring back the Indians, were themselves detected violating the game law.

Warden Land found one hide hunter who had taken 2,000 hides across the line into Wyoming, and he reports having heard of "half a dozen traders who this season have purchased from 1,000 to 5,000 hides from Indians and hide hunters." The ranchmen, he asserts, respect the law, but there are other men in the county who own no land and make their living by slaughtering game. This is the conclusion of the whole matter as expressed by Mr. Land: "The law should be so changed as to make buying of hides, tanned or untanned, a felony. If the traffic in hides can be stopped the slaughter of the game would cease." In other words, put into operation the principle of our platform plank.

THE STUMP BEAR.

UNTIL Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Chief of the Division of Ornithology and Mammalogy of the Department of Agriculture, began to collect the skulls of American bears and from them to determine the number of species on this Continent, all our bears were classed by naturalists as belonging to three species: the polar, the black and the grizzly. The result of Dr. Merriam's investigations was to add to this list seven others, making a total of ten, namely: the Kadiak bear, of Kadiak Island, Alaska; the Yakutat and the Sitka bears, also of Alaska; the grizzly, the Sonora grizzly, the barren ground, the common black, the Louisiana, the Everglade and the glacier bears. This was an astonishing addition to our bear supply, but there is reason to believe that the end is not yet, and that we shall have occasion to adopt still another classification considerably extending the species of North American bears.

It is certain that one important bear has been entirely overlooked by Dr. Merriam and all other scientific students of the subject. This is the stump bear, a well-established species, and the most widely distributed of all our bears.

The stump bear is known to science (or is now at least made known to science if science cares to know it) as *Ursus ligneus;* that is, *ursus*, bear, and *ligneus*, of wood. There are several varieties, among the best known being *Ursus ligneus quercus*, the oak stump bear; *Ursus ligneus pinus*, the pine stump bear; and a more or less familiar variety, *Ursus ligneus malus*, the apple stump bear.

The stump bear is found throughout the American Continent from the desolate wastes of Labrador to the Everglades of Florida. Its range includes mountain, valley and plain, and in all of these regions it is more common than any other species is now or ever has been. It is the last of all bears to abandon the country at man's approach; it lingers long upon the confines of civilization, and is at all times numerous in newly settled districts. Thus it is seen in hundreds of localities where those who report its presence have never seen a bear of any other kind, and where not even the oldest inhabitant can recollect the existence of a black or a grizzly or any of the others listed by Dr. Merriam.

Like its congener, the black bear, the stump bear is found in huckleberry patches, and on hillsides to which women and children resort for raspberries and blackberries. It is particularly common in old fields which have not long been cleared of their timber, through which fire has swept, and which have grown up to blackberries and raspberries. It haunts those pasture lots to which small boys go at dusk to drive home the cows; it has frequently presented itself to the vision of wayfarers by night in close proximity to lonely country roads; and it has even invaded apple orchards, though never until after sunset. This bear, too, is quite commonly seen in the purlieus of Sunday-school picnic groves, particularly when the lesson of the previous Sabbath has had to do with the story of the bears which came out of the woods and ate up the forty and two children who had mocked Elisha for his bald head. It is an interesting fact in physics and natural history that often the smallest child sees the largest stump bear. As the campaigns of Napoleon, by the sacrifice of so many of the stalwart men of France, are reported to have lessened the stature of the French race, so it may with reason be assumed that the stump bear, by scaring so many small boys "out of a year's growth," has exercised an appreciably unfavorable influence upon the American physique.

The variation in color and size is more marked in the stump bear than in any other species. Individuals range from silver gray and dead bark shades to jet black, the last predominating in burnt clearings. In size the differences are quite as marked; a small stump bear may be very, very small, but a really large one is tremendous. While we have no such carefully recorded data for the stump bear as Dr. Merriam has collected for the ten species he has catalogued, there is nevertheless abundant evidence to correct his statement that the Kadiak is the largest bear in the world. The stump bear is bigger.

We have said that the stump bear is not shy. It is also courageous. The black bear has been denounced as cowardly, but the stump bear never decamps. If it does not advance to the charge, as the grizzly, it at least holds its ground and never runs from man. The human being does the running. Thus the stump bear is a powerful promoter of sprint running. If the subject were to be studied into, we probably should find that the sprinters most famous in athletic annals came from the country, where at an early age they were given their first start by a stump bear experience.

Exciting stories have been told by frightened fugitives, who have averred that they have been chased by a bear, and since no bear of any other species was within a thousand miles, their pursuer must have been the stump bear; but no victim has ever yet actually been overtaken by a stump bear, or mangled by its fangs, or killed by it unless by fright.

The stump bear has been shot at repeatedly, from the days of the flintlock to the present, and by the most perfect modern weapons, held in the hands of men who do not miss their mark; but never yet has hunter brought home a scalp. No leaden bullet can harm it. It is more impregnable than the alligator was fabled to have been in the olden days. Whether any one has ever tried on it the charmed bullet of silver we cannot tell. Its invulnerability would appear to class it as among those wild animals which an Indian reckons as "medicine," beings which have a charmed life, and against which the wiles of man can avail nothing. Indeed there is, under certain circumstances, something positively uncanny about the creature, for the most highly trained bear dogs, which always attack the black bear with the utmost ferocity, will pay not the slightest attention to a stump bear, beyond perhaps going up and smelling of it. Moreover, there are legends which tell of certain bold men, who, armed only with a club, have advanced upon a stump bear in the dark, and who as they drew near were mystified at beholding the bear metamorphosed into a common black stump, as Apollo with arms outstretched to clasp Daphne saw her changed into a laurel. Probably we may here find the origin of the term "stumped."

The stump bear has done more than any other species to stimulate the written and unwritten literature which goes under the general head of bear stories. Many a back door has been entered with startling precipitation, and many a fireside has been enlivened by the narrative of what has taken place outside in the dark. It would be interesting to have the stump bear's side of such stories. Yet the thing to ask about a bear story is not "Is it true?" but "Is it a good bear story?" If the tale gives play to the imagination, establishes the superhuman prowess of the narrator, and sends the chills down the back of the listener, what boots it whether the bear was a bear or a stump?

There is no bounty on the stump bear, for it is not like its black brother, a hog thief; nor is there any market for the pelt. Long after all other bears shall have been obliterated from the land, the stump bear will remain as the last of the fearsome denizens of our woods and fields.

"AND BE."

A PRESS dispatch from Boston the other day stated that Mr. Philip Marquand, a civil engineer of that city, had been declared a fugitive from justice in the State of Maine, and that papers for his extradition had been signed by Acting Governor Wolcott on request of Governor Cleaves, of Maine. The charge was that the Boston man had killed a moose in close time of this year, the meat having been discovered by wardens in his camp on Eagle Lake on Sept. 29. Mr. Marquand had left $100 with the wardens as surety for his appearance at the hearing in Foxcroft. This hearing he failed to attend, and the Commissioners had to resort to extradition, a proceeding which has been used before under similar circumstances. Eventually Mr. Marquand did attend a secret court at Dover, with his counsel, and the affair was settled upon terms which we have not seen reported.

The case prompted some discussion respecting the penalty provided by the statute for the offense of moose killing in close time. The text of the law reads that one so offending "forfeits not less than $100 nor more than $300 * * * and be imprisoned thirty days." That may be good law, but it is certainly bad grammar, as we pointed out when the Legislature perpetrated it. Under the rule that a penal statute must be construed literally, is there any warrant here for imprisoning an offender against this law? The text does not say "and shall be imprisoned." We might assume, of course, that the framer of the law intended it to read, "and shall be imprisoned;" but can a man be put in jail on the strength of an assumption that the law was intended to provide something which it actually does not provide? We have already expressed an opinion that under the reading of this section an offender may not be both fined and imprisoned; that he may be fined, but that there is no warrant for the penalty of imprisonment thirty days nor thirty seconds.

At the same time we believe that at the first opportunity this flaw in the statute should be corrected to the end that the men from Boston and New York and Philadelphia and Chicago and St. Louis and New Orleans—not to count Worcester and Springfield and Hartford and New Haven—who go down into Maine in summer and engage guides and sneak off into the woods and kill moose and deer out of season, shall forfeit a good round sum "and shall be imprisoned" as well. And since the Supreme Court of the United States has declared in effect that a State may incorporate in its game laws a discrimination against non-residents, we would like to see a Maine law so framed that it would jail the visiting "sport" who kills moose out of season, while at the same time it could not be used by corrupt and vicious game wardens as an instrument of oppression of the backwoodsmen who kill game for their families in winter.

The fact is that we have in this country a growing class of those who assume, and act upon the assumption, that with their money they can buy anything they may fancy, among other things permission to break the laws by paying the money forfeit therefor. Fine they spell p-r-i c-e. If they fancy a moose in midsummer, they take it. If detected, they jauntily hand over the amount of the fine, and try for more at the same price. They may perhaps feel piqued at being detected in their illicit deeds, but their only chagrin is over being found out, not over having been lawbreakers and sneaks, violators of the rights and privileges of their law-abiding fellows, and corrupters of the guides they hire to aid and abet them.

Manifestly the only way in which we may secure to the law-respecting sportsman his rights is to find some punishment which will actually deter these close season killers from their selfish and defiant practices. If they laugh at fines, it is certain that they would not laugh at a term in jail. As the old man said to the boy in the apple tree, "If turf and sticks will not bring you down, I'll try stones."

The Sportsman Tourist.

STORIES OF AN HEROIC AGE.

II.—A TRAGEDY OF POWDER RIVER.

After Sandy had recovered from his wounds he became restless. One day he approached me with a proposition. There was such an important and mysterious look upon his face that I expected some valuable disclosure.

"The fact is," said he, "I am getting restless. Now, you have a couple of ponies; what do you say to going 'havers' on the wolves at my baits up Cow Creek way. Things are quiet now, we can slip up to the Bear's Paw and load down with pelts during this fine weather. Wolves were very thick when we were there, though; what do you say?"

I did not reply for a moment. The proposal seemed tempting enough, for I knew the nature of the country Sandy had been wolfing in. Finally I laughed and said jokingly: "How about the Indians, Sandy, ain't they pretty thick up there too?" "Well," he replied seriously, "I think we can take care of the Indians this time. You see we will be more careful, and we won't build any fires 'to see to shoot by.'" It was not hard to come to an understanding with Sandy. I was to furnish the stock, which consisted of two ponies, and we then became partners in the wolfing enterprise.

We packed our ponies one day and footed it up to Cow Creek. On the opposite side of the Missouri, on a small, open bottom, we unpacked with the intention of remaining a couple of days while we looked over the country near the mouth of Cow Creek. The little bottom spoken of was low and perfectly bare of timber.

We killed three buffalo bulls here, and with their skins and some driftwood erected a small but comfortable war house, which we used while stopping there and on our trips up and down the river. The very appearance of this war house was enough to intimidate a party of Indians. It was built in the shape of a bell, the lower part built up of slabs of driftwood, about 3ft. high, and the top rounded off with the hides. The lower part had concealed portholes for use in possible skirmishes, while above, out of range, imitation holes were made by cutting the hair off the hides in places and marking with charcoal to enhance the fraud. While at this camp we had an adventure which gave us a foretaste of what we might expect in that region.

We started up a ridge one morning to see what the country had in view for us. It was storming a little. Running across a band of antelope, I killed four of them, and we thought it a good place to put out a bait for wolves. We had just finished this business, when looking about me I saw what appeared to be about a dozen buffalo traveling along in single file.

Something odd about them caused me to look again. They were then about 150yds. away, coming along the far side of a ridge, so that I could only see the upper part of their bodies. When I looked the second time I saw that they were Indians in a stooping position, wrapped round with buffalo robes with the hair side out. The pony that we had brought with us was about 50yds. away and toward the Indians. We started on a quick walk in the direction of the pony, and at the same moment the Indians disappeared from view. When they came into view again they were only 50yds. away. I motioned to them to halt, whereupon they stopped, the partisan throwing down his robe and gun, raised his hands above his head and advanced toward us.

He was a short, compact-formed fellow, and gave his name as the Polecat's son. He said they had been up in the Crow country, had met the Crows in a skirmish, in which one Sioux received a shot in the leg, and he pointed out the fellow, who was a little in rear of the party, limping along as best he could.

Polecat wanted tobacco; Sandy had a plug, and I told him to break off a piece and hand it to him. But my lordly Sioux ignored the piece, preferring the plug. He evidently thought that superiority of numbers gave him the right to dictate. I quickly undeceived him by telling Sandy to put it back in his pocket.

About this time the rest of the party edged a little closer, which movement Sandy perceiving raised his rifle in a threatening manner and motioned them to halt. Polecat, turning to me, fiercely said, "Do you want to fight?" I replied, "No, not to-day, but your men must keep back." He cooled down somewhat, and after some more talk we started off with our pony, keeping a close watch on our red friends until well out of their neighborhood.

I knew the Polecat's son slightly, and while he was not a pronounced hostile he would bear watching on the prairie. I had an idea they were afraid of the Crows, and would lose no time in getting home.

The very next day we packed up our traps and started for the headwaters of Cow Creek. At the first bait we found ten wolves, a red fox and three coyotes. These we skinned, and pegged down on a side hill out of observation, intending to take up the hides on our return

When we reached the head of the creek we stopped for awhile while Sandy pointed out and explained the position of things at the time of the attack of the war party. It appears, from what was learned afterward, that after the Indians fired the volley they were so astonished by the white men picking themselves up and returning the fire that they fled precipitately, taking, however, the ponies with them. They thought they had missed the white men entirely; in fact, had overshot them.

We went out to the bait on the mountain, and on the way there we saw a band of cows among which was a calf barely a day old. It ran along in the band alongside of its mother through the snow with all the vigor of a month's calf. It was a dingy yellow little fellow, and had all the wild instinct of the buffalo.

We found our bait, and heard shooting in the distance about the same time, indicating the presence of Indians. Indeed, we thought it probable that the band of cows had been alarmed from the same source.

We pulled five wolves out of a heavy snowbank, and it was hard to judge how many more might be buried in the same place. We did not think it wise to investigate further, but hurriedly skinned those we found, and had packed up and started when three Indians put in an appearance.

They were very black-looking fellows, and I could not understand them in the least, but sized them up as "Stony Assinaboines." They showed us a dark line in the distance, which proved to be their camp on the travel. They did not appear to be unfriendly, but as they had watched us some time before showing themselves it was hard to say just what their intentions were.

Good luck had favored us thus far in regard to Indians. The same could not be said as to wolves. They were decidedly scarce, and by no means came up to our expectations. We barely obtained seventy-five wolf pelts in all, where we expected to skin up 200 or 300. As the last bait was nearly all devoured, it was possible that a number were buried under the snow, but there could not have been many.

This was our last venture in the wolfing business together. In the spring (1876) I went to the south of the Judith Basin with two companions—Jack Mail and John Lee—on a hunting expedition along Flat Willow and other creeks that run into the Musselshell, where we remained until early summer, when we were driven out by the Sioux, who were very active in that part of the country that season. It was the opinion of frontiersmen that they were congregated in unusually large numbers in the Yellowstone country.

I happened to be in the Judith Basin when the news of Custer's fight with the hostiles reached there. Later I joined the command operating under General N. A. Miles, and while with that energetic and skillful officer I saw all the Indian fighting I wanted, for he believed in hitting hard blows where they were most needed, and while he was most humane and generous to those who showed a disposition to come to terms, he never let up on the trail of Indians on the war path.

In consequence, the troops in the district of the Yellowstone were constantly drawing field rations and devoting their energies to promoting peace and quiet in the territory, a result that encouraged settlers to occupy and make fruitful a hitherto waste region.

I lost track of Sandy for a couple of years, but in February, 1880, he loomed up as the chief actor in a little tragedy that occurred on Powder River.

Sandy and a comrade of his were on a little hunting expedition when they discovered fresh moccasin tracks in the soft ground along the river. There were no friendly Indians in the country, and all of the hostiles were supposed to be north of the line. As soon as the hunters discovered these signs of Indians they packed up their traps and started down the river. They camped at night near some scattered cottonwoods and put up a low corral of slabs, poles and drift to protect their camp.

In the morning, while eating breakfast, six Indians suddenly appeared in the timber near their camp. Sandy leveled his gun and ordered them to halt. The leader of the party threw down his blanket, placed his gun and knife upon it and came toward them with uplifted hands. The Indian was allowed to come inside the corral, when he straightway engaged the two men in conversation. Meanwhile the other Indians were stealthily edging up a little closer. Sandy, perceiving this, drew his gun on them and waved them back. Though a brave man, he was excitable at times. His partner stood with gun in hand ready for any emergency.

Now, whether the Indian was rendered desperate by the evident excitement of the two white men and was afraid to turn his back to them, or thought that the time for the supreme coup of his life had come, will never be known. What he did was this: He suddenly stretched out his hands and grasped the rifles in the hands of the white men. If the rest of the Indians had been equal to the occasion and rushed in then it would have been very bad for Sandy and his partner, for these Indians were of the desperate material that composed Sitting Bull's followers; ambitious youngsters as well as ruffians and renegades from other tribes.

There was at once a desperate struggle for the mastery. The Indian, a sturdy, resolute fellow, hung on to the guns with the tenacity of despair. The white men, taken by surprise, realized like a flash their immediate peril and the necessity of overcoming it. Down they went on to the ground, the Indian uppermost. They were now out of sight of the other Indians, who were afraid to advance, as the side of the corral hid the combatants.

In the struggle Sandy's gun was discharged, the bullet grazing his arm. He succeeded finally in wrenching the gun loose, and putting the muzzle against the Indian's belly, pulled the trigger. The Indian struggled to his feet, jumped over the corral and before the hunters fired again was safe in the timber. In the skirmish that followed another Indian was shot, how badly they could not determine, but the Indians pulled out shortly after, and they saw no more of them. They shortly after packed up and started for the fort. Upon hearing their story the commanding officer at Fort Keogh directed that a party be sent in pursuit of the Indians. This party, of whom I was one, was under the command of Corp. Tom Glover, of the 2d Cavalry, and was composed of a detachment of cavalry, a few Cheyenne and Sioux scouts and the necessary packers, about fifteen in all, if memory is not treacherous. It was late at night when we reached the little corral, the scene of the conflict of the morning before. We made coffee, and after a hearty meal of hard tack and fried bacon spread our blankets before the blazing camp-fire and went to sleep. Not so the Indian scouts. They smoked and sang, joked and talked for half the night, after the fashion of Indians when in camp and not under the restraint of the prying curiosity of strangers.

In fact they were a little skeptical about the truth of Sandy's story; it seemed so improbable to them that two white men should be able to discomfit six of Sitting Bull's warriors. They questioned him again that night and listened to his story with rapt attention, interjecting many brisk "huhs" and deprecatory "ums" as he related the adventure.

In the morning one of the Cheyenne scouts, while poking around the camp, discovered a pile of brush with a dead Indian under it.

A general search was then instituted and a study made of the tracks leading away from the place, with the following result:

It appeared that the Indian shot in the corral had, accompanied by another Indian, started for home by way of the Yellowstone, as the tracks led north. One Indian was dead, shot between the eyes by Sandy, while fighting under cover of a tree. Three tracks led up Powder River, showing that the remaining Indians had gone on their way either to fulfill the quest or business that had brought them to that part of the country, or to draw attention from their wounded comrade, who was on his way home across the line, a journey involving travel of about 100 miles or more, through bad lands and prairie, before reaching a safe retreat. These facts were determined very quickly by those who could read the signs—by the Indians quickest of all. The Cheyennes and Sioux with us had been hostile to the Government only a couple of years back, now they were eager to follow the trail of the small war party.

By sunrise we were on the trail, it being easy to follow, as the February sun thawed the snow sufficiently to retain the clear impress of any track which the frosty nights froze into rigidity.

Powder River valley in February was a rather forlorn-looking country—gray and bare, except for the somber scrub cedar and pine along the foothills. Even the deer had deserted it at this season, and only a stray antelope and mountain sheep was occasionally seen darting for some safe retreat.

We had not traveled over ten miles when it became apparent that the hostile Sioux had strong suspicion of being followed, for they had taken advantage of every slope or ridge that was bare of snow, and twice they left their direct course to travel up the bed of gulches, down which trickled little streams of snow water, expecting that the water would increase in volume and wash out the tracks. In one place noted they had doubled on their tracks a short distance, and had camped in a little hollow forming a perfect ambush for any that might pass.

The Cheyennes pointed to this spot significantly and laughed as they rode by. After this we were deliberate in our movements, and took turns in going ahead.

There was no order in our march, some riding ahead; others, where the ground was favorable, deployed on either side.

We had left the Powder River valley and were traversing the broken ridges that border the Mizpah; the way became more difficult, broken cliffs appeared on either side covered with the stunted cedar and pine of that region, and on them frequently were the mountain sheep and black-tailed deer.

Late in the day we made camp in a grassy glade, the Cheyennes camping a little apart, as our party was too large to find comfort around one camp-fire. Indians do not usually overload themselves with blankets when on a trip, hence they always build some kind of shelter of brush or logs to break the force of the wind, or a protection from gathering frost or dew, which they regard as more to be avoided than rain or snow.

War parties usually build very substantial structures when camping for the night, the form being distinctive of the tribe or nation to which the party belongs; thus the Sioux and allied tribes build in tepee fashion, the loose, interlacing top forming a vent for the smoke from the fire in center of the lodge, round which the Indians sit in a circle, and at night, with the discarded war bonnets, shields and feathered cases for guns and bows in the background, forms a scene at once wild and picturesque.

The Crow Indians build a war house in flat, oblong shape, with a square hole in the top to let out the smoke.

We were in good spirits that evening, for there was some excitement in the chase, although the advantage was clearly on our side. After supper the Cheyennes sat in a circle around their little fire, and, passing the pipe from one to the other, sang in unison a song of love or war, which must have been of a humorous character, as it was frequently interrupted by laughter.

Interrogating one of the Cheyennes, Yellow Bull, as to the probability of our overtaking the Sioux, he expressed the opinion that we would come up with them about noon the next day. This he expressed in the graceful gesture of the sign language, and then added in the Yankton Sioux dialect (generally used in the region of the Upper Missouri by the different tribes in their intercourse with the whites), "*Kick-e-sapa e-ba-duxya*" ("they will fight"), which was certainly a foregone conclusion with most of us.

A moment's reflection convinced me that Yellow Bull was probably right in his calculations; in fact, it was a case of Greek against Greek.

Only a short time before these same Cheyenne scouts had been hostile Indians, and had doubtless been in the same predicament as the Sioux ahead of us.

With the instinct of a savage every detail of the chase was a revelation to Yellow Bull; every artifice used approved itself to his understanding, and he probably knew the very spot or point where the Sioux would watch or spy the pursuit.

By daylight we were on the trail again, the way became rougher as we advanced, and the raw February wind swept down from the gulches with chilling force. Troops of black-tailed deer sped away from our front into the cedar groves, but no one fired a shot for fear of giving alarm. About noon, as we were traversing a grassy glade, the wind, which swept through every hollow and apparently from no particular direction, wafted to us the odor of burning sagebrush.

At once all were on the alert. The Cheyennes scattered out to find the quarry; we followed suit, and some little time had elapsed, for we moved with caution, when my attention was attracted by the odd movements of one of the Cheyenne scouts, who stood behind one of the cavalrymen and was pointing eagerly ahead in a manner to encourage the soldier to advance while he followed in the rear. Just at that moment a shot was fired from the gulch ahead, killing the soldier instantly. The Cheyenne also dropped in the grass and remained under cover for half an hour before he dared move, and then his exertions to get away without exposing himself led to some odd contortions of the body and showed the cunning art of the savage when in straits.

There was some confusion for a little while, during which shots were exchanged between some of our party, who had crossed the ravine on the opposite rise of ground, and the Sioux, who it was discovered were concealed in a sort of cave under a large rock.

A short distance from the rock their camp-fire was visible, near which a blanket or two which had been hastily

flung down showed that the Indians had been taken by surprise, although the camp had probably been made near the rock as a place of refuge.

Fronting the ravine and facing the retreat of the Sioux, some 150yds. away, was the crest of a hill; thither the Cheyennes had betaken themselves, and in a short time the greater portion of our party had congregated at the same point for consultation.

One of the cavalrymen who had ventured too near the Sioux had received a shot in the breast, and as he was very weak it was deemed best to send in to the post for a surgeon.

A volunteer was called for to carry a dispatch; none of the Cheyennes responding, a young Sioux scout who was with the party stepped forward and offered to go. And here occurred an incident. As soon as the Cheyennes saw that the message was to be intrusted to a young man of the same nation as the fugitives we had surrounded, and who might be suspected of a fellow feeling for their unfortunate predicament, they came forward in a body and protested against his being employed in the service, offering eagerly to send one of their own party. But here again the young Sioux interposed, setting forth his good faith and claim as a volunteer, when the others in the first instance had declined to go.

In this dilemma the corporal appealed to my knowledge of Indian character to decide the matter. The result was the Sioux received the dispatch, and how well he acquitted himself of the lonely and disagreeable night ride may be seen later on.

After our courier had departed the rest of our party brought rocks, while I built a mound near the crest of the hill. At a sufficient height to overlook the spot where the three Sioux were concealed I made a port-hole with the rocks, with enough cover for protection for the observer.

The Sioux were very quiet while this work was progressing, but when Sandy elevated his hat on a ramrod and held it up at a proper height to attract their attention, they very promptly put a couple of bullets through it.

A survey through the port-hole with a field glass revealed nothing but the dark entrance under the rock. The position under ordinary circumstances was an impregnable one, but we knew that it was icy cold there, that the Indians were scantily clad, and would not dare to make a fire if they had the materials.

Night was approaching and I believed that, growing desperate, they would make a break in the dark to get away. Disposition was made for camp in the little hollow near the ravine, also for a guard over the Sioux for the night to prevent their escape. It was a cheerless camp, a chill night and dark, the moon showing itself but dimly through the drifting clouds, a raw wind making sleep impossible in that unsheltered spot even with such robes and blankets as were obtainable.

The first glimpse of daylight found the camp astir, and while discussing our hastily cooked breakfast we decided upon a scheme to rout the Sioux from their nest under the rock. Our plan was simply to rush in a body upon their retreat, to kill them if they made any resistance, otherwise to drag them out. This plan met the approval of our allies, the Cheyennes, who, it is safe to say, though brave enough, had no idea of forming the van of any such enterprise.

While making our preparations for this attack some one drew our attention to a body of Indians riding rapidly toward our camp from the nearest line of hills. While observing them we saw they were followed by a column or company of mounted soldiers, and we knew then that our Sioux scout had lost no time in conveying the dispatch to the fort. Captain S., of the Fifth U. S. Infantry, was in command, and learning how matters stood, sent White Bull, a Cheyenne scout, to talk with the Sioux and persuade them to surrender.

White Bull took position on a small eminence and harangued the hollow some little time without eliciting any reply. Finally a faint response came, then a short parley, and the way being made clear, our three "tetons" came forth. The foremost was a tall, sullen-looking fellow, wrapped in a white blanket coat with hood of the same material lined with white wolf fur; the other two were of the same type, but shorter, and with stolid, impassive faces. They were promptly taken charge of by the guard and escorted to the military post as prisoners.

One of them had received a shot in the leg while lying in the hole.

The wounded soldier was cared for by the surgeon. The dead soldier was wrapped in a canvas, lashed on to a pack mule, and so transported to the Yellowstone. On being questioned the prisoners stated that they came from Sitting Bull's camp near Woody Mountain, north of Milk River, and were bound on a horse-stealing expedition against their enemies, the Mountain Crows, and had no intention of molesting the whites until their leader came to grief at the hands of Sandy. They then continued their original course in a desperate hope to draw the pursuit from the wounded comrade.

Notwithstanding their assertion that they had no intention of molesting whites, they were sure enough desperate cutthroats. In the route they had marked out for themselves, settlers with their families were moving into the country to clear the waste places and cultivate the land. It was some satisfaction to know that the three savages—our prisoners—would not kill, maim or torture any more in this life.

From my knowledge of the Indian character, I can readily see how it was that the leader of the war party ventured to attack, single-handed and unarmed, two experienced white hunters; Sandy, though full of grit and "sand," was by nature nervous and excitable, and when the Indian found himself face to face with two resolute men, caged as it were in the corral, with the probability that if he turned back they would either kill him or hold him for their own safety, moved by the first impulse or by despair, grasped their rifles; then if his party had rushed on, his "coup" would have been complete, but he slipped and fell with the two white men, and out of sight behind the walls of the little corral, his friends were afraid to venture up.

This incident, fortunately for Sandy and his companion, led to the discomfiture of the hostiles.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. LUTHER SAGE KELLY.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING IN ITALY.

THE dark profile of the Apennini Mountains detached itself with cutting neatness from the pale hue of the eastern sky, when our carriage came to a standstill just at a point where the Flaminian road crossed the summit of a small eminence; it dawned and the solitude of the *Campagna Romana* extended far around us, hill after hill, in the gray and uncertain light of a first of November morning.

A fine sight and a fine morning indeed, and we were very much inclined to admire both, forgetful of anything else, when a man with a long double-barreled gun, followed by a small dog, came out from the shade of some bushes, welcoming us with a hearty good morning.

So he was not a brigand. Banditti are growing rather scarce in Italy. He was my man Fred, our guide for the trip. In a couple of minutes we alighted, and in a couple more were all ready with our shooting paraphernalia. Meanwhile he informed us of some bevies of gray partridges he had located in the neighborhood, extending his arm and covering with its sweep half the horizon. What an extraordinary idea he had of neighborhood we had yet to learn, but of that hereafter.

The carriage was sent away with orders to wait for us at Rignano Flaminio, a very little town of 1,000 inhabitants; and while it rattled away we left the road, taking our path across a grassy slope toward some stubble fields where we expected to find the first bevy; but, "Take care," said the guide, knowing a good old habit of mine, "you must be cautious and alert, and particularly nothing of your stop a little; the birds have been hunted hard by many, and are too much disposed for journeying across mountains and valleys before you can even see them. It is snap-shooting or nothing; don't forget it, sir."

And cautious we were indeed, but to no great purpose for that.

It was broad daylight when we reached the stubbles, which extended far enough upon undulated ground, broken now and then by deep, woody chasms and small thickets; so seeing that the neighborhood was quite a large one, in the wish of exploring it thoroughly we separated, Mr. H. taking to the left with the guide, and myself to the right, while Willy was keeping a middle course.

It fell to my lot to explore a little valley, and I had not yet gone 100yds. when Tell, my old pointer, began to show very clearly that something was at hand; but at the very same moment I perceived, almost a quarter of a mile away, some fifteen birds spring wild from the stubble and disappear beyond a small eminence. So I went ahead and Tip came across a couple of quail, both of which I brought down, the second perhaps at 40yds.

The double shot attracted the attention of Willy, who was exploring the next valley; and he appeared on the top of the hill when I told him of the partridges, and away he went for passing the welcome news to Mr. H. The result was that after ten minutes we found ourselves all together at the beginning of the valley, where I thought the birds would be.

Now we began in earnest, and the guide, pointing to a thicket, said: "There they are." But he was mistaken, for before we had covered half the distance Tell pointed right ahead of Willy, and immediately the bevy got up with a terrific whir of wings that almost scared the boy. But he winged his bird notwithstanding, and two more shots by Mr. H., quite out of range, had the happy result of scattering the remainder.

It was up hill and down hill all the time, but we were sure of some very good sport; so along we went till Willy started a partridge and scored a miss, but Mr. H. was near at hand, and with his left barrel shot the bird for him.

Just then the guide called our attention to Reno, the splendid setter of Mr. H., pointing beautifully some hundred yards on his left, but as we were going there Tip and Tell came to a point also—Tip through a thicket of bushes and Tell far beyond in the stubble. It was a fine sight, and sure enough we were enjoying it. But unhappily the guide started a hare, and away went his dog across the field yelping. The hare was promptly stopped by Mr. H. Yet it was too late, as half a dozen partridges had got up out of range, and Tell was coming very sulkily toward us.

We parted then, Mr. H. and Willy going for Reno, and myself for Tip. The good dog had never stirred, and I had the luck of starting three full-grown birds, but I stopped a little too much, so when I was ready with my first shot I had to content myself with killing one, using my choke-bore because they were too far away for any common barrel; indeed in trying it I got a bunch of feathers and nothing else. Willy and Mr. H. were more fortunate and cut down three out of four birds.

I had located pretty closely my two partridges and went alone for them. Meanwhile my friends, judging the stubble very promising, started for quail, and were lucky enough, as notwithstanding the late season they killed five in an hour. For my part I did find the partridges, but they got up wild some hundred yards away and made for a large and deep chasm, where I followed them, but found the place so thick with trees, bushes and thorns of every description that I judged better and left them alone.

The sun was now high and rather hot, so I came back to my friends and proposed a stop for breakfast, to which they readily assented.

At noon we started for Rignano, perhaps ten miles distant across a broken land, mostly stubbles, with oaks scattered all over it. We worked up hill and down hill a couple of hours or so, crossing some twelve or fifteen woody creeks, so deeply burrowed in the earth that it took our utmost exertions to go down safe and get up at all. Willy had the chance of shooting a good-sized hare, neatly pointed by Tell, Mr. H. a lone partridge and myself three more quail.

We were now quite near the town. The creeks swarmed with blackbirds and thrushes, but we were not hunting for them, although in Italy it is a common practice to shoot such birds, the latter particularly, as they are such delicious eating and so destructive of olives.

In fact, we were seeking for the second bevy located by Fred in the neighborhood, but had almost given up hunting and were walking leisurely toward the road, when from a vineyard Tip flushed our quarry. "Seven birds," said Willy, who had a chance of seeing them between two rows of vines; so we took a new start, although there was little hope of retracing them in the woody hills where they had sought refuge, with sunset near at hand and a very indifferent idea of the direction they had taken.

But never mind; in five minutes more we were exploring a thicket well nigh impenetrable, and after it an olive tree grove, then another vineyard, and were just emerging upon a prairie when the birds took to their wings in a hurry, yet not so quickly but that five shots were discharged and three more partridges went to our bag.

An hour later around the dinner table we made the inventory of our game and found two hares, ten gray partridges and ten quail. Not a bad catch, after all, so late in the season, eighty days after its opening, and what was better yet, we had enjoyed a day of real sport.

We were tired enough after more than ten hours' walking across a very hilly country, but that mattered not; so, having had a good and substantial dinner, we went to bed, and dreaming partridges again and again, prepared our limbs for greater exertions.

Unluckily our hopes were fated to end in nothing. During the night a thick fog set in, and when morning broke rain was pouring down in torrents, so we packed our traps and took to the carriage homeward bound, but quite satisfied with our trip. A. CAMURRI.

ROME, Italy, Nov. 3.

CAMP BLAIR.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Leaves have their time to fall;" and the North Wakefield Trout Fishing Club gets itself together in September of each and every year at its comfortable club house in the Province of Quebec to catch the wily trout, shoot the foolish partridge, inhale the unpolluted air, drink from the crystal lakes, and, in short, have that real honest enjoyment that can only be measured by the lifetime of its members.

The 15th of September is the usual time for the congregation of the faithful, but this year three "old stagers," having an early attack of the fever, presented themselves at the Grand Central Depot on the evening of the 9th, armed and equipped as the law directs in such cases, and by the excellent arrangements of the N. Y. and Vermont Central Railroads we were landed in Ottawa the next day at 11 o'clock A. M. without a transfer. On inquiring for our old cook we found he had gone out with a surveying party, not expecting us to call before the usual time. We were not long in engaging the services of another cook, directing him to take the first train to North Wakefield, while we after lunch chartered a team, loaded our duffle, made a few purchases and started on a delightful twenty-seven mile ride, for the roads were in good condition, the weather fine, the foliage clothed in its autumn garb, and the team and driver just suited to the occasion. Comments are unnecessary to those who have taken such a drive. We arrived at Camp Blair about 6 o'clock hungry as bears, only to find the cook had not put in an appearance, and Pat had gone to the depot six miles away expecting to meet us there. Did we go hungry long? Not much. We could all do a little cooking ourselves. A fire was soon made—tea, fried ham, sliced peaches and a fresh loaf of bread we had taken from Ottawa gave us a comfortable supper, and by the time we had finished it Pat and the cook arrived, so we did not have to wash the dishes and clean up the table.

While smoking before the big fireplace after supper we jointed and strung our rods, and having repeatedly read in FOREST AND STREAM of trout having been caught after dark, I went down to the large pine that had fallen into the lake, where I had repeatedly taken trout in the daytime, and cast until I got tired with never a rise, and here I may say that myself and others tried several evenings from the shore and from boats with the same result, never getting a single trout, and we tried a variety of flies. The next morning, by the time the cook had his arrangements for breakfast started, I was down to the fallen tree, and the third cast made I hooked and landed a trout, and, taking it up to the cook in my landing net, he served it for our breakfast, and it would be superfluous to say it was very good, and that we enjoyed our first trout in camp better, I ween, than epicures could have done at Delmonico's.

For four or five days we three were lords of the manor, with trout and partridge enough to supply the table, prospecting from lake to lake to see where the big ones dwelt in their crystal solitudes, and taking quiet yet very solid comfort. On the fifth day of our sojourn other members and their guests began to arrive, and soon we numbered a party of ten just such men as an increase of numbers only adds to the enjoyment of all. With three doctors in the party, of course no one would *dare* to get sick, lest he be done for in short order; with an ex-congressman to occasionally put on a dignity that did not fit him at all, and a sort of a politician who had sometimes laid plans whereby his friends had found office, but who never shot his mouth off on politics in camp unless some one would extend an open palm, saying, "Five dollars, please, or dry up;" and he always dried. It was an unwritten law of the club that no politics was to be ventilated in camp; and it required little trouble to enforce it. Some of the party were expert fishermen, and all could cast a fly fairly well, except one of the medical fraternity, and he persisted in telling about going out and "swatting" the water to catch a fish; but he being a guest we had to deal kindly with him, but having since become a member of the club he will find the wax in his ears warmed at his next visit to Camp Blair. It has been the blessed privilege of your scribe to mingle with many an outing party, both in fishing and shooting, and he has no hesitation in saying this was the most congenial party with whom he ever gathered. One we missed, and our hearts ached with his for the sorrow that prevented his joining our annual outing.

We caught abundance of fish for the table, and no one left camp without a well-filled basket; in fact we caught a greater number than in any previous year, the largest weighing a trifle over 3lbs., and we turned loose all under ½lb. We found trout in the various lakes in localities we had never tried before. If there be any country for a "fish hog" (I don't like the term) that is not the place for him; but a reasonable man can always find fish enough to make it interesting and truly sport. Although partridges were not as plenty as in previous years, yet there were few days when they were not served for dinner. One day two of us were casting from either end of the boat while the guide quietly paddled the boat along shore, when I heard my friend

say to the guide, "What's that?" and both seemed intently listening in the direction of the shore. As my hearing is impaired, I paid little attention, but kept on casting. Presently the guide touched me on the leg, whispering: "There he is, shoot him" Supposing it was a partridge, I quietly laid down my rod and picked up my shotgun, taking from my pocket a No 8 shell, and as I put it in the gun looked for the first time in the direction the guide had indicated, when I beheld a beautiful black bear within 100 t. of us, and looking as intently and surprised at us as we did at him. I quietly returned the shell to my pocket, closed my gun and took a good look at bruin, till he made a pivot of his hindfeet, and without any haste turned himself around and went off into the timber. I have said he was beautiful, and he seemed so to me. I could see his ears, eyes and lips distinctly as he stood breast toward me, and his coat was jet black and fairly glistened in the sun. My companions said "Shoot," but I told them I was not wasting any No. 8 shot on bear. After he was gone it occurred to me that this might have been Brother Hugh's bear; certainly the graphic recitals of his bear hunts in the Southern canebrakes flashed through my mind, and I wished Captain Bobo horses and hounds could have been there to have bagged the handsomest bear I ever saw. Now, Mr. Editor, please excuse this seeming digression, for, in fact, it is interwoven in the day's fishing, and will never fade till the lamp burns out.

Having in previous years encroached on your space to describe our camp, lakes, possessions and a general description of the country, I beg only to say that each year I am more strongly confirmed in what I have said in past years—namely, if one delights in testing his skill with the instinct of the wily trout, and delights in a quiet retreat in the country that God made and still governs, where he can enjoy living and a recreation which can not be found in crowded towns, then he must secure by lease or purchase a section, small or large, that he can call his own, having these advantages, and such places are becoming rapidly less every year. Some one has said: "It is not all of life to live;" and everybody has used the paraphrase: It is not all of fishing to fish, and in this all speak the truth. If there is no sentiment attached to the rod and gun in these later days, then are we still behind the red man, and should try to make his bow and arrow and his barbed hook and spear from a bone, and try to use them simply as he did to procure food; and in view of the depletion of game and fish I fear many of us would go hungry. While the trout seem to hold their own in our lakes, both in size and number, the club has decided not to run any risk in the matter, and hence has made arrangements for several thousand fingerling trout to be put in the lakes next spring, and has also ordered black bass for stocking Wright's Lake, the only lake we control whose waters do not flow into the other lakes. We do not believe it is good policy to take all we can get, giving nothing in return. But I must close this imperfect and disconnected sketch of one of the pleasantest outings of my life. Do we prize such things more as the number we can reasonably claim grows less? I think so. And is not this the best evidence that such sports are very dear to our hearts? A.

Haddam, Conn., Sept., 1896.

HOSPITALITY AMONG SPORTSMEN.

The hospitality among sportsmen is proverbial. This virtue is not confined to one race or country; it is universal, international, as two of my American friends here, students of medicine, will readily testify. Both of them are fairly good shots and stanch admirers of the rod and gun. They concluded last summer to spend a portion of their vacation time in shooting partridges, and I assisted them in procuring hunting permits, guns and ammunition. Upon my suggestion they put an advertisement in one of the leading sportsmen's papers of this country to the effect that two young Americans were in search of an opportunity to enjoy a few weeks' shooting sport on partridges. My advice was followed, and within a week after their advertisement had appeared in print my friends had received twenty-three offers from different parties, mostly large estate owners, all over the country. They concluded to accept an invitation from a gentleman residing in Posen, near the Russian frontier, and in due time boarded a train for their destination. After a ride by rail of about seven hours they arrived at the station nearest to the place they were bound for. A light carriage with a coachman in spotless uniform awaited them at the station and a second wagon had been sent for their baggage.

"How far is it to X?" they asked the coachman, after they had seated themselves in the carriage, in German. The answer came promptly, but it proved a conundrum to my friends, because it was given by the coachman in his mother tongue—in Polish All their further attempts to secure the desired information proved fruitless. But they were not kept in suspense very long. After a ride of thirty minutes the final destination was reached, and they entered the gates of a castle-like building, surrounded on the three rear sides by substantially built barns, stables, etc. Inside the gate they were received and cordially welcomed by the proprietor, a pleasant gentleman, whose figure gave signs of good living. He escorted his guests to their rooms, which proved exceptionally clean and richly furnished. A small chamber adjoining the rooms was assigned for the dogs.

Fifteen minutes later they heard a gentle sound at their door, and in response to their "*Herein*"—come in—a fair maid entered and informed the newcomers that "*Die gnädigste Frau*"—the most gracious lady—was ready to see her guests.

Fortunately my friends were equipped with dress suits. These were pressed into service, and this done they made their initial call on the lady of the house. She first addressed her guests in German, but after ascertaining that they were Americans she conversed with them freely in good English.

The conversation was interrupted by a servant who came to report that supper was ready. And what a supper had been served! The table was covered with the choicest meats, warm and cold; fishes, pastry and fruits; and last, but not least, the finest liquors, still and sparkling wines. After supper a game of poker was played. At 9 o'clock the following morning, and after a first-class breakfast, the landlord asked his guests to mount the wagons ready for the occasion. Each gunner had his wagon assigned to him and each gunner had a servant at his disposal. The eatables were prepared by the lady, the refreshments by the landlord. The former were more than what my friends expected, the latter simply fit for a Lucullus. Partridges were plenty. Four guns and 189 birds bagged the first day. Enough. My friends had a royal time, and stayed ten days. And what did all this pleasure cost them? Apart from the railroad fare, not a single penny; even the servants had been strictly forbidden to accept any tips. It was simply a case of sportsmen's hospitality, nothing more. Armin Tenner.

Berlin-Schöneberg.

THE PASSING OF COLORADO.

Some of us whose heads are getting gray a good deal earlier than they ought to can call up a picture of the Colorado mountains in autumn something like this:

A buck stands in the edge of the yellowing aspens; groves of spruce break in on the background, with their somber green. The buck glances back over his shoulder, his great ears spread out, searching the broad park of bunch grass, which stretches downward, while at the side, amid the brown riband of fringing willows, a growling brook rumbles off to join its river. Sometimes in place of the buck one could get a glimpse of the spreading antlers of a six-point elk, and in the summer among the berry patches you could hear the soft crushing of the bushes and the gratified snuffle of the browsing bear.

In the days when the Little Pittsburg was a name to conjure by; when Aspen and its Molly Gibson were unborn; when Castle Fork had neither been built nor deserted, nor changed its name to Ashcroft; when Carbonate (which was soon to be the county seat of the future county of Garfield) had not been founded, nor left, as it now is, to the sole possession of the mountain rats; in those days, I say, two modest prospectors camped where the slender springs of the North Fork of the White gather to trickle down into Trapper Lake, whence the stream bursts with power. These men saw the banded elk pour bugling and bawling over the rim rock. They saw bucks spring regardant by the dozen at the approach of their scanty train. They even saw bears, glistening with a reflection of darkened steel, turn and twist on the slide rock whence they tried to dislodge some badger or gopher who had sought refuge in the crevices. One of these prospectors, now searching rather health than wealth, has revisited these scenes.

Starting from Glenwood Springs, the party of which I write took its way in the last days of September up the grade in a snowstorm to Bennett's Mills, certain deserted buildings standing now in an extensive timber reserve of the Government. For fifty miles each way stretches this tract. Beginning at the west of Glenwood, some ten miles distant, it reaches far enough to include the head of Williams Fork of the Bear, and runs from Trapper Lake on the north down to near the junction of the forks of the White.

From Bennett's Mills our party in two camps came to Big Fish Lake, lying between the Marvine lakes and Trapper Lake, and shortly after crossed the North Fork of the White and struck for Williams Fork of the Bear.

This destination we did not immediately reach, but owing to the fantasies of our guide we got "balled up" in down timber and precipices near Pagoda Peak. This served just as well. We camped a day, got a small deer, and then by devious routes got over the divide and sought the headwaters of Williams Fork. Here we found a considerable number of ranches.

Up to a certain elevation there was some plowing done on these ranches. It appeared that oats were the only crop that could be trusted to ripen at the altitude, and in one place we saw a farmer cutting his oats green in October to save the crop. Higher still there were "horse ranches," where stacks of marsh hay had been cut for winter feeding, though I am credibly informed that neither cattle nor horses will prosper standing belly to shoulder deep in snow day and night all winter for the sake of a ration of marsh hay.

From our camp on Williams Fork we hunted west over the flat-topped mountains to the head of Ladd's Creek on the north and far southward. We saw does and fawns in numbers, but no elk, and but one buck quite distant and going like a locomotive. We did, however, see horse tracks and men's tracks and men and horses all over, and shortly pulled out down Williams Fork and over the country to Hayden.

We crossed the Bear River at Hayden and in two days came to a region known as California Park.

This district, lying between the Bear's Ears and Sand Mountains, contains the headwaters of Elkhead Creek, which flows into the Bear below Hayden.

We were disappointed to find that a wagon road, though a dim one, led clear through the park, but we made camp on the site chosen by some former party and found room, by clearing away cans and bottles, for our unassuming settlement. We hunted the Bear's Ears, we hunted the Sand Mountains and stalked antelope on the flat between. Here occurred the greatest feat of the trip. My packer and I started out one morning to hunt the Sand Mountains for elk. On the way we noticed two horsemen cross the wash a mile above us on the left. Shortly afterward we sighted antelope—I began stalking a sentinel buck. He finally walked away down the back of the ridge and I started to run forward. Almost immediately the sentinel turned back to his post; so I crouched again, but something on the other side startled the band and they swept by me at 40yds.

I fired at a fat antelope, but the band sped on solidly at that swift, graceful gait which puts an express train to the blush. I fired again and an antelope fell, sliding along the smooth, sloping grass for nearly 40yds. before it came to a final rest. I signaled to my companion to bring the horses, but he showed me that a dead antelope lay near him and I learned that I had made a double on running antelope—a feat that I shall hardly hope to repeat.

We climbed the Sand Mountains after dressing our game, and found elk pastures and elk sign, but no elk. We did, however, discover two hunters in a distant gulch and a copy of the *Rocky Mountain News*, which had wrapped some one's lunch. We also heard twenty shots fired in less than a minute by antelope shooters, and at all times heard an interrupted fusillade of people shooting does and fawns in the woods. I say does and fawns because there were plenty of them and no bucks in that part of the country.

We felt crowded out from California Park, and returned by a somewhat different route to the North Fork of the White. Near here we discovered a fresh bear track in the snow. The bear was small because his tracks were small. He was lean because he did not touch his heel to the ground, as fat bears do, and he was hungry because he turned aside to snuff at every dry bone in his path in the hope of getting fat enough to "hole up" comfortably, also he was speedy. We followed the track fast as long as the snow lasted and for half a mile further. Then the track played out, and afterward we played out and returned to camp satiated rather with sport than game.

It was curious to see that squirrels and a coyote had followed the bear for a long distance. The squirrels were possibly looking for pine nuts that the bear might dig up.

This was our last hunt. We soon reached the North Fork again, and from there in to Glenwood there was no chance for game.

Yet this tract of country is just the part most vividly pictured in the memory of the old-timer. The region is an ideal one for game. It lies in the Government timber reserve, where no settlement is allowed. It has grassy pastures, thickets of aspen, forests of spruce, brooks, lakes, crags, parks and ravines, that once swarmed with game. And now not a hoof! Not a footprint broke the fair carpet of the new-fallen snow.

To the westward, toward Pagoda Peak, one finds a few does and fawns. Then on Williams Fork more does and fawns. In California Park and the country adjoining we saw about 200 antelope, while there were many does and fawns along the slopes of the mountains about. We saw probably over 100 of them. Altogether we saw fresh tracks of fifteen or twenty straggling elk and of one bear, besides seeing two small elk in the flesh. But even thus late the game did not bunch up. There seemed to be practically no bucks.

My men gave me the usual explanations for this seeming lack. The bucks had not yet come down. The bucks had gone down before the does. The bucks were back along the range.

Some of these explanations have caused amusement for many years, particularly the last one with its grand indefiniteness.

In this especial case we had traveled with our pack train some 250 miles, besides making hunting excursions to the highest ground and well down in the bottoms; and it became my opinion that theories of temporary hiding would not account for the lack of elk and deer. I think that, in spite of its ridiculous apparatus of game laws and wardens and deputy wardens, the State of Colorado is losing its game as fast as the independent voters can butcher it.

There are not enough elk now left in the State to raise a bugle or gather a band. Of course the rural citizens of Colorado are not the only ones who kill the game.

The great tourist hotels at Glenwood and Colorado Springs send out gentlemen from New York, Manchester, Birmingham and Cincinnati.

These gentlemen are, many of them, good hunters. They take their wives, servants, families, crockery and other luxuries, making a moving village.

There are also sportsmen's resorts at Trapper Lake and the Mawine Club, the latter reached by a wagon road from Newcastle. These resorts are managed by competent guides and hunters, who take the best of care of their patrons. But in all these cases a certain respect is shown for the law, and some of the guides have been appointed deputy wardens in order to act with the more authority.

The statute of Colorado allows each hunter to kill and consume one adult deer, elk and antelope each season.

All the population of the game districts violate the statute in season and out of season, or sympathize with its violators.

The ranchers are the worst sinners. They get good chances to slaughter when the snow is deep, and kill at every chance.

I saw a cabin on the Williams Fork on the roof and around the walls of which hung thirty bucks' heads not apparently a year old. I am told of another rancher who killed 100 deer in a season; of another who used venison to feed his hogs, and so on.

Besides the ranchers, there are the "boys" who go out for their "fall meat" or their "winter meat," as the case may be. Four-horse teams start from Leadville, Aspen, Newcastle and Glenwood, and come back loaded with carcasses. Sometimes the wardens catch these men and convict them. It is then held a point of honor for the "poor fellow" immediately on his release or on payment of his fine to kill and waste enough game to soothe his wounded feelings. The taxidermists, who, by the way, seem to do wretched work, are also responsible for a small amount of illegal killing.

Thus we have ranch butchers, meat hunters, spite hunters and head hunters, all working with the sympathy of their fellows to destroy the game.

The game is no longer back along the range. It is dead.

The Williams Fork this year was lined with hunting outfits all the autumn. They were killing does and fawns. There was nothing else to kill. The fusillade in California Park sounded like a Gatling battery at times. They were killing does and fawns. There was nothing else to kill except a few wary antelope. We saw a doe and fawn lying by the roadside bloating and left to waste by some man who wished to show that he was big enough to break the law and avoid detection.

We passed sleepless nights and lived laborious days trying to avoid our fellow creatures and find camping grounds that were not littered with cans, whisky bottles, rags, withering carcasses, and all the unsightly refuse of a half-civilized outing.

We were, however, bound to find the elk pastures carpeted in spots with the *Rocky Mountain News* and the Wahsatch *Screamer*.

Colorado in its mountain portions is a beautiful State, and in the reservations exempt from settlement it affords an ideal home for game; but owing to the butcher-like and law-breaking tendencies of its rural population the game is doomed.

It does not need the mystical lore of life's sunset to prophecy that in two years one may hunt as profitably for elk and bear in Kansas and Illinois as in Colorado.

In five years deer will be as scarce here as wolves in the Adirondacks.

The cause of civilization will, however, have gained a great advance.

The game wardens will then be changed to health inspectors to prevent camp refuse from breeding a typhoid pestilence.

At that time merry bands of tourists will sally from Glenwood and Colorado Springs to hunt the cap like the sportsmen of Tarascon.

Enterprising citizens can then cut crops of oats green in October near the highest peaks if the snow be not too deep, and a railroad will run up every considerable gulch into the hands of a receiver. H. G. DULOG.

MUCK-A-MUCKS.

DENVER, Colo., Nov. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Oct. 24 I find a letter from Mr. John Mowat showing some temper because a certain Boston gentleman had referred to certain Canadians as "high muck-a-mucks." You confess inability to explain the title or the origin of the offensive word.

Fifty or seventy-five years ago there was constructed on the Northern Pacific coast a common language known as the "Chinook jargon," for convenience in trading with the many Indian tribes of that region. Exactly who was the inventor of it I cannot tell, but it was made up of words, more or less exact, from many languages, civilized and savage, in which the language of the Chinook Indians doubtless predominated. The Chinooks occupied the coast immediately north of the mouth of the Columbia River and were the first native people with whom traders who arrived in ships came in contact—hence, probably, the foundation of the new language that was built up. It was a curious fact that, while there were a great many tribes or remnants of tribes living in close proximity, they seemed to have no knowledge of each other's language. For instance, when I first knew them, there were seven Indian villages clustered around the great falls of the Willamette River, living mainly upon the salmon they caught at the foot of the falls, each having a distinct language which was not understood by any of the others; but all could speak the Chinook jargon, and it was so all through the country. The white people had also to learn the language in order to converse with their Indian neighbors, and it was, in fact, largely used by all people and at all times, in business and otherwise. I think it comprised only 546 words and was not difficult to learn.

One of its words in most common use was "muck-a-muck," and it meant food, or anything that could be converted into food, except salmon. Salmon was so emphatically the staff of life with those people that it was not included in the common term "muck-a-muck," but was always distinguished by its proper name. "Hi-yu" meant plenty. "Ha-lo" meant scarcity or nothing. "Hi-yu muck-a-muck" signified plenty to eat of common food. "Hi-yu muck-a-muck, ha-lo salmon" meant a sufficiency of ordinary supplies, but no salmon, and consequently a rather restricted bar quet. "Ha-lo muck-a-muck, ha-lo salmon" meant utter destitution at the time and a strong presumption of famine near at hand.

In later years I have heard the term "high muck-a-muck" used occasionally, generally as a sneer, or a term of derision, applied to some one who was blessed with a superabundance of self-esteem—a presumptuous, "stuck-up" personage. I presume it was in this sense Mr. Mowat understood the term to be used. Whether or not it has come from the Chinook jargon to the people I have heard use it in recent years I cannot tell, but presume it did not. Your suggestion that it may have grown from the Algonquin word *mogquomp* may be correct. The first invasion of the Oregon country by white men, in sufficient numbers to be sensibly felt, was by Hudson Bay Fur Company employees, who went from the Canadas and so on west to the Columbia, and down that river to its mouth. The company's supplies were received direct from England by ships that entered the Columbia, and their people probably had much to do with framing the 'Chinook jargon." Its term of distinction was "Ty-ee," and a very great man was "Hy-as Ty-ee," or "Hy-as Bos-ton Ty-ee." In fact, in the earlier years all United States men were "Boston Ty-ees." So you will see that Boston attained fame among the Chinooks and their neighbors at a very early day. This does not tell where the word "muck-a-muck" came from, but I believe it will do no great harm to allow Mr. Mowat's charge to rest where he has placed it—upon Boston. W. N. BYERS.

Natural History.

ADIRONDACK BEAVER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in this week's issue of your paper an article on Adirondack beaver, and I am pleased to be able to contribute a few facts which came under my own observation this year, thinking they may be of interest to others.

Early in June I spent a day or two at Lake Madawaska, which is in Franklin county, between Brandon and St. Regis Falls. This lake is fed by a small stream known as the Quebec Brook, and I was paddled up it several miles by Jimmy Eccles, a guide at Joe Alfred's little hotel at Madawaska. On the way down from a very successful day's fishing, Eccles asked me if I would like to see where beaver had been working, and on receiving an emphatic reply in the affirmative he put me ashore, and I saw where a considerable number of small silver poplars had been gnawed off about 2ft. from the ground. The workings were not fresh, having been made last year, I should say, and there was no sign of any dam. Eccles said, however, that there were similar workings on the other side of the brook, which was quite wide at this point. While there we saw a hedgehog in the brush, and killed him with a club, which proved to be, upon examination, a piece of one of the poplars the beaver had cut, the chisel-like marks of his teeth plainly showing upon it. I regretted afterward that I had not brought a sample of this work out with me, but later in the season I found more of it.

The last of August, while fishing on the middle branch of the St. Regis River, my guide Martin called my attention to some stubs from 1 to 6in. in diameter which the beaver had left standing, after having dragged the tops to the water, presumably, as they were nowhere to be seen. The signs were old, but in following up a small stream which came into the river near by I came across some comparatively fresh workings, the stumps being still green and the cuts or tooth marks almost new—probably having been made late in the spring. Martin thought there must be a small family of beaver in the immediate vicinity—probably further up the little stream we were on. He cut off one of the stumps, which I brought home with me.

From these evidences and reports I got from several guides who do more or less trapping in the winter, I am convinced that there are a good many beaver in the Adirondacks, and that under the present protective law they will "increase and multiply and replenish the earth." I am told, however, that many of them are solitary in their habits and are called "bachelor" beaver, living like muskrats in the river banks instead of building houses, and showing no disposition to build dams

Let us hope that this interesting animal will not become extinct in our State, and that the law looking to his preservation was passed in time to save the scattered remnants of his tribe. ARTHUR F. RICE.

DO BIRDS HIBERNATE?

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the rich table of contents furnished us in FOREST AND STREAM for the 7th inst. I noticed particularly a brief article entitled 'Queer Ways of Birddom." I noticed this article particularly because it mooted one or two points in birddom that I thought had been set at rest. As to one of these points I wish to speak. I did not imagine that it was the belief of any one in these days that any species of birds hibernated by burying themselves in the mud. I know it was an ancient belief in regard to swallows. Gilbert White, of Selborne, observed that myriads of birds of the swallow kind in the autumn forsook the chimneys and houses and roosted at night in the osier beds along the Thames. "This resorting toward that element," says he, "at that season of the year seems to give some countenance to the northern opinion (strange as it is) of their retiring under water. A Swedish naturalist is so much persuaded of that fact that he talks, in his 'Calendar of Flora,' as familiarly of the swallows going under water in the beginning of September as he would of his poultry going to roost a little before sunset." It is evident from his language here that White did not entertain this opinion. On the other hand, the celebrated Dr. Johnson believed that they did so hibernate. His biographer, Boswell, reports him as saying: "Swallows certainly sleep all the winter. A number of them conglobulate together by flying round and round, and then all in a heap throw themselves under water and lie in the bed of a river." Here we have the very *modus operandi*. Johnson, however, was not a naturalist, and his view was no doubt only what Sir Thomas Browne would have termed one of the "vulgar errors" of his time. What are the facts in the case? Who has sufficient data to speak definitely upon this matter and settle this important point in natural history? T. J. CHAPMAN.

[There is a wide literature of the swallow hibernation belief, but it is hardly worth while to discuss the subject. The swallow goes south for the winter with other migrating species; its migration is as fully observed, understood and recorded in the ornithologies as that of other birds.]

NEW EDITION OF COUES'S KEY.

ORNITHOLOGISTS will be glad to learn that a new edition of Coues's "Key to North American Birds," largely rewritten, and brought up to date, is to be issued before long. The volume has a history dating back more than twenty years, and has done much toward the making of the younger generation of North American ornithologists.

The "Key" was originally published at Salem, Mass., in 1872, under copyright of F. W. Putnam and Elliott Coues. This was purchased a few years later by Estes & Lauriat, of Boston, who brought out the second edition in 1884, entirely rewritten, and in fact a different book, retaining the old name, but having incorporated with it Coues's "Field Ornithology of 1874."

This second edition of 1884 has been repeatedly reissued, and the third edition (1887) contained a new appendix, and the fourth edition (1890) another new appendix. Otherwise all the editions since 1884, inclusive, have been printed from the same plates, and are identical in everything but the appendixes.

Since the founding of the A. O. U. in 1883 the advance in American ornithology has been unprecedented, and the 'Key" is no longer adequate to the proper presentation of the case. That it may resume the honorable place it long held Dr. Coues has undertaken a thorough revision of the whole work, which will now be reset and very largely rewritten. The substance of the two appendixes will of course be incorporated in the main text, and many other additions are to be made of the species and subspecies described since 1890. The nomenclature will be closely conformed to that of the latest edition of the A. O. U. "Check List," 1895

Dr. Coues writes: "I have been since 1883 chairman of the committee on classification and nomenclature which produced both the 'Check Lists,' 1886 and 1895, and must now take my own dose of the medicine we have so long been brewing. One reason I had for not sooner revising the names in the 'Key' was the incessant changes they were undergoing; but now that we have reached a tolerably settled state of affairs, from which there will probably be little departure for the next ten years, I feel that the time has come for the long contemplated revision of the 'Key' in accordance with the new nomenclature we have adopted. I am diligently at work now, the publisher is ready to take copy as soon as I can furnish it, and we hope to be out in a few months. Besides the changes of names, and a very thorough scrutiny of the text for all requisite additions or corrections, the new edition will be embellished with a large number of new cuts, and some of the old ones will be retired from duty after long and faithful service."

Notwithstanding the large amount of new matter which will be introduced, Dr. Coues hopes to keep the bulk of the volume down, so that it will not much exceed that of the former editions; and it will no doubt be sold at the former price, $7 50.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

"Game Birds of North America."

THE "Game Birds of North America, a Descriptive Check List," is the title of a small book published by Bradlee Whidden, and prepared by Mr. Frank E Bates. The book is in many respects a useful one, for its size makes it handy to carry in the pocket, and its descriptions, while wholly free from technicality, should be sufficient to enable the sportsman in most cases to determine to what species the bird he shoots may belong. Something of this sort has long been needed, a volume giving little more than the name, description and range of our game birds, and which is so small and light that the gunner may carry it about with him.

In his introductory note Mr. Bates acknowledges the difficulty of satisfactorily defining the term game bird. The conclusion which he reaches is that a game bird is "One suitable for food, and which is habitually pursued by man for sport, demanding skill and dexterity for its capture." Notwithstanding this definition, he includes among his game birds the loon and the mergansers, but explains that these birds are not commonly accepted as game, and he marks them and others with a star to indicate this doubt as to their position. He puts the same mark before the emperor goose, about which we know nothing, and before the crane, the gallinules and the coot, but leaves the remainder of the 124 species included in the volume without this mark.

The book is divided into three sections: "Water Birds," including loons, ducks, geese and swans; "Waders," including cranes, rails and the group commonly known as "shore birds;" and "Land Birds," including the partridges, grouse, wild turkey and the passenger pigeon.

The book is sparsely illustrated with outline cuts of heads, feet and bills of some species, and is preceded by two pages devoted to a key to identification of game birds, the Water and Marsh Birds being placed in one section and the Land Birds in another. Various characters are given by which the different genera and species may be determined.

While the book makes no pretense to scientific standing, and while some of its descriptions leave much to be desired, yet because of its handiness, and because it gives the names, descriptions and, very roughly, the range of some of our game birds, the volume is likely to prove useful to a large class of men who use the gun.

Miss Merriam's California Bird Notes.

THE charm of Miss Florence A. Merriam's writings is well known to all those who have read her "Birds Through an Opera Glass" and her "Summer in a Mormon Village," as well as her shorter papers, which never appeared in more permanent form. Her last volume, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., she calls "A-Birding on a Bronco."

It contains notes taken in Southern California from March to May, 1889, and from March to July, 1894; the particular locality being at the foot of the mountains thirty-five miles north of San Diego, and twelve miles from the Pacific Ocean. These notes were made altogether from observations conducted through an opera glass. They are extremely interesting, and are told in a very happy style. Miss Merriam is always fully in sympathy with nature, and her training as an observer has been so thorough that little goes on about her that escapes her eyes and ears.

From her ranch home Miss Merriam made excursions on an old and steady bronco, with the special purpose of observing the birds; and the result is this volume of 226 pages, charmingly illustrated by spirited pen drawings made by Louis Agassiz Fuertes, as well as by many half-tone illustrations from Miss Merriam's camera. Mr. Fuertes's drawings are extremely good. He seems to catch the spirit of the birds, and there is life in all his work. Even the heads of the birds have about them the true bird expression.

Miss Merriam is doing a most excellent work in thus introducing to people, who themselves have no opportunity for observation, the feathered friends that she loves so well; and she seems to be equally at home whether she deals with the lighter and more attractive work of the student of ornithology, or marshals facts or figures to support her statements as to the economic value of birds.

Melanotic Rattlesnakes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Noticing the inquiry of Dr. A. S. Packard for information as to the existence of the melanotic variety of our rattlers in different localities induces me to say that in the mountains of Virginia, my native State, black rattlers are very common, so much so in some localities that the mountain people believe the black ones to be the female sex. The color of these dark snakes is as glossy black as that of the blacksnake, and while the variety may have originated in individual melanism, there is no doubt that the peculiarity has become fixed by heredity and breeds true. The common banded rattler of the mountains is the only species I have ever seen showing melanotic coloring. In the common blowing viper melanism is rather common as an individual peculiarity, but I have never seen a melanotic specimen of any other species of snake. In the mountain rattlers it is certainly not an individual peculiarity, but a true varietal distinction.

Something of the same sort is to be observed among squirrels. I never saw a black specimen in Virginia or Maryland, whereas in central Louisiana the gray squirrel is almost replaced by a black variety not specifically distinct from the common gray. I have often wondered that phenomena so striking appear to have been passed unnoticed by our writers on natural history, as noted by Dr. Packard in reference to the melanism so common in the mountain rattlesnakes. I think I can hardly be mistaken in supposing that in some localities the peculiarity has been fixed by heredity and become a true varietal distinction. M. G. ELLZEY, M.D.

CUMBERSTONE, Md.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Concerning black rattlesnakes, about which Dr. Packard asks, I will say: Perhaps all the rattlers in the Catskill Mountains are not black, but all that I have seen there were quite a bright, glossy black. I have also seen black rattlers in the mountains of Pike county, Pa., which are the northern end of the Blue Ridge.

FRED MATHER.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Game Bag and Gun.

WHERE TO GO.

ONE important, useful and considerable part of the FOREST AND STREAM'S service to the sportsmen's community is the information given inquirers for shooting and fishing resorts. We make it our business to know where to send the sportsman for large or small game, or in quest of his favorite fish, and this knowledge is freely imparted on request.

On the other hand, we are constantly seeking information of this character for the benefit of our patrons, and we invite sportsmen, hotel proprietors and others to communicate to us whatever may be of advantage to the sportsman tourist.

DUCKS IN THE SOUTHWEST.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Nov. 25.—Up to the present writing it has been a very unsatisfactory season in more than one respect, and there is little prospect now that it will prove otherwise.

The extreme drought that prevailed almost generally all over the South has dried up many of our finest duck marshes and lakes, while of the few remaining ones that yet contain water not a few form inaccessible retreats for the ducks, for the reason that the water is so shallow that it is impossible to push a boat through the moss, flags and buckbrush, and the bottom is so treacherous that they cannot be waded. These lakes or marshes are invariably fine feeding grounds, and in former seasons furnished excellent shooting. The above conditions prevail over nearly all of Arkansas, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana and some parts of Texas.

There are a few places, however, where the shooting is reported good. On Big Lake, a body of water bordering the northeastern part of Arkansas and the southern part of Missouri, the shooting has been very fine for the past month, and will continue so until the lake freezes. Here there must be something like fifty market-hunters engaged in the work of slaughter. Some idea of the ducks that are killed here daily can be gleamed from the fact that recently the express company at Kennett, Mo., made one shipment of thirty-six barrels of ducks, and the following night carried out thirty-two barrels and twenty-six sacks of ducks. Such shipments are made daily to St. Louis and Chicago commission firms. The famous Paw Paw Flats in southern Missouri have not been up to their usual high standard. Kennett is situated on the Kennett, St. Louis & Southern road. The way from the North is via the St. Louis & Southwestern to Campbell, and from there to Kennett; then eighteen miles to the lake, and which can only be reached by private conveyance.

Last week I received word that the ducks were coming in at Grassy Lake, near Fulton, Ark., and good shooting should be found there. Fulton is situated on the main line of the Iron Mountain road, about 100 miles from here. The lake is about four miles from the town, and all the equipments that are necessary for a trip are a pair of waders, and gun and shells. No boat is necessary, as the lake can be waded at all points.

Ducks are also reported plentiful at Swan Lake, Ark. Go to Pine Bluff, and from there take the Pine Bluff & Eastern road seventeen miles to the lake. Here the shooting is from a light-running boat that sets well up on the water, as the lake is very low and covered with moss that very much impedes navigation. The ducks feed on the moss, and the shooter who is well on to his game should find it no great feat to bag fifty ducks, which is more than sufficient by half.

There are a number of shooting preserves in eastern Arkansas whose chief sport is duck shooting, but of all these at only one is the shooting good. This favored one is the Wapanoca, and here for the past two weeks the sport has been fine. The club has a rule that limits the bag to fifty, and of all those who have shot there during this time none, not even the poorest shot, have failed to bag that number in a day's shooting. Capt. L G. Billings, of the U. S. Navy, and Mr. Morgan Brown, of Nashville, Tenn., were there as guests of Mr. W. A. Wheatley, the secretary of the club; they shot there several days last week, and each of these reached the limit on more days than one. Capt. Billings also made two doubles on geese one day.

Capt. R. P. Bonner, of Louisville, Ky., was also a guest of the club; he was shooting one of those destructive cornshellers—this time a Spencer—and one time managed to knock down six ducks from a flock that came in to his decoys. The Captain experienced no difficulty in bagging the limit.

Messrs. Galloway, J. C. Neely and Geo. Gallhan went over while the flight was on, and in addition to bagging their allotted number of ducks, Neely and Gallhan killed a deer between them.

The other prominent clubs in this part of the State are the Blackfish, St. Francis, Swan Lake and Hatchie Coon. At none of them, however, is there any shooting worth mentioning.

At Beaver Dam, another good shooting preserve located in Mississippi, and owned principally by Memphis sportsmen, the ducks are quite numerous; but owing to the extremely low water it is impossible to get to them; so while there are plenty of ducks, there is virtually no shooting. On the 5th Tom O'Sullivan went there, and by pushing his boat a mile through the mud succeeded in bagging twenty-two mallards, two geese and two turkeys. The exertion necessary to push his boat proved almost too much for the old man, and he is now under the care of a doctor.

There are no ducks to mention in the vicinity of Vicksburg and Natchez, Miss., owing to there not being any water. The same condition prevails in the northern part of Louisiana. At Monroe there are none, while at Shreveport there has been something of a spasmodic flight. A party of four, consisting of Messrs. Sam. Enders, Walter Jackson and S. J. Jenkins, of Shreveport, and C. L. Dammann, of Memphis, bagged 207 in less than a day's shooting at Cross Lake, about four miles from that city. This, however, is also a protected preserve. Mr. Du Bray was there shortly after, but there were no ducks then to speak of.

Mr. Oscar Guessaz writes me from San Antonio, Tex., that the shooting is fine down on the Texas coast. The fresh-water ponds are all full of water, and everybody who has ever visited this part of the country knows that this means an abundance of ducks to the Texas shooter.

The shooting in this immediate vicinity has also been of an uncertain quality; from the 5th to the 15th the shooting was fair in those few places that contained food and water, though at present the ducks are scarce again, for yesterday a hard day's wading and some good, lucky shooting resulted only in a bag of ten mallards where two years ago I could invariably bag the limit, twenty-five.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

IN MASSACHUSETTS COVERS.

ABOUT the middle of September I gave the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM a small account of my hard luck on the opening day on partridge and woodcock (Sept. 15) in covers about fifteen miles from Boston, where friend John and myself used to tramp through nearly every Sunday to get some fresh air, being "chained" throughout the week, and incidentally watch the birds grow and keep track of their whereabouts.

The hard luck was to go there on the first train on the opening day and find that a native hunter had discovered our broods and broken them up so badly that we were unable to start a feather.

Yesterday, Nov. 23, we "unchained" ourselves again and started for our old stamping grounds. I remarked to John that we must keep up our reputation (we generally have good luck) and have game with our turkey next Thursday (Thanksgiving). The day was a glorious one, cold and crisp, just such weather that makes one feel like moving around right smart, in fact, an ideal hunting day.

We hunted perhaps an hour before either of us secured a point. At last my dog Rusty made game, but before he could locate the bird away she went, but nevertheless offering me a fine shot, and I did my best to frighten her, drop her with both barrels, but she didn't drop worth a cent.

A few minutes later I heard John's Colt speak out twice and was about to call: "Did you get her?" when I heard a birch switch swish through the air and a yelp quickly followed, which told the story without asking.

Within a short time from this I had secured the first bird and John was busily engaged in trying to locate a bird that he had feathered badly and had marked down, but we both had to give it up, and struck out in another direction. Presently John's dog came to a stand, but John failed to score.

In going through a piece of scrub oak I secured another partridge that got up wild ahead of the dog. All the forenoon I could hear John letting go two barrels at short intervals, and other times hear his dog yelp. His dog was working so rank it completely upset his shooting.

We concluded to eat our lunch and have a smoke, talk with ourselves, size up the situation, and discuss the best remedy to prevent any more misses in the afternoon. Then we sallied forth again, with blood in our eyes. No more misses this afternoon. In a few minutes we struck a very likely looking cover; my dog was working hard on a trail. "Watch out now, John, she is liable to jump us." Sure enough, before either dog could locate her away she went, offering a beautiful shot for us both, and we let go two barrels each. That bird's life would not have been worth gambling on at the moment she jumped, but if she hasn't stopped she must be going now. John looked at me, I looked at John. Words were unnecessary. We simply started again to look for more birds that needed a little frightening to help their education along.

A few hundred yards further along I came to a great hole in the ground under some pines. I called to John to come over and look at it, and then whistled to Rusty, who was ranging off too far. With a roar up jumped a bird almost under my feet and went across an open. Ah! Miss, you are my bird. I swung on to her and tugged at both triggers; no report, safety catch up. "Why didn't you let her have it?" came from John across the open. "Oh, I saw she was only going into that corner down there, which will give you a sure thing." Wasn't that good of me? Whi-r-r-r! There goes another out of a pine tree right over my head. The safety was all right this time. This made my score three birds.

"Now, John, we'll get the bird that went into that corner."

I sent my dog in while John stationed himself in the open on the opposite side. The dog made no sign of game, so I followed.

There she goes! She jumped out of a pine tree on the other side of the road, but neither of us could get a shot. We marked her down and followed. On the way I bagged a rabbit and put him in my pocket with the birds for company. We failed to raise the bird we had marked down, so we retreated in the direction of the depot, as it was getting near train time. Coming to a likely looking place I started my dog into it, then engaged myself picking up frostbitten apples under a tree. I was hungry enough to eat almost anything about this stage of the game. Glancing over the stone wall, I spotted my dog stiff as a stake. I called John's attention to Rusty and asked him to go and get that bird up. I was so hungry I would not leave those apples for a dozen birds then.

John started to do as I asked. When he was about halfway up to the dog, out rushed his own dog from behind some bushes, and bounding by my dog, put up the bird. I had just time to see this, for the next minute the air was so blue and thick my power of vision was not strong enough to penetrate the atmosphere in that direction, but out from the haze I could hear the swish of a switch and the yelp of a dog.

Further on John's dog Antonio realized it was better for his health to point his birds than to flush them, so John succeeded in grassing one.

Everything seemed to go my way on this trip; the dog worked well, and I got more game than I ever expected to get so near Boston. The reverse seemed to follow John; dog worked bad—something unusual—which upset his whole day's shooting. But he is sportsman enough to admit that he was glad he had ventured out, for the fresh air was worth a great deal. Although neither of us were overburdened with game, we got what we started for, and the turkey had company on both of our tables Thanksgiving Day.

KIRK.

BOSTON, Mass.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

DEER AND HOUNDING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

An item relative to deer hunting in the vicinity of Lake George, recently published in a New York paper and reproduced in several papers in Central New York, makes the following statement: "Most of the hunting is done in the vicinity of Tongue Mountain. Warren county hunters never go across the lake into Washington county for deer; not if they value their dogs. In the towns of Fort Ann and Dresden local hunters have established a law peculiar to the locality that no matter whether in season or not all dogs found trailing deer are shot. In consequence of this arbitrary law, not down on the statute books of the State, hunters give the eastern shore of the lake a wide berth. The reason given for the promiscuous slaying of dogs in Washington county is said to be that Dresden and Fort Ann hunters wish to preserve the deer until winter and then kill them crust hunting or on snowshoes."

The reason given why the Dresden and Fort Ann hunters are so anxious to prevent the deer dogger getting the game is to my mind wholly erroneous. It was my good fortune in the early 80s to be so located that I was enabled to devote considerable time to roaming over the hills and mountains of the strip of land lying between lakes George and Champlain in Washington county, and I do not know of a class of citizens anywhere more devoted to the interests of game preservation than the residents of that territory. Fifteen years ago, when the deer had practically disappeared from all other localities on the outskirts of the Adirondack forests, thanks to the efforts of the deer dogger and the market hunter, the deer held their own in the towns of Fort Ann and Dresden owing to the fact that hounding was absolutely prohibited through an enactment of the Washington county board of supervisors, supported by the determined efforts of the residents of the towns named. When the State game law was amended so as to abolish all county enactments (a good change on general principles) the good people of Washington were left for a brief period each year without this protection, and perhaps have been forced to adopt rather harsh methods to save the deer on this territory from extermination. If, as alleged, the hunters of Fort Ann and Dresden have ceased to be law-abiding citizens, it is a pleasure to learn that their law-breaking propensity has taken the mild form of an earnest endeavor to prevent a most cruel and destructive practice. When I first visited this locality I was informed by a resident of Dresden that that town was not a healthy one for deer-chasing dogs, and I am delighted to learn that it has not since improved as a sanitarium for that animal, but the statement that the deer are preserved from the hounder in order that they may be slaughtered later on by the crust hunter may be set down as wholly false.

My knowledge of the Dresden deer hunter convinces me that still-hunting, and that only in the open season, is the only method practiced by him, and it would take undoubted evidence to change that conviction. No finer object lesson in deer protection has ever been afforded in this State than that in the county of Washington during the past fifteen years.

Deer were by no means an uncommon sight during the period from 1880 to 1890 within four miles of the village of Whitehall, at which time they had practically become extinct in all other portions of the State, through the combined efforts of the deer dogger and the jack hunter and a want of wholesome laws to prevent unlimited shipping of venison out of the woods. In conclusion, permit me to say that if the perverse hunter of Fort Ann or Dresden will persist in enforcing the unwritten law of that locality which prohibits a most cruel practice, may his shadow never grow less and may the biggest buck with the finest set of antlers await him when he shall go forth to slay his deer in a humane and sportsmanlike manner.

M. SCHENCK.

A LONG ISLAND DEER HUNT.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Now that the season of deer shooting on Long Island is over the experiences of the hunters have become memories, and many are the tales that will be told, both fact and fiction, of the wonderful shots that brought down deer of fabulous weight. If I can gain the attention of an audience I would like to tell the story of a hunt that was a reality.

On Tuesday, Nov. 10, Mr. E. B. Remington, Mr. L. D. Martens and I arrived at the station of Central Islip. As we had made no previous arrangements, we found some difficulty in securing a place to remain at over night, but at length, through the kindness of a Mr. Wolfarth, the proprietor of one of the hotels, we were taken in at a private house, where we passed a comfortable night.

In the meantime, after we had eaten supper, we went down to Mr. Wolfarth's place again. He kindly showed us the head of a fine buck he had killed two years ago, and gave us some points about the country and best shooting localities, which proved to be very valuable indeed.

An hour before daybreak we were on the grounds where we expected to watch, and even at this time we found two others ahead of us; so we were obliged to go a trifle further east than we intended. Mr. Martens and I were armed with Marlin repeaters, while Mr. Remington used a shotgun loaded with buckshot.

Mr. Remington stationed himself on the railroad track near the eastern limit of the South Side Sportsmen's Club's preserve, while Mr. Martens and I watched along the track on opposite sides of a few acres of swamp land which lay just north of the railroad.

There were several advantages in our position; we were in a good locality for game, and all possible shots would be at a range of from 100 to 400yds. As most of the hunters used shotguns, we were alone on these watches, with the exception of the two men before mentioned; then the open nature of the country made it possible for us to use our heavy rifles without danger of shooting any one.

Accounts do not exaggerate the number of gunners that turn out for Long Island deer shooting, and from our stands we could see them strung along the railroad as far as the eye could reach, less than 50yds. apart.

No dogs were started on the north side of the track as far as we could tell from the sense of hearing, but there were many to the southeast, and soon there was repeated firing in that direction.

Shortly before 8 A. M., just as I was beginning to give up hope of seeing anything from my position, and thinking

of moving off to the southeast, where the shooting was going on, I heard a crash in the bushes to the northeast of me and saw a doe dash out of the woods and start across the open. It did not take many weeks for my rifle to reach my shoulder, but before I could fire a fine buck sprung out of the woods after the doe, running easily, but with long graceful bounds, which were making short work of the distance to be covered. The instant I saw him I shifted my rifle from the doe without firing at her and let go at the buck. Changing my aim made a poor shot, for it did not take effect. It steadied me, however, and when the lever of my repeater had thrown a fresh cartridge into the breech my finger confidently pressed the trigger and down came the buck. I ran forward, but seeing the deer struggling to regain its feet I fired twice more, the first piercing its neck and the last crashing through the poor beast's brain.

Then I had time to look about me. The doe had made good her escape, for the stranger behind me had fired only one shot at her, which missed. Mr. Martens had been unable to shoot on account of the other stranger being in line of his aim. Had this not been the case the doe would have fallen to Mr. Martens's rifle and we should have had two deer to bring home.

We waited half an hour, and, as no dogs appeared, we concluded that the deer had been "walked up" by somebody, thus giving us a clear title to our game.

Little time was lost in carrying our prize to the station, but hurry as we would, the morning train to the city had left, and I had to drive to Islip with the game, where I took a train for home, the others returning to the hunting grounds. They did not shoot any more, however, though Mr. Martens heroically held his fire from a buck that loped along just inside the preserve fence.

As we had to carry our deer nearly two miles, we thought it must weigh at least 300lbs., but the scales brought our expectations down to a trifle over 200. The buck had a very pretty pair of antlers, however, and I am having the head mounted as a souvenir of my first Long Island deer hunt. B. F. ELLSWORTH, JR.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Thanksgiving in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 28.—The weather was a dismal failure in Chicago on Thanksgiving Day, and the plans of a great many hunting parties were changed by the drizzling downpour which prevailed over a good part of this section. Thanksgiving Day is the occasion of the annual hunt of a great many persons—elevator boys, newspaper men and the like—who go afield then to lay in their winter's supply of meat. Reports have not yet come in from many of the parties who went out into Wisconsin, Indiana and Illinois; but among them all there must have been some who enjoyed the season's abundance of small game. There are more quail, squirrels and rabbits in this part of the world this fall than for many years past. For instance, I hear of two gentlemen, Mr. F. Teipel, of Grand Crossing, and Mr. L. Paul, of Chicago, who bagged 180 quail within the week at Effingham, Ill , or rather at a point a few miles below there. They shot over a pointer belonging to Mr. William Werner, of this city, and not considering it outside of the ethics to shoot rabbits ahead of a good dog, killed a few sacks of rabbits incidentally. As earlier mentioned in these columns, that part of the State of Illinois is blessed with abundance of quail this year.

So far as I can learn every shooter in Chicago had a good Thanksgiving dinner except myself, and my escape from one rested upon circumstances which seem somewhat singular. A friend had, a week or so ago, sent me up a fine, fat wild turkey for my Thanksgiving dinner, and I felt sure that the presence of my turkey, at least, would make me welcome in almost any home of the city. Yet in this I was mistaken, for though I earnestly requested a number of my friends to ask me to dinner, they all firmly declined, saying that they had other turkeys and other guests of their own. I felt quite sure that I could get Roll Organ to ask me to dinner with him, and I even allowed him to look at my turkey so that he might be sure of the *bona fide* character of my representations. Mr. Organ wavered for a moment, but finally declared that there were going to be eighteen or twenty of his own people at his house for Thanksgiving dinner, and that the high class character of the attendance would bar me out. He suggested, however, that I might send the turkey with my regrets. Thinking that I might need the turkey in my business, I did not comply with his suggestion, but hung on to the bird as a sort of forlorn hope. At last, on Thanksgiving eve, not having been able to obtain any dinner invitation for the following day, I gave the bird away to another friend who offered to take it off my hands as an accommodation, and wandered forth into the streets of Chicago friendless, turkeyless and alone.

As all men know, Thanksgiving time is harvest season for the shooting gallery people, who at that season set in operation a base imitation of the good old turkey shooting contests of our forefathers. As I wandered down the street with my hat pulled down over my eyes and my hands thrust deep into my pockets, in the manner of him who has despaired, I heard the tinkling of a little bell, a summons which oftentimes I have found myself unable to resist. In a few moments I was one of the spectators at a Chicago Thanksgiving turkey shoot. The dingy and smoky little gallery, redolent with the odor of kerosene, beer and tobacco, was packed with a noisy and more or less drunken crowd of men and boys, most of whom were engaged in the Grand Prix de Turkey. The shooting was not at the turkeys themselves, and hence was less cruel if less skillful than the sports of our ancestors. The range was 30 or 40ft. in length, although through the smoke and flicker it seemed more than twice as long. The conditions were that in order to win a turkey one must pay something like 2 cents a shot, and must hit a ½in. bullseye at least two shots out of five or six, the handicapping varying as the fancy of the gallery people dictated. A very drunken man had more liberties allowed him than one who was comparatively sober, etc., all of which shows the fair-mindedness which prevails in this city. As I was entirely sober, the keeper of the *salle aux armes* imposed a rather severe handicap on me. I found that it was no slight feat to hit the bullseye half the time with rifles sighted as these were, and in a light so utterly abominable, and I soon came to understand why so few turkeys were taken from the numbers which flapped and strutted in the windows as an advertisement for the gallery. My eyes were watery, my face perspiring and my pocketbook less by some 60 cents coin of the realm when the keeper reluctantly conceded that I had won a turkey. Under the code I was allowed to select my turkey, which of course was a live one, and accordingly I opened the slats back of the window and hauled out what seemed to me to be the largest and fattest fowl of the lot, one which was strutting and puffing himself out in all the glory of conscious vigor. Alas! I found that to be the worst bluff of a turkey that ever was, and when I got him in my arms and smoothed his feathers down it seemed to me that he was not much bigger than a nightingale. Whereby I learned yet more of the sapience of the shooting gallery man. Carrying my live turkey, I again wandered forth into the street, but not alone. The turkey proved of habits alternately social and rebellious, and although it was now well past midnight, so that the streets held few passers-by, I found that I attracted a great deal of interest and attention. Finding it difficult to carry the turkey, I put him down and tried to herd him along the street in the direction of my home. A rapid calculation showed me that I would get him there in about two years at that rate, so I chased him into a doorway, corralled him again, and paused for thought. I did not really want the turkey, as I had no place to eat him any more than I had for the wild turkey, and moreover I reasoned that I had no place in my apartments where I could keep him comfortably, since he was probably not accustomed to steam heat and portieres. Just at this juncture there came along a little old woman who was probably a Pole or an Italian—all these sawed-off foreigners look alike to me. I told her she could have the turkey if she could get away with it, and she fell upon it gladly with many croakings. The two passed from sight down under the flaring line of gas lights, the woman so lean of body, so strident of voice, so loose of fluttering coverings that I scarce could tell which was she and which the turkey. And so farewell turkey No. 2.

It might be thought that the experiences of the day would have given me sufficient of turkey, but not so. On Thanksgiving morn, as I wandered down town, I heard yet again the irresistible summons of the little tinkling bell, and turning I saw, in the dingy window of another gallery, still a few bedraggled specimens of turkeys which had survived the contests of the night previous. Much against my will I walked into this gallery also and sadly asked for a rifle and inquired for the rules and conditions governing the *tire aux turkeys* at this place. This time the light was better, the crowd absent and the rifle sights not quite so difficult. My turkey cost me 15 cents and again was delivered to me alive. I begged the gallery keeper to kill it, and he having done this I put it in my pocket and went on down town. There may be those who think that one cannot put a turkey in his pocket, but these have never seen a Chicago Thanksgiving shooting gallery turkey. At my office I rapidly went through my mail, hoping that I should find even yet an invitation out to dinner, but fate was against me, and despairingly I gave away this turkey also to a friend, and went and bought my dinner in a restaurant. With regret I state that probably I was the only man in Chicago who, having three turkeys up his sleeve, yet failed to have a Thanksgiving dinner. But I had learned much of natural history. Also I had learned something of shooting galleries. At one of these galleries I discovered that the proprietor kept house back of the targets, where his wife had a cook stove and a few other culinary paraphernalia. It seems that the man and his wife lived and slept there, their customers having a habit of coming at all sorts of hours. Through the heavy partition which acted as back stop for the bullets there was cut a hole about a foot square, through which shooters could shoot at the "long range target." The long range target hung over the cook stove, and the bed was back of the short range. I thought there might be danger in having part of the household under fire during the long range operations, but the gallery man said: "Oh, she don't work over on this side of the room when they are shooting on the long range target." The lady herself further assured me by saying: "I ain't afraid at all. The bullets don't come through very often." And I noticed that she was cooking turkey on the stove under the long range target. Always turkey!

The Close of the Duck Season.

Nearly all the ducks—except a few lingering mallards—have left the country by this time. A few birds were on Thanksgiving Day seen along the Desplaines River near Willow Springs, and of course there will be scattering bunches of mallards along the open water of the timbered rivers for some time yet.

Really, the closing of the duck season occurred during the first week of November, and that week showed the heaviest shooting of the season for this neighborhood. At Fox Lake, during two days' shooting, over 400 ducks were killed by Willard Champion, of Chicago; F. M. Lasher and Frank Fisk, of Elgin; G. L Tilden, Fred Tilden and A. B. Winne, of Fox Lake. Other heavy bags were made in lower Wisconsin at about the same time, as the last of the northern flight paused for a short time on these waters.

A Trip to Koshkonong.

On Nov. 7 and 8 the wildfowl began to leave their feeding grounds on Lake Koshkonong. There had been a heavy snowstorm in that vicinity, and the snow lay 16in. deep, though the lake still remained open. It being reported that the shooting would be good, Messrs. R. B. Organ, B. Dicks and myself availed ourselves then of the invitation of Eddie Bingham to go up to the old Bingham homestead on Lake Koshkonong, to properly and efficiently finish up the canvasback season. We had a most charming and delightful experience in this little trip—not in the number of birds killed, but in the novelty of experiences enjoyed. The Bingham homestead is a famous place, well known to all shooters of Chicago. The land was entered more than fifty years ago by the father of the present generation of Bingham boys, at a time when deer and Indians were common in all that country. The farm lies right along the shores of the lake, and has several points noted as shooting grounds. The best of these, known as the "Stone Blind Point," has probably had more canvasbacks killed from it than any other point on the lake, and many and many are the thousands of fat canvasbacks which have there turned up their toes within the past thirty or forty years. Ira Bingham now conducts the old homestead farm, and his mother, Mrs. Bingham, a very old lady, still lives there to tell the modern duck shooters stories of the old days on the lake, back in the Indian times when the family had just moved in. It is not altogether an enviable position to be head of the Bingham homestead in these days, for all sorts of claims are made on the hospitality of the family by shooters eager to break into the coveted shooting of Lake Koshkonong, which is the most celebrated ground in this part of the world for redheads and canvasbacks, it being the last of the wild celery waters of the North touched by the south-bound flight of these fowl. Here the birds feed all the fall in the shallow lake, well protected in these days by State laws and private preserves, and when the weather conditions are right the shooting on Lake Koshkonong is something which nowadays is news of national interest.

At the time of our visit we found several gentlemen, among these Mr. Southerland and Mr. McKinney, of Janesville, also at the Bingham homestead for a little shooting. Mr. McKinney is an ardent pursuer of the canvasback, and has this fall killed about 150 canvasbacks, besides redheads and other birds. There were four or five of us in the Stone Blind most of the time. In front of this point a large fleet of decoys is permanently anchored. All we had to do was to pass the night in good beds, get up early and enjoy a splendid breakfast, and then walk a quarter of a mile or so over the hill to the blind, where abundant hay and horse blankets did all possible to alleviate the chill of the severe winter weather. We sat in the blind and visited much more than we shot; for though we could see countless thousands of birds feeding or working out over the lake, their education had been such as to render them very shy of the Bingham point. At times a distant gun would be heard, and across the lake we could see a black mass of birds arise, hover and pass on to other grounds, perhaps returning in a few minutes and settling in a great broken swarm. The great bulk of these birds were canvasbacks and redheads, and rarely would one see a finer gathering of these choice birds. In addition, there were many bluebills and also numbers of marsh ducks. All the fowl were uneasy, but would not work inshore, so we got no shooting. At times we could see a flock come high over the water and drop down, and these we took to be travelers coming down from the North. The weather was now very cold, and the men about the lake said that either on that day or the next the birds would nearly all leave the lake for their Southern migration. They usually begin their Southern flight just before sundown, going straight up high into the air and then striking off on no man knows how long a course to the Southern waters. It was a pleasure merely to sit and watch the habits of the wildfowl on these favored grounds, and all in all we got quite enough birds to repay us for our freezing. My friends Organ and Dicks had been lucky enough to get a pair of canvasbacks before my arrival, and Mr. Dicks killed another during the afternoon. From time to time, at long intervals, a flock of bluebills or a scattering bunch of redheads would come by, and from these we took an occasional tribute at long range; so that gradually the little pile of ducks, each frozen stiff as a wedge, grew behind the Stone Blind until we had twenty or so between us, including half a dozen redheads.

Tricks of Shooting.

The wind was not in the right direction to float our ducks ashore when we killed them, and Mr. McKinney, who is an old Koshkonong hunter and as much at home in a "sneak boat" (the sort that is now forbidden by law on these waters) as a duck is in the water, kindly acted as retriever in general for the party. The waves were running pretty stiff, but he handled the little paddling boat so skillfully as not to ship any water, and picked up all our dead birds before they were lost in the hazy line which marked the mingling of the sky and water on our brief horizon. After a time Mr. McKinney left the blind, and Messrs. Dicks, Organ and myself were left alone. One of us killed a duck, and it became a grave question how we were going to get it, both my friends vowing they hadn't lost any duck under the circumstances. In this I am inclined to doubt their sincerity, as the sequel will show, but at any rate they persuaded me that I was the man to go out in the boat after the duck, and this I did. They overwhelmed me with compliments of a very suspicious sort when I came back in, and I noticed they seemed very much pleased over something, though I did not know what it was. We lay around in the blind quite a while after that, nothing occurring to break the monotony, until finally, as it happened, there came swimming up for a sociable interview with our decoys a solitary bluebill, which passed at about 50yds. from the blind and took a look at us. Organ suggested that I sit up in the blind and kill the bluebill on the water, and as the shooting was poor, and the chance a tempting one, I readily agreed to this. "I won't do a single thing to that duck," said I, as I slowly got upon my knees and covered the bobbing form. I did not mean to take any chances about it, so I allowed for the wind, and waited for several moments for the duck to show on the top of a wave before I fired. Meantime I heard something like a suppressed giggle behind me, but was too much interested to pay any attention to that. At length I pulled trigger. This I say advisedly, and do not say that I fired at all. The fact is I did not fire, but only got a snap. Thinking the gun had missfired, I tried the other barrel, and it too snapped. Excited at this, I broke open the gun, finding two empty shells in the chambers. "Well, I thought she was loaded," said I, and hastily slipped in two good shells and then took my chance at the duck, which by this time was too far out to kill. I never suspected I had been victimized till my two friends broke into a shout of laughter. It seems they had sent me out in the boat so that they could fix up my gun on me, counting upon much pleasure when I should snap both barrels at the next flock that came in. They calmly told me that they considered the solitary bluebill as a providential matter, and both assured me that they had all they could do to keep from shouting when I sat up and announced that I wouldn't do anything to the duck. They both said too that the long wait for the shot was almost more than they could stand. "I thought you never were going to shoot," chuckled Dicks, "and it looked as though the joke was on us."

A Bag of Buckwheat Cakes.

I have said that the position of head of the Bingham family is a trying one because of the number of guests who are always bothering about in the shooting season. The family does not lease any shooting, and does not accept pay for board, so that the place in no way is a public

one, though it could hardly be called more than semi-private. I think there were about a dozen guests at table while we were there, and Ira Bingham good-naturedly guyed them about eating the family out of house and home. What quantities of fresh country sausages, of ham and eggs, of buckwheat cakes and syrup, it took to appease all those hungry hunters I dare not state, lest the story have no credence. The buckwheat cakes were especially irresistible, and of these Roll Organ regularly ate between two and three dozen at each meal, always having a special plate of his own running between the kitchen and table. We kept a rough sort of tab on Organ during the visit, and found that his cake average per meal, morning and night, was twenty-eight cakes. This for twelve meals made the handsome total of 336 buckwheat cakes. It is no wonder Ira Bingham at length told him that he had better go home, after a while, so that the other boarders could get a chance. In all we must have eaten several thousand buckwheat cakes at the old Bingham homestead that trip, and Ira thought that next year he would have to put the whole farm down to buckwheat, especially if Organ insisted on coming up again. I am advised that after his final departure for the city Roll Organ found a neat package of cold cakes in his pocket, no doubt put there for his use as a lunch, to sort of keep him going till he got home. And it is further said that when he got home and opened up his carryall bag to take out his shooting clothes further packages of buckwheat cakes were found there, it being evident that he knew there was a hard winter coming on. He was the worst I ever saw, and if he gets the Bingham homestead sore on us we will all get turned away next year. So we feel moved to caution him about further excesses Anyhow, he can't say he didn't get three square meals a day.

The Breeding Grounds of the Canvasback.

There has apparently been considerable divergence of opinion among scientific men and hunters alike as to the breeding grounds of the canvasback duck. A great many think that this bird is an Arctic breeder, and believe that its chief nesting grounds are in Siberia. Others think that it breeds in Manitoba, and some claim to have found its nest in Minnesota, Dakota and Iowa. I am satisfied that all these opinions are wrong, and in this I am backed by the knowledge of no less an authority than Ira Bingham, who has been raised on the shore of Koshkonong, and has been familiar with the canvasback all his life, having killed thousands of them in his time. Mr. Bingham claims that the canvasbacks breed exclusively on Koshkonong waters, and that that is the reason these birds are found there in such numbers, while they are so scarce elsewhere. Even to Mr. Bingham the habits of these birds were long a mystery, and he was puzzled to account for their numbers; for he admits, even to day, that he has never seen the nest of a canvasback, which it is often asserted no American shooter ever has really done. At length he hit by mere accident upon the solution of what has long been one of the mysteries of natural history. It seems that the habits of the canvasback have never been but half understood. It has always been a weird, uncanny bird. It is unnatural that any bird should be able to live standing on its head most of the time, the way a canvasback does, nor does it appear possible that a duck of ordinary attributes would disappear from view beneath the waters under the earth for hours at a time. It has always been a question in my own mind whether the bird was really feeding all the time it was under water. Scientific men say it is feeding then, but they do not prove this at all, they only assert it, which is really an unscientific thing to do. No one has ever seen what a canvasback does when it is under water. Moreover, all canvasbacks have a strong facial resemblance to each other, so that one is easily mistaken for another. In a flock of canvasbacks on the water we see birds going down and birds coming up, but how can we tell which bird is which? Indeed, we cannot do this at all, and we cannot scientifically prove that the bird we see coming up cheerfully from the lower regions has not been down there for an hour, or a day, or for several days. We do not know what is going down under the water at all. We only assert that we do. It is surprising, when we stop to think of this, how widespread has been the erroneous opinion on these matters, how gullible indeed the populace has been in accepting as settled something which was not really settled at all. It was for Ira Bingham to bring forth the first really scientific evidence upon this matter, and to prove beyond any reasonable doubt the inaccuracy of the old beliefs.

Mr. Bingham was sinking a well last summer—an artesian well—to supply the milk house which sits down near the lake front, and at the depth of about 300 ft. below the surface he encountered water, and got a fine, clear stream of about 3in. which from that time to this has never failed, and which has kept the quality of the fresh milk on the Bingham homestead something exceeding good. I mean only that the milk is good and cold, nothing more. The inside of the milk house has a vast tank or shallow vat, in which the deep cans of milk are set, and the water continually flows from the artesian well into the tank and around the milk cans, keeping the temperature the same summer and winter, the water being conveyed into the milk house from the artesian well by a large iron pipe.

Ira Bingham says that the well gave him no trouble for the first few days, but at length seemed to be suffering from some sort of clogging up, which determined him to sink it a trifle deeper—down to the hard pan which underlies all that country, and which I believe is called the Sklavonian slatestone, or something of that sort. Within the next 50 ft., at any rate, he learned what had been the trouble with his well, and at the same time solved the mystery about the nesting grounds of the canvasback duck. To make the story short, he struck a flow of canvasback eggs which lasted for three days and nights. These eggs passed out of the pipe and through the milk house, most of them uninjured, though Mr. Bingham broke a few of them to satisfy himself as to their real character. He assures me that the Semitic cast of countenance is clearly apparent even before the young canvasback has left the shell. Mr. Bingham, being a game protector, did not use any of these eggs for frying purposes, and indeed made no announcement of his discovery, for he said he was afraid it would bring the place into too much notoriety, and he did not want persons to be trampling over the flower beds. He is convinced in his own mind, however, that the canvasback does not breed in Siberia or in Manitoba, but that it rears its young right at Lake Koshkonong, where it has so long been found in abundance. He knows now that it is a subterranean or subaqueous breeder, and thinks that there is no doubt a passage far under the Bingham farm which has communication with the waters of the lake at some unknown point, and that thus the eggs pass out into the open water and are hatched by the sun later in the season. This seems very likely, for it is well known that the great majority of the canvasbacks are always seen far out in the open water of the lake.

The hypothesis seems to cover all points of the known phenomena very perfectly, for thus the protracted diving habits are fully explained, as well as the presence of the bird in such numbers at this point. They have been known here ever since the country first settled up, and the Indians say that they were always there so long as they can remember. In proof of this, one may see numbers of Indian mounds all over the hills in that country, and great quantities of arrow heads, stone hatchets, etc., are found there every year. Moreover, the well is still at the same place and it is still flowing. Not only myself but several of my friends saw it, and can attest that the stream is large enough to carry a canvasback egg safely through the pipes without crushing it. Of course, at the time of our visit no eggs were actually passing through; for, as I have stated, it was in the winter and the birds were about leaving for the South. Asked if he thought the flow of eggs through the pipe would lessen the supply of canvasback upon the lake, Ira Bingham said he hoped not, and believed that such would not be the case, as every precaution was taken to let the eggs float on through the milk house out into the lake without being broken or disturbed in any way.

The low, brown little milk house on the Bingham homestead has something the look of a fish hatchery in its outline, but it is not this. Few, to look at its unassuming structure, would guess that it covered one of the most singular of discoveries, and that it was, in effect, as one might almost say, a canvasback hatchery instead. I venture that the like of it is not known in the whole of this great country. Mr. Ira Bingham is a plain, unassuming man, as may be seen, a man with the soul of hospitality. He has not given much time to idle theorizing, but is a close observer of nature and above all a practical man. It seems to have been left to him to blunder, as it were, but to blunder none the less in a most convincing manner, upon the real solution of the long-mooted question as to the breeding grounds of the canvasback duck. I will certify, and all my friends can certify, that these Koshkonong canvasback ducks are no counterfeits, but up to the highest standard of canvasback excellence. Mr. Bingham knows that he has something of a curiosity in his artesian well, and he is seeking to keep both the well and the discovery covered up. He will, I am sure, however, forgive me for making known these interesting facts, which it seems to me belong to the public as well as to Mr. Bingham and his personal friends.

The Call of the Pintail.

Mr. B Smith, of Woo Sung, Ill., writes me as below in regard to the call of the pintail duck. Duck hunters of this region are familiar with the grating, chuckling note of the pintail, and are aware that it can be decoyed, or rather partially decoyed—which is about as much as can be said for the pintail at any time—by imitating the note. I have often heard this note of the pintail in the fall, but always when the birds were on the wing, and usually when they were passing straight on in a traveling flight. Not all the flocks would thus answer the call or notice the decoys, but once in a while one would, though it seemed to be a way they had of stating that they were aware of the real condition of affairs, and declined to come down. I have rarely known them to call when they intended to draw in close to the decoys. Mr. Smith says:

"Mr. Mather asks about the call of the pintail. I have heard them call in the spring when a large flight would be coming in to open, shallow ponds. With a duck call, by placing your tongue against the top of the mouth and blowing a sharp breath, it will produce a clattering sound of about ten notes. I think it can be heard further than the call of the mallard; though not so loud and coarse, it is sharp and penetrating. Cannot say if they call in the fall, as we seldom see them here."

Pink Tea at Memphis.

As is well known in sportsmen's circles, Mr. Irby Bennett, of Memphis, late Southern salesman for the Winchester Company, has been promoted and stationed at Hartford, Conn., and last week departed from his home in Memphis to his new home in Connecticut. This was made the occasion of a farewell supper, or, more properly speaking, a pink tea in Mr. Bennett's honor, the entertainment being held at the residence of Messrs. Paul and Harry Dammon, their friend Mr. Divine assisting. There were present further Mr. Thos. Callender, of Nashville; Mr. Jas Grundy and Judge L. B. Suggs. An elegant and dainty menu was prepared and the affair would have been most pleasant had it not been for the thought of the event it commemorated. The festivities were prolonged until a late hour, and formal leave was then taken of Mr. Bennett by his friends. Mr. Divine, as spokesman for the party, made (from a chair) a very affecting speech, and told Mr. Bennett that Memphis was about to lose a good citizen, and begrudged him to New Haven very much. Mr. Bennett made proper response, thanked his friends for their many acts of kindness to him, and promised to keep them supplied with nutmegs and maple sugar from his new home in the far, cold North. And now there hangs on the door at 39 South Court street a card with the inscription "Wanted, a partner."

Man's Love for the Dog.

Mr. Jos. Irwin, of Little Rock, Ark., writes me that he has lost by death his favorite pointer Nancy, over which we both shot during a visit to Little Rock, and a dog of high character as a field performer. He states that Nancy died of inflammation of the lungs after only twenty-four hours' sickness, and in spite of all that he could do to save her. He speaks of the loss with that genuine regret which a sportsman feels at losing a good dog, and adds that he believes that few dogs ever lived that had had more birds killed over them than Nancy. It will be long before he finds another dog for which he will feel more affection.

The Dog's Love for Man.

From Shelbyville, Ind., there comes the news of the sad fate of a shooter by the name of James Hull, who, a week ago Thursday, accidentally shot himself while out quail hunting. The load of shot struck him in the chest, and he saw that he was fatally hurt, but manfully tried to do what he could for himself. He threw off his game coat, which contained several quail and rabbits, and tried to get out of the woods to obtain help. He walked about a quarter of a mile and then fell, and was later found and taken to his home.

When Hull left his coat in the woods where he was shot, his dog, a pointer which he called Doc, and which was his only companion at the time, seemed to misunderstand his master's wishes. He lay down beside the coat, and here, two days afterward, he was found by searchers who had gone to the scene of the accident. The dog had been for nearly three days without any food, and the weather was very cold; but no persuasion could induce him to leave what he considered to be his post of duty. He charged savagely and repeatedly on the men who sought to take him away, and these, for some reason not clear to one, finally thought it best to kill him. He was shot and given a good burial. Faithful to the last moment of his life, he surely deserves good fortune in the happy hunting grounds, if any such thing may come to dogs.

Ghosts.

There is a haunted camp near Iron Mountain, Mich., up in the pine woods, where the dishes rattle on the table and all sorts of noises prevail without apparent cause. Any party of deer hunters wishing to have the place rent free, and also to earn $25, can do so by sleeping there one night. So says the owner, R. W. G., who has moved out of the camp and is afraid to stay there. E. Hough.

1206 Boyce Building, Chicago.

Water Killing Deer.

Chicago, Nov. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In one respect Deerslayer has thus far the advantage of his critics. He has kept his temper and indulged in no personal abuse, which, as he justly remarks, is not argument. I have been one of the worst offenders in this respect, and although my opinion of the act he defends is in no respect changed, a calm consideration of the case convinces me that the language I used was unjustifiable, and I desire through your columns to beg his pardon in all humility for the terms in which I spoke of him.

Now for the argument. He cannot deny the truth of what I said in regard to the extermination of deer, buffalo or Indians. That disposes of his claim that game laws are needless. Next comes the query, Why is it unsportsmanlike to kill a deer in the way he describes?

First, the running of deer with dogs drives them out of any given section sooner than any other method of hunting. In all thinly-settled portions of the country where the settlers depend largely on game as a means of support, they oppose the use of dogs for the above reason.

Twice in my life I have shot dogs, once in Maine and once in West Virginia, when in full cry on the track of a deer, and both times by the earnest request of the man with whom I lodged, who had posted me at a runway while he ranged the hills above. I felt almost like a murderer when I did it, for I love a good dog, and it was the owner rather than the dog that should have been shot.

Secondly, when deer has been captured as Deerslayer describes the sport is at an end. Of course, any boy can kill him when thus tied; but such killing is butchery, not sport. Now, I don't find fault with a man for earning his living as a butcher—I have known many very worthy men of that trade—but nothing short of starvation would induce me to practice it, and no money would tempt me to kill a deer after I had got him tied and hopeless of escape.

I never shot at a deer at a longer range than 200yds. and never failed to kill when I shot, and I don't think any man ought to shoot at game without reasonable certainty of killing. If I should find myself in the situation described by Deerslayer my first impulse would be to caress the poor, timid beast, and try to calm its fears.

No animal is so easily tamed or becomes more fond of its master, as I have proved repeatedly. Catch a little fawn and hold it in your arms a few minutes, caressing it kindly, and when you put it down it will follow you like a dog.

Hoping my logic is sound, though Deerslayer may not agree with it, I will say no more.

H. W. S. Cleveland.

A Massachusetts Grouse Snarer Convicted.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Rod and Gun Club, of Massachusetts, reports the conviction of Harvey Hunter at Orange, Mass., for snaring. For several years the game has suffered so much from snaring that sportsmen frequenting that section have complained greatly, and the Rod and Gun Club sent its special warden with instructions to stop the business, no matter how long it might take.

For over four weeks daily patrol of the country was continued, taking in the towns of Orange, Wendell, Warwick and Northfield, over 2,000 snares being found and watched. When birds or rabbits were found in snares special watch on those also was continued till at last sufficient evidence was secured to warrant an arrest, which was made, and on Nov. 23 he was convicted at Orange on four counts: Of setting snares, of taking by snares two ruffed grouse, of taking by snares three ruffed grouse, and taking by snares two rabbits. On his pledging in the future not to snare again he was sentenced to pay a fine of $20 and costs, the three other cases being placed on file.

It is especially gratifying that the prosecution was successful, as it is supposed that over 1,000 partridges had been taken the present season alone. During the early portion of the season as high as fifty and seventy-five birds in a single day were reported to have been snared, the covers having been almost cleared of game.

The Rod and Gun Club is well satisfied with its season's work thus far, and has received full and welcome support in its policy of looking out for Massachusetts sportsmen's interests, and letting the results speak for the club.

As has been before stated in the Forest and Stream, the Rod and Gun Club is composed of sportsmen who subscribe yearly for the purpose of having work done, and no money is spent save for that work.

One thousand dollars has been raised this year, and they hope to double that sum in 1897, in which case additional game wardens will be employed. Business.

Maine Deer.

RUMFORD FALLS, Me., Nov. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream.* I notice that Deerslayer remarks that most of the deer killed in Maine are hounded. This statement is far from the facts. I have lived in Maine all my life excepting five or six years. I have owned a gun since I was ten years old, and have roamed the woods days and weeks, and have never known a case in the northern or western part of the State where deer were hounded. In fact I never knew of a case in the State, yet I am told that it has been done some in the southeastern section. In the greater part of the State public sentiment would not allow business of this kind for a minute.

A large number of deer have been shot in this vicinity within a few days, one of which was shot within the village corporation limits and not more than one-half mile from the post-office. Wednesday night 3in. of snow fell, and early Thursday morning our hillsides were covered with hunters, but a cold sleet commenced falling, which froze and made a crust that was uncomfortable and very noisy walking, so that few deer were shot, although many were followed all day.

A friend and I were out and followed a deer four hours, and as we entered a piece of evergreen woods where there was not any crust, and were fast creeping upon him, a greenhorn came thrashing through the woods at an angle to us and a short distance ahead. When he struck the trail he started in hot pursuit. We never said a bad word, but turned around and started for home, where we arrived too late to enjoy the Thanksgiving dinner with the family. When we parted at the corner of the street the friend who was with me intimated that he hoped that pesky greenhorn was still running, and personally I hoped he would run his head against a tree. W. W. SMALL.

Too Warm Weather in Texas.

PETTY, Tex., Nov. 25.—The weather is warm and no prospect for a change soon. We have not yet had enough cold to kill the foliage sufficiently to make quail shooting successful, although some ordinary bags have been made. Mr. Jim McWright told me that he on one evening bagged fifteen quail. He says there are plenty of the birds and shooting will be good after the weeds and cover are killed by cold.

An old darky who lives north of here on Red River told me a day or two ago that he had never seen such an abundance of squirrels as there are this year. He said when asked if there was much game in his neighborhood: "Why, boss, I never seed so many squirils in all my born days. You don't hab to hunt 'em; you can stay in de house and kill all you wants, but Ise done quit foolin' wid dem no 'count things, I is. I goes out and catches me some big fat possums; cost too much to buy ammunition to kill dem triflin' squirils; den possum is gud nuff fer me, boss. I ain't eat a piece o' hog in two months." The old darky said it was a mighty good deer that was equal to possum.

A party of hunters who returned last week from a hunt in the Kiamichi Mountains, Choctaw Nation, report deer, bears, and turkeys plentiful, and plenty of bass in the streams. They killed enough deer and turkeys for their wants while in the Nation, but they dared not bring any out with them, as the laws of the Nation make it a penalty by confiscation of arms, ammunition and game, also a fine, for taking game outside of the Nation. PROVO.

A Texas Game Center.

VELASCO, Tex., Nov. 23.—W. C. Bryant's melancholy days have come again, but they are not the saddest of the year with me. I always look forward to the fall of the year with pleasant anticipations, it brings to mind so many things connected with my boyhood days, such as long chains of ducks and geese passing over, hauling big ox wagons, loads of corn, gathering pecans, trapping quail and a thousand things I cannot put in writing.

I am killing ducks now, this being the best time of the year for them—they are in the marsh lakes near the Gulf by the thousands. I killed a snow-white swan yesterday which measured 7ft. from tip to tip, and a prettier fowl I have never seen.

While visiting my old friend, Frank Hawkins (the owner of 20,000 head of cattle and 50,000 acres of land under fence), in Matagorda county, a few weeks since I killed three deer and one bear. I had some David Crockett fun with the bear; I shot him at about 50yds. while crossing a road in the canebrakes with my .44 and thought I had him dead, but on going up he started for me with mouth wide open and hair turned the wrong way. I guess I shoot best when I am scared, for I hit him square between the eyes, better than I could have done had I been standing still and not excited.

Parties coming South this winter, looking for a good game and fishing country, I would advise to come to Velasco, where they have a good livery stable and hotel.

O. S.

A Wild Gander which Left his Mark.

A GENTLEMAN near this city winged a wild goose as it rose from a small pond, and has the honker minus the first joint of one wing. The bird of migratory proclivities seems contented to reside in a coop with some native geese, and takes to the new order of things without much complaint.

About thirty years ago a gander became separated from his fellows and alighted on this same small artificial pool, where it was attracted by some native geese, and allowed itself to be driven with them into an inclosure. It became tame, and gradually the native flock by pruning took on the markings and watchful, alert appearance of the Canada wild goose. G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

Nova Scotia Moose Law.

NOVA SCOTIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We tried hard to get ruffed grouse shooting prohibited for two or three years, but could not get it through. M. P. P.'s from rural districts would not "deprive the country lads from earning money by killing them for market." We will succeed in time.

The section of law prohibiting killing of cow moose was repealed, much against my wish, as well as that of many others, but the majority of reports on the subject ruled. Cows after third year generally have twins, and very few are barren, so you can see how destructive such killing is. C. W. BLISS.

Naphtha Launches and Long Island Ducks.

NEW YORK, Nov. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your last issue that the Game Protective Association meets in January. Cannot something be done at this meeting to take up the question of prohibiting shooting of sea fowl in Long Island Sound and bays adjacent, either from naphtha launches or from sail boats? Of course, the majority of these birds are not of the best quality of ducks, but the sport of shooting them is just as great, and in the last few years shooting has become worse, due to this practice. As it is now, naphtha launches are allowed to sail on the ducks when on their feeding ground, and many thousands of these birds are frightened and disturbed and only a very few are killed, whereas point shooting or shooting from duck boats with decoys few of the birds are shot at compared with those that are killed. As I understand it a law was passed last winter intended to stop the shooting from launches, but could not be enforced. Cannot this be changed at the meeting this winter? This shooting, with proper restrictions, can be made very good near New York, and it is a great pity to have it interfered with in this way. L.

A North Carolina Quail Country.

HICKORY, N. C., Nov. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Nov. 14 my father and I were at loss as to where we could have a few days' quail and rabbit shooting, and sought your estimable paper for information. We found advertised the Hickory Inn, Hickory, N. C., and without waiting for correspondence with the proprietor informed him that we would reach there Nov. 18. Since arriving we have gunned two days and obtained a bag of fifty-six quail and four rabbits, and this with the thermometer ranging in the eighties at midday, allowing us to gun only between 8 and 11 o'clock in the forenoon and between 3 o'clock and sundown in the afternoon. We used no hounds for the rabbits, these being kicked up while walking through the fields. We without difficulty can find from eight to fifteen coveys of birds every day. For lovers of quail shooting this place is a paradise.

HARRY WOOTTON.

Educational.

SOME hunters do not know that it is not good form to ask an owner of good covers, who is also a hunter, for permission to kill or scatter the game. So, instead of the usual very unpleasant "Tresspas Notic—No Huntin Here," I applied a suggestion which was and may yet be in the Philadelphia & Morristown cars about putting feet on the seats. My notice read:

"The owner of this land himself hunts and shoots. Sportsmen will and others must be courteous."

A friend who read it said that the "others" would not understand what I meant. I replied that they would inquire and find out the meaning, and so learn something. He was pleased with the idea, and put up the same, to wit:

"The owner of this land hunts and shoots himself," etc.

I think his will create more inquiry than mine.

JUNIATA.

Wild Pigeons Then and Now.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I saw an item in a newspaper recently that a wild pigeon had been shot on the easterly end of Long Island, and that it was on exhibition as a rarity, many people going to see it. I found in my scrap book the inclosed clipping, which shows how plenty they were in 1870. The item is from a paper of Sept. 14, 1870:

"Immense numbers of wild pigeons passed over Portsmouth, N. H., last week. On Wednesday forty-three flocks were counted passing over the North Mill Pond in one hour. One person in Eliott killed sixty at one shot, and several others killed during the day from 100 to 200 dozen each. Dr. G. A. Cooper, of Brooklyn, shot 200 wild pigeons in one day last week at Montauk."

I saw myself thousands of them crossing the Palisades in the neighborhood of Guttenburg, opposite New York city, in 1874. E. S.

Shooting on the Eastern Shore.

KELLER, Va., Nov. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Shooting on the eastern shore of Virginia is panning out well this autumn. Rabbit hunting is fine, the crop being abundant; twenty-five to fifty to a man is not unusual.

Quail are plenty, but under a two years' prohibitory law none are being killed.

The coast bays are swarming with ducks. Never so many before: black, broadbill, redheads; and as for brant, they fairly darken the sun. A gentleman just from Hog Island Bay to-day reported the quantity as being unprecedented, of all sorts. The mild weather, however, is operating against first-class shooting. Still, December will be good, as we may expect for that month the weather more unsettled. T. G. E.

Maryland Ducks, Quail and Rabbits.

PENNSYLVANIA, Nov 25.—Have just returned from a four days' trip to O. D. Foulk's place at Stockton, Md. When our party got there we found two gentlemen from Philadelphia, who had come down ahead of us; they were good shots and jolly fellows, and there was game enough for all. The morning we left we all walked up to the station, with a one-horse wagon full of game and baggage—geese, ducks, rabbits, quail and woodcock. Every one of us had all the game we could carry, and Mr. Strickland and his brother, who had ducked more than the rest of us, had more than two men could get along with. We had a grand time, and hope to go later on for ducks when the weather gets colder.

CHAS. H. CLARKE.

Game in Orland, Me.

WILLIAM and Foster Soper have trapped about 100 red foxes this fall, and a short time ago a large black bear got his toes into a fox trap. Of course he walked off with the trap without much trouble. He was seen with the trap on his foot, but made his escape. Mr. Branard, of East Orland, returned from Moosehead Lake with two large caribou. W. O. BLAISDELL.

Unlawful Game Shipment on Long Island.

WE reported the other day the unlawful shipment of game from East Hampton, Long Island. A resident of that town who complained of the illicit traffic to the game protector received a reply from Game Protector Selah T Clark, of Bay Shore, in which the protector says: "I cannot see anything in the law prohibiting these people from shipping game in the months of November and December." An individual who "cannot see anything" in the New York game law to forbid the shipment of quail, partridges and woodcock to market is not fit to be a game protector.

Sea and River Fishing.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XXIII.—Sergeant William Patterson.

THERE is some reason for believing that his name was William, although I do not know it. The reason is entirely from analogy; he was always known as "Bill" Patterson, and I had known other men to be called "Bill" whose real name was William. Further than this I find upon the rolls of Co. H, 25th Wisconsin Infantry, the name of William Patterson, of Potosi; and my old friend, Judge Seaton, who has kindly posted me on affairs in the village since I left it, says: "Bill Patterson went out with the 25th Wisconsin Infantry." Therefore, as I have said, there is reason for believing his name to be William. If living, he is near Portland, Ore; but letters to him have been returned to me after being opened by another William Patterson.

On that New Year eve when our surveying party returned to Potosi from northern Minnesota there was quite a little visiting done by neighbors who were anxious to learn of adventures among the Indians; and as I lived in the middle one of three cottages, all under one roof, owned by a Mr. Knight, who lived on one side, and Bill Patterson on the other, both neighbors called. Bill was then I think about thirty-three years old, I was twenty-three, and 'Old Poppy Knight," the only name that memory recalls him by, was probably sixty; but little, weazened and dried up, and "meaner 'an pusley," as farmers say. Bill was a strapping, broad-shouldered fellow who had been on the West Coast in that early day, perhaps with the "Argonauts" who went to the gold fields of California in 1849; a rough, swaggering fellow, just the opposite of Old Poppy Knight, whom he seemed to dislike in a superlative degree.

Mrs. Patterson and Miss Rowena Knight, daughter of O. P. K., were in the family circle. The conversation had been general, and I had tried to reply to three or four questions at once, when Pop asked: "Are them Injun girls good lookin'?"

"See here, Pop," said Bill, who had been where the evening had been more bibulously observed, "what does an old duffer like you want to talk about Injun girls for? I've been all through Sonora, New Mexico and the whole West Coast, and I never see a squaw that was worth a second look. I want to find out what them Injuns live on up in that cold country, where Fred says there's no game. I've ast that half a dozen times, and you don't give him a chance to answer. Now you let up for a little 'til we get at this problem of eating." Then to me: "What can they get to eat up there?"

"Mainly fish," I answered; "they dry it for winter and eat it without anything except salt, of which they are fond; but where they got salt before the white man came is a question. The Indians on the sea coast got it in their fish and oysters, and those about the interior salt springs had it to trade with other tribes; but when you look at it you will see that the dwellers in some parts must have eaten their meat without it."

"Bill says he never saw a good-looking squaw," said Pop. "Now there's lots o' half-breeds up there, and are the half-breed girls better looking than the squaws?"

"Pop," said Bill, "you had better go up there and see for yourself; this thing of beauty is a personal matter. Some o' them squaws might take a fancy to you, for they ain't got the first bit of taste. I've seen men that has married squaws, but I don't think I ever saw an ugly old squaw that would marry you. I'll be obliged if you will shut up"

Put yourself in my place! As the host, I did not fancy this sort of talk; but what could I do? Although Mr. Knight was Bill's landlord as well as mine, I knew that it would only need a word more for Bill—in violation of all rules of hospitality, in which he was not well read—to take the old man by the collar and trousers and set him outside. I turned the tide by telling of Henry Neaville's frozen feet, and we got along harmoniously until the clock said it was time for congratulations on the new year. As the good nights were said Bill whispered that we should have a deer hunt on the first day of the new year, and after the rest were gone we sat down over our pipes and arranged for it.

A couple of inches of snow fell early in the night on top of the old snow, which was about the same depth, but not hard. The new year of 1857 opened still and mild, without being bright; as perfect a day for a hunt as it was possible to have. Every rabbit that had ventured out since midnight left evidence of its wanderings, and we saw where the quail had huddled on the ground and had risen in the morning. The partridge left a broad trail until it tired of wading and took to a tree. All these things were noted as we went off to the northwest to strike the Grant River. Bill wanted to talk about "Old Poppy Knight" and I tried to keep him still. Two winters in the woods had the usual effect of making a fellow think more than he talks. We were on a ridge and were about 100ft. apart.

Bill said: "Old Pop made me mad last night, bustin' in the talk to know if squaws was good-lookin'. What 'n thunder is that to him?" and then he launched out in his rough way and "swore like our army in Flanders." There was a crackling of brush, followed by several thuds, and Bill's rifle spoke. I saw nothing; the deer had been lying down on Bill's side of the ridge listening to what Bill thought of the propriety of O. P Knight's inquiry into the physical attractions of the Ojibwa maidens, and no doubt feared that Bill's indignation might take a wrong direction, and so considered it best to leave him to settle it with Mr. Knight without being a party to the row. We went to the place where the deer jumped, but found no

blood. Going back to the ridge, about 50yds., I looked the range over and then found where the bullet had cut a twig and then raked up the snow half way to the spot where the deer jumped, no doubt when it was several rods on its journey.

"Who'd think there was a deer lyin' down in that thicket?" asked Bill. "Why, I s'posed we'd have to track 'em after we found where they'd been."

"If they're not afoot you never know when you may jump one along a ridge," said I, "for they seldom lie in the hollows, and you can look for 'em on the sheltered side of a ridge 'most anywhere. Now let Old Poppy Knight rest and keep still for a while. Your shot has been heard by every deer within three miles, and it may have put some of them afoot, but you will have to tramp before you see one. We're nearing the river now; the ridge forks here; you take the left hand one and we'll come together at the river."

After going about half a mile and seeing no track I heard Bill's shot from the western ridge, stopped and cocked my rifle. A buck came dashing down the hill and I slipped behind a tree. Great bounds he took and up the hill on my side he came, panting with the effort. Gaining the ridge, he stopped, turned to look back, and presented a full broadside view to me at not over 100ft. As I fired he leaped into the brush, but the great spurt of blood on the snow told the tale. I gave a whoop and got an answer, then called, "Come over here!" and sat down on a log. It seemed hours before Bill made the journey across the valley that the buck had made in a very few minutes, if he really consumed any time at all. We took the track and down by the river we found the deer, dead. Bill's bullet, shot on the jump, had grazed just back of the shoulder, cutting the hair and marking the skin, an excellent shot at a jumping deer, for no doubt it jumped before Bill saw it.

The buck was a fair-sized four-pronged one. We dressed it and then went to a spring, washed, and ate our luncheon, for it was far past the noon hour. As we lighted our pipes Bill remarked: "We'll divide that deer when we get up and it's about all we will want to carry home. Under the rule that the first bullet hole takes the hide it's mine, but you can have the head if you want it."

"All right, Bill, show up the hole and take the hide, that's the rule."

"Didn't I make a hole in his belly just behind the shoulder? Do you mean to say I didn't hit him?"

"There's a scratch there that a jury might decide was made by your bullet or might have been made by a pine knot when the deer stepped over a log. I don't want the hide; Charley Mallett wouldn't give over $1 for it anyway. I am sure your bullet made the mark, for there was fresh blood there and the cut was across the breast, not lengthwise, as it would have been done when the deer was on the run. Take it, I only spoke in that way because of your claiming the hide so promptly."

"Now, see here," said Bill, "I don't want that hide. I ain't no hog! All I thought of was that I didn't miss that deer slick and clean as I did the other one, and I wanted you to know it. I'll tell you what we'll do; let's give a quarter of the deer and the hide to old John Jamison, who has been sick all winter and hasn't earned a dollar; send a quarter to that widow up there on the British Hollow road, I forget her name, but her husband died before you got back from the North. Then we'll keep the rest, and if Old Poppy Knight would like a steak—no, I'll feed it to Charley Guyon's coon dog first. Say! I wouldn't let that old pelican have a smell of it. No, sir, not by a mill privilege." I put my friend's remarks in quotations, as though they were just what he said, but have taken the liberty of twisting his two last words into more refined language. His charitable proposition was carried out; we had our hunt and all the meat we needed. It's not hard to give away what you don't need, the difficulty often occurs in deciding what it is that you don't need when your neighbor is destitute and is in desperate need of things which you don't—here I get off the track and go to moralizing over what struck me as a good streak in the nature of Bill Patterson, who took good care that no one should discover that he had what he would have considered a weak spot. He would have fought me for that deer skin, but you see how it went.

February had come and Henry Neaville's feet had got over their October freeze. He drifted into my house one day on a south wind when Bill was profanely reciting his adventures in Sonora and New Mexico, and said: "There's a lot of fish in a pond hole down by the river and they're all a-crowding up to a little spring that keeps an open place and gives 'em air. There's a lot o' bass, pike, dogfish and all the other kinds, an' you can just dip 'em up by the scoop full; what do you say about going down and getting some?"

"All right!" said Bill, "we'll go in the morning. I've got a dip net that only wants a handle, and I'll put one on in the morning. Come down after breakfast and we'll go. I haven't had a fresh fish this winter and have forgotten just how they taste."

Our outfit consisted of a dip net, or a landing net of coarse mesh strung on a 14in. ring with a rake handle attached; an axe, a spear or "gig," and some mosquito netting which Henry brought. What the latter was for I had no idea, but then I had not seen the place. It was snowing a little, with hardly any wind. The pool, or pond hole, as Henry called it, might have covered two acres and had been washed out of the soft soil by the great river some time when it overflowed its banks, and in summer it was dry. A spring came in its eastern edge and kept the ice from making up to the shore. Thousands of large fish crowded to this opening for air and I never saw such a sight before nor since. There must have been many thousands of the different fishes which inhabit the Mississippi River crowded into a small space, those in the rear pushing up to the open place and forcing the others to the shore and around to the rear, as if they said: "You have had your chance to breathe, now make way for us."

I stood in amazement at the scene. Bill took the axe and cut the opening larger until the thin ice at the margin was gone and we could stand at the edge. I took the net and dipped up a few fish, trying to select my favorite crappies and small catfish.

"Let me take that net," said Bill, and he proceeded to lift the fish by the netful. The spear was of no use, it would only mar the fish and we could take all we wanted with the net.

After a while, when there was about 100lbs. of fish on the ice, I thought it time to quit, and mentioned the fact that we had all we could carry and enough for ourselves and friends. There seemed no use to kill more.

"I don't intend to stop short of a ton," said Bill. "Henry, you go back to the village and get a team from Jo Hall and a bob-sled and we'll take a load of the best of these to Dubuque, and if they take well we'll give 'em another load this week. Keep it still, or there'll be a big gang down here to take a share in the fish."

This was taking a commercial view of the fishing, and I said to Bill, after Henry had gone: "I never liked to see men rob the woods of game and the waters of fish to send to market, and I only thought to come down and get a few for our own use. It's this wholesale slaughter for market that has made the East barren of fish and game, and I've talked against it there and I don't want to engage in it here. Fur is a different thing from game, and I could trap for a living easy enough, but somehow it doesn't seem right to take advantage of those fish and market them, when if we take what we want and leave the rest to breed there will always be plenty for us."

Bill's remarks, carefully expurgated, were something like this, but contained more adjectives, for in his ordinary conversation he "swore like our army in Flanders:" "Look a-here! What ar' you chinnin' about anyhow? I've been all over Sonora, New Mexico and Californy, and fished in more rivers than you ever see, but these Mississippi bottoms are different. It's this way: In the spring and fall there's a heap o' water comes down this valley, an' it overflows all these bottom lands and the fish come up close to the bluffs to keep from being swept down in the current. When the water falls they get trapped in these holes and there they are."

"Yes, but when the spring freshet comes don't they swim out and go to their breeding grounds, and so keep the river stocked?"

"Not by," and he referred to a place where a mill might be placed. "These ponds freeze over tight and the fish die. They die in thousands of just such holes all along the river, and they have died in this hole year after year. This spring water coming in here is a new thing, it wasn't here last winter, and it may stop or cold weather may close it; I don't care whether it does or not, there's a chance to send a sleigh load of fish to Dubuque, and that's all there is of it."

I saw it was as he said. I cut into some of these pond holes later in the winter and found a stench of decaying fish. Within the past few years the U. S. Fish Commission, through the urgent requests of Col. S. P. Bartlett, of the Illinois Commission, has sent a car up the river and seined the imprisoned fish from these holes and returned them to the river; as good a work as hatching millions of fish eggs; perhaps better, for it saves the parents and allows them to breed next spring.

Henry came with the team and found us on the shore cooking fish and frying sausages for dinner. Bill thought he was as good a camp cook as I, but we differed on that point. Without discussing the question, I feel impelled to go off the track to say: Our open-air appetites, whether in the woods or on the waters, make camp cooking seem superlative. Benedick says in "Much Ado about Nothing":

> "—But doth not the appetite alter?
> A man loves the meat in his age that he cannot endure in his youth."

This leads me to say that after many years' experience in all kinds of dining, strike me if you will, it is now my mature judgment that taking a dinner in the abstract, without any of the poetical surroundings of the chase and the sentiment which hovers about game killed and cooked by yourself, a grand dinner served by a competent *chef* to gentlemen in evening dress has a charm for me that increases with age. Not that I have lost all taste for an *al fresco* feast in camp style; but there are pleasures of many kinds and they are not always comparable. I only draw the line at those messes called clam chowders, fish chowders and the nightmare provoking clam bake. These may be classed as coarse feeding, but I have had as delicious trout, venison and other game served in camp as ever tickled a tongue. Yet a service in courses, the varied products of the vineyards, the fruits and desserts—I like all good things, but the best of all is good company, whether in evening dress or flannel shirt; yet I can't admit that camp cookery excels the best hotel cookery, taking each on its merits outside of sentiment. We deceive ourselves in this: we come in hungry enough to eat a bear before his skin is off, and "hunger is the best of sauce."

You have often come into camp with a string of trout and had to clean and cook them before you could eat supper. You stuck a stick in the gills with a bit of pork in the mouth and stood them up before the fire and turned them when necessary. When you thought they were done you sat down and ate them half raw and half burned, and your hunger prompted you to say that you never ate such trout before in your life. If trout cooked in that same way were set before you in a restaurant you would reject them as unfit to eat. But the memory of a camp dinner with an appetite only six hours old, but very large for its age, has a halo around it that should properly encircle the appetite. Though not a taxidermist, I have stuffed several thousand first-class appetites, but never could preserve one.

Henry sat down and helped us out on the dinner, and told how he had thrown the villagers off the track by saying that we had killed two deer and a bear, and needed a sleigh to bring them in. A mink trotted down along the shore to the hole where he usually fished, stopped short of it, looked over at us and took the back track. Henry said: "That mink made a mistake and thought it was Friday. When he saw us eating sausage the fact that it was Thursday dawned on him, and he left for the landing and Chapman's chicken house."

We sorted the fish, throwing all gars, dogfish, redhorse and other poor kinds aside, and loaded the sleigh box with bass, pike and crappie, and my two companions started down the river on the ice for Dubuque, Ia., some dozen miles below, and after waiting a while I got a team which had brought pig lead to the landing to take up a good lot of fish and our traps to the village. Besides these things there was a bag with about a bushel of young fish of many kinds, which had been seined out of the spring by the mosquito netting which Henry had brought. None of these were over 2in. long, and I was in doubt what they were intended for until Bill said: "You spread these little fish out so that they don't heat nor freeze, and when we get back I'll have 'em cooked as the Mexicans used to cook 'em down in Sonora. I've seen lots of things out there that you fellows never dreamed of, and here I am wasting my time in these old lead mines. What's lead worth? Thirty dollars a thousand!—I mined for gold worth $20 an ounce. Say, when you get them fish to Potosi and go to dividin' 'em just lay out some o' the best for old John Jamison and the widow on the British Hollow road. We'll be back to-night or to-morrow, and if this trip pays we'll do her again. Good-bye."

The team I found at the landing was from British Hollow, and the driver gladly went over to the fishing place. I told him to pick out all the fish he wanted and put them in front so that they couldn't be given away. I had the fish assorted for the different people, and delivered them all except the last two lots. We stopped at Jamison's, and at my call a man came out to know what I wanted.

"I've a lot of fish for John that Bill Patterson has sent up to him; Bill knows John well, and here they are; I s'pose you're John, and you will remember that we sent you up some venison about the New Year."

The man took the fish and said: "John died early this morning, but his children may use them, and no doubt will be glad of them, for John left nothing, he's been an invalid so long. As a friend of the family, I thank Mr. Patterson and you—" but I had started the horses on, saying to the driver: "Get out of this quick! We can't do any good and—let the horses go."

A few rods brought us to the cabin of the widow. She came to the door in response to a knock, and I stepped in and explained my errand. Something in her manner made me lower my voice, and she began to cry. By the light of a tallow candle I saw that she was a poor, thin, careworn woman, and I fumbled the cap in my hands awkwardly, hardly knowing how to get out of the house without indecent haste. She was prematurely old, and it was doubtful if she had ever been even passably good-looking. Poverty and care were stamped in every line of her face. She might have been thirty, but looked to be twice as old. Her little girl, an only child, was very ill. Would I look at it?

I followed her to a back room and found a child of about six years lying on a bed and apparently asleep, but twitching violently. Then came a muscular spasm which doubled the little sufferer up, and I was alarmed.

"Has a doctor seen the child?"

"No, I thought she'd get over it without the expense of a doctor, for I am very poor. My husband was hurt a year ago by a fall down a shaft, and died last October. I've worked when I could get work, but have not been strong enough to do much. It's a hard world for the poor and weak, and if my little girl goes from me I want to go too."

I don't know that it did any good, but I took the girl in my arms and walked the floor with her, trying to help her unconscious struggles. When the spasm passed I laid her on the bed and went out to find some one to go for a doctor. I found a man going to Potosi on foot, and told him to send Dr. Gibson out at the earliest moment, and returned to the house. If the doctor would only come, and let me get out. The time passed so slowly. I was not fitted by nature to be either a doctor or an undertaker, and suffering which I could not relieve was a thing to be left to itself, but I could not leave it. The child had several spasms, and the night passed over a little cabin with sorrowing mother and a dying child in the arms of a rough, untrained fellow, who would help both if he only knew how to do it, but who wished himself 1,000 miles away.

It had never occurred to me that I would be missed, so busy was my mind with the misery in the cabin, and when a jangle of sleighbells stopped in front of the cabin long after midnight I mentally said: "There comes the doctor."

I was walking the floor with the child in my arms when the door opened and the doctor came in, followed by Bill Patterson, Henry Neaville, Mrs. Patterson, and a dozen other men and women.

"What had kept me so long?" "Why didn't you come home?" Bill said: "When we sold them fish in Dubuque for less than we've got to pay Jo Hall for the team, I said: 'I'll be blessed* if I ever take another load of fish to Dubuque.' If you've got them little fish all in good order we'll have 'em fried at Johnny Nicholas's restaurant to-morrow night, and I tell you they'll be fine. Hello! What's the matter?"

While he was talking to me the mother of the child dropped fainting to the floor, for she had seen the women take the child from my arms—dead! FRED MATHER.

* It's hard to recall the exact expression after the passage of nearly forty years, still it may have been "blessed" that Bill said. I can't, for the life of me, think of any other word that would fit in here.

THE RANGELEY FISH SUPPLY.

SENATOR FRYE writes to the *Rangeley Lakes* concerning the trout supply:

My attention has just been called to certain criticisms by our guides and others touching an alleged statement attributed to me, to the effect that ten years would be the end of fishing in the lakes, etc. Of course I never said anything of the kind, for my interest in that locality is too profound to permit me to decry its merits, and I know that in some of the lakes the game fish are increasing rather than diminishing, notably in Rangeley, from two causes other than propagation: first, an open pathway from Mooselucmeguntic, coupled with the temptation of its clear spring water, wonderfully alluring especially to the salmon; secondly, because the difference between high and low water is slight. So that the favorite haunts of the fish continue the same from year to year.

The only talk I ever had with anyone relative to this subject was with Miss Crosby last fall at my camp, and that conversation was confined to the effect of summer bait fishing in the Big Lake. From time to time my attention has been called to the fact that in the heat of the summer, when the trout had sought the spring holes for cool water, they were captured by deep fishing with worms and minnows, in enormous quantities, all of them killed, many wasted. That this murderous slaughter, in which, I am happy to say, no sportsman participates, has had a serious effect, I have no hesitation in affirming, and my knowledge of those waters is certainly equal to that of any other person.

This lake has some advantages: the limitless quantity of food for the trout; the great extent and comparative security of the feeding grounds; but it has also serious disadvantages: the open pathway up the stream to Oquossoc waters; no means of access whatever from the lower lakes through upper dam. It is a generous contributor, but no receiver.

The constant changes in the height of the water, making to-day a bar on which to drop the fly, and in a month water over it deep enough to float a gunboat, are a disturbing element. These things only illustrate the necessity of creative and preservative agencies if the fishing in this lake is to continue to be attractive to sportsmen.

The guides in our Rangeley Lake region are a splendid body of trusty men and I wish them well.

The hotels are as good as can be found anywhere and I hope will overflow with guests. Neither, however, for present gain, should be willing to kill "the goose with the golden egg." I have as much interest in the splendid lake country as any man living, having enjoyed a longer experience than any other. It has been for many years my paradise, my escape from worry and trouble, my only place for perfect rest and unalloyed recreation. This very fact impels me, in closing, to seriously and emphatically assert that if summer "plug fishing" in Mooselucmeguntic Lake is not prohibited by law, in time serious results will follow. WM. P. FRYE.

ANGLING NOTES.

Salmon Spawning in the Hudson.

SINCE the first salmon were planted in the Hudson River in 1882 a grand total of 3,394,911 salmon fry and 12,330 yearling salmon have been planted in the upper waters of the river. For several years after the first plant was made, and after the salmon had been to sea and returned to the river, their ascent was in a measure barred by the dam at Troy. Then fishways were built at Troy, Mechanicsville and Thompson's Mills; and one season, when the dam was taken out at Fort Edward to be replaced by a new one, the salmon moved upstream as far as Baker's Falls, at Sandy Hill, the point to which the shad ran before there were dams in the river. During all the fifteen years that salmon have been planted in the Hudson nothing has been positively known about their spawning in the river. That they got through the Mechanicsville fishway and wandered into the Hoosick River was known; it was also known that they were evidently forced to spawn in the main river below Mechanicsville before the fishway was built, for salmon smolts were taken in bait nets above Troy, and once a large number of yearling salmon were found dead in the river between Troy and Mechanicsville. That was the only evidence forthcoming during the fifteen years that the salmon had spawned in the river or its tributaries. It was well known that they could not get up to their natural spawning grounds above the mills and factories where the fry and yearlings were planted, for the dams and natural falls without fishways checked their ascent, and it was equally well known that they must have spawned somewhere, for they returned to the river each season from the sea, but where did they spawn?

The shad fishermen who knew of this salmon in the river, for some of them caught salmon in their nets, told of spawning beds here and there, but when the story of a salmon spawning bed was investigated it proved to be without foundation in fact. Last summer I heard a very straight story of a large number of salmon being seen on a spawning bed in the main river the previous fall, but the location did not seem to me to be right for the purpose. It is true that the fish might not have a choice when the time came to deposit their eggs, and they would make a bed in what would ordinarily be considered a most unlikely place; so all the reports were investigated and nothing came of them until Mr. W. H. Hart, agent of the New York Central & Hudson River R. R., with whom I had talked on the subject during the summer, wrote me that he had heard of salmon being seen in a creek some distance below Catskill. That was what I wished to hear, "salmon in a creek," and I began to think I might be on the right track. Armed with a letter from Mr. Hart to a resident merchant near the creek, I made a visit to the place and met the merchant. He never had heard of salmon in the creek or in the river either, but referred me to a fisherman at the mouth of the creek. Had he gone with me to vouch for me that I was not an officer of the law with a warrant for fishermen who had been netting salmon contrary to law, it would have saved me some time. The fisherman knew nothing of salmon in the river or the creek, had never heard of or seen one, and furthermore he would not be likely to take salmon in his nets, for he did not use the kind of nets that would take salmon. It was an hour before the man would admit that salmon had been taken in some other man's nets, and some big salmon had been seen up the creek and one had been speared with a pitchfork. That was the only salmon I knew positively about before I went there, and if some boys had not speared that salmon with a pitchfork I might not have known of the fish in the creek for another year or longer.

It was a good day for a walk up the creek among the hills—and a fine creek it was too, of clear, cold water, with gravel bottom, such as salmon would delight in if they should happen to find it in their search for spawning beds. I had been referred to a man living a couple of miles up the stream who is an all-round sportsman, and when I reached his house found him at home. At first he was not inclined to be very communicative upon the subject of salmon, and I assumed that he was not quite sure that I was the man I represented myself to be, and of whose coming he had received notice. Finally the ice was broken, I established my identity, and the information I sought began to flow. Without knowing positively that such is the case, I imagine that quite a number of salmon have been killed in the creek contrary to law during the past four years, as it is admitted in a general way that a few have been. The people killed them as a novel fish and then found out that they were protected by law, with a heavy penalty for taking them other than with hook and line, and they kept very quiet about the fish being in the creek, but ceased to break the law for fear of the consequences. The first thing to establish was that the fish seen were actually salmon and not something else. My informant first saw a captured fish, which he described so accurately that it could be nothing but a salmon. This he judged to be a stray fish, but one evening in June he saw salmon jumping in a pool in the creek, and thereafter watched the pool.

When he saw them first, in June, they were bright and silvery, but as weeks passed they grew dark in color and some had ugly-looking heads and jaws. Sometimes twenty-five or thirty could be seen in one pool, and at other times more, depending upon the light and the water. They could be seen up to September, but he did not visit the pool from September to November, and then he saw no fish; but the gravel in the rapids above the pool had been torn up, and there were ridges in the gravel across the current which he "could not account for." There were probably fifty or more fish in the pool, weighing from 10lbs. to perhaps 30 or more pounds each. The fish had been there four years in succession. Formerly there was a pulp mill at the stream, but it had burned down, and soon after the salmon were first seen. Since that time he heard of the salmon further up the creek, as there was a break in the dam where the pulp mill had been.

The only break he made from beginning to end was when he asked me what gave the salmon such red-colored flesh, and I answered him without asking how he found out that they had red flesh.

When he showed me where "something had disturbed the gravel above the pool and made ridges in it across the current," I walked back down the valley to the railroad well satisfied, promising to come again on another occasion.

The Pike as a Poacher.

Mr. Frederic M. Halford, author of "Floating Flies and How to Dress Them," and other works valuable to the angler, has written a book recently upon "Making a Fishery," which I will have more to say about at another time, but now will refer only to one paragraph in it. Making a fishery is not building a fish hatchery, but relates to the care of a river or portion of a river, or to a pond, to produce the best fishing. To make a fishery requires considerable thought and an expenditure of time and money, as Mr. Halford shows conclusively, although we in America are inclined to take for granted that if fish are planted in the water nature will do the rest. The destructiveness of pike, which we commonly call pickerel, is a fruitful topic in a general way, but Mr. Halford has given some figures on this subject which are of interest because they are not speculative. He says: "It may possibly be imagined that the various estimates of a pike's capacity have been exaggerated, and I would therefore give the following examples of the undigested contents of pikes' stomachs as revealed by autopsy: On the 18th of April, 1893, wired a pike 9in. long; found tail of a partially digested trout quite 4in. long protruding from its jaws. On the 27th of September, 1893, a pike 7½lbs. was taken in the nets; the contents of its stomach were as follows: Two small pike about 9in. long, nine lamperns, five bullheads, and a trout about 1½lbs., with only head partially digested and tail protruding from its mouth. March 26, 1894, a pike 11in. long, wired in a hatch hole, had three lamperns, two bullheads and two yearly trout in its stomach. On Oct. 3, 1894, a pike 2½lbs., taken in net with tail of trout quite ¾lb. in its mouth. The trout was scarcely dead when taken from the pike's jaws. Take these four examples, multiply them by the thousands of pike in a neglected trout stream, consider the rapid rate at which they increase, and no further argument can be needed to demonstrate the paramount necessity of declaring war to the knife against *Esox lucius*."

In New York State we are not troubled to any great extent with pike in trout streams, but pike have made their way into trout ponds and lakes where nature never intended they should find habitat, and where they can be kept down only by vigorous warfare waged against them. A neighboring State is not so fortunate, so the Fish Commissioners of the State told me recently, for many of their streams, trout streams, are infested with small pike. One of the Commissioners wrote me about a plant of trout. He was on the train with the shipment of trout when it arrived at its destination and concluded to go and see where the fish were going to be planted. He found that the messenger had been directed to plant the fish in a pool that was full of "pickerel," and he would not allow the trout to be planted there. In one lake in this State there are lake trout in abundance, and also pike, but during an investigation extending over a number of years I have found but one case where pike were caught with lake trout in their stomachs. On the other hand, one lake trout was caught in another lake with eleven young pike in its stomach. A. N. CHENEY.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

REPORT YOUR LUCK
With Rod or Gun
To FOREST AND STREAM,
New York City.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES

BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 8 to 11.—Augusta, Ga.—Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association. J. W. Killingsworth, Sec'y.

Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

1897.

Feb. 2 to 5.—New England Kennel Club's annual show, Boston.

FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y, Huntsville, Ala.

1897.

Jan. 11.—Tupela, Miss.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Jan. 18.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

Nov. 8.—Carlisle, Ind.—Union Field Trials Club second annual trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

METROPOLITAN KENNEL CLUB'S SHOW

THE Metropolitan Kennel Club's experience at its show, held in Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 24–27, has been such that the club has decided to make this an annual affair. At first—that is, on the first day of the show—the attendance was very light, and it began to look as if Brooklyn people didn't care much about dogs, and as if nobody wanted to go to Brooklyn even if they were likely to find a few good dogs at the end of the trip. On Wednesday the accounts of the show in that morning's papers had evidently aroused people to a sense of what was going on; from Wednesday evening until the close of the show the attendance proved so thoroughly satisfactory that, as stated above, the Metropolitan Kennel Club will hold a show annually in Brooklyn.

The place chosen for the exhibition of dogs was the old Thirteenth Regiment armory, corner of Hanson place and Flatbush avenue. Beyond the fact that the light was poor, particularly on those parts of the floor outside the circle of light thrown from the skylights in the roof, the selection of the place for holding the show was a good one. Of course the appointments did not compare with those at Madison Square; there was something dilapidated and forlorn-looking about the hall where once one of the crack regiments in New York State paraded and maneuvered. The show ring was ample, and being immediately under the skylight the light was excellent. The dogs were benched and all arrangements made for that purpose by Spratts. The aisles between the benches were wide enough to permit of free passage, except where some more favored dog attracted more than its share of attention.

The class of dogs was unquestionably high, while the entry list reached somewhere in the neighborhood of 700. The winners in the different classes, in the vast majority of cases, came to Brooklyn with reputations already made on other benches; but many of the judges expressed their opinion that the quality of the "young blood" was rather more than up to the average.

The judges in the sporting classes were: Pointers, Mr. Charles Heath; American foxhounds and beagles, Mr. Herman F. Schellhass; English foxhounds, English, Irish and Gordon setters, Mr. John Brett; spaniels, Mr. A. Clinton Wilmerding; greyhounds, Mr. H. W. Huntington. The other classes were placed in charge of gentlemen equally capable of settling the questions as to who should have the blue ribbon and who should wear the red. The awards were as follows:

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Warwick Kennels' Albert Ranger.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. L. McK. Garrison's Freckled Monk; 2d, D. J. Peters's Robin Goch; 3d, Oak Grove Kennels' Count Dick. Reserve, H. Pape, Jr.'s, Critic. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, D. J. Peters's Robin's Juno and Robin Cora; 2d, Oak Grove Kennels' Monk's Nun. Reserve, J. Dumas's Nellie Noble Gladstone.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' champion Kildare. Reserve, J. M. Bullock's Pride of Patsy. *Bitches:* 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Queen Vic. Reserve, J. B. Blossom's Delphine.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Woodbury Kennels' Rockwood; 2d and 3d, J. B. Blossom's Bronx II and Londonderry. Reserve, E. J. Whitlock's Mayor Wurster. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Oak Grove Kennels' Duchess and Kildare Doris; 3d, J. B. Blossom's Rosevelt.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Miss S. A. Nickerson's Count Noble. Reserve, O. Schafer's Wang Ivanhoe. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Graham's Lady Gordon. Reserve, J. B. Blossom's Heather Bee.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, J. B. Blossom's Heather Bruce and Doc; 3d, J. Meyer's Sport. Reserve, B. F. Lewis's Dick. *Bitches:* 1st and reserve, J. B. Blossom's Venus and Sally Beaumont; 2d, E. H. Morris's Glenmount; 3d, Miss A. Lewis's Leola.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, G. W. Lovell"s Shotaway; 2d, Westminster Kennel Club's Sandford Druid.—OPEN—*Dogs* (55lbs. and over): 1st, L. A. Van Zandt's Hanck's Lad; 2d, F. A. Hodgman's Ridgeview Regent; 3d, J. C. Bergen's Princess Lad. Reserve, Dr. H. B. Anderson's Master Rush. *Bitches* (50lbs. and over): 1st, G. Ferguson's Beggie; 2d, F. A. Hodgman's Daisy Bell; 3d and reserve, L. C. Smith's Lady Reveller and Guelph. *Dogs* (under 55lbs): 1st, G. S. Mott's Sir George; 2d, A. M. Harper's Jack Kent; 3d, G. Muss-Arnolt's Bracken Bob. Reserve, B. F. Lewis, Jr.'s, Captain. *Bitches* (under 50lbs.): 1st, Mrs. R. K. Armstrong's Brighton Flossie; 2d, R. A. Fairbairn's Lass o' Yoka; 3d, G. S. Mott's Belle of East Chester. Reserve, G. W. Lovell's Cyrene.

SPANIELS.—USED FOR FIELD PURPOSES—CHALLENGE (over 28lbs.)—1st, Dr. J. S. Bradbury's Drayton Warwick.—IRISH WATER—OPEN—1st, B. F. Lewis's Doctor.—CLUMBER—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, H. Jarrett's Major Gilfeather and MacGregor. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, H. Jarrett's Glenwood Greeting and Susie.—FIELD—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d and 3d, Miss Anabel Green's Wardleworth Sweep, Fashion and Darkest Africa. Reserve, R. P. Keasby's Black Knight. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, Miss Anabel Green's Zulu and Meg; 2d, J. Ogden's Princess Bolus. Reserve, Toon & Thomas's Endecliffe Myrtle.

COCKERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Goldie S. *Bitches:* 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Gabrielle.—OPEN—BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Josephus; 2d, J. B. Riggs's Jake W.; 3d, F. Croker's Terry; reserve, Mrs. F. F. Dole's Rosedale Royal. *Bitches:* 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Dart; 2d, G. Greer's Woodland Belle; 3d, C. & D. Priest's Trilby II; reserve, Mepal Kennels' Mepal Beetle.—OTHER THAN BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, G. Greer's Brookside King; 2d, W. T. Payne's Tansy; 3d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Derby S; reserve, T. McK. Robertson's Robertson Rufus. *Bitches:* 1st, T. McK. Robertson's Red Dolly; 2d, W. T. Payne's Tansy; 3d, Mrs. F. F. Dole's Edgewood Beauty; reserve, G. Greer's Brookside Queen.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Woodhaven Kennels' champion Spinaway; 2d, Toon & Thomas's Southern Belle. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Woodhaven Kennels' Woodhaven Surprise; 2d, Weeks & Turner's Springhill Electris; 3d, Penn Square Kennels' Shamrock. *Bitches:* 1st, Woodhaven Kennels' Dolly Dollar; 2d, Miss Ada L. Seeley's Grace; 3d, Woodhaven Kennels' Princetonia; reserve, Woodbury Kennels' Belle. *Puppies:* 1st, 2d and 3d, Charles M. Higgins's Viva, Leo and Vega.

ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS.—OPEN—1st, B. F. Lewis, Jr.'s, Friendly.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.—1st, B. F. Lewis, Jr.'s, Commodore.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—1st, J. Lewis's Raffler. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Hempstead Florist; 2d, Hempstead Furrier; 3d, Hempstead Truman; reserve, Protection Kennels' Laick's Boy. *Bitches:* 1st, G. Laick's Gypsy; 2d, W. E. Deane's Lady Glenwood; 3d, Hempstead Purity.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Messrs. C. Tucker and J. M. Avent made a match at Newton, N.C., for $100 a side, Count Gloster against Peconic, the race to be run at Newton; but as fifteen days were allowed from the time the match was made to determine whether the dogs would be in fit condition, all the conditions are favorable for a no race.

Mr. C. E. Buckle sold Daisy Croft (Antonio—Daisy F.) to Mr. H. T. Payne. He also purchased Gleam's Ruth, and will take both bitches with him to California on his return.

Tony Boy, running in the Subscription Stake of the Eastern Field Trials, is by Antonio out of Laundress.

Mr. Mortimer writes of the loss of Hope Noble: "Miss Nickerson's Gordon setter Hope Noble, which made his escape from the Brooklyn Dog Show on the morning of Tuesday last, has not been recovered. The dog got away by the breaking of his collar and therefore had no collar or stall number on when he escaped, but he had on a black cloth cover, trimmed with black braid. Any information which will lead to his recovery will be thankfully received by me. JAS. MORTIMER, Hempstead, L. I."

U. S. F. T. CLUB'S TRIALS.

THE field trials of the United States Field Trials Club egan on Nov. 23, following the trials of the Eastern ub, and they were run on the same grounds. A second week on the same grounds adds greatly to the difficulties the competition, the birds being much wilder, more difficult to find, and the dogs which run in the first week have an advantage over those they run against in the second week, since they learn the grounds and haunts of the birds.

The judges were Mr. W. S. Bell, Pittsburg, and Capt. Joseph H. Dew, Nashville, Tenn. Mr. S. C. Bradley, Greenfield Hill, Conn., was the third judge in the Derby; and Mr. H. T. Payne, editor of *Field Sports*, San Francisco, was the third judge in the All-Age Stake. There were but few visitors following the trials.

Nothing has proved of more constant annoyance to judges, and more hampering to the competitors, than the obstructive time limit imposed by this club on the heats in both the first and second series of the Derby and All-Age stakes: thirty minutes in the first series and forty-five in the second series of the Derby; thirty minutes in the first series and one hour in the second series of the All-Age Stake. There was the same old useless running recurring frequently to meet the requirements of a stupid rule, for it is stupid as it applies to a competition, and in purpose is but a sop to absent owners; an implication that dogs get a thorough trial—as if the test was a matter of time rather than a matter of performance. But it defeats the very essence of fairness, since it forces the judges to run a dog three-quarters of an hour or an hour, whether the running be in the hot midday hours or the cool hours of morning or evening, or a late heat carried into the night, as they were forced to do once; and often, when there is a palpable inferiority of one dog or superiority of another, or a poor brace, the judges merely run the dogs here and there to kill time, so that from any point of view it is fallacious. So much time is consumed by dogs which have no chance to win that the judges needs must trim the second series down to the smallest possible number, thereby cutting off some dogs which might have another opportunity to mend what seemed to be hard luck in a first heat. In short, by attempting to substitute crude theories for intelligent action, the rules waste a lot of time, make the competition much narrower, destroy equality of conditions, since the judges cannot intelligently offset the work of the midday hours against the work of the evening hours, and besides it gives some braces too long an opportunity in the best hours and others too long in the worst, so that there is no equity in the allotment. One hour at midday is much more trying than two hours in the morning and evening. If the judges were left free to act, they would have time to give all the dogs a more thorough trial, would establish a better equity, would come more rapidly and accurately to the best dogs, and their trained intelligence would be far better to rely upon than the theoretical formulas which make judges come to correct conclusions by rule.

The Setter Derby.

The quality of the competition, save the performance of three or four dogs, was decidedly inferior. Several of the dogs, which had made a good competition in the Eastern trials, appeared to be out of form in these, and made a low grade of competition.

Pinmoney won first and ran in improved form, ranging wide and fast, and her finding was excellent. Her pointing, though showing some lack of finish, was of a high order, and her work generally denoted admirable natural ability. She worked nicely to the gun.

Count Gloster, second, was sound in his point work, exhibited good judgment in ranging and pointing, though his range was but middling as a whole.

Tory Rustic, winner of third, ran an ordinary race, and was inferior to Hurstbourne Zip, though the latter was running badly out of form. His knowledge of work was better, and he showed far more bird sense.

This stake was for setters whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1895. First, $250; second, $150; third, $100; $10 first forfeit, $10 second, $10 to start.

They ran in the following order:

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' b. b. bitch Pinmoney (Count Gladstone IV.—Daisy Croft), C. E. Buckle, handler, with P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. bitch Luta L. (Eugene T.—Beryl), C. Tucker, handler.

Avent & Thayer's b., w. and t. dog Peconic (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Phryne), J. M. Avent, handler, with S. L. James's b., w. and t. dog Tartar (Count Gladstone IV.—Sylph), J. H. Johnson, handler.

S. P. Jones's b, w. and t. dog Hurstbourne Zip (Tony Boy—Dimple), D. E. Rose, handler, with F. R. Hitchcock's b., w. and t. dog Tory Rustic (Count Gladstone IV.—Rhoda Rod), J. M. Avent, handler.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. dog Count Gloster (Eugene T.—Gloster's Girl), C. Tucker, handler, with P. M. Essig's b., w. and t. bitch Saragossa Belle (Gleam's Pink—Maud E.), J. H. Johnson, handler.

H. Ames's b., w. and t. bitch Christina (Blue Ridge Mark—Lou R.), D. E. Rose, handler, with Theodore Goodman's b., w. and t. dog Albert Lang (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady), J. H. Johnson, handler.

Monday.

The weather was cloudy and raw, with a moderate east wind. The work of the day was inferior to what it should have been considering the opportunities. The low grade of the competition resulted in less finding and less point work.

First Round.

PINMONEY AND LUTA L. were cast off at 8:30. The former soon found and pointed a bevy nicely. Pin made two points on singles and one flush. In a cornfield she next pointed a bevy, and in the pine woods she made two points on singles. Luta made one, also refused to back. Up at 9:16.

PECONIC AND TARTAR began at 9:36. The range of Tartar was moderate. Peconic pointed, then roaded to a point on a bevy. Tartar refused to back. Down 53 minutes. Peconic was disobedient and difficult to hold to the course.

HURSTBOURNE ZIP AND TORY RUSTIC were cast off at 10:32, and ran till 11:50. As the heat progressed it was plain that the former was running in bad form, far under that displayed the week previous. Both made game. Zip pointed, at the same time Tory roaded to a point; nothing found. On some marked birds, Zip pointed at the same time the bird flushed, after which he flushed twice. Zip pointed; nothing found. Sent on, Zip pointed a bevy, and Tory, swinging in ahead without seen Zip, pointed the same bevy.

This heat ended the forenoon's work, and a few minutes were devoted to lunch.

COUNT GLOSTER AND SARAGOSSA BELLE were started at 12:28. Count stopped to a flush, the bird going but a few feet, then made a point on the bevy. Sent on, he next pointed a bevy by the side of a ditch, and on the scattered birds he made four points, and, being pressed forward too hard, he flushed one. He made two other flushes. Belle flushed a single. She ranged well, but showed inexperience on birds. Count ran quite a good heat.

CHRISTINA AND ALBERT LANG started at 1:18. Christina in weed field pointed bevy, and afterward pointed the single birds. Albert pointed a bevy by the edge of a ditch in a cornfield, Christina backed; Albert moved forward to locate the birds better or to get closer to them; Christina shot forward, and between them the bevy was flushed. Christina flushed a single. Up at 2. Albert showed lack of finish. Christina ran a moderately good heat.

Second Round.

Four were kept in, and two more dogs were called for later, the competition for the third place being weak and unsatisfactory. Peconic had shown poor merit in his first heat, and he showed less in his second, being disposed to self-hunt and was very disobedient, and hardly deserved a second trial.

HURSTBOURNE ZIP AND PECONIC started at 2:32. On some marked birds Zip made four points in woods on dry leaves, marking his points by drawing on a step or two. Peconic pointed a single. Zip pointed a bevy in weeds, and held point stanchly some time. Peconic was unmanageable, ignored voice and whistle, and bolted several times. Zip made a hesitating point on a single, and a good point on another. Up at 3:18. Zip slowed down a good deal during the heat.

PINMONEY AND COUNT GLOSTER were cast off at 3:29. Pinmoney backed Count's point in open; nothing found. In open weeds Pinmoney pointed a bevy; Count, about 30yds. behind, pointed footscent of the same bevy. Count made two points on singles, and each made a barren point. Up at 4:15.

TORY RUSTIC AND CHRISTINA began at 4:35. Down 46 minutes. Christina stopped to a flush on a single, then pointed the bevy. Tory pointed a bevy in corn, and then a single. Tory found and pointed another bevy, on part of which Christina got a point. Christina made two points on singles, and one at the same moment that the bird flushed.

The Pointer Derby.

The prizes in this stake were the same as those of the Setter Derby.

The competition was weak and the performance poor, the winners not carrying away the honors by meritorious performance. Their work was something less bad than was that of the losers. The judges seemed to be feeling their way helplessly after the first series, and did not succeed in determining anything very definite after much trying of dogs braced up in many ways. On Tuesday night or Wednesday morning, after the first heat, it could have been decided more accurately than at any other time.

Tick's Kid, the winner of first, made an ordinary competition, save a few brief periods on birds. He loafed some of the time, worked fairly well at other times, and at all times that he ran he had the choicest parts of the two days, morning and evening. His work in the first series was hardly sufficient to warrant taking him further, and though he won it was in very weak competition and on very weak work.

Young Rip Rap, second, was much the better ranger, but marred his work by flushing wilfully. He also showed good pointing capabilities. Still he seemed to loaf at times, or at least he did not maintain his range.

Redskin and Ripple divided third, the former running the stronger race up to Tuesday night and seemed to be the winner. Ripple made but an ordinary showing.

The judges did not observe an equity in running the dogs in the cool and warm hours, alternating such with the series, as Tick's Kid's four heats were all in morning and evening, while all the others had to show their capabilities in a hot sun.

The dogs were run in the following order and numbered:

Del Monte Kennels' b. and w. dog Tick's Kid (Tick Boy—Lula K.), C. Barker, handler, with C. I. Shoup's l. and w. bitch Aloysia (Rip Rap—Dolly D.), George E. Gray, handler.

H. S. Smith's l. and w. bitch Ripple (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot), J. H. Johnson, handler, with F. W. O'Byrne's b. and w. dog Moerlein (Rip Rap—Belle of Ossian), N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

F. W. O'Byrne's l. and w. dog Redskin (Love's Kent—Fritz's Fan), N. B. Nesbitt, handler, with Del Monte Kennels' Tony Works (Tick Boy—Lulu K.), C. Barker, handler.

W. J. Love's l. and w. bitch La Dolle (Love's Kent—Fritz's Fan), N. B. Nesbitt, handler, with Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' l. and w. bitch Rupee (Delhi—Selah), C. E. Buckle, handler.

George E. Gray's (agent) b., w. and t. dog Young Rip Rap (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot), G. E. Gray, handler, with T. T. Ashford's liv. and w. bitch Elgene (Kent Elgin—Julia Paine), J. M. Avent, handler.

J. S. Crane's l. and w. bitch Firefly (Rip Rap—Clipaway II.), G. E. Gray, handler, a bye.

Tuesday.

A cloudy morning soon changed to a clear, warm day—too warm for good work, and decidedly unfavorable to the weak competition made by the dogs in the stake. It classed less than ordinary, and there was not a single display of good finding or sharp, sustained pointing during the day. The number of birds found was relatively small, as was to be expected from narrow, haphazard searching or low class work in general. It rated in the class of work very much below the setter Derby.

First Round.

TICK'S KID AND ALOYSIA started at 8:41. Down 43 minutes. Both showed poor range and made a commonplace performance. Kid flushed an outlying bird of a bevy, then pointed the bevy. Aloysia flushed and caught a single. Kid pointed; nothing found. Aloysia made two points on singles in woods. Poor rangers both, and work commonplace.

RIPPLE AND MOERLEIN ran from 9:34 to 10:26. Ripple stopped to a flush of a single, then pointed the bevy, and afterward made two points on scattered birds. Moerlein made a point on a bevy, the find being more by accident, as at the time he was not ranging, and pottered a great deal. Neither dog showed any judgment in beating out the ground.

REDSKIN AND TONY WORKS began at 10:39. Down 41 minutes. Tony made a sloppy exhibition throughout, both in ranging and on birds. Redskin wheeled to a good point on a single. His range was but moderate.

LA DOLLE AND RUPEE ran 48 minutes, beginning at 11:37. Dolly pointed a single, then moved forward and flushed it, and was unsteady. Rupee ranged fairly well.

A short intermission was taken for lunch.

YOUNG RIP RAP AND ELGENE started at 1:13. Rip pointed a bevy, Elgene refused to back, ran in, both flushed the bevy and chased, Rip stopping soon to order. Elgene was near a bevy which flushed in woods. Rip pointed a single, then drew on and flushed it. Neither worked independently, and both were going narrow at the close of the heat. Rip showed experience; Elgene showed but little training. Down 55 minutes.

FIREFLY, the bye, ran 34 minutes without finding. She had a moderately fair range, but pottered frequently.

Second Round.

REDSKIN AND RUPEE began at 3:18. Some ragged point work was done on birds. Rupee roaded to a flush on a single and the rest of the bevy flushed wild. On some scattered birds, Redskin made two points at the same time the birds flushed and made another good point on scattered birds. Rupee pointed a single nicely and flushed once. Redskin was the better ranger, though both were loafing toward the end of the heat. Up at 4. The work was far from equaling the opportunities.

YOUNG RIP RAP AND LA DOLLE ran 59 minutes without finding. Range poor.

TICK'S KID AND RIPPLE started at 5:12, and as the rules arbitrarily required that the judges run the dogs 5 minutes in the second series of the Derby they ran till after dark. Kid made a sloppy point on a bevy. Ripple pointed a single at the edge of ditch in switch cane; was uncertain and moved on, came back and pointed it nicely. Sent on, Tick pointed a bevy. On the scattered birds, Tick pointed twice and flushed once. Ripple made three points on singles, but marred her work by not holding her point steadily, sometimes moving up closer than was desirable. This brace ran under far more favorable conditions than did the dogs which ran in the earlier hours.

Wednesday.

The weather was clear, calm and sultry, more like a day of the summer time than of the late fall. The continuation of the Pointer Derby was noticable for its distinctly inferior work, and the scarcity of it.

TICK'S KID AND REDSKIN began at 8:27, Tick being in the middle of good luck, having run in the early morning and late evening the previous day, with similar good luck on this day. Tick pointed a bevy and Redskin backed reluctantly to order. On the singles, Tick nicely pointed two, Redskin one. On a marked bevy, Tick made three points on singles. Up at 9:06. Both loafed at the start, but after birds were found they were much more industrious, Tick the better.

RIPPLE AND YOUNG RIP RAP started at 9:21. Rap pointed a bevy, Ripple stopping to order in poor imitation of a back. Rap in pines pointed a single. Ripple pointed a single, was not stanch, pressed forward; Rap backed or pointed at same time. Rap flushed and chased a bevy. Up at 10:32. Ripple ranged close. Rap took long casts at times, but his range was mostly moderate.

REDSKIN AND YOUNG RIP RAP ran 20 minutes without finding.

The pointers were next permitted to rest while the first series of the All-Age Setter Stake was running.

TICK'S KID AND YOUNG RIP RAP were cast off at 4:31. Down 39 minutes. Tick was again fortunate in having the best hour of the day, and in the two days' competition he did not have a single moment in the really hot hours of the two days. Kid pointed a bevy, Rap working about on footscent. On the scattered birds some sloppy work was done.

The All-Age Setter Stake.

This stake was for setters which had never won the Champion stake, or more than one first prize in an All-Age stake in any public field trial in the United States. There were eight starters, run as follows:

H. R. Edwards's liv. and w. dog Harvard (Dan Burges—Gay), G. E. Gray, handler, with Fox & Blyth's b., w. and t. dog Tony's Gale (Antonio—Nellie G.), J. H. Johnson, handler.

W. H. Beazell's b., w. and t. dog Harold Skimpole (Whyte B.—Nettie Bevan), G. E. Gray, handler, with Del Monte Kennels' b., w. and t. dog Sam T. (Luke Roy—Betty B.), C. Barker, handler.

H. R Edwards's b., w. and t. dog Harwick (Topsy's Rod—Opal), Geo. E Gray, handler, with E A. Burdett's dog Cincinnatus Pride (Cincinnatus—Albert's Nellie), Frank Richards, handler.

H. B. Ledbetter's b., w. and t. dog Marie's Sport (Gleam's Sport—Marie Avent), Geo. E. Gray, handler, with N. T. Harris's b., w. and t. dog Tony Boy (Antonio—Laundress), D. E. Rose, handler.

In this stake Mr. H. T. Payne, of *Field Sports*, as judge, took the place of Mr. S. C. Bradley, who only accepted the office of judge during the running of the Derby.

Marie's Sport, winner of first, made a competition of extraordinary merit, his range being planned with rare judgment, and he beat out the full scope of ground that good work to the gun would permit. He was observant of the gun, and was obedient. His locating and point work were noticeable for quickness, precision and stanchness, all easily accomplished from ability and perfect schooling. He was industrious every moment of his time. His performance was that of one of the great dogs of America.

Tony Boy, second, also ran a great race, and was a very close second, Sport's advantage over him being in his masterly bird work, and it is safe to say that if each ran in his best form it would be as it might happen

which one beat the other. Tony Boy's range was excellent and well planned throughout.

Harold Skimpole ran but a fair race in his first heat, his point work being light; but his last heat was high class, and he was an excellent third. His speed and range were excellent, and he mended in his bird work, a part in which heretofore he has been remiss.

Cincinnatus Pride ran a good sound heat, and I thought it of sufficient merit to take him into the second series, he running a very even heat with Harwick, and a better one on birds than Harold Skimpole; and as there was a bye he could have been taken in without any inconvenience whatever. In fact, when it came to the time to run the bye dog, a dog outside the stake was taken in for a running mate for him, which, considering all the circumstances of Pride's good run, a bye dog and the need of another dog to make a brace, was unskillful management of the running.

First Round.

HARVARD AND TONY GALE began at 11:25. Both made game some distance apart and pointed; nothing found. Tony pointed and roaded alternately; at last he flushed two or three outlying birds of a bevy, then pointed the rest of it. Gale pointed a rabbit, presumably as his handler shot at it. Each made a point; nothing found. On scattered birds of a bevy flushed by horsemen Tony pointed one; Harvard backed. Up at 12:35 Both dogs ranged wide, but they made a poor showing in respect to bird work.

HAROLD SKIMPOLE AND SAM T. were cast off at 1:32. Sam pointed nicely a bevy in the open. While searching for the scattered birds in woods each pointed; nothing found. Next Sam pointed a single in woods. Turned into the open, Sam pointed and Harold refused to back. Sent on, in about 20yds. Harold pointed and one of the judges flushed the bevy. Sam about the same time stopped to a flush on two or three birds. Both were fast rangers, though neither beat out the ground to the best advantage. Sam made the better showing in finding and pointing. Up at 2:21.

HARWICK AND CINCINNATUS PRIDE began at 2:26. Pride pointed a bevy nicely in open weeds. On the scattered birds in open sedge Pride made one point, Harwick two; both notable in their pointing for good judgment and accuracy. Sent on, Harwick pointed and moved on, roading into the weeds in the open field. Pride pointed a single near where Harwick had pointed; a moment afterward Harwick pointed twice on singles and soon Pride added one more. Up at 3:08. Both ranged well at good speed, showed good judgment in ranging and pointing, and made a commendable showing.

MARIE'S SPORT AND TONY BOY started at 3:19, and it was soon apparent that they were showing a higher class performance than any other dogs in the stake. They ranged wide and fast and still worked well to the gun. Sport a bit the better in the excellent work. Sport was first to find and point a bevy. No work was done on the scattered birds, though they were sought. Tony, standing in a cottonfield, pointed a bevy of which he did not have the wind accurately, the birds being behind him. On the birds in woods Tony pointed twice and Sport flushed a single. Sent on, Sport found and pointed a bevy and Tony backed to caution. On the scattered birds Sport made a good point on one and Tony backed. Up at 4:11. It was an excellent race, well contested from start to finish in high class form, Sport's work throughout being a shade the better.

The final heat in the Pointer Derby was run next, and the day's work was ended.

Thursday.

The forenoon was warm, calm and showery, the dogs appearing to do their work with greater ease and precision under the improved conditions. The afternoon was warm, but clearer. The work of the day was good, that done by the setters being of an excellent class. Owing to rain a late start was made.

TONY BOY AND HAROLD SKIMPOLE began at 9:53. The conditions apparently suited Harold, for he ran a most excellent heat, holding his own well in the hard competition. He by diligent and skillful work found and pointed a bevy, and a moment afterward Tony swung in and pointed independently on the same bevy. On the scattered birds each made three good points on separate singles. Sent on, each ranged and searched well, each finding and pointing a separate bevy, and next Tony pointed a single bird. Up at 10:54. The heat was very evenly contested, but Tony's superior showing on the previous day made his standing the higher of the two. Each showed excellent range and diligent seeking, and their point work was skillful and neat.

MARIE'S SPORT AND SAM T. began at 11:22 in the warm, drizzling rain which fell intermittently all the morning. It was soon plain that Sport was outclassing Sam in every detail of the competition save the one of speed, and as to speed Sam was applying his with poor judgment, he having no consecutive plans for more than a minute or two, while Sport's heat throughout was intelligently planned and executed. Sport pointed a bevy in pines and Sam backed, and each pointed single birds well, Sam pointing his on one side of the fence while the bird was some yards away on the other. As Sam jumped on the fence he pointed. Sent on, he roaded a few yards swiftly and the bird flushed. Sport made two more points on the scattered birds, while Sam made three points to which there were no birds, but they were probably made on footscent. Sent on, both were found pointing, Sport on a bevy, Sam about 15yds. up wind of it pointing from it, probably on footscent. Sent on, Sport found and pointed a bevy; Sam again made a point to which there was no bird. Down 1 hour and 10 minutes. Sport ran a very strong heat and exhibited high class working powers.

The party went to lunch.

HARWICK, the bye dog, was given a running mate which, owing to poor performance and a merry giving of tongue, did not improve his work. He made a good point on a bevy and a single bird point, while his range was not conducted with the best of judgment. Down 1 hour. This heat ended the stake.

The All-Age Pointer Stake.

This stake, as in the Setter Stake, was well supported with winners; in fact, the greater number were winners, as was to be expected when the stake was thrown open to all-age winners. It will be only a question of time till the club's All-Age stakes lose all support from the untried dogs if the club persists in leaving its stake open, as at present. But all this has been minutely pointed out in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM some months ago, and the predictions then made have become true in part, and are coming true as to the rest. We would advise the club to return to the old restrictions and bar first prize winners.

There were twelve starters, run as follows:

N. T. De Pauw's liv. and w. dog Jingo (Mainspring—Queen II.), N. B. Nesbitt, handler, with W. A. Winsatt's liv., w. and t. bitch Lady Grace II. (Roger Williams—Graceful II.), L. White, handler.

N. T. De Pauw's liv. and w. bitch Sister Sue (Jingo—Rooney C.), N. B. Nesbitt, handler, with Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' liv. and w. dog Tippoo (Rip Rap—Monterey), C. E. Buckle, handler.

Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' liv. and w. dog Delhi (Rip Rap—Queen III.), C. E. Buckle, handler, with F. R. Hitchcock's liv. and w. bitch Tory Jessamine (Duke of Hessen—Westminster Blade), J. M. Avent, handler.

Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' l. and w. bitch India (Rip Rap—Dolly D.), C. E. Buckle, handler, with W. A. Winsatt's liv. and w. dog Odd Sides (Lap of Pearl—Graceful II.), L. White, handler.

H. K. Devereux's liv. and w. bitch Virginia (Little Ned—Pearl's Dot), with Ashford & Odom's liv. and w. dog Von Gull (Kent Elgin—Fannie V. Croxteth), D. E. Rose, handler.

Del Monte Kennels' b. and w. dog Tick Boy (King of Kent—Bloom), C. Tucker, handler, with Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' b. and w. dog Nabob (Rip Rap—Dolly D.), C. E. Buckle, handler.

There were many difficulties in securing good competition, one of the greatest being that, owing to constant disturbance of them, the birds were warier and changed in their habits.

Also, the competition in this stake was very indeterminate, partly from meager opportunity or important differences in the number of birds in different parts of the grounds, and the great difference between the morning and evening hours in the hot days, and the ill effects of such a continuous time limit, which undoubtedly forced the judges to draw the lines harder in spotting.

But few times in the history of field trials have there been so many different views as to the placing of the winners. It was at the finish generally agreed that Jingo, Von Gull and Odd Sides were the three fortunate ones, but as to the order of their merit the differences were developed.

Jingo was awarded first, Von Gull second, Odd Sides and Tippoo third.

Jingo was running in lower form than last year, saving himself from too vigorous effort in speed and range, and showing much of the cunning which comes to dogs at his age. His range was wide at times, narrow at other times; he ran sometimes at good speed, sometimes he was going slow in his ranging, and he was a few times guilty of loafing. He showed no dash, went to his birds with a low nose, and had a habit of crawling slowly on his points, and by footscent, though cunningly, cautiously and accurately, and there was an element of luck in his favor in the part of the grounds on which he ran, since it contained the most birds.

Von Gull improved in his work, one heat with another, his first heat being ordinary. He made some bad mistakes in his point work, but on the whole made quite a fair competition, though far below first-class work.

Odd Sides, so far as the class of his work is concerned, made a cleaner and more sharp-cut competition than the others, though his bird work was inferior in quality to theirs, as it could not otherwise be, he running on ground which contained fewer birds. He went to his birds accurately and with a high nose, beat out with judgment the full scope of ground on each side of his handler, and always working nicely to the gun. Taking the class of his work, he was the best dog in the stake, and should, in my opinion, have been first. Owing to the differences hereinbefore enumerated, the amount of work was but a small consideration, but the class of the dog, added to his performance, were correct data to determine his merit.

Tippoo made but a fair class of competition.

First Round.

This was begun at the conclusion of the corresponding pointer stake.

JINGO AND LADY GRACE II. were cast off at 2:26. Lady had a sore foot and started quite gingerly, but as she warmed to her work her lameness almost disappeared and she ranged wide and with judgment. Jingo and Lady were both found pointing the same bevy, but as to which one pointed first no one knows. On scattered birds in close, bad cover, Jingo flushed a single. Next, Jingo made a good point on two birds and Lady backed nicely. Sent on, Jingo made another excusable flush and next pointed a single. Up at 3:13.

The handlers lost a good part of the time fiddling about in cover that was too dense for moderately good work to be possible, besides making a showing far below the merits of the contestants.

SISTER SUE AND TIPPOO began at 3:19. Tippoo made a clean point on a bevy and held his point stanchly some minutes while Sue was being brought up. On the scattered birds Tippoo pointed and Sue drew stealthily on back, and only refrained from stealing the point on hearing commands. Next, sent on, Tippoo pointed a bevy and Sue refused to back. On the scattered birds Sue made two points, Tippoo a point and a flush. Up at 4:13. Sue had but moderate range and pottered when seeking bevies. Tippoo was the better in range, but part of the time he went leisurely.

DELHI AND TORY JESSAMINE started at 4:25. Delhi was much the better in range and judgment, Jessamine working in a crude manner. She pointed a single bird in the open field. Next, Delhi pointed a single. Next she made a stanch point which Delhi backed; nothing found. Down about 40 minutes.

Friday.

The morning was heavy with clouds, with a soft wind blowing, and all indications were for rain. Gradually the clouds broke away, and toward noon the weather cleared up, and again was comfortably warm. Birds were extremely difficult to find in certain parts of the grounds, which had been constantly worked day after day during the two trials, and the judges gave too much attention to working the dogs on single birds in most unpromising places, and sometimes to the detriment of good competition; for the dogs were pulled into thickets too much, to and fro, breaking up their ranging and making ragged heats. Two dogs cannot be pulled and hauled about in a competition as can a single dog in actual field shooting. The same dogs were sent in repeatedly on single birds, regardless of the fact that they had shown definitely what they could do in that respect, and there seemed to be an over-valuation of points. One end of the grounds contained birds in plenty, the other end but a few, while other parts had hardly any. Yet this condition seemed to have no consideration in the running, and the dogs were successful or not as it happened regardless of these conditions.

INDIA AND ODD SIDES began at 8:31. Odd soon took a wide cast and pointed a bevy nicely. Sent on, another bevy was marked down in woods. India made two points on singles. Odd made two good points and an uncertain point on another. Both ranged well and did good point work, Odd Sides showing excellent knowledge and ability. Up at 9:06.

VIRGINIA AND VON GULL began at 9:13. On some marked birds Virginia made two points, Von made three points and one flush. Von was much the wider ranger, though his range was far from regular, and he covered the ground carelessly, while Virginia ran haphazard, without judgment, and covered but a moderate quantity of ground. Up at 10.

TICK BOY AND NABOB were cast off at 10:10. The ground run on during the heat was largely bare, and the dogs wasted much time on it instead of going to the rougher places, where the birds were if there were any. A bevy was marked down and Nabob secured a point on it. The birds were followed again into a small thicket so dense that any sort of competition was impossible, and after Tick drew on the birds and accomplished nothing the judges did what they should have done at first—went on. Next Nabob pointed a bevy and was backed, and sent on, Nabob made an uncertain point on a single in a bad place. Both dogs were deficient in dash. Up at 10:59.

Second Round.

Six dogs were kept in, and the selection did not show very excellent judgment, since Virginia had done nothing to warrant further opportunity; while Delhi, though showing good range, speed and judgment, and having had an insufficient test on birds, was left out. He was run on a poorer section of the grounds and a place that was overworked day after day, and it seemed a great hardship on him to dismiss him so curtly. But it seemed as if the class of work was not considered, and points, which between two good dogs may be in excess with one or the other as a matter of luck, seemed to have great weight in the decisions.

JINGO AND TIPPOO commenced at 11:32. Jingo pointed a bevy at the edge of woods and Tippoo backed. Tippoo flushed a bevy in woods. The judges did not see it. Jingo roaded with a low nose in an over-cautious manner and the single flushed wild. Next in woods he flushed one excusably, Tippoo did likewise. Jingo pointed; Tippoo backed; nothing found; footscent probably. Up at 12:46. Tippoo started well, showing fair range, but at the finish was going slow and narrow. Jingo showed cunning, a great memory of the grounds and places where he had found birds, he running most of his second heat on the same grounds on which he ran his first heat, an advantage to him and a disadvantage to his competitor, and his speed and range were irregular, as he loafed at times and ranged wide at others. There was but little dash in his work. He had an annoying habit of crawling on his points.

INDIA AND VON GULL began at 1:40, after lunch. Von in open weeds with the wind in his favor roaded a bevy to a flush in an inexcusably blundering manner. On the scattered birds in woods he made three clean-cut points on singles; India pointed twice, presumably on footscent. Next India pointed by a log, moved on, and the birds were flushed afterward. Up at 2:17. This was Von's best heat, and he was going strong and wide at the finish. However, the grounds were more favorable for good going than in his previous heat. His point work was good on singles and faulty on the bevy.

ODD SIDES AND VIRGINIA started at 2:56. Odd took a wide cast, pointed and held point some moments stanchly while his handler ran to him. He then drew skillfully and accurately to a determined point, and the birds were flushed to it. Sent on. The handlers were then a long distance apart. Virginia made a point on some birds in the open. Sent on, she next made game, pottered on the scent in the open, failing to locate the bevy, which was close by and was afterward flushed by a handler and followed. Virginia pointed a single in woods and Odd backed nicely; both were steady to shot. Sent on, in sedge Virginia pointed a bevy, getting very close on it. Up at 4:11. It was difficult to understand why the heat was run so long, as it was apparent from the first that Virginia was outclassed and had no chance in the stake. She was a haphazard, close ranger, showed little skill in locating, though working diligently and doing her best.

JINGO AND VON GULL started at 4:37. Von pointed, but did not locate bevy accurately; it was accidentally flushed, and making a short flight, lit in sedge and bushes a few yards ahead. Von had the wind favorably and should have located it more favorably. Each made a point on the birds, Von not working up to his opportunities. Sent on, Jingo pointed a bevy nicely at the top of a ridge and Von backed well. Sent on, both were found pointing a bevy in sedge. The bevy was marked in the open fields and followed. Each made a point on singles. Jingo flushed a bird on bare ground in cottonfield, then stopped to flush, and pointed one remaining. Both were showing good work, classing nearly alike. Up at 4:55. Jingo's success was due greatly to cunning, delicate nose and caution. He carried a low nose in roading, going to his birds mostly by footscent, yet going to them accurately.

This heat ended the stake.

Saturday.

The weather was cloudy and warm. There were but two heats to run; the Derby winners, first pointer and first setter, were to run a one-hour heat; and the All-Age winners, first pointer and first setter, were to run two hours, the absolute of each stake being for the Gould cups. There seemed to be a lack of interest in the competition, as there were no spectators other than judges, reporters and handlers.

The Derby Absolute.

PINMONEY AND TICK'S KID were cast off at 8:36. It was a very one-sided heat throughout, Pinmoney outworking

and outclassing her opponent. It showed the error of giving a dog a prize on a little good point work, instead of giving it on the class of his work in general. Pinmoney found and pointed two bevies, and made four points on singles. Kid pointed one bevy, made two stanch points to which nothing was found; made three flushes and one point on a single, and showed indecision in locating his birds and pottered on false scents. His range was narrow, and he needed much urging to keep out at work. The setter ran in excellent form. Down 1 hour. Pinmoney won.

The All-Age Absolute.

MARIE'S SPORT AND JINGO were started at 9:47. Jingo flushed a bevy, and on the scattered birds he made a crawling point. Sport made two good points on singles. Sent on, Sport pointed a bevy, and Jingo pointed the same bird or backed him. Sent on, Jingo made a good point on a bevy. Sent on, Sport pointed a single bird, and next pointed a bevy. Down 2 hours. It was simply a good working heat, there being nothing brilliant in this competition. Marie's Sport won.

This ended the trials. B. WATERS.

Mr. Arthur Froembling, secretary of the American Dachshund Club, writes us that the club will hold a meeting on Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8 P. M., 131 South Clark street, Chicago. Besides the regular business, arrangements will be made for the special prizes at the coming shows.

I MUST say that your paper is the best advertising medium of any of the sporting papers, as before I advertised in them and all my replies mentioned the FOREST AND STREAM. I sold some of the litter in California, one in Maine, one in New York State and one in Tennessee. My money was well invested in that adv.; the others I did not get a reply from. Hoping I will meet with same success this time, I am

Respectfully, ROBT. J. CARRY, Agt.

Wheeling.

TIRES.

SIX years ago Arthur Du Cros was barred from racing at the autumn wheeling meeting in London because his bicycle was fitted with pneumatic tires. He had come over from Dublin to give the Englishmen a taste of Dunlop's new invention, but the wily Britons, after due consultation, refused his entry at the eleventh hour.

To-day all this is a matter of ancient history, and the pneumatic tire is as much an institution as the bicycle itself; but it must not be forgotten that next to the transmission of power by gear and the use of ball bearings the bicycle has seen no greater improvement.

Its use has made possible the great reduction in weight of the modern bicycle by putting life into it to resist jolts and jars and sudden strains, and it has increased its scope and consequently its utility. It is possible now to ride with pleasure on roads that were practically impossible with the old style tire, and the effort required to propel the bicycle has been greatly lessened.

In this respect the effect has been similar to that resulting from placing springs under a wagon. With springs horses can draw over average roads the same load and wagon that they could not draw without springs, and aided by the air cushion afforded by pneumatic tires the bicycle rider similarly finds his power and pleasure greatly increased.

And here it is worth noting that in the craze for light wheels, which culminated last year, tire weights and sizes were reduced beyond the modicum required for comfort. Tires measuring 1½ and 1⅝in. are undoubtedly lighter and more speedy on hard roads than those of larger diameter, but they are more likely to puncture, and as they must be kept pumped hard, are much less springy. Such tires are suitable for scorchers, but for the average rider on average roads they are utterly unsuited.

There is already a noticeable change of sentiment in this regard, and many riders are demanding tires of 1¾ or 2in. in diameter. Such tires can be ridden with safety considerably softer than the small tires, and on sandy or rough roads the difference in their favor is very apparent.

A knowledge of the nature of tires is always of value to wheelmen.

From a structural point of view there is very little difference between the single and double tube types, except that in one the inner tube is removable, while in the other it forms an integral part of the tire. In either case this inner tube is made of pure rubber, and its duty is to retain the air with which the tire is filled. The outer layers are to take the wear and tear and give strength to the tire, and they will not hold air under pressure. This is the reason why patches must always be put on the inside of single tube tires to insure permanent repairs in case of puncture, for otherwise the air will ooze out between the different layers.

Aside from this inner tube to hold the air there is no pure rubber worth mentioning about a bicycle tire.

The outer layers are made of vulcanized rubber compounded with various mineral substances to give strength and elasticity, built up upon canvas casings made from long fibered cotton woven in various ingenious ways. The danger of puncture is lessened by these cotton webs, and also by the hardness of the rubber compound on the tread or wearing surface. Elasticity and strength, however, are more or less opposed by the nature of things in tire construction, and something of one or the other must be sacrificed to suit the special purpose for which the tire is intended.

The tires are always the first thing to give way about a good bicycle, and they are bound to wear out sooner or later though the wheel itself lasts forever. Their life may be lengthened by care, and there are a few points that should be borne in mind to get even ordinary service from them.

One of these is that the mineral oils, such as kerosene, gasoline, etc., are destructive to the rubber, and that if a drop falls on a tire it should instantly be wiped off. Vegetable oils, such as castor oil, linseed, etc., are not hurtful, as their solvent effect is comparatively slight.

Heat also is bad for tires; and the bicycle should not be left in the sun more than can be helped, or near a stove or furnace. Sometimes heat from the friction of a brake on a long coast will destroy the outer surface. And this brings us to the general proposition that the brake should never be used except in case of emergency. This applies particularly to the common method of braking with one foot, because this is much more apt to injure the tire than a well-fitted brake of metal or rubber. Even with the best types of brakes that act on the tire pieces of stone or sand are apt to collect at the point of friction and cause disaster.

It is also a fact that rubber cuts much more easily wet than dry, and the tires should be especially humored in wet weather.

Oiled his Wheel.

HE strode into the second-hand bicycle dealer's with a look of rage upon his face.

"Say, this is a pretty deal you have given me. Why, it would take a steam engine to furnish power enough to run this machine."

"Why, what is the matter with it?" asked the dealer, alarmed at the growing rage of the customer of the day before.

"Matter! matter enough. You told me this was an easy-running machine, and you can't make it budge. I oiled it freshly this morning, just before going out, and in five minutes, sir, it was like drawing a load of stone."

"Sure you used pure oil?"

"Used the stuff you gave me in the bottle. Bad enough, probably."

"In the bottle? Why, man, I didn't give you any bottle of oil. It is in a can."

"Can, eh? Well, what do you call that?" said the irate man, as he took the bottle out of the leather case. "I put it in the bearings, just as you told me."

"My dear fellow, that is the liquid cement for tires."—*Australian Cyclist.*

Yachting.

THE general features of the agreement between the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. and the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. as to the class for the next international contest was settled some time since, both parties agreeing to the limits of 500sq. ft. of sail and 5ft. extreme draft for a 20-footer. When it came to the question of details, however, many difficulties cropped up, and no satisfactory conclusion has yet been reached. The holder of the cup is at liberty to accept any limitations, but the challenging club is hampered by the obvious necessity of adopting no limits which will materially conflict with the rules of the Sound Y. R. U. So far as the sail is concerned, while the Y. R. U. rules place no absolute limitation on sail, there would probably be no serious objection to a tacit recognition of a limit of 500sq. ft., as it is very doubtful whether any one would care to take more provided the majority were within the limit. In practice, should the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. adopt the limit, the Union of course not doing so, the result would be that all or nearly all of the class on the Sound would be within the limit. It is just possible that one or more yachts of greater sail area might be built and raced in the class, and it would of course be highly undesirable that one of these should prove herself faster than any yacht within the limit, so that the challenger sent to Montreal would be slower than another of the same class left at home. The limit, however, is so liberal that such a contingency is a remote one. As to building with no limit to the sail, permitting an area of over 600sq. ft, any one familiar with Montreal racing and the local conditions of Lake St. Louis will recognize that the advantage would be greatly on the side of the defender. A minor difficulty in connection with the sail has been that of the details of measuring, regulation of spinaker, etc., simple enough at first view, but by no means easy when all points are considered.

The chief difficulty, however, lies in the proposed limit of draft, according to the original idea, 5ft. for the ordinary fin-keel boat. When it comes to phrasing this limitation, however, the centerboard and the Union at once come to the front. A limitation of 5ft. to the draft of the fin-keel must be accompanied by some corresponding limitation of the centerboard type. If it be said that the extreme draft of fin or centerboard shall not exceed 5ft., the result is the prohibition of the Linton Hope board, one of the most useful devices yet introduced in small racing craft; and the development of a long and shallow centerboard, a very undesirable form. If the crude limitation of the Larchmont Y. C.—5ft. draft with no restriction on the centerboard—be adopted, the result will be that a centerboard will be dropped through the fin. The most reasonable solution of the matter would seem to be something in this form: In all keel yachts the extreme draft shall not exceed 5ft., and in centerboard yachts the draft to the lower side of the keel shall not exceed 2ft., with no limit to the drop of board. This will bar the use of the bulb as ballast in a centerboard boat and will leave the present racing types, such as Glencairn and El Heirie, entirely unrestricted. Such a regulation as this could hardly conflict with the Yacht Racing Union unless it follows the lead of the Larchmont and New York clubs in the deliberate encouragement of the fin-keel type above all others.

THE YACHT RACING UNION OF THE GREAT LAKES.

THE work of union, organization and systematization, which first began in this country on Lake Ontario in the formation of the Lake Y. R. A. in 1884, and has recently advanced so rapidly on salt water through the formation of the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound and the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, has now spread further westward in the formation of still another association, as recently reported in our columns, to be known as the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes. Such a union as this is by no means a novelty; many attempts have been made to unite the Lake Y. R. A. and the various local associations which have existed at times on the other lakes, but without success. Owing to a number of changes within a few years in the direction of more modern and less violently conflicting rules, the conditions are far more favorable than ever in the past, and we have little doubt that this attempt will prove a permanent success.

The method followed is precisely the same as that which accomplished such good results in the case of the Sound Y. R. U; the initiative was taken by the representatives of two associations: the Interlake Y. R. A. of Lake Erie and the Lake Y. R. A. of Lake Ontario, who recently met in Buffalo and formally organized the new Association, adopting the necessary rules. Invitations to join the Union have been sent to all the associasions and clubs on the Great Lakes, and will probably be accepted. It was found impossible to secure a conference of representatives of all interested bodies, and the means taken was the only practicable one.

The rules adopted are as follows:

General Rules.

Adopted Nov. 7, 1896.

I.—NAME.

The name of this organization shall be the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes.

II.—OBJECTS.

The objects of the Union shall be to encourage and promote yacht racing on the Great Lakes and to unify rules, but it is not intended that the Union shall act in any other than an advisory capacity.

III.—ORGANIZATION.

All associations of four or more yacht clubs on the lakes in good standing shall be eligible for membership in the Union.

IV.—MANAGEMENT.

The affairs of the Union shall be managed by a Council consisting of three representatives from each association. These shall be appointed annually not later than one month before the annual meeting and shall hold office for one year, or until their successors are appointed. Representatives shall be chosen as far as may be practicable from the active yachtsmen of the Association.

V.—DUTIES OF THE COUNCIL.

It shall be the duty of the Council to consider and act upon applications for membership in the Union; to appoint special officers and committees; to frame racing rules and arrange dates for racing events, and to determine and settle all questions and disputes relating to yacht racing which may be referred to them for decision. And further, to take such steps as they may consider necessary and expedient to carry into effect the objects of the Union.

The Council shall elect a chairman and a secretary.

VI.—MEETINGS.

The annual meeting of the Union shall be held at such place as the chairman of the Council shall determine on the first Saturday in November in each year. The business of the Council shall be carried on as far as possible by correspondence, but the chairman may call special meetings of the Union whenever necessary, and shall do so upon the requisition in writing of three representatives. Two weeks' notice of every meeting shall be given to each representative.

Three representatives from not less than two associations shall constitute a quorum at any meeting of the Union.

VII.—SUBSCRIPTION.

The expenses of the Union shall be apportioned equally among the associations.

VIII.—VOTING.

The chairman, in addition to his vote as a representative, shall, in case of a tie, be entitled to a casting vote.

Voting by proxy shall not be allowed except in the case of a proxy given by one representative to another representative of the same association.

IX.—AMENDMENTS.

Amendments to these rules or the racing rules may be adopted at any meeting of the Union by a two-thirds vote of those present, provided that the notice of the meeting shall have contained any such proposed amendment in full.

Racing Rules.

I.—MANAGEMENT.

1. All races and all yachts sailing therein shall be under the direction of the regatta committee of the association or club under whose auspices the races are being sailed. All matters shall be subject to approval and control, and all doubts, questions and disputes which their shall arise shall be subject to their decision. Their decision shall be based upon these rules as far as they apply, but as no rules can be devised capable of meeting every incident and accident of sailing, the regatta committee should keep in view the ordinary customs of the sea and discourage all attempts to win a race by other means than fair sailing and superior skill and speed. The decision of the regatta committee shall be final, unless they think fit on the application of the parties interested, or for other reasons, to refer the questions at issue for the decision of the Council of this Union, whose decision shall be final. No member of the regatta committee or Council shall take part in the discussion or decision upon any disputed question in which he is interested.

2. A member of a regatta committee who is the owner of a yacht sailing in a race shall not act upon the committee in the management of such race.

II.—APPLICATION.

1. The rules shall apply to all yachts, whether sailing in the same or different races.

2. Yachts shall be amenable to the rules from the time the preparatory signal is given until the finish of the race.

III.—MEASUREMENT.

1. Yachts shall be rated for classification and time allowance by racing length, which shall be determined by adding to the load waterline length the square root of the sail area, and dividing the sum by 2.

Formula:

$$\frac{\text{L. W. L.} + \sqrt{\text{Sail Area}}}{2} = \text{R. L.}$$

2. The load waterline length shall be the distance in a straight line between the points furthest forward and furthest aft, where the hull, exclusive of the rudder stock, is intersected by the surface of the water, when the yacht is afloat in racing trim in smooth water, with all persons aboard when the measurement is being taken stationed amidships.

All yachts shall be measured for load waterline length with the same number of persons on board as are allowed for crew in the yacht's class, and whose average weight shall not be less than 150lbs. each, or a dead weight placed on board equivalent thereto.

If any part of the stem, sternpost or other part of the yacht below the load waterline projects beyond the length thus measured, such projection shall be added to the measured length, and a form resulting from the cutting away of the fair line of the stem, sternpost or the ridge of the counter for the apparent purpose of shortening the load waterline shall be measured between fair lines.

The measurer at the time of taking his measurements shall affix a distinctive permanent mark at each end of the load waterline.

3. Under Section 3 the methods of measuring the sails by triangulation are given in detail, by the British Y. R. A. method.

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MODE OF MEASURING.

In cases of disputed measurements, or if the necessary measurements cannot be obtained from the sailmaker, the sails can be measured in the manner following: Take the length of boom from mast to end and length of gaff from mast to end (any extension of gaff or boom to be considered part of gaff or boom, and to be extended when measured to its full limit), then hoist the sail with the tack fast and set the peak and luff up taut, and let go the topping lifts so that the weight of the boom comes on the leach of the sail. With a line and tape measure the leach and luff and the diagonal *C*. For the head sail measure the height *I* and the distance *J*, as provided for in the section dealing with headsail. For topsail the sail would be hoisted and marked in a line with the gaff, then lowered and the other dimensions taken. From the measurements so taken a sail plan would be made and the areas calculated as described.

SAILS OF UNUSUAL FORM.

If the various methods of measuring sails as herein shown do not, in the opinion of the measurer, cover the case, he is to divide the sails into such triangles or figures as will get at accurate results, and a sail plan showing the manner in which the yacht has been measured, giving the different measurements and the points from which they have been taken, shall be furnished by the measurer to the owner of every yacht measured by him.

4. If any yacht by alteration of trim or immersion by dead weight shall increase her load waterline length, or shall in any way increase her spar or sail measurements as officially taken, she must obtain a remeasurement.

IV.—RESTRICTION ON AREA OF MIDSHIP SECTION.

The area of the midship section or largest vertical cross section of any yacht launched after Nov. 7, 1896, when in racing trim, shall not be less than 35 per cent. of the beam (at l.w.l.), multiplied by the extreme draft wherever found exclusive of centerboard if it be not a board weighted for ballast.

V.—CLASSIFICATION.

1. All yachts shall be classified by racing length and shall be divided into classes as follows:

First Class—A—All over 50ft.
52ft. Class—B—Not over 50ft. and over 42ft.
42ft. Class—C—Not over 42ft. and over 37ft.
37ft. Class—D—Not over 37ft. and over 32ft.

32ft. Class—E—Not over 32ft. and over 27ft.
27ft. Class—F—Not over 27ft.
2. Each yacht shall be entitled to sail in her own class and in no other.

VI.—RESTRICTIONS ON DRAFT.

The maximum draft of any yacht launched after Nov. 7, 1896, when in racing trim, shall not exceed that specified for her class in the following table, exclusive of centerboard if it be not a board weighted for ballast.
First Class—10ft. draft.
50ft. Class—10ft. draft.
42ft. Class— 9ft. draft.
37ft. Class— 8ft. draft.
32ft. Class— 7ft. draft.
27ft. Class— 6ft. draft.
On all yachts launched after Nov. 7, 1896, there shall be placed upon the hull, immediately over the point of greatest draft, a metal plate or other distinctive mark. Such mark shall be placed above the l.w.l. and within 6in. thereof, and the owner shall furnish to the measurer or regatta committee a declaration of the vessel's draft to such mark, signed by himself and the designer or the builder of the yacht.

VII.—TIME ALLOWANCE.

Time allowance shall be calculated on r.l., according to the appended table, but yachts the r.l. of which is within 1 per cent. of the upper limit of their class shall not give or receive time allowance to or from each other, and no yacht launched after Nov. 7, 1896 (except in the first class), and no yacht, the measurement of which has been increased since that date for the purpose of placing her in a higher class than she previously sailed in, shall be entitled to any time allowance.

VIII.—ALLOWANCE FOR RIG.

In races where yachts of different rigs sail together schooners shall be rated for time allowance at 85 per cent. of their racing length, yawls at 94 per cent., and all other yachts at their actual racing length.

IX.—OWNERSHIP.

1. No person shall be the owner of more than one yacht entered for a race in the same class.
2. Each yacht entered for a race must be the *bona fide* property of the person or persons in whose name she is entered, who must be a member or members of a recognized yacht club belonging to one of the associations of the Union.

X.—ENTRIES.

1. All entries shall be in writing and shall be signed by the owner or his representative, giving name of yacht, racing length and racing number, and must be lodged with the regatta committee not later than noon of the day before the race, exclusive of Sundays, unless otherwise ordered by the committee.
2. The regatta committee may refuse to accept any entry made after the time of closing.
3. The same yacht shall not be entitled to enter for a race under different rigs.
4. The regatta committee may, if they consider it expedient, reject any entry.

XI.—INSTRUCTIONS AND POSTPONEMENT.

1. Each yacht entered for a race shall at the time of entry, or as soon after as possible, be supplied with written or printed instructions as to the conditions of the race, the course to be sailed, marks, etc.
2. The regatta committee shall have power to change the courses or amend the instructions on or before the day of the race, provided notice of such change is given to each yacht in writing before the preparatory signal is given.
3. The regatta committee shall also have power to postpone any race should such a course appear to them desirable. No race, however, shall be postponed merely because of lack of wind if any of the competing yachts shall have sailed round the course once within the allotted time: but should such race not be finished, the prizes shall be awarded in the order in which the last completed round shall have been finished.

XII.—SAILS.

There shall be no restrictions as to sails or the manner of setting or working them, but no yacht shall carry any sail for which she has not been measured.

XIII.—FITTINGS AND BALLAST.

1. Floors shall be kept down and bulkheads and doors left standing. All yachts shall keep their galley fittings and fixtures on board and in their proper places. All yachts must carry one serviceable anchor and cable on board and a life buoy on deck.
2. Trimming by dead weight shall not be allowed after the preparatory signal. Ballast shall not be taken in or discharged after noon of the day preceding the race. A race postponed or resailed shall, so far as regards this rule, be considered a new race.

XIV.—CREWS.

1. The total number of persons on board a yacht shall not exceed the allowance in the following schedule:
1st Class—1 person to every 5ft. of r.l. or fraction thereof.
50ft. Class—11 persons.
42ft. Class—9 persons.
37ft. Class—8 persons.
32ft. Class—7 persons.
27ft. Class—6 persons.
2. No person shall board or leave a yacht after the starting signal has been given, except in case of accident or injury to a person on board.
In all races each yacht must be steered by a Corinthian, and must be manned by Corinthians, except that any yacht may carry and use her regular professional crew.

XV.—TIME OF MAKING RACES.

There shall be no limit to the time in which a race is to be sailed, except when it is otherwise specified in the instructions.

XVI.—RE-SAILED RACES.

No new entries shall be received for a race re-sailed, but a yacht duly entered shall be entitled to start, though she originally failed to start, or having started was withdrawn. No yacht disqualified in a race shall be entitled to start in case the race shall be re-sailed.

XVII.—NUMBERS.

Each yacht shall display a number, which will be assigned to her, on both sides of the mainsail, above the reef bands, at an equal distance from the luff and leach.

XVIII.—LIGHTS AND FOG SIGNALS.

The Government regulations regarding lights and fog signals shall be observed.

XIX.—PROPULSION.

1. No means of propulsion other than sails shall be employed.
2. Manual power only shall be used for working a yacht.

XX.—STARTING AND FINISHING.

1. All starts shall be flying, and shall be one-gun starts.
2. Half an hour before the time of starting a gun shall be fired and a flag hoisted as a signal for the yachts to approach the starting line. Ten minutes before the start a preparatory gun shall be fired. At the expiration of ten minutes *exactly* the flag shall be hauled down and a third gun fired as a signal to start. Should the gun miss fire the lowering of the flag shall be the signal to start.
3. In the event of different classes starting in succession, not more than ten minutes apart, the starting gun of each class shall be the preparatory gun for the next class to start. Each yacht shall be timed from the starting signal of her class.
4. If any yacht, or any part of her hull or spars, be on or across the line before the signal to start is given she must return and re-cross the line. A yacht so returning, or one working into position from the wrong side of the line after the signal to start has been given, must keep clear of all competing yachts.
5. A yacht shall be considered to have finished a race when, on completing the course, any part of her hull or spars shall be on or across the line. The rules as to marks, right of way, etc., are uniform with those of the Sound Y. R. U.

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Definitions.

I.—CORINTHIANISM.

Corinthianism in yachting is that attribute which represents participation for sport as distinct from gain, and which also involves the acquirement of nautical experience through the love of sport rather than through necessity or the hope of gain. It is consistent with the motive higher than mercenary found in the ranks of officers of the navy and naval architects, notwithstanding the remuneration they receive, while it is inconsistent with the trade of the fisherman, even though one following such a trade has never been a paid sailor. In this respect the following general definition is given:
No person who follows the sea as a means of livelihood, or who has accepted remuneration for services rendered in handling or serving on a yacht, or who is a professional in any other sport, shall be considered a Corinthian yachtsman.

II.—YACHTS.

A yacht shall be defined as a vessel of not less than 16ft. l.w.l., and must carry not less than 300lbs. of ballast permanently stowed under the platform or in lockers, or have a beam of not less than one-third of her l.w.l. length. She must have standing rigging, or a fixed mast, and must be kept permanently on the water during the season, and must not be engaged in trade. Yachts launched after Nov. 7, 1896, shall comply with the restrictions on draft and area of midship section required by the rules.

The allowance table is based upon a coefficient of 50 per cent.

The above rules are based upon those of the Lake Y. R. A., as used for some years, and those of the Sound Y. R. U. with the pending amendments. In many important details the Lake Y. R. A. has been years in advance of even the largest of the coast clubs, so that small change was necessary.

The points of difference between the Sound Union and the Lake Union are few, but four in all, of which two are unimportant. The allowance table is based upon 60 per cent. in the Sound rules and but 50 per cent. in the Lake; and the latter has adopted a minimum limit to the area of the midship section, 35 per cent. of the circumscribing parallelogram. So far as the Lakes are concerned, with but four existing yachts below this limit, it is perfectly practical and for the present at least must prove beneficial in barring further additions of the fin-keel type.

The two important points of difference are the measurement of sail area and the class limits. The Lake Y. R. A. was the first outside body to adopt the Seawanhaka rule, as long ago as 1884; and it has retained the rule to the present day, except in the detail of the method of measuring the sail. About four years ago, for reasons which are not very clear, the Seawanhaka method of spar measurement was abandoned in favor of the British Y. R. A. method of sail and spar measurement combined, from either the yacht herself or the sail plan. In actual practice as applied to a small fleet of yachts this method has worked very satisfactorily; but save in the case of special rigs on the smaller boats it does not appear that it is in any way superior to the older and more definite method. The measurement of the 42-footer Canada, for instance, by the two methods, compares as follows: The "actual" area, as found by the Y. R. A. method, is 2,009sq. ft.; the "approximate" area, as found by the Seawanhaka method, is but 1,995sq. ft., a difference of 14sq. ft., or almost three-fourths of one per cent. The measurements from the yacht herself, as they should be taken, or even from the sail plan, are more quickly and easily taken by the Seawanhaka method, regardless of weather; and they are capable of easy and certain verification, which is not the case where five out of eight distances are taken from the sails and not from the spars.

Of course in the above comparison both measurements are taken with jib-headed topsail only. As an incident and not a necessity of the use of the Y. R. A. method, the largest clubtopsail carried is included in the measured sail; the difference in the case of Canada being that she is allowed 193sq. ft. less sail by the Y. R. A. rule than she could carry under the Seawanhaka rule. This of itself is a matter of detail and not of principle.

Looking at the growing importance of uniformity in racing rules, we do not see anything in the Y. R. A. method which justified its use in preference to the other method now in general use in this country; and we can only regard it as unfortunate that the new Union has started on this basis. In practical operation on the lakes, with but a limited number of yachts to be measured and few new yachts each year, the Y. R. A. method will doubtless work very well; but we cannot see how it is any better than the other. In one respect it is decidedly inferior. In international races the first requirement is that all measurements shall be taken to points absolutely fixed, and capable of exact location and verification should a remeasurement be necessary. This is more easily possible when all measurements are from fixed points on the spars, which do not change with the weather, than when most of the measurements are made on the sails. Admitting that the two methods are of equal merit, it must follow as a matter of course that it is desirable to use one exclusively, and that the one already in the widest use.

The other point of difference is a more difficult one. On the lakes west of Ontario there are no uniform classes, and few yachts that will fit into any new classes. On Ontario, however, quite a fleet has been built up to certain established limits, which conflict directly with those now used aboat New York. The respective classes are as follows:

Sound Y. R. U.	Lake Y. R. A.
51ft.	50ft.
43ft.	42ft.
36ft.	37ft.
30ft.	32ft.
25ft.	27ft.

On the face of these figures there appears a serious difficulty in bringing the two systems to any common basis; as a matter of fact, the use of a uniform interval of 5ft between the classes, as in the L. Y. R. A., is wrong in principle; and though the harm is not so apparent with five classes between 22 and 42ft., it would be impossible to arrange a complete scale of classes from 100ft. downward on this system. This of itself is of small consequence on the lakes, as it will be a long time before anything larger than the 50ft class is required.

The difficulty is further increased by two other circumstances of the case: Should a yacht of the 43ft. class go from New York to the lake, she would in the first place increase her measured l w l. by the change from salt to fresh water, and at the same time her sail measurement would be increased some 200sq. ft. through the measurement of the excess of clubtopsail over jib-header. This would result in removing her still further from the 42ft. class, in which she should sail In the smaller classes, the lake limits being the larger instead of the smaller, the salt-water yacht would remain in a similar class, but of course she would not if the limits were the same, 36ft in both cases.

With a uniform system of sail measurement the only difficulty would be with the difference in immersion due to the change from salt to fresh water. The lake and coast fleets are so far independent of each other through distance and other conditions that there is not that absolute need for uniformity which exists on the Sound, or even between the Sound and Massachusetts Bay, but at the same time it is to be regretted that in forming a new union the work cannot be done throughout on the same basis as already used by so many clubs, especially as there are no serious questions of principle involved, but only of details.

The new Union has come at a most opportune time, when an increased interest in yachting is apparent on all the lakes, and when it may do much to bring about better methods of racing and to build up strong and vigorous racing classes. As now started, it promises to meet the necessities of the immediate future, and by the end of the season of 1897 it should be possible for all the lake interests to meet in convention and to perfect still further the rules under which the original organization was accomplished.

LAKE HURON AND THE AUX SABLE RIVER.

FOR several months previous to Aug. 22, 1894, extensive preparations were in progress for a projected ten days' outing in canvas canoes, the route selected being the lower portion of the Aux Sable River and the south shores of Lake Huron. The canoeists who were to take part in this expedition were enthusiastic cruisers and more or less experienced canoemen, as was highly necessary, as well as to be possessed of unlimited patience, as owing to the shallowness of the river many dangerous objects that would be liable to puncture the canoes were exposed at the surface.

Notwithstanding this and the many discouraging reports we obtained of the difficulties to be met with, we resolved to see this uncanny spot at all hazards. And accordingly, at 3 o'clock in the morning of the above date we loaded our canoes and outfit into a farmer's wagon, equipped with a huge grain-rack and liberally provided with hay, into which we imbedded the canoes and onto which we distributed ourselves in various comfortable if inelegant positions.

The four canoes taken on this trip were Yukon, Gallinipper, Water Witch and Ojeek, and they were skippered by the Treasurer, Captain, Pilot and Bluebeech, respectively. Jim, the irrepressible, also accompanied the expedition in the capacity of able seaman on board Water Witch, in company with the Pilot.

Leaving Wyoming, Ont., we drove a distance of about thirty miles to a point on the river where it is joined by a small tributary stream, locally known as Rock Glen, reaching it at about 9 A. M. As we had doubts of finding a sufficient depth of water to float the canoes down from this place, we were not disappointed when the Treasurer, after a hasty glance into the mighty gorge, announced that "the old Aux Sable was as dry as a cracker." The great drought that prevailed at the time had reduced the river to a mere rivulet, threading its way among broken fragments of limestone rocks that had fallen from the cliffs above.

Descending to the bed of the stream, we explored its course for about a mile, meeting with nothing but discouragement, but as we had not come on this trip to be bowed down by grief, we took the matter coolly, enjoying an hour's ramble in the glen, where we collected some strange fossils. At the head of the glen there is a small fall, on the brink of which an old stone mill stands, that as we looked up to its dizzy height gave us a creepy sensation, as it looked as though about to topple over into the gorge below.

The scenery of the Glen and river gorge is very pretty and romantic, and is a favorite resort for picnicking parties and campers. It is also frequently visited by geologists, who there find an excellent field for geological investigation.

On ascending the bank again we had the pleasure of meeting a gentleman who was well acquainted with the river, and who gave us much valuable information, but while cheerfully doing so expressed some doubts as to the practicability of navigating the Sable in canvas canoes. The Cap combated this idea in his characteristically vigorous manner, declaring that we should go through if we had to do so overland, and adding that the canoes would "float on a heavy dew" anyway. This was a clincher, and after quiet was restored our friend admitted the force of the captain's argument, and having given us all the information within his power wished us a safe and pleasant passage as he took his departure.

After a lunch we again hitched up the horses, and driving down river about six miles to Sylvan Bridge were rejoiced to find an abundance of water, and accordingly our hopes rose to a high altitude. The outfit was driven down to a convenient place at the water's edge, where it was dumped, and the business of preparing dinner gone into in a hurried but earnest manner, that would not brook delay for a moment.

After we had satisfied the wolf within us, we packed the canoes, and with a "meet us ten days hence at Blain's Grove, Lake Huron," to Solomon, our teamster, we shoved away from the shore, and soon began to experience the delightful change from a jolting vehicle, dusty roads and a scorching sun, to the easy motion of a light canoe, gliding noiselessly along beneath the shades of majestic forest trees.

The river at this place is only a few yards wide, the banks low and lined with a variety of timbers, among which were some monster scraggy butternut and walnut trees laden with nuts. For several miles the channel was free from obstructions, but along the margin of the stream a vast accumulation of drift stuff had found a lodgment, which afforded an excellent resting place and retreat for the innumerable turtles, muskrats and other creeping things that infested it, but which amused and interested us as we leisurely paddled along.

Finally, coming to where a tree had fallen across the stream, we found it necessary to use a small axe to clear the way. This instrument the Captain was provided with, and being an adept in the fine art of using it he soon cleared a passage through. While engaged in this our attention was attracted by the rumbling sound of a Grand Trunk R. R. train crossing the river bridge, apparently only a short distance away; so distinct was the sound that we involuntarily looked up, expecting to see it go thundering past. We learned the extent of the delusion after we had paddled something over a mile. After passing the railroad bridge the river became more difficult of navigation, savage snags and uprooted trees were more numerous, necessitating the greatest care to avoid them. This continued for about a half mile, when, on turning an abrupt bend in the river, the sight that met our gaze filled us with amazement.

The river so far as could be seen was a compact mass of logs, stumps, whole trees, and every conceivable kind of rubbish, that for diversity of surface croppings and hydraulic density eclipsed anything of the kind we had ever seen. It was while worming our way into this mass in order to shorten the carry as much as possible that the first disaster befell us, and the first intimation we had of anything having gone wrong was in seeing the Captain making frantic efforts to get out of his canoe and on to a convenient log. So intent were we in observing this that we failed to catch the exact meaning of his words, but we did note the power and volume of his voice, and the liberal use he made of it. He had snagged his boat, and in the excitement of the moment, and while Bluebeech was making frantic efforts to render him assistance, his canoe also met with a like fate, and another tempest of bitter invectives was 'on" immediately, in which he gave expression to his convictions of the shabbiness of the whole affair in unstinted measure.

Taking the canoes ashore, we unpacked and repaired them, and deciding to remain at this place for the night, the tents were pitched. As there was still remaining a couple of hours of daylight in which a good deal of amusement

might be crowded, and as every moment was precious to us on a limited outing, various proposals were made and rejected, until finally Jim reckoned he would get a mess of fish; when forthwith the whole squad became imbued with the same desire; but after an hour of steady, persistent threshing, with the mess still in the prospective, we gave it up and directed our attention to a general survey of the jam and the extent of the carry we would have to make in the morning.

We found that by going directly across an elbow formed by a bend in the river the distance would not exceed 300yds through a fine, open bush, with little underwood and but few down trees to impede our way. With our minds relieved on this score we were leisurely returning to camp when we were attracted by the sharp crack of Jim's pistol repeated five times in rapid succession, and before we had ceased to wonder at this he was at it again, never ceasing until the magazine was empty. It was a puzzler. The Captain suggested the probability that "Jim had slipped his cable," but on his return to camp and being asked for an explanation he very provokingly declined to give any. The only probable solution to the problem we are ever likely to get was furnished by the Pilot, who thought that Jim had "cut loose" on a blue-gilled bullfrog or a sleeping turtle. Jim made no reply to this, but the expression on his face was that of a broad and comprehensive grin, full of deep and subtle meaning.

Aug. 24.—We were all prompt in turning out early this morning from a couch that had been a steady and uncompromising torture to us throughout the whole night. Every eye looked blue, every countenance haggard and woebegone, and notwithstanding the mighty efforts put forth to brace up and look buoyant, it took a dip in the river and a good breakfast to smooth out the wrinkles and restore us to anything like cheerfulness.

When breakfast was over we made the carry, which was an easy one, and once more afloat quickly forgot all our past miseries.

We had now a fine tortuous stretch of river for several miles, with a fertile wooded valley gradually widening out on either bank. The timber, though smaller, was much more dense, and to our especial delight the evidences of civilization were becoming less frequent as we progressed. We were now well pleased with our prospects, filled with high hopes, and began to regard the unfavorable reports we had heard of the river as a base and calumnious slander.

We had not proceeded more than a mile after we had soothed ourselves into this comfortable frame of mind when the evidences of a change in the river became more noticeable, occasional snags became visible above the water, and many more threatened us beneath its surface; we were fast getting to the outskirts of this little paradise, and shortly discovered that we had reached its confines and were hard aground. However, after a careful survey of the situation by the Treasurer, he announced his belief that we could force our way over and avoid a carry, and taking the initiative he led the advance in what proved to be the grand spectacle that was to follow. Using his paddle as a setting pole, he forced Yukon along, climbing over every obstacle until, as he supposed, he had got beyond the difficulty, but unfortunately here was where the real trouble came in.

A small tree lying directly across the channel and a few inches under water barred the way, but the Treasurer tackled this new difficulty without hesitation. Forcing the stem of the canoe up over the log, he gave her a tremendous boost, sending her along until she rested on the narrow inch keel directly amidships, where for a time the nimble Treasurer adroitly balanced with his paddle. In the next act, through some inadvertence on the part of the Treasurer, or possibly Yukon may have "missed stays"—whatever may have been the prime cause matters little—it is clear, however, that the paddle slipped, the canoe overturned, and that the Treasurer made a large dent in the water, while the whole unregenerate mob in the rear yelled like a pack of Indians.

The chilly water acted like a nerve tonic on the Treasurer, who quickly uncoiled his legs from the cockpit and rising to his feet smilingly bowed an acknowledgment of the graceful tribute tendered him by his friends.

It is strange how deep and soul-absorbing is the interest taken in an affair of this kind, and how little offense is taken should one so far transgress as to smile aloud. But the trouble was not all over yet, though the rest of the canoes were taken over safely. Before we had proceeded a dozen yards Gallinipper came to grief with a hole in her bottom. The Captain bore his misfortune with great patience and becoming gravity for about a minute. When the spell was broken he began to anathematize in solid chunks and to relegate things in general and snags in particular to the nether lands; but as his humble efforts to do justice to the occasion seemed so inadequate when considered in comparison with the magnitude of the grievance, it will not be wondered at that he gave it up in impotent despair.

Raising Gallinipper stern first on to a log, we made the necessary repairs, and then lowering her into the water the Captain stepped in; but as he did so the water she had taken through the rents, and which had settled forward when the stern was raised, now rushed aft, flooding the cockpit to a depth of 6in., at sight of which the Captain scrambled to his feet, yelling that the whole —— bottom was out of her, and, though he realized the true state of affairs in a moment, it was too late.

Having bailed and sponged out Gallinipper, we moved on again, and in an hour reached the Lake Burwell drainage canal. Here we found the river completely blocked, while the canal, as far as we could see, was open. Turning into the latter, we pushed along for a couple of miles, when we were again blocked by a jam. We had reached the shores of what was once Lake Burwell, though now thoroughly drained and grown up with rank grasses, bulrushes, weeds and willow bushes, the whole infested with snakes and swarming with mosquitoes. In the midst of these swarming myriads and cheerless surroundings we prepared and ate our midday meal.

Our next step was to find out how far the jam extended; this the Pilot and Bluebeech undertook to do They explored the canal for a half mile, and on their return gave a most dismal account of it; drift timber, dense thickets, grass, weeds and bulrushes higher than a person's head, bogs, muskrat holes and mosquitoes. Of such was their report. The Captain and Treasurer determined to go through at all costs, now struck out, and following the canal for about three-fourths of a mile discovered a small stream of about 4ft. in width of pretty swift water, but comparatively free from obstructions, though their view was limited to a few yards.

We were not very sanguine about the matter, but decided to take the risk, and immediately commenced making the portage, which proved to be the toughest piece of manual labor we had ever undertaken. Three trips were necessary to get the outfit over. The first was gotten through with great cheerfulness and a copious abundance of perspiration The second was made in dead silence, except when some unfortunate got his feet tangled and went to grass, or stepped into an unseen muskrat hole, with his pack like a pile-driver shoving him down to its slimiest depth.

But the third and last trip was the one that remains the freshest in our memories; the loads seemed the heaviest, the log holes deeper, dirtier and more abundant, and with our usual luck we invariably got into them and left a well-defined trail from them by which they could be again easily located. And accompanied as we were by myriads of the pestiferous mosquitoes, whose presence, it may be guessed, did not lessen the burden of our miseries, we remembered too, while staggering along under a crushing load, the advice of good old Nessmuk to "go lightly;" and we did the proper thing by recording the usual mental vow never to get caught in a snarl like that again.

However, we at last got everything over, loaded the canoes, and, pushing off into the swift current, shot down stream at great speed for about 50yds., when we were forced to get out and drag the canoes over a log. A little further on we got into a tight place between a log and the bank. Squirming through this, we were plunged one after another into the tangled maze of a dense forest of bulrushes of enormous growth that arched over the stream, forming a complete tunnel. It was an uncanny place, and might be the high road to disaster for us, but it was exhilarating sport, and while it lasted we were "chained to business."

An occasional cut in the face from the long reeds hanging over the water admonished us to keep a sharp lookout for them. At last, all too soon, with a rush and a plunge we emerged into a basin of quiet water and daylight, and casting an anxious glance away to the northward were rejoiced to see our uninterrupted waterway extending like a silvery thread clear to the sandhills. As the day was fast waning we did not dally much by the way, and being favored by the current and a good depth of water we soon covered the distance.

In the passage through the hills we met with a great many shallow places where we were forced to relieve the canoes of our weight in order to float them over. Reaching the Sable River again, a few minutes' paddle brought us to our old camp ground under the scrub oaks. The tents were pitched by the Pilot and Bluebeech, who made the light axes zip as they raced to see who should get through first. Jim rustled for a pail of water, the Treasurer prepared the camp fire, while the Captain brought forth the frying-pan. Supper was soon over, and as darkness came on we piled on more fuel, lighting up the group of ruddy faces that encircled the camp-fire. The Captain was particularly happy and jubilant over the successful termination of the exploits of the day. Bluebeech's face was radiant from the scorching effects of an August sun and innumerable mosquito bites. The halo that illuminated the Treasurer's face was produced by a like cause. The Pilot's face was like the orb, the greatest source of light, and the whole camp was illuminated by his genial rays; while Jim, the irrepressible, sat in the ruddy light of the camp-fire burnishing up his five-shooter and blandly smiling all the while.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

The Smaller British Racing Yachts.

WE are indebted to the *Field* for the following review of the smaller classes during the past season. It is particularly interesting because it gives details as to the types of the different yachts which were not published prior to or during the season, and failing which, the mere record of the races from week to week has told nothing to the American reader. The two smaller classes are of special interest in connection with the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. cup, though they are now of such sizes as will work in very badly in the case of a future challenge to the United States or Canada:

The shoals of yachts built to the new Y. R A. classes of 36, 30, 24 and 18ft. linear rating during the past season have shown excellent sport in the Solent, and the year will compare favorably with any of its predecessors. Exciting and crowded starts, incidents at gun-fire, and beam and beam matches have been innumerable, but speaking generally the season of 1896 will neither be remembered for the originality of design of its successful raters, nor for any improvement in their construction. When, at the close of the summer of 1895, the first test craft built under the linear rating rule sailed out of Cowes harbor, it soon became apparent from her performances with the crack raters of that year that an extensive field for development was still open to the fin bulb type under the altered conditions of measurement. First productions showed a tendency toward a more or less slight increase in displacement, a decided decrease in draft and a large increase in sail area; the body form of the new boats, save for deepening amidships and pinching in beam, remaining much the same as hitherto. These properties ,curiously enough, with but a single exception, have characterized designers' efforts in all subsequent additions to the principal class, while the 24ft. yachts have with few exceptions kept to the same groove.

Under the sail area rule it was rightly claimed for the fin-bulb type in the small classes that what was sacrificed in room between deck and keelson was amply atoned for in handiness, safety and comfort in a sea way; however, owing to the before mentioned departures or exaggerations these qualities have been absent in many of the more extreme of last season's boats. In the diminutive class, the 18 footers, the east coast unballasted yachts have again carried all before them, and the new Solent boats have made a decidedly disappointing display in company with their Thames rivals. This class, it may be noted, has been seen at its best in the east coast and Thames matches, where it has had to do duty for both half-rater and would-be one-rater owners, the increased cost of a 24ft linear rater over last year's class having in many instances prevented Thames Corinthians from building

The interest in one-design classes is not usually extensive, and yachtsmen often find this system of racing less perfect in practice than theory; although the oft-quoted adage of Annasona and Sleuth-ound is less likely to hold good in smaller vessels, few one-design classes are without their crack. The new Solent class have proved no exception, though they have usually kept very close company in their contests. Ten craft were built by Messrs. White Bros , of Southampton, keel yachts of a thoroughly wholesome and seaworthy type; indeed, in design and sail plan as comfortable little vessels as could be desired, their dimensions being l w.l, 25ft., over all measurement 33ft., beam 7ft 9in., draft 5ft., and 700ft. sail area, the lead keel weighing 2 tons 13cwt., and their linear rating working out about 28ft. The boats were cutter rigged and were raced without topsails; they performed best in hard winds and moreover steered to perfection on all points of sailing, this quality giving them an advantage over many cast off new class races for cruising purposes, which are often as wild as March hares when reaching or close reaching in a breeze.

The season for the 36ft. class opened in the Solent with three new boats, all from Mr. C. Sibbick's board, and built at the Albert yard: Heartsease for Mr. C. L. Orr-Ewing, M. P.; Silva for Mr. A. H. E. Wood, and Ermin to the order of Mr. G. A. Tonge. The first-named pair differed from the last year's 5-raters, being cutter-rigged, while Ermin and the top sawyer of a season ago, Norman, kept to the lug-sail, setting double headsails and short bowsprits. They were all plate and bulb craft, and averaged about 31ft. l.w.l., 9ft. 6in. beam, and 5ft. 9in. to 6ft. draft of water, carrying about 1,250ft. to 1,300ft. of canvas. Another new 36ft. yacht of the same type, a lugsail boat, was turned out at the Sibbick yard, but she began her career in the Clyde. Her owner, Mr. J. C. Connell, named his new craft Westra, after his 1-rater of last season, and she proved as successful as her famous namesake. Two additions came from the Gosport yard: Starlight for Mr. E. S. Revett, and later in the season Grafin for Lord Cowley, both from lines by Mr. Chas. Nicholson; they were high-sided, light displacement, fin-bulbed yachts, with exaggerated overhang and large sailspread. Mr. C. D. Rose found his Mediterranean boat Dusky Queen outclassed by the new vessels, so after some weeks of the season had elapsed he placed an order with Messrs. Summers & Payne for a 36-footer. Time was short for the designer to get the yacht ready for the remainder of the season's racing, or it would have been interesting to have seen a miniature Penitent from Mr. A. E Payne's board: however Emerald, as Mr Rose's craft was named though a fin-keeled cutter, was perhaps the prettiest of the Solent fleet, having the shapely run and tapering stern of Red Rover and Spray. The only Clyde contribution which visited southern waters was from Mr. W. Fife, Jr.'s, design for Mr. A. B Walker; she was known as the Sinner, but was subsequently rechristened Fern. The Fairlie lugger was also a fin-keeler. To Mr. C P. Clayton falls the distinction of being first to scrive the uncut board, a heavy displacement keel cutter, Edie, being built to his lines by Messrs. W. White & Sons, of Cowes Like Penitent in the 52ft. class, she was the sole representative with an ogee section, and thus having no opponent of similar type, it is difficult to form an opinion as to whether she was a capable opponent or the reverse. Her performances against the skimming dishes excited considerable interest, but on the wind she was not equal to the fin-keelers in a fair trial.

The Sibbick boat Westra entirely wiped out the four old 5-raters on the Clyde, including the last year's crack Almida, which was completely outclassed Almida did not make the show against Westra that Norman did when Mr. Connell brought his new yacht to Solent waters. Until the *début* of Fern on the Clyde Westra's victories were very hollow; the former, however, gained a great reputation as a light-weather performer by four successive wins against the Sibbick boat; so when the pair came South in August their meeting with Heartsease, Silva, Ermin, Emerald, Starlight, Norman and the whole host of Solent yachts was looked forward to with much interest. Heartsease was regarded as a crack boat when the Clyde luggers arrived, and they had some rare contests during the height of the season; in fresh breezes Westra made a better display than any of the fleet, and Emerald also went well, while in strong winds Capt. Orr-Ewing's Norman was probably her superior.

One of the finest matches of the year between those who sailed the race out was on the closing day of the Royal Victoria regatta, when Norman, Starlight, Heartsease, Silva, Edie, Westra and Fern had a set-to in a fresh wind, the cutters setting jib-headers over reefed mainsails. Fern led at the close of the first round, and when they rounded the Outer Spit the second time under half a minute separated the four yachts remaining in the match These had a dead beat to the Northeast Buoy, and Norman shook off Westra. Fern and Heartsease in fine style as they tacked up to the Gilkicker; however, abreast of Stokes Bay, Westra crept on to the old 5-rater, and a slip by the latter in tacking short of the mark almost gave Mr Connell's boat the match. The pair beat Fern by about 2m. and Heartsease by 3m., while Silva and Starlight made an indifferent show to windward, and Edie knocked herself out by making a tack into the tideway when doing fairly well.

The race was a useful instance of the respective qualities of the boats in a breeze and choppy sea—circumstances to which few of the 36ft. class of 1896 are suited

Heartsease's record of twenty-six first prizes in fifty starts, and Westra's of twenty-four firsts in thirty-four starts, are the best of the year Mr. Connell handled the latter with the same skill he pioneered his 1-rater last season, while Mr. C. L. Orr-Ewing, although comparatively a novice in helmsmanship, steered Heartsease on twenty-nine occasions, and took no less than twenty-seven prizes, a notable performance. Silva and Ermin had eight first prizes each, the former flying twenty and the latter twenty-five winning flags, and Norman carried off seven firsts and eleven other prizes.

The 30ft. class have had a remarkable success in the Solent, and their doings compare favorably with those of the 2 5 raters last year. North country designers have not had a chance to try their skill, but Messrs. Sibbick, Nicholson and Payne have all had a trial, the success of the first-named being most marked. Mr Sibbick has been fortunate in again turning out a boat for Mr. A. C Connell, an owner who makes no mistake about getting good work out of his charge, his new Lora beating even the record of last year's Lorette. The other yachts from the Albert yard were Tatters, for Mr. H. Welch Thornton, and Florence, for the Marchese di Serramezzana. Mr. A. E. Payne designed and built Valeria for the Earl of Albemarle. She was a narrower and deeper-bodied yacht than the Sibbick craft, which averaged about 26ft. l.w.l., 7ft. 6in. beam, and 4ft 6in. to 5ft. draft; but though a good boat in a breeze, Valeria was never very satisfactory She first came out with a large gaff mainsail and mast stepped right in her nose; subsequently her sail plan was altered, but her proper trim was not obtained until the tag end of the season, and it is likely even then the best was never got out of her. Memsahib, to the order of Mr S. L. Beale, was from the Gosport, and she was an average performer in moderate weather. The entire fleet of 30-footers were of the fin-bulb type, and with exception of Lord Albemarle's boat were lug-rigged; like the 36 footers, they showed prodigious speed in light airs, but for vessels of their cost owners are justified in expecting better performance in a breeze.

Corolla, purchased by Mrs. Schenley, Meneen, Zivolo and Gareth have been raced against the new boats, and the first named pair have made a good show. Corolla has done best of the bunch close-hauled in a hard wind, and Meneen, rigged as a cutter, has been almost equal to the cracks in her own weather. Gareth had alterations effected to suit her to the new rule, but was not up to her original form, although still as fast or faster than the new boats in a big jump. The light weather flyer of last season, Zivolo, was quite outclassed.

There was some interesting racing at Torbay, where the 36ft. and 30ft. classes were brought together in two matches exceeding 24 and not exceeding 42 rating. On the first day, in a moderate breeze, Westra was 12m. ahead of Valeria on a 14-mile course, the latter making about her best display of the season and finishing 1m. ahead of Lora, and nearly 2m. ahead of Tatters On the second day's racing there was a hard wind, the bigger boats having a single reef, and the 30-footers too hauled down. Over a 21 mile course Lora kept within 9m. of Westra, the Y. R. A. time being 13m 52s. between the classes. Norman, in this race, was giving the new boats a dressing, when she went the wrong course and was disqualified, and Valeria retired for the same reason when making another creditable show

Turning to the 24ft. class, which has decidedly suffered by the change of rule, the entries being less numerous than in the last few years of the 1-rating fleet, and the generality of the boats but poor traps compared with the best of the 1-raters. The older boats, for instance, with 18ft. 6in. l.w.l., 5ft. 6in draft, and say 3cwt. of lead on the bulb, and 320 odd feet of canvas, were better able to stand up to their work in a breeze than this year's type with 21ft. l.w.l., 2ft. 7in. to 3ft. draft, and with only a couple of hundredweight more lead on the bulb and 500ft. of canvas. The new craft, too, were often turned out with little regard to the fact that the buckling strains in such vessels are far more severe than in the 1-raters. From the Albert Yard, Cowes, Mr. Sibbick launched Tarta V. for Mr. A. Hewitt; Shrimp, Capt. J. Orr-Ewing; Adie, Mr. Jessop; Vision, Mr. G. H. Harrison and Mr. E. O. Cockburn; Shamrock, Mr. T. F. Perrott and Capt. McMahon; Will o'-the-Wisp, the Earl of Harrington; Bodagh, for Mr. Balfour Neill, and several others, all very light displacement boats Messrs. Camper & Nicholson built Menina from Mr. C Nicholson's design for the original owners of Corolla, Messrs. C. Newton Robinson, W Cook and G. Lake, and she was a far heavier boat than any of the Sibbick craft.

Mr. A E Payne, however, without doubt, turned out the best 24-footer of the year both in construction and design, Speedwell, for Miss Cox, being a very clever production. The little craft bore a strong resemblance to the Herreshoff Niagara, though her displacement was heavier in proportion than the hard weather 20s. Mr. Payne's other production, Grishelda, for Mr. H Walton, was not a success, but, like Valeria, the 30-footer, better things may be expected of her when properly trimmed. Bodagh, which proved about the best of the Sibbick lot, showed really phenomenal speed, reaching, on which point she was the fastest rater of the year; her contests with Speedwell, which was a far more weatherly and wholesome craft, and could lose Bodagh close handed, were most interesting, and resulted, though only numerically, in favor of Mr. Balfour Neill's boat, which beat Speedwell twenty-one times against sixteen victories to the latter.

Although essentially light-weather performers, the class did not err on the side of recklessness, and the farce at Ryde on July 16 when Miss Hughes sailed Miss Cox's Speedwell over the course for the prize in a fresh wind is best left without comment. It will be remembered that in 1894 Miss Sutton did the same thing with the little Herreshoff Morwena over the Ryde course without an opponent in what may now be called lady's weather, although there were more than half a score of entries on the card. Such tales would make bygone Corinthians turn in their graves

The 18ft. class have been at best but moderate performers, and the wiping out they again received from the Linton Hope unballasted boats in all weathers and on all points of sailing detracted somewhat from the interest in their doings. Mr. Blair Cochrane's last year's boat Jeanie was more than equal to the new Solent raters on a wind in anything like a breeze, while Mr. Brand's new Spruce, Atharah and Mirette, all from the Sibbick yard, were regarded as satisfactory craft.

Mr. Linton Hope altered the form of his dagger-plate to make his designs suitable to the new rule, and fairly surpassed himself with Kismet, and subsequently, too, went one better with Coronis. Apart from difference in type, these boats are more elegant in form than their Solent sisters, the tapering stern seen in last year's Lotus being carried out even finer in the new phantoms. Kismet, in open waters, won eighteen first prizes in nineteen starts, a record which has seldom, if ever, been equaled.

The changes which have taken place in the design and construction of small yachts during the last few years have been beneficial to yacht

architecture and to the sport itself, both in British and Continenta waters, and it is essential, if this improvement is to continue, that a sound and seaworthy type should be encouraged and maintained. The failure of the small classes in this respect to fulfil anticipations has fully justified the free expression of opinion and sea of correspondence which has surrounded the rating rule. No widespread interest, however, can be aroused in the questions attributed to Soakage, which has led to feverish excitement among small yacht owners.

A New Steam Yacht.

An order has just been placed with the Harlan & Hollingsworth Co., of Wilmington, Del., by G. W. Childs-Drexel for a sea-going steel steam yacht, from designs by A. S Chesebrough. She will be 170ft. 8in. over all, 150ft. 8in. l.w.l., 24ft. beam and 14ft. 9in. draft, with triple expansion engines and single screw. Mr. Drexel is now the owner of the steam yacht Alcedo.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1896-97.

Commodore, John N. MacKendrick, Galt, Canada.
Sec'y-Treas., John R Blake, Galt, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. W. Fleischman, 1611 N. 21st St., Phila., Pa.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Francis H. Mannee, Kingston, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

The ending of the sixteenth year of the American Canoe Association, as marked by the annual meeting of the executive committee this month, shows a condition of affairs that is in nearly all respects highly satisfactory. This year the various officers have been up to time with their reports, all but one being presented to the meeting, so that the condition of the Association's finances was made plain to all present. We are personally indebted to several officers for their courtesy in forwarding advance copies of their reports, thus making it more easily possible to publish them with the general report of the meeting.

The most important report as showing the financial standing of the Association was the report of the board of governors, and this is most gratifying. The serious deficits that existed prior to 1892 have since that time been converted into a handsome balance of $1,237 in cash safely invested. The most satisfactory thing in connection with this balance is not the mere possession of so much cash in the general treasury as the assurance of wise and economical administrations in the future—a matter that will be appreciated by those older members who have witnessed so many useless and costly experiments in the past. The credit for this work of placing the Association on a sure and permanent financial basis is due principally to ex-Commodore Chas. V. Winne, the turn of the tide being marked by a balance of $1.58 turned over by him at the end of his administration in 1892, after paying the debt of over $500 which he had inherited from previous adminstrations. His efforts did not stop here, but it was largely through his influence that a new era of careful and economical management was inaugurated; and it is through the efforts of the men whom he called to his aid on the various committees in 1892 that the Association has been run at a small but substantial profit each year.

Save for one purpose, there is no reason why the Association should accumulate property, or why the total receipts of each year should not be at once expended in lessening the cost to the individual members. This purpose for which a surplus may properly be accumulated is the purchase and preparation in the near future of a permanent camp site. Apart from this it would in some ways be desirable to carry over small balances in such accounts as that of transportation to meet occasional contingencies or special expenses; but in the main it is neither necessary nor desirable that the Association should accumulate a large permanent surplus. The great benefit, however, of a certain surplus each year, apart from the question of the purchase and improvement of a permanent site, is that it offers to each su ceeding body of officers an incentive to careful and economical management, at least equal to that of their immediate predecessors. If each set of officers must assume a certain amount of debt with their office the chances are that the debt will be increased rather than diminished; but with an example of economical management to guide as well as to stimulate them, they are likely to do quite as well as their predecessors.

One important aid to the work of financial reform is the new board of governors, created from the hard necessities of several years of bad management as both an aid and a restraint upon the executive of the year. This board, a permanent body gathered from the oldest and most experienced members, with a four-year term for each, is naturally different in its composition from the annual executive and committees. The experience of three years indicates that the experiment is a success.

While the actual cash profit this year is small, the conditions are very different from those of the preceding year; then the mess shed and other appurtenances of the camp were provided by outside parties, the approach was entirely by land, no steamer being necessary, and considerable material was sold at the end of the meet. This year it was necessary to build a wharf, kitchen and a large floor for the mess tent, all of which were left for the present year; a launch service had to be maintained between Clayton and the camp, five miles, and nothing was sold at the end of the meet. In addition to all this the Association has for the first time in its existence provided all prizes without soliciting donations, in itself a very desirable change. Taking all things into consideration, the result is quite as good as could be expected.

The Association has at last reached a point where a dearly bought experience may be turned to profitable account in many details of its yearly business. First, as to the camp site; many will agree with us that the experience of the nine meets at different and widely distant points has been a failure in most respects, and in none more so than in the increase of membership. One strong reason for the departure from Grindstone in 1887, after three most successful meets there, was the expectation that a meet in a new locality would result in a material increase of members from that locality, men who under ordinary circumstances would not join the A. C. A. and attend a meet at one central but distant point. With this end in view the meet of 1887 was held at a beautiful spot on Lake Champlain, easily accessible for the members of the Eastern Division, and since then three more camps have been held in the same locality, at Willsboro and Bluff Point. At none of these meets, even that of 1891, has the Eastern Division been present in such numbers as to place it on a par with the others, and though the division shows a large membership to-day, it has always been noted for the slight interest which its members, outside of a small body, have taken in the general meets, and the very small attendance.

The meet of 1890 was held on salt water for the same reason, to interest the canoeists within the limits of the Atlantic Division, and this it did to a certain extent; but it is safe to say that both the Jessup's Neck and the Croton Point meets have cost the Association more members than they have gained. Both of these sites were unknown and purely experimental, and both were failures, the former in the matter of transportation and mess, owing to the isolated location; the latter in the matter of a very poor camp ground. The Jessup's Neck meet, though looked back to now with pleasure, after its discomforts are forgotten, marked the last attendance at camp of many valued members, and the Croton Point meet not only failed to draw out a good attendance from New York and the Passaic River, but did its share to deter men from making another trip to an entirely new camp ground.

The great difficulty in the choice of a new site each year is that entirely new arrangements for preparing the site, transporting and catering for the members must be made; and this, under most disadvantageous conditions, the officers having to deal with local men entirely unknown to them. The result has usually been that a very large sum has been wasted on the ground itself, the transportation arrangements have been not only costly but inadequate, and the mess has been a failure owing to the dishonesty or incapacity of the contracting caterer. A too frequent repetition of unpleasant experiences, an inordinate expense of money and time in reaching a poor camp ground, and a week or two of poor catering, has driven away many an old member who should still be seen at the meets; and, on the other hand, the change of location and the catering to local and Division interests have failed to bring in new members. The year book of 1897 shows a membership of 720, the highest number on the roll being 1,105—the number enrolled in six years. The highest number in the 1896 book is 2,900, the total membership being 852. The e figures show that, while the Association has taken in 1,800 members in nine years, it has gained about 130.

This great loss is due to two causes; in the first place, the apparently large gain in membership is caused by the recruiting through the efforts of the officers of a number of new members in the division where a meet is to be held, many of these members never attending the meet and many more attending but once. This enforced enlistment of men who really care nothing for canoeing or for the Association is of no permanent good, as few of them remain, and as a rule they even do harm while their membership continues. One of the curses of the meets has been the young fellow, or old one too, who cares nothing for canoeing or camping and owns no canoe, but joins the Association and attends a meet merely because the camp is near at hand and he has heard from his friends of the good times they have. It is this element in a large degree that is responsible for the noise and liquor in camp, and it has cost the Association double in that the disorder and riot have driven away forever some of the best and most esteemed of the old A. C. A. men. The successive year books show apparent large accessions of membership from the different divisions in turn, but the true facts of the case are also shown by the item "Dropped for non payment of dues," in 1895, 153. At best this sort of membership is worth to the Association not over $2 each, the initiation fee and one year's dues, and this is a poor return for the many objectionable features it presents.

Another cause for the decrease of membership is the defection of old members as the result of costly and unpleasant experiences in reaching the camp As men grow older they very naturally desire to camp in greater comfort than in the primitive days of the A. C. A., when a man's whole outfit was carried in his canoe, and they have found by experience that it is a very expensive performance, comparatively speaking, to ship the necessary duffle to and from camp, and while in camp they must often put up with serious inconveniences. Then too they have formed new ties and are not so free to float about the country in happy-go-lucky fashion; their families must be considered in the question of the yearly vacation. The result is that Mr Benedict perhaps goes so far as to unearth his old tent from the garret, look it over regretfully, make a mental review of the cost of his last attendance at a meet and of the poor mess he put up with, and decides that on the whole, while he would like to be with the boys again, it will be cheaper and but little more expensive to take his family to some recognized summer resort. This is all wrong; it is these old men that the Association needs more than it does new ones, and they should be made to understand that they can and must come to the meet. The best way to this end, as we have before maintained, is to confine the meets to one good central location for a term of years at least, not moving until compelled to by the advance of civilization or some similar cause. The arrangements for transportation, mess, etc., can thus be made with the same men each year, taking them out of the domain of experiment and giving to each member an assurance of cost and time necessary to attend the meet and the conveniences which will be provided there. In this way, and with the aid of the associations and ties that must grow up around any familiar camping ground, very much may be done to secure the continued attendance of the best members of the Association, old and young.

Now that Grindstone has been selected for another year the work of the camp site committee will be easy. In the very important detail of the mess, the buildings are already on the spot and the caterer of last year, Mr. McElveney, has offered to renew his contract and to clear up and improve the surroundings of the kitchen. The principal improvement needed on the camp grounds is in the location of the ladies' camp, and several means of accomplishing this have already been discussed. So far as the main camp is concerned very little work will be necessary, and the expenses next year should be very light.

The transportation arrangements this year were most satisfactory, members being carried between the camp and Clayton promptly, quickly, and at a low charge—25 cents per trip one way for the five miles. The Canadian members had independent transportation on the small local steamers, but these are not allowed to carry passengers between two American ports—the Port of Clayton and the Port of Grindstone Island. This necessity for a double service is a disadvantage in that, had the total attendance at the camp been confined to the A. C. A. steamer Pastime, the cost would have been the same and the receipts much greater; but under the existing revenue laws of both countries no different arrangement is possible. At the same time it has been demonstrated by this year's committee that a satisfactory launch service is possible at a small outlay to the Association, very much less than has so often been squandered in a service that was an utter failure. It is probable that the attendance next year from the States will be materially greater than this, thus increasing the receipts with the same outlay, and in any event there is no reason a somewhat higher fare should not be charged if it be decided best to make the launch service self-supporting. Given a suitable steamer at the dock to meet the incoming and outgoing trains, no reasonable objection can be made to a charge of 50 cents in place of 25 for prompt transportation to camp. The great trouble in the past has been that there was no A. C. A. boat, and members were compelled to hunt for and charter outside craft at a great loss of time and a cost of $5 to $10 each. With a continuance of the transportation arrangements in the same manner as this year there need be no further trouble on this score.

The prize question has reached what seems a final and satisfactory settlement. It is in every way desirable that the Association should buy and not beg its prizes, as a matter of justice to the officers and the regatta committee, if for no other reason; and this it is now able to do. The shields are handsome, appropriate and durable, far better than the silk flags, the handsomest of which soon soiled and decayed when hung up.

The racing rules now stand as they are for the coming year, no proposals for their amendment having been presented by or through the regatta committee; in fact, the committee made no mention of the rules in its report. This is to be regretted, though in accordance with custom it would be of material benefit to the Association if the retiring regatta committee, fresh from its active experience and observation, would present to the executive committee its opinions as to the actual operation of the rules and the necessity for changes. At no time have the rules been so perfect that no changes were possible, and even if it is not desirable to make any at present, that fact is worth recording. With such a careful overhauling of the rules each year by those most competent to do it, they might be put in very much better shape than they are now in. The only proposals for amendment were those recently published in the Forest and Stream, but not presented in the committee's report, and the proposal presented at the meeting. The former were very indefinite in their nature, and could only have been incorporated by a thorough rewording of the measurement rule, and they were not even discussed by the executive committee. The latter, not having been published two weeks in advance, could not be acted upon at the meeting, and its proposer was not present to speak for it, so that there is little likelihood of its being passed by a mail vote, the worst possible way ever devised to amend racing rules. The proposal is a radical one, and will bear much discussion, being nothing less than the abolition of the trophy paddling machine and the substitution of ordinary service canoes for the trophy paddling race. In its favor may be urged the patent fact that nine or ten years of the paddling machine has produced nothing that is in any way a benefit to canoeing and in some years the paddling trophy race has been a mere farce. The change is urged by some of the Northern Division members, the ones who have done the most to encourage and develop the paddling machine. We should like to see a thorough discussion of the matter now while it is fresh in mind, in order that if the change is to be made in the future all sides of the question may be thoroughly understood. As to the sailing rules, the result of the past season was very satisfactory as compared with previous years, and the prospects are good for the next season, so that matters may well be left as they stand in the absence of decided proposals for a change. It may be said that by dint of much careless amendment a general rewording of many of the rules has become necessary, but this is a matter of detail that is not of immediate consequence.

The most serious question before the Association to-day is that of its membership, which is, as the figures before quoted show, much less than it should be. To secure a membership which shall be satisfactory both in numbers and composition three things are necessary. First, the rapidly dying interest of the original members of the Association, including those who joined prior to 1889 or '90, must be reawakened to an extent which will induce them to keep closely in touch with the Association, to retain their membership, to treasure the opportunity for reunion which the annual meets afford, and to take a more or less direct part in the affairs of the Association, not necessarily on the active committees, where much work is required, but in an advisory capacity. We have found by sad experience that the number of these men at the meets and the executive committee meetings is less every year until but a corporal's guard can be relied on, and the exchange of information about absent friends brings out the fact that they are not only out of active canoeing, but practically out of the A. C. A. as well, even though still retaining their club membership. Among those who are fast losing a hold on the Association are such men as Oliver, Gibson, Vaux, Foster, Stanton, Brown, Mix, Seavey, Rathbun, Nat Smith, Ward and Nickerson, all hard workers for canoeing and the A. C. A. at one time. It is no longer possible for such men to take part in the races as racing is to-day, or to give valuable time to detail work in camp, but it should be that they retain a live interest in the Association, enough to bring them to the meet every year or so.

As to the present active membership, still represented at the meets, it is only to be expected that those of the old fellows who still attend the meets with reasonable frequency—Winne, Will Wackerhagen, Edwards, Brokaw, Whitlock, Robertson, Butler, Goddard, Parmele, and Gage—will before long succumb to the same influences that have separated their companions from this Association. Then, too, there is the main body of the present membership, younger members whose interest both in the meet and the races is still keen and active, but who may be expected to drop out after perhaps an average of six years' regular attendance.

Outside of the present membership it is absolutely necessary that the Association should take in new members and good members every year, training up men who will in turn do the work of the older ones, and who will take the same pride in the prosperity of the Association.

It must be admitted that for several years past the outlook has not been promising; many old members have practically withdrawn, the work imposed on those who remain has been severe and arduous, the accessions of membership have been but slow and have turned in few good workers, either in the

routine work of the officers and committees, or in the actual participation in the races.

The very best that can be said for the plan of catering to different local interests through a change of camp site each year is that it has failed to bring in the anticipated new members, and also to counteract the inevitable disintegrating tendencies of age, business, social and domestic ties, and super-refinement of racing that are cutting down the membership list on the upper end. Our own belief is that the case may be stated much more strongly, and that the many failures and disappointments incident to the hippodroming scheme are mainly responsible for the loss of many of the best members.

How to bring back the missing, to retain the present, and to recruit anew, is a very difficult question, but one on which the very life of the Association now depends. In our opinion the first and by far the most important step is through a reliable guarantee of a good camp site and mess, prompt and reliable transportation, and the attendance of a number of the old members. If every man who is in doubt whether to go again to the meet or to take his vacation in some other way could be made to understand that he could reach the camp easily and quickly by the advertised means, that the camp ground would not be a hot sand hill or a wet thicket, that he could obtain plain and good camp fare, and that he would be certain of meeting A, B, C and D, if not a dozen more of his old chums, the question would soon be decided in the right way. If, too, the same assurance can be placed before the new man, in place of awful tales of destitution and starvation at the hands of the caterer at Jessup's Neck, of pillage and robbery by hackmen, expressmen, boatmen and telegraph messengers in the same year, of the stranding and marooning caused by the wretched launch service of the first year at Willsboro, and of the stifling simoons of the Hudson that brought malaria to the broiling sandhills of Croton Point, another good man may be rescued from the tennis court, the golf links and the summer hotel piazza, and taught the way to the best of outdoor sports—camping and canoeing.

As a means to this end, of perfect camp arrangements, the permanent camp ground stands at the head. It not only lessens greatly the labors of the officers through the practical continuity of mess and transportation service in the same hands, but it is an absolute bar to the wild experiments in location and other details that a new board of officers is too often tempted to make, at the expense of the Association at large and of every individual member who attends the meet. The arguments we have advanced in the past against a permanent camp site are in themselves as strong as ever to-day, but they lose their weight when placed side by side with conditions then unforeseen, but which have since developed to a degree that has wrought serious injury to the meets and to the Association at large. The positive danger of degeneration into a picnic at a luxurious and fashionable camp ground, of the establishment of a "Ballast Island" for the American Canoe Association that shall rob it of all but the name of canoeing and camping, must now be considered side by side with other equally dangerous conditions that, while preserving the outdoor camp under canvas, are at the same time limiting the membership and attendance.

As far as the objectionable features of over civilization go, they may be avoided by the selection of an isolated location, distant from hotels and cottages, and at the same time accessible by such arrangements as can readily be made by the Association; and by stringent regulations prohibiting the erection of everything in the nature of a permanent building and compelling the use of tents alone for shelter. Those public structures which are annually built in a makeshift way at a very great expense, the wharf, kitchen, mess shed and store as well as the floors for headquarters, can then be built permanently and much better—of plain and simple design, as is suitable for such a purpose—and such grading, draining and other work as is necessary on almost every camp site may be done properly. To such a camp as this men could come with a positive certainty as to the time and cost of transportation, the nature of the climate and surroundings, the quality of the mess, and the number and character of the men they would meet. About such a camp, especially at Grindstone Island, would spring up associations and influences that would grow stronger instead of weaker as a man grew older, bringing him back each year to forget for the time the cares and responsibilities of life in the presence of old scenes and old friends. In such a home the Association might hope not only to retain all its present members, but to call back many of the old ones as they were made to understand that the A. C. A. meet of to-day was not so widely separated from that of long ago as has been too frequently and painfully apparent in recent years; and the growing reputation of such an ideal camp would call to the membership of the Association not only young men, but those of more mature age, and of such high standing as characterized its founders.

The executive committee meeting is, to a certain extent, a miniature of the meet itself, and, like the larger gathering, it this year showed but few of the old members. The business of the meeting was carried out with unusual dispatch, possibly because the members were invited to attend the football match in the afternoon. The Atlantic Division made a remarkable record by a complete representation, notwithstanding the distance from Philadelphia to Toronto, every member of the Division executive committee being present. The spirit shown by the vice-commodore and purser, both from Philadelphia, is most creditable to the Delaware River canoeists, and promises well for the success of the Division next year. In the Central Division one member, Mr. Morse, came all the way from Peoria, Ill., on purpose for the meeting, he being the most western representative of the Division and of the Association.

The Eastern Division made no representation whatever, which is to be regretted; no Division can afford to neglect entirly the business of the Association. It is not a little strange that, with its large membership and its long continued prominence in sailing, the Eastern Division takes small part in the executive work of the Association, and more than once has waived its turn for the commodore and meet. In the case of the annual meeting of the executive committee, the officers of each Division should make some concerted effort to have the Division represented by at least one member. Out of half a dozen Division officers there should be at least one who can attend the meeting, or if not a proxy may be sent. It has happened too often that the Northern Division has been entirely unrepresented at meetings in the States, as at New York, Boston or Albany; and that other Divisions have had no representatives at meetings in Canada. The annual meeting is in no sense a matter for the one Division in which the next meet will be held, but is strictly an Association matter; and the Association, as a whole, should participate through the means of a proper representation of every Division. It is, for instance, unfair to a Division that includes over one-third of the membership of the Association that its officers take no part whatever in the business of the Association, and that in a year in which it should be at the head.

One reason for the speedy dispatch of the year's business was that there was little to be done. The question of a camp site was practically settled at the meet last summer; there was but brief discussion of the matter of date, for the reasons that it was generally recognized that the meet last year was held a little later than is desirable, and also that this year the date of the full moon makes it easily possible to hold the meet a week earlier. The only discussion in this connection was over the matter of the Trunk Line certificates, which extend from three days before to three days after the advertised dates of any meeting. It was considered very desirable to make some arrangement by which those who desire to take more than two weeks' vacation may have their certificates extended prior to or after the dates of the meet. This may possibly be done by some concession on the part of the transportation companies.

In the matter of amendments to the constitution, racing rules, etc., there were practically no proposals before the meeting; the constitution has for some time worked very well in its present form, and no material improvement has been suggested. The racing rules are by no means as near perfect, but still there is just now no pressing call for their amendment, and no practical proposals to that end save the one relating to the paddling trophy, and which was not so presented as to be open for action

One great reason for the speedy expedition of the business, for which perhaps the football game was in a measure responsible, was the absence of wild and indefinite schemes, often old ones that have been tried and rejected, unknown to their proposers, and to the pointless and interminable debates on trivial points. It has been too often the custom at the meetings of the committee, both in camp and at the annual meeting, to waste valuable time in the general and indiscriminate discussion of more or less irrelevant projects and questions, the result being that by the time the more important matters are reached, such as the consideration of the amendment to the racing rules, the day is over, the dinner near at hand, and the real business of the meeting is rushed through in a most slipshod fashion. This year the meeting kept very closely to business during the whole of its single session

The Toronto C. C., once one of the most active in the Association, has for some years almost dropped its connection, a result due, as in the case of other Canadian clubs, largely to the location of so many meets far south of the border. On this occasion, however, it proved a most hospitable host to the Association; its house was given over to the members for the meeting, the visitors were escorted in the afternoon to see the great football match of the year, between the universities of Ottawa and Toronto, and in the evening the officers of the club entertained the visitors at dinner between 6 and 8 o'clock. A pleasing surprise at the dinner was the presence of Lieut.-Col. Cotton, the commodore of 1893, who was opportunely captured by chance as he was changing trains at the station and carried off to the dinner. He had just returned from a visit to England which kept him away from the last meet. After dinner all hands returned to the club house for a smoking concert, an amusement for which the T. C. C. is noted, which occupied the entire evening, Com. Wilkie acting as chairman. Among the old A. C. A. men present were Hugh Neilson, Judge Dartnell, E. B. Edwards and Robert Tyson. On Sunday the visitors were taken for a drive through the city and entertained until the evening trains, when they left for home. The annual meeting of the board of governors was held on Saturday evening.

The weather during the two days was most unpleasant. After several unusually warm days both in New York and Toronto, Friday was cold and bleak, and on Saturday snow fell in the latter city to the depth of 3in., making the streets wet and sloppy, with a dull November sky above. The experience of numerous meetings at about the same date, the third week in November, at New York, Boston, Toronto, Albany and other places, goes to show that it is later than desirable and likely to be marked by a disagreeable change of weather, the first real indication of winter. There is no reason why the meeting should not be held earlier, about the first week in November, when the chances are much in favor of warmer weather.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Calumet Heights Rifle Scores.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 21.—The following scores were made by members of the Calumet Heights Gun Club in a hazy atmosphere with a changeable wind blowing across the range:

Class A, 200yds., off-hand, standard target, open sights allowed 2 points:

Harlan	3444431545	—40	J O Hobbs	4444444444	—40
Paterson	0343334332	—28	C L Hobbs	3434444 45	—38
H B Black	4334444443—37+2—39		Davis	3234433333—31+2—33	

In the ladies' contest, Class B, 100yds., 22cal. rifle, Creedmoor target reduced, Miss Ervin was the only competitor, and accordingly she was awarded the ladies' medal on the good score of 41 points made as follows: 5444443445—41.

Patty.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Dec. 12.—Hackensack, N. J.—Amateur championship of New Jersey, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club.

Dec. 22-23.—Elizabeth, N. J.—Ninth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club. First day, targets; second day, live birds.

1897.

Jan. 1.—Newark, N. J.—Sixteenth annual tournament and reception of the South Side Gun Club. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

Jan. 4-5.—Prescott, Arizona.—Fourth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Prescott Gun Club. Roy Hill, Sec'y.

Jan. 20-25.—San Antonio, Tex.—Second midwinter tournament, under the management of Oscar Guessaz $200 added.

Feb. 27-March 11.—Hot Springs, Ark.—The Arkansaw Traveler's first grand annual live bird tournament; $10,000 in purses and added moneys. Souvenir programmes ready Jan. 1. Address all communications to John J. Sumpter, Jr., Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.

March 23-25.—New York City.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

April 15-17.—San Antonio, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

May 11-14.—Oil City, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.

May 17-22.—Kansas City, Mo.—Annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Fred T. Durrant, Sec'y.

June (third week).—Cleveland, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

June 16-17.—Fargo, N. D.—Third annual tournament of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association. Targets. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Since mailing the drafts of the proposed new rules for target shooting, we have been informed that a revision of the A. S. A. rules has been under consideration for some time. We have also learned that the Sportsmen's Association (anent which association Elmer Shaner has something to say in this issue) contemplates promulgating a new set of trap-shooting rules. We are pleased to find that this matter has attracted so much attention, as it fully bears out all that we have claimed, viz., that no set of rules now in use are considered to be anything like perfect. Talking about rules; A gentleman who was, we believe, one of the original framers of the A. S. A. rules, said to us the other day in defense of those rules: "You must remember that there is always a point in any rules where they come to an end and where equity begins." We have always thought how much better it would be to minimize the labors of the referee, and leave as few points as possible to be decided by that official upon the "equity" plan. What may seem equitable to a referee and to the parties in whose favor he decides, very often looks just the opposite to the other parties in the case. Then again, no referee is infallible.

Charlie Grimm is after Carver; Carver wanted to challenge Roll for the Du Pont trophy, but found Winston's money ahead of him; and now Elliott tells us that Carver is after his scalp and also after the Kansas City *Star's* cup won by Elliott from Riley. Talking about Carver's challenge to Roll, why shouldn't Mr Buckley, Carver's backer, send on his money to Mr. E. S Rice, in Chicago, and challenge the winner of the Winston-Roll match? We believe Mr. Rice would be just as willing to honor the challenge as, here in the East, Roll's and Winston's challenges to the winners of the Claridge-Malone and the Claridge-Roll matches respectively were honored. As a matter of fact, whether champions or would-be champions, anybody who really *wants* a match can easily get it if he only looks in the right place and makes his needs known. It didn't take Parmelee and Elliott long to fix up their match; not a scrap of printer's ink was wasted in windy preliminaries. The simplicity of the affair was absolutely refreshing.

In connection with a Driver and Twister in our last issue that touched upon the proposed reorganization of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association, we are glad to be able to state that the project is not pigeonholed, but that steps are being quietly taken to put everything in good shape before a meeting is called to consider the reorganization. The meeting will be called, in all probability, at Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City. It does seem a shame that the State of New Jersey—a State that can muster among its shooters such men as Enoch Miller, Dutchy Smith, Ferd Van Dyke, Neaf Apgar, Tom Keller, Justus von Lengerke, Fred Quimby, Heber Breintnall, etc.—should be without a State organization to look after the interests of trap-shooters. The game laws of the State need some looking after too; the State Sportsmen's Association could do some good by taking a hand in that matter and helping to unravel some of the many twists and snarls the late Legislature is answerable for.

H. W. Brown writes us from Binghamton, N. Y., as follows: "The attendance at our weekly shoots has been so small of late that I did not think it worth while to send in the scores week by week. Game shooting has been taking the boys' attention. While Binghamton cannot show any very good target shots, we have among us some very good shots on game. Recently Mr. Kendall made quite a record, scoring ten woodcock and one partridge (ruffed grouse) straight in cover. Another member of the gun club scored nine woodcock without a miss, and at another time killed eleven partridges without a miss also. This seems to me like a pretty good record." We should say so too, and have taken off our hats to our friend Mr. Kendall, and to that other member of the gun club. If they can go out and get all those partridges and woodcock, small wonder they won't stop at home and try to break targets!

The secretary of the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., Mr. W. R Hobart, writes as follows: 'The South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., will hold their usual New Year's Day reception and tournament on Jan. 1, 1897. This will be the South Side's sixteenth annual, and all shooters will be cordially welcomed. A nice lunch will be served at 12 o'clock, and no pains will be spared to make the affair a pleasant one. A feature of the meeting will be that no one will be compelled to enter the sweepstakes, which will be entirely optional, and tickets for birds will be issued which may redeemed at their face value or are good until used. The shooting will commence at 10 o'clock."

The shoot for the *Shooting and Fishing* trophy now held by the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., did not come off last Saturday afternoon according to agreement; the challengers, the Climax Gun Club's team, of Plainfield, N. J., arrived on the scene too late for any chance of the match being shot that afternoon. The days are very short now, and the light on the meadows is none of the best when 4 o'clock has struck. There is a likelihood of a contest for the trophy at the Boiling Springs grounds on New Year's Day, when it is hoped that the Endeavor Gun Club will enter a team and help the Climax to make it interesting for the Rutherford boys.

According to the Columbus, O., *State Journal* of Nov. 22, Heikes and Bartlett shot a race the previous day against Ed Rike and Scott McDonald, both members of the Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O., and both neighbors of Heikes, whose home is at Dayton. The conditions of the race were: 100 targets per man, 50 of them at unknown angles and 25 pairs. The scores on the singles were: Heikes 49, Bartlett 47, Rike 47, McDonald 44. On doubles Heikes scored 42, Bartlett 35 Rike 33 and McDonald 24. The combined team totals were: Heikes 91, Bartlett 82, total 173; Rike 80, McDonald 68, total 148.

Taylor Cox, of Joplin, Mo., won the last medal shoot of the Joplin Gun Club with the score of 91 out of 100 at unknown angles. The other scores were: Sergeant 89, H. T. Leeman 86, C. M. Sumner 85. In sending us the scores, Sergeant adds: "Taylor Cox is now using a Winchester, and is breaking nearly all the targets" Is this a genuine piece of information from friend Seargeant, or is it merely a joking reminder of the time at the Pittsburg shoot when he (Sergeant) sold his Winchester to Elmer Shaner for a dollar after missing —, we won't say how many targets?

At the time of going to press we cannot give any definite idea as to the probable number of entries in Charlie Zwirlein's big live-bird race that commences to-morrow (Dec. 2) at Trenton, N. J. The weather is hardly pleasant for spectators to stand around in, but it is just the sort of weather that puts snap and life into the birds when they are handled with the care and judgment they always receive when Zwirlein has anything to do with them. A touch of frost in the air is not a bad thing for the shooters either, so we may look for some good scores on fast birds.

On our way to the shoot at Rutherford, N. J., on Saturday last, Nov. 28, we ran across Allen Willey, once a familiar figure in trap-shooting circles in this vicinity. Mr. Willey says that he has been sticking too close to business to do much shooting of late, but believes that he hasn t quite forgotten how to handle a gun. Looking after a theatrical company keeps him on the move all the time, but whenever he gets a chance he goes out and blows the oil out of his gun and incidentally tries to stop drivers and twisters from five traps.

Thanksgiving Day was a miserable one, from a weather point of view, in this vicinity. Not until very late in the day did a breeze spring up and start the fog that wrapped the city in a cloak of cloud, moving seawards. It is, however, hard to stop the boys shooting when they want to do so; bad weather won't do it, and as a result there were several holiday gatherings of a trap-shooting nature carried to a successful close on that day.

One of the prettiest miniature specimens of the gunsmith's art that we have ever handled was shown to us the other day by Justus von Lengerke at his store, 8 Murray street, this city. The gun was a double Francotte, 32-gauge, hammer, weight about 3lbs., and as well finished as one of the highest grade guns. Justus had had it made specially to order for his son, now eight years old, who, under his father's tuition, will be taught how to use it.

The Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association claims the third week in May, 1897, as the week in which it will hold its annual tournament. As this Association always gets up a good and attractive programme, and as its annual shoots are invariably among the highest class of such affairs, it will be advisable for secretaries of gun clubs to note the above dates with a view to avoiding clashing with the same.

The Sportsmen's Association has taken a lease of an elegant suite of rooms on the tenth floor of the Williams Building, corner of Broadway and White street. The rooms, which face west, will be ready for occupation in about two weeks.

The *Recreation* cup, emblematic of the amateur championship of New Jersey, is now on view in the window of Schoverling, Daly & Gales. The first shoot for the cup is set for Dec. 12. The management of the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, under whose auspices the cup is to be shot for, should remember that the days are very short now and that, if the entries are at all numerous, it will be necessary to commence promptly on schedule time if the shoot is to be decided before darkness drops down on the Hackensack meadows. It would be a good idea, too, if the club put on one side all its black targets and trapped only the yellow-ringed ones on this occasion.

The grounds of the Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield, N. J., are located at Fanwood, N. J., and are about as hard grounds to shoot on as any we have ever come across. The background is very poor, and for expert rules it could not well be more difficult. Small wonder, then, that Wolstencroft and Dutchy Smith could not beat 77 out of 100 at expert rules on Nov. 27. Wolstencroft won by 77 to 74.

Roger Van Gilder in a letter dated Nov. 25 says: "I don't believe there will be in '97 many, if any, very large added money shoots. So why not all meet again at one place for, as Charlie Budd says, 'One more good old time before we go to the happy hunting grounds?'" That sentence sounds so exactly like one of Charlie's that we can almost hear Dago Chief's voice uttering the words!

In a letter to us regarding certain points in the proposed new rules for trap-shooting, E. D. Fulford, of Utica, N. Y., under date of Nov. 25 says: "I will see you at Zwirlein's shoot next week. I have been chasing ruffed grouse over the mountains of Oneida, Madison, Herkimer and Lewis counties, and I am going to the score at Zwirlein's in good form, fit and *well*."

To satisfy many inquiring friends, we take this opportunity of stating that the Interstate Association has not decided as yet where to hold the Grand American Handicap of 1897; it has not even considered the matter, but will doubtless appoint a committee at its annual meeting, Dec. 17, to visit certain places and report upon them.

The New Utrecht Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., will hold its live-bird shoots at the Dexter Park grounds until further notice. It will be remembered that its club house at Woodlawn, L. I., was demolished early this fall by lightning that set fire to the building, burning it to the ground.

"Roundmouth, the Indian," alias Frank S. Parmelee, of Omaha, Neb., chief of the famous Indian squad of 1896, has lowered Jim Elliott's colors in a 100-bird race by 92—91, Elliott losing his last bird. The match was shot at Kansas City, Mo., on Thanksgiving Day.

Capt. A. W. Money sailed last Wednesday, Nov. 25, for England on the American liner; he expects to be absent from this country about six or seven weeks. Local shooting circles, both live bird and targets, will miss him sadly.

What a short time a year is after all! In another six months we'll be talking of the late New York State shoot at Auburn! And perhaps also recalling some features of the crackerjacks' carnival at Knoxville! Eheu!

Jim Elliott is here once more. He has come straight from Omaha, Neb., where he met Frank Parmelee in a 100-live bird race, to take part in Zwirlein's big shoot at Trenton, N. J., this week.

In view of the extreme probability of a tournament at Knoxville, Tenn., next May, Tom Keller is hustling around and securing signatures to contracts for his freak show at that shoot.

The following is from Hot Springs, Ark.: "Look out for the souvenir programmes of our big live-bird shoot, Feb. 27-March 11. They'll be ready for distribution about Jan. 1."

Don't forget the dates of San Antonio's Midwinter tournament—Jan. 20-25. Our fixtures column always tells the tale as soon as dates are decided upon.

DEC. 1. EDWARD BANKS.

At Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 19.—The following scores were made to-day at Watson's Park in a 50-bird race between Dr. Shaw and Dr. Carver:

Dr Shaw.....01•11011210121122111121202—20
11012111111112112211111112—24—44

Dr. Carver.....0222202112221121002122120—20
11221121112121222002212121—23—43

Nov. 24.—Dr. H. H. Frothingham and Henry Wright shot a 60-bird race here to-day, Dr. Frothingham making the great score of 49 out of 50, losing his 6th bird dead out of bounds. Scores:

Dr Frothingham.....21211•12111221222221112111—24
22121122221211101121221122—25—49

Wright.....1•22222202122221101121111—22
2•12222221222222•1222212—23—45

Nov. 26.—John Ruble and J. H. Amberg shot a match here to-day at 25 live birds for $25 a side, Ruble standing at 27yds., and allowed the use of one barrel only; Amberg to stand at 30yds., and to use both barrels if necessary. Score:

Amberg.....020112•02212222111122222•00—18
Ruble.....1111111•011111100101•1001—17

Four 5-bird races, $2 entrance, were shot with the following results:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Barto	21122—5	22222—5	02022—3	00200—1
Ebbers	12021—4	.....	.....	.....
Stannard	12012—4	.....	.....	.....
Amberg	11012—4	10021—3	00220—2	.....
Levi	20122—4	.....	.....	.....
Geo Roll	.....	02202—3	10102—3	21122—5
Rupel	.....	10102—3	00202—2	00020—1
Bear	.....	02000—1	20202—3	02202—3
Rehm	.....	02112—4	12122—5	02121—4
Carver	.....	.....	22222—5	22222—5
Liddy	.....	.....	11010—3	01122—4

RAVELRIGG.

Trap-Shooting Forty Years Ago.

ALGONA, Ia., Nov. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When I was a small boy I had a great love for the gun. We lived near Fresh Pond, in West Cambridge (now Arlington), N. J., near the old Whitman Hotel. Once or twice a year they had a trap shoot at this hotel, and, like many of the small boys in the neighborhood, I was always around when the shoot took place. The old-time shooters of that part of the country were sure to be there. Jerome Boals, who kept the celebrated Bowdin Hall, near the Revere House, in Boston; Capt. Bradshaw, Messrs. Setchel, Litchfield, Dr. Mason and a dozen others would be at their places when the trap was filled.

The shooters stood in a large circle, about 25 rods in diameter. Only one trap was pulled, and that was placed about 35yds. from one edge of the circle. The shooters stood about 30yds. apart, where stakes were set. The "score stake" was just inside of the circle. One shooter stood at the "score stake," and when all was ready called "Pull!" The puller opened the trap and the shooter at the score had the first chance. If he did not kill the bird, then any other shooter might shoot, and often 10 or 12 shots would be fired before the bird came down, and often it got away.

The referee was expected to know which shooter killed the bird, and many disputes took place, as oftentimes three or four men would claim the bird. It was considered a great honor to kill the most birds. There were no prizes whatever.

When I was sixteen years old my father came home one night and told me that they were going to have a pigeon shoot up at Dr. Mason's, near Pearce's ring (now Arlington Heights), and that Stephen Locke, Dr. Mason's brother-in-law, would like to have me there. I was delighted to think that I could be one of the shooters, and got out my little 16-gauge gun and cleaned it very carefully and had it in perfect order. At that time I was shooting a great many jacksnipe and woodcock. Mr. Locke often went with me; he was considered one of the best shots in America. My father was a fine shot, and was quite fond of my shooting in the field. I often killed fifteen or twenty jacksnipe without a miss. Both he and Mr. Locke were satisfied that if I could keep cool I could kill pigeons at the trap.

The morning of the shoot was pleasant and mild. My father took me in his carriage to the shooting grounds, and told me to be careful and not get excited, as he wished me to win or be equal to the best, as more than I knew of depended on my shooting that day. I fancy I must have looked quite young to the balance of the shooters, as most of them were from thirty to fifty years of age. A great many people had come to the grounds to see the shooting, and all were wondering who would do the best shooting. We drew for positions in the circle, and I drew the score. I went to my position and the balance of the shooters took their places. My friend Mr. Locke spoke to me and told me that I had a jacksnipe in front of me and that I wanted him. I felt somewhat excited, as I knew I was expected to kill my bird, and I was very anxious not to dissappoint my good old father. The judge told me that everything was ready; I called "Pull"; the trap opened, the gun went off, and I have a faint recollection of hearing the judge call "dead bird." I was so excited that I hardly knew whether I had a gun or not. The people yelled; they were with "the boy." After that I was less excited and killed my birds well. I killed 15 birds without a miss, being the best man. The old shooters all seemed pleased at "the boy's" shooting. George Tapley, of the Ocean House, Chelsea Beach, patted me on the back and said: "Well done, Jack." My father was well pleased, and when I went home that night he told me not to get the big head, as the shooters did not like that. If I did get it I have had it taken out of me many times since.

That was a shoot of forty years ago. It would look somewhat strange to see a shoot of that kind now, but I think I never enjoyed a shoot more; I look back at that day as one of the great days of my life. Shooters were just as enthusiastic then as now, and I think they will always be the same. I have shot in many States from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and have always found the same kind friends among the shooters. Always full of life and hope. JOHN G. SMITH.

Parmelee versus Elliott.

OMAHA, Neb., Nov. 26.—Below is the score of the race between Frank Parmelee and J. A. R. Elliott, which was shot on our grounds (Omaha Gun Club) to-day, resulting in a victory for Parmelee by the score of 92-91. The race was exciting from start to finish. Going to the score first, Elliott made a clean miss of his first bird, a right-quarterer; then making a run of 40, the best run of the race. Parmleee shot poorly in the first 25, losing 4 birds. In the second 25 both Parmelee and Elliott dropped 2 birds, all of them hot birds that carried the shot just far enough to get over the boundary. In the third series Parmelee only missed one bird, his 17th, which was a warm proposition flying in about every direction possible; though hit hard with the second barrel, it carried the shot to the fence. In retrieving this bird, Sam, the dog, made one of his grand stand plays, jumping fully 4ft. in the air and getting the bird as it was apparently about to leave the grounds. Elliott lost 2 birds in this series, both screamers. In the last 25 Parmelee, after missing his first bird, killed straight, while Elliott dropped 4, losing the race by 1 bird. At the 76th round it looked as though Parmelee could not possibly win, but Elliott's misses of easy birds turned the tide. At the 95th bird Elliott missed, tieing the score and causing wild excitement. Thus it stood until the last bird left the trap; Elliott, though hitting it hard with both barrels, lost it by a few inches—dead out of bounds.

The weather was something frightful. A keen wind blew from the north directly over the traps, and the air was full of sleet that stung like needles, making it decidedly unpleasant for both shooters and spectators. Elliott used his second barrel for safety almost invariably, and won much admiration by the quickness with which he used it. Parmelee, on the contrary, took chances several times when prudence seemed to dictate the use of the second barrel. After the main event the members of the club passed the balance of the day in shooting live birds.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

F S Parmelee (30).....
2 3 5 3 1 3 2 3 1 2 4 4 4 1 1 3 2 5 1 1 1 2 2 2 5
1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 0 1 1 1 0 2 2 1 0 1 0—21

4 4 5 1 2 1 1 1 3 1 1 5 2 1 2 4 2 2 5 5 4 1 1 5 1
1 1 2 1 2 0 1 2 1 0 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2—23

4 4 5 5 1 2 4 5 4 3 4 2 5 1 1 5 4 3 3 5 2 5 3 4 5 2
1 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 0 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2—24

1 3 5 4 3 2 3 3 5 5 2 4 5 1 2 3 2 5 4 5 2 3 4 3 5
0 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 1—24—92

J Elliott (30)...
2 3 3 4 4 3 4 3 1 3 4 5 5 5 5 1 5 3 5 5 2 2 2 3 4
0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

4 1 3 3 5 5 3 5 1 3 3 3 5 3 1 1 1 5 1 4 2 1 1 2
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2—23

4 1 4 5 1 5 4 5 1 4 2 2 1 3 5 5 3 4 4 2 2 1 3 2 2
2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—23

1 3 3 1 4 1 5 4 5 2 5 2 4 3 5 5 1 3 1 1 1 2 5 1 5
2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 0—21—91

The traps were pulled in the following order:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	Total.
Parmelee	21	21	17	18	23	100
Elliott	23	15	22	16	24	100
	44	36	39	34	47	200

W. R. HALL.

Calumet Heights Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 21.—The recent trophy shoots of the Calumet Heights Gun Club have been poorly attended, owing to the duck season being its rival. The scores in the contests shot to-day, and on Nov. 7 and 14, are given below:

Nov. 7:

Paterson (A).....1111111101111101111111110—22
Lamphere (A).....1111111110011111010011111—20
Norcom (B).....1010110001111010011011100—14
Metcalf (B).....0100111010101101011010001—13
Harlan (C).....0010000000000000001000001— 5

Nov. 14:

Lamphere (A).....1111101111101111101101111—21
Norcom (B).....0011001011111010001001011—13
Metcalf (B).....1111011010110011111111111—20
Davis (C).....0001000010100011110011100—10
H B Black (C).....0000000000000111100110001— 6
R B Carson (B).....0101110111111110111111011—20
Wilde (C).....1100011100111101000000011—12

Nov. 21:

Paterson (A).....0011111111111101111111100—20
Lamphere (A).....1111111111111111011101001—19
Norcom (B).....1110111110011101111111011—20
Wilde (C).....1000011110001101001011111—13
Chamberlain (C).....0111101000001000001100100— 9
K Marks (C).....0101001000011000001110000— 8
Harlan (C).....0110110001000011000000000— 7
H B Black (C).....0100000000000001000000000— 3

To-day three other events were shot as follows:

No. 1, 5 pairs, unknown traps and angles: Paterson 6, Norcom and Lamphere 5, Harlan 2.

No. 2, 10 targets, unknown traps and angles: Norcom 8, Lamphere 7, Paterson 6, Harlan 3.

No. 3, 15 singles, same conditions: Lamphere 12, Harlan 11.

PATTY.

Binghamton Gun Club.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Nov. 21.—For the past 10 weeks the members of the Binghamton Gun Club have been competing for a handsome gold medal. The conditions of the medal contest were: 50 targets per man, unknown angles, handicap allowance of extra targets, the first man to win it three times to become the owner of the medal. The system of handicaps proved to equalize the shooting ability of the contestants so well that it required 10 contests out of a possible 13 to decide the ownership of the medal. In to-day's shoot Brown and Hobbie tied on 45 each and Brown retired from the contest, allowing Hobbie the win and the medal, this being his third victory. Below are the scores of the 10 shoots:

	Sept. 12.	Sept. 19.	Sept. 26.	Oct. 3.	Oct. 10.	Oct. 17.	Oct. 24.	Oct. 31.	Nov. 14.	Nov. 21.
Kendall (50)	46	36	42	41	46	38	36	38	39	38
Hobbie (50)	42	47	41	45	40	38	40	41	46	45
Brown (50)	43	43	47	..	44	44	39	46	46	45
Stone (53)	..	29	39	43	39	..	37	..	40	34
Bromley (55)	44	46	41	39	37	43	44	47	45	43
Boss (53)	..	..	48	43	46	41	40	46	..	..

The fifth shoot was a tie between Kendall and Boss, the latter winning on the shoot-off. The ninth shoot resulted in a tie between Brown and Hobbie, Brown winning in the shoot-off with a score of 20 straight. In to-day's shoot Brown scored 96 out of 100 shot at.

On Nov. 7 our medal shoot was postponed on account of the sickness of one of the members. In its place we shot for a handsome trophy donated by Ladin & Rand. The conditions of the race were a 100-target handicap, allowance of extra targets based upon the averages made in the medal shoots up to that date. This arrangement made Brown the only scratch man; he won the trophy with 97 out of 100.

H. W. B.

A Card from the Winchester Arms Co.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Nov 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We desire to say that the press dispatches of this morning, in which it is stated that the Messrs. Hartley & Graham have acquired an ownership in the stock of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., are entirely untrue and without foundation. The relations of the Winchester Company to Messrs. Hartley & Graham are friendly. Messrs. Hartley & Graham, or either of them, are not owners of the stock of the Winchester Company. WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Nov. 29.—Herewith I hand you the scores made on the grounds of the Haverhill Gun Club by some of the members and their guests on Thanksgiving Day. It was a first attempt on the part of most of the latter, and the scores naturally run low.

Our club is a young one, organized on the night of June 12 last, and but two or three of the members had ever shot at inanimates previous to our initial shoot on July 4. From a charter membership of twelve, the club has grown rapidly in numbers, and now has a roll of forty-eight members, with a prospect of an increase another season.

Besides giving two tournaments the club has held regular Saturday afternoon practice shoots and all-day shoots on holidays with a fairly good attendance. The improvement in shooting on the part of some of the members is very noticeable. Grounds were secured within a mile of the City Hall, having a car service of fifteen minutes in the afternoon and every half hour forenoons, which makes them very convenient to all. A substantial club house, 25×14, was erected, and a pit and screen for five traps put in immediately after organizing. Owing to the lay of the grounds we were obliged to face our traps a little to the west of south, but a sky background was thus secured for all but No. 2 trap, a few trees to the left interfering somewhat with a clear view of the target from that trap. Bluerock expert traps are used and pulled with a Walls trap pull from the porch of the house, and targets are thrown at all of our practice shoots at from 50 to 55yds., although at the commencement we made the mistake of sending them much faster, which was rather discouraging to beginners.

Early in the month of August the club made application for membership in the Massachusetts State Shooting Association, and a tournament of that association was held on our grounds during the present month.

At a regular meeting of the club, held on Friday evening, Aug. 14, it was voted to offer a cash bonus of $10 for each and every conviction of any violation of the game laws of Massachusetts effected by the deputy wardens, and to petition at once for the appointment of four new deputy wardens for this vicinity. The result has not been up to our expectations, I regret to say. We were more than anxious to dispense a few "tenners" in so good a cause, but have not as yet had that opportunity; but plans for another season are already up for discussion among our members, and we hope to be able to show to all violators of our game laws that theirs is a risky business in this part of the State.

It would be of great value to us—and I presume also to other young clubs—if secretaries of some of the older clubs would give us through the columns of your valuable paper the result of their experience in devising methods to increase the interest in trap-shooting among the members, so as to secure a larger and more regular attendance at the practice shoots of the club. Let us hear from you, gentlemen, and I am sure the editor will gladly give space to all you may see fit to write on the subject.

Scores at to-day's shoot were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
Targets:	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	20	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Stevens	6	..	6	..	8	..	6	7	7	..	..	7	..	..	10	8	8	5	6	7	..	..
Sprague	6	3	5	..	4	5	..	..	3	..	..	..	4	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Coon	2	4	3	3	1	..	3	3	..	4	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Holden	..	5	3	8	3	6	..	4	6	4	6	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	4	6	1
D S Short	..	..	..	..	8	..	7	..	..	10	..	11	..	6	5	7	7	5	..	..	..	..
Wright	..	..	..	..	9	5	9	5	6	7	6	14	..	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	7	10	7	8	8	6	2	6	4	5	6	..
Dr Simpson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	11	..	6	5	..	5	9	..	..	..	..	..
Brooke	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	2	7	8
Webster	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	6
Huntington	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	5	10	..	..	..	..	..
Fernald	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	5	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Towle	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	2	0	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
E B Short	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	6	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
F J Blake	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
E P Blake	..	..	..	..	3	5	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

During the afternoon ten more events were also decided, all at 10 targets. No. 23 had four entries, as follows: Webster and Merritt 7 each, Brooke 4, Dr. Simpson 2. No. 32 had 4 entries also and resulted as follows: Miller, Webster and Hines 5, Orne 4.

The other eight events with their respective results are given below in the following table:

Events:	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	Events:	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
Holden	2	..	..	4	3	..	3	..	Merritt	4	8	8	..	6	4	..	..
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	Ingham	7	..	4	..	3	6	5	..
DrSimpson	7	..	..	..	6	..	4	7	Orne	8	4	4	2	1	..	4	..
Brooke	..	..	4	..	5	3	5	..	Hines	2	4	..	6	7	8	5	..
Webster	4	8	8	6	6	6	5	6	Stansfield	..	5	5	..	3	..	..	2

Events 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 14, 15, 17, 21, 22, 23, 26 and 27 were at regular angles; events 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, 13, 16, 24, 25, 28, 29, 30 and 32 at unknown angles; event 12, reversed order; events 18, 19 and 20 were "snipe shoots," known angles, unknown traps; event 31 at 5 pairs of doubles. The last event (No. 32) was shot after it had become so dark that it was almost impossible to see a bird. GEO. F. STEVENS, Sec'y.

Lockport Gun Club.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Nov. 25.—Below are the scores of the shoot held here to-day. This was the first annual tournament of the Lockport Gun Club. Our effort was successful, the shoot being well attended notwithstanding the rainy weather. The best shooting was done by Sim Glover, the Rochester expert. Buffalo shooters were out in force and gave a good account of themselves. The Rose system for dividing purses was used and gave entire satisfaction. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	10	10	10	..	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	15	10
Burns	9	9	7	8	0	9	10	10	5	6	10	7	11	..
Southworth	6	6	8	8	3	9	6	5	..	6	..	..	..	..
Lerch	4	4	..	4	..	3	..	1	3	5	..	..	..	7
Ward	6	7	5	8	10	9	7	7	10	9	14	..	8	10
Atwater	9	6	8	7	0	7	8	7	6	8	7	6	..	6
Covert	5	6	5	7	1	4	8	7	5	8	10	8	13	6
Killick	6	6	4	7	..	..	..	6	..	4	8	5	..	..
Kelsey	9	9	9	8	10	8	6	7	10	..	13	9	14	..
Squire	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	..	..	..	..	..
Byer	8	9	9	8	8	9	8	8	7	9	13	8	12	8
Moody	9	..	8	9	0	8	..	9	..	8	13	..	11	..
Glover	8	9	10	10	7	9	9	7	8	9	11	10	14	9
Moon	..	2	4	2	..	5	3	..	3	3	..	5	..	5
Angevine	..	3	..	7	..	5	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..
Woods	..	..	..	5	..	4	..	7	8	6	..	8	..	..
Jackson	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C S Burkhard	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	10	9	9	12	6	15	..
Forrester	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	6	8	8	13	8	..	..
E C Burkhardt	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	6	8	6	11	5	11	..
Kirkover	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	8	9	7	13	8	14	..
Hanks	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	6	8	7	10	..	..	..
Heines	..	..	..	..	..	6	9	8	8	7	13	7	..	..
Fries	..	..	..	..	..	7	10	7	7	8	11	..	..	..
Norris	..	..	..	..	..	5	7	9	9	10	10	10	13	..
Reed	..	..	..	..	..	3	7	4	7	8	13	7	..	..
Burt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	3	..	..	7	12	..
Moyer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	..	..	..	..
Wilson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	2

In addition to the above Edwards shot in No. 9, making 8. No. 14 had 9 additional entries, as follows: Stockwell 8, Freeman 6, Roberts 5, Keim 5, Van Dusen 4, Wentworth 4, Patterson 3, Hineman 2, Kinney 1.

The team shoot resulted as follows:

Audubon Gun Club.

Kelsey	15	E C B	12
Norris	12	Kirkover	12
		C S B	11
			62

Hulburton Gun Club.

Byer	14	Burns	12
Glover	12	Squire	10
		Southworth	10
			58

Peoria Gun Club.

Forrester	13	Reid	11
Heines	12	Hanks	10
		Fries	9
			55

Lockport Gun Club.

Moody	12	Woods	10
Atwater	11	Angevine	9
		Covert	8
			50

I. J. ATWATER, Sec'y.

The Hill School, of Pottstown.

POTTSTOWN, Pa., Nov. 23.—Below are the scores of the fifth weekly shoot of the Hill School Gun Club, of this city. The conditions of the match were: 20 targets per man, unknown traps and angles, the last 4 targets being thrown in pairs:

Van Denburg.....0101001101011101 00 00—9
Ashenfelter.....0000110111000101 01 00—7
Alex Nicholl.....0110100100101000 00 10—7
D Nicholl.....1100010010000100 00 01—6
Saylor.....0010010001010000 10 10—6

H. H. G.

On Long Island.

HELL GATE GUN CLUB.

Nov. 24.—The Hell Gate Gun Club's regular monthly shoot at live birds were well attended, 26 members of the club putting in an appearance this afternoon at Dexter Park. William Sands was the only one of the 26 to score all his birds. Scores in the club shoot were:

Wm Sands	2222222222—10	A Schmitt	1210202001— 6
E Doelnck	1111021211— 9	H Alsheimer	0100122211— 6
P Woelfel	1110121111— 9	L C Muench	1211020001— 6
E Steffens	12•2121111— 9	C Schaefer	1122000101— 6
F Frostel	1101112202— 8	C Rieger	1100120221— 6
J H Voss	0022111121— 8	E Metz	1•20010212— 6
E Paynter	1222212002— 8	E Peterson	0210021110— 6
H Forster	2212220202— 8	A Knodel	1020020120— 5
G Nowak	2222100222— 8	J Krut	0010012011— 5
Dr Bauer	1•0212•222— 7	C Weber	0200002122— 5
J Schlicht	1•11100111— 7	E A Marquardt	0110001021— 5
J Newman	2102222010— 7	L Stetzle	0000001121— 4
C Lang	2100222110— 7	M A Stern	0001200202— 4

THANKSGIVING DAY AT DEXTER PARK.

Nov. 26.—The main event at the Dexter Park grounds to-day was a match between C. Steffens, the crack shot of the Jeannette Jagd Club, an organization that shoots live birds on the Guttenburg race track, and G. E. Loeble, a member of the Emerald Gun Club of New York. The conditions were 50 live birds per man, $25 a side, loser to pay for the birds, Steffens standing at 30yds. and Loeble at 28yds. Chris Meyer looked after Steffens and C. W. Dudley acted in a like capacity for Loeble. Steffens shot a 7lb. 14oz. Parker gun, with 31grs. of Walsrode, loaded by V. L. & D. in an imported Walsrode shell; Loeble shot a Greener gun that weighed 7¾lbs., with 45grs. of Schultze.

The match birds were expected to be a specially selected lot, and were provided by Cord. Busch, of New Jersey. As a matter of fact, the birds trapped in the sweepstakes shot both before and after the match were superior in quality to those trapped during the match. The day was of course all against good birds, the air being damp and perfectly still. Steffens beat his man with ease, winning by 4 birds, with 45 to 41. Score of the match, showing trap, flight of the bird and result of each shot, is given below:

Trap score type—Copyright 1896 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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                3 4 5 1 4 1 1 4 2 5 3 5 5 3 5 5 5 2 3 1 4 4 3 4 4
                ↘↗T↘↙↖↗↘↙↙↘←←↘↙←↗↖↗↙↗↘↙↓↙
C Steffens (30).1 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 0 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 0 2—21

                5 5 4 4 5 2 3 4 2 3 3 1 5 3 4 4 2 1 2 4 1 4 1 2 1
                ↖↘↗↗↙↖←↖↖↘←↙↗↙←↙→↖↙↖→↗→↖↖
                2 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 0 2 1 1 1 1—24—45

                5 2 5 1 2 2 2 4 4 1 5 3 2 3 2 5 4 3 4 4 5 2 1 2 4
                ↙↘↘→→↙↘←↙←↖↖↖↘←T↘↗↖↘↖↖
G E Loeble (28).1 2 2 1 1 •1 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 0 0 2 •1 1—19

                3 2 3 4 1 3 3 5 2 2 3 5 5 2 1 3 1 2 2 2 1 4 2 2 4
                ↙↙↗↘←↓←→↘↖↗↖←↖↖↑↖↑↙↘↗↘↘
                2 1 2 0 • 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 2—22—41
```

The following sweeps, all at 5 birds, were shot during the day. The first was at 30yds. rise; all the rest at 28yds.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
H P Fessenden	22102—4	20022—3	22222—5	.....	.....
C Steffens	11•01—3	.....	.....	.....	.....
Job Lott	01200—2	11012—4	12222—5	10121—4	12222—5
Thompson	11022—4	01222—4	12101—4	01212—4	20211—4
Packard	21011—4	12010—3	10022—3	01110—3	21000—2
H Otten	11220—4	11101—4	12222—5	12211—5	.....
C W Dudley	.....	22022—4	•2210—3	12212—4	.....
G E Loeble	.....	11•22—4	022•2—3	.....	.....
Benedict	.....	.....	21111—5	.....	.....
Scott	.....	.....	.....	00222—3	.....
F W Place	.....	.....	.....	12122—5	01001—2
J H Moore	.....	.....	.....	20110—3	011•0—2
Meyer	.....	.....	.....	12210—4	.....
T Short	.....	.....	.....	11222—5	.....
Craft	.....	.....	.....	11211—5	.....
Lederling	.....	.....	.....	.....	01110—3

FREEPORT GUN CLUB.

Nov. 26.—The Freeport, L. I., Gun Club held a target shoot to-day, the main event on the programme being a merchandise shoot at 15 targets per man. Fred Gildersleeve won first prize with a score of 14 breaks. The scores were:

Fletcher Willis	000011001111111— 9	T D Combes	111010101111011—11
C T Sprague	111111001111101—12	E A Dorlon	010111001010101— 8
Theo Bedell	100110101110101— 9	C D Aller	011010111011111—11
J W Cotter	000011000011110— 6	Samuel Denton	100010111110111—10
James T Cotter	100111110101001— 9	Dr Ed Carman	111011100011111—11
Edwin C Soper	010001011000101— 6	George Balkney	011001101100011— 9
George Rider	011011111101011—11	F Gildersleeve	111111111101111—14
E T Cooke	000100001011001— 5	H Randall	010011001001010— 6
C E Dickinson	000011100011100— 6	A Hunt	100001001010010— 5

CRESCENT ATHLETIC CLUB, OF BROOKLYN.

Nov. 26.—The members of the Crescent Athletic Club did some shooting this afternoon at the club's grounds, Bay Ridge, L. I. The chief event decided was a 25-target handicap race, won by Charles Sykes, the only scratch man, with a score of 20 out of 25. The scores were:

C Sykes (0)	11101110001111111111101111	—20
D G Geddes (1)	10101110110110001111111111	—19
G Notman (3)	11001100110011110110011111	—19
A A Hegeman (1)	01101011111101100000101111	—16
G C White (3)	10111011000111100001111100101	—16
M A Richards (10)	11101001100000100100100010110100000	—13

FALCON GUN CLUB, OF BROOKLYN.

Nov. 27.—Six members of the Falcon Gun Club, of Brooklyn, took part in the club's regular monthly live-bird shoot, held at Dexter Park this afternoon. The club event is shot under what are known in this club as Falcon G. C. rules, which provide that 7 live birds shall be shot at by each man from H and T traps, and that a kill with the first barrel shall count one point, a kill with the second barrel half a point, the bird being on the wing when shot at with either barrel. Under these rules John Vagts was the winner with 7 straight one-barrel kills. Chris Meyer and John Bohling both scored all their birds, but each had to use his second barrel on one bird. In a team race shot after the club shoot, Chris Meyer and John Bohling scored 5 birds each against J. N. Meyer with 4 and John Moller with 3, the general totals being 10 to 7. Scores in the club event were as below:

J Vagts (25)	1111111—7	J N Meyer (27)	0111111—6
C M Meyer (27)	1121111—7	J Moller (25)	1101111—6
J Bohling (25)	2111111—7	H von Staden (25)	2002021—4

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Nov. 28.—The New Utrecht Gun Club, of Brooklyn, held its first shoot at Dexter Park this afternoon. A poor attendance was the natural result of the extremely wretched weather. In the club shoot at 10 live birds Chris Meyer won in class A with 10 straight, and J. Gaughen won in class B with a similar total. In the handicap race for the Laflin & Rand W-A trophy J. N. Meyer was the winner with 10 out of 11, Gaughen having tied with him with 9 out of 10 and then missing his extra bird. Scores:

	Club Shoot.	W-A Trophy.
C M Meyer (A, 30)	2112221122—10	(A, 29)....00
C Furgueson, Jr (A, 30)	2122202222— 9	(AA, 30)..222100
J Gaughen (B, 28)	1222222221—10	(B, 29)....21222221100— 9
J N Meyer (B, 30)	1122012211— 9	(B, 29)....12222022222—10
Conny Furgueson (B, 27)	2222•22222— 9	(B, 28)....222022222

The following sweeps were also shot:

No. 1, 5 birds: C. Furgueson, Jr. (30) 5, Conny Furgueson (27) 4, C. M. Meyer (30) and J. N. Meyer (28) 3.

No. 2, same conditions: Conny Furgueson 5, C. Furgueson, Jr., and J. N. Meyer 4, C. M. Meyer 2.

No. 3, same again: J. N. Meyer 5, C. M. Meyer and C. Furgueson, Jr., 4, Conny Furgueson 2.

Chicago Trap.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 28.—The annual meeting of the Cook County League will be held the evening of Monday, Dec. 7, at the Sherman House, this city.

A directors' meeting of the Cook County League, to determine the long-delayed awarding of the season prizes, will be held Monday evening, Nov. 30.

After a close finish with his friend Lamphere, Mr. A. C. Patterson wins the A Class season medal of the Calumet Heights Club.

The Thanksgiving shoot of the Calumet Heights Club was held in the most inclement of weather, yet the club shot 165 live birds and threw 1,800 targets, besides holding some interesting rifle contests, as appears elsewhere. The club is one of the most active of the city, and is as renowned for its social good times as for its faithfulness at the traps.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

In New Jersey.

ENDEAVOR GUN CLUB.

Nov. 26.—The Endeavor Gun Club held an all-day shoot to-day at its grounds, Marion, N. J. The day was stormy and dark, consequently the shooting was very hard; still some good scores were made. The attendance was light, owing to the bad weather, open season on game and family ties, but those present had an enjoyable time. Fourteen events at unknown angles were shot, the scores made being as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	15	15	25	15	15	25	10	10	25	15	15	25	10	15
G Piercy	13	14	21	11	12	18	10	9	18	14	14	21	9	12
C von Lengerke	11	13	20	..	14	16	..	..	21	..	..	..	..	..
A R Strader	11	11	18	..	12	18	7	..	19	6	11	19	6	12
Mulvaney	10	12	16	8	10	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..
L Piercy	11	..	22	12	12	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W C Berg	6	11	..	..	..	12	..	..	13	6	..	13	..	..
Proctor	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	7	13	9	9	18	7	..
Dr Fletcher	..	8	..	..	..	16	8	7	15	..	11	12	..	10
Metz	..	9	..	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ed Taylor	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	..	12	14	..	9	11
R Strader	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	..	11	12	..	6	13
Seeley	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	8	..	..	..	..	4	8

A. R. STRADER, Acting Sec'y.

FORESTER GUN CLUB OF NEWARK.

Nov. 26.—The Forester Gun Club, of Newark, had a fairly good shoot to-day in spite of the unfavorable weather. The most interesting contest was that which decided the ownership of a turkey and some chickens. John Fleming took the turkey, George Backus two of the chickens, while Mr. Isaac Terrill took care of the other chicken.

This club shoots the second Saturday in each month. Visiting shooters are always welcome.

Scores in to-day's events were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
Targets:	10	10	15	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	15	15	10	15	10
D Fleming	6	6	12	12	9	9	6	7	7	5	12	2	5	9	9	4	12	8
J James	7	8	7	9	5	8	9	8	9	5	12	7	9	12	11	6	14	..
Strope	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	2	2	4	2	3	..	..	..	..	..
Swindell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	5	11	4	5	11	10	7	12	..
Ring	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	3	..	..	..	..
Jewell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	6	..
Dawson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	9	7
Backus	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	4	7	..
Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	..	..
Dr Cummings	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	8

BERGEN COUNTY GUN CLUB.

Nov. 26.—The following scores were made to-day on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club:

No. 1, 10 live birds: Bell 8, Warner 7, Fleischman 7, Ryan 5

No. 2, 25 targets: Warner 21, Bell 18, Van Keuren 16, Jackson 15, C. O. Gardner, Jr., 13, C O. Gardner 12.

	No. 3.	No. 4.
Bell	0001111101111111001101110—17	11100011110110000101010 11—14
Van Keuren	0100111110001100111100110—14	10111011111011001011111101—18
Ackerman	0000010000110100101000001— 7	00011111111000010010010 01—12
Warner	1101100110011101011110101—16	00010111011111111110001000—14
Gardner, Jr.	0000000101000110011011110—10	00000111010010110001001 10—10
C O Gardner	0000000000111111001011101—10	00000110111110001101101 01—13
Fleischman	0000000000110011010111101—10	.....
Jackson	1110001100011110111111010—16	11110110011101111111001 01—18
Prest	.....	01111001001100111111011001—15

C. O. GARDNER, Sec'y.

JEANNETTE JAGD CLUB.

Nov. 27.—Henry Winters was the winner of the Class A badge at the regular monthly shoot of the Jeannette Jagd Club, held at Guttenburg race track; he did not secure the trophy without a struggle, as C. N. Bruny and G. E. Loeble tied him for it with 9 out of 10. On the shoot off, miss-and-out, Loeble dropped out in the third round, but Bruny did not lose a bird until the eleventh round; Winters killing 11 straight won the badge. Captain Ehlen won the Class B badge with 9 out of 10. Scores were:

Class A—28yds.

Henry Winters	1022112221—9	William Brinkerhoff	1100220111—7
George E Loeble	2222212220—9	Charles Offerman	0010211110—6
C N Bruny	1221021121—9	Charles Steffens	1111001010—6
Herman Otten	1222222100—8		

Class B—25yds.

Captain Ehlen	1222222110—9	Frank Karten	0110100111—6
John Hainhorst	0111201110—7	Robert Packard	2100021022—6
Charles Bohling	2211110200—7	Richard Owens	0210120010—5
Nick Crusius, Jr	1102100120—6	Fred Tietjen	0201001110—5
Henry Gerdes	2011002201—6		

A team race at 5 birds per man resulted in a win for Steffens's team by a single bird, as below:

Steffens's team: Bruny 5, Greiff 5, Brinkerhoff 5, Winters 4, Packard 3, Steffens 4, Bohling 4, Gerdes 2—33.

Otten's team: Otten 5, Offerman 5, Lott 5, Hainhorst 4, Karten 4, Loeble 4, Ehlen 3, Crusius 2—32.

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

Nov. 28.—To-day was the date set for the contest for the *Shooting and Fishing* trophy between the challengers (Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield) and the holders (Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford). The day was a miserable one for target shooting, although the absence of wind almost made up for the poor light over the Rutherford meadows. There was no contest for the trophy after all, as through some misunderstanding the Climax team did not put in an appearance until shortly before 3 P. M., an hour far too late to shoot a team race at this time of the year, particularly when the race has to be shot under the conditions governing the trophy above mentioned, which are as follows: 5-men teams, 50 targets per man, 30 to be shot at expert rules, one man up, and 20 to be shot in 10 pairs; a total of 500 targets at the slowest styles of shooting. So late was it when the balance of the Climax team arrived that Ferd Van Dyke, who was to have shot with the Climax, had actually packed up his gun, shot away his last shell and was on the point of leaving the grounds for the 3 o'clock train. Gus Greiff, the captain of the Boiling Springs team, seeing that there was not enough time to shoot off the match before it got too dark to see, refused to start the match at all. As a matter of fact, it was too dark to see targets properly at 4 o'clock, and the rain at that hour was pouring down for keeps.

The result of this failure to come together will probably not be without benefit, as in all likelihood there will be a race for the trophy on New Year's Day, in which it is hoped that the Endeavor Gun Club may join, and thus make a good day's sport on the holiday mentioned, besides helping to make the contest for the trophy an enjoyable one.

Instead, therefore, of the match, several small sweeps were shot at all styles of shooting. In the table given below all events were at unknown angles. It will be noticed that Ferd. Van Dyke's handling of a rifle has not affected his work on targets. Scores.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11			
Targets:	15	10	10	15	10	25	25	15	10	25	25	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
F Van Dyke	15	..	10	..	9	24	25	13	..	..	..	100	96	96
Edwards	..	..	..	15	9	21	24	15	10	23	25	150	142	94.6
J A Paul	..	8	..	10	10	23	22	15	8	..	..	110	96	87.2
W H Huck	..	..	..	..	8	22	..	..	9	..	..	45	39	86.6
J G Lindzey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	19	22	60	49	81.6
C F Lonone	14	10	10	14	7	15	21	8	..	..	..	125	99	79.2
Platt Adams	..	..	..	13	8	18	21	13	9	16	..	125	98	78.4
F Hyde	..	..	..	..	9	18	19	12	9	18	..	110	85	77.2
A A Hegeman	..	..	..	..	..	18	16	8	..	..	..	60	42	70

In addition to the above shooters Greiff scored 9 in No. 5 and 13 in No. 8. No. 9 had six other entries besides those shown in the above table: R. Manning 9, K. Frank and A. L. Ivins 8, T. Brantingham 7, E. Collins and B. James 6.

Three events at expert rules, one man up, were shot during the afternoon, Platt Adams being the only one to score 10 straight. An event at 5 pairs was also decided, the scores being given below in detail:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	Five Pairs.
Edwards	1111011011—8	1100111111—8	1110111001— 7	11 11 10 01 11—8
Van Dyke	1110111111—9	.....	.....	.....
Adams	1101100101—6	1111001001—6	1111111111—10	10 11 10 01 01—6
Paul	1111101110—8	1111011101—8	.....	.....
Greiff	1111101100—7	1011111011—8	0011011110— 6	.....
Lenone	1110001011—6	.....	.....	.....
Huck	0111111111—9	.....	.....	.....
Hall	0111111001—7	0101110110—6	1111110111— 9	01 10 01 10 10—5
Brantingham	.....	1010111111—8	1111111110— 9	10 11 00 10 10—5
Lindzey	.....	0011111011—7	1101000111— 6	10 10 10 11 11—7
Ivins	.....	0000111011—5	.....	.....
Manning	.....	1011101011—7	1101110111— 8	11 10 10 10 10—6

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

Heavy Scoring at Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 18.—There was some heavy scoring to-day on the Davis Island grounds of the Herron Hill Gun Club. All the local cracks put up big totals, while D. A. Upson, a visitor from Cleveland, made his record 43 out of 45 shot at. The King brothers, Messner, Born, etc., all figured in the results of the three events shot at, Will King continuing his good work at the recent shoots by scoring 41 out of 45, and Alex King equaling Upson's score. Bessemer was the only one to make 25 straight in the main event, and scored 9 out of 10 in No. 2; he, however, dropped his first two birds in the third event and spoiled his chances of making a tie with Will King.

A curious feature of the 25-bird race was the ill luck that made itself evident in the thirteenth (the unlucky number) round; in this round seven of the eleven competitors lost their birds. The conditions of the event were 25 live birds per man, $20 entrance, birds included, handicap rise. Bessemer's straight paid him $60.50, King and Born dividing a fraction over $45. Messner, Alex King and Upson tied for third money, $30.25, and agreed to shoot off the tie in the next event. In this they tied again, each man going straight, and accordingly divided. Jacques, with 20 birds to his credit, took fourth money, $15. Scores in this event, and in the one at 10 birds, $10 entrance, were as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Bessemer (29)	0222222222222222222222222—25	2222022222—9
W S King (30)	3221121122221212012222212—24	2221111122—10
Born (28)	2212222212210112122222222—24	2122221122—10
A H King (30)	2222222222220022222222222—23	2222222222—10
J G Messner (30)	2222022222220222222222222—23	2222222222—10
D A Upson (30)	2222220222222222222202222—23	2222222222—10
Jacques (29)	2222202022202222222022022—20	.....
Strong (30)	0122122222220002202112012—19	2222222210—9
Hofmeister (27)	0012212122210222112012001—19	1222100202—7
Anson (28)	2122002202220120022222220—18	0111111112—9
Perchment (25)	2121022220220201000002110—15	1021212001—7
McPherson (29)	.....	2202222022—8
J F B (26)	.....	2002002122—6
McWhorter (29)	.....	1121222012—9
Cleveland (28)	.....	2011222200—7

A miss-and-out, $2 entrance, re-entry in first round, had 11 entries. Darkness put an end to the event, with 6 men still a tie at the end of the 10th round. Bessemer missed his first bird, re-entered and missed again. Scores:

W. S. King, A. H. King, Upson, Anson, Jacques and McPherson 10, McWhorter 9, J. F. B. and Strong 2, Cleveland 1, Bessemer 0.

The Sportsmen's Association.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Are the trap-shooters of America conversant with the aims and purposes of the Sportsmen's Association? Do they fully realize the many advantages to be derived by becoming associate members thereof? Acting on the policy that you can never say too much of a good thing, in season or out of season, I feel that the present time is most appropriate for calling the attention of trap-shooters to the movement inaugurated for the betterment and advancement of their interests.

The movement, by the way, is not a local one. It is general, and, aiming as it does to carefully guard and protect its members throughout the United States and Canada, it unquestionably appeals to one and all. A circular letter explanatory of the aims and purposes of the Association has been sent to trap-shooters far and near. A few moments' consideration of the aims and purposes will convince every trap-shooter of the great good that must needs follow the execution and carrying out of the policy upon which the Association stands committed for. To my mind it is scarcely necessary to say here that the membership fee of $2 per year is very low. Without any privileges save that of admission to the annual exposition of the Association in New York city the fee is most reasonable, but when we consider how the Association works for the sportsman's interests in the matter of railroad transportation, hotel rates and accommodations; the inauguration of an equitable system of classification; the fair and clean conduct of all trap-shooting events; and many other matters that to the trap-shooter's mind need so much attention and consideration, the amount exacted for membership is a mere nothing. Moreover, the Association strikes the proper keynote, and the loftiest one, when it sets out to have a new and thorough code of rules arranged which it hopes will be made general at all trap-shooting events in the United States. Candidly, I believe that every one of the aims of the Sportsmen's Association will be carried out, and at no distant date, provided the shooters themselves come to the front and lend their aid and their influence in attaining a condition of affairs that will pay them manifold for their labors. I would suggest that all trap-shooters make it a point to carefully scrutinize the plans of the Association. J. A. H. Dressel, secretary-treasurer, P. O. Box 2325, New York, will send a pamphlet containing detailed information to any one asking for same.

ELMER E. SHANER.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

W. D. G., Boyce, Va.—Please let me know how and when to plant wild rice. Ans. The sooner it is planted after it is harvested in the fall the better. After the seed has been gathered for some weeks the enamel on the outside of the kernel seems to crack, and this accounts for failure in spring planting. It should be planted on a mud bottom, where there is little, if any, current, and if possible where there is no other vegetation. As it grows only in the water, it should not be planted on ground that goes dry in midsummer. It will grow in water from a few inches to 4ft. in depth, but does best in shallow water. Before sowing soak the seed for an hour or so, in order that it will sink at once. It is better to sow thickly than to scatter a small amount of seed over a large space.

C. F. McQ., Amsterdam, N. Y.—My English setter dog, ten years old, has the following symptoms: He first will commence to walk around the room. His hindlegs give out and he will fall down, get up, fall again, crawl on his belly and breathe hard, and his mouth goes as if he was chewing something. His eyesight seems to leave him. He does not froth at the mouth any, but loses all control of himself. They last about twenty minutes at the longest; then he will go to sleep and sleep for four hours. He eats well and all right. When these spells come on he will have two and three a day. He makes a good deal of water and stays in the house most of the time. I have given wood charcoal, broi of potash, castor oil, castor pill. Ans. Treat for worms. Give ten grains of bromide of soda and forty drops of fluid extract of cannabis indica twice a day. See that ears are healthy and clean.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

HAVING demonstrated by the year's business just closed that there is a regular and increasing demand for metal boats, and feeling justified therefore in going to the expense of greatly increasing our machinery and facilities for making boats, we are enabled to make prices that will place our metal "Get There Duck Boats" within the financial reach of the sportsmen of the country, and have reduced the price of the boat from $30 to $20. We have in every way improved the quality of the boat, and the sportsmen who have used it are universal in its praise, claiming it is the finest boat that has ever been placed on the market. We have received testimonials from the sportsmen using it, which we will be glad to forward to intending purchasers together with our catalogue.—*Adv.*

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THE New York Central management evidently proceeds on the theory that the more care there is taken of a traveler, the more he will travel—witness its "Limited" trains, block signals, free attendants, and the comfort and luxury surrounding one from beginning to end on "America's Greatest Railroad."—*Adv.*

Map of the United States.

A LARGE, handsome map of the United States, mounted and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in postage by P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1896.

VOL. XLVII.—No. 24. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

AUDUBON BIRD PLATES.

The reproductions are to me most satisfactory; they lack color, of course, but in every other respect are the best we have ever seen, and I think I may say that those of the Audubon family still remaining are much gratified with the first of the series. M. R. AUDUBON.

THE FOREST AND STREAM'S reproductions of some of Audubon's famous bird portraits in half-tone from the rare first edition are as follows, with dates of those already printed: That of the Willow Ptarmagan will be given in our next issue, Dec. 19.

BLACK DUCK, Sept. 26, 1896.
PRAIRIE CHICKEN, Oct. 24.
CANVASBACK DUCK, Nov. 21.
WILLOW PTARMIGAN, Dec. 19 (next week).
SHOVELLER DUCK.
REDHEAD DUCK.
AMERICAN WHITE-FRONTED GOOSE.
PURPLE SANDPIPER.
AMERICAN GOLDEN PLOVER.

WANE OF THE EUROPEAN BISON.

IN the New World, as in the Old, the bison has become practically extinct. But a few years ago there were millions of what we call buffalo, now none are left.

The European and the American bisons are closely allied and are the sole existing representatives of their kind. The European form once existed over a large area of forest-covered Europe, and the American over more than two-thirds of temperate North America. In Europe the only living wild specimens are found in the Caucasian Province of Kuban, though there are vague reports of the existence of some few individuals in Roumania and Wallachia. In America there are a few bison in Colorado, a few in the Yellowstone Park, and a few in the Peace River country. Besides these, the only living American bison are found in captivity, and these domesticated herds probably number not very far from 400 individuals.

In the Old World there has been for many years a herd of European bison preserved in the imperial forests of Bielowitza, in Lithuania, Russia. And concerning this herd a paper written by Dr. Eugen Büchner has recently been published in the Memoirs of the Imperial Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburgh. Dr. Büchner announces that his purpose is first to make a critical historical study of this herd, and then to find out what light this history may throw on the general subject of the extinction of the larger mammalia.

The early history of the Bielowitza herd is obscure, but since the year 1832 an official count has been made annually, and this count, while not an exact one, is sufficiently close to throw much light on the condition of the herd during the last sixty years.

In 1833 these bison numbered 768, and from this time on there was a gradual increase, until in the year 1854 the herd numbered 1,824 individuals. In 1855 the number was the same, but the following year it dropped to 1,771, and in 1857 rose again to 1,898. From this time on there was a gradual but irregular decline to 528 in 1872. From 1873 to 1892 the table of numbers is subdivided. One portion of the herd is in the Bielowitza forest, a smaller portion in the neighboring forest of Swisslotsch, and a third, still smaller, in the zoölogical gardens at Bielowitza. The total of these sections of the herd numbered 528 in 1873, but by 1880 had increased to 600. In 1883 it fell to 592, and in 1884 there was a loss of more than 200, the total reaching only 384. For the next three years there was a slight increase, but in 1889 there was another drop to 380, and between that date and 1892 an increase to 491.

These figures having been given, the question will naturally be asked, why is it that a herd so carefully protected as this one has been should show such a marked decrease? None of the ordinary dangers to which wild animals are exposed can affect these. They are protected from poachers, are rarely hunted, are seldom drawn upon to supply zoölogical gardens, are not known to be especially subject to any disease, and have a great range where there is no likelihood of the food supply running short. Besides this they are measurably protected from the attacks of natural enemies. All these dangers put together ought not to cause the death each year of a number sufficient to wipe out the annual increase. Since 1802 the killing of bison except by special permission has been prohibited in the forest of Bielowitza, and the records seem to show that between 1832 and 1860 only nineteen were killed. In 1860, however, an imperial hunt was organized in the forest, when twenty-eight individuals were killed. This killing seems also to have been followed by a serious diminution in the number of the herd, the count dropping in the next year from 1,575 to 1,447, a loss of 128 head. A portion of this loss may be due to the death of wounded animals, but this would hardly account for the whole loss. From time to time specimens of the bison have been presented to various zoölogical gardens, and in FOREST AND STREAM a few years ago was printed an account of the capture of a number of calves in this forest for that purpose. The reduction of the herd from this cause cannot have been great, and the records give only thirty-one so captured up to the year 1873, since which time nothing is known of any having been sent away to supply zoölogical gardens. Poaching has done little to diminish the herd, for it is believed that from 1873 to 1892 only thirty-six have been lost in this way.

A more serious danger than any of these comes from the depredations of wild animals. Bears and wolves are said to kill the bison, while lynxes destroy the calves. Great hunts have been organized to reduce the numbers of these carnivores; one such took place in 1855, another in 1861. In 1870 forty wolves, one bear and five lynxes were killed, and in 1871 no less than sixty-three wolves, one bear and five lynxes were destroyed. In later years the results of the hunts have shown that the wolves were almost exterminated. In fact, for the last twenty years the destruction of bison by wild animals has hardly been worth considering.

Manifestly all these causes put together will not account for the rapid diminution of this herd. There is some reason deeper seated than any or all of these. Dr. Büchner concludes that the gradual waning of this herd is due to continuous in-breeding. As long ago as 1830 Jarocki observed that the cows seldom calved more than once in three years, while often, it is said, they will fail to produce young for several years, though later they may breed again. Often too a cow, having produced a calf, may be unable to rear it through lack of milk. This slowness of breeding and the very large percentage of bulls found among the Lithuanian bison are also clear signs of degeneration as a result of in-breeding; for it has been shown that close in-breeding, like a reduced condition of nutrition, is favorable to the production of a high proportion of males. In addition to these evidences of an abnormal condition induced by continuous in-breeding are found certain physical signs, such as fatty degeneration of various organs and abnormal condition of portions of the skeleton. Some animals have thin, light fur, weak horns and are pale in color.

All these indications point in one direction—to the ultimate and not distant extinguishment of the Bielowitza bison, a fate paralleled by that of the ancient wild ox of Europe, which disappeared in the early part of the seventeenth century, notwithstanding its careful protection. Dr. Büchner concludes that in-breeding is undoubtedly the cause of the extinction of most large mammals after their numbers become so reduced that they are separated into isolated colonies.

If this fate has already overtaken the European bison, which has been protected for many years, and which has always been more numerous than the American bison is now, what may we look forward to for our own species in the wild state? Surely nothing less than a similar degeneration, but one more speedy, because the number of breeding animals is so much smaller. In one single respect ours has a slight advantage over its European cousin in the fact that there are several herds of domesticated bison, whose owners, by exchanging stock, may put off for a few generations the evil day which impends. But for the wild herds, few in numbers, and left to themselves, there seems little hope unless some general interest can be awakened in the subject.

MINNESOTA AND THE PLATFORM PLANK.

No State in the Union has more at stake in the preservation of its game supply than Minnesota, and the citizens of that commonwealth are fortunate in having good laws and energetic officials to enforce them. Executive Agent S. F. Fullerton has been alert, active and aggressive this year, and has made a record on seizures of unlawful game which we believe to be without a parallel in the history of game protection in this country. Up to the first of this month Mr. Fullerton and his deputies had confiscated about 7,500 pounds of venison and about 300 dozens of birds illegally killed and shipped. Even these statistics pale into insignificance in comparison with the coup of Dec. 3, when at St. Paul Agent Fullerton seized thirty tons of venison claimed as illegally shipped to parties in Chicago, New York and Boston. The fines involved, the press dispatches say, will amount to more than $40,000.

Notwithstanding this successful intercepting of game, large quantities escape the vigilance of the wardens and are shipped to Eastern markets. The game dealers of Minnesota are reputed to be shrewd by nature, and this innate smartness is developed and sharpened by the illicit phases of their trade; they acquire the cunning, readiness of resource, fertility of deception and general trickiness so common to all smugglers, receivers of stolen goods and moonshiners. Add to this that the managers of some of the railroads running East out of Minnesota help the commission men to cover up their tracks, and it will readily be understood that the task of enforcing the game law is not child's play.

The statute forbidding the shipment of venison to market has proved to be defective. Its terms provide that "it shall be unlawful to consign by common carrier to any commission man or sale market deer at any time." This has been circumvented by the simple device of shipment by market killers to themselves ostensibly in St. Paul or Minneapolis, where they themselves or some agents of the commission houses acting for them are on hand to receive the consignments. In this way it is estimated 5,000 more deer have been slaughtered for market this year than last, while the officials have been powerless to interfere with the traffic. Commenting upon this aspect of the problem, Mr. Fullerton declares his conviction: "Our only salvation, if we have another year like the present, with snow on the ground during the deer season, will be the doctrine advocated by FOREST AND STREAM, which meets with my hearty approval—that is, stopping the sale of game altogether. We are going to have it added to our law this winter when the Legislature meets. We will have the opposition of the commission men and market-hunters, but we have no doubt but we will carry the point."

SNAP SHOTS.

Our game columns contain notice of an Ohio man who boasts in the local paper that his hunting party in Minnesota outwitted the game wardens and succeeded in bringing six deer out of the State, in violation of the game law and despite the watchfulness of the game wardens. Might not extradition proceedings here be resorted to with profit?

Now in the old days there were moose in the Adirondacks; but in these later times when an Adirondacker wants moose he must make a far journey into Maine for them. Will it ever be recorded that the man of Maine must go to the Adirondacks for his moose?

A copy of the first edition of Walton's "Compleat Angler" was sold at auction in London last week for £415 or $2,075. With a few copies of this book in his library to fall back upon for auction purposes, one might afford now and then to take a day off for going fishing.

The Sportsman Tourist.

HOLLAND.

Why Holland I do not know, and can only surmise that the parties who are responsible for the patronymic came from the land of marsh and dyke, and as they gazed upon the ragged rocks and rugged hills of the quaint old town they were strongly reminded of the Vaterland—because it was so different—and in the fullness of their hearts they christened their new-found home with the name they loved so well. The name was a great favorite in the early days, for nearly one-half of the States have their Holland, and some of them have two or three.

My pet Holland lies in a sly nook of the old Bay State, next the Connecticut line, near a portion of the headwaters of the Quinebaug River. The face of the country is exceedingly rough and broken, and as we ramble over the fields beautiful pictures of wooded hill, moss-grown rock and grassy slope are spread before us in rich profusion, causing our feet to linger while we gaze in rapture upon the enchanting scenes.

Nearly every autumn for many years, and often several times in the season, with renewed pleasure and ever increasing love for the dear old place, have I visited this once famous resort of the sly woodcock and chosen home of the swift-winged grouse.

Well do I remember my first visit to Holland nearly thirty years ago—a red-letter day it was in truth. Starting from our home in Springfield upon a beautiful October morning in company with Mr. George Ashmun, than whom more genial companion or truer sportsman never went afield, we leisurely drove across the country, occasionally stopping to beat a good-looking cover, or halting at a farmhouse, where we were invariably invited to sample the worthy farmer's cider and entertained with the quaint remarks of the entire household, as they gave us their views on the burning question of the hour—the supply of woodcock.

Mr. Ashmun was very popular among his farmer friends, who, one and all, ever kept an eye out for his favorite bird, the woodcock; and it was rare indeed that they could not give information as to the whereabouts of several that they had located while at work about the farm.

Just before sunset we arrived at the Holland Hotel, a rambling, old-fashioned, homelike-looking house, situated upon a gentle slope, and commanding rather a pretty view of wild and broken country. Upon entering the house we were pleased to find that everything inside was old-fashioned too, even to the cordial greeting and hearty welcome of our host and hostess. To the many hundreds who have enjoyed the bounteous hospitality of this well-known resort no words of mine in praise of its excellence are necessary. The landlord, Mr. Kinney, was an old-fashioned, farmer-like looking man, with lots of sound common sense, a deep fund of dry humor, and a bluff, hearty way with him that won him hosts of friends. Mrs. Kinney, upon whom devolved most of the cares of the hotel, was the most admirable hostess in every respect that I have ever known; always cheerful and kindly, and solicitous that your every want was immediately attended to; her well-spread table, bounteously supplied with well-cooked, well-served dishes, made more appetizing by pressing invitations to partake of this or that dish, coupled with offer—aye, and performance too—to prepare some tidbit that you might relish, were all most enjoyable and homelike; and then the motherly solicitude with which she would care for you if you were a little off. Indeed it was almost a pleasure to be sick under her care for the sake of the nursing and coddling you would receive. Many times each season for many years did I enjoy the hospitality of the dear old place, each visit adding to the love and respect which I shall ever feel for my two friends, who now, alas! are sleeping side by side in the little churchyard.

My first trip, as I have before said, was most enjoyable. With Mr. Ashmun for a companion this could hardly be otherwise, but in addition to this the weather was delightful, the country beautiful in its rugged wildness, and woodcock were plenty. Instead of giving a description of our trip, if the reader will accompany me, we will explore every cover of importance, and if we find no birds I shall at least have the satisfaction of showing you where once they were plentiful and living over again some of the glorious days of bygone years.

We will take the regular route and hunt the grounds in the good old-fashioned way that has not, to my knowledge, been deviated from in a single instance during all the years that have passed since first on that bright October morning with Mr. Ashmun I was initiated into the mysteries of the many coverts, and made acquainted with the secrets that ever surround the chosen home of the shy woodcock. Turning our horse's head to the west, we climb the hill, and bearing to the south we come to a sawmill, where we hitch our team, and crossing the rude bridge of slabs, we walk a few rods to the top of a gentle rise, and here we are in the well-known "Butterworth" cover; but you say, "There is no cover here, nothing but a bare knoll with a few scattered bunches of huckleberry bushes, a few wild thorns and perhaps a dozen stunted apple trees—positively not a particle of woodcock cover." Never you mind appearances. This is a woodcock cover, and a famous one too, or at least it was in the good old days, and in those times the bushes, thorns and apple trees were scarcer even than now. Then this bare and rather bleak-looking spot, although containing scarcely a couple of acres, was every morning good for four or five birds, and occasionally a full dozen were found.

Here just at our feet, where for many yards there is nothing but a straggling growth of wiry-looking grass, I have flushed first and last more than a score of birds, and just to the right, where that gray moss covers the ground, is another good spot; but the cream of the cover is around that sprawling apple tree. Often have I seen a beautiful double here, and once when alone I actually missed all but half of one out of three as pretty double rises as ever were seen, and all in less than five minutes.

Notice that stunted cedar near the edge of the bank by the pond. I shot off its top more than twenty years ago, and killed my bird too just as it pitched over the bank some 20yds. beyond.

Near the fence to the right is now quite a growth of bushes, and water is found there, except when it is very dry. Formerly the growth of bushes was sparse, but it was good cover nevertheless, and many birds have been brought to bag in this corner.

Turning to the left along the fence, we come to ground that slopes to the east, with a few stunted sumac bushes scattered over its surface.

It was on the opposite brink of that little hollow, half way down the slope, that my friend Sabin saw a woodcock sitting on the ground just in front of old Trump, who was pointing it in his best style. As I came up in response to his signal, Sabin showed me the bird and proposed to capture it under his hat while I stood guard in case he failed to make connection. As he turned to lay down his gun the bird went unheard by him; of course I made no sign, and he very cautiously, on hands and knees, approached, and as he had carefully marked the very spot, he clapped down his hat, exclaiming, "I've got him!" If you don't think that this was funny, just ask Sabin to look and see if there is not a woodcock in his hat.

Further down is a very inviting looking thicket, but no woodcock, so far as I know, was ever found there. Turning back along the north side of the slope, down among the scrubby apple trees, we often found a bird or two, and nearly always one near that big rock. It was on that rock that Sabin and I had another experience that was rather remarkable. Old Trump was pointing on the up-hill side of the rock, nearly at the east end; Sabin went to the dog and I passed around and came up on the lower side, when a bird rose at my feet and flew squarely to the left, and I grassed it just at the foot of that thorn bush. A small fraction of a second before I fired I heard my companion's gun, and was wondering if it was possible for him to have seen the bird, when he assured me that it was dead before my gun went off. As I came around the rock, greatly to the astonishment of both of us, old Trump solved the mystery by bringing a bird that had flown to the right and been killed by Sabin, and then retrieving the one killed by me.

This rock marks the end of the cover, and we will return to the team; but stop a moment, we must take the regular course in working these grounds, and to do that we must right here discuss the reasons that induce the woodcock to select this as one of their favorite spots to spend the day, and, as has been the invariable custom, we give it up and proceed on our way.

Unhitching the horse, one of us takes the reins while the other walks a few rods to the bridge, and standing in the road sends the dog to work out a little birch-covered knoll on the bank of the brook, where occasionally a bird or two may be found.

The only time that I ever saw a woodcock tower was at this place. The dog pointed near those two angular rocks and I walked up the bird and cut loose at him as he topped the birches; he came down a short distance and then began to tower, going straight up for nearly 300ft., then he took a course that but slightly slanted downward and disappeared over the brow of that hill to the south and we never saw him again, although we searched for him a good half hour.

No, that cover to the left is not a woodcock cover. We often beat it out years ago when the growth was young, and a more likely looking place than it then was for them it would be hard to find, but we never found one there. Occasionally we would find a grouse or two near the upper edge, but they were always wild and I do not remember that we ever brought one to bag in there. Sabin often said that the corner was haunted, and after we had thoroughly worked it out several times without result we gave it up.

One day, as we were passing by the cover, we met an old man hobbling down the road, and as we gave him "good day" he stopped, and waving his hand toward the place remarked: "'Tain't no use to hunt in there, you won't find anything." Something in the manner of the old settler led me to believe that he might be able to account for the phenomenon and mechanically I passed him my flask, remarking that I should very much like to know the reason why birds should not frequent so sweet a spot. Draining the flask to the last drop, the old man seated himself on the bank and thus held forth: "When I was a younker that side hill was full of game and would have been now if it wasn't for old Lou Jackson and his pesky snares. Old Lou has been dead a good many years, but his spirit haunts the place and no partridge or woodcock will stay there more than a few minutes before they see or hear old Lou's ghost and they are off hot shot. Some say though that the old king partridge is still alive and hangs around here and drives off the birds, just as he used to when he broke old Lou up; but pshaw! that was more than sixty years ago, and who ever heard of a partridge living half so long?"

My companion had by this time become deeply interested, and passing his flask to the old man expressed a wish to hear the story. With sparkling eyes our venerable friend soon made the flask a fitting mate to mine, and settling himself well together gave us this:

"When old Lou was a boy he used to set snares in there, as it was a great place for partridges, and he used to catch lots of them, and he kept it up after he was grown up, and every fall and winter he pretty much kept his family in meat out of that corner; but there came a time when he couldn't catch a bird, and what the matter was he didn't know, and he worried over it to beat all.

"After thinking it over he concluded he would watch and see if he could find out what did it, so he gets up the next morning before day and goes up yonder almost to where that gum tree is, and sat down to watch. According to his tale, he had been there about an hour when he saw a couple of partridges meandering toward his pet snare where he used to catch most of his birds, but before they got there an old whopper of a partridge, as big as a rooster, came out of the brush and walking up to them made a sort of cackling noise as though he was talking to them, when they looked as though they were scared half to death, and turning tail they flew up the hill as far as he could see. This completely fased old Lou, and he made a break for home, where he told his story, all the time growing scareder and scareder until finally he took to his bed, and in a few days he was dead. The doctor said that it was brain trouble that carried him off, but his wife said that he was scared to death by the king partridge, as she heard him more than twenty times promising the bird that if he would only leave him be he would never set another snare."

This we agreed was a capital return for our outlay, and I never pass the spot without a deep feeling of regret that we did not have another drink for our Wandering Willie.

Passing on up the hill, we came to a very tempting patch of alders on our left in an old orchard, and just beyond is one of the sweetest bits of birch cover I ever saw. The spot is very properly called "the birches," and a surer place to find woodcock, in the good old days, was not to be found in this region. Driving to the end of the cover, we hitch our team just in the fork of the two roads to that large birch, now a good foot in diameter, that was not even started into growth when first I came here, but has grown as a sprout from the stump of one nearly as large that we formerly used. Crossing the road, we get over the fence at this particular spot and send on the dog. When that large oak tree a short distance to the left was scarcely 20ft. tall, it was very nearly a sure thing to find a bird or two within a few feet of it, and along this cross fence to the right was another likely spot. Here we are at the top of the rise in a small open place, and after I add another stone to the little mound in its center I will give you its history.

It was there that Mr. Ashmun stood when he fired his last shot and killed his last bird; that was his last shooting trip, and every time I come here I add a stone to the mound in memory of my friend and the many pleasant days afield we spent together.

Just beyond the row of alders, in the hollow below us, is an old unused road that formerly was a very good road to travel, as we nearly always routed out from the alders several grouse that would fly toward the mountain with more or less success, according to the merit of the traveler.

Here at the old cellar hole, now almost filled up and hidden by the dense growth, Sabin and I had a low-down trick played upon us two days in succession, and but for an accident we would have suffered the second time even more keenly than we did the first. We had beaten out this portion of the cover and were some little distance this side of the alders, in the old orchard, when a grouse flushed some 50yds. this side of us and flew straight for this place. We at once followed and beat out all the cover in this vicinity, but without finding him. The next day we again started the bird in nearly the same place, and as we were beginning to get somewhat interested, we laid ourselves out for a thorough search; but after more than an hour of beating back and forth all the cover, we sat down here by the cellar and ate our lunch. We had resumed our guns and were about to leave the spot, thoroughly disgusted, when old Trump somehow managed to fall into the cellar. No sooner had he struck on the bottom than with a thunderous roar our tricky friend came out of the hole like a rocket; but his race was run. Two shots that rang out almost as one, a sudden collapse of the swiftly flying form, a fleecy cloud of feathers floating in the air, a heavy thud as the noble bird struck the earth, told well the tale that a scurvy trick like this had met its just reward.

Shadow.

[To be continued.]

WHEN THE SUN SHONE BRIGHT.

I am alone in my office. It is 11:30 P. M., and the wind whistles clear as it strikes this little town, coming from the far north over a barren, treeless prairie. It is a night for looking back and I have just lived over a happy day long ago, and when I realized what I was thinking about I jumped up and opened my desk. And here is what I saw looking backward. In 1873 I lived on the Trinchara Creek in Colorado, thirty miles east of Trinidad. Thomas A. Perley, now of Salem, Mass., and I were in the cattle business and lived together on his ranch. We were not partners; each owned a herd of cattle, but we lived together for our mutual convenience. He went with cattle to Kansas City that spring, and I had got Alex. Elliott, who now lives near Las Animas, Colo., to stay with me for society. I had bought Alex's cattle and he was feeling quite cheerful, as he had a large balance in the bank, two race horses, good health and a good disposition.

The Indians to the east of us had broken out, and every one but Alex and me had left the creek and gone to Trinidad to be out of harm's way; but we stayed. We had an adobe house as strong as a fort; our stable was joined right on the house behind. We had only one horse apiece on the ranch. The rest were up in the mountains, miles away, where the plains Indians do not go. We had a well at the door and lots of grub, and it was just dangerous enough to be pleasant.

One morning I proposed that we saddle up and go mavericking. Mavericking is going through the range and branding all the yearlings that one can find that have no marks and brands and have left their mothers. You can't tell whom their mothers belonged to, and the yearlings used to belong to the man that got his brand on them first. And let me tell you privately, they do yet, all laws to the contrary notwithstanding.

I told Alex that we would take a ride, get what we could, and if we saw Indians either fight or run, whichever was easiest. We saddled our fast fat horses and pulled the cinches so that the saddles sat as if they were part of them and away we went—well mounted, well armed and young, with all the world before us. Making the restless, chafing horses walk, to be fresh for a run or a fight, we worked as slowly as we could through the bunches of cattle toward the north; and soon I found a fine young bull; and after a short, sharp run had him under control and headed for the place where we intended to corral and brand. We went along; I drove and Alex hunted, and by about noon felt very well pleased. We had six, when suddenly Alex, who was on the side of an arroya (a broad valley that has a water course when it rains, but is generally dry), suddenly stopped and beckoned me to come quick, pulling his rifle from its scabbard under his leg as he beckoned. I quit the yearlings, which were quiet, and loped to him. Just below him, about 200yds. away, stood a saddled horse—I can see her now as she looked up at us—and several things flashed through my mind. Where was the rider? Was he an Indian? Where were the rest of 'em? My mavericks, my mavericks; if there is a fight I'll lose 'em. The ground in the arroya was rough. Where was our Injun?

Alex said: "You ride round the mare, Dick, and see if there is anyone around her." And around I went. I rode up as close as I could, without starting her off, and Alex closed up on the other side. Then Alex made a run at her and threw his lariat, made a poor throw and caught the horn of the saddle, and the wild brute twitched the rope out of his hand and ran away, rope and all. Alex

was mad. He came to me and said: "Give me your rope. You go back and hold the yearlings; and if I can't rope her again I'll run her down and circle her in toward you, and you can catch her with your fresh horse and I'll hold the yearlings." So away he went.

I went back and soon had the calves quiet and under control, and had a fine view of the chase. The two horses ran like birds for about three miles, and then Alex could turn her, but could not run up on to her close enough to rope her, so he turned her south, and away they went.

Just then I looked south and here came another man with a few yearlings, all alone. I looked at him through my field glass and it was J. W. Leweling, who now lives in Rocky Ford, Colo. He also was out seeking what he might pick up this fine morning. Alex drove the mare past me just as Lew came up. Lew and I were friends. I explained the situation to him in a few words; told him to follow with the cattle, his and ours, and that I would help Alex corral the mare at one of Lew's corrals, and for him to come to us with the cattle. It was all right, and away I went. The corral was three miles away and I soon had the mare in it. Then Alex came up, with not much go left in his horse.

The stray was a wild thing with a fair Texas saddle, a headstall with a bit of broken rope hitched to it, which showed that she had worn or broken it off. There was blood on the saddle, in the seat and on the stirrup fender —old blood dried on—lots of it. There was a big pack tied on behind the saddle. The story was easy to read. A man shot off the saddle, probably by Indians, perhaps by white men, and the mare had proved too fast for them and had got away. We roped her and threw her, and when we took off the saddle the hair came off her belly where the girths had been on so long and so tight. She may have had the saddle on two weeks. There was a fine Mexican blanket under the saddle and another one in the pack behind; also a pair of jean pants with $30 in one pocket in a pocket-book; two bottles of strychnine; a Mexican home-made awl to mend shoes, matches, a buckskin, and quite a lot of other trinkets. There was not a scrap of writing in the pack, nor any brand on the mare. So Alex put on the pants and I put one of the blankets under my saddle. Here came Lew, and we put in ten fine yearlings along with the mare. Then we divided. Lew took the mare and saddle. Alex and I took the pack and blankets. Lew took his four yearlings, and I gave Alex my half of the $30 for his three. So we pitched in and branded; then turned the mare in with a bunch of Lew's horses which ran near there, and went back to the Perley & Dixon ranch by the light of the moon, awful hungry, but feeling very chipper. How we did eat beefsteak and tortillas and drink black coffee at about 10 o'clock that night.

Here my memory fades. Lew slept there that night, but whether we went out together again next day or not I don't remember. Ask them if you want to know. They are as alive as I am. I do remember this: Alex once said after that that Lew got two good colts from the mare and then sold her for $60, and got a good cow and calf for the saddle, and that it was a poor divide for us; but I told him that I'd have been well paid in fun if I hadn't got a thing. And now you know something about it too.

W. J. DIXON.

A FEW DAYS IN THE WOODS.

IF you can spare the space I will tell you and your readers of a short trip I made to the woods a few days ago:

On the morning of October 12 my wife went to Pittsburg, Pa., leaving our boy, who will not be nine years old until in November, and me to run things during her absence, which was to continue until the evening of Thursday, 15th inst. The boy, whose name is Frank, has always had an ambition to "go camping" in the woods, and I thought this a good time to gratify it. A few days before I had made an arrangement with a friend to camp on his place at a spot I knew of, and I told Frank that we would spend the time in the woods while his mother was gone.

I commenced preparations, being constantly reminded: "Pa, you know Nessmuk says, 'Go light.'" He has read Nessmuk, but if I'd taken all that he suggested we'd have had two or three teams for the transportation.

What I did take was: cloth for a tent and two little sacks for pillows, a pair of genuine Mackinaw blankets, which have often rendered me similar service; a pair of ponchos, very large ones; a small double-blade axe, weighs 1¼lbs.; a frying-pan, two tin cups, a small coffee-pot, a double-barreled hammerless shotgun, thirty shells loaded; a small Stevens rifle, weighs about 4lbs., .22cal.; two boxes cartridges for it; two loaves of bread, a half-gallon bottle filled with fresh new milk, about a half pound of ground coffee, a little pat of butter, about a pound of raw sliced ham, and a dozen eggs. Of course I had some pepper and salt, my pipe, tobacco and matches.

I gave a liveryman a dollar to drive us out to the place, about five miles away, and made the necessary arrangements as to his coming after us. After we had unloaded and the liveryman had left I looked at my watch and it was 3 o'clock P. M. In about an hour I had our tent set up, had cut down two small hemlocks, and we picked the "browse" fine for a bed and stuffed the sacks with the same for pillows. Then I kindled a fire and soon had a good one. Frank made his supper of bread and milk; I ate ham, two eggs, and drank a pint of hot coffee. Then we sat and talked, and I smoked and told him stories until he began to get sleepy, when I put him to bed. It sounded pathetic out in the vast solitude to hear the youngster saying his prayers in the tent just as though he were in bed at home.

After he had gone asleep I fixed up some matters about the camp, replenished the fire, and sat and smoked and thought for about an hour, when, on looking at my watch, I found it was 9:30 and I went to bed. I had thought that there would be rain for some time, and awakening in the night I could hear the patter of rain drops on the tent and the drip of water from the forest leaves. I saw that our fire was all right and soon dropped off to sleep again. When I next awakened it was 6 o'clock. I jumped up and set about preparing breakfast. Before it was ready Frank awakened, got up, dressed, washed in the little run, which was great fun for him, and we ate our breakfast.

After things had been cleared away I took the shotgun, put two shells into it and half a dozen into my pocket, told Frank to take the little rifle, and we walked up the run. About 300yds. from camp a pheasant (ruffed grouse) sprang up with the peculiar boom of the species and started swiftly through the woods, but within 30yds. a shot from my right barrel had cut him down, and at the same moment a second bird sprang up, and my left barrel caught him about 40yds. away. I pushed fresh cartridges into my gun, Frank brought in two dead birds, and we continued our walk. Seeing nothing more, we went back to the camp, and I put in the rest of the forenoon giving him some lessons with the rifle, and soon satisfied myself that he has the making of a marksman in him—he holds well and shoots with both eyes open.

The afternoon I spent in repeating my lessons in shooting to Frank. In the evening I raked over the remains of a large fire, and having wrapped our two pheasants in large balls of clay, placed them in a hole in the bed of the fire, covered them up, and rebuilt the fire on them. We slept soundly this night, and on Wednesday morning after breakfast again started out. This time we went down the stream, and I got four pheasants and four woodcock. I had taken a dozen shells with me and two in my gun. As we were returning I saw a fine gray squirrel run up a tree. I was satisfied it had not been alarmed by us, and soon saw it on a limb about 40ft. from the ground. I called Frank, pointed out the squirrel, and told him to try it. He seemed not to want to shoot, but I told him, "Go ahead, and if you miss I'll get it with my shotgun."

He rested his gun on a little limb and fired, and I confess to not a little surprise when the squirrel fell out of the tree dead, having been shot just behind the shoulders. Immediately after the crack of the little gun a second squirrel, much higher on the same tree, ran out on a limb and barked furiously. I said to Frank: "Can you load your gun? If you can, push in a cartridge and try that one from the same place." I soon saw that he could and did load his gun, and resting on the same limb he fired, and the second squirrel fell to the ground. This squirrel had been struck in the throat and its neck was broken.

As we walked back to camp Frank said:

"Pa, don't you think it would have been better if we had let these birds and squirrels alone? We didn't need them. They were pretty when they were alive, but now they're dead, and it does seem to me that we oughtn't to have killed them, because we came into the woods to the home of these pretty things and killed them just for fun. We wouldn't like it if anybody was to kill us for fun, would we?" There it was again, the instinct of our cooler moments against killing. I knew it all before, but now with the clear eyes of childhood looking into mine, hardened it may be by years in the world and in contact with men, I felt like a murderer and as though my boy had become one at my order. I explained as best I could, but in such circumstances we see the fallacy of the sophisms with which we are wont to solace ourselves.

We reached camp, where I made some coffee, prepared our dinners and dug out the pheasants that I had "mudded up" the night before. We made a glorious meal, and Frank declared that he had never tasted anything so good in his life before.

In the afternoon we walked in a different direction, and got hickory nuts, a few chestnuts, some wild grapes —the genuine mountain blue grape—and some "stones with shells in them," as Frank described certain fossil remains that we found. That evening Frank went to bed early, saying as he lay down, "Well, pa, this is our last day in the woods this year, and I'm glad we're going home to-morrow." I shortly followed him.

Morning came, and after breakfast we again took our guns and went out into the woods. It was a glorious morning, and the autumn leaves showed all their glorious tints. I got two pheasants and we returned to camp at 12 o'clock.

After dinner and a smoke I commenced tearing down preparatory to removal. Everything was packed and ready to put on the buck wagon at 3 o'clock. I lighted my pipe and we sat by the smouldering remains of our fire, until at 3:15 we heard the cheery hello of the liveryman and were soon speeding homeward. Arriving there, we unloaded, unpacked, put things away and met my wife at the train. When she saw "the game," six pheasants, four woodcock and two squirrels, all had to be explained, and Frank said, "We're going again next year, aren't we, pa?" Cost, $2 to the liveryman and my time. Frank has something to talk about for a lifetime. Who will say it wasn't worth the money? It is only fair to add here that Frank declared on eating of the birds afterward that although they were good yet they didn't taste like the birds we cooked in the woods in the balls of clay.

AMATEUR.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Natural History.

WAYS OF THE RUFFED GROUSE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just read with much interest Mr. B. Waters's admirable monographs on our four most familiar game birds. I hesitate to make any objections to such an acknowledged authority as Mr. Walters, but my experience leads me to different conclusions in one small particular.

In his paper on the ruffed grouse Mr. Waters again and again refers to the "aversion of the ruffed grouse to the haunts of man." He says: "It ventures into the open only on such infrequent occasions as it is tempted to search for food, and then only in places seldom invaded by man, and where it fancies there is freedom from pursuit." "The ruffed grouse is ever intent on making its home and haunts distinctly apart from those of man." In two or three other places he makes statements to the same effect.

Now I think that the man who would hunt this bird on that principle in the populated portions of Maine would be very unsuccessful.

I have shot the ruffed grouse in Missouri, West Virginia and Maine. What he says is fully in accord with the habits of the bird in Missouri and West Virginia, so far as my observation goes. It also seems true in the wilderness of northern Maine, judging from what various sportsmen have told me. But it seems that just the reverse is true in the more settled sections of Maine, at least in Oxford and Cumberland counties, where my experience has been obtained. I have hunted in these counties seven or eight seasons. My score one year was 44; this year it has been 19.

I have always found so many more birds on the skirts of the woods near farmhouses that I always hunt on the edge before entering the body of the woods. When it is practicable I work along the edge altogether.

I do not suppose that *Bonasa umbellus* has any particular affection for man, but he finds more food—apples, grasshoppers, checkerberries, etc.—on the borders of the woods. I believe that, constantly being scared up by boys and men, the birds lose that extreme fear of man which is characteristic of them in less settled sections.

It is commonly reported that the birds have been uncommonly wild and scarce this year. I have not found it so. They seem to me to have been wild, but as numerous as in other years. Last year, however, their number was greater than usual.

The ruffed grouse which I shot in Missouri were of a much browner color (approaching the color of a woodcock) than those of this State. I wonder if this has been noticed by others.

G. S ELLIS.

MAINE.

THE HEATH HEN.

BOSTON, Dec. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The communications and editorials which my inquiries in regard to the Martha's Vineyard prairie chicken or heath hen have brought out have been most interesting, and, as information, gratifying to me. On the other hand, the almost if not quite completed extinction of this fine species is far from comfortable reading.

I have had no chance to look up the article on this bird referred to, as printed in FOREST AND STREAM some years ago, but it is clear that a large body of information exists and awaits the industry of some one interested to write a full and exhaustive monograph on the subject. I write to make an earnest plea for some one to do this work.

No better subject could be wished. The thanks of all ornithologists and all naturalists and all good sportsmen also await him who shall give us such book.

There must be yet discoverable many a reference to the Martha's Vineyard heath hen in the old chronicles of the island and of the considerably wider territory which it once inhabited. I distinctly remember statements—perhaps in FOREST AND STREAM, but if so published many years ago—to the effect that the bird once inhabited Nantucket, Long Island, the pine barrens of New Jersey, and probably at least the southern portions of Rhode Island and Connecticut. Then there is the fascinating field of investigation of the living remnant, if, as I hope and believe, there is one. Will not gentlemen living on Martha's Vineyard or making long visits to the island take this matter in hand?

It seems to me that the mating time in the spring would be the best season to determine the number of birds remaining. The "booming" sound made by the males can be heard a long distance, and would, I should think, surely betray every colony of the birds that may be left. I would go a long way to hear that sound again, unheard by me for many a year; and would give much for the chance to steal upon and witness the amazing tournaments and strutting contests they hold at that time, and which in boyhood in northern Illinois I used to see. I can assure any of our New England students who have never seen one of these tournaments that it is a sight worth great exertion. And I believe it is yet within their privilege.

Moreover, there should be secured at least a few authentic specimens before it is too late. I am anxious to know if any Western prairie chickens have ever been added to the native stock on Martha's Vineyard, as has been alleged. Surely somebody must be able to answer this question. It has often been asserted that this was done, but I have never been able to prove it to be more than a rumor. I thank the editors of FOREST AND STREAM for republishing that most fascinating paper on the pinnated grouse, by Audubon. As I read it, I recalled my own first memories of the bird, and experiences with it in Indiana and Illinois in 1861–2 and 3, where it then existed in vast numbers. My uncle, who at a little earlier period moved from New Hampshire to Indiana, told me that for a long time he was accustomed, whenever he wanted a chicken for breakfast, to quietly open his door, loaded gun in hand, early in the morning and shoot one from the ridge pole of his house, where he was almost certain to find one roosting. They used to assemble in autumn in vast flocks, and I well remember my own first attempt to secure a bird by shooting blindly and without special aim into one of these whirling flocks and my discovery of two important things, viz., that I must, if I wished to get a bird, aim at a particular one, and also that I must not judge distances on the prairie as I would among the hills of New Hampshire. I found myself at first blazing away at game which seemed within easy reach of my gun, but which was in fact two or three gunshots away.

I enjoyed every word of Mr. Hough's long article on prairie shooting, and while I am speaking of him I want especially to thank him for his true word-picture of the Kankakee Marsh and its peculiar people. "Down on the Marsh" we used to call it, and we could tell true stories of the variety and abundance there of game and fish in the sixties that would hardly be believed now by any but "old-timers." Mr. Hough knows the marsh, as his article plainly proves, and I beg leave to ask him to shake.

But to return for a final word about the Martha's Vineyard heath hen, will not your correspondent Kentwood, whose letter in your issue of Oct. 31 is the latest and most authentic news on the subject, undertake further research and give us the result? I am sure the brethren of the great FOREST AND STREAM circle will be glad to have him do it.

C. H. AMES.

Weight of Moose.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read an article in a late issue treating of the weight of moose. In an experience of over fifty years in a great moose region, I have had opportunities to know the exact weight of dressed meat of moose and other game as brought to camp by hunters. I assisted in weighing one bull moose that went an even 800lbs. for the four quarters. I shot a cow moose that exceeded this weight by several pounds. Now, if I recollect aright, the rule at the slaughtering establishments is to allow 56lbs. for the four quarters of dressed meat to the 100lbs. gross weight of a prime ox. The examples of moose given were fat, the cow remarkably so; and by the rule given a very close

result is obtained of their live weight. I will add that I have shot others which I judged to equal, if not exceed, the weights given. I relate what happened a long while ago, and perhaps the species nowadays are hunted out ere they get their growth; or, as I think, the old ones are becoming too wary to show up in the open. ALLEGASH.

Linnæan Society of New York.

AT a meeting of the Society the following papers were presented: "An Ornithological Reconnaissance in Mexico," by Mr. Frank M. Chapman; "The Alfred Marshall Collection of Birds' Skins and Birds' Eggs." by Mr. L. S Foster; "Remarks on the Ruby-crowned Kinglet," by Mr. E. I. Haines.

Game Bag and Gun.

LETTERS OF SPORTSMEN FRIENDS.

I.—From Jack in Saratoga, N. Y., to S. in Alma, Mich.

SARATOGA, N. Y., Nov. 8.—My Dear S.: It is raining to-day here, but I hope that a thousand miles away on the banks of the Cedar the sun is shining brightly and the soft haze of an Indian summer fills all the landscape, and agreeable to promise I will put in an hour in giving you a little sketch of the '96 trip to Essex county. As my last reported, I spent Oct 16 and 17 shooting near Warrensburgh with Mr. C; the bag was thirty-one, of which twenty-two were woodcock and the balance grouse.

The morning of the 19th ult. dawned bright, clear and beautiful, with a crisp frostiness in the air which made both us and the woodcock think of warmer climes. The setter Tick and the pointer Pete were securely chained to the steam pipes in the Adirondack Railroad baggage car, our duffle piled up out of the way, and then with pipes alight we stowed ourselves away in the smoker and the '96 trip was on.

Up we went through the valley where the great Hudson has its rise, watching the changing color on the mountain sides now splendid in rainbow tints of October; watching the bright, limpid water as it bubbled and gurgled over and around the rocks and boulders, glistening and gleaming in the warm sunshine; noting a deep pool here, swift swirl there, and wondering if a gamy black bass wasn't waiting for the "flowers that bloom in the spring," and the deceptive fly that comes dangling along about that time. And so we sped on; our asthmatic old engine finally pulled us into North Creek on time, and the Doctor, dogs and I sought the hospitable door of the Adirondack Inn to regale the inner man and wait for the stage. A hearty dinner on my part and sundry dainty nibblings by the Doctor, another whiff before a blazing, old-fashioned fireplace, and at 2:30 the stage pulled up at the door and off we started over the old familiar road to the Powers mansion. We waved our hand to the big rock which marks the grave of a good dog, passed the bald, high hill, of which Fred tells his usual lie about the deer being driven over the sheer front by dogs, on through the glory of the mountains in October, and in two hours were saying "How d' do" to the Powers family. Then we got into our shooting togs as soon as possible and started for the little run down by the schoolhouse to pick up the two or three woodcock that always make it their abiding place. For the first time on record we drew it blank and got back to dinner at 6 P. M. with nothing but shells in our pockets. To eat and then to sleep was the programme.

The Doctor was out first in the morning; he hadn't killed thirty odd birds within a few days, and hence his index finger itched more than mine. He went to the window and looked out; I watched him out of the corner of my eye, but gave no sign that I was not peacefully sleeping, as the chill breeze of the early dawn gently and gracefully waved the skirts of his night robe. He drew aside the curtains and looked long and looked earnestly, and then looked again and groaned deep and loud and prolonged. Then I asked him if it rained. And he replied with certain unnecessary embellishments that it snowed; and it kept on, and we were snowed in for the day. Toward evening it grew warmer, rained, and at night not a trace of snow was left, and the whole valley was bathed in a white mist as the moon rolled over the hills, and we retired, feeling confident we should pull triggers on the morrow.

Next morning about 8 o'clock our old guide Fred dropped in ready for us, having one of his mountain-climbing trips planned, but was promptly vetoed, and I announced as the programme: "East Side, and woodcock." So we started down through the "Corners," across the bridge, and along the route you know so well, and "broke in" at a little clump of cedar, where you and I have shot (at) many a swift-flying grouse. As I went down into the brush, leaving the Doctor on the edge, I was startled by a sharp *quit, quit*, and up in my very face flushed a grouse. Both bird and man were rattled, but as he topped the brush I saw him at the end of my gun, and with the snap of the nitro he curled up, keeled over and bumped the earth, my bird. As the gun cracked another started, and I snapped the left at him, but missed; and out he went to Doctor and Fred. Bang! bang! bang! went their guns, and on, on, on went the bird to covers that we knew not of. A little further and Tick throws up his head and points stanchly, and I see a woodcock flush a short distance from the other dog. He flushes so lazily that I do not shoot, but watch him for 10yds., when he alights on the mud in plain sight of myself and Tick. The dog stirs not, but the cock runs behind a stump, and, disappearing, flushes wild unseen by me; but Fred, he of the eagle eye, has seen the sneak, and marks him down across the river. Down to the bridge we go, and up the other side. Tick, who is galloping ahead, stops so suddenly that he stands cross-legged, and as I step quickly in front of him out "boils" a grouse and starts straightaway, but he goes not far before the gun cracks, his feathers drift on the lazy air, and directly I am shaking him by the legs, arranging his brown plumage before consigning him to the bag.

A little further and Tick stops, significant that the woodcock is in danger; and he is, for going quartering away I pick him out of the air with the second barrel. Then where we go through the bars up to East Side I put two out to my companions, but they don't seem to care much about killing feathered game anyway; and here we are at the place where our guns cracked so often and merrily four years ago; the spot where I missed more woodcock in the shortest time in my sporting history: the spot where Rowdy ran amuck. How he did enjoy himself that evening! What cared he for the Doctor, laboring, sweating, yelling behind him; here were birds galore and his nose was full of them, and if the Lord's willing and lightning don't strike him the air will soon be full of them; and it was so. How he did put them up! It gives me pleasure to shoot woodcock, but it would have given me more to have peppered the dog that day; and while I missed the cock right and left, I have always felt confident that I would not have missed Rowdy were the range never so long.

But here we are again, and the plan of campaign is quickly laid to hunt the piece on parallel lines a hundred yards apart. Tick creeps and crawls through the entire piece, but not a feather shows. I'm not satisfied, although the Doctor says he hasn't seen a sign of a bird; so I begin again on the edge, and in two minutes Tick is stiff. Take your time, gentlemen, the dog will not move; no rushing or chasing by him. I look carefully ahead, and there about 20ft. away sits our long-billed friend. "I see him," said I. "Shoot him," says Fred. "Not on your life." The Doctor has put his gun to his shoulder *à la* trap. "None of that, Doctor; down with that gun." And he obeys. As the bird jumps and swings away on whistling wings, I make my usual break and shoot before the bird has reached his flying level and before I've really sighted him, and so I miss, and so does the Doctor; but in an instant I catch him over the left barrel and he wilts in mid air

We stopped right there and I reminded the Doctor that his dog had passed within 20ft. of the bird; that when you hunt cock you must, *à la* Pettit. "pound the ground," get yourself or dog into every likely corner, and wound up the lecture by asserting my belief that there were more birds awaiting the diligent hunter in that same cover; and there were, for we started six more and bagged them all before 11 o'clock. Then the rain took an inning and we crawled under a bridge to "wait till the clouds roll by." We waited and waited, but finally gave it up and started slowly toward the "mansion," working likely edges as we went along, and picked up two more grouse before reaching that hospitable shelter. And so ended the first day. You have my postals stating later results.

It always did me good to see the Doctor kill a grouse and watch the race between him and Pete to see which would have the first bite. His dog was fairly stanch on point, but an inveterate shot breaker. At the crack of the gun the dog immediately "lit out" in the direction of the bird; if it was killed and the dog preceded the Doctor to the remains the bird was hash instanter. So when the Doctor shot and killed he immediately dropped his gun and had a "free-for-all" race, with Pete usually in the lead and the air ringing with shouts of "Here, Pete, Pete," which would have a tendency to slow him up, but never so as to give the Doctor a clear lead. Even now I wake up in the night and laugh at the recollection. If his gun cracked I could always tell the result by the noise, and knew the race was on. Tick is tireless, steady and stanch, and goes at woodcock like an old hand. I don't think your Tony is any better. Enough for this time. More anon. JACK.

II.—From S. in Alma, Mich., to Jack in Saratoga, N. Y.

ALMA, Mich., Nov. 16.—Dear Jack: I have read your long and very gratifying letter relating the course of the hunt and the details of the bag for one day in the old familiar glades and swales of Essex; and I assure you it brought back the familiar scenes vividly to mind and I could follow your track like that of a rabbit in the snow. I picture to myself the start in at the cedars, the whir of the grouse that bit the dust at the crack of the gun; the woodcock flitting across the river, only to be followed and brought to bag; and then the crawling through the bars when you go up to the East Side woodcock covers. Yes, I remember that day four years ago, when I thought Lexington or Waterloo was on again; when it was a question which scared the most cock, the guns or Rowdy, for neither one hurt them much. There I lay on an old fallen tree while the fun was fast and furious, until, unable to stand it longer, I dragged my weary limbs up the height and finally reached the scene of action in time to be told that the birds had probably all been driven into the next county. Lucky I was not there that soft autumn evening, for Fred would have had more birds to carry in than he was accustomed to!

I will try and give you a little bit of our experience the only day the sun came out while I was shooting. Cedar Lake is about twenty miles west of Alma on the D. L. & N. Ry., not a regular station, but trains stop when flagged. I knew one Nelson who used to do a rushing business there when lumbering was at its height in this and neighboring counties; he made a lot of money, but, as is sometimes the case, he indorsed very freely for others, and one morning woke up to find that, instead of being worth an hundred thousand, he was nearly if not quite on his uppers. Out of the wreck he saved 1,000 acres of stump lands, two or three store buildings, barns, etc., on which Mr. Wright holds a mortgage, and which we are now foreclosing; but we all hope he will save 200 or 300 acres with his stores, barns, etc., so as to have enough to grub a living from the rest of his days. He lives upstairs over a store in one of the buildings, and has plenty of room, there being a parlor, sitting room, dining room, kitchen and four bedrooms. I had a bedroom off the sitting room, and as his furniture is the remains of prosperous days, Sharp was as "snug as a bug in a rug." I had a big vacant room down stairs, with a stove in it, in which I kept the dogs, cleaned the guns, strung up the birds, and did the hundred and one little things incident to a shooting trip which one doesn't like to take into the living rooms of a cultured family.

The place appears to be called Cedar Lake because there are no cedars around what once might have been a lake, but is now reduced to a mere pond not over ten acres in extent. But there are some rare good shooting grounds about there, and from their nature and extent will be practically inexhaustible if the close season is observed. There are miles of such half-dry swamps as you occasionally run across in Essex, and scrub oak uplands as far as the eye can reach. If we had enjoyed such weather as yesterday and to-day, I should have had a very different report to make of the trip. As it is, I'm glad you didn't come, for without good weather an outing is only half an outing.

There was one day I would have given all my old shoes to have had you along with your trigger finger in line, but aside from that day the birds lay humped up in dense cover or lay *perdu* under old roots and logs. It was a lowering morning when we started about 9 o'clock and struck into a piece of swampy woods a quarter mile from our stopping place. Soon Belze made game and directly was pointing stanchly toward an old tree top lying in tall, rank swamp grass, the ideal place for grouse on a cloudy morning. I stepped in ahead and away went a bird, but not a fair shot; away went another and I threw away an ounce of No. 8s, and at the crack of the gun up jumped two more from the opposite side, but at a distance of 40yds. they swung into view and I laid the gun on the tail of one and he wilted like a flower in the frost; as I was slipping in shells off whirred two more and I gave them a salute at long range, but not with fatal effect. Then both Belze and I woke up to the fact that such chances are not lying around for anything with a gun to find, and realized that our nerves were at high tension. By this time Knapp swung around with Tony, but the game was all awing and none left for his deliberate but deadly fire. It had rained the night before, and as the birds had flown toward the wet part of the swamp we concluded to swing on out into the open side hill adjoining and see if the quail were breakfasting. Tony was sent out to scour the field, while I kept Belze at my heel with some difficulty. I was just about to start down along the edge of the swamp when I noticed Tony stop suddenly, turn half around with a step or two and stop. He was about as far from us as the D. & H. station is from the Worden, but he held his point stanchly while we came up and walked in ahead, Belze in the meantime backing in good style. Up go the bevy of quail and I drop one, while for a wonder Knapp misses clean.

We follow them back to the edge of the swamp, but at the sound of our approach up they jump without waiting for the dogs to stand them, and make off for the swamp. Knapp drops one, and at long range I drop another. I see him tumble into some alders, and go to pick him up. Belze whisks around a minute or two and then points him. Just as I stoop to pick him up he darts from under my hand and runs faster than you would think possible, and dives into a hole under a half-decayed stump. We rip up a root of it, but cannot stir the main portion; and although both dogs have to be pulled away, we have to pull ourselves away and leave the little Robert to eke out a flightless existence. Passing on, we come to a lad cutting up a tree at the edge of a cornfield, and ask him if there are any birds thereabouts? He replies, "Haven't seen any this year." However, within a gunshot of where he is working we find another bevy, which flush wild and pitch into the swamp. I note where they stop, and find them again in some willows; just the ideal place for woodcock if it were not so late. As they rise wild I get in both barrels: one at random with the usual result, but the other held well on an outlying single that flushes after the rest and he falls almost at Knapp's feet. They have gone now where only a bird can go, and so we pass on to an old logging road and start in after ruffed grouse. We haven't gone far before both dogs make game, and draw up side by side. Ah, Jack, old boy! An' you should have seen them then! Tony with his head thrown up to a high point, Belze half crouching and rigid in true pointer style, and a blanket would have covered them both.

The picture was so admirable that for the moment we forgot the birds, till a rush and a whir as two grouse went away through the trees brought us to a sense of duty. Knapp missed, but I had a more open shot and scored a clean kill. Another bird flushed out of sight, and directly another tried to top a little second-growth pine, but just as his barred breast showed plainly against the living green my gun cracked, and down he came. Going forward to pick him up, he proved to be only wing-tipped, and there he strutted away with wings drooping and tail spread for all the world like a turkey cock. It was a picture that I lingered to enjoy, the dog all the time trembling from stem to stern, his jaws closing convulsively, until finally I told him to fetch, which he did in good style, although the bird would have run off again had I not taken him from the dog's mouth before he dropped him.

It was now about noon, and so we concluded to discuss lunch. Now comes a wrinkle worth noting, and which we never enjoyed in the Adirondacks. A fire is built sheltered from the wind, and as soon as the bed of coals begins to form we cut sticks about 6ft. long, and putting our buttered bread on the forked end toast it to the queen's taste. Knapp has already dressed a couple of quail, and they are soon basting and broiling on a spit, and there you have quail on toast, hot and savory, in the deep of the woods at a time when salt horse would be savory; and of course the birds were simply delicious. No more cold snacks for me. On a crisp, cool day, with an appetite to match, you have no idea how grateful to an empty stomach is a piece of hot toast and a steaming bird. Occasionally we would shoot a rabbit and roast him on the spit, *i. e.*, his hind quarters, for the noontide repast. In addition to the epicurean feature it well repays in recuperation and the zest with which one takes up the afternoon shooting, to have a good rest at the middle of the day and a ten-minute snooze in the sunshine on a full stomach. One day I heard the whistle of wings so familiar when woodcocks spring, and directly Belze was standing prettily beside a little stream. Up went Mr. Bird and up went the gun, and down he came. I made him grace the piece of toast at noontime, and a bird never tasted better. Take my advice, old friend, and hereafter don't gobble or gulp down a few mouthfuls of cold bread and meat at noon and then haste on to the hunt. The bag will be heavier and you will enjoy grassing them much more if you duplicate the above-mentioned delightful experience.

I was leisurely picking a bird bone, with my back against a log, when a white weasel scurried along a log about 20ft. distant and was lost in the forest. These little fellows are very rare and bring a high price, but we concluded to let him scurry. Knapp then picked up his gun and said: "While you are picking your teeth I'll go back into the woods a piece and swing around to you again in a few minutes." As I sat there enjoying the sunshine, so rare in those days, I heard his gun crack; he called out "Mark!" and grasping my gun, I saw a grouse with wings set sailing toward me. She was just touching the top of

a brush pile when I saw her on the end of my gun, and she fell to the ground without so much as a twitch, killed dead.

Do you think a bird may be so shot that a keen-nosed dog cannot catch any scent from it? A day or two previously Knapp was telling me about being out with a dog whose nose was of proven delicacy and keenness; that he had killed a bird and the dog failed to fetch, although he passed directly over the spot where the bird fell. Himself going to the spot, found the bird visible to the naked eye, and the next instant the dog passed over the bird without detecting it. Nose off, you say? Not so. Now I stood within 30ft. of the victim of my last shot, and he lay there distinguishable, but not what would be termed in plain sight. I sent Belze to fetch, and twice he passed directly over the bird without so much as an indication that the bird was there. Swinging back, he put one foot on the bird, but the instant he raised his foot he caught scent and then suddenly stopped and located the game and brought it in. Now it seems to me that a bird being instantly killed, not so much as a flutter left in him, the shock suspends for a short time the emission of the usual odor, so as to give no indication to the keenest nose. Have you had similar experience and tried to diagnose—or dog nose—the case?

We now made along an old wood road, and Tony at one side pinned a single, and Knapp did the rest. He also picked off another ruffle neck at the edge of a clearing, and we emerged to a narrow meadow, along a stream of about 20ft. in width. We blundered on to a small bevy of quail, an outlying bird flushing and getting away unhurt, but setting to wing a half dozen more, which we marked down in the tall grass between us and the water. "Now," said I, "my friend, we are in for a picnic with Master Bob and his brothers if we keep our eyes and fingers steady;" and so we were. The dogs picked their way around in the high grass, now and then drawing to a point or roading a running bird, till we had picked up four. Then we crossed the stream on a bridge 100yds. down stream, and were just starting up stream, when in a little clump of bushes both dogs drew to a stand. In a minute two grouse boiled out, and we both scored a miss, while a third that Belze roaded flushed and went away unshot at. I felt the need of having some one scoff at me then, but you not being around the air trembled with nothing but mutterings deep. On we went after two birds that had come across the stream when we started the last bevy, and soon both dogs had them in limbo. At the rise we got one, and picked up another that had died after having flown across the stream.

We now shouldered guns and made a forced march to a likely hillside bordering a big swamp directly on our route to Cedar Lake, so as to be near the supper table when the day's hunt was done. The bag began to be heavy, and for the first time my shoulder ached with the 8 or 10lbs. in the bag. The sky had been darkening with clouds for an hour, and now and then a drop of water told us to make for cover. Going along the hillside, we picked up two more birds, and the rain now falling fast, we made the best time possible over the mile and a half that lay between us and supper. We got in at a quarter to 5, wet and happy, after the first day of what could be called sport since arriving on the ground. I had got down to shooting trim and was ready for some reasonably good records, but all the rest of the time the weather was raw, sour and rainy, and the birds were wiser than we and stayed at home, so we only picked up enough for the pot, or possibly a few to spare, as reported to you by card from day to day. And so passes into history my trip of 96. It was far from what I had planned it to be, owing to your flunk on coming west, but on the whole I'm glad, as before intimated, that you did not come to share our disappointment in the weather; for it is trying to see the rain or snow fall day after day, or the wind howl great guns, all the time knowing that with sunny skies a good bag awaited the tyro, and a back load the expert with a gun. You said something about Tick being as good a dog as Tony; read on.

To Essex went a hunter bold,
Who tramped the hills in heat and cold;
Across his arm a shooting stick,
And at his heel a dog called Tick.

A hunting dog! Jove save the name,
For skunks and grouse were all the same
To him. And then when all alone
How stanchly he would point a bone!

When not engaged in hunting fleas,
His curly tail just fans the breeze
That sweeps the field. He points his best
With game due east, his snipe nose west.

When woodcocks spring or quails take wing,
What is that cock-eared, piebald thing
That scampers after? By Old Nick!
It is Jack's pride, the famous Tick.

When jumps the rabbit from the ground,
With leg of deer and bay of hound,
Tick speeds away; and bound to roam
Till every lowing cow comes home.

Oh, what a dog! Compared to Tony
He's like a wolf, long, gaunt and bony.
While Tony beats a field with sense,
Tick goes to sleep beside the fence.

* * * * * * *

Wouldst thou a brace of bird dogs see?
Tony and Belze are dogs for thee!
Of royal blood, swift, stanch and true,
As fine a brace as ever drew
A field for quail, a wood for grouse,
Or guarded well their master's house.

Yours as ever, L. A. S.

Hardship in New Jersey.

THE New Jersey game wardens continue to make hardships for the law-breakers in that State. The arrests for November averaged more than one a day, and on old and new cases $258.66 was collected and deposited to the credit of the Commissioners. Fish and Game Protector Chas. A. Shriner and his deputies are setting an example of "Jersey justice" which might well be emulated elsewhere.

TRACKING MOOSE ON BARE GROUND.

"WELL, Ralph, let's be going," I said as I wearily shouldered my rifle and rose from the old "blow-down" on which I had been resting.

We were about five miles from our camp on the South Branch of the Machias, engaged in the difficult task of tracking moose on bare ground. For two days we had followed the tracks of three moose, a bull, cow and calf, as far as we could judge, which fortunately had continued to travel slowly and in circles, enabling us to return to camp at night, having carefully blazed our last stop on the trail, and continue the pursuit the following morning.

Ralph, my guide, now took the lead, directing me to keep close behind him; I could not help but admire his wonderful skill in following the almost imperceptible trail. Nothing escaped his lynx-like gaze. Here he would point to a bit of moss scraped from a log as one of the great creatures thundered over it—there, to a slender branch of "moose wood" from which the bark had been peeled by our game. Ralph would generally stop before one of these moose bites, as he called them, and taking out his old clasp knife scrape some bark from a place that had not been touched by the moose. By comparing the color of this freshly peeled wood with that of the moose bites, he could estimate their apparent age and get some idea of the distance between us and our game.

We soon came to a dense clump of alders bordering a swamp, and here Ralph stopped, seemingly puzzled. "I've lost the trail," he finally remarked; "you sit down a few minutes and I'll look the ground over a bit." Cheerfully assenting, as I was beginning to feel rather tired, I threw myself down on an old pine top and for fully fifteen minutes Ralph thrashed around among the dry alders, now and again kneeling to study the age of a track. At last he returned with a discouraged look on his usually merry countenance.

"It's no use," he said, "there are so many tracks in there I can't tell which are the right ones. One thing is certain, the three moose we're after crossed this swamp somewhere, and the only thing we can do is to circle it and hunt for their tracks on the other side. If I only had a little snow to go by I'd show you some fine moose hunting."

Determining not to give up if I had to circle all the swamps in Maine, I told him to go ahead, and in less time than either of us had anticipated we rounded the marsh grass and alders, and saw to our mutual satisfaction a fine hardwood ridge not far ahead. Once more my guide searched for the lost trail, and soon was rewarded by the discovery of fresher tracks than we had yet seen where the three moose came out from the swamp. Thus stimulated, I gripped my rifle, and with a quicker pace we set out over the ridge. A snow squall had sprung up, but as the tracking on the ridge was a great deal easier we did not mind the snow much. What I did mind, however, was a violent wind which followed the snow flurry, creating great havoc among the forest monarchs. Crash after crash resounded through the woods, as the tops of stately pines were torn away by fierce blasts and hurled down sometimes not 8yds. from us.

"If you hear one breaking above you dodge it," remarked Ralph, who had stopped to look at his compass. "A fellow down my way was crushed to death by an old top last year." And with this pleasing assurance he resumed the march.

The snow had ceased to fall, and the sun was striving to break through a mass of clouds, when Ralph again halted with an exclamation of satisfaction. I read the favorable signs as soon as he did; there in a patch of marsh grass was a place where some large animal had lain down.

"Don't move!" exclaimed the guide, "you might spoil some important signs," and with a catlike tread he made his way among the multitude of tracks plainly visible on the wet ground.

"Now you may come," Ralph remarked, after he had surveyed the ground and surroundings to his satisfaction. "See what you can make of it."

I studied the situation some time before venturing an opinion. "The bull must have lain there," I at length commented, "and over here are two more depressions where the cow and calf probably rested, as they are much smaller. When the three moose arose they walked over to this moose wood and fed a while, then they continued along here on a slow walk, and finally went off in that direction." So saying, I indicated a course at right angles to the one we had been following.

Ralph gave a hearty laugh. "That's just where you are dead wrong. These tracks you are now looking at are old ones, probably made two months ago. I must confess they fooled me until I saw that," and coming to where I stood he pointed to a peeled twig which would have escaped the eyes of most men.

"Well, what of that?" I said, somewhat chagrined.

"Why, don't you see by the color of the wood that it is an old bite? When the moose were done feeding they doubled on their tracks and went off in this direction. I have found some bites not over an hour old."

Parting the bushes, I saw he was indeed right. There, in a direction exactly opposite to the one I had indicated, were fresh footprints of three moose. With new ardor we applied ourselves to the chase, crossing two small ridges, and finally ascending a rather steep acclivity. The appearance of the country now very noticeably changed, thick undergrowth giving place to a carpet of soft green grass, while the trees grew larger and much further apart. Suddenly Ralph stopped. Peering from behind his rather ponderous form, I noticed that we were approaching a sort of vista or natural clearing in the forest overgrown with stunted timber and moose wood. The guide's eyes were fixed on some tracks just in front of him, tracks which meant no more to me than the many others we had been following all day. But this crafty woodsman had noticed that while all the footprints previously seen were slightly coated with snow, those just in front of him had not a flake upon them.

"Be on your guard now," he whispered, "the moose are not far off."

Just then some unknown influence caused me to look up, and my eye lighted on a fine specimen of the bull moose standing between two pines about 125yds. distant. Ralph saw him as soon as I did, and our rifles rang out simultaneously. The great animal reeled, almost fell, and then crashed off through the bushes.

I was for giving chase at once, but Ralph would by no means permit this.

"We must wait at least ten minutes," he said, sitting down on a log and taking out his mammoth time-piece; "more game is lost by following it as soon as it is wounded than any other way. That moose is hit hard, and he will not go 40yds. if left alone; but if he hears us following him there is no knowing how far he may be able to travel."

We waited accordingly, the minutes seeming very long to me. At length the guide put up his watch, and stealthily we made our way to the point where we had last seen the bull. There, sure enough, we found a fresh trail leading in the direction we judged our game had taken, Ralph soon pointing out a great root which had been literally torn from the ground.

"That looks like the work of a wounded moose," he remarked, and we quickened our speed. The guide, however, bore a puzzled expression on his countenance, and before we had gone 100yds. he stopped abruptly.

"We have made a big blunder," he said after a moment of silence.

"What do you mean?" I asked in surprise.

"We fired at the bull moose," he continued, "and we are now following the tracks of the cow."

"What makes you think that?"

Ralph removed his cap and scratched his head. "That bull was hit hard, he could never have come as far as this; besides this track is too small to be the bull's."

"But the root torn up, you said it was the work of a wounded moose?"

"A moose badly scared will often tear around some. Now mind, this track may be all right, but I have a sort of feeling that it isn't. I propose we blaze that old stump there so we can find this place again in case my theory proves wrong. We can easily retrace our footsteps to the spot where we fired at the bull, and if I am not greatly mistaken we will find another moose track there which will prove the right one."

So back we went, easily finding our starting point, where a fresh difficulty arose. The moose had been feeding and tramping around before we disturbed them and a perfect network of tracks confronted Ralph. Trail after trail we followed with no result. I was about to give up in despair and even Ralph was weakening when suddenly he uttered a cry of delight, at the same time holding out a leaf he had just picked from the tracks we happened to be following. I took it from him and could hardly help giving three cheers, for on that leaf was a tiny speck of blood.

All was now easy; every few yards we would find fresh marks of crimson on ground or bushes, and often torn and trampled shrubbery.

At length Ralph paused in the act of climbing over a windfall, looking back at me with a broad grin on his face. Hastening up, I peered through the bushes and there lay the bull moose, which had not run more than 30yds., having been hit squarely in the breast. As near as the guide and I could estimate, the animal weighed about 1,000lbs., and while his head was large, the antlers, though well formed and evenly pronged, were a bit under size.

"Well," said Ralph, "you've got him, but it was a tough job. If we had only had a little snow I could have shown you what we fellows up here call real moose tracking."

LEONIDAS WESTERVELT.

YELLOWSTONE PARK GAME.

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS, Yellowstone National Park Nov. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a few days I shall ship to Washington most of the animals we have here. I shall send six antelope, one cow elk, four beaver and two black bears. I will leave five elk (bulls). I'm having crates made for them in Gardiner. They are to go by express. November has been a very stormy month; hardly a day without a storm of either rain, snow or wind. Friday night last was our coldest—27° at the Hospital, Fort Yellowstone. There is much more snow here now than usually at this time of the year. About two weeks ago we had the ground well covered, then came a chinook wind, with a little rain; the snow melted off in many places, low down, but in others only enough to form ice over a considerable extent of country; then came more snow and the cold snap. There is good sleighing from the Springs to Cinnabar, but the snow is very badly drifted.

The antelope were on the flat on the east side of the Gardiner River and slopes of Mt. Everts in large bands, but the coyotes were giving them fits—were killing at least five and six a day. The coyotes are very numerous, with now and then a few wolves. The poor antelope were obliged to get away, so they crossed Gardiner River, traveling down along the Yellowstone in sight of the town of Gardiner. Two miles below there is a line of fence across except at the road. The first band of about 150 soon got out of the Park into Montana, when the people of Gardiner and Cinnabar started in on them. In one day over twenty were killed. Not a day passes but some are killed. One got past Cinnabar and in Reese's field, where it was shot by Reese. If they get past Cinnabar they have Horr to pass, with its hundreds of miners, all wanting to get a shot. It's possible that a few may get below Fridley, where there is a bit of unfenced, open country. Monday the last band left the east side of Gardiner. There was a bunch of eight, with six coyotes after them. By morning I don't suppose there will be one alive on that side of Gardiner. This morning I saw over 200 within a quarter of a mile of Gardiner on their way below.

I fear there will not be many antelope left in the spring—not enough for seed. I hope I am mistaken. I hope that a few will manage to live and return to the Park in the spring, but even their efforts to do so will be a useless struggle unless the coyotes are killed off. I'm sorry to see the antelope killed by the people around here, but they say that they may as well have them as the coyotes; they would be killed anyway. Day before yesterday three antelope were killed in sight of town.

The severe weather has made the elk come down very early. About 200 were in the Government pasture, some eating at the "dump pile," Saturday. Mount Everts and the Blacktail county are alive with them. I saw twenty-one mountain sheep in the Gardiner Cañon the other day; several fine rams among them.

Tom Miner tells of a band of mountain sheep in the first cañon of the Yellowstone above Bear Creek, and that he saw the tracks of a family of six mountain lions. They

will get most of these sheep or run them out of the country.

A party of four men have been hunting up Hellroaring Creek; they were traveling with a permit. On their way in they had twelve animals loaded with game. They have been arrested for killing their meat in the Park and are at the Mammoth Hot Springs now awaiting trial.

Some people won't believe there are any wolves in the Park. I saw five in Hayden Valley, where Mr. Hough and I found the dead buffalo. E. HOFER.

DEER HUNTING AND DEER LAWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Just a few words in regard to the manner in which Deerslayer's article in FOREST AND STREAM has been received by a number of your correspondents.

First, I wish to state very emphatically that I do not approve of Deerslayer's method of taking deer. But when a man does not agree with you as to the method to be used in killing deer it is no reason why he should be "jumped upon" roughshod, and such abusive and insulting terms as "butcher," "human fiend" and "brute" showered upon him. Without doubt every correspondent who has abused and insulted Deerslayer could call to mind the time in his sporting career when he was not above taking a pot shot at a bunch of quail, or even shooting a deer in the water with a scatter gun. I have as friends men who shoot game birds sitting or make pot shots when they get a chance, yet they are men of honor. What they lack, and undoubtedly what Deerslayer lacks, is education in their sport. Help them up to the higher plane of sportsmanship by kinds words of advice and common-sense argument. If you wish to convert a man to your religious or political faith you do not abuse or insult him, but bring to bear your most convincing and conclusive arguments, couched in pleasant words. Gentlemen, if you were in camp in the wilds of the Rockies, with a man for guide who differed in opinion with you as to the proper method of taking game, you might argue with him, but you would not insult him.

Let us hope that the pages of America's best and cleanest sportsman's journal may not again be soiled with such insults as have been flung at Deerslayer, and all because God has not made him to see as we see, or think as we think. JOHN C. BRIGGS.

IOWA.

DEC. 3 —*Editor Forest and Stream:* The battle royal that has followed on Deerslayer's description of his method of hunting has developed again a phase of sportsmanship that is very distasteful to those who have the benefit of education and refined associations. It is likewise one of the few things that a FOREST AND STREAM reader has to sometimes regret seeing in his favorite paper. I do not refer to Deerslayer's style of hunting, but to the style of the criticisms he has raised. Personally I have never killed a deer, nor fired at one, chiefly because I have never, but on one day, been within range of any. On that occasion I had my rifle on one side of me and my camera on the other, paddling in a canoe around a Canadian lake, amusing myself doing nothing. Two deer came out of some reeds and brush and stood for a moment looking at me from the shore, and I photographed them fairly well. Then they went upon their way. I wanted a picture of wild deer most. Next I would have liked a shot at one, but the second desire yielded to the most ardent. To shoot a deer I have gotten within reach of by skill or endurance or nerve on my part would give me greater pleasure than to shoot one that came into my tent and couldn't get out. If he were tied up to a tree I would enjoy it still less. I don't think that I would care for Deerslayer's method at all, in fact I am quite sure that I would not, but right there arises the question as to whether my different taste gives me the right to assail him with outrageous language and epithets, as some of your correspondents have done. To express in a public print the hope that a man's gun will burst and kill him, because he catches a deer with a rope, is a form of controversy closely resembling rowdyism. For the sake of your old-time prestige I was sorry to see some of these letters in your columns. Mr. Cleveland's manly apology disarms criticism, to a certain extent, of all his co-offenders as well as of himself, and I will turn away from the whole greatly to be regretted matter, with relief, to speak of the question that is at the bottom of all disputes as to the proper manner in which deer and other game should be taken.

In the first place, all citizens of a State have an equal right to its game. If it runs or flies on public lands they have an equal right to go there and hunt it. Scores of years ago the number of deer in the Adirondacks and elsewhere so greatly outnumbered the hunters whom the facilities of those days enabled to hunt them, and the number of deer born every year so greatly exceeded those killed or dying from natural causes, that there was no need of a law for their protection. Every man took what he pleased, if he could, and no one noticed the difference. Now, however, all is changed. In the last fifteen or twenty years railroad improvements have made it so easy for even women and children and invalids to reach the wildest hunting grounds that the number of hunters has increased, doubled and tripled with the years in geometrical progression. Coincident with the increase in the army of hunters came the greater range and power of the weapons, to say nothing of their being repeaters. Formerly a man rarely got two shots at one deer. Now he gets three or four frequently. All these things, naturally enough, have led to a steady decrease in the number of the deer—a decrease so steady in proportion to the hunters that there is brought before us the unmistakable possibility of having no deer left at all. Then we begin to enact laws to secure the killing of less game than formerly, in the hope that the natural increase of the animals will keep pace with the loss by means of the hunters.

Now we reach our point. The sole object of the law is to prevent too great a number of the deer being killed. That is its essence, and certain methods are only forbidden because they make it so easy to capture the game that a greater number of deer that we can spare would be annually killed if those means were used. Any method that does not possess this same fault is perfectly justifiable and its employment purely a matter of taste. Now for Deerslayer's deed. He, by means usually employed in the Adirondacks, drove (or had driven for him) a deer into the water. Then he pursued it in a canoe, and on catching up with it tied a halter round its neck to secure it when shot. Then he or some one else shot it. Everything, excepting the use of the rope, was exactly according to the regular method of Adirondack deer hounding. If they were near enough to the animal to put a cord around him they could hardly have missed him with any kind of gun. Therefore the act in no way, however slight, increased the destruction of the game. Personally I cannot see much amusement in pursuing deer in a canoe, because if you get so very close to them the only part of the chase which is in the sportsman's own hands—namely, the shooting—is so easy that there is little pleasure and no cause at all for a feeling of hunter's pride in it. That is my own view of the matter and doubtless some of Deerslayer's rather hasty critics possess the same, but I respectfully call their attention to the fact that such dogmatic laying down of the law as they have done lately is quite as likely to be the result of boorish egotism as of pure sportsmanship.

Keep to the essential point, gentlemen. The number of deer killed annually is of more importance to coming generations of hunters than is the way in which they were killed. If I leave a son, I have no doubt if he has my blood in his veins he will like to hunt above all things, and he would be better pleased that the sportsmen of to-day had killed a couple of hundred Adirondack deer annually by lassoing than a couple of thousand by shooting. There is the whole matter in a nutshell. Let us confine ourselves to a thorough examination of these matters and to the enacting of laws for the better preservation of our game, but let us be equally careful to avoid what is none of our business. If Deerslayer chooses to secure his legal number of deer per year in a manner which is actually more difficult than the usual one, as it clearly must be, let him do so in peace, and let us devote our energies to getting on the trail of the men who take more than their share with the cleanest kind of stalking and shooting. Through it all let us leave aside all-aged, catch-gallery phrases of "butcher" and the like, and discuss the matter politely and with due regard to the courtesy which improves every relation in life, and alone makes social intercourse between those who disagree tolerable.

FRANK LAURENCE DONOHUE.

MAINE AND ITS BIG GAME.

BOSTON, Dec. 5.—Another flood of deer is arriving by the way of the American Express Co. from the wilds of Maine. There have been several tracking snows of late and each is followed, in a day or two, by a number of deer reaching Boston. Prices are very high in the markets, and the temptation is strong to the sportsman not over rich in this world's goods to sell his venison. I hear of a deer sold by a hunter just returned from Maine to a hotel for $30. But as the season advances the deer are getting poorer in flesh, and it seems almost a pity that the open season does not close with Dec. 1. Very few moose are arriving just at present. By the train reaching Boston Monday evening there came seven deer, with a great many saddles and parts of deer. The next day there were about as many, but since that time only two or three to a train.

J. Parker Whitney, well known to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, went up to his camp home at Mosquito Brook, Richardson Lake, Me., on Tuesday last. He was accompanied by his family and a friend. He went in via Bemis, and from thence to the Upper Dam. The weather was cold and the lake very likely to freeze, but Capt. F. C. Barker got him through to the Dam without accident. Capt. B. then immediately drew his steamers out for winter. All the other boats on the Rangeleys are out for the season, and those waters will doubtless be closed before this reaches the eye of the reader. Mr. Whitney will remain at his camp till the new year. His two sons, in Harvard College, will spend Christmas with him. A trail is to be cut from Bemis to Mr. Whitney's camps sufficiently good for the passage of a team in winter. The distance is five or six miles through an unbroken forest. From Mr. Whitney's to the Upper Dam there is already a fair trail, the distance being about two miles.

Mr. E. M. Gillam's hunt for quail in Jersey was a fairly successful one. He met his brother, of the Philadelphia *Record*, at their old home, and both had their favorite dog. They hunted the quail sections about Vineland faithfully, having fair success. Then they tried some of the quail sections of eastern Pennsylvania. Here the hunting was novel and new to Mr. Gillam, of Boston, the shooting being almost entirely from open fields instead of woods and thickets. They found the lands generally posted with "All shooting forbidden," and it took a good deal of persuasion and "standing up" to get the farmers' consent to allow their lands to be shot over. In one case the Gillam boys thought they had permission to hunt all right, and raised a flock of thirty or forty quail. E. M. drew his bird with both barrels, and his brother followed suit, but before their dogs could retrieve the birds they saw an angry farmer coming, accompanied by a big Newfoundland dog. The dog was savage, and immediately seized upon both dogs and proceeded to punish them most unmercifully. The burly farmer was also ready to punish the owners of the dogs, and it took a good deal of palaver, accompanied by a greenback, to pacify him. At the best the boys had to leave the quail they had shot, but they got a good number on the whole trip, making a record of over forty.

Still the hunters are going to Maine, and doubtless will be till the end of the open season on big game. Partridge shooting is unlawful in that State after Dec. 1, and it is hoped that the gunners after big game will leave the birds to breed. Messrs. Wayne H. North, Dr. Frederick Freeman, Bert Atkins and M. D. Cressey started for Ashland on the Aroostook Railroad last evening. From Ashland they are to go forty miles into the Alagash country. They are taken in charge at Ashland by Asa Rafford, their principal guide. Their principal camp is to be at Pratt Lake. They go for moose, though deer and caribou will be accpted.

A dispatch to the daily papers gives a thrilling account of a Wilton, Me., man with a moose in the Dead River country last week, where a party of four was engaged in hunting. They had already secured three deer when one morning Leon Bump came upon a cow moose, which he allowed to escape. Quickly he saw a big bull. Firing two shots, he only angered the beast, and it immediately made a rush for him. The report says that the man was so paralyzed with fear that he could scarcely move, but did raise his rifle and fire again, stopping the moose when only 6ft. away. In the party were Leon Bump, E. C. Bump, Guy Fernald and Dr. C. F. Rowell.

The newspapers also have it that W. K. Moody, with his brother, Prof. J. F. Moody, of the Auburn (Me.) High School, has been down to Bemis, Me., on a deer hunt, and that Capt. F. C. Barker hunted with them. They struck Bemis the night before Thanksgiving, and it was snowing. The next morning it was dull and foggy, but there were 3in. of new snow on the ground—the ideal condition for deer hunting. The hunters were off early, and it did not take long to strike tracks. A big buck was shot on the side of the mountain, with two or three other ineffectual shots obtained. The most singular feature about the buck was the fact of his having but one antler. There was a stub about 4in. long for the other. It had evidently been broken off when in the velvet, as it was entirely healed. The next day the snow nearly all went away, leaving the hunting poor. This weather was followed by a freeze that rendered hunting very difficult by reason of the crashing of the leaves and underbrush at every step.

Dispatches to the newspapers complain of a good deal of illegal shooting of deer in Maine, and shipment by underground railway to the Boston markets. I have occasion to go through these markets almost every day, and so far I have failed to find the usual signs of illegally killed and shipped venison as numerous as usual. So far venison has been scarce, though some has been obtained from sportsmen who have sold their deer in order to help out on the expenses of their hunting trips, as already noted. It may be that there is yet a good deal of illegally shipped venison to reach the Boston markets, but so far I cannot see that the quantity has been as great as usual. Prominent market men, thoroughly acquainted with the venison business, will indorse my statements.

I intended to have mentioned further up that Bemis is a very easy point for the hunter to reach in the big game section of Maine. One reaches that peculiar lumbering, hunting and fishing city in the woods in the early evening, via Portland & Rumford Falls and Rumford Falls & Rangeley Lakes railways. Capt. Fred C. Barker takes excellent care of the sportsmen, and it is like living at a good home, and yet right in the big game woods. J. A. French, well known to sportsmen formerly going to the Rangeleys via Andover, is at Bemis with forty men in lumber camps, and with a contract to get out 2,000,000ft. of spruce. But he is going deer hunting on the next good snow. SPECIAL.

LEBANON, N. H., Dec. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A party of nine sportsmen from this place and vicinity, members of the Sagamore Gun Club, who have a camp on Birch Island, Holeb Lake, Maine, have just returned from a week's trip to that locality, bringing with them fourteen deer—a good showing, as the snow was not in the best condition for tracking on account of a light crust. They report plenty of game in that region.

W. S. C.

NEW YORK.—My chum and I have recently returned from a shooting trip in the northern part of Maine, and as it proved most successful I thought perhaps some of the readers of your interesting journal might like a short account of it. We went in from Ashland to one of Mr. C. G. Reed's camps, situated on the south branch of the Machias River, where we remained just fourteen days, bringing out with us four deer, one moose and one caribou. I have hunted in many parts of Maine, but never before have seen so favorable a spot for game of all kinds.

We both wish to highly recommend Mr. Reed, who tried in every way to make our stay in his camp agreeable as well as successful; and as for the guides he furnished us with—Ralph Morse and A. F. Hoffses, both of Mapleton, Me.—I can only say they are two of the best hunters and all-round guides I have ever had experience with.

You will find inclosed an account of my moose hunt, which I would be greatly pleased to have printed in FOREST AND STREAM for the edification of other amateur moose hunters, who may be benefited by some of my mistakes. LEONIDAS WESTERVELT.

[Mr. Westervelt's moose hunt is described in another column.]

ARKANSAS AND THE SOUTH.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Dec. 4.—The eagerly anticipated rain that was to fill up our marshes and streams finally came, and for a whole week it did nothing but rain, so that there is now plenty of water in our duck marshes. The knowing ones then said that all that was necessary was for the rain to break up with a cold snap, and we would have a good flight of ducks. This too came, and with it the ducks also, but the thermometer rapidly ran down below freezing, and remained so for five days. The natural consequence was that all our marshes and lakes froze, and remained in that state so long as to drive all the ducks further south. Thus the flight that should have afforded good sport remained only a day, and our duck shooting for this season is now a thing of the past. It is quite likely that the shooting is now good in Florida, Louisiana and Texas, as freezing temperature is reported as far south as San Antonio, and the shooting must now be fine on the Texas coast.

Quail.

The sportsmen of the South will now turn their attention to the quail, and as the crop is unusually abundant in Arkansas, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, there is not much question where to go in order to get good shooting. Mr. Harry Stevenson informed me while at the Vicksburg shoot that quail shooting was good in the vicinity of Monroe, La., and that they never went a great way from the city to do their shooting. Mr. Frank Arrighi told me that it was not a difficult task to find from fifteen to twenty bevies in a day's hunt within a short distance of Natchez, Miss. At Vicksburg, too, the birds were plentiful, and Mr. Will Miller and Mr. Bradfield told me that they had had some fine sport with the birds this fall. All along the line of the Yazoo Valley R. R. good shooting is to be had, and a man can not go much amiss in any part of Mississippi. Locally the birds are plentiful, but not much attention has been paid to them, as the weather up to the present cold snap has been too warm. But now that there is frost in the air and all the vegetation has been killed off, they will get little rest until March 1.

Two of our local shooters, J. W. Irwin and John Pemberton, had rather a novel experience the other day. They started off duck hunting, and the only dog they had was a Chesapeake retriever. The flight was rather scattering and soon ceased entirely. They then thought they would see if there were any birds to be found in the fields close by. Of course they expected to walk them up, and never paid any attention to their retriever. Presently Irwin noticed that the dog was acting rather peculiarly, as his head was high up in the air and gently swaying to and fro; so he walked up to him quietly, and when within a few steps of the dog he broke and put up a bevy of birds. These were marked down and the dog allowed to work on them, and whenever he scented one he went through the performance above described, and with only this dog to help them the shooters bagged thirty-six birds.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Enormous Seizure of Illegal Game.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 5.—State Warden Fullerton, of Minnesota, has added another laurel to his wreath as a protective officer, and has struck one of the hardest blows ever aimed at illegal game handlers. It was thought that the Kewaunee game case of Illinois, fiasco as it was, broke the record for amount of illegal game confiscated. Mr. Fullerton's seizure, however, involves nearly as large a lot of game, and moreover he got away with his confiscated property. The appended press dispatch gives such facts as are known at this date, and will serve well enough to show how the big markets get their supply of venison. They get it at the expense of the people of such States as Minnesota, States which have a little game left belonging to the people. They get it by means of direct and high-handed robbery. Were the game dealers accused of burglary or theft in anything like a similar amount, the outraged law would punish them swiftly and severely. They might break into the vaults of the State treasury and steal directly the people's funds with as much face of right as to steal the people's game. Nay, they might do this with better right, for taxes of the people's property might replace again the money; but no tax upon the people and no resource, either of the people or of nature, can ever again replace the wild game when it is gone. It is a most singular matter that the people have been so slow in discovering the contemptuous injustice, the unlawful wrong, which has been wrought upon them for years by those who seek to privately market property which belongs to the public, and to which by no means can they establish a title. Too much honor and credit cannot be given Mr. Fullerton for his work in showing the people their rights. The facts are stated as below:

ST. PAUL, Dec. 4.—The largest seizure of game ever effected at one time in the United States was made last evening in the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul freight yards by Executive Agent Fullerton, of the State Game and Fish Commission, and Deputy Game Warden James Nash, of Minneapolis. The officers seized and declared confiscated to the State of Minnesota three tons of venison that they claim was being illegally shipped out of the State via the Milwaukee road.

The venison was placed in a Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul freight car, which it completely filled. The meat was cut into pieces, all ready for disposition to retailers, and the fine for the illegal carriage of the game meat will amount up into thousands of dollars, as there is a fine of $50 for every piece found illegally in the possession of any shipper or merchant. The venison was tagged to persons in Boston, New York and Chicago. The railroad officials refused to disclose to the officials the bills which would indicate who shipped the venison and who was to receive it.

The officers are of the opinion that the venison was killed by pot-hunters in the northern part of the State, along the Lake of the Woods and in that region. It was impossible to make a count of the pieces, but the officers are of the opinion that the fines for the alleged illegal transportation of the game will reach somewhere in the neighborhood of $40,000 to $50,000 unless a settlement is arranged.

Proposed Illinois Game Law.

We are to have our regular Illinois struggle with the game law at the next session of the Legislature. This time the sportsmen's bill is to be called the Baird bill, and there is every reason to suppose that Mr. Baird has prepared a bill which will be acceptable to sportsmen, and which will not revive the likeness of the late lamented Blow bill, of beloved memory. We are to have our regular committee of sportsmen to go down to Springfield and try to teach the farmers what a fine man the "true sportsman" is. Also we are to have our regular committee from the game dealers of Chicago, who will not say so much about the true sportsman, but who will not do a thing with the farmers just the same. The game dealers will make their usual fight, allowing the sportsmen to do what they please with the Illinois game, which is all sold already, but objecting strenuously to any law affecting the sale of game from outside the State of Illinois. The leaders of the market men would accept a game law which would allow them to sell all sorts of game at all hours of the day and night, from Jan. 1 to Jan. 1. The sportsmen might probably compromise with them on that basis. Let us hope that we shall not be again afflicted with the news of weak-kneed brethren, who, for reasons which perhaps they do not care to have made public, raise their voices, or perhaps we might more accurately say allow their voices to be raised for them, in the cry for a compromise with the butcher shops of South Water street. There is no compromise natural or possible between an honest sportsman and these butcher shops. The war is here and we might as well fight it out. One dealer says some houses in this street often handle from $4,000 to $6,000 worth of game a day at the height of the season. "There is a demand for game which must be filled," he says. There is the whole thing in a nutshell. The dealers say this demand must be filled. Sportsmen know that if the last head of game in this country were killed and marketed the demand would not even then be filled. Yet the life of the sportsman would then be ended. There is your war. Now how can any compromise be possible?

Stole 300 Dogs.

The Chicago dog pound has for the past thirty days been a byword and reproach. Numbers of dogs have been confined there half fed and exposed practically to the winter air without heat and without the chance for exercise. One night this week some charitable soul, whose name is not known, broke open the dog pound and set free 400 dogs, giving them a sort of Thanksgiving Day, as it were. About 100 of the dogs were recaptured and put back in cold storage. There is a fairy story floating about to the effect that 300 dogs were mysteriously shipped in a car, billed through to Texas, but this story is one to which it is probably best to append the cautious journalistic legend, "it is alleged."

Wants a Meat Dog.

A gentleman who lives in New Jersey, but whose name I do not feel quite at liberty to give, has written me a letter which may be of interest to others than myself, so that I beg to give it. He says:

"From your description of the 'meat dog' I am convinced of your accurate knowledge of that article. I am just out of dogs of this description, and for next year's use may want to get one or two three to six months old setter dog puppies of pure blood, but of the large-headed sensible type which develop into 'meat dogs.' Can you give me the address of some one willing to sell such at a price within the reach of one whose Bradstreet rating is not 'AA—A1,' which translated means 'one million or over?'

"I shall greatly appreciate an answer by mail, and if I receive it shall more than ever enjoy the profound wisdom which weekly appears in 'Chicago and the West.'"

I have written the gentleman, expressing my grateful appreciation of his belief in my infallibility, which of course is entirely deserved, but I have delicately tried to explain to him that as I understand it you cannot look a puppy in the face and tell whether he is going to be a meat dog or not, no matter whether he has a large head or not. It is all a question of the experience, training and natural good sense of the dog. A meat dog does not necessarily have a large head. I have seen them with large feet. It is a test of a good dog in my mind, as is well known, that he should be able to meet with cheerfulness such an accident as being run over by a wagon, but there are dogs which might have large heads and be run over by wagons and yet not be good meat dogs. If I had any meat dogs about the office here I would not sell one for all of New Jersey, with Delaware thrown in, but I want to do what I can for a man who recognizes my ability in dog matters, an ability which it seems to me to have been too long smothered under a bushel of popular ignorance about it. No doubt many who will read this are owners of good, strong puppies, which have sensible looking faces, and which might, under proper care, develop into the only sort of dog which is worth having, namely, a meat dog. I wish as a favor to this gentleman and to myself that all such owners of dogs which they are willing to sell would write, giving description of such dog and price wanted for same. These communications should be addressed "Meat Dog, in care of FOREST AND STREAM," whence they will be forwarded to the gentleman making the inquiry. I feel pretty sure that he will eventually get what he wants. I want to see how many dog men there are who do not advertise, but who yet think they can sell dogs. In any well-regulated newspaper office a man should be able to get any kind of game he wants, from a meat dog down to a carpet sweeper, and if my friend in New Jersey is disappointed I am going to be disappointed too. I forgot to state that no dogs need apply which have not had wagons run over them as a preliminary test. This I think would be a boon to the status of shooting dogs to-day. If owners will only get out their wagons and their dogs, and thus try them together, the result will be such that I shall henceforth be regarded as a wise man and a benefactor.

To Texas.

Mr. George Kinney, of Chicago, is one of the early shooters to begin the southern migratory flight to Texas. Mr. Kinney's father is interested in the great Coleman-Fulton Pasture Co., in Texas, the cattle ranch at which our party, as well as many other parties of Northern shooters, were so handsomely entertained by the late George Fulton, as noble a soul as ever lived. Mr. Kinney will go to Rockport, Texas, where he will meet Mr. Jas. Fulton, and will with his wife and family pass the winter at Rockport. He will also visit San Antonio, and no doubt see all the boys there whom all the rest of us would be very glad to see again.

From Arkansas.

Mr. Joseph Irwin sends the following shooting notes from Little Rock, Ark., which serve to make envious those Northern men who live in cities and do not get any shooting:

"On Wednesday last in a slough just below old Mr. Pemberton's residence, where you and I spent the night, his son John and I enjoyed some very nice teal shooting over decoys. After putting out two and a half dozen in the head of the slough we made our blinds in the willows alongside, and Minnesota, my big Chesapeake, was soon busily employed bringing them across from the other side through the mud and water that few dogs could have passed over, but after making over twenty trips over and back he was ready and willing to go again. Never before have I more fully appreciated the value of a first-class retriever. I have bagged nearly a hundred ducks this season, and Minnesota has never lost one that fell within a reasonable distance and that he could see fall. We saw a good many geese and had some shots, but not a feather came to our bag. We have these geese located now and with the coming of harder winter expect to enjoy some of my old-time sport at them over profile and live geese decoys. At present they confine themselves almost entirely to the sand bars in lakes and rivers, but they will a little later go to the fields to feed, returning at night to the river.

"It has been unusually warm up to to-day, Nov. 27, but we are having quite a blizzard to-day. Thanksgiving shooters were a disappointed lot, as it rained all day so that they could not hunt.

"I wrote you last week about the death of Nancy, my pointer, and just a week later I learn of the death of my Roderigo dog over in Mississippi, where he was being trained. This cleans me up in the bird-dog line, I regret to say.

"I start on Thursday next with a party of friends for the mouth of the White River on a big-game hunt, and expect to have a great time. We have two packs of bear dogs and everything necessary for a good time.

"Another party leaves Clarendon, Ark., on a house boat on the 7th, and will float down White River, stopping at points where they find the shooting best, and they will no doubt have a fine trip.

"Jno. Pemberton and I went out Saturday for a duck shoot over decoys, but finding our blinds occupied, we gave the ducks up and went after quail, using on them my Chesapeake dog Minn., and we succeeded in bagging three dozen quail. He does not point them, but has an excellent nose and puts up the singles very nicely, and his retrieving was first class, of course. Who ever heard of hunting quail with a Chesapeake?"

Calumet Heights Club.

By all means the largest and best patronized sportsmen's country club of Chicago is the Calumet Heights Club, whose grounds, so often mentioned in these columns, are located in the wild country along the shore of Lake Michigan just below Chicago. The management of this club is a good one, the endeavor being constantly to afford the greatest pleasure to the greatest number. Trap-shooting is practiced, but not to the exclusion of other sports. Excellent opportunities for long range rifle shooting are afforded, and this branch of sport is a growing one, some of the members stating that next year they intend paying less attention to the shotgun and more to the rifle. Fishing, rowing and sailing have always had many warm followers in this club; and it is proposed now to even further extend the range of outdoor sports, alike for gentlemen and ladies. The club held its quarterly meeting at the Sherman House on the evening of Dec. 2, and appointed a committee on winter sports. These will look into the possibilities for general athletics, throwing the hammer, putting the shot, etc.; and will more especially look into the facilities for curling. Excellent rinks can be laid out on the Grand Calumet River. The committee will also see what can be done in introducing golf and archery. The club-keeper's house and the club dining room will be increased in size. The club is to print its constitution and by-laws in permanent book form. At the meeting a semi-official report was made by the shooting committee on the distribution of prizes. A committee was appointed on river improvements. It seems that the Grand Calumet River has a pleasant way of running backward or forward according to its own taste or fancy, and just now is running back toward its source instead of emptying into Lake Michigan. It is proposed to remove the bar at the mouth of the river.

Calumet Heights Club has been trying the experiment of acclimatizing quail, and has quite a number of these birds upon its grounds. The members make a practice in their walks about the country of carrying a pocketful of grain to distribute for feed for the birds. Next spring the club will plant millet, barley, etc., as feed for the birds, and will see what can be done in planting smartweed for mallard feed.

The wildness of the Calumet Heights country may be guessed when it is stated that numbers of wild foxes and also numbers of raccoons still live in the wooded hills near by. Last winter eight foxes were killed and a number of raccoons captured; but one is obliged to chronicle the death of the club's veteran foxhound Banjo, which was lately killed by a B. &. O. Railroad train.

The annual meeting of the Calumet Heights Club will be held next March. The outlook for the club for the ensuing year is a very bright one.

Called.

Among many pleasant callers at the FOREST AND STREAM office here this week was Mr. Thomas H. Keller, of the U. S. Cartridge Co., one of the best-known men in trap-shooting matters in the counfry. Mr. Keller is looking well and hearty as usual, and is apparently indestructible. He started on his return to New York and Boston with the intention of stopping off at Detroit for a little duck shooting if it was not too late, but it is likely that he will find everything frozen up there and the ducks gone.

A Canadian Sportsmen's Club.

On a recent visit to Chatham, Ont., the writer had the pleasure of accepting an invitation from Mr. W. B. Wells, of that city, to visit the club house and preserve of the Big Point Club, which is situated on Lake St. Clair, about twelve miles from Chatham. The shooting season was then over and we merely passed a night at the club house, but while there I learned some interesting facts in regard to one of the finest little clubs of the sort in the country. There are only six members to this club. Sir Casimir Gzowski is a gentleman eighty-five years of age, but very fond of the gun and still able to kill his bag of ducks. Sheriff Mercer, of Chatham, is eighty years old, a hale and white old gentleman who shows in his person the virtue of field sports. Christopher Robinson, Q. C., of Toronto, is another man of affairs who has time to be fond of the gun. Mr. S. Barker, of Hamilton, and Messrs. W. B. Wells and J. Moore, of Chatham, complete the select and able membership. There are no rules whatever in this club, as all the gentlemen know each other personally and there is plenty of room for all in the little club house. The club has been in existence for about twenty years, and so valuable are its privileges, and so well have they been conserved, that the shooting remains still good enough to please the most fastidious. On the last three days of his last trip to the club house Sheriff Mercer killed thirty, fifteen and forty-three ducks respectively. In fact, the daily average for the entire membership of the club for the entire season often runs in the neighborhood of twenty birds, none of the members trying to see how many they can kill at any time, and some of them shooting only parts of days. This certainly shows very good wildfowl shooting for these days.

The Big Point Club owns about 3,000 acres of valuable marsh ground along the edge of Lake St. Clair, and leases about 2,500 acres in addition as a preserve for quail, these covers being phenomenally well stocked. In short, this is a shooting club where there is some shooting, and it shows alike the efficiency of the Canadian game laws and that of intelligent preserving.

The game book of Big Point Club is the most complete and neatly kept that one has ever seen in any part of the country. From it it is possible to tell how many and what sort of birds each man has killed on each day of the season, and what is his daily average. The yearly totals and the daily average of the total bag for each year are also kept in tabulated form. The club has thus a complete record of its doings in neat and legible form, and as its

fortunate members sit by the big fireplace stove in the middle of the assembly room, they can turn over the pages of their game book and review, each for himself, the doings of the past with a pleasure almost as great as though it were happening over again. From a few memoranda hurriedly penciled as I looked through the pages of this interesting game book, I see that in 1876 the members of the club killed 1,358 ducks; in 1879, 1,150 ducks; in 1880, 2,227 ducks. In 1881 they bagged 2,450 ducks, a daily average of 20 birds to the gun. In 1882, 1,402 ducks; average, 15½. In 1883, 1,771 ducks; average, 22. In 1884, 1,942 ducks; average, 22½. In 1887, 1,160 ducks; average, 16½. In the year of 1894 there were 1,304 ducks killed, a general daily average of 19 birds. Certainly a fine showing.

The shooting at Big Point Club is chiefly at marsh ducks nowadays, as the last few years have been seasons of very low water, at which time the deep water ducks are not so abundant. The shooting is done from Rice Lake canoes propelled by paddle, a "teeterish" sort of a duck boat for the novice.

Mr. Wells tells me that he very often runs down from Chatham to the club on his bicycle, this requiring but an hour or so, and thus gets an evening's shooting in the most pleasant way imaginable. Rarely indeed can the sportsman of to-day have such privileges near his home.

The Ways of Some Deer Hunters.

A friend in Ohio sends me the following clipping taken from the Dayton *Journal*. I think all will agree with him that is about the cheekiest thing that appeared in print for a long time. It would at first thought appear inconceivable that any man would be ass enough to thus publicly boast of his unlawfulness and at the same time indulge in such empty vaporings as to his own prowess. Set it down that such a man is a rank coward in his heart, and an associate of rank duffers and pot-hunters, all of whom the great State of Ohio might do well to keep at home if possible and out of print when practicable. The question of non-resident shooting becomes obnoxious to dwellers in game-producing States when such men are the visitors. The extract needs no further comment. It reads in full:

Deer Hunters Returned from Minnesota with Six Carcasses.

SHAKY GAME WARDENS SMELLING AROUND THE BUCKEYE PARTY, PALE AS GHOSTS, BUT THE BOYS SHIPPED THEIR VENISON HOME ALL THE SAME.

WAPAKONETA, O., Nov. 20, 1896.—*Editor Dayton Journal:* We arrived home on Thursday, Nov. 19. We intended to stay until the law was out, but owing to the close watch the Minnesota game warden had on us we concluded to return home. We had six deer in the party, and we thought we had better start for home.

We started back as far as Hibbing and waited until next day at 12 P. M. There we took the Missaba road for Duluth, the game warden being on the same train, keeping his eye on us and telling the conductor and all his friends on the train that he would give them some venison. This evening we traveled on and reached Duluth at about 3:30 P. M., and there we all started to the Northern Pacific office to have our tickets signed up. On our return to the car we found that there were six State game wardens awaiting us.

We all went into the car and in they came. If you ever saw six badly frightened men, it was the wardens. You can imagine yourself if you were in their place to go into a crowd of men, seventeen in number, and every one having in one hand a Winchester rifle and in the other a double-barreled shotgun. It looked to them like a Jesse James gang. Anyhow there was not a man among them but what his voice trembled. They told us their business, and, of course, we complied with their wants.

The first to be examined was Mr. V. W. Houchin's hunting chest. He politely informed them that they should be very careful and replace everything in its place as it was or he would see that it was.

Then they began to feel a little shaky about it, at any rate they went through our baggage in a hurry, and should we have had some venison in our possession they would not have found it, as it was a little too warm for them.

They were satisfied of their search and found nothing. Mr. O'Dell, of Sidney, very kindly thanked them for following us wherever we went. They followed us for one solid week, and we Buckeye chaps were a little too sharp for them. They examined the car, but we have the venison. People in Ohio cannot imagine how the State of Minnesota put such people in an office of that kind who are lacking of sense, the way their game wardens are.

Had we made one move with all those firearms we would have had six corpses for the Duluth undertaker. These very men will never be any whiter when they are dead than they were at that time.

The main State agent, Mr. J. E. Phillips, was at Hibbing when we arrived from camp, and we were told he was there, so we proceeded at once to make safe our game, which we did, and I would like for any of my Ohio hunters to be very careful and not let those chaps get hold of them, for if they do that means $50 and jail. That's not very pleasant. Of course they cannot blame them, as they get one-half of what they arrest, so you see why we were watched so closely. Four hundred and twenty-five dollars was a nice thing looking Mr. Game Warden in the face, but when he put his hand down it was gone.

I will close, hoping that in the future we may be able to again write you. Yours respectfully. G. W. HOUCHIN.

Wild Game Around Chicago.

A wild red fox, which came from no one knows where, was found running down South Water street in Chicago one day last week. It was pursued and killed directly in front of the big brick building which now stands on the site of old Fort Dearborn. The appearance of the fox is a mystery, but true to fox reputation, he old fellow was next to the poultry coops.

The following story about a wild deer is taken from a current issue of an Elgin, Ill., paper, Elgin being practically a Chicago suburb:

"This morning a deer appeared on Highland avenue at 9 o'clock. It ran on Crystal street to Locust and on to State street, coming north again to West Chicago. Several men attempted to head it off, and it bolted west to South street. A man followed in a wagon, but the animal disappeared near the home of Horace French, taking to the fields. Later J. M. Adams and others started with guns, etc., to capture the animal. A Chicago man has a country place west of Algonquin, where he keeps several fine deer. As the animal came from that direction, it is thought to be one of his that escaped. The deer was found in the woods near Trout Park, and was shot by David Nish and Sidney Rogers late in the afternoon. It was a fine animal, in splendid condition, and weighed 180lbs."

No Cause of Death Found.

The daily papers of last week fully described the sad and mysterious death of Mr. W. W. Ingram, of this city, who was found dead in the woods near his camp, not far from Michigamme, Mich. When found, the body of Mr. Ingram showed that death had ensued some days before, and the body was of course frozen. Near the remains lay the carcass of a deer, which Mr. Ingram had evidently killed and was trying to take to camp. No wound or mark of violence was found on the body, and it seemed a mystery how death had happened. The most thorough investigations since then fail to throw any light on this tragedy of the woods. Mr. Ingram was a Chicago man of wealth.

Killed his Brother.

In the Michigan deer woods one young man accidentally shot and killed his brother last week. I withhold names out of respect to the living victim, who is nearly crazed.

So far I have heard of only four or five deaths by accidental shooting among deer hunters this season, a record pleasingly small as compared to that of thirteen men so killed last year in Wisconsin and Michigan.

A Quail Hunt in Canada.

At the close of the International field trials, which we attended together, Mr. Wells asked me to come over and have a little quail shoot on the Big Point preserve, which was only a few miles from the grounds on which the trials were run, and this I was glad to do of course, though quite unprepared for shooting. It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon when we arrived at the shooting grounds and we had not a great deal of time, but from the time we cast off in the first cornfield I had as busy a time as I ever had in my life, until dark put an end to exertions, which caused me to perspire freely, as though it were midsummer. The trouble was that I could not hit anything. This sometimes occurs to the best of men and very often occurs to me, but this time was the worst case of it I ever had in my life. We actually put up over a dozen bevies of birds, I believe, and I fired somewhere between twenty-five and thirty shots, and all the birds I got made just the magnificent total of eight! I should have killed at least fifteen or more. We had but the one gun between us, a handsome little English gun and as good a quail gun as one need ask, but made after the English fashion with a very straight stock, which was a handicap almost prohibitory with me, as I cannot shoot a straight gun. Time and again I begged Mr. Wells to take his gun and do the shooting, but he grinned and declined, saying he was having more fun than he ever had in his life just watching me shoot, as he had never seen anything like it! The dogs were working beautifully, Mr. Wells having along three: Cleopatra, winner of first in the trials; Luke, divider of third, and Daphne, another good and as steady a bird dog as any man need want. It was Mr. Wells's declared intention to show me that field trial dogs could be good shooting dogs, and I must say that he can easily prove this proposition if he always brings to its support the three dogs he had that day, which would be hard to beat in the field. They made no mistakes and did some lovely work indeed. Their pleasure must have been marred by such wretched shooting as I did, but they kept to their work steadily and found us one bevy after another. We did not work the singles very closely, except in one or two cases, but the covers seemed literally full of birds. We had point after point from all the dogs, in fine shooting country, and I had shot after shot, but believe it was the sixth or seventh shot before I managed to worry down a bird, then another one or so after a while. Then Luke got a bevy point in a cornfield, and I was lucky enough to get a bird with each barrel. On still another cornfield all three of the dogs were together pointing a fine big bevy when we came up with them. Here I managed to kill one bird with my right and to knock down two with my left, my average thus beginning to take a look up, though, as I remarked to my companion, I would still be forced to make a good many triplet kills to bring up the aforesaid average to anything like what it should be. I had several more shots after that, but did not hurt anything, and Mr. Wells told me he would be perfectly happy to have me come there and shoot all I wanted any time, as it did not hurt the birds any and seemed to please me. He said he could easily see I was a game protector.

One little incident occurred on this delirious afternoon which goes to show how very careful all men should be in shooting in the field. We had a nice lot of birds marked down on a bit of bare pasture, where they were scattered among logs and brush heaps, and the dogs were picking up single points as fast as they got over the fence to them. There were a few head of cattle in there and also a big gray colt, which was very playful and insisted on coming up and biting and chasing the dogs away from their points, much to our disgust. I had just said to Mr. Wells that I should need to be very careful not to hurt any of these animals when I shot, and he took pains to drive away this big colt as I went behind the dog to shoot. At that time the horse was some 30yds. or more away and at one side, and Mr. Wells was watching it to see that it did not hurt the nearest dog, which it was trying to bite. He waved a stick at it and it started off, apparently with the intention of attacking the dog in front of which I was about to put up my bird. Just as the horse started toward me on the gallop, the quail also started on the gallop, swinging rapidly around to the right, directly toward the horse. I shot and missed it with the first barrel, and then swung on with it for the second barrel. Just at the very moment I was pressing the trigger I saw appearing in the narrow circle of vision about the gun barrel the head and ears of this big and troublesome gray beast, which till then I had not seen at all. It was too late to stop, and I half expected to kill a horse that shot, or at least wing-tip him, if I couldn't kill a quail. As fortune had it, I did not touch the beast, but could not have missed it by more than 3 or 4ft. This led Mr. Wells to infer perhaps that I was trying to hit the horse and couldn't; but he didn't say so. He only said that if we had shot that horse it would have broken up the Big Point quail preserve, because the Frenchmen of whom the land was leased would never have gotten over it. We were both angry enough at the horse to want to shoot it, but both very glad we had not. I think this was the narrowest escape I ever had from an accident in the field, and cannot be too thankful when I stop to reflect how very awkward the circumstance would have been had the accident really occurred, even though the horse could hardly have been much injured at the distance. It is a pretty good plan not to shoot at all where there are cattle or horses close; but in this case we thought we had everything all safe. The horse was running right toward the gun, or rather directly at right angles to the direction of the gun, and going at full speed, from behind me, just at the time when the gun was swinging around toward him. I could just see the front of him as I fired. I almost wish I had killed him, for we had so little in the bag after all the opportunities, and a horse would have served to fill up.

That was a weird afternoon, and at least funny enough to be remembered. I hope to meet Mr. Wells again somewhere in our part of the country where we can both have guns, so that he can get some birds for his dogs. I am not sure that I ever could learn to kill those Canadian quail, for they are about as big as turkeys, a bright red color, and fly like a streak of lightning. I think without jesting that these birds were fully a third larger than the quail of Louisiana or Texas. Their coloring is more brilliant and less dull and ashy of hue than that of the Southern quail. Mr. Wells tells me that the club must have thirty or forty bevies on its grounds. The birds would do well there except for an occasional severe winter which cuts down the stock. The Big Point Club men have imported numbers of quail from the Southern States and put them down here, this being the remedy after a hard winter; but this year the birds are unusually abundant. The best of care is taken of them on these grounds, and regular feeding places, protected from the snow, are established for them in the winter. The cover is corn, stubble or timber—what is called in Canada the "bush"—and is all that the birds could ask.

The quail is a fixture in that part of Canada and will always remain so, for the Canadian laws are good ones and are enforced. Until lately many thousand quail used to be brought into Chatham each winter for sale, but now that is all stopped. The excellent law of Ontario forbids the sale of quail or grouse, and a similar law is passed for Manitoba. Mr. Wells was the man who got the law passed in Ontario. If he would come over to this country and get a similar law passed, the sportsmen of the United States could afford to pension him off at $1,000 a minute for the rest of his life, and rise up and call him blessed besides. One needs no further argument for a non-sale law than a look at the well-stocked covers of the country around Chatham, which has been settled for generations and once shot well down, but which has now all the game a sportsman could ask. Chatham is an ideal town for the residence of a sportsman for that very reason. There is good shooting near at hand all the time in season. Would that the people of the United States had an equal respect for the game laws, and a law equally good to respect.

Mr. Wells writes me since my return that he and a friend have just been out on a little shoot back a way in the bush, and that they killed twenty ruffed grouse and forty quail (no horses). That is a great country for ruffed grouse, and the men there know how to shoot them; Mr. Wells himself, by the way, being about as good an all-round shot as they have, and very skillful on grouse, so say his friends. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

THE MOST ENJOYABLE HUNT OF MY LIFE.

AND why was it so? Just because I was a novice and unskilled, but was lucky. I had but recently learned that I could "kill on the wing," by having, in a desperate mood, fired at and brought down a ruffed grouse after having tried in vain to catch a glimpse of the cunning birds on the ground, which, to my mortification, would rise thundering before me in mockery of my inability to see them. I was happy—perhaps a little proud. My eyes were opened. I saw that what I had so much coveted could be secured in a manner I had not before dreamed of, so far as myself being the marksman.

It was then that I began to try to acquire some skill in the use of the gun. I "poked" around with my brother's old gun a few times with not much success. One day, however, I concluded to take a hunt around the Shadka Lake, or Big Pond, as it was usually called, which was situated four miles distant from town, in hope that I might find more of the ruffed beauties to bang at, if not to capture. But I was disappointed—nay, vexed—when I learned that the family horse must be used that day to subserve the interests and dignity of labor rather than the pleasures of the chase. But I must have my hunt. So I resolved to try my luck again near home, but on new ground. I borrowed a double gun—light, but excellently made, and a good shooter—and started out accompanied by a Skye terrier. I had not gone more than half a mile when, as I leaped a ditch, a grouse rose and flew toward the woods. Little did I dream of his vicinage, and my surprise was unusual. A flutter of the heart, a nervous pressure of the trigger, and the bird fell dead. It was an added charm of weight when the game dropped into my bag. I then directed my course toward the Hudson—enchanting river!—and walked along its banks, enjoying that Indian summer day, a poet in feeling as well as a hunter in pursuit. Above me on the brow of a hill were other hunters with hounds, enjoying perhaps as much as I the glory of that autumnal atmosphere. From their direction, like a dart piercing the air, came a grouse which they perhaps had flushed. In a twinkling he passed me, and was beyond gunshot before I could level my fowling piece. But I did not go far until I came to a ditch, beside which grew a few stunted bushes. I walked along this until I came near its termination, when from its cover started a grouse and struck out for the woods. He had a pretty long stretch to reach the timber, and a more open and straightaway shot no sportsman could desire than that presented to my as yet unskillful but lucky aim. Like the first, the grouse dropped dead. Could I believe my senses? Two clean, consecutive scores! Hoopee! To show that brace of birds was an anticipation felt in a lifetime, and I must needs turn my face homeward. On my way I passed through a bushy field and shot a rabbit that was crossing my path. A little further on I struck a growth of timber, and a third grouse took wing. The trees seemed to be in my way and I was bewildered, but ventured a shot, and—was it possible?—he fell. But I had only wing-tipped him, and he ran as a grouse can, and I would have lost him perhaps had not my faithful Skye overtaken him. Well, I had a good heavy bag and no game lost that I had pulled on that day—a day as memorable as any I have ever spent in the field. "Accidental" marksmanship as it was, I have never had a more pleasant little hunt even with my pointers and setters, and when I could "draw a bead" with conscious accuracy upon the swift-flying grouse, prince of New York game birds. N. D. ELTING.

CENTRAL CITY, W. Va.

NEW YORK'S PROTECTIVE INTERESTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The New York State Association has very important subjects to consider at its meeting in January, and its conclusions must in some way be brought before the Legislature so forcibly that they will receive proper attention, else very soon there will be no further need for protective agencies, for there will be nothing to protect.

Other States are moving earnestly and honestly in the right direction. Must New York State's game and fish and forest interests be at the mercy of the lobby forever?

Wisconsin proposes to tax non-resident hunters from $25 to $50 for the privilege of hunting in that State. Can we not in the same manner protect our forests from the ravages of hundreds of "outside hunters?"

In his biennial report to the Minnesota Legislature, S. F. Fullerton, executive agent of the Game and Fish Commission, will recommend that a law be enacted making it a high misdemeanor for cold storage companies to handle game, especially during the close season. He thinks that in no other way will it be possible for the State to prevent the great slaughter of game every fall season and the ultimate extinction of that game. This year has repeated the experiences of former years, and the cold storage houses of St. Paul and Minneapolis, or many of them, are filled with game which has been taken solely with a view to profit. The Legislature may pass laws until those laws fill a large volume, and yet come far short of protecting the game of the State, unless there is some new and better theory behind them. It is Mr. Fullerton's idea that if there is some system of better and more thorough inspection at the big shipping points, the inducement to pot-hunting will be largely removed. Men will not tramp the woods for weeks and months and go to the trouble necessary in the killing and sending of large quantities of game to market if there is no chance for profit. The killing of game for home consumption by tourists and woodsmen, Mr. Fullerton says, is not particularly harmful, and will never depopulate the forests, but the hunting for profit, he holds, is a very serious matter, and one to which the Legislature should give its best thought, if the State is sincere in its desire to continue to rank as one of the best hunting grounds in the country.

The Game Commission thinks that its agents should have the power not only to enter these storage houses and make seizures—this authority they have at present—but to arrest the storage men and subject them to the same heavy fines for having game in their possession that men are liable to who kill the game in the woods. It believes it is practicable and desirable to have close inspection of terminal points in the State, and make the storage men liable with the hunters for any violation of the law.

The Fish, Game and Forestry Commission of New York State may awaken to the fact that its assumptions do not always satisfy the people, since 350,000 majority was given against the amendments to the Constitution which it approved so strongly. Such a commission in England would have at once resigned after such a vote of condemnation; but this one will neither resign nor die, but may we not hope that the vote of censure will prompt it to see that there is sufficient and proper legislation next winter to prove that it has at least some sympathy with the cause which it was appointed to represent?

INTEGRITY.

Tennessee Notes.

GRAND VIEW, Tenn., Nov. 30.—Deerslayer has made a special plea for his peculiar mode of killing deer, which perhaps could hardly be bettered. It contains a variety of hints which may be read with profit, if not with pleasure, by very many who carry the gun. Until we had read this production, Antler and myself were agreed that the previous communication about first noosing and then blowing off the head of a buck was a grim joke—in rather bad taste, no doubt, yet still a joke. We were evidently wrong, and comment seems superfluous.

As Mr. Theodore Roosevelt recently said in substance: "If you quote to another the commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and the other fellow asks 'Why?' about all you can do is to repeat the commandment."

The meadowlarks and robins are still moving south. On Nov. 25 I saw about a dozen gold-winged woodpeckers, and yesterday a large flock of small birds, apparently of several sorts, passed southward.

On Thanksgiving Day I missed a wild turkey at 40yds. Shot behind him. I should have felt more thankful if I had bagged the turkey.

I have had little chance to get up my shooting since I came here, but have up to this time killed all the game I have shot at. If I miss the next turkey I shall have to consider myself a "back number."

Dec. 2.—We have had a heavy rain storm, followed by a fall of the mercury to some 10° below freezing. I think the migratory birds have all passed southward. No snow as yet, but cold, northerly winds prevail and make us seek the fireside.

There appears to be a project on foot to give the possums a chance for their lives. It is proposed to give them a legal closed season from March 1 or April 1 to Oct. 1. Friends of this marsupial will rejoice.

KELPIE.

Georgia Quail.

ATLANTA, Ga., Nov. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I will obey orders and report my luck to FOREST AND STREAM. Fred and I went out Thanksgiving Day for a little hunt and succeeded in finding three coveys averaging about ten birds to the covey. We found them very wild, having been shot over so much. The smallness of the coveys is accounted for by the fact of there being so many negroes and pot-hunters.

The last Legislature placed the open season on quail one month later this year, but it seems to have had no effect on them. I saw birds on sale as early as September.

I notice that some of your correspondents seem to doubt the ability of any one to clip the heads off quail with a rifle. I went out early one morning several days ago with my little .22cal. Stevens with .22 short smokeless cartridges, and succeeded in clipping the heads off two. As they were very wild, I had to crawl up to them. I shot one at about 20yds. and the other at ninety-two paces (about 75yds.). I use smokeless cartridges because they do not make enough noise to scatter the birds.

H. P. K.

Iowa Field Notes.

NEVADA, Ia., Nov. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Iowa duck shooting has been better this fall than for many years before. Many of the ponds are again filled with water and that fact calls to mind the old times when Iowa was a duck hunters' paradise. I have just finished reading Mr. Mather's last article on "Men I have Fished With." If Mr. Mather is as genial and entertaining a companion in the camp as he is in writing, then do I envy the men of whom he writes.

I had feared that by the death of O. O. S. we readers of FOREST AND STREAM had lost an entertainer who could not be replaced; but, though we miss him sadly, FOREST AND STREAM rises to the emergency and for the entertainment of its readers once more has been fortunate in securing that inimitable writer and sportsman, Judge Green, of Portland, Ore. Truly we of the FOREST AND STREAM family are more than lucky. Often, as I read the contributions of such men as Mr. Mather, Judge Green, O. O. S., E. Hough and Rowland E. Robinson, do I have a feeling of pity for those of my fellow beings in whom the love of nature and field sports has not been developed. How many, many happy hours have I whiled away in the pursuit of the sports of the field and stream, and in reading the experiences of others such as those named above. This love of nature and the sports of rod and gun afield are a blessing to any man.

Quail are on the increase in Iowa, and if we do not have an unusually hard winter we will have as good quail shooting by next fall as any reasonable man could wish for. Prairie chickens are holding their own remarkably well, considering the way they are hunted, in season and out of season. Mr. E. Totten, living about one-half mile west of our city limits, recently lost a lamb and came to the conclusion that the killing was done by wolves. As Mr. Totten is not raising sheep for wolf food, he placed strychnine out and soon had the wolf. The wolf, a gray timber wolf, was poisoned within a quarter mile of the limits of our town of 2,500 inhabitants.

JOHN C. BRIGGS.

Observations on the Natural History of the Genus Homo.

GREENVILLE, Pa., Dec. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reading the various articles in the FOREST AND STREAM regarding whether the game belongs to the sportsman or guide, the same brings up another argument, namely: the difference between the so-called sportsman and the market-shooter, sometimes called game hog.

I know of many who call themselves sportsmen. They are sportsmen in fine shooting clothes, hammerless guns, and fine dogs; but that is all. They are poor shots, and they hire guides, mostly master shooters, to kill the game for them, so that they can have a big bag of game to show at home and blow about. They do not care whether there is another bird left in the woods or fields just so they have a big bag, the larger the better.

Now what is the difference between such sportsmen and market-shooters? Which is the game hog? What is a game hog? A game hog is one whose object is to kill all the game he can find. The market-shooter's object is to kill all the game he is able to find. Therefore he is a game hog. The fore-named sportsmen go out and induce game hogs to kill all the game for them that they are able to find.

Is such a sportsman a game hog? H. P. BEAVER.

A Florida Game Country.

MINNEOLA, Fla., Nov. 27.—Quail are very plentiful in this section of Florida. The game law has been respected by most shooters. I have resided in this locality for sixteen years, and quail were never more abundant. An old native asked me to come down to his place and take a bear hunt, and I went. We saw plenty of sign, but failed to jump a bear. My Gordon Rex found eleven bevies of turkeys, some of them containing twenty-five birds. These birds were found on what is called Green Swamp, lying in both Lake and Polk counties. The old native has lived on this swamp for thirty years, and says he never saw so many turkeys. We bagged seven of them. They were full grown, and very fine eating. Ducks have not come as yet; it has been too warm north of us. After a cold snap we shall have some bluebills and mallards. The past summer was very dry, consequently the deer stay back in the swamps. On account of poor laws and market hunters they have become very limited in numbers in this locality.

E. H.

Deer and Dogs in Pennsylvania.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Dec. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We are very much surprised to read in FOREST AND STREAM the account, under title "Hunter's Luck," by Jacobstaff, in issue of Nov. 21, that Dr. P. W. Levering, Dr. Z. P. Fletcher, John Polhemus and James Earl, of Jersey City, and hunter Rabeurdin, of Pike county, Pa., had been hounding deer in this State. The law prohibits hounding or running deer with dogs at all times. An account appeared in FOREST AND STREAM columns about a year ago of something similar that took place in West Virginia, and this now in our own State is too much. We think they deserve editorial mention, and that the fact that there is such a book as *Game Laws in Brief* were made better known.

N. H. FINLEY.

Pennsylvania Deer and Birds.

SPRUCE CABIN HOUSE, Canadensis, Pa., Monroe Co.—A party of hunters left the Spruce Cabin House, Canadensis, Monroe county, Pa., Nov. 23 to hunt for large game. It consisted of Wm. P. Ketcham, G. E. Ketcham, Jr., of New York; the proprietors of Spruce Cabin House, Messrs. Wesley J. and Milton D. Price, with Paul Price as guide. After hunting across the country to the shores of Lake Ted-us-kung in Pike county, they there put up for the night. The next day, on their return trip, a large buck weighing 230lbs. was sighted, and shot by Mr. Milton D. Price. A large number of pheasants and gray squirrels were also shot on trip.

In Wisconsin.

CABLE, Wis., Nov. 26.—Deer are very plentiful here. Lots of grouse have come in here within three years and also plenty of partridges. Plenty of them have been killed this fall. The fish in the lakes are abundant yet, as are also the trout in the streams, so that a good angler can get a nice catch of them.

J. S. I.

Politics and Game Protection.

WILKES-BARRE, Pa.—Ruffed grouse are very scarce here this fall. I am very much afraid that the birds will be entirely exterminated within the next few years if something is not done to stop market shooting. We have succeeded in getting a bill through the House and Senate, but the Governor vetoed it. I have made the suggestion to the gun club here, and they are going to act upon it, that we organize the sportsmen of this State politically. There are from 75,000 to 100,000 of us. We can control 90 per cent. of the vote. We purpose to organize and show our power, and then make the next available candidate for Governor sign a paper before election, pledging himself to sign a bill prohibiting the sale of ruffed grouse in market and the shipping of same out of the State.

H. M. B.

Sea and River Fishing.

WHERE TO GO.

ONE important, useful and considerable part of the FOREST AND STREAM's service to the sportsmen's community is the information given inquirers for shooting and fishing resorts. We make it our business to know where to send the sportsman for large or small game, or in quest of his favorite fish, and this knowledge is freely imparted on request.

On the other hand, we are constantly seeking information of this character for the benefit of our patrons, and we invite sportsmen, hotel proprietors and others to communicate to us whatever may be of advantage to the sportsman tourist.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XXIV.—William Warren.

IT is a blessed privilege to be past the meridian of life to-day. What a store we white-headed fellows have of things which a younger generation of men can never attain! In the charmed recesses of remembrance lie the vast flocks of wild pigeons and of game to be had in an hour's walk where now there is naught of life save the abominable imported sparrow. And then there was the grand and glorious Civil War, but I must not write of that further than to say to the young men who were born too late to take part in it that I am sorry for them. Still they have the compensations of youth, and if fortunate enough to live where there is still some game left, or have the means to travel to the far-off places, will, after they get past the noon of life, have the same feeling of commiseration for the boys who are forty years in the rear of them which I have expressed.

There are two reasons for writing the above paragraph; one was because I accompanied Warren on my first and only buffalo hunt, and the other was because while taking "a cold bottle and a hot bird" with my old army companion, Baron Berthold Fernow, once of Poland, but later Major of U. S. Volunteers and of the Topographical Corps of Sherman's army, last week, the Major, in response to a question if he was still living in Albany, said: "No, I am now living at 151 West Sixty-first street, in this city, a place where I used to shoot rabbits when I first came to America, and where I once got lost in the underbrush and strayed away off to the northeast, where the Astoria ferry now is." Think of it! The street is near the lower end of Central Park and right in the middle of the city. The late ex-President Chester A. Arthur told me that he had shot woodcock where the Fifth Avenue Hotel now stands, and that is only at Twenty-third street. All this has nothing whatever to do with my fishing with William Warren further than to show what changes take place in our rapidly growing country. As a historian, in a feeble way I record it. As an American and a naturalist, I regret it. Emigration has been encouraged to build great cities where the buffalo should still range over territories which ought to have been left for Americans who will be born a century hence. These sentiments prove to you that I am an "old fogy," but one who believes that we should not give away our great farm when we have children growing; but that is "politics," and so we will go on to tell about this man with whom I fished in Kansas in the year 1857.

I was boarding with a man named Serrine, on the Cottonwood, while looking up a suitable place to claim a quarter section, and Warren came there often. He was from Chicago, and had a claim over on the Neosho. He was a big, strong fellow, about twenty-five years old, with a dark, pleasant face and a habit of clipping his words. A favorite way to begin a sentence was with the word "Betcher," which stood in his vocabulary for "I'll bet you." So one day in the spring he said to me:

"Betcher da'sent take a day off o' land-lookin' an' go' shootin' buffler fish, they're just comin' up on the riffles now and a-wallerin'. They're thicker 'n hair on a dog; 'f you never shot 'em you'll like it. What yer say?"

My rifle had been packed in a chest and sent by freight from Potosi, Wis., and the chest had been stolen somewhere on the rivers or at St. Louis, and I had only a Colt's Navy revolver to shoot with. From what I had seen of these big, unwieldly buffalo fish on the riffles it was certain that the revolver was good enough for such work. The fish were very plenty, and were mating and spawning on every riffle, but at the least alarm would dodge down into the pools below. The Cottonwood was a series of deep pools and gravelly riffles, over which the water flowed swiftly, and sometimes these were so shallow as to leave the hump-backed buffalo partly out of water. The river may have averaged 60ft. across, and it cut through a deep alluvial soil, forming high banks in most places, except at the inside of curves, where the current had made a gentle slope to the water. The riffles were at these points, and we could get near them by approaching the fish from the low side. It was not a particle of sport, but Warren thought it fun, and wanted to go on killing after we had more than we could carry, but I said no, and we strung our fish and went home.

"Betcher I c'ld kill a thousand buffler in half a day an' not go over two mile on the river. What's the reason you wouldn't kill any more? Don't yer like the fun?"

"No, there's no fun in killing things that you don't want to use, unless they're rats or other vermin which annoy you. My idea of sport is to hunt something which is hard to find, and is some use after you have found it. Shooting these fish is good enough when you want a change of diet from ham and salt pork, but they're too

easy for sport. As you say, you could probably kill a thousand in half a day, but shooting at a mark is just as much fun; in fact, it would be more fun for me than to kill things for the mere sake of killing."

This buffalo fish is a coarse thing, a relative of the sucker tribe, with a similar mouth; perhaps it is as good as the carp, but then we had not the carp and the taste of the buffalo has faded too much in forty years for comparison. My present notion is that both are worthless as food, but a residence by salt water may have spoiled me for enjoying most fresh-water fish, especially carp and suckers.

Warren sold his claim and took another while I was still undecided, and we put up a little cabin on the bank of the river and "batched" together. Within a few miles several town sites were laid out with pegs, each with grand parks, court house squares and grand avenues, on paper.

"Behind the squaw's light birch canoe
The steamer rocks and raves,
And city lots are staked for sale
Above old Indian graves."—*Whittier.*

The genius of speculation was abroad, and within a radius of five miles there were at least a dozen "future railroad centers" laid out. I only remember "Columbia" on the Cottonwood, where there was a grocery and gin-mill combined kept by a man named Jeff ——. He had maps and sold lots in the Eastern cities and took in what he could gather. He offered me ten lots in the heart of his "city" for my revolver, but somehow I thought I needed the pistol more than I did town lots. Then there was "Chicago," on top of a bluff where I shot sandhill cranes later on, which never got beyond the peg and map stage. Warren had a big interest in this and traded some lots for a yoke of cattle and a wagon. I doubt if there is even a farm house there to-day. Emporia was laid out high on the open prairie, between the Cottonwood and Neosho, with no water in sight. It was not a promising place for a town, but when my father offered to send me his double fowling-piece I traded the revolver for a block of lots in Emporia.

Warren said: "Betcher your revolver is gone, lost, vanished an' vamoosed. Why, that place will never amount to a hill o' beans, but if you'd invested in Chicago you'd have been o. k. They've dug over 100ft. for water there in Emporia and didn't get it. Whatter they goin' to do without water? Just dry up, that's all. Betcher 'll wish that revolver back 'fore long, for that was worth something."

There was a big push behind Emporia. A lot of Eastern capitalists spent money to find water, and they found it. As soon as it was struck I was offered $150 for my lots and I shook the money under my friend's nose. That find of water after nearly a year's digging made a great railroad center, and the neighboring "peg towns" were heard of no more.

Meanwhile I had located a claim and filed it at the land office. This gave me the privilege, as an actual settler, of pre-empting or buying the quarter section of 160 acres at the Government price of $1.25 per acre before the tract in which it was situated was offered at public sale. That spring there had been discoveries of great deposits of lead in the Ozark Mountains, and among the miners of Potosi, Wis., there was much excitement and considerable emigration. I had written father that I would go to the mines in Missouri. That shirt of Nessus which causes the restlessness or border life impelled me to go somewhere. I had tired of life as it was lived in the mines and woods of Wisconsin and Minnesota, and a new field of adventure was opened. With the average miner, who is a born gambler, there was the prospect of gain. I was not an average miner, nor a born gambler, and only wanted change and adventure. I had read all about Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett, Kit Carson, and Cooper's men of fiction, and dollars cut no figure in my calculations. I was young; old age and its needs seemed to be centuries away, if indeed it was ever thought of. I reveled in my youth and strength, and thought they would last forever. The quarter of a century that I had lived seemed to comprise the whole existence of the world, and all that had gone before my recollection was merely a fairy tale!

When I left Albany, in 1854, my father had exacted a promise that I would not join an expedition against the Indians. He knew that I loved a fight of most any kind, and when he learned that I proposed to go to the Ozarks he wrote me that he wanted me to go to Kansas and select a farm on which he could pass his declining years. This was not funny then, but it is to-day. My father was reared on a farm, but left it when eighteen years old and always looked to getting back on one. Now, when I am six years older than he was then, I know that his nervous organization, after years of absence from farm life, was no more fitted to it than my very different temperament was. But he wrote me that he had a land warrant from the war of 1812 (not his own by right of service, for he was born in 1800) and that he wanted me to select the place in Kansas.

The newspapers had been filled with accounts of "bleeding Kansas," and the troubles were not entirely over when our surveying party came out of the Minnesota woods in the last month of 1856. There was a fight there over the slavery question, a matter that I had paid no attention to, but there was a fight. I looked around and got letters of introduction to Gen. Jim Lane, the "Free State" leader, and went to Kansas; we spelled it Kanzas in those days, and my tongue has never been able to accommodate itself to the modern soft way of speaking the name.

I put up a log cabin on a good quarter section which had a stream running through it, and also had several acres of timber, two valuable things in that prairie country. Warren helped me in this, and also in splitting enough black walnut and mulberry rails to fence in ten acres. The land cost $1.25 per acre, but it cost $3 per acre to break the heavy prairie sod. I was playing farmer!

"One man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. * * *"

Warren and I kept batchelor's hall until past midsummer, when my house was in order for business and my little family came on from Wisconsin. Our work was at a distance and we took turns at cooking, and on Sundays we cleaned up and washed the dishes. A very good housekeeper to whom I told this asked in undisguised astonishment: "Didn't you wash your dishes every day? Why! how did you get along?"

"My dear madam," I replied, "you are a most excellent housekeeper here in the effete East, but know little how to manage a batchelor establishment in Kansas in that early day. If we had washed our tin plates after every meal, as is the custom in some places, the microbes set free from the newly turned sod would have attached themselves to the tin and our lives would have been in danger from *tintinambulacra*. No, my dear madam, we did not dare risk it; so we turned our plates over after each meal to protect them, and only dared to wash them once a week. This was a fearful risk, but we did it; I now think it would be safer not to have exposed the plates to the influence of hot water and soap at all, but fortunately we escaped all harm, perhaps because we had youth on our side."

She paused a moment, drew a long breath and said: "You don't tell me—. Oh! men are horrid, anyway. I don't believe a word of it!"

Warren said: "When you take the ox team up to Emporia after the mail and provisions, see if you can't get some vegetables. The cows got into my garden and cleaned up what the coons, bugs and other things left, and we want some green stuff; see if you can get some onions, beets, cucumbers, or anything."

Among the things which I brought was a fine bunch of early beets and we promised ourselves a treat. We peeled and sliced them and put them in vinegar. Next day they were set out for the evening meal, when we talked about them.

"Betcher," said Warren, "them beets is more'n a hundred years old. I've seen lots o' beets, but they wuz allers tender an' good."

"They can't be old. They don't keep beets over a year like dried beans; besides, didn't you see the tops were green? I think they're a new kind or else the soil here is not good for beets."

"Betcher they ain't cut thin enough for the vinegar to sof'en 'em. These cukes are all right, they're cut thin and the vinegar goes right through 'em, and they're tender."

"Yes, the cucumbers are good enough, but what ails the beets I don't know. I've often eaten 'em at home when mother cut 'em up in vinegar; perhaps they want to be soaked in vinegar longer to make 'em tender; I don't know just how long they have to stay in vinegar before they're fit to eat."

"Betcher right! Let 'em soak awhile an' they'll get tender, an' beets is a mighty good relish too; they're good for what ails you; for a man can't live on salt pork, ham and all that stuff, salt codfish and mackerel and sich like, without a little vegetable food, or he will go to the bad; betcher life he wants a change. Just put them beets away until they get tender, that's all they want."

The beets were set aside in vinegar until such time as they might be fit to eat. We sampled them daily, but there was no perceptible improvement, and Sunday came. After cleaning house, or kitchen and dining room—for our 10×12 cabin was not only these, but also our grand *salon*—we brushed ourselves up and walked up to Serrine's ranch, where Mrs. S. and Mrs. Judge Howell were discussing some abstruse question of which we were ignorant, when they both turned and in the same breath asked how we were getting along with our "batching." Warren went into details about the biscuit, pancakes, roasts, fries and stews, and finally mentioned the difficulty with the beets.

There was an instantaneous duet of soprano and contralto: "Didn't you boil 'em first?"

I sneaked outside at once, and have no idea of how Warren stood off the two women; but the logs of the house were not chinked tightly enough to keep out a whole mess of laughter which came through in ripples at first, then in waves, and finally in shrieks that toppled the barrel from the chimney, and then the cabin filled with smoke.

On our way down the Cottonwood we said little until we got to the door of our castle, when Warren turned and said: "Did you know that beets should be boiled before they were sliced and cut up in vinegar?"

"Well, no; not exactly boiled, but I knew that something ought to be done to them like baking or frying or —"

"Betcher didn't know but what they were just cut up in vinegar like cucumbers, just as I thought. Betcher Mrs. Howell will spread that story, an' every woman up both rivers will know the beet story before a week. Well, let 'em. There's a whole mess of things that they don't know. How in Gibraltar do they s'pose a fellow is to know that the tender beets that he finds on the table have been boiled, any more than the cucumbers have been boiled?"

The slavery troubles, which had partly subsided, began to break out afresh, and it was evident that another great effort to make Kansas a slave State would be made. Congress had already abrogated the Missouri Compromise, and this opened the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska to the slave power, as it left the question to be decided by the actual settlers. Two conflicting Territorial governments had been established. Blood had been shed at the first election, when armed invaders had taken possession of the polls and elected a lot of non-resident pro-slavery men as a Legislature, which passed a law making it a capital offense to harbor or assist runaway slaves; and they had the backing of President Buchanan and the support of Gen. Harney, then in command at Fort Leavenworth. But against this was a great majority who had determined that Kansas should enter the Union as a free State or not at all.

Our section was comparatively quiet. We were running short on provisions, and as the staple articles were costly owing to the long haul by teams, we would take our teams to Fort Leavenworth, lay in half a dozen bags of flour—it came in 100lb. bags—sugar, coffee, pork, bacon and other things, saving the transportation and the profit of the local trader. The prairie roads were good in June, and at the frequent streams good camping places were always found with the three prime requisites—wood, water and grass. At Lawrence we fished in the Kaw River and caught seven catfish, one of which weighed 9lbs.; we ate the smaller ones and gave the big one to a passing family in a prairie schooner.

There was a municipal election while we were in Leavenworth. The Free State men won, but there was a lot of beautiful fights. A border ruffian named Lyle, who had murdered several men, provoked a fight with an old man and was killed by a Free State man named Hallen, who was arrested.

The excitement was intense and contagious. Few slept that night. Warren and I volunteered, with others, to guard Hallen; but there was no attempt made to lynch him. Next morning Hallen was refused bail and was committed to Fort Leavenworth for safe-keeping, and only our respect for the uniform of Uncle Sam allowed a sergeant and a squad to remove him; but Hallen bribed a guard and escaped, went to Lawrence and was never disturbed.

The buffalo country was west of us, but there remained a few deer and antelope as well as wild turkeys along the Cottonwood and Neosho, and Warren and I each had a Sharps rifle which had been sent from the East to help make Kansas a free State, and which had been issued to us at Leavenworth while guarding Hallen. October had come and one morning there was a light fall of snow and Warren came to my cabin. "Hurry up," he called, "there's a deer's track going straight for that bunch of willows in the buffalo wallow over there to the west where we shot the prairie chickens a week ago." We struck the track in the fast melting snow and came up to within 100yds. of the wallow, which was a small one not over 50ft. in diameter, and then consulted in a whisper how we should form for the attack. We had come up against the wind and there seemed ample time to consult when—a flash of gray bounded out on the prairie from the other side of the wallow, gathered its legs and leaped again as two rifles called "Halt!" The buck halted and never went again. One bullet nearly severed a hind hoof and one plowed up from below through his heart. Both rifles were of the same caliber and who it was that killed that deer remains as obscure as "the mystery of Gilgal."

We bought Indian ponies, cheap but serviceable, and accustomed to any amount of abuse, for an Indian never has a particle of regard for a saddle sore, but claps on the saddle in the same old place in perfect indifference to the suffering of an animal, and this trait has hardened my heart against the red man; he has no sympathy for suffering—not even his own. He has served the purpose for which he was placed here just as other created things have, and he dies out before civilization and must go, as we must when we have exhausted the coal which was stored up for our advent, and our planet falls in line with the dead worlds which—have no Indian ponies.

A little castile soap and water, with tallow afterward, soon put our ponies in shape for travel, and as the winter came on the troubled times increased. The bogus Legislature of Lecompton had authorized a convention to form a State constitution during the summer and things were getting red hot. Warren and I decided to go to Lawrence and offer our services to Gen. Jim Lane. At that time we thought Lane to be the best and greatest living American. He could sway men by his impassioned oratory, to which his profanity added the charm of emphasis. We had met old John Brown down at Osawatomie, and would have none of him. Brown was sitting by the roadside singing "Blow ye the trumpet, blow," through his nose, and Warren said:

"Betcher he's an ole feller that turns his camp into a Sunday-school half a dozen times a day; I don't want any of him; if you want to go with him all right, Jim Lane is good enough for me."

Said I: "Billy, I've got no more use for old Osawatomie than you have. There wouldn't be a bit of fun with him. He's a religious fanatic, and says that the Lord has sent him here to do things. I don't object to his doing things, but he won't get me to serve under him. I don't like him, and that's all there is of it. He's in dead earnest, but so is Jim Lane, and Jim is the man to make things hump."

We went back home. To-day the fame of the martyr John Brown, who freely gave his life for a cause, is sung all over the land, while my hero, Gen. Jim Lane, is remembered by a few as a political trickster, who killed a man that contested his claim to land, was tried and acquitted, for that was frontier custom, and then for six years represented Kansas in the U. S. Senate. Then, following the lead of President Andrew Johnson, he received the indignant reproval of his constituents and died by his own hand. How differently we look at men and things when they are as widely separated as then and now, when the cool judgment of sixty-three sits upon the rash impulses of the boy forty years ago!

It was in the southeastern portion where things were hottest, and where there was more or less desultory fighting, but party feeling ran high up the Cottonwood, and several Free State men had notices pinned on their doors warning them to leave the territory or they would be killed. I had a Sharps rifle and a double shotgun, and bought a revolver from a soldier who had come down our way on some business and had no money to get back. It was a Colt's Army, big of bore and not very accurate. Every man carried a revolver, and I would as soon think of going to the spring for water without a pail as without a pistol in my belt. I destroyed the notice found on my door; it wasn't just the thing for a woman to see; you know how they are about such things; so I closed my castle and left the little family in Emporia, giving as a reason that Warren and I wanted to examine some land further west, and might be away a month, and so smoothed it over while we started for Lawrence to consult Gen. Jim Lane. James W. Denver had superseded Walker as Governor in December, and he struck a snag on the start. About a year before this the pro-slavery officials had seized a wagon containing 150 muskets and carbines from an emigrant train and had stored them in the cellar under the Governor's residence in Lecompton.

"Boys," said Lane, "you are just in time. Col. Eldridge is going to start with a battalion to get a lot of rifles that belong to us, and he may have to fight to get 'em; but we'll have 'em, sure. Do you want to go?"

"Betcher," said Warren; "we came up to take a hand in anything that's going on; didn't we, pard?"

"Yes," I answered, "and down our way they're threatening us and we've got to do some cleaning out down there or abandon our homes and be cleaned out. So far they only threaten, but we know how every man stands in the whole valley, and if they kill one of us the cleaning out will begin at once and will be thorough."

We went to Lecompton, a motley crowd, some on foot and others, like Warren and I, on ponies; I should think the "battalion" numbered about 100. "Col." Eldridge made a demand for the guns as private property, and wound up by saying: "Governor, we merely demand our own, and are fully armed and determined to have those arms. Whether there will be a fight for them rests with

you to say." That was an argument that decided the case in our favor. The history of Kansas shows that it was only by illegal voting—"repeating," as it was called—that the Lecompton constitution was adopted; but I can't dwell on this.

A peculiar state of affairs existed. The Territorial Legislature was now under a Free State majority, and it declared the last election to be fraudulent and ordered the Lecompton constitution to be submitted to the people on Jan. 4, 1858, which somehow happened to be the same day named by the pro-slavery authorities for the election of officers under that constitution.

Said Warren: "This thing has got to be fought out. Voting is no use. For every man our side can get here from Boston or Chicago the 'Border Ruffians' can pour in twenty from Missouri. If Congress admits Kansas in as a State, it will be under the Lecompton constitution, which permits men to be held as slaves. If we don't vote for officers we can claim our rights and fight for them; but if you take part in the election you must abide by it."

I favored voting and we discussed this in our feeble way until Warren said: "Betcher da'sent go up to Lawrence and see what Lane says!" We went and found a convention in session that was as divided as we were, and that Lane had a body of men down near Fort Scott. Col. Eldridge told me that Lane was prepared to fight the U. S. troops if necessary if the Lecompton men called them out to assist them, and that he thought it best to vote. Again the volcano subsided and a peaceful victory was won at the polls, the Free State men winning every office under the hated Lecompton constitution. The officers elected promptly petitioned Congress not to admit Kansas as a State under the present constitution, and the petition being granted it put them all out of office from Governor down. Times were not dull there at that time.

Warren sold his second claim and came to live with me. Game was plenty, and from the ridge pole away from the fireplace there was always a turkey or two, some part of a deer and as many prairie chickens as could be used before spoiling. Antelope were plenty, but I killed only one; we preferred venison. Near the timber rabbits abounded, but we rarely shot them. In summer flocks of screaming paroquets went swiftly through the woods, but boys have been raised there since and have no doubt stopped all that. The mourning dove was too common for comfort if one was splitting rails in the woods; its melancholy note only ceased at night. A graceful species of kite sailed over the prairie looking for snakes, and there is a doubt if one of these is left. The only snakes I can remember seeing was a striped one, perhaps the "garter snake," a "blue racer," which I think is a form of our common blacksnake, and the small rattlesnake called *massasauga*, which inhabits prairies and seldom exceeds 2ft. in length.

Occasionally a train of a dozen wagons would pass our cabin going to or from the buffalo ranges and often left us a quarter of beef, but neither Warren nor I had any desire to go on these hunts. Perhaps it was because everybody else went and we did not want for fresh meat. We went once, but this yarn is too long to tell about it now, perhaps it will keep for a week. In the summer the little prairie wolves could be heard running deer or antelope most every night. No one called them prairie wolves there; they have another name, perhaps Mexican or Indian, but people in the East make such a mess of pronouncing it that the name ought not to be printed. I'll tell you: the name is ki-o-ty, but confound 'em the scholars spell it "coyote," and that leads a man to make only two syllables of it. He lives in the ground, like a fox, and if not as cunning as reynard, is as fleet and tireless, and it is said that he hunts deer in relays, one gang resting till the other brings the quarry back on the circle. He doesn't hunt rabbits, just picks 'em up.

One day Warren came in with four little pups in his coat. I didn't need a "dog" just then, but somebody said they were "just the cutest little things this side of the Santa Fe trail," and one was left for us. The young c—— grew on a liberal diet of milk and table scraps, but when the first setting hen came off with a brood he realized his place in nature. He was the fittest and survived. The old hen protested, but he ignored the protest and ate her as a *piece de resistance*, to which the chickens had been merely an *entrée*. I also protested—with a switch, but Lupus could not be made to understand that chickens were not the proper things to eat. At my advanced age I don't understand why chickens should not be eaten, and yet I tried to force that opinion on my protegé. He disliked discipline in all its abhorrent forms of switch, club or boot, and before long, perhaps the time required to set several chicks free from their imprisonment in the shell, it was apparent that there was an absence of cordiality in our intercourse. Lupus was kind to all but me after I put a chain on him and fenced the chickens from his domain. He preferred to chew my hand when I set a saucer of milk before him and only touched the milk when my hand was no longer available as food. Perhaps, poor fellow, his epicurean palate longed for live chicken and resented the offer of their bones after his master had taken the choice parts. Gurth, the swineherd, had some such feeling toward Cedric, the Saxon.

We passed the summer and the corn had nearly passed the roasting-ear stage; I had learned to guard myself from the carnivorous dentition of Lupus, but one day Warren called out: "The cattle are in the corn!" and surely they were.

I was a farmer. Ten acres had been put in sod corn and there was a crop. The crop may have been due to the richness of the soil—or to my excellent farming, if you will. But the fence was down, and half a dozen steers and some cows were doing to that corn what Lupus did to the chickens. Perhaps they were right, but it was no time for argument. I rushed out, and the nearest way was past the kennel of Lupus. He was lying quietly within until I passed, when he suddenly decided to see if my leg might not have a better flavor than my hand, and he acted on the impulse of the moment, and took a piece of it, just above the boot leg, where I kept a favorite muscle well trained for running and another for kicking. He tackled the wrong muscle, and the kicking one came to the relief of its neighbor and projected a boot under his chin with such force that he was a-weary. Other leg muscles took up the argument, and somehow the same boot that lifted him one under the jaw cracked his skull, and his hide was drying on the fence an hour afterward.

I was sorry, very sorry; so was my leg. It was too bad to kill the poor c——, and it was too bad to kill the poor little chickens. I was a brutal fellow, and I knew it.

Warren said: "You stood it longer'n I would. Them durned kiotys 's got two kinds o' teeth—one for chickens and wild animals and another for human flesh. Betcher never try to tame another one. Say, them devils runs down a wounded deer or buffler when they find one, and they get him. S'pose we go down on a buffler hunt some time. What d'ye say?" FRED MATHER.

ANGLING NOTES.

Fitz-James Fitch.

It is quite the fashion to remark on occasions that this is a small world after all, but when I learned for the first time on the last of November that my friend Judge Fitch had died on the 23d of July, this year, at Prattsville, N. Y., I resolved that it was a very large world.

Judge Fitch was born at Delhi, Delaware county, N. Y., in December, 1817, and consequently was seventy-eight years and six months old at the time of his death. He was County Judge of Greene county for eight years and then practiced his profession in New York city for ten years, when his health failed, and by the advice of his physician he returned to the Catskill Mountains, for which I have always believed that he had an abiding affection because of its trout streams.

Judge Fitch was the highest type of a fly-fisherman, and probably there were few more skillful than he in fishing a mountain stream where trout were educated and scarce. A gentleman of the old school, as we are given to saying of those who are courtly, precise, considerate, and observant of all the little amenities of social life, he was withal a loyal friend and charming companion. For nearly or quite fifty years he kept an accurate record of all the trout that he caught and all that he returned to the water uninjured. He required no 6in. law to restrain him in his fishing, for he was a law unto himself to basket only a moderate number of trout of decent size. If all fishermen were governed by the same motives which governed Judge Fitch in all his fishing we could do away with the fish laws entirely. He could make a fly-rod equal to that of a professional maker, and the "Fitch grip" for a fly-rod was his invention. The basket strap to be used on the left shoulder with a belt around the waist was also his invention, although a tackle dealer who made it gave it his own name, and lately I have seen it advertised in a London paper by still another name, and never was the inventor's name associated with it except among his own friends, who knew the circumstances and how it came to be invented, although the circumstances have been related in this journal. A few years ago this matter of the basket strap was agitated, and Judge Fitch sent me a photograph of himself with fish basket and strap on left shoulder, taken, as I now recall it, in 1850 something.

Judge Fitch endeared himself to all who came in contact with him, and his writings upon fly-fishing subjects, rod making, etc., chiefly over the pen name of Fitz, are some of the most vigorous and instructive contributions to our angling literature, and his death at a ripe old age will be mourned by a circle of sincere friends.

Weight of Sunapee Trout.

It is no exaggeration to say that during the past two or three weeks I have been asked fifty times: "How large does the Sunapee trout grow?" This is in consequence of the fish being brought to New York State by the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission and planted in Lake George. My reply has been: 7 or 8lbs. is probably the maximum weight, although it has been claimed that they have grown to a weight of 10lbs.

It has been stated in the newspapers that the Sunapee trout are found nowhere else in New Hampshire except in Sunapee Lake, but this is an error, for they are found in Dan Hole Pond in New Hampshire. Whether the fish in Dan Hole Pond came originally from Sunapee or are native to the pond, as has been claimed, I will not attempt to say; but they are there, and I quote from a letter written by Commissioner Wentworth: "Daniels has been to Dan Hole Pond to see if he could get eggs of landlocked salmon or saibling (the Sunapee trout are called saibling, white trout and golden trout by residents in New Hampshire), and he tells a remarkable story on his return. The fish had cast most of their spawn when he arrived, but he caught six salmon, the largest 42in. long, and he was sure it would weigh 30lbs. He got but eight saibling, but the largest one would weigh 12lbs. Daniels found that saibling were in a pond near Dan Hole called Coonen Pond."

The Transfer of Sunapee Trout.

When I took the State fish car Adirondack to Sunapee Lake, New Hampshire, to bring back some of the trout from the lake, the adult fish had never been transported alive, and no one could tell what they would do once they were placed in the cans, even if they survived the wagon journey from the hatching station to the car, a distance of six miles. The Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of New York are indebted to the New Hampshire Fisheries Commission through its president, Col. Nathaniel Wentworth, and to Dr. John D. Quackenbos, that the fish were permitted to leave the State to find a new home in the waters of New York, but the transfer from beginning to end was an experiment, and I have been asked to give some of the details of it.

The car reached Newbury, at the lower end of Sunapee Lake, on the evening of Nov. 6, which was Friday. It contained some fingerling brook, brown and lake trout as a present to the people of New Hampshire, in exchange for the Sunapee fish. The next morning Commissioner Hughes took the lake trout to Manchester, and on the same train I sent one of the three men on the car to Bucksport, Me., to return to the car with some young fish from the U. S. Fish Commission. In the afternoon, Col. Wentworth having arrived, spawn was taken from the Sunapee trout in the tanks at the hatchery near the lake. After spawning the fish were greatly exhausted and remained on their sides in the tanks longer than I wished they would before they righted themselves. Grant Christie, the captain of the car, was expected back from Maine about noon of Tuesday, and early that morning Dr. Quackenbos furnished a team to transport the fish from the tanks to the car. The two men were at the car and I had told them to have twenty-five cans of fresh water from the lake and the ice-box was refilled early in the morning. At the hatchery I had but three ordinary fish cans and one barrel to transport the fish. By 9 o'clock they were loaded—sixty Sunapee trout weighing from 1½lbs. to 5lbs. each, two landlocked salmon of 8lbs. each that had been spawned on Sunday, and one brook trout of 4½lbs. Four big saibling, two landlocked salmon and the brook trout were to go to Dr. T. H. Bean, director of the New York Aquarium; and two saibling of 5lbs. each were to go to T. W. Fraine in Rochester, to be mounted for the Sportsmen's Exposition in Madison Square Garden next year. There were reasons why I had so few cans and none of the men from the car to assist in transporting the fish in safety to the station, but they are not necessary to explain here. The start was made so hastily that I had to leave my personal baggage at Dr. Quackenbos's house, to be sent after me to the station. Once on the road, I urged the driver to avail himself of every bit of fairly good road to make haste. The wagon had no springs, and the poor fish, like Br'er Rabbit, had to take it. The largest of the fish were in the barrel, with a sack tied over the top, and before two miles had been traveled it seemed as though every fish had its head out of water gasping for oxygen. It was just after a hard rain, and the brooks we crossed were high-colored, and I did not dare use the water in the cans. At a clear spring, with the driver's help, fresh water was furnished to all the cans and the barrel, but it did not seem possible to get the fish to the car without great loss. Even if they did not die outright, I feared they would be so bruised that fungus would form, and it would be hard to nurse them back to normal condition. At the car the fish were hurried into cans of fresh water, placing one and two fish in a can. The water at the hatchery was 36° Fahr., and the water from the lake was 41°, and as soon as the fish were changed the water was reduced with ice. All the fish were alive when they reached the car, but some of them were badly bruised. The cans, of which there were ninety in the cars, were not large enough for the big fish, and they had to be curled up to get them in. Christie with his twenty cans of fish did not arrive on the noon train, and we had to wait until nearly 5 o'clock for the train which would bring him and haul the car to Claremont Junction. In icing the water it got down to 33°, and while I was at the telegraph office Catchefer, one of the men, took out all of the ice and added fresh lake water to two cans containing two big saibling that had turned belly up. It did not seem possible that a reduction of 3° in the temperature from the hatchery water would turn the fish over, especially as only two cans were so affected; but when I returned the water was brought up to 36° in all the cans. During the afternoon the fish turned up more or less, and at once the water was turned out and fresh put in, for pumping the water did not have the effect that it does with small fish. The big fish seemed to exhaust the vitality of the water beyond the point where it could be restored by aerating—to express it crudely. With fresh water the fish soon righted themselves, but all the cans were aerated constantly. We pulled out on the afternoon train, having lost one of the smaller saibling, and another was very sick; both probably having been injured by the larger fish in getting to the car, and none of the fish had recovered from spawning.

At the junction the train on the Connecticut River R. R. was an hour and a half late, and had it been on time it gave us only ten minutes to be switched to the Rutland R. R. in Bellows Falls, and there was nothing to do but make the best of it. We could get out at Bellows Falls at 11 o'clock on the Boston sleeper, and that we did. With Robt. Aulls I took the first watch until 2 A. M., and sent Christie (who had been up all the night before) and Catchefer to bed. Going over the mountain to Rutland the brook trout turned up, and it was discovered that a steam pipe near his can was leaking; but with a can of fresh water and some ice he righted himself. We had had no steam in the car from the time we struck the Boston & Maine R. R., and it was an agreeable change to find it again in the office and stateroom when we struck the Rutland R. R., although it was shut off entirely from the main part of the car containing the fish. On the trip to New Hampshire the stateroom and office had been partly flooded from the water when the train was going up grade at the time the water was being changed, and the holes in the car floor had clogged. At Rutland we remained in the railroad yard until 6:25 o'clock, and there was a chance for two hours' sleep, the fish acting well, although during the night first one and then another would turn over, but with twenty-five cans of fresh water only one small saibling was lost. The two large fish for Fraine were killed to give the salmon more room in the barrel, from which they had not been removed since they left the hatchery, except temporarily. The run from Rutland to Lake George was made by 9:30 A. M., and then all but the aquarium fish were taken from the car, and forty-two saibling, half males and half females, were selected for planting in the lake. The county of Warren furnished a steamer and the fish were taken down to a shoal near Diamond Island and released from the cans in good condition, although on the steamer three fish turned up, but righted when fresh water was added. Aerating the water did no good beyond a certain point. If the fish came up, pumping the water would send them to the bottom of the can again, but once they turned over the only thing to do was to put in a can of fresh water. We got away from Lake George at 11:25 with ten saibling for the Caledonia hatchery, half males, half females, and the fish for the aquarium all in good order and with plenty of water from the lake. While we were sorting the fish in the railroad yard previous to planting, both of the salmon and the brook trout turned over, but we were used to it by that time. We reached Albany at 2 o'clock and found a message from Dr. Bean that he would be up for his fish himself, and had sent me some big cans from the aquarium. These were procured from the express office and the fish changed. Catchefer remained behind and the car went on to Caledonia at 3 o'clock P. M., arriving there at 5 A. M. the next day with all the fish in good order. Dr. Bean came up at 4:15 and returned with the fish at 5 o'clock. That night he had them in the aquarium tanks. Fungus developed on the aquarium fish later, but the Doctor writes me that salt-water baths have nearly cured the fish of this parasite and that they are now in good condition. On the outward trip the car was loaded with about 10,000 fingerling brook, brown and lake trout, which

were planted in waters in Essex and Clinton counties before the car crossed over to New Hampshire. The route for the car was arranged by General Passenger Agent J. W. Burdick, of the D. & H. R. R., and free transportation was furnished by his road and the Rutland R. R.

A. N. CHENEY.

CATCHING THE BIG TROUT.

"WELL, are you going down to try for the big fellow to-day?" asked my friend Judge Coppock. It was our last day on the Carp River in northern Michigan.

"You've hit it exactly, Judge," I replied, "maybe you're going down that way yourself?"

The Judge laughed. We had been fishing together almost daily for a month for trout in the streams in northern Michigan. He was an enthusiastic bait fisherman, and had but little faith in the fly-rod, which was my way. A few days before we had fished the Maple River, where I had the good luck to capture more and better fish than he had taken. The question was superfluous. Each of us knew the other hoped to basket the big trout before night.

In a short time we left the hotel for the old beaver dam. The river for a mile below was full of fallen trees, under and over which rushed the shallow stream. The water had washed great holes underneath these submerged trees, and in them lurked many speckled beauties. The entire distance to the open part of the stream afforded excellent opportunities for the bait fisherman, but there were few places where a fly-rod could be used successfully.

There were two ways by which to reach the open stream: Over the high ground, which was covered with great pine trees and an interminable small growth, called "pin-tangle" by the natives, or directly along the stream. The low ground between the river and the bluffs on either side is thickly overgrown with bushes and small trees, through which it is impossible to make any headway.

I crossed the river and started down along the left bank. The judge started in at the dam.

No one but he who has been along the Carp can have an idea of the effort required to get through such a place. At many places it was necessary to get down and creep underneath large trees that had fallen over the stream, blocking the way on both sides.

At one place where I was compelled to squeeze under I noticed a deer track. The animal had crawled through the hole, just as I had to do.

I was fully an hour in reaching the open where I could do casting. There I put my rod together and began laying my flies out on the water. The river for half a mile to the bend where the big fish lay was all that a fly-fisherman could desire. The water rushed through between grassy banks overhung by bushes. Deep pools, first one side, then the other, appeared in view at each bend of the circuitous stream.

My basket was heavy with fish when I came in sight of the bend where the big fellow had his lair. It was nearly noon, so I stopped to rest awhile and eat my lunch, and at the same time decide upon the best plan to take the big fish.

A few days before the Judge had hooked him and lost him by reason of a weak spot in his line. I had hooked him twice and both times my leaders had snapped.

After lunch I took a leader of extra size and tested it inch by inch. I had been using two flies during the forenoon, but decided to use but one in trying for the big fellow, and that a dark Montreal on a No. 4 hook.

It was after 1 o'clock when I began to move carefully forward within casting distance of the big pool. I waded lowly, lengthening out at each cast.

Here and there I saw a trout jump, but I was after the big one and moved forward.

I cast in the shallow water furthest from the pool until I knew I was within reach, when I made a cast straight for the spot beneath the overhanging bushes under the bluff.

The fly dropped exactly right, and instantly there was a great rush, and the big trout curved in the air for his plunge. I made a sharp strike, and knew that I had hooked him deep.

He rushed out into the stream, broke water and tried to shake himself free from the hook. He kept me busy first down stream, then up, breaking the water frequently in his mad efforts to escape.

He kept up a constant fight for fifteen minutes, and then rushed under the bank and sulked. I gave several hard jerks, and began to think that in some manner he had got loose and that I was fast on a root. Again and again I yanked; there was no response. Finally I gave a long, steady pull, and out he came directly at me. I made up my mind to land him at once if possible. I touched the trigger of my automatic, keeping the line taut, and as he came to me in shallow water I took hold of the leader and slid him out on the wet sand.

I had succeeded.

As I turned about to pick him up and release him from the hook, I heard a yell, and the Judge came sliding down the bank and waded across.

"What do you think of him, Judge?" said I, as I handed the fish to him.

"He's a whale," he replied, as he lifted him up and down. "He'll weigh 7lbs. if he weighs an ounce."

Its weight was 5½lbs.

The Judge had beat me during the forenoon, except as to the big one, and was feeling good.

"But I say, Judge," I inquired, as we started for the hotel an hour later, "how is it that you were up there on the bank when I hooked him?"

"Well, you see," replied he, laughing, "I determined to beat you to the pool. I heard you crashing on ahead, but knew you would begin fishing at the open. I got through the tangle before you had gone half way to the bend. I made a detour to get around you, and would have got there first if it had not been for a big swamp hole. I saw you when you began stretching out. Of course I knew my only chance was at the bluff, where I could drop the bait directly into the water. I couldn't have reached him from the direction you came. You must have had out 75ft. of line when you hooked him."

"I expect I had," I replied.

"But," he continued, "it was interesting, and next to catching him myself I'm glad you got him."

"And what do you think of fly fishing now?"

"Well," said he, "I'm willing to admit that it has its advantages. I shall mix it up hereafter with bait fishing."

We arrived at the hotel in time for supper. The big trout was admired by the guests and was served for breakfast.

The Judge and I packed up and took the southbound train for home, satisfied with our month's vacation.

E D. MOFFETT.

Fish Introduction into New Jersey.

From the Monthly Report of the State Fish and Game Protector for November, 1896.

THE principal work accomplished during the month was the successful removal of adult pike-perch or wall-eyed pike from Lake Erie to Greenwood Lake. A great deal has been done by a number of the States in the East toward the propagation and planting of pike-perch in the waters in this part of the country, but in every instance, as far as I am aware, this work was done by procuring the eggs from the great lakes, developing them in State hatcheries and then distributing the fry. This system of introducing this valuable fish is open to the objection that the young fry are frequently devoured by large fish indigenous to the waters where the fry are placed; there is also danger of the fry succumbing to the effects of a change of water, the fry being very sensitive to such changes. For the purpose of propagating pike-perch by distributing the adult fish a number of wardens were sent to Toledo, O., the Erie railroad having kindly placed a car at my disposal from Jersey City to Marion. At the latter place the car was attached to a train on the Hocking Valley Railroad and taken to Toledo. Here about 600 adult pike-perch and about a dozen white bass were procured and these were removed to Greenwood Lake, the loss being only six fish. About fifteen of the fish were placed in the Raritan in Hunterdon county; the rest were placed in Greenwood Lake. As the water of Greenwood Lake is well adapted to pike-perch, there is no apparent reason why that fish should not be added to the fauna of that lake. Some few people, evidently rendered suspicious of the introduction of fish from other waters by the unpleasant experience New Jersey has had with carp, have expressed opinions that it might have been better perhaps if more attention had been paid to indigenous fish instead of bringing hither fish with which we have had no practical experience. There is, however, a vast difference between fish concerning which we know little and fish which belong to this country and which are highly prized in the localities in which they abound. The black bass is not indigenous to New Jersey, still there are very few people indeed who would like to see them banished from our waters. Where both black bass and pike-perch abound the former is considered somewhat gamier than the latter, but the pike-perch has the advantage of being a more prolific breeder and its flesh is far superior for the table. It grows to a far larger size and takes the hook readily. To these advantages must be added the fact that it is an enemy of the carp and experience has shown that it has driven this pestiferous fish from waters from which the carp had previously banished the bass and the pickerel. The success attending the experiment of bringing adult pike-perch from a distance will undoubtedly be followed by more work of a similar nature.

It was the intention on this trip to also secure some adult channel catfish to add to the food fish of the Delaware, but unfortunately the high winds prevailing in Lake Erie at the time of the presence there of the wardens prevented the taking of any of these fish; there is, however, no doubt that this fish can also be brought hither in a similar manner.

An attempt was made during the month to remove some of the pickerel and bass from the reservoirs of the East Jersey Water Company for the purpose of infusing fresh blood into the pickerel and perch of Greenwood Lake, but unfortunately this attempt proved a failure, owing perhaps to the cold weather having sent these fish to the deeper portions of the reservoirs, where they could not be reached by the nets. It is to be hoped that a renewal of this attempt in the early spring will meet with success.

The work of distributing trout was completed during the month.

Protector William H. Burnett.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with much interest in your last week's issue the communication over Mr. Cheney's name in reference to Mr. William H. Burnett. I am a resident of Bolton, Warren county, N. Y., and am one of the owners of the Sagamore Hotel on Lake George. I have known Mr. Burnett personally for fifteen years, and I consider him one of the most reliable and conscientious men on the lake. He is in every respect a most suitable person for the position he has so honestly filled for many years, that of game constable. I know he is fearless, and should any of his friends break the law he would be the first man to prosecute them.

His reputation in our county is A1, and knowing the man so well I cannot refrain from doing what I consider my duty to give you my opinion of this man upon whom is now cast a most unjust imputation. You are at liberty to publish this over my name, and if I can do anything to advance Mr. Burnett's interest I would consider it my duty to do so. JOHN BOULTON SIMPSON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 28, under the head of Angling Notes, I read a notice to the Grand Jury recommending them the game warden be removed from all public office in the county of Warren.

Of little consequence as the foreman of this Grand Jury may be or his opinion, it is right that, representing the Lake George Fish and Game Society, I should reiterate all that Mr. Cheney and H. A. Howard, ex-district attorney of Warren county, say of this official. His record for years is one of honesty and faithfulness, and it will be a great loss to the lake of very valuable services if he is interfered with. ROBERT LENOX BANKS,

Society for the Preservation of Fish and Game.

ALBANY, N. Y.

Onondaga Anglers.

AT the monthly meeting of the Onondaga Anglers' Association, of Syracuse, last Tuesday evening, State Fish-culturist A. N. Cheney read a paper on the "Beginning and Development of Artificial Fish Propagation.

THE NEW YORK AQUARIUM.

ON Thursday of this week, Dec. 10, the Aquarium was opened to the public, though the galleries are not yet in readiness and will be closed to the public for some weeks till the tanks are stocked and other arrangements of them are completed. The hours for the public are from 10 A. M. to 4 o'clock P. M., excepting Sundays and Mondays. There are no extra assistants to conduct an open Aquarium on Sunday, and Monday will be set apart for the workmen engaged in finishing the interior. Nevertheless there is now much of interest available to the public.

The interior has undergone a thorough reconstruction. The windows are so arranged as to admit an even, subdued light. Around the main floor the salt-water tanks are arranged, following the circle of the wall, their delicate green coloring, the effect of the sea water, making a most pleasing effect.

Altogether there are now 125 forms of animal life in the Aquarium, of which 78 are fish; the rest being seals, turtles, frogs, shellfish of various kinds, lobsters, crabs and other crustaceans, the corals, anemones and tube worms.

The water supply is so arranged that either salt or fresh water, as may be desired, can be used in every exhibition tank, and the laboratory is also supplied with both fresh and salt water. Labels printed in bold type will be placed on each tank. Besides giving the names and accurate portraits of the fish, they will give a succinct history and description of them. Both the common and scientific names are given, and the origin of the common names so far as known; also they mention the waters in which the fish may be found, and the places they prefer in such waters, the maximum size they attain, habits, whether permanent or migratory, spawning season, description of the fry, the food they prefer and whether or not they are esteemed as food.

Of the seventy-eight kinds of fish, twelve belong to the trout and salmon family. And they are a collection of rare excellence. There are landlocked salmon from Maine and New Hampshire, and of the trout there are brook, brown, steelhead, rainbow, Lake Tahoe (California), Swiss lake, hybrid lake and brook, and hybrid brook and brown, lake trout, and Sunapee Lake trout, the latter arriving in rather hopeless condition, but they are bright, clean and healthy now. There are live whitefish from Canandaigua Lake, and of the game fishes there are black and striped bass (a fine collection), and crappie, drum, pickerel, sea bass, tautog or blackfish, weakfish and white perch; and of the curious fish, the angler, boxfish, Bermuda chub, spotted codling, conger eel, bony gar, silver perch, sea ravens, sea horse, sand shark, dog shark, barndoor skate, sturgeon, etc.

The tanks are models of neatness and artistic arrangement, as indeed is every detail of the interior.

A Williamson.

MR. CHARLES HALLOCK has left with the FOREST AND STREAM an interesting example of work by A. Williamson, whose paintings hold an esteemed place among collectors. The scene is of a trout stream, and the canvas has added value because of the rarity of Williamsons now to be had. The price is $25.

AN EXCEPTIONAL CHANCE offers for purchasing one of Canada's famous salmon angling rivers, the Moisie. This celebrated stream has furnished excellent sport to a club of six American gentlemen for some years past. The owners are now offering the preserves for sale outright. Property includes the land on both sides of stream, inclosing pools, two large buildings, ice houses, men's lodgings, boats, etc. The river ranks next to the Cascapedia for number and size of fish, is easy of access, being but twenty hours from Rimouski on the Intercolonial R. R., and in regular communication by passenger and mail steamer and telegraph. We would refer our readers to advertisement on fourth page.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

1897.

Feb. 2 to 5.—New England Kennel Club's annual show, Boston.

FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y, Huntsville, Ala.

1897.

Jan. 11.—Tupela, Miss.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Jan. 18.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

Nov. 8.—Carlisle, Ind.—Union Field Trials Club second annual trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE IRISH SETTER AS A FIELD DOG, PAST AND PRESENT.—I.

LITTLE VALLEY, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The origin and past history of the Irish setter are so well known to its admirers that no comment thereon is needed here. Suffice it to say that the Irish setter is one of the oldest and purest of the breeds of setters.

Its color and general race characteristics admit of very little, if any, crossing with other breeds of setters. The standard of color for this breed calls for a dark mahogany red, a small patch of white on the chest only being admissible.

While this standard of color has kept the race pure and developed a lot of show Irish setters, let us see what it has done for the field quality of the dog.

With the advent of dog shows came the craze for the dark mahogany red, the dark eye, the long and lean head, etc., of the modern Irish setter. All else in breeding was thrown aside, and color and show form were alone bred for. The field quality of the dog was lost sight of, and he came down in his working grade almost to the lowest bench shows, and the craze for color were the nails driven in the coffin of this once powerful breed of sporting dogs.

The early history of field trials shows that this setter held his own with the other breeds of setters and pointers. As an instance of this, Biz defeated Count Noble once; and others, which I do not now recall, were winners. Their ownership also was a wide and powerful one. Many sportsmen preferred this setter for their private use. Indeed, some

Irish setters which never competed at the trials gained a wide reputation as field dogs of much merit. One of these, Mr. Scott Rodman's Dash, gained a very wide and favorable reputation among sportsmen who lived in and around New York. He was owned by Mr. Scott Rodman, who lived at that time, I believe, at Pine Brook, N. J. Mr. Jacob Pentz, who had shot over this dog extensively, once told me he was as good as any he had ever shot over. Dash in his day was famous as a snipe dog. You can hear of Rodman's Dash and his descendants to this day in that part of New Jersey.

I will give another instance or two of the good old Irish setter. In the year 1885 I was at the Poncho Agency, I. T., with Dr. F. S. Dewey. The Doctor owned an Irish setter, by Erin out of Queen. He was at that time six years old, but a splendid dog on chickens and quail, and also was a wide, fast ranger. He carried a high head and constantly used his nose. I also owned at that time an Irish setter which I had purchased from a freighter. When I bought the dog the following conversation took place:

"What kind of a dog is that?"
"Him's a Irish setter, I reckon."
"Will he point chickens?"
"Wal, I reckon—he'll set."
"How long will he hold a point?"
"Erbout a minit."
"What is your price for him?"
"Wal, pard, I reckon he's wuth erbout two plunks and er ha'f ($2.50)."

So I came into the ownership of Frank. In color he was medium dark, with no white. He was a business-looking dog, with a sensible-looking head.

The day following his purchase I took him out to see what he would do. He went away with a long, swinging gallop, and carried his head high—with fairly good tail action. He soon showed his ability to find chickens, and, as the freighter said, he stood "erbout a minit." He seemed to think it a waste of time to stand longer, and would then put up his chicken and chase it as far as he could see it, which was some distance on the prairie. I saw at once I had a dog of much natural ability, but he would need considerable training before he was useful to the gun.

The next day a check cord was attached to his collar; this, together with a somewhat liberal use of the whip, soon brought him down so that he would point long enough for the shooter to come up, but as soon as the birds were flushed he was off. A short time was consumed in getting him steady to gun and wing. He developed rapidly after this and made a remarkable dog in some respects.

He had followed the freighter's wagon so long and lived on freighter's biscuit and bacon so much that he was as tough as wire nails. He never seemed tired and his wind was always good.

Aside from making a good dog on chickens and quail he made a remarkable one on wild turkeys. He would hunt turkeys as a dog hunts grouse.

I found him one day on a point in some very high grass near a creek. When I came up he commenced roading carefully through this grass, occasionally stopping to move his nose from side to side in the wind. After roading 200 or 300yds. he pointed, the hair over his fore shoulders rising as he did so. In an instant I heard the twit of a turkey hen, and as she rose I killed her with my right barrel and cut down a young gobbler with my left. I stood still and saw seven more fly across the creek from me. The hair on Frank's back would always raise when he pointed turkeys, but on no other game.

On chickens and quail he was a bold, fast ranger—on turkeys exceedingly cautious. I killed a number of turkeys over him and a great many chickens and quail. His judgment in handling game was remarkable, as were his efforts to aid the shooter.

So it will be seen that in those days there were Irish setters of splendid field quality. They were not, however, show dogs. I have always believed that had Erin, Plunket and Rodman's Dash been more extensively bred to it would have improved the breed very much in field quality. It would at least have given breeders more blood lines to have bred to and from, and aided them in the selection of good blood for field work. It is this, I believe, that has aided the breeders of the English setter and pointer to get so far in advance of breeders of Irish setters.

The cross of the Count Noble blood with that of Gladstone has produced in English setters a race of dogs surpassed by none.

Pointer breeders also took advantage of the various strains. Croxteth blood was crossed with that of Sensation and others until the pointer is on an equal footing with the English setter.

Then again it is necessary for breeders to attend the field trials; to there learn what is desirable for an advance in breeding. Otherwise they may never know what really high class work is and can form no intelligent idea of what they should do to improve the dogs that they breed. In breeding one must know what is desirable as well as what is not. The practice of matching together dogs of which little or nothing is known, except that their blood lines are thus and so and that they may have been winners, is not intelligent breeding. They may have been winners where the competition was so poor that they could not help winning, or there might have been a dozen things conducive to their success other than their merits. Again, disposition must be taken into account on both sides. Much depends on that; otherwise the offspring may be rattle-headed, gun shy, soft-hearted or a dozen other things not desirable, and not conducive to successful breeding of field dogs.

Again, color in the Irish setter is a matter of very little moment so long as he is red. He might be dark, medium or light red, and still be a good field dog. It is my opinion that the breeders of this dog would do better if they eliminated color from their estimates in breeding. They should know more of their dogs' dispositions; of the elements that will produce a good brain, nose, speed and style, and a disposition to stand and endure hard work. Color is a mere matter of fancy. The practical sportsman cares very little for it. He wants a dog that will hunt and find game. He wants a dog with brain enough to handle his game after it is found. In my next I will try and give your readers some of my observations in owning, breeding and handling this setter—an experience extending over a period of eight or ten years.

DR. H. B. ANDERSON.

A. K. C. MEETING.

A MEETING of the American Kennel Club was held in the club's office, 55 Liberty street, New York, on Dec. 7, at 2 o'clock. The club meeting was a formality to clear the way for the regular quarterly meeting of the executive committee, to be held at same time and place. The meeting was called to order, Mr. Edw. Brooks in the chair. It was immediately adjourned and the executive committee meeting began.

There were present: American Bedlington Terrier Club (Thomas Pearsall); associate members (A. Clinton Wilmerding, Dr. H. T. Foote); Boston Terrier Club (L. A. Burritt); Central Beagle Club (Dr. W. E. Johnson); Gordon Setter Club (James B. Blossom); Irish Setter Club (G. H. Thompson); Mascoutah Kennel Club (C. F. R. Drake); Metropolitan Kennel Club (G. M. Kernochan); National Beagle Club (H. F. Schellhass); National Greyhound Club (Horatio Nelson); New England Beagle Club (H. S. Joslin); Pacific Kennel Club (James Mortimer); Pacific Fox Terrier Club (Capt. C. B. Knocker); Pointer Club of America (George Jarvis); Poodle Club of America (Henry G. Trevor); St. Bernard Club of California (George Bargate).

The reading of the minutes of the previous executive meeting was dispensed with.

The secretary's, treasurer's and advisory committee's reports were approved as read.

The field trial committee was not ready to report.

The application of the California State Poultry and Kennel Club for membership was granted. It had claimed its dates beginning on Jan. 10, Sunday, and much debate followed pro and con on this point, there being some precedents of the club against Sunday shows, and on the other hand it was shown that Sunday shows on the Coast were not considered improper, as there were theaters open on Sunday, etc. The matter was referred to the advisory committee of the Pacific Coast to report upon later.

The resignation of the Rhode Island State Fair Association was accepted.

Application was granted for the following prefixes: Dr. J. T. Kent, Belleplain; C. M. Selfridge and Perry Ward, Thornhills.

A committee of three was appointed by the chair, Messrs. Mortimer, Blossom and Burritt, for the purpose of investigating a matter in which T. J. Farley is involved. At the New York show last year his Irish setter puppy Kenmore, Jr., won, and soon afterward he sold him; then, it is alleged, he put another puppy in Kenmore's bench, which bore his winning number and card, and sold this puppy also as Kenmore, Jr. At Mineola both puppies were entered: one as Kenmore, Jr., and the other as Joe, formerly Kenmore, Jr., and thus the investigation came about. These two dogs, entered in Class 42, Irish setters, Nos. 92 (Kenmore, Jr.) and 95 (Joe), were disqualified.

The win of the bull terrier Milwaukee Tinker at the Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's show was canceled, on the ground that he was under six months of age. At the same show the beagle bitch Kittie Clover was entered by the owner's agent in the open class when she was qualified for the challenge.

The Blenheim spaniel Murillo and the Ruby spaniel Princess Bee were disqualified as to wins at the Mineola show for being transferred from one class to another against A. K. C. rules; also the win of Black and Tan terrier Balacy's Flora was canceled, as she was incorrectly entered as a registered bitch.

Several cases at the recent Brooklyn show will be investigated later.

The treasurer's report was accepted. His statement was as follows: Receipts from all sources to date, $6,475.37; balance on hand Jan. 1, $2,233.08; total, $3,708.45. Disbursements from Jan. 1 to date, $6,343.82. Balance on hand, $2,364.63.

The bills for annual dues for 1897 were mailed to all of the A. K. C. clubs and they were urged to remit promptly. Failure to pay such dues before Jan. 1 next deprives delinquent clubs of representation, and they may be dropped from membership at the following meeting.

Mr. Mortimer moved that Rule 2, concerning dog shows, in so far as it states that exhibitors must abide by the consequences of their own mistakes, should be amended, as it was a great hardship on people who unwittingly violated that rule. He showed that originally it was intended to prevent unfair changing about from class to class, and not to apply to mistakes of innocent owners. The matter was referred to the committee on constitution and rules to report some manner of equitable amendment for later action.

The secretary, in behalf of Mr. Klein, presented the matter of making some arrangements with the U. S. customs whereby U. S. clubs could give bond for Canadian dogs to be shown at their shows, thus saving the Canadian owners serious delays and consequent loss. It was concluded that the matter could not be arrranged.

The advisory committee's report was read, but it contained only matter already published.

Hartford's Dogs.

HARTFORD, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have all read the little piece from the afflicted tradesman. That is one side; now hear the other. This person claims that dogs do a great amount of damage to provisions belonging to marketmen and provision dealers. If this provision dealer would put his goods in his store, where they belong, and not on half of the sidewalk—which on Asylum street they thoroughly block—the offensive dog would find nothing to spoil, and it would satisfy more than nine-tenths of all the people who have to get out in the mud, as it now stands.

Furthermore, this tradesman says he derives only a very small amount from dog owners, who use scrap-box food. He may feed his dog on such if he has one, but "there are others" who do not, and as for kicking a dumb animal, a man is a coward who suggests or does such.

Now about the provisions which are spoiled by dogs. What becomes of them? Are they thrown away? No.

The man who has a good dog does not allow it to run at large in the street, and he or any one else that values a dog to any extent would not risk its life among the deadly trolleys.

OWNER OF A GOOD DOG.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the atest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Field Trials and Field Work.

NEW YORK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A good field trial dog should be a good dog to shoot over, and a good field dog should be a good field trial dog. Especially should this be true of dogs broken on quail, dogs to be used in an open county.

They ought also to be well broken and easily and quietly handled. An owner who puts up from $150 to $200 ought to have a run for his money. There has been a practice among some of the handlers of starting dogs which they knew would not win. This ought in some way to be discouraged.

Of course all cannot win, but there are dogs started which never were good enough to make a decent run. If a dog cannot handle quail decently well, I do not know of what use he is as a field dog. If he cannot handle quail he certainly could not handle grouse and woodcock.

HANDLER.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

During the period of agitation, when what has been commonly known as the "cropping question" was being everywhere discussed, many of those who so strenuously fought for a continuance of the barbarous practice loudly predicted the utter ruination of the bull terrier and the speedy oblivion of Great Danes in this country. Facts in connection with the late show at the Crystal Palace, and which admit of no controversy, go to prove that the fears of those most interested have been groundless. It was naturally to be expected that the passing of the new rule would affect for a time the breeds to which it applied, and the statements on all sides that such and such fanciers were giving them up for other specimens of the canine race created, among some, the impression that the fears of the advocates of cropping were going to be realized, and that the size of classes for these particular breeds would soon diminish to a vanishing point. It is now eighteen months since the Kennel Club passed its rule to prevent any further continuance of the practice of cropping dogs' ears, and the bull terrier is still in our midst, Great Danes are yet with us, and Manchester terriers still grace the show-bench in great numbers. Nay, more, the entry of bull terriers at the late show was actually a record one, and Great Danes have not paraded before a judge at a Kennel Club show in such numbers for years. —*Kennel Gazette (England).*

In our report of the E. F. T. C. All-Age Pointer Stake, in describing the general merits of Odd Sides, the word quantity was intended instead of quality in the following sentence: "Though his bird work was inferior in quality to theirs," etc. His bird work was inferior in quantity owing to birds not being so plentiful where he ran as they were on other parts of the grounds, but the quality of his work was superior to that of all the others.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

Century runs do not over-fatigue some wheelmen, but for many men ten or fifteen miles over good roads is all they should attempt, and especially if their riding is at irregular intervals. Men with weak digestions should be particularly careful to avoid fatigue, and should refrain from climbing difficult hills or holding a hot pace when set by their companions.

Strict moderation is an absolute essential to secure the benefits of bicycle riding from the standpoint of health.

The occasional rider suffers perhaps most from overdoing the thing, but no one is exempt from the bad consequences of over-exertion.

Professional racing men build up great powers of endurance by careful training. Their muscles are hardened and strengthened by constant exercise, and their hearts, lungs and digestive systems gradually brought into trim to stand the increased demand made upon them. The professional understands that it is easily possible to build up muscular power that may be hopelessly handicapped by poor digestion or a weak heart, and he knows that a symmetrical development of muscles and vital organs is essential to success.

He is consequently careful to avoid excess in training and to guard against undue fatigue. At the time of his race, however, he cannot spare himself, and he rides to win, even if it costs his life.

Huret, who holds a number of world's records for long distance races, says that when he was on the point of breaking the twenty-four-hour record—he actually covered 544 miles within that time—he was practically out of his head. He was haunted by the fear of accident, which, as he became fatigued, seemed inevitable at every turn of the track, and made his riding absolute torture. All the arc lights on the track were merged into one gigantic electric globe that dazzled and blinded him, and for the time being the world was afire and he in a delirium suffering the agony of the damned.

What's in a Name.

OUR antipodean friends in Australia have names in their geographies that rival some of our own choice specimens as found in Maine and elsewhere. Here is a sample from the letter of a wheelman describing the road from Warrnambool to Geelong:

"A few words about the track in its present condition may not be out of place. Starting from Warrnambool, the road to Allansford has a very uneven surface for about four miles, thence on through Cudgee to Garvoc it is very good. After leaving Garvoc a patch of new metal about half a mile long is met; after which, with the exception of a little rough ground before reaching Terang, the road right through to Pirron Yallock is perfect. Then comes the worst part of the journey. From Pirron Yallock for a distance of four miles the road surface is very uneven, and after passing through Colac the road, to within two miles of Winchelsea, is all patches; from this point to Geelong the road is good."

NOVICE AND EXPERT.

THE first five miles that a man rides on a bicycle is frequently the hardest ride he ever takes. This is especially true of the man who teaches himself, though the man who receives instruction rarely fails to get as much exercise as is good for him in covering that distance for the first time. Five miles without previous experience is equal to fifty after the average wheelman has ridden 500 miles, or equal to a century when he has with reasonable regularity recorded 1,000 miles.

This does not of course apply to people who take a number of short lessons, and who stop at the first sign of fatigue, but to those who learn in a single lesson, and who do not give in until they have mastered the art.

"Practice makes perfect" is a maxim that must constantly recur to the cyclist. With experience he finds all the hard things become easy. The hill that a few months before he strained every nerve to surmount becomes of trifling consequence, and he hardly notices it as he covers the miles with even pace; and when he comes to the down grade on the other side and back pedals or coasts it makes him smile to think how scared he was the first time he descended it.

Riders vary in talents, and some men learn in half or quarter the time of others. It is not possible, therefore, in anything but a very general way to mark the line between novice and expert. We should say, though, that the man who has ridden a thousand miles over all kinds of roads, including hilly country, and who has covered in single rides distances of fifty, seventy-five or a hundred miles, has, as a rule, pretty near, if not quite, graduated into the expert class.

There are clearly defined periods of progress. At first the rider toils laboriously, and gets more sweat to the square inch than pleasure out of cycling. He has a terror of approaching vehicles that is only rivaled by his joy when he succeeds in safely passing them; and a hundred-foot boulevard set aside for his uses alone would not give him more space than he would like to have. At this period every mole hill is a mountain, and mountains themselves have no interest for him.

He runs into every rut and stone and ditch he comes across, and the number of narrow escapes he has would fill a book. At this period he is a "wabbler," physically and mentally.

But he is learning all the while, and presently there comes a time when on good roads his apprehensions disappear and he becomes aware that he is looking at the landscape instead of his front wheel, and thinking about subjects that would interest him under ordinary circumstances, instead of the old bugbears of collisions and sudden death.

This change frequently occurs as early as the completion of the first 100 miles.

At 500 miles he can ride the cable slot fairly well or a narrow wheel track in a country road, or easier still one of the footpaths that run beside, and he has learned the command of his bicycle on most hills and on bad roads. His muscles are hardening, and rides of twenty-five or even fifty miles over good roads do not bother him. The real pleasure of cycling is beginning to dawn on him, and he is also learning to make his bicycle of practical use in his affairs.

Then before he knows it he becomes aware that the industrious little cyclometer shows four figures on its open face, and if he is of the right kind of stuff at this stage of the game the wheel will have become a part of himself. Without being conscious of the fact the two have grown together, like the man and horse combination of the old centaur, and strangely enough it seems as though it was the bicycle that had learned and not the man. For the expert the steed of steel answers each little whim without the need of the rider's effort, here just missing that stone and there picking out the only smooth inch of road in 40ft. When the rider wishes to dismount it takes him to the exact spot and the pedal comes just right, and when he gets on again things adjust themselves just as nicely. Nothing feazes the trusty wheel, and the rider thinks to himself "How well trained it has become!" He does not take the credit to himself that he has at last learned the art of riding.

A Natural Trap.

NEW YORK, Nov. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A strange accident happened to me the other day, and I am sending an account of it to your wheeling department, because it occurred while I was out with my bicycle.

I was riding along a very lonely road past a piece of woodland, when I heard a hound persistently baying in one particular place. Thinking that he had possibly treed a coon, I left my wheel in some bushes by the side of the road and went over to investigate.

When I reached the spot I found that the dog was working at the base of a large rock 8 or 10ft. high, and perhaps 20ft. across in any direction. Upon examination I discovered that there was quite a cavity under this rock, and that by removing one or two small fragments I could make an entrance for the dog. Accordingly I set to work and raised several stones. One large stone was wedged in tightly nearly 2ft. below the surface of the surrounding ground, and I worked away at this for some time without success. Finally, however, on getting pretty well down into the opening I had made, and rocking it by purchase on one end, I loosened the stone. The same instant, to my surprise and alarm, a large fragment of the main rock, weighing perhaps two tons, slipped down several inches and pinioned one of my feet. The fact that it rested on some elastic leaf mold alone saved the foot from being crushed.

Realizing the danger of any movement on my part, I stood perfectly still and looked upward to ascertain the situation.

The loosened fragment of rock that held me fast reached a foot or more above my head and leaned over me threateningly, being plainly out of the perpendicular.

It had evidently been dislodged from the main rock by the action of the frost, water having collected in some internal fissure.

In shape it was like an immense tombstone, and I thought at the time that it might be my burial slab.

The weight of the rock pinched my foot in a very painful way, but it was evident that any ill-advised attempt to dig it out would bring the great mass over on my body, so I went at the task of releasing myself in a very leisurely way.

NEW YACHTS, 1897—SAIL.

Rig.	Class.	Name.	Owner.	Designer.	Builder.	Type.	Construction.	Length O. A.	Length L.W.L	Beam	Draft	Built at.
Yawl...	36	.....	Oliver Adams.	A. Cary Smith.	Reed Bros....	K....	Wood.	46	30	12	6 6	Fall River.
Sloop..	36	.....	.....	Builder.....	T. R. Webber.	K....	Wood..	.....	30	13	.....	New Rochelle.
Sloop..	Knock.	.....	J.F. Ackerman	.....	W. P. Kirk....	C. B..	Wood..	35	25	11	2	Tom's River.
Sloop..	24	.....	A.T Higginson	J. R. Purdon ..	.....	C. B..	Wood..	32	24	8 6	7	....
.....	.....	.....	.....	J. R. Purdon ..	.....	K....	Wood..	36	24	....	5 6	.....
Sloop..	.....	....	RNun'emacher	Builder.....	E. Borgeson...	C. B..	Wood .	25	.....	6 6	.....	Pine Lake, Minn.
Sloop..	Knock.	.....	.....	Geo. Lawley. .	Lawley & Son.	K....	Wood..	.....	24	....	....	South Boston.
Sloop..	... ...	.....	Ildo Ramsdell.	Builders.	H. & S. Davis..	Fin...	Wood.	.....	30	....	....	Chicago.
Sloop..	... ...	....	Wm. Hindshaw	Owner.....	Owner.....	C. B..	Wood..	.....	25	.....	....	Chicago.
Sloop..	Knock.	.....	F O. North...	Geo. Lawley...	Lawley & Son.	K....	Wood..	.....	.....	....	.....	South Boston.
Sloop..	Knock.	.....	H. M. Sears...	Builders.....	Herreshoff Co.	K	Wood.	.....	.....	.....	.....	Bristol.
Sloop..	.....	. ...	H. H. Linnell..	Owner.	Owner..... ...	C. B..	Wood..	23	15	8	9	Dorchester.
Cutter.	51	.....	F. M. Hoyt ...	Gardner & Cox	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	....
Cutter	51	.....	J. B. Mills....	W. Fife, Jr ...	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....

NEW YACHTS, 1897—POWER

Name.	Owner.	Designer.	Builder.	Motor.	Rig.	Material.	Over all.	L.W.L.	Beam	Draft	Built at.
.....	J. E. Brooks,...	G L. Watson ..	Ailsa Co.	Steam..	.....	.....	180	.....	.....	.....	Troon.
.....	J. G. Cassatt....	G. L. Watson ..	Ramage & Fer..	Steam..	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	Leith.
.....	C. R. Flint.....	C. D. Mosher....	....	Steam..	.....	.....	.....	122	12 6	4	....
.....	G. W. C. Drexel.	A. Chesebrough.	H. & H	Steam..	.....	Steel...	170 8	150 8	24	11	Wilmington.
.....	F. E. Brush....	F. E. Kirby.....	.....	Steam.	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	....
.....	F. L. Masury...	Builders.....	Seabury & Co...	S eam.	.....	Wood .	85	72	13	5	Morris Heights.
Raynham	E. S. Woodward	Builders.....	Seabury & Co...	Steam.	.....	.....	85	.....	.....	.....	....
.....	G. Kortright.....	Gardner & Cox..	.....	S eam..	.....	.....	90	78	.....	.....	.....
Hiawatha II.....	C. Fleischmann..	Builders.....	Seabury & Co...	Steam.	Schr...	Steel...	170	138	21	8	Morris Heights.
.....	J.A.Mollenhauer	C. D Mosher....	.....	S eam..	Schr...	Comp..	80	75	9 6	2	.....
....	.....	H. Wintringham	Marvel & Co.....	Steam..	.....	.....	125	116	30	5	Newburgh.

First I carefully drew some of the small boulders I had taken from the hole toward me. Then I wedged several of these under projecting irregularities in the lower surface of the large boulder till I had it propped in a way that I thought would keep it from rolling forward. Finally, with fingers and a bent stick, I loosened the earth beneath my foot and carefully dragged it free.

I was safe, but to guard against any one else being trapped as I had been I drove the dog to a safe distance, and climbing to the top of the rock mass braced my feet against the treacherous fragment and gave it a heave that sent it over with a rumble and crash, splintering the stones on which it fell and filling the air with a smell of brimstone. J. A. C.

Cycle Locks.

A GREAT many varieties of locks have been devised to prevent cycles from being ridden off by thieves; but in our opinion nothing is better than a small padlock and chain, which enables the owner not only to make the machine unrideable, but to secure it to a gate or railing, so that it cannot even be carried away. The chain, however, should be a special one made for the purpose, and should consist of properly tempered steel. If it is composed of any soft metal, a large pair of scissors will be sufficient to cut it through, unless it is very heavy and cumbersome.—*Scottish Cyclist.*

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Map of the United States.

A LARGE, handsome map of the United States, mounted and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in postage by P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

A meeting of the council of the Sound Y. R U. was held on Dec. 7 at the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. house, at which were present by invitation W. A. C. Hamilton, of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.; L M. Clark, of Boston, president of the Massachusetts Y. R. A., and A. J Prime, of Yonkers, president of the New York Y. R. A. Certain changes were proposed and discussed, which, if made, will bring the Sound and the Massachusetts associations more closely in harmony.

NEW YACHTS.

THE accompanying list of proposed yachts for 1897 is by no means complete or correct, but is compiled from the best available sources, and we publish it thus early in the hope that it may bring out further information by way of addition and correction.

In sailing yachts but little has been done thus far. There are not even rumors of any new racing schooners, and the news of the possible alterations to Emerald closes one source of conjecture that always serves to make news in the dull season, the plans and intentions of her owner. The extreme improbability of a challenge for the America's Cup leaves the largest cutter class just where it has been for a year past, with Defender safely laid up in New Rochelle Harbor and no prospect of a new vessel to contest the honors of the big class with her. The next class, 70ft., has thus far progressed no further than a vague rumor that it will be built up this year. We wish that we could announce that this was more than the most indefinite rumor.

The prospects for the 51ft. class are much brighter. One order has already been placed by F. M. Hoyt, owner of Norota, with her designers, Gardner & Cox. The owner of the 30-footer Infanta, J. B. Mills, has been in correspondence with her designer, Will Fife, Jr., concerning a racing 51-footer, and several other recruits to the class are rumored. It is very probable that this will be the particular racing class of 1897.

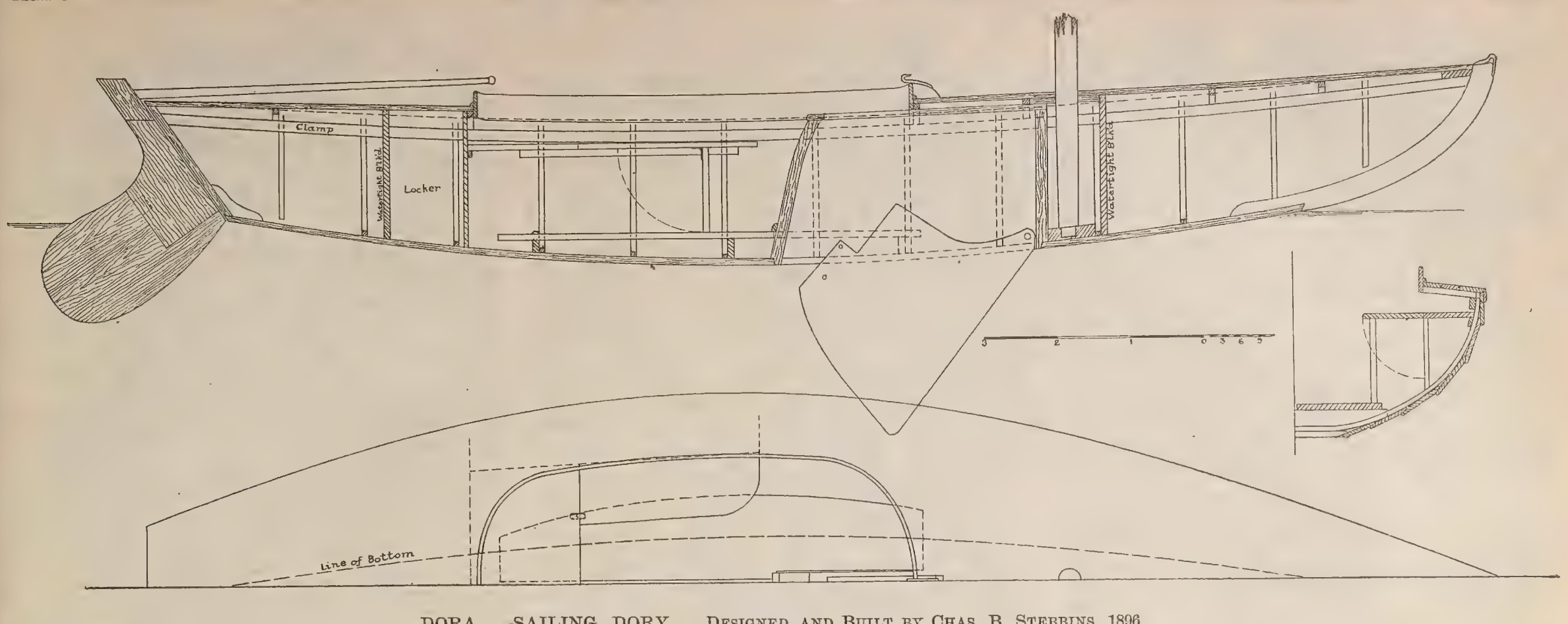
The number of smaller yachts as yet reported is quite small, and many more may be looked for after the first of the year. A. Cary Smith has designed for Oliver Adams, of the Larchmont Y. C., former owner of the yawl Kwasind, a keel yacht of the same class, a cruising yawl with good accommodation; not a racing boat, but good enough for the races of her rig about the Sound. The order is not yet placed, but the yacht will probably be built by Reed Bros., of Fall River, who built both Kwasind and Audax. Another somewhat similar craft is now building from his own design by T. R. Webber, of New Rochelle, for a Philadelphia yachtsman. She will have 6ft. 3in. headroom and the interior will be very roomy and well arranged. At Tom's River, on the Jersey coast, W. P. Kirke is at work on a cruising craft of his own design for J. F. Ackerman, of the Atlantic Y. C., former owner of the yawl Fidelio. In Boston, J. R. Purdon has ready the design for a racing jib and mainsail boat for the 24ft. l.w.l. class of the Massachusetts Y. R. A., a very shoal hull with a 400lb. board and moderate sail plan, and also a keel cruiser of the same waterline. Lawley & Co. have under way a knockabout for sale, and also an order for a knockabout from F. O. North. The Herreshoffs have an order for a racing knockabout for H. M. Sears, of Boston, and several others are rumored for the same class from the Bristol shops.

About New York the interest in the smaller classes will be concentrated on the 20ft. class, but no boats have yet been ordered except one for Philip T. Dodge, owner of the 20-footer Eos, to be designed by Chas. Olmstead, designer of Eos and the successful 15-footer Riverside. Building has already begun on some of the smaller Western lakes, where the local builders have made reputations in their successful competition with the Herreshoffs, which they will work hard to maintain. The only boat yet reported is for Pine Lake, to the order of Com. Nunnemacher, one of the most active patrons of the small racing classes.

The steam list is but a brief one as yet, the principal vessels being on foreign stocks; for reasons which are perfectly obvious when one compares the latest productions of the Clyde and the Delaware. The largest of these is a seagoing steamer for John E. Brooks, of the New York Y. C., a seagoing craft intended for long voyages. Her dimensions are not yet made known, but she is from the drawing board of Mr. Watson, as is another new craft recently ordered for J. Gardner Cassatt, of Philadephia. The former will be built by the Ailsa Ship Building Co., of Troon, N. B., and the latter by Ramage & Ferguson, of Leith.

The home orders include several yachts for coasting service, of about 150ft. l w.l. Of these, one, Hiawatha II., is building at the new works of C. L Seabury & Co., adjoining the Gas Engine and Power Co., at Morris Docks, New York, for Chas. Fleischmann, of Cincinnati, owner of Hiawatha I., built by the same firm last year. The new yacht, of steel throughout, is larger, and will be most comfortable and elegantly arranged, with all the luxuries now found in this class of vessel. The other large yacht is for G. W. Childs-Drexel, owner of the steam yacht Alcedo; the design is by A. S. Chesebrough, of Boston, and she will be built by Harlan & Hollingsworth, at Wilmington.

The most interesting novelty among the new steam craft is a high-speed yacht of a larger size than has yet been attempted—122ft. l.w.l.—designed by Chas. D. Mosher for Chas. R Flint, an old New York yachtsman. This boat will be of composite build, with double skin, with very power-



DORA.—SAILING DORY. DESIGNED AND BUILT BY CHAS. B. STEBBINS, 1896.

ful engines and boilers and twin screws. A speed of over thirty knots is confidently expected of her. She will of course have all the usual accommodations and conveniences.

Messrs. Gardner & Cox are at work on a small steel steam yacht for Governeur Kortright, of the New York Y. C., for general cruising. No particulars are yet given of the 150ft. yacht to be built for F. E. Brush, of Detroit.

Already two new yachts have been launched, one an auxiliary sloop with 10 H. P naphtha engine, launched from the works of the Gas Engine and Power Co. and Charles L. Seabury & Co , on Dec. 2. The dimensions are 47ft over all, 12ft. beam, 2ft 6in draft without centerboard The owner's cabin is very large and comfortably fitted, having four transom berths, the head room under beams being 5ft 8in. A toilet room is fitted forward of the cabin, with patent Marine water closet and folding wash basin, mirror, towel rack, etc. The forecastle is comfortable and well ventilated, having accommodations for two men A galley is fitted in separate compartment, arranged with stove, dish racks, refrigerator, etc Ample water tank capacity for long cruising and a large storage ice box. The dining table is fitted on centerboard trunk, which does not come to full height in cabin Book racks, gun racks, storage lockers, etc., are conveniently arranged for owner and guests, while the furnishings are substantial and serviceable. The hull is very strongly constructed of oak, keel and frames; planking copper fastened and riveted throughout The decks are of white pine. The bottom is coppered The cockpit is very large, and the engine is fitted at the after end, so that no room is lost The propeller is a two bladed straight flange, and under motive power the boat will run 6 to 7 miles per hour. If sail power only is used the propeller sets flush with the sternpost and does not cause any drag. The centerboard is large, and will be of great value, as the sail spread is of good proportion. The yacht was built on order of W. Ashby Jones, of Richmond, Va., who will use her for Southern cruising in the Chesapeake Bay, hunting fishing, etc. She is now being equipped for the cruise and will proceed at an early date to Richmond

The other yacht is the 40ft. steam launch Caribe, built for Messrs. Flint, Eddy & Co. by the same company. She was launched recently and given her official trial trip, attaining a speed of ten miles; the contract called for nine miles. The Caribe is for service on one of the inland rivers in Mexico, and was shipped via steamship Yumuri on Dec. 5. She is 40ft. long, 7ft. beam and draws 3ft. aft. The hull is constructed of oak keel, stem, sternpost and frames. Cedar planked, copper fastened and riveted. The hull is coppered. The machinery consists of a single high-pressure non-condensing engine and a Seabury safety water tube boiler.

It is impossible to catalogue the craft of all sizes and for all purposes turned out at the works of the Gas Engine and Power Co , but this concern is busy as usual, even in a dull season, with power launches and yachts, large and small.

We shall be glad to learn from owners or others interested of other new yachts and their dimensions.

DORA.

A Sailing Dory.

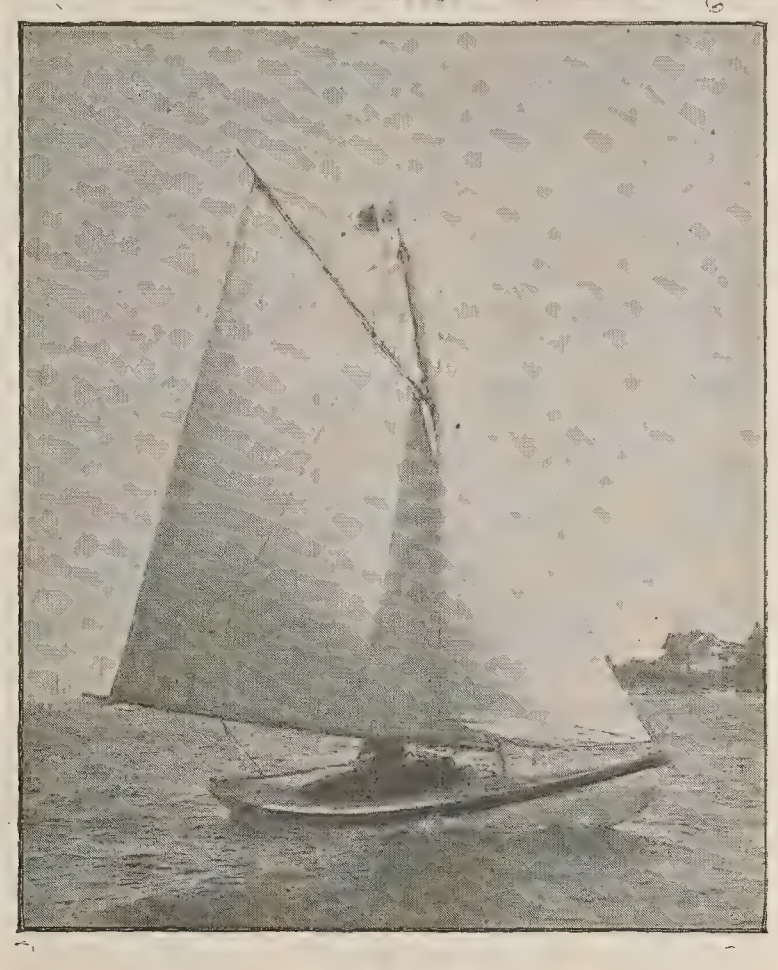
THE sailing dory of the Massachusetts coast is an admirable little craft, safe, inexpensive, fast enough for general sailing, and especially adapted for rough water. The young Corinthian will find such a boat quite within his powers as an amateur builder, and at the same time a most suitable craft in which to put to practical test the theoretical knowledge of sailing that he may acquire by reading. The boat here illustrated was designed and built by Mr. Charles B. Stebbins, son of N. L Stebbins, the yacht photographer, a young student in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, graduating this coming year in the Department of Marine Engineering and Naval Architecture. The boat was designed for sailing about Marblehead, and in her brief life of one season proved very satisfactory. She came to a most untimely end in one of the gales of last October; her owner stripped her and left her to be hauled out next day, but this was not done; the gale came, and she dragged ashore, being so badly battered on the rocks as to be past repair.

Dora was 18ft. 6in. over all, 14ft. 8in. on bottom, 5ft. 3in. wide at deck and 1ft. 10in. at bottom. She was 2ft. in depth and drew 8in.

The bottom was of $\frac{1}{4}$in. white pine, and the stem and sternpost, as well as the stern, of oak A single mould was used, that of the midship section; the stem and stern were fastened to the bottom and the frame set up on stocks with this one mould in place; the edges of the bottom were beveled to fit the garboard staff, the garboards were got out and set and afterward the other planks, all of $\frac{2}{16}$in. cedar. The result was a very handsome model, with sharp, easy ends, even sharper than at first intended. The frames were of oak, $\frac{3}{4}\times\frac{1}{2}$in , spaced 18in. on centers, steamed and bent in after the boat was planked. They were in single lengths from wale to wale. The clamps were of pine 1×2in. The bulkheads were of $\frac{1}{4}$in pine. The deck beams were of elm, 1×1in., the crown being $\frac{1}{2}$in. to each foot of beam; the deck was of $\frac{1}{8}$in. matched pine, and the washboard of $\frac{5}{8}$in. oak.

The centerboard was of cast iron $\frac{9}{16}$in. thick, weighing 130lbs., in addition to which about 370lbs. of iron was stowed under the flooring.

Being intended for single hand sailing, the cockpit was made rather small and the sail area kept to a moderate figure—150sq. ft. for the mainsail and 40sq. ft. for the jib. The centerboard trunk was kept as far forward as possible to give room in the cockpit, and the seats were hinged so as to drop out of the way. The dimensions of the spars were: Mast, from deck, 16ft. 6in.; boom, 14ft 8in.; gaff, 8ft. 6in.



DORA.

The bulkheads at the ends formed watertight compartments with ample floating power.

With white topsides set off by a sheer strake of bright red, the bottom below the waterline being green and the deck of a light tint, the little craft presented a jaunty and shipshape appearance that gave her young builder good reason to feel proud of his first attempt,

Dora will be replaced by a similar boat now building at Stearns's yard, Marblehead, the only difference being that the width of the bottom has been decreased to but 1ft. 3in. This change is shown on the plans.

THE SEAWANHAKA CUP.

A MEETING of the Royal St Lawrence Y. C. was held on Nov. 25, with Com. Ross in the chair, the following report being presented by the retiring sailing committee:

GENTLEMEN—Your sailing committee, elected last December, having completed their term of office, report as follows:

When your committee took office the challenge for the Seawanhaka-Corinthian International Cup had been accepted; preparations were at once made to encourage the 15ft. class, in order to build up as large and excellent a fleet as possible from which to select the challenger. Through the ready response of our active sailing members and the generosity of our commodore in donating very handsome prizes for the trial races, an excellent fleet of 15-footers was built and raced hard early in the season. The Glencairn was finally selected as a challenger, and succeeded in winning the cup in three successive races sailed off Oyster Bay July 13, 14 and 15.

Immediately after these races the S. C. Y. C. challenged for the cup, specifying the 25ft. class. Your committee considered 25ft. r. l. racing boats quite unfit for our waters, but intimated their willingness to accept a challenge in the 20ft. class, provided certain restrictions on sail and draft were imposed, which would make the boats serviceable for other purposes than racing.

In naming the 20ft. class we had in mind that the S. C. Y. C. had, at our request, postponed their intention of changing the class last year.

We felt, too, that the 20ft. class would be acceptable to many of our members who considered the 15-footers too small, and that no injustice was done to the present 15-footers, as they would be outclassed by next year's boats. The S. C. Y. C. have accepted our suggestions with regard to class, sail area and draft, but the details of the method of measuring have not been finally decided upon, nor the date of the contest. As soon as the main points were agreed upon an interim circular was sent to Canadian yacht clubs as appended:

The Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. international challenge cup for small yachts, having been won by the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., and the former club having challenged for same, the races for this trophy will be held on Lake St. Louis next year, under the auspices of this club. The challenge has been made in the 20ft. (racing length) class, restricting the sail area to 500sq. ft. and the draft to 5ft. The cup is an international trophy, and it is hoped that all the Canadian yacht clubs will be represented in the trial races to be held for the purpose of selecting a defender. The details of the measurement and the conditions of the match are still under discussion, but will be announced by circular later, together with all necessary information.

Intending builders are therefore requested not to do anything definite without reference to the sailing committee of the R. S. L. Y. C.

Advice from those contemplating entering in the trial races will insure their receiving promptly all detail information.

(Signed) G. H. DUGGAN, Chairman Sailing Committee.
J. C. C. ALMON, Sec'y Sailing Committee.

Although the interest was mainly centered in our 15-footers, the other racing was by no means neglected. The usual class races having fair entries, there were good contests for the Sir D. A. Smith, Commodore Hamilton, Girouard and Hamilton trophies, the winners of the several cups being as follows: Sir Donald Smith, Chaperon; Commodore Hamilton, Xania; Justice Girouard (25ft. class), Marjorie; W. A. C. Hamilton challenge trophy (20 and 15ft. classes), Anita.

The club was invited to participate in two races given by the residents of Senneville; Lake of Two Mountains on Aug. 8, for the Lake of Two Mountains challenge trophy, and on Aug. 29, for special prizes for 15-footers. On both occasions we were well represented, and succeeded in taking the coveted trophy to Lake St. Louis; the cordial reception given the club on these occasions made them two of the pleasantest events of the season.

Your committee have been watching the changes which are now pending in the Long Island Sound Yacht Racing Union, believing that it is desirable that our sailing rules should conform as far as possible. Our sailing rule regarding the measurement of 20ft. class boats will have to be changed to agree with the conditions under which the contest for the S. C. cup races will be sailed, and we recommend that the necessary changes be made. Before retiring your committee desire to impress upon you their sense of the importance of making a strong effort to retain the cup, believing that it will do more than anything else to encourage yachting, as well as add to the good name and prestige of the club, and we would ask you to bring before our members the necessity of taking prompt action to build a fleet from which to select the defender. We feel that our success last year was due in large measure to the ready way in which the members came forward and built the 15-footers. Your committee recommend the purchase of a small club steamer to follow our races. It will be necessary throughout the trial and cup races next year to have a steamer from which to direct them, involving an outlay for charter of probably several hundred dollars. We have obtained tenders, and believe that a suitable steamer can be built for about $1,800, and think that a handsome return on this outlay might be realized by charging members a small fee to follow the races. We append statement showing details of our expenditure, also accounts and summaries of the races. Before closing we desire you to express our and the club's thanks to our commodore for his generous gift of prizes for the 15ft. class; to the steam yacht members for providing another prize; to Mr. Angus for his kindness in towing the 15 footers up to Lake of Two Mountains and his hospitality at his residence; to Mr. Drummond for his hospitality and sending up the Wild Rose to take Messrs. Croundell and Sherman, of the Seawanhaka Club, for a run on Lake St. Louis and Lake of Two Mountains, and also to Mr. Eadie for many services during the summer and towing 15-footers to Ogdensburg, Lake of Two Mountains and return.

The subject of the 20ft. class and the defense of the cup was discussed, and it was decided that the club should build at an early date an experimental boat. Com. Ross has donated the sum of $700 for prizes, to be expended as the sailing committee shall deem best in the encouragement of the new class. The sailing committee for 1897 will include Messrs. G. H. Duggan, R. Fitzgibbon, W. A. C. Hamilton, A. Hamilton, J. C C Almon, F. P. Shearwood.

On Dec. 5 Messrs. G. H. Duggan and W. A C. Hamilton, of the Royal St Lawrence Y. C , visited New York on the invitation of the Seawanhaka Cor. Y C , and were in conference with the race committee throughout the evening and nearly all of the next day. The proposed limitations of the 20ft. class were very thoroughly discussed, and the details of sail measurement, spinaker, draft, etc., were satisfactorily arranged. The conditions as decided on by the representatives will be made public as soon as they have been submitted to the two clubs The principal points covered were the limitation of the sail area to 500sq ft , the head triangle being measured instead of the windward jib, while the mainsail will be measured between marked points on the spars. The draft of keel yachts is limited to 5ft., and centerboard yachts with boards fitted to house above the bottom of keel are limited to 6ft. total draft Only amateurs may be carried in the international races. The trial races will be sailed in the middle of July and the international races in the middle of August.

Varuna.

THE new steam yacht Varuna, designed by G. L. Watson and built by A. & J. Inglis, Glasgow, for Eugene Higgins, of the New York Y. C. arrived at New York on Dec. 2. She left the Clyde on Nov. 21, with Capt. Trayler in command, encountering bad weather on the trip, which was made in 8 days 21 hours, making 378 nautical miles in one day. She is now at the Erie Basin completing her outfit for a long cruise to the Mediterranean, Mr. Higgins having planned to start on Dec. 12. Varuna is the largest and most imposing of her class yet seen in American waters.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The mess dinners of the Seawanhaka C Y. C. at the new town house on Saturday evenings promise to become a popular feature of the off season in yachting. The entertainment committee proposes in the future to select some yachting topic for each evening, a short dissertation being given by some member, followed by an informal discussion. On Dec. 12 a ladies' reception will be given at the club house, 19 East Twenty-second street, from 4:30 to 7.

Strae, steam yacht. T. A McIntyre, has sailed for Jacksonville, Fla., with Capt. Geo. D. Purdy in command. Mr. McIntyre has sent the yacht South for the sixth successive season, using her on the Onslow River, where he has a winter home. Before sailing she was thoroughly overhauled and refitted at the Nyack works of her builders, Seabury & Co.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1896-97.

Commodore, John N. MacKendrick, Galt, Canada.
Sec'y-Treas., John R. Blake, Galt, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. W. Fleischman, 1611 N. 21st St., Phila., Pa.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Francis H. Mannee, Kingston, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

LAKE HURON AND THE AUX SABLE RIVER.

(Concluded from page 455.)

Aug 24.—The early part of the day was devoted to angling for bass. We, however, did not get any, nor did we capture a single specimen on the trip. The Captain, however, did get a mess of bream, which, if memory is not at fault, were forgotten while in the pan and burned beyond recognition.

Shortly after returning to camp Jim silently stole away from our midst. He had not been seen leaving camp and was not missed until the rattling crash of a whole broadside announced his whereabouts on a commanding elevation about a fourth of a mile away, and throughout the remainder of the day he was momentarily within hearing; for, be it remembered, he had brought along five boxes of pistol cartridges, and as he declared, was bound to work them off.

The remainder of the party, in the absence of other amusement now, also took to the hills, and labored assiduously in prostrating the decayed and tottering relics of a vanishing forest. Another form of recreation occasionally indulged in was in accelerating the speed of certain rodents into their holes. We then wandered off to an elevation from which we could look back along the course we had followed the day before, and though many points of interest were dimmed by distance, yet could we recognize them. Bluebeech, with great confidence, could point out certain features in the landscape by which he could tell beyond a peradventure the exact location of a certain bog hole that he had visited, but a sadness came over him as he cast his eyes down to where the traces of the conflict still remained on his boots and maculate hosiery. By this time the heat of the sun had become so great that we were glad to retrace our steps to camp and the shades of the oaks.

In the afternoon a sharp shower came on, driving us under the canvas; but when it had passed, leaving the air purer and cooler, we turned out for a paddle and enjoyed a delightful evening in exploring the river and the many bayous, in whose marvelous depths and crystal waters a museum of wonderful acquatic curios are to be seen.

Aug. 25.—On awaking this morning our ears were greeted by the roar of the surf, as it thundered on the shores of Lake Huron half a mile away. A gale of wind too was blowing, the effects of which we could see and hear, but in our wonderfully sheltered nook scarcely a breath of air was stirring.

The preparation for breakfast this morning was gone about in a most leisurely fashion. There was no hurry, no bustle about it, and after it was eaten there seemed no disposition on the part of the squad to repeat the angling failures of the past two days; moreover, there seemed to be a growing feeling of restlessness in the camp, an undefined sense of an approaching crisis. It took form as will be seen by the following dialogue, which took place between Jim and Bluebeech as the former sat intently poring over the advertisement columns of Forest and Stream:

Bluebeech: Hallo, Jim! what are you studying?

Jim: Kinematics.

Bluebeech: Minnow buckets?

Jim: Naw! Kinematics.

Bluebeech: What's that?

Jim: It's the science of getting a move on, taking down the tents, packing the canoes and taking a sneak down stream. I give you a pointer, see!

The Pilot now rose to his feet, and taking a step back bowed his willowy form, and warping his fingers around a tent stake wrenched it up with a mighty heave. The Treasurer anticipating the move came in a close second, and in less than a half hour nothing was left of the camp but the camp-fire that did not smoulder, a few very empty cans, and a pair of the Treasurer's ruined slippers that had been nailed to a tree. We were floating merrily down stream.

A half mile paddle brought us opposite the prettily located village of Port Franks, situated on a level, sandy plain on the south bank of the river, which here runs nearly parallel with the shores of Lake Huron, leaving a narrow neck of land between. Along this neck of land a range of towering sandhills rear their bald heads hundreds of feet into the air, offering a splendid natural protection to the village from the biting north winds. The village at one time was a brisk milling and salt-producing center, but with the disappearance of the pine and the filling up of the river by the washings of the Lake Burwell drainage canal these industries were abandoned, the population drifted away and now the pine mills and salt works are fast falling to decay.

As we passed beyond the village a driving shower of rain came on, with heavy gusts of wind, and coming to an opening in the hills, where the wind got a good slant at us, it taxed our energies to their utmost to avoid being driven on the shore; but on coming to a second bend in the river we were favored by a long, straight, down-wind course and went away over the troubled waters in a grand spurt that quickly brought us to the mouth of the river, where we pitched the tents and made snug for the night.

Aug. 26.—The day broke bright and warm, though a strong wind was blowing, and a heavy sea continued to roll in all day long. We were, however, in the sand cherry country, and they being abundant on the hills, and our commissary department being somewhat light in the luxuries, we were contented to remain and gather them, as they afforded us an agreeable variation in our diet, and helped to kill time. When we had gathered a sufficiency of fruit we turned our attention to the exploration of Mud Creek and the marvelous labyrinth of bayous connected with it, and were well repaid for our trouble.

In the afternoon, while Jim and the Captain were on one of their voyages of discovery, they came upon an old abandoned dugout canoe, and their curiosity to experiment with it led them to undertake the arduous task of transporting it over the sandhills to the river, where they launched it; but it looked so dangerously unstable that neither was disposed to risk his valuable life afloat in it. Jim persistently argued that the Captain, having a wide and varied experience in the handling of strange craft, should be the first to experiment with this one. The Captain could not see it, and argued that, as Jim was an expert canoeman, a nimble athlete and a good swimmer, and not having the care and responsibility of a family, he should be the first to step into the breach and immortalize his name. Jim demurred. They then repaired to a seat on a convenient log, where, seeming to think there was as much pleasure and diversion in arguing the point as in anything else, they continued the debate. They needed a rest too, as the labor of trailing this old relic to where it then lay had been very great.

The debate after a long and earnest discussion came to an end, they apparently having reached an agreement, as the Captain produced a strong cord from his pocket and attached it to the bow of the canoe and proceeded to tow it up to camp, while Jim aided him by keeping it away from the shore with a pole. As the procession approached camp the squad filed out to witness the triumphal entrance of the Captain with his prize. When the Captain had swung his craft to anchor and had mopped the perspiration from his brow he proceeded to point out its fine qualities and easy, graceful lines; he also described in lurid hues the magnitude of the task they had undertaken in transporting it overland to the river. Great interest was manifested during the recital of this tale, but when the Captain described where and how he had found it a discussion arose as to the legality of his rights, title, interests or claims in the craft. He was in possession, but not by inheritance; therefore he could have no claim in, to, out of, or upon the said craft. The roar that burst from the Captain as he tumbled up at this stage of the discussion was like a near-hand storm, and as he waved his hand to command attention he said impressively: "Gentlemen, I am in possession of this craft by right of discovery, and no one may deprive me of my legal rights but the legitimate owner." As may be guessed, this ended the discussion, the Captain having established his claim beyond doubt, and he announced that henceforth the vessel should be known as the Molliesquash. Then in a burst of magnanimous liberality he tranferred all his claims over to Jim, who had rendered him such valuable service in transporting it. The Molliesquash, though hardly deserving to be rated higher than A1 as a floating palace, yet was in many ways superior as a means of travel to a saw log, as Jim afterward abundantly verified by making several successful trips in her.

Aug. 27.—We were greatly disappointed on turning out this morning to find a heavy sea still running on the lake. We had intended to continue our journey along the shore to Kettle Point, where we wished to remain over the next day, which was Sunday. At this camp we had not been successful in taking any bass We had pretty thoroughly harvested the sand cherry crop, and having about exhausted every other source of amusement, we were now becoming impatient to be moving; but as this was out of the question we did the only thing that was open for us, *i. e.*, inaugurated a grand regatta in a sheltered part of the river, where for the greater part of the forenoon the white sails and bright canoes flitted hither and thither, races were indulged in spasmodically, and were brimful of excitement. Occasional exhibitions too of some of the most astonishing evolutions were given, these invariably occurring at a time when the wind came in from several points of the compass at the same time. Drifting races, hurry-scurry races and tacking down wind were features of the grand display that helped to wile away the time till the dinner hour.

After dinner the question of making the attempt to reach Kettle Point, only about seven miles distant, was again freely discussed. There was still a very heavy sea running, but we fancied it was going down. Finally Bluebeech paddled out to the mouth of the river, and after feeling the force of wind and waves returned and reported it too rough for the Pilot and Treasurer, whose canoes were not provided with aprons, but as they were most anxious to be moving they expressed a willingness to make the attempt.

The tents were soon taken down, the canoes packed, and we were off. As we neared the mouth of the river and viewed the blue, foam-capped expanse of rolling billows, it looked as though we were about to commit the grand folly of our lives.

The Captain ventured the remark that it looked pretty dirty outside, but there was no response from the crew, who seemed to have made up their minds to go it, sink or swim

We were soon going it in a grand dash through the boiling, seething succession of curling breakers, tumbled and tossed about We found we had a much larger task than we had bargained for; beyond the breakers our condition was not much improved, as the course we wished to take was directly in the trough of the sea.

Watching our opportunity, we would dash along with all possible speed; then as a great breaker threatened to engulf us we would head into it until it had passed, and then square away again with might and main; every minute or two we were forced to head in, and each time added a little more moisture in the bottom of the canoes. At one time our attention was attracted to Yukon by Bluebeech, who shouted "There's an upset," as a great wave struck Yukon broadside on with a tremendous thud, enveloping her for a moment in a mass of seething foam and flying spray, but in a moment she reappeared again, right side up, with the Treasurer sitting in his place unmoved and cool as a cucumber. The only comment he was heard to make was the brief one "letter-out;" nevertheless Yukon had taken a fine cargo of water aboard, which the duffle was absorbing. A similar process was going on in the other canoes, and our own clothing clung to our backs like a wet pack, cooling our ardor and preparing us for a flunk all along the line.

For an hour we had been working like beavers and had only made a mile, and at this rate of speed it would take us until evening to reach our destination, and should our canoes continue to take in water at the same rate at which they had been we would be swamped before we could cover a quarter of the distance.

But at this juncture an event occurred that speedily settled the matter for us This was the approach of three huge, towering, white-crested combers that came sweeping along with the speed of a race horse. We promptly headed up, and as we did so the Captain coolly remarked: "Boys, I guess we'll have to swim." As the first one came on the canoes rose, dove into and neatly split it in two, staggered a little, then bobbed up serenely on the other side. We now dug our paddles in with desperate energy as we dove down into the trough of the sea, up we climbed again, cut through the second and again through the third; the danger was now past, we were still afloat, every article in the canoes was afloat also and off on a little erratic cruise of its own.

We might have regarded the experience of those few minutes as something splendid were it not for the fact that we were drenched to the skin and the canoes half filled with water. Without any preliminaries every canoe was headed for shore and was urged along with a zeal and energy that betokened an earnest desire in each canoeist's heart to reach it by the shortest route and in the quickest possible time. On we went into the breakers, and amid the boil and roar and tumult were tumbled on the beach in an indescribable jumble and scramble. Bluebeech made a clean home run of it, but admitted being butted aft by an incoming wave as he made his way up the beach on his hands and knees; and though the opportunities were not favorable for close observation it is more than probable that the rest of the squad reached the shore in a manner not differing materially from that adopted by him. We were in a bad plight, everything wet, our staff of life afloat in the bread box; but so well pleased were we to be once more on solid ground that we would not have taken it seriously amiss had it been afloat in the middle of Lake Huron.

When the canoes had been hauled up beyond the reach of the waves they were unpacked and turned over to allow them to drain out. The duffle was then carried up to a slight depression between two hills, where a huge fire was built and everything hung up to dry. Exposing our own clothing to the fire by a revolving process of the body, we soon dried ourselves out. We responded to a call from the Captain to discuss a project which he had formulated for our deliverance from our present camp site to a more favorable one. His plan was to procure a team at Stony Point to move our outfit along the shore to Kettle Point, and as this plan was agreeable to all, the Captain and Jim started for the Point, a mile distant.

In a little while they returned with the discouraging announcement that they had failed to procure a team, but while at the Point they had learned that a gentleman who had left just a few minutes before their arrival had been making inquiry whether a party of canoeists had passed that place, and having been answered in the negative had driven away. The description given of the gentleman and also that of a dog that accompanied him left no doubts in our minds that the person described was the club's Secretary, and ourselves the party of canoeists whom he was in search of. Why the Secretary should be searching for us we could not guess, unless he was the bearer of a message to us of some great calamity that had befallen the folks at home. With this thought uppermost in our minds, and believing that he would continue his search to Port Franks, and as the only road by which he could reach that place ran at some distance back from the shore, we determined to intercept him at the Port.

The Treasurer and Bluebeech, now thoroughly alarmed, started for the Port at top speed. Taking the beach until the river was reached, they then followed along its banks to Mud Creek, which they crossed on a raft of cedar posts, and then a brisk walk of five minutes brought them to the village, where inquiry was made at several places, but no trace could be found of the Secretary; he had not arrived. They then started out along the road by which he would be sure to enter, but after traveling for about a couple of miles and not meeting him it became evident that he had not gone to the Port, as had he done so they should have met him long before this. Satisfied of this, they retraced their steps to the Port, where they hired a boatman to take them down to the mouth of the river, from where they sprinted it to camp, reaching it long after nightfall, thoroughly tired out and hopelessly mystified.

As we had already failed to procure a team, and as a heavy sea was still running on the lake, there seemed no other alternative but remain where we were until morning, when, if the sea had gone down, we would push on down to Blain's Grove, and there procure a conveyance. Should the lake still be rough in the morning we would have to adopt some other means of getting out. With this plan agreed upon, we turned in for the night.

Aug. 28.—At 6 A. M, the lake being calm, we shoved off from the shore, and for a few miles paddled briskly to get up a little circulation, as the morning was cool; then settling down to steady work we did not relax until Kettle Point was reached, where we rested a few minutes and then pushed on again. At Jeff's resort we ran in and inquired for the Secretary, but getting no intelligence of him we continued on down to Cedar Point, where we lunched and rested our weary bones for half an hour. Fearing we might be storm-bound, we once more—wearily, and with aching arms and blistered hands—grasped the paddles, with a grim determination to do the last stretch as quickly as possible and be done with the suspense.

On reaching Blain's Grove and the end of our cruise, we selected a favorable place for our camp and prepared and ate our dinners, after which the Captain and Treasurer left us to go in search of a conveyance to take them home. This we afterward learned they failed to procure, and were forced to walk the entire distance home. Ten miles of dusty roads in a scorching sun, parched with thirst and footsore, was what they experienced on that trip; and on reaching home they found all their fears were without foundation. All were well, and the Secretary's mission had been merely one of business.

Aug. 30.—At about 10 o'clock the team came to take us home, where we arrived in due time Though the outing could hardly be called a howling success, yet there was much in it that was pleasant, many incidents that were very amusing, and many that were very much the opposite; but on the whole it was about what we expected it to be, and we were not disappointed.

Bluebeech.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The Revolver Championship.

THE revolver tournament held last week by the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, of this city, was interesting as an example of pistol practice, and was participated in by a number of persons, one of whom, Mr. Olsen, came on from Minnesota to take part in the contest.

We have already remarked that as a contest for the revolver championship of the United States, which this tournament was originally announced to be, it is an absurdity. Neither the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, nor any other organization, however good its intentions may be, has the power to do away with all that has been accomplished in any sport in the past, and to begin, at some date which may suit its own convenience, a new series of records. There are already champion revolver shots in this country, and what they have done in the past cannot be ignored.

The amateur championship is held by Capt. W. E. Petty, who has held it for four years against all comers. No title of championship given by any association will be worth the paper that it is written on until Capt. Petty shall have been defeated, and it would certainly be most unfortunate for the sport of revolver shooting if championship titles could be given out by any association which might choose to assume the right to do this. Such a course could result only in endless confusion and bickering, with the result of cheapening and degrading the sport and all who took part in it.

While the Knickerbocker Athletic Club might very well inaugurate a tournament to decide who should be the championship of the club or of the State, it can have nothing at present to say about the championship of the United States, and for the sake of the sport it is to be hoped that no claim to these titles will be made by the winner of this tournament until after the existing champion shall have been challenged and defeated. The matter is one in which the mere pride of an organization ought not to be allowed to endanger the sport.

On the other hand, this competition having brought out some good pistol shots, it will be eminently proper that they—or some of them—should challenge Capt. Petty for the amateur championship, and if he should be defeated by the winner in the Knickerbocker Athletic Club he will no doubt bear his defeat as gracefully as he has in the past the victories he has won.

Calumet Heights Riflemen.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 26.—The Calumet Heights Gun Club held a rifle contest to-day in connection with its annual Thanksgiving Day tournament. The rifle committee of the club issued the following programme of events:

No. 1, to commence at 8 A M, sharp: Class A, medal shoot, 10 shots, 200yds, any caliber rifle, subject to the usual rules; four prizes; entrance for medal score, 25 cents; entrance for medal score and special prizes, 50 cents.

No. 2, to commence at 10 A. M.: Class B, ladies' medal shoot, 10 shots, 100yds., .22cal. rifles, subject to the usual rules; four prizes; entrance fee for medal score and prizes, 50 cents.

No. 3, to commence at 11:30 A. M.: Class B, ladies only, 5 shots, 100yds., .32cal. rifles, off-hand, any position; three prizes; entrance fee, 50 cents.

No. 4, to commence at 2 P. M.: Class A, gentlemen; 10 shots, any caliber rifle, off-hand position; each contestant to advance 20yds and fire the first shot at 180yds., second at 160yds., third at 140yds., fourth at 120yds., fifth at 100yds.; each contestant to fire his full score and count it afterward; four prizes; entrance fee, 50 cents.

Prizes for season's scores: Class A—first prize, diamond medal; second prize, silk umbrella; third prize, mantel clock. Class B—First prize, diamond medal; second prize, embroidered lunch cloth; third prize, embroidered centerpiece.

There will be two sighting shots permitted.

As this is to be the last rifle shoot for the season, we expect that every member who can will be on hand. With this idea in view, the rifle committee have made the programme as short as is consistent with the importance of the day.

The class medals will be awarded by the committee in the evening. Two consolation prizes will also be awarded in each class for second and third best scores for the season.

Thanking the members for their generous support in the past, and trusting that rifle shooting has come to stay in the Calumet Heights Club, etc.

The medals in the rifle contests for the season were awarded as follows: Class A medal to Dr. J. O. Hobbs on 206 out of a possible 250 points; Class B medal to Miss Ervin on 222 out of a possible 250 points.

The results in the four contests arranged for to-day are given in detail below:

	No. 1.		No. 4.	
J C Hobbs, Jr.	3455445344	—41	24344	—17
J O Hobbs	3424554435—39+2—41		43443	—18
Dr Harlan	3454443444	—39	.....	
Dr Davis	4354045344—37+2—39		32340—12+1—13	
G C Lamphere	0534444352—34+2—36		.....	
H B Black	3442440435—33+2—35		33144—18+1—19	
A C Paterson	3520433534—32+2—34		.....	
Dr Hodson	4434304254	—33	24524	—17
Spalding	4302424424	—29	.....	

In No. 1 J. C Hobbs, Jr., won first, Dr. Harlan second, G. C. Lamphere third and H. B Black fourth. In No. 4 Black won first, Dr. Hobbs second and Hobbs, Jr., third.

	No. 2.		No. 3.	
Mrs C W Carson	4445454444	—42	50434	—16
Mrs Marshall	3334445444—39+2—40		23232—12+1—13	
Mrs Chamberlain	4543443242—36+2—38		55453—22+1—23	
Mrs R B Carson	4434434444	—38	03332	—11
Mrs Lamphere	4434443333	—35	33423	—15
Miss Ervin	3332434333	—31	34043	—14

In No. 2 Mrs. C. W. Carson won first, Mrs. Marshall second, and Mrs Chamberlain third. In No. 3 Mrs. Chamberlain won first, Mrs. C. W. Carson second, and Mrs. Lamphere third.

In the above 10-shot contests "open sights" were allowed 2 points, and 1 point in the 5-shot contests.

Nov. 28—The following scores were made to-day by members of Class A, open sights being allowed 2 points in each 10-shot contest. Conditions: 200yds., off hand, standard target:

	No 1		No. 2.	
C W Spalding	3443445454—	40	3445443433—	37
A W Harlan	4454342443—	37	4421453444—	38
L Davis	4534444343—38+2—	40	4233335444—	35
A C Paterson	2322043343—	27	3254544342—36+2—	38

In a third shoot under the same conditions, Harlan won first with 41; Paterson second with 35+2—37; Davis was third with 36, and Spalding fourth with 33.

Miss Ervin shot a string of 10 shots for the Class B medal; conditions: 100yds., 22-caliber rifle, rest, Creedmoor target reduced. Her score was 4444545444—42. PATTY.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Nov. 22—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club:

Rifle, 200yds, three shots, Unfred diamond medal: F. O. Young 11, D. W McLaughlin 16.

Military rifle, Glindemann medal, ten shots: E. Hovey 45, F. H. Bushnell 45 F. H. Pape 45

Rifle record, ten shots: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 67, F. Schaffer 63.

Most flags during the month: E. Hovey (musket) 2, F. O. Young 3, D. W. McLaughlin 2, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 1, A. H. Strecker 1, H. Burfeind 1.

Pistol 50yds., Blanding medal, three shots, re-entry: J. E Gorman 7, 7; T. O Young, 8, 8; T. W. Bushnell, 8, 14.

All comers .22 caliber rifle, Rogers medal; five shots, re-entry: E. Jacobson, 9 9; Ed. Hovey, 8, 9; Colonel S. J. Kellogg 16; Mrs. M. J. White, 15, 16; Mrs C. F. Waltham.

Glindemann ladies' trophy, ten shots, .22-caliber rifle: Mrs M. J. White 38, Mrs. C. F. Waltham 46. ROELL.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 29—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, Standard target, 7-ring black:

Gindele.																				
7	9	8	8	10	8	9	9	9	7—84		10	7	6	8	10	8	9	9	9	8—84
10	7	9	10	9	10	8	10	8	7—88		10	10	8	6	9	9	10	7	9	9—87
Payne.																				
9	8	8	9	6	8	10	10	8	5—81		7	8	6	8	10	5	7	7	9	9—76
8	7	9	7	8	9	7	8	6	7—76		7	8	5	8	7	10	5	6	8	9—73
Trounstein.																				
7	5	6	6	7	5	10	8	9	9—72		8	5	6	5	7	8	6	8	8	10—71
6	7	9	5	6	9	9	6	8	6—71		8	10	4	8	8	5	6	6	9	6—70
Heidkamp																				
8	8	8	6	9	8	6	9	5	9—76		8	6	8	8	8	9	7	10	4	10—73
10	8	4	7	8	6	4	10	6	8—70		6	6	6	8	6	8	9	8	6	7—70
Topf.																				
8	7	2	5	8	4	6	6	10	7—70		7	5	3	10	3	8	5	7	9	7—84
6	7	5	5	8	8	4	6	4	7—60		4	9	10	3	4	8	4	6	4	8—60
Lux.																				
8	10	4	5	5	7	7	8	7	5—68		8	8	6	5	5	8	9	5	9	5—68
6	7	6	7	5	5	6	6	6	6—64		5	8	6	7	7	7	7	5	8	4—64
Hasenzahl.																				
6	10	9	10	5	10	9	8	10	9—86		8	8	7	10	6	10	8	8	10	6—81
10	7	9	6	9	7	8	8	6	10—80		8	7	10	6	8	8	6	10	10	7—80
Drube.																				
10	10	3	4	6	9	10	3	7	7—69		5	8	5	5	7	10	7	5	8	10—70
7	6	10	8	7	6	8	8	5	5—70		7	7	4	8	4	6	4	8	6	7—61
Hake.*																				
5	6	5	6	9	6	9	6	3	7—62		10	8	4	8	6	8	9	3	4	5—65
5	9	5	4	4	7	5	8	7	3—56											

* Military rifle.

Knickerbocker Club's Tournament.

THE revolver tournament promoted by the Knickerbocker Club, of New York city, was brought to a close after a week's shooting on the club's ranges Some really excellent scores were made, but as re-entries were allowed this is not to be wondered at, as some of the best revolver experts in the country took part. The proceedings were well managed and everything passed off smoothly.

Thirty-three shooters in all took part in the contest, the majority of course being from New York and the vicinity, although there were some among the number who came a long distance to compete for honors with the revolver. Among the latter was Oscar I. Olsen, of Minneapolis, who was unable to get to New York before Thursday, and thus had only two and one-half days in which to do his best to beat those who had had six days at their disposal. Over 1,100 targets were fired at, an average of something like 33 to each man. Of course this average was not general; no doubt several of the shooters re-entered many more times than others. Figures on these re-entries would be interesting reading. It stands to reason that, given equal skill, the man who re-enters oftenest is the one that has the best chance to come out on top when only the two best targets at each of the two ranges count for prizes.

The names of the contestants were: Guy E. Robinson, Dr. C. T. Adams, Capt Jas. C. Summers, Dr. H. E. Westbay, M. Metzler, Dr. R. H Savre, S. W. McPherson, L L. Jessup, Dr. W. J. Furness, H. C. Barnett, F. S. Schwab, Geo. Mager. J M. Stewart. P. F. Wilder, Chas. McChesney, P d'Irio. F. Minervini, H. J Bennett, H. O'Brien, W. C. Damron, Theodore Beck, Alex Stein, F. W. Green, F A. Plaisted, Oscar I. Olsen, E A. Bigelow, W. C O'Brien, G. C Waters, C. B. Bishop, C. Corrie, G. W. Ripley, A. A. Webber and C E. Taintor.

The conditions were 6 shots on each target at each range, 10 and 20yds, use of any revolver whose barrel and cylinder did not exceed 10½in, any ammunition and any trigger pull. In giving its report of the scores made during the week, the New York *Sun* of Dec 7 says:

"The judges or scrutinizers were Gen. B. M. Whitlock, State Inspector of Rifle Practice; Gen. B. W. Spencer, Inspector of Rifle Practice in New Jersey; Lieut. H C. Broun; Maj. N. B. Thurston, of the 22d Regiment, and Charles Zettler, the well-known rifle shot. After a long session, which was principally due to the fact that the judges had to examine each and every one of the 1,100 odd targets with magnifying glasses, measuring instruments, etc., the following five highest scores were announced:

	10Yds.	20Yds.	Total.
Guy E Robinson	58	59	117
	58	57	115—232
Oscar I Olsen	59	58	117
	57	56	111—228
Theodore Beck	58	58	116
	57	55	112—228
Alexander Stein	57	59	116
	55	56	111—227
Dr R H Sayre	56	58	114
	54	56	110—224

"Many others were close up, but their scores were not figured out. While the winner made a remarkably high score, the majority of the experts were of the opinion that Olsen, the Minneapolis crack, did by far the best shooting of the tournament, and his average of targets shot at was higher than that of any other contestant. Instead of starting in on Monday and shooting continuously all week, as the winner and most of the other contestants did, he was unable to reach the city until Thursday, losing three and a half days' practice."

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES

Dec. 12—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Amateur championship of New Jersey, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club.

Dec. 15.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Winston-Roll match for the Du Pont trophy; Watson's Park.

Dec. 22.—ALBANY, N. Y.—Tournament under the auspices of the West End Gun Club; sparrows. Horace B. Derby, Sec'y.

Dec. 22-23.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Ninth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club. First day, targets; second day, live birds.

1897.

Jan. 1.—NEWARK, N. J.—Sixteenth annual tournament and reception of the South Side Gun Club. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

Jan. 4-5.—PRESCOTT, Arizona.—Fourth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Prescott Gun Club. Roy Hill, Sec'y.

Jan. 14-15.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club; sparrows. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Jan. 20-25.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second midwinter tournament, under the management of Oscar Guessaz. $200 added.

Feb. 27-March 11.—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—The Arkansaw Traveler's first grand annual live bird tournament: $10,000 in purses and added moneys. Souvenir programmes ready Jan. 1. Address all communications to John J. Sumpter, Jr., Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.

March 13-17.—BAYCHESTER, N. Y.—Second annual tournament of the Cobweb Gun Club; live birds and targets. Cobweb handicap at live birds, $500 guaranteed.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK CITY.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

April 15-17.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

May 11-14.—OIL CITY, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.

May 17-22.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association Fred T. Durrant, Sec'y.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company

June 16-17.—FARGO, N. D.—Third annual tournament of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association. Targets, W W. Smith, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

E D. Fulford can now star as a boy wonder. He has removed that heavy black moustache that concealed every wrinkle when he smiled, and now appears with a smooth-shaven upper lip and looks ten years younger. His good looks, however, suffer proportionately, and it would seem more natural for him to be pacing the Rialto in the character of a theatrical star rather than handling a Greener as one of the planets of the shooting firmament.

A very unpleasant piece of business marred the pleasure of the great four-handed shoot at Trenton, N. J., last Thursday, Dec. 3. The original intention was to make the purse one money, winner to take all. A final agreement was come to by which, as we heard it, the winner was to take 75 per cent. of the purse, the second man saving his stake, there being four entries. At the close, Elliott and Brewer were tied with 96 each; Fulford came next with 93, and Class last with 92. This result was duly announced by the referee at the close of the match. Somehow or another Class and Fulford got mixed up in their dates and imagined they were a tie, and agreed to "divide second money." They went to Zwirlein, who was stakeholder, and told him that they had agreed to divide second money, as they were tied; he accordingly handed over the amount due to the second man, and they divided it. In a few minutes Fulford became aware that he was a bird ahead of Class, and Class was asked to hand over the money paid to him under a misapprehension. This he absolutely refused to do, and so far as we are aware of he has made no attempt to repay the money. Class made a great mistake in this matter, according to our way of thinking, and did harm to the cause of trap-shooting by such action. In regard to the division of the purse: It seems to us, in view of the fact that there was very little more than a tacit agreement to make it high guns under the revised condition of affairs as to stake money, etc.; and also taking into consideration that the race was shot under A. S. A. rules, the division of the 75 per cent. of the purse between Brewer and Elliott was about the only thing to do under those rules which state (Rule 26): "All shooting shall be class shooting unless otherwise stated." It is only right to say that Elliott and Brewer's backers accepted the division in a sportsmanlike manner. This feature is made the more pleasing from the fact that the stakeholder was himself one of Brewer's backers, and was responsible for half of his stake; by his ruling he actually lost 6¼ per cent. of the purse, *i. e.*, one-fourth of 25 per cent. of the purse divided between Fulford and Class.

A couple of months ago W. M. Harding, of the Boston, Mass., firm of Hovey & Harding, bought a Lefever gun with the intention of taking up trap-shooting. He is a good man on game, but targets were something he had never tried his hand at. Mr. Harding knows Charlie Budd and has a great respect for Charlie's powers as a target smasher. "So good a man on targets ought to be able to give me some pointers," thought Mr. Harding. Accordingly, being in Des Moines, Ia., about that time, he looked in upon Charlie at the gun store and asked him about trap-shooting, and whether there was a trap anywhere that he could practice over, aided by a few hints from the Iowa king-pin himself. Charlie, though busy, dropped everything, took Mr. Harding out and gave him an object lesson. As Mr. Harding told us the story, it was this way: "Charlie shot at a few targets to show me how to do it; of course, he broke 'em all. Then he made me shoot, and threw a lot of straightaways for me, and a few that went off to one side. I broke several of the straightaways, but those side fellows I couldn't touch." That was less than two months ago, we believe. Then Mr. Harding came East to his home in New York, and tried his hand at targets on the Endeavor Gun Club's grounds, at Marion, N. J., and also on the New Utrecht Gun Club's grounds, at Dyker Meadow, L. I. He will forgive us if we state that the result of those efforts was enough to discourage many a man from trying again. He has tried again, however, and the last time was on Saturday, Dec. 5, on the grounds of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., of which club he is a member. He is no longer "easy." For a fifth attempt at targets 40 out of 50, half at known and half at unknown angles, is not to be despised. "Those side fellows" caused him no particular trouble, but we noticed some of the straightaways getting away from him. (The above story is copyrighted. If Charlie Budd wants to use it as an advertisement of his power as a trainer of crackerjacks he will have to ask our permission before doing so.)

Paul R. Litzke writes: "Owing to the heavy dew that fell on Thanksgiving Day at Hot Springs, Miss Annie Oakley was unable to give her exhibition, and the team race that was on the programme between Miss Oakley and John Sumpter on one side, and Hughes and Williams on the other, was not shot, but was postponed until the following Saturday. The weather on that day was bright and clear, with a high wind blowing, and the temperature below freezing. Miss Oakley did some very fine shooting with both pistol and rifle, and also shot at 25 live birds from five King traps, regulation rise; of this number she scored 20, with 2 others dead out of bounds. The team race could not be shot, Miss Oakley having to leave to catch an early train for New York."

At the Louisville, Ky., shoot, held Nov. 26 on the grounds of the Kentucky Gun Club, the winner of the Kentucky Futurity Handicap was J D Gay, of Pine Grove, Ky. At the shoot Gay did some remarkable work with the gun. In the Futurity he scored 49 out of 50, the lost bird being dead out of bounds. After the 50-bird event he shot in miss-and-outs until he had fired at 100 pigeons; of that number he scored 99, the last bird, as stated above, falling dead out of bounds. Mr. Gay shoots (if we remember right) a Parker gun; his load on this occasion was 3½drs. of Hazard's Blue Ribbon, 1¼oz. of Nos. 7½ and 7 shot in a 2⅞ Trap shell. All Mr. Gay's birds were shot at from the 30yd. mark.

We had a long letter from Milt Lindsley the other day; it was dated Nov. 30. Although he does not mention his health, it must be all right because there was any quantity of vivacity in every line of that epistle. Here's a sample: "I expect to be in New York in time for the Grand American Handicap and the Exposition, and don't think there is any doubt at all but what I shall win the handicap. When I don't do any shooting for quite a long time I get to thinking the matter all over and I come to the conclusion that I am a great shot. Of course I quickly lose this idea when it comes to an actual test, but as there are sometimes many weeks in which I don't do any shooting, it is quite a pleasant illusion."

Howard E. Norton, of Ironton, O., a shooter well known to many brother shooters outside of his own State, has accepted a position with the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, of New Haven, Conn., his connection with that company dating from Monday of this week. Another equally well known and equally popular shooter, who has joined the ranks of the employees of this company, is Bert W. Claridge, of Baltimore, Md. Mr. Claridge will be found busy in the loading room at any and all hours except those when it is necessary for him to eat and sleep. Baltimore and Ironton have both lost something, while New Haven has been the gainer.

Neaf Apgar and Jake Blendermann reached New York on Tuesday last, Dec 1, after a week's hunt at Washington, Ind., under the guidance of John L. Winston (No. 147), who also took them under his roof tree and set out the best he had. Neaf says that the quail were so thick that it was hard to miss them when they got up. Notwithstanding a rainy time that made the ragweed very wet, both parties came back thoroughly satisfied with the trip, something that doesn't happen every day of the week.

On Dec. 5 Annie Oakley gave an exhibition of shooting at Greenville, O., 2,000 persons being present, according to our correspondent, who grows enthusiastic over the pretty work done by "the Darke county girl." Mrs. Butler was born only a few miles from Greenville, and the people were anxious to see her. She broke targets, singles and doubles; then she rode a bicycle and broke more targets as she pedaled along. She wound up by killing 27 out of 30 selected live birds that had a strong northwest wind to aid them.

We have received a communication from the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J., stating that the shoot for the *Recreation* cup will be started at noon, but that entries will be received as late as 2:30 P. M. in order to keep faith with the public as per previous announcement. Intending contestants will find it to their advantage to be on hand as early as possible, as it takes some time to shoot 100 targets and it gets dark very early at this time of the year. Sweepstake shooting will be started at 10 A. M.

The Baker Gun Company, of Batavia, N. Y., issues quarterly a magazine that contains a lot of matter that is of interest to men fond of a gun and of shooting. In its November number it gives, among other items, a description of a new "hammer gun built specially for the use of nitro powders." A couple of half-tone engravings show the gun and the action of the lock very clearly, the latter being a very simple piece of mechanism, while the gun itself is certainly a good-looking weapon.

During her stay at Hot Springs, Ark., Miss Annie Oakley has been doing some very good work with her shotgun. She has captivated the boys by her work on quail. A party of four, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Butler, G. W. Hughes and E. E. Woodcock, bagged 43 quail in about five hours' shooting, Mrs. Butler (Annie Oakley) being responsible for 13 of them, several more than her proportion. Jno. J Sumpter, Jr., says Mrs. Butler can shoot quicker in the brush than anybody else he ever was out with.

There seems some likelihood now of a match between Elliott and Brewer. The latter can easily find backing now that he has shown what he can do once more, and the former is by no means lacking in either pluck or skill. On Friday last, Dec. 4, Brewer went up to the store of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company and wanted to meet Elliott, but nothing came of it that day, as Elliott had business in New Haven and could not stop to talk shoot, having to hustle to catch his train.

The West End Gun Club, of Albany, N. Y., will hold a shoot at sparrows on December 22. Secretary Horace B. Derby writes us that his club will have enough birds on hand to guarantee an all-day shoot.

Brewer, Elliott, Fulford and Class! It was a great quartette and a great shoot. It will be a long time before we see its like again.

The shoot for the *Recreation* cup takes place at Hackensack, N. J., on Saturday next. The contest will be decided on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club, sweepstake shooting commencing at 10 A. M. As we understand it, the shoot for the cup itself will be commenced about noon, but entries will be received later, the early entries shooting their strings of 100 targets whenever the management deems it fit to start so that the shoot can be over by 4 o'clock at the latest. It will be well to make sure of closing all scores before it gets too dark to see targets properly, and that hour comes quite early at this time of the year.

J. O'H. Denny and his brother, Frank Denny, both well known to shooters as capable representatives of western Pennsylvania, sailed from New York on Saturday last, December 5, their destination being the south of France, where they propose spending the winter and some of the spring months. The Monte Carlo shooting grounds will be trodden by them many a time before they see Pittsburg again.

Paul North is tickled nearly to death, and the reason is not far to seek. Oscar Guessaz writes to say that at the Midwinter shoot next January the management has decided to throw their bluerock targets from magautraps. Paul says that this is a straw that shows the direction of the wind, and adds that that straw has no connection with the proverbial "last straw in the camel's back racket."

The Cobweb Gun Club, of New York city, claims the week commencing March 13 (the week of the Sportsman's Exposition in Madison Square Garden) as the dates for its second annual live-bird and target tournament. One of the chief attractions will be the Cobweb Handicap at live birds, a purse of $500 being guaranteed by the club.

The Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, Ind., announces that it will hold a big tournament at live sparrows January 14-15. In another column we give a communication on the subject from Secretary Royal Robinson, which we commend to the notice of all the Eastern men who purpose attending the San Antonio Midwinter tournament.

In their match at Omaha, Neb., on Thanksgiving Day, both Elliott and Parmelee used 3¼drs. of E. C. powder. The scores made on that day of 92 and 91, Parmelee leading by one bird, were decidedly good, as there was a strong wind blowing, with the thermometer below zero.

If you have any fault to find with the proposed new rules for target shooting, don't be backward about telling us so. We won't get mad and are only desirous of getting honest criticism that will help us to frame rules that will be somewhere in the neighborhood of perfection.

Thursday of this week (December 10) will see a shoot at Zwirlein's grounds, Yardville, N. J. There will be a 20-bird race, $15 entrance, handicap rise, as a chief attraction. Should the day be wet the shoot will take place on Friday.

Myles Johnson was on hand at the Trenton shoot last week. Myles has been a well-known figure at New Jersey shoots for many years, and bids fair to see many another shoot before we lose him. What he doesn't know about pigeons is scarcely worth knowing.

Pete Murphy, of Philadelphia, Pa., is quite a live-bird shot, but he stacked up against a big something when he tackled John L. Brewer at his own game—gun below the elbow, use of one barrel only—on Wednesday last, Dec 2, at Trenton, N. J.

Jack Winston, the 147 of the Austin Powder Company, left New York for Chicago on December 7. His match with George Roll, of Blue Island, Ill., for the Du Pont trophy takes place at Watson's Park, December 15.

Elmer Shaner will be in the city next week for the purpose of attending the annual meeting of the Interstate Association. Next year's programme will be the main topic of conversation at this meeting.

Seth Clover and A. P. Pope (Epop) are going to manage a live-bird shoot to be held at Erie, Pa., some time during the month of January Dates will be chosen and will be announced in our column of Fixtures.

The Walsrode Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., is planning a big shoot for Christmas Day. Both live birds and targets will be used.

DEC. 8. EDWARD BANKS.

Cook County League.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 2.—A directors' meeting of the Cook County League was held November 30 for the awarding of the season's prizes. As the club totals, totals of each individual, percentages, etc., were fully published in FOREST AND STREAM at the closing of the last shoot, it is, in a sense, repetition to print them again, but mention of the different items of the long list of merchandise prizes may again bring to mind the attractions offered by one of the most ambitious local trap-shooting organizations of the country.

Dr. S. Shaw, who shot in the B class, made the highest scores of any individual in the association, and his winnings were the most considerable. The writer happened to be in the gun store of Von Lengerke & Antoine when Dr. Shaw called to take down a few of his prizes. He had upon the counter a fine Elliott model Winchester repeating shotgun, a handsome L. C. Smith ejector hammerless shotgun and a fine Remington breech-loading shotgun, all beautiful arms in their way. These Dr. Shaw was sending by express to Florida, whither he departs soon for an extended shooting trip.

The annual meeting of the League will be held Monday, Dec. 7, and at it plans for the future will be taken up.

The percentages of the winning teams were: Class A—Eureka 79^{11}_{12}, Garfield 68⅛. Class B—Garfield 75¼, Garden City 68⅛, Calumet Heights 66¼, Douglas 64¼, Eureka 62^{2}_{3}, Cicero 52^{2}_{9}. Class C—Calumet Heights 58½.

Lavergne Gun Club has disbanded. Ridge Gun Club did not enter any of the contests.

Below is a list of the winners, with their scores:

Grand Prizes: Class A—Eureka team 79^{11}_{12} per cent. Class B—Garfield team 75¼ per cent. Class C—Calumet Heights team 58½ per cent.

Class A Prizes: First, Ed. Steck, 113 out of 125; second, tied for by F. P. Stannard, Thos. Hicks and G. C. Lamphere, 112; third, J. A. Ruble, 111; fourth, A. C. Paterson, 107; fifth, M. J. Eich, 104; sixth, tied for by C. Antoine and W. R. Morgan, 100.

Class B Prizes: First, Dr. S. Shaw, 117 out of 125; second, R. Kuss, 112; third, John Glover, 108; fourth, C. P. Richards, 106; fifth, B. Barto, 104; sixth tied for by A. W. Fehrman and D. Carter, 103.

Class C prizes: First, J. H. Amberg, 92; second, S. H. Greeley, 91; third, A. T. Whitman, 87; fourth, A. C. Black, 71; fifth, H. Levy, 67; sixth, reserved for next year.

Individual prizes for highest average in six out of eight contests: Class A, tied for by Ed. Steck and F. P. Stannard, 134 out of 150; Class B, Dr. S. Shaw, 137; Class C, S. H. Greeley, 106.

Open to all individual prizes: First, Dr. S. Shaw, 117 out of 125; second, Ed. Steck, 113; third, tied for by T. P. Hicks, F. P. Stannard, R. Kuss and G. C. Lamphere, 112; won by Hicks in shoot-off; fourth, J. A. Ruble, 111.

Miscellaneous prizes: Special for best League score on Calumet Heights Club's grounds, B. Barto, score 23 out of 25. Lowest man in each club as follows: First, H. Weed, Cicero Club; second, Geo. Airy, Eureka Club; third, J. H. Amberg, Garden City Club; fourth and fifth, L. H. Goodrich, Eureka Club; sixth, M. J. Lowrey, Cicero Club; seventh, A. Cheesman, Cicero Club; eighth, J. B. Church, Douglas Club. Greatest improvement over last year's average, H. Levy, Garden City Club. Club making lowest average in a majority of the contests, Calumet Heights Club. Lowest average in five out of eight shoots, S. Palmer and H. Levy, 29^{5}_{9} and 32 per cent. Team making highest percentage during season, Eureka Gun Club's A team.

A Sparrow Tournament at Indianapolis.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Dec. 5.—We hope to make up a special car load of shooters for the San Antonio midwinter shoot, or, failing in that, to have enough to make a strong addition to the Eastern contingent on its way thither. As a means of getting shooters from this territory together, we will have a sparrow shoot Jan. 14 and 15, and we suggest to our Eastern friends that Indianapolis is just the place to lay and break the monotony of a long journey. We promise them and others sport such as they can get nowhere else. Freshly caught birds, handled and trapped by Mr. W. T. Hill, the only sparrow expert, will try the skill of the best, and should be a welcome change to those surfeited with target and pigeon shooting.

We combine the rapid-fire system with unknown traps, and shoot sparrows as fast as some clubs do targets.

For programmes and rates to Texas address Royal Robinson, Sec'y The Limited Gun Club.

Erie Gun Club.

ERIE, Pa., Nov. 26.—Below are the scores made to-day by members of the Erie Gun Club. It will be noticed that Seth Clover was in front pretty nearly all the time. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Clover	21222—5	21210—4	11122—5	21222—5	12211—5
Epop	21110—4	21110—4	10112—4	12110—4	11210—4
Jackson	11010—3	10222—4	10122—4	21011—4	11101—4
Derby	11011—4	11111—5	01221—4	02021—3	12111—5
Kepner	10022—3	01200—2	10012—3	00222—3	.....
Cavanaugh	10101—3	11210—4	12021—4	12121—5	11021—4
Bacon	.....	01220—3	01221—4	02212—4	21201—4
Reed	.....	.....	01220—3	21222—5	.....

In a miss-and out Clover won with 3, Cavanaugh and Jackson scored 2, and Epop 1.

"Learning Something Every Day."

MANY centuries ago the Latin poet Horace, if our memory does not fail us, wrote the above phrase when he was probably feeling good over a bottle of Falernian wine, and had reached that stage when he was at peace with all men, and was willing to acknowledge that he did not know everything—something that it is very hard for some of us to own up to. We take off our hat to Horace for thus openly confessing that he, even at his age, was still "learning something every day."

As a natural result of the articles which appeared in our issues of Nov. 14 and 28 on the decision of the referee in the Winston-Langen match, we have listened to a good deal of conversation on the subject. One point that particularly struck us in many of these conversations was the very general impression that prevailed that so long as a man had no chance to win, he should therefore have no chance to lose. It sounds all right, and in *Shooting and Fishing* of Dec. 3 we are told that this is

"A RULE OLD AS THE HILLS."

We quote from that issue: "Regarding that decision, there are two points which have not yet been mentioned, but which have direct bearing upon the matter. The first is: Suppose Count had missed that bird and had then turned and claimed another bird to shoot at because one of the traps was not filled. Would it have been just to allow him another chance? He had shot and lost. Should he have been given a second opportunity, virtually then shooting at 101 birds instead of 100? I fancy that his opponent, Winston, would have been the first to oppose the claim on the grounds that he had shot and lost. Had he so missed, the referee would have decided 'lost bird' without hesitation. It is a rule old as the hills that if a man cannot win, he cannot lose.

"Upon asking one individual whether he would have claimed that Count should shoot at another bird had he missed, the reply was, 'Most certainly not; it would not have been to Winston's advantage to make such a claim. If the referee had decided lost bird, as he would most certainly have done, why should Winston have asked for a change of that decision? He has some sense.'"

For information we now quote:

Hurlingham Rules (Rule 22).—Should any member kill a bird at a distance nearer than that at which he is handicapped it shall be scored no bird, but should he miss, a lost bird.

Gun Club (London) Rules (Rule 20).—Should any shooter shoot at a distance nearer than his proper distance, the bird if killed is "no-bird;" if lost, a "lost bird."

The Interstate Association's rules for live-bird shooting, the rules under which the Grand American Handicap is shot, do not govern this point at all, merely stating what shall be the referee's decision in cases where a shooter shoots from a mark "exceeding his proper handicap."

American Association rules make no provision at all for deciding what shall be done when men shoot from wrong marks, whether nearer to the traps or further away from them.

There is an analogy between the case where a man shoots from only four traps instead of from five, and the case where a man handicapped at 30yds. steps up and shoots from the 28yd. mark. In the latter case he cannot win, but he can lose, and the principle that inspired that rule is also "old as the hills," viz., equity. He is taking an advantage that is not warranted, and therefore he must not be allowed to profit by the result of the shot; on the other hand, if he cannot kill the bird when he is closer to it than if he had stood at his proper handicap mark, it is only fair to presume that he would have missed it standing where he should have stood. The line of argument adopted by the writer of the paragraphs quoted above is actually funny. How could Count, after having had the advantage of four traps instead of five, ask for another bird supposing he had lost under such circumstances?

In the criticisms which appeared in our issues of Nov. 14 and 28 we made no effort to quote anybody's ideas on the subject, leaving it to the public to decide the matter to its own satisfaction from the referee's statement of the case, quoting his own words, and giving our interpretation of the rules as we saw them. We considered our case strong enough to rest it without calling in outside testimony as to what was proper under the circumstances. "The other side," however, has quoted one or two opinions favorable to its side, among them the opinions of Fred Hoey and Leonard Finletter. Mr. Hoey's view of the case may be briefly disposed of by quoting again from *Shooting and Fishing* of Dec. 3: "Fred Hoey then stated that in no other way could a decision have been given; that it came under the same head as where, upon the shooter calling pull, two traps were opened and two birds were released. The shooter could claim a balk or he could shoot. If he did shoot he had to abide by the result, whether the bird was missed or killed. This was the only analogous thing to which the matter could be compared."

Mr. Finletter's opinion is given in the following paragraph: "The subject was brought up by Leonard Finletter, the crack shot of the Riverton Gun Club, and one of the best known lawyers of the Quaker City. He came up to the writer and stated that in his judgment the decision was an eminently proper one; that he was present, and under the circumstances as he saw them could not see how any other decision could have been made." Borrowing a phrase from the writer of the article in *Shooting and Fishing* of Nov. 19, we would like to add: "Why not be fair and state" that Mr. Finletter was not only present at the time, but was actually Count Langen's handler in the match, and that therefore his opinion as stated above must be taken as an *ex parte* statement. And this we say without in the least impugning Mr. Finletter's good faith on this question; it only goes to show how differently people view the same matter, a very good thing, by the way, for lawyers, whether Philadelphia lawyers or members of the bar resident in other cities.

Huntingdon Gun Club.

HUNTINGDON, Pa., Dec. 4.—The Huntingdon Gun Club held a contest to-day for a trophy presented to the club by the Laflin & Rand Powder Company, the trophy being a silver keg of W-A powder. Houck and De Forest tied with 22 each, and shot off at 25 targets, Houck winning by 20 to 19. Scores:

Houck	1111101011110111111111111—22
De Forest	1101111101111111011111111—22
J Greenberg	1111101111100111111111110—21
Stewart	1100111111111010110111101—19
Crites	0110111111011011111011110—19
Gipple	0011010111111110010011111—17
Ikes	1011010001111001111101111—17
Fleming	1101011100010001001111110—14
Leister	0001001010011101111110001—13
Forbes	0110110101101010100100010—13
G Greenberg	0011100001001010111010101—12
Corbin	1010001110011001110000100—11
McCahan	0001101001100010101100110—11
Longenecker	0001101001100010101100110—11
Gilbert	0100000011100100111100011—11
Mobus	0101000101101001000010110—10

G. G. HARMON, Sec'y.

Joplin Gun Club.

JOPLIN, Mo., Nov. 25.—The following scores were made in the last shoot for the old medal: Taylor Cox 99, C. Sumner 90, Sergeant 90, Leeman 89, E. Webster 87.

To-day we started in on a new medal which is held subject to challenge. The first shoot for it resulted as follows: Cragin 95, Leeman 88, Cox 87, Webster 87, Sergeant 86, Sumner 85. A second contest resulted as below: Sergeant 92, Cragin 90, Leeman 89, Cox 86, Webster 86.

J. Alexis Cragin distinguished himself by smashing 95 of the first 100 targets. Alexis is made of the right sort of material and only wants more practice to become one of the best target shots in the country. Leeman and Sumner, of Galena, Kan., who shoot regularly with the Joplin Gun Club, are always found in the front row and are both royal good fellows, and without their presence no shoot in this neck of the woods is complete. Taylor Cox, the one-armed shooter, was not in his usual good form to-day, he having broke 99 out of 100 targets shot at last week. Webster, who furnishes the boys with their ammunition, is now shooting regularly and is rapidly coming to the front as a target shot. Every shooter on the ground used Du Pont in a Smokeless shell.

We have several shooters here who will attend the midwinter and are anxiously awaiting announcement of dates. W. G. SERGEANT.

At Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 5.—Dr. Frothingham shot a great race to-day in his match with George Roll, 50 live birds per man. Dr. Frothingham scored 48 to Roll's 44, one of the Doctor's birds falling dead out of bounds. Scores:

Geo Roll	2110212212012202212122211—22
	1111102112221112222•221220—22—44
Dr Frothingham	1222111211221212111111112—25
	1110221111211•11112122112—23—48

On the same day Dr. Liddy shot a 25-bird race with J. Rehm, defeating him by 23 to 17. Scores:

J Rehm	2020220101120212202202012—17
Dr Liddy	1122212111112222120211110—23

RAVELRIGG.

On Long Island.

CONEY ISLAND ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Dec. 2.—The monthly shoot of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club held this afternoon at Dexter Park was another red-letter day for the veteran Uncle Billy Hughes, who, despite his more than three score years and ten, carried off pretty nearly everything in sight, scoring 15 straight before dropping a bird, and winning the club shoot with a clean score of 10 kills to his credit. The scores were:

H Knebel, Jr. (30)	1112111—7	0	John Schliemann (28) 2220111—6	1
William Rial (30)	1112211—7	0	Henry Muller (27)	0212212—6	1
William Hughes (29)	2221222—7	0	Dr Raynor (27)	0222112—6	1
Dr Van Ord (29)	2222223—7	0			

As will be noticed, Hughes, W. K. Rial, Henry Knebel, Jr., and Dr. Van Ord tied for the badge; on the shoot-off Hughes won with 3 straight to Knebel's 2, Rial's 1, and Van Ord's 0. In a 3-bird sweep first money went to Hughes and Rial with 3 straight. In another of the same kind the scores were: Van Ord 3, Rial and Hughes 2 each.

CRESCENT GUN CLUB.

Dec. 3.—The club shoot of the Crescent Gun Club was held at Dexter Park this afternoon. Dykeman easily defeated his solitary antagonist, Hopkins, by the score of 7 to 4. The scores made by the members and their friends were:

	Club Shoot.	No. 1.
J H Dykeman	2121222—7	210101—4
L C Hopkins	1•20611—4	00211•—3
G Diedrich		00102 —2

Two team races were shot as follows, 5 birds per man:

Hopkins's teams: Hopkins 4, F. C. Franklin 3; total 7. Dykeman's team: Dykeman 3, Diedrich 2; total 5.

Hopkins's team: Hopkins 5, Franklin 1; total 6. Dykeman's team: Dykeman 3, Diedrich 2; total 5.

HAPPY DAYS GUN CLUB.

Dec. 4.—The Happy Days Gun Club held its monthly shoot to-day at Woolsey's Point, L. I.

Our novice, Gus Moyer, with his Francotte gun, which he used to-day for the first time, made some elegant kills, especially the last two, both very fast out-goers to the left; each one was missed with the first barrel, but his second dropped them all in a heap within a yard of the boundary line.

Chas Rieger (28)	1112002121111—10	Fred Passe (28)	1101011211121—10
Gus A Moyer (28)	1110011101122— 9	E O Weiss (28)	1111001110122— 9

E. O. WEISS, Sec'y.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Dec. 5.—The New Utrecht Gun Club's target grounds at Dyker Meadow were well attended this afternoon. Seven members shot along in the main event at 25 targets, while F. A. Thompson, a member of the Vernon Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, took part in the sweeps as a guest of the club. Although Mr. Bennett was not on top in the club shoot, losing 5 out of 25 in that event, he was well to the fore in the other sweeps, scoring 46 out of 50, and totaling in all 66 out of 75 shot at during the afternoon. The club shoot, so far as Class A was concerned, went to M. Van Brunt, who scored 22. Dr. Pool was the winner in Class B without a competitor to worry him. Scores:

Club shoot, 25 targets, known angles:

M Van Brunt (A)	1011101111111101111111111—22
D Deacon (A)	1111110011101111111111101—21
J Gaughen (A)	1111101111111011111101010—20
D C Bennett (A)	0111111100111101110111111—20
C C Fleet (A)	1010100111101010011110101—15
A A Hegeman (A)	1111001001111100001011001—14
G E Pool (B)	1100110011010110100101101—14
F A Thompson*	1111011111111001011110110—19

* Guest.

The following sweeps were also shot, Nos. 1, 2 and 3 being at known traps and angles, Nos. 4 and 5 at known traps, unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Bennett	9	9	10	9	9	Fleet	6	4	3	6	7
Thompson	8	7	8	9	6	Hegeman	4	8	8	3	6
Gaughen	8	4	8	8	5	Van Brunt	..	..	..	7	8
Deacon	6	8	8	6	8						

Cobweb Gun Club.

NEW YORK, Dec. 3.—The regular monthly class shooting of the Cobweb Gun Club at live birds was held to-day at Baychester. The day was a beautiful one, but the atmosphere was raw and cold; but this had no effect whatever upon the results, as you will observe from the phenomenal shooting of Messrs. P. F. McKeon, Grant Nichols and Daniel Brady, of Class A. Too much cannot be said of their shooting, as McKeon killed 26 straight, Nichols 25 straight and Brady 15 straight. From the score of the miss-and-out shoot-off in this class it might be supposed that the birds were slow and easy; on the contrary, they were strong and exceptionally fast. After the first 8 Mr. Miller, manager of the grounds, selected the birds, and they were, with the exception of 2, "corking" birds.

Class A, 30yds.:		Tie.	Shoot off, miss-and-out.
P F McKeon	11111—5	212	122121222122111212
G Nichols	22222—5	222	2112122221112121220
D Brady	22121—5	221	21122120
F Hendricks	11111—5	211	w
E Miller	11112—5	0 w	
C Zorn	11100—3		
C Donnelly	10100—2		
J Loomis	20000—1		
Class B, 28yds.:			
M B McDonnell	20000—1	122	
A Elliott	02000—1	10 w	
Class C, 26yds.:			
W Purdy	11201—4		
C Ditmar	01201—3		
W Knight	02102—3		
A C Bage	20200—2		
G A Barker	000 w		
Class Z, 25yds.:			
G Thompson	02002—2		
C Burgee	20000—1		

McKeon wins Class A medal, McDonnell Class B medal, W. Purdy was the winner in Class C and G. Thompson in Class Z.

GEO. W. THOMPSON, Jr., Sec'y.

East Pittsburg Gun Club.

EAST PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 28.—The first contest for the trophy presented to the East Pittsburg Gun Club by the E. C. Powder Co. took place to-day on the club's grounds. The contest was shot at 100 targets, known traps and angles, allowance of extra targets as handicap. Williams, who had an allowance of 16 extra targets to shoot at, won the first shoot by 8 points over his nearest competitor, Rambo, who had an allowance of 4 extra targets. Rambo's score of 46 out of his first 50 shot at made him look very much like a winner at that stage of the game. The scores in detail were as follows:

Williams (116)	1010111111111111111011111110011111111101010111010111—40	
	1111101010011111111110101101010101111111111101111101—38	
	1111101101111111	—14—92
Rambo (104)	1110111111101111111111111111111111111101110111111111—46	
	0101111111101010001011101011101010011011111111011—34	
	1111	— 4—84
Mack (100)	0111010111111011111111111111111001111111111101111111—43	
	1111011100011101110111111111111111111111101110010110—39—82	
Sharrard (100)	1110111111101101101111111011101010010111111111111—40	
	1111111111111111101011110011011111111011101101101—41—81	
Gelm (100)	1110101111110111000010111000110101011110111011011—34	
	1100010101111011101111011101111111111111100111111—39—73	
Kilgore (110)	1111111111010000011110110101111111100111100101011—35	
	1110001111000011100110001000111111100110011011010—28	
	0000001011	— 3—66
Reno (100)	1011111011101111100110110011110110100111001110000—32	
	0111011111001110100000100010111101111111010111110—32—64	

SWENSON, Sec'y.

Newcastle Gun Club.

NEWCASTLE, Pa., Nov. 26.—The Newcastle Gun Club held a shoot to-day on its grounds near the tube mill. Some good work was done, notably by W. H. Hill and C. Matthews. Event No. 2 was the club shoot; in this event W. H. Hill won the class A medal, Charles Matthews the class B medal, and J. de Normandie the medal in class C. Scores in this event and in another 25-target event were as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2, Club Shoot.
C Matthews	1110111101111111111111111—23	0111011111011111111011100—19
W H Hill	1110111111011111111111000—20	1111111111111111111011111—24
G Pearson	1010011011110011111110011—17	1100111001011101111110111—18
H P Shainer	0101011111101010011101111—17	1111101011010111111000111—18
F Wilson	0001000111111111010111111—17	0011111010111110101111111—19
Dr Green	0111111111111100100001010—16	0011111110100001100111100—14
S Cosel	0111001101001101101110011—15	....
J de Normandie	0000011000011101100011100—10	0010000110110001101010101—11
G Matthews	0101000010010001000101111—10	1000110110111110100101101—15
R Cunningham		0110010010000011101110011—12
A M North		1111001001101100111001111—16
Hart		1101001010011100011001111—14

Trap-Shooting Rules.

THE absolute need of a set of trap-shooting rules that are up to date is demonstrated every day. The A. S. A. rules, good as they were when first framed, lack many of the essentials of an up-to-date set; trap-shooting in all its branches, but more particularly in target-shooting, having expanded at a rate that left behind all the calculations of its enthusiastic admirers.

While making no claim of perfection for the draft of a set of rules for target-shooting given below, we do claim to have tried to cover every point. With a view to correcting errors, and for the sake of making the rules conform as nearly as possible to the ideas of the majority, we ask our readers to scan each rule closely, and when anything is wrong write and tell us about it. Address all communications on this matter to the trap editor.

RULE 1. REFEREE AND JUDGES.—Two judges and a referee, or a referee alone, shall be selected by the management or by the contestants in a match, whose decision shall be final.

RULE 2. DUTIES OF THE REFEREE AND JUDGES.—The judges and referee, or the referee if acting alone, shall see that the traps are properly set at the beginning of the match, and kept in order to the finish. They or he shall endeavor to make the flight of the targets conform to the height and direction indicated in Rule 7. They or he shall test any trap upon application of a contestant at any time during the match by having a trial target thrown from that trap. They or he may at any time, and must do so when so requested by a contestant, select one or more cartridges from those of a shooter at the score and publicly test the same for proper loading. If the cartridge or cartridges are found to be loaded in opposition to the rules laid down in Rule 11, the shooter shall suffer the penalty imposed by the said rule.

RULE 3. SCORING.—Section 1. A scorer shall be appointed by the management or by the contestants in a match, and his score thereof shall be the official one. All scores shall be plainly kept, a lost target being indicated by a cipher and a broken target by the figure 1.

Section 2. Whenever possible the scores shall be kept on a blackboard, and in plain view of the shooters at the score; and the score thereon shall be the official score, and the score kept on paper for use in the cashier's department shall at all times be made to conform with the score on the blackboard.

RULE 4. PULLER.—A puller or pullers shall be appointed by the management or by the contestants in a match, whose duty it shall be to pull or spring the traps the instant the shooter calls "Pull;" he or they shall be placed in such a position that he or they shall have an unobstructed view of the shooter at the score. Where the pulling is to be done according to an indicator for unknown traps, the puller shall be placed in such a position that the shooter at the score shall have no means of ascertaining by the puller's actions which trap will be sprung.

RULE 5. PULLING THE TRAPS.—Section 1. The traps may be pulled from right to left or from left to right if so decided by the management.

Section 2. If the shooting is from known traps—that is, if a shooter knows which trap shall be sprung for him—he may refuse a target thrown from any other trap, but if he fires the result shall be scored.

Section 3. If the trap is sprung before or at any noticeable interval after a shooter has called "Pull," he can accept or refuse such target, but if he fires the result shall be scored.

Section 4. In any contest the parties thereto may select some person who shall be placed by the management in such a position that he is able to see that the traps are sprung in accordance with the number designated by the indicator.

Section 5. If the puller or pullers does not or do not pull in accordance with the numbers designated by the indicator, or by dice (if used), or by any other method ordered by the management, the puller or pullers shall be removed and others substituted. Every target thrown from a trap thus wrongly pulled shall be a "No target," whether broken or lost.

RULE 6. ARRANGEMENT OF TRAPS.—All matches shall be shot from three or from five traps, and all traps shall be set level and in a segment of a circle or in a straight line. When the traps are set in a segment of a circle, the radius of that circle shall be 16yds. In all cases the shooter's mark shall not be a less distance from each trap than that designated in Rule 9. The traps shall be not less than 3yds. nor more than 5yds. apart. The traps shall be numbered from left to right; that is, No. 1 shall be the first trap on the left, and No. 2 the next trap to the right of it, and so on. (For laying out a set of traps, etc., see diagrams herewith.)

RULE 7. ADJUSTING TRAPS.—Section 1. All traps must be adjusted to throw targets a distance not less than 40yds. nor more than 60yds. If any trap be found to be too weak to throw targets the required distance, a new trap or new spring that will do so must be substituted.

Section 2. The trap shall be so adjusted that the elevation of the target in its flight at a distance of 10yds. from the trap shall be not more than 12ft. nor less than 6ft.

Section 3. When shooting at known angles, the directions of the flight of the targets from each trap shall be: If only three traps are used, No. 1 shall throw a left-quartering target; No. 2 trap shall throw a straightaway target; No. 3 shall throw a right-quartering target. The angles for Nos. 1 and 3 shall be the same as those prescribed for Nos. 2 and 4 where five traps are used. If five traps are used, No. 1 trap shall throw a right-quartering target; No. 2 trap shall throw a left-quartering target; No. 3 trap shall throw a straightaway target; No. 4 trap shall throw a right-quartering target; No. 5 trap shall throw a left-quartering target. Traps Nos. 1 and 5 shall be adjusted to throw the targets so that their line of flight shall cross that of the straightaway target at a point not less than 10yds. nor more than 20yds. from No. 3 trap. No. 2 trap shall be adjusted to throw targets so that their line of flight shall cross the line of targets thrown from No. 1 trap at a point not less than 5yds. nor more than 10yds. from No. 1 trap. No. 4 trap shall be adjusted to throw targets so that their line of flight shall cross the line of targets thrown from No. 5 trap at a point not less than 5yds. nor more than 10yds. from No. 5 trap.

Section 4. After the traps have been adjusted to throw targets at the above angles, if the target for any reason shall take an entirely different course, it shall be declared a "No target" provided the shooter does not fire at it; but if he fires, the result must be scored. By "an entirely different course" is to be understood as follows: If the target ought to be a left-quarterer, and if it has any left-quartering tendency, it shall be considered a fair target; if the target ought to be a right-quarterer, and if it has any right-quartering tendency, it shall be considered a fair target; a straightaway may vary 45° on each side of its correct flight. If in the opinion of the referee the target has taken an "entirely different course," that is to say, if it has gone outside the above limits, he shall allow the shooter, provided he has not fired, another target from the same trap if the shooting is from known traps; if from unknown traps, the shooter shall be given another target from a trap designated in the manner set forth in Rule 17, Section 3, when a target breaks in the trap when the shooting is under "expert rules."

RULE 8. SCREENS.—Pits or screens, or both, may be used to hide the traps and trappers, but the screens must not be higher than is actually necessary to protect the trappers.

RULE 9. THE RISE.—In single target shooting the rise shall be: 18yds. for 10-bore guns; 16yds. for 12-bore guns; 14yds. for 14 or 16-bore guns; 13yds. for 20-bore guns. In double target shooting the rise shall be: 16yds. for 10-bore guns; 14yds. for 12-bore guns; 12yds. for 14 or 16-bore guns; 11yds. for 20-bore guns.

RULE 10. CALIBER AND WEIGHT OF GUN.—No gun of larger caliber than a 10-bore shall be used. No 10-bore gun shall weigh more than —lbs., and no 12-bore gun shall weigh more than 8lbs.

RULE 11. LOADS.—The charge of powder is unlimited. The charge of shot shall not exceed 1¼oz., Dixon's measure, struck. Any shooter using a larger quantity of shot shall forfeit his entrance money and rights in the match. If, however, the management is of the opinion that a shooter has not willfully violated this rule, it may return to him his entrance money, provided it obtain the unanimous consent of all the contestants.

RULE 12. LOADING GUNS.—No cartridges shall be placed in the gun until the shooter has taken his place at the score. In single target shooting only one cartridge shall be placed in the gun. All cartridges must be removed from the gun before the shooter leaves the score, and a shooter shall "break" his gun before turning away from the score. The penalty for violation of this rule shall be at the discretion of the management, who, after warning him, may, if the violation is persisted in, declare the shooter to have forfeited his entrance fee and rights in the match

RULE 13. POSITION OF THE GUN.—Any the shooter may adopt.

RULE 14. SINGLE TARGET SHOOTING.—If two targets are sprung at the same time and the contestant does not shoot, he shall be allowed another target; but if he fires, the result shall be scored. When the traps are set in the segment of a circle, each contestant shall shoot at 3 or 5 targets before leaving the score, the number being regulated by the number of traps used.

RULE 15. DOUBLE TARGET SHOOTING.—Section 1. Both traps must be pulled simultaneously; if in the opinion of the referee there is an appreciable interval between the springing of the two traps, and if the contestant does not fire, he shall be allowed another pair; but if he fires the result shall be scored. Each contestant shall shoot at three or five pairs consecutively before retiring. If three traps are used the first pair shall be thrown from Nos. 1 and 2; the second pair from Nos. 2 and 3; the third pair from Nos. 1 and 3; the fourth pair from Nos. 1 and 2; the fifth pair from Nos. 2 and 3. If five traps are used the first pair shall be thrown from Nos. 2 and 3; the second pair from Nos. 3 and 4; the third pair from Nos. 2 and 4; the fourth pair from Nos. 2 and 3; the fifth pair from Nos. 3 and 4.

Section 2. If only one target be thrown, it shall be declared "No targets."

Section 3. If one target be a fair one and the other an imperfect target it shall be declared "No targets," but if the shooter fires at an imperfect target or targets the result shall be scored.

Section 4. If a target be lost for reasons stated in Rule 20, the referee shall decide as follows: If the shooter is prevented from firing his first barrel for either of the reasons as above, and does not fire his second barrel, he shall be allowed another pair from the same traps; but if he shall have fired his second barrel, and the second target be lost for the reasons so stated in Rule 20, the result of the first shot must be scored, and the shooter shall be allowed another pair from the same traps, firing at both targets in the same order as at the previous pair and with a full charge of powder and shot in both cartridges, the result of the second shot being scored. The shooter must, however, under these circumstances point his gun in the direction of the target first fired at, and both targets must be in the air when the first barrel is discharged. If a target be lost for reasons stated in Rule 23, the result of the first shot must be scored, and the shooter shall be allowed another pair under precisely similar conditions attached in this section to the missfire of the second barrel in a double gun.

Section 5. If both targets are broken by one barrel it shall be declared "No targets." If the shooter fires both barrels intentionally at one target it shall be scored "Lost targets;" but if the second barrel be fired simultaneously with the first barrel it shall be declared "No targets," provided the referee is satisfied that the second barrel was accidentally discharged.

Section 6. If the second target be lost through the safety bolt "jarring back," that target shall be declared a "lost target." (By "jarring back" of the safety is meant that action of the safety bolt sometimes produced by the discharge of the first cartridge, the safety bolt going back to safe and rendering it impossible to fire the second cartridge without a readjustment of the safety bolt.)

RULE 16. RAPID-FIRING SYSTEM.—When the rapid-firing system is used there shall be a screen before each trap, on which shall appear the number of the trap, commencing from No. 1 on the left to 3 or 5 on the right, and each shooter shall stand at the score opposite the trap from which the target is to be thrown for him to shoot at. After he has shot at his first target he shall pass to the next score on his right, and so continue until he reaches the end of the score, when he shall return to the score opposite No. 1, and continue as before until he has finished shooting. If shooters are annoyed by or if there is any delay caused by the smoke of previous shots, shooters may commence at No. 5, moving up to No. 4, and so on, rotating in exactly the opposite direction to that given above in this rule. Where three traps are used four men shall be called to the score at the same time; the first three men on the score sheet shall face respectively Nos. 1, 2 and 3 traps; the fourth man shall take his stand in rear of No. 1 man, stepping up to the No. 1 score as soon as it is vacated. The fourth man is called the "pivot man." (N. B.—As soon as the "pivot man" has taken No. 1's place, the man who has shot from No. 3 score shall walk up to No. 1 score and become the "pivot man" for the time being.) Where five traps are used the first five men on the score sheet face respectively Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 traps; No. 6 man is the "pivot man." The procedure with five traps is similar to that with three traps.

RULE 17. SECTION 1. KNOWN TRAPS AND KNOWN ANGLES.—When the shooting is at known traps and known angles, the traps shall be adjusted to throw targets as provided in Rule 7. The method of shooting off events at this style of shooting shall be the same as that set forth in Rule 16.

SECTION 2. KNOWN TRAPS AND UNKNOWN ANGLES.—When the shooting is at known traps, unknown angles, the shooter shall know which trap is to be sprung for him, but shall not know which angle the target is to be thrown at from that trap. Referees shall see to it that the trappers change the flight of the targets frequently. At unknown angles, any target that is thrown behind the line of the screen may be refused by the shooter, and he shall be allowed another target; but if he fires the result shall be scored. The method of shooting off events at this style of shooting shall be the same as that set forth in Rule 16.

SECTION 3. EXPERT RULES, RAPID FIRE.—The trap shall be set to throw targets as provided in Rule 7. The shooters shall take their stands at the score in the manner prescribed for rapid firing in Rule 16. An indicator shall be used to decide the order in which the traps are to be pulled. When five traps are used, the shooter standing in front of No. 1 trap shall shoot at a target thrown from any of the five traps. The shooter in front of No. 2 shall shoot at a target thrown from any of the four remaining traps. The shooter in front of No. 3 shall shoot at a target thrown from any of the three remaining traps. The shooter in front of No. 4 shall shoot at a target thrown from either of the two remaining traps; while the shooter in front of No. 5 shall have the remaining trap pulled for him. As soon as No. 5 has shot, the pivot man shall shoot from the No. 1 score at a target thrown as prescribed for the man in front of No. 1, and so on. When a target is broken by the trap, or there is a balk, and the shooter does not accept the target, he shall be awarded another target, the indicator being changed and a new combination designated. If the balk occurs when No. 1 is shooting, the procedure is the same as if there had been no balk. If it occurs when the man in front of No. 2 is shooting, the puller shall pull that trap whose number appears first in the new combination, provided it be not the number of the trap pulled for No. 1 man. If the balk occurs when the man in front of No. 3 is shooting, the puller shall pull the trap whose number appears first in the new combination, provided always that he does not pull either of the two traps already pulled for the men in front of Nos. 1 and 2. If the balk occurs when the man in front of No. 4 is shooting, the puller shall pull either of the two remaining traps according to the order in which the numbers of these two traps appear in the new combination. If the balk occurs when the man in front or No. 5 is shooting, the same trap shall be pulled, the man in front of No 5 always knowing his trap. If at any time the shooter fires at an imperfect target, the result shall be scored. As soon as all five traps have been pulled a new combination shall be designated by the indicator. When three traps are used the procedure is modified accordingly and is similar to that described above.

(Note.—In explanation of the above: Suppose No. 1 has shot at a target from No. 2 trap, and No. 2 at a target from No. 5 trap, and a balk occurs when No. 3 is shooting. Say the combination was 2, 5, 4, 3, 1, and suppose the new one is 1, 2, 5, 4, 3. No. 3 will get No. 1 trap, No. 4 will get No. 4 trap and No. 5 will get No. 3 trap, unless another balk occurs, and another combination is brought into play. The combination is always changed as soon as the shooter at No. 5 has fired.)

SECTION 4. EXPERT RULES, ONE MAN UP.—The traps shall be set to throw targets as provided in Rule 7. The shooter shall take his position at the score in front of No. 3 trap. The puller shall pull the traps as directed in Section 3 of this rule, precisely as if six men were at the score. In the case of imperfect targets or balks the puller shall pull the traps as ordered in Section 3 of this rule where it relates to balks, each man at the score firing at targets thrown from all five traps before retiring, and always knowing his last trap. If a shooter fires at an imperfect target the result shall be scored. When three traps are used the shooter stands in front of No. 2 trap and shoots at 3 targets before retiring. In all other respects the procedure is similar to that for five traps.

SECTION 5. EXPERT RULES, UNKNOWN TRAPS AND ANGLES.—The traps shall throw targets at unknown angles within the limits prescribed in Rule 7, and in Section 2 of this rule. The procedure, if the shooting be rapid fire, shall be the same as ordered in Section 3 of this rule. If the shooting be one man up, the traps shall be pulled as ordered in Section 4 of this rule. If a shooter accepts an imperfect target the result shall be scored. Where three traps are used the procedure is similar to that for five traps.

SECTION 6. REVERSED ORDER.—The traps shall be adjusted to throw targets as provided in Rule 7. The man in front of No. 1 trap shall shoot at a target thrown from No. 5 trap; the man in front of No. 2 trap shall shoot at a target thrown from No. 4 trap; the man in front of No. 3 trap shall shoot at a target thrown from No. 3 trap; the man in front of No. 4 trap shall shoot at a target thrown from No. 2 trap, and the man in front of No. 5 trap shall shoot at a target thrown from No. 1 trap. If the shooter fires at an imperfect target the result shall be scored.

(N. B.—Sometimes, to make the shooting a little harder, it has been found advisable to adjust Nos. 2, 3 and 4 traps to throw targets at unknown angles, and this system is strongly recommended.)

RULE 18. CLASS SHOOTING.—All shooting shall be class shooting unless otherwise stated. (Class shooting provides that all shooters tied for first place shall receive their *pro rata* share of first money; all those tied for second place shall receive their *pro rata* share of second money; and so in all other places, third, etc.) Any shooter in a tie for either of the moneys may withdraw his *pro rata* share of that money, unless the programme prescribes that all ties shall be shot off.

RULE 19. BROKEN TARGETS.—A target to be scored to the shooter must have a perceptible piece broken from it while in the air. A "dusted" target shall not be scored to the shooter. No target can be retrieved for shot marks. If a target be broken by a trap the shooter shall be allowed another target, but if he fires the result shall be scored.

RULE 20. ALLOWING ANOTHER TARGET.—Section 1. The shooter shall be allowed another target for any of the following reasons: (1) For a target broken by the trap. (2) For any defect in the gun or load causing a missfire. The failure to cock the gun or properly adjust the "safety" is considered to be the result of the shooter's own carelessness, and shall not be considered as a defect in the gun or load; a target lost under these conditions shall be scored "lost." (3) If the contestant is interfered with, or balked, or there is any other similar reason why it should be done, the referee may allow another target. (N. B.—The "jarring-back" of the safety is not to be considered a defect of the gun.)

Section 2. When the shooting is at known traps, the shooter shall have another target from the same trap; but if the shooting is at unknown traps he shall be allowed a target from some trap, as provided in Rule 17, Sections 3, 4 and 5.

RULE 21. LOST TARGETS.—Targets shall be scored "lost" for any of the following reasons: If the shooter fails to load or cock his gun, or to properly adjust its safety, or pulls the wrong trigger.

RULE 22. MISSFIRE.—When a cartridge placed in either the right or the left barrel apparently fails to explode when the trigger is pulled, the shooter must on no account break his gun; but shall hand it to the referee, whose duty it shall be to try both triggers without previously breaking the gun to cock it. If the cartridge be then exploded, the shooter shall be awarded a "lost" target; but if the referee shall find that the proper trigger has been pulled, and that the cartridge has failed to explode through no fault of the shooter, he shall allow another target, as provided in Rule 20, Section 2. Any shooter who shall break his gun after a missfire, instead of handing it unbroken to the referee for his inspection, shall be awarded a "lost" target.

RULE 23. FAILURE TO EXTRACT IN A REPEATING SHOTGUN.—In double target shooting, or in events where "both barrels" are allowed, when a shell cannot be extracted from the chamber for either of the following reasons, the shooter shall be allowed another target: (1) When the brass head of the shell pulls away from the paper, leaving the empty shell in the chamber and preventing the loading of the gun from the magazine. (2) When the extractor, although in good order, passes the shell and leaves it in the chamber, preventing the loading of the gun from the magazine. In either of the above cases the referee shall allow another target, as if there had been an actual missfire. The shooter must, however, immediately upon the failure to extract, and without attempting again to remove the empty shell from the chamber, hand his gun to the referee for his inspection. (The failure to comply with this provision shall be treated as a violation of Rule 22, and shall be penalized as such.) Nothing in this rule shall be construed as empowering a referee to award another target for either of the following reasons: (1) When the shell, although extracted from the chamber, has not been ejected from the mechanism. (2) When the feeding of a cartridge from the magazine has been blocked by the use of a shell too long for the chamber of the gun. (3) When the referee is satisfied that the shooter is using reloaded ammunition. In all such cases the referee must decide that it is the shooter's fault, and the result of the shot shall be scored.

RULE 24. ANNOUNCING THE SCORE.—Section 1. The result of each shot shall be announced plainly, and it shall be called back by the scorer each time. The call for a broken target shall be "Broke" or "Dead;" for a lost target the call shall be "Lost."

Section 2. When two judges and a referee are serving, one of the judges shall announce the result of each shot distinctly, the scorer answering him accordingly each time. If the other judge disagrees with the decision of the judge calling, he shall make his protest at once before another shot is fired, and the referee shall then give his decision, which shall be final. In case of another target being thrown before the referee's decision has been made, the target so thrown shall be a "No target," whether broken or lost.

Section 3. At the close of each shooter's score the result of it must be announced. If claimed to be wrong, the error, if any, must be corrected at once.

RULE 25. TIE SHOOTING.—Section 1. All ties shall be shot off at the original distance, and as soon after the match as practicable, at the following number of targets.

(*a*) TIES ON SINGLE TARGETS.—In single-target matches of 25 targets or less, on 3 traps at 3 targets, and on 5 traps at 5 targets; in matches of less than 50 targets and more than 25 targets, on 3 traps at 6 targets, and on 5 traps at 10 targets; in matches of over 50 targets, on 3 traps at 15 targets, and on 5 traps at 25 targets.

(*b*) TIES ON DOUBLE TARGETS.—In double-target matches of 10 pairs or less, ties shall be shot off at 3 pairs; in matches of more than 10 pairs, at 5 pairs. Unless otherwise stated by the management and so understood prior to the commencement of the match, the targets in the shoot-off shall be thrown as provided in Rule 15.

Section 2. If in a series of matches the result prove a tie, such tie shall be shot off at the original number of targets.

RULE 26. SHOOTING OUT OF TURN.—When a shooter fires out of turn the target so fired at shall be a "No target," whether broken or missed. When two shooters fire simultaneously at the same target that target shall be declared a "No target," whether broken or missed. (N. B.—It is left to the referee to decide whether the discharge of the two guns was simultaneous. If the discharge was not, in his opinion, simultaneous, and if the shooter whose turn it was to fire first did so fire first, and did break the target, it shall be scored to him as "broken;" but if, in the opinion of the referee, he missed the target, it shall be scored to him a "lost target." The shooter who fired out of turn must in every case fire at another target.

RULE 27. SHOOTER AT THE SCORE.—In all contests the shooter must be at the score within three minutes after his name is called to shoot, or he forfeits his rights in the match.

RULE 28. FORBIDDEN SHOOTING.—No shooting will be permitted on the shooting grounds other than at the score. If there be no inclosure no shooting shall be permitted within 200yds. of the score without the consent of the management.

Thanksgiving Day at Calumet Heights.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 26.—The Calumet Heights Gun Club, of this city, celebrated Thanksgiving Day by holding a live-bird and target shoot at its grounds. The shooting during the greater part of the day was done in a high wind with frequent showers of rain. Great interest was taken by those present in all the contests of the day, notwithstanding the elements. The members present were about 50 in number. During the day 160 live birds were trapped and 1,862 targets thrown.

To-day's shoot being the last regular contest for the season's medals which have been shot for in the weekly contests, the same were awarded on the ten best scores made by the men in their respective classes. The awards were as follows: Class A medal, A. C. Paterson, with 231 out of 250; Class B medal, W. Metcalfe, with 203 out of 250; Class C medal, A. C. Black, 173 out of 250.

The programme of events for to-day was as below:

No. 1, 10 live birds, distance handicap, $2.50.

No. 2, 15 targets for practice.

No. 3, 25 targets, regular medal contest.

No. 4, 100 targets, handicap, sweep for merchandise prizes, entrance $1. Class A to shoot at 100 targets, Class B at 108 targets, Class C at 120 targets, purse divided as follows: One-half a cent allowed each shooter for each target broken by him.

All targets at 2 cents each.

Event No. 1, the live-bird event, had sixteen entries. All ties, of course, shot off for the merchandise prizes, the result of the shoot-off being given below. A strong wind blew across the traps, making some of the birds very hard The conditions were: gun below the elbow until the bird was on the wing:

G E Marshall (30)	1111111101—9	H B Black (27)	0012221021—7
W Metcalfe (30)	0212111212—9	P D Norcom (32)	0021010111—6
R B Carson (27)	2221221202—9	C W Carson (32)	0200200211—5
G C Lamphere (32)	0121122201—8	Dr Davis (27)	1000011120—5
A C Paterson (32)	1102221012—8	Dr Harlan (27)	0210101000—4
G H Knowles (32)	1121101110—8	Dr Hobbs (30)	1000012020—4
S M Booth (32)	0111102112—8	Dr Hodson (30)	0100102010—4
J S Houston (30)	0121101202—7	C L Dougherty (27)	1000001200—3

G. H. Knowles is the winner of the season's prize, a silver tea set. The merchandise prizes in the above race were distributed as follows: Marshall 1st, Paterson 2d, Houston 3d, Norcom 4th, C. W. Carson 5th, Harlan 6th, Dougherty 7th.

At the target traps there was a strong wind behind the targets that made them wavering in the flight, and causing them to duck out of many a load of shot. The medal contest to-day resulted as below.

A C Paterson (A)	1111111111111011111111111—24
G C Lamphere (A)	0111111111111011111011111—22
S M Booth (A)	0000111111010111101010100—14
J S Houston (B)	1111111101111111110111111—23
W Metcalfe (B)	0111001011101111100110111—17
Greeley (B)	1011111111000101111110100—17
P D Norcom (B)	1010000110100000010111010—11
R B Carson (C)	0010010111111111010011011—15
A C Black (C)	1110111001111010101100001—15
Chain (C)	1001010011110001011101111—15
Dr Harlan (C)	1101011101010111001001100—14
Morgan (C)	0000100110101111110001101—12
H B Black (C)	1000100000000000000000000— 2

The 100-target handicap race resulted in a win for A. C. Black, a Class C man, with 93 out of 120; second place went to Houston with 89 out of 108; Paterson was third with 87 out of his 100, and Greeley was fourth with 86 out of 120. The scores were as follows:

	1st 25.	2d 25.	3d 25.	4th 25.	Handicap.	Total
A C Black (120)	19	19	22	21	12	93
J S Houston (108)	20	21	18	22	8	89
A C Paterson (100)	21	21	23	22	..	87
S H Greeley (120)	23	19	16	21	7	86
W Metcalfe (108)	14	20	20	22	6	82
A W Harlan (120)	17	17	14	18	14	80
G C Lamphere (100)	18	19	20	22	..	79
S M Booth (100)	19	17	21	19	..	76
Chain (120)	18	18	16	10	12	74
P D Norcom (108)	9	20	20	16	7	72

In New Jersey.

ZWIRLEIN'S SHOOT AT TRENTON.

THE big shoot engineered by Charlie Zwirlein, of Yardville, N. J., took place at Trenton, N. J., as advertised, on Dec. 1-3. The weather was all against the success of the affair, but the race on the last day redeemed it from going down on the pages of history as a failure. That one battle was enough to satisfy anybody that saw it. Never before have the four shooters named in the scores which are given below met as a quartette of rivals on an equal footing. We have seen them entered for the Grand American Handicap, but shooting from different marks. At the Interstate Fair grounds on Dec. 3 it was "all on the same mark—30yds." If for no other reason than the bringing off of this contest, Zwirlein deserves infinite credit at the hands of the trap-shooters of this country. We treat of the match in detail in its proper place.

THE INTERSTATE FAIR GROUNDS,

where the match took place, are easily reached from the city of Trenton by a line of electric cars that land shooters and spectators right inside the grounds themselves, and within two minutes' walk of the score. The oval inside the race track is as level as a billiard table and could readily be laid out to accommodate three sets of traps in a straight line. As a claimant for Interstate Association recognition in the matter of the Grand American Handicap of 1897, there are several things to be said in favor of Trenton. The hotel accommodation is ample, Trenton's hotels being numerous and first class, while their prices are decidedly reasonable. The street car company is accommodating and, as stated above, transports its passengers from the center of the city to the fair grounds in about fifteen minutes, perhaps less. Fast trains are frequent on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and an hour and a half by rail from New York (including ferry to Jersey City), or one hour from Philadelphia, is the limit.

In pointing out the facilities for running the Grand American Handicap on these grounds, Charlie Zwirlein showed us his plans for erecting a temporary club house in rear of the dead line, amply sufficient to accommodate 150 shooters and their friends and attendants. The only drawback that we see to choosing these grounds as the scene for the next Grand American Handicap is the distance from New York, and we do believe that shooters who compete in that great event would prefer to sleep in New York to any other place. Barring that one drawback, Trenton can offer as many set-offs as any other city in the country.

UNFAVORABLE WEATHER

marred this meeting, a heavy snow, the first of the season, falling a few days prior to the shoot, and making it unpleasant under foot on the first day. The air too on the first two days was raw and cold, cutting right through the warmest clothing. The small tent set apart nominally for the shooters, warmed with a small oil stove, was appropriated by the public almost to the exclusion of the shooters; and both classes nearly froze to death anyhow. The accommodation was far too limited even with such a small crowd of shooters; what it would have been had another dozen shooters and a good crowd of spectators put in an appearance we hesitate to say.

The birds were good ones all through, while the all-blue ones trapped in the big race were as fine a lot as we have ever seen leave the trap on a calm day; many of them were screamers without more than a breath of air to aid them. Anticipating at least ten entries, Zwirlein had scoured the country for first-class birds, and had gotten together 1,200 all-blue pigeons, small in body and strong of wing; no peeps. When brought to the score in crates their tail and wing feathers were as clean as if they had never been cooped up.

The story of the three days' shoot must be told in detail, and only briefly at that, as there is much demand on our space this week:

First Day, Dec. 1.

The chilly nature of the day had its effects upon the spectators who stood around in the yellow sandy mud of the Trenton soil and watched the shooters step to the mark, shoot and retire with but little display of enthusiasm. The glare from the snow was not hard on the eyes, but it had a tendency to make the birds slower to start than they would have been had the sod been bare. Some excellent scores were made. The two Winchester experts, Jim Elliott and Ferd Van Dyke, were on top with 47 out of 49 and 34 out of 35 respectively; Aaron Woodruff, of Elizabeth, scored 35 out of 38; Class 33 out of 36, and Fulford 32 out of 35; the best Brewer could do was 23 out of 27, his gun handicapping very seriously, apparently making no pattern and having little penetration. Fulford's work was not clean, but it must be said that he was using a new gun, a beauty, a high-grade Greener, that he was neither accustomed to and which the load did not suit. He got his birds, it is true, but there were several slobbers among them.

To-day's events consisted of a 25-bird handicap, $25 entrance, and two miss-and-outs, $2 entrance, all at 30yds. The scores of these events follow:

	Handicap.	No. 1.
E D Fulford (31)	2022222222222222222222—24	222220
F Van Dyke (29)	2212222222222021222222222—24	2222212221—10
J A R Elliott (32)	2220222221222202222222121—23	2222222222—10
Frank Class (31)	2222222222222222022222220—23	.....
A Woodruff (29)	1222020122222222221122222—23	2212222212—10
J L Brewer (32)	2022222220122222222022212—22	.....
B M C (28)	0122111210121212222211201—22	.....
Wiedmann (28)	1111211221201222200212112—22	.....
J C Timmons (28)	2222222222000222222222202—21	20
J L Winston (29)	2202222022201022220122202—19	.....
P Murphy (29)	2202212210212012202202001—18	2110
C Zwirlein (29)	2222022022022220202w	.....
N H Astfalk	.....	1211222210— 9
I W Budd	.....	2112122111—10

No. 1 was a miss-and-out, $2 entrance.

No. 2, miss-and-out, $2 entrance: P. Murphy, Elliott and Winston 14, Class 10, Zwirlein 8, Budd 6, Astfalk and Cubberly 4, Fulford 3, Woodruff 2, Timmons and Brewer 1.

Second Day, Dec. 2.

The weather on the second day was somewhat better than that of the first day, with the exception of the cold wind, which was penetrating and raw to a degree; under foot the ground was all right, being frozen solid as a rock. The attendance was naturally small, a fact supposedly due to the cold weather, as the class of shooters on hand called for more outside interest than was displayed.

Five miss-and-outs at $2 each were shot, and also a race at 10 birds, $10 entrance, all at 30yds. rise. The best work was done as follows: Elliott, 34 out of 37; Fulford, 34 out of 38; Woodruff and Cubberly, 30 out of 32; Lott, 22 out of 25; and Brewer, 15 out of 16. Ferd. Van Dyke, whose shells had not shown up, had enough left to take part in the 10-bird race, and used them to such effect that he scored every bird, making his record for the two days 44 out of 45. The scores in to-day's events were as follows, re-entries being allowed in the miss-and-outs in the first round:

Match: Brewer vs. Murphy, 25 birds, $25, 21yds. rise, gun below the elbow, H and T traps.

Brewer.....1111111111101111111111111—23
Murphy.....0111101001111111011101010—17

Match: Murphy vs. Hill, 10 birds, $10, 30yds. rise:

Murphy..... 212222222—9 Hill.....102112•12 w

Other sweeps were shot as below, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 6 being $2 miss-and-outs; and No. 5, 10 birds, $10, birds included. Scores in these events were as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.
Fulford	212111—6	11—2	21111212—8	1120 —3	2122111022— 9	222122—6
Hill	1110 —3	20—1	11221222—8	222210—5	2210222202— 8	111220
Elliott	222222—6	22—2	2221220—7	222222—6	2222222222 —10	2220
Woodr'ff	112220—5	12—2	21221222—8	221222—6	2122222122—10	.....
Lott	221220—5	10—1	22220 —4	112222—6	.....	222222—6
Cubberly	112121—6	20—1	11122122—8	112211—6	2122212012— 9	.....
Zwirlein	221110—5	10—1	1222220 —6	120 —2	122002210 w	120
Daly	20 —1	..	....	.....	2122022202— 8	212222—6
B M C	.....	21—2	21220 —4	.....	.....	.....
Van Dyke	.....	..	.....	.....	2222222222—10	.....
Murphy	.....	..	.....	20 —1	2220220202— 7	21220
Class	.....	..	.....	.....	02220100 w	.....
Brewer	.....	..	.....	.....	2222220121— 9	212222—6
Timmons	.....	..	.....	.....	2222222222—10	.....
Apgar	.....	..	.....	.....	2102021202— 7	222220—5
147	.....	..	.....	.....	0222220222— 8	220

In No. 1 Fulford lost his first bird and re-entered. Fulford, Elliott and Zwirlein lost their first birds in No. 2 and re-entered. In No. 4 Zwirlein re-entered, Murphy re-entering in No. 6.

Third Day, Dec. 3.

This was the finest day of the week so far. The sun was bright and warm, but there was still enough snap in the air to make it advisable to hunt for a spot warmed by the sun, but sheltered from the gentle northwest wind that blew across the fair grounds. It was a pleasant day for shooting, but one that was decidedly in favor of high scoring, no matter how good the birds might be; the wind was of no use to them; it was too light, although its direction was all right. Then again, the snow on the ground, with the bright glare of the sun, was bound to dazzle and bewilder many a bird that would under other circumstances have left the traps like a streak. To do away as far as possible with any trouble from the snow, Zwirlein had had it swept away from around the traps, but it was still well in evidence, and unquestionably bothered the birds not a little.

It was fully 11:15 before all the principals showed up on the grounds to-day, although the majority of them had been eager enough the night before to make a start at 10 A. M. prompt. Jim Elliott, accompanied by Ferd. Van Dyke, were the only ones on hand at the hour mentioned. When we reached the grounds at 10:20, Elliott, Van Dyke, Charlie Zwirlein and George Cubberly, together with a few of the trapper boys, were the sole occupants of the little tent.

When Class, Fulford and Brewer arrived with their respective backers there was a good deal of preliminary talk, and the conditions were changed from "one gun to take all" to two moneys, 75 and 25 per cent. Nate Astfalk was chosen referee, while the official scorers, who had to work in relays on account of the cold, were: Will Park, of *Sporting Life;* J. K. Starr, of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger;* and the representative of FOREST AND STREAM, who also relieved Mr. Astfalk when it became necessary for that gentleman to retire for the purpose of warming himself and eating his luncheon. Charlie Zwirlein and George Cubberly looked after the birds. The retrieving was done for the most part by Pete Murphy's Irish setter Dan, a dog of four years of age, but full of centuries of good sense. Zwirlein's black setter dog, Nig, relieved Dan when it became necessary to give the latter's sore foot a rest.

The order of shooting was as follows: Fulford, Elliott, Class and Brewer. The first shot was fired at 11:40, Brewer firing at the 400th bird and finishing the match at 3:05, a matter of only 3 hours and 25 minutes for the 400 birds, or 400 birds in 205 minutes—nearly 120 per hour. This fast work was due to the promptness with which the men stepped to the score, and also to the quality of the birds, loafers being the exception. There was very little slobbering, consequently there was no waste of time in retrieving, and only two no birds were called; perhaps 12 or 15 others required scaring up with balls, one of such birds, his 62d, fooling Elliott by its quick work when it got off. It is impossible with the space at our disposal this week to describe this shoot as fully as its character deserves. We must do the best we can, for it was a great shoot. The luck of the birds was about even, nothing much to choose on either side.

BREWER.

Brewer showed what a really magnificent shot he is by his work to-day. Going to the score with a 7¼lb. Francotte, Nate Astfalk's gun, with 1¼in. more drop to it than any gun Brewer ever shot before, he made some wonderful kills and used splendid judgment, particularly on towering incomers. So impressed was he with the capabilities of this gun and (of course) of himself that he declared many times that he would kill 97 out of his 100. As a matter of fact he scored 96, with three dead out of bounds. Only one, his 58th, an extremely fast bird, got away without joining the vast majority laid out on the snow to cool off. Brewer's load was 48grs. of Du Pont Smokeless with 1¼oz. of No. 7 shot in a U. M. C. trap shell. In addition to being handicapped by using a strange gun, he had the misfortune to break the plate of some false teeth he now wears, and the kicking of the gun under the heavy load drove the plate into his cheek at each shot, causing blood to flow freely inside his mouth almost the entire time of the match. He shot the race of his life, an up-and-up race, and finished by running out with an unbroken string of 42 kills. His long runs were 12, 35 and 42 unfinished, scoring 80 out of his last 82.

ELLIOTT.

Elliott, as usual in an important match, lost his first bird, a fast right-quartering driver from No. 4 trap that towered rapidly as it left the trap. Apparently centered with the second barrel, after being undershot with the first, the bird fell dead just over the track. Then he settled down and ran 32 before slipping up on an almost similar bird to his first, but this time from No. 2 trap. After running 15 straight he unexpectedly let off an easy bird from No. 4 trap in the 50th round, scoring 47 to Brewer's 48 out of the first 50 birds. In the 58th round it will be noticed that his string of second-barrel kills is broken by a solitary figure 1. The bird was an easy incomer, and when Elliott pulled the trigger for the first shell the cartridge missed fire; he then did what was really a foolish action and perhaps bad judgment—he ejected the faulty shell and scored the bird with his remaining cartridge. In the 62d round he was badly fooled by a sitter that dodged a couple of balls thrown at it, and then jumped suddenly into the air and went away like an English snipe up wind on a wild day. After that he settled right down to work and ran out with 38 straight. His double-figure runs were 32, 15, 11 and 38 unfinished. Of course he shot a Winchester repeating shotgun, weight 7½lbs., Leader shell, 48grs. E. C. powder, 1¼oz. No. 7 shot, Winchester factory-loaded ammunition. The way he handled the "pump" pleased everybody, his bodyguard and valet, Ferd. Van Dyke, smiling all over his face as Jim landed bird after bird.

FULFORD.

Fulford shot in excellent form, and centered his birds well with his first barrel. How well he did his work in this line is shown by his string of one-barrel kills, 61 of his 100 birds being scored with a single shell. He was compelled to be chary of the use of two shells by being short of satisfactory ammunition, some of his loads not being suited to his gun, a new high-grade Greener, a beauty that weighs just 8lbs. This one-barrel work is very taking, and pleases the spectators, and speaks well for both shooter, gun and ammunition; but it is very apt to make a man slow with his second just when he needs it on a fast, driving bird. The loss of some of his birds being attributed to this in a measure, notably in the 15th, 41st, 48th, 78th and 79th rounds. Some of his kills with the second barrel were on the phenomenal order, but were decidedly of the class that "can't be done every time," even if the gun is pointed just right. We doubt if Fulford ever shot much better than he did to-day. His score of 93 out of 100, with 5 others dead out of bounds, shows that he was in great form. The loss of his 43d bird was a remarkable one. The pigeon was a dark bird that circled in to the left from No. 1 trap, flipping about as it flew; it flinched as the first barrel went off, but did not seem to be touched by the second; both times the gun went off the bird could not have been more than 28yds. from the shooter, but not a feather left it; yet it fell stone dead on the track just back of the dead line, dying in mid-air. Fulford stepped to the score each time when his turn came and shot along with an unruffled air from start to finish, realizing that he was in a shooting match and determined to be as near the top as he could get. His load was 54grs. of Schultze, 1¼oz. of No. 7 for the right and the same amount of No. 6 in the left, in U. M. C. factory-loaded Trap shells. Fulford's runs were 19, 25, 24 and 21 unfinished.

CLASS.

Frank Class performed his part in to-day's shoot in an entirely different manner to the way the others went to work. He was deviling Brewer all the time, pointing out Elliott as a sure winner, and offering all sorts of bets that Brewer would not win. Before the match began he offered Brewer the odds of 50 to 40 that he wouldn't finish first. No takers! He handicapped himself badly in the first 22 rounds, losing his 1st, 5th, 9th, 15th and 22d birds, the first three dead out of bounds. Then he struck his gait, and those who have seen Class shoot know what that means. Out of the last 78 birds he scored 75, losing 2 others, his 64th and 78th, dead out of bounds. He got into his old slap-bang style, filling a bird full of shot with the first barrel and landing the second into it with a precision and rapidity that was remarkable. On his day he is as dangerous a man as anybody in the country; some of his scores in the past few years show this. He shot a 7½lb. Francotte, 48grs. of Schultze, 1¼oz. of No. 7 in a V. L. & D. U. M. C. shell. His double figure runs were 31, 13 and 22, unfinished.

A REMARKABLE FINISH.

The last string of 25 in this match was a remarkable one. Zwirlein culled his crates carefully for the best birds he possessed, choosing those that he knew would best test the skill of the shooters. They were a rattling lot as a whole, and those who were looking on saw some great shooting. Fulford and Class lost their birds in the 78th rounds, and then Fulford lost his 79th dead out of bounds. This was the last bird that was not gathered in bounds during the remainder of the match, the next 87 birds being scored without a miss, although Brewer had a narrow escape in the 87th round. The bird, a good one from No. 4 trap, was hit, but not very severely. Brewer elected to gather it himself. He went about it very carefully, nearly two minutes expiring before he made an attempt to gather it. Then the bird rose about two feet from the ground and made for the boundary line where the spectators were standing. When within about 15 yards of the deadline, and looking very much like a sure lost bird, its wing snapped and down it came, being easily gathered by Brewer as a result.

The traps fell as below:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	Total.
Brewer	17	25	27	14	17	100
Elliott	18	26	20	30	6	100
Fulford	17	24	23	23	13	100
Class	19	20	21	21	19	100
	71	95	91	88	55	400

Some peculiarities will be noticed in the above figures, particularly Jim Elliott's scarcity of the figure 5. It will be noticed also that although the average for each trap would be 80, Nos. 2, 3 and 4 were much above their average, No. 5 being away below that average. The even manner in which the traps fell to Class is also specially marked. The race was shot under the following conditions:

100 live birds per man, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, A. S. A. rules to govern, first to receive 75 per cent. of the purse, second to save his stake:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

J L Brewer....
5 3 1 1 3 3 3 5 1 3 3 2 1 4 3 5 3 1 4 1 1 5 2 5 5
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Frank Class....• 2 2 2 • 2 1 2 • 2 2 2 1 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 1 1—20

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2 1 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24—92

Other sweeps were shot as below, Nos. 1 and 4 being shot on the lower (match) set of traps; Nos. 2 and 3 being shot on the upper set while the match was in progress. Scores in these events were:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4
Fulford	1212—4	.....	.....	11112121101222211111—19
Brewer	10 —1	.....	.....	.....
Elliott	2222—4	.....	.....	.....
Zwirlein	1110—3	2211222—7	222222—6	.....
Winston	....	2222222—7	20 —1	22222220220222222221—18
Hill	10 —1	220 —1	2220 —3	22121122112111212222—20
Lott	....	2112122—7	222222—6	.....
Cubberly	1210—3	1221120—6	122222—6	22111121111200222222—17
Woodruff	1112—4	1222122—7	222222—6	21212220202100221121—16
Apgar	....	20 —1	0 —0	.....
Harris	....	.....	222220—5	.....
Pence	....	.....	.....	02222221222222202222—18

Nos. 1, 2 and 3 were miss-and-outs, $2 entrance, with re-entries in the first round. In No. 1 Zwirlein re-entered four times; in No. 2 Zwirlein and Woodruff re-entered once each, Apgar twice; in No 3 Apgar re-entered once. No. 4 was 20 birds, $10, birds extra.

EDWARD BANKS.

BLACKBIRDS AT ELKWOOD PARK.

Dec. 1.—A trial was given the new traps and grounds at Elkwood Park to-day, a few blackbird sweeps being shot. The birds proved good flyers, and about 50 per cent. of them got away to resume their journey to the South for the winter. The first sweep was a three-cornered affair at 10 blackbirds, $5 entrance. Phil Daly, Jr., won with 8 out of 10, A. L. Ivins and Wooley scoring 7 each. Then Johnson and Grover shot a race at 5 blackbirds, Johnson by 2 to Grover's straight score of 5 ciphers. No. 3 was a handicap event, 10 blackbirds, $5, Grover and Johnson allowed 2 misses as no birds. In No. 4, 5 blackbirds, $5, the same two shooters were allowed a miss as no bird. The scores were as below:

	No. 1.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Woolley (27)	0022102121—7	2222220101 —8	02200 —2
Daly (28)	2212022202—8	0202002 w	22202 —4
Ivins (28)	0222220110—7	2001121110 —7	01102 —3
Grover (24)	.....	2020202200 20 —6	00200 —1
Johnson (25)	.....	2200210200120—7	021000—2

WALSRODE GUN CLUB.

Nov. 26.—Below are the scores made by the members of the Walsrode Gun Club at its annual Thanksgiving Day shoot. The main event was a race at 25 targets, handicap allowance of extra targets, the prize being one of Laflin & Rand's silver kegs of W-A powder. The keg was won by B. Schork, who broke 24 out of 28, being allowed 3 extra targets to shoot at. Scores:

Winters	1001111111111011111011100 —19
Luedecke	1111101111111111101101011 —21
Young	1111111110011121111101111 —22
Alexander	0110111110111001111111011110—21
Reinhardt	1010001110010100110000101 —11
Then	0010010010010011101001110 —11
Waldmann	1111110101101101010110100 —16
Perment	1101111111001111100w
Baar	1111101101100011110w
Schork	1111111011110101101111111111—24

Practice sweeps were shot as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Winters	9	7	10	9	7	4	..	Waldmann	..	..	4	5	4	..	..
Luedecke	8	8	8	7	8	2	8	Schork	..	..	..	8	6	2	..
Reinhardt	6	5	6	..	..	..	..	Baar	..	..	..	..	10	6	9
Alexander	7	8	7	4	5	..	9	Perment	..	..	..	..	6	9	8
Young	..	7	9	8	8	..	6								

H. REINHARDT, Sec'y.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

G. S., Great Barrington, Mass.—My dog is five months old, and is trained under Hammond's rules. He seems to have a splendid nose, and I have taken him in the field for partridges several times. At first he would go but 10 or 12in. ahead of me, and now he does splendidly, all but the pointing. This afternoon I started a partridge and followed her up. The puppy only looked at her as she flew, and never made a sign of pointing. I followed her up, and saw her on the ground. The pup seemed to be trailing something, but he ran within 2ft. of the bird, causing it to fly. He has never pointed a partridge, and I ask you whether you think him worth bothering with. He is Llewellin stock, and cost me a good deal. Ans. Your puppy is too young either to train or to perform well on birds. Let him have his own way largely till he is more mature mentally and physically. About next fall he will be about the right age for field work and field training. Only very precocious puppies point at his age, and it is then no sign whatever of future excellence.

C. D. E., Allen, Mich.—While cleaning out the church spire at the M. E. Church, in this place, among some tame pigeons was killed one with a silver band on his right foot bearing the inscription, "J. L., '94, 10." Can you give any information regarding the bird? Ans. A stray carrier pigeon, but we cannot identify owner,

W. McD. P.—Will you kindly, in your Answers to Correspondents, give me some information as to the best place on the Gulf Coast of Florida to go for tarpon fishing? Ans. Punta Gorda; write to F. H. Abbott, manager Punta Gorda Hotel there.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1896. | VOL. XLVII.—No. 25. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

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Present Entrance on Leonard Street

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

AUDUBON'S WILLOW PTARMIGAN.

WE give to-day in the series of Audubon reproductions the portrait of the Willow Ptarmigan, with the chapter from the Biography descriptive of the bird.

This ptarmigan is hardly known as a game bird outside of Newfoundland, where it is commonly pursued with dog and gun and is known as "partridge." It occurs in one form or another in Labrador, northern Maine and in the British Possessions generally, but as a bird for the sportsman is but little hunted except in the island mentioned. The Nova Scotia Game Society members are contemplating an attempt to introduce the willow ptarmigan into their country.

Beautiful as is the plate of the willow ptarmigan, it of course can give no idea of the rich and vivid coloring of the birds and the surroundings of their summer home. The enlarged comb of the male in the breeding season is bright crimson; the feathers on the side of his neck are rich reddish brown or rufous, the back feathers are dark orange brown barred with black and tipped with gray. The colors of the female are more modest, as becomes her sex, being tawny barred with black. The hen and her chicks are resting on a rock covered with gray green lichen, and the green barren sweeps away toward the sky. Near the birds grows the plant known as Labrador tea, and in the lower left hand corner of the foreground are some wild peas. Among the many beautiful plates of this great work this is one of the most charming—a picture of bird life at home.

THE FOREST AND STREAM'S reproductions of Audubon bird portraits in half-tone from the rare first edition are as follows, with dates of those already printed:

BLACK DUCK, Sept. 26, 1896.
PRAIRIE CHICKEN, Oct. 24.
CANVASBACK DUCK, Nov. 21.
WILLOW PTARMIGAN, Dec. 19
AMERICAN GOLDEN PLOVER, Jan. 23, 1897
SHOVELLER DUCK.
REDHEAD DUCK.
PURPLE SANDPIPER.

It has already been told that there are some of the original Audubon copper plates still preserved in museums and elsewhere. Miss M. R. Audubon sends us this interesting note of some others, from her father's journal: "On July 19, 1845, the copper plates were greatly injured in a fire in Beaver street, though not destroyed. They are, however, in such a condition that it is doubtful whether they can ever be used."

Of these Miss Audubon writes: "They were sold by my grandmother, Mrs. J. J. Audubon, many years later. Two, the Snow Goose and the Great White Heron, are in my possession, having been given me by an utter stranger, who most liberally sent them to me, hearing I regretted owning none. This gentleman (whose name I withhold at his request) has a number set in the walls of his dining room. He wrote to me that his father bought them at a sale of old copper some years ago. Besides these and those owned by the museums there are a number of odd ones owned by different persons, of which I hear from time to time."

THE HAZARD OF THE FIELD.

WITH each recurring season, when shooters go afield and afloat in pursuit of game, accidents happen from the use of shotgun and rifle, and then betimes there come to the public reports of maiming or death accidentally inflicted by the use of such firearms. These accidents may be such as neither forethought nor prudence could guard against, yet they are almost invariably accredited to the criminal carelessness of the offending individual, or to his stupidity.

As the public sees such misfortunes, there is nothing to palliate, nothing to condone, nothing to excuse them. Let an accident happen as it may, if done with a gun, nearly everyone will consider that the man causing it is an unpardonable offender, and the prejudgments of it are tenaciously held against him. The man who caused the accident may be grief-stricken and overwhelmed at the injury or death of his friend or his victim, and would gladly take all the misfortune on himself could he do so. The accident might be such as would have happened to anyone else under the same circumstances, nevertheless many of the men who can write exhaust their stock of invectives in publicly denouncing him; others declaim with self-righteous vehemence against him; and all these self-constituted censors may be many miles from the scene of the misfortune and know nothing of its circumstances except what they gather from rumor. As an accident with the gun or rifle is more or less sensational, many men consider it a fit subject for venting their splenetic utterances, though unconscious of the Pharisaical implication which pervades their words, and indifferent to the fact that their information is seldom full enough to warrant even a just opinion in private.

Accidents in other vocations and avocations may happen and do happen every day. They are inseparable from life. The public, by observing that they are beyond the power of man to prevent, have come to accept them as a mournful matter of course.

Society guards against the accidents of life as much as possible, and, failing betimes, exercises its sympathy and care for the unfortunates; and he who caused the injury, if blameless, is sympathized with as one suffering from a grievous misfortune himself. He who would take it upon himself furiously and indignantly to inveigh against the ordinary accidents of life would draw but little attention to his own excellence by such means.

But accidents from the use of guns have come to be considered a lawful subject for the disposal of such ill-tempered sayings as are not available at other times. These accidents are seemingly considered as special accidents, differing from other accidents. There are thousands of mechanisms in the industrial world which day by day swell the numbers of those who have passed away, and of those who go through life maimed in body, broken in spirit and incapacitated for life's struggles, yet, as these mechanisms are not made for the special purpose of killing, any accident caused by their use is disassociated from such idea.

But guns are made specially for killing purposes, and though they may be used ever so legitimately in sport, an accident from their use nearly always is considered as the outcome of carelessness or negligence. The public is slow to learn that there will always be a certain percentage of accidents in the use of guns as there will be in the use of all mechanisms which have to deal with high powers, whether of horses in harness, steam in boilers or other steam appliances, electricity in wires and motors, etc. Each peculiar force has its list of victims, ever increasing. What is true of the forces employed in the industrial world will be equally true of the forces used in the pursuit of game.

There will be accidents which no care and forethought can prevent. In the industrial occupations of life men are taught carefully, yet with all the knowledge and skill derived from teaching and experience serious accidents happen. In sport with the gun many men have but a day or two each year, or but a few days at most; therefore it is not at all strange that they are awkward and at times thoughtless in the handling of firearms

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The self-taught individual rarely thinks of his gun as being a dangerous weapon till he prepares to fire. He carries it full-cock on his shoulder, bearing with deadly menace on whoever may be walking behind him; or resting it on his forearm and pointing it forward, to bear on whatever may be before him, whether the same be man or dog. He is the man who pulls, muzzle first, his gun from the rear end of the wagon, or through a fence after he has crossed it, and something catching the trigger the gun is discharged and he is shot. Such a man as he rests on the muzzle of his cocked gun, hand on muzzle and both under armpit—a dog jumps up on him and touches the trigger and again the same old accident occurs Or he carries the loaded gun in the wagon, takes it in hand to alight, slips and again there is a tragedy. And nearly all these occur from thoughtlessness or ignorance, the result of a narrow personal experience, or neglect to learn from the writings of men of full knowledge, or from careless habit continued from careless beginnings.

No man, be his experience great or small, can consider that he is handling his gun correctly if there is a possibility that from his imperfect manner of manipulating it he puts any of his fellows in danger. He should persist in carrying his gun muzzle upward or downward at angles which preclude all possibility of danger, and this till the discipline becomes so fixed that it becomes habit. He should never take a loaded gun into a wagon, nor leave it out of his hands with a load in it. If he sets down his gun it is often unexpectedly picked up by some meddlesome and perhaps ignorant interloper who is curious to understand its mechanism and to try its workings. As a general rule, when among strangers it is a safe presumption that if the owner of a gun wishes one to examine it he will ask him to do so; till he does so it will be a safe course to let it alone.

From a standpoint of safety, the precautions necessary may be summed up in a few words: No shooter should place his gun with the muzzle pointing toward himself or anyone else. He should never carry a loaded gun in a wagon; never cross a fence, or other obstruction where a fall is possible, without first putting his gun at half cock or at safety, or, if need be, removing the cartridges; and he should never put his gun out of his hands without first removing the cartridges when people are about.

When he hears of an accident he should forbear saying "I told you so," and as for his opinion thereon he should consider that it is all bad enough without adding his disapproving opinion to it. He may look back in his own experience and find a time when such an accident was possible to himself, a time when he was ignorant of proper methods, but when fortunately no accident happened to him, and instead of vituperating the offenders he should consider that there may be those deserving of sympathy as well as much o deplore.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

A RICH treat is in store for those whose good fortune it shall be to sit down in a cozy corner with the Christmas Number of the FOREST AND STREAM, which will be that of next week. dated Dec. 26 Here are some of the titles:

A CAMP GHOST STORY By G W. M

THE BARON AND THE WOLVES By Ernest Seton Thompson. With illustrations by the author.

STORIES OF AN HEROIC AGE— CHARLEY REYNOLDS. By George Bird Grinnell.

HOLLAND—CONCLUSION. By S. T. Hammond.

A LETTER FROM UNCLE LISHA. By Rowland E. Robinson.

A CHRISTMAS AT PORT TYLER'S. By Fred. Mather.

RUFFED GROUSE SHOOTING. Full-page drawing by Edm. Osthaus.

The announcement with respect to Mr. Robinson's contribution is provisional; it may be deferred until the following issue. The only certain way to make sure of all the good things given in the FOREST AND STREAM is to read the paper every week.

With the new year will begin the forty-eighth volume. The prestige of the paper as the American sportsman's favorite journal will be maintained in 1897. The FOREST AND STREAM will be as interesting, as instructive, as helpful, as of old. It will contend not less sturdily for the protection and advancement of the interests of field and stream, and outdoor sport with rod and gun.



AUDUBON'S PORTRAIT OF THE WILLOW PTARMIGAN.

The Sportsman Tourist.

HUNTING IN GREENLAND.

I SUPPOSE when I tell my reader that the deer hunt I am going to describe was not crowned with success, and that our efforts were useless, he will drop this article with disgust and look for something more ideal. But this particular hunt was so unique in a way off there in Greenland, so surrounded by peculiar conditions, that I think it will not fail to be of some interest, especially to him who has the true sporting instinct, and appreciates as only the hunter can the hardships and trials of the chase.

Again I want my reader to understand that he is not reading fiction, but a true account of actual adventure that four of us went through last summer. Were it fiction it would not have had such a miserable ending, and our party would have returned to camp with all the meat and heads they could carry.

The great Nugsuak Peninsula is a body of land situated on the west coast of Greenland, well up in the latitude of 71°. It is some hundred miles long and fifty wide, and extends from the great inland ice in a northwesterly direction to Baffin's Bay. The interior of this peninsula is but little known, and as far as I could ascertain from the Danes living in that locality we were the only white men who had gone over the ground. Bounded on three sides by fiords five to ten miles wide, laden with icebergs, and on the fourth by the impenetrable ice sheet, it rises abruptly to an average elevation of 4,000ft., where there extends a field of perpetual snow forcing itself out between the mountain peaks and down their sides in the form of glaciers. And such was the general character of the country in which we hunted deer.

We, that is John Phillips, myself and two Eskimos, Thui and Johnathan by name, made the party. Phillips was a tall, slender fellow, not yet of age, but strong, and with a grit and persistence that made him an admirable companion on such a trip. The two natives were wee bit of men picked up at the settlements as the best hunters, and as knowing a little of the country through which we were going. They were dark, dirty fellows barely 5ft. high, but could carry a pack on their backs, supported by straps across the forehead, for miles across the worst kind of going, and apparently enjoy it.

Our departure was made from the mouth of a salmon river, Ekaluit, on the north side of the peninsula, where our Boston party of students and professors had pitched the big tent. Provisions were taken for just four days, that being the time allowed us by the head of the party, and consisted solely of baked beans, biscuit and coffee, and a liberal allowance of black tobacco for the two guides. We wore the Eskimo coat of sealskin—"natsek," as it is called—woollen trousers and the "kamiks," or skin boots, for footwear. Thui absolutely forbade our taking walking boots on account of the noise they made with the hobnails on the rocks. Their loss was sadly felt before we got back, for the skin boots offered no resistence to the rough ground, every little piece of rock making itself felt through the thin soles.

At 4 o'clock on the morning of that latter day in August Thui stuck his head in the tent and said it was good to go, and after a hot breakfast and a careful examination of our traveling gear we were off, making our way through the lowlands and following up the valley through which Ekaluit River made its way. The valley was perhaps a mile wide, covered with the low blueberry and cowberry bush and dwarf willows, the whole flanked by two chains of mountains rising to the ice cap. The sides of the mountains were bare of vegetation, as were the huge banks of talus running from the cliffs far out into the valley, and the rock was invariably gneiss. For perhaps three hours we kept up this valley, which ran in a southeasterly direction, and found the walking pretty fair, the best we were destined to have on the trip. At each stop, which was always just before reaching the crest of some elevation, Thui unslung his pack, got out a small telescope and carefully scanned the outlook ahead for signs of game.

Presently the Eskimos turned off abruptly to the right and began the ascent of the cliffs, which here, along the side of a waterfall from the snow above somewhere, afforded us sufficient footing. It was hard climbing, but frequently looking back we could see how rapidly we were getting up, and soon we reached the top and found ourselves on the edge of a slightly rising table-land, with patches of snow ahead and the ice rising and disappearing on both sides. We were evidently on a divide and the stream we had ascended drained it. Here we stopped to take our lunch of biscuit.

Traveling now was over rock that seemed to have been broken up by frost action. Huge slabs were detached from the ledge and splintered into sharp, angular blocks which had not yet had time to weather. Small fields of snow were crossed, joining the ice fields on both sides of us, and soon we found ourselves on a slight descent, but had not made over a mile or two when we came to a halt on the edge of enormous cliffs overlooking a wonderful and surpassingly beautiful scene. Below us perhaps 3,000ft., and at right angles to the direction we had been coming, lay a lake some ten miles long and one and a half wide, of a light chocolate color. It was hemmed in on three sides by a ragged buttress of rock rising to the height that we now were, through which came at almost uniform distances a number of blue glaciers, shimmering in the sunlight and distributing tiny delta streams to the lake. From the water's edge lowlands, rich with blueberry bushes and moss, undulated to the mountain sides, where they met the talus. Down came the glaciers from the edge of the ice cap, some of them running far out over the lowlands and surrounded by moraines as fresh and gray as though they had been made that day. At the lower end of the lake the valley turned abruptly to the left, hiding the outlet from our view. It was in this arena then that we made our descent and chose for our scene of action the next three days.

Along about halfway down, after we had got into the belt of vegetation again, Thui suddenly stopped, stooped over and quietly remarked that we would get "tuktuk" (deer) very soon. This was good news. There were the comparatively fresh tracks of the caribou and it was tolerably certain they could not be many miles away. The natives had told us that "innuit" (people from the north) had frightened all big game away from this part of the peninsula and the chances would be against our finding game here, but now our spirits came up with the thought of deer so near us, and we hastened on down the mountain side and on to the lowlands, where we turned to the right.

The walking was now much like that which we had at first, only we were obliged to be continually going over great piles of morainic boulders. The water we found to be laden with glacial silt, a mud from the surface of the ice and too fine to settle quickly. There were small pieces of ice floating about here and there from one or two glaciers which had succeeded in reaching the water's edge.

Camp that first night was made under the shelter of a tremendous boulder 60ft. long and 20 thick, and tilted so as to leave a large space underneath, where we built our fire and turned in for the night. The meal consisted of a can of Boston baked beans, we spreading the contents of the can over a rock, where we all helped ourselves. The natives then prepared a fire with a certain green, pitchy vine similar to the cowberry bush, and proceeded to make the coffee. Taking the raw kernels, they spread them over a piece of thin rock and placed it over the fire until the coffee was roasted black. Then grinding it between two stones, the empty bean can was brought into play; it was filled with water, the coffee added and heated to boiling. The result was a black, strong, rich drink, which I found to be just what I wanted to stay my nerves.

"Turning in" simply meant going to sleep with us, for we had no tent, sleeping bags or extra clothing, but just as we were trying to find a smooth place to lie on Thui beckoned to us to come over where he was. He was sprawled out flat on the rocks with his eye to the telescope, intently taking in the slopes on the further side of the lake.

"Tuktuk, tuktuk!" he exclaimed, in his native tongue, almost as excited as we were when we heard it. "Two, old man, little child." But look as hard as we would we could not make them out. Thui said they were sleeping, and at that distance, some two miles away, no wonder they were invisible to our inexperienced eyes.

We took his word, however, that they were there, Johnathan confirming Thui's statement, and you have no idea what spirit this news put into us. Next morning we were up and after a hasty meal started off down the lake with the intention of rounding it and coming up the other side.

We scared up a few ptarmigan and two arctic hares that day, but they were only given a passing glance. How I wish, now that I know how our trip turned out, that I had bagged those two white skins. At noon we reached the foot of the lake, and crossing a large delta flat, spreading out from a glacier surrounded by a Titan dam of terminal and lateral moraines several hundred feet high, turned to the left at right angles to our former path and found another lake, smaller than the first, about three miles in length, spreading out before us. This lake was surrounded in the same way as its neighbor by extensive lowlands and hemmed in by the cliffs, and at its further end could be seen a river flowing out of it to the west and disappearing behind a chain of mountains. Evidently this was our only place to cross and a bee line was made for it.

But there is no country in which distances are so deceiving as Greenland; there is nothing in the landscape to give it scale and allow the spectator an idea of how far off an object may be. Nothing but rocks and boulders which vary in all sizes up to that of a large house.

So we found ourselves at dusk still two miles from the river and sought the protection of some friendly rocks for the night. Before turning in the natives discovered two more deer through the telescope just across the small lake. These John and I easily made out. They were a doe and a fawn this time and they were browsing among the piles of talus on the reindeer moss. Their fall coat was gray and an exact copy in color of the carpet of moss and willow over which they were slowly moving.

This sight, together with a liberal dose of the black coffee, put us in good condition for the night, and we smoked our pipes with a satisfaction and assurance that the morrow would bring us to our quarry, and I crawled in out of sight under a stone as big as a hut without noticing the bank of clouds collecting over the mountain tops to the east.

At 3:30 in the morning I awoke, for the first time cold. I crawled out of my den. There was a half snow, half rain, falling, and a heavy fog was slowly advancing up the valley. I called to John and the natives roosting among the rocks, and after some time managed to get a fire for our coffee from a few dry vines collected under shelving stones. At 7 we were off down the valley along the base of another lateral moraine, and after crossing several streams from the glacier reached the shore of the river at 9 o'clock.

The stream at this point was some thousand feet wide, but with the exception of its middle, where the greater current ran, it was not deep, many boulders and ledges protruding above water. The gradient was very marked, the whole river sliding along down hill to meet another lake, probably greater than any we had yet seen and whose head was just visible under the fog. We could see out in the middle of the stream, by bits of ice on the surface, that there was a rapid fall at this place, but it was all too apparent by the slope of the divide at this point.

We sat down and took off our socks and sealskin pants, keeping on the boots for protection against the rocks, and with Thui ahead with a stick, which I still believe he brought all the way for this purpose, that is, to feel his way, we started in. The water was cold, cruelly cold, and could not have been far from the freezing point judging from the feeling and the pieces of ice it contained. After getting out some distance Thui and Johnathan turned to the left and started up stream, John and I meekly following, dragging our benumbed limbs after us.

We were above our knees now and getting near midstream. Here the natives, after poking about for awhile, gave us to understand, by plunging the stick under water and then placing it against their sides, thus showing the depth of water, that it was too much for them and that they were going to try it again further up stream. So back we went to shore and trudged up a few hundred yards. This time we reached the deep water about three-quarters of the way across.

Up to this time I had kept my temper pretty well under control, thinking that we were doing the best under the circumstances and that the natives knew their business better than we; but when I saw them stop probing after sunken stepping stones, deliberately get out their pipes, light them and enter into a lengthy discussion as to the comparative merits of crossing above or below or of fording at all, this in ice water up to our knees, I must confess that I let loose the vials of my wrath on those poor fellows' heads and sent them to a warmer place than Greenland. They took it humbly enough and simply said it was too deep for them and began to make for the shore.

This was too much for me. With a call to John to follow, which he had the common sense to ignore, I took my rifle in my hand and waded out into the current, and was soon up to my hips slipping on and off the stones on the bottom, which seemed to be covered with some kind or slime.

Somehow or other I got across right side up and with a dry Winchester, and sitting down I took off what garments were wet and proceeded to wring them out. Looking back, I saw John and the two natives disappearing down stream, and I knew they were going to try it again there. I got into my wet clothes again, which were now thoroughly soaked, for it was raining hard, and started running up and down the shore for circulation. The wind was coming up and I waited anxiously for my companions to join me. Finally they came into view rounding a low island down stream, but to my disgust on the same side of the stream as before. I beckoned them to come over where I had made it, and after some demurring and another powpow between Thui and Johnathan over their everlasting pipes they concluded to make the attempt. But they never reached the other side. They got over as far as before, and were some half hour dissecting the river bottom with their poles before they gave me to understand that they should not dare to make the attempt. As I think it over now at a later day, I hardly wonder at their caution and am inclined to be more lenient with them than when the thing occurred. For the Eskimo, as I have said before, is a "wee bit of a man," and with their two heavy packs strapped to their heads it would have been a foolhardy thing for them to have attempted to reach the bank on which I was standing, especially when you think that hardly one native in 100 knows how to swim.

"John," I yelled at the top of my voice, "come on and let those black devils go back if they want to." But I might as well have tried to raise the dead as to make him hear across this stream, which was continually rising and making considerable noise on its race to the lower lake. I motioned to him to join me, but to my dismay he shook his head, and with the two natives made for shore. And then I did what I have since regretted—I retreated after them. For now, looking at the situation after a lapse of two months, surrounded by all the luxuries of a civilized home, I wonder why I could have prevailed upon myself to go back when there was game only a mile or two away; to have come such a distance, and gone through so much, and now to give up the object of the trip when almost within my grasp. I know what the opinion of my readers will be, and cannot blame them, seeing it as they do from the position of a looker-on; but I will say that when I found myself on the other side, alive and kicking, I thanked my lucky stars that I had been permitted to join my companions once again. Twice on the way over did I lose my foothold and go under; twice was I borne down by the current and brought up against a projecting boulder down stream. The struggle in that current the last hundred feet, with all my wet clothing tied in a bundle around my neck like a millstone, and still clinging to my rifle, was something I never want to go through with again. But thanks to a strong constitution and the invaluable experience of a boyhood spent for a good part in and about the river of a Vermont village, I got back and into my clothes, and following the others labored on to our former camping place among the rocks.

I was none the worse for my ducking, and none of us as far as I could see showed any ill effects from our five hours in the river except Johnathan. I found him, much to my surprise, shaking as though with the palsy, and his teeth chattering like castanets. Out of the pack he carried I got a suit of dry underwear and gave it to him, sleeping myself that night in wet clothing, and a disagreeable night it was.

As luck would have it, the temperature fell during the night to freezing, and the wind, coming from the east, penetrated into our rocky cells, chilling us to the bone. We were up several times during the night exercising to keep warm, and longing for daylight and the sun.

It came at 6 o'clock, bursting through the clouds, and stayed with us just two hours, which was enough for us to think that life was still worth living. We managed with perseverance to make a fire sufficiently hot to cook coffee, and then after eating the last of the beans and biscuit, tightening our belts and adjusting the loads, we started for Ekaluit, fully twenty miles away. I will not bore you with the details of that tramp. Starting in fair spirits—for we took the bitter medicine of the day before with a hunter's philosophy—our little cavalcade pushed on through snow, rain and fog for twenty hours; not daring to stop on account of the cold, and continually hounded by the thought that the nearest food was only at the tent. Thui had told us that morning that he should try a different route home, a cross cut, and said it was only three miles. Now an Eskimo mile is a Danish mile, and equivalent to four English miles; but as we tramped on that day and the next night and the following morning, over lowlands, up the cliffs, across the ice cap among the influence of the glaciers, and finally down the other side, putting mile after mile behind us, I am sure we covered about double that distance before reaching our destination.

And all over the most detestable kind of walking. I don't mind thirty miles on one of the turnpikes out of Boston; but over huge erratics and across an ice cap which satisfied all the conditions, on a miniature scale, found in crossing the great island of Greenland itself, with our feet shod as they were, the last half of the distance amounted to nothing less than slow, long drawn out torture.

As we ascended the cliffs overlooking the lakes we halted for a moment and took in at a glance the scene below us, which had even now a wonderful fascination. It seemed to me as though nowhere else on the face of the earth could there be such scenery, such savageness to those chains of mountains with the ice streams glinting and clinging to their sides, such unearthly hues to the lowlands and lakes themselves, and all shrouded in a stillness that was oppressive. Then we turned and

plunged into the fog. How those Eskimos kept their bearing across that waste of snow was surprising, although I imagine it was by the direction of the wind, which was, fortunately for us, at our backs.

We were in the fog ten hours, in blinding snow while on the ice cap, and came out on the north side when the moon, breaking through a rift in the clouds, lit up the surface of a glacier far below. Following down its left bank, a crossing was made over its slippery coating of wet ice, and the natives started off up the side of an adjoining spur into the fog again.

I was well nigh exhausted now, about midnight, and John was calling on me to stop. I yelled to the natives ahead to give us a rest, but they had no mercy. So, realizing our dependence on them to get us to camp, not having the slightest idea where we were, John and I drained the last drop of spirits from his pocket flask, and for the hundredth time screwed up our will forces and plunged into the mist after them.

The end was nearly over now. I vaguely remember wandering around in the fog with the moon dimly shining through it lighting up a waste of boulders; boulders everywhere, and four dark objects slowly picking their way over them, keeping together for fear of losing each other. Once, as we reached the ridge of the spur, we came through the mist and looked out over Umanak Fiord and among the islands and nunataks to the north, with a band of blood-red sky lying along the horizon.

Wearily we toiled down the slopes into Ekaluit, where almost before we knew where we were the white walls of the tent loomed through the misty morning air, and we entered, rousing the heavy sleepers within, and asked for food and drink. Nourishment, a long, refreshing sleep and a week nursing tender feet, and the deer hunt, with its deleterious effects, was a thing of the past.

It will go down to history as a chapter of failures, yet I am glad to have the memory of such an unusual experience. My hunter's instinct still troubles me at times when I think of the swollen river, the loss of game and the ignominious retreat, but on the other hand I have just enough humanity to be happy in the thought that on that retreat rested the safety of a doe and fawn browsing on the now snow-covered lowlands in the heart of Nugsuak, Greenland.

RUSSELL W. PORTER.

ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC.

II.—Cocos Island.

COCOS ISLAND is a little beauty spot, west-southwest from Panama, distant some 600 miles. Its shores, generally steep and rocky, are indented by several little bays, each with its tiny white beach. Lying in a region of frequent rains, it is one of the best watering places in the Pacific.

Then there are the old legends of its once being a piratical rendezvous, and the supposition of buried treasure which always hovers around such places. Indeed, I believe there was once a schooner fitted out in San Francisco to search for buried treasure on Cocos Island. I never learned if they found any.

The island is small, but high, the sides nearly perpendicular, with a flat table-land at the top. It is very heavily wooded, and the trees are in turn covered with a dense network of vines and creepers everywhere dotted with bright yellow and white flowers, something like a morning glory, but larger.

The island is at its best after a shower. Like all tropical countries, the rain comes in torrents. It rains fiercely for perhaps an hour and then stops as quickly as it began, the sun breaks through the clouds and every leaf is all alive with sparkling rain drops. Beheld from the anchorage the island is then a magnificent scene. The green wall of foliage, with its myriads of yellow and white flowers, each leaf and flower bright with rain drops, hundreds of little waterfalls breaking out from the green wall, and falling with a grand sweep to the beach below. Then there is game—pigeons very like in size and color to the wild pigeon of America; and wild hogs, said to be descendants from stock left by Capt. Cook.

Back in the 60s I was one of the crew of an American bark which called at Cocos for water. The casks were easily filled by rolling them up the beach to one of the numerous waterfalls. Our work was soon done, and then all hands went off for a frolic. One boat, with the second mate, went for cocoanuts, while the rest, with the mate, went hog hunting. Our mate was very unpopular, but there was so much fascination in the idea of going after wild hogs that he had by far the larger party.

The mate, Mr. Allen, carried the only gun and went ahead. We floundered along through the thick bushes, over rocks, wading streams and fighting mosquitoes for some time. We had nearly reached the highest part of the island when one of the party discovered a hog some distance away. Mr. Allen saw that he could get no good chance where he was, but on looking about saw a small ledge a few rods off that promised a better opportunity. Creeping along carefully, he reached the place where, by pushing the gun through some vines, he thought he had the game sure; but that little ledge proved to be the lair of an old sow with her family of young pigs. As the mate shoved his gun through the vines the old sow took it for a challenge, and with a grunt and a roar charged directly at his face, which from his crouching position was all she could see. Then came the catastrophe. The mate had taken position on the edge of the ledge; at his back was a ravine some 20ft. deep, its sides forming an acute angle, and the whole composed of rough rock covered with a mat of vines and creepers. In his haste to regain his feet Mr. Allen lost his balance altogether, and with a wild yell of fright went over backward, gun one way, mate another, the old sow stopping at the edge of the cliff to snarl her defiance. It was fun for the boys, but mate Allen was badly demoralized. To make it worse, his gun had been discharged in the tumble, and before he could shake himself together and reload the game was gone. "What are you laughing at?" he roared, glaring round at the men.

The next sight of game proved more fortunate. Mr. Allen shot a large boar, breaking his foreleg, and the men finished him with clubs. We rolled him down to the beach, cleaned, cooked and tried to eat, but it was a miserable failure. We might get along with its being tough, but the flavor was beyond human endurance.

Among our crew was a long-geared Yankee from Boston. He had become dissatisfied with the ship, and made up his mind to desert. The night after the hunt he rolled his clothing up as snug as possible, packed it in a tub and climbed down the cable, while his mates lowered the tub after him. Reaching the water, and putting a line from the tub around his neck, he struck out for the land. The distance was barely two miles and he was a powerful swimmer, so we felt no fear for his reaching the shore. We met him some months afterward in Talcahuano, Chili, when he told us his story. He said: "After I left the ship I laid my course by a star, and struck out for the shore. I took my time about it, for I knew I had a long swim, and I wanted my strength to last me to the end. I got along very well for a while until in crossing a tide-rip my tub was swamped and hung up and down. I did not dare to let go of it, for all my clothes were there, and it would be death to land without them. I would not let them go and turn back to the ship, and so I shut my teeth hard and held on for shore.

"Many times during that swim I thought it was all over with Dick; but somehow I couldn't give up as long as I could move a leg. At last, however, I thought my time had come sure; I could just keep my lips above water, while my legs were almost up and down, and so stiff I could hardly move them. I was just taking a good-by look at the stars when my toes touched bottom. That gave me a little lift and I soon crawled out on the beach, dragged my tub after me and lay there until I had recovered some of my strength.

"A few days after a bark came in and I swam off to her, went up to Tomby and shipped, and here I am."

We had fine sport bathing here. We would go ashore, strip at some little basin under a waterfall, lather ourselves from head to foot and then stand under the cascade and wash the soap off.

We caught many fish, some marked like trout, but without the adipose dorsal. Then there were leatherjackets, John Dorys and many others that I could not name.

But our play was soon over, our water casks were full, and with one man short we stood out to sea, while many eyes were turned regretfully for a last look at fair Cocos.

TARPON.

AFTER DEER.

A Tramp in the New Brunswick Woods.

EARLY on the morning of Dec. 29 three sportsmen (would-be) and a driver started away from the market square of a New Brunswick town in a big two-horse sled. We sat on hay and were covered up to the chins with robes and blankets. Our names: Duncan, Jack and Allegor. The driver, a farmer in summer and a lumberman in winter, had been named by his parents and the parson Bob Black, and renamed by a colored cook from Washington, D. C., Bob White. So Bob White he was called.

After we had traveled through the hills for nearly an hour Allegor, the recorder of this trip, espied fox tracks through the woods at the roadside, and got out with his rifle to try to shoot something. Bob White smiled a thin smile under his iron-gray moustache, but said nothing. The other two laughed loudly and pulled the blankets closer to their chins. The horses continued their sedate trot, leaving Allegor alone, with the snow nearly reaching to his waist. As he was plunging forward two partridges puffed up suddenly from under the snow and perched on the branch of a birch tree a few rods in front of him. The hunter raised his gun and knocked the head off the nearest bird. Then he fired at the further bird, which flew away unharmed. Partridge in hand, he plowed his way back to the road and shouted after his companions.

That evening Bob White and his passengers arrived safely at Snodge's camp on the Dunbar, and were regaled with pork and beans, warm bread, and tea hot and strong enough to throw a Chinaman into nervous prostration. The cook served the grub; the "boss" was "mighty glad to see them," and the men grinned and spit, which attentions were due chiefly to Jack's checked knickerbockers. Then every man lighted his pipe, more wood was forced into the red-hot cooking stove and the boss told a story. More stories followed, stories of huge loads of logs hauled by small horses, of shipwreck, of big crops, of accidents on the steam drives, and of fights with bears and panthers. We did our best to help things along and all the boys tried our tobacco.

Our blankets, which had been warmed by the fire, were spread at one end of the camp, and after a fond good night we retired and dreamed awful dreams of Indian devils and bull moose. At about 4 in the morning Allegor awoke and saw the teamsters light their lanterns and go noiselessly out of the door to feed their horses. Then the cook got up and started his fire, and by the time his beans were hot and his tea steeped the whole camp was afoot.

After breakfast, with our snowshoes on our feet, our guns in our hands and everything else we owned on our backs, we struck off into the forest in search of the red deer. The sky was clear, the temperature several degrees out of sight below zero and our hearts light. The only points we exposed to the weather were our noses, and by keeping our pipes in a red-hot state all the time we saved those valuable smellers from freezing. Duncan led the way, I next, and Jack, with many attempts to walk out of his snowshoes, brought up the rear. Duncan, as seen by his loyal followers, was a sight never to be forgotten. The pack on his back was lumpy and bulky, and only allowed the top of his bearskin cap to show above it. Our frying-pan, which had been tied to one of the straps, kept count of his steps by whacking him in the small of the back. His legs were buried in three pairs of stockings, and the butt of his canvas-cased rifle frequently jerked back and each time struck Allegor below the belt.

After traveling thus for a great many miles and seeing nothing possessed of life except a red-headed woodpecker who seemed possessed of humor also, and laughed at us from the top of a dead tree, we decided that it was dinner time and that our watches were wrong (they made it 10 o'clock), and so stopped and unslung our packs. Duncan with a snowshoe cleared a space at the foot of a maple tree, and Allegor, axe on shoulder, went forth to chop some dry limbs off a huge beech which had been recently blown to the ground. Jack, with a look of grim determination on his brow and cartridges in both barrels of his shotgun, went back to slay the humorous woodpecker. It was not long before a brisk fire was throwing smoke and warmth into the air, and the frying-pan, filled with thin slices of fat bacon, was ready to place on top of the first bed of coals. While Duncan was melting snow and Allegor was trying to find the tea, two reports rang through the woods, followed by victorious cheers, rendered in Jack's barbaric voice.

"It must be a deer," said Duncan.

"Or a bear," said I.

In a few minutes Jack appeared, carrying one squirrel. The idiot held it aloft by the tail in his innocent glee, and Duncan said something which caused the complication of forked sticks we had reared above the fire to fall asunder. When the bacon was fried to a turn Jack in his modesty pocketed the deceased squirrel and condescended to eat and drink with his less fortunate companions. Toward the end of the meal I noticed that Duncan, who was sitting opposite to me, had stopped eating, and, doughnut in hand (half of it was in his open mouth), was gazing at something outside my line of vision. The expression on my friend's face was so wild that instead of turning my head to see what was behind me my eyes glued themselves to that unfortunate particle of doughnut, where it lay midway between his jaws and cavernous throat. Presently, however, he slid his hand to his rifle, raised it and fired within half a foot of my ear. Then the spell was broken, the doughnut swallowed with a gasp, and I turned my head. I saw the hindquarters of some sort of animal disappearing among the distant trees.

Duncan sprang up, yelling, "I hit him! I hit him!" but as he didn't find any blood on the snow he returned and glanced at the fire and made remarks not complimentary to the modern rifle. Jack, with a smile wherein modesty and pride were strongly mingled, drew the squirrel from his pocket.

After finishing dinner and repacking the grub, we tramped on through the woods, still heading north. Toward sundown we found a flock of partridges, and managed to bag five of them. We had now reached the primeval forest of spruce, and as the twilight was slowly stealing down we looked for a place to spend the night. A very suitable one was found on the lee side of a hedge of spruce bushes, and Jack and Allegor immediately set to work scooping out a trench in the snow. Duncan attacked a tree with his axe, and soon had the greater part of it split into firewood. A camp-fire in the winter woods requires a great deal of fuel.

By the time that the last streak of daylight had faded away from the wintery hill tops we three were comfortably seated in our trench, with fir boughs and blankets under us, the fire in front and high walls of snow protecting us from the night wind. Partridges hissed in the pan and slices of frozen bread were placed to thaw. After a most savory supper, pipes and pouches were drawn forth, more wood was turned on to the fire, and a few yarns were spun. The wind died out to an occasional sigh in the forest, and the big stars gazed down at us through the tree tops. Now and then the silence of the night was startled by the crying of a fox or the hooting of an owl.

Gradually our tired, outstretched legs became wonderfully comfortable and our snow-strained eyes began to close; so we tucked away our pipes, rolled ourselves up in our blankets and floated off into a land of rest and dream. At intervals throughout the night some one was awakened by the cold and sat up long enough to feed the fire.

Before 6 in the morning the delicate aroma of coffee rose to the brightening sky, and the remaining partridges sizzled in the frying-pan alongside of a few slices of fat pork. It was with some regret that we took up our packs after breakfast and left our snug retreat, making our trail still northward.

We wanted to strike MacNab's lumber camp before night, and from there take a team back to town. But this was not to be.

After tramping for a few hours we started three deer in a low piece of alder land, and started hotly after them. What wind there was blew off the deer. It was 8:25 when we sighted the game, and 3:30 when we stopped for lunch. We had been running pretty steadily all that time. After smoking our pipes and repacking our loads Duncan wanted to ascertain how far out of our course the chase had taken us, and began to look for his pocket compass. It was not in its usual place, on his watch guard; it was not in his pocket; then where in thunder was it? No one could tell him, so he began staring disconsolately at the grim tree trunks, to see which side the moss grew on. We found the moss after a while, but did not feel quite sure if it should cover the south side of a tree or the north side. Duncan said that it grew on the north to protect the bark from cold winds, and Jack swore that it grew on the south because it couldn't help it.

This dispute was not settled until we reached civilization. That night we camped in a snug little hollow, making a deep trench, as on the previous night, and eating some bacon and two small squirrels for tea. Before rolling in we sang songs to cheer our heavy hearts, and shivering hares came out onto the moonlit snow to hear our choice rendering of "The Younger Son was a Son-of-a-gun" and "Sweet Marie."

But why describe the events of the two following days? We tramped like heroes, and Duncan froze his nose. We finished the bacon and bread, and didn't see any deer, partridges or hares. Jack fell down a snowed-over gully and broke his pet pipe, and I burnt a hole through the sole of my shoe-pack. We shot and ate everything we saw, but we didn't see very much. On the evening of the third day after losing the compass we were rejoiced to hear the rattle of chains, the shouts of men and the jingle of sled-bells. We broke into a brisk run, and soon came out onto a well-beaten hauling road. Four teams, with their drivers, choppers, tenders and swampers, were returning from the landing, and onto the rear team we clung, and soon found ourselves in comfortable quarters in the lumbermen's shanty. We ate as we had not eaten for three days, and then we inquired our whereabouts. "This is MacNab's camp on the North Tay," said the boss. So we got there despite the moss on the trees.

THEODORE ROBERTS.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

HOLLAND.

(Continued from page 463.)

ALONG the old road until it turns sharp to the right a bird could occasionally be found, and from the turn in nearly a straight line to the old orchard, grown up to alders, there were nearly always several woodcock to be found. Beating out the alders, we generally found two or three grouse, and from there, turning short to the right along the fence, up to the corner, both grouse and woodcock made it their home.

Crossing the fence at the upper corner, we are in a nearly square patch of good-looking cover, and rarely were we disappointed in it. Many years ago the lower corner at the far side was the favorite place of a noble grouse that invariably flushed and went up the mountain before we had reached the middle of the cover. I saw him the first time that I was here, and for eight years I do not remember to have visited the spot without obtaining a fleeting view of him. Of course we hunted the ground in the orthodox manner each time, and the bird knew just when to flit. One day, however, in company with my friend Willliams, a badly wounded woodcock flew along the upper edge of the cover nearly to the far side, and we followed it. After securing the bird we turned into the cover and worked back along the lower edge, thus reversing our usual course. Our old friend, the grouse, was on the alert, and we heard him rise some distance ahead of us, and caught a glimpse of him as he swung into the upper corner where we had wounded the woodcock. Going straight for him, we of course cut off his retreat to the mountain, and, as we expected, he laid close and both dogs obtained a point at close quarters; and it was only after persistent kicking among the grass and bushes that we forced him to rise; finally he rose just behind us and started for his favorite haven, but his seconds were numbered, and we grassed him not 20yds. from where he started. On examination he proved to be a royal bird, in splendid plumage and condition, and one of the largest specimens we had ever seen.

Two years later the old settler told us the tale of Lou Jackson and the king partridge, and as the haunt of this bird was scarcely a stone's throw from the edge of the cover in question, we came to the conclusion that if this was the bird the spirit of old Lou could now rest in quiet, and that future generations of grouse and woodcock could roam through the long-deserted spot so well loved by their ancestors unmolested by uneasy spirit or frightened half to death by warnings of a vindictive bird.

Returning to the team through the lower edge of the birches, a bird or two would generally be found among the scattered clumps of birches, and, as I have before mentioned, we were pretty sure to find one or two under this oak tree. One of us would then drive the team about a quarter of a mile to a small brook that crosses the road, while the other would beat out the triangular patch between the road and the old road before mentioned, nearly always finding a bird or two.

One day my dog pointed just at the lower corner, where you see that tall clump of alders, and I went round the end and was just going into the brush when a grouse rose about 20yds. behind me and started for the woods, flying just this side of the house. I did not see the house until I heard the shot rattle against it as the bird dropped, and I at once started for the door to apologize, but was met halfway by a female, who began scolding before she left the house, and in spite of my humbly tendered apology, offered in my very best style, she never let up a particle, but heaped anathema and red-hot expletives upon my devoted head until I could stand it no longer, and left her still scolding; and it was not until I had passed beyond the sound of her voice that I remembered that I had left my bird where it fell, and so badly was I broken up that I dared not go back after it.

The cover each side of the little brook was a very likely looking place, and occasionally we would strike it very rich here, but often we would find it entirely bare, or perhaps a single bird would reward us.

One day, with my friends Patton and Sabin, in working up on the right hand side to the timber, we found fourteen woodcock and bagged every one, shooting in turn, without a miss. As we were crossing to work down the other side a bird flushed wild above and partly behind us and flew across into the timber. Although it was a very long shot I put well ahead and cut loose, but the bird kept on without making a sign. After Patton, in his inimitable manner, had soundly rated me for spoiling our record, we followed the bird about 200yds., when we found him dead as a stone upon a large flat rock lying exactly in the center of a patch of dark green maze just the size and shape of a dinner platter. This of course set matters straight again and we worked out the remainder of the cover, securing four more birds.

Again taking the team, we drive to the top of the hill, to where a long unused road turns to the left. Formerly we drove along this road, but it was discontinued and fenced up twenty years ago, and since then one takes the team around nearly a mile while the other walks down the old road to the little cover on the left known as the "chestnut tree," where we usually found two or three birds, and on the hillside beyond, and at times in the swamp below the road, grouse were frequently found in abundance.

When we arrive at the main road we find the team hitched to that scrubby apple tree and our companion ready to join us as we cross the road into the cover known as the "spoon woods." For a small cover this was one of the best for both grouse and woodcock, and I have frequently assisted in bagging from six to ten woodcock in this small patch of birches and alders in the lower corner, while the hillside to the right among the witch hazel was always a famous spot for them.

One day here, in company with my friend Fred Eaton, there was a wild grouse that led us a weary chase over the cover two or three times. Finally he flew to the upper corner to the right, and while Eaton went up the road I followed the bird with the dog and obtained a nice point about 50yds. from the corner. When I signaled Eaton he mounted the wall, and as he straightened up I walked in and flushed the bird, which flew past him out into the open. In turning around Eaton tumbled down, the wall of course falling with it, but before he struck the ground I heard the crack of his gun and could hardly believe my eyes as I saw the bird collapse and come down like a stone. This was one of the most remarkable shots that I ever saw.

Taking the team, we drive east to the main road, where we take the right and continue on until we come to a road that turns squarely to the left and skirts a grove of good-sized trees. But twenty-five years ago this grove was nearly all saplings and a famous place for woodcock.

A short distance further and we come to a barn, where we leave the team and walk down the lane, past the houses, crossing the track at the head of the sawmill pond, and here we are in the "sawmill cover"—the most extensive as well as the best grounds in this vicinity. When I first knew this spot that forest of alders and birches was scarcely as high as my head, while that grove of birches above to the right was a cornfield, and that group of stately pines still further to the right was part of a dense thicket where you would scarcely find a tree that was 6in. through. These scattered hickory trees, now almost smothered with tall birches, were then in open pasture, surrounded, as you can still see, with a fringe of alders and birches several rods in width, where you was sure to find birds if any were to be found in this vicinity. Many famous bags have been gathered in here, and it was not at all rare to find from twenty to forty woodcock in this one cover.

One afternoon Sabin and I found forty-three birds here, and succeeded in persuading all but one of them to accompany us home. Mr. Ashmun and Uncle Aaron Howe a few years previous made a bag of fifty-six in one day. Mr. B. F. Bowles and myself killed here one morning forty birds, and as he was very anxious to beat the record made with Sabin we worked out the ground thoroughly and beat up the thicket on the hill further than we were justified in doing, so far as woodcock were concerned, but not another long-bill did we find. We bagged five grouse, however, and Mr. Bowles was in great glee, but when we joined Sabin and Mr. Ashmun, who had driven on to the "south ground," they counted out the grouse and decided that the score was a very good second.

The "south ground" lies on top of quite a hill, some mile and a half south of the sawmill cover, and is reached from here by turning back past the grove and turning to the left and keeping the main road until nearly there, when we turn short to the right to the top of the hill, when the road bears to the left, and a few rods further we hitch our team at a large house on the right. We then follow the road to the next turn, where we get over the fence and go straight ahead some twenty rods, and we are in a mixed cover of alders, birches, weeds and swamp that in the good old days afforded us lots of sport. Grouse were always plentiful here, and often we found woodcock in abundance. Working along on the right hand side, just at the brow of the hill, which slopes steeply down quite a distance to a dense swamp, we generally found grouse that nearly always flew to a line of swamp to the left, which extends through the whole length of the cover, thus giving us on our return a second chance at those that escaped. When we arrive at a fence nearly at the lower end we turn squarely to the left and work toward that tall elm tree, some fifty rods away.

Twenty feet from this tree, on the right hand as we approach it, is a beautiful spring, where we often took lunch.

One day Sabin, Mr. Bowles and I were here; Sabin seated with his back against the tree, Mr. Bowles to the left, while I sat on this stone near the spring. We had spread out our lunch and were enjoying ourselves when my eye caught a glimpse of a bunch of fur in the crotch of the tree about 50ft. from the ground, and I caught up my gun and quietly slipping in a charge of No. 4 let drive at the bunch and down came a coon, striking the ground close to Sabin, and in the death struggle floundering into his lap. Sabin, always cool and self-possessed, claimed that he was not disturbed in the least, and it was not until I saw him several times bring up his gun and let the bird go without a shot that I came to the conclusion that he was most decidedly rattled.

I may as well finish the coon story right here. Well, through much tribulation, we alternately toted that coon the whole length of the cover, and with a sigh of relief deposited him in the wagon, but when we arrived at the hotel that coon had unaccountably disappeared. As we had stopped to hunt two or three times on our way Mr. Bowles and I concluded that some one in want of meat had, with malice aforethought, deprived us of our hard-earned prize, but Sabin coolly asserted that we had not even seen a coon. Upon my next visit to Holland I was told of a wonderful coon dog that had just been sold to a party from Worcester, who paid big money for him, as he could go out hunting alone and kill and bring home his coon.

I have on two occasions visited all the grounds described in one day, but usually this was impossible, as when birds were plentiful the covers were more thoroughly worked out than when they were scarce. Often, too, we would vary our route and take in other covers, and it would be two and frequently three days before we made the entire round.

One favorite cover we often paid a visit to, after finishing "the birches," lies on the road to Wales. Taking the first road to the right after leaving this cover, and driving nearly to the top of the hill, we hitch our team at this barway on the left under the wild cherry tree, and crossing the road we climb the fence just beyond the cross fence and find ourselves in what is known as the "walnut sprouts." This forest of hickory trees, when I first came here, was a sparse thicket of birches and alders, and these trees were saplings, or sprouts, as such growths were called, scarcely one of them 15ft. in height.

This was one of Mr. Ashmun's favorite covers, and he used to tell of many glorious days here; but I never happened to strike it very rich, although we generally found a fair amount of birds. One day I came here with Mr. Ashmun, and as we neared the top of the hill we heard two or three shots at the upper end and soon others followed, showing us that some one was ahead of us. Driving on, we found the team of Mr. D. B. Wesson, who with Messrs. Bowles, Storrs and Sabin were in the cover. Judging by the shooting, they must have found hundreds of birds, for I never heard such a cannonading as they kept up all through the cover. The result, however, did not pan out so well as we anticipated, owing to the fact, as each one privately informed me when we met at the hotel in the evening, that the other three got rattled by the frequent rises, and, like the Irishman, they shot too promiscuously. They had a good showing of birds, however; but all agreed that they had not bagged more than one-half that were in there.

Across the road from this cover was a straggling growth of alders that ended just below the house by the spring, where the little brook begins, that frequently held two or three and often half a dozen birds.

One day Mr. Ashmun and I, after finishing the sprouts, beat out this cover, and sat down by the spring for a short rest. After a few minutes we saw the lady that lived in the house coming down the path for a pail of water, and in response to a hint from Mr. Ashmun I asked her why the spring was called the bogy spring.

With a merry laugh she bade us resume our seats, and turning the pail bottom up she sat down on it and told us a tale that without doubt would have taken high rank among the wild legends of the Ever-green Isle, had the principal actor been on his native heath.

"When I was a little girl," she began, "father brought home from Stafford an Irishman to help on the farm. Part of his chores was to fetch a pail or two of water from this spring night and morning, and I frequently accompanied him, as I was greatly amused with his queer brogue and curious ways. He had been here about two weeks when one night about sunset, as I was coming to the spring with him, we stopped by that rock a few rods above, while Mike sang to me a wild Irish song about a bogy that would walk, and a banshee that would screech and moan, causing a lady fair and her lover bold no end of trouble, ochone! I was sitting on the rock facing this way, and just as Mike was beginning the last line I saw Mr. Thompson, as he was coming from his wood lot, stop and kneel down at the spring to get a drink. Mike finished his song, and turned around just in time to see him rise out of the ground. 'The bogy! the bogy!' whispered Mike, with eyes starting from his head.

"Mr. Thompson lives half a mile east of here, and he turned to go home, disappearing behind the clump of alders, and at the same time frightening from the bushes a mink that ran directly toward us. This put the finishing touch to Mike's terror, and ejaculating, 'Holy mother! he's turned to a cat!' with a wild howl he broke for the house at the top of his speed, and taking the road back to Stafford, he was soon out of sight, and we never saw nor heard of him afterward, and ever since we have called it the bogy spring."

The Mr. Thompson mentioned above lived on a cross-road that joined the main road where we hitched our team at "the birches." Sometimes we drove down this road, but generally we drove from the hotel on the Brimfield road to the first turn to the left, and after driving a short distance one of us would get out and work the cover to the right while the other would take the team on to the end of this cover, and after working this out, finding generally several birds, we would drive to the top of the hill, where we take the left hand, and are soon at Mr. Thompson's house, where we hitched our team under the shed, and going to the house would spend a few minutes with the worthy couple talking over the prospect for game and invariably joining our friend in a glass of cider. Crossing the road to the alder run that ends just opposite the house, we worked it out to the upper end, generally finding several woodcock and often a grouse or two.

Late one afternoon Sabin and I drove here from "the birches" and entered the cover after sunset, bringing to bag seven birds, bringing down two of them after it was too dark to see unless the birds were well in the air. While returning to the team we heard the whistle of the wings of a bird coming into the cover, and stopping awhile we heard several others, one of which Sabin brought down, although I failed to get a glimpse of it. The next morning Sabin, although deaf as a post, claimed that the whistle of those wings had been in his ears all night, and as I had had considerable of the same experience we decided to drive straight to the place and put to the test the truth or falsity of the whisperings of *somnus*.

For once our dream came true, and I do not remember a more enjoyable hour among the woodcock than fell to our lot that beautiful October morning. In this small patch of alders we flushed nineteen birds, and every one was handsomely grassed at the first rise. Returning to the house, we laid our birds on the grass and Mrs. Thompson assisted us in smoothing out their plumage. After counting them she exclaimed, "A remarkable find and a wonderful score. Why! you have beaten Mr. Ashmun and Uncle Aaron Howe, who came here a few years ago and prided themselves no little upon killing eighteen, with only two misses."

SHADOW.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

A RAMBLE IN THE BIG HORN MOUNTAINS.

WE had crossed the summit of the Big Horn Mountains and were fast leaving behind the luxuriant vegetation of the eastern slope for the pale green of the sagebrush desert.

From a land of rich grasses and beautiful flowers and noble pine forests and numberless cold, fresh-water springs and streams we had passed, in the brief space of an hour, to a desolate waste of sagebrush and sand without water, except for a few widely separated and poisonous springs of alkali water.

On the eastern slope showers had been of almost daily occurrence; halfway down the western slope a cowboy told us it had not rained there in eight months.

But in exchange for the beauty and freshness of the eastern slope we had the weird grandeur of the Big Horn Basin. Nothing that I had ever seen in the mechanism of nature bore very much resemblance to this great basin. Here, at the southern boundary of the basin, the waters of the Wind River, meeting the opposition of the Owl Creek Mountains, have chiseled their way through—not gone round, as is usually the case. Again the same waters transferred to the Big Horn rivers and recruited by the melting snows from all the mountains slanting into the basin meet the opposition of the Big Horn Mountains, and what do they do? Go round? No! with the insistence which I have never before witnessed in anything except man, they have chiseled their way through, eating away the rock and soil to a depth of 5,000ft.

In just such contrast to the usual rules laid down by the Great Master Mechanic are all the decorations of the basin constructed. The hills are odd, too odd to describe. They bear about the same resemblance to the ordinary hills and mountains as the debris of a house wrecked by a cyclone bears to the house before the storm struck. A strange land indeed is the Big Horn Basin when viewed from the western slope of the mountains through the haze of a smoky September morning.

All forenoon we plowed our way downward through the desert sand. All forenoon we viewed the strange shapes of the corrugated and variegated hills; all forenoon yellow clouds of sand and white clouds of powdered gypsum and red clouds of powdered paint rock rose from beneath our wheels and drifted away on the slumbrous air. We had noisily admired the flowery parks and somber pines, and had laughed with the turbulent streams of the other side; here we silently wondered.

By noon the scorching heat of the sun and the irritation caused by alkali dust settling on our skin had begun to draw our attention from the wonders about us when we turned down into Medicine Lodge Cañon, with its rock-fretted stream and fresh, green foliage and clustered fruits and red banks of rosebuds—an oasis in the desert indeed. Here in the rock-bound avenue of loneliness we pitched our tents and prepared to enjoy a few days' surcease from toil of travel.

On Tongue River, near the summit, we had feasted on mountain grouse, the most delightful of all the grouse family. Here we feasted on mountain trout, the most delicious of the finny tribe.

After one day of trout fishing—which is an excellent pastime for women and children, but has not the attractions to hold a strong man in subjection—I shouldered a gun early in the morning for a day's ramble on the mountain side. Climbing out of the cañon on the right, I followed up the divide between Medicine Lodge Creek and the next gully on the right; though somewhat steep, the ascent was regular and the trail smooth, while the morning air was cool and bracing and stimulated to continued exertion, and I climbed steadily on till near noon, when I met a rancher on his rounds, who informed me I was eight miles from camp. I could see the tops of the pines that grew along the sides and in the bottom of Medicine Lodge Cañon near the upper end, and I walked down and seated myself on the verge of the wall to rest. The cañon was not deep here, and half a mile further up I could see its abrupt ending.

Ever since crossing the summit the atmosphere had been unduly cloudy, preventing anything like a satisfactory view of objects at a distance; but to-day the haze had dispersed, and the Big Horn Basin lay mapped out before me with surprising distinctness. I could trace the Big Horn River by its silver thread from where it laved the feet of the Owl Creek Mountains, sixty miles to the southwest of me, to where it was lost in the gloom of the Big Horn Cañon, a like distance to the northwest.

But what caught and held my wandering gaze was the snow-capped peaks and frowning gorges of the Continental divide far across to the west of me? What a magnificent distance it was away! How its thousand of snowy peaks glistened in the sun! How its northernmost, shadowed wall frowned, and how threatening were its jagged precipices and frowning cañons and gorges; and all of it so grandly far away. My eyes, after wandering over the queer shaped and colored hills and fragments of mountains and the silver-threaded network of streams in the basin, would return again and again to this great masterpiece. But they returned once too often, for at last I discovered that the Continental divide was moving to the north and also rising to higher altitudes, and then a gleam of blue sky beneath it revealed to me that I had been having "duck fit" after "duck fit" over a very ordinary summer cloud. As before stated, water is very scarce on that side of the range, and what with climbing and the heat of the noonday sun I began to feel the need of some and decided to climb down into the cañon and look for it.

I had discovered before leaving camp that the creek came out of the mountain only two miles above camp, but I hoped to find some spring where I could slake my thirst. Down under the pines, where the sun never penetrates, it was cool and the way was smooth; but the cañon was dry. Keeping on down its bottom, I continued my search. The scenery was grand and the walking good, and I soon began to leave the pines behind, while the side of the cañon assumed more of the perpendicular and towered higher and higher above me. At last a crackling sound drew my attention, and turning up a side draw I saw the coveted water dropping from an overhanging rock like rain falling from the eaves of a house. The crackling was caused by the drops falling on a large flat rock below; from there it ran in tiny streams to a depression in the rock, and formed a splendid basin of sparkling water. Satisfying the demands of nature from the pool, I cast about for a convenient place to scale the wall, but I soon discovered that if I scaled it at all it would be a desperate climb. But why scale the wall at all? The camp was in the cañon below, I could follow on down to it. This I decided to do.

For half a mile or so I got on very well, and then the way began to narrow and become more obstructed, while the walls towered ever higher and more insurmountable. From the top down was a thousand feet of perpendicular rock wall, and then the base sloped in to the center of the cañon, forming a letter V at the bottom. The point of the V was a dense tangle of trees, shrubs and vines, compelling me to climb along the steep sides. The cañon was narrow, and I calculated that should both walls fall inward at once their tops would meet at least 500ft. above me.

The tops of the walls were surmounted by all manner of fantastic shapes carved in sandstone by wind, water and the passing ages with their respective little hatchets. As the sun sank lower and lower and the shadows in the cañon became denser and denser, I became mindful of the fact that I was likely to spend the night down there. Yet I did not regret coming, for the grandeur of the place was a satisfactory tender for a night by a camp-fire with nothing to eat. At the thought of camping out I felt for my match safe only to find I had left it in camp. Anticipating a hard climb, I had left my vest in camp with the match safe in the pocket.

I must either reach camp or spend the night in scrambling over the rocks, for my underclothing was damp with perspiration and it would not do to lie down in the cold night air. The sun was not down yet, however, and I could not be more than four miles from camp, but the climbing was a slow process, and I might not reach it before darkness made it dangerous to proceed. About this time I was encouraged though by the roar of water below. I had been informed that it was only two miles above camp to where the water made its first appearance in the stream. I was then only a little over two miles from luxurious repose, with a good trail covering a mile and a half of that distance.

I noted a great many places as I passed where huge slabs of stones had broken from the face of the cliff and fallen hundreds of feet to the sloping base below, where it was ground to fragments and scattered down the slope. As I was clambering over one of these piles of crushed rock, steadying myself by placing my hand on the rocks on the upper side, I was brought up standing by the warning hiss of a rattlesnake. Looking sharply about, I soon located the old fellow, whose domain I had intruded upon, lying half coiled among the rocks somewhat above me and at a safe distance.

I had evidently disturbed him at his evening meal, for his jaws half inclosed a small animal, of which I saw numerous specimens in the mountains, which resembled a young rabbit and also had some resemblance to a rat.

I have since wondered if this animal was not the lagomys of Webster's Unabridged, though that is said to be a native of Siberia and upper India. Picking up a stone, I hurled it at my challenger, missing him of course, and as the stone came rattling back no less than three other notes of warning issued from the rocks about me. Reflecting that these fellows would have little chance to injure me or my kind in the future, I concluded not to kill them, but to go away from there, which I did as rapidly as the ground would permit.

I had scarcely got a safe distance from the temptation to kill those snakes when two mountain grouse fluttered from the rocks in front of me and went sailing down the cañon. Here at least was game that had some respect for me, and I sent a couple of loads of No. 7 shot after them. The birds had hardly collapsed in mid-air when the tremendous roar of the two shots rebounding from the precipice near which I was standing went crashing against the opposing wall, only to be hurled back with redoubled fury; like some fabled foe of Hercules, it seemed to gain strength at every contact with the rocks until the roar was appalling. In spite of my philosophy I winced at every recoil lest the walls give way and come tumbling about me. Standing still, I waited for the echo to spend its force, which it finally did by straying away down the cañon and losing itself in the distance.

Scarcely had the sound died ere another grouse rose from the same spot and skurried away, but he was safe, for, though I was not afraid of the grouse, I did not want to risk knocking down the mountains and spoiling the scenery again. Yet the agitation had not been great, for the clumps of feathers that marked the spot where each grouse had met his fate were still drifting near.

Soon after this I missed the roar of the water, and climbing down to the stream found that "the faithless thing was dry." This left me in doubt as to the distance yet to be traversed before reaching camp.

Following on down the dry bed of the stream, and clambering over boulders weighing all the way from 1lb. to many tons, I soon heard the roar of water again. Boiling up through the boulders, it rushed along for 100yds. or so and again disappeared. Stooping to get a drink from this short reach, I noted several trout from 10 to 12in. long dart away and hide among the stones. Some day in the future some adventurous trout fisher will explore this cañon with rod and fly and great will be his reward. Another thing I noticed, in a narrow spit of sand, was the huge cat-like tracks of a mountain lion. I began to think there were whole lots of things in this cañon I could get along without and hurried on.

Though it was deep twilight below, looking far aloft I could still see the line of light creeping higher and higher up the face of the cliff, which marked the descent of the evening sun. Fainter and fainter grew the light, until it rested only on a dome of rock which towered high above the rest, where it dallied for a minute with a strange red glow, twinkled and was gone. Then a few scattered stars flashed out in the narrow strip of sky above and night was over the land.

As I crept along through the darkness, stumbling over rocks and stones, and tearing through bramble bushes, I was again startled by a challenge. "Who! who! who!" Demanded a voice from the cliff above me. At first I was minded to answer "None of your business," but, as the challenge was taken up by the rocks and echoed and re-echoed with such earnest persistence, I became penitent and answered "It is only me."

From that time on the challenge was incessant, it came from above and from below, from before and behind, in tones of entreaty and of stern demand, in whispers and in roars, a never ceasing babble of who, who, who. I was evidently a stranger in that locality.

Just how the rest of the journey to camp was accomplished I cannot tell, as it was too dark for me to see. At one place, where I was pushing my way through a thick tangle of bushes, I stepped off a ledge of rock and landed in a net of grapevines a couple of feet below. Working a hole through the vines, I let myself down to another ledge. Another place I walked out on a ledge of rock, supposing I was going round the base of the cliff as usual, when I suddenly caught the gleam of water beneath; one more step and I had taken a plunge into the creek from a 20ft. elevation, but it seemed a foolish thing to do, and I called a halt.

I remember standing there and winding my watch. The lowering of the walls was the first sign of approaching camp, and then I came to the horses grazing on a little flat, and next came the white-walled village only a few rods away.

I had expected to find the camp in tears over my prolonged absence, but it was only snores—muffled, yet audible. I slipped into my tent and striking a match looked at my watch. It was ten minutes after 12.

After retiring I heard a faint who, who, who, from the outer air and I drowsily answered: "It is only me," and slept, and a red-letter day was done. E. P. Jaques.

Geneseo, Ill.

Pennsylvania's Game Commission.

Harrisburg, Pa., Dec. 7.—Commissions have been issued to the following gentlemen as Game Commissioners: William M. Kennedy, Allegheny; E. B. Westfall, Williamsport; James H. Worden, Harrisburg; C. K. Sober, Lewisburg; Charles H. Heebner, Philadelphia, and Major I. B. Stearns, Wilkes-Barre. They will no doubt take up the work at once and try and make some report on the condition of affairs in the State, as well as make some suggestions as to legislation, as the act requires, although they have but a short time in which to do it. There is, however, a good amount of data which they can make use of. F.

A THUNDERSTORM ON THE MUSKOKA LAKES.

Sept. 28, 18—.—The sun had sunk behind the western hills, bathing a tiny cloud that hung just over the horizon with a rich, ruddy hue. The soft evening light fell across the autumn-tinted woods, blending and giving added richness to their already indescribable beauty of varied color—color peculiar to Muskoka foliage in its lovely autumn garb. The roar of Bala Falls, with its ceaseless monotone, knowing neither day nor night, sleeping nor waking, alone seemed not to feel the touch of Mother Nature, as in the quiet of that evening hour she "touched each nodding bough to rest, and calmed each brood in their toubled nest." But like time, ever forward, ever onward, heeding neither that men may weep along its brink nor the silent stars that gaze serenely into its troubled, tossing waters, on it rolled tumultuous through the slumbering wood.

And just above its roar at this same hour the little Typsy stood proudly upon her keel once more, looking not a whit worse for her recent immersion, while the little group of toilers on the shore stood over her with no less pride and satisfaction in the result of their arduous labors in raising her from the gloomy depths into which she had been plunged so ingloriously a few hours before. A fire had been kindled under the boiler, and while it was fulfilling the twofold mission of drying the engine and making steam for the home trip, our party repaired to the hotel near by to enjoy a well-earned meal and recount the strange vicissitudes of that already eventful day. For since the early morning when we left home to bring back our little craft, rowing several miles and covering several more in that still more ordinary method of walking, common to rich as well as poor in that scarce broken country; then footsore and weary, obliged to call a farmer from his field to drive us at a quarter a head the remainder of the journey behind two jaded oxen, in the bottom of a springless wagon, jolting and jarring over the rocky, untraveled road—the philosophy of which progress is best described by an experience of Thoreau on a similar, only more so, excursion, where he says, "When the runners struck a rock 3 or 4ft. high the sled bounced back and upward at the same time; and as the horses never ceased pulling it came down on top of the rock, and so we got over." But the concussion we sustained made that drive linger long in our memories, and altogether our day had been a succession of events too numerous and trifling to detail, from the bagging of a few ducks, for which, lacking a dog, we were obliged to swim, to Squirt's successful beheading of a beer bottle with a revolver shot, in the absence of a corkscrew—but all of which added variety and interest, and even a shade of adventure, to the day's journey. But suffice it to say that when we reached our destination to our great delight our craft had been brought up safely from below the falls, where it had done service on that most picturesque Moon River, and now lay on its ways within a few feet of the water, in readiness to be borne out upon the bosom of that broader expanse on which it should henceforth sail.

But every pride has its fall, and so our little Typsy, exulting in an opening of wider usefulness as it looked out across the deep blue waters through which it soon should gayly plow its way, was doomed to like disaster. The order had been given, the blocks struck out from under the rollers, a flag floated lightly from the bow, the expectant crowd stood in readiness to cheer its departure; and amid it all she moved slowly, gracefully down the inclined plane till, just as she reached the water's edge, the unsecured ways tilted to a perpendicular, precipitating our boat until it stood at right angles to the surface below. Not for long, however, for her nose had already buried itself, and in less time than it takes to write it she had listed to port, filled and gone down into seventeen feet of water, which in another moment had closed over her, leaving not even the smokestack visible to mark her resting place. The waiting cheer of the spectators stifled itself into a dismal moan, and the laborers who had toiled all night in anxious hope now looked at each other in dull silence, except where one had found an outlet for his pent-up feelings in a string of oaths as long as our whole day's journey, to whom our "cook," with a gravity that became his humor, handed a lever with a laconic suggestion as to its greater utility in such an emergency—a suggestion ultimately acted upon and attended with such success that, after four hours of patient, steady application to such rude rude appliances as were at hand, the craft had regained the surface and its equilibrium, and was now standing there as gayly as before, its vanity but slightly modified.

The small, white clouds of steam that circled about her seemed to fill her with impatience to quit the scenes of her misfortune, and while we were still engaged with our evening meal her fast generating power had several times been forced to expend itself through the safety valve—"a very necessary attachment to boilers and men," as our philosophic cook pointed out, "but frequently omitted by nature in putting together the latter, hence the oft recurring explosions among them."

But our boat was not more impatient than we to start on our homeward journey, and detailing a couple of the crew to forage for firewood, which fortunately lay near to hand at the schoolhouse hard by, and for which I now take this first opportunity, on behalf of the party, publicly to thank the corporation—a little courtesy omitted at the time, chiefly owing to the absence of any representative of their interests—we stepped aboard, amid many good-byes, and quietly steamed away.

Twilight was deepening to night as we rode out through Bala Bay, and already the brighter stars were peeping through the coming darkness. Overhead Altair and Vega were shining with growing luster, and well up in the eastern sky the bigger stars in the constellations, Pegasus, Andromeda, and following the line northerly, Algol and Capello just above the northeastern hill, had already silently taken their places as vigils over the sleeping earth. Away in the western sky, behind the tiny cloud that a little while ago was bathed in sunset hues, a light flickered intermittently, as if from the dying embers of the sun; and except this glimmering light, nothing in that silent and serene sky suggested or portended the storm that was to follow while we sailed across that peaceful bay, where, bounding it on every side, the forest stood against the horizon grim and silent too, save a chirp here and there of some belated bird. Bala Park was passed, and Sandy Point, and still the darkness of the growing night alone marked the passing moments. Bu

now the little cloud in the west, emitting its phosphorescent light, began to extend along the horizon toward the northern sky. The lightning flashes, now more vivid, mingling with the darkness and making it more deep, added some to the difficulty of navigating, and the Kettles were still before us. But on we pressed, enjoying the ever changing scene around us and above us. For now the sky about the horizon seemed fringed from east to west, and north to south, with this surcharged cloud; now flashing in the east, now in the west, alternately—beacon lights along the far-off hills, signaling across the valley of night, they seemed.

And then, with a sigh of relief that even the weird beauty of the scene could not make one insensible to the danger of navigating on such a night, the Kettles were passed, and its great rock shoal lay behind us.

Mortimer's Point was reached, and still deeper grew the night. The lightning now flashed incessantly around the horizon, lighting up the shore where the tall pines stood out solemn and grim, or revealing the lonely islands that dotted the lake before us, giving to the scene a strange, weird and wild beauty.

Cooper's Point passed, and before us stretched the open lake, in which we must meet and battle with the furious storm which we saw to be imminent.

The quickly gathering clouds now filled the northern sky with a lowering, rolling, heavy mass of inky blackness, out of whose dark depths the fierce lightning flashed in ragged, irregular tongues of lurid flame; so bright were they that the shore for miles was illumined till every tree stood out as at noonday, while the darkness that followed was so deep in contrast that the ship's bow could not be discerned from the pilot window. A peal of distant approaching thunder once or twice followed these flaming forks; a sudden puff of wind and all was still again, in one of these momentary calms that always precede the worst storms, when the skirmishing lines have withdrawn or fallen back to reunite with the advancing army for the grand charge. It was not long coming—a flash of lightning, a crash of thunder, a raindrop or two, a gust of wind, and before the windows were fairly closed and our craft made tight the storm had burst.

And what a storm! One of nature's field nights. Fiery tongues leaped across the heavy sky; the thunder roared and crashed in its awful sublimity—these, the grand artillery forces, pouring forth their deadly volleys, until the very planet itself seemed ready to stagger before the terrible onslaughts, and with their tumult mingled the beating rain and the angry wind that in its fury now lashed the cruel waters into foam, tossing the crested waves high over our little craft, but through it all she plowed steadily on against the terrific odds. The lifeboat we had in tow had quickly swamped and was dragging through and under the water, retarding our already strained ship. But nothing daunted, our gallant Typsy pressed on, as if endeavoring to regain her lost prestige, and her saucy little puff! puff! through the exhaust contrasted strangely with the roar of the tempest without, an incongruity that did not escape the notice of our philosopher, who observed that it was "not unlike the walk of puny man through the great universe, with its unsolved problem of life and death and immortality; as unconscious of his proper relations to infinity, and with as little reverence for the truly great as this vain craft that cannot stop its noise, even amid the sublimity of a storm. Lord, teach man humility!" he added. We thought he had forgotten his words when a little later he broke into song, his deep, sonorous bass mingling with the thunder's deeper tone. But he assured us that the song was but the channel through which the emotions welling within him could find an outlet, and give relief to his bursting soul. Truly, our cook was no mean philosopher, for what other song is there, what other art worthy the name? And in song we passed the hour in that open lake before Horseshoe Island and the Indian River were reached, an hour of thrilling experience, in which I for one suffered an intensity of feeling such as is seldom one's good fortune or pleasure to enjoy. For who so dull as could fail to respond to the inspiration of so sublime a spectacle or to the strange witchery of such weird grandeur. No longer a battle, now that the first fears of uncertainty were over, but one of nature's grand pyrotechnic displays, illumining alike the mountain clouds that rolled majestically across the sky, the lonely far-off hilltops and the deep valleys that slumbered beneath, while the heaving waters around us were dotted here and there with a lonely wooded island that at the bidding of the lightning flash rose out of the impenetrable darkness and the darker depths, as if called forth by the magician's wand.

The storm had not moderated when we reached the river, and the darkness was still so great that we were altogether dependent on the lightning's gleam to discover to us the narrow channel, marked on either side by buoys, a difficult task enough in daylight on that tortuous, shallow river. Now a vivid flash, and a line of these white buoys stretched along the river like ghostly sentinels guarding the shore on each side; the next flash and the first of the line had shot past a window within a foot or two of the boat, its specter-like form aglow with the light of its own world. But never slackening for a moment, on we sped, and as much by luck as good generalship reached Port Carling in safety at midnight. The rain was still falling heavily as we pulled through those gloomy locks, and the wind and tempest had long since snuffed out the dim lamps that nightly hang there to guide the late mariner while the village sleeps on undisturbed. And so dark was it at this time that we were obliged to creep cautiously along the canal banks on our hands and knees to reach the gates.

This point passed, and the storm began to abate, the rain had ceased, and by the time we had entered Lake Rosseau for the homeward stretch we had left it fairly behind us and heard its indistinct rumbling far to the south.

The remaining five miles proved as peaceful as the other had been boisterous. The sky had broken in the north, and through the rifts the northern constellations were appearing and disappearing again, as the scattering clouds hurried along to overtake the storm and continue their night's frolic in some other part. And before we reached our harbor the stars shone out clearly in the morning sky. The slender crescent of the waning moon too rose peacefully in the east,

"And over the waters in silvery white
Pale moonbeams tread in a path of light."

And amid a quiet, even more profound than that in which we left Bala Bay a few hours before, we entered port, and were soon gladly sharing the warmth of a good log fire that awaited us. ISAIAH SCOTT.

Natural History.

THE WILLOW GROUSE.*

(*Tetrao saliceti*, TEMM.)

MALE, FEMALE AND YOUNG.

ALTHOUGH I have not seen this beautiful bird within the limits of the United States, I feel assured that it exists in the State of Maine as well as in the northern districts bordering on the great lakes. Theodore Lincoln, Esq., of Dennisville, in Maine, shot seven one day not many miles from that village; and the hunter who guided me to the breeding grounds of the Canada grouse assured me that he also knew where the "red-necked partridge" was to be found. The places which he described as frequented by them seemed to bear as near a resemblance to those in which I found the species in Labrador and Newfoundland as the difference of latitude and vegetation could admit. I have also seen several skins of individuals that were killed near Lake Michigan.

The willow grouse differs in its habits from the Canada grouse in several remarkable circumstances. In the first place neither myself nor any of my party ever found the former solitary or single. The males were always in the immediate vicinity of the nest while the females were sitting, and accompanied them and the young from the time the latter were hatched until they were full grown; and whenever we met them we observed that the males and the females manifested the strongest attachment toward each other as well as toward their young. In fact, so much was this the case that when a covey happened to come in our way the parents would fly directly toward us with so much boldness that some were actually killed on the wing with the rods of our guns as they flew about in the agonies of rage and despair, with all their feathers raised and ruffled. In the meantime the little ones dispersed and made off through the deep moss and tangled creeping plants with great rapidity, squatting and keeping close to the ground, when it became extremely difficult to find them. This is the only American species of grouse I am acquainted with that possesses these habits; in all others found in the United States the male not only leaves the female as soon as incubation has commenced, but both fly from man and urge their young to do the same from their earliest age.

The willow grouse, moreover, join their broods whenever an opportunity offers, and we found flocks of old and young in which the latter were of very different sizes. This species rarely if ever alights on bushes or trees after being fully grown, and appears to resort at all times by preference to the ground, living among the naked rocks of the open morasses.

The young birds do not acquire their full summer plumage before they are two years old. Many of these middle-aged birds, as I would call them, which our party procured early in the month of July, differed greatly from the older birds, which had their broods then quite small. They were much lighter in color, their tails were shorter, and they weighed less, but afforded much better eating. Some of them had young, but their broods were much smaller in point of number, seldom exceeding four or five, while the old birds frequently had a dozen or more.

The flight of the willow grouse resembles that of the red grouse of Scotland, being regular, swift and on occasion protracted to a very great distance. They have no whirring sound of their wings, even when put up by sudden surprise. Whenever we found a pair without young they were extremely shy and would fly from one hill to another often at a great distance. If pursued they would be seen standing erect and boldly watching our approach until we got to the distance of a few hundred yards from them, when they would run from the naked rocks into the moss, and there squat so close that unless one of the party happened to walk almost over them they remained unseen and could not be raised. When discovered and put up they were easily shot on account of the beautiful regularity of their flight. In rising from the ground they utter a loud and quickly repeated chuck, which is continued for 8 or 10yds.

Young birds shot in Newfoundland on Aug. 11 weighed 6¼oz. and were fully fledged. Their primaries were of a sullied white, but their legs were not closely covered with hair-like feathers, as in the old birds. Although this species breeds in the districts inhabited by the Canada grouse, it never enters the thickets to which the latter resorts, but always remains in the open grounds.

One day while in search of young wild geese in a large oozy and miry flat, covered with a floating bed of tangled herbage, we were much surprised at finding there several willow grouse. They were extremely shy and flew from one part of the marsh to another. We procured with great difficulty two, which proved to be barren females.

To give you an idea of the difficulties we had occasionally to encounter in our endeavors to procure birds in that country, it will suffice to say that one of us was so mired in the flat just mentioned that it was with extreme difficulty another of us succeeded in extricating him, to the great danger of being himself swamped, in which case we must all have perished had no aid arrived. We were completely smeared with black mud, and so fatigued that when we returned we found it impossible to proceed more than a few yards before we were forced to sit down on the dangerous sward, which at every step shook for a considerable space around, so that we were obliged to keep at a distance from each other and move many yards apart, constantly fearing that the least increase of weight would have burst the thin layer that supported us and sent us into a depth from which we could not have been extricated. But once out of the bog, we were delighted with the success of our enterprise, and as we refreshed ourselves from our scanty stores, when we had reached the rocky shores of the sea, we laughed heartily at what had happened, although only a few hours before it was considered a most serious accident.

As I am speaking of fowling in Labrador, allow me to relate an incident connected with the willow grouse. Among our crew was a sailor who was somewhat of a wag. He was a "man-of-war's-man," and had seen a good deal of service in our navy, an expert sailor, perhaps the best diver I have seen, always willing to work hard and always full of fun. This sailor and another had the rowing of our gig on an excursion after grouse and other wild birds. Thomas Lincoln and my son John Woodhouse managed the boat. The gig having landed on the main, the sailors, who had guns, went one way and the young travelers another. They all returned, as was previously agreed upon, at the same hour and produced the birds which they had procured. The sailor had none and was laughed at. While rowing toward the Ripley we heard the cries of birds as if in the air; the rowing ceased, but nothing could be seen, and we proceeded. Again the sounds of birds were distinctly heard, but again none could be seen, and what seemed strange was that they were heard only at each pull of the oars. The young men taxed the tar with producing the noises, as they saw him as if employed in doing so with his mouth; however, the thing still remained a mystery. Some time after we had got on board the provision basket was called for and was produced by Master Bill, who, grinning from ear to ear, drew out of it two fine old grouse and a whole covey of young ones, in all the exultation of one who had outwitted what he called his betters.

While at the harbor of Bras d'Or I was told by persons who had resided in the country for many years that during the winter when the snow covers the ground, and the grouse are obliged to scratch through it in order to get at the mosses and lichens, they are so abundant that a hundred or more can be shot in a day, and congregate in flocks of immense numbers, now and then mixed with the smaller species, called there the rock grouse, and which is the *Tetrao rupestris*. Their flesh is then salted for summer use. At that season they are of a pure white, except the tail, which retains its jetty blackness. I was further informed that their flesh is then dry and not to be compared with what it is in summer, when I found it tender and having an agreeable aromatic flavor.

The willow grouse breeds in Labrador about the beginning of June. The female conceals her nest under the creeping branches of the low firs. It consists of bits of dry twigs and mosses drawn into a form. The eggs are from five to fourteen, according to the age of the bird, and are marbled with irregular spots of reddish brown on a dull fawn color or rufous ground. They raise only one brood in the season.

The pair represented in the plate, with their young, were procured by my friend George Shattuck, Esq., of Boston, one of my party, who shot the first pair found by us in Labrador. They were in their full summer plumage. I think these birds, as well as the Canada grouse, have what I call a continued moult, young feathers being found upon them at all seasons.

* From Audubon's Ornithological Biography, to accompany the plate on page 483.

THE ERMINE.

ST. PAUL, Minn.—The conversation turned to ermine the other day and a well-posted fur man stated that they came only from Siberia and Russia, and also informed us they were pretty little white creatures, with many little black tails all over them. (He did not say whether they had nine tails or not, like some cats.) What I desire to know is in what way they differ from the ordinary weasel, which I suppose to be white in winter months.

GAH-GA-GA.

The ermine is common to Europe, Asia and America, and although it has been separated into many species, Dr. Coues sayes in his "Fur-Bearing Animals," page 111:

(1) The ermines of Europe, Asia and America are specifically identical.

(2) None of the supposed characters which have been relied upon to separate them have any existence in nature, except as peculiarities of individual specimens examined.

(3) The American ermines are of two forms according to size alone, which in the extremes stand widely apart, but which grade insensibly into each other.

These are the conclusions reached after examining a large number of specimens of ermine taken at various seasons in Great Britain, France, Germany, Sweden, Siberia and Kamchatka, together with an immense collection from all portions of North America inhabited by the animal. The fur commonly called ermine is the winter pelage of what we know as weasel, and what is known in England as the stoat (*Putorius erminea*). The animal is brown in summer and white in winter, the tip of the tail being always black. A vast deal has been written about the species, and we quote from Audubon and Bachman a few paragraphs which give some notion of its habits:

"Graceful in form, rapid in his movements, and of untiring industry, he is withal a brave and fearless little fellow; conscious of security within the windings of his retreat among the logs, or heap of stones, he permits us to approach him within a few feet, then suddenly withdraws his head; we remain still for a moment, and he once more returns to his post of observation, watching curiously our every motion, seeming willing to claim association so long as we abstain from becoming his persecutor.

"Yet with all these external attractions, this little weasel is fierce and bloodthirsty, possessing an intuitive propensity to destroy every animal and bird within its reach, some of which, such as the American rabbit, the ruffed grouse and the domestic fowl, are ten times its own size. It is a notorious and hated depredator of the poultry house, and we have known forty well-grown fowls to have been killed in one night by a single ermine. Satiated with the blood of probably a single fowl, the rest, like the flock slaughtered by the wolf in the sheepfold, were destroyed in obedience to a law of nature, an instinctive propensity to kill. We have traced the footsteps of this bloodsucking little animal on the snow pursuing the trail of the American rabbit, and although it could not overtake its prey by superior speed, yet the timid hare soon took refuge in the trunk of a tree, or in a hole dug by the marmot or skunk. Thither it was pursued by the ermine and destroyed, the skin and other remains at the mouth of the burrow bearing evidence of the fact. We observed an ermine, after having captured a hare of the above species, first behead it, and then drag the body some 20yds. over the fresh fallen snow, beneath which it was concealed and the snow lightly pressed down over it; the little prowler displaying thereby a habit of which we became aware for the first time on that occasion. To

avoid a dog that was in close pursuit, it mounted a tree and laid itself flat on a limb about 20ft. from the ground, from which it was finally shot. We have ascertained by successful experiments, repeated more than a hundred times, that the ermine can be employed in the manner of the ferret of Europe in driving our American rabbit from the burrow into which it has retreated. In one instance the ermine employed had been captured only a few days before, and its canine teeth were filed in order to prevent its destroying the rabbit; a cord was placed around its neck to secure its return. It pursued the hare through all the windings of its burrow, and forced it to the mouth, where it could be taken in a net or by the hand. In winter, after a snowstorm, the ruffed grouse has a habit of plunging into the loose snow, where it remains at times for one or two days. In this passive state the ermine sometimes detects and destroys it.

"Notwithstanding all these mischievous and destructive habits, it is doubtful whether the ermine is not rather a benefactor than an enemy to the farmer, ridding his granaries and fields of many depredators on the product of his labor that would devour ten times the value of the poultry and eggs which at long and uncertain intervals it occasionally destroys. A mission appears to have been assigned it by Providence to lessen the rapidly multiplying number of mice of various species, and the smaller rodentia.

"The white-footed mouse is destructive to the grains in the wheatfields and in the stacks, as well as the nurseries of fruit trees. Le Conte's pine mouse is injurious to the Irish and sweet potato crops, causing more to rot by nibbling holes in them than it consumes; and Wilson's meadow mouse lessens our annual product of hay by feeding on the grasses, and by its long and tortuous galleries among their roots.

"Whenever an ermine has taken up its residence, the mice in its vicinity for half a mile around have been found rapidly to diminish in number. Their active little enemy is able to force its thin, vermiform body into the burrows; it follows them to the end of their galleries, and destroys whole families. We have on several occasions, after a light fall of snow, followed the trail of this weasel through fields and meadows, and witnessed the immense destruction which it occasioned in a single night. It enters every hole under stumps, logs, stone heaps and fences, and evidences of its bloody deeds are seen in the mutilated remains of the mice scattered on the snow. The little chipping or ground squirrel, *Tamias lysteri* [*sc. striatus*], takes up its residence in the vicinity of the grain fields, and is known to carry off in its cheek pouches vast quantities of wheat and buckwheat to serve as winter stores. The ermine instinctively discovers these snug retreats, and in the space of a few minutes destroys a whole family of these beautiful little *Tamiæ;* without even resting awhile until it has consumed its now abundant food, its appetite craving for more blood, as if impelled by an irresistible destiny, it proceeds in search of other objects on which it may glut its insatiable, vampire-like thirst. The Norway rat and the common house mouse take possession of our barns, wheat stacks and granaries, and destroy vast quantities of grain. In some instances the farmer is reluctantly compelled to pay even more than a tithe in contributions toward the support of these pests. Let, however, an ermine find its way into these barns and granaries, and there take up its winter residence, and the havoc which is made among these rats and mice will soon be observable. The ermine pursues them to their furthest retreats, and in a few weeks the premises are entirely free from their depredations. We once placed a half domesticated ermine in an outhouse infested with rats, shutting up the holes on the outside to prevent their escape. The little animal soon commenced his work of destruction. The squeaking of the rats was heard throughout the day. In the evening it came out, licking its mouth, and seemed like a hound after a long chase, much fatigued. A board of the floor was raised to enable us to ascertain the result of our experiment, and an immense number of rats were observed, which, although they had been killed in different parts of the building, had been dragged together, forming a compact heap.

"The ermine is then of immense benefit to the farmer. We are of the opinion that it has been over-hated, and too indiscriminately persecuted. If detected in the poultry house, there is some excuse for destroying it, as, like the dog that has been caught in the sheepfold, it may return to commit further depredations; but when it has taken up its residence under stone heaps and fences, in his fields, or his barn, the farmer would consult his interest by suffering it to remain, as by thus inviting it to a home it will probably destroy more formidable enemies, relieve him from many petty annoyances, and save him many a bushel of grain."

We saw on one occasion a weasel in active pursuit of a half grown cotton-tail rabbit which crossed a dusty road in summer not far from where we were standing and stopped in the undergrowth only a few yards beyond us. In a very short time a tiny brown weasel emerged from the wood following on the track of the rabbit, but when it reached the dust it seemed to lose the track and doubled backward and forward looking for the scent. Unquestionably, however, if it had not been disturbed it would have made a circle across the road and struck the trail again, and would shortly have overtaken the rabbit. Our interference drove the weasel off on one side of the road and the rabbit further away on the other.

Ways of the Ruffed Grouse.

NEW YORK, Dec. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A word or two in corroboration of the observations of Mr. G. S. Ellis, in your issue of the 12th inst., in which he differs with Mr. B. Waters in his assertion that the ruffed grouse "ventures into the open only on such infrequent occasions as it is tempted to search for food, and then only in places seldom invaded by man, and where it fancies there is freedom from pursuit."

During a recent trip to Orange county, New York, where, by the way, ruffed grouse are now very scarce, I and good old Blarney scoured the country for miles and miles without even hearing the whir of a wing. Returning about 3 P. M., with only a single rabbit to my credit, I contemplated turning my hammerless into a tandem and sending Blarney to cuddle for the remainder of her days in the lap of a family of six affectionate daughters. I was about to emerge from a small patch of woods within a stone's throw of the farmhouse where I was stopping when I happened to look back and saw the dog making hot game. The next moment three grouse flushed from the very edge of the open, at about 20yds., and I was lucky enough to make a double. The third bird I marked down and nailed with the second barrel about ten minutes afterward. The second bird of the double dropped on the veranda of a club house, closed for the winter, where I afterward found it.

What I wish to emphasize are the facts that there are several summer club houses and cottages on this small wooded ridge, and that the birds were feeding where the farmers' youngsters play at leap-frog and chase their cur dogs for exercise. My limited experience has proved to me on other occasions also that these noble birds do not object to the smoke from a chimney; furthermore, the farmer avers (he is an Irishman with a set of "Galways" that would be a sore temptation to a covey of winter-tossed quail) that every winter some "patridges" roost in an abandoned cottage in this same corner. This statement is backed up by his wife, a Dutch woman who has never been known to smile except when extending her hand for the proffered "long green."

It may be that the birds are lured so near to the house by a glimpse of the whiskers aforesaid, but I leave this knotty question to be settled by a committee of expert ornithologists and barbers. PELLETS.

A "Double" Moose Antler.

THE accompanying sketch is a view of the under side of a moose's antler, and shows an attempt to produce a "double" set of points. The antler, a left hand one, is a



DOUBLE MOOSE ANTLER.

little over 2ft. long, the false points being the largest, 5in. long. It was picked up in the spring of 1895 by Charley Barker on the top of Black Peak, back of Riley Brook, on Tobique River, New Brunswick. T. A.

Game Bag and Gun.

WHERE TO GO.

ONE important, useful and considerable part of the FOREST AND STREAM's service to the sportsmen's community is the information given inquirers for shooting and fishing resorts. We make it our business to know where to send the sportsman for large or small game, or in quest of his favorite fish, and this knowledge is freely imparted on request.

On the other hand, we are constantly seeking information of this character for the benefit of our patrons, and we invite sportsmen, hotel proprietors and others to communicate to us whatever may be of advantage to the sportsman tourist.

THE BUCK AND THE MAN.

THE sun shone hotly, the atmosphere was hazy and sleepy, and the buzzing of bees and the sound of the brook a few rods away from seat plashing over the smooth stones and purling over the pebbles, all sang a sweet lullaby.

This watching for deer on a runway is a tiresome business at best, and if I closed my eyes it was only for a moment; it rested my eyes and my sight was better for it, at least so I reasoned. I sat with my back fitting comfortably into the hollow of a pine stump and watched and dozed.

A buck came out of the hardwood and stopped to drink at the brook. I raised my rifle to fire when the Buck turned quickly and spoke: "Gently, gently, young man. Hold your fire a moment, and when I have finished drinking we will have a word or two together." I lowered my rifle and waited for the Buck to drink.

He thrust his muzzle deep into the brook and his nose and mouth turned silver in the clear water. He drank, and after looking up and down the stream walked slowly up the shelving bank and nodding his antlered head in kingly fashion disposed himself at my feet.

I sat quietly on the log and waited for the Buck to begin.

Finally he broke the silence. "You are a hunter, more particularly a deer hunter to-day," said the Buck, "and I am a deer, a buck, and if you will pardon the seeming egotism, I am rather an unusually fine specimen of an extraordinarily beautiful and graceful race."

As he said this he looked complacently at his beautiful self and glanced carelessly at the shadows cast on the grass by his wide, spreading antlers."

"Yes," said I, "you certainly are as fine as any deer I have sh— seen," I hastened to correct.

"Your correction does not escape me," said the Buck, "but your appreciation of my beauty is no more acceptable because of the substitution of verbs. But to dwell on my charms was not the object of my visit, so we will dismiss these extraneous matters, if you please, and give our attention to matters of more importance. In the first place, let me say that the reason I trusted myself so implicitly with you, with all your ability and capacity for doing evil to me," glancing meaningly at my long rifle, "was because I recognized in you a hunter I know well and a sportsman, which is equivalent to my saying that you are a man of honor."

I acknowledged the compliment as gracefully as I might, and, forgetting the nature of my companion, proffered my flask.

But the Buck waved a deprecating forefoot in the air and said: "No—no thanks necessary. I am a painstaking deer, and where honor is due I pay it. As for your flask, I've no doubt it is good; but I prefer my corn on the ear."

The Buck winked a merry eye at me as he said this and smiled in a satisfied way at his little joke.

"But," resumed the Buck, "I came to discuss with you, as a man of some experience, a few of the questions which have been much discussed of late regarding the protection of my kind and the regulation of deer hunting by proper legislation.

"I am glad," said I, "of the opportunity, but of course our discussion will be a unilateral discourse with yourself as lecturer, for naturally from your standpoint you expect immunity, while I as a hunter would never be entirely reconciled to such a state of affairs."

"Not at all," said the Buck. "I acknowledge the unquestionable right of man to pursue and kill, with certain restrictions, the so-called lower animals, and use them for his own pleasure and profit; and I regard this divine law with the same composure with which you look upon your own mortality. The will of the Great Deer is not to be controverted, and his ways are inscrutable."

Certainly, thought I, this is a remarkable animal—a philosopher.

"Well," said I aloud, "I am glad you regard the matter in its proper light. It simplifies things so, and I am sure we will discuss these questions to our mutual advantage. You are, of course, familiar with the game laws as they now exist, and if you will begin I will show you how well I can listen. But hark! Is that not a dog?'

From high up on the mountain top came the cry of a running hound.

The Buck cast a contemptuous glance toward the sound and said:

"He's been in hearing, in my hearing, for fully five minutes. Of course, you humans can't hear as well as we wood folk; but if he's on my track I'm safe enough. I came through the Beaver Marsh and Horshoe Pond. Presently you will hear him stop."

We listened—I expectantly, the Buck languidly and with little concern.

The dog came steadily on.

I glanced at the Buck, but he betrayed not the slightest emotion.

"He has come through the marsh," I ventured.

"Yes," said the Buck easily. "I was mistaken in the dog. That is Sam Russell's Bluecoat, but I dare say even he will not come through Horseshoe."

As he spoke the baying ceased, and no sound came to our ears but the plashing of the water over the smooth stones in the brook and the lazy droning hum of the insects.

"As good a dog," offered the Buck, "as one would care to see or hear, but water has saved many a good deer before this day, though my hide might have been buckskin years ago if I had depended solely upon flight for deliverance."

As the Buck said this he bent his head and hooked at the stem of a birch treee beside him, tearing away the bark as if it had been peeled with a knife.

"Yes," said I, "a good dog; and let me advise you that hereafter when you hear him hooting on your track you want to streak it for big water directly, unless you have become tired of life."

"Indeed?" returned the Buck. "Thanks—but many a good dog has sung his own death song on my trail, and Bluecoat must not race me too often," and the old fellow lunged viciously at the birch tree and snapped the stem in two.

It required no great effort of the imagination to see him at bay, legs far apart, hoofs braced, eyes aflame and the hair upon his spine erect, striking and lunging at the hungry hounds circling around him.

He became calm immediately, and turning quickly asked, "Do you believe in hounding?"

"Inasmuch," I replied, "as I am now illustrating my belief in its efficacy as a venison-getting mode of hunting, it seems to me that I am precluded from arguing on that point. What do you think of it?"

"Now, see here," said the Buck, "don't evade the question in that way. I know you are a lawyer, but don't be bluffing me with your *prima facie* evidence and your *particeps criminis* and your *flagrante delictu*, and all that legal bosh. Do you or don't you believe in hounding? Come now."

"Well," said I, "I do and I don't. I'll explain that," I hastened to add as the Buck snorted angrily:

"Firstly, the deer are not plenty enough in the Adirondacks to make still-hunting a successful mode of hunting you fellows.

"Secondly, deer are plenty enough to make some mode of hunting allowable which requires less exertion and skill. Therefore we have hounding and jacking.

"I believe in hounding thus far—I believe that the law should allow fifteen days of hounding, but should attach a heavy penalty to the killing of any swimming deer. To my mind it is not unsportsmanlike to shoot at a deer as he comes loping through a runway. It requires good eyes and hands and nerves.

"But to kill a deer in the water from a boat brought up to within a few feet of the unfortunate animal is brutal and revolting and least of all unsportsmanlike. Succinctly stated you have my ideas on hounding."

"Concisely put," said the Buck, "and measurably plausible. As you say a deer is a small mark at thirty or forty rods loping through a runway, and it takes a good marksman and a good rifle to score under these conditions, the deer is generally a good odds-on favorite. There is room for argument, however, on the ground that the dog does the work and the shooter does nothing but sit still and shoot the best he knows how.

"The killing of deer in the water I consider brutal,

bloodthirsty slaughter, with no element of skill involved to give the performance the semblance of sportsmanship. Why, man alive, it was only a week ago that my youngest wife and her fawn were driven thirty miles, shot at on three runways, and finally, my wife deciding to risk taking our child into the deep water of the lake, were pursued by a man in a boat, shot at four times at a distance of 15 or 20ft., only escaping through the awkwardness of the hunter, a city sport, who overturned the boat in his excitement and had to swim for his life to the shore, where he sat shivering until a guide came along in a boat and took him back to camp, where he washed dishes for the remainder of his stay.

"What chance has a deer in the water? Tell me, will you?

"How many deer were killed in the Adirondacks last fall, and how many were killed last month, last week, yesterday, and how many are being killed to-day in the lakes, ponds and rivers of this great mountain country by red devils of hell, who row up to us in boats and kill us with gun, revolver, knife, axe, club, oar, anything that is handiest? How many, I say?" The old Buck had jumped to his feet in his frenzy and was pawing up the sod and stamping furiously.

"Don't sit there and stare at me, man! How many were murdered in the water last year? 'Hundreds,' do you say? 'Hundreds'—yes, and thousands—thousands, I say. Do you hear? And if it continues I prophesy extinction for us. Not in my time, but soon—soon."

The Buck trotted up and down for a minute or two, snorting, shaking his head and making that peculiar whistling noise we all know so well, and after a final snort came and lay down at my feet again.

I thought I would give the old fellow time to cool out, so I sat perfectly still and looked at the reflection of the buck's antlers in the polished blued steel just above the grip on my rifle. They were immense, and there were twelve prongs on one side and eleven on the other side.

In a few moments his sides stopped heaving, and he said, quietly enough:

"And jacking? What of that?"

"As to jacking," said I, "there is little to be said. If skill plays any part in this mode of hunting it is the skill of the paddler who sends the canoe on so quietly, and who knows when and where to strike. It is not the skill of the ruffian masked in the shadows of the night, who hunts kneeling in the bottom of the canoe, with a murderous shotgun in his hands. Any child can kill a deer in that way."

"Yes," said the Buck, "and many have been killed thus. My son Spike, the unfortunate fellow—he would have been three years old this fall—came down to the lake to drink—we were living on Otowana Lake at that time—and the poor fellow had but put his dry lips in the cool water when there came a blinding flash, a great noise, and—but I won't weary you with his sad story. They killed him. He was a promising boy."

A tear trickled down the brown cheek and sank into the dry earth.

I forbore speaking until he should have controlled himself, and then said as sympathetically as I could, "I am sorry we should have chosen a subject which is necessarily so painful to you, and I trust you will believe me when I say that I am deeply touched by the little you have told me of your son's tragic death at the hands of these mock sportsmen. I feel sure he would have been a credit to these noble woods and hills, and to you also."

"He was valedictorian of his class at Marcy Hall," said the Buck, "and he held the inter-woods championship at high jumping. I am an old buck and I have other sons, but Spike was my first-born. Well," with a deep sigh as though dismissing the harrowing memoirs, "you and I coincide as to jacking at any rate, and as to hounding we are both partially right. Of the two I would rather be hounded. But the key to all this is simple, the answer is plain, and it is—protection. Give us protection for three or four years, and I'll warrant the deer will be thick enough to insure success to the greenest of still-hunters. Protect us, I say, for five years," and here he stepped up and tapped me on the shoulder with his forefoot, "protect us, I say, for five years; yes, for three, or even—" what a strong forefoot that was, to be sure, and it seemed to take hold of me like a hand. "Why, Sam, what in the—stop, will you—you brute—ugh," as a quart of icy cold brook water went down my back, "can't you let a fellow alone? Confound it, man, I'll set that buck on you. Leggo, will you?"

"Buck?" said Sam's cheery voice. "I guess not; no buck here now. You are a pretty watcher. Didn't you hear Bluecoat? Come down here."

"I heard Bluecoat," said I with dignity, "and so did the Buck, but he said he'd stop at Horseshoe, and he did; and I wish you'd stop dragging me along in this manner."

"Come, wake up, wake up, old man," laughed Sam, "or maybe you'd like another bath. No? Here, what do you think of that? Oh, you are coming out of your torpor, eh?"

"Slashing old buck track, isn't it? And here's another track—dog track—that's Bluecoat, and you sound asleep all the time! Oh, the boys won't do a thing to you tonight. I'm afraid not!

"Old Bluecoat came right through the marsh, swam the Horseshoe [so the Buck was mistaken after all], and brought him right to your feet, and you slept calmly through it all.

"It's your loss," continued Sam, "and he must have had eight on a side."

"Twelve on one side," I started to say, but I didn't want another bath, so I kept silent.

And the funny part of it all is that it is all true—all but the dream. EDWARD SIDNEY RAWSON.

PORT RICHMOND, N. Y.

Ruffed Grouse.

MR. E. W. MESSENGER, of Boston, Mass., reports the partridge shooting in the vicinity of Wilton, N. H., unusually fine this season. Mr. Messenger recently made several trips to this neighborhood, hunting in company with his cousin, Mr. E. E. Low, of Wilton.

Last year a great many birds were snared, and one man is said to have cleared $400 from the sale of partridges taken in this way. The sportsmen, however, have succeeded in putting an end to the snaring, with the result of a great improvement in the game supply. J. B. B.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Animals for the Zoo.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 12.—On the evening of Dec. 8 Mr. E. Hofer, of Gardiner, Mont., arrived in Chicago with a shipment of animals for the National Zoölogical Gardens, at Washington, D. C., which he mentions in his communication of last week. Mr. Hofer had in the express car eight antelope, two black bears, one elk and four beaver, to say nothing of a bushy-tailed pack rat of the regulation Rocky Mountain thief brand. All the animals were in splendid condition and apparently standing the trip as well as could be expected, though they must have been well tired down. They are all this spring's animals except the beaver, one of which is a very large and old one, also a trifle belligerent, as he showed very plainly when asked to shake hands. The beaver were kept in a big store box, wired to prevent their gnawing out, and no tank was on hand for their convenience, as was the case in the earlier shipment of beaver made by Mr. Hofer. They had water poured over them at feeding times, and seemed to enjoy that. They will probably go through all right. Billy had along a lot of firewood for them to eat, they seeming to be very fond of fuel as food.

The antelope were packed in slatted crates, each just big enough to allow the animal to lie down or to stand up without turning around very comfortably. The crate for the elk, which was a cow of this year, was naturally a pretty big affair, and weighed something over 800lbs with the elk in it. All the ruminants were apparently happy and well fed, and each of them seemed to have adopted civilized habits, for immediately after dinner each one took a chew of gum and kept at it as industriously as a Halstead street cashier. When engaged in chewing gum an antelope has an odd, whimsical look about its face, such as we never see in a mounted head or in a picture of the animal. At the corner of an antelope's mouth there is a sort of bunch, where the hair sticks out prominently, and this, with the full and open eye, gives the creature a surprised sort of look. It is always the first duty of a taxidermist to take a flat iron and iron out this bunch of hair so it will not stick out and look untidy and rough. The nose of an antelope is soft and black and moist, and, though I suppose a good many people do not know it, the tongue and inside of the antelope's mouth is also jetty black. Of course everybody, that is to say, everybody but the artists who make pictures for the big magazines and illustrated weeklies, knows that the eye of an antelope is right up against his horn, and not halfway down his face, between the horn and the muzzle, as one famous artist on Western topics once depicted it, much to Billy Hofer's disgust. The tail of the antelope is rarely over 2 or 3ft. long, but artists do not always know that either. I admit that an antelope looks more spirited with a long, flowing tail, but it is not really legitimate. Billy told me that not long ago in an ambitious pictorial number of a publication, which shall be nameless, a certain artist painted some elk and gave the cows a good set of horns apiece. The artist said the horns didn't cost any more, since he had 'em already on, and at first this argument was near to being conclusive, because any fellow likes to get as much as he can for his money, especially in hard times; but finally, after the engraving was made and ready to print, some one told the head editor it wouldn't do, so they cut the horns off the cows in the plate, and you can see now where they did it. But they didn't cut off the tails, which remain hanging down about to the gambrel joints in the picture. An elk's tail is really about as long as your thumb, but the management of the illustrated edition decided that as they could get that 2 or 3ft. extra for nothing it would be bad business policy to sacrifice it, so they let it go at that. This was magnificent, though it wasn't natural history.

Of the two bears that Billy Hofer had along one was a very crusty fellow, and prone to take a section of overcoat whenever he got a chance. In the express car the antelope were piled up in one end, and the two bear crates were placed at one side, guarding the narrow passage to the rear of the car. Of course the visitors to the car who wanted to see the antelope would be obliged to walk in front of the bear cage, and as each one passed by the cross bear would take toll as seemed to him desirable, reaching out a horny paw and swiping anything that came by, from a silk dress to a genuine Irish frieze ulster. Both these bears were captured by soldiers near the Lake Hotel in the Yellowstone Park, who found the mother and cubs together near the hotel last spring. They set dogs on the old one and the cubs ran up a tree, from which they were ingloriously haled down to make a Washington holiday.

I am always glad to see Billy Hofer when he comes to Chicago, and always take him out to my ranch here, where he shows a vast disposition for wool blankets and wide open windows. I think a guest ought to own the house, but I don't think he ought to get up at 4 o'clock in the morning, which is more than half an hour before I ever usually get up, and kick about there being no hot water ready for him. I told Billy this, but he said he was so used to shaving in a geyser every morning that he couldn't get out of the habit.

A High Pressure Law.

The new Illinois game bill is what may be called a high pressure measure. It will ask a tax on the gun, a salaried warden system, a State license for non-residents, and a limited season for the sale of game. No Illinois game, not even ducks and snipe (heretofore not prohibited for sale at certain seasons), can be sold, and no foreign game can be sold after Jan. 1. The sportsmen say they would ask for prohibition of the sale of game altogether, but they are afraid they would not get it! That is to say, the immediate framers of the bill say so. I am disposed to think they might just as well throw in the clause for absolute prohibition of game marketing. They are quite as likely to get that as some of the other things they ask for, and stopping the sale of game is the only logical result these days for any scheme of game protection. The supposition of the attaining of some of the other things the new bill asks is enough to call to mind the words of the old song, "I Wonder if Dreams Come True."

Meantime, as mentioned earlier, the game dealers have formulated a little bill of their own. It is identical with that of the sportsmen except in the points where it is diametrically opposite. That is to say, it allows the sportsmen of Illinois (very good of the dealers, too) to do what they like with the game of Illinois, which does not amount to a picayune, but says that the sportsmen shall allow the dealers all the winter season up to March 1 for the sale of such game as they can procure outside the State of Illinois. This, being interpreted, means that the game dealers will be satisfied if they get everything they want, but ask the sportsmen to keep their hands off from anything the dealers do want. And the sportsmen, good, trustful men, are afraid to ask for a clause prohibiting the sale of game absolutely, for fear they won't get it.

The National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association is behind some of the proposed additions to the Illinois statutes on fish and game, and it does not intend to rest there, but will follow the work to Congress, where it is confidently expected that Congressman White, of Chicago, and Senator Shelby M. Cullom, of Illinois, will favor the passage of an amendment to the Inter-State Commerce laws prohibiting the shipment of game from any State whose laws make such shipment illegal. This would be an excellent thing if it were accomplished. This would then be a better land. I was at a little festival of song the other evening, and a very good soprano sang a song called the Better Land, and the refrain of it was, "Not there, not there, my child." I am afraid we have not yet come to arrive there, as we say in Chicago.

No Mast this Year.

I am told that the Delta country of Mississippi, where the black bears were so numerous last year, has this year almost no mast at all, in consequence of which there are no bears to be found in all that country. Capt. Bobo is practically without an occupation, and expresses doubt whether he will ever again see the good old bear days which he has known so long in the past. It is supposed that the bears have gone to Arkansas or the hereafter.

Gates Ajar.

Some one whose name I do not know sends in a clipping from the St. Louis *Globe Democrat* in regard to these bears of the Mississippi Delta cane country, in which there is something of interest, especially that portion relating to the different varieties of bear known in the South. The now accepted "red bear" of Louisiana is mentioned explicitly. I have never heard Capt. Bobo speak of this red bear at all, but he has often killed the large bears mentioned, if they be indeed any different species. He says he has killed them weighing over 500lbs. On our hunt last winter we killed one, as mentioned at the time, which seemed very large, though we had no means of weighing it. It was a monstrous looking beast as it lay on the ground, and we took it to weigh 450lbs. at least. The skin, after tanning, measured 7ft. 2in. long. A man lying on the ground beside this bear would look like a pigmy. I do not remember that it had any white spot on the breast, however, and do not recall that the hunters in that country spoke of ever seeing a bear so marked. The correspondent of the paper mentioned writes entertainingly as follows:

"I do not know of anything more interesting than to watch a bear steal green corn. As hunters know, a bear will always come and go out of a field at the same place in the fence if not alarmed or disturbed. The cornfields in this country are very large, ranging from 600 to 1,000 acres. After climbing up on the fence and carefully reconnoitering the country as far as he can see, if nothing alarming is in sight the bear climbs down on the other side very much as an old lady would. He will begin then, next to the fence, taking two rows, breaking down the cornstalks right and left until he has eaten all of the juicy, milky ears that he wants. Then he leisurely retraces his steps, always climbing over the fence where he came in, and waddles to his den to take a nap. In the month of August, several years ago, the bears became such a nuisance on Mr. Richardson's Hushpuckany plantation that he was obliged to do something to save his corn crop. So he employed a man in his neighborhood, who understood the ways and customs of bears, to abate the nuisance if possible. He abated it to some extent by killing thirty bears in one month, and ten or twelve in September, when the corn became too hard to be longer tempting.

"There are in the further South three varieties or kinds of bear. First, there is the ordinary brown bear, common in the wilder sections of our country from the Canada border to the Gulf of Mexico; its usual weight is from 200 to 350lbs. Then there is in Louisiana, Mississippi and sometimes in the southern Arkansas canebrakes and swamps a big, perfectly black bear. It is generally marked by a white horseshoe on its breast. This bear will weigh from 400 to 680lbs. The writer saw one weighed on an accurate set of scales, made for weighing bales of cotton, to be found at all steamboat landings, which pulled down the beam at the 680 notch. It was killed in the great Atchafalaya swamp by an experienced hunter, who declared that this was not the ordinary bear, but of a different family. Third, and rarest of all Southern bears, is what all hunters call the red bear. This one is a long animal, nearly as slender as a panther and the color of a red steer. It can swim like an otter and outrun any pack of bear dogs that ever followed a trail. Most hunters have seen this bear, and differ about its family; but whether it and its congener, the big black bear, are simply varieties of the same species, changed in size and form by their environments, I am not naturalist enough to decide. The red bear lives only in the Yazoo swamp of Mississippi, and the big Atchafalaya swamp of Louisiana. The large black bear is common in the Louisiana lowlands back of the big cotton and sugar plantations, along the Mississippi River and its tributaries, in the States mentioned."

The scientific gates seem ajar now for the bear family, and we may have all the new sorts we want.

Where "Forest and Stream" Is Read.

Three weeks ago I had occasion to mention in these columns a bit of news taken from a letter handed me by Mr. William Werner, of this city, from Mr. E. H. Bisby, of Deer Park, Tex., which ran to the effect that Mr. Bisby knew where he could find a bevy of quail or so if he were pushed. To-day Mr. Werner hands me a second letter from Mr. Bisby, which states that he has "six or eight letters from men in different parts of the country" saying that they had seen it stated in FOREST AND STREAM that he could find quail, and asking him what arrangements could be made for a hunt. He expressed surprise that so brief a mention should produce such a swift result. None of these letters to him were written with my knowledge, and I cannot tell within 1,000,000 or so how many men

have gone to places mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM as good shooting countries, but undoubtedly the number is large. I am not sure that the State of Texas owes this paper any thanks, but the shooters do.

To reiterate, the game of the North is shot out, and the tide of shooting travel is turning to the South more rapidly than the South can dream. If it were merely the tide of sportsmen travel none would be more glad than this paper, I am sure, or more glad than the Texas men; but it is too true that such is not the case. A shooter is not necessarily a sportsman, and there are far too many shooters who, when they come upon the abundant opportunities of the Southern shooting, abuse the privileges which good fortune has brought to them. To reiterate, the men of Texas cannot take measures too swift and too strict to regulate the killing of their game. This remark I ask each of them to cut out and paste in his hat, for review five years from now. The Texas men do not need dread the sportsmen, but the shooters.

To further illustrate the carefulness with which this paper is read by those in search of game fields, a friend lately spoke to me of an incident which occurred to him a year ago at his home in a part of the South. He said that an old gentleman from Illinois came into his office and introduced himself as a reader of FOREST AND STREAM, and therefore acquainted with himself. He said he had read that there was some good trapping country down in there and he wanted to get into it. He received the best of directions, and I presume was made happy. That man said that he was not a market shooter and did not kill any game except for his personal use while in camp; all he wanted was to trap a little. He was on this basis treated handsomely by the Southern man whom he had looked up. This also was without my knowledge until recently.

Hospitality and Legality.

Last week I saw in another paper a wail from some men who had been caught by the county officers in a Mississippi county and fined for not having a county license. Both they and the paper editorially thought this was a very "inhospitable" thing for the officer to do. It is not quite clear why it should be thought inhospitable. The fact is that there are very many large camping parties who go into Mississippi and forthwith constitute themselves nuisances instead of sportsmen; yet it is the rarest thing that the law is enforced at all as it should be always. It does not make a Mississippi man feel real good to call him inhospitable, because he knows that isn't so in the first place, and in the next place knows that he has never enforced his own laws as rigorously against outsiders as against residents. The result of several little things like the above has been that this year many parts of Mississippi have a wall built around them against all non-resident shooters who do not have credentials from resident property owners. The men of that country think they have a trifling interest in their own game as well as others, and they intend to keep up the good old Southern ways, which so far have resulted in preserving the game, whereas those of the North have resulted in its destruction. I only hope they will make the wall high and hog-proof.

It may be said by some of my several friends that I appear to want to cut off all non-resident shooting whatever. I do. I would like to cut it all off for five years, and I would gladly lay my gun down in vaseline for that length of time, for then we would all have shooting without going a thousand miles from home and imposing on men who have a little game left at their homes, which latter they would like to go out and shoot occasionally for themselves. But since we cannot have any such measure passed, and since we all must hunt as non-residents nowadays if we get any shooting, I do think we all ought to be very considerate of how we shoot when we get where the local game is abundant. A good rule would be to just mentally reverse the case, and put ourselves in the places of the men who have the game in their country. How would we like it? How would it seem if 30,000, perhaps 50,000 guns—no one can tell how many the real number is—should come from the South into our Northern shooting country after our game—if we had any? How would the rule of inhospitality work then? Speaking of walls, I trow we would see a wall then as was a wall! Yet we all cheerfully agree that it is quite wrong for a Southern country to make it difficult for an unknown shooter to get into its preserves! I am satisfied that all the good people will agree with me that non-resident shooting ought to be made difficult, that every kind of shooting ought to be made more difficult, that no kind of shooting can be made too difficult in this country from this time on, either in the North or the South. The laws can not be made too hard or enforced too rigorously anywhere. That is to say if we really mean what we say about game protection. If we are only bluffing about it of course it doesn't make any difference. No matter how hard such laws might generally become, they would not prevent sportsmen from shooting, though they might prevent some shooters from shooting. I should call it a very pretty and Utopian state of affairs if no man, in any State, could as a non-resident shoot in any State without the voucher of a resident friend. This would cut off a good deal of market shooting, and would also stop a good many excessive bags. It would be a hardship for some and a boon to a good many others. And it would save the game. But we will never see any such Utopia. We will just go on in the good old way, each fellow trying to get all the other fellow has, and kicking because he kicks at that It is human nature to want a pair of suspenders thrown in with each pair of pants. Indeed, I am disposed, sore against my will—for I love my fellow man tenderly—to believe that it is some human nature to want the pants thrown in with the suspenders.

Personal.

It was away last fall, months ago, that mention was made of the serious illness of Mr. W. P. Mussey, who was taken with typhoid fever. Since then Mr. Mussey has been in bed a very sick man, and it is not likely that he will be back at his work for a few weeks yet. He has had a very bad time of it, and meantime so have his many friends.

Mr. J. L. Winston, of the Austin Powder Co., has been in the city a couple of days visiting w th Mr. E. S. Rice, agent of that firm. Mr. Winston is endeavoring to become acclimated here, prior to certain entanglements with John Watson's hard pigeons next Tuesday, in which he is to be assisted by Mr. George Roll, of this city.

Mr. W. H. Freiberg, of Chicago, is just back from a long trip to a good game country in Colorado, where he was floating on downy clouds of glory for about two months. He says he never did have such a trip. Game of all sorts was very abundant, and Mr. Freiberg got all the deer and elk he wanted.

When Mr. T. H. Keller, of the U. S. Cartridge Co., was in Chicago last week he did not give permission to print a bit of news which he confirms in a letter just at hand. On Jan. 1 Mr. Keller will leave the firm with which he has been pleasantly engaged for six years, and go into the employ of the Peters Cartridge Co. and the King Powder Co., of Cincinnati. This is matter of mutual felicitations for employer and employed. Mr. Keller is well known all over the country, and will bring friends to his new house, which has a great and growing business. The Cincinnati house has a strong combination with Mr. Lindsley and Mr. Keller both on hand, and everyone will wish them many happy days together. I hope Col. Bill Peabody and Col. Bob Burton and Col. Wilbur Dubois will call on—shall we say Col. Keller? It is very near Kentucky at Cincinnati—and duly take him across what raging flood is in that city yclept the Rhine, that being one of the journeys without which no one can claim a thorough acquaintance with the town on the Ohio, or a perfect understanding of the idiomatic expressions, "'Raus mit i'm," "Ach Himmel," "Jetzt macht's los," etc., etc.

Humane Society's Action.

Gypsy, the man-killing elephant of the Harris circus, an animal which has killed several keepers and which lately scared another keeper into a hurried resignation of his job, has gotten to be too much of an elephant for the owners, who have concluded to kill her. Arrangements have been made to electrocute Gypsy by means of a gigantic electric device, and announcement has been made that the killing of the elephant will be a public spectacle, which will be held at Tattersall's, and to which an admission price will be charged. Upon hearing of these plans for an exhibition, President John G. Shortall, of the Humane Society here, has expressed a determination to interfere in all ways possible. He cannot prevent the killing of the elephant, but he objects to its being made a public show. There is an odd involution to this question, but under it all is the fact that the American public of the better class cannot wish to countenance anything so openly Latin, old Roman or plainly heathenish as the spectacle of brute suffering at the hands of man. Moreover, there is no contest of any sort in this, no pitting of beast against beast, or beast against man. It is simply the experiment of killing a vast animal by an untried device. An elephant gun and a steady shot would seem better. As for the butchery, do those intending to witness the execution forget and overlook the slaughter houses at the stock yards, which we have always with us?

Mr Shortall has also forbidden the annual fox hunt of the Germania Club, which was to have come off this week, stating that he will cause to be prosecuted the officers of the club if a live fox is run. Last year the club ran a stuffed fox, *sauté*, with anise seeds and fine herbs, and to this Mr. Shortall has no objection. While one can agree with Mr. Shortall on the elephant question, it is not possible to coincide with him about that anise seed business. An anise seed fox is too effete for this country as yet. Either let us run a fox or sit at home and imagine we ran a fox; but let us not, having chased a fox *sauté*, imagine we have been fox hunting. Because we haven't. I think I have this thing straight, but maybe it was with the latter performance that Mr. Shortall intended to interfere. It is as well to be cautious.

Skunks.

Mr. Mel. Hart, a sportsman of Crown Point, Ind., who is very well known among Chicago shooters, has determined to go into the business of skunk farming, an industry which other men have undertaken before him, not always with success in every respect. Recently Mr. Hart found under his front porch a litter of foundling skunks, about thirteen of them, all left penniless and alone in the world, apparently, by a heartless parent. Mr. Hart took the infants into his family and gave them a home, and now as an idea that he can raise skunks with ease in any quantity. As the annual fleece of a skunk is worth about $1 to $2, there seems to be a good business in this. The trouble with skunks, as I am advised, has usually been that they resemble coyotes, and sound as though there were a good many more of them than there are. No doubt Mr. Hart has been in places where he felt confident he could have skinned a thousand skunks if he had only had his tools along, just like the man who listened at the side of a frog pond and contracted to ship two car loads of frogs' legs the next day; but it seems that these animals do not always live up to the expectations they raise.

Shooting Glasses.

Mr. Almer Coe, of this city, advertises shooting glasses for trap and field shooting—a very useful and needful thing too, at times, for eyesight is not a permanent blessing—and he came to do this in a curious way. Dr. Westcott, of this city, an oculist, wrote for FOREST AND STREAM a little mention of some of his friends that he had fitted out with spectacles, with a marked improvement in their scores. This mention was read by a gentleman away down in British Honduras, who wrote to me to learn Dr. Westcott's address and inclosed a pair of glasses which he wanted fixed up. Dr. Westcott took the work to Mr. Coe, who is an expert optician, and the latter quickly concluded that a paper which was read that far away from home must also be read at home, and would therefore bring him business. In all of which he was quite correct. Dr. Westcott says he had several other gentlemen come to him for shooting glasses after the appearance of his little article, all of whom spoke of having seen the mention in FOREST AND STREAM. It is singular how widely and how well the sportsmen's papers of the country are read, or at least how widely and well this one is.

End of the Season.

The Illinois shooting season is now over, the quail law closing date being Dec. 1. We can shoot nothing now in this State except the cottontail, of which there are thousands in many localities. Speaking of non-resident hunting, I wonder where the Chicago shooters would be if no non-resident shooting were possible. But then, all Chicago shooters are the kind of folk who are asked to come again and bring their friends; at least let us hope so. So long as residents do not object to non-residents, both are fortunate in meeting, and so long as non-residents act as sportsmen and not merely as shooters, the residents never do object. During the next sixty days some thousands of Chicago shooters will leave the city for sporting trips in other States of less rigorous climate and more abundant game. There is yet to be told the first incident of a real sportsman receiving a rebuff from a real sportsman in any of those other States; therefore the bright days of the shooting year are just at hand for a great many of our sportsmen.

The weather in this vicinity, including Illinois and Indiana, has been extremely mild so far this winter; indeed, we have hardly had any winter at all as yet. Game should do very well. The past season has been an exceptionally good one for game, and another one as good would give abundant shooting within easy reach of this city.

Anise Seed Quail.

In view of the growing scarcity of game birds, I suggest that we establish the sport of shooting anise seed quail.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

PENNSYLVANIA GAME INTERESTS.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Dec. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Dr. D. B. Warren, State Z ölogist, prefaces his report on the destruction of Pennsylvania game with the FOREST AND STREAM'S editorial, "A Platform Plank," and then says:

"Taking the most careful reports which I have been able to obtain from the grouse counties of this State, the result shows that 90 per cent. of all the game is killed by market hunters, and that they are shipped to the larger cities, and principally to New York. From one of these correspondents I quote:

"'I personally know of over 1,500 grouse being shipped from two stations on the D., L. & W. and W. B. & E. railroads to New York. I personally know of a restaurant keeper in New York who wrote to a market shooter in this vicinity asking him to ship young grouse to him with woodcock during the month of July.'

"Another correspondent writes: 'The consensus of opinion is for any law that will stop market hunting within a radius of twenty miles in this section. It is carefully estimated that the market hunters last season killed over 3,000 grouse, while the entire number of shooters who pursue the game for the pleasure of pursuit, say numbering fifty, did not exceed 200 birds.'

"Market hunting is not done by farmers or farmers' sons, but by the professional market shooter. He traverses inclosed grounds, respecting the rights of none, and even becoming impudent when there is an attempt to restrain him by the lawful owner of the property. I have the first instance to record of one contributing toward replenishing a depleted game supply or paying in any manner for his gunning privileges. To do this would destroy the profits of his vocation, and he treats with disdain any proposition of this nature. Instances are on record where birds placed by the true lover of such sports in the late fall, at an expense of from $5 to $6 per dozen, have been killed by the market hunter and sold for less than half this price before the season closed.

"From four counties in the central part of the State there were over $6,000 worth of quail released for propagation in the spring of 1894. I quote from the language of one prominent gentleman who had contributed liberally toward this fund: 'I contributed to such cause, expecting to enjoy some of its benefits, but I found that the market-hunter had preceded me, and for my expenditure and day's outing I had to be content with no game.

"A reasonable trespass act and the restriction of our game traffic so that it will include deer, wild turkeys, ruffed grouse, woodcock and quail would, I believe, meet the views of our land-owners and all those interested in preserving and increasing our game. None of the above are in any manner destructive to the farmers, and no fear need to be entertained that they will ever become that numerous.

"Bears, squirrels and rabbits are not game which can be defended, and to continue their sale would not be a menace to the game of our State. To many it might seem that the farmers and land-owners of our State would not be interested in the protection of game for which there was no commercial market. With the market-shooter's profits disposed of and he out of the business, the privileges may be readily sold to those who are willing to pay for them, as is illustrated in Schuylkill county, where farmers realize a handsome sum for these privileges.

"There is not a State of such importance as Pennsylvania in all other commercial or educational affairs that can record as many reported violations without arrest or conviction of game and fish laws as our own Commonwealth. Any individual in any manner connected with game and fish protective interests is besieged with letters of complaint from every county in the State. Letters in the hands of one gentleman naming violations are so bulky that to attempt a reproduction of them in this report would be out of the question.

"Pennsylvania's appropriation to the fish interest for the past ten years has been two hundred and four thousand dollars ($204,000), divided as follows: $155,000 for fish propagation, $5,000 for fish ways, $2,000 for hatching house, and $42,000 specifically for 'water bailiffs.' For the past six years the appropriations for this purpose have been $5,000 annually, and the act which appropriates this amount states specifically for 'water bailiffs.' Now this sum equals, if it does not exceed, the amount appropriated under a more modern system in the State of Michigan for the protection of both fish and game, and the claims of the State Fish and Game Warden of that State are that they lead all other States in effective fish and game protection, awarding to the system and its direct application, and not to the amount appropriated, the honor of the results obtained. From Jan. 1, 1895, to July 1, 1896, he reports 801 cases prosecuted. I have no data of our own State from which to make comparison.

"It is positively asserted by those who have given attention to the subject that the taking of fish illegally in the Susquehanna River from Clark's Ferry dam to the Maryland line is largely on the increase; one has but to traverse the stream from the points named to note its evidences openly exposed. Wing walls of all sizes and lengths will be encountered, and they were during the

month of September of this year to be numbered by the hundreds."

(Here Dr. Warren quotes a number of newspaper articles, showing that the fish laws are being violated in all parts of this State.)

He continues:

"This State has never deemed its game interests of value enough to have ever appropriated $1 toward their protection, and that the subject has been greatly neglected and misunderstood by those shaping the affairs of State there is no necessity of argument to prove. The writer is informed by one prominent in the subject of game protection, that the members of the State Sportsmen's Association are now securing statistics from each township in the State of the amount of game taken during this present gunning season.

"Violations of the game laws are perhaps as numerous as are those of our fish laws, but their protection is not intrusted to any one in particular. Recently, in company with Game Commissioner C. K. Sober, of Lewisburg, the writer was tramping along a mountain road south of Pardee, Union county, and in a distance of not over three-fourths of a mile we found fifteen snares set (evidently from their large size) for wild turkeys. We also, on the same day, found three brush turkey blinds.

"Ferrets are so generally used in the pursuit of rabbits in some of our northern border counties that they are dubbed by the hunters 'punching sticks,' and a reliable gentleman informs the writer that it had been estimated that there were 200 of them owned in Wyoming county for this purpose. Deer licks, turkey blinds, quail traps, dead-falls, box traps, snares and ferrets all play an important part in helping to deplete our rapidly decreasing game supply.

"In some quarters of our State quite a number of deer are taken out of season by hunters who watch for these animals at deer licks. The running of deer with dogs is also carried on to a considerable extent in several sections of the Commonwealth notwithstanding the fact that this is contrary to law."

William M. Kennedy, Allegheny City; C. K. Sober, Lewisburg; I. A Stearns, Wilkes-Barre; Charles Heebner, Philadelphia; E. B. Westfall, Williamsport, and James H. Worden, Harrisburg, the new State Game Commission, met here this afternoon for organization. Ex-Mayor Kennedy is president, and B. H. Warren, State Zöologist, was chosen temporary secretary.

The Commission took up the subject of needed legislation, and recommended the passage of three bills: Creating a universal game season to extend from Oct. 15 to Dec. 15; to prohibit the sale of deer, wild turkeys, pheasants and quail killed in this State; and to prohibit the transportation outside of the State of game shot here.

A committee, consisting of James Worden, Harrisburg; Charles Heebner, Philadelphia; and Dr. B. H. Warren, was appointed to draft bills on the above-named recommendations. The next meeting will be held in this city on Dec. 29.

GAME NOTES FROM NEW BRUNSWICK.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Dec. 12.—The partridge season in this Province expired on Dec. 1. The export of this bird is now forbidden by law, as also the sale or shooting for purpose of sale. Amateur gunners, however, are more numerous than in former years, and as modern firearms are coming more and more in use in the rural districts the birds fly faster and further than ever before. As long as New Brunswick retains its present magnificent heritage of virgin wilderness there is not much danger of the grouse becoming a thing of the past. In the cities and larger towns a considerable number were sold this season contrary to law.

Deer are multiplying so rapidly in this Province that, with reasonable protection in the winter months, they may in a few years be as plentiful as in Maine. Among the fortunate local marksmen are R. T. Mack, Will Chestnut, Serg. Walker, Private Garvey and the undersigned. Reports from the interior of the Province—from the Miramichi, Tobique, Nepisiquit and other regions already renowned for the presence of moose and caribou—indicate that deer are now plentiful where they have not been seen for a quarter of a century. It was only about three weeks ago that the veteran hunter and guide, Henry Braithwaite, who has killed more moose, caribou and bears in the last thirty years than he will ever be able to count up, shot his first deer near Little Sou'west Lake. It must have made Henry smile.

John Bodkin returned the other day from East Brook Plains with the venerable guide Joe Mitchell. Mr. Bodkin shot a bull caribou, the only one he saw. He states that forest fires have driven the game out of that section of country.

Arthur Pringle, of Wayerton, the well-known guide, has had excellent luck this fall. Messrs. Slack and Holmes, of Brookline, Mass., who went with him to the headwaters of the Nor'west, crowded the game law rather close with four moose and six caribou. The genial "Bob" Armstrong, of Newcastle, then tried his luck and secured two fine caribou and a bear. Mr. Turnbull, of Halifax, I believe, secured a small moose on the last day of his trip.

Will Chestnut returned on the 7th from a very enjoyable cruise with Henry Braithwaite. Will is going to tell FOREST AND STREAM all about it, so I will merely remark that he brought down a moose, a caribou and a deer. Will is the best amateur woodsman I know of, cheerful, energetic and observant.

Caribou, for some reason or other, have been ranging closer to the settlements than usual. A few weeks ago seven of them appeared on the bank of the Sou'west at Boiestown within rifle shot of Duffy's hotel. Since then another drove appeared and three of them were shot by Al. Mead on the highway road.

From the standpoint of the sportsman who wants big game the crying need of New Brunswick is reliable, experienced guides. There are plenty of hunters, but very few, so far as my observation goes, who know how to properly look after the comfort of the sportsman. As for the Indian guides, some of them are fairly good men, but the visitor will need to lock up his wet groceries in a burglar-proof safe. New Brunswick is now the best country in America for moose and caribou. It will certainly be invaded in the course of the next few years by an army of big-game hunters. The resident population will reap the benefit financially, but will not regard the invasion as an unmixed blessing. The untouched wilderness of New Brunswick, however, is so vast, and its game supply so great, that I do not think all the moose and caribou that are likely to be killed by sportsmanlike methods in the fall of the year for a long time to come will produce any scarcity of game. It is the crust-hunting by loggers, gummers and Indians out of season that calls loudly for the attention of our legislators.

Hunter Selick, who lives near Moncton, has sold two of his herd of domesticated moose, which have been shipped to Providence, R. I., to be placed in a park there. It is said he received $700 for the pair.

Albert Perkins returned the other day from the headwaters of the Tobique, where he was engaged with a surveying party. They shot several caribou with a .44-40 rifle, but when they put two bullets into a bear which they discovered devouring a caribou, the bear walked off in his usual health.

Fred and Tennyson Vanwart, of Hampstead, captured a deer on the ice on Dec. 7. Fred fired three shots without stopping the deer, whereupon Tennyson, having a pair of skates with him, put them on and gave chase on the glare ice. The deer gave his pursuer a hot race, but finally slipped and was held by Tennyson until Fred arrived and gave him a finishing shot.

Harry Atherton joined the charmed circle of the chosen ones yesterday by dropping a fine buck and doe while hunting on the Hanwell with his friend George Hoegg and your correspondent. Harry is our finest wing shot, and he downed both of these deer on the run with a .32-20 Winchester. FRANK H. RISTEEN.

BOSTON NOTES.

BOSTON, Dec. 12.—Boston deerslayers continue to be heard from. W. B. Wadsworth passed through Boston the other day with a handsome buck, shot on the Cupsuptic River in the neighborhood of Billy Soule's camps, where Mr. W. was stopping at the time. Carrabassett, Me., is contributing a good deal of big game to the city sportsmen this season. W. P. Corson, A. S. Martin and A. S. Cowles, with O. B. Wood, came out from Goldsmith's camps on Poplar Mountain recently with four deer. Dr. L. F. Criado, with his son, and H. P. Williams have each obtained buck deer. Dr. Wood shot his two deer this fall. He visited the Aroostook country. He tells a good story of a young hunter who was fond of shooting partridges with a small rifle. He was out from camp after such game, having a .22-caliber repeating rifle. Something jumped up from behind a big windfall. It was a buck caribou. The young fellow let him have one shot, and the animal jumped up again. As he was in the air the third shot met him. This time he was hard hit, and fell down dead. The caribou weighed between 300 and 400lbs.

I met a gentleman yesterday who says that he "has it pretty straight" from Game Commissioner Carlton that he is bound to do all in his power to stop the hunting of Maine's big game out of season, and by the rich, who do not mind the fines if they happen to get caught. "We shall ask the Legislature this winter to make the penalty for killing moose illegally absolute imprisonment—no fines about it. The rich poacher cares little for the fines if he can kill his moose and get the head. Absolute imprisonment will be likely to cast something of a gloom over the conduct of the poacher with a plenty of money." Mr. Carlton is in favor of shortening the season on moose to one month—November only. There is a good deal of sentiment in favor of opening a part of September for the killing of deer, taking off equally as much from the end of the season—December. Laws concerning the marketmen are also to be changed, possibly requiring them to have a license in order to deal in game, which license they will forfeit if they attempt to ship game illegally out of the State. "If caught violating the game laws they should be prohibited from doing further business." My informant also believes the Commission to be meditating upon the plan of forbidding the carrying of rifles into the State during the close season on big game. Citizens of the State must have licenses in order to be allowed to carry guns during the close time on game. A man or boy may have a gun in hand in order to shoot a bear or a hen hawk, but not to shoot deer or partridges.

Carefully watching, I have found several instances of deer arriving from Maine into the markets here. But so many hunters are selling their deer, and ordering them straight into the hands of the marketmen, by way of the American Express, that it is very difficult tracing game that is illegally killed and shipped. It is certain that no sportsman who goes into the Maine woods in any sort of deer section need come home without one, for there will be a number killed ready for him. He may buy one and forward it directly to some marketman, and the law is almost powerless to stop it. He may arrange to bring a deer to the Boston market for some guide or hunter he happens to meet on his trip; and it would not be easy for the wardens to detect anything illegal about the shipment. The American Express Co. has it in its power to aid the Commission greatly in enforcing the non-shipment-of-game law, but it would seem that the position of that company is to make the last dollar there is out of Maine game. The hunter who would honestly bring out his game is forced to put it into the hands of that company, which holds a complete monopoly of that class of transportation. The revenue from that source this year is a great one, and it would seem to be the least that that company could do would be to discourage illegal shipment of game. I am not certain as to the exact position of the American Express Co. in this matter, but prominent sportsmen and merchants tell me that everything offered for transportation is being received.

It seems that the Dr. Robbins moose, already mentioned in the FOREST AND STREAM, was really a monster. It was certainly the largest killed this year, and one of the largest ever taken. Dr. E. D Robbins and Thomas Dickson, his partner on the hunting expedition, were absent on the shoot about three weeks. Forty miles north of Oxbow, on the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, they were about as far north as any hunters have penetrated thus far. The big moose was killed by two shots from Dr. Robbins's rifle. He measured, as he lay on the ground, 21 hands from his toes to the top of the shoulder. His length was 10ft. from the nose to the end of the hip. His antlers had a spread of 50in., with 13 prongs on one and 12 on the other. The guide estimated that he was from nine to twelve years old. The small moose was a beauty; clean and very black. Both males were with cows at the time they were shot. The cows put up their heads in blind astonishment, evidently, when their partners fell; but, getting the scent of the hunters, they were quickly off like the wind. SPECIAL.

Game Protection on the Eastern Shore.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It may be of interest to your many readers to be informed in regard to the game laws of Virginia. In but few cases do such laws apply to the entire State; instead, they are enacted to suit the different sections and to protect such game as may be found in such sections. Hence our game laws are more special than general.

Wild turkeys abound in the more western localities; so with deer. This game is amply protected, so that each of these sorts of game has largely increased within the last few years.

The act passed by our Legislature Jan. 27, 1896, prohibits the killing of quail anywhere in the State for two years from the passage of the act, under a penalty of $10 fine for each offense; having or being in possession of the birds being *prima facie* evidence of guilt. Rabbits cannot be shot between Nov. 15 and Jan. 15 of any year.

All egg-laying coast birds, the marsh hen, gull, striker, willet, etc., are well protected; the taking of their eggs being confined to very narrow limits during summer, while the killing in the case of the marsh hen and willet is greatly restricted, the destruction of the gull and striker being entirely so.

The Eastern Shore Game Association (this applies to the counties of Accomac and Northampton only) have done and are doing more for the protection of our sea coast waterfowl than has yet been done. The Association is an incorporated body, having full power to enact laws for the furtherance of the end in view, and which do not conflict with the constitution of the State. The fee required for membership is $2 for residents and $5 for non-residents, with an additional annual fee of $3. This fund is employed in payment of a regularly equipped force, who patrol our bays and narrows during the duck shooting season to make arrests in case of traps or lights or the shooting of birds during night, or the having in possession any arm that could not be shot from the shoulder without a rest. The Association received its charter under act of March 5, 1894, and even for so short a time we find our waters as to the duck family of birds decidedly more populous. If the increase continues our broad waters and narrows will afford the best field for duck shooting sport anywhere to be found along our coast.

Lighting, night shooting and trapping will very soon drive the game away. Under such conditions our game supply, especially of ducks, grew very scarce at one time, and but for timely measures would in but a few years have been entirely gone. T. G. E.

KELLER, Va., Dec. 7.

A Maryland Game Country.

STOCKTON, Worcester County, Md., Dec. 8.—The farmers in this section top and blade all their corn, then husk it from the standing stalks; as a result lots of shattered grains fall around each hill, and the ground where the corn is thrown in a pile is literally covered. The quail soon found this out and abandoned the stubbles and waste land for the cornfields; they run out from the woods and thickets, fill themselves in less than a half hour and then go back to the woods until evening. Our shooting here this season has all been done in the woods, and although we put up from six to fourteen coveys every day, the best bag yet in a morning has been fourteen birds to one gun. There is no pot-shooting in this; all depends on the stanchness of your dog and your skill in handling your gun. Nearly all who have tried it here express themselves better pleased with their good shooting than they would be with twice the number of birds killed in the open stubble.

Geese are very plentiful, are in splendid order and unusually large for young birds, weighing from 9 to 11½lbs. Brant are here in good numbers, but are decoying poorly; the bunches appear to be more than half old birds. They turn and circle around often a dozen times before giving you any chance at all, and by night your throat is all cracked up calling. We have had such a warm, calm fall that the redheads have not yet come to the shoals; they appear to be still in the fresh-water bays and rivers. Bluebills, whistlers and other small ducks are here in numbers and are making fair shooting.

I have never seen Cooper's hawk and the sharp-shinned hawk as plentiful as they have been here this season, and I think this is one reason the birds held so close to the thickets. I would not like to say how many have been killed since the season opened, for the number runs over 100 in this neighborhood alone, and still you can see them beating the edges of the woods and thickets.

There has been an unusual number of woodcock here this fall, but as yet no jacksnipe on the marshes.

O. D. FOULKS.

Hunter's Luck.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of the 21st ult. is a letter under the above heading signed by Jacobstaff and reciting what he considers a good joke on Dr. Levering—one of his hunting party—because he did not shoot at a supposed bear, as he thought it was the hunter's dog. All honor to Dr. Levering, and may he some day happen into our county and in my neighborhood, where I can show him how at least one hunter can appreciate him. Would that we had more like him. Four years ago at Lake Rosseau, in the Muskoka Lake district, I was hunting near some gentlemen from New York. They had Monteith's dog—everyone knew what a fine fellow he was. The New York Doctor was on guard, and the Doctor in the excitement shot the dog as he jumped over a log. This is a true case and can be vouched for. I have had the ground plowed up at my heels; I have had the shot whistle passing my head, and have hunted with the fool that carries a double-barreled shotgun on his shoulder, both barrels at full cock; and I will always feel thankful for the opportunity this letter gives me of paying a tribute to a careful man who will not be foolhardy for fear of being laughed at. There is too much of this quick shooting without being sure what you are shooting at. F. E. GALBRAITH.

HALDANE HILL, Ontario.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

Congressmen and Ducks.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose you a clipping from the Washington *Star* of the 10th that I imagine will interest you somewhat. I of course refer to the last few lines. The game laws and game protection in the District of Columbia are in a sad state at present, as two arrests for violation have been made within the last few months, both of which were dismissed, and the decisions were such that it practically wipes all our game laws off the statute books. I have often examined quail here in our markets that were picked and ready for delivery and found that many show no sign whatever of having been shot, no shot marks being visible. Practically there is no game killed within the district, so that all violation of the game laws is for the illegal handling and selling, but as our police court decided in one of the above cases that the statute only applied to game killed here, it can be killed elsewhere, shipped here and sold at any and all times. It is a sad state of affairs, and I regret to say that I believe there is little or no hope of the sportsmen taking action to remedy matters. J. D.

The clipping referred to reads as follows: "The poultry and game market is also well stocked, although most of the game comes from a distance, for in this section there are but few birds. A great many ducks, however, are being killed down the river and on the Chesapeake. Canvasback ducks are about as scarce as anything in the line of game, and the supply is hardly equal to the demand. Since Congress convened they have been in great demand for big dinners. Mallards from the Chesapeake are finer than ever before, and are more plentiful. These ducks are fed on corn to some extent, and the corn is also used for baiting. Then, instead of being shot, they are caught in nets, so that when they reach here they are in splendid condition. Wild ducks of ordinary varieties are plentiful, and low prices rule."

Those Thanksgiving Turkeys.

GRAND VIEW, Tenn., Dec. 8.—We have been talking over those Thanksgiving turkeys of Mr. Hough's, and while sympathizing with him in his various disappointments, Antler took occasion to remark that Hough is not as smart a man as he had supposed. Said he: "Hough might have gone a little way outside the city, built a little fire, and roasted a turkey if he'd wanted to."

To this opinion, born of some four score years' experience in cooking all sorts of game under adverse conditions, I could only reply that it is not now as easy to find a suitable cooking place in that region as it was when, forty odd years ago, I wandered among the sand hills to the south of Lincoln Park.

I have missed reading one or two numbers of FOREST AND STREAM, but infer that something has been said about the correct pronunciation of Col. Fred Mather's name. I have known a number of Mathers in New England who always sounded the a as in "cat." Should it be pronounced as in "father"?

I may add that Mr. Hough would do well to state to the public just how his name is pronounced. I have more than once found it difficult to persuade people that it isn't "How," and I have heard it called "Hew." KELPIE.

We take the liberty of adding that the name appended weekly to our "Chicago and the West" budget is pronounced like the name of the hero of this story in the *Farmington Chronicle:* "Shepard Huff last week started out hunting. He had not gone far from the house before he started up a deer, and, as the track was plain in the snow, Mr. Huff followed along expecting to get a shot. He noticed every now and then that other deer kept coming into the first deer's track and following along, and before night twelve had fallen into line; so at dark, when he was obliged to give up the chase, there were no less than thirteen deer ahead of him."

Turkeys, Deer and Otter.

AVOCA, N. C., Nov. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you an account of a day's outing at Avoca. We crossed to the Bald Gray plantation, just opposite my house, and in a very short time started two deer. Wilafred killed a very large doe. The dogs started another deer, and at the same time ran into a flock of turkeys. Tom Webb got two shots at these and killed one with each barrel. He killed one as they flew up. A second lit in a pine tree directly over his head. This turkey was so alarmed at the dogs that Webb was enabled to move out so he could get an unobstructed aim.

We took a canoe to bring the doe home, and, coming down the creek, when less than 400yds. from the Avoca residence, we saw four large otter sporting in the water. Guns and a pair of hounds were in the bow of the boat, and before any one could get a gun the dogs sprang overboard and chased the otter into their den. While digging and scratching to get the otters out Mr. Warrenton saw another one coming across the creek. Paddled after it, and when he got near the otter dove and rose within range, and Warrenton's unerring aim killed him.

Pretty fair sport for a few hours and but little labor. We have four turkey wings, one deer skin and one otter hide. W. R. CAPEHART.

Florida Game and Fish.

GULF HAMMOCK HOUSE, Lerry County, Fla., Dec. 7.—W. L. Multeer, C. E. Owens, A. H. Deusler, Mr. Littlefield and D. Wert left here a few days ago highly pleased. They were here four days, and killed two very fine bucks and several turkeys. Two of these gentlemen preferred to fish. Mr. Owens caught over seventy black bass weighing from 2 to 7lbs. each.

Mr. J. S. Weeks and G. H. Barker left the house on a camp hunt; they were gone three days and came in with a fine deer, several ducks, squirrels and black and channel bass.

Turkeys are very plentiful this year, and fishing first class. C. B. WINGATE.

Curious Tourist—"What are you fishing for?" Farmer's Boy—"Fish?" Curious Tourist—"What do you use?" Farmer's Boy—"Bait." Curious Tourist—"How do they bite?" Farmer's Boy—"With their mouths."—*Exchange.*

Sea and River Fishing.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XXV.—Amos Decker.

AMOS was a raw-boned six-footer, about fifty years old when I met him, bronzed with exposure, and tough as a pine knot. He had drifted ahead of civilization for over a quarter of a century, clearing timber in Michigan, breaking prairie in Illinois, taking up claims and selling out when the neighborhood became too thickly settled; one of those restless men that were always found on the best quarter section within a township awaiting a customer for his betterments. Unlike his class, he was a man of fair education, whose memory retained much of what had evidently been an extensive course of reading in his youth; but his associations had sadly impaired any grammatical rules he might once have known.

Amos may or may not have been a bachelor. He lived alone in a well-built log house on a bank of the Neosho, near where Burlington now stands; and it was not good form in Kansas in those days to be curious about the past of such men as you chanced to meet. What little I knew of his early life I have told and gathered from stories that he related in the intimacy of camp life. Warren and I had been down the Verdigris River as far as Independence, and then struck off northeast to the Neosho and up that stream. We were looking for land for several Eastern men who wanted to settle together if certain conditions of wood, water, etc., could be found on Government land, for they would not buy claims. When we got up as far as the cabin of Amos my pony was lame, and we stopped and asked if we could rest and see to our critters. We spoke enough of the Missouri language, which largely prevailed in that part—although occasionally mixed with and diluted by the vocabulary of Posey county, Ind.—to know that a horse was a "critter," and a cow was a "creetur."

After the usual question, "Whar ye from?" and the answer being satisfactory, he looked at my pony's foot and pulled out a cactus thorn that had somehow got in it, although no Indian pony would go near a bed of that plant. He said: "I wouldn't ride him any more to-day, stop over with me to-night and the pony 'll be better in the mawnin'." In the last sketch I referred to the troubles that disturbed the Territory of Kansas, and strangers were cautious, judging one to be "free State" or "pro-slavery" by his nativity. Amos probably sized us up long before we had him figured down, but it did not take long to decide that he was to be trusted, because he could pronounce his r's, that shibboleth of the man reared south of Mason and Dixon's line—in those days at least.

Warren and I had been camping and living on small game tempered with salt pork and the occasional purchase of corn bread, and when Amos suggested that if the water was not so muddy after the rain he would shoot a pike for dinner, Warren suggested catching one. Amos had no fish hooks, but we had a few and some lines. I watched him rig for skittering, and remarked that he had fished before.

"Yes," said he, "we used to ketch pike in the Wabash an' Massaseep by puttin' on a killy an' slingin 'em out."

I caught the word "killy" and said: "I s'pose it's a long time since you left New York."

"Never lived in New York," and he gave me a look of inquiry. "What made ye think that?"

"I meant New Jersey. They're close together and I made a mistake. I can always tell a man that comes from New Jersey, no matter how long he's been away from it."

"See here, stranger! I was a boy in New Jersey once, but you don't know it, you only guessed at it. You may be good at guessin', guess ag'in."

"Well, you lived down along the salt water, about Raritan Bay or Staten Island Sound. I only want to look into a man's eye to tell where he comes from, and didn't have to ask where you came from."

Then I mystified him with some old sleight-of-hand tricks: passed a half dollar through his hat, let him draw a card from the pack and then after putting it back with the rest told him to feel in his coat pocket and find it, and several such simple tricks which puzzled him.

Said he: "Look a-here, stranger, that's the best I ever seed. Oncet, on the old Massaseep, I seed a feller do sich tricks, but he had a show on a boat an' a stage, an' we wus so fur off we c'u'dn't see how he dun 'em; but I'll be durned ef you don't do 'em right here with my own keerds. Say, do 'em over ag'in, will ye? I want to see how ye do 'em. Say, stranger, ef you'll stay here with me I'll keep ye six months an' show ye the bes' claims about yere."

I declined to repeat the tricks; all great magicians resist such entreaties. I had puzzled this shrewd frontiersman by some simple things and didn't care to lose my prestige, just as you never wish to make a second rifle or pistol shot after a very lucky first one.

When we were alone Warren said: "Them tricks was all right; I don't know just how you do 'em, but that business of locating the old man in New Jersey is what bothers me, and it bothers him. How did you do it?"

"If I tell you will you keep it?"

"Betcher! Wouldn't tell him, but it's workin' on the old man an' it's workin' on me."

"Well, it's all based on a word. He called a little bait fish a 'killy,' and that name is one left by the Dutch settlers along the salt waters of New York and New Jersey, and is used in no other part of the country. You noticed that I guessed New York first, but corrected it on the second guessing."

Amos had turned his back to put some wood on the fire and I carelessly opened a book on a shelf and saw his name in it. Quickly closing it, I resumed conversation and afterward laboriously spelled out his name from the lines in his hand.

"Stranger," said he, slowly, "you ar' suttenly a gifted man. To look at yer no one would ever mistrust it, but I've read about how these things could be done, but never put no faith in it, but now I'm convinced. Stranger, put it thar!"

"Amos," said I, "I'm a greenhorn from the East, but I object to being called 'stranger' by every stranger that I meet. I'm no more a stranger to a man I never saw before than he is to me and I won't stand it. If you'll drop that word we'll be friends and go a-fishing. What d'ye say?"

Warren had caught some minnows in a little stream and we went down to the edge of the river to fish with some heavy pecan poles, which our host pronounced "pecawn;" this is a species of hickory which bears the nut of commerce and is very strong and elastic, but heavy. The water appeared to be so muddy that there seemed but little chance of a fish seeing our bait, but we kept casting and skittering until I got a rise that took the bait off the hook. This was encouraging. Then Amos got a strike that was a savage one; it pulled the line through the ring on the tip of his hickory switch and scorched his hand in checking the rush. We had no reels; I had probably seen them in Eastern stores, but had no knowledge of them in practical fishing. It was evident that Amos knew as much about fishing as I did, and that was considerable, I thought. He soon checked the fish and landed it, a pike of some kind that may have weighed 5lbs. Warren struck something, wet his foot and lost his line, because it was short and was not fastened to the butt.

"Betcher," said he, "that fish would weigh 50lbs. It was the biggest one I ever hooked. No man c'd 'a' stopped him. Did you see how he took that line out? Why, lightnin' 'ud 'a' been left away behind in that race."

Amos suggested that the pike would make our dinner and we let the minnows go and went up to his cabin. While he prepared dinner I looked after the ponies, which were staked out on the prairie; led them down to water and gave them some salt. I wonder if an Indian ever wasted salt on a pony? It's doubtful. About the only thing that I ever saw them give a pony freely was a club. My tough little fellow, which I had named "Jimsey," a sort of pet form of "Jim," had become greatly attached to me through the agency of salt and sugar. Warren came out and put a hobble on his pony and I turned mine loose. I urged him to do likewise, but he said:

"That's all right; Jimsey will stay here with Pete because he's hobbled, but, betcher, you let 'em both loose an' you'll never see 'em ag'in."

"Let Pete loose, an' if he goes away I'll give you my claim. The ponies will get better feed if they can range, and a stranger can't catch 'em. We're goin' to stop here all night, and if our ponies go off you can have my claim and its betterments."

"It's a go; Pete wouldn't fetch more'n $30, an' your claim, with house, well and ten acres of broken prairie all fenced is wuth more'n ten times that."

His pony was relieved from the hobble, and we went in to dinner. The pike had been boiled and had a dressing of drawn butter, a most unusual thing in that region of plain living and high thinking. But Amos had cows which are well enough in their way, but have a habit of giving milk as a raw material and leaving its manufacture into cheese and butter to other hands. The question was: Whose hands? If I had puzzled Amos with a few simple tricks of legerdemain, such as are published in many books on the subject, he presented the problem: "Who milked his cows and made the butter?" Of course he could do it, but he was often gone for weeks, and cows must be milked twice each day. He had butter, and that is all we knew.

After dinner and pipes Warren went out, and they reported that our ponies were not in sight. "Gone down in the timber to browse on the mulberry bark," said Amos. "I'll tell you what it is, you fellers make a mistake in thinking them animiles 'ud druther have corn shelled or on the cob than to browse. They'd druther git down in that bottom timber an' eat hazel brush an' young mulberry an inch thick 'an to have all the corn 'at you c'd set afore 'em. Let 'em go; they'll look out fer you ef you give 'em salt an' sugar, es Fred says he's done. Don't you worry."

Morning came and after breakfast we went to the edge of the woods; I gave the shrill whistle with the fingers and called my pony's name. Soon he answered, and both animals followed us back to the cabin. Here I will say that I am not a horseman and have no liking for horses. Few men like horses. They will tell you that they "like a good horse." That means that they like him while he is young and stylish, but when all that is past he may be sold to pull an ash cart. Out on such love! Compare it with the love that the sportsman has for his dog, that has worked the fields with him in heat and cold, his skin torn by briers in summer and his feet frozen in the winter's snows. Is the old dog sold into drudgery in his old days? "Not on your life!" as the phrase of the day goes. Therefore I do not believe that the average man loves the horse for more than he can get out of him. I have a regard for the horse as a most useful animal, just as I have a regard for a locomotive as a bit of useful machinery; but I think, with Charles Dickens, that the head of a horse, at its best, is not a handsome thing, admitting that some horses may have comparatively handsome heads by some modification of that long nose. I am wondering what Dickens would have thought of the head of a moose! There is no doubt but Mr. Moose sees some most delicate lines of beauty in the facial contour of Mrs. Moose, but we are not educated up to their standard, that's the trouble, and a moose is the homeliest animal that my eyes ever gazed upon, take head, body or legs, or in "the altogether."

Before we left the breakfast table Amos had arranged a buffalo hunt for the next week, and we agreed to go with him. His idea and that of his neighbors was to take ox teams and bring back loads of beef for present use and for salting for winter, as well as to get the skins for robes to use or to sell.

The week rolled around and our arms were cleaned and oiled, knives sharpened, the covered wagon packed with camping necessities and all ready to hitch the cattle to long before the train of ten wagons hove in sight. By the time they reached my cabin we had the ponies haltered and tied behind, and the two yoke of oxen hitched and ready to fall in the rear of the procession when it passed. We went off to the southwest and in a few miles struck a well-broken trail near the head of the Verdigris, which they had left some distance back to go out of the way to pick us up. We were out four nights before we reached the Arkansas River, some eighty miles from our place. The country was rolling prairie with timber along the frequent streams, and on the third day out I saw the first live buffalo, a herd of several hundred which pungled off like porpoises when we came in sight. I wondered why the men did not chase them, but learned that they were not going to kill a buffalo until there was a chance to

camp and go at it with some sort of system. Warren counted heads and said that the other ten wagons contained twenty-five men and with ours there were thirty ponies in the party. Amos seemed to be the leader and directed the movements. We camped near the mouth of a small stream on the north bank of the river; the wagons were arranged so as to form a corral to keep the live stock in at night to prevent a stampede by wolves or buffalo, but we had to enlarge the circle with logs. The oxen and ponies had been feeding while we were doing this and then we gathered them in for the night; three guards were appointed to keep watch, one at a time, for fear of accident that might stampede our stock in spite of the corral and leave us in bad shape. There was danger that some prowling band of Osages, Kaws or other Indians might do this, so an armed man patroled outside the corral while we slept.

It rained in the night, but the morning was fair, and leaving ten men to see that the stock did not wander and to keep camp we saddled our ponies and started to look for the game. To a question Amos replied: "No, we had our guard all picked afore we started, and we don't expect you boys to do any of it. Them ten men will take care o' things night an' day. I ast ye to come an' hunt, didn't I? Then what ye talkin' 'bout? There ain't even an ole bull in sight, but you can see where the herd went north toward the Smoky Hill Fork, an' mebbe gone on to the Saline or way up to Solomon Fork. But there's more—a heap more—an' if we don't strike 'em to-day why to-morrer's comin'. If it was dry ground we might see where there was a herd by the dust; there's an old bull now off by hisself, but we don't want him. There's nothin' good about him but his overcoat, an' that's on'y good for buckskin. Them old bulls get druv out by the young ones an' just herd by theirselves."

We went north to the divide that separates the waters flowing into the Arkansas from those of the Smoky Hill Fork of Kaw River, which feeds the Missouri as far north as Kansas City. The Kaw River is spelled "Kansas" on the maps, but nobody called it anything but Kaw, after the tribe of degraded Indians who lived along its waters. Why this was so may be classed in Lord Dundreary's catalogue of "things no fellow can find out." It was near noon when our ponies were hobbled and given a couple of hours to graze and drink, while we ate, smoked and talked. There had been no introductions, such things were superfluous in those days among such men, and we had scraped acquaintance and knew a few Johns, Jims, Bills and Joes. They were rough, ignorant men, frontier farmers, and as I was in that class we got along, but it was evident that Amos had exploited me as a magician, for they were curious about me after we made camp at night. They were satisfied that I was a Free State man, for that was the first thing that a man wished to satisfy himself on in those days; are you friend or foe?

This curiosity became too strong to be controlled, and Joe broke out with: "Amos says you can see through a pack of cards and tell how they will deal; is that so?"

"No; Amos says many things besides his prayers. Sometimes I make a guess at what cards a man holds, and if I guess anywhere near right he thinks it wonderful. Hand me that pack, and I'll make a guess on the hand you have after you have cut the cards."

This was a rash statement, for the pack was well worn and dirty, but my fame was at stake. Running them over in shuffling, I got the four aces and a king at the bottom of the pack, and then laid it on the blanket. "Now you cut the cards anywhere you like," said I, and he cut near the middle. Catching the eyes of the crowd, I put the "cut" back on top, and played the old trick of dealing from the end of the pack, giving him a card from the bottom and myself one from the top. When the deal was finished, I said: "It's hard to see through these cards, they're so dirty, but your hand beats mine. Keep 'em all together, don't spread 'em out; I can guess better when they're bunched. Let's see! I guess you've got four aces and a queen; no, it's a king, the king of spades, I think; it's a black one; no, it's the king of clubs."

He showed down the hand as I called it, and those simple men were astounded. Both Warren and Amos told me that the hand was dealt from the bottom, but they had seen more of such things than the others. The company of these men was no pleasure; they were men shrewd enough at a bargain, but children in everthing else; they had read nothing, could talk of nothing but their own uneventful lives. Yet it was necessary that something should be done to relieve the monotony of sitting around a campfire and listening to the talk of men who could not talk. Therefore, to relieve myself from the dreadful situation, ten times more lonesome than if no human being had been within 100 miles, I "opened my box of tricks," learned in the idle moments of schoolboy life, and amused myself and companions with the few simple bits of legerdemain which I could call to mind. Later in life many such situations have occurred, when if you wanted any fun you must make it yourself, and it is my mature opinion that such a crowd have so little humor that they don't appreciate anything except practical jokes or the wonders of the magician. The humorous story or the witty repartee is wasted on them as much as it would be on a Digger Indian. Yet that is the state of mind of over half of the people of the United States, taking them "by and large." It is safe to say that outside what may be called the educated classes few appreciate a joke unless it is in its roughest costume. Refine it, put it in evening dress, and it "is caviare to the general;" but the few who can and do enjoy it are those for whom it was intended. Jests are of so many kinds that some are offensive. Bacon, in his Essays, says: "As for jest, there be certain things which ought to be privileged from it, namely, religion, matters of state, great persons, any man's present business of importance, any case that deserveth pity." This definition is "funny"—to this generation.

It is funny because "matters of state" are the subject of political cartoons in almost every illustrated paper of to-day, and as for "great persons"—they are the fellows who get it! A young friend at my elbow, who is fully abreast of the current idioms of the day, says: "Yes, an' they git it frequent, right where Alice wears her pearls."

"Johnny," I asked, "what do you mean? What has Alice and her pearls—"

"Why, they get it in the neck! See? O, I forget, you wasn't alive last week. Say, that was a big scald on Senator ——— in last week's *Scalder*. Did you see it?"

This is the sort of interruption that comes to a man who writes of old times when his surroundings are not congenial. After removing Johnnie I tried to get back by a jump of forty years from the present to the day when the buffalo grazed from Oregon to Texas.

On our way back to camp we saw a few solitary bulls, and some time in the night there was an alarm that turned us all out with our rifles ready for action. One of the herders had gone off to the eastward and struck a small bunch of buffalo and had killed a calf. He had brought the dressed carcass and the skin back, and had stretched the latter between two trees just outside the camp, and some wolves had torn it down and were fighting over it. A few fire brands settled the dispute, and the torn skin was brought in the corral in the interest of harmony.

The next morning was rainy, but the ponies had their corn and we our buffalo veal, and off we went. In less than an hour we saw the whole prairie covered with buffalo, grazing and going south. From a knoll the entire earth seemed covered with them as far as we could see. There might have been a million, or a hundred million, or as many figures as you please to add to the guess. I tell you in sober truth, and I ask you to believe me, I don't know how many buffalo were in that herd. Warren said: "Betcher there's mor'n ten hundred millons!" You may take Warren's estimate or mine, as you prefer, or you may go there and try to count the tracks of that great herd, I don't care; but I will assert that—that—there was a big lot of buffalo out there in the open air of that Kansas prairie one day in the fall of 1858. That herd was too big for a few men on ponies to stampede, and we put in the spurs and got up alongside. Those on the outside took the alarm and pressed on without other effect than to cause the others next them to think they were pressing for better forage. Amos had told me to pick a barren cow if I could find one, a fat young cow that had no calf of five or six months old near her, and to keep a sharp eye in the rear and not get mixed in the herd, or there would be a dead man and a dead pony.

There was then the spice of danger in this hunt! It began to be more interesting. I had thought it would be sufficient to make the trip and study the types of men, see a herd of buffalo with its flankers and rear-guard of wolves ready to capture a weak straggler or a calf that strayed too far, but now that there was danger there was a promise of sport. Hotspur truly says:

"The blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare."

Our party had stretched out over two miles on the flank of the herd, which was moving slowly in the mass, but more swiftly near the hunters, and an occasional shot was heard. My pony would not take me too near; he had evidently seen a herd of buffalo before, and I only feared for the rear. It was getting to be interesting, and after I had singled out my game and tried to get alongside it, with no other buffalo intervening, it was exciting.

Unconsciously I gave a whoop as the picked animal came in plain view, and the pony didn't need spur nor whip to quicken his pace to get alongside; he understood it all. Once alongside the galloping beast, a new difficulty appeared; she was at my right hand and I feared to twist in the saddle, not knowing how the pony would act, and I had never shot from my left shoulder. I did, however, shift the rifle to my left arm and fired. The pony never swerved and the huge beast dropped. The shot caused the animals near me to crowd away and I circled about and shot again as the animal was about to rise; a few struggles and I had killed a buffalo.

"Come on! kill some more," yelled Warren as he passed, seeking a fresh victim; but I had cooled down and was content to watch the herd as it turned off to the right up the river, looking more like a sea covered with rolling porpoises than anything I can liken it to. I sat on my pony gazing on the wonderful sight while my companions followed the herd and thought only of killing. To-day it seems like a dream. Where we rode beside that great herd the locomotive shrieks and a generation of men has been born who may occasionally plow up a bone or a horn that tells of an extinct race of great animals.

It was well along in the afternoon before all had gathered at the camp, and the rain still fell. The guards fed the ponies and we made a big fire to dry ourselves by, and by the time supper was over there was a rainbow in the east. Amos came over to our wagon and wanted to know how I liked buffalo hunting.

"Well, Amos," I replied, "it's a good deal like goin' into a barnyard an' shootin' cattle; just galloping alongside of a steer an' pluggin' him with lead until he drops. I'd a heap sight rather shoot woodcock."

"Woodcock! What's them? Them air big woodpeckers 'at drums on trees fur grubs? Why, they ain't good to eat an' it takes as much powder an' lead to kill one on 'em as it does to kill a buffler that weighs over a quarter of a ton. Wal, that's all right, you can shoot woodpeckers ef you like, but when I shoot I want to see something worth shooting at."

I hadn't the courage to explain what a woodcock was, it wouldn't have helped the matter in the least, nor the disposition to argue the case of sport *versus* meat; that would have been equally hopeless. So I said: "Won't the wolves spoil the skins and the meat to-night before we can save both in the morning?"

"Yes, some on 'em," said he, "but it's the best we could do, an' if we're short we'll kill some more. We allers kill enough for ourselves an' the wolves too, there's plenty of 'em."

After Amos left us Warren said: "Betcher didn't kill any more buffler 'an I did. Honest, now, how many?"

"One."

"Is that all? Why, what joo do all day? Betcher I killed half a dozen and put my mark on a lot more; I come out here for fun, I did, an' now the gang's goin' back as soon as they skin an' load up the meat."

There was no use in talking to this man. I began to feel myself out of touch with the rest, holding opinions which I did not care to expose to ridicule by expressing them, so I turned the talk in another direction. We could hear the wolves howl and fight as long as we heard anything, and when silence came morning came with it.

"Camp was broken, and the oxen were hitched up and the wagons scattered to do their work. Guards and all hands went to the labor of skinning, and from inquiry afterward I learned that nearly 100 buffalo had been killed by seventeen men! But they were not all choice beeves, and then only the forequarters with the hump rib were to be taken back, for those and the tongues were the choice parts. If time permitted, they would all be skinned and the wolves would put a polish on the bones.

I had been greatly impressed by that pigeon slaughter which Cooper relates in one of the "Leather Stocking" tales, where the people loaded a cannon and brought down hundreds at a shot, while Natty protested, killed one pigeon for his own use and went his way. That's a good thing for a boy to read; it had its effect on me all through life. It's the fashion to sneer at Cooper, and say that there never were any such Indians as his. That may be so, but it's the fault of the Indians. I like Cooper's Indians, but the real thing, with the dirt and vermin-laden blanket; "Faugh! an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination."

We will pass over the disgusting detail of skinning and loading up. Six skins fell to Warren and me, and several forequarters and tongues. That's all there is of our hunt. The party was a most uninteresting one, devoid of intelligence and consequently of humor. Amos and Warren were the only two whose company was endurable on this my first and only buffalo hunt. If my friend of later years, old Nessmuk, had been there he would have agreed with me, and in his fondness for parody might have said:

"Better fifty shots at woodcock
Than ten tons of buffalo."

I learned that the hide of a buffalo bull was not worth taking because the hair was thin or absent on the hindquarters, and that their beef was worthless; but that the fine robes came from the cows, and that the hump rib of a two-year-old heifer was a fine bit of beef.

On the wall of my den hangs a pair of buffalo horns saved from the slaughter of that day. Below them are a pair of snowshoes and the sword of an officer of the line. Sometimes an old man rests his eyes upon these relics until the present is forgotten; the rushing bison with their thundering tramp and grunting snort go by in countless herds, which somehow change into battalions of armed men with glistening bayonets and ragged colors, which afterward fade into the brown of the forest and the stillness only broken by the fall of the snowshoe, until he is aroused by a soft hand on his shoulder, and a soft voice by his side says: "Hadn't you better get ready for dinner? You've been asleep." FRED. MATHER.

PENNSYLVANIA ASSOCIATION.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 12.—The regular monthly meeting of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association was held Saturday evening, Dec. 12, at the rooms, 1020 Arch street, Philadelphia.

The Association has long had under consideration the subject of effecting State organization, in order to secure concurrent action in behalf of the fishery interests. It has fostered and assisted in the formation of local organizations of kindred character throughout the State with this object in view.

Those efforts have been most gratifying, until at this time there are sufficient local clubs to warrant the belief that this desirable object can be accomplished.

Two propositions were submitted: Club membership, and the advisability of issuing a call for a convention for the purpose of forming a State league.

The latter has its drawbacks and was once tried without success, in view of which it was finally decided that, as this Association was the oldest chartered organization of its kind in the State, covering the entire State in its work, all the purposes of a State league could be accomplished by the creation of club membership. Suitable amendments were adopted at the meeting.

The amendments provide for, first, active members, who alone shall own and control the assets of the Association; second, contributing members, who must reside outside of the city of Philadelphia and counties contiguous thereto, and who shall have all the rights and privileges of active members, save only any participation or ownership in the assets of the Association; third, corresponding members, who shall have a voice but no vote in the meetings of the Association; fourth, honorary members.

Sec. 2. "All applications for membership must be in writing and recommended by a member of the Association, who must be personally acquainted with the applicant and vouch for his or its good character; and every application for membership must give the name, residence and occupation of each individual, and the name and location of every club being a candidate.

Sec. 3. "The election of active and contributing members shall be by ballot at the next stated meeting after proposal, and three black balls will be deemed sufficient to cause the rejection of any candidate. A name, once rejected, cannot again be presented within six months thereafter, except by unanimous consent.

Sec. 4. "Any person or club, upon being elected, must pay the dues prescribed before being admitted to the privileges of membership.

Sec. 5. "Any duly organized club or association which may now or at any time hereafter be organized 'for the purposes named in Article I.' by at least five citizens of this Commonwealth, may be eligible to either or any of the memberships designated in Sec. 1 of this article, upon election in manner and form as is hereinbefore provided."

We are now ready for the whipping-in process and propose to draft lengthy circulars outlining the plans, copies of which will be sent broadcast through the State.

A resolution was adopted tendering the use of the rooms of the Association to the State Fish Commission in the event of their holding a meeting in this city at any time they may elect.

A special Committee on Legislation was appointed to keep in touch with all bills presented to the Legislature affecting the fishing interests, and urge the passage of all measures designed for their improvement, as follows: Dr. B. W. James, Howard A. Chase, B. L. Douredoure, Wm. E. Meehan and M. G. Sellers.

The members of the State Fish Commission were unanimously elected honorary members of the Association.

Communications advising the progress of local organizations in several counties of the State were read and congratulations extended.

A special committee was appointed to confer with the State Fish Commission in an effort to have placed in all the public schools of the State charts containing the colored plates of fishes, spawning season, etc., as contained in the report of Pennsylvania Commission.

We find much to do as a public educator; though we fought hard to establish a public aquarium in this city, we sometimes think New York stole our thunder; however, we are still at it. The above may lead up to it, and we are looking after the rising generation.

The nominations were as follows: President, Edwin Hagert; Vice Presidents: Dr. Bushrod W. James, Geo. T. Stokes, Wm. P. Thompson, Howard A. Chase (three to be chosen). Recording Sec'y, Marion G. Sellers; Corresponding Sec'y, J. P. Collins; Treasurers: Alfred Hand, Wm. S. Hergesheimer. Ex. Com. (nine to be chosen): Geo. T. Stokes, H. A. Chase, Wm. P. Thompson, Wm. H. Burkhardt, Dr. W. W. McClure, Wm. E. Meehan, Edw. A. Selliez, Robt. M. Mackay, Chas. H. Thompson, Alfred Hand, B. L. Douredoure, Wm. P. Ogelsby, S. E. Landis. Trustee three years), H. O. Wilbur.

M. G. SELLERS.

The Black Bass Record.

SPRING CITY, Tenn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While reading the advertisements in a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM I found the following: "Seven and one half pound black bass, conceded by all to be the champion of America." Are we expected to believe this? Certainly larger fish have been caught here. JAS. L. HOYAL.

[This is not the black bass record. We shall print next week a list of recorded heavy fish, black bass among them.]

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

1897.

Feb. 2 to 5.—New England Kennel Club's annual show, Boston.

FIELD TRIALS.

1897.

Jan. 11.—Tupela, Miss.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Jan. 18.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

Nov. 8.—Carlisle, Ind.—Union Field Trials Club second annual trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Joan's Sense of Color.

AT work in my study this morning, I heard my dog Joan barking furiously in the back yard. I said to myself: "She is barking at a dog, and that dog is black." I thought that she was barking at a dog, because a dog is apt to fall on the haunches and bark directly at a man, while he (or she) is apt to move and bark about another dog; and I concluded that she was barking at a black dog, because the color black (or dark) has irritated her ever since I have had her. I do not know whether her dislike of black is the result of a prenatal influence nor whether she was frightened by some black thing or person in her puppydom. I do not know why Joan is irritated by black—I simply know the fact that she is. I became aware of this fact very soon ofter she came to me—a present from Dr. F. W. Kitchel—when she was about two months old. A pure African woman comes to the rectory regularly to do the washing. As soon as Joan saw this woman she ran away, her tail between her legs, yelping. When she had gotten to a safe distance she showed her irritation by barking with all her little might. I could not understand this at first, because I knew Mary Ann (the African woman's name) to be such a lover of dogs that she keeps a whole pack of them about her, to the disgust of many people who think that it costs her too much to keep them; forgetting that "man lives not by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God;" and that her dogs may feed a part of Mary Ann which is more important than her body—a part that is not of the grave. I could not, I say, understand at first why Mary Ann was offensive to Joan. I thought that the dislike would pass; but it did not; it increased. Mary Ann made many overtures—she still makes them—but Joan seems now, after the lapse of many months, to actually hate her. We know when Mary Ann is coming by the ferocity of Joan's barking. I by accident discovered the secret of Joan's resentment of the propinquity of Mary Ann one day. A case, homemade from store boxes, had been placed in the dining-room and covered with some heavy material of so dark a red that in the gloaming it appears almost black. It was in the gloaming that Joan and I both first saw it. She stared at it in an affrighted way, her ears dropped, her tail went between her legs, and she slinked back of me against the wall. I saw at once that her spirits were ruffled by Many Ann because Mary Ann is black, and I must not forget to finish the story with which I started out. Joan is in an interesting condition, and I am somewhat anxious about her and about the coming generation.

My conclusion was right. When I dropped my pen and went into the back yard this morning I found that Joan was barking at a dog, and that that dog was completely black. I could not see a white or a light hair on his body. What does all this teach? Why, that the dog has the sense of color, and that he has the abstract notion of color, the notion apart from the thing that is of a certain color. To Joan are not only Mary Ann, the fabric covering the extemporized case, and the dog black (or dark), but to her black (or dark) is black (or dark); and whoever or whatever has an abstract idea belongs to the abstract, and it is the abstract that is eternal.

CHARLES JOSIAH ADAMS.

ROSSVILLE, S. I.

Irish Terrier Produce Stakes.

THE Irish Terrier Produce Stakes, under the auspices of the New England Kennel Club, will be decided at the coming Boston show, Feb. 2, 1897. Entries closed Jan. 1, 1896, and, as you will see by inclosed list, thirteen brood bitches are entered: Dr. William F. Kenney's (Providence) Norena; Morton E. Cobb's (Newton, Mass.) Reculver Biddy; Samuel D. Parker's (Readville, Mass.) Beechgrove Jesse II., Carleton Belle and Lady; Samuel A. Fletcher's (Milton, Mass.) Nora Desmond; O. W. Donner's (Milton, Mass.) Milton Droleen, Milton Droleen, Milton Dingle and Milton Spuds; Toon & Thomas's (Salem, Mass.) Endcliffe Nora and Endcliffe Peggy; Hempstead Farm's (Hempstead, L. I.) Lady Eva. All remittances for entrance fees, etc., should be sent to Mr. Samuel D. Parker, 50 State street, Boston (treasurer of Produce Stakes), on or before the date the entries close for the New England Kennel Club's thirteenth annual bench show in February next.

COMMITTEE IRISH TERRIER PRODUCE STAKES,
Per O. W. DONNER.



N. E. K. Club's Show.

MR. ALLEN CHAMBERLAIN, press agent of the New England Kennel Club, writes that some people seem to think that there is some mistake about the dates of the Boston dog show this year—Feb. 2, 3, 4, 5—but they alone are mistaken in this. Those are the correct dates, and the Mechanics Building will be the stand, as of yore. The fact is the New England Kennel Club proposes to hold its show this year (which, by the way, is its thirteenth annual exhibition) at a time of the year when people can go to it. If it is held late in the spring, outdoor recreation is found to be too attractive by most persons, but in midwinter everyone will want to go. Another advantage is that at the opening of the season (this will be the first show of the circuit) the dogs are fresher and show up better than after they have traveled over half the country. Owners desirous of entering dogs should address the committee in charge of the show at their office, 167 Tremont street. Entries will close on Jan. 16. Each year sees many and many a good dog left out because the owner waited just too long before sending in the entry.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

We are indebted to Mr. Thos. Johnson, Winnipeg, for some most interesting photographs of shooting scenes in Manitoba, where the prairie chicken is in such bountiful numbers. In a most interesting letter the following is specially noteworthy as showing what patient and skillful training will accomplish in making the horse useful afield in an intelligent manner. He says: "I should like to have shown you to what perfection a horse can be trained for shooting purposes. I paid more attention and devoted more time and energy this season to training the gray mare you will note on the right side in the photograph than I did to my dogs. She was a runaway and had other vicious habits. To-day she will stop to point or back; move on with the gun; stop to signal, a raise of my arm; come on to the whistle; follow me at a respectful distance all over the prairie, and at the finish take me home at a three-minute gait. I now hope to have her mate trained next season to the same degree of perfection as is herself. To me training is a pleasure."

The New England Kennel Club's prize list of its thirteenth annual show is now ready for distribution, and can be obtained of the Bench Show Committee, 167 Tremont street, Boston. The judges are: Mr. Chas. H. Mason, of New York, bloodhounds, Great Danes, St. Bernards, mastiffs, bull dogs, bull terriers, Scottish terriers, beagles, Skyes, whippets; Mr. James Mortimer, of New York, collies, deerhounds, wolfhounds, Irish terriers, dachshunde, Bedlington terriers, Dandie Dinmonts; Mr. John Davidson, of Monroe, Mich., pointers, setters, greyhounds; Mr. German Hopkins, of New York, fox terriers, Black and Tan terriers, foxhounds; Mr. E. M. Oldham, of New York, spaniels; Mr. T. Farrar Rackham, of New York, all toy dogs. Boston terrier judge to be announced later. E. M. Oldham, superintendent.

In our advertising columns Arthur Lovell, Putney, Vt., offers hunting dogs. C. V. S. Rea, Hackettstown, N. J., offers trained setter. M., care FOREST AND STREAM, offers trained Irish setter. Geo. Douglas, Woodstock, Ont., offers cockers. Box 392, Cincinnati, offers trained pointer. Dr. Treacy Ford, Meade, S. D., offers greyhounds. H. T. Mosley, Chaplin, Conn., offers broken setter.

There was organized at Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 8, the Pittsburg Fox Terrier Club, with a membership of twenty-one of the representative and professional men of Pittsburg and Allegheny. The following officers were elected: President, B. S. Horne; Vice-President, John M. Chaplin; Treasurer, Wm. E. Lettell; Secretary, C. B. Garrison.

Printed rules and regulations governing the first annual Irish Terrier Produce Stakes, and the amount and division of prizes, can be obtained by addressing Samuel D. Parker, 50 State street, Boston.

Mr. G. P. Finnigan, Smithville Flats, N. Y., writes us under date of Dec. 7, that he has withdrawn from the stud his English setter dog Border Chief.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address. Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

NAMES CLAIMED.

The Reham Kennels claim the names

Reham Red Brant, for red cocker spaniel dog, by Cherry—Brantford Bonita.

Little Suitangi, for black cocker spaniel dog, by champion Black Duke—Flossie Wilshire.

Little High Admiral, for black dog, same litter.

Reham's Little Jet, for black cocker spaniel bitch, by Cherry—Dinah C.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

HERE AND THERE.

AN Australian manufacturer of cycling shoes advertises free accident insurance with every purchase of boots or shoes to the value of five shillings. The coupon which the wheelman receives guarantees him the amount of $5 per week for a period not exceeding ten weeks in case of total disablement by accident, or $500 to his heirs in case of death by accident.

That so much can be offered to secure trade to the value of $1.25 would indicate that cycling is an extremely safe sport as far as serious accidents are concerned.

On the Col du Chut a hotel keeper has devised a practical and extremely simple brake for use in coasting down the long and dangerous hills that are characteristic of his neighborhood, which he furnishes free of charge to his patrons. This is nothing more than a good sized fagot of wood attached to a cord 6ft. long. The cord is made fast to the saddle post of the bicycle and the friction of the fagot on the road is said to render the descent of the worst inclines perfectly safe and easy. A somewhat similar drag has been successfully used on the Pacific coast. In the latter case the boughs of trees were substituted. Such brakes have the advantage of not injuring the tires, but can, of course, only be used to advantage where the descent is unbroken.

A member of the L. A. W. described a game of hare and hounds on bicycles as played at Vevay, Switzerland, in which both men and women took part. A lady was always chosen one of the hares, and similarly it was found necessary to make the rule that among the hounds a woman should always lead, though not necessarily the same one throughout the course. This was to prevent riders with scorching proclivities from outstripping the pack.

For a ten-mile run the hares were given a start of ten minutes; for twelve miles, twelve minutes, etc. Each hare carried a bag of paper scent to scatter along the route, and at turns of the road it was allowable to scatter false scent to throw the hounds off.

The latest adaptation of the bicycle in France is in the strictly utilitarian direction of a fire extinguisher. The bicycle fire engine is made like a double tandem, with hose and a powerful pump placed between. The weight of the machine is about 140lbs., and it is propelled by four men. Once the scene of the fire is reached, the engine is made stationary by raising the wheels from the ground. The hose is connected and the pump adjusted, and then the firemen mount to their saddles again and pedal away to work the pump. It is said that four men working together in this way can throw a stream of water 75 or 100ft. into the air at the rate of 4,500 gallons an hour. Such engines would prove a boon to many rural and suburban communities in need of fire departments.

A gentleman in Lausanne, on the borders of Lake Geneva, tried to discourage cycling by scattering tacks along a road much used by wheelmen. His enterprise was momentarily successful, for three dozen riders in a road race had their wheels disabled as a result. Ordinarily the mischief-maker might have hoped to escape unpunished, but these racers were more than usually provoked, as their chances for winning were gone; so one and all they relentlessly sought out the ingenuous resident of Lausanne, and dragged him to a police court. Here the prisoner, who was a man of means, tried to escape by pleading it was only done for a joke; but in the presence of his thirty-six outraged victims the humor was not very apparent.

He was fined 2,200 francs for the damage done, and the summary justice which he received has proved a warning to tack throwers that will not soon be forgotten.

TIRE TALK.

'Way back in 1846 an Englishman named Thompson invented and patented the first pneumatic tire. His tire had an inner tube of soft rubber and an outer covering of leather. A few years later the leather sheath was replaced by rubber thickened in the tread, thus producing a tire similar to many in use at the present time.

His invention was regarded as of little consequence, and it remained for another man more than forty years later to practically utilize pneumatic tires in connection with the bicycle, and to reap the reward that resulted.

One objection that riders make to soft tires is that they are slow. Just why this should be so we have never seen satisfactorily settled. The reason that is commonly given is that the additional elasticity gained checks the momentum of the wheel and wastes a portion of the propelling force.

Such statements are contrary to fact and easily disproved, for if rigidity were an advantage the steel tires of racing sulkies would hardly have given place to the pneumatic tires now so universally in use.

In Paris pneumatic tires are in common use on cab wheels. It is stated that they not only have the advantage over iron or even solid rubber tires in that they lessen the jar and noise, but that they also decrease the traction power, a result due to their increased springiness.

On good roads they are said to be 38 per cent. more economical in use than tires of the ordinary type, and on the worst roads the saving is nearly 70 per cent.

Both wire and wooden spoked wheels are used, and the best results are obtained with a moderate air pressure of about 6.5lbs. to the square inch.

Worn out tires are not altogether worthless. They have a commercial valuation, though it is comparatively trifling. Junk dealers buy them, and rag dealers also take them when they are offered. They bring $100 by the ton, which means that the dealers pay about 5 cents a pound for them, or 15 to 20 cents for the single tire. Pure rubber is worth from 50 cents a pound up on the spot where it is grown, but tires have so much cotton and mineral matter in their composition that the amount of the commercial article that can be saved is not great.

Pneumatic tires have better gum in them than rubber shoes, and are worth more when they reach the grinding mill. The rubber is also better than that in the solid tires, and, weight for weight, the pneumatics are worth about twice as much. If you have an old bicycle, however, it is better to give it away than to try to realize anything on the tires.

Age Limit for Wheeling.

THE limit of age for cycling is a question which is calling for many opinions from the medical press. The *British Medical Journal* has this to say about it: "In the first place, no child under the age of seven years should be permitted to learn under any circumstances, and very great care must be taken that any boy or girl of that tender age becoming a rider is properly fitted with a suitable machine, and that the pedals, handle bar and saddle are so adjusted that he can sit properly upright and use his strength to the best advantage without distorting his body or injuring his growing tissues. The crank should be

short—4½in. are ample—and the gear low, and the 'reach' so short that when the child is sitting easily on the saddle he can place his heel on the pedal when at its lowest point. The handle bar must be raised to such an extent and the handles so brought around that they can be conveniently grasped when the forearm is nearly fully extended and the trunk erect. The saddle must be of proper size, and so adjusted that the peak does not cause any undue pressure; and, when all these preliminaries are fulfilled, the strictest supervision must be exercised to insure moderation as to the distances ridden and pace observed. All hill riding, except up a very slight incline, and all excessive speed should be forbidden, and the great test after a ride is the condition of the child the next day. If he eat well, sleep well, and is bright and lively, he has not done too much and is likely to reap benefit and suffer no harm from his exercise. When a person has been riding for some time and has regularly kept up his condition by constant practice, there is no reason why advancing years should compel him to give up his recreation and his exercise. There are scores of men who have passed the age of sixty years who are still capable of forty or fifty miles a day without fatigue, and the number of those who, though past the 'three score years and ten,' attribute their continued health to the regular use of their bicycle or tricycle is not inconsiderable. He would be a rash man who, without some very good and definite cause, ventured to debar his somewhat aged patients from an exercise which suited them and which is so adapted to persons who cannot walk much; for it must always be remembered that a man on a bicycle has not to carry his own weight, it is rolled on wheels for him, and the difference there must be in the exertion when a weight has both to be supported and propelled, and when it is only propelled on any kind of carriage, is apparent. An habitual rider, therefore, may be allowed to use his wheel as long as nature will allow him, and the more regularly he uses it within reason, the longer will nature allow him the use of it."

Yachting.

THE annual general meeting of the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound will be held on Friday, Dec. 18, at 8 P M., at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, Parlor F. A full attendance of all club representatives is looked for, as important amendments to the racing rules are to be acted upon.

MR. J. R. MAXWELL, owner of Emerald, schooner, has decided to rebuild her in order to keep her in the racing with Colonia. To this end plans have been prepared by her designer, H C. Wintringham, for the removal of the entire keel and the lower strakes of the bottom plating, and the construction of a new keel nearly 4ft. deeper, increasing the draft from 10ft. to 14ft , the limit allowed by the new rules. This will, of course, necessitate a larger and entirely new rig to utilize the increased power derived from the lowering of the lead. The centerboard will, of course, be retained. This will be the second important alteration which has been made to the yacht, the fore body having been lengthened after her first season. The work will be done by T. S. Marvel, at Newburgh.

NEW YACHTS.

WITHIN the past week several new orders for steam craft have become known, one being for a new Marietta, No. III. of the name, for H. B. Moore, of New York, from designs by H. J. Gielow, designer of Marietta I. and Marietta II. The keel blocks for this yacht are now laid at the yard of John H. Robins & Co., Erie Basin, under the large shed erected last year to protect the steam yacht Sovereign while building. The new Marietta will be still larger than the older ones, 172ft. 6in. over all, 140ft. l.w.l., 18ft. beam. She will be of steel, with double bottom amidships, to be used for fresh-water tanks. Her machinery will include a four-cylinder triple expansion engine supplied by two water-tube boilers. The interior is carefully planned to give large and convenient rooms, with good ventilation, and the yacht will be finished with all the modern requisites, electric installation, complete plumbing throughout, etc.

In addition to the steam yacht already mentioned for Governeur Kortright, Gardner & Cox have two orders for larger craft. Mr. Kortright's yacht will be in many respects a novelty, being planned to meet his special requirements in a cruising craft for a summer home. She will carry a yawl rig, and her bow will be much the same as that of the modern sailing yacht, such as Queen Mab. She promises to be stylish and shipshape in appearance, and eminently comfortable and convenient. The two larger yachts—the owners of which are not yet known—will be 150 and 130ft. long. The 51-footer for Mr. Hoyt is now well under way at the shops of Wood & Son, City Island, who turned out such excellent work in Mr. Hoyt's 35-footer Norota. Gardner & Cox also have an order for a 70ft. racing length cutter.

The report is current that Howard Gould, owner of Niagara, will build this winter a large seagoing steam yacht for a cruise around the world, and the English papers state that James Gordon Bennett will replace Namouna by a very large steam yacht designed by Watson and built abroad.

C. S. Eaton, of Boston, owner of the notable knockabout Cock Robin, has just sold her to C. H. W. Foster, and will replace her with a Herreshoff 20-footer for the Seawanhaka races, to be handled by W. P. Fowle, so well known as the owner of the several successful Saracens some years since. Mr. Fowle has handled Cock Robin this year, and no small part of her success is due to him. The Herreshoffs also have an order for a knockabout for D. H. Percival, Jr., of Boston.

V. D. Bacon, of New York, has an order from a member of the Knickerbocker Y. C. for a design for a single-hand knockabout, to be 29ft. over all, 19ft. 6in. l.w.l., 8ft. 6in. beam, and 2ft. 6in. draft. She will be built at College Point. Thomas Clapham has sent to George T. Chester, of Buffalo, a design for a large sharpie, which will be built of steel at Buffalo. Mr. Clapham is at work on a yawl-rigged sharpie 36ft. over all for Mr. Kellogg, of Buffalo, and on a catboat for A. H. Cochran, of Yonkers.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

THE LAKE YACHT RACING UNION.

OUR recent publication of the rules of the new Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, and our comments thereon, have brought the following letters:

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Dec. 5 you state that the Lake Yacht Racing Association adoped the British system of obtaining actual sail area for reasons which are not very clear. From very distinct recollections of the matter I am in a position to state that the change was made on account of the growing tendency to use bat's-wing and lug-sail rigs, which were never intended to be measured by the old Seawanhaka rule, and it was found impossible to twist or alter the rule so as to make it apply to them with fairness.

The reason of this was not far to seek. The Seawanhaka rule is based upon the assumption that the rig to be measured is approximately a triangle of which the topsail halliard sheave is the apex. To all such rigs it applies fairly enough, but very little ingenuity was required to devise a bat's-wing or lug-sail rig to which it would apply no better than a rule for measuring a triangle will apply to measuring a square.

As an instance of what was done under the old rule I recollect that Mr. Jarvis designed the 21-footer Thistledown to carry a battened lug of 540sq. ft. which measured only 450sq. ft. by the rule. It is quite evident that without some change the cutter rig would have been penalized so heavily that it would have been driven off the lake by this time. The British system of measuring sail area appeared a little complicated at first, but our yachtsmen soon got used to it. It is also to be noticed that a few changes were made in the existing British rule at the time of its adoption by the L. Y. R. A., such as the measurement to the extreme end of the gaff and boom instead of attempting to measure the head or foot of the sail when fully stretched.

Whatever theoretical objection may be made to this system, it has certainly worked very smoothly on Lake Ontario.

CLINTON, Ont., Dec. 5. WM. Q. PHILLIPS.

This explanation is probably the correct one. No one is better informed in the matter than our correspondent; and he is probably equally correct as to the practical operation of the Y. R. A. sail measurement on Lake Ontario. The Seawanhaka rule was never intended to measure the many varieties of small rigs: lug, lateen, gunter, etc.; nor has it been called on to do so in this country until a very recent date. Prior to the introduction of the 15ft. class in 1895, we remember but one instance of a racing yacht being fitted with other than the boom and gaff rig—the 25-footer Needle, built in 1891, and fitted, when she first came out, with the English "lug" as used on the Solent.

In its application to everything that can be termed a yacht as possessing some accommodation, and in distinction to the open sailing boat, the Seawanhaka rule is, we contend, superior to the Y. R. A. rule in that the measurements of the sail plan can be taken more easily, rapidly and certainly, and are capable of satisfactory verification in case of a dispute. When it comes to the 15 and 20-footers, with odd rigs of all kinds, the Seawanhaka method in its present form does not apply, and something more is necessary. This same difficulty has come very prominently to the front in arranging the terms for the new 20ft. class between the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. and the Seawanhaka C. Y. C.

There are three possible solutions of the difficulty: First, to retain the Seawanhaka method for the great majority of yachts which are now fairly measured by it, with a special provision for the measuring of the odd rigs in the smaller classes by the Y. R. A. method; second the retention of the Seawanhaka method for rigs with gaff sails and the extension of the same principle of measuring as far as possible from the spars alone to cover the odd rigs; and, third, the substitution of the Y. R. A. method for all yachts. The first course is now recognized in the existing rules of most American clubs; the second has been taken in framing the rules for the Seawanhaka cup races in the 20ft. class; and the third course was followed several years since by the Lake Y. R. A. at the instance of the Royal Canadian Y. C., for the reason given by our correspondent.

As applied to Lake Ontario, the change has worked well in practice The fleet of racing yachts is small, very few new yachts are added each season, and few changes are made in existing yachts from year to year. The racing is confined very largely to the fleets of Toronto and Hamilton; the measurers are able to measure the sails under suitable conditions, in dry weather, and a measurement once taken is likely to stand for some seasons.

On the Atlantic coast the case is very different There are about New York alone scores of yachts to be measured each year. The work of measuring for a large club, always a voluntary one save for the comparatively small fees, demands much time and labor at best, and this would be greatly increased if it were necessary to wait for weather in order that all sails might be measured under the same conditions. However unimportant in the small classes, the question of the stretch of sails becomes far more of a factor in the case of the big schooners and cutters, and it is in these latter above all others that accuracy of both original measurement and verification are most important. In all classes from 30ft. upward nothing would be gained and much would be lost by a change from the Seawanhaka to the Y. R. A method.

In the present condition of yacht racing on the Great Lakes it may be a small matter which system is used; the conditions on Erie, Huron and Michigan are similar to those on Ontario, with even fewer yachts, and the Y. R. A. method can be used with good results There is, however, the future to be considered; we hope that before many years each of the five lakes may possess a strong racing fleet associated in the new Union and with interlake competitions. When that day comes the Seawanhaka method will, in our opinion, meet the necessities of the case far better than the one just adopted.

Then too there is another consideration: no good reason exists for two different methods of measurement within practically the same territory between the Lake fleet and the coast fleet; one of the two, the poorer if there be any difference, should be dropped and the other adopted. For the reasons already given we believe the Seawanhaka rule to be the better of the two, and therefore favor its use for all yachts above the 25ft. class, even though it should be finally demonstrated that the small classes can be better measured by a different rule.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your remarks last week concerning the action of the proposed new Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes (which by the way has been dubbed by one irreverent sailor "The Society for the Suppression of Small Yachts"), referring to that section of the rules which is to restrict the area of midship section to a minimum coefficient of 35 per cent., you say: "With but four existing yachts below this limit, it is perfectly practical and for the present at least must prove beneficial in barring further additions of the fin-keel type." This statement might be more or less easy to indorse were there any considerable number of yachts of the size of Canada or even Vivia in commission or likely to be built; but when one remembers that it took six rich men, two Provinces of the Dominion of Canada, and all Mr. Jarvis's well-known energy, with the added fillip of a prospective international contest, to bring to life the only yacht above 32ft. r.l. built on this lake in two seasons, it does almost seem as if—on Lake Ontario at least—latitude and not restriction would be the thing suggested.

On the other hand, the spectacle that has been afforded to those who have attended the L. Y R. A. races for the two seasons that cover as well the whole period during which the 22ft. class (now to be abolished) has been officially recognized has been one in which quite two-thirds of all the starters have been of that class and the 27-footers; while of the residue probably half has been supplied by the class rating 32ft.

With these facts before them, many yachtsmen here are prone to think that it would be more to the interest of the new Union to face living issues, turn a little of their attention to the classes that will fill, and generally to descend from that lofty position of superiority so readily assumed by these bodies that finds itself so well and frequently expressed in the club dinner speeches of elderly gentlemen who love unctuously to refer to the small rater as "the little training ship from which our yachtsmen are developed"

If any such thought as this ever did suggest itself, it has certainly met its most effective negative in the proposal to confine the designer to an express minimum coefficient of a circumscribing parallelogram without any defined horizontal bounds, a rule that at once prohibits for the 27ft. and 22ft. classes (supposing the latter to exist) the only type in which speed and safety are combined.

How the FOREST AND STREAM can approve a rule that in its effect so completely traverses all that it has so steadily maintained for years can only be explained by assuming it to be mistaken in the premises, for surely never before was such a premium placed upon the sandbag type of boat.

What have the existing bulb-fins done to bring this thing upon us, Hiawatha? Koko? Isis of Oswego, the 22-footer which came the length of the Lake to race in Hamilton last year, and sailed home again with skipper and crew on board? What is the matter with the scores of boats from 36ft. to 24ft. r.l. that safely race thirty or forty times a season in the rough waters of the English Solent, fin-keels all, and their sisters likewise in American waters?

The effect of the bare possibility of such a rule being passed has in at least one case within the writer's knowledge been to turn aside the purpose of an interesting builder of a bulb-fin to meet Hiawatha, and it is said others are held in abevance pending the action of the Association or Union, whichever will succeed to the command.

It is to be hoped that something in the way of interchange of viewing between the parties most interested may be had before anything irrevocable is done. FIN (DE SIECLE).

TORONTO, Dec. 5.

Our correspondent brings up a number of points which may be, perhaps, best taken up *seriatim*. The objections raised by him to the new rules have been made by others as well.

It is because we recognize clearly the slow course of building on Lake Ontario, as pointed out by our correspondent, that we advocate what we believe to be a fair and reasonable restriction. The worst possible thing that can happen to lake yachting is the introduction of the fin-keel in the larger classes through the presence of that "latitude" which our correspondent calls for. There are few enough yachtsmen on Lake Ontario to-day who are both willing and able to keep up such yachts as Vreda, Zelma, Aggie and Yama, with good headroom and comfortable accommodation for the racing circuit of the Lake, or longer cruises at times to Lake Erie. There are still fewer, in fact none at all, who care to own a racing bulb-fin, with vastly inferior accommodation. Even Canada, not an extreme bulb-fin, was only built by a syndicate and for a special purpose. She found no purchaser when put up at auction recently, and as now arranged she is inferior to the older yachts in accommodation. To outbuild her, should the occasion arise, would mean the extreme type of bulb-fin, with still less accommodation, and of no use save for racing.

The 27 and 22ft. classes are to-day the most popular on the Lake, though neither is built up as it should be. As far as we are informed, the new Union and the Lake Y. R. A. have "faced living issues" in dealing with both classes according to the circumstances of each case. The 27ft. class, as now existing on the Lakes, permits a cabin yacht of fair accommodation, and large enough to cruise from lake to lake, as was done this year. The limit of 35 per cent. is the least that would protect this class from the introduction of such a racing fin-keel as would at once kill off all existing yachts and prevent the building of new ones. It is only necessary that one man should start in to sweep the Lake for a season with a bulb-keel in any class, either undergoing the discomforts of living in the confined quarters, or else putting up at hotels ashore, to put an end to the racing of wholesome boats in that class.

From the positive tone of our correspondent we hesitate before suggesting that possibly he is the one who is mistaken in his premises; but we were really unaware that the 22ft. class had been abolished on Lake Ontario. It does not appear in the list of classes of the Yacht Racing Union, possibly for the reason that it is too small for interlake racing, but it is specifically mentioned in the amended rules of the Lake Y. R. A., which will be acted on at the annual meeting on Dec. 19. Moreover, this class is very properly exempted from the 35 per cent. limitation, for the excellent reason that it is at best too small for other than local work and home racing, in spite of the fact that boats of the class have cruised the length of the Lake and back, as quoted by our correspondent. The class is rather small, with a l.w.l. length of about 19ft., to give cabin space and cruising accommodation without a serious loss of speed; a fact recognized in the new rules by leaving it free from a limitation intended to preserve internal space.

We fail to see how the limitation of the midship section has any effect whatever on the issue of keel and centerboard as it has stood on Lake Ontario for some years, the keel boat having entirely driven out the centerboard. Such a limitation in a different form, of a premium for excess of area above 35 per cent., would strongly favor the centerboard type; but in its present form it merely leaves matters as they long have been.

The bulb fins of the 22ft. class mentioned by our correspondent, Koko, Isis and, we believe, Hiawatha, are left as before, no change being made in the portion of the rules relating to them. The Solent boats instanced are admirable craft for a certain purpose; the toys of a set of wealthy yachtsmen and yachtswomen who never attempt to cruise in them; but race them within sight of their moorings, with a steam yacht in attendance if necessary. Such craft are in every way unsuited for the lakes, where fair accommodation and adaptability for general use through the season are prime requisites.

The course of improvement on the lakes had, up to last season, gone no further than a reasonable refinement of form and construction, as shown in Zelma and Yama. The safe and prudent limit was not only reached but exceeded in the construction this spring of Vencedor and Canada; and any attempt to outbuild either must result in the extinction of existing yachts and the surrender of the lakes to the bulb-fin racing machine, such as Dilemma, Niagara or Flatfish. The first to appreciate this fact and to act upon it are the very ones condemned by our correspondent. They have, in furtherance of what they believe to be the best interests of lake yachting, deliberately adopted a rule which excludes from the racing their own yacht, Canada, and leaves the field still open to the older and better yachts of the 42ft. class.

MEASUREMENT RULES.

In a discussion of the fundamental principles of the measurement question care is required in the definition and use of the terms "measurement rules" and "measurement formulæ," for the reason that, although such rules may have another form, those we have become accustomed to have usually taken the shape of a single formula having two distinct and unrelated functions one of them having no connection with measuring. Therefore the words "measurement rule" generally suggest some kind of a formula.

Before the sharp competition of racing had developed such a diversity of form in yachts, size was fairly enough represented by length, and yachts were classified and measured for time allowances by the length of the l.w.l. The growth of new forms under this rule disclosed the fact that size included other dimensions than l.w.l. length, and the attempt was made to make a fair rule for measuring all forms by taxing other dimensions, and the formula was invented having two or more factors. It was still a pure measurement formula; but a separate measurement rule for classification was used, viz., l.w.l. length. An increasing differentiation of form demonstrated the impossibility of making fair time allowances by the formula in use, and yachts were all built to the upper limit of their classes. The formula still failed to work, and it having become obvious that the number and coefficients of the factor of the measurement formula were the efficient causes of the diverse forms, nothing seemed easier than to limit the diversity of form by a proper arrangement and valuation of the factors of the formula. This was attempted, and the result was the building of a motley lot of unseaworthy racing machines and the total exclusion of cruisers and yachts of moderate form from racing.

This may not be historically accurate, but it will serve to illustrate the growth of the measurement formula and the present predicament.

It is also to be remembered that during this evolution of the measurement formula it was found desirable to abandon the original classification by l.w.l. length for one by corrected length, and this was done to counteract the tendency toward uniformity of type that had been the result of each successive formula, and in the interest of elasticity, as it was called, so as to give latitude for experiment in designing.

Up to the present time the whole development of measurement rules has been the successive patching up of the empirical conglomeration that has grown by accretion from the original formula of one term only—l.w.l. length—without questioning the philosophy of such procedure. Length on the waterline was once assumed, as a matter of course, to truly measure the size of a yacht for speed comparisons, and we still seem to have a superstitious veneration for that old notion.

Some of the lessons that may be learned from the history of measurement rules are:

(1) That it is probably useless to attempt to devise a formula of general application under which racing yachts and cruisers, differing widely in form, may race together on a fair basis. For such contests only empirical handicaps, based upon trial of the yachts, are likely to give satisfactory results. The formula lately suggested for this purpose by Mr. Irving Cox is ingenious and plausible, but its merit depends upon the accuracy of his estimates of the relative value of overhangs, draft, l.w.l. length and sail as speed factors, and when one undertakes to determine such values one is in danger of getting off soundings.

(2) That so-called elastic formulæ do not foster experiments which produce diversity of form, but instead furnish opportunity by the sacrifice of desirable qualities for exaggerating the features that will produce the highest speed under the least penalty. The products of such experiments will always be found clustered together near some of the extreme limits.

(3) That the effect of a new or amended formula of the kind now in use cannot be foreseen.

(4) That we cannot by such a formula control with any certainty the development of form along what we deem desirable lines.

(5) That by permitting any dimension to be enlarged to any extent by reducing others, such formulæ are admirably adapted to the development of extravagant and undesirable forms.

(6) The inefficiency of the old type of measurement formula prompts an inquiry into the logic of its underlying principles, and it is found to have little philosophic basis. Its proper function is to furnish a means of comparing the speed of yachts of different size; but its factors and their coefficients have been chosen with reference to an entirely different function, viz, that of influencing form. These factors (S excepted) have no certain quantitative and causal relation to speed; and a formula made in this manner cannot in the nature of things properly perform its functions of measuring speed.

From the foregoing point of view let us consider the excellent editorial on this subject in the FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 28. It is there said:

(*a*) That it is necessary to "supplement the measurement formula proper by rigid restrictions on light construction," etc.

(*b*) That "coming to the formula itself * * * the function of a rule is to produce the best possible yacht."

(*c*) That "we do not yet understand how a satisfactory formula, permitting different types to race together on a fair basis, can be made on the plan which Sextant suggests" of "absolute restrictions."

The use here of the words "formula" and "rule" makes the criticism a little ambiguous, and illustrates the necessity of discrimination in their use as suggested at the outset. Obviously a formula in its strict sense cannot be made on the plan of fixing maximum and minimum limits to the principal dimensions of yachts, and was not suggested by the writer. It was recommended as the most efficient method of controlling form, and producing what the FOREST AND STREAM terms "the best possible yacht," and for no other purpose. As stated above, it is the opinion of the writer that yachts of different types cannot fairly race together under any formula, or under any plan, except that of arbitrary handicaps based upon actual performance.

(*d*) That "by means of absolute restrictions one stereotyped model—and that a very good one—may be produced, but there seems to be no elasticity or opportunity for experiment under such a system." The inference here seems to be that the old formulæ are elastic, that they furnish good opportunity for experiment, and for these reasons are preferable to absolute restrictions. Experience with them has shown that they do furnish a wide field for experimenting with ultra extravagant racing machines practically unfit for yachting, and it was assumed that this was a strong objection to such formulæ and not a meritorious feature. Experience further shows, as above suggested, that this so-called elasticity is really illusive, because this kind of formula has always produced a single type, as every formula and rule must—the fastest machine that can be built under the rule. Ingenuity cannot devise a single formula that will produce several types of yachts equally fast. If there be any real experimenting, as in the evolution of Glencairn, it is because the logic of the formula cannot at once be foreseen; and in such cases the successful form kills the others, leaving one type as the net product of the rule A designer with perfect insight would go straight to the logical product of the formula without this wasteful experimenting The plan of absolute restriction will certainly fix the limits within which experiment can be made, but it will be as elastic as any rule within those limits; and the field will be limited only by the wishes of those who make the rule.

(*e*) That "the result must inevitably be the production of one type, and," likely, "a bad one;" and six-beam cutters, sand-baggers, the "brute forties" and bulb-fins are cited by the editor as logical products of the system proposed.

It is agreed that one type would be produced. Whether good or bad would depend upon the passing fancies of those who fix the limits to the dimensions. If they should like the deep, narrow cutter, that would be the type. If they should prefer the skimming dish they would make a rule that would produce it. In short, they would get precisely what they want; and that is the chief merit of the scheme. Under the existing type of rule they vote for a mystery, and they get whatever monster the expert designer can best cheat the rule with, and get the highest speed without reference to any other qualities. This would seem to be the efficient cause of the evolution of the several extravagant types cited; and that they were not the ideals of the yachtsmen of the several periods, and that they would not have been deliberately chosen had the system of absolute restriction on design been in vogue at that time. That, however, is immaterial. They would have chosen the type they preferred and, if it happened to be one not popular at the present time, that does not seem to be any reason why we should not be permitted to choose a type that pleases us. Choosing a type does not prohibit experiment. It only confines experiment within known limits Does the FOREST AND STREAM believe in the expediency of allowing experiments to be carried into the furthest fields of freakdom? If it would put any limit to experimenting, what is the objection to stating those limits in terms that can be understood by everybody?

(*f*) It is finally objected that though the present system of measurement "has failed to bar the racing machine and to produce a desirable type of yacht," "we cannot see that anything more is to be expected from the system advocated by our correspondent, or even how his suggestions are to be put into practical shape." It would seem that no argument were needed to show that when one type of yacht is deemed to be more desirable than another, the preferred type would more surely result from a rule making absolute limits that define the type to a certainty than from a formula under which the dimensions have reciprocal relations only, and may be so arranged as to produce any conceivable type. If yachtsmen have no ideal type the proposed scheme is of no value, nor is any kind of measurement rule or formula except for classification and regulating time allowances. The making of any rule to influence form presupposes an ideal, and it is useless to attempt to make or amend rules until the ideal type has been definitely conceived. As to the possibility of putting the suggestions into practical shape, it would seem not very difficult to fix the maximum and minimum limits of the ideal yacht by compiling and comparing the ratios of the measured dimensions of the representative freaks of the fleet and of the boats regarded as wholesome in form. There certainly are no more intrinsic difficulties in the way than yachtsmen have gayly faced time and again in making formulæ of the $L + 1.2\,B. + \text{Girth} + \sqrt{S}$. kind.

There remains the matter of a measurement rule proper for classification or for determining time allowances if they are to be given. If nothing better can be devised, the present Seawanhaka formula will perhaps suffice, though it seems not to be made upon justifiable principles. It is the simplest and perhaps the best of all the formulæ that have been tried, though if one may judge of the printed accounts of the latest yachts, the tax on sail is considerably too small. The chief objection though to this formula is that it is a failure in its function of restricting the building of undesirable yachts If this function be attended to by separate regulations, as suggested, that objection disappears The logic of this formula as a device for measuring speed is, however, believed to be fertile ground for discussion; and it would give Sextant much pleasure if some one who thinks it a philosophical contrivance will demonstrate it in these columns. With a fleet of yachts reasonably similar in form it would seem that measurement by sail area alone would be a less objectionable method.

To sum up, it seems desirable to direct the skill and ingenuity of expert designers to the discovery of the speediest form within such limits as are consistent with other desirable qualities in yachts; and it is believed that this will be accomplished more certainly by directly establishing those limits than by any other means.

It is not a valid criticism upon the plan to assert that one cannot off-hand draw up a perfect schedule of such limits. A tolerably close approximation to it ought to be made in the first season, and the ideal would surely be further approached by subsequent amendments. Under the present plan we are every season departing further and further from the ideal. SEXTANT.

MY FIRST TRIP IN A HALF-RATER.

THE weather looked nasty, the papers had prophesied rain and wind, and the cold, gray sky, with some particularly oily-looking clouds, seemed to emphasize the warning. Half choked with dust, for the electric had to be taken, as the trains did not run conveniently, I arrived at the shop just in time to see Boat No 2, which I was to sail in, being pushed over the hump in the railway. At last, after much effort, she was started off like a man who is asked to "have something," and went shooting into the creek. That important ceremony having been successfully accomplished, a change into boat wear was the order of the day. A howl greeted the crew as he stepped out into the sunlight, that had for the time being consented to shine upon us, and showed to all the assembled multitude of small boyhood a startling racing cap in black and orange. Then came the stowing away. Two sets of oilers, a mackintosh, two suits of clothes, some half dozen bottles of light yellow beverage for the skipper, and some bananas and a box of "Huyler's" for the crew, with the usual assortment of small line always to be found in a small boat, completed the outfit. As the water was not over deep in the creek, the fin was left up (we had the lifting fin like that originally put into Scarecrow), and under jib we began our voyage.

In the meantime No. 1 had, with more valor than discretion, hoisted full sail, and was tearing up and down the creek, ripping up the surface of the water with her boom end every time a flaw struck her; and flaws were about what the wind was made of. As we passed a convenient wharf we sheered in and took advantage of a friendly pole to reeve off the topping-lifts, which had been forgotten; and here the crew had to shin that pole, while the skipper in perfect comfort turned in two reefs, and then we went away in pursuit of the boat ahead of us.

But you must hear about our mascot. As we were pushing off a friend threw us a dime he had just found on the bank for luck. That dime came straight for the crew, who, with dim recollections of some former baseball games many years ago, held out his hands to catch it. A convulsive clutch of the hands, and then an opening to see it, but it was not there. It had not dropped or we should have heard it. It was an anxious moment. Just then the crew felt something moving in his sleeve, and lo! into his hand dropped the dime safe and sound. As the skipper said afterward, he was not superstitious, but he wouldn't have felt comfortable if that dime had dropped overboard. To come back to business.

No. 1 had hove to and was getting in a reef, and we passed her, going along comfortably under our two. We had considerable start before she got under way again, and then we both settled down to work. Inch by inch she crawled up on us, until after we had shot through the oily streak that marks the sewer discharge at Moon Island she passed us just off the rocks, where "Joe, the Portuguese," had squatted. This was too much for human nature to bear, and so our reefs came out, all forgetful of what we would get when we rounded Point Allerton. We chased her till we got off Boston Light, and there, with a favorable puff, we slipped by and took the lead.

As we rounded the beacon and hauled in sheets for a close reach down the beach to Cohasset—our destination—we found that the wind had lightened considerably, although still heavy enough to put the lee rail well under in the heavier puffs. Here the first defect showed itself; in order to trim the boats properly the fin had to be placed as far forward as the slot would allow it, and now we found the boat carried such a weather helm that it was impossible to keep her on her course. Behind us we could see No 1 in the same predicament, and could see by the thin blue haze that surrounded her boat like a halo that they appreciated the situation. At last we shifted the fin aft and the skipper forward, and then the crew proceeded to steer the boat with the mainsheet, the tiller being safely jammed back of the weather washboard. This worked to a charm, except in the heaviest puffs, when even a generous amount of sheet would not keep her anywhere in the neighborhood of her course, and the jib had to be hauled to windward to prevent her flirting with the beach.

We were now safely ahead, and, barring accident, had the race. We reached Black Rock about two hours after leaving Neponset, and kept well outside of it; but No. 2, with the despair that comes to the last man, held bravely through inside, and gained a big slice on us, although not enough to win, and after some cross-tacking we passed Whitehead with a comfortable lead at 2:30, and after sounding several times with the fin were safely moored alongside the bank to await high tide. PARKER H. KEMBLE.

The Satanita-Valkyrie Collision.

WE reprint from the *Field* the following report of the important decision of the appeal of the owner of Satanita:

(Before the Lord Chancellor, Lord Watson, Lord Herschel, Lord Shand, Lord Davey and Lord Macnaghten, Nov. 16.)

The hearing of the appeal of Mr. A. D. Clarke, the owner of the yacht Satanita, against a decision of the Court of Appeal in the action raised against him by Lord Dunraven for £10,000 in consequence of the sinking of the yacht Valkyrie, during a regatta on the Clyde, in July, 1894.

After the opening statement of counsel,

Sir Robert Reed, for the appellant, contended that the rules of the Yacht Racing Association, which both gentlemen had signed, did not impose on the owner of a yacht at fault any heavier obligation for loss by collision than was provided for by the Merchant Shipping Act, namely, £8 per registered ton. Although the rule said "all damage," that meant all damage under the statute.

The Lord Chancellor: It may be a question whether the sailing rules did not add something to the statute.

Sir R. Reed said the yacht racing rules did add something to the ordinary sailing rules of navigation, but there would be liability in any case. The first question to be considered here was: What was the contract made between the parties? and the second question was: If there was a contravention of the contract, what was the meaning of it? There was no doubt at all that there was an obligation to the yacht club to comply with the sailing rules, but he thought that a great deal too much had been made in the judgment appealed from as to whether or not there was a contract between the different yachts. Of course one yacht was under an obligation to the others to observe the rules, but the real point was, what was the meaning of the rules in so far as damages were concerned. He might establish his point perfectly well by referring merely to the rules as they were before their lordships, but he proposed to examine the rules in full, because a yacht race was not exactly the same thing as ordinary vessels navigating the Channel. He wished to show that the object of the words which were so much referred to in the case meant that the parties agreed to pay any damages that might arise from the breach of the rules, but that might not arise from a breach of the ordinary rules of navigation. Rules 24 and 32 said that the owner of the defaulting yacht should pay all damages.

The Lord Chancellor: Does that not suggest that the framers of the rule had in their mind the limiting character of the statute, and therefore they put in the words "all damages."

Lord Herschel said it struck him that if the case was to be judged by the common law the words of the rule were useless.

Sir R. Reid admitted that in cases which did not come within the 56th section of the Shipping Act there would be no limit of liability.

Lord Herschel said it appeared to him that here they had a case in which the parties themselves created the liability.

Sir R Reid said there were certain duties no doubt on the part of one vessel toward another, but they were generally summarized under the words "proper navigation." In this case the rules agreed to embodied the statute regulations, and it could not be said that those rules got rid of the statute, so far as damages were concerned.

Lord Herschel said it appeared to him that there was a contract to that effect.

Sir R. Reid said the words "all damages" meant the payment of the money the particular vessel might be liable to according to the rules of the statute.

Lord Herschel: According to that the rule would mean nothing.

Sir R. Reid said that if it were true that apart from these rules there would be a limit of liability, then the words "all damages" were not applicable in the present case, and what was intended were damages as allowed by the law.

The Lord Chancellor: You exclude the contract.

Sir R. Reid could not admit that the words were inserted to get rid of the limitation contained in the statute.

The Lord Chancellor said it struck him that if the rule did not go beyond where it was put by Sir Robert the framers might as well have adopted the words of the statute itself, and expressly limited the damages to £8 per ton, instead of which they had departed from the words of the statute and used the words "all damages."

Sir R. Reid said that the rules were perhaps drawn by persons who were not very learned in the law.

The Lord Chancellor thought that Sir Robert would not be able to rely upon that assumption. (Laughter.)

Sir R Reid said that, in any case, he could not help thinking that if the framers of the rule intended to exclude the limitation of the statute they would have taken a little more pains to make clear what they were doing.

Mr. E. H. Pollard, who followed on the same side, thought their lordships were bound to take into consideration the fact that the owner had not the selection of his own steersman as a circumstance in favor of the limitation of liability. The steersman might commit any number of breaches of the rules. The risk was not one that could be insured against.

Lord Herschel said he was rather startled by that proposition, knowing something of the risks underwriters would take.

Mr. Pollard submitted that if there was to be a renunciation of the benefits of an Act of Parliament, the words to that effect ought to be clear and express.

At the conclusion of the case for the appellants their lordships adjourned the appeal till Thursday.

On Thursday, without calling on the other side, the Lord Chancellor gave judgment. Their lordships dismissed the appeal with costs, the Lord Chancellor remarking that one might as well value a race horse by the weight of its flesh as a racing yacht by its tonnage.

Seawanhaka C. Y. C.

THE new club house of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y C. on Twenty-second street is becoming as popular with the members as the old one was a few years ago, and it promises to become an important factor in keeping alive the interest in yachting throughout the long winter season On Saturday last the house was thrown open to ladies for the first time, a reception being given from 4:30 to 7 P. M. The house was handsomely decorated with flags, and an orchestra was stationed in the lower hall. The prizes raced for during the past season were displayed in the parlors, and tea was served in the dining rooms. A large number of ladies availed themselves of the opportunity to inspect the new quarters.

The possession of a house has made work in plenty for the entertainment committee, and a very promising programme has already been arranged, which will be extended as the season advances.

On every Saturday night during the season the usual mess dinners will be served at exactly 7:30 o'clock, provided there are not less than eight names entered on the list by 12 o'clock the night previous. Lists will be found posted on the bulletin board for three weeks in advance. The charge for each member will be $1, which includes wine. The senior officer present will preside. Each member subscribing will have the privilege of inviting one guest (non-member) until there are eighteen names on the list, but the same person cannot be invited more than once in the season (Dec. 1 to May 1).

On every Saturday evening there will be familiar talks on timely topics, and the members are invited to come prepared to assist. Among the subjects that have been suggested to the committee are the following:

The literature of the sea. Nautical poetry and song. Common words and phrases derived from nautical expressions. Story teller's night. Sea yarns, etc. Exhibitions and descriptions of slides of yachts and yachting scenes. Water spouts and revolving storms illustrated by model experiments. Tidal evolution. Explanation of common phenomena within a keen yachtsman's observation—*e. g.*: Why clearing winds come from N. or N.W. Why winds are apparently heavier in winter than summer. Rain, fog, dust particles and their relations. Large versus small raindrops. Why rain knocks down a sea. Rainbows. Lunar rainbows. Ring around the moon. Sun dogs. Aurora. Why sunset is red. Colors in sunset. Violet afterglow. Apparent size of sun and moon at rising or setting. A simple explanation of the cause of tides. Why one side of the moon always faces the earth. St. Elmo's fire. Phosphorescence. Why the ocean is salt. Mildew of sails. Distances at sea. Mirages. Fog echoes. Silent nodes in fog sirens. Reinforcement of sound. Velocity of sound in air and water. Megaphone acoustics. Oil spots on water. Oil stilling waves Salt water and soap.

The topics thus far announced are: Dec 12—"Recent Experience in the New Materials for Sails." Dec. 19—"Atmospheric Moisture," phenomena connected with, such as humidity, vapor, mist, fog, clouds, rain, raindrops, rainbows, ring around the moon, sun dogs, snow, hail. Dec 26—"Winds," their cause, various kinds, density, effects, how to interpret changes in.

Arrangements have been made to form a class for instruction in practical navigation, with Captain Howard Patterson as instructor. The sessions will begin as soon as twenty names are entered and will be held at the club house on some one evening in each week, to be decided on by the members of the class. The tuition fee is $25, payable in advance. This covers the complete course, for which the regular charge for private lessons is $200

The course of study will include the mariner's compass and practical employment of same; also deviation of the compass and method of adjusting that instrument; charts and their construction, with a thorough exposition of chart sailing; dead reckoning; latitude by the sun and polar star and ex-meridian observations; longitude by A. M. and P. M solar observations, by sunrise and sunset calculations and by equal altitudes of the sun. Each member of the class will receive a navigator's diploma upon graduation. While the subjects named might seem to the uninitiated to require a knowledge of the higher mathematics, only the simple rules of addition, subtraction and division are involved In the event of a member missing a lesson or finding himself falling behind the others during the course, Captain Patterson has agreed to give him private lessons between meetings without charge. Members intending to join the class are requested to notify Mr. J. Frederic Tams as soon as possible at the club house in writing.

Uniform Racing Rules.

THE Boston *Globe* comments as follows on the possibility of the union of the Boston and New York associations under one common rule:

Pres. Clark, of the Y. R. A. of M., returned from his conference in New York with the representatives of the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound, and of the New York Yacht Racing Association, much impressed with what they had to offer in the way of rules, but still with little hope that a satisfactory common ground could be found for a union of the three associations in view of the present wide variance in measurement matters and in classification. He, in common with many other yachtsmen, would also like to see a national association formed, but such formation is hindered by the same things which hinder an agreement by the associations as at present organized. The question was discussed in connection with the other matters, and with them will soon be laid by him before the executive committee of the Y. R. A., and an effort made to formulate a plan for at least such a partial agreement as would allow of a class in Boston waters identical with the 20ft. Seawanhaka class, in which international racing is likely for several years to come.

The problem before the executive committee will indeed be a difficult one to solve without adopting the "sail area and waterline" rule outright, together with the smaller crews which the rule carries with it. Such adoption would involve a complete overturn in existing yachts and their principles of design, and it may well be doubted if Eastern yachtsmen would be ready for it, even if the rule were the most desirable one now offered. The desirability of the rule is also open to question, and the arguments already made in these columns hold good in that connection until practice shall prove them to be wrong.

Waterline length for waterline length, the Boston boats, by reason of their larger crews, carry more canvas and should be faster than the New York boats. A limitation to a small crew tends inevitably toward the keel type, and this too would hardly be desired by Boston yachtsmen in view of the desirability of retaining the centerboard. The question is, however, still open to debate, and is likely to be discussed if the committee succeed in formulating some practical plan of agreement.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Elbridge T. Gerry, pilot boat, of New York, has recently been purchased by Edgar Harding, of Boston, who will use her as a yacht.

Varuna, steam yacht, Eugene Higgins, sailed on Dec. 12 from New York for Bermuda, from which port she will continue on a long cruise to the Mediterranean and foreign ports.

The new Kingston Ice Y. C., of Kingston, Ont., has started in to promote this branch of yachting on fresh water, and its new trophy, the Walker international challenge cup, is nearly completed. Competition for this trophy is limited to the clubs of Lake Ontario, St. Lawrence River and the Bay of Quinte. Vice Com. A. H. Lee, of the club, has, however, sent a challenge to the Hudson River Ice Y. C. for the championship pennant of America, now held by Archibald Rogers.

The Interlake Y. A., of Lake Erie, held a meeting on Dec. 6 at Toledo, the representatives present being: F B. Hower, Buffalo Y. C.; E. W. Radder and Henry Worthington, Cleveland Y. C.; S. H. Jones, West End Y. C., Detroit; Henry Look, Citizens' Y. A., Detroit; Capt. Anderson, Sandusky Y. C., and Frank Frey and Henry Tracy of Toledo. Put-in-Bay's proxy was held by E. W. Radder. It was decided to join the Lake Y. R. U., and Messrs. Hower, Radder and Jones were elected as delegates. Some objections were made to the rules, and changes were proposed.

The annual meeting of the Lake Y. R. A., of Lake Ontario, will be held on Dec. 19 at Rochester. Proposals for joining the new Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, and for amending the L. Y. R. A. rules to conform with those of the Union, will be passed upon.

Designer Arthur Binney is away on his wedding trip. His marriage to Miss Daisy Harvey, daughter of C. C. Harvey, and sister of Winthrop A. Harvey, of the Marblehead Corinthians, took place Wednesday, Dec. 2, at the home of the bride's parents in Roxbury. The wedding was a very quiet one, owing to a recent death in the bride's family. The newly married couple will make their home at 118 Highland street, Roxbury.—*Boston Globe.*

Douglas Dyrenforth has filed an application in the Circuit Court for a receiver for the fin-keel sloop yacht Siren, which was built at Racine beside the challenging yacht Vencedor. Siren was built for a syndicate of local yachtsmen, each of whom was to pay a proportionate assessment of his stock as necessity arose, and very early in the game some of the members fell behind in their payments Then other difficulties cropped up. Some of the members thought others were getting more than their share of fun out of the craft, and the result was a strained condition of affairs between the owners. Robert Hayes was selected as managing owner of the boat by reason of holding a larger number of shares than any one of the others, and he handled the financial end of things. Ildo Ramsdell, who was nominally captain of Siren, sold his interest and determined to build a new boat without any side partners. Others of the syndicate wanted to do likewise, but an amicable agreement as to terms could not be reached. Meanwhile Siren continued in commission and bills heared up, which were met largely. it is said by the managing owner and Douglas Dyrenforth. When the boat finally went out of commission she was sent up to Racine to lay up at the builder's yard, and the members tried to come to some settlement of their relative interests. Unable to agree on terms, Douglas Dyrenforth placed matters in the hands of ex-Judge L. C. Collins, who advised the application of a receiver, that the boat might be legally sold and her debts properly settled. As soon as the question of receivership is settled Siren will probably be offered for sale, and she may not return to these waters. Should Siren be sold out of the Columbia Y. C., it will make a radical change in the conditions under which several of the club trophies now held by that sloop must be sailed for next season. Not only must they be returned to the regatta committee to be placed in competition, but with Siren out of the way they will be virtually in the condition of trophies offered for the first time.—*Chicago Herald.*

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1896-97.

Commodore, John N. MacKendrick, Galt, Canada.
Sec'y-Treas, John R. Blake. Galt, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. W. Fleischman, 1611 N. 21st St, Phila, Pa.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Francis H. Mannee, Kingston, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

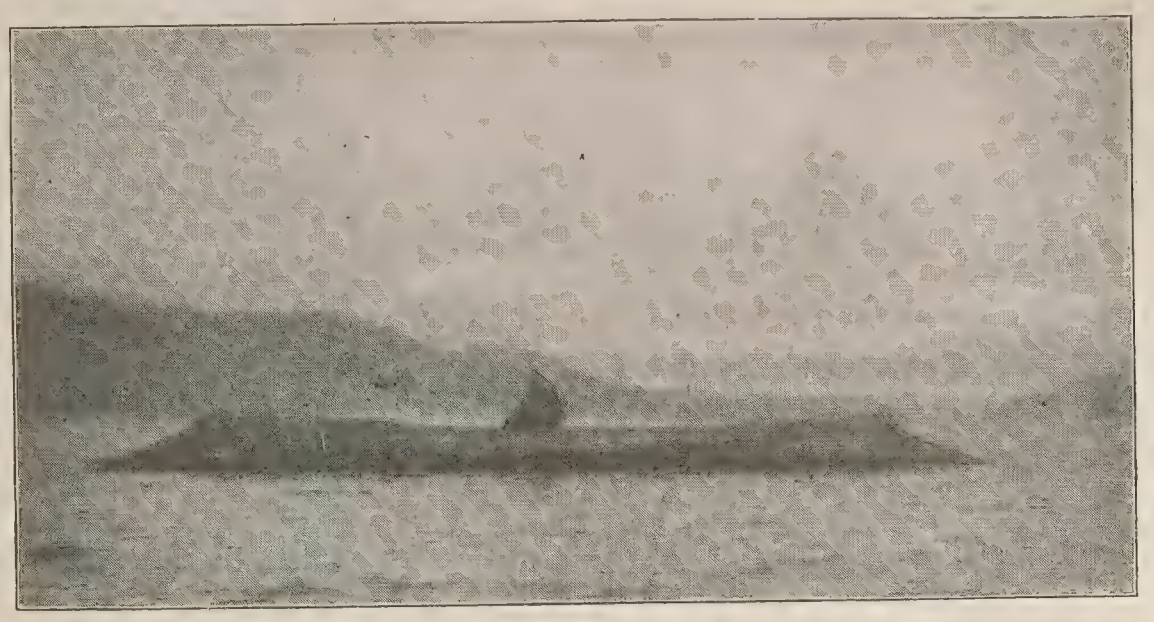
Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

The Kootenai Canoe.

THE accompanying sketch was made, not from a full-sized canoe, but from a model which I saw in the Provincial Museum at Victoria, B C. It represents a type of canoe common on the waters of the Columbia River. It is made from a single sheet of spruce bark bent over a frame of tough wood. Not a nail is used in its construction, but the whole is tied with fiber.

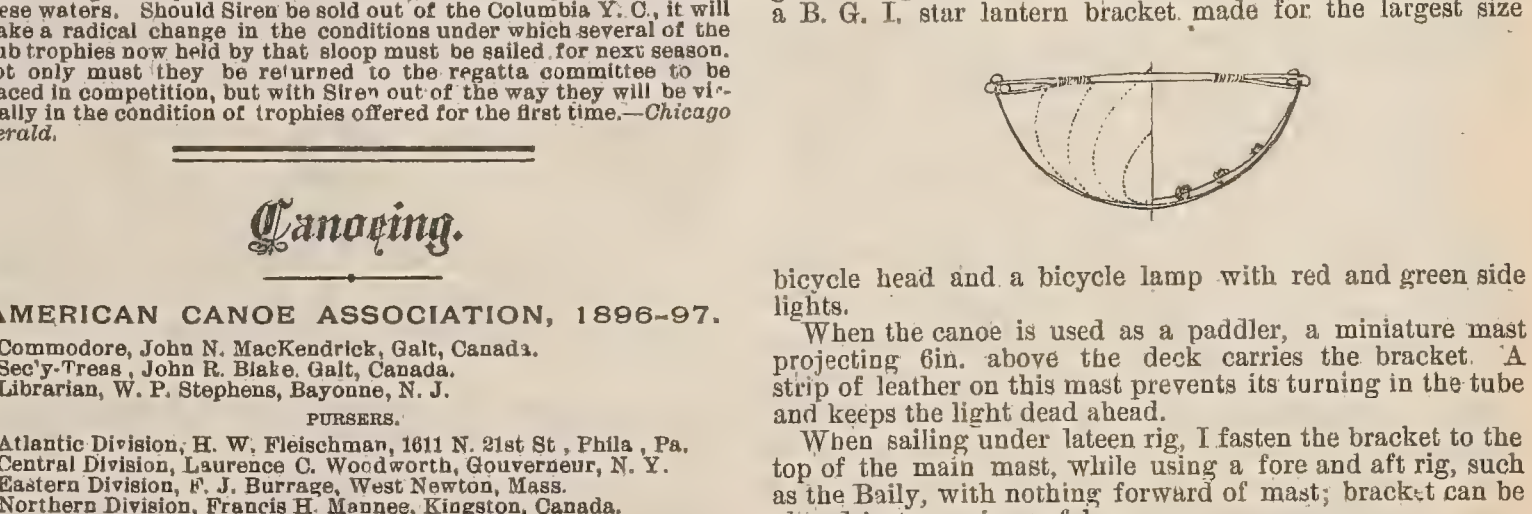
The model seems particularly well made, and may therefore give one good idea of what the full-sized canoe is like. Its dimensions are 3ft. long over all by 9in. wide. Its curious style, the long, straight run on the keel, the pointed bow and stern running far under water and its great beam would make it a stable craft, but one that would not lift quickly on a wave or in a rapid. It seems as if a frame is made of two round pieces of tough wood, half the intended length of the canoe, bent around three thwarts or cross-bars. To this the edges of the bark are lashed, the bark being trimmed at bow and stern to the desired shape, and then bow and stern are sewed up, the edges of the bark being put between two sticks and the whole wound together.

The bark is then stiffened by a sort of lattice work composed of numerous round sticks for ribs, with similar long sticks laid on top lengthwise, and lashed at points of intersection These ribs do not extend all the way across, from gunwale to gunwale, consequently they must be held in place by several wide ribs proper, like those in ordinary birch canoe, which press the lattice framework more tightly against the bark. T A



THE KOOTENAI CANOE.

Photo by F. F. Frisbie.



KOOTENAI CANOE.

A Canoe Light.

NEW YORK, May 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Doing a good deal of canoeing on such a busy waterway as the Hudson, and almost half of it after dark, a lantern has been a pretty necessary part of my outfit. I hated to mar the mahogany decks by screwing a lantern attachment to them, and so, after much thought, tied a headlight driving lamp to the bow painter ring. The lamp gave a splendid light, but, tie it never so snugly, it would wabble in a manner calculated to beat the band, and a German band at that. And when it came to untying it in a hurry—well, I simply hug myself to think that such a performance is a thing of the past.

For I have hit upon a combination which I believe is good enough to tell to the rest of the fraternity. It is simply a B. G. I. star lantern bracket made for the largest size

bicycle head and a bicycle lamp with red and green side lights.

When the canoe is used as a paddler, a miniature mast projecting 6in. above the deck carries the bracket. A strip of leather on this mast prevents its turning in the tube and keeps the light dead ahead.

When sailing under lateen rig, I fasten the bracket to the top of the main mast, while using a fore and aft rig, such as the Baily, with nothing forward of mast; bracket can be placed just over jaws of boom.

The boathouse is a mile from home, and I always ride over on a wheel, and the same lantern does for both wheel and canoe.

Some of your readers may have thought of the scheme already, but if it prevents but one man from using the language which I did last summer I will feel that I have in part atoned for my offenses in that direction.

I find that by placing the light up high on mast my boat receives more respectful attention and more of the proper amount of way, especially from row boats, than it otherwise would. E. T. KEYSER.

Rochester C. C.

THE annual meeting of the Rochester C. C. was held at its rooms in the Granite Building, on Dec. 9. There was a large attendance and a very interesting meeting. The annual reports of the various committees showed that the affairs of the club were in a most prosperous condition. One of the features of the meeting was the annual review of the club's doings during the past year by the retiring captain, Al. T. Brown.

Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: Captain, Harry M. Stewart; Mate, C. Fred. Wolters; Purser, Chas. A. Bruff; Measurer, Herbert J. Wilson; Regatta Committee—Al. T. Brown, John W. Ely and T. H. Thompson.

The Board of Trustees is composed of the first five gentlemen.

On July 5 the club inaugurated a commissary department, and for the first time in its fourteen years of existence served meals to its members at the club house. Over 1,500 meals were served from the opening of the commissary department to the day of the annual meeting. The club house will be kept open all the year through in the future, and the steward and *chef* will be always in attendance. The membership is full—fifty active members and eight non-resident members.

The boys are preparing for the coming ice boat season, and the prospects are good for a lively boating season.

R. C. C.

Royal C. C.

THE Royal C. C. has taken a step in its life which has been its best wish during its thirty years of existence; it has now determined to build and maintain a club house of its own, with housing accommodation for canoes and yawls, foreshore private to itself, hauling-up slip and numerous other conveniences.

It is, however, as a matter of fact the first time that the club has had real or sufficient opportunity to venture on such a move; the various tenancies previously held by the club in respect to land, such as camp grounds, have been of such precarious nature that at no time was the executive in a position to advise the club to invest money in building, or even in substantial improvement of the lands used as camp grounds, and therefore the club was rightly satisfied in the enjoyment of such benefits as were obtainable by renting club room and boat housing accommodation from boat builders.

The new club house will be at the head of Teddington Reach, on the Thames, and conveniently near to the stations of Kingston and Hampton Wick. The Reach itself is one of the best sailing reaches of the Thames near London—that is, so far as above-lock reaches, somewhat hampered by trees, can be called sailing reaches; but Teddington Reach has certainly deep water and very little stream, except in heavy water times. We have sailed almost every fairly sailable square foot of its extent in a canoe yawl fitted with a bulb-fin, drawing 4ft. 6in. of water, and to within half a length off the banks we have never touched bottom; so, therefore, ordinary drafted canoes and yawls can leave their center-plates unattended so far as navigation is concerned.

Of course, in future days the oft-talked-of locks may be built lower down the river, even to or near Chelsea, but the river below Kew is already quite townified enough to make sailing a doubtful pleasure, and the club need not waste the valuable present time by putting off for an indefinite hazy future.

One great advantage gained to the club in the new position it is taking up is that of private foreshore, with facilities for hauling up canoes and yawls. It used to be with the "old masters" of canoeing, and it probably is also with the new, half the pleasure of the sport to be able to fiddle around and tinker at one's craft, both as to rigging and general condition. The novice, looking on while the senior worked, received his canoeing education on the best lines, and with far less cost to his pocket than is the case where the novice has to learn his business in trying to somehow repair damages or to rectify faults caused by his own inexperience. The foreshore dockyarding was no waste of time; it created friends and cruising companions, and it took the bitter edge off racing opponents and kept the spirit of friendly rivalry alive.

As a rule we do not attach much importance to "club house rumors" in regard to new craft or alterations of existing boats in relation to future racing, especially at so early a period before the coming season; but for what it may be worth, reports commonly agree that a new Yankee is to be brought from America by Mr. Howard to defend his hold on the challenge cup. On the other hand, we hear that Mr. Laws (of Prucas) is about to build a new canoe, we suppose in the racing class, of a modified sharpie model, with an extraordinarily long slide seat, and that the Dragon will be altered extensively both as to her "well" and center-plate, and she will be changed in rig from her present single lug to a "main and mizzen" rig; no doubt, from her previous record of diving and occasionally turning turtle she will be greatly improved by the change of rig. The "cruiser class" Vanessa, Mr. de Quincey's Linton Hope designed canoe, is to be cut down in freeboard as allowed now by the amended rule; she showed unnecessarily high sides last season, and will probably be much improved by the alteration.

Turk, the builder at Kingston-on Thames, is at work upon two canoes for this "cruiser class," which are going to be exhibited in the Yachting Exhibition at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster. One of these canoes is built and finished to sail as a sloop, with rudder under body, but liftable into a rudder trunk. She will have a bafter mainsail and roller foresail, and in all ways be in accord with the designs published in the *Field*.

The second boat, also to the same lines as to hull, is to be canoe rigged, with main and mizzen bafter sails; her rudder, of novel pattern, will be hung on her sternpost; her deck is flatter than the sloop's deck, and will take a different form of center plate. Neither of these canoes is fitted as yet to take a housing bulb center-plate, as they were intended to mount a plain center-plate for cruising or home sailing, and to take a lifting bulb keel of Nautilus pattern for racing. However it would not be a very difficult job to fit either boat for a housing weight center-plate.

Other rumors of building and altering are numerous, but too vague to be worth noticing at this time; but certainly there appears to be very early activity this season, and possibly the semi international character of the challenge cup races (the cup being held by an American) has aroused wider interest in canoe sailing for 1897.—*The Field.*

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

An Essay on Archery.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My contributions to the literature of firearms will afford sufficient evidence of my appreciation of the value of the rifle as a military weapon, and my conviction that it is the duty of every able-bodied man to become familiar with its use, and teach his sons (if he has any) not only to use it effectively, but to guard against danger from accident to himself or others. Few things have afforded me greater satisfaction than the evidence that has come to me from many sources that my words have had a widespread influence, and I cannot emphasize too strongly my continued faith in their truth.

I mention this as a preface to what I am about to say, lest it might be thought that in advocating the use of the bow as a military weapon I was recreant to my faith in the rifle. I only propose to show that it possesses some qualities which render it so valuable as an aid to the rifle that we cannot afford to dispense with it.

No one who is familiar with English history will need to be informed how largely she owes her present power to the skill of her ancient archers. If proof of it were required it could be abundantly furnished from the laws and literature relating to it. The earliest legal records contain stringent laws in regard to archery practice. Days were set apart for prize-shooting at the public butts, which were set up in every parish; and a law, as late as the reign of Henry VIII., provides that no man who had reached the age of twenty-one should be allowed to practice at these butts at a less range than 40 rods (220yds)., a distance that, till within a few years, has been considered a long shot for a rifle. It was the weapon on which men relied in war or the chase, and the tales, ballads and folklore of the day are filled with praise of the bow and the archers.

With the invention of firearms the bow was laid aside and its use has since been confined to the hands of children or of clubs, who practice only for exercise and amusement.

Whether it is wise thus to abandon it, whether it might not often be of essential service as a military weapon, are questions which are worthy of careful consideration, and my present object is to set forth some of the arguments that may be urged in its favor.

As a measure of economy no arguments are needed beyond a simple statement of facts.

The best bow need not cost more than a tenth part as much as the ordinary soldier's musket, and when we consider the enormous sums expended in arming the hundreds of thousands of men required for national defense we may well ask whether the money thus saved might not be more efficiently used.

Another most important consideration is the comparative weight of the two weapons. A bow of the best quality need not weigh over 1lb. The ordinary Springfield musket weighs 10lbs., a difference of 9lbs. for each man, or 454 tons for an army of 100,000! In view of the frequent occasions for forced marches when success depends upon celerity of movement, we can hardly estimate the importance of relieving even a portion of the troops of so great a burden, especially in a rough or mountainous country, where ambuscades may be advantageously resorted to.

The grand object in battle is, not to kill, but to disable as many individuals of the opposing force as possible. In every report of a battle we find that the number of wounded largely exceeds that of the killed. Now a man may receive a very serious wound from a bullet and yet be able to use his weapon effectively for some time after it. We often read of men receiving mere flesh wounds refusing to leave the field and persisting in fighting till exhausted by loss of blood. But no man could do so with an arrow sticking in any part of his person, and if it were barbed he would be completely *hors de combat* till he could find a surgeon to cut it out.

A good archer can easily drive an arrow through an inch board at 40 rods—a force quite sufficient to penetrate a man's body—and, bearing in mind all the facts I have stated, I ask: Can we afford (while such barbarism as war continues to exist among nations that claim to be civilized) to abandon the use of a weapon possessing such manifest advantages as the bow?

H. W. S. CLEVELAND.

CHICAGO, November.

Calumet Heights Riflemen.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 5.—The scores given below were made to-day by members of the Calumet Heights Gun Club, the conditions being as usual: Class A, 200yds., off-hand, standard target, open sights allowed 2 points in a 10-shot match, 1 point in a 5-shot match. Scores:

			Shoot-off.	
J McMichaels	3444344544	—39	53434	—19
A C Paterson	4434354235—37+2	—39	33533—17+1	—18
C W Spalding	3445543344	—39	43344	—18
Dr C D Westcott	3434413353	—36		
Miss Ervin	4420125353	—34		
Dr F A Hodson	2042324323	—25		

PATTY.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Dec. 22.—ALBANY, N. Y.—Tournament under the auspices of the West End Gun Club; sparrows. Horace B. Derby, Sec'y.

Dec. 22-23.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Ninth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club. First day, targets; second day, live birds.

Dec. 25.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Carver-Grimm match for the cast-iron medal at Watson's Park.

Dec. 29-30.—UTICA, N. Y.—Tournament under the management of John W. Fulford. Live birds and targets.

1897.

Jan. 1.—NEWARK, N. J.—Sixteenth annual tournament and reception of the South Side Gun Club. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

Jan. 9-10.—PRESCOTT, Arizona.—Fourth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Prescott Gun Club. Roy Hill, Sec'y.

Jan. 14-15.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club; sparrows. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Jan. 20-25.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second midwinter tournament, under the management of Oscar Guessaz. $200 added.

Feb. 27-March 11.—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—The Arkansaw Traveler's first grand annual live bird tournament; $10,000 in purses and added moneys. Souvenir programmes ready Jan. 1. Address all communications to John J. Sumpter, Jr., Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.

March 13-17.—BAYCHESTER, N. Y.—Second annual tournament of the Cobweb Gun Club; live birds and targets. Cobweb handicap at live birds, $500 guaranteed.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK CITY.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

April 14-16.—ATCHISON, Kan.—Airy Lou Hart's third manufacturers' amateur and fourteenth open-to-all tournament.

April 15-17.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

April 20-23.—LINCOLN, Neb.—Twenty-first annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. Added money later.

May 11-14.—OIL CITY, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.

May 17-22.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Fred T. Durrant, Sec'y.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

June 16-17.—FARGO, N. D.—Third annual tournament of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association. Targets. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Wayne Gun Club, of Nicetown, Philadelphia, Pa., has issued the following notice: "To Lovers of Trap Shooting: The Wayne Gun Club invites propositions for new membership and has reduced the initiation fee to $1 until Feb. 22, 1897. The monthly dues are 25 cents. Targets are charged to members at 1 cent each. The grounds are conveniently situated near Sixteenth and Cayuga streets, Nicetown, and are easy of access. The Germantown and Willow Grove trolleys pass close to them. The club is fully equipped with a nice club house and all necessary paraphernalia. The object of the club is to promote enjoyment at the trap and proficiency in marksmanship. It will hold a shoot on Christmas Day, to which all are invited. Shooting commences at 9 A. M. Propositions for membership can be addressed to D. Rockafeller, 1810 North Fifteenth street, Philadelphia, Pa.; or to A. G. Seistman, Nicetown, Philadelphia, Pa."

Writing from The Menger, San Antonio, Tex., under date of Dec. 3, A. W. du Bray, Parker Bros.' able representative in the Southern States, has this to say in regard to the coming Midwinter shoot in that city: "I would like you to mention in 'Drivers and Twisters' that the 'big three' here, Albert Steeves, J. M. George and Oscar Guessaz, are all three hard at work making preparation for the coming Midwinter, which commences Jan. 20. When these three men get their heads and shoulders together something has to give, so as they are in spike harness just now you may depend the entering wedge will be pushed along until all is cleared before them, and I verily believe the coming shoot will eclipse that of '96. I have heard so much general comment over my entire circuit regarding the last Midwinter that it is quite evident to me that every one who can will attend. There has never been a place where visiting sportsmen have had such a reception as awaited them here. The amount of added money was exceedingly liberal, but over and above all this the visitors were shown game of all varieties in such great abundance that I know, while relating to me his experience here, many a man has longed for January to come round again so he might revel in the sport, the recollections of which have haunted him ever since last January. Depend upon it, this will be a great big, wide-open shoot—so let everybody head down this way for the second Midwinter. The weather here is superb. It was a little cool for a day or two while the blizzard raged up North, but now the air is warm and pleasant, and the old Alamo and mission churches are basking in the sun."

J. W. Fulford, of Utica, N. Y., writes us under date of Dec. 14 as follows: "I will hold a two-days' shoot here, Dec. 29-30, at live birds and targets. The principal event on the second day (Dec. 30) will be a 20-bird handicap event, $15 entrance, handicaps from 26 to 32yds. I have written on this subject to many shooters in this section and have received very favorable replies. Among the number present will be a large delegation from Syracuse; Mr. L. V. Byer and party from Rochester; in other words, twenty-six shooters have stated that they will be present. Our management will trap the best birds ever furnished in this section." Mr. Fulford has chosen a good time for his tournament, and as there will be nothing to clash with it he ought to have a good attendance, particularly good if one-half of his promised shooters attend

Last Saturday we had the pleasure of meeting J. W. Hildreth, one of the W. R. A. Company's traveling representatives in the South, at the cup shoot on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club at Hackensack, N. J. In discussing the prospects of the shoot at San Antonio next January, Mr. Hildreth said that from what he could learn, and judging from the way shooters in the South had spoken about it, he was of the opinion that this coming shoot was going to eclipse that of 1896. His ideas on this point thoroughly coincide with those expressed by Mr. Du Bray in a letter which appears in this column. The Indianapolis delegation, including, of course, those shooters who stop off to take in the sparrow tournament, Jan. 14-15, will be a large one.

Dr. Williamson, of Milwaukee, Wis., has had lots of fun recently shooting tie races. In three out of four races with Dick Merrill, of that city, he has succeeded in tieing the score, winning the only contest in which a decision was arrived at. On Dec. 3 he shot another tie race, this time with George Deiter, the shooter who wrested the Du Pont trophy from Fred Gilbert last spring. This tie race was the more remarkable from the fact that it was a 200-bird race, each man scoring 176. Deiter did some wonderful work in his last 100 birds; after scoring only 81 out of his first 100 to Williamson's 88, he managed by some brilliant work to tie the score, making a run of 74 straight (actually 77, including the last three birds of his first 100) and finishing with 95 out of the second 100.

Mr. R. M. Welch, secretary of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association, writes that the twenty-first annual meeting and tournament of that Association will be held at Lincoln, Neb., April 20-23, 1897. At present he is unable to state just what inducements the Association will be able to hold out to the sportsmen of the country, but expects that it will add a sufficient amount of cash to draw to Lincoln a large gathering of shooters. The Nebraska Association's shoot follows right after Lou Erhardt's big shoot at Atchison, Kans., thus enabling shooters to attend both of these tournaments with very little additional expense.

The Elizabeth, N. J., Gun Club has issued its programme for the ninth bi-monthly tournament, to be held on its grounds Dec. 22-23. The programme calls for 175 targets, all of which are thrown at unknown angles with the exception of event No. 1, which is a 10-target event, known angles, and No. 6, 15 targets, expert rules, both barrels. On the second day (Dec. 23) live birds will be trapped, the main event being a 25-bird handicap event, $10 entrance, birds extra. In all events there will be three moneys if less than twelve entries; over twelve, four moneys.

Jan. 1, 1897, will see the U. S. C. Company's rosebud, Tom Keller, bursting forth into full bloom on the parent stock of King's Smokeless and the Peters Cartridge Company, as a representative of the two companies. It may seem somewhat strained to liken Tom Keller to a rosebud, but poets are always allowed a certain amount of license in their similes, etc.; and the above sentence is, we claim, a gem among trap-shooting poetical phrases. As a result of his connection with the above firms, Tom will be found on hand as usual at all the large tournaments during the coming season.

In our report of the great four-handed shoot at Trenton, N. J., on Dec. 3 we omitted to mention that Zwirlein provided all the birds for that match (400 of them) free of charge. We hasten to make good our omission, although Charlie Zwirlein himself has not said a word to us in regard to it, because we feel that such generous conduct deserves special mention. We wish for his sake, and also for the sake of the birds, that there had been more wind that day; 392 gathered (in and out of bounds) out of 400 shot at shows what the birds were up against.

Paul R. Litzke writes to us from Hot Springs, Ark., where he is the guest of John J. Sumpter, Jr., that "the last gale that swept this way from the West brought with it the announcement that Lou Erhardt, 'the only Airy-lou-hart,' would be doing business at Atchison, Kans., about the usual time, April 14-16. According to precedent he will again give the boys a new game. No plunder this time, but good hard cash—and a big roll at that."

Mr. A. W. Adams, a brother of Platt Adams, of our own city, has been elected to the presidency of the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League, an organization that is composed of all the important gun clubs in Chicago. The other officers of the league are: Vice-President, J. H. Amberg; Secretary, E. E. Fox; Treasurer, C. P. Richards; Directors, A. C. Paterson, M. J. Eich and Dr. C. W. Carson.

Remsen, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has carried off another cup, but this time his possession of it may be only temporary. He won the cup shot for on Saturday last at Hackensack, N. J., and holds it until the next contest in February, 1897. The cup has to be shot for six more times, the person winning it the greatest number of times out of the seven shoots becoming the owner of it.

The Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J., announces that it will hold an all-day shoot on New Year's Day, beginning at 10 A. M. The main event (for which entries close at the above hour) is a 30-target handicap race, entrance $2. The first prize is a Winchester repeating shotgun; second prize, $5, and third prize, $2.

The Cobweb Gun Club, of New York City, is going right ahead with the preparations for its second annual tournament to be held next March during the week of the Sportsmen's Exposition. The Cobweb Handicap at live birds, $500 guaranteed in the purse, will be sure to attract lots of shooters.

The sixteenth annual New Year's Day tournament of the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., is under the management of President R. Heber Breintnall, Secretary-Treasurer W. R. Hobart, and Manager I. H. Terrill. Shooting commences at 9:30, and all sweeps are optional.

If there's anything wrong with this column this week, blame Noel E. Money, Colin R. Wise, of Passaic, N. J., and sundry Jersey ruffed grouse for it. During three days in the mountains of Passaic and Bergen counties we saw more Drivers and Twisters than we could put together in three months. Some of them got away. Likewise one rabbit.

A reference to our advertising columns shows a change in the advertisement of the Peters Cartridge Company. We have received a specimen of the calendar referred to in its announcement, and can say that all the company claims for it is as stated.

Jack Winston has been putting in some good licks in the way of practice since his arrival in Chicago last week. To-day (Dec. 15), just as we are going to press, he is competing with George Roll for the Du Pont trophy.

Dr. Carver and Charlie Grimm are likely to meet at Watson's Park, Chicago, on Dec. 25. The contest is for the "cast-iron medal" won by George Kleinman originally, but forfeited later to Dr. Carver by that gentleman.

Another recruit to the ranks of the Interstate Association is the Lafin & Rand Powder Company. There are still a few outside the fold, but they won't remain there long.

Elmer Shaner is in the city, his breast pocket bulging with the voluminous report he is going to make at the Interstate Association's annual meeting this week.

The Arizona State Sportsmen's Association has postponed its tournament announced for Jan. 4-5 to Jan. 9-10.

DEC. 15. EDWARD BANKS.

On Long Island.

PARKWAY ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Dec. 9.—Nine members of the Parkway Rod and Gun Club journeyed to that club's grounds, Dave Van Wicklen's hotel, O'd Mill landing, for the purpose of taking part in the club's monthly shoot at live birds. The wind was blowing a whole gale across Jamaica Bay, sending the birds away from the traps at a gait that bothered most of the shooters. Henry J Bookman scored his 7 birds straight from the 28yd. mark, and won first place without a tie. The scores in this event were as below:

H J Bookman (28)	2212112—7	H Selover (26)	1110002—4
L Helgans (30)	2212201—6	J Wye (23)	1021001—4
J Bennett (30)	0112121—6	D S Van Wicklen (26)	0122100—4
J Woolley (28)	0022221—5	A Andrews (26)	1102012—4
H Bramwell (30)	1020101—4		

ERIE GUN CLUB.

Dec. 9.—The Erie Gun Club held its last shoot for the season of 1896 to-day. The members hold twelve live-bird shoots each year at Dexter Park, the competitions counting for the annual prizes offered by the club. Prior to to-day's contest the prizes in all the classes except the AA class had been decided. M. J Elsasser could not be beaten for the Class A prize, and the same might be said of H J. Blackley in Class B and C H. Luhrssen in Class C. The winner of to-day's contest in the Class AA was Charles Plate; as C. Detlefsen and H. Dohrmann had been tied for the prize in this class, the result of to-day's shoot left them still a tie. In the shoot-off for this trophy at 10 birds Detlefsen won easily with 7 out of 9, Dohrmann retiring with only 4 kills out of 8 shot at. Scores were:

Club shoot:

C Plate (AA, 28)	1111111—7	H Blackley (B, 27)	1011221—6
C Detlefsen (AA, 28)	2101202—5	F Gref (B, 27)	0201110—4
H Dohrmann (AA, 28)	2210200—4	W Roberts (B, 27)	0020102—3
C Mohrmann (A, 28)	1010100—3	J Schmidt (B, 27)	0001000—1
J F Schmaedeke (A, 28)	0000110—2	C H Luhrssen (C, 26)	2220220—5
B H Plate (B, 27)	2221121—7	J H Plate (C, 26)	1022022—5
H Janowsky (B, 27)	1221121—7		

UNKNOWN GUN CLUB.

Dec. 10.—The Unknown Gun Club met this afternoon for its monthly live-bird shoot. The highest scores in the club shoot, at 7 live birds, were made by James B. Voorhees and E. A. Vroome, both of whom scored all their birds. The best work of the afternoon was done by the veteran member of the club, Dr. Schwartz, who missed his first bird in the club race and then ran 26 straight in the sweeps, losing his 28th bird for the afternoon. Most of the sweepstake shooting was done by moonlight, so the Doctor's miss of that bird was excusable. Scores:

J B Voorhies (28)	2211112—7	R Smith (25)	2021220—5
E A Vroome (28)	1211222—7	T Porter (25)	0120211—5
W Sands (28)	2012222—6	A C Rankin (23)	102•222—5
Dr Schwartz (28)	0121211—6	G Selig (23)	0012122—5
H Boemmermann (26)	•122211—6	Aphurst (23)	12011•0—4
W J Skidmore (25)	1210122—6	B Jennings (27)	0210•20—3
Dr Moore (25)	0112102—5		

Other events, including the shoot-off for second and third moneys in the above events, were as below:

Shoot-off for second money, miss-and-out: Dr. Schwartz 10, W. Sands 9, H. Boemmermann 2, W. J. Skidmore 1.

Shoot-off for third money, miss-and-out: Dr. Moore 11, T. Potter 10, A. C. Rankin 1, R. Smith 1, G. Selig 0.

Sweepstake, 3 birds, $2 entrance, 2 moneys, class shooting, all 28yds.: Dr. Schwartz 3, Sands 3, Dr. Moore 3, Boemmermann 3, Jennings 2, Voorhies 1.

Shoot-off for first money, miss-and-out: Dr. Schwartz 2, Dr. Moore 1, Sands and Boemmerman withdrew.

Match, 3 birds: Dr. Schwartz (30) 3, Dr. Moore (25) 1.

Match, same conditions: Dr. Schwartz 2, Dr. Moore 1.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Dec. 12.—The records made by the members of the New Utrecht Gun Club, so far as wins for club badges and for the Hegeman prize go, have been completed to date by the secretary, Dr. G. E. Pool, and are given below. In the club shoot at live birds the Furguesons, father and son, lead in Class A and Class B respectively, each having five wins to his credit, Conny being tied with Gaughen; Dr. Parr and Frost are tied in Class C. The death of G. W. Coulston robbed the club of one of its best shots in Class A. On his day he was always a dangerous man; his three consecutive wins in January and February show what he could do. The records on live birds are as follows:

Date.	*Class A.*	*Class B.*	*Class C.*
Jan 11	W F Sykes	C Furgueson, Jr	M W Hall.
Jan 25	G W Coulston	J Gaughen	
Feb 8	G W Coulston	C Furgueson, Jr	
Feb 22	G W Coulston	F W Durvea	E A Parr.
March 14	Capt Money	J Gaughen	
March 28	T W Morfey	F W Duryea	E C Frost.
April 11	W G Clark	W D Gilman	E C Frost.
April 25	C Furgueson		
May 9	C Furgueson	J Gaughen	E A Parr.
May 23	T W Morfey	D C Bennett	
June 6	D Deacon	C Furgueson, Jr	C Cowperthwaite.
June 20	T W Morfey	J N Meyer	
Oct 3	C Furgueson	J E Jones	
Oct 17	C Furgueson	C Furgueson, Jr	
Nov 14	C Furgueson	C Furgueson, Jr	E A Parr.
Nov 28	C M Meyer	J Gaughen	
Dec 12	W F Sykes	J Gaughen	E C Frost.

In the target events Platt Adams looms up very prominently. He has already taken all interest away from any further contests for the Hegeman trophy, having practically won it, as none of his competitors can catch up to him. In Class A, for the club badges, he has five wins to his credit. Dr. Pool in Class B and Dr. O'Brien in Class C apparently monopolize the trophies. These records are as follows:

CLUB BADGES.

Date.	*Class A.*	*Class B.*	*Class C.*
Jan 4	D C Bennett	Dr Shepard	Dr O'Brien.
Feb 12	J Gaughen	Dr Pool	C Cowperthwaite.
March 7	J Gaughen	Dr Shepard	P A Hegeman.
March 21	C F Dudley	Dr Shepard	Dr O'Brien.
April 4	Capt Money		C Cowperthwaite.
May 2	D C Bennett		C Cowperthwaite.
May 16	J Gaughen	Dr Pool	J E Jones.
May 30	M Van Brunt	Dr Shepard	Dr O'Brien.
June 13		Dr Pool	Dr O'Brien.
June 27	P Adams	Dr Pool	Dr O'Brien.
July 11	P Adams	C Furgueson	Dr O'Brien.
July 25	A A Hegeman	Dr Pool	Dr O'Brien.
Aug 8	P Adams	Dr Pool	
Aug 22	D C Bennett		
Sept 5	P Adams	Dr Pool	Dr O'Brien.
Sept 12	Capt Money	Dr Pool	J E Jones.
Sept 26	Dr Littlefield	Dr Pool	Dr O'Brien.
Oct 10	D Deacon		C Cowperthwaite.
Oct 24	D Deacon		Dr O'Brien.
Nov 7	P Adams	Dr Pool	A Eddy.
Nov 21	J Gaughen		
Dec 5	M Van Brunt	Dr Pool	

HEGEMAN BADGE.*

Date.	*Class A.*	*Class B.*	*Class C.*
Jan 4	P Adams		
Feb 12	J Gaughen		
March 7	D Deacon		
March 21			
April 4	Capt Money		
May 2	P Adams		
May 16			Dr O'Brien
May 30	D Deacon		
June 13			Dr O'Brien
June 27	P Adams		
July 11	P Adams		
July 25	P Adams		
Aug 8	P Adams		
Aug 22	D C Bennett		
Sept 5	P Adams		
Sept 12	Capt Money		
Sept 26	D Deacon		
Oct 10	D Deacon		
Oct 24	P Adams		
Nov 7			A Eddy

*The Hegeman Badge is shot for at 15 targets, known traps and angles; Class B men allowed 1 extra target, Class C men allowed 2 extra targets.

Dec. 12.—The monthly live-bird shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club was held this afternoon at Dexter Park. Walter Sykes won in Class A without a competitor. In Class B Gaughen won, thus tieing Conny Furgueson for the annual prize in that class. Frost won in Class C, and is thus tied with E. A. Parr for the trophy in that class. The turnout of members at this shoot was somewhat disappointing. Scores:

W F Sykes (A, 28)	1•11110120—7	*F A Thompson (28)	1211232021—9
J Gaughen (B, 28)	1022212221—9	*C Jones (28)	01•11211•2—7
C Furgueson (B, 28)	202120•2 w	*L Muench (28)	2020001100—4
E G Frost (C, 27)	200211•032—6		

*Guests.

Thanksgiving Day at Tucson.

TUCSON, Ariz., Nov. 26.—Thanksgiving Day will long be remembered by the shooters of Arizona as the banner live-bird day, over 900 birds being trapped, thus necessitating the use of two sets of traps and twelve men to run them. The birds were an exceptionally strong lot, only three refusing to fly immediately upon the opening of the trap, and many of them seeming to start before it was opened. The traps were set on either side of the club house and a strong wind blew most of the day directly across the grounds.

The list of shooters was divided in two in each event, shooting one-half of the event on each set of traps, giving all an equal show. From start to finish everything ran in apple-pie order, Hallowell's experience while on the circuit last summer standing him in good stead as manager.

The interest of the day was centered in events 3, 4 and 5, as the highest score in those events entitled the successful shooter to a very handsome medal donated by our genial dealer here, Mr. K. L. Hart, a thorough sportsman and a clever shot. Although Hallowell had the burden of the management on his shoulders, he found spare time to kill 27 out of the 31 birds in the medal contest, and thus won it by the margin of one bird.

Among the visitors were Gilbert Ferguson, Prescott; J. H. Holmes, Lincoln Fowler, Fred Schofield, M. E Morin and B. M. Crawford, of Phœnix; Hon. M. A. Smith, Tombstone; M. B. Chubb, Los Angeles; P. H. Tyler, San Diego, and W. S. Cox, Chicago, representing King's Smokeless.

The shoot was appropriately rounded off by a banquet in the evening under the able supervision of Alex Rossi, whose *chef* was Joseph Soldini. Visitors and members alike voted it a great success. President Hallowell acted as toast-master and succeeded in eliciting many *bon mots* from those gathered around the board. Hon. M. A. Smith was especially happy in the choice of his remarks and was ably seconded by Hon James Finlay, R. M. Aldridge, Fred Schofield and others. All voted Tucson a thoroughbred town, both for tournaments and good times.

The following scores speak for themselves, and considering the quality of the birds are very creditable for the boys raised in this neck o' the woods.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
J Finley (28)	0001200—2	1001021011—7	0111011201101101—10
R M Aldridge (30)	1201221—6	1101011122—8	102211010001012— 9
J H Holmes (30)	0201222—5	1011102102—7	2012101202010012—10
F Wilding (29)	1002122—5	1102111002—7	1122202211000020—10
L Fowler (28)	1202100—4	0110001012—5	1001222211111100—11
C R Meyer (30)	0121220—5	1112011122—9	1212012102112220—12
M E Morin (29)	0221212—6	1001001120—5	1111211210211120—13
J B Jernigan (27)	1210200—4	0110001120—5	1000010200001101— 5
F Scofield (30)	2112010—5	1102000100—4	1111120111100012—11
C Dimick (27)	1110021—5	1221022002—7	1211121021201120—12
G Ferguson (30)	2012111—6	1222221020—8	2202222201211101—12
K L Hart (27)	1220012—4	1220222122—9	0202020211200200— 8
J J Hallowell (30)	0112002—4	1112202112—9	1101121011112122—13
M P Chubb (28)	1001022—4	2212120122—9	0122112201022212—12
W S Cox (29)	1012120—5	2200221210—7	.....
H H Pease		1100000111—5	1012100011011100— 8
A Rossi		2000110001—3	.....
M A Smith		1222010011—7	.....
P H Tyler		0110001120—5	0120011020112211—10
C Weber		.....	1200101010121112—10
C E Heaton		.....	0220122010222221—11

$15 added in No. 1, $20 in No. 2, and $25 in No. 3.

No. 4, 6 birds, $2, $10 added, 2 high guns: Dimick (27) and Hallowell (30) 6, L. Fowler (28) and Chubb (28) 5, Ferguson (30) and Meyer (30) 4, M. E. Morin (29), Scofield (30) and Heaton (27) 3.

No 5, 10 live birds, $3, $15 added, 4 moneys: Chubb (28) 9, Morin (29), Scofield (30), Dimick (27) and Hallowell (30) 8, Fowler (28) 7, Ferguson (30) 6.

No. 4 was known as the "old man's race," and was at 5 live birds per man, for the price of the birds. It had four entries and resulted as below: M. A. Smith 4, R. M. Aldridge and B. H. Crawford 3, Jas. Finley 2.

No. 7 was a miss and out, $2 entrance. The result was: Morin 8, North 7, Fowler 4, Finley and Scofield 3, Holmes, Estodillo and Aldridge 1, Chubb, Wilding, Hart, Ferguson, Meyer and Weber 0.

No. 8 was an extra at 10 live birds, $5 entrance, handicap rise, 4 moneys. It resulted thus: Gil. Ferguson (30) 10, Scofield (30), Hallowell (30) and Chubb (28) 9, J. H. Holmes (30), Aldridge (30), M. E. Morin (30), K. L. Hart (29), W. S. Cox (29), C. E. Heaton (27) and C. R. Meyer (30) 8, J. Finley (28), C. Dimick (27), L. Fowler (28), C. Weber (30) and F. Wilding (29) 7, H. H. Pease (26) 6

The summary of the medal shoot (Nos. 3, 4 and 5) shows: Hallowell 27 out of 30, Dimick and Chubb 26, Morin 24, Fowler 23, Scofield and Ferguson 22.

Below is a table showing the guns and loads of the shooters:

Name.	*Gun.*	*Powder.*	*Shell.*
Chubb	Parker	King's	Peters.
Morin	Burgess	Blue Ribbon	Blue Rival.
M A Smith	Parker	Blue Ribbon	Smokeless.
Crawford	Parker	Blue Ribbon	Smokeless.
Holmes	Smith	Du Pont	Smokeless.
Tyler	Smith	Blue Ribbon	Smokeless.
Ferguson	Francotte	Blue Ribbon and Du Pont.	Smokeless.
Scofield	Smith	Du Pont	Smokeless.
Fowler	Pieper	Gold Dust and Du Pont.	Acme and Sm'keless.
Cox	Parker	King's	Peters.
Hallowell	Smith	Blue Ribbon	Trap.
Hart	Smith	Blue Ribbon	Smokeless.
Jernigan	Smith	Blue Ribbon	Smokeless.
Wilding	Smith	Blue Ribbon	Smokeless.
Heaton	Smith	Blue Ribbon	Smokeless.
Rossi	Smith	Blue Ribbon	Smokeless.
Pease	Smith	Blue Ribbon	Smokeless.
Meyer	Parker	Blue Ribbon	Smokeless.
Weber	Remington	E. C.	Smokeless.
Dimick	Remington	Blue Ribbon	Smokeless.
Finley	Parker	Blue Ribbon	Smokeless.
Aldridge	Parker	E. C.	Trap.

NOTES OF THE SHOOT.

Morin is red hot with that left barrel of his "Burgess pump."

Fowler is going to use buckshot and black powder in his next tournament.

Dimick, who rung in as a simon pure amateur, shot a strong race.

Hon. Jas. Finley and R M. Aldridge, two old-time shooters, shot right through the day and were well up among the most favored.

Rossi, "the Italian bandit," started in to win the medal, but fell by the wayside.

Gil Ferguson did good work and made many friends by his gentlemanly behavior and sportsmanship.

Holmes and Scofield, two crackajacks from Phœnix, shot badly out of form.

Sunset Cox was doing lots of good missionary work for King's Smokeless.

U. M. C. Thomas should be proud of Tucson, all shooters but three using U. M. C. cases.

The shooting of Hon. M. A. Smith is worthy of mention. He was taught to shoot in the field only, and always calls "pull" with both hammers down. Considering this handicap, he made some kills that were "peaches."

Holmes, the territorial champion, won the leather medal, and in consequence had to buy a large hat.

TUCSON.

O. K. Gun Club, of Kansas City.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Dec. 5.—Below are the records made by members of the O. K. Gun Club, of this city, during the season of 1896:

	Jan.	Feb.	March.	April.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Average.	8 best shots.
C S Gottlieb	11	14	13	15	13	15	10	..	15	15	14	15	909	966
E A Hickman	11	14	15	14	13	15	14	14	13	13	14	12	900	941
C C Herman	..	..	13	14	11	13	10	15	14	12	12	..	844	866
W A Wilson	13	13	9	13	12	14	14	..	13	..	..	..	841	841
J W McCurdy	..	12	15	13	13	12	12	12	12	11	13	13	836	858
F C Peck	10	13	13	14	13	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	833	...
H B Green	14	10	12	14	11	14	13	12	12	13	11	13	827	875
W Everingham	12	13	13	13	12	12	11	..	13	..	..	..	825	825
H S Furgerson	14	12	13	10	13	13	..	..	15	13	11	8	813	866
C L McDonald	11	14	12	13	11	9	12	12	14	..	..	..	800	825
J Thomson	7	11	12	14	14	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	788	...
F Durrant	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	777	...
H J Whittier	..	..	11	13	..	13	12	..	..	..	9	10	755	...
G Garvey	8	13	10	11	12	12	12	12	14	13	11	7	750	825
W J Dillon	..	..	..	12	10	..	12	..	..	..	11	..	750	...
J H Durkee	..	14	..	10	13	13	14	..	11	..	12	..	725	...
G M Walden	..	8	11	14	10	13	10	12	8	..	..	..	716	716
H P Stewart	11	13	10	11	9	14	5	..	..	..	..	..	694	...
T D Bedford	..	11	..	10	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	688	...
J E Guinotte	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	666	...
W V Rieger	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	600	...
J B Keshler	..	..	6	7	..	..	5	8	..	..	10	9	500	...
O F Holmes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...

Around Philadelphia.

SILVER LAKE GUN CLUB.

Dec. 5.—The Silver Lake Gun Club held its first shoot of the winter season to-day on its grounds at Southwark. There was a good turnout of members, the directors of the club having decided to offer for competition three silver cups which will be shot for in a series of thirteen shoots. Each contestant to be eligible for either of the cups must take part in ten of the thirteen shoots. A sliding scale handicap has been adopted, each man starting in with a certain allowance of misses as breaks. The high score in any competition counts as 3 points; second highest scores count as 2 points, and third highest scores count 1 point. Those who make the highest scores in any one shoot lose one miss as a break from their handicap; in the next contest second and third remain as they were, while those who were unplaced each receive an additional miss as a break. The following are the scores made in two shoots decided to date:

	No. 1				No. 2.			
	Broke.	Handicap.	Total.	Points.	Broke.	Handicap.	Total.	Points.
Woodsteger	16	4	20	1	..	..	..	..
Lane	17	3	20	1	..	..	..	..
Stopfer	17	4	21	2	..	..	..	..
French	17	3	20	1	17	3	20	..
Gregory	13	7	20	1	17	7	24	2
Murphy	20	3	23	3	19	2	21	..
W Smith	8	8	16	..	..	..	..	..
Apgar	13	4	17	..	17	5	22	1
O'Brien	8	6	14	..	15	7	22	1
Ford	10	6	16	..	14	4	18	..
Scheetz	5	8	13	..	12	9	21	..
H Smith	9	8	17	..	8	6	14	..
Mink	..	..	..	..	20	4	24	2
Numbers	..	..	..	..	21	3	24	2
Price	..	..	..	..	20	5	25	3
Mount	..	..	..	..	7	8	15	..
Reed	..	..	..	..	14	7	21	..

WILLIAMS DEFEATS STERLING.

Dec. 7.—Harry Williams, of Camden, N. J., and Harry Sterling, of Stockton, N. J., shot a race to-day at Stockton, Williams defeating his opponent with ease. The conditions of the match were: 50 live birds per man, 21yds. rise, gun below the elbow, 80yds. boundary, Rhode Island rules, $100 a side. Wm. Sands was referee, J. K Starr acting as official scorer. The birds were a poor lot, and better scores should have been made by both shooters. Williams shot a 12-gauge gun, Sterling using his 10-gauge. At the end of the 26th round Sterling led by one bird; he then lost 6 straight, while his antagonist killed his 6, thus getting a lead of 5 that practically won him the match, his lead being 4 birds when the match was finished. Scores:

Trap score type—Copyright 1896 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

H Williams	↑→↗↑↖↗↑↗↘↑↗↖←↙→↙↑↑↑↘↙↑→↓↗
	1 0 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1—17
	↖↑↗↗→↖↓↖↑↑↙→↴↑↗↗↖↖↗←↗←↗↖↗
	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1—20—37
H Sterling	↰↗→↗↗↗→↙↘↑↘↘←↓↗↗↴↗↖↙↑↙↙↑→
	0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0—17
	↗←↖↖↑↖↖↗↖↗↖↖↗↖↖↗←↗↗↘↓↗
	1 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—16—33

FLORISTS' GUN CLB.

Dec. 8.—The Florists' Gun Club shot two club matches on their grounds at Wissinoming to-day. The first was the nineteenth match for the Donaldson handicap medal. This was won by A. B. Cartledge with the score of 22 out of 29. There will be seven more matches to determine the ownership of the medal, the highest number of wins in twenty-six contests to become the final owner. The wins to date are: George Craig 4, C. D. Ball 3, Ed Reid 2, John Burton 2, Geo Anderson 2, A. B. Cartledge 2, W. K. Park 1, W. K. Harris 1, J. W. Colflesh 1, Thos. Cartledge 1.

The second contest was for the W-A (Laflin & Rand) silver trophy and was won by W. K. Park, who hit 38 out of 50. The conditions for the W-A trophy were: 25 targets, known angles, handicap allowance, and 25 targets, unknown angles, without handicap; each contestant using at least twenty-five shells loaded with W-A smokeless. With one exception the scores are very much below the average, the greater number of lost birds being scored when the special powder was used, and was probably due to improperly loaded shells.

The scores made in the Donaldson handicap match were used in making up the total for the W-A trophy and are the first half of the scores given below:

W K Park (25)	1000010110110110110111	—16
	1101111111101111111110111	—22—38
Anderson (25)	1011000110111110101111	—18
	0111010011111011111101110	—18—36
A B Cartledge (29)	1111111001110111011001111110	—22
	0100011110001101101100111	—14—36
J Burton (25)	0111101110011110001110001	—15
	1111111111101111101010110	—20—35
J W Colflesh (29)	0101100100011110111011111110	—19
	1111001011011011100111010	—16—35
C Ball (28)	0110110110101011100001000101	—14
	1010000111111010101111011	—16—30
G O Bell (29)	1010100111110011011111011101	—20
	0111001001000000100011111	—11—31
G Craig (29)	1101111000101100110001110111	—16
	1000101111011000111000000	—11—27
W Harris (33)	0100100111011110001100101101011O	—18
	0101100010000100100000111	— 9—27
*J Carlisle	1110101100010010110010101	—10
	0100101101000111111111011	—15—25
*T Brown	1010110101101111110011100	—16
	0000101011000100000010000	— 6—22
*T Cartledge	0100011110100011000000000	— 8
	1100011100001000000000010	— 7—15

*Did not shoot their handicap allowances in the Donaldson contest.

Cook County League.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 8.—The annual meeting of the Cook County League was held at the Sherman House, this city, yesterday evening, Dec. 7, President T. P Hicks in the chair, Mr. E. E Fox acting as secretary *pro tem.* The following members and delegates were present: T. P. Hicks and C. P. Richards, Garfield Club; W. P. Cutler and R. W. Rexford, Garden City Club; O. von Lengerke and Dr. C. W. Corson, Eureka Club; E. E. Fox, F. G. Barnard, J. P. Goettel and M. J. Lowery, of Cicero Club; A. C. Patterson, of Calumet Heights Club. The first order of business was the reading of the minutes of the last annual meeting and those of the several meetings of the governing board. The treasurer's report showed the flattering balance on hand of $167.47.

Dr. Carson wished to amend some features of the classification rules, and Mr. Rexford wished to institute a new class—Class D—for future contests of the League. This involving an amendment to the by-laws finally took the form of a notice served by Mr. Rexford that at the next meeting of the League he would ask that Section 1 of the by-laws be so amended as to create a fourth class or Class D, and so that three from Class B and three from Class C could combine and form a B and C class team, so long as their combined averages did not exceed the percentage of either class.

It was decided to be the sense of the meeting that no team or individual should be eligible for more than one prize during the season.

Mr. Patterson served notice to so amend Section 2 of the by-laws that the contests of the League shall hereafter begin at 1 P. M. instead of at 2 P. M., as heretofore. This will be desirable, as it has always been late when the club contests were finished, and the start has not always been made promptly at the hour set.

Ridge Gun Club handed in its withdrawal from the League, which was accepted, this club not having a large enough membership to send a team.

The secretary was advised to send notices to members, looking to early meeting for the purpose of shooting off such undecided ties as still remain in the season contests.

Dr. Carson served notice that he would ask addition to the by-laws of a section on providing for a paid manager and official scorer for the future League contests—another very good movement. It was suggested with great justice that Mr. F. E. Coppernoll would make an excellent manager and Mr. C. H Hitchcock an equally good scorer. The governing board will probably select these gentlemen.

Election of officers was held with the following result: Mr. A. W. Adams, of Eureka Club, President; Mr. John H. Amberg, of Garden City Club, Vice-President; Mr. E. E. Fox, of Cicero Club, Secretary Mr. C. P. Richards, of Garfield Club, Treasurer; Messrs. A. C. Patterson, of Calumet Heights Club, M. J. Eich, of Douglas Club, and Dr. C. W. Carson, of Eureka Club, members of the governing board. Adjournment followed.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

In New Jersey.

AT BUNN'S GROUNDS.

Nov. 26.—The following scores were made to-day at Bunn's grounds on very fast birds. The first three events were at 10 birds, $5, class shooting. In addition to these events two miss-and-outs, $2 entrance, were also shot, with the following result:

No. 1: Morfey and Hopper 3, Morgan 2, Doty 1, Christie and Smith 0.

No. 2: Morgan 3, Morfey and Hopper 2, Smith and Doty 0.

The scores in the three events at 10 birds were:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
T W Morfey	0222102201—7	2220201100—6	2202222200—7
T C Christie	2220110200—6	0222010202—6	0020222012—6
Smith	2112002001—6	010200 v —2	2202120200—6
Doty	1201021222—8	0222212012—8	2221102212—9
E Morgan	0120120022—6	2201122222—9	2022222222—9
G Hopper			2222221222—10

DUTCHER.

SOCIAL ROD AND GUN CLUB, OF PATERSON.

Dec. 5.—The scores given below were made by members of the Social Rod and Gun Club, of Paterson, in one of its weekly contests for medals. The club shoots every Saturday afternoon, weather permitting, and intends to make things lively in Paterson target shooting circles. The scores were as below:

	Club shoot, handicap.		Shoot off.
E Morgan (26)	1011011011111001111010111010	—18	1111111110—9
G Hopper (25)	1001110110111111110010111	—18	1110010010—5
J Doty (26)	1101001010111101111111011	—18	0111111110—8
A Doty (26)	0111101110111110110010110	—18	1101011011—7
E Foley (28)	1101011010101011101111011000	—17	.....
J Subach (32)	1001011001010000100001110110100l	—14	.....
J Galliger (28)	1011010100001010110000110100	—12	.....
J Terwilliger * (29)	1000000000010101000010000	— 5	.....

* Did not shoot his handicap DUTCHER.

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

Dec. 5—The monthly shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club was held to day on the club's grounds at Rutherford. The weather was perfect, hence the high scoring The club shoot is at 50 targets, 25 known angles and 25 unknown angles, handicap allowance of extra targets, the allowance being shot off at unknown angles. Scores:

W H Huck (50)	11111111111111111101111111111111111111101111111111	—48
S Palmer (55)	11111111111011110111111101111111101101111111111101	—44
	10111	— 4—48
F Edwards (50)	11111111110101100111111111111111111111111111111111	—46
G E Greiff (50)	11101111111111111111111011110111111101111111111111	—46
P Adams (53)	01111111111111111111101111011001110110111111111	—43
	111	— 3—46
T Baron (55)	10110111111110111111111110111001110301111111111110	—41
	10111	— 4—45
N Apgar (50)	11111111011110111011111111111111111101111111011110	—44
C R Wise (50)	10110111111010111111101111111111101101111111111111	—43
De Wolf (55)	01111011111111011011111111111101100111101011111100	—39
	01111	— 4—43
B James (55)	11111111111110011110111011101101101100111000001	—36
	0111l	— 4—40
C Lenone (50)	11101101111101001111101111111011100111101101111111	—39
Harding (50)	11101111111010111101111111010011111011100111011111	—39
Marvin (65)	00010110101111111110001100000001111111110111011010	—30
	11100100011011O	— 8—38
Lane (58)	00011100111110111011100100001111010111110011011111	—32
	10011011	— 5—37
*E Collins	11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111101	—49
*De Wolf	11111110011111111011111111011111111111111111001111	—44

*E Collins shot along for the birds, making the high score. De Wolf also shot another string of 50 targets, scoring a total of 83 out of his 100.

The tie between Huck and Palmer was shot off at 20 targets per man, Huck allowing Palmer 2 extra targets. The shoot-off resulted in another tie on 17 each. They then shot off at 10 targets, Palmer receiving 1 extra target as an allowance. Huck won the cup by breaking 8 out of 10 to Palmer's 7 out of 11. The shoot-off was decided in a light that was scarcely good enough to see a target leave the traps.

Other sweeps, all at unknown angles, were shot as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	10	15	15	Targets:	10	10	15	15
Collins	10	9	13	15	Greiff	..	..	14	..
Apgar	9	7	14	15	Marvin	..	..	10	6
Edwards	8	9	13	11	Baron	..	..	12	11
Adams	4	8	12	11	James	..	..	11	..
De Wolf	7	6	14	10	Lenone	..	..	..	12
Huck	8	6	14	12	Harding	..	..	..	12
Lane	..	..	7	14					

BERGEN COUNTY GUN CLUB.

Dec. 5.—Below are the scores made to-day on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club, the main event being a contest at 30 targets for a silver keg of Laflin & Rand's W-A powder. Bell was the winner of this trophy with 27 out of 30. Scores:

Bell	111111111111111111111111110010—27
Hebbard	00111111001111101111111001111—23
Conklin	01011111011101111101011101010—22
Lefferts	00010111110101100101011110110—18
Warner	11010100111101001011010011001—17
Hall	11001110010101000011001111010—15
Blauvelt	10010010001111110101010000110—15
Jackson	10001011100101011110001001000—13
Post	01011100100001110101001000100—13
Gardner	00100000100000100111011101000—11
U Thule	01000000010101010100001011001—11

Other events were as follows:

No. 1: Bell 8, Johnson 7, Banta and Warren 5, Post 4, Gardner 3.

No. 2: Gardner 5, Banta 4, Jackson 5.

No. 3: Banta 9, Warner and Jackson 8, Post 6.

THE ENDEAVORS DEFEAT THE BERGEN COUNTY MEN.

Dec. 9.—The Endeavor Gun Club defeated the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, to-day, on the grounds of the former at Marion, N. J. The weather was very unfavorable for good shooting, there being a high wind blowing across the traps. Louis Piercy, the boy member of the Endeavor Gun Club, did some excellent work, breaking 29 out of 30 in the team race. To-day's contest decided the series between these two clubs, the Endeavors making the record two straight. Scores:

Endeavor Gun Club.

E Collins	10101111101101101110111111110—23
L Piercy	01111111111111111111111111111111—29
A Woodruff	01101011101111101101001110111111—22
M Herrington	11111110111001110001011110111—22
E Taylor	11011111111011010111111011110—24
H S Welles	11111110111001100111000101011l—20
C von Lengerke	10011011010011000110101000l111—16
G Piercy	10111111011011011111011111010—23
E Ingram	00010101111111001010100100101111—17—196

Bergen County Gun Club.

C W Dudley	11011111111111111111111100011111—26
J S Remsen	11171011011111101101011110011—23
G Ricardo	10101111101010011100100001l010—15
Conklin	11111110111101110001100101011101—21
B James	00100100001000001011010101001— 9
N Apgar	11111011111110010111111011l110—24
Job Lott	10011111111011111110011111O111—24
H P Feesenden	11111111010011110101011011O111—22
J W Hildreth	10111111111111100111011111100110—23—187

Other sweeps were shot as below, the average of the scores made being very low, owing to the wind:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	20	20	15	20	Targets:	20	20	15	20
G Piercy	13	17	13	17	Ingram	11	..	..	13
L Piercy	13	..	..	..	Woodruff	..	14	12	13
Hildreth	11	14	10	11	Remsen	..	20	..	16
Collins	18	18	13	18	Dudley	..	13	..	..
Strader	17	16	12	15	Cameron	..	11	10	..
Lott	14	14	..	15	Apgar	..	17	..	18
Welles	14	17	..	9	Taylor	..	..	11	16
Herrington	15	15	..	12	Carl	..	..	10	9

A. R. STRADER.

AT ELKWOOD PARK.

Dec. 11.—W. R. Patten and Phil Daly, Jr., shot a 50-bird race to-day, Daly conceding his opponent the very large odds of 8yds., standing at 33yds. as against 25yds. Patten outshot Daly under the conditions, the latter retiring at the end of the 46 h round. Scores:

W R Patten (25)	12221222220122222220210l0—21
	2102202012022112112022 2w—18—39
P Daly, Jr (33)	12020202222122221220212002—19
	00220021022022222202w —14—33

FORESTER GUN CLUB, OF NEWARK.

Dec. 12.—The regular monthly target shoot of the Forester Gun Club, of Newark, was held this afternoon. Only four shooters were present, some of the boys laying back for Christmas, when we have a good shoot for turkeys, the shoot being an all-day one. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Jewell	8	6	6	7	6	8	..	..	7	..
Winans	7	3	6	5	5	3	1	..	3	..
W Smith	..	7	10	8	10	10	6	8	10	10
Wambold	..	..	9	7	7	9	6	6	..	..

Nos. 1, 2 and 6 were at known angles; Nos. 3, 5, 9 and 10 at unknown angles; No. 4, reversed order; Nos. 7 and 8 at 5 pairs.

H. E. WINANS, Sec'y.

REMSEN WON AT HACKENSACK.

Dec. 12.—The contest for the *Recreation* cup at Hackensack, N. J., took place to-day under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club of that place. There were only ten entries a number remarkably small when one considers the generous conditions under which the trophy is offered for competition. Of those ten entries only eight completed their scores. J. S. S. Remsen, of Brooklyn, N. Y., winning the first shoot for the cup by a margin of 3 targets from his nearest opponent, Edwards, also of Brooklyn, who secured $5 for running into second place. Ed Taylor, of Laflin & Rand, was third, and received back the amount of his entrance fee, $2. In addition to these prizes there was an optional sweepstake of 75 cents on each string of 25 targets, which added considerably to the interest of the shoot. The conditions were 100 targets per man, 50 being shot at known traps and angles, and the other 50 at known traps, unknown angles.

The scores were ridiculouely low, 82 winning the first contest for the cup. (This cup has to be shot for seven times, once every two months, the man winning it the greatest number of times out of the seven becoming the ultimate owner. Thus Remsen starts in with one win to his credit.) It is rather a mystery what caused the low scores. Nobody could make a good score, Remsen's 23 in the first 25 being the best effort; his three next strings were 19, 19 and 21. Neaf Apgar could do no better than 71, a total that disgusted him and amazed everybody else. The secret of the trouble seemed to be the poor background and hard-breaking targets, the number of "dusted birds" being far above the average. The targets also were thrown low and far, but there was very little wind to bother the shooters. The scores in the 100 target race were as follows:

J S S Remsen	11111101111111111011111111110111011011101111101111011—42
	11011111111001101111111111111111111111011101111011101—42
F S Edwards	11101111110011011111111111111111111111011101111011101—42
	11111111011100111011110111000110110100110111111—37—79
Ed Taylor	11110111101110101110001111100011110110110011111110—35
	11111011110110111111111001111111011111111010101011—40—75
Neaf Apgar	10110111111011001111111001111111111100111111011011—39
	01111100010111110111101011011011100C0011011101101—32—71
Conklin	11100001110100111011011010000001111111111111—33
	00001111011110101100101010111101100011011111110—32—65
Hexamer	00011111110101100011000100011110100011111111101101—30
	10111101111101001000110010110000000100110011110010—25—55
J W Hildreth	10101001101110111010011100110111001101111001110100101—31
	11001010000010011010110110110110001010010010110l100 -23—54
C F Lenone	11010011001001111110001100101010110000101101111101—28
	01100010110011100011100000000001101000000100110—16—44
*C C Hebbard	00101110011111101011100100111111000010010000010010—24
	00001111110011101000000l0w —11—35
*T Bell	01111000101100000110101101000000100011011011011000—22

* Hebbard withdrew at the end of the 75th round, Bell withdrawing at the end of the 50th round.

At Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 9.—Live-bird scores made here to-day were as below:

Dr Carver	11212122221210120220002222	—20
	12222220122111020212221122011212021	—30
G Roll	22221112121211222222l0012	—23
	21111220101211122122l120011212	—26
Sibley	12102001201221120001	—13
Bocci	22200102022200102020	—11
Barto	2011020110122202	—10
Amberg	0100121002110120	— 8
Laird	020002111100101	— 8
Simesitte	2202111020	— 7
Rehm	2011120001	— 6
Church	1100100001	— 4
Bear	0001100210	— 4

Dec. 10—John L. Winston (147) shot at 21 birds here to-day, scoring 19 of them, as shown below:

Winston	22222022222102222222—19

Dec. 11.—Both Winston and Carver were on hand to day to do a little practice shooting, 147 scored 37 out of 38 birds shot at:

Winston	12122202222222222222222222222222222222—37
Carver	22201102212120211220l022 —20
	22110211211212022210121210011O —24

Dec. 12.—There was quite a lot of shooting here to-day. Carver and Roll shot at 30 practice birds, each killing 28. Winston shot at 54, scoring 44 out of that number. Records made to-day were as below:

Winston	02222222210022212222222l0	—21
	22222220222222212222020220202	—23
Carver	22122222022122202222122212212	—28
Roll	22202222222111222222222221112O2	—28
Goodrich	0001210202212201222121112	—18
Frothingham	12100121112210122100	—15
Rehm	1121120120101l0	—11
Lord	1022020000201020	— 7
Fish	11010100121102110010122000l2	—17
Comley	22021010221222111111111111122	—25
McHie	1211102211	— 9
Amberg	121112221O	— 9
Laird	01112010222	— 7
Burke	1010200211	— 6
Lee	0201201111	— 7

RAVELRIGG.

Another Tie Race at Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Dec. 3.—This city is getting rather famous in the trap-shooting world, by reason of the numerous tie races that have been shot here lately. Dick Merrill and Dr. Williamson have been responsible for three of them, while to-day Dr. Williamson and George Deiter added another to the list. This was a 200-bird match, J. A. Bush looking after Deiter's interests, while Merrill handled his late opponent, Dr. Williamson.

In the first half of the match Deiter shot poorly, and seemed unable to do anything with the birds. The score at the end of the first 100 stood 88 to 81 in favor of Dr. Williamson. Then an adjournment was had for lunch, and the interval seemed to brace up Deiter, who went in and ran 74 straight out of the second 100, his straight run being 77 all told. Out of the last 26 birds he lost 5, completing the match with a total of 176, scoring 95 out of his last 100. Dr. Williamson did not go to pieces as a result of Deiter's long run, but kept shooting away at a regular gait and finished with 176 also, scoring 88 out of each 100. His double-figure runs were: 20, 19, 19, 14, 12, 12, 10, 10. Deiter's runs were: 77, 14, 12, 10. The scores were:

Dr. Williamson	22211111111222222220•112•—28
	121112122••01•11501102122—19
	21111222122112110240222121—24
	22201221212201110222122—22
	222202211••2112110•121111—20
	01222112112012222210222212—22
	22222•111•22211112211122—23
	12220122122122222012112—23—176
G. Deiter	22222222222220•02221212—22
	02111221222201•1220•2021—19
	20•11110121022211202222—20
	2•12112212221•2•222200521—20
	22222112222222222212222222—25
	22222222212121222222222222—25
	22222222222222222222220—24
	02222202220222201121122222—21—176

Quail from the Trap.

NOT very long ago we were told that quail had been shot from the trap at Morristown, N. J., and were much surprised to learn that several local shooters had taken part in the shoot. When the affair was reported to us by one of the participants, we expressed our opinion of such a "sport." It seems that we are by no means isolated in our position on the matter. The following extracts from Pittsburg, Pa., newspapers explain themselves:

No. 1 is from the *Daily News* of December 8 and reads thus: "William French, H. Harper, George Ziegler and S. Brown, of Butler, Pa., were in Pittsburg this morning and announced that on next Monday they would hold a quail shoot at Butler. They claim to have 500 of these delectable birds to trap, and invite all of the Pittsburg wing shots to take aim at them. The question has been raised as to the legality of the gentlemen named in disposing of quail in this manner, and many Pittsburg shooters claim that it is unlawful to do so. Before going to Butler on this intent they will consult an attorney as to their right to so end the existence of these birds."

No. 2, from the *Commercial Gazette*, is as follows: "That proposed quail contest at Butler caused a great deal of talk among local shooters yesterday, and not a man could be found who indorsed the affair. There was an unanimity of opinion in denouncing it as being unsportsmanlike and decidedly unfair. Elmer Shaner, who is perhaps the best posted shooter in the State, was quite indignant yesterday, and said he was glad that the shoot was not to be held by any recognized club, but by a few parties who ought to have better sense. If the shoot was by a club he would at once take action toward having it expelled from the State Association. So far as he knew, there was no law to prevent such a shoot, but he felt certain that no true sportsman would participate in such a contest, as they would lay themselves open to be called pot-hunters. He was certain that none of the local shooters would participate in the contest, and from what he knew of Butler county shooters he felt that they would do everything in their power to prevent its taking place."

Later news from Pittsburg is contained in the following dispatch from Butler, Pa., Dec. 12, to the Pittsburg *Leader*: "The live quail shoot which was to have been held here on Monday by the Butler Gun Club has been called off, owing to the opposition of Pittsburg sporting men. The members of the club thought a live quail shoot would be all right, and it met with the approval of all the sportsmen they had consulted. It was the intention to get 600 quail and turn 100 loose, and it was expected that a couple of hundred would escape from the marksmen, thus stocking the surrounding country with birds. They did not expect any opposition, but since it has come they have decided to call the shoot off, which is a matter of regret to a majority of the sporting people of the vicinity."

Cartridge Loading Machines in Court.

THE Peters Cartridge Company, of Cincinnati, O., sends us the following account of the ending of its nine years of legal warfare against the Standard Cartridge Company, of Chicago:

"The United States Circuit Court of Appeals has just decided the case of the Peters Cartridge Co., of Cincinnati, against the Standard Cartridge Co., of Chicago, in favor of the Peters Company. The Standard Co., which now has an existence only in the courts, was composed of several of the leading powder companies, and boasted of having $30 000,000 at its command. A certain machinist, who had assisted in building the Peters cartridge machines, adopted their inventions and proceeded to build machines which the Standard Co. operated, although warned that these machines were gross infringements upon the rights of the Peters Cartridge Co. Going into the Patent Office, it sought to have set aside the various patents and pending applications of the latter company, and secured for itself a number of exceedingly expensive interference suits, every one of which was decided in favor of the Peters Cartridge Company. Not satisfied with this, it carried two of the suits into the United States Court That referring to the 'Round Table Machine' was dismissed at complainants' cost in the U. S circuit court. The 'Endless Chain' case was fought from one court to another, much additional testimony being taken, but all the decisions were in favor of the Peters Cartridge Company. The judge of the circuit said in delivering his opinion 'That the attempt to appropriate the invention was fraudulent.' The judges of the Appellate Court reaffirmed this. Long, tedious and expensive litigation of almost nine years has thus ended. About 5,000 printed pages of testimony were taken. This leaves the Peters Cartridge Co. sole owner of these two types of successful shell-loading machines."

Trap Around Pittsburg.

NORTHSIDE GUN CLUB.

Dec. 8.—There was quite a good attendance at the grounds of the Northside Gun Club this afternoon. Six events, all 15 targets each, were shot during the afternoon, the following scores being made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Moyer	11	8	6	7	10	11	Zuemmer	..	13	10	13	10	11
McClaran	9	8	7	5	11	9	Major	..	3	5	11	9	8
Kinzer	5	7	..	5	6	7	Bollen	..	8	10	12	10	11
Mack	8	8	7	8	8	9	Young Flicker	..	5	8	7	7	..
Jones	4	5	5	8	5	7	Jiles	..	3	..	4	..	..
Shaner	14	10	12	13	11	13	Cullen	..	..	4	7	8	10
Thomas	11	12	11	7	8	11	Stewart	..	..	..	3	8	7
Smith	6	7	8	8	8	10	Daub	..	..	..	..	10	..
Budd	..	10	11	..	..	..							

ALLEGHENY CITY ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Dec. 3.—At the weekly shoot of the Allegheny City Rod and Gun Club, held to-day at Thomas Farm, Capt. Hulings won the club badge with 24 out of 25 targets. Scores:

Hulings 24, Jos. Fuchs 23, John Fugger and John Gerber 21, Henry Noll 20, J. G. Eckerman and H. T. Thomas 19, J. Meyer 17, F. L. Ober 15, Mike Glitch 13. M. GLITCH, Sec'y A. C. R. and G. C.

In another portion of these columns we have made a note about "Quail from the Trap." The stand taken by the sportsmen of Pittsburg, Pa., against such an unsportsmanlike proceeding cannot be too highly commended. This is not the first time we have heard of quail being shot from traps, but we hope it will be the last. If you want to shoot Bob White, go after him into the stubbles and woods with a dog and gun; when you place him in your pocket then you have not committed murder. It was you and your dog against the quail, heavy odds maybe, but it was not a massacre.

New Jersey trap shooters ought to take a brace and get to work reorganizing the State Sportsmen's Association. New Jersey shooters ought also to see to it that some radical changes are made in the game laws of that State. The open season on ruffed grouse ends on Dec. 10, yet hunters can scour the woods until Jan. 1 in search of quail and rabbits! The State Association could do something to help in rectifying such manifest errors.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

T. H. E., East Boston.—The *Youth's Companion* story about frog farming has an air of fiction, and is not to be taken as demonstrating the actuality or practicability of frog farming.

A. E. E., Lodi, O.—Your description is rather vague, but we imagine that your bird is a loon (*Urinator*), perhaps *U. septentrionelis*, the red-throated diver. Did you note anything special about the position of legs?

SANDUS, Sandusky, O.—1. Will a 28in. shotgun barrel give as good results at the trap as a 30in. barrel? 2. Can you cover the target quicker with the 28in. barrel? Ans.—1. With smokeless powder, yes; with black powder, no. 2. Yes.

J. H., Belire, Br. Honduras.—If I ordered a 38 55 Winchester rifle, would it come with a "cast off" in the stock for a right-armed shooter, or are the stocks without cast off. Being a left-armed shooter, should I state this in ordering a rifle? Of course, if the stocks are always furnished straight then it would not be necessary. Ans.—Stocks are always furnished without cast off.

C. J. A., New York.—Are there any Great Dane kennels? If so, will you kindly give me their addresses? Also what is the natural disposition of Great Danes? Ans.—There are a number of Great Dane kennels in this country, but most of them seem indifferent about their addresses being made known. The Great Dane is mild in disposition, though courageous. They are rarely vicious in temper.

C. L. J., London, Ont.—My pointer pup is apparently in good health but for a slight cough, which affects him only when first let out of his kennel. Then he appears to have some slight obstruction in his throat and coughs a few times till he succeeds in coughing it up. He is kept in a shed about 10×12, and supplied with plenty of good dry straw; has plenty water, and is fed mostly on porridge made of shots and corn meal. My old setter is similarly affected, but much more so, as he is seldom without more or less of a cough, and has had it for some two or three years, more or less. What would you recommend? Ans. Apply tincture of iodine around throat daily till skin becomes sore, then stop. Give following mixture:

Tr. camph. opii	ʒ v
Vin. ipecac	ʒ ii
Morph. sulph	grs. iii
Syr. simpl	ʒ ii
Aq @	ʒ vi

Give one teaspoonful three times a day. Older dog should have mixture oftener—four or five times a day.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Map of the United States.

A LARGE, handsome map of the United States, mounted and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in postage by P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE

346 Broadway

NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING

Present Entrance on Leonard Street

ENLARGE THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

A GOOD many years ago the FOREST AND STREAM suggested that the Jackson's Hole country south of the Yellowstone National Park ought to be added to that reservation, and recently the subject was brought up again by one of our Montana correspondents. This enlargement of the reservation is clearly something that ought to take place, and as soon as possible. It would add much to the attractiveness of the Park, for here may be found some of the grandest scenery in Wyoming—deep rivers, broad lakes, and snow-clad mountains as yet unscaled. Here are Jackson's Lake, the Three Tetons, and many other tall peaks and beautiful valleys of a wonderful region; places without number where one may camp and travel undisturbed, and may imagine himself to be living again the life of the real wilderness. Moreover, this is the home of the game, of moose, elk, deer, antelope—perhaps even of buffalo, and is especially interesting as being the winter range of some of these species.

This region is one of great elevation, of heavy winter snowfall, and as yet is almost without permanent settlers. Its principal use at present is for summer hay ranches for the Mormons, who live lower down on Snake River, and who come there early in the summer to cut the grass that grows on the Snake River bottoms and on the flats about Jackson's Lake, and for hotels from which hunting parties, desiring to kill game along the southern borders of the Yellowstone Park, may start out on their trips. On either side from Snake River rise the wide, sage-covered benches of the river's flood plain, a few years since the feeding ground of herds of antelope. In the ravines which run down from the mountains there were many mule deer, and in the pine forests of the foothills, and among the quaking aspen groves of the higher land, the elk used to band up in September and the clear bugling of the bulls echoed along the mountains. Down close to the lake, or in the willowy swamps of the high land, there are still some moose, though their numbers are few by comparison with what they were in years gone by.

To the west rises the superb range of the Tetons, seeming like a wall which overhangs Jackson's Lake and the river valley; away to the east the land rises more gradually to pine crested foothills, then to higher bald plateaus, and then still further away to loftier mountains, with here and there a peak, until at length the stupendous heights are reached, out from which pours the mighty stream of the main Yellowstone.

Truly this is a region worthy to be preserved in its native wildness, a region valueless for settlement, but priceless as a park and summer wandering place for the tourist who loves nature and her solitudes. As a resort for game, it is perhaps unequaled on this continent, and joined to the Yellowstone Park as it stands to-day and to the adjacent forest reservation it will make a game preserve that can nowhere be equaled.

It is hardly to be conceived that anyone will object to the setting aside of this region as an addition to the territory of the Yellowstone Park. If such objectors shall be found it will be among the settlers adjacent to the region, or temporarily occupying it. The haymakers may declare that their claims should not be interfered with, and the men who occupy buildings there in the summer and who take out hunting parties may grumble, and say that their business is being interfered with; but in a matter where the interests of the whole nation are involved the objections of these people are not worth considering. The greatest good of the greatest number must be the guide for legislation.

When our correspondent brought this subject up again, we urged that he try to interest in it members of Congress from districts immediately about the Park, and to induce them to move actively in the matter. This has been done. Senator Carter, of Montana, is understood to have drawn a bill providing for the setting apart from settlement of a tract about fifty miles square, to include the Jackson's Hole country, and it is said that the Senators of Montana and Idaho all indorse the bill. Of course, for such a bill the support of the Wyoming Senators is greatly needed, since all the land to be withdrawn from settlement will be taken from within the borders of this State.

It is a cheering sign that the Senators from States bordering on the National Park are beginning to take an active interest in that reservation. Heretofore it has been the Senators from other and distant States who have chiefly concerned themselves with this national pleasure ground, while those whose districts it lies in or near have been careless of its interests It is to be hoped that the present movement presages better things for the future.

FRED MATHER.

IT is a pleasure to present to-day one who is known so well. If in the face any one shall fail to recognize those features which have been pictured in fancy, he may know nevertheless that it is an excellent portrait of Mr. Mather, taken on Aug. 2, 1893, that being his sixtieth birthday.

The author of "Men I Have Fished With" was born into this fishing world Aug. 2, 1833, in the little village of Greenbush, opposite Albany, on the Hudson. He has said that as a boy he loved shooting and fishing so well and hated school so much that he now wonders how he learned anything. However this may be, we are all agreed that he was destined to win large acquisitions of the philosophy of life and to master the art of felicitous discourse—witness the series of chapters to which his Christmas story belongs.

In 1854 Mr. Mather went to Wisconsin, where, as he has already told in our columns, three years were spent in hunting and trapping; thence he drifted to Kansas, and then his friends gathered at Old Port's to give him a Christmas welcome home. In response to the call for troops in 1862 he enlisted in the army as private and served until the close of the war. Our choice of a portrait for the FOREST AND STREAM happened to be that one which shows him in uniform and with service insignia which will tell their own story.

Mr. Mather took an active interest in fishculture at an early stage of its development in this country. In 1868 he bought a farm in western New York and began trout breeding, and was called on to hatch shad for the United States on several rivers. He was sent to Germany four times on fishcultural business, the last time in charge of the fishcultural branch of the American exhibit at the International Fisheries Exposition in Berlin. He hatched the first sea bass and took the first grayling eggs. In 1883 he took charge of the New York State hatchery on Long Island, where he remained until last spring, when he moved to Brooklyn. He urged the stocking of the Hudson with salmon and did it; discovered how scallops breed and that lobsters spawn only once in two years. He founded the American Fisheries Society and is an honorary member of all foreign fishery societies.

As a writer on fish and fishing Mr. Mather has been known to FOREST AND STREAM readers since its first number in 1873. For several years he was the editor of our angling columns. Always delightful as a story teller, he has never written anything in happier vein than these chapters of personal sketches of companions of field and stream. The heroes of his tales are to be counted fortunate in their historian; and yet more fortunate are the thousands whose privilege it is to read the reminiscences chronicled, and so often to find in them each for himself something of the experiences, the fortunes and the friendships of his own life.

AN INCIDENT OF CHRISTMAS EVE, 1586.

IN the black letter of Hakluyt, in the narrative of "The admirable and prosperous Voyage of the Worshipful Mr. Thomas Cavendish, of Trimley, in the County of Suffolk, Esquire, into the South Sea, and from thence round about the circumference of the whole earth, begun in the year of our Lord 1586 and finished 1588," it is written that on the 16th day of December, 1586, the fleet of three ships fell in with the Coast of America, and on the 17th, in the afternoon, entered into a harbor which they called, after the name of the Admiral's ship, Port Desire, an appel lation which if you will look on the map of South America, you will find to have remained until this day. Here in Port Desire was found a wonderful great store of seals. These seals, the old chronicle reads, "were of a wonderful great bigness, huge and monstrous of shape, and for the forepart of their bodies cannot be compared to anything better than to a lion; their head and neck and fore parts of their bodies are full of rough hair; their young are marvellous good meat, and being boiled or roasted are hardly to be known from lamb or mutton." Seal hunting in those early times was very much like seal hunting in Alaska today; it was simply a matter of clubs. "The old ones," the narrative records, "be of such bigness and force that it is as much as four men are able to do to kill one of them with great cowle-staves: and he must be beaten down with striking on the head of him, for his body is of that bigness that four men could never kill him, but only on the head."

Here at Port Desire the crews careened and trimmed their ships, the Desire, the Content and the Hugh Gallant; and laid in a great store of seal and of penguins, for these fowl afforded a favorite food supply for the voyagers of those times. While thus engaged, on Dec. 24, being Christmas Eve, the Hakluyt story tells us:

"A man and a boy of the Rear-Admiral went some forty score from our ships unto a very fair green valley at the foot of the mountains, where was a little pit or well, which our men had digged and made some two or three days before to get fresh water. Therefore this man and boy came thither to wash their linen, and being in washing at the said well, there were great store of Indians which were come down and found the said man and boy in washing. These Indians being divided on each side of the rocks, shot at them with their arrows and hurt them both, but they fled presently, being about fifty or threescore, though our General followed them with but sixteen or twenty men. The man's name that was hurt was John Garge, the boy's name was Lutch. The man was shot in through the knee, the boy in the shoulder, either of them having very sore wounds. Their arrows are made of little canes, and their heads are of a flint stone set into the cane very artificially. They seldom or never see any Christians; they are wild as ever was a buck or any other wild beast, for we followed them and they ran from us as if it had been the wildest thing in the world. We took the measure of one of their feet, and it was 18 inches long."

In the famous voyages of De Bry, published at Frankfort-on-the-Main in 1593, the adventures of the voyagers and explorers of the world are set out in engravings now counted among the most cherished possessions of the book collector. From one of the volumes owned by the FOREST AND STREAM, we have copied out for this Christmas of 1896 the quaint picture of the misadventure which befell the sealers at Port Desire on that Christmas Eve of 1586. The artist on the spot has left us a graphic delineation of the incident; if any shall object that his drawing is in its perspective not up to the standard of to day, be it remembered that a proper appreciation of perspective is something many a well-meaning individual lacks even in this year of grace.

CHECKMATED?

OF all the game birds, none approach the ruffed grouse in cunning devices to avoid its pursuer, and courageous dash in their execution. It is a versatile strategist, whether afoot or awing, often evading the most skillful shot and always taxing the highest capabilities of the dog to baffle its wiles and evade its vigilance so that a point may be secured; or, failing that, a flush within range of the shooter, a not infrequent occurrence in ruffed grouse shooting.

Our full-page illustration of a shooting scene in the haunts of the ruffed grouse is from the deft brush of Prof. Edm. H. Osthaus, whose skill with brush and pencil in the portrayal of the wholesome sports of field and forest has more than a national fame. The spirited sketch pictures the juncture when the dog has at last brought the bird to take refuge in concealment, checkmated, perhaps; and the shooter, keyed up to the highest nervous tension, is ready for the bird's roar of wings, and the lightning dash for cover, with the accompanying trick of putting its line of flight so that a tree, rock, fence or wall is between it and its pursuer, thus defeating many times what seemed almost a success for the gun, and making the checkmate always doubtful; for this resourceful bird is never governed by set rules—what in appearance seems to be a certain checkmate may be turned at the last moment into a dashing evasion and brilliant escape. Prof. Osthaus most happily catches the spirit of the theme in the *ensemble* of wild, secluded haunts, crafty dog and skillful sportsman.

WILLIAM LYMAN.

WE regret to record the death of William Lyman, in th city, Sunday, Dec. 20. Mr. Lyman was gifted with inventive genius of decided versatility. Among his invention were the bow-facing rowing gear, an important improvement of the clothes-wringer, and the several rifle and gun sights which have made his name familiar to the sportsmen of America and Europe. He possessed a rare fund of quaint humor which never failed to charm his friends, of whom the circle was wide, with their friendships growing closer as the years went by. Mr. Lyman was in his forty-third year,



FOR CHRISTMAS WEEK READING.

A Christmas with Old Port.
Deer Stalking.
Charley Reynolds.
Woodland Bird Notes.
About Wolves and Coyotes.
The Baron and the Wolves.
A Camp Ghost Story.
Holland.
Naming the Boy.

CHARLEY REYNOLDS.*

TWENTY years ago this last summer the Custer fight took place on the banks of the Little Big Horn River, in Montana. Many brave men lost ther lives on that June 26, and the news of that fight carried sorrow into many homes in the land.

The story of the Custer battle has often been told, but the accounts of one part of it are largely guesswork. I have heard the story many times from Indians, half-breeds and white men, but I do not now wish to refer to it further than to speak of one of the men who died there, who was good, brave and a true friend of mine. This was Charley Reynolds, for several years Gen. Custer's chief of scouts.

Measured by years, my knowledge of Charley was not long. Measured by intimacy of intercourse, our friendship was very close. I first met him in June, 1874, and for three months thereafter we were together every day, and often all day. Parting soon after the return of the Black Hills expedition to Fort Abraham Lincoln, we did not see each other again until the next summer, though frequent letters were exchanged between us. The next year Charley accompanied me on a reconnoissance from Fort Lincoln up the Missouri River to Carroll, and thence across the country to Fort Ellis, Mont., through the Yellowstone Park, back to the Judith River; from the mouth of the Judith down the Missouri in a Mackinaw boat to Carroll, and thence down the river again to Bismarck. In the spring of 1876 Gen. Custer telegraphed to me at New Haven, where I then resided, inviting me to accompany him on the expedition of that year. He requested me, if I could come, to report at Fort Lincoln on May 30. Private affairs detained me in the East, so that I could not reach Fort Lincoln before June 30, and I was obliged to forego the trip. If I had been able to go, Charley and I would have met again, and we might have fought side by side in the Reno Creek Valley.

During the two expeditions of '74 and '75 Charley and I were together much of the time. From some reason or other, from our first meeting we liked each other, and the liking grew as we came to know one another better and better. During the trip of 1875 we rode and hunted together all the time, messed together and slept together. It was chiefly during this trip that I received from him such confidences as gave me some idea of his early life and of the place of his birth. It can readily be understood that I never asked him any questions about himself. This I have long greatly regretted, because I have no doubt he would willingly have told me the whole story of his life, and this knowledge, if I had had it, might have been a comfort to some of his relations.

At the time of our trip to the Black Hills Charley was thirty-one years old. From statements made to me, and from casual remarks made from time to time, I know that he was born in western Kentucky, somewhere within 100 miles of Memphis, Tenn. His father was a gentleman, well to do, and fond of outdoor sports, among other things a great deer hunter, following his hounds on horseback over the rough mountains near his home. He had been a slave owner. When Charley was a little fellow about twelve or fourteen years old he was sent away to boarding school, to Indianapolis, Ind. An uncle of his lived in that city. His stay there was not long. He was homesick, and was, as he imagined, unjustly treated by the principal of the school, and before long he ran away. He did not dare to go home nor to his uncle, but determined to depend on himself for support, and started west on foot.

Just how it came about I do not know, but in some way he joined an emigrant train going across the plains, and traveled with it to what is now Denver, where the train disbanded, and he was thrown on his own resources. He had a little money, given him perhaps for his services while crossing the plains, and this enabled him to buy a little pistol and to support himself for a short time. Before very long, however, his money gave out. There was no opportunity for him to get anything to do in Denver, and he started to walk further into the mountains to see if he could get employment somewhere. He was now about fifteen or sixteen years old.

He walked for a day and a half into the hills without eating anything, and began to get pretty hungry and pretty desperate. One evening he came to a little cabin, and made up his mind that here he would eat. He entered and drew his little pistol from his holster, and, pointing it at the man who was getting supper there, ordered him to give him something to eat at once. The little old man looked at him with a queer smile, but said nothing, and set food before him, and Charley put his pistol down by the side of the plate and burst out crying. The old fellow spoke kindly and pleasantly to him, and after Charley had eaten drew from him his story. He kept the boy with him all that winter and through the following year, taught him much about hunting, trapping and mountain life, and purchased for him a little rifle. Very likely Charley would have remained with him for a long time, but the next summer the old man died and the boy was thrown adrift again. However, his experiences had taught him something about taking care of himself, and thereafter he was never in great straits.

In the later 60s Charlie was on the Missouri hunting and trapping, and from about 1868 to 1872 Fort Berthold was his headquarters, and the Missouri between that and Bismarck and the Little Missouri River were his chief hunting and trapping grounds. He was a remarkable shot with a rifle and a good trapper. His success in hunting, he told me, came largely from the fact that he strove to learn in every possible way—by reading and by observation in the field—the ways of the animals that he hunted. The Rees, Mandans and village Gros Ventres of the Berthold Agency believed that he possessed some special medicine, which, when used, induced the animals to come to him. On one or two occasions they talked of killing him because his success in hunting was so great. They were especially exercised about some natural history books that he used to read, and believed the pictures in these books exerted some influence on the deer, elk, antelope and buffalo. Peter Beauchamp, a half-breed Ree, now or recently living at Berthold, has told me within a few years something of the way in which these Indians regarded Charley. Peter was for a number of months hired by Charley to keep camp for him, look after stock, and so on.

Almost immediately after Gen. Custer assumed command at Fort Lincoln he heard of Reynolds and of his remarkable qualifications as scout and hunter, and in a very short time he succeeded in securing his services as chief of scouts at the post.

Charley accompanied the Sturgis expedition to the Yellowstone in 1873, and it was in 1874, on the Black Hills expedition, that I had the opportunity of learning something of his great knowledge of the habits of animals, the Indians and generally of prairie life.



CHARLEY REYNOLDS.

From some cause or other we were detained at Lincoln for nearly thirty days after the date which was originally set for the expedition's departure, and during these days I hunted much with Charley and he was at my quarters daily.

During this time there came to the post, without any letters, a Frenchman who stated that he was a scientific man and wished to accompany the expedition. Gen. Custer explained to him that he could not be taken along except by order of Gen. Sheridan, and the man when he heard this became very much excited and declared that he would go to the Black Hills anyhow. About noon the next day it developed that the man had started from Fort Lincoln soon after daylight, and had walked up over the bluffs in a southwesterly direction. The country was bad, for Indians sometimes rode up to the edge of the bluffs above the post, and no one supposed that the man could go twenty miles without being picked up by some wandering war party. However, Charley saddled up, found the trail of the man who had gone afoot, set off and overtook him nearly thirty miles from the post. He was apparently crazy, was walking rapidly in a southwesterly direction, talking to himself in an unknown tongue and gesticulating violently. He refused to stop when Charley overtook him, and in fact probably did not understand a word that Reynolds said, any more than Charley understood him. However, after a long wrangle Charley induced the man to turn about with him, and, mounting him on his own horse, walked beside him, and reached the post about daylight the following day. The man was put in the hospital under guard and before long was sent East. Anyone who knows anything about tracking will understand that to follow the trail of a man on foot for twenty or twenty-five miles is not an easy matter.

I think we were camped not far from the southern border of the Black Hills when Gen. Custer told Reynolds to prepare to go into Fort Laramie with dispatches. The distance, if I recollect right, was 150 miles, and the way led through a country that swarmed with Indians, who were constantly passing back and forth between two agencies. When I heard that Charley was going to make this ride I was extremely anxious to make it with him, believing that there was some danger in it; and knowing that two or three men could very likely go through where one could not. Charley was anxious to have Capt. North and myself go along; but we were unfortunately very badly off for horses, as the feed had been very poor and all the stock was wretchedly thin and weak. In fact, many horses gave out entirely and had to be shot. Charley's horse was not fit to make the ride, being a slow, heavy troop horse—though in good condition—and the animals ridden by Capt. North and myself were even less serviceable. I spoke to Gen. Custer about the trip, and he was at first extremely reluctant to have more than one man venture on it, on the ground of its danger. I explained to him my point of view, and brought him to agree that the trip might be more safely made by three men than by one. However, Capt. North and myself were unable to secure horses that were at all fit for the ride. Charley managed to obtain a condemned Government horse which belonged to a wagon master, but it was so vicious that he could not ride it. Charley, however, rode it for a day or two and succeeded in measurably taming it. It was a tough and wiry beast.

Charley set out alone for Fort Laramie, and ultimately reached there after having been exposed to great dangers from the Indians, and having suffered much from thirst. He rode at night, and lay by in brush and timber during the day, and failing to find water, both he and his horse suffered acutely toward the end of the ride. It was curious and interesting to hear Charley tell how this wild and vicious brute, while they were hiding during the day in the underbrush, often came up to him as he lay on the ground and pushed him with his nose, trying to induce him to get up and go on. Charley's throat and tongue became so swollen from thirst that he could not close his mouth.

When the expedition reached Fort Lincoln again Charley was there, having come around by railroad after delivering his dispatches at Fort Laramie. On the Black Hills trip I saw him make some remarkable shots at antelope and white-tailed deer, which were extremely abundant. In fact, he and Capt. North, who were two of the best rifle shots that I have ever seen, did shooting on this expedition that I never expect to see equaled in the field.

The enlisted men of the command had the utmost reverence for Reynolds's knowledge of prairie craft, and the highest possible belief in his skill with the rifle. This was amusingly shown by a little incident which happened one day after the expedition had crossed the Little Missouri River, and was near the Black Hills. With Charley and Capt. North I happened to be riding with headquarters, about four or five miles ahead of the column. Signal smokes and fresh trails of small traveling parties of Indians had been seen the day before and that morning, and Gen. Custer had given orders that there was to be no straggling by the enlisted men, and that none of them were to be given permission to hunt. All must keep with the command. The scouts were the only men who had any business to be away from the column.

As we rode up on the crest of a little prairie swell, which overlooked a broad flat, we saw, 600 or 800yds. off, a soldier creeping up toward some feeding antelope, and almost at the same moment he saw us, and straightening up stood looking at us. Gen. Custer told his orderly to call the hunter in, and the orderly rode out a little way and waved his hat, and then rode his horse in a circle, but the hunter did not move toward us. Instead he rather acted as if he wanted to go the other way.

After a moment Gen. Custer turned impatiently and said to Charley, "Reynolds, can't you bring that man in?"

"I guess so, if you want him, General," said Charley, spurring to the front and preparing to dismount.

"That's it," said the General. "Shoot at him."

Reynolds brought the rifle to his shoulder, pointed it at the man and fired, and after two or three seconds the man fell to the ground. "Great Scott! he has hit him!" exclaimed half a dozen men. In a moment, however, the man sprang to his feet and ran toward us as hard as he could, never stopping until, breathless and spent by his exertions, he was quite close to us. The General ordered a couple of men detailed to disarm the straggler, take him to the rear and put him under arrest.

That night the man was showing in camp a place on his head where a lock of hair was missing, which he declared had been cut away by Charley's bullet. And it was believed by many of the soldiers that Charley had intentionally shot so as to cut away this lock of hair. Charley laughed when he heard of this statement, and said to me that he had held above and to one side of the man, and that it was impossible that his bullet should have passed nearer to him than 100ft. "But I have no doubt he heard the ball sing," he added, "and they sometimes sing pretty loud." At all events the man came, and "came a-runnin'."

In 1875 our little party took steamer at Bismarck, and after many days of journeying over the sand bars of the Missouri we reached Carroll, a town which a few years later, undermined by the swift current, dropped into the Muddy River. From here we traveled west and southwest, through country now full of settlements, but then traversed only by buffalo, antelope, casual war parties of Indians, and now and then a wolfer or a hunter. Among other things that we had on the trip was plenty of hunting. The camp was never out of meat. We saw the then unknown wonders of the Yellowstone Park, and were out ninety days.

On our return journey Charley, Ned Ludlow and I took a little mackinaw boat at Claggett's, at the mouth of the Judith, and went down the river to meet the land party at Carroll. The country on both sides of the river was full of hostile Indians. They were crossing frequently, and in almost every bottom that we came to we saw recently built sweat houses and places where camps had been during the summer.

I remember very distinctly one remark of Charley's as we camped one night on a sand bar in the river. It was cold autumn weather and we were short of bedding, and the youngest man in the party proposed that we should build a fire to sleep by, but Charley vetoed the proposition. He said: "I don't mind being killed, but I should hate to have some fellow come along here next summer and see my skull and bones lying here by the fire, and have him kick the skull along the ground and say, 'I wonder what that infernal fool expected when he built that fire and lay down by it in such a country as this?'"

In those days this was a game country. There were

* Stories of an Heroic Age—III.

plenty of buffalo, besides smaller game, and we might have loaded a steamboat with meat if we had wanted to and had had the steamboat. As it was, we killed an elk, a sheep and two blacktail deer, and then stopped hunting because the boat was loaded within an inch or two of the water.

The trip down the river from Carroll to Bismarck was a short one, and that fall I parted with Charlie never to see him again. The last letter I received from him was written just before his trip of 1876, which proved so disastrous.

Charley Reynolds was respected and admired by General Custer and his officers, as well as by the officers' wives. How earnest and sincere this appreciation was is indicated by the tribute paid him by Mrs. Elizabeth B. Custer in her book entitled "Boots and Saddles":

"The one whose past we would have liked best to know was a man most valued by my husband. All the important scoutings and most difficult missions, where secrecy was required, were intrusted to him. We had no certain knowledge whether or not he had any family or friends elsewhere, for he never spoke of them. He acknowledged once, in a brief moment of confidence, that he was a gentleman by birth. Startled, perhaps, by the look of curiosity that even a friend's face showed, he turned the conversation and said, 'Oh, but what's the use to refer to it now?' We did not know whether Charley Reynolds was his real name or one that he had assumed. Soon after we reached Dakota the General began to employ him as a scout. He remained with him much of the time, until he fell in the battle of the Little Big Horn My husband had such genuine admiration for him that I soon learned to listen to everything pertaining to his life with marked interest. He was so shy that he hardly raised his eyes when I extended my hand at the General's introduction. He did not assume the picturesque dress, long hair and belt full of weapons that are characteristic of the scout. His manner was perfectly simple and straightforward, and he could not be induced to talk of himself. He had large, dark-blue eyes and a frank face. Year after year he braved the awful winters of Dakota alone. I have known him to start out from Fort Lincoln when even our officers, accustomed as they were to hardships, were forbidden to go. He had been the best shot and most successful hunter in the territory for fifteen years. * * *

"The year that the regiment explored the Black Hills, Charley Reynolds undertook to carry dispatches through to Fort Laramie, over 150 miles distant. He had only his compass to guide him, for there was not even a trail. The country was infested with Indians, and he could travel only at night. During the day he hid his horse as well as he could in the underbrush and lay down in the long grass. In spite of these precautions, he was sometimes so exposed that he could hear the voices of the Indians passing near. He often crossed Indian trails on his journey. The last nights of his march he was compelled to walk, as his horse was exhausted, and he found no water for hours. * * * His lips became so parched and his throat so swollen that he could not close his mouth. In this condition he reached Fort Laramie and delivered his dispatches. It was from the people of that post that the General heard of his narrow escape. He came quietly back to his post at Fort Lincoln, and only confessed to his dangers when closely questioned by the General long afterward. When I think how gloriously he fell, fighting for his country, with all the valor and fidelity of one of her officers, my eyes fill with tears; for he lies there on the battle-field, unwept, unhonored and unsung. Had he worn all the insignia of the high rank and the decorations of an adoring country, he could not have led a braver life or died a more heroic death; and yet he is chronicled as 'only a scout.'"

There was talk among the officers of the 7th Cavalry in 1874 of obtaining for Charley Reynolds a commission in the regular army, and this could very likely have been done, as strong influence could have been brought to bear on the President to secure the appointment. When the news of this movement came to Charley's ears, however, he very quietly asked that the matter be dropped, saying that he would not accept a commission if it were offered him. His reasons for this decision, though never publicly stated, were, in my opinion, good ones at the time.

On that 26th day of June, 1876, when so many of the 7th Cavalry rode down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, Charley Reynolds was attached to Reno's command, and with it charged down from the bluffs into the bottom, across Reno Creek, and quite up to the edge of the Sioux camp. Then, as will be remembered, Reno halted his command and went into a piece of timber. The story of what took place just afterward has been told me by more than one witness of the scene. With Reno's command were a dozen or fifteen scouts—Charley Reynolds, Bloody Knife, the Ree; Isaiah, the negro; Fred Girard, the Ree interpreter; Billy Jackson, the Piegan half-breed; George Herendeen, and others.

Reno ordered the retreat. The soldiers started with more or less order, but the fire was terrible, and in a moment they became panic-stricken and crowded toward the ford. A body of 500 Indians was charging toward them down the valley. Charley called out to the scouts, "Here, boys, let us try to stop these Indians and give the soldiers a chance to cross." The scouts stayed behind and turned, shooting into the charging mass, a dozen men against 500, the Indians came on like a whirlwind and struck. The soldiers crowded at the ford, they were killed like sheep as they struggled to get across. They made no defense. They were butchered with bullets, arrows, lances and clubs, or knocked off their horses with gun barrels. "It was like killing buffalo," a Cheyenne who was in the charge has since said to me. Bloody Knife had shaken hands with two or three of the men nearest to him, saying, "This is my last day. I see the sun now for the last time." He rushed out among the Sioux, killed two of them, and in a moment was himself killed, fighting bravely to the last. Isaiah was knocked over by a ball. Billy Jackson and Girard had retreated into the timber; they were not noticed by the Indians, whose attention was directed entirely to the struggling mass of soldiers.

Charley's horse had been killed at once. He shot an Indian who was charging toward him on a buckskin pony, and as the Indian did not at once fall off he shot the horse, and Indian and pony rolled over together almost at his feet. He fired again, and then again. Bullets and arrows were flying thick. Suddenly Charley seemed to be hit in half a dozen places. He fell, raised himself on his elbow and fired another shot—his last. Then he sank back.

Charley Reynolds's most striking characteristic was his quietness. I never heard him swear. I never saw him angry with man or beast. I think I never saw him provoked except on one occasion, when an Indian named Goose persuaded Gen. Custer to go three or four days' march out of his way to visit a wonderful cave. The wonderful cave turned out to be a wretched little cleft cut out by the water in a sandstone butte. It was perhaps 75ft. deep, and often barely wide enough for a man to squeeze himself in sideways. On this occasion Charley did express his dissatisfaction. Notwithstanding his reserve he could and did talk, and talk well, but only when he had something to say.

His quiet, self-contained manner, his gentleness, his bravery, and his wonderful knowledge of all that pertained to the hunting and war of his day, made Charley Reynolds a man to be remarked by all who came in contact with him. He was emphatically a gentle man, a brave soldier, a true friend. GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

THE BARON AND THE WOLVES.

Chapter I.

"PLEASE, your Honor, young Siegrol is in the courtyard with a wolf's head."

It was Kraff the huntsman who spoke, and Von Sivernoff, turning his eyes for a moment from his morning cup of chocolate, said:

"Well, what of it?"

"Please, sir, he asks for the bounty."

"What have I to do with that? Let him take it to the mayor," said the Baron, resuming his paper.

"May it please your Honor, it was killed in the Schlagerot."

The Baron's eye grew dark. There had long been a bitter feud between himself and the mayor or governor of the district as to the ownership of the wild tract of forest and fen that was known as the Schlagerot, and to have sent one of his own serfs to the mayor with a wolf killed in the disputed territory would have been to forego his claim.

"There, give him that and bring in the head," said the Baron, throwing down a gold piece.

Presently the huntsman returned with the head on a tray.

"Cancel it."

The huntsman proceeded to cut off the nose and ears, then throwing them in the blazing fire was leaving the room with the "cancelled" head, when the Baron remarked:

"It's a big fellow; how did the lad manage to kill it?"

"Please, sir, it was old Siegrol that killed it, not the lad."

"Then why didn't he come with it?"

"It seems, sir, that the wolf nearly killed him first."

"H'm," said the Baron, "that makes two already this winter."

"Three, sir! There was Golowin's widow and Siegrol's little brother."

"H'm," said the Baron placidly, and again addressed himself to his paper and chocolate. A few minutes later, when he turned to order more toast, he saw that old Kraff was back again, and was standing and looking uneasily at him.

"Well, what is it?"

"So please, your Honor," began the trembling huntsman, "they have killed your second hunting mare!"

"What!"

The poor huntsman repeated the statement that the wolves had killed the mare in the field on this side of the Schlagerot, and the Baron broke out into a truly baronial rage. When the first blast of mere ejaculation was over he proceeded to demand the fullest information.

"What was the horse-herd about? Who was he? He shall pay dearly for this."

"Please, sir, it was old Siegrol, and that's how he lost his life."

"Serves him right, the old fool, he has just escaped a knouting by dying in time. And why haven't you kept the wolves down in this neighborhood?"

"Please, sir," said Kraff, bowing low, "we have done our utmost, and have, as you know, killed quite a number during the year."

"I know I've had to pay bounties enough, and still they seem to thrive under it," said the Baron with fierce sarcasm; "and if they are so bad now in the first of December, what will they be in February? Another year I'll try a new plan; instead of a bounty on each wolf's head, I'll knout every man who does not kill his wolf before the year is out."

"May it please your Honor, old Siegrol was availing himself of your permission to trap in the Schlagerot. He had made already over twenty springles* for wolves and believed that he would catch many in them before springtime."

"Pish!" said the Baron, "who ever heard of a wolf going in a springle trap?"

"He was very good at it, sir, and it took three men to bend down his springing trees."

"By Saint Peter and the first Von Sivernoff, I'll set his family free if ever they catch anything bigger than a rabbit. Why hasn't he caught a dozen already if he is so expert?"

"Your Honor will remember that it is but a few days since your permission was given to trap there, and of course no wolf will venture near a trap till after a new fall of snow has hidden all traces.'

But the Baron, finding himself worsted by his servant abruptly and properly ended the dialogue, for the huntsman's statements were perfectly true. The Baron, in his anxiety to show his authority over the Schlagerot, had allowed—which really meant ordered—old Siegrol to trap in it—a thing he would never have dreamed of permitting in his own, undisputed, ancestral preserves, so that it was really a confession of the weakness of his claim.

Though inclined to be fat, he was when fully aroused as energetic as he was choloric; so he ordered the huntsman to prepare for one of those wolf hunts which are occasionally reported from Russia. The scene is well known: the sleigh full of armed hunters, the live pig squealing in the sleigh and the piece of bloody pork trailing behind as a lure to the gathering and famishing pack.

It is a method that is better known in story books than in fact, for it is only on rare occasions that it is successful. The combination of circumstances requisite is, in brief, a large wolf population in the district and a prolonged time of deep snow and scarcity of food, so that the wolves are sure to be ravenous with hunger.

But now it was early in the winter, and the wolves, though numerous, were far from starving. They did indeed follow the Baron's squealing pig, but at a safe distance, and only for a short time, so that the hunt passed without the death of a single wolf, and the second day with the drag was no more successful than the first.

On the third day, as they were driving homeward about dark, one or two dusky forms were descried following the sleigh track far behind, but they would not come near enough to give a chance for a successful shot. At length, continuing a train of disparaging remarks—for he was obliged to discharge some one under the circumstances—the Baron said:

"I suppose you would be afraid to get up that tree while we drive on, then shoot at the brutes as they pass under you?"

It was a mean, unkind sneer, for never in his life had old Kraff shown any lack of courage; it was the last straw too, and he sullenly growled, "I'm not afraid of anything in churchyard or woods," and seizing his gun he jumped into the snow.

There was just a faint accent on the "I," and the allusion to the churchyard was a home shot, for the Baron's weak side was superstition. He had many years ago been terribly frightened by a supposed ghost, and though



HAD BEEN FRIGHTENED BY A GHOST.

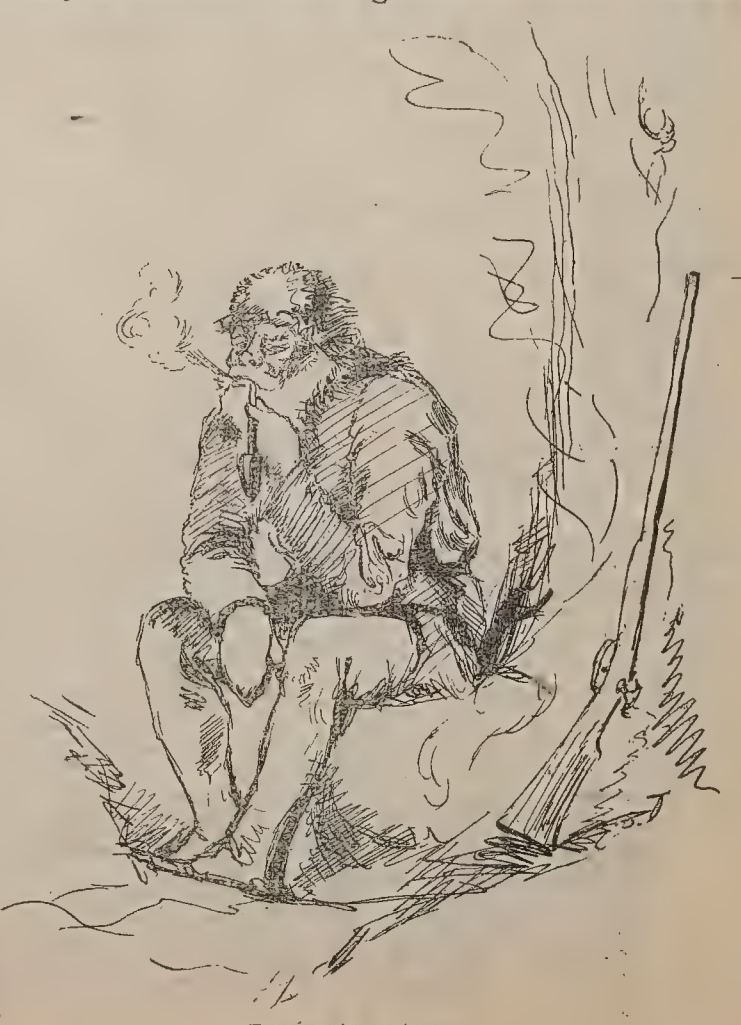
his college chums had chaffed him no little about it, this was the first time that one of his own dependants had dared to make the slightest allusion to the subject.

He scarcely knew what to say he was so furious, yet to have shown it would have been to confess that he recognized the thrust. So he stifled his rage, and the horses bounded off again through the woods. Turning on a circuit, the sleigh full of hunters came twenty minutes later on their old track to the huntsman's post, and they found him, as any one acquainted with wolfish nature would have expected, calmly sitting on a root, alone and undisturbed.

He had found the tree not easy to climb, so did not attempt it; and the wolves—as he knew they would—disappeared for good the moment they saw him leave the sleigh. He neither saw nor heard them again.

Not a word passed between him and the Baron, but everyone felt instinctively that it was a great victory for old Kraff.

That night the Baron set about drowning the memory of his defeat, and, as was usual with him in such times, he found much solace in dilating on the matchless prowess of the illustrious house that he represented. He was especially fond of relating the exploits of the first Von Sivernoff, Petro, after whom he himself was named. This first of the baronial line was said to have cut down twenty Swedes with his own good sword on the field of



THERE SAT KRAFF.

*A springle trap is a combination of a bent tree and a snare. Any animal getting into the snare and giving a slight pull releases the tree and is at once thrown high in the air and so retained till the trapper removes it.]

Riga in 1690, and had in consequence been ennobled by the Czar, Peter the Great. And when his valet, always eager to please, ventured to follow an allusion to the Kraff incident by a remark to the effect that "the old fool would never have dared to attempt it in March, when the snow was deep and the wolves ravenous," it had the effect of giving a new and definite shape to the Baron's thoughts. He was still smarting under the remembrance of his moral defeat, and as the brandy overpowered his reason his ideas became strangely mixed, and incoherent visions of the glory of his ancestors, strange resemblances between Swedes and wolves, a burning desire to distinguish himself, and above all a wild craving to do something that would effectively set old Kraff in the shade, took riotous possession of his brain, and finally resulted in his taking the following vow:

"By St. Peter, and by the spirit of the immortal Petro von Sivernoff (he usually swore simply by St. Agnes when he was sober, as he had less compunction in breaking a vow to a female saint), he would within ten days of the next heavy snowfall go forth alone, clad in the armor and armed only with the broadsword of said ancestor, and show the world (that is, old Kraff and the neighbors) that the Von Sivernoffs were made of as good stuff as ever they were."

And he pictured himself knee-deep in bloody wolf corpses, laying about with his "good sword."

Another round of brandy and his courage rose so high



BRANDY AND COURAGE.

that he sent for old Kraff, who had been in bed some hours, and repeated his bold vow to that worthy. Then, with a view to staggering him yet more, he "wished to St. Peter that it could only be in the morning."

Next morning—well, it was a different matter, and the nobleman began to think that perhaps he had been a little bit foolish the night before. He even began to ask himself if it would not be the part of a really brave man to back out. He was more than half inclined to do so when a remark from old Kraff set him a-boiling once more.

It was beginning to snow, and Kraff remarked in a respectful, matter-of-fact tone, "Please, your Honor, there is a loose rivet in the first Von Sivernoff's left gauntlet. Had it not better be seen to?"

The Baron sullenly gave the order, and no more was said. But as the snowfall amounted to almost nothing, the subject was again in abeyance.

A week later, however, a heavy storm set in. The ordinary cold gray clouds of winter seem replaced or swamped by a lower, denser firmament, of that strange, portentous hue that has been called the "priming dress,' and one of those storms that the word "blizzard" only can describe swept over the land. For two days and two nights it continued, and when the third day dawned clear and nearly calm it revealed a great change in the landscape; numberless trees had been broken off, not a few buildings were dismantled, almost all hedges and low erections had disappeared from sight, and over things and around everything was the deep and omnipresent snow. This of course meant that all the flocks and herds would be gathered into stables and yards, where they would be fed and protected from wild beasts. And that meant great bands of roving, desperate wolves.

Four days passed, then a week, and nothing was said. "Was it really a heavy snowstorm?" His vow said "within ten days of the next *heavy* snow." "Who was to say that it was a heavy snow?"

That afternoon the Abbé of St. Katrina made a passing call.

Among other similar topics of conversation, he told of having found in the woods a trap sprung and in it a tuft of hair.

This he brought with him, and old Kraff was sent for to determine the animal to which it had belonged.

The recent storm was of course a fruitful subject of talk.

"Such a terrible storm!"

The Baron made no rejoinder to this remark, but old Kraff, deferentially standing, said, "Yes, your Grace, I never knew a worse in forty years."

"They say it is bringing the wolves down out of the mountains in unusual numbers," said the Abbé.

As the Baron still made no reply, Kraff added:

"No doubt of it, he would be a brave man that would trail a pork bait on foot through the Schlagerot this night."

The huntsman was careful to avoid his master's eye, but his care was needless; the Baron was glaring at the fire, and Kraff, when he was dismissed, felt in his bosom a glow of gratified revenge.

There was no way out of it now; the ancestor's armor was in perfect repair, and, with the assistance of sundry pieces that belonged to much earlier epochs, constituted a complete panoply.

Next morning, therefore, the Baron, having propped up his native courage with a plentiful supply of the Dutch article, clothed himself in the afore-mentioned composite harness, and was driven forth in the sleigh with Kraff and a strong posse of his servants.

Chapter II.

The little pig was set merrily squealing and the pork leg plowed through the soft snow or bounded over the roots as the horses dashed at speed into the Schlagerot. The Baron had nothing to say to anyone, but helped himself frequently and copiously from the brandy flask, "To keep him from catching cold," he told himself. Before they had covered ten miles he found his courage mounting, as became a descendant of the first Von Sivernoff; nor was it dashed by seeing in the distance behind them a number of grizzly forms galloping along silently in the snow, running exactly in the track of the sleigh, apparently to avoid the deep snow on either side; sometimes disappearing around a turn of the road or against the gray forest as they careered over a rising ground, and again coming out in dark relief against the snow—but still following the trail. On dashed the sleigh through the disputed land of forest and fen, the Baron turning at intervals to shake his fist at the ever-increasing pack and to inform them that "their days were numbered."



THE LITTLE PIG WAS SET MERRILY SQUEALING.

When at length the hunters regained the home side of the Schlagerot, the wolves to the number of thirty or forty were galloping along a few hundred yards behind the sleigh. They were not yet bold enough to make an attack, but from time to time the band was reinforced, and each fresh addition to their numbers gave them more courage. In ten minutes more the sleigh would have been out of the Schlagerot, and the scutcheon of the Von Sivernoffs would have been eternally smirched, for now or never was the hero's opportunity. But the blood of the race was boiling in his veins—in fact he was fairly spoiling for the fight. He took a final pull at the "Nordhauser" and a last look to his complex harness, drew the "good sword of his ancestor," and, as soon as the sleigh was partially stopped, tumbled awkwardly into the snow.

"Call for me in an hour," said he, in the calm, matter-of-fact tone of a city caller ordering his carriage. He had prepared this very phrase the night before—and he flattered himself that it not only sounded very calm and self-possessed, but also it contained a deft shot at old Kraff, who at most could not claim to have faced the wolves that day for more than twenty minutes.

In half a minute the sleigh was out of sight around a turn of the road. In a minute more Sivernoff found himself on the field of battle—alone and surrounded by forty or fifty great, grizzly, hungry wolves. He had chosen for his stand a sort of bay, with a huge rock behind and some trees as flankers, and before he had time to fully realize his position and the rashness of his extraordinary enterprise the wolves closed in on him. As soon as they saw the odd-looking animal that he seemed, they broke out into their full hunting cry and galloped forward, while the Baron, grasping his sword with both hands *a l'ancêtre*, stood ready to meet his foes. On they came, but not straight at him, as they should if story books are to be believed, but like a great pack of dogs they swerved, growling and yelping. After circling irregularly and individually about him, looking for a chance to attack with advantage, they gathered snarling in the front of the Baron's position.

He was so thoroughly uncomfortable and embarrassed by his unwonted accoutrements that he judged it better to act entirely on the defensive; though, with the true instinct of his race, he longed to "rush upon his foes and slay them *en masse*."

"Come on, you miserable cowards," he shouted and waved his sword above his head.

But the wolves kept well out of his reach, though they dashed about and made short rushes, till the doughty Baron, emboldened by their cowardice and impatient for blood, made a dash forward and contrived to wound a wolf that in retreating had fallen over a comrade. His yelp of pain was his own death knell, for his companions, aroused by the scent of blood, tore him in pieces, and devoured him at once. Then bolder than before they rushed at the Baron, who chopped and hacked vigorously with the ancestral blade and killed three before the pack could retreat; for the fact that there was but a single point of approach made the hindmost wolves a continual hindrance to the foremost, and the Baron, though not a little blown by his exertions, shouted in triumph as he saw this fresh slaughter of his foes

Now it will be remembered that the first of the Sivernoffs, in his celebrated "Letters to a Victorious General," of which every man of quality possesses a copy, lays down as an invariable rule that the conqueror must follow up closely and completely rout a defeated enemy, and the present representative of the race with true soldierly instinct endeavored to carry out the ancestral injunction and charged on the retreating pack that he had so gloriously repulsed. But alas for him! his foot caught in a hidden root, and down he went into the snow.

Of course the wolves took advantage of his fall—in a moment they were upon him and no doubt received the greatest surprise of their lives, for their teeth slipped over the hard steel breastplate and grated on the Crusader helmet, with about as much effect as a baby's toothless gums on an able-bodied lobster.

The Baron was at first much frightened, but managed to throw off his assailants and regain his feet. He shouted as loudly as he could, struck out with feet and fists to repel his foes, and then endeavored to recover the ancestral sword which lay nearly buried in the snow. But one of the wolves darted suddenly and seized the outstretched arm at the wrist. He was at once bowled over by a blow from the Baron's mailed fist of the other arm, but such was the force of his chop that, though of course he could not penetrate the armor, he dented it in so that it pressed deeply into the Baron's flesh, causing so much pain when he tried to use the arm that he was practically one-handed.

This was such a serious calamity that Von Sivernoff was greatly disheartened, and when at length after a second close encounter he found that the Bourbon armor which clad his left leg was coming loose he began to wish that his "carriage" would return for him.

He was not only one-armed now, but was becoming exhausted, and he failed to wound a single wolf when



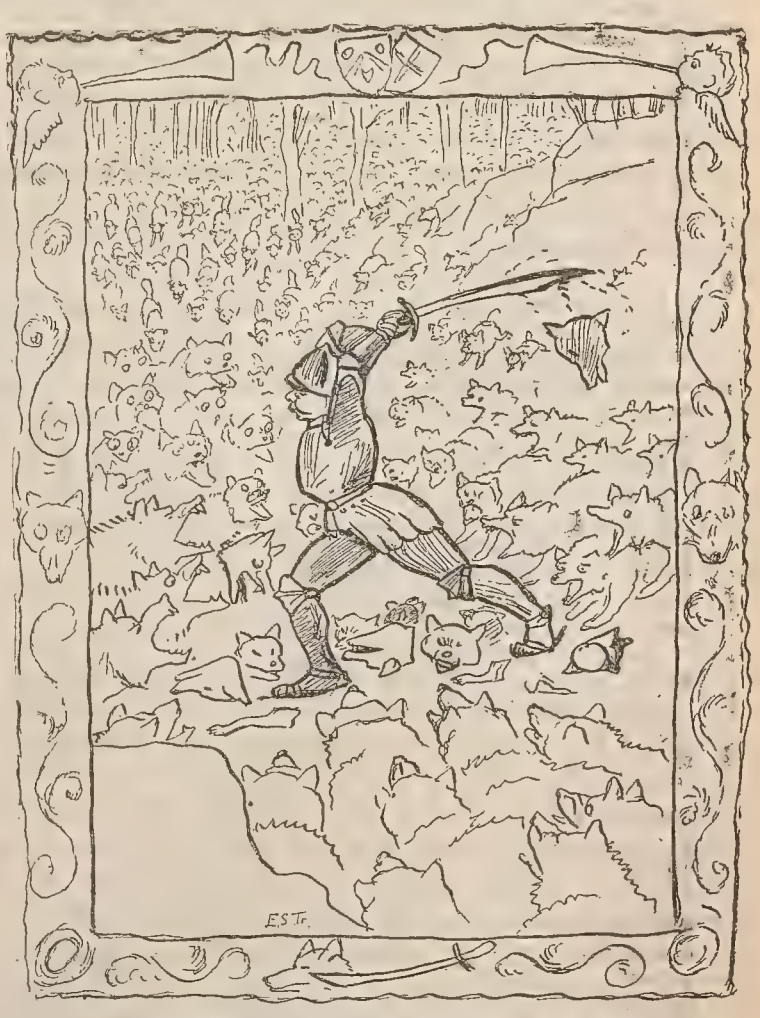
SEIZED BY AN UNSEEN POWER.

next they assaulted, and finally as he laid about him the heavy sword slipped from his nerveless grasp and fell in the deep snow some distance off.

In the assault which followed he was thrown down, and had much ado to keep the wolves from biting off his fingers, which were protected by the armor on the outside only; and when at length he regained his position between the great trees he found that not only was he quite exhausted, but the whole of the Bourbon armament of his left leg was threatening to drop off.

The situation was becoming serious, and he saw clearly that unless he could manage to get to and up a low-leaning tree that stood some yards away he would certainly be killed. He braced himself for the final rush and succeeded in beating off his assailants till he reached the tree, but the moment he tried to climb he was seized by a dozen pairs of powerful jaws and dragged to earth, and, horror of horrors, the leather fastening treacherously giving way, the entire armor of his left leg was pulled off by one of the wolves.

The poor little Baron now believed himself lost, but he



THE COMMEMORATIVE TAPESTRY NOW HANGING IN THE GREAT HALL OF SIVERNOFF CASTLE.

kicked out desperately with his right leg, on which the trusty Middle English protection remained intact, and worked round to the other side of the tree, where a bent sapling seemed to promise shelter for his back while he made the best of his hopeless fight; and as he reached out and braced himself against it in preparation for the next, perhaps the final assault, he suddenly felt his arm miraculously seized by some unseen power which jerked him 20ft. up in the air and held him dangling about 15ft. above the snow, with the astonished wolves in a circle

below, unable to understand the sudden and extraordinary change in the situation. It was easily explained: the Baron was caught in one of the springle traps that old Siegrol had set for the wolves themselves.

He had but little difficulty in exchanging his pendant position for a sitting pose in a fork of the springing tree, and thence regarded his baffled assailants that still, with gleaming eyes, continued to glare at him from below.

"Ah! you cowardly brutes, if only I could get at you!" he gasped, and shook his fist again and again.

But fortunately for him he could not get at them, and as he gradually regained his breath he also began to cool off, and the icy wind of winter, creeping through the iron harness to his very bones, began to expose him to a new source of danger, when suddenly the wolves, turning their heads to the eastward, jumped up and whined.

Then at length the Baron heard the bells of the horses, and a few minutes later his "carriage" arrived, and with a grand discharge of firearms his retainers scattered in flight the rest of the wolves.

The Baron was helped down out of the tree. He received with great dignity and ill-concealed satisfaction the adulatory congratulations of his vassals, utterly ignored the now diminished Kraff, and then, with the remains of as many wolves as possible, was driven in triumph back to his castle, where to the end of his days he never tired of relating the heroic exploit of his "single-handed and victorious encounter with over 1,000 wolves." From which story, by the way, the unimportant detail relating to Siegrol's springle very early disappeared altogether.

NOTE.—Strange to tell, old Siegrol recovered; and stranger still, the Baron, for reasons which he never announced, probably in fulfillment of a vow, set him and his family free, and they are now living on a little farm of their own near Roemershof.—SCRIBE.

ERNEST SETON THOMPSON.

A CHRISTMAS WITH OLD PORT.

IT was not a bottle of "crusty Oporto," that celebrated promoter of gout, that made this particular Christmas a day to be remembered; but the "Old Port" was none other than my dear old friend Porter Tyler, who figures as No. IV. of this series; the same old bachelor, market gunner and trapper of Greenbush, N. Y., whom I had left something over five years before to seek sport in the West.

It was the old story: A boy had spurned the parental roof and longed for adventure; had found it and came back under the ancestral shingles. Many weeks before this I had gone the rounds of old friends and shaken hands, but I was not in physical shape to engage in our usual sports of winter. The freshly turned prairie sod with its decaying vegetation had left more than what some of the Kansas settlers called "a leetle tech o' ager." But one day the mail at West Albany brought the following:

"GREENBUSH, Dec. 18, 1859.—*You old Jayhawker:* Old Port will serve a coon with all the trimmings one week from to-night, the same being Christmas. He will get up this dinner in honor of your return to civilization. A few of your old-time friends will be there—not many, for there is only one coon; but what they lack in numbers they will make up in quality. Tobi Teller has seen the list and pronounced it "a small party, but intensely respectable." Jim Lansing said, "Port has killed the fatted coon, the calf has returned." Don't fail to be with us, for Old Port will not be able to skin a muskrat in a month if you disappoint him. It isn't often he gets a coon about here, and yesterday he brought one in and said: "This is just the thing to get up a dinner for Fred;" so never mind your liver nor your ague, but come. Let me know at once, but don't refuse.

MARTIN MILLER.

Dr. Jones said that if I wished to shake off the accumulated malaria of years I must be very careful in the matter of diet, and that a roast coon might do a lot of things which I can't now recall, but to which I gave respectful attention. There is no possible use in employing a doctor unless you put yourself in his hands and obey his orders. That is merely common sense. Yet I went to the dinner. How true it is that "all the good things have been said," and that when we read a good book it seems as if the author had somehow forestalled our thoughts before we got to the point of writing them. Honore de Balzac said: "I can resist anything but temptation." I had often acted on this saying, but could never have formulated it. I acted on it in the case of this invitation. Away with Dr. Jones and his hygienic treatment of a disordered liver! Was I to become a slave to a disgruntled gland? Never! "Enslave a man and you destroy his ambition, his enterprise, has capacity."

Climbing the hill which is now Mechanic street, but then was known as the road between the woods, the cottage where that modern Natty Bumpo lived was entered and there was waiting Gen. Martin Miller (whom I wrote up in sketch No. XI.). Said he: "Port will want to know that you are here, and I'll go tell him; I've sent down for old Billy Bishop to come up here and help serve the dinner, for we want Port to sit down and keep down."

While Gen. Miller—Mat we called him, for we were not too stiff in our intercourse—was gone in came Billy Bishop (who formed sketch No. II, in July last). The old fellow shook hands and said: "I don'd like to get this hill up by Fred Aiken's ole spook house when der nide coom, but by der day he was all ride." Then in came Tobias Teller, a bachelor of some fifty summers and no one knew how many hard winters, who lived down on the banks of the classic stream which we called the Popskinny, the spelling of which has been argued in these pages. He was a delightful old fellow, with a flavor of cognac and madeira about him that mellowed the atmosphere in his vicinity; he was called Tobi among his intimates. His worthy nephew (my army comrade), Col. David A. Teller, now in Europe, resembles him in many respects, especially in being a bachelor. Then came Low Dearstyne, pilot and captain of the railroad ferry; his name was Lawrence, but the Albany Dutch shortened it to Low; please rhyme this with "now," and not with the negative. The Irish call the name Larrence, and abbreviate to Larry, and as the old Dutch have gone this explanation may be necessary: Larry is Irish and Low is Dutch for Lawrence. Then came Jim Lansing, a man of about forty-five, who kept a hotel at Clinton Heights, but had been a hotel man in several places. He also was from one of the old Dutch families.

The dinner came on. There was no printed nor written menu, but, as I remember it, the feed was in this order:

MENU (FROM MEMORY).

Soup de snapping turtle.

Coutlettes de snapper, braisee.

POISSON.

Brook pike au naturel. Pommes de terre.

RELEVÉ.

Roast coon, entire. Motto: "Whole hog or none."
Sweet potatoes.

ENTRÉES.

Grouse au Port Tyler.

ENTREMETS

Mat Miller's cheese.
Punch.

As master of ceremonies Gen. Miller took his share of the good things without flinching, and destroyed a goodly portion of the succulent coon and wrecked a grouse so that no anatomist could have identified the remnants; and when the punch came on he arose and remarked: "There doesn't seem much to be said after this grand gorge that our host has got up in honor of the wayward youth who went to the great West with 'Excelsior' as his motto, and has returned like the Biblical hero from herding with swine to the paternal mansion, without the motto on the linen which fluttered in the rear, and looked for all the world like a 'letter in the post office.' As he is a Shakespearian scholar, I can say to you in the words of the melancholy Jaques: 'Bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest.' Let us pledge, standing: The return of the calf—I mean the return of the prodigal."

Tobi turned his off eye in my direction, and Low Dearstyne nudged me to get up. Never had I spoken at a dinner in a formal manner. Miller's quotation from "As You Like It" suggested another saying of Jaques's, beginning, "I met a fool in the forest," but it was evident that it was very inappropriate; but, as I got up in a bewildered way, I somehow blundered through some thanks, and finished by saying: "Somewhere between the lids of the volume that Mat quotes you will find these words, 'I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.'"*

Old Port's Yarn.

General Miller then called on Port to rise and tell how he came by the coon which we had eaten. The old man would not get up, but said:

"Y' see, it was this way. I was off, over beyond, away back of Teller's, an' a-makin' toward the hell-hole to pick up a few pa'tridges, 'cause Mat and Tobi said they wanted to have Fred come over here on Christmas. As I watched the snow, I see what looked like a funny track. The snow was soft an' it had been a-thawin', an' the surface was all spotted with fallin' leaves and dropping snow; but there was a kind o' regularity in these marks that made me look closer, an' sez I to myself, sez I, that's some kind of an animile that's been a-runnin here, an' I don't know what it is. It was a long track, as near like what a baby could make if it walked through the snow; for there was a heel to it and it wasn't a bit like the tracks of dogs, foxes, cats, minks or other animals that can be read on sight; but I was bound to know what the thing was. I had no dog, I never hunt with a dog if I can help it, and after tracking it a few miles I found the thing in a tree and shot it. When it came down, I knew by the bushy-ringed tail what it was. It's the only coon that I ever heard of being killed around Greenbush, and that's all there is about it. My father, who lived up in Vermont, used to tell of a hunter who had no bullet for his Queen Anne musket, and rammed down a peach-pit on top of the powder and shot at a deer, but thought he missed. Three years later he saw a commotion in the bushes and fired into it, and killed a big buck which had a peach tree growing out of his back; and the hunter not only got a great lot of venison, but took home three bushels of peaches."

Tobi Teller said: "I rise to a question of privilege. This story of the deer and the peaches appears in the sagas of the Norsemen, and is coeval with the sun myths, with the story of the man who cut off the dog's tail, ate the meat and gave the dog the bone. It is just as good, however, as the day it was told by the lamented Baron Munchausen, and I would be the last man to take a shaving off it. But, as every man must contribute his mite of unwritten history, I will ask General Martin Miller to tell our guest what has happened in Greenbush since he left us to seek fame and fortune in the wild West half a dozen years ago."

Mat Miller's Story.

The General looked the party over as he arose and said: "In this quiet village there is little change from year to year, and the only thing which I can recall that might interest you is the stealing of Mrs. Parson's geese. You all know that this old lady, who lived down on Columbia street, raised great numbers of geese and derived quite a revenue from the sale of feathers and dressed birds. A neighbor, on a back street, used to help dress these fowls; his name was Gordonier; you all knew him, and he stuttered awfully. When he was drunk he didn't stutter, and so we knew just what his spiritual condition was. When there was a revival in the church there was no penitent louder than old Gordonier, nor one so ready to backslide when the revival was over.

"One morning, when the early birds of Greenbush had gathered about the two barrooms which guarded the approach to the Albany ferry, for their morning bitters, old Gordonier entered. Said he: 'D-d-d ye hear the n-n-news?'

"'No,' said John Pulver, 'what is it?'

"'S-s-s-som'body s-s-stole all Mrs. P-p-parsons'es g-g-geese. It co-co-couldn't ha' been me, for I was in S-s-s-schenectady.'

"Then he crossed to the other barroom and the crowd followed him, and he told the same story, winding up with: 'It c-c-c-couldn't 'a' b-b-been me, for I was in S-s-s-schenectady.' Afterward he went down to Ike Fryer's bar and the story was retold. John Pearl had heard the yarn three times and went off and told Pop Huyler. Pop thought a minute and said: 'Let's go 'round to old Gordonier's house and see if he's got the geese.' So they went and knocked on the door, and when the ole woman opened it Pop said: 'Good morning, Mrs. Gordonier, we just bought a couple o' geese of the ole man an' he sent us around here for 'em.' The ole woman hesitated a moment and then said: 'All right; just wait here a second and I'll bring 'em to you; we didn't raise but a few this year an' I didn't think he'd sell any.' She was very deaf and didn't hear the men follow her into the house, but as she pulled a couple of geese from under the bed John Pearl raised the curtain and he and Pop Huyler saw a great pile of geese, and John remarked that she had a great many. 'Land sakes,' said she, 'you don't call half a dozen many, do ye? Why, they're jest thrown in there on top of a pile o' 'taters an' that makes 'em loom up.'

"They took the two geese up to Mrs. Parsons, who had just discovered her loss, and told her where she would find the rest of the stolen geese, and then found Gordonier, who by this time had absorbed so many ante-breakfast nips that he stuttered very little

"The old man, long and lank, was leaning against the bar as they entered, and said: 'It's too bad, but I dunno who done it.'

"'You're sure you didn't get any of 'em?' asked Pop.

"'Sure? How c'u'd I when I was in S-s-s-schenectady all night? Just came in on the train.'

"'All right, but we found the geese under your bed, and you've got to go down with us to Squire Hogeboom's until Mrs Parsons makes a complaint; come along!'

"He begged and protested, said that some of the boys had put the geese under his bed, if there were any geese there, and the excitement loosened his stuttering valve, which the nips had cemented down, and away they went to the Squire's; but on reaching the corner he broke away and ran to the dock and jumped off, with a crowd at his heels. John Sranahan jumped into a boat and fished him out. Mrs. Parsons refused to make a charge, but the old fellow picked and returned to her thirty-nine geese. When Pop Huyler met him and asked: 'When have you been over to S-s-s-schenectady,' the old man replied: 'I on'y w-w-wish I'd a d-d-died the day I j-j-jumped the d-d dock off.'

"There was a time, not over a dozen years ago, when if Bate Hayden's troughs for feeding horses were all found on top the little schoolhouse there was a suspicion that our guest had a hand in it, but as he has been absent a number of years he can prove an alibi, like Old Gordonier, and say he was in S-s-s-schenectady."

Billy Bishop, who had been waiting on the table during the dinner and was now serving the punch with frequent regularity, remarked: "Der ole Gordonier was a ole hicocric, so he was."

"Now, Billy," said Tobi, "you are a little jealous because he got several jobs of hog-killing that you wanted. There are worse men than old Gordonier."

"Yes," replied Billy, "dere's meny wus as ole Gordonier; dey keep 'em chained, but."

The master of ceremonies looked at Mr. Teller.

Tobias Teller's Story.

"You all knew Bill Fairchild, big-hearted, generous Bill, who'd give the shirt off his back to any one who needed it. Well, one Sunday morning in May a poor clam peddler's horse drew his wagon to the ferry with its owner lying flat on the load. It was early, and people looked and remarked that the man was drunk and passed on. Col. Mike Bryan wanted some clams and came out and selected what he wished and tried to arouse the man, and found that he was dead. Some one happened to know him and also knew where he lived, and sent for his wife. In about an hour she came over from Albany, and about that time Bill dropped down that way. She was bemoaning her fate and the fact that no clams had been sold. The fact was, the man had intended to reach some of the river towns before Monday morning and peddle his stock on the homestretch, but had died from some cause, and the old horse, finding no controlling hand on the lines, had turned around somewhere and started for home with his load and his dead master on its top. The crowd stood around idly looking at the dead man and the sorrowing woman, who really hadn't money enough to pay ferriage for the horse and wagon, when Bill pushed through and learned the situation.

"The man had been taken into Charley Bradbury's livery stable, and with only a word to the wife Bill mounted the wagon and started down street singing that old song, but in better voice than it was usually sung:

> 'Here's clams, prime clams I have to-day;
> They're fat and fresh from Rockaway;
> They're good for to roast, they're good for to fry,
> And they're good for to make a clam pot-pie.'

"The church-going people looked, and some thought Bill must be drunk, for everybody knew him; but if people didn't come out he knocked at the doors and told them all about the case, and before noon he was back, all sold out. He asked the woman how much the load ought to bring, and she said it had cost $6 and at retail prices ought to bring $15.

"'Well,' said Bill, 'I don't know much about selling clams, and here's all I've got for 'em,' and he emptied a lot of silver and bills in her lap and went out. The pile counted out nearly $40, and it was suspected that Bill had put in all that was left of his month's salary from the railroad. When we asked Bill about it he would curl his lip and say:

"'I'm a good clam peddler an' can get the prices. Clams, ma'am? Johnny, open the lady a nice fat one. Fresh? Yes, m'm. See 'em kick. I think they spoiled a good clam peddler when they made me a bookkeeper. Yes, sis, they're fresh; how many?'

"'How do you sell 'em?'

"'Thirty cents a peck.'

"'Mother says she'll give twenty-five.'

"'Tell your mother to go to heaven. Does she think I stole 'en? Whoa! back, Jake! Here's another customer. Yes'm, just up by lightning express from Rockaway; caught last night. Ah, see how the juice runs out of his shell, thinking how you'll enjoy him.'"

"Poor Bill! When he was burned to death trying to rescue the books from the office of the Boston & Albany Railroad when the station burned at East Albany, and an appeal was made in behalf of his widow, the board of directors said, 'He did no more than his duty.'

"It is true that corporations have no souls, but Bill Fairchild had one, and when I think of his sacrifice for the widow of an unknown clam peddler and his heroic sacrifice of his life for a soulless corporation I recognize the hero. Gentlemen: To the memory of Bill Fairchild!"

We had all known the reckless dare-devil, Bill, who in

* The above is from an old memorandum, but the quotation is found to be from "The Comedy of Errors," Act III., Scene 1, and has been corrected for the benefit of those very exact customers who will not allow a fellow to quote from memory and miss even a punctuation point.

a good cause would cry "clams!" in a quiet village on a Sunday morning, and whose tragic death was fresh in the memory of all present; so when the next speaker began telling of him we were surprised. Gen. Miller had selected his victim, and we heard

Low Dearstyne's Story.

"Talking about Bill Fairchild reminds me of a winter night when my boat had been frozen up for months and the ice in the Hudson had begun to get tender in spots. No teams had crossed the river for a fortnight, and where the foot passengers crossed there were boards placed in the most dangerous spots. Although there was a man in charge of the boat, who slept on board, I kept watch of the river to see that everything was safe. We usually wintered the boat in the Albany basin, but this time she was moored in the canal between the two big freight houses of the B. & A. R. R.

"On this particular night there was a heavy fog in which a man could easily get lost, and the ice was getting weaker every hour. I had looked in at the railroad office and found Bill at work on his books, and sat down by the stove. After a while he looked up and remarked: 'It's a bad night on the ice. Some people crossed the river just before dark, but you wouldn't get me on it. No, sir! I wouldn't try to cross that river for a thousand dollars.'

"'Listen!' said I. 'What was that?'

"'Somebody singing,' suggested he.

"A wail came from the river, distinctly this time, for the night was still. Bill grabbed a lantern and we rushed out on the dock. The feeble light did not show an object 10ft. away, but we heard a splash and a groan, apparently not far out in the river.

"'Hang on," cried Bill; 'I'll be with you soon," and in spite of protest he dashed down the slope by Dandaraw's, where people took the ice to cross. He shouted, and soon I heard this dialogue:

"'Oh, Lord! Help me out! I'm a respectable colored man and live over in Nigger Hollow, an' my name's Stephen Baker. Oh, do please send some one quick.'

"Then Bill said: 'You're respectable, are you? What did you say your name was?'

"'It's Stephen Baker, an' I'm a respectable colored man. Oh, do send some one quick, for I'll drown sure.'

"'Are you Steve Baker that stole Sim Diamond's chickens?'

"'No, Lord, no! I never took no chickens; it was my brother Jim. Oh, come quick!'

"'What you got hold of?'

"'A board. Oh, do come!'

"All the while Bill was looking for the edge of the hole and taking off his clothes. In he went and towed the board and the darky to the sound ice, but both were too chilled to get out. I had alarmed the men in Dandaraw's bar, and they pushed out boards and rescued both men. Bill had an attack of pneumonia and rheumatism and lost a month's work. And that's the kind of man Bill Fairchild was, and you all know how he died."

As I write this, thirty-seven years later, Whittier's verse comes to mind:

"Dream not helm and harness,
The sign of valor true;
Peace hath higher tests of manhood
Than battle ever knew."

When Low had finished Billy Bishop said: "Yes, Pill Fairchild vos a goot fayler; we should trink punch mit him." And

"They drank to one saint more."

Gen. Mat arose and suggested that a representative Jayhawker from Bleeding Kansas was anxious and willing to tell something about the human fruit which the trees bore in that sanguinary region, or perhaps a story of Ossawotamie Brown, who had been hanged to a tree in Virginia some three weeks before, would be acceptable.

The Lost Hat.

I had expected to be called on, and had laid out what I thought to be a good story, but Miller's remarks sent the whole thing out of mind. I was nervous and self-conscious to a degree, and so with some remarks about the newspapers having told the whole Kansas story, and perhaps a little more, I said:

"Our host Porter, would, I know, rather hear of my hunting and trapping experiences than about jayhawking, as they call it, so I will tell him how I lost a hat on a hunting trip. It was not a valuable hat; just one of the kind that you see in rural villages—a hat that under no conditions could ever have been a new one. You know the kind, they were never created by man, but have the air of having always existed. If I cared to paraphrase Byron I would say:

'I had a hat which was not all a hat,
Part of the brim was gone, etc.'

"These details are necessary when you tell about a hat, for its shape, texture and color are all that comprise individuality in a hat. Its texture was felt, and its shape was not like the shiny 'nail keg' which adorns the brow of a Member of Assembly when he comes to Albany; its color, if it had any, is beyond my power to describe. The sun had toyed with its hues until it had attained that delicate shade of old-mown hay seen on the chin whiskers of the member from Squeedunk.

"That's the best description I can give of the hat. It was a rare day in autumn; you know how the hills and the maples looked; I won't go into that because I didn't lose them; they get around every year.

"I had a new turkey call, a sort of small box with a thin cover that said 'keouk' when you tickled it, and the turkeys were wild in Michigan, wilder than deer, and an old gobbler that had been shot at once or twice took no chances. I found a place to lie in the leaves behind a huge pine log; laid my rifle handy and at intervals worked the new call. After awhile a distant gobble was heard. More call and nearer gobble, and I began to feel very good. Soon a fine gobbler came in sight, strutting and feeling his way. I had learned not to overdo the calling trick and kept silent as he advanced. I wanted to get him to come within 30yds. and then try to take him in the head or neck, and then utilize him for a dinner; so I watched under a limb that I had laid on top of the log. He was probably 50yds. away and my heart was pumping more than was really necessary, when I dropped the call and began to scratch leaves like a hen turkey looking for beech nuts, and shoved my hat up on a stick to represent a turkey's back when ——! Lightning couldn't have been quicker! Something hit that hat and cut my head. Feel the scar! The fact was that I had called up a turkey gobbler and a wildcat or catamount at the same time, and fooled 'em both. I didn't get the turkey and I didn't get the hat. It can't be lost, for science says that nothing is lost, it only changes its form. Content with that assurance, I know that my hat is still somewhere in this universe; perhaps a portion of it has been taken up, as it decomposed, by the roots of trees and plants, and so it lives in other lives, or like

'Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
May stop a hole to keep the wind away.'

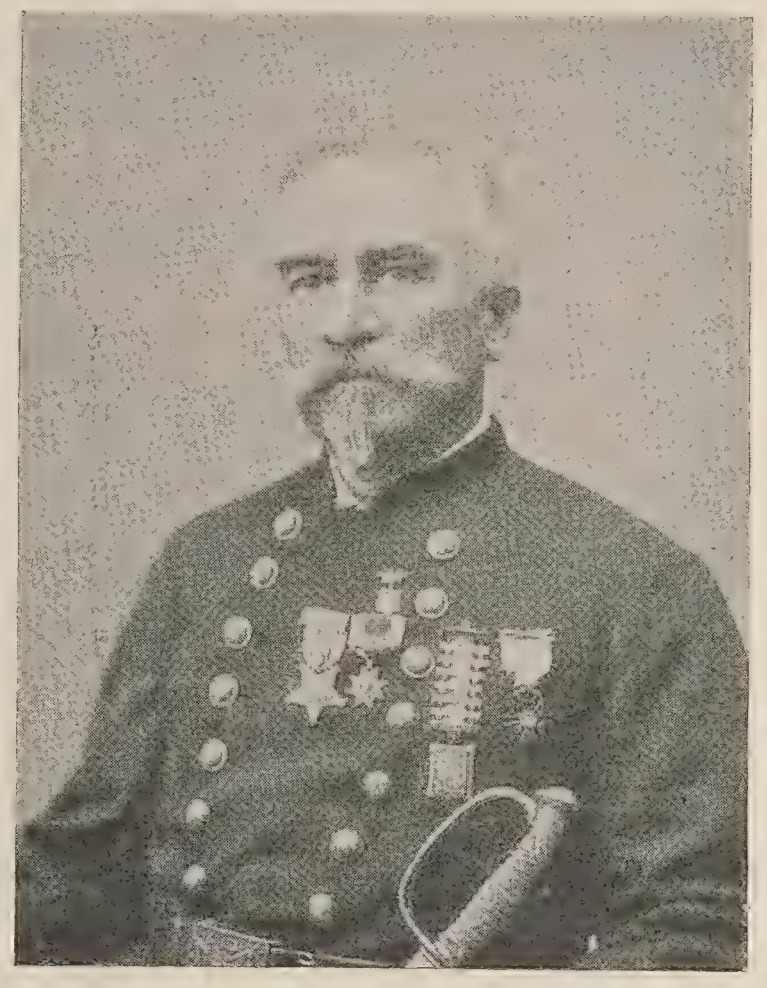
"But my hat was gone, taken without so much as 'by your leave,' and I only regret that I have neither the hide of the catamount nor the fragments of the hat to decorate my den. I can only say with Pope:

'A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.'

Billy Bishop by this time was beginning to feel very numerous, although Port had tried to keep the punch under his own eye, for Porter was a man who seldom looked upon the wine when it was rosy; but Billy paid no attention to the color of it, the white schnapps of Holland was as welcome to Billy as any. He wasn't anywhere near being "over his head," but just felt his oats, and wanted to talk.

Billy Bishop's Adventure.

"I'll yust tole you 'bout de hell-hole w'at Port had gone by for pa'tridges. John Pulver he always tell 'bout it, an' how spooks set 'round de edge in de dark of de moon an' work all kinds o' harm to people who come by der hole.



FRED MATHER.

I was a-choppin' in Glen Van Rensselaer's when I dinks I co by Mr. Teller's for my ole axe to split de trees, an' it was so warm I lie down by myself to rest, an' I fall asleep by a nice shady place. W'en I wake it was all dark an' I see a light down in a deep hole, an' den some stumps he roll up f'um der hole an' dey all get me around. Den I knowed dat was de hell-hole w'at John Pulver telled aboud. Was I schared? Vell, you bet you was some schared too ven you find yourself in de mittel von some stumps an' dey all choin hants an' tance you aboud like some chilld'n w'en dey sing 'Ring arount Rosy.'

"Pooty soon dey stop, an' one big stump he say, 'Billy Bishop, did you got some schnapps? If you got some, yust put der pottle on my head an' go home.' I find der pottle in my coat an' I put him on dat stump, an' by Chimminy, dey open der ring an' I nefer stop runnin' till I reach Ike Fryer's tafern. Dey can all chop around dot hell-hole, but I know when I got a blenty."

Jim Lansing's Story.

"Gentlemen," said Jim, "I think that if Billy's bottle had not been so near empty he would not have seen so many stumps all dancing in one set. Just what might have happened if Billy had finished the bottle and had none to leave for the spooks will never be known; but that remarkable hole has a great many stories clustered about it. Men who call themselves geologists say it is only a 'sink,' but there is a foundation for the dread which some people have of it.

"During the Revolutionary War a portion of the American army were in barracks on what is now the McCulloch farm, just opposite my place on Clinton Heights. Almost every night the sentinel on the post at the southeast corner of the encampment, just in the edge of the woods, deserted. It was singular that all the desertions were from that one post, and 'most all the men were soldiers with good records. The officers were puzzled and the men had all kinds of theories about it. My grandfather was a private in one of the regiments stationed there, and he, like the others, was perplexed by the singular state of affairs. This is what he told us boys in later years.

"It came grandfather's turn to be detailed for guard duty. A sentinel had deserted from that post the night before, and grandfather went to his captain and asked to be put on the same post. Said he, 'Captain, I don't believe all these men deserted. Some of 'em were as good men as can be found in the army, and wouldn't desert any more than you or I would. If you'll get me assigned to that post I'd like it.'

"'How's this, Jim?' said the captain, for grandfather's name was Jim, same as mine, 'surely you don't want to desert like the rest, do ye?'

"'Cap'n,' said my grandfather, 'they didn't desert. There's —— and ——,' naming two of his chums, 'they've gone and I want to know where. Put me on that post on the relief that goes on past midnight, and if there's anything to find out I'll find it.'

"When he went to his post after midnight he picked his flint and put fresh powder in the pan of his musket, and made up his mind that no matter about the rules against making an alarm, he would shoot the first thing that came near him. A coon whisked close by, but he could not see to shoot it. A hog feeding on beech nuts grunted satisfaction occasionally and soon came in sight. When it came within 20ft. grandfather fired and an Indian rose and yelled. When the corporal of the guard came there was a dead Indian and a hog skin. That told the story. Searching parties were sent out and found a hole in which the bodies of ten soldiers lay. Its bottom could only be reached by jumping into a tree and descending. Six Indians were encamped in the hole, but they never got out alive. It's no wonder that the place has a bad name."

"Jim," said Tobi, "I read that story in my school history when I was a boy."

"That proves it," said Jim, "but no matter where you read it, my grandfather was the man who killed the Indian in the hog skin that had murdered all the sentinels on that post by the corner of the woods."

Tobi Teller rose to a point of order and remarked: "As there is a peep of daylight coming through the shutters, I now move that we adjourn."

A feeling of sadness comes over me when I recall the fact that all these old friends are dead; but, in fact, most of the men I have fished with have gone over to the majority, and while in this train of thought up comes the old verse:

And Jennie is wed and Annie is dead,
And Alice she fled in the auld lang syne;
And I sit here at sixty year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

FRED MATHER.

An Albany correspondent sends us this:

Editor Forest and Stream:

Several correspondents have written to you asking for stories of the man who writes stories of other fellows because they are so fortunate as to have fished with him. Here is one of his unpublished yarns. He was to give his celebrated war lecture, "How Things Looked at the Front" in Masonic Hall, New York, for Lafayette Post, G. A. R., and as the entertainment was given by the Daughters of the Post, they ran things woman-fashion, without consultation, and had advertised the lecturer as "Col. Fred Mather," and so he was introduced to the audience.

His modesty evidently embarrassed him, and we wondered what he hesitated about, until he broke out with: "The posters and comrade —— have promoted me to be a colonel and I sincerely thank them for the recognition that Governor Seymour neglected to make. It reminds me that as a student of natural history I was once observing a flock of turkeys feeding in a Southern field. A vile carrion bird of the vulture tribe hovered over them and finally alighted and approached the patriarchal leader of the flock and said: 'Good morning, brother.' The old gobbler indignantly replied: 'You vile carrion bird! How dare you call me brother? You are nothing but a buzzard!' The stranger meekly replied: 'It is true, I am nothing but a buzzard, but then I would call your attention to the fact that I am turkey by brevet.' So," said Major Fred, "by the grace of the Daughters of Lafayette Post, I shall be colonel by brevet, for this evening at least."

The story saved the day—or the evening—and he had the audience with him to the close. AN OLD COMRADE.

DEER STALKING.

RANGELEY LAKES, December, 1896.—I wish I could do justice to the subject of deer stalking, but it has so many aspects, varying so in effect upon the appreciation and receptiveness of the stalker, that it is not likely that one's own views may be fully shared by another. Still, I can believe that with many the enjoyment does not wholly consist in the killing of deer, although it is the primary object, but as in fishing for trout, the auxiliaries are the attractive feature.

For my own part, as the killer of many, many thousands of trout, extending over the greater part of half a century, and over annual seasons of months, I will confess that I am more tender about the heart than formerly, and feel a pity for the trout which I did not experience in earlier years.

I may say the same of deer killing, which was the first pursuit I followed for months in my youthful days in the valleys and mountains of California in 1852.

A friend of mine while in advance of myself, while we were out a few days ago after deer, brought down in two shots, right and left, two young deer which ran almost upon us. They were yearlings, a buck and a doe, weighing scarcely 100lbs. each. It was the work of a moment. Shot through in vital spots, they gasped and died in a few moments. More beautiful creatures in the animal kingdom it would be difficult to find. As we watched the life departing from their large lustrous eyes, so fringed with raven lashes, our flush of success was mingled with pity and sorrow. There was a look of innocent tenderness and would-be friendly inclination in those young faces which has many times since wedged in among my thoughts.

Whatever season it may be, the Maine forests are lovely, and it is difficult to say when they are the most so. One might say in the early spring, when the buds of the deciduous trees are expanding and the ferns and brakes unfolding, or when full-fledged, or in the decadence, when the autumnal tints appear, or in winter, when garnished with wreaths of snow.

The period of falling leaves is exceptionally charming. As the leaves fall they exude the various odors of their belonging, so that one with closed eyes may tell the character of the prevailing trees. I have often thought of the pleasure I should take if I were blind in walking among the localities I am familiar with, when the pleasant recognition of well-known trees would guide my steps.

In my taste the late fall and first half of the winter disputes with any other season, and I am not sure if I do not prefer the rough and changing time of winter at the lakes, with its accompaniments to any other. At least the sum-

mer is too short and the scene must lap over. Tell me not of orange groves and flowers, and vines with clinging clusters, but of the winter forest in its kaleidoscopic beauty, and of the lakes in their broad mantles of ice and snow. The singing of the wind around the tree tops or about the gables and the whirling flakes have more charm for my accustomed sight and ear than the cooing of the dove in midsummer bower.

There is a wholesomeness and vitality about the Maine forests in winter which is not found elsewhere. The cold, the ice, the snow, the changing rough weather, invite to the robust recreations of skating, ice-boating, tobogganing and snowshoeing. They heighten the comforts of indoors. Restful sleep, appetite and digestion, and blazing birchwood fires solve the question "Is life worth living?"

There are scarcely any Maine forests, however tangled they may appear, which do not possess pleasant and accessible reaches of park-like valleys and hillsides, or rounded ridges of hardwood growth or pine, allowing comfortable traveling for the stalker. Possessed with the unerring compass and a tolerable familiarity with the region marks, he advances upon the proposed line, which may include some miles of circuit. There must be an object in all efforts to give zest, whether we walk, drive, sail, bike or shoot; somewhere to go, something to realize. So with the deer stalker his primary object is to get deer, and it matters little in one sense if he succeeds or not, and the latter is generally the case. But if he is of an appreciative cast, the surroundings are inhabited with charming life and enjoyment.

Most stalkers will concede that at no time of the year are their rambles more agreeable than when the ground is half carpeted with the yellow, brown and crimson leaves which advent the opening of the hunting season.

The deer are now found more in the open growth, and with the cooler weather ravage about extensively. It is the approach of the mating season, and frequent are the saplings with scarred bark, caused by the whetting of antlers preparatory to rival encounters. Here and there are bare spots and scattered deadwood which have been pawed in the impatient spirit of combat.

The deer, timid as supposed, is possessed of an indomitable and persistent courage in conflict with its own kind, and will fight to the extremity of weakness and even death before yielding. I have witnessed a number of scenes this season, when the trampled ground and broken shrubs indicated desperate encounters. One spot a few miles from the lake, and as lately observed as Dec. 11, indicated a meeting of particular ferocity. I had tracked a large buck through 8in. of snow. The buck had evidently found several others in conflict, and being a free lance, and at a free fight, had immediately engaged. The snow was completely crushed and tumbled over an area somewhat larger than an ordinary circus ring, and it was decidedly apparent that a stag circus of unusual magnitude had occurred without the supervision of a ring master, or the encouraging plaudits of spectators. I counted five departing trails, and the performance had probably terminated several hours in advance of my arrival. Probably one by one the vanquished had departed, until the acknowledged champion held the field. Such seems to have been the case, as the trails were diverging. One champion exhibited the hasty and ludicrous method of his exit by leaping over a broken tree 6ft. in height, when a projecting fracture had creased his body the whole length in passing, leaving a bountiful handful of hair and fragmentary cuticle in evidence. This might be accounted a feeling instance of the P. P. C. order of etiquette with the cervus family. The trampled area was flecked with enough hirsute scrapings to fill a good-sized pillow, with occasional spatterings of scarlet coloring.

It is very rare that a buck, however large and savage, will charge a stalker without provocation, but occasionally in the mating season when wounded they will charge. I had an encounter of this kind in 1859 on my second visit to this region, from which I escaped with scarcely a scratch, killing a buck which dressed up 230lbs. with a single heart thrust of my hunting knife. It was in 18in. of snow. In a thicket I came suddenly upon a large buck I had been tracking, which I slightly wounded with a hasty shot. In a flash he turned upon me. It was before the day of repeating rifles. I had barely time to drop my rifle and step aside and draw my hunting knife when I was borne down into the snow by the weight of the descending buck, which I caught about the neck, and as he rose drove my knife to the hilt in his chest at the junction of the throat, severing his windpipe and splitting his heart. Death was instantaneous. I had a difficulty in withdrawing myself quickly enough to escape the red torrent of lifeblood which gushed forth.

With the fall of snow the deer stalker finds new delight. With the luxury of well stockinged and moccasined feet he goes forth to new realms of enchantment. The atmosphere is of buoyant and stimulating energy. The arboreal and shrub life are invested with crystallizations of dazzling purity, each one being a marvel beyond the art of man. The consciousness of being alone in a wide expanse of forest, beyond habitations and the sound of human voice, is in itself for the nonce a sensation of relief.

The reaches of pine groves, and of beech, and of maple all interspersed with birch, the loveliest tree of northern climes, are inspiring. They say: "Come and explore me. We have waited long and you came not. Now you shall bear witness to our grandeur and solitude, and have contemplation. See in us the prototypes of your own race, how we rise and fall. We flourish in prosperity and topple in misfortune. We stand apart some, rugged and gnarled as some of your own kind, defying the wintry blast, but others are nurtured in protection. Some are comely and others scarred. See in us your own history to start forth and bear and die. Your sun of light is ours, and the sky to all, and the air you breathe is our life. Yonder broad stump is the monument of a patriarch of old. There were giants in those days, but none now, for they have been taken to rib your homes and deck your ocean messengers."

At the hour of noon the stalker rests before a dead and broken pine which with match and birch peelings is soon in blaze. His simple luncheon becomes a precious blessing, and may be followed by the incense of fragrant pipe.

What more shall be required to fill the day's cup of happiness than the comfort of the home fire at night and the panacea of nature's most enjoyable fatigue?

J. Parker Whitney.

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

NAMING THE BOY.

"Naow, Bub, he come here, an' le' me comb his hair," said Huldah Lovel, seating herself in a rocking chair and settling restfully against the high back, holding a comb in one hand and a brush in the other, wherewith she tapped lightly on the polished arms to further attract the attention of her three-year-old son. He was so busily engaged in the construction of a corn-cob house that he only heard as in a dream his mother's call, till it was more imperatively repeated, and his father, sitting astride a pod-auger on a wooden-bottomed chair, shelling seed corn into a washtub, tossed a cob lightly against the child's back and said with cheerful brevity:

"Come, hyper, Bub."

Then the little boy began to rise reluctantly, slowly getting his chubby legs under him, and while yet on all fours protesting:

"Bub don't want him hair comb. Pull, it do."

"Why, yes he does, Bub, tew, wanter hev his hair all slick," said Aunt Jerusha Peggs, removing her eyes from the stocking she was narrowing, and regarding him with smiling benignity over the rims of her spectacles. "It looks ju' like a maouse nes' made aouten corn silks, naow. He do' wanter hev the mice think it's their'n, I know he don't."

"Course he don't, an' mother won't pull," Huldah assured him, adding "not no mor'n she c'n help! My sakes! Bub," she exclaimed, as she drew him toward her and cast a despairing glance on his tangled flaxen poll. "It's jest a mess o' witch knots." The boy shut his eyes and set his milk teeth with heroic resolution.

"Bub, Bub, Bub!" Sam repeated with disgusted emphasis as he detached another of the ears from the braid of their own husks and began crunching off the kernels on the auger. "By the gre't horn spoon! that boy'll grow up nothin' but Bub fust we know. He's got tu be named, that's sartin."

"I know it," Huldah sighed, pulling at a snarled lock of finest flax. "We've got tu, I know, but baow be we a-goin' tu?"

The pain of the present infliction, painful in spite of the careful, motherly hand, and the mysterious terrors of that which impended were too much for the child's fortitude to withstand, and he lifted up his voice in a protest that ascended to a piteous wail.

"Me don't want be name. It hurt I."

His mother laughed at his absurd fear, and his father, rasping a red seed ear savagely on the auger, wondered "Why in tunket he wa'n't named afore he knew it."

But Aunt Jerusha cried out in her tenderest voice:

"There! there! he sha'n't be named nothin' 'at 'll hurt him, dear heart. Why, don't he know 'at ev'rybody an' ev'rything hes tu hev a name? Why, there's the ol' haoun' dawg, his name's Drive; and the ol' rhuster, he's ol' Red; and' there's the hens, ol' Cropple-craown an' ol' High Head, an' Double-cackle, an' Rose-comb an' Goose Face; and there's the caows, Ol' Calerco an' Young Calerco, an' Spot and Line Back, an' I d' know what all; and the oxen, Broad an' Bright. My land! he wants to hev a name as much as a dumb critter."

The little boy stopped crying to listen, and in the interval of silence the familiar, imperative thump of Gran'ther Hill's staff resounded on the threshold, and as his thin shadow partially darkened the open doorway his dry, cracked voice entered before him.

"Lord a'mighty, Huldy Pur'nt'n! be you a-skelpin' that 'ere young un? If ye be, you'd better take the boocher knife an' du it decent, Injun fashion, 'stid o' rakin' on't off wi' a ketchel."

"No, not ezackly, Cap'n Hill. Come right in an' sed daown," said Huldah cordially, as she hastily beat up the cushion of an easy chair for the visitor.

"Yes, you be tew. You needn't tell me," turning his attention to Huldah and the boy after bestowing a "Hope I see ye well" on Aunt Jerusha and a nod on Sam. "I hearn the poppoose holler, an' I seen you at it, a-sawin' an' a-clawin', reg'lar squaw fashi'n. Come here, Bub, an' le' me show yer marm haow." The child trudged over to the grim veteran, as if assured that no worse could befall him at his hands than he was now suffering. "Ju' look at that, will ye?" Gran'ther Hill chuckled. "Thet 'ere boy's got disarnment. Any o' aour folks would ha' told ye 'at they'd ruther be handled by Injins than squaws. Take a holt o' a han'f'l o' hair julluck that, an'—quk—" he gathered the hair of the child's crown and using his forefinger as a knife he made the motion of scalping, accompanying it with a sound made in his cheek. "Oh! I seen the divils du it, an' I seen jes' sech hair as this 'ere a-hangin' on poles over the' wigwams. Blast 'em!"

"Oh," Huldah shuddered, "ain't it awful? No, Cap'n Hill, we was talkin' 'baout namin' of him, an' it scairt him."

"Wal, it hain't no wonder, if you're a-goin' tu give him sech infarnal names some folks hes, an' as many on 'em. By the Lord Harry! I'd as l'ives be shot an' skelped tew as tu hev some on 'em fired at me, an' piled a-top on me. You le'me take him daown tu the brook, an' I'll babtize him wi' one good solid name 'at he needn't be 'shamed on—Seth er Remember er Peleg er Ethan mebby, arter Warner er Baker er Sunderlan' er Allen. I'd name him arter myself if it wa'n't for me an' Jozeff's boy bein' raound an' gittin' mixed up wi' him. Josier Lovel 'd saound almighty well."

"So it would, Cap'n Hill," said Sam, "an' he might be praoud on 't. But I never hed no gre't idee o' givin' gre't folkses names tu child'n that like 's not 'll turn aout mighty small pertaters. I guess we'd better name him arter some o' aour own folks."

"You needn't be afeard o' him. He's a mighty good un, consid'rin'. Don't ye name him Prosper, though, for the shif'lessest man I ever see was named Prosper; ner Noble, ner no sech. But you'll make a mess on't anyway. Me an' Huldy 'll 'tend tu namin' on him."

Aunt Jerusha laid her knitting in her lap and assisted meditation with slow sniffs at a pinch of snuff before she said, "Wal, I alluss thought it was a pooty good way tu git a name tu jest open the Bible an' pick the fust one you come tu."

"Good Lord!" cried Gran'ther Hill, "some on 'em 'ould kill a young 'un o' his age. They must ha' b'en tough ol' critters tu ha' kerried sech names as some on em."

"They was good folks," said Aunt Jerusha, resuming her knitting.

"They was, hey? Haow du you know they was? Was you 'quainted wi' 'em? Wha'd you know 'baout 'em? You can't tell nothin' 'baout folks by what you hearn tell on 'em. You got tu live wi' 'em. They won't stan' it. Come, Huldy, what be we a-goin' tu name the young 'un? You do' want 'im strung on tu a name longer 'n he is, du ye?"

"I allers thought I sh'd like tu give him the name o' some o' aour folks; but Sam's is the only one 'at I like, an' Sam he won't hev it that," Huldah answered, drawing the boy to her knee again and caressing his elf locks in abstraction.

"No, sir," said her husband; "one Sam in the fam'ly 's enough. Your Sams don't never 'maount tu much anyway."

"You don't never want tu say that afore anybody 'at fit tu Plattsburgh," cried Uncle Lisha, appearing at the inner door of the shop, wherein till now he had been an unseen listener; "aour ol' bear fightin' V'mont gin'al's name was Samwel."

"An' so was yer gran'sir's, Sam," Gran'ther Hill supplemented, "an' he was consid'able of a man, I tell ye. He killed a painter oncte—plugged him right twixt the eyes as slick as ever ye see."

"I should like to name him Timothy," said Sam; "it 'ould please father wonderful."

"Please yer Aunt Isaac!" said the veteran contemptuously. "Why don't ye name him H'ardsgrass? It allers makes me think on 't. He hain't green. Red Top 'ould come as nigh, for he's light complected."

"His hair hain't one particle o' red in 't, Cap'n Hill," Huldah protested with earnestness as she fondly stroked the child's hair, and said in a softer tone, "I'd ruther hev him named Samwel 'an anything else."

"It'll du better 'n Timerthy," Gran'ther Hill conceded.

"It's a good name an' good men has bore it," Uncle Lisha cordially assented, and added, with an affectionate glance at Sam, "an' one does yet."

"An' he'll be little Sam till he's taller 'n I be, er it'll be young Sam an' ol' Sam," said Sam, impatiently tossing away a naked cob and breaking another ear from the braid. "Le's call him Timothy an' be done with it."

"Me do' want er be gran'pa," the child whimpered shrilly.

"Shet yer head," Gran'ther Hill whistled hoarsely, glowering upon the boy. "You hain't no more to say 'baout it 'an if you was gittin' a spankin'. If you're a good boy an' keep yer head shet you won't be nob'dy's gran'pa for forty year." And having comforted the scared child with this assurance, he addressed the parents: "You might call him Tom, arter aour ol' Gov'ner Chittenden. He was a clear quill an' could see furder wi' his one eye 'an most could wi' tew. An' it's a chunky name."

"If we was goin' aout o' the fam'ly I sh'd like Lisher best of any," and Huldah looked toward Aunt Jerusha for support.

The old woman gave a little gasp of surprise and pleasure and smiled serenely upon both mother and child, but before she could speak her approval Uncle Lisha shouted, "Good airth an' seas! don't ye du it. It's hopesin he'll make a better man 'an his ol' Uncle Lisher."

"If he makes half as good a one, I shall be glad," said Sam heartily.

"Lisher's good 'nough," said Gran'ther Hill. "Good Lord, anything's better'n these new-fangled Don Cairloses an' Pederos an' Ju Anns an' the divil knows what all. I cal'late they name the childern arter their Merryner rams. When I was raised they—" he stopped short and turned with nervous haste from the window through which he was gazing reflectively over the greening May landscape. "Good land! le's name him quick an' not tortur' him no longer! Here's a silver dollar o' my last pension money, an' we'll toss it up for a name. What 'll ye say? Quick. Thunder an' guns, why don't ye speak?"

"I do' know but it's as good 's any way," Sam said after a minute's hesitation; "go ahead, if Huldy's willin'."

"Why, yes, if it'll only be Samwel," said she, laughing nervously.

"All right," cried the old man, "heads, it's Tim; tails, it's Sam. Here, Lisher, you tos't, and tos't fair."

"It's tew bad a-chancin' of the precious creatur's name that way," Aunt Jerusha protested.

"Go 'long wi' your nonsense, Jerushy Peggs. 'Tain't no more chance 'an your way."

"But the hand o' the Lord 'ould be in that," she declared.

"Let her fly," the veteran commanded, and Unce Lisha, poising the coin on his thumb, flipped it to the ceiling. As it fell all gathered eagerly around it.

"It's heads," Sam shouted triumphantly.

"Stan' back," Gran'ther Hill commanded, "nob'dy picks it up only you, Lisher."

Uncle Lisha adjusted his spectacles, and got down on all fours to inspect the piece. "Wal, it is heads," he declared.

"An' his name is Timerthy," continued Gran'ther Hill. "Ary one was good 'nough, an' I don't care, so long 's he's got one on 'em sure."

"Oh dear, it's too bad," Huldah groaned, "I did want to hev his name Samwel so."

"Wal, if you feel so bad 'baout it, you c'n call him Sam an' I c'n call him Tim. Timothy Samwel. Haow'll that du?" Sam cried.

"Yes, yes, all right, on'y settle on 't quick," cried Gran'ther Hill excitedly. "Will ye hev it that way, say, quick?"

"We c'n both call him Bub just the same, only that won't be his name," Sam urged, and Huldah consented.

"There, by the Lord Harry he's named," the old ranger shouted exultantly, and shook his staff at the window, "an' the' can't nob'dy help it naow! His gran'marm 's a-comin, an' if she'd got here time 'nough, jest as like not she'd ha' named him Eunice in spite on us."

Mrs. Purington's heavy step and labored breathing were now heard at the back door, where she presently entered and stood a moment curiously surveying the now silent group.

"Wal," she asked with cheerful severity, "be you a-hevin' a Quaker meetin'? If I'd ha' knowed I was comin' tu one, I'd ha' fetched Joel Bartlett an' Jemimy along."

"Why, no, mother, not ezackly," Huldah answered, rising and offering her chair to the visitor, while the brush and comb spilled from her lap with a loud clatter. Then when no one else would speak, she continued with some hesitation: "We be'n a-namin' Bub."

Mrs. Purington strove to arrest her descent into the chair, but knees and elbows slowly gave way and she sank into it with a gasping sigh. Then, drawing in material for another sigh, she regarded her daughter with open-eyed, gaping incredulity.

"Yes," said Huldah, in a spirited voice, "we named him Timothy Samwel, an' I say it's a real nice name, don't you, mother?"

"It's an almighty good name," Gran'ther Hill cried, emphasizing the confirmation with a thump of his staff, "on'y there's twicte too much on 't."

"An' you've be'n an' named that child," sighed Mrs. Purington, "an' not said one word on 't to the on'y gran'ma he's got or ever likely tu hev, an' not knowin' 'at the' ever 'll be another boy tu name! Not me nor one o' my folks mentioned in it oncte, nor yet a Pur'nt'n, which I sh'ld think you'd all be 'shamed o' yourselves a-comin' in incouragin' sech duin's, but you hain't, not one on ye." She cast a watery glare upon the whole company, but resolutely withheld her tears while she hurriedly groped in her deep pocket for her handkerchief and bottle of hartshorn.

"That 'ere's tarnal harnsome seed corn you're shellin'," Gran'ther Hill remarked; "twelve rowed, hain't it?" Sam nodded an affirmative.

"Talkin' 'baout seed corn at sech a time, when an immortal soul's b'en gi'n a name!" Mrs. Purington exclaimed in a voice smothered by emotion and her handkerchief. "An' sech a name! Timerthy Sammywel Lovel! Not a Pur'nt'n nor a Borden mentioned! Jest clear Lovel!"

"Wal, Lovel's his name," said Sam.

"An' his natur', I hope, makin' my manners tu his mother," Gran'ther Hill added. "You take this 'ere dollar, Lovel, an' punch a hole in't an' hev the boy wear it raound his neck, for tu make him remember his name."

"He'd ortu forgit it, Timerthy Sammywel! If that hain't a name!"

"You keep a-sayin' on't over long 'nough an' you'll git wonted to't," Gran'ther Hill chuckled maliciously.

"Me git wonted to't! I won't never call him it, you see 'f I du."

"Call him Samerthy Timuwel if it'll make it seem any better tu ye. I da' say his father 'n' mother won't care so long's it's all hove in," Gran'ther said, but Mrs. Purington treated this suggestion with the silent contempt its triviality merited.

"I don't see what makes you so sot ag'in it, mother," said Huldah, "we couldn't let him go on so forever, him two year ol', goin' on three, an' folks a-saying we couldn't find no name good enough."

"Yes, an' if you'd waited half an haour it wouldn't ha' killed nob'dy, an' I'd ha' fetched you a name 'at 'ould saound somehaow when he gits tu be a minister er a darkter, er goes to the leegislatur', an' 'ould look somehaow in the paper an' on his twumstun when he gits merried an' when he dies. You needn't ask me, for I won't tell ye. I'm goin' tu save it for Sis ag'in she merries an' hes children, which I hope she won't never." Mrs. Purington searched for her pocket with her left hand and with the other returned the handkerchief and smelling bottle to its depths with rapidly repeated thrusts, then drew back her feet and grasped the arms of her chair with deliberate intention of arising, but she was stopped by the sudden roar of Uncle Lisha.

"Good airth an' seas! what be you a-makin' sech a rumpus 'baout a young un's name for? If he's a good boy his name'll be good, an' if he's a bad boy George Washin't'n wouldn't saound good wi' him a bearin' on't. We hain't much more'n worms anyways, an' it hain't but precious leetle 'caount what names we hev while we're squirmin' 'raound here. The' hain't one name in ten thaousand but'll be forgot a hundered years f'm na on, an' folks 'at sees 'em scratched on gre't stuns 'll wonder why anyb'dy bothered tu du it more'n they will who we was or what we done. 'Baout all names is good for is to tell us f'm one 'nother, so don't fret your gizzard 'baout the boy's name, Eunice Pur'n't'n."

Mrs. Purington arose ponderously and went over to the window overlooking the garden, where Timothy Lovel was kneeling on a board carefully sowing the beds. After some moments of critical scrutiny of the work, with the rim of her deep bonnet held against the panes, she said in a tone of resignation:

"Huldy, your rhubud's for'arder 'n aourn, an' I guess I'll go an' git a han'fle tu make him some sass. He's dretf'l fond on 't."

"Yes, du, mother," cried Huldah, "an' I'll go with you. Bub, don't he want tu go 'long tew?'

"I guess I might as well go wi' the women folks an' Bub," Aunt Jerusha said, winding the yarn carefully around the needles and sticking them into the ball of yarn before she laid her work aside. Then she followed into the garden.

"Wal, there!" Sam said in mingled amusement and vexation, "Bub he is yet an' Bub I guess he'll be till he gits over it in the nat'ral way."

"By the Lord Harry he's named, an' the' can't nob'dy on-name him naow," Gran'ther Hill declared. "I didn't keer a primin' o' paowder what name you gin him, so you gin it, but I swear I don't b'lieve in one pusson, an' she a woman, a-bossin' all the fun'als an' namin' all the young uns in Danvis, an' I'll cut her corners whenever I can. An' naow if you've got some cider as good for the time o' year as it gin'ally is, I'll m'isten my mortial clay, for barrin' your mother-in-law's weepin' this hes be'n an almighty dry chris'nin'."

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

FERRISBURGH, Vt.

Florida Tarpon.

ST. JAMES CITY, Fla., Dec. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Fishermen may be interested to learn that the fishing for tarpon seems good here now. No doubt it is good all about here. There has so far been no severe weather, and there is an abundance of all kinds of fish.

Thinking there might be a show for tarpon, I tried it in Matlacha Pass Friday and saw a good many, but either was not there on the right tide or not in the right spot. The next day again tried it in the "first pool," and almost at the first cast hooked one, and had at the same time a shark or saw-fish on the other rod—we always use two rods. Had to cut off the shark, fearing that the lines would foul. I landed the tarpon, which was 6ft. long and 32in. girth, in ten minutes. Then going back to the same place, the first cast hooked another; and though a small one he was far more gamy, and took me fifteen minutes to get to gaff. Saw plenty more, but got no more. Until we get a cold norther there seems no reason why we cannot get tarpon at this season.

CHAS. A. DEAN.

A CAMP GHOST STORY.

ASHLAND, Wis.—"Well, Ernest, we will have to stop."

"Yes, think we will," he replied, in his French-Canadian jargon. "We will skin those horses alive if we keep on."

We had left camp long before daylight on our return trip, and after striking the main road had found it frozen so that the horses and mules at every step broke through and the sharp ice cut their legs like a knife. I determined to turn around and go back to camp and wait until it either froze hard enough to bear our team, or the road had thawed enough to melt the ice which had formed. We pried up the wagon until the wheels were clear, unhitched the horses and mules, turned them around and let them pick their way back at the edge of the road. About one-half mile from where we abandoned the wagon we came to the river which we had crossed in the morning almost dry shod, but which upon our approach we found bank full and running like a millrace. Ernest said: "Them fellows lift the dam last night."

"Yes. There will be no more crossing until the river freezes over solid."

"Well, what will we do now!"

"Stay here. Here is a hovel which we can fix for the horses. There is hay on the meadow; we have oats on the wagon, so that fixes them. We have pork and flour and blankets, and we can inclose one corner of the old camp; besides we can shoot partridges and maybe a deer, and that fixes us. I don't care if it keeps this way for a month."

Somehow my plan did not seem to strike Ernest as I thought it would. Ordinarily the manner of life we would be forced to live until such time as the road should become passable would have been, of all conditions, to his entire satisfaction. But during the whole day, in all of our preparations, fixing hovel and camp, and packing hay and provisions, he was silent and morose, seeming to have a burden upon his mind. I expected to learn what it was when our day's work was done, and I was not disappointed. Stretched out before the fire at night, I said to him, "Ernest, what is the matter? You don't seem to like this place. I think it is a dandy. I saw a couple of partridges in the birches down by the river just at sunset, and to-morrow night I will go down and get them. We will rig up a raft, and you can get across the river to camp, get some tea and coffee and sugar, and we will live like kings."

"I know that," he said. "The horse and mule they all right, this camp good enough, but you don't know this place have the hant. You not hear about that, I tell you.

"About five years ago old Mose Smith he owned this camp, and all the timber along the river for a long ways. He always drive horse with lots bells, and we can always tell when Mose come. We hear the bells in the evening when he drive up from down the river. Little while after the Christmas Mose he die. About a week afterward we hear them bells, and the boys they say, 'Somebody come with Mose horse,' and we all go out in the chip yard and we hear the bells again, but we don't see no horse, no cutter; then somebody say, 'That Mose's ghost.' The boys they get scare, and some of them go away that winter. We heard the bells every little while, and right in the middle of the summer people who camp here say that old Mose's ghost he drive up here in the yard every night."

"Well, Ernest, you have told me a very nice story and talked me almost to sleep. I don't believe any ghost will trouble us to-night; so good night."

Ernest did not reply, but sat smoking and gazing intently into the fire. I was sound asleep. Some one was shaking me by the shoulder. Getting hardly awake, I heard Ernest say: "Wake up! That ghost he come now; listen now you hear the bells."

Wide awake, I sat upright and listened intently. All I could hear was the wind, which had risen during the night and whistled and moaned around the old camp and hovel and hay shed beyond. Suddenly as it rose in violence there sounded in the distance what seemed to be a string of sleigh bells; faint and far at first, the sound seemed to grow nearer and louder and then die out gradually almost at the camp door. "Well," I said, "those are nice bells, Ernest. Old Mose must have had an ear for music; his ghost has at any rate. Let's go out and ask the old gent in. Light the lantern. Maybe Old Mose don't need any light, but I can't see an inch before my nose."

"Oh, no! We don't go out!"

"Yes, come on, I say. If you don't want to go I'll go alone. We have plenty to eat; maybe the ghost is hungry; maybe cold; we will bring him in, feed him and warm him," and out I went, bearing the lighted lantern, into the chip yard. Nothing was visible, but as we stood gazing into the direction whence the sound had come, the wind rising again in a powerful gust, we heard the bells again, this time apparently nearer, the sound seeming to die out in the hay shed.

Ernest had followed rather than stay in camp alone.

"Your ghost has gone to put up his horse," I said. "We will go help, maybe his fingers are cold, and some help in unhitching will not come amiss."

We stood again just at the entrance of the hay shed. Again the wind rose and again sounded the bells, this time the sound starting low, but seemingly nearer—*dingle, dingle, dingle-dongle dingle, dingle, dingle, dingle.*

"Ha, ha!" I said, "he must be pretty close here. I think I have found your ghost, and he is neither cold nor hungry; but he is a welcome guest nevertheless. Here is a frying-pan with a long handle which will come in very handy, and here is a piece of chain which we will find useful. Watch now and listen."

I brought Ernest up and held the lantern high, so that the light fell full upon the articles named and described. A gust of wind howled around the corner of the camp and came sweeping through the hay shed. The frying-pan swung out, was caught flatways by the wind and swung back, striking the chain, and at each successive stroke it went *dingle-dongle, dingle-dongle,* and as the wind passed it settled again into place, *dongle, dongle, dongle.*

"Well, Ernest, what do you think of your ghost now?"

"I remember now. I was cookee, and the cook say one day, 'Ernest, take this old frying-pan, hang him up somewhere outside, we don't need him any more now; the boss he buy a new one last night and I hang him by that chain. By gosh! I never saw so funny t'ing like that."

"Well, we will go to bed now. Bring along the frying-pan and to-morrow night we will have some partridge in it."

"Yes, you bet; we no afraid for ghost now."

G. W. M.

HOLLAND.—III.

[*Continued from page 485.*]

AFTER working this cover it was the orthodox course to follow the fence to the road, which we crossed, and descending a steep sidehill entered the "happy valley" at its lower end. In those days this was indeed an ideal sportsman's paradise. As you can see, there are several swampy thickets that look very inviting, while that old orchard, grown up to alders and witch hazel, is perfectly fascinating, and as your footsteps press its carpet of evergreen grass and delicate ferns your pulse bounds with an exciting thrill and you involuntarily tighten your grasp upon your gun, well knowing that scores of birds must tarry in so sweet a spot. Both woodcock and grouse were always here in goodly numbers, but the cream of the whole valley was to be found just above and beyond the orchard on that gentle slope, covered with birches, interspersed with alders in the several little runs that wind their course through the belt of birches from the hill above. This was indeed a favored spot; stately grouse came from the hill above and, charmed with the beautiful surroundings, tarried long in the enchanting home, while the shy woodcock flitted from the rich feeding grounds in the meadow below to repose through the day in the shade of the white-armed birches he loves so well. Once, when here in company with Mr. Ashmun and Mr. Bowles, I started a rabbit just at the edge of the birches, and as he went past Mr. Bowles let drive at him, but the rabbit kept on and ran into a brace of woodcock that were lying close together. As they topped the birches Mr. Bowles brought one down in fine style, and, forgetting all about his shot at the rabbit, he drew a bead on the other one just as Mr. Ashmun fired and killed it. This was rather funny, but the laugh came in when Mr. Bowles, turning to me with beaming countenance, exclaimed, "That is the first double I've had this season;" then to watch the change in his features as remembrance of that shot at the rabbit flashed upon his brain was better than all the rest.

After working out this slope to the fence we turn to the left and beat the cover until we come to the road; then we turn toward the house, occasionally finding a stray woodcock in the scattered clumps of alders, and several times we have found one or two snipe near the little brook. This picturesque valley was dearly loved by Mr. Ashmun, and it was pronounced by him to be the gem of the whole group, and I am free to say that I more than half agree with him, notwithstanding the manifold attractions of other delightful resorts, around which cluster memories of rarest sport enjoyed in the bygone days.

Our usual route from here was to follow the old road to "the birches," from there to "the walnut sprouts," and if we had time we drove on down the hill to the churchyard belonging to and quite near the little village of Wales. This was known as the "graveyard cover," but aside from the border of birches near the pond there was little to indicate the presence of woodcock, yet notwithstanding its uninviting appearance it was a famous place for them, and we frequently found here from eight to fifteen birds, often flushing four or five from the bare top of that little knoll, and nearly always finding two or three in the far corner near the fence, and usually two or three were to be found in the birch thicket near the pond. Once when here with Mr. Ashmun we started a large bevy of quail in these birches, which scattered among the low brush on the hillside across the road, where we followed them and had some capital sport, bringing to bag sixteen fine birds, all old males. These birds were undoubtedly the sole survivors of numerous bevies that had been decimated by the severe winters that very nearly destroyed the quail throughout a large section of country. Previous to my first visit to Holland they had been very plentiful, but the extremely cold winters and heavy snows in '58 and '59 nearly exterminated them, and although Mr. Bowles and I restocked the grounds with a good supply of birds from Virginia and Ohio, there have been but few found here since.

Across the pond there is a large extent of very good cover, or rather a succession of covers, where we often had excellent sport, both with grouse and woodcock. The hillside south of the pond, then covered with a straggling growth of birches, was at times a famous place for woodcock, while just beyond the hill to the right is a charming bit of ground, known as the "schoolhouse cover," that was a sure place for three or four woodcock; and often we had a lucky hit at the grouse, bringing to bag at one time no less than fifteen of these royal birds in this small patch of cover. It was on this occasion that Mr. Ashmun covered himself with glory by handsomely grassing three birds in as many seconds with his Roper gun—a four-shot repeating single barrel.

Mr. Ashmun's favorite bird was the woodcock, and he was not a lover of the grouse, always finding fault with them when found, as he expressed it, intruding on woodcock ground; but after we had smoothed the plumage of our fifteen birds, and laid them side by side on the flat rock by the spring, he gazed upon them awhile with glistening eyes, then turning to me he exclaimed: "I have often called you crazy on the grouse question, but I begin to see that there is method in your madness, and it will take but little more sport like this to make me also a 'partridge crank.'"

The grounds that I have attempted to describe take in, with the exception of a few unimportant nooks and corners, all the covers lying to the west of the reservoir, a long, narrow, artificial lake with rather picturesque scenery at its upper end; the chosen home of the pickerel, which were caught in such numbers that even I am skeptical of the record jotted down so long ago, and shall therefore decline to reproduce it here. Our usual route in working through the covers upon the east side was to take the road that crosses the stream a few yards below the reservoir dam, and, following it past the long unworked "lead mine" across the little brook, a little beyond which the road turns short to the left and winds through a good-looking birch cover. Hitching our team to that old apple tree on the right near the fence, we cross the

road and the open meadow; passing just to the right of that strip of timber, we get over the fence at the barway and are in the celebrated "Jackson cover." In front of us is an extensive, rather steep sidehill, covered with a dense growth of birches, interspersed with alder runs, and all through the whole is a fancy lot of briars that only mortal terror or prospect of sport would prompt a sane mortal to face. At the foot of the slope, nestled in the deep valley, are the bright waters of Lead Mine Pond, a small but beautiful sheet of crystal, from whose depths may still be coaxed fat and almost golden colored pickerel that are actually good to eat, which is more than can be truthfully said of many of their kin from other waters. You must pardon this digression, as I cannot forbear a tribute to the gamy qualities and toothsome excellence of these beautiful denizens of this beautiful sheet of water.

In the cool depths of the alder runs, and all through the growth of birches, woodcock loved to lirger, and many famous bags were made here. Mr. Ashmun told me that once when here with Uncle Aaron Howe, just after a heavy storm, they found upwards of seventy-five birds, and, added he, "if we had not both of us got rattled we would have beaten your record; but notwithstanding our wretched performance, we succeeded in counting out fifty-eight." Messrs. Bowles and Sabin once scored forty-three here, and I have upon several occasions assisted in bringing to bag upwards of thirty birds. Grouse were generally fairly abundant here, but it was often impossible to find a wing-broken bird, as they would make for the brier thickets, and succeed in escaping from the most courageous dog. Once when here we flushed a wild bird several times that invariably flew in a half circle to the left instead of keeping a straight course, as is the almost invariable habit of the grouse. Finally we succeeded in bringing it down, and upon examination we found that the left wing had been broken and the bones had lapped over each other and grown firmly together, making a strong job, but leaving the wing nearly 2in. shorter than its mate, which accounted for the erratic flight that had puzzled us. Upon our return to the team, for three or four years we were invariably waylaid by a half-bred bull dog owned by Mr. Jackson, who lived in the house just above. This dog had a most portentous bark, and a growl that was decidedly suggestive of aggressive unpleasantness, as, with bristling hair and upraised tail, he prowled around us, swearing at our dogs and evidently bent upon their destruction; but we kept them close to heel, and nearly always succeeded in getting them safely through the threatened trouble. Once when Mr. Wesson was there the brute came out before the cover was reached, and seizing poor Andy gave him a terrific shaking before he could be released. I have often heard Mr. Wesson recount the incidents of that day. The cover was literally alive with woodcock, and although the dog could do no work he and his companion walked up the birds and brought to bag a number nearly up to the top score. This was the last time that we were molested by that dog. How he came to his end I do not know, but I heard it whispered that some one had heard a scrimmage at the edge of the cover at once followed by a single shot, and it was the belief that at this time the bark of the worthless brute was wafted to the other shore. Whoever it was, I can confidently assure him that sportsmen who frequented the place, and sundry parties who had occasion to travel that road would unanimously have given him a vote of thanks for his well timed shot. SHADOW.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Natural History.

WOODLAND BIRD NOTES.—V.

At Christmas-Tide.

BY EDWIN IRVINE HAINES.

"The whole world is a Christmas tree,
And stars its many candles be,
Oh! sing a carol joyfully,
The year's great feast in keeping."

WHATEVER the calendar may say about winter coming in on the first of this month (or, more correctly, the 21st), our feelings do not cross the winter line until the first heavy snowstorm. No matter how cold it may be, or how many light snowstorms or flurries we may have, it is not until we wake up some morning to find deep snow on the ground that we realize that winter has her cold grip on us again. The weather has been very mild this year (until this recent cold snap), enticing many of our migrants to remain with us, while the cold weather is driving many boreal birds southward, as example the incursion of goshawks into Connecticut. Winter is like the old Norse poetry, "ragged and jagged, and barbarously grand." There is a certain fascination in the unique and austere realities of this bleak and forbidding season, and from a naturalist's point of view the well-known words of Shakespeare are apropos—"Now is the winter of our discontent." Until one stands in the depths of the woods in midwinter one does appreciate how rare and peculiarly impressive is the sense of absolute silence—the soundless, deathly quiet in earth and air, only broken at long intervals by the cawing of some distant crow, the hammering of a woodpecker upon some far-off tree, the sudden merriment of the chickadee, or the melancholy *see-e-eep* of the brown creeper, as he laboriously climbs a tree near by; but it is gone in an instant—the sound engulfed in an ocean of frozen silence.

There is a potency in the sense of utter desolation in the soundless forest on a winter day that is hardly surpassed by any display of nature's most tremendous energies. Nothing seems more aptly to symbolize the spirit of winter in its gloom, isolation and grandeur than the lone sea-gull pursuing its magnificent flight over the turbulent waters before a darkly gathering storm. The bleak, wild scenes of winter life, such as the driving snowstorm, the somber landscape, the noiseless passage of a hawk amid the trees, the cutting, icy wind that sways the leafless boughs with dismal creak amid

"Bare, ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang;

the moaning pines, the cold light of day, and the still colder and quickly gathering darkness; these, and all other ghostly things that contribute to nature's annual burial, form an incomparable background on which to project the tone and temper of all other seasons of the year; the joy of spring, the luxuriance of summer, and the glory of autumn. The peculiarity of the weather this year, however, has shown some strange features in bird life. The bluejays are still here (New Rochelle) in large numbers, causing the woods to resound with their unearthly yells, and causing us to think of warmer days when we get a glimpse at their brightly-hued plumage. Now and then large flocks of robins pass by, and frequently the sweet *tru ally* of the bluebirds falls on our ears. Cedar waxwings are numerous in the pine forests, and large flocks of pine finches and redpolls are often observed in the same places. As late as Dec. 1 I have seen ruby-crowned kinglets; these little birds are migrants, that is, so books tells us, but now it is time that all migratory birds were South long ago; therefore the late occurrence of these birds here in December, and the statements of Dr. C. C. Abbot, who writes he has seen them as late as Christmas and New Year's in southern New Jersey and Delaware, lead us to question whether these birds are migrants or winter residents. Mr. Frank Chapman told me the latest fall record of the ruby-crowned kinglet was Nov. 24, 1886, therefore my record is the latest so far; but as Mr. Abbot only observes birds, and I was so unlucky as not to secure the kinglet, and the old saying that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush" holds good among the scientific ornithologists of to-day, the record is not worth much (to them) I have found them with the golden-crowned kinglet summering upon the slopes of the northwestern Catskill Mountains at a distance of only 175 miles from New York city, at an elevation of 1,400ft.—Stamford, Delaware county, N. Y. (see January *Osprey*).

As everyone knows, the kinglets are closely allied, the golden-crown being a winter resident and the ruby a migrant. There was a theory among older naturalists that these two kinglets were associated in their ways and in their range of nesting, but because the golden-crown was found summering only in the Northern States, and the ruby-crown far north of them, this theory was rather given up; but the occurrence of these two kinglets so far South in summer would tend to revive it. The golden-crown kinglet is a well-known and familiar winter bird with us, and a very companionable little fellow he is. Though preferring evergreens, he is satisfied with shrubbery of any kind, and will cheerfully pick his way through tangled vines, all the while singing, or trying to, which is just as well; for the simple sound shows what a cheerful heart the kinglet has. While studying him this summer I had abundant opportunities to hear his love song: a lisping sort of warble, beginning like that of *Dendroica striata* (black-poll warbler) and winding up with a few sprightly notes similar to those of *Dendroica virens* (black-throated green warbler), and is sung very strong and clear for so small a bird. The golden-crown is very abundant this year at New Rochelle, while last year it was very scarce. Though companionable as they are, I do not like to see them so abundant, for this bird is not a fair-weather creature. The winters of 1892–93 were a proof of this; they were very cold and stormy, with much snow, and the kinglets were very abundant and did not seem to mind the cold in the least.

Leaving the kinglet, let us glance at another bird, almost as small as they are, and who is as interesting and almost as abundant at this season. In the "frozen North," where he is said to nest, he is called limmershin, but to us he is better known as winter wren. This little mite is always found either in tangled thickets or along stone walls, where he is so fond of dodging in and out. He is an active little fellow, never still a moment, and always on the go, uttering his mouse-like chirp all the while. But little limmershin is an entirely different sort of chap when he is in his summer home; though said to breed in Canada and Labrador, he is an abundant summer resident of the northwestern Catskill Mountains. I found it in the northern part of Ulster county, and pretty well distributed in Delaware county. These birds are not often found in valleys, but prefer the higher valleys to the highest mountain tops; even the lofty summit of Slide Mountain, Ulster county (4,500ft.), is not too distant for its tiny wings. It habits the roaring mountain brooks, where his beautiful melody always tells his presence before you see him. And what a singer this wren is, though his song is peculiar. The notes tremble over each other in the true wren manner, and the strain comes to an end so suddenly that you are likely to think that the bird has been interrupted; in the middle is a long indrawn note similar to one of the canary's. His habits and manners are very much like those of the water ousel in the far West.

Of all our winter birds the most abundant and best known is the slate-colored junco or snowbird. If you wish to know the habits of this bird all you have to do is to go into a field if you live in the country or into Central Park if in the city, and you are sure to see some, when you can easily watch them. At the end of April they begin to go North to their summer home, which is said to be from the Northern States northward. It is, however, the most abundant and universally distributed bird of the Catskills in summer. It is met with everywhere. In the valleys it may be observed along the roadsides or even hopping about in the village streets as numerously as the English sparrows do in the city, while it is also found in woodland glades and penetrates the mountain forests to the highest altitudes, breeding universally throughout its range. I found it abundant on the summit of Mount Utsayantha (3,800ft. elevation), near Stamford, where I secured two specimens, with a nest and three eggs, July 7, 1896. The nest was situated in a small evergreen bush near a spring; it was made of leaves and straw outside, while within it was lined with black horsehair, which gave it a very pretty appearance. Its song resembles the chippy's, but is louder and sweeter.

The hairy woodpeckers are abundant on Hunter's Island, near New Rochelle, this year, though I have not heard or seen them in any of the woods on the main land. This woodpecker is a "rare and irregular" winter visitant in this part of New York State, though in the western part it is quite abundant. Its note is a peculiar harsh rattle which resembles that of the kingfisher, and can be heard at a great distance. Several times I have seen a species of "snipe" on the beaches of Hunter's Island which I suspect is the purple sandpiper (*Tringa maritima*) On Long Island this sandpiper is a rare but regular winter resident, and as this sandpiper is the only one here in winter it was probably this bird that I saw. On different occasions while on the island I have seen several small sparrows in the salt grass on the beaches, near the water, who tried to keep from sight as much as possible. It was only single individuals I saw until Dec. 13, when I flushed a large flock of them. They scattered and disappeared from sight at once, which is so characteristic of the seaside sparrow, but the latter is only a summer resident here, therefore I knew at once that these birds were his winter cousin, called by naturalists the Ipswich sparrow.

The starlings are numerous all over Pelham Bay Park, and also upon the neighboring islands. During the warm spell we had the early part of this month I was coming home one evening past Pelham Manor, when I heard a bird in full song, which struck me as remarkable for this time of year. I at first thought it came from a neighboring house, but found my mistake when I saw a bird about the size of a robin fly up into a tree and carefully regard me. I thought at first it was a shrike, for its plumage was dingy white above and ashy beneath. As I approached near, it flew into a bush and twitched its tail about like a catbird, and broke forth once more into its entrancing song. And a catbird it was, or rather before he fell from grace, but on account of its wonderful mimicking powers naturalists call him the mockingbird. But what brought him to this locality in December? He is a thorough Southern species. It is quite the thing to explain his occasional appearance in winter by calling him and escaped caged bird.

I have observed mockingbirds here in three consecutive winters, once in the middle of January after a heavy snowstorm during very cold weather; and there are numerous records for Central Park by different authorities. Now, though mockingbirds are favorites as cage birds, there are not so many of them in captivity or so many escape that two, three or more should be observed every winter near New York city. I am convinced, no matter what skeptics say to the contrary, that in the present instance such a sup-



CHRISTMAS EVE AT PORT DESIRE IN 1586. From "De Bry's Voyages," printed in 1593.



THE COYOTE.

From Forest and Stream Animal Series. Drawn by E. S. Thompson.

position is an injustice to the bird and to myself, and without a doubt this particular specimen wandered up from the South entirely of its own volition and lingered about the Park for my special benefit—a sort of Christmas present a little previous in the delivery. And thus you see from this short sketch of winter bird life that "every cloud has a silver lining," and though in these closing days of the old year the tide is out and the sky is cold and dark, that after a brief period of "frost and storm and cloudiness" the soft, reviving glow of spring will overspread the sky and the southern ocean will send back its waves—waves of thrushes, finches, warblers and the rest—birds of woodland, shore and sea; many of them doubly welcome as old friends, with here and there a stranger in the throng to give the zest of novelty; and as courier of all the host, like a benediction of dying winter on the head of spring, hope's special messenger, the song sparrow.

Poplar Place, New Rochelle, N. Y., Dec. 17.

ABOUT WOLVES AND COYOTES.

In the Western country there is a very large class of people who take an active interest in wolves, and it seems worth while that whatever each one of us knows about them should be put on record. In the West in buffalo times no one ever heard of a wolf's doing any harm to anyone except now and then to chew rawhide ropes and harness, but as the buffalo were driven from one and another section of the country these animals began to prey on the domestic stock which grazed upon the pastures formerly occupied by the wild ruminants.

As wolves began to be troublesome, people who had heard of the old-time industry of wolfing took to poisoning them, since, as a rule, they are much too smart to be trapped and too wary to be shot. Pretty soon, however, the wolves became so sharp that they would not take a poisoned bait, or if they did take it, for some reason or other the poison failed to work. At all events, the carcasses were not found. Colts, calves and larger animals were, and still are, killed in great numbers on the Western ranges, and, of course, sheep are also killed—usually, it is said, merely for fun, as the big wolves seldom eat the mutton.

Few people have any idea how powerful an animal the gray wolf is. He may not stand much taller than a good-sized setter dog, but he is longer and heavier, and is made of a sort of combination of wire and rawhide which never tires and can get over the ground very rapidly.

After a time, when poisoning seemed to prove ineffective, a good many people in the West got greyhounds, Russian wolfhounds, stag hounds and other dogs, with which they tried to kill off the wolves on their ranges. No doubt many wolves have been killed by this means, certainly many coyotes have, but it does not prove effective. In a level country, where the going is good, dogs can overtake and kill wolves, but they must be powerful animals, must be regularly trained to the work, and there must be two or three of them to each wolf. I heard not long ago of a man who started two wolfhounds after six gray wolves. Of course, it is impossible to imagine what he expected the dogs to do. They overtook the wolves with little difficulty, and then these turned on the dogs and ate them up. In a rough mountain country dogs are of little use, because they become footsore and hurt themselves and can no longer overtake the wolves. Thus the problem for the stockman seems one not easily to be solved.

There are some men who still believe in poisoning. Such a man a year or two ago told me that one of his men had driven thirty-one miles from the rauch to the railroad, and dragging a fresh beef hide and throwing out baits, found along the road on his return a day or two later twenty-eight wolves and coyotes. Others believe in dogs, and faithfully ride after them or hire some one else to do so. Others still arrange traps and snares. A cruel trap, but one which is said to be effective with coyotes, is to hang a gang of large and heavy fish-hooks attached to a wire line from the branch of a tree or a spring pole. The hooks, baited with meat, are held so high above the ground that the animal must rise on its hindlegs to grasp the bait, and when he does so the yielding branch or spring pole holds him—for awhile. A few people know how to trap wolves, but the number caught in this way cannot be large.

It is said that ranges where wolves are persistently chased, or where a few have been successfully trapped, will, after a short time, be absolutely deserted by the remaining wolves, who migrate to some other section of the country where they are less disturbed. I heard this autumn of a place in Wyoming called the Settlements which had been troubled for a year or two by wolves. At length one of the men devoted some time to trapping them, and succeeded in catching three, and shortly afterward the wolves disappeared from the neighborhood, and immediately another region about thirty miles west, where there had before been none, began to be troubled by them. Here they did much harm, killing in a couple of months, besides many range cattle, twenty-one cows and calves immediately about the settlers' houses, animals that were kept for milk.

The wisdom of the coyote is proverbial. An example of this happened not long ago on the ranch. We have a yellow sheep dog named Shep who very much delights in chasing coyotes, jack rabbits or antelope. He never catches any of these creatures, but he always chases them, and after he has run himself down comes back with lolling tongue and mortified air. The coyotes often come up within 150 or 200yds. of the house during the day, and whenever the dog sees them he chases them out of sight. If they do not take the trouble to run fast for him, he overtakes them and there is a fight. At night the coyotes come immediately up to the door, and can be heard all about the house and buildings, and at this time the dog is kept busy chasing them.

Not very long ago the coyotes appeared to have made up their minds that they wanted to get rid of this dog. About 9 o'clock at night one of them came to the kitchen door and howled. The dog rushed out after him and the coyote ran away, looking over his shoulder. He ran down toward one of the corrals and around behind the blacksmith's shop into the garden, and the dog followed him at the top of his speed. Behind the blacksmith's shop and waiting for the dog were six or seven other coyotes, who at once pitched into the pursuer and proceeded to worry him. The noise of the fight led Billy C. to seize his gun and rush out there, and he saw this snarling, writhing mass of animals on the ground. He could not shoot for fear of killing the dog, but at his yells the coyotes scattered and disappeared. He was only just in time to save Shep, who was badly cut up. Since that time Shep's interest in coyotes has somewhat lessened. He will chase a single one with his old vigor, but if a second appears he returns to the house.

A few weeks ago, while riding out to look at a bunch of cattle, I saw as I rode, going over a little hill near the house, a coyote down in the next valley, and with the coyote was a badger. I had no gun, and the coyote seemed to know it, for he paid no attention to me, but appeared to be playing with the badger. He would prance around it, make a feint of biting it, and then run off a little way, the badger immediately running after him. This he did until the badger had gone 60 or 70yds., when I got so near the two that the badger saw me and ran into a hole and the coyote trotted off 40 or 50yds. and lay down. I did not comprehend just what was going on, but it was evident either that the two animals were playing together or else that the wolf was teasing the badger. Afterward, in speaking of the matter to Billy, he gave me his theory concerning it. He had several times seen a game of this description, and his idea was that the coyote was teasing the badger and making it angry. It is well known that the badger is troubled with a natural shortness of temper, and will fight, as the saying is, "at the drop of a hat." The coyote's device was to make the badger so angry that it would follow him, and to lead it along until a second coyote was met with, when the two would attack the badger, kill it and eat it. The explanation seems to me a plausible one.

Last summer, while we were haying, an interesting example of a natural pointer was seen not far from the house. The loaded hay wagon was coming back from one of the meadows when a coyote was seen 40 or 50yds. from the road apparently on a dead point. He was standing absolutely still, his nose and tail straight out in a line, and one forefoot lifted from the ground. Just before him there was a very slight rise of ground, but the men who were riding on top of the load of hay could see over this, and saw that he was pointing a prairie dog which was feeding near its hole, just on the other side of the elevation. They were so interested in the sight that they stopped the wagon and watched. Every little while the prairie dog would sit up and look about, and when he did this the coyote would stand absolutely without motion. When the dog dropped down on all four feet and began to feed the coyote would very slowly and stealthily creep up a few feet nearer This thing went on for some minutes, the dog not seeming to notice the coyote, which at the last must have been in plain sight. The last time the dog dropped down to feed, the coyote made a swift rush, covering 12 or 15ft., picked the little animal up, and then for the first time noticing the hay wagon stood for a moment with his prey hanging across his mouth and then trotted slowly off up the hill.

These coyotes are as impudent and unconcerned as possible when you don't happen to have a gun with you. Last autumn I saw them lie down within thirty or forty steps of me just to wait until I had passed by, and, as I said, at night they come up all around the house. They seem to kill a good many colts, especially the young and weak ones, and I suppose that the way they do it is to go in bands, and while some tease the mare others jump in and kill the colt. The habit of relieving each other in chasing antelope and jack rabbits is, of course, well known. Last winter Billy reported to me that he saw two of them on a big piece of ice bothering a big wolf. The ice was slippery and they could get started and could turn much more quickly than their larger cousin. One of them would go in front of him and annoy him while the other ran past him from behind and nipped him as it went by. Then the big wolf would try to turn and chase the little one, but he would slip, and before he fairly got started would get a nip from the other. So they worried



THE WOLF.

From Forest and Stream Animal Series. Drawn by E. S. Thompson.

this old fellow for quite a little while, and were still at it when Billy went out of sight.

I have said something about the power of the big wolves, and it is well known that a couple of them can pull down a two-year-old heifer without trouble. The reason I know this is because I have seen them do it. A couple of wolves had a bunch of stock rounded up in a valley, and were just walking about and holding them there, when suddenly one of the wolves made a plunge into the cattle. A foolish young two-year-old dashed out of the band and the other wolf had her cut off the moment she separated from the bunch. Then both wolves made a dash at her, caught her by the hindlegs, spread her apart and killed her, I think, in ten seconds.

For many years I have been looking for an authentic case where a Western wolf attacked a human being. I think I have found one now in the daughter of old Jim Baker, who still lives down in Colorado, on Snake River. The occurrence happened about fifteen years ago, and the attack was made not because the wolf was hungry, but because he was cross. The young girl, then eighteen years old, was going out just at dusk to drive in some milk cows, when she saw sitting just above the trail on the hillside a gray wolf. She called at it, and when it did not move picked up a stone and threw it. The animal came jumping down the hill, caught her by the shoulder, threw her down and tore her badly on the legs and arms. She screamed, and her brother, who happened to be near by, ran up with his gun and killed the wolf. This was a young wolf barely fully grown, and his act it would be hard to explain. The woman still bears the scars of the encounter.

In books about Indians it is commonly stated that wolves mate with Indian dogs, and it is certainly true that the old-fashioned Indian dog often had a very wolfish look about him. Such crossing may take place by accident or possibly by design of the Indians, as stated by some travelers; but though I have been much in Indian camps, for a good many years past, I never saw anything to lead me to believe that the Indians themselves tried to bring this about.

That wolves and dogs will cross is certain. Twenty years ago at a ranch just west of the head of the D smal River, in Nebraska, there was a big black dog which was the father of seven pups by an old gray wolf. These pups and their mother were notorious through all the country there for the cattle which they killed, and they were often seen doing it. If I recollect aright three of the pups looked like gray wolves and four like the black dog. All of this interesting family save one were at length shot by Capt. L. H. North, the manager of the Cody & North cattle ranch.

There is a lot of interesting matter to be written about wolves and coyotes, and a beginning has hardly yet been made at it. If every one who has any notes on this subject would write them out and put them on record there would soon be material for an interesting and not very small book. G. B. G.

The Ermines.

In our remarks last week upon the ermines, we quoted Coues's "Fur Bearing Animals" and Audubon's "Quadrupeds," neither of which is very modern, the first having been published nearly twenty years ago and the latter being twice as old. Of course, since the publication of these volumes much work on North American mammals has been done, and much has been said as to the specific relations of all the weasels. The latest contributions to this subject are a paper entitled "A Review of the Weasels of Eastern North America," by Mr. Outram K. Bangs, published in the Proceedings of the Biological Society of Washington, and one by Dr. C. Hart Merriam entitled "A Synopsis of the Weasels of North America," published by the Agricultural Department as No. 11 of the North American Fauna.

Dr. Merriam regards the ermine (*Putorius erminea*) as distinct from the American forms of weasel, though closely related to a subarctic form (*P. arcticus*, Mer.). Strictly then the term ermine should be applied only to one species of weasel, and that an Old World form, but there are in America many weasels which turn white in winter.

The quotation from Audubon's "Quadrupeds," given last week in these columns, probably refers to *P. noveboracensis*.

Winter Bluebirds in Connecticut.

HAMDEN, Conn., Dec. 14.—The occasions are very rare when it is possible to pick wild flowers from the hillside in Connecticut on Dec. 13; yet I inclose a small blossomed plant picked by myself to-day while I was hunting for snares on the West Rock range. Not only did I pick this flower, but I saw bluebirds and lots of them; in fact, it is nothing unusual to find these generally accepted harbingers of spring in this vicinity all the year round. Well do I remember hearing a bluebird sing just two years ago this month; and the thermometer was hugging zero pretty close at the time too. A friend and I were crossing a lot on which there was a clump of small cedars; our surprise can be better imagined than told when our ears were greeted by a bluebird's warble; we had seen them many times at that time of year, but the warble was a genuine surprise. WILLIAM H. AVIS.

Tennessee Birds.

GRAND VIEW, Dec. 16.—I was in error in supposing that the migrant birds had passed this point on their southward journey.

On Dec. 9 a large flock of robins passed, some hundreds, probably, in number, and on the 11th I saw one meadow lark.

There are many small birds, which seem to be mostly finches, twittering in the bushes, and I am told that they remain all winter.

We have seen no snow on the mountain tops as yet, though in Georgia, and more than 100 miles to the south, they have had too much for comfort.

Antler says that when the robins come northward in the spring they move in a body. KELPIE.

An Invaluable Substitute.

INCLOSED please find draft for $4, for which please keep the FOREST AND STREAM coming to my address. I have had it just one year, and for one interested in sporting life, and is so tied down to business life as not to be able to enjoy the reality, it is an invaluable substitute.

CHAS. HAYWARD.

Game Bag and Gun.

WHERE TO GO.

ONE important, useful and considerable part of the FOREST AND STREAM'S service to the sportsmen's community is the information given inquirers for shooting and fishing resorts. We make it our business to know where to send the sportsman for large or small game, or in quest of his favorite fish, and this knowledge is freely imparted on request.

On the other hand, we are constantly seeking information of this character for the benefit of our patrons, and we invite sportsmen, hotel proprietors and others to communicate to us whatever may be of advantage to the sportsman tourist.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Another Bill.

CHICAGO, Dec. 19.—The Illinois State Sportsmen's Association met Monday of this week and agreed to appoint a committee for the drafting of a bill to be presented at the next session of the Legislature. This is entirely distinct from the bill mentioned in earlier issues as the Baird bill. There will be desirable features in each bill, and it is to be hoped that the sportsmen of the State will secure some of the benefits which would arise from the adoption of such desirable portions. It is all in the air yet, for we have not yet heard from South Water street, whose pull is mightier than the sword.

Personal.

Mr. Charles Hallock, the Nestor of sporting journalism, made a very pleasant call at this office to-day. Mr. Hallock looks hale and hearty, and no older than he was ten years ago, probably not so old, as he has had so many enjoyable experiences in his many wanderings among the wild places of the continent, all of which are evergreen in tendency.

Mr. S A. Tucker, the well-known agent of the well-known Parker gun, is in the city this week for several days.

Mr. W. P. Mussey, long sick at home of typhoid fever and mentioned last week as apt to be confined in bed for some days yet, surprised and delighted his many friends by appearing at his place of business day before yesterday for a short time, the first time he has been down town since October last. He is looking pulled down, but says he will soon be all right again.

Mr. A. S Clark, of Haddam, Conn., called this week, and I was glad to see him. He is an old-time FOREST AND STREAM reader, and has shot in different parts of the West and South, in country of which we could speak of mutual knowledge. Mr. Clark says I am not as good looking a man as he hoped I was, from reading my stuff, "unsight, unseen." A number of people have told me that, and I am beginning to think there is something in it.

Wild Pigeons.

Mr. William Knight, freight agent of the U. P. R. R. here, is just back from a quail trip in Missouri and Arkansas. He brings the unusual news that he and his friends saw a large flock of real wild pigeons, and he killed two of them, bringing them home for mounting.

National Association.

The annual meeting of the National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association will be held at Kalamazoo, Mich., Feb. 10, 1897. Mr. A. L. Lakee, secretary, asks that all who can possibly attend do so, and all such are requested to notify him at Kalamazoo of their intention, so that proper arrangements may be made for the accommodation of all and for the holding of a good meeting.

Dakota Game.

Mr. George E. Bowers, State game warden of North Dakota, writes me from Fargo that he has this fall had very good duck and goose shooting, and helped make bags as big as any one should ask. Moreover, he has just returned from a deer hunt on the Missouri River, in which his party of four got fourteen deer in ten days. Mr. Bowers asks me to come out for another hunt with the Fargo boys, and this I am going to do some day. He says that he did not meet the Merrill boys on their trip in Dakota, but was lucky enough to meet the W. B. Mershon party from Saginaw, Mich., and found them a splendid lot of men, "the kind it does one good to meet." Mr. Bowers is now about ready with his annual report, and we shall then hear about the non-resident law.

Mr. Clint Smith, one of my Fargo hunting friends, is now East on a visit, and I expect to see him here in Chicago before long. E. HOUGH.

BLACK RIVER ASSOCIATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The annual meeting of the Black River Fish and Game Protective Association was held this afternoon, President George G. Chassell, of Holland Patent, presiding. Secretary W. E Wolcott, of Utica, presented his annual report, which was as follows:

This Association, from the time of its organization eight years ago, has unfalteringly and untiringly labored in the interests of Adirondack forest protection and preservation, and earnestly advocated the early acquirement by the State of the entire wilderness region. Petitions urging the Legislature to take decisive action in the matter were printed at the expense of the Association, widely circulated, and thousands of signatures thereto obtained from different parts of the State. We have also published and circulated, in sheet and pamphlet form, at our own expense at various times, a vast amount of information concerning the Adirondacks and the necessity for caring for the forests.

Delegates have been sent to New York city to express our views before the State Forest Commission, to Albany to promote the desired legislation, and regularly to the annual meetings of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish, Game and Forest, held in Syracuse. The latter Association has repeatedly signified its approbation concerning our work in behalf of forest preservation and heartily seconded our efforts.

In view of the active part which the Black River Association has taken in this matter, it is but natural that we should feel highly gratified at the marked and increasing evidences of the growth of public sentiment in favor of the policy we have so long and enthusiastically advocated. One of the most encouraging evidences that has been noted was given this fall when the electors of this State were called upon to express by popular vote their wishes in regard to a proposed constitutional amendment. The Constitution of the State of New York, as revised two years ago, contains the following:

Art. VII., Sec. 7.—The lands of the State, now owned or hereafter acquired, constituting the forest preserve as now fixed by law, shall be forever kept as wild forest lands. They shall not be leased, sold or exchanged, or be taken by any corporation, public or private; nor shall the timber thereon be sold, removed or destroyed.

The revised constitution, including the above section, was adopted by a majority of about 100,000 This fall, at the general election, a proposed constitutional amendment was submitted, which, if it had been adopted, would have had the effect of virtually nullifying the section just quoted. Fortunately, however, public sentiment was ripe to meet the issue and people stamped with disapproval the proposition which meant destruction to the forests, burying it under an adverse majority of 700,000.

Surely the friends of the Adirondacks have great cause to rejoice at this magnificent victory, but they should not feel that it justifies them in resting on their laurels. While it furnishes indisputable evidence that the masses of the people are in sympathy with the cause, the fact remains that some few must continue to act as champions, or things will go by default. It is not only essential to make sure that the ground already won is retained, but continued aggressive measures will be required if, as is desired, the State secures title to the entire wilderness within the limits of the forest preserve. The action which has thus far been taken has done much toward guarding against the acquisition of Adirondack lands by unscrupulous men, acting either as individuals or in behalf of lumber companies or railroads, but there should be no relaxation of vigilance, and any attempt to deprive the commonwealth of its birthright should be forestalled. Further than this, all friends of the forest should persist in urging the importance of immediate action by the State looking toward the speedy acquirement of the Adirondack region, and should use their influence with members of the Legislature with this end in view.

Your secretary attended the annual meeting of the State Association for the Protection of Fish, Game and Forest held in Syracuse last winter. Delegates were present from twenty-two clubs, representing a membership of 4,800, and great interest was manifested in the proceedings. Your secretary offered resolutions approving the action of the State authorities in purchasing 75 000 acres of land within the forest preserve, and requesting the Legislature and Forest Commissioners to acquire additional lands there as rapidly as possible. The resolutions were unanimously adopted. Several proposed amendments to the game laws were considered, among them those suggested by the Black River Association. It was decided wise to amend Section 40 of the game laws so as to make the open season for deer from Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. The convention also voted to amend Section 44 so as to prohibit all floating or jacking or hunting with dogs, and so that no dogs for hunting deer should be allowed in the Adirondack preserve. Unfortunately the Legislature did not see fit to indorse all of the recommendations of the State Association, and it is particularly regretted that the amendment to the section last mentioned was among those not approved. Instead of abolishing hounding, the season for running deer with dogs was limited to the first fifteen days in October. Judging from the criticisms which have been made by sportsmen, hotel men and guides alike in the Adirondacks, this change has proved a dismal failure as a protective measure, and the belief that hounding should be absolutely prohibited for a few years at least has a very largely increased number of advocates. Competent judges say that the shortening of the dogging season had disastrous effects this year. By bringing nearly all the hunters into the woods at the same time it gave the deer little chance for escape. All desirable runways and watch points were covered by sportsmen during the two weeks, and there was scarcely a deer track which was not picked up by a dog. In this way, while the deer found their accustomed paths exceedingly dangerous, they were nevertheless kept almost constantly on the move, and those that escaped with their lives owed their good fortune more to the carelessness or inexperience of sportsmen than to anything else. It is also true that the shortening of the season seriously injured the business of Adirondack hotel men and guides. It was a noticeable fact that hunters who had heretofore spent from one to four weeks in the woods during the deer shooting season this year remained only long enough to get their venison.

The recommendation of this Association that the season for partridges, woodcock and squirrels open Sept. 1 and close Nov. 15 met with some opposition from sportsmen who want to hunt late in November and in December; but it was deemed wise to shorten the season two weeks on the first end. Last winter the Black River Association made application for 200,000 brook trout fry from the State fish hatchery on the Fulton Chain, but we were only able to obtain 40,000. These were shipped to us in April, and were taken in charge by the members of the committee appointed for the purpose and carefully distributed in Oneida county streams.

The report of the secretary was adopted. The treasury of the Association was reported to be in a very satisfactory condition.

Resolutions were adopted declaring it to be the sense of the Black River Association that the season for killing deer should open Sept. 1 and close Nov. 15; that floating or jacking and hounding deer should be absolutely prohibited; that the open season for partridges, woodcock and squirrels should be from Sept. 15 to Nov. 15 inclusive; that the sale of speckled trout and game killed in this State should be prohibited.

The following was also adopted:

Whereas, This Association has knowledge of frequent and flagrant violations of the game laws in the country about the headwaters of Black River and the west branch of the West Canada Creek, and

Whereas, We have no information that a State game protector has visited that section within the last three years, therefore

Resolved, That it is the sense of this Association that a protector should be appointed who will give special attention to the enforcement of the fish and game laws in this region.

Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, John W. Hicks; Vice-President, S. R. Fuller; Secretary, W. E Wolcott; Treasurer, H. A. Pride; Directors: G. G. Chassell, S. R. Fuller, W. E. Wolcott, William P. Dodge, H. A. Pride, B. H. Kent, Benjamin Sanders; delegate to the annual convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish, Game and Forest, to be held in Syracuse Jan. 14, W. E. Wolcott.

The secretary was authorized to make application to the State Fish, Game and Forest Commissioners for 200,000 brook trout fry to stock waters in the territory in which the club is particularly interested. PORTSA.

UTICA, N. Y., Dec. 12.

ROD AND GUN CLUB OF MASSACHUSETTS.

The annual meeting of the club was held on Thursday, Dec. 3, at Young's Hotel, Boston, Vice President John Fottler, Jr., chairman. After reading of the records the treasurer presented as his report:

Disbursements.

Books and stationery	$10 35
Typewriting and bulletins	25 17
Rooms for meetings	9 00
Mileage books for warden	60 00
Wages of warden, Aug. 24 to Nov. 30	210 00
Postage	9 46
Swearing in warden as deputy	2 00
Badge for warden	1 50
Edition of game laws	10 50
	$337 98

Receipts.

Annual dues	$820 00
Deduct expenses as above	337 98
Cash on hand	$482 02

The secretary then presented his report. Our first year of existence has been prosperous and very encouraging. On Dec. 16, 1895, was sent out the call which resulted in forming the Rod and Gun Club. At the meeting following, Dec. 20, the outlook was so promising that we decided to associate, and on Jan. 3 and Jan. 17 our

organization was completed. We then waited, gathering strength, till April 7, and later, on Aug. 14, when your directors believed it safe to begin work without risk of moving prematurely and a suitable man for warden had been found.

Our club has since that time made itself felt in its work for sportsmen, as has not been done in Massachusetts by any club at any previous time—a statement not to be disproved. Bulletins sent members have told a story of our work, but the story has not been half told.

We started with twenty-one members; we have to-day ninety-one.

One member, Elliott B. Mayo, has died. The club in him lost a friend. Two members have resigned. A subscription has been received from a friend who did not wish to be enrolled as a member.

Of our work done, the North Easton case was believed to be the first in the State where conviction has been made for snaring game. We went one further in our next case, not only convicting for birds, but also for setting snares. We hope in the future to show there is more in the fish and game laws than "reading matter."

Our warden, Mr. William E. Quiggle, has done all that could be done. Our work is begun; our resources are ample for future work; our money has been prudently spent. We ought to have, however, another warden.

Report of warden (inclosed) was presented.

BOSTON, Dec. 3.—The last bulletin closed with Oct. 12, and our warden has since had all one person could attend to. He has also been successful in a very difficult and discouraging case, involving much hardship and requiring most of the pluck usually given to one man. The sportsmen of Orange, Warwick, Wendell and Northfield may owe what little sport they may have next year largely to the Rod and Gun Club. Over twenty-five miles of snares were found, estimated to number over 2,000 snares, one line alone being six miles long. There were shipped daily an average of 25 to 30 birds.

Your warden reports:

Oct. 13 to 17—Mansfield and Foxboro; not a snare tended since last visit. 19—Went to Orange. 20—Hunting snares. 21—Rain. 22—Found about 1 dozen snares. 24—Moved to Warwick; found about 75 snares. 26—Sent skeleton to Boston; found new line of snares. 28—Found new line of snares and 1 snared partridge. 31—Rain past 3 days; more snares found; moved to Wendell.

Nov. 1—Snares found toward Northfield. 2—New snares found toward Northfield; 2 partridges in snares. 6—Rain past 2 days; found 2 partridges and 1 rabbit in snares; traced snares as far as Northfield Mountain; now tending 4 lines of snares. 10—Saw him setting snares. 11 to 14—Now watching 5 partridges, 2 rabbits and 1 squirrel in snares; zero weather. 15—Case given away. 18—Have laid by the snares 5 days and he has not visited any. 21—Snowstorm; thermometer almost to zero. 23—Went to Greenfield, swore out warrant and Deputy Sheriff Fowler arrested Harvey Hunter, of Orange. 24—Attended court at Orange before Judge Dana; Hunter found found guilty on 4 counts—for setting snares, for snaring 2 partridges, for snaring 3 partridges, for snaring 2 rabbits; fined $20 and costs on first count; the other 3 held in suspense under promise to obey the law. 25—Came home.

Applications for membership were: William Laurence, Francis Skinner, Jr., William Brewster, Jr., W. B. P. Weeks, Oliver Ames, Andrew G. Weeks, Jr., Benjamin H. Dorr, W. A. McLeod, R. B. Blodgett, Dr. M. H. Richardson.

These bring our membership to 101. (Under the by-laws any objection on the part of members should be made within ten days.)

The following officers were elected for 1897: President, William Minot; Vice-Presidents: Edward Brooks, C. P. Curtis, Jr., J. Fottler, Jr.; Secretary, Henry J. Thayer; Treasurer, William N. Lockwood; Membership Committee: J. P. Reynolds, Jr., Edw. M. Weld, William C. Thairlwall. HENRY J. THAYER, Sec'y.

MAINE GAME INTERESTS.

AUGUSTA, Me., Dec. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Chairman Carleton, of the Inland Fish and Game Commission, has just issued a codification of the fish and game laws, with important amendments, which the coming Legislature will be asked to consider. These amendments are asked after a most careful and personal investigation on his part during the past year in the fish and game country. He has given them out this early that all parties interested in this question, which is of such vital importance to Maine, may be heard through the press and private correspondence, with a view that all those interested in the enforcement of the fish and game laws may have time to study them, and agree upon what is desirable in advance of the meeting of the Legislature. If his amendments are not entirely satisfactory, he desires changes that will bring about a united support of all interested in this matter. The following are some of the important changes that may be of interest to those outside the State who come here to enjoy the fish and game privileges:

A reduction from 25 to 15lbs. of trout and salmon that may be caught in one day, or transported at any one time.

Making close time on landlocked salmon and trout commence Sept 15 all over the State.

The bounty on bears is recommended to be repealed.

Absolute imprisonment of not less than thirty nor more than ninety days for the illegal hunting or killing of moose and caribou. Perpetual close time on cow and calf moose, and the month of November in which to hunt bull moose. In the transportation of moose full evidence attached of the sex of the bull moose shall accompany it during transportation.

Guides are required to be licensed, as well as keepers of hunting lodges, camps, etc.

Dogs are not to be taken to or kept in these places without special permit from the Commissioners.

The number of partridges and woodcock that can be killed or had in possession at one time would be fifteen, and open season would begin Sept. 15 and close Dec. 1.

CUSHNOC.

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 19.—The annual report of the Maine Fish and Game Commissioners has just been handed to the Governor, though not quite ready for general distribution. More moose have been killed this year than ever before, and the Commissioners say that to preserve the species from extinction more stringent laws must be enacted and enforced for their protection. Hunters go into the woods in August and September, in the "calling season," and kill the game. They dare not bring out the heads, but leave them to be forwarded by the guides in legal open season. The rest of the animal is left to rot. At least 10,000 deer have been killed in Maine this year, but the supply seems to be kept up. Deer are now found in every county in the State. The caribou seem to be fast disappearing, and soon will be entirely extinct, unless legislation and enforcement gives them better protection. The report says that Jock Darling estimates that there are in the State 150,000 deer, 12,000 moose and 10,000 caribou. The Commissioners think that 25 per cent. of this number would in each case be much nearer the truth.

Ten thousand persons visited the Rangeley region this year, and 50,000 in all came to Maine to hunt and fish. More than $5,000,000 was left in the State by these visitors. The people of the State cannot afford to jeopardize this revenue by allowing the game to be forever destroyed and the fishing to subside. The report goes on to say that there has been a larger run of trout and landlocked salmon into the streams to spawn than ever before. Then it gives an account of what is being done in restocking the lakes and ponds with these fish. Forty-three lakes and ponds were stocked with five-months-old landlocked salmon in October. The report is excellent reading for everybody interested in the protection and propagation of fish and game. SPECIAL.

Sea and River Fishing.

SMELTING.

"HINGHAM SMELT." Seeing this sign in the window of a market one day reminds me of a trip which I took smelt fishing. Shall I tell you about it?

My friends, Charles and Eugene, had made all the arrangements. I was to meet them at the wharf in Boston, to take one of the Nantasket boats. I was there on time and found Charles, but Eugene did not show up. His business said no. Much to our regret we left him, for he had boasted of how many fish he could catch and the many ways in which he was going to do us up. I am not fully convinced yet that it was business which kept him. It might have been fear that he would get beaten. These smelt fishermen are foxy, and Eugene will bear watching. Charles got some shrimp for bait, and we went on board the steamer Mayflower bound for Bayside.

We are off; and what a beautiful panorama opens before us. Here comes a little bustling tug with a large four-master in tow, loaded to the rail. See how easily the little fellow guides her in and out among the vessels at anchor, with an ear-splitting screech to some vessel in front, and then the quick, sharp puff, puff, puff, as they go along down the bay.

The old Mayflower slowly steams along as if she would say: "Oh, I don't mind these little chaps. We are going fishing." As we go along the islands in the harbor come into view, and we leave them again, with the memory of their beauty still lingering with us. Surely a beautiful sail. Charles calls my attention to a very fond couple; they wander around the boat for a time and at last find seats in the rear of the paddle boxes; as I look he has one arm around her and is looking very innocently at an old lady beside them. If she will only look the other way. Our attention is called to Nip's Mate and the old lady looks with the rest. It is his chance, and Willie snatches a kiss and then resumes his innocent look, while the guns on Fort Warren frown down upon us as if we were to blame.

As we pass Deer Island Charles tells me in a very quiet tone that if I don't mend my ways I may do a turn there breaking rocks. The old Venetian, or what is left of her, we sight on the port bow, and can't help thinking of this once beautiful vessel now so ignominiously laid low and the water which she spurned so often now flowing in and out of her hull, which the elements and man are fast reducing to the scrap heap.

Arriving at the wharf, we board the electrics for Bayside. We are soon there, and after being welcomed by Mrs. S. we get into our fishing togs as fast as possible, for Charles is impatient to show us his yacht. I will not say that Charles is an old sea-dog, but he feels like one when I go aboard the Wenonah. She is a beauty, and he may well be proud of her. I had hoped to get a sail with Capt. Charles and Mate Eugene, but I shall not say anything more about Eugene. I broke one of his rods later, but you will not tell him. We took the small boat Nannie with two rods each and shrimp for bait, and here is where I had my second experience in smelting. The first time was with a friend; we used small minnows for bait. I put one on the hook and after fishing for a time I asked, "Isn't that rather large for a bait?" "That's a smelt," said my friend. "Well, I am done," said I, and taking the rod over my shoulder, fish and all, I started for home, disgusted with such fishing.

I was a little bit suspicious when I started with Charles, but he soon tied to the H. Y. C. buoy and it was not long before he had smelt in earnest. He has a beautiful bite. His rod bends nearly double. "That's a dandy, Charles. Don't lose him." He does not answer, but landing him in the boat he takes the hook from his mouth. I hear a soft muttering and the "smelt" is dashed against the seat and flies off into the water, food for gulls. "Pollock," in a low tone, is all I hear. "Charles, why don't you swear? You acted it!" "Oh, you catch smelt, that is what you are here for," and as he says this I pull in two. "Double game, Charles." Can't help doing this. Oh, if Eugene were only here. We fish about two hours and find that we have six dozen nice ones. We shall try it again in the morning, so, after making things snug on the Wenonah, we go to the house.

I doubt if any of the party will forget that night very soon. Charles had started a fire in the fireplace, but for some reason the smoke came into the room. It got so thick we could not see from one end to the other; then Charles said: "Let's turn in before we get lost." We went up-stairs, voting Charles not much of a success as a fireman.

I was awakened in the morning by the low, hoarse tones of a whistle down the bay. It would sound three times, and then from afar off would come the short, sharp toot, toot, toot, of a tugboat in answer. Going to my window, I saw the bright beacon, Boston Light, sending its rays over the water—a bright, silent guide through the night to the vessel whose whistle had awakened me. With what pleasure the men who go down to the sea in ships must hail this sentinel when coming into this coast in a thick snowstorm! How they must watch for it, and how the eye must brighten when they can make out its faint glimmer through the storm. Shine on, silent light, and may your bright beams cheer the sailor on his watch and guide him safely into port.

Charles is calling to breakfast, after which we try the fish again, and find on fishing about two hours we have nine dozen. Now for a sail. We get sail on the Wenonah, and with a good wind we cruise around the bay, going near enough to Hough Neck to see friends on the shore. Then taking our course for Hull, with wind on our quarter we fairly flew through the water. Another turn around Rainsford Island, and then for Bayside. The Wenonah takes a sea now and then and throws it over us as she heels to the breeze, and there is a smother of foam under her bow as she flies along. A fine sail indeed, a beautiful day, a nice boat, a good fellow in Capt. Charles, and what more could you ask. Nothing. That is what I said, but do I hear you say, "Take Eugene the next time?" Yes, that is what we shall do. I managed to crowd a lot of fun into the short time that I had, and am now waiting for Charles to set the time to go again.

Fifteen dozen smelt, and Hingham smelt too.

F. E. WOODWARD.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Dec. 16.—The New Jersey coast has had her first taste of winter fishing. Never has there been such a run of cod, ling and whiting as this season has produced. Nature apparently has exerted herself to furnish to the people in fresh supply what the pounds deny them in the salted article; and in consideration of the stringency of the times it has proven a boon to thousands of poor families, while to the angler it has been a season of positive delight. The extraordinary weather has been so greatly to his benefit that nearly every day and night the past four weeks our piers have been crowded with the enthusiastic.

The capture of the codfish with rod and reel has in it the element of novelty, inasmuch as they have never before been taken from our piers on the beach. While they are in no sense a game fish, still I have recently taken some 6 and 8lb. fish which gave me fair sport. They take the sand lant or sand eel readily, but apparently much prefer the clam bait. When hooked with light tackle they stay well to the bottom, and make quite strong runs to the right or left, but have none of the dash of the striped bass, bluefish or weakfish.

The whiting, commonly called frostfish and winter weakfish, are with us in incredible numbers, and their capture some days amounts to a veritable slaughter. When taken with light tackle they are decidedly game and furnish most excellent sport. I use a black bass bait-rod and a Mills rubber and german silver black bass reel, with nine-thread linen line, to which I fasten a 4 0 ringed Carlisle hook, fitted with a section of very light wire and small sinkers. The whiting is a voracious feeder, and has formidable teeth, which play havoc with gut snells. With the foregoing rig the sport is of high grade. As they strike the hook sharply, I have frequently had them leap clear of the water four or five times in succession, following each leap with a deep plunge. They average in weight from ¾ to 1½lbs., although 2 to 2½lb. specimens are not at all rare. I had the good fortune to kill the largest one I have yet seen, weighing exactly 3lbs.

As to the ling, however, few songs can be sung in his praise; there is no fight in him. When hooked he performs a series of grotesque tumbles in the water, and goes home with the angler to be transformed into fish cakes, which if properly prepared are of a most toothsome degree. LEONARD HULIT.

Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association.

The annual banquet of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association will be given at the Copley Square Hotel on Saturday evening, Jan. 30, 1897.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

1897.

Feb. 2 to 5.—New England Kennel Club's annual show, Boston.

FIELD TRIALS.

1897.

Jan. 11.—Tupelo, Miss.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Jan. 18.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

Nov. 8.—Carlisle, Ind.—Union Field Trials Club second annual trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

JUDGING AT FIELD TRIALS.

As the passing years with their annual field trial events have added constantly to the knowledge and experience of field trial judges, reporters, handlers and last, but most important, owners, it has become more and more apparent that field experiences alone are imperfect qualifications for good judging. There is a sharp and recognized distinction between following a dog for the purpose of killing birds over him and following him for the purpose of determining how his qualities compare with those of some other dog or dogs, whether they are better or worse, or what they are intrinsically in themselves.

There is many a good shooter who can thoroughly understand and profit by the use of a pointer or setter's point, but who cannot describe the dog's field quality in detail, nor wherein one manner of working on birds is better or worse than another.

The field trial judge should have a perfect theoretical knowledge of what constitutes all degrees of field quality, each in itself and its value compared with all others. Further, he should have a practical experience, so that he can recognize true quality from imitation quality in every detail of the competition, and also a ready appreciation of relative values. It may seem far-fetched to mention the possibility of a judge being deceived by imitation quality, but some parts of the competition require close scrutiny on the part of an expert to determine whether a dog is really meritorious or a sham. For instance, two dogs may be ranging about alike in respect to speed and area of ground covered, yet one dog may not be using his nose at all, though running with all the appearance of a good ranger but from effort the result of superabundant energy. He runs simply because he is in good spirits.

Again, more dogs will range well with a companion

which will lead them out. They like company and an appearance of rivalry. Such dogs may make an accidental find and may do good work on birds when such are found, but owing to heedlessness and a lack of concentration, they are on their own merits poor finders. To be able to interpret all such details comes only from close observation and experience.

As nearly all field trials employ three judges—an unnecessary number when thoroughly seasoned experts are engaged, as two are amply sufficient—the third judge should be a new man if possible, so that the club be training and graduating new material; for with the two disciplined experts, the third man, whether he be competent or incompetent, will have no material effect in the results; if he be competent he but emphasizes their judgment, and if he be incompetent they decide against him. Still, such is a most excellent course for the education of judges, without prejudice to the equity of the trials.

The mere matter of deciding which is the better of two or more dogs is but a part of the duties of a judge nowadays. He should be perfectly familiar with the grounds, so for each heat he can lay out a course that, while giving the dogs a full opportunity to display their quality, will avoid pocketing the company and throwing judges, handlers and dogs back through the spectators' horses, or pulling about on erratic courses, breaking up the ranging by running the dogs in short lines here and there, and irritating and separating the handlers by continual ordering from one place to another. One dog is mostly always in hand better than the other when the course is changed, so that his handler, hurrying to be at work in the new direction, is ahead before his competitor can start; thus there is a disorganized competition.

In laying out the course for the handlers to work their dogs, the judges must also keep in mind a rendezvous for the wagons, so that the heat will end near them and the next brace be turned down without delay. All these matters are now managed with a precision by expert judges which a few years ago would not seem possible. Every detail comes harmoniously in proper sequence.

A course being laid out, it should be followed with a reasonable consistency; that is to say, the judges should only depart from it when circumstances of real importance make it necessary. The mere fact of a handler crying out "Point, judges," and then breaking away in a run, should not stampede them from their course. The days when a handler could break away, shouting "Point, judges!" and carry the judges after him at a gallop, are gone by.

Nor should the judges gallop out after a dog which is ranging; first, because if the dog sees them he will range further away still; second, it is undignified; third, if the dog works correctly he will work to his handler, be his range wide or close, hence the spectacular riding is unnecessary aside from showing brave horsemanship. A few years ago the furious riding was quite common. When a dog is really lost it is another matter.

A firm, good-tempered management of the handlers and a strict observance of fairness will win their respect, and if the judges will not themselves stampede there will be no hustling on the part of the handlers. When the latter learn that the judges will not gallop to points, they go in a more orderly manner themselves. A dog which will not hold his point till his handler can walk up to him has little claim to winning if he has any competition worthy the name.

If a handler cannot keep his dog on a course laid out for him by the judges, it is his own loss, for it would be unreasonable to expect them to follow a course laid out by the dog, though such unreasonable concession has been made in trials of years ago. It is different now.

Lastly, the judges should know when they have competition enough to decide the stakes, for generally up to a certain point everything works to a certain climax, and if this is passed the whole situation is changed. The relative standing of many dogs is broken by the accident of circumstance and an anti-climax follows. The judges may know which are the best dogs, but they may have run them to a standstill, while others, though inferior by accidental advantages, such as better time of day, better parts of grounds and better opportunities on birds, may be making the best final showing. It is a most embarrassing position for the judges when part of the competitors are run to a standstill while others, less deserving and fresher from unavoidable advantage, seem to be able to go on with the competition, and the last work in most instances is more impressive on the spectators than is the first.

THE IRISH SETTER AS A FIELD DOG, PAST AND PRESENT.—II.

Little Valley, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In my observation of the modern Irish setter I found that many of them were soft-hearted, poor in nose and with little or no bird sense. By soft-heartedness I mean that they would not stand hard work, were averse to taking heavy cover and were prone to potter about. By bird sense I mean that they had no judgment in handling game, would either nose about footsenting the game and flush it or point in a half-hearted manner, or were rattled in the presence of game. To a practical sportsman there are no more serious faults than these. He wants a dog with plenty of endurance—one that is continually searching for game; one that will hunt all sorts of cover in all sorts of weather.

A shooter may kill game over a dog that will hunt, but never over one that will not. To eradicate these faults, it is the duty of breeders to so mate their dogs as to produce results the opposite of these. I am well aware that this is perhaps a long undertaking, but it can be done with a proper understanding of the case and a concerted movement on the part of practical breeders. The dog is a most lovable one in disposition, and, properly bred and trained, is all a sportsman could wish as a field dog.

In the year 1886 I purchased of Mr. Max Wenzel the Irish setter bitch Gypsy Maid. She was by ch. Tim—Florid. Mr. Wenzel wrote me that Florid was a fine one on game and had a strong cross of Rodman's Dash blood in her veins. Of Tim he wrote that, though he had never been properly broken while young, he still possessed all the essential qualities of a good field dog. I afterward found these statements to be true from a personal observation.

Gypsy Maid in color was a light red, and by no means was she a show dog. She had a splendid body and good legs and feet. In disposition she was much like her sire. She was full of hunt, and could stand any amount of hard work, and was useful and hard headed. She was broken by me on grouse and woodcock, and in her second season was a good one on these birds. She, however, was not a pleasant dog to shoot over unless kept constantly in training, her disposition being such that when taken out only occasionally she was most difficult to control. I have entered thus minutely into her disposition to show that it is one of the most essential things to know about if good results are to be expected in breeding.

I bred her on two occasions to champion Chief. Of her first litter three were bench show winners as puppies, and while they made fairly good field dogs, they were nothing out of the ordinary. She was afterward bred to Redfern with splendid results. The litter produced Nugget, the winner of the Irish Setter Derby in 1891, and other equally good field dogs. Unfortunately, before she could be again bred to Redfern she died, thus ending any chance of producing a second Nugget or perpetuating a good cross for field work. Redfern, the subject of this sketch, and of which a portrait is herewith published, was by Sarsfield—Queen Bee. He also was light in color, with no white, was compactly made, with splendid body, legs and feet. He had a very intelligent head and splendid eye. In disposition he was the very opposite of Gypsy Maid. He was very even-tempered, very level-headed, never excitable, and was possessed of splendid judgment; but as a puppy he was extremely timid, and was very gun-shy, but, as is usually the case with gun-shy dogs, he possessed a remarkably fine nose.



MR. A. M. VALENTINE'S REDFERN (17,012).

I broke him on ruffed grouse and woodcock, and he was very fine on these birds. He handled grouse with great judgment, and as long as I owned him they were his stronghold. I afterward hunted him in the South on quail, and it took a good one to beat him on these birds. While not a fast dog, he would maintain a good, swinging gallop, and remain so constantly at his work that I have seen him get the better of dogs many times faster than he. As will be seen by his photo, he was far above the average Irish setter in style on point. In motion he carried a high head, with a high and merry tail action. These are both rare things in the Irish setter and are two points to breed them up to. Dr. H. B. Anderson.

NATURAL QUALITIES AND CLASS.

It requires a long experience for most men to grasp the merit of field trial competition in its full breadth and import. Their measure of merit, perhaps unconsciously dominant in their minds in making their judgments, is the number of shots at birds which could be obtained from each dog. The important field matter, pointing, is permitted to dominate all the competition, and not a few men base all their conclusions upon it. Of course, pointing is an important part of the competition, but it is not all of it. There are other qualities which are equally important with it and which must be equally considered if just judgments are to be rendered.

The act of pointing can be performed well by many dogs which will not venture 20yds. from their handlers; but their powers of finding are so inferior that for practical use they are next to worthless. Nevertheless in competition with good finding dogs, such dogs may make a good showing in respect to the number of points made, and the superficial judge or spectator may give them credit for a good performance when really their showing was built on the work of their competitors.

As to number of points made in a field trial, the matter of more or less of them made by one dog or another is most times a matter of favoring opportunities. Grounds, cover, more birds in one section than in another, wind, temperature, morning and midday hours, are constantly changing conditions, so that no fixed rule is worth a fig so far as it may serve to guide the judges to a correct decision. Their general knowledge of the work and the principles of the competition can alone serve them. One dog, be he ever so good, cannot possibly make a good showing of point work in quantity in an area where there are few birds, though his more favored competitor in another and better area may make a good showing. And yet the matter of a few points more or less in times past seem to have misled judges in estimating the dog's merits. Many more instances could be advanced to show how misleading are points taken alone as the data for the awards. The dog's real ability should govern.

That there existed such a distinction between point work alone and the individual merit of the dogs' work respectively was recognized years ago, but unfortunately the term used to indicate it was misleading in its implication, that is to say, the distinction was made between point work and natural quality. The latter, even by experienced men, was misunderstood, and was thought to denote the qualities of the wild, imperfectly broken dog, and not a few such appeared in the trials.

In theory the idea was correct enough, since it included both the dog's natural and acquired qualities; but the expression "natural quality," as commonly understood, was erroneous as applied to field trials. Instead, it should have been the *class* of dog and work.

By judging a dog on the class of his work a much better and more accurate judgment is possible, and the term is not misleading to anyone, even to those who know of trials only indirectly.

A dog of a certain class will repeat his performance, or so near it that the judges' estimate of him will be palpably correct. He will show his class of work nearly every time he runs. A dog judged by a few good points on birds, points made under peculiarly favoring opportunities, as will happen now and then, does not necessarily repeat his performance. This was recently and thoroughly demonstrated at the U. S. F. T. C. trials at Newton this year in the case of a certain dog which had done some good point work, yet whose general performance—his class work—showed but meager ability, nothing meritorious in it that he could repeat with certainty; the result was that he went on record as a winner in one competition and a humiliating failure in another, though the class of his work was alike at all times.

Instead of the misunderstood term "natural qualities," which notwithstanding its implication was intended to denote *class* as applied to the dog, the better way would be to recognize the class of a dog's competition and judge him accordingly. No mere consideration of a few details alone can take the place of the judges' general knowledge. The term class recognizes all the dog's capabilities, natural and acquired, and also his material performance in the competition, so that these data are the true, since they include all. Such judging will bring out dogs which can show an even class of work one heat with another and one dog with another.

So far as making by rule the field trial conditions alike for each dog, or even approximately so, it is visionary. It cannot be done. It is a physical impossibility. Topography, number of birds, their humor one hour or day with another, their abundance in one section of grounds and scarcity in another, temperature, cover, weather, wind, etc., are factors so diverse and unmanageable that the judges can only govern themselves according to circumstances as they find them, doing their best to intelligently shape the competition on the best basis of equity. The man who endeavors to compass it all by rule is one who has an imperfect knowledge of the matter.

American Dachshund Club.

At the sixth meeting of the club the financial report was accepted. The club will offer for the coming A. K. C. shows the Venlow challenge cup, the Klein's breeders' trophy, $5 for best American bred dog in open class, $5 for best American bred bitch in open class. In addition, the present members raised a handsome purse for other specials to be offered in Boston, New York, Chicago and St. Louis. New members were accepted: James L. Little, Jr., Cambridge, Mass; Chas H. Noble and Geo. M. Bryan, Toronto, Canada; Jacob Grimm, New York.

A. Froembling, Secretary.

N. E. K. Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Inclosed please find corrected list of judges of the New England Kennel Club's show, Feb. 2–5, 1897; also please state in your next issue that parties wishing their dogs cared for in interim between Boston and New York shows can make special rates with the manager of the New England Kennel Club's boarding kennels, at Braintree, Mass., situated a few miles out of Boston, by writing to him and making early application. Those taking advantage of this offer will be given special rates on cars from Braintree to New York. There will be published very shortly the full list of special prizes, which we are pleased to say are coming in in goodly numbers. Kennel prizes of $15 each will be offered in the following breeds and under the following conditions:

A Kennel to consist of three dogs entered and owned by one exhibitor; but no Kennel prize will be awarded unless there are two competitors for it: Bloodhounds, mastiffs, St. Bernards, Great Danes, deerhounds, greyhounds, Russian wolfhounds, foxhounds, pointers, English, Irish and Gordon setters, spaniels over 28 pounds, cockers, beagles, collies, poodles, bull dogs, bull terriers, Boston terriers, smooth and wired haired fox terriers, Scottish terriers, Irish terriers and pugs.

E. M. Oldham, Supt.

National Beagle Club of America.

An executive committee meeting of the National Beagle Club was held Monday, Dec. 14, at the American Club. Members present were: Messrs H. F. Schellhass, J. W. Appleton, John Bateman, A. Wright Post, George Laick, N. A. Baldwin and George W. Rogers.

Ernest W. Hazelhurst, of Sing Sing, N. Y., was elected to membership.

Voted that specials be presented at the Westminster Kennel Club show and New England Kennel Club show. A bronze medal to the best beagle in the show, also $10 to the best beagle other than the challenge classes, provided that the judges be selected from the club's official list. Open to members of the National Beagle Club only.

The matter of selecting grounds for holding next trials was discussed. A committee will be appointed to look up suitable grounds.

Meeting adjourned.

G. W. Rogers, Sec'y.

The Alabama Field Trials Club.

This club announced its first trials to be held at Madison, Ala., on Feb. 8. It will run a Derby and an All-Aged Stake, both on sweepstake plan, 50, 25 and 15 per cent. to the winners of first, second and third respectively. Dogs to be eligible must be the property of amateurs who are residents of Alabama, and winners of first in any Derby or All-Aged Stake of a recognized trial, prior to Feb. 8, '97, or whose owner or handler may have handled for money in any public trials, are barred. The judges are Messrs W. B. Stafford and Gus Albes, Decatur, Ala. H. K. Milner, Secretary, Birmingham, Ala.

Brunswick Fur Club.

THE eighth annual winter meet of the Brunswick Fur Club will be held at Brunswick, Me., during the week of Jan. 10, 1897.

The annual meeting will be held on Monday evening, Jan. 11, at the Tontine Hotel.

Mr. R D. Perry offers a handsome prize for the best hunting story told during the meet. Foxes are plentiful and all sportsmen are cordially invited to be present and to bring their best hounds. BRADFORD S. TURPIN, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Corrections in the judges' assignments at Boston show, as mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM last week, are as follows: Mr. Charles H Mason judges poodles and miscellaneous classes; Mr. James Mortimer judges Boston terriers, Old English sheep dogs, French bull dogs and Bassets; Mr. John Davidson judges Chesapeake Bay dogs; Mr. T. Farrar Rackham judges pugs These are in addition to the classes mentioned last week as being assigned to the judgss.

Mr James Taylor died at his home, Dunhurst, Rockdale, England, on Dec. 5, aged fifty years. He was eminent and popular in the canine world as exhibitor, judge and journalist through a long term of years, he being identified with the canine fancy from his youth till his life ended.

Wheeling.

Winter Cycling.

THE first snow, as a rule, puts an end to the bicycling season, and though wheels may be brought out on pleasant days for short spins, the majority of riders are content to store them away till the advent of warm weather again. There are some cyclists, however, who will ride all through the winter, and who rarely miss a day even when the snow is on the ground In Hartford, Springfield and other New England cities that are blessed with good streets and numerous trolley lines it is no uncommon thing to see wheelmen closely following the electric street sweepers while the snow is still falling, and when the depth is not greater than 2in. they seem to get along nicely. They appear to have no difficulty in keeping ahead of the trolley cars on such days.

Winter weather certainly would not be chosen for cycling, and in the country when the roads are frozen it is out of the question; but under certain limitations the sport may be enjoyed by people who live in or about cities. The heavy traffic soon wears the rough edge off the dirt roads, and macadam or asphalt are good at any time except when covered with water.

The rider need not encumber himself with much extra clothing, provided his hands and ears are well protected, for the exercise is warming and there is danger in becoming overheated. If the day is not too windy, and if ordinary precautions against chill are observed, winter cycling is equal to summer cycling. True, its scope is more limited, and one is deprived of the pleasure of country runs; but on the other hand there is more snap and life in the air, and its exhilarating effects are doubled. It is a pity that winter cycling is not more popular.

The Art of Riding.

SOME able-bodied persons lose the benefits and pleasures of cycling because they think themselves incapable of learning to ride. They class bicycle riding on a par with tight-rope walking, and say that the nice delicacy of balance necessary to maintain a bicycle in a perpendicular position is quite beyond their capacity to acquire.

Yet these people have already mastered a much more complex feat of balancing, beside which bicycle riding sinks into insignificance.

A being who has learned to walk erect on two legs should find no difficulty in controlling a bicycle, for in walking he has three sets of joints to manage—at thigh, knee and ankle—while in bicycle riding he has only one, in the steering mechanism.

A man when walking can fall over in any direction, subject to the laws of gravity, as is amply demonstrated when he steps on a banana skin, but the bicycle rider has only to guard against going over sideways.

Bicycle riding is walking sitting down. Any one can learn to ride.

Yachting.

ABOUT the time that the FOREST AND STREAM is on its way through the printing presses on Tuesday night, the New York Y. C. will be busy with one of the most important questions outside of international racing which has ever come before it. The subject, which is of very recent origin, having only within three weeks been mooted among New York yachtsmen, is fully recounted in the call for a special meeting issued by Commodore Brown, at the request of Messrs. Dickinson, Maxwell and Postley, to consider the following motion:

That a committee of five, one of whom shall be the Commodore, be appointed by the chair, with power to call a convention of delegates from such yacht clubs in America as they may elect, for the purpose of considering the advisability of organizing a yacht racing league, the object of which league shall be to establish uniform cooperation on measurement, classification and racing rules; the promotion of yacht building; the encouragement and elevation of the sport, and the preservation of yachting history and racing records. And that this committee have power to enter this club in such league, said entrance to become complete and operative upon this club's ratification thereof by subsequent constitutional amendment.

The rapid growth of local organizations and of harmonious intercourse between different organizations points out as inevitable the ultimate formation of a national association of yachtsmen. While it is but fitting that the larger and older clubs, the New York Y. C above all others, should lead in such an enterprise, the attitude of these clubs thus far has in most cases been distinctly hostile to the work of union and organization begun by smaller clubs in various localities. The strength and importance of the new movement has been fully appreciated by many of the members of the New York Y C,, and the proposed national league is an effort to place the club where it should be, not only in deference to its present position and responsibilities as the greatest of American yacht clubs, but because the work which is certain to be done in any event can be done far more speedily and effectually under its leadership than in the face of its opposition, passive or active.

The details of the scheme as already arranged promise an organization that will be of inestimable benefit to yachting throughout the entire country, the plan as outlined being most liberal and comprehensive. Although it will meet with some strong opposition on Tuesday night, we hope to be able to announce with our first number of the new year that what the FOREST AND STREAM has so long labored for is at least in a fair way to become an accomplished fact.

SHORTLY before midnight on Dec 18, 1896, in one of the parlors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, there passed away quietly and peacefully a historic feature of American yachting. Though the end was in no way sudden or unexpected, no friend was near to cheer the final moments, and alone among a heartless and indifferent throng the American sandbagger dumped its bags overboard for the last time, and gave up a struggle that has long been hopeless Among the number present, probably every one of whom learned his yachting on the weather rail with his lap full of sandbags, not one raised a voice in behalf of his old ally, and the motion to amend the rule was passed as a matter of course by a unanimous vote

We do not propose to write the obituary of the sandbagger; we have in the past written too many obituaries of its victims. Granted that it was at one time a necessity, and that those who survived to graduate from its severe curriculum have been a credit to it as a teacher of sailor men, the harm that has been done to American yachting by the long and close adherence to sandbag models and sandbag methods, to say nothing of the direst loss of life, is even yet felt in yachting. The least we can say by way of epitaph is to quote the words of "the noble lord high executioner," "It *never* will be missed."

The Lake Yacht Racing Union.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reference to the remarks in my letter of Dec 5, which were intended to bear upon the action of the Union of the Great Lakes in leaving out the 22ft. class, will you allow me to explain that up to the date of my last letter I shared the general impression that the rules of the Union were also to govern the local associations. Since then, though the document is dated Nov 27, the proposed rules for the L. Y. R. A. have been sent out, and if adopted to day at Rochester, the 22-footer will still be recognized—at home—but when the others seek for glory abroad it must stay, and I suppose attend to the ladies. Perhaps this is right, but it is gall and wormwood to the men who sail them thus to be told that they are not fit to take equal chances in a passage with the 27-footers in the bit of weather sometimes to be met with during a summer cruise.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am not looking for a controversy, or I should tackle some one easier; but there are a couple of things in your comments which without a little further light I cannot, to my regret, see eye to eye with you. You say you fail to see what effect a limitation of the coefficient to 35 per cent. as proposed can have on the issue between keel and centerboard, the former having, under present conditions, driven out the latter. Assuming that this remark includes the 27ft. class, it becomes necessary to consider the type of centerboard driven out. The knotty point with me is: Supposing it to be settled (as you admit) that a 35 per cent. keel will have less speed than a modern bulb-fin, and supposing (as many believe) that it is a mooted question as to whether the bulb-fin or an enlarged and perhaps modified Glencairn is the faster up to this size, what chance has the decent jog trotting 35 per cent. cutter, the fin being barred, against the centerboard at half the money? For speed we must have when races are to be won.

Your last paragraph with regard to the barring of Canada also floors me somewhat, for I cannot anywhere in the rules find anything to keep her out; but if, in the face of a rule that is practically a deed of gift to her of all she enters for, her owners have voluntarily withdrawn her from the racing, they are certainly to be credited with a spirit of self-abnegation such as one seldom hears of even among yachtsmen. FIN (DE SIECLE).

TORONTO, Dec. 19.

We have not yet heard the result of the meeting of the L. Y. R. A., but the proposal was to except the 22ft class from the limitation of midship section, in other words, to admit the bulb fin. The new Y. R U rules will, if adopted, govern on all the lakes; the local rules, as in the proposed L Y R A. changes, being altered to conform to them; but there is no reason why some latitude may not be allowed in classes too small for interlake work, though we should prefer to see all classes included by the Union

As to the 22ft. class, we cannot understand our correspondent's ground of complaint; the class is open to fin-keels, and if they choose to incur the labor and risk they can follow the races from lake to lake; no doubt some provision will be made for the class, if owners desire, in interlake events At the same time the class is entirely too small for an interlake circuit.

We are not fully informed as to the 27-footer Hiawatha mentioned by our correspondent last week, but we understand that she is the old centerboard boat Maud B., with a wooden fin and iron shoe bolted on; if she represents the vested interests of the fin type in the 27ft. class, the proposed limitation can work small injustice to such interests.

The "decent jog-trotting cutter" of our correspondent may at the same time be a very fast and up-to-date yacht; in fact Zelma, five years old, is entirely too good for such a designation. We do not consider that the Glencairn type is a possibility in the 27ft. class, even with modifications, and we can see nothing in her success that bears on the keel-centerboard question in lake racing in the 27ft, and larger classes. This is merely a matter of opinion, and perhaps worth no more than the counter opinion of our correspondent; but there is little risk of the lakes being swept by a big Glencairn next season. If it has come to the question of extreme speed on the lakes, then the individual yachtsmen who have built up the sport on Lake Ontario must give up racing and content themselves, as so many old yachtsmen of New York and Boston do, by going off on steamboats to watch duels between syndicate fin keels.

We have been informed on good authority that Canada cannot race in her class under the proposed new rules, and the rules themselves would indicate that this is the case.

THE SEAWANHAKA CUP.

THE Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., after a conference with Messrs. Duggan and Hamilton, of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., two weeks since, as already reported, has finally completed the conditions for the races of 1897, and has published them as follows. As the trial races for the selection of a defender will be open to all American yachts, the conditions are of far more than local interest, and we publish them in full.

The Seawanhaka International challenge cup for small yachts has passed into the custody of the Royal St Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal, Canada, the match therefor having been won by Glencairn against El Heire at Oyster Bay in July last.

The Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. has challenged for a match in the season of 1897, and the challenge has been accepted for the 20ft. class, Seawanhaka measurement; the match will be sailed in August next on the waters of Lake St. Louis, near Montreal.

The Seawanhaka Club in this effort to regain the cup earnestly invites from other yacht clubs of the United States the coöperation which for the last two seasons has been so generously extended to its defense, and therefore proposes to hold open trial races for the purpose of selecting its representative yacht on July 12, 13 and 14, 1897.

For the information of any who may be interested in the subject, and especially for the guidance of those who may contemplate making entries in the trial races, the race committee announce the following general conditions governing the cup, which are extracts from the declaration of trust executed by the Seawanhaka Club, and the following general regulations for the control of the match, which have been agreed upon with the challenged club.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE CUP.

ARTICLE I.—The cup shall be known as the "Seawanhaka International Challenge Cup for Small Yachts," and shall be preserved as a perpetual challenge cup for friendly competition between foreign countries. The term "foreign," as used in this instrument, shall be so construed as to permit contests for the cup between any country and its colonies and dependencies and between such colonies or dependencies themselves.

ARTICLE II.—Any organized yacht club in good standing of any country, foreign to the country of the yacht club in whose custody the cup may be, shall always have the right to challenge for the cup and to sail a match therefor, provided that such challenge shall be made and such match be sailed in accordance with the terms and provisions of this instrument.

ARTICLE III.—Matches for the cup shall be limited to yachts, propelled by sails only, whose racing measurement or size shall not exceed the maximum limit of the so called "Twenty-five Foot Racing Length Class" or fall below the minimum limit of the so-called "Fifteen-Foot Racing Length Class" of the Seawanhaka Club, as such classification exists at the date of this instrument, or whose racing measurement or size, according to the rules of the club having at the time of challenge the custody of the cup, falls within limits of size substantially corresponding to the limits above specified.

ARTICLE IV.—All matches shall be sailed between a single yacht on behalf of the challenging club and a single yacht on behalf of the challenged club. Neither club shall be required to name its representative yacht in advance of the races, but the match shall be sailed to a conclusion between the yachts selected for or sailing the first race thereof, and no substitution of one yacht for another shall be permitted after the preparatory signal of the first race has been given.

ARTICLE V.—A match shall be constituted of not less than three nor more than five races, and shall be awarded to the club whose representative yacht shall win a majority of such races.

ARTICLE VI.—The representative yacnts of the challenging and challenged clubs must be constructed in the respective countries of such clubs. Centerboards or plates or sliding keels shall always be permitted in construction and no restriction shall be placed upon their use. All ballast must be fixed.

ARTICLE X.—The helmsmen sailing the representative yachts in the match must be amateurs and must be residents of the countries of their respective clubs. The challenging and challenged clubs must name in writing, each to the other, or to their respective representatives, at least twenty four hours before the day appointed for the first race the helmsmen who will sail their representative yachts, and such helmsmen shall sail such yachts in all the races of the match unless prevented by illness, or other substantial cause, in which event substitutes will be allowed.

ARTICLE XI.—The challenging and the challenged clubs may by mutual agreement fix and decide all the terms and conditions of the match, whether relating to dates, courses, rules of measurement, sailing regulations, notices or any other matter whatsoever pertaining to the match or preliminary thereto, and may also by mutual agreement waive for such match such of the provisions of this instrument as would otherwise govern the match or the preliminaries thereof; provided, however, that the limit of the racing length or the size of the competing yachts shall in no event exceed the maximum limit as established by this instrument in Article III. thereof, unless the consent in writing of the Seawanhaka Club to so increasing such limit shall first have been obtained.

GENERAL REGULATIONS GOVERNING THE MATCH FOR 1897.

I. The courses shall consist of a triangular course and a course to windward or leeward and return. Each leg of the triangular course shall be 2 nautical miles in length and shall be sailed over twice, making a total of 12 miles. The course to windward or leeward and return shall be 2 nautical miles to each leg and shall be sailed over three times, making a total of 12 miles.

II. The start shall be a one-gun flying start, with a preparatory signal.

III. The races shall be sailed without time allowance.

IV. Yacnts must not exceed 20ft. racing length (S C. Y. C. measurement).

The formula for determining racing length under S. C. Y. C. rules is as follows:

$$\frac{\text{L.W.L.} + \sqrt{\text{Sail area}}}{2} = \text{Racing Length.}$$

V. A yacht's draft of hull or keel shall not exceed 5ft., and with the centerboard down shall not exceed 6ft. Draft shall be determined when yachts are in trim for measurement. Centerboards shall be so constructed that they can be wholly housed without leaving any projection below the hull or keel.

VI. Yachts shall be measured without crew on board, but instead thereof a dead weight of 4 0lbs. shall be carried amidships, substantially at the center of buoyancy, during measurement.

VII. Shifting ballast shall not be allowed. (Weighted centerboards shall be considered as fixed ballast.)

VIII. No outrigger or other mechanical device for carrying live ballast outboard shall be allowed

IX. The factor of sail area, used in determining racing length, shall be ascertained by adding to the actual area of the mainsail, computed from its exact dimensions, the area of the fore triangle. The hoist of the mainsail when measured shall be plainly marked on the mast, and its outer points on the boom and gaff or other spars used to set the sail, and the sail shall not be set beyond these limiting points The fore triangle shall be determined by the following points: (1) The point of intersection of the forestay with the line of the forward side of the mast. (2) The point of intersection of the forestay with the bowsprit or hull. (3) The point of intersection of the forward side of the mast with the line of the deck.

Any jib, when set, must not extend beyond the upper and forward points above defined.

Sails shall be limited to mainsail, jibs and spinaker. The total area of the mainsail and fore triangle shall not exceed 500sq. ft. The area of the mainsail alone shall not exceed 80 per cent. of the total area. The area of the spinaker, measured as a triangle whose base is the length of the spinaker boom measured from its outer end, when set, to the center of the mast, and whose perpendicular is the distance from the deck a the foreside of the mast to the spinaker halyard block, shall not exceed twice the area of the fore triangle.

X. The spinaker boom when used in carrying sail shall not be lashed to the bowsprit or stemhead.

XI. The helmsman and crew shall be amateurs, and the total number of persons on board shall be limited to three.

TRIAL RACES.

The race committee also announce the following programme for the trial races, subject to change, of which due announcement will be made:

TO BE HELD AT OYSTER BAY, JULY 12, 13 AND 14, 1897.

Courses.—(1.) The course for the first and third trial races shall be triangular and shall be as follows:

(2.) The course for the second trial race shall be a course to windward or leeward and return.

Triangular Course.—From a line between Center Island Buoy off the entrance to Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound, and the committee steamer anchored S.E of the same.

E. by N. ½N.—Two miles around a mark bearing a red ball, leaving it on the port hand.

N.W.—Two miles around a mark bearing a red ball, leaving it on the port hand.

S. by W. ½W.—Two miles to the finish line between Center Island Buoy and the committee steamer anchored N.W. of the same.

Course to be sailed over twice; total distance 12 nautical miles.

On the second round yachts will leave Center Island Buoy on the port hand.

Note.—The race committee may, in its discretion, direct the course to be sailed in the reverse direction, leaving buoy and marks on the starboard hand, and the signal for such reversal of course will be the anchoring of the committee steamer at the start to the N.W. of Center Island Buoy. In his case the committee steamer will be anchored S.E of Center Island Buoy at the finish.

Windward and Leeward Course.—From a line between Center Island Buoy and the committee steamer around a mark bearing a red ball, leaving it on the starboard hand; distance 2 miles and return; course to be sailed over three times; total distance 12 nautical miles. The direction will be signaled by the general yacht signal code from the committee steamer at least 15 minutes before the preparatory signal.

Start and Signals.—The start will be a one-gun flying start with a

preparatory signal, and will be made at 12 o'clock noon across a line between Center Island Buoy and the committee steamer.

First Signal. Preparatory. (Whistle 15 seconds long.) The club burgee on the committee steamer will be lowered and a blue peter hoisted.

There will be an interval of 5 minutes between the first and second signals.

Second Signal. Start. (Whistle 15 seconds long.) The blue peter will be lowered and a red ball hoisted.

Note.—Attention is called to the fact that the flags and balls constitute the signals, the whistles merely calling attention thereto.

Special Conditions.—(1) The yacht selected to defend the cup shall be the one which, in the judgment of the race committee, shall be the best adapted therefor, and not necessarily the winner of a majority of the trial races. Additional races may be ordered by the committee between such contestants as they may select.

(2) The owner of each yacht entering for the trial races must on or before July 10, 1897, furnish to the secretary of the committee the racing measurement of his yacht, certified by the measurer of the Seawanhaka Club.

(3) Each yacht must carry a racing number (which may be obtained at the club house on the morning of the first race) fastened securely on both sides of the mainsail.

(4) In the event of a race being postponed or ordered resailed, it will be sailed at as early a date as may be practicable.

Entries.—All entries for the trial races must be made by the clubs to which the owners of the respective yachts entered belong. Clubs intending to make entries are requested to notify the secretary of the race committee, and will be furnished with printed or written blanks, upon or in accordance with which entries must be made, and at the request and upon the responsibility of any club entering a yacht to compete in the trial races, all the privileges of the club house at Oyster Bay will be extended to the owners and amateur crew of the yacht so entered during the period occupied by the said races, upon the same terms as to members of the club.

OLIVER E CROMWELL, Chairman,
64 Leonard street, N. Y.
CHARLES W. WETMORE,
30 Broad street, N. Y.
WALTER C. KERR,
26 Cortlandt street, N. Y. } Race Committee.
D. LEROY DRESSER,
55 White street, N. Y.
CHARLES A. SHERMAN, Sec'y,
64 Leonard street, N. Y.

Although apparently simple enough, the details of the above agreement were only arranged after much correspondence and a personal conference that covered an entire evening and nearly all of the following day. The two parties—the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. and the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.—were from the outset entirely in accord on the main points, which makes it all the more remarkable that the details should have proved so difficult. Both parties recognized that it was to their mutual advantage to set certain limits to sail and draft, and thus limit the opportunities for outbuilding, and also that certain details of the agreement of the previous year demanded amendment; but on the part of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. it was hampered considerably by its intimate relations with the Sound Y. R. U., sailing under the same rules. As the rules of the Y R. U. govern nineteen different classes of all sizes, it was impossible to incorporate with them the special restrictions desired by the two clubs; and at the same time there were serious objections to making of the 20ft. a special class such as has just been abolished. Whether or no this end has been attained in the above conditions may be an open question, but no other solution seemed possible except to sail under the Y. R. U. rules, letter for letter, which neither party desired.

The main points of difficulty were the failure of the Seawanhaka rule to measure fairly all sorts of canoe rigs, and the absence of a maximum limit of sail in the class. The draft limit, as finally agreed upon, is the same as that of the Larchmont Y. C. as far as it goes, but it goes much further in recognizing the patent distinction between keel and centerboard craft. The limit of draft for keel boats, fin or otherwise, is 5ft, but in addition it is provided that a centerboard boat, with a board that may be housed in the trunk, may draw 6ft. with board down. This prevents the obvious makeshift of a movable bulb-fin, passing nominally as a centerboard and dropping to any depth desired; and it also prevents the use of a centerboard housing in a deep fin. It allows a reasonable draft to the legitimate fixed fin boat and also to the prevailing type of centerboard boat of shoal hull and fitted with the Hope board. It is still possible to use a weighted board, but it must be fitted to house fairly within the trunk, and thus cannot carry a lead bulb

The limitation of the sail area to 500sq ft. prevents what was otherwise inevitable, an enlarged Glencairn with a sail plan as large as the old 25-footers, 625sq.ft. The attempts to measure the actual sail in the 15ft. class for the past two years were no more satisfactory than the regular Seawanhaka method; the compromise finally reached after much discussion was that the head sails shall be measured as a triangle between the mast, deck and forestay, and the mainsail shall be measured between points plainly marked on the spars, beyond which the sail shall not be stretched. This fixes three important dimensions, foot, luff and head, definitely; and leaves only the distance from clew to throat as a variable, depending on the lift of the after end of the boom. The limitation of the mainsail to 80 per cent. of the total prevents the cat rig seen on some of the 15 footers, with a mere excuse for a jib.

The measurement of the spinaker is better than that of last year, being far more positive and definite; but in making the change one point was overlooked, and the result is that the allowance of spinaker is absurdly liberal. The restriction concerning the lashing of the spinaker boom is not sufficiently explicit, and may fail to attain its end. It was intended to prevent the carrying of the spinaker boom as a bowsprit, and the spinaker or balloon jib when on the wind. After a good deal of discussion and many unsatisfactory propositions, the matter was left in its present shape, which obviously does not directly prohibit such a misuse of the spinaker as was so often seen last year.

One important point is that the yachts shall be manned by amateurs in the cup races, though one professional is allowed on deck, as in the Y. R. U. rules, in all other races.

It will be possible, in the regular racing of the 20ft. class on the Sound, if not in the trial races, to build a boat under the Y. R. U. rules which will carry more than 500sq.ft. of sail and draw more than 6ft. of water with board down; but it is to be hoped that no such experiments will be attempted, but that all designers may rest content with the liberal limits of the cup conditions.

New York C. C.

AT its annual meeting on Dec. 10 the New York Canoe Club elected the following officers: President, Louis Bouny; Purser, Fr. Read; Secretary, J. C. Mowbray; Captain, C. B. Vaux; Mate, R. De Ferd Baylay. Trustees: F. C Moore, L. L. Coudert; Officers: David Rait, Jr., S P. McGourkey, W. Carmalt.

The club will celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary by a dinner on Dec. 31, 7 P. M, at 518 West Fifty eighth street, New York,

YACHT RACING UNION OF LONG ISLAND SOUND.

THE annual general meeting of the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound was held on Dec. 18 at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the following delegates being present:

Indian Harbor Y. C., George E. Gartland, Frank Bowne Jones; Corinthian Fleet of New Rochelle, J. D. Sparkman, E. T. Birdsall; Hempstead Harbor Y. C, Ward Dickson; Huntington Y. C., H. H. Gordon; New Rochelle Y. C., C. P. Towle; Knickerbocker Y. C., O. H. Chellborg; Park City Y. C., R S. Bassett; Harlem Y. C., T. C. Allen; Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C, W. C. Kerr, C. A. Sherman; Huguenot Y C., T. Fleming Day, E. Burton Hart, Jr.; Sea Cliff Y. C., Le Grand L Clark; Horseshoe Harbor Y. C., G. G. Fry and F. E. Towle, Jr.; Douglaston Y. C., W. G. Newman

In the absence of President Cromwell Mr. Kerr was elected chairman. The report of the Council and its recommendations were read, after which the proposed amendments to the rules were taken up and passed upon, being finally adopted.

The general recommendations of the Council are as follows:

1. That in future no special classes be recognized.

During the past few seasons it has been demonstrated that the building up of special classes has detracted from building in the regular classes, and as each special class has been built to different and conflicting rules and restrictions the complication arising therefrom has been annoying and confusing to both regatta committees and owners. The Council believes it necessary that some special action be taken to discourage the building of any more special classes. If some action of this kind be not taken there would seem to be no limit to the number of classes that may be built either under the auspices of different clubs or promoted by individuals. It also seems necessary that there be a reduction in the number of classes, as the entries have been very much divided, and the placing of the special classes with the boats built for the regular classes will conduce to this result. There are some conditions and restrictions which are common to all the special classes, and it is proposed, inasmuch as these regulations have proved both popular and satisfactory, that they be incorporated in the regular rules; and if this is done it is believed that there will be little temptation to build outside of the regular classes in the future. The placing of the 34-raters in the 36ft. racing length class; the 30-footers in the regular 30ft. class; the 21-footers in the 25ft. class; the one-raters in the 20ft. class, and the half-raters in the 15ft. class, will have the effect, it is believed, in reviving the interest in all the small classes of sloops, and creating a nucleus for the building up of some of the classes during the coming season.

2. That the distinction between "cabin" and "open" yachts be gradually eliminated.

One of the bugbears of racing committees and racing men has been the difficulty of drawing a line between cabin and open yachts. As a matter of fact, the cabin and open classes naturally lap at the 25ft. classes; that is to say, there are few open boats now racing above 25ft., and few cabin boats under 20ft. In English waters there is practically no distinction between cabin and open yachts, and the Council believes that in time the same conditions will prevail here. It is hardly thought advisable, however, to bring this result about immediately; but as a step toward this end it is recommended, where clubs give races for relative classes of both cabin and open yachts, that for the coming season they be requested not to offer prizes for any class of open yachts over 25ft., or any classes of cabin yachts under 20ft. This action will also have the desirable result of further reducing the number of classes.

3. That one-gun starts be generally adopted.

The popularity and practicability of the one-gun start has been so fully demonstrated that the Council believes it is safe in making the recommendation that this mode of starting be generally adopted. It is one of the rules governing the starting in the special classes, and if fleets are started in small divisions, or each class separately, there can be no objection to its use. The one-gun start, especially in connection with the gradual elimination of time allowance, it is believed, will have the effect of closer and more interesting racing; it will relieve the regatta committees of a certain amount of work in recording and almost all uncertainty as to correct timing; it will promote sharper helmsmanship; and it will be more gratifying to the spectators of a race, for the reason that it makes it unnecessary to figure the elapsed and corrected time in order to ascertain the winners, as the first boat home in a class is necessarily the winner of the race.

4. That, in addition to Saturdays, Wednesdays be recognized as regular race days.

The experiment of holding two or more races on the same day during the past season can hardly be considered successful, and on account of the number of races that the different clubs desire to hold each season, there are not a sufficient number of Saturdays to enable the allotment of a separate day for each race, and some other week day should also be recognized as a race day. As a matter of fact, during the past season the week-day races seem to have filled as well as the Saturday races, and there would seem to be no particular advantage in maintaining Saturday as the only race day in the week.

5. That all races on the Sound be started at the same hour (noon).

There has been a good deal of complaint among racing men during the past season on the ground that there was an uncertainty as to what time of day the different races were to be started; and also that a number of the clubs delayed the start after the announced time. It is believed that if it is generally known that all races are to be started at the same hour there will be less delay in starting, and owners will be more inclined than heretofore to have their yachts promptly at the starting line.

It is suggested that the starting hour be not later than noon, and that all races be started promptly, provided the weather conditions allow.

If it be necessary to postpone the time of starting, it is recommended that postponements be of a half-hour's duration, as it is a convenience to helmsmen to know that races will be started on the even hour or half hour.

The above recommendations hardly call for comment, as they are self-explanatory, and the necessity for the proposed changes has been universally recognized during the past season, as shown partly by the fact that in a very full discussion no objections were advanced. The suggestion that all races be started at noon brought out a proposal for limiting the time of postponement to some hour, such as 2 P. M., and also one to make the starting hour 11:30 A. M.; but after discussion both points were dropped. The other paper presented by the Council, the Report on the Proposed Amendments, was of a similar nature; it will, perhaps, be best to give its various paragraphs separately, in connection with the amendments to which they apply.

Amendments as Passed.

RULE II.

Measurement.

Add to Section 2.—All yachts in the 30ft. and lower classes shall be measured for l.w.l. length with the same number of persons on board as are allowed for crew in the yacht's class, and whose average weight shall not be less than 150lbs., or, at the option of the measurer, with a dead weight placed on board equivalent thereto.

Recommendation: It is the opinion of the Council that the usual practice of measurers, of taking the l.w.l. length of yachts without the crew aboard, is contrary to the spirit of the existing rule, which rule expressly states that the l.w.l. length shall be measured with the yacht in *racing trim*, and also provides that any persons who are on board when the measurement is being taken shall be stationed amidships. A yacht cannot be considered to be actually in racing trim unless she has on board the same weight as when she is raced; therefore, if a yacht is measured without the crew aboard she is not of the same measurement (except she be a plumb stem and stern boat) as when she is competing in a race. Besides this, requiring yachts to be measured with crew or an equivalent weight aboard will have a tendency to discourage the building of freaks, especially in the smaller classes. The Council has therefore framed this addenda to the rule so that there will be no longer any discretion left to the measurer as to whether he shall measure a yacht with crew aboard or not *in classes of 30ft. and under.*

We have italicised the final words because they were not in the original report, the Council being very strongly in favor of applying this restriction to every racing yacht. When the yachts which race for the America's cup, to say nothing of the smaller international trophy which has so interested yachtsmen for the past two years, are measured with crew aboard by the consent of all parties, and when this method of measurement is generally recognized as the correct one, both in theory and practice, for these and all the smaller racing yachts, there is no possible reason why it should not be applied to the comparatively smaller number of larger yachts. At the time these amendments were framed, early in the fall, and the report drawn up, it was hoped that the rule could be thus amended to include all yachts. When at a subsequent date, however, the amendments to the rules of the Larchmont and New York clubs were presented and acted upon, they made no provision for measurement with crew aboard. The Larchmont Y. C. agreed to adopt the restriction in the smaller classes, and the question remained whether the Y. R. U. would accept such a compromise or fight the matter in living up to its convictions. On this point, as on several others, the final judgment, both of the Council as well as the representatives, was that such a fight, no matter which side might win, could only do harm to yacht racing in its present condition. A man must be utterly blind, both to all that has happened within the past two years, and to the unassailable logic of events, if he does not see that the measurement with crew aboard, and also the visible marking of the waterline in racing trim, must come speedily and certainly, just as the one-gun start, the abolition of time allowance, the classification by racing length and other impossibilities are now accomplished facts, and delay in this matter can only do harm to racing owners.

There was no discussion of this point at the meeting, all present having accepted the conclusion to keep in line with the two outside clubs for the present. Two points, however, were very thoroughly discussed, that of live weight or dead weight and that of the position of such weight. Both present some difficulties in practice. It is recognized that in anything not over 30ft. the trim may be affected by such a movement of the crew as would hardly be perceptible, and on the other hand that the work of measuring would be greatly facilitated if measurer and owner could mutually agree on the use of the requisite number of men of average weight in place of handling iron or lead weights. The original amendment was altered to leave the use of live or dead weight to the discretion of the measurer, the weight to be placed approximately about the center of buoyancy. Even this latter restriction does not settle the position of weight beyond all possibility of evasion by a freak boat; in fact, it is hardly possible to cover all contingencies by any rule.

SUBSTITUTE FOR RULE III.

Classification.

1. All yachts shall be classified by racing length, and shall be divided into classes as follows:

SCHOONERS,

First Class—A—All over 95ft.
95ft. Class—B—Not over 95ft. and over 85ft.
85ft. Class—C—Not over 85ft. and over 75ft.
75ft. Class—D—Not over 75ft. and over 65ft.
65ft. Class—F—Not over 65ft.

SLOOPS, CUTTERS AND YAWLS.

First Class—G—All over 70ft.
70ft. Class—H—Not over 70ft. and over 60ft.
60ft. Class—J—Not over 60ft. and over 51ft.
51ft. Class—K—Not over 51ft. and over 43ft.
43ft. Class—L—Not over 43ft. and over 36ft.
36ft. Class—M—Not over 36ft. and over 30ft.
30ft. Class—N—Not over 30ft. and over 25ft.
25ft. Class—P—Not over 25ft. and over 20ft.
20ft. Class—Q—Not over 20ft. and over 15ft.
15ft. Class—R—Not over 15ft.

CATBOATS.

30ft. Class—S—Not over 30ft. and over 25ft.
25ft. Class—T—Not over 25ft. and over 20ft.
20ft. Class—V—Not over 20ft. and over 15ft.
15ft. Class—W—Not over 15ft.

Open yachts shall not be classed with cabin yachts.

3. Yachts launched prior to Nov. 1, 1896, not exceeding the limit of any class 30ft. or under by more than .5 of a foot, and that have not been increased in sail area measurement since that date, shall sail in such class.

Recommendation: In reducing the number of classes it was thought desirable to eliminate the 30ft. class of sloops, cutters and yawls. Doing this will make it necessary to reletter all the classes, and the classification as it will then stand will embrace exactly nineteen classes. There being nineteen flags in the international code, it was thought appropriate that the code letters be used in designating the classes in future, and this system has already been adopted. The classification as formerly defined was not perhaps as explicit as it might have been, and it is believed that the new arrangement, as submitted, will be more satisfactory.

The provision for allowing existing yachts not exceeding the class length by over a fraction of a foot to still remain in their respective classes will be made necessary through the adoption of the rule for measuring with crew aboard, so that the existing boats which are close to the class limits may be kept in their regular classes.

The establishment of classes for open boat sailing with fixed ballast has had the result of killing the interest in the shiftable ballast classes. As a matter of fact, sandbag racing on the Sound is practically dead, but a small percentage of the entries in the regattas of the last year having been in the shiftable ballast classes. The elimination of these classes will help toward the desirable result of reducing the number of classes, and will dispense with an undesirable type of yacht. Of course there is no reason why clubs desiring to give races for these classes cannot do so, provided they announce in their circulars the suspension of the ballast rule for certain classes.

This classification is not materially different from that thus far used by the Y. R. U. In this, the one matter above all others in which uniformity is indispensable, arrangements have been made informally between the Council and the Larchmont and New York clubs to preserve absolute uniformity. The classification as it now stands is greatly superior to any preceding one; the only criticism that we would make is that there are still too many paper classes, in spite of the reduction and simplification. It would be still better in our opinion if some agreement could be made among all clubs to offer no prizes for new yachts in the 65ft. and 85ft. schooner classes, and the 43ft. and 60ft. single-stick classes. These four classes are now practically dead, there being but half a dozen old yachts in the four classes to-day, and these would be hopelessly outbuilt by any new yacht. The suppression of these classes must tend to strengthen others of far more importance, the Colonia-Emerald class, the Amorita-Quissetta class, and the two new classes of 1897, 51ft. and 70ft. There are few enough boats in each of these classes at best, and in the interests of racing the clubs cannot do better than to exert a certain compulsion on owners intending to build, in order that they may build to strengthen existing classes rather than merely to win pots from some old boats in classes in which there are no new ones. The use of the code flags and letters to designate the different classes, an ingenious idea originating with the Council, is likely to be generally adopted.

SUBSTITUTE FOR RULE IV.

Time Allowance.

Time allowance shall be calculated on racing length according to the appended table, but yachts launched after Nov. 1, 1896, except in the first class of schooners and the first class of sloops, cutters and yawls, shall not be entitled to time allowance in their classes, and no yacht that has been increased in measurement for the purpose of sailing in a class above that in which she sailed prior to that date shall receive time allowance from other yachts in that class.

Recommendation: Although the present class limits have been firmly established for over two years, there seems to have been some inclination to build below the limit for the sake of securing time allowance. It is thought that there is sufficient choice of sizes for owners to select from, so that there can be no reason for building a racing yacht to anything but the class limit, and the doing away of time allowance in the new boats will, it is believed, effect this result. No table of time allowance has proven satisfactory and fair for all velocities of wind, and hence the gradual elimination of time allowance is desirable. In dispensing with time allowance the liability to error which now exists in calculating the allowance, and the uncertainty as to the winning of a race until the corrected times are figured, will be removed, and the results will be obviously more satisfactory.

In this connection, Delegate Thomas Fleming Day, Huguenot Y. C., offered the adoption of the following amendment:

ADD TO RULE IV.

Allowance for time will be abolished in all classes after season of 1897.

This amendment, though favored by some, was considered rather too radical, and was not adopted. It would, if passed, have made little practical difference, as there will be very few old boats under the class limits which will have any chance at all in the racing of 1898. The owners of these boats are likely, before that time, to be fully convinced of the futility of racing even with time allowance against the boats of the coming and the following years, and to drop out voluntarily without being compelled to by the rule.

The abolition of time allowance and the compulsory building to the top of a class is one of the most important advances made in yachting for many years.

RULE V.

Allowance for Rig.

Change 94 per cent. to 93 per cent.

Recommendation: Allowance for yawl rig is corrected, the 94 per cent. being theoretically incorrect.

RULE VII.

Entries.

Add to Section 1: Add "Entries must also state whether yacht was launched prior to Nov. 1, 1896."

Strike out Section 3.

This is made necessary by Sec. 3 of Rule III. and the final section of the rule limiting draft. The abolition of Sec. 3 in this rule prevents a yacht without a competitor from going up a class, and must be considered in connection with Rule XXX., giving a sail-over prize for such a yacht.

RULE IX.

Sails.

Add to Section 1, paragraph 2, "and club topsail."

Add to Section 1, paragraph 3, "and in the first 70ft. and 60ft. classes club topsail also."

Recommendation: The adoption of this addenda to the rule will have the effect of allowing yachts in the larger classes to carry club topsails, which they do as a matter of practice, the rule being usually suspended for these classes.

This change puts the Y. R. U. rules in harmony with the rules of those clubs in which the three largest yachts figure most prominently, and it will meet the approval of the owners of these craft.

SUBSTITUTE FOR RULE X.

Boats and Life Buoys.

Section 1. Yachts in the first, 95ft. and 85ft. classes of schooners, and in the first class of sloops, cutters and yawls, shall carry on deck a serviceable round-bottomed boat, measuring not less than 14ft. in length, with oars and row-locks or thole pins lashed in; in the 75ft. and 65ft. classes of schooners, and in the 70ft. class of sloops, cutters and yawls, a boat as above not less than 12ft. in length, and in the 60ft. class a boat as above not less than 10ft. in length.

Recommendation: Slight changes have been made to conform to the cutting out of the 80ft. classes.

RULE XI.

Fittings, Water and Ballast.

Add to Section 1. "Galley fixtures and fittings shall be kept on board in their proper places. All yachts must carry one serviceable anchor and cable on board."

Recommendation: It is suggested that this change be made in the present rule to prevent the practice of removing fittings that should be carried on all yachts in the larger classes.

SUBSTITUTE FOR RULE XII.

Crews.

1. The total number of persons on board a yacht shall not exceed the allowance in the following schedule:

SCHOONERS.

First Class—One person to every 21t. of r.l. or fraction thereof.
90ft. Class—35 persons.
85ft. Class—30 persons.
75ft. Class—25 persons.
65ft. Class—20 persons.

SLOOPS, CUTTERS AND YAWLS.

First Class—3 persons to every 5ft. of r.l. or fraction thereof.
70ft. Class—20 persons.
60ft. Class—15 persons.
51ft Class—12 persons.
43ft. Class— 9 persons.
36ft. Class— 7 persons.
30ft. Class— 5 persons.
25ft. Class— 4 persons.
20ft. Class— 3 persons.
15ft. Class— 2 persons.

Section 3. Except in the schooner classes, and in the first, 70ft. and 60ft. classes of sloops, cutters and yawls, each yacht must be steered by an amateur, and must be manned by amateurs, except that any yacht may carry and use her regular professional crew, but yachts in classes 30ft. and under shall not carry more than one professional.

Recommendation: Experience seems to have proved that the allotment of crews for yachts of the different classes allows too many men for some of the smaller classes, and not enough men for the larger. The scheme of regulating the number of men for each class is based upon allowing only a sufficient number of men to work the yacht, thus preventing any crew being carried for the purpose of ballast.

The complaint has also been made that there is a distinction in Corinthian races between the regulations covering crew in cabin and open boats, cabin boats having been allowed to carry their regular crew and open boats being compelled to sail with full Corinthian crew. Although the Council is not in favor of modifying the Corinthian restrictions any more than is necessary, still, as it is a matter of practice that racing yachts, even in the smallest classes, usually have at least one paid hand, it is believed that if yachts in the 30, 25, 20 and 15ft. classes be allowed to carry one professional, provided he does not steer, it would be an advantage, as yachts are sometimes prevented from competing on account of being short of amateur crew.

The allotment of men as above is uniform with the Larchmont and New York clubs. On discussion, the amendment as first printed was altered by dropping the first three words of Section 3, "In Corinthian races." The effect of this is that, whereas it has been necessary in the past to state that a race would be sailed under Corithian regulations, if such were the case, it now goes as a matter of course that all races of the Union are Corinthian races unless a specific announcement to the contrary is made. The difference is merely one of practice. This brought up a discussion which was continued under another head, the definition of Corinthianism, later on in the evening. A further change was made after a short discussion, the words "the owner or other" being omitted to make the rule read "steered by an amateur." The change is merely clerical.

SUBSTITUTE FOR RULE XVI.

Private Signals and Numbers.

Each yacht shall carry the owner's private signal at the main peak, and display her racing number above the reef points, at an equal distance from the luff and leach, on both sides of the mainsail.

Recommendation: Permitting the placing of racing numbers on any part of the mainsail above the reef points is most annoying to regatta committees, as sometimes the numbers are fastened so near the luff that they are barely discernible. It is thought best that it should be clearly defined where the number shall be placed upon the sail.

RULE XIX.

Starting and Finishing Signals.

Strike out Section 1 and substitute:

The starting signals shall be as follows: The blue peter hoisted as a preparatory signal, and lowered at the expiration of five minutes.

A red ball hoisted for the start of the first division, comprising Classes A, B, C, D and G.

A white ball for the start of the second division, comprising Classes F, H and J.

A blue ball for the start of the third division, comprising Classes K, L and M.

A ball of red and white for the start of the fourth division, comprising Classes N and S.

A ball of white and blue for the start of the fifth division, comprising Classes P and T.

A ball of blue and red for the start of the sixth division, comprising Classes Q, R, V and W.

Each starting ball shall be dropped at the expiration of starting interval.

Five minutes shall elapse between the start of each division.

The club burgee shall be hoisted at the expiration of the starting interval of the last division.

Recommendation: On account of the necessity for starting in small divisions or by classes, it is necessary that additional starting signals be provided for. It is believed that the six signals as named will be sufficient.

RULE XXVII.

Section 2. Change word "windward" to read "leeward."

This is a correction of a clerical error in the last revision of the rules. The general custom in this country is for the leeward yacht to give way.

RULE XXX.

Prizes.

New Section 1. Prizes shall be awarded in all classes in which one or more yachts sail the course. Should a yacht sail alone in her class she shall be entitled to a "sail-over" prize of one-half the value of the regular prize.

Recommendation: It has been the custom only in the larger clubs to award sail-over prizes for yachts not having competitors in their classes; but it is believed that in reducing the number of classes it will be no hardship for any club to award prizes in all classes in which one or more yachts start. Doing this will enable us to dispense with the rule allowing a yacht alone in her class to sail in the next class above. This rule is objectionable for a number of reasons. It may not be known up to a short time before the start of the race whether a class will fill or not, and it is inconvenient and often impracticable for a committee to notify the yachts in a class that a yacht in a lower class will be a competitor; consequently the yachts sailing in the class that has filled are likely to have no knowledge that they are competing with any but yachts regularly in their classes. Besides, it is left discretionary with the owner whether the yacht will go up a class or not, and unless he announces to the committee that such is his intention, there may be a misunderstanding about the result of the race. Besides this, owners of yachts often seriously object to being compelled to compete against a yacht in a smaller class. There is also another objection to the rule on the score that time allowance will always have to be a factor in class racing unless a yacht sailing in the class above her own assumes the maximum length of such class, or sails without time allowance. Assuming a mean or minimum length will always entitle a yacht going up a class to time allowance from the yachts built to the limit of the class.

The above explanation of the Council covers the ground very completely; assuming that something must be done for the solitary owner in any class who comes to the line for a race, probably from a distance and at some inconvenience, the old plan of allowing him to go up a class is objectionable in that it has often opened a way to trickery of a very questionable kind, it is usually satisfactory neither to him nor the owners in the larger class, and it helps to retain the principle of allowing time for difference of size. Two great points of modern racing are the fixing of each yacht in one class, in which alone she shall race, and the elimination of time allowance. The exception in these points due to the old rule is in every way objectionable, and far outweighs the heaviest arguments that can be advanced against prizes, presumably of half value, for sail-overs.

RULE XXII.

Shortening or Reversing Courses.

New Section 2. Should the regatta committee deem it desirable on account of the direction of the wind to order the course sailed in a reverse direction from that specified in the instructions, flag "B," hoisted over the blue peter (the preparatory signal), shall be the signal for so doing.

Recommendation: The existing rules omit naming a signal to indicate that the course is to be sailed in a reverse direction, and this addenda should be added to cover the point.

RULE XXIX.

Disqualification.

Section 5. Strike out the words "or within ten days thereafter."

Recommendation: A yacht is now allowed ten days after a race in which to file a certificate of measurement with the regatta committee before being disqualified. The Council believes that no yacht should be allowed to start in a race unless she has been measured for racing length. No good reason has ever been advanced for allowing a yacht to compete without being measured, and it is believed that if it is thoroughly understood that a yacht cannot start unless she holds an official certificate of measurement, there will be less laxity in this matter than heretofore. It has been the practice with some regatta committees to allow yachts to compete that have not been measured rather than to refuse the entry. Owners knowing this have neglected or delayed having their yachts measured, and as there is no more important matter than the recording of a yacht's racing length, both for classification and time allowance, it is believed that this step is necessary to attain the desired results

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Within the past two years the race committee of the Larchmont Y. C. has tried the rather novel experiment of living up to the letter of all rules and regulations, especially as to measurement, date of entry, etc., provided they have been previously announced and generally understood. The result has been that though a few owners have felt themselves injured by a technical ruling on the letter of rules previously disregarded, the majority of racing men have profited, entries being made and measurements filed in good season. It would seem that the time has come in all clubs when the old slipshod, go-as-you-please methods that, while in part necessitated by the lack of entries, at the same time acted to hurt racing, must give place to exact and positive regulations enforced to the letter. Such a course is best in the end for all parties, owners as well as committees.

NEW RULE.

Limit of Draft.

The maximum draft of any yacht, exclusive of centerboard, when in racing trim, shall not exceed that specified for her class in the following table, except as hereinafter mentioned- but these limits shall not apply to any yacht launched prior to Nov. 1, 1896, when racing in the class in which she was raced prior to that time. This exemption, however, shall not be so construed as to permit the increase of the draft of such a vessel beyond that allowed for her class.

SCHOONERS.

First Class—No draft limit.
95ft. Class—14ft. draft.
85ft. Class—13ft. draft.
75ft. Class—12ft. draft.
65ft. Class—11ft. draft.

SLOOPS, CUTTERS AND YAWLS.

First Class—No draft limit.
70ft. Class—13ft. draft.
60ft. Class—11.5ft. draft.
51ft. Class—10.25ft. draft.
43ft. Class—9ft draft.
36ft. Class—8ft. draft.
30ft. Class—7ft. draft.
25ft. Class—6ft. draft.
20ft. Class—5ft. draft.
15ft. Class—4ft. draft.

CATBOATS.

30ft. Class—7ft. draft.
25ft. Class—6ft. draft.
20ft. Class—5ft. draft.
15ft. Class—4ft draft.

Should a yacht's draft exceed that specified for a given class, the amount of excess shall, in computing her measurement for racing length, be multiplied by 2 and added to the length of the l.w.l., provided, however, that in no case shall this excess be more than 10 per cent. of the draft specified for the respective class. On all yachts launched after Nov. 1, 1896, there shall be placed upon the hull, and immediately over the point of greatest draft, a metal plate or other distinct mark. Such mark shall be placed above the l.w.l., and within 6in. of it, and the owner shall furnish to the regatta committee, if required, a certificate of the vessel's draft to such mark, signed by himself, the designer or the builder of the yacht.

Recommendation: For some time past it has been the opinion of the yachting world that there should be some restriction placed upon the building of extreme types. This has resulted in the New York Y. C. adopting arbitrary limits of draft that yachts in the different classes shall not exceed, with the purpose that this limitation will have the effect of preventing the building of deeper hulls than are now in existence. The Council is of the opinion that some rule should be adopted that will encourage a more wholesome type of yacht than is now being built for racing purposes, but it hardly thinks that this rule will have that effect. At the same time, as the limits are so liberal in the classes of single-masted vessels and yawls, it can see no objection to their adoption by the Union, as the rule will probably not preclude the building of keel vessels in preference to centerboards for racing purposes. The limits named for the schooner classes will probably prevent any more keel schooners being built for maximum speed. As uniformity of rules is most desirable at the present time, the Council believes that it would be advisable to adopt this rule and have it given a fair trial. It is to be hoped that before another season is over some formula will be evolved that will be acceptable to all the clubs and that will have the effect of promoting the building of more serviceable yachts.

This rule was but recently framed by the Larchmont Y. C., and adopted by it and the New York Y. C. as well. After being presented to the meeting it was laid on the table until the communication relating to the proposed national yachting league had been read and discussed, when it was taken up for discussion. The opinions of the representatives were strongly against the rule, on the grounds that it was inadequate, and not calculated to effect its nominal end. Two considerations were advanced for it; first, that being already in effect in two large clubs, its defects or advantages would be to a certain extent tested whether or no the Y. R. U. accepted it; and second, that should the proposed league prove practicable, there would then be an opportunity for a careful consideration of the whole matter. The disposition of the meeting, as in other matters, was plainly on the side of uniformity and harmony, even with those clubs which do not recognize the Y. R. U; and the sentiment generally expressed was that less harm might come from the rule itself as the conditions now are than from its summary rejection. On a vote the rule was unanimously adopted.

DEFINITIONS.

Sloops and Cutters.

A yacht to be considered a sloop or cutter shall not have more than 80 per cent. of the sail area aft of the main mast.

Recommendation: On account of the present tendency to reduce the area of head rigs in the smaller classes of sloops, it is sometimes perplexing to determine whether a yacht should be classed as a sloop or a catboat. This definition is proposed for the purpose of positively distinguishing between the two rigs.

The following was offered at the meeting by Mr. Thomas Fleming Day, Huguenot Y. C.:

AMEND DEFINITION, PAGE 21.

Corinthianism.

Corinthianism in yachting is that attribute which represents participation for sport as distinct from gain, and which also involves the acquirement of nautical experience through the love of sport, rather than through necessity or the hope of gain. It is consistent with the motive higher than mercenary found in the ranks of officers of the navy, licensed officers of the commercial marine, naval architects, yacht builders, sailmakers and riggers, notwithstanding that they secure a livelihood by following those professions and trades. No man who loves the sport should be refused admittance to its contests because he has become skilled in handling through experience and knowledge gained while in pursuit of a dignified and honest calling. In this respect the following general definition is given:

No person who has accepted remuneration for services rendered in handling or serving on a yacht, or who is a professional in any other sport, shall be considered a Corinthian yachtsman.

This amendment affects materially a very important point, and as we understand the rules, it could not be adopted, not having been advertised in the notice of the meeting. This point, however, was not raised, as after discussion it was decided to leave the matter to the incoming Council. Mr. Day made a strong argument for the amendment and it was discussed at some length, bringing out various opinions. If passed it would reverse almost entirely the present ruling, as it admits as Corinthians all who have never received pay for sailing on a yacht. This opens a very wide door to men who through their regular avocations are in positions to acquire exceptional skill, such as the *bona fide* Corinthian, engaged in business apart from the water, can only hope to attain by years of sailing in the comparatively limited time he can devote to the sport.

In the course of a rather animated discussion of the question since the definition of the Union was first made public, there has been a tendency to represent it as casting a certain reflection upon those associated with the various yachting trades, and as attempting to set up certain social distinctions. As far as we are aware, there has been no such intention; the main idea has been that the great majority of the members of the clubs which form the Union are unquestionably Corinthians, business men with but a limited amount of leisure to devote to yachting and still less to yacht racing. If it is a question between the interests of this large class and the very small class of men engaged in yacht building and similar pursuits who desire to sail in yacht races, then the smaller number should give way to the greater. It is all very well to talk about the advantages to the young Corinthian of learning through the opportunity to try his skill in racing against the old hands, but it is simply an impossibility for the young man who looks after his boat of an evening and races her on his Saturday half holiday to compete with the man who can jump into his boat at any time through the week for a rub up against some other craft.

At the same time, so far as we are concerned, we are in favor of a distinct policy on the part of the Union of holding a reasonable number of races throughout the season in which the professionals may be allowed; giving them every chance to try their handiwork and to bring out its best points to their own satisfaction, perhaps after the amateur sailor has failed. There is no need to shut out the professional or to treat him as in any way less of a yachtsman or a different sort of yachtsman from the Corinthian; at the same time, the latter has certain interests that must be recognized by a line of demarcation between the two.

After the amendments were disposed of the question of dates was taken up. The territory of the Union, from Hell Gate to Race Rock, has been divided into two districts: the Eastern, including the Yale Corinthian and Park City of New Haven, the Norwalk, Bridgeport and Shelter Island clubs; and the Western, including all the clubs west of Norwalk. The Eastern District was left to arrange its own dates, subject to the approval of the Council; the dates for the Western District were arranged as follows:

Monday, May 31: Harlem Y. C.
Saturday, June 5: Knickerbocker Y. C.
Saturday, June 12: Douglaston Y. C.
Saturday, June 26: Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.
Saturday, July 3: New Rochelle Y. C.
Tuesday, July 6: American Y. C.
Wednesday, July 7: Corinthian Fleet.
Saturday, July 10: Riverside Y. C.
Wednesday, July 28: Stamford Y. C.
Saturday, July 31: Sea Cliff Y. C.
Saturday, Aug. 7: Indian Harbor Y. C.
Saturday, Aug. 14: Hempstead Harbor Y. C.
Saturday, Aug. 21: Horseshoe Harbor Y. C.
Saturday, Aug. 28: Huntington Y. C.
Saturday, Sept. 4: Huguenot Y. C.

The racing circuit will last from June 26 to July 6 inclusive, and will include the following:

Saturday, June 26: Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.
Monday, June 28: Stamford Y. C.
Tuesday, June 29: Indian Harbor Y. C.
Wednesday, June 30: Corinthian Fleet special.
Thursday, July 1: Horseshoe Harbor Y. C. special.
Friday, July 2: Sea Cliff Y. C. special.
Saturday, July 3: New Rochelle Y. C. annual.
Tuesday, July 6: American Y. C. annual.

Messrs. Towle, Gordon and Sherman were appointed a nominating committee for the new Council, and after retiring reported the following ticket, which was elected: Oliver E. Cromwell, E. B. Hart, Jr., C. P. Tower, C. T. Pierce, O. H. Chellborg, F. E. Towle, Jr, and Frank Browne Jones.

The circular of the New York Y. C. relating to the formation of a national league of yachtsmen was read and very favorably received, the following resolution being passed after discussion:

Resolved, That the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound indorses the movement to form a national association to govern yacht racing in America.

The meeting adjourned at 11:45 P. M., having been in session since 8 P. M.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Dec. 25.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Carver-Grimm match for the cast-iron medal at Watson's Park.

Dec. 29-30.—UTICA, N. Y.—Tournament under the management of John W. Fulford. Live birds and targets.

1897.

Jan. 1.—NEWARK, N. J.—Sixteenth annual tournament and reception of the South Side Gun Club. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

Jan. 1.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Tournament of the Audubon Gun Club. Targets.

Jan. 1.—TOWANDA, Pa.—Tournament of the Towanda Rod and Gun Club. Live birds and targets. M. F. Dittrich, Sec'y.

Jan. 9-10.—PRESCOTT, Arizona.—Fourth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Prescott Gun Club. Roy Hill, Sec'y.

Jan 11-14.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Audubon Park first annual midwinter tournament. First three days, targets; last day, live birds.

Jan. 12-14.—Clover and Pope's midwinter tournament at Massassauga Point. Live birds and targets. Added money and merchandise prizes. For programmes address Seth Clover or A. P. Pope, Erie, Pa.

Jan. 14-15.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club; sparrows. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Jan. 26-30.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second midwinter tournament, under the management of Oscar Guessaz. $2,000 added.

Feb. 27-March 11.—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—The Arkansaw Traveler's first grand annual live bird tournament; $10,000 in purses and added moneys. Souvenir programmes ready Jan. 1. Address all communications to John J. Sumpter, Jr., Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.

March 13-17.—BAYCHESTER, N. Y.—Second annual tournament of the Cobweb Gun Club; live birds and targets. Cobweb handicap at live birds, $500 guaranteed.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK CITY.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

April 14-16.—ATCHISON, Kan.—Airy Lou Hart's third manufacturers' amateur and fourteenth open-to-all tournament.

April 15-17.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

April 20-23.—LINCOLN, Neb.—Twenty-first annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. Added money later.

May 17-22.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Fred T. Durrant, Sec'y.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company

June 16-17.—FARGO, N. D.—Third annual tournament of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association. Targets. W W Smith, Sec'y

June 22-25.—OIL CITY, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, Ind., has issued the programme for its "winter sparrow tournament," Jan. 14-15. The special feature in this programme that will be of interest is the following in regard to special rates to San Antonio's Midwinter shoot: "The primary object of this meeting is to offer a convenient rendezvous for the shooters from the Eastern and Middle States who are going to the Midwinter tournament at San Antonio, and to give them the benefit of reduced party rates and the comforts of a special car from here. For a party of not less than eighteen, with special Pullman sleeper going, but not returning, the round trip rate is $53 10, and for one way $33 05. For party of ten or more, without special car, round trip $46 10; one way $23 05. To this latter rate there should be added $9 for berth each way if desired. To proceed intelligently with our plans and preparations, we must be informed how many will attend our shoot, and how many of them will go from here to San Antonio. You are therefore urged to advise the secretary of your intentions at as early a date as possible." Shells for the Indianapolis shoot should be shipped to Gus Habich, 62 West Market street, Indianapolis, Ind. Write to Royal Robinson, secretary of the Limited Gun Club, for programme.

The North Texas Gun Club League met at Waxahachie, Ellis county, in that State, on Dec. 9. The Dallas *News* of Dec 10 has a lengthy write-up of the shoot, showing the interest taken in shooting matters in that portion of the country. Shooters of the wintery North, accustomed as they are to ham sandwiches and pumpkin pie for lunch will smack their lips at the *menu* provided for members of the North Texas Gun Club League as set forth in the *News* of the above date: "At 1 o'clock Jim Davis announced that dinner was ready. The dinner consisted of gumbo, bread, barbecued pork, veal and mutton, pickles, etc." A list of personal items in the same article contained the following about our friend Du Bray, which is worth repetition: "A. W. du Bray, of New York representing the Parker Gun Company, was invited to attend the shoot with the League. He is not a bad shot." As there is no mention of any scores made at the shoot, it is only fair to presume that Du Bray made a straight on the "barbecued pork, veal and mutton, pickles, etc." (Since writing the above we have received a copy of the scores made at Waxahachie, and find that Du Bray made several straights, as above.)

The Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo, N. Y., announces a capital programme, open to all, for its New Year's Day shoot. The programme was arranged, we understand, at the request of several of the local gun clubs. The special feature of the shoot will be the team contest for 3-men teams, 15 targets per man, members of same team to be members of same club, entrance $3 per team, targets included at one cent each, 5 moneys, the purse being divided on the Rose system, with ratio points of 6, 5, 4, 3 and 2. Winning team to take cup and first money. Ties shot off at 10 targets per man. The programme contains nine other events at "popular prices;" two 10-target events, 50 cents entrance; one 10 target event, 75 cents; four 15-target events, 75 cents; two 20-target events, $1. In all these sweeps the purse will be divided into four moneys on the Rose system, with ratio points of 4, 3, 2 and 1. All targets thrown at one cent each. The Audubon boys evidently believe as we do: At tournaments such as this, winnings and losings should be minimized. At the club's regular weekly shoot on Jan. 2 the same programme of sweeps will be carried out. This practically makes a two days' shoot. On New Year's Day shooting commences at 9 A. M. sharp.

The annual meeting of the Interstate Association was held Dec. 17 with a full muster roll of members on hand. The business transacted is given in detail elsewhere, as well as the manager's report. The statistical data referred to by the manager in that report were given in full in our issue of Nov. 28. The most pleasing thing about the whole meeting was the long list of applications for tournaments in 1897 read by the manager, the length of the list being a striking proof of the esteem in which the Association is held by the trap-shooting world. It will be noticed that Portland, Me., and Burlington, Vt., are anxious to have the Interstate with them again next year, their tournaments this season having evidently been entirely satisfactory. In all probability the plan of action for 1897 will be somewhat similar to that for 1896, three months in the South and then three months in the East. During that time eight target tournaments will be given during the season of 1897 in place of the regulation six tournaments in past years.

Jack Winston had an easy victory over George Roll in the contest for the Du Pont trophy at Watson's Park, Tuesday, Dec 15. The score of 91 to 84 shows that Winston was in wonderful form, or else that Roll was unable to locate his birds. Before Winston started for Chicago he told us that he had heard that the Chicago people were going to run him out of the Windy City by reason of weight of money and number of matches offered him. "Just watch me," said Winston, "I'll be running, but it'll be after the other fellows." It is a curious fact, but nevertheless it's true, once let it be known that some good shot is going to Chicago, and we at once hear of any quantity of money waiting to cover his challenge or to challenge him with. Yet the mountain in such heavy travail nearly always brings forth some little mouse!

On Dec. 15, the same day that Winston and Roll were settling their little controversy at Watson's Park as to who should possess the Du Pont trophy, Dr. Williamson and George Deiter, of Milwaukee, Wis., were busily engaged shooting off their tie of 176 out of 200 recorded on Dec. 3. The match on Dec 15 was also at 200 birds, but the scores on that occasion were something phenomenal, Williamson scoring 191 out of his 200 to 188 by Deiter. This is probably a record score for the number of birds shot at. The nearest approach to anything of the kind was the score in the Murphy-Morfey at the Hollywood grounds on Aug. 26 of this year; Murphy on that occasion scored 188 to Morfey's 180. It should, however, be remembered that the boundary at Hollywood is only about 18yds. from the end traps, and that the birds were a selected lot trapped and handled by Gilbert, of Philadelphia.

The Clover-Pope tournament at live birds and targets, mentioned in "Drivers and Twisters" of our issue of Dec. 12, will take place at Massassauga Point, Erie City, Pa., Jan. 12-14 according to a communication on this matter received from Seth Clover and A. P. Pope. Added money and merchandise prizes, in addition to a flow of humorous sayings from Mr. Clover, will be the attractions. It would seem advisable that some arrangement be quickly come to between these gentlemen and the management of the Audubon Park shooting grounds, Buffalo, N. Y., with a view to avoiding a clashing of dates. As matters stand, both tournaments are set for the same dates.

E. D Fulford has challenged Jim Elliott for the Kansas City *Star* cup and $100 a side. The challenge was made with a proviso that the holder, Elliott, should not require the challenger to go to Kansas City or any Western point to shoot the match. Jim showed his courtesy and his willingness to let anybody have a go at the cup by accepting Fulford's challenge, posting his forfeit, and naming Dexter Park and Dec 31 as the place and date for the meeting. The match will be well worth seeing, as we understand, and special efforts will be made to secure good birds, and both men are shooting a great gait. Witness their scores at Trenton on Dec. 3, made on Zwirlein's birds.

Pleasure Bay, N. J., had a little picnic last week at the Elkwood Park grounds. On Dec. 15 Walter R. Patten, of that place, easily defeated Phil Daly, Jr., in a 50-bird race, Daly conceding his opponent 4yds. handicap. Patten won by 8 birds, as shown in the score of the match, given elsewhere. On Dec. 17 Charles Woolley, also of Pleasure Bay, met and defeated Al Ivins in a 50-bird race, the latter being a strong favorite in the betting. Ivins stood at 30yds., Woolley at 28yds. Each scored 22 out of the first 25, and then kept on even terms, in and out, until Ivins let his 47th bird get away, Woolley landing a winner with 44 to 43.

The announcement of the San Antonio Midwinter shoot now reads: "Jan. 26-30.—Second Texas Midwinter tournament. Targets and magautraps. $2 000 added. Under the management of J. M. George, Albert Steves and O. C. Guessaz, at San Pedro Springs' grounds. Open to the world."

Mr. C. O. Gardner, secretary of the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J., advises us that Mr. Thomas Bell has resigned as president of that organization, and that Mr. George P. Griffiths has been elected as his successor, Mr. E. G. Horton taking Mr. Griffiths's position of captain to the club.

The Oil City (Pa.) Gun Club, the organization under which the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament will be held, has made a wise move in changing its dates from May 11-14 to the fourth week in June, the week immediately following the Cleveland tournament. This change will enable the shooters to take in the Cleveland shoot and then have only a jump of 132 miles to Oil City. If an interesting open-to-all programme is prepared, in addition to State events, Oil City can expect a good delegation of outsiders under the new conditions as to dates.

John L. Winston is certainly making the figures of 1, 4 and 7 well known in the trap-shooting world. While he was East he had a more than ordinarily successful career; but he has started right in at Chicago in such a manner that it seems highly improbable he'll be "run out of Chicago" under a month at the earliest. His match with Fred Gilbert and his other matches with Dr. Carver will make it a busy week for him. The terms of his match with Gilbert are interesting: 100 targets, expert rule, and 100 live birds; total sum to count.

The match between Carver and Grimm for the cast-iron medal will be one of the most interesting features of the closing days of 1896. Although Charlie Grimm has not been doing much shooting in public of late, letters from him that we have been shown by the parties written to disclose the fact that he feels in good trim and has every confidence of coming out on top. His victory would unquestionably be a very popular one, as "Moonface, the squaw man," the second member of the famous Indian squad, makes and keeps new friends at every tournament he attends.

Mr. David Brown, president of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association, of Newburgh, N. Y., writes that his club claims dates in 1897 as follows: Annual spring tournament, May 5-7; annual fall tournament, Oct. 6-8. The tournaments are open to all, nobody barred; $50 will be given as average money to the three men making the best records on targets in all programme events, the money being divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. At each tournament targets will be shot at on the first two days, live birds on the last day. The Rose system of dividing purses will be used.

On Saturday afternoon, Dec. 26 there will be a three-men team contest on the grounds of the Maplewood Gun Club. The members of each team must reside in the same city, town or village. The conditions otherwise will be: 50 empires per man, 25 at known angles and 25 unknown angles. The contest will be for a trophy donated by Mr. J. Warren Smith, president of the Maplewood Gun Club. Another feature of the day's sport will be a three-men team race between teams representing the home club and the Union Gun Club, of Springfield, N. J.

At the time of going to press nothing is settled as to where the Grand American Handicap is to be held next March. The competitors for the greatest live-bird event of the year are Elkwood Park and Messrs. Zwirlein & Ashfalk, who want to bring off the shoot on one of the race tracks in the immediate vicinity of Elizabeth, N. J., about forty minutes from New York city. The matter is in the hands of the Classification and Tournament Committee, and that body meets Wednesday of this week, Dec. 23.

"The Audubon Park First Annual Midwinter Tournament" is the title of a shoot to be held at Audubon Park, Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 11-14, 1897. The first three days will be devoted to target events, live birds being trapped on the last day, Jan. 14. We are told that three sets of bluerock traps will be used, and that the live birds will be shot on the grounds on which the Dean Richmond trophy was shot for last June. Programmes for the tournament will be issued shortly.

Toronto trap-shooters have organized a new club under the name of the Rosedale Gun Club. The first shoot took place on Saturday, Dec. 19, on the Lacrosse grounds at Rosedale; live birds and targets were used. The club's officers are: Mr. H. M. Pellatt, President; Mr. J. B. Miller, Treasurer; Mr. A. R. Stell, Secretary; with Messrs. D. L. Van Flack and D. S. Barclay as a committee of management.

In a team race at the Riverton Gun Club's grounds on Saturday last, Dec 19, some excellent scores were made. The teams were George Work and Dolan versus Fred Hoey and C. A. Macalester. The scores were: Work 95, Dolan 83 –total 178; Hoey 96, Macalester 89—total 185. Messrs. Hoey and Work used Sanuitze powder while making the above great aggregate of 191 out of 200 shot at.

On Wednesday, Dec. 30, a tournament will be held on the grounds of the Boston Shooting Association, Wellington, Mass. The Boston Shooting Association, Worcester Sportsmen's Club and other State organizations will contest for the *Shooting and Fishing* trophy during the afternoon. Shooting commences at 9.45 A. M., a full day's sport being assured to all who attend. Mr. Orrin R. Dickey will, of course, manage the shoot.

The New Utrecht Gun Club will hold its regular shoot for the Holiday cup on Jan. 1 on the grounds at Dexter Park. Sweeps will be shot both before and after the cup shoot and will be open to all members of clubs that shoot at Dexter Park. Shooting commences at 10 A. M.

The Elizabeth, N. J., Gun Club's tournament, Dec. 22-23, and the West End Gun Club, of Albany, N. Y., tournament at sparrows on Dec. 22, will afford shooters in and near New York all the shooting they will want before the holidays arrive.

It has been found impossible to get out the programme for the Hot Springs live-bird tournament, Feb. 27-March 11, any earlier than Jan. 10. Paul R. Litzke writes us that the programme will be a dandy and well worth waiting for.

The second contest for the *Recreation* cup will be held at Hackensack, N. J., on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club, Wednesday, Feb. 10.

The Rod and Gun Club, of Towanda, Pa., informs us through its secretary, M. F. Dittrich, that it will hold a tournament at live birds and targets on New Year's Day.

The Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., will hold its annual merchandise shoot on Christmas Day.

DEC. 22. EDWARD BANKS.

The Next Contest for the Du Pont Trophy.

MOSHER'S CHALLENGE RECOGNIZED.

Just before Winston stepped to the score to kill his last bird in the match with George Roll for the Du Pont trophy on December 15, he turned from the score and said to the representative of FOREST AND STREAM, in the presence of those who were standing around: "I wish to put up in the hands of FOREST AND STREAM $25 forfeit to bind the challenge of George A. Mosher, of Syracuse, N. Y."

The posting of a forfeit to bind a match on behalf of another with one's self naturally called forth some rather strong criticism, and laid the groundwork for some suspicion that Mr. Winston was trying to block the game for anybody else. So far from doing so, however, Mr. Winston was merely carrying out a request made to him by Mr. Mosher in course of some conversation between the two while in New York.

In this connection we give a telegram from President Lent, of the Austin Powder Co., to Mr. Winston:

"CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 16, 1896.—John L. Winston, Gore's Hotel, Chicago: Rice wires, 'Have you challenge Mosher, Syracuse, to Winston? Answer quick.' We reply, 'Yes, we possess the defy embodied in letter to Winston conditional on his defeating Roll, mailing forfeit to follow advice of success. A. LENT.'"

A letter written to Mr. Hough by Mr. Mosher, Syracuse, Dec. 17, says: "When Mr. Winston was East a month or so ago shooting matches, I told him that if he won from Roll I would challenge him for the cup, but that I did not care to challenge the winner of the contest. I am anxious to shoot Winston a match for that trophy, and expect a letter from him to-day advising just what he has done."

From the above telegram from the Austin Powder Co. and from Mr. Mosher's letter, it will be seen that Mr. Winston in posting the forfeit was only performing a duty imposed upon him by a friend who wanted to have a go at him if he (Winston) was successful in defeating the then holder of the cup.

Unfortunately, in posting the forfeit to bind the challenge, Mr. Mosher had overlooked one of the rules binding all challenges for the trophy. That rule reads: "E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. to be notified by challenger when challenge is sent, and they to name the referee for the match."

Of course, until Messrs. Du Pont had received such required notification from Mr. Mosher, the challenging party, they could take no official cognizance of the challenge, and it was for some days in doubt as to whether the challenge would go. The following telegram, sent by Messrs. E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. shows, however, that the givers of the trophy have viewed the matter from a sportsmanlike standpoint and have allowed Mr. Mosher's challenge to stand:

"Advise nothing be done to cause ill feeling. While Mosher-Winston challenge is not altogether in form, forfeit has passed. We would rather submit than to have controversy. Plain understanding may be had next time."

The money is up in the hands of FOREST AND STREAM, but the original intention to shoot at Cleveland cannot be carried out.

CANNOT SHOOT AT CLEVELAND.

The next race for the Du Pont trophy cannot be shot at Cleveland, for already the S. P. C. A. has arisen in arms against the proposition, and declared that the match shall not be shot there. Mr. Winston when seen to-day said that he would take the contest to Charlie Zwirlein's grounds at Yardville, N. J., and that the race would be shot in February, probably well on toward the end of the sixty days' limit, and after his return from the Texas Midwinter tournament. He originally intended to shoot at Cleveland, Jan. 15, as he would then be that far West on his way South.

On Long Island.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Dec. 9.—The New Utrecht Gun Club held its final target shoot for the season of 1896 this afternoon on its target grounds at Dyker Meadow. The small attendance may be directly attributed to the condition off affairs as regards club prizes. In Class A alone was there any chance of a close finish, Platt Adams having five wins to his credit, and J. Gaughen four; no one else was near enough to either of the above shooters to make it interesting. Event No. 1 was the shoot for club badges, and in this event only three Class A men entered: Gaughen, Adams and A. J. Smith. The latter was shooting a 20-gauge gun and could not do much owing to the high wind, retiring at the end of the 6th round. Gaughen won easily, Platt Adams also being unable to locate the targets on account of the high wind. Gaughen and Adams were thus tied for the Class A badge and had to shoot off at 25 targets each. The tie was won by Adams, who broke 21 to Gaughen's 20, the latter losing his 25th target. It is only fair to Gaughen, in considering his five wins for this badge, to state that his business interests absolutely prevent him from taking part in any of the shoots during the summer. Class B prize goes to Dr. Pool, the secretary of the club, with eleven wins. Dr. O'Brien winning the Class C medal with ten victories. Mr. Adams is thus the winner of two badges: the club Class A badge and the Hegeman badge, a very elegant piece of jewelry. Mr. Adams won the Hegeman badge with eight wins out of nineteen contests. Scores to-day were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	25	25	10	10	10	10	10	10	Targets:	25	25	10	10	10	10	10	10
P Adams..	13	21	6	5	8	7	5	5	F A Thompson.....	17	..	10	9	6	9	6	5
J Gaughen	20	20	6	5	7	9	4	7									
C C Fleet..	15	..	..	..	..	7	3	4	A J Smith. w	..	2	1	6	..	..	..	..

Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 were at known traps and known angles; Nos. 5 and 6 at unknown angles; Nos. 7 and 8 at 5 pairs.

ROCKAWAY PARK GUN CLUB.

Dec. 14.—Several members of the Rockaway Park Gun Club took part in the club's regular monthly shoot held to-day at Rockaway Park. The targets are thrown hard and low on these grounds, hence the scores, although by no means poor, are not as high as one would expect from the caliber of the shooters present. Event No. 2 was at 10 pairs; No. 12 at 15 singles, unknown angles, and 5 pairs. All the rest were at unknown angles. In addition to the scores in the table given below, several miss-and-outs were also shot, about 1,500 targets being thrown from the traps during the day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	20	15	10	50	15	10	15	10	15	10	25
Lott	15	17	14	9	44	13	9	13	9	13	10	23
Fairmount	13	13	15	8	44	13	10	..	9	13	8	16
Plummer	12	..	10	..	..	11	8	..	..	..	..	..
Dudley	..	12	..	..	37	..	..	12	9	11	9	20
*Coleman	..	10	..	..	37	..	..	4	6	11	8	15
Tiernan	..	..	11	..	..	13	10	..	..	..	..	..
*Baxter	..	..	..	..	37	..	..	..	5	..	..	..
*E Bourke	..	..	..	..	36	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Jones	..	..	..	..	26	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
King	..	..	..	..	..	4	2	..	..	..	..	..
Belknap	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	1	..	..	..

* Had 5 targets added to their totals in event 5.

CRESCENT ATHLETIC CLUB, OF BROOKLYN.

Dec. 19.—Several members of the Crescent Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, had a shoot this afternoon at the club's grounds, Bay Ridge. Five 25-target events were shot, the first three being at known traps and angles; the last two being at expert rule. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
J S S Remsen	21	..	24	18	17	L C Hopkins	10	14	..	..	
D G Geddes	20	19	23	..	..	G Remsen	10	..	..	..	
B Fish	17	16	16	..	..	G Notman	..	..	18	..	16
G C White	16	12	..	19	..	P H Drake	..	..	..	..	11
A L Norris	15	..	..	..	..	C Sykes	..	..	..	..	10
E H Lott	12	..	13	..	..	H C Chapman	..	..	..	..	8

In New Jersey.

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

Dec. 13.—This was not a regular day at the Boiling Springs grounds, but a few members of the club put in an appearance for the purpose of having a little practice at targets. The scores made were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	20	10	25	25	10	10
Adams	8	9	7	6	8	7	9	8	8	11	4	19	22	6	8
Hegeman	8	7	5	6	8	8	8	7	9	14	..	..	..	6	..
Berg	4	6	..	..	5	4	8	7	4	14	..	..	..	..	..
Gray	..	..	..	..	7	6	10	10	7	17	7	23	11	8	9
James	..	..	..	..	..	7	5	7	7	11	5	..	..	6	..

All the above events were shot at unknown angles with the exception of No. 11, 5 pairs, and No. 14, expert rule.

Dec. 19.—A few members of the Boiling Springs Gun Club put in an appearance at the traps at Rutherford this afternoon. It was not a regular shoot, but hardly a Saturday afternoon passes during the year but what a little shooting takes place on these grounds. To-day's work was purely for practice. Six events were shot at unknown angles, three at expert rule, one man up, and three at 5 pairs. The glare caused by the bright sunlight on the snow was the only thing that affected the scores at all, although at times the wind blew strongly across the meadows. The scores made were:

Events:	1	5	6	7	*8	*9	Events:	1	5	6	7	*8	*9
Targets:	25	15	10	10	15	15	Targets:	25	15	10	10	15	15
Edwards	21	11	10	10	11	13	Baron	14	8	8	10	12	
Bernard	16	13	7	9	12	11	Harding	10	7	8	12	10	
Herrington	18	12	7	7	14	14							

* In Nos. 8 and 9 Edwards shot from scratch, the others each shooting at one extra target.

Three events, Nos. 2, 3 and 4, were shot at expert rules. Scores being as follows:

	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Edwards	1101101110—7	0111111101—8	1011101111—8
Bernard	1001010001—4	1000010001—3	1110110100—6
Herrington	1111001110—7	1111110011—8	0011011111—7
Baron	1111111011—9	0110100001—4	1101111101—8
Harding	.....	.....	1011011111—8

The afternoon's shoot was brought to a close with three events at 5 pairs each. Scores were:

	No. 10.	No. 11.	No. 12.
Edwards	11 10 11 11 11—9	11 11 11 10 11—9	10 11 11 11 11—9
Harding	00 01 00 11 01—4	11 10 01 00 01—5	11 10 10 01 10—6
Herrington	11 11 00 11 10—7	10 10 00 11 11—6	.. ..
Baron	10 11 10 01 11—7	11 00 11 10 11—8	.. ..
Bernard	00 11 11 01 10—6	11 00 11 10 11—7	00 10 11 00 90—3

AT ELKWOOD PARK.

Dec. 15.—Phil Daly, Jr., and W. R. Patten, of Pleasure Bay, N. J., shot a live-bird race to-day on the new grounds at Elkwood Park. The conditions were 50 live birds per man, Daly conceding his opponent 4yds. handicap. The result was somewhat of a surprise, Patten being an easy winner with the comparatively low score of 38. Daly could do no better than score 30 out of his 50. A strong northeast wind was blowing, making the shooting hard. Scores were:

W R Patten (26)	1221022210222122012112202—21
	0002102220231211100120221—17—38
P Daly, Jr (30)	2000200002022012022211102—14
	0122222220002102222222000—16—30

Two 10-bird matches were also shot by Wooley and Patten, each winning a match. In the first Wooley stood at 28yds., Patten at 26yds.; in the second Wooley went back 2yds. to 30yds., Patten again standing at 26yds. Each won a match. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
C Wooley (28)	2110122112—9	2002020021—5
W R Patten (26)	0220020200—4	3200211220—7

Joplin Gun Club.

JOPLIN, Mo., Dec. 10—Below are the scores made at our club shoot held to-day, the contest being one of our regular weekly medal shoots, 100 targets, unknown angles, handicap allowance of extra targets. Scores:

E. Webster (115) 96, W. G. Sergeant (100) 92, Taylor Cox (100) 91, C. M. Sumner (105) 90, H. T. Leeman (105) 86. W. G. SERGEANT.

Carver versus Winston.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 21.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* Dr. Carver and John L. Winston shot two more 50-bird matches at Watson's Park to-day. Dr. Carver won them both, the scores in the matches standing as follows: First match—Carver 46, Winston 44. Second match—Carver 48, Winston 41. The weather was cold, with a light wind blowing. The birds were a good lot. E. HOUGH.

The Interstate Association's Annual Meeting.

MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS.

THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Interstate Association was held at Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, N. J., Dec. 17. The Association having been incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey, it is always necessary that its annual meeting be held within the borders of that State. There was a capital attendance at the meeting, the firm of Parker Bros., of Meriden, Conn., being the only member of the Association that was unrepresented.

Paul North, the representative of the Cleveland Target Co., took the chair in the absence of the president, Mr. Chas. Tatham, of Tatham & Bros. Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Association, acted as assistant secretary. The calling of the roll was the first business. The following is a list of those present and the firms represented by them: Cleveland Target Co., Paul North; Laflin & Rand Powder Co., Ed Taylor; Hazard Powder Co., J. L. Lequin; E. C. Powder Co., Noel E Money; Winchester Repeating Arms Co., Irby Bennett; Du Pont Powder Co., E. S. Lentilhon; Union Metallic Cartridge Co., J. A. H. Dressel; by proxy, Tatham & Bros., Von Lengerke & Detmold, and Leroy Shot and Lead Co. The honorary members were represented as follows: *American Field*, Major J. M Taylor; *Shooting and Fishing*, Jacob Pentz; Forest and Stream Pub. Co., Edward Banks.

After the reading of the minutes of the last annual meeting, held Dec. 17, 1895, on motion by Mr. Lequin, seconded by Mr. Bennett, Messrs. Laflin & Rand and E. I. Du Pont de Nemours & Co. were admitted to membership in the Association.

The manager's report was then read by Mr. Shaner, as follows:

THE MANAGER'S REPORT.

To the President, Officers and Members of the Interstate Association:

GENTLEMEN—I herewith submit the following report of the transactions of the manager's office for the season of 1896.

I fear it would be rather wearisome were I to read the entire statistical data in connection with the year's work, and therefore I have hereunto annexed a copy of the "Review of Tournaments," which contains all such information clearly and fully outlined.

The work accomplished and the success attained during the year now closing is far in advance of that of any preceding season in the history of the Association. When we consider the fact that tournaments were generally given at points where interest in the sport was lagging, and where the method of conducting an up-to-date tournament was practically unknown, it is readily apparent that many obstacles had to be overcome before success was assured. Therefore the outcome of the season's work is highly encouraging in every sense of the word.

At a meeting of the classification and tournament committee, held shortly after the last annual meeting, it was decided to devote the first part of the season of 1896 to the South, and the latter part to the New England States of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. No difficulty was encountered in making arrangements for tournaments in the Southern territory, and in Maine and Vermont; but it was found impracticable to arrange for one in the State of New Hampshire. The statistical data contained in the "Review of Tournaments" shows conclusively that the tournament committee has no reason to regret its selection of the points named.

GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP OF 1896.

The season opened with the Grand American Handicap, held at Elkwood Park, near Long Branch, N. J. While it was the greatest live-bird event ever held in America, eclipsing all previous events of this charactor, it was most seriously marred by a very severe snowstorm, which set in after all arrangements had been made for the opening of the tournament. When the storm abated, the night previous to the day advertised for the opening, snow over a foot deep covered the ground, thus necessitating a great amount of extra and unlooked-for labor prior to the commencement of the shooting. The storm injured a most perfectly equipped and arranged tournament, for which the Association is justly deserving of credit. The leading factor in the success of the tournament was to my mind the methods adopted for dividing the purse in the main event, whereby a great number of contestants participated in the division of the money. I would strongly advocate a continuance of the same method, with a slight amendment thereto, at future Grand American Handicaps.

TARGET TOURNAMENTS.

The inanimate target season opened with the tournament given at Charleston, S. C. It is pleasing to note that the Association's work throughout the South is engaging the attention of many of the local sportsmen, and that several radical changes which have been made for the betterment and advancement of their interests are due to the well-directed efforts of our organization.

The Charleston tournament was largely attended by trap-shooters from far and near, and it served to awaken a renewed interest throughout that entire section of the South.

The next tournament was given at Birmingham, Ala. A modern tournament had never been given at Birmingham prior to the time of this one, and naturally great enthusiasm was manifested, which resulted in quite a number of new beginners taking part. This was very encouraging, and it would appear that the aims and objects of the Interstate Association will not be neglected in that section. A continuous rain during the two days' shooting no doubt materially interfered with the greater success of the tournament.

The Association then moved its paraphernalia to Natchez, Miss. There was a time when Natchez was noted as one of the most prominent trap-shooting centers in the South, and many a big event was held there under the auspices of the celebrated Gaillard Sporting Club, but during the past few years comparatively no interest was manifested in the sport by those who in former years were the prime promoters. The Interstate tournament served to rekindle the old-time love of the sport, and numerous devotees congregated from different points to strive for supremacy, as they did in days of yore. The results were eminently satisfactory from every point of view. This tournament marked the close of that part of the season devoted to the Southern territory.

Portland, Me., was the city selected for the opening tournament in the New England States. The results came in the nature of an agreeable surprise, it proving to be the banner target tournament of the season. A better point could not well have been named, as the number of new beginners participating and the interest manifested was greater than at any previous tournament given during the season. The benefits accruing from this tournament were of such a nature as would guarantee the success of future ventures that may be made in that direction.

The second New England tournament was given at Burlington, Vt., and, similar to the preceding one, was a decided success. The stimulus given to trap shooting at this point was of that permanent and lasting character which assures results that must eventually redound to the benefit of our organization.

Finding it impracticable to arrange for a tournament in New Hampshire, it was decided to close the season at Marion, N. J. This city being in such close proximity to the metsopolis, it was not to be expected that many new beginners would put in an appearance, and consequently the tournament was attended mainly by the "old guard."

The foregoing review of the season's work must not be taken as a complete measure of our accomplishments, for we have improved, directly and indirectly, the conditions of many gun clubs other than those under whose auspices we gave tournaments.

THE SEASON OF 1897.

The possibilities for accomplishing a great amount of good in our particular line have never been better than at the present day; therefore every effort should be made to increase the scope of the Association's work during the season of 1897. As such a course could not well be pursued with the present limited membership, I believe the present time to be the proper one to present our aims and objects to manufacturers outside of the Association whom we are desirous of becoming subscribers thereto. Should such a movement meet with success, the result would be a broader, grander, greater and more liberal system of organization. By placing our principles and accomplishments before those manufacturers, the resultant effects cannot but prove beneficial, even though no increasement of membership is experienced.

GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP OF 1897.

I would recommend that all details pertaining to the Grand American Handicap of 1897 be given due consideration, and that a committee be appointed to take charge of the matter with full power to act. It would appear to me, from the numerous complaints and suggestion received from participants in our previous handicaps, that it is almost imperative that the place selected for holding same be easy of access and in close proximity to New York city. In view of our experience of last year, I would advise that the Association refrain from handling birds at future handicaps unless it be found that other and satisfactory arrangements cannot be made It has been demonstrated beyond cavil that the dividing of small live-bird events in accordance with class shooting does not meet with approval; therefore I would suggest that the programme for the Grand American Handicap tournament of 1897 consist entirely of high gun events.

TARGET TOURNAMENTS FOR 1897.

I am in receipt of numerous communications requesting our co operation next season. This condition of affairs is extremely gratifying, and is something entirely different from existing conditions at the close of former seasons. It is also conclusive proof that the aims and objects of the Association are being better understood by sportsmen generally, and the natural result follows, viz.: A greater demand for our assistance. Noting the number of inquiries received, and also noting that during the season of 1896 we were compelled to refuse, for obvious reasons, many applications for tournaments, which if complied with would no doubt have inured greatly to the benefit of our organization, it would seem politic to consider well the advisability of giving a larger number of tournaments during the coming season than heretofore.

MINOR MATTERS.

The permitting of clubs to select such handicap, method or system of dividing purses as they deemed most advantageous for their particular tournament gave general satisfaction, and I would advocate a continuance of this rule.

The impediments of the Association is stored at Pittsburg, covered by insurance, and, with the exception of a few slight repairs needed, is in first-class condition.

CONCLUSION.

The thanks of the Association are due to the sportsmen's journals for their generous and hearty support throughout the past season. They have ever been ready and willing to aid and advance our interests through all legitimate means at their command.

In closing this report I desire to express my gratitude to the officers and members for the uniformly kind and courteous treatment accorded me and for valuable assistance rendered.

Very respectfully submitted,
ELMER E. SHANER, Manager.

The report, on motion of Mr. Bennett, seconded by Mr. Taylor, was accepted as read.

A communication from the San Antonio, Texas, Gun Club was referred to the classification and tournament committee.

The treasurer's report was read and ordered to be placed in full on the minutes of this meeting.

ELECTION OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

The next business before the stockholders' meeting was the election of directors for the ensuing year. On motion of Mr. Lequin, seconded by Mr. Bennett, Mr. Dressel was directed to present the names of seven persons for election as directors. In accordance with the above motion, Mr. Dressel proposed, seconded by Mr. Lequin, that the following gentlemen be elected as directors for the year 1897: Messrs. Lentilhon, Bennett, Dressel, J. von Lengerke, Noel E. Money, Paul North and J. L. Lequin.

The above were declared duly elected and the meeting of the stockholders then adjourned.

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

On motion of Mr. Dressel, seconded by Mr. Lequin, Mr. North was elected chairman of the meeting, Mr. Shaner being again chosen as assistant secretary. The minutes of the previous meeting of Dec. 17, 1895, were read and approved without alteration.

Then came the election of officers for 1897. The following were elected: President, J. A. H. Dressel; Vice-President, Irby Bennett; Secretary-Treasurer, John L. Lequin.

Committees were appointed as follows:

Executive Committee: Messrs. Dressel, Noel E. Money and Ed. Taylor.

Classification and Tournament Committee: Messrs. Irby Bennett, Justus von Lengerke, Noel E. Money, Paul North and J. E. Lequin.

Club Organization Committee: Messrs. Chas. Tatham, O. D. Delano, E. S. Lentilhon, J. L. Lequin and A. W. du Bray.

By a unanimous vote, accompanied by a hearty vote of thanks, Mr. Elmer Shaner was elected manager of the Association at a considerably increased salary, the increase in the salary being made to express more fully the appreciation of Mr. Shaner's efforts in behalf of the Association during the years in which he has acted as its manager.

Mr. Lequin then made a motion, which was seconded by Mr. Bennett, that a committee be appointed to wait upon manufacturers and dealers of sporting goods not connected with the Association, for the purpose of acquainting them more fully with the objects and aims of the Association. The committee was appointed as follows: Messrs. N. E. Money, J. A. H. Dressel, Bennett and Lequin.

NUMEROUS APPLICATIONS FOR TOURNAMENTS.

In the course of some desultory conversation, Mr. Lentilhon spoke in behalf of Baltimore as applicant for a tournament next year. Mr. Money also asked that the claims of Lewiston, Me., be given due consideration by the Classification and Tournament Committee. Mr. Shaner, addressing the chair, read the following long list of applications for tournaments received to date: Baltimore, Md.; Monroe, La.; Pueblo, Col.; Montpelier, Vt.; Lewiston, Me.; Meadville, Pa.; Portland, Me.; Rochester, N. Y.; Boston, Mass.; Burlington, Vt.; New Haven, Conn. Mr. Shaner said that the length of this list, considering that it was but the close of the season, was something unprecedented in the annals of the Interstate Association, and showed most conclusively and satisfactorily that the good work of the Association was being better appreciated from year to year. All the above applications were referred to the Classification and Tournament Committee.

A hearty vote of thanks was then accorded the retiring secretary-treasurer, Mr. J. A. H. Dressel, the motion to that effect being made by Mr. Bennett and seconded by Mr. Money, both gentlemen referring in very complimentary terms to the amount of work done by the gentleman named in behalf of the Interstate Association.

On motion of Mr. North (President Dressel now occupying the chair), seconded by Mr. Money, all the details in regard to the choice of grounds, etc., connected with the Grand American Handicap of 1897 were left to the Classification and Tournament Committee. It was also decided to guarantee $1,000 in the Grand American Handicap, adding all surplus, as in the past. The division of the moneys was left to the same committee, the understanding being that the division should be on the same lines as this year, a system that proved decidedly satisfactory judging from the increased number of entries.

THE HANDICAP COMMITTEE.

Mr. North, seconded by Mr. Money, moved to appoint as handicap committee Messrs. Jacob Pentz, J. M. Taylor, Edward Banks, Will K. Park and Elmer E Shaner. On motion of Mr. Money, seconded by Mr. Bennett, a request was made that nobody other than the members of the handicap committee be allowed in the room while that committee was performing its duty, unless by special request of the committee. Mr. Money also offered as a motion, seconded by Mr. North, that the committee be empowered to handicap by half yards wherever they may see fit so to do

Mr. North then offered the Association the use of two magautraps, free of charge, at all its target tournaments during the coming season.

The offer was accepted with thanks, and meeting then adjourned.

Trap Around Albany.

WEST END GUN CLUB.

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 10.—The shoot to-day on the grounds of the West End Gun Club, of this city, was attended by five members of the club. Some very good scores were made, the two Sanders, Henry and John, breaking respectively 95 and 93 out of 100. Harry H Valentine broke 91. Samuel Goggin was fourth with 79, W. H. Hallenbeck withdrawing at the end of the 75th round. Scores were as follows:

H B Sanders..0111111111111111111111101111111111111111111111111110—47
1111011111111110111111111111111111111111111111111111—48—95

J B Sanders...1011111111111101111111110111111111111111111011111—46
1111111101111111111111101111111111111111101111—47—93

H H Valentine.1110101111111011111111111111111011011011111111111—44
1111101101111111111111111111111111111111111111011—47—91

S Goggin.....0011110111111111111110011110101110101111110111011—39
1111010011111101111011111111010111101111010111—40—79

SWEEPSTAKES AT RIVERSIDE

Dec. 12.—The grounds of the old Greenbush Gun Club at Riverside were once more the scene of some live-bird shooting, several experts with the gun meeting there to-day for the purpose of trying their hands at pigeons. Among those who took part were: Messrs. Arnold, Camden and Page, of Albany; Perkins, Betts and Goggin, of Troy; Ovid Mather, of Greenbush, and M. F Roberts, of Rupert, Vt. Messrs. Thomas H Greer and John Greer, of Albany, acted as referee and cashier respectively. The weather was fairly good, though the sky was cloudy; yet there was no wind to make things really uncomfortable for either shooters or spectators. The scores made in the various events are given below, the first six events being $1 miss-and-outs:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.
Perkins	111	11112	21111	1	2•	0
Arnold	223	•	11121	1	2110	11•
Roberts	12•	11211	1222•	1	2111	111
Page	•	0	.....	..	....	...
Betts	0	21121	11110	0	1212	210
Knowles	.....	.....	.....	0	110	0
Camden	.....	.....	.....	0	....	...

Sweeps were shot as follows:

	No. 7, 10 birds, $5.	No. 8, same.	No. 9, 5 birds, $3.
Goggin	1111211111—10	0100120 w	.....
Roberts	211•0•221•— 6	1111•00111—7	.....
Arnold	1111020•11— 7	1011201211—8	10111—4
Perkins	20•2201021— 6	0••0110• w	11111—5
Mather	.....	.....	11110—4
Day	.....	.....	0•011—2

No. 10 could not be finished, as the supply of birds gave out. Perkins had 4 out of 5, Arnold 4 straight, and Mather 2 out of 4.

The Proposed New Rules for Trap-Shooting.

THE proposed new rules for trap-shooting (targets), published in our issue of Dec. 12, have attracted a great deal of attention, and we have received many extremely friendly criticisms and suggestions well worthy of consideration.

It was not supposed for one instant that the proposed rules would meet everybody's views, and for that reason we asked suggestions and queries regarding the same. The proposal to limit the weight of guns is evidently a sticker, and this point will have to be carefully considered. The bulk of opinion, however, at present is on the side of "weight of guns unlimited." Many people want to bar 10-gauge guns altogether, but while such legislation might do here in the East, 10-gauge guns are by no means extinct at trap-shooting tournaments in far Western points.

The question as to what would be fair to the shooter in double-target shooting when the shooter has a missfire with the second shell, or when he has broken his first target only to find that his second is an imperfect one, is something that has much to be said on both sides. The ruling that leaves the least room for trickery is what we want to get at.

Mr. Will K. Park, in *Sporting Life* of Dec. 19, closes an exhaustive review of the proposed rules with the following paragraph:

"It now remains for the Sportsmen's Association to revise the set of rules now in use or use those revised by Mr. Banks, provided they are found to be correct and 'up-to-date' in every particular. There may be some changes needed and a few trap-shooters may be able to pick flaws or suggest changes that would suit them better, but we believe the Sportsmen's Association are the proper ones to select and prepare for the trap-shooters of this country a set of rules that will cover everything in trap shooting. Rules for live-bird shooting should be revised, and then be issued in book form for the benefit of gun clubs and trap-shooters."

We entirely agree with Mr. Park that the Sportsmen's Association, an organization which we believe has the interests of the sportsmen of this country at heart, and which already numbers among its members many well-known and practical trap-shooters, is the proper body to promulgate a national set of rules. At the time of drawing up our revision of rules for trap-shooters we had no idea that the Association intended taking up this important matter. Having become aware of that fact, we have offered to the Association a draft of our proposed new rules, with a view to aiding its committee (not yet appointed) in its work. All correspondence on doubtful points will also be at the service of this committee. FOREST AND STREAM believes firmly in the principle of the greatest good for the greatest number, and is willing to sink its own interests in this matter for the benefit of the shooters of this country if such action is necessary.

Revised rules for live-bird shooting, referred to by Mr. Park, are now in type, but owing to the crowded state of FOREST AND STREAM'S columns we are unable to give them to the public just at present.

Philadelphia Trap-Shooters.

KEYSTONE SHOOTING LEAGUE.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 12.—Several members of the Keystone Shooting League were present at the club's grounds, Holmesburg Junction, this afternoon. A series of four 25-target events, expert rules, were shot, with the following results, W. H. Wolstencroft scoring 81 out of his 100. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25
Henry	19	21	17	21	Johnson	..	19	19	..
Longenecker	17	17	20	16	Rothacker	..	12	..	..
W H Holstencroft	20	22	22	17	Landis	..	..	..	18
Ridge	17	..	..	15	Shallcross	..	..	..	15
Jas Wolstencroft	17	..	..	..	Wilson	..	..	..	16
Leaming	..	18	..	..	Anthony	..	..	..	19

Two miss-and-outs, $2 entrance, were also decided, with the following results:

No. 1: Landis, Rowcroft and J. Wolstencroft 6; Rothacker 3, Johnson and W. H. Wolstoncroft 2; Murphy 1, Felix 0.

No. 2: Rothacker and Jas. Wolstencroft 5; Landis 4, Rowcroft 3.

The following match was also shot to-day on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League. The conditions were: 25 live birds, $50 a side, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

A Vincent.....2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 2 • 2 2 2 0 0 2 1—20

H Young.....0 • 2 • 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 • 1 1 2 2 • 1 0 2 2 2 2 •—18

PETE MURPHY WINS TWO MATCHES.

Dec. 14.—P. L. Murphy won two matches to-day on the grounds of the Stockton Gun Club, Camden, N. J. Both were shot from the 28yds. mark for $10 a side. The scores were:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	No. 1.	No. 2.
P L Murphy	1 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 • 1 1 2 1—14	2 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 2—10
G Sterling	1 2 1 • 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 0 1 0 1—12	.....
H Young	.....	1 • 2 0 2 2 1 0 2 1— 7

Scores of Pittsburg Shooters.

HERRON HILL GUN CLUB.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Dec. 12.—The new set of traps just installed at the grounds of the Herron Hill Gun Club, of this city, at a cost of $300, were given a trial to-day. Two 10-bird events were shot, as well as a miss-and-out. The miss-and-out was won by C. A. May and Anson with 4 straight. The scores in the 10-bird events were as below:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Strong	2210211021— 8	2212111121—10
McPherson	1222212222—10	2020022001— 5
W S King	1111221001— 8	2111121113—10
Farmer	0201211011— 7	1111112121—10
C A May	1122111113—10	2212110122— 9
Anson	2222110222— 9	2212211120— 9
Forest	1002102200— 5	2122121121—10

HAZELWOOD GUN CLUB.

Dec. 12.—Bill McCrickart had a good lot of birds on hand to-day for the shoot at the Hazelwood Gun Club's grounds. The chief event on the programme was a 25-bird race between Ewing and Crossland, both standing at 30yds. The men were evenly matched, and the race resulted in a tie with 20 kills each. Ewing lost his 2d, 3d, 5th, 7th and 15th birds; Crossland lost his 2d, 5th, 10th, 11th and 18th birds. In the three sweeps that followed the scores were kept without the use of the figure 2. John C. Messner acted throughout as referee. Scores were:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Crossland	1111011111—9	1110101111—8	.....
Bessemer	1111111011—9	.....	.....
Scott	1111111110—9	1010111101—7	.....
Ewing	0011111110—7	0000101010—3	.....
Sherman	1110001010—5	.....	0001111111—7
Wilbert	.....	.....	1101110011—7

Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

BURLINGTON, Vt., Dec. 16.—A special shoot of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club was held at the club's grounds this afternoon. The main event was a 50-target handicap for one of Laflin & Rand's silver kegs of the firm's W-A powder. The weather was extremely cold, the thermometer registering only eight degrees above zero, while the northwest wind came across Lake Champlain at a gait of about forty miles an hour, and played tag with the targets and the whiskers of the shooters to such an extent that good scores were an impossibility. Messrs. Ellsworth and Pease, members of the Cambridge, Vt., Gun Club, were guests of the club to-day, Mr. Ellsworth tieing the winning score for the keg, which became the possession of E. E. Morgan, the scratch man of the club members. In addition to shooting along with the boys, Mr. Ellsworth donated a box of cigars as a second prize in the trophy contest; this prize was won by Dr. H. E. Colvin. The scores in detail are given below:

Morgan (50)...01011110111111100010010100111101101011011110100101—31

Colvin (51).....11010000011110010010110110010011000101011111111111—29
1 — 1—30

Worthen (52)...01111010010101010010100111100100101011111100100 11—28
10 — 1—29

Phelps (55).....01011101101010010010101000011001111001001111010010—25
10110 — 3—28

Stone (58).....01111001000011100110001110010010110101100101010110—25
10001001 — 3—28

Burns .....00011100000000001010110001100110110010100100101111—21
11011 — 4—25

Ellsworth.....01111101100311111100110110010100101010110011101 11—31

Pease.....11000101111090110411101000001010011101111000011100—26

J. S. DENNING, Sec'y.

Trap at Chicago.

147 VS. ROLL.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 18.—Times have been a trifle lively in shooting circles at Chicago this week, though so far only one match has been shot, that for the Du Pont championship trophy, Dec. 12, between 147 (J. L. Winston) and George Roll, of Chicago, winner of the trophy in the last contest before the present one. An event of this kind, especially when it occurs after the close of the Tammany trap-shooting season, is sure to excite more than local interest. It is probable that over 200 shooters assembled at Burnside to witness this race, and that is a very large crowd for a Chicago shoot. Among those present from outside were Charlie Grimm and Fred Gilbert, from Iowa. Chicago trap clubs were well represented, especially, of course, the Blue Island Club, of which Mr. Roll is a member, and there were a number of shooters in from adjacent shooting towns. All in all it looked a bit like old times in Chicago, and the talk of the shooters among themselves after the close of the race made a general whoop la reminiscent of the palmier days in this city. Challenges were thicker than razors at a darky wedding, and champions, oh! dear.

The race for the trophy was a very pretty one in some respects, though not close enough to afford the interest it might otherwise have held. For the past ten days Mr Winston has been in the form of his life, and the knowing ones could see no one else as winner in this contest. Yet it is without doubt true that Mr. Roll was the local favorite, many shooters remembering the long runs on pigeons he has made within the last year, and joining in the confident belief of Mr. Jake Rehm, Mr. Roll's discoverer and backer, that Mr. Roll is the coming pigeon shot of this section. In practice at the grounds for the past few days, Mr. Roll has been doing good work, being well tried out with Dr Carver and other good ones, and has acquitted himself as well as could be asked. The work of sweeps and practice matches, however, has before now deceived many a shooter or observer of shooters, and when the time of the actual match came it was seen what a vast gulf intervenes between such shooting and match shooting against an old campaigner such as the one Mr. Roll was to meet. Mr Roll was out of the match at the first ten birds, and at the 50 turn all interest in the event was over, from a sporting standpoint.

Mr. Roll shot a Smith gun, as did Mr. Winston, but while the weapon of the latter was a grand one, that of Mr. Roll has been by some means shot out or injured so that it did not hold the load together as well as it should. Mr. Roll wished to purchase another gun for this race, but was advised not to change until afterward. Two or three times he appeared to cover and jar a bird well out in the field, which Mr. Winston's gun might have cut down. Throughout the race, however, Mr. Roll comported himself as a gentlemanly and able shooter, who shot a good race and is yet to shoot a great many better. There is only one way in which he can get experience and that is by shooting matches. This he has not yet had time to do.

Mr. Winston was as usual absolutely confident of himself. Winner of 12 out of his last 14 matches, engaged in the sort of employment he likes and in the best physical health he has enjoyed for years, he would on Tuesday last have been an awkward man for any one to beat. When Mr. Duryea beat Mr Winston here last summer the latter weighed only 140 pounds. He now weighs 164, and it was the comment of many who saw him at the score that they had never seen him looking better. He never shot a better race in his life than this one, nor did any one ever see a cleaner or more gentlemanly race shot between two men. Mr. Roll sat down back of the score after each shot by his handler, who threw an overcoat over his shoulder. Mr. Winston stood up at the rail near the gate and never sat down once during the match, nor spoke a word to any one. Mr. Roll wore the usual shooter's jersey and Mr. Winston was clad in a blue jacket worn over a warm buckskin shirt.

Prior to the shoot, and soon after his arrival in town, Mr. Winston walked up to a card hanging in the club house at Watson's Park and marked down a long figure 7. This he explained by saying that he had left Cleveland on car No. 7, in lower berth No 7, that he shot load No. 147, and was going to beat George Roll by just 7 birds. Whether Mr. Winston is the seventh son of a seventh son or not one does not know, but in this case he seemed to have the gift of prophecy. At the 50 turn George Watson, who sat by the writer, offered to make any sort of a wager that Mr. Winston would win by just 7 birds. There are two ciphers in the last 5 birds of Mr. Winston's scores, at least one of which might not have been there had he been crowded. His longest run was 38. In Mr. Winston's shooting it was readily apparent that he has entirely changed his style of shooting since leaving Chicago last summer. He is very much quicker on with his first and faster with his second. Yet that he was not guilty of mechanical shooting was shown in the deliberate care he used on side shots and incomers where he had plenty of time. His practice on rattling good birds at Zwirlein's has been of service, yet it has not taught him to forget the one-bird-at-a-time rule of his earlier shooting.

The birds used in this match were a good lot, only 4 being flagged out of 200, and they flew well and strongly, though they were not as hard as they would have been on the same grounds had there been a little wind and a bit of sunshine to liven them up. The day was dull and raw, not very cold and not a regulation pigeon day for this park.

Mr. Roll was unfortunate enough to lose his first two birds over the line, and at the 10th bird was 4 behind. At the 11th bird he was 5 behind, and thence the gap was never closed. At the first 25 turn Mr. Roll was shooting steadily. At the 50 hole he was less steady. At the 75 hole he was doing his best work, and making his longest run. Mr. Roll was liberally applauded at his good kills by friends who evidently wished him to win. When Mr. Winston lost his 48th bird, which was hit twice and turned both times, but went out, some thoughtless person called out "Go on! go on!" as hoping that the bird would go out. John Watson, who was referee, promptly reproved that sort of thing, and said he wanted no more of it.

The retrieving was done by three dogs. Mr. Winston's 45th bird was hit light, and the dog drove it over the line. His 53d was nearly out when caught and saved by the dog. His 76th was well out when hit and turned coming in; seeing that it would fall to the ground, Winston held his fire until it had fallen, the nature of the operation showing very clearly the coolness and deliberation with which he was shooting. His 87th bird was hit light and carelessly, but his 88th, feathered lightly by the first barrel, went over, accompanied by a look of surprise on the shooter's face. His 92d bird was killed very far out in the deep field, and his 95th, a very high and far bird, flying strongly, fell at easily 50yds from the score, calling out applause for Mr. Winston for almost the first time.

Mr. Roll's 47th bird was a hard one, and went out minus some of its feathers. His 49th and 50th birds both got over the line. His 72d wabbled up almost to the dead line, but fell just inside. His 75th was a screaming good kill. He lost his 79th, a low, fast bird, which was not centered with the first barrel. When Mr. Winston lost his 88th bird, it was a big white bird, which was only feathered lightly. When Mr. Roll shot his 88th bird he got the same colored bird which flew in precisely the same direction, was shot in precisely the same way and also lost. His 89th bird was a fast driver, hit very lightly, if at all.

When Mr. Roll came to shoot his 96th bird there occurred a peculiar and unique circumstance, one which never before happened to John Watson's knowledge on his grounds, one which has never been seen by any shooter so far as known, and one not covered by any shooting rules. There is a light 2ft. wire fence used as a boundary line on these grounds, and the bird, which was hit hard, lit directly on this fence, where it perched unsteadily and then fell off on the inside. The dog was sent after the bird, which then rose and flew out, and was of course lost. Mr. Winston asked the referee what would have been the result had the bird been gathered, and Mr. Watson replied that he should have scored it a dead bird, as he considered the wire boundary no fence at all, but simply a boundary line agreed upon by all.

As stated, both shooters used L. C. Smith guns, with Du Pont powder, of course, each shooting 3½drs. Mr. Winston used Winchester Leader shells, and Mr. Roll U. M. C. Trap shells. The following are the scores of the race:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	4 2 5 3 5 3 3 5 1 5 1 4 3 4 2 5 4 2 4 2 4 5 5 5 4	
147.....	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 ● 2 2 2 2	—23
	2 2 1 4 5 2 4 4 5 2 4 4 3 4 5 3 1 5 1 3 5 5 1 5 4	
	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 ● 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 2	—22
	4 1 2 3 2 4 2 2 1 5 5 4 5 1 5 2 5 4 5 2 3 1 4 4 2	
	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2	—25
	4 4 3 2 1 1 2 4 3 1 5 4 5 3 3 2 3 5 5 5 3 5 1 5 5	
	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 2	—21—91
	5 3 4 2 3 5 4 1 5 1 3 2 1 5 5 5 5 3 2 5 3 3 3 4 3	
George Roll....	● ● 2 2 2 ● 2 0 2 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 0 2 1 2	—19
	1 1 1 4 2 2 2 2 4 3 3 3 1 5 2 3 3 5 5 3 5 3 5 4 2	
	2 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 ●	—20
	3 2 1 2 5 3 1 1 2 5 3 5 5 1 5 5 4 5 3 2 2 5 3 1 5	
	1 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 1	—24
	2 5 1 2 2 3 5 2 1 2 4 4 5 5 3 3 3 5 4 3 5 1 2 5 5 3	
	1 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 2	—21—84

147 VS. CARVER.

DEC. 19.—We had a shooting match here to-day, and it wasn't a tie. As reported in matter sent yesterday evening, Dr. Carver finally agreed to make good his proposition to Winston to shoot him six races at live birds, 50 birds each race, for $50 a side, and to bet him $100 to $47 that Winston would not win one of the six. Winston would accept no explanation of a personal sort, but said to Dr. Carver in the presence of another, "You will either make your refusal to shoot as public as your challenge to shoot, or you will have to make good your own proposal and go to the score with me. It's either shoot or apologize publicly." This stirred up Dr. Carver and he showed the true sort of manhood and grit by saying, with emphasis:

"I'm going to California soon, and I'll walk the whole way before I'll apologize or retract. I'll shoot you as I said I would."

This sort of talk is a lot better than newspaper bluffing, and it is the sort which will make friends for a man, whether he wins or loses. The result of it was that Winston did not go home, but was on hand this morning, apparently happy, though still saying he knew he had a hard game ahead this time. Winston's cold was better, and he appeared fresher and stronger than he did yesterday. Dr. Carver, big and powerful, as fine built a man as stands in America to-day, seemed, as he always does, full of strength and vigor. He was by all odds a favorite, as many Chicago men believe he is invincible, but only about a couple of dozen men were assembled at the grounds to see the match, it not being generally known that the shoot was to come off.

FIRST MATCH.

The day was a peculiar one, brightish, though a little overcast, the sun peeping out now and then. The wind was very light, its direction being that of a left-quartering incomer, or slightly to the left of the shooters' faces as they stood at the score. The weather was chilly and raw, but not severely cold, light snow falling during the morning. It was not a hard pigeon day at all, and the birds did not average absolutely so hard as they are often seen here, though they were fresh and strong, some of them screamers, and all prompt to start except 4 out of the 200. The number of incomers was unusually large. The luck of the birds, if any such thing can exist in a 100-bird race with King automatic traps, seemed distinctly to favor Winston, at least on several times, when he caught an incomer against a hard driver for his opponent. Yet it was the incomers which troubled Dr. Carver, the left-quartering incomer being practically his hoodoo and throwing him out of the close thing the race might otherwise have been. Dr. Carver shot with all his ease and elegance, and Winston with the added snap and speed he brings back with him from his trip East. Winston is a better pigeon shot to-day than he ever was in his life, and better than a good many of his friends thought before seeing him this fall. He was very cool and careful with his incomers and let none get away; his lost birds being swift outgoers for the most part, two of which did not seem to be touched at all. Yet it should not be thought he was dull at the hard ones, for a few looks at some of his long stops would have disabused anybody of that impression very soon. He is better at fast drivers than he ever was, but uses time when he has time to spare. On one twisting incomer especially, his 20th bird, he showed great skill, waiting a seemingly interminable time for the wild twister to steady down as it came in, and then cutting it in two almost at the line.

As the men stood at the line, some difference was noticeable in their conduct. Dr. Carver walked up and down behind Winston all the time nervously and commented on the race. Winston stood still at the gate, never sitting down, and talked very little, only answering his opponent a few times, and with no animosity at all. He complained once, with possible sarcasm, that the talk of his opponent had made him miss a bird; and once he said, after killing a hard one, "How's that?" replying to the wish of his rival that he might at last get a "decent bird to shoot at." Carver's first bird was a sharp driver, and Winston's a soft incomer. "There's a contrast," said Carver, and he repeated it in a grieved tone when the same thing happened at the second bird. As the race progressed, however, it became quieter, and the men seemed to commend or criticise each other in a more friendly way, though Carver continued to complain about his hard luck, and his poor shooting occasionally. Winston sawed wood and said little, and the race was a pleasant one to watch and report.

It should be understood again that the race in each case was at only 50 birds, though the two races were shot without intermission. Winston asked time at the close of the first match to go in and get a cup of coffee, but Carver wanted to go on, so Winston drank his coffee at the score. It began to spit snow at the beginning of the second race and the wind was just a trifle fresher. When Dr. Carver killed one or two stiff ones he said: "That's the sort of birds that show whether you can shoot or not," and Winston naïvely replied he would like to shoot him on 200 of that sort. Had the wind been in the opposite direction it is possible neither score would have been so high.

In the first match Carver's 7th bird was hit full, but got over. His 13th and 16th were both narrow squeaks, wabbling almost over before dropping. His 37th bird was a corker, and so was the next, though it went higher. His 42d got away unhurt apparently. He seemed just a shade slower at times than Winston, and so some of his drivers seemed very hard to stop, though at these it seemed the big 'un could not miss. It was the incomers that were hard for him. His 26th bird was hit hard as it came in, but wabbled over the line and fell stone dead. He crimped his next 5 handsomely, and then got another backhanded incomer, which also wabbled over, and 7 birds further on he lost yet another left-hand incomer, thus coming rapidly back to Winston, whom he led at the 25 turn by 2 birds, and who meantime had been pounding along with only one more miss. In the first 20 birds it was said by a spectator, "Jack'll never catch Carver again in this race," but at the 40 hole Winston led by 1 bird, and each dropping a bird after that, Winston went out winner with this lead. Winston's 10th bird was seemingly not touched. His 14th was a corker, and so was his 17th, which he lost. His 42d was a hard one, but was scored. His 45th seemed not hit, and his 48th was killed after a very long wait for the fire. His 49th was a strong bird and slow to drop, but was scored.

Winston shot an L. C. Smith gun, with his load 147 A, Austin Smokeless, in Winchester Leader shells. Dr. Carver shot a Cashmore gun, with 8¼in. U. M. C. Trap shells. He declined to state what powder he was using. His empty shells had the smell of a faint banana flavor. The following is the score, 50 live birds, $50, A. S. A. rules:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	2 3 2 3 5 3 4 1 2 2 2 4 2 2 1 3 2 4 3 4 4 2 5 3 3	
Dr Carver.....	2 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2	—24
	4 4 4 3 3 3 4 3 2 4 1 5 1 4 1 5 4 2 3 4 5 2 3 3 2	
	● 2 2 2 2 2 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 0 1 1 2 2 2 1	—20—44
	3 3 2 2 2 5 4 3 4 4 2 5 2 3 5 5 2 3 5 3 3 4 3 1 3	
147.....	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2	—22
	4 3 5 2 3 4 2 3 1 3 3 3 3 5 2 3 3 5 2 4 5 2 1 2 5	
	2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2	—23—45

SECOND MATCH.

The first race was a very pretty one, and all who had come out to see it felt very well repaid. Winston especially had cause for gratification, because at the very first race of the six he had won his side bet, taking down $100 at once, and also his stakes of $50. He felt himself "vindicated," as he expressed it, and remarked that he did not care if he lost the next five races. But he did not shoot as though he meant this literally. On the other hand, he spoiled the prettiness of the contest by walking far ahead of his competitor and beating him out by 5 birds in the 50. Carver lost his very first bird in this race, and was able to score only 21 out of his first 25, Winston meantime assuming a form which made him a "lead pipe" for winner of this race also. He finished the race with his teeth chattering with cold, the weather now having turned a trifle more raw if possible. The birds were, if anything, better in this race.

Carver's 5th and 6th birds were screamers both of them, and so was his 7th, over which a most peculiar circumstance happened. The bird was a very fast and strong one, was knocked down far out in the field straight beyond No. 3 trap, where the dog started for it. Carver stood and was talking about the hard luck he had had in drawing tough birds, and was receiving congratulations upon stopping such a vicious one, when the bird got up and flew directly in over the dead line, and so was lost. It passed within a few feet of the men at the score, and could almost have been caught had it been noticed in time. When Winston missed his 9th Carver said laughingly, "You can't kill good ones," to which Jack replied that he knew he couldn't. Winston's 12th, 15th and 17th birds were all wicked ones and needed fast and good work, and the same should be said of Carver's 18th and 21st. Winston killed his 22d almost at his feet. His 23d was a snake to the right, where he missed it. "Oh!" said Jack, and then held his fire, as the bird swiftly doubled and went back where it came from. After a long wait he cut it down. At the next bird almost this same thing was done again. His 25th was a long driver, and his 26th was saved only by luck at the wire. Carver had a nasty one in his 28th, but on his 32d he got the only bird which had to be flagged for him. "Thank the Lord," said he, "I've got one of them Kansas City birds. Scare him up and see me kill him," which was done. Carver's 33d was another instance of hard luck. He hit it full with the first, and it was nearly down when the second came, which seemed to scare it, the bird rallying and going on out. The birds here were beginning to average pretty tough ones. Winston's 33d, a high white bird, was hit well, but wabbled over; and this happened also with Carver's 37th, a bob-tailed white bird. Winston's 38th was spatted twice in a second, and none too soon and hard, for it was ugly. His 41st was a strong one, and wabbled over the line. Carver's 42d was a grand kill, a far and high driver going sharp, and he was applauded by Winston for it. Carver caught another of his hoodoos on his 44th, an incomer which twisted around to left and over; and he missed his last bird, a worming driver which was shaken up, but not severely. Carver never got within two birds of Winston at all in this race, and while it was pleasant to see two such shots at work, the race itself was not close enough to be eventful. The men shook hands at the close of the race and joked about it. Carver seemed disappointed, and felt that he was not up to his place. Winston still insisted that he did not feel sure about the next races, which are to be shot Monday, but thought Carver would be harder to beat then than he was to-day. Winston thinks Carver a hard man to beat, and spoke very highly of his gameness in agreeing to shoot him the six races as offered. In this one is not quite clear, as in all good sporting ethics a man is supposed to do his thinking before he makes his challenge; and no challenge would ever be printed in a careful paper unless made as *bona fide*, and with forfeit accompanying. The following is the score of the second match:

Trap score type—Copyright 1896 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	2 3 2 4 3 3 3 5 2 2 3 4 4 3 4 2 3 5 3 2 2 3 3 5 5	
Carver.....	0 2 1 1 2 2 0 1 2 1 1 ● 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 0 1 1	—21
	2 5 2 5 4 5 1 4 3 5 4 5 1 5 2 2 1 2 1 3 3 2 3 5 5	
	2 1 2 1 2 1 1 0 1 2 1 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 1 1 1 2 0	—21—42
	3 5 2 3 3 3 4 3 2 2 3 2 4 4 5 3 4 3 4 3 2 4 2 3 5	
147.....	2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2	—24
	4 3 3 1 4 1 3 3 2 4 2 5 4 2 2 2 2 3 1 5 3 2 4 3 5	
	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2	—23—47

Dec. 19.—At the close of the races with Carver to-day, Saturday, Winston met Fred Gilbert, and again took up the matter of the combination race, targets and birds. This time Winston offered to concede to Gilbert the order in which the races should be shot. The men will shoot next Thursday at John Watson's roof garden, 100 live birds, A. S. A. rules, and 100 targets, expert rules, for $50 a side, total scores to count.

It is likely there will be a race on with the winner of the Cast Iron badge if the latter will agree to shoot soon. Winston goes home for Christmas, but will return soon if necessary.

When Mr Louis Duryea, of New York, was here about three weeks ago he deputized Mr. R. B. Organ to see Dr. Carver, and to tell him that if he cared to come East this winter he could be assured of five races, for $500 to $10,000 a side. Dr. Carver says he will be in New York probably in April, and will shoot three races for $1,000 a side unless something unforeseen should arise to prevent. He is going to Europe in the spring.

Among the airy trifles which have come to naught are two more propositions caught flying about in the air this week. The irrepressible Winston, who has made so much circus in Chicago this week, offered to shoot a four-ply race, majority of scores to count, he to shoot Bingham and Carver one day and Gilbert and Grimm the next, one against the four; $100 a race, 100 birds. This is not so odd as the race Abe Kleinman offers Oswald von Lengerke, which is that they shall shoot at 50 birds for $25 a side, Mr. Kleinman to stand at 30yds., Mr. Von Lengerke to stand at 10yds. and use a field gun, open bored; the race not to come off till a good southeast wind shall blow! This wind would make the birds run incomers, and so would prevent the shooter at the 10yd. mark from having more than 10yds. swing, as he would not dare shoot back of where he stood, lest he should shoot into the crowd.

Yet another odd bit of gossip comes up. Some ten years ago, at one of the old Illinois State shoots, Abe Kleinman and Roll Organ tied for a diamond medal known as the Charles Wilcox medal, which was for highest score in some event not now fresh in memory. This tie has never been shot off, and yesterday Abe asked Roll if he was willing to shoot it. At last they agreed to buy it and not shoot it, and it was decided to give or take $20 for the odd half interest. Mr. Kleinman bought out Mr. Organ and now owns the medal.

If things keep up this way we will make a shooting town out of Chicago again before long. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

More Scores from Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 14.—J. L. Winston, Dr. Carver and George Roll had some practice on live birds to-day. Winston shot at 65 birds, scoring 57; Carver scored 26 out of 30; Roll 35 out of 45.

Dec. 15.—Winston shot at some practice birds to-day in addition to his match with Roll for the Du Pont trophy. He scored 68 out of 81 shot at. Dr. Carver shot at 25, making a straight score. Other sweeps shot were:

No. 1.

George Roll	2212212112 —10	Fred Gilbert	2001222111— 8
S A Tucker	1211221111—10	M White	2121012011— 8
E Bingham	2212112022— 9	E S Rice	1021202101— 7

No. 2 was at the same number of birds (10 per man); there were seven entries, and out of the 70 birds shot at only five got away. Score:

Dr Carver	1221212212—10	Dr Shaw	1212112101— 9
Fred Gilbert	2122122112—10	R Kuss	1201221212— 9
E Steck	1221211212—10	Searles	1100221122— 8
T P Hicks	1122021121 9		

Dec. 16.—J. L. Winston was on hand again to-day, and shot at 80 birds, scoring 26. C. S. Wilcox shot at 20, scoring 18.

The Audubon Gun Club, of this city, held its shoot to-day, the club event being a 15-bird event, handicap rise, and allowance of misses as kills. As will be noticed, C. S. Wilcox and Dr. Frothingham could not break their tie, although they shot at 60 birds each. Scores:

Dr Frothingham (29)	122222122122221—15+1—15
C S Wilcox (28)	101202111122211—13+2—15
F Lord (28)	101212011211120—12+2—14
J H Amberg (28)	021111121101101—12+2—14
J M Gillespie (30)	1000200210211 10— 8+3—11
Dr Carver*	2022221222112222 —14

* No distance given.

First tie on 15:

Dr Frothingham	122222221222112—15+1—15
C S Wilcox	120122121222101—13+2—15

Second tie:

Frothingham	122110122211210—13+1—14
Wilcox	121202211111020—12+2—14

Third tie:*

Frothingham	222102111211121—14+1—15
Wilcox	201211011211212—13+2—15

* Tie will be decided on Dec. 22.

Dec. 19.—To-day Winston shot two races with Dr. Carver; this, of course, brought together a fair crowd and some practice shooting was the result. Below are the scores:

J E Isgrigg	0120111112122112221121211012 11 —27
Eddie Bingham	0222202022222022222120111 —19
Eddie Bingham	2222222222222202222222202 —28
Dr Carver	2211220102211222011122212101111211 2—31
Goodrich	0012110121111210 —11
F Lord	1121112201212 10 —13
147	2222222222 —10
J H Amberg	0021112121 — 8
Gilbert	2112021212 — 9
R R Laird	2011020002 — 5

Clem shot at 5 birds, scoring them all; Hicks scored 4 out of 5.

RAVELRIGG.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Fishing Tackle.

MESSRS. G. LITTLE & Co., 63 Haymarket, London S.W., England, make the very liberal offer of sending sportsmen, free of charge, a copy of their catalogue of fishing tackle and anglers' specialties. This is a compact little volume of 110 pages, and is full of meat from the fisherman's standpoint.—*Adv.*

Guns and Powder.

THE Hunter Arms Co., Fulton, N. Y., are out with a new edition of their art catalogue descriptive of L. C. Smith guns, which will be sent to sportsmen mentioning FOREST AND STREAM. The catalogue contains, among other facts of interest, directions for loading the various nitro powders.—*Adv.*

The Result of a Kennel Special.

SPRINGFIELD, Vt., Dec. 11.—Stop our ad. of beagle bitch in whelp, as I have sold her. Be sure and stop it in next issue, as I don't want to answer so many letters when she is sold. W. W. BROWN.

JUN 1958

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